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JULY 1911 PRICE 15 CENTS

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

VANCOUVER ISLAND NUMBER

EDITED BY POLLOUGH POGUE

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

(FORMERLY MAN-TO-MAN)

VOL. VII CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1911 No. 7

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Martha George

By W. R. Gordon

"Mika tiky basket?"
Her face was like a mask; it
Was so blank as she squatted on the back verandah floor.
She was Peter George's "klootch";
Toiled while he filled up on hootch;
Bartered basketwork to keep the hunger wolf outside the door.

Before the "sockeye" run
Every spring she came to town,
With the fruits of her labor through the winter on her back.
Trudged about from place to place,
Her old wizened, shrivelled face
Showing just as much expression as her big unwieldy pack.

When the snow was on the ground,
Or the rain came pouring down,
She lived away up river, weaving willow stalks and roots
Into baskets, while her man,
Peter George, with Billy Dan,
Spent the winter—and her money—in prolonged and frequent "toots."

But that was as it should be,
As it was and ever would be.
Did her Indian blood not tell her, and the Holy Father, too,
That her husband was her lord,
Hers to hear and heed his word,
Hers to crawl and scrape and struggle all her weary death-life through.

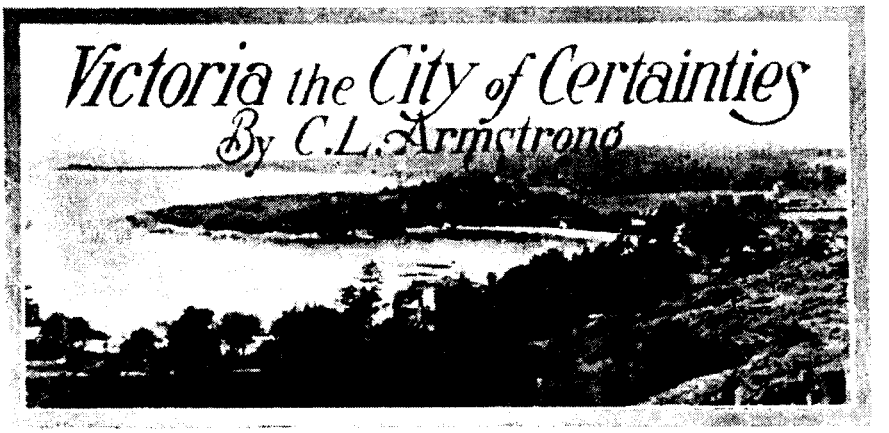
So she fought her lonely fray,
Though in feeble, dumb-like way,
As she plodded, oft she wondered why she trod this earth at all;
Why the God up in the blue
Needed her to cut and hew
Out His plans down here below, as the priest had taught them all.

But there came a spring one year,
And the fishing time drew near,
When old Peter had no money and he cooked his meals alone.
"Nika klootchman? Oh, she die;
Not much good. Guess by'-m-by,
Catche 'nother 'skookum klootchman,' take up river to my home."

Ever thus it is. The woman
Lives her life, takes up her room and
Dies to let another labor where she's toiled long years away;
While the man looks on and takes her
Love, her labor. Dead, forsakes her
Mem'ry for a living toiler who will last him through life's day.

VOL. VII VANCOUVER, B. C., JULY, 1911 No. 7

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE



Victoria the City of Certainties

By C. L. Armstrong

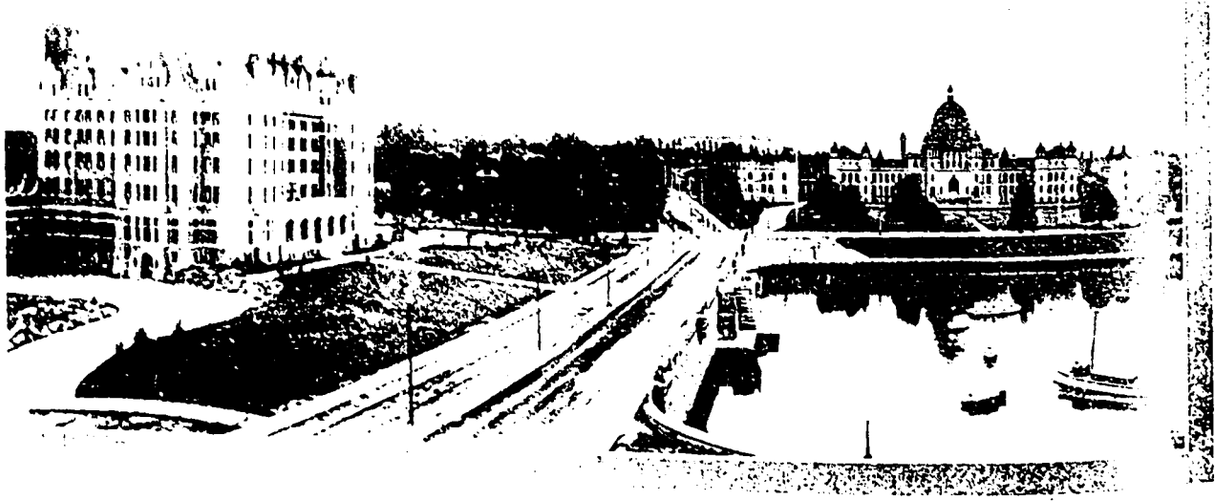
VICTORIA has been "coming" for a long time. There are a few men who can look backward almost to the days when Fort Camosun began to be the hub of a wheel of shacks in the clearing which afterwards became a town and, in time, a city; but they are very few, and every year they become fewer. In those times that young giant of western cities, Vancouver, had not been born; the primeval forest covered its birth chamber. Seattle was, at best, a sorry collection of Indian huts. Those pioneers of empire had the whole country to pick from when they were driven, by the fixing of the 49th parallel, to seek a new strategic point. They selected the site of Victoria, because its location, geographically, best met their requirements, while its charming climate rendered life most enjoyable. That was long before a transcontinental railroad was reckoned among the list of possibilities. Civilization went on about the new fort and, branching out, formed a settlement that shone, amid the far-reaching wilderness surrounding, like an oasis in the heart of Sahara.

The natural tendency would have been for Victoria to have gone on growing and enlarging along with the country in general, always maintaining the long lead she had obtained over other points of coast settlement. But here artificial agencies stepped in. The first great transcontinental railroad extended its glittering sinuosity through the spine of the continent—and stopped short at the first salt water. The boom followed, and in a sense

LOOKING NORTH ON DOUGLAS STREET, AT CORNER OF YATES STREET, VICTORIA

Victoria shared it; but because the railroad withheld direct, fast connection and Island extensions, Victoria suffered a handicap which allowed newer settlements to leap ahead of her into the path of progress. The army of civilization, marching westward, found broad acres to their hand when they stepped from the trains. There was much land, and few people to open it up and mingle human cries and laughter with the noises of the woods folk. Only a tithe of the few people crossed the narrow strait and found the paradise selected by Douglas and his men of the Hudson's Bay Company, above all others. True, railway lines did open up new Island centres of population as the years passed, but in this many of the people who came grew tired of waiting and went away. The many found their faith in the wonderful, great Island growing stronger with the years, and these waited, and were rewarded.

Victoria was "coming" all this time. She had much to combat, and great odds to fight against, but all the while the same reasons for her importance as attracted Douglas were there, assuring her eventual



C. P. R. HOTEL "EMPRESS" AND PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA

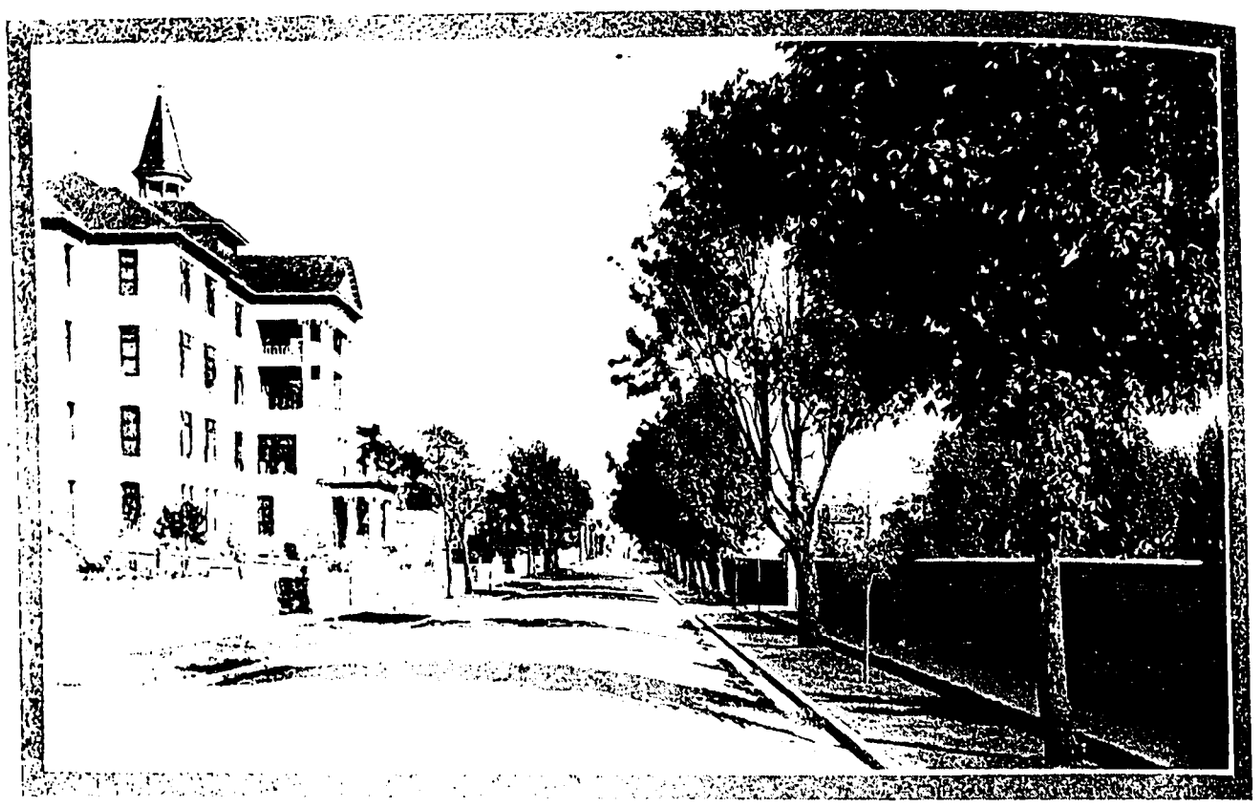
LOOKING DOWN YATES STREET, VICTORIA

prominence. She was always a "city of certainties." Those who believed in her future bided their time and secured city property at knock-down prices. Within the past two years scores and scores of these faithful ones have sold and become independently wealthy.

There are various ways of explaining the undeniable quickening of the pace in Victoria, but they all mean the one thing—"From West to East the circling word has passed," to paraphrase Kipling's tribute to the city—and the world has "discovered" Vancouver Island and its queen city, Victoria. In the hastening of this "discovery" her enviable climate played a strong part. Victoria was famous the world over as a northern Naples years ago. Because of that people came from all parts of the world and took advantage of the soft, balmy air and the champagne of the sunshine. In one way, too, although it may seem paradoxical, this very point in her favor—this splendid climate—did much to hold back the commercial development which Victoria's natural advantages warranted. Many people came, but they were so filled with pleasure in the delightful climate that they did not look farther. Victoria was a charming resort, winter or summer, they held and admitted—and they let it go at that.

Undoubtedly, too, the rapid settlement of the western mainland and the final acceptance by the East of the possibilities of the West, with the consequent greatly increased surge westward of the human tide, contributed to the awakening in Victoria. This had its effect on railroad development, and now, in the heart of the great Island that has waited so long, the boom of dynamite and the ring of axes herald the extension of lines which will, in turn, attract and direct settlement.

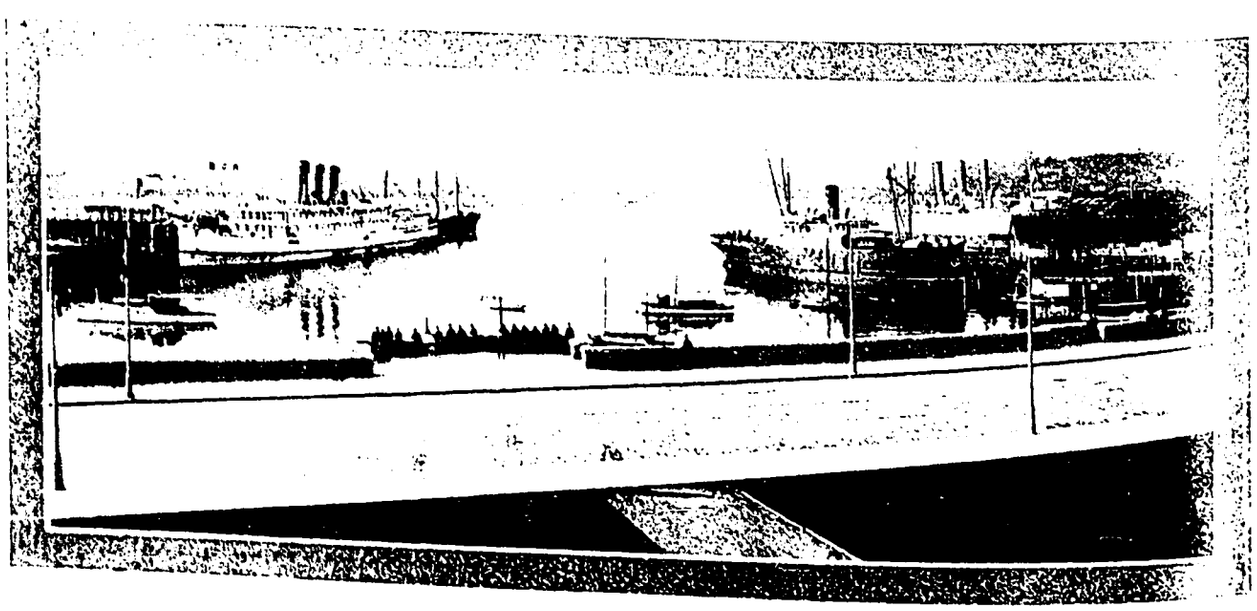
The tide has turned again in Victoria, and this time there can be no ebbing. The last three years have worked greater changes than the preceding twenty. Every day there is news of important additions to her business, every week new schemes for civic improvement are undertaken; each month shows a steady and wonderful increase in her bank clearings. The spirit of a new era has taken hold of everyone, and the optimism of the great west is in the very air. The result is unique in the annals of western progress. The usual sight in a western town is that of simple multiplication, adding to what was built a few short years before, in the beginning. In Victoria the visitor sees reconstruction along modern lines, rehabilitation, razing and raising of buildings; streets trod by the feet of Gentlemen Adventurers being torn up and surfaced with modern paving; pioneer residences on once-quiet streets suddenly sucked into the vortex of commerce, falling beneath the mauls of the toilers, to be replaced by up-to-the-minute business structures. And as the city hums ahead,



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, VICTORIA

new hives of that busy harbinger of prosperity, the ubiquitous real-estate agent, spring up. Schemes for widening streets that have rapidly become busy business thoroughfares are being carried out in many places. Armies of workmen are employed and will continue to be employed for years to come. The main streets glow at night with clusters of beautiful ornamental lights. Just recently the largest single paving contract let at one time in any city in America was awarded, and work has already begun on more than thirty miles of streets. Almost daily there are new indications of the wonderful extension of the business area and, having shrewdly anticipated the trend, men are becoming millionaires overnight.

Consequent upon her desirable climate, Victoria early attracted lovers of beautiful homes. Probably no city of the same size the world over has so many residences worth seeing. This is not due so much to the charming architecture of these houses, great and small, as to the wealth of flowers and shrubs nurtured the year round by warm rains and brilliant sun. The natural advantages offered for making beautiful surroundings have been seized upon by the civic authorities from the first and, apart from this, the science of selecting the best sites, of harmonious architec-



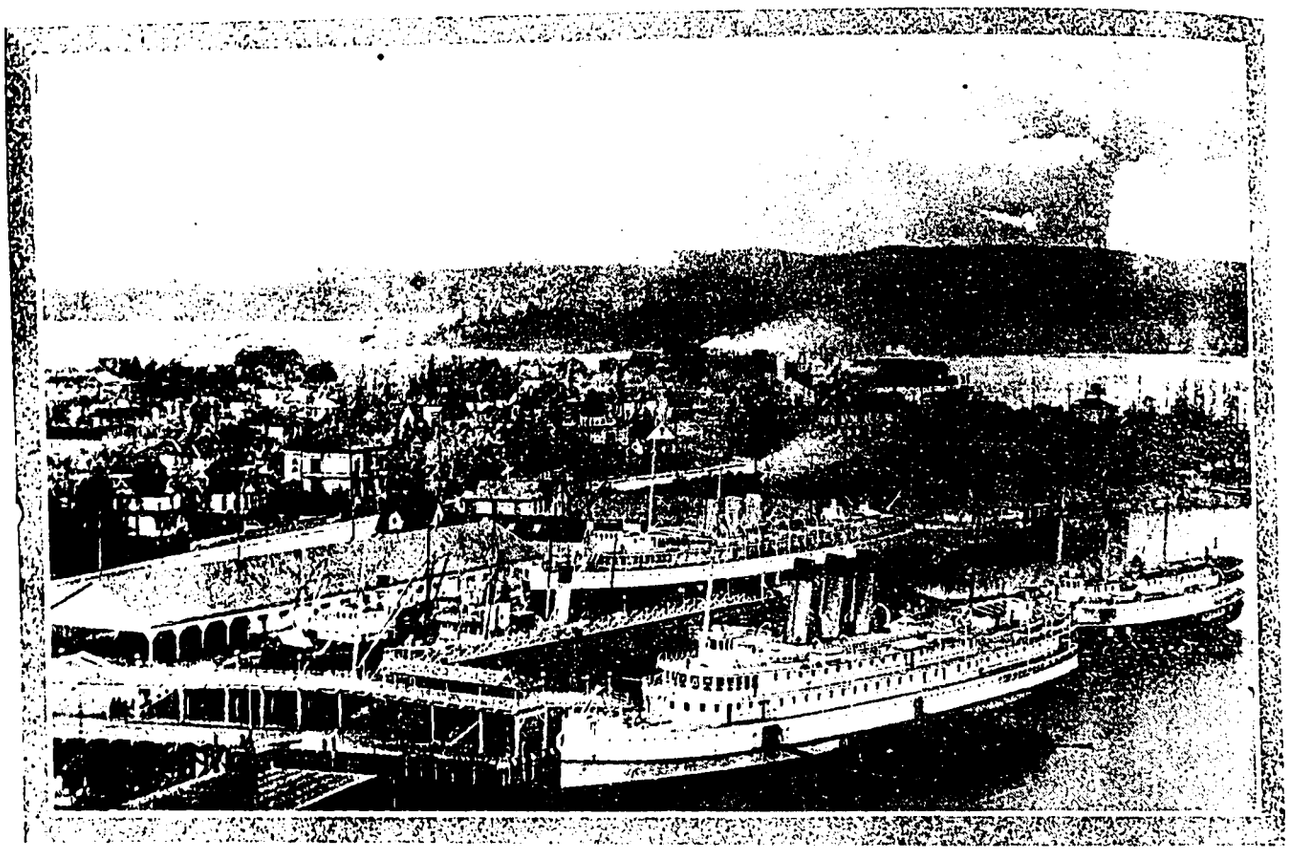
VIEW FROM EMPRESS HOTEL, VICTORIA

IN BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA

ture and expert gardening, has been the delight of a majority of the residents. The result is one of the most justifiable reasons for pride the city possesses. The same high standard of residential beauty is being kept up by the host of newcomers, and while the business area is spreading out at a really remarkable rate, the residential districts are growing even more rapidly. Magnificent homes, costing anywhere from $10,000 to $500,000, are being built with a rapidity that is truly amazing, and in all quarters of the suburbs the class of less pretentious homes is much higher than may be found in almost any other Canadian city. Practically without exception the builders of these new homes are keeping to the praiseworthy custom of not skimping the house surroundings, and charming gardens and spacious lawns are being laid out in almost every instance. Victoria is in all truth a city of homes. The first apartment houses in the history of the town have been built within the year, and have become profitable only because of the remarkable influx of residents and the inability of contractors and workmen to erect detached residences sufficiently fast.

But in writing of the Victoria of today the greatest attention must be paid to the new growth of the business district and the indications of immediate future growth. "Which way will she jump next?" asked an amazed business man of long standing who returned from a business trip abroad to find the steel skeleton of a modern office building towering above the modest store he had occupied for many years. It is actually so; the business man familiar with Victoria who goes off for a month or two will probably not recognize his own place of business when he returns, so fast is the pace of reconstruction and new growth.

By way of a few estimates to support bald statements. It is certain that in the remaining months of the present year more money will be spent in the construction of new business houses than was spent similarly in the last five years. On the morning of the day this was written a newspaper made the definite announcement of the purchase by the Hudson's Bay Company of a site for a great departmental store which will be located quite beyond the bounds of the present new business area and along a thoroughfare which until a few months ago was not at all assured of prosperity as a business street. The company paid $800,000 for the site alone, and announced that within the year construction would be begun on the largest departmental store west of Winnipeg. The site of this future store is, at the time of writing, occupied by an historic Anglican church which is, in consequence, placed beyond fear of debt for all time. Within a month the rush to close up the remaining interval between the new outpost of business growth set by the Hudson's Bay and the present outer rim of the business



C. P. R. DOCKS, VICTORIA

district will have brought out new announcements of blocks and stores and sudden fortunes—and so it goes.

To continue with the estimates, the city now has in hand the largest amount of municipal work in its history, and practically all applicants are being employed at good wages. The amount of work now in progress totals upwards of two million dollars in value. The completion of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway's extension to Port Alberni and Alberni, at the head of Alberni Canal, has been definitely announced for October. This will open up a great and very rich section, and will directly add to Victoria's prosperity. Rapid progress is being made in the construction of the Island section of the Canadian Northern Pacific, which will also touch at Port Alberni and there connect with Barkley Sound and the short route to the Orient and to Europe via the Panama Canal. The E. & N. Railway will also probably complete its lines to Union Bay and Oyster River, on the east coast of the Island, before the end of 1912, and from present indications it is inferred that during the same period the first step will be taken towards bringing the Grand Trunk Pacific connections into Victoria. Within a few weeks the B. C. Electric Company will have completed the connection between Victoria and its new $1,500,000 electric power plant at Jordan River, which has been rendered necessary by the recent great development of the city and the consequent increased demand for light, heat and power. The completion of the new plant will enable the company to extend their lines throughout the city, and will also insure all necessary power for the new suburban electric lines through the fruit and poultry districts of the Saanich Peninsula, work on which was begun several weeks ago.

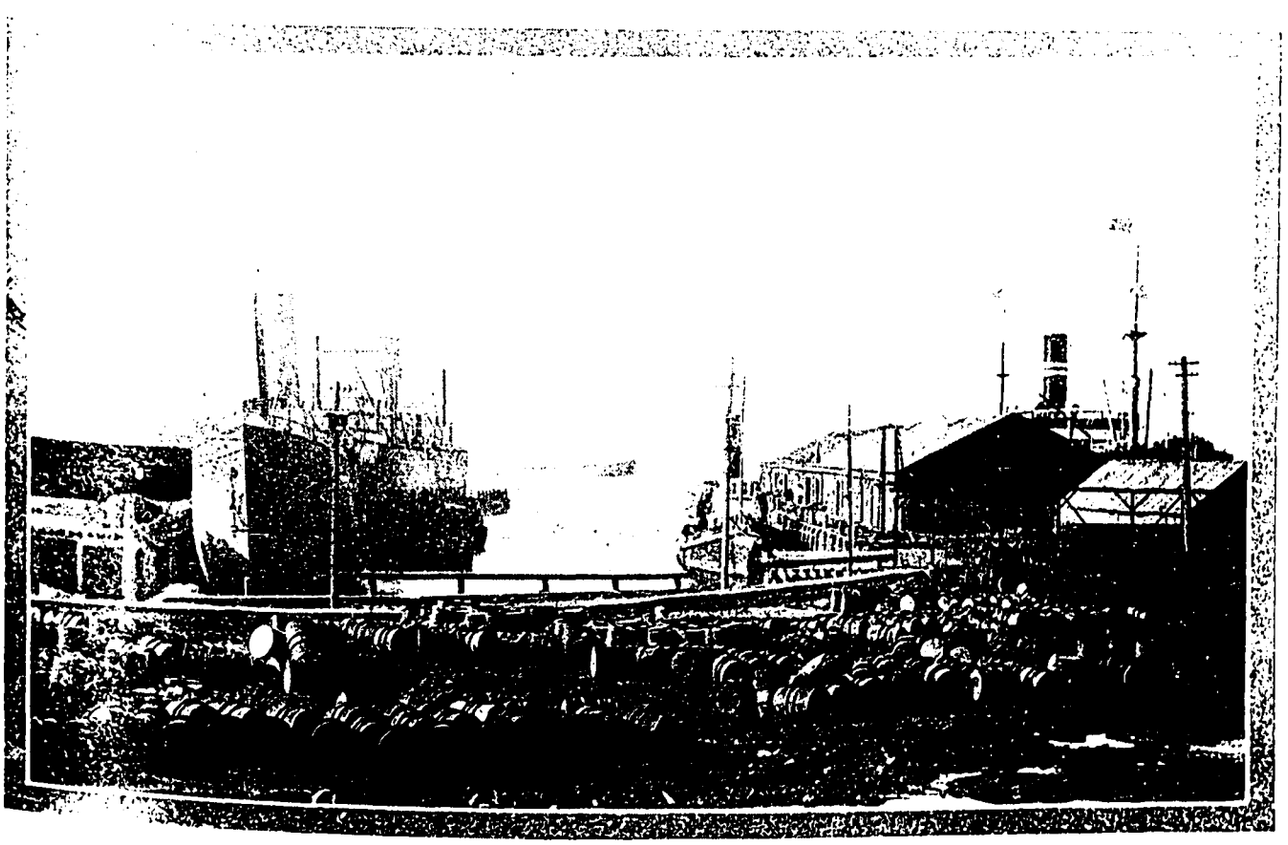
The taking over of the great Pacific naval base at Esquimalt by the Canadian authorities and its re-establishment unquestionably affect the future of Victoria. Esquimalt is distinct from the city proper only on paper. There is no break in the settlement, and to all intents and purposes Esquimalt is a suburb of the capital. There can be no doubt about the greatness of Esquimalt in the future coast defence plan of the Dominion, and with the establishment of shipbuilding yards for the construction there of Canadian cruisers and battleships for the Pacific the general population will immediately be increased by several thousands, owing to the increase in the working population alone.

With the internal growth of the city there has come (and who shall say which is cause and which effect) a great development in its surroundings. The road-

ON THE GOLF LINKS, VICTORIA

throughout the Island are being improved and many new roads either have been completed or will be completed very soon. Notable among these is the remarkable new Mill Bay scenic road, a highway through the greatest timber in the world, constructed on exactly the same lines, as to foundation and grade, as a modern railroad right-of-way. A large experimental farm will be laid out adjacent to Victoria, and several large residential tracts are being put in shape, ready-made, by heavily backed companies. Work on harbor improvement is being carried out on an extensive scale, and at the present time the Dominion Government is spending a quarter of a million dollars on this work alone. That the improvements are quite necessary is demonstrated by the fact that upwards of 20 new passenger steamers alone have been, or are being, placed in commission out of this port during 1911.

Besides what has already been mentioned, plans are being laid for the construction during the year of new sawmills at Cowichan Bay, Esquimalt, Crofton and in the Alberni district. This, in itself, is important to Victoria, as it presages a great increase in the lumber trade of the island. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company



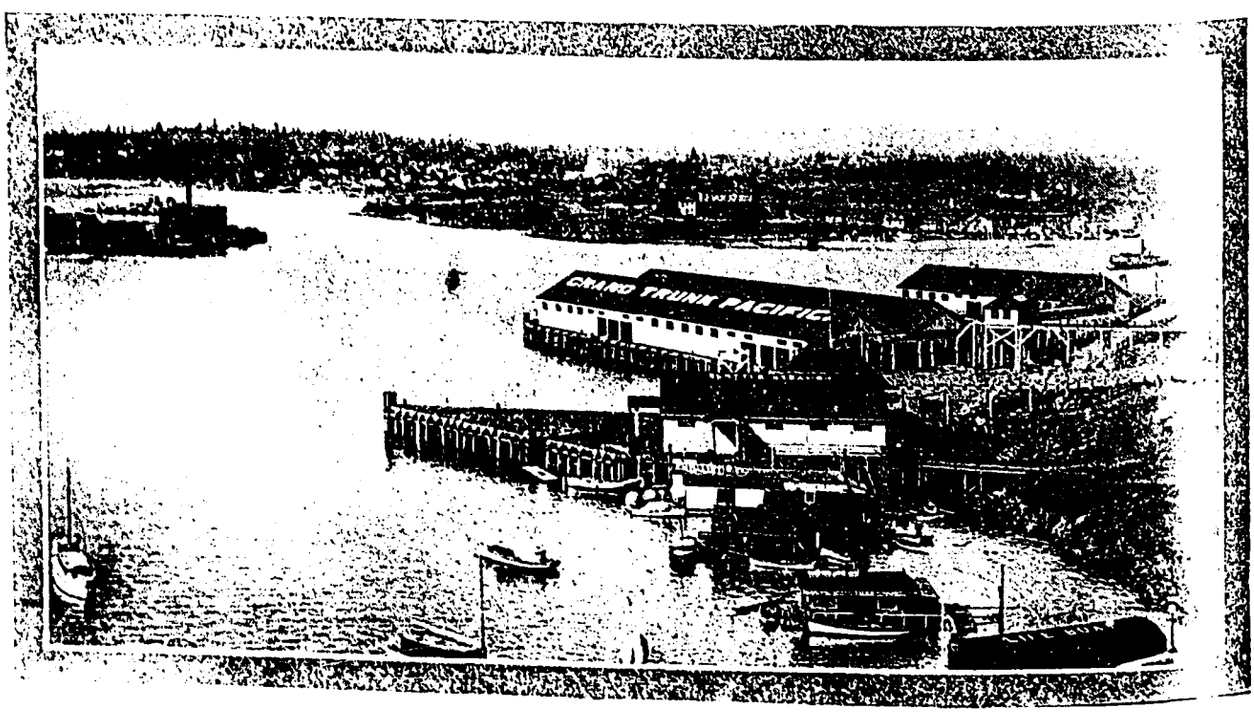
LOOKING OUT TO SEA, VICTORIA

WATERFRONT, VICTORIA

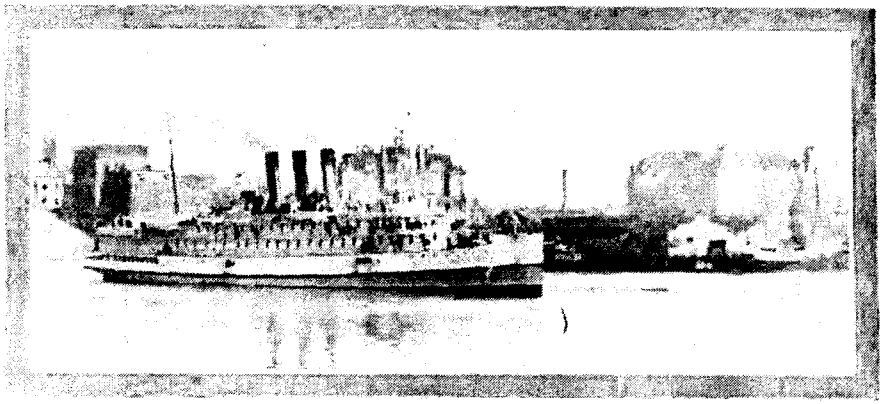
is arranging to clear up several immense tracts of land for settlement along the new E. & N. extension, and capital has already been subscribed for the construction of iron and steel works on the Island. Several new coal mines will be opened in the months immediately at hand, and besides the new shipbuilding facilities to be provided at Esquimalt, a great dry dock, capable of accommodating the largest vessels, will be built there. It is conservatively estimated that during 1911 and 1912 between $6,000,000 and $8,000,000 will be spent in or near Victoria on totally new development.

In one of the foregoing paragraphs it was incidentally stated that the bank clearings for the city showed a steady advance. A statement of the increase in Customs receipts is another good indicator of the state of a city's progress. In 1910 the Customs receipts for Victoria exceeded the receipts in the previous year by $1,014,864.67. The total receipts for 1910 were $2,653,039.84; and in 1909, $1,638,175.17. The duty collected during 1910 was also in excess of that of the previous year. The figures are: 1910, $1,407,365.44; 1909, $1,210,170.06.

The amount of duty collected during the year 1910 was in excess of that collected the previous year in every month, save June, which was the record month of 1909, the collections being $162,941.47. Compare this with the record month of 1910, August, $138,716.66, and it is seen that June, 1909, was a record month for duties, but at the same time the total col-



GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC DOCKS, VICTORIA



C. P. R. STEAMER PRINCESS VICTORIA LEAVING VICTORIA

lections for June, 1909, were less than those for June, 1910, being $209,028.37, as against $275,080.88. This was the highest monthly total of all revenues in 1909, but was less by about a third than the highest total revenue of any month last year, when the total collections for September amounted to the record sum of $307,533.37. The two lowest months of each year were January and February, in both of which the collections for 1910 were much in excess of those for the year previous, the totals of January, 1909, being $70,716.90, the lowest of that year, as compared with $108,359.37, the lowest of 1910.

Of the months already passed in 1911 not one but exceeds the figures of 1910, and each succeeding month invariably shows an increase over the one just past. These facts are indubitable, and they mean only one thing—steady, reliable growth. Take the bank clearings, to which reference has already been made. In 1910 the clearings soared steadily towards the hundred million mark. The figures were $91,567,074, an increase of no less than $20,871,192 over 1909, in which year the aggregate total was $70,695,882. Thus there was an increase of 29 per cent. As in 1911, up to the present, so in 1910 each succeeding month's clearings exceeded those of the month before, and December, 1910, went out with clearings of $10,184,074, an increase of $2,084,491 over December, 1909, and $5,244,999 in excess of the December total for 1908.

The building expenditure in the city during 1910 was a record, $2,373,045, but it will be far outstripped in 1911. Of the total of 1910 at least a million and a half was spent on homes in suburban Victoria.

These estimates and actual figures place beyond dispute the fact that Victoria has entered upon a remarkably new era of prosperity, and what has already been accomplished has been permanent and for all time. This new awakening is no ephemeral boom, but a steady growth traceable almost daily. Victoria, the strategic, climatic choice of the pioneer statesman Douglas, is coming into her own among her sister-cities of the West. She is justifying the faith of those who tarried till the tide turned.

As for the future, Victoria offers limitless possibilities to those who have the capital and the ability to succeed. There is no city in America at the present time that holds out such a combination of advantages as Victoria in respect of climate and natural potentialities. Great shipbuilding yards, steel mills, car shops and associated industries await only the money and the mind. Coal, iron, copper, timber, water, transportation—all the raw materials lie at the city's door. Pulp and paper mills would unquestionably succeed in Victoria, and the manufacture of pressed brick, mining, lumbering and woodworking machinery, woollen mills, fruit canneries, apple-drying factories, piano and automobile manufactories, a watch factory, agricultural implement factories, cigar-box factories, tanneries, vinegar factories, brush and broom factories, nail factories, glass factories, match and can factories, would certainly prove immediately profitable if properly backed and operated.

Because of the intersection of the isothermal lines at Victoria, the climate cannot but be well-nigh perfect. The summer months are delightful; warm, sunshiny days and cool, restful nights, fresh, clear air cooled by the snow-capped mountain tops; blue skies and warm showers. The winter months also have a great share of sunshine, although the winter season is the rainy season. However, less winter rain falls in Victoria than in any other city on the coast. The average annual total runs from 26 to 28 inches. Victoria has always had her climate, and will always enjoy the great boon it offers with the commercial progress now under way.

Yes, Victoria, "The City of Certainties," has been "coming" for a long time, but no one with eyes to see and ears to hear, who even visits her "between boats" can deny that the queenly capital city is HERE—that is, already entering into her own. The long-ago choice of the great and able Douglas is proving good beyond all measure.

The Dream Maid

By CONINGSBY DAWSON

(From "Harper's Magazine")

Within the lands of rising night
And fields of parting day,
What hours we wandered, you and I,
How fain were we to stay!
Star-flowers were in your maiden hands,
The stars were white with May.

Between moonset and morning sun
Where mist of Dreamland lies,
What glory there was yours and mine,
What love was in our eyes!
For Sleep and Love walk hand in hand,
And Sleep with morning flies.

Our starlit land was wholly ours,
No warning beast or bird
Perturbed the twilight of our peace,
No watcher's tread was heard;
We dwelt alone and loved alone
Naught save our lips was stirred.

Would that this holiest mystery
Might come again to me!
The radiance of your moonlit face,
The eyes of purity,
The wide grey eyes, the beckoning lips,
The silent cloud-land sea.

The Maritime Importance of Vancouver Island

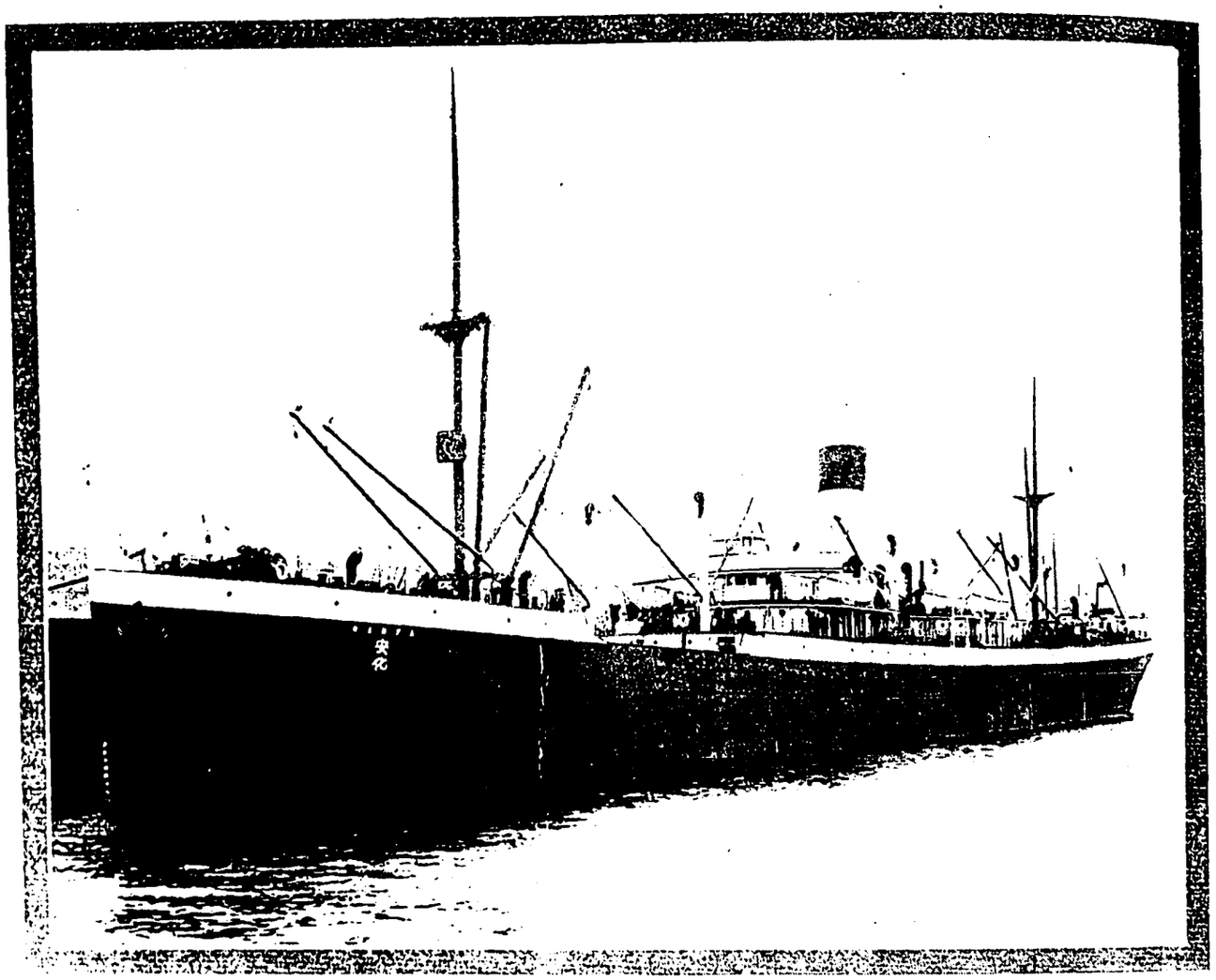
By Gordon Smith

LOOK at a Mercator's Projection. Set off the fringe of three continents, islands are shown, placed with great advantage with regard to the trade of those continents. Off the European continent lie the British Isles, off Asia is Japan, and off the North American continent it is noticeable that Vancouver Island is similarly placed as these two island empires, which are the great depots of the trade of the continents on whose fringe they are set, and from which the ocean carriers ply to handle the trade of the oceans at whose portals they are. The advantageousness of the position in which Vancouver Island is set is obvious by comparison. In this ocean of the future, the wide Pacific, Vancouver Island and British Columbia hold a most favored place.

As the centre of the world's commercial activity, once located in the Mediterranean, moved to the Atlantic, so it is moving to the Pacific. This is the world's greatest ocean, and in the lands laved by its waters, and contiguous country, live the greater bulk of the earth's people, teeming millions who offer illimitable marts. The development of the trade of this ocean, the growth of these marts, will mean much to this great province of British Columbia, richest in resources of a rich Dominion, and to Vancouver Island, set on the fringe of the wide Dominion and the country to the south. As is Britain to Europe, Japan to Asia, so Vancouver Island will be to this continent.

The development of the shipping trade in the Pacific during the past few years has been great. New lines are being added and more are in contemplation. The approaching completion of the Panama Canal will be followed by a great development, and the growth of trade during the past five or ten years will be small indeed compared with that of the coming decade. The development will doubtless be soon followed by the opening of new ports on the west coast of Vancouver Island. It is an open secret that railroad presidents are even now looking to Quatsino, and two railroads are now completing their lines into Alberni. It will not be many years hence before ocean liners are calling at both these ports.

The Pacific Ocean's first known trade of any consequence was that of the Spanish galleons which ran between Manila and the now dismantled port of Nevidad until 1565, when Acapulco was the Pacific coast depot and soldiers and adventurers the only passengers. Chinese traders came in junks in earlier days. A Chinese voyageur set foot on these shores long before Christopher Columbus went from Spain in the Pinta and her sister-caravels in 1492, and his record of discoveries was found in a Peking library when the foreigners ransacked the place at the time of the Boxer occupation. Unknown voyagers also came, as the mysterious wax-laden ship found in the sands of the Oregon coast and the odd wrecks sucked up by the dredgers at the

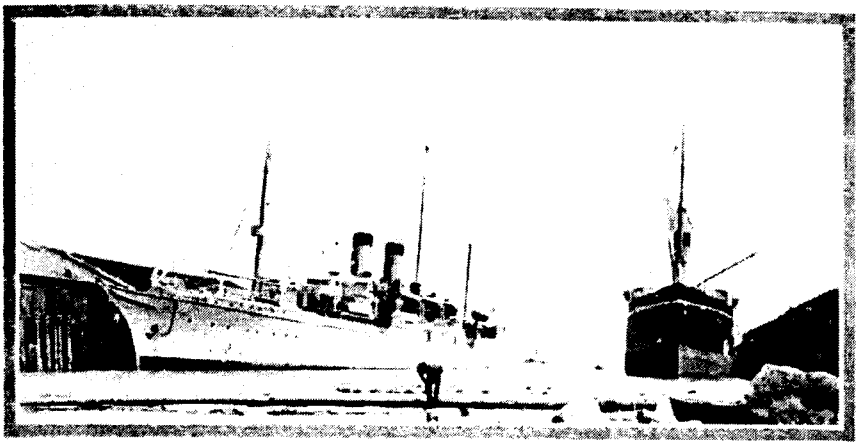


BLUE FUNNEL LINER, VICTORIA

Panama Canal entrance indicate, and Japanese junks were drifted across the Pacific in the clutch of the Kurisiwo, the black stream, with Asians who, many scientists believe, were the forefathers of the native coast people of the northern coast, and adventurers who followed the Golden Hind round the Horn came to buy rich pelts for a few beads and carry them across to Macao. But not until 1886 was it that the shipowners of the present came to trade on the Pacific, and in that year the first transpacific line was established, a line of clippers, the first being the American ship W. D. Flint, which came from Yokohama in 33 days with a cargo of tea, and a few weeks later the Belgia came with a cargo of tea, these being the forerunners of the C. P. R. liners, which have since developed until today contracts have been made for vessels of from 14,000 to 16,000 tons register, with sea speed of 18 knots an hour.

Since then the trade has increased steadily, until the past few years, when the changing conditions began to make themselves felt. Within the past few decades Japan emerged from a state comparative with Europe in the middle ages to a modern-world power, China awakened from a slumber of centuries, and all these crowded lands of the Orient, from the salt-laden Kuriles to India and beyond, lands which include perhaps one hundred millions more than the world outside the Orient holds, began to look for what the Oriental dealer proudly displays in the many languages of the mystic East as "foreign goods." The rice-eater of yesterday became a flour-eater, and there came a demand—which grows in volume with every passing day—for the products and manufactures of the West. The immensity of this market across the Pacific is difficult to estimate—the potentialities are so vast. Also the extent of the market and development of resources as will find sale in the Orient in Western Canada can scarcely be imagined. Already this growth has been surprisingly great with each succeeding year.

In China there are close upon 400 millions, in Japan some 60 millions, in Korea 10 millions more, in Siberia, Malaya, the Philippines, Java and the East Indies, Burma, Siam, French Indo-China, Persia,



OCEAN LINERS, VICTORIA

millions upon millions more, and these crowded peoples offer immense markets for Canadian cereals as food, Canadian cotton goods for garments, and a great many other things that can be produced in Canada. In the bustling market-places where blockades of bullock carts, camel trains and mule caravans crowd amidst hucksters' booths spread in many serai outside great crenellated city walls; from where the northeastern end of the Willow Palisade—the Great Wall of China—meets with the sea at Shanhaikwan to where one looks out of the Roof of the World from the lamaseries which perch on the cliff edges at Szechuan and Tibet's bordering walls; from where the naked brown divers seek pearls in the Celebes to where Buriats and Koryaks burrow in mud hovels in the Siberian Arctic; from the nipa huts of the Dyaks in Malaysia to the igloos of the nomadic Siberians, there is a market—a wondrously vast market that is developing each year with amazing quickness, and Vancouver Island is advantageously set indeed with regard to the shipping trade attracted to this market.

Within the past year or two line has followed upon line of steamers established from Britain and Europe via South America to Vancouver Island and other ports of call, in readiness for the opening of the Panama Canal. New transpacific lines have been added. But these things are merely an index of the future. The chief port on the Pacific in the years to come will probably be Panama, for the obvious reason that it lies at the throat of the Pacific, and in the years to come a port on Vancouver Island will be next in importance, vying with a great port in Japan, the other island set, as is Vancouver Island to this continent, at the portal of Asia.

