

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

VOL. IX NO. 11

Published Monthly at Vancouver, B. C.

Dr. J. Casco  
Lakelse

# British Columbia Magazine

NOVEMBER 1911

# PATRONISE HOME INDUSTRIES

JOHN SCHMEHL, President

D. MacKENZIE, Vice-President

W. H. WILSON, Man. Director

## THE DOMINION WOOD PIPE COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of

### DOUBLE WIRE WOUND WOOD STAVE WATER PIPE

CAST IRON SPECIALS, VALVES, HYDRANTS, WATERWORKS SUPPLIES  
NEW WESTMINSTER - - BRITISH COLUMBIA

## NOW MADE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Famous  
Elastic Felt

O-S-T-E-R-M-O-O-R  
M-A-T-T-R-E-S-S



As we manufacture every-  
thing in Bedding we make  
a specialty of Mining,  
Lumbering and Construc-  
tion Camp Equipment.

THE ALASKA B. C. BEDDING CO. Limited

VANCOUVER



REGISTERED TRADE MARK

## Mac's Mogul and Buck Brand

OVERALLS and SHIRTS

are Manufactured and Guaranteed by

WM. J. McMASTER and SONS, LIMITED

VANCOUVER

BRITISH COLUMBIA

CANADA

## THE NEW WEST MANUFACTURING CO. Limited

has just added to its line a new low-priced range named the "Model." Has anchor plate top, duplex grates, very attractive high closet, and the price will certainly surprise the dealers.

☛ To the furnace trade our line of furnaces should appeal at this time.

☛ Our new range, the "Model," with anchor plate top, will please you. So will the price. Made in Vancouver.

The New West Manufacturing Co. Ltd.  
2100-2176 Eleventh Avenue West  
Vancouver - British Columbia

KEEP YOUR MONEY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

# We Are Not All Born Natural Inventors

or financiers. Many of us possibly envy to some extent the SUCCESS which has followed in the pathway of Rockefeller, Edison, Marconi, Morse and scores of others whose inventive genius and power of conception is now a matter of history.

It is too late for us to get in on the BIG INVENTIONS which have passed the experimental stage and have been financed, and as a result if you are looking for something BIG you must watch the "other fellow" and join with him (financially or otherwise) while there is an opportunity for you to get in on the ground floor.

Mr. Frank W. Taylor, who for several years was associated with MR. MARCONI as consulting engineer and expert, and now a resident of Vancouver, is bringing out TAYLOR'S WATER-MOBILE, the invention which will startle the whole world. Through Mr. Taylor you have an opportunity to join him in this wonderful invention and share with him in the profits which are bound to come as a result of his untiring efforts.

In buying shares now you become a shareholder in the PARENT COMPANY to which tribute will be paid by all subsidiary companies which may be organized for the manufacture or sale of TAYLOR'S WATER-MOBILE.

A model of TAYLOR'S WATER-MOBILE is now on exhibition at our office. Call and let us tell you all about it.

## MOMSEN & ROWE

YACHT AND VESSEL BROKERS

310 Granville Street

VANCOUVER, B. C.

### Men's Auto Gauntlets

\$3.00 to \$7.50

Men's Tan Cape, \$1.00 to \$3.00.

Men's Grey Mocha and Suede, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

Men's Evening Gloves, 50c to \$1.25.

## GLOVE SPECIALIST

When you want Gloves of Quality  
at Popular Prices, remember

# Dent's, Fownes' and Perrins'

are the most reliable

Ladies' Tan and White Cape, \$1.50.

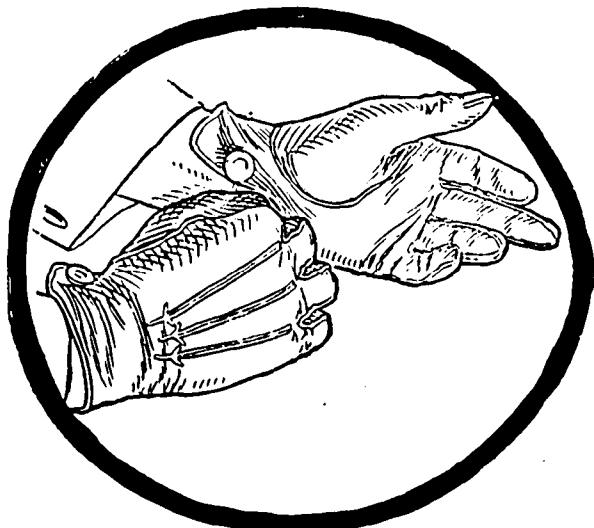
Ladies' White and Tan Washable, \$1.75.

Ladies' Grey and Tan, Mocha and Suede, \$1.75.

Washing Chamois in White and Natural, for Ladies and Gentlemen, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

**E. Chapman**  
545 Granville St.  
Vancouver, B. C.

Ladies'  
White Evening Gloves  
\$2.50 and \$3.50





# Useful Books

**FOR BUSINESS MEN**—The Canadian Lawyer. A handybook of the laws and of legal information for the use of business men, farmers, mechanics and others in Canada. Contains plain and simple instructions for transacting business according to law, with legal forms for drawing necessary papers. Fifth edition. 1912. Cloth, \$2.00.

**FOR CONSTABLES**—The Constables Manual. A manual compiled from the Criminal Code, with schedule of fees, crimes and punishments. Useful to all who have to do with the administration of criminal law in Canada. 1906. Cloth, \$1.00; leather, \$1.50.

**FOR CONVEYANCERS**—The Dominion Conveyancer. Comprising precedents for general use and clauses for special cases. By W. H. Hunter. Second edition. 1897. Half-calf, \$4.00.

**FOR MAGISTRATES**—The Magistrate's Authority, by the late Hon. T. Mayne Daly, K.C. (late Police Magistrate for Winnipeg). Incorporating all sections of the Criminal Code which relate to procedure. Chapters III to IX deal with the general jurisdiction of magistrates and justices of the peace, and their responsibilities. The model work for magistrates in every province. 1911. Half-calf, \$6.50.

**CRANKSHAW'S CRIMINAL CODE.**—The Criminal Code of Canada and the Canada Evidence Act, with commentaries, annotations, forms, etc., etc. The most complete work published on the Criminal Code. Third edition. 1910. Half-calf, \$15.00.

**LEFROY'S CANADIAN CONSTITUTION.**—Just published. Price \$10.00. See review in this month's magazine.

Any of the above books will be sent express charges prepaid if the cash is remitted with the order. Trade supplied.

**THE CARSWELL COMPANY LIMITED**

19 Duncan Street

TORONTO, CANADA

## Information for Investors

WE INVEST MONEY in real estate, mortgage, loan and sale agreements.

Our *EXPERIENCE* has shown us *WHERE* to do this to the *BEST ADVANTAGE* and with the *GREATEST SAFETY*. The smallest investment is given the same consideration and care as the largest; we best serve ourselves by *SATISFYING* our *CLIENTS*, and to satisfy *THEM* we must make them *MONEY*.

Six and one-half years' experience in VANCOUVER. USE OUR EXPERIENCE.

**C. L. MERRITT & CO.**

410 HOMER STREET

VANCOUVER, B. C.

## If Not Already a Subscriber

Fill in the blank below and send it to the British Columbia Magazine, Vancouver, Canada

.....1913.  
Please send the undersigned the British Columbia Magazine for  
one year from.....and until  
countermanded, for which find enclosed money order for \$.....

Name .....

Address .....

**ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION**

Canada and Gt. Britain  
\$1.50

United States and  
other Countries 2.00

"Have You a Little 'Fairy'  
in Your Home?"

MERRY CHRISTMAS to all  
the little Fairies in all the  
happy house-  
holds in this  
goodly land.  
And Merry  
Christmas  
to all their  
proud parents, from  
the makers of

## FAIRY SOAP

It is the "little Fairies" of this  
country, and their parents,  
who have helped us to make  
Fairy Soap so popular.

Fairy Soap is always white,  
clean, pure and sweet—the  
oval, floating cake fits the hand—  
and we couldn't make it cost any  
more unless we hid its goodness  
with expensive scents.

Include Fairy Soap in  
your good resolutions for  
the New Year.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
LIMITED  
MONTREAL



NOW ON DISPLAY

# Christmas Cards, Calendars, Booklets

**T**O send abroad you must buy now. Our selection this year is better than ever before. Designs and styles are unique in distinctiveness. Christmas toys are also here in abundance. Our toy stock is unequalled in Canada. We buy and sell toys the year round and are the only legitimate toy merchants in the province. Our book stock is laden with all manner of delightful Christmas gifts.

**THOMSON STATIONERY COMPANY**  
Limited  
325 Hastings Street West VANCOUVER

**GASKELL BOOK and STATIONERY**  
Co. Limited  
679-681 Granville Street VANCOUVER

*The* Westminster  
Trust *and* Safe Deposit  
Company Limited

**A**CTS as agent for the investment of funds for clients in first mortgages on improved real estate in the Fraser Valley and Coast cities.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

*The oldest British Columbia  
Trust Company.*

J. J. JONES, Managing Director  
Head Office: New Westminster, B. C.

The **BEST WAY**  
to Advertise  
British Columbia  
is to send home  
the  
**BRITISH  
COLUMBIA  
MAGAZINE**

**\$1.50 PER YEAR**

# A Cheap Okanagan Ranch

**W**E offer at an exceptionally low price, a completely improved fruit ranch of **TEN ACRES** at Summerland, on the shores of the beautiful Okanagan Lake, the best fruit district in the province. It occupies a sunny slope overlooking the lake, is all fenced, has an excellent cottage and is very thoroughly planted. There are about 350 apple, 200 peach, 80 apricot, 36 plum, 36 pear and 24 cherry trees, all good varieties, with some 100 bushes of berries. The trees are now ready to bear. There is a 1,000-gallon water tank, and the irrigation system is laid on. Domestic water will be furnished on application.

Town and wharf three-quarters of a mile, Kettle Valley Railroad one mile away. Summerland has its own fruit union and packing house, and there are also a cannery and a jam factory.

Splendid boating, bathing and fishing, and plenty of good society. No further improvements are necessary, and the place will yield a good income next year. Price \$6,000 only; half cash, balance over three years at 7 per cent.

**ALVO von ALVENSLEBEN LIMITED**

Pacific Building, 744 Hastings West - VANCOUVER, CANADA

## HEALTH

Without Drugs or Doctors

A message for the sick man, woman and child; for everyone who is out of sorts; a message, too, to all who are well and would keep well.

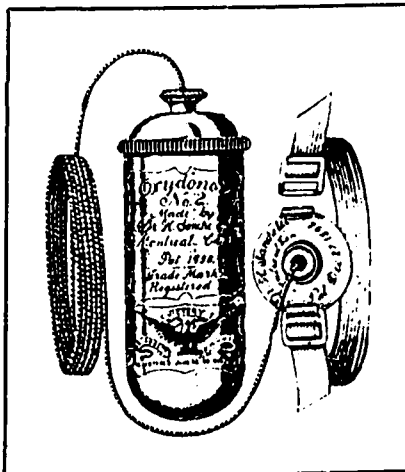
Twenty-five years ago an eminent Quebec physician, Dr. H. Sanche, made a marvellous discovery which is embodied in the device named "OXYDONOR." This little instrument causes its users to absorb from the air a plentiful supply of oxygen with its remarkable vitalizing power.

BY THE USE OF "OXYDONOR"

the human system becomes wonderfully invigorated, and diseases of the blood, skin, lungs and nerves swiftly and surely disappear.

"OXYDONOR"

- revitalizes the human organisms by Nature's own process.
- eliminates disease without the use of drugs or medicines.
- can be safely, quickly and easily applied, and can be taken sleeping or waking.
- is always ready for use by grown persons or children.



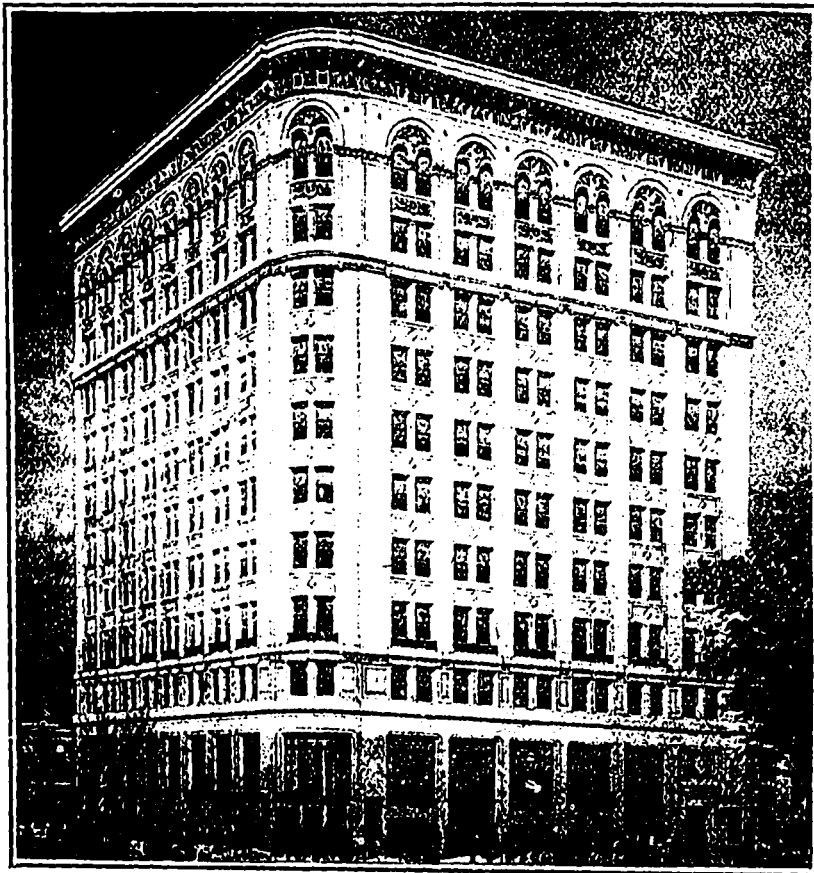
BEWARE OF FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS

Write today for book of spontaneous testimony. Send also for our valuable book on health and which describes fully the Oxydonor—a tried and true agent which has blessed thousands upon thousands of persons during the past 25 years.

**DR. H. SANCHE & CO.**

Department 26

364 St. Catherine Street West  
MONTREAL, CAN.



*The New Birks Building, Vancouver, B.C.  
where on November tenth, nineteen hundred and thirteen,  
Henry Birks & Sons, Limited, opened the Largest and Best  
Equipped Jewellery Store in Western America*

This big store has been opened to cater to the needs of all British Columbia, which it does through its well-directed mail service.

The BIRKS catalogue will be sent to every British Columbia buyer free upon request.

**THIS IS ONE OF THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS GIFT  
STORES ON THE CONTINENT**

At the Christmastide there is no name so prominent in Canada as BIRKS'. So well is it known in all parts of Canada, and so great is the confidence of the people in all connected with it, that a gift bearing this name is certain to win the highest appreciation. Then write to our Vancouver store for our catalogue and select your gifts from the fine stocks represented.

**Henry Birks & Sons Limited**

JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS

George E. Trorey, Managing Director

VANCOUVER CANADA

## The Golden Moment

The sculptor stands before his modeled dream,  
Complete and plastic in the close-wrapped clay  
His statue rests, and, half afraid to lay  
His reverent hands upon it lest it seem  
A desecration, his heart-beats are slow  
As fold on fold the winding-cloths are drawn  
Gently away. Yet when the last is gone  
He has that perfect moment so few know,  
So are the days on which I see you, dear,  
The hours of morning, noon and evening pass  
And fall away, like slow sands through a glass,  
Then there is left one golden grain of sand  
The wondrous moment when your voice I hear,  
And feel within my clasp your slender hand.

HALLETT ABEND.



ENTRANCE TO FRASER CANYON, YALE, B. C.

Through the fastnesses of the famous Fraser Canyon two great transcontinental railways have had to cut their way—the existing Canadian Pacific line on the right bank of the river, and the new Canadian Northern Pacific line on the left. The view here shown is looking up the river, and the entrance to the Canadian Northern Pacific Railway's tunnel appears on the right of the picture.





Vol. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 11

# What the Canadian Northern is Doing

A GREAT LINE DRAWING TOWARDS COMPLETION

WITHIN a year from this month the last spikes are expected to be driven that will afford the trains of the Canadian Northern Railway an uninterrupted passage from Quebec, on the St. Lawrence, the tidal water port of the Atlantic, to Vancouver, on the Pacific Ocean. It had been thought that this result would be accomplished sooner, but delays and difficulties, unforeseen, are almost inevitable in the progress of a gigantic work of this kind, and the fall of 1914 is now given as the approximate date for the opening of the new trans-continental, the second line to cross Canada from Vancouver to the Atlantic Coast; while the third, the Grand Trunk, which has its Pacific outlet proper at Prince Rupert, will have a link with Vancouver by means of the Pacific Great Eastern, now in course of construction between that city and Fort George.

It is with the Canadian Northern project, however, that the present article has to do. On the whole, the promoters of that line have no reason to be dissatisfied with the progress made in the narrowing of the gaps between one section of their existing line and another. Almost every mile of unfinished line is under contract, and big gangs of men are located at convenient intervening points, throwing up grade or laying rails.

How the Canadian Northern had its inception, and how it has grown into one of

the great railways spanning the width of our great Dominion, is a most interesting chapter of Canadian history. Other lines have begun in the east and extended westward; the C. N. R. began in the middle prairies, and threw out its expanding arms both east and west. It was in 1896 that the first line was built in Manitoba, between the small settlement of Gladstone and a point then unnamed, but which is now the thriving town of Dauphin. For a hundred miles it ran, through territory at that time sparsely settled, but the breezes that transfigure the prairie grain into waves of wondrous beauty blew hansom upon the infant railway and made it a thriving youngster. Section was added to section, the steel was extended eastward to the Great Lakes, and westward in a network covering large portions of the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, and the traveller was able to enter the train at Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, and remain in it until he reached Edmonton, the capital of Alberta.

It was the obvious destiny of such a line to reach out further and not stop until it had ports on Atlantic and Pacific tidal waters as its eastern and western termini. This is now being accomplished. In the east there are two smaller clusters of lines in Ontario and Quebec, Canadian Northern Ontario in the province of that name and Canadian Northern Quebec in the old



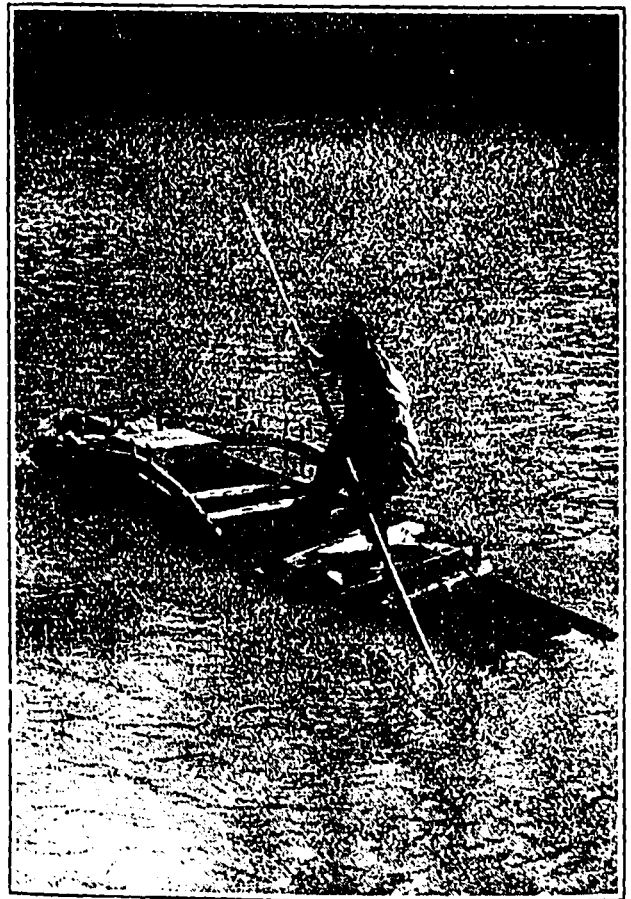
ENTRANCE TO YALE TUNNEL.

This tunnel through the Yale bluff is 2,087 feet in length, and is situated 95 miles inland from Port Mann. The construction work on the C. N. R. through the Fraser Canyon, 55 miles in length, is very heavy, and the boring of several tunnels has been necessary.

French province. The first includes a line from Toronto north to Sudbury and beyond to Ruel, and a line east from Toronto through the old towns of Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton, Belleville, Deseronto, Napanee and so on, toward Ottawa, the federal capital, and Montreal. A number of smaller feeding lines are also in existence. In Quebec province the system comprises a line from Montreal to Quebec City, Montreal to Ottawa, Ottawa to Quebec, and from Quebec north to Lake St. John and the headwaters of the Saguenay River, through the Laurentide Mountain chain. Further east, in the province of Nova Scotia, there is the Halifax & Southwestern Railway, popularly known as the "Road by the Sea," as it serves the Atlantic Coast line from Halifax to Yarmouth, where connection is made with

Boston steamers. The whole comprises about 2,000 miles.

Before the Canadian Northern could become a transcontinental line in the fullest sense of the term it was necessary to connect these systems. To do so it was incumbent on the company to build between Ottawa and Toronto, and between Ottawa and a point on the existing C. N. R. line from Toronto to Sudbury. A line was to be constructed west from Sudbury to join these eastern lines with the western at Port Arthur. As has already been mentioned, the company is now operating its lines between Port Arthur and Edmonton, but in order to allow transcontinental trains to reach Vancouver, a line had to be laid from Edmonton to and through the Rocky Mountains, on through the valleys of the North Thompson and Fraser Rivers to the young and growing cities of the British Columbia coast. Then, also, the needs of Vancouver Island must not be neglected. North to south, by a 300-mile route, the island is being traversed by ribs of steel. It is probably only a matter



SETTLER ON C. N. P. RAILWAY FORDING THE NORTH THOMPSON RIVER WITH THE HELP OF A RAFT.

The settler's raft sometimes comprises nothing more than two or three logs resting on a cross-piece, but the one here shown is of more elaborate construction.



SETTLER PROVIDING HIMSELF WITH MORE ADEQUATE MEANS OF WATER TRANSPORTATION

of a year or two before the company will have its own steamboats plying between the island and the mainland, thus affording a continuous service; while we know that the company is under a pledge to the citizens of Vancouver to establish within eight years a trans-Pacific service of great liners, with Vancouver as their home port.

But this is looking further ahead than is the purpose of this article. The work into which the company are just now pouring their main energies is the filling in of the three gaps of the transcontinental railway—from Edmonton to Vancouver, 770 miles; Sudbury to Port Arthur, 545 miles; Ottawa to Toronto, 250 miles, together with Ottawa to Capreol on the Toronto-Sudbury line. These had to be built simultaneously, and were not to be confused with the building and extension of branch lines, all clamored for, and the building of which is constantly going on, to take care of advancing settlement. It may be briefly shown what is being done to complete the main line.

Between Ottawa and Toronto there remains only a few miles of track to be laid. The grading is practically completed and the bridges finished. That line connects Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto.

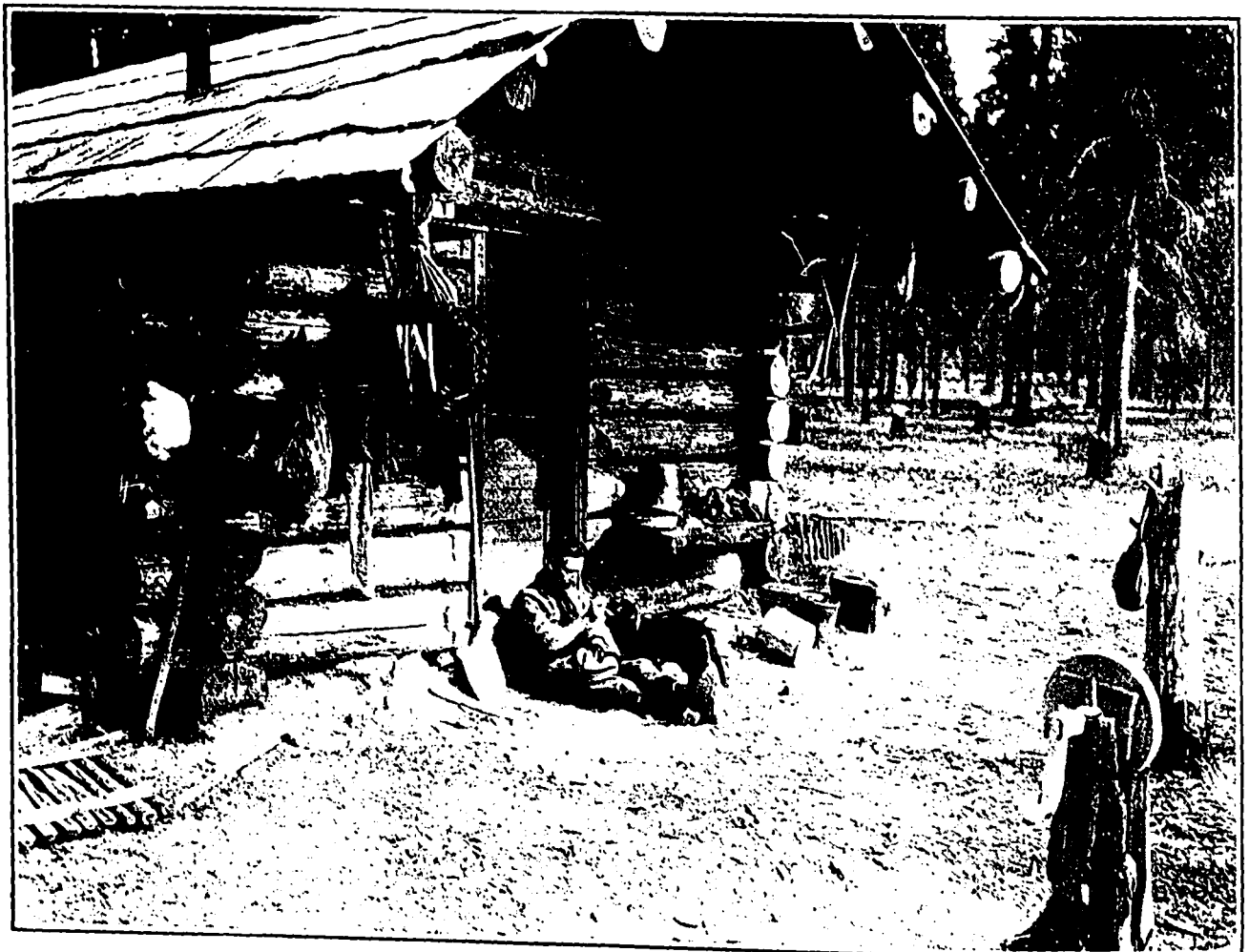
From Sudbury west well over a hundred miles of rails are down, and the grade completed ahead sufficiently to allow of steady track-laying. From Port Arthur

eastward to meet this the steel is in place for 150 miles, and the grade is in shape for 200 miles. Then, from Oba, a point almost midway between the towns of Sudbury and Port Arthur, gangs are working both east and west, and steel has been laid for a considerable distance toward Port Arthur. There are only two bridges of any size, one crossing the Nipigon River, famous as a trout stream, and the other at Kapuskasing Lake. Nearly all the remaining structures are up and ready for the rails, and probably the whole of this section of the line will be finished before 1914 is far advanced.

