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# BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

MAY, 1913

15 CENTS



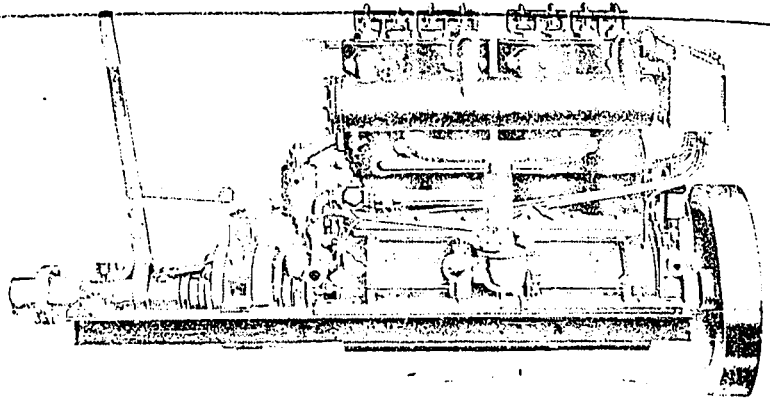
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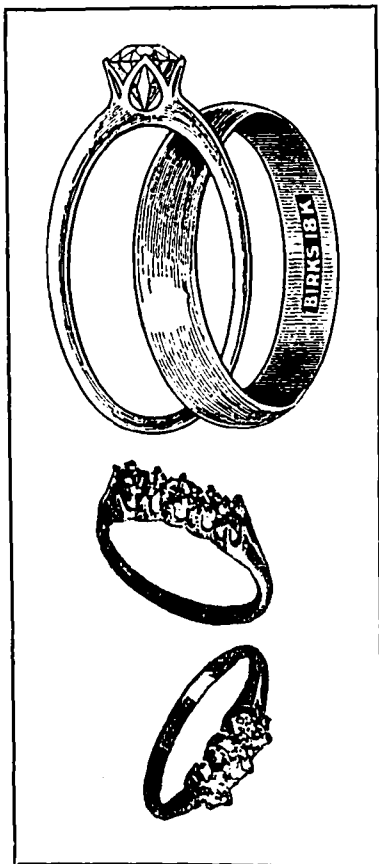
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# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

J. S. RAINE, Editor

J. L. W. LEARY, Development Editor

VOL. IX

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**U.** The Editor will always be pleased to consider articles and photographs dealing with British Columbia. Stamps must be enclosed for the return of MSS. and photos in case of their not being accepted. Poetry will not be paid for. Business communications must be addressed to the Manager.

# People Create Land Values

South Vancouver has 35,000 people. In less than two years its realty values increased nearly \$8,000,000.

## Roads, Sidewalks and Waterworks Bylaws Adopted, Total One Million

South Vancouver, April 12.—The roads bylaw for \$575,000, sidewalks bylaw for \$30,000, and waterworks bylaw for \$130,000 were each passed by substantial majorities by the ratepayers today. A great deal of the thousands for roads and sidewalks will be expended in opening up and improving districts formerly owned by the C. P. R., now on the market.

Extract from Agreement Between Vancouver and South Vancouver for Annexation:

“The annexation of South Vancouver by the city will bring within the limits of the city 4½ miles of waterfrontage on the Fraser River. The addition of this fresh-water harbor to Vancouver’s present harbor possibilities will place the city in a unique position from a harbor standpoint. The efforts put forth by the municipalities bordering on the North Arm of the Fraser River have resulted in the assurance that the Dominion Government will in the near future commence a scheme of development on this waterway.”

Take advantage of this increase in realty values and buy your homesite here—

## D. L. 526

is in the very heart of South Vancouver; on 5c carline to any part of Vancouver, level and ready to build on, surrounded by beautiful homes, stores and churches; faces the new Sir William Van Horne School, has city water, light and telephone.

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The owners of this property bought it direct from the C. P. R. and held it until now. The prices are low and the terms such that you can have your own beautiful homesite in Greater Vancouver with a very small outlay of cash; the rest spread over three years in yearly payments.

Here is a homesite and an investment in Greater Vancouver that means a real home and real profits to you. Right now these beautiful homesites are a bargain at the price. But think of the profits that will come with annexation! Negotiations are on right now, and when the agreement is signed your homesite will be right in the city. Do you realize what that will mean to property values? Investigate this today. A homesite that is ideal and big profits are yours. Call at my office today and let me take you out to the property, or if you cannot come fill out this coupon and mail it quick.

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# Vancouver

*By F. W. Atkinson*

Here yesterday the grizzly prowled;  
Red-fanged and fierce he moved along  
Where never heard was woodman's song;  
Close on his prey, the lean wolf howled,  
While from the tall pines overhead  
The crows peered through the forest gloom,  
Eager to profit by the doom  
Of the velvet deer so sore bestead.

Today what magic do I see!  
A stately city proudly stands  
Where once amongst the forest bands  
Was deadly strife and tragedy:  
A city builded of the thought  
Of the virile men the northland rears,  
Sons of the hardy pioneers  
Who for the old Dominion wrought.

The forest air still freshly blows  
Along each peopled thoroughfare;  
The whispering summer breezes bear  
The breath of pines and mountain snows.  
Here happy skies the earth renew  
With genial suns and gentle showers,  
And here among the fairest flowers  
Youth grows supremely strong and true.

To this great port a thousand sails  
From Arctic lands and Orient shores  
To supplement a nation's stores  
Draw near upon their charted trails.  
The mines unload their treasures here;  
And from the plains of corn and wheat  
With riches for the freighter fleet  
A thousand panting trains draw near.

The rugged West knows no fatigue;  
But this, the newest and the best,  
The richest and the greatest West,  
Outstrips the older league on league.  
A magic city! Wrought and planned  
In love of work and love of law—  
The spirit of a destined land,  
The new, the greater Canada.



### VANCOUVER'S FIRST FULL CARGO OF GRAIN

THE ABOVE PICTURE IS A MEMENTO OF AN IMPORTANT STAGE IN THE HISTORY OF THE PORT OF VANCOUVER. IT ILLUSTRATES THE LOADING OF THE JAPANESE VESSEL, SS. FUKOKU-MARU, THE FIRST SHIP WHICH EVER LEFT THE PORT WITH A FULL CARGO OF GRAIN (6,408 TONS). SHE SAILED FOR THE FAR EAST ON MARCH 8 THIS YEAR.

# BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

Vol. IX

MAY 1913

No. 5

## Pioneering in a New Settlement

To most men bred or brought up in the towns, life resolves itself quickly into the problem of finding the easiest way of getting along; sliding with the current, offering the least resistance to opposing forces. The game is one of finesse, diplomacy, secrecy, double-dealing, hypocrisy and other salient attributes of human nature. There is a great deal of flabbiness, both mental and physical, which can be laid to the curse of civilization.

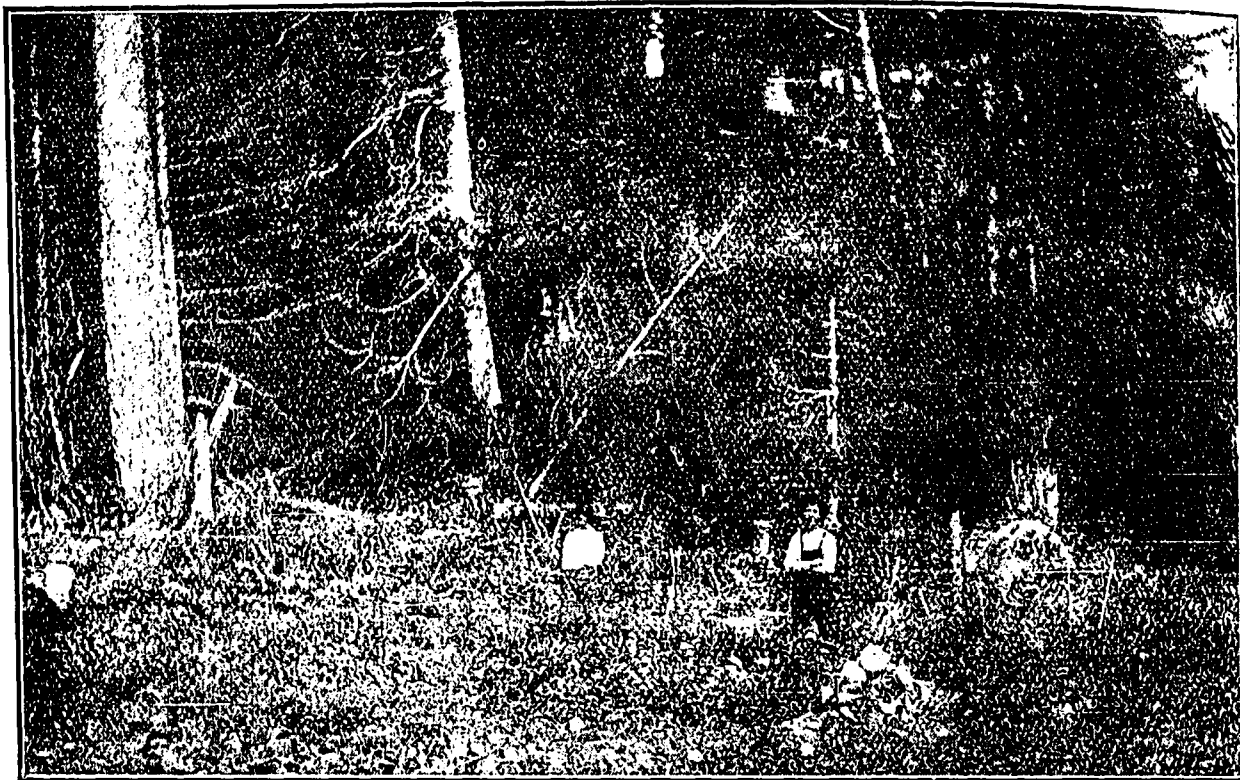
Pioneering in a wilderness settlement brings human nature down to "hardpan," and you have to "show pay dirt" to stand the necessities of living in the wilds. There are, after all, only two types of the true wilderness. One is nature undefiled, the woods, the desert, the mountains, the lonely sea-beaches, lakes and virgin streams; the other is the heart of the great cities, where a man may be even lonelier than in the depth of the silent lands.

Vancouver Island has many places where the best that is in a man can be tested in the line of pioneering, and lately, on Nootka Island, on the West coast, a little settlement has sprung up which bids fair to be one day a thriving agricultural community, but which now offers an object lesson to those in whom the good red blood seems like to languish and the fire of the adventurous Anglo-Saxon to die down to a tamed and regulated domesticity.

The Spaniard's cannon have been carried away long centuries ago from San Miguel Island, at Nootka Harbor's entrance, and the wandering sea-fowl no longer dip and hover over the battery planted by Don Estevan Jose Martinez. We may see even now, with the eye of fancy, that doughty sailor, resplendent in bright uniform, sworded and epauletted, pacing the rock-



A SETTLER'S HOUSE AT NOOTKA, B. C.



A FIRST YEAR'S GARDEN

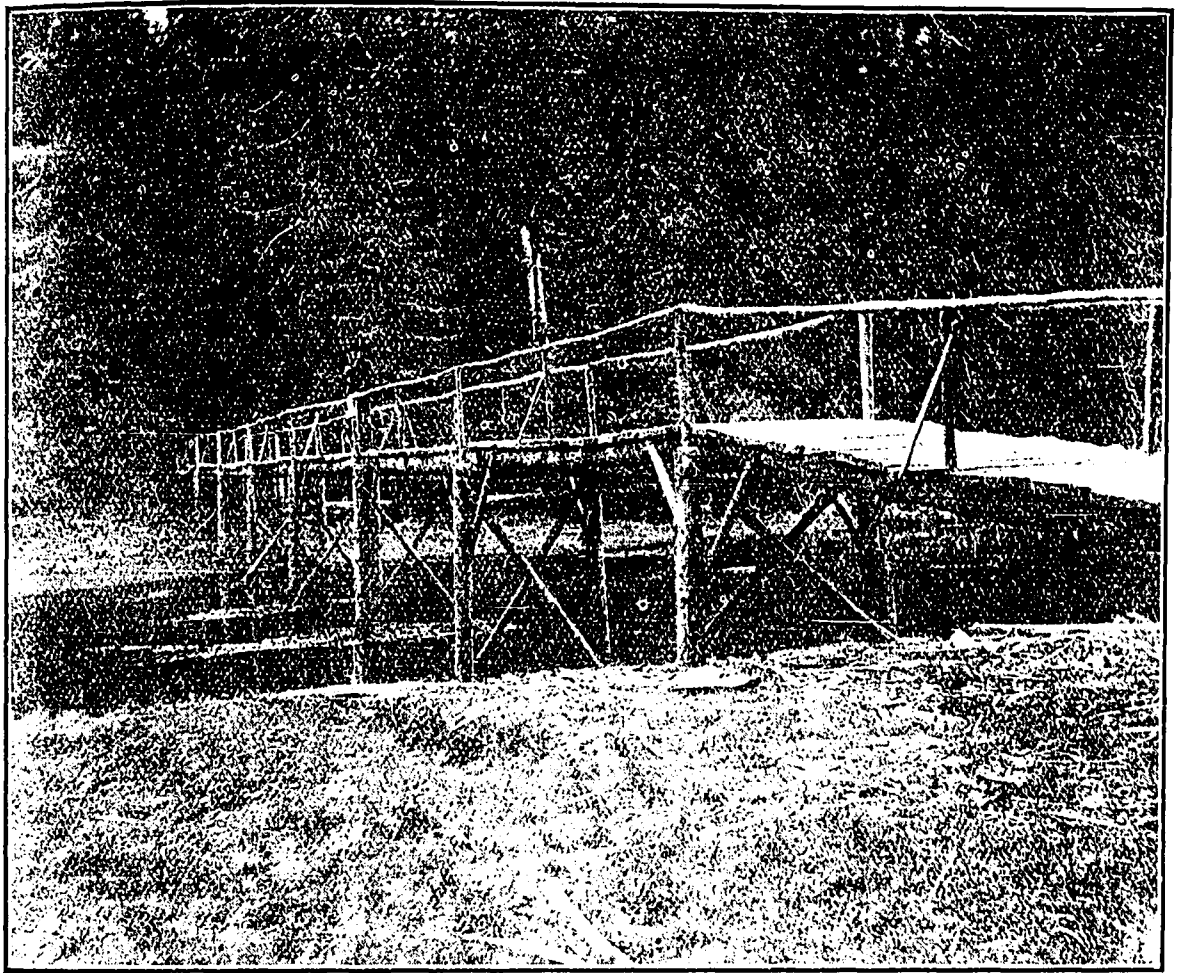
bound confines of the wild west coast. So, too, the red man has vanished along the highway of the years, his aboriginal traces being lightly etched now and uncertain on the monuments of the present. The cross of the mission shows clear against the surroundings of mountain and forest, and the native canoe rides less frequently the waters of the harbor. Maquinna, once the powerful chief of the neighboring savages, now lives in history, his name being brought down by a new steamer soon to be launched for the west coast traffic.

But over the Island and adjacent terri-

tory the settlers have pushed their way, and the metallic ring of the axe has superseded the silence of bygone days. The smoke of the pioneer's chimney curls into the wondering skies, and slowly but surely, with faith and works commingled, the wilderness is being made to blossom like the rose. No one who has not actually lived on the farms can ever know the tenacity, patience, toil and manhood required to wrest a living from the land where markets are distant, where space must be literally carved from the woods, and where settlers are few and far between. Yet the



IN THE HAY MEADOW AT NOOTKA



BRIDGE ACROSS LAGOON AT NOOTKA

little community at Nootka Island has done and is doing brave work in shaping future events, and in grappling with the problems presented it in manly and courageous fashion.

In the new lands, a man is as good as he proves. And a lack of muscle, skill with axe and rifle, ability to swim and walk, wood-craft and outdoor knowledge, places him at a disadvantage until he has learned the rudiments, at least, of these necessary accomplishments. There are houses to be built, sometimes of logs, sometimes of "shakes," or split slabs of timber. There are "clearings" to be made for the first gardens, areas to be conquered by fire and steel. There are chicken-houses to put up, sheds and outhouses to erect, ground to dig and cultivate, marsh meadows to swing the scythe over, crops to plant, and the general routine of pioneer settler work to attend to.

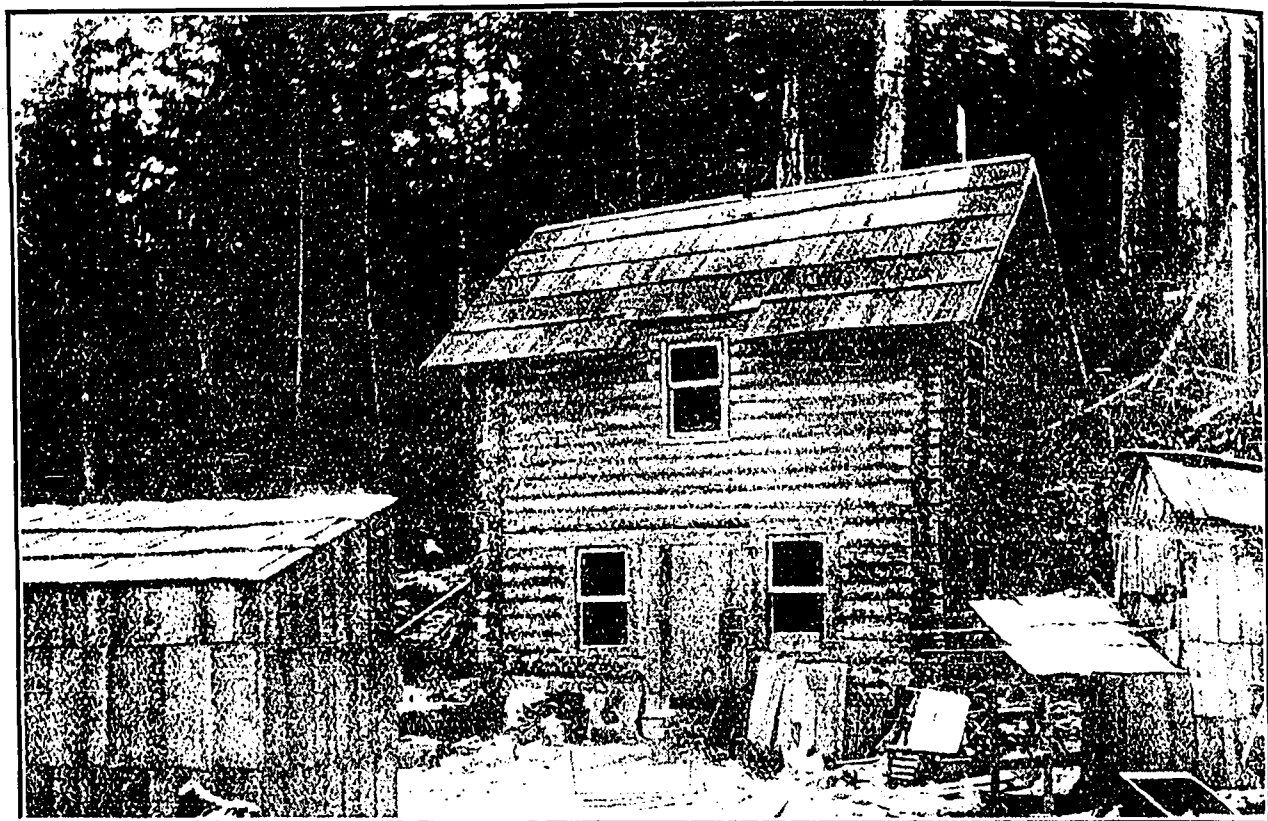
And in the way of providing for the order, there are grouse to shoot with the hot-gun, as they dart from their hiding-places in the thick covert, deer to stop with rifle-bullet, and ducks and geese to bring down over the salt-marshes or along the bays and sand-spits further seaward. And

always in this combination of work and sport there is a keen sense of living, even with the attendant hardships. For there is independence in this labor, and no man is any man's man but his own. Do you know what this means to some men? It is worth fighting the wilderness for!

The variety of life in an outside settlement like this is something vastly less monotonous than much of town and city life. There is the rainy season, it is true, but you can shoot and fish during much of this, and besides, the man of contemplative philosophy can grow, in these leisure periods, "like corn in the night." There is a deep sense of freedom, too, in these more remote spots, which chimes with the sweep of the eagle's wing overhead, the leap of a ponderous salmon, the swish of the wings of passing wildfowl, and the tumbling silver of thunderous surf along the naked beaches.

Houses can be, and are ordinarily, constructed with a sole eye to comfort. Some of the pioneer homes can show, however, considerable skill in construction, especially considering the difficulties of building in the backwoods. As a matter of fact, comfort is easily attainable in the pioneer





ANOTHER SETTLER'S FIRST HOUSE

places, if care is taken to provide for emergencies.

In the Nootka Island settlement, the residents have already brought in horses and other stock, and with the coming summer expect a large addition to their numbers. Connection with the Estevan Point wireless station by telephone has been petitioned for, and a Government wharf is also among the claims now being urged by the new community. There are thousands of acres of land open there for pre-emption now, some of which is comparatively lightly timbered, and some of which can be drained and made ready for cultivation. The road from Bajo Point to Friendly Cove will enable settlers to make connection with the boats landing at the latter point, and further add to the betterment of the settlement.

Coast pioneer settlements must depend very largely on boat transportation in the beginning, and the launch and sail-boat are very much in evidence. Often these methods must entail very great danger, and the Pacific exacts its toll of human lives relentlessly for any oversight or lack of caution in handling such frail craft.

The building of roads, trails and bridges; the occasional sawmills and canneries scattered along the coast; and here and there the sporadic mining ventures, afford some work for the frontier settler during his

less occupied seasons, so that day in and day out he need scarcely fear for lack of something to occupy himself with.

Much of the inner and up-country territory around Nootka Harbor is as yet comparatively unknown to the world. The gold, iron and marble deposits have been more or less prominently exploited, and still the story remains to be told. The harbor itself is a fine one, and may be in days to come the site of a city of prominence. Meanwhile the present settlers are clearing, building, reaping, planting and sowing the seeds of a thriving settlement in the Island tracts.

The scenery about the Island and around the sound is noted for its beauty. The rivers and fresh-water lakes afford the finest of opportunities for sport of all kinds, both as to fishing and shooting, and Friendly Cove is a port of call for steamers plying up and down the west coast. The projected trail from Nootka Sound to Crown Mountain will put the district in touch with Strathcona Park and the Campbell River country to the east of Vancouver Island, and when built will be an important link from east to west in the encouragement of settlement in the Nootka district.

None of these outlying points in British Columbia are places for the laggard, the invalid, or the pessimist. Wherever found,



SAMPLE OF FIRST YEAR'S GROWTH OF TURNIPS

whether on the Mainland or on Vancouver Island, they beckon only to the stout of heart and the strong of arm. They hold

out the certainty of health and a rude chivalry in battling with the elements, and they carry with them the possibilities of cities in embryo. They are the crucibles of the future Canadians, and within their fluctuating elements the germs of empire-builders are evolved. Farmers, sailors, prospectors, fishermen, miners, trappers, drawers of water and hewers of wood, they make up the vast army of the nation's reserve, without which no empire, however builded on the strength and pride of the cities alone, shall prevail.

And so in the smoke of this tiny rendezvous of the faithful there is a signal to the old-world of men on the firing line: men linked to duty, and a strenuous duty at that. Men who have put away the swaddling-clothes of the towns and plunged into the strife with willing hands and unswerving resolution. And maybe in the years to come some one of these shall find, with "the foreloper," the prophecy fulfilled of,

"He shall come back o'er his own track  
And by his scarce-cool camp,  
There he shall meet the roaring street  
The derrick, and the stamp;  
And he shall blaze a nation's ways  
With hatchet and with brand,  
Till by his last-won wilderness  
An empire's bulwarks stand."

*Ernest McJaffey*



# Qualicum Beach

By Henry Shuster

OWING to its unique scenic attractions, its many fine lakes and streams abundantly stocked with trout and other game fish, its varied wealth of game birds and animals, its great forests of fir, cedar, spruce and hemlock, its splendid wagon roads and automobile boulevards, and its mild winters and cool, clear, refreshing summers, Vancouver Island is already widely known and appreciated as a favorite summer resort of North America.

Vancouver Island is the largest of the Pacific Coast islands, being 285 miles in length and averaging about sixty miles in width, embracing more than ten million acres of land. It is separated from the mainland of British Columbia by narrow channels, studded with small picturesque islands. The Island is noted for its great forests of virgin timber, its extensive coal fields and mines, its mineral wealth and its thousands of acres of excellent farming land.

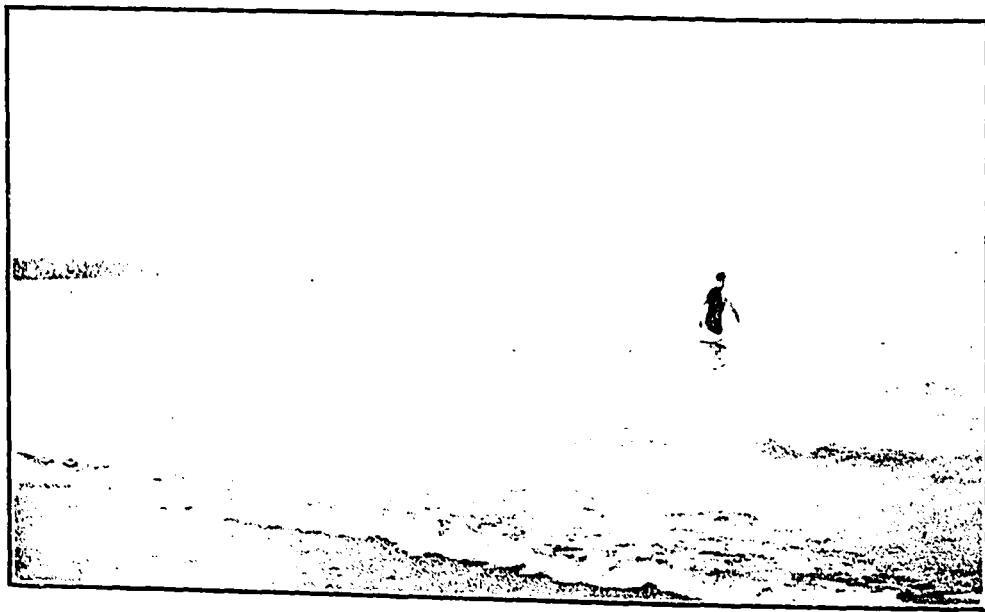
Qualicum Beach in its wildest days was ever a favorite loitering place. Like all the shoreline of the eastern coast of the Island, it is sheltered from the disturbances of the open ocean. Its tidewater is warmer than that of the ocean on the west coast,

and its wide, level beach of hard, white sand forms one of the few faultless bathing places of the Pacific Northwest.

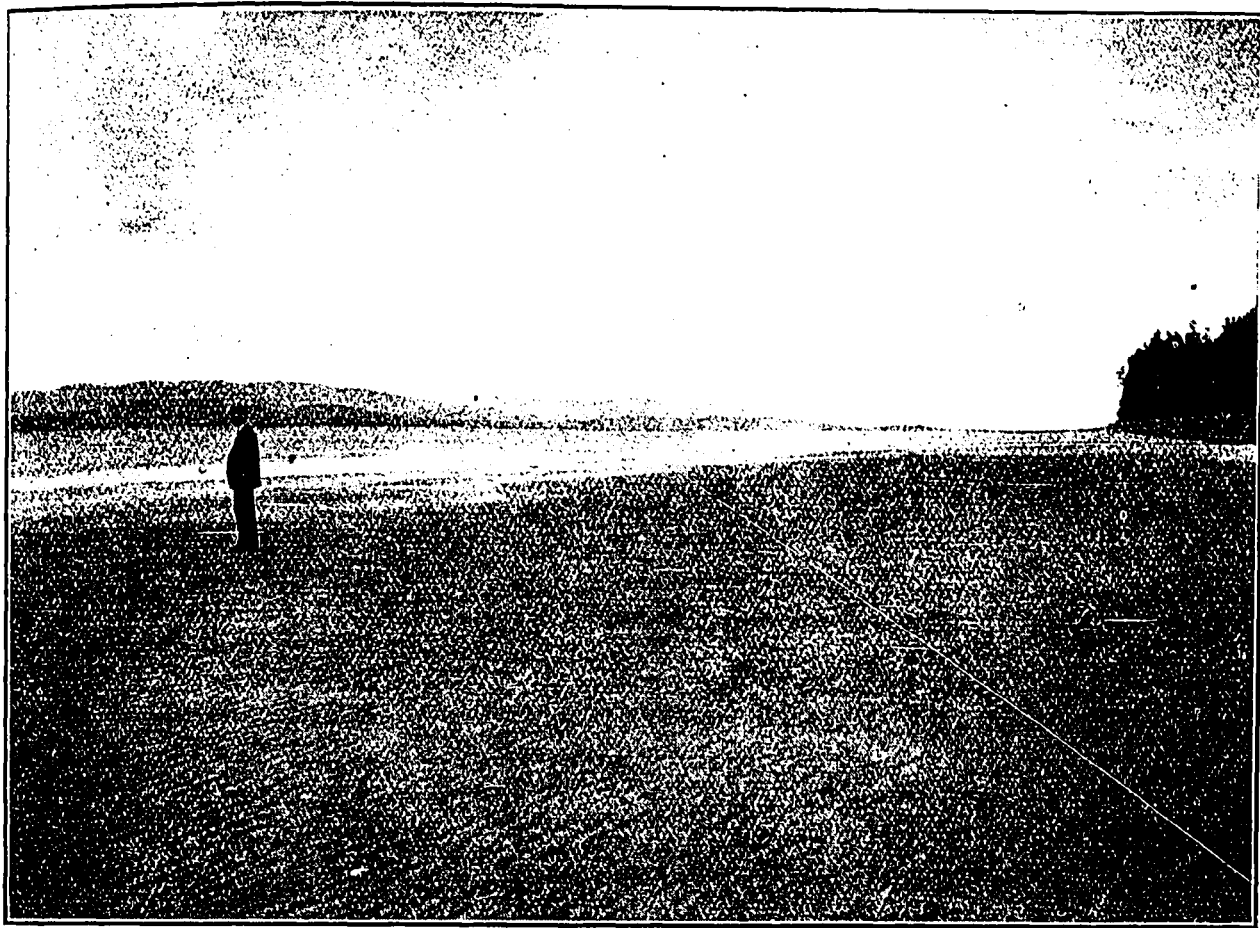
This white sandy beach extends across the entire front of Qualicum Beach Townsite, a distance of two miles. The sea recedes here for a distance of upwards of a quarter of a mile, leaving exposed to the sunshine a beautiful stretch of white sand which warms the waters of the incoming tide, thus making bathing ideal. The absence of any undertow or treacherous currents also render it entirely safe for children, as well as grown persons who have not learned to swim.

Qualicum Beach is situated thirty miles northward from the seaport of Nanaimo, 102 miles north from Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, and about fifty-five miles northwestward from Vancouver, the metropolis of Western Canada. Some of the finest scenery of Vancouver Island and the adjacent mainland is in full view from Qualicum Beach, and the smooth beach itself faces the fine marine view afforded by the usually placid Straits of Georgia, in the midst of which lies evergreen Lasqueti Island. Immediately north and east of it is the larger, loftier and more rugged Texada

Island, while one obtains inspiring glimpses of the serrated, snow-clad peaks of the Coast Range on the eastern horizon. Westward are afforded noble views of the Alberni Range, with a glimpse of the iridescent crest of Mount Arrowsmith, rising to a height of more than 7,500 feet, some fifteen miles distant.



BATHING AT QUALICUM BEACH IN APRIL



THE SMOOTH EXPANSE AT LOW TIDE

The woodland scenery around Qualicum Beach is pronounced by tourists from all parts of the world to be among the finest on the American Continent, particularly that of the dense and lofty forests along the Canadian National and Pacific Highways to Cameron Lake, the delightful interior mountain watering-place, less than eight miles distant from Qualicum Beach.

The plan of Qualicum Beach Townsite is an excellent example of modern landscape designing. The townsite embraces the entire two miles of sandy shore frontage and the area of the shore land included is about 300 acres.

About one hundred acres lying adjacent to the beach is under development as a golf course. This is elliptical in form, and lies lengthwise to the shore, all parts of the course commanding an unobstructed view of the water.

