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Vol. 1

No. 2.

THE BRITISH PACIFIC

JULY, 1902.



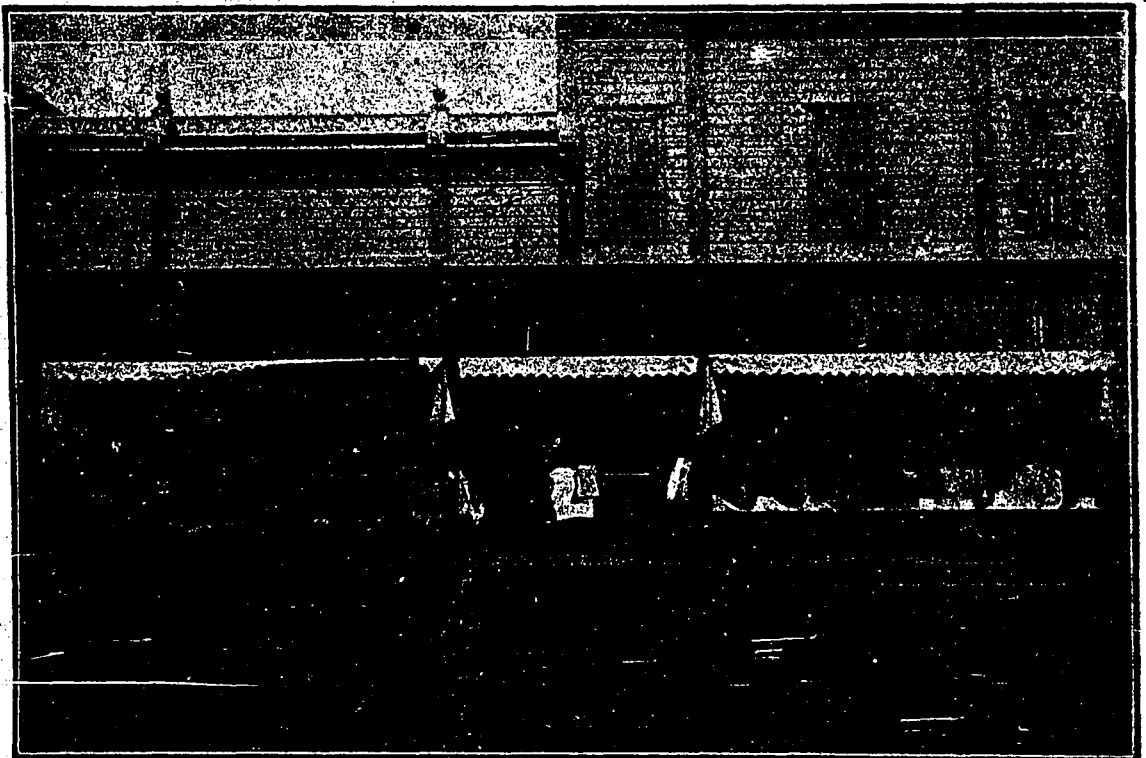
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HENRY F. PULLEN, Editor.

Volume I.

JULY, 1902.

No. 2.

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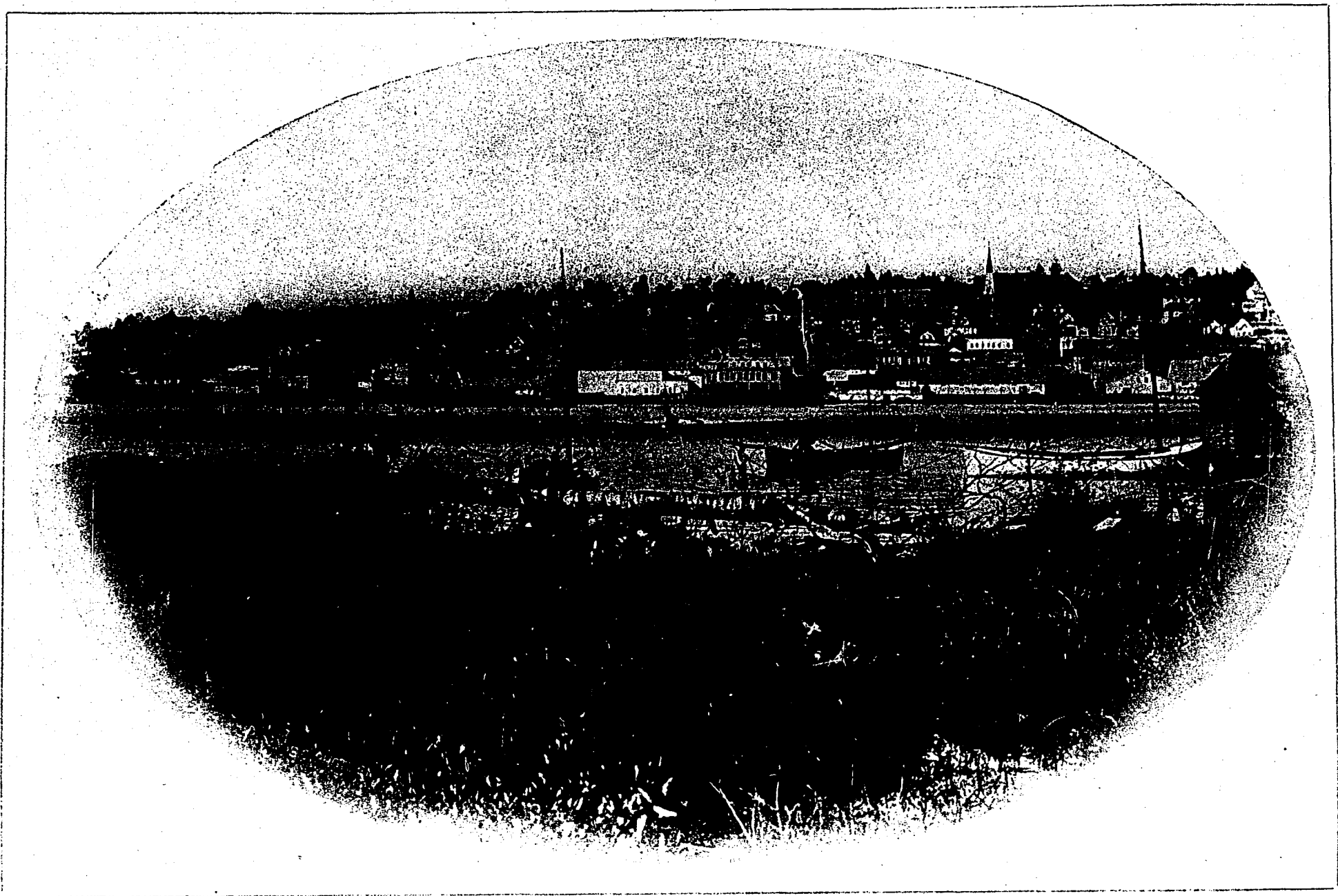
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Price, 10 Cents. \$1.00 Per Year Postpaid.

ISSUED MONTHLY BY THE

BRITISH PACIFIC PUBLISHING CO.

CUMBERLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



NEW WESTMINSTER FROM ACROSS THE FRASER.

NEW WESTMINSTER

Past and Present.

JOHN C. BROWN.

TO treat at all adequately within the limits of a short article, the subject upon which I am asked to write: "New Westminster, Past and Present," is plainly impossible. What is here aimed at is simply to give a sort of outline sketch of the history, present position, and future prospects of the city; noting a few of the things which may seem to have had, or to be likely to have in the future, a distinct influence on the material, moral, and intellectual development of the community.

Going back some forty-four years to the time when the great pines which clothed the townsite fell under the axes of the pioneers, one finds that New Westminster has from the first been dependent upon its own efforts—upon the resources of the territory of which it is the centre—upon the advantages of its situation; that it has never enjoyed in any marked degree the favor of governments or corporations. Naturally one expects to find and does find that its growth has been gradual as compared with, for example, such cities as Vancouver; and one also expects to find and does find that its position is a very stable one; that its future growth and prosperity can be predicted with as much confidence and certainty as one may feel about the future of any mundane institution.

Three calamities overtook the city during the last decade of the old century. The first was a real estate boom; the second, the great freshet of 1894, which made havoc among the farming settlements along the river; and the third, a fire which takes rank with the historic conflagrations at Chicago, St. John, and Ottawa. These so retarded its progress that, when the census of 1901 was taken, it barely retained its place as the third city in the Province; but that in spite of disaster it did retain that place, shows how broad and firm is the basis upon which its prosperity rests.

New Westminster occupies, as all British Columbians know, a commanding site on the north bank of the Fraser, just above the point where that great river divides itself among the channels by which it makes its way through its fertile delta lands to the sea. Seen from the river, it is a handsome city, and it will, a few spots (mainly

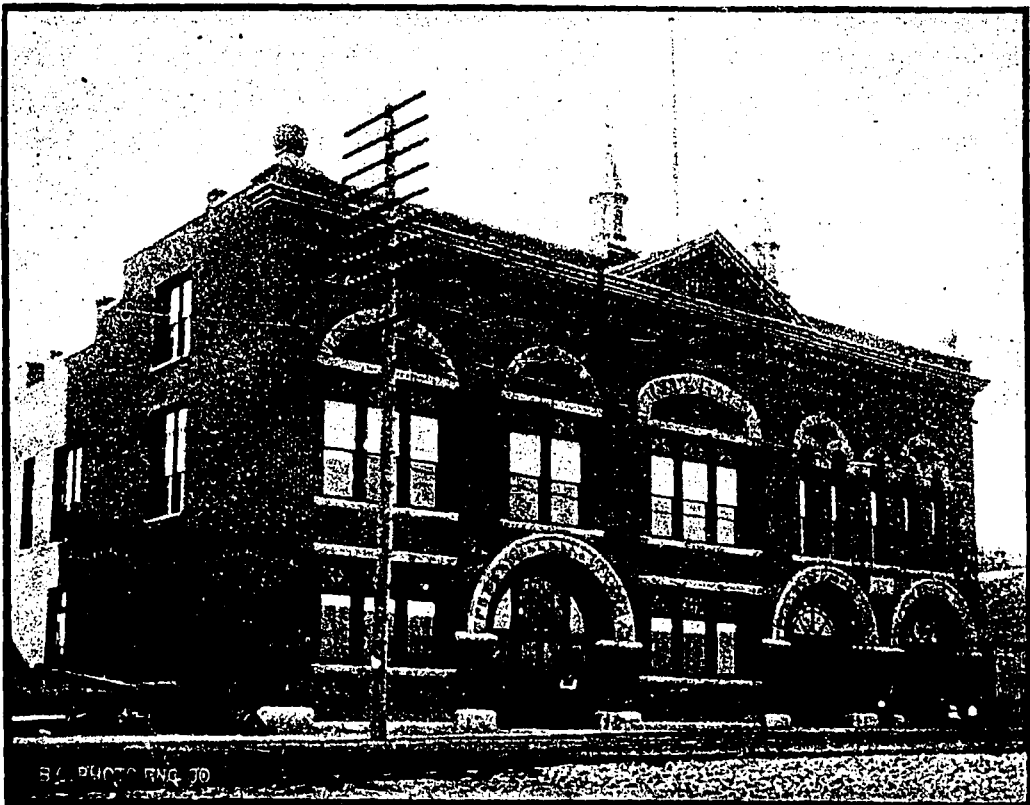
Chinese quarter) excepted, bear examination in detail. The slope upon which the city is built—too pronounced in the opinion of many—has yet its advantages, and among them must be reckoned the fine view of the city thus afforded those who approach it by the river, and the entrancing glimpses of shining river reaches, set in the dark green of pines and backed by the distant hills, which are caught from various points of vantage on the upper levels of the city itself.