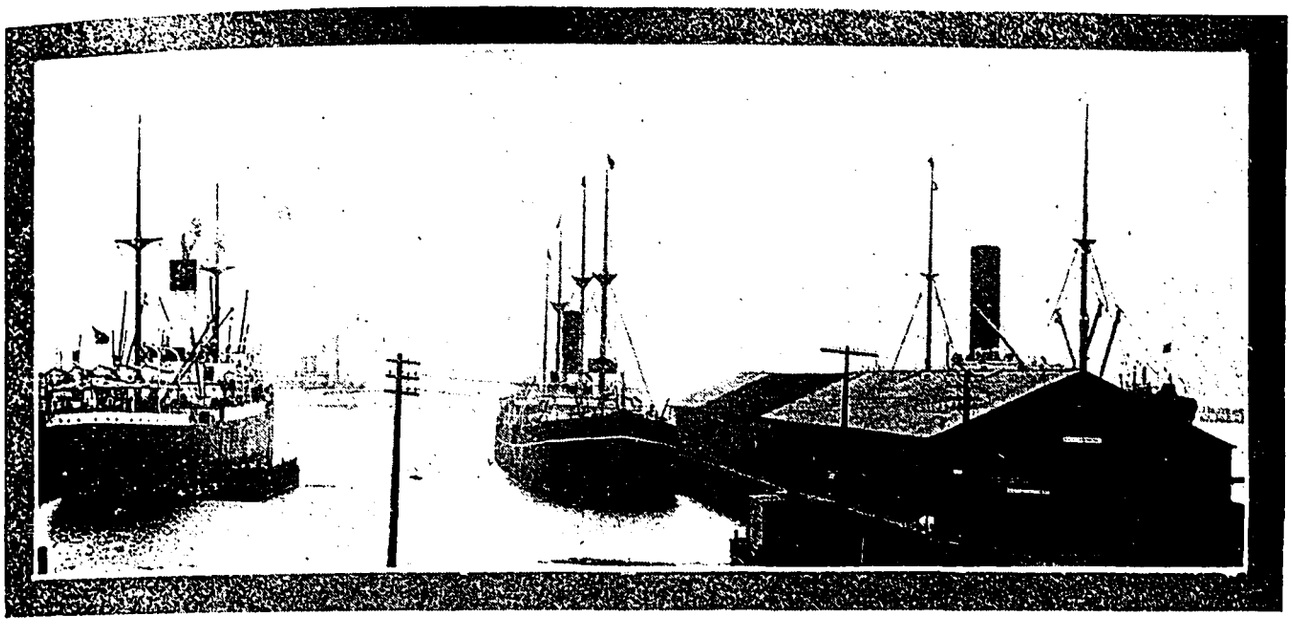
Time is the essence of modern trade. For the reason that it can deliver the rich silk cargoes, each consignment worth a million dollars or more, in the markets of this continent from Japan in quicker time than any competitor, the C. P. R. steamers have long enjoyed the bulk of this trade. It is this demand for saving of time in handling mails, travellers and freight that will mean much to Vancouver Island in the future; it is this that will bring Vancouver Island to the forefront of the shipping business of this coast, and will result in the development of Victoria and the opening of new ports on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

The opening of Prince Rupert, and the probable opening of Stewart at the head of Portland Canal as an ocean port, the former following the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific line, and the latter following upon the extension of the Canadian Northern system from Edmonton through the Peace and other valleys, will result in ocean liners plying across the Pacific from those ports, and with their nearness to the Orient—and both are closer to the Orient than is Victoria and Vancouver—the southern railroads will look to the saving of time, and this will probably result in the

AT THE OUTER WHARF, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND

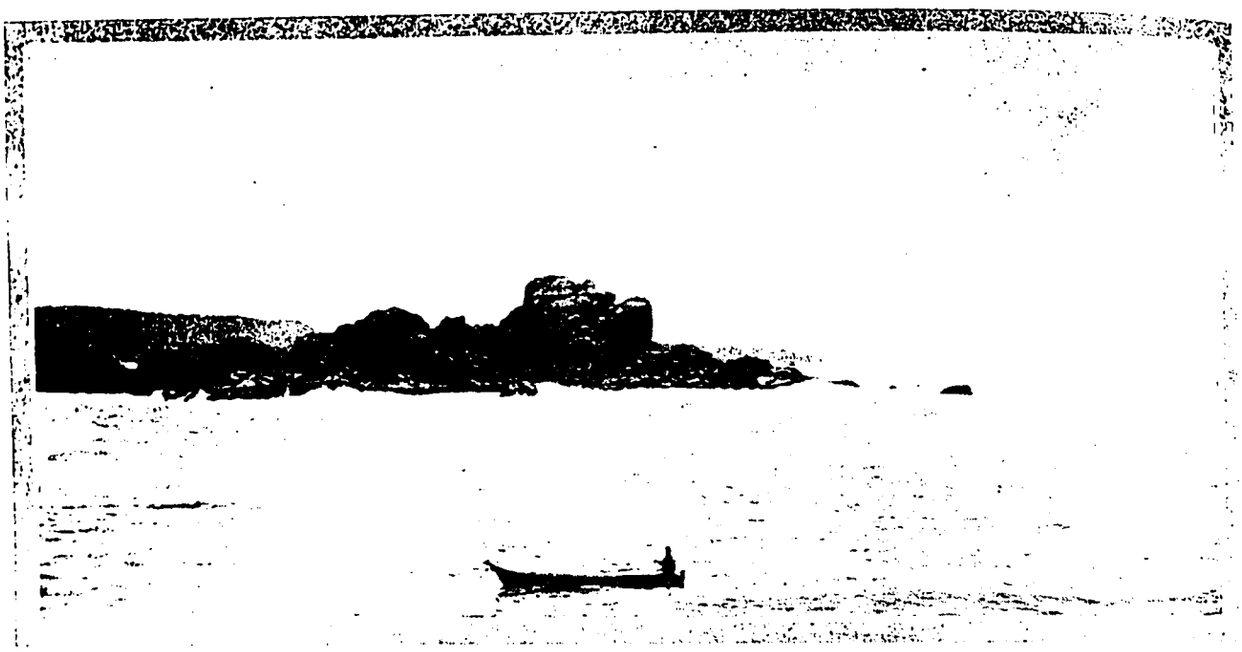
shipment of mails and passengers across Vancouver Island to Quatsino, which is as near to Yokohama as are the northern ports. At present the P. & O. Steamship Company is a contender with the C. P. R. for the delivery of the mails between Great Britain and Hongkong by way of the Suez, and with the completion of the new trunk railroads across China, which are under construction, completed, and contemplated, the overland route will also be a serious rival for both the mail and passenger business from this part of the Orient. In preparation for these developments the C. P. R., which has been served on the Pacific for the past twenty years by the Empress of Japan, Empress of China and Empress of India, liners with small freight capacity which have averaged about sixteen knots an hour, is securing faster liners, and the coming of these faster liners will probably be followed by arrangements for a call at Quatsino or some other port on the west coast of Vancouver Island, from where the fast freight, mails and passengers will be hurried across Vancouver Island to ferry steamers connecting with the mainland railroad. This shortening of the girdle of the world will add to the development of the shipping trade of Vancouver Island.

To seek such a position as that which Vancouver Island possesses so advantageously even in a minor way, to seek no more than an outlet on the Pacific Ocean, Russia has lost many, many lives since Peter the Great first dreamed of an open port



DEEP WATER DOCKS, VICTORIA

for Russia on this great ocean. Russia has fought wars, and is today engaged in a great political fight to force the way through China after Japan's successful war had blocked one way to the Pacific. The underlying features of the present troubles on the Mongolian border deal with a programme which has one objective, a way to a free port on the Gulf of Pechili, where Russian commerce can reach the Pacific. The advantage which Russia thus is seeking, for which wars have been fought, is small indeed compared with that which falls to Vancouver Island, set as it is at the gateway of North America to the wide Pacific. Vancouver Island, though comparatively sparsely populated today, may some day vie with Japan for the great trade of the Pacific.



By Ernest McGaffey

VANCOUVER ISLAND is the most unique and striking portion of North America. It is not only unlike any other island ever created, but its individuality is so emphatically marked that it stands sharply divided from any other part of the British possessions. Its shores indicate a volcanic origin; its fauna differs from the Mainland, in the absence of the mountain sheep, the mountain goat, the grizzly bear, the skunk, wild-cat or fox. Its eastern shores on the south have probably the only true English skylarks to mount skyward on ladders of song. And along the Pacific side of the Island, in imperishable grandeur, almost beyond all powers of description, stretches the wild west coast.

Some time in the future, when highways have been thrown along these wonderful shores, the traveller will view panoramas to which the most famous scenes of Europe are "as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine." Between Race Rocks, near Victoria at the extreme south, to Cape Scott, at the extreme north, there lies a coast-line so strange, and at the same time so sublime, that no other can equal it. Even now, with all the marvellous growth of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, this coast-line has scarcely become changed from its pristine ruggedness by the presence of man and his handiwork.

THE SINGING SANDS . . . CROON . . . LULLABIES

There are the settlements, it is true, but chiefly they are sufficiently inland that the outer line retains the wilderness strength, unmarred by factory smoke or sight of human habitation. Only the rude hut of an Indian fisherman, or the sight of fish drying on frames of sun-scorched poles, may give a hint of the nearness of even aboriginal life.

There was never a coast so torn and gashed by the waves. From Pachena Bay northward it is a succession of ragged and irregular indentations, extending back into the Island all the way from one to 35 miles. All the fantastic sculpture that centuries of fierce storms have carved can be found there. On Wreck Bay and Long Beach the surf comes in like an irresistible Armada, and there was never a truer name for the shore that welters between Cape Beale and Cape Scott than the one given it long ago—"The Graveyard of the Pacific."

Fiords like the Alberni Canal, Tofino Inlet, Sidney Inlet, Nootka Sound, Esperanza Inlet, Kyuquot Sound, and Quatsino Sound, together with innumerable smaller

LONE STRETCHES OF VIRGIN COAST

bays and inlets, make the west coast a serrated continuation of jagged shore-lines, only varied by such magnificent beaches as Long Beach, Wreck Bay, and shorter spaces of sandy shore formation.

In 1774 and the later years, when the Spanish and English explorers sailed the west coast, they found solitude and the savage there. Today, a century and a quarter later, with the Indian almost obliterated by the corrosion of time and the white races, the spirit of solitude still reigns unbroken over nearly every mile of coast-line from the north of Barkley Sound. In some districts the white man has come in, staked his timber limits, and departed. In others the farms and settlements have made headway, and are thriving prosperously; but the rock-lined sweep of the great barriers directly on the shores stands defiant of time itself, in its unity with the storms, the shrieking sea-fowl, the lonely curve of the gull's wing, the whispering sands, the grey blank of remote beaches, the soul and essence of the wilderness unexplored.

To stand on Long Beach is to be one with Crusoe and Juan Fernandez, for the sight of a human footprint would, as with Defoe's great character, bring amazement in its train. Here eagles slant high above on powerful pinions, and here the trout leap from streams where rarely a white man has ever cast the fly. Here the huge rollers swing in from the Pacific, like watery Juggernauts, bearing sometimes with them mute relics of a tragedy at sea.

Some day all the wonders and beauties of these lone stretches of virgin coast will be unfolded; some day the traveller in automobile or steam yacht will know the infinite charm and mystery of this region of Nature undefiled. You may dip from cloistered quiet of primeval woods to headlands where the waves climb slippery heights, to fall back, baffled, into a turmoil of seething waters. You may rest in hollows of sandy dunes back from the beaches, where wild strawberries redden in the short, sparse grasses, and hear the organ-roll of gathering surf make music by the neighboring shores.

Sometimes, but seldom, you may catch a glimpse of little naked Indian children dashing into the surf with laughter, and a brown silhouette of moving outline, only to vanish like shadows into the nearby thickets at the merest suggestion of a white man's proximity. The Indian, rapidly but surely disappearing, is one of the decorative memories of the past. Along the west coast he clings to the customs of his ancestors, and the high prow of his canoe braves, as in days of old, the storm that would capsize almost any craft excepting his own. Taciturn and suspicious, he has little to say, and his "klootchman" and her papooses run precipitately from the stranger, and cover their faces at the sight of a

camera fiend, unless he is accompanied by some white man who is known to the tribe.

Mountain peaks and forest, high cliffs and shelving banks, screaming colonies of nesting sea-birds, the sight of a spouting whale, the black muzzle of a drifting hair seal, the trailing smoke of some outbound vessel, cloud-shapes, the wrinkled contours of some rock-strewn beaches, the level floors of other shore-reaches, the sun and wind—the infinite variety and stern passion of it all must be seen to be even vaguely appreciated.

On some parts of the coast still wait the gold-seekers' rough-built flumes, where black sands have been sifted for the precious metal. Here, of late, renewed interest has been aroused by reason of the greater efficacy of the modern dredging apparatus, and capital is being invested to test again the possibilities of wealth in the sands.

A comprehensive and extended road system along the west coast has been planned and started in various localities. The road from Alberni to Clayoquot, by way of Ucluelet, is already under construction. This will give tourists and travellers an opportunity of seeing one section of the west coast which has heretofore been viewed only by the wandering prospector, the infrequent angler, or the bear-hunter.

Gold, marble, copper, quicksilver, iron, coal, silver—all these and more are scattered through the mountains that fringe the wild west coast. Halibut, cod, shoals of herring, schools of salmon, the hair seal and the sea lion, the whale and the shark, swarm in the blue Pacific waters. Here the wild-fowl gather—geese, wild swans, brant, and countless hosts of myriad species of ducks. Here in the timber the deer feed, the grouse nest, the bear and panther lurk. Here, on damp and boggy spots, may sometimes be found the track of the raccoon and the wolverine. Here, around desolate and treeless islands, is heard the "oyster-catcher's" call, most mournful of all the eerie cries of the sea-fowl.

Here one might well seek for buried treasure, for all the tales of bygone galleons and treasure-ships. History has strange tales to tell of the mystery and annals of this romantic region. Fascinating stories of whiskered Spanish Dons and bluff-spoken English captains. Tragedies of ships' crews massacred by revengeful natives, diaries of survivors escaping and bringing back the message of disaster. It is a wonderland of adventure and danger, a weird coast of shipwreck in some places, a fairyland of beauty, and always a lure to those in search of novelty.

The loon laughs loud and mockingly along some of its sequestered inlets. The grebes swim and dive alongshore, and tinted shells gleam along the sands at ebb-tide and by the aftermath of the morning glow. The singing sands will croon you the softest of lullabies in the hush of noon-day calms, or crash with storm-wrought might across the autumn sands. All seasons and all times will bring their endless chain of change and beauty; each month will send its silent herald to tell of approaching change.

You may see Naples and die; you may watch the mirrored surface of the Switzerland lakes, and climb in fancy to the summit of Mont Blanc. You may seek the Brittany shores or see the Mediterranean by moonlight, but never in all your wanderings will you find, for sublimity and loveliness combined, for variety, and charm in variety so endless and fresh, so vivid, so unsullied and unique, such a wonderland as the wild west coast of Vancouver Island.

By Ernest McGaffey

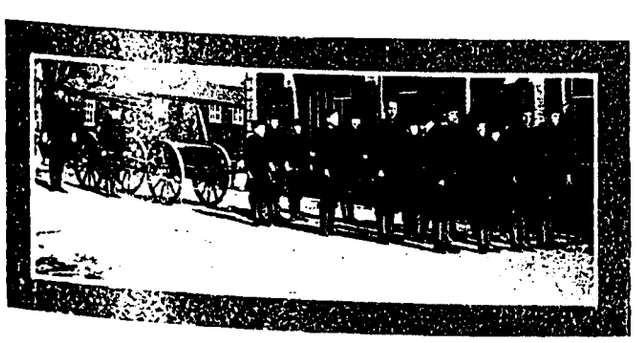
FROM north to south—Victoria to Cape Scott; from east to west—Comox to Clayoquot—Vancouver Island still remains an "undiscovered country" so far as its stupendous wealth of natural resources is concerned.

The Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway skims the eastern coast for a scant 78 miles, then zig-zags northwest to Alberni for a short run of about 50 miles more. The Canadian Northern Railway has entered into the building of 153 miles of railway, more or less, to connect the Capital with Port Alberni in probably four years. The Victoria & Sidney Railway extends 18 miles through the Saanich Peninsula. The Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway (C. P. R.) is surveying and clearing a right-of-way north from its Alberni extension, and a short line of rails will soon be laid from Crofton to the Cowichan Lake timber forests.

From the Alberni extension south to Victoria stretch all the railways on the Island, and this district is about one-third of the Island's entire length. What has been done so far in the way of laying rails has been merely tickling the giant's feet. Even in this southernmost district are millions of magnificent firs and cedars remote from any near possibility of transportation, and a railway from Victoria up the extreme west coast to Bamfield would pay dividends on timber alone.

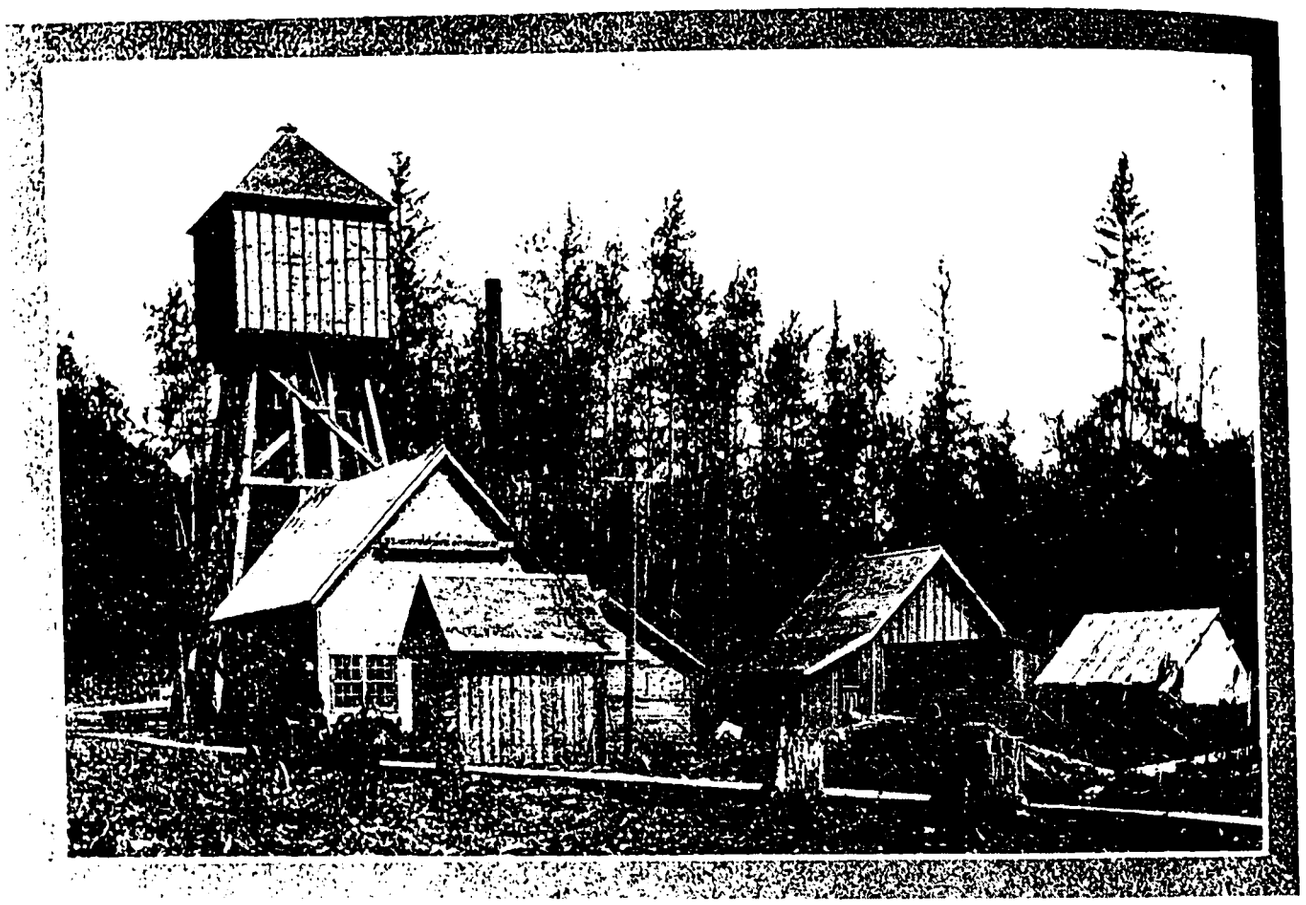
To the north, northeast and northwest lies a land of mystery and promise, rich in known wealth and portentous in promise of riches to be unfolded. Take the map of Vancouver Island and study the question of population. Estimate the number to be 75,000 people. Lay your finger over the line of the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway from Wellington to Victoria, put the end of your thumb and finger over the Cumberland, Courtney & Comox district and the Alberni district, and you will cover the space occupied by about 74,000 of this population!

When you do this you will begin to realize that outside of the mining town of Cumberland, with its adjoining small towns of Comox and Courtney, and taking in the Alberni district, the population of Vancouver Island is almost entirely along the short strip of railway known as the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway. With the exception of the districts heretofore named, the present settlements of the Island contain



GUN PRACTICE, ESQUIMALT NAVAL STATION

"PRESENT ARMS!"

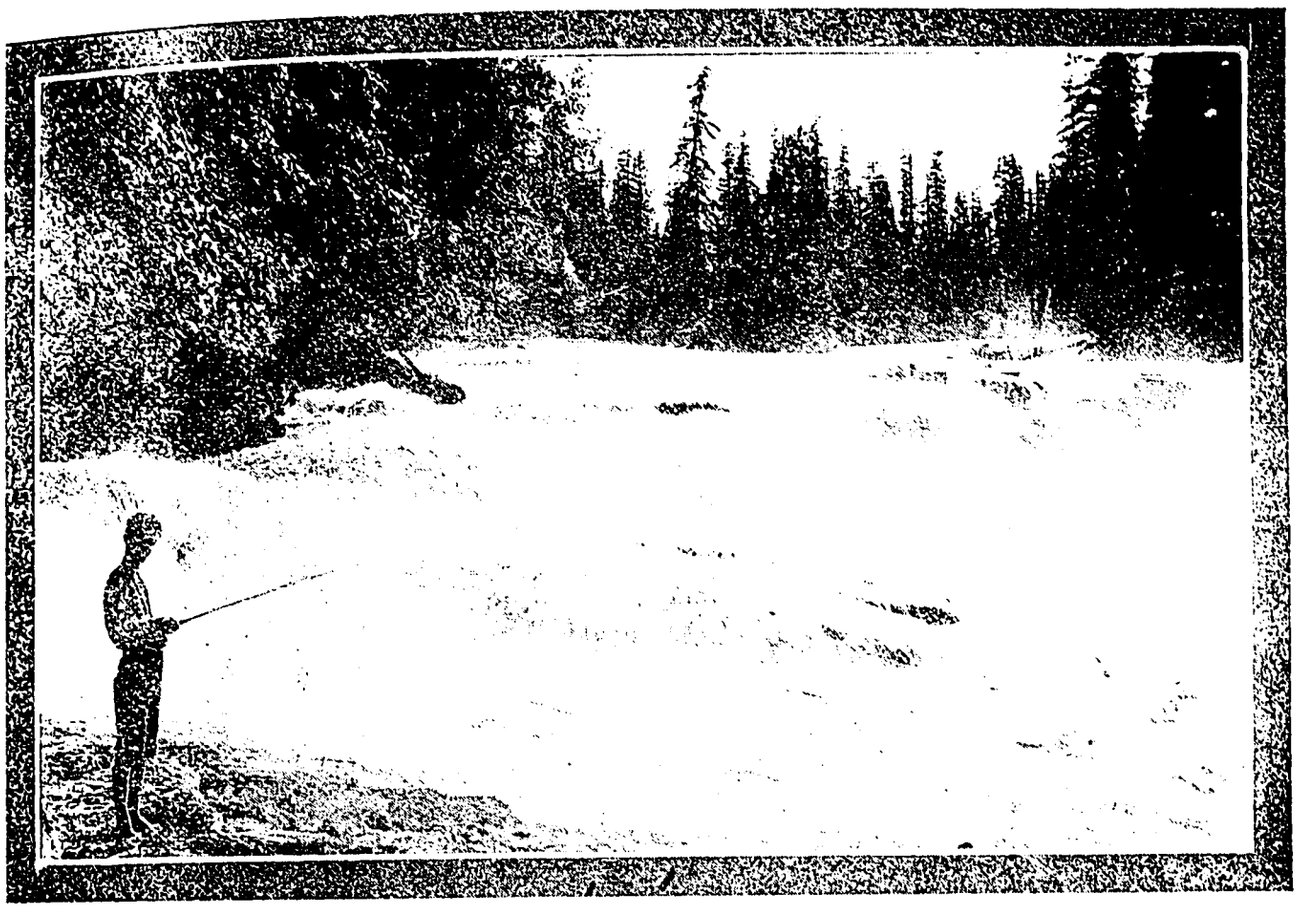


SCENE ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

a thousand, or very little more, of the population. Estimating the Island at close to 300 miles in length, and from nine to 80 miles broad, you have, therefore, in one short strip of land, the overwhelming bulk of the people and the commercial activity—a strip about 100 miles long and twenty miles wide, excluding the thriving city of Cumberland, and the growing towns of Comox and Courtney.

Now this "undiscovered" but partially exploited and thinly settled country which makes up the rest of the very considerable area of Vancouver Island has natural sources of wealth which almost stagger belief. The four principal bases of this wealth are timber, minerals, fish and agriculture. The timber is very largely under lease or ownership. The mineral, excepting coal, has scarcely been touched. The fisheries are in the way of being taken hold of, in the vicinity of Barkley Sound, by the Canadian Northern interests, in a more extensive manner than before, but there is still room along the west coast for vast development of this industry. Agriculture is progressing slowly but steadily all over the Island, and the backwoods districts are going ahead as never before. Lumbering is certain to be a very active industry on Vancouver

TIMBER, ONE OF THE FOUR PRINCIPAL BASES OF WEALTH

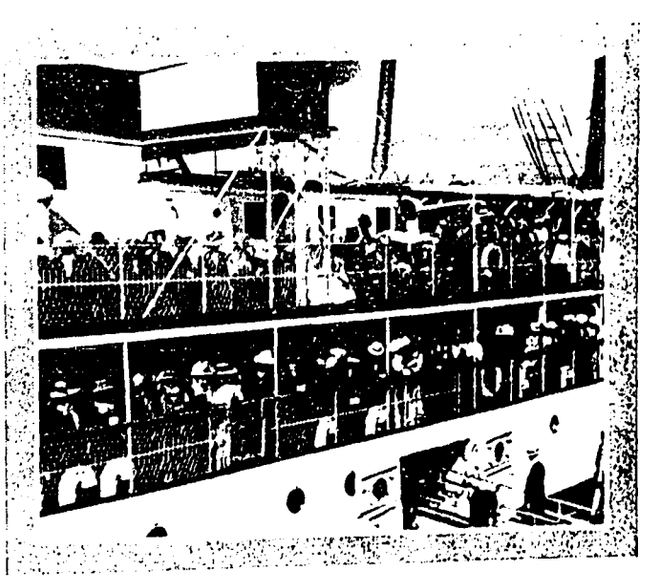


OFFERING SPLENDID SPORT WITH ROD AND LINE

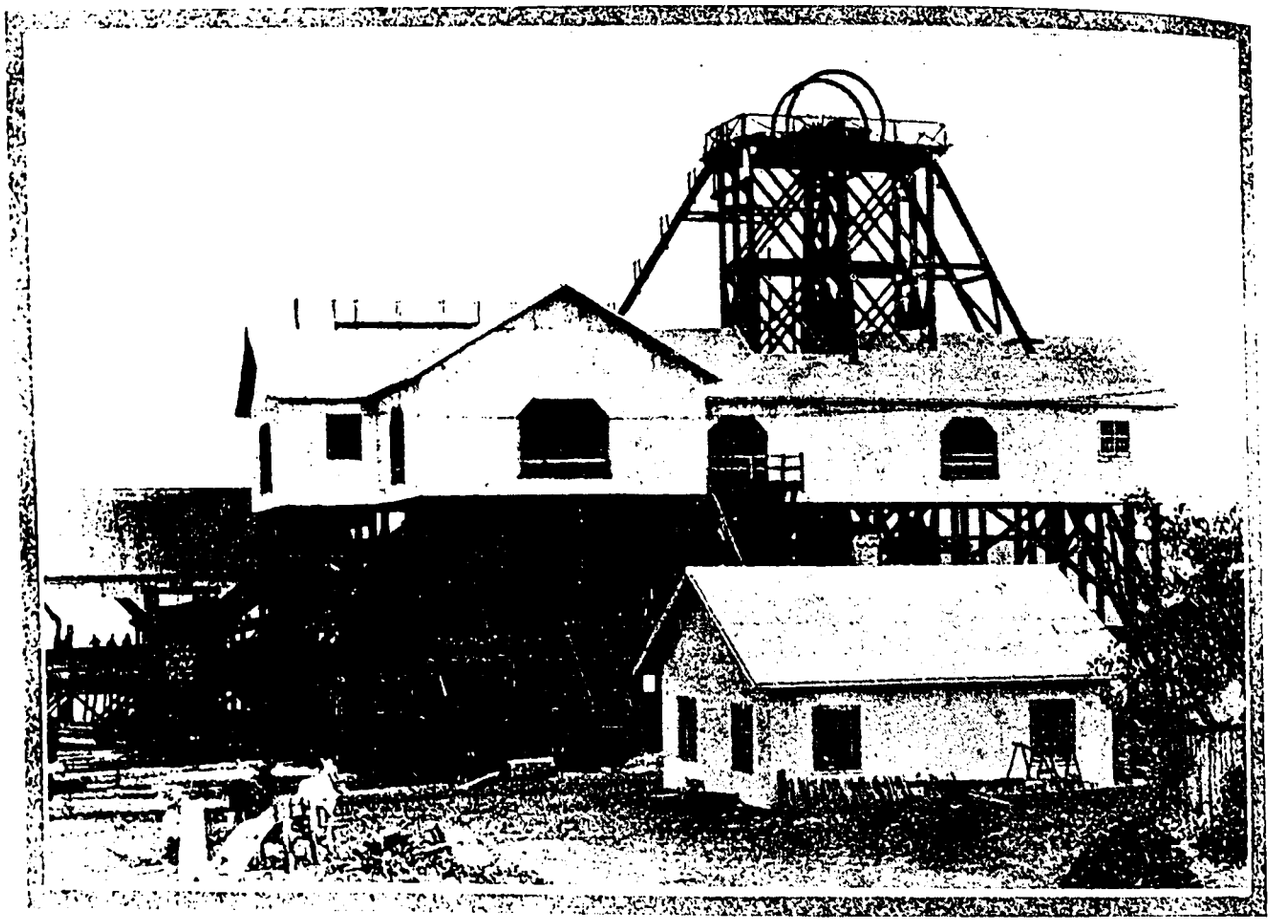
Island during the next ten years. The Douglas fir, the red cedar, hemlock, and spruce will furnish the greater portion of the cut. The Alberni district and Cowichan Lake will be very busy lumbering centres, and so will Chemainus and the Comox country. If a west coast road strikes into the spruce and fir forests of the Port Renfrew district, there will be large sawmills there also. Should the Canadian Northern Railway run spur roads into some of these west coast timber districts south of Barkley Sound they will tap magnificent forests.

When the rails reach Quatsino and the Campbell River country, another incalculably valuable timber belt will be open for exploitation. The fir at Campbell River is superb timber. Quatsino has pulp timber and easy access to Oriental markets for paper and pulp, and has already been marked as a probable northern port by the railways. Above Quatsino is the Holberg and San Josef country, rich in agricultural possibilities and filling up rapidly with preemptors and settlers. To the middle north and northeast lie the Cache Creek and Shushartie districts, which are gradually being settled and will shortly be connected with the east coast by government roads. Here will be found more open country, with agricultural possibilities and smaller timber. There are many tracts in these districts suitable for grazing and with the advent of railways nearly all of this territory will be turned into a cattle-raising area.

Around Port Hardy on the east coast, south of the Shushartie district, there is some timber-lease land and a large portion of good land as yet unsettled. Still further south on the east coast lies the Campbell River district, sparsely settled, but great in possibilities of agriculture as well as in timber. Here is the most famous fishing for the Tyee salmon on Vancouver Island.



SUMMER TOURIST TRADE



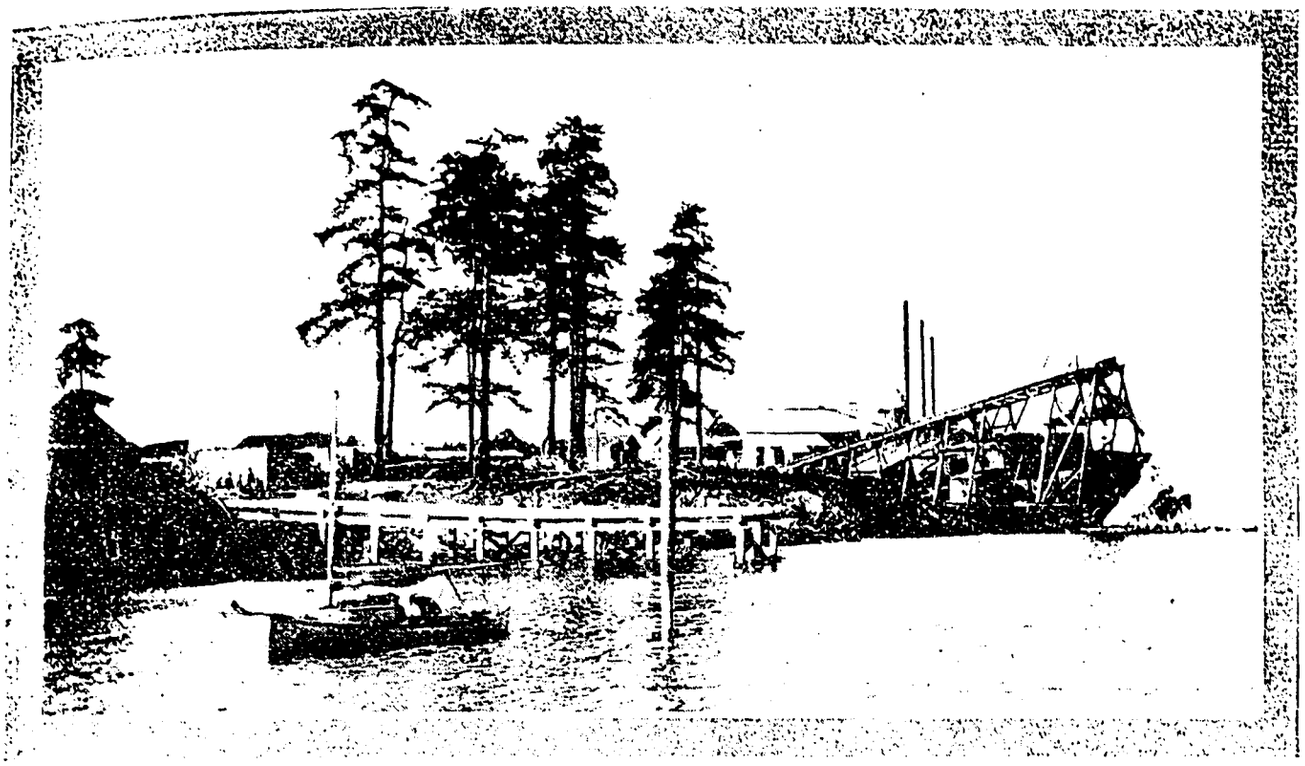
AT THE MOUTH OF A COAL MINE, VANCOUVER ISLAND

Here, too, are found iron and coal in close proximity to one another, and in such vast quantity that it is hard to find men who will believe in the stories told of the deposits. Here are the famous falls of the Campbell River, with thousands upon thousands of horse-power going to waste over their declivities. This district alone is a veritable wonderland of undisturbed potential riches.

Westward across the Island will be found the Nootka district, famed for its marble deposits, its splendid harbor, its gold, timber, iron and exquisite scenery. Between Nootka and Quatsino on the north stretches a wilderness of primeval forest and rock-bound coast, and from Nootka south to Clayoquot about the same prospect. Around Clayoquot and Ucluelet are the whale and halibut fisheries, salmon canneries, sawmills, herring canneries, colossal timber, and scenery of indescribable beauty. Long Beach, between Clayoquot and Ucluelet, will one day be the most sought-after ocean resort in North America. Back of it is Kennedy Lake, the largest body of fresh water on Vancouver Island, and a trolley line connecting the beach and the lake will be the most unique and wonderful combination of inland and seashore possible in the world.

Up the Alberni Canal to the Alberni district are timber, coal, gold, copper, agriculture, fisheries, manufacturing and kindred activities to be developed immediately on the arrival of the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway in October, and the Canadian Northern Railway inside of four years. And here you have the top line of the present activities which stand for population and progress. Swing west and south on the map and you find Bamfield and the Nitnat lake country, rich in excellent land and iron, copper and other mineral, and bearing south along the coast you come to Port Renfrew and its immensely valuable timber, iron mines, copper and, with the timber cleared off, its fine agricultural land. Continuing south you reach the Jordan river, with the 20,000 horse-power development of the B. C. Electric Company, and from there you may come back to Victoria via the Otter Point and Sooke districts, Colwood and Metchosin, the garden spots of the west coast, with farms and ranches being established and a steady stream of settlers and investors pouring in.

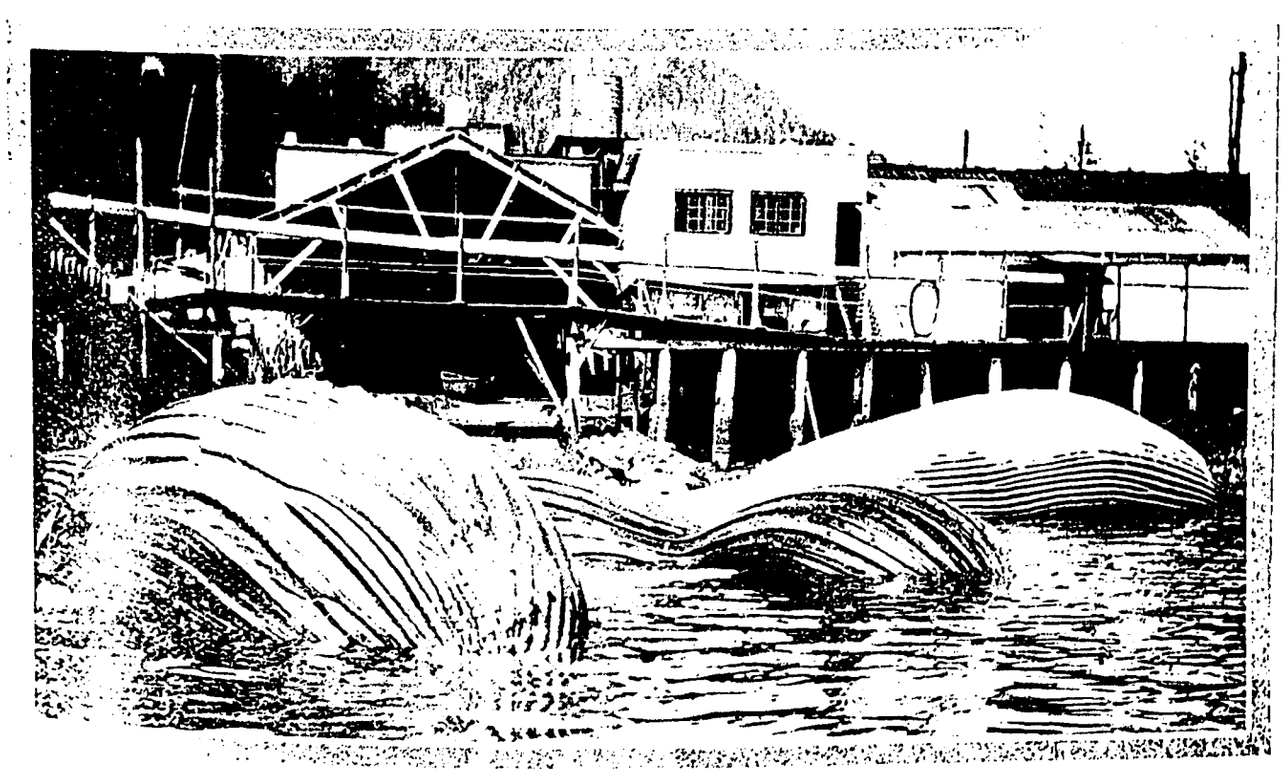
When you sit down and contemplate the wide areas only dotted here and there with small settlements; when you consider the wider areas still absolutely unpeopled; when you figure that there are literally millions of



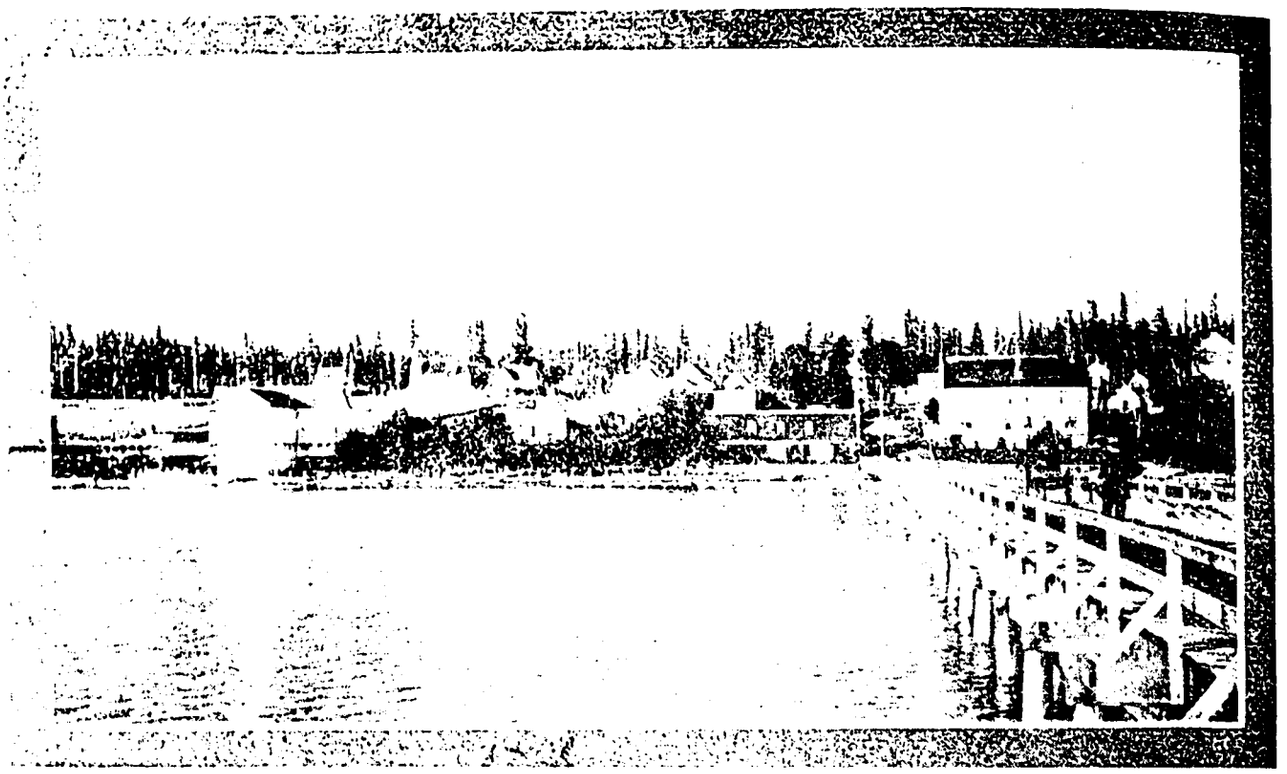
SAW MILL, VANCOUVER ISLAND

acres of land on the Island where a white man's foot has never trod; when you know that this undiscovered land holds timber, iron, coal, gold, quicksilver, copper, silver, marble, gypsum, cement, talc, building stone, brick and fire-clay—almost innumerable riches in the way of natural resources; when you realize that in this unpenetrated wilderness are beautiful lakes and flashing mountain streams, towering mountains and century-old glaciers, fish and game in profusion, water-power in magnificent volume, and much else marvellous and productive, then you have begun to find out that, great as has been the development on Vancouver Island in the narrow compass of the districts named, it has been, compared with the Titanic possibilities of the unexplored regions, like a thumb-print on some mighty temple.

You cannot know this island by even the best of carefully-prepared literature and the most accurate of statistics. Men like King, Sutton, Kelly and some others have become familiar with much of it in a



WHALING STATION, WEST COAST, VANCOUVER ISLAND

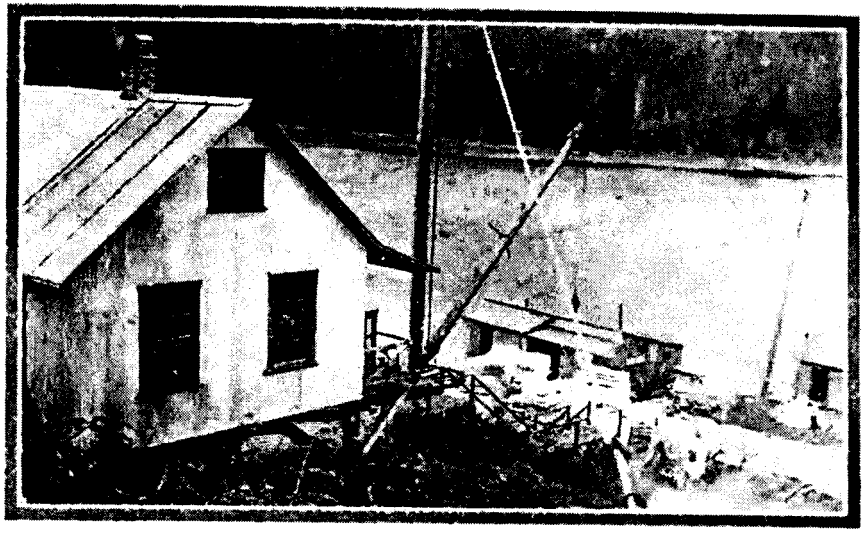


COMOX, VANCOUVER ISLAND

general way, but in detail the island baffles everything except the wings of the wind to cover or conquer it. When you hear a man say, "I've been all over Vancouver Island," smile with me. Railways and roads will help to bring a great deal of it to light, but the treasures it holds are not to be uncovered and divided in one century.

Everywhere on the west and east coasts the pioneer spirits are going in and building, clearing, working—literally wrenching away the wilderness from the grasp of the primeval. No pen can do justice to the fight they are making. There is reward for them in the future, and one to which they are richly entitled. But in the interior still wait the silent lands. There is not in all Canada's domain, not in the whole of the British Empire, so strange and wonderful a treasure-trove as Vancouver Island. Outside of its manifold actualities in the way of varied natural wealth, it is destined to become the widest-known and most-sought-for country, most probably, in any continent, for scenic beauty of unparalleled magnificence.

SOME DAY TOURISTS WILL FIND THESE SANDY BEACHES



STONE QUARRY SHIPPING PORT

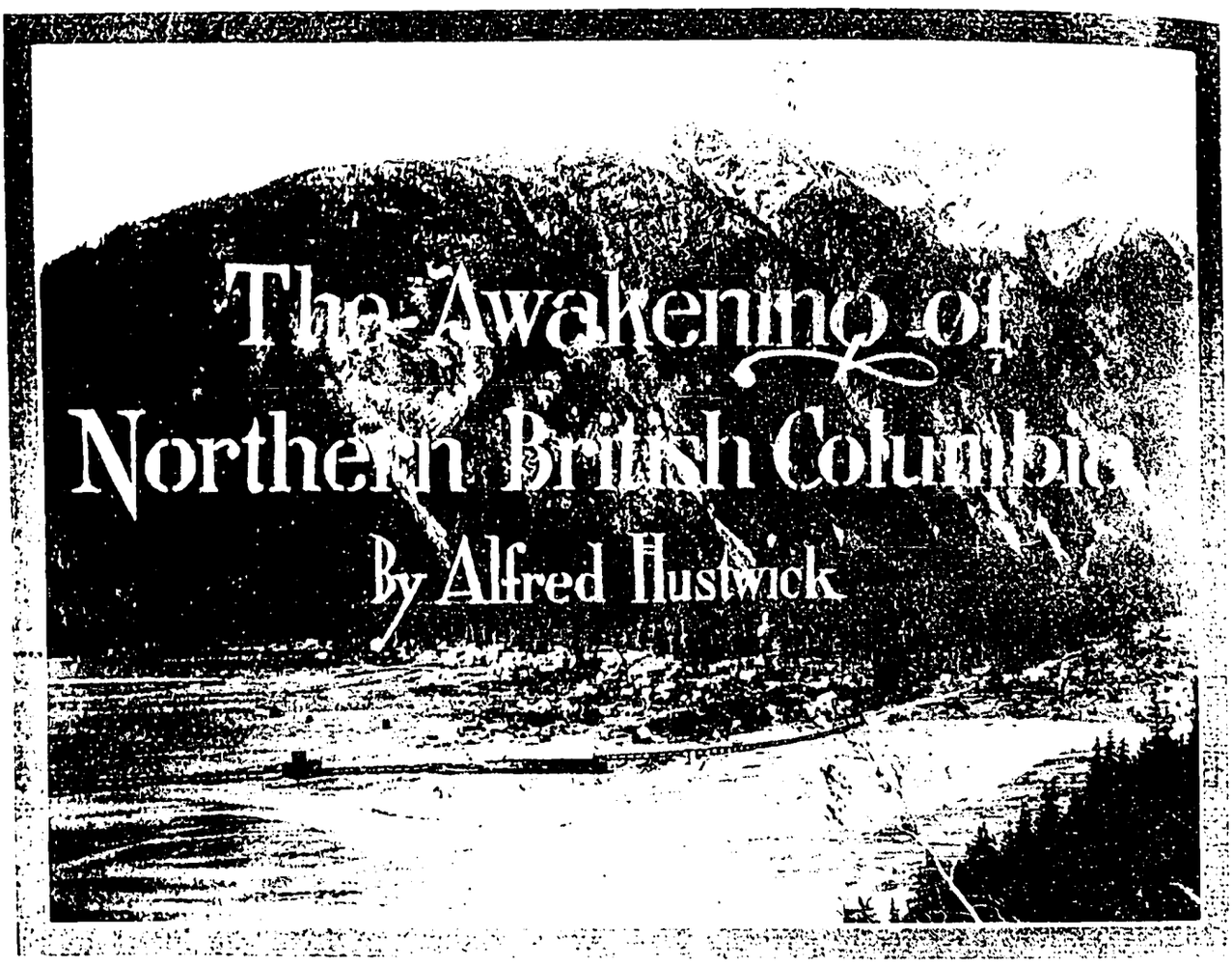
Some countries have mountains, valleys, and lakes; others have forests, streams, glaciers, seashore and rivers; still others boast of waterfalls, rural scenes and picturesque and winding roads. Norway has its fiords, England its lakes and meadows. Scotland its castles and lochs. Switzerland her peaks, her glaciers and her mirrored lakes. France and Brittany the seashores and winding highways. Ireland her romantic lakes and moors. Many countries have many beauties, but Vancouver Island has them all, and supplements them with many strange, wonderful and beautiful attractions such as no other country can match.

From whales to strawberries; from glaciers to wild-flowers; from the elk of the north to the saucy little red squirrel of the south; from the thunderous roar of stately waterfalls to the purl of some hidden mountain stream; from the cloud-reaching, giant Douglas fir to the lowly green of the maidenhair fern; from the greatest heights to the deepest depths, in everything that makes a land one of enchantment and delight this Island of Vancouver is unapproached and unapproachable.

In years to come, when the Island is intersected with splendid highways from north to south and from east to west, there will be no country which will excite such universal enthusiasm from the lovers of the beautiful in nature. All this will seem a vain rhapsody to those who have never seen or known of the Island, but it is a truth sealed by Creation's stamp. And with a climate beyond compare from May until November, the travel will eventually be greater than the inflow to the continent of Europe.

Taken, therefore, from every standpoint, Vancouver Island is absolutely unique in its commercial and all-round future. The inevitable bridging of the Seymour Narrows will connect it with the mainland, making Victoria the great last western port of Canada. The result of this will be to give the Capital City of British Columbia a larger population than any coast city of the Pacific coast, and make it the one chief distributive port to the Orient and Europe, via the Panama Canal and the Pacific. All this is not in a day nor a generation. "O ye of little faith." But it is coming, and it will come:

"It is no boast; it is no threat; thus History's iron law decrees,"
An Island Empire resting fair beside the blue Pacific seas.