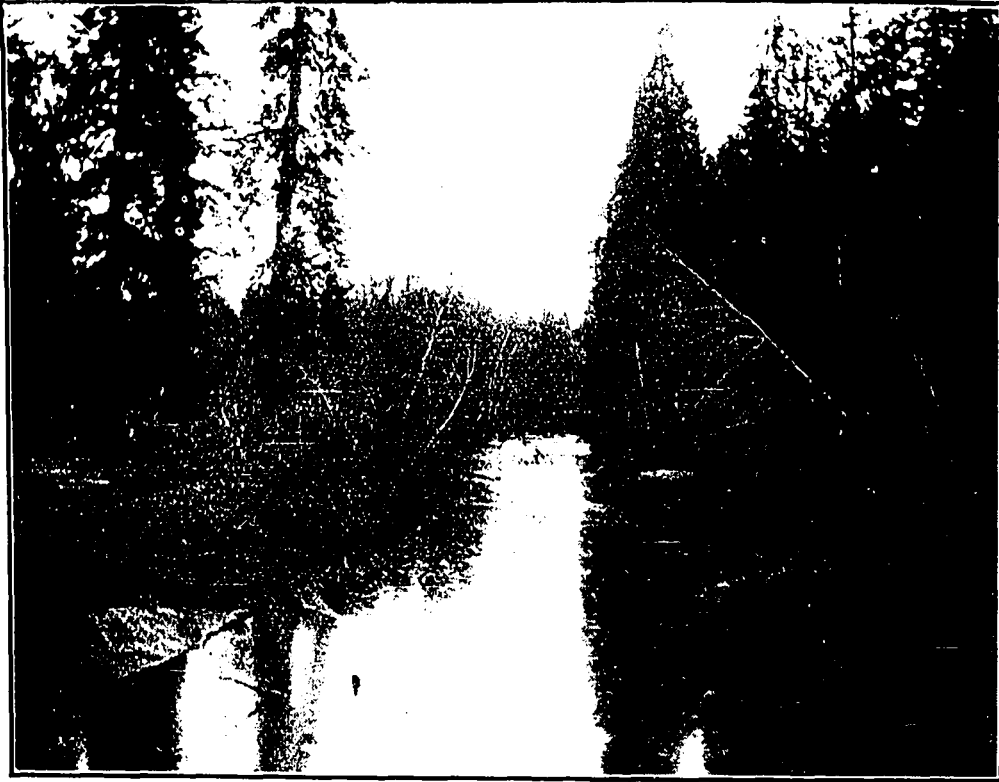
Behind the shoreline the land rises gently and forms natural terraces and low benches. To the rear of the golf course is the land planned for homesites, attractively wooded with fine young firs, cedars, pines, and a few large-leaf maples, some flowering dogwood, syringa and wild currant bushes.

Along the foreshore the main island highway stretches to Nanaimo and Victoria

southward, and to Union Bay and Comox northward. Meeting this at both ends of the golf course is the new Crescent Boulevard of Qualicum Beach, forming a fine driveway completely encircling the golf course, and accessible to the streets and roads of the entire townsite.

Although the tennis courts and the cricket ground at Qualicum Beach are to be both adequate and carefully laid out in every particular, it is admitted that the superb 18-hole golf course will be the outstanding feature of the Qualicum Beach enterprise. This course has been designed by a golfing expert who has had over twenty years' experience of most of the favored courses of the United Kingdom, and who has had experience of the laying out of courses. He found the Qualicum Beach situation ideal for the purpose, the soil being sandy loam, pronounced by Messrs. Sutton, of Reading, England, to be the finest possible for the production of good wear-resisting turf, enabling natural grass "tees" to be used.

A great feature will be the abundant natural hazards, such as exist on the best seaside courses in the United Kingdom. The holes have plenty of variation, both as regards length and general outlay. A beauti-



MOUTH OF QUALICUM RIVER

ful creek runs through the links, and will be crossed at three separate holes. The whole course lies along the seashore, so that the magnificent view will be seen during the whole round of the course. Its total length will be just under 6,000 yards, the individual holes varying from 130 yards to 550 yards. It is hoped to have nine holes open in July by the aid of temporary greens.

A letter has been received from Mr. James Braid, open champion, 1901, 1905, 1906, 1908 and 1910, stating that he will send out one of his trusted assistants as green-keeper, club-maker, etc., He will arrive in time for the opening of the course. The course has been so planned that the first and last holes are situated adjacent to the commodious new hotel, which it is expected will be ready to receive guests by the beginning of July this year.

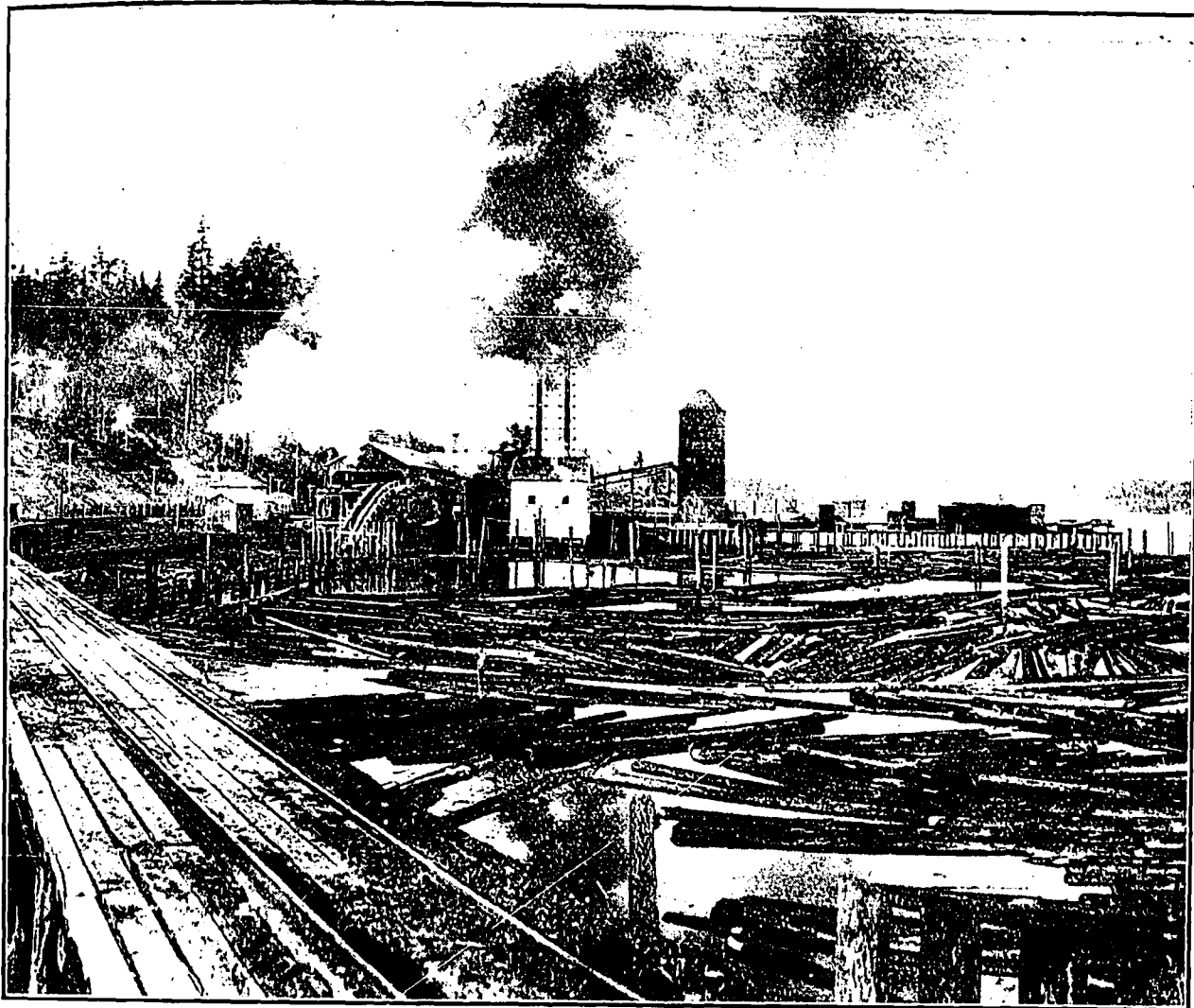
Marram grass and sand dunes will impart zest to the sport, while the greens will be laid out with infinite care. No rocks exist on the course.

Qualicum Beach is most favorably situated with respect to accessibility from the chief centres of population of British Columbia and the State of Washington, as it may be reached comfortably and expediently by both land and

water, being a three hours' trip from Vancouver and a five hours' trip from Victoria. The distance by sea from Victoria is about 108 miles, and by land over the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway (Canadian Pacific) about 101 miles. Over the Pacific Highway, the favorite scenic automobile road of the province, the distance is about the same as by rail, and, indeed, the scenic highways of this part of Vancouver Island are alone attracting sightseers and pleasure-seekers from many lands.



THE SHORE FROM ANOTHER VIEWPOINT



MILL AT NANOOSE BAY, OWNED BY FIRM DEVELOPING THE BEACH

These roads are all well built, carefully crowned, and kept in excellent repair.

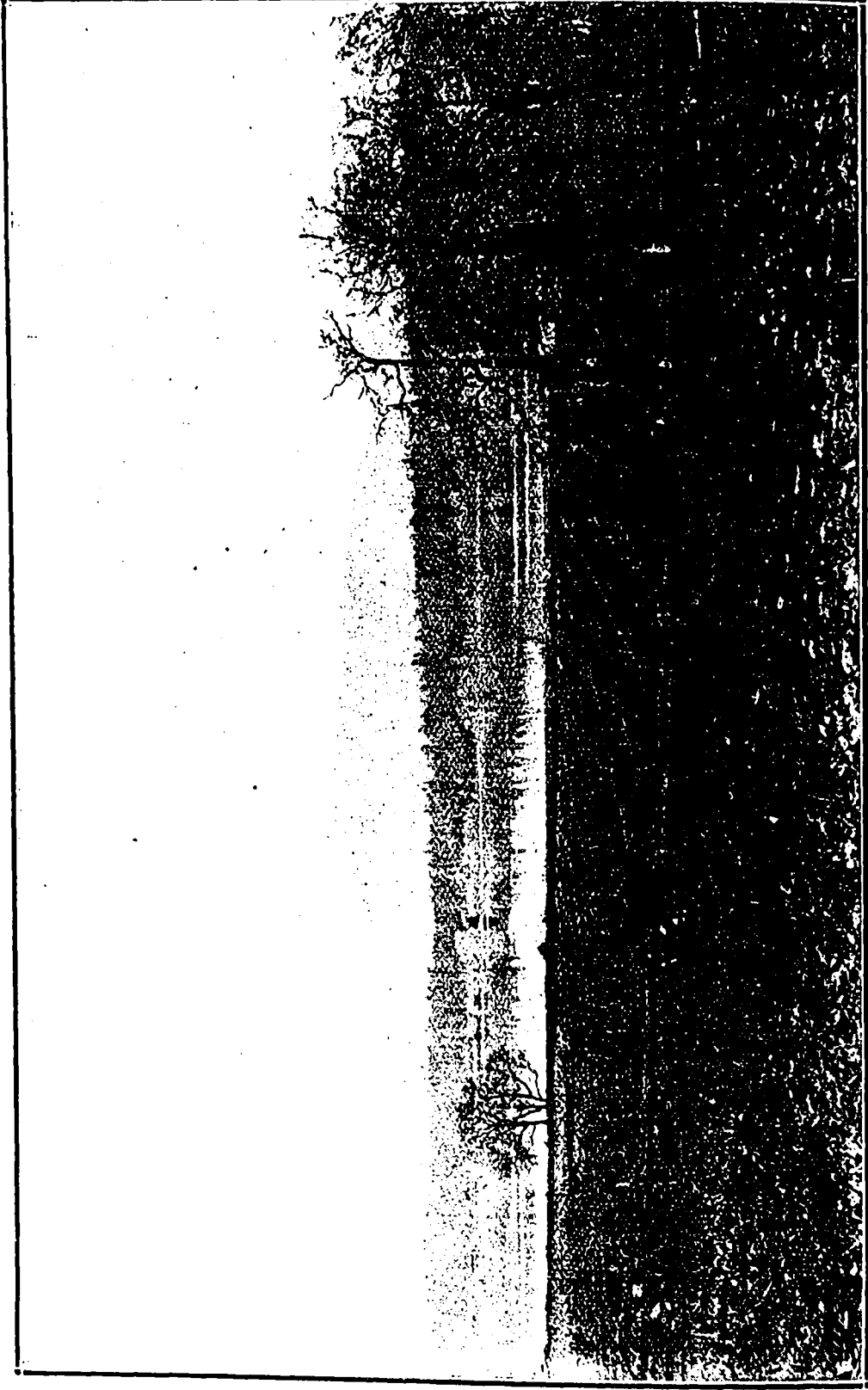
Qualicum Beach is within still easier reach from Vancouver, from which city one may enjoy a two hours' passage on the Princess Patricia, the swiftest passenger boat on the Pacific Coast, landing at Nanaimo. Here one may go either by rail, by the Island Highway, or by motor boat to Qualicum Beach, the distance being a little less than thirty miles. A regular motor bus service is now being established to operate between Nanaimo and Qualicum Beach, while a motor-boat service is also projected for operation during the coming summer.

McBride, the junction of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway and the Comox extension of that line, now under construction through the townsite, is but seven miles from Qualicum Beach, while Hillier Station is but four and a half miles distant. The Comox extension, which is nearing completion, will have a station on the townsite.

Those who enjoy the various forms of

angling in stream, lake or sea, will be delighted by the opportunities afforded them while staying at Qualicum Beach, for indeed this particular district is quite well known among sportsmen as one of the most favored localities, not only for several kinds of trout, but also for its splendid sea-fishing in the immediate vicinity, where salmon trout, trout and salmon provide plenty of exciting sport in season, especially in spring and autumn.

It is claimed by well-informed anglers that trout fishing in the Qualicum Beach district is not excelled anywhere on Vancouver Island, whose prolific trout streams and lakes have earned considerable distinction. Both Qualicum and Little Qualicum Rivers are noteworthy in this particular. Both these sparkling streams, with their many secluded pools and bush-shaded eddies are apparently ideal loitering places for the brook and rainbow trout, and the same may be said of Whiskey Creek and Englishmen's River. In Qualicum River and Englishmen's River there are also a great number of



QUAMICHAN LAKE

Dolly Varden speckled trout, which average a much larger size than the other varieties.

Cameron Lake, a little more than seven miles west from Qualicum Beach, and reached by the Pacific Highway and the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, is also of wide repute for its trout fishing, its singular beauty, its unfathomed depths of pure mountain water, and the prodigious height of the mighty trees covering the steep hills that encircle it. It is here, at the eastern end of the lake, where the Canadian Pacific Railway Company maintains its well-known mountain chalet.

In the wooded valleys of the Qualicum Beach neighborhood, such fine game birds as willow or native grouse, English or Chinese pheasants and California quail are quite plentiful. Ducks and geese, and, in the fall and winter, the highest prized waterfowl of all, the Pacific brant, are common to the waters of the Straits of Georgia. In the higher lands westward from Qualicum Beach the hunter will have no difficulty in finding mountain quail, blue grouse and pigeons; and also in that district there are plenty of deer, bear, cougar or mountains lions, as well as wildcats

and other smaller animals worthy of his nerve and skill.

A marked advantage of the climate at Qualicum Beach is its uniformly long, clear, cool summer season. Usually from the middle of May till the middle of September there is scarcely any rain, nor storm of any kind. Clear skies, a bright sun, temperature ranging from 60 to 85 degrees, and a light breeze refreshingly laden with the spicy odor of the spruce, fir and cedar forests are the prevalent conditions. The summer nights are always cool, and as there are no mosquitoes or other insect pests near the shore, a summer outing anywhere along the coast of British Columbia means an invigorating rest.

Precipitation records were kept at Little Qualicum for the last two years, with total precipitation results annually as follows: 1911, 29.38 inches; 1912, 35.72 inches. The corresponding records at Victoria were 24.19 and 29.85 inches. This rainfall comes mostly during the fall and winter months from October till April, the heaviest rainfall being usually in November and December. There is rarely heavy snow. The average winter temperature is about 40 degrees.

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## Venice

Where Brenta cast up her alluvial sands  
 In the dim centuries of long ago  
 She rose, a child of pride and pomp and show  
 Outrivalling all her other neighboring lands,  
 And wealth and commerce fell into her hands  
 From subject cities. And today although  
 'Mong the world's business marts she ranketh low  
 In Art's rich treasury she still commands.  
 But, 'mid her golden domes, her carved facades,  
 I sought in vain for verdant spreading shades,  
 I listened, but upon mine ear there rang  
 Of horse's hoofs no distant echoing clang  
 Nor sound of rumbling wheels—she hath not these—  
 Because her paths are o'er th' untrodden seas.

—T. D. J. FARMER, in *Canada Monthly*.



# The Capital of Cowichan Valley

By Kenneth Duncan

ON the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway on Vancouver Island, midway between Victoria and Nanaimo, lies the pretty town of Duncan, the commercial centre of the Cowichan Valley, whose fame as a rendezvous of sportsmen has spread to many parts of the world.

The district of Cowichan is one of the oldest settlements in British Columbia, having been surveyed and thrown open to settlement by the government in the year 1862, and the first party of settlers was carried to Cowichan Bay during that year by one of Her Majesty's gunboats. After disembarking they distributed themselves over the district, thus forming the nucleus of what is today a community of some five thousand people, exclusive of Indians.

Some years later a portion of the district was organized into a municipality under the name of the Municipality of North Cowichan, one of the first, if not the first, rural municipalities in the province of British Columbia. The town of Duncan formed a part of that municipality, and when it grew to a size that required the introduction of public improvements for its

own benefit a division was made of the area of the district municipality. On March 4 this year letters of incorporation were issued, incorporating Duncan into a city municipality. Since that time definite steps have been taken to provide the town with a number of permanent improvements. The municipal authorities have followed a policy of owning and controlling public utilities, and have so far succeeded as to own and operate their own waterworks system and electric light plant.

The electric light system is at present confined to the town, but a scheme is now under way to develop hydro-electric power on the Cowichan River, whereby a plentiful supply of electric power will be available not only for use in the town, but will be carried throughout the surrounding country. Duncan has a population of fifteen hundred, though three years ago it is doubtful if there were five hundred people.

The progress of the town has been strongly evidenced during the past year by the erection of a number of permanent buildings, one of which constitutes the

finest store on Vancouver Island outside of the city of Victoria. During the present year a large and commodious new post office and Indian office will be erected by the Dominion government. One of the leading banks has the plans prepared for the construction of a brick and stone block, and tenders are being called for



PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS FOR CROQUET

the erection of new agricultural buildings. A brick public school, with accommodation for four hundred pupils, is now being built, and a maternity hospital is also under way in conjunction with the local hospital.

The town of Duncan is supported by the district surrounding it, where the people for the most part are engaged in some form of agriculture, either dairying, fruit-growing or poultry raising.

The cause of agriculture has been greatly assisted and stimulated by the success of the Cowichan Creamery, a co-operative institution owned and controlled by the farmers, which is today an example and an inspiration to agricultural communities of what can be accomplished along the lines of co-operation in agriculture. For a number of years the creamery confined its work to the manufacture of butter, and with this product won a name that has become synonymous with excellence. Three years ago a co-operative egg association was organized in conjunction with and under the management of the creamery association and was the first of its kind organized in

the Dominion of Canada. So great a success has been made in the handling and marketing of eggs that during the past year, the third in the history of the egg association, the production of eggs has trebled, and no less a number than 154,000 dozen eggs were marketed. The association maintains fattening stations, to which poultry men bring their fowls, where they undergo a course of crate-feeding, afterwards being shipped to the market ready for use. The assistance rendered the patrons does not stop with the marketing of farm produce, but extends to the purchase of foodstuffs, which are purchased in wholesale quantities and distributed to the consumers at a reduced cost.

In addition to the farming interests in the district, a very considerable amount of

lumbering is done, the different mills drawing their supply of timber from the abundant forests in the surrounding country. The lumber is being shipped very extensively to the prairie provinces, while mills like the Victoria Lumbering & Manufacturing Co. at Chemainus do a



A TYPICAL SUMMER SCENE AT DUNCAN



A GAME OF TENNIS

large volume of ocean-going trade to the Antipodes and the Orient. At the present moment there are five different sawmills in operation which make Duncan their headquarters.

The opportunities offered to the sport-loving public have in a large measure contributed to the settlement of this portion of Vancouver Island. The Cowichan River has probably afforded more sport to fishermen than any other river in British Columbia, and, although the number of fish has become somewhat depleted in recent years, a hatchery has been erected at Cowichan Lake, the head waters of the river, and as soon as the fish incubated there have had time to mature the supply of sporting fish should be as great as in former years.

Besides the Cowichan, there are the

Koksilah and Chemainus Rivers, both good fishing streams. Cowichan Lake is twenty miles distant from Duncan and is reached by stage or motor at the present time, but during the summer a train service will be instituted by the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway over their branch line recently constructed, with Duncan the divisional point. This lake is a beautiful sheet of water some twenty miles in length, and affords unexcelled trout fishing. During the open season for deer it is one of the favorite haunts of hunters. There are two hotels at Cowichan Lake.

At the mouth of the Cowichan River is Cowichan Bay, another fishing resort in the fall of the year, when the salmon come into the bay preparatory to their annual migration up the river to the spawning beds.

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## Disillusionment

It has gone!

Out of thine eyes that swerveless look

That gave thyself, in love, to me—

Gave until all my spirit shook

At its poor insufficiency—

Awed—as some little novice pale,

Breathing to Christ her child-white vows

By a new altar's rail.

It has gone . . .

And having gone, I know, dear God,

It cannot come again. We meet

And smile with rigid lips, or nod.

The wound has dried, but incomplete,

Stealthily changed is life. Alone,

With eyes awe-starved, I crouch beside

My broken altar-stone.

—MARY LINDA BRADLEY, in *Maclean's Magazine*.

# Fenn's Fling at Fiction

By Hallett Abend

"I WISH we were going to Europe, instead," insisted Emily in a dissatisfied tone to her aunt.

"Oh, my dear, Colorado will be lovely for the summer," remonstrated Mrs. Auspice, as she quitted the room, leaving Emily sitting on the floor in front of her half-packed trunk.

But the prospect of a summer in Colorado did not allure Emily Easson as she folded and packed her clothes, preparatory for the next day's start for the West. She more than half wished that she and her aunt were going to stay in Minneapolis for the summer. She wished—as a matter of fact she did not know just what she did wish, but Emily was as hungry for romance as only a very practical young person can be.

At twenty-four years of age she found herself dissatisfied, restless, though she had freedom and money—probably too much of both. An orphan, almost rich enough to be called an heiress, she had, on leaving college four years before, easily induced her mother's widowed sister to live with her. Mrs. Auspice, childless and not rich, welcomed the chaperonage of her niece, of whom she was genuinely fond.

To Emily, capable and self-reliant, the vacillating Mrs. Auspice had gradually relinquished the planning and management of their affairs, and the wondering old lady was vaguely disturbed by the signs of Emily's restlessness, and at a loss to account to herself for her niece's recently-developed wide range of moods. Therefore she breathed a contented sigh when an hour later, Emily passed her door, gloved and hatted, and paused to say:

"All packed at last, auntie. Now I am going to town to get our tickets."

In the lower hall Emily paused, and picked up the afternoon mail. A letter for her, and a small parcel, both bearing Canadian stamps, and addressed in a strange handwriting. She first opened the parcel,

disclosing a small pocket notebook, bound in red morocco.

As she turned the leaves and began to read the penciled writing, her expression of bewilderment gave place to one of incredulity, then to a vivid blush of excitement, and she quickly put down the book, to tear open and read the following letter:

Banff, Alta., June 18, 1912

Miss Emily Easson,

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

My dear Miss Easson: Under separate cover I am sending to you a notebook, belonging, apparently, to Mr. Roger Fenn, who is now my patient in the local hospital.

Mr. Fenn, who is entirely unknown to me, was brought in from a hunting trip yesterday by his guide. The young man is suffering from what may become a severe attack of typhoid fever. At present he is delirious, and I have been unable to learn anything about his relations or associates, nor can his guide enlighten me.

With a physician's privilege under such circumstances, I have examined his camping kit and his clothes. The only clue to his identification is the little red book which I am sending to you, in the hope that it may reach the Miss Easson for whom it was meant, and that she will be able to advise me concerning my patient.

From the amount of money Mr. Fenn had with him, and the quality of his clothes and luggage, I judge him to be a man of some wealth, and am, accordingly, sparing no expense, but have provided him with the best of nurses and installed him in a private room at the hospital. Kindly communicate with me by wire as soon as you receive this letter.

Yours very truly,

A. G. MORRISON, M. D.

Emily stared stupidly at the letter. "Roger Fenn, Roger Fenn," she thought. "The name is familiar, but I cannot remember the man." Then, with a hesitating, half-guilty expression she again opened the little red note book. On the first leaf was written, "Roger Fenn to Emily Easson, Minneapolis." She paused, then with

a vivid flush mounting her cheeks, she turned to the second page.

"Girl, dear," she read and the flush deepened. "Girl, dear: What would you think, I wonder, if you could look over my shoulder and see what I am writing. But you wouldn't do anything so—how shall I say it—not nice—anything so improper. Poor little girl, hemmed in by conventions, afraid to take your own life into your own hands! But on the supposition that you are looking over my shoulder, I will write down the fact, dear—I love you!"

"Indeed!" sniffed Emily. "Afraid of conventions! The idea!" And then she continued to read, eagerly, hungrily, the twenty-one pages of writing that followed, missing no word on any page. Love letters! And to her, Emily Easson—love letters of a kind she had never before read!

"Roger Fenn," she mused when she had finished, and sat holding the little red book very tight in her two hands. "Roger Fenn."

Then she remembered—remembered a face—the tanned face of a tall, blonde, rather slender young man. She liked the face, she thought, but when and where had she met the man? Ah, she had it! Nearly a month before she had met him at a dinner given by her friend, Amy Hughes. But who was he? He came from Chicago or St. Louis, she thought, and had been bound for Western Canada on a hunting trip. She recalled that she had rather liked the man, had talked with him, and danced with him later in the evening. But who and what was he? A friend of Amy's—or his sister was a friend of Amy's—at any rate the Hughes' home had been open to him during his short stay in Minneapolis.

She rose and started for the telephone—Amy would know who and where his relatives were, and they must be notified at once. Then, with a shock, she remembered—remembered that Amy and her family were on their way to Europe, all of them, and that the Hughes' house was closed!

What was she to do? Here was a young person named Roger Fenn, who was very ill at a resort in the Canadian Rocky Mountains, and no one knew even where he came from. And he had written her those let-

ters! Again the flush mounted over her face.

Suddenly, with an air of decision, she gathered up the letter, the notebook, and the tell tale wrapping paper, and left the house.

An hour later Mrs. Auspice was relieved to see the old-time practical, self-reliant Emily enter her room, but was smitten to speechlessness when Emily announced casually:

"Aunt Martha, I have changed my mind. I saw some lovely posters of the Canadian Rockies down town, and I have bought tickets to Banff instead of to Colorado."

\* \* \* \*

"Yes, you are at Banff, in the hospital, and you are getting along nicely. You must not talk any more now," said Dr. Morrison, eyeing his patient with professional satisfaction.

"Not talk any more!" thought Roger Fenn as explosively as his extreme weakness would allow. And his mind was full of questions on this, his first morning of consciousness since his guide had brought him in from the mountains.

"Try to sleep now," said the physician soothingly. Then, as on an after-thought—"Miss Easson wires me that she and her aunt are starting for Banff today."

"Who?" asked Fenn, with only a languid interest.

"Miss Emily Easson, of Minneapolis?"

"Must be some mistake," muttered the patient. "I do not know her." And he closed his eyes.

Dr. Morrison went quietly from the room, and anxiously consulted Fenn's temperature chart in the hall outside. The record showed pulse and temperature to be normal, but the physician, having read part of the contents of a certain red-bound notebook, thought the record must be in error.

Fenn, left alone, lay quiet, with closed eyes, and thought confusedly—"Emily Easson, Emily, Emily"—and then he slept.

Four hours later he awoke much refreshed, and reviewed with the creaking mental slowness that so often follows delirium the things that the doctor had told him that morning. Then he thought of his neglected law office in St. Louis, of his spoiled vacation, and finally of the doctor's last words, "Miss Emily Easson, of Minneapolis." What had the doctor told him

—that she was coming to Banff? With an effort he recalled who Emily Easson was—remembered the night he had met her at the Hughes' home. But why was she coming here, or had he dreamed that the doctor had told him so?

He rang his bell, and the blue-and-white-clad nurse, in response to his question, told him that Dr. Morrison was not in the building. So he ventured an inquiry.

"Did the doctor mention to you when Miss Easson will arrive?"

"He expects her day after tomorrow, in the evening," said the nurse.

"Why, it is preposterous," he argued to himself when left alone. "There must be some mistake—she cannot be coming on my account. Unless—but pshaw!" And, not being a vain man, he dismissed the thought of Emily Easson, and began reviewing his few days in the mountains: the long tramps after game when outside the limits of the Canadian National Park, the hours spent fishing in the swift streams, the silent times by the camp fire, with his silent, mountain-wise guide, the breakfasts before sunrise, the long walk into the Spray Lakes, the rough trail around Sulphur Mountain and through Sun Dance Pass to the Spray River.

And then he remembered the first day he felt ill and stayed quietly at camp: the violent headache, alternate chills and sweats, the unquenchable thirst.

That first day, he remembered, he had taken out a little red notebook and thought to pass the time by jotting down a diary, a record of his vacation trip. Instead, what had he written? Letters? Yes, he remembered. An old urge to try his hand at writing fiction had prompted him to embody his vacation experiences in a series of love letters, such letters as he imagined a man would write to the girl he loved. Vaguely he remembered having designed a slender plot, and having planned to try to sell the letters to some magazine. Not being in love himself he had cast about in his mind for some attractive name—

Suddenly, in spite of his weakness, Roger Fenn sat upright in bed, and swore, softly but fervently. Emily Easson! He had written pages of love letters to Emily Easson, because he liked the name!

Relapsing weakly to his pillows, he thought quickly. That was it, then! The

meddling doctor had found that notebook, and had sent for Emily Easson—sent for a girl because of some half-delirious scribbling by a sentimental young lawyer!

When Dr. Morrison came to Fenn's room he found his patient with a quick pulse, and a temperature no longer normal, and condemned himself for telling the young man that his sweetheart was coming.

"Doctor, did you send Miss Easson a little red notebook of mine?"

"Yes," snapped the practitioner, "I did. Don't talk," and he hurried out to give new orders to Fenn's nurse.

"Lord," murmured Fenn, "I wish I could remember all that I wrote in that notebook."

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Two days on the train had served to dampen Emily's ardor for romance, and, though she often re-read the little red notebook, she would gladly have gone on through Banff—to Vancouver—to Japan even—anywhere, she thought, if she could have notified Roger Fenn's friends of his whereabouts.

When she was first shown into Roger's room, and left alone with him by a tactful nurse, her courage almost failed her. She heartily wished herself back in Minneapolis. What was there to say to this man—to this very sick man, who must be humored and not excited, according to Dr. Morrison's caution?

Fenn helped her over her first embarrassment by holding out a very thin hand, and saying, in a matter-of-fact tone, "I am sorry, but they would not allow me a shave."

"You must not talk, Roger," she forced herself to say, as she took his hand and seated herself near his bed. What had she come to Banff for, what was this thin, weak man to her? What should she tell her aunt? What did the man expect of her? If he really loved her—and who could doubt it after having read those letters?—she would have to become engaged to him, at least until he was well on the road to recovery. Was this what her quest for romance had brought her to—a strange, unshaven man on a hospital cot? However, having come so far, literally and figuratively, she would not hesitate.

Roger, with the petulance common to the sick human male, was ill at ease, and

could not bear the uncertainty of the situation. During the days before Emily's arrival he had carefully thought out a course of action. The girl must love him, he confessed to his embarrassed self, or she would not be coming more than a thousand miles to be near him during his sickness. He must, of course, marry her, for the doctor and the hospital staff would assume that they were engaged, and she herself had evidently believed, after reading his notebook, that he was deeply in love with her. So, gripping her hand tightly, he plunged at once into the topic he knew was uppermost in the mind of each.

"You got my book, my letters?" he asked.

A nod from Emily, and an involuntary tightening of her hold on his hand. Was she actress enough, she wondered, to make this sick man believe that she loved him? "I came at once, dear," she breathed.

Roger braced himself to play the part she seemed to expect him to take. "You will marry me?" he questioned—eagerly, she thought.

"Yes, under one condition," she answered slowly, seeing a way to make the situation less intolerable. "That is, that we abandon the subject until you are quite well. Dr. Morrison says you must be very quiet, and not become over-tired nor excited. So let me come to see you often—as often as you wish—but just as your friend. Let me be only your friend until you are out of the hospital, Roger."

No man likes to make love when he has a stubble of beard on his chin and is ill, much less make love to a girl with whom he is not even infatuated and with whom he is not at ease, so Roger grasped gladly at the chance of a cessation of this undesired wooing.