The statistician asks: What is the population? and the answer at present will be, about 7,000. The political economist asks: What industries support the place; from what sources is derived its wealth? The answer would run to quite a catalogue; fish and lumber being the items which most people would put at the head of the list. These are very important contributors, but there are many others. New Westminster is in fact the natural centre, entrepot, distributing point, of the rich valley of the Lower Fraser—the garden of the Province. The fact that she alone of provincial cities has made a success of a weekly market for farm produce, is eloquent as to one source of her wealth. As a manufacturing centre, too, partly by reason of her situation, partly for other reasons, she ranks high. Discussing material prosperity, another factor must not be lost sight of. Owing her own light and water systems and enjoying consequent cheap service, and being in close touch with the producer, New Westminster is, her citizens assert, a cheaper place to live in, by an appreciable percentage, than any other city on the coast.

By one class of people New Westminster will be avoided: Those to wit, who love and believe in the "wide open" town. Metropolitan in many things; boasting herself the best lighted town in British Columbia; tapped by two transcontinental railways; with a Board of Trade and a City Council continually voicing the determination of her people to be up to date and well towards the head of the procession—she yet clings tenaciously to her long-established reputation as the most congenial home for the quiet, law-abiding citizen who has a veneration for the memory of the pilgrim fathers, who cherishes old country and eastern traditions, who looks upon home and church and Sunday-school as institutions almost as sacred as his bank account. Here the influence of the pioneers is plainly traceable, and the same thing is true of education. Prominent among the pioneers were men (the late Rev. Robert Jamieson distinguished among them) whose interest in education was at once active, aggressive, and intelligent. They put the public school in a high place and imposed upon it a great responsibility. To-day, although of course unable to compete with larger cities in the externals of buildings and attendance, New Westminster is easily first, judged by the test of results. The percentage of pupils from her schools who win success in collegiate and other examinations is far in excess of that standing to the credit of other cities.

In the later eighties the city was called upon to face a serious problem. A waterworks system became a necessity, and examination

of possibilities showed that the only one really satisfactory would be a gravitation system, with Coquitlam Lake (some sixteen miles away) as the source of supply. Bringing the water in and distributing it over the townsite, so that only a few of the remoter corners would be out of reach of the system, meant a cost of nearly half a million—a serious burden for some 5,000 people. It is little wonder that, in the years immediately following the completion of the work, the burden was severely felt, particularly when it is remembered that in New Westminster the grip of the hard times which affected the whole civilized world in the middle nineties, was aggravated by some special local circumstances. The fine system which had cost so much was allowed to



THE NEW CITY HALL.

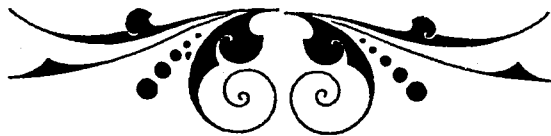
fall into an inefficient condition and failed when the great fire of 1898 put it to a supreme test. The lesson was a sharp one, but it was effective, and to-day the city has a more than ample supply of absolutely pure water for the unrestricted use of its 7,000 people, with a constantly overflowing reservoir, sufficient for a long day of the severest fire-fighting. To-day also, it is true of the city that it is practically free from zymotic diseases, which were beginning to gain a hold twelve years ago.

It is said that fortune favors the brave, and certainly the splendid courage with which the people of New Westminster set themselves to the rebuilding of their ruined city has had its reward. On that bright Sabbath morning in September, 1898, when the entire business part of

the town, for three or four blocks back from the river, lay in heaps of smouldering ruins, it might well have seemed to the bravest that the sun of New Westminster's prosperity had set—that it was indeed “a city of yesterday.” Less than four years have passed: the burned district is covered with substantial and handsome buildings; a larger business occupies them; a larger population supports them; and still building operations go briskly on.

As these lines are written, the first work is going forward on the great bridge that is to span the Fraser at the very centre of the city; and the powerful hydraulic dredge, Edward VII, is beginning its task of river improvement. A railway centre on a great river, it needs no prophet to fortell that New Westminster's growth will speedily take on an accelerated pace. Steam will make light of the few miles which separate her harbor from the Gulf of Georgia; a trifling expenditure on lights and buoys will make the channel as plain and easy to follow as a city street; the vast economy in using a river port will do the rest.

Many books are written and many things are said about the secret of worldly success. There is one trustworthy rule and only one: Get a monopoly of something which the people must have. New Westminster has a natural monopoly of certain things which the trade and commerce of this part of the Dominion must have, sooner or later. In the past her progress may have compared with that of other places as the tortoise's with the hare's; but the tortoise won the race.



Twenty-Five Twentieth Century Proverbs.

AGNES DEANS CAMERON, Victoria, B. C.

1. You must walk a long time behing a gander before you find a peacock feather.
2. Fools would flatter a Klondike burro if he carried gold enough.
3. Throw a lucky man overboard in the Fraser, and he'll come up with a salmon in his mouth
4. It's a wise golfer that knows his own caddie.
5. Always look a gift wheel^o in the tire.
6. The prudent man pedalleth in peace, but ruin lies in the path of the scorcher.
7. When it rains cats and dogs, then the sausage-man makes hay.
8. It's an ill wind that escapes from the tire.
9. It's a long worm that has no turning.
10. When Reynard turns preacher, the wise hen climbs to the top perch.
11. He that would have an oyster from the soup must have a long spoon, a stout heart, and the eye of faith.
12. When wise men play the fool they are star actors.
13. When your true naturalist finds a virtuous man he snap-shots him.
14. An automobile in hand is worth two on the rush.
15. Let a coyote get away with a lamb and he'll come back for the dam.
16. A monkey with a dress-coat on is but a monkey accentuated.
17. Don't build a church and present God with the mortgage.
18. A strike in time saves the nine.
19. It's wise yachtsman that understands the handicap.
20. It is the paid palmist who scores off every hand.
21. It is fake butter that has no churning.
22. Those who live in glass houses should buy Venetian blinds.
23. As the twig is bent the boy is inclined—to run out of the door.
24. The captured Stone gathers no ransom.
25. Whom the gods hate is hissed off the stage.

The Rebellion at Hill's Bar.

An Episode of the Fraser River Gold Excitement.

F. W. HOWAY, New Westminster, B. C.

IN the spring of 1858 rumors of the discovery of gold in the Fraser River drew to the wilds of New Caledonia, as the country was then called, great numbers of the adventurous and discontented of California and Oregon. Never in the migration of men has been seen an immigration so sudden and so vast. As the argonauts ascended the river, they prospected the various bars for gold. These bars are sandy flats, occurring in the river bends. ♦ For ages the river rushing madly through the mountains tore away masses of rock and gravel and crushed them in its natural arrastre, depositing the gold with its accompanying metallic sand in the eddies in the bends, and diligently covering it with worthless debris.

The first bar which gave satisfactory promise to men who had washed the rich gravel of the Yuba and the Stanislaus was that known as Hill's bar. It was about five hundred yards in length and was situated on the left bank of the Fraser about two or three miles below Fort Yale.

On Christmas Day in 1858—the first Christmas Day in British Columbia—a miner named Farrell, who had been working on Hill's bar, determined to pay a visit to Yale. At that time, Hill's bar was famed in the Colony as the richest and "toughest" bar on the Fraser. Its population consisted chiefly of refugees from the rough justice of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee. Farrell, like many of his neighbors on the bar, had had a successful season, and now sought this opportunity of celebrating his success. As usual, the celebration consisted in visiting in turn each saloon in Yale, and indulging in a large number of "John Collin's" and various other mixtures of liquors. In a short time he had drunk enough to be in a fighting humor. Then he began to look around for trouble. While engaged in this pleasant occupation, he chanced to notice a negro, Dickson, standing at the door of his barber shop. In his condition, Farrell regarded it as an outrage that a negro should dare to breathe the same air as a free and independent American citizen.

He therefore demanded from the negro an explanation of his conduct, pointed out to him the grievous wrong he was committing, and,

to enforce his precepts in an unmistakable manner, he proceeded *vi et armis* to make an impression on him with the butt of his revolver. He then went his way to sleep off the effects of his debauch.

In due time news of the brutal and unjustifiable assault reached Hill's bar. Now Hill's bar boasted a magistrate, one George Perrier, who, but a short time before, had been appointed a Justice of the Peace. So far as can be ascertained, Mr. Perrier knew more about the fore-castle than about Blackstone. His greatest qualification was that he was the only British citizen on the bar. However, as a resident of his bar had been guilty of this infraction of the criminal law, he took it upon himself to investigate the matter, even though it had not been committed within his jurisdiction, but within the jurisdiction of the magistrate of Yale. Pursuing this intention, the learned Justice of the Peace sent his constable to Yale, to arrest Farrell, sober now and sorry for his action.

It happened, however, that Yale also boasted a magistrate, in the person of Mr. Whannell, otherwise "Captain Whannell." Now, Mr. Whannell's name was a synonym for magisterial dignity. If Mr. Justice Perrier had seen service in the navy, Mr. Whannell had also seen it in the army. Like many other members of the bustling commercial centre, Mr. Whannell looked with scorn upon Hill's bar and its inhabitants, who were regarded by those in authority in Yale, as being "as desperate a gang of villains as ever went unchanged."

The pompous magistrate of Yale enjoyed his Christmas dinner with a select circle of his friends—the Gold Commissioner, the Mining Recorder, and other officers. Even in those days, luxuries were to be had in British Columbia, and magistrates have always been renowned for being able to obtain and enjoy them. So he enjoyed himself to the utmost, little dreaming of the breach of the law which had been committed in his jurisdiction.

In the morning, the effects of the excesses of the previous night were plainly visible on him. His irascibility was increased and his pompousness not diminished. Dressing himself in military costume, according to his custom, the "Captain" went to his office late that afternoon. There he learned that the assault had been committed, and that the constable of Hill's bar was even then searching the town high and low for the law-breaker Farrell. His wrath knew no bounds. He worked himself into a mighty passion as he thought of the insult to his dignity which was implied in the attempt to arrest an offender in his jurisdiction without his authority. In his heated mind, the whole thing was a deliberate contempt of him and his court. He, a military man and a magistrate, could not brook such an insult from anyone, especially from the sailor magistrate of Hill's bar.

Considering the matter carefully, he concluded he would punish the insult as it deserved. Accordingly he instructed his constable not only

to arrest Farrell for the assault, but also the constable from Hill's bar, for contempt.