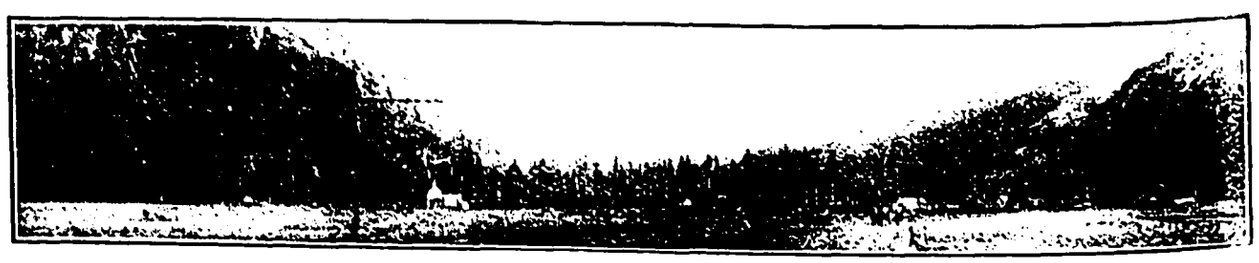


The Awakening of Northern British Columbia

By Alfred Hustwick

WITHOUT doubt the next great spectacular rush of immigrants from Europe and the East will focus in the northern half of British Columbia! Five years ago such a statement would have been deemed extravagant, even by those people who considered themselves well informed upon the potential wealth of the province, but today it is known that the immense valleys lying between Edmonton, in northern Alberta, and the Pacific coast, and stretching north for hundreds of miles from the Naas and Peace rivers, must eventually become a great agricultural territory, rivalling in productiveness the prairie provinces. The award of an international court of arbitration deprived this province of so many hundreds of miles of its logical coast line and so changed the map that few people, until recently, gave much thought to the vast wheat and timber lands above the line of the present G. T. P. construction. A general impression formerly existed that the northern districts of British Columbia were forbidding areas of mountain land, rich only in minerals and almost inaccessible, so far as railways were concerned. Only a few far-sighted men, knowing that wheat had been grown for over sixty years at the Hudson's Bay Company's forts above the 60th parallel of latitude, realized that the greater portion of the country above the Naas was destined to stage, in the near future, a drama of development besides which the great rush to the prairie provinces would gain little by comparison.

Two years ago Stewart, the most northerly port of British Columbia, was



STEWART IN 1909

VICTORIA STREET, STEWART, B. C.

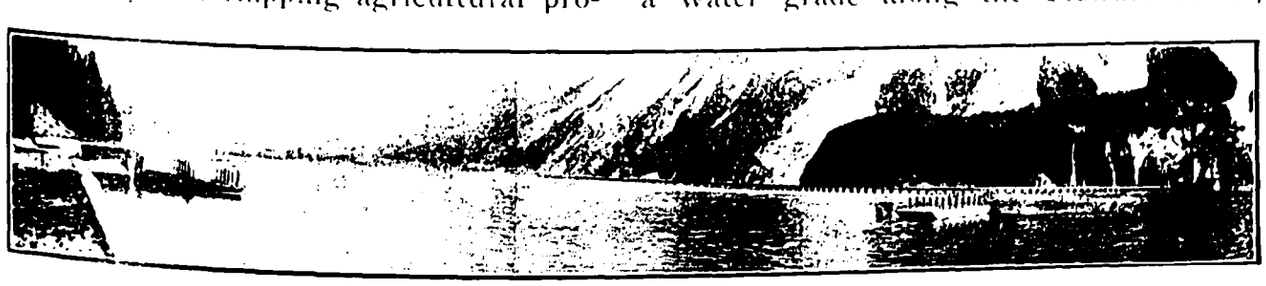
non-existent; the idea of the connection by railroad of the Portland Canal, the deep-water inlet on which Stewart is situated, and Edmonton, was the exclusive property of a few far-seeing men; and the suggestion that British Columbia would eventually take a prominent place among the wheat-growing provinces of the Dominion had not even been advanced.

How different are conditions at the present time! Stewart is already a city of modern conveniences, possessing electric light, telephones, modern hotels, and steamship wharves. The Canadian North-eastern Railway is already operating 18 miles of road, connecting Stewart with the great gold mines of the Bear River valley, is surveying a right-of-way from Edmonton to Stewart, and holds franchises for other railroads which will open up the whole northern half of the province, and will make the city at the head of the Portland Canal one of the greatest ports of the Pacific.

In the light of these developments the future of Northern British Columbia seems assured. Thousands of acres of rich farming land are already being secured in the Peace and Naas River districts by settlers who realize that the country is on the eve of a great awakening, and it can be only a matter of three or four years before these valleys are shipping agricultural products by way of Stewart to the markets of the world.

The Canadian Northern Railroad has built 200 miles west from Edmonton on its way to the Pacific, and Sir Donald D. Mann and his associates hold charters from the British Columbia government for three distinct lines in the province, all of which will radiate from the harbor of Stewart. One will commence at the present railhead of the Canadian North-eastern and will cross the Bear River pass at an elevation of less than 1,500 feet, running thence in an easterly direction to the eastern boundary of the province near the Pine River pass, in the northern foothills of the Rocky Mountains, which it will cross at an elevation of less than 2,000 feet above sea level. At the eastern boundary of British Columbia this road will connect with the extension of the Canadian Northern from Edmonton, which has already been carried 200 miles west from that city to its present railhead at Onaway.

A second line is to be constructed by the company from Stewart to the centre of the province, connecting with the G. T. P. railway at or near Fort George. This line will not only be immediately productive, passing as it does through a fertile series of valleys, but will be comparatively inexpensive to construct, as it will follow a water grade along the Stewart River,



THE SPLENDID HARBOR, STEWART, B. C.

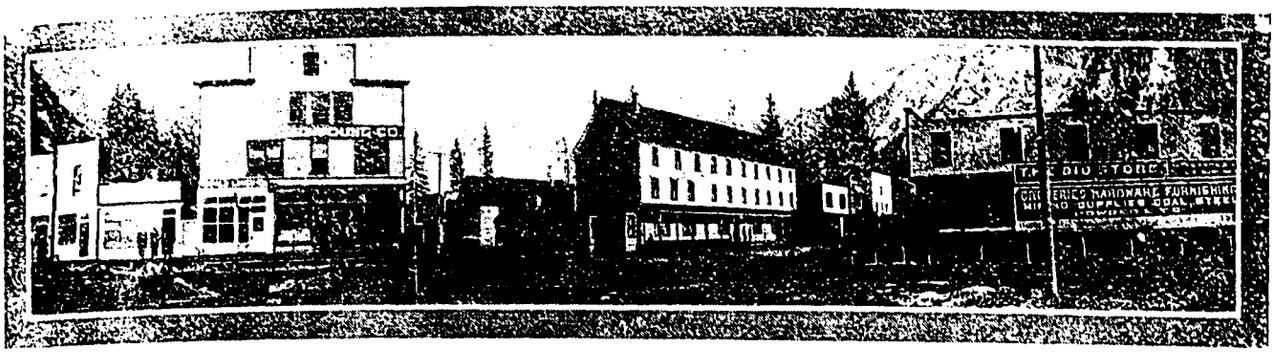
FIFTH STREET, MAIN BUSINESS SECTION, STEWART, B. C.

Stewart lakes and contiguous waterways, nearly the whole of its length. The third charter secured by the company entitles it to construct a line, focussing on Stewart, through the north of the province to the Alaskan boundary.

It is now only a question of a short time before actual work on the lines from Stewart to Edmonton and Fort George will be in progress. The inducements which the situation in the new northwest offers to the first railroad to traverse its virgin territory are so large that the railroad to Edmonton must soon be built. It will, on account of the absence of high mountain ranges, extremely heavy grades and unproductive country, cost at least from one-third to one-half less per mile to construct than any of the roads running through the southern half of the province, and will give the Canadian Northern an outlet for its prairie roads, which at present are forced to ship to tidewater over the lines of rival companies. Moreover, it will prove immediately profitable on account of the great productiveness of the route.

In the latter connection it is interesting to follow on the map the probable line which the surveyors will take. Immediately after leaving Stewart the road will pass through one of the largest and finest mining districts in the province and will then enter the Naas valley, in which 250 square miles of fertile land have already been taken up for settlement. It will then tap the Omineca mining district, which is expected, when its development is made possible by railroad connections with the coast, to prove one of the richest mining districts in the North American continent. From the Omineca district the road will pass through the prairie-like valleys of the Peace River and the north end of the Bulkley. From Pine Pass to Onaway, in Alberta, it will traverse a great wheat-growing land similar in character to the rolling prairie of Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

With the construction of the line to Edmonton the city of Stewart will become a terminal having connections with the Atlantic seaboard over the Canadian Northern, Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railroads, and will in all probability be the nearest Pacific port to the Hudson's Bay when the rails are laid through the prairies to that great sheet of water. Every line serving the northern territories not already traversed by the transcontinental roads in this province will find an outlet at Stewart, and it seems certain that the Portland Canal will before long bear on its surface mighty leviathans of the deep carrying the products of the new northwest to all parts of the world. Already Stewart is the terminal point to coastwise traffic in British Columbia, but

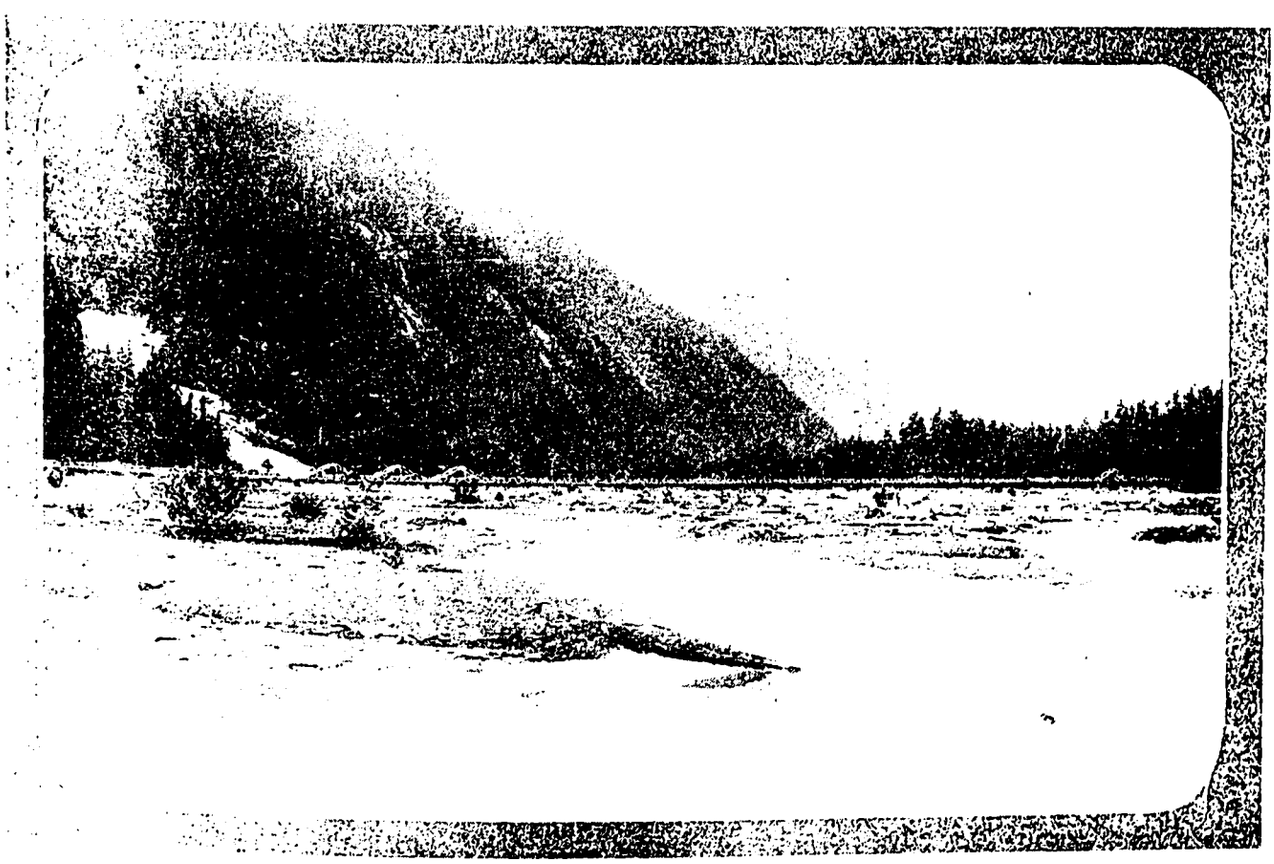


STEWART IN 1910

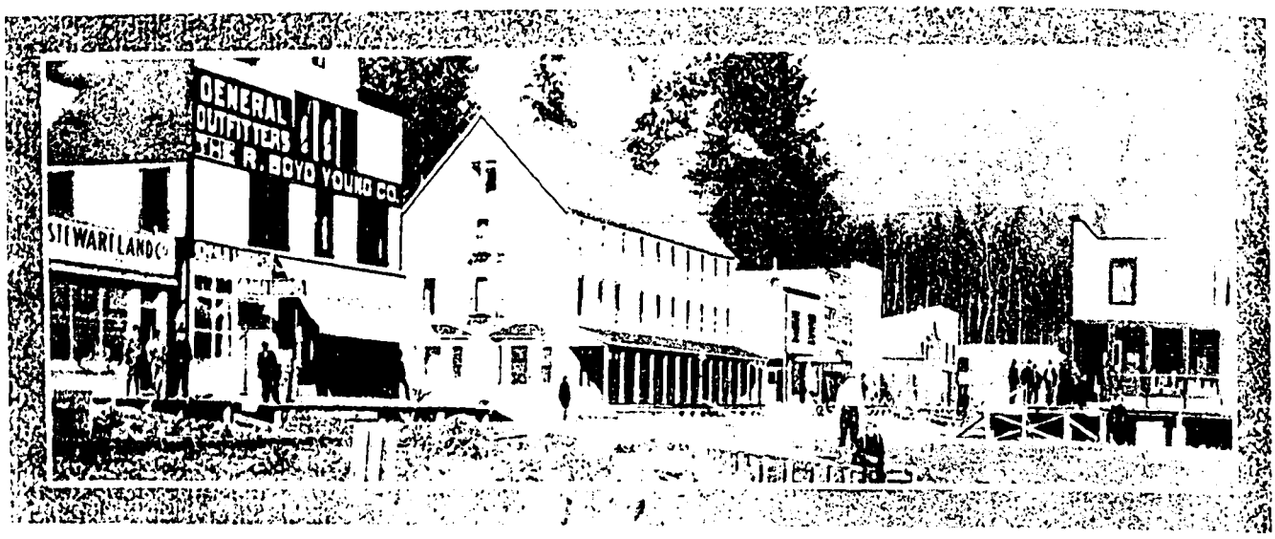
although the most northerly port of the province, it serves the whole of the great area of land cut off from tidewater by the Alaska boundary decision. The portal of the richest portion of the province, it is now the outfitting point for the advance guard of settlers who are making their way into the Peace and other valleys. That it is destined to be a great seaport is evidently realized by both the Provincial and Dominion governments. The former realized about $500,000 from the sale of a small portion of the townsite and has put back $30,000 of this for street and sanitary improvements, and $7,000 for roads and trails through the district behind Stewart, while it has appropriated an entire city block and sufficient money to provide an up-to-date school. The Dominion government is installing buoys, beacons and lighthouses throughout the whole length of the Portland Canal, has erected a steamship wharf, and is placing Stewart in communication with the outside world by a telegraph line through Hazelton, which is to be completed at the end of July.

Perhaps the most momentous announcement regarding the future of Stewart, and Northern British Columbia in general, was the declaration of the Honorable William Templeman, member for the Comox-Atlin district and Minister of Mines and Inland Revenue in the Laurier Cabinet, at Stewart recently, that the Dominion government will aid the Canadian North-eastern in the construction of its roads by the guaranteeing of its bonds. Among other observations on the situation Mr. Templeman said:

"I am very optimistic regarding the west, and it is only natural that one who has lived here as long as I have should be



LONG RAILWAY TRESTLE APPROACHING STEWART, B. C.



HOTEL KING EDWARD, STEWART, B. C.

optimistic. I remember visiting Vancouver before the trees were cut down. To-day Vancouver has grown to a population of 100,000 to 135,000 and is one of the most progressive cities in Canada. I can see no reason why Stewart, given transportation facilities, should not grow equally as rapidly.

"Now I have read a great deal, and geologists have reported to us, about the great coal areas and the possibilities of mineral development in Northern British Columbia, and from what I can gather they appear to be enormous. It is a great region and should all be tributary to Stewart. There will be no city on the Pacific coast north of Stewart. All of British Columbia to the north will have to come to tidewater by way of Stewart. I do not look forward to mining alone, although with the completion of the Portland Canal short line railway you can look forward to large business in the hauling of ore from the mines, and some day you ought to have smelters here. There are great areas of agricultural land in the Naas River valley and further east, and, sir, if you extend this railway east to Edmonton you cannot put any limit upon the possibilities of the future. All the vast areas of Alberta and Saskatchewan should ultimately come through Stewart, Prince Rupert and Vancouver. Even should they put through the Hudson Bay railroad it will come westward, and when the Panama Canal is finished, and it will probably be finished as soon as the railroad, the wheat of Alberta and West Saskatchewan will come here on its way to European markets.

"I have good reason to state that Stewart will attain to great importance. There are not many places on the Pacific coast suitable for a railway terminus. I do not see where else the Canadian Northern can come out at. I have heard all kinds of places suggested as a terminus for this road. The Canadian Northern is unquestionably going through Northern British Columbia, and they want a harbor, and you have it, and now that you have Sir Donald Mann interested here, your chances of having a rail connection with Edmonton are a great deal better than they were a few years ago, before Sir Donald Mann took hold.

"It was suggested that while you were thankful for past favors you were still ready to receive others. I do not like even to promise you anything; I do not care to make any very strong promises, but only want to do what I can, but I do say that if Sir Donald Mann and his associates formulate a plan for putting through the railroad from Stewart to Edmonton, anything the Canadian government can do to help them will be done."

Coming from a cabinet minister noted for caution in all his public utterances, the above words must be taken as an indication of Ottawa's view of, and attitude toward, the development of Northern British Columbia.

The Black Orchid

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

"O ROSARIO, is not this the place?"

"Not yet, senor. In a little while, if the saints are kind."

Muller rested on his paddle, and watched the oily gray stream as it ran past the dugout.

"My own fault," he growled to Warwick. "Ach, yes! There is nothing romantig about orgids! I have heard you say it. But there is heat and evil smells and jaguars and aye-ayes and aboriginals of a golossal stupidity. Nothing romantig! I belief you!"

"You would come," suggested the other young man mildly. "I told you you wouldn't get much stuff for your paper unless we found it; and then it wouldn't interest your public."

"I do not belief there is anything to find."

"O Rosario! Tell the senor again!"

"There is nothing to tell, senores. I have seen the flowers, but I have not touched. My father also. The old god looks out across the river and the stones and the graves of devils. And the flowers are in his arms, so! They are black—black as the mud on the shoal, black as the night under the mangroves. They have been there—he has been there—how long? *Quien sabe?*"

"I do not for a moment belief they are black. They will be burble."

"Well, we shall soon see!"

Warwick's eyes snapped with excitement. "A black orchid," he murmured to himself dreamily. "So possible! The dream of so many!"

Through the fever-reek above the oily river he saw the high banks in flashes of color—rose, coral, canary, amethyst—where the orchids bloomed on the strangled trees, and the lianas fell to the middle like ropes of jewels. But the flower of his dream was black.

"Burble," grunted Muller; but he swung again to the paddle, and the dugout surged heavily against the current.

The forest reeled past like wide ribbons. Rosario's muscles rippled under his drenched cotton. Muller set his teeth against the overwhelming lassitude of the place, and planted his blade deep. So, for an hour or more, through the choking growth, the reek and steam of life decaying, of living decay.

"I do not belief," said Muller at last, faintly. "Bob, the quinine!—How many days since we left the Essequibo? How many days since we buried poor Fernando? It is—it is——"

"We will turn when you like," said young Warwick quietly.

They looked long into each other's lean, fever-drawn faces.

"No," said Muller at last. "I am an amadeur only. But we will find him; we will not turn back. But it is not romantig."

"I knew you wouldn't turn back, Otto."

Rosario turned in his place, a little glint of triumph in his melancholy face. "Look, senores."

At first they could see nothing but the forest, as they had seen it for days. Then, through the quiver of wet heat, the outline of other things appeared amid that terrible vegetation. Very little was left; but the bank of the river showed fitted stones. There was the wreckage of the causeway, which once must have been of royal size, down which, perhaps, dark, imperial processions had passed—in what dim ages of the world?

"Quien sabe?"

A little hillock rose where the larger trees fell away.

"The usual truncated byramid," murmured Muller, shaking his shock of hair discontentedly. "After last year in Yucutan, Bob, this is trifial."

But they were hushed as the little dugout swung slowly to the landing-place; for what feet had trodden it last, and when?

"Doesn't look much of a place to camp, Otto. Is that tinned beef safe?"

But their hands shook a little, and their eyes looked everywhere in the gloom of the leaves. They had seen many such ruins of the mysterious races, but few as sinister. As they landed, there was a slimy rush and haste in the growth, and the vines clung about their knees as if with horrible soft hands.

Rosario slashed a path with his great knife.

"A very evil place," he whispered, as they stumbled up the stones of the king's causeway, "full of ghosts of the dead whom no man remembers."

The two white men did not contradict him.

"Senores, there is the god. I have fulfilled my bargain. Now look, and let us go."

They looked at what they had thought some great tree or stump—a shadow, a blur of ruin. And features began to grow out of the blur, features and a dreadful face. There the old god sat, gazing out across the river under his tall head-dress of ranged plumes; his shoulders were nothing but a mossy block of stone; between his grotesque, outstretched arms was a platform of stone some six feet long; from it a flight of steps descended, all heaved apart with green growing things. The god was nothing but impossible arms and a face.

"Let us hope," said Bob Warwick, a little breathlessly, "that face is impossible, too."

"Look!" said his friend.

Within the god's hold, upon the stone platform, was a little tuft of green leaves and dark blossoms—three-petaled, with long, blackish stamens like a spider's legs. Warwick and Muller hesitated a moment, fearing to look further. Then they sprang forward together.

Rosario flung his long brown arms round Warwick; his black eyes were alight with fear.

"It is destruction!" he cried. "For the love of heaven, senores, let us go. Take nothing from the god, for fear he takes all from us! He is the Life-taker——"

Rosario's soft Spanish slid into a jumble of gutturals, perhaps the tongue his fathers had spoken when they built the causeway and shaped the god. Warwick put him aside and followed Muller.

Muller was scrambling up the broken steps that led, as it were, into the arms of the god.

"It will be burble," he grunted to himself obstinately, but his heart beat hard.

The strange dark flowers floated just above him as he heaved himself at last from the wreckage and stood upon the platform. He shouted triumphantly, and something in the forest cried harshly in answer.

The carved face above him now had the curious effect of gazing down upon the platform. What terrors of evil seemed to be in those long eyes and cruel lips! Muller checked himself in an involuntary shudder, and reached out to grasp the orchid.

The platform tilted under his feet. Startled, he caught at the stone, but found no hold. There was one quick moment of fear, in which he heard Rosario's cry, saw Warwick's astonished face below—saw, also, the stone face above him with its carven sneer. Then the stone yielded still more, and shot him down into darkness, swinging back into place above his head.

He came to himself, sick with fear, and clinging desperately with hands and feet to long, slime-covered roots of trees. All about was black darkness, except for a phosphorescent gleam of dead wood and decay. The air was dead, heavy and reeking with moisture, but not poisonous. He could see the old roots to which he clung only by their ghastly gray radiance. They were all dead, and formed a network which yielded to his very breathing. When he moved, his hands slipped and slid upon their slime. He could not tell how far he had fallen, nor what dreadful depths lay below him.

"Bob—O Bob! Rosario!"

They could not hear him, but call he must. In that place he was losing even his iron young nerve. How that old stone face up there in the sunlight must be sneering! He seemed to see it, patterned with fine carving, marked with evil older than the white races of men. It seemed to float in the dark, watching, mocking.

"O Rosario! Rosario!"

How many poor fellows, in the old days, had been shot from that stone of sacrifice!

"*Du Lieber Gott!* It is as if I with these

eyes saw. They would fall down, down—into what? What lies hereunder?

"The dark and the old dead! The dark and the old dead! O thou dear God, deliver me! Bob, Bob!"

They would lie there, bound and rotting in the slime, until there was nothing. Nothing! No cry would penetrate the walls of that pit, no prayer soften the hearts of those who had carved the face of the god. Not yet was the Life-taker satiated.

"I go to join their company if Bob is not quick. The roots slip. They are like old dead serpents. Everything here is dead, dead!

"Rosario! O Rosario!"

How long had he been clinging there? An hour? His hands grew cramped, and the heavy beating of his heart ran to the ends of his fingers in little shocks of pain. His strained eyes grew used to the dark. Where the phosphorescence glimmered, he saw ghostly shapes of stones dripping with slime. He was in a pit walled with well-fitted stones, which had resisted time and climate. What was it floored with? Stone, that would kill kindly and quickly? Or mud—the horrible, crawling mud of river shallows? His brain seemed to quiver and shrink at the thought, and wheels of whirling color rolled before his eyes. In the midst of them was the old god's face, battered, grotesque, but alive with evil as old as the earth. Would they never come? Were they going to leave him there till he fell and joined the forgotten dead below?

The white roots were sliding slowly, slowly through his desperate grasp. He dared not shift his hold. The hot, wet darkness seemed to surge against his ears with the shock of hammers, but it was only the throbbing of veins in his head. Somewhere, too, there was a small, faint tapping, so faint that it could come from nothing larger than a lizard. Was there life in that pit? No, nothing but the face of the Life-taker was alive.

It seemed to float in the darkness wherever he looked. He shut his eyes, but it was still there. Wet—not the wet of that reeking pit—rolled down his face. He groaned, and shivered from head to foot. Time, reason, everything was effaced. Only fear was left, fear old as the world—fear of the dark and the thing that waited in it.

Would they never come? "How long, O thou kind God, how long!"

He sobbed with fear like a child, and the roots slipped in his wet hands. For a second all the blackness of the pit seemed to surge up to meet him, and he screamed, too, like a child.

And then—why, then fear was not. For there was light—daylight, a glaring shaft glowing suddenly on the wet stones, on the bleached roots; light, on his straining hands, shining on his desperate face. Light! And the Life-taker was only an ugly old idol carved long ago. He dared not look down; but he could look up, to a square of heavenly light, and Rosario's terrified head.

"Senor, O senor!"

"Safe, Rosario. O Bob! Be quick, my friendt. How much longer do you leave me here suspended?"

And there was Rosario coming down on a long rope of flexible liana, like a monkey.

"I will make it fast under your arms, senor. So—and so! Holy Virgin! it would bear the weight of that old stone devil himself. I will meddle no more with the cities of the old people. They can stay in peace, they and their dead and their devils. A fruit-stall in Santa Maria Corona——"

There was Rosario ascending the taut rope, more monkey-wise than ever. There was the quick jerk, the slow withdrawal of the pit and the dead roots and the unplumbed dark. There was the bright square growing larger and nearer. And at last there were Bob's strong arms, and Rosario weeping on the steps.

"Otto, Otto! my dear old boy! I was so scared I was just sick. Sure you're all right? Yes, the stone swung on a sort of central pivot—never saw anything like it. Here, drink some of this. It took us ten minutes to get the beastly thing prized open again. How d'you feel?"

"Ten minutes! Ten minutes! *Du Lieber Gott!* I was dying, my friendt, for ten hours—all alone with the powers of darkness." He sat up weakly. "And the orgid?"

Warwick laughed shakily. "The orchid was crushed to pulp, Otto," he said, "by the upswing of the stone. There is nothing of it left. And it was the only one."

"It would haf been burble," said Otto faintly. "But that settles it. We will go home. I do not like this business; it is not romantig."

Outside the Law

By Theodore Roberts

IT was mid-day, and the sun, small against the pale azure of the December sky, shone colorless as water and bright as fire. It was like the eye of a god, perhaps—staring, inscrutable, inhuman, blinding, and yet clear as ice. Or was it like a hole in the thin shell of the world's roof, through which poured the radiance of those vaster spaces beyond the changing of our days and nights, beyond the courses of the stars?

Jacques Chauveau, pressing up the southern slope of the ridge, his racquets scarcely indenting the packed snow, wondered vaguely if the sun were more like a great eye or like a window in the floor of Heaven. A man who tramps the wilderness will busy his mind with many such unprofitable questions. If he has been out long enough, he may even speak to the wind, or to some gnarled old tree, or to a hare leaping in the underbrush beside the trail. He will lighten his solitary journey by all manner of queer and effortless meditations, and look upon the very snow as something possessing a personality to which questions may be put and remarks addressed. The placid heart is open, at such times, to the reception of Nature's own moods. The eye is alert, the mind deliciously at peace and in a state midway between dreaming and interrogation; and the spirit, sitting high and apart from the body that toils along the trail, hears the singing of the air-currents and the passage of strange things upon the wind.

Jacques Chauveau went up the southern slope of the ridge of hardwoods which rises between the headwaters of Pierre's Brook and Little Chief River. He owned a shack on each brook, and had a line of traps and dead-falls set in each valley; and now he was making a short-cut across from the Little Chief to Pierre's. It was a great country that he took toll of, wide, wild and beautiful, and alive with the furred animals of the north. And yet a man might travel that wilderness for days and not see even so much of its furtive life as the brush of a fox. Pierre Chauveau, an elder brother of Jacques, had trapped that country for many years. But Pierre had died, or vanished from the knowledge of his friends, a year ago. He had worked alone, even as Jacques now worked alone, through the same swales and forests and across the same snow-sheeted barrens. The wilderness had taken him. He had not returned to the post in spring, by way of the swollen rivers, his canoe laden deep with peltries; nor yet had he straggled in later, as many a woodsman has done, half-crazed, starved, like one escaped from a great prison. He had gone to his far trapping-grounds, before the time of ice and snow, and he had not returned, as was his custom, on the swollen waters of spring. Even Jacques, his brother, had ceased to wonder at it, and now travelled the same hills and valleys with a quiet heart, taking furs for the same great company.

The mind of Jacques Chauveau was at peace, as if in a partial slumber, and the spirit of him sat apart and alert. He went up the slope on his long racquets and reached the brow of the ridge where the timber was all of great maples and birches. It was then, swift as light, that his spirit—the alert and immortal soul of the man—awoke his mind and heart.

He halted short in his stride and gazed about him at the bright and silent forest. Here ran aisles, white paved, between pillars of gray boles, with the untinted fire of noon-tide gleaming high and low. Here was no wind. Not a twig moved in the fine traceries overhead, and no life of bird or beast or man stirred on either hand. The sunlight, the snow and the naked trees environed him with silence and stillness that were like an enchantment; but a voice was crying at his shoulder, keen and clear—a voice so in tune with the silence of the forest and the bright, still air, that the trap-

per knew he heard it only with the ears of his spirit. A soul cried aloud to a soul—the spirit of Pierre, the dead man, to the spirit of his brother. The body of the trapper stood straight and motionless, amazed, chilled by the wonder of the thing, scanning the empty wood with wide, unseeing eyes. But the spirit of the trapper heard, clear and undeniable, the voice of the dead crying for vengeance. And the name of one Red Strickland was cried by the voice, and a story of treachery and murder was told.

At last Jacques felt the strength of his muscles again and the coursing of the blood in his veins. He knew that he had answered the voice and had promised to avenge his brother. He moved forward, slowly at first, like a devout mourner in the presence of the dead; but presently he strode swiftly and assuredly on his way. His mind was awake now, busy with plans for the undoing of Red Strickland. The voice was quiet; but somewhere in the forest to the left a woodpecker beat its quick tattoo.

Jacques Chauveau returned to the company's post on Rainy River in May, with a fine freight of fox, otter, beaver and marten skins. All the way down the swollen streams, while he drifted indolently, toiled on the portages, "snubbed" his canoe down the churning rapids, or lay by his solitary fire in the night watches, he had pondered the matter of the voice. And when he stepped ashore after the last day's run and was welcomed by the women and children, and the trappers who had reached home before him, he greeted them all, Red Strickland included, without any sign of emotion save pleasure. His plans were mature. The wilderness would see vengeance done, and the spirit of Pierre, that prince of comrades and foresters, would rest in peace.

Jacques had a quiet talk with the man in charge of the post, on the day after his return from the winter's trapping. The factor heard the story of the voice without surprise, for he had been born and bred in the northern wilderness and had himself taken furs, alone, in those wide and desolate places. As he believed in God, so did he believe in many another thing unseen. To be told that the spirit of a murdered man had cried aloud in the wilderness, into the ears of his brother, did not amaze him. He had heard and believed stranger things than that.

"I have known you these ten years, Jacques, and you have never told me a lie; so I do not doubt what you tell me now," he said. "But if Red Strickland is to be punished as a murderer, the law must do it. The law will ask for proof—and it will think you a madman if you tell about the voice. You have no proof, Jacques, that the lawyers and the police would listen to without laughter. No one knew that Red Strickland was anywhere near Pierre's country. Nobody saw them together at any time during the whole winter. Even if you should find—if you should find the body of Pierre, it would prove nothing by law, save that he is dead."

"I care nothing for the law," replied Jacques. "I do not look to the law."

"There'll be no fighting in this post, nor anywhere near it," said the factor, sternly. "I'll have no knifing nor shooting here, lad."

The trapper looked him straight in the eyes, and slowly disclosed the plans over which he had busied his brains through so many solitary hours. The factor listened quietly, but with intent interest, and his blood chilled as he listened.

"Then you do not mean to kill him yourself?" he queried at last. "You will leave vengeance to—to Pierre?"

"Yes," replied Jacques. "We will tie him in that place for one night. If he is alive in the morning, then may he go about his business. If he is dead when we go to look at him after that night on the ridge, then 'twill be that Pierre has taken his own revenge. I promise you that my comrade and I shall not strike him."

"If he should die, then what about his woman?" asked the other; but he needed no answer to that question, for the state of affairs between Red Strickland and his wife was well known to all dwellers at the Post. Strickland was a beast; the woman no better than a slave.

"Lavois will go with me, in my canoe. We will take him away at night, when you sleep—and maybe we will bring him back. Whatever happens, it is nothing to concern the law. The police will never hear of it."

"I am asking no questions," said the factor, "and will forget what you have told me.

The thing is none of my business, anyway." He lit his pipe, looking kindly at the trapper over the flaming match. "Lavois is a safe man: He does not chatter," he added.

* * * * *

Jacques Chauveau and his trusted friend Lavois entered Red Strickland's cabin shortly before dawn. Strickland was asleep, heavy with drink, so they gagged and bound him with but little trouble.

"What do you mean to do with him?" asked the woman, grasping Jacques by the arm.

"Do you care what we do with him?" asked the trapper.

"No," she cried. "No, I do not care."

She followed them down to the canoe.

"You mean to kill him," she whispered. "But why do you take the trouble to carry him away in a canoe?"

Receiving no answer, she continued: "Take me, too. I want to see what happens. By God, I hate the beast! He beat me tonight with his belt."

"We cannot take you," said Jacques. "We go a long journey."

"Yes, you will take me," said the woman. "I want to go. I want to see him killed, with my own eyes. If you do not take me, then I shall send word to the police, though I have to walk the sixty miles to the fort. They are great men, the police. You would soon be in prison—and, before very long, you'd be hanging by your necks."

Jacques Chauveau made no reply until Red Strickland was placed in the canoe. Then he turned to the woman.

"Julie, you would knife him yourself, if you were not such a coward," he said. "You hate him and you fear him, and the women have heard you praying to the good God to kill him in the woods, when he was away on his trapping grounds, so that he might never come back to you. Now, why do you say that you will tell the police if we take him away?"

"I must go with you," she whispered. "I must see him dead, with my own eyes. I must see his body without any life in it, or I shall watch and listen for his return until the day of my death."

The men argued with her; but to no avail. At last Jacques told her of the voice, and of the tale of treachery that had rung in his ears, and of what he and Lavois intended to do with the murderer.

"If the spirits of dead men could harm him, then he would have died long ago," cried the woman. "He has slain more than Pierre—many more—and he has tried to murder my eternal soul."

So having no choice in the matter, they took the woman with them on that long and arduous journey from the post to the high ridge which lies between the headwaters of Pierre's Brook and Little Chief River. They saw madness grow in her, hour by hour; and the last day of the outward trip she screamed with terror if the man in bonds but so much as glanced at her.

The time was close upon sunset when Jacques and his comrade led Red Strickland up the slope of the ridge. The woman followed, her eyes aflame, her poor, servile shoulders twitching, now with horrid laughter and again with hysterical sobbing. Jacques and Lavois also showed signs of weakness. The prisoner, however, though sullen, appeared fearless and undismayed. The ordeal through which he was to pass had been explained to him, and he was of far too coarse a fibre to fear the spirit of Pierre Chauveau. He had never seen a ghost or heard the voice of one. Men had foiled him, and threatened him; but, once they were dead, he feared them no longer. Then, why should he feel any anxiety about spending a night in the woods where he had killed Pierre, more than a year ago. Pierre was not dangerous, dead or alive. He would sleep very well, he thought, despite the binding ropes; and in the morning they would free him, as they had promised. He knew Jacques Chauveau and Lavois to be men of their word. He smiled covertly as he thought of the foolish journey they had made and the useless trouble they had taken. As for the woman, bah! He would give her one more taste of his belt, and then go away to another part of the country, where he would never again see her frightened, silly face.

It was dusk in the high forest when they bound Red Strickland comfortably seated on the ground, to the trunk of a straight young maple. Then, without a word, they returned to their camp at the foot of the slope, the woman following close upon their heels. For a few hours the men sat and

smoked their pipes, starting nervously at every sound of the wind or the furtive life of the wilderness; but the woman straightway carried her blankets to a considerable distance from the fire, arranged boughs for her bed, and lay down.

In the first pale light of morning, the trappers and the woman went up the slope. As they neared the tree to which they had bound Strickland, Jacques halted and extended his hand.

"See!" he whispered. "He hangs forward! His head is on his breast!"

They advanced slowly, forgetting the woman in the dreadful fascination with which the sagging, half-seen figure of Red Strickland drew them forward. Suddenly Lavois screamed an oath.

"His throat!" he cried. "His throat is cut!"

Jacques reeled and stared. He had expected to find the man dead, but not gashed and bloody. He had thought a spirit's revenge would leave no mark of violence. A peal of insane laughter came close at their heels.

"Poor dead Pierre would not hurt anyone," cried the woman, with awful, senseless mirth. "I did not leave it to poor Pierre. I came up in the night time, and I found him asleep. So I woke him and—and then I killed him with his own knife. And I heard Pierre calling and calling. But *he* would not have killed him. He woud not hurt anyone. Oh, I know Pierre Chauveau!"

The men stared at her, horror-stricken and bewildered.

"Yes, I know Pierre Chauveau," repeated the woman, in lower tones. "He was very gentle. He would not hurt anything."

Suddenly she sank to the ground and hid her face in her thin, toil-worn hands; and, for several minutes, the only sound in that place of high trees and growing radiance was her pitiful sobbing.

Thou

By HELEN COALE CREW

(From "Current Literature")

Lord God would write an epic, and the world,
New-molded from the void, rolled into space,
And with heaven's glittering myriads took its place,
Sapphired with oceans and with sands empearled.

Lord God would write an elegy. Swift grew
Great Babylon and Memphis, Athens, Rome;
Only to perish under dust and loam
Of centuries, 'neath heaven's relentless blue.

Then the Lord God, not wholly satisfied,
Where the dawn glowed and trembled, dipped his pen
And wrote a lyric. Ah! and then—and then
Thou—grave and tender, smiling, starry-eyed!

The Road to St. Lizzy's

By Will Adams

"SAY!" said the Hospital Corps Sergeant, "ain't the pure internal, infernal cussedness of things enough ter gag yer, sometimes? Say, ain't it?"

"It sure is," replied the old Cavalryman. "What was you thinkin' of in partic'lar?"

"I was thinkin' of Finley O'Niel's case. You may've heard me speak of him, but I never told you none about him—an' I won't now unless you got time an' to burn, fer I got ter tell yer of lots of other things before I get round ter Finley, so's yer'll understand about it all. Think yer kin stand it?"

"Full steam ahead," remarked a Marine; "I jes' feel like layin' back an' listenin' ter some one shoot off the rag! You may fire when ready, Gridley."

"For'd—gallop—har!" said the old Cavalryman.

Then they and the recruit assumed expectant attitudes. The sergeant silently collected his thoughts for a minute, and proceeded to get under way.

"The *Logan* made 'Frisco on the twenty-fifth of May," he began. "An' on her, besides sundry an' other high kafoozleums, was me an' five Corps men in charge of ten locos with their bills of ladin' made out for St. Lizzy's. You can bet your *dis*-charge papers we was glad to make the States; but oh, Lord! when we thought of that overland ride to Washington, we knew that we'd get all that was comin' to us. I been used to carin' for locos ever since I come into this man's army, but I swear that for all-round meanness, violence, an' general cussedness that *Logan* lot beat the Dutch.

"We were short-handed, too—only six of us to ten of them; an' as two of us had to be counted out for door-guards on the train, that only left four for the real work. Say, there was a good time comin'! Not but what we'd had a lively trip from Manila, either. We'd put the violent bugs in an iron cage,—same as a guard-house cage, you know,—but some of the happies an' melancholics were let up on deck; an' one of 'em—Lootenant Comyen, poor feller, (he'd gone dippy after readin' a letter from his girl sayin' she'd married another feller)—Yeh! you may laugh, you rook, but you don't know what it's like in them lower islands, with the heat an' the climate an' the loneliness an' the homesickness an' the Pula-janes hittin' things up! Just a little thing like that is like to send a man ravin'."

"Listen at him!" quoth the Marine. "A little thing! Plain to tell *you* ain't never been in love. But you're dead right about the other part. I been there. It was so in Panama."

"An' it's more so in the Islands. This poor Lootenant, now, he'd got the idea he wasn't no good to no one. Gentle enough, too, so long as he wasn't crossed. But one day, on the transport, he was lookin' over the rail, an' says he, real gentle, half to himself an' half to Jim Todd, who was by him, 'I'm no good to any one on earth—what's the use of stayin'?' An' nex' thing we saw was a splash where he hit the ocean; an' *nex'* thing we saw was another splash where Jim Todd lit out after him. An' then come the awfullest fight I ever hope to see—the Lootenant fightin' like a tiger at Jim in the water, an' tryin' to pull him down, an' Jim fightin' back, not darin' to cuss for fear he'd lose his breath, an' tryin' to save the two of 'em, an' the churned-up white water an' spray flyin' so we could scarcely see 'em. It was fierce! Somebody'd hollered, 'Man overboard!' an' they stopped the transport an' lowered a boat; but, of course, it took time—an' the Lootenant twinin' his legs an' arms around Jim like a octopus. But Jim, he's strong as an ox, an' just before the boat come he managed to land two side-hats on the head that put his man to sleep, an' there he was treadin' water an' waitin' for them to come up.

"'Well,'" says he, spittin' salt water sarcastic, 'why didn't you take all night?' An' that was all he ever say about it. They give him a Certificate of Merit for it—he wouldn't take the Medal of Honor. 'Nix,' says he; 'what good is it to me? It don't carry no extra pay with it, an' I git two dollars a month on the other. The Certificate fer mine!'

"Jim was a fine feller all right, but we all knew why he wanted that extra pay so special. Jags. Every pay-day he'd git 'em sure as shootin'. But he *did* have sense enough not to drink vino. Bein' in the Corps, he'd seen too much of the effects. Why, five fellers we had in charge on that trip were vino locos—got that way from nothin' in the world but three good vino jags. The natives drink it like we would cordials or absinthe, an' it don't hurt 'em, but some of our fool soldados drink it like —well, *worse than beer,* an' three proper vino jags'll put a man 'way beyond the D. T. class into the locos. A few get well in time, but most stay so. St. Lizzy's is packed with 'em."

"I tell you," said the Marine, "vino ain't up to Panama rum fer a cheap jag. Fer five cents Mex you git as much as fifteen cents' worth of whiskey in the States—an' you got yer jag right there—nothin' else needed. An' next mornin' you feel pretty rocky to go ter drill, an' when yer come back yer feel worse, an' yer head's splittin', an' yer take a big drink o' water an'—bang! You got yer jag all over again! An' all fer two an' a half cents U. S."

"But she don't last all same vino," said the Sergeant. "'Member the song?

"Her papa dealt in vino, which is mineral-water stuff
Made up of concentrated lye an' vitriol in the rough;
An' when you've drunk a quart or two, they write your friends at home,
An' fire three volleys o'er your grave to show a good man's gone."

"An' they're gone all right. These vino locos of ours, now—one thought he was a goat an' tried to butt every one an' crack his head against things. Another thought he was a crazy mule, an' kicked an' tore everything to bits—includin' humans. Another was mild an' meek as could be; all he wanted was a pool of water to git in up to the nose, 'cause he thought he was a carabao—an' that's all the menagerie. But there was a Horse-soldier who thought he was an airship, goin' day an' night on scout duty. An' an Engineer who knew he'd die if he lay down. Then, besides the vinos, there was the Lootenant, who was fierce an' out for blood since he was rescued (kep' a-yellin' he saw a bride with three heads an' three orange-blossom wreaths, an' must cut 'em off). There was a Buffalo-soldier from the Ninth who was on the rampage every minute—said he had somethin' inside him wound up an' goin'. An' there was Dick Dunstan, a great big six-foot Dough-Boy Sergeant. Gee! it made you sick to see that fine feller bug-house; but he was quiet an' happy as could be—only thought he was a Corps man detailed to take care of Baldy Mellen, a poor imbe*cile* who was a happy, too. An' Baldy would do things for Dick no one else could make him do. Why, he wouldn't never git out of his bunk till Dick dressed him (him layin' down), an' then Dick'd say:

"'In three motions—get—up!' grab him by the back of the neck an' sit him up for *one,* cant his feet over the side for *two,* an' stand him up at attention for *three.* An' Dick's pipe-dream was a good one for us. He took *en*tire charge of Baldy. But the one in all the bunch it made you sickest to see, an' the hardest to handle, was Tom Conroy. His bug was killin'—an' small blame to him. It ain't a nice story an' I'll git it over quick, but there's a plenty more like it in the Islands, as we all know—more's the pity.

"Tom had a chum. They'd growed up in the same home town an' enlisted together an' been bunkies for two hitches; one never took a pass 'less the other could git it; sort of Siamese Twins or David an' Jonathan. You never see nothin' like it. Their company was stationed in a little Gawd-forsaken place in Samar, an' one night the chum, who'd gone to stroll around a bit outside, didn't come back as Tom expected him. All night he didn't come back, an' in the mornin' they sent a search party into the jungle."

The Sergeant paused.

"Did they find him?" asked the old Cavalryman.

"Yes, they found him; an' I guess you

know how. Tom gave one shriek an' crashed off into the jungle, an' ever since then he's been loco. *But* he didn't go loco before he paid. He stayed away a week an' notched his bayonet deep till it looked like a jagged saw, an' every notch meant a life. Oh, he paid—the lads said he paid.

"An' so," continued the Sergeant, after a pause, "that was the outfit we was to take to St. Lizzy's, 'cross country in a tourist sleeper hitched on to the Overland Limited an' switched on to the B. an' O. at Chicago; an' if I hadn't been mighty sure of my men I'd have felt like passin' it up. The men were all good, but that there Finley O'Niel was longways the best of the lot.

"Funny-lookin' little sawed-off, O'Niel; ex-bronc'-buster from Creed, Colorado. Irish, left-handed, an' one eye shot out; but game as a fightin' cock an' built of steel springs. Always good-natured, never got riled, an', come ter think of it, I never did hear no one say a word ag'in Finley—even in the Islands, where they had cause. An' square! Square as a hard-tack. Had a quaint way of talkin', too, always catchin' up the Sawbones with some joke or other. An' he was just as quick physical as mental, an' quickness is what you need with locos; quickness an' the knack fer this here thing called 'moral suasion.'

"There was hardly any holdin' Finley on that trip from the Islands; he was fair wild to git back to the States. Same old reason. As the feller says, 'the missus an' the kid.' His missus was with some of her folk in a little burg in Maryland, somewhere on the bay not far from Washington. So Finley was countin' on gittin' out to her jes' as soon as we'd delivered our bundle of locos at St. Lizzy's, an' he was happy as a kid with a new toy comin' home, an' more help than all the other men put together. Besides him an' Jim Todd (who was sober—you bet, I saw ter that), the other fellers I had along were Thompson, Deakin, an' Gray."

"'Nellie' Gray?" asked the old Cavalryman, crossing his bow-legs. "I knew him in Mindanao."

"Naw. Bill Gray. They called him 'Turnip,' 'count of his nose. I'll tell you a plenty about him later. An'—oh, yes; there was a doctor along, but he didn't count any—he was a contrac'. Stayed in the Pullman all the time, only pokin' his head in on us once a day to say:

" 'You seem to be getting on very well. Call me if I'm needed!'

"Blame well he knew we wouldn't call him! He was punk.

"We got the bunch herded on to the cars at 'Frisco all right, for we was helped by some of the A Company Corps men, who come over with the Eighteenth Cavalry on the *Logan* (they'd helped us on board, too), an' it was as pretty a May mornin' as you want to see that we pulled out; but we weren't thinkin' much of the weather—our minds were right inside that car. 'Course you know we had to keep all windows closed, or else sit by them ourselves, with the locos fixed so's they couldn't git at 'em. Everythin' went smooth up to nigh three o'clock, nearin' Ogden—that is, as smooth as things ever go with daffies, for they got to be watched every minute like cats. That's the strain of it—got to keep yer eye peeled every second. Things began then by the vino loco with the airship bug hoppin' up an' clawin' at himself.

" 'Fleas!' he yells. 'This whole damn place is full of 'em!' An' I guess there may have been one or two to start with; you know California's reputation that-a-way, an' that tourist sleeper bein' none too aseptic. Well, Airship began gettin' frantic in his yells an' jumps, an' Finley, by way of quietin' him, makes believe to catch a lot of fleas an' tells him they're all gone.

" 'They ain't!' he yells. 'They're turnin' into little airships. Oh! They're stingin' me with their anchors!'

" 'Use Christian Science,' says the Imbecile, grinnin' from his bunk, an' begins to sing, 'Oh, let us be joyful!'

" 'Yep,' says Airship, 'I know,' an' begins to say like a book, all same those Jap monkeys (I wonder, now, did Mrs. Eddy git it from them?):

" 'See no evil, feel no evil, smell no evil—oh, hell!' he says, 'that don't work on fleas!' Then, quick as a flash, he rushes over to the coon, an' hits him *bing* in the chest, yellin':

" 'You blame black flea, quit a-bitin' me!'