"I give you my word," he said seriously. "Come to see me—often. Read to me, talk with me, be my friend, until I am well."

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After the first few days Emily began to take more than an interest in her visits to her patient—rather a positive pleasure. Mrs. Auspice was content to spend much of her time sitting quietly on one of the many porches of the big Canadian Pacific hotel, overlooking the far-flung panorama of the Bow River valley, and Emily, on

the pretence of long walks and climbs, was able to go twice every day to the hospital to see Roger Fenn.

As he gained in strength and attractiveness, especially after he was allowed the luxury of a shave, and his keen, eager face brightened visibly whenever she stepped into the room, she began to be a bit sorry that the topic of their romance was banished from their talks. What, she wondered, was he thinking of her? Did he care more for her, now that he knew her?

And Roger, too, found a lively curiosity about this almost unknown Emily Eason awakening in his own mind. He counted the hours between her visits, measured the days by the periods of her absence. Roger wondered if she cared more for him than she had when she had come nearly half way across the continent to be near him during his illness. Later he thought he detected in her a growing reserve, and decided that it was due to the fact that she was disappointed in him—that she regretted being engaged.

The girl, thinking that Roger would surely have spoken to her of his love if he still cared for her, decided that he no longer held her as his ideal. So her reserve grew, and she became vaguely unhappy. "I must offer, must give him his liberty," she thought.

Finally came the day when Roger was allowed to leave the hospital for an hour. Emily drove him down to where the boat-houses are moored in the Bow River in the still water above the falls, and for a time rowed him up and down the quiet reaches of the stream. During their hour together the girl waited for him to open the forbidden topic, but he said nothing, and the silences lengthened.

He felt that the time had come to broach the subject of their engagement, but was tongue-tied by her aloof attitude.

When Emily drove him up to the hospital she forced herself to say, "Roger, you are well now, and must know that our engagement cannot last. I came to you only because Doctor Morrison could not find out who your friends were. It was all just—just a pretence to help you get well, you know."

"I understand," stammered Rogers, standing by the rig. "I wont try to thank you today."

Emily nodded. "Good-bye," she said shortly, flicked the astonished horse sharply with the whip, and was gone.

"Hang it all, the girl is miserable. I must go to her hotel tomorrow, and try to explain things," Rogers told himself, as, feeling oddly wretched and tired, he stretched himself on his hospital bed and gazed with unseeing eyes at the surrounding bare walls. Emily, miserable indeed, returned to her hotel, assuring herself that she had done the best possible thing in the circumstances. In their sitting-room her aunt awaited her. For once Mrs. Auspice was not complacent. Her voice was even a bit shrill as she began, without preface:

"Emily, who is he?"

"He—who?" demanded Emily, with a sudden giddy feeling.

"I went down to the river today with a woman I met here. She is a patient of a Doctor Morrison and introduced me to him," began her aunt.

"Oh, Doctor Morrison, yes, I have met him—a pleasant man," said Emily with a feeling of immense relief.

"I do not mean Doctor Morrison," shrilled Mrs. Auspice. "I saw you rowing on the river, pointed you out as my niece, and the doctor said he knew you, that the man you were with was your fiance, a patient of his! Oh, Emily!" And Mrs. Auspice, round-eyed, waited for explanations, which, when they came, were truthful, but did not include news of the broken engagement.

The next afternoon, Roger, feeling the need of solitude, had himself driven across the river, and up onto one of the flanks of Mount Royal. There he dismissed man and team, feeling himself strong enough for the walk back to the hospital later in the day.

Walking to the edge of the sparse timber he found himself at the top of a little cliff, before him a spreading view of the town and valley and surrounding mountains. There he stretched himself at length on the warm pine needles, tilted his hat over his face regardless of the incomparable scenery, and gave himself up to moody imaginings.

There Emily found him—Emily, who had herself felt the need of solitude after listening for many hours to her aunt's sentimental comments on her romance.

"What a lucky chance, Mr. Fenn." The words, in Emily's voice, brought the bewildered Roger quickly to his feet, to find the girl sitting not ten feet away, her back to a slender young birch.

She looked up at him, laughing frankly, as he came to her, and seated himself nearby on a fallen tree-trunk. This was a different young woman from that of yesterday—a young woman quite mistress of herself and of the situation. Roger was just beginning to feel at ease when she said abruptly:

"Mr. Fenn, we shall have to stay engaged for a time longer; I ask it as a favor."

"What——," he began.

"Let me explain," she hurriedly interrupted him. "You see, Doctor Morrison gave us away. He saw my aunt yesterday, so last night I had to make explanations. Aunt Martha is a bit old-fashioned, hemmed in by conventions"—here a malicious twinkle came into her eyes—"and was immeasurably shocked at my doing the things I have done—things, according to her standard, well—not nice." The embarrassed flush on Roger's face and neck delighted the girl. Evidently he remembered the letters in the little red book. "I had a hard time trying to reconcile her to my conduct," she continued, "and Aunt Martha, who is a bit sentimental, was placated only by my promising to bring you to her for inspection. My explanations were a bit difficult, and I have not yet dared to horrify her by telling her that we are not really engaged.

"You must meet her, and then leave Banff soon, and later I can tell her you have jilted me. That is the only way, you see, for yesterday I pretended to her that I was deeply in love with you, the only way to justify my conduct in her eyes."

Roger met her cool, steady gaze and faltered. "A—yes,—I guess that is the only way," he said, lamely.

"He does not care for me at all," Emily assured herself. Then, aloud, she added, "I can imagine it beautifully. You see, she will simply smother me with sympathy, and it will not be so very difficult for me to pretend to be heart-broken."

Did her glance waver; did her voice break ever so little on the last words? She never knew, but suddenly Roger was by



her side, holding both her hands in his, and asking in a voice that shook with eagerness:

"Emily, Emily—will it be all pretending?"

"I came here to pretend I loved you—just to help you to get well," she said slowly, shyly, "and now I cannot change—the deceit has become second nature with me."

\* \* \* \*

It was sunset before they began the walk back to town. "Roger," Emily began,

"why don't you give up your law practice. We together are more than rich enough."

"But what should I do, what profession should I follow," he asked.

"I have thought," she ventured shyly, "those letters to me, you know, Roger. Couldn't you be an author—a novelist, or something? I know those came from your heart, but you can really write, Roger. Why not try it?"

Roger sobered suddenly. "I think, dear," he said tenderly, "I'll stick to the law. I tried fiction once, and it was not a success—as fiction."

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## The Sisters

I like me not your timid Eastern Spring,  
That shy, gray maid of tender, tearful mien  
Who half holds back the flowers she strives to bring  
And seems afraid to cloak the world in green.

Her faltering footsteps that awake the grass  
Retreat too often as she feels her way  
While Winter steps aside to let her pass  
But sews his ermine on her cloak of May.

Give me my Western Spring, a boisterous maid  
Who flings the poppies broadcast in her train  
And laughs at feeble Winter, unafraid,  
Her bright smile warming his last tearful rain.

Up from the south with wind-flung hair she flies,  
The brown earth greening 'neath her dancing feet,  
Tears the gray web of Winter from the skies  
And madly sings him into swift retreat.

—THOMAS G. SPRINGER, in the *Sunset Magazine*.

# Bowen Island

By H. E. Ward-Elliott

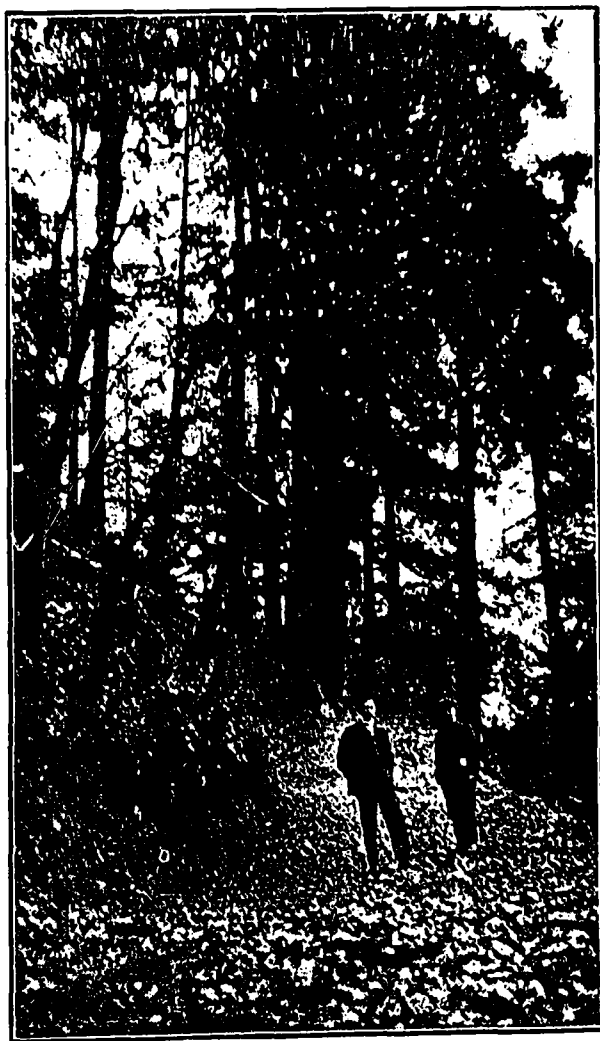
THE very name of Bowen Island suggests, to the people that know it, the breath of summer, the out-door camp life, with all its accompaniments of bathing, boating and fishing. How many people who have spent a summer there have attempted to realize the future of this beautiful island, so advantageously situated close to the city of Vancouver? For its future is written large, and is of the brightest.

How could it be otherwise, when we consider its location? Situated as it is only twelve miles from Vancouver, in the mouth of Howe Sound, and facing on to the Gulf of Georgia, it is ideally placed for a summer resort, and is bound to play an important part in the development of the city of Vancouver. It is a fact that Bowen Island has been overlooked by the great majority of the people of Vancouver, who have been kept so busy these last few years with their task of city building, but this condition cannot last much longer. One day there will come the awakening and Bowen Island will come into its own.

Already there are signs of the changes that are bound to come. A few of the more far-sighted among us have secured some of the old farms, and are converting them into beautiful country homes and summer resorts. Others, again, who are endowed with prophetic vision, are buying up the best pieces of waterfrontage, with a view to making summer homes and resorts. Bowen Island is not extensive, being only about six or seven miles wide by ten to eleven miles in length. An important fact is that there is only a very small portion of this area that will be suitable for summer homes, and it is to this particular section that we must look for the more important developments. The whole of the west side of the island faces on to the Gulf of Georgia, and is exposed to all the fury of the winter storms, for there is very little shelter on this side of the Island. Traveling around to the north side we run into a more sheltered spot, for the mainland

shuts the gulf off, and just a mile or two to the north, in Howe Sound, lie Gambier and Anvil Islands.

As we travel along we pass innumerable old logging camps, with their old shanties still standing and their old log roads driven deep into what is now really a second growth of timber. It is here we begin to find more life and settlement, as there are a number of beautiful bays and small farms scattered along the sea shore. But it is not until we pass Hood Point at the extreme north end of Bowen Island and turn down the east side of the island that we begin to realize that here is the spot that will feel the full effect of the island's growing popu-



NEW ROAD MADE AT ENGLE CLIFF, BOWEN ISLAND



LOOKING UP HOWE SOUND FROM BOWEN ISLAND

larity. Just after passing Hood Point we are faced with Mr. W. J. Keith's beautiful summer resort, and here one can begin to realize what can be done in the nature of improvements, and their beautiful effect when carried out on a comprehensive scale. We note how admirably situated is this part for summer residences, of which there are already quite a number, and we note with interest that already one company has started the development on a comprehensive scale of a number of very pretty bungalows and the construction of miles of roads and lanes.

Passing further down, we come to the

entrance to Deep Cove, in which lays Snug Cove, which for years past has been a harbor of refuge from storms for tugs with their valuable tows of log booms. It is here that the government has a wharf and post office; here also is a general store, which has been a point of supply for years past for the residents of Bowen Island. Here also are the summer resort and pleasure grounds of the Terminal Steamship Co., who operate three steamers daily between Bowen Island and Vancouver, and it is here that innumerable picnic parties come in the summer time. To the south of Deep Cove very little development has taken place except at the extreme south end of the island, where Mr. Cowan has an extensive home of some two hundred acres and has carried forward some very valuable improvements. This section, for lack of transportation facilities, has been held back.

It is a conservative statement that at least \$50,000 will be expended by various companies in improvements on Bowen Island this summer. At the present time it sadly lacks good roads. Owing to this it is possible only for large concerns with plenty of financial resources to take hold of property there and construct roads and waterworks and offer the same to the public at anything like reasonable prices. Great credit is due to them for their enterprise in this direction.

It is expected that Bowen Island will become an incorporated municipality and then one can look forward to rapid development. The day is not far off when there will be constructed a marine drive all around the island, and it will be one of the finest scenic routes on the Pacific coast and will do more to make Bowen Island famous than any other undertaking. Already there is one automobile there and in the next few years there will be a hundred others.

All of which goes to show that Bowen Island is coming into its own.

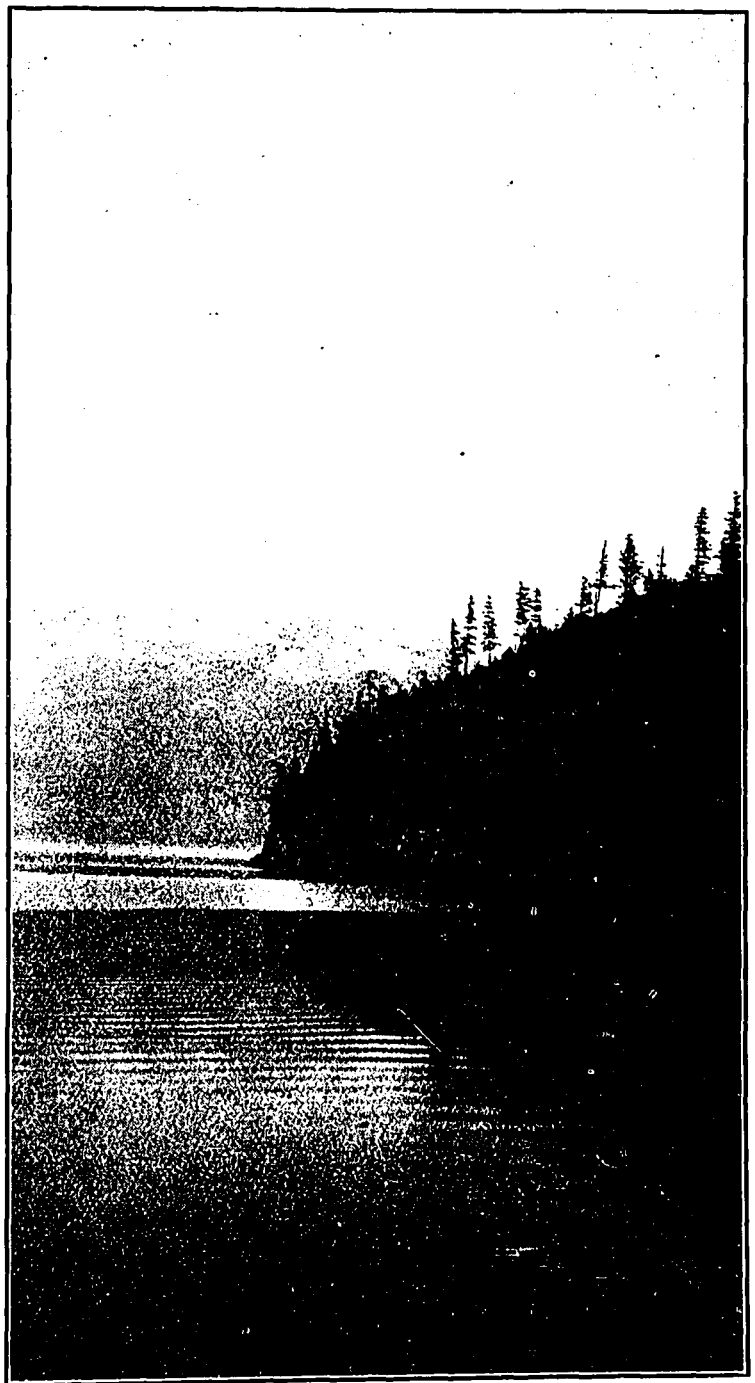
Geographically Bowen Island is, at its nearest point, within ten miles of the west-

ern limits of the city of Vancouver, and can easily be seen by anyone looking seaward from Stanley Park, though its identity as an island would not be apparent from that point, seeming, as it does, to carry on the line of coast from Point Atkinson on the northern shore. It is therefore within easy reach of Vancouver. To many people the idea of life on an island brings with it the atmosphere of romance, of adventure and mystery. This may be mere sentiment, but its existence as part of the psychological being of many of us cannot be disputed. If there be those in Vancouver who desire to cultivate the frame of mind appropriate to such surroundings, Bowen Island offers itself as the nearest and probably the most accessible island habitation for anyone who is called frequently to the city by business.

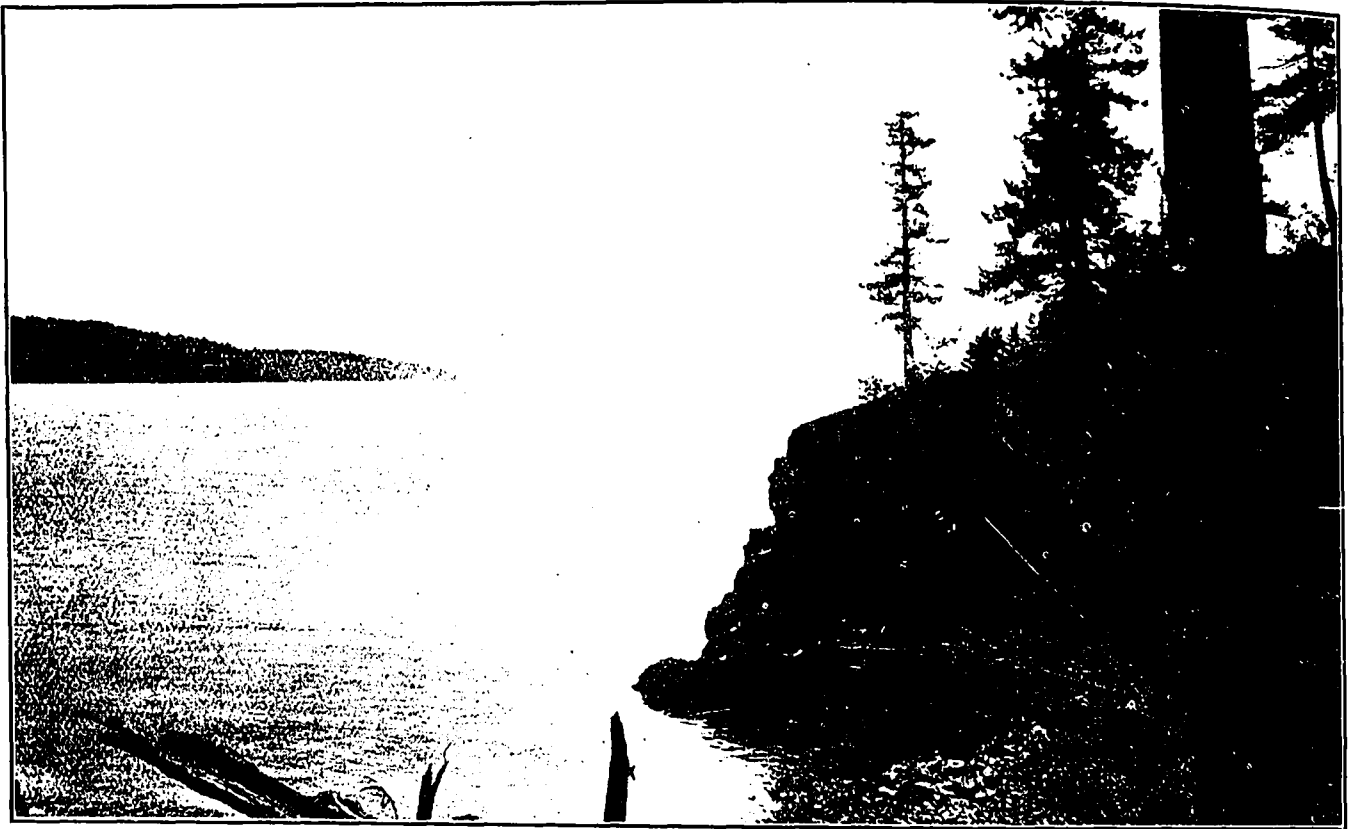
To one possessing the true island spirit Bowen Island may well appeal as almost an ideal spot. In any part almost it has a width of several miles, so that no resident need feel that existence is cramped; indeed, it is large enough to have not only its bays and coves and peninsulas, but also its mountains, its small rivers, and even its tiny lakes. So that it would require not much imagination to picture it as Robinson Crusoe's fabled isle of the Atlantic, or as the scene of the adventures of Stevenson's boy hero of *Treasure Island*. In such a picture, however, there would have to be one important difference. The isles that come into being at the call of the genius of Stevenson and Defoe were remote, away out in the ocean, whereas Bowen Island has for near neighbors the glorious mountain ranges of the mainland, with the crevices in their deep indented sides appearing as shining streaks, and their snowy crests uplifted towards the Eternal. Nearer neighbors are the other islands of the bay—for Howe Sound is a veritable archipelago, with Gambier Island to the north, more remote, though large enough to dispute with Bowen Island the sovereignty of these waters; with Bowyer Island to the northeast, Keats Island, Hutt Island, Ragged

Island, White Island and Worlcombe Island, all within a few miles of each other to the west. In the lovely channels between these isles there is room for an almost endless series of voyages of discovery for anyone fortunate enough to possess a motorboat.

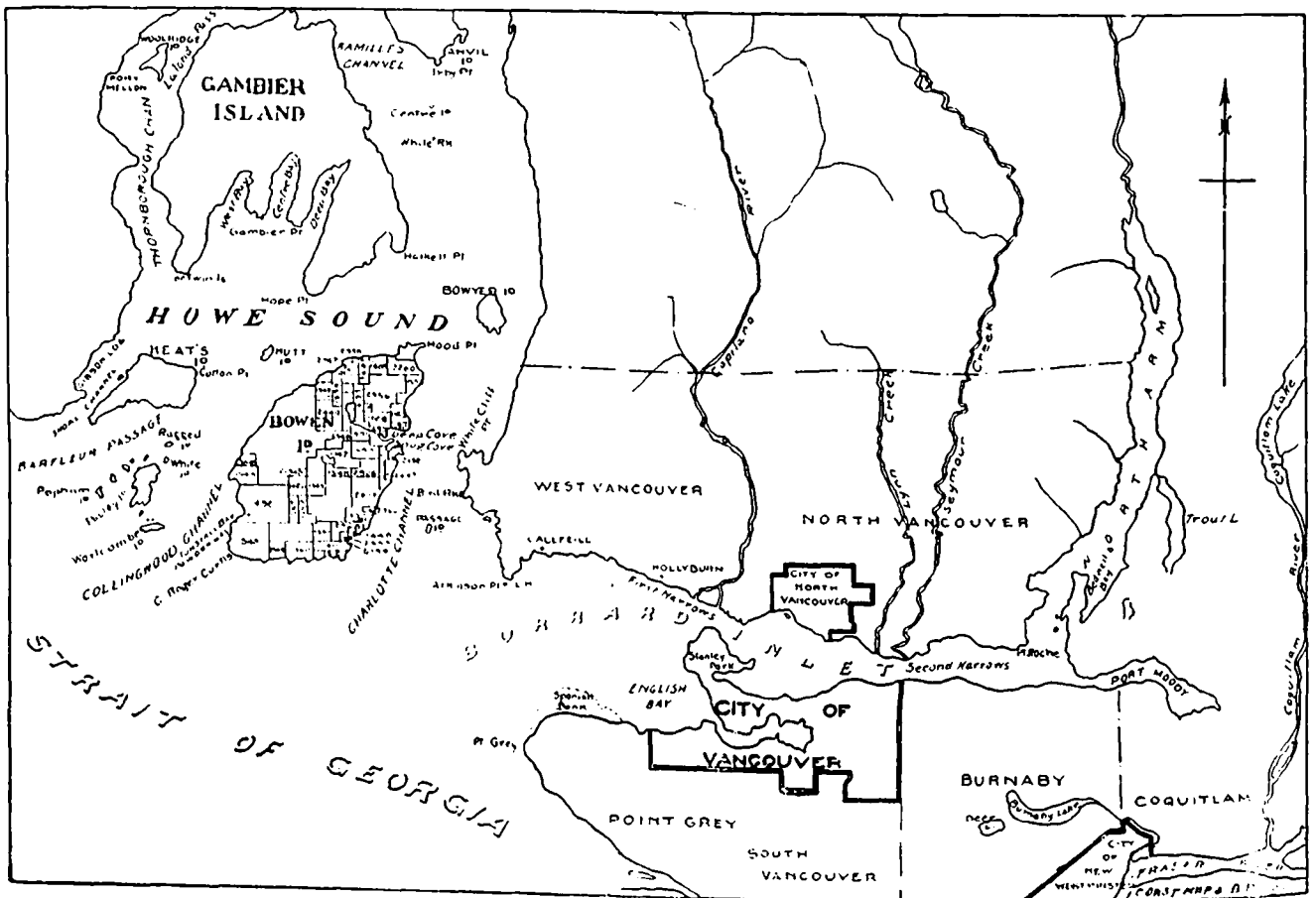
To the south the view is more open—the wide, blue waters of the Straits of Georgia, already a great highway of commerce, and destined to be a greater before many years are out. And to the south-east, on the mainland, may be seen a line of cliffs towards which the eyes of the youth of Bowen Island will often be turned in the future. This is Point Grey, where before



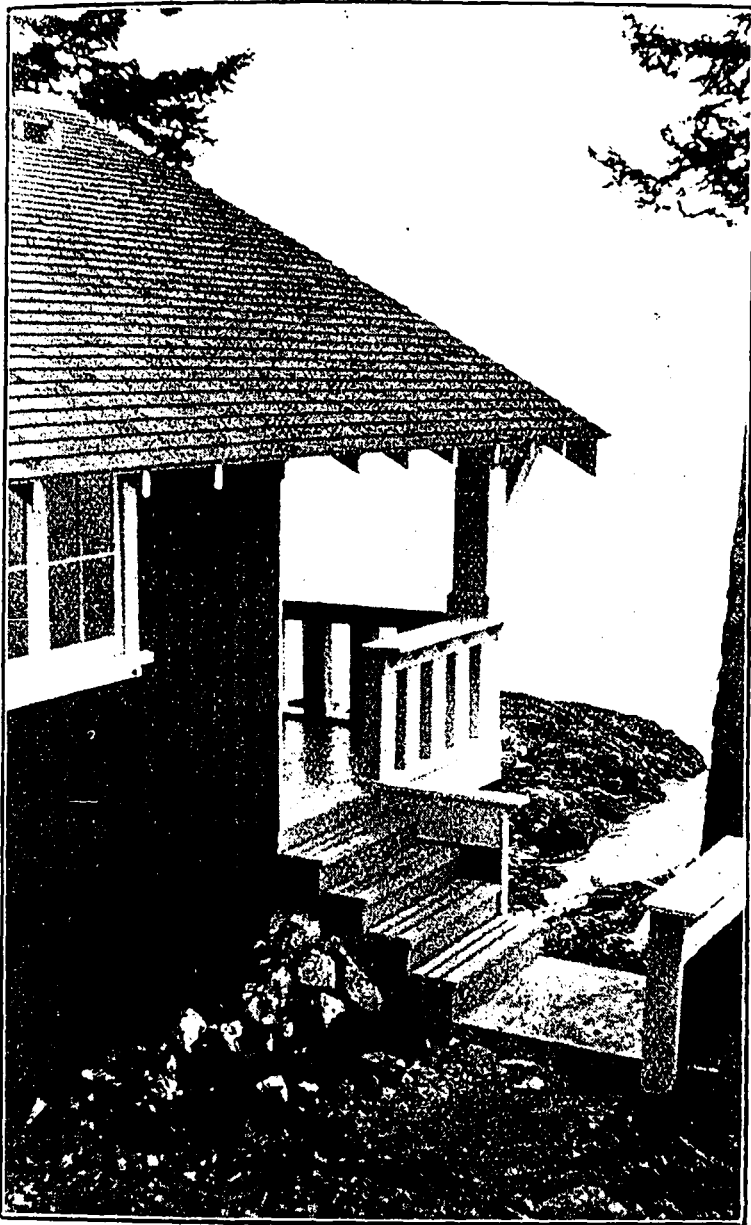
ENTRANCE TO DEEP COVE



A CHARMING SHORE VIEW



MAP SHOWING CONTIGUITY OF BOWEN ISLAND TO VANCOUVER



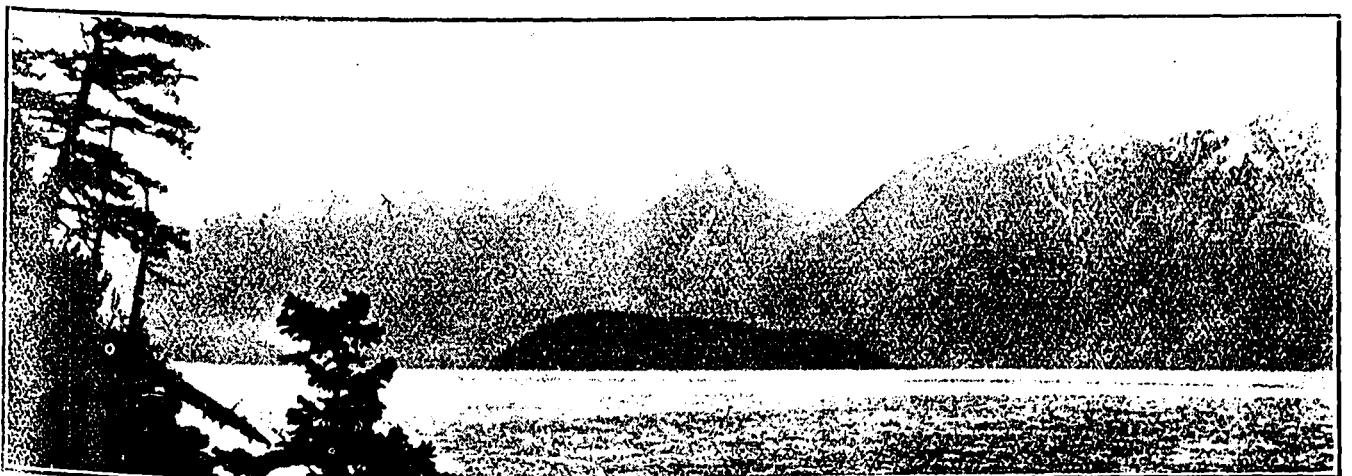
BUNGALOW ON WATERFRONT, BOWEN ISLAND

viewpoint on the island is the little Crown Mountain, standing a mile or so from the western shore. From here, on a fine day, the verdant islets of the Sound appear like so many emeralds in a setting of shining sapphire. Their background is the silent forest of the peninsula, with its secrets of a thousand years, and the mountains again. You look once more to the south for a more animated scene. The "Princesses" which are seen threading their way through the land-locked waters of the British Columbian coast seem to be princesses indeed, radiant in their beauty and moving, as it were, with a consciousness that their names—Victoria, Adelaide, Mary, Patricia and others—are those of royal ladies who have won the affection of the British people the world over. The Empresses, as befits their title, are more stately and majestic as they go on their mission of linking the oldest parts of the world to the newest—the mysterious east and the mysterious west.

It is at some such delectable spot as this, gazing upon the movement of the world forces, that one may best indulge the propensity for dreaming dreams and seeing visions. Bowen Island is very near to the busy, modern world, and yet not of it, and to the busy city worker it presents a pleasant retreat where he may find rest and refreshing.

long will begin to rise the towers of a building full of promise—the University of British Columbia.

A fine vantage-ground which serves as a



A MOUNTAIN VIEW FROM THE ISLAND

# New Westminster—Pacific Harbor and Port

By C. H. Stuart-Wade

THE continuance of prosperity in the lower mainland of British Columbia is a matter of far more than local or even provincial interest, for the greater the development of natural resources that exist on the Pacific coast, so much greater will be the commercial and financial credit of the entire Dominion of Canada.

The seaports of the Atlantic made eastern commercialism what it is today in the first place; railway facilities extended it into the interior of Manitoba at a later period, and increasing transcontinental lines must mean that trade openings in the West will be enlarged and opportunities made for progress in many directions as these ramify from point to point over this vast Dominion.

