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Trouble in Chinatown

By W. R. GORDON

There's trouble down in Chinatown and the Chinks are spitting blue;
The cops have yanked old Tai Kee's bank and all his layout, too.
The fan-tan game and the py-gow frame and the chuck-luck mat all went
In one fell swoop when Sergeant Troop and his "bulls" collected rent.

The games were going with a handsome showing and a noisy, smoky hum,
While thoughts of raids and police parades were far from the yellow scum.
The air was thick as burnt clay brick; the smoke you could cut in chunks,
But the monks were gay in their saffron way as they bet their hard-earned plunks.

A swell young Chink in a jacket pink lounged by the outer door.
His eyes were closed and you'd swear he dozed, but he saw a whole lot more
Than you or I, if we passed by, would take in at a look,
For he was scout for the whole layout and the street was his lesson book.

A cop walked by and the Chink's slant eye read trouble as he passed,
And before another could follow the other that outer door slammed fast.
He pulled a string, and, funny thing, two more banged down the hall,
While in the room the noisy hum had changed to a heathenish bawl.

But the cops were wise; they had used their eyes to size up Tai Kee's joint.
They went at the wall in the dark back hall with an axe and a crowbar point.
In a minute or two they laid plain to view the murky gambling den;
They swarmed inside and the way they tied those Chinks was worth a ten.

Five at a time in a jabbering line, they knotted them queue to queue,
While the "muck-a-hai's" and "mo-bing-kai-tai's" turned the place an indigo blue.
There were forty-odd, too heavy a load for the "Black Maria" van,
So some had to walk for many a block, pig-tailed like a human fan.

Now that is why the big ki-yi is heard in Chinatown.
The row they'll raise will be heard all ways round the streets that they hold down;
But it's all in the game, it's ever the same; they're raided from day to day.
When work is slack the cops fall back on the Chinks for a grandstand play.

ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN, PREMIER OF CANADA

HE RIGHT HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER, G.C.M.G., P.C., FOR FIFTEEN YEARS PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA, WHOSE PARTY WAS DEFEATED AT THE POLLS ON SEPTEMBER 21 LAST

A. S. GOODEVE, OF THE CITY OF ROSSLAND, MEMBER FOR KOOTENAY IN THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT

MARTIN BURRELL, M. P. FOR YALE-CARIBOO, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE IN NEW DOMINION CABINET

G. H. BARNARD, WHO REPRESENTS THE CITY OF VICTORIA IN THE DOMINION PARLIAM

H. H. STEVENS, WHO REPRESENTS THE CITY OF VANCOUVER IN THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT

HON. RICHARD McBRIDE, PREMIER AND LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, WHO DECLINED A PORTFOLIO IN THE DOMINION CABINET

The King's Printer

Life of the Late Lieut.-Col. Wolfenden, for Half-a-century Printer to the King

COLONEL RICHARD WOLFENDEN, for forty-eight years King's Printer at Victoria, died on October 5 at the age of seventy-six years. The story of Colonel Wolfenden's life and the past half-century of British Columbia's history are so closely connected that reference to one must be to the other. His association with the Government printing plant at Victoria dates from its commencement, and its present efficiency is largely due to the skill and faithfulness of the old pioneer.

The progress of a Government is not easily measured. Increase of population does not always mean governmental growth. So far as culture, education and the advance of civilization are concerned, a people may stand still and yet multiply. It takes schools, churches, courts of law, departments of Government, print shops in which progress is marked out step by step, to tell [illegible]ow far along a country has made its w[illegible]n the paths of this century. And the gr[illegible]th of the provincial printing plant in V[illegible]a tells a story of the rapid progress [illegible] British Columbia in a way that is convin[illegible], that marks out every advance toward [illegible]lture, toward increased education, [illegible] now it points, more than any other [illegible]rtment or industry in the Government [illegible] the high level to which British Colum[illegible] has attained.

In [illegible]hird year of the sixties the Governme[illegible]rinting plant at Victoria was established, and began the publication of the British Columbia Gazette. The first Gazette had four pages. It was printed on a Columbia press—American-made—that had been brought over from London by a party of Royal Engineers. Today the Gazette averages more than four hundred pages—with fifty eight-page sections or more—and it is printed on four Miehle presses in one of the most perfectly equipped establishments in North America, where they not only publish the Gazette, but print the various bulletins that have been sent from British Columbia throughout the world—bulletins that set forth the advantages of the province in such a way that they have increased its population ten times since they began to do this work, bulletins that for artistic printing are unequalled anywhere. They speak of progress. They measure the advance of government in British Columbia. The story of this printing plant runs back to 1858; and during the years that have passed since the first printing press started on its way from England to British Columbia the progress of the printers' art in the province has been directed by the brains of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Wolfenden, Imperial Service Order, who was King's Printer for the province, and one of the pioneers of British Columbia and the North Pacific coast. Fifty-three years ago he left the home farm at Rathmell, Yorkshire, England, after being educated

LATE LIEUT.-COL. WOLFENDEN, FOR FORTY-EIGHT YEARS KING'S PRINTER AT VICTORIA

in Westmorland and Lancashire, and joined the Royal Engineers, being one of a party of one hundred and fifty which made an historic voyage around the Horn to British Columbia on the sailing ship "Thames City," which left Gravesend, October 10, 1858, and arrived at Esquimalt, April 12, 1859, after a passage of one hundred and eighty-three days, during which time the Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette and the Cape Horn Chronicle was published on board in manuscript. This paper, which was edited by Second Corporal Charles Sennett, R.E., assisted by Lieut. Palmer, R.E., and read aloud by the commanding officer, Captain H. R. Luard, R.E., each Saturday night after publication, was reprinted in a limited edition by Lieut.-Colonel Wolfenden as a souvenir for distribution amongst the survivors of the members of the detachment of Engineers and their descendants now living in British Columbia. The original manuscript is treasured at the Provincial Government in Victoria. The reprint is a splendid example of the printer's art, and was made a few years ago from the original copy in order that history might not lose its important record of the birth of journalism in British Columbia. The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette was not a conservative paper at all. It threw conservatism to the four winds. It tried to go ahead of its contemporaries. It was the first example of yellow journalism that ever appeared in North America. It was yellow in that it predicted that at some time Burrard Inlet would become the terminus of a transcontinental railroad that would reach across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its editors loved to dream. They did dream. And strangely enough, all their dreams have come true.

When at last the "Thames City" dropped anchor at Esquimalt, its passengers found only a small, eager settlement. The Hudson Bay fort was the centre of interest, standing behind the stockade palisades and guarded gates in the midst of a strong Indian village. At first the Royal Engineers engaged in road-making and surveying, and some of the good roads of the province which are in use on the trunk thoroughfares today speak of the thoroughness of the work of the detachment. Colonel Wolfenden was attached to the headquarters' staff of Colonel Moody, who was in charge of the department. In 1863 he retired from the Royal Engineers and was appointed Queen's Printer for the province of British Columbia.

For nearly half a century he held this post and was prominent to the time of his death in public affairs, especially in militia work. For two years he was a member of the board of school trustees for Victoria, and was one of the first to join the volunteer movement in British Columbia. He became ensign of the New Westminster and Victoria Rifle Volunteers in 1864, and held that post until ten years later the organization was merged into the Canadian militia, in which he continued his service until 1878, when he retired with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and in 1903, in recognition of his services, he was created by His Majesty King Edward a Companion of the Imperial Service Order.

His was a familiar figure in the legislative halls in and out of session during the whole span of the half century. The death of the venerable Colonel Wolfenden, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, is another gap in the fast thinning ranks of the pioneers.

The Speaker was not more regular in attendance at the House than the colonel. Every day at the same hour, never varying five minutes, the colonel strolled down the hall with copies of the bills which were to be introduced that day, giving the newspaper men merely a smile and a kindly word, but never a copy of a bill—not until the House had it.

On days when the members of the press would willingly have vaulted over the railing to the floor of the House or climbed the dome of the capital on a wet day for a glance at a bill before the appointed time when "scoop" possibilities had been exhausted, the colonel had the same kindly word about everything but the bill. Within half an hour after the House rose, the colonel, with the excellent printing establishment over which he presided, had all the proceedings of the day in print.

The history of the Government Printing Office and the British Columbia Gazette, and the history of the Colonel are all one and furnish a romance without parallel in Canada.

The office was established by the Royal

Engineers at The Camp, New Westminster, in 1860, with a small plant brought out from England, consisting of a small hand press and a few cases of type, the late Lieut.-Colonel Wolfenden, I.S.O., V.D. (then corporal), a practical printer, being placed in charge.

The principal work of the office in the beginning was the printing of blank forms and then the publishing of proclamations, reports of explorations by the Royal Engineers, and various other documents. It was soon found that the plant was totally inadequate, and additional material was obtained from San Francisco.

In the latter part of 1862 three other members of the Royal Engineers, the late George Williams, Robert Butler, and the late W. A. Franklin were added to the staff. On the 1st of January, 1863, the first number of the British Columbia Gazette was issued, consisting of four pages of quarto size. Today it consists of four hundred and sixty pages of foolscap size.

On the 26th of October, 1863, Colonel Wolfenden received his appointment as Government Printer from the then Governor, Sir James Douglas, and had charge of the department since its establishment to the time of his death. He served the empire for fifty-one years and the province for forty-eight years. He published the British Columbia Gazette for forty-six years and the proceedings of the legislature for forty years.

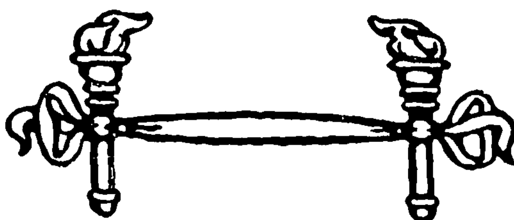
Eight years ago the colonel was awarded the Volunteer Decoration for long service in office, and in 1903 the King, by Royal Warrant, appointed him a Companion of the Imperial Service Order, there being at that time only twelve companionships granted to the Dominion of Canada. Prized above all his other possessions was this letter—his letter of appointment:

B. C. Colonial Office,
26th October, 1863.

Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 21st inst., No. 260, I am desired by the Governor to acquaint you that he proposes to retain Corporals Howse, Wolfenden and Jane in the service of the Government at salaries at the rate of £250 per annum each, and Sapper Lomax at a salary of £200 per annum, when they have been discharged from the corps of Royal Engineers.

Your most obedient servant,
Wm. A. G. Young.

The Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works.



Saskatchewan's Shifting Stage Scenes —and the Actors

By J. H. Grant

WHEN the Great Maker of scenes, scenery and worlds withdrew His creative hand from this western land of ours, it would seem to minds less mighty than the Infinite that He left it unfinished. Scenic beauty and all that is generally inferred from the trite expression "natural resources" appeared most unequally distributed, or, rather, not distributed at all. The Far West had rugged grandeur of mountains, timber unlimited, mineral wealth unguessed, and a prodigality of pure, life-giving water which gushed from all its rocky crevices and rushed down its sun-washed steeps.

A few leagues to the east lay a country apparently a desert in comparison. It was a great naked land—a land of eye-tiring levels and swelling land-seas that rolled themselves from view in monotonous undulations. It was without timber. Its bowels were barren of mineral, and with the exception of one or two large rivers and numerous alkali sloughs, it was arid. Men who were forced to cross this great vista of sage bush and buffalo grass travelled with feverish haste, and once safely across looked back with a shiver. True, some bold spirits, men of vision, worshippers of the Goddess of Freedom; men blessed or cursed, as you will, with wander-thirst, searched out oases in this grassy desert, built their shacks and branded and turned loose their few head of stock. These tiny herds were the nuclei of the great horse and cattle ranches now so quickly passing.

But by and bye a discovery was made. It was found that beneath those leagues of bitter sage and prairie wool lay a soil rich in the elements necessary to the growing of wheat. The world's wheat area was fast becoming inadequate, and wheat the world must have. Then there was an exodus from the older prairie countries, where the land was failing from many croppings. And now this country, once considered a desert, fit for nothing but the buffalo and Indian hunter, and perhaps a few intrepid ranchers, is one of the most—but wait!

That part of the exodus I have mentioned, which had for its promised land the section of Saskatchewan's plain lying between the South Saskatchewan River and Alberta's eastern boundary, commenced some three or four years ago. I was with it. The homestead fever was strong upon me. I had a friend living somewhere in the district just described, and his shack was my intended goal. I reached Gull Lake, a little town on the main line of the C. P. R., and found that my friend lived thirty miles north across a desert of hill and plain, over which there was a dim wagon trail. The livery man of the town said he'd drive me out for twenty-five dollars. I made a spasmodic gesture in the direction of my pocket and walked quickly away. Luckily I happened upon a young fellow who was about to start for his claim with a load of oats. His way led

"THEY TEAR UP THE MILES OF GREEN"

THERE IS AN INDESCRIBABLE "SOMETHING" IN THE PRAIRIE REACHES

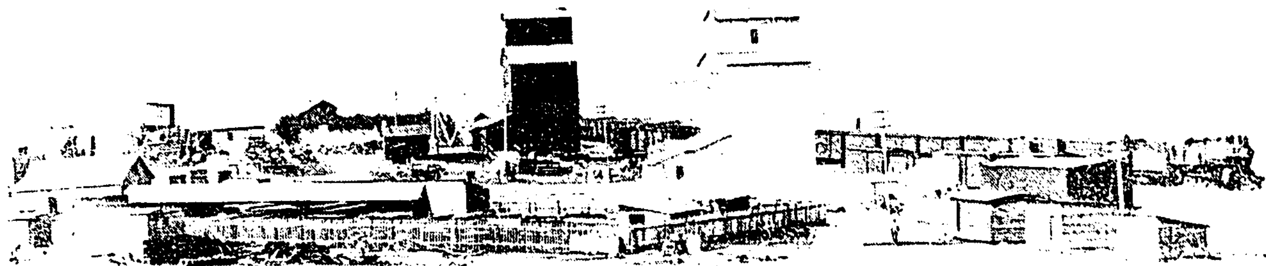
him within two miles of my desired destination. He was glad to give me a ride that he might have company upon the long, lone trip.

We commenced our northward journey in the early morning. It was late October. The air was chill and biting, and the frost screeched beneath the wagon wheels. The trail, like a long, brown serpent, crawled a tortuous course over hills grey and sear and scarred deeply with hundreds of ancient buffalo paths. These paths usually converge toward some waterhole or salt-lick, and where they cross the trail cause the traveller no end of profanity as his wagon wheels drop into the inexorable ruts. Sometimes the road crossed broad frost-browned flats, and sometimes it skirted the margin of alkali sloughs, where roods of sulphates and carbonates gleamed white or sparkled in the pale sun like hoar frost, and gave off an odor like sulphurated hydrogen. Always it beckoned us inexorably, and we followed over long miles that seemed to drag out into leagues.

Of human habitation this great vista of hill and plain was innocent. Even animal life seemed sparse. Field sparrows fluttered from the ruts of the trail, where they crouched to escape the chill wind that swept non-resisting leagues and gathered force from its own untrammeled will. A bunch of ranch horses fed warily in a sheltered coulee, their long unkempt manes fluttering in the stray puffs of wind that reached their retreat. A grey wolf appeared for a moment on a bare hillside, then drifted from view among tumble weed and sage bush. Once a band of antelope, beautiful lithe-bodied, slender-limbed creatures, bounded across the trail and disappeared in a ravine, their short tails one flying streak of white.

It was late evening when I arrived at my friend's shack, and was received with true prairie hospitality. From the oven Charley produced a fine mallard, dressed and fresh-roasted. He placed it on the table and laid a knife and fork and some biscuits of his own make beside it. I was busy during the next half hour, for a thirty-mile drive in Saskatchewan's fall air beats "Burdock's Blood Bitters" as a tonic. Next day, under Charley's guidance, I chose a half section of land three miles distant from his. In due time I got back to the office at Moose Jaw and "filed."

I came to live on my claim the following spring. Often during the long summer evenings I sat before my sod shack and watched its lone shadow lengthen until it faded into nothingness and the stars came out like silent sentinels to patrol the sky. I heard the chirp of night birds in the



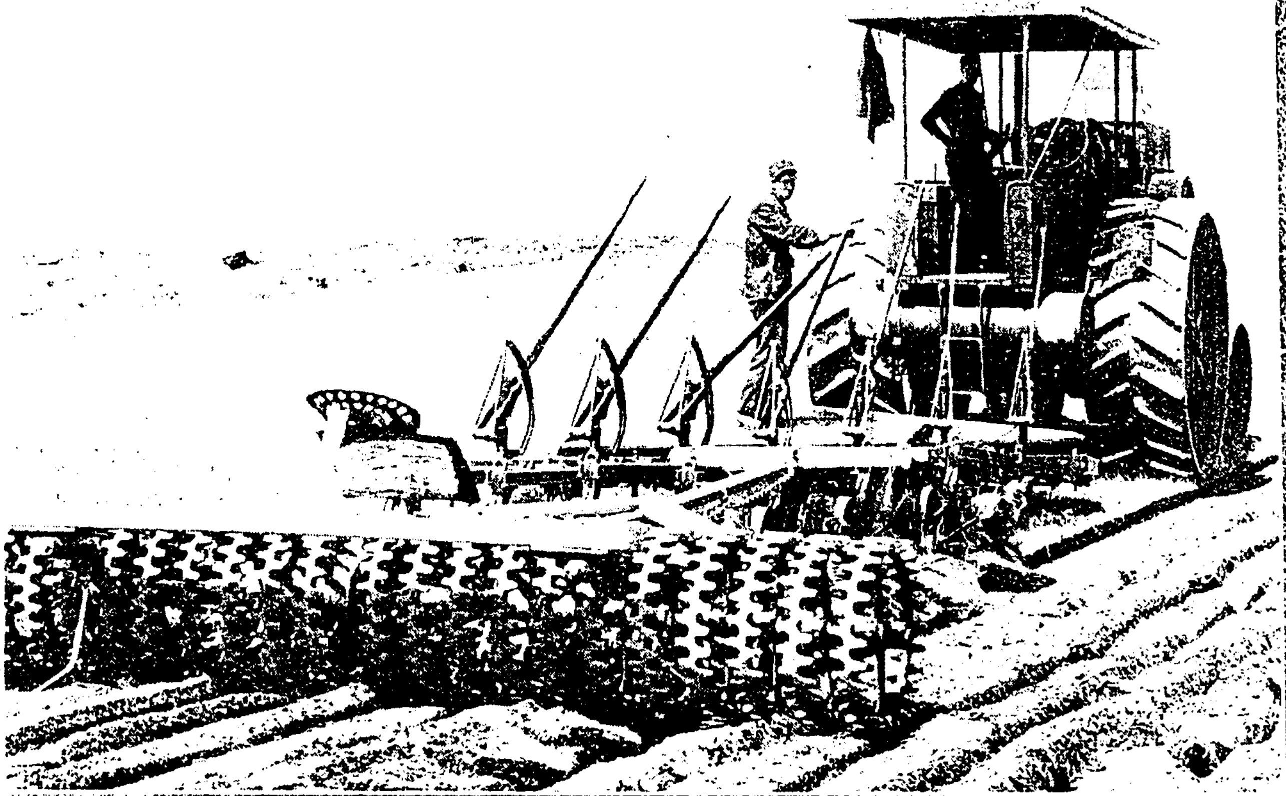
"I FOUND MY FRIEND LIVED THIRTY MILES NORTH"

rustling grass, the neigh of the wild stallion upon some distant plain, the yap-yap of kit foxes, and the high-pitched howl of coyotes. Once a wild cat stabbed the stillness of the night with its fierce inimitable cry, but never did my hearing catch a sound that bespoke human habitation.

Things have changed. The homesteader is in all the land. The evening is pregnant with evidences of farm life; the cackle of hens, the barking of dogs, the lowing of oxen, and the tinkle of cow bells. The early morn sees the patient ox team crawl slowly up the level miles, leaving behind a black thread that grows ever wider. Not to ox teams alone is left the task of getting the virgin prairie ready for the precious wheat crop. Tough, tireless mules and spirited horses aid in the work if the homesteader's pocket permit. Steam, gasoline and oil plow-engines tear up the miles of green ruthlessly. Early and late their humming and chugging disturb the silence so long unbroken, save by Nature's soft sounds. A "Rumley" kerosene plow-engine, owned by a man named Pearce, works throughout the entire summer, turning the sod at the rate of twenty-five acres per day. Imagine how the prairies change!

And the homesteaders themselves! Truly they are as cosmopolitan a crowd as ever rubbed shoulders on a Vancouver street. Here are Canadians. Among them are ex-teachers, doctors, preachers and lawyers, but the majority are hardy, sun-browned, resourceful fellows, many of whom have been "hired men" in the older provinces. There are Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Americans proper and American foreigners. Among the latest mentioned are Norwegians (many of whom make excellent settlers), Swedes, Danes, Germans, Hungarians and Poles. Truly our Government, in its anxiety to people these broad lands, was indiscriminately generous. In one instance only, to my certain knowledge, has this indiscrimination proved disastrous to the country's best interests. Not far from here is a settlement of German Jews, peckfaced, selfish, mean, low-lived, despicable, a blot on an otherwise fair page, a cankerworm in the heart of the community.

Besides the homesteader there are still on the plains some of the ranchers who a few years since held undisputed sway throughout the entire land. But grain fields and herd law are fast crowding them back to untillable tracts and barren mesas. These men have been represented as hostile to the new-come homesteader, but as a rule they are not. It is but natural that they should dislike to see their former stock runs monopolized; yet if a homesteader strays



PLOWING

into a ranch at any time and under any condition he is made welcome. The Western rancher is the soul of hospitality, and the ranch house is a haven of rest and comfort to every traveller of the plain.

To those who have never tried it and who may have read some discouraged quitter's account of it, the life on a prairie homestead will appear one round of drudgery and weary waiting for the title to the land. But we know better. There is something subtle in the air; something indescribable in the prairie's broad reaches that holds one who has dwelt upon it and calls him back if he leave. There is a mighty freedom which permeates everywhere and settles into the soul of man. But it is useless to write thus. Those who are here know already, and those who are not and have not been will not understand. In the fall, after the shacks and stables have been gotten ready for winter, the homesteader plays. Scattered over these plains, at distances apart which vary from twenty to forty miles, are ranges of sand hills where thousands of grouse and prairie chicken hatch and fatten on the rose pips and choke cherries. Here also are lakes vibrant with the cries of waterfowl; the loud quacking of ducks; the gabble of geese; the low-keyed trumpeting of cranes (these are handhill cranes, excellent game birds); and the deep, soft honk of swans. Hither with teams, wagons, fodder, provisions and tents hie groups of homesteaders with a great love for the hunt and an eye to some winter delicacies in the line of fowl. For a week or two they camp, and early morn and late twilight resound with their fusillades. When the hunt is ended the game bags are usually such as would awake dire envy in the heart of the stereotyped sportsman of the short trousers and large ammunition bag. The hunters bundle their effects into as small a space as possible, load their wagons with huge piles of the birch and poplar with which these hills are invariably covered, and take the long trail home, with their precious cargoes of game and firewood.

"BUILDING HIS SHACK"

"A FAMILY OF SQUARE-HEADS"

In the winter the country dance is rife, and the settler who is light of foot or skilled in the "fiddler's" art is kept busy indeed.

Scattered here and there among the shacks on all these plains are homes which are clear springs of culture and refinement in a land apt to be otherwise arid in this respect. One of these is the home of Mr. R. R. Pearce. I have mentioned Mr. Pearce before. He is an Englishman of some means who came here with his wife and their large family of boys three years ago. He and his sons filed on a large area of land almost in a solid block. Then they built a comfortable home. They are hospitable to a fault, and seldom is their long, well-laden board without stranger faces.

Often in the time when work is slack Mr. Pearce presides at the piano, while the drawing-room, which might have been transported intact from the heart of old England, resounds with the lusty voices of visiting homesteaders.

To the youth who has lived always for and among the questionable pleasures of the city, who has never soiled his hands with work, and who is sufficiently fortunate (or unfortunate, if you will) to possess a parent who can afford to "set him up," the life I have here tried to describe will not appeal. But for the young man (and he is in the majority in this Canada of ours) who gets no "setting up," save that which he earns, who is not afraid to hustle, and who has a little spare courage for cases of emergency, a homestead on the northwest prairie is an excellent investment in many ways. For a time he may suffer more or less severely from homesickness. If he has never cooked, his early attempts in the art may be responsible for a few pangs of indigestion, and his oxen may provoke him to some things original and unique in the line of profanity. But over against these evils to far outbalance them he has the freedom of the wild horse on the plains, a depth of color and strength of body unknown to him of pen, ledger and long, weary hours in a gas-lit office, and he is fulfilling conditions that will shortly make him owner of a goodly strip of Canada's most fertile soil.

Shooting Ducks on Sumas Prairie

By Garnett Weston

SUMAS PRAIRIE is only a small part of the Fraser valley, but there are enough ducks on Sumas Lake and hiding in the sloughs running through the prairie grass to make good sport. Since the season opened, hundreds of birds have been carried away in dangling bunches by hunters. All day the guns beat the requiem of the game. In the morning and evening the rattle grows in volume as the ducks wing their way to the lake, or go flocking back in the quiet dusk. The big hills hush the explosions.

There are many ways of approaching the prairie. We chose Chilliwack. The British Columbia Electric carried us from New Westminster through the farm lands of the Fraser valley. Amateur authors have been known to write of "smiling landscapes." If the Fraser valley has any expression at all, surely it is a laughing one. The fields, trees, country roads, rivers—they all chorus into whole-souled laughter, and the great gold sun is a very cheerful companion.

So the cars hummed along under the chins of the mountains. Mount Baker, rock-built, snow-robed and iron-faced, reared itself across the international border. Our eyes climbed up and up to the very summit of its last terrific spike. The car went on into a straight-treed forest extending a mile, perhaps, then through a farming country, and we saw the mountains again.

There were several Englishmen in the car. They were of the kind who get their hunting in Africa, and fishing in the north woods of Eastern Canada. They slake their thirst for the curious in the Orient and maintain their culture by spending an occasional season in London. But their knowledge of British Columbia was that of every tourist who makes the run from the prairies to Vancouver on the Canadian Pacific. They had not left the beaten way before. Now for the first they saw the British Columbia that is hidden away in the hills. "By Jove, Reggie, just look at that valley," said one; "flat as a table, rich as the banks of the Nile, and sheltered by the mountains. Talk about lands flowing with milk and honey!"

Chilliwack "City," as it is called, indicating the spirit of its people, is the last town on the line. It might have been patterned after an Ontario town, so I felt at home immediately. There is nothing to suggest the Western drama we used to read about in the East, entitled "Shooting up the Town," by crazy cow-punchers fresh from the range, with hot money scorching their palms. Chilliwack is building a twenty-five thousand dollar post office, a twenty thousand dollar city hall, a ten thousand dollar hospital. The railway company is spending fifty thousand dollars in constructing greater accommodations. Chilliwack lacks one thing which would be

"WE GATHERED IN OUR GAME"

"THE NUMBER OF OUR BIRDS GREW LARGER"

for its advantage. Its Publicity Department, which might be handled by the Board of Trade, the Council, or even the newspapers, does very little. Chilliwack and its rural districts have the inducements. All that is necessary is to let the outside know about them.

We hired a horse in Chilliwack, and relying on a vast amount of information gleaned from people who "had been before," we drove into the country. Six miles along a pleasant road, through fields where wild pheasants fed, brought us to Sumas church. It is a small place, and it has "Ontario" written all over it. There we stabled our horse and struck off over the prairie with our guns. The grass spread away in level reaches, like a great table. Somewhere on that table were ducks. It was for us to find them.

For two miles we threshed west and south in the long grass. We crossed innumerable sloughs and waterways, but found no ducks. Evening was coming. The sun, glazed by blue mists, wallowed in a bath of clouds. The mountains dropped their shadows on the valley. We crept nearer to the fast dimming lake and waited for the evening flight.

For a time we had been conscious of a murmur far off in the grasses as of people whispering. Something wet struck my hand and a silver bead spattered on the barrel of my gun. The whispering came nearer as the raindrops rustled the grass. I lay on my face watching the lake through the hazy curtain of the rain. The thrill of the hunt was in my heart and it kept me warm.

For an hour we waited in the rain. Then suddenly far out on the lake a black V came towards us like a gigantic arrowhead. It sped shoreward, hugging the water as it came, and flying straight through the driving rain.

From the time when we first sighted it until it was up to us could not have been much over a minute. But, crouching in the grass, fingers shivering on triggers, it seemed an hour. Then at the last they were on us with appalling swiftness. My gun exploded seemingly of its own volition. A black body plunged earthwards. There was a second explosion in my ear almost simultaneously. A second bird thudded into the grass, and then the flock was far in the blue gloom, re-forming, as it flew, its broken ranks. Half a mile behind an orange flame licked wickedly; the sound of

a gun reached us. The formation was again broken by the messengers of death.

We went out and gathered in our game and then turned back across the prairie. Already the mountains had drawn away from us. Behind the great window between the hills flamed a dull red. Before us were other mountains and a hazy prairie prospect.

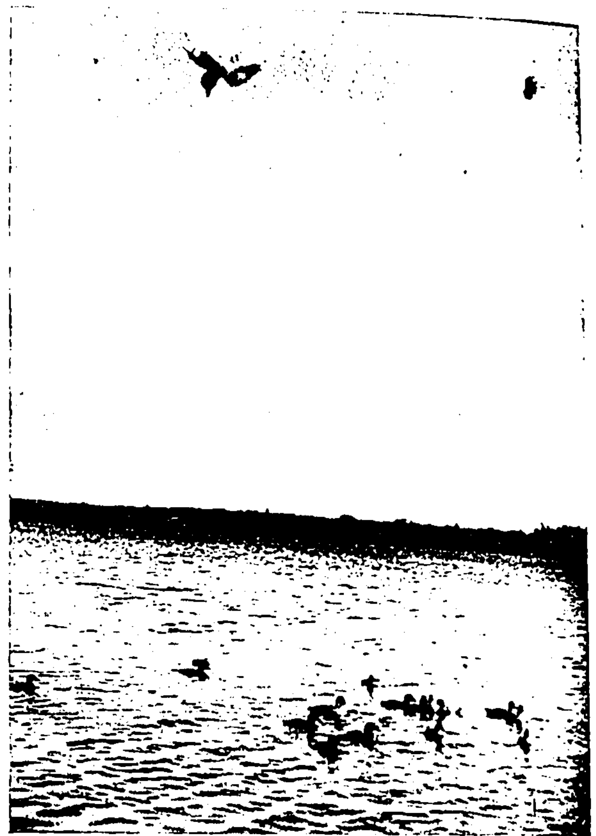
Night was fully come before we were half-way across the grassy valley. In the spring a great part of Sumas prairie is inundated. Even now certain sections are covered to the depth of a foot. We stumbled into one of these flooded areas, and for half an hour every step was knee deep in water. The little church loomed like a grey ghost. The horse whinnied eagerly.

We were a week in Chilliwack. Each morning, before even the promise of day was thrown on the great screen over the east hills, we drove through the empty streets into the country to Sumas prairie. Every evening we lay in the dripping grass and watched the rain-whipped lake, while the sun looked through the bars of clouds with a wet good-night. When the flocks went over we took toll of them, and the number of our birds grew larger. When it rains or the air is heavy the ducks fly low, hugging the grass. When the day is bright they climb far above gun range. So it was that we prayed for rain and our prayers were answered.

Pheasant-shooting in Chilliwack valley is good. On one trip out to the prairie we had opportunity to make at least a dozen bags. Unfortunately it was still the closed season, and so we were forced to stand idle while the whole flock rose over the trees with a thunder of wings. We promised ourselves royal sport when the season should open on the fifteenth of October.

We shot over the prairie for a week, and in that time we killed sixty-five ducks. Other parties made kills ranging in numbers from twenty-five to a hundred for an equal length of time. We heard of a man who caught a five-pound trout in the Vedder River. The big trout was only one of a long string of fish taken from the same stream. Deer are frequently shot in the forests on the mountain slopes.

We shot our last duck on Sumas prairie one grey night while the rain whispered in the grass and the wind flowed over the lake towards the west. There the sun glared through the sullen clouds, and sent color harmonies of wonderful hues streaming over the hills.



THERE ARE ENOUGH TO MAKE GOOD SPORT

The railway journey from New Westminster to Chilliwack is worth making. You should sit on one side going up and on the other coming back. Even at that you get only a moving picture view through the glass aperture at your side. The real fertility of the earth is evident, however, to even a casual observer.

Chilliwack city was whisked out of sight in a moment, and for three hours pastoral views whirled by like pictures. There were forests and streams that spoke in some subtle way of the presence of game and fish. There were towns, villages and wayside stations, all evidencing healthy activity. We passed many sawmills, where the steel teeth bit their way into the great logs and piled up huge banks of tawny dust. The magazines we had taken to occupy our time fell through the cracks in the seats and lay unheeded on the floor. Outside the car was a living film of wonderful scenery. Westminster and the end came too soon. Reluctantly we realized that we were home again with our guns and string of ducks. In the Sumas prairie grass lay scores of empty shells, mute witnesses of the hunters' presence in that pleasant land.

Hagwelget

By Wilfrid Playfair

SINCE the days of the so-called "Kispiox Raid," the Indians in the Hazelton district have been on the "bad" list in popular imagination. A hard-working newspaper correspondent has from time to time resurrected the old lie about the northern Indians preparing for the warpath, and, curiously enough, has found some to believe the tale. There is little need for trepidation, however, for the northern Siwash is tame and growing tamer. As the interior country is developed by the white man, the red man rapidly deteriorates. He is no longer dangerous, merely pathetic.

The Hazelton Indian is still, for all that, a much more heroic figure than the brand of aborigines we see about Vancouver. The Indians on the Hazelton reserve are, of course, as nearly civilized as Siwashes can well become, but a surprisingly short distance away you can still find villages where the ancient customs and habits flourish as they did before the white man was heard of. Up the Kispiox River are found such villages.