"That coon—his name was Sam—riz up about ten feet, with a roar like a gorilla, an' made a pass at Airship that if it had

landed would 'a' put his guy-ropes out of commission. But O'Niel pulls him back just in time, an' planks him down in a back seat by a window, tellin' him to watch for the airship; which he starts in doin' immediate, an' keeps up peaceful an' contented till dark, not payin' any attention to nothin' goin' on around him.

"I jumped to try an' pacify Sam, for I seen his dander was up an' he was lashin' out, bull-mad, thinkin' that Airship had tried to smash the clockwork in his stomach. He made a big side-swing that like to got me on the head, an' though he had on the ankle-shackles, he was movin' after me all right. I made another try at him, an' he grabbed me. We clinched, an', the train onsteadin' us, went down wrastlin' all over the car floor, me yellin', 'Git the hose nozzle! Git the hose nozzle!' For that was the one thing on earth Sam was afraid of. We found it out on the transport. He was so violent he had to be put in a cage by himself, an' no one could go near; but he got so dirty I made two of the men go clean him up an' take him to the bath-room an' give him a bath. They had hell's own time doin' it, but afterwards, when they went to turn the hose on him, they found it scared him to death. He got up in a corner, tremblin' like a scared animal, so course they quit. But after that, no matter how violent he was, all we had to do was to point a hose nozzle at him—didn't have to have no hose behind it—an' he was quiet as a lamb. So that's why I yelled for the nozzle.

"Turnip Gray used to pack it round, but when he looked for it he couldn't find it; an' he couldn't leave Tom Conroy, who he was in charge of; for, even if Tom was all chained up, he was awful excited an' gibberin' with delight at the fight, callin' out, 'Kill him, kill him! Let me see his blood!' Didn't matter who died, just so he saw it. All my other men turned to lively, huntin' that nozzle, me all the time rollin' on the floor an' fightin' that maniac for every ounce of strength in me. But I couldn't keep him away from my throat—he made straight for that, an' just as he was about to choke the last wind out of me, Finley O'Niel jumps down like a cat, an' points a rolled-up newspaper at Sam, like we always done with the nozzle, an' he lets go an' starts twitchin' like a horse's skin in fly-time. An' that's the end of Mr. Sambo for the time bein'. He quit. Finley, he certainly was smart. An' gee! but Tom Conroy was disappointed.

"'No blood,' he says, mournful—'no blood an' no corpse. I wanted another nick, I did; another nick—another nick'; an' shakes his head an' begins countin', 'One on the mountain, an' one in the jungle, that's two, an' five in the *barrio*, that's six—no, seven—maybe eight—I don't know; I lost count. One on the mountain, an' one in the jungle——'

"An' so he goes on everlastin'ly countin' over. Me? I gets up an' shakes myself together an' tries to get my breath again, an' the regular order of events is resumed. Later, the Engineer says to me—poor feller! he was fair wore out, not havin' laid down for months, but settin' up straight-backed in a chair to sleep—he says.

"'You laid down, an' you laid down fightin', an' you didn't die. But I will. Just as soon as I stretch out I'm a goner. But I might as well die as live like this,' he says; 'I can't stand it no longer. Make up mer bunk, an' let me hit it an' die.'

"Just like that he says it, all same Napoleon when he got licked at Waterloo.

"So we made up the bunk, an' he went round shakin' hands solemn an' tellin' every one goodbye. Then he lays down, an' says he to me, 'Adios, Sergeant. This is where I pull my freight,' an' went to sleep in the snappin' of a finger, so I told Finley to give him a little dope to help him along. An' he was that exhausted, he never woke up till nigh Chicago.

"I think if I live to be a hundred I won't forget that trip—shut up for five days an' five nights with them daffies in that cramped space. You 'member that awful hot spell we had at the end of May? Well, it struck us this side of the Rockies, an' stayed all the way with us. We didn't have hardly a minute to wash or eat or get a breath of air, an' if one of us tried to snatch a minute's sleep, he'd get hollered at to come an' help, for there weren't no awful tricks them locos weren't up to. An' we had to 'tend to 'em, feed 'em, an' care for 'em like babies,—no, babes: babes is more helpless than babies—an' persuade 'em, an' coax 'em, an' humor 'em—an' all

knowin' that four of 'em for certain, an' maybe one or two more (for you're never sure of even the mildest-appearin' loco), were just watchin' for the smallest chance to kill. You see, the heat an' confinement told on them, too,—nothin' quicker,—an' they were gettin' fiercer an' fiercer, an' watchin' their openin'.

"Now, you needn't think we ever used force with 'em, unless we had to in self-defence—not ever; that's no treatment for locos. You got to humor 'em, an' be gentle, an' coax 'em to do everything as a favor, until they actually go for you—then, of course, you got to overpower 'em. Sometimes we got at our wits' end; an' the days, an' particularly the nights, stretched on an' on for us like a bad dream—a nightmare that wouldn't never, never end. The boys done noble, an' as for me—well, I was responsible for the lot. I had that on me, an' I did my limit.

"But Gawd only knows what I'd 'a' done without Finley. Didn't seem like nothin' could down his spirits; he'd come bobbin' up with a joke or a funny story right after the awfullest things.

"'Why, what the devil's got into you, Finley O'Niel?' says I. 'You're actin' like you was at a weddin' on April Fools' day, 'stead of bein' in this hell-on-wheels.'

"'Don't you know what it is?' says he. 'Why, every minute's bringin' me nearer to Mamie an' the kid. I don't care *what* happens, so long's I git there. I ain't *really* in this car, you know. I'm up in them there rosy-tinted sunset clouds, holdin' holy communion with Mamie, with orange-blossoms claspin' my pure but happy brow.'

"'Scat!' says I. 'When yer git ter usin' them kind o' words, I ain't right certain of yer sanity. Why, you locoed mush-head, if yer don't quit I'll leave yer at St. Lizzy's along o' the rest.'

"'So long's you send fer Mamie,' says he, grinnin' 'you may put me anywheres yer please. Hey, there! Mind the Lootenant! He's gettin' ready ter stick a pin in Tom Conroy.' An' back he goes to work ag'in, just as grinny an' good-natured as if the whole mess was a game that he liked playin'.

"One night—in the middle of it, too, of course—the Wild Mule went on the warpath; half chewed off the Imbe*cile's* ear, makin' him yell bloody murder, an' then kicked a board or two out of his bunk.

"'Leave me handle him,' says Finley O'Niel. 'I sure ought to be able to tackle one mule after bustin' outlaw bronc's fer years at five dollars a head.' An' do you sabe how he *did* handle him. Why, just by actin' as if he *was* a bronc'—by gettin' on him, an' twistin' his ear an' sayin', 'Whoa, mule!' An' him buckin' an' kickin' all over the place till the rest of us could git a canvas jacket an' help Finley put it on the loco!

"So it went day after day an' night after night. An' us gettin' weakened out by the heat an' strain, an' they apparently gettin' fresher an' stronger every minute, an' their eyes gleamin' like trapped hyenas. It got so there'd be two or three big ructions every hour. If it hadn't been for Finley O'Niel an' his jokes, an' his spirits an' his good way of takin' things, I know we'd all broke down long before we got to Washington. If it hadn't been that there was less than two hours' ride left—well, let me tell you about the worst of all.

"It was just the other side of Harper's Ferry, when we were all pretty busy—Thompson guardin' one door an' watchin' over Turnip, who was throwin' another epileptic, an' Deakin at the other door, with one eye on the carabao; Jim Todd havin' his hands full with the buttin' goat an' kickin' mule; me pacifyin' now Sam, now the Airship, who were glarin' an' cussin' at each other from opposite ends of the car; an' poor old Finley on the jump between Tom Conroy an' the Lootenant. Tom had been pretty violent an' had had to be chained down; an' so was the Lootenant, who had the bug that Finley was his faithless bride an' was out for him—he'd heard him say somethin' about his 'wife,' maybe, an' might 'a' caught that speech about orange-blossoms.

"Finley had finally got the two corralled in seats facing each other, an' was sittin' with 'em. He had just stood up to fix the window-shade or somethin', when the train struck a forty-five-degree curve at a sixty-mile clip an' threw him between the two. My back was turned, so I couldn't see; but Todd an' Dick Dunstan give an awful cry, an' rushed over—only in time to pull Finley's body out from beneath them tram-

plin' feet. They had killed him that quick! Todd saw, but he had to keep by his two locos, an' if he could have left he'd have been too late. They killed him like a flash. He fell between their knees and they gripped him; one choked him an' the other brought his two handcuffed wrists down together like a pile-driver on the base of his brain—all in half a second, as if they had planned an' practised it for months. Then them two, them that killed Finley O'Niel, the best man in the Hospital Corps—yes, an' no better in the army, either—set there an' laughed; yelled an' hollered with joy till they got all the other locos goin'.

"Big Dick he didn't laugh, though; he didn't forget for a minute that he was a Corps man an' not a loco. He grabs an extra pair of handcuffs off Thompson, as he's standin' stock-still, starin', white an' pop-eyed with horror, an', rushin' over to Tom an' the Lootenant, had hit 'em two awful wipes over the heads, an' they were streamin' with blood before Thompson an' me could make him quit.

"'They killed Finley!' he says, 'our Finley—an' him so crazy to git home. Leave me be, you men, till I kill *them*.' We fought an' wrastled with him—he was wild for their lives. Then Deakin come with a strait-jacket, an' the three of us fought Dick into it. An' even *that* wasn't the end, for Tom an' the Lootenant had to be bound up an' quieted, an' then had convulsions all the way to Washington, an' the rest were worse than ever, with the killin' they had seen.

"If the rest of the journey was hell—an' it was, all right,—that last hour an' a half was somethin' so much worse that there ain't no word for it—an' Finley O'Niel laid out on a seat.

"We got to Washington too dazed an' done up to move, hardly, an' it was well they sent two or three men with the strong-wagon from St. Lizzy's. We turned our bunch over, asked 'em to take care of Finley (an' they did—they done him proud), an' made for the Barracks, dropped like logs on the floor, an'—sleep! Some of us slep' for thirty hours. After we'd waked up an' had a bath—gee, it felt good!—an' plenty of chow we were pretty near all right again. But—there wasn't any Finley O'Niel to go rushin' down to the Eastern Shore after his little girl an' the kid that was waitin' for him. It was up to me to take that trip an' tell the girl what she was up against. Hard it was fer Finley ter be taken that way jes' when he was about ter git his dream ag'in. When I seen that little Mamie an' the way she loved him! There wasn't nothin' a person could say to help her, neither."

"Gawd help her," said the old Cavalryman, solemnly raising his glass. "The Lord bless Finley O'Niel an' his little woman—in this world an' the nex'. Here's *to* 'em."

One Against Three

By Ethel Cody Stoddard

"GAD! What do you know about this, George? A big boat has struck on rocks off the west coast of the Island. The news has just come by phone," announced Dick Rainsford, city editor of the "Daily Sun," as he bolted into the office of his chief and delivered his news.

"Any details?" asked George Sherris, somewhat moved out of his usual calm.

"No. Williams phoned from Victoria. News just came in there. He suggests that we send over a man at once, as a boat will be leaving there tonight for the scene of the wreck. Where's Wilson?"

"Out on the line."

"Mullens?"

"Gone home sick."

"Thunder! Then we'll have to send Peters, or I'll go myself."

"You can't do that. You have that political banquet tonight, and I'm helpless," growled Sherris as he glanced ruefully at his bandaged ankle. It had kept him at home for two weeks and just allowed him to come to the office that morning.

"I'll go and look up Peters, then. But remember, something must be done quickly; the boat leaves for Victoria in an hour and a half, and the 'News' may get ahead of us at that," growled Rainsford.

When the city editor was gone George Sherris leaned back in his chair and stared into vacancy. Could anything be more exasperating? After fighting the "News" and the "Recorder" at every point for months, and being usually worsted by them in obtaining many a good scoop, then to have an opportunity like this one and lose it. One reporter away, one sick, another heaven only knew where, Rainsford needed at home, himself helpless, and not a "cub" on the staff able to jump into the game. He ground his teeth as visions of a "Daily Sun" extra being shouted through the streets vanished into nothingness.

Ruth Eastman, the stenographer, looked wistfully at him and several times she opened her lips as if to speak. But she seemed to lack the necessary courage, and made pretence over the typewriter keys.

Three months previous Ruth Eastman had come to Vancouver from up country. The burning desire to move the world with her pen was strong within her, as with most young writers; she desired to become a newspaper woman. Fortunately, she possessed a good share of common-sense and plenty of courage. Her father and George Sherris had been friends, and in child-like faith she had put her case before him. Carelessly interested, but unable to give her a position on the staff, Mr. Sherris had created a small position in his office for her, and when his stenographer obligingly took unto herself a husband, he had allowed Ruth Eastman to temporarily fill the position.

Ruth being wise enough to realize the value of small steps, slipped into the place offered her, but still held to her former desire of doing something on the newspaper. She had several times looked up special society items, but realized how inadequate was the scope in that line. Dear as was the chief's office, with its piles of exchanges, files of clippings, seemingly endless piles of letters, its mussy mucilage pot and general air of litter, she still longed to be more than a mere ticker of keys.

"Hang it! Where can Peters be? Ring up Lumbers & Co.: he may be there," jerked out Sherris at last, unable to endure inactivity any longer when the reputation of his beloved newspaper was at stake.

Ruth Eastman obeyed instructions and received no information. She then turned from the telephone with all her courage in her hands.

"Mr. Sherris—would you—could you—let me go?" she faltered.

"Go where?" answered Sherris absently.

"To—report this wreck." The girl's eyes flashed with inborn enthusiasm.

"Stuff and nonsense. It's no job for a woman, and—you couldn't do it, anyhow," was the ungrateful rejoinder.

"Can't catch Peters anywhere. Confound the fellow, he's always an unknown quantity," announced Rainsford as he rushed into the office. Then as he saw the hopeless look on Sherris' face, he went into his own office and banged the door shut.

Fate seemed to be against the "Sun" he thought, as he viciously tore open several letters. "Where in the deuce is Peters?" he muttered.

In Sherris' office the typewriter clicked dolefully. The chief, happening to glance in Ruth Eastman's direction, observed two shining tear-drops splash on the keys.

"I say, Miss Eastman, don't do that. You are not a child, you know, and—er—we couldn't send you as you suggested," expostulated Sherris.

"No—I suppose not. But," with renewed courage, "you would not be sorry if you did." The girl's eyes spoke eloquently.

"What are we going to do?" asked Dick Rainsford as he again burst into the room, his anxiety over the trouble in hand preventing him from keeping still as long as there was some hope.

"Oh, go to blazes!" began Sherris. "Shut up and forget about it. You've placed your men where you can't get at them, now take the consequences. Between your mismanagement, Miss Eastman's foolish ideas and this blamed ankle, I'm disgusted," and he dabbed his copy paper so hard that his pencil-point snapped gleefully.

Dick Rainsford glanced at Ruth Eastman and was for a moment somewhat puzzled over her flushed face and bright eyes. Suddenly he remembered that he had heard of her ambition to write.

"Yes, she's silly enough to think she might take this consignment," interpreted Sherris.

"The very thing," shouted Rainsford. "But you couldn't be ready?" questioningly to Ruth.

"Couldn't I?" Ruth was beside him in an instant. "How much time will you give me? Oh, do get Mr. Sherris to let me go!"

"Sure. I'll do that, too. Now hustle and meet me at the wharf in fifty minutes. I'll look after everything. Run."

Ruth was off in a flash.

"Well, of all the—" commenced Sherris, but Rainsford was out of hearing.

Ten minutes before sailing time, Ruth Eastman, in a radiant mood, was at the wharf. Mr. Rainsford gave her instruction. As they were shaking hands goodbye a man hurried past them.

"Heavens!" whispered Rainsford; "that's Maybee, of the 'News.' It's all off now unless you are the smartest girl in British Columbia."

Ruth smiled. "I will do my best. Is that not Mr. Porter, of the 'Recorder,' coming along the wharf?"

"Yes, it's him sure enough," groaned Rainsford.

"Then goodbye and hurry away. I do not want anyone to suspect me," exclaimed Ruth, starting for the gang-plank.

Ruth kept the two reporters well in sight during the trip to Victoria; and it was evident that they were keeping an eye on each other.

Just before landing, Porter sought out Maybee and commenced conversation. Ruth edged nearer but could not learn anything of their intentions.

When they landed at Victoria Ruth kept the two men in sight, a feat which was easily accomplished as they apparently had no intention of losing sight of each other. They went directly to an office and Ruth followed unobtrusively. When they came out they directed their steps toward the city, and she slipped into the office they had just left. There she learned that though there was nothing definite, the boat which had been chartered to go to the scene of the wreck was not expected to leave for two or three hours. Not entirely satisfied with this news, she decided to remain close to the wharf and run no chances of being left.

Porter and Maybee were in the meantime keeping close to each other.

"Two hours, anyhow," commented Maybee. "Let's go hunt up Jack Manning." And they wended their way up Government street, arm-in-arm.

Somewhat weary, but full of hope, Ruth Eastman stuck to her post at the wharf. She succeeded in waylaying the captain of the "Esperance," which was the boat due to go to the wreck, and persuaded him to allow her to go on board at once.

Half an hour after she had comfortably

settled herself in a cozy corner, she was amazed to realize that the boat was moving. Going outside she saw that the lights of Victoria were slowly receding. Her thoughts flew to Maybee and Porter. Then she went inside and hunted up the steward.

"How many passengers have you?" she asked as he was arranging for her berth.

"About twenty, Miss, if you can call them all passengers, because outside of yourself and Mr. Shaw, the rest have been sent to give what aid they can to the unfortunates. We have two doctors and a nurse along. Come and I'll introduce you to the nurse and then you won't be lonesome."

Later she searched out the captain and told him her story. He chuckled when she mentioned that the two Vancouver reporters were still in Victoria.

"Will you do me a favor, captain?" she asked.

"Twenty, if you like."

"Then, please, do not mention to anyone that I am connected with a newspaper."

"'Hm—all right. It'll be a dark secret, eh?" and the captain chuckled.

Ruth and the nurse made themselves fairly comfortable during the night, and when morning came found that they were well on toward the scene of the wreck.

A dazzling sun kissed the foam-tipped children of old Pacific and the world seemed very beautiful. Traces of a recent storm were only made visible by the presence of the long, deep swells which lifted the little vessel high on their watery pinnacles, then dropped it into glistening emerald valleys. To the right the blue mountains of Vancouver Island drew the attention from the silver-blue ocean.

It was early afternoon before the lookout reported a ship on the port side. This as they drew nearer proved to be a lifeboat of the ill-fated vessel, and was crowded with women and children. Later another boat was picked up and the "Esperance" was directed toward where the wreck took place.

Mal de mer was completely forgotten and overcome by Ruth and the nurse through their efforts to make the shipwrecked people comfortable.

Late afternoon brought the wreck in sight and from close observation it seemed to be deserted. A boat was despatched to it, but before it could be reached it sank from sight.

Shortly after sundown the port lights of another vessel hove in sight.

"It's the 'Venture,' I'll be bound, and she's from Victoria," announced the captain as he watched it through his glasses.

Ruth Eastman stood at his elbow and for a moment her heart sank. She felt sure that Mr. Porter and Mr. Maybee would be on the other steamer. And as she thought of the splendid amount of copy, giving a graphic account of the wreck, and the sufferings of the passengers of the doomed vessel, she felt sick. She had had time to round her copy pretty well into shape, and it lay safe in her travelling bag, where at every possible moment she would have a peep at it just to see if it was safe. It meant so much to her, and she was sure that even a male reporter could not have done the subject any better.

Soon the "Venture" was within hailing distance and news was exchanged. The captain of the new arrival reported that he had picked up several life-boats and had most of the officers on board. He also mentioned that he had with him three newspaper men, two from Vancouver and one from Victoria.

On hearing this Ruth became excited and manœuvred till she got the captain alone. Then she told him what was in her mind, and he became deeply interested as he watched her glowing face.

"Then it's what they call a 'scoop' you're after," he deduced after a moment's thought.

"Yes," flashed Ruth. "The 'Sun' hasn't had one for ages, and if I capture this one it means my being put on the staff," and she almost danced with excitement.

"Well, I'll see what can be done, Miss Eastman. You are a little brick and I'd like to see you win," answered the captain.

All night long rockets penetrated the sky at intervals, but received no reply from any source. During the day following the two vessels searched the pathless waters for many miles, but won no reward.

Early evening brought them close together and Ruth, from a good vantage point, was able to discern three men standing well forward on the deck of the "Venture"; she recognized two of them as the Vancouver reporters.

Shortly before dark a boat was sent from the "Esperance" to the "Venture" and returned in a short time.

"Now, Miss Eastman, we'll show them our heels as soon as it gets a bit darker," announced Captain Keppy, as he read the despatch brought by the boat.

Ruth's eyes danced. "I am sure these poor people who have been shipwrecked will be glad to reach land again," she smiled demurely, and the captain chuckled.

Trembling with suppressed excitement, Ruth took up her station by the taft-rail. She was fearful lest the captain of the "Venture" should speak of the intended departure of the "Esperance," which would then mean the arrival of Mr. Maybee and Mr. Porter and the other man on board.

"Luck's against us, Miss Eastman," sighed the captain at her elbow an hour later. "There is something wrong in the engine-room. I've no idea when we will get away from her now. You'd better get to bed. Trust me to do the best thing possible, for remember that I want to see you beat those fellows out."

Ruth went inside with a heavy heart, but she could not go to sleep; excitement prevented such a commonplace action.

"They're here," whispered Captain Keppy the next morning as Ruth came on deck.

"Oh, Captain Keppy, why did you allow it?" reproached Ruth with a rueful smile.

"Couldn't help it; honest, I couldn't! But never mind, we'll outwit them yet. I'll tell you my plans later."

Maybee, Porter and Baxter were duly presented to Ruth and the nurse. They then started in to persuade the shipwrecked people that life was something to desire, and everybody spent an enjoyable day. None of the newspapermen suspected that Ruth was not a nurse, and the mistake was luckily not discovered by the others.

Everyone retired late that night, but Captain Keppy managed to have a few minutes' private conversation with Ruth before she disappeared for the night. An observant person would have perceived that her eyes looked anything but sleepy when she left the master of the ship.

The "Esperance" slipped quietly alongside her wharf very early the next morning, and an eager girl was quickly helped ashore by Captain Keppy. One lonely cab with driver and horses asleep stood near.

"Luck's with you this morning," remarked the captain. "There must be a liner expected in. If we can wake up that outfit you win out."

Between them they roused the man and in a few minutes they were off for the telegraph office. It was closed, but Captain Keppy knew the operator. He found him in a short time and fairly dragged him to the office.

During the next half hour the lines to Vancouver fairly hummed with newspaper information. Dick Rainsford had made perfect arrangements on the mainland. He was, in fact, in the telegraph office before the message was finished. This scoop was too precious to be lost. Then, too, he was personally responsible for Ruth Eastman's going on the consignment, and he had fairly haunted the office for fear of losing the news when it came.

Ruth had kept the cab and she drove quickly back to the boat.

"Guess I'll take chances on the 'Empress' and go and get my breakfast," jerked out the cabman as Ruth paid him. In a minute or two he was out of sight.

While happily dreaming over her success and keeping on the alert for the reporters, Mr. Porter, apparently only half awake and tugging at his coat, came rushing on deck.

"Whither so early?" jested Ruth.

"Telegraph office," he answered in a stage whisper. "Must get ahead of Maybee or the 'News' will get the whole story. And I haven't spent three days out on that rough Pacific for that purpose. He is still asleep —or was when I left him a few minutes ago."

As the picture of the vivacious girl before him penetrated his sleepy senses, he looked surprised. "You seem to have been somewhere already this morning, Miss Eastman, or am I mistaken?" Then he looked around him. "*Great scot!* How long have we been here?" A wild look came into his eyes as he realized that he had been losing time, and he made a dash for the gang-plank.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Mr. Porter," insisted Ruth, bringing all her smiles into play. Your tie is awfully crooked."

"Hang ties; I'm off for business. Not a cab in sight; but it's not far to the office. Don't you want a walk?"

"No, thank you, I have been up town once this morning already," fenced Ruth.

"Up town! Well, you are energetic."

"Mr. Porter, I—I must make a confession," stammered Ruth.

"Can't it wait," smiled Porter. "Because if you knew anything about newspapers you would understand that it is positively imperative that I should get my news over the wires quickly, and especially before Maybee has a chance."

"Yes, I know; that is what I want to speak about. You—you see I represent the 'Sun' and—and I have just been to the telegraph office. The forms of our mutual news are, no doubt, set up by this time, and the 'special' will be out before you could get your stuff in."

Porter's face was a study in perplexity and astonishment.

"Well, I'll be ——," he commenced, then brightened as Maybee, evidently in a great rush and followed by Baxter, came into view.

In a few moments both men had been informed of what had occurred. The three men looked at each other, then grinned sheepishly. When Captain Keppy arrived on the scene a few minutes later, they were laughing and all trying to shake hands with Ruth at once.

In Vancouver George Sherris mused happily in his chair and grinned at Rainsford when the shouts of the newsboys "Special edition of the 'Sun'; all about the wreck," wafted in through the windows.

"I told you she would do it," cried Rainsford.

But Sherris was too happy to reply.

The Drums

By ELSIE CASSEIGNE KING

(From "Everybody's Magazine")

Joyful, joyful,
  Flags a-flying gay.
Youth is meant for glory,
  So the drum-sticks say.
Glad the voice we hear, lad,
  Care is but for some—
Oh, the jolly cry of it!
Oh, the ne'er-say-die of it!
  The laughing, marching drum.

Sadly, sadly,
  Beating down the lane
In the sodden downpour
  Of a dreary rain.
Sad the sound we hear, lad,
  As you slowly come—
Oh, the fearsome roll of it!
Oh, the deadly toll of it!
  The muffled funeral drum.

The Talking Rock

By W. R. Gordon

SITTING before a large open window of a club in a Western Canadian city, a city which had assimilated metropolitan ways and ideas in a comparatively short existence of fifty years or even less, was a quartette of men, ordinary enough in appearance every one of them, but strangely different in ages and vocations. They were constant companions, however—at least as constant as their widely separated callings would allow, their desire for each other's company and their enjoyment of that free camaraderie being only one example out of many of the "freedom of the West."

The youngest of the four was a newspaper man, a Canadian; another was a lawyer, ten years older, perhaps about 36 years of age; the third could probably boast of having seen 40 or 45 winters, 30 of which he had spent in the lumber business. These last two were Americans. The fourth claimed England as "home," though out of the 60 odd years that had left their mark upon him he had not spent more than 15 of the earliest in the Old Land. Still he claimed England as his mother-country, and once in a long while there slipped from between his lips an almost neglected accent that verified the claim. Long residence in the West had almost made him a child of the new country, while his record as a pioneer prospector proved him worthy to be classed with the "old-timers" who had blazed the way for an eager civilization. Fortune had favored him, and now, in his declining years, he had plenty to keep him in comfort, or even in luxury had he so desired.

The subject that engrossed the attention of these four, and one which they were debating with no small amount of interest, was a common one—where could they go for a couple of weeks to get away from the heat and the crowd? Numerous pleasure resorts had been suggested, and each in its turn had been set aside for one reason or another till the lawyer spoke of the Lillooet Hot Springs.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated Emerson, the scribe. "Why on earth didn't one of you fellows think of that long ago? We couldn't find a better place."

"It's just the spot," chimed in the lumberman, by name Worthington—'Worthy' for short. "The hotel there is not too large. The whole world has not discovered it yet. The fishing in the lake is said to be something great and the mountain-climbing is reported to be beyond compare, even in the Rockies. The Lillooet Springs is the place."

"Can we all get away together this week?" queried Carty, the legal man of the party. "I think I can make it all right. Worthy is sure to be able to cut loose from his logs for a while, and old Larry Holbrook here is never tied down. How about you, Emerson?" he asked, turning to the newspaperman.

"Oh, I can make it all right. The chief has promised me a good, long holiday this summer in view of the fact that I had only a few days last year. Things are slack now, so I guess this week will suit me."

"Well, it won't suit me."

The other three looked at Holbrook, who had jerked out the few short words in the most determined tone they had heard him use in years.

"It won't suit you?" they echoed in chorus.

"I mean the place, not the time," continued the old-timer. I am free to leave here at any hour of the day or night, but there isn't a minute of either the day or night in which you can persuade me to go to Lillooet Hot Springs. That's final, so make up your minds to it."

"Why, what's the matter, Larry?" laughed Worthington. "Nobody ever heard you vote 'nay' to a good proposition before. Out with your reasons."

"I just don't like the place," replied

Holbrook. "I've been there—once—years ago, and I won't go back. No holidaying at Lillooet Hot Springs for me, so just put that in your pipes and smoke it."

"Say, boys, I smell a story; I feel it in the air. Come on, Larry, spring the yarn, then we can decide about the vacation afterwards." It was Emerson who spoke, and he talked in a tone of half-banter.

"Yes, Larry, don't be a hog. Let's all have the tale. We'd like to know what is the matter with the Springs," said Carty, as he settled back in his chair and crossed one leg over the other. He knew Holbrook better and had been with him longer than the others, and he felt that the old prospector had something behind his strong dislike for the Lillooet Springs.

"Now look here, you fellows. I'll give you my reasons for not wanting to go to Lillooet if you'll all promise not to laugh at them. They're in dead earnest as far as I am concerned, though they may seem foolish."

The others all promised to respect his wishes, so the old man commenced.

"Of course, there's no use telling you that I was one of the first into this country when the gold rush started. I've prospected as much as any of them, and I've made a good stake. I saw plenty of strange things in those days, but I never came across anything that has stuck to me like what happened at Lillooet, when it was nothing but a lake, surrounded by mountains and bush, with the hot springs near the shore, a small Indian encampment at the head, and down the Western side the 'Wa-Wa Stone.'

"I don't think any of you have ever heard me mention the name of Wilmot, Jack Wilmot. No? I thought I hadn't. I don't like to think of him and the way we broke our partnership, or rather the way it was broken for us.

"In the early days, Jack Wilmot and I had been on many prospecting trips together, and on some of them we made good, but on most of them we went broke. Jack was an Englishman like myself, and that's about all I knew of him, except that he was one of the whitest men that ever breathed. He had more book-learning in a minute than I had in all my life. I've heard him talk French and German and read Latin and Greek, but how he got it, or why he didn't put it to more use than could be found for it digging round the country for signs of a paystreak, he never told me. He wasn't a noisy or a talkative chap, but when he had anything to say he said it, and then shut up till it came his turn again. He was a right good man to have at your back in a tight place, and I found that out more than once. One thing, though, on which he declared himself strongly was 'women,' but whenever I pressed him for reasons he always had the same answer, 'I can't trust them.' I never got anything further than that out of him. Perhaps a woman had something to do with his being out West. Perhaps it hadn't. Anyway, those were his feelings, and they were about the only feelings he had, or at least ever showed.

"Jack Wilmot and I had been up in the Cariboo, and we had washed for gold on Boston Bar on the Fraser River, when he came to me one night and said he had heard there was something good on the Lillooet Lake. An old Californian 'forty-niner, who had allowed his lust for gold to lead him to British Columbia, and who had been Jack's only other friend besides myself in the camp, had told him of the Lillooet. Alec Moore, the Californian, was forming a party to go up there—only a small party, but large enough to take care of itself if the Indians got ugly, and he had asked Jack to go along and bring me.

"I declared myself in on the deal, for we were doing nothing then, so Jack and I agreed to go with Moore's party. It was to consist of ten people: Moore himself, Jack, myself, six others who don't count in this story, and Moore's daughter, Elaine.

"I'll just tell you a little more about Elaine before I go any further. Her name was stylish enough, but it wasn't a patch on the girl. I used to wonder what ever possessed the old Californian to bring the girl into such a wild camp; but he was a queer codger—used to wander round a lot by himself. He was crusty as a grizzly bear, except to Elaine and Jack, and altogether he and the girl were a strange pair. But about her.

"I can't tell you what she looked like, except that she was pretty, too pretty to be about a mining camp without Alec Moore to protect her. But Alec was six-foot-two, built accordingly, and he wasn't long in our camp till all the boys knew it would be sudden death to make any advances to the

girl. She never gave them any opportunities anyway; stuck right close to her father's cabin and never went out without him at her side. She wasn't tall and she wasn't short, but she was uncanny. I never looked at her without thinking of snakes, and that's a mighty queer subject for a pretty girl to suggest to a young man, and I was young then.

"Wilmot had seen Elaine, as every other man in the camp had, but he had never paid any attention to her. He was just as indifferent after we had started on our trip to the Lillooet, but I saw right away that the girl was going to have him if she could. Something made me think there was trouble ahead, and two or three times I was on the verge of suggesting to Jack that we go back to camp, but when I thought it over again I couldn't lay my hands on an excuse to offer for that move. So I went along and kept my mouth shut.

"They say 'silence is golden.' That's all right in some cases, but that was one time it wasn't.

"I was the cook for the party, and from where I sat at the head of the rough table we made every time we camped, I could see Elaine almost staring Jack Wilmot out of countenance at every meal. This didn't take any effect for a few days, but after a while every man in the bunch was onto it, with the exception of Jack himself. I knew old Moore had noticed the layout, but he didn't say anything.

"At last we reached the foot of Lillooet Lake. Jack and I pitched our tent some distance from the rest, and the night we got there he came in just as I was getting ready for a good sleep.

"He sat down on a roll of blankets and commenced filling his pipe. I knew right off that he had something to say, and I knew just as well that he would say it only when he was ready. At last he got the pipe filled and going.

" 'Say, Larry,' have you noticed that girl of old Moore's?'

"That was just like Wilmot, to come right to the point, but I couldn't follow the same line, for now that he had opened the subject, I didn't know what to say.

" 'Sure, I've noticed her, Jack. Do you think I'm blind?'

" 'Now, look here, Larry. You know that's not what I mean,' he came back. 'Have you noticed anything particular about her?'

" 'Well, she's mighty good looking,' I volunteered.

" 'And is that all?'

" 'All what, you chump?' for I had to say something.

" 'Do you mean to tell me, Larry Holbrook, that you've never noticed anything strange about the girl and about the fact that she is the daughter of old Alec Moore. Why, man, Moore can hardly write his own name, and that girl's got an education that some princes of the blood lack. Besides that, she's queer. She's the only woman that has interested me for a long, long time, and I'll admit she has a strong fascination for me. She's all right—I mean she's straight, but there's something about her that I can't make out.'

" 'The best thing you can do, Jack,' said I, 'is to leave her alone. There's something wrong about her. I don't like her.'

" 'Oho!' he laughed. 'So you have been noticing, in spite of your words. However, Larry, don't worry about me. I've stood off a good many women, and I don't think I am going blind to a prospector's daughter, though I'll be shot if I can see how she claims old Alec for a father.'

"But in spite of his words, Jack did 'go blind,' as he called it, and soon there wasn't an hour or a minute when he was in camp that he was not in company with that girl Elaine. Alec Moore made no protest, and that made we wonder more than ever. However, he had nothing to fear, for Jack was as straight as a string, and the girl was well able to take care of herself.

"But what worried me most was the change in my partner. When he wasn't with the girl, he was cranky as a bear. Even to me he had once or twice shown anger, but the big row came one night when I blamed the girl for the whole trouble.

" 'Look here, Larry,' he said, as he jumped off the box on which he had been sitting. 'Things have gone too far. You keep your mouth shut or I'll show you how. That girl's as far above you as heaven, and don't let me ever hear you mention her name again if you value your skin.' Then he flung back the tent flap and went out into the moonlight, and from where I lay I could

see the girl waiting for him. It made me think of a snake lying in the grass for a child, and I tried to go to sleep, but I couldn't. I couldn't give any reason for it, but I knew down in my heart that old Moore's daughter was playing with my friend, but I couldn't reason out why, or how I could make him believe it.

"The more I worried about it the more puzzled I became. How on earth Jack Wilmot, who had told me time and again that he could not trust women, had become entangled with the girl Elaine was beyond me.

"A few days after Jack had called me so roughly, some Indians came into the camp and hung around waiting for something to eat. We all could talk the Chinook language—it was simple enough—and around the fire that night we got to asking the Siwashes (that's what the Indians are called) about the Lillooet. They told us a lot of stuff about the country and offered to guide us anywhere. Alec Moore thought the west shore would be a good place to prospect, about ten miles up from the camp, but when he broached the subject to the Siwashes, all shook their heads and refused to take us there. We pressed them for their reasons, and finally the oldest buck in the party came out with it.

"It appeared that up the west shore was a large rock jutting out into the water, called the 'Wa-Wa Stone.' The Indians said that in that rock were imprisoned the spirits of all who had offended the God of the Sun. If you called to them from far out in the lake, they could call back in the same tone, but could only repeat what you said. If you paddled up close and whispered, they would whisper back, but only the words you had spoken. There they were to be imprisoned for thousands of years, and part of their punishment was the loss of their ability to say anything but what was said to them.

"Jack Wilmot and Elaine had been sitting some distance back from the fire, and had taken no interest in the conversation with the Indians till the old buck commenced to tell about the Wa-Wa Stone, or as it means in English, the Talking Rock. Then the pair stopped their own whispered conversation, and I could see that Jack was interpreting the crude Chinook for the girl.

"When the Indian had finished his explanation of his people's distaste for an expedition down that side of the lake, Jack began to laugh.

"'Why, the old fellow's been telling about an echo,' he said, and he started to poke fun at the aged Siwash.

"It was evident that the Indians did not like the white man's light treatment of their lore, and they grunted guttural syllables among themselves.

"As Jack's banter continued, the old Siwash spoke again, telling us that those who treated the Sun God lightly would be severely punished for it.

"'Well, I'll find out tomorrow,' laughed Jack, "for I'll go down there and have a talk to the spirits themselves.'

"He spoke in English, and for the benefit of the Siwashes he repeated his words in their language. Then they all began to talk at once, but the old fellow silenced them, and addressed himself to Wilmot. He told Jack that no man had talked to the Wa-Wa Stone in safety. If a man came away without suffering for his temerity, it was because the Sun God was good; but no man who had ever defied the Sun God had ever lived to tell of it, for he either died a horrible death on the spot or else went raving mad.

"As the old Siwash uttered his warning, Wilmot translated it for Elaine, who was following the conversation now with a new fire in her eyes and, as I thought, even a more snake-like appearance. As the Indian concluded, she laughed aloud.

"Now, I do not think I am more superstitious than the average man, but that Siwash's tale of the terrors connected with the Talking Rock, told in the guttural Chinook, with all the red man's fascinating and picturesque gestures, made my flesh creep, and the laugh of the girl—if anything it was more horrible. Not a sound of mirth was there in it—just deviltry.

"'Such a tale,' she said, as the last sounds of her merriment died. 'Oh, such a tale. You'll go down there tomorrow, won't you—Jack,' she said, and as she spoke she placed her hand upon his arm, waiting, it seemed to me, with more eagerness than was warranted for his answer.

"So she called him 'Jack' now, and as I heard the name from her lips it made me boil.

"I turned and faced her and Wilmot.

'No, Jack will not go down there tomorrow. There's no necessity for it, and besides he has not the time.'

"But my words might just as well have been addressed to the wind. The woman did not seem to notice me, and already she and Wilmot had resumed their whispered conversation.

"We did not remain much longer round the fire. The old Siwash's words seemed to have cast a damper on the crowd, and soon we separated for the night. As I rose to go to my tent the aged Indian caught me by the arm and urged me to try to persuade my friend not to carry out his resolve to defy the spirit of the Wa-Wa Stone. I promised him I would, and then turned in for the night, after making up my mind to be up early to do what I could to prevent Wilmot from going on his expedition up the lake. I would not acknowledge, even to myself, that I put any faith in the Indian's fears, but nevertheless there was an indefinable foreboding that bade me do my best to keep Jack in camp.

"Try as I would, I did not get to sleep for hours, and when I awoke, Wilmot, I found, had gone.

"I looked about the camp, but only two persons were in sight. Moore's girl, down by the side of the lake, and the old Indian who had warned me the night before, squatting a few yards from my tent. The latter told me he had seen Jack set out alone in a canoe, urged on by Elaine. As he spoke of the girl, he made a gesture of fear and hate. 'Cultus, cultus, dilate cultus,' he spoke in his guttural (bad, bad, very bad).

"Again the feeling that there was something wrong passed over me, and I turned to walk to Elaine where she was idly whipping the water with a switch. Her careless attitude and her more than ever appearance of a beautiful, but deadly snake, stirred my anger once more, and when I had reached her I was ready for war. I had never spoken ten words together to her before in my life, but I made up my mind to let her know just what I thought of her this time. She turned at the sound of my steps, and before I could speak she had begun.

"I have seen some bad women, and some exceptionally bad men, but there was more evil in that one beautiful face and more malice in those shining eyes than I ever again want to view at close quarters.

"'So, Larry Holbrook, you would come to me about your puling friend,' she almost snarled. 'Well, you can say good-bye to him, for you will never see him again. How do I know? Well, I know and that's enough, and I hate him and I am glad.'

"I looked into her eyes again, and in them I saw a light that the sane never have. I have handled maniacs in this country, when the rush for gold drove men off their heads, and the bad whisky and worse women completed the job, and I've seen something like the same look in their eyes as was reflected from the shining ones of Moore's daughter. I backed away from her, and she followed me, while out of the tail of my eye I could see the old Siwash making all possible haste for the bush.

"'Did you hear me, Larry Holbrook,' went on the girl, hissing the words out between clenched teeth. 'Did you hear me, Larry Holbrook? Jack Wilmot, your friend, the man who treated me with indifference, the man to whom I had almost to get on my knees to gain his consideration, and ay, the man whose love I have won—do you hear me, that man, I say, Larry Holbrook, will never come back here alive. I vowed I would have my revenge. You tried to save him, and you couldn't.'

"She paused, and for something better to do, I fumbled for my watch. I was dumbfounded, and to gain time to think I pulled out my timepiece. In a dazed sort of way I noted that it was exactly seventeen and one-half minutes past nine. Strange how a man notes little things like seconds at a time like that. Strange, isn't it? As I looked at the watch the girl uttered a dreadful shriek—I can hear it ringing in my ears yet—and dashed down towards the lake. 'He's gone; he's gone,' she screamed, 'and I did it. He's gone; he's gone.' As she threw herself into the water I came to myself and rushed after her, but someone was quicker than I, for old Alec Moore, with an oath, came running out of the bush at top speed, brushed by me and dashed into the lake, coming out in a moment with the dripping, insensible form of his daughter.

"I took one of the Indian's dugout

canoes, and paddled down the lake, keeping well towards the left bank. It seemed hours till I saw a huge, black, ugly-looking promontory jutting out into the water, but as I scanned the shore for some signs of Jack and his canoe, I could hear the echo of my dipping paddle coming out to me. It was the Talking Rock, and there in its lee was the canoe in which my friend had come down. The water was not deep at that part, and I looked over the side of my craft to the bottom, knowing well what I would see there. I found it. On the bottom, lying on its face, was Jack Wilmot's body. Like a man in a dream I landed and cut down a small tree with my knife, leaving a forked branch at one end. With this I dragged all that was mortal of my partner ashore, and as I looked at his face I shuddered, for painted on it, as though done by the brush of a skilled artist, was the most terrible look of combined agony and fear that I have ever witnessed. His eyes, not closed like those of a man who has been drowned, seemed to be starting from their sockets and his hands were clenched so that the fingernails had sunk into the palms. What had he seen or heard? What had caused his death? Only he and the Wa-Wa Stone could say. I put my handkerchief over that dreadful reproduction of fear and pain, and carefully I searched his pockets for something that would tell me whom to notify of his death, but I found nothing, save a knife, a gold watch and such other things a man usually carries. I started to put them all back, but as I handled his watch a thought struck me. I opened the face. It had stopped in the water, and the last tick it had registered had been exactly seventeen and one-half minutes past nine. I placed it in his pocket again, tied a stone to his feet, and there he still sleeps in the waters at the foot of the Wa-Wa Stone.

"The girl? Elaine? She was a raving maniac, and old Alec Moore took her south and placed her in an asylum.

"So there you have my reason for not wanting to go to Lillooet," and as the old prospector concluded, he leaned back in his chair, closing his eyes as though to shut out the vision that came to them.

In A Garden

By E. B. FLETCHER

(From "Everybody's Magazine")

This is the dial, ivy-wreathed,
We named together. Here you breathed
New fragrance in the loveliness
Of that red rose, and your caress
Wakened beneath its faery kiss
The white moth from his chrysalis.
And once you swept your fingers slim
Across the fountain's curving rim,
And lo! starwise aslant the gloom,
A white night-lily smiled in bloom!
Ah, God was good who made the world
With all June's loveliness upcurled
Beneath this sun-crowned curve of blue
And in the heart of it set—You!

"My Bunch of Heathen"

By Ronald Kenvyn

IT was the Wise One who first called my attention to the situation.

"Going East, are you?" he queried. "Got your ticket?"

I replied in the negative.

"Come with me," he urged. "Never pay good money to the C. P. R. when you can travel for nothing in luxury."

I listened to him and we went to the detention shed on the C. P. R. wharf, where we found John Purdy, chief Chinese guard, who has made 150 trips to Montreal in charge of Chinese. My application was looked upon with favor by the powers that be, and I was given an application form to fill up in which I attested that I was not a criminal, a bigamist and a few other things. One question was, "Why do you wish to travel as a Chinese guard?" and the logical reply was, "To save expense."

The necessary formalities having been complied with, we guards, to the number of 16, mustered at the detention shed and commenced to draft through the 272 Chinese who had arrived the night before on the Empress of China. As they passed through the office they were closely inspected, and any scars, moles, or other marks of identification were noted. They were booked to widely scattered points. Some were returning merchants ticketed to Boston and New York. Others were for Trinidad, Jamaica, Mexico, Havana and British Guiana. The work of checking them kept us busy all that day and well into the night, and it was midnight before the train pulled out on its long run to Montreal. These Chinese were shipped through as bonded goods and, of course, the C. P. R. was responsible for their safe delivery at Montreal. It was therefore necessary to have guards on duty night and day, and the watch was divided into 12 hour shifts. Noon to midnight, and midnight to noon were the hours, and two men to a car were told off in a watch. The Chinese occupied six cars, while the guards had a tourist sleeping car attached to the rear of the train for their use.

It was over the cooking question that we had our first heated argument. A youth with guileless face had applied for transportation, stating that he was a splendid cook. He had, so he declared, handled logging-camp outfits, and accordingly Chief John Purdy signed him on. When we had got under way, however, it transpired that our cook was a failure from a culinary standpoint, and that the only cooking he had done had been carried out in the advertisement writing department of a Vancouver real estate firm. We had to eat, of course, so volunteers were called for, and two of the lads took charge of the galley, and although it was not exactly the Hotel Vancouver, yet we certainly enjoyed the meals. The cooks were not what you might call enthusiastic over their job, and Ontario Sam, after his face was badly burned by boiling fat, wanted to resign. However, we pleaded with him and he stayed with the game.

Our Chinese passengers settled down with the impassiveness of Orientals. A cook stove in each car gave them opportunity of cooking rice, and they apparently had no regular meal hours, but shuffled down the car to the galley at all hours of the day and night. The merchantmen from Boston were eager to talk, and they all candidly admitted that they had blown in their stake in China and were coming back broke. The Trinidad carload, which included nine ladies, could not speak English, and we obtained plenty of amusement teaching the fair sex the brutal Anglo-Saxon tongue. There was one youngster in this party who was the brightest little fellow imaginable. He answered to the name of Lee Yuen, and became a favorite with the guards. His intelligence was of a high order, and he picked up knowledge rapidly. We taught him his alphabet and the cyphers, and no matter what hour of the night the guards passed through the train, little Lee Yuen

was always awake, and his beady little eyes would peer at us from his blankets and he sang out, "One, two, thlee, four, flive," and so on.

The thing that delighted Lee Yuen above all was to see us strike matches on the seat of our nether garments. He crowed with delight every time John Purdy came through the train at night to light the lamps, and he begged half our stock of matches to practise what seemed to him an amazing feat. His father was very proud of the little fellow, and for our kindness to him gave us some little souvenirs in the way of Chinese knives and teacups.

The duties of the guards on these trains are not arduous. During your watch you sit on a packing case at the end of the car, see that there is no trouble among the passengers, and at all stops you must be out on the tracks watching the windows. The watch below is much appreciated, and is ordinary Pullman travelling. The Chinese trains go through on the regular schedule, and five days after leaving Vancouver we pulled into Windsor street station, Montreal, where we mustered our bunch of heathen by car lots and convoyed them to the detention shed.

The last we saw of little Lee Yuen, he was staggering down Windsor street with a huge hamper on his head and a roll of blankets slung over his shoulders; but he was cheery to the last, and we took quite a friendly farewell from the Celestials we had brought across the continent.

Penance

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

(From the "Pathfinder")

Sometimes it seems to me the sea must ache
With the vast loneliness its great heart knows—
Its mighty beat, its thundering surge and sway
Lost in the empty spaces, in the dark
Of desolate nights unpierced by any star.
On coasts forlorn it sheds its tears in vain;
Up storm-swept crags it sweeps with joy, and then
Falls back to sob in the old, terrible way.

Who knows but that for all the voiceless dead
The sea has grasped and hidden in its heart,
It now must pay with this wild loneliness;
Must beat forever on far solitudes
Of rock and ruin and unresponsive isles,
And sing, colossal sinner of the world,
An endless chant for its unending crimes?

A Man Who Did Things

(FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A JOURNALIST)

By W. A. Harkin

IN the West, he is called "Governor"; in the East, "Charlie." Years ago, when the writer began what he was pleased to designate his "journalistic career," the Ottawa "Daily Citizen" was edited and controlled by the Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, who was also mayor of the Capital, which position, after three years, he relinquished in 1882, to be elected to the House of Commons, representing Ottawa; each contest was emphasized by surprising increase in majorities. English, French-Canadian and Irish voters appeared to find in him the one thing yearned for—human nature, a love for his fellow-man, a broad-minded, generous sympathy, even for those who voted against him. Frequently the writer heard him declare, "If we are sincere in our desire to lay deep and strong the foundation of a great commonwealth in this northern portion of America, we must respect the rights and privileges, nay, even the prejudices of all classes." Devoted to the leadership of Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Mackintosh, as writer, member of parliament and constitutional governor, never wavered in expressing his opinions, never faltered in advocating what he believed to be for the best interests of the Dominion.

