

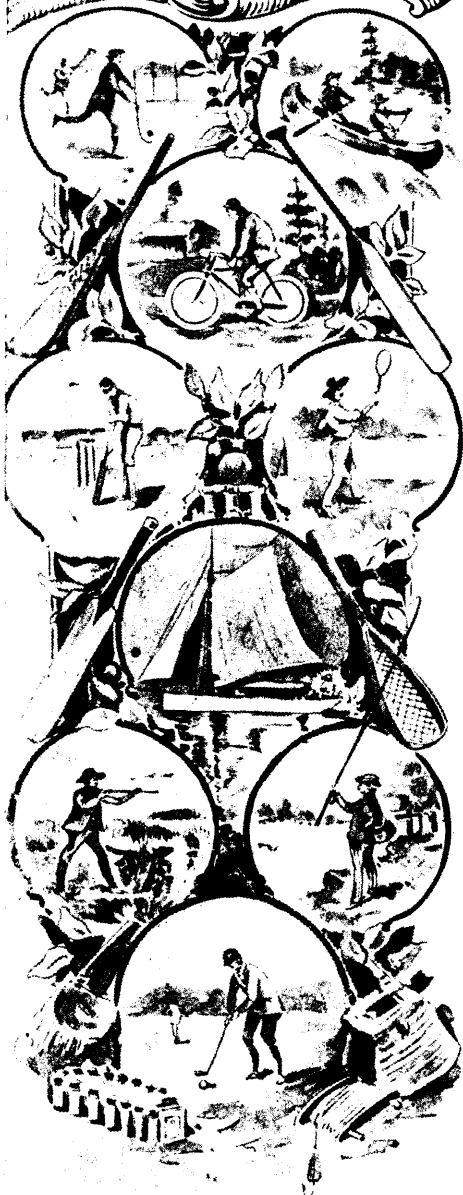
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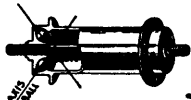
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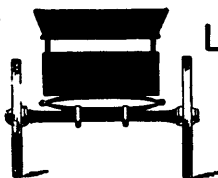
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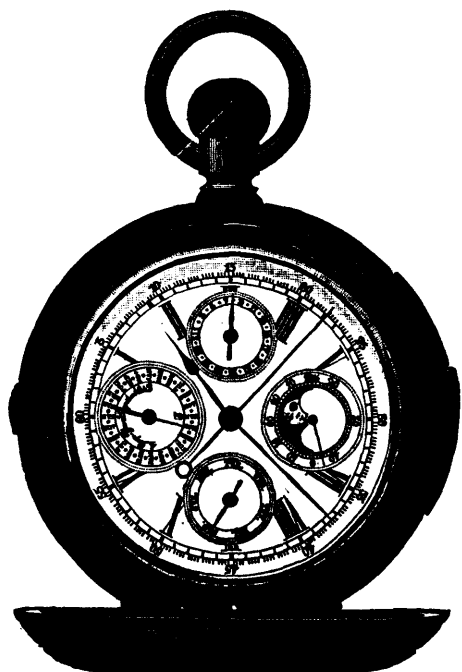
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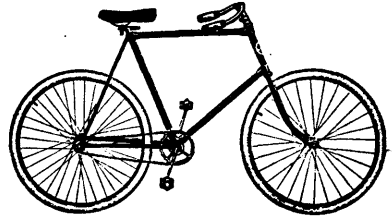
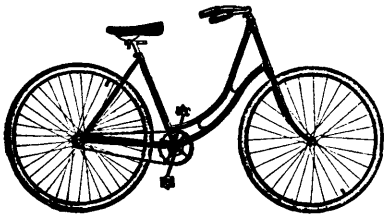
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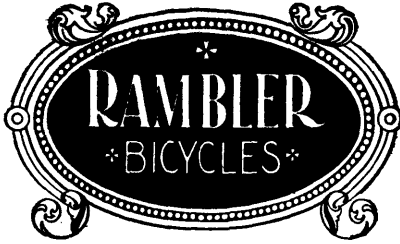
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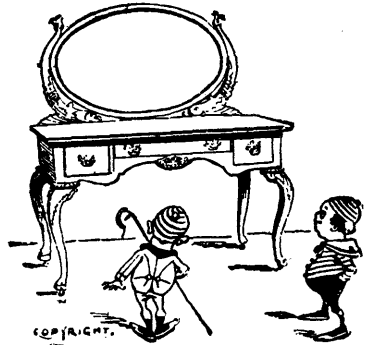
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WESTERN RECREATION

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES

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[From Photos. taken expressly for Western Recreation by Savannah.]

WESTERN RECREATION.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 1.

"THE WHITE GOAT."

By JOHN FANNIN,

(Curator British Columbia Museum.)

TWO animals, the Bighorn or Mountain Sheep, *Ovis Canadensis* and the White or Antelope Goat, *Mazama Montana*, which are now among the rarest of game south of the 49th parallel, are found within the boundaries of British Columbia in incredible numbers. The range of the two is almost identical. Throughout the Cascades and mountains of the interior, both are found occupying the same mountain peaks, but the White Goat extends its ramifications further to the westward—in fact the true habitat of the goat or rather that portion of it where its center of abundance occurs is along the rugged peaks of the Coast Range.

Here amidst nature's wildest scenes of storm swept canons, beetling crags and snowy peaks, where the silence is seldom broken save by the rush of mountain torrents or the crashing of the treacherous avalanche; here far removed from the

trail of the ordinary hunter, the Mountain Goat enjoys a freedom of action unmolested by the persecution of man to a much greater extent than is allotted to any other animal in the mountains, and it may be safe to say that it will exist when all other animals of the forest shall have been exterminated or driven beyond our boundaries.

The White Goat has been reported as far south as 36° north latitude, and as far north as 65°, but no definite information so far as I know exists respecting the limits of its northern range—it probably ranges as far in that direction as there are mountains for it to climb.

The many inlets that indent the coast line of British Columbia from Burrard Inlet to the borders of Alaska are too, favorite haunts of this interesting animal. Fifteen years ago, it was the belief among sportsmen and naturalists in the East that the White Goat was nearly exterminated,



[Photo. by Col. Peters]. "HEADQUARTERS"—A WEEK'S GOAT HUNTING.

and about that time, while living on the shores of Burrard Inlet, I received a letter from a friend in the east requesting me, if possible, to secure a specimen of this almost extinct animal.

But the knowledge then existing concerning British Columbia's game, and the White Goat in particular, was somewhat vague, as the following will show: A few days before I received this letter, an Indian Chief of the Squamish Tribe on Burrard Inlet, gave away at one Potlatch one thousand blankets made from the fleece of the White Goat. As it requires the fleece of two skins to make an ordinary blanket, this gift represented two thousand skins. These were collected in the

the wool was required for blanket-making, which process is as follows: The fleece is shorn from the dry skins, and the wool and long hair connected together and twisted into a coarse yarn by rolling between the hand and the bare leg of the operator—this work being done by the squaws. This yarn is then woven into blankets on the most primitive sort of loom, consisting of two upright posts, connected by two cross-bars over which the warp is stretched when the weft is passed over and under with the hand alone. Not a bad imitation of work done by more civilised people in former years.

The practice of blanket-making is only indulged in now by the few who still



[Photo. by Col. Peters.]

"HAUNT OF THE GAME IN SIGHT."

neighborhood of Howe Sound and Burrard Inlet alone within a period of a few years and showed conclusively that this animal at that time at least, was far from being exterminated.

The Mountain Goat has been to the Indians of British Columbia what the buffalo was to the Indians of the plains, furnishing them both food and raiment.

In the days of blanket-making, the Indians with their families, would take themselves to the summit of the mountains and camp for weeks at a time, slaughtering great numbers, and drying the meat there for winter use. The skins were generally cut full of slits from three to ten inches long and spread out on the ground to dry. When dry they were packed away until

adhere to primitive customs, and those far removed from the whites. Besides blankets of a better quality can now be had with much greater ease than in scaling the rocky heights to procure them from the fleece of the White Goat, consequently the annual hunts that used to be made in former years are almost things of the past, civilization has diverted the ambition of the younger men into other channels, while the old hunters, who are now few and far between, will have no one to take their places, and although there is always a certain amount of interest and excitement in the hunting down of a wild animal, yet the average white hunter after his first goat hunt will probably conclude that the sport obtained

in the taking of this animal hardly pays him for the leg-wearying toil experienced in reaching its habitat. So that it may be safely said that instead of entertaining any fears as to its early extermination it is probably on the increase.

Although strictly speaking, an animal of Alpine habits, I have known goats to be shot within a few hundred yards of the sea level, and to be captured while swimming rivers

or wide stretches of salt water. These occurrences, however, are rare, and their wanderings much below the timber line are perhaps more from necessity than choice.

Occasionally the deep snow forces them to quit their lofty haunts in search of more favorable browsing ground in the timber below, and in the early spring when the snow has melted from the slide-patches on the mountain sides, and along



[Photo. by Col. Peters.]

"A PROSPECT FOR GAME."

the borders of mountain streams, the goats wander down and nibble the grass and weeds which spring up almost coincident with the disappearance of the snow. Again, they frequently migrate from one range to another, crossing of course in their travels whatever low-lands or valleys intervene. At such times a shot may be had without much climbing.

During the winter months, say January and February, if one takes a canoe and

paddles along the shores of most any of the Inlets of the Mainland, he will be almost sure to get a shot without proceeding far from the waters edge. I have on one occasion bagged three and got back to my canoe within an hour from the time of starting. The only drawback to a hunt during these months is the disagreeable wet weather one is likely to encounter.

I have spent a good many days



[Photo. by Col. Peters.]

"ABOVE THE CLOUD LINE."

with mountain goats, but I can freely say that I have had more pleasure in sitting down, and with the aid of my field glass, watching for an hour or two the queer antics of these sleepy looking denizens of the mountain peaks, than I ever got out of a days' shooting them; still, the skin or head of a mountain goat can not be classed among the lesser trophies of a sportsman's battle-field, and even in British Columbia, the reputed home of this animal, a white man who has killed one is not to be met with on every trail.

Wonderful stories have been told concerning the cunning and alertness of this strange animal, and the great caution required by the hunter in stalking it; and

the shooting down of a wild animal, that thing is more apparent in the case of the White Goat than with any other animal that I know of. Speed is no part of his composition, as his short clumsy legs will at once show, and if you happen to surprise one at short range, instead of throwing up its head and bounding away with the fleetness of the wind, he is very apt to stand looking at you with rather a sleepy and mopish expression of countenance, denoting anything but the alert, wary animal he is sometimes represented to be.

Then again, it is not an uncommon thing for a goat when shot to drop one or two hundred, or even five hundred feet, bring-



[Photo. by Col. Peters.] "FIRST GAME," (at the Glacier Edge.)

even at the present day Indians will warn you of certain rules which must be strictly followed if you hope to be a successful goat hunter.

You must not smoke; you must not build a fire within three or four miles of where goats are supposed to be found; you must not fire a random shot, for if you miss your goat, gone is your chance for that day.

All of which is in my experience very wide of the facts.

The Mountain Goat is rather a stupid animal, and little or no skill is required in hunting it. The great difficulty is in reaching the almost inaccessible places where they are usually to be found.

If there is anything akin to cruelty in

ing up at the bottom a mass of broken bones and flesh pounded into a jelly, fit only for some prowler's feast. But after all there is a fascination about mountain climbing peculiarly its own, and one who has never been on the spot can form not the faintest idea of the panorama that will be opened up to him upon reaching the summit of any of our mountains. Here certainly is one of the many surprises that British Columbia holds for the sportsman and tourist.

Some of the principal enemies that the goat has to contend with are the black and grizzly bears, and I once saw an exciting race between a goat and a black bear on the summit of a mountain on the North Arm of Burrard Inlet. The bear

had probably surprised the goat from an ambush, and the latter started down the side of the mountain, and when first noticed was about twenty yards in advance of the bear. Neither appeared to be going very fast, indeed the nature of the ground was not at all favorable for a test of speed; it was simply a game of hide and seek, and the goat had the best of it.

Doubling around among the granite blocks, he kept the distance between himself and his black pursuer about the same, and once when on the top of a huge rock, he stopped and looked back at the bear. From my position I had a good view of the race, and with my glasses watched it eagerly. I believe that the noble red man of the forest is accredited with holding in his composition a more than average share of stoicism, but in this respect and under all circumstances a mountain goat can discount him. Whether scrambling away from danger, or chewing his cud on the sunny side of a rock the same mopish indifference to passing events is stamped on every feature of his long and shapeless face. As the race progressed it was bringing the contestants directly onto an open level plateau which had they reached the goat would probably have had to yield to the

superior speed of the bear, but a shot from my companion's rifle induced the bear to give up the chase and turn his attention to looking after his own safety.

In climbing the mountains of the coast, Indians are indispensable, not only as packers but in picking out shorter and easier routes, thus saving time and unnecessary hard work. The Indian guides of British Columbia, as a rule, are trustworthy and faithful to those who use them well, more especially if one turns out to be no novice in woodcraft or the art of handling a rifle, and an Indian guide will always boast of the distinction of leading such a one into the mountains.

On one occasion when after goats on the mountains not far from the City of Vancouver with a noted hunter and a friend, Mr. Havens, now a resident of

San Francisco, I came very near losing the confidence of an old guide whom I had followed many seasons up into the mountain goat country. The fame of my friend had got noised about among the Indians, and, indeed, he had shown evidence of his skill with the rifle several times on the way up. I had with me the old guide before alluded to, while my friend had a younger Indian who was a bit of a gambler, and on reaching the summit he challenged the old fellow to a bet of half a dozen dried salmon on the result of the day's shoot. This the old man took and went him six better, at which the bet was made.