The "Kispiox Raid"—while it is true history, it pales into insignificance beside the fictitious accounts that appeared in the press a year ago—was a really interesting affair. The Indians of that district knew very little about the white people. They thought that the entire white race consisted of a few specimens they had seen at Hazelton. Naturally enough they resented the encroachments of this numerically small tribe on their private domain, and they actually decided to chase the white man out. Not being particularly warlike, they began the chasing operation by stealing the white man's goods. Blankets mysteriously disappeared, grub caches were rifled of their contents, and other such acts of degradation committed. By and bye the Indians grew a little bolder. Shots began to be fired from mysterious hiding places at stray white men. The matter culminated in midwinter a year ago, when some Government stores at the village of Kispiox were stolen.

The white colony decided to make an example of the culprits at once. The word

INDIAN KLOOTCH CARRYING PACK

INDIAN VILLAGE WITH TOTEM POLES

was passed around at Hazelton and in the nearby construction camps that a raid would be made on Kispiox. The news came to one of Duncan Ross' camps, where two Kispiox Indians were employed. The Indians got wise and became uneasy. They were promptly tied up and left prisoners in the camp, while twenty men armed with rifles set out for Kispiox. This contingent was joined by others, and it was a small army that snowshoed into the Indian village in the small hours of the morn-

HAGWELGET

BRIDGE CONSTRUCTED WITH WIRE STOLEN FROM THE ABANDONED COLLINS TELEGRAPH LINE

ing and demanded that the thieves be produced. A missionary was routed out of his bed and he showed the houses where the men required lived. A square was formed outside, and each captive as he was secured was turned loose in the square; then the march back to Hazelton began.

No more efficient method of quelling Indian outbreaks could have been devised. A couple of the Siwashes were, after trial, sentenced to terms of imprisonment. They journeyed down to the coast, saw that Vancouver was teeming with white men, that their own tribe was very insignificant when compared with the invading race, and went home eager to be good and to keep the rest of the tribe good; and so ended the Kispiox Raid.

The most interesting village in the Hazelton district remains the village of Hagwelget, perched on a rocky cliff overlooking the Bulkley River, about three miles east of Hazelton. Curiously enough, the Bulkley River is the dividing point between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Indians. From Ashcroft to the Bulkley all along the trail the Indians are Roman Catholics; west of the Bulkley the Indians are all Church of England.

NATIVE FISH TRAP

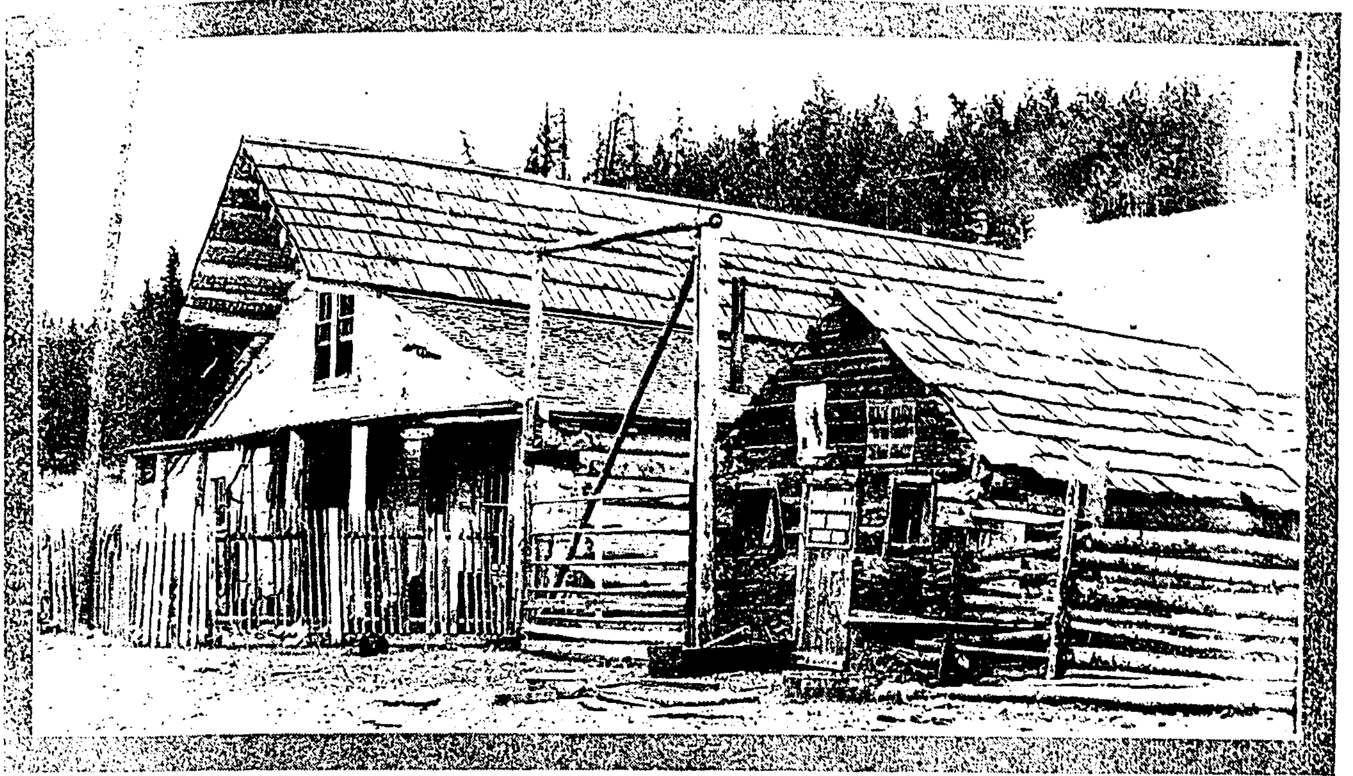
DRYING SALMON FROM THE RAFTERS

Methodist and Salvation Army. Hagwelget is the outpost of Catholicism in the north. The village itself has a very prosperous appearance. It contains about fifty houses, neatly built of logs, and a very fine church of the same type that one sees so frequently in French-Canadian villages beside the St. Lawrence. Outside the church on the ground is a large bell presented to Father Cocolla by the congregation in England. Father Cocolla is the missionary who presides over this district.

The Hagwelget Indians live mostly by fishing. At the base of the cliff on which they dwell the Bulkley flows through a narrow canyon with a considerable drop. Clinging to the rocks on either side of the canyon are primitive fish traps constructed of wicker and also wooden stages on which the fisherman stands to gaff the salmon as they attempt to leap up the falls. Spearing seems to be unknown here, the Indians using instead a long pole with a hook on the end. They shove the pole down into the boiling rapids and feel about with it until they touch a fish. Then a sudden upward jerk impales the salmon on the hook and he is hauled up. The white man would starve to death gaffing salmon, but an Indian gets one every try.

The Bulkley is one of the main tributaries of the Skeena, and the salmon come up here in great numbers each season. It is an easy mode of livelihood for the Hagwelget folk. On a little flat beside the river, perhaps two hundred feet below the level of the village, they have built a row of smoke-houses for curing the fish, and here we saw thousands upon thousands of salmon drying above fires. The stench was overpowering, but it does not seem to bother the squaws and children who attend to the work. As a rule, an Indian village at fishing time can be scented at least a mile away.

There are a few gardens at Hagwelget, but the Indian is not much of a farmer. He puts in his potatoes every spring after more or less carelessly scratching the ground, and then he leaves them to wrestle the season through with what weeds care to strike up. In the fall he digs his potatoes and is thankful, as he deserves to be, for what he gets.



NATIVE HOUSE AND BLACKSMITH SHOP

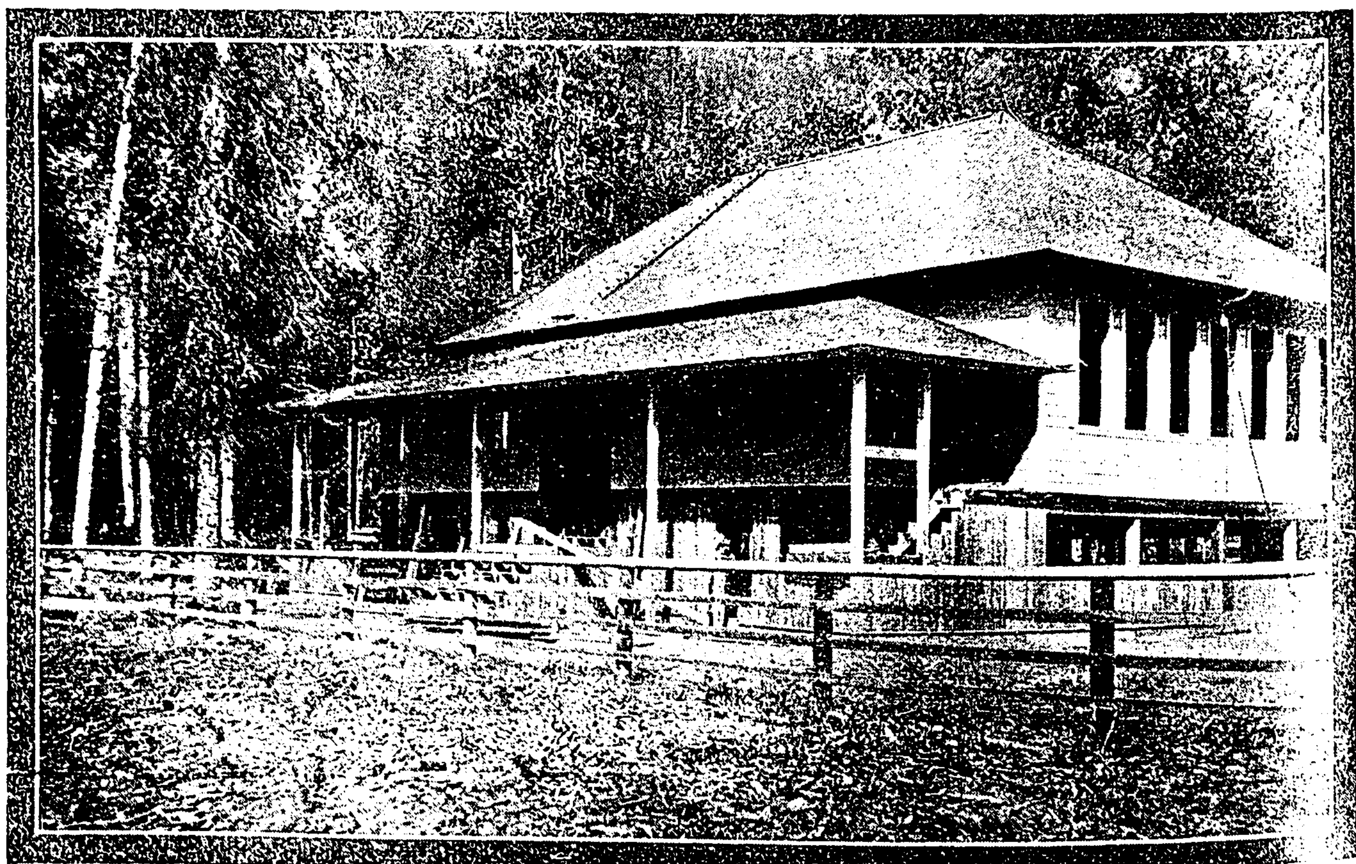
When Hazelton is grown to be a large city—as with the numerous mineral resources about it, it assuredly must—Hagwelget will be one of the chief attractions for tourists in the country. Its outstanding feature from this point of view is a very ingenious bridge over the canyon referred to above, constructed many years ago by the natives. Making use of the wire from the old Collins overland telegraph line, abandoned a generation ago, these ingenious bridge builders threw a very strong and stable structure across the river, the wire taking the place of cables. The bridge was originally a clever mixture of a cantilever and suspension types, but the middle span has dropped away, and now it is more of a suspension bridge than before. While a rickety-looking structure, the bridge is very strong and does not tremble when you cross it. Undoubtedly some day the site of this will be used for a high-level bridge over the Bulkley, this fact also being a tribute to the engineering abilities of the Hagwelget Indians.

"The Butte of British Columbia"

By Alfred Hustwick

IT is a fact, which anyone conversant with the history of mining on this continent will admit, that the development of a big low-grade mineral area is of more permanent value to the country at large than the exploitation of the occasional high-grade bonanza. The dream of the prospector is one that is seldom realized—a mountain of wealth which he has but to discover to rival Rockefeller. For him the low-grade proposition has but a mild attraction, because its development can only be accomplished by a large expenditure of money, and money is not by any means plentiful with the average free-lance prospector. Packing his grub-stake over the lonely wastes, through the inhospitable bush or in the fertile lands which the settler has not yet marred, the man with the pick has been led by the lure of the lode to all manner of good and ill fortune. He has died beyond the frontiers of civilization, in solitude and silence. He has stumbled back to his fellow-men with the haunting memory of many horrors playing strange tricks with his mind. He has lived in comfort in the good lands, and suffered pitifully in the bad lands. Seldom has he seen his heart's desire realized.

But occasionally he has found a reef of wondrously rich ore, and at his shout of triumph the world has turned on him a respectful eye; cities have sprung up overnight about the ashes of his camp fires; and from the four quarters of the world the fortune-hunters have streamed to them. Of such cities only a few remain as heavy dots upon the map, while many have dwindled to mere hamlets as their prospects petered out, and the vast majority have passed into the misty romance of mining. It has been estimated that nearly as many fortunes have been



PUBLIC SCHOOL AT STEWART, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION

PORTLAND CANAL MINING COMPANY'S CONCENTRATOR, FOUR MILES FROM STEWART, B.C.

dissipated in the exploitation of high-grade ore discoveries as have been made, and certainly the individuals who have benefited in the great gamble for gold which has always followed the discovery of a Klondike or a gold field have been far less in number than those who have lost. In nearly every case of low-grade discoveries, however, the facts have been reversed. Speculation in the stock of companies mining ores which pay only a few dollars profit to the ton has seldom reached a stage of frenzy; prospecting on such ore bodies has been largely confined to professionals; and the big low-grade camps which have justified expectations have eventually become industrial centres employing large armies of workers and producing and earning revenue with the same regularity as a manufacturing community. Such camps as that which has built the city of Butte, Montana, have always been of greater good to the greater number than the Rawhides, Tonopahs, Rhyolites and Carson cities of mining fame.

The writer has selected Butte as an example of a big commercial low-grade camp because in the diversified character of its ore bodies and in the industrial character of its mining operations it most nearly resembles the Portland Canal district which during the present year has been proved to possess some of the most extensive, if not the most extensive, areas of gold-silver-lead-copper ores in British Columbia.

Like all mining districts, Portland Canal has had its little "boom"—can anything escape the attention of the modern imaginative newspaper man?—but the excitement which followed the publication of stories concerning fabulous mountains of gold in the Bear River Valley, a little over a year ago, was speedily subdued. Mining experts, transportation companies and

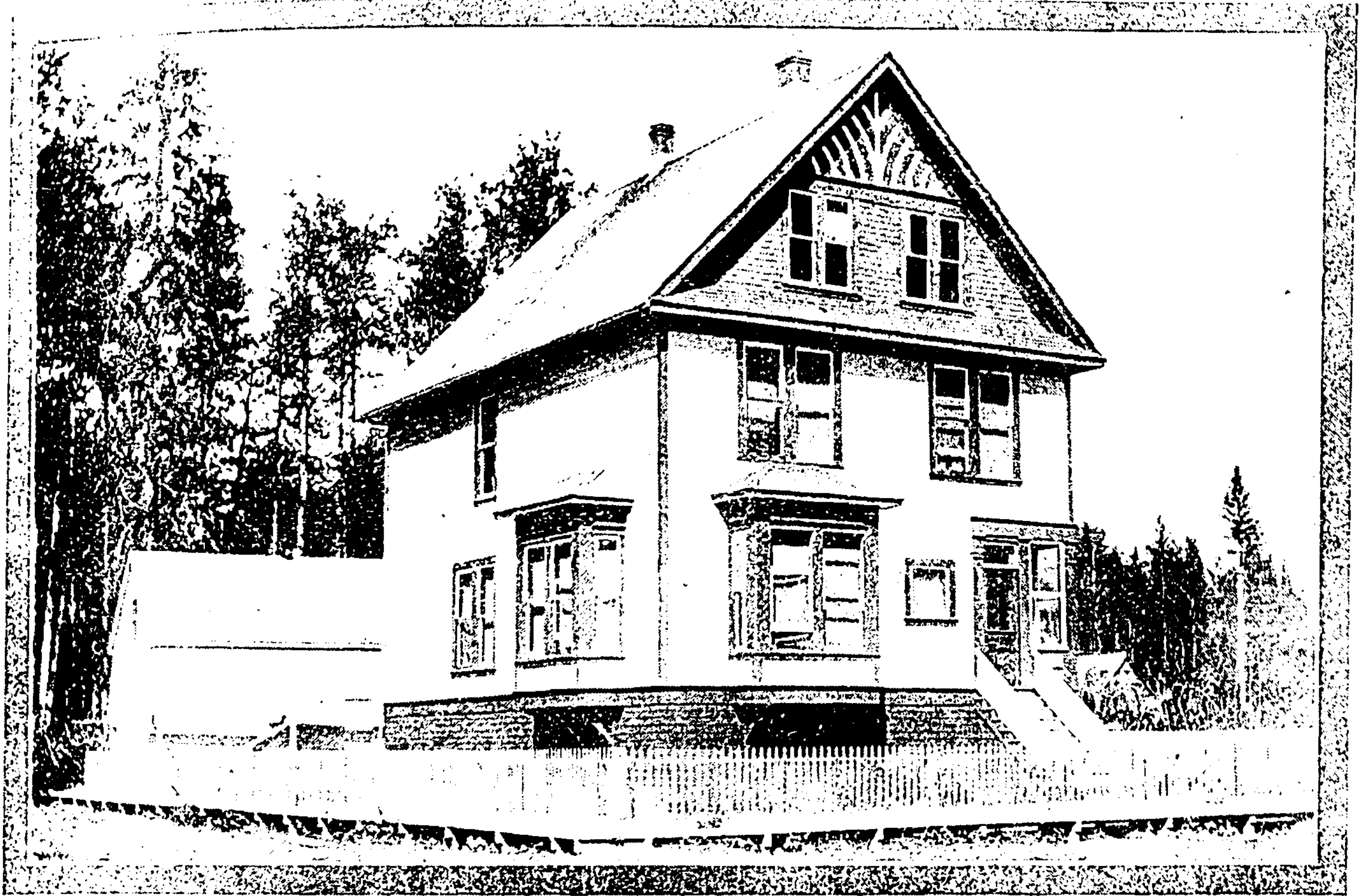
DAY CREW OF STEWART MINING AND DEVELOPMENT CO.

PICNIC GROUP COMPOSED OF THE WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF SOME OF STEWART'S LEADING CITIZENS

others interested in the district combined in preventing a rush of amateur prospectors, declaring the district to be no camp for a poor man, but a big low-grade proposition offering splendid inducements to capital. At that time the district was hardly more than a good prospect, although thousands of dollars were being expended in development work, and government mineralogists had reported on it in favorable, if conservative language. Not until the present summer was it absolutely proved that the district contains immense bodies of ore capable of supporting a huge mining industry.

At the present time the famous Portland Canal mine is shipping at the rate of 150 tons of concentrates weekly; the Red Cliff mine is shipping 150 tons of ore a day, and the Stewart mine has been developed so far that it is to be placed on a shipping basis immediately. Development work has been in progress during the past summer on about a score of other properties, and in nearly every case the results have exceeded anticipations. Particularly is this the case with those claims on the wonderful lead of ore, four miles in length, which stretches between Sir Donald Mann's mine, the Jumbo, and the Stewart mine. For its entire length this lead has been developed to such an extent that the ore in sight will insure mining for many years. On this lead are situated the Stewart, Portland Canal, O.K., Fraction, Jumbo and Glacier Creek properties, and a comparison of results obtained on all of these shows that the ore values in gold, silver and lead are practically the same throughout. This is considered by experts to prove the existence of deep and valuable ore bodies along the whole lead of 4 miles. In the Red Cliff mine at American Creek, which

LEDGE OF HIGH SILVER ORE, AMERICAN CREEK



RESIDENCE OF R. M. STEWART, PRESIDENT STEWART LAND CO., AT STEWART, B. C.

joined the ranks of the shipping mines just a few weeks ago, the quality and quantities of the copper and gold ore mined have been so satisfactory that the company is understood to be planning a large smelter, which will probably be erected next year. The announcement that the Granby Mining Company, which has acquired the Hidden Creek properties at Goose Bay, on Observatory Inlet, is preparing to erect a large smelter at that place, has been greeted with satisfaction by Portland Canal mining men, as the proximity of Goose Bay to the Bear River Valley mines will allow of ore being smelted at this new smelter much more conveniently and cheaper than at the lower mainland and Tyee plants.

An interesting feature of the summer's developments in the Portland Canal mining division, which has received very little attention in the newspapers, is the discovery of rich ore at the head of the Salmon River. A glance at the map shows that the scene of these discoveries is on the Canadian side of the boundary line, although as the Salmon River runs through Alaska for the greater part of its length, and the headwaters are separated from the Bear River Valley by impassable mountains, whatever ore is taken out will have to be brought down to the mouth of the river in bond. A road from Stewart, the hub of Portland Canal mining, to the mouth of the river, which is a few miles from the city down the canal, is already contemplated, so that the development of the newly discovered claims can be effected without difficulty. Some of the claims staked have very fine surface showings. On one of them samples of ore assayed nearly $1,300 to the ton, and the property has already been bonded for $150,000, a large cash payment being made to the men who staked it. While it is too early to predict the outcome of the summer's discoveries on Salmon River, it is reasonable to expect that the success of the Bear River Valley properties will be duplicated there.

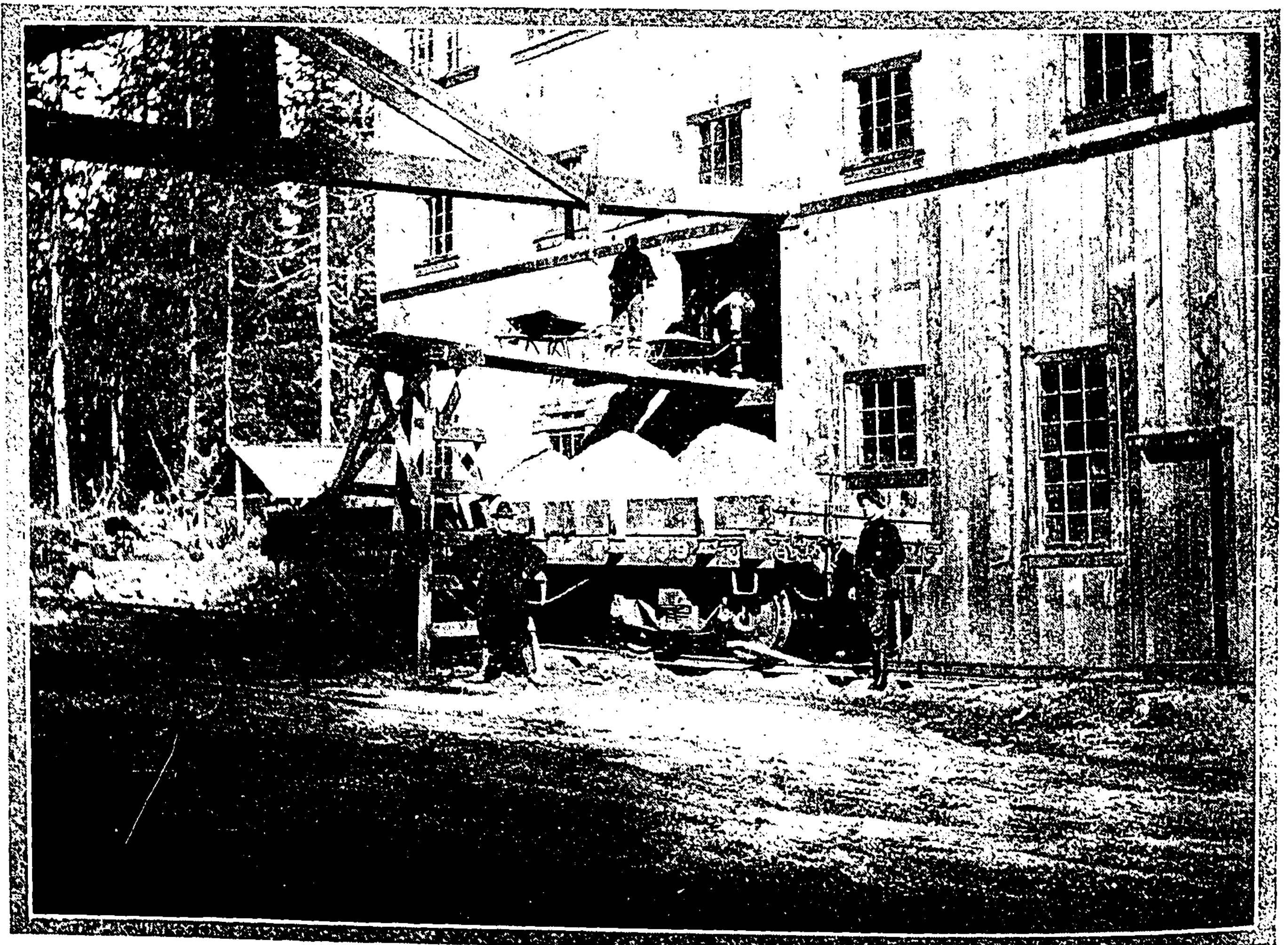
The writer has just returned from a visit to the north of the province, during which he was able to study the situation in the Portland Canal district at close quarters. Even to one possessing only a slight knowledge of mining, the importance of the properties near the city of Stewart becomes apparent upon examination. When one considers that the Bear River Valley is traversed by a railroad which connects the mines with Stewart (the thriving port at the head of the Portland Canal through which access is gained to the northern half of British Columbia), the unique position of the district is at once understood. At this point only in their entire length are

the Coast Mountains bisected by an arm of the sea, so that their immense store of minerals is placed within reach of the world-wide transportation facilities which the ocean alone provides.

In comparison with Butte the Portland Canal district may gain little so far as the extent of its ore areas are concerned, but in the importance and convenience of its situation the latter place not only surpasses the big Montana camp, but stands apart from all rivals. The value of a low-grade ore mine depends almost solely upon its closeness to rail or tidewater, and for this reason alone the development of the Butte of British Columbia must soon reach a stage where, in the value of its products and the number of men it employs, it will be a great asset of the province. That this opinion is not held alone by a few optimists is shown by the fact that in the last two or three years fully three million dollars have been invested in the city of Stewart and the tributary district.

As an evidence of his faith in the future of the Portland Canal, Sir Donald Mann has built the Canadian Northeastern Railway, 15 miles in length, and destined to be the Pacific end of a great transcontinental system, at a cost of one million dollars. The Portland Canal Mining and Red Cliff Mining Companies have each spent in the neighborhood of half a million dollars on their properties; the Provincial and Dominion governments have spent between them over one hundred thousand dollars for roads, bridges, trails, telegraph lines, schools and docks; at least another half-million has been expended in the development of various mining properties outside of those mentioned, and a quarter of a million has been invested in real estate, business enterprises and public utilities in the city of Stewart.

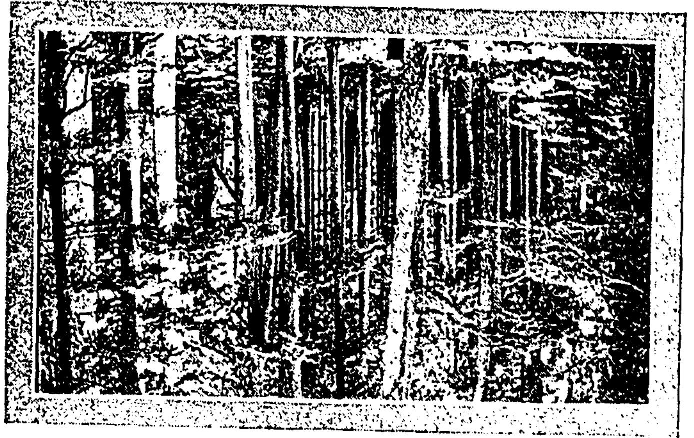
In view of the facts that the district was almost unknown until about five years ago, and that actual development work has only been in progress for a little over four years. the growth of Stewart has been little short of phenomenal. It must be remembered, however, that the city, while it has prospered at its inception almost solely because of the great mineral wealth which lies in close proximity to it, has attracted the



THE LINES OF THE CANADIAN NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY OFFER SPLENDID SHIPPING FACILITIES

attention of far-seeing men for many other, and even more important, reasons. Among those who have studied the conditions existent in the central and northern parts of British Columbia the belief is generally held that the head of the Portland Canal will shortly be connected with Edmonton by rail, and eventually will become the Pacific terminus of a transcontinental system. When that day comes Stewart will be the port of ingress and egress for the immense Naas and Peace River Valleys and of the other great areas of fertile land which are now being opened up throughout the centre of the province, and will also be the nearest deep-water outlet for the wheat fields of Alberta.

Much land has been acquired by investors in Stewart to be held until that time, but in the meantime the city is dependent almost solely upon the mining industry behind it. The fact that it is prospering mightily can indicate only one thing —that the Butte of British Columbia is rapidly taking its place among the big low-grade ore camps of the continent. The time is rapidly approaching when the mines will employ a thousand men for every hundred at present working in them, and those people who have invested both money and faith in the bigger mines and in the city of Stewart can, in the opinion of the writer, look forward to the future with equanimity.



SHOWING ABUNDANCE OF TIMBER FOR ALL PURPOSES IN BEAR RIVER VALLEY

Voices in the City

By E. W. OSBORN

(*From "Everybody's Magazine"*)

I listened to the city's harsh complaint
Of evils in high place; of moneyed taint
That marred her fair renown; of works half done
In duty's scorn; of crime at set of sun
That added darkness to the nightly shade.
And then—I heard a mother laughing with her child
 that played.

But soon the city's voice to boasting turned,
And revels rose where myriad white lights burned.
The hours were brief that late seemed dol'rous long,
The wine ran sparkling, and with jest and song
The gay throng whirled. But keen above the tide
Of joy, I heard—a mother crying for her babe that died.

A Father for the Baby

By Norman Duncan

LITTLE Pattie Batch, of Thirty Drinks, in the lumber woods, had from the very beginning intended never to be married; but with the advent of the baby—shortly thereafter, to be precise—she had changed her mind. It was not often that the positive little creature was disposed to weakness of this description; but she had all at once gone round about the matter—with something of a jerk, indeed, and in surprise, like a robin turning its head—and she had now *fin'ly* decided. At first, however, when the baby was quite new, conceiving herself then to have been made altogether independent of a Mr. Pattie Batch by this amazing stroke of good luck, her ancient resolve against matrimony had grown all of a sudden fixed and gigantic. "Why," thinks she, in gleeful illumination, and as though shaking a defiant little fist in the face of the whole masculine world, "I—I—I don't *have* t', do I? Ain't I *got* one?" All very well; but presently the baby—well, of course, as everybody knows, a baby is everywhere a fashioning power. One can never tell what extraordinary changes a baby will work without so much as a word or a wink or a by-your-leave. And this baby—Pattie Batch's baby—began at once to revolutionize the adoring universe of Pattie Batch's little cabin at the edge of the big woods.

It was not Pattie Batch's very own baby; nor, of course, was it the Rev. John Fairmeadow's baby: it was nobody's baby at all, indeed, in so far as the bedraggled lumber town of Thirty Drinks was aware. It was a foundling child, the gift of a winter's gale, brought to Pattie Batch, in case of her desolation and in advancement of its own fortunes, by John Fairmeadow, the young minister to those unrighteous woods, to whom it had mysteriously been bequeathed by a Shadow, now vanished, and never seen again. John Fairmeadow had found it on his doorstep; and he had known—without a second thought—exactly whom to give it to. The baby must go to Pattie Batch. A welcome gift, to be sure, with Gray Billy Batch lost in the Rattle Water rapids in the drive of that year, and his tender daughter, left abandoned by his death, living alone and disconsolate in the log cabin at the edge of the big, black woods. Moreover, Pattie Batch had with her whole heart always wanted a baby; and now that she *had* a baby—a baby to polish, at the appointed intervals, from the crown of his head to the very most cunning of all created toes—a suitable and amazing infant in every respect—she was content with all the gifts of fortune.

When next morning, after the baby's astonishing arrival in the arms of John Fairmeadow, Pattie Batch bent in a glow of motherly adoration over the morsel in the basket—

"By ginger!" thinks she, "I'd jutht like t' thee the *Prethident o' the United Thtateth* athk *me* t' marry him."

The baby, of course, chuckled his approbation, whereupon Pattie Batch ferociously declared:

"I'd thquelch him!"

What of the untoward—and in what overwhelming measure—might instantly have happened to the poor gentleman, in the event of a declaration so presumptuous, heaven knows! An indication of the sorrowful catastrophe, however, in which a similar temerity would surely have involved the bold gentlemen of Thirty Drinks and Elegant Corners, was conveyed in Pattie Batch's mounting flush, in the flash of her scornful grey eyes, in her attitude of indignation, in her rosy little fists, and, most of all, perhaps, in the saucy but infinitely bewitching tilt of her dimpled chin. She would not at that moment have indulged the choicest flower of those parts—not with a perfectly satisfactory baby already in her possession.

Pattie Batch, having declared her loyalty to the baby, kissed his round cheek so softly that it might very well have been the caress of a dewdrop; and then she lifted him from the basket and let him lie on her breast, where he just exactly fitted.

And—

"Huh!" she snorted, "I reckon *I'm* not athkin' no odds o' nobody."

Kings and emperors included!