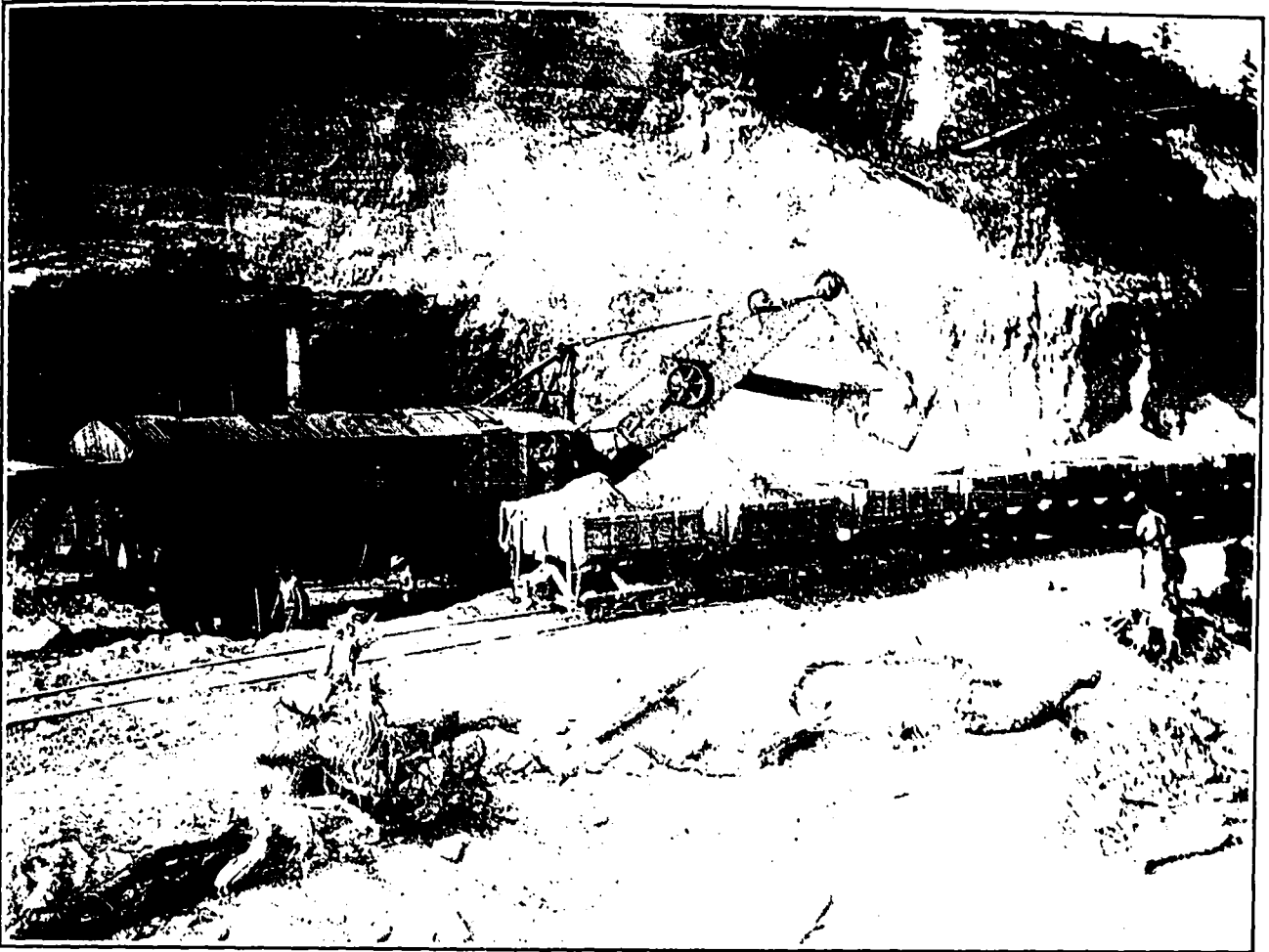
It is in our western section, through the Rockies and along the difficult route where the British Columbia rivers pour themselves headlong towards the sea, that the railway builder meets with his hardest task. It is hardly necessary to repeat so often has the fact been mentioned that the C. N. R. crosses the Rockies by way of the Yellowhead Pass, running west of Edmonton for a considerable distance parallel to the Grand Trunk line, and that it threads its way to the coast alongside the North Thompson and Fraser Rivers. It is also well-known that the C. N. R. gradient through the mountains is the lowest of any transcontinental line on the North American continent. Between Edmonton and the Alberta summit, through the Yellowhead Pass, it is expected that the



RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION CAMP AT CHU CHUA, B. C.



SETTLER'S CABIN ALONG THE C. N. P. RAILWAY COMPANY'S LINE IN NORTH THOMPSON VALLEY



C. N. P. RAILWAY COMPANY'S STEAM SHOVEL MAKING A MOUNTAIN CUT IN THE CHU CHUA COUNTRY, B. C.

whole of the steel will be laid by next spring—that is, for a length of 350 miles. Eastward from Port Mann, the “city in embryo at deep water on the Fraser,” grading and bridge work are so far advanced that the tracklayers should be at Kamloops, 243 miles of the way to Yellowhead Pass, sometime early next year. Track is being laid east from Yale. More than ninety-five per cent. of the grading between Kamloops and the line reaching westward from Edmonton has been finished, and sixty per cent. of the steel is laid.

Westward from Port Mann the line will run to New Westminster and then on to Vancouver. By what route precisely it will approach the last-named city is a matter which many people are very curious about, but the oracle has not yet spoken. It may be assumed, however, that the importance of potential traffic on the North Arm of the Fraser estuary will not be overlooked, and probably the final stretch into the heart of Vancouver will be compassed by means of a tunnel. What we do know, of course, is that the passenger terminals will be located at False Creek, the 113 acres of tidal flats which the people of Van-

couver last January presented to the company, a good many conditions, however, being attached to the gift. Here operations are actually being carried on, the filling in of the flats synchronising with the deepening of the channel in the outer portion of the creek—a work which the Dominion Government is carrying on. The material thus removed from the bed of the creek west of Main Street is pumped into the eastern area—a work which has a double utility: the conversion of unprofitable flats into dry land, and the rendering navigable, for ships of deep draught, of a broad channel which cuts right into the heart of the city.

Briefly, the Canadian Northern line will connect from east to west the cities of Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver. Immediately on leaving Quebec, the way lies for forty miles along the base of the beetling crags of the St. Lawrence, and from the point it leaves that river till Montreal is reached, it traverses the heart of the old French habitant country. From Montreal to Ottawa the line skirts the Ottawa River. From the federal capital to Toronto the famous

Rideau Lakes district is pierced, with its lakes and waterways, and then along the shore of the Bay of Quinte and on through fertile Ontario. Also the main transcontinental line of the Canadian Northern—from Ottawa westward to Capreol on the Toronto-Port Arthur line—cuts across the northern part of old Ontario, and throws open to the tourist the hitherto inaccessible portions of Algonquin Park, with scores of unfished lakes and rivers. The line north from Toronto to Port Arthur lies right through the heart of the Muskoka country, with wharfside stations at Bala Park and Lake Joseph to facilitate the prompt distribution of tourists, and on through the Georgian Bay hinterland to Sudbury. From that point to Port Arthur it will open to the lover of travel lakes and rivers almost innumerable, beautiful,

but now practically unknown and all unfished. Between Port Arthur and Winnipeg the C. N. R. follows the old Dawson trail, traversing Quetico Park, a mighty pleasure reserve of one million acres, where canoe trips are laid out in plenty, and big game and fish abound.

To Edmonton the line goes through the valley of the Saskatchewan River. Westward from Edmonton it traverses Jasper Park, a new Dominion Park comprising 5,000 square miles of new and unspoiled scenery, and down the valleys of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers, through the Rockies to the Pacific Coast. From beginning to end the route is of unfailing interest, and when it is completed Canada will have reason to be proud of her new transcontinental.



CAMP LIFE, SEYMOUR ARM, SHUSWAP LAKE, B. C.

# The Later Phase of the "Casco"

By A. Stanley Deaville

## PART II

In the first portion of the article published in our October number, the author described a visit which he paid to the "Casco," then lying idle in the harbor at Victoria. The "Casco," the schooner which conferred a new lease of life upon Robert Louis Stevenson, and which was immortalised by him in certain of his writings, is now at Vancouver being prepared for the part she is to take in the great exhibition at San Francisco, the scene of some of her early associations.

WHEN Robert Louis Stevenson sailed into the Southern Pacific upon a chartered private yacht, it was no mere idle pleasure-seeking whim he sought to gratify. He was playing a desperate game for grim stakes—fortune, happiness, health (ay, even life itself) hung trembling in the balance—he placed nearly all he had upon the venture, and won. For a few brief active years he was permitted to enjoy comparative health in a portion of the world which had attracted him from early youth, surrounded by "God's sweetest creatures—Polynesians," and best of all, to produce some of his finest work in his new island home.

The story of his wanderings in the Western Hemisphere, which ended upon one of the "ultimate isles" of the South Pacific, begins with the bitter disagreement, in 1879, between Stevenson and his father, upon the subject of his possible marriage with the California lady who had captivated his heart in the artistic community of Grez. Mrs. van de Grift Osbourne had passed through a bitter matrimonial experience which ruined her domestic happiness through no fault of her own, and was living in the French village while the education of her children was in progress. The story of her wrongs, which reached Stevenson through the other members of the community, excited his quixotic sense of chivalry and heartfelt pity.

Pity developed into admiration, admiration into passion, and the determination was made that, should this lady be freed from her matrimonial bonds, and placed at liberty to follow her own inclinations, he would offer her his heart and hand. Of course his Scottish parents were highly incensed; a bitter controversy followed, and

the result was that the delicate, carefully nurtured son of hitherto indulgent parents was left without means of support, to shift for himself.

Meanwhile Mrs. Osbourne returned to California, leaving R. L. S. with nothing but "unappeasable longing and regret" to take her place. The obstacles to marriage were apparently so insurmountable as to make hope seem senseless, but he never wavered; with unswerving resolution he followed her to California, with no better excuse than that he longed to be near the object of his adoration. The story of his hardships on the journey is left imperishably to us in the "Amateur Emigrant." It was a bitter experience for him, and he arrived in San Francisco in wretched health. One kindly woman, with whose family he lodged, has earned wide spread recognition through her kindness to him. He spent some months in picturesque Monterey, eked out a miserable existence by strenuous literary labors, and in December he returned to San Francisco almost penniless. He lodged in humble quarters on Bush Street—there is a legend that he tried to make a living by writing for the local papers, but his contributions were turned down and occupied all spare moments in writing the "Amateur Emigrant."

He fell ill; the realisation of his hopes seemed as far away as ever; but just as the future was taking on its blackest hue, and hope seemed dead, Mrs. Osbourne followed the advice of all her friends and obtained a divorce. On the 19th of May, 1880, Robert Louis Stevenson was married to Fanny van de Grift, the "steel-true, blade-straight comrade" which the august



Father gave to him to be his help-meet through the years that followed. Her first duty was significant: she nursed him back to health. Reconciliation with his family, who had by this time heard of his troubles and illness, eased his financial worries, for he received a telegram from his father advising him that he could count thereafter upon two hundred and fifty pounds a year. After living in California for some time, as described in the "Silverado Squatters," he returned to England, where his hard-won wife and her small family were received with open arms and completely captivated their new relations.

It is not necessary to here recount his struggle for literary recognition during the eight years following. It is sufficient to say that in 1888 Stevenson was famous on two continents; his choice of a literary career had been triumphantly vindicated, and his existence justified. But, though "Treasure Island" and "Dr. Jekyll" brought him fame, they did not bring him riches, and Stevenson had not then commanded the large pecuniary rewards which afterwards fell to his lot.

From the time of his marriage, Stevenson's unremitting pursuit of health had taken him to his native Scotland, to Bournemouth, France and Switzerland, in turn; and the winter of 1887-8 found him living at Saranac, in the Adirondack Mountains, still upon the quest, though nearly discouraged.

The bracing winter air of the mountain health resort greatly benefitted him, but he was still far from well, and the climate did not suit his family, or his mother, who was then living with him, in her widowhood. His "old dream of a seventy-ton yacht" began to occupy his mind. He believed that a cruise about the islands of the Pacific would restore his health, and half determined to risk most of his patrimony in such a desperate attempt to recover health and spirits. Finally he resolved to "visit like a ghost, and be carried about like a bale" in scenes that had always had an irresistible attraction for him. Accordingly a favorite diversion of the winter evenings in Saranac became the planning in detail of a cruise of this nature upon a private yacht—a possession for which he said he would gladly exchange the authorship of all his books. At

first the Galapagos were thought of as the destination, for Stevenson was anxious that the voyage should be a long one, also he wished to be as far away from land as possible for a great portion of the journey, so that if the worst came to the worst he might be buried at sea. But when it was learned that the yacht might possibly be caught in a belt of calms about the equator, and drift helplessly hither and thither in blistering heat for an indefinite period, it was decided to aim for the Marquesas.

Stevenson loved the sea from his earliest youth. As a boy he delighted above all things to visit the ocean-going vessels at Leith; and though his romantic nature was not fitted to the occupation of a lighthouse engineer, in which his father would have trained him, the life had one great charm: it gave him the opportunity of spending much of his time at sea.

Now that the end seemed near, still loyal to his first love, he wished that if death was to be his portion his worn body should find rest in peaceful depths of ocean.

In March, 1888, Mrs. Stevenson left Saranac on a visit to her relatives in California, with the understanding that she should endeavor to secure a yacht suitable for their purpose. This proved to be a difficulty far greater than they anticipated, for very few yachts in the bay of San Francisco at that time were open for charter—an attempt to hire the "Lurline," owned by John D. Spreckles, had failed but a few weeks before—and the "Casco" remained the only suitable vessel which there was a slim chance of securing, though even this depended largely upon the manner in which the wealthy owner—Dr. Merrit, an Oakland millionaire, of eccentric but kindly nature—was impressed with the desirability and solvency of the would-be lessee. Luckily Dr. Merrit was favorably impressed with Stevenson's credentials, presented through his San Francisco agent, and decided to forego his summer's yachting, to which he was looking forward with no small pleasure, to allow of the invalid author using the "Casco." Mrs. Stevenson accordingly telegraphed to R. L. S. at Saranac that the yacht was available, and shortly afterwards the reply came which completed the arrangement; for Stevenson, though he knew it not, had quickly made

the decision which was to exile him from his friends in Europe and America, and to sever him from the "cold old huddle of grey hills" which was the land of his birth.

Stevenson arrived in San Francisco on the 7th of June. An interview with Dr. Merrit convinced the latter that the author was an entirely sensible person, into whose care he might safely trust the "Casco." Final arrangements were therefore concluded, and a charter-party drawn up, whereby the yacht was secured to Stevenson for a net rental of five hundred dollars per month; captain, crew and all equipment to be provided by the lessee, who assumed full responsibility for the vessel, which thus became—legally—his own property. Fortunately the owner secured the service of Captain Albert H. Otis, well known in San Francisco, into whose capable hands he was well content to trust the vessel. Captain Otis had placed the "Casco" in commission, and sailed her on her trial trips; he knew her capabilities well, and her hair-breadth escapes from terrible danger during the cruise which followed were due in no small measure to his bold and clever navigation.

The "Casco" was a fore-and-aft schooner, ninety-five feet long, intended for cruising on the Californian coast. Stevenson waxed enthusiastic about her "fine lines, tall spars and snowy decks, the crimson fittings of the saloon, the white, the gilt and the repeating mirrors of the tiny cabins." She was constructed throughout of the most costly material; her hull was coppered; she was altogether a staunch and most sea-worthy craft. Mr. Graham Balfour, in his "Life" of Stevenson, has spoken very positively of her as a much over-rigged and rather ill-constructed vessel; but his statements have been as emphatically denied by Captain Otis and Mr. Arthur Johnstone; and the testimony of those who have sailed the "Casco" on her sealing expeditions is that she behaved splendidly in the worst seas. It must be kept in mind that she was sailed boldly into some of the worst parts of the "Pacific, aw haw haw, *Pacific Ocean*," as Stevenson called it; and she emerged triumphant largely as a result of her seaworthiness and generous sail plan.

I have said that Stevenson was not yet wealthy; his prolonged stay at Saranac had greatly strained his resources, for there, he

said, "it costs a pound to sneeze, and fifty to blow your nose!" Thus, when the sum necessary to secure and equip the "Casco" (about ten thousand dollars) had been expended, he felt that, if health was not regained, and the ability to write passed from him, all would indeed be lost. It proved, however, that from the standpoint of health the cruise was successful beyond his most sanguine hopes; with the return of health his flagging powers awakened, and his best work was done in his new island home.

Immediately upon the satisfactory settlement of the terms under which the "Casco" was chartered, preparations were put in hand for the long voyage; the captain made the changes necessary in the vessel's rigging, on account of the rough seas she was likely to encounter; an insufficient crew of four ("three Swedes, and the inevitable Finn, 'sea-lawyers' all") was requisitioned; an indispensable cook, who said he was a Japanese, but was later found to be a Chinaman, Ah Fu by name, was engaged; with some difficulty a passage was refused to an enterprising newspaper reporter, trying to ship as a deckhand; and finally on June 26 the party, consisting of Stevenson, his wife, his mother and his step-son (Lloyd Osbourne, his well-known collaborator) took up their quarters on the vessel; and at dawn on the 28th the "Casco" was towed through the Golden Gate, and Stevenson unwittingly turned his face from Europe and America forever.

The first portion of the voyage proved almost uneventful, with the exception of some ugly squalls which thoroughly initiated the nervous passengers into the tricky ways of the Pacific. Shortly before the yacht sighted the Marquesas she was struck by a "freak squall" which laid her over until the edge of the deckhouse was under water, and the unfortunate inmates of the saloon received a thorough drenching from two streams of water which spouted vigorously through forgotten open deadlights. It was a new experience for the novelist, experienced yachtsman though he was, to weather this first wicked squall upon a sensitive American yacht, with low rails and towering masts; but Captain Otis has left it on record that Stevenson did not wince; his great eyes glowed with the thrill of intense excitement, and he contented himself with asking the skipper if such

gymnastics were not rather dangerous sport for invalid authors to indulge in?

On the 28th of July, the dainty clipper, graceful as a white-winged bird, dipped into the bay of Anaho, on the Island of Nuka-Hiva, having run three thousand miles across the blue Pacific to the Marquesas group. Three weeks the travellers stayed in that entrancing spot, and the invigorating effect of island life upon the author became apparent. A deeper flush of color stole into his cheek, he conversed with lively animation, and the fascinating pursuit of collecting the poetic mythology of the people of the South Sea Islands absorbed his attention. His innate love of legendary lore, and his ability to interest these simple folk with the traditional tales of his own native land, enabled him to draw from them their choicest tales of superstitious fancy, which he used to good advantage in his later works.

On September 4 the "Casco" sailed for Tahiti, via the Paumotu, or Dangerous Archipelago; a risky passage, during which she was constantly in the greatest danger, owing to the dangerous reefs and currents thereabouts, then very inefficiently charted. In two days they safely made the port of Fakarava, where two weeks passed quickly by, and towards the end of September they reached Tahiti, anchoring at Papeete. While there Stevenson showed signs of incipient fever, and became quite ill, so it was determined to try the south side of the island. A pilot was accordingly shipped, and the passage attempted; but when off the lee shore of the Island of Moorea they were suddenly becalmed, and began to drift towards the foaming barrier reef of Tahiti. Had not a heaven-sent squall sent the "Casco" flying in another direction there would have been an end to her story, and probably to that of her passengers. As it was, they reached Taravao safely, and Stevenson was taken ashore. He managed to reach Tautira, a village sixteen miles overland, where he collapsed utterly. The kind help of the natives, particularly of Moe, the ex-queen of Raiatea, and the indefatigable nursing of his devoted wife, eased as much as possible a burning fever and congestion of the lungs. It was thought for a time that Stevenson would not recover, and he calmly made all preparations for the end, but the crisis was safely passed, and the novel-

ist began to pick up wonderfully. During his convalescence at Tautira Stevenson became the close friend of Ori-a-Ori, one of the sub-chiefs of Tahiti. This simple, noble character impressed Stevenson as one of nature's truest gentlemen. Lloyd Osbourne describes Ori as "a Life Guardsman in appearance; six feet three in his bare feet; unconsciously English to an absurd extent; feared, respected and loved." Through the influence of this "highly popular M. P. for Tautira" the natives prepared, in honor of their visitor, a great feast, to which each of the minor chiefs brought tribal offerings; and Stevenson's speech of thanks—made in French, through an interpreter—was spoken to the accompaniment of squealing pigs, clucking hens and the happy laughter of little children.

His health regained, Stevenson now passed through one of the happiest periods of his exile. His feelings of gratitude for strength renewed and life-long wishes realised are expressed in his own writings; and we find him speaking of the "Casco"—regarded as the stepping stone to his good fortune—as "a lovely creature, the most beautiful thing at this moment in Tahiti"—the home of loveliness. Music, as always, was a passion with him, and he humorously refers to his own prowess (be it whispered that this never advanced beyond the "pickling" stage) in delighted terms: "I now blow publicly \*(with a K) upon a flageolet, with singular effects; sometimes the poor thing appears stifled with shame, sometimes it screams with agony; I pursue my career with truculent insensibility." Nevertheless the "pickling" profoundly impressed the natives with the genius of its Strauss-esque perpetrator, and Ori was discovered furtively trying to imitate him! But, says Stevenson in substance, ". . . I gave a remarkable exhibition of tootling, which utterly confounded Ori, and succeeded in sending the six feet three there is of that amiable savage somewhat sadly to his bed, feeling that his is not the genuine article after all."

Another chief—Tembinok', of Apemama—showed a certain literary ability in his own tongue, so R. L. S. set him writing poetry; and the great man, in the throes of poetic composition, surrounded by many sympathetic wives, confided to Stevenson

\*Stevenson's own parentheses "(with a K)".

that his poem was to be about "trees, sweethearts and things; no true; *all-the-same lies!*" This, says Stevenson, "is surely as compendious a definition of lyric poetry as a man can ask."

Also about this time the remarkable effusion which runs:

"O, how my spirit languishes,  
To set a foot on the Sanguishes;  
For there my letters wait,  
There I shall learn my fate:  
O, how my spirit languidges  
To step ashore on the Sanguidges. . . ."

first saw the light, and expresses Stevenson's anxiety to reach the (then) Sandwich Islands, and deal with the arrears of his correspondence, which awaited him at Honolulu; for they had been cruising, as he explained to his friend Charles Baxter, in a district where there were "nae Post-offishes."

Naturally of a buoyant and care-free disposition, the novelist thus quickly gave evidence of the rejuvenation come to him; but still the wanderer yearned for his beloved friends across the seas, from whom his enforced wide wandering so grievously separated him. Thus at this time the plaintive lines which began "*Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?*" were penned, at once his sharpest cry of anguish at the needful separation, and yet almost his only protest through the years of exile.

Meanwhile the captain of the "Casco," which lay awaiting orders, made a startling discovery, which showed the travellers how great their real danger had been. Evidently believing that discretion was the better part of valor, the wary skipper went aloft and closely scrutinized the main-mast, and found the mast-head badly eaten out with dry-rot; for, noticing one day that the mast looked awry, he took the first opportunity to examine it, and found that the heavy strains to which it had been subjected had warped it, in its weakened condition. Had it snapped during one of the ugly squalls which the "Casco" encountered it would hardly have been possible to save the yacht, even if her passengers had escaped in boats. Notwithstanding the fact that it was quite unsafe for anyone to remain on board, Captain Otis, leaving Stevenson and his party at Tautira, took the yacht round to Papeete, where, by utilising a sound mast-head taken from a wrecked barque (for no spars of

the requisite size could be found on the island) the "Casco" was patched up as well as possible.

These repairs took longer than was expected, and meanwhile the little company was dependent upon the natives for food and support; for they could not communicate with Papeete, owing to the rainfall being so heavy that the rivers were in flood. At last, however, the "Silver Ship" arrived, and the travellers bade farewell to the kindly natives with mingled feelings.

The "Casco" made a good run to within a few miles of Honolulu, but was becalmed within sight of that city in a most exasperating manner. At night the travellers would go to sleep hoping to find themselves safe in the harbor next morning, only to wake and find themselves no nearer, or perhaps farther off. When at length the yacht entered the harbor, she did so in a most thrilling manner, flying before a roaring Trade like a torpedo destroyer under full head of steam. "It was," says Lloyd Osbourne, "a dramatic entry for the overdue and much-talked-of 'Casco.'"

The volume entitled "In the South Seas," compiled as a result of his Pacific voyages, contains Stevenson's account of his first view of a Pacific Island, that experience, which, he said, "could never be repeated, and touched a virginity of sense." His intimacy with the natives, and his anxiety to collect their folk-lore, poetry and music, are fully recorded in its pages, and go to make one of the most interesting volumes from his pen, though his most exacting critics have not esteemed it highly. For about three years he cruised among the islands, and at last decided upon Samoa as his future home. The "Casco" was sent back to San Francisco, and after many vicissitudes passed into the humble occupation of a sealing schooner. After some years of service in that capacity she was laid up in Victoria harbor, with other vessels of the sealing fleet, upon the prohibition of pelagic sealing.

Stevenson made other voyages upon trading schooners which touched many out-of-the-way points, and gave him a thorough knowledge of the South Pacific; but upon these later cruises he was merely a passenger, and had no proprietary interest in the vessels upon which he sailed. All the world knows how he settled upon the island

of Upolu, in Samoa, purchased the beautiful estate of "Vailima," or "Five Waters," situated about three miles inland from Apia, at the foot of Mount Vaea, and erected a house, the size and magnificence of which were greatly exaggerated by rumor in Europe and America. Built according to his own peculiar ideas of comfort, chief among which was "plenty of room," Vailima was during Stevenson's own life-time greatly enlarged and improved, and after his death passed finally into the hands of the German government, who have made it the official residence of the Governor of German Samoa.

A multitude of interest occupied Stevenson's attention until his sudden death four years after he landed at Apia; but his literary work was never allowed to drag for long; a great deal of splendid work was done in the romantic surroundings of Vailima; and, strangely enough, the best of it is that which treats of the scenes of his youth in "Auld Reekie," and the land which gave him birth. Many of his critics consider that "Weir of Hermiston"—though but a fragment—is his best work; while nearly all agree that had he lived to finish it, "Hermiston" would have been his undisputed masterpiece.

But, while the "Casco" passed out of his possession, the memory of his delightful cruises aboard her must have kept her in his mind; and after the end came, while his body lay in state, it was covered with the ensign which had flown at the peak of the "Casco" in her journeyings. After his

burial this flag was taken back to Edinburgh, and it now hangs in one of the rooms of the Edinburgh Speculative Society, the "Spec" to which Stevenson belonged when young.

Much as his memory is revered as a man of lovable nature, Stevenson's books are his best surety of a more than passing interest. True to life as spark to flame, they bear in addition the mark of genius and pure literary style. Master alike of tragedy and humor, essayist and purist, poet and moralist, he still could tell a rousing tale of admirably villainous buccaneers and buried treasure, ostensibly "exactly in the ancient way," but nevertheless indelibly stamped with his own unique individuality and polished craftsmanship.

In addition to this literary charm, his sunny and attractive personality and un-failing cheerfulness in the face of daunting circumstances render his memory dear to those who knew him; a certain infectious gaiety of heart and *joie de vivre* permeated his whole existence, and this in spite of the vexatious quietude in which, as an invalid, he was forced to pass the greater part of his life.

It is perhaps most of all this whole-souled optimism of the man, in his struggle with the nemesis which dogged his footsteps for so many years, that has kindled in the hearts of thousands who have read his books, and studied his life-story, an emotion which, as his biographer has rightly said, is "nothing less deep than love."



# Shooting Near Victoria, B. C.

THE shooting season on Vancouver Island begins on September 15 for grouse, deer and water-fowl, and is finally launched for all game on October 1. It is difficult to conceive of any city having more advantage than the Capital City as a centre from which to take successful shooting trips. From Victoria, north, west and east, excellent sport can be had during the season, and the opportunities for reaching the points where good shooting can be obtained are almost numberless.

To begin with, the roads leading into the country districts from Victoria are nearly all as substantial as boulevards, and walking, driving or cycling on them is not only a matter of comfort, but of real pleasure.

During the shooting season scores of sportsmen may be seen travelling these roads. Those who can afford it, and probably numbers who cannot afford it, are seen in automobiles, varying from the high-priced latest models to the two-seated wheezing wreck which looks as though it had been excavated from the ruins of Pompeii. It might be noticed in passing that the upright carriage and haughty mien of the occupants of the high-priced cars and those in the antediluvian "chug-wagon" are identically the same; it being a peculiar dispensation of Providence that a seat in an automobile, whether of a 1913 pattern or of the vintage of fifteen years ago, lends to its occupant an outward pride that would put the countenance of Lucifer, Esquire, to the blush. Others travel the road on foot, or by means of various wheeled vehicles, including, of course, the common bicycle, and the asthmatically-breathing motor-cycle. One genius in this latter line was seen skimming over the roads on his motor-cycle, gun strapped across his shoulder, and his hunting dog reposing in a box behind him, going at a clip of about thirty-five miles an hour, the dog apparently enjoying this rapid means of locomotion as much as his master. It is no particular trick to get a deer within an hour or two's ride of Victoria. The gulf islands are prolific in deer almost every season, and the

region around Shawnigan Lake and Sooke Lake, Goldstream and other nearby points is all good deer country.

Deer on Vancouver Island and the gulf islands, where they have not been hunted too hard, have a fatal habit of looking back, like Lot's wife, and though they are not turned into a pillar of salt by this process, they are promptly turned into something which requires a certain amount of salt to perfect. A number of deer are killed in the season by grouse shooters who chance to carry along a couple of buck-shot shells so as to be ready to slip out the smaller shot and be prepared for venison.

The blue grouse, which are scattered over the Island from almost the centre of the Island down and even further north, west and east, begin to take to the higher latitudes even before the season commences; and by October 1 are comparatively seldom seen. With a good dog, blue-grouse shooting does not tax the skill of the sportsman nearly so much as the willow grouse, it being a bird of slow flight compared to the swift get-away of the willow grouse. However, after climbing a mile or so straight up a mountain, a man is often pretty well tired before he gets a shot; and in these circumstances a good many of the blue



A POINT ON WILLOW GROUSE



DUCK-SHOOTING ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

grouse are missed when they rise. So, too, very difficult shots are presented when the birds have had a good start and are coming down the mountain-side past the shooter. This gives the effect of driven birds, and, added to the uncertain light amid the timber, makes the bagging of blue grouse a feat for the expert. One suicidal habit of the blue grouse, early in the season, is to fly into the tree tops, thereby presenting an easy mark for the pot-hunter.