The object of cutting the Panama Canal was to open up a better means of access to the American ports of the Pacific coast, and to provide a cheaper means of transportation than that possible overland. Today every coast city is hard at work in the United States preparing, as far as its conditions enable it, for the advent of the trade that is confidently expected to flow through the waterway which has become recognized as one of the greatest works of engineering skill.

New Westminster alone of Canadian Pacific ports has looked ahead far enough to realize the great possibilities—nay, the certainties—which will follow its opening, and this city of 20,000 residents has gone into the subject of helping Canadian expansion in a truly national spirit, for the citizens have voted \$500,000 for immediate work in improving the city wharfage facilities with a view to future requirements.

Beyond this, however, is a great scheme which is not merely a matter of consideration but which, at an expense of many thousands of dollars, has been investigated

in its every detail, and found not merely feasible, but absolutely one of the least expensive projects ever devised; for, if we investigate the harbors of the world, they have been, almost without exception, costly undertakings; not only at their inception but for all time, by reason of expensive up-keep as a result of natural obstacles or recurrent conditions affecting their permanent value as such without constant attention or repair.

The harbor of New Westminster is unique in many ways; it lends itself to the work of commercial development by reason of its geographical situation, the contour of its land, the lack of dangerous rocks in the channel, the gradeless approaches for railway operations, the open channel throughout the entire year, and other points which



LANDING FISH AT NEW WESTMINSTER



GRAIN EXHIBIT, BOARD OF TRADE ROOM, NEW WESTMINSTER

space does not permit of being mentioned in detail.

Nearly every country in the world has its up-river ports of importance, but it is found that about three-fourths of the principal shipping points are situated far up from the ocean. Notable instances are:

#### Ports

England... London, Liverpool, Hull, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
 Scotland... Leith, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen.  
 Ireland... Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Sligo.  
 Wales... Cardiff, Swansea.  
 Canada... Montreal, Quebec.  
 America... New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland.  
 Australia... Melbourne.  
 Russia... St. Petersburg, Nicolaieff, Riga, Kherson.  
 France... Paris, Rouen, Bordeaux.  
 Germany... Hamburg, Bremen.  
 Holland... Rotterdam.  
 Belgium... Antwerp.  
 Spain... Bilbao.  
 Portugal... Lisbon.  
 Argentina... Buenos Ayres.  
 India... Calcutta.  
 China... Shanghai.

Many others might be mentioned, but all the above are well-known centres of shipment, yet few of them possess the economic advantages of New Westminster, for many are scores or hundreds of miles up stream from the ocean. New West-

minster is only about fifteen or sixteen miles from the Gulf of Georgia.

The Fraser River, rising in the northern interior of British Columbia, after some seven hundred miles of rapid flow divides into two arms at the city of New Westminster, that on the north being narrow, but navigable for small craft. The land between is known as Lulu Island, sixteen miles long and averaging five miles wide. The channel between this island and Annacis Island on the main channel (or south arm) is the point selected by the expert marine engineer, Mr. A. O. Powell, C.E., as being peculiarly suitable for a great waterway with the dockage and warehouse accommodation requisite for the largest class of ocean vessels.

This means that, as Lulu Island is already partly included in the city of New Westminster—to which it is connected by a bridge with electric tramway to the factories thereon—it will become the centre of Pacific trade at a later period, as it is already becoming a centre of manufacturing.

The harbor plans, already prepared, are approved by both the Provincial and Dominion Governments and only require the royal sanction for appointment of a





FISHING BOATS ON THE FRASER

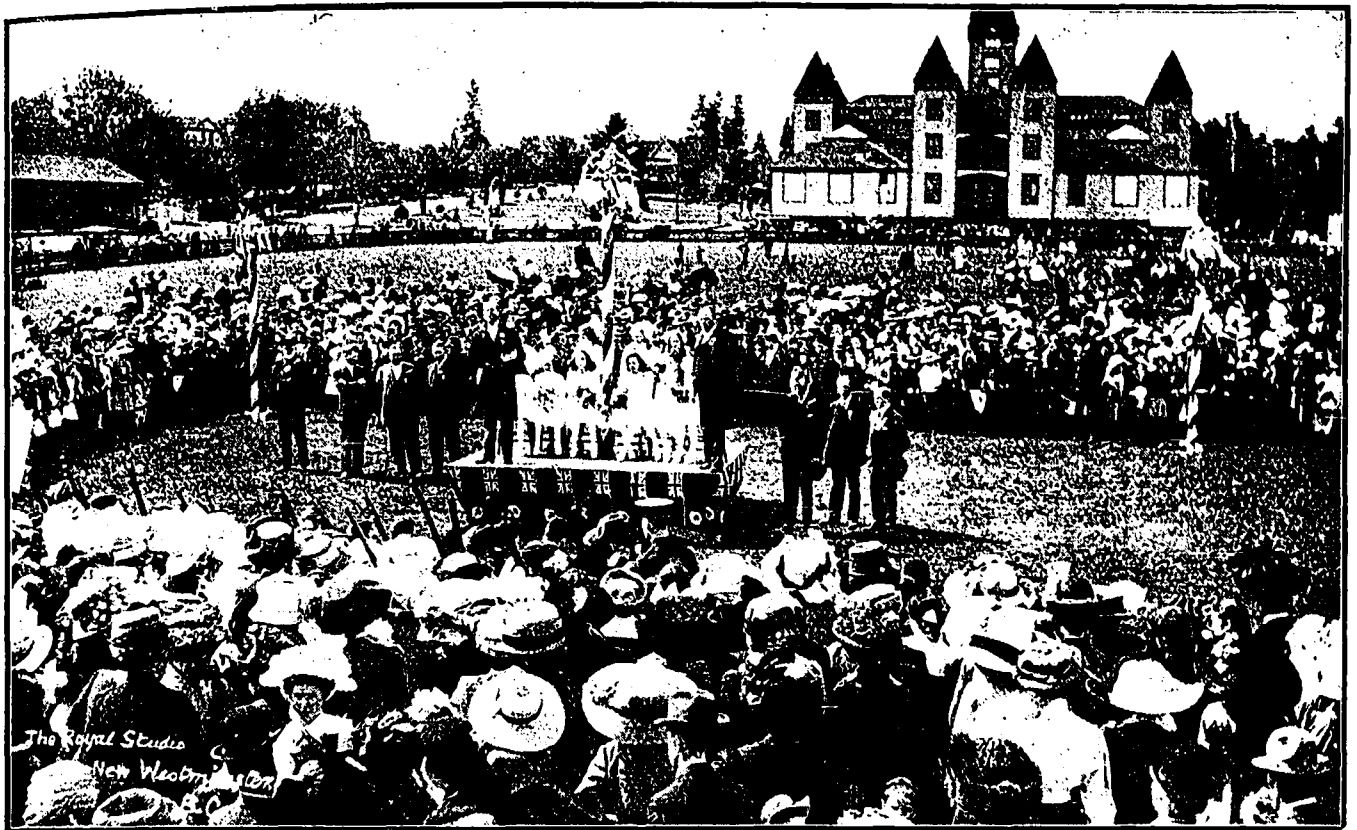
harbor commission. They provide for a continuous causeway several hundred feet wide, linking the city up with not only Lulu Island but also with Annacis Island, which will thus become one of the most important points on the Fraser River. The island is a large level tract of land with deep water on the main channel of the Fraser and extending westward to a point now known as Annacis slough. This, by the construction of the eastern causeway,

will become a slack waterway where it is proposed to build some fifteen or more docks (or landing stages) suitable for the requirements of the largest commercial marine and with all necessary accommodation for loading or unloading, storage, and local or transcontinental transshipment by railways.

There will be no interference with the main channel from the Gulf to New Westminster, or higher up stream still, to the



THREE PUBLIC BUILDINGS—FREE LIBRARY, COURT HOUSE AND POST OFFICE



MAY DAY AT QUEEN'S PARK, NEW WESTMINSTER

largest lumber mill in the world (commonly called the Fraser Mills); to Port Mann, the site of the terminal yards and works of the Canadian Northern trans-continental; or, still further, to the Pitt River and Canadian Pacific yards at Port Coquitlam.

The object of this harbor scheme is to make, at a cost of probably only some \$6,000,000, one of the best of harbor frontages in the world out of a natural and existent shallow passage between two islands which are peculiarly adapted for industries, manufacturers, storage, ware-



COLUMBIA STREET, SHOWING COURT HOUSE



COUNTRY SURROUNDING NEW WESTMINSTER—A PICNIC PARTY

houses, elevators, and everything necessary to make up a city self-contained in all that goes to make prosperity for its population; and to provide the residents of the entire western part of Canada with the opportunity of supporting home products, and thereby encouraging the mechanic and skilled operator to locate in our midst, spend his money on Canadian soil, amongst the men of commerce who have so far developed that great progress which has of recent years been so marked.

A million of money is being spent by the Dominion Government in Fraser River improvements at the present time, and it is the duty of every British Columbian to study this subject from a broad, national and provincial view. Let us put away all picayune jealousy and be loyal to the best

interests of Western Canada as a whole, rather than to foster a spirit of opposition merely because the proposed scheme is not within the particular boundary we may personally desire, or for some other petty or personal motive.

To briefly sum up: Western Canada MUST be prepared to meet the requirements of the Panama Canal when operating, or lose the trade, as was done when the gold rush to the Klondyke started. Every American Pacific city is working hard for that trade. Westminster seeks to adapt local NATURAL conditions and place them in competition: not alone for its own benefit, but for that of Vancouver and every city in British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan.



ROYAL COLUMBIAN HOSPITAL

# Winter in a Prairie "Dug-out"

By James Lambie

## COGITATING AND CONSTRUCTING

*"Where'er he roam, the wise man is at home;  
His hearth the earth, his hall the azure dome."*

THE first week of November had almost come to an end, and still there was only a tattered film of canvas between me and "the blue and starry sky." And on each successive night, of late, it had seemed that the hue and glitter of the heavens, with the keenness of the air, were becoming more and more intense. The arduous labors of the day and the discomforts of a tent were not conducive to the studious reading which under ordinary circumstances had always been my evening occupation; so I had to seek the warmth of the blankets much earlier than had been my custom during the Fall. But this privation, I am now inclined to think, had some little recompense. For then, sometimes even with my nose under cover, I wandered, and was lost in the infinitude of space; watching, through the rents overhead, the ever-changing face of heaven, the piling, scurrying clouds, the senescent moon, the innumerable twinkling stars, and the enumerated constellations. Had I sat up studying a Copernican chart or the works of some later astronomer, I should have been chilled to the bone and perhaps, for my pains, have augmented my knowledge by a name.

At times a reverie, or again what Stevenson calls "the frontier line of sleeping and waking," would be encroached upon by the sudden and approximate ululation of a coyote, which now sounded more piercing and prolonged than formerly, and caused me to feel the illimitable prairie a somewhat eerie place. So much so that when, on the night of the sixth November, a quavering howl was borne to my ear on a breeze which had an intermittent, ominous sough, a creepy feeling coursed along my spine and made me shiver involuntarily. I was a stranger in this "great, lone land,"

and was filled with an indefinable foreboding!

For some time past I had noticed that during certain of the warmed hours of the day the badger merely lolled or waddled leisurely around the fresh earth he had excavated. Along the south slope of a knoll, seeming always to avoid the shade, the skunk shuffled or jogged according as the spirit moved him. Nearby, an occasional gopher eyed me from his vantage-ground, then, without displaying any of his midsummer interest in my doings, he "chee-chee"-d, whisked his tail, and disappeared.

Not a duck was to be seen now on either of the two sloughs which came within range of my vision as I labored, although, on the middle of the larger one, in a strait as yet unfrozen, a few musk-rats were swimming hither and thither as if the Fates were in pursuit. For fully a month they had been putting the finishing touches—which are certainly more utilitarian than artistic—to their reed-domes, and still they were hurrying with mouthfuls of slimy plaster.

My diary reminded me that almost four weeks ago I had seen the last flock of sand-hill cranes making southward in altivolant flight. It was more than a month since the geese had started their autumnal migration, but even now an odd six or seven would go honking past, not so hurriedly but that they still retained their usual wedge-shaped formation. (I expect the first flock will be preening their pinions in the tepid bayous of the south ere the last "great goose" reluctantly quits the freezing swamps of Athabasca.) That thought imbued me with a momentary regret that I had not the instinct nor the capability of the goose for migrating.

But of all the signs which indicated the approach of winter, none were so positive as those displayed by the "jack rabbit" and the great snowy owl. They were adorned with vestments to harmonize with an

immediately prospective environment. Accordingly, as I understood, to a certain extent, all those instinctive prognostications, I felt it would be foolish to connive at them.

My worthy associates in this pioneering venture—the horses, cattle and fowls—having been already snugly stabled in a sod building and sheltered in a house built of small poplar logs, it behooved me, now that necessity had importuned the opportunity, to make some shift for myself. With that object in view I had previously hauled three loads of logs from the woods, fifteen miles away. Some of those logs I had partially trimmed in preparation for erecting a “shack” or cabin, from which I had been deterred, however, by the urgency of other work, and was now precluded from commencing, I felt, by the nearness of the winter. For the building, plastering, and putting into a habitable condition generally, of a log cabin, is a slow, tiresome job for a man to undertake single-handed.

In constructing a dwelling, therefore, which would mitigate the severity of a Saskatchewan winter, I understood there were quite a number of things I would require to take into consideration. For instance, as I have already hinted, the season was now late, and time would probably mean more to me than money—which is to say it would mean much. My depleted purse, having undergone the venesection of sundry unscrupulous tradespeople, must now be handled a little more carefully. And—a most philosophical consideration!—as to my outlook upon life, especially the domestic part of it, had some small repute among friends in the Old Land for its limitations, here was a rare chance to compress, with profit and without ostentation, one of my vaunted ideas into a substantial reality. So, as there were still two styles of architecture humbler than the log-cabin, namely, the “sod shack,” and the “dug-out,” I decided at last, after deliberating on all my circumstances, to take a hint from the badger—be pertinacious in humility, and excavate me a hibernaculum.

I had often heard the expression “dug-out” applied in reference to a canoe which had been hewn out of a single log, and also to the rude underground shelter of the pioneer; but as I had not then seen either of them, I am inclined to take unto

myself some credit for the originality of my winter habitat. So, without any plan and without requiring to obtain the sanction of any local authority, I set about cutting the sod eight feet wide by fourteen feet long—the length of the cut running north and south. For this purpose I had to use an axe at first—not being the owner of a pick—as the frost had already penetrated so far that a spade would make no tolerable impression. On the turf being removed, however, I made good progress; so much so, that in a day and a half I completed the excavation to the required depth of four and a half feet, although, I must confess, my day was somewhat lengthened by the aid of a lantern. This represents the moving of almost nineteen cubic yards of earth, and is sufficient, I am sure, to tax the energy of most men to surpass in the same period of time. Those might equal it who have been accustomed to manipulate the iron spade of industry, but those, never, who for long have dallied with the silver spoon of indolence. (In these days of specialization each one has a little record of his own to crow about, and this spade-work is mine—and my only one.)

At the north end, and about two feet into the earth at the bottom of the excavation, I inserted a stout pole, ten feet long, and at the south end two similar poles, three feet apart. These I joined at the top with a cross-piece from which, to the north “upright,” I ran a stringer and spiked it securely at both ends. To the stringer, which was about three and a half feet above the surface of the sod, I nailed the roof-poles, and as these extended more than a foot beyond the edge of the wall, a ledge was formed which afterwards served as a shelf. Across the roof-poles I laid, in a rudely thatched manner, a quantity of coarse, marsh hay, and on top of the thatch a layer of sods which had been left over from the building of my stable. The sods, however, were now frozen hard and were unpliant, and did not fit into each other as closely as they would otherwise have done. But with some debris of a calcareous nature from around the well I made a crude kind of plaster, which filled the seams nicely and made the roof practically airtight. (Warmth is the first thought of the prairie pioneer, and at the

sound of the voice of Boreas, hygeia is forced to flee.)

With the material obtained from some old chicken-crates a door was constructed, into which I fixed a one-paned, eighty-cent window, and fitted the unique but serviceable combination between the "uprights" at the south end. This considerably minimized the number of chinks, and secured for my little snuggerly the maximum of wintry sunlight. My door-knob was an empty thread-bobbin with a nail driven through it. I made the mistake at first of hanging the door so that it would swing outwards, but I soon saw how essential it was to have it open inwards when, one morning shortly after I had moved into my residence, I found that the snow had drifted in against the door, almost to the height of the window, and I had some difficulty in getting out.

Along each side of the floor, which was, you may remember, *sub terra firma*, I nailed a few laths, between which I laid two or three armfuls of lowland hay that was still redolent of wild mint. Over the hay some old, but clean, sacking was stretched and tacked to the laths. This made a comfortable Brussels carpet for me, although the color and pattern were somewhat drab and inartistic. I then put some coarse, white building-paper along the walls and under the roof-poles, not for the purpose of adornment, but merely to prevent the dust and turf from falling on the carpet. And thus my burrow assumed a comparatively cheerful aspect.

My books, which were chiefly poetical and philosophical works that had lain in a coffin-shaped box for the better part of the summer with serene and stoical attitudes becoming to their characters, I now transferred to a home-made bookcase. This also was constructed from boards which had formerly been comrades with those of my door in obstructing the waywardness of some small-brained fowls. For a temporary thing it was admirable. But to what incongruous uses things, as well as men, are sometimes put! The spars of a chicken-crate, for instance, acting as custodian to the Swan of Avon.

The place of honor in the bookcase, which I considered to be the centre, was given to the works of Shakespeare, because of their equally intrinsic and extrinsic

value. All the satellites, and stars of lesser magnitude, circled around. I next moved the household truck from my now-all-too-airy pavilion—stove, bed, table, which was a large box o'er-topped with white oilcloth, and chair that was still smelling sweetly of apples, having formerly been a barrel in the orchard district of Niagara. By the simple process of cutting out less than one-half of the upper end and nailing a board seat in the gap, the barrel became an old grandfather's chair; not quite so comfortable, perhaps, and somewhat rickety.

On the night of the fifteenth November, two nights after the first fall of snow which became a hap to the earth for the next five months, I slept for the first time in my new quarters. I felt I had attained, at last, the ambition of the average young man and had fulfilled one, at least, of the four conditions which Sterne claimed went to the proving of one's manhood—I had built and became the owner of a house.

## II

### A DAY'S WORK

*"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!"*

For a while I exulted over the success of my achievements, for I had not only constructed an excellent and fairly comfortable winter shelter which had cost me, in a direct manner, merely the price of a window, a pair of hinges and a roll of building-paper—a trifle under two dollars—but also, by making my practise consistent with my precepts, had put myself in a fair way towards retaining the good opinion of some far-off friends, and of myself. Moreover, one of the bewildering dreams of my callow days, which had exasperated me the more I dreamt, had, at length, been partially realized. I had now in one direction at least, by a judicious and appropriate system of cancelling, reduced living to its lowest terms.

In youth the reading of Thoreau's "Walden" had marked an epoch in the trend of my thoughts. His wild, free life in the Concord woods had enthralled me. Four times during one summer, all in the open air, I had read his best book. I had, and still have, a high appreciation of the lucidly sane opinions he has expressed. Indeed, outside of my own family I have met none with as clear an understanding

and as warm an approval of his aim and ideal. This fact, possibly, may be attributed to temperament produced by our geneo-logical strain, which is of a nature similar to his. And there is no doubt that a similarity of temperament is the surest incentive to a mutual understanding and appreciation.

So now, in my less impetuous but more conventional and utilitarian days, I was fain to believe that the Sage of Walden would have commended my little experiment, even as he approved of one man's attempt to live on grain which had never been to the miller's. I imagined that, in his own words, I was now "cutting a broad swathe and shaving close." But I soon discovered that some of my neighbors were shaving quite as close, and without any choice in the matter. For within a radius of four miles I found two "shanties" built entirely of sods, and one which was half "dugout" and half sod dwelling—a regular architectural hybrid. And within all three lived married people with families. I felt grateful, indeed, that no one was bound to join me in my experiment.

Attending to the wants of my three horses, two cows, twenty-odd fowls, and myself, was the daily routine, although almost every day brought some special duties which must be performed. But there were times when the common task was more than enough. Those were the days when the wind found out every little chink and cranny, and blew the snow through them, and swirled it with a hiss and a sting around every conceivable corner. Frequently I had to forego the cleaning of the stable for a day owing to the wildness of the storm. Then it was merely a case of feeding and watering the animals, and shaking up the bedding a little. I have seen a storm so bad that at mid-day the hand held out at arm's length could hardly be discerned because of the flying snow. I had, therefore, to take the precaution of always having a shovel in my "dug-out" at night, as the snow often banked up high against the door and I had to dig myself out in the morning.

Then there was hay to haul from the low-land where I had cut and stacked it in the late summer, immediately after I arrived upon the homestead. Wood had also to be cut and a sufficient stock kept

ready against the coming of a prolonged storm. So, likewise, I had to make an occasional trip to the "bush" for firewood, and to town for the purpose of replenishing the larder. The excursions to the bush, especially, I very often enjoyed, always taking the precaution to be ready for starting at sunrise; as I had learned from one or two "old-timers," and soon noted the truth of their assertion myself, that it is almost possible at that time to determine the weather prospects for the day. It is nearly a rule that if there is going to be any change in the weather, it will occur either at "sun-up" or "sun-down." So, if the dawn did not promise well, if it were excessively cold, or a strong breeze ruffled the surface of the powdery snow, unless my need were the more urgent I unharnessed the horses and busied myself variously for that day at home. But getting up to the "whirr" of a cheap alarm clock about five on a dark, bitterly cold morning and finding, on going out for the purpose of giving the cattle the extra attention the occasion demanded, that it was too stormy to allow of the trip being made, was a direful experience. In disgust, I generally tumbled back into bed and slept until daybreak.

To the woods was a distance of fifteen miles, and when sleighing was good and the weather fine it was quite exhilarating to go skidding along, in the grey of the morning, behind two sprightly horses; even though, at times, one did get a hoofful of snow pelted into the upturned collar of his coat. Tied to the hindmost "bobs" of the sleigh I always carried two large sacks of hay and one with sufficient oats to make a feed for the horses, and over the sacks the horse-blankets were folded. On top of all I squatted, in a fur coat which reached below the knees, a heavy cloth cap with a fur-lined flap which extended behind from one side of the peak to the other, covering the ears and the back of the head entirely; with overalls—often two pairs, I must admit—the legs of which were shoved into coarse stockings that came to the knee; moccasins of buckskin on the feet and one pair of woollen mitts under another of buckskin, or soft leather, on the hands. In less rigorous weather I preferred to leave the fur coat at home—in fact, I never did like it, it felt so cumbersome—and in its stead donned a short, wool-lined, canvas

coat. So, as far as I was concerned, the bear might have been allowed to wear his own skin. Towards the end of the winter, when the snow froze and thawed alternately, I wore low rubber boots instead of moccasins. All my underwear was of heavy wool, having come with me as "not wanted" baggage from Bonnie Scotland.

I frequently carried a shotgun with me on the sleigh, in the hope of procuring a "prairie chicken," as they were fairly plentiful on the poplar bluffs. And one did yearn sometimes for a taste of something fresh—when the almost perpetual fare of "rusty" bacon became a trifle nauseating. If fortunate enough to find a bluff where dry wood could be got handily, I would, after my load was on, prowl around with the gun, while the horses, blanketed and tied to a tree, ate their hay and oats. If not in a "killing" mood, however, I made an incision into a lunch of "home-baked" scones and bacon and a bottle of milk which I had carried in my shirt pocket to keep from freezing. When the weather was more than usually congenial I ate lunch on top of the homeward-bound load. Later on, as the days lengthened, I had time even to make some tea in the woods.

The endurance of the prairie-bred horses is surprising to the point of being proverbial, and this characteristic is equalled only by their attachment to their stable and response to good treatment. They are mostly light-built, clean-limbed, and wiry as a nail. When a storm is brewing they become restive and troublesome to hold in check, continually tossing the head and jerking on the "lines." At such times, especially if dark and one is on the homeward journey, it is best to let them have their head, and, in spite of storm and darkness, they are almost certain to reach home. One of those occasions, in particular, I am never likely to forget.

I left for town one crisp, sunny morning, and reached it, a distance of fourteen miles, after a leisurely three hours jogging. As I had a lot of business to transact, I put the horses into the livery stable, expecting to start the return journey within two or three hours. But everyone around town seemed to be extremely dilatory that day, perhaps also myself included; so that it was within an hour of sundown when I got my

load of feed and groceries on, and was homeward bound.

I had not gone more than two miles when a fairly stiff breeze sprang up and wafted the crisp, powdery snow along in its relentless course. By the time I had gained another mile the snow, by its crawling, insinuating motion, like an overwhelming fate, had all but obliterated the track made by the sleigh-runners and the hoofs of the horses since the storm of two weeks previous. As the sun sank below the horizon all I could know the trail by was an occasional chunk of soiled snow. Every tuft of grass, every ragged sprig of sage and goldenrod, every spike of snow-berry and willow that still stood stark and wan above the whitened surface, collected and piled up behind it its own little ridge of snow. The breeze of an hour ago had now become a strong wind armed with the stings of a "byke" of wasps. Whether I stood up or crouched in the only unoccupied corner of the vehicle, the cold and the swirling snow found me out.

Darkness followed almost immediately, for in this land of wide horizons the twilight is of short duration. However, the darkness was not cimmerian, as, between the whiteness of the snow and the fact that the moonless sky was clear with a few stars showing out, I could still see, dimly, for a few paces ahead of the horses. There was no fresh snow falling, for all this annoyance was the result of a north-west wind. A few times I stopped the horses and proceeded some yards ahead to make sure that we were still on the trail, but I always failed to find any indications of it. So I was reluctantly forced to trust to the homing instinct of my humble servants.

Shortly after sundown I had noted a star which I was certain would be a safe guide to my shanty so long as the sky remained unclouded and I could keep it in view. But the road deviated so much—being the same as we settlers had followed, one after the other in the late summer, when a half-circle had to be made here around a slough and there past a buffalo-wallow—that the star shone away on our left at times when, had our course been direct, it should have appeared between the ears of the off-horse. There was not a single landmark to cheer one on a night like this. The nearest house to the trail was half a mile south of it, and



that was within two miles of my own place, beyond a knoll and out of view even on a clear night. In the darkness of a "fall" night, when travelling on a wheeled vehicle, I could locate my position by each little rise and dip of the road; but now I could not even discern any accelerated or retarded motion of the sleigh. It was always the same monotonous screeching of the steel-shod runners, the same regular crunching of the horses' hoofs, and the same irritating hiss of the wind-driven snow.

The wind continued to increase in velocity and bitterness until, at length, so much snow was flying that the stars, too, were obliterated. Ah! I fain would have hitched my bob-sleigh to that star which had been a guide to me, but the Fates decreed otherwise. Twice I heard the sound of an approaching team and the familiar "tinkle-tink" of sleigh bells, and once a coyote howled his protest to the obscured heavens. But alas! it proved to be but a fancy. The presence of any other living thing, at this stage, would have been encouraging and welcome.

For an hour or more I had refrained from interfering with the horses in any manner, but let the reins lie loosely over a sack of oats whereon my hand rested, jumping on to the load for a few minutes only when out of breath or leg-weary. It never occurred to me that there was any chance of us failing to reach our destination until I happened to notice once that the off-horse was hanging her head in an unusual manner. What if the horses should get completely tired out or the sleigh become stuck fast in a snowdrift! At the very least, such a thought was not cheering. I had a notion, once, to unhitch from the load and try to reach home on horse-back. But then I was afraid that whenever the horses were released, with no pole to keep them apart, they might crowd one another from the more compact snow—if we were still on the trail—and perhaps make a straight line for home or turn tail directly to the storm. In the latter case the end would not be long, for me at least. Likewise, I dared not unload. I had reason to think we were still on the trail, as otherwise we should have been stuck in some drift long ere this; and an empty sleigh

would run so much more easily that the horses might even be tempted to take a short cut for home. But I knew that a divergence from the track, beaten to some degree of compactness by intermittent travelling, meant a complete loss of direction to the horses, heavier walking and pulling owing to the deeper cutting of the runners, and, as an inevitable result, a more and more diminished straining and vitality until, in the end, another sacrifice was made on the ice-covered altar of Boreas. Such, I have been told, is usually the end of those who lose their way in a storm of this nature.

I determined, therefore, to stay by the load until the last, and if the worst came I should let the horses loose, as they would be quite capable of surviving the night. For myself I would unload the grain and groceries, upset the wagon-box with its bottom to the wind, and in the shelter thus provided I might be able to make a fire by saturating the oats with the two gallons of coal-oil, which I was fortunate enough to have with me.

The sudden remembrance of that jug of coal-oil put me in an easier frame of mind, and I was exulting, sleepily, at the thought of it, when the horses turned off sharply at an angle which put the storm directly in our backs and increased their pace to such a perceptible degree as to cause me to make an impulsive grab at the reins. I checked myself, however, in the act of pulling them up. Human reason, I thought, was of no account in this case, and as it had been subservient to animal instinct for the last few hours, it should remain so to the end.

I now became quite drowsy and apathetic and would as lief have gone to sleep as do anything else. Once, indeed, I reclined with my elbow on the grain sacks and my head drawn as far as possible into my coat-collar. I should be fairly comfortable, I mused, if it were not that my head and body swayed so much. That was an annoyance I did not seem capable of remedying. Suddenly, in a violent lurch, my head came in contact with the edge of a box, and I was rudely awakened to a sense of my circumstances. Dreading to remain seated, I got off and walked behind, holding on to the back of the load, with which I was dragged along at arm's length.

How long I continued in this manner I do not really know, although I can now make a guess that it must have been for a mile at least. Again I was shaken out of my comatose state; this time by the stopping of the horses and the consequent bumping of my knee against the end of the sleigh. I wasn't quite sure where I was or what I had been doing, but I felt as if I had not been in bed for ever so long. It would be a pleasure to go to sleep now for just a few hours; and the snow made as soft a bed as any! But—that was Jenny whinnying and pawing in her usual impatient manner, and I must always be ready to attend to her wants! For *she* will never thole to be neglected. When I got to her head I found, more by touch than by sight, that there was a snow-bank directly in front of us. I floundered across to poor old Bess, whose head now hung well down over the neck-yoke. Although one hundred pounds heavier, she never had "the sand," as Westerners say, of Jenny. But what was this black object standing so close beside her? I put out my hand towards it and at once knew it to be a log building. More groping and examining discovered it to be my own chicken-house—the very place from which I started on this memorable trip. I was now aroused to a livelier interest in my own affairs, and it took me but a few minutes to unhook the horses and start them off towards the stable. As usual, they stopped at the well, but I urged them on. The stable door was banked high with snow, which took me some little time to clear away and brought me, with all my heavy clothes on, to the point of perspiring. Eventually I got everything righted; the mangers filled to overflowing with hay, pungent with the wild spearmint, and fresh bedding tossed down, hock-deep.

Fully an hour afterwards I was sound asleep, and if I dreamt at all, it was not of the wisdom and reasoning power of mankind and the poor, makeshift instinct of the lower creatures, but rather of the hot Sahara wind which scorched my face and made my bones ache with a delicious tiredness. On this night no king felt more secure and comfortable in his guarded palace than I in my little hole in the ground.

## III

## NEIGHBORS AND PASTIMES

*"We, the youthful, sinewy races \* \* \**  
*We, the surface broad surveying;*  
*We, the virgin soil upheaving:*  
*Pioneers! O pioneers!!"*

As this part of Saskatchewan in which I had located had been surveyed and staked out for settlement only the previous Spring, it will be rightly surmised that my neighbors were few and far-distant. Most of the superior land available as homesteads had been taken up during the summer, but a number of the would-be homesteaders had got their time for entrance thereto extended six months, and were now living in various small towns and villages which had sprung up, like button-mushrooms, along the railroad track. Some, doubtless, did not relish the idea of spending the dreary winter a few miles removed from the nearest neighbor; while others, chiefly because they did not feel financially fit, remained in town, doing any odd job that was offered them, hoping to augment their means sufficiently to procure a team of horses or oxen in preparation for next summer's breaking of the sod.

Still, there were a few in actual residence upon their farms who had been able to do some "breaking" during last summer after they had put up the necessary buildings for the accommodation of their stock and themselves. So that we shall have next season, if the gods are propitious, the tasseled oat, the bearded wheat and barley, and, mayhap, the blue-blossomed flax where formerly was nothing but a wild waste of dry, brown grass.

I had already had the good fortune—in some cases, at least—to become more or less acquainted with most of my fellow-pioneers who were within a distance of six miles; and I had been surprised to learn that there were about ten different nationalities represented by them. There were Canadians from the eastern provinces; Americans from Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and the Dakotas; English, Irish and Scotch; two Norwegians and one fair-haired Swede; three Germans, one Russian, and one Frenchman, who, however, had come from his native land to Quebec, while still a boy. The majority were bachelors, but there were enough benedicts, with children, to start a discussion early in the winter about

the necessity of forming a "School District." So there was no one more than two miles distant from his neighbor. I learned that there was even a widow, an Irish-Canadian, who had homesteaded twelve miles to the north, and did all the manual labor about the place herself. The following summer I met her coming out of the bush with a load of firewood, be-trousered like a man, and reprimanding her horses, in a very masculine tone of voice, for being too—skittish.