This, of course, I knew nothing about, although the old man's anxiety for my success, which showed itself on several occasions throughout the day, somewhat surprised me. He would generally manage to be close to me when I was about to shoot, whispering advice as to the distance, etc., and always winding up with the information, "Delate hyas sheep," the old fellow knowing that I was very anxious to procure a large specimen of this animal. The shooting through out the day had been equal, but as night was coming on and the prospect of another shot was looking very doubtful, the

old man's spirit began to sink, until on reaching the top of a long ridge he suddenly halted and pointing with his long bony finger exclaimed, there is a big fellow and "Yaka sleep" (he sleeps.) I looked in the direction pointed out and saw what I took to be a small patch of snow about half a mile away. I took out my glasses and soon made it out to be a small female goat fast asleep on a rocky shelf on the verge of a deep canon. As the goat was a small one and in a difficult position to reach, I concluded to leave it alone, and continue on towards camp, when the old man became very boisterous and fairly begged me to go with him and shoot the goat. Our talk attracted the attention of the younger Indian, who being some distance ahead, on looking round at once suspected the trouble, began to



scan the landscape, and soon discovered the goat, when he promptly called Havens' attention, and throwing down his pack, started in the direction of the white speck, beckoning H. to follow. This, added to the old man's earnest appeal, induced me to join in the stalk.

The approach was straight down the ridge over open ground which kept us in sight of the goat all the way. Three times it held up its head and looked in our direction, but as if determined not to be disturbed in its evening nap it would settle itself down to sleep again. At length, after a hard tramp over broken rocks, we reached the verge of the canon. Owing to the fact of my old guide having led me a shorter and easier route, we were the first to reach the canon, and had no sooner settled ourselves down behind the cover of a clump of juniper bushes, when the old fellow said, "Now you shoot! Halo siyah," (not very far.)

Now not very far in shooting parlance with Indians means less than one hundred yards, as they seldom shoot up to that distance and are not very good shots at any distance. The goat looked to me, however, to be at least two hundred yards away. But it is not an easy matter to judge distances over deep canons. In the meantime Havens and the younger Indian had taken up a position about fifty yards to the right of where I was sitting. When I told my friend I was going to try it at two hundred yards, his reply was simply "well go ahead."

While we were talking, the goat got up and discovering us started up the cliff, but changing his mind, wheeled and was making for the timber below, when I pressed the trigger and a leaden message sped across the canon to find a resting place in some of the crevices of the cliff, while the goat kept on running unhurt. When the old guide found that I had made a clean miss, his disgust was unbounded; Mr. Haven's has fairly depicted it in the accompanying drawing, and when later on, the goat pierced by a shot from his rifle, sprang into the air and fell a hundred feet down the side of the canon, the old fellow turned on me and muttered something in the guttural language of his tribe which, if interpreted, no doubt would be, "well, if that don't let me out on you."

After I found out about the bet, I paid the old fellow for his salmon, which reinstated me in his confidence.

The flesh of the White Goat is very

much prized as food by the Indians, and it is astonishing the amount of it that two or three Indians will get away with while sitting round the camp fire, after the regular meal is finished. But although mountain goat meat has been highly recommended by many hunters whom I have met with in the mountains, except the young animals, I never considered it worth cooking. It has a bitter taste and a strong musky flavor, calculated to make one forget he is hungry.

The fleece of the goat consists of a long straight hair beneath which is a fine wool, which might be turned to commercial account by domestication. The young (one or two) are born in May, and are expert rock climbers from the start. They are easily tamed and become very much attached to the person who feeds them. They also make very interesting pets, and I have every reason to believe that their domestication would be a very easy matter. The directors of our park might try the experiment with a couple of kids, which no doubt could be obtained from some of the Indians up the coast.

Some time about the 15th May, 1881, an Indian came to my house at Burrard Inlet with the request that I should accompany him to his canoe and look at a tenass mowitch (small animal) which he wanted to sell me. I followed the old fellow down to the water and stood by while he drew the thing out from the folds of an old blanket and stood it on the beach. A little bullet-shaped head surmounted by a pair of tiny, sharp-pointed ears, a mere handful of a body propped up on four long and clumsy-looking legs,—it was certainly the most ungainly animal I had ever seen. Its coat was of pure white wool, very short and slightly curly, and with very little appearance of hair except in the beard, which just showed itself beneath the lower jaw. There was no sign of horns although slight protuberances could be felt beneath the skin where these would come. It was a male and probably not over a week old, and the Indian had run it down on the side of a mountain after shooting its mother. I gave the Indian his price, \$2, and, picking the little waif up in my arms carried it to the house.

For two weeks I fed it on cow's milk weakened with water, feeding it about every hour, and allowing it only a very little milk at a time. Then for a day or two I added a little oatmeal to the milk, and before long almost anything of a

vegetable nature was eagerly gobbled up by it. It appeared to be always hungry, but strange to say it would allow no one to feed it but myself. It soon became a little troublesome though, for no matter where I went the goat followed at my heels like a dog. At meal times it would accompany me to the hotel, and repose at my feet under the table. It would follow me into the woods, on my short trips after grouse, and the report of my gun had little or no effect on it. If I climbed up on a stump and sat down for a smoke the goat would climb up too and sit down on its haunches by my side, and with its nose straight out in front gazing solemnly into the gloom of the deep forest, so long as I kept quiet it would remain motionless. The chirrup of a squirrel or twitter of a bird failed to attract its attention in the slightest degree, but if I made the least motion to get down it was up at once and ready for a spring.

It had a great passion for high places, which I imagine is born with the animal. When I first got it I made a bed in one corner of the shed by filling a low box with clean, soft hay, the goat standing by watching the operation. When it was finished I picked him up and put him on the hay, pulling his legs from under him, and making him lie down—in fact giving him to understand that that was to be his bed. But as soon as I took my hands off him he jumped out of the box. At the further end of the shed, which was about fifteen feet long, there stood a pile of fir bark, six feet high, corded up in the usual way of cording firewood. When he jumped out of the box he walked over to this pile and stood for a moment looking up at the top of it. Then he backed away from it until within a few feet of where I stood, and taking a run climbed up that bark like a cat, and lying down on the top looked at me as much as to say, "This is the way we do in the mountains."

From then until the day he died his bed was always on the top of that bark.

He was an early riser, and long before my usual time of getting up he would rouse me out by butting against the door. There were two domestic animals it could not bear the sight of—a cow and a dog. But while it would almost break its neck in its endeavor to get away from the former, the appearance of the latter aroused all the combativeness of its nature. One day a gentleman came into my shop accompanied by a setter dog, when the goat immediately assumed a belligerent

attitude, walking around the room stiff-legged, his little hoofs coming down on the floor with a loud tap at every step. Finally, he halted at a respectful distance from the dog, and with his head lowered, bracing himself for a last effort, he seemed to be waiting or about to begin an attack. The dog surveyed the little creature for a moment, and then probably thinking it scarcely worth bothering with, lay down on the floor and went to sleep. As the dog remained motionless, the goat relaxed its rigid attitude and moved cautiously nearer, until, by stretching its neck, it brought its nose within an inch of that of the dog. Just then a fly disturbed the dog's slumbers, and in bringing up its paw to brush away the insect, it hit the goat a sharp tap on the nose.

Like the recoil of a steel spring, quick as a flash the goat sprang into the air and in coming down and trying to alight as far away from the dog as possible, got tangled up in the legs of a chair, which, in his hurry to get out of the house, he carried off with him. When he shook himself clear of the chair, looked round, and found that the house had not fallen and that the dog was perfectly quiet, he put on a look of utter disgust and skulked off into a corner of the yard where he lay down in a clump of weeds and remained out of sight until the dog was clear of the premises.

As a general rule he was quiet, in fact mopish; but when he did break out in a playful mood, some of his tricks were simply ludicrous. One day I was sitting with a friend in front of my house when the goat, which had been cutting up evidently for our amusement, laid himself down at my feet. The cutting for the stage road, which ran past the house about fifty feet away, had left a steep bank about five or six feet high; that is, the road was so much lower than the plot on which we were sitting. Presently the goat got up, and walking over to the edge of this bank, stood looking down this miniature precipice to the road. Suddenly he sprang into the air and pitched head foremost down the bank. I ran across, expecting to find the little brute with its neck broken, instead of which he was standing at the bottom shaking the sand out of his eyes and nostrils. When he got through he climbed up the bank and turning round performed the same act again, turning a complete somersault on the way down. He did this about half a dozen times, occasionally throwing

himself on his side and rolling down, covering himself from head to tail with dirt and sand.

I allowed him the full liberty of the house, in fact I could not control him, and it was this unlimited freedom that cost him his life. He was always with me in my workshop, and would jump up on my bench and stand sagely watching every movement I made. He had a great habit of picking up and chewing anything he came across, and one day he did this with one of my poisoned bird skins. He had taken the skin outside the house and the first I knew about it was when the little fellow came running through the door toward me and fell before he quite reached me. I suspected what was the matter, and lifting him up poured some sweet oil down his throat, but he died in about half an hour. His horns at this time were about one inch long, and considering that the horns of some young males in September are from four to five inches long, it is more than probable that

these appendages are of rapid growth the first year.

The goat is known to all or nearly all of the British Columbia Indians by the name of sheep, but they must have obtained this name from the whites; it is not infrequently called sheep by a good many whites of the present day. The following are the Indian names for it in the Indian language: Kwhait-lee, - - - - Comox Indians
Mullukhtlaw, - Seymour Narrow Indians
Hohh-solken, - - - Squamish Indians
Shogkhlit, - - - Similkameen Indians
P'ka'lakal, - - - Fort Hope Indians

Most of these names have reference to the color of the animal. The synonyms of this remarkable animal are numerous and would more than fill a page of this magazine, while the number of its local names is by no means small. Some of the latter are "Wood Antelope," "White Antelope," "Mountain Antelope," "White Goat," "Mountain Goat," and "Rocky Mountain Goat." It is now known to naturalists as the "Antelope Goat."



[Drawn for Western Recreation by T. Bamford.] "THE ANCIENT WAY."

HOCKEY AS A GAME FOR GIRLS.

BY MADGE ROBERTSON.

WHEN one speaks of hockey as suitable for the Pacific Coast, one necessarily means field-hockey, or that played on gymnasium floors, since the happy exigencies of climate make ice-hockey only possible during a few days of each year; and only expert skaters can make anything of it then. But field-hockey is quite exciting enough for ordinary occupation. In taking possession of this game, the mind feminine strayed as is usual in sporting events, after masculine models. But as is also usual, the sport under feminine tutelage has been charmingly improved.

The rules for the field game as played in England, are mainly those in vogue among the few girls' hockey clubs in the Dominion.

The game is played with eleven players on each side; with a cricket ball, painted white; with hockey sticks not more than an inch wide at any part, and not more than thirteen inches long in the blade. A goal is placed in the middle of each goal-line, composed of two upright posts over seven feet in height, twelve feet apart, and at least five feet from the end of the field. If a goal post is broken during the match, play is stopped until it is replaced.

To play a match each team chooses one of their number to be captain, and the two captains toss for choice of goals. The players then take their several positions in their respective ends of the field and wait in becoming attitudes for the ball to be faced. The two players who are to face it, one from each team of course, strike the ground, each on her own side of the ball and each other's stick over the ball three times alternately, then proceed to play. It is then the object of each team, to hit the ball through their opponents goal.

The main rules are briefly: Each side shall play an equal time from each end.

A match shall last an hour and ten minutes, and the team scoring the greater number of goals in that time shall be declared the winner.

In the event of a draw, play shall be prolonged until one side scores.

A goal is scored when the ball shall have passed between the goal-posts from the front, and under the bar, the ball having whilst hitting the striking circle been hit or glanced off the stick of an attacking player.

A player shall be always on her own side of the ball, and with at least three opponents near their goal line. A violation of this rule is called "offside," and a penalty occurs when a player who is "offside" touches the ball or interferes with an opponent.

Hockey sticks may not be raised above the shoulder. No play with the back of the stick, or tripping, or pushing, etc., is allowed.

Even the mildest sort of a game of hockey is bound to be swift, the nature of the play demanding a cessation of lounging habits on the part of the participants. It is an addition to the sports of the athletic woman of the end of this century but hardly an exercise to begin on if one has been the old-style, hour-glass, figure-invertabrate style of girl. The writer once with an excess of enthusiasm and a mixture of metaphors, spoke of hockey as "the foster-sister of golf and the fashionable daughter of the humble shinny," and has since been compelled to repent in sackcloth and ashes, having placed any sport on a hint of equality with the only game. Of such is the arrogance of golfers. Field hockey is not a game to play day in and day out—twice a week being a proper limit—and thus does not enter into competition with gentler amusements. But it is jolly good fun for this time of the year, the rains of heaven permitting. The exercise is sufficiently violent for the players to keep warm in the rawest day, and yet not such that tumbles on the wet ground may be feared. Inevitably some girls will fall, but it is an easy matter for some people to fall even walking along the sidewalks.

The enjoyment is great and the difficulties are few. It is much more difficult to secure the ball than it would seem to the casual observer. Then, too, the race is to the swift and fast running counts more in this than in any other girl's sport. This is where the girl who has been taught to run properly scores over the puffing and panting damsel who if she does succeed in reaching the ball first is too much out of breath to make a good stroke and probably in her excitement misses the ball altogether.

Lively tussles ensue when two girls of equal agility are struggling to send the ball in opposite directions. The others are in a state of mad excitement. The ir-



VANCOUVER LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

responsible ball may fall within the circuit of any of them. It is such a slippery, sliding, glancing sort of a thing that it is impossible to foresee either where it will alight or where it will chance to be when one hits at it. A tennis ball is "steady company" compared to the hockey ball. There is nothing like it in evasiveness unless it be the biggest salmon in the pool. But when the girl-player once gets a clean drive at it, the spectators whose heads hang over the boundary fences had better "*gare le puck*" or they may enter the great unknown as a member of the confraternity of which Charles the First is a noted member.