The writer has known Mr. Mackintosh for many years, but never saw any difference between the president of the Ottawa Press Gallery or the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Territories. Having observed him in every phase of life, one thing can be said—he, apart from being too generous, was faithful to his friends, and careful to keep his promises. In the old days, when twitted about indifference as to public promotion, he would laughingly say: "Oh, there's no room—I'm Minister of the Exterior," and those who benefited by his influence and fealty quite understood and appreciated the significance of the term.

The recent publication of several trenchant articles bearing his signature, dealing with the proposed Reciprocity Agreement between Canada and the United States, recalls the early days when, as an advocate of a National Policy for the Dominion, the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and development of the West, he rendered, what all admitted, great service to his leader, Sir John Macdonald and the country generally. In 1887 Mr. Mackintosh, rather than see the party jeopardized, retired from the representation of Ottawa, supporting Mr. W. G. Perley, father of the present member for Argenteuil. He was offered the county of Carlton, by many influential friends, but declined to go before a convention. He still took an active part in political life, having been defeated in Russell by the French-Canadian and Irish vote, during the Riel excitement. Mr. Mackintosh received 500 more votes than any Conservative before, but lost by a narrow majority. Then he called himself "a statesman out of a job"; not for long, however, for Mr. Perley passed away in 1890, and, without a convention, thousands signed a requisition calling upon the old member to resume his place. This was signed by scores of leading Liberals, including his old opponents Thomas Kirby, William Hutchinson (afterwards Liberal M.P.), Alex. Taylor, Thomas Lindsay and many members of the Liberal executive. The writer was then on the Montreal "Star," and has a vivid recollection of the contest. Mr. Crysler, a prominent barrister, and Mr. Geo. Hay, a wealthy citizen—one as Liberal, the other as an "Equal Righter" and Conservative, made the fight a strenuous one; but Mr. Mackintosh had about 1200 majority when the ballots were counted. Again he carried Ottawa, in 1891, when unrestricted reciprocity was the issue, and in 1893 accepted the high office of Lieutenant-Governor. The writer asked him why he

was retiring from political life. He replied, "I think I can do good in the North-West; all my old friends have been called away—poor Tom White; John Henry Pope, the shrewdest of them all; and then our chieftain, Sir John Macdonald; Sir Charles Tupper is in England, and Sir Leonard Tilley in New Brunswick; in fact there is only one tie to bind me, Sir John Thompson, one of the greatest Conservative leaders, and he has advised me to accept the office." So Mr. Mackintosh went to the West, and the writer was subsequently commissioned by the Montreal "Star" to visit Regina, where the Lieutenant-Governor had organized a Territorial Exhibition, as he said, "to make people separated by long distances acquainted with one another." At that time (1895) the present provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were sparsely populated, commercial depression weighed upon every community, crops had failed, and a feeling of hopelessness permeated many districts; not the hopelessness that acknowledged failure, still a general prostration from which only strong and earnest men could and did recover. The Lieutenant-Governor was tireless in his efforts to encourage those who were downcast and unfortunate; his iron constitution enabled him to travel continuously. One day in Prince Albert preaching the doctrine of hope and confidence; two days after in Calgary, the next day in Edmonton, then back to Broadview, Moosomin (a place he always spoke highly of) then Grenfell, Whitewood, Indian Head, Yorkton; in short, wherever settlers were to be found, he was there encouraging and cheering them on. Then came the Territorial Exhibition project, which few believed could be made a success. The Governor's first move was to secure a grant from the Dominion; his next to visit railway authorities, compassing free transport of exhibits, and next to establish a systematic organization. Just prior to this critical period, while driving to the Government buildings, the horse became unmanageable, ran away, and the Lieutenant-Governor sustained what were considered likely to be fatal injuries. He was laid up for five months—but never relaxed work; each week reports were made, convincing him that the Exhibition would be a greater undertaking than he at first contemplated. The writer ascertained these facts from officials who were at it, as they said, "day and night." The chief chairman was Mr. Angus McKay, of the Indian Head Experimental Farm; Mr. J. C. Pope, of the Finance Department at Regina; Mr. R. B. Gordon, the official secretary, and Mr. H. B. Mackintosh, superintendent of correspondence. Co-operating with all was the Territorial Executive, at the head of which was the Hon. F. W. G. Haultain. When it was announced that the Exhibition would last ten days, few thought it possible. Then came the question of grounds upon which to hold the fair; that was arranged by securing from the Dominion a plot south of Government House. This did not please many, as the opinion prevailed that the Exhibition ought to be held south of the town. When Mr. Mackintosh first arrived in Regina, an address had been presented, asking him to urge the Dominion Government to "move the public buildings nearer to Regina." His answer was "my impression is that the Government is convinced that within a few years there will be such a population here that the present buildings will be in the centre of a big city." Today Regina's population is rapidly fulfilling this prophecy. So with the Exhibition grounds; they were reserved for Exhibition purposes, and are one of Regina's most valuable assets; the Governor had his way, but not until a good deal of friction occurred. Then the water question—where was water to be procured? Nothing daunted, he went to Winnipeg, told Mr. Maw to supply windmill pumps, bored down a hundred and twenty feet, and the purest of water was struck. Then all were satisfied. By the end of April, 1895, results began to be manifest. For months lists had been sent to the postmasters throughout the North-West, asking them to send the names of all who received mail matter, and also to fill in a blank stating what was produced in the district; this was followed by a personal letter from the Governor, asking each settler to co-operate with him, to go on the committee and advise his neighbors to form local committees.

It was a long story I got from those who had worked from the beginning. Suffice to say, that when the Exhibition was opened by Lord Aberdeen during the first week in August, 1895, there were found to be over 8400 entries, or twice as many as had been

recorded for the Manitoba Exhibition, in existence for some time. It was astonishing to realize what system accomplished. Naturally the Canadian Pacific did not expect such a rush, the consequence being that in some sections there was a train blockade for two days! Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Mr. Robert Kerr of Winnipeg, and other leading railway men were only too happy to assist in the work of making the North-West known. I was personally cognizant of many interesting incidents, but one I will never forget. Those having horses and wagons and cabs for hire immediately raised their rates to the Exhibition grounds and stubbornly refused to make reductions. The Governor had asked Mr. Kerr to build a "spur" from the main line into the grounds to expedite movement of exhibits. This was done. "Now," said the Governor, "what will you charge to run trains every quarter of an hour to the Exhibition grounds?" "Why," replied Mr. Kerr, "it would never pay the committee." "I did not ask that—I asked what you would charge?" Mr. Kerr answered, "Five hundred dollars." "I accept it," responded the Governor, and trains ran at ten cents a passenger, the receipts being $510, and the cost $500!

I gathered all these facts during a two weeks' sojourn in Regina, besides other incidents too numerous to mention. One would not be amiss. In July when entries were pouring in so fast that it was evident there would be no accommodation, the Governor went to Winnipeg, securing all the tents to be had; even these were insufficient. He then took the train to Chicago, leased several big tents, put them on an express train and was just in time to protect two or three thousand entries, as well as to have sheds built over the horses, arriving one day before the Exhibition. This event did much to make the people self-reliant; lecturers on diversified farming, dairy products and general agriculture, were present during the whole Exhibition, and all declared the first Territorial Exhibition a marvellous success. The citizens of Regina presented the Lieutenant-Governor with his portrait in oil and a very flattering address. They knew that their Governor had "done something."

Afterwards, when I called to say "goodbye" to Mr. Mackintosh at Government House, he said, "It cost money, but the day will come bringing with it results. I am pleased indeed for what the Montreal 'Star' did, and I am just writing thanking Mr. St. John, of the Winnipeg 'Free Press' for the assistance that newspaper rendered, as also the Winnipeg 'Tribune.'"

He then showed me a map and said, "I got the government to name Yukon and Franklin, Ungava and all the outlying territories; they will be another Empire some day." Naturally, I thought I was humoring an optimist when replying, "No doubt you have reason to think so."

And then came the Yukon gold discoveries and the world-wide interest they attracted. This great area was within the scope of Governor Mackintosh's authority; he afterwards showed me voluminous documents which he had sent to Inspector Constantine and Mr. Ogilvie, in order that they might answer hundreds of questions of interest and necessity to men going into the country. In this he was warmly assisted by the then commissioner of the Mounted Police, Colonel Herchmer.

Then it was announced in 1897 that "the Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, had resigned." Few believed it; "who ever heard of a lieutenant-governor resigning? Why, it's a splendid billet." These remarks could be heard everywhere. However, it was true, and when Mr. Mackintosh came to British Columbia, the writer had the pleasure of seeing him very often—for there is freemasonry or something like it in journalism—and asked him if there had been any misunderstanding with the Dominion Government, Sir Wilfrid Laurier being in power? He replied, "On the contrary, no one could have been more courteous than Secretary of State Scott. I resigned for two reasons: First, I had promised to become a director in a company, and considered that a lieutenant-governor should not be a director in any important private enterprise; secondly, because the executive has full power now to act, and the lieutenant-governor becomes a figure-head. Formerly, the annual message was written by me and enabled me to put before the country every issue appertaining to the Territories; now that is prepared by the provincial executive in the ordinary speech from the throne. So having visited British Columbia since 1892, and being impressed by

its vast resources, I have cast my fortunes here for some time to come, although, mind you, I look on dear old Ottawa as my home —for you know how the people there treated me!"

It would be superfluous to go into particulars regarding Mr. Mackintosh's efforts to make the mining resources of British Columbia known. From the day he arrived in Rossland and Vancouver, a new and gratifying impetus was given to the mineral industry; he had visited England and spoken before prominent capitalists, and at least $7,500,000 was procured, besides the prominence given to the Pacific Province. The famous Le Roi, which yielded $22,-500,000, was secured by him, and a significant fact regarding this is worth chronicling. Being in the Boundary country in 1900, the writer had the pleasure of spending several hours at various times with the ex-Lieutenant-Governor. Talking on the subject of Rossland and its mines, I said, "Would it be out of place if I asked you how much you made out of the purchase of the Le Roi?"

"Certainly not," was the answer; "I never made, asked for or received one farthing; I never owned one share of Le Roi stock, although, of course, everyone thinks to the contrary. I placed the shares in the Bank of Montreal and the money received was paid to the vendors; nor did I receive any consideration direct or indirect from the vendors, some of whom were a shady lot, if I may judge from their subsequent conduct. Of course I do not include the Turners or Redpath and one or two others in this general summary. At all events, I made nothing, asked nothing, received nothing, either directly or indirectly. Now I may also say that all the trash you read about my going to England as the agent of a lot of Spokane and Butte people is nonsense. I never had anything to do with them, and they knew nothing about my business, until I succeeded, and they wanted assistance."

This was certainly news to me, for I had thought otherwise, but knew the man I was talking to and that he spoke the truth. I remember also asking him if he was a director of the London & Globe Company, and the Le Roi Company? He answered, "I never was a director of either. Now as to the British America Corporation, I could not agree with the policy adopted and resigned when it was at its best. In fact, I despaired of any financial success so long as the business was managed and controlled from London. Poor Whittaker Wright was more sinned against than sinning."

When the writer purposed to contribute this sketch to *The British Columbia Magazine,* although knowing most of the facts, he hesitated to use them without Mr. Mackintosh's sanction, and writing to him asked, "When he resigned from the British America Corporation?" His answer was, "Early in 1899, when the following resolution was forwarded to me: 'That the resignation of ex-Governor Mackintosh, on account of his personal affairs, is hereby accepted, and that Lord Loch and Mr. Wright be a committee to thank him for his services to this corporation during his directorship, and to convey to him the board's appreciation of the same.'"

There are many incidents creditable to ex-Governor Mackintosh that might be related, all evidencing his unselfishness in British Columbia public life, his too generous actions towards many and the great benefits he conferred upon this province. Although absent, it is pleasing to know that in the far off "Porcupine" gold country he is as popular as he is in the West, and that his prospects there are said to be of a most promising character. When he was leaving the East last year, the writer wished him all success, expressing regret that he had not reaped financially according to his deserts and the industry displayed throughout his residence in the province. "Oh," he laughingly replied, "a man may be knocked down pretty often, but the test of his strength is the number of times he can get up!" At all events, when the Governor returns, as he undoubtedly will, the same friends and more of them will be ready to welcome him to the Pacific coast.

The Town That Has Been Built in a Year

By Percy F. Godenrath

LESS than a year ago the settlement of Stewart, at the head of Portland Canal, consisted of a little hotel, a small general store and a few cabins, and these lay across a mile of tide-flat from any possible landing. Today it is a modern town, approached by two magnificent wharves, one nearly a mile in length, for the general public—the other more than a mile long, connecting with the Canadian Northeastern Railway.

The city is provided with waterworks, electric light and telephone service; a modern public school building is under construction by the Provincial government; there are three churches; there is ample and luxurious hotel accommodation, and every line of business known to modern cities is creditably represented, and the volume of its business is already such that two chartered banks have established branches to handle it. The town also boasts of an excellent fire department, with its apparatus housed in a modern fire hall.

Prospecting on the rivers and creeks that flow into Portland Canal began in 1898; actual mining operations followed in 1905, though at first on a rather small scale. During the last year development work has been carried on at twenty-four properties, and a mining recorder's office was established in Stewart in August, 1910.

As described by Herbert Carmichael, Provincial Assayer, the characteristic rock of the country is argillite, traversed by felsitic dykes, and cut everywhere by long and regular fissures filled with quartz, carrying values in gold, silver, lead and copper.

What has been true of every other mining field in British Columbia is true also of Portland Canal: the rich discoveries have been made by prospectors who have not the capital necessary for development. But in one respect, and a most important one, Portland Canal is unique among the gold fields of the world—the mines are practically on tide-water; it is only necessary to prove the extent and value of the ore bodies and bring the ore to the surface; cheap and rapid transportation is at hand and waiting.

On the south fork of Glacier creek are the mines and works of the Portland Canal Mining Company, the pioneer and first producer of the camp, already equipped at great cost with an 80-ton concentrating mill, water power harnessed, and all modern facilities for mining and treatment. On the same creek are the Jumbo, Hallie, Apex, Rush-Portland and many other claims of rich promise. On Glacier creek's middle fork are the Evening Sun, Columbia and Lake View—all carrying high-grade silver.

On the north side of the creek is the property of the Stewart Mining & Development Company, already very extensively developed, showing large bodies of ore similar in character and value to that of the Portland Canal Mining Company. Near the Stewart is the Little Wonder, owned and operated by the Portland Wonder Mining Company, and on the same creek are the O. K., Main Reef, Tyee and other promising claims.

On Bitter creek is the Roosevelt group, the first location of the district, an extensive and promising property, on which nearly $10,000 has already been expended in development.

One of the most important mines in the whole district is the Red Cliff, on Lydden creek, a tributary of Bear river. The discoveries at depth on the Red Cliff during the last six months have attracted attention and interest throughout the mining world. It is already proved to be one of the most extensive gold-copper mines in existence.

On American creek are other valuable properties now being developed, including

Mountain Boy, and the claims of the Portland-Bear River Company. Salmon river, Fish creek and the upper tributaries of the Naas river also contribute their quota.

When it is remembered that the district has been known even to prospectors for only twelve years, that no development was attempted until about six years ago, and that real work with adequate means was begun less than twelve months ago, the extent of achievement is as wonderful as the character of the ore bodies, admitted to be the most diversified of any mining division in British Columbia.

In conclusion, the writer would advise the reader to "look ahead." If he has carefully read and considered the plain facts here presented to him, he will realize that Stewart offers one of those opportunities which rarely present themselves to a man more than once. Just as surely as natural advantages of geographical location and rich material resources have caused the growth of other great cities, so is it certain that Stewart is destined at an early date to be a great seaport city and the market and centre of a very wealthy mining and farming country.

In the Midst of Life

By E. T. HOPKINS

(From "Westminster Gazette")

The Jester won to the mountain peak
  And turned to gaze behind—
"Was that a path for a step so weak?
  Thank God that I was blind.

"The sunlit stretch where I laughed so loud,
  Did it skirt that precipice?
The bridge where I stood to sketch the cloud,
  Did it span that black abyss?

"When I turned aside to the little stream,
  Was that sombre tarn so near?
Was the eagle's swoop in the evening gleam
  On the bones I see from here?"

He faced to the front again; his sight
  Could scarce discern the track;
The slope on the left with mist was white,
  And the woods below was black.

Into a hollow just ahead
  The pathway crept along—
"Enough is hid for mirth," he said,
  And the curlew heard his song.

The Trails of the Peace River Country

By L. H. Hanton

TO see an Empire in the making—to spend a month on the last frontier open to the Anglo-Saxon race, was the pleasant lot of a party of writers, journalists and experienced observers during the month of August last year. A carefully planned trip through a country which, since it was first known, has been consigned to the hunter, trapper, cariboo and bush buffalo, has totally upset many of the preconceived ideas regarding the large section of Northern Canada.

James K. Cornwall, M.P.P., pioneer, was the father of a plan to throw open to the world, or rather to let the world know something of that great northland. It is true that Northern Alberta first came into the limelight as a farming country, away back in 1874, when Brother Reynier, of Fort Chippewa, showed a sample of wheat at the Centennial which was a surprise to all and which carried off first honors; but at that time Fort Chippewa was four months' journey from civilization, and it soon dropped back into the realm of fiction, a fine field for the novelist and nature fakir. Since then, from time to time, novelists and naturalists have occasionally taken the trip, after a touching farewell to family and friends, but no one has taken the country seriously, or dreamt that it would ever be much beyond a paradise for trappers, where a few hardy cattle might get a precarious living.

That day has passed. Now there are three railway lines headed for the great Peace River country. The Alberta government is cutting a road for two hundred miles from the nearest railway point, and homesteaders and traders are clamoring for more roads and more transportation facilities. They have learned what that district offers, and want to be among the first to choose.

Mr. Cornwall wants everyone to know the Peace River district, and is anxious to get the best blood of Canada into that country. Though he does not own an acre of land there, he has adopted the methods which have been so successful by land speculators—to let the press know, and to place on file accurate data regarding the country, gathered by experienced men who had no interests to serve.

In organizing the country there was some difficulty in getting the class of men desired, but the results show that he was very successful. The dean of the party was Emerson Hough, novelist and short story writer, a man who knows a great deal of the frontiers of America and their colonization; his chum Ben K. Miller, of Milwaukee, naturalist; Prof. C. B. Bull, agronomist of the University of Minnesota; Prof. J. Pettit, of the department of soil fertility,

THE LAND REQUIRES LITTLE CLEARING

University of Illinois; Arthur E. McFarlane, whose writings in American periodicals are well known; Gardner Hazen, of "Farm and Fireside" and "Century"; Robert Dunn, who was under an agreement with "Everybody's Magazine"; Allan R. Gillies, of Toronto; E. W. Day, a practical farmer and land man from Daysland; and last, but not least, a half-dozen newspaper men and an official photographer.

This outfit left Edmonton on July 27 for Fort Vermilion and Grand Prairie, and in five weeks of strenuous travelling covered a total distance of 2,000 miles. How can that journey be described within the scope of an article? It covered every class of country from open prairie and valley land, to semi-mountainous country and heavy timber. Much of it was very rough timber trails, and twelve hundred miles was along rivers and lakes of the north waterways, second to none in Canada. The first leg of the journey, Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, 105 miles, was over a road which is a century old, cut originally to accommodate the Hudson's Bay Company in their northern trade, and is now the main artery to the Peace River country.

We had two days' travelling over a large section of the three prairie provinces, where a severe drought had given evidence of hard times for the farmers, but out from Edmonton there was a marked improvement. The land is a series of bottom, cut by sandy ridges. About one-third of it is excellent for farm land, where there were fields of oats which produced up to sixty bushels to the acre last year. North of the Landing our real trip began. For a short distance out we passed 55 degrees north latitude, beyond which, it was supposed in Canada east of the Rockies, farming operations could never be successfully carried on. For three days our sturdy paddle-wheel steamer splashed along up the Athabasca, and from there along the Lesser Slave River to Lesser Slave Lake, a fine sheet of water 90 miles in length. Grouard, at the head of the lake, is the largest and most important settlement in the north. It has trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company and Revillon Brothers, their powerful rivals, also a sawmill, grist mill, two large missions for the Indian and half-breed children, two churches, mounted police barracks, and a permanent population of approximately 500 people. The day we arrived, the Dominion Government telegraph line, which is being stretched to the Peace River crossing, reached there, and a general celebration was on.

Grouard is the centre of a fine piece of country with several small but most fertile prairies, which are just being settled up. There are a number of homesteaders now on the ground, and there is room for a couple of thousand more. North from there the trail leads through almost solid timber, poplar and spruce, for 86 miles, with a few stretches of bottom land, and recently drained beaver meadows. The latter are ready for settlers, and require but little clearing, while the timber country carries a fine, deep soil, with silt subsoil. It is only natural to suppose that it will not be open until the greater part of the prairie has been

RESEMBLES ROLLING COUNTRY NORTH OF TORONTO

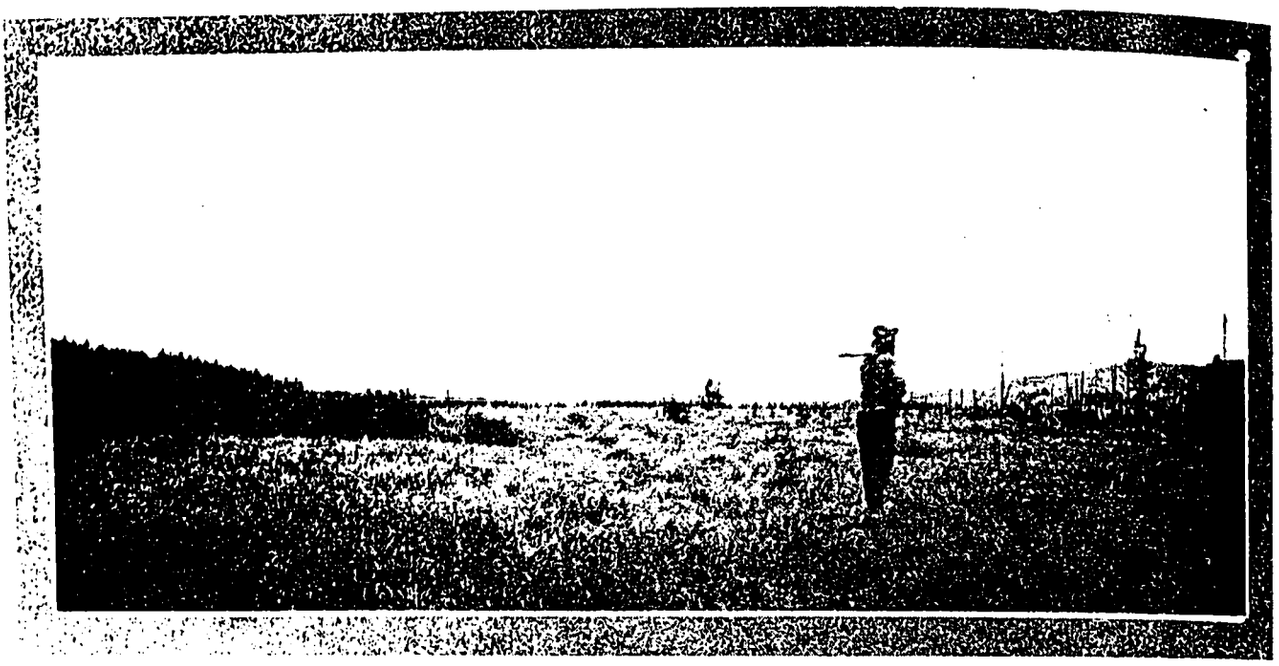
settled, but it is cheering to know that there is so much timber available. The lack of trails has a tendency to keep people out of the district, but we were informed that there is a strip of excellent land extending through to the foothills 200 miles west. Some of the farms seen here were a revelation, and it was here that we had our first look at the vegetable gardens which bid fair to be one of the great features of the northern country.

Peace River, or Ouanjagi (our own beautiful river), as the Crees call it, is one of the greatest rivers in Canada. Its bed is half a mile in width, it has a channel of six feet in depth, a current of two to four miles an hour, and it is navigable for 600 miles for stern-wheelers. The banks in places are 900 feet in height, but the table or bench land behind is the choicest of park country. In fact, while driving over it we experienced a constant series of disappointments. In many places it resembles the rolling country north of Toronto, where open hills and valleys are cut by patches of trees, and coming as we did from civilization, there was a constant expectation that just behind the next piece of forest, or over the next hill, we would come upon a village, or at least a farm. But every hope was doomed to disappointment; a furrow has never been cut in it.

The section of the Peace River country which Mr. Cornwall represents in the Alberta Legislature covers an area of 65,000,000 acres. Of that, ten per cent. is untillable, being lake, river or cliff; one-third is open prairie, where a steam plough may be operated without hindrance; the balance is forest or hay meadow, which must be cleared or drained before it can be farmed. The surface drainage is of the finest, and there are a hundred or more small lakes scattered through it. The surface soil is silt or clay of light texture, only a small section of which shows traces of alkali, and the water of the lakes and rivers is pure and sweet. Good wells may be struck at depths of from ten to fifty feet.

Great attention was paid to the character of the soil by our two agronomists, but there were climatic conditions, and conditions of vegetation which they had never before encountered. Records of the rainfall showed that the whole district would come under the heading "dry-farming" proposition, but yet there was a luxuriance in the natural grasses and timber growth which belied this. They carried a soil auger with them, and hundreds of borings were made, the holes being sunk to the depth of four feet. It was found that the soil was of such a character that roots penetrated it readily to almost any depth, and the consistency was such that it held moisture readily. The rainfall comes at a season when the greater percentage of it may penetrate the soil and act on the growing crops, while the winter cold drives the frost to a depth of several feet, allowing the moisture to come to the surface slowly, a condition which has proved most satisfactory for wheat and coarse grains.

Robert Jones, curator of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Vermilion, has a record of the rainfall of that district since



A HUNTER'S PARADISE

June, 1908. From that date until the end of May, 1909, the rainfall was 17.68 inches. The next year it was 13.42, and during June and July, 1910, it was 6.39 inches. Those are the growing months. At Dunvegan from August to July, 1906-7, the rainfall was 14.11 inches, and the year 1909-10 showed 11.98 inches. At Peace River Crossing, the rainfall from September to August, 1907-8, was 11.48 inches, the next year it was 13.30 inches, and the year 1909-10 it was 9.55 inches; but despite the seemingly light rainfall, wheat at Vermilion will average 24 bushels to the acre, and where proper farming methods were employed, there are fields that will yield 35 bushels to the acre. It may be stated that last season's crop weighed 64½ pounds to the measured bushel.

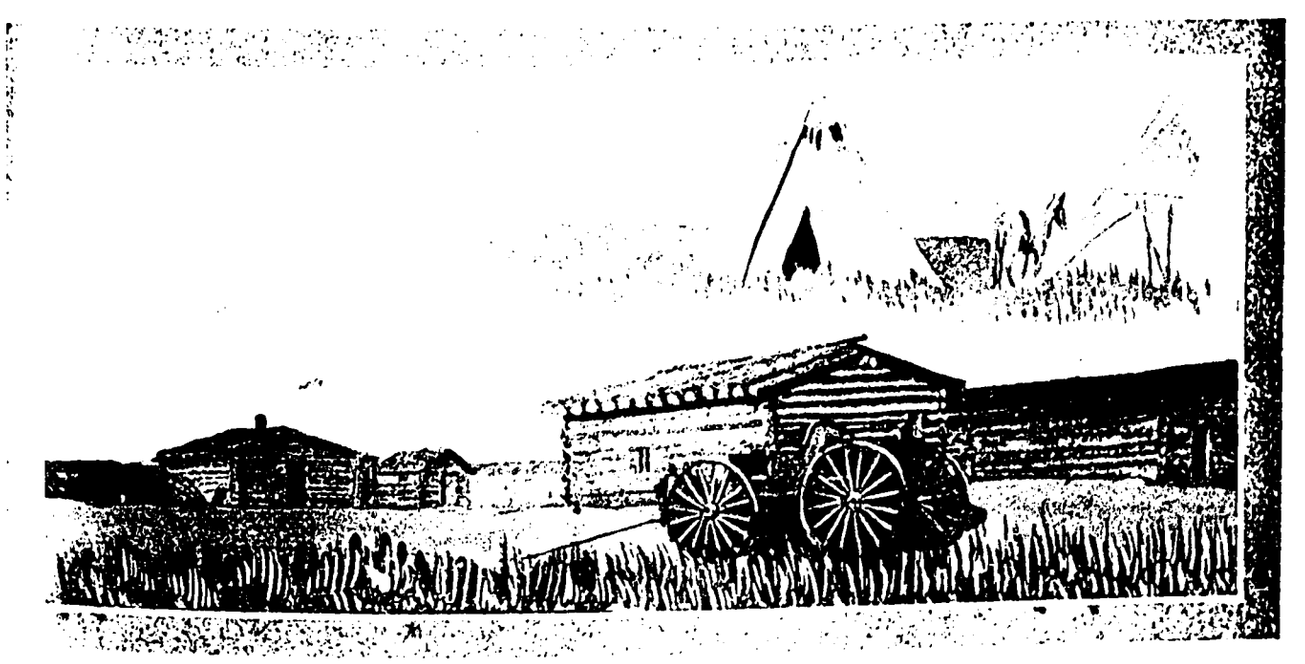
This brings us back, naturally, to the work being done at Fort Vermilion. The fort, a Hudson's Bay trading post, lies in north latitude 58.30, but the Experimental Farm there is a trading station. The government has rented five acres from Mr. Jones, a practical farmer without technical education, but he is a man with a head, and he uses it. We went over the farm there on August 10, and were shown tomatoes measuring two inches and a half in diameter, vegetable marrow fourteen inches long, cucumbers half that length, sweet and field corn ready for the table, cabbage and cauliflower equal to the product of the best gardens of Ontario, high quality peas, beans, turnips, radishes, lettuce, sugar beets—in fact, every variety of vegetables that will mature in Ontario.

PRAIRIE LAND IN THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY

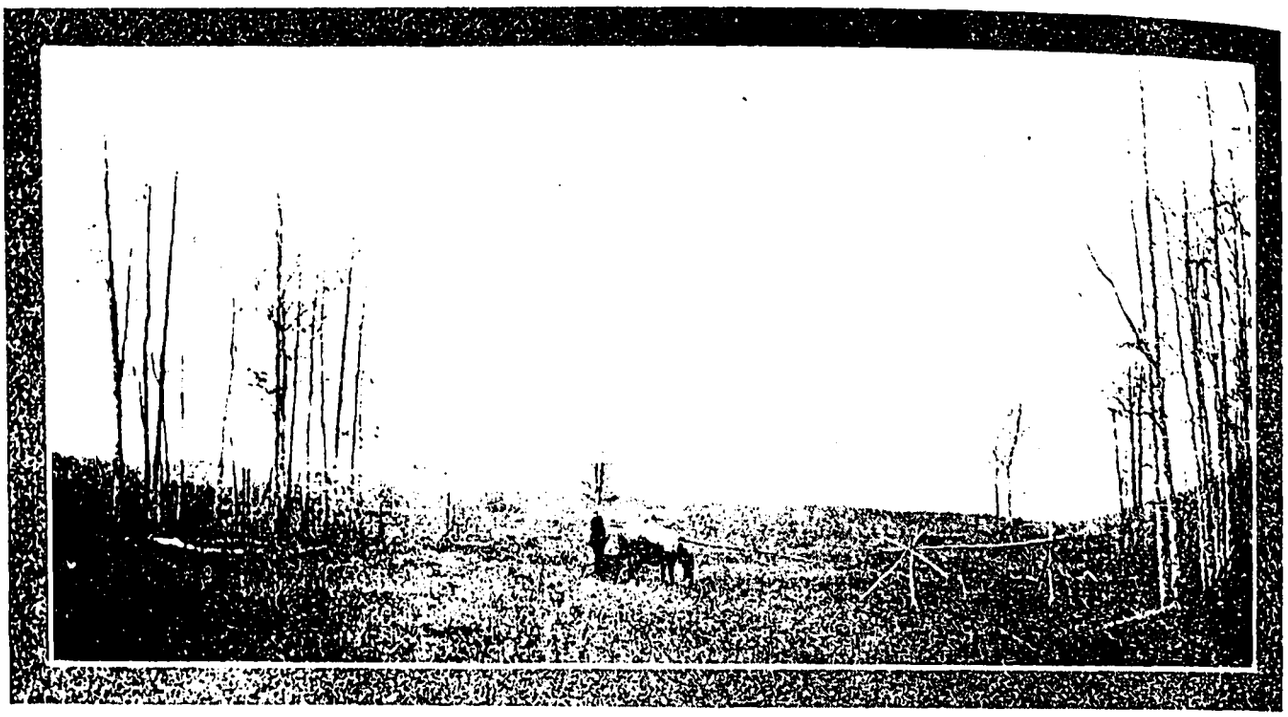
GRASSY SLOPES AND MEADOWS

Though this whole section is absolutely under the dominion of the Hudson's Bay Company, a rule it is difficult to understand outside, there are a number of farmers who are doing well, and who will be glad when once within reach of a market for their produce. A volume could be written regarding their struggle, and probably will be, for our magazine writers are especially interested in that detail of life in the northland; but a few illustrations may suffice. The company own and operate the mill, and they grind wheat for the farmers, but charge them 35 cents a bushel for doing so, and they grind only 50 bushels for any one man. Before they accept the work, however, the farmer must sign an agreement that he will not sell or barter any of the flour. If he has butter to sell, they will give him 25 cents a pound for it, but the salt put in the butter to preserve it will cost 12½ cents a pound. Two pounds of salt for a pound of butter is the rule through that north country, and the Hudson's Bay Company could lay salt along in Fort Vermilion at $10 a ton from the natural deposits along the North River. Factor Wilson, of the Fort, dismissed the subject with the statement, "We must make a small profit."

The company will not buy beef cattle, for they have herds of their own, and they import hog produce more than the company can handle. Company officers state that they would like to see the country opened up, but they refuse to sign a petition to the government asking that roads be cut. The reason given is that roads would open up the



THE PASSING OF THE INDIAN



LIGHT TIMBER ON GOOD WHEAT LAND

fields to opposition traders and fur buyers. Canadians will naturally ask why a district as fertile as this should be held back for such a reason. Indications are that the time is not far distant when this question will settle itself. World history shows that the forces of agriculture progress rapidly, even along the lines of greatest resistance.

"A hunter's paradise" was the name given to the Valley of the Peace by Emerson Hough, himself an ardent hunter. In three days we sighted 29 bears along the shore and we brought three of them aboard, a fourth falling to the rifle of our pilot, Jean Baptiste Showan. Bears, moose, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and partridges were a part of our daily menu all the time we were north of 55, where the game law is framed to fit the need of the frontiersman.

Space forbids more than a brief reference to the wonderful grand prairie, the Mecca of our pilgrimage. It is a basin of roughly 7,000 square miles, lightly wooded in places, and well drained and watered. It has a mild temperature, so that horses and cattle range the year through, though most of the ranches on the ground put up hay for work horses and for emergency. Approximately 100,000 acres have been homesteaded, and only about 25 are untillable. To date settlement has been retarded by the difficulties of transportation and its cost. Prices for supplies range from 150 per cent. higher than

PACKING GOODS ACROSS COUNTRY

Edmonton, to practically prohibition on luxuries.

In the last sentence lies the key to the whole situation in the north—the cost of supplies. Today it is no country for a man who is not prepared to undergo hardships and to do without things which are not in the list of absolute necessities. A man to go in there now must be self-reliant and resourceful—in fact, he must be the stamp of man who will do well and enjoy himself. It will be the greatest country in the world to offer free lands to the homesteader. The government policy of keeping it out of the hands of the speculator, and for the homesteader, cannot be too highly commended, for when the rush starts it will be heroic.

There are other prairies here which will be in the mouths of every Canadian within the next half decade—the Pouce Coupe, the Spirit River, the Cadotte, the Bear Lake and many others, but their general qualifications are all the same. The district will support a population of millions, and already there are thousands headed that way, or merely waiting for better transportation. *It is the Last North.*

The Call

By KATHARINE TYNAN

(*From "McClure's Magazine"*)

The unforgotten voices call at twilight,
In the gray dawning in the quiet night hours:
Voices of mountains and of waters falling,
Voices of wood-doves in the tender valleys,
Voices of flowery meadows, golden corn-fields—
Yea, all the lonely bog-lands have their voices.

Voices of church-bells over the green country,
Memories of home, of youth. O unforgotten!
When all the world's asleep the voices call me.
Come home, acushla, home! Why did you leave us?
The little voices hurt my heart to weeping;
There are small fingers plucking at my heart strings.

Let me alone, be still, I will not hear you!
Why would I come to find the old places lonely?
They are all gone, the loving, the true-hearted;
Beautiful country of the dead, I come not.
Why would I meet the cold eyes of the stranger?
All the nests of my heart are cold and empty.

I will not come for all your soft compelling,
Little fingers plucking me by the heart-strings,
In the gray dawning, in the quiet night hours,
Because the dead, the darling dead, return not,
And all the nests of my heart are cold and lonely.
They will not give me peace at dawn and twilight.

Going Into Steamboat Mountain

By E. H. L. Johnston

So many contradictory stories have recently been afloat about the district surrounding Steamboat Mountain, and about the condition of the trail thereto, that the trip was lately undertaken by a party of Vancouver men. The writer was fortunate enough to form one of the party.

I have been asked to describe what I saw on the trip. I wish I had the power to do so adequately, for surely there is at least one point on which there can be no widely differing opinions, and that is as to the wonderful scenic beauty of the route. Looking back on the trip, it seems that each view which came before us was more grandly beautiful than the one before. First those wonderful falls, only a few miles out of Hope itself, where the traveller can look up and see the water dashing over the shining rocks a hundred feet and more above him, and then, glancing down the precipice on the other side of the trail, can see it as it reaches the rapids at the bottom of the valley before it finally rushes into the main stream of the Nicolume. Then those lovely glimpses of distant snow-capped peaks, each time we crossed and re-crossed the Nicolume Creek, as we looked up and down the narrow timber-clad valley. Later still, when we crossed the summit of the Somallow Pass, the mystery of those dark, silent forests—the dazzling white of the snow contrasted with the dense black of the trees, made us stand and listen for any sound to break the silence. No breeze seems to penetrate into these deep, cool valleys, and the sun seldom shines into the heart of them for more than an hour or two a day.

After passing the summit of the mountains the country opens up a little and at each interval of five miles or so we entered a new wide valley, surrounded by a wonderful panorama of great stolid mountains. Several times we walked for a mile or more through forest of mighty cedar trees—averaging perhaps five to eight feet in diameter and sixty feet in height. In these places the air felt cool and dank like the air of a great cathedral, the great majestic trees forming the pillars, and the distant roar of mountain falls and torrents reminding one of the notes of the organ. These giants of the forest which, maybe, have stood there a century and more, and will still be there unchanged long after this generation has joined the great majority, bring home to one the insignificance of man in the eternal scheme of the Creator.

Then out of this great solemn cathedral of Nature into the bright sunlight, to walk for miles along the banks of the Skagit River, its waters rushing past, dashing now and then over rapids and again widening out to a width of perhaps a hundred feet or more.

Our party—six in number—left Hope at 5.45 in the morning and reached Steamboat Mountain townsite at 8.15 p.m., having covered the distance, all carrying packs, in slightly under fifteen hours. As only one of our party was in anything like good condition, the time in which the trip was accomplished will suggest that the trail, for foot passengers at all events, is passable. For horses the trail is still in bad condition. Several pack trains are making the journey regularly now, it is true, but while the snow lasts at the summit of the pass, the journey is no easy one for horses. In many instances the cruelty to these wretched animals is inhuman beyond words. The wretched little cayuses, which are designated by the name of pack-horses, are under-fed for the most part and are often used in the most brutal manner. Feed is very expensive and ponies are cheap, and the result is that the animals get very little nourishing feed on the trail.

There is no trouble about getting food on the journey. At convenient intervals there are road-houses where good meals can be obtained. The first one of these—"Camp

Comfort"—is passed at 9-Mile. The second—The Lake House—is reached a mile or two beyond the summit of the pass at 14-Mile point. Here we had an early lunch at about 11.30. Our next meal we made at 23-Mile House, at 4.30 in the afternoon. With the exception of Mrs. Whitwell, of 30-Mile, and one other lady, who is spending her honeymoon in charge of a pack train with her husband, Mrs. and Miss Landon, the wife and daughter of the proprietor of the 23-Mile House, are the first of the fair sex to penetrate this district. These two good ladies are very much up to date in the way of clothes. If they would only come to Vancouver and wear their overalls in the city it would not be long before the harem skirt was regarded as the rational costume for a woman.

Steamboat itself lies in the centre of a perfectly level valley, some thirty thousand acres in extent. As soon as this valley is reached the trail goes directly towards the townsites in a straight line. After a tramp of over thirty miles over mountain trails, the avenue of small bush seems endless. Each slight bend in the trail brings into view another long straight avenue with the same mighty peak still at the end of it, seeming never to get any closer.

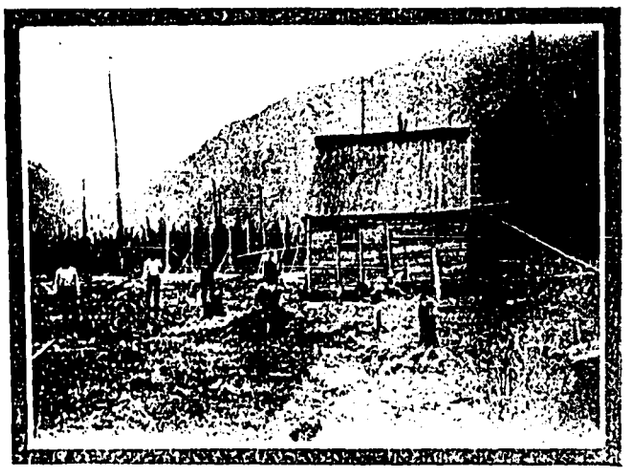
The first townsite to be reached is that known as Steamboat Mountain. On this site a substantial hotel is now in course of erection, and several businesses such as bunkhouse, cigar stand and general store will be open shortly.

Half a mile farther on along the same trail is the townsite known as Steamboat. Here also there are an hotel—almost complete—and several other buildings stores, etc. At the time of writing no definite announcement has been made as to which of the two hotels will have the licence—it is generally understood that only one will be granted. The matter of the location of the post office is also undetermined at present. No doubt a good deal depends upon the ultimate location of the licence and the post office, and definite announcements concerning these two important points will be awaited with interest.

As far as location is concerned, there is very little to choose between the two townsites. Steamboat Mountain townsite is the first to be reached on the trail from Hope, but on the other hand it is claimed for the other townsite that it is nearest to Steamboat Mountain itself, where the richest strike as yet is said to have been made. The latter, however, is rather a doubtful advantage, for prospecting is going on, or will be, on all the mountains round the valley—not only on Steamboat Mountain and Red Mountain. The latter, by the way, adjoins Steamboat Mountain and is not, as one Hope paper stated, seven miles away from it.

Those who invest their money in town lots in either of these townsites should realize beforehand that it is a speculation—a gamble pure and simple. The camp is not proven by any means as yet, although the first showings are good. If the camp eventually makes good, there will probably be a boom. At present there is no boom, and there is no basis whatever for one. It is to be hoped that holders of real estate in the district will not try to create one. This would have a very detrimental effect on the whole camp. People have heard enough lately of real estate booms, and anything of that nature will undoubtedly tend to keep capital from the district. The fact should not be lost sight of that the *raison*

RAYMOND AND MONTAGUE'S HOTEL AT STEAMBOAT



McDONALD AND STILL'S HOTEL AT STEAMBOAT

d'etre of Steamboat is the presence of mineral in the district, and not on account of the advent of railroads or any of those things which usually tend to increase the value of land rapidly to any great extent.

With regard to the work which has been done on the various claims in the district, but little can be said at present. The field is said to be a large one and claims have been staked all the way from nine miles out of Hope to the International boundary—a distance of 45 miles—and beyond.

Companies have already been formed to develop several of the more promising claims in the district. From some of these claims samples have been obtained which have yielded very high assays, but, as a matter of fact, these flotations are somewhat premature in most cases, for it has been impossible as yet to have proper examination and inspection made of the claims.

It is not reasonable to expect that every prospect will develop into a paying mine, and many a prospect that has shown up well at the start has petered out without a cent of return for the money expended thereon. It is reasonable to expect, however, that a few of these prospects will eventually develop into paying undertakings, as there are numerous indications of pay ore in the district.

The actual valley where are the townsites and the hills immediately surrounding it are pretty well staked by this time, and prospectors are now looking further afield to Lightning Creek and across the border in the district adjacent to this valley. The samples of ore brought in from these outlying districts indicate a widespread distribution of values.

About this, as about all other districts which suddenly spring into the public eye, there are all sorts of stories afloat. Sometimes the stories exaggerate the value of the district, and sometimes the reverse. In the case of the Steamboat Mountain district, there is no reason to be guided by the advice of people who have never been nearer to the place than Vancouver, nor is there any necessity to be guided by the expressed opinions of people returned from the district. The trip from Vancouver and return can be made—on foot from Hope—quite comfortably within a week, and it is a trip well worth taking before investing.

Whether or no the Steamboat camp makes good, there is a strong possibility that the first 25 miles of the trail will eventually become part of the great scheme for a transcontinental road across Canada, from Atlantic to Pacific. If this should come about, the town of Hope at all events will benefit largely thereby.

Astronomical and Meteorological

By T. S. H. Shearman

Director Vancouver Meteorological Observatory

DURING the early or formative years of a city's history the pursuit of the æsthetic or purely intellectual departments of astronomy or meteorology is largely laid aside for the more utilitarian and practical applications in the engineering and other professions. It is therefore not surprising to find but scant reference to this city in the annals of astronomical history. But the tide has turned, and already there are visions of the patient faces of men and women who pursue knowledge solely for its own inherent beauty.

The first question to solve is the very important one regarding latitude and longitude. This has been very accurately determined by Dr. Otto Klotz, of the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa, who finds the longitude of the observatory at Brockton Point, in Stanley Park, to be 8 hours 12 minutes 28 seconds west, and latitude 49 degrees 17 minutes 48 seconds north. Mr. Jacques, also of the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa, is now at the Brockton Point Observatory, engaged in longitude determinations between Vancouver, Prince Rupert and other places. A detailed account of this work and of the writer's field of activity will be given in a future article.

T. S. H. SHEARMAN

Accompanying this note is a summary of the results of the meteorological observations taken here during the past six years. During the past few months the meteorological station here has been greatly improved, and, beginning with January 1, became a telegraph station. An anemograph was also placed in operation on January 1. A sunshine recorder has been in operation since July, 1908. The introduction of these instruments is too recent to give "mean values" for this city. The following are the adopted values for the mean temperatures of Vancouver for each month for ten years:

January	34.6
February	38.1
March	42.2
April	46.9
May	53.5
June	58.3
July	62.8
August	61.2
September	55.6
October	49.6
November	42.4
December	38.8

The observations conducted at this observatory are similar to those made at all the telegraph stations of the Canadian Meteorological Service. The instruments are read and the observations reduced twice a day, and the results telegraphed to Toronto and Victoria at 5 a. m. and 5 p. m. Vancouver is one of forty stations reporting by telegraph to Toronto. Most of these telegrams are then transmitted to Wash-

ington for the use of the United States Weather Bureau. In return for this we receive about sixty telegrams from American stations. Without exchanges of this kind it would be impossible to issue satisfactory forecasts. Toronto is the head office and the chief station, and is where all Canadian meteorological results are collected and forecasts and storm warnings issued. By permission of the Director of the Meteorological Service, Mr. R. F. Stupart, F. R. S. C., forecasts and storm warnings for British Columbia are also issued by Mr. E. Baynes Reed, of the Victoria office.

All the stations of the service are thoroughly inspected each year by an official from the central office. The assistant director of the service, Mr. B. C. Webber, has inspected this station during the past two years.

Vancouver is, in an indirect way, considerably indebted to Mr. Stupart for placing this city in the list of places in the daily weather bulletin published in the papers of the East and Middle West. In this way during the hot and cold seasons we in Vancouver receive a free advertisement of no mean order.

Meteorological Summary

Vancouver, B.C.

MEAN TEMPERATURE

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Year
1905	(Station opened)			48.3	53.0	59.4	64.1	60.9	56.0	44.2	41.8	39.6	...
1906	38.7	39.8	42.7	49.8	53.9	56.9	66.1	62.3	55.7	50.2	40.8	38.6	49.6
1907	27.3	37.6	39.5	45.6	55.6	58.9	63.7	60.7	57.1	50.4	44.6	39.4	48.4
1908	38.1	38.4	41.6	46.5	51.2	58.0	63.5	61.9	54.1	47.9	43.5	36.1	48.5
1909	29.2	39.2	41.4	45.0	51.4	58.2	60.5	59.6	56.5	49.6	42.4	33.9	47.2
1910	36.0	34.6	44.5	47.2	56.0	57.1	62.8	59.8	55.8	50.4	42.8	40.9	489.8
1911	32.6	36.6	42.9	44.9	52.2								

HIGHEST TEMPERATURE

1905	...	...	...	71.0	76.7	76.5	86.6	80.0	72.9	60.0	62.7	50.0	86.6
1906	51.5	53.6	59.0	68.7	75.9	81.3	89.8	82.4	72.8	69.4	57.3	51.4	89.8
1907	45.7	52.6	55.0	63.7	75.5	80.8	89.6	87.0	81.2	64.0	59.6	56.9	89.6
1908	48.1	49.8	55.7	77.2	65.6	79.8	87.2	92.2	70.3	65.4	59.5	49.7	92.2
1909	51.0	51.8	58.0	60.9	71.1	78.0	76.7	78.7	77.9	65.3	55.8	48.0	78.7
1910	50.0	47.6	58.0	74.8	76.0	74.9	87.3	81.5	75.3	65.7	52.9	52.7	87.3
1911	44.0	48.0	59.6	66.7	74.5								

LOWEST TEMPERATURE

1905	...	...	...	28.5	32.9	42.5	46.2	40.7	40.2	22.9	20.3	26.6	.....
1906	26.5	24.9	15.3	28.8	34.5	40.1	48.3	42.7	34.5	29.6	25.5	22.7	15.3
1907	2.3	14.6	24.7	27.9	34.8	40.2	44.5	41.3	41.5	35.7	31.7	23.8	2.3
1908	18.4	16.8	25.6	29.6	37.6	45.4	43.0	46.7	29.9	34.3	28.0	23.9	16.8
1909	3.7	23.0	28.0	27.8	35.0	41.7	43.0	42.6	37.0	35.0	23.0	17.4	3.7
1910	14.6	13.2	30.1	32.6	36.3	41.8	46.2	38.7	40.8	32.3	30.7	27.9	13.2
1911	6.4	19.2	27.9	28.9	39.0								

PRECIPITATION—RAIN

1905	...	...	...	1.21	2.20	2.53	1.99	2.09	9.09	4.98	4.18	6.70	.....
1906	9.39	6.03	2.32	1.04	3.58	3.04	0.45	0.83	3.87	7.60	8.25	6.78	58.13
1907	2.35	8.05	3.39	4.13	1.43	1.45	1.70	1.36	4.51	1.76	13.21	7.96	55.26
1908	7.08	5.38	7.14	2.61	4.41	1.86	1.59	1.15	1.46	6.77	13.89	8.41	65.37
1909	4.58	8.15	4.14	1.30	3.76	1.69	2.45	1.43	2.21	7.06	15.66	4.16	56.61
1910	10.47	3.30	2.91	3.60	2.15	1.98	0.24	1.38	2.47	9.04	10.62	8.29	56.03
1911	4.15	3.27	3.05	1.96	5.39								

SNOW

1905	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	.....
1906	3.70	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	3.70
1907	20.0	1.5	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	.06	21.56
1908	...	3.25	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	3.25
1909	16.30	...	1.70	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1.25	19.25
1910	7.20	17.10	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Trace	...	24.30
1911	10.55	1.00	...	...	...								