Subsequently, however, motherly little Patience Batch, forever on the lookout for menacing circumstances, had all of a sudden discovered a lack in the baby's life. The need, indeed, was a swift and poignant revelation, and bitter, too, to the mother-taste; and, like the untoward, it remained thereafter in Pattie Batch's memory fixed in its scene. Pattie Batch recalls to this day that the sun was warmly shining, that a little breeze flowed over the pines and splashed into Gray Billy Batch's lazy clearing, where it rippled the fragrant grasses, and that the twitter and amorous call of spring were in the soft wind. It was Sunday: an interval of rest from the wash-wash-washing for the Bottle River camps in behalf of the baby's education. Pattie Batch had polished the baby —she had soaked, swabbed, scrubbed and scraped the baby until the delicious morsel shone to a point of radiancy that might fairly have blinded the unaccustomed beholder; and the Blessed One, with that patience with love which distinguished and endeared it, had done nothing but smile, in bored toleration of all this motherly foolishness, from the moment of first unbuttoning to the happy time of buttoning up again.

Pattie Batch had the baby, now, in a sunlit patch of wild flowers at the edge of the woods, past which presently came the lumber-jacks from the Bottle River camps, drifting from the dim forest trail to the clearing of Thirty Drinks for Sunday diversion. She heard laughter going by. It was no clean, boyish glee: it was a blasphemous outburst—by which, however, bred at Thirty Drinks, Pattie Batch would not have been greatly disturbed, had not the baby, catching ear of it, too, crowed in response.

It was the answering call—Pattie Batch fancied in a flash—of man to man.

"What you laughin' at?" she demanded.

The baby chuckled.

"Thtop it!" said Pattie Batch, severely.

By now the laughter of the men had gone down the trail; but the baby was still chuckling, with a little ear cocked for the vanishing hilarity.

"What you laughin' at?" Pattie whispered.

The baby stared in amused bewilderment.

"Thtop it!" Pattie commanded, scowling in a rage of fear. She caught the baby's dimpled hand—a rough grasp. "Don't laugh like *that!*" she pleaded.

The baby laughed again.

"Thtop it!" screamed Pattie Batch.

Of course, the baby was infinitely astonished, and puckered his lips, in protest that, whatever it was, *he* couldn't help it; and he would next instant have surprised the woods—his mouth was opening wide—had not the motherly little thing snatched him to herself.

"Never mind!" she crooned, contritely; "oh, never mind—never mind!"

Now, her heart in a flutter, Pattie Batch tried to interpret its agitation in definite terms; and presently she understood that the baby was a departing guest. It was the inevitable revelation. For a moment she stood at bay against the law of growth and change, amazed, pale, her rosy fists clenched, her sweet red lips tight shut, her grey eyes pools of resentful fire. Love is no trifling, nor any free delight; it costs to love, and there is no easing of the obligation; but there abides in love the seed of its own salvation. Pattie Batch cried a trifle. It would malign her motherly heart to protest that she did nothing of the sort. But at least she had the decency to turn her face away from the baby—who had nothing to do, of course, with the law of growth and was innocent of blame—and to manage a wry and glistening smile when she turned about again. She picked the baby up then from his bed and throne of flowers, and hugged him tight, and kissed him until he squirmed; whereupon she set him away, and stood off regarding him in awe and wilful accusation—and at once began to cry again, her heart yielding against her will.

John Fairmeadow had been a Bowery

drunkard in his time: a gentleman—and a young one—fallen to those depths. Perhaps that accounted for his presence at Thirty Drinks; at any rate, it accounted for his humility in the presence of little Pattie Batch, whom he had fallen into the way of loving. This was unfortunate, of course; for one cannot have been a Bowery outcast and fairly lift the eyes of love to the like of little Pattie Batch. But the Rev. John Fairmeadow was no longer a Bowery outcast. He, was now a strapping, rosy, bubbling young fellow with a mighty zeal in behalf of a clean world; and he was, in the days of this stressful time, engaged with a broom of lusty faith upon the accumulations at Thirty Drinks and all the shanty towns of his big, green parish. It promised to be, he sometimes fancied, a permanent employment; but every morning, with a soul refreshed, he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, seized his broom, and turned to once more, with a smile and a hearty will, his zeal not in the least discouraged by the magnitude of his task. He was a fine figure of a man, body and soul: he was known to Thirty Drinks as a man—a jolly, pugnacious, sensitive, prayerful fellow, with a pure purpose in the world and a fixed determination to achieve it. He had twinkling grey eyes, broad shoulders, a solid jaw, a straight back, and a tender voice. It was not, however, with these charms, nor with those which have been omitted from this catalogue, that he impressed a better way upon his remote and rebellious parishioners; it was rather with a masterful intention, amazing devotion, a pair of dependable fists, good fellowship, and generosity unfailing and just. A worthy fellow, indeed, from his soft utterance in prayer to his roar of laughter in the glow of the bunk-house fires!

Turning now from the Bottle River trail—he was bound out to the camps for Sunday preaching—he came upon Pattie Batch in tears at the edge of the woods. "Why, why, why!" he exclaimed, aghast; "what's all this, child?"

"Nothin'," said Pattie Batch.

"Nothing!" John Fairmeadow protested.

"Well," Pattie Batch drawled, with a snuffle, "I'm jutht cryin' a li'l' bit."

"I should think you were," said John Fairmeadow. "There's a tear on the tip of your nose. But *why?*"

"Nothin'," Pattie Batch replied, indifferently.

"Nonsense!" John Fairmeadow declared.

"Nothin' *much,*" said Pattie Batch.

John Fairmeadow inquiringly lifted Pattie Batch's hand—whereupon Pattie Batch looked shyly away without very well knowing why—and demanded an explanation.

"It'th the baby," Pattie Batch admitted.

"Preposterous!" said John Fairmeadow, in disgust; "the baby isn't old enough to hurt *anybody's* feelings."

"The baby," Pattie Batch sighed, "hath got t' grow up."

"Glad of it!" cried John Fairmeadow. "I'm delighted!"

"Ithn't goin' t' *be* no baby no more!"

"Of course not!" said John Fairmeadow. "Have you nothing better to do than cry over that?"

Pattie Batch said:

"Nope."

For the life of him, John Fairmeadow could discover no cause of grief in this fine prospect of growth. "Good heavens!" said he, "why shouldn't the baby grow up? Hasn't he the right to grow up if he wants to?"

Pattie Batch sat up with a jerk and stared at John Fairmeadow. "What say?" she gasped.

"Hasn't he the right to grow up?"

Pattie Batch pondered this. Presently she sighed and wiped her grey eyes. "Thith here baby dothn't belong t' me at all," she said, slowly, with the resignation inevitable in good mothers when the revelation is complete; *"he—belongth—to —himthelf!"*

A good thing to have over and done with!

Pattie Batch, resolute young heart! was not much given to weeping; and once having faced the inevitable—persuaded now, too, that a soul is its own possession—she dried her tears completely and turned with rising courage to refashion her motherly strategy in the light of this new vision. There would be growth and change and going away. The baby would grow up: the baby would presently disappear in the boy, and the boy, like a flying shadow;

would vanish in the man. Very well; what then? Pattie Batch must instantly devise a plan to accomplish good growth in the baby and the boy. It began to rain, by and bye; the lazy breeze, flowing over the pines, brought at nightfall a cold drizzle; and Pattie Batch, the baby stowed away in rosy sleep, drew up to the fire to think, in her father's way. Then and there, for the baby, she scattered her future to the winds of chance, emptied her heart of its abiding desires and overturned her little world. She sat for a long time, heart and mind washed clean of selfishness, dreaming heavily, in the glow, concerning the making of Men. How should one make a Man? What was demanded? What cleverness—what labor—what sacrifice? And the night had not far sped before wise little Pattie Batch came gravely to her momentous conclusion. Only a man, she determined, could make a Man.

John Fairmeadow tapped at the door, and, heartily bidden, entered for a moment from the rainy wind. "Well, well!" said he; "it's high time all little mothers were in bed. Come, come, my good woman! I just dropped to pack you off."

"Thith here little mother," said Pattie Batch, with a saucy toss, "ith bithy"

"Busy!" cried John Fairmeadow.

"Yep," Pattie Batch declared; "but she'th pretty near through.".

John Fairmeadow demanded to know, of course, what the little mother had been bothering her pretty head about.

"Nothin'," said Pattie Batch.

"None o' that!" John Fairmeadow protested.

"Anyhow," said Pattie Batch, "nothin' much."

"Out with it, young woman!"

"I th'pothe," Pattie Batch drawled, "that I got t' get married."

"Nonsense!" John Fairmeadow ejaculated.

"By ginger!" Pattie Batch burst out, with a slap of her knee, "I got t' get thith here baby a father."

"A *what?*"

"A father for thith here baby."

John Fairmeadow jumped. "Patience Batch," said he, promptly, "how would I do?"

"Thertainly *not!*" said Pattie Batch.

"Why not?" John Fairmeadow wanted to know.

"Becauthe," drawled Pattie Batch.

"I'd be an excellent parent," John Fairmeadow declared. "I'd be an excellent parent for *any* baby. Why—I'd—"

"John Fairmeadow!" Pattie exclaimed.

"What's the matter with me?" Fairmeadow demanded. "*Why* wouldn't I do?"

"The idea!" cried Pattie Batch, her grey eyes popping.

John Fairmeadow was forthwith shooed into the night and rainy wind to cool his ardor. And John Fairmeadow laughed all the way to Thirty Drinks. Sometimes it was a roar of laughter, with his head thrown back; sometimes it was a quiet chuckle; sometimes it was laughter without much mirth in it at all. But at any rate he was vastly amused with the situation; and he continued his doubtful laughter to the door of Pale Peter's saloon at Thirty Drinks. As for Pattie Batch, the conscientious little thing sat brooding for a long, long time; and she determined, at last—and fin'ly—that however much the baby might need a father, John Fairmeadow would never do! Never! He would not do at *all!* Admirable as he was in general—good and kind as he was—he was not desirable as a parent.

Pattie Batch could not explain, possibly, precisely how she had come to this conclusion; but that she did come to it—and that thereupon she resolutely crossed John Fairmeadow off the list of prospective fathers—is a matter never disputed. She must address herself, she fancied, to the task of discovering somebody else; and having discovered a person of promise, she determined she would not let the grass grow under her feet. It would perhaps be a difficult task—it would surely be a delicate one—to disclose her mind to the victim; but this must be done, and done with good cheer, for the baby's sake. Singularly enough, when Pattie Batch had put the baby to bed for the night, and when, too, she had put herself to bed, she began to cry.

After all, she was an untutored thing; and, for the matter of that, big John Fairmeadow wasn't much better.

In these busy days—and busy days they were, indeed—John Fairmeadow's thoughts ran with strange perversity, and with

aggravatingly increasing frequency, to little Pattie Batch and to her extraordinary quest for a suitable father for the baby. Pattie Batch must be looked after, of course; Pattie Batch must have the most perspicacious guardianship in the world in this respect, she must have the most profoundly wise advice; and the interests of the baby, to be sure, must properly be regarded. John Fairmeadow might have picked a father for the baby from the boys of Bottle River, he fancied, with whom the baby would have been quite content, captious as the baby now seemed to have become in respect to the company he kept. There were some fine fellows on Bottle River. There were young fellows from the East—big, hearty young fellows, merry, efficient and self-respecting—any one of whom might have sufficed to guarantee a reasonably secure future for the baby; and the baby, whose predilection for lumberjacks was well known, would have been no doubt eminently satisfied. But a relationship of this sort implied a relationship of quite another sort; and it was with the relationship of the second description that John Fairmeadow was chiefly concerned. When it came to choosing a Mr. Pattie Batch from the boys of Bottle River—when it came to choosing a Mr. Pattie Batch from the boys of the Cant-hook and the Yellow Tail—when it came to choosing a Mr. Pattie Batch from the boys of Thirty Drinks and Elegant Corners—the good minister was altogether at a loss. There was only one young fellow, indeed, of them all, from Thirty Drinks to Lost Chance, whom John Fairmeadow could with any degree of equanimity consider; and when it came bluntly to the consideration of *that* individual, John Fairmeadow could only sigh and turn from these romantic musings to the grave problems of his ministry at Thirty Drinks.

"Thou fool!" he was used to saying.

It may be that, having looked back upon the career of this particular candidate, he lay awake under his blanket in the Bottle River stables; it may be that he suffered such pangs as remorse may excite to trouble a man; but when he chanced to encounter little Pattie Batch on the trails there was no shadow of melancholy upon him.

"Hello, Pattie Batch!" says he, with a broad, rosy grin.

"Hello, there, John Fairmeadow!"

"Found that father yet?"

"Nope."

"Looked 'em all over?"

"Nope."

"Got your eye on anybody in particular?"

"Nope."

"Near the end of the list?"

"Nope."

"Anyhow," says Fairmeadow, chagrined, "if you're not perfectly suited when you *do* get to the end of the list, be sure to begin all over again; and don't you forget, young woman, that I'm at the *head* of that list, and the very first young man to come up for reconsideration. You're going to give me another chance, aren't you?"

"Nope."

"What!"

"Nope."

"Crossed me off?"

"Nope. *Yep*—I mean."

"Well, well!" cried John Fairmeadow. "That's flat enough, I'm sure! And now, young woman," says he, in a fine pretence of indignation and despair, "will you be good enough to tell me what a love-lorn young man like me is to *do?*"

Pattie Batch found this banter delicious; and the more John Fairmeadow indulged in it, the more she chuckled and the more bewitchingly she grinned.

There was a large earnestness beneath this jesting guise. John Fairmeadow was persuaded, in his big, tender heart, that the suitable young fellow he had in mind would not only devote himself to the welfare of Pattie Batch's remarkable baby, but would with great love, perfect and abounding, chastened in adversity, cherish little Pattie Batch herself, would Pattie Batch but allow it; but there was at all times present with him in his melancholy brooding this prohibition: that the young fellow had himself in other days created the problem of his own unworthiness. Fanciful? Perhaps. John Fairmeadow's young man had been, except in one respect, not altogether unworthy in his ways; and it may be that in the uplifting labor of these days he had won back from the past all the rights of honor. As for Pattie Batch, in these jesting times, the conscien-

tious little thing was sorely troubled indeed; and many a night—many a night when the rain was on the roof and the black wind came howling from the forest—she cried herself to sleep. She could discover no father for the baby. There was not a suitable father to be had in Thirty Drinks; nor was there a promising candidate at Elegant Corners, nor in all that wide section, even to the Big River and the northernmost limits of the Logosh Reservation. That is to say, there was only *one;* but that one was out of the question, *quite* out of the question, and must be dismissed from mind at once and forever, however much weeping might be required to accomplish the result. Pattie Batch had changed her mind. She had fallen into the way of thinking that as a father for the baby the young man in question was perfect in every respect: but the foster-fatherhood of the baby, as Pattie Batch very well knew, implied a relationship which must not—*must* not—MUST not be permitted to encumber the young man's life with a silly, worthless, ill-born, ill-bred, dull, poverty-stricken, perfectly ugly bit of baggage like Pattie Batch, who never *had* been any good, never *could* be any good, and never *would* be any good, even to the baby, bless his little heart!

"No, thir!" says Pattie Batch, to the baby, who cared not a snap. "By ginger, it wouldn't *do!*"

With this the baby indifferently agreed.

"It wouldn't do at *all!*" poor little Pattie Batch repeated, quite resolved that, at all hazard to herself, and at all hazard even to the baby, the glorious young man must be protected against himself.

"No, thir, by ginger!" declared this heroic little person, between sobs.

At this crisis Jimmie the Gentleman, a bartender at Pale Peter's Red Elephant, came a-courting. What was in his mind heaven knows. I should not like to enter and discover. At any rate, he was of a dashing way—a curly-headed, blue-eyed, bejewelled young sprig of the near East, devoted to fashion (as it was to be found at Big Rapids), and possessing a twinkle, a laugh, a saucy charm, a bold arm, and the conscience of a lively pirate. Jimmie the Gentleman came up the trail from Thirty Drinks of a soft June night. It was not his first appearance at Pattie Batch's cabin at the edge of the woods. There had been others—in John Fairmeadow's absence from Thirty Drinks, of course. And there had previously been certain flirtatious passages in the streets of town, of which Pattie Batch, ingenuous little one! being then on the lookout for a father for the baby, was in duty bound to take notice; since, as she was quite well aware, affairs of the heart commonly began in that way, proceeding from these small beginnings to the great event desired. It had for some time been evident that Jimmie the Gentleman was in love. There was no question about it at all. The Gentleman's ardent blue eyes, his deferential politeness, his soft voice, his swift and tender little touches in the dusk, his significant phrases at parting, could mean but one thing; and that thing, Pattie Batch was *quite* sure, signified, in the issue of it, the employment of a parson. Pattie Batch had come imminently face to face, it seemed, with a declaration and a proposal; and she had already determined, being a precise and orderly little person, her attitude in respect to the impending situation.

June dusk fell.

"Gimme a kiss!" Jimmie whispered.

Pattie deliberated.

"Aw, come on!" Jimmie pleaded. "Gimme a kiss, won't you?"

It was a tender night; it was soft and still and sweet-smelling at the edge of the great woods; and far above the little clearing the little stars shone clear, making the best of their opportunity to flash their serene messages to the world of hearts before the opulent moon should rise to dim their teaching.

"Just one!" Jimmie the Gentleman besought.

They were now on the trail to town.

"Well," Pattie Batch drawled, in doubt, "I—I—I—been thinkin'," Pattie began, shyly, sure now that the great moment had indeed arrived, "a little bit about . . ."

"Come on!"

"I been thinkin' a little bit," Pattie went on, quite steadily now, "about gettin' married."

Jimmie stepped away. "Have you?" said he, blankly.

"Maybe," Pattie continued, "you better *had* kith me."

The Gentleman came closer.

"I'll try it," said little Pattie, resolutely, "an' thee how I like it."

Jimmie kissed her, in his accustomed way.

"I don't like it!" Pattie cried, freeing herself, in a passion of humiliation and terror. "I don't like it! Oh, I don't like it!"

"What's the matter with you?" Jimmie demanded.

"I d-d-don't know," Pattie sobbed.

"Want another?"

"N-no!"

"Might as well *have* another."

"I—I—I'm awful th-th-thorry, Jimmie," Pattie wept; "but I—I—I *d-d-don't think you'll d-d-do!"*

The Gentleman laughed a little.

"You won't mind, will you?" Pattie asked, in a flush of compassion.

"Don't you worry about *me,"* said the Gentleman.

Little Pattie whispered softly—earnestly, "I'm *tho* glad you don't mind!"

The moon had risen. Jimmie the Gentleman looked deep into Pattie Batch's glistening and compassionate gray eyes. What was in his mind God knows! What he said—and this in a whisper not meant for the ears of Pattie Batch—was:

"No; you don't want me. I—I—wouldn't do!"

"Good-night, Jimmie!"

"Good-by."

Jimmie the Gentleman paused in the shadows of the trail beyond Gray Billy Batch's clearing. He was still in a daze; but presently he laughed and went his way toward the lights of Thirty Drinks, whistling cheerfully along. Pattie Batch went into the cabin in shame such as she had never known before—hot, red shame, flaring in her heart and flushing her face.

. . . .

Next day was the baby's birthday. Nobody knew the baby's birthday, of course; but the next day was the baby's birthday nevertheless. That is to say, it was Pop's birthday—the birthday of Gray Billy Batch, lost in Rattle Water, and decently stowed away in the green field near by town three years ago by young John Fairmeadow. The baby must have a birthday, to be sure. Why not Pop's birthday? The memory of Gray Billy Batch would in this be honored; and the baby would be decently outfitted with an anniversary such as every other baby in the world surely possessed. John Fairmeadow was coming to tea. Nobody else was coming. There was nobody else, in fact, quite good enough—not *quite* good enough—to participate in the celebration of a festival so distinguished. And John Fairmeadow came, just when the shadows of the great pines at the edge of the clearing had crept near and the flushed sun was dropping into a glowing bed of cloud. John Fairmeadow was in rare spirits. He was quite irresistible with his banter. Pattie Batch, troubled little heart! and strangely detached from all this bubbling happiness, almost said yes, in sheer absent-mindedness, when he demanded to know whether or not she had made up her mind at last to take him for better and for worse. John Fairmeadow laughed; John Fairmeadow joked in his gigantic way; John Fairmeadow tossed and tickled the baby until that knowing prodigy (being now on the edge of speech) almost commanded him to behave himself; and John Fairmeadow ate and drank everything in sight when tea was spread on a little table outside in the sunset light.

When the stars were out and the baby had been stowed away, when the mild breeze had failed and the mystery of its silence lay again upon the woods and clearing, when the great moon had risen round and bright above the pines, Pattie Batch walked with John Fairmeadow to the trail to town; and there, at this old parting-place, she stood downcast and disquieted.

"I have been wicked," she whispered.

"Wicked!" Fairmeadow ejaculated, in quick alarm.

"I have been very wicked."

There was silence.

"I *got* t' tell you!" said Pattie Batch.

"Tell me," said Fairmeadow, his alarm now grown beyond him, "just what a friend may know."

Pattie looked away.

"Tell me nothing," Fairmeadow warned.

"I got t'."

Fairmeadow waited.

"Jimmie the Gentleman—he—"

"Well?" Fairmeadow demanded, harshly.

"You thee, thir," Pattie gasped, "Jimmie the Gentleman—he—kithed me."

Fairmeadow started; but presently he possessed himself again, and continued silent, unable, for pain and rage, to utter a word.

"He—he—kithed me."

"That," said Fairmeadow, quietly, "is a matter easily remedied. Jimmie the Gentleman," he added, distinctly, "will not —salute—you again against your will. I will see to it that Jimmie the Gentleman —does not offend again."

"I athked him to."

"You—asked—him to do—that?"

"Yeth, thir."

Fairmeadow sighed.

"I—I athked him," Pattie went on, "becauthe I—I been lookin' for a father for the baby, an' I—I thought I'd have him d-do it," she stammered, "t' thee—t' thee —how I l-liked it."

"Was it very nice?"

"No, thir."

"Was it nice at all?"

"No, thir."

"Would you like him—"

"No, thir," very promptly.

There was another silence. Pattie had no courage to lift her eyes from the moss. Fairmeadow stood in amazed contemplation of the downcast little figure. The stars looked down—winking their perfect understanding of the situation. The big moon peeped over the trees as though bound not to miss a moment of the comedy. And presently Fairmeadow laughed. It was no dubious chuckle. It was a roar of laughter, hearty and prolonged. And the stars winked as fast as they very well could; and the man in the moon grinned his broadest in sympathy. Indeed, the face of the whole sky was wrinkled and twitching with amusement, and kept grinning and winking away until John Fairmeadow, for the moment a daring fellow, took Pattie Batch's hand in his, and tipped up her little face with his forefinger, and found her gray eyes with his own, and looked deep down therein, but not in the way of Jimmie the Gentleman. Whereupon of sheer interest the little stars stopped winking, and the big round moon, intensely agitated, peered with shameless curiosity into the clearing, and the whole world of sky and forest bent near, determined to hear, in this silence of the June night, every word that young John Fairmeadow should say to the little culprit whom he held ever so gently by the hand.

"Pattie Batch," said John Fairmeadow, severely, "don't you dare to do it again!"

Pattie flashed him a shy smile.

"Young woman," Fairmeadow continued, more severely still, "if ever you feel that a similar operation, performed with perfect propriety, would conduce to your peace in the world, just glance over your list of eligibles and consider the name of the first applicant thereon set down, and then instantly come—"

Pattie Batch fled chuckling up the path.

. . . .

With Jimmie the Gentleman, at Thirty Drinks that night, John Fairmeadow procured the favor of a word or two. The words were not many; and they were quiet-spoken—and they were uttered in private. Moreover, they impressed Jimmie the Gentleman. They were so impressive, indeed, that Jimmie the Gentleman might have repeated them, every one of them, word for word, had he been required to do so. The conclusion, which is quite sufficient to repeat, was this:

"Jimmie, my boy, you have had a narrow, a very narrow, escape."

To which Jimmie the Gentleman, having not yet quite recovered his color, stuttered in reply:

"I guess that's right, Mr. Fairmeadow."

"It *is!*" said John Fairmeadow.

And Jimmie remembered.

. . . .

It was spring again at Thirty Drinks. The snow was gone; the trails were dry and greening. Balmy winds came over the illimitable forest from the west. All the busy little persons of the woods began to chirp and twitter in vast excitement. There was the flutter of wings in the underbrush; and there was a noisy chatter in the branches of the big pines, changing to crooning, sweeter calls at dusk. Once more, of a Sunday afternoon, Pattie Batch—gray-eyed dimpled little Pattie Batch—had the baby at the companionable patch of wild flowers on the edge of the woods. A toddler now, that adorable Little One! And quite able, too, if you will believe it, to utter with perfect distinctness the sweetest word in all the world. An accomplishment, indeed, hard to be matched in babies of that tender age. It was a gentle day: a blue sky, with ships of white cloud sailing past, high above the forest, bound heaven knew where! but

to some joyous event, and hurrying thereto. A soft, redolent breeze flowed into the clearing, where it paused to play with the flowers and sweet grasses; and then off it whisked, in shadow and sunshine, to that self-same joyous, distant place to which the great white clouds were going. It was a day for dreaming: the sunshine of it, the tender wind, the new, sweet green, the amorous twitter. And little Pattie Batch was dreaming; she plucked flowers for the baby. She gave him a garland, she crowned him, she put a sceptre in his dimpled hand; and she was dreaming all the while. Sadly? Not at all! The mist in her gray eyes—which presently gathered and fell in two little tears—had no part with melancholy. Not a bit of it! Pattie Batch was very, very happy. She would have admitted it had you asked her.

John Fairmeadow struck in from the Bottle River trail and came smiling broadly to the patch of wild flowers on the edge of the woods.

"Hello, there, Pattie Batch!" he shouted.

"'Lo, Jack!"

"Where's my tea?" John Fairmeadow demanded, scowling tremendously.

Pattie Batch pursed her lips.

"Eh?"

"It ithn't ready."

"Not ready!" John Fairmeadow complained, with a great air of indignation. "Well, well! I like your independence."

"When it ith *time* for your tea, John Fairmeadow," said little Pattie Batch, in firm reproof, "you will *get* your tea—and not a minute before."

"Wh-wh-what!" John Fairmeadow stammered.

Pattie Batch smiled. It was delicious indeed to treat big John Fairmeadow in this masterful way. The chagrin and astonishment which he was quick to feign were really quite irresistible. Pattie Batch smiled: she couldn't help it; and then she giggled, and then she chuckled, and then she broke into a ripple of laughter. John Fairmeadow laughed too, a great roar of laughter. And the baby, of course, displaying an amazing perception of the joke, chuckled like a cherub: than which, as everybody knows, there is no sweeter chuckle in the heavens above or on the earth beneath. What with John Fairmeadow's resonant, deep bass roar, and the baby's heavenly cachinnation, and Pattie Batch's rippling, tintinnabulous cadenza, you may be sure that a fine chord of glee was struck on that mellow Sunday afternoon in Gray Billy Batch's clearing on the Bottle River trail beyond Thirty Drinks.

Presently the afternoon was spent; the shadows were grown long in the clearing, the twitter in the woods had begun to fail, the west was flushing.

"Pattie!" said John Fairmeadow.

Pattie Batch started; the ardent quality of John Fairmeadow's voice was such that—

"Patience!" Fairmeadow repeated.

One glance was sufficient for Pattie Batch; one glance into John Fairmeadow's eyes was enough to startle the little thing quite out of her wits.

"It'th time for tea," said she, hastily, her lisp overcoming her.

"Not yet."

"Yeth, yeth!"

"Not yet," Fairmeadow repeated; "not until I—"

"Yeth, yeth!" Pattie gasped.

Big John Fairmeadow had a sense of helplessness to which he was not at all used; and still continuing in this strange paralysis, he watched and listened, without lifting a finger to help himself, while Pattie Batch snatched the baby from his bed of flowers, protesting all the time that it was time for tea, that it was long past time for tea; indeed, that there wouldn't be any tea at all if she didn't look out—watched and listened, confounded, while Pattie Batch fluttered off to the cabin, calling back that she would call John Fairmeadow when tea was ready, and that he mustn't come a minute before.

. . . .

Here's a pretty pass for a tale to come to which should have been a happy ending! John Fairmeadow brooding in the failing light at the edge of the woods: John Fairmeadow downcast and self-accusing. "Poor little thing!" thinks he; "she's frightened—a mere hint of the thing has frightened her!" John Fairmeadow, pacing the patch of wild flowers, in grave trouble, called himself hard names. Had he not frightened and distressed the little soul that he loved so much? Why shouldn't he call himself hard names? And what right had John Fairmeadow, sometime Bowery drunkard and

outcast, to lift his eyes to this sweet-blooming flower of the woods? Regeneration was all very well in its way; but regeneration and new service could not wash a man's past away so that no stain remained upon his honor. John Fairmeadow had asked his God all about it, of course, being a man of that sort, and his God had seemed to approve; but Fairmeadow was convinced, now that Pattie Batch had fled, that he had mistaken the quiet voice in his own heart, and Fairmeadow was ashamed of himself. He would say no more; he would teach Pattie Batch to forget that he had said anything at all; and in this resolve he waited, downcast, brooding, and ashamed, for Pattie's call from the cabin. And as for little Pattie, in the meantime she was having much ado to get tea at all; for the mist in her gray eyes blinded her, and her hands would never do the thing she told them to, and she could find nothing at all in its place, and the tears just *would* fall on the toast, and everything, positively everything, was at sixes and sevens in her heart no less than in her kitchen.

Pattie Batch, you see, who had long ago observed the crisis approaching, had resolved and determined *not* to spoil John Fairmeadow's life—not even if the baby *never* had a father.

"No, by ginger!" thinks she. "I won't."

Nothing but the dusk and starlight of spring could solve such a tangle as this. A deuce of a job, too, of course!

Dusk and starlight came together—dusk and starlight of spring at the edge of the woods. This was long after tea, long after John Fairmeadow, in the merriest fashion in the world, had partaken of toast and tears. Long after the baby had been put to bed, too; at a time, indeed, when the mystical powers of dusk and starlight had waxed large and mischievous. John Fairmeadow and Pattie Batch sat on Gray Billy Batch's porch together. The still, sweet dusk had fallen. They looked out over the little clearing to the black pines and to the high starlit sky. Presently John Fairmeadow began to tell Pattie Batch of those Bowery days, days terrible in memory. And at the end of the wretched recital, so had dusk and starlight and love worked upon them both, little Pattie Batch was snuggled close to John Fairmeadow—was held close, too, so that John Fairmeadow had no difficulty whatsoever in softly kissing her upturned, tear-stained face.

"I love you, dear," said he.

"I'm glad," she whispered. "Oh, I'm *tho* glad!"

They looked away to the pines and stars. Beyond—far beyond—Fairmeadow saw himself walking upright and at work in a world of men, but not now going the path alone; and it may be that Pattie Batch, too, visioned, in the far sky, the glory of her future.

"You and I, dear!" said Fairmeadow.

"You and I, Jack!"

"Always, dear?"

"Yeth."

They sat in this way for a long, long time, both dreaming, both with eyes lifted to the stars, each with a heart of joy; but presently little Pattie Batch jumped up, as though bethinking herself of a forgotten duty.

"Jack," she gasped, "I forgot to tell the baby!"

Roused from sound sleep, the baby wailed dolorously. It was a lusty complaint.

"Well?" Fairmeadow asked, when Pattie got back.

"He'th glad, too," replied little Pattie Batch.—*Harper's Monthly.*

That Day

By Wells Hastings

"O would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years."

HE lay exactly as he had fallen asleep the night before, stretched full length and face down, one hand, as was his custom, plunged deep beneath the pillow, his small nose almost buried in its depths. So he had fallen asleep before the light was out; so his mother had left him as she had tiptoed smiling from the room. Now he awoke abruptly to a consciousness that was as complete as his slumber the moment before. It was not yet light, but the stir and twitter of sparrows in the vines outside his window gossiped of the coming dawn.

Usually he slept until he was called, sometimes until his father had lifted him bodily from bed into the cold of a workaday world; but now without hesitation he sprang up and leaned far out of the window. The dew-drenched world outside was cool and strangely mysterious, but he felt no sense of chill. He filled his lungs deeply with a great indrawn sigh of pure delight.

As he watched, a single morning star twinkled and went out. Insignificant and familiar hills, the accepted boundaries of his intimate horizon, stirred with a soft and nebulous magic, as their uneven skyline turned from grey to the faint pink of the pearl, and as he watched, unfolded tenderly the first opalescence of daybreak. Three crows flapped with a leisurely and determined swiftness diagonally across his vision, and dropped cawing into a not far distant wood. A fat robin fluttered to the lawn below, cocked an eye at him, took three hops forward, eyed him again, and then with the suddenness of a prestidigitateur, began tugging jerkily at a worm, bracing himself mightily to the task. Beneath him the boy saw the striped house cat moving belly flat, ears laid wickedly back, and yellow eyes blood-lustful, watching the bird from its ambush among the syringas. He withdrew his head cautiously from the window, and tiptoeing back across the room, returned with his washstand pitcher, to lean warily from the window again. With both hands he turned the pitcher upside down, cascading the water in a sudden and solid arc, that slapped rather than splashed to the ground, drenching the cat as it struck. The cat bounded into the air and disappeared with an angry squall about the corner of the house, while the boy shouted with laughter, and the sparrows rose in a whirring cloud from the vines. The robin winged off triumphantly, the worm drooping from his beak. The magic silence had been broken. It seemed to the boy as if that splash of water had awakened all the pleasant noises of nature. Through the drumming rush of his shower bath, and his own delighted gasps, he heard the distant crowing of a cock, and as he dried himself briskly, he smiled to hear a nearby and familiar voice from his own poultry yard, the vainglorious, deep-voiced crow of his big, lumbering Buff Cochin, a mammoth bird that had cost him six pairs of pigeons. What wonderful thing was it, he wondered, that was going to happen? Then he remembered that it was Saturday, a holiday, but even so he imagined there must be something more, some great event which he had forgotten.