Many girls sweep at the ball as if it were crumbs on the carpet, all of which incidentally goes to show that the most athletic training will not educate the domestic instinct out of the out-door girl. Others, again, bat at it. The golfing young woman has naturally the advantage since various kinds of strokes are familiar to her. But the best players of all are school girls who are accustomed to a great deal of running—most American girls' schools have a running track—and who take kindly to training and discipline.

Since in any team game, no girl playeth to herself and no referee dieth to himself, it has been found advisable in girls' clubs

to secure a couple of captains of strong character and to induce a member of the more muscular sex to act as referee. One of the first things the girl-player has to learn is to take meekly to being ordered about. It is on good team work that the score depends. Next, she must endeavor not to unduly agitate the referee, for referees at girls' matches are not easy to secure. Next, she ought to make a strenuous effort to bear the few rules in mind, in especial not to cross an opponent from the left so as to foul her. The latter sounds unnecessary, but anyone who has played will understand the temptation. Lastly, she must remember how frail a thing is the hockey stick when it strikes the unyielding lump of earth or the hidden stone.

Ice hockey is played by girls in Toronto and several Ontario towns, and is claimed to be the most exciting game on record. Gymnasium hockey, which is perforce gentler, is played in the various girls' schools on this continent and in the gymnasiums attached to athletic clubs for women in New York and elsewhere. But field hockey is less common. It is moderately familiar in English country houses. And there is every reason why it should be popular in British Columbia. In Vancouver a ladies' club was formed last October in connection with the men's club

with a membership between 70 and 80. They played at Brockton Point on Tuesday and Friday of each week. It is proposed to hold an annual dance and other social functions. The inevitable tea is served on the grounds. Also in New Westminster a flourishing club exists, and a schedule of matches is arranged between the two cities. The sport is taken

up seriously, and the contests are keen. The club colors of the New Westminster players are black and red, and the costume black skirt and red blouse. The sensible provision is made that the skirt must be at least nine inches from the ground. Efforts to form a similar club in Victoria have recently been crowned with success.



WESTMINSTER LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

RAINBOW FALLS, HARRISON LAKE, B. C.

O wondrous sight, the Rainbows, three
 In one, like holy Trinity!
 A pillar of white light at first
 Seems from the very sky to burst,
 Then, broadening ere it rests a bit
 On rocky ledge where wild birds flit,
 It dashes on with double force
 Adown its madly headlong course;
 Checked once again its onward sweep,
 It gathers strength—a desperate leap
 And all is o'er. Frail wreathes of mist
 Are by the sunset sunbeams kissed—
 'Tis as from heaven a cable bright
 Of flashing, pulsing, rainbow light,
 Was flung to earth with three-fold bound
 Amidst the forests depths profound,
 While regal firs look up to see
 The raveled rainbow trinity.

Emma S. Colcleugh in The Wheelwoman.

GOLF AND GOLFERS.

BY CADDIE.

SOME irreverent satirist once upon a time described the royal and ancient game of golf as "chasing a bally pill over a ten acre field." Of course he had never played golf, and his oft-quoted observation was undoubtedly based upon envy of golfers as a class and utter inability to comprehend the contentment and quiet satisfaction that carry them through the happy years of a long and peaceful life into a green old age.

To understand golf one must play it, and to play golf one must enjoy it.

Of course there are some who cannot understand its fascinations and therefore would not play the game if they could—but so are there those who hear no music in the roar of the ocean, nor see a charm in the glories of a western sunset. It will always be so. As long as there are people who are strangers to the sweet sounds and sights of nature and who fail to appreciate any pleasurable pastime that is not made up of hot-headed impetuosity, sensation and excitement, just so long will the world be divided into two great classes—the people who play golf on the one hand, and those unfortunate candidates for our commiseration who do not on the other.

For the benefit of these poor benighted ones let me explain just here, golf is not

a game to excite. Nor is it a battle in which brawn must excel and to become proficient in which one must consider as deadly foes for the time being, all rivals.

It is the reverse. It is a tonic, inasmuch as it takes the player out into the air and necessitates plenty of walking, which after all is the finest exercise any physician could prescribe. The game, too, promotes pleasant friendships, brings all its votaries into touch with Nature in her most delightful moods, and develops in the player a fine consideration for the feelings and rights of others. Who ever knew a good golfer who was not gentlemanly or ladylike?

With these brief remarks in general, and disobeying the inclination to parade a few of the great ones of the earth who have and do play golf—and have doubtless been assisted toward the goal of their ambitions thereby—I will come to the local history of the game, which is, I believe, all I am expected to write about.

It is contained in three annual volumes, the organization of the Victoria Golf Club having been decided upon, thanks chiefly to the energetic work in this direction on the part of Sir Richard Musgrave and one or two others—on the 7th of November, 1893. On that memorable date a meeting was held in the Temple Building, at-



THE TEEING GROUND, OAK BAY LINKS.

Photo. by Mr. W. F. Burton.

tended by Sir Richard Musgrave, Hon. Forbes G. Vernon, Mr. Geo. Gillespie, Mr. A. P. Luxton, Mr. G. A. Kirk, Mr. J. W. Anderson, Mr. B. H. T. Drake, Mr. W. H. Langley, Mr. Lionel H. Webber, Mr. W. A. Ward and Mr. O. H. Van Milligen—and the Victoria Golf Club was then and there brought into existence.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor was chosen as president; Mr. O. H. Van Milligen was elected honorary sec'y-treasurer; and Sir R. Musgrave, Mr. Hewitt Bostock and Mr. Webber

were named as a provisional committee. A little later on, a permanent executive was chosen composed of Sir Richard Musgrave, Mr. W. A. Ward, Mr. Bostock, Hon. F. G. Vernon, Mr. W. Ridgway Wilson and Mr. Harvey Combe, these holding office until the close of the first club year.

Grounds were secured, thanks to the kind assistance of Messrs. J. D. and F.

B. Pemberton, at an ideal spot formerly known as the Pemberton meadows overlooking Oak Bay, and reaching down to the waterside. These grounds, since known as the Oak Bay links, combine all the conditions requisite to a first-class course, and their pleasant and picturesque location is an added and very important advantage which visitors are quick to recognize and appreciate.

The first championship meeting was originally projected for November, 1894, and in the making of the arrangements it was proposed to have a massive silver cup representing the championship of British Columbia, and purchased by the united subscriptions of the Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminster golfers—for "the royal and ancient game" had by this time secured a precarious foothold in the Mainland cities—



CLUB HOUSE, VICTORIA GOLF CLUB.

Photo. by Mr. W. F. Burton.



CLUB HOUSES, TACOMA GOLF CLUB.

“the said cup to be won three years in succession before becoming the individual property of any player.”

This arrangement was never carried into effect, for at this juncture Mr. Hewitt Bostock came forward with a valuable and handsome trophy emblematic of the championship, which he kindly offered to present on the understanding (subsequently waived) that the competitions for

There were both spring and autumn meetings in 1895, in each of these as in the tournament of 1894 the Tacoma Golf Club being capably represented by playing delegates. Mr. Oliver again won the open event in 1895, defeating fourteen rivals, and making the course of 18 holes—in 87 strokes. He was once again a winner last spring (with a score of 85), and so the cup and championship are his



THE CHAMPIONSHIP (BOSTOCK) CUP.

the honors of British Columbia should take place in alternate years on the Oak Bay links and in Vancouver.

Naturally the cup and the simple conditions attached were accepted with thanks, and the first formal contest for the championship and trophy was witnessed at Oak Bay the following spring, when Mr. W. E. Oliver won with a score of 85—a score which, by the way, has never since been beaten.

indisputably, Mr. Harvey Combe ranking second in the list of resident gentlemen players.

The ladies, upon whose co-operation so much depends the success of any popular pastime, were prompt to realize and avail themselves of the pleasures of golfing, and generous has been the hospitality dispensed by them at the small but cosy club house at the links. Graceful and enthusiastic golfers, paying all due atten-



C. S. MILLIKEN, Champion Tacoma Golf Club.
Photo. by Jackson.

tion to the requisites of style, the fair members of the V. G. C. have time and again distinguished themselves both at home and in the City of Destiny—Tacoma being the only near-by city in which the game has as yet an established position.

Mrs. Harvey Combe, like her husband an enthusiastic exponent of every sterling branch of rational athletics, has in several successive years demonstrated her superiority over all comers at the home links, holding honors undisputed among the ladies with a record of 56 for the 9 hole course. Miss Drake had little difficulty last year in vanquishing her dozen or more of rivals at the Tacoma tournament; and Mrs. W. A. Ward, Miss Dunsmuir, Mrs. Purvis, Mrs. Rawstone, Miss Harvey, Miss Loeven, and half a dozen others have frequently proved skilled and reliable players, giving due attention to all the niceties of the game.

During 1895-6 great enthusiasm in the game was developed, and numerous invitation tournaments were held at Oak Bay by the lady members of the club, as many as thirty-five couples at a time participating in some of these private mixed foursome events. Much to the

regret of all friends and well wishers of the game, the golfers of Vancouver and New Westminster have not been able to advance with the steadiness that has characterized the development of the Victoria club. The organization of a few years ago in the Mainland cities has not even been retained, and Victoria has, therefore, found comradeship only in Tacoma.

There a club was organized in 1894, which the following year secured good links on the prairie in the neighborhood of Edison. Their open competitions have regularly been given an international flavor by the attendance of players from the Victoria club, who have not infrequently demonstrated skill superior to that of their American cousins on the latter's own ground. At the present writing the Tacoma club has a membership of about one hundred, and is

officered by gentlemen whose acquaintance is a pleasure and whose friendship an honor—Mr. Alexander Baillie being president, Mr. Chester Thorne captain, and Mr. Lester B. Lockwood secretary-treasurer. Portland and Seattle also have their organized clubs, but they are as yet comparatively in their infancy.

The Victoria Golf Club shows a roll of about eight-five. There is, too, in the British Columbia city, a second organiza-



C. B. STAESHCHMIDT, Hon. Secretary Victoria Golf Club.
[Photo. by Savannah.]

tion of golfers known as the United Service Club, whose links are at Macaulay Point.

It is expected that the Seattle club will develop some particularly strong players during the opening season, as in Mr. James Gillison, jr., they have a captain of acknowledged skill and ability. Efforts are also to be made in the direction of organizing the golfers of Vancouver and Westminster, and these it is to be hoped will meet with satisfactory reward. The Mainland is already fortunate in the possession of some very capable golfers.

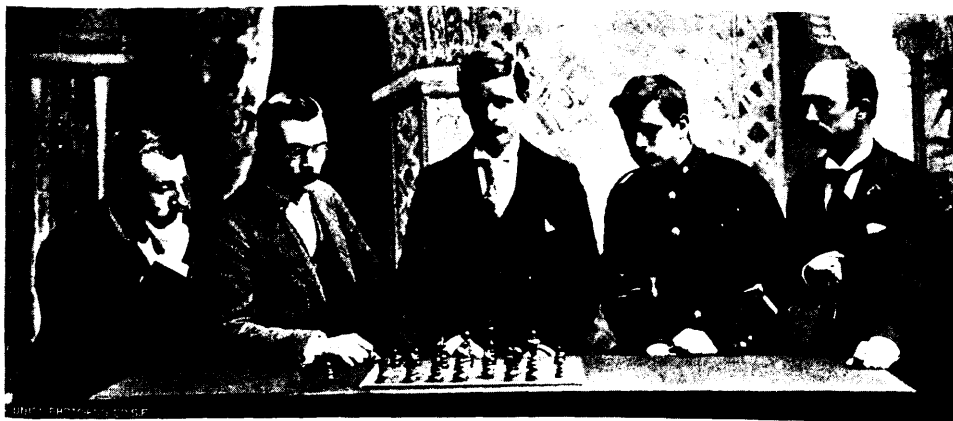
And so it is not presumptuous to claim the British town as the home and headquarters of golf in the Pacific Northwest. It certainly has links that realize a veteran golfer's ideal, and with a continuation of the enthusiasm manifested last season, the club should, during 1897, be able to accomplish much good missionary work among those benighted unfortunates heretofore alluded to—the other fraction of the world's population who are not yet golfers.



JAS. GILLISON, JR., Captain Seattle Golf Club.
[Photo. by Jackson.]



"THE HARVEST FIELD."
[Photo. by Mr. M. C. Reynard, amateur.]



[Special Photo. by Savannah.]

VICTORIA CHESS TEAM.

C. Schwengers.

B. Williams.

T. H. Piper.

W. Chapman.

C. A. Lombard.

CHESS

“AS A PASTIME AND A SCIENCE.”

BY THOMAS H. PIPER.

THE recent hard fought and interesting contests between the chess players of Victoria and those of San Francisco have developed a reawakened interest all along the Coast in chess—the most ancient of all games and the greatest of all if the verdict of the sages of many centuries speaks the truth with regard to it. Almost every city and town in British Columbia now has its chess club, more or less humble, and there would undoubtedly be many more of these beneficial organizations but for the mistaken idea that appears to prevail that no pleasure is to be derived from the game of kings by any save those who make its intricacies a life study.

There never was a more mistaken conception.

The central idea of a pastime is that it is so positively agreeable that it lets time slip by unnoticed. In the rebound from work the human mind seeks amusement—this appetite is natural, and its gratification is essential to health. After the labors of the day are over, whether they consist in the hard drudgery of physical toil or the constant exercise of the mental faculties, if pleasure be not provided for the hours of relaxation life becomes a burden. We might as well have a world without foliage or flowers as life without pleasure; moreover, the joyless epochs of our race have ever been fruitful of morbid fanaticism.