On certain bright, sunny afternoons, but more especially on occasional fine moonlight nights, when the heavens were bespangled with myriad scintillating stars and flecked with the flickering "northern lights," I would be visited by one or two of my neighbors. And according to the calibre and inclinations of my visitors we would pass the time in gossip, discussion, card games or draughts.

One who had a more than usually hearty welcome was a worthy and typical old German. He had, as a youth, participated in all the horrors of the Franco-Prussian war, of which, like a good soldier, he rarely talked. But I got to know that after the war he emigrated to the "States," where he worked as a section-hand on the railroad, or on a farm if that were more suitable; and during the first two winters he attended school along with children less than half his age, for the purpose of learning the language. In time he had acquired a farm of sixty acres which he had sold before coming north into Canada. He was of a philosophical turn of thought, and had a mild and serene temperament. We frequently discussed the literature of the Fatherland; and Schopenhauer, Kant, Schiller and Goethe were an inexhaustible theme. At times he would lead me along some pleasant byepath of the minor poets with which I was unfamiliar, and the relish of my sojourn still remains. In his appreciation of Burns, to whose works he had been introduced by an old Scotch farmer who had once employed him, he rivalled an Ayrshire Scot. But there were certain passages the meaning of which was not very clear to him, and I am glad to remember that I was sometimes able to enlighten him a little.

Alas, poor Karl: he has attained the culmination of all philosophies. Late in the

winter, as we were daily looking for some indication of the spring, he was overtaken by a storm when returning home with a load from the "bush," in company with a neighbor. Twice their loads had upset on the uneven trail, and only those who have experienced such a mishap can understand all the hardship it entails. Such was their condition that when they arrived at the neighbor's house, the old man had to be lifted from the load and carried indoors. His feet were frozen stiff, and when his hands were immersed in cold water a film of ice formed over them. Some maintained that if the frozen parts had been bathed in coal-oil he might have got over it, but the doctor who was brought thirty miles to see him considered that the only chance lay in the amputation of the limbs. So, doubtless, it is as well that only six days later the soul of Karl sought a more congenial atmosphere. His companion, who was a much younger man and therefore more able to keep the blood circulating by walking further, escaped with his cheeks, heels and thumbs badly frost-bitten.

Another favorite confrere was an Englishman with a piquant wit and a penchant for punning. His play upon words, at times, was truly marvellous, and would have done credit to Tom Hood. He was a man of moods, and one could safely determine he was in a good humor if, during the first few minutes in his company, and from sheer exuberance and deviltry he stretched some passing word or phrase and played upon it to the very breaking point. But I forgave him his tantalizing proclivity in consideration of the many fine qualities he had. He was an artist of some dexterity, and I have yet to meet the man who knows more about ecclesiastical history than this dweller in the "great lone land." He could transport one from the dim distance of Confucius, giving a glimpse of the benign Brahmin, through the sunlit vistas of the Druid, and along the shadowy aisles of Romanism. He understood and appreciated their many symbols and rites. As a rule he was a man of broad mind, but he was utterly intolerant of what he called "religious fakes." Nothing seemed to annoy him so much as the fact that the Yankee, who was so quick to detect spuriousness in any ordinary, mundane business, should be so easily gulled, as he put it, by a "Joe"

Smith, an "Elijah" Dowie, and a Mrs. Eddy. And his disgusted sneer as he pronounced the names would have been comical had he not been so exceedingly serious.

Such, then, were the rarer spirits who honored me; and it is comforting to know that men like these are not confined to one locality, but may be found scattered indiscriminately over the prairie. They act as a steadying force, as a guide and example, to their more numerous and slower-witted neighbors. For weeks on end, however, I would have no visitor and as a pastime I often beguiled the long evenings in writing verse, or some such diletantism. I had promised myself to spend most of my leisure in renewing my acquaintance with the old Roman authors, but I must admit that the promise was only half-fulfilled. I managed, however, to translate a little of Ovid and Martial, and—that drudgery of my youth—Caesar's "Gallium Bella." If that pastime served no other purpose it, at least, revived the memory of old-young friends and—castigations. Had my rude bookcase not held out so many temptations in English I dare say I should be a better Latin scholar today.

Sometimes I became so enamored of a book or so preoccupied in writing that my virtuous couch did not know me until the wee, sma' hours. But the jack-rabbits did not seem to pay any heed to the suffused light which percolated through the half-inch of hoar on my window. They had nibbled all the few grains of oats and wheat I had spilled, and it was now time to have a gambol. I should be abed! One would scamper over the roof and disturb the execution of a difficult rhyme, or scare away the half-formed thought which already was seeking the choicest symbols of expression. Often, on the mornings, I would see a rabbit's spoor close up to the stove-pipe, as if one had come to sniff the warmth.

Those pariahs of the plain, the coyotes, were also quite numerous and came around the buildings almost nightly. Oh! that heart-moving howl which awoke me one night out of my peaceful slumbers. He seemed to have squatted right over my bed, and his shivering wail was a protest against the cold and hunger which were gnawing his vitals. It was like the climax of a

hideous nightmare, and my hair stood on end "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The lynx was a rare animal in this part, and although I heard his cry on two or three different nights I did not see one until early in the spring, when a neighbor shot one after it had been driven to bay by his dogs. But in the gray of the morning I have seen a deer standing about a hundred yards away, looking wistfully, as it seemed to me, in the direction of the stable. I suspected he had sniffed the mint and sage among the hay with which I was feeding the cattle.

In December I saw many little herds of antelope, of from three to twenty, go past at a short distance. All those creatures must have an anxious time finding a subsistence, especially when Nature is in one of her occasionally cantankerous moods. A blizzard will generally last for three days, and a "cold spell" for as long as a month. Then, oh! the misery of being out in the cold. Not all the furs of Athabasca can keep the numbness out of one's bones.

The birds, naturally, were not plentiful. There were two varieties of snow-buntings which, however, were seldom to be seen except immediately previous to, and during, a storm. They then congregated around the farmyard in small flocks, and the observant and sensible farmer on those occasions is chary about going far from home unless of necessity. So, to the knowing, those birds act the part of weather-prognosticators. Just before Christmas a jay had the temerity to quit his leafless, yet sheltering, poplar grove in the distant sandhills and take up his abode in my tepee of firewood. I endeavored to make him aware that he was welcome, but he refused, with alarm, all my attempts at familiarity, and would not even deign to acknowledge my kindly intentions. After a few weeks he disappeared, and his residence with me is now only a fond remembrance. Late in the afternoons the large snowy owl might be discerned sitting stoically on a crusted ridge of snow awaiting, with a none-the-less pinching craw, the appearance of some tiny shrew mouse, whose diminutive footprints make a herring-bone pattern upon the softer snow. One morning I found a little brown owl cowering at the bottom of the stable door. It seemed, in my hand, to be merely a ball of feathers with hardly

any body at all, and did not weigh more than a common sparrow. Where it came from and whither it went after I liberated it, I do not know, but I have wondered if it could have come in the load I had brought from the woods the previous day.

There were a number of prairie chickens in a piece of willow scrub near the alkaline lake which was two miles to the south, and when the spirit of the hunter possessed me I floundered thither, be-moccasined like an Indian, but betraying a greener and less occidental aptitude, I fancy, in my method of hunting. Around the scrub, where the snow never seemed to become crusted but remained loose and powdery, the "chickens"—which are really a species of grouse—were hard to get at. I would watch a few flying to a certain point, to find, on reaching it, there was not a living creature to be seen. They have a knack of precipitating themselves, in an oblique fashion, into the loose snow, sometimes to the depth of two feet; and it is there, I believe, that they await the passing of the storm or the coming of the morning. Just as I became fouled in a deep drift and was endeavoring to extricate myself by crawling on my hands and knees, the whole covey would emanate from a snowbank on the right with a whirring of wings and a deriding chuckle. So, as often as not, I returned empty-handed.

As the winter advanced the mirages which had been so common in the mornings could be seen less frequently; and the "sun-dogs" that had blinked so often at us in cold, blustering weather were seldom apparent. And the time came, at length, when one turned his eyes southward full of expectancy for that which the heart, for weeks past, had yearned continually. But, somehow, the spring was tardy.

On a bright, sunny day I was surprised to see a muskrat waddling over the snow,

in a manner suggestive of a somnambulist, a short distance from the stable towards the large ice-covered slough a quarter of a mile away. From curiosity I followed up the vivid spoor he had made and found that he had visited three other little sloughs, and had come from the same one as that to which I had seen him wending. He must have felt the vernal impulse, for the following day the soft chinook wind blew from the southwest and started the snow-water running down the slopes and filling all the little hollows. The morning after I awoke to hear soft, chuckling sounds coming from immediately above my bed, as it seemed. As I could not think of anything plausible to account for the disturbance and as it was already daylight, I arose hurriedly, dressed, and crept stealthily out. And there, from the ridge of the roof, flew three prairie-chickens. I felt guilty as caves-dropper and disturber of a little love contest. I was pleased to think that there would now soon be an opportunity to put some of my theories with regard to agriculture into practice. For there is no gain-saying the fact that the long, cold winter is irksome, no matter how philosophical an attitude one may be prepared to meet it with. And though I would not forego my first little experience of pioneering—if it were really possible to do so—for the value of my homestead in dollar bills, yet

*When wild winds blow*

*The crystal snow*

*Along the frozen ground,*

*Your heart is fain*

*To have again*

*The Springtime coming round.*

*Then with what glee*

*The Spring you see,*

*And—with what glad desire*

*—The crocus first*

*The brown sod burst*

*To heliotropic fire.*



# British Columbia and Its Forests

THE FOREST BRANCH of the Department of Lands, in its first report, recently issued, shows that the Branch is only six months old, but even in the short time since its organization it has done much to advance the cause of scientific management of the forest resource.

British Columbia has a wooded area which produces annually, according to a general estimate recently made, five times as much as is cut. The wise development of the whole timber growth and its protection from fire are the objects of the forestry movement now afoot in the province. The most important portion of the work is the safeguarding of the merchantable timber already standing, and the chief forester devotes the bulk of the report to a consideration of the ways and means of fire protection.

When the Branch was established last summer, the fire patrol force had already taken the field, and it was therefore inadvisable to make radical changes in its methods of organization. Consequently the season's work was carried out under existing conditions. The work was remarkably successful in view of the small number of wardens employed. The weather was very favorable and only \$300,000 damage was done to the standing timber. A great deal of damage to young growth, which cannot be calculated in figures, should be added to this estimate, however, since the area burned over was no less than 116,000 acres.

There were 347 fires altogether. The cost of patrol and fighting fire to government and private companies and individuals aggregated \$278,647. This does not include the money spent by the railroad companies in patrol along their tracks and by private timber owners in building trails and telephone lines in their holdings.

Over 9,400 permits for the burning of brush in land clearing were issued, and it is gratifying to note that only eight fires escaped, a result which shows that greater care is being exercised in slash burning.

The regular force of fire wardens in the past season consisted of one hundred and sixty-five men, whose efforts were augment-

ed during the most dangerous season by forty-eight patrolmen.

The total area included within the sixteen fire divisions of the province which were organized was about 125,000,000 acres, of which it is estimated that about 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 acres are covered with some kind of timber, and 50,000,000 to 65,000,000 acres are real forest land, covered with mature timber or valuable second growth.

The area patrolled last year averaged about 900,000 acres to each patrolman.

One of the most important duties of the Forest Branch is to investigate the lands which are supposed to be covered with timber, and to report upon those which are more fit for agricultural crops than for trees. To this end, and to secure accurate data upon the extent of timber, the necessity for permanent improvements, etc., there were placed in the field last year twelve parties of reconnaissance surveyors, who covered about 4,700 square miles, and are now sending in their returns to Victoria.

The timber of the province has been reserved from alienation since 1907, but under the new forest act of 1912 timber sales are being made on forest areas that have been cruised and surveyed for that purpose.

As yet only a beginning has been made, but nevertheless the sales already in hand will yield in royalty, upset price, and rental, about \$176,000 to the government. The policy is to increase the annual cut up to the annual growth of the forest, which is estimated to be about six and one-half billion feet board measure.

During the year the government scalers scaled 1,105,393,751 feet board measure of timber exclusive of that cut on lands crown granted prior to 1887, on which one cent a foot is charged.

It is estimated that the amount paid out from the public revenue of the province for the protection and management of the provincial forests was one-tenth of the total revenue received. The report points out further that out of every four dollars coming into the provincial treasury one is from the forest.

# *Editorial Comment*

## CANADA AND PRESIDENT WILSON'S POLICY

THE people of Canada cannot watch too closely the progress of President Wilson's magnificent effort to reduce the tariffs in the United States. At the present time Mr. Wilson's policy is none too well understood in this country and numerous comments have appeared in Canadian newspapers on both sides of politics, which seem to suggest the belief on the part of the writers that the American government's new tariff is expressly designed to foster and promote the prosperity of Canada. This is far from being the case. President Wilson's claim is that his policy will promote the prosperity and the real well-being of the people of the United States, and we doubt not that, when the new tariff has been given a fair trial for a sufficiently lengthy period, that claim will be fully established. Before many years are out, the American people will reap signal benefits from the courageous action of the government they have recently placed in power.

At the same time it will be impossible to limit the consequences of the change to one country. Every nation whose people have business relations with those of the United States will feel the effects of the altered tariff in some degree, and none more so than Canada. In the last few weeks many people in the Dominion have been busy calculating the trade advantages they expect to get under the new arrangement. As a rule, these calculations have been confined to one side of the ledger, that relating to our exports; though our export trade to the United States is only just a little over one-third the total of our imports from that country. In several lines of industry where Canada is in a position to produce extensively, the alterations in her neighbor's tariff will be very marked. Thus, the duty on wheat will almost certainly be reduced to such a figure that the Canadian prairie farmer who wants to sell his grain in the States, and the American miller who wants to buy it, will find little interference with their mutual desire. A still better prospect is open to some industries in which British Columbia takes a particular interest, since lumber, iron and coal will probably be put upon the free list. The duties on live stock, eggs, oats, butter, cheese, beans and vegetables—all commodities of which British Columbia is, potentially at least, a very large producer—will be considerably lowered.

On the other hand, what will the new tariff do in relation to the enormous importations from the United States into Canada? These consist very largely of manufactured goods, and it is difficult to understand the reasoning of those who apparently expect that the Underwood reforms will lead American capitalists to transfer their manufactories to this side of the border. This reasoning takes no account of the fact that, to many American manufacturers, the raw materials of industry—such as wood, paper, wool and leather—will become cheaper under the new tariff, while other economies may be expected to result indirectly from the general lowering of the cost of living which President Wilson aims to bring about. Why should manufacturers leave a country where they have suddenly become enabled to carry on their business at a lower cost than before, even though some of the other results of the Wilson policy may not be to their liking? It may be supposed that the lowering of the cost of production will result in a reduction in the price of American manufactures in

Canada and other countries, but this is more than any one can say at present. Probably no one knows precisely to what extent the practice of "dumping"—that is, the selling of goods at a loss to the customer abroad, while charging an artificially high price to the customer in the protected home market—has been carried on. One thing may safely be predicted: there will be very little dumping under the Wilson regime, for the simple reason that there will be no room for it. The meretricious high price in the home market will be done away with—the manufacturer will be driven to exact at least a margin of profit on all the goods he sells, no matter what their destination. The Canadian consumer of American manufactures is therefore in this interesting position. A process which has tended to make some commodities artificially cheap is about to be checked, but a process which will tend to make them naturally cheaper is about to be set up. Whether he will have to pay more or less under the new arrangement, remains to be seen.

Naturally the Conservative papers in Canada have not been slow to take the line of comment that, as the result of the new American policy, Canada will obtain, without reciprocal obligation, some of the advantages which she would have secured, on terms, under the reciprocity agreement nearly two years ago. To some extent this argument was anticipated at the last Dominion election, when it was pointed out that President Taft's strong desire for reciprocity arose out of the United States' necessities, and that, as these would not become less urgent if reciprocity were defeated, Canada might fairly expect, agreement or no agreement, to have a more ready access into the American markets in the future. That is what is about to come to pass; but it would be a mistake to attempt to settle down comfortably, even now, in the fond delusion that Canada has the best of all possible fiscal systems. The revolt of the American people against high protection has, indeed, a powerful lesson for Canada, and that lesson should be taken to heart by the leaders in both political camps. On the one hand, the Wilson tariff policy, once in operation, will render the reciprocity scheme of 1911 a hopeless back number; for, with a lowered general tariff, it will be impossible for any American president to offer Canada the same preferences as against competition from other outsiders. Nor can one conceive any future Liberal government in Canada going to an American president and asking for a scheme of reciprocity that would be conditional upon the United States returning to high protection. That would be tantamount to saying: "We will have an agreement with you, but you must first raise the cost of living to the American people." No Liberal government could make such a request. It is therefore incumbent upon the Liberal party in Canada to ascertain precisely where it stands in relation to new conditions. It is in the party's own interest, as well as Canada's, that this should be done soon.

Perhaps it is a greater temptation to which the party now in power are exposed—that is, that they should adopt, on behalf of the people of Canada, a policy of simple *laissez faire*. True, the present system owes its inception, in the main, to Conservative governments in the past, and thirty or forty years ago it may have been a good system; but the country has outgrown it. It is unfair to the general consumer, it is unfair to the agriculturist, it is unfair to the great industries which are developing the natural resources of Western Canada, and it is calculated to prevent the immense possibilities of a shipping industry in our British Columbia ports from being realised to the full. The trade of the West, that infant giant which has only come into existence in the last few years, requires unrestricted powers of expansion, and these it cannot have



under the present system. The precise change that is wanted is a matter for deep and serious consideration. Whether it will be found in a form of reciprocity with the United States, modified to suit the new conditions, or in an extension of the principle of preference for England, thereby bringing us more closely into touch with our most important customer, or, in an approximation to the general principle of free trade, is open to argument. Possibly a policy might be evolved that would combine all three principles. But, in any case, there is no other subject so calculated as this is to tax the resources of Canadian statesmanship, or on the right solution of which so many things in the future of Canada will depend.

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### LOWER FREIGHT RATES FOR THE WEST

WESTERN CANADA has obtained an important concession at the hands of the Railway Commission. Rather late in the day, as it may appear, that body has become convinced of the justice of our contention that the West was being mulcted in more than its due for the services rendered by the express companies. The new chief commissioner, Mr. H. L. Drayton, undertook last autumn to make inquiry into the conditions ruling in the West, and it is on his recommendation that the new decision of the Commission is based. Here is the pregnant sentence in Mr. Drayton's report:

"I am of opinion that an approximately average reduction of twenty per cent. should be made by the companies in the standard maximum tariff for traffic classed as merchandise, to apply only to the Prairie Provinces and to British Columbia."

This recommendation has received the sanction of the Commission, and the new rates are to come in force on or before July 15, this year. A few other welcome changes are promised. There is to be a similar reduction in special rates, and the standard maximum mileage tariffs, which have been \$5 a hundred pounds for the prairie section and \$6 for the mountain section, will be reduced to \$4 and \$4.75 respectively.

One reason given for not making a greater decrease than 20 per cent., and for not making any changes at all in the Eastern rates, is that the express companies' business will suffer as the result of the inauguration of the parcels post system in the Dominion. This is argued from what has happened in the case of the American companies.

The Commission consider that the supposed higher cost of doing business in the West, owing to increased operating cost and less density of traffic, has been unduly emphasised by the companies, and Mr. Drayton, in his memorandum, makes short work of the objections to the reductions now proposed. He says:

"In my view no smaller reduction should be considered. The express business is a matter of railway operation in this country, and the capitalization and bonded indebtedness of the different express companies have been created under such circumstances as to require no consideration in striking a rate. I can add nothing useful to what the late chief commissioner, under this head, said in his exhaustive judgment. The test of the rate is largely its reasonableness, in view of the service supplied, and in directing the reduction now made by this judgment, the board, I think, would be but adopting a rate basis at the present time, and in the light of the different aspects as revenue and operation now presented certainly as reasonable from the standpoint of the carrier as from that of the shipper."

Altogether a refreshing document. We are gradually setting our house in order

for the rapidly-approaching advent of the new transcontinental railways, and this assurance of lower freights will be a great help. The friends of the British Columbia fruit industry will derive satisfaction from it, since it will give better terms for the removal of the fruit eastward to the prairie cities and westward to the coast. Although it has no direct bearing on the grain situation, it encourages us to hope for further changes on similar lines which would give a fillip to the various projects for erecting elevators on Burrard Inlet and the Fraser River. They will be wanted. The producing industries of the interior of British Columbia will also experience benefit from the lowering of the cost of getting their products to the coast, and whatever loss the railway companies may suffer temporarily will be made up for by their having increased traffic to handle. We are coming to a time when there will be a strong feeling of inter-dependence between the Pacific ports and the great fertile areas, both prairie and valley, of the western hinterland, and this change in the freight situation will be of assistance to both.

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### THE INDIAN RESERVES NEAR VANCOUVER

IT IS pretty evident that the Indian land reserves in the neighborhood of British Columbia cities are being considered with a view to their utilization in a manner more consistent with public requirements in their various localities. A few months ago the Songhees Reserve, near Victoria, was acquired by the Provincial Government, and recently we have seen the active brain of Mr. Bowser at work planning the destiny of at least one of the reserves in the district of Vancouver. These reserves are five in number, and are briefly described in the following summary:

1. Kitsilano Reserve, 80 acres, situated at entrance to False Creek. Acquired from the Indians by the Provincial Government for less than \$300,000, subject to approval of Dominion Government as the Indians' guardians.
2. Capilano Reserve, 440 acres, with three miles waterfrontage on north shore of the First Narrows and Burrard Inlet, near mouth of Capilano River.
3. Mission Reserve, nearly 40 acres. Also on north shore of Burrard Inlet, and immediately adjacent to valuable area in North Vancouver.
4. Squamish Reserve No. 3, 75 or 80 acres, north of Burrard Inlet, east of the Second Narrows.
5. New Westminster Reserve, on the south side of the Fraser River.

All these reserves, we believe, are situated on tidal waters, and each is capable, more or less, of being turned to account in the railway, terminal and dock developments, which everybody realises are in store on Burrard Inlet and the Fraser. Waterfrontage anywhere in this area is likely to prove an important asset in the days when Vancouver will be playing its considerable destined part in the world's commerce, and the acquisition of these reserves for public purposes is a wise step. But, first of all, we must be fair to the Indians, and it may be well to lay down the general principles which should be observed in dealing with them.

To begin with, it cannot be said that these reserves have been fulfilling, in recent years, the purpose for which they were set apart—that is, that the Indian inhabitants should be able to live, so far as is consistent with considerations of humanity, the wild, free life of their ancestors. When a small Indian area becomes hedged around by the busy activities of a great modern city, this becomes impossible, and unless the traditional policy of dealing with the Indians is to be departed from, it becomes advisable

for them to be removed to a more secluded spot. But this can only be done with their consent. Each group of Indian families has an interest in its own reserve for the duration of the life of the tribe, after which the ownership of the land reverts to the Provincial Government. The last-named authority has thus a considerable contingent interest in the reserves, while the interests of the Indians themselves are protected by the Dominion Government, whose wards they are, and who are empowered to veto any attempt to alienate the land.

When the purchase of the Kitsilano Reserve by the Provincial Government was first announced, it looked as if a collision between the authorities of the Province and those of the Dominion might occur, on the ground that the price paid to the Indians for the land was very far below its full value. Granted that this was the case, the question arises: were the Indians entitled, legally or morally, to the full market value of the land? Be it remembered that the land was not, and never had been, theirs to sell freely to any ordinary buyer. It was theirs only for them to make use of in their own way. In a word, they had only a limited right to it, and until the limitation was removed its value to them was very much less than the \$300,000 paid for it. Again, whatever enhanced value the land may possess (it has been variously estimated at from one-and-a-half to seven million dollars) that value has been produced by the enterprise of the white community, and not by the Indians; and it is only fair that it should be returned to the public in some form or other. When the assurance is given that each family of Indians will receive a substantial sum of money, enough for them to live comfortably upon for the rest of their days, and that arrangements will be made for their future residence on a large reserve on Howe Sound, it scarcely seems that strict justice requires more than this. All the same, it is well, in affairs of this nature, to err, if possible, on the side of generosity. We could wish to have more complete assurance that the Indians regard the settlement as satisfactory. If such assurance is forthcoming, we should deprecate any comments likely to stir up discontent. Certain critics of the transaction have been somewhat at sea. One day they have invited the public to deplore the fact that the Indians have received sums of money large enough to demoralise them, and the next day they have sympathised with the Indians for not having received a great deal more.

The main question the public is interested in is: What will be done with the Kitsilano Reserve and with others that may be acquired later? Mr. H. H. Stevens, M. P., is strongly in favor of the Kitsilano land being utilised for a dock scheme, and his apparent irritation at the purchase by the Provincial Government was caused by the fear that Mr. Bowser would divert it to some other purpose. So far, at the time of writing, the Attorney-General has not shown his hand. There is no immediate hurry; perhaps it would be well, before deciding anything, to see if other Indian reserves in the neighborhood are acquired, and then to assign each to the purpose for which it is best suited. This should not be done without full discussion. The authorities of the Dominion, the Province, and the City should all be allowed to have their say. In this way a sound and comprehensive scheme may be hammered out, and there will be a chance of obtaining the full measure of public utility from lands which, once we have parted with their control, can never be recovered.

# The Governance of Empire

Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain:  
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
That trade's proud Empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

—*The Deserted Village.*

If the poem from which the above quotation is made be read, it will be seen that the poet Goldsmith foresaw the dangers of commercial prosperity. His poem contains some solemn warnings, which even today we need to take. However desirable commerce and wealth may be, it is *most* important that we should preserve those homely virtues which have made the men of our race leaders among men. The average Britisher is not by any means as proud of his citizenship as he should be. Appreciation of our privileges as citizens should provoke within our breasts feelings of patriotism no Roman ever knew. Our empire is world-wide; and in every state law and order are respected and preserved. Our institutions give security to every subject of the King; and our position among the nations of the world is second to none.

The fabric of empire has been reared in a wonderful manner. It has been brought together by a combination of circumstances. It is no one man's design. Men have worked here and there without reference to what was being done elsewhere. The structure is therefore very complex. The late Cecil Rhodes is credited with the remark that "the greatest thing about us is our 'luck'"; and although we may not wish to accept this and may prefer to thank Providence for our opportunities and position, the fact remains that the empire has not been constructed according to the plan of any one architect, but has been evolved as the result of the working of many and diverse forces: its genius is within itself.

The last thirty years has been a remarkable period in the history of the British Empire. Except on the continent of Africa, the realm has not been extended. During

the last one hundred years the Empire has been steadily *expanding*, but the last thirty years have been more particularly devoted to *consolidation*. The confederation of the Dominion of Canada was the first great step in the work of the consolidation of the empire; and at a later date the establishment of the Commonwealth of Australia marked the second step. Quite recently the South African States have been welded into another great Commonwealth; and this last accomplishment will be regarded by our children's children as the greatest political achievement of the age.

It is, however, generally admitted that the empire as a whole lacks cohesion. The consolidation of isolated states and scattered dependencies into powerful Dominions is very desirable, but it is not enough. Some constituted authority is required to create a *permanent* and indissoluble bond of union between the Motherland, the Oversea Dominions and the smaller dependencies of the empire. United we stand: divided we fall. The several conferences of premiers in London have served very well as a temporary expedient, have served if only to show their inadequacy. Some larger and more comprehensive scheme is needed. It may be necessary for representatives of the different states to meet together periodically to compare notes, but such a conference shows the absence of any proper link between us. *If the British Empire is to fulfil its destiny, organic union is an absolute necessity.*

The empire and the empire's business must be independent of and beyond party politics. The premiers of the different states are the leaders of political parties in their respective countries. They are

invariably returned to power by their people owing to their attitude upon questions of purely domestic policy. Imperial matters are seldom an issue in a colonial election. It consequently follows that the opinions of an oversea premier or a representative of his government do not properly reflect the wishes of the country from which they come. In fact, it is quite possible for their views to be quite at variance with those of their people. Canadian elections are often decided in favor of the party which can show the most ambitious programme for building railways and other schemes for the development of the country. Further than this, a conference of premiers once in a period of years cannot form a sufficiently substantial bond of union. The requirements of empire governance will only be satisfied by the creation of a body, the members of which shall be elected because of their views on imperial questions, which body would be a central executive to transact the general business of the empire, which would control our relations with foreign nations, which would direct the naval and military forces of the empire, and which would constitute a permanent bond of union. Such a body is urgently needed; and though for political reasons its creation may be postponed, it must eventually be brought about. Considerations of efficiency and economy render it absolutely necessary, and for sentimental reasons it is very desirable. Government would be centralized by the formation of such a bond; and patriotism would be inspired.

The forms of government in the different parts of the empire vary considerably; but, generally speaking, efficiency is attained and the different forms prove suited to the requirements of the several communities. Since the British Empire has been *evolved*, so a particular system of government has been evolved in each state and dependency. The systems vary; and there seems no good reason why they should not. It is, however, essential that the bond of union, to which we have already referred, should be brought into existence to deal with those questions which have to do with the general governance of our world-wide empire.

Sir John Quick has shown that the framing of a bill to create such an assembly

as is proposed would not be difficult. Opinions differ however as to the form of its constitution and the extent of its authority.

CONSTITUTION.—The membership of the board should not be too large. Its purpose is to do the empire's business in an expeditious manner and not to provide a school for oratory. Twenty-five practical men can do the work as well as a larger number—probably better. With a lesser number, it might form a clique. It would of course be presided over by a chairman elected by the bond; and the bond would probably be divided into committees for the purpose of working out the details of different branches, after the manner of a municipal council. The members would be elected by the self-governing states on a basis of population. Exception has been taken to such an arrangement by some colonials who think they should suddenly take a larger part in the management of imperial affairs; but, as a matter of fact, this is the only reasonable arrangement. The mother country would of course in the first instance have a majority of the bond, but it is only right she should. She would certainly be expected to contribute the majority of the revenue; and as Canada has been insisting that there shall be no contribution for imperial purposes without representation, neither Canada nor the other states could object if this argument were carried to its logical conclusion and representation and contribution were put upon the same basis. As population increases in the oversea states, representation and contribution will proportionately increase. Provision should be made for redistributing seats in the bond periodically according to the last census taken, and as the other dependencies became self-governing, they would be admitted to a share in the management of imperial affairs. It is of great importance that the members of the bond be elected *by the direct vote of the electors of their respective states*. If nominated by their governments, they would almost surely be politicians. Men elected by direct vote would be chosen owing to their attitude on imperial affairs. They would be big men and fit men to discharge the important duties of their position. For the purpose of bond elections the states would be subdivided so that, while every

section of the populace would be represented, there could be no over-representation. It would be disastrous if Australia returned all eastern Australians, Africa sent men all of Dutch extraction or Canada were represented altogether by French-Canadians.

POWERS.—It does not seem either desirable or necessary that the bond should have legislative authority. It would be so largely concerned with the *administration* of affairs that its time should not be taken up with legislation. It would, however, from time to time, hand down to the governments of the self-governing states proposals for legislation; and such legislation, if affecting the constitution of the bond, should be passed by the governments of all the states, thereby making any action in this direction unanimous throughout the empire. The empire seems at last alive to the fact that every state must contribute to the cost of imperial defence; and as "they who pay the piper have the right to call the tune," the bond of union would take over the administration of the admiralty and war office. As a temporary arrangement local navies may be created in the self-governing colonies; but this is wrong in principle. The defences of the empire must be in the hands of one central authority; and every state must be represented on that body and contribute its quota to the revenue required. The cost of the territorial army in the motherland and the militia establishments oversea would probably be added to the empire defence expenses, division of the total made on the basis of population, and these local expenses credited on the assessments made.

This carries us one step further. The bond controlling our defences must also direct our foreign policy. This may seem a bold step, but it is one which will have to be taken; for it is not reasonable to suppose that the power to negotiate with, and if necessary declare war upon, a foreign nation should be vested in one government of the king and that the direction and control of the machinery necessary to prosecute such a war should be in the hands of another body.

The above should be sufficient powers

for the bond to possess in the first instance. They could be modified or increased as experience proved necessary by the bond drafting legislation and submitting it to the different states.

It has been suggested at different times that a central body such as the proposed bond could dictate concerning reciprocal tariffs, arrange migration within the empire, etc. The use of such powers would, however, only create friction and would hamper the bond in the conduct of its other business, particularly in its dealings with foreign nations; but the bond might very well act as a medium between the different states in some of these matters, could make suggestions and might perhaps arbitrate when required.