TOTAL RAIN AND MELTED SNOW

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
58.55	57.39	62.69	58.53	58.36

The Story of a Retired Officer's Farming on Vancouver Island

By W. J. Conway, Captain (Retired)

DURING the Boer War I served in the South African Constabulary (known as Baden-Powell's Police), and met a large number of Canadians, officers and constables. Each of these was ever praising Canada: "God's own country," "The only climate in the world," "The land of the free," etc.

Like other officers of over twenty-five years' service, I was always looking towards "settling down," and was ever picking a country in which to settle. Such a country was to be under the old flag, was to have the best climate, be free from a lot of the social frillings of the Old Country, and was to afford a good chance of a decent living as a reward for good work.

TAKE MY ADVICE AND TRY BRITISH COLUMBIA

Many enquiries amongst the Canadian members of B.-P.'s Police convinced me that I ought to try Canada, particularly British Columbia, by reason of its climate, and more particularly Vancouver Island,

HAYING TIME

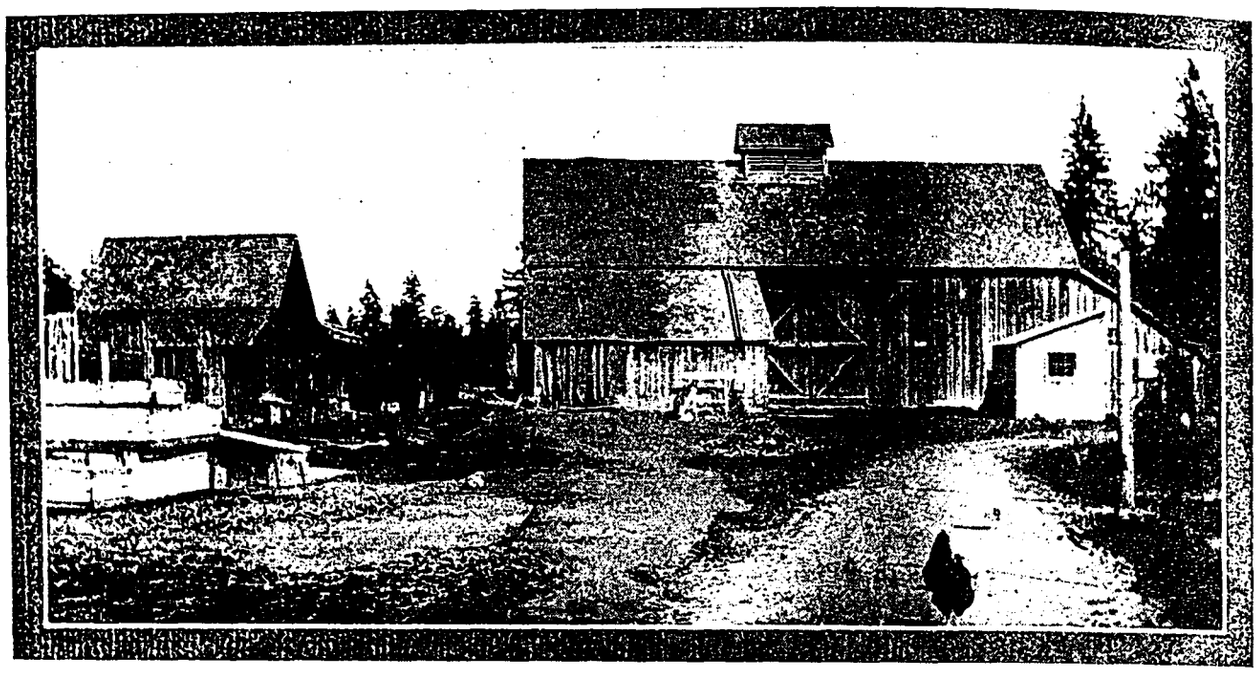
where a large number of retired officers had already settled.

During the remaining couple of years of my army service I wrote many letters to friends and others who had correspondents in British Columbia, and obtained permission to write direct to some British Columbia people, who very kindly replied, giving me all the information I wanted. I even had the temerity to obtain an introduction to Lord Strathcona and present it on my return to London.

His very kind and thoughtful advice, together with the advice of the many Canadians I met in South Africa, and the replies to my inquiries led me to make up my mind to retire from the army as soon as I could, sell out my interests in the Old Country and book for Victoria, British Columbia. Meanwhile I was reading everything I could get hold of regarding Canada, especially British Columbia and Vancouver Island, as well as everything I could gather on the subject of dairy, fruit, stock, vegetables, rough carpentering, draining, irrigation, fencing, etc. By the time I was to return to England for retirement I had gathered quite a library together, which I added to very considerably by a large assortment of pamphlets on the above subjects, secured from the office of the agent for British Columbia in London, and from the agricultural authorities of the home government.

PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF FARMING

Up to this time my knowledge of agriculture, etc., was very limited. I was born in the army abroad and began soldiering at an early age, so spent all my life in barracks or camps, with the result that I never owned a garden or had any interest in one, and truly I did not know a potato from a turnip when they were growing. I knew



IN THE BARNYARD

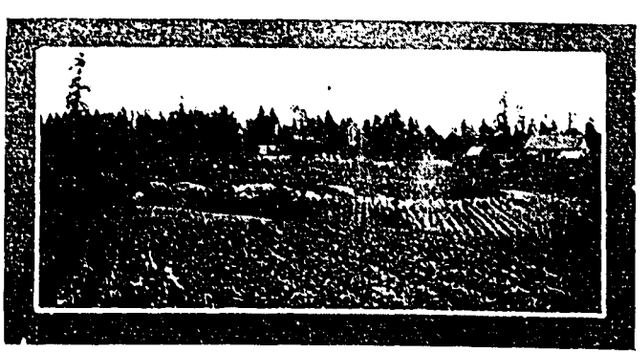
them when harvested or when on the table, but not otherwise, nor did I know an apple tree from a pear tree, except when the fruit was showing. Of plowing and harrowing, etc., I was ignorant, and of a knowledge of milking or any other of the many mysteries of farming I was innocent. Having been all my life in a marching or infantry regiment I knew nothing much of horses or harness, a fact which I soon made known to the old-timer from whom I subsequently bought a farm on Vancouver Island, by trying my hardest to put the horse-collar wrong way up on the horse.

SHORT APPRENTICESHIP AS A FARMER

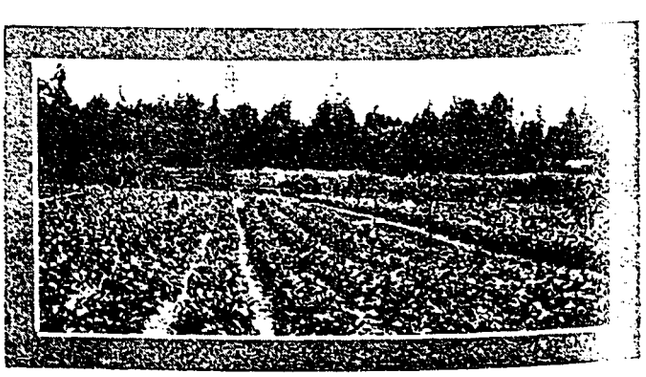
On arriving in England I obtained leave for several months prior to the completion of my service and turned these months to some small account towards my main object by going to work with a carpenter, a blacksmith, a plumber, and by putting in some time as a laborer with a working farmer. I learned quite a lot in this way, but I afterwards regretted that I had not turned out earlier in the morning with the farmer, so that I could have harnessed the team and thus avoided the showing-up I got when I tried to put on the horse-collar.

I also put in three months at an agricultural college. This time I count as wasted; I learnt nothing unless it was how not to do it, and advise parents to send their boys as pupils to working farmers of good repute, especially to a farmer who does not make a practice of taking a number of pupils, but only one. I believe there are farmers, as well as agricultural colleges and schools, who make a good thing out of the money they receive for pupils, but make nothing good of the pupils. I found about fifty young males from fourteen to over thirty years of age loafing—just loafing and swapping yarns, and certainly learning nothing of any use.

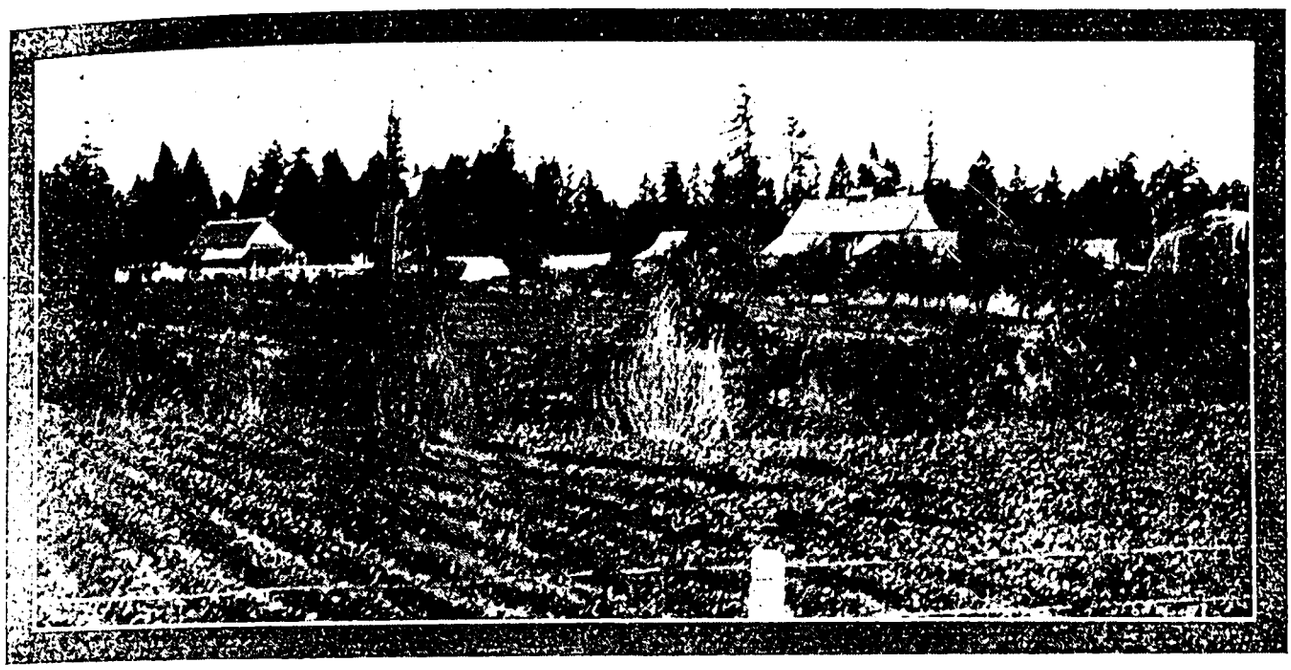
Owing to the advice I had received I was careful to keep all my old clothes for use on the farm, and to buy a full supply of clothing, bed clothing, table linen,



LOOKING TOWARDS THE HOUSE AND OUTBUILDINGS



STRAWBERRY-PICKERS AT WORK



A NEARER VIEW OF FARM BUILDINGS

cutlery and such like, but not to burden myself with furniture or tools.

OFF TO THE LAND OF THE FAR WEST

At last I was free to commence my journey, and booked a passage right through from Liverpool to Victoria, B. C., being assured it was the cheaper and less troublesome method. The voyage was like many another I have taken, though I found it a very cold one after the voyage to England from Cape Town.

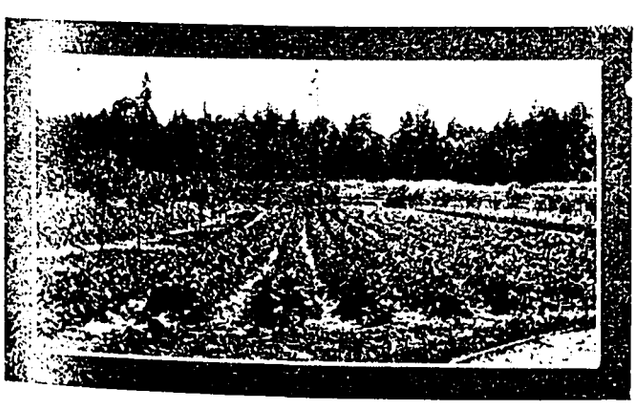
We were all very comfortable aboard, and though the voyage was more a business one than is the semi-tourist run of England to Cape Town, we found the material requirements of the table, berths, etc., compare very favorably.

It was towards the end of October that we boarded the train at Montreal for the West. It is to this fact that I put down the only really unpleasant experience I had on my way out here. This rail journey takes in a lot of very cold country on the way to the warmth of the West. The people of this country use steam and hot-air furnaces to warm the houses during the cold weather. We newcomers are quite unused to this heat, and at first find it very unpleasant, especially so in a railway carriage, more especially so at night when the berths and curtains appear to fill up every inch of air space. It is all a matter of what one is used to. Had I been used to steam-heated houses I could have appreciated the heating of the railway carriages; as it was, I could exist only by going out on the platform of the carriage frequently to take in supplies of cold air.

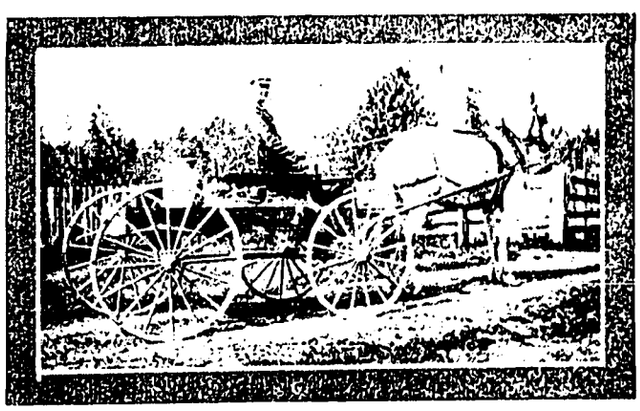
I will here relate a small matter that will serve to show the very fair treatment the Canadian Pacific Railway gives intending settlers.

As I wrote previously, I bought through tickets for my party from Liverpool to Victoria, B. C.

In the first Canadian newspaper we got on board at Rimouski, where the pilot boarded the ship, I saw an advertisement



THE STRAWBERRY FIELD WHICH ALWAYS PRODUCED A PAYING CROP



THE AUTHOR HAULING MILK TO CREAMERY

of the C. P. R. stating that excursion tickets were now being issued for the West. The rates quoted were considerably less than what had been charged me at Liverpool. On arrival in Victoria I represented this to the C. P. R. authorities, and they refunded me the difference, something over £3 for each person. I did not think I would obtain any refund, feeling sure that no railway company would do so under the circumstances, and was all the more pleased at my success.

LOOKING FOR A HOME

To get to the farming experiences I will hurry on to my arrival at Victoria within a fortnight of leaving England. Here I left my wife and family in one of the hotels, and started out on my quest for a farm and home.

I did not know a soul. I had a few letters of introduction, but found that none of the people were then in Victoria. One had gone east, another had gone south, another was away on a hunting trip, etc. I made for the C. P. R. Lands Office, and found that they had no farms for sale, nor had they at that time any cleared land suitable for farming; all they had was land heavily covered with timber. Now they have forty-acre tracts, of which ten acres are cleared ready for plowing, ten acres slashed (that is, with trees removed

FISHING FROM THE DAM

THE CHICKEN-RUN

but stumps of trees still standing; the slashed land is very suitable for rough pasture, being seeded to grass after the timber has been burned off), and the remaining twenty acres in timber.

Had such tracts been available four years ago when I came out I feel sure that I would have taken one.

Having no sons to assist, and not feeling young enough for the work of clearing land for cultivation, I made up my mind that I must get at least ten acres of cleared land, and that I would plant apple trees, put in a couple of acres of strawberries, some other small fruits and vegetables, a couple of acres of potatoes, and as many chickens as I could attend to with the help of my womenkind. In this country "chickens" includes roosters, hens and chickens.

With this object in view I visited every real estate agent in Victoria—not once but many times, until I became a nuisance to them—and found that small acreage, five to ten acres cleared, in the close neighborhood of a large town, was so expensive as to be more suitable to hold as land for residential purposes rather than agricultural; yet if I had bought then, even at the very high price, I would have bought wisely, very wisely, as this land has since been sold at greatly increased prices. As it was farming I was looking for and not investment or speculation. I had to go further afield.

MY FARM REGISTER

After seeing a few farms that were for sale I prepared a book in which to take notes of each farm, so that I could keep the notes separate and could at intervals compare the notes of one farm with those of others and so arrive at the best farm. I cut a piece of every page in this book except the first page, so that the words

(*Continued on Page 745*)

The New Woman of the West

By A. M. Ross

WILL the Pacific Province of Canada develop a type of womanhood peculiarly its own? This is a question which, the more one considers it, the more one is inclined to believe should be answered in the affirmative. The elemental stock, the climatic and social conditions prevailing here, all seem to favor the development of such a type.

But wherein, it may be asked, do conditions on the Pacific coast differ from those which exist in other parts of Canada? Well, in some respects there is a wide difference, while in others the same modifying influences prevail here as in Eastern Canada, but in a more intensified degree.

Thus on the Pacific Coast as in other parts of Western Canada women are greatly in the minority, consequently they are more highly esteemed and receive greater consideration than in older places where the disparity in numbers is not so great. This feeling of being valued gives her a buoyancy and self-confidence; a certain lightness and gaiety of temperament—in fact, something of that vivacity and sprightliness for which the American and French women are noted.

But whereas the independence of the American woman has sometimes a tendency to run to the extreme of vulgar self-assertiveness, the self-assertiveness of the women of the Pacific Coast will be tempered and toned down by the refinement and gentleness of those cultured women from the Old Country and the East of which this Province has such a strong leaven; because, while Eastern Canada was settled in the first place by sturdy but not infrequently somewhat uncultured pioneers, the Last West attracts a goodly share of the refinement of both the Old Land and the East.

Another modifying factor which broadens and makes liberal the Western woman is the rapidity with which wealth is accumulated, and the consequent tendency to travel. Perhaps nowhere in Canada, I might almost say in the world, do people travel as do those of the Pacific Coast. They avoid the rainy season in winter by a trip to the Southern States or the Orient; and in summer a great many take the European tours. Not infrequently, too, their children are educated abroad as well.

The ease with which money is made also tempts the Western woman to engage in all sorts of financial ventures; and the masterly way in which she discusses good and bad "buys" in real estate, and, on her own responsibility, manipulates transactions in stocks and bonds and mining shares, would fill an Eastern or Old Country woman with amazement; and not only does she deal in, but she makes money out of, these commodities. Naturally this tendency to dabble in financial matters leads her to take a wide interest in public affairs; and one will not infrequently meet women who, though their afternoons are filled with social engagements, do not consider the day ended until they have digested at least the daily newspaper, editorials and all, for it is a matter of deep concern to them what effect on commerce the construction of the Panama canal or the war on the Mexican frontier may have, or how the latest measures enacted by the Provincial Government or the City Fathers may influence their investments.

As might be expected from the interest which they take in public matters, the Western women are wide awake and strongly organized. There are women's societies actively engaged in the study of social and civic affairs and exerting no small influence in public life; and though there is no imminent danger of suffragette riots breaking out, still there is a marked tendency on the part of the Western women to question why they could not as intelligently exercise the powers conferred by the ballot as the hordes of naturalized foreigners which form such a large percentage of the population of the West, and on whom

the right of the franchise is conferred as soon as they have been in the country three years. Already influences are at work quietly and unostentatiously spreading the doctrine that women, if they will but lay their mind to it, can use the ballot as wisely and effectively as many who now possess it; and, considering the legal disabilities under which they now labor, which have a tendency to turn their thought more toward the consideration of the question of political equality than might otherwise be the case, it will not be surprising if at no very distant date women will be found enjoying the same political privileges as men, and using them wisely, too. The tendency in this direction is still further increased by the fact that the majority of the pupils in the high schools and senior grades are girls, and the women of the future will, on the whole, be better educated than men.

Also, on account of her wider interests and greater mental activity, the woman of the future will drink of life more deeply and retain her youth longer than the women of past generations. In times past women did not grow old naturally. They used neither their brains nor their bodies, and both mental and physical faculties atrophied and stiffened into a premature old age. Indeed, the term "old woman" has become a synonym for foolishness, because, poor things! in times past women were so impressed with the fact that they had no brains that they failed to use what they did have, received next to no education, and so the natural result followed—the faculties they were endowed with shrunk and shrivelled from disuse. But already we see women enjoying a second youth at an age when their grandmothers would have been considered old women; and the new woman of the future, active alike in mind and body, will ward off old age and embonpoint far past the period when, even now, she is the victim of both.

Then, too, the climate of the West will exercise a modifying influence on the Coast woman. In our school days we read in our geographies that Cork was noted for its beautiful women; and the same mild, humid, salty air that put roses in the creamy cheeks of the Irish maidens will give color and softness to the skin of the Western woman, so that she will be distinguished by a good complexion as well as a lithe and graceful figure.

But withal, if present indications are to be trusted, the new woman, in spite of her many accomplishments and activities, will be by no means lacking in that softness and sweetness which is woman's greatest charm. A striking example of this came to my attention not long ago. A young matron whose academic career had been distinguished by an unusual number of medals, diplomas and honorable mentions, signified her intention of joining a suffragette club—and her husband objected. It was the first difference in their very happy married life. A crisis had arrived, but the clever little woman, instead of dissolving in tears or creating a scene simply laughed at and rallied her husband—and petted her husband in the same old way. For several weeks the suffragette league was a standing family joke. In the end the husband, if not convinced, at least good naturedly acquiesced, deciding that the girl who in times past wrung the medals from her male competitors could not now be denied the right to use the intelligence which in other days had stood her in such good stead.

And not long ago at an oratorical contest in one of the schools it seemed to me I caught a glimpse of the new woman of the future in those clever little girls who wrote and spoke so eloquently; and if we are to judge by the fact that of the prizes offered for essays and orations they carried off 100 per cent., we must conclude that, whatever the intellectual disabilities of the women of the past generations may have been, the women of the future will display a capacity to grasp ideas, to reason for themselves, ay, and to express themselves in no way inferior to man

If we are to judge by the prominence given to domestic science in the schools of the present day, and the eloquent way in which one of these little girl orators pleaded for a recognition of the importance and sanctity of the home, the women of the future will transform the world rather by bringing to the task of wife and mother the science and philosophy which she has learned in her school days rather than by presiding at political meetings and engineering election campaigns, though she will undoubtedly be capable of doing both.

If, then, I were to attempt to draw a pen picture of this new woman of the Pacific Coast it would be of a being lithe and supple, with a well-developed figure, strong,

regular features, soft, clear skin, and eyes alight with intelligence and womanly tenderness. Having wider experiences and interests than the woman of the present, she will be more the equal and companion of man, sympathizing with him in his work; but the pendulum will have swung back, and woman, instead of competing with man in his field of work, will have come to recognize more fully the importance of her own particular business, and will place more importance than now on ruling well her own house, knowing full well that the home is the foundation rock on which rests the whole social fabric. In short, the new woman of the Pacific Coast will be a happy blending of strength and sweetness, of the courage and sturdiness of the pioneer, and of the culture and refinement of later migrations from the East and the Motherland.

The Craze of the Hour

By GORDON JOHNSTONE

(From "Munsey's Magazine")

Oh, the house is topsy-turvy;
  Everybody's doing things.
Father's busy with the motors,
  Mother's busy on the wings;
Brother's loading in the ballast,
  Sister's making aero clothes,
And the cook is writing farewells
  To her list of waiting beaux.

Lordy, but there's mad excitement!
  Everybody's on his knees;
And we're studying gyrations,
  And the currents, drift, and breeze—
Just how much she'll bear to windward
  In the rise and dip and shoot,
And we've got the steeples charted
  All along the homeward route.

Father says we'll turn our Sundays
  Into very pleasant days,
Leaving all our earthly troubles
  For the starry, milky ways;
Then, to make the trip remembered,
  As among the clouds we flit,
We'll drop in to church at Saturn
  For a souvenir of it!

Yes, we've spent our last lone dollar,
  And we've pawned our winter coats,
But we've got a fleet of fliers
  Of the little airy boats;
And as things are going nicely,
  We will leave the family cove,
When we've packed the grand piano
  And the cook and kitchen stove!

The Yellow Strangers

By Garnett Weston

SHORT-STEPPING, shuffling people, strangers in color, habits and religion, ghosts which flitted in from the overseas empire of sleeping yesterdays, assumed solidity and stayed: these are the Chinese. The retrospective dreams of aeons sleep in their eyes. The secretive East puts them apart from the Occident, hides them behind a darkened shade of misunderstanding, surrounds them with strange attributes.

The average western estimate of the Chinese is wrong. The attitude of the Chinese is intensely friendly. Smile at one and see the laughing glance he flashes back at you. Go down into Chinatown and get acquainted. Go about it in the same way you would use if they were men of your own people. Just enter a store, buy some little thing and talk. When you leave, it is chances to nothing you have been treated to sugar cane and are smoking a cigar.

Quaint people are the Chinese to our western way of thinking. They live in a world of oddities. The little streets of Chinatown hug tightly the customs of the old Empire. They are good customs in their own way. Some of them were originated a long time ago, two thousand years or more, and so they suffer by comparison. But the Chinese hold to them, for they reverence their fathers' memories. The wrath of all the hordes of dead Chinese would fall upon them if they forgot the past.

Chinatown is a few streets with narrow lanes running at right angles. The buildings have something of the capricious Chinese architectural idea. There are balconies and alcoves in which you may see women dressed in silken trousers and loose blouses, heavy with braid-made pictures. They are all small and girl-like, these women. Their hair is done in a severely plain way that suggests a problem in Euclid. For all its plainness, however, it takes nearly two hours to put up. In the alcoves little lanterns are hung, green and yellow silk for glass, and notched wooden frames shaped into queer angles. The Chinese decorative instinct runs to a great mass of intricate details. To describe the parts were a colossal task. Taken as a whole, the store-fronts remind one of a great mass of vinery, some of it brown and dead, some of the parts impressionistic in the sharp contrasts of live color. Through the gilded window lattice drifts the faint smell of aromatic smoke from the slow fire of the shrines. As high-toned and yearning as the illusive music of the spheres, the notes of a samyin come fluttering out on the street in garbs so silvery that the sun can almost catch them in his light.

The stores are like little rooms from Canton. It would seem almost impossible to bring so much of China into Vancouver, but when you step into one of the selling places you pass under the sweep of the Dragon's paw, and are standing with the children of that mighty empire of four hundred and thirty millions of people.

Under the ceiling hang rows of ducks, pressed flat as paper, and shining as if varnished. Queer dried meats, fish and fruits fill the boxes and shelves. Painted figures, china jars with sprawling serpents over the outside, real opium pipes, silken slippers, grotesquely patterned, with toes extending beyond the soles, peacock feathered fans, chop sticks, the "nimble boys" of China—myriads of things that we of the west conceive no use for—crowd into the small space. Posters with the characters running in perpendicular lines are hung upon the walls. Confectionery of frail build, colored with pink and blue syrups, is spread temptingly. Everywhere you hear the twang of the Chinese tongue with the sentences finishing on an upward enquiring scale.

There are seven thousand Chinese in Vancouver, one thousand of whom are merchants. Only three hundred are women. Sometimes you see the women in fleeting

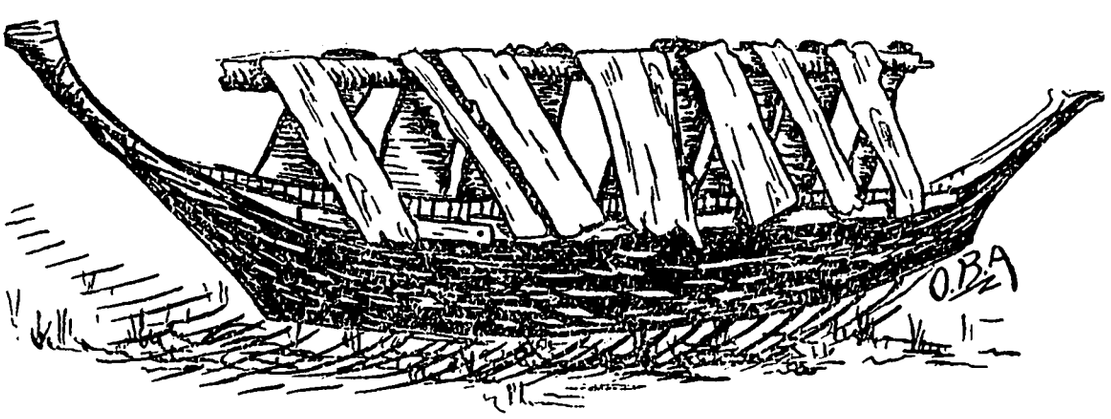
glances, for they are always fading into a darkened hallway. They are never coming nearer, but always moving with their backs to the story, as it were. They are like shy, bright-eyed birds, moving in a deep forest, always fluttering away into deeper recesses.

Chinatown has three newspapers, the "China Daily News" (Tai Hon Yat Bo), "Reform Gazette" (Sun Bo), and the "North American" (Sun Tai Look.) Each paper has a circulation of about four hundred. Copies are sent to China, New Zealand, England, Australia and the States. The Chinese are nearly all anxious to own land in their new country. Two real estate offices, the Oriental and the International, owned by Chinamen, do a prosperous trade with their countrymen.

It is nearly thirty years since the first Chinaman came to Vancouver. Then the Canadian Pacific was asking for men to work on the construction, and the Chinese came in from 'Frisco and other American towns, bringing their wives and children. Some of these first comers are still living in Victoria. They are very old, but Chinamen carry their age well. It is a long time before their hair turns grey. Their skins never show the pallor of age.

Now the Chinese are a forbidden people. Five hundred dollars head-tax is collected from every Chinaman who comes over the sea to live in British Columbia. White men were feeling the pressure of cheaper labor. The tax on women is the same, so that very few Chinese can afford to bring their women. They are an expensive luxury.

Recently a big railway corporation decided to increase its accommodations. Chinatown stood just where the accommodations could be most conveniently located, so the Chinese were told to find new quarters. Many of the old buildings have already been torn down, and soon Vancouver's Chinatown will have been smudged off the ground where it has stood so long. At some other part of the city it will grow again. The Chinese are necessarily clannish and keep together. The new Chinatown will not be nearly so picturesque at first, but slowly it will regain its old look of quaint oddity. Time and the busy Chinese will paint again the pictures and sketches from the life of old China.



The Story of Point Grey

By J. A. Paton

FOUR years ago there was secession in the ranks in South Vancouver, with the result that that portion west of Bridge street was formed into a separate municipality, called Point Grey.

In the spring of 1908 Point Grey was duly incorporated, and to say the least, with a bad start, for the solicitor who drew up the papers of incorporation neglected to make arrangements for the cost of forming the municipality, and to this day the original workers are out some real money.

The reason for seceding was, the part that is now called Point Grey had a very small population. It was at a great disadvantage. A great portion of it was owned by the C. P. R. and the government, Eburne and the Kerrisdale districts being the only parts in which property could be purchased.

With the exception of Granville street, River road at Eburne, and a few short streets, the whole territory was a mass of fallen burnt timber and second growth. The task of making it into a place of habitation was one that would make many a man quit; but you can't phaze one with that western optimistic spirit. He brooks no defeat, and in the dictionaries of the west defeat is generally left out.

Point Grey, having outlived its usefulness as a logging camp, was to be kicked, cuffed and knocked into the semblance of a city suburb.

A reeve and council were appointed by the government to carry out the municipal work. They were in favor of good roads, and put the funds derived from the first year's assessment to such activity that Point Grey as a municipality capable of handling its own affairs was established, and the blueprint firms made a new map and called it Point Grey.

The peninsula which forms Point Grey, a low bluff, the highest point of which is 360 feet above the sea level, has two slopes, one to the north, the other to the south. To the north the view is a marvellous one. English Bay, Vancouver and the mountains back of North Vancouver all blend themselves into one gigantic panorama, which excites the exclamation, "What a magnificent site for a city!" To the south the view is equally good, though not of the same magnitude.

The country at the foot of the slope, and just across the north arm of the Fraser river, comprises thousands of acres of the best farming land in the world, and parts of it have been settled for forty years. Looking out, as one does, from the tangle of fallen forest which is rapidly assuming the appearance of a city, this low, level-lying stretch of prairie land extending out into the Gulf of Georgia, and backed by the mountains on Vancouver Island to the west, and the Coast range, topped on fine days by that great diamond-shaped pinnacle Mount Baker, is a view which causes unceasing admiration.

The dream of the "Hundred Thousand Club," whose slogan was, "In 1910 Vancouver then will have 100,000 men," was realized much sooner than they had anticipated. They had forgotten to provide room for this great increase in settlement. Vancouver, with its bare eight square miles of territory, would not comfortably hold the settlers who came so rapidly to the farthest west city.

The men in the outside municipalities said, "We will help."

Once started, there was no turning back. Point Grey, bounding the city for a distance of four miles, had to go ahead. The area of the city, comprising as it does some eight square miles, needed Point Grey, and Point Grey knowing this, made preparation, and is still continuing to do so.

The first year of formation was one of organization. The second year, the council, with the backing of the people, placed a by-law before the people for $280,000 to build

roads, and thirty miles of new roads were laid out.

Work in the municipality was carried on winter and summer alike. The great growth of the city over the boundary was anticipated. A municipality with all the conveniences of the city must be built up and ready when the call for more room should be made.

People began to talk of Point Grey; as yet they only knew it as the extreme point of the municipality, and many did not know there was a municipality by that name; but some of the more daring ventured into the wilds where this municipal council was spending $280,000 and opening up thirty miles of new roads. They went home and said, "These fellows know something," and began to investigate how they could obtain property for homes. The demand was gradually created for homesites. The situation of Point Grey was such that it could not be overlooked. It bordered the city and it meant time only till it would be in close communication with the city.

The municipality spending $280,000 for roads in virgin territory was not alone in its efforts. The Canadian Pacific Railway Co. owned thousands of acres in this beautiful municipality. Clearing operations were started on their land, and the result was Shaughnessy Heights. In two years over a thousand acres were reclaimed by them from the bush, made modern, and largely settled on. The Provincial government, also a large land holder in the municipality, inaugurated a great scheme for laying out the extreme point, where their property lies, and engineers were set to work laying out the property in a manner that would best suit the topographical conditions of the country. Not satisfied with this, they saw the great chance there was for a magnificent scenic highway around the point. Men were put to work. The highway, known as the Marine Drive, was started, and last fall the connecting link, with the municipal road of the same name, was completed, and with it the public were given a driveway the beauty of which from a scenic standpoint is unrivalled.

The residents of Point Grey allied themselves with the council to work for Point Grey. "Make it the best ever," they said. "Permanent roads something that will not have to be torn up as soon as the people begin to arrive; prepare for a Greater Vancouver, profit by other people's mistakes." So they built permanent roads—roads, not trails. They graded up the boulevards and laid sidewalks along them.

Point Grey and Kerrisdale made rapid strides along the lines of civilization. Work was being carried on in all parts of the municipality. Main thoroughfares were opened up and access given to all parts of the large district. Houses, modern and of pleasing appearance, sprang up. The work of colonization had started.

With the settler came the demand for further tokens of civilization—water, sewerage, and better means of transportation. The council, already handling work which entailed a great amount of labor, had these questions of moment under way. Comprehensive schemes were being laid out along each line. A transportation scheme which would form the groundwork of a greater system was laid out, and after many fruitless meetings with the B. C. Electric Railway Co. an arrangement was made with the company whereby they would build and operate sixteen miles of electric road in the municipality.

Some of the people, land owners living in the city and a few residents, objected to the terms, but the majority were in favor of the system. Transportation was needed. The council had made the very best terms they possibly could, and the majority of the people stood by their actions and cast their votes in sympathy.

A water system for a municipality the size of Point Grey is not formulated in a day or a week, but the council, as with all their undertakings, went into the question with the one idea that it should eventually fit in with the work of the city over the boundary, and that it should be an asset to the municipality in the formation of Greater Vancouver.

In July last an election on the tram franchise was necessary. The council, to kill several birds with one stone, submitted several other by-laws—$500,000 for water, $250,000 for a sewerage system, $100,000 for roads, and last but not least, $100,000 for parks. Every by-law submitted passed, and all with fair majorities. In Eburne,

one of the prominent sections of Point Grey, one voter marked his ballot for the list with the exception of the water, saying, "It's whisky we want in Eburne, and not water." He owned a dry hotel.

The passing of these by-laws assured those intending to settle in this new municipality that their comfort would be looked after. The council again went into the water question in a more thorough manner, and before the end of the year the tender for a three-million-gallon reservoir was called for and the contract let. Work started on it shortly after the first of the present year, and the reservoir will be finished at midsummer.

South Vancouver had trouble with its water system, and Point Grey, profiting by that mistake, employed a firm of engineers who were competent to carry to completion this great scheme. Surveys were made of the entire municipality, and a draft plan of the whole system comprehensively laid out. Steel pipe and suitable fittings were ordered, tenders were called for and let for the trenching and laying and the work went on.

Point Grey needed a sewerage system, and the money being available for the first start, the council, with representatives from South Vancouver, Burnaby (both similarly situated on the southern slope) and the city of Vancouver, took up the question of trunk sewers for the outlets on the north as well as the south slope. Negotiations are going on at the present day with the other municipalities. At home, Point Grey is taking care of its own interests, and a system adequate to the needs of the district is well under way.

Building for the future always, the park question received early attention, with the result that Point Grey has secured five large sites, and already they are being prepared for the use of the people.

The first assessment made in Point Grey amounted to less than $3,000,000. According to the assessment roll of 1909, the assessment was $5,667,026. This increase in assessment was due mainly to the opening up of the main thoroughfares in the municipality. In 1910 the assessment more than doubled. The demand for Point Grey property for residential sites increased at a rapid rate, and the large holdings were cut up. The assessment for 1910 increased to $14,644,588, and this year the land tax alone amounts to over $20,000,000.

The single-tax system prevails in Point Grey. The rate in Point Grey for 1910 for improved land amounted to 6.10 mills, on wild land the rate was 9.67 mills. Both these rates are lower than those of the surrounding municipalities, and the improvements guaranteed are formulated on a larger scale and show promise of being more permanent.

Point Grey boasts of her main thoroughfares. Of these, Granville street is far in advance of the others. Granville street, continuing directly from the city to Eburne, eighty feet wide, is one of the first roads in the municipality. It comes under the jurisdiction of the Provincial Government. The traffic over it is heavy. The C. P. R. are in a way interested in that street, as it passes through a large district owned by them. The municipality, the C. P. R. and the Government got their heads together and decided that the best way to keep Granville street in good shape was to pave it. They decided on an equal basis to pay for it, the municipality getting the road in shape for paving. Part of this joint contract has already been carried out, and the paving company are at work on the balance, the entire distance to be paved with bitulithic paving and finished this summer from Vancouver to Eburne.

Oak street is another of Point Grey's promising thoroughfares. It connects Eburne with Vancouver, and is known as a carline street. Like all the main streets which have been recently opened up, Oak street has an eighty-foot road allowance, and coupled with this it has the distinction of being the best grade north and south connecting Vancouver with the Fraser river.

There are numerous cross roads running east and west. King Edward avenue, one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, will, when completed, outrival anything in the way of boulevards on the Pacific coast. At present it is in the first stage, clearing operations only being carried on.

Just what the future has in store for Point Grey no one knows; but it has several things today that will certainly help, and not the least of these is the University. The site of the Provincial University has been definitely decided upon. It has been

located at the extreme point of the municipality, a most admirable location for this seat of learning.

The districts called Kerrisdale, West Point Grey, Eburne, and that well-known residential section Shaughnessy Heights are each making rapid strides along the lines of population, and the municipality in general is being peopled at an amazing rate and in houses that are designed for comfort and are pleasing to the eye. The pioneering stage is nearly over.

The Days of Old

By PORTER EMERSON BROWN

Ah! those were the days—the days of old,
When blood was hot and bared steel cold.
We laughed at life and we laughed at death,
We kissed or cursed with a dying breath.
A life went out for a woman's whim
And a man lay dead at an ankle trim.
Ah! those were the days—the days of old,
When blood was hot and bared steel cold.

Ah! those were the days—the days of old,
When maids were fair and men were bold.
When lips were sweet as a stolen sin
And the life-blood drained for a dimpled chin.
When the wine was red and the head was strong,
And a man would sell his soul for a song.
Ah! those were the days—the days of old,
When maids were fair and men were bold.

Ah! those were the days—the days of old,
When one would love and another mold.
When the morning heart beat strong and loud
And at night lay still in a virgin shroud.
When we laughed at hate and we laughed at love,
At hell beneath and heaven above.
Ah! those were the days—the days of old,
When one would love and another mold.

Flowers and Insects

By J. K. Henry

IT is not a very long time since the true function of nectar in flowers was discovered. Everybody now knows that it is there to attract insects, which, in return for the free supply of food, carry pollen from plant to plant; but in the early eighteenth century even scientific men often thought it was absorbed by the ovary as nourishment for the developing seeds. Near the close of the seventeenth century Camerarius, professor at Lubingen, first clearly recognized sexuality in plants and established the fact that no seed can be produced without the co-operation of pollen. He distinctly calls the stamens the male, and the pistil the female, organs of the flower. With a touch of imagination he celebrates his theory in a Latin poem on the newly discovered amours of the vegetable world:

> Novi canamus regna cupidinis
> Novos amores.

The part of Linnæus, who became professor of botany at Upsala in 1741, in establishing these new views was small—much less important, in fact, than is often believed. His work lay rather in classification. As an experimenter he was weak. Indeed, as Sachs points out, he had more than a touch of the mediaeval habit of mind that quite dispenses with experiment and deduces consequences from the nature of things, from reason, from the idea of the plant. Koelreuter, on the other hand, another German professor, was a persevering experimenter. He was the first to discover the true significance of nectar and the co-operation of insects in cross-pollination. He showed much penetration in endeavoring to discover the connection between the pollen grains on the stigma and the development of the ovules in the ovary, but the microscope was still too imperfect to enable him to see the pollen tube distinctly.

Later in the century came an observer and experimenter of genius in Konrad Sprengel, rector at Spandau. So devoted did he become to botany that his Sunday sermons began to suffer, and he was, seemingly in disgrace, dismissed from his church. In 1793 he published an important work, which was neglected at the time, and of which, indeed, the full significance was not perceived till the time of Darwin. In this book, entitled *The Secret of Nature in the Form and Fertilization of Flowers Discovered*, Sprengel showed by examination of hundreds of species that cross-pollination is the rule, *i. e.*, that flowers are not, in general, fertilized by their own pollen. Why this was necessary was one of Darwin's discoveries. Sprengel, with all his acuteness, did not see that inbreeding in plants, as in animals, produces degenerate offspring.

The spirit in which Sprengel pursued his researches will be seen by a short quotation from his own account of his work. "In the summer of 1787 I was examining the flowers of *Geranium sylvaticum*, and observed that the lower part of the petals was provided with rough hairs. Convinced that the wise framer of Nature has not produced a single hair without a definite purpose, I considered what end these hairs might be intended to serve." He soon saw that they might protect the honey from rain, "just as a drop of sweat flowing down a man's brow is stopped by the eye-brow," while still leaving the honey accessible to insects. He was, in fact, the first to view the subject in the light of adaptations and to show that colors, scents, and peculiar forms all have their purpose. Thus he found significance in the dots of color such as we see in the Monkey-flower (*Mimulus*) and in the Foxglove. Such spots he called path-finders to direct the insect to the honey.

The researches of Darwin are too well known to be even summarized here. His successors in botany, as far as cross-pollination is concerned, were Hildebrand, Delpino and Muller, all of whom, like Darwin

in his work on Orchids, have exhaustively studied the adaptation of plants to insects. Delpino has even endeavored to show that the distribution of plants geographically is determined by the presence of the insect that has become the fertilizing agent.

More recently it is coming to be recognized that self-pollination, not only often occurs, but that direct provision is often made for it. Thus in our large white Dog-tooth Violet the stigmas which are generally out of the way of the anthers, occasionally curve backwards far enough to touch them. This is much more marked in the common Dandelion, which, along with its elaborate mechanism to secure cross-pollination, retains or has acquired the power of self-pollination. Thus in consequence of its brilliant color, its abundant and easily accessible honey, and its double chance of pollination, no Dandelion ovule seems ever to fail to mature. The common Chickweed, too, blooming all winter, often manages to mature its seeds when there seem to be no insects to assist. Good seed, further, is frequently produced in specially formed flowers that never open—*e. g.,* in the case of our common Dog Violet (*Viola adunca.*) Thus it is clear that self-pollination is, notwithstanding all that has been said, of great importance to many plants.

A very curious case of self-pollination by means of an insect is described in many text-books. The bell-shaped flower of the Yucca (a native of arid American plains) is pollinated by a moth, the pronuba. The two, moth and plant, are, it will be seen, mutually dependent. The pronuba, piercing the ovary of the flower, deposits several eggs among the ovules. It then, by means of a specially adapted organ, gathers pollen from the anthers and deposits it in the funnel-shaped stigma in a position which the pollen could never reach of itself. The pronuba is evidently a most intelligent insect in perceiving that the pollen will produce the growth in the ovules necessary to nourish its larvae. The plant produces seeds in such quantities that it can well afford to spare a few for the nourishment of the larvae of the insect on which its very existence seems to depend. This case is cited by Muller as an instance of cross-pollination. Prof. Coulter, however, in a more recent book, is doubtless right in his diagnosis of self-pollination.

While self-pollination, then, is not to be forgotten, the evolution of plants has, on the whole, been in the direction of adaptations aiming at cross-pollination. A few examples may be given. Willows have staminate (male) flowers, and pistillate (female) flowers, on different trees; yet rarely a willow flower may be found containing both kinds. This seems a case of reversion. *Nuttallia cerasiformis* (sometimes called Dogberry), a shrub eight or ten feet high, to be found blooming early in March almost everywhere on the Lower Mainland, has two kinds of flowers borne on different plants. But on examination it will be found that the stamens of the apparently perfect flowers are really abortive or useless as far as producing pollen is concerned. Here we see a plant becoming dicœcious like the willow before our very eyes. Somewhat similar is the case of asparagus. The flowers are of two kinds as in the willow; but the staminate flowers show a rudimentary pistil, and the pistillate rudimentary stamens. Occasionally may be found reversion to a form showing both fully matured in the same flower.

To examine the various devices of flowers to secure cross-pollination is a life-task, for every species presents its own problem. A few illustrations may be given from the well-known April flowers of Point Atkinson or Bowen Island.

The Kinnikinnick, a prostrate evergeen shrub allied to the huckleberry, forms broad mats of green, dotted with bunches of pink flowers. Readers of the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica may get, under the heading Ericaceae, a good idea of the flower from the figure of *Vaccinium Vitis Idaea,* a closely allied species. The figure should, however, have been placed mouth down, to show the natural position of the flower, and not upright as in the cut. The flowers of the Kinnikinnick are perfect—*i.e.,* have both stamens and pistil. Yet though these organs mature at the same time, cross-pollination is the rule. The corolla is urn-shaped, with a very narrow mouth—too narrow to admit ants, which would only steal the honey without transferring the pollen, a service for which their smooth bodies render them unsuitable. The flower is pendulous and produces an abundance of honey on the base of the ovary. The sticky stigma stands just in the narrow mouth of the

flower, while the style is surrounded halfway down by the anthers, each shedding pollen through a little pore, and each provided with a couple of awns or short bristles. As the bee (the patch is generally humming with humble-bees) inserts its proboscis, its head must come in contact with the stigma and be showered with pollen from the disturbed stamens. Note that even the little awns may be of use here. When the bee visits the next flower, you easily see what will take place. In the absence of insects, self-pollination may take place as some of the light pollen (it is not sticky on this plant) may easily fall from the anther pores upon the edges of the stigma.

The Monkey-flower (*Mimulus Langsdorfii*) is also cross-pollinated by the wild bees. The yellow flower, with dark red spots on the throat and tube, showing the way to the honey, is an inch or more long and one-quarter of an inch in diameter, just wide enough to fit our large bees. The axis of the flower is horizontal. Under its upper side lie the four anthers with the open lip-like stigmas just in advance, and so situated that self-pollination is impossible. A bee alights on the convenient landing-place afforded by the lower lobes of the corolla, and as it makes its way into the flower brushes against the stigmas which at once close. The bee is next dusted with pollen from the stamens behind the stigmas, and finally flies off to another flower. Note that the bee "does not mix drinks," but remains faithful to a single species on a given trip. An interesting point about the Mimulus is its sensitive stigmas, which close when touched. Any pollen grains that may have deposited on the stigmas have thus no chance to escape.

Along with these two plants one is pretty sure to find a beautiful blue and purple flower which blooms very freely on its short stems, and a strong-smelling plant forming prominent heads or verticillate clusters of pink flowers on generally simple stems, four to six inches high. The first is *Collinsia grandiflora* (a good common name is desirable for this very attractive plant), and the second *Plectritis congesta,* a near relative of the Corn Salad, for which, as with us it is always near the sea, the name Seablush is most appropriate. *Plectritis macrocera,* which looks much like a white variety of the Seablush, and grows along with it, is in our neighborhood one of the rarest wild flowers.