Blue grouse are frequently found early in the season on the bottom of the hills and mountains among fern patches that are sparsely growing on the rocks, particularly where there are scattered fir trees. In such places, where the shooting is open, they present comparatively easy marks when rising at a distance of from twenty to forty yards. Blue grouse are delicious eating and are good-sized birds, weighing probably more than an average prairie chicken.

The willow grouse, which is the true ruffed grouse, while not so plentiful, comparatively speaking, as the blue grouse, are found prac-

tically all over Vancouver Island, and afford, with a good dog, very superior sport indeed. They are swift of wing, lie well to a dog, and tax the skill of the shooter to the utmost. As a table bird their flesh is white and delicious, and they justly rank high in the list of game birds on the Island.

Some good willow-grouse shooting is to be obtained by climbing the lower foothills and following them around the edges, although the habit of the grouse in darting downhill makes them exceeding difficult to

shoot. At other times they will be found in the gullies along the foothills and around the streams, deep in the very thickest cover where it is almost impossible to shoot, and where only a good dog can locate them.

The California valley quail are found in great numbers in various portions of the southern part of the Island, and they also afford splendid sport with a good dog. They have a habit of taking to the trees when flushed, and diving into the thickest of cover, often making their pursuit as



BLUE-GROUSE SHOOTING





DEER-SHOOTING AT SHAWNIGAN LAKE, VANCOUVER ISLAND, NEAR VICTORIA

difficult as the proverbial seeking a needle in a hay stack. When the shooter is fortunate enough to get a bevy of from thirty to one hundred of these birds scattered in a clearing, he can, with a trained dog, have splendid sport.

The valley quail is one of the most toothsome morsels imaginable when broiled and put on the table; in fact, many persons prefer him to any other game bird the Island affords. The mountain quail is a larger bird, and handsomer in color, and, as its name indicates, is found in the hills and along the sides of the mountains. It is not found in the numbers the valley quail are, but makes a welcome addition to the variety of sport which can be had. The China pheasant is one of the most sought for birds on the Island, and its successful shooting depends very largely indeed upon the services of a high-class pointer or setter.

A China cock pheasant has almost as much sense as a man; to be perfectly frank, a good deal more sense than a large number of men are possessed of. He has an almost uncanny appreciation of the hostility of mankind to the pheasant tribe, and after the first one or two days of the season he has become an educated bird, whose sole ambition in living is to keep as far away

from the hunter and the hunter's gun as possible. Early in the morning, and from about three to five o'clock in the afternoon, is the best time to find pheasants in the open. They usually come out at these times to feed in the fields and open places. When alarmed, they take instantly to the thickest cover, and unless a man has a



VALLEY QUAIL



BRANT-SHOOTING ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

thoroughly broken dog he will not be able to flush them again unless he literally steps on them. The floundering about in heavy cover is exceedingly strenuous work, and the man who gets his brace of cocks in a day's shooting, without a dog, has certainly earned his birds. With a good dog, however, the sport is rendered ten-fold more easy and delightful, and even the wariest of the old birds can be readily located and compelled to "face the music" in the shape of a charge of shot from a No. 12.

Duck shooting can be had on various mud flats of the rivers and sea estuaries of the Island, and a great many couple of snipe are picked up while pheasant shooting, and shooting quail and willow grouse where

there are marshy and wet pasture lands.

The weather for the most part during the shooting season is delightful in the extreme, particularly during the months of September and October. Later on, the rainy season sometimes makes shooting disagreeable, but, generally speaking, good

sport can be had under very comfortable circumstances until close to the latter end of November. The true enthusiasts do not mind the weather, but continue shooting during the entire season. Splendid shooting can be had at many points reached by rail and sail from Victoria. It is important to note that, while there is a great deal of wild land over which one can shoot without obtaining permission, it is neces-



PHEASANT-SHOOTING NEAR VICTORIA

sary in the settled districts to obtain permission from the owners of land before entering thereon.

Good brant shooting can be had during the late fall and winter months from the sand spits on various of the gulf islands, it being necessary to have a good supply of artificial brant decoys to make the sport successful. Wild-fowling during the winter months along the west coast can be pursued with signal success, although it is necessary to be provided against rain during the shooting at such times. Mallards, widgeon, teal, butterballs, scaup ducks and other varieties are found in great numbers, with quite a number of Canadian geese and brant, and occasionally wild swans. Large bags can be made of wild fowl at different Island points on the west coast during the season, while bear, deer and cougar can be hunted in the same locality.

Taken all in all, Victoria enjoys exceptional advantages for the man who is fond of sport with the gun. He can begin on September 15 and shoot steadily through to December 31; while, if he cares to vary his sport with fishing, trout fishing does not



A BRACE OF VICTORIA SETTERS

close until November 15. There are good hotels in very many of the districts, and almost anywhere a shooter can get accommodation sufficient for his simple needs.

It would be wise for anyone coming to Victoria to shoot to have letters of introduction to some of the local sportsmen, or to some of the farmers of the district where he intends shooting. Non-residents must procure licenses, and the gun license, separate from regulation license, costs \$2.50 for a season. A good dog, either a setter or a pointer, is a necessity in this country of mostly thick cover and heavy going. A winged cock pheasant, or a winged grouse, is almost certain to be lost by the shooter, the chances of recovering the winged pheasant being about one in a hundred. His capacity for running is about equal to Tom Longboat or Alfred Shrubbs at their best, and he has a habit of crawling into hollow logs, and otherwise concealing himself, that is productive of really unmentionable language on the part of the enraged sportsman.

Nothing but a dog, and a good one, should be brought along for the Island shooting; but with a good dog the sport will be delightful. The variety of sport, the beauty of the surroundings, the different birds which can be found in one district, and various other pleasant features of sport near Victoria, is causing a steady increase of visitors to come to the city for the shooting season, and the sport promises to be as good in the future as it has been in the past, provided care is taken, as formerly, for the preservation of the game, the limitation of bags, and strict supervision on the part of the game wardens appointed by the provincial government.



A MIXED BAG



MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S NEW CAMPAIGN

After fighting successfully in recent years to carry into law three great measures—Old-age Pensions, the historic Budget of 1909, and the Insurance Act—Mr. Lloyd George is now rallying the democratic forces of England for a new campaign, to make the land of the country more accessible to the people. In the picture he is shown addressing the first meeting of the campaign at Bedford.

# Across Death Gulch

By H. Mortimer Batten

It was a ghastly place. It lay directly in their path, and there was no avoiding it. The two men stood on the narrow shelf and stared, eyes wide open with apprehension. The mountain-side sloped downwards at an angle of forty-five degrees. Above them it rose like the roof of a house—a sheer face of ice, dazzlingly brilliant in the light of the Alaskan sun. It was smooth as glass, and down it trickled tiny brooks of water that filled the still air with a sound of bubbling laughter. Not ten feet below them the frozen mountain-side dropped away suddenly into space. They could see over the edge from where they stood—see into the valley a thousand feet below, where the trees looked like stunted bushes, and a small herd of cariboo, moving slowly southwards, appeared as flies upon the landscape.

The two men were roped together. They were shod with spiked ice-boots, and each carried a small prospector's pick. On their backs were bulging stampede packs, which weighed fifty pounds or more, and the rope that connected them was of soft raw hide, purchased from the Indians.

Presently the man who was at the head of the rope dashed the sweat from his eyes and turned to his companion.

"Tarry," he said, "we'll have to cross. We can't go back now we've got this far."

The other nodded. "Tell you what, Ford," he answered, "we were two blame idiots to come this way. It's worse for you than for me. I'm at the end of the rope, and if I fall I take you with me. You couldn't hold me on a place like this. There isn't enough foothold for a beetle. Moreover—you're used to this sort of thing. I'm not."

He looked away across the giddy space that lay on their right and shuddered. Ford said simply, "Come on," and began to pick at the ice, making himself a foothold.

The holes filled with water directly they were made. The whole mountain-side was of solid ice. The snow had slipped from it under the warmth of the quick Arctic

spring—had slipped and hurtled away into space down the cliff along the very edge of which the two men were now forced to travel. The surface of the ice was melting rapidly, and the springs that ran down the mountain slope vanished silently into space by the same way that the snow had gone. There was nothing for it but to dig each foothold and trust to their spikes holding them on the wet surface of the ice.

On Ford rested the responsibility. Slowly and with infinite care he cut each stepping space, and planted his feet with a sodden plug. Tarry waited till the ten feet of rope between them was taut, then he followed.

To their left rose the roof-like slope of the glacier. They were travelling diagonally across it. On their right, not twelve feet away, was the drop into space and eternity. Tarry dare not look that way. He was new to the mountains. He had pinned his faith in Ford and he knew that now, as on many a previous occasion, it was up to Ford to see them through.

Ford would have turned back, for already he had realised that they had tackled something very near the impossible in attempting the Death Gulch Pass this time of the year. The very name of the place betrayed the reputation it possessed. Twelve days ago a stampede of two thousand men had set out from Minook City on the great rush for Cripple Creek. Every man in that two thousand believed that a fortune awaited those who got there first—every man knew that the distance could be lessened one-third by crossing the Death Gulch Pass, yet only a dozen had attempted it. Of that dozen ten had dropped out—given up the race as not worth while, and were now well on their way back to the Ramparts. Tarry and Ford had stuck to it; they guessed they had left the worst behind them, but guesses are apt to prove incorrect when made in connection with the Alaska foothills.

The heat was intense, and presently Ford dug his spiked heels into the ice and sat down for a breather. "Take a spell," he

advised his companion, and Tarry turned to do so.

How it happened neither knew. In all probability Tarry's pack caught on a hillock of ice as he bent to sit down and slewed him sideways. Ford procured a momentary and horrible vision of his companion, clutching desperately with crooked fingers to procure a hold of the frozen surface. He saw Tarry slithering on his face, arms outstretched, down the side of the glacier, towards the drop into space and eternity not six feet below him. Then he heard Tarry's voice: "Hold on! For God's sake hold on!"

Ford's heels were already firmly planted. He had experienced too much of Alaskan mountaineering to loosen his grip upon terra firma, even for a moment. Yet those moments of suspense seemed like an eternity. Down, down, went Tarry, his face turning white as the ice even as he fell. He reached the edge of the cliff; his legs, his hips, all but his shoulders vanished over it. Then came the jolt, the awful crisis for which both men waited. Ford's teeth went together with a snap, then locked like a vice. His heels never budged. He was anchored to the face of the glacier, and Tarry, dangling giddily over a space of one thousand feet, was anchored to him by ten feet of rawhide rope.

"I've got you," shouted Ford. "Now go steady—inch by inch."

Had Tarry hung directly below it would have facilitated matters, but the rope that held them together was two feet or more out of line. Ford dared scarcely move, lest it should slip and Tarry lose what little hold he had procured on the edge of the ice.

At length he turned slowly and got to work with his pick, making fresh footholds above him. There was nothing for it but to drag Tarry up by main force, till he, too, could procure a foothold.

Easier said than done. Ford was a stone or two lighter than his partner, and when the time came for him to climb up his nerves failed. His legs were already numbed by the weight upon them and the strain of the day's climb. He simply dared not move his feet lest they should fall together into space.

Slowly he turned his head and looked down at his partner. Tarry was clinging to the ice with naked hands, his knuckles standing out white and scar-like.

"Get hold of the rope and pull yourself up," shouted Ford.

With a feeling of numbed horror he realised that Tarry had lost his pick. He felt the rope tighten and strained every muscle to withstand the weight thrown upon his hips. Once again he ventured to look round. Tarry had raised himself a foot or so. He had drawn his sheath knife, evidently to use at the ice, and was carrying it buccaneer fashion between his teeth. His two hands clutched the rope and desperately he was struggling to drag his lower members over the glassy shelf.

Ford could only wait. He was stooping forward, his beaver cap almost touching the ice, his fingers clutching the rope to ease the weight on his hips.

The minutes came and went. The throbbing in Ford's ears turned to a roar. Once he felt himself slipping—slashed wildly at the ice and procured a fresh hold. He could feel Tarry struggling at the end of the rope just below, but dared not look round. Scarcely could he breathe for fear of losing his foothold. The sweat, streaming down his face, got into his eyes. Then came a jerk which all but dislodged him.

"For heaven's sake be quick," shouted Ford. "I can't hold on much longer."

His own voice seemed faint and far away, though he could hear his partner's heavy breathing distinctly enough. Again he ventured to look round—saw Tarry knife in hand lying flat on the ice below him.

"You can't heave me up a foot or so, can you?" asked Tarry. "I haven't another ounce left in me."

Ford tried, but only to find his hips cramped and helpless.

"Daren't try," he shouted back. "We should both go down."

Tarry was silent for a moment, then he said: "Ford, it seems we can't get through together as we'd hoped. You'll have to go on alone. If you get to Cripple Creek and make good I know you won't forget the old lady down in 'Frisco. It was for her I came this all-fired trip. She isn't so young as she used to be, and she's a widow."

Ford was subtly conscious that the end was near, though exactly how it was to come about he did not know. Tarry was finished, and the climb that still lay ahead of him was almost a physical impossibility without an ice pick. "Take a breather and

try again," he shouted. "I can hold on a minute or more."

But Tarry was evidently thinking about the old lady down in 'Frisco. He was dead beat, and, anyway, he wanted Ford to get through to Cripple Creek, for in that direction lay a fortune. He himself was out of the running; it was up to his partner to see the matter through. He said: "I'm clean finished. Haven't the strength to get out even if I were up where you are. So long Tarry."

There was a vibrating buzz as the rope between them parted. Ford fell forward on the face of the glacier and lay there panting. Tarry slipped down, down, till he vanished giddily into space, the knife that had severed the rope still clutched in his fingers.

## II

Slowly, wearily, Ford picked his way across the face of the glacier, the rope dangling loosely from his hips. He reached the other side and sat down, his head between his hands.

Ford got up and continued the journey. He passed down the watershed and had gained the valley ere the short night came on. The whole face of the land was a quagmire, and he made camp on a dome of solid rock, first lighting a fire upon it to warm the ground.

Scarcely had he settled himself when a voice hailed him from out the darkness, and through the gloom loomed the figures of five stalwart prospectors who were returning from a rush in the White Hills. One of them Ford knew as the sheriff of a small settlement on the American side of the Yukon, and it was this man who strolled first into the firelight.

"Hallo, Ford! Where's your partner?" he enquired eagerly.

"Dead!" Ford answered. "He dropped over the brink of Death Gulch this afternoon."

The men gave a low whistle, and proceeded forthwith to make camp. It was the sheriff who chanced to pick up Ford's rope and examine it.

"I'll own it was a fool trip from the very beginning," Ford was saying, glad of someone to talk to. "Tarry and me wouldn't have set out only we felt sure there was money at the end. The poor boy was terrible keen on getting his old mother down in 'Frisco properly fixed up. Now he's gone under, I guess it's up to

me to do what I can for her. Say——"

But at this juncture he was startled to find himself looking into the sheriff's revolver. The latter strolled into the firelight, and held up Ford's rope for the inspection of his companions. When they saw it a low growl of surprise and anger passed from their lips.

"Guess this is a case for justice while you wait," said the sheriff solemnly. "It's for such quitters as you that we're looking out, Ford. You're about the fifth man this winter who's cut the rope and let his partner fall. Guess there isn't any getting round this—what?"

For a moment Ford was too nonplussed to answer. He realised that these men suspected him of cutting the rope, and thus allowing Tarry, whom he had struggled so hard to save, to fall to his doom.

He managed to gasp out: "Jerusalem! I didn't do that. Tarry cut it himself, I tell you. He was spent and had lost his pick, and when he found he couldn't procure a foothold he cut himself loose."

"Which sounds likely," sneered the sheriff. "And anyway the position of the cut proves that ain't correct. There must have been at least nine feet of rope between you and Tarry couldn't have reached up to cut it so near your belt. See, when you turned round to get the knife to work, you'd have to draw in a bit of line, and—" he had fitted on the belt and now gave a practical illustration which, from the growls of agreement which rose from his fellows, evidently satisfied them as to which of the ropemen had wielded the knife.

Ford saw that his position was an ugly one. He saw, too, that there was no chance of reaching Cripple Creek to secure a fortune for the old lady down in 'Frisco unless he could escape from the hands of these men. It filled him with desperation to think that Tarry had thrown away his life to no purpose—that, in fact, by doing so he had merely landed the man whom he had died to save in dire straits. He tried to explain how the accident had occurred, but the man was immovable. More than once he was cried down by a chorus of angry threats. Desertion on the trails was bad enough at any time, but desertion of this sort was particularly vile. "It isn't to be believed that when he'd climbed up to within four feet of you he'd cut the rope and let himself down," cried



the sheriff, while one of the men cut a length from the coil of raw hide and busied himself by making a noose at one end of it.

Ford saw that his fate was sealed. They had bound his hands and passed one end of the rope over the limb of an adjacent cottonwood. In desperation and anger he shouted: "You pack of howling coyotes! Give me a proper trial and I'll prove I'm innocent. If you've got the pluck, come back up the gulch with me and I'll show you where it happened."

At once he was shouted down. The men into whose hands he had fallen were mad with rage, for these men, who themselves travelled the mountains, stood steadfast in the law of the trails, which says that, whatever may befall, partners must stick together. Ford knew that it was of no use endeavoring to explain to them that Tarry had done this mainly on account of the old lady down in 'Frisco, and that, finding himself beaten he had chosen to cut himself free rather than endanger the life of his partner. Even if these men had mothers and sisters of their own they would not believe such a story. And before he had time to say more he was hoisted up on to the shoulders of two of his captors.

Then silence fell, and the sheriff asked whether Ford had anything more to say. He hesitated in answering, and as he hesitated the sound of steps sounded on the glacier cutting which led up from the mountain heights.

### III

After Tarry had severed the rope, and slipped giddily down the wet face of the glacier to disappear over the edge, he dropped merely a matter of ten feet or so. Then he came to rest, jammed feet foremost in a narrow fissure which at this point stood out from the naked face of the cliff.

For some minutes he lay still, stunned and overcome, to realise what had happened. Then with an effort he collected his senses and shouted to his partner.

Ford, however, was making his way, horrified and breathless, along the face of the glacier, never doubting for a moment that his friend lay dashed to pieces on the rocks a thousand feet below. He never heard the cries as he fought his way to a place of safety, and presently Tarry was

brought to the realisation that there was no chance of rescue from an outside source.

Hitherto he had depended upon his partner, but now he knew that he must depend upon himself. The warm sun, streaming against the face of the cliff, seemed to put new life into his limbs. He took in the situation—saw that the fissure wound its course up the cliff directly above him. The ice had already thawed out of it and he saw that, with care, he might be able to climb upwards and thus gain the brink of the precipice. His knife was still locked in his fingers, and with this he began to hack footholds in the half-frozen earth of the fissure.

At this juncture it struck him that there was something curious in the formation and color of the seam. He fell to examining it, hacking out a sample with his knife, and it was then that a low cry of surprise broke from his lips.

Diligently now, as though possessed of new life, he proceeded to climb upwards. The giddiness had left him; he was obsessed with the one desire to gain the brink. When at length he gained that steep and treacherous slope of ice it seemed to have lost much of its fearsomeness. Cautiously, but quickly, he hacked out footholds till he had gained the level where Ford had passed. From thence the way was easy going. Ford had already hacked out a path and he had nothing to do but follow it. In an hour or so he hoped to overtake his partner, and when at length night fell—such as night is in the Yukon spring—he saw the glimmer of Ford's campfire at the foot of the glacier cutting below.

It was now that, knowing all to be well, Tarry began to feel his intense weariness. The strain of the day had all but exhausted him. Little did he know how priceless every second was, and once he thought of making a fire and camping where he stood. Then it occurred to him that Ford might be off before he woke, so stiff and weary he plodded on.

As he neared Ford's camp he heard the sound of angry voices, and fearing that something was wrong he hurried ahead. At that moment the men below heard him coming and paused to listen.

The sheriff had just asked whether Ford had anything more to say, and Ford was busy thinking out an adequate answer.

"Yes," he said at length. "You're hang-

ing an innocent man, sheriff, so perhaps you'll do him the favor of carrying out his last will and testament."

"I guess so," answered the sheriff gruffly.

"Then when you've sold my outfit—my city lot, dog team, sled, rifle and anything else that seems to be mine—send the proceeds to——" he gave the name and address of an old lady down in 'Frisco.

"That all?" queried the sheriff.

"That's all. If you're sure I'm guilty, haul away."

But at that moment the footsteps sounded so near that instinctively the men paused to listen. As they did so a voice hailed them.

"Say," drawled Ford, "you'd best let me down. That's my partner."

When Tarry appeared and told his story the would-be lynchers fell silent. One of them took down the rope, while the others pulled hard at their pipes, stared at the stars and shifted their feet uneasily. At length the sheriff bucked up sufficient pluck to voice his regret, finally adding: "Guess we'd better clear out of this, boys. We've near hanged an innocent man, and somehow this valley don't seem healthy."

"Try the next," suggested Tarry. "You boys have been out in the woods, and I guess you haven't heard of the Cripple Creek rush. It's the biggest thing as yet this side of the international boundary. You're half way there already, and can get in first if you stick to the pass."

In those days of the Yukon it took very little to start a stampede, and the five prospectors, led by the sheriff, lost no time in getting under way towards the new land of promise.

"This is as far as we get this trip," said Tarry, when he was again alone with his partner.

"Seems you've had enough since you send those swipes to get there before us," Ford observed. There was a touch of disappointment in his voice, despite his very natural joy at seeing his partner alive and well.

"Let them go through with it," said Tarry. "There's no need for us to budge another inch till we can get back to Minook in safety."

"How's that?"

Tarry was gazing at the mountain heights and brooding upon the elusiveness

of the treasure which was leading men into the heart of that desolate region. How often they trod it beneath their feet, or passed it by the wayside at arm's length, unaware that it was there, while they tramped weary leagues or perished on the trail in search of it. Sometimes they pilloved their heads upon it when they went to rest, and awoke in the morning stiff, cold and hungry, to pursue their search through the lonely places, little thinking that what they sought lay hidden beneath their feet. He wondered how much treasure lay buried upon the peaks on which he now looked—how many good men would be sacrificed ere even a small portion of it was put to human use. Now and then the fortunate would stumble across it, and others would say: "O, if only we had known when we passed that place!"

"Ford," said Tarry at length, "that seam into which I dropped was of mineral formation. It ran down the face of the cliff, showing dull yellow patches here and there. I dug out a sample with my knife—here it is. I should say it's the luckiest strike this side of Dawson."

He took the sample from his necker and handed it to his partner. Ford held it to the starlight, though the weight alone was enough to convince him. He saw teats of gold, large as a man's finger-tips, standing out from the shining quartz. Then he heaved a sigh of relief, and taking the chart which was to guide them to Cripple Creek, he burnt it slowly over the fire.

"No more fool gold hunting for you and me," he said. "We'll wait till the ice goes out, then we'll stake our claims. Gosh partner, but I'm tired!"

When Tarry and Ford, their pockets stuffed with express notes, climbed aboard the last river steamer which was to take them south to San Francisco, they met the sheriff on the gangway. He too was going south.

"Get your Cripple Creek claims alright?" asked Ford, a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

The sheriff looked at him, then quickly looked away. "Yes," he answered gruffly. "I'm leaving them behind for any mug who cares to work them. The country came to nothing—probably because there was never any gold there. It simply fizzled out of record."

# An Outpost in the North

THE MINING SETTLEMENT OF BEN-MY-CHREE

By J. Lanning

AMONG the late arrivals in the mining field of British Columbia is the picturesque and extremely fascinating little town of Ben-My-Chree, which, being literally interpreted, signifies "The Lady of Mine Heart."

Its existence dates back to the summer season of 1910, when two hunters, scaling the snow-clad ridges of the Coast Range mountains hunting wild sheep and goat at an elevation of over 7,000 feet above sea-level, chanced upon a quartz ledge, which subsequent analysis proved valuable as a source of the alluring metals—silver and gold.

To the prospector, or even the occasional hunter who roams through the mountain solitudes, the first step in the realization of untold wealth is to discover a quartz lode in place, and the second is to stake a claim; hence it was that within a few hours after its discovery Ben-My-Chree received its significance and title.

During the three short seasons which have followed that discovery much has been done to chase away the silence from the deep mountain gorges in the construction of cabins, stables, roads, trails, etc., including an aerial tramway which, when complete, will convey the ore by gravity from away back a mile and a half over the range to the ore bin in the valley below.

The cabins which comprise to date the town of Ben-My-Chree are situated in a narrow glacial valley bordering the southern reach of Taku Arm, occupying a considerable portion of Tagish Lake.

About ten miles from the lake shore, near the head of the valley, projects the most northerly spur of the great Taku Glacier, which stretches over an area seventy miles long, with an average width of about forty miles, clear through to the coast and the shore-line of Alaska.

From this immense tongue of ice and debris, and the heavy neves which overlie the glacier, two or three glacial streams

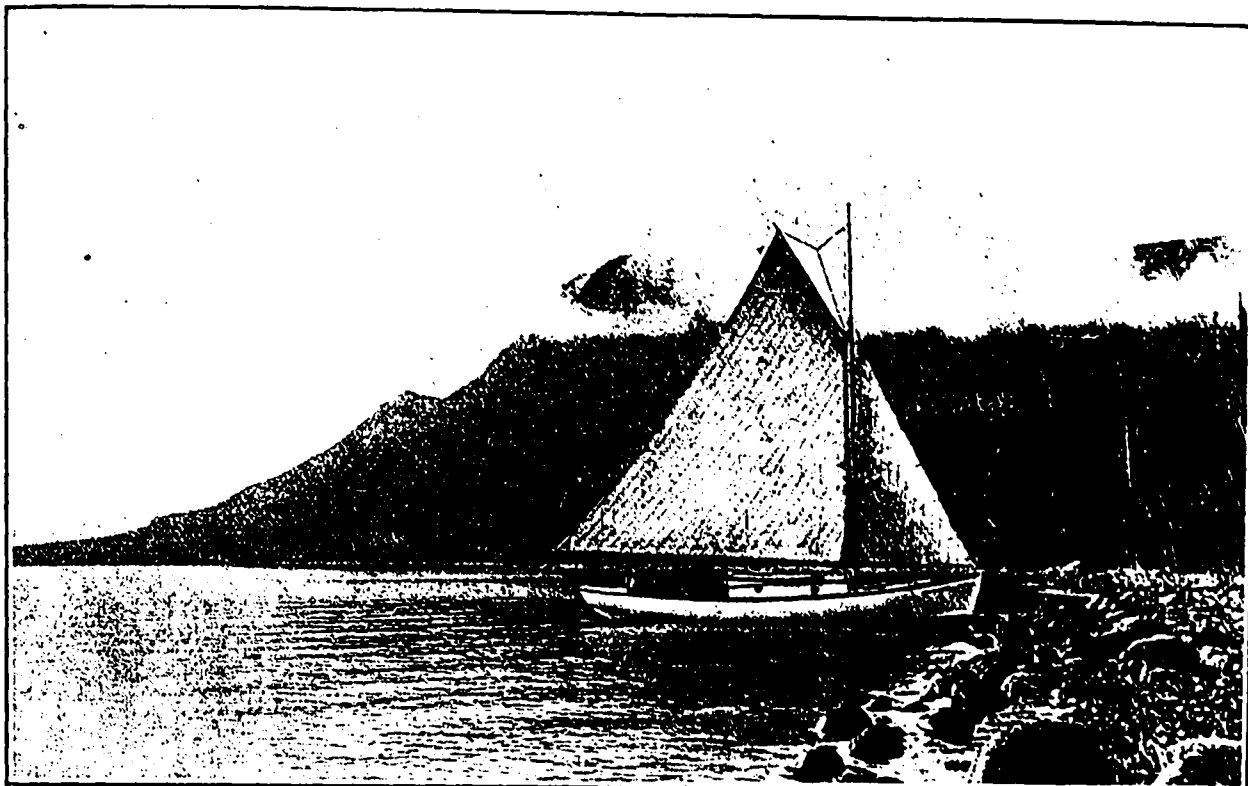
issue, and, pursuing their meandering courses over wide stretches of sand flats, through swamps and willow brush, past the mining cabins to the lake shore, finally discharge their contents into the icy waters of Taku Arm.

Ben-My-Chree is, in reality, at the head of all possible navigation and transportation, lying only a few miles south of the provisional boundary between British Columbia and the Yukon Territory, this being the 60th parallel of north latitude.

On the left and right the valley is screened by precipitous mountains, rising to an elevation of over 5,000 feet above the lake-level. Approach from the rear is prohibited by an impassable glacier, through which a few scattered serrated mountain peaks project as guardians over this last great relic of glacial times. The sole avenue of approach opens from the front through a narrow arm of the lake, navigable for steamers of the White Pass and Yukon River type, as well as for the canoe or small launch of the Indian or prospector.

The SS. Gleaner, of the White Pass Railway service—the connecting link between Carcross, Yukon Territory, and the town of Atlin in the extreme north of British Columbia—visits the Ben-My-Chree camp bi-weekly during the navigation season, or between the months of June and October, but during the long winter months, when the days are dark and lonely, communication with the great ocean of the outer world is practically cut off, except when a stray team wanders over the ice for supplies to Atlin, over forty-five miles away.