Now let us see what would be the benefits derived from the existence and work of the bond of union.

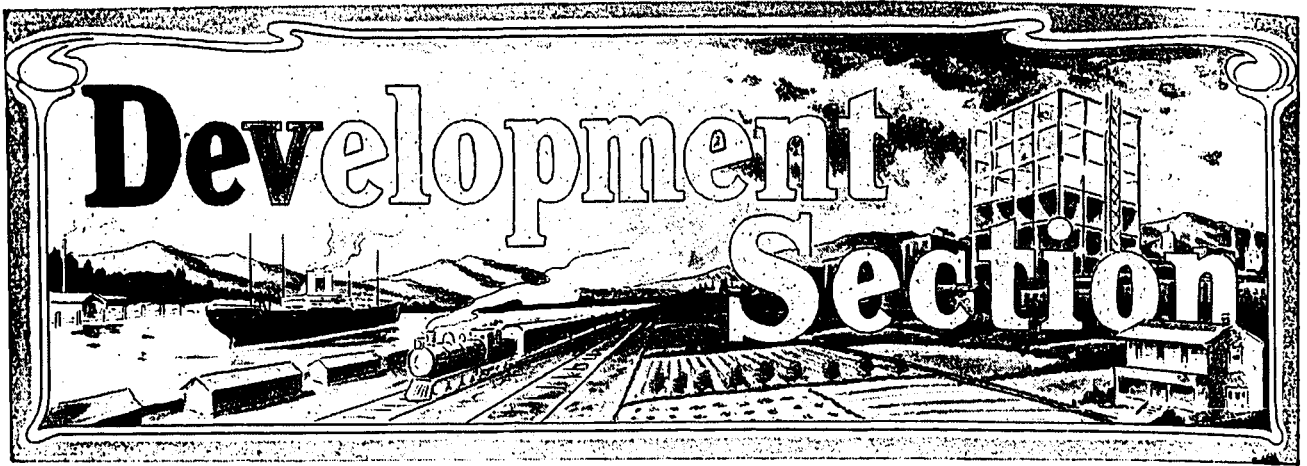
1. We should show one common front to the world; and the moral effect of this would be unquestionably good. An organized empire would materially assist the promotion of international peace.

2. All parts of the empire would be given a keen interest in imperial affairs; and the extent and value of our common heritage would be more generally appreciated.

3. Economy would be effected.

4. The governments of Great and Greater Britain would be regularly assessed to meet the financial requirements of the bond. They would each raise this money in their own way; and, having done this, their imperial obligations would be discharged. The parliament at Westminster would have proper time to devote to legislation on social reform and other matters affecting the welfare of the people of the British Isles; and the governments of the oversea states would have the whole of their time to legislate for the future of their peoples and plan for the development of their resources.

5. *The bond would direct the foreign policy of the empire, would control its defences, and would generally stand representative in the eyes of the world of one king, one flag, one empire.*



### Purchase of Kitsilano Reserve

THE Indian reserve on the south shore of English Bay, Vancouver, situated at the point which is practically the entrance to False Creek, has been acquired by the provincial government. The announcement to this effect was recently made by Mr. Bowser, the Attorney-General, who claimed that it was one of the most profitable real estate transactions in the history of the province. For a sum under \$300,000, he said, the government had secured eighty acres of land in the heart of the flourishing city of Vancouver. On the other hand, the Indians were better away from the temptations of a city.

The tract had always been an eyesore and the provincial government began negotiations for the acquisition of the reserve about a year ago. They employed Mr. Alexander to conduct the negotiations. There were many times when the purchase was blocked by interested parties, but it had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion at last.

A month ago options for sixty acres had been secured from all the Indians. He declared it was a fine deal for the government, which had secured a tract of eighty acres in the very heart of the city for less than \$300,000. It was one of the greatest things the government had ever done for the city. That part of the city would be settled in time.

If the tract were necessary in the federal harbor scheme, the provincial government would not stand in the way. The Dominion government would find them reasonable if the scheme for dredging False Creek were found feasible. He himself thought it would be very costly.

"As for the future of the reserve," Mr. Bowser continued, "that is a matter which has not been discussed. We saw a good opportunity to get the land and we acted.

The people of this province will profit handsomely by the bargain. If we sell it to the railways or elsewhere we will make a net profit of a million dollars."

### The Building of the P. G. E.

CONSTRUCTION of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway north of Lillooet in the direction of Fort George will be rushed this summer. Various contractors have been invited by Mr. P. Welch, who has the general contract, to bid on portions of the work as far as Kelly Lake. Several of them have recently been inspecting the ground. North from Lillooet for many miles the line will follow the east bank of the Fraser. It will traverse the famous Fountain ranch of 1,200 acres, owned by Mr. J. M. MacKinnon, of this city. The ranch is about six miles north of the town of Lillooet, south of which the line is being graded to a point near Pemberton Meadows.

Mr. G. B. Archer and a party of eighteen assistants will locate southward from the vicinity of Fort George, which is 453 miles from North Vancouver. This will make three engineering parties in the field between Lillooet and Fort George. Two other parties engaged between North Vancouver and Newport will be transferred to the northern section of the line soon. Their labors along Howe Sound are nearly finished. About 1,700 men are now engaged at construction work between Newport and Lillooet.

Meanwhile interest has been revived, by rumors connected with the recent visit of Sir Richard McBride to Ottawa, in the proposal to extend the main and branch lines of the Pacific Great Eastern through British Columbia and Alaska. Plans for these extensions include the construction of a terminal on the Behring Sea. It is believed that such a line would drain

Alaska of its mineral and other natural resources. An all-rail route from that northern state is assured considerable business and will do much to develop Alaska. The plan would involve the construction of an additional 3,000 miles of railway.

### The Dredging of False Creek

THE dredging of False Creek, Vancouver, by the Pacific Dredging Company, will commence on May 12 and will continue unabated day and night, unless some untoward circumstance prevents, for eighteen months, in which time the contractors expect to complete the work, although their agreement with the Dominion Government does not call for completion until two years after the starting of the work.

The undertaking will be one of the greatest of its kind in the history of Canada. Three of the most powerful dredges on the Pacific coast have been secured by the company. Two are what are known as suction dredges. Their work is invisible, save in results; they make no noise, but they do the work much more effectively than the old bucket kind, and their use obviates the use of scows, all the dredged material being placed at any point required.

Three million three hundred thousand cubic yards of material will have to be removed, including practically every sort of material encountered in dredging operations from heavy boulders to sand. The channel to be dredged will be 350 feet wide and 21 feet deep at low tide, thus affording a depth sufficient for practically the largest type of ocean carriers; but it will always be possible to deepen the channel to any further depth if it should be found necessary in years to come. The work will have an important effect on the future of the city of Vancouver.

### Progress With the C. N. R.

WORK on the construction of the Canadian Northern line west from Edmonton to Yellowhead Pass is well advanced. The gangs preparing the roadbed for the rails from Yellowhead Pass to Albreda Summit have completed a large part of their work and have shifted their camps further to the west and closer to the summit.

Canadian Northern Railway engineers say that they should have their part of the

work completed by the close of 1914 and the last rail laid to connect with the line up from the Pass. When that is done through trains will be operated between Edmonton and Vancouver. Trains are of course now operated over the Canadian Northern Railway between Edmonton and Winnipeg.

The line now runs up to Cultus Creek, about a hundred miles west of Kamloops. The rails should be laid into Kamloops sometime in the fall of this year. Kamloops is 243 miles from the south end of the New Westminster bridge, and Albreda Summit is 425 miles from the bridge. The Yellowhead Pass is just about 500 miles.

Albreda Summit is about 2,000 feet above sea level, yet Canadian Northern Railway trains will have a grade of only seven-tenths of one per cent. This grade is said to be the lowest on the continent.

Five tunnels will be built on the main line between Kamloops and the summit, and seventeen bridges will be used to ford the mountain streams.

### "Greatest Port on the Pacific"

THE Dominion House of Commons have passed a resolution submitted by the Hon. J. D. Hazen, preceding the introduction of a bill to regulate the harbor of Vancouver and to incorporate the Harbor Commissioners of Vancouver.

The bill is intended to vest the foreshore in the Commission under certain conditions. The Commission will not be allowed to interfere with existing rights in dealing with property vested in it under the bill. Its action in this case would be subject to the approval of the Governor-in-Council. It is also provided that the Government would have power to take back from the Commission land which would be vested in that body under the Act.

In the course of the discussion Mr. Hazen stated that the annual tonnage now going to Vancouver is about 10,000,000 tons. He had no doubt, he said, that the future would see tremendous development there, especially as traffic through the Panama Canal grows.

Mr. H. H. Stevens, Vancouver, informed the House that a line from Point Atkinson to Point Grey roughly indicated the harbor limits.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed the opinion



that, with the opening of the Panama Canal and the normal continuation of development of the city, Vancouver would become the greatest port on the Pacific coast. He suggested that full information, plans, etc., should be submitted to the House, and Mr. Hazen agreed to this.

### A Great Timber Project

THE early opening of the Panama Canal and the prospect of the free admission of Canadian lumber into the United States has decided the White Brothers' Lumber Company of Canada to engage in logging and manufacturing in British Columbia on a scale almost unprecedented in the history of the industry on this coast. This firm is an off-shoot of a large Michigan corporation. Their limits comprise no less than 90,000 acres, virtually all en bloc, on the Clanche River and tributaries in the Rupert District near the northeast end of Vancouver Island.

These holdings are regarded as the largest area of timber lands in British Columbia owned by one company. The property is believed to contain over five billion feet of standing timber, consisting of yellow fir, white pine, spruce, fir, cedar and hemlock. The principal shipping port from which logging railways will be built will be Beaver Cove, almost opposite Albert Bay.

It has not yet been decided whether they will build four mills of a capacity of 500,000 feet daily, or one large mill of the same capacity. The timber holdings on Vancouver Island were purchased about six years ago. Subsequently, an additional 50,000 acres in the same district became the property of the firm, having been acquired from McLean Bros. of Vancouver. It is said that they have since refused an offer of \$5,000,000 for these timber limits.

### The Hope Mountain Line

AN agreement has been entered into between Mr. J. J. Warren, president of the Kettle Valley Railway, and Mr. L. C. Gilman, of Seattle, assistant to the president of the Great Northern Railway Company, whereby the former company will build, own and operate a single track line, fifty-seven miles long, over the Hope Mountains from Hope to a common junction point at Otter summit, eighteen miles east of the main Hope summit. In the section

referred to the Great Northern will be accorded running rights, paying therefor an annual rental in perpetuity based on a certain percentage of the cost of construction, estimated at a total of \$75,000 a mile. The Kettle Valley line will bridge the Fraser in the vicinity of Hope, effecting a junction with the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Great Northern from Hope will run into Vancouver over its own line, now nearing completion in the Lower Fraser Valley.

The location of the proposed \$750,000 steel bridge across the Fraser River in the vicinity of Hope will not be determined until the completion of the boring operations in the river bed now in progress. This work will be finished before the period of high water, during which material for the erection of the substructure will be assembled.

It is officially stated that the Kettle Valley line, including the proposed bridge, will be open for traffic by the autumn of 1914. The coast will then be afforded direct connection with the Similkameen, Okanagan and Boundary districts, as well as with the Kootenays, and in conjunction with the Canadian Pacific Railway will provide an alternative main line through Southern British Columbia. It will then be possible to travel from Vancouver to Penticton in ten hours, to Grand Forks in fifteen hours, and to Nelson in twenty hours, thus effecting a great reduction in the time now occupied in reaching those interior points by the present roundabout routes via Revelstoke or via Spokane.

### Yukon Gold for Vancouver

FROM a recent discussion in the Dominion Parliament it would appear that the assay office at Vancouver is now getting the Canadian gold that previously went to Seattle. Dr. Thompson, member for the Yukon, said that the gold output of the Yukon in 1912 was over \$5,000,000, of which nearly \$1,500,000 went to the Ottawa mint through the Vancouver assay office. Before the establishment of the Vancouver office a purchasing assay office at Seattle was getting practically all the business of the Yukon in spite of the fact that outside of California, Pacific coast states were producing but very little gold.

It was stated by the Hon. T. White,

Minister of Finance, that last year, on representations made by Dr. Thompson, it was decided to make no charge for the assaying of gold at Vancouver. The object was to detain more gold in Vancouver, thereby increasing the trade between that city and the Yukon.

### Piers and a Drydock

A COMMUNICATION made to a recent meeting of the Victoria Board of Trade was to the effect that the Dominion government will shortly proceed with the construction of two piers, one on the inside face of the Victoria breakwater, and the other independent, being respectively 1,200 and 1,000 feet long.

The drydock which is promised by the government will be constructed as Esquimalt, and the government will make an early start on the retaining wall and reclamation work at Hospital Point, which in itself represents half a million dollars of work. The piers will cost about \$600,000 each.

### Settlers for Northern British Columbia

BEFORE leaving Vancouver recently for Prince Rupert Mr. W. P. Hinton, of Winnipeg, general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, said his company were carrying large numbers of settlers into the northern country on every boat going to Prince Rupert. These were heading for points along the Grand Trunk Pacific. The same thing was going on from the East. The company were carrying a good many settlers into British Columbia over the Yellowhead Pass. The agricultural possibilities of the northern section of the province were becoming well known.

In a few weeks, Mr. Hinton added, the Grand Trunk Pacific would have the line laid as far as Smithers. This would be a divisional point and was sure to become an important centre. A number of tracks and divisional facilities would be established there. At least 200 men would start work there right away fitting it up as a railway centre. There was a fine agricultural area round about, and in a short time Smithers should become an important distributing point as well.

Mr. J. E. Dalrymple, vice-president of the Grand Trunk Pacific, said he hoped to see the last spike driven in the Grand

Trunk Pacific in the year 1914. The company would build big hotels in Vancouver and Prince Rupert, similar in design to the company's hotels in Ottawa, Winnipeg and Edmonton.

### Huge Elevator for Prince Rupert

MR. J. E. DALRYMPLE, third vice-president of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, announced to the Prince Rupert Board of Trade that that city is to have a 10,000,000 bushel grain elevator. It would be built, he said, at Fairview, at the west end of the townsite, and construction would start shortly.

### For Vancouver Next Year

IT IS NOW expected that Northern Pacific passenger trains will be running into Vancouver within a year. The company will have its own freight terminals in the city, but will use the tracks of the Great Northern from Cloverdale.

It is now expending a million dollars on its line between Seattle and Sumas, and as soon as this is completed, which will be within a few months, the gangs will be set to work to relay the track between Sumas and Cloverdale, which will be the end of the Northern Pacific system in British Columbia, the company having entered into a working arrangement with the Great Northern by which its trains shall have the use of the latter's tracks into a joint passenger depot to be erected at False Creek. The two companies have also reached an agreement by which they will share the cost of filling in the area to be used as a terminal in Vancouver, each defraying fifty per cent. of the expense.

### Preparing for Salmon Season

PREPARATIONS for the sockeye salmon season, which will be opened on June 25 by the fisheries gun at Garry Point, continue apace.

The Vancouver cannery, on the south branch of the North Arm, has been equipped with machinery to make all cans complete, thus displacing the old method by hand, which is still retained by most of the Steveston establishments. The Vancouver cannery, it is stated, will try an experiment this year by employing Scotch girls who have had experience in the Old Country canneries to put up the fish.

This work was formerly done by the Chinese. The girls will work in two shifts, and for them buildings are in course of erection near this cannery.

### New Railway Bridges

THE Vancouver city council have arrived at an agreement with the V. V. & E. railway company with reference to the construction of viaducts in Grandview over the Great Northern tracks. Some of the bridges, it was stated, would be the "widest in the world." By this agreement the company undertakes to carry out the following plans:

**Broadway:** To construct permanent steel or concrete bridge 70 feet in width, prior to April 1, 1914.

**Victoria Drive:** To construct permanent steel or concrete bridge prior to August 1, 1914, 66 feet in width.

**Clark Drive:** To construct a permanent steel or concrete bridge prior to April 1, 1915, 68 feet in width, providing a 48-foot roadway.

**Eighth Avenue and Commercial:** To construct a permanent steel or concrete bridge, 66 feet wide, connecting Eighth Avenue with Commercial Drive easterly prior to April 1, 1915.

**Woodland Drive:** To construct a permanent steel or concrete bridge prior to September 1, 1915, 66 feet in width.

**Nanaimo Street:** To reconstruct its present wooden bridge so that same shall be not less than 46 feet wide and of sufficient strength to carry a double-track street railway, and to replace the same with a permanent steel or concrete bridge on six months' notice after five years from completion, no allowance to be made for the wooden structure.

**Nanaimo and Thirteenth Avenue:** To provide, prior to January 1, 1914, a suitable connection at Nanaimo Street and Thirteenth Avenue.

To construct wooden bridges not over 40 feet in width at Garden Drive, Templeton Drive, Twelfth Avenue, Semlin Drive, McLean Drive, Sixth Avenue and Eighth Avenue on six months' notice from the city, and replace same by permanent structures of steel or concrete within six months after notice given at any time after five years from completion.

### Burnaby and the B. C. Electric

THE electors of Burnaby have by an overwhelming vote given their sanction to the B. C. Electric Railway franchise, which will extend over a period of thirty-six and one-half years. Under its terms the company are bound to construct two miles of line from the easterly terminus of the Hastings street line, Vancouver, along Hastings street and Barnet road. The company must also build one mile of road out from New Westminster along Columbia street and the North road to the junction of the Clark road. A three mile radius also has been designated from the western boundary of the municipality, where a 5c fare will become effective, an additional 5c to be charged for every two miles or fraction thereof.

### Proposed Road to Pitt River

THE initiative for the construction of a thoroughfare from Vancouver City to Port Coquitlam and ultimately to Mission and Harrison Hot Springs, has been taken by the mayor of Port Coquitlam. The completed road, with an 18-foot pavement in the centre, will pass through Vancouver,

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Burnaby, Port Moody City and the cities and districts of Coquitlam to the banks of the Pitt River. When the new provincial bridge over the Pitt River is completed, probably next year, proposals for the extension of the roadway will be made.

The Fraser River Development League have decided to ask the provincial government to build a trunk road from that city to Vancouver by way of the municipalities on the north shore of the Fraser River and the city of New Westminster.

### Oil at Kelowna?

SOME excitement has been caused at Kelowna by the supposed discovery of oil deposits in the vicinity. The discovery was made by Mr. Manly Byrns. On some low-lying land near the Five Bridges, which is within half a mile of Kelowna, he noticed a greasy scum floating on the surface of the water, some of the land around there being of a wet, swampy nature.

A large number of claims have been staked, and some of the claim-holders are getting together for the purpose of hiring a drilling outfit with which a trial hole will be sunk, and determining what possible hidden wealth lies beneath the surface.

A TELEPHONE cable is to be laid by the B. C. Telephone Company to connect Victoria and Nanaimo through Saanich Inlet. At present the telephone line between these two cities runs overland, and it is in order to cut down the distance and make a more direct connection that the cable will be laid. The land lines that this cable is to join will connect directly with the new cable to be laid from Vancouver to Nanaimo, thereby bringing Vancouver into more direct communication with the Capital.

### Ship-building on the Fraser

WORK has been commenced at the yard of the Coquitlam Shipbuilding and Marine Railway Company, the keel being laid for a four-masted auxiliary schooner, which will have the distinction of being the first vessel built on the Fraser River.

The ship is of a type similar to the lumber-carrying vessels of the Atlantic coast, of a carrying capacity of one thousand tons, and of an overall length of 225 feet, and 41 feet beam. The keel is 185 feet in length, of two pieces of clear fir 14 inches by 26 inches.

PLANS for the tunnel to be constructed by the Canadian Pacific Railway at Vancouver to remove the inconvenience to the public which at present exists at the Hastings Street crossing and other downtown level crossings have been filed at Ottawa. The tunnel will have a total length of 3,800 feet. It will be laid with a single track, and will be 19 feet 6 inches in height and 16 feet in breadth. The cost is estimated at about \$1,000,000.

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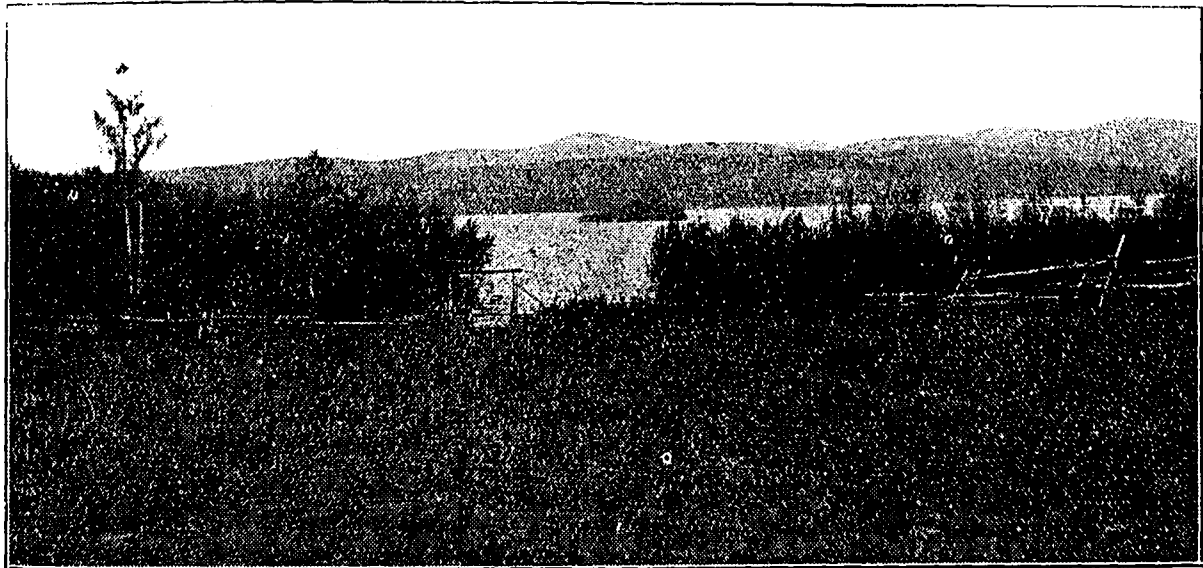
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"The company looks upon Fraser Lake as probably one of the best townsites on the line in the Province of British Columbia.

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(Signed) G. U. RYLEY,  
Land Commissioner Grand Trunk Pacific Railway



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AN increase in the assessment of over two and a half millions for the year ending April 13 is reported from South Vancouver. The increase in land value is \$749,047.10, and of improvements, \$1,947,556.88, making a total increase of \$2,696,603.98. The city assessor estimates that there are now 38,960 people living in South Vancouver, as compared with 32,900 last year. This is an increase of 6,060, or an immigration of about 300 a month.

There is talk of a company being formed for the purpose of building a scenic railway commencing at Crawford road to Lynn Valley road, and thence to a point in the Lynn Valley park, the actual location of which will be determined later.

THE Iron Mask mine, situated a few miles from Kamloops, has been acquired by a syndicate of wealthy Americans represented by E. G. Wallinder, of Duluth, for a sum considerably over \$300,000.

It has been decided, at a meeting of representative fruit growers and others from all parts of the Okanagan Valley, held at Penticton, to establish local co-operative associations for the handling of fruit, and a central selling agency, in order that the crops may be disposed of without any of the attendant difficulties encountered last year.

The contractors on the Kootenay Central Railway have arranged for the building of two steamboats at Spallumcheen on the Columbia River.

## Royal Victoria College

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It is reported that a solid bed of salt has been struck near Mile 45 on the Grand Trunk Pacific. Five holes have been drilled at considerable distances apart, some more than a mile from others, and all have struck salt at depths varying from 50 to 250 feet. The situation is within two hundred feet of the railway and four hundred feet of the Skeena River.

A THIRD ferry-boat has been ordered by the West Vancouver Ferry Company to ply between Vancouver and West Vancouver. It will have a speed of twelve miles an hour and will carry one hundred and fifty passengers.

"THERE is no doubt that we have a grand country there, but it is no country for weaklings. We want, and we are getting, the best types of the pioneers, well provided with money and experience, and ready to wait a few years for the development which will follow the coming of the railway."—So says Dr. Robins, Bishop of Athabasca, of the Peace River country, which forms a portion of his diocese.

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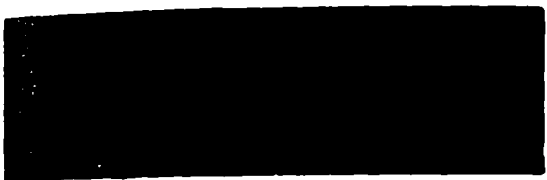
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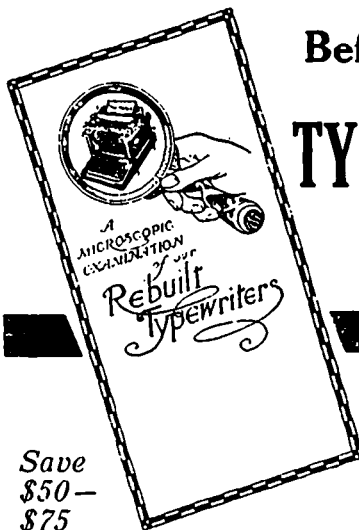


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Streets 66 ft. wide, slashed but not graded.

Choice of level or bench lots.

Front lots will be used for business purposes.

Indefeasible title.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS TO

Co-operative Investment Co.  
or J. H. Vidal

714 Columbia Street  
NEW WESTMINSTER - B.C.



# Port Alberni, B. C.

ANYONE who is at all familiar with the history of British Columbia can readily see that an investment in Port Alberni property now, whether city or suburban, will net him handsome returns before any great length of time. Manufacturing sites with the most excellent facilities may be had, there being a very large potential water-power in the falls of the Somass River, close to the harbor. On the waterfront splendid sites are also procurable at reasonable prices, these offering every advantage in the way of trackage and shipping. The C. P. R. has a fine modern depot in the town, and trains connect each day with Victoria, and thence by boat to Vancouver. Port Alberni lies at the head of the Alberni Canal, a long indentation on the west coast of Vancouver Island and at the mouth of the Somass River. It is backed and flanked by Copper and Arrowsmith Mountains, which, however, offer no impediment to entering railroads. The site of the town is a gradual slope from the waterfront, opening into the magnificent Alberni Valley, which is already extensively farmed and is one of the best districts on the Island. A short distance from the townsite are Buttles, Cameron and Sproat Lakes, some of the most beautiful bodies of inland waters in the province. These lakes offer splendid opportunities for hotels and resorts for the tourist, and the Canadian Pacific has already constructed some chalets in close proximity to the lakes and mountains. On the ocean, and but a short distance from Port Alberni, stretches twenty miles of magnificent sandy beach, the famous Long Beach, which is the resort and delight of thousands of tourists every summer. It is the intention of the C. P. R. to erect a chalet here, which alone will be a distinct advantage to the town. It is the gateway to a paradise for the hunter, fisherman and tourist, in addition to being one of the most advantageous sites for a great city ever laid out. Excellent motor roads now reach every part of the Island, and there is no difficulty in reaching the Port in a short time from Victoria over the famous Pacific Highway, for which this town is the terminus. As to climate: The rainfall is less here than in Vancouver, which is less than in many parts of the eastern provinces. Severe winters are unknown on account of the proximity of



STANDING TIMBER, PORT ALBERNI DISTRICT

the Japan current, and the summers are indescribably delightful. In summing up the advantages of Port Alberni, it is seen that it has the natural advantages of a harbor unexcelled, a townsite of ideal location, excellent water-power resources of incalculable value behind it for which it is the natural port; a busy, progressive administration which is engrossed in making it one of the most attractive towns to the homeseeker and manufacturer, as well as investor, in this fast-growing country; banks, schools, business houses, hotels, wharves, factories, railroad, shipping facilities, and in fact every component of a manufacturing and shipping centre. There can be no doubt but that for every dollar invested in Port Alberni the investor will gain manifold in the next ten years.

## On Vancouver Island

In the Alberni, Nanoose and Newcastle Districts, splendid farming land at

**\$35 per Acre**

in 10, 20, or 40-acre tracts, on terms of one-fifth cash and one-fifth each year.

**This is Your Golden Opportunity**

**CARMICHAEL & MOORHEAD, LIMITED**

OFFICES

VICTORIA, B. C.

PORT ALBERNI, B. C.

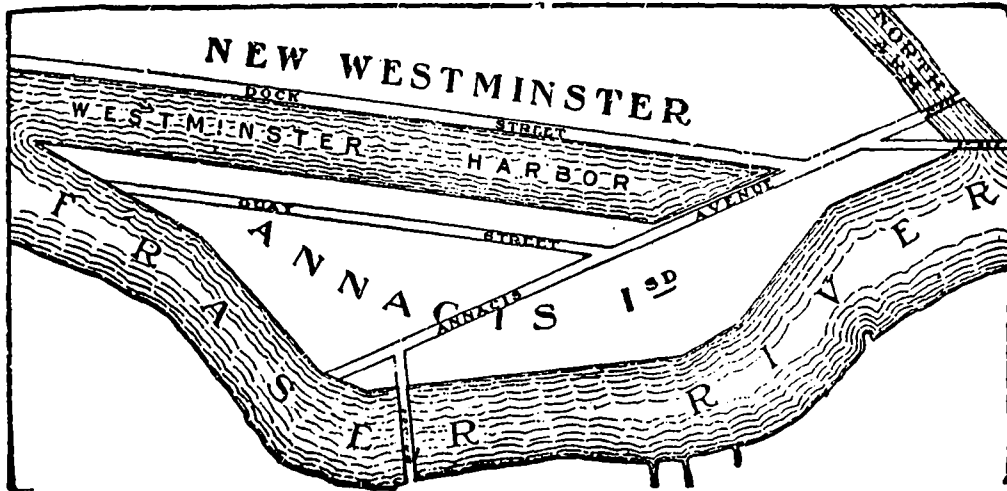
PARKSVILLE, B. C.

VANCOUVER, B. C., CANADA — Franco-Canadian Trust Company Limited, Rogers Building

# ANNACIS ISLAND

(Subdivision)

(NEW WESTMINSTER'S COMMERCIAL ANNEX)



NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

*"The Liverpool of the Pacific"*

This property lies within a stone's throw of the site for the great ocean docks on the island and in direct touch with FOUR TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAYS.

The clamoring of the great West for a PACIFIC OUTLET FOR GRAIN in conjunction with the opening of the Panama Canal will make NEW WESTMINSTER A NEW FRONT DOOR FOR CANADA AND AN ASSURED DISTRIBUTING CENTRE for a large proportion of the grain of the West.

The harbor and subdivision are slightly over a mile from the centre of the city and will be connected with the city proper by means of a very wide causeway and bridge as seen in the sketch.

It is thus seen that with the above improvements effected, property so close to the scene of activity is bound to become of great value for industrial and commercial purposes.

The subdivision is owned by the Canbricol Corporation Limited, a strong English company with head office in London, England, which, having

bought before harbor announcements were made, are able to sell at very conservative figures.

The prices, \$800 per large lot and up, are extremely low for property occupying such a strategic position, and the terms, one-fifth cash, balance over a period of two years, makes it WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYONE.

We venture to predict without the slightest hesitation that this property will be worth double the present prices long before the terms of payment are completed.

Those who bought in Vancouver and Prince Rupert in their early stages have reaped fortunes, and we firmly believe that THIS PROPERTY OFFERS EQUALLY GOOD OPPORTUNITIES FOR INVESTMENT. Do not be one of the "MIGHT HAVE BEEN," but "BUY WHILE THE PRICES ARE LOW" and reap the benefits.

Devereux & Company,

Corner Fort & Douglas Streets,  
Box 810, Victoria, B. C.

**Devereux & Co.**  
Corner Fort and Douglas Streets  
Victoria, British Columbia

AUTHORIZED SALES AGENTS

CUT THIS OUT AND MAIL

Dear Sirs:

Send me folder and further particulars of Annacis Island subdivision without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address .....

# Cranbrook, B. C.

Population, now close to 5,000, is rapidly increasing

CRANBROOK is a divisional point of the C. P. R., whose payroll is over \$75,000 a month.

Railways: From east and west, the C. P. R., and from middle and eastern States and Pacific coast point, the Soo-Spokane-Portland.

Great Northern, via Lethbridge, Alta., or Elko, B. C., connects with British Columbia Southern (known as Crows Nest Branch of the C. P. R.).