At the bar, Magistrate Perrier waited impatiently and looked anxiously up the trail for the appearance of his constable, and the offender. In vain. Finally the news came that the constable was under arrest at Yale, for attempting to execute the warrant. As the news spread, the anger of the people at the bar began to find expression. All work ceased. Excited groups of men discussed the situation at every door. An indignation meeting was held. Inflammatory speeches were made. The miners determined to support magisterial dignity in the person of Mr. Justice Perrier. A body of about one hundred and fifty men put themselves under arms in readiness to uphold by force, if necessary, the stand taken by their magistrate.

It happened that amongst the miners on the bar, there was a man once famous in California—the celebrated Ned McGowan. This man who had held the office of judge in San Francisco, was a noted character. Opposite his name in the Vigilance Committee's book was the word "wanted." In leaving San Francisco he had not stopped to bid adieu to the Committee. He had worked quietly at Hill's bar, but in this turmoil he came to the surface. His legal experience readily pointed a way out of the difficulty. He suggested to Mr. Perrier that if it were a contempt of court for the Hill's bar constable to attempt to make an arrest in Yale, it was equally a contempt of court for the magistrate at Yale to imprison that constable. He volunteered if a sufficient force were given him to arrest, not only the original offender, but also Mr. Whannell and his constable. This pleased Magistrate Perrier mightily. McGowan and a number of others sworn in as special constables, were accordingly dispatched to Yale for this purpose.

In due course they returned in triumph to the bar, bringing with them the three delinquents. The counter-stroke was executed so quickly and quietly that the people of Yale were not aware of the arrest until their magistrate was in the hands of their opponents.

Magistrate Perrier caused the delinquents to be brought before him for trial. Farrell was fined seventy-five dollars for the assault, as being the primary cause of all the trouble. The Yale constable was released with a caution. The military magistrate was the last one to be dealt with. The charge was gross contempt of court. The naval magistrate was inexorable. Nothing could excuse the arrest of the constable. "Captain" Whannell endeavored to explain his conduct. In vain. After listening impatiently to the defence of his brother magistrate, Mr. Perrier found him guilty of contempt and fined him fifty dollars.

The outraged magistrate of Yale paid the fine, and returning to Yale roused the populace with the story of his grievous wrongs. A public meeting was held to consider what steps should be taken to avenge the insult. Whannell being, as before stated, a military man,

had great faith in the power behind the throne. Accordingly it was resolved to invoke the aid of the army and navy. Messengers were sent to Colonel Moody, then stationed at Langley in command of a small body of Royal Engineers, to inform him that the notorious Ned McGowan, the renegade of renegades, had been prison-breaking at Yale. The dispatches further intimated that this was part of a gigantic plot to overthrow British power in the Colony, and annex it to the United States. The original assault was forgotten; and the action of the Hill's bar magistrate and his supporters was exaggerated into a deep-laid rebellion.

On receiving these dispatches, Colonel Moody started at once for the scene of the supposed rebellion with twenty-five of the Engineers. The Governor was notified and in response to his request Lieutenant Mayne in command of one hundred marines from H. M. S. "Plumper" and H. M. S. "Satellite" embarked in the "Plumper" for Langley. The marines took a field piece with them. The police force of the Colony also joined the expedition. The Chief Justice of the Colony, Sir Matthew B. Begbie, went along to try the offenders according to law. Colonel Moody with the Engineers formed the advance guard. The matter was regarded as so urgent that the Colonel did not wait for his reinforcements, but left orders at Langley that Lieutenant Mayne with the marines, the field piece and police should follow. Unfortunately there were no means of conveyance except canoes, as Colonel Moody had chartered the only light-draught vessel on the river, the "Enterprise." Leaving the marines with the field piece and the police at Langley, Lieutenant Mayne set out in a canoe to Yale for instructions. He was ordered to return on the "Enterprise" and bring up the reinforcements. When the "Enterprise" reached Hope the following day Lieutenant Mayne received instructions to leave the field piece and the police at Hope and to go on to Yale with the marines.

When Yale was reached all was peaceful. Where was the rebellion? Not at Hill's bar. No one was more astonished than the miners there to see all these war-like preparations. A few brief inquiries on the spot satisfied Colonel Moody that there was no need for the military and naval forces under his control. The squabble over magisterial dignity was disclosed as the real root of the matter. The rebellion diminished to a trifling, insignificant dispute. McGowan succeeded in satisfying the officers that he had acted in accordance with his instructions as a special constable. He took the Colonel and his officers to his claim on the bar and showed them how to wash gold. From this claim an adjournment was taken to his cabin, where the officers drank champagne with McGowan and his Californian mining friends. Lieutenant Mayne speaking of the matter says: "Whatever opinion the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco might entertain of these gentlemen, I, speaking as I found them, can only say that all things

considered, I have rarely lunched with a better spoken, pleasanter party."

But the rebellion, where was it? It had never existed. It had disappeared like the phantom it was. The military expedition received the dignified name of "Ned McGowan's war"—the most bloodless war on record. The Colony paid the expenses—and large expenses they were;—the touchy magistrates lost their commissions; and Dickson, the negro, though hidden from sight in the squabble between the magistrates about contempt of their respective official dignities, gained some notoriety as the man whose ill-usage, had, by a strange concatenation of events, been magnified into high treason.



The Ties That Bind.

(BRITON.)

Though Britain seem to place her trust
 In cannon-ball and sabre thrust,
 The bravery of her soldiers bold,
 Her navy, and her wealth untold,
 The secret of her greatness still
 Is not in ships and martial skill.

But rather 'tis that scarce before
 The battle's won and fighting o'er,
 A government on justice based,
 Never by slavery disgraced,
 With equal rights to one and all,
 Comes to that land at Freedom's call.

Thus 'tis with confidence and pride
 Old England's sons across the tide
 Are ready at the Empire's cry
 To fight to victory, or die
 For liberty, their Empire's fame,
 Their country's weal, their sovereign's name,

Our Neighbours, the Birds.

L. W. H.

A LADY friend, whose attainments both as a lecturer and writer are beyond question, some years ago, while discussing voice culture, remarked: "Is it not true for this coast that there are few birds and amongst these songsters are rare," inferring that the climate or some other condition pertains in the West affecting both the bird and the child voice. Time and again I have heard sentiments such as these expressed and endorsed.

Passing over the question of child voice and coming to the bird's, I find by inquiry and experience that these and such like remarks are gross libels on our feathered neighbors—especially is this true in regard to British Columbia. This is borne out conclusively by the list of song birds and other varieties appended to this article, which were observed in the short space of a few months last year. That our forests, streams and hills are not voiceless is beyond cavil, but that somehow we who have left the lands of bird-song have lost the faculty of seeing and hearing nature's highest and most delightful medium of mind and heart culture.

By pointing out a few of the benefits that flow to those who may be willing to unstop the ear and open the eye to the world of song and beauty that surround us, is the primary reason for what follows. As a means of development for the young as well as for the more mature, there is no better field than bird study. It takes the man or child direct to the open book of nature—the printed page enters only as a reference. It has more zest and virility in its pursuit than the mere crack of the rifle with its concomitants can ever hope to give. The eye is trained to the most minute observation—beauty, color, form, directness of vision—all that the eye may learn is here acquired. The ear is educated in attention, discernment of sounds, and in melody. These results adding breadth to the mental horizon, thoroughness and accuracy of observation, one of the great ends of education, is largely attained along most pleasant lines. It does for the body what ordinary hunting does for the amateur sportsmen; it gives alertness, vigor and endurance, minus the reflexes, which are the outcome of the kill.

All classes and conditions of men may find an outlet for unexpended energies of body and mind in our bird neighbors, seriously as a nature study or as a hobby. If not in either of these phases, at least

as a thought which will add another interest and pleasure to their outings and rambles.

How may we get acquainted with our neighbor, the bird? Much the same as we do with our human neighbors—by the eye, by hearing and visiting their homes. Our bird neighbor differs from our human neighbor in this, that we more often hear his song voice that meet him face to face. It follows then that when we hear the note of a songster which we cannot name our part is to listen until the voice becomes as familiar to the ear as that of our human neighbor. That done, then the hunt or search commences. In place of gun, one must equip himself with a pair of opera or small field glasses, because one cannot spot or identify with certainty with the eye alone, besides the glasses save many a hard hill climb. Then there is the beauty of coloring, the gracefulness of posture, the thousand and one bird characteristics which would be altogether lost should one depend on vision unaided. It is only by much practice that one becomes skilled and quick in the use of glasses, the straining ear, the noiseless step—every artifice of the hunter is brought into play. Then your bird study may just last for the fraction of a minute. Your mind in that short space must have noted head, breast, wing, beak, and coloring, and all minor characteristics in order that you may be able to classify aright. At this stage, if you are a hunter, you will say that this sort of thing calls for more of the best of mind and body than merely to shoot at sight.

For bird home study, a camera will be required, if you go in for structure of nest, shape of eggs, and environment, but for ordinary knowledge of its habitat, sharp and observant eyes, a fund of patience and caution, a willingness to sacrifice one's trousers occasionally in a stiff climb is all that is required.

Along this line a word for the rising generation would seem not amiss. The long vacations might be utilized in bird study by the scholars. What now is in many instances force waste as well as time-waste might grow to be an adjunct in character culture. By a judicious offering of prizes by those in authority or others interested; by directing the minds of the pupils some weeks before the closing to the utility, the healthfulness and the fun of spotting birds and naming them. Once interested, there can be no doubt as to the resultant in alertness of mind, eye and ear development, as well as bodily strength and brawn.

The following list of birds was spotted by my friend, Rev. T. R. Wilson, in his few months stay with us. All were carefully identified, as with wheel and glass in leisure hours, occasionally at sunrise and late of evening, he made his short excursions. His ear for the bird song ever listening, his ready glass quick to note, have given additional testimony that we lack neither in variety or number birds of song, or otherwise.

Seen near Comox, scientific names eschewed: The Great Blue Heron, Bald or White Headed Eagle, Raven, Crow, Saw-whet Owl,

Meadowlark, Sparrow-Hawk, Chipping Sparrow, White Crowned Sparrow, Purple Finch, Cow Blackbird, Yellow Warbler, Golden Oriole, Cedar Wax-wing, Wild Pidgeon, Barn Swallow.

Seen near Cumberland, B. C.: American Robin, Ground Robin, Wilson's Thrush, Hairy Woodpecker, Bluebird, Canada Jay, Bluejay, Song Sparrow, Morning Ground Warbler, Junco, Winter Wren, House Wren, Woodpeewee, Pine Siskin, Hummingbird, Chickadee, Flicker, Tree Swallow, Purple Finch, Nighthawk.

The following not identified: Downy Woodpecker, Mirtle Warbler, Redheaded Black Woodpecker.

The following may be seen: American Bittern, Evening Cross-beak, Northern Shrike, Brown Creeper, Baltimore Oriole, Scarlet Tanager, Harlequin Duck, Pigeon Hawk, Great Horned Owl, Bob White, (imported).