Though only ten miles removed from one of the largest glaciers in the world, and about 3,000 feet below the line of perpetual snow, visitors to Ben-My-Chree view with no small sense of wonder what appears to be the best-laid-out garden, with as large a variety of vegetable products and as high an efficiency of growth, as can any-

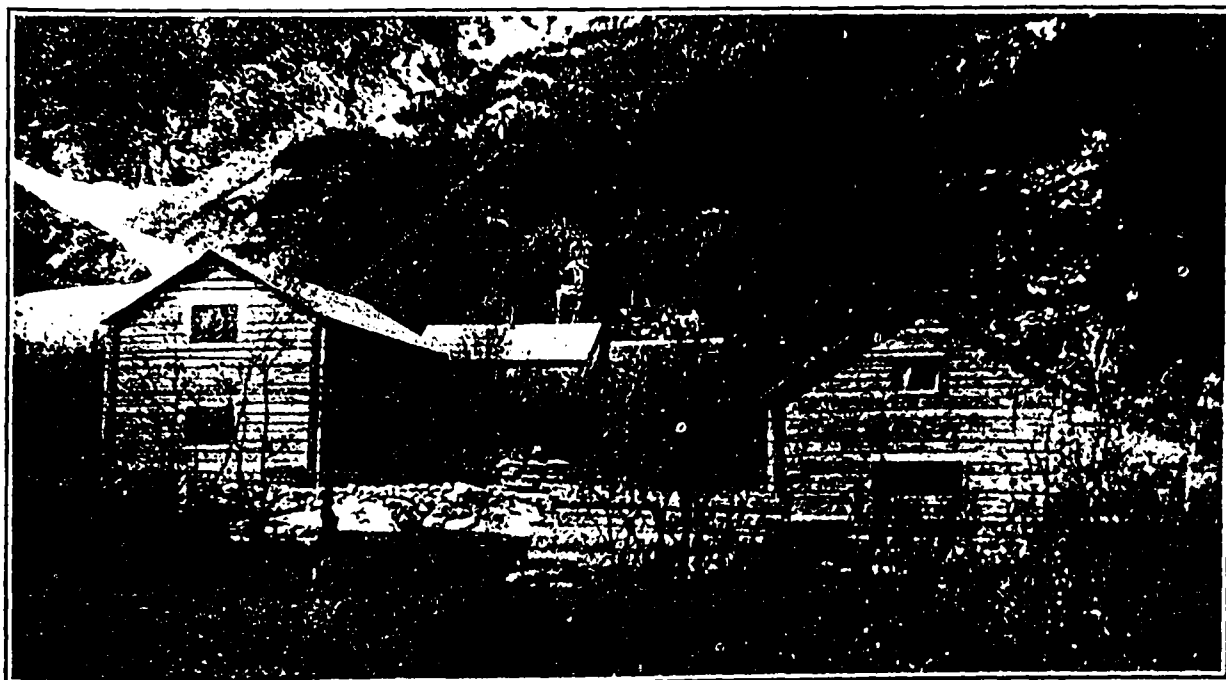


MINE MANAGER'S YACHT, "BEN-MY-CHREE," ON TAGISH LAKE

where be located north of Vancouver on the Pacific Coast. Stacks of peas are in bloom in July. Lettuce, radishes, beets, turnips, cabbage, cress, etc.—all products of a native soil—are served in the dining-cabin daily from the middle of June till the end of the season. Potatoes, onions, rhubarb and all varieties of garden flowers grow with elaborate profusion.

Nor is this all the variety Ben-My-Chree can afford to those who appreciate the wilds of Nature. Wild rabbits browse

and play unmolested around the cabin doors. Porcupines are met at nearly every turn in the trail. Moose stray over the sand flats and swampy ground at the head of the valley, while above the cabins, in the stillness of the evening, numbers of mountain goat may be seen quietly grazing along the draws and green glades of the hillsides. The grizzly bear and the mountain wolf lie down together. The gopher and the marmot feed with the chicken and play around the roost. Nothing



OFFICE CAMP AND SOCIAL HALL IN THE FOREGROUND. (NOTE THE END OF A SNOWSLIDE IN THE BACKGROUND.)



A GENERAL VIEW OF BEN-MY-CHREE FROM THE LAKE

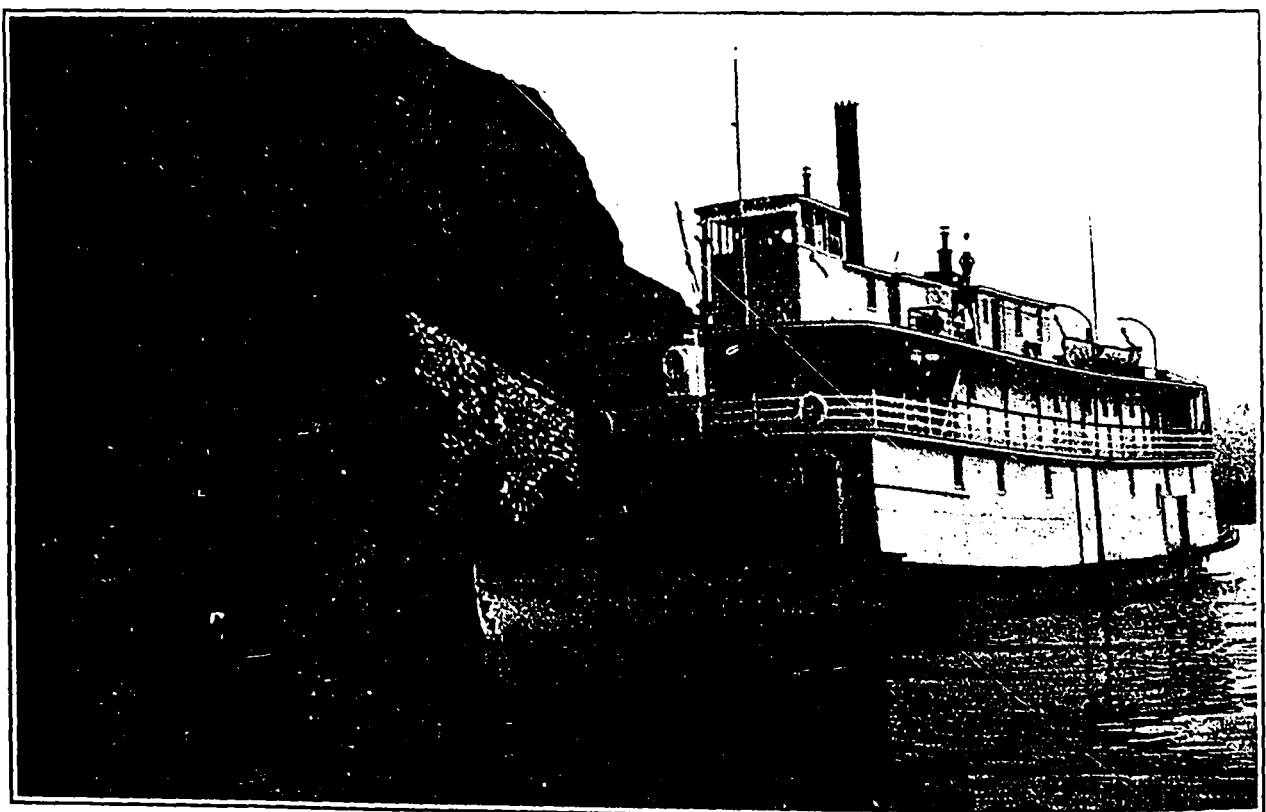
harms or destroys, but each shares with the other the freedom and plenty that Nature has supplied.

Though the summer, with its bloom and sunshine, is as beautiful as complete, yet in the fall and winter, when the snows lie heavily and deep in the shadows and hollows of the mountains, dangers hover over the valley, and immense snow-slides are of frequent occurrence, thundering down the steep gorges and waterfalls, bearing destruction in their pathway to the depths of the valley below.

One such slide occurred in October, 1911, shortly after active development work had properly started, and just when those engaged in the mine workings were most hopeful and expectant.

The slide had its source at the crest of a glacier 500 feet above the mine tunnels. Below in the gorge stone cabins had been constructed at an enormous cost, and these were completely carried away, while among the ruins one of the owners of the property and his wife were found dead.

Still later in the fall of last year a second



A LINK WITH CIVILIZATION—SS. "GLENER" LEAVING THE PIER AT BEN-MY-CHREE



THE "PAYROLL" AT BEN-MY-CHREE

slide tore down from the glacial basin above the valley, laying waste a valuable forest growth and burying beneath an immense weight of snow and debris the house-boat residence of the managing owner of the mines, in which his wife, a lady companion and himself were living at the time.

Fortunately the momentum of this second slide was spent before it reached the cabin and no loss of life and little loss of property occurred.

Despite, however, the rigour of the winter and the isolation experienced by the few who live in Ben-My-Chree through the long months when navigation has closed and the sun has wandered off to the south,

leaving the days in the north dark and drear, the general beauty of the scenery, ideal climatic conditions and the continued change in the daily program of life as lived in a pioneer land, are indeed difficult to surpass. Tourists who stray on shore from the SS. Gleaner in the afterglow of a July sunset and wander up the long, rock-cribbed pier walled by abrupt mountain sides to the cabins and sand flats behind the hills, have much cause to wonder and reluctantly return to the city with its din and strife, only to envy those who enjoy so contentedly the freedom of the hills and the solitudes of the mountain wilds.



# An Emblem of Empire

By Frank Buffington Vrooman

The following paper, read by Dr. Vrooman before the Vancouver Progress Club, on November 5, 1913, strongly supports the plan put forward by Earl Grey, former Governor-General of Canada, that the self-governing Dominions of the Empire should acquire from the London County Council the two and a half acres of vacant land between the Strand and Aldwych, in the heart of London, and erect upon it a palatial building to be known as Dominion House.

Dr. Vrooman's paper was enthusiastically received, and the members of the club unani- mously passed the following resolution:

"That the Progress Club of Vancouver heartily and unanimously endorse the project known as the Dominion House on the Aldwych site in London, and that it recommends that the trade and professional organizations, provinces, dependencies and Dominions of the Empire support it in every possible way on the grounds set forth by Lord Grey, that it would enable:

"(1) The Governments of the self-governing Dominions and of their states and provinces to concentrate on one central site their offices, now widely distributed in different parts of London.

"(2) The attention of the home consumer to be effectively and impressively focussed on the products of the Dominions oversea.

"(3) The manufacturers of the United Kingdom to ascertain and to meet the require- ments of Greater Britain."—Editor.

It is impossible for any mere Londoner to experience the sense of loss, not to say of utter vacuity, which oppresses the average Imperial peripatetic when, for the first time (and perhaps for all times thereafter) he goes to his Imperial Mecca, as every right-minded, outlying Briton hopes to do at least once before he dies, and failing this, some, I dare say, hope to do afterwards. How many have been the thousands and tens of thousands, and for how long a time have these denizens of the Outer Empire made their pilgrimages over land and sea, to the opaque atmosphere of their holy places, only with a sense of bitter disap- pointment, to wander helplessly and hope- lessly looking for a shrine. We have gone to the Abbey, or St. Paul's, and have been subdued by the architectural emblems of a nation's aspirations—built in stone. We have gone to Westminster, and have found the noble piles which stand as emblems of the gifts of Magna Charta, realized in representative governments—that is to say, representative for the space of a few hun- dred miles from its storied walls. We have gone to the gray and smoky city, and with more or less of awe have looked upon the flat and smudgy building whose roof covers the hoards of England, and we have been inclined to reverse the ancient saying of

the good book, and declare that "where the heart is, there the *treasure* is also." We have stood under the shaft of Trafal- gar, and we have looked up to the mute figure of one whose voiceless message in that one battle on the sea won the Outer Empire for Britain, and that one ship de- termined that battle, and that was the ship which held Nelson.

Here in the busy and ancient capital are a few of the Nation's reminders which our forebears have petrified, as it were, and passed on in silent forms of stone to the generations which have followed them— "Lest we forget."

But the Empire is without a home. It is without monument or symbolism. It is without sign or emblem. There is no one thing upon the face of the earth sym- bolic of Imperial unity or Imperial dig- nity. We have neither song nor dream nor poem which a Sir Christopher Wren might have wrought into some deathless form to stand in place of the great emptiness, and which, once and for all, and now and for all time, might utter the aspirations of the democratic Imperialism of the British race, and which might become the greatest imaginable factor in the creation and cul- ture of the "Empire habit of mind." It is a significant oversight that before the

brilliant conception of Lord Grey, no Briton had ever before dreamed the dream to enshrine in some form of imperishable beauty the adequate emblem of that larger dream of the British race which has found reality in the greatest political aggregation the world has ever seen.

If the British Empire, then, is a reality, and if there is such a thing as Imperial unity, or if there ought to be, is it less than tragic that the world is confronted with evidence of the Empire's loose-jointedness and of the inorganic juxtapositions of so many of its unrelated parts, and that there is no substantial and concrete evidence in the Imperial capital of that organic unity which marks the direction and aim of our present development?

And is it not sufficiently obvious that those benefits are incomparable which will accrue to Imperial organization in the psychological aid, at the psychological moment, to be given in the organization under one palatial roof of its official and economic and political insignia—in the focussing in one architectural masterpiece of the aims and hopes and aspirations of Britannia Overseas?

The visiting Briton has nothing to complain of in the hospitality accorded to him on the part of his London kinsman. He has joined the clubs and institutes of the metropolis, and these, while not altogether inclusive, have interests and connection as wide as the Empire itself. But vacuity itself, gaping wide, has everywhere stared him in the face where the great Imperial thing ought to be. There has been nothing to appeal to his Imperial consciousness—nothing to satisfy his Imperial pride. And, after all, if it is something to create and nourish the "Empire habit of mind," is it not also very much worth while to appeal to the Imperial imagination—something to cultivate also the pride of Empire?

#### WHAT THE LONDONER SEES

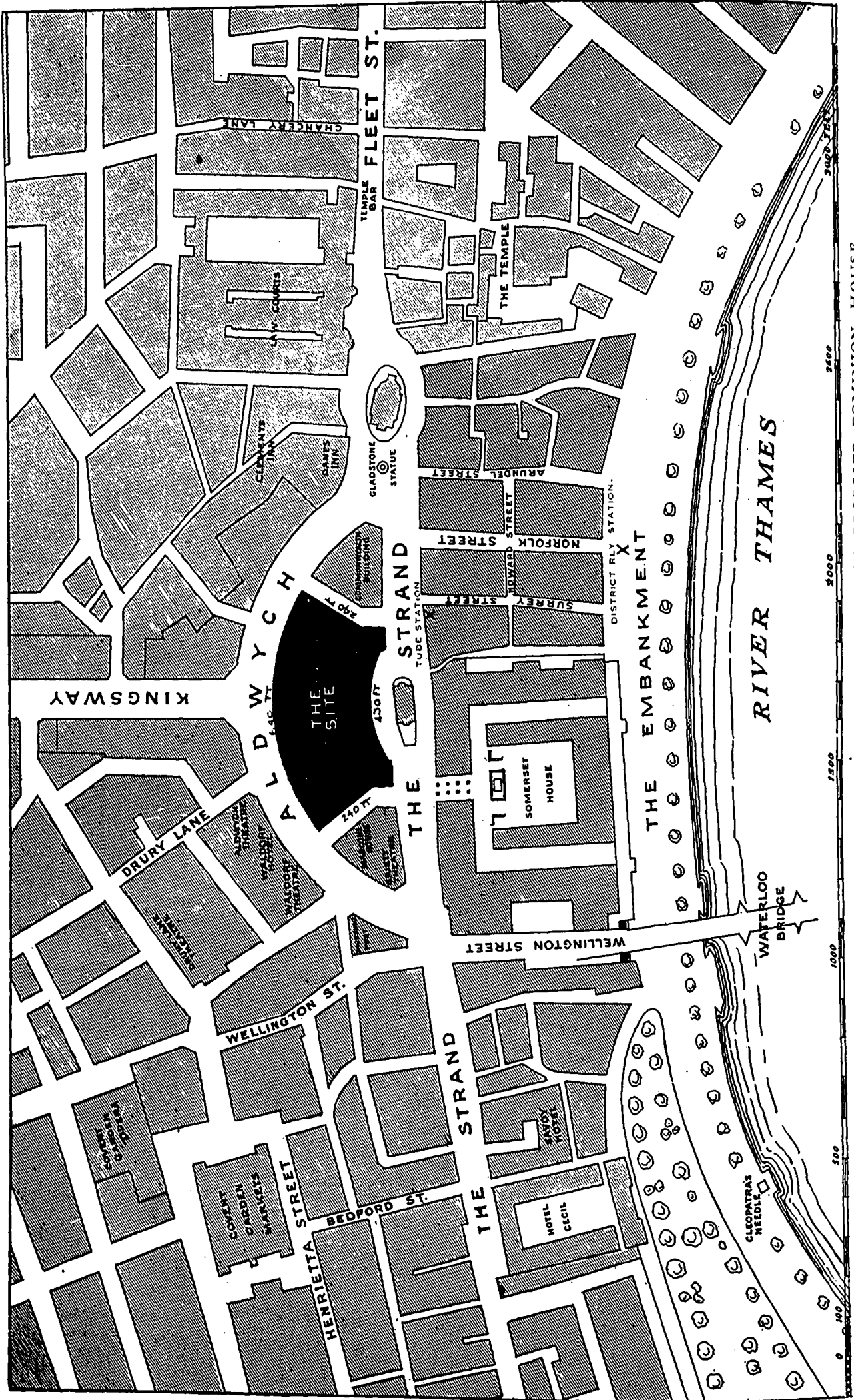
The Britannic Dominions are growing more rapidly than our thought of them. Our very deeds are overtaking our wildest dreams. Time and circumstance are tumbling over each other in the mad race of modernity, and this poor halting and conservative intellect of ours is only half making up its mind to follow and see what the blind god Chance is doing with us. We have something to do in keeping up with events, but we have more to do if

we are to understand and guide them. One thing is certain: we are growing in wealth and population and importance and pride. We are beginning to applaud the orators who stand up and tell us we are no longer negligible. We subscribe for the papers which make discourse upon the significance of our waxing wealth and power. But then we knew already that we have not stopped growing, and have had no intention of stopping. Whatever may be the satisfaction with which we view the prouder eminences of our most praiseworthy achievements, it is negligible besides the smile we wear when we contemplate what we are going to do. Imagine, then, the jolt at our soarest place when we are suddenly arrested upon the streets of London—one begs to state here that it is not a confirmed habit of ours to be arrested on the streets of London—but I remember distinctly having several times been arrested by some little grocer's window in the Strand or Trafalgar Square or elsewhere with a British Columbia or Ontario or Rhodesian exhibit—or indeed a Dominion of Canada exhibit, all very useful in their way no doubt, but which I venture to say the greengrocers of Moose Jaw or Medicine Hat would eclipse without a struggle, and take the blue ribbon from the agricultural committees of any county fair on the North American continent. If it is not a few barrels of apples or a pile of pumpkins or a stack of straw, it will be a row of bottles full of preserved fruits which will remind you of the shelves upon which you have just seen the pickled baby monkey in the Medical Museum.

If we have occasion to go to the offices of the Lord High Commissioner of the great Dominion of Canada, we may find them in dingy quarters, happily hidden far from the madding crowd.

After playing a game of "blind man's buff" with several remote advertisements, a guide book and four policemen, you have found it—and what have you found? Something to make you proud of your country, no doubt. Well, yes, you have, if you have found the commissioner in. He would dignify a smoky teepee and a red blanket on the wildest shores of Hudson's Bay. But it is not likely that we shall be served so forever, for there is but one Strathcona. But there are plenty of financial or commercial institutions in the





STREET PLAN OF CENTRAL LONDON, SHOWING SITE OF THE PROPOSED DOMINION HOUSE.

ninth-rate towns of the Canadian prairie whose managers are better housed. Life is too short to indulge the luxury of the computations necessary to give any one a clear idea of how long it would take an average British Columbian visiting in London, if he really wanted to find out something about the Empire, to locate and make the rounds of the several offices and exhibits and headquarters of the Dominions and provinces and dependencies, which some day some enterprising visitor may be bold enough to do. Of course, nobody thinks of visiting the Dominion or provincial "headquarters" when in London, unless there is something like necessity for so doing. The consequence is a profound ignorance on the part of most of us as to what the rest of the Empire is doing and hoping to do, except when we read in a few of the papers interested in the subject, and except for the intermittent potato piles and the desultory squash.

What a pitiful exhibition of the Imperial pride and consciousness! What an anti-climax for all our vain-glory! Behold the note and token of our Imperial consciousness! Have we not put our talent in a napkin—and a paper one at that?

#### EARL GREY'S SCHEME

Earl Grey describes the scheme for creating the building in Aldwych, and outlines his ideas of the form it would take:

"The Dominion House should rival in grandeur the Houses of Parliament. At one time it appeared desirable that the building should culminate in a dome, for the dome is the architectural symbol of the church and of the Empire. The idea of the dome of Empire, resting firmly upon the foundation of the four self-governing Dominions, was singularly attractive. Apart, however, from the inadvisability of erecting a new dome in competition with the noble dome of St. Paul's, a little reflection showed that, as the building should be devoted to practical purposes, and as a dome lends itself rather to contemplation than to economic use, the building might more advantageously culminate in a huge British central tower, like the Victoria Tower of Westminster, which, 100 or 120 feet square, might rise from the centre of the roof.

#### ROOF GARDEN

"The roof might be a flat one, and it might be converted into a two and a half

acres of roof garden, which, situated 100 feet above the turmoil of the Strand, would become one of the greatest attractions of London. This central tower might be used for the purpose of an hotel in which the official representatives of the Dominions might have preferential rights.

"Ambassadors are able to entertain and lodge kings and emperors at their official residences. The Dominion representatives should be able to dispense hospitality to the most eminent men whom they wish to honor.

"This huge palatial building would have to meet not only the office requirements of the Dominion Governments and of the great commercial corporations of the Dominions, but it should also become a great Imperial business centre and Intelligence Department, a social centre or club, a clearing house of Imperial thought, and an important connecting link between the Motherland and the great Daughter States.

"It should contain a spacious banquetting chamber, a theatre and lecture hall, a good library and reading-room. The theatre and lecture hall might serve the important purpose of spreading a better knowledge of the Dominions among the British people by suitable entertainments. On the ground floor of the building there might be permanent and temporary exhibitions of Dominion produce, which should stimulate business between Great and Greater Britain.

"The Dominion House, lying in the very centre of London, would attract not only the serious student, but also the casual passer-by. Its beauty and grandeur would arrest his attention and induce inquiry. Strolling along the Strand on the way to the theatre, National Gallery, the Houses of Parliament or St. Paul's Cathedral, he would be arrested by that magnificent building, he would enter it, and the pictures, diagrams and the exhibits of Dominion produce displayed would give him a good idea of the Dominions, and if he should be a business man, that short visit might lead to business.

#### COMMERCIAL MUSEUM

"The Dominion House would not only serve as a connecting link between the Dominion producers and home consumers. It would also serve as a commercial museum and as the information office for British manufacturers. The two-and-a-

half-acre basement might contain a permanent exhibition of the manufactured articles sold in the Dominions, such as hardware, machines, electrical fittings, wearing apparel, etc., including particularly articles now sold by foreign countries.

"London is so poor in great architectural monuments that it would be a calamity," concludes Lord Grey, "if the opportunity of acquiring this unique site, and of erecting thereon a monument of Empire, should be lost, if on the site should spring up a gaudy international hotel, or an assembly of theatres and shops. I see in the vacant Aldwych site a great Imperial opportunity, which, once lost, will be lost forever."

#### "A CENTRE OF WELCOME"

The project of the Dominion House involves the establishment over and above all else a "Centre of Welcome," as the *Daily Telegraph* felicitously phrases it, which should be the architectural masterpiece of the British Empire.

Here, upon two and one-half acres and under one roof, it is proposed that the Empire erect a structure which may be the home not only of all the officialdom of Dominions and provinces, but of a permanent exhibition of the products of the Outer Empire and of the industries of the home land. Here, doubtless, would be one place to which any Britannic visitor might go and read the paper from his own home town, or write a letter in a place of his own on something of his own, to those also who own it far, far away. Vastly more than an Imperial department store would be the aggregation of raw materials and finished products, and samples of the natural resources from all the outlying British possessions. Among other things, this would be to all intents and purposes a museum of the economic geography of the Empire, and as well an Imperial Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce. Here on the same two and a half acres also would be housed all the Lord High Commissioners. Here would be all the Agents-General, all the Emigration and Immigration Commissioners, and, let it be hoped, room enough for a Commissioner of Migration within the Empire, awaiting the day when we are intelligent enough to realize its imperative need. Here might all the Royal Commissions sit which are to deal with purely Imperial subjects and interests. Here, too, let there be a noble hall for the

first Imperial Parliament and the Imperial Government (should we ever have one), and should we not, after all, determine to move the Capital of Empire to Vancouver.

In Lord Grey's project of the Dominion House is to be found a response to a long-felt need, the importance of which no man can minimize and the utility of which only time can demonstrate. Rather let us say that there is the fulfilment of an Imperial necessity in this synthetic idea, on both the sentimental and economic side, to which it would be as difficult to find one valid objection as it would be to count the substantial arguments that might be brought forward to justify its realization.

It is an anomalous situation that long before this we have not had just such an Imperial housing. I am sure that we out here are not the only ones who are not proud of the *disjecta membra*, the confusion and circumfusion in the Imperial capital of the scattered and undignified representations of our Imperial life; nor are we the only ones to whom it has occurred that we have condoned these unmistakable conditions of racial inefficiency.

This one aspect of the project should appeal to us, then, with the greater cogency, the more we think about it, and that is the organization and centralization of headquarters as sympathetic with the idea of the organization and centralization of Empire. And when I speak of the centralization of Empire, I hasten in this modification to insist that with centralization must always be local autonomy and Imperial representation. When this is admitted, and understood, let us then admit and understand that the Empire cannot exist without organization and centralization. Perhaps if there is any one idea more than another which is responsible for the direction of the greater movements of modern politics and economics, as well, it is the idea of synthesis. Everywhere we see springing up, as if from seed widely sown, the practical fruits of the idea that more is to be accomplished in the world from union than through separation; more by working together than by working against each other; more in the organization and co-relation and co-ordination of parts, in the elimination of unnecessary waste, and in the addition of that utility and efficiency which comes from aggregation of assets, and from united effort, than

from the unintelligent methods which for so long have found their expression in the *laissez-faire* doctrines and methods of an inefficient age which, when the rest of the world was less efficient, enabled our race to "muddle through."

#### IMPERIAL PATRIOTISM

There is no man, probably, in the British Empire, to whom it has not occurred, and upon whom it is not thrust with growing insistency, that the vital Imperial problem of the moment is a more efficient organization of all the assets of Empire, and this involves an accurate knowledge of our palpable weaknesses no less than a realization of the pressing need of all our available strength. Without doubt we are losing the hardness that made the race of men that made the British Empire.

We are overwhelmed with the luxury of long and unquestioned success, and success is enervating, and we are losing the iron in our blood, and the initiative which has made our race what it is. We are taking too much for granted. We are saying to ourselves: "Things always have been so, and, therefore, they always will be so." There are serious movements afoot in the Outer Empire that call for closer organization, and a more efficient Imperial life. No close observer can fail to be aware of the presence in the Dominions, and, indeed, in Great Britain itself, of those widely-spread centrifugal forces which have been bequeathed to us by an age of individualism, and which are none the less real, because they have not yet found a cogent voice. In the matter of what I might call real Imperial patriotism, also, we are taking too much for granted, but in addition to this there is something more dangerous yet in the apathy on the part of large numbers who academically assent to Imperialist opinions, and every few weeks applaud the speakers at the Canadian Clubs. It is impossible for Great Britain to realize the extent to which the most of the people of the new self-governing states are absorbed in narrow and selfish tasks of their own muck-raking pursuits, and on the theory that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, these honest folk are losing public spirit and patriotism by sheer force of their being crowded out by meaner things. The new watchwords of Britannia just now should be Organization and Efficiency and Duty, and what-

ever will tend to give tangible form to these ideas will be of vital use to the Empire.

Notwithstanding the reproach of that good book which inveighs against the generation which "seeketh after a sign," there are some elements in the minds of most of us (or left out of them) which seek and need a tangible shape with which to enform our vaguer thoughts. We want pegs to hang our thoughts on. We want symbols to clothe our aspirations in. The art instinct in us not only impels us to form and frame the essence of our spiritual life, but we have not ceased to draw certain inspiration from what other men have thought and formed and framed. "There is no more welcome gift to man than a new symbol," says Emerson, and this Lord Grey offers us. It is time we had it. Such an opportunity has come our way but once, and doubtless will never come our way again in the singular appropriateness of location, and in the apt coincidence of time and need. It is, withal, so simple, so obvious, so appropriate and so timely, that perhaps our first emotion is a wonder that no one ever thought of it before—this Emblem of Empire—this parable in stone of Imperial unity and efficiency.