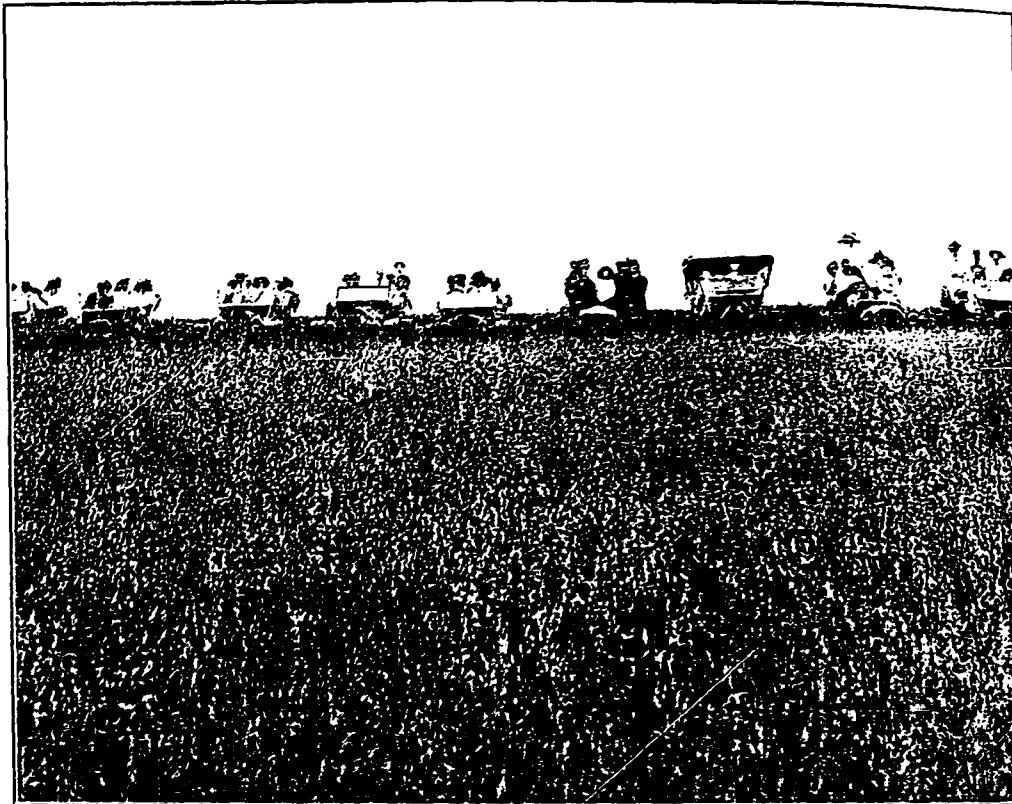
Kootenay Central Branch of the C. P. R. connects with all points north. And the North Star branch of the C. P. R. reaches Kimberly and Marysville districts.

In the vicinity are twenty-five sawmills, five planing-mills, three sash and door factories, mining camps and many other industries, employing a large number of men the year around.

The climate of CRANBROOK approaches the ideal as near as may be found in Canada. The scenery is unsurpassed in variety and grandeur. Large and small game is found in abundance. It is the centre of a district 100 miles square, rich in timber, minerals, etc. From an agricultural standpoint the land in general is well suited to mixed farming.

The fruit-raising industry is as yet in its infancy owing to the fact that up to the last few years the chief attention was given to mining and lumbering. However, experiments have proven so satisfactory, and the markets are so great, that land is rapidly increasing in value.

The different points in the district are connected by first-class roads, in fact the roads



AUTOS IN A FIELD OF GRAIN NEAR CRANBROOK

are so good that Thomas N. Wilby, while here on his pathfinding trip from coast to coast, said: "The roads out of this city look as if they had been gone over with a flat-iron, they are so smooth."

This city has a municipal hall, new \$75,000 post office, six churches, three banks, three theatres, large hospital, two rinks, several places of amusement, five schools, large Y. M. C. A. building, Masonic Temple, I. O. O. F. and K. of P. halls, and eight hotels with excellent accommodation. Also electric lighting, gravity water and sewer systems. Magnificent natural power facilities await development. Large mercantile establishments and wholesale houses meet the needs of a rapidly growing community.

The C. P. R.'s new transcontinental line from Winnipeg to Vancouver will go via CRANBROOK and the Crows Nest Pass.

## Fruit and Vegetable Land

Near the big markets, in a delightful climate, a mile and a half from the prosperous, growing CRANBROOK, B. C., is what the sensible farmer is looking for.

There is a 3,000-acre tract at APPLELAND that is just waiting to grow the best fruits

and vegetables in British Columbia. All perishable products can be disposed of readily. Your product picked at noon is eaten by the consumer for supper.

Ask us about the 5-acre tracts for \$500.00; one-quarter down.

**THE CHAPMAN LAND & INVESTMENT CO.**

CRANBROOK, BRITISH COLUMBIA

# PORT COQUITLAM

## “Pay Roll” and “Pay Well” City

☐ The old-time patent medicines undertook to demonstrate their efficacy by “before-and-after-taking” pictures. These pictures were usually fakes and, at best, products of the artist’s imagination.

☐ But the idea was sound.

☐ Every business proposition, every investment, should be able to stand the “before-and-after-taking” test.

☐ Coquitlam welcomes the test. This sterling new terminal town has only a year-and-a-half of life behind it, but those eighteen months have been so many months of demonstration of the wisdom of past and future investments.

☐ The investment opportunity is better than ever. Much as has been done, the town has only started. The big things haven’t even been started yet. And a lot of them are to be started.

☐ Look at the list of industries already started or announced: Shipbuilding yards, switch manufacturing plant, artificial stone works, 3,000-barrel flour mill, dredging plant, C. P. R. elevators, boot and shoe works, etc., and half a dozen other big industries in sight.

☐ This list means that Coquitlam will be a PAY-ROLL city, and a PAY-ROLL city means a PAY-WELL city for real estate investments. Prices are not inflated. We are willing to sell some lots, but we are more interested in locating industries.

☐ Give us a hint or a suggestion that will bring another industry to Port Coquitlam and we will pay you liberally for your services.

☐ We want industries and industries want Coquitlam.

CUT OUT AND MAIL

## Coquitlam Terminal Company Limited

549-553 Granville Street  
Vancouver, Canada

Dept. B. C. M.  
COQUITLAM TERMINAL CO. Limited  
549-553 Granville Street  
Vancouver, Canada.

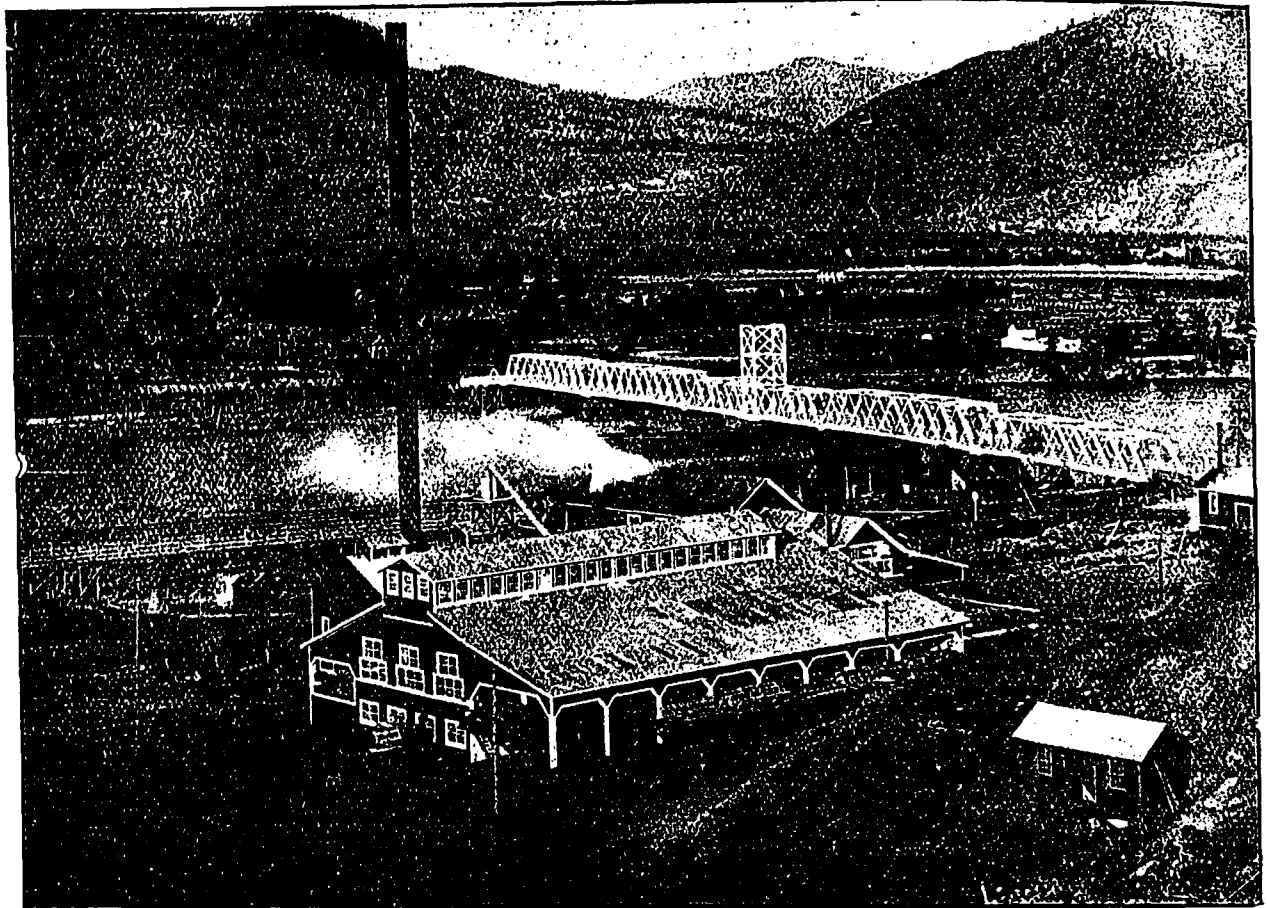
Gentlemen,—Without obligating me in any way, please send me at once full particulars of your new plan for the promotion of industries at Coquitlam and the advancement of real estate values.

Name .....

Address in full .....

.....

# Kamloops, B. C.



BRIDGE OVER THOMPSON RIVER AT KAMLOOPS

## SOME FACTS

KAMLOOPS was started one hundred years ago as a fur trading post.

Kamloops has a mayor and six aldermen.

Kamloops was incorporated in 1893.

Kamloops is recognized as one of the best kept cities in the West.

The derivation of the word Kamloops is from the Indian language, meaning "Meeting of the waters."

Eight years ago no man thought Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge, Saskatoon, or Regina would become large cities. Their location favored them, and they are among the leading cities of Western Canada today. Kamloops

was nicely chosen as a location, being the centre of a number of fertile valleys branching out in various directions, with roads running north, south, east and west, and steamboats running east, west and north. For these reasons Kamloops will surprise the most sanguine of today.

Kamloops is conceded to have as fine a climate as can be found.

Kamloops' streets are carefully looked after both in the business and residential districts, and in consequence are always in a sanitary condition.

Kamloops is recognized as the commercial centre of southern British Columbia.

## EVANDER McLEOD

*Real Estate, Insurance, Investments*

References: Dun's

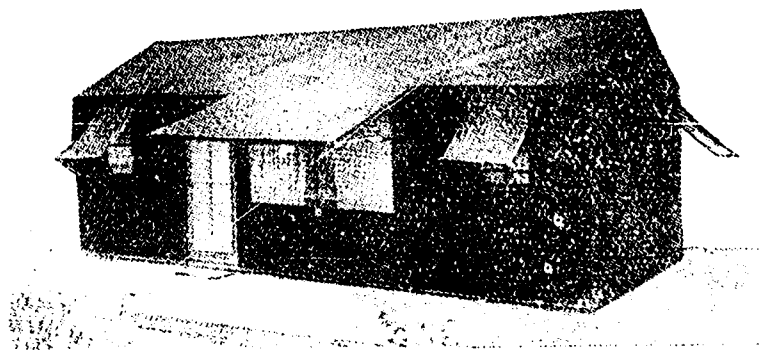
KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Imperial Bank of Canada

Write me about Improved Irrigated Lands at \$30.00 per acre  
RANCH AND FRUIT LANDS MY SPECIALTY

# Owners of Lots

At Bowen Island, White Rock Beach, White Rock Heights Savary Island, Salt Spring Island, and all other summer resorts, TAKE NOTICE to the Little Brown Bungalow below:



## Don't Rent a Summer Home—Buy One that Travels with You

¶ These wonderful little brown bungalows are made so that they will put up or take down in a few hours. Thousands used them last summer enjoying the most modern and most comfortable of all modes of summer living. The

### Kenyon Take Down House

has hardwood floors, rust-proof screens, awnings, and ventilated gables, and coming in from one to eight-room sizes costs less than a summer's rent. These houses go right with you to any lake or resort you desire and give you your own home wherever you want it.

Prices \$42.50 to \$475.00 complete

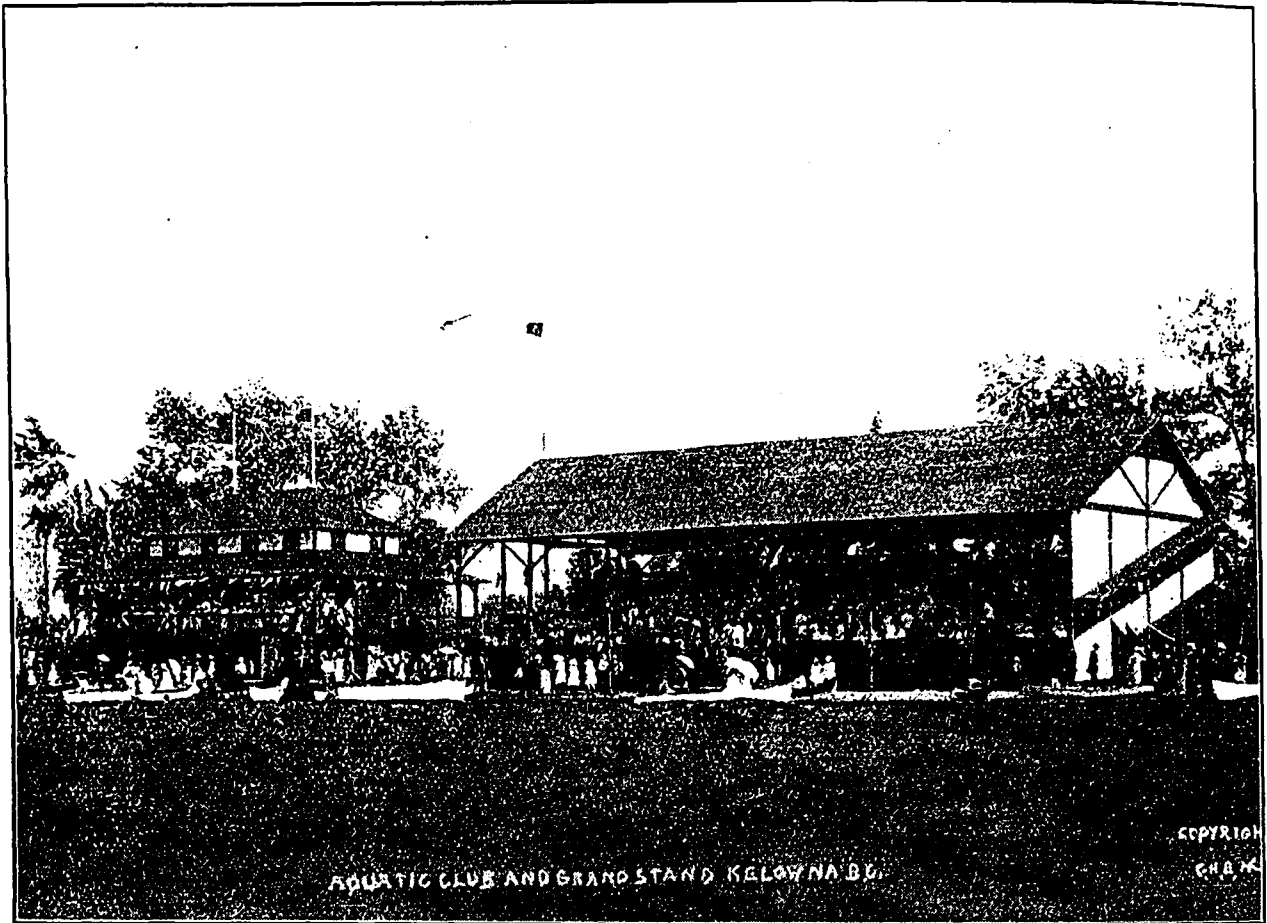
*Call and see these houses set up and completely furnished  
or write for price list and catalogue to*

**CUNNINGHAM'S LIMITED**

1012-16 GRANVILLE STREET

AGENTS WANTED IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

## Kelowna, Okanagan Valley, B. C.



NOT ONLY does Kelowna grow the best apples in British Columbia, but we also produce that whole-hearted enjoyment of outdoor life, assisted by our surroundings, as depicted above. This makes for the best that is in mankind.

All of these things we are anxious to share with thousands of others. Washington and Oregon fruit lands are three and

four times as expensive as ours. This year's net result to their growers has been far less than ours have received. In open competition with American apple exhibits, Kelowna has taken the best prizes.

Come and see for yourself. For any information or illustrated booklet write: G. A. Fisher, Secretary Publicity Department, Board of Trade, Kelowna, B. C.

# BELGO-CANADIAN FRUIT LANDS CO.

First-class Fruit Lands in the Kelowna  
District for Sale

KELOWNA  
B. C.

290 Garry Street  
WINNIPEG

11 Place Leopold  
ANTWERP



# WHITE ROCK

*"The Real Playground of British Columbia"*

The situation of the original Summer Resort Townsite of White Rock, for which we are the official agents, is unexcelled for convenience of transportation, scenic surroundings, bathing, boating, sea beaches, fishing, and delightful walks and drives.

Four trains daily each way stop at White Rock, and on and after June an additional White Rock "special" will be run.

A daily mail, post office, stores, hotel, bathing and boat houses and lunch rooms, long-distance 'phone, etc., are at your service.

The railway station is the most commodious and modern on the G. N. R. system in British Columbia.

The beach is a magnificent strip of sand over five miles in extent.

The bay, with its vista of islands, headlands and the snow-clad Olympias, has been named by visitors "The Bay of Naples of the Pacific."

We have opened up the roads, laid water mains, built houses and made other improvements on a large portion of the property we are offering for sale.

A limited number of houses and tents for sale and rent, but to secure these early applications should be made.

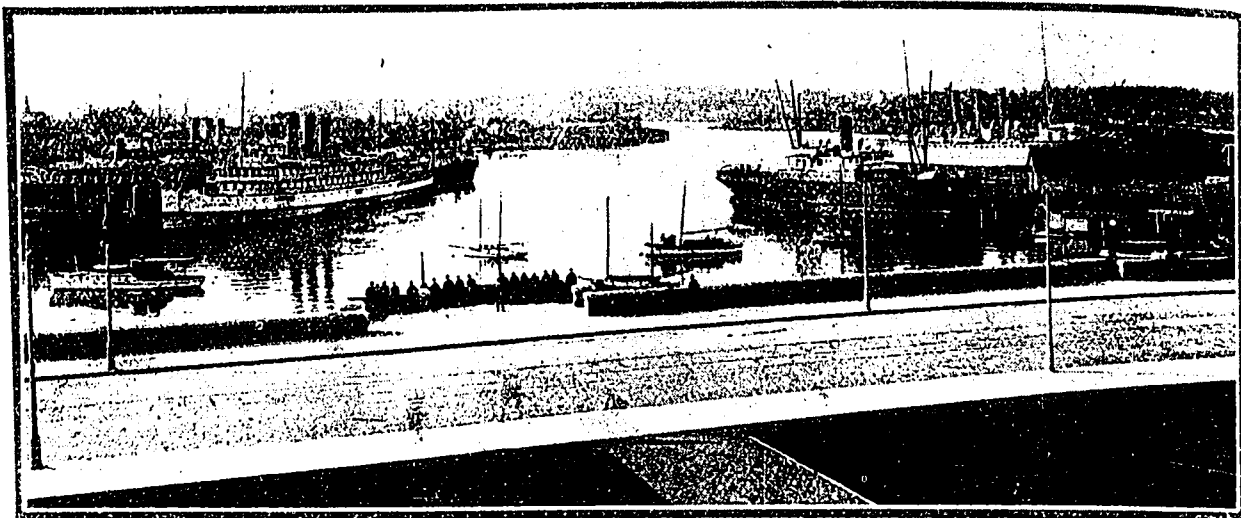
## WHITE, SHILES & CO.

TOWNSITE AGENTS

NEW WESTMINSTER AND WHITE ROCK, B. C.

E. H. SANDS, *Resident Manager*, WHITE ROCK COTTAGE





## Victoria, British Columbia, Canada

The Leading Port in the Dominion

THE City of Victoria, B. C., Canada, the Capital City of the province of British Columbia, is the first port in the Dominion of Canada. That is one reason why the Dominion Government is equipping it with the present-designed splendid outer harbor. When it is recorded that during the six months of the first fiscal year ending September 30, 1912, a total of 5,747 vessels, foreign and coastwise, in and out, came and went from local wharves, the magnitude of the shipping trade from Victoria is impressed upon even the most unthinking.

Not one of the eastern ports can show anything like the record of shipping as does Victoria. And the increase in the shipping grows steadily and surely. Examine these figures.

1909-10—Total number of ships arriving and departing, 7,254; total tonnage, 4,826,769.

1910-11—Total number of ships arriving and departing, 8,475; total tonnage, 5,673,697.

1911-12—Total number of ships arriving and departing, 9,778; total tonnage, 7,207,274.

While the coastwise trade is advancing rapidly, it is in the foreign trade that the greatest advances are being made. Last year the foreign trade of Montreal, inward and outward, totalled 845 vessels, with 3,385,951 tons, as compared with 2,834 vessels with 3,522,851 tons at Victoria. At St. John the foreign shipping inward and outward in the same time was 2,442 vessels, with 2,012,425 tons; while Halifax had 2,344 vessels in and out, foreign, with 3,111,535 tons. Freight landed by foreign vessels at Victoria has trebled in the last three years.

TAKE NOTICE, MANUFACTURERS, INVESTORS, RAILWAYS, STEAMSHIP LINES, SHIP-BUILDERS AND CAPITALISTS—ALL ROADS AND ALL PORTS LEAD TO AND CONNECT WITH VICTORIA.

For free booklet, fully illustrated, on Canada's Greatest Port, address VANCOUVER ISLAND DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE, Victoria, B. C. Room 44.

## Shoal Harbor, Saanich Peninsula

WE have several eight to twelve-acre pieces on this beautiful harbor, cleared and in orchard, all ready for that summer home. Splendid view. Ideal boating, fishing and hunting. Safe anchorage and sandy beach. The loveliest spot on Vancouver Island. The price and size of the plots and natural location make this an *exclusive* summer home colony. There are only fourteen plots and two of these have been sold to wealthy residents.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE

Western Dominion Land and Investment Company, Limited

Fort and Broad Streets, VICTORIA, B. C.

# GILLETTE



## The Symbol of Clean-cut Modern Manhood

By making shaving so easy, the Gillette Safety Razor has done much to develop the typical man of to-day — that strong, aggressive, successful individual who scorns to disguise his features with a beard or to appear with an unkempt stubble on cheek or chin.

Shaving with the Gillette takes but three refreshing minutes. You waste no time honing or stropping—or fuming in the barber's waiting row. The Gillette makes home shaving so easy and luxurious that it is no more a task, but an agreeable incident in the morning toilet.

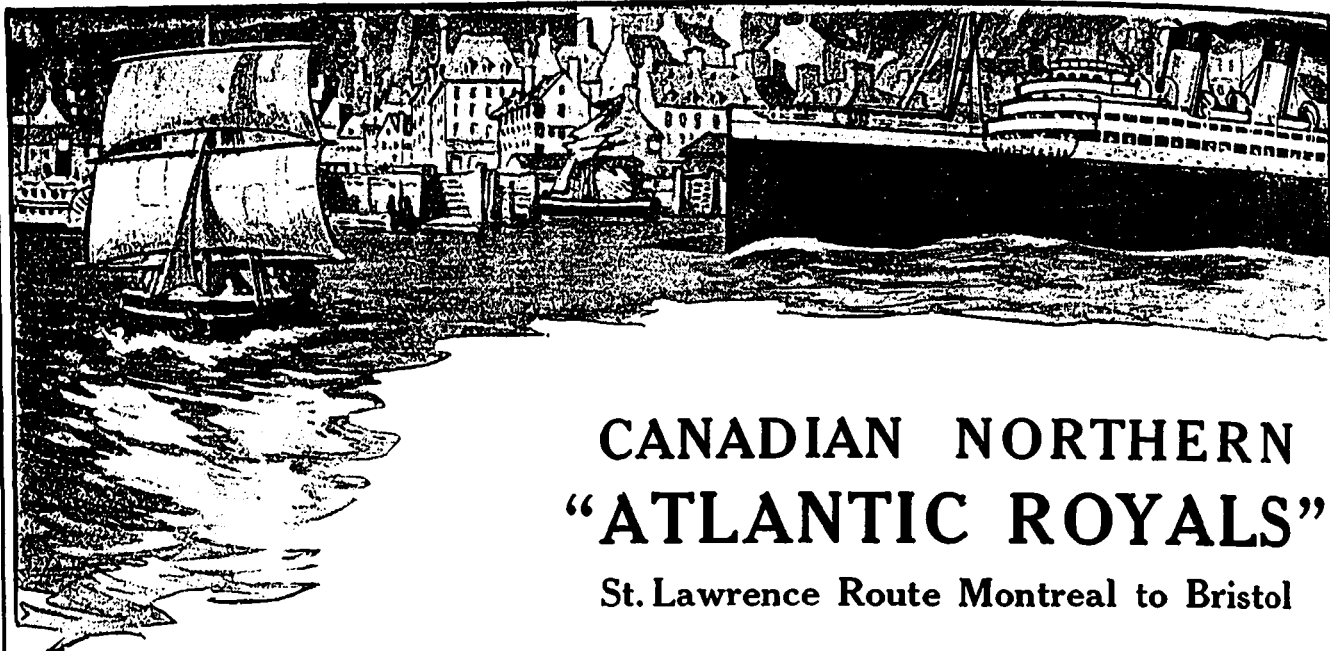
There are nearly 40 Gillette styles from which to choose. Standard Sets, like the illustration, cost \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets, with brush, soap and other toilet articles, run from \$6.50 up. From the assortment which your Hardware Dealer, Druggist or Jeweler can show you, buy a Gillette—you'll enjoy it.

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.**  
**OF CANADA, LIMITED**

464

OFFICE AND FACTORY :  
The New Gillette Building,  
MONTREAL.





## CANADIAN NORTHERN "ATLANTIC ROYALS"

St. Lawrence Route Montreal to Bristol

Here is an opportunity to see some of the most famous places of the Old World at a modest outlay. A health-bringing trip and a liberal education combined. You take the "Royal Edward" at Montreal on July 15 for Bristol. Special arrangements have been made for the balance of the tour, which includes a visit to London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, Ostend, Antwerp, the Isle of Marken, and the historic city of Ghent.

### Special—Rovers' Travel Club Tour

This is an especially good year to visit the ancient city of Ghent. On the date the party will reach that city, the Universal and International Exposition will be in full swing. It will be a great exposition, with its Palaces of Art and Industry housing unique exhibits from all parts of the world. The slogan of this exhibition is "A Thousand and One Attractions Worth Crossing Half the Globe to See."

Familiar as you are with Paris and London, the programme which has been arranged will include many points of interest you probably have not seen before. This will also hold true of Amsterdam, Brussels and the other cities on the list. A day and a night in Bristol may be profitably spent by the traveller because some of the most intensely interesting and historic scenes in all England may be visited there or nearby.

By all means ask or send for the illustrated booklet which contains the complete itinerary and gives the cost in detail. In it is described in chatty and informal style the various places to be visited with pictured



account of their most interesting features. Simply write your name and address on the coupon and you will receive booklet by return mail.

Apply to the nearest Steamship Agent or to any of these General Agencies of the Company: Toronto, Ont., 52 King Street East; Montreal, Que., 226-30 St. James Street; Winnipeg, Man., 254 Union Station; Halifax, N. S., 123 Hollis Street.

CANADIAN NORTHERN STEAMSHIPS, LIMITED

Please  
send me  
your Rovers'  
Travel Club Booklet.

Name.....

Address.....  
B. C.

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The Choicest and Cheapest

## FRUIT LANDS

in British Columbia

☐ Situated seventeen miles south of Kamloops in a PROVEN fruit-growing district.

☐ Enjoy a delightful and healthful CLIMATE, a rich, fertile fruit SOIL, an abundance of pure WATER, excellent TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES, fine ROADS, good MARKETS at high prices, and are suburban to an important city.

☐ LAKEVIEW GARDENS are CLEARED and READY TO PLANT, and can be purchased in blocks of ten acres and upwards, on EXCEPTIONALLY EASY TERMS at

**\$125 to \$200** PER ACRE<sup>™</sup>  
INCLUDING WATER

**ROSS & SHAW**

318 Hastings Street West  
Vancouver, British Columbia

# BNATCO CIGARS

BEST ON EARTH

☐ Made from Tobacco Grown  
in Sunny British Columbia

BY THE

British North America Tobacco Co., Limited

*Plantations and Factories:* KELOWNA, B. C.

"For Mother,  
the Others—  
and Me"



*Taylor's*  
**INFANTS-  
DELIGHT  
TOILET SOAP**

has for thirty years been Canada's favorite, and has steadily gained in popularity and sales. Its rich, creamy lather—its delicate perfume—its softening, healing effect on the skin—these are some of the reasons. TRY it yourself and you'll find still more reasons for continuing to use it.

Your dealer can supply you with this and the many other Taylor-made Toilet Articles.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.  
LIMITED  
TORONTO**

**OLDEST AND LARGEST PERFUMERS  
AND TOILET SOAP MAKERS  
IN CANADA**

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**MATCHLESS  
LIQUID  
GLOSS**

The best polish made for furniture and other finished surfaces. Restores and preserves the original lustre.

Use it in dusting. It cleans and disinfects as well as polishes.

*Hardware, furniture and department stores everywhere. Get a trial can today.*

**THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited**  
Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, Halifax

*If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak*



*From a Kodak Negative (reduced).*

*Take a*  
**KODAK**  
*with you*

Let pictures, made from your own point of view, keep the story of your personal impressions.

*Catalogue free at your dealers, or by mail.*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED  
TORONTO



WHITE ROCK BEACH

# Read This Over Carefully

## Then Call On Us

Greatest offer ever made in Canada. Building lots 33x124 feet free for your subscription to the British Columbia Magazine for one year, and small fee to cover cost of deed, etc.

LET US EXPLAIN THIS  
GRAND OFFER TO YOU

The British Columbia Magazine is looking for more circulation, and we feel sure this grand premium lot offer will secure us many hundreds of new subscribers. That's all we want.

# WHITE ROCK HEIGHTS BY THE SEA

A place where YOU and PLEASURE and PROFIT can meet. This beautiful summer resort—on Great Northern Railway—only sixty brief minutes away—Sea Beach, Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Hunting, Woods and Streams.

## British Columbia Magazine

PREMIUM DEPARTMENT

525 Pacific Building 744 Hastings St. W.

Vancouver, B. C.

British Columbia Magazine,  
Premium Dept., 525 Pacific Bldg.  
Vancouver, B. C.

I read your offer of free lots in White Rock Heights in the British Columbia Magazine. Let me know more of your offer, without obligating myself in any way.