If but one mind is quickened or stirred to appreciation of our bird life the above will not have been written in vain.



Manual Training.

HARRY DUNNELL.

IT is only within the last fifteen years that the educational authorities of Great Britain have recognized the fact that the elementary education of the rising generation was lacking in one important part, namely: The training of the hand and eye. Characteristic of the English people, slow, very slow, was the innovation made, but once thoroughly convinced of the great benefits derived from teaching more from the concrete, great strides have been made of recent years, and now various forms of hand and eye training occupy a prominent place in every school curriculum. And this wise innovation of the school studies is spreading from the mother country to her offsprings; Cape Colony, Australia, and last, but not least, Canada, who, aided by the generosity of Sir Wm. Macdonald, is making a noble effort to be in the foreground of educational progress.

The general advance in education has been from the abstract to the concrete, from theory to practice, from the knowledge of words to the knowledge of things.

It is not so much "how much can we cram into a child for a given examination," but "how can we give a child the most complete and har-

monious development of his or her powers of observation, perseverance, forethought, and self-reliance, train to habits of order, accuracy and cleanliness, train the dexterity of the hands and trueness of the eye.

Manual training insists on this niceity of judgment, accuracy of observation, attention to details, and carefulness in manipulation, which cannot be brought out so effectually in other branches of the school curriculum, and such habits once developed must re-act to the good of other parts of the school work.

Is manual training a success in the countries that have adopted it? Yes! Once some form of manual training has been introduced into the school work of any country or province it has kept its place and been extended.

It is about two years ago that the woodwork branch was introduced in the various provinces of Canada, and in every city where the work has been introduced the opinion is unanimous in favor of the benefits derived and for the extension of the movement.

In the great race of nations at the present day that nation will succeed best that has the most "handy" men and women.

And to make "handy" men and women we must begin with the children. Not wait until the child's powers are partially developed, but begin in the kindergarten school and year by year add something to the child's store of knowledge, using continually those supple little fingers, those prying little eyes, until, when the time of manhood and womanhood arrives our offspring are fully trained and developed and ready to make the most of what life offers to them.

The introduction of manual training will not do everything for a child, but it will supply a great want. Taken by itself it is no proper school subject. The ability to perform certain operations with tools is of no value educationally and next to none industrially, but when the subject forms a part of a school course, working in harmony with the school subjects, then it deserves a place in the school.

We want a child when he leaves school to be able to apply his learning to whatever walk in life he may have to fill, but the tendency in the schools to-day is to obtain for the pupils a certain number of marks in any subject, to bring the pupils safely through a given examination, a process of mere memory work in most cases and forgotten almost as soon as it is learned. To-wit: Cramming for the examination. A piece of drudgery, the sooner got over the better, most students think. There is something radically wrong about this, and hand and eye training seeks to help in lifting to a higher scale the educational methods of the public schools.

To be successful in teaching the young (and I might say older people also) you must first create an interest for the work. If you watch children you will find they are interested, first, in what they can see, and then arises the desire to touch and handle. You visit an exhibition and everywhere you are faced with "Please do not handle."

Why are we not content unless we can touch and examine for ourselves? Because by taking and examining for ourselves we derive that satisfaction which arises within us to know and master the points of interest in what we see. And this natural desire should be cultivated, for a person can learn more in five minutes practical application than in two or three hours reading. Not that we wish to depreciate studying and reading, but wherever possible have the object to examine at the same time, or may be, some plastic substance at hand by the means of which the abstract and the concrete can be closely connected.

A teacher, say, is taking a lesson in nature studies, or geography. How much more interesting it will be if the children have each a lump of clay and parts of the lesson are illustrated by reproducing (perhaps in a crude form) important features dealt with! Or, perhaps, the children have their paints handy and copy in a conventional drawing plant forms, birds, leaves, etc.

Have you tried this? If not, give it a year's test, and see at the year end if your work is not proving more interesting to you and your young pupils. You may not cram as much into the child (to be forgotten as soon as possible), but you will have awakened a desire for knowledge for the love of it, and there will be a greater chance of the child following up some of the studies commenced in the school.

Independence of action and thought is a crying need of to-day, and if we train the rising generation to observe more for themselves we shall have less of the easy going style of "following in the every day rut of mankind," but have, instead, a race of people quick to action, keen to avail themselves of their reasoning powers, observing closely the success or failure of whatever is presented to them, and making the most of their advantages. We shall have fewer drones and more honest hard workers.

It is the school where these habits should be cultivated, and it is our duty as teachers to study carefully the methods by which we can do the children the most good; not to teach according to our pay, for far greater rewards are in store in the hereafter. Ours is more than a means of living; it is a holy charge, where we can make or mar a child's future, and it is each and everyone's duty to do his best.

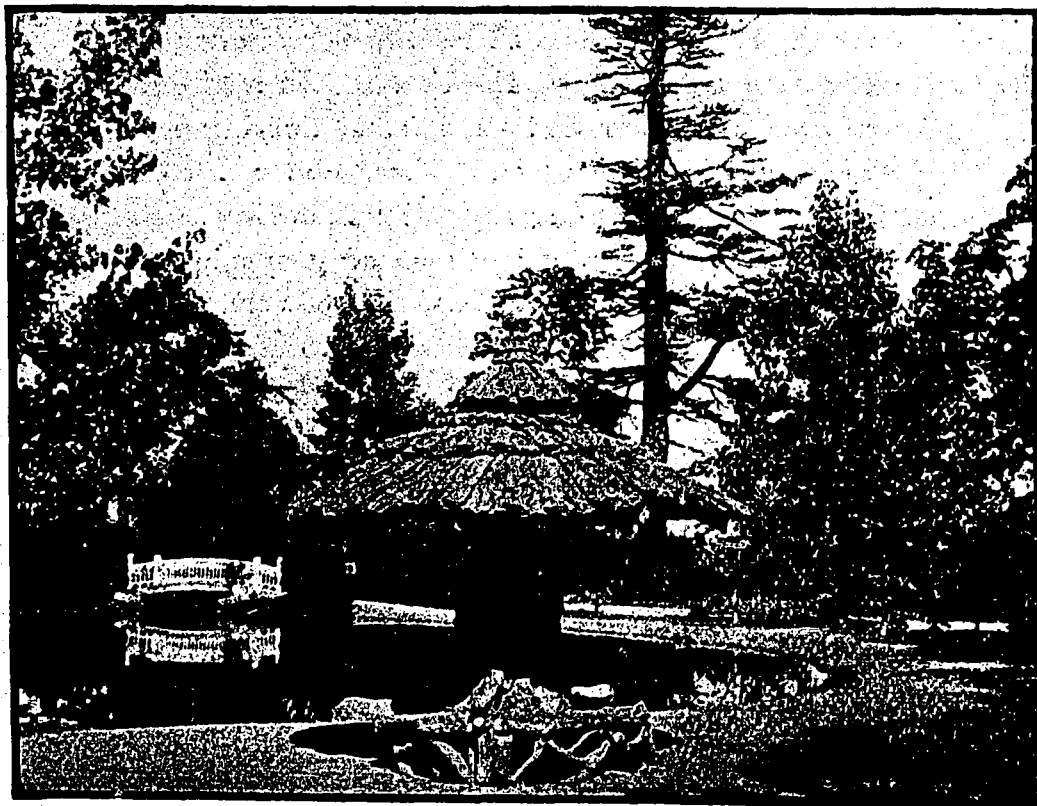
Let us examine ourselves and see if we are teaching on the best lines, and, if not, look about and see how we can improve our work, not accept anything blindly, but testing for ourselves that we may be in the vanguard of educational matters.



Beacon Hill Park, Victoria.

FRANCES A. CLARKE.

BEAUTIFUL in the springtime when the fields are covered with yellow and purple wild flowers; beautiful in summer, when the cool grass and quiet shade invite the tired wayfarer to seek repose; beautiful in the autumn, when the gorgeously tinted leaves are reflected in its picturesque lakes; beautiful at all times is Beacon Hill Park, the pride of Victoria and the paradise of the children. To those who have grown accustomed to gaze in awe upon a square, whose



THE MUSHROOM SEAT.

smooth lawns are thinly sprinkled with flower beds of conventional designs, and more thickly scattered over with the familiar quotation: "Keep off the grass," Beacon Hill Park will be a revelation of wondrous freedom and natural loveliness.

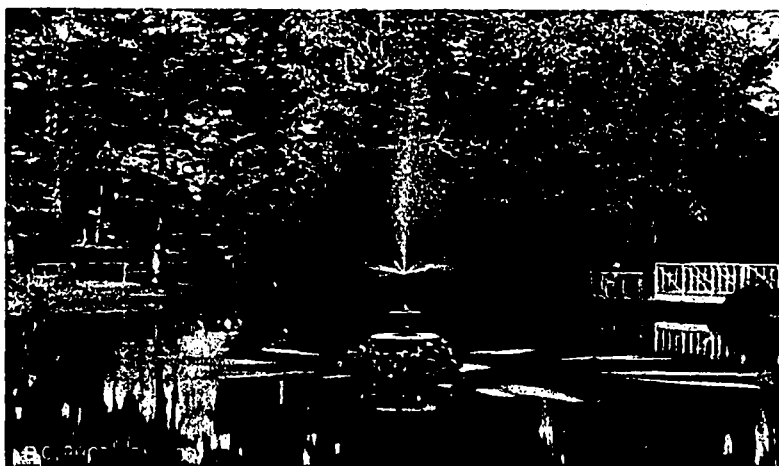
As a pleasure ground for the little ones it is unsurpassed. There is Goodacre Lake, with unlimited possibilities for boat sailing; the home of the Swans, who are ever ready to share the remains of a lunch

basket. A little further on is another lake with its pretty fountain and tiny gold fish. There are the swings, a source of endless enjoyment; the cages of birds and beasts; the deer in their wire enclosure, and far away, in a grove of stately pines, is the bear pit, where a big cinnamon and two black bears live in war and discord.

The park is admirably adapted to sport, there is a splendid cricket ground and plenty of available space for any game that the enthusiastic athlete might choose. Secluded roads abound where the novice in bicycling soon becomes master of the art.

Near the picturesque stone bridge which spans Goodacre Lake is an artistically built band-stand, and frequently during the summer months delightful open-air concerts by the Regiment or City Band attract large crowds.

At intervals by the wayside drinking fountains are to be found, the most pretentious of which is a monument to the genius of Robert Burns, erected about a year ago by the Caledonia Society.



GOODACRE LAKE.

An upward path through fields, fresh with the fragrance of broom, and sweet with the music of meadow larks, leads to the summit of Beacon Hill. From this elevation is to be had a perfect view of a scene whose beauty makes one realize the very narrow limits of human expression—speech was never meant to comment upon such glory.

Taken in all, the completeness of its walks and drives—shady avenues of old oaks and pines—its meadows, lawns, lakes, sea and mountain scenery—and the charm of its vastness and freedom—Beacon Hill Park is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful recreation grounds in the world.



Respect Of Parents To Children.

REV. MONTAGUE N. A. COHEN, Victoria, B. C.