Lord Grey offers us what Emerson called the "New Symbol." It is the symbol of Imperial efficiency through Imperial synthesis. The very essence of Empire is unity—not uniformity, but organic unity—and the Emblem of Empire must spell unity. Separation is the instinct of the individualist, and no individualist can be a consistent Imperialist. It is not consonant with the spirit of Empire to get as far away from each other as we can. The spirit of Empire is getting together. If it all means anything—this Empire of ours—and if there is one thought underneath and through it all it is the thought of mutual-ity rather than division—co-operation rather than competition—synthesis rather than diffusion. In short, Imperial efficiency is based upon the centripetal and not the centrifugal idea. In these days of expansion and dispersion, not to say disintegration, I know of nothing that more completely can meet the present Imperial need, or work toward a more comprehensive Imperial purpose, than the central organization and co-relation and housing of the scattered ends of our Imperial life and

thought, and giving to these "airy nothings" a "local habitation and a name." And I am sure that the Empire for all time to come would hold premiers and governments responsible, should they, from any personal or other motive, attempt to block or even thwart the realization of this pressing Imperial necessity. The time has come for us to adopt some new watchwords, and perhaps some new ideas. Let us admit it at once, and get ready to meet it—a new era is upon us. Revolutionary changes are in the air, for new and fundamental ideas have taken possession of the great majorities of the world. The new problems which confront us are those that can be grappled with only by larger aggregations of money, men and power. Organization and efficiency are the watchwords of the hour, and "muddling through" is a fetish of the past. The problems of Empire are so urgent—so critical out here on the new Pacific—that we of all men cannot without protest afford to fly in the face of so conspicuous a providence. There are said to be two sides to every question, but we must make exceptions of the categorical imperative and Lord Grey's project. For it is not more certain that two and two are four than that, if the British Empire is to fulfil its purpose the slipshod methods of irresponsible scatteration must retire before the spirit of getting together.

#### OF VITAL CONCERN

I want to say to you, gentlemen, that this project is one which vitally concerns the permanent interests of British Columbia. Here in Vancouver we understand or ought to understand that we have no time to lose in overtaking and guiding the ominous world-movements of the Pacific Ocean. Here is where the Empire will be lost or won. Here is where we are to decide whether the white or yellow man is to be supreme upon this vast water. Here the scattered threads of world politics are to be gathered up and woven into the fabric of Empire, and here is where history shall say, if this is not done and done at once, that the Empire was lost to the British race. We are facing a critical moment in our own development at this present time, and we ought to know that what we do in the next few years out here—what we do for and with the Empire—is likely to change or settle the direction of events for centuries to come. In pro-

portion as we realize the solemnity of the issue, shall we be able to grasp the significance of any and every factor which will in greater or less degree help to synthetise the assets of Empire, organize our trade in the mutual interests, gather together and bind our racial enthusiasms into one efficient whole, and prepare ourselves for the task, whatever it may cost us, of establishing our free institutions upon the empty places of our inheritance, and making that land now occupied by Britons free land forever.

Outside, perhaps, the defenses of the Pacific hemisphere, I know of no single factor that more efficiently will promote the realization of the dream of our race, which is the boldest dream of any race; or that will do more toward the vital unification of our Empire, which is the proudest Empire this planet ever has held together; or that more effectually will conserve the moral power of Anglo-Saxon institutions, which certainly have righteously prevailed over a wider reach of earth and sea than those of any other race or age, than this living and perpetual emblem of synthesis of all the elements of Empire—this fundamental and architectonic idea of the man whom the Empire respects for his conspicuous abilities, loves for his human sympathies, and trusts for his spotless honor. I repeat that the British Empire will hold responsible the man or men who make the blunder or commit the crime of thwarting this Empire-building scheme against which only interests and not arguments can avail. Here is an appeal with a moral sanction. There is here a call of duty, to which, thank God, the British race has not yet ceased to respond. It is the call of province to province—dominion to dominion—Briton to Briton—let us get together, let us no longer drift apart. We want a definite centre for our vague circumferences. If it is true, as Longfellow has said, that "each man's chimney is his golden milestone—the central point from which he measures every distance" how true will it be for the pioneer building for Anglo-Saxon ideals in the Empire's widest reaches, that every distance for him will be measured to the centre of his racial organization in that "golden milestone" which, let us hope, Lord Grey will realize for us. Frankly we are not proud to be known and mea-

sured by the few dingy lofts and corner groceries scattered and lost in the bewildering aggregation of seven millions of people. Let us have the "Golden Milestone." Let us have the House of Welcome. Let the Empire have a home. Whom in all the Empire in this generation would we more readily follow or more implicitly trust? To whom would we more gladly yield our grateful tributes for that stroke of sympathetic insight which I am sure is to give us that one Imperial

thing, the very naming of which provokes our wonder that we have been so long without it. That was a great service Lord Grey rendered the Empire when he put forward the plan for the Dominion House. "To give to human minds the direction which they shall retain for ages," says Macaulay, "is the rare prerogative of a few Imperial spirits." Lord Grey may yet prove the truth of the old saying that "a moment of inspiration is worth a lifetime of experience."

---

## Balboa

In awe-struck triumph stood he on the height  
 Of Darien mount, and looked upon the wave—  
 A new-discovered sea whose waters lave  
 Bleak Arctic wastes and teeming tropics bright,  
 Ice-shackled shores and lands of living light.  
 Then through the surf he strode with naked glave,  
 And to his sovereign of Castile he gave  
 Worlds, greater than his fancy's wildest flight.  
 Nor recked he that a nation, yet undreamed,  
 Would rive the continent in twain, and make  
 One water of the east and western sea—  
 Such thoughts insanity he would have deemed.  
 Brave Spaniard, may our glory thine awake,  
 For fancy's flame leaps up at thought of thee!  
 —Elizabeth Whitford in the *Sunset Magazine*



# *Editorial Comment*

## LAND PROBLEMS AND ABUSES

THE people of British Columbia, to the great majority of whom their own Province is still so largely an undiscovered country, have lately been indebted to Mr. H. G. Brewster, the leader of the Provincial Liberals, and to the Hon. W. J. Bowser, acting Provincial Premier, for a little illumination on subjects connected with the land. The speech of Mr. Brewster was made at a dinner given in his honor by the Liberals of Vancouver—a well-deserved compliment, for Mr. Brewster has shown himself to be a man of capacity, with a disposition to approach public affairs in the right temper, and with ideals that are worth working for. His taking up the leadership of the Liberal party in British Columbia at the present moment is also a proof of his courage. Apart from any question as to whether British Columbia ought to change its party allegiance or not, it would do well to find Mr. Brewster a seat in its Provincial Parliament.

Virtually the whole of Mr. Brewster's admirable speech was centred in a single idea. The Government, he declared, are not building up the Province in the right way. Elaborating this contention, he asserted that the Government have put large areas of land into the possession of speculators which ought to have gone to settlers; that the latter, prevented in this way from going on the land, are crowding into the cities; that this evil will become accentuated when ships coming through the Panama Canal bring a large number of new immigrants to our shores; and he called upon his hearers to rescue British Columbia from "the awful condition into which we are falling." Those who heard Mr. Brewster thought he had succeeded in framing a pretty strong indictment against the administration of the Provincial Government.

In his reply Mr. Bowser gave some very instructive figures. So far from the speculator having secured all the valuable land, he said, the Government have a million and a half acres already surveyed and ready for occupancy by settlers on payment of \$2 per acre, and \$10, plus a further \$2 fee for record, the settler being obliged to do, within a specified time, improvements to the amount of \$5 per acre. These lands were adjacent to the Grand Trunk and the Pacific Great Eastern Railways, and the Government were prepared to supply free maps of these sections. As to the speculator, Mr. Bowser seems to be easy in his mind, holding that, as that individual has to pay a four per cent. wild land tax, he cannot afford to hold the land very long at that rate; and, anyhow, the selling of land in British Columbia is practically at an end today. With the exception of a very small area at the Coast, there are virtually no lands at all for sale to speculators. In addition to the million and a half acres of surveyed land already mentioned, there are 103 million acres of unsurveyed land in the province. So with the timber limits—land which may be alienated for a period to persons who purchase the right to cut timber upon them. According to Mr. Bowser's figures, 127 billion feet of timber have been alienated by license and 20 billion feet by lease, but there are well over 200 billion feet as yet unalienated.

At the first sight of these figures it certainly seems as if there is plenty of timber and plenty of land for the active settler to go at; but no doubt we should find, on inquiry, that the unalienated timber and the unsurveyed land are in the more remote

recesses of the Province, where the average settler, with little capital beyond his ability and willingness to work, has little chance to reach them to any immediate useful purpose. If that is not so, it is difficult to understand the dilemma of people who have tried, and failed, to discover where the free land is situated. Mr. Bowser's statement does not seriously shake the assertion of Mr. Brewster, that along the valleys where railway lines are built or projected the land speculator has had a good innings. It is not likely that any system of disposing of such lands, under any Government, would wholly prevent abuses, but that is not to say that a Government should give its consent to their perpetuation. The Governments of Canada, as representing the nation, have been generous to people who have come asking for land. The conditions upon which acreage has been granted are not onerous, and we are inclined to think that often too much leniency has been shown to persons who have taken land and then omitted to comply with the conditions, or who have never intended to comply, and have allowed their names to be used as a blind. Perhaps we may take as a sign of the adoption of better methods the recent announcement that numerous pre-emptions in the Nelson district are being cancelled, because the provisions of the Land Act have not been complied with. The tax upon wild lands, so far as it goes, should tend to check abuses, and it may be necessary to extend its operation and to increase the amount after land has remained idle beyond a certain period. And in administration there should be that unceasing vigilance which is the price of liberty, and the best aid to which is healthy criticism. In British Columbia today we have one of the great political parties of Canada entirely unrepresented in the local Parliament. That is a misfortune for the Province, for the Liberal party itself, and, not least of all, for the Government. Probably ours is the only Parliament in the British Empire where such a state of things exists, and our public life is all the poorer for it.

\* \* \*

#### THE UNDERWOOD TARIFF AND CANADA

THE final passing into law of the Underwood Tariff Act of the United States is an event that cannot possibly be ignored by the people of Canada, no matter what their political predilections may be. When a country with which we have three thousand miles of frontier, and three thousand miles of customs barriers, cuts down its tariff roughly by one-half, and abolishes it entirely in some lines where we are important producers, we are bound to take note of the change, and to ask how it will affect us. And, judging from what has occurred in the past, we are likely sooner or later to follow the example of our bigger neighbor. As far as can be seen the work done by President Wilson, Mr. Underwood and their lieutenants is likely to prove enduring. Public opinion in the United States provided the impetus for the change, and public opinion approves it now that it has been made. The reason is not far to seek. The high-tariff system in the States had produced various evils which the people were determined to bring to an end. Two of them stand out above the rest—the higher cost of living and the uncontrolled and menacing power of the trusts. And what high tariffs have done in the U. S. A. they are doing today in Canada. The trusts in this country have not reached the same dimensions as on the other side of the border, but they are coming along with great rapidity, while the increase in the cost of living, as we can all see now that the boom is no longer with us, has been in late years simply appalling. Just as we can trace some of our present-day vexations to the same causes



that have prevailed in the United States, so we may go to the same country for instructions in the means of curing them. And, lest any one should say that this advice savors of continentalism, let it be added that what the United States did yesterday is only what Great Britain herself did, in a more complete and satisfactory manner, nearly seventy years ago.

There are many signs that it is over this question that the next big political battle in the Dominion of Canada will be fought. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in their conference recently, blew a trumpet-blast of defiance to all who should seek to reduce their profits by interfering with the tariff, or who should try to prevent the fulfilment of their dream of gathering into a few fortunate hands the whole business of supplying this great Dominion with manufactured goods. A counter-blast comes from the Canadian Council of Agriculture, representing the farmers of the three prairie provinces. They demand an increase in the British preference to fifty per cent., with further annual increases until in five years we have free trade with Great Britain; also an interchange of all agricultural products between Canada and the United States, and free-listing of all food stuffs, agricultural implements, lumber and cement. Sir Richard McBride, speaking in London just before his return from his recent visit to England, gave expression to the view shared by many people in the West, that it would be better for Canada if she could arrange to take a larger share of her imports from Great Britain, seeing what a large proportion of her own produce finds a market in that country. And only a few days ago it was stated that on the opening of the Dominion Parliament, Sir Wilfrid Laurier will move two resolutions, one in favor of abolishing all duties on articles of food in Canada, and the other in favor of increasing the British preference.

In the declarations of these two statesmen we have a welcome sign that tariff questions are not necessarily to be always the football of political parties in Canada. One of the Laurier resolutions, at least, is calculated to achieve the end towards which Sir Richard McBride is aiming. But Sir Richard, though his influence is all-powerful in British Columbia, is not a member of the Dominion Government—perhaps not even in their counsels on this subject. Of more immediate importance is the question of where the Borden Government stand. A short time ago it was understood that one of their leading ministers was to come out West to ask us what we wanted. Instead of doing so the same minister went to England. Reading between the lines, we judge the position of the Government to be this—that, while recognising some change to be necessary they would rather leave such a difficult subject over for a while, perhaps until after another general election. If that is so, we may see something more of that undignified manoeuvring for position which went on, somewhat to the disgust of the country, between the political parties before the Government tabled their proposals regarding a naval contribution. Those independent electors who have not hitherto been drawn into either political net—and there are many thousands of such electors in the West—should be on their guard against this. They should insist that honest conviction amongst public men must take the place of the opportunism which merely waits for an opponent to make a slip. Party polemics need have no place in the discussion before us, for there is nothing to prevent Canada starting afresh and writing a new chapter. There is no possibility of reviving the vexed question of Reciprocity in the form in which it was presented to the country at the last election, and in some ways this is a gain. If Liberals are wise they will recognize that the best way to lower tariffs is to do so in Canada's interest alone,

and without any treaties or pilgrimages to Washington or anywhere else. And Conservatives may also show wisdom by taking it home to their consciousness that a substantial downward revision of tariffs in Canada has got to come.

\* \* \*

### THE MINERS AND THE MILITIA

THE dispute in the Vancouver Island coal-field drags wearily on, without either side showing any sign of surrender. How much the province of British Columbia is losing every week, through the blunders of employers and men, and the incompetence of the authorities in the work of bringing about a settlement, it is impossible to say; and it is equally difficult to foretell what will be the outcome of the whole business. The only thing certain is that, at a time when there is a great outcry in favor of using our natural resources for the production of wealth, one of our principal producing industries has been for several months at a standstill. Idle men are gazing at the silent pit-heads of idle mines all the day long, the ordinary means of maintaining law and order have broken down, and citizens of good character are being sent to gaol by the hundred. Yet the Government does not deem the situation to be one calling for intervention, though it might be thought that the establishment of industrial peace is more an object of good government than the manufacture of criminals.

The officer in charge of the militia serving in the district, Colonel Hall, has had occasion to complain of insulting remarks passed by strikers and their sympathisers in the presence of his men, and to warn the offenders of the possible consequences. Whatever may be the feelings of the miners—and their indignation at some of the proceedings of those in authority is only natural—they are very foolish to visit their wrath upon the militiamen who are doing their duty in the strike area. The militia have had a difficult and disagreeable task to perform, and they have borne themselves with dignity and with consideration towards the men on strike. All the same, their presence in the strike area should be brought to an end at the earliest possible moment, for the militia, like the King whose uniform they wear, are trained for the purpose of representing the whole and not a portion of the people in their own peculiar field of service. Nothing could militate against the efficiency of the force in the future more than an impression that it is in existence for the purpose of taking the side of Capital against Labor in any dispute that may arise. If we really must have the luxury of a big labor dispute in our midst, let the business of maintaining order be kept in the hands of civilians.

Many of the men found guilty of taking part in the recent riots have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment of one or two years. It is right that the law should vindicate itself against its violators, but the sentences are undoubtedly severe. It cannot be too often repeated that the majority of these men are no more criminally-minded than the magistrate and judge on the bench, and the sentences are an impressive object-lesson to the folly of allowing a labor dispute to drift until a point is reached where men are easily led into violent courses. We can only hope for an early settlement of the dispute—a consummation which ought to be accompanied by the restoration to freedom of men who have been as much sinned against as sinning.

\* \* \*

MUCH attention has been given of late, both in New York and in Montreal, to suggestions that each of these cities, or portions of them, should be constituted a free port—that is, that merchandise could be landed there and bought and sold, or even

manufactured, without any customs charges being paid upon it until it is taken outside a certain area. Such a system has been a prime factor on the continent of Europe in building up the city of Hamburg, for example, as one of the great seaports of the world; in fact, it is doubtful whether German shipping and sea-borne commerce would have attained its present dimensions had it not been for this method of affording greater scope for the exchange and transshipment of goods destined for neighboring countries. The two great cities in the east of this continent have not, so far, taken any action in the matter, but there are obvious advantages in the system. The question arises, are not those advantages equally open to a free port on the Pacific coast, comprising an area, let us say, in some part of Greater Vancouver? Many of us look upon Vancouver as inevitably, in the future as now, the great seaport for Western Canada, but its possibilities as a port to serve the whole of the Northwestern States also are often lost sight of. Owing to the regulations of the United States with regard to coastwise traffic, many ships will come to Vancouver which, having already called at New York or San Francisco, will not be permitted to traffic with American ports nearer at hand. All the more reason, this, why Vancouver merchants should lay themselves out to supply the nearer states with the goods which these ships will bring to us. The railways necessary for this purpose are already assured to us, and also the shipping lines; what we want further is an area where the business of distribution and exchange will be perfectly unhampered. Incidentally this would tend to make many things cheaper, even to the retail purchaser, in the immediate vicinity, and would tend to foster a greater variety of manufactures in the neighborhood. These are benefits which seem, at a cursory glance, to be inseparable from a free port; possibly there are drawbacks also, but the whole subject is one that might very profitably be taken up by our Boards of Trade, our Progress Clubs and our Development Leagues.

\* \* \*

IN a very short time the platforms of our meeting-rooms will be resounding with the fulminations of orators seeking our votes in the civic elections. As a rule the average man does not take much notice of these things, unless one of the candidates has promised him a job or he has some pet scheme to "put through" for the benefit of his own pocket. But to those of open mind who do not think civic affairs are worth taking an interest in, we would suggest that they apply, as a touchstone to the candidates seeking their votes, the question: What are they doing, or what are they prepared to do, to prevent slum conditions arising in our midst? The slum evil, if existent at all, has not attained a very serious growth, but conditions evolve very quickly in a western city, and in the character of some of the buildings already erected for human habitation the seeds of the evil have been sown. Mr. H. H. Stevens, M.P., gave a very good lead on this question in a non-political speech to the Royal Sanitary Institute. He made a tilt at the tenement system, which permits the owner of a lot to erect a huge barrack-like building, occupying practically the whole of the land and containing scores of flats or hundreds of single rooms. Anybody can see that this does not afford the residents the amount of fresh air and sunshine necessary for health, and that the latitude allowed to land-owners and builders ought to be curtailed by insisting that only a portion of the lot—Mr. Stevens suggests fifty per cent.—be built upon. Life in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated tenements fosters

physical disease—and we do not quarrel with those who assert that it fosters moral disease also; while on the æsthetic side their stark hideousness has frequently no extenuating circumstance. In the matter of demanding a certain amount of open space for each dwelling, the bylaws of many English cities might well be copied in Canada. By the way, distinguished visitors from England frequently mention our housing system as one of the features of Canadian or American life to be commended. Certainly it has some marks of superiority, but we wonder if Father Bernard Vaughan or Mr. Arnold Bennett—to mention two well-known men who were favorably impressed—ever saw the inside of one of those tenement dwellings which house our less fortunate citizens.

\* \* \*

THE recent conference at Ottawa between the Prime Ministers of the various provinces of Canada was largely concerned with the representation of the provinces in the Dominion Parliament, as affected by the redistribution about to be made. It does not appear that the Premiers were any nearer an agreement at the end of the conference than at the beginning. The plan on which these questions have been decided in the past is well understood, the Province of Quebec having a fixed number of members, while other provinces vary their representation according to the relation their population bears to that of Quebec. This arrangement is not only simple, but it is also eminently fair. Under it, all the four western provinces will largely increase their representation—British Columbia, for example, will have thirteen members instead of seven, in recognition of her increased population between 1901 and 1911. Ontario and the three Maritime Provinces, however, are due to suffer a slight reduction, and the latter have protested against this in advance. There will be sympathy for their position, but it is impossible for their protest to be effective. That could only be so at the expense either of the four western provinces, by refusing them the increased representation which they have a right to expect, or of the French-speaking inhabitants of Quebec, who would have fewer members in proportion than the rest of Canada. Moreover, even the increased representation now contemplated will leave the four western provinces lagging behind their just deserts, for it will be based, we suppose, on the census figures for 1911, no account being taken of the considerable increase in population which has taken place since then. The people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick may find consolation in reflecting that many of their sons who have come West are having a voice, and a pretty powerful voice, too, in the political affairs of the newer provinces where they have made their homes.





# FABLES OF THE NECHACO

By Silvers L.E.D.  
Illustrated by P.G. Bundy

(Continued from last issue)

## CHAPTER VI

LATE that evening, after dining with the bridge builder, Mr. Brown and the doctor, Gene ordered her horse and started for town. All the men, especially the bridge builder, were nonpulsed at her absolute refusal to allow anyone to accompany her home. True, it was a beautiful, warm night, with a June moon shining over head, making the night almost as light as day in the clear, dry atmosphere of the Nechaco, and there was really no danger, but there was one who craved the opportunity of accompanying her. After Gene's departure, the bridge builder, fearing for her safety, followed at a short distance, on the surgeon's horse. He intended only to go out on the road a short way, or until Gene had passed through a heavy clump of trees on the road into Fort Fraser, which was not far from their camp. A number of new settlers had recently come into the district and had camped along the road, or had taken up land and were living in temporary shacks. The most of these people were strangers, and the bridge builder felt it best to see Gene beyond this point.

Contrary to his expectations, Gene rode very slowly, apparently lost in meditation, but he, being accustomed to her moods, thought little or nothing of her queer decision to ride home alone. Once through the trees, and out into the open she stopped, and, standing up in her stirrups, raised herself up as high as possible and looked across the country, evidently trying to locate some object. For a moment she stood thus, and then, quick as a flash, set settled back on her saddle and sent her horse flying off the road, out into the tall meadow grass and straight across country, almost at right angles to the road.

The bridge builder was astonished at this unexpected turn, and sat motionless for a moment, completely bewildered by her movements. He was some distance behind her, and just in the edge of the trees, completely hidden from view. From the direction in which she went, if she held the same course, she would pass by the south end of the timber, a point which he could reach unobserved and ahead of her.

Here the bridge builder hesitated. He fully realized now that he was spying upon the girl he loved. For the first time he felt queerly. It was none of his business where she was going—perhaps to the home of some sick settler, or perhaps to stay all night at the home of some family she knew, rather than take the long ride back to town. This might be the reason of her decision to return alone. All these ideas came and went as he rode carefully through the timber.

Finally he halted his horse as he heard Gene coming at a gallop through the grass, almost directly before him. Just beyond where he was concealed was a cabin occupied by a man who had aroused considerable curiosity by his peculiar habits and the fact that he never mingled with any of the other settlers, which was something unusual in a new country like this. Everyone here was friendly and sociable, and always willing and ready to help his comrades. Contrary to the customs of the settlers, he had no associates, which made him an object of comment, and for some reason the men at the camp had taken a dislike to him. This feeling was shared by the bridge builder himself, although he scarcely knew why. The man was not a farmer, although he had secured one of



SHE STOPPED, AND, STANDING UP IN HER STIRRUPS, RAISED HERSELF UP AS HIGH AS POSSIBLE AND LOOKED ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

the best farms in the neighborhood adjoining the railroad.

By this time Gene was approaching, and within easy speaking distance. As she passed, the bridge builder's horse stepped on a dry twig which snapped, and Gene stopped, looking directly in his direction. He was suffocated with excitement, fearing he would be discovered, but before he could regain his composure, Gene passed on.

Stopping a short distance from the cabin she looked around to make sure no one

was about, and gave a sharp whistle. In a moment the window of the cabin opened, and a similar whistle was heard from within. Immediately the door opened and the owner could be seen, standing in front of the cabin with a rifle in his hand.

Gene dismounted, and, throwing her bridle reins to the man, passed on into the cabin. Not a word was spoken by either. The man took the horse around to the back and returned to the front door. For a moment he stood outside the door, and

the outline of his figure faintly seen against the cabin. In a short time the door opened and he passed in. The bridge builder could see Gene open the door and hold it open to allow the man to enter. There seemed to be a complete understanding between the two, though not a word up to this time had passed between them.

By this time the bridge builder was furious with jealousy. Who was this man? What possible connection could he have with the girl? That she knew him and that there was something of an unusual nature between them was most apparent, otherwise she would not be so indiscreet as to visit him at this hour of the night, alone. The bridge builder got off his horse, made him fast to a tree, and started towards the house. As he neared the cabin he heard the two inside talking excitedly, and before he reached the cabin the door opened and Gene came out, followed closely by the man, who was shaking his hand at her in a threatening manner, as he said, "You make Carver come to my terms or suffer the consequences."

The bridge builder by this time had got so close to the cabin that he had hard work concealing himself, but the two people were so engrossed in their conversation they paid no attention to who might be near.

"I tell you, Bob, I love this man with all my heart, and I intend to marry him against you and the whole world. He is reasonable and will believe me—of this I am sure."

The bridge builder knew they were talking of him. Her declaration of love for him took him completely by surprise, and changed his feelings immediately, but the next moment he was doomed to still further anxiety and bewilderment.

"Get my horse—I am going!" said the girl.

"You are not going until we come to a full understanding. You have no love for this man—he is not of your kind, and you would never be happy with him. These people are not of your kind. What do they know of the life you know? What is pleasure and enjoyment to them would be purgatory to you."

"Don't argue with me any longer. I have told you that I no longer fear you, and I have proved it by coming here tonight at this hour, alone."

"Oh! You have never had any reason

to fear any bodily harm from me. You entered into this scheme with me to make money out of these rich country folks, and, by G——! you will play the game to the end."

"Bob, you are a coward—you always were one. Today I discovered something that will make a good dog of you in a short time. I came here tonight to try and break with you and let you go your way and live as you like, do as you like, as long as you keep your hands off the man I love."

"Love! That's a thing for babies to play with. Why, you don't know the first rudiments of what that word means. You don't love this man, neither did you ever love any other man that you have known. What's come over you? Since you came here you have become a different person. Why, one would think you had always lived the simple life. Has the atmosphere of the country turned your head?"

"Get my horse and I will give you something to think over."

Bob—as she called him—turned the corner of the cabin and returned with her horse. As he came up to Gene she said something which the bridge builder could not hear, and which made the man drop the reins of the horse. Leaning forward, he put his hand up to the side of the cabin to support himself, and as he did this, Gene sprang into the saddle. Looking back over her shoulder as she started away, she said: "Yes, you can take my word. The tramp is Happy Jack."

#### CHAPTER VII

The bridge builder watched Gene ride slowly across the uplands towards Fort Fraser until she was lost in the night. The unexpected had happened—his ideals of the girl he loved had been smashed—like a lightning bolt from a troubled sky when it reaches down and strikes the topmost branches of the tallest pine and rips it to the very roots, leaving it split, charred and withered, but still standing and defiant. Just so had Gene's meeting this night with this man, the one man in the entire Nechaco with whom he had never held anything in common, her reference to her old life and associates, her compact with this wanderling of the underworld—for the bridge builder was now convinced of his true character—had changed her from the beautiful, innocent girl he had loved to a



charred and blackened hag, who had one object left in the world, to fight for the man she loved. But did she really love, or was it purely a selfish desire to marry a man who would or could give her a home and position and compel respect for her.

The bridge builder returned to his horse without even a glance in the direction Gene had taken. Mounting his horse he returned slowly to his camp, determined to dismiss her from him forever. Such were his thoughts. He really believed he would do this very thing, but men of his calibre—men who brook no opposition from man or elements, men who can and do overcome all obstacles—are the very weakest where women are concerned. Especially is this true when the object of his affections is the target of a selfish, miserable cur who seeks to wrong her, and that was what was being planned inside the cabin he had just left.

Bob Morris was a small, mean, insignificant creature. Not alone had he prospered in his evil life, but he had almost committed murder for the purpose of robbery, and had been smart enough to protect himself by accusing and convicting another of his crime. When he had run the limit of his misdeeds he had made his way out into the rapidly settling district of the Nechaco, where he hoped to carry on his dishonest dealings with the innocent country people. It was a strange coincident, however, that just at the time when he felt himself most secure in his present undertakings, a man should appear on the scene whom he most feared of all the people, both men and women, whom he had abused. Happy Jack was the one person in all the world whom he feared, and it was he who had stumbled right into the middle of his contemplated operations, and, by saving the life of the richest man in Fort Fraser, had made himself a hero in the eyes of all the community.