To provide for this recreative and playful side of our nature art has exhausted

itself in the creation of innumerable amusements, and in this realm, as elsewhere and everywhere, mind is the dominant factor. Mere physical pleasure unaccompanied by mental exercise or relief is wasting and worthless. It is when our pleasures enlist the heart and interest the mind that they minister to true happiness. In the sphere of pleasure there is a constant rivalry and conflict between the good and the evil. If men do not have innocent amusements they yield to those which are harmful. The birth of one is the death of the other. Every innocent amusement supplants a guilty one, and through this process of evolution social life progresses towards the ideal and the true, the beautiful and the good.

The game of chess comes to us with every dignity that antiquity and importance can give—a game that has kept pace with a rapidly advancing civilization for five centuries, and whose origin, interwoven with fable, carries the mind far beyond the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon. Some of the foremost thinkers have spoken in the highest terms of chess as an intellectual amusement and as a mark of great capacity, and many of the greatest celebrities of different nations have devoted time and attention to the study of its intricacies. Goethe in his translation of *Le Neveu de Rameau*, endorses the opinion of the celebrated French philosopher who describes it as “the touchstone of the human brain.”

And one of its greatest living exponents, Mr. Steinitz, asserts that it is almost universally recognized as a healthy mental exercise, which, in its effects on the intellectual faculties, is akin to that of physical gymnastics in the conservation and development of bodily power. The cultivation of the game, too, seems to exercise a direct influence on the physical condition of chess players and on the prolongation of their lives, for most of the celebrated chess masters and authors on the game have reached a very old age and have preserved their mental powers unimpaired in some instances up to their very last moments. It has also been computed that the average length of life of the general devotees of the game is the highest in comparison to that of any other class of men whose duration of life has been subjected to statistical observation.

Once a player becomes initiated in the elements of the game he derives an extraordinary amount of entertainment and pleasure from pursuing it, and a healthy spirit of emulation stimulates his ambition to become proficient in the noble pastime—a pastime which has for a long succession of centuries been pre-eminently the game of great men and of celebrated characters, both civil and military, both secular and clerical, among whom may be mentioned Leibnitz, Voltaire, Leessing, Mendelssohn, Frederick the Great, Napoleon I, Marshal Saxe, John Ruskin, and His Holiness Leo XIII.

Four hundred years ago Caxton gave forth, as the first specimen of the noble art of printing, "Ye Booke of the Chesse," and a literature such as no other game and hardly any science may presume to boast, has arisen as its own actual creation, "a contribution," says Howard Staunton, "which no philosophical critic can ignore, to the humanities, civilities and amenities of peaceful life, and of social or sociable refinement."

It is one of the characteristics of chess, that it takes firm root in every soil where it is once established. It found its keen and zealous votaries not only in the splendid palaces of Chosroes, of Harun, and of Timur, but in the rude and primitive tents of the pastoral Calmuc, the roving Tartar, and the Bedouin Arab. We are not aware of a single instance of any people, worthy of the name and designation of human beings, that once got a knowledge of this mimic warfare, and afterwards forgot or neglected so

attractive an acquisition. From the luxurious court of Byzantium, to the sterile rocks of the Hebrides, and the ice-bound region of the Ultima Thule, the game appears to have spread with the rapidity of light, and to have flourished with vigor, without ever losing ground, for nearly the space of a millennium.

It promotes a taste that can only be elevating. It is a game of skill exclusively intellectual, and not such as allows a sound calculation to be overthrown by any material of physical circumstance—by the eye, for example, or the hand, or the table. A game which affords so much proper or intrinsic interest, that if not the only game at least the best and most satisfactory one to play without pecuniary stakes, is surely worthy of even more consideration than it now receives in this western country.

That it is difficult we admit, but what other game or accomplishment will so well repay the labor expended in its acquisition—besides, the greater the labor the more we value the acquirement. We might add the degree of skill it admits is so high that Leibnitz declared it to be far less of a game than a science.

Who in view of these facts, possessing the slightest claim to culture, can afford to neglect so fascinating an accomplishment?

* * * * *

If by science we mean knowledge coordinated, systemized and arranged, then in view of the mighty tomes, in many languages, by authors of the literary standing of Der Laza, Von Jaenisch, Howard Staunton, and Buckle, it may safely be affirmed that chess has been scientifically written upon. Some of these able writers have attempted to deal with all parts of the game of chess by the aid of general principles of strategy as laid down by the highest military authorities, and indeed the "Traite de Grand Tactique" of General Jomini expresses with singular clearness the broad morals of opening a game in its first combination called the "art of disposing the lines of operation in the most advantageous manner."

Moreover, how appropriately might the second and third combinations of the same able strategist describe the magical effects of the wizard Morphy—first "the skillful concentration of the forces with the greatest possible rapidity upon the enemy's line of operations"; second,

"the combining the simultaneous employment of this accumulated force upon the position against which it is directed."

These are also the chief factors of all strategy. No player of great skill can fail to see that we have here the key to the basis of offensive movements in the game of chess.

For the neophyte many principles have been formulated deduced from the experience of masters of the art, all having a remote likeness, and it is the opinion of the greatest exponents of the cult that they may ultimately be united in one single leading principle, which is the germ of the theory of chess. The embodiment of this principle is the art of gaining TIME upon the opponent.

Take as an example the position assumed by White in the French defence after the moves 1, PK4, PK3; 2, PQ4, PQ4; 3, KTQB3, KTKB3; 4, PK5, KKTQ2; 5, PKB4. White's object here is to gain TIME by creating a congestion on his opponent's Q side, and the plan of attack is in accordance with the principles: First, when you have a pawn at K5 support it by PKB4; second, PKB4 occupies the best post for offensive purposes; third, a supporting pawn at Q4 is especially weak, being open to attack from many points, i.e., by PQB4, KTQB3 and QOKT3, therefore White in playing PKB4 is enabled to answer PQB4 with PXP; fourth, try to create strong points as near the opponent's camp as possible.

In further elucidation of our main principle, we submit a beautiful example of chess strategy, namely, Morphy's famous game with Louis Paulson in the New York tournament:

<i>White—Paulson.</i>	<i>Black—Morphy.</i>
1. PK4.	PK4.
2. KTKB3.	KTQB3.
3. KTB3.	KTB3.
4. BKT5.	BB4.
5. Castles.	Castles.
6. KTXP.	RKSq.
7. KTXKT.	QPNKT.
8. BB4.	PQKT4.
9. BK2.	KTXP.
10. KTXKT.	BXKT.
11. BB3.	RK3.
12. PB3.	QQ6.
13. PQKT4.	BKT3.
14. PQR4.	PNP.
15. QXP.	BQ2.
16. RR2.	QRKSq.

Black's opening moves are a vivid exemplification of the "art of disposing the lines of operation in the most advantageous manner," and his last few moves illustrate "the skillful concentration of the

forces with the greatest possible rapidity upon the enemy's line of operations."

17. QR6. QXB.

Black's seventeenth move is perhaps the highest development of the art of gaining time, and this with the following moves, all in Morphy's happiest vein, will afford to students much pleasure and profit, and we know of no better example of "combining the simultaneous employment of accumulated force upon the position against which it is directed."

18. PXQ. KKT3Ch.

19. KRSq. BR6.

20. RQSq.

If White play 20. RKTSq., Black answers 20. BKT7Ch, 21. RXB, RK8Ch mating in two moves.

21. KKTsq. BKT7Ch.

22. KBSq. BXPCh.

23. KKTsq. BKT7Ch.

24. KRSq. BR6Ch.

25. QBSq. BXP.

26. RXB. BXQ.

27. RRSq. RK7.

28. PQ4. RR3.

Resigns, for if 29. BXB Black mates in two moves.

The following game between Messrs. Tarrasch and Eckart illustrates a device of experts to gain time, called the sacrificing block; it occurs at White's twenty-first move—RK7.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>
1. PK4.	PK4.
2. PKB4.	PQ4.
3. KKTB3.	PXKP.
4. KTXP.	BQ3.
5. PQ4.	PNP en pas.
6. BXP.	KKTB3.
7. Castles.	Castles.
8. KTB3.	BXKT.
9. PXB.	QQ5Ch.
10. KRSq.	QXP.
11. BKB4.	QQB4.
12. BXQBP.	

If Black play 12. QXB then 13. RXKT, PXR; 14. QR5, RQSq best; 15. QXRPCh, KBSq; 16. RKSq and wins.

12. BKKT5.

13. QQ2. QXB.

14. RXKT. QR4.

15. RB4. BK3.

16. RKR4. PB4.

17. RKSq. QQSq.

18. QB2. BBSq.

19. KTQ5. KTB3.

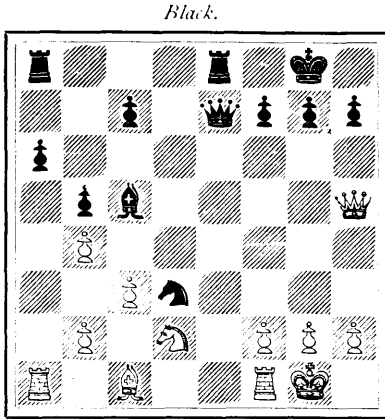
20. BB4. KRSq.

21. RK7. KTXR.

22. RNPch. KXR.

23. QR4ch. KKT3.

24. KTB4. Checkmate.



White.

The distribution of pieces in the diagram illustrates part of a game between Max Weiss, White, and W. H. K. Pollock, Black. In the opinion of the editor of the Chess Monthly, "the latter part is worthy to rank amongst the few immortal games we possess.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| 17. — | BXPch. |

White cannot capture the two pieces on account of the mate by QK6 ch to QK8 mate.

- | | |
|-----------|---------|
| 18. KRSq. | QK8. |
| 19. PR3. | KTNB. |
| 20. RXQ. | RXRch. |
| 21. KR2. | BKT8ch. |
| 22. KKT3. | RK6ch. |
| 23. KKT4. | |

If 23 KTB3, KTK7ch, 24 KKT4, RK5ch, etc.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| 23. — | KTK7. |
| 24. KTBSq. | PKT3. |
| 25. QQ5. | PR4ch. |
| 26. KKT5. | KKT2. |
| 27. KTXR. | |

If 27 QXR PB3ch, 28 KR4, BB7ch, 29 PKT3, RXP winning easily.

If 27 QQ7, RK5ch, 28 KR4, KR3, 27 — PB3ch and mates in two moves after White's KR4 by BB7ch.

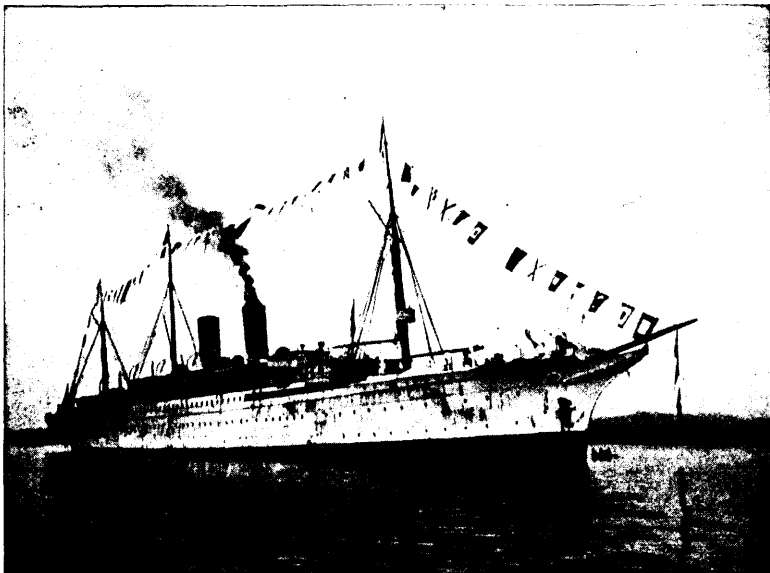
The following disposition of pieces and accompanying moves illustrate a fine combination by Blackburne (blindfold) against one of eight opponents.

White. K at QBSq; QKB3; Rooks, QSq and KKT3; Bishops, KBSq and K3; Pawns, QR2, QKT2, QB2, K4, KR2.

Black.—KQSq; QKR5; Rooks, QRSq; KRsq; Kt—QK TSq, BQBSq; Pawns, QR2, QKT2. QB2, Q3, KB2, KB3, KR4.

Blackburne—White. *Barrett—Black.*

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| 13. BKKT5. | PNB. |
| 14. QB6ch. | KQ2. |
| 15. QXBPch. | KQSq. |
| If 15 KB3, White mates in three. | |
| 16. QB6. | KKSq. |
| 17. QXRch. | KK2. |
| 18. QKT7ch. | KKSq. |
| 19. BKT5ch. | PB3. |
| 20. RBSq. | KTQ2. |
| 21. QKT8ch. | KK2. |
| 22. RB7ch. | KK3. |
| 23. Q mates. | |



British Columbia Record Makers.

[By C. H. GIBBONS.]

RECORD-MAKING, a game until ten years ago practically unheard of, is now the great amusement of all the world that interests itself in sport. And, luckily, so numerous are the conditions under which records in the several athletic pursuits may be secured, that there are seemingly quite sufficient to go round.

Not only do differing distances suggest possibilities of innumerable "marks" of superiority, but conditions of starts and tracks, of turns or straightaways, of current or pacing, of known or unknown traps or angles (if the aspirant for honors be a lover of the gun)—all contribute to an infinite variety.