TO condense within narrow limits a subject so vast, so interesting, so all-absorbing, as the subject of the training of children seems almost an herculean task. I shall, however, in this brief, but inadequate, article attempt to lay before you the elements of a child's education, with special references to what the Jewish moralists and sages had to say on the matter. It is well to remember the general truth that all life can be trained. Dead substances can not be trained. The higher you rise in the scale of life the more wide is the scope and the possibility of training. Children are not only capable of training, but they will be trained in spite of us, and if we do not take them in hand and with a very definite end in view, which we pursue with inflexible purpose and unflagging constancy—an end not lower than heaven, not narrower than eternity, and not meaner than their salvation—another process will assuredly be going on which will ere long fill us with dismay. We must know that children are always at school, even when they seem to be away from it. What is meant by training up a child in the way he should go? For thus the wise man in the Book of Proverbs has it: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The matter is an extremely difficult one. Who is responsible for the training, for the moral and physical development of a child? The topic is not new and it is one towards which nobody can be indifferent. It deals with questions which are as old as mankind and which will endure as long. It awakens man to the real interests of his fellows; for as education, so society. A great thinker has said: "Make me president of the Board of Education and I will metamorphose the world." Such is the great importance of education—an importance that is never more really recognized and felt than when the times call for stringent measures to ensure the betterment and amelioration of society. It is then that the "wise among the people" perceive that in order to effectively carry out the necessary regeneration they must turn their attention to the young.

One of the greatest joys of life is that which the birth of a child brings into a home. When there re-echoes the cry of the prophet:

“Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given,” (Isaiah 9:6) every thing in the house seems transformed. It is the blessing so ardently desired, so eagerly awaited. It is the sweetest hope that has at last become a reality. There is an old Hebraic story which says that at the birth of Moses all the house was filled with light. Now, we could apply this to every other birth, for the same miracle recurs each time, under the same circumstances. It cannot be gainsaid. You have only to enquire of the young mother herself, who presses to her bosom the child that God has granted to her. In her ecstatic joy she forgets her sufferings, she is oblivious of all the pains and hardships she has gone through, we could even say that she blesses those very trials. A ray of Heaven has descended into her dwelling! At such a time, 'tis true, the heart is enlarged, and from its mysterious depths there spring new sources of love, of devotion, of joy, the existence of which was never before expected. Life changes its aspect; work has an aim; marriage has found its true consecration. The father and mother feel their affection increase, their love becomes deeper and more earnest, for in that child they love each other, and that child establishes the strongest and most charming bond between them.

Human good fortunes, however, do not exist without grief. Even our purest, aye, our most legitimate and sacred joys are mingled with tears. Those very children, who are the centre of every affection, and in whom every hope is fixed, are like frail and tender plants, which the least gust of wind threatens. They are continually surrounded by dangers on every hand. From the very first day you may discern an obstinate struggle: on the one hand, love and tenderness lay up all the energy and care at command; on the other are formidable enemies, conquered at times, but yet formidable for all that. It is a painful struggle, which talks to the human heart of cruel wounds, but it is beneficial and fruitful, for it teaches pity and devotion, and, like the wonderful Rod of Scripture, it opens our souls, drawing from them streams of love and charity which pass beyond the confines of the domestic hearth and generously flow outward. Grief renders us good and compassionate, and the old Rabbis declared the raising of children to be “a sorrowful mission,” which, in spite of its joys and rewards, consists also of care and anxiety, sometimes, alas, of sorrows, and regrets.

Yet, when the heart commands, when conscience speaks with irresistible power, duty is easy. In their devotion father and mother will always find the necessary energy to watch over their children, to ward off dangers from them, to be lavish of every care which their tender age demands; in short, to attend to what one may call their physical education. But what parents must be told, and that repeatedly, is that they have as yet only discharged half their task when they have seen to the material welfare of their children; that they have still another task to perform rightly called education. The child who charms you

to-day will one day be a man, and will have to discharge all a man's duties, bear all life's struggles. In whatsoever position he be, he must love what is good, practise what is just, be useful to his fellows, and serve his country. Forget not that in the look which plunges you into rapture, there shines the brightness of an immortal soul; and the soul, no less than the body, is in need of continued attention, so that its original purity be preserved. Parents would do well to turn all their love, care, and intellect to this all-important task. What greater duty can there be than to raise a man to goodness and virtue? It constitutes TRUE fatherhood, sanctifies the names of father and mother, and confirms the right of parents to the respect, love, and gratitude of their children.

I would fain whisper three words into the ears of all parents. They will astonish you at first, but consider them and you will discover sound doctrine: "RESPECT YOUR CHILDREN." That is the secret of the training. Respect their rights, their innocence, their instincts, which naturally lead them to goodness and virtue. Do not trifle with this labor. Begin early. Parents who are so heedless as never to think of this great duty are scarcely worthy of the name of parents. Say not: "Our children are yet young, plenty of time to mould their heart, to form their character, to correct their petty faults." Who knows if the future will be yours? Who knows but that innocent neglect works havoc and lasting sorrow? Say not: "Business takes up all our leisure, we have too much to do." Is there, I ask, is there a more urgent occupation than that of inspiring children with the love of virtue, cultivating their good qualities and crushing the bad? Say not: "The school will accomplish what the home has omitted, the teacher's instruction will effect what we could not." What authority can take the place of the sacred authority of a father, replace advantageously the sweet and tender voice of a mother? Who can know children better than those who have heard the first pulsations of their heart, caught their first smile, eagerly drunk in the first utterances of their lips? Who can know better than the parents what is fit for the little ones, and consequently find more surely the way to their hearts? Therefore, O parents! be worthy of the beautiful and charming name you bear. Be the first instructors of your children. Kindle in their young hearts the divine flame of the beautiful and the good. Leave not to strangers what for you should be at the same time a duty and a pleasure. Your instruction is better listened to since it is inspired by love. When you address your children it is the heart that speaks, and, believe me, that is the most persuasive and winning language. The word, however, suffices not; and here we come to my point. The best lessons remain fruitless unless they are sustained by example. A child by nature possesses a marvellous instinct, the instinct of imitation. Just as the organ of vision reflects the image of external objects with a perfect exactitude, so the child reproduces, imitates, copies all that strikes its attention. Good and bad impress

such tender and sensitive minds, and first impressions tell. What need of serious reflection for parents! How the fear of involuntarily injuring these beloved souls should endeavor to make parents prudent in speech, circumspect in action! Children early catch the tone of their surroundings and become harsh or tender, indifferent or solicitous, sympathetic or selfish, courteous or rude, as those around them. A Jewish moralist of the middle ages said: "Take heed lest you make use of a blameable expression or commit a blameable action in the presence of your child. On the contrary, keep far off from evil, and from that which has the appearance of evil." In order that the domestic hearth may be what it ought to be, in order that the work of education may bear fruit, parents should commence by making their education what it ought to be. Every victory they gain over themselves and their passions will directly benefit their children.

The poet of the Scriptures sang: "Children are God's gifts, the reward of his generous hand." 'Tis true, for they bring into the home joy and life. It is, however, true in another way: they bring also dignity and virtue. Who can tell the many wonderful things which the simple glance of a little child can accomplish? How often has it not melted the ice of selfishness and hard-heartedness! How often has it not stayed man from being hurried away by the caprice of his passions? Aye, how oft has it not possessed the power of re-uniting husband and wife, and re-establishing peace once more! Truly they are God's blessing, precious objects of affection. Parents owe to them their greatest joys and most charming virtues. Those men and women are false to their nature who do not recognize in their children the choicest gifts of heaven, the only new thing under the sun. The poet brings before us a mother, saying of her babes:

What are all our contrivings and the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses and the gladness of your looks?
Ye are better than all the ballads that were ever sung or said;
For ye are the living poems, and all the rest are dead.

There is a matter, however, which parents should never forget; it is that they must not be of less moral worth than their children. Since we may acknowledge that parents possess the ambition—the necessary, legitimate ambition—to see their children become honest people,—honorable men, virtuous women—then they must themselves rise to that height. A son, no doubt, may be more learned than his father, who, we may assume, belongs to that class of persons who have not arrived on the enchanted shores of knowledge, but who yet know the value of it, and with their children to acquire that learning which they themselves lack. This, let us term it, inferiority, so honestly admitted, does not lessen any of the father's rights. On the contrary, I know of nothing more touching than such a condition, and if there could possibly be any children who are so proud of that superior learning as to blush for that father to whom they owe everything, who would hesitate

to press his hand, hardened by toil, in their own, I would condemn their knowledge, since it has left them neither heart, soul, nor mind. But it is quite another thing when the point of question is duty, virtue, manners. These they learn in the home; they, as it were, grow with them. For the home is the first and most important school of character. It is there that every child receives its best moral training, or its worst; it is there that it imbibes those principles of conduct which endure through manhood. The child's character is the nucleus of the man's; all other education is but superposition; the form of the crystal remains the same. Milton says: "The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day." Those impulses which last longest and are rooted in deepest always have their origin near birth. It is then that the germs of virtues and vices, feelings or sentiments, are first implanted which determine greatly their character for life. Thus childhood is like a mirror which reflects in after life the images first presented to it. The parent must watch and carefully mould its character, according to its own individual peculiarities. Whatever parents do, let them not ignore the issue, lest they bear in their hands a torch which burns and a fire which kills.

Probably a word as to the religious education would not be out of place. Children are born with a religious genius. As if nearer the eternal source of truth than we are, they eagerly embrace ideas about God, the soul and religion. The supernatural attracts them, and holds them captive. The nipping air of scepticism and doubt is slow in penetrating their soul. They like religious ceremony. It helps them; it soothes them. Cherish, therefore, in the young souls that religious enthusiasm, fan into life that sacred fire which excites, enlightens, and purifies. Win the heart, and you will have accomplished a deal for the good direction of life.

Be cautious, however, in this sphere. Do not give an overdose. Too much religion in youth provokes too little of it in manhood. Give reasonable ground for every rite and observance. Give no false reasons, for if you do, you will only have to lament it in later years. Have religion in your homes. Going to Church and Sunday school will effect nothing. It becomes automatic and habitual. Religion is not for one day in the week only; it is for every day. Teach your children to pray, to say a prayer to God when they rise in the morning, to thank Him for what He gives us at meal time, to mutter a vow before closing the eyes at night.

I end as I began. Respect your children, and when they grow up they will respect you and be respected. Let them never see you perform or say anything which you yourselves do not desire them to say or do. It will be a feeble attempt to make the world wiser and better, but feeble though it may appear, the effect will be far-reaching. There will grow up a generation which shall be strong in ideals, strong in faith, strong in goodness. And goodness leads to God. A great phil-

osopher once said: "Whether as bearing on the happiness of parents themselves, or whether as affecting the characters and lives of their children and remote descendants, we must admit that the knowledge of the right methods of juvenile culture, physical, intellectual, and moral, is a knowledge of great importance." Let parents take this to heart. Let them not be false to their mission. Then will there be a turning of the heart of the fathers to their children, and of the heart of the children to their fathers; a condition so much needed to-day.