Happy Jack must be gotten rid of—but how? Bob Morris was pacing to and fro in his cabin, in deep study, his hands clenched behind his back, his hat pulled down over his cold gray eyes, that snapped under long black lashes, the muscles of his face drawn to such an extent as to depict the keen and hardened criminal that he was. The door and windows were carefully locked and bolted, his gun was conveniently placed, and except for the occasional start from some sound outside he was oblivious

to his surroundings. Suddenly he stopped short, and gazed at a thing on the fl near the door—something he had not noticed before. As if fixed to the spot he stood, his eyes riveted on the object, the muscles of his face working in nervous twitches, and his hands loosening from their clinched position behind his back. He reached for the object. In this short space of time his alert criminal brain had planned to do away with the man he feared, who was laying helpless in a nearby tent, and to fix the crime on another through the evidence of Gene's whip, which he now held before him. Coward that he was, he would stab Happy to death in his present helpless condition and leave Gene's whip as tell-tale evidence.

The bridge builder reached camp about the same time Gene Reynolds reached the home of Will Brown, where she intended to stay until morning. Entering the large gates to the driveway that led up to the house from the east, she was soon inside the beautiful grounds for which this country home was known throughout the entire Nechaco Valley. Her horse was tired and she allowed him the freedom of his head, which he held nearly to the ground as he moved slowly up the driveway, lined with magnificent shrubbery which had been imported from England, together with the keeper and his family who lived in the keeper's lodge just inside the gates. As Gene neared the house a farm hand hailed her to make sure who was the caller at this time of the night.

The great farm house was lighted from top to bottom, and the family were still up, expecting more news from the father and husband.

Mrs. Brown greeted Gene as she dismounted from her horse, and made anxious inquiries as to the welfare of her husband. She had, however, been kept fully advised and knew he would be home next morning.

"What makes you so late, Miss Reynolds? One of the boys who left camp after you did has been in some time."

Gene gave a start and looked first at Mrs. Brown, and then at her horse as he was being led away. She wished she had not come here now, and she felt that someone might have followed her. If Mrs. Brown knew that she had been to see Bob Morris that night and meant to question



er, she did not feel equal to the task of explaining. She knew Mrs. Brown was the kindest of women, but these country folk would not excuse an indiscreet act on her part, Mrs. Brown especially who was set in her ideas of propriety. The first thing that came to her to say was that she had lost her way. This was a silly excuse, as she knew every inch of the ground between town and the camp, but it sufficed, and Mrs. Brown dismissed the subject, much to her relief.

Once within the great living-room, where every convenience for comfort and luxury was provided, she sank down in a large chair, resting her tired feet upon the head of an immense bear rug which had been shot in the mountains to the north of Fort Fraser the year before. To her right was an old-fashioned open English fireplace, which was the joy of all the household and guests during the winter months. Large comfortable pieces of furniture were placed about the hardwood floor of the room, while many beautiful and rare pictures adorned the walls. Mrs. Brown came in shortly, and with her the maid carrying a tray of light refreshments—cake, delicious home-made bread and butter and a quantity of rich, pure, Jersey cream, from Mr. Brown's famous Jersey herd.

Gene ate heartily. She knew she was more than welcome, and this had been more than any other place a home to her since her arrival in Fort Fraser. She did not occupy her small room in town much of the time, except to sleep in. After her work was done in the store each day she usually rode until after dark, enjoying the fresh air of the country and the country homes, the owners of which were always glad to see her.

Mrs. Brown said little while Gene ate; occasionally interrupted her by making some trifling remark about the weather or her housework, which did not need any reply, for all of which Gene was very thankful, being tired and not in a communicative mood.

"You are tired out, dear child. It was foolish of you to go rushing off to Mr. Carver at the first news of the accident. My! I had no idea things had progressed so rapidly with you two sly ones. You are certainly fortunate to win such a man, and Will and I are going to have you married right here in our house."

Gene raised her hand as if to stop the words which were cutting her like a knife, but Mrs. Brown kept right on.

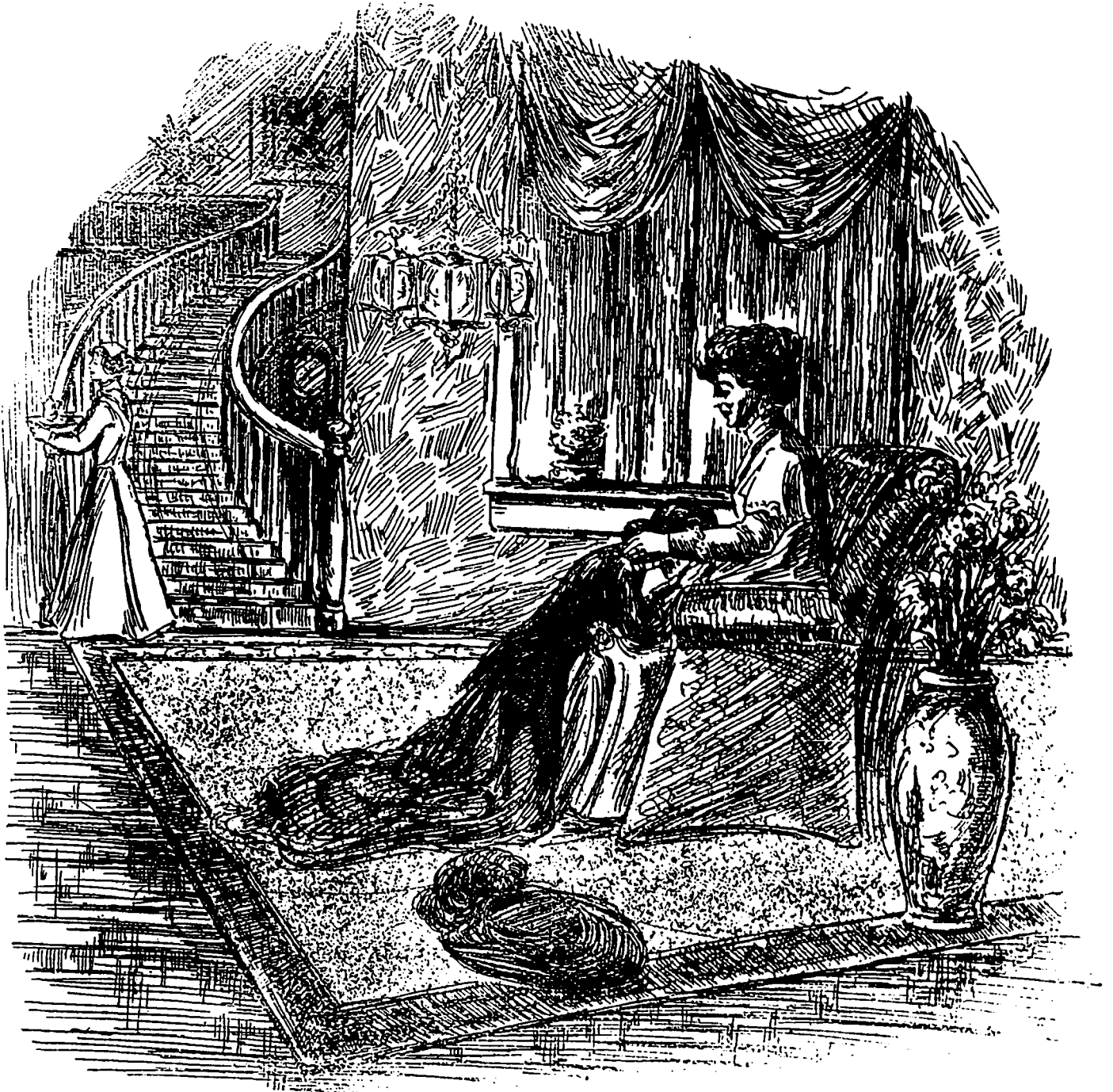
"We have come to look upon you, Miss Gene, as one of the family, and you must confide in me, dear child, everything from now on."

"Please don't, Mrs. Brown. I know it was a very foolish thing of me to do to think of him seriously, and I am very, very fond of Mr. Carver, but he has never asked me to become his wife and I am afraid he never will!"

"Never will! Why, what do you mean, child? Only the other day I was joking him, and just for amusement suggested that there might be another to whom you had given your heart, and at the very mention of that possibility he turned white and lost his calm completely. Why, child, I tell you Mr. Carver loves you beyond description, and, if you are foolish enough to——"

"Mrs. Brown, please, please do not talk of that for the present," broke in Gene, rising from her seat at the same time. "Please, Mrs. Brown, you do not understand—you who have never had to fight life's battles—you have always had Mr. Brown to shield you from the world. He was big enough and brave enough to come out into a great new country and carve out a fortune and a mansion for you and the children, while you have merely looked on, protected from every pitfall, while I have had to fight—fight for myself and for my mother until her death."

Gene by this time had crossed the great living-room, and was wringing her hands in a frantic effort to conceal her emotions. Great tears were streaming down her cheeks, her hair fell loosely about her shoulders, as her breath came and went in heavy sighs. Poor little Mrs. Brown was almost frightened out of her wits at this outburst, but, feeling that it was nothing but the overwrought and tired nerves of a tired girl, who had, perhaps, quarrelled with her sweetheart, she arose slowly, and, going to Gene, caught her in her arms as she dropped onto a couch. Gene slipped down in front of her, and buried her head in her hands in Mrs. Brown's lap. For a little while neither spoke, while Gene sobbed out her excitement. Finally she got up, and kissing Mrs. Brown begged her forgiveness for being such a child.



GENE SLIPPED DOWN IN FRONT OF HER, AND BURIED HER HEAD IN HER HANDS IN MRS. BROWN'S LAP

But little did Mrs. Brown know what terrible emotion she had this day overcome or what an ordeal she had gone through. Her marriage to the bridge builder and all the happiness she had pictured through their love had been blighted, and she fully realized now that nothing short of a super-human love on his part would ever make him forgive her after the confession which she intended to make at the first opportunity.

"Don't pay any attention to me, please. I am in trouble, Mrs. Brown, but please don't question me tonight, and when you know all, if you can forgive——"

As Gene spoke she drew away from Mrs. Brown. For some reason she felt her position keenly. She knew that this woman, good and motherly though she was, would have kept her at a distance had she known

the truth of her past life. Mrs. Brown was like all women who have always been shielded from the world, narrow, especially when it came to judging her own sex.

The two women stood facing each other, the one terrified at what the morrow would bring, and the other wondering with her limited experience. She could not understand the girl's peculiar mood this evening. Mrs. Brown was her senior by many years, but in experience and knowledge of the world, she was a mere child in comparison to the younger woman. Still thinking it was nothing but a lover's quarrel, she placed her arm about Gene in a most affectionate manner, and led her up the wide stairway, leading from the big living-room to her accustomed apartments on the next floor.

## CHAPTER VIII

The following morning found the camp in its usual busy condition. The bridge builder was out early, directing in person the placing of a large steel girder over the main span of the bridge. Considerable care had to be exercised, owing to the frail superstructure and the swift current in the river at this point. Will Brown had made all arrangements to care for the "Tramp," as Happy Jack had come to be known, and was leaving the tent where he had been confined since the accident, when the sick man rolled over on his cot, and, in doing so, started a small hemorrhage and began coughing severely. Will Brown turned and watched him for a long time. This was the first time that he had really had a look at the man who saved his life, and something about Jack struck him as being familiar, but in his present condition, and having gone several weeks without shaving, he was disguised completely, except to those who had seen him recently.

Jack finally sat up on the edge of his cot. He was sore and stiff, but his brain was clear. He knew that he was out of danger, and the thought that he had saved his brother's life made him forget his own condition for the moment.

"We got a bad fall the other morning. I am glad you are able to be up," said Jack.

"Yes, we did get several bumps and had it not been for your quick wit and courage another bump and I and the team would have bumped into eternity. Everyone has told me that team would kill me, and I am about ready to believe it. I am going to return evil for good, and give you those horses. I raised them myself and they are the pride of all Nechaco."

Will Brown had advanced towards Jack as he said this, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, continued: "And with the team goes one of my best farms. I want you for a neighbor—it's time you quit tramping about and settled down. Anyone who is brave enough to save a stranger's life is made of the right stuff, and all he needs is a start in the right direction, and I am going to give you the right start. Good-bye! I must be returning home. I have left instructions to have you brought to my home as soon as you are able to be up and away from the doctor's care."

And before Happy could realize what

this offer meant to him, Will Brown had left the tent and was off for his beautiful home.

About noon, the bridge builder came into Happy's tent to find him enjoying a big bowl of bread and milk, and the inside of the tent literally banked with flowers of all kinds. The Fort Fraser district was noted above all other things for its magnificent flowers, the climate and soil being conducive to the development of roses and other flowers, and Brown's garden was perfect at this time of the year. Mrs. Brown had sent out two large baskets, one filled with all the delicacies she could think of and which could not be had in a construction camp, and the other was loaded with flowers. She could not go herself to administer to the wants of the man who had saved her husband's life, but she had done the next best thing, sending one of her servants with all the comforts she could think of, and Happy was enjoying them to the fullest extent when the bridge builder came in.

"Hello! I see the Browns have rewarded you for your part in the mix-up the other day. Judging from the orders around here, one would think Brown owned the railroad—he does own nearly everything else."

The bridge builder was in an ugly mood. He had spent a restless night, and everything seemed to irritate him.

"I am sorry if I have inconvenienced you, Mr. —," Jack hesitated, "I haven't the pleasure of your name."

"Carver," blurted the bridge builder.

"And my name is—is,"—Happy was thinking hard. Should he give him his name or the cognomen he had long been known by? Finally he said, "Happy Jack."

The bridge builder dropped the rose he had been examining and turned quickly around. He remembered the name from last night. Gene was right—she might have recognized him, but why did she not tell him?

Jack noticed the movement, but could find no excuse for it.

"'Happy Jack' is an odd name," said the bridge builder, "where have you spent most of your life?"

"I have spent most of my life nowhere and everywhere, just roaming about—here today and gone tomorrow. My ex-

periences have been so many and so varied that I take life as it comes—nothing worries me.”

“I wish nothing worried me,” said the bridge builder. “Yesterday I was the happiest man on earth, and today perhaps the most miserable.”

“Ho! ho! A woman in the case! The same old story,” said Jack, and Carver shot a look at him that told him his surmise was right.

“What do you know of it?”

“I beg pardon, Mr. Carver,” said Jack, bowing towards the bridge builder. “Nothing but a woman can clip a man’s wings when he is flying in the seventh heaven and drop him back to old mother earth and the realities of life in one short day.”

The bridge builder was amused at Jack’s deductions, and for the time forgot his keen disappointment in Gene and laughed heartily.

“You’re a queer fellow, but when you know all you won’t blame me.”

“Well, maybe I won’t and maybe I will. I have a habit of always siding with the woman, but at any rate I could have no possible interest in your love affairs.”

“You may have a lot to do with them,” was the answer, and as the bridge builder said this he passed out of the tent and left Jack puzzled.

“He’s a queer sort,” thought Jack, “I don’t like his manner, but he’ll get over his love affair and soon another will take her place.”

Happy settled back on his couch. He was improving very rapidly and the kindness of his brother and family to a stranger, as they supposed, was adding its beneficial effects on his mind. His talk with the bridge builder had brought back unpleasant memories. He could picture in his mind the image of the girl he loved. He lived over again, as he had often done, their quarrel, he could see this self-same girl in the witness box, swearing his freedom away.

He was tired from his morning’s exertion. He had never erred on virtue’s side, and ghosts of memories, reeling, drunk with wine and excesses, carried him off into the land of Nod. His troubled sleep lasted for perhaps an hour, when he awoke to find standing before him the girl whom he had loved and who had sold his love and his freedom for gold. Gene Reynolds

was a few years older than when he last saw her, but her beauty had grown with the time.

#### CHAPTER IX

Happy sat up and rubbed his eyes, putting his hand out towards Gene, who, thinking he intended to offer her his hand as a token of friendship, caught it in both hers. But he drew it back quickly as if stung by a viper. He was beginning to doubt his mental and physical senses. He fully recognized Gene, but why she should be there, or why she had come to him, was far beyond his ability to comprehend. Several minutes elapsed, and Jack was still staring at her when she, becoming impatient, stamped her foot on the floor and said: “Why don’t you say something—don’t stare at me in that manner.”

“Have a seat,” said Jack, still wondering if he really were awake.

“Don’t look at me that way, I tell you,” said Gene. “You are driving me mad. Say something—swear at me—curse me—tell me that I have lied about you, tell me that I won your love and then swore you into jail, tell me anything—that I have ruined your life—anything.”

By this time Gene’s voice had raised to a high pitch, and she fairly screamed the last word. The last remark amused Happy, who could not help smiling. It is a strange condition of the human mind that compels us at times, even in most serious moments of our lives, to laugh when we feel the deepest sorrow. Jack was never more serious in his life, or more perplexed, but he could not help but smile at Gene’s rantings. Finally, he said: “And if I choose not to charge you of any of the things which you stand self-accused of, what then?”

This last remark took all the fight out of Gene. She had come into Jack’s presence fearing for her life, and had she known that he was practically over his accident, perhaps she would not have had the courage to meet him, knowing his temper as she did. His behavior she could not understand, and she was thrown completely off her guard. Jack’s reception of her had successfully disarmed her.

“I know what you must think of me,” she said.

“I think you do not know my feelings,

otherwise you, of all persons, would never come near me. I feel sure it is for some special reason, not that you want to make amends for what you have done in the past, but for some purely selfish reason. I know these things for a certainty, and, having the nerve of a stone image, you risk your life in coming to me."

"I know I have wronged you," said Gene.

"Don't speak of that now. You know, and I know, what has passed, but for the present there is little use to break open old wounds. Out with it—what do you want?"

"Will you help me, Happy?"

"I will reserve my answer until you have stated your case or trouble."

"Don't be too hard on me, Happy. I have wronged you, but I hope to be in a position soon to aid you and to repay you for all the misery I have ever caused you. I know it is a weak excuse to rely upon—the fact that I am a woman, but had I been a man I would have done differently. You know how hard it was for me while mother lived. I had to get money for her."

"You did not need to steal or swear your best friend's life away," said Jack.

"But I was desperate. Mother was dying, the doctor had taken everything I had, and then told me, as they usually do in such circumstances, that a change of climate was the only relief for her. Bob Morris offered me the money to swear against you."

At the mention of Bob Morris' name Jack sprang to his feet, and, advancing towards Gene, he said: "If I ever lay my hands on that miserable cur he will die a dog's death."

Gene stepped back. She had never seen Jack or any other man look so earnest or make such a threat. She had intended to tell him of Bob's whereabouts, but his present attitude precluded such a risk.

"I fully realize what your feelings were at one time for me, but I did not love you, nor did I ever tell you that I did, but I am in love now, and the strange thing of it all is that I am coming to you as the one who holds my future happiness in your hands. You know positively, as many others do who are not brave enough to admit it that I never was immoral. I have been a thief—I have perjured myself for money, and I have always associated

with both men and women who were bad, but I have never emulated their habits, and you must prove this. I have come to you direct, as soon as I knew you were here. I am guilty of everything you may choose to charge me with. Won't you be merciful, Jack?"

"Why should I show you any consideration after my life in that miserable hole, a perfect hell on earth. You might at least have sent me some word of encouragement; but no, you left me there in that condition to rot, for all you thought or cared for."

Jack had crossed the tent and was looking at a beautiful specimen of a rose—his back half turned from Gene, who was almost dumb with fear at the thought that she could not win his forgiveness.

"These are beautiful flowers. Our paths have not been strewn with many such," said Jack, seemingly oblivious that Gene Reynolds was desperately in earnest about her future.

"Why don't you go back to your old friend, the one you favored as against me? He would surely help you—he is such a brave and sympathetic individual, especially where a woman's honor is at stake.

"For God's sake, Happy, please don't mention his name. You are a man—he is a beast. He would sell me outright for a glass of whiskey if he could."

Gene was becoming furious at his indifference. Somehow she felt that he was playing with her, like the cat plays with a mouse, but after all his heart would not allow him to injure her. Happy was becoming tired from being on his feet, the first time since the accident, and he crossed the tent and almost fell on the cot.

Gene caught him in her arms and straightened him. As she did this, she slipped down on her knees before Jack, catching his hands in hers, while great tears rolled down her cheeks, as she kept on pleading for his forgiveness. They were both absorbed in their own thoughts. Gene was begging hard now, and she was not the kind to ask for any quarter. The touch of her arms as she helped him back on the cot, the sight of her big, blue eyes streaming with tears, and her apparently utter helpless position, brought back all the old love for her, and he could have taken her back and forgotten all, when they were startled by someone stepping into the tent.

Jack looked up to see the bridge builder

standing before them. Gene rose to her feet slowly, and looked first at Jack and then at Carver, fearing for the outcome of this meeting. No one spoke. Happy was just beginning to understand the true situation, and remained silent with the idea of determining for a certainty just how matters stood between Gene and the bridge builder. He now recalled the remark made by the latter on leaving the tent early in the day, and wondered how much Gene had told Carver of her past. Another thing he had not learned from Gene as yet, was just how she first learned of his present whereabouts, or who had told her that he was in the Nechaco Valley. It was hardly possible that she should know these facts by mere accident.

The bridge builder broke the silence by addressing Gene in rather a cold, but courteous manner.

"Are you old friends?" he said.

"Yes," replied Gene. "I have known Happy for a long time, and I am more than sorry to learn of his misfortune."

The bridge builder was annoyed at finding the two together, as he could plainly see that Gene was excited and had been crying. What this tramp or Bob Morris held in the life of this girl he determined to find out, if not from her, then by some means from one or both of these men. The situation was very trying for all three. Jack was the least affected, although he was anxious to know just what part he was expected to play in the drama slowly unfolding before him.

"Happy and I have lived in the same

cities and at one time we were the best of friends," broke in Gene.

"And now," suggested Carver, "you are enemies."

Gene shot a look at Happy, expecting him to reply, but his face was a blank.

"No, not exactly that—only today our meeting brought back unpleasant memories, and I feel very, very sorry."

"For Happy's injuries?" broke in Carver. "Well, you need not worry. He will be amply repaid by Brown."

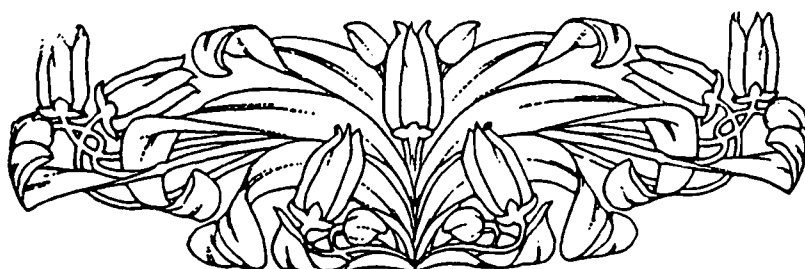
Jack did not like Carver's attitude, neither did he like the manner in which he was treating Gene, but not knowing just how far matters had progressed between these two, he hesitated before taking up Gene's burden against Carver, who was acting no less than a ruffian's part towards the girl, whom Happy had every reason to believe he loved.

Happy now came to her rescue by saying, "Miss Reynolds and I have been friends and acquaintances for a long time. I knew her mother, who is now dead, and it was of her we were speaking when you came in."

At this remark Gene gave a sigh of relief, inwardly thanking Jack for the lie he had told, as she knew, to help her out of a difficult situation.

The bridge builder, in a cold, commanding voice which chilled Gene's heart and a look that sent creepy feelings over Jack, said: "I am just going into Fort Fraser on some business. Will you ride back to town with me, Miss Reynolds?"

(To be Continued)





# AUTOMOBILES

## The "Quantity Production" of Ford Cars

To the average reader the phrase "quantity production" means nothing more than the fact that large numbers of some article are being manufactured. How this production is secured, and more—how this production is secured without sacrificing in any degree the quality that comes from careful attention to each detail—is something that the general public knows little or nothing about. This problem, however, is the most important of many which the large manufacturing institution must face. How it has been solved by the Ford Motor Co., Ltd., of Ford, Ontario, the largest automobile plant in the British Empire is an interesting bit of information.

The Ford Motor Co., Ltd., is manufacturing a motor car and selling at a price that seems remarkably low for the value that is apparent in that car. In order to make this car and sell it for such a price an annual output of 15,000 cars is necessary. Moreover, each one of these cars must be as perfect mechanically as though 1,500 was the number instead of 15,000. Every process must be exact; there is no time for the correction of mistakes and imperfect work; there can be no mistakes.

"Quantity production" in the Ford Motor Company's plant is accomplished largely by the use of "jigs" which make automatic and accurate machining possible, by employing very large machinery on which a number of pieces can be machined at once, and by the universal use of "high speed" steel for cutting tools.

"Jigs" are special tool holders designed to guide the drills or cutting tools to the same identical spot in each successive casting or piece of material. The holes in the jigs are reinforced with "bushings" or linings of steel, which are hardened, so that they reduce wear to a minimum. It is practically impossible for a workman using jigs to make a mistake in his work—he couldn't do the wrong thing if he wanted to.

The use of jigs makes it possible to "standardize" the car; in other words, all the parts of any one kind are exactly alike, so that a new part can be substituted for

an old or broken part without any trimming or shaping. By the use of jigs a standard tool can be adapted to do special work, and it is, of course, much cheaper to buy a standard tool than to have one built to order. A large proportion of the tools in the Ford Shop have been adapted in this way, having jigs attached to them permanently. The jigs are all designed by draughtsmen in the Ford tool department and high-grade mechanics carry out the designs.

High speed steel, out of which the cutting tools are made, is exceedingly hard. With tools made of this metal, iron and steel can be cut away about twice as fast as with the old-fashioned "low carbon" tools which were in use in practically all machine shops a few years ago. Men with gauges inspect the work at frequent intervals to insure the accuracy which is necessary, and often runs to within .0005 of an inch.

The largest tools in the machine shop do their work on motor cylinders. On one machine ten cylinder castings are fastened at once and the whole ten go under the cutting tools together. The tools guided by jigs do exactly the same thing to each cylinder at the same time. It takes just an hour for ten cylinders to complete the round of operations.

The big boring machines are also automatically governed and holes are guaranteed to be true within 1/1000 of an inch. Here again the cylinder casting is held in place and the boring tools guided by the Ford jig.

"Quantity production" therefore means machinery which is capable of automatic control, speed and absolute precision. It means a manufacturing system which admits of no mistakes and it means painstaking, minute care of every detail.

---

## Canadian Cities Use Fords

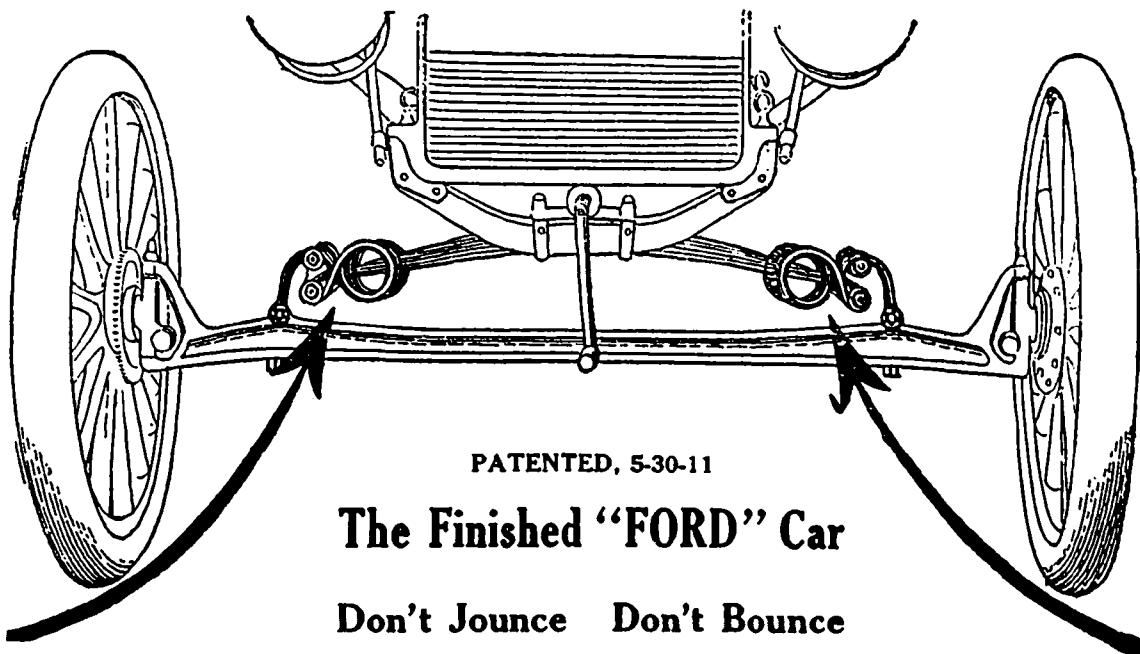
THE FORD is becoming the universal car for Canadian municipality uses. Cities and towns throughout Canada are rapidly buying Fords for the use of their various departments. The business transacted today by a city department practically



# HEAR THE SPRING TALK

ON

## the "FRONT" end



PATENTED, 5-30-11

**The Finished "FORD" Car**

**Don't Jounce Don't Bounce**

**H**ERE is where we eliminate engine trouble, the shaking loose of adjustable parts, the damaging end thrust on the bearings, the deterioration of batteries and magnet power, as well as many other troubles having their inception in vibration. We carry your power plant just as you would carry a sick child, we nurse it and insure its long life. We carry it automatically suspended and let it down easy without that jolt which means another strained fabric or a broken leaf spring and a hard-riding car. We deaden the noise coming from your motor just as you deaden the noise coming from an alarm clock when you take it from the mantel and hold it in your hand. That is spring suspension, pure and simple.