And then, too, there is always the advantage of locality. If one cannot be champion of the world, he may wear bright laurels as champion of Canada—if not of the entire Dominion, then perchance of the Province of British Columbia. Or if not of British Columbia, then of Chilliwack.

The principle is the same in each case though it has its necessary modifications,



J. F. FOULKES, Tennis Champion.
[Photo. by Savannah.]



H. C. MACAULEY, Canoeing Champion.
[Photo. by Savannah.]

and on the whole the record making fever so recently become epidemic is a malady for which all lovers of sport should return thanks.

Why? Because it, more perhaps than individual competition, is an incentive to brilliant performances; it necessitates consistent and thorough training; and it is a characteristic and distinguishing feature of amateurism in the true sense of the much-abused term.

Again, too, it gives to everyone aspiring to proficiency in any line of sport an opponent worthy of his best efforts, and one that cannot possibly be defeated by "jockeying" or aught save meritorious performance—the watch. And, to mention a consideration sportsmen very often overlook altogether, it assures to the public better contests and more spirited sport.

Who now cares to witness a trotting match in 3.25, or to see a cyclist come home winner of a championship mile in 3.24 or thereabouts?

British Columbia has, of course, its own set of records, some of these highly credi-



[Photo. by Savannah.]

THE JAMES BAY FOUR, Champions of the West.

F. S. Widdowson (bow), D. T. Jones, W. J. Scott, D. O'Sullivan, (stroke)

table indeed, and these it is that I have endeavored to codify and present in some sort of system, so that they may hereafter be available for reference or attack. The difficulty of the work has been greatly increased by the fact that, strange as it may appear, few of the many athletic organizations of the province have taken the trouble to preserve a record of especially meritorious performances. Hence it is quite possible that some have passed into undeserved oblivion, forgotten and unchronicled.

Of these, if any there be (where proper authentication is obtainable), I should be glad to receive information. The "best" performances, championships, etc., recorded in this hurried review, are as I have found them noted in my personal memoranda for the past eight years, supplemented with such information as I have been able to glean from newspaper files and from the records of the few club secretaries who in this respect have been faithful to their trust.

To the horsemen, who are no doubt entitled to all honor as the fathers of re-

cord-making, is also due the credit of being first to introduce method and order in the classification and authentication of records, and though perhaps less numerous than those in some other classes of athletic endeavor in which speed is the great desideratum, the horses of British Columbia have shown themselves no inferior performers.

Take for example Endymion, the last year sensation of the northern Coastal cities, who in the course of a short fall circuit placed a Provincial mile mark of 1.48 to his credit—an exhibition alone against time—and finished a well-run mile and a quarter, unpressed, in 2.17 3-5.

"Roanoke," "All Smoke," and "Doncaster"—each has a separate niche in the temple of equine fame, while nothing has yet developed in this western province to eclipse the half-and-repeat (:51; :50) established years ago by McKeon's sterling mare "Mayflower," Provincial born and bred, and still sound, hearty and anything rather than a back number.

With the bicyclists, as with the horses, 1896 was a banner year



BOB JOHNSON, Champion Oarsman of the Pacific N. W.
[Photo. by White.]



F. S. MACLURE, Champion at Live Birds.
[Photo. by Savannah.]

of record making, the great majority of the distance marks being pulled down, and in almost every important instance by British Columbia riders. The only exception deserving of attention is in the case of the half-mile exhibition, which Peter Metcalf of San Francisco accomplished in a fraction below the minute, paced by a tandem with Rucker and Johnston up.

The two greatest performances in the history of cycling in British Columbia were undoubtedly, however, the placing of the competition amateur mile mark at 2.08 2-5 by Tom Spain of Vancouver; and of the record for the ten, by C. F. Barker of the same city, at 24.10 2-5.

Both these highly creditable records were made in competition, the race in each case being paced by Essary and Bartholemew, who in the ten-mile event proved themselves the steadiest pacers yet seen in this part of the world, carrying through the entire distance such of the riders as could hold them at a pace that was as remarkable for its evenness as for its speed.

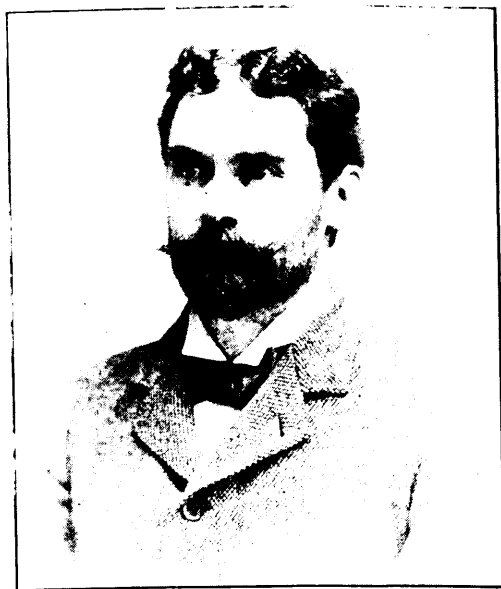
Spain's record was for a time that of all-Canada and of the Pacific Coast; it is still the competition amateur mile record for the Northwest. Barker's 24.10 2-5 went down as the ten-mile mark for the Province, the Northwest and the Coast. Nor has it yet been lowered in a track event.

In pedestrianism and field athletics, which are happily again asserting themselves throughout the world, British Columbians have no reason to feel other than proud of their representatives, as attest the brilliant records of Colin Blain, Tom. Watson, Anderson and others.

At the traps, too British Columbia marksmen have time and again shown themselves equal to the best in the Northwest which is, by the way, not unnatural, living as they do in the finest shooting country over which green trees are waving. At the present time it is a British Columbian who holds the coveted title of individual champion of the Northwest, and when the time comes for him to defend the honor, he and others of the province will be on hand to put up a strong fight for its retention.

In tennis not only has British Columbia produced a champion competent to care for his laurels at home, but who (in the person of Mr. J. F. Foulkes) is rated at the head of the players of all Canada, and who has, in competition with the best of the Dominion's experts at the game, demonstrated his eligibility for this high rank.

And, last of all where they never have been before come the James Bay four, Victoria's crack crew of oarsmen, who have in two successive seasons shown themselves a class of their own in home waters, with a record of 8.17 for the mile-



B. H. JOHNS, Individual Champion of the Pacific N. W.
[Photo. by Savannah.]



TOM SPAIN, the Record Maker.



C. F. BARKER, Amateur Cycling Champion.

and-a-half straightaway, rowed with comparative ease in somewhat choppy water last year, but nevertheless only two seconds behind the All-America record time, made under the much more advantageous conditions prevailing at Saratoga lake. It is quite within the possibilities that the Bays will be sent East before the close of the present season to contest for continental honors with the famous Winnipegs. In this event it is only necessary to say that British Columbians may count upon their zeal and speed and judgment to win if winning is among the possibilities.

Bob Johnson, the Vancouver hero of the oar, and his victory over the famous Dr. McDowell, together make another bright chapter in the history of sport in Canada's Pacific Province. It was at the last meeting of the N.P.A.A.O. that the sturdy Vancouverite distinguished himself so signally, and although the custom-

ary excuses were of course put forward—that Dr. McDowell had entered the race fatigued from a just completed railway journey, out of condition, in a strange boat, etc. it is as much to the credit of the famous Chicago oarsman as a victory would have been that he put all these apologies aside.

"I was beaten," he explained, "because Johnson is the better man. He will make the best of them do their best in order to keep in the procession with him."

ALBERT DEEMING, Professional Cycling Champion.
[Photo. by Elite Studio.]

His professional victory was as signal as that while he was still an amateur, and during 1897 he may be confidently looked to to take his place among the great oarsmen of America—and indeed the world.

For convenient reference the existing best performances—or so many of them as it has been possible to authenticate will be found in summary form hereunder.

THE TURF.

Distance.	Conditions.	Record Makers.	Time.
¼ Mile.....	Running	C. Dennison's ch. g. Roanoke.....	.25 sec.
½ Mile and repeat.	"	W. McKeon's blk. m. Mayflower.....	.51—.50 "
¾ Mile	"	Geo. Wentworth's b.m. All Smoke.....	1.21 ½
¾ Mile	"	Geo. Byrnes' b. s. Doncaster.....	1.05 ½
1 Mile	"	J. J. Boettger's ch. g. Endymion.....	1.48
1 ¼ Mile	"	J. J. Boettger's ch. g. Endymion.....	2.17 3-5
1 Mile	Trotting and Pacing, 3 year olds..	J. W. Hollingshead's ch. g. Barnacle.	2.50 ¾
1 Mile	" " open.....	Jones & Smith's b.s. Challenger Chief.	2.21 ½



W. E. OLIVER, Golfing Champion of B. C.
 [Photo. by Savannah.]

THE BICYCLE.

Distance.	Conditions.	AMATEUR.		PROFESSIONAL.	
		Rider.	Time.	Rider.	Time.
¼ Mile..	Exhibition, f.s., U.	H. D. Rucker.....	:30
¼ "	" s.s., U.	W. F. Penwill	:35	Eugene W. Davies.....	:30
¼ "	Competition, f.s., U.	Theo. Bryant	:32 2-5	John M. Campbell.....	:31 2-5
¼ "	" s.s., U.	*Thos. Spain	:31 1-5	Chris. E. Dow45
½ "	Exhibition, f.s., P.	Peter Metcalfe.....	.59 3-5
½ "	" f.s., U.	H. D. Rucker.....	1.14 1-5
½ "	Competition, s.s., U.	*J. Deeming	1.07 1-5	A. Deeming.....	1.09 2-5
¾ "	" s.s., U.	J. A. Essary	1.44
1 "	Novice Com. s.s., U.	A. J. Morris	2.34 4-5
1 "	Exhibition, f.s., P.	W. F. Penwill.....	2.17	Manning F. Hill.....	2.11
1 "	" f.s., U.	*A. Deeming	2.24	A. Deeming	2.23
1 "	Competition, s.s., P.	*Thos. Spain	2.08 2-5	W. J. Evans.....	2.16 1-5
1 "	" s.s., U.	*A. Deeming	2.22 2-5	A. Deeming.....	2.21 1-5
2 "	" s.s., U.	*A. Deeming.....	4.48 4-5	C. E. Dow.....	5.05 2-5
3 "	" s.s., U.	J. A. Essary.....	7.49 4-5	J. Deeming.....	7.38
5 "	" s.s., U.	C. MacKay	13.53 4-5	A. Deeming.....	13.08
10 "	" s.s., P.	*C. F. Barker	24.10 2-5
10 "	" s.s., U.	*Thos. A. Johnston....	30.05

ON THE TWO SEATER.

Half mile, exhibition ; U.—J. M. Campbell and H. D. Rucker (professional), 1.04 3-5.

ON THE ROAD.

Stanley Park course, Vancouver (9 miles)—*A Lester (Am.), 29.30.
 Victoria-Sidney course (18 miles)—A. Deeming (Pro), 1.07:00 ; E. A. Wolff (Am.), 1.07:30.
 The Century (100 miles)—H. Petticrew and C. Bush (Am.), 8.59:00.

CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Amateur Champion at all Distances, 1896—*Charles F. Barker, Burrard Bicycle Club, Vancouver.
 Professional Champion, 1896—A. Deeming, Crescent Cycling Club, Wellington.

PERCENTAGES—SEASON OF 1896.

First Places Won in Finals Scoring Each 5 Points; Seconds, 3 Points; and Thirds, 1 Point.

Albert Deeming (Pro.), 83; Thomas Spain (Am.), 74; A. Lester (Am.), 51; E. A. Wolff (Am.), 46; James Deeming (Pro.), 46; C. F. Barker and S. P. Moody (Am.), 39; T. G. Moody (Pro.), 37; W. W. Gray (Pro.), 37; H. Tyler (Am.), 34; W. F. Penwill (Am), 32; W. Hunter (Am.), 32;—sixty-two other Provincial riders also being place winners during the season, with scores at its close of from one point to twenty-eight.

*Since transferred to Professional class.

WALKING, RUNNING AND FIELD ATHLETICS.

Distance.	Performance.	Amateur.		Professional.	
		Record Maker.	Time.	Record Maker.	Time.
100 yards	Running	C. E. Blain	:10½	F. J. Dalby	:10¾
200 "	"	"	"	Geo. Brimston	:21¾
220 "	"	C. E. Blain	:23½	Geo. Brimston	:24¾
300 "	"	"	"	T. Watson	:32½
¼ mile	"	C. E. Blain	:54	T. Watson	:53½
½ "	"	H. G. Dalby	2:07½	T. Watson	2:02¾
1 "	"	H. J. Akroyd	4:45	E. L. Harrison	5:00
		W. F. Blight			
5 "	"	H. G. Dalby	29:30		
10 "	"	H. G. Dalby	1.06:00	T. Watson	57:00
10 "	Walking			W. Pridmore	1.23:00
50 "	Go-as-you-please	H. G. Dalby	12.36:00		
42 ft. 5 in.	Running H. S. & J.			E. L. Harrison	
19 ft. 1 in.	Running long jump			E. L. Harrison	
5 ft. 10½ in.	Running high jump			W. E. Harrison	
11 ft. 2 in.	Standing long jump			E. L. Harrison	
5 ft. 8 in.	Standing high jump			H. Hayward	
39 ft. 4 in.	Putting 16 lb. shot			Geo. Brimston	
116 ft. 4 in.	Thr'g. 12 lb. hammer			W. Anderson	
109 ft. 10 in.	" 14 "			"	
104 ft. 1 in.	" 16 "			"	
95 ft. 11 in.	" 18 "			"	

THE GUN.

Championships as decided at the annual meetings of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest—to the present date :

1893—AT VICTORIA.