The Klingets of Alaska.

E. ODLUM.

“**S**HOULD you ask me whence these stories?
 Whence these legends and traditions,
 With the odors of the forest,
 With the dews and damp of meadows,
 With the curling smoke of wigwams,
 With the rushing of great rivers,
 With their frequent repetitions,
 And their wild reverberations,
 As of thunder in the mountains?”

I should answer, I should tell you, that I found them by travel, reading and conversation. In no other way can one acquire accurate information.

The Klingets of Juneau, Wrangel, Sitka, Killisnoo, Yendastachy, Chilcat and other places were first visited by the writer in 1895.

In appearance, life, customs and habits they are very similar to the Tsimpseans, describe in previous paper. However, I would give them second place, both in intelligence and physique.

Like the Tsimpseans and Nishbars they usually are round, plump, well-fed looking, with round or elliptical features, black eyes, little whisker if any, and heavy straight black hair.

Their habitat is limited to the upper end of the long narrow strip between the Pacific Ocean and Canada. This region is between Latitudes 55° and 60° north; and Longitudes 130° and 140° west of Greenwich.

Their chief centres are at Juneau, Wrangel, Dyea, Sitka, Tendastachy, Chilcat, Haines' Mission, Killisnoo and a few other places.

The native population of Alaska consists of Aleuts, Esquimaux and Klingets, with a few in the interior usually spoken of as "Sticks," but more properly the Athapascans.

They do not know whence they came, but chiefly are of opinion, from tradition, that they came down the coast or across the "big sea water."

A few show signs of having blood relationship with the Haidahs, very different in general appearance, from the rest of the Coast Indians.

I saw a few Indians which the Klingets referred to as Sticks. A Stick or "Interior," "Wood," or "Across-the-Mountain Indian," is lank, lean, angular, bony, long-faced, high cheek boned and very similar to the Prairie Indians—the Crees or Stonies, for instance. Even at Port Simpson I saw indications of these Easterners among the Tsimpseans.

My own opinion is that the Coast Indians, including the Klingets, Aleuts and the Esquimaux, came from Asia via the Kurile and Aleutian Isles, across Behring Straits; and in some cases carried by the "Kuro Siwa" or Japan Ocean stream, a branch of the great Pacific current, corresponding to the gulf stream of the Atlantic.

On the other hand, the "Sticks," Gun-imahs, Athepascans, the Indians of the Plains and Northeastern Canada, came across from North Europe via the Orkneys, Shetlands, Iceland, Greenland, Hudson Strait and Bay, and along the Labrador Coast. Perhaps!

Enough of conjecture for the present, for we do not really know and probably never can unless we meet the first adventurers in another world and hear from themselves how they got into Canada and other parts of North America.

Perhaps after all it would not be very strange if we should be told that some of these early peoples are the descendants of Autochthones!

While the Klingets believe in one Supreme Spirit that is good and powerful, and in one chief evil spirit, they also have a very polytheistic notion in relation to a lot of minor good and bad spirits. They at times attribute to one being both bad and good qualities, as the raven, for instance.

Usually they think of the raven as cunning, tricky, evil, vengeful, clever and powerful. At times he is given powers that correspond to those of a divinity.

They also believe in a continued existence when they go from this life. However, these are customs, now passing away or altogether gone, that would go to show that women in general are not for the other world.

In fact their higher estimate of man leads them to consider that his continued existence is beyond a peradventure, and even slaves have an after life so that their chiefs and masters will be well served in the next sphere.

The total number of Klingets is about 7,000.

During the Russian regime the Awks, Stickeens, Chilcats and other Indians were called "Koloshes."

The Klingets are cruel, cunning and in the past have shown themselves brave. At one time they were the terror of much of the Pacific Coast, and thought of as the "Northern Scourge."

They are great traders, and for a long while have been the merchants to the Sticks, who were the hunters of the wooded interior. "Sitka Jack" and "Billy Dickenson," two Chilcats, were very prominent amongst the Klinget traders. The latter told me that "Sitka Jack" went up among the Sticks in winter on snowshoes with five men. They took goods on their backs that cost them \$100. In 25 days they returned with furs to the value of \$800 in cash. The goods they took to the poor Sticks were chiefly tobacco, rum, powder, guns and blankets.

In marriage, husbands and wives must belong to different families. The Chilcats, Chilcoots and the other Klingets are divided into two great families. No person of either dare marry in his own great division, or family.

But while they are very strict in this respect, they may marry blood relations. A man may marry his own father's mother, or a woman her mother's father.

The Chilcats, who live in four villages along the mouth and stream of the Chilcat River are divided into the Kogwontons and Kleequahuttes.

The Kogwontons are divided into tribes whose totems or tutelary spirits are the bear, eagle, petel, wolf, whale and others. The Kleequahuttes are of the raven, gull, wolf, frog and other tribes.

While each village has its chief, still he and his village may be under a higher chief. Thus the village of "Kut-wuhl-too" is under the chief of "Yendastachy."

The bears and ravens are usually the chief tribes and are the most proud, dignified and fierce in war.

On trips to the interior, the Gun-un-uh land, or to the south among the Tongasses, or to the Tsimpseans, the Klingets like other Indians, were under the control of the highest chief of the company, usually a raven or bear.

As the raven belongs to the Kleequahutte family, and the bear to the Kogwontons, a bear could marry a raven.

If the woman were a bear, then the children would be bears and not ravens.

But if she were raven the children would be all ravens.

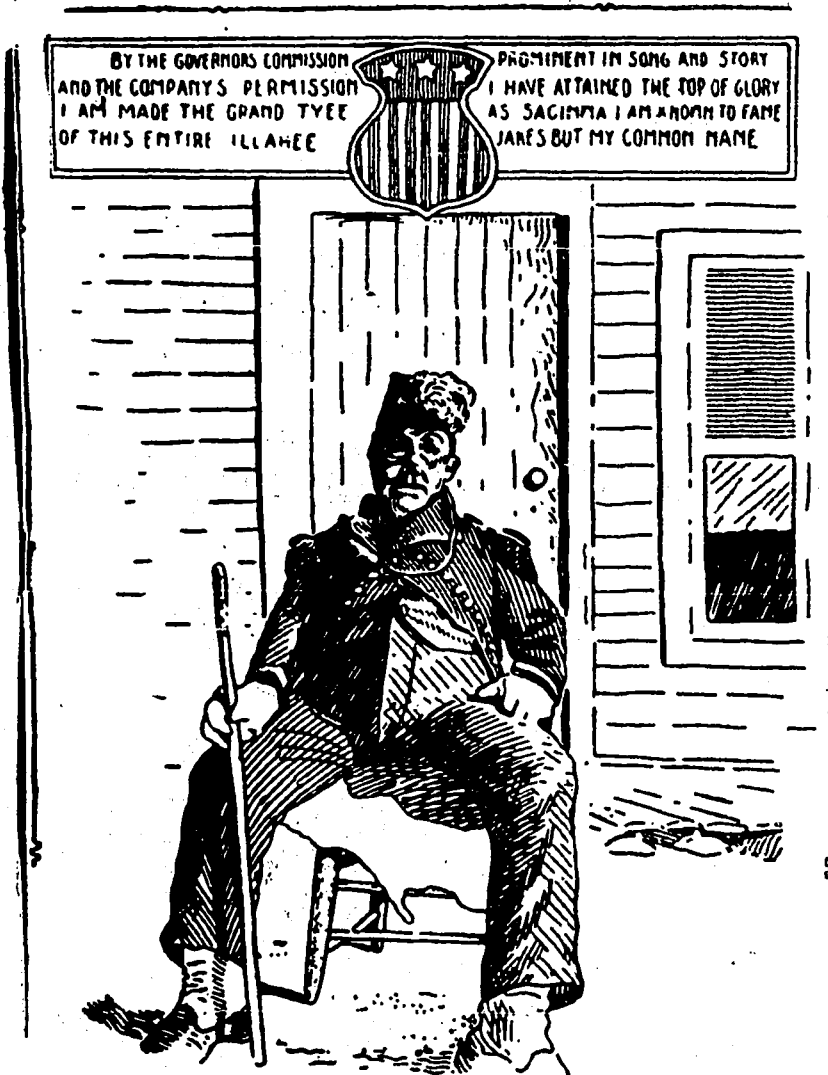
This law holds throughout the whole Klinget nation.

When a Klinget prays he usually goes to his own god, that is the tutelary spirit of his tribe. If he be a bear he will pray to the spirit

of this animal, and, of course, his eyes turn to his totem within or without his lodge.

The totems are generally in front, or near the door of the lodge, and carry in their carvings and pictures something of the ancestral and marital history of the family.

In a village the totem poles must be regulated in value and height to correspond with the degree and standing of the chief or head of the family. No infringement on rank, wealth and dignity is permitted without war.



JAKE.

In language the Klingets are flowery, apt at illustration, full of metaphors, and expressive with gesture, intonation and facial change.

They are, like the Tsimpseans, fairly good linguists. I found one aged Chilcat woman who talked three or four languages, including English.

Her son talked Klinget, Athapasca, Haidah, Chinook, Tsimpsean and English.

Perhaps the reason these people excel in linguistic aptitude is because they have really nothing else to study but the means of inter

changing thought. And they are fairly nomadic, so that in their many migrations they of necessity keep running across other people with whom they naturally desire to hold converse.

The Klingets are good hunters and fishers. The products of the forest and of the water, aided by wild fruits, form a bountiful supply for food and clothing.

Their canoes and large lodges, as well as the totem poles, were made by means of the stone chisel, hammer and maul.

The canoe is always of one piece, viz, a large cedar tree hollowed out, thinned and shaped to ride the waters safely. But their canoes cannot compare in size and beauty with those built by the Haidahs of Queen Charlotte Islands. These latter are the finest salt water canoes in the world.

The following remarks are taken from my personal notes while among the Klingets.



JAKE'S CREST.

As an illustration of rivalry arising out of a sense of great dignity on the part of men who consider themselves superior to their neighbors, I give the following :

At Killisnoo the Herring-Oil Company is King over the Klingets of the village. One Indian called "Jake" was made policeman of the village. The importance of his position led him to seek a suitable announcement of the fact. A wag composed the following, which was placed in large letters on Jake's house :

GAZETTE ANNOUNCEMENT.

"By the Governor's commission, and the Company's permission, I am made the Grand Tyhee* of the entire illahee†.

"Prominent in song and story,
I attained the top of glory,
As Saginaw I'm known to fame.
Jake is but my common name."

* "Illahee," the sea coast. † "Tyhee," head man, boss.

Between the two above stanzas is the adopted crest of Jake as supplied by his poet painter.