We give the frame more clearance over the front axle when it is required. We take the place of a rigid shackle and we wind and unwind as your car takes the jounces, while you stay on the seat and leave the air cushion at home. In short, we save the tires, we eliminate the shock, the blowout, the broken leaf spring, the rubber bumper, the air cushion and the lame back, the weak batteries and the loose connection, the broken lamp and fender iron, and the most damaging of all, bearing end thrust from the pinion gear in the differential housing on the rear axle to the fan pulley on the motor. Then perhaps last, but not least, we eliminate a part of the monthly repair bill. What are we worth to you, Mr. Ford Owner? ..... No, we don't cost you that much, nor one-tenth part of it.

**FORD SETS COMPLETE, FRONT OR REAR ..... \$15.00**  
 (Including special hangers and bolts)

We haven't got to say that we save the tires, that we increase the riding qualities of your car 100 per cent. You are already convinced that we do all we claim. The work that we are now doing on the rear end of your car we will do on the front.

We haven't got to say, "Ask the man who has them on his car," or that "You may return them C.O.D. at any time within thirty days from date of delivery." You have heard all of that before, and we only need to say that we will be at your service upon receipt of order with cheque enclosed.

(Signed) **The Acme Torsion Twins**

**GEORGE W. MacNEILL - 85 Richmond St. West, TORONTO**



demands the use of a motor car of some sort and the economy, efficiency and ease of running a Ford are well recognized by many Canadian municipalities.

In September six new Fords were added to the list of cars owned by the city of Toronto—four for the works department one for the fire and one for the architectural department. This makes a total of twenty-seven Fords now owned and used by the departments of the city. Winnipeg has a total of six Fords, having bought two early in October—one for its engineering department and one for its heat, light and power department. There are three Fords in the service of the government telephone service in Manitoba. Vancouver has five Fords. The provincial government has recently purchased a roadster for the superintendent of the prison farm at Burnaby, B. C. London has ordered one for the chief of her fire department, and Regina recently ordered six cars for immediate delivery. Several other Canadian cities have Fords running daily in the work of their various departments.

---

"THE Story of a Country Road" is the title of a booklet that Edward N. Hines, Michigan road commissioner, is distributing, which tells just how the concrete road is made.

Practically every government report that has been issued during the past five years has told of the failure of the ordinary macadam road to withstand the traffic of the present day. In New York state the maintenance expense has gone as high as \$1,000 per mile per year. And within a few years these highways have had to be completely rebuilt. The concrete highway, which originally costs a third more, is practically permanent. But several conditions govern the building of concrete roads which must be observed. In the first place they must be placed honestly as to the proportion of gravel, sand and cement. They must be "cured"; that is, watered and allowed to stand for several weeks before being used, and they must be built under good weather conditions.

"We prepare and shape the subgrade, roll it hard with a 10-ton roller and lay the concrete right on the natural subsoil," writes Mr. Hines. "Side rails are used and when the concrete has become sufficiently hard to remove the rail the finishers pare

off the outer edges to prevent a sharp dividing line between the concrete and the gravel shoulders.

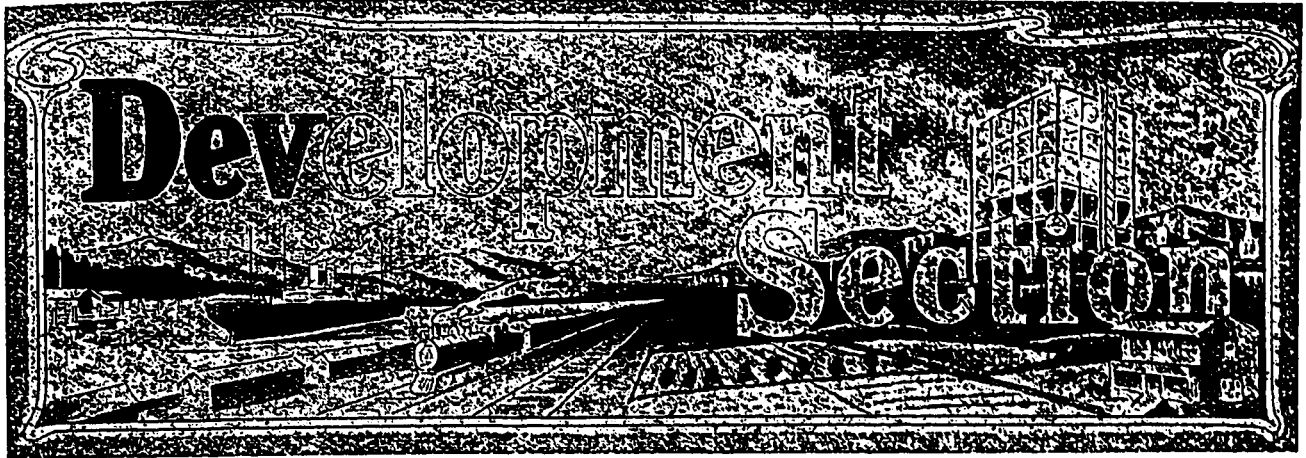
"Our trunk roads are built 16 feet wide with gravel shoulders four feet wide on each side. The lesser-travelled roads have 12 and 15 feet of concrete with a minimum width over all of 24 feet. We have also built concrete roads from 10 to 18 feet wide. They are always wide enough to make passing of teams or automobiles going in the opposite or the same direction very easy.

"The concrete is put down wet so that no tamping is necessary after it is placed. When this is done no workman is permitted in any way to disturb the concrete by stepping in it or throwing anything on it. Smoothing is done with simple wooden floats.

"Each day's work is finished up to an expansion joint and no more than twenty minutes is permitted to elapse between batches of concrete during the day. The work of the day is covered with canvas and the next day the canvas is removed and the concrete covered to a depth of about two inches with any sand or loose soil available to keep the concrete from drying too rapidly. The concrete is sprinkled continuously for eight days. Roads are not opened for traffic until at least two weeks after the last concrete is put in place.

"Machinery is used whenever the same or a better result can be secured, and large hauling engines have from two to four wagons each loaded with stone or gravel trailing behind. Graders are also drawn by steam, doing the work of from six to eight horses more efficiently and rapidly. Old roads are rooted up with a scarifier or plow. Water is pumped in pipes for miles by gasoline engines. Stone and sand on some of the roads is unloaded with a grab bucket and many smaller and economical labor-saving devices are employed. Cement is mixed in a mechanical batch mixer.

"The cost of the roads averages from \$12,000 to \$16,000 per mile, as Wayne county has to have all materials shipped in. It would be higher if it were not for our labor-saving devices. When far from the city the men are boarded and given cots in tented cities. We have nearly 1,100 employes and politics cut no figure in the employment of them."



### Beginning a Big Wharf

DREDGING operations have been begun in connection with the construction of the new dock to be built by the Dominion government on Burrard Inlet, between Commercial and Salsbury Drives.

The dredge is of the dipper type, and will scoop away the surface mud in preparation for rock drilling and other operations. The contractors for the dock have ordered a drill scow from a local ship-building plant, which is expected to be ready to start work in about six weeks' time.

Thousands of tons of solid rock will have to be removed to prepare the foundations for the big wharf. Holes in the mass will be drilled by means of apparatus designed specially for under-the-water work, and a large number of charges will be placed and discharged together.

### False Creek Retaining Wall

THE Pacific Dredging Company have secured the contract for building the retaining wall, which will run across False Creek near Main Street bridge, Vancouver. Once the wall is completed operations can be carried on at full speed. The work of building the wall will require several months.

Filling-in operations at the head of the creek, however, do not have to be postponed until the retaining wall is completed.

### Harbor for Fraser North Arm

IT IS announced that the plans for the Fraser North Arm harbor will call for a fresh-water harbor extending from the Gulf of Georgia to New Westminster, and providing anchorage for the biggest ships now entering Vancouver.

The harbor commissioners have been given a grant of \$1,000 which, with simi-

lar grants from Richmond, Burnaby and South Vancouver, will be used in paying an engineer's salary until a further sum of \$16,000 has been raised. It is estimated that \$20,000 will cover the entire cost of preparing a complete harbor plan.

A member of the commission stated that he had received assurance that, once plans were prepared and approved, the Dominion government would see that the commission's debentures were converted into cash, so that improvement of the North Arm could be commenced immediately.

The jetty at the north of the North Arm, tenders for which are already under consideration, will be carried out at the expense and under the direction of the Dominion government. It will cost \$200,000 and will supplement the commission's harbor plans.

### Recent Mining Discoveries

THE discoveries made during the present year in gold-bearing quartz have been to some extent obscured by the sensational "strikes" at Shushanna and elsewhere, but they are sufficiently important to have added materially to our knowledge of the natural wealth of the province. Following is a statement made by a mining authority in British Columbia:

The recent strike on the Crackerjack group, at Van Anda, of gold-bearing ore has caused a belated interest in the development of gold mining along the coast. The published account of the richness of the ore has caused a certain furore of excitement, and it is reported that the mining industry on Texada Island has received a mighty impetus as a result. Work is to be resumed on the Copper Queen mine, on which a large amount of money has been spent in development, and several smaller properties are actively carried on in the vicinity of the gold strike.

While the ore from the Texada district is of such surprising wealth, it must not be supposed that in other parts of British Columbia quartz of almost equal richness has not been found, and that in quantity, too. The development of the gold mines of Atlin district has been remarkable, and has earned for one of the properties the name of "The Wonder Mine of the World." This is the Engineer group of claims, situated between Atlin and Carcross.

Active work has started on these claims early this year, after a strike last fall of ore bearing values similar to the recent find at Texada. Enough work was done at the time of the rich strike to show that it was no mere pocket, but a continuous ledge across the property, and on to the Gleaner group. Early this year the owners of the group installed a two-stamp mill, and according to advices received from the north, the result is something remarkable, and justifies the owners in their intention of putting in a 100-stamp mill. In one day the clean-up from the two stamps was 188 ounces of gold.

The Gleaner group, which is owned by several Vancouver men, adjoins the Engineer property, and in addition to the lead from that group, has another distinct ledge of quartz, samples of which freely show the gold to the naked eye. It is expected that when active work is commenced on these claims next year the results will be as satisfactory as those obtained on the Engineer group.

Another strike, on which not much work has been done in spite of its richness, was made last fall by two prospectors, McLaren and Belway, at Kitsumkalum Lake, on the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Samples of the quartz show the gold in large quantities.

#### Cold Storage for Steveston

THE Columbia Cold Storage Company intend to erect a large warehouse and plant at the foot of No. 1 Road, Steveston, before spring. Plans for the building, which with apparatus will cost several thousand dollars, have already been prepared. The site adjoins the municipal wharf, and is not far from the Imperial Cannery.

The Columbia Cold Storage Company is at present established at New Westmin-

ster, but owing to the carrying out of harbor improvements finds it necessary to move its plant.

The plant will be served by a spur from the B. C. E. R., and the ability to store its catch here and ship it quickly to Vancouver wharves will save the company warehouse fees which it now has to pay. The entire plant will be in operation before the next canning season begins.

#### New Settlers on the Island

THROUGHOUT the Alberni electoral district, which extends from coast to coast of Vancouver Island, there has been a great deal of settlement during the past summer, reports Deputy Minister Foster of the provincial department of public works, who has returned from an inspection trip over the main island highway from Victoria to Qualicum.

"In many places we found that from fifty to sixty settlers came in at one time, and generally speaking, from one locality," said the deputy minister. "Evidently one or two men coming to the district from the east found it to their liking and wrote back home inducing their friends to come too."

#### New Route for the Fur Trade

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY are stated to have in hand a new system by which the company's furs will be taken out of the northern stations of the Arctic and Pacific to British Columbia, instead, as formerly, by the Hudson Bay and Atlantic route.

To this end two auxiliary steamers, large enough for ocean travel, are to be ready for launching early next spring. They are to be used on the Arctic Ocean, about 2,000 miles north of Winnipeg, transporting round the delta at the Mackenzie River.

The necessity for getting its furs to market as expeditiously as possible is given as the reason why the company will in future use other routes to get the furs out of the wilds where they are secured than the long-established way of Hudson Bay and Baffin Bay to the Atlantic and thence to London. By collecting them in the Arctic and bringing them down through Behring Straits, opening up considerable new territory in the way of fur supplies,

and then rushing the furs across Canada by rail and to England by fast steamers, the company hopes to easily maintain its position in the fur trade.

A new line of fur-trading posts is to be established across the extreme northern edge of Canada within the Arctic Circle. The new policy will extend to all parts of the north and include the interior forts.

### Elevator for Coquitlam

It is stated that a group of capitalists in Fort William, Winnipeg and Minneapolis, headed by Mr. R. J. Henderson, of Fort William, have decided to exercise their option on several acres of property on the Pitt River in Coquitlam. The land is to be used for a large terminal grain elevator.

Mr. Henderson, who was formerly superintendent of the Grain Growers' Association elevators in Fort William, was in Vancouver a few weeks ago inspecting proposed sites for the elevator. The final choice was in Coquitlam. He expressed his conviction that after the completion of the Panama Canal a great deal of prairie wheat would be sent to Europe via Vancouver, and that the shipments to the Orient were bound to increase largely.

He pointed out that one of the greatest advantages of sending wheat this way instead of by the Great Lakes was that of having only to tranship it once, and that at Vancouver. In sending grain eastward, on the other hand, there had to be a transshipment at the head of the Lakes, another at the Welland Canal to smaller boats in order to allow passage through that and the St. Lawrence canals, and again at Montreal to ocean liners. If the grain were sent via Buffalo it had to be handled four times before it reached the ocean liner. All these handlings added greatly to the cost of transportation.

Mr. Henderson also pointed out that although the shipment to Europe via Vancouver would be much longer by water than if sent by Montreal or New York, the cost of water carriage was much less than that by rail. As an illustration, he said that grain could be sent from Calgary to Hong Kong for only 50 cents per ton more than from Calgary to Vancouver. There would be elevator and weighing charges here, but they would be the same as those at Fort William or Port Arthur now.

Another advantage of western shipment over the eastern route or routes was that grain could be shipped from here all winter.

### A Bella Coola Project

ACTING on instructions from the Indian department at Ottawa, the local agent, Mr. Ivor Fougner, called a meeting of the Indians of the Bella Coola reserve for the purpose of ascertaining their willingness to sell a portion of the reserve to the Pacific & Hudson Bay Railway Company. The land is required by the company for purposes of a railroad right-of-way, and comprises a strip 600 yards wide, running from east to west through the reserve.

The Indians unanimously expressed their willingness to sell the land, setting upon it a value of \$500 per acre. The company will also be required to further compensate the Indians for any improvements they have made on such land.

### The Mineral Belt of Atlin

DR. YOUNG, provincial minister of education, who recently returned from a trip through the North lasting over several weeks, declares that this is the best year in the history of mining in the whole of Atlin, apart from the first year of placer mining there, when the miners worked in shallow diggings. That was in 1899. Not for a stretch of fourteen years have the Atlin claims done as well for the men working them, as during the summer season of 1913.

One man in Atlin, working in quartz claims with capital supplied from Seattle, made three cleanups during the past summer, and they were among the biggest ever made in the North. From a section of bedrock sixteen feet square, his men took out \$71,000 worth of gold in one cleanup. The other two for the season totalled \$52,000 and \$31,000 respectively.

"The success of the miners there this year," said Dr. Young, "simply astounded me, although I knew from previous trips, and from reports made by friends, that this was a good season. The placer mines are proving up in wonderful fashion. I spent two days on O'Donnel Creek, near Atlin Lake, where a Mr. Ruffner, representing American capital, is working a hydraulic proposition. He told me he was in some of the richest showings in the North.

"I believe that the greatest development in British Columbia mining will take place in Atlin next year. Results have shown that the statements of Dominion geological surveyors that there is a valuable mineral belt running somewhat southeast from the Yukon, through the Tagish Lake district, just north of the British Columbia line, on down between Atlin Lake and Taku Inlet, are quite correct. A good deal more gold is still to come out of that section, I believe. I may say in this connection that I have been informed that Mackenzie & Mann are spending \$1,500,000 in developing claims near Windy Arm of Tagish Lake, north of the British Columbia line, in the Yukon."

Hon. Mr. Young announced that it was his intention to recommend the construction next year of a wagon road into the Atlin district from the south. He proposes to link this road up with one built this year from O'Donnel Creek to Atlin City. At the present time, in order to get to Atlin it is necessary, after reaching Skagway, to go by boat on a long roundabout trip north and east of Skagway before descending Atlin Lake to the south again. The construction of an additional traffic road and the operation of a stern wheel steamer on Taku River would provide a shorter route, as well as make conditions easier for travelers, believes the minister.

### Gold Strike Near Bella Coola

MESSAGES from Bella Coola tell of a new gold strike on the Skowquiltz River, a tributary of Deane Channel.

The first news was brought by the Brothers Hendricks, who are old-time prospectors and hunters on the northern coast. The rich dirt which they brought with them, and the description of the lay of the land, soon attracted the attention of other local prospectors, with the result that a large party was soon off to the scene of the find, equipped with all implements to make a preliminary prospect of the country.

According to accounts received, the scene of the discovery lies at the head of the Skowquiltz River, some twenty miles from tidewater. The old river bed at this point is very wide, and there is a great expanse of gold-bearing gravel besides extensive benches which in all probability will prove rich.

Twenty-three claims have already been

staked, but there still remains a large area of ground that should provide excellent prospects for the many who are expected to visit the place in the spring.

Already capitalists from the United States, who have visited the place, have secured all the land on tidewater at the river mouth, and arrangements are being made for the building of a wharf and general store, and the bringing in of the most approved hydraulic appliances when serious work will be commenced at once.

### Fruit from Creston

It is expected that thirty carloads of apples will be shipped from Creston before the present fruit season is over. Shipments from Creston include mostly Wageners, Spitzenbergs, McIntosh Reds and Jonathans, for which the Creston Valley is noted.

Of the small fruits, during the season of 1913, Creston shipped 4,000 crates of raspberries and 5,000 crates of strawberries, according to the records kept by the Creston Fruit Growers' Union, which do not include the shipments from the large fruit

## We Teach *the Art of* COMPOSITION

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES (BY MAIL)  
Free Trial Lesson on Any Subject on Application

### Western Correspondence Academy of Music

Our courses embody a thorough instruction in the elementary and higher branches of musical composition—Theory of Music, Harmony, Counterpoint, Fugue, Canon, Form, Orchestration, Acoustics, History of Music.

Director—ALBERT V. DAVIES, Mus. Bac. Bachelor of Music, Durham University, England; Bachelor of Music, Victoria University of Manchester; Hargrave's Exhibitioner, Victoria University of Manchester; Late Professor London Correspondence School of Music.

A complete course provided for those wishing to continue work leading to Bac. Mus. or diploma. Special inducements for students preparing for examinations.

Write for information about our courses in PIANOFORTE TECHNIQUE, VOICE PRODUCTION. Songs Arranged, Compositions Corrected and Revised.

Secretary—GEORGE E. DE LA MOTHE  
Address all communications to Secretary  
426 Birks Building VANCOUVER, B. C.

ranches of Duck Creek and Erickson, which are adjacent. The shipments of peaches and plums this year are conservatively estimated at 500 crates, and 300 boxes of pears have left Creston depot.

As a producer of vegetables, too, Creston does not take a back seat, and 7,500 crates each of green and ripe tomatoes have been shipped to the eastern market. Six hundred cases of cucumbers, 500 dozen boxes of sweet corn and at estimated figures over 200 tons of potatoes produced in that fertile district at the Kootenay end of the Crow's Nest Pass have found a market in the East. Statistics show that there are 43,000 acres of bench land and 45,000 acres of flat lands in the valley below the town that are arable, and this year there are estimated to be close to 150,000 fruit trees under cultivation in the valley. In 1911

there were 30,000 trees planted, and in 1912 this number was increased to 65,000.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA BREWERIES, Limited, of Vancouver, B. C., with which is incorporated the Vancouver Breweries, Limited, and the Canadian Brewing and Malting Company, Limited, of Vancouver, B. C., the Union Brewing Company, Limited, of Nanaimo, B. C., and the Pilsener Brewing Company, Limited, of Cumberland, B. C., have now thrown open their splendid and thoroughly modern brewing plant at the corner of Yew Street and Eleventh Avenue, Vancouver. This building is constructed throughout of brick and re-inforced concrete, has a frontage on Yew Street of 260 feet and a depth on Eleventh Avenue of 200 feet, with a height varying from four to six storeys, and it fitted

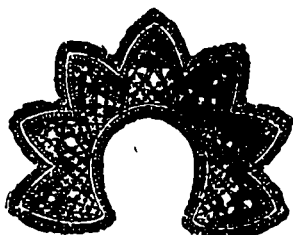
# ENGLISH HAND-MADE LACE

MADE BY THE COTTAGERS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

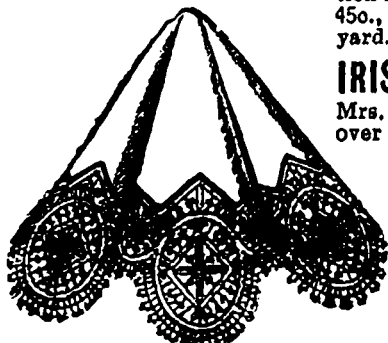
This is the old-fashioned lace made on the cushion, and was first introduced into England by the Flemish Refugees. It is still made by the village women in their quaint old way.

Our Laces were awarded the Gold Medal at the Festival of Empire and Imperial Exhibition, Crystal Palace, LONDON, ENGLAND, for general excellence of workmanship.

BUY some of this hand-made Pillow Lace, it lasts MANY times longer than machine made variety, and imparts an air of distinction to the possessor, at the same time supporting the village lace-makers, bringing them little comforts otherwise unobtainable on an agricultural man's wage. Write for descriptive little treatise, entitled "The Pride of North Bucks," containing 200 striking examples of the lace makers' art, and is sent post free to any part of the world. Lace for every purpose can be obtained, and within reach of the most modest purse.



COLLAR—Pure Linen.  
\$1.00.



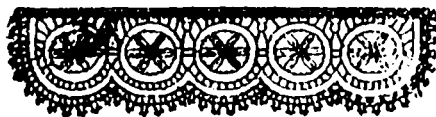
DAINTY HANDKIE—70c.  
No. 910.—Lace 1½ in. deep.

Collars, Fronts, Plastrons, Jabots, Yokes, Fichus, Berthes, Handkerchiefs, Stocks, Camisoles, Chemise Sets, Tea Cloths, Table Centres, D'Oylies, Mats, Medallions, Quaker and Peter Pan Sets, etc., from 25c., 60c., \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, up to \$5.00 each. Over 800 designs in yard lace and insertion from 10c., 15c., 25c., 45c., up to \$8.00 per yard.

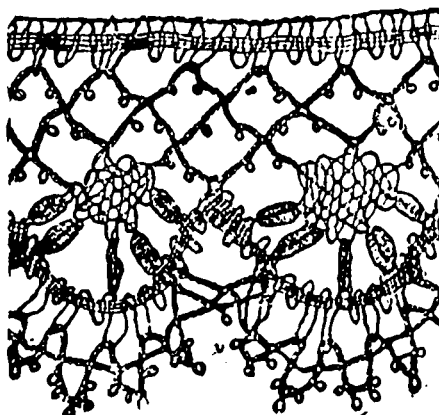
## IRISH CROCHET.

Mrs. Armstrong having over 100 Irish peasant girls connected with her industry, some beautiful examples of Irish hand made laces may be obtained. All work being sold direct from the lace-makers, both the workers and customers derive great advantage.

Every sale, however small, is a support to the industry.



(1½ in. deep.) STOCK—Wheel Design.  
Price 25c. each. (Half shown.)



No. 122.—80c. per yard.

**Mrs. Cluny Armstrong, Olney, Bucks, Eng.**

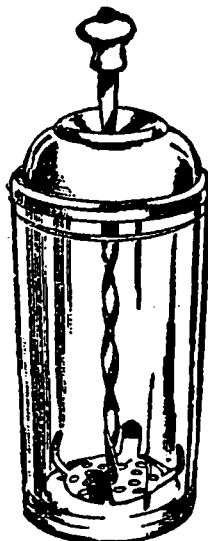
throughout with the most modern brewing and bottling machinery known to modern science. It is safe to say that this brewing plant is now the second largest in Canada, and with its bottling capacity of 21,600 bottles of beer per day will be able to handle the output of the British Columbia Breweries to the very best advantage.

Beginning with the month of December there will appear in these pages a series of illustrated articles based on the growth of this immense brewing industry. They will aim to show its gradual growth from a very minute beginning to its enormous present-day capacity. These articles will make very interesting reading, both for those interested in the development of Vancouver and British Columbia industries and for those who are at present in the dark as to the methods of manufacturing beer.

### The Portland Canal Line

It is reported that New York capital has been raised for the completion of the Portland Canal and Northeastern Railway. This railway was started nearly three years ago as a private enterprise of Sir Donald Mann. Several hundred thousand dollars were invested in wharves and a dock at the head of Portland Canal, just in front of a townsite adjoining Stewart.

The railway was constructed on a standard gauge for a distance of about fourteen miles to the confluence of Bear River and Bitter Creek. It was said during the early stages of construction that it was a part of the scheme to give the Canadian Northern Pacific Railway a northern outlet and feeder, and it was to be continued through the Peace River country and connect with the Canadian Northern at Edmonton.



### The ROBERTS LIGHTNING MIXER

"The Beater that Beats the World" will substantially reduce the high cost of living. Send for free booklet that tells you how. It will convince you and induce you to join the thousands that are using this wonderful little device in their homes.

Made in two sizes—Pints: Suitable for beating eggs, whipping cream, mixing drinks, creams, sauces, etc. Price in Vancouver, 50c. Postpaid in B. C., 60c. Quarts: Suitable for ice cream freezing, churning butter, mayonnaise dressing, etc. Price in Vancouver, 75c. Postpaid in B.C., 90c. Sole distributors:

The Western Canada Importing Company  
200 Loo Bldg., VANCOUVER, B.C.  
Sent anywhere in B. C. on receipt of 60c and 90c.

Now word comes that further construction has been financed by Sir Donald through the Morgan Banking Corporation, of New York, and work is to be continued for about a hundred miles to tap the anthracite coal fields of Ground Hog Mountain.

## VENTRILOQUISM

Taught almost anyone at home. Small cost. Send today 2c stamp for particulars and proof.

O. A. SMITH, Room R 146, 823 Bigelow Street, PEORIA, ILL., U.S.A.

### EDUCATIONAL

ART STUDIES — PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE models. Finest collection for artists and art lovers. Illustrated catalogues sent free on demand. C. KLARY, 103 Avenue de Villiers, Paris, France.

### HELP WANTED

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT WILL HOLD EXAMINATIONS in every section during November from which many appointments—Railway Mail Clerks, Letter Carriers, Post Office Clerks—will be made. Big salaries. All Canadians eligible. Sample examination questions free. Write immediately. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. W182, Rochester, N.Y.

The Associated Board of the  
**Royal Academy of Music**  
**Royal College of Music**  
LONDON, ENGLAND

For Local Examinations in Music  
in the BRITISH EMPIRE

Patron:  
HIS MAJESTY THE KING

## MUSIC EXAMINATIONS 1914

Open to the Pupils of all Teachers of Music

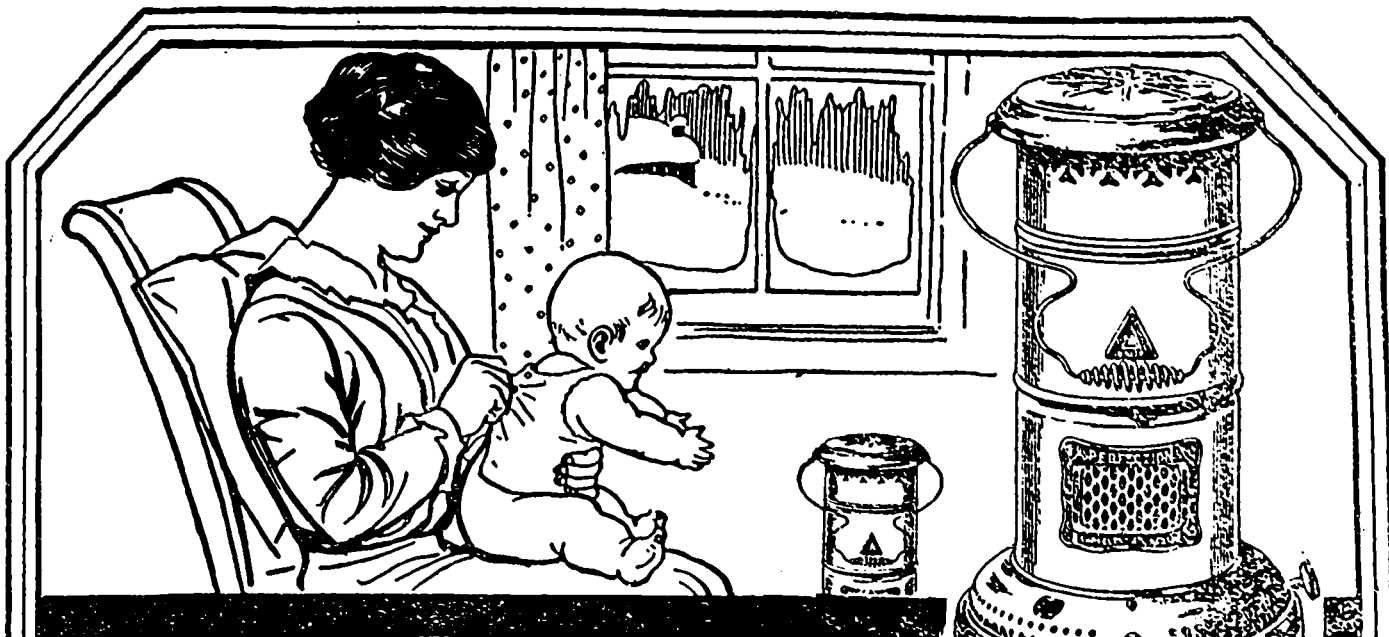
The Annual Examinations in Practical Music and Theory will be held throughout Canada in May and June, 1914. An examination in Theory only will be held November 15th, 1913, application to be made by October 1st.