The flowers of these plants all show adaptations for cross-pollination. The general arrangement of the petals in Collinsia strongly suggests that of the common pea, to which, however, it is in no way related. The gamopetalous (one-piece) corolla is two-lipped; the upper lip, vertical like the standard of the pea, is composed of two lobes, the lower horizontal of three lobes. In the middle lobe of these three, which is strongly keel-shaped, the stamens and stigmas lie together pretty much as they do in the pea, and on the slightest depression of the lower lip fly out against the body of the visiting insect. I have never noticed insects visiting this flower, though there is always a drop of honey awaiting them secreted by a rudimentary fifth stamen on the throat of the corolla. In the absence of such visits, self-pollination is secured by the arrangement just described, and some plants which I have growing in the house, though unvisited by insects, are maturing seeds. Certainly, in nature, Collinsia never fails to produce plenty of seeds.

The Seablush, with its strong odor, bright color, and little horn of honey slung on the side of the corolla, doubtless attracts many insects. The flower is somewhat proterandrous—*i. e.,* its two stigmas do not unfold and mature till after the anthers shed their pollen, which is very sticky, and the grains, for so small a flower, unusually large. Soon the anthers fall off altogether, and the stigmas, which had carefully kept out of their way, are now quite isolated.

The finest of all our early wild flowers is undoubtedly the Dog-tooth Violet. Of course it is not really a violet at all, for it belongs to the lily family. Its scientific name is *Erythronium grandiflorum,* variety *albiflorum* (Hooke), or in some books *Erythronium revolutum* (Smith.) It seems to shade off into a pink form found on Vancouver Island. Curiously enough, young specimens of the white in drying sometimes turn pink. A yellow species may also be found sparingly in the neighborhood of Vancouver. As regards pollination, the flower is somewhat proterandrous, but this is of little importance, as the three long, curving stigmas keep in advance of the anthers. The stamens are in two rows of

three each, the anthers of one row being half an inch lower than those of the other. These lower anthers shed pollen first while the stigmas, still immature and partially closed, are among the undeveloped anthers of the upper row. But soon the style lengthens so as to keep the stigmas out of contact with the pollen of the second set of stamens which dehisce slowly from base upwards, as if to give the stigmas plenty of time to get out of the way. The situation now is not unlike that in the long-trumpet daffodil of the gardens, in which the anthers form a tube around the style, but at some distance below the stigmas. Occasionally, however, the recurving stigmas of the Dog-tooth Violet do come into contact with the stamens, and self-pollination is possible. There is an abundance of honey in the base of the flower carefully protected by three processes on the petals. Although the flower is pendulous, and the stigmas consequently below the anthers, the pollen is too sticky to be shaken off by the wind swaying the flower. Brief examination shows, however, that there is pollen on the stigmas, and, as the distance from the stigmas to the base of the flower is about one and one-half inches, it is probable that pollination has been effected by some large moth. I have never seen such about the flower in the day, but the large white flowers doubtless attract moths in the evening. The flower is too large to be pollinated by the bees, though I have wondered why they have not discovered the honey. The Dog-tooth Violet, in contrast to the garden daffodil, seldom fails to set seed.

It has already been pointed out that parts of the flower are sometimes sensitive, and that this special adaptation plays some part in pollination. A further example may be seen in the Oregon grape. When the flower opens, the stamens are as far from the stigma as the overarching petals will permit. If the base of the stamen be touched, the stamen immediately swings inward as if a spring had been released—a movement which undoubtedly is closely connected with pollination. It is much to be regretted that this beautiful evergreen, once so common in Stanley Park, should, in consequence of the vandalism of visitors, be gradually disappearing.

No mention has yet been made of proterogynous flowers—*i. e.*, flowers in which the stigmas are mature before the stamens have ripened their pollen. Such cases are not quite so numerous as proterandry, of which examples have been given above, but good illustrations are at hand in the plum, the cherry and the apple. In the garden apple the five stigmas overtop the stamens, and ripen before them. The easily accessible honey attracts many insects, and cross pollination is doubtless the rule. The construction of the flowers does not preclude self-pollination, which is further favored by the fact that the flower is often directed sideways so that pollen can fall from stamens to stigmas. Often, too, stigmas and anthers are in actual contact. In the Salmonberry there is also a slight tendency to proterogyny. It is curious to observe how in this plant the flowers of very early spring face downwards, as if to protect themselves from cold and rain, while later flowers are generally sideways or even upright.

Visitors to Southern California know that figs—real Smyrna figs—are now produced there. This is solely due to the success of the department of agriculture in introducing the fig-wasp, the only insect that seems able to effect the necessary pollination. Only the main points of the rather complicated story can be mentioned here. The fig is diœcious like our willow—*i. e.*, the staminate and pistillate flowers are borne on separate trees. In order to make it fruit properly, the people of the Mediterranean countries have long—without, of course, understanding the full significance of the action—hung up staminate branches in the female trees. As the real flowers of the fig are in both trees enclosed within "the fig," something in the same way as the nutlets of the rose are enclosed within the haw, it is evident that pollination can be effected neither by the wind nor by ordinary insect visitors. Now the home of the fig-wasp is in the staminate fig, where it deposits its eggs and dies. When a branch bearing staminate figs is placed in a tree bearing pistillate figs, the young wasps crawling out of the former by mistake enter the latter. Once passed through the narrow opening they find they cannot escape, but, as their bodies are covered with pollen, they thoroughly pollinate the stigmas, which line the inner surface of their prison. The pistillate flowers are not

suitable structures in which to lay their eggs, and the wasps soon die. This remarkable instance of the intimate relation between insects and flowers is more wonderful than those cited from our common plants; but the reader should not on that account overlook the very interesting field for observation that lies everywhere about him. A writer in a recent number of the London *Nation* laments that England has produced no true and sympathetic investigator of the life history of the wilder insects. "Perhaps it needs more humbleness of mind than we are commonly capable of. The picture arises of a man down on his knees in the garden watching for something to happen in the burrow of a mole-cricket. He is more apt to wonder what he looks like than to look at things from the mole-cricket's point of view, and then he is not likely to stay down long enough to see much of importance. He will take the insect indoors and dissect it under the microscope, and tell you about it in that way." It is the chief charm of such studies that they must be made in the open air on the hills and cliffs and mountains where the plants grow. To sit and watch the flowers and their insect visitors is indeed a new "contemplative man's recreation."

In Solitude

By VIRNA SHEARD

(*From "Scribner's Magazine"*)

He is not desolate whose ship is sailing
  Over the mystery of an unknown sea,
For some great love with faithfulness unfailing
  Will light the stars to bear him company.

Out in the silence of the mountain passes,
  The heart makes peace and liberty its own—
The wind that blows across the scented grasses
  Bringing the balm of sleep—comes not alone.

Beneath the vast illimitable spaces
  Where God has set His jewels in array,
A man may pitch his tent in desert places
  Yet know that heaven is not so far away.

But in the city—in the lighted city
  Where gilded spires point toward the sky,
And fluttering rags and hunger ask for pity,
  Gray Loneliness in cloth-of-gold, goes by.

The Broom of Vancouver Island

By Donald A. Fraser

Oh, the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom o' the Cowden Knowes;
I wish that I were there again,
Where the broom so sweetly grows.

SO sang a Scottish bard. No doubt the broom of Cowden was beautiful, but I would like to wager that it was not a whit more glorious than the broom of Victoria, British Columbia.

The traveller on the steamer rounding the peninsula on which Victoria stands sees, during the months of May and June, great splashes of rich, golden yellow color thrown lavishly about the landscape, and asks what it is that produces this splendor. The reply is, "That's the broom."

The suburbs and open spaces of the city are certainly a beautiful sight during the months above mentioned, for the Midas-touch of this humble plant transforms almost every clump of shrubbery into a blaze of golden glory. Japan is famous for its gardens of cheery and plum blossoms and its fairy-like wisteria, and people go thousands of miles to see them; even so are tourists beginning to travel long distances to see Victoria in her flaming robes of yellow broom.

People from the mother-countries are familiar with this plant. To them it is no curiosity; but many of them say that they have never seen the broom grow so luxuriantly and bloom so profusely as it does on Vancouver Island. Indeed, to look at these bushes, even the smallest specimen of them, covered from ground to tip with flowers, so that scarcely a particle of green is visible, one would think that the limit of floral production had been reached.

Broom is not a plant native to Vancouver Island, but was first introduced into Sooke, a beautiful country district twenty-five miles southeast from Victoria, over sixty years ago. The circumstances were as follows:

In the year 1849 there arrived in Vancouver Island a young Scotsman named Grant. He had been a captain in the Scots Greys; in fact, the youngest captain in the British army at that time. He had also been possessed of a fortune of some £75,000, but owing to a bank failure he lost every shilling of this. Without private means he could not maintain his position in the army, so he resigned it, notwithstanding the fact that some of his relatives offered to recoup him for his losses if he would only retain it. Being an independent young fellow he resolved to earn his own living and determined to try farming in the colonies, fixing on Vancouver Island as the goal of his desires.

So with a party of eight men he set out for the far western isle, and, travelling by way of Mexico, reached it in the year mentioned. Before leaving the Old Country he had obtained permission of the Hudson's Bay Company to settle in any part of the colony he desired. After a little investigation he decided on Sooke and took up a large farm there, thus being the first bona-fide settler to take up land on the Island.

After he had been there a short time he went on a visit to the British consul in the Sandwich Islands. While in Honolulu Mr. Wylie, the consul, presented him with some pods of broom seed which he had just received from Scotland. On his return to Sooke, Captain Grant planted these seeds in his garden, but of all planted, only three seeds sprouted.

The gold fever broke out in California, and in 1853 Grant caught it and joined in

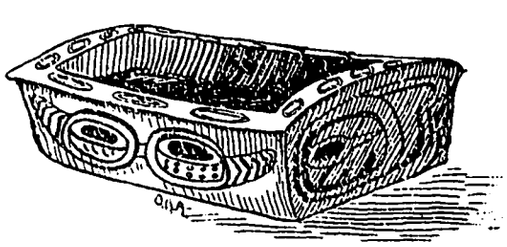
the rush. He was not successful, and after some months of hardship returned to Sooke to make arrangements for selling his property. He succeeded in disposing of it to John Muir, and then left again for San Francisco. On his arrival there he was offered a position in the Mexican army, which he was inclined to accept, but before final arrangements could be made the Crimean War occurred and he resolved to return to Scotland and enlist again. He did so, and was offered his old captaincy in the Scots Greys. He refused that and took instead a commission in a regiment known as the "Turkish," which was being raised at the time of his arrival. He fought all through the war, but contracting a fever towards its close he died shortly after peace was declared.

When the Muir family took over the Sooke farm the three broom plants were only about six inches in height. Some of the male members of the household advocated their destruction on the ground that the plant might spread and become a pest, but Mrs. Muir pleaded for their preservation. "They will serve to remind us of home," she said. So the broom was spared. Visitors from Victoria and surrounding districts, admiring the pretty plant, begged for seeds, which sprouted, grew and flourished as the first ones had, till now the shrub is to be found all over the southern end of the island.

Common broom, or *Sarothamnus scoparius*, as it is known to botanists, is a leguminous plant belonging to that large family that includes the pea, clover, laburnum, etc. It is a bush, large specimens attaining a height of twenty-five or thirty feet. The branches are long, slender and run parallel to the main stem and are covered with a green bark, so that, whether the bush is in leaf or not, it is always of the same sombre green color. The slenderness of the branches adapted it for use in making coarse brooms; so that it was from this plant that our familiar domestic utensil received its name. The flowers which appear in May and June are like a sweet-pea in shape, but not expanded so much, and of a brilliant golden yellow color. The leaves are small and clover-like. The seed-pods in ripening turn black, and when thoroughly ripe split in two with a snap, and curling up spirally, scatter the seeds in all directions. Sitting among a clump of broom bushes on a hot day when the pods are ripe and snapping, the sound is like the continuous crackling of a fire of sticks.

The broom is not put to any practical use in this country, as far as I know; but it possesses medicinal properties. An infusion of its leaves and twigs is said to be of benefit in dropsical cases. The wood of the larger specimens is also of value in cabinet work. In districts where it is plentiful it makes a splendid cover for game; during the season when the seeds are being scattered, birds of all kinds congregate there in large flocks.

No doubt many of the farmers of Vancouver Island wish that the Muirs had destroyed the broom in its infancy, for although in its season it is a thing of beauty, to the farmer it is something of a nuisance. Once it gets a firm hold on a field it is hard to eradicate, as even when the plants are removed the seeds that have been cast keep sprouting up every time the field is plowed. The average citizen, however, and the ubiquitous tourist call down blessings on the head of good old Granny Muir, whose loving heart and tender home memories saved to Vancouver Island one of its most artistic assets.



The Story of a Retired Officer's Farming on Vancouver Island

(*Continued from Page 728*)

written on the first page could be read with each other page. The words written on this piece of the first page, one word on each line, were district, area, cleared, slashed, timber, rock, water, sea, roads, rail, wharf, fences, gates, buildings, stock, vehicles, implements, tools, crops (growing and harvested), labor, markets, transportation facilities, soil, church, school, post office, telegraph, stores, social, etc.

Naturally I wished to secure the very best farm obtainable for the money, so decided to take plenty of time in making a selection, reasoning that the money spent in waiting would be well invested if I finally succeeded in obtaining a good farm, or one that could be readily improved.

Now that I saw I could not easily obtain ten acres of cleared land, and that I would have to buy larger acreage, I decided that I would look for a farm that could be divided into two or more parts, retain the part that I preferred and sell the remainder. To do this it would take all my available cash, and I would have to assume a heavy mortgage, which I could reasonably expect to clear off by the sale of a portion of the land. This again meant that the farm would have to be immediately productive; that is, would at least be able to pay working expenses and support my family, leaving my private means, such as retired pay, etc., available for improvement work.

I spent nearly two and a half months in visiting farms that were for sale. The owners were not very anxious to sell, but were ready to do so, provided the price was "all right," that is, was sufficiently high to pay them for the work they had done, and would enable them to buy other land of which they could make other farms.

I BUY AT LAST

At the end of the two and a half months, during which time I visited every farm for sale in the districts between Sidney on the Saanich peninsula to Esquimalt, and from Victoria up through the Cowichan Valley to Chemainus, I had collected a lot of "notes"; on comparison, the number of likely farms were reduced to three; these on being revisited resolved into one, which I almost bought, when at the last moment I heard of a farm nearby that was considered a good bargain and had not yet been listed with the real estate gentlemen. I looked it up, borrowed a spade and dug about twenty specimens of soil in various places, went over the numerous "points" with the aid of the notebook, and within a quarter of an hour paid a deposit, thus fixing the purchase. It was, and is, an ideal farm, though it was not my ideal at that time. There was too much acreage, nearly 150 acres; I wanted only ten. The price was too high for my small means, though it was a reasonable price. There were too many cows, over twenty; I thought two to four would have been enough for me, seeing that I could not milk them and would have to hire labor. But it filled the main requirements of good soil, plenty of water, near supply of labor, near railway and wharf, near markets, and was available for subdivision into three or four parts, leaving me with most of the cleared land, all the buildings, stock, etc., and about 70 acres, all on one side of the main road that ran through the farm.

It had a large pasture field in front, facing on the high road. This was suitable for an apple orchard. It had about five acres of cultivated land suitable for strawberries, onions, etc. Altogether it seemed highly susceptible of improvement.

Yet it seemed a big risk to assume, seeing that I had no knowledge or experience of farming, and that the only help I was likely to obtain would be that of a heathen Chinee; but as it was that or nothing, I took the risk and entered on a short apprenticeship with the old-timer who owned the farm, making an arrangement with him that I was to remain on the farm and

work for him until the remainder of my money came out, when I could complete the purchase. This meant about four weeks of very useful instruction, as the old gentleman readily lent himself to the very complete pumping I gave him.

Just at this time a neighbor walked into the yard one evening for a yarn with the old man. "I hear, George, that you have sold the farm?" He was Irish. "Yes, Sam, I've sold it." "And to an officer, they tell me?" "Yes, he is a soldier man—an officer." "Be jabers, it's him that'll put the divil on this far-r-m."

Overhearing this remark gave me an insight as to what my dear friends the neighbors thought of an old soldier going farming.

About six months after Sam's encouraging remark he stopped to talk to me one evening as I was working in the new orchard, and after a few remarks as to the lot of work I was putting in, etc., he wound up with "Ye're making a fine place of it intirely; sure Ould George wouldn't know it for the same place." I then reminded him of his former opinion as to putting the divil on it. He rejoined with a great laugh, "Oh, I'll take that all back again."

IMPROVE YOUR FARM—THE NOTEBOOK

When I said good-bye to my predecessor I began to feel that I was now really the owner of the farm and that I would try to make it both good to live on and good to sell. To this end I planned out various improvements, writing them down in a book in the order of their urgency:

1. Sell the extra land that I did not intend to work, and so pay off the mortgage. To do this more readily, fix up the fences, gates, etc., of this land.
2. Put sanitary matters right, especially so near the dwelling-house, dairy, etc.
3. Drain the land that I intended to plant with apple trees, removing the tree stumps that were dotted about on the land.
4. Build chicken houses and pig houses; those in use were very bad.
5. Make hot and cold frames for the raising of early vegetables and flowers.
6. Repair gates, fences, etc., especially along the road frontage, in order to give the place a prosperous appearance.
7. Make a dam in the stream, put in a hydraulic ram, erect a water tower, pipe the water from dam to tower and thence to house, garden, trough, chickens, etc.
8. Fill in the pond in the yard, at present a source of much dirt, and a very likely place for mosquitoes in summer.
9. Paint the dwelling-house, inside and out.
10. Make a flower garden and lawns around the house more homelike and pleasing to the womenkind.
11. Improve the stock.
12. Build an incubator house.
13. Repair and paint all vehicles, implements, tools, etc.
14. Repair all buildings and build additions to wagon and cart sheds.
15. Either build a new dwelling-house or add considerably to the old one to make it more comfortable and improve its appearance.
16. Buy a motor car and build a garage. It could be used to take the cream to the station, small orders to the store and station and to the neighboring towns, as well as being both pleasant and useful in calling on distant neighbors. It would relieve the farm of a great deal of its loneliness and would go far to reconcile the young people to the "simple life."

I feel sure now that if I had built the house and bought a car, I would have been on the farm now, instead of being cooped up in a two-by-four lot in a city.

After the initial expense the car would cost less than the upkeep of a horse and buggy.

As soon as one of these jobs was finished I would think of another to put down in the notebook. It took me nearly three years to get the list clear of pressing work.

In setting out such work one has to take into account the state of the weather. On wet days the work should, of course, be mainly under cover; to suit this I arranged my list of pressing work and put it under two heads, "wet" and "dry."

SANITARY WORK

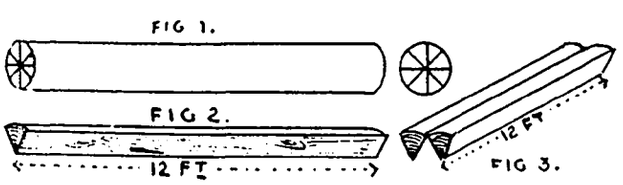
The first thing I had to do in putting sanitary matters straight was to close down my predecessor's arrangements and then to instal the dry earth system, intending later on to put in a septic tank, a system that seemed very suitable for the little house.

seeing that it stood on high ground with a good fall all round.

DRAINING LAND

The draining of the land that I intended to plant with apple trees was a big work. I had to employ three more Chinamen to assist my one Chink and myself. Before commencing I bought the best book obtainable, "Irrigation and Drainage," by F. H. King. A part of the market garden had been drained a dozen years before with cedar rails; that is, a log of cedar split into wedge-shaped rails or posts. I dug up a few of these to see how they had worn and to see if the channel beneath them was clear for the water to run along. The cedar was as good, to all appearances, as if it had been put in that year, and the channels were as clear as if they had been swept. This decided me not to go to the greater expense of tile draining, but to use cedar rails. For the information of those who may not be able to secure the British Columbia Government pamphlet in which the whole process is fully described, I will give a brief outline of the draining with cedar rails.

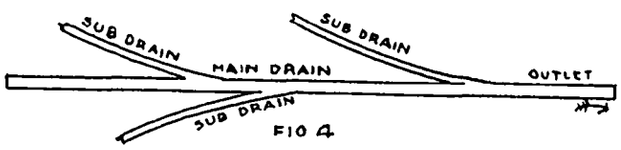
Cut down a cedar, cut the trunk into logs of twelve feet, split the logs into a number of posts or rails, the thick end to be from four to six inches across.



A log will thus give you from twelve to fifteen rails. Put a double row of rails along the line that the drain is to take. Dig the drains from two and a half to three feet deep, and one foot wide at the bottom. Put in two rails, broad and upwards.

Where they do not fit fairly close to each other cover the space with bark (Fig. 3). When digging the drain throw the top or surface soil out on one side of the ditch and the subsoil out on the other side, so that when you are closing up the drain you may put the subsoil back first, leaving the top soil, containing the plant food, etc., for the upper covering. A neglect of this precaution may mean that the darker earth, or surface soil, may be returned to the ditch first, with the lighter earth, or subsoil, covering it; the result would be that all vegetable growth along that tract would be greatly retarded owing to the absence of the necessary plant food, which the darker soil does and the lighter soil does not contain. Things will not right themselves until the lighter soil, by exposure to the air, manuring, etc., becomes changed to what one may call "growing soil."

When one drain is connected with another, the angle of junction should be narrow at the inflow and wide at the outflow:



BUILDING CHICKEN AND PIG HOUSES

In building chicken houses I followed the plans advised in the Government pamphlets and found that having the sawmill handy was a great benefit, not only lessening the distance one had to haul the lumber, but also greatly reducing the cost of the necessary timber. I found I could cart away as much as I wished of the waste lumber, such as re-saws—that is, strips of wood that are sawn off when cutting the standard length, etc.; they are usually burned at the mill. This saved me quite a lot of money; I made all coops, chicken fences, seed boxes, etc., from this waste lumber. Then, again, I found that the ships that came into the harbor for lumber were in the habit of throwing into the sea the boxes in which they received the biscuit or pilot bread for the voyage. On one occasion I brought home eighty of these boxes. They came in excellently for nest boxes, gathering apples, etc.

The pig houses were a more expensive matter; I had to buy heavy two-inch cedar boards for the flooring of the sleeping pens and for the feeding troughs, strong wood for posts and fences, cement for the floors, etc. In building these houses the Government pamphlets came to my assistance, full instructions being given on this subject. I economised on the roofing material; instead of buying shingles or patent roofing I split cedar blocks up into half-inch boards or shakes. These nailed to overlap make

excellent roofing and will last much longer than the other materials named. I found these shakes of great general utility. I roofed the strawberry packing shed, the wagon sheds, the chicken houses, the pig houses, etc., with them. Making the shakes was easy work for wet weather.

Hot and cold frames presented no difficulties, Bailey's "Principles of Vegetable Gardening" containing full instructions. I had to buy the sash or glass covering.

Most of the gates on the farm were held in place with rope or wire. This I had to substitute with strong iron hinges of the pin and socket variety. A few of the gates were consigned to the scrap heap, new ones being made.

Where it was necessary to buy lumber I found that good second-class material could be bought for little more than half-price. At the mill this lumber is termed "culled"—not good enough to pass the test for shipping away.

WATER SUPPLY

The making of the dam to secure a head, or fall, of water with which to drive the hydraulic ram was a very large order. First I made an inspection of the bed of the stream to find the most suitable location, which would give the necessary depth and would be safe from damage by the heavy rains. The stream was only a few feet across and very shallow, yet it lay in the bottom of a very wide dip, sixty feet across and thirty feet deep. To dam this meant a lot of hand labor, there being no space for horse labor.

I marked out a site and decided to place a lot of long logs across the bed of the stream. We cut trenches into both banks, the bottom of the trenches being level with the bed of the stream, and then went off to the timber to cut down trees. We cut down over one hundred and hauled them (the horses being very useful) to the stream, rolling them down the side and then fixing them across the cutting, staying them with other logs until the whole made a high and deep wall. Meanwhile we had put in a box pipe to take the water off below the wall of logs. Then came the heavy labor of digging earth and placing it in front, up stream, of our lumber dam. We moved a great quantity of earth before we had the dam as I wanted it, six feet wide on top, shelving to the bottom of the stream, twenty feet down. Most of the earth required for filling the dam was obtained from the run-away, or cut made for the surplus water to go off, as I did not intend the water to flow over the top of the dam, but that the overflow should go off to one side by means of a trench.

My friend Sam kindly informed me that the whole thing would go out with the first big winter rains. The rains of the following and next winter were the heaviest for many years, but they had no ill effect on the dam, the run-away doing its work beautifully.

The work of erecting a high tank to supply pressure was the next big task. It had to be at least twenty-five feet high in order to get a good pressure for garden hose, etc. Four large trees were cut down to make the corner posts; these were set up at equal distances from each other, and then the tops were inclined inwards so that the square space contained within the stems was about twice the area of the space between the tops. They were braced and cross-braced and a platform built on the top. On this eight fifty-gallon barrels were set up, connected together with half-inch galvanized iron piping, and a discharge pipe inserted in the last barrel. This pipe was connected to other pipes leading to the house, garden, trough, etc. The easiest task of the lot came next—placing the hydraulic ram in position. A two-inch pipe connected the dam and the ram; the latter was bolted on a large piece of wood, a section of a tree stump, then the half-inch pipe was attached to the ram and taken all the way to the tower, nearly 900 feet, with a fifty-foot rise all the way. It was an anxious wait after we set the ram going to see if the water would come. It seemed unreasonable to expect that the water would climb up that twenty-five-foot tower, with only the working of that small ram to induce it to do so. It was sufficient inducement. A fine stream made its appearance at the top of the tower, on its way from pipe to barrel.

As a precaution against the frosts in winter I built a wide wooden box pipe, made of four planks, round the iron water pipe, on its way up to the tower, and also on its way down to the ground, which it entered at a depth of a couple of feet on

its way to the house, garden, etc. This wooden pipe was filled with sawdust and performed its work well.

Sawdust was also used around the various stand pipes, being boxed in, and between the inner and outer walls of the frost-proof apple and potato houses.

The next piece of work in the notebook was the filling of the pond. This lay in the middle of the yard and was an eyesore, as well as giving promise of being made use of by mosquitoes in the summer, the water being nearly stagnant. My reading advised me to clear away all stagnant water, cover up rain barrels and tubs, etc., during the summer, to avoid both unpleasant smells and a chance of mosquitoes.

The horses with the stone sleigh as well as with the road scraper were of great use in this work. We first ploughed the whole of the farmyard, then used the road scraper to collect the earth from the higher parts of the yard and throw it on the lower. This little job took the best part of two months, but it was worth it; when we were finished the yard was as level as a lawn, with just sufficient slope to drain to a ditch which led to lower land. We raked it and seeded it with grass seeds.

Meanwhile my wife and daughters were "improving" the dwelling-house by dint of much cleaning and furnishing, as well as painting the inside of the house no less than four times over to get a respectable look on it. I had to leave the painting of the outside of the house and of a picket fence that I put around the house until finer weather came. This painting was also a "four times over" work before a good look came on it.

FLOWER GARDEN AND LAWN

Preparation for a flower garden and lawn was the next work. I dug the whole space up to a depth of two feet, discovering an old iron bedstead in the process. It had evidently been thrown out of the house in the olden days and had gradually become lost to sight. The soil was unsuitable for the purpose, so to improve it I had to obtain many wagon loads of good soil from near fences and roads, mixing it well with manure, mainly from the chicken roosts.

It was now that I put a note in the book, "Make a lawn roller." This was done during some wet days by looking up some old iron rods and bars, the rod making axle and handles and the bars making supports, etc. The roller itself was made of three old iron nail kegs, telescoped over each other, filled with concrete, and having a bar through the middle as an axle. It was the best bit of work on the farm.

IMPROVING THE SOIL

Improving the soil of the flower garden and lawn led me to try to do the same for several sour spots I saw about the farm on the cultivated land. I noticed that in some places the rain lodged, did not drain off as soon as it should do, and that the soil had a very yellow or clayey look.

Wherever the soil was clayey I put wagon loads of very light or sandy soil, and wherever I found the soil very light I put on heavier or clayey soil. I did the worst places the first winter, there being far too much of it to finish in one try. This, together with draining and plenty of cultivation, improved these sour spots until they were even better than the surrounding land.

CHICKENS

Now that I had good chicken houses I began to write to several prize poultry men for prices of good stock with which to commence my new flock in the spring. After a lot of reading I had come to fancy the White Wyandotte as the best winter layer, that being the season when eggs are of most value and when I could give the birds most attention. Whilst awaiting replies I built an incubator house and installed a Cypher's incubator; this latter selection was made on the advice of several chicken men I had spoken to on the subject. I might go ahead here and say what results I had with the chickens. I bought four pens for breeding, one cock and eight hens to each pen, and raised about five hundred chickens by the incubator. They did very well, ate their heads off, but they took quite a long time thinking of laying. What with the trouble of attending to the little ones in the spring, just when all the other work of the farm was crowding, and the long time they took to get to the laying stage, I came to the conclusion that, situated as I was then, it

would be better to keep a flock of about sixty than go in for a large number, say several hundred. This I did, and found it very profitable; they needed less food and gave better results in proportion. It was here that I added another note to the book: "Run at least 1,000 fowls and 500 ducks when the orchard is all set out, getting a Chinaman to do that and no other work, unless he had time in which to attend to the house vegetable garden, a small patch near the house." This note is in the book still; it was to have materialized this coming spring.

REPAIR, ETC., OF TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS

In my reading of farm literature I noticed that every book on the subject laid great stress on the repair, painting, storing, etc., of farm vehicles, implements and tools. This was an item in the notebook and was down as "wet-weather work," so as it was wet just now this work was in order. I got the various things together from all directions, discovering a plow in a ditch, a harrow in a field, a shovel in the stream, a fork in a manure heap, and so on. They were all assembled in the large wagon shed, which I had already extended for the purpose, and were duly repaired and painted.

THE MANURE SHED

Another point that my reading emphasized was the preservation of the manure of the farm. I found that the manure from the various places—the stables of the cows, horses, pigs and from the chicken houses—had been dumped down close to the cow stables, in the open, for the rain and sun to make play with. I built a large shed with watertight roof well away from the cow stables, but not too far away, so that the work of hauling should not be too heavy, putting down heavy planks for the wheelbarrow on its way from the various stables.

CLEANLINESS OF STABLES AND DAIRY

The government pamphlet had some mysterious references to a dairy inspector who might drop in on you any day to inspect your dairy, separator house, stables, manure heap, etc.

The fear of this individual, coupled with the desire to have a clean place, moved me to the work of lime-washing the stables and separator house. To do this with a brush and pail would have taken a long time and much scaffolding. Spraying it on was the work of a day, giving two coats, and was more like play than work. The spraying was done by using the spray motor that I bought for use on the old fruit trees in the orchard.

About one hundred of these old trees showed abundant signs of oyster-shell bark scale louse, a fearsome name for a troublesome pest. I cut down over forty of these old trees; they were too old to be worth all the trouble necessary to put them right.

The spray motor is a powerful pump that distributes the liquid in a strong mist-like spray. The pump is fixed in a barrel, which rests on a truck or sleigh. One man pumps whilst another directs the hose, which ends in a ten-foot bamboo pipe with a sprinkler nozzle. Putting a little coal oil (paraffin) into the lime wash greatly assists in destroying any insect life hidden away in the joinings of the boards.

THE WEATHER ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

Mentioning wet and dry work reminded me of correspondence I had with the editor of an agricultural periodical in the old country. He wrote that there is nothing more to be made in farming in Canada than in England; put as much energy and money into the farm here (England) as you would there, you would get equally good, if not better, results. My reply was "Perhaps; but one great advantage rests with the country I am in—British Columbia. Here you have the weather assisting you, whilst in England you have it resisting you. Here you can depend to a great extent on what the weather will do; you know when to expect rain, frost, dry weather, etc., whereas in England you can, and do very frequently, have all the lot in one day."

My experience of the past four years has been that wet weather is certain between October and December, frosts and snow from then to February, again wet until about the end of March, when a dry spell of three to four weeks is sure to come. This is the time to get in with the plow, provided your land be light enough and well drained. Mine was; you could put the plow in a week after the heavy rains. Then comes another spell of wet, with frosts until early in May; after that

fine weather, with a few showers in June, until October again.

IMPROVE THE STOCK

A reference to the notebook reminded me that I had to improve the stock.

I have already written about improving the chickens, and now add a few words on the trap nesting of laying hens.

These trap nests are used to enable you to find out which are your best laying hens, so that you may make the best selection when mating the birds previous to the collection of the eggs for incubating.

Among my many chicken books there was a British Columbia Government issue of a Danish poultry book. In this book I found the description, plate, etc., of the most complete, simple and inexpensive trap nest. From the perusal of this book I was able in a very short time to convert thirty of the pilot bread boxes that I got off one of the lumber ships into first-class trap nests.

A trap nest is an ordinary laying nest with an addition that traps the hen as she enters the nest. After laying she has to be released by someone, who enters on a record that such-and-such a hen laid on such a date. By the way, each laying hen has a metal tag showing a number attached to one of her legs. After a period of trapping, say three months, a selection is made of the hens that laid the most eggs in a given time, casting out hens that laid very small eggs, that were not well formed or likely to be poor breeding stock.

The cows were improved by weeding out the poor milkers. The apparently old or poor cows were, as far as possible, fattened for the butcher. Those in milk were tested, having the milk weighed and samples sent to the creamery in bottles for testing for proportion of butter fat.

TESTING THE COWS

The work of testing the milk was done at the creamery by a government expert, who called at each creamery once a month for this purpose.

Samples were taken twice a day on three days—at the beginning, the middle and end of each month; these were then sent to the creamery, tested, and empty bottles returned in a few days with signed record of the test. This proved a great boon to me, helped me (more than that, did the work for me) to find out the wasters amongst my cows, those that were taking a lot of money to feed and were giving little or no returns. This work is done by the government at no expense to the farmer beyond the few pence it costs him to send in the box containing the bottles of samples. Soon my twenty-two cows, twelve of which had been milking, were reduced to eight. The net cash results from these were greater by fifty per cent. than formerly, the food bill being greatly reduced, whilst the creamery cheque increased, owing to the improved feeding, better care and less hurried milking of the eight survivors.

The pigs were soon set in order by fattening the old boar and sows for the butcher and buying new stock.

The improvement of the horses had to wait until I finished the work of clearing and stump-pulling that I had set down in the notebook as urgent work. Heavy horses are a necessity for this kind of work, but they are too slow for ordinary farm work, taking too much time in plowing, harrowing, cultivating and ordinary wagon hauling. To help things a bit I bought a young and quick driving horse for use with the rig or driving cart and for light harrow, etc. He proved a poor investment, though a good speculation; he worked badly, but sold at a profit. It was as good as a circus to see him and me during a turn of harrowing. For the first half hour the work resolved itself into a series of bucking-broncho bouts—we were all over the field in twenty bucks. He spent the larger part of the half hour in the air, whilst I did the same in dodging the flying runner-up—the three-section light tooth harrow.

STUMP CLEARING

The clearing of a few stumps, some twenty that remained dotted about in the ten-acre pasture, was the next work in preparation for the plowing in the spring. This was my first experience of blowing up stumps by means of powder, fuse and caps. The powder is in cubes, one inch in diameter and about nine inches long, wrapped in paper; three to a dozen of these are required for the work of blowing up a stump. You dig a hole under the stump, first down and then under; breaking the cubes, you place the powder in the hole,

pressing it well into the end—taking care to use a wooden presser, not a metal one; then you insert in the powder a length of fuse with a cap on the end. The fuse should be long enough to leave a few inches clear after filling up the hole, which is done by tightly tamping the earth again with a wooden tool in order not to set the charge off by a possible spark created with metal or stone; finally you split the fuse down for half an inch or so with a knife and set it going with a match; then you get away to a safe distance. Presently up she goes, and, if the work has been well done, throwing the larger part of the stump and roots all around on the surface of the land. A poor job of blowing up means hard work in loosening and pulling up the roots of a stump. Better spend a few more pence in an additional stick or two of powder than spend a long time, and consequently money, in hard labor. The powder play finished, the scattered logs and roots are hauled together and burned, then the holes are filled in and all is ready for the plow.

Another "wet" work was the repair of buildings, many of which required here a leak stopped, there a hinge replaced, etc. All these repairs had been noted in the book as the result of an evening's inspection.

REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS FENCING

With the decrease in the number of cows and the sale of the other portions of the farm I found that several fences could be dispensed with. These were removed and the ground plowed and added to cultivable land. Whilst doing this I questioned the need of several other fences and found that they were not required, so up they came, adding to the good looks of the place, as well as to the area of useful land.

PLOWING, HARROWING, SEEDING, ETC.

Now commenced the very busy or rush work of the year. I had been told that the first spell of fine weather would not last longer than two or three weeks and that I should get as much of the plowing done as I could in that time.

As I had to plow quite a lot of ground, much more than in a normal year, owing to my preparation for an orchard, and as I intended to use a subsoil plow behind the ordinary one I engaged a neighbor to assist me with his team.

The ordinary plow went along first and was followed by the subsoiler, which plowed deeply into the furrow made by the first plow, digging the furrow but not turning the earth over. If it had turned the earth over it would have brought the unproductive or subsoil to the surface. All that was required was that the subsoil should be broken to assist drainage and aeration.

The plow I had wrestled with in England had two wheels on it—one went in the furrow whilst the other ran on the level at the side of the furrow. These tend to steadiness, and made the work comparatively easy. The plow in use here has only one wheel, a hand one, and at first took a deal of persuading to keep straight. The horses had been so used to the work that they required no guiding, not even to turn at the end of the furrow. After a few turns at it, and when I had controlled my desire to push the plow rather than hold it upright, I found the work very pleasant. Harrowing was a simple matter; the only trouble lay in the care necessary to avoid grazing young trees when working amongst them in a young orchard. Many trees are spoiled by careless or too zealous harrowing. Rather than risk spoiling a tree, let the ground go unharrowed—forking it over if necessary.

FIRST CROPS

A reference to the government pamphlet on potato culture and the making of several notes therefrom prepared me for the work of planting patatoes. I followed the instructions closely, even to soaking the seed in a solution of corrosive sublimate for the prevention of scab—a most excellent precaution.

That pamphlet gave no suggestions for the prevention of the backache that followed on the stooping to place the seed potatoes in the furrows. I think this is the most painful work on the farm, and I took good care to avoid it in subsequent years, paying Chinese or others to do it whilst I went about other more congenial and often better-paying work, which they could not do without a lot of experience or explanation.

I planted only two varieties, one to harvest early and so secure the best price for early potatoes, and a second for a late or

main crop for winter use. My selections were Early Rochester Rose and Uncle Sam.

My first piece of luck came with the early potatoes. The winter had been a rather severe one for this part of the world —the worst for a number of years. It caught a lot of people unprepared; they had not taken sufficient precautions towards the protection of the stored potatoes. The frost destroyed a lot, with the result that potatoes became expensive and seed potatoes very scarce; as a consequence the price of very early potatoes ruled high, with the result that I obtained the record price of $90.00 (about eighteen pounds sterling) for the first ton I had ready. The two and a half acres of early potatoes I had that year realized over $800.00. Jersey and the other Channel Islands could not beat that. Before the summer was out potatoes were selling at the normal price of from $15 to $20 a ton.

LAYING OUT THE ORCHARD—VARIETIES PLANTED

As the result of many enquiries made by letter to the government, orchardists, nurserymen, etc., I selected two varieties of apple trees to plant, King of Tompkins County as the permanent tree, and Wealthy as the temporary or filler. On the Island the former takes from eight to ten years to mature, whilst the latter takes only about four years; for this reason, and to ensure some early returns, I decided to plant Kings in the odd rows, 1, 3, 5, 7, etc., and the Wealthies in the even rows; then in ten years' time, when the Kings required more room, the Wealthies could be cut down, and the latter would by that time have given five or six years of their best. The advantage of growing few varieties lies in being able to ship or market more easily. One may get an order for a large number of apples of any one name, and at a good price, whilst a small price is always offered for mixed varieties. For local use or sale, as distinct from a distant market, I was advised to plant a few trees of several varieties.

In selecting the King as the main apple of the orchard I was led by the facts that it was a very strong and healthy grower and good bearer, the apple coloring well and keeping sound far into the winter, and that it did especially well on the soil in my district.

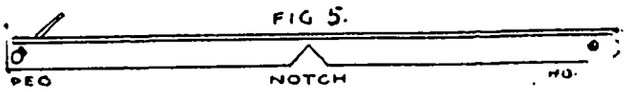
For planting a small orchard for local or home use, two or even three-year-old trees are advised; but in setting out a large orchard where the trees are not likely to receive such particular care as in a small orchard, one-year-old trees are the rule.

By the way, though the Wealthies are not expected to bear for two or three years, and the Kings for three or four years, I was surprised to find that both varieties came into bearing the second summer, showing quite a lot of bloom. I removed nearly all, leaving here and there one to come along, on the strongest trees, just to see what they would be like.

The laying out was not a very difficult matter. I got a lot of laths, limewashed them so that they could be very readily seen at a distance, and put one of these where each tree was to go, sighting and spacing carefully. The distances were laid out by means of a long, narrow board. When plowing in the spring in preparation for the planting I had plowed away from where the stakes, or trees, would go, so that the trees would be in the hollow or furrows; then in the autumn or fall I would plow towards the trees so that they would be on the higher land during the wet season and on the lower land during the dry season, for the first year of their existence.

The digging of the holes was the next process. These we took care to make at least four feet across and two feet deep. When planting the trees we returned a couple of shovels of top soil to the hole, so that the roots rested on the growing soil, and were careful to make the tree firm. One difficulty presented itself when replacing a stake by a tree. To remove a stake, dig a hole, and then be sure of putting the tree in the spot where the stake had been, needed a special contrivance. This was found in a piece of board with a notch in the middle, a hole at one end, and a peg at the other end (Fig. 5).

FIG 5.



The notch was placed against the stake, the peg was driven into the ground, and another peg driven through the hole into the ground. The hole in the board being a little larger in diameter than the peg

that was driven through it allowed of the lifting of the board without disturbing the peg; the board was lifted and swung round on the other peg, the stake was removed and the hole was dug, then the board was swung back again, the hole going over the peg. This left the notch showing just where the tree trunk should rest.

SPRAYING AND PRUNING

The following winter I gave the young trees a good spraying, taking care that growth was quite dormant and that the spray was not too severe. Here again the government pamphlets come to my aid, giving very complete information on the subject. Before spraying I pruned off all the superfluous branches, leaving only the four or five required; the pruned wood was then raked together and burned. The only pest I was troubled with in the new orchard was the tent caterpillar and the green aphis. A few hours for two or three days in the season were enough in which to collect the "tents"; they are usually on the extreme end of a branch. I cut off the piece, causing it to drop into a bucket of mixed paraffin oil and water. Spraying settled the aphis.

The pruning troubled me. I was afraid to do it myself and was ashamed to employ a man, so thought, "Well, I must learn it, and the sooner the better." With that I made several visits to nurserymen, orchardists, etc., taking notes, and extending my reading, taking in Bailey's pruning book. This soon instilled confidence and induced me to experiment. I commenced carefully, not cutting too deeply or too often, and got a couple of experienced men to visit me at different times to see how I was progressing. Their verdict was in my favor. They added that I was too careful and that I should have taken off a little more wood. That was soon remedied.

AFTER CULTIVATION OF ORCHARD

One would have thought that the vexed question of clean cultivation for orchards would have been well threshed out by this time, now that so many bearing orchards are in existence, but I found that there was, and is yet, a great difference of opinion on the subject. One of the farmers in the district lost five hundred three or four-year-old apple trees last winter from no apparent cause. He attributed it to the clean cultivation causing too prolonged growth, the sap being still up in the tree when the frosts of mid-winter came. This meant that the tree was far more susceptible to damage from the frost than if the sap had gone down.

To meet this case I had recourse to more reading and enquiries, with the result that I decided to strike a "mean" by planting clover in the young orchard, cutting it once the following summer for the cows, and again as a mulch, letting it lie on the ground the second time, doing the same a second summer, then in the succeeding autumn or fall plow it under as manure. By that time it would have made good root growth and would thus lead to the greater aeration and breaking-up of the soil.

PLANTING STRAWBERRIES

Having read of the great value of this crop I set about preparations for growing about an acre of it as an experiment, hoping if successful to enlarge it to several acres. Before going too far I made sure that I should be able to secure the necessary pickers when the time came for that work. I found that two settlements of Indians lived in the vicinity, one a mile away and the other about two miles off.

Then as to a market for the berries I joined the Fruit-growers' Association of Victoria. It would take all the berries I could grow.

These points being settled I had recourse to my usual "pamphlets" and correspondence, resulting in a decision to grow the Magoon strawberry, it being a medium-sized berry, good grower and cropper, of good flavor and consistency, and above all a good shipper, or keeping berry, one that would hold up for a day or two after picking and would stand the journey to market by road, rail or boat.

More correspondence led to the finding of a man who would have eight to ten thousand young plants for sale. These were to be runners (or young plants) from plants that had not yet fruited. The runners made by plants that have fruited are supposed to possess less vitality, constitution, etc. I had the ground double plowed, the ordinary plow being followed by the deep, or subsoil, plow, then very thoroughly harrowed, not a weed or a stone showing.

I would have liked to have had it underdrained, but there was no time for that, and as it had a fair slope I let it go, thinking that I could supplement the natural drainage by small surface drains if necessary during the rainy season.

As my young plants would all reach me on the same day I wanted to get them all planted soon after so as to get full advantage of the growing season and avoid any drying out of the roots. This latter was avoided to an extent by heeling-in the plants—that is, digging a small trench, placing the roots of the plants in it, and covering up the roots with soil.

Just then the sawmill was closed down for a few days for repairs, consequently the Chinese laborers were idle; I secured a number of them and instructed them how I wanted the planting done. I got a lot of string and a number of small sticks each eighteen inches long for the purpose of measuring the distance between plants. Each stick was tapered at one end so that it could be used for digging a hole in the soft earth in which to spread out the roots; other sticks three feet long were provided for measuring the distance between the rows, the string being stretched from end to end. The rows were made so that they ran north and south—this to secure the maximum of sunlight on the plants during the growing season. Fortunately north and south also assisted the surface draining. The Chinamen proved apt pupils, making a fine and quick job of the planting.

Whilst on the subject of strawberries I might add that they exceeded my expectations of profit. The land seemed just right for them, not too exposed to late frost nor to the too early sunlight, and securing the full advantage of the afternoon sun. The experiment was so successful that I planted a second acre and intended to extend to at least five acres, that being as much as I thought I could conveniently handle.

ONION CULTURE

Amongst the many books and pamphlets I read was one on "Onion Culture," that greatly took my fancy by reason of the large profits, easy raising, etc.; onions were selling in the winter at eight cents a pound. I knew I had the right soil, some that had been used in growing of vegetables for many years, and started in to prepare this soil for onions, giving it very extensive working, levelling it and fining it down with very fine harrows until it was just right. I bought the best seed obtainable, three varieties for experiment, got it in early and then kept the wheel hoe busy.

I had a great crop of large, clean onions. Breaking the tops down late in August I pulled them early in September, so as to get them dried before the rains came. To keep them I prepared a frost-proof house, stringing hay wire from side to side on staples; then just before the rains I gathered the onions, bunched them and hung the bunches over the wires to prevent mould, knowing that the onions were not as dry as they should be. If I could keep the onions in good condition until February or March I would get the top prices of the year. Soon after that time onions would be coming in from Australia and prices would go down, whilst selling them in the autumn meant only two or three cents a pound.

They kept well for a month or so, then they began to show signs of going mouldy, even though I had done all I knew, airing the house on warm, dry days, etc. Seeing that to keep them was to court big if not total loss, I sold them at the lower price. This made them take second place to strawberries and resulted in my dropping them from the expected three or four acres to a half-acre patch.

PEAS, BEANS, AND OTHER VEGETABLES

Chinese grow the majority of the vegetables sold in Victoria. They rent land, make gardens, raise vegetables and peddle them all over the city in two large baskets hanging to a pole balanced on the shoulder. There were no Chinese gardens near my little town, which contained quite a large white population that had up to this existed mainly on canned vegetables, varied with an occasional treat of fresh vegetables at high cost from Victoria.

These conditions led me to the raising of peas, beans, cauliflower, celery, etc., hoping to sell them to the local store for retailing to the neighborhood, as I had neither time nor inclination to peddle.

The market did not materialize. I suppose the various women folk had got so used to the tinned stuff and to the easy preparation for the table—no peeling,

scraping, washing and slicing, just a jab of a can-opener—that they did not wish to change altogether, or sufficiently to make it worth my while to grow the vegetables for the few odd times that they would fancy them. Thus the vegetables went the way of the onions—small area for cultivation. Meanwhile the cows and pigs profited; they ate up the surplus peas, beans, etc. The beans were both String (Scarlet Runner or French beans we call them at home) and Broad beans. I found that very few people out here even knew the Broad or Windsor bean. I could get hardly any sale for them. Only two families ate them—these families were out from England; the Canadian proper and the American Canadian did not take to them at all.

Cabbage was a great exception. Everybody ate it fresh, because no one had canned it, I expect; anyhow it was a good crop to grow, so I put in quite a lot and did very well on it that year, but the following year I had to cut it out, owing to the advent of some Chinese gardeners who had set up business and were peddling.

PEARS, PLUMS, CHERRIES, RASPBERRIES, ETC.

The old orchard contained several pear, plum and cherry trees, and there was a large patch of raspberries growing in the middle of the market garden. I took great care of these trees and plants, spraying, pruning, cleaning and cultivating them, only to find that the trees were not so profitable as apple trees, and that the raspberries were unsuitable for shipping any distance; I did not know the variety, but they proved too soft—picking a pailful resulted in half a pail of juice.

The Cuthbert raspberry is recommended as a good shipper. By the way, I transplanted the raspberry patch to one end of the garden; it was too much in the way of horse labor and cast too much shade.

DAIRY AS A MAINSTAY

The result of my various efforts at making or keeping a market decided me to keep the cows as a mainstay. They proved excellent value, each cow bringing in close on an average of nine dollars a month, as well as supplying the house with the best of cream and milk and the pigs with plenty of separated milk. They also kept the paid labor going during the winter.