When his hasty toilet was complete, he perched his cap on the back of his head, opened his door, and listened. The house was silent and asleep. He shut the door softly again and went down on hands and knees before his bureau, rummaging in the magpie nest of treasures beneath it, until he drew out a long and neatly tied coil of

clothes-line. This he undid and dangled from the window until the two ends met evenly on the ground. The loop which he held in his hand he cast over his bed-post, and climbing over the sill, wrapped his leg in the ropes beneath him, and hand under hand, slid skilfully to earth. He felt that the day had at least been begun properly, and when he had freed the rope and coiled it again and hidden it under a bush, he set off whistling toward the barnyard. Five of his Cochins came flocking about him with ungainly speed, and trooped crowding after him as he went to fill his cap with corn. He fed them impartially, pushing back the stronger and more greedy ones gently with the toe of his boot. When the corn was gone, he drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, and from the ones which he carried for no reason at all save to add to the dignity of his key ring, he selected a padlock key and opened the door of the chicken house, throwing it wide until it sagged on its uneven hinges. Inside he could barely stand erect, but he glowed with creative pride as he gazed about him at the irregular structure of unmatched boards, where the uneven necessities of construction had been made harmonious and beautiful through a glorious coat of whitewash. Two hens tumbled from their nests abruptly, and bundled shrilling past him through the door. The warmth of the eggs as he picked them up fired him with an indescribable joy of possession.

In the corner was a barrel and he plunged his hand cautiously into its dark depths, to withdraw it with a jerk and ruefully apply the broken skin of a knuckle to his mouth. Still more cautiously he made another attempt. This time the hen's beak missed him and thudded viciously against the side of the barrel. He dropped his cap over her head, and taking both wings in his other hand, lugged her protestingly forth and dropped her outside the door, where she ruffled, clucking angrily. From the depths of the barrel came a weak and sleepy chirping and he whooped aloud with delight. He reached down again and began gathering the chickens into his cap, seven of them in all. They filled his cap to overflowing, little staggering, reddish-yellow balls with bright, beady eyes that looked at him fearlessly. One of them was as yet scarcely dry.

"Perhaps there are going to be some more," he said aloud.

He tossed the broken shells out of the barrel and put the chicks back carefully.

"They're all right," he said intimately to the hen, as he passed her in the doorway.

In front of the barn his pigeons came circling down about him, and he gave them a little of the corn which he had saved in his pocket for them. The barn door was open, and from the hissing sound within he knew that Michael was currying the horses.

"Hey, Mike!" he called out.

"Hey there, yourself, Ralph," came from within the stable. "Sure, 'tis up early ye are this morning. You might draw the oats for me, if you have nothing better to do."

He stepped into the stable door where Mike was grooming the bay in the aisle behind the stalls, and with a professional slap on the mare's glossy side, squeezed between her and the wall. He found the round feed measure in the carriage room, and turned it upside down to tap the flour-like dust from it. He pushed up the trap of the feedspout dexterously. He always enjoyed the smooth slide of the glossy oats into the measure. He made the trip again and again until he had filled every nosebin.

From the house came a clatter of dishes and he felt himself suddenly hungry. He found the cook laying the foundations of breakfast, and he slid into a chair beside the kitchen table.

"Now, Mister Ralph," the cook protested, "can't ye see I'm fair disthracted with work? Ye should be in your bed still. What are ye doing abroad so early in the mornin'?"

He smiled at her ingratiatingly. "It isn't very early now, Mary," he said. "I was up hours ago and I'm terribly hungry."

"Well, ye'll just have to wait for your breakfast. I'm too busy to thrifle with ye."

She left the kitchen and went into the pantry with a brisk and ponderous tread that rattled the baking tins in pleasant dissonance. He squared his chair to the table, serenely sure of his power over her, and presently she returned still grumbling, and put a great, thick slice of bread and butter before him, a slice of bread ambrosially sprinkled with brown sugar.

"There," she said, as she put it down. "Now, ye won't eat any breakfast at all, and your mother will be after murtherin' me."

He shook his head in full-mouthed negation, and when the last crumb had disappeared, got up and went out into the yard again. He crooked his forefinger and put it into his mouth, and after an adjustment or two, whistled shrilly. It was an accomplishment he had but lately learned, and its ear-splitting result thrilled him with satisfaction.

Around the corner of the house tumbled a disreputable-looking bulldog, running with the ecstasy of abandon. With a shout the boy ran toward him, catching the heavy body in his arms as it sprang toward him, and together they rolled over and over on the grass; the boy laughing and shouting, and the dog snarling and growling playfully. When his father haled him in to breakfast they were not yet through their game. In spite of the cook's apprehensive prediction, he ate well, although he wriggled in his chair, until his father laid aside the morning paper to speak of it.

"What is it, Ralph? What are you going to do today?" his mother asked, after his father had gone and they were alone together in the dining-room.

He had not made up his mind as yet, but he made a mystery of it. "I'll tell you when I come back," he said. "I may not get back until supper time. May I have some lunch?"

She shook him gently as she sometimes did for very pride in him, and set about splitting and buttering a supply of breakfast biscuits, sandwiching crisp strips of bacon between them, until, as he watched her, he made a mental resolution to try one as soon as he was started.

From the doorway she watched him as he set off across the lawn, the bulldog swaggering at his heels. "You will be careful, Ralph," she called after him.

"Yes, mother," he called back, and turned and went on again. He went straight by a path of his own to a hole he knew in the back fence, skirted a tangle of freshly green blackberry vines, stopping for a moment to peer under them, for once he had surprised a rabbit there, and sliding down a long sand embankment with the dog floundering ludicrously after him, found himself at last in what he considered a wild and virgin country. His purpose, he knew now, was to investigate a crow's nest, which he had marked some weeks before. A tame crow, he considered, would be an ornament to his various possessions that would inspire a universal envy.

But a pond, which he knew as Pirate Pond, lured him aside a little from his quest. It was a wonderful place of infinite entertainment, its narrow upper half sombre under overshadowing trees; its broader lower end dancing and gleaming in the sunlight. As he came near there was a rustle in the swampy grass at the marge and a fat, shiny muskrat dived before his delightful eyes. For a little way the boy could see him as he swam for some submerged entrance to his burrow.

The sun was growing warm now, and the world of field and meadow about him seemed vibrant with little activities. A dragon fly circled shimmering about him, darted zigzag over the surface of the pond, and came to rest at last on a swaying leaf of flag. Another dragon fly more brilliant than the first sped toward him out of nowhere, as if it had suddenly been created in the sunlight; and the two swooped and darted and chased each other until the boy lost sight of them. Black "lucky bugs" slipped in crazy fashion over the mirror-smooth water at his feet, and once in a while a skate, looking, he thought, like a daddy-longlegs on skees, would pump himself along among them. Over the centre of the pond a cluster of little flies jigged up and down, up and down, as if each were suspended on an invisible thread of elastic. Sometimes a honeybee would shoot past him, a speeding bullet on invisible wings, or a great bumblebee boom droning by, clumsy and blundering. It all seemed very still and very lovely with that humming, gossiping silence that is friendly and unafraid. The boy jumped at the abrupt, booming call from the other side of the pond, a bass kukerunnk that sounded like a resined bow being drawn over the mightiest string in the orchestra, the puissant love song of a vain and ancient frog. The bulldog had been nosing at a rat hole, but with the sound he raised his head and growled, a sharp and alien challenge, that brought a breathless silence about them.

"Be still," the boy said sharply, and

threw himself upon the ground, holding the dog's muzzle in a muffling grasp, and gazing over him at the overhanging, tunneled bank across the pond. He lay there patiently, and after a while the sound came again, "Kukerunnk—kukerunnk," ventriloquial and mysterious. But at last, under a dark, arched, hollow of a moss-domed jut of bank he caught a phosphorescent glimmer of the yellow-white throat of the singer, and a gleam of bulging, gold-rimmed eyes, incredibly wide apart.

"A whopper!" the boy whispered, and rose stealthily to his feet. He tip-toed around to the other side, and with the contagion of the hunt the dog picked his way after him. He had marked the place carefully and he approached it with infinite caution, kneeling when he came there to peer into the water beneath him. For a long moment he studied the monster, a great huddled lump of green, gold-striped and speckled, that braced itself upon bowed front legs, which ended in long-fingered, delicate hands, half-webbed and toed-in ridiculously. The white throat gulped and trembled, and then with a great spring the green body hurled itself past him, drawn long and tapering, with lithe legs trailing in a loose and graceful arch, as the frog struck the water with a great splash, and went rowing and spraddling to the bottom. In the woods behind him the boy heard the mocking tattoo of a woodpecker. He had turned his back upon the pond and ran toward the spot from which he thought the sound came.

Last year's leaves were beneath his feet, damp and vaguely aromatic with past rain. Here and there the russet surface was broken with clumps and runs of green, the spotted olive of the dog-toothed violet, green, trailing loops of bull's briar, and the tender, dusty emerald leaves of the true violet. From a crumbling stump a chipmunk flirted his tail at him saucily, winked and rose erect, and at sight of the dog disappeared with a shrill cry. Overhead he heard the scolding chatter of a grey squirrel. He stopped and pointed him out to the dog, who yelped joyously, so that the squirrel sped in graceful, aerial flight, shaking and rustling the delicate branches over them, running swiftly and flatly along the larger limbs, and taking perilous leaps across the wider spaces, until he found the place he looked for, and with a whisk, disappeared into a hole thirty feet overhead. The boy was out of breath and he sat down with the dog's head in his lap.

"I guess I'm lost, too," he reflected aloud; but the thought did not frighten him, and he lay back in the cool, wet leaves contentedly, gazing up at the gently swaying treetops, and past them to the sapphire sky, where one lazy cloud sailed. The sun shone down pleasantly, dappling the ground in warm golden patches about him. He sighed with a queer, indefinite longing. The air smelled sweet and drowsy, so that he found his eyelids drooping, and rose to his feet with determination.

"You went to sleep, too, Jack," he said severely to the dog. He picked his way along aimlessly. The crow's nest he decided could wait, unless he came by chance upon one. But as the woods grew thinner and he began to make out a stretch of meadow before him, he came upon a true marvel, which made him catch his breath in round-eyed unbelief. Directly in his path, on the upturned roots of a dead tree, was perched a squat huddle of feathers, which he knew to be none other than an owl, a real live, wild owl; the owl which in theory lived at large and went silently abroad at night, but which he had never quite accepted as existent. Owls, for him, were the cunningly stuffed ornaments of a library, or the molting denizens of a zoo cage. But here before him was *the* owl, the ideal; a small and insignificant specimen, perhaps, but nevertheless a concrete and palpable representative of a wild, romantic tribe. He crept upon it like an Indian, but for all his caution stepped upon a dry twig which snapped, it seemed to him, with a report like a cannon cracker. He stood breathless and trembling, but the owl did not stir. For a mad moment he wondered if, after all, this one, too, were not merely another example of the taxidermist's skill. He tip-toed around in front of it, holding the dog by one hand on his collar. The owl's eyes mechanically snapped open and fixed him with a dull stare, vicious and vacuous; then the eyes snapped shut again. The boy reached forward a cautious hand and grasped the bird by the legs. In an instant all doubt of its living reality vanished. It beat strongly

with inordinate wings, emitting shriek after unearthly shriek, and stooping suddenly, buried its beak in the boy's bare wrist, until startled and in spite of himself he let the creature go. It circled blindly over him, bumped into the limb of a tree, fell fluttering a foot or so, came upon another limb, staggered to a foothold, blinked solemnly, and incontinently went to sleep. The boy stared up at it for a little, hopeless and disgusted. He had been in touch with the unimaginable, and now it was irrevocably beyond his reach. A warm trickle over the back of his hand claimed his attention, and he stanched the blood with his handkerchief.

"Darn it!" he said sadly; "darn it!" He felt that the occasion merited the oath. He gazed up wistfully at the bird and turned his back upon him with resolution. "At least," he said, "I had him." He unwound the handkerchief and gazed with growing pride at the sharp, triangular abrasion on his wrist. "He certainly could bite," he said admiringly.

The woods had come to a straggling halt, and a flat meadow, green and lush, stretched before him. It was almost treeless, a rich expanse of pasture land, intersected here and there by the fences of its various owners, and cut in longitudinal halves by an irregular line of bushes which he knew, even from the distance, marked a meandering path of a little stream, the outlet of Pirate Pond. He made straight for it, the dog following close at his heels; for water lured him like an incantation. And, indeed, when he came upon it, it seemed happily intent upon some singing enchantment, a living and personable thing, independent of its verdant banks, self-contented and self-sufficient, as if field and bank and sky had only been created for the ecstasy of the entertainment. It whispered and purled and gurgled and tinkled, and murmured and laughed and cried aloud merrily mysterious, slenderly everlasting. As the boy followed its course, it took a hundred protean forms; it lay serenely in little pools; it plunged plashing over miniature waterfalls; it foamed in fairy rapids and chuckled over broad, pebble-strewn shallows. Here it flashed and sparkled in careless vanity, there it lay dark in veiled and impenetrable gloom. Sometimes its banks were flat and marshy, and little lagoons spread among the flags; sometimes they were high and roughly channelled, browned with overarching shrubbery, where great yellow and black spiders had thrown suspension bridges from bending branch to bending branch across midstream, bridges of pearly silk, tough and elastic. Bright minnows flashed from time to time upstream to hide themselves in some dark nook. Once as he plumbed black depths with curious eyes, the boy saw a sucker lying motionless, a fish of comparatively colossal size, clinging stupidly to the rock beneath it. The boy poked him with a stick and he was gone in a swirl of mud.

The sun was zenith high when he came upon the swimming pool. He had always known it, and jealously kept its existence secret, although at its greatest depths it scarcely reached his armpits. It was the first visit he had made to it since last summer, a time already of hazy memory. His first plunge held for him much the nature of a sacrament. He piled his clothes carefully on the grass, and waded in with a little shiver. He could see his legs glimmering up at him in white distortion from the depths. Gasping, he ducked below the surface to rise and gasp again, and toss the water from his hair. The dog was charging frantically back and forth on the bank, venting his indecision and excitement in sharp, staccato barks.

"Come on, Jack," the boy called, and the dog plunged in to join him, an act, he knew, of the most devoted loyalty. They romped together in the water for a moment, the boy splashing and shouting, the dog twisting himself in a half circle and snapping gurglingly at his own tail. Soon they had enough of it, for the water was still cold, and came up on the bank together, and side by side ran and romped and dodged over the tender, new meadow grass. The boy dressed and struggled again into wet shoes and stockings, and with the dog sitting expectantly before him, fell, with a restrained voraciousness, upon a battered but altogether marvellous lunch. From time to time, as the dog grew impatient, he threw small pieces of biscuit as far away from him as he could, that in his pursuit and search of them the dog might leave him for a moment in peace. The last crumb gone, they stretched lazily to-

gether in the sunlight, while the boy planned the rest of the day's excursion.

"I'll tell you what it is, Jack," he said, sitting up, "we'll go after a red-neck."

Like many boys of his acquaintance, he had at home a large and flourishing collection of turtles; black ones, polka-dotted with yellow, the commonest and easiest to find, which he knew as sun turtles; vicious, evil-looking snapping turtles, rough of shell and long of leg and neck, somewhat more rare and extremely more difficult to capture; green-black turtles, fringed and scalloped with gold, whose glory was their under shell, tinted with rose and cowslip yellow and known variously as "painted" or "parlor" turtles; and one or two brown, rough creatures with something crudely symmetrical in their toothed edges which gave them the name of "sculptured." But the "red-neck" was to the locality a rare and almost unknown variety, a small, chocolate-colored, insignificant creature, made notable by a brilliant, crimson spot on the scrawny, wrinkled skin behind the head. But one boy of his acquaintance had any, and he had kept their source a mystery. Only last week had the secret been purchased from him at the exorbitant price of a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope, an uncommon, triangular bit of paper, much sought after by stamp collectors. He had learned to his surprise that "red-necks" were to be found in a muddy trickle of a stream, about half a mile from the swimming pool. He made for it now across lots, wading carelessly through a wide thicket-covered marsh, where red-winged blackbirds started and hovered and dived, and called to one another with snatches of liquid song. He saw it at last before him, gleaming muddily here and there through bordering high bushes. As he came to it there was a great, beating struggle on the bank; and as boy and dog charged forward a grey heron, with dangling legs and an enormous stretch of wing, burst through the tangling branches and went flapping into the distance. The boy rubbed his eyes, as if he had seen a vision, a thing of life so prodigious as to be possible only in a dream. He did not know even what the bird was, but he felt as if the very sight of it had set a milestone in his existence. Now he was certain he should find the red-neck; nothing, he felt subconsciously, could be impossible on this day of miracles.

Something brown moved in the centre of the stream, and he dived after it, plunging his arms to the elbow. The thing escaped him, however, and the roiled depths rose in a sluggish cloud, so that he had to wait with what patience he could. But, as he waited, he saw a new and narrow swirl of mud branch suddenly off upstream, a growing dirty trail with fringing edges, which proclaimed to him the prey's stealthy escape. And this time, very cautiously, he made his capture, a red-neck turtle certainly, a small and muddy creature, brown as the ooze with which it was bedaubed, that struggled and climbed in his grasp with scratching, delicate claws of black. He rinsed it in the stream. The day could hold no more for him, he felt. The sun was drooping westward. It was mid-afternoon. He stowed the turtle away in his pocket and made for the nearest road. He kicked along it homeward, the dust crusting and whitening his wet shoes. He recognized himself as infinitely happy, nearly sated with all life had to offer. So engrossed was he with his own thoughts that he heard himself hailed shrilly only when his name had been twice repeated.

"Ralph! Ralph!" The voice rang with excitement.

He stood looking stupidly about him, brought suddenly back to earth. A hedge of lilac bushes parted, a smudged and pretty face appeared at the gap, and a plump, blackened hand beckoned him.

"Why, Mary," he said, when he recovered himself.

"Hush," she said, in a loud whisper, "welcome to your own, John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt."

He had always liked her for it, this ability to fling herself instantly into the middle of a game, and this was a favorite game between them. He sighed wearily, then drew himself up with a regal indifference to fatigue.

"We alone of all the clan are of the true blood," he said, "and I have searched you weary league on league. Do you bring news from our brethren across the border?"

She looked at him a little puzzled, and drew the back of her hand absently across her nose, adding another long smut to the already startling collection.

"No," she said, recovering herself at last, "but I've prepared a banquet, peacocks and partridges and—and ostriches. Oh, Ralph," she concluded, in her natural voice, skipping out from the hedge and catching him by the hands, "do come and help me. It's such fun and I don't quite know how to do it."

"What are you doing?" he asked.

She gave him a heavenly smile. "Roasting sparrows," she said, and tugged him after her.

On the other side of the hedge was a small fire which seemed to consist mostly of smoke. He coughed as it blew across his face and rubbed the tears from his smarting eyes.

"What you need is some dry wood," he said, authoritatively. "How did you get them?"

"Shot them," she replied calmly, squatting to her work. "I borrowed Billy's air gun and I got two of them."

She showed them to him with a proud gesture, sorry, ill-plucked, little things, reposing on a yellowed strip of newspaper. He poked their red-brown flesh professionally.

"Good hunting," he said, in generous praise, with no attempt to keep the admiration from his voice.

He knew her well, but this Amazon prowess surprised him. Smutched as she was, he thought her even more lovely than in the starchy fluffiness of dancing school. He drew out a stiff-bladed jack knife and struggled with it desperately, finally prying open one of its blades with a broken key from his key ring, and sharpened a twig for each of them. Side by side they crouched on the ground and cooked the sparrows to blackened cinders. They were very toothsome.

The sun was swelling and glowing westward when they scrambled to their feet and brushed the ashes from each other. They were gypsies again, and they took up the dusty trail home. At her gate he made some attempt to make her presentable; for her mother, he knew, was a very apostle of tidiness. He unwrapped the turtle from his handkerchief and showed it to her, glowing at her congratulation. With the wet, muddy and blood-stained handkerchief he scrubbed her upturned face streakily rosy again; and then, to the surprise of them both, and impelled by an impulse he did not recognize as his own, he stooped and kissed her. They stood apart for a moment in mutual amazement.

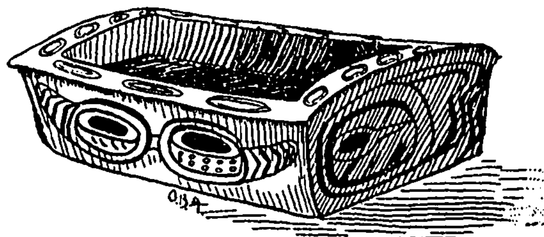
"Good-bye," he said roughly, at last, and started running along the road. At his own distant gate he paused and looked back. She was still standing where he had left her. He accepted the responsibility valiantly, and, cap in hand, waved his arm like a semaphore. He saw her hand flutter in the growing dusk; then he turned and went in at the gate.

He ate his supper in silence, answering abstractedly his father's teasing questions until the talk became grown-up and indifferent. After supper he made a pretence of reading until his mother caught him nodding and sent him off to bed. When he was in his nightgown he called her. He always did. It was the gossip time between them; but tonight he was unaccountably sleepy. His mother found him lying full length and face down, one hand, as was his custom, plunged deep beneath the pillow, his small nose almost buried in its depths. She bent and kissed him.

"Have you had a good time, boy?" she asked.

He opened drowsy eyes and sighed deeply. "It's been wonderful, wonderful," he said.

She stooped and kissed him again, for he was already asleep, and turning out the gas, she tip-toed smiling from the room.—*American Magazine.*



The River Fishing

THE teeth of Tato, the Japanese fisherman, were like a row of little piano keys, and his expression was that of a little brown terrier pup. He mouthed English but he thought Japanese. He was of a grotesque broadness and knottiness of figure.

"Some day," he gave tongue, "Japanese own all this canneries, all this town, all this country, ever't'ing."

"How own it?" asked I.

"Why, Japan take it," he answered naively; "take, take ever't'ing. Japanese come in big ships; come take all some day."

While waiting for the rest of the Japanese to come and take Canada and all the salmon canneries and "ever't'ing," little Tato is reaping much money. I went out with him and Kato, his boat-puller, in their salmon-fishing boat on the Fraser River, and we caught many salmon, which Tato sold to the Imperial Cannery for "two bits" each. According to the Japanese law of perspective, 25 cents is a large sum of money.

The deep of heaven was filled with woolly white fog that morning when Tato started his kicking little motor, and the soft wet obscurity drank us up as easily as Tato would have swallowed a glass of sake.

When we had chugged about three miles the engine was slowed until it was just turning over, and the men began pitching their gill net over the side. The fog peeled off the wide river, the wind went down, and the water was ironed smooth like blue silk. Other color octaves were added to the pink formation of the dawn on the Eastern sky, chromatic harmonies running together like wet dyes, lavender, carmine and purple, the wings of the morning. Then a great volume of golden gas, pure sun's blood, abolished these and set the East aflame. The great sun leaped up through the golden fumes, and we could see Steveston and its canneries, doomed to become the property of the Japanese, as plainly as if they had been done on paper by a mechanical draughtsman.

Later in the day a wind that took life seriously came brushing in from the Gulf of Georgia, and the little boat spent some hours crawling sloppily to the peak of one water hill after another and falling sloppily into one wet valley after another, the big gulf heaving its great shoulders to swamp us. When the net was hauled in eighty gill-caught sockeyes came with it. A good day's fishing.

That night beneath one of the faded wooden awnings of Steveston I heard two or three white fishermen, who had engaged in an altercation with some war-inspiring whiskey, utter anti-Japanese sentiments. I did not blame them. The simple-minded Japanese is too confident. He talks as if Canadians were living in their own country only on sufferance of Japan.

What every man knows about the Fraser River is that it is in the wrong place on the map, for the salmon will follow their natural bent. Or, perhaps, it is the international boundary line that is in the wrong place.

The Fraser River canners fish according to the golden rule and the laws of Canada; but the American cannery owner says "Get busy and get the fish; never mind the laws." He gets them by every method, purse-seining, drag-netting, gill-netting, and in traps which are open all the time. The American fishery overseer is like the man in Kipling's *rhyme*: "He knew they stole; they knew he knowed, but he didn't tell nor make a fuss." The fact is that the Canadian salmon fishers who keep the laws are conserving fish for the American men to shunt into their cans with a laugh flung over their shoulders at the Canadians. "I love my regulations, but oh, you salmon!" the Washington State canneryman sings as he breaks the law, but gets the fish. The daily reports in the fishing season show this.

Of the British Columbia salmon canning plants nearly one-half are on the Fraser.

No less than twenty canneries are in operation on this fine old salmon river. It is expected that the pack of the Washington State canners will be at least forty per cent. greater than that of the Fraser River. The real need of the boundary situation is less that of more stringent legislation than that of equal enforcement of law on either side. The foolish Columbia River fisherman killed the fish that laid the golden eggs, but as soon as the law is enforced the salmon will again be plentiful in the Columbia.

The wildest forecast of things hidden in the cloudy future would not have seemed more incredible to our ancestors than that fish caught in the faraway Pacific Ocean would one day be served fresh and in prime condition six thousand miles away in London within three weeks of the time when they were alive in their native waters.

None of the great industries of men shows less departure from the primitive methods of a hundred or even a thousand years ago than does fishing. Lines, baited hooks and nets have been in use since time beyond the reach of memory, record or tradition, blurred by immemorial mists; the present-day methods are not very different from those of Christ when a certain fisherman named Simon, who had toiled with his boat-puller all the night and had taken nothing, let down his net at the word of Jesus and enclosed a great multitude of fishes, so many that the net broke. Toil of men in boats it has always been, danger, hardship and the will of the sea. Even the methods of curing by smoke, salt and sunshine have changed little in hundreds of years. The cod of Newfoundland are cured now for the most part as they were in the beginning. But the salmon cannerymen of the Pacific coast have devised new methods characteristic of the western spirit of enterprise. Since the white man rose like a flood over the west, and the Indian was drowned in the flood, the unclogged wheels of progress have moved ever forward. The Indian's methods were not good enough; the white man's fishing kept step with the full tide of other development. The white man reduced a primitive industry to exact business standards. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, has fishing, and especially the care of the products of the fisheries, reached such a state of development as here; nowhere has machinery been introduced to such an extent; nowhere has the world-old uncertainty of the industry, the element of "fisherman's luck," been so far eliminated. The luck of the salmon fisher, however, is not entirely the result of his enterprise and expediency. Nature has countenanced him with a variety of fish, not only of superior quality as a food product, but having certain peculiar habits of life which make a highly organized system of fishing possible. The salmon, though not, as commonly thought, a salmon at all, is no more closely related to the European species and the salmon of eastern waters than a dog is related to a fox. It has the life habits, in common with the shad and other fish, of feeding and attaining its maturity in the sea, and then ascending the rivers to lay its eggs, its offspring being always born in fresh water.

Each year, therefore, great runs or schools of fish swim upward from the sea into the rivers on their way to the spawning beds. The fishers have only to set their nets and traps in the well-known courses of the schools near the river mouths or in the rivers themselves, and they are sure of a catch. The only element of uncertainty, indeed, is in the size of the runs; the fish come up as regularly as the seasons, but there are years of small runs, so that the production varies, but not much more so than the wheat crop.

The American cannerymen take advantage of the way America is divided into two parts, and of the great impulse of the four-year-old salmon to return to the unsalted waters in which it was born. Each fish in the great sockeye herd that comes nosing into the Strait of Juan de Fuca from its unknown feeding grounds in the wine-dark sea has in its brain a chart of the Fraser River, and is following that chart. On account of the contours of this part of the Pacific coast, the majority of the salmon first touch American territory. The Washington State canners fall upon the homing herd in their own waters and spread devastation among the fish. What the American papers call their enterprise and energy practically loots six or seven million dollars a year from British Columbia. They have little respect for close-season regulations. They seem to care nothing about the conservation of the fish. They are as improvident as the Indians, whose ancient fishing

places they have usurped. A majority of the sockeyes annually taken are secured by them, and it is evident that, under existing conditions the sockeye salmon of the Fraser cannot be maintained by protecting them in Canadian waters only, and that the industry will be destroyed unless the fish are given the same protection in American waters as in ours.

It is by the use of great fish-traps recklessly in season and out of season that the Washington State canners capture enormous numbers of sockeyes without regard to consequences affecting the future of the salmon industry. It was not until 1905 that the Dominion Government permitted the British Columbia canners to use salmon traps, and then only within three miles of the mouth of a navigable river, or within half a mile of the mouth of a salmon river. The first traps used in British Columbia were located on Boundary Bay, inside of Point Roberts, and on the southern shore of Vancouver Island, between Victoria and Otter Point, and a large percentage of their catch is spring salmon, which is mild-salted for the German market. The Canadian fish-traps are subject to regulations which are strictly observed by their owners, in marked contrast with those on Puget Sound.

The salmon trap is a device which takes the fish with a certainty and cheapness unknown to the older methods. It consists simply of webbing, hundreds of feet long, strung on piles driven into the bottom of the stream across the course of the fish, but only in shallow bays or near the shore where the water is not too deep. Upon reaching this impassable net the fish naturally nose along toward the end, seeking to get by, their heads always against the flow of the tide, and thus enter the narrow channel of webbing which leads into the trap proper, a heart-shaped or circular enclosure of piling some twenty feet in diameter and containing a bag-like net as big as the enclosure, and reaching to the bottom of the stream. Here, if the run is large and the trapsite has been carefully chosen the fish crowd in, often filling the net in a solid mass, those at the top being forced out of water. In Puget Sound in 1901, the year of the run greater than in any previous year since the canning industry was established, with the possible exception of 1897, one trap impounded ninety thousand sockeyes at a single setting, a weight of three hundred and fifteen tons.

The sockeyes, the most delicious and desirable fish probably that is of any importance as a commercial commodity, looking for spawning beds about the middle of July, come thrusting in from somewhere 'way out in mid-Pacific, perhaps—no man knows where their country is in the unchartered deeps of the sea. They circle around the north and south ends of Vancouver Island and either meet their fate in the arms of the waiting traps or the dim-threaded meshes of the swaying nets, or escape to swim for hundreds or even more than a thousand miles against the current all the way, leaping falls and breasting wild rapids, taking no food after they enter fresh water and finally reaching their spawning grounds, there to sacrifice life in giving forth the eggs necessary for the production of life. Years ago he had none but his natural enemies to cope with, the Indians with their primitive methods being unable to make any impression on his numbers. Then truly was the Fraser River the greatest salmon river in the world. Annually its waters were alive with the fish, so much so that there are legends that it was possible to walk from bank to bank on their backs. Wtih the coming of the white men, the establishment of canneries, the introduction of traps and the great increase in the number of fishermen, the sockeye family has been sadly depleted.

While it is true that there was fishing for packing purposes in the Columbia River as far back as 1866, the industry attained no prominence, except in that river, until 1876 and 1878, when the fisheries in Puget Sound, British Columbia, and Alaska were opened, at first modestly and in an experimental way. The great growth did not begin until 1886; but since that time the expansion in the business has been well-nigh incredible, the sockeye pack of both the British Columbia and American waters of the Fraser River district alone making a total of 1,572,323 cases in 1909. The catch in American waters of sockeye running to the Fraser River was 40 per cent. greater than the pack made at the canneries on the Fraser River. The total pack of all British Columbia was 968,171 cases of forty-eight pounds to the case, and of an approximate

value of $5,600,000. Of this total the Fraser River canneries packed 623,469 cases, the Skeena River canners 140,990 cases, Rivers Inlet 91,014 cases, Naas River 40,990 cases, and outlying districts 71,708 cases. This was larger than in any year since 1905. In that year, and especially in 1901, the sockeyes were so numerous that dead bodies paved the rivers in many places as well as in large numbers of the smaller lakes. The catch in 1901 was so immense that every one of the canneries on both sides of the boundary filled every can they had or could obtain. The years of big runs since this century opened have been 1901, 1905 and 1909. The next big year will be 1913, and so on every fourth year. This four-year cycle of large runs is confined to the Fraser River for some unknown cause, none of the streams in the northern part of British Columbia being so affected.

In 1901 every lake and stream tributary to the Fraser, with the exception of Quesnel Lake and its tributary streams, and even long stretches of the main river beds, were crowded to overflowing with spawning sockeyes. Throughout the entire watershed of the Fraser, every other lake and its tributaries became offensive to both sight and smell because of the dead and dying sockeyes that lined the shores and covered the bottoms of both lakes and streams after having spawned and so fulfilled life's mission.

Even with these intervals of encouragement few have been able to close their eyes to the fact that excessive fishing is having its effect, as one would naturally expect. The government of the province of British Columbia has done and is doing everything possible to avert what seems to be the inevitable. Ten hatcheries are maintained by the federal authorities in British Columbia, having a total capacity of eighty million eggs. The Provincial Government has one first-class institution at Seton Lake able to take care of thirty million eggs. While these were filled last year, owing to the fact that the big run was on, they are not as a rule, thus making it apparent that the two governments have gone just as far as possible in the effort to preserve one of the most important of Canada's assets.

A most interesting sight is to watch the experts engaged at these hatcheries. To see them extract the roe from the female salmon, fertilize it, and then distribute it among artificially prepared nests, and to know that two or three months hence what are now but infinitesimal eggs will become thriving little fish, capable of feeding and taking care of themselves in a childish way, causes one to marvel at the methods of science. And there are so many more things to see in connection with the hatchery; there is the expanse of water in which the fish are run before capture. As a rule this simply boils with the activity of the prisoners. The nursery is another feature, or rather, adjunct. It usually consists of a small gently flowing stream, dammed at regular intervals. Here the baby fish may sport about until, with the passing months, they develop the wanderlust, and likewise the ability to protect themselves, when immediately they venture out into the wide ocean to return four years hence for the purpose of providing a delicious dish to the tables of those whose kind were largely responsible for their existence.

On the other hand, there are many cannerymen and old fishermen familiar with the singular habits of the salmon who say that the fish artificially spawned do not generally live to reach maturity, and these persons claim that artificial propagation does little to maintain the fertility of the waters. They point out that in spite of the fact that one hundred and fifty millions of fry are distributed every year on the Pacific coast, the salmon are steadily decreasing in numbers, and the size of the runs is annually becoming smaller.