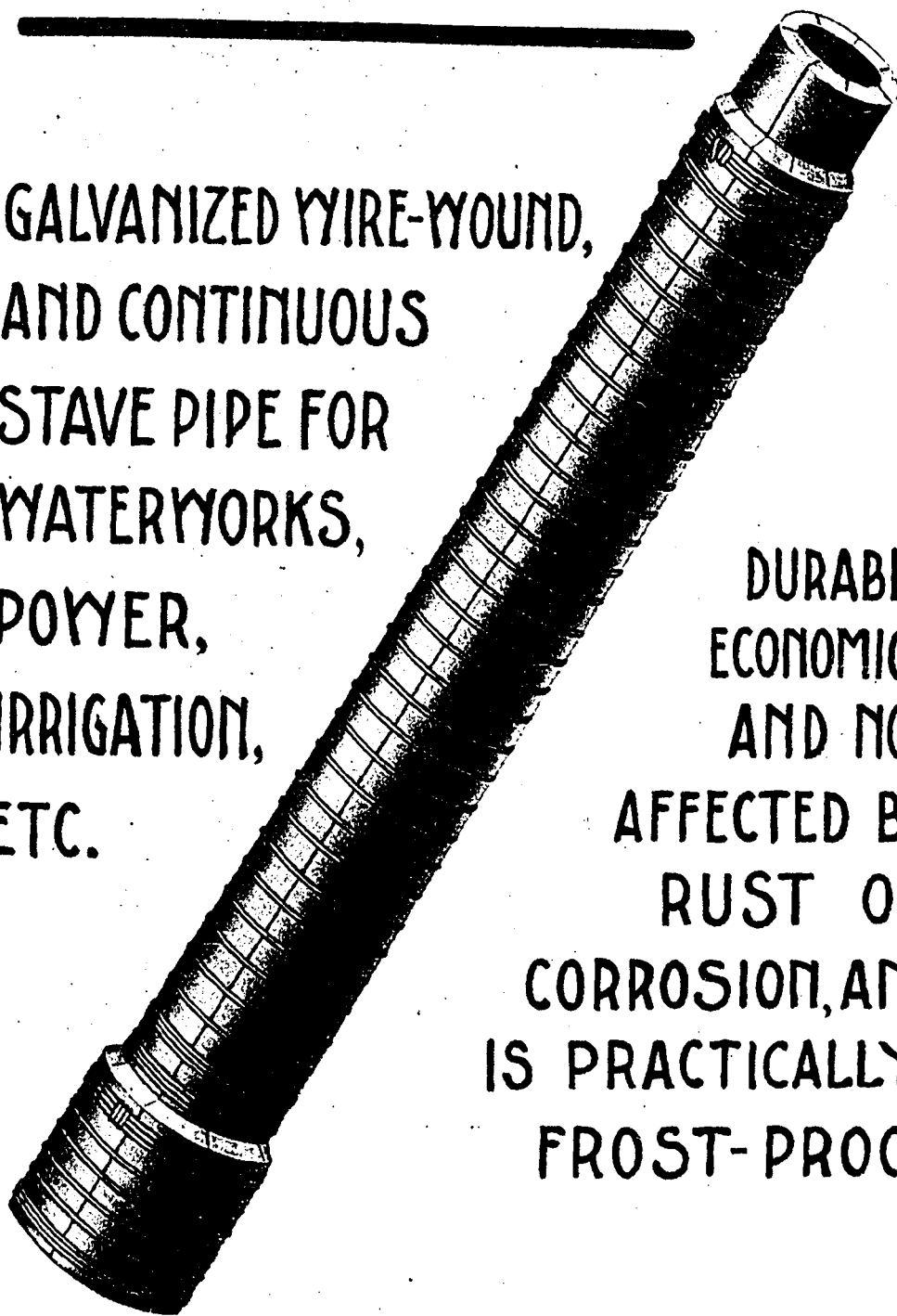
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Address .....

# WOOD STAVE PIPE

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GALVANIZED WIRE-WOUND,  
AND CONTINUOUS  
STAVE PIPE FOR  
WATERWORKS,  
POWER,  
IRRIGATION,  
ETC.



DURABLE,  
ECONOMICAL,  
AND NOT  
AFFECTED BY  
RUST OR  
CORROSION, AND  
IS PRACTICALLY  
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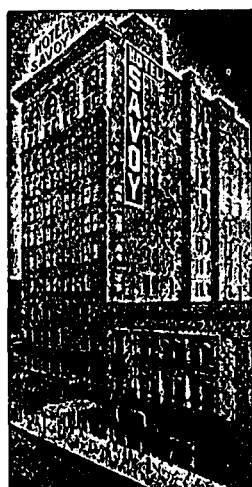
**THE DOMINION WOOD PIPE COMPANY LIMITED.**

JOHN SCHMEHL  
President  
D. MACKENZIE  
Vice-President

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

W. H. WILSON  
Managing Director





**"Twelve Stories of Solid Comfort"**

Building, concrete, steel and marble.  
 Located, most fashionable shopping district.  
 210 rooms, 135 baths.  
 Library and bound magazines in reading rooms for guests.  
 Most refined hostelry in Seattle.  
 Absolutely fireproof.  
 English Grill.

Rates, \$1.00 up

Seattle's House of Comfort

**Hotel Washington Annex**

Canadian visitors to Seattle invariably make this hotel their headquarters. It is centrally situated in the heart of the theatre and shopping section. Modern in every particular, with excellent cuisine and service. Auto 'bus meets all trains and boats. Wire for reservation.

J. H. DAVIS, Proprietor

**Windsor Hotel**

New Westminster - British Columbia  
 P. O. Bilodeau - Proprietor  
 Phone 188 P. O. Box 573  
 Rates: - American Plan, \$1.50 to \$2.50  
 European Plan, 75c to \$1.50

**COLLECTIONS**

BAD DEBTS COLLECTED EVERYWHERE. No collection, no charge. American-Vancouver Mercantile Agency, 336 Hastings Street West, Vancouver, B.C. Phone Seymour 3650.

**NEW KNOX HOTEL**

Besner & Besner, Proprietors  
 The New Knox Hotel is run on the European plan. First-class service. All the latest modern improvements. The bar keeps only the best brands of liquors and cigars. The cafe is open from 6.30 a.m. to 8 p.m. Excellent cuisine. First-class service. Rooms 50 cents and up. Hot and cold water in every room. Steam heat throughout building.  
 First Avenue PRINCE RUPERT, B. C.

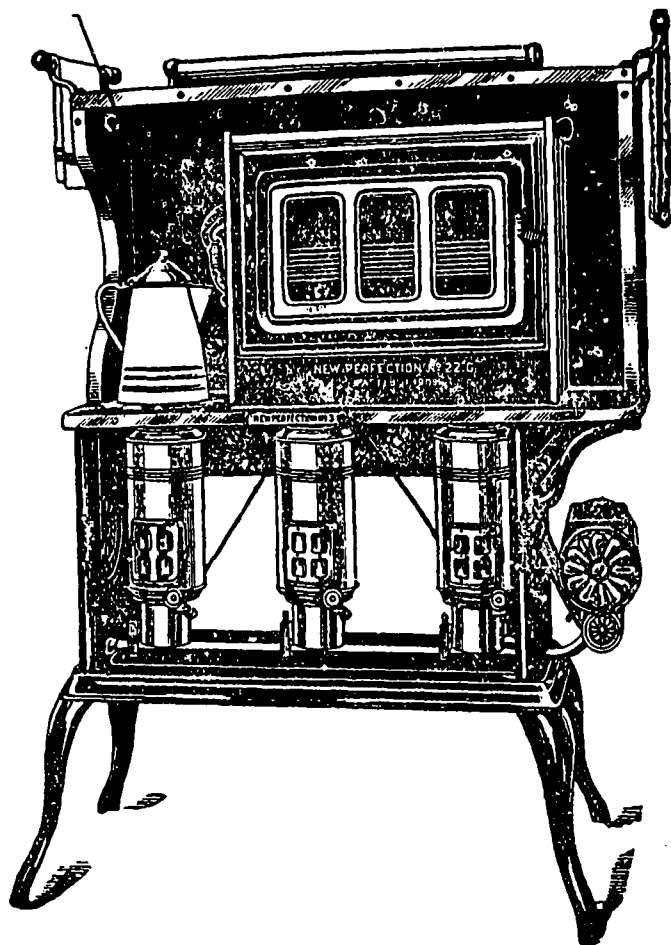
**FRUIT LANDS**

APPLEDALE ORCHARDS—BEST LOCATED AND most practical subdivision in Southern British Columbia. Richest soil; level land; no irrigation; \$10 cash and \$10 monthly, without interest. Annual profits \$500 to \$1,000 per acre. Orchard, garden, poultry; scenery, hunting, fishing, boating; delightful, warm climate; school, post office, store, sawmill; daily trains; close to markets; unlimited demand for products. Write quick for maps, photos, free information. WEST KOOTENAY FRUIT LANDS COMPANY, Dept. M, Drawer 1087, Nelson, B.C.

**SAVOY HOTEL**

Prince Rupert's Leading Hotel  
 Corner Fifth and Fraser Street. A. J. Prudhomme, proprietor. European plan, \$1.00 up. American plan, \$2.50 up. Centrally located. The only house in Prince Rupert with hot and cold running water in rooms.  
 Phone 37 PRINCE RUPERT P. O. Box 126

SELF-SUPPORTING HOMES—GROWING FRUIT in beautiful lake district, Southern British Columbia, without irrigation. \$10 cash and \$10 per month, without interest, for five acres. Delightful climate; scenery, fishing, hunting, boating. Information free. Write today. WHATSHAN ORCHARD ASSOCIATION, Dept. F., Nelson, British Columbia.



# The Best Oil Cook- stove Made

**New Perfection**  
**WICK BLUE FLAME**  
**Oil Cook-stove**

Burns Oil—the cheapest, cleanest fuel.

No Ashes. No Smell. No Delay. No Waste.

Bakes, broils, roasts and toasts really to “perfection.”

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For best results use Royalite Oil. Stock carried at all chief points.

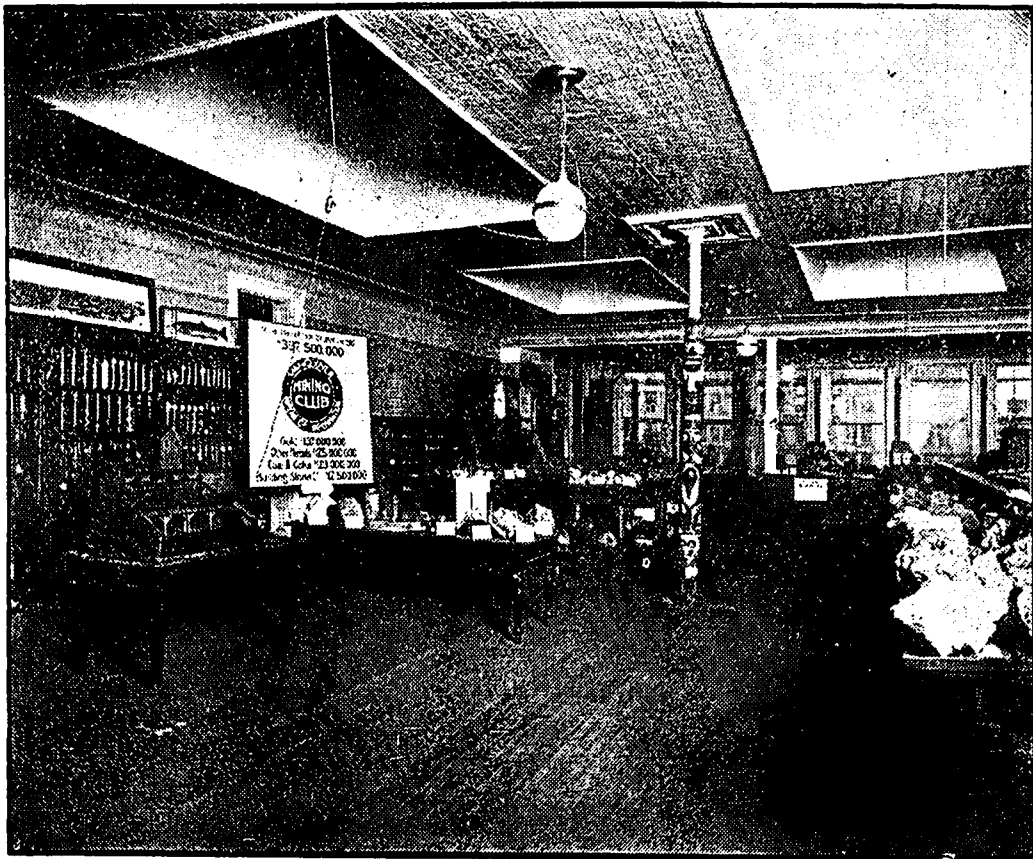
THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO  
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Do You Know  
**BRITISH COLUMBIA?**



AN EXHIBIT HALL IN THE CHAMBERS OF THE PROGRESS CLUB

INFORMATION BUREAU  
AND  
NATURAL RESOURCES EXPOSITION

The Progress Club, an active industrial and publicity organization conducted along lines approved by the civic and provincial governments of British Columbia, maintains free information and industrial offices in the heart of Vancouver. These quarters house the offices and display halls of the club, and a large staff is employed to supply information to visitors and correspondents concerning every phase of commercial, industrial and professional life in Vancouver and the province.

If you have not received the fullest information regarding opportunities to engage in congenial occupations at the Coast write for beautifully illustrated literature to the



COMMISSIONER, PROGRESS CLUB  
VANCOUVER, CANADA

# Dollars for You

The passing of the False Creek Agreement means money to East End property owners.

## ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?

The C. N. R. Bylaw was ratified by the City Council some time ago and on March 15th voted upon and approved by the citizens.

Read the summary of this agreement:

Agreement is made between City of Vancouver, Canadian Northern Pacific and Canadian Northern Railway.

Of the 157 acres comprised in agreement, company to have 113 and city 44.

Land to be used as principal permanent western terminus of C. N. R. and for all time only for railway terminals.

Company to pay whole expense of extinguishing riparian rights on nineteen lots off Main Street, land to remain city property.

Company to fill in bed of creek at own expense. To commence work within ninety days.

Company to expend not less than \$4,000,000 on union passenger station and terminals.

Union passenger station, terminals, buildings, tracks, tunnels and facilities are all to be for use of Pacific Great Eastern Railway and any other railway companies.

Company to provide sufficient yards, tracks and freight sheds to accommodate handling of freight cars and freight of any other railway companies.

The one double or two single-track tunnels to be electrified.

Company within eight years to establish and maintain trans-Pacific steamship line; Vancouver to be its home port.

City to have twelve acres for industrial sites north of First Avenue extension.

Company may lease land not immediately required for terminal purposes, for manufacturing, industrial or warehouse sites.

Company to erect hotel on railway property.

Company to give city park fronting station, with driveway, cost of maintaining to be borne by company.

Think what this will mean to the adjacent properties.

We are specialists in this district and recommend the buying of business property and hotel sites on the following streets: Hastings, Pender, Keefer, Harris, Union, Prior, Main, and streets running parallel with Main, lying to the east.

A stimulus will also be given to houses, residential lots, and apartment house sites in Grandview and Mount Pleasant.

Write us today about property in these districts.

## The Acadia Trust Company Limited

H. L. BEAMAN, *Manager Real Estate Department*

150 Hastings Street East

VANCOUVER, CANADA

# Vancouver Island, B. C.

## Canada

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### *Its Principal Cities Outside of Victoria*

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In all the various districts of Vancouver Island the tokens of development and progress continue to multiply. Railway activities and the steady work of extending and improving the island roads and highways have a great deal to do with this, and the constant influx of settlers to the country communities, the towns and the cities continues to widen the sphere of action both as to urban and agricultural potentialities.

The Alberni District, with the promising and energetic little cities of Port Alberni and Alberni, is progressing with sure strides, and the incoming of the Canadian Northern Railway into the neighborhood is the latest move which is adding impetus to the already live condition of affairs. Not the least important feature of this district's future is the coming opening of Strathcona Park and its world-heralded beauties. That thousands of visitors will come through in this way to reach the park is assured, and that numbers of them will fall in love with the district and remain there is also an undisputed fact.

Nanaimo is fast coming to the front because of its geographical position, fine harbor, and vast natural resources. It has always been a great coal-mining centre, and yet this is in reality only one of its commercial factors. The lumbering and fishing industries, and more lately, manufacturing, promise to rival the mining interests in time to come, for year by year the trend of capital to Nanaimo and the signs of the financial zodiac point to very large industrial developments at this point. Nanaimo is now and has for some years past been agitating for a tramway system. That this will be installed does not admit of a doubt, and it will go far towards metropolitanizing the city. Its harbor is a splendid one, and its shipping trade considerable. A few years hence and this centrally located and thriving place will have gained greatly in population and commercial importance.

Cumberland and Ladysmith are both up-to-date, virile and go-ahead little cities, remarkable for their civic spirit and systems of municipal government. Each has rivalled the other in the matter of enthusiasm for the betterment of existing conditions, and the result has been of the greatest possible benefit to the citizens. Both are in the heart of the coal measures of their districts, and Ladysmith has a fine harbor, thus affording rail as well as sail transportation for its mining output, her situation on the main line of the E. & N. Railway giving through connection with all island points on this line. Cumberland connects by rail to Union Bay, and is moving energetically for further rail service by way of the Canadian Northern Railway. Their future is a bright one, and founded on solid advantages.

Duncan and Sidney are centres for agricultural districts, Duncan being especially favored as the trading metropolis of the famous Cowichan Valley. This recently incorporated little city has one of the finest general stores in Canada, a flourishing Creamery and Egg Association, and its reputation for the finest of butter and eggs is so firmly fixed that the highest prices are realized for its product. Sidney, at the terminus of the Victoria and Sidney Railway, may yet become an important terminal manufacturing point as well as an agricultural centre. All of these cities have their boards of trade, which are busy in forwarding the interests of their communities in every possible manner.

## RAISE THE PERCENTAGE OF YOUR SALES

☐ You can sell any sportsman who needs a good rifle a "Ross .280" (High Velocity) more readily than some cheaper and perhaps more or less well-known make.

☐ Moreover, every such sale means a satisfied customer, and a very nice profit for you.

☐ It's worth your while to think over the "Ross High Velocity" proposition.

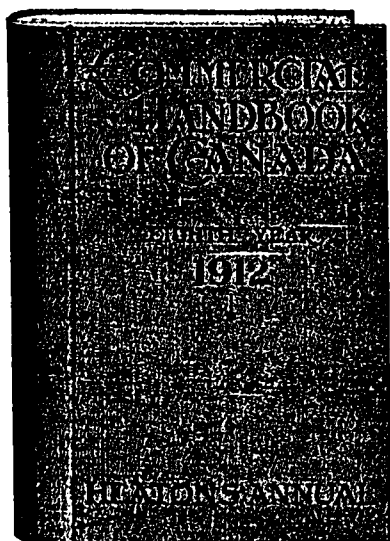
☐ Your jobber can supply you.

☐ For illustrated catalogue and trade discounts apply to

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Quebec, P.Q.





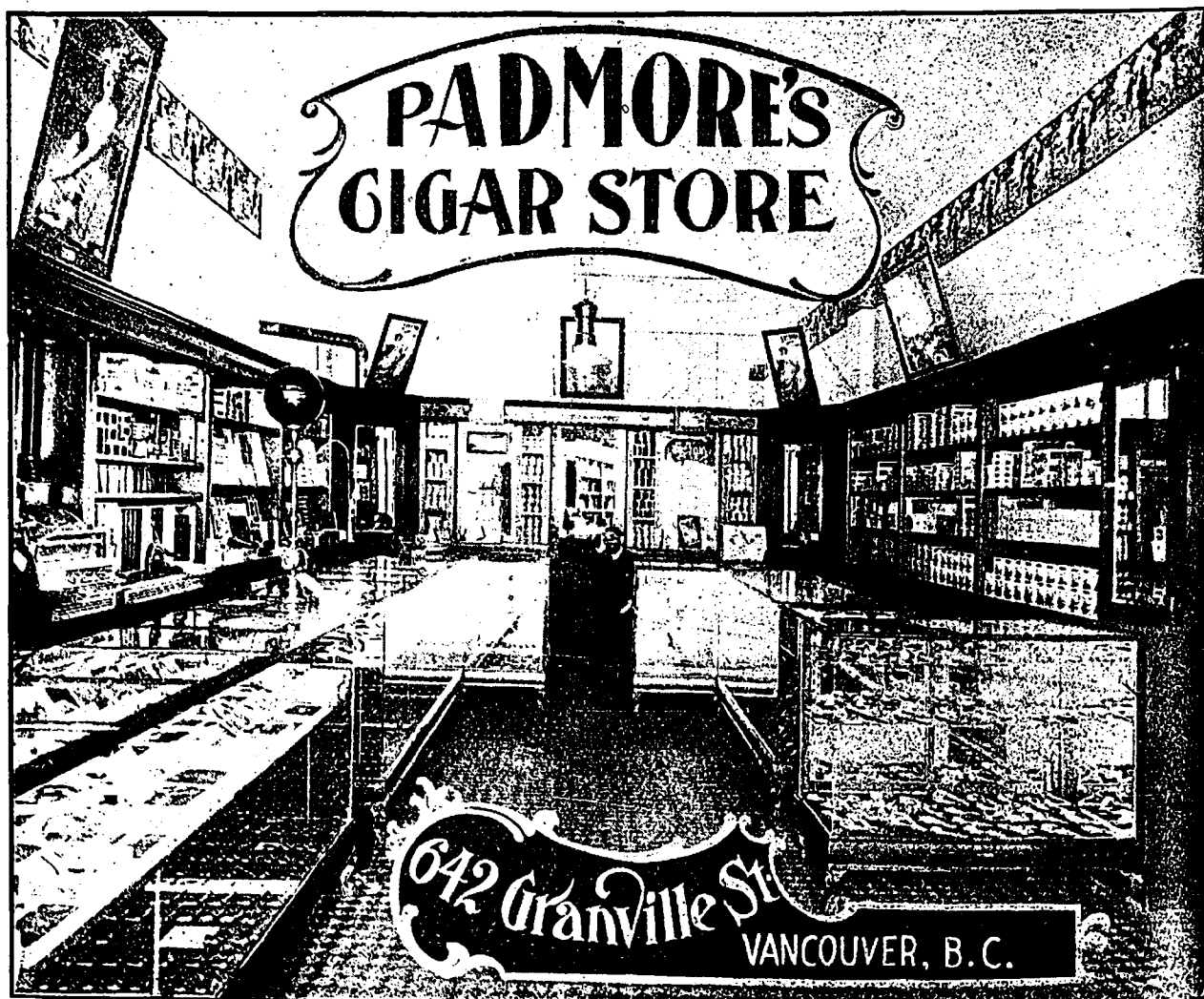
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*(The Commercial Handbook  
of Canada)*

The ninth edition of this book is ready for distribution. A copy will be forwarded on approval to any person anywhere.

Price \$1.00; postage 12c.

HEATON'S AGENCY - 32 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.



# HAVE you tried this experiment with your letterhead?

An interesting experiment was tried recently by a big mail order house. Ten thousand circular letters were mailed to prospective customers—five thousand were printed on a cheap, every-day letter-head; the remaining five thousand on a carefully designed, good-to-the-eye and good-to-the-touch letter-head. The good letter-head telling the story convinced two hundred customers—the other but sixty-four. Think it over.



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ENJOY GOOD HEALTH AND SPIRITS BY DRINKING

# Wolfe's Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps

It is not only the most wholesome spirit obtainable as a stimulant for general use; it has a beneficial effect upon the liver, kidneys, and other organs as a pick-me-up, tonic or digestive.

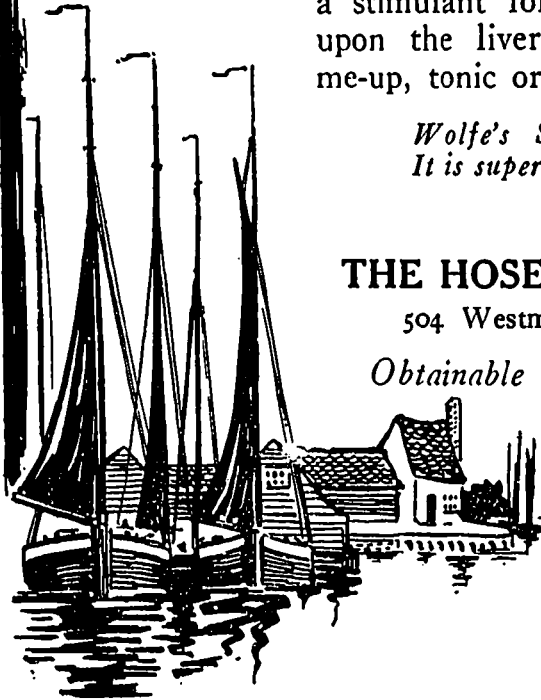
*Wolfe's Schnapps is always opportune.  
It is superior in every way to ordinary gin.*

AGENTS:

**THE HOSE & BROOKS CO. LIMITED**

504 Westminister Avenue, Vancouver, B. C.

*Obtainable at all Hotels and Retail Stores*



## WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT WINE

(a la Quina du Perou)

*"Pure wines increase the appetite and tend to fill the veins with pure, healthy blood."  
Dr. Robert Drull.*

### MEAL TIME

will mean hungry time to you if, half an hour before eating, you drink a generous wineglass of

**Wilson's Invalids' Port Wine**  
(a la Quina du Perou)

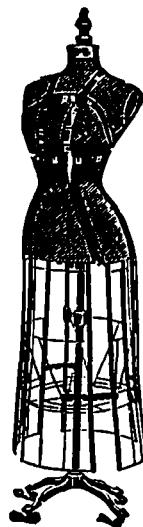
It's a delicious-tasting natural appetizer and tonic that coaxes the jaded digestive organs, over-tired with too much hurry and worry.

Indicated in all anaemic and febrile conditions—doctors know!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR  
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

## Bust and Hips

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirtwaist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.



### "HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms"

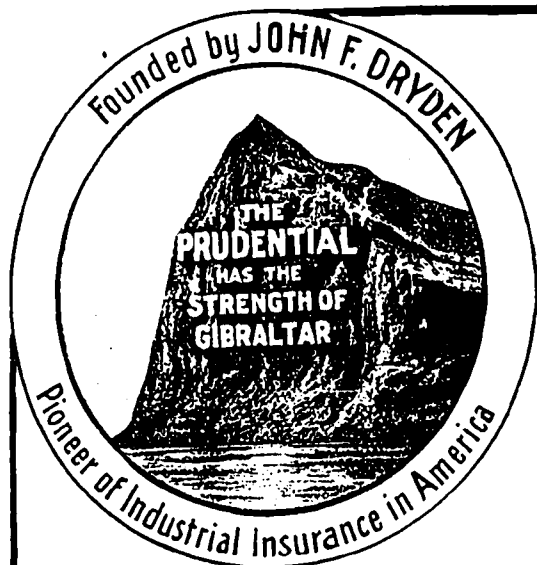
do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dress-making at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to fifty different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

Write for illustrated booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices.

**Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co.**  
of Canada, Limited

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TORONTO, CANADA



# Wonderful Increase in 1912

*In Strength, Stability, Safety  
and Public Usefulness*

Assets, over	-	-	-	-	291 Million Dollars
Liabilities	} Including Policy Reserve, 228 Million Dollars; and amount set aside for Holders of Deferred Dividend Policies, 31½ Million Dollars; of which there is payable in 1913, over 4 Million Dollars	}	}	}	nearly 267 Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over					
Paid Policyholders in 1912, over	-	-	-	-	31 Million Dollars

**Total Paid Policyholders Since Organization,  
Plus amount held at interest to their credit, over  
FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS**

Life Insurance Issued and Paid for in 1912, over	-	-	-	480 Million Dollars
Increase in Insurance in Force, over	-	-	-	192 Million Dollars

**More than 11 Million Policies in Force Insuring over  
2 BILLION, 211 MILLION DOLLARS**

Over \$73,000,000 invested in Real Estate Bonds and Mortgages.

**Amount of Voluntary Concessions paid to Policy-  
holders to date, nearly 17½ Million Dollars.**

Premiums were Reduced in 1912 on New Ordinary Policies, and on new \$500. and \$750. Intermediate Policies.

126,000 Death Claims and Endowments paid in 1912.

Lowest Expense Rate in the Company's History.

# The Prudential

**Insurance Company of America**

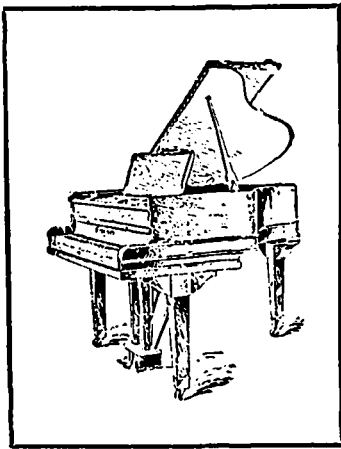
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**FORREST F. DRYDEN, President**

**Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.**

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House That Sells Only  
Good Ones"*

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**Haines Bros.**

**"New Art" Bell**

**Milton**

**Kranich & Bach**

**Broadwood & Sons (London)**

**Lachner**

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**Gerhard and other Makes**

**PIANOS**

At our store you will find the VERY BEST QUALITY in Pianos, prices and courteous treatment.

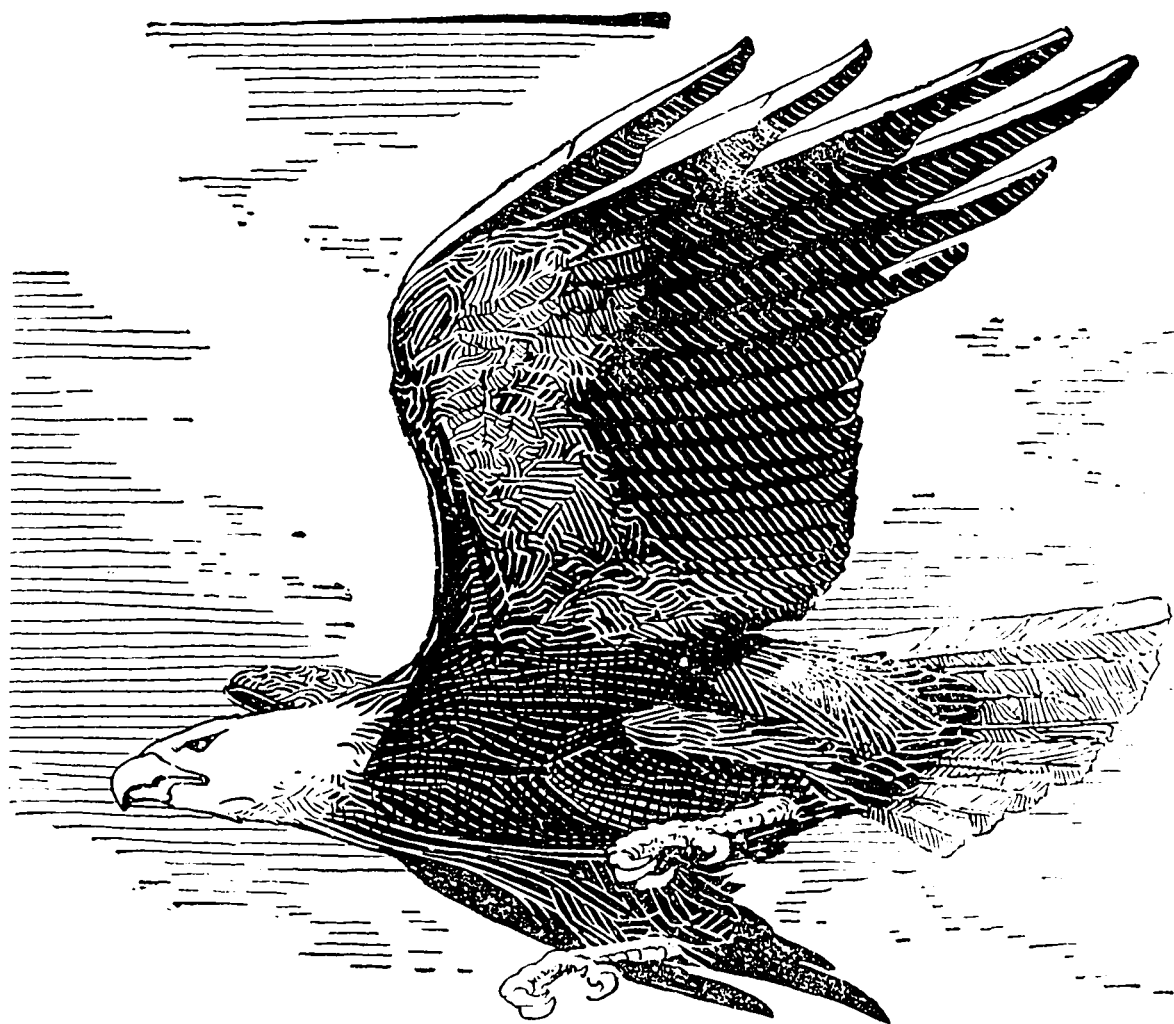
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*The World's Favorite Bottled Beer*

What made it so?—  
QUALITY and PURITY

173,184,600 Bottles sold in 1911

Bottled with crowns or corks only  
at the Home Plant in Saint Louis

Anheuser-Busch Brewery  
Saint Louis - - - Missouri

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# STEWART

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

CITY of the future with all the assets that have made Victoria, Vancouver and Prince Rupert what they are today. If you were not able to avail yourself of the chances offered in the early days of the present sea-port cities of British Columbia there is a splendid field now open in the new distributing and shipping port for the Northern Interior.

Stewart is the entrance and exit for the great Naas Valley, the Ground Hog coal fields, the Omineca mining country and the Peace River wheat.

Make a few dollars in a new terminal city do the work of hundreds in the older centres.

The future of the north is assured, and the public is fast realizing this. **DON'T GET LEFT BEHIND.** Get full particulars of Stewart and its surroundings, then judge for yourself.

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