This vain show on the part of "Jake" was resented by the Klinget Chief, who knew within himself that he was a greater man than the newly appointed village constable with his artistic display. With the aid of a rival poet and artist he produced the following, with which he covered all one side of his house that all who run might read :

RIVAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

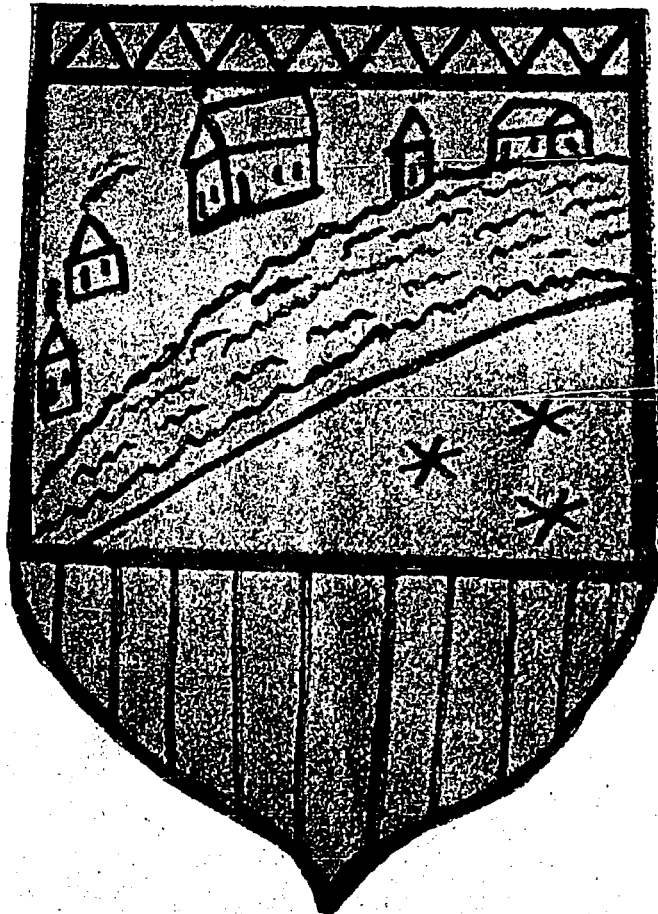
"Rightful Chief of all Neltuskin
Gunch Tah Kooch and Kooch Kah Heen,
Known as such I am Kah Chuktex
From Yakutat to far Stickeen."

"Yes my name it is Kah Chukte,
Manslayer in the Boston tongue,
Old as yonder granite mountains
Is the lineage whence I sprung."

"Stores of furs and blankets pillaged
By the Adams Pirate crew,
Tough Kah Chukte ever neutral
Dwelt apart from Kootz-na-hoo."

"Now I ask not for positions
Such to Jake I will concede
While Kah Chukte from your nation
Will for justice only plead."

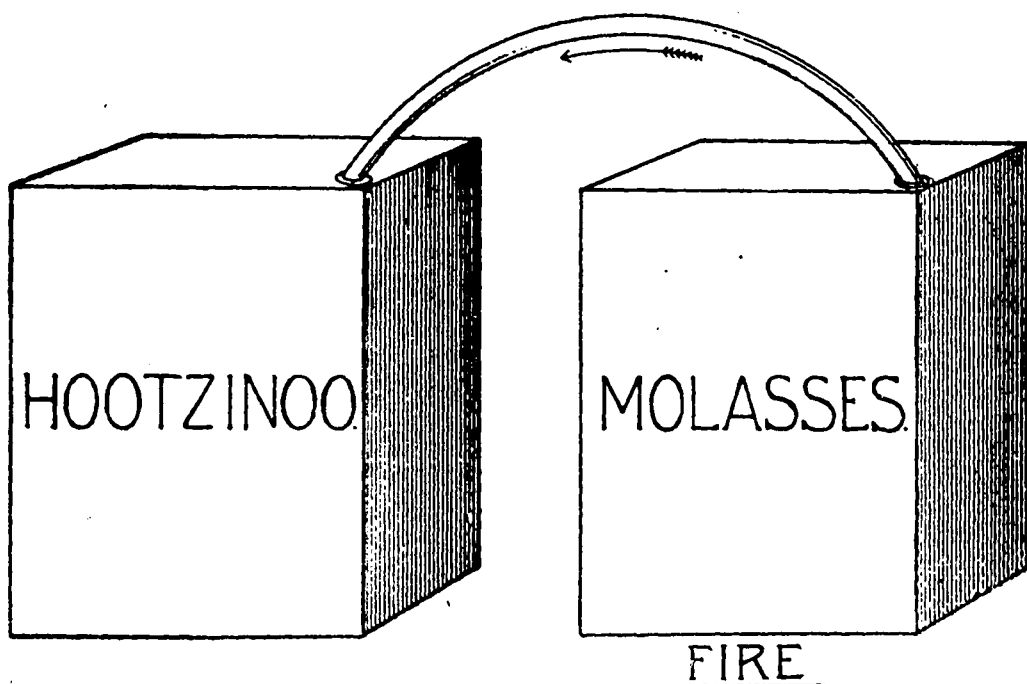
And on the door of the great "Kah Chukte" is this bit of heraldry, his coat of arms so to speak.



KAH CHUKTE'S CREST.

The reference to "Adams' Pirate Crew" has a historic significance. A "Yankee whaler" was near Killisnoo, and on firing a harpoon at a whale the weapon glanced and killed an Indian on the shore. The Indians were thrown into confusion, became troublesome and threatened to retaliate. Word was sent to Sitka and the "Adams" with a Gatling gun was despatched to punish the Indians. The "Adams' crew" burned the village and destroyed all the canoes, a most brutal procedure. In addition to destroying the village and canoes, the crew "looted the poor Klingets" of all their valuable stores, including furs and blankets. This is the story told me by those who appeared to know and to be trustworthy.

The Klingets are fond of strong drink and when they cannot get whiskey, rum, or pain-killer, they will distil molasses and make what they call "Hootzinoo," on which they can get drunk. The process is



THE "HOOTZINOO" DISTILLERY.

simple. Two five-gallon coal oil cans are used. Into one the molasses is put. A tube of sea-kelp about the size and appearance of a garden hose is attached to the cans by inserting an end in each. A gentle heat is applied to the tin containing the "blackstrap" molasses, and gradually the stuff is distilled, giving the hootzinoo for the ensuing spree. If there be coal oil in either or both tins in small quantities it is not discarded, but is taken as a flavoring essence.

One of the curses of Alaska is the drink traffic. Wretched smugglers are always carrying drink to the Indians, who are ready to give their wives and daughters for the devil's drug sold to them by low dirty white devils, called men, who call themselves "Americans."

We have some beasts of similar habits and nature along the coast of British Columbia. From my observations, the aborigines of Canada

and other lands have been debased more through the vile drink and whoredoms of low whites than by all other means combined.

Through these two evils they are steadily being wiped off the face of the earth, and no power apparently can save them from their awful fate.

THE INDIAN.

“Pity the Redman! Scattered and peeled;
Smitten and wounded yet scorning to yield.
Prairie and forest and lake were his own;
Now he must wander sad, homeless and alone.

Hasten; he stands on the fathermost shore,
Haughty, intrepid but loath to implore;
Pilot his bark o'er the fathomless flood;
Lead him to pardon, to Heaven, to God.”

One cannot write of the Alaska Indians without a reference to the work done by the Christian missionary. Up to 1895 the white men of Alaska were so averse to Christianity and the missionary that not ten per cent. of the population, if that much, would go near the religious services. Moreover, they opposed the mission work in every possible way. The result was that the missionaries had given up all endeavors to preach to the whites, and confined their labors to the Indians almost entirely.

I found that two Port Simpson Tsimpseans, converted under the preachings of the Rev. Thos. Crosby, were the first Protestant missionaries to the Klingets of Alaska. These two men were Clah (Peter McKay) and his brother, Sugamat. They went to Wrangel in 1876 and were followed by Mr. Crosby in September of the same year.

While at Fort Wrangel I was asked to lecture on Science and did my best. Judge Kelly presided, and Mr. Ketchum, collector of customs, took an active part. These two gentlemen were very kind and helped me considerably, as did Dr. Twingh, the missionary. Judge Kelly taught the Bible class on Sunday.

One of the Tsimpsean Indians told me at Wrangel of the testimony in class meeting of a Chinaman converted at Port Essington under the Rev. Mr. Jennings. The poor but happy Mongol was limited in his English and confined himself to the jubilant repetition of “Jesus; you bet!”

At another place a fellow Mongol delivered his joyous testimony in the words “Jesus! Good, belly good! Heap savey!”

In one village during a revival service I heard a couple of Indians shouting out very emphatically at intervals: “Come on God!” and in a tone as if commanding. But doubtless they were honest, earnest and reverend.

Religious life is as real to the Indian as to any other human. At Chilcat I met a big fellow called “Billy Dickenson,” a very bad man,

heartless, false and cruel. The Presbyterians had a minister at Haines' mission, and as Rev. Mr. Crosby was visiting Alaska he and the minister in charge carried on revival services. The Chilcats came across the portage to see and hear. Billy the cruel, Billy the proud, gradually grew interested, serious, sad, sorrowful and began to tremble. Being present I watched Billy and knew he would soon break down. At last he sobbed and wept like a child. Before long his stern, dark, sad face took on a change, and Billy looked glad, happy and at rest.

By his side his mother, a strong, clever woman, full of life and generally of all deviltry, sat bowed down, and soon she went to her knees. Before long she grew very happy, and the two joined in giving a beautiful testimony of a new life and peace they could not understand. I looked on and studied as one might examine a leaf, a flower, a bug a worm, an avalanche, or any other phenomenon of nature. My clever skepticisms fell back ashamed, and a strange choking filled my throat and breast. The mystery of it all dumbfounded me, and I stole away to my bunk in the steamer to think, sleep and dream.

At Metlakatla, on Annette Island, the Rev. Mr. Duncan is one of these wonderful Knights of the Cross of Christ, who go away out to the farthest fringes of human habitation, and tell the story of the Young Nazarene, the Oriental carpenter, who has won a kingdom in the hearts of millions.

To sit in the Indian lodges of the sea coast, and hear the singing, praying and jubilant shouts of victory, silences one's proud reasonings and makes him a submissive child again.

A good man, Geo. Percy, of Yorkshire, England, an early companion of Mr. Crosby before the latter came to Canada, determined to preach to the Chinese. To get to them he "worked before the mast," and reached Canton. For some time he preached about the "Young Man of Galilee," and had many converts.

On one trip north into Cariboo Mr. Crosby stopped at Cache Creek at the home of Mr. Semlin, ex-M. L. A., who, with his family, was away from home.

Before going to bed Mr. Crosby and an Indian with him prayed. When they got through Mr. Semlin's Chinaman struck in and prayed very earnestly. He then informed the white man and the Indian that he too knew of Christ. He said, "Me heap savey. Me alle samee you. Me Canton Klistin. Me savey George Percy. Me belly happy Klistin."

The Klingets are apt imitators of movements of things in nature as of running, moving, splashing water, of swaping trees, flying birds, diving dolphins and bounding goats. In like manner they are good at imitating birds, and animals with their voices. To the more effectively decoy these they make whistles that very exactly represent loons, gulls, duck, geese and other birds,

By imitating, intoning and time-motion study they, unknowingly, are prepared to take to song very readily. Hence, when the missionary comes along they quickly pick up the hymn tunes.