Besides the familiar sockeye there are four other varieties of salmon inhabiting Pacific coast waters. Taken in the order of their commercial importance they are known as the spring or quinnat, the cohoe or silver, the dog and the humpback or chum. The spring salmon is known in Alaska as the king or tyee salmon, in British Columbia as the chinook or quinnat, in California as the Sacramento. It was the first and for many years the only salmon used in canning. The spring salmon reaches in British Columbia waters an average of from 18 to 30 pounds. Specimens weighing from 60 to 100 pounds have been reported. It is a splendid fish, of fine proportions, and among the strongest of all the citizens of

the sea in swimming and leaping. The color of their flesh shades from deep red to nearly white, and owing to the uncertainty of its coloring, it is less generally used for canning than the sockeye. The English markets demand a red-meated fish and will take no other. In the last few years great quantities of spring salmon have been mild-cured and exported to Germany and frozen for export to Great Britain. In 1908 this trade amounted to 795,000 pounds, valued at $79,500.

The cohoe has lately become a considerable factor in the canning business. Its average weight is from 3 to 8 pounds. Until lately the dog salmon have not been considered commercially valuable. But within the last four years they have been captured in large numbers by the Japanese, who dry-salt them for exportation to Japan.

A Bee's Elegy

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

(From the "American Magazine")

Blow softly, vagrant breezes,
 And, thrush, for grief be still—
A thirsty little pagan
 Of life has drunk his fill.

No more will he discover
 The lily's fragrant art,
Nor quaff the brimming nectar
 From any rose's heart.

No more will he companion
 The merry wilding things
That hold through rain and sunshine
 Their lyric revellings.

Yet, free and gay and careless,
 This spirit of content
Perhaps knew more of gladness
 Than lives more provident.

And who shall dare to whisper
 His days were spent in vain:
Since bird and breeze and blossom
 All wish him back again.

The Cormorant in British Columbia

By Bonnycastle Dale

(*From "Rod and Gun"*)

OF the three cormorants that are found on this continent, two, the Mexican and the Double-crested, have twelve feathers in the wide, strong tail. The third bird, spoken of simply as the Cormorant, has fourteen.

Many a time while seated behind some rude "hide" watching the flight of the wild fowl, in Ontario, Manitoba, and the Western States, we have seen a single cormorant pass by. Usually these were of the fourteen tail-feather variety. Out here on the Pacific coast we find many more of the Double-crested.

I was watching a sleek black cormorant diving immediately in front of where I had hidden my camera. Time after time it made that swift forward throw, sending the long bill down into the water with hardly a splash and following with easy but swift motion. We knew its prey was small flounders, and although I had watched these birds very carefully all season, I had never seen one bring its prey to the surface to swallow it, unless the fish were very large. The flounders lie close to the muddy bottom. They are slow in getting started, so this big bird has a meal ready spread wherever it may dive, and it always completes its dive, catches and swallows its live food, in a trifle less than a full minute. Forty-five seconds usually sees it on the surface again.

To digress for a moment. When these flounders are grown to their full size, which is usually about one foot in length and a pound and a half in weight, there is another animal which follows them. This animal is of the two-legged variety and is called a Siwash out here. The manner in which he takes these fish is picturesque in the extreme.

Imagine yourself speeding along after nightfall near the mouth of one of these mountain snow-fed rivers, your canoe rippling against the strong ebb tide and the dark night filled with cries of myriad wild ducks, loons, hair seal and the screeching, scattering hosts of griebe that your canoe's passage has disturbed. Ahead a great roaring mass of flame is rapidly passing over the "flats" at the river mouth. Silhouetted against the glowing mass is the form of an Indian, erect, motionless, with spear poised. Behind, in the half gloom, peers the face of his ancient klootchman. Her half bare arms flash and darken in the flare and the shadow. Now the form of the long war canoe can be made out. On its bow is laid a rude platform, thickly spread with gravel and sand. On this are piled the cedar and fir sticks. The fire, roaring in the draft of the canoe's speed, sends a long train of sparks and a rolling curtain of smoke behind. Now a swift motion of the old hag stops the craft, the man in the bow leans forward near the glare. The spear, throwing sharp points of light from its metal, leaps down into the rippling flood of fire and is pulled up with a gleaming white object on it, while the water that trickles down the spearman's arms turns blood-red in the reflection of the flames.

To return to our cormorants. The bird is about the size of a small wild goose. The bill, which is of a bright yellow and heavily hooked, makes a powerful weapon of defence for one of these big, ill-smelling fish-feeders. The cormorant's head, wings, back, tail and feet are coaly black, its breast, throat and under coverts, smoky grey. Its weight is about eight pounds. The nest of this dirty bird is correspondingly dirty; its greenish-white eggs are usually smeared with all sorts of filth, so that the entire

stick-built nest is very repulsive. I have had to dissect some of these birds and there has not been a sweet place on any part of the carcase. This is partly due to its steady diet of fish and also owing to the fact that this bird, diver though it is intended to be, is not feathered in the same manner as are the other divers, who keep their down and feathers dry and clean. This bird seems to wet its feathers constantly, and it is a common sight to see one with wings extended drying them. No more ridiculous sight can be seen than half a dozen of these big birds standing on a drifting log, all with wings outstretched to dry, making such an excellent set of sails that the log, urged by the tide, passes swiftly along. I have seen such a raft sweep in to the shore and rise on the surf. The balancing of the big, awkward birds was comical in the extreme. Finally one would get his tail feathers into the salt water and lean forward to balance. All would follow suit, the log would turn over in the surf and the half-dried birds spatter along over the surface, mounting at length into the air.

An examination discloses the fact that the tail feathers are much worn by this constant propulsion. So also are the tips of the wings. Many a time these birds, seated upright on a drifting log, are mistaken for returning canoes, and time after time I have had to use my telescope to discern the difference.

The wondrous velvety texture of the black webbing on the feet of this otherwise coarse bird is well worth examining. Nowhere else in the bird kingdom do I know of such perfectly colored, exquisitely soft webs.

This is the bird which the Chinese fishermen use to catch fish. The natural habits of the bird, hunger-driven, make it seek its regular prey, but the wily Chinaman puts a ring around the neck of the cormorant so that it cannot swallow the fish it catches. Not until it has caught enough to satisfy the Chinaman is it rewarded with a small part of the catch. Travellers in the Orient tell me the custom is falling into disuse. Perhaps all of the Chinamen have turned into British Columbia cooks—who amongst us can tell?

There is no accounting for tastes, but even the Chinamen refuse to eat this awful bird. Not so the coast Indian. I have come across many who confirm the tales I have heard of the native tribes eating this bird. I have seen them eating of the grisly tentacles of the Devil fish, but it is sweet and clean in comparison to the malodorous cormorant.

These birds breed largely along this coast, usually on the ledges along the shore, or on trees that overhang the water. Of enemies it seems to have none. Its fish-fed flesh no doubt protects it from all save Indians.

Its notes match its odor. I am abusing the poor bird at great length, but if you walk along or paddle along these shores after nightfall and dislodge a thing that grunts, as does a hog, the grunting being accompanied by a sort of uncanny snore or snort, followed by its flapping away from you into the thick darkness, complaining in all the weird tones at its command, you will agree with me that it is not a companionable thing.

Again, it has a peculiar way of suddenly emerging near your decoys with only its long, black, snake-like neck and head visible, and with the inborn curiosity of its nature it glides around until it satisfies itself just what manner of animal you are.

We have found it on every shore and coast and lonely island we have visited, at all times of the year, so that it is a local bird along the Northern Pacific Coast. One thing we must give it credit for: we have never seen it eating of the dead spawned salmon that litter this entire coast from September until December. In this feature it is far ahead of its coarse feeding neighbor, the mallard.

Fritz has a weakness; he is not yet firm on his Pacific Coast birds. Now there are numbers of those excellent eating birds, the brant, out here, so I put the lad on a spit and told him to kill a pair for the table as they flew over. It was just dusk when I picked him up and I saw him lay his two birds in the bow of the canoe; but alas, when he carried them into the house I discovered he had killed two cormorants for our dinner!

The Wet Saga of the Halibut

THE story writers, the strong makers who weave human fabric on the loom of truth, who have drawn pictures of the deep sea fisheries of the Atlantic coast, reproducing their romance and tragedy, have let the Pacific coast fisheries alone. Yet on the fishing banks of this western coast there is the same waiting peril, the same human interest, the same grey drama, the same picturesqueness, the same moaning, hungry sea. Through a mess of islands, channels and passes in which the foaming tide piles up like a flooding river, in which exploding squalls, smudging fog and the smoke of mountain ranges afire make a witches' brew of danger for vessels, the fish boats follow the fish as the tides in the sea follow the moon in the sky.

Over the backs of the foam-curled waves, under a black sky on which the sunset had left one crimson feather, the halibut steamer Manhattan slopped along up the coast. Twilight sat on the mystery of grey that was the lonely Northern Sea; the combing north wind washed down cold from the snow-backed mountains; a scud of rain sprayed the vessel's deck; the world of windy bareness unfurled wet clouds of fog at its edges. But the lean, black Manhattan, a boat with her mind made up, cared not a mouldy sea biscuit for the great loneliness and drabness that made a man feel like excusing himself to God, but like a hungry fish hawk drove on toward the halibut grounds where the fishing steamers plunder the sea.

The able little fishing steamer, having taken in ice and stores, had left the New England Fish Company's dock in Vancouver at 7 o'clock in the morning, run to Nanaimo, coaled and taken fifty casks of bait, and headed up for the fishing grounds. The Manhattan is a powerful little boat whose good engines, turning over at some 120 revolutions a minute, will give her thirteen knots, which is "going some" for a fisherman. She is a comfortable, roomy, well-found boat, planned by her skipper especially for the work she has to do. On her deck, right in the stern, she carries her Cape Ann dories, twelve of them in two nests of six fitting into each other. A hundred "skates" of trawl were piled on deck. Her bait-tanks, lashed to the rail, were full of herring. Some of her strong sun-stained dorymen were telling tales of the sea, and strange ports and skippers, for many of these fishermen have sailed before the mast in deep-water sailing ships. All have been in the fishing schooners out of Gloucester and Nova Scotia and Newfoundland ports. Now the talk that jumped direct and strong from bunk to bunk and around the cabin table was about carrying sail. The talk of the healthy men who live outdoors is meat-juiced with chunky words that express much, and weeded of these, fo'c'sle stories lose much of their color.

"So th' mate came down an' woke th' old man.

"'Skipper, hadn't we better warm a reef in them for' an' mains'ls? An old Cape Anner of a sea came aboard her just now an' washed th' dories right aft clear to James over the stern.'

"Th' skipper turns over in his bunk an' he thinks a minute an' makes up his mind.

"'Well, call me when th' windlass comes aft.'

"Another Gloucester skipper was called by the mate.

"'Skipper, she's breezin' up. Hadn't we better get those tops'ls in?'

"'Oh,' said th' old man, 'th' moon'll soon scoff that'—meaning that when the moon came up the wind would go down.

"The mate went on deck again, but came back in half an hour with a smile. The moon had come up, but the wind had not gone down, but had just blown away one of the tops'ls.

"'Skipper, th' moon has scoffed th' fore tops'l an' is lookin' hard at the main.'

"I sailed with a skipper once out of Gloucester who would never take in a sail but'd let 'em blow away. He would always tell the mate: 'Keep driving her,' as

he rolled into his bunk; 'if it moderates call me.'"

All this and more as the skittish Manhattan danced heel and toe over the ridges of the sea.

Her sea-pickled dorymen, sea-boats, yellow oil-clothes, sou'westers and weather-cured hides, salted language, big bony faces, red-colored voice-tones, and careless courage, might have walked right out of the crisp pages of a book of James B. Connoly's stories of Gloucester fishermen. The Manhattans are sprigs of the tough and hardy growth bedded on the eastern coast from the Labrador to New York. When Captain Gott, skipper, brought the Manhattan around the Horn, many of these men came with him. They are a hard, salty gang, the Manhattan's. They are used to hard things; the insolent wind scything down from Alaskan glaciers; the dragging sea fog as cold as wet cloths; the tune of the fiddler's fiddling up there on that smoky, wave-pounded, tide-sucked coast is not a soft tune, but they must dance to it. All have been in ships on the green-shadowed sea nearly all their lives. One of them is the son of a Gloucester skipper; another is from a Newfoundland fishing village all the inhabitants of which are of the same name; another is from Cape Breton, another from Nova Scotia.

As soon as we were outside Nanaimo Harbor the fishermen began to overhaul and bait their gear. A "skate" of gear is a ground line of ten fifty-fathom lines to whose beckets about three hundred short lines are knotted, and to the end of each of these a halibut hook is bent. Each doryman has four or five "skates" of trawl to overhaul and "bait up." On the eastern fishing vessels the trawl is coiled down in tubs, and there it is called a "tub" of gear. On this coast the trawl is merely coiled flat and snugged between two diamonds of canvas with rope ends rove into the angles. These canvas diamonds with their rope lashings suggest the familiar flat fish called a skate, hence, I suppose, the name. The ground line of the 500 fathom-long trawl is about as thick as ordinary clothesline, and the "gangen" lines, the short lines which carry the hooks, about half that size. Overhauling gear is work for nimble fingers. First the new hooks are given a wider "set" by twisting the bills farther outward and a little sidewise. The factory "set" of the hooks is invariably changed in this way. Hooks are bent to new "gangen" lines by seizing the stem of the hook to the line with twine. These are knotted to the beckets on the ground line whose gangens are missing. When the gear has been overhauled the hooks are baited with herring. Brisk fingers skewer a herring on each hook, pinning the barbed bill through the herring's back. The moon had kindled in the sky, now inhabited by only a few high-riding black clouds, and the waves ran silver-tipped into the frosty planet before the men had finished baiting up that night.

When I came on deck on the morning of the second day out of Vancouver the ship was slipping through an iron-colored, unfeatured ocean. We were away from the high-roads and by-roads of the sea, and there was no land in sight. Where the drab fields of water bent over the horizon in the east were the crimson marks of the dawn's blood-stained fingers, the only touch of color in all the wide circle of the sea. The steamer squattered along on the top of a long black glass ground swell that shouldered her bow high in air and the great black bow bruised the sea when it fell. The striding engines rhymed like the lines of a hurrying ballad.

On the good-aired sea your brain is made up fresh and clean every night like a bed, and on mine, soft as wax to receive impressions, many details of this sea picture were damascened—snapshotted as fast as the flicking shutter of the mind could work Background, middle distance and foreground were full of marine color. The atmosphere was that of stories full of the fascinating magic which is of the sea. Imagination flaps a brisk wing when you are out of sight of land. In the background my drinking eyes beheld black shining backs, and the columns of steamy water which whales send up when they "blow." Goneys, great dark-colored birds with wide wings, no remote relation of the albatross, flew around the swimming, plunging ship, and porpoise galloped alongside. Mother Carey's chickens flickered in the sky like bits of flying foam. The tide, riding on the ground swell, swirled in huge rollers toward the land. A wheeling sea eagle gazed down and screamed. Smoke spun from the galley stovepipe. The tatooed seaman at the steam

steering wheel spat out of the wheelhouse window. The heavens declared the glory of God. Mountains sprang out of the sea, rock bastions, defiant cliffs, gashed giants snowheaded, violetted double-peaks, huge slopes dark with pine. These big rough ranges thrilled me, as I pursued in imagination the enchanted secret of this wild sea and land. The various reds and sulphur of the sunrise kindled on the ash-colored sky behind the mountains that the morning mist, loosely folding the tops of the hills, quenched the tapestry colors. But presently the bright arrows of the sun flashed through the vapor.

In the fresh brightness of the morning there was the coolth of Alaska, not far away. Two deckhands stand at the rail with the lead, the "blue pigeon," the eye with which the captain looks for fish. The skipper, leaning out of the wheelhouse window, stops his engines; the lead is hove over the side, the line runs out. The lead is a long plummet with a shallow cup-like concavity in its big end. This cup is filled with lard, and when the plummet touches bottom, this grease collects a sample of the ground. By this and by the number of fathoms of water the skipper knows where the halibut are feeding. The lead brings up sand at sixty fathoms. The skipper looks at the sand and rings on his engines again. This time it brings up sand, gravel and shell. The skipper looks at it, smells it, and rings for full speed again. As the morning moved the wind grew warmer, but not the less a rouse to the blood and mind.

"How did you sleep?" asked the friendly pilot. "Like a full bottle, eh, without a gurgle?"

"The old man's looking for a spot of fish," said the chief engineer.

The fluid wind breezed up and the tops of the blue glass waves crumbled in little powderings of snow. The wind hunted the clouds out of the sky. It became a wonderfully clear morning of sunshine. They "flew the blue pigeon" many times, but the skipper was not satisfied with the character of the bottom brought up.

We raised a fleet of Seattle fishermen, "smoke boats," so called by the dorymen because they are dirty ships, foul with gurry and grease, with foc's'les and cooks' galleys all in one, regular kennels. Three were small craft, sloop-rigged, with gasoline engines. The fourth was the Leir Woodbury, a footy, beamy, bald-headed schooner, once, in her time, the pride of Gloucester, Maine, a fast able vessel, and many a thousand quintal of fish she brought around Gloucester Point. Now, alas, covered with filth and grime, her rigging frayed and untidy, with cluttered decks, a rusty thumping gasoline engine squatting in her stern-works, and the frazzled loose ends of a crew, she staggers to leeward like a tipsy old dockwoman in frowsy petticoats, selling her old age for a few halibut. As we passed her, the old girl curtsied to the trim, clean Manhattan, an aristocrat of the fishing fleet.

The Goose Island grounds didn't please Captain Gott that trip; he couldn't see where he could get a deck of fish off Goose Island, so the Manhattan foamed northward all that day, and in late afternoon the skipper found promising ground off Banks Island, twenty-five fathoms and bottom that suited him. As we sat in the galley eating supper the great pulse of the Manhattan ran down like a clock, the big windlass in the forepeak began to grind its giant teeth, and we heard the plunge of the starboard anchor.

"Give her seventy-five fathoms of chain," roared the skipper from the bridge rail, as he rang "finished with the engines."

Blown and showered by a hard wind with rain in it, and dance stepping heel and toe to her anchor chain amidst the coursing, white-flowering waves, the ship spent the night. We were now on the Horseshoe ground, in the middle of the bank. We could see the lights of other fishermen, the Roman of the B. C. Packers, the Kingfisher, the Thistle and Comet of Seattle. I did not feel well, but old Triton passed, blowing the horn of his old sea, and I was buoyed up. The roar of a song came up through the after companionway which takes you down to the large cabin inhabited by most of the fishermen. The Manhattan is a roomy boat, and fitted like a yacht. The dorymen have their ballads, forged by the songsmiths of the fishing fleet. Similar in rhythm and form are they to the logging camp songs, but not in color. Their color character is of the deep sea fishing, of course. Not the same as the chanties of foremast hands, either. Chanties are working songs, meant to add to the

strength that thrills in the ropy muscles of sailormen hauling at sheets or braces, or breaking a heavy anchor out of the mud, by setting that strength to music. The fisherman's ballad is narrative and sung generally by one voice, with all hands joining in the chorus. Here are a couple of good samples, word for word as I heard them on board the Manhattan. Of course, it is the color of the eastern fishing banks that they reproduce. The first one satirizes the eccentricities and easy-going shiftlessness of a skipper with religious tendencies who sailed a crazy old hooker out of Gloucester to the mackerel grounds. He never could find fish, and pottered around the banks, picking up a few mackerel. Often when the men were looking out anxiously for fish he would, to pacify them, pretend to sight a pod of mackerel through his glass, the only one in the ship. "It's only a small pod," he would say to the impatient fishermen, "we won't stop for it, we'll beat up for bigger ones, by the great hook block." But the men saw through this, for as the song says, "it was an old dodge," to cover up the skipper's inability to find the mackerel:

SONG OF EASTERN BANKS

The first day of August, bullies, we set sail.
The wind from the no'th'ard was blowing a gale.
To Sa-able Island our course we did steer,
With Captain John Viver in the Spencer F. Beer.

He sailed to the east'ard and made Cape Kildeer
The wind from the west'ard, the weather being fair,
We sighted some mackerel; it was an old dodge;
Said Captain John Viver. "They're only small pods."

When makin' a harbor with a fair wind,
He'd be walkin' the quarter an' whistling a hymn,
He was bound to be anchored before it was dark,
You'd think she was a lightship, stuck up for a mark.

When in the harbor if you waited to land,
You'd have to go aft with your hat in your hand.
To see him there you'd ha' thought he was mayor
With his feet stuck up in an old armchair.

Now our trip is ended we leave in good hopes
That in Gloucester port we'll coil up our ropes.
We'll go no more by his pod-angerin' rules.
We hope God'll guide us from going with such fools.

The sun at sea, out of sight of land, throws herself straight in your face, and you are in doubt whether she has kissed you or slapped you. Very early on the morning of the third day of my sea-dangering she did both to me, springing over the blue line where sea and sky appeared to meet. She was a fusing dripping wheel of melting flame, and she coated the wide sea with a bright patine, and flung a golden bridge across the wet miles between the horizon and the Manhattan. She rinsed the air utterly clean, and, singing the silent song of the spheres, wheeled slowly up into a sky the color of—I don't think there's another sky like it in the world and we'll call it 6 a.m., Lat. 63 W., Long. 134 color. Just at that particular place on the charts the weather is not fine very often, but when it is—well, you remember what somebody said about the Scottish Highlands, that an hour of sunshine there was worth a week of fine weather in Italy.

The Manhattan, having got her anchor, and started her engines, raised the land in a few minutes, the snow-cloaked, tragical, rough-shaped mountains of Banks Island, giant grotesques and arabesques in dark forests, clay rock and glacial snow, showing crag-castles, fairy battlements, canyons filled with spectral mists, all beyond tongue or trumpet.

Now the human kelpies of fishermen, sou'-wested and oil-clothed to their chins—canvas gloves on their hands, sea-booted to their thighs, crowded the deck aft, and the sprightly business of throwing the dories over the side began. This is as seamanly or fishermanly a piece of marine briskness as can be seen anywhere. The

falls from the derrick booms are hooked to rope slings in bow and stern of the big, heavy-built, graceful-looking Cape Ann dory. The winchman takes a couple of turns around the barrel of the winch with the end of the fall running through the blocks on the boom, starts the winch, and the dory rises clear of the nest, and is swung outboard, and lowered away over the side. Remember that the nests of dories are in the ship's stern. The steamer's engines are stopped, but she does not lose much way. As the dory, with sling-net, "skates" of trawl, buoys, anchors, oars, mast, sail and all her gear, is lowered over the rail, the young dorymen, with sidewise springs, throw themselves into her, seize the fore and aft bridles of the fall and at the mate's roar, "Let go!" they unhook, and instantly the big yellow dory rocks drunkenly away on the top of a wave and is whirled into the seething wake astern.

It looks dangerous, but is not as dangerous as it looks. But it's circus work and as exciting as anything done in the open. It's a throbbing, thrilling thing just to watch. The unhooking of the bridles is the particular part of it, for if one man failed to unhook the tackle at the same moment his dory mate does, the dory would capsize, perhaps. The winchman, of course, would let the fall run smoking right through the blocks, but he might not be able to give slack in time to prevent a capsize. Men have, of course, been drowned in this way. The halibut steamers lose men sometimes. They are very modest about it, of course. They don't want it featured.

In half an hour the ship dropped her twelve dories overboard in this way, lining them N.W. a quarter of a mile apart. As soon as the dory swung off astern one of the dorymen hove the buoy into the sea, paid out the buoy-line with its anchor and began heaving the coils of trawl over the side. His dorymate, at the oars, "warms" the dory to windward as hard as he can "buck." The dories set their trawl N. The bubbling, sucking tide was swinging to S.W. The buoy-line has a forty-pound anchor at the ground end of it, and one end of the trawl is fast to the anchor. The ground-line of the trawl, with its gangen lines and their baited hooks, lies on the bottom, for the plank-built halibut is a ground pasturing fish. The other end of the long trawl is fast to another anchor and this anchor-line is belayed in the dory.

Having made their set, the dorymen wait hours in the waltzing dory, and this is why every fisherman prays for a dorymate with a bright mind and a sense of humor. The length of time between settling and hauling depends on the weather. The grey waters of the halibut banks are full of Judas treachery, and peril-o'-death walks the ugly short-barrelled waves. The creeping curtaining fog may steal over the sea like a white ghost, and the big tin horn which is part of a dory's gear is suggestive. A run of sea in which even a Cape Ann dory cannot live is likely to rise without much warning. The fishermen, in their frank joy in life, and utter confidence in themselves, the skipper's eye to windward, and the able dories, have no fear. The skipper in his wheelhouse keeps his experienced eye on the weather, and if it begins to look dirty, he blows a whistle blast as a signal to the fishermen to haul their gear. Hauling the trawl, weighted with fish that weigh from ten to one hundred pounds and sometimes as much as three hundred, in the leaping, reeling, climbing, swooping dory, is not easy work even for strong-backed men. The bowman turns a "gurdey," a small hand windlass set up in the nose of the boat. The ground-line comes aboard over the pulley of the gurdey and passes aft to the other man, who swings the slabby halibut from the water over the gunwale, or "slats" the bait off the unsuccessful hooks, coiling the gear down. The halibut, before he is lifted over the side, receives a buffet on the head from the gob-stick, the fisherman's killing club. With such scant courtesy does the doryman receive the luckless halibut. In the middle section of the dory is spread the rope net in which the fish are slung aboard the ship. The stunned halibut are thrown upon this net.

Sometimes the Manhattans fish with hand lines from the ship's side, and get a deck of fish, but not often. The sea harvest the trawl brings up is invariably a bountiful one. Sometimes, when they strike a good "spot of fish," the Manhattans get their "trip" in one day's fishing.

The halibut are smaller than they used to be, but are still plentiful. If they have good fresh herrings for bait, the fishermen generally get a "trip" in four "sets," sometimes in two. They may set two or three or four "skates" of gear to a dory, without returning to the ship. A "trip" is from one hundred thousand pounds of fish upward to as many as the ship can carry home. One hundred thousand is a light "trip," two hundred and fifty thousand is a fair "trip." The fishermen receive one cent per pound for the fish they catch. Formerly they got "two bits" a fish. The dorymen still make "good money," more than any other class of outdoor workers. They earn it. No man works harder than the halibut fisherman, and endures more hardships and discomforts, from freezing winter gales to gurry-sores on his arms and hands, which are small, but annoying. No man is wetter for more hours in the day. On the other hand, no man is better fed, on board ships like the Manhattan, and the accommodation is yacht-like. The berths are comfortable, fo'c'sle and after cabin are roomy and electric-lighted, dry and warm. If you can believe the truthful fisherman, other perils beside wind and sea and rheumatism look the doryman in the eyes. If he dares to lie in the face of the deep, may the good Lord have mercy upon his soul; I tell these interesting narratives as they were told to me, a simple credulous landsman, an eager listener to tales of peril and encounter on the salt sea. According to these veracious fishers, two of the Manhattan's dories had notable sea adventures on the day of the first "set." No. 6 was calmly "gurdeying" and had struck the fish pretty well, when a monster sea lion thought he might as well have his share. He snapped a big halibut off the trawl alongside the dory, mouthed it while you'd spit over the rail, and opened his great jaws, with their wicked yellow tusks, for more. The dorymen hastily fed the huge beast with several large halibut, for they didn't think there was room for him in the dory.

"Woof, woof!" grumpled the grouchy sea monster, wolfing down the halibut. "Thuck, thuck!" went a white ash oar swung by two hundred pounds of doryman on the brute's head, discouraging him, so that he swam away, snarling. No. 4 dory, I think it was, had a romantic adventure with a giant whale, if you will take the naked word of an honest fisherman, born not far from Cape Cod, and a lover of truth. The whale was not far from sixty feet long, but my storyteller was unwilling to estimate his weight. I never was shipmates with a more truthful-appearing mariner than the gentleman who told me this tale. He and his dorymate were hauling trawl, when up pops leviathan, a terrible black bulk, right under the gear, and blew a geyser of water fifty feet in the air. The hooks on the trawl caught in the animal's back, and one fluke of the anchor hung on his tail. He went into a small flurry alongside the dory and the fishermen were also flurried. Before they could cut the gear the whale towed the dory half a mile.

That night, when the last dory in the line had been picked up and her fish hoisted in, and supper over, a great dressing down table was made in the ship's waist with broad, clean-scrubbed planks. The big port and starboard tanks are full of fish. The hands take their places on each side of the table beneath a double string of wire-cage-protected electric bulbs. A scalping party of storybook Indians would have rejoiced if they had possessed the skookum knives with which the starboard side is armed. These weapons gleam wickedly in the foamy light of the shining lamps, and as the Indians of the Manhattan tribe brandish their blades, they look as sporting a gang of buccaneers as ever compelled a steaming fish chowder to walk the plank or a copper full of raisin duff to heave to or take the consequences—a broadside of strong white teeth. On the port side of the dressing-down table stand a watch of bullies whose weapons are of a less piratical character, being short lines of hose fitted with iron duck bills. The peaceful mission of these "scrapers" is cleaning and washing out the eviscerated fish after the knives have finished their work. A man whose station is the top of a chute that leads to the hold passes the dressed fish down the chute to the packers below. The gang below packs the fish in tiers, in chopped ice.

The rapidity with which the swift-fingered gang works is surprising. By pure sleight of hand the big deck of fish is

dressed down and iced in a few hours. The starboard gang grab the big ace-of-spade-shaped fish from the tanks behind them; the quick-slashing knives flicker in the lamplight, and the fish, their viscera removed, slide across the wet table to the deft-handed men with the water-jetting "scrapers," which scrape and wash at the same time. From their hands the fish go slipping down to the chute which carries them below.

Standing on the vessel's bridge watching the fascinating play of swift hands and flashing knives, the backhanded swinging of gurry overboard, the stream of halibut with upturned milk-colored bellies flowing across the table under the white lights, the color and movement and rhythm of the thing, I wondered why some moving picture machine man has not grasped this silver opportunity for excellent pictures. Also in other strong, exciting details of this deep sea fishery there is bright scope for motion pictures—the dories leaving the ship in dramatic haste, the dory men hauling their trawl, the slinging of the fish over the ship's side and the picking up of the dories.

That night we went farther north, bucking into half a gale of fresh breeze, with a teasing edge to it which was the chill breath of the mother-forgotten northern coast. As the light of day went out across the wild sea and wilder land, before the dressing down had begun, I stood in the stern beside the patient sounding machine, and watched a cormorant following the ship on dark wings. The only obtrusive noise in the ship was the wordless tune of the engines. I felt like a child alone in the dark.

"We may strike a good spot o' fish tomorrow," says Captain Gott.

At dawn, lying in my bunk, I heard the hoarse-voiced mate shouting, and the thudding of sea boots on the deck over my head. When I went up the companion stairs there was what looked to me like a nasty sea, but the dories were going over the side just the same. Each dory had set four "skates" of trawl the day before. Today they would set four more, which would exhaust the bait. I watched the jumping dories astern, some under sail. It occurred to me that the dorymen were taking chances, but I am a landsman. I suppose from a fisherman's viewpoint there was no danger. The Cape Ann dory is a wonderful sea boat. The Manhattan's dories are the biggest made, and if you saw wind-chopped Hecate Straits you would think they needed to be. These dories are not made on this coast; the fishermen say they can't be made here. The Manhattan's were built in Amesbury, Mass. Every bit of fishing gear, from the "nippers" the men use for hauling trawl to the dories themselves, is brought here from the Eastern coast.

The men made their "set" in that brisk sea, the dories stepping lively. The steamer stood up and down the line, half speed. That night another good deck of fish was dressed down.

The Manhattan takes big chances herself, on that smoky coast. Captain Gott and his pilot, "Cal" Stinson, know that coast by instinct; navigating it has become an intuition with them. Captain John Gott carries a full master's ticket, but it does not help him any in Hecate Strait. "Cal" Stinson is a mighty good pilot. Charts are not of much utility. Captain Gott's chart-room is full of charts, but I think he seldom uses them.

The Song of a Timber Drogher

(*From "Yachting"*)

"HEY, step up an' have a drink—jump up an' don't be slow,
We'll clean the old place out, an' have a rousin' blow—
Loggers or Sailormen, come up an' toss the grog—
For we mean ter have a rousin' spree, an' let the liquor sog—
We've been a voyage in Hell, my lads, so we'll make the dollars go—
For we jumped the bloomin' drogher down in Montevideo—."
We left Saint John on a Blue-nose barque for Montevideo,
Loaded with deals, and her ports awash, in a cold December blow;
Oh, bitter the cold of ice an' snow, as we wallowed thro' Fundy's tide,
And bitter the wash o' the seas that broke over our rust streaked side.
Low we rode, and crank we rode, and the breakers thund'ring by,
Would heave and lift, in the mighty drift, as far as our mainyard high.
Short of crew an' short o' grub, and a ship that was laden deep,
An' would not lift to the thund'ring green, which over the deck would sweep,
It was man the pumps, the whole day long and pump the whole night thro'—
Till we dropped at the brakes an' slept the sleep, the sleep of a weary crew.
Then the deals broke adrift on the main deck, and hammered and banged and crashed,
Carrying away our bulwarks, and the deckhouse stove and smashed,
Crushing us men as we cut it adrift, while trying to save the barque,
An' drowning the cook an' the bosun—jammed by the deals in the dark,
While the canvas banged and rattled aloft, and the deals played hell below,
An' the seas broke over the decks in the gale, with the spite o' the wintry blow.
How we fought an' froze, with chain and axe, cutting the mess away,
While the logs sagged off to the lee o' the ship, and tossed in the smother an' spray!
We floated down South on our cargo, for her seams opened up as she rolled,
And the clear green water came spouting in and swished in her bilges an' hold.
While we toiled at the pumps all our watches on deck, and cursed in our watches below,
The barque drifted South, with her rags in the wind, and her freeboard a fathom too low.
How we sweated an' worked on the wretched old raft, an' starved on the half-cooked grub,
An' we cursed the day, when we signed away, for a voyage on the blasted tub.
We worked her down to the drift o' the gulf, and worried her down to the line,
An' the mates made us sweat at repairing the ship, and painting her up to look fine,

With our trick at the wheel, an' our spell at the pump, an' our watch on the foc's'le head,
And a shorthand crew in the midship house, an' two of our shipmates dead.
With the help o' the Lord an' our own good hands, we beat up the River Plate,
An' when dropping our hook in the harbor, I settled my bill with the mate.
We had eaten too much of his Downeast hash, an' his gentle bloodboat way,
So I've left him a mark on his ugly mug, that he'll carry for many a day.
We fetched our wages along with us, from a crack at the skipper's chest,
And slung our hook from the drogher, an' struck for the Golden West.
If we took all his dollars, 'twas worth it, as we worked for 'em straight and true,
So we've left him to patch his drogher up, an' hunt for another crew.
We'll ship no more, as sailormen, and work no more "old horse,"
For we've made Vancouver, a good landfall, and we mean to stay right here
Till we're shanghaied out by force.
Some of our crowd will hook for the plains an' work in the ranches there,
And some of us will keep to the docks and the wharves of Vancouver,
But none of us, ye may rest assured, will sign for another trip
As foremast jacks, from the Fundy Ports, on a Blue-nose timber ship.
"Hey, step up and have a drink—jump an' don't be slow—
We'll clean the old place out, an' have a rousin' blow—
Loggers or Sailormen, come up and toss the grog,
For we mean to have a roaring spree, an' let the liquor sog,
Open up another cask, for we'll make the dollars go,
And we've jumped the Blue-nose drogher down in Montevideo."