An Exhibition value about \$500 offered annually; also two gold and two silver medals. Syllabus, music for the examinations and all particulars may be obtained on application to

M. WARING DAVIS, 777 Shuter Street, Montreal (Resident Secretary for Canada)

Parents and teachers wishing to enter their pupils for these examinations should communicate with the Secretary at once and have their names placed on mailing list.





# Protect Your Baby

Keep out cold draughts—save baby many a cold and sickness.

## PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

All during the cold fall and winter months a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater keeps the house warm.

It can be carried from room to room—wherever you go. Warms up bathroom and parlor in next to no time.

This year's model Perfection burns nine hours on a single gallon of oil. Easy to clean, and rewick in a moment. No smoke—automatic-locking flame-spreader—flat font insures steady heat always.

*For best results use Royalite Oil*

### THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

Toronto  
Ottawa  
Halifax  
Montreal

Quebec  
St. John  
Winnipeg  
Calgary

Regina  
Vancouver  
Edmonton  
Saskatoon





When this line is pushed through the Peace country as far as Edmonton it will not only open up a section rich in resources, agricultural, coal, mineral and considerable timber, but it will enable the Canadian Northern to reach salt water with a shorter land haul than any transcontinental line. Portland canal is an arm of the ocean that extends inland for nearly 150 miles. There are no dangerous reefs nor shoals for the entire distance and the water is of sufficient depth to accommodate oceangoing craft.

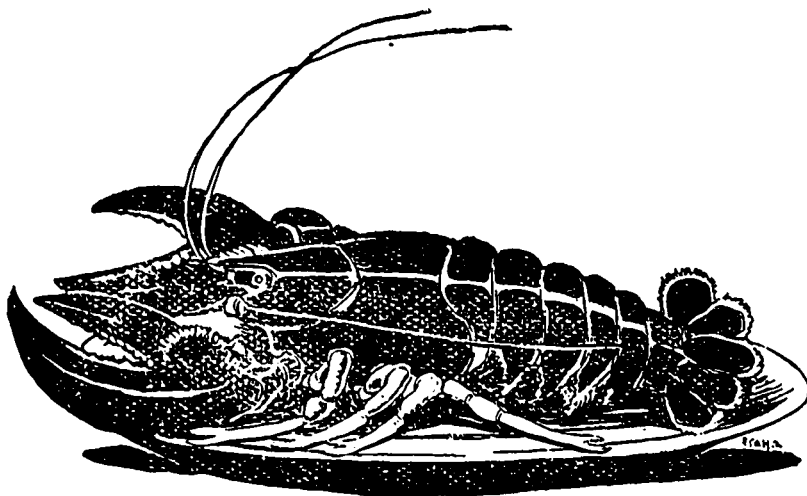
### Constructing the Kettle Valley Line

CONSTRUCTION operations on the joint section of the Kettle Valley Railway between Hope and the Coquahalla Summit have been started from both ends. Contracts have been let to station men for portions of the new line sixteen miles northeast from Hope, and for six miles southwest of the summit end. Roads for transporting supplies and equipment have been built, and a large force of men is employed on the clearing and grading work. The entire section to be built by the Kettle Valley, and used

jointly by that road and the V., V. & E., is thirty-eight miles in length.

The construction operations near the pass are fraught with great engineering difficulties. In order to transport supplies to the right-of-way from the roadway near the Summit portion of the proposed railway a cable tram will be used. The road in some places is nearly 1000 feet from the route, and goods will have to be lowered over a big bluff into the valley below. Messrs. McArthur Bros. secured the contract for the construction of the joint section of the Hope Mountain line.

THE Great Northern Railway Company intends to commence work at an early date on the permanent bridge over the Grandview cutting on Broadway, Vancouver. The structure will be of the most solid character, with steel plate girders, and will be built with four spans. It will be seventy feet in width, and be one of the best of the viaducts which will span the Great Northern Railway cutting.



© AMN COML ADVO CO. N.Y.



*Fits in Well  
With Your Dinner*

*Cascade  
Beer*

**In the Brown Bottles**

On sale at all hotels, clubs, cafes and  
liquor stores in British Columbia

Brewed and Bottled by  
**VANCOUVER BREWERIES LIMITED** Vancouver, B.C.

## Balboa's Dream Realized

The dream of Balboa is at last to be realized. Exactly 400 years from the date when that great Spanish discoverer crossed the Isthmus of Panama on foot, other men will cross it in ships. That was Balboa's dream—to "cross it in ships." American men, his equal in courage and perseverance, have made his dream come true.

Every patriotic American citizen should esteem it a proud privilege to see this crowning glory of American industry, and see it in the making, as it can never be seen again.

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

### Panama—West Indies Cruises

enable the American people to see this monumental work now approaching completion with the maximum of comfort and enjoyment. The voyages will be made by the spacious, elegantly appointed S. S. GROSSER KURFEURST, going and returning through the West Indies, and stopping at all the most interesting and attractive points in that picturesque, romantic archipelago.

Duration of 21 or 29 days, sailing from New York Jan. 14th, Feb. 12th, and Mar. 19th, calling at Havana, Santiago, Kingston, Colon, La Guaira, Port of Spain, Brighton, Barbados, Fort de France, St. Pierre, St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau.

**The Cost is \$160.00 up**

For full information address

**OELRICHS & CO.,**  
GENERAL AGENTS

**5 Broadway, New York**

H. Clausenius & Co., Chicago  
Central National Bank, St. Louis  
Robert Capelle, San Francisco  
Alloway & Champion, Winnipeg

The  
Key to  
Europe



## For Safe and Conservative Investments in Vancouver and British Columbia

obtain our literature. Maps and full information sent free upon application.

### SUBURBAN HOMES CITY PROPERTY FARM LANDS



659 GRANVILLE STREET  
VANCOUVER, CANADA

### Rich Claims in the North

PROSPECTORS returning to Vancouver from the North bring news of having located a claim on the Skeena, eight miles up the river from Pitman, which has ore that assays \$180 per ton copper, \$8.50 silver and \$6 gold. The ledge from which the ore is taken can be seen on the surface for four feet, and has been traced for ten miles.

A claim on Gold Creek, twelve miles from Kitselas, indicates the presence of copper, silver and gold ores. The lead is four feet in the tunnel, and is forty-five feet inside. The ore has assayed \$26 to the ton. The stringer is 300 feet long and eighteen inches wide.

A strike has been made at Fiddler's Creek, according to the miners, which is 124 miles from Prince Rupert. This claim is said to have assayed \$100 to \$114 of gold per ton. Traces of silver and copper have also been found. There are fourteen claims in the group and a tunnel has also been bored. There is an abundance of water-power close at hand and plenty of timber. The claims are on the

mountain side on the banks of the Skeena River.

AT the land registry office in Vancouver the sum of \$20,490.90 was received during the month of September. This is a healthy increase over the figures for August, which show receipts of \$19,544.55, but is somewhat smaller than September 1912, when the figures were \$22,373.42. It is reported that the releases of mortgages were very large.

AN order has been received from Ottawa to the effect that the channel of the First Narrows, at the entrance to Burrard Inlet, is to be widened northwards to 400 feet, and that the deepening is to be increased from thirty to forty feet. Already the first 200 feet of the channel has been deepened up to the first standard.

A DESPATCH from London states that Mr. Yarrow, a well-known constructor of torpedo destroyers and other smaller craft, is contemplating erecting works either at Esquimalt or Vancouver.

## INVEST IN ACREAGE

### NEAR NEW WESTMINSTER AND VANCOUVER

WE have for sale several five-acre blocks situated in a fast-growing district, which are especially suitable for fruit, vegetable, and poultry raising. They are on a good road, and less than half a mile from an electric railway running into New Westminster, only 8 miles distant, and to Vancouver, which is 20 miles. This location is ideal for a small farm, and with these two large markets so close there would be no difficulty in disposing of farm produce at a good figure. The price of this property is \$150.00 per acre, and we can arrange exceptionally easy terms to anyone who will settle on it and make improvements. As an investment it is first-class; we know of nothing that will produce a greater percentage of profit than this. Acreage not any better, and further from Vancouver, has already been sold at a higher figure. Look this up—it's worth your while.

### YORKSHIRE GUARANTEE AND SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

R. KERR HOULGATE, Manager

440 Seymour Street, VANCOUVER, B. C.

## BELGO-CANADIAN FRUIT LANDS CO.

### First-class Fruit Lands in the Kelowna District for Sale

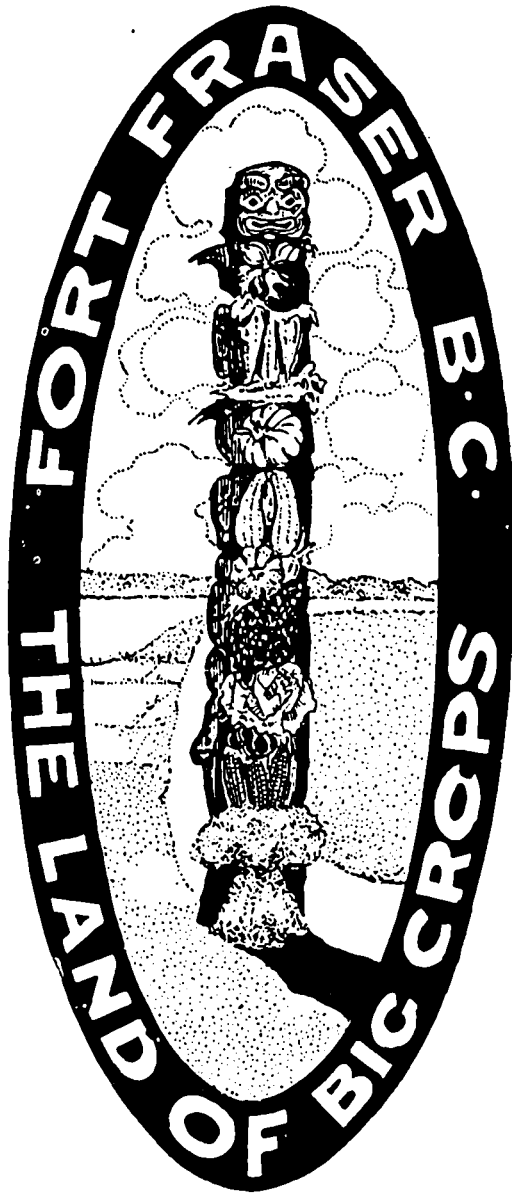
KELOWNA  
British Columbia

290 Garry Street  
WINNIPEG

11 Place Leopold  
ANTWERP

# Fort Fraser, British Columbia

Your Money is Worth More in Fort Fraser  
Than Anywhere Else on Earth



The wonderful new land along the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway through the interior of British Columbia offers more inducements than any locality ever offered on the Pacific Coast. The romance and fortune-building of the past in the rich valleys of the Pacific Great West and Western Canada will be doubled in the Nechaco Valley, British Columbia, of which Fort Fraser is the present and future great trade centre.

**FORTUNES ARE MADE FROM NATURE'S GIFTS, NOT WAGES**

Enquire of

**Dominion Stock & Bond Corporation Limited**

VANCOUVER

Winch Building — Dominion Building

BRITISH COLUMBIA



THE clever housewife, who considers the pleasure and welfare of her family, takes particular pride in the coffee she serves. It is usually

## Seal Brand Coffee

Chase & Sanborn  
Montreal

143

*Look for the Cigar  
with this Band*

# B-NAT-CO CIGAR

*"A little thing to look for—a big thing to find"*

You will find smoke-enjoyment aplenty by following this simple injunction. B-NAT-CO Cigars have that *real* Havana flavor that only the finest leaf—*grown on our own plantations*—can give a cigar. Most every good tobacconist sells B-NAT-CO'S: Earls, 3 for 50c; Majestics, 2 for 25c; Barons, 3 for 25c; seven sizes in all.

Try them—*TODAY*

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA TOBACCO CO. LIMITED  
Kelowna, British Columbia

*Union  
Mas.*

There's a special charm in the home side of picture making by the simple

## Kodak Method

Home portraits by daylight or flashlight, developing and Velox printing — each has its fascination.

Get our little book, "At Home With the Kodak." It shows what YOU can do with Kodak or Brownie and tells in simple manner how to do it. Free at your dealers or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO.  
LIMITED  
TORONTO

2052



KODAK HOME PORTRAIT

# SHUSHANNA

THE NEW ALASKA GOLD DISCOVERY Big Stampede Now On



*Men taking out hundreds of dollars daily. Single gold nuggets big as ten and twenty dollar gold pieces*

THOUSANDS OF MEN are rushing into the new diggings. The stampede is on to Shushanna and promises to eclipse Dawson and Yukon. Fortunes are being made. We have organized the first big mining and trading company to operate stores, trading posts and mines. Original ground floor price only ten cents per share. Will advance quick and often. Small capitalization. Reliable, experienced management. Bank references. Our first property in centre of proven gold discovery. Shares should show 300% to 500% profit. You must act quick. Remit \$10 for 100 shares, \$25 for 250, \$50 for 500, \$100 for 1,000. Full paid and non-assessable. If you want full information fill out coupon and mail today.

SEND FOR BOOK, PICTURES, MAPS **FREE**

**Aetna Investment & Trust Co.**  
Limited

408 Homer Street  
Vancouver, B. C.  
Canada

To  
Aetna  
Investment  
& Trust Co.  
408 Homer Street  
Vancouver, B. C.

Please send me your booklet, maps, pictures and full particulars of your ground floor offer.

TEAR OFF—FILL OUT—MAIL TODAY

Name -----  
Street -----  
Address -----

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

# 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 .....

.....



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.

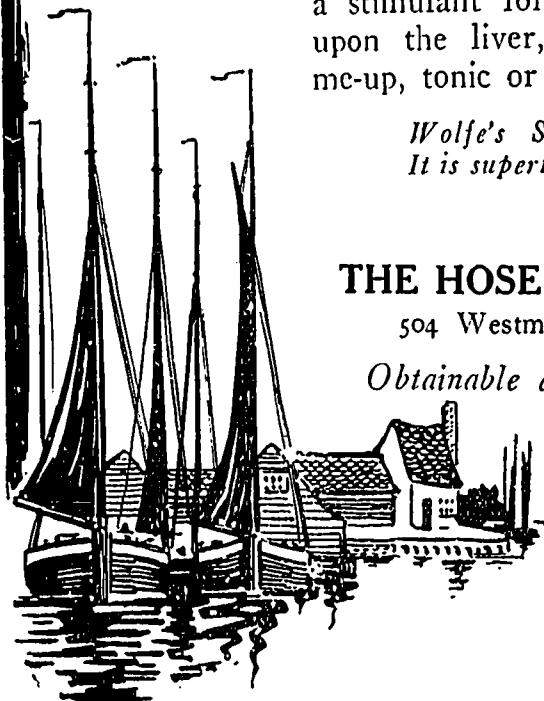
*Wolfe's Schnapps is always opportune.  
It is superior in every way to ordinary gin.*

AGENTS:

**THE HOSE & BROOKS CO. LIMITED**

504 Westminster Avenue, Vancouver, B. C.

*Obtainable at all Hotels and Retail Stores*



**We make the engravings  
printed in this magazine**

**518 HASTINGS ST. WEST**

**For Blood Devitalization Take**



**WILSON'S  
INVALIDS'  
PORT WINE**

(a la Quina du Perou)

It is indicated in all conditions characterized by a diminution in the number of red blood cells, such as in Anaemia, Chlorosis, Bright's Disease, Mal-nutrition, etc.

Suitable for patients of all ages and acceptable alike to adult and infant. The ONE preparation on this market that has received so many written endorsements from the Medical Profession.

Big Bottle

Ask YOUR Doctor



**COLLECTIONS**

DEBTS COLLECTED everywhere.  
No collection, no charge. American-Vancouver Mercantile Agency, 336 Hastings Street W., Vancouver, B. C.



**HOTEL Savoy**  
SEATTLE

"Twelve storeys of solid comfort"

In the centre of things — theatres and stores on both sides. Building absolutely fireproof — concrete, steel and marble.

**European Plan \$1 per Day Up**

Rooms with bath \$2.00 up

Annual Potlatch July 14-19

Send for free map of Seattle's Business District

**HOTEL TURPIN**

F. L. and A. W. Turpin, Proprietors  
17 Powell Street, at Market, San Francisco, Cal  
Rooms without bath \$1.50 per day up; rooms with private bath \$2.00 per day up. In the heart of the city. Auto bus meets trains and steamers.

**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

**HAS SOMEBODY DISAPPEARED IN THE WEST?**  
(Preserve and show this notice to whoever it may benefit.) Have you been deserted—cruelly deceived by somebody you boundlessly trusted? Your money—hopes—gone? Has the fugitive vanished in the West, leaving no clew but debtors—family—corruption? No matter how long gone, write us; we trace, pursue and unearth the most elusive. Few escape our dragnet. We collect your money from the runaway; help you find lost relatives; do all kinds of legitimate investigating. We verify or disprove suspicions which may exist of husband, wife or friends visiting in the West, by shadowing and reporting to you their movements. Services strictly confidential. No charges without success. WESTERN CLAIM & TRACING BUREAU, Mason Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

**PRINTING—PRICE TICKETS. ALL PRICES. ANY assortment, 50c per 100; also a full line of Window Cards. Send for sample and circular. FRANK H. BARNARD, Printer, 35 Dundas Street, Toronto.**

*Hotel Sutter*

Sutter and Kearny Sts. SAN FRANCISCO

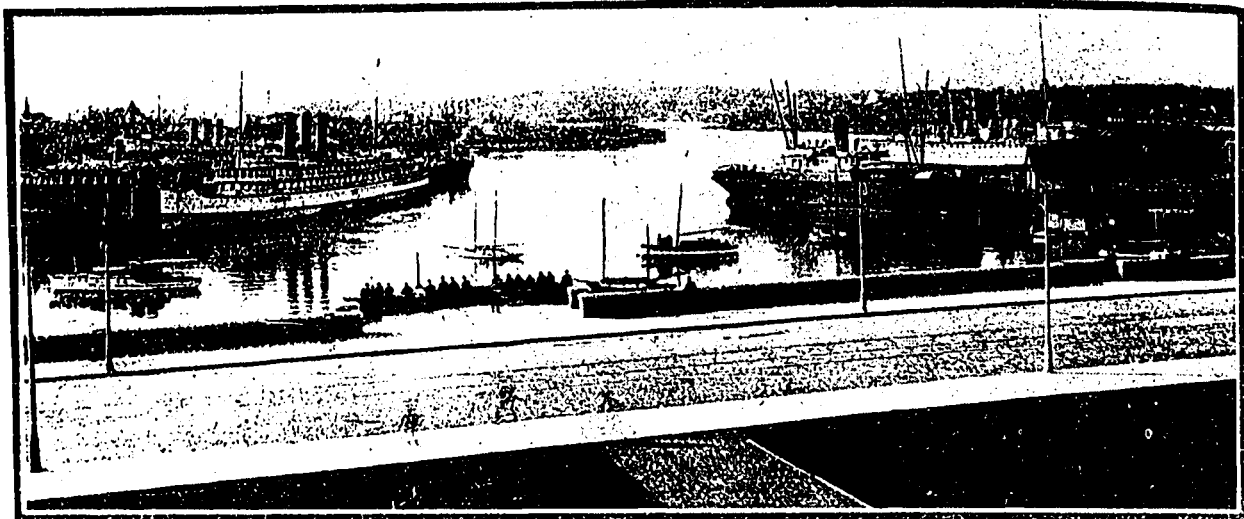
NEW  
CENTRAL  
FIREPROOF  
COMFORTABLE  
ELABORATELY  
FURNISHED



250 ROOMS  
SINGLE AND EN SUITE  
200 BATHS  
EUROPEAN PLAN  
\$1.50 PER DAY  
AND UPWARDS  
EXCELLENT CAFE  
NOW UNDER OUR OWN  
MANAGEMENT

TAKE OUR AUTO OR ANY TAXI-CAB FROM FERRIES, DEPOT OR DOCK AT THE EXPENSE OF THE HOTEL.

¶ The "home" hotel of San Francisco. We cordially invite correspondence and will furnish any information you may desire about the Exposition City. Drop a line for our booklet, "What to See and Do in San Francisco."



## 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, 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

ROOM 44

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA



# 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

# Vancouver Island, B. C.

## Canada

---

### *Its Principal Cities Outside of Victoria*

---

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.



## Largest producers of high-class printing and advertising in all British Columbia

Some of our customers, who do not hesitate to speak plainly about business matters, say the only reason we get their work is because we do the best printing in the shortest possible time in the most satisfactory manner. There isn't much sentiment in business these days—it's a proposition of "delivering the goods." Our superior facilities and up-to-date methods enable us to produce high-class printing in the most economical way. Samples and prices when you want them.



## Saturday Sunset Presses

PRINTERS BINDERS ENGRAVERS

711-15 Seymour St. Vancouver, B.C.

*British Columbia Magazine, "Western Canada's Greatest Developer"*

PREMIUM DEPARTMENT  
PHONE SEYMOUR 1739

OFFICE & SALES DEPT.  
525 PACIFIC BUILDING

# "White Rock Heights"

WHITE ROCK, SURREY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Named and rightly named

*"The Brighton of Western Canada"*

Vancouver, B. C.

To our Old and New Subscribers:

Having many calls for full lots in our Premium Subdivision, and all of them practically given out to subscribers, we have decided to give those who hold a single half lot, 33x124, the first preference to purchase the adjoining single half lot 33x124, so that you will have a full lot 66x124 to a 16-ft. lane.

We will allot same to you on the same basis you paid for the portion you now hold, and on terms of \$10.00 down, \$9.75 in fifteen days, and \$5.00 per month until same is paid in full, or if you wish to remit at once we will deliver deed as soon as same is prepared.

There are many advantages in having full lots, and also a saving of registry fees. You can register a full lot for the same amount charged for a single lot, and we supply change of deed at no cost to you. There is and will be a demand for full lots—people with capital (who always seek the highest elevation for pure air and view) will want plenty of room for lawn and flowers; store sites and business property must also be of some size.

Thanking you in anticipation of an early reply, we are,

Yours for health, wealth and pleasure at White Rock,

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE LTD.

Premium Department

Per William Thomas Weaver,  
Manager.

*The most beautiful Summer Resort in British Columbia*

When writing to Advertisers please mention British Columbia Magazine

# *White Rock Heights*

## *Improvement Association*

(COMPRISED OF PROPERTY OWNERS THEREIN)

ROOM 15, 619 HASTINGS STREET WEST

*Vancouver, B.C.*

Dear Neighbor:

This Association is formed for the development of WHITE ROCK HEIGHTS—namely, to render any assistance possible to the owners of lots therein.

There has been such a demand for information that the Association has established a "bureau" in which you are all eligible for membership by paying a small fee to cover the cost of advertising, office expense, printing and secretary's service, which amount is only \$1.00 per year.

Those who have not registered their deeds can send same to the Association with a remittance of \$7.00, which will cover all expense, and your title will be sent you as soon as received by the Association, also the duplicate deed. Registration is \$4.20, attorney's fee \$1.50, registration application 50c, registered post 30c, Association fee 50c; total, \$7.00.

Regarding taxes, the assessment made is \$2.00 per lot, 33x124. We will look after your interest and pay same, which is delinquent after October 15th, 1913. Association charge is 25c, taxes \$2.00; total \$2.25.

Roads are being opened up and we would like everyone who is willing to pay \$5.00 for a road 12 ft. to 16 ft. wide in front of their property, that is for lots 33x124 ft., to write us at once. This amount is the estimated cost for each lot with a frontage of 33 feet. The making of roads will open up the tract so you can camp on same, clear or build—and if you do not clear your lot or build your neighbor may—and the road will increase the value of your property fifty per cent.

The Association have pennants in blue and white on sale at 75c each. Get one and be a booster for WHITE ROCK, where everybody will go sooner or later, for we are determined to make the people see that no other beach in Western Canada can hold a candle to WHITE ROCK—named, and rightly named, the "Brighton of Western Canada."

Yours for health, wealth and pleasure,

WHITE ROCK HEIGHTS IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION  
Per John Manley, Secretary.

Note—Remit by post office order, express order or bank draft. Add exchange to check.



# The Atlantic Royals



## Take the "Royal" Line to Europe Montreal—Bristol

R.M.S.  
ROYAL EDWARD

R.M.S.  
ROYAL GEORGE

A two-days' sheltered sail down the mighty St. Lawrence—days of scenic beauty and historic interest—then but little more than three days on the Atlantic and passengers are whirled by special express trains from Bristol to London in two hours' time.

### SAILINGS

From Montreal	Steamer	From Bristol
Saturday, Aug. 23	Royal George	Saturday, Sept. 6
Saturday, Sept. 6	Royal Edward	Saturday, Sept. 20
Saturday, Sept. 20	Royal George	Saturday, Oct. 4
Saturday, Oct. 4	Royal Edward	Saturday, Oct. 18
Saturday, Oct. 18	Royal George	Saturday, Nov. 1
Saturday, Nov. 1	Royal Edward	Saturday, Nov. 15

For information and tickets apply to any steamship agent or to A. H. DAVIS, General Agent, 254 Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.



# FORT GEORGE

*The Pay Roll City*

offers splendid openings for business men of all kinds

FORT GEORGE HAS BEEN SELECTED AS THE MAIN CONSTRUCTION HEAD-QUARTERS for railways building north, south, east and west through Central British Columbia and the Peace River District.

In addition to being the strategic railway centre of a vast territory, Fort George is at the junction of 1,000 miles of navigable waterways and will be the wholesale jobbing and manufacturing centre.

One million dollars per month cash will be distributed at Fort George to 10,000 construction men.

For business or investment go to Fort George, the Hub of British Columbia.

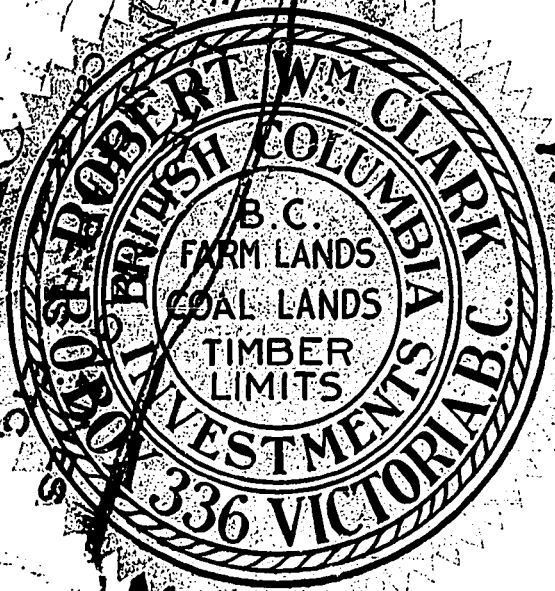


**Natural Resources Security Co. Limited**

*Joint Owners and Sole Agents Fort George Townsite*

624 Vancouver Block

VANCOUVER, B. C.



# I Have For Sale 50,000 Acres of A 1 Land in the **NAAS VALLEY**

which contains the finest stretch of agricultural land in British Columbia, THE PREMIER PROVINCE of Canada.

I have recently sold nearly 100,000 acres to American investors in this beautiful and extremely fertile valley, and this tract I now offer has fully 25 miles of railroad frontage and will be traversed by Mackenzie & Mann's railroad on its way to Ground Hog Coal Fields, thence to Edmonton.

Price of this land is \$10 an acre. And I will either sell en bloc or in 160, 320 and 640 acre parcels.

**TERMS:** \$3 an acre cash, balance one, two and three years at 6%

The Naas farmers will have the best of markets in Prince Rupert, Stewart and Ground Hog Coal Fields and the Prairie Provinces for all the fruit, etc., that can be produced.

Should you be interested, write or wire me for ANY INFORMATION you may require. Naas Valley Lands are SELLING RAPIDLY, and I would recommend quick action.

## Robert William Clark

Mahon Block

P. O. Box 336

VICTORIA, B. C.

REFERENCE: Merchants Bank of Canada, Victoria