One of the Kliegets told me of "Yehl," the raven: "Yehl" was early at work a long time ago, far back before the first morning. He put the sun, moon and stars in their places and told them what to do. "Yehl" lived east in the interior, up in the mountains near the headwaters of the Naas. The name of his home is "Naas shack-Yehl." When he wishes to speak a long distance he does so through the east wind.

Their traditions represent the birds and animals as having power human speech.

A long time since when men lived in darkness a Klinget had a wife and sister-in-law. He so loved his wife he would not let her go out alone or work. He kept a lot of little red birds to watch over and around her as guardians, and spies to boot.

One day she conversed with a stranger. The birds went away and informed the jealous husband. He then made a box as a safe prison to preserve his much loved wife, and put his sister-in-law's children to death because they looked too often at the cause of his jealousy. The bereaved mother in sadness went down to the sea shore. A whale saw her and inquired the cause of her grief. She told him and was then advised to go away and swallow a small pebble from the beach. She did so, and drank of the salt water. In due time she procured a child which she hid from her brother-in-law. This was Yehl the raven.

This same "Yehl" stole the sun, moon and stars from a rich chief who kept them in boxes. When he got them out he flew up above and stuck them in the sky, where the chief could not reach them.

The Klinget "shaman" or medicine man has his familiar spirits with whom he converses, who guides him, and whom at times he even commands. They will not permit their people to eat whale blubber because this creature is sacred to those who hold its spirit for their tutelary being.

A Klinget in 1879 by the name of Matthew, who became a Christian, put the following notice over the door of his lodge:—

"NOTICE BY GOVERNOR MATTHEW.

That no Chinaman or white man allowed to have lodging in my house, only for Christ sake." He seemed to have a keen discrimination.

Infanticide was very common the Klingets. When men died and were cremated their wives had to sit so near the fire as to crisp their hair in the heat. This is to prove their love.

At times women were not considered worthy of cremation and were, when dead, thrown out to the dogs, fishes and foxes.

In Sitka the Klingets have had great care and help from the Presbyterian missionaries and teachers. I found the Rev. Mr. Austin,

Prof. Schul, Mrs. Saxman, Mrs. Paul, Dr. Wilbur and others doing a good work in the college, home and hospital.

The most interesting person I met was John Brady, now Governor of Alaska. He and Miss Kellog were the first missionaries to the Indians outside of the Russian Greek Church. They landed at Sitka April 11th, 1876. A strong, earnest, fearless man whose life is given to help all whom he can reach and to combat evil in high places. A worthy Governor!

Governor Sheakly, a kind gentlemanly man, presided at a lecture on science given in the Government hall. Through the kindness of Dr. Wilbur I got a fair collection of Klinget curios, and from Mrs. Paul a large list of words for future use.

The Greek missionaries have long labored among the Alaskan Indians. Among these Russians was Veniaminoff, one of the ablest, strongest and most zealous of all who visited and preached in that far-off land on the outer edge of the world.

Before closing I shall give a few words to show how the Klinget language differs from that of their neighbors, the Tsimpseans:--

ENGLISH.	KLINGET.	TSIMPSEAN.
Man.	Kah.	Eeotah.
Woman.	Showat.	Hannu-h.
Boy.	Yatuk.	Hl'gaolah.
Girl.	Shatk.	" hannu'h.
Fish.	Wat.	Luwellum sum ax.
Water.	Heen.	Ax.
Wood.	Gun.	Kun.
Sun.	K'agon.	Gemgum ze yusht.
Fire.	Kou.	L'uck.
Stone.	Teh.	Lob.

The only word in the above list that seems common to both languages is the word for wood, viz: Gun and Kun.

The language of the Haidahs is different from the others, and so far as I yet can make out by this method of comparison, there is nothing to show ancestral relationship among these peoples.





EDITORIAL



IN spite of its flaws, the first number of THE BRITISH PACIFIC was received with enthusiasm. Letters of commendation and subscriptions are pouring in to an extent that exceeds our brightest expectations. Men and women who are interested in the welfare of the "British West" recognize the importance of a magazine of this class as an educative factor are, therefore, willing to support it. We ask all to lend a hand so that we may be enabled to make it the best publication in the West. Every subscription received is applied to the improvement of the magazine.

Among the contributors to the August number will be the following well-known British Columbians: Wm Burns, B.A.; E. Odlum, M.A., T. E. Julian, Wm. B. Townsend, J. Wentworth Sarel, Eric Duncan, Miss Alice Ramsay, and Rev. L. Norman Tucker. A new feature of that number will be the introduction of fiction in the shape of the short story. Those having stories dealing with life in the West may forward them to the editor marked "Fiction" on the outside of envelope. Stamps for return postage must accompany manuscripts. This feature is not meant to supplant but only to supplement the more educational part of the work.



CURRENT EVENTS



CORONATION.

DURING the month just past, of all words, this one has been most in men's mouths, and wherever the English language is spoken, June brought joy and sorrow to the people. Joy, because a weary, bloody war had eventually ended in the surrender of the foe. Sorrow, because our king who was to have been crowned with all the pomp and splendor befitting the monarch of that Empire upon which the sun never sets, was laid low upon a bed of sickness, brought near to death's door, so near that for more than a week the three doctors in charge could hold out to his

anxious subjects nothing more than hope for his recovery. It is needless to say that this illness has brought him nearer to the heart of the Empire than the pomp and pageant of the crowning would have power to do. Though the preparations for the coronation included within its scope the whole civilized world, anxiety as to the result of the operation which the king underwent overshadowed all other interests. If the financial loss has been severe and pressed heavily in some directions "Long live the King" has been uttered more frequently and with greater depth of feeling than ever before in our own land. The hope of all Canadians is that he may soon be crowned and that fullness of health may be his to meet the weighty duties and responsibilities devolving upon him.



PROBLEMS OF THE EMPIRE.

Empire problems are mainly connected with the interrelations between forty million Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen in the United Kingdom and the Crown Colonies, Protectorates and Dependencies that compose the British Empire.

These relations have been accentuated by a war that has cost the fifteen million taxpayers of the United Kingdom two hundred million pounds and the lives of twenty thousand of their fellow citizens. The primary reason of the war was not to directly benefit these taxpayers but to further the interests of the taxpayer as a whole. Though Canada, Australia and New Zealand voiced its verdict in favor of war and gave valuable aid in contingents of soldiers, they contributed nothing but their armaments of soldiers to the expenses of the war.

All risks entailed in subduing the Boers, all expenditure of moneys and material, the major part of the lives that have been sacrificed, have been borne by the inhabitants of the British Isles, hence problems grave and very present are calling for solution. How long the United Kingdom can bear the brunt of possible struggles such as that from which we have emerged, for the intangible, non-responsible, Empire of the present, is not an easy question to answer.

Canada, for instance, has from her near neighbor, the possibility of questions arising which might be so distorted by demagogues that would eventually threaten her independence. Under present conditions Great Britain and Ireland

would have to repeat, in the interests of Canada, the experience of the past two years on a scale and a magnitude that would be appalling both in money and life. With ultimate issues doubtful the fifteen million taxpayers would have also to bear the burden of the war expenditures, while Australia, New Zealand, the states of South Africa and other self supporting Colonies would be free from imminent risks and all responsibility of incurred expenses. This outlook would seem to preclude further hesitancy in maturing the bond of responsible Empire unity. To be a Canadian, an Australian, or New Zealander, or an Africander, is to have much to be proud of, but to be a citizen, in fact, (with all the mutual responsibilities involved, and the dignity implied) of the British Empire, the greatest empire since the world began is vastly much more to be desired and coveted.

The federation of the Empire! What is it? It means the solidifying of Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, West Indies, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Mauritius, South Africa, Malta and India, later on Cyprus, Ceylon, Hong Kong and Malaysia into one equally taxed, equally responsible unity. Surely there can in all fairness be but one outcome. After having weighed the pros and cons of the mother country's relations to her grown-up, self-supporting children, their relations to her, and their mutual advantages and dependencies, whatever be the manner, or the kind of bond of federation, so it be a responsible bond, we have not space here to consider, but this is an immediate, honest, manly, fearless, acceptance of the situation.



LORD PAUNCEFOTE.

In the death of Lord Pauncefote the English speaking race loses one who has left an indelible mark in the history of the revolution of Anglo-Saxon unity. He was altogether worthy of the unusual praise given by Lord Salisbury, whose words are: "Lord Pauncefote has done more than any other one man to cement the union of the two great Anglo-Saxon countries, which is one of the healthiest and most promising signs of the times." His government retained him many years after the usual time of retirement.

His successor, Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, has an unusual career even for a British diplomat. He was *charge d'affaires* at Washington from 1888 to 1889; he was secretary to the Legation at Washington from 1892 to 1893; at the Hague 1893 to 1894; Constantinople 1894 to 1897; Rome 1897 to 1898. In 1898 he was appointed secretary to British Embassy at Paris. His wife is an American lady, daughter of Mr. R. T. Wilson of New York.



BOOK REVIEWS.



“FOR the Crowning of the King.” By T. R. E. McInnes, is a poem that will rank high among the literary efforts of the present year. The rythm is particularly good throughout. That part which traces the history of the race from the earliest ages, showing its struggle to assert itself, ever drawn forward by a glorious destiny, reminds one of the introduction to Virgil’s *Æneid*:

“Tantæ molis erat condere Romanum gentem.”
So vast a task it was to found the Roman nation.

The poet has struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the Canadian people in the following extract :

“No despot on a guarded throne
Will Britons own!
No crafty council of the chosen few
Such as the old Republicans knew,
Such as made proud Venice groan
Shall e’er undo
Our long-descended liberty!”

And again:—

“No need to tell
How now they dwell
In every zone invincible!
How ’tis their boast around the world,
Where’er their banners are unfurl’d,
Essential as the very breath they draw,
To ’stablish fast from age to age
The Briton’s glorious heritage,
The deep instinct of Liberty—the vigor of the Law!”

All true Canadians will join with the poet in singing—

“Rise golden for the golden day,
O golden sun!
Blow, ye winds! and waft away
What clouds in envious array
Would frown upon a reign so well begun!
O shining one!
This day thy rounded spires shall ring
With sounds of Briton’s gathering.—
And every zone shall hear them sing
God save the King!”



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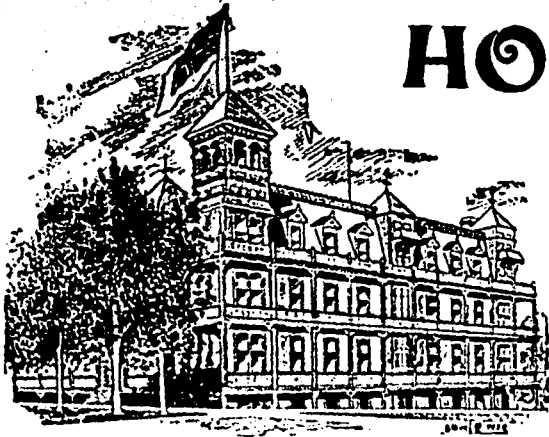
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