Individual Championship, on 20 inanimates, known angles—T. B. Ware, Spokane. Score, the straight.
 Globe Trophy, on 25 live birds—W. Greig, Victoria. Score, the straight.
 British Columbia Live Bird Championship, on 25 pigeons—Fred. S. Maclure, Victoria. Score, the straight.
 Three Men Team Trophy—Tacoma.

1894—AT TACOMA.

Individual Championship—T. B. Ware, Spokane. Score, 18.
 Globe Trophy, on 50 inanimates (30 unknown traps, known angles, and 10 pairs)—T. B. Ware, Spokane. Score, 39.
 Three Men Team Trophy—Tacoma.

1895—AT PORTLAND.

Individual Championship, on 20 reverse traps, known angles—P. V. Caesar, Tacoma. Score, 18.
 Globe Trophy, on 50 inanimates, known angles—A. J. Winters, Portland. Score, 48.
 Multnomah Trophy, on 10 known angles, 10 unknown reversed, and 5 unknown—S. B. Van Zandt, New Whatcom. Score, 23.

Three Men Team Trophy—Portland.

1896—AT SPOKANE.

Individual Championship, on 25 known angles—B.

H. John, Victoria. Score, 24.

Globe Trophy, on 10 unknown angles, 10 known angles, 10 known traps reverse angles, 10 unknown angles reverse, and 5 pairs doubles—

John W. Considine, Spokane. Score, 41.

Multnomah Trophy, on 25 reverse angles—Del Cooper, New Whatcom. Score 22.

Smith Gun Trophy, on 30 unknown angles—Capt.

E. P. Miner, Seattle. Score, 29.

Three Men Team Trophy—Tacoma.

BEST PERFORMANCES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
CRACKS AFIELD.

Chas. W. Minor—92 of 100 inanimates, known traps and angles; 65 straight, known traps and angles; 48 of 50 sparrows; and 20 straight live pigeons—the latter performance winning the international championship of All-America in 1893.

W. H. Adams—49 of 50 inanimates, known traps and angles.

Fred. S. Maclure—Live bird champion of British Columbia.

PROVINCIAL CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM.

Teams of Six Men—Matches on 25 singles, inanimate:

F. S. Maclure	23
C. W. Minor	22
H. N. Short	22
O. Weiler	21
B. H. John	20
R. Jackson	18

Victoria Gun Club Trophy—15 known and 15 unknown angles (must be won three times):

W. H. Adams	26 out of 30
W. Bickford	28 out of 30
H. N. Short	28 out of 35
H. N. Short	22 out of 30

THE RIFLE.

Highest record at Queen's Ranges (200, 500 and 600 yards; 7 shots) at a B.C.R.A. meeting—on Provincial range at Goldstream:

1894—Sergt. A. R. Langley 95

Highest record (at Queen's Ranges) made at any prize meeting of the B.C.R.A.—Central Park (Vancouver-Westminster) range:

1896—Gunner J. C. Chamberlain 97

FIRE DEPARTMENT CONTESTS.

Wet Test—Nanaimo F. D. Time, .44 1.5 sec.

Dry Test—Vancouver F. D. Time, .31 3.5 sec.

Championship Race—Vancouver F. D. Time, 1.13½.

Make and Break Coupling—W. J. Deasy, Victoria F. D.

*Tug-of-War—Victoria F. D., open to defend Provincial championship honors at any time.

*Note—The V.F.D. tug-of-war team have a record for a continuous pull of 2 hrs. 20 mins., with "C" Battery, R.C.A.—but 8 minutes under the world's record.

LACROSSE.

Provincial championships since 1890—the year of organization of the British Columbia Amateur Lacrosse Association, including the cities of Victoria, New Westminster and Vancouver—have been distributed as below:

Year.	Champions.
1890	Victoria.
1891	Vancouver.
1892	Vancouver.
1893	Victoria.
1894	New Westminster.
1895	New Westminster.
1896	Vancouver.

INTERMEDIATE ASSOCIATION.

Organized in 1895, and including the teams of Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster and Nanaimo. Championships as hereunder:

1895	Victoria.
1896	Undecided.

The Beavers of Vancouver and Maple Leaves of New Westminster tied for first honors with five wins and one loss each, but failed to agree as to time and place for a decisive game.

LAWN TENNIS.

Since its establishment upon a definite footing in this province in 1886, no game has attained a more desirable position. The champions in the several years since the date mentioned are named below:

1886—Champion	J. Handcock
1887—Champion	J. Handcock
1888—Champion	J. T. Williams
1888—Ladies' Singles	Miss Arrowsmith
1889—Champion	C. R. Longe
1889—Ladies' Singles	Miss Barkley
1890—Champion	C. R. Longe
1890—Ladies' Singles	Miss Barkley
1891—Champion	C. R. Longe
1891—Ladies' Singles	Miss Barkley
1891—Open Doubles	H. Hayes and J. Marshall
1891—Mixed Doubles	H. Combe and Mrs. Combe
1892—Champion	J. F. Foulkes
1892—Ladies' Singles	Miss Musgrave
1892—Open Doubles	C. R. and A. B. Longe
1892—Mixed Doubles	H. Combe and Miss Drake
1893—Champion	C. R. Longe
1893—Ladies' Singles	Miss Musgrave
1863—Open Doubles	J. F. Foulkes and G. V. Cuppage
1894—Champion	J. F. Foulkes
1894—Ladies' Singles	Miss E. V. Anderson

- 1894—Open Doubles. J. F. Foulkes and G. V. Cuppage
- 1894—Mixed Doubles... G. V. White and Miss Kershaw
- 1895—Champion.... J. F. Foulkes
- 1895—Ladies' Singles..... Miss M. Goward
- 1895—Open Doubles.. J. F. Foulkes and G. V. Cuppage
- 1895—Mixed Doubles..... A. L. and Miss Goward
- 1896—Champion..... J. F. Foulkes
- 1896—Ladies' Singles..... Miss M. Goward
- 1896—Open Doubles.. J. F. Foulkes and G. V. Cuppage
- 1896—Mixed Doubles..... A. T. and Miss Goward
- 1896—Ladies' Doubles... Mrs. Burton and Miss Dunsmuir

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Though less conspicuous than Rugby, and less popular until within recent years, Association football has established itself firmly in the favor of the British Columbia public. There are both Senior and Intermediate leagues, a challenge cup being played for in each, and the record of successes annually since their establishment being as below :

<i>Year.</i>	<i>Champions.</i>
1890.....	Nanaimos of Nanaimo
1891.....	Nanaimos of Nanaimo
1892.....	Nanaimos of Nanaimo
1893.....	Wanderers of Victoria
1894.....	Nanaimos of Nanaimo
1895.....	Wanderers of Victoria
1896.....	Wanderers of Victoria

THE INTERMEDIATES.

1895.....	Jr. Wanderers of Victoria
1896.....	Jr. Wanderers of Victoria

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Although not systematically organized until two years ago, the several Rugby teams of British Columbia have divided honors as follows during the past seven seasons. This year Vancouver has no team in the field, and honors appear to lie between Victoria and the famous Hornets of Nanaimo :

<i>Year.</i>	<i>Champions.</i>
1889-90.....	Vancouver R.F.C., Vancouver
1890-91.....	Victoria R.F.C., Victoria
1891-92.....	Hornets R.F.C., Nanaimo
1892-93.....	Hornets R.F.C., Nanaimo
1893-94.....	Hornets R.F.C., Nanaimo
1894-95.....	Hornets R.F.C., Nanaimo
1895-96.....	Vancouver R.F.C., Vancouver

THE OAR.

Since 1894, in which year its organization was made complete by the admission to membership of the last of the British Columbia clubs, the championship events of the North Pacific Association of Amateur Oarsmen have been disposed of thus :

1894—AT SEATTLE.

- Senior Singles..... Johnson, B.I.R.C., Vancouver
- *Senior Fours..... Portland R.C., Portland, Ore
- Junior Fours..... Burrard Inlet R.C., Vancouver

1895—AT VICTORIA.

- Senior Singles Quackenbush, P.R.C., Portland
- Junior Singles J. Aden, J.B.A.A., Victoria
- Senior Fours James Bay Ath. Assn., Victoria
- Junior Fours Vancouver R.C., Vancouver

1896—AT VANCOUVER.

- ‡Senior Singles..... Johnson, B.I.R.C., Vancouver
- Junior Singles..... W. I. Scott, J.B.A.A., Victoria
- Double Sculls..... J. H. Senkler and H. Ab-sconde, Vancouver
- Senior Fours..... James Bay Ath. Assn., Victoria
- Junior Fours Vancouver R.C., Vancouver
- Outrigged Skiffs, Singles.. T. Geiger, J.B.A.A.,

..... Victoria
 Single Sculls, lapstreak... Mont. Russell, Vancouver

*J.B.A.A. did not compete, having no suitable shell. ‡ Also won professional championship on following day.

CANOEING.

- Half mile, straightaway, amateur—H. C. Macaulay. Time, 5.03.
- One mile, with turn, amateur—H. C. Macaulay. Time, 11.00.
- One mile, tandem, amateur—Askew and Watson. Time, 10.43.

MISCELLANEOUS RECORDS.

- E. L. Harrison claims hurdling championship and will defend, against professionals.
- Nicola champion polo team for 1896—Captain Cholmondeley, Captain Bald, Mr. E. Broadbent, and Mr. Nash.
- Swimming champion (amateur)—Mr. G. F. Askew.
- Golfing champion—Mr. W. E. Oliver, 85 for the full course.
- Lady golfing champion—Mrs. H. Combe, 56 for the 9-hole course.
- Throwing lacrosse ball—H. E. Morton, 145 yards, 1 foot, 2 inches.

THE GAME LAWS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY CAPT. CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

I have been asked, I suppose because I happen to be the chairman of a well-meaning but useless association (the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Protection Association), to write an article upon the game laws of this province. Let me say at once, that I have not the slightest hesitation in doing so. It is a subject in which I have for many years taken the keenest interest, and one about which in its present phase, I, (in common with my betters) know nothing and care less.

The game law of British Columbia as it stands is as useless as the teats on a man's breast, or those muscles with which if he had practice he might still twitch his ears. And thus not necessarily because the law is bad but because it is and must be inoperative.

The legislation is one thing; the execution is another. If the laws were the best on earth, we have not, in our present state of development, the forces necessary to compel obedience to them. We have not police enough to go round; we have not constables enough in the upper country to control the vagaries of those beasts of prey, the sneak thief and the burglar, much less have we the constables necessary to protect the game in an enormous and thinly peopled country.

Here on Vancouver Island the same remark applies. The game is scattered; the gunners are about fifty per cent. of the population; the constables few and busy men, unprovided with wings or other means of rapid locomotion. They find it simply impossible to cope with the law-breakers, and I doubt whether they would be doing their duty if they spent a whole day in securing a conviction for the slaughter of one hen pheasant. There are more important things for them to do. As to the laws themselves, they are neither better nor worse than you might expect them to be, as representing the collective wisdom and knowledge of natural history in our legislature, biassed as it always must be by that terrible thought, "What will the voters think of this."

After a very great deal of trouble an association was formed more than a year ago, the object of which was to protect the best interests of sportsmen as a class (and *not* the interests, be it remembered, of any particular class of sportsmen), and to lay before the legislature such suggestions for the improvement of the existing laws as might be approved at general

meetings of men who knew the habits of our game and were interested in its preservation.

A great deal of work was done and a strong body formed; other bodies of a like nature were formed on the Mainland, and the whole of their work resulted in a "fizzle."

Like many better men we tried our best and failed, and deserve no better of the people than other failures. I have before me, as I write, the amendments to the game law of 1895, proposed by the Mainland societies and by the Vancouver Island association, as well as the present game law (1896.) I also saw the act in its way through the House. It is a wise father, they say, who knows his own child. If I am in any sort responsible for any of the features of the law of 1896, I do not certainly recognize them. When I first read the revised act before it went to the House, I found that a genius of that place had inserted a clause protecting the poor little moose, the flighty mountain sheep and other small deer, under what I ventured to consider peculiar conditions. These poor things were not to be shot, "upon the roost"!! It was cruel of me, I know, but I am responsible for the abolition of that clause. For the future whenever a bull moose "trees" on the top of a Douglas pine, he may be shot on sight. Those who hunt amongst the tall pines of the Semilkameen will take note of this.

But to quit chaffing (though the above is absolute fact), here are the amendments proposed (as I gather from our notes of meetings) by the Vancouver Island association, to the laws protecting game west of the Cascades:—

1. That the season for deer, blue grouse and duck shall begin on August 20.
2. That the season for quail, willow grouse and pheasants begin October 1.
3. That all shooting shall stop on January 2, except duck shooting, which shall stop on March 1.
4. That the sale of willow grouse, quail and pheasants shall be prohibited altogether.
5. That it shall be lawful to shoot any game birds at any time (during the lawful season) except when on the roost.
6. For the better protection of game the government shall appoint special provincial constables in all districts at a reasonable salary, such constables to be se-

lected by the local Justices of the Peace.

7. No deer shall be exposed for sale without its head on.

8. That the government be recommended to impose a gun license not to exceed \$5.

9. That heads of panthers shot be marked by slitting the ears, and that the heads be returned to the owners.

These clauses were endorsed by the Inland Game Protection Association, and it was suggested that the question of Indian rights as to shooting in season and out of season should also be submitted to the government's consideration.

With this recommendation, as to game laws west of the Cascades, was forwarded another, as to game laws east of the Cascades, from the Inland Game Protection Association at Kamloops.

1. That the bounty on coyotes be increased to \$2.50.

2. That a close season for prairie chicken be recommended for one year.

3. That the word "imported" be interpolated before the word "hare" in subsection of section 15, Game Act.

4. That white fish ova be placed in Kamloops, Shuswap, Nicola and Okanagan lakes.

5. That section 17 shall read as follows after the word "traffic": "Nor shall this act apply to free miners while actually engaged in prospecting or mining in camps where meats can not be obtained, who may kill game for food east of the Cascade range, etc.—and generally—That no changes in the present close seasons are required east of the Cascades, the existing ones being most suitable to our needs and requirements."