Duncan, British Columbia

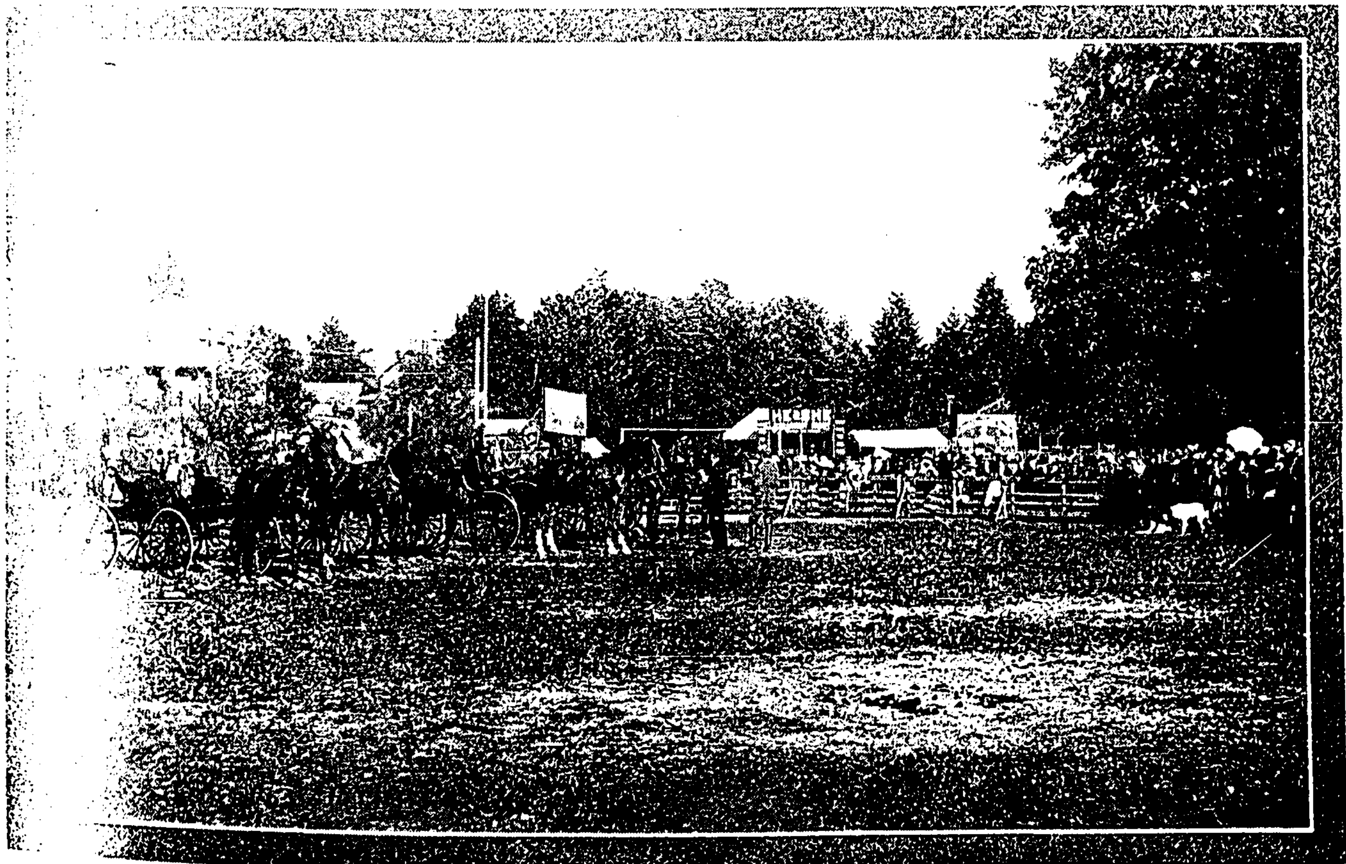
By E. H. L. Johnston

SO much publicity has been given to the Okanagan, the Kootenay and other agricultural districts of British Columbia, that the possibilities of Vancouver Island as an agricultural centre have been in danger of being overlooked, or at least overshadowed.

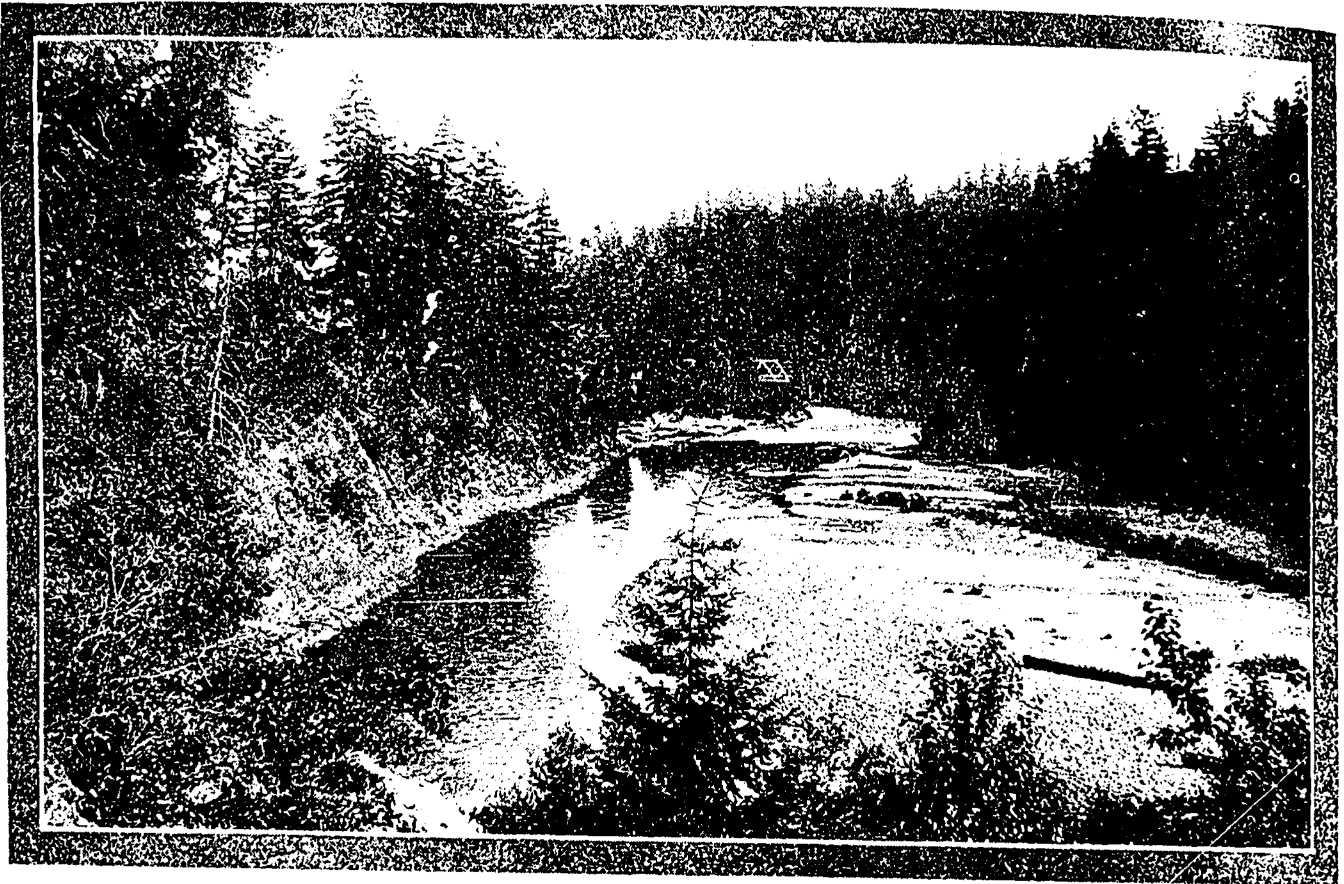
Nevertheless there are large tracts of land on Vancouver Island which are rapidly filling up with the best class of settlers, and which have every bit as good a claim to the attention of the British public as the more widely known districts of the mainland.

On Vancouver Island there is no district which can compare in size and in the great agricultural possibilities which it possesses with the Cowichan district. Duncan, which is the central point and chief town of the district, is situated 40 miles north of Victoria, on the Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway, midway between Victoria and Nanaimo. The Cowichan district covers an area extending from the east coast of the island—four miles distant from Duncan—to Cowichan Lake, a distance of some 21 miles. It includes the valleys of the Cowichan, Koksilah and Chemainus rivers. The first named of these rivers is the outlet of Cowichan Lake, a beautiful sheet of water lying 21 miles west of Duncan, and famed for its fishing and wonderful scenery.

Few districts in Canada can boast of such wonderful lake scenery as is to be found in this neighborhood. At present Cowichan Lake is reached by stage coach, but the E. & N. Railway are building a branch line from Duncan, which will



FALL FAIR, 1911, DUNCAN, B. C.



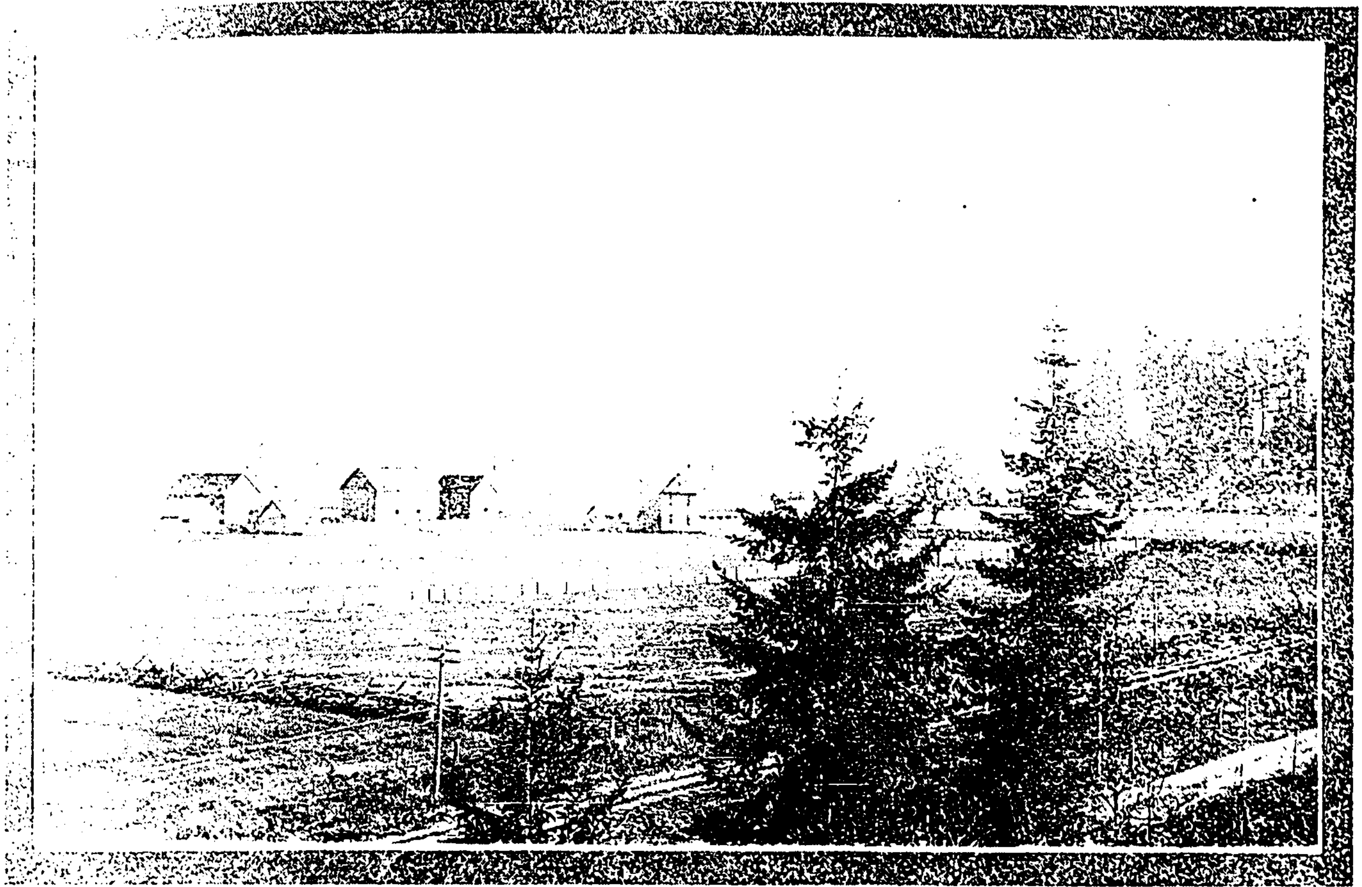
VIEW ON THE COWICHAN RIVER, DUNCAN, B. C

shortly be in operation. There is a first-class hotel at the lake, and tourists already go there in large numbers.

Somenos Lake and Quamichan Lake are within one and two miles respectively of Duncan. On the shores of each of these are fruit and poultry ranches extending right down to the water's edge. Quamichan Lake is a beautiful piece of water, in which good fishing is to be obtained at all times.

The main trunk roads in the district are controlled by the Provincial Government, and are kept in good repair, so that there is a large amount of motor traffic from Victoria to Alberni and other points north

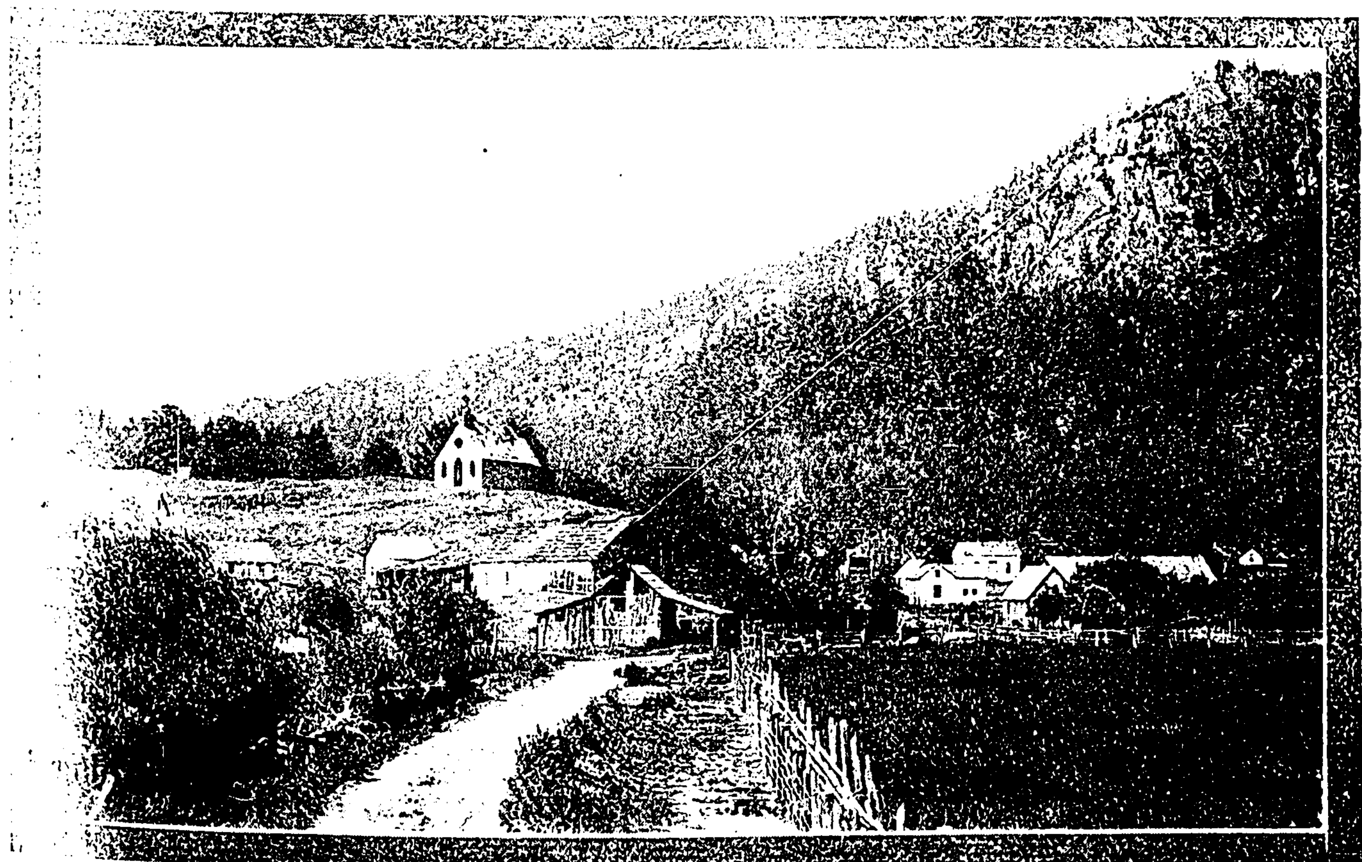
STATION STREET, DUNCAN, B. C.



DUNCAN, B. C.

—the main road passing through Duncan. The byroads are looked after by the municipal council, and the district is well served in this respect. There are good roads leading to both Maple and Cowichan Bays. These are both noted beauty spots on the east coast of Vancouver Island. At Cowichan Bay there is a first-class hotel overlooking the bay, while the salmon and trout fishing to be obtained there is hard to beat.

The lakes and streams abound with fish. Trout and salmon are to be caught in all the lakes, while in the sea on the coast close at hand good salmon, trout and cod fishing is to be obtained.



OLD ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND INDIAN VILLAGE, DUNCAN, B. C.

QUAMICHAN LAKE, DUNCAN, B. C.

Game of all kinds is plentiful. Grouse, pheasant, quail, snipe and duck are found in large numbers, while deer are also found.

The people of the district are mostly English, and while they are a hard-working community, they manage to find time for many kinds of sport. A golf course has been started in connection with the country club at Koksilah, about two miles from Duncan. A short distance beyond the golf course, on the road to Cowichan Bay, is the chief tennis club of the district. No more beautiful spot can be imagined than that chosen for the courts. They are surrounded by great maple trees, a tree which abounds in the district.

Dairying is the chief industry, but poultry-farming has lately made great strides, and is found to be a remunerative occupation. The farming community owes a great deal of its prosperity to the establishment in Duncan of the Cowichan creamery. This is operated on the co-operative plan, and during 1910 188,000 lbs. of butter were manufactured, for which the patrons received an average price of 40 cents per lb. Foodstuffs are supplied to its patrons at cost price. Last year the egg association, which is operated in connection with the creamery, handled no less than 40,000 dozen eggs, netting an average price of 35 cents a dozen to the producers.

The fruit industry has been somewhat neglected of late years, but it has been amply demonstrated that the soil and climate are suitable for the growth of fruit, as there are numerous orchards in the district in which trees of 20 years of age bear splendid fruit.

As regards transportation and market facilities, this district is particularly favorably situated. There are two trains each way every day. A daily ferry service is maintained to Vancouver from Nanaimo, while two boats a day leave Victoria for the mainland. Victoria itself is a thriving city of some 60,000 inhabitants, and lies at the very door of the district; while Ladysmith and Nanaimo are growing mining towns with a population of 5,000 and 10,000 respectively within a few miles of Duncan.

The surrounding country is beautifully wooded. Oak trees are common, while maples abound everywhere. The climate is much like that of England, with this difference, that the summer months can be relied on to contribute the requisite sunshine for the growth of the crops.

While dairying is the chief industry of the district at present, there are many who claim that fruit-growing is the coming industry.

The soil of the valley is a rich red loam with a gravelly subsoil, which is eminently

suited for the growth of fruit of all kinds. There is an unlimited market close at hand in Victoria and on the mainland, while the north country—Alaska and Yukon Territories—is yearly taking more and more of the products of Southern British Columbia. People now realize the possibilities of the fruit industry, and land is increasing very rapidly in price. Today cleared land suitable for fruit-growing can be obtained within five or six miles of Duncan for from $200 to $300 an acre.

Clover and timothy hay will yield as high as four tons to the acre.

The climate is excellent, while every farmer can get good shooting of big and small game and splendid fishing almost at his door.

Altogether the district is an ideal one for the man of moderate means who contemplates going in for fruit-growing, dairying or poultry-raising.

To Phyllis with a Vanity Box

By E. MARRINER

(From "Munsey's Magazine")

Maiden, accept this gift
  Jewelled and rare.
In it a treasure dwells;
  Guard it with care.

Take but one look within—
  What see'st thou there?
Eyes like twin stars at night,
  Golden-brown hair;

Lips like two cherries red;
  Cheeks like the dawn;
Skin like a snowdrop white
  At early morn.

Treasure of mine art thou!
  Feign not surprise;
Look up, and gaze into
  Thy lover's eyes.

That which thy mirror shows,
  There, too, thou'lt see;
Through all the coming years
  Unchanged 'twill be.

Love hath the secret art
  Youth to retain;
Thus in thy true love's heart
  Thou wilt remain.

Astronomical and Meteorological Notes

By T. S. H. Shearman

Director Vancouver Meteorological Observatory

FEW people realize the difficult problems that face the weather forecaster on the Pacific coast; but when we remember that in this latitude the atmosphere usually flows from west to east, and that it is impossible to dot the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean with meteorological stations as we could a continent, it is easy to see how watchful we must be, and how keenly alert and sensitive to every throb of the ocean of air, or a storm will be almost upon us ere the barometer indicates the coming danger.

It is to Mr. E. Baynes Reed, the director of the Victoria Meteorological Office, that we must look for our daily "probs." Forecasts and storm warnings are issued from Toronto for all parts of Canada except British Columbia. The difficult task to which we have just alluded is performed for this province at the Victoria office. and the accompanying photographs, taken specially for this article, show Mr. Reed and some of the instruments he uses. One photograph shows Mr. Reed seated at his desk answering some of the many letters addressed to him from all parts of the province regarding weather matters. Some of these letters are of the most curious and complicated nature, and involve care and study to answer. Mr. Reed is a most cultured and well-informed student of nature, and he has an inexhaustible fund of information for these seekers after knowledge. Whether the questions relate to meteorology, entomology, botany or the microscope, he is always ready with an answer. Mr. Reed is a charter member (1863) of the Entomological Society of Ontario, and a member of several other scientific societies. Of a courteous and cheerful disposition, it is a real pleasure to be associated with him in scientific work.

Another photograph shows the general office and forecast room. Lying on the long desk in the foreground will be seen the weather maps. Twice each day telegrams are received here from all meteorological stations west of White River, and twenty-five reports from the States to the south of us. The barometer readings from these are entered on the map, and all stations showing equal atmospheric pressure are connected by lines (called isobars), and when this is done we can see by inspection where the barometer is high and where low, and it is from a study of these "highs" and "lows" that the meteorologist gains the most useful information regarding coming weather changes. Behind the desk

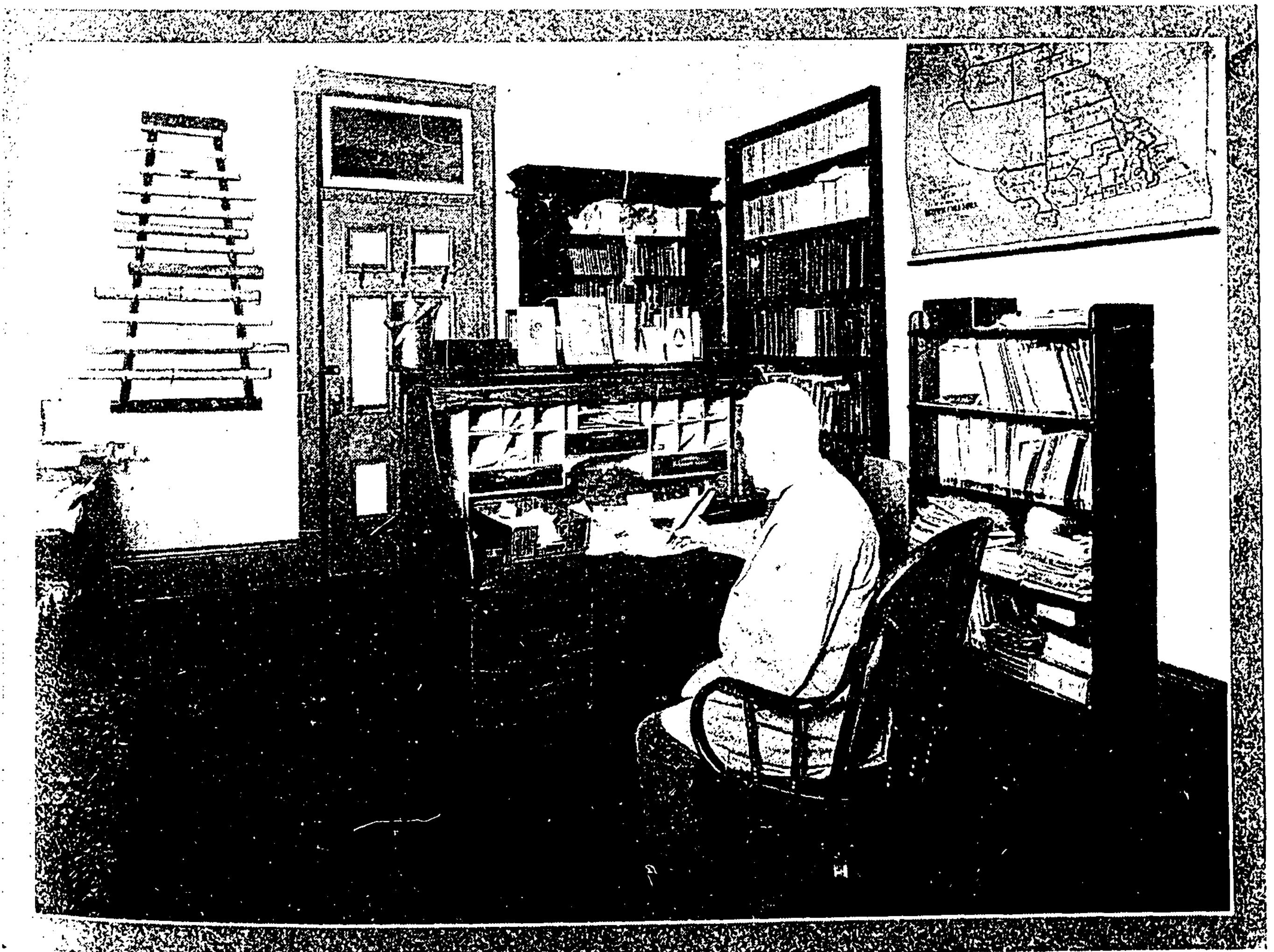
WIND VANE, ANEMOMETER AND SUNSHINE RECORDER

just mentioned, and partly hidden by it, will be seen the standard mercurial barometer. Resting on a shelf in another part of the room will be seen the barograph, or recording barometer, and below this, and resting on a cabinet, is the glass case containing the anemograph. This is a most interesting and complicated piece of mechanism, and will be described in detail at another time. It is connected electrically with the wind vane and anemometer on the roof by wires enclosed in a cable that may be noticed close to the spiked post that supports the cups and vane of the anemometer. On the roof will also be seen, resting on a circular plate on the corner post, the sunshine-recorder. This is a glass globe that burns the hours and minutes of sunshine on a card strip—but this instrument and the seismograph will be described in a future note.

THUNDERSTORMS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

I have been asked to give a comparative table showing the distribution of thunderstorms in British Columbia. The following table, from data kindly furnished by Mr. E. Baynes Reed, shows the unequal distribution of thunderstorms in this province. Incidentally, it shows the diminished number of storms as we approach the coast. A study of this subject, including a list of Vancouver thunderstorms during the past eight years, will be given in another note.

	Year 1910
Atlin	0
Barkerville	5
Tranquille	5
Victoria	1
Kamloops	1
Alberni	2
Bella Coola	7
Chilcotin	15
Chilliwack	8
Cowichan	0
Cranbrook	2
Enderby	0
Glacier	1
Golden	6
Hedley	0

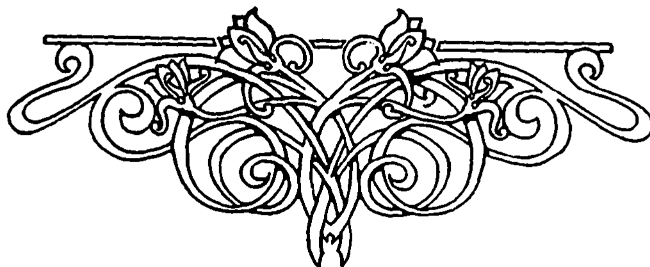


MR. E. BAYNES REED AT HIS DESK.

FORECAST ROOM AND GENERAL OFFICE

	Year 1910
Hope	8
Massett, Q. C. I.	1
New Westminster	0
Nicola	8
Nicomen	8
Nelson	7
Kelowna	26
Pemberton Hatchery	0
Princeton	12

	Year 1910
Quesnel	4
Revelstoke	6
Rossland	6
Salmon Arm	21
Stuart Lake	5
Summerland	5
Elko (Tobacco Plains)	6
Grand Forks	8
Vancouver	1



Powder Making at Nanaimo

By Aileen McClughan

"A GLOW of red amongst those nitric-acid fumes, a rise of a couple of degrees in that thermometer, and there would be left not even a pretence of remains over which to hold a funeral service."

So said my guide as we stood in the first of the series of "danger" buildings in the manufacturing plant of the Canadian Explosives Company at Departure Bay, a couple of miles north of Nanaimo. Someone made a giddy jest about "saving funeral expenses," and we proceeded to examine the main feature of the room—a steel tank about six feet in diameter and four feet high. We were told that it contained a mixture of strong nitric and sulphuric acids, both violently corrosive and poisonous, though in no way inflammable or explosive. Through a tube at the top a thin stream of glycerine was trickling into the acid, and the whole mixture was being agitated by compressed air, so that it frothed like a vat of beer. This innocent-looking product we were told was nitro-glycerine, an explosive ten times more violent than gunpowder, and a hundred times more sensitive to shock or friction.

Painfully recalling our school chemistry, we were made to understand that the nitric acid combined with the glycerine to form the nitro-glycerine, while water was given off as a by-product and absorbed by the sulphuric acid, which takes no further part in the reaction.

"Chemical action produces heat," was one of the old "chestnuts" of our school days. We all remember how hot the beaker of water became when we dropped some sulphuric acid into it. Imagine a reaction of that sort going on on a large scale alongside a similar union of nitric acid and glycerine, and you get some idea of what a furnace the nitrator tank, if left to itself, would suddenly become.

But the chemist has the art of overcoming these little difficulties. Not only is the mixture kept in constant agitation, but the tank is traversed by coils of tubing through which circulates a brine made with calcium chloride. This solution has a low freezing point, and can therefore be maintained at a temperature 17 degrees below the freezing point of water.

With one hand resting carelessly upon the sleeping Vesuvius under his care, a stolid Scotsman sits with watchful eye fixed upon the thermometer, which may not rise above 50 degrees Fahr., and upon the escaping nitric-acid fumes which must never by any chance take on a ruddy hue. Evidently the prospect of being blown heavenward in a million separate atoms does not at all disconcert him. We are disappointed because he does not "look the part." A confectioner over a cauldron of syrup in a candy factory might look very much as he does. Yet there he sits day by day brewing the forces which upheave mountains and which rend the mineral wealth from the deep-laid strata of the earth.

Should any of the dreaded danger signals make their appearance, the operator can only open a tap leading from the nitro-glycerine tank to a tank of water (also agitated by compressed air) outside the building, blow a warning whistle, and leave the place—if possible. This is called "drowning" the charge. On account of the precautions taken, the "drowning" process is seldom necessary. Neither is it always successful. Cases have been known when the tank of refractory nitro-glycerine refused to be drowned, and rising up in its might blew both building and workmen into microscopic particles. During such an incident which occurred once at the Nanaimo works, the stretch of railroad track shown in the accompanying illus-

STEEL RAIL TWISTED AROUND TREE TRUNK BY FORCE OF EXPLOSION

tration was torn up and twined in a graceful spiral round a tree some distance off.

From the nitrating house we shuffle out, moving with some difficulty in the large overshoes loaned us for the occasion. Shoes with nails or hard metal of any sort in the soles are forbidden in the "danger" houses; matches are high treason, and even hairpins are frowned upon. Into these buildings there may enter nothing from which a spark could possibly be struck. The floors and walls are lined with lead or rubberoid. No movable article of iron or other hard metal is permitted.