APPLES, STRAWBERRIES, POTATOES, PIGS AND CHICKENS

The above were the final selection of main and side lines; I valued them in the order named. Five acres of strawberries against a thousand apple trees, I think I would prefer the former crop, seeing that the work is not so hard and that the most of it takes place within a short time, cultivating from April to June, picking, packing and marketing during June and July, then a few odd days during the late summer and early autumn to cut the runners and cultivate again. I will give the figures as to profits of the various crops, etc., towards the end of the story.

Strawberry plants are good for three to four years, though I had seen excellent berries and a fair-sized crop taken off a patch that had been in bearing for five years. As a rule, after three crops have been taken off the plants should be plowed under and the ground used for some other crop, preferably potatoes, it being a root crop and one that would keep the ground clean by much hoeing. Strawberries could be planted again after one year of potatoes, though I would prefer to grow potatoes two years; then in the autumn plant fall rye, and in the following spring plow it in and plant the strawberries. This makes potatoes a necessity. They are also a fairly easy crop to raise, and give very good returns.

The growing of potatoes necessitated the provision of some place in which to store the winter supply and the seed for the following year. The prevailing method is the making of pits. The drawback of this system is that the pits cannot be opened in very severe weather when the price of potatoes very often takes a quick rise. I prefer to store them in a frost-proof building where one can get in and bag a ton or so just when the price is good. Storing them in pits means opening the pits when every grower is doing so, with the result that the price goes down quickly. To make my frost-proof shed I had only to complete one that was available. It required an inner coating—that is, a ceiling and double walls so that sawdust could be held between the roof and ceiling and between the two sets

of walls. I also had to put in a sound floor. This was all done with a cheap or culled lumber and during wet days.

The experience of four years, growing potatoes, leads me to advise the selling of all potatoes off the field, bagging and carting them straight away, thus saving the labor of second handling, retaining for winter storage the seed required for the following year, and as many other potatoes as the frost-proof building will hold—in my case it was about twelve tons.

A packing shed had to be provided for the strawberries and had to be built close to the patch. It was an ordinary closed shed without windows, but with a folding door which remained open all day during the picking season. Before buying the farm I saw some fifty pairs of ventilating shutters for sale in a Victoria second-hand shop. I bought them thinking they would be very useful on the farm by-and-bye. They came in very useful for ventilating the strawberry shed, the stables, the potato house, chicken and pig houses.

During the winter I used the strawberry packing shed as a storehouse for the horse rake and hoeing machine.

MARKETING

The milk was separated, the cream being sent to the creamery, the secretary sending me a statement soon after the end of each month showing the quantity of cream received from me and its value, and a cheque for the prior month's cream accompanying the statement. Calves and pigs were sold for cash to the local butcher, as also were any time-expired cows that had ceased to be profitable as milkers.

The local store bought every other product on the farm except the young and very old chickens. Chinamen were my best customers for these.

Eggs, fruit and potatoes, in any quantity, and all other vegetables, though not in large quantities, were taken in exchange for coupons by the store; the coupons were in their turn accepted by the store as cash when selling goods to me. In this way you got the best obtainable prices for your produce, the store giving you the actual retail price, relying for its profit on sales to you in exchange for the coupons. Of course, I sold no more to the store than I wished. Requiring cash, I sold to cash customers. I found all I needed in the masters of the vessels that called for lumber, and in the storekeepers of the busy mining town of Ladysmith, only seven miles off by train.

The "store" is a shop that sells pretty well everything. You will have to ask for something very much out of the way to get the reply, "We have not got it, but we can have it for you tomorrow; we will long-distance phone for it right now."

In the one order I have ranged from lumber, gate hinges, nails, saws, pills, fly-paper, groceries, sewing cotton, razors, paint, harness, books and stationery, horse, cow, chicken and pig feed, to porous plasters and chocolates.

I tried ordering things for myself from Vancouver and Victoria, but found it no cheaper, even though I secured five and ten per cent. discount for cash. The store was able to make even by their trade discount and cheaper freight. They ran their own freight boat.

The mice and rats that always frequent barns and stables were responsible for the spoiling of most of the sacks in which the feed for the animals had been received. This meant that I had to buy sacks for the potatoes, an expense which led me to make provision for the storing of a few tons of feed in some way that would prevent the rats and mice eating the feed and spoiling the sacks. Another shed, shelving standing away from the walls and tin nailed around the uprights, both above and below the shelving, met the difficulty.

The tin was cut out of paraffin oil tins and was nailed on so that it stood out about six inches at right angles all around the uprights. This and five very busy cats did the work so well that I had no more sacks with holes in them, and must have saved quite a lot of feed as well. The cats never troubled the chickens.

SOIL

No doubt but that good soil is a very useful asset on a farm, but it is not altogether a necessity provided that the soil on the farm be not too bad at the beginning. Green manuring and plenty of cultivation will lighten the heavy soil and at the same time increase its plant food value.

A light soil can also be improved by green manuring and cultivation whilst

loading heavy soil on to it. Marling, it is termed in England, will soon give it weight. Of course this means time and labor, but there is not much of it to do, and it can be done when other work is not pressing.

The fact that some crops, such as apples, grow better on light soil, whilst others, pears for instance, do better on heavy soils, helps one over the disappointment of not finding a farm composed entirely of deep loam. Light soil is the very best for chickens.

LABOR

The absence of suitable labor is supposed to be a great drawback to farming in this country. I suppose it is—the papers say so; but I have not found it so. I expect it is because I have been favorably located; but then I have myself to thank for it. I made "labor" one of my three essentials when looking for a farm, the others being "markets" and "transport facilities." I could always get all the labor I was prepared to pay for, though I had to pay rather more than one was used to paying in England; but then again I was receiving rather more for my produce.

Here I would like to stray from my story to say that I prefer to live in an expensive country, one in which labor, clothing, food, rent, etc., are all high—that is, high in comparison with England. Things may be more expensive, but then you are getting better prices for your produce or your work, or better interest on your capital or savings. I found that it rather more than righted itself, whether one was producing—that is, working either on the farm or elsewhere—or had retired and was living on the interest of capital. Three per cent. is good interest on gilt-edge security in England; seven and eight per cent. is usual on first mortgages covered by fire insurance out here, whilst fifteen to twenty per cent. is obtainable on safe security, such as sales of agreement, stock in business houses, etc.

To revert to my story: when I took over the farm I had one Chinaman at $40.00 a month. He fed himself. I provided a shack in which he lived. As soon as I got things going and had mapped out my improvement work, I increased my labor department to two Chinks, then to four, and within the first year to five Chinamen. During the second year I laid off two of them early in the year and the other two late in that year, so that I ran the farm for the last year and a half with one permanent helper, employing extra labor when needful, such as Indian women for bagging potatoes, thinning apples, strawberry picking and hoeing, and their menkind for the cutting of firewood, clearing of land, etc.

Naturally, but mainly from a point of sentiment, I would have preferred white labor, but as a matter of business I found that white labor was too expensive. A Chinaman cost a dollar to a dollar and a half a day of ten working hours, and no bother as to his food or housing, and no responsibility, moral or other, as to his health or illness. If he became ill be would go off to Chinatown and get repaired there, returning to the ranch again when in working order. A white man costs at least two dollars a day, with certainly less than ten working hours, and all the bother of his food, etc. Another point in favor of the employment of colored labor: our winters out here, though not very cold, are often very wet; in such weather one would hesitate to ask a white man to work outside. There is no need to ask a Chinaman; he goes out as a matter of course. A white man has a very natural and laudable wish to improve himself. If he sees a chance of getting better wages he takes it. This gives the employment of white labor on farms a very irregular character and results in your having to spend a great deal of your time in instructing the succession of help. The employment and the rate of wage do not vary so much in the case of colored labor. No doubt in course of time things will right themselves, but at the present the Chinaman is most useful to the farmer.

There are four kinds of colored labor —Chinese, Japanese, Indians or Siwash, and Hindus. Of these general opinion favors the Chinaman as a farm laborer. As a rule he has been working on the land in his own country and takes to the work naturally. They are said to be generally honest, zealous, and loyal to the employer; I found those I employed to be all this and more. My experience has been mainly

confined to white labor and Chinese, although I have employed both Siwash and Hindus on temporary work. The Siwash is lazy, very lazy. The women are, so to say, the best men, and will work hard and well. They make ideal strawberry pickers and baggers of potatoes. It is safe to employ the men Siwash to cut cordwood where they work by the piece—that is, so much money for so much work performed, taking any time, little or much; but you have to be sure to subject their work to a rigid inspection. They are not simple, to say the least.

The Hindu is placed at the bottom of the class. He is the poorest worker, the laziest, the least loyal, and zeal is a strange word to him.

The Jap I know nothing of, and from what I have heard from those that have employed him I am in no hurry to make his acquaintance. General report has it that he makes a good house servant, a good workman when working for himself, an indifferent worker as an employee, and is a very bumptious individual.

A review of the labor question as applied to farming confirms me in the opinion that for the present the Chinaman is an easy No. 1. One word of advice—do not abuse a Chinaman. Talk quietly to him; you will make a much better impression than if you were to bully him. Trust him, altogether or not at all, and allot him a small piece of ground as a garden in which to raise the peculiar Chinese vegetables he affects.

The Jap soon acquires English; the Hindu is slower, the Chinaman slower still, whilst the Siwash is the slowest of the crowd, unless he happens to have had a white father.

I found language a difficulty at first with my Chinaman, though he had worked on the farm for five years before I bought it. My predecessor did most of the peddling, leaving the Chinaman to work on the land, thus the Chinaman did not have many opportunities of improving his English. This difficulty of language led to a slight trouble one day. We were working together on some drainage; he had finished his task, and asked me whether he might perform another part of the work. I replied, "Yes, go ahead, go ahead." He threw down his shovel and putting on a most forbidding look, said, "Me no likee, me no likee." "You no likee what?" "Me no likee; you say 'Go to hell; go to hell.'" It took quite a lot of explanation to smooth matters over.

MARKETS

This is a matter of great importance. Nothing hurts a farmer more than, after going to all the expense and labor of raising a crop, to find he cannot sell it, or can only sell it at a small profit, or perhaps at a loss.

I found no difficulty, favorably located as I was, in disposing of everything I raised, locally, at a good profit, with the one exception of strawberries. The five-sixths of an acre that I had, produced about 4½ to 5 tons of berries. One and a half tons disposed of the local demand; the balance was sent to the Victoria Fruit-growers' Association, which charged me the usual 10 per cent. commission and freight. I did not like the idea of paying this commission, and cast about for another market, finding it in the stores of Ladysmith, where I sold the berries the following year at a better price, no commission and no freight to pay, netting me an addition of $150.00 on the crop.

In view of the extra acre I planted, and of the two or more acres I intended to plant, I made further enquiries and found that I could depend on other towns to take the berries at a good price—Nanaimo on the Island and Vancouver City on the Mainland.

TRANSPORT

Most of the farming land of the Island lies within the E. & N. Railway belt, that is, within the lands lying on either side of the railway—land that was ceded to the railway company by the government. This being so, very few of the farms are at any great distance from the railway, yet the mile or two extra, and the return, takes up valuable time, therefore try to get close to the railway station or depot.

The sight of a man driving past my farm, from three to five miles back, to the station, wharf, store, post office, blacksmith, etc., used to make me feel sorry for him, but equally pleased that I was better off in that matter. Hauling a load of produce or freight five or six miles and

returning to the farm makes a large inroad on a day's work.

BOOKS

Here and there throughout this story I have mentioned books and pamphlets that have been useful to me. Below is a list of them: Fream's "Principles of Agriculture" (brought from England); Bailey's "Principles of Fruit-growing" (local); Bailey's "Principles of Vegetable-growing" (local); Bailey's "Pruning Book" (local). British Columbia Government pamphlets on dairy, pigs, poultry, feeds, horsing, testing cows, improving stock, care and culture, etc., of orchards, spraying, potato culture, alfalfa culture, marketing, grading, packing of fruit, vegetables, etc., and in fact on everything pertaining to farming.

The above contain pretty well all the information one needs, and in such language as to be easily made use of. Especially so is this the case with the government publications.

SOCIAL AND SPORTING

Of these I cannot speak very fully, because I was a very busy man for most of the time I was on the farm—busy but not too hard worked—yet I found time to attend a few picnics, go swimming, boating, fishing, motoring, and driving in the summer. Tennis was also an attraction which I resisted. In the winter I made sure of being at every dance. We had about fifteen during the season, several of them very "high tone" affairs. One was made an occasion for the employment of a special train to bring up a couple of hundred dancers from Victoria. Then there were concerts and card parties, an occasional theatre visit to Victoria (again I resisted: cut into too much work), with a little, very little skating. Of course, there was shooting, or hunting as it is termed out here, when one could confidently look towards bagging a few pheasants, grouse, quail or duck, or packing a deer home on one's back.

The fishing deserves a few words. I had the nicest bit of trout-fishing in the dam. You could stand on it and cast a fly into the stream, getting many a rise and a few fish, but descend to baiting with the lowly worm and you would catch a dozen in no time.

To add to the social attractions for young men and to keep them out of the saloons, the lumber company built a large recreation building, containing a large and very excellent gymnasium, fine bowling alleys, billiard room, reading room, etc. The gymnasium made a first-class ballroom, the floor being specially built for this purpose at large expense, whilst a theatre hall made a spacious supper room.

To complete the aids towards sociability we had the long-distance and local telephone, over which evening parties were arranged and much gossip exchanged.

CONCLUDING NOTES

To sum up my advice on farming:

1. Keep down expenses.

2. Do everything you can for yourself, rather than pay others for doing it.

3. Do not grudge paying for labor; it is the best investment you can make on a farm, provided that the labor be well directed, either towards profit-making or permanent improvement of the farm.

Now as to the money results of the farming:

Strawberries realized about $700.00 to $800.00 net per acre.

Potatoes varied greatly with me. The first year, owing to the previous hard winter, it came to something like $400.00 an acre, the next year to about $200.00, which is, I think, a good average.

Cows—About $9.00 per month per cow.

Pigs—I kept three brood sows; they had two broods a year. The numbers varied of course, but the profit last year was very close to $500.00.

Chickens—Keeping a small flock of about 60 or 70 laying hens resulted in a profit of about $200.00; a lot of the feed was found on the farm.

Apples—I had about 120 bearing trees. I cut down about fifty of these on account of disease; the remainder made about $250.00.

Pears, plums, cherries, raspberries, etc., produced only about $100.00. I had not many of these; I expected the new orchard to produce $2.00 a tree next year, and to improve each year rapidly until in three or four years' time I could expect at least $8.00 net from each tree, making about $8,000 on the 10 acres.

Horses, with man, wagon or plow, etc.,

were hired out at times, bringing $6.00 a day.

After working the farm for three and a half years I found that I had improved it, as well as making all living expenses, to the extent of about $5,000; all this without the expenditure of a penny of my own private means—solely on the money made by the farm itself during that time. When I finally closed my books on selling the farm I had the whole of my private means for the three and a half years lying to my credit at the bank, whilst I had the improvements of the farm to show for my work. No doubt as to its improvement; the fact that I sold it to a practical farmer for nearly six times what I paid for it goes to show that it was improved. See what this means, looking at it from another point. I worked the farm for three and a half years; when I sold it I cast up my accounts for the whole term and found that I was over £3,000 (fifteen thousand dollars) better off at the finish of my farming than I was at the beginning, as well as having met all house and other expenses of family and self. This meant that I was playing at farming, and receiving pay for doing so, at the rate of £1,000 a year. I don't suppose that I would have made £1,000 a year if I had continued farming, but I did confidently look forward to making good wages, all expenses, and from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. on the capital invested, taking the farm at its current value and not at the price I paid for it.

Note that I sold it to a practical farmer and not to a novice. This makes good my assertion that the farm is well worth the money I received for it, if not worth more. If I were going farming tomorrow I would be delighted to buy the farm back at the same price, plus a valuation for any improvements the new man makes.

Why did I leave it? Family reasons—no other.

On going over this it reads as if I had worked very hard, too hard. Well, so I did during the first year or so, much harder than there was need to do. There is no necessity for hard work. After a time I found that I could relegate all the really hard physical work to the Chinaman. He was younger and he was better able to do it, being used to such work. I also found that a number of disagreeable jobs could be shouldered by him, leaving me plenty to do, but of a light and more agreeable nature. Why keep a horse and do a horse's work? There is plenty of work in the managing and assisting, without encroaching on the actual laborer's section.

During the latter half of my farming life I never turned out before seven in the summer and eight in the winter, and invariably finished about four in the afternoon.

As a last word, I wish to say why I liked the country, and why I should advise retired officers who wish to farm or who do not wish to farm to come out here.

First, the climate; I might have written first, second, and third, the climate. It is the best climate I have experienced, and that after being all over the world during thirty years' service.

Second, the flag; not altogether from a sentimental point of view, but from the fact that the country is run, governed, etc., as a British one.

Third, the freedom from conventionality; you can do as you please in your own sweet way; what work you like, in what clothes you like, when you like, as you like, all in a law-abiding, cheerful way.

Fourth, the sport of shooting and fishing, being both good and inexpensive.

Fifth, the fact that there are many retired officers, both naval and military, on the Island, and that the majority of its people are British, very British.

Lumber and Local Color

CROSS the C. P. R. tracks into the Hastings Mill yard and you traverse twenty degrees of longitude and step into the timeless East. In all America it would be hard to find a scene more picturesque than that which you may see every day upon the wharves of the Hastings Mill, where the East is loading ships with lumber for the South.

This is what you will see: In the background two big ships—a sea-worn tramp steamer and a lofty-masted, slender-sparred sailing vessel. In the middle distance turbans and pigtails loading them with lumber. In the foreground more pigtails and turbans piling more lumber.

Sit down where the kindly sun throws the mantle of his good-nature over you, and where you get the healing smell of the aromatic lumber piles.

A tall brown Sikh is working nearby piling planks and singing the songs of a far country. The Sikhs make of their songs good comrades and drone them all day at their work. Ballads of war and hunting they are, and therefore good company for the soldier Sikhs. There is a romance about these dark men who wear turbans, and the lizard-faced yellow men. Truly the necessity of getting a job and the exigencies of a new country make strange bedfellows. Here are high-caste Sikhs working with low-caste Chinese coolies and only the length of a sixteen-foot plank between them.

The Orientals are intoxicated with the lust of personal gain. They wonder at the wages paid, for over there where they came from a day's wage was what any of their white fellow-workers, the Canadian and English mill hands, threw away in a single night on beer or whiskey.

Resting lightly as a canoe on the water, the lascivious tides nuzzling her plates, a big four-masted German bark lies with her stern to the wharf. Men talk much about the sea-beauty of the ancient clipper-ship—her light modelling and her gracious lines. But compared with ships like this packet, the old clipper ship was a Singapore junk. She possesses every seduction of beauty, every grace of form and fascination of character that a vessel can have. If you go down to the wharf and look at her you will see for yourself. Her yards are squared, her sails are gasketed, and her gear is not in very seamanly shape, but the long, slow violin curves of her hull and her sky-ascending masts denote her character.

The lumber is travoyed into the holds over the ship's stern in what seems at first a slow way of loading. The stuff is dragged by a rope up a wooden trough from the wharf, and from the stern rail forward along a causeway built of timbers and planks, to the ship's hatches. The tramway carries the lumber over the roofs of the vessel's houses. Of course, a donkey engine pulls the rope.

The first time you see this method of loading you think it must be slow. But watch the thing working for ten minutes and you will see lumber piles as big as houses melting away and disappearing over the ship's stern. It is a case of the ants who carried away each a grain of corn and soon emptied the granary. It looks as if this ship and the Norwegian tramp steamer were going to empty the lumber yard. Still, I think some longshoreman, if he whetted his brains and went to work, could devise a quicker way of loading. The little bark which lately loaded a cargo of lumber at this wharf for England had a big iron door in her stern near the water-line, through which the lumber was taken in, and the lumber ships you may see in the St. Lawrence River invariably load their cargoes in this way.

The ship at the wharf, later, in the bright calm of the April evening, is like the etching of a ship, running and standing rigging, every rope yarn, clear in the hard light. Imagine, if you can, the ship at sea, with all her canvas set, a white pavilion in the velvet twilight.

The steamer at the same wharf takes

her lumber overside with her derrick dooms in the usual way, and drops it down her hatches. The tramp steamers, more than all other craft that plough the windy fields of the sea, have character. Nearly always they are disreputable, foul and frowsy. Generally, however, under the outer grime and raffle, you will find if you adventure yourself down the iron ladders, a clean engine room, and engines that look as if some money had been spent on them in every port.

In a day the Hastings mill cuts 225,000 feet of lumber. It is the largest sawmill in Vancouver and one of the largest in Canada. British Columbia has but one mill that can cut more board feet in a day. It is the new Fraser River mill. This monster could cut, they say, 400,000 feet, and is the biggest in the country.

A Fish Story

"MOST men," said my angling friend, describing a fishing trip off Vancouver Island, "hunt the large game of the sea in her big able launches, but I hunted in a leaky dory like a dirty dish, manœuvred by a one-eyed fisherman with a wooden leg. But he knew all the care of a dory amidst the rolling hills of the sea.

"Jake, the rum-colored fisherman with the grafted leg, pulled with short strokes, and our little dory inched like a water-beetle over the back of a wave, slopped down into the uneasy hollow, and crept up the next azure slope sideways like a crab. The coast of British Columbia swam in the sun.

"Suddenly the dory was in the midst of a school of smelt, the water was whipped into plumy snow by myriads of the tiny fish. Through them flashed a shark like a grey ghost, half a hundredweight of wickedness poured into a slender mould, turning himself over and over to mouth the ephemeridæ of the sea.

"I looked at my tackle, which was very light. I felt like a man hunting bear with a 22 rifle. However, as the dirty dory mounted slowly over the watery hills, I

made my cast and the shark struck. With a furious rush the fish whirled away, and the reel squealed under the leather brake which my thumb was pressing upon. I checked him gently. He swerved and dashed off at right angles. I checked him again, and he came to the top, rolling and twisting on the water in a wild fury, and slashing with his tail until the sea was beaten into froth for a fathom around him.

"Did you ever get a shark on light tackle? He's the finest sportsman of them all. He's a dynamic bundle of muscle from snout to tail, and he fights just like a bulldog. He possesses a fury of life.

"Standing up in the swaying dory, I did my best, but I expected to lose him. My tackle was very light. I knew that if I didn't keep the rod at the same angle as the line all the time I would have to try again. I am going to try again.

"The fish was hooked at three o'clock. Five found a very tired man still fighting a fish whose energy was not yet burning low.

"During all this time the wind had been freshening steadily, though slowly, and the sea had been rising. The tops of the waves began to burst in little powderings of snow. The flat-bottomed dory squirmed and wriggled over the heavy swell as Jake pulled for the shore.

"In the midst of golden vapors the sun rocked low and the evening light powdered the sea with soft bronze. The clean and lively sea wind smelled and tasted rough and salty.

"From the peak of one of the thousand water hills in the midst of which the dory was as a hen coop, the big fish would flicker in a feather of foam, flash for half a second in the golden light, dive deep and rush away while the reel sank and the drunken dory soared and sank to the heave of the seas. Next minute the fish would whirl and dash back toward the dory. Then he would come to the top again, rolling and twisting and doubling.

"When he got away I was too tired to care very much; I hardly knew whether I was standing on my head or on my feet. The coast of British Columbia, upon which were falling the deep hues of evening, was coming out to meet us, and we could hear the long wash of the surf on the beaches. The long fight with the shark went back and back in my mind until it was only a tradition. On the skyline kelpies and sea-trolls were busy with smoke and coal kindling the sunset fire. I got busy with the baling dish. Violet lights flowed over the sea."

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1901-5	$20,626.69	Average per month	$ 343.77
1906	10,163.38	" "	846.94
1907	16,366.96	" "	1,363.90
1908	23,182.43	" "	1,931.86
1909	33,694.80	" "	2,807.90
1910	47,419.75	" "	3,951.64

Bank Clearings—

	Total for Year		APRIL	MAY	JUNE
1910	$444,988,818	1911	$41,337,756	$46,522,543	$45,557,790
1909	287,529,994	1910	36,731,598	35,786,494	37,092,464
1908	183,083,446	1909	20,057,652	20,715,736	22,073,266

Land Registry—

	Total for Year		APRIL	MAY	JUNE
1910	$223,179.20	1911	$23,892.95	$25,819.39	$23,000.00
1909	148,145.17	1910	21,524.00	18,617.00	17,407.00

Customs—

	Total
Fiscal Year ending Apr 1, 1911	$6,231,614 64
" " " 1, 1910	3,932,338.35
Increase	$2,299,276 29

APRIL	MAY	JUNE
1911 $616,174 17	$649,552 99	$630,050.00
1910 463,154.30	470,000.00	541,000.00

Building Permits—

APR.	1911 $1,186,320	MAY	1911 $2,488,050	JUNE	1911 $ 882,350
	1910 1,460,508		1910 941,570		1910 163,140

	1909	1910	1911
First 5 months	$2,836,165	$5,722,940	$8,281,700
" 6 "	3,493,185	6,855,800	9,164,050
" 7 "	4,042,292	7,325,410	
" 8 "	4,883,430	8,270,645	
" 9 "	5,647,960	9,011,360	
" 10 "	6,135,575	10,298,355	
" 11 "	6,745,764	12,196,240	
For 12 "	7,258,565	13,150,565	
Total 1910		$13,150,365	
" 1909		7,258,565	
Increase		$ 5,891,800	

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

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Royal Bank of Canada, Hastings & Homer Sts.
Royal Bank, East End Branch, Westminster Ave. and Hastings Street.
Traders Bank of Canada, 546 Hastings Street.

BARRISTERS.

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

BILLIARD TABLES, ETC.

Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. (The), 552 Beatty Street.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

Stark, Edward, 623 Hastings Street.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.

Anvil Island Brick Co., 324 Seymour Street.
Dairon & Williams, 331 Pender St.
O'Neil, Wm. & Co., 550 Seymour Street.

BUTCHERS.

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

BAKERS.

Hairpton Bros., Granville St. and Sixth Ave.
Vancouver Bakery, 850 Granville Street.

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

Bailey Bros., Ltd., 540 Granville.
Clement, J. P., 725 Pender W.
Forsyth, G. S. & Co., Cor. Homer & Hastings Sts.
Thomson Stationery Co., Hastings Street.
White & Bindon, 113 Hastings Street.

BREWERIES.

Vancouver Breweries, Ltd.,

BROKERS.

Bedlington, K. G. & Co., Cotton Building.
Canadian Development Co., Ltd., 336 Hastings.
Faulkner, S. G., 555 Granville Street.
Faulkner, G. Lloyd, 421 Pender St. W.
Grey & Gray, 207 Cotton Building.
Grossman Trust & Loan Co., Cotton Building.
Kearns, J. D., 405 Bower Bldg.
Mather & Noble, Dominion Trust Building.
MacMillan & Oliphant, Bank of Commerce Bldg.
McTavish Bros., 421 Pender St.
Smith, F. J., 414 Seymour Street.
Weeks, Edward S., 407 Hastings St. W.
Wolverton & Co., Ltd., 704 Dominion Trust Bldg.

BROOM AND WASH-BOARD MANUFACTURERS.

Crown Broom Works, 352 Front Street.

BUSINESS COLLEGES

Central Business College, Pender and Richards.

CABINET MAKERS

Davidson & Labsik, 428 Clark Drive.

CASH REGISTERS.

National Cash Register Co., 324 Cambie Street.

CITY DIRECTORIES.

Henderson Publishing Co., Flack Block.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Cartwright, C. E., Cotton Building.
Macdonell, Gzowski & Co., 505 Hastings St., W.
Tracy, Thos. H., 411 Howe Street.

COMMISSION BROKERS.

Des Brisay, M. & Co., Fairfield Building.
Evans, F. G., 139 Water Street.
Alex. Marshall, 144 Water St.

CONFECTIONERS

R. C. Purdy, 750 Robson Street.

CONTRACTORS.

Armstrong, Morrison & Co., Bower Building.
Columbia Bithulithic, Ltd., 23 Fairfield Bldg
Cotton, M. P., 103 Cotton Building.
Hepburn, Walter, Crown Building.
Irwin, Carver & Co., 34 Hutchison Bldg.
McLean Bros., Molsons Bank Building.
McLean, Robt. & Co., 532 Granville Street.
McLuckie, J. M., 75 Sixth Ave.
Prudential Builders, Ltd., Manitoba & Front Sts
Weeks, W. C., 13 Burns Building.
Wells Construction Co., Exchange Building.
West Coast Bridge & Dredging Co., Exch. Bldg
Y. Aoki, 313 Alexander Street.

DRUGGISTS

Henry Ferguson, 1201 Granville Street.

DRY GOODS, RETAIL.

Drysdale, Gordon, Granville St.
Hills, Charles W., Ltd., 940 Granville Street.
More & Wilson, 556 Granville Street.

ELECTRICAL FIXTURES.

Allfree & Churchland, 976 Granville Street.
Canadian General Electric Co., 1065 Pender St.
Cope & Son, 338 Hastings St.
Hinton Electric Company, 606 Granville Street.
Northern Electric & Mfg. Co., Ltd., 313 Water

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER

B. C. Electric Railway Co., Ltd.

ELECTRICAL WORKS

R. Hoffmeister, 1271 Granville Street

ENGRAVERS.

Dominion Illustrating Co., 605 Hastings Street.

FEED AND GRAIN.

Brown & Hovey, 129 Cordova Street W.

FISH DEALERS.

New England Fish Co., Cove Ave. Wharf
Tyson, A. M., 112 Cordova Street.

FLORISTS.

England & Cox, 401 Granville Street

FURRIERS

San Francisco Fur Co., 919 Granville St

FURNITURE.

City Furniture Company, 866 Granville Street
Smith, D. A., Ltd., 931 Granville St.
Standard Furniture Co., 507 Hastings Street.

GAS APPLIANCES

The Burnside Gas Appliance Co., 1037 Granville Street.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Clubb & Stewart, 315 Hastings Street W.
DesBrisay, S., 613 Granville Street.
Kilby, E. C., 627 Hastings Street.
Sweeney, H. & Co., 605 Hastings Street

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B42

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A. & C. Grocery Co., 637 Granville Street.
DesBrisay, A & A., 131 Cordova St. E.
Filion, F., 204 Carrall Street.
William Houston, 716 Robson Street.
McDowell, T. F., 704 Granville Street.
McTaggart, Joseph, 789 Granville Street
Mr. W. H. Walsh, 1200 Seymour Street.
Wagg, George, 116 Hastings Street.

GROCERY SUNDRIES.

Little Bros., 24 Cordova St. E.

HARDWARE.

Cunningham Sanderson, Ltd., 1012 Granville St.
Forbes & Van Horn, Ltd., 52 Hastings Street W.
J. A. Flett, 111 Hastings Street.
MacLachlan Bros., 827 Granville Street.
McTaggart & Moscrop, 7 Hastings Street W.

HAY, GRAIN AND CEREALS.

Brackman-Ker Milling Co., The, 25 Pender St.

HEATING AND COOKING APPARATUS.

Gurney Foundry Co., The, 566-570 Beatty Street

HOTELS.

Blackburn, 318 Westminster Avenue.
Carlton Hotel, Cambie and Cordova Sts.
Grand, 24 Water Street.
Metropole, Abbott and Cordova Streets.
North Vancouver, North Vancouver, B. C.
St. Alice, Harrison Hot Springs, B. C.
Strand, 626 Hastings Street.
Willows, Campbell River, B. C.

INSURANCE.

British Empire Insurance Co., Bower Bldg.
Evans, J. G., Davis Chambers.
Evans, A. K. & Co., 210 Dominion Trust Bldg.
McGregor & Co., D. C., 633 Hastings Street.
Monarch Life Insurance Co., 30 Imperial Block.
Mutual Life of Canada, 570 Granville Street.
Springer, F. B., 445 Granville Street.
Tweedale, C., care of B. A. Trust Co., Carter Cotton Bldg.

ICE AND COLD STORAGE.

Vancouver Ice & Cold Storage Co., Gore Ave. Wharf.

IMPORTERS AND COMMISSION AGENTS.

Shallcross, Macaulay & Co., 144 Water Street.

JAPANESE GOODS.

Furuya, M. Co., 46 Hastings Street.
Tamura, S., 522 Granville Street.

JEWELLERS.

Allan, Thos., 615 Granville St.
Allan, O. B., 581 Granville Street.
Armstrong, B. F., 609 Hastings St.
Birks, Henry & Son, Granville and Hastings Sts.
Grimmett, G. W., 793 Granville Street.
McMillan, A. F., Hastings and Homer Streets.

LAND AND INVESTMENT COMPANIES.

Grand Trunk Land Company, 12 Winch Bldg.
Natural Resources Security Co., Ltd., 606 Bower Building.

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

LEATHER GOODS.

B. C. Leather Company, 112 Hastings Street.
Storey & Campbell, 156 Hastings St. W.

LINOTYPE PRINTERS

Shilvock Bros., 435 Pender St. W. (Rear)

LIQUOR DEALERS.

Benwell, Peart & Co., 226 Cambie Street.
B. C. Wine Company, 534 Pender Street.
Independent Liquor Co., 65 Hastingst St. E.
Maple Leaf Liquor Co., 202 Main St.
Pither & Leiser, 183 Water St.
The Hose & Brooks Co., Ltd., 504 Westminster.
Vancouver Wine & Spirits Co., 1097 Granville.
West End Liquor Company, 1133 Granville St.

LOANS, INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE.

Banfield, John J., 607 Hastings Street.
Bell-Irving & Co., H., 322 Richards St.
Canadian Financiers, Ltd., 632 Granville Street.
Dow, Fraser & Co., Ltd., 321 Cambie Street.
Island Investment Co., Ltd., 431 Homer Street.
Macaulay & Nicolls, 414 Seymour Street.
Mahon, MacFarland & Procter, Ltd., Pender & Seymour Streets.
Morgan, E. B. & Co., 539 Pender Street.
National Finance Company, 350 Pender Street.
Pemberton & Son, 326 Homer Street.
Prudential Investment Co., Ltd., 103 Front St.
Rand, C. D., Granville and Pender Streets.
Rand, E. E., 532 Granville Street.
Van Houten, W. J., [illegible] Pender Street.
Ward, Burmester & Von Gravenitz, 411 Pender.
Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, 440 Seymour Street.

LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANIES.

Great West Permanent, 559 Granville Street.

LUBRICATING OILS.

McColl Bros. & Co., Beatty Street.

LUMBER DEALERS.

Bradford & Taylor, Dominion Trust Building.
Clarke, W. H., 615 Pender Street.
Harrell, M. M., Lumber Co., Dominion Trust B.
McNair-Fraser Lumber Co., Dominion Trust B.
Oliver-Scrim Lumber Co., Loo Building.
Smith, J. Fyfe & Co., 448 Seymour Street.

LUMBER MILLS.

B. C. Mills Timber & Trading Co.
Rat Portage Lumber Co.
Robertson & Hackett.

MANUFACTURERS.

The Calgary Milling Co., Ltd., Smythe and Beatty Streets.
Davies Paper Box Co., Pandora and Park Drive.
The Vancouver Milling and Grain Co., Ltd., Cambie and Smythe Streets.
Canadian Pipe Co., Ltd., 550 Pacific Street.
Leckie, J. & Co., Cordova and Cambie Streets.

Royal Soap Company, 308 Harris Street.
Vancouver Machinery Depot, 1155 6th Ave. W.

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS.

Anglo-British Columbian Agency, Ltd., 505 Mercantile Building.
Anthony, M. B. & Co., Mercantile Building.
Blackwell, E. G., 319 Pender Street.
Campbell, George & Co., Mercantile Building.
Ranald F. Clark, Fairfield Building.
Darling, Frank, 1142 Homer St.
Harrison, F. E., Mercantile Building.
James, W. A., 334 Granville Street.
Knight, J. E. (Mooney's Biscuits), 825 Powell St
MacLennan, W. A., 336 Hastings Street.
MacPherson & Teezel, Drake and Homer Sts.
Martin & Robertson, 313 Water Street.
Newmarch, Cooper & Co., 167 Pender Street.
Naismith & Co., 223 Columbia
Pacific Coast Importing Co., Ltd., Mercantile B
Thompson, N., Ltd., 319 Pender Street.
Vancouver Agencies, Ltd., Mercantile Building

MAPS AND BLUEPRINTS.

Moir, A. & Co., 570 Granville Street.

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.

Ford, McConnell Co., The Saturday Sunset
News-Advertiser Co., Pender and Hamilton Sts.
Walter C. Nichol, The Daily Province.
World Publishing Co., The Daily World.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

McCallum, A. R., 702 Granville Street.

MINING COMPANIES.

Brown, H. B., 510 Pender Street.
Great Granite Development Co., Winch Bldg

MISCELLANEOUS.

Canada Viavi Company, Fairfield Building
Dominion Glazed Pipe Cement Co., Dom. T. B
Lester Dancing Academy, Granville & Davie St.
Thiel Detective Service, Fairfield Building.

NOTARY PUBLIC AND BROKER

Emanuels, S. J., 537 Pender Street.

OFFICE FURNITURE.

Webster-Hanna Co., 426 Cordova Street.

OPTICIANS.

Gamble, J. D., 603 Hastings Street.

PAINTERS AND DECORATORS

Spillman & Co., 928 Granville Street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Bullen & Lamb, 737 Pender Street.
Edwards Bros., 621 Granville Street.
Ellis, W. J., 627 Granville Street.
Vinson, V. V., 311 Hastings Street.
Wadds Bros., 337 Hastings Street.

PICTURE FRAMING

Art Emporium, 901 Georgia St.

PIANO DEALERS.

Hicks & Lovick Piano Co., 1117 Granville Street
Montelius Piano House, 441 Hastings Street.
Thomson, Wm., 1127 Granville Street.
Waitt, M. W. & Co., 558 Granville Street.

PLATE GLASS

Pilkington Bros., Ltd., 102 Powell Street.
Bogardus, Wickens, Begg, Ltd., Homer and Nelson Sts.
Western Plate Glass & Importing Co., 153 Cordova Street E.

PLUMBERS.

Barr & Anderson, 114 Hastings Street.
Hodgson Plumbing & Heating Co., Ltd., 643 Street.
Leek & Company, 1098 Homer Street.

POWDER WORKS.

Hamilton Powder Co., 98 Powell Street

PRINTERS.

Commercial Printing Co., 406 Abbott St.
Cowan & Brookhouse, 420 Hastings Street.
Evans & Hastings, 125 Hastings Street.
John F. Morris Co., 1087 Granville Street.
Moore Printing Co., The Cor. Gran. & Robson.
Nicholson, James & Son, 2092 Second Ave.
Timms, A. H., 230 14th Avenue E.
Trythall & Son, 590 Seymour Street.

PUBLISHERS.

Canadian Press Association, Dom. Trust Bldg.
Fruit Magazine Publishing Co., Winch Bldg.

RESTAURANTS.

Allan's Cafe, 29 Hastings Street W.
Cabin Cafe, 615 Hastings Street.
Leonard's Coffee Palaces, 163 Hastings Street, 716 Hastings Street.
McIntyre Cafe, 439 Granville Street.

ROOMING HOUSES.

Glenwood, 940 Pender Street.
Waldorf, 116 Hastings Street.

RUBBER COMPANIES.

Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Co., Ltd., 359 Water Street.
Vancouver Rubber Co., 526 Beatty St.
Selling Agents for The Gutta Percha & Rubber Goods Mfg. Co., of Toronto.

RUBBER STAMPS.

Hewitt, George H., Fairfield Building.

REAL ESTATE.

Alexander & Conrad, 412 Hastings Street.
Anderson & Clayton, 1009 Granville Street.
Archer & Stevenson, 692 Broadway.
Austin, A. E. & Co., 528 Granville Street.
Barr & Humberstone, 526 Seymour Street.
Bartlett & Barber, 532 Granville Street.
Bates & Mair, 582 Richards Street.
Bayliss, Fred, 2199 Cornwall Street.
Bealey, R. J., Room 27, 429 Pender Street W.
Berry & Munroe, 2607 Westminster Avenue
Bissell & Snyder, 264 Hastings Street.
Bliss & Brandt, 721 Robson Street.
Borland & Trousdale, 108 Hastings Street.
Bodie, Chas. A., Ltd., 614 Pender St.
Brown & Misener, 952 Granville Street.
Braithwaite & Glass, 2127 Granville Street.
Bridge Street Realty Co., 2507 Bridge Street.
Campion & Pound, Fairfield Building.
Carlton, W., 419 Richards Street.
Canadian Investment Co., 50 Hastings Street W.
Christie, J. A., 543 Granville Street.
City Brokerage Co., 430 Main Street.
Clark, H. M. H., 148 Eighth Avenue W.
Clarke, R. Lennox, 437 Pender Street.
Clarke, Joseph, 319 Homer Street.
Clark, Seymour & Short, 319 Homer Street.
Comeau & Warden, 571 Hamilton Street.
Commercial Agency, 1118 Granville Street.
Cook's Business Exchange, Dominion Trust Bldg.
Coombs, C. V., 1766 Park Drive.
Copp & Mutch, 548 Westminster Avenue
Corbett & Donald, 537 Pender Street.
Craig, James H., 1150 Granville Street.
Croft & Ashby, 5 Winch Building.
Cruise, A. W. & Co., 445 Homer Street.
Devine, H. T., 437 Seymour Street.
Dewar, J. A. Co., Ltd., Hutchison Building.
Dewar & Maybee, 2005 Park Drive.
Dick Bros., 532 Granville Street.
Dickens, B. F., Pacific Building, Hastings St.
Dodson & Mills, 531 Richards Street.
Dominion Investors' Corporation, 313 Dominion Trust Bldg.
Doherty & Wyatt, 709 Dunsmuir Street.
Douglas, C. S., Cor. Richards and Pender Sts.
Drummond, Herbert C., 8-9 Winch Building.
Eadie, James, 434 Richards Street.
Eardley, B. A. & Co., 413 Granville Street.
Eastern Land Company, 408 Crown Building.
Edwards, G. F., 726 Hastings Street.
Elkins Bros., 536 Hastings Street.
Endacott & Percival, 544 Pender Street.
Evans & Fraser, 2048 7th Avenue W.

Evans & Page, 564 Richards Street.
Evans, R., 2115 Granville Street.
Fairley & Stinson, Loo Building.
Faris & Montserrat, 445 Homer St.
Federal Investments, 312 Pender Street
Flack, S., 319 Pender Street.
Foster, F. W., 517 Pender Street.
Fraser & Fraser Co., 3 Winch Building.
Fruitland Realty Company, 53-54 Exchange Bldg
Freund, H., 116 Hastings Street.
Frost, A. D., 544 Georgia St.
Gardom Bros. & Payne, 800 1-2 Granville Street.
General Securities Co., 441 Richards Street.
George & Demmings, 817 Granville Street.
Gill & Casement, 439 Richards St.
Goddard, H. & Son, 521 Pender Street.
Goodrich, A. W. & Co., 2456 Westminster Ave.
Granville Brokerage, 1017 Granville Street.
Gray, C., 533 Pender Street.
Great Western Investment, 6 Winch Building
Griffith & Lee, 420 Winch Bldg.
Hamilton & Mathers, 405 Loo Building.
Harbor Development Trust Co., Dom. Trust B
Harper, James, 315 Cambie Street.
Hart, H. O. & Co., 692 Broadway.
Heymann, Albert, Comon Building.
Higginbotham, A. L., 516 Broadway.
Hitchcock & Meeker, 344 Pender Street.
Hogg & Mulholland, Davis Chambers.
Holder, Wm., Holden Building, Hasting St.
Hood Bros., 519 Pender Street.
Howeson & Co., 322 Pender Street.
Imperial Investment Co., 2313 Westminster Ave
Imperial Realty Co., 302 Loo Building.
Inkster & Ward, 421 Richards Street.
International Financiers, Suite 30, Exchange B.
James & Ringrose, 2824 Westminster Avenue.
Johnson & Richardson, 614 Hastings Street.
Johnston, Harry A. & Co.&, 422 Richards Street.
Jones, H. A., 407 Cordova Street.
Kearns, John D., 405 Bower Building.
Keeler, O. V., 535 Pender Street.
Kirkwood, Jas. Co., 1961 Granville Street.
Laing & Frame, 347 Pender Street.
Lalonde & Clough, 441 Homer Street.
Latimer, Nay & McTavish, 319 Pender Street.
Latimer, R. M., 710 Hastings Street.
Leitch, A. M., 303 Cambie Street.
Lembke, W. H., 439 Richards Street.
Lett, C. A. & Son, 316 Richards Street
Lewerke, Alf., 532 Granville Street.
Lewis, F. B., 449 Pender Street.
Liddle, Andrew, 800 Hastings Street.
Lindsay, W. F., 2210 Granville Street.
Locators, The, Dominion Trust Building.
Lockwood, E. C., Royal Bank Bldg. (East End).
Loewen & Harvey, Ltd., 420 Cambie Street.
MacKay Bros., 263 Hastings Street E.
MacLean & MacLean, 441 Pender St.
MacKenzie & Stevens, Dominion Trust Bldg.
McDonald, Joseph, 537 Richards Street.
McKenzie & Blackwood, 505 Richards Street.
McPherson & Fullerton Bros., 333 1-2 Pender St.
Martin & Shannon, Flack Block.
Margerson Bros., 521 Homer St.
Matheson & Chase, 536 Cambie Street.
Maxwell & King, 910 Granville Street.
Maxwell & LeFeuvre, 2141 Granville Street.

Merritt, C. L. & Co., 410 Homer Street
Melhuish, Kirchner & Co., 622 Robson Street.
Mills Bros., 2007 Granville Street.
Mole & Keefer, 1061 Granville Street.
Monarch Estate & Trust Co., 520 Pender Street.
Morrison, M. G. & Co., 536 Hastings Street.
Munson & Co., S. F., 333 Pender Street.
Murrie & Brown, 578 Richards Street.
Mutual Investment Co., Winch Building.
Naffzinger & Duerr, 63 Broadway.
Netherby, K. L. & Co., 2040 Granville Street
Nichol, A. F. & Co., 532 Granville Street.
Nickerson, W. D., 927 Granville Street.
Nisbet, Robert, 441 Seymour Street.
Nixon, Patton & McLean, 2900 Westminster Ave.
North Vancouver Investment Co., 134 Hastings St. W.
Orr, Lewis D., 508 Dunsmuir Street.
Osborne, Trousdale & Osborne, 216 Winch Bldg
Panton & Emsley, 328 Columbia.
Park, John M. 1117 Granville Street.
Patterson, A. J., 1221 Granville St.
Patterson & Rutter, Royal Bank Bdg. (East End)
Perdue & Hoar, 434 Westminster Avenue.
Powis & Boughton, 334 Granville Street.
Prentice & Co., A. N., 724 Hastings Street.
Prescott, J. W., 349 Homer Street.
Ralph & Radermacher, 2227 Granville Street.
Rankin & Ford, 514 Pender Street.
Read, W. A., 413 Granville Street
Robertson Bros., Ltd., 338 Seymour Street.
Robson & Roberts, 429 Pender Street.
Rogers & Black, 524 Pender Street.
Rorison, R. D. & Co., 786 Granville Street.
Scott Brokerage Co., 147 Hastings Street.

Scott, G. D., 436 Granville Street.
Seymour, Allan, Storry & Blair, 412 Hastings St.
Sharples & Sharples, 416 Seymour Street.
Smith Brokerage Co., 246 Hastings Street E.
Star Realty Co., 56 Hastings St. E.
Steele, Chas., Realty Co., 525 Pender Street W.
Stevens, John T. Trust Co., 333 Homer Street.
Stewart, John, 118 Hastings Street W.
Stewart & Elliott, 2343 Granville Street.
Sun Realty Co., 308 Loo Building.
Sutherland, A. D., 698 Broadway.
Taylor, J. S., 407 Pender Street.
Thacker & Thornton, 324 Winch Building
Thompson Co., The, 590 Broadway.
Trites, F. N. & Co., 659 Granville Street.
Ure, John, Bank of Commerce Building.
Vancouver Colonization Co., 524 Pender Street.
Vancouver Financial Corp., Dom. Trust Bldg.
Vernon & Co., 817 Granville Street.
Waterfall, A. R., Bank of Commerce Building.
Western Canadian Investment Co., 45 Flack Blk.
Williams & Murdoff, 508 Hastings Street.
Watkins, C. W., 622 Robson Street.
Watson & Bowen, 341 Homer Street.
Wilmot, A. N. & Co., 436 Hastings Street.
Western Investors, The, 606 Westminster Ave.
Williscroft, S. B. 522 Granville Street.
Wood, James, 407 Loo Building.
Windle, H. W., 532 Granville Street.

SAFES AND VAULT DOORS.

J. & J. Taylor Safe Works, 426 Cordova St. W.

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

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

Leckie, J., & Co., 220 Cambie Street.

COFFEE, TEAS AND SPICES.

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

DRUGGISTS

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., 125 Pender Street.
Mackay, Smith, Blair & Co., Cambie Street.
Peck, John W. & Co., 337 Water Street.

DRY GOODS.

Gault Bros., 361 Water Street.

FRUIT AND PRODUCE.

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

GROCERS.

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

HARDWARE.

Wood, Vallance & Leggatt, 26 Hastings Street W

PAINTS

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

PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES

Alcock, Downing & Rose.
Robertson-Godson Co., Ltd., 32 Hastings St. W
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AUTHORIZED CAPITAL $500,000

HEAD OFFICE:
VICTORIA, B. C.

BRANCH: 431 HOMER ST.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

References: Merchants Bank of Canada

CANADIAN NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY STATION AT STEWART, LOOKING UP BEAR RIVER VALLEY

The City of Certainty

A SAFE INVESTMENT

NO MORE "IFS"

¶ The Railroad is in operation for some fifteen miles out of Stewart and is also building west from Edmonton.

¶ The Peace and Naas River Valleys are being rapidly settled and need an outlet.

¶ The Government is spending $72,000 in the city and district on roads, schools, etc.

¶ The two wharves, Railroad and Government, are finished.

¶ The mines are producing valuable shipping ore.

¶ Stewart is steadily growing to be an important mining, shipping and terminal city.

¶ Don't wait till the prices get beyond you.

¶ Buy now from the original owners of the townsite.

¶ A few lots left in each block for sale, 1-5 cash, balance in 6, 12, 18 and 24 months at 6%.

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