Now it may well be that in their passage through the House our amendments were themselves slightly amended *with our approval*, but the clauses set out above represent fairly the main changes asked for. A comparison of these with the existing act will give any one interested in these matters some idea of the effect of recommendations upon the local legislature, as far as the game act is concerned, at any rate.

The important question of Indian rights was, of course, untouched; our very innocent little innovation *re* the slitting of panthers' ears (so that a man who killed one of these handsome pests might get a trophy worth keeping, as well as the small bounty), was ignored; but the important amendment as to the sale of decapitated deer became law. This in itself justifies our existence.

If there were space at my disposal to treat this subject exhaustively, or if I thought that any good end could be attained by my labor, I would go thoroughly into this question of close times for our birds, basing my arguments upon the experience of the native-born young men of this province who have shot and studied our grouse and quail since they were old enough to carry a gun.

But I am convinced now that it would be useless. If we would do any real good we must confine ourselves to practical issues. We are not strong enough in our execution to carry out all sorts of refinements in the protection of game. As it is our laws change so often that most men are sick of them, and agree to disregard them. The only men who suffer from them are those highly conscientious ones who allow themselves to be handicapped by observing the law.

It is easy to criticise other people who make laws, and for my own part I rather despise the fluent critic. Let him get up and do the thing better himself is always my feeling after reading a criticism. It is not true either that all these makers of game laws are men ignorant of game and their habits. Some, like the Attorney-General, are keen sportsmen, but what power has one man who knows a subject amongst fifty who do not and who all want to have a finger in the pie? And it is but fair to remember, in this connection, that the men east of the Cascades got almost all they wanted, thanks, perhaps, to the Honorable Mr. Martin's endeavors in their behalf.

What then is the solution of the whole matter. Surely it is a very simple one and one which we might have guessed at years ago if we had only studied the acts of our neighbors,

Let us do as several of the States of the Union have done; let us make one big broad law, easy to remember, easy to enforce, working, perhaps, a little hardship on gourmands too fat to walk, but taken all round, the best for the greatest number of our fellow countrymen, and the best, too, for the State.

Let the law be that "*The sale of all game beasts, birds and fishes is illegal.*" Add to this, if necessary, a close time to protect the breeding birds, but even this will hardly be necessary. Nature in British Columbia is very bountiful. Stop the pot hunter, stop that unmitigated blackguard, whether in knickerbockers and patent leathers, or in the guise of a

tradesman or an inoffensive house decorator, who *buys* the best heads of our big game from the Indians—and then says he shot them himself—and you will have plenty of game and plenty of monied men to enrich your country whilst hunting it.

For here comes the business aspect of game preservation, and in British Columbia we pride ourselves on looking after the dollars as we should. It is a great deal to say I know, but I venture to stake my reputation upon the assertion that the game of British Columbia was, until our mines came to the front, the best advertising agent we had. Not only did the rich men of Europe come out here to hunt our sheep, and bear, and wapiti, leaving a hundred pounds in the country for every beast which they took out of it, but the poorer men of Eastern Canada, the farmers and farm laborers of England and Scotland, all of them bitten by that hunting mania which is the blessing of our race, came here to farm and settle; not alone because they heard that the land was good, but because some one had told them that there were plenty of deer and may be a bear or two round where they were going to settle.

Give one of our children jam and he'll swallow his pill without crying; give one of our boys a rifle or a horse and he'll tackle the chores and the plowing, but ask him to plow from year's end to year's end without any sport at all and he'll see you and your country to the devil—and it's better so. You don't want machines; you want men, and sport makes men—and, therefore, I plead for some simple form of protection for our game, not for my own sake, for I have been too hard worked to shoot a head of game this season, but for our boys' sake and our country's.

The simplest form, I think, is that which I suggest—the absolute prohibition of the sale of game, and I was going to add, a curtailing of the privileges enjoyed by the Indians, but even this is not necessary. Indians won't kill our big horns to any serious extent, or trap our trout in nets, if they cannot sell them, or any part of them, to white men. Deer are easier to get than sheep, and salmon bigger and more sustaining than trout. But at any time of the year, as the law stands now, the man who has money can dine on game. I have eaten game myself in

hotels and on steamboats several times this year, and have been helpless against the flagrant abuse which I knew had been perpetrated. If I dared to say a word I should have been met at once by the "Victoria Cold Storage." Whilst that exists a close time for monopolists may be of use to protect the aforesaid monopolists against sportsmen, but a close time for game is an absurd waste of legislative activity. It only requires a little thought for anyone to understand that even supposing that this cold storage scheme was worked in the most honest way in the world by the proprietors, it could still be another shield for law-breakers which would enormously increase the work of the law-enforcers. Cold storages have been exposed elsewhere. Here, of course, to speak against them is likely to bring down the biting "frost" upon the speaker, but if the grouse and the pheasant are to be protected it must be done, and (if a certain gallant captain of our association will pardon me) fools (W. L. G.) have already stepped in (to the cold storage) where angels fear to tread. Of course our raid was as profitless as our raids upon the Poodle Dog and elsewhere, and yet ("elsewhere" at any rate) game could always be bought at that time, which was said to have come from the cold storage.

This is our trouble in Victoria. Up country, the free miners' license plays the deuce. No one wants to prevent a prospector killing deer for food. Where he really needs it no one could stop him even if he wanted to, but it is an open secret that in many parts of the country, when the snow has covered the ledges and the deer are coming down in November and December, men who can no longer prospect, hunt for the market and ship to the towns.

There are, of course, laws which should be effective to prevent this, but in every law there are a dozen loopholes, and our Kootenay prospector if he means to kill deer and sell them, finds it as easy as it is to hold several claims on the same ledge, or remain in actual possession of a prospect for more than twelve months without doing assessment work. There is only one way to protect our game.

Make it valueless except as food for the hunter. Forbid its sale and you will save it—not otherwise.

“THE OLD MAN.”

By O. C. BASS.

WE all called him “the Old Man,” not because of his age, for, although turned sixty, he was as spry and elastic in his movements as at twenty-one, and he was straighter and quicker than the youngest of us. He got the name among the boys because we looked up to him as an authority, and we liked him because, instead of putting on airs of superiority on account of his great experience in sport, he became younger in a sense as he grew older, took a keen interest in us youngsters, as he called us, and would go to no end of trouble to see that we got the best sport that was going.

Mingled with our affection and admiration for him was a vague feeling of superstition, for you might be fishing in one spot all day without seeing a solitary fin or getting so much as the suspicion of a nibble, when along would come the Old Man, with his cheery: “Wall, how’re the’ comin’?” and on hearing your grunt of disgust he would swing around and take up a spot near you, throw in his line and begin to tell you some of his hunting stories, after Virginia quail, with Governor McGuffin. In the middle of the yarn he would stop, inform you that he had a bite, and would immediately begin to play his fish. This would give you confidence; you would think that the fish were at last coming around, and you would take heart again, put on a fresh bait and hand the Old Man your flask. Not a bit of use, though; it would soon be apparent that it was the Old Man’s line they were attracted most to, and on your suggestively remarking that you would like to have that rod and line to try it, he would reply cheerfully: “Why, sartinly; take it,” and he would go on catching fish with your rod while you sat by and the fish turned up their noses at the Old Man’s rod in your hands. Big, fat, good-natured Bob. Anderson would call you aside, confidentially and mysteriously, and, yanking an enormous bite off a plug of tobacco, he would carefully and thoughtfully stow it away in a particular location in his jaw, before propounding such a knotty question as: “How in Halifax is it the Old Man caught all those fish in that pool when I’ve been working away in the sun there all day for nothing?”

Of course you would have to give it up; the Old Man made no secret of his doings; he would share our bait, or swap

flies and even rods, but still he caught the fish.

But it was at night time, in the old shack at the lake side, after the day’s fishing was over, the hot coffee, eggs, bacon and thick slices of bread and butter placed snugly away under our respective belts, according to capacity, and the pipes going—it was then that the Old Man would unfold himself in a reminiscent sense.

Naturally the conversation first turns upon the day’s events, and as the fish are sorted and salted away—the biggest ones on top, of course—each member of the party has some story of adventure to relate of the day’s experience—how this fish came up to the fly, or that fish took the minnow; what a time it was to keep him on a taut line, how he sulked when he found himself balked at each piece of strategy; how he played Old Harry with the tackle, sprung the rod and tired the arm, and when at last the finny fighter was landed it was found that the hook, which stood between him and glorious liberty, would not have borne another minute’s play. Big Bob had just related such an experience as this one evening. We had returned to the stove and one of the boys was making the grog. As the first, and hottest and best glass was handed to the Old Man, he remarked, as he gazed, critically but affectionately, into the limpid depths of the steaming nectar: “That yarn o’ Bob’s reminds me of a tussle I had with a big fish and small tackle once.”

He took a sip from the glass, to give us a chance to test the quality of our own and see that the pipes were going. Bob threw an extra log in the stove, and we all settled back, for the Old Man always told the truth, and always told more than one yarn at a time.

“I wuz up the river here,” he began, “with some of the boys a few years back, more to show them whar the fishin’ was than for fishin’ myself. Thar was a touch of prospectin’ in the venture, too; so it was more force o’ habit than with any intention of downright serious fishin’ that I took only a light thirteen foot trout rod. While the boys wur fleekin’ away at a pool at long reach in the stream, I went back here and there to examine the rocks, an’ I wuz after gettin’ back from one o’ these rambles that I came up with the

boys, and calculated I'd have a throw myself. The trout war slow; the day wuz bright and fishin' prospects seemed to be about as far off as the Ballarat mines wuz from the rocks I'd been chippin' back on the hills. I tried one fly after another, but none of them coaxed the big fellows' noses from under the rocks in the shady spots.

"Just about givin' it up as a bad job, before sittin' down to have a bite to eat, I made a cast into a small eddy not more than forty foot square. From whur I wuz standin' I was just able to reach it with the tail fly. There wuz something the matter with that little pool in a minute that made me think one o' the big Atlantic steamers had got her propellers to work in front of me. My tailer went down, and click, click began the reel. I knew then that I had dropped on a smacker and no mistake. He made a set o' circles in that pool so quick that I could see the bare bottom o' the stream between every line, like the Jordan wuz when Moses took the people out o' Egypt, only they wuz round instead of straight across. Round and round he went, pullin' me across the four foot pool between us and takin' me into water near to my arm pits. Lord, how he sizzled and tore as he tried to tangle my tackle up in the rocks! The little rod acted grand; she went near double, and she came back again; that fish would look me square in the face and run up to me as if he wuz goin' to have it out with me in my own backyard, but I says: "No, boy, you don't get any slack on me with a bluff of that kind," and I would reel him up prompt. After tryin' to run the blockade o' rocks between the small pool and the river stretch, several times, he would stop to spy out the ground, like a general plannin' a fight, when he would run off on a new tack. There I wuz for close on an hour, just managin' to hold him, an' he seemed as fresh as ever, when he went to the bottom like a log and lay there sulkin'. D'ye think I could move him?—not a bit of it. I tickled him with the hook as much as I could without tryin' to lift him, but not a stir, and at last I had to hold him taut with one hand and drop rocks down on him to move him with the other. I would try to look around when I could to see if any of the boys wuz near to come with a net or gaff, but nary a sign o' them. At last Mr. Fish makes one of them big rushes at me, but this time I tried a new dodge. I

seemed to know he wuz thinkin' o' tryin' his old bluff, and as soon as he moved, I ran back, made as big a pull on the rod as I thought she'd stand, and helped that ffish to jump right out of the water and on to the dry rocky clearin' in the middle of the stream. When we weighed him he wuz fourteen pound and three-quarters, There's the little rod up on the rack there, an' I tell you I think an awful powerful lot o' her."

The Old Man had scarcely finished talking, when a pretty fox terrier which he owned came into the cabin with a two pound trout in his mouth. Bob jumped up with an exclamation that "the gold-durned dog" had been at his fish, for Bob was the only one who could boast a two pounder for that day.

"Let him alone," said the Old Man. "He caught that fish himself; he didn't want me to be beaten, so he went out fishin' in the crick fur me and got that fish."

There was an enquiring look thrown over towards the Old Man, but his good natured face beamed nothing but truth as he said: "I never told you the story of that dog?"

"Well, a man back in the city owned that dog, and from a pup he wuz a terror after cats. I got him, but didn't think much of him, as he wuz afraid of the water, and didn't care to go in a boat. One day I wuz up the river, and wuz goin' in to cross some ways above the canyon where the rapids are. The dog wuz comin' gingerly behind me on a log, which wuz rollin' to beat the band when he slipped and fell in. After that he didn't care about the water; took a likin' to it, and would go in after anything. By the next season I had him almost talkin', and there wuz some o' us goin' up the river one day, when Tip sees a big salmon that wuz workin' his way along in a shallow place with a lot of others. He jumps in and grabs him just at the back of the neck, and for a purty considerable time you couldn't tell dog from fish, or whether it wuz all dog or all fish. There wuz the most all-firedest fight you ever see, with Tip comin' up blowin' the water out of his nose every time, but still holdin' on like Old Nick. We got Tip in first, as he wuz pretty well tuckered out, and there wasn't much kick left in the fish. Then we scaled both o' them. That salmon weighed twenty-two pounds, and Tip only comes to eighteen."



THE THIRD SISTER.

By J. FRANK BLEDSOE.