The nitro-glycerine is carried from the nitrating house through a covered lead gutter to the separating house. The various "danger" houses are placed at some distance from each other in order that an explosion occurring in one process may not involve the others. The plant at Nanaimo is distributed over an area of more than one hundred acres.

In the separator house the liquid is received in a lead tank. Here you have the nitro-glycerine in the form of an emulsion diffused throughout the sulphuric acid. The problem now is to separate the latter from the former. As the sulphuric acid is very heavy it sinks to the bottom of the tank, and the nitro-glycerine is drawn off by means of a tube opening into the bottom of a movable saucer kept at the surface of the liquid. If beautiful peacock-green rings should appear on the surface of the nitro-glycerine, the operator would know that the explosive had begun to disintegrate, and his chances of escape would be too trifling for description.

From the separator building the nitro-glycerine is carried away to another "danger" building, called the wash-house. Here it is passed into water, the mixture being agitated by means of compressed air. Any impurities present, such as excess of nitric acid, are dissolved in the water, and with it rise to the top of the tank, where it is drawn off by a series of taps. The explosive is thus washed twice with water, and lastly with a solution of common washing soda, which neutralizes the last traces of acid, and leaves nitro-glycerine in the form in which it was first used for blasting purposes about fifty years ago.

Nitro-glycerine is a harmless-looking substance, more like olive oil than anything else. Its historic interest is considerable when one remembers that its discoverer, Alfred Nobel, was obliged while making his experiments to move many times from

place to place, because people regarded him as too dangerous a neighbor.

Although Nobel's explosive was ten times more powerful than gunpowder, it was finally prohibited, because of the numerous and dreadful accidents attendant upon its use as a blasting agent. The burglar today who carries a can of nitro-glycerine for the purpose of blowing open a bank safe is taking a risk even more serious than that of discovery.

One of the most useful tools of civilization might have been lost had not Nobel found that by absorbing the liquid explosive into certain solid substances he could retain most of its useful properties, while eliminating the harmful ones. The solid nitro-glycerine became known as dynamite. So safe has the use of the once ostracized explosive become that, in the form of Samsonite and Monobel powder, it can be used even in the most dangerous coal mines.

Passing on to the mixing house we saw the pale yellow liquid being blended with the absorbent "dope," as it is called—the dope in this case consisting of a mixture of Chili saltpetre and finely ground wood pulp.

"All the variations of dynamite," our guide told us, "are dependent upon the nature and proportion of the dope employed. For railway construction and for blasting gold quartz we mix 25 per cent. of dope with 75 per cent. of nitro-glycerine. To obtain an explosive with slower and less shattering effect the reverse proportions might be employed. Stumping powder, which is calculated to tear the stump out entirely, consists of 75 per cent. black powder and 25 per cent. nitro-glycerine. So you see that even so violent and powerful a servant as nitro-glycerine has been harnessed and made to yield up its power by degrees as required."

The formulae for the various nitro-glycerine explosives, along with a list of their properties, would fill a large volume. They are made to suit every condition of elasticity: safety in mines, slow and rending explosion, immunity to the action of water, non-freezability, and so forth. Many of the processes are known only to the Nobel Company, of which the Canadian Explosives Company is a branch.

The nitro-glycerine, or dynamite, as it is called after mixing, is packed in heavy paper cartridges about ten inches long and an inch or two in diameter. These are made in a separate house by a machine that cuts and rolls the paper and then crimps it at one end. Large cauldrons of melted paraffin sit simmering over gas flames, and into these the cartridges are dipped, in order to make them impervious to atmospheric moisture, which, combining with the dope, would cause it to loosen its hold upon the nitro-glycerine.

The machinery for filling these cartridges is found in a building some distance off. It is made entirely of wood fastened together with nails and hinges of brass. If an iron bolt is required anywhere it must be overlaid with wood. The dynamite is held in a wooden tray lined with grey rubberoid and is packed into the cartridges by means of a series of wooden pistons moved to and fro by hand power. Although the Canadian Explosives Company declines to give statistics of its output, it is the boast of the plant at Nanaimo that their daily pack per man of dynamite cartridges is the largest on the continent.

Another interesting building is that in which the dopes are prepared. Here are large brick furnaces and grist mills into which the Chili saltpetre or wood pulp passes very coarse and moist, coming out marvellously dry and fine at the other end. Piles of the dry, dusty stuff lie on the floor previous to being taken away for use in the mixing house.

The Nanaimo factory turns out several explosives more powerful than dynamite. One of these is blasting gelatine, a solution of guncotton—itself a violent explosive—with nitro-glycerine. The mixture forms a jelly-like mass which can be made to conform to any shape of bore-hole. It is the most powerful form in which nitro-glycerine can be used with safety. It was this explosive which was used in blasting the St. Gothard tunnel.

Gelignite, a modification of blasting gelatine, is also manufactured in large quantities. It can be used under water, and is peculiarly fitted for mining and for rock blasting. Looking at the long sausages of gelignite being cut up and rolled into the form of cartridges, one might imagine oneself in a candy factory; but the precautions taken against explosion show that this substance which so

closely resembles Turkish delight is really something with very different properties.

It is a pity that the word "explosive" in our language has acquired a somewhat sinister meaning. Paradoxical as it may seem, explosives are constructive rather than destructive. They tear down only in order that some other force may be enabled to build up. In their absence railway construction, especially through rugged country, would be impossible; without them mining on a large scale could hardly exist. They lay bare the coal seams and dislodge the coal, which is an indispensable factor of almost every industry. Faith, if strong enough, is said to move mountains, but apparently our mundane article never quite comes up to standard; at least, nitro-glycerine still has it beaten by several laps.

A dynamite manufacturing plant in British Columbia is far from being a "white elephant." In this province are some of the largest gold, coal and copper mines in the world, for all of which blasting agents are required. A dozen new railways are either building or about to be built. Tons of blasting dynamite will be used before the steel rails can be laid through the mountains into the fertile valleys of the interior and down to the "waters of the West," where lie the big seaport towns of the future.

Surely it was not in irony that Nobel—manufacturer of cordite and lyddite, as well as of dynamite—designated his famous prizes, amongst other things, "for literary work of an idealistic tendency and for the promotion of international peace."

To Paradocia

By GWILYM GRIFFITH

(*From "Century Magazine"*)

Fickle, faithless; trusty, true,
  There was never one like you!
Fickle when the game is gay,
  Trusty in the needy day;

Lily-fair and lily-frail;
  Dauntless when the mountains quail;
Heart of oak and heart of snow—
  There was never any so!

Heart of oak against the blast,
  Heart of snow when storm is past,
Quick to melt in gentle tears
  When love's sunshine once appears;

Tigress-cruel, angel-mild;
  Sage and sibyl, little child;
Thunder-bold and soft as dew—
  There was never one like you!

The Pioneer

By Ramon

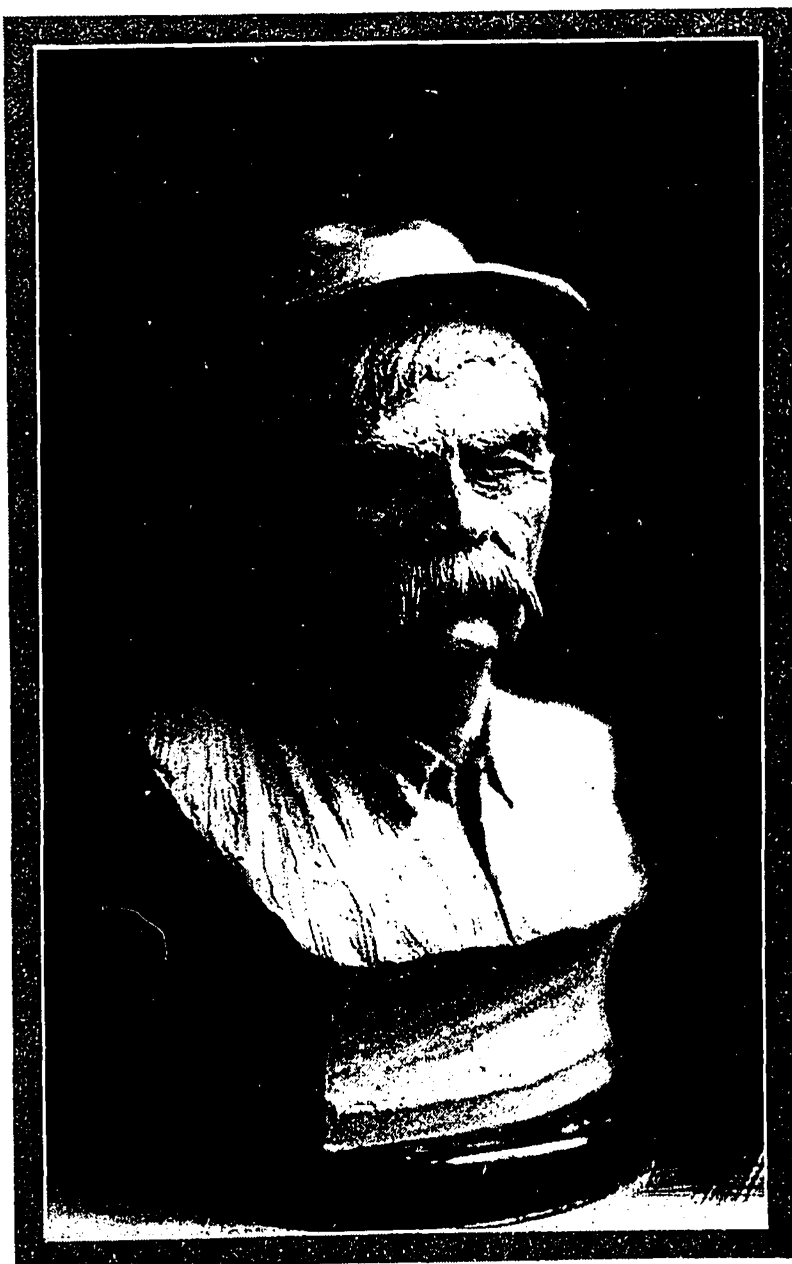
A SUMMER camp near the edge of the bluff, half hidden among the cedars; smell of seaweed and smoke from brush fires; a piece of driftwood rhythmically rolling back and forth against the beach with the lazy swell from the Sound; the dull red sun sinking behind a spur of the coast range; a typical northwestern sunset, with infinite varieties of color, from pale yellow and smoky red to black-purple in the cloud streamers, all mellowed by the hazy atmosphere; an oily sea of molten brass with streaks of brown and undertones of deep green on the shady side of the dying waves; and a Siwash family paddling out toward the straits, almost disappearing in the smoke, emblematic of a vanishing race.

On the verandah the sculptor and the literary man are entertaining their friend the civil engineer, just back from the sage brush. They have the intellectual and frail room-dweller's admiration for the strong and active, and envy him his free and romantic life. He likes them because of what they are, and because they live in a world so radically different from his own. He envies them their life with its environment of books and pictures, its association with the men who wear white collars—and their sisters!

The engineer is a man of few words, but the sculptor and the literary man like to hear him talk about his adventures, and know how to loosen his tongue; besides, the cigars are good—so is that which maketh the heart of man glad and comes in tall glasses! And the scenery is good to look at after the months of dust and sage brush.

The engineer takes his friends to the scenes of his labors; unrolls picture after picture from that epic struggle for mastery between man and Nature which is going on in the West all around us, and whereof we catch but an occasional echo, while he is one of the masters!

He speaks in short and jerky sentences, with much dry humor and many queer words and unexpected turns of language, which are the delight of the literary man,



THE PIONEER

with giving a number of technical terms and names of formations which are the despair of the sculptor, and necessitate frequent interruptions for explanation, but one story is hardly finished before his listeners urge him on to another.

From the survey of that railroad "up north" in the middle of the winter, at [illegible] below, when the transitman's eye froze to the transit, and the [illegible] below the rapids gave way under the topographer, and a [illegible] run to camp saving him from freezing stiff; to the building of the reservoir in Nevada, when the sun fried the marrow out of your bones, where one of the pack mules fell under a load of dynamite and, kicking and struggling, scattered it over the hillside, and everybody faded into the landscape except that mining engineer, who coolly cut the mule loose from the pack and pulled the dangerous stuff away.

From that strike on the tunnel in Montana, where the assistant superintendent single-handed cowed a gang of bloodthirsty Greeks and Dagoes armed with knives and crowbars, to the great washout on the S. P., where he worked six days in the same wet clothes to get a temporary line built, with all the hoboes, Japs and Hindus he could bully into handling a shovel, while the waiting passengers in the Pullmans had fits because there was no more fresh meat and they had to live on canned stuff.

From that great fight up north when the camp bully was steered up against a professional pug from 'Frisco, when they fought with bare hands until they were hardly recognisable and too weak from exhaustion and loss of blood to use their fists and went at it with the teeth, and the whole camp, divided as to who had the worst of it, fought among themselves until morning, to boyish pranks in the party, when even the old teamster acted like a kid and played practical jokes on the festive farmers. Unexpected singers, artists, ministers, dentists, clerks, actors, teachers, bookkeepers, "veterans" from the Philippines and the Boer war, etc., found among the survey party, sometimes nuisances and a constant source of amusement, sometimes turning out to be real men. Surveys in the heart of the wilderness for a year at a time without seeing anything of civilization, when everybody was so dead tired of everybody else that the mosquitoes, flies or petty troubles became intolerable bugbears; when you knew what Tom was going to say before he opened his mouth, and felt like murdering Dick because he kept stirring his coffee longer than you thought necessary.

Surveys in the marshes of Louisiana, when eight men were down with malaria and two had typhoid fever—otherwise it was all right—they did some record work and swore by the chief.

Amusing yarns about sheep-herders, big game hunters with "fowling pieces" and an army of guides and packers, old prospectors, trappers and dry campers he had met—and here the engineer refused to continue making fun of everybody, even dry campers, because he was among them now and did not want to be an ungrateful cuss. Furthermore, he liked the place immensely and almost felt like a dry man himself—only that collar felt ill-fitted stiff and he could not break himself of scratching matches on his new trousers, not to speak of guarding that crease when he was sitting down.

And the sculptor and the literary man, who had never done anything more exciting than jump off a street car, smoked in silence, loath to take up the conversation after this talk by the man who had seen and done the things they only read of.

The sculptor broke the silence: "It's like seeing a series of groups in granite, roughly hewn, with most of the meaning left to the imagination. Somehow [illegible] tales remind me of Russell's and Remington's pictures. Perhaps because there's something of the same spirit in them, the spirit of the pioneer, the man close to Nature. And it is a consolation to know that this spirit will live as long as there's left a piece of the untamed West. Romance will not die for a while yet, which [illegible] the prophets be praised. You will probably deny it, but your life is more full of romance than you will ever suspect."

"Romance?" snorted the engineer. "Umph! The only romance I know is wrapped up in the blanket-roll. Work hard in the field all day and in your tent over your notes at night to all kinds of hours and see how much romance there is about it. If I were a poet I would write an "Ode

to My Blankets." It develops an involuntary grin from ear to ear to finally crawl in among them. And sleep! You fellows don't know what sleep is. The only romance there is in this world is hidden in your fountain pens, your brushes and in that lump of clay you have inside.

The literary man now spoke.

It is even as the sculptor man says. You are portraying the same characters as the writers of western fiction make such interesting use of. You have met and seen them all: we only read about them in books. Your stories are like a pot-pourri of the books of Stewart Edward White, Owen Wister, Rex Beach and Jack London. Service's "silent men who do things, letting others tell the tale"; and Jack London's "abysmal brutes" are all there, even if only dimly suggested—and all have the same pioneer spirit, that contempt for four walls and convention. Far be it from me to idealise them all. Many of them must be plain bread-winners, thrown into this life by mere chance and kept there by the inertia of habit, about as appreciative of the wild beauty of mountain and forest as a bag of beans, and with the sentiment and intelligence of a bucket of shrimps! But there are others. There must be a subconscious wild man, a something with a jungly look and a smell of cave in all of us, in some of us almost dead and past rousing; in others very close to the surface—only a scratch and it breaks out, and the "Call of the Wild" has them again. I know one who is almost half wild man—unhappy fellow! If he speaks about what he thinks and feels, people think him crazy. He spoke to me, but in confidence. You will find the same thing is what is generally called some of the craziest stuff Jack London ever wrote. Somebody ought to write "The Call of the Camp." That is what gets you and the others; only a few follow the call of the wild.

You say there is no romance about it. Maybe it seems that way to you, but are you not the least bit of an idealist? Is it nothing to you that you are one of the foremost of the pioneers, the first to enter a virgin wilderness with a railroad survey, preparing the way for less hardy spirits? The farmer, the soap salesman, the real estate man who follows your line and makes money where you make history, the man-who-sits-on-a-stool-and-adds-figures and the banker—they all follow you! And when you cash in your chips after the last jackpot they will not all be white.

When you pierced a mountain with a tunnel, harnessed the rapids to give us light and power, built an irrigation system which made two blades of grass grow where none grew before, you built yourself an everlasting momument. You *did things,* which is more than the real estate man or the clerk can say.

Idealism, is it? Huh! I may have had such silly notions when I was a college kid, but they plumb vanished on the first job. And the engineer who never whines and takes everything as being part of the day's work became bitter: Called a "surveyor," rated as a timber cruiser or gang boss socially, considered a necessary nuisance, overworked and underpaid, chasing from Calgary to Calexico, from Victoria to Denver, on the hunt for a new job when the last piece of work is done, or perhaps discharged by a company trying to save an engineer's salary and wasting more money on the bungling guesswork of a Jim, Jack or Mike who knows it all, than would pay an engineer's salary for twenty years. Sometimes disguised as a gentleman, but really a tramp by force of circumstances; same travelling around on the lookout for a job, the only difference being the tramp's blanket-roll is on his back, the engineer's is in storage. Nothing permanent, no knowing where you will be next year, no home, no time to make friends, only a lot of acquaintances. Expect to be out in all weathers, perhaps stricken with rheumatism or sciatica, and losing all his savings on months and months of hospitals, sanitariums and doctors. I am too busy earning a living while I am at it to consider sentimental piffle; I am not in it for the glory, just chasing the elusive meal ticket, and as to money—no catchem! May-be-so bimeby quit engineering, then plenty catchem, startum business! But the hell of it is that I am no good for anything else. Oh, well, it might be worse. I might have had to live and die a ribbon-counter clerk!

And silence reigned again. The sun has set long ago, the heron has sailed away to his roost, hailing us with a few hoarse squawks, the sky and the horizon merge in

a greyish blue haze, and a few glimmering lights can be seen from the distant city, occasionally reinforced by a bluish flare from a trolley jumping the wire; the verandah is almost dark, only the puffs of the cigar faintly illuminate the engineer's strong features, tanned by the sun, with the outdoor-man's wrinkles round the eyes and a half-sinister, half-humorous expression.

Wong patters around on slippered feet, replenishing the engineer's and the literary man's supplies of fizzwater, the sculptor who has been on the European continent drinks some queer stuff which comes in a jug and has an unpronounceable name.

And the sculptor speaks again: May your transit never be out of adjustment and may you never be tired, but O Builder of Railroads, you will never quit engineering! You may reason yourself into staying in a city and living between four walls like the rest of us, but that thing in you which is stronger than you are, and independent from reason, will compel you to listen to the call of the camp. Have I not seen you quit a good office position after seven months of it to take any old thing at all in a survey party? And were you not the happiest man in the city when you took that blanket-roll out of storage? After nine months of blankets you will blow in, paint this town red for a week, swear off engineering forever and talk about settling down. Bismillah. What is to be, will be.

And the sculptor went inside and placed a chunk of clay on the cracker box with three slats nailed to it for legs, and which he insisted on calling a pedestal. And there before our eyes he attacked that clay under the inspiration of the moment and produced the pioneer. The writer rescued it from being squashed next morning, as has been the fate of all the other statues, and had it photographed. Because the sculptor only allows the literary man and the engineer to call him so, and sculps for his own amusement, claiming to be too busy being a poor office man to be a good sculptor.

This is the sculptor's and the literary man's tribute to the pioneer, whether engineer or prospector, railroader or homesteader, trapper or member of the N. W. M. P. Doing big things quietly, little known, less appreciated, hard-working, hard-living and hard-dying vanguards of civilization. And this is the only monument sacred to the memory of McCoy, Nelson and Drum, recently drowned in Lake Helen in the Nipigon country. The world knows them not, and it is well, because it is more important that the fitting of a new diamond collar for Miss Catchem Muchrox' poodle should be recorded in the papers than that mention should be made of the fact that an obscure division engineer and two resident engineers are drowned in the performance of such uninteresting work as piercing the wilderness with a railroad, opening a new world for Mr. Muchrox and civilization.

The three engineers have submitted their final plans to the Great Chief Engineer. May He find that they have run a good line and give them a pass to the great Headquarters, and may they have peace during their Long Vacation.

The Pioneer has been differently understood and portrayed by the three of us, but in the words of Kipling, "Dray wara yow dee!"

The Passing of the Big Ranch

By L. V. Kelly

COW-PUNCHERS can still ride bad horses, outlaws still run the ranges, ranchmen still talk of the relative merits of single cinch or double cinch or a "centre-fire" or a "three-quarter rig" saddle, but the day is in view when they will be of the past. In most Alberta cities nowadays the cowboy wearing "chaps" and big spurs is almost a curiosity. He is truly a rarity, and the Indians roam through the alleys picking food from the barrels behind the hotels. Western Canada is developing civilization with its luxuries. Its energetic crowding out of all local color is rapidly driving to the back towns and hamlets those who once were the kings of the land and the only money-getters in it outside of the whiskey-runners.

Although ranching is still carried on to a certain extent, although cowmen still swear vividly at railroads and barbed-wire fences, and cowboys can handle a rope or a branding iron with as much skill as formerly, the day of the cattlemen with great herds is surely passing and the small farmer is taking his place. Last year the shipment of beef cattle from Alberta was greater than in any previous year, greater even than when the ranchers stripped their herds in 1905 and 1906. Last year's business exceeded the best previous year by over a score of thousands of head, and it was the small farmer, the man with a dozen or so head to sell, who swelled the number to this extent.

Ten years ago the inrush of settlers, squatters, and homesteaders or purchasers began to embarrass the big ranches. The free range was taken up in quarter-sections, half, and full sections. Where once the camp fires of the round-up gleamed in the silver Alberta moonlight the waving tops of heavy grain swayed. Where the wild steers ran bellowing down the slopes and across the flats the steam plow began to snort and roar, or the four-horse breaking team puffed as it tugged mightily to draw the steel blade of the plow through the thick virgin sod.

Alberta has been an ideal ranch country since it was first laid out by the hand of God. It has rich soil, succulent grasses, splendid watercourses, and grand shelter. The buffalo long ago picked it as the winter range par excellence. Later on the ranchers of Montana found it good, for their cattle throve and waxed fat on the river benches of the province, while the herds in Montana and adjoining States were perishing of cold or starvation.

Also the ranging was of such ideal nature that the cost of herding was cut down a third or more. In the States the cattle kings figured that it required the services of two men, experienced cow-punchers, for each thousand head of stock. In Alberta two men could handle fifteen hundred head. This was made possible by the nature of the country, for on the Alberta ranges cattle do not drift as badly as they do on the range lands of the States. The feed is more abundant, the watercourses and springs farther apart. Where springs and streams are close together and grass is somewhat sparse, the range cattle wander far, going from drinking hole to drinking hole, drifting, mixing, and straying all over the wide country. Where the feed is good and the water fairly far apart, the cattle get located in the vicinity of one or other of the watercourses or springs, and consequently require less herding. This results also in there being less mixing, cattle stay by their home ranges better, and the work on the round-up is not so extensive or keen as on the other side of the line.

In the palmy days of the cattle ranch in Alberta it was about as easy a life as one would want. There was winter work, of course, but there was practically no haying, practically no feeding, for the cattle

rustled food and shelter for themselves and suffered only in the severest weather. Sometimes the spring calves were kept up and fed during the first winter of their lives, but not generally.

But when settlement encroached on the grass lands the rancher had to give way, grumblingly it is true, but surely nevertheless. The Government gave homesteads and called for settlers. The mounted police frowned upon any system of Western dissuasion that the cowmen might have planned. The ranchers rumbled their disgust among themselves and the herds began to be pressed for range. So, necessarily, the cattlemen began to reduce the herds by thousands and tens of thousands. There was a little active opposition to the settlers, chiefly on the part of the cowboys, who sometimes devoted part of the time to pulling up Government survey posts, so that homesteaders could not find the quarter-sections they sought. Ranchers sometimes also gave misleading information about crops, water, weather, and hard seasons; but all this had little effect, as the small farmer was determined to come in. He came, and the rancher went. I took up the matter of the ranches and cattle with an old cowman, and he spoke with deep feeling of agriculturists, squatters, homesteaders, and others of that ilk.

He spoke at length with original words and heartfelt tones.

"They never really began to run cattle in Alberta," he said, "until about thirty years ago. By that time the bad men, the 'gun men' and 'killers,' had been practically eliminated from the West. Consequently there was practically never any gun work to mention among the ranchers and ranch hands of this province. Yet the cowboys could ride and rope and work with the best from across the line.

"But there is no more real ranching," continued the old cowman disconsolately. "In the old days each ranch had its own range, and there was a wide, free range to feed on. Cattle ranges need rest the same as any crops. The herds exhaust the grass if they feed many years on it. But the settlers came in and forced the ranchers to keep to their own land. They settled down to the very line fences and fenced in their lands tight. The cattlemen suffered. Now, on most big ranches nowadays there is little breeding being done. Everything is being 'beefed,' and in a few years there will be very few big cattle outfits left, not as many as a man could count on the fingers of his left hand. Heretofore they could drift off their own ranges and let the grass rest, but now they cannot.

"Previous to twenty-five years ago the cattlemen of Montana had a sort of tacit agreement with the mounted police. Their cattle drifted across the line and fed, but the ranchmen were supposed to collect them and drive them back to the States in the fall. They did. They would make the round-up, the mounted police would watch, the cattle would be driven across the line into American territory, and the police would start home.. Then—the Montana cattlemen let the herds drift back to the rich grass lands of the Milk River, and they'd be back there before the police reached the detachment."

It was about thirty years ago that the first big herds of range cattle were brought into the present province of Alberta and turned loose on specific ranges, to grow fat and multiply both their numbers and the dollars in the pockets of their owners. The first great ranch was the Cochrane ranch, the cattle of the original stock being Montana-bred. They were purchased there and brought to the international boundary line in detachments, Howell Harris, one of the '63 pioneers of Montana, superintending the driving of the herds to the boundary, where he turned them over to the Cochrane representative, James Walker, now Colonel James Walker, of Calgary. Twelve thousand head was the total number brought in by the Cochrane people that year and thrown up against the east slope of the mountains to pick their living from the rich vegetation there. They were first turned out on the hills near the present town of Cochrane, just west of Calgary, but during the winter they drifted easily south and east, and finally located on the Belly and Kootenai Rivers, where the big Cochrane ranch of 500,000 acres was finally established.

The late Senator Cochrane, of Montreal, was the head of this pioneer Canadian cattle project; the land was purchased from the Government, and has recently been sold to the Mormon Church.

The Church is now settling the tract with colonists of that faith.

The rush of settlers and the opening of the homestead lands had an effect on the Cochrane ranch in time. About the year 1900 the ranchers began to feel the pressure and restrictions of the ever-increasing flood of newcomers, and in 1905 the ranch broke up, the cattle were disposed of, and the Mormons purchased the land and sowed it with grain.

Next in point of age in the cattle business in Alberta comes the Waldron ranch, situated on the north fork of the Old Man River, between the Porcupine Hills and the Livingston range. This ranch company was backed by Scottish capital. As a start the owners put in 6,000 head of stock, which they eventually increased to 12,000. In addition to these, they had a big herd of grade Clydesdales, which were disposed of a short time prior to the breaking-up of the cattle business. The Waldron ranch had 50,000 acres freehold and extensive Government leases, but the need of more range, the increasing number of settlers, and the filling-up and fencing of everything but their freehold and leases forced them to curtail the herd until in 1907 they sold the last of it, though they still retain their 50,000 acres.

Then, after the Waldron, the Bar U was started. This was fifteen years ago, and the original owners were the Allans, of Montreal, the Allan steamship line people. The ranch was located west of High River, in the Porcupine Hills, and was purchased from the Allans about ten or eleven years ago by Gordon, Ironsides and Fares, and George Lane.

There were never more than 5,000 head of stock on this ranch, though the new owners afterward acquired the Willow Creek ranch, the lease of a half-million acres of C. P. R. land on the north side of the Bow River, east of the Blackfoot reserve, and increased the stock on all their holdings to about 30,000 head by breeding and importation.

Gordon, Ironsides and Fares were the first Alberta cattlemen to ship Mexican cattle to Alberta. It is a well-known fact among cattlemen that for every 500 miles north a calf is taken it adds a hundred pounds in weight when matured. Gordon, Ironsides and Fares brought in 10,000 head of Mexican "dogies," yearlings and two-year-olds, the real long-horns of the ranges of Texas and Mexico. They were from the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, and the venture netted the investors a handsome profit. These dogies differed from the importations of young stock from the East, in so much as they knew how to rustle, knew how to find water and how to look for shelter during storms. There was little or no loss; they grew big and fat and heavy, and were finally turned off at good prices. When ready for market they averaged perhaps three hundred pounds more per head than the average run of Mexican range cattle off their home range. It was nearly seven years ago that these "Mex" cattle were brought in, and the last shipment was put on the market about two years ago.

But even Gordon, Ironsides and Fares have been forced to restrict their ranching operations owing to the ever-lessening range. The settlers' fences and grain-fields are pressing ever closer on the grass lands.

The Oxley ranch, west of Nanton, on the edge of the Porcupine Hills, was started many years ago, but the original owners did not hold it long. They sold it to W. Roper Hull, now of Calgary. This ranch depended largely on Government leases, for it had a freehold of only about 10,000 acres. Mr. Hull at one time was running 12,000 head of stock, but has been forced by settlement to cut it down to 5,000. One of the best-known ranches of the province is the Circle, a noted Montana brand, owned by W. G. Conrad & Company, of Fort Benton and Great Falls, Montana. They are running the same brand on both the American and the Canadian sides of the line. It was eleven years ago that they came and located in Canada, their Canadian ranch being put in charge of Howell Harris, the man who brought the original Cochrane herds to the boundary thirty years ago. His brother, John Harris, is manager of the American ranch for the company.

The Circle outfit used at one time to run 18,000 head of stock in Canada, but they, too, have been compelled to reduce, and they now have only 8,000 head on the range.

Among the famous herds of the province

was that of the Turkey Track ranch, the property of the Creswell Cattle Company, of Trinidad, Colorado. The management of the Canadian ranches is under Tony Day, a pioneer cattleman from the Panhandle, of Texas. The ranch is located on the White Mud River, fifty miles south of Swift Current. Day broke up his herds upon the death of his partner, Creswell, in 1907, and the ranch was history. At one time they were running a herd of 28,000 head.

Sam and John Spencer, of the 3 C U ranch, came from Montana. They owned cattle on both sides of the line for a number of years, and the cattle ran together. Sam Spencer died in 1908, and the herd was taken over by his son-in-law, Billy Taylor, who still runs it, though he has been forced to cut the number down by nearly half. Their range is on the lower Milk River, and there are perhaps 9,000 head running there, where in the palmy days of Sam and John they had 15,000. These ranchers have 150,000 acres of Government leases, which still have seventeen years to run, as they were taken up only four years ago and were for twenty-one years each.

The Milk River Cattle Company, owned by A. E. Philps and Hon. Clifford Sifton, is still in existence, though the herd has been greatly reduced in numbers, owing to lack of range. This company has 7,000 acres of freehold and about 75,000 acres of Government leases. At one time they had 8,000 head on the range, but the herd is cut in half now.

W. R. Hull, of the Oxley ranch, conducted a butcher business in connection with the ranch. About eleven or twelve years ago Pat Burns (the P. Burns Company, of Calgary) bought him out and acquired the "home" ranch, twelve miles southeast of Calgary. Then Burns bought and leased in various parts of the province until now he has the Mackie ranch, 150,000 acres, on the Milk River, in southern Alberta; the Quirk ranch, 6,000 acres, southwest of Calgary; the Imperial ranch, 5,000 acres, north of the Big Red Deer River; two ranches twelve miles east of Olds and Didsbury, of 3,000 and 5,000 acres respectively, and with leased lands adjoining.

DISAPPEARING HERDS

Every winter he feeds from 17,000 to 20,000 head. He does not maintain a breeding herd, but buys all over the province and sends the stock to his ranches to be prepared for market. The P. Burns Company has about seventy-five butcher shops scattered throughout the West, and it takes 50,000 head of cattle to run the business yearly. In addition to this they export 25,000 head yearly.

Maunsell Brothers, of Macleod, run the "I V" cattle. Part of their herd is on the Peigan reserve, part on Government lease, between the forks of the Belly and the Bow Rivers. At one time their herds reached a total of 12,000, but now, owing to lack of range, they have only about 8,000 and are fast reducing that.

The Matadore Land and Cattle Company, with headquarters in Trinidad, Colorado, have ranches in Texas, Colorado, and North Dakota, as well as in Canada. Their ranches are managed by Murdoch McKenzie, the Canadian end being in charge of Dave Summerville, an old Texas cowpuncher. His headquarters are at Saskatchewan Landing, on the North Saskatchewan, a hundred miles from Swift Current. Each year this company ships from its Texas ranges 2,500 head of two-year-old steers, which are matured on the Canadian ranch and shipped when four-year-olds either to Chicago or by Canadian ports for export trade. The number kept on the Canadian ranch is about 7,500 all the time, and the range is all leased from the Government and comprises 150,000 acres.

The Conrad-Price Cattle Company was composed of W. G. Conrad, of the Circle herd, and Charles Price, one of the '63 Montana pioneers. Price died in California in December last, but the herds had already been broken up and sold in 1909, because there was no more range. The ranch was north of Maple Creek, in the Sandhill country, and at one time had some 10,000 head.