RLAINLY the man was dying. In fact the doctor had just told him so. How long? Well, that would depend. It might be that he would last for another twenty-four hours if he could only make his mind easy, and not let it run into those disturbing channels. Every time he gave way to those fierce bursts of impatience, he only shortened the time. Not longer? No, not longer. If there was anything in the way of business he had better have it attended to at once, as there was no time to be lost. There were other patients to be attended to; he would call again in an hour or so.

Patient? Yes, he must be patient. There was so much to do. He who had wasted years, now counted the moments with anxiety. Would there still be time? He had sent for her the moment the doctor had left the room, but who could tell. Had she not said, the last time they had parted, that she would not see him again until they stood before the Judgment seat. God, if she should refuse now! Could hell hold anything more bitter than this helpless feeling?

Sorry? No, he was not sorry. If it was all to do over again he would only do the same thing. He knew that. It was too late for that lie.

Repent? The list was too long, and this was only one of the many, but somehow it seemed to be the only one that he cared to think of now.

Money? Let the pack of hounds quar-

rel over his bones as they would. Not all the blackness of that other side held a shadow that could daunt his soul like the thought of the fine scorn which he saw lifting to her eyes at the offer of such a thing.

Why then? Only that he must see her. That was all. He could not, would not die. Had fate filled his life with ease, no wish however selfish but brought its quick gratification, only to make this thing all the harder to bear? Curse that clock, how the thing galloped. Would she never come? It was only a blurred spot on the wall, but the ticking grew louder than ever.

The high thin nose and dim eyes under the black brows gave the man the look of a wounded eagle awaiting the approach of the hunter.

A line of bloody foam across the lips checked a second curse. One wild effort of the will called back the fast ebbing life.

At last—Yes a door opens, and a step that he would know if it had been stilled a thousand years falls upon his death-quickenened ear. God had not then meant to press that last bitter drop into his cup. She is here. Her hand is on the knob—With one last effort the wasted frame is lifted,

“Thank God—” “You”—

A woman sobbing bitterly at the foot of the bed—

“He was dead, doctor, when I came in.”



"AMATEUR GARDENING."

A FEW SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

By J. R. ANDERSON,

Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

THIS is a branch of horticulture which is certainly a source of great pleasure and which, if properly followed out, can be made profitable in a measure. That is, the necessary outlay for such labor as for want of time and other causes one is obliged to be at, may by judicious methods be offset by the vegetables which even a small patch of garden can be made to yield—to say nothing of the improved excellence as compared with the Chinese grown article.

Then in the matter of flowers, many people consider themselves well paid if their homes can be brightened by the presence of flowers, especially at this time of the year when everything is so dull and gray without.

But all this cannot be without some outlay, some labor and some judgment. The remark is often heard that "so-and-so is so successful with his garden; he has only to stick in a slip and it grows immediately!" Or, "you always have so many flowers; they seem to grow without any trouble!" Now, if the person making the remark were to investigate, he or she would probably discover that the successful amateur gardener bestows much thoughtful attention upon the garden or house plants, and that where, as the response is quick and gratifying, where judicious methods are used, plants equally resent neglect and injudicious treatment.

At this time of the year the outdoor work is chiefly confined to preparation for the fast approaching period of growth. Cold frames in which tender violets have wintered should be opened daily to admit fresh air; radishes, mustard and cress may be sowed under glass; the proper drainage of the garden should be seen to as any water which does not speedily find an exit serves to render the garden cold and backward, besides injuring the roots of many plants.

The opportunity should be taken, if it has not already been, to lay in a stock of stable manure, which later on is in such demand as to be difficult to obtain, especially well rotted manure, which only is fit for use in the garden; therefore have a good manure heap, protected from rain if possible, and to which can be added much of what is usually carted away by

the scavenger—leaves, stalks, rubbish from the garden, and wood ashes. A barrel of lime should be at hand for use in preventing disagreeable odors by spreading a small quantity occasionally on the manure heap, and which in itself is also a valuable fertilizer.

During the fine open weather of the present season, a few early potatoes may be planted provided the situation and soil is favorable, viz: a southern exposure with a good slope, sandy loam and a porous subsoil. Unless, however, the conditions are favorable, it would be waste of time. Broccoli should now be coming in if it has withstood the extraordinary cold of November. A partial protection of fir boughs is recommended for this delicious vegetable at the beginning of winter, to be removed as soon as all danger of extreme cold has passed, usually about the middle of January. Leeks and celery, if they have been attended to in time, should now be in use.

In the flower garden the early spring flowers are now blooming or showing bloom, the Japanese flowering plum, yellow jasmine, primrose, pansy, violet and crocus, the beautiful blue scilla and snowdrop. So the beds should be kept clean and free of weeds.

Plants which have been protected, such as tender roses, etc., should be looked to and air admitted to prevent damping. The conservatory should be frequently sprayed with water both for the sake of washing the leaves of the plants and for keeping down insect pests, notably the red spider, one of the worst which infests indoor plants and which revels in a warm, dry atmosphere.

An occasional spraying with tobacco juice, the stronger the better, will kill green fly. Care should be exercised in watering house plants as injudiciousness in this respect often injures plants beyond recovery. Most plants will do with very little water at this time of the year, such things as hyacinths and other bulbs, however, which are now in bloom, or about blooming, require a much larger quantity. A box should be kept filled with sandy loam in which slips may be stuck when any pruning is done, these will make good plants for the garden later on.

CAMERA CLUBS AND CONTESTS.

YOU touch the button—we do the rest. That's the keynote of the explanation of how amateur photography has become one of the most generally pursued as well as one of the most fascinating of the pastimes of the day. In the years that are gone it was not everyone who, no matter how strong his desire, could become an expert in the art of taking pictures. Indeed the successful amateur approached very close to the professional in all save the name.

But that was a long time ago, and with the improvements of modern science—nowhere more important than in photography—the work of the amateur has been greatly simplified, and unbounded opportunities for enjoyment placed in his possession. Dry plates and the film have given to everyone artistic opportunities undreamed of only a few short years since, and with the aid of modern methods and appliances the average amateur of to-day is able to produce pictures than are not only not burlesques, but which, on the other hand quite cast in the shade the photographs produced by the professionals of less than a decade ago.

As a natural result, camera clubs are found to-day in every progressive and well organized city or town—their object, the broad and creditable one of fostering the love of the artistic. Vancouver has at present such an organization of some fifty members who are already the possessors of comfortable quarters of their own with dark room in connection. Victoria will, no doubt, possess a similar association before the present spring passes into summer. The Mainland club is fortunate in the possession of active, useful and influential officers, Mr. Harry Abbott being honorary president, and his associates being: Mr. J. Williams, president; Mr. C. M. Beecher, first vice-president; Mr. W. Godfrey, second vice-president; Mr. A. G. Ferguson, third vice-president; Mr. Fred. T. Salsbury, honorary secre-

tary; and Mr. C. A. Wood, honorary treasurer.

The great advantage of club formation is the help obtained from a comparison of practical experiences. The amateur who aims at anything artistic will at once understand what this means—and he or she who does not should abandon the camera immediately and forever. The increased interest which the application to them of amateur photography gives all sports worthy of the name, is subject for future elaboration. In the present hurried introductory chapter it is sufficient to say that WESTERN RECREATION will firmly advocate the attainment of high ideals by the amateur photographers of the Pacific Northwest. It will also, to encourage and foster the development of a taste for artistic photography, present to the amateur subscriber sending to the office of publication within the next six months the best specimen of his or her own work, a fifty dollar camera of any make the winner may choose to designate. It is of course understood that photographs submitted in competition shall be entirely the product of the competitor's individual skill—taken, developed and finished by himself or herself without assistance.

The respective merits of all the photographs received will be passed upon by a committee of experts to be selected later on; and each month the notable pictures received will be discussed in this department—their conspicuous beauties and their defects being carefully illustrated for the benefit of their authors and all other amateurs. Competitors should mention in submitting specimens of their work, the name of camera used, the lens, the plate or film, and the developer.

With the scenic "material" at hand in every corner of the Northwest, a collection of photographs should be obtained that will be additional and eloquent testimony to the grandeur of the land we live in.



TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

IN presenting WESTERN RECREATION to the public of the Pacific Northwest no apology is necessary, though a word as to its aims in life may not be out of order. Its foremost object is to elevate the tone of sport—to foster the spirit of pure amateurism along all the parallel lines of athletics. It will endeavor to print something to interest everyone; to voice honest opinions plainly on all subjects within its scope; to develop the love for the free air and the close acquaintance with good Mother Nature that together put iron into men's blood and make them better citizens.

No attempt will be made to confine its attentions to the current happenings of the athletic world—to the chronicling of sporting events as they transpire—although these will receive their full and proper meed of consideration. This journal will do all in its power to foster as well as to mirror out-of-door-life—indirectly it is therefore a paper for the improvement of the public health. In every standard "department," if such a word is here permissible, the services of the best qualified experts will be enlisted, and their advice may be relied upon.

WESTERN RECREATION claims as its field the entire Pacific Northwest, and it will own no local partialities. It acknowledges no limitations to its ambitions, while it asks the friendship and support of every well-wisher of true sport and will endeavor to give value received for every consideration shown it.

The members of the Northwestern International Yachting Association, organized on August 25, 1892, are already making preparations for the present season—the busiest season it will be, since the yachtsmen first got together. The association now includes the clubs of Anacortes, Bellingham Bay, Seattle, Everett, Fairhaven, Tacoma, Port Angeles, Port Townsend, Vancouver and Victoria. Its present officers are: G. A. Kirk, of Victoria, Admiral; Henry Hensell, Seattle, Vice-Admiral; H. Marsh, Anacortes, Commodore; C. A. Godson, Victoria, Vice-Commodore; E. B. Leaming, New Whatcom, Captain; Frank P. Dow, New Whatcom, Secretary; and H. R. Foot, Victoria, Treasurer. The history, achievements and representative yachts of the association are to be pictured and described at length in an early number of

WESTERN RECREATION, when the 1897 additions to the fleet, now building, shall have taken the water.

Cyclists all! Lift your hats—if you haven't them fastened on with pins—to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works. Every year the wheelman or wheelwoman who has pedalled gleefully forth into the country hereabouts has noted with chargin the absence of guide or distance boards at the intersection of the principal roads. These don't cost much, and they're a world of comfort to the rambling or the touring cyclist. At the same time their utility to all who ride, or drive or walk over the country roads cannot be overestimated. Hon. Mr. Martin quite realizes this, and before the approaching summer is a thing of the present, steps will be taken by his department to provide these silent but faithful friends of the traveller.

The British Columbia legislature is now in session and will, of course, be led again to the assault upon the existing game law, some time prior to prorogation. There can be only one perfect and workable game law, and it can be, as Captain Wolley puts it, "compressed into three words—prohibit the sale." At the same time, before the millenium is reached, why not include the horned owl among the pests for whose destruction government bounty is paid?

Rossland talks of forming an athletic association embracing all standard sports. This is the sensible way of doing business. If each of the cities of the Northwest would follow the cue given by the magic metropolis of Kootenay, and amalgamate its various and too often antagonistic athletic interests into one strong association, how great a factor would they be for sport. The M.A.A.A., of Portland, is an object lesson. And there are many others.

There is a rumor in the air that California's crack polo team will accept an invitation to compete with the British Columbians during the present year. Could not California's representative cricketers also be induced to pay us a visit? The last northern tour of these gentlemanly exponents of the good old English game is still treasured in pleasant memory.

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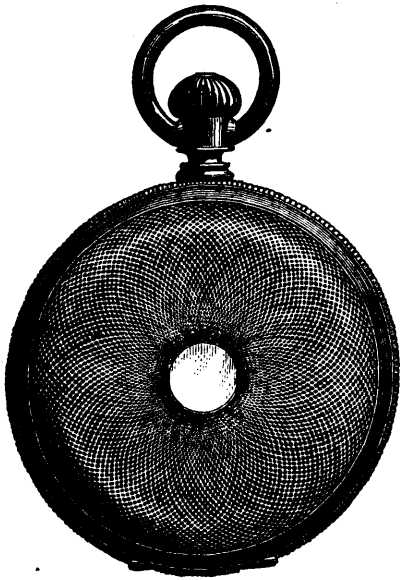
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“WHERE THE BEAUTIES MAKE THEIR HOME.”—Something about the famous trout streams and lakes of British Columbia, with characteristic pictures by Messrs. E. S. Shrapnel, Thomas Bamford, H. Hardey-Simpson and Lionel C. Barff.

“RUGBY AND ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL,” by Mr. George Jay and Mr. John G. Brown, respectively—each suitably illustrated.

“GAME DOGS OF THE NORTH-WEST,” a plain and practical article by Mr. Carroll E. Hughes, which every man who uses a gun should read with profit. It too, will be suitably illustrated.

“CITIZEN SOLDIERY,” by Col. F. B. Gregory.

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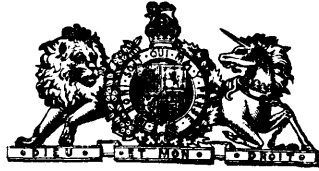
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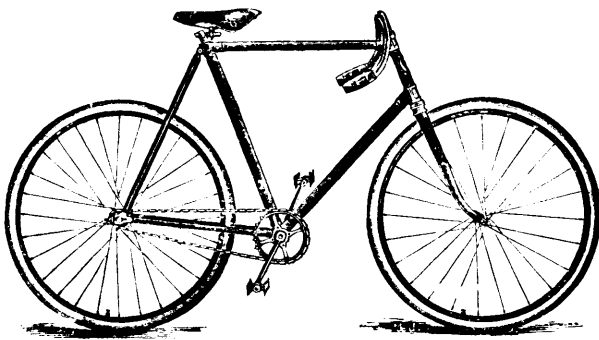
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