A MORMON RANCH

Lem Pruitt, an old Panhandle cowman, drifted to Canada in 1905 with 6,000 head. He found the range growing less and less; he reduced the herd as the range reduced, until in 1910 he sold the last of his stock

and is now a cowman without an occupation. His range was sixty-five miles south of Medicine Hat, Alberta.

The Mormons of southern Alberta have many thousand head of cattle, and their biggest outfit is the Knight Sugar Company, of Raymond, Alberta. Jesse Knight is the head of the company, which was formed in 1902, shortly after the Mormon settlement was established in Alberta. They have 150,000 acres of freehold range, and run 15,000 head. They are reducing the herds as fast as they can. Their range is on the Milk River ridge, and the cattle end of the company is managed by Ray Knight, a son of Jesse, and one of the best cowmen in Alberta. Joseph Smith, president of the Mormon Church, is a director of the company.

And thus it is the farmer is crowding the rancher back and back, the pasture field and grain field are taking the place of the open range, the once great industry is being forced under, but more cattle will annually be sold, and perhaps better grades, for the farmers fatten their marketable stock with grain, while the old ranch stock was only grass-fattened. The rancher is going; the farmer is here.—*"Collier's Weekly."*

A Saddle Song

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

(From "Scribner's Magazine")

Long years from now when the autumn weather
  Shall tingle our blood, grown slow and cold,
I think that the rides we have had together
  Will still delight us, though gray and old.

Then perhaps on a day you will open the covers
  Of some small book, and a hazard line
That tells of the rides of friends or lovers
  Will sing of the rides that were yours and mine.

Again, while the sharp rain cuts without pity,
  We'll gallop; again from the distant hill
We'll watch the stars and the lights of the city
  Gleam out of the twilight, misty and still;

Again to the creak of saddle-leather
  We'll climb the slope where the violets grow;
Or, low to the pommels, dash together
  Under the apple-blossom snow.

Then here's good luck to the rollicking chorus
  Of a horse's hoofs as they beat the ground,
And may there be many a mile before us
  When our hearts shall keep time to the musical sound.

Silver City, Dead

By L. V. Kelly

SILVER CITY—dead. Ten thousand people pass through it a week, twenty thousand eyes look across its streets, its surroundings—and not one in ten thousand knows that it is and was Silver City. There are dead cities hidden and buried in the depths of the Mexican forests, dead communities in the hills and sand barrens of the older-settled communities, but Alberta can count her deceased communities on her thumbs—one the expired coal camp of Anthracite, the other Silver City, where the whiskey runners used to flourish, the miners used to outfit, the construction gangs once rioted in the exuberance produced by the diligence and judgment of the whiskey runners.

Castle Mountain, a massive upreared height of quartz, sandstone, marble, and mighty castellated cliffs, towered high and imposing when the railroad prospectors, surveyors and pioneers pressed through the Bow River Pass on their preliminary steps in the great work of binding the two oceans together with iron and steel and wood. The mountain was and is a sort of freak; its conformation is that of the mineral ranges further west, entirely different from the other mountains surrounding it, and the mine prospectors of other days noticed it and hoped. Castle Mountain also was in reasonable distance of Banff, Laggan, Morley, and the passes over the ranges into the Columbia Valley, where whiskey was good and the travelled trails were easily negotiated by ponies carrying packs of bottles or kegs. The mineral indications at Castle Mountain pointed to copper, much copper, so a camp was formed and the name was Silver City.

By 1883 it was a town, a flourishing community of six or seven hundred, more or less, innocent souls, who delved in the mountains in search of treasure or who catered to the appetites of the delvers. Wonderfully hewn log houses were erected, streets were laid out, hotels built, a lime quarry started. Water was supplied by the purest kind of liquid from the mountain streams, and the camp flourished for two years. One season it was the base of supply for the westward-pushing gangs of the C. P. R. construction; always it was a lively, hustling mountain place where prices were big and the inhabitants' hopes were bigger.

Today it is gone; nothing remains but the gigantic cliffs of Castle Mountain with their perpetual snows, the green grass, two debilitated log shacks, a few rotted, earth-covered logs, and the scarred face of the foothill in the rear, where the limestone quarry was. Gone, vanished, are the people, scattered from Nome to Mexico, from Vancouver to Europe; gone are the streets, the houses; gone are the paths. Choked and hidden by vigorous growths of brush, the once well-worn trails of the packers are choked beyond passage; the routes are forgotten by all save two or three; the town is as if it had never been.

Only one man remembers and is true. Joe Smith, the mayor of Silver City—short, thick, snowy of hair—lives there as he has in the past. Since 1883 this man has been in the place, hotel keeper, boarding-house proprietor, prospector, miner. Now he has settled down to a quiet bachelor existence, alone, crippled with rheumatism, his friends gone, his town gone, everything gone but hope. And still the spirit of the prospector is young and strong; still he feels confident that some time in the near future the minerals hidden in Castle Mountain will be brought to light and the long-promised wealth and prosperity will at last have descended upon his faithful shoulders.

One spring I went fishing. I had heard of a wonderful gem of a lake nestling in the hills near Castle Mountain, where six-pound cut-throat trout lay in shoals waiting hungrily to gobble up the hooked fly; I had heard that it was nothing uncom-

mon to catch four fish on four leads with one cast, the four fish to aggregate perhaps twenty pounds. It was twenty miles west of Banff, so I purchased a ticket to Castle Mountain Station, dismounted there, crossed the Bow by canoe, and then toiled five hundred feet in the air to the gem of a lake which cuddled down on the breast of a hill five miles south. That jewel of a lake *was* full of fish; it almost wriggled and swayed with them; I cast my line from every foot of its circumference, and the best I could get was brisk little cutthroats, which did not exceed four inches in length. I ceased casting and returned home empty-handed, following the trail by which I went, a trail that sloped ever down, a path which followed close beside a beautiful, brawling, rocky, timber-choked mountain stream that gurgled and birled and chuckled as I sweated and smote at the mosquitoes.

Again I crossed the Bow while it gripped at the canoe with swift and eager clutch; Castle Mountain Station, looking up at the great cliffs as they stood sharp against the dropping sun of the afternoon. The agent, tall, lean, round-shouldered, dry, with a red nose and a bedraggled moustache, came and talked.

He had been in every niche and corner of the world; he had been a friend of General Coxey and a schoolmate of one of the directors of the C. P. R.; he had been one of the best railroad dispatchers in America, but he was now well satisfied to remain at this quiet spot beside the muttering river, beneath the very shadow of the great mountains, living the life of a hermit.

He told me that he seldom saw anyone, that the section foreman who lived forty yards away was a Galacian with a deaf and dumb son, that the section men were foreigners, that passengers seldom stopped from the one train which made a pause at the little station daily.

"Then there's old Joe Smith," he said, pointing to a lone log house about two hundred yards across the tracks. "He's the mayor of Silver City. He's over there somewhere, I guess. But I haven't seen him for two weeks; maybe he's sick." He lighted his pipe calmly and told me of Silver City, of its bustling streets, its busy nights and busier days, of its rise and fall and disappearance.

"You better go and see old Joe," he remarked, and I did. I went to the house built of hewn logs and knocked; thereupon a voice asked me to enter, and I swung open the door upon the interior of a bachelor's abode that was as neat and shining as the interior of a Dutch housewife's kitchen. Not a speck of dirt or dust, the floor scrubbed white, the stove wiped till the red iron shone. On the west wall hung an old repeating rifle and a muzzle-loading shotgun; on the north wall hung clothing; on the east wall were traps, and a box wherein were placed tobacco and magazines and newspapers. Seated in a home-made chair of massive design was a man, snow-white of hair and beard, short, sturdy, and pleasant of face. I told him I had dropped in to call on him, and he talked, a slight trace of French accent still showing.

Forty years ago he started West, full of the belief that the gold lay scattered about on the open prairies and hills, scorned by red men and overlooked by trappers, waiting only for some canny Easterner to come along and pick it up. He came and he found it was not so. He went to Montana in the wild days, he prospected the mountains from there to the Saskatchewan, he settled in Silver City in 1883, and he remained until this day. Also, he told of the red life of the early days, when men worked hard and feared only the mounted police.

There was a whiskey still far back in the mountains where enterprising moonshiners made the product that resulted in liquid refreshments for the people of Silver City—at fifty cents a glass, measured by the bartender; there were stores and hotels, there were six hundred people in town, and the streets were long.

Out in the hills promising copper veins were uncovered; through the southern passes from the Upper Columbia Valley in British Columbia came men—packers and miners and whiskey runners.

The Canadian Pacific main line went through the town; other towns were started; the citizens commenced to scatter; the railroad company hauled the houses of Silver City bodily away, for they were built of logs—nice, true, hewn logs—and

the timbers were valuable, so why should the railroad company pass up anything of value? Other people took the logs, too; some were re-erected in Banff, some in Morley, some even at Anthracite, where again the fate of mining towns descended when the coal mines stopped.

I heard of miners and smugglers, outlaws, bad men and funny ones. I heard of a construction gang foreman who coveted the half-caste wife of a huge negro barber, a pretty yellow woman. One day shots were heard from the barber shop; men rushed thither and saw the barber on his hands and knees, blood flowing from his mouth, while in his hands was an open razor with which he made weak and futile passes at the foreman, who stood, feet spread wide, revolver in hand, shooting slowly and with venom into the sagging, swaying body of the great black. The glazing eyes of the victim were fixed with steady and fearless hatred on the white man, and, just as the other men burst in, the slayer said, "Try ta cut me, would ye? Take that! And that!" and he fired two more bullets. The negro rolled over dead. A jury of the foreman's peers investigated the case and brought in a verdict of self-defence.

Then there was Bulldog Kelly, whose real name was McLaughlin, a handsome, quiet, gentlemanly person, who one day saw his opportunity and took it. Kelly was in the Columbia Valley then, and whiskey agents took huge sums from that fertile district. One was going out with a large amount, and Kelly shot him dead, took unto himself the cash, and departed via the river and the Pacific. Later he was caught in Winnipeg, was tried and acquitted, and finally was killed in a train wreck out Spokane way.

There was a foreman at Silver City whose importance was self-exaggerated. This was after the road went through, and the foreman in question was the commander of a section gang of six foreigners. One day he came along and saw the gang lifting their hand-car from the tracks.

"Who told youse pink-toed cherubs tuh take that off the tracks?" demanded the foreman with the roar of an angry buffalo. His gang stood in awed silence and moved not.

"Put it on again," shouted the swayer of their destines. They did.

"Now take it off again," he ordered. "I'll show youse Dagoes who's boss around here!" And he glared belligerently at his minions.

Then there were Boston O'Brien and his partner Connors, who kept a hostelry at Silver City. Connors used to make much humor because his partner's name began with "O."

"I'd kill meself if Oi hed sich an Oirish name," he would jibe.

One day he went to Calgary, and upon his return saw a great canvas sign across the front of his place of business. Connors read in large black letters:

"O'Brien! O'Connors!! Oh, God help us!!!" he groaned.

But Boston O'Brien has passed, as has also his mate Connors; Bulldog Kelly is no more; Joe Healy is away; all of the six hundred inhabitants are vanished; all of the houses but two have disappeared; the limekiln on the hillside is grown over with weeds and grass; none remain of Silver City but the house of Joe Smith, his stable, and Joe himself. It is a dead-and-gone city of the dead-and-gone past, but still Joe Smith lives there and hopes. Men have come and gone; they may come again.

When I arose to leave, Joe looked at me and smiled.

"Was you up fishin' in the little lake?" he asked pleasantly. I admitted that I had been, and added that the fish were all infants.

"Lots of people go up there, and each one thinks he's discovered it," remarked the population of Silver City reminiscently. "Twenty years ago it was alive with big ones, and twenty years before that the Indians caught fish there. People are always thinkin' they are first to find things, but I've learned that wherever you go you'll find someone has been there first." Joe lighted his pipe with philosophical deliberation. "The last big fish caught in that little lake was when the Pullman strike was on and them owners of the shops come out here on a hunting trip while they waited for the strike to settle. They were here in a private car for a week, and I showed them the way to the lake. I guess they caught over a thousand fish that week, and ever since that the tourists have kept it fished out, except for the little ones."—*"Collier's Weekly."*

The Transformation of China and Its Significance to the Pacific Coast

By Fletcher S. Brockman

I AM returning to China after a stay of six months in the United States and Canada. The increased interest in Far Eastern affairs, as contrasted with what I have found on preceding visits to America, is everywhere apparent. The deepened interest is, however, no more evident than a strange unconsciousness on the part of the American people of the colossal changes which have, during the past decade, swept over one-fourth of the human race on the eastern borders of the Asiatic continent. One of the most frequent questions with which I have been greeted has been: "When do you think China will awake?" To it I have always felt like responding: "China is awake, my friend, but you are not." Japan moved rapidly enough; but Japan never went so far during any ten years of her transformation as has China during the past five. To those of us who have lived in the Far East during this period, such changes as marked the centuries from darkest mediævalism to modern days have seemed to flash before our eyes with kaleidoscopic rapidity.

This transformation has been manifest in every phase of China's life—government, education, commerce, industry and in moral and religious conceptions. In spirit and in ideals China is fast becoming a modern nation. In this there are no two parties among the people. Manchu and Chinese, mandarin and coolie, the scholar and the unlearned, the merchant and the farmer, are alike determined. In this, likewise, there are no sectional divisions. In the great port cities like Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow and Canton, the process of modernization is more manifest and the change is greater; but the magic influence has swept over the entire nation and is found in the remotest recesses of the Empire. Twelve years ago you could not find outside of a few foreign concessions a progressive; today you cannot find in the old sense of the term a conservative. From the day the Portsmouth Treaty was signed by Russia and Japan, China has been a new nation; to a man, it is committed to the pathway of reform and modern development. With unanimity it held for centuries to its old course; and with unanimity it now resolves to take its place among the modern states.

When one thinks of the mass which has been moved and the distance travelled, the world shows no such colossal change accomplished in such a brief period. It is the outstanding miracle of history—one-fourth of the human race ushered from the dim recesses of the past into the arena of modern life; a nation which was a clog upon the wheel of progress suddenly transformed into a mighty factor in the world's civilization. The American is all too unconscious both of the phenomenon and its significance. Our children and children's children will point back to the past half-decade as to one of those pregnant periods that shape the destiny of succeeding ages. The discovery of America, a wilderness, changed the civilization of the world; the discovery of China with its 400,000,000 people, peaceable, industrious and capable, will make a new dating point for history.

The more minutely this change is studied the more marvellous seems its thoroughness.

In its government five years ago China was not far from that which existed in Babylon and Nineveh: the will of the Emperor was the final authority. Liberty, constitutional government, democracy were practically unknown terms and unfelt needs. During 1909 the ballot was granted to all people meeting certain property or educational qualifications. Pro-

visional provincial parliaments were held in the twenty-one provinces of the empire. The parliaments were conducted with exceptional ability, and have called forth favorable comment from all students of Chinese affairs. During November of 1910, as is well known, the first sessions of the provincial Imperial Parliament were held. Today China stands on the threshold of a constitutional government, planning to take her place alongside the constitutional monarchies like Germany and Great Britain. There are still thousands of officials of the old type; there is still corruption in high quarters; there are many reforms on paper only; but unless other nations forcibly interfere, China promises in one decade to change from the political ideals of three thousand years ago to those of the most modern times. This has been done without bloodshed, and without any serious break between the throne and the people.

In 1905 China had the educational system that had existed almost unchanged for two thousand years. She was practically without government colleges and schools. Although no students ever endured such intellectual tests as did hers in the famous triennial examinations, and no educational standards were so exacting, still all of their learning did not teach them the most elementary facts about geography, modern history or mathematics. Their most learned scholars did not know that the earth was round, had never heard of the law of gravitation, and could hardly compute the interest on a note. The one aim of her educational system, when adopted two thousand years ago, was to win men from the degeneracy of the present and enable them to attain unto the civilization of the past. For these two millenniums the scholars, who controlled the policy of the nation, kept their eyes fixed upon the Golden Age of the remote past. Their advances were backward; and up to a decade ago they were casting imprecation and pouring out denunciations upon the insistent modernism which was knocking at the doors of the empire. Here lies the explanation of China's former conservatism: for centuries her great intellectual force has been bound by the manacles of an effete scholasticism. Although this system of education was intimately connected with the government and with the social life of the empire, yet in one day the entire system was swept out of existence and there was put in its place a combination of the American and Japanese systems. Colleges have sprung up like mushrooms after a rain in all the provincial capitals. Ten years ago there were probably less than three hundred students in modern government institutions in Peking; today there are over seventeen thousand. College professors from America, Japan and Europe have been brought in by the hundred; there are sixteen American teachers on the steamer by which we are travelling, all to be placed in one institution in Peking, the buildings for which are not yet completed. Chinese students have gone to the four corners of the earth in search of modern education; there are over three thousand in Japan, nearly a thousand in Europe, and about the same number in America. As I passed through Russia last spring I was interested to find that there were twenty-five Chinese students in the University of St. Petersburg. Of course, China has not been able in this time to perfect a modern system of education; but in intellectual ideals she is fast becoming as modern as Germany or America. How inconsiderable seems the Renaissance in Europe when compared with this transformation in educational ideals of one-fourth of the human race!

The change in industry and commerce is not less striking. The foreign trade of China during the latter half of the last century increased six hundred per cent. One must cease to think of the Orient as the home of the Lotus Eater, where luxurious ease pays court to sleepy indulgence. Wherever the breath of modern commerce has touched the coast of Asia, modern cities, seething with life and served to the highest activity, have burst into being. Shanghai, an insignificant river village, has grown, within a night, into a great world metropolis, the tonnage of its harbor now next to that of Liverpool. Hongkong, which but yesterday was a barren island with a few thousand fishermen upon it, has become, in size of tonnage and number of craft, one of the greatest ports in the world, and is now next to New York and London. Tientsin has since the Boxer war thrown down her mediæval wall and

turned it into a magnificent boulevard. Forty great steamers ply on the Yangtse between Shanghai and Hankow, sustaining a larger traffic than exists on any other river for an equal distance anywhere else in the world. From Hankow to Peking, which five years ago was thirty-six days, is now thirty-six hours.

Five or six years ago old horseshoes were being picked up in the streets of London and shipped to Hankow, nearly one thousand miles into the interior of China, to make plows for the peasants. The Hanyang Iron Works is now mining coal underneath the very hills over which the plows were used, and is turning it into pig iron and steel at such a price as to sell in successful competition with Pittsburg iron and steel at Brooklyn and Seattle. This company, with the best cheap labor in the world, a limitless amount of coal, and the finest iron ore easily accessible, and deepwater navigation, is bound to have a large part in determining the price of steel in the world's markets. Silk filatures, cotton factories, flour mills, sugar refineries and other manufacturing plants, with their lofty chimneys, give such ports as Hankow, Shanghai, Tientsin and Hongkong the appearance of Manchester and Birmingham.

The commercial and industrial development of China has, however, only begun. The foreign trade is still pitifully small. Although Japan has but one-tenth the population of China, its foreign trade is seven times as great, and this notwithstanding the fact that the Chinese have been traders for centuries, while trading is a recent acquisition to the Japanese. There have been inhibitions upon the foreign trade of China which accounts for this fact, and have obscured to most foreign observers the commercial possibilities of the nation. Among the more powerful have been poor means of transportation, the lack of improved machinery, the Likin tax, the low grade of living of the people, the prevalence of the opium habit, an unstable and non-uniform currency, the overpowering influence of superstitition. The hopeful feature of the situation lies in the fact that each one of these inhibitions is being removed, as a brief review of the situation will show:

In railway construction, for example, some good friends of China have almost lost patience with her seeming unwillingness to rapidly build the railways which were necessary to open up the country to foreign commerce. This impatience has, however, grown out of a failure to understand the odds against which China has had to work. She was brought to fully realize the value of railways more than a decade ago. Having neither the available capital nor skilled engineers, she turned to other powers to assist her in her railway building. Several of these used the concessions which China gave them as a means of attacking the sovereignty of the Chinese empire: the railway was accompanied by bands of soldiers. An undertaking which she had supposed was purely commercial turned out, to her dismay, to be connected with deep schemes of politics. Russia and France with the help of Belgium were making a highway for troops from Moscow to Canton. Germany placed the whole province of Shantung at her mercy by the road from the coast to Chinanfu. In self-defence, China had to postpone her railway building. She has at last been able to come to an understanding by which she can borrow money without putting in pawn her sovereignty. She is now on the threshold of a great railway era, in which trunk lines will tie Shanghai to Chentu at the foot of the Himalayas, and connect Canton with the borders of Mongolia and Manchuria.

The lack of improved machinery has heretofore placed China out of competition with the modern industrial world. Her industries have all been carried on with the crudest machinery, and by the method most costly of labor, so that her greatest national asset, a larger number of peaceful, industrious workmen than any other country, has been largely nullified. The late Dr. S. A. Knapp, of the United States Department of Agriculture, estimated that with improved machinery one American in Louisiana can cultivate as much rice as is done by four hundred persons in China. The tiny farms into which the land of China has been divided will probably preclude the introduction of improved agricultural machinery, except in Manchuria and Mongolia; but in manufacturing, the tiny shop is rapidly giving way before the large manufacturing plant.

With reference to the Likin, which is

an internal surtax, China has in her treaties with Western powers agreed to its abolition; but the insistent demands of the Government for more funds has tempted her into a tardy compliance with her promises regarding it. The Government has also been slow to provide a scientific basis for the currency; but I have recently learned that negotiations are proceeding between the Chinese and American Governments with reference to employing an expert to establish a scientific currency on a gold basis.

The commercial folly of forcing the opium habit upon China has been well shown by the Honorable Tong Kai Son, in his famous speech before the Opium Commission in Shanghai. He said in part:

> The economic burden imposed upon China by the use of opium has now become almost unbearable. As is shown in our report, a conservative estimate of the annual production of native opium for 1906 is 584,800 piculs; this we may value at 220,000,000 taels.* To this must be added for imported opium 30,000,000 taels, taking the value of the importation for 1905; this gives us a total expenditure in cash on the part of the Chinese for opium of 250,000,000 taels. The land now given over to the production of opium, were it planted with wheat or other more useful crops, would yield an annual return of, let us say, at least 150,000,000 taels. This sum, added to the loss of 250,000,000 taels mentioned above, means that the cultivation of opium costs the nation 400,000,000 taels a year. To estimate the loss to the country in the earning capacity of the victims of the opium habit is more difficult. Our investigations have convinced us that there are twenty-five million men in China addicted to the use of opium. This number, unfortunately, included many from among the more highly productive classes; but if we suppose their average earning capacity, were they not addicted to the habit of opium, to be one-fifth of a tael a day, and that this is reduced one-quarter by their use of opium, we have here a daily loss to the nation of 1,250,000 taels, or an annual loss of 456,250,000 taels. If there are added to this the items which I have mentioned above, we have a total annual loss to China of 856,250,000 taels.

Few who have not lived in China realize what a powerful influence superstition has had in holding back the industrial development of the people. Confucianism, while teaching the relation of man to man, revealed nothing of the relationship of man to Nature; so that there grew up years ago in China a powerful geomancy, a worship of the spirits of wind and water, which has prevented development of natural resources. Mines could not be opened lest they should disturb the dragon of the hills; buildings of more than one storey could not be built lest they would divert the good influences of the wind; streets must not be straight because they gave free course to flying devils. Man has been for centuries the servant of Nature. These superstitions are all fading like mists before the sun in the presence of modern education.

Influences are thus at work to loose the bonds of China's commerce and industry.

The wealth to be unlocked by the economic development of China becomes apparent when we consider these facts, also pointed out by the Honorable Tong Kai Son:

> Within the past twenty-eight years the world's foreign trade has grown from gold $2.50 per capita to gold $14. While China's trade has been backward, she has not failed to feel the impulse of this world movement. In 1867, when the Chinese Customs statistics assumed their present shape and furnished the first data for comparison with the present, the value of China's imports was less than 69,333,300 taels; in 1905 it was over 447,000,000 taels, an increase of more than sixfold; and yet the foreign trade of China is still lamentably small. The imports of China per capita are about two shillings five pence, while those of Japan are fifteen shillings ten pence—nearly seven times as much, and of the United States about thirty times as much per capita. There is no part of the world in which there is a field for such an enormous extension of foreign trade as is presented today in China. In fact, who can estimate the influence upon the trade of the world when China comes to her own commercially and industrially? If the world sold to each Chinese as much as it does to each Japanese, it would receive three billion taels annually from China.

The transformation of China, it thus becomes apparent, is a matter of the profoundest concern to the United States and Canada. The transformation is taking place; no force can possibly stay it; and of the United States and Canada there is no part which is so vitally concerned as the Pacific coast. In fact, the future of the Pacific coast is inextricably intertwined with that of the Far East. If a great trade is built up on the Pacific, it means a transformation of the Pacific coast as truly as

*A tael is equivalent to about 65 cents.

it means a transformation of China and Japan. It is strange that the publicists of North America have been so unconscious of the colossal forces that are being loosed in the Orient. The Far East is to the Pacific coast what a larger Europe would be to the Atlantic coast of North America. If the Pacific coast becomes enormously wealthy and thickly populated, it will be more because of its trade with the Orient than because of the development of its own natural resources or its trade with the eastern part of the North American continent. More than fifty years ago Mr. Seward saw this and named the Pacific as the centre of the world's activities. Others of our statesmen have from time to time voiced the same sentiments, and occasionally one hears it on the coast today; but it has not really entered into the consciousness of the American and Canadian people.

The impact of the East and the West which has had such a profound influence upon the East, could not have been otherwise than accompanied by difficulties in adjustment, and must have supplied causes for friction between peoples that have not previously known each other. The relation between the Asiatic and the American laborer has been, perhaps, the most conspicuous cause of friction. It can scarcely be believed, however, that the people of North America will allow a question like this to obscure the vastly larger issues which are at stake. No one can find fault with the Pacific coast for a policy that will protect the Anglo-Saxon character of its civilization, and that will avoid race conflicts. The American people, however, make a serious mistake if they suppose the Governments of China and Japan have found fault with this policy on the part of the Canadian and American Governments. Japan has seen the necessity of protecting her laborers from the more poorly paid workers of China and Korea. Moreover, she needs all of her laborers for large undertakings in the Orient. Neither has the Chinese nation ever looked with favor upon the emigration of her laborers.

Friction in connection with this matter has grown largely out of our misunderstanding the Orient, and treating the citizens of Japan and China with a lack of consideration. We have in those two great peoples proud, sensitive nations, with whom politeness and consideration are among the greatest virtues. We sent Mr. John Barrett to China to invite the leading merchants and some of the officials to visit the St. Louis Exposition. Some who first responded to this invitation were soon writing back to their friends that they had been held in the detention sheds at San Francisco, made to give their thumb-prints like criminals, and were confined within the exposition grounds like convicts. The indignities that have been heaped upon Chinese gentlemen by the American Customs authorities within the past fifteen years would be unbelievable if they were not so fully attested. Stories of them have been sent over the Chinese empire from one end to the other, and have done more than can well be understood to obscure the great services which our diplomats have rendered China from the days of Burlingame to John Hay. In the same way the utterly useless talk of war with Japan has been like a blight upon the tender plant of her sincere esteem for the American people. When one recalls that Europe is straining every nerve to turn the golden tide of Oriental trade out of its natural currents in order that she may profit thereby, and Canada and the United States are building artificial barriers to prevent its natural flow to their borders, our folly is the more apparent.

We mistake, however, the full significance of the issues at stake if we think of them as only commercial or industrial. With the awakening of Japan, China, Korea and the Philippines, the problem is one of building a new civilization around the Pacific. It is a civilization which will be neither Asiatic nor European, but for the first time in the history of the world a real meeting of the East and the West. It is well for us to remember that the first tendency when two civilizations meet is toward a lowering of both. In the disintegration which follows, the safeguards of both civilizations are lost and the evils of both are multiplied in subtlety, intensity and virulence. The worst cities of China and Japan are those cities in which the most Europeans are living; and Chinese life has sunk lower in old Chinatown, of San Francisco, and Mott street, New York, than in the worst slums of any Chinese city. The moral is not hard to read. In our contact we shall be much

better or much worse; and the first tendency will be for both of us to be worse. The contact between East and West cannot be prevented even if we would. It is therefore the part of forethoughted patriotism on the part of both American and Asiatic alike to see that wise measures are undertaken to render our accelerating intercourse a mutual blessing, not a curse. I have said a wealthy Orient means a wealthy Pacific coast. This reaction will apply to every phase of life. Race prejudice in California means an answering race prejudice in China and Japan. A low moral standard for women in Japan is today a moral peril to America and China, and the transformation of the peace-loving millions of China into a war-thirsty horde is a matter of profoundest concern to Asia and America.

It should be borne in mind that these are not questions which are to be settled by the departments of State alone. In their solution the average man has an important part. In the long history of China's and Japan's diplomatic relations with America, there is almost nothing at which we may not justly feel proud. Unfortunately the achievements of our great statesmen who have rendered such conspicuous services to China and Japan and paved the way for lasting friendships, have been partially nullified by the action of the customs officials at San Francisco, an unwise press, and the treatment Asiatic visitors have endured at the hands of Americans.—*"Pacific Monthly."*

The Mirror-Self

By EDITH M. THOMAS

In Childhood's world, of a rainy day,
When nothing, outside, the child could do,
There still remained one weirdest play,
Which I played till I shivered through and through!

Two pieces of mirror, and I between—
There was the Self that smiled as I smiled;
Beyond, a second—a third—was seen,
And last, oh, last, was an Elfin Child!

Each face in the mirror (mirrored, too)
Gazed at its image—and all at me;
But each reflection less like me grew—
And I shut my eyes, that I might not see!

Those broken shards they were cast away,
Dropped, with so many a childish game.
Yet, still, at the mirror-charm I play—
With no glass at all, it is just the same;

For Thought, now, serves me mirror-wise;
And, whenever within I list to gaze,
There, frankly looking me in the eyes,
Is the wonted Self, of my current days!

But, back of that wonted Self of mine
(Just as it happened so long ago)
Are the Other Selves; and, last in the line,
Is the Mocking One I do not know.

—*"Scribner's Magazine"*

The Forestry Problems of British Columbia

By A. C. Flumerfelt
Member of the British Columbia Forestry Commission

LET me direct your attention westward to the forest province where half the merchantable timber of Canada now stands. Let me describe to you the work of the Forestry Commission of British Columbia, and the circumstances that gave rise to its appointment. In the early days on the Pacific coast of the Dominion the forest had little value. It was the farmer's enemy; it hindered the prospector on his hunt for gold; and the few thousand people whose settlements were scattered among the multitude of trees were hampered at every turn by the enormous growth of wood. The commercial activity of the country was oppressed by it; the forest "encumbered the land." It is true that small sawmills had begun their work, but the local need and insignificant cuttings along the waterfront, on the very fringe of the ceaseless forest, supplied the logger with all the timber he could sell.

It was inevitable, therefore, that the Legislature of this small isolated population should have put no value upon the standing timber that it owned, and that the timber should have been given away to every purchaser of land—thrown into the bargain along with the deer and the berry bushes and the scenery. In fact, even upon these attractive terms it was by no means easy to dispose of timber land, for capital was scarce in those early days, and in any case it was not often available for a stumpage investment that, according to appearances, might possibly require half a century to mature.

Then came the great impetus caused by the completion of the C. P. R., by which the Pacific coast country was linked up with the rest of Canada. Population flowed in, trade improved, and the choicest tracts of the most accessible timber of British Columbia began to have a slight market value. Prompted by this, the Legislature of 1888 made the first attempt to grapple with the problem of selling forest property. It placed a price of fifty cents upon every thousand feet of lumber cut, a price that has remained unaltered ever since.

Capital, as I have said before, was very scarce in the west, and the struggling sawmill owner needed all that he possessed for the active development of his business. He could not easily afford to sink money in the purchase of timber lands. Hence that same Legislature of 1888 organized the system of leasing Crown timber, a system that gave the lumberman all the stumpage that he needed, without obliging him to pay cash for it. Moreover, by granting these leases at the cheap rental of ten cents per acre to bona fide operators only, the establishment of new sawmills in the province was given direct encouragement.

For seventeen years this leasing system continued to exist as the standard method of disposing of the provincial forests, but long before its abolition a most important change had been made in the idea behind it, which had been originally—as I have said—the encouragement of immediate sawmilling operations in the province by grants of cheap Crown stumpage. In reality, the first step towards the construction of the modern forest policy of the Provincial Government had been made. That step was simply the granting of leases at higher rates to non-operators; the throwing open of timber lands to the investor.

And now let me summarize the situation as it existed in 1905, the year in which the leasing of timber was brought to an

end—the year that saw the adoption of a new and truly remarkable policy by the province of British Columbia. By that year about one and a half million acres of the Crown timber lands had passed by sale or by railway grant into private ownership and out of Government control; another million acres had been transferred to lessees. Probably thirty billion feet of standing timber had been alienated. Neither of the two forms of tenure secured to the people of the province any satisfactory share in the future value of the stumpage they parted with; for any future increase in the value of these two and a half million acres would benefit the private lessee or purchaser and not the Government. As it was very evident that the value of British Columbian timber would rise greatly in the years to come, it was most desirable that some better method than lease or sale should be discovered for disposing of the Crown forests.

To quote the words of our report, "the legislative problem was solved in a most ingenious manner." In this year, 1905, the Government threw open the timber lands of the whole province. It invited private individuals to join it in a partnership in each and every square mile of the Crown forests. There was no sale, no auction, even no lease. The incoming partners were asked to sink no capital. The investor was merely asked to register a formal application to become a partner with the Government in the timber on such-and-such a square mile of the province—and the partnership was his. Stated in these attractive terms, the procedure sounds like some wild story of a commercial fairyland, where timber lands and wealth are given for the asking; but the truth is that a number of sound and useful "strings" were attached to these British Columbian gifts. In fact, the idea of a gift was entirely absent from the mind of the Provincial Government. The Government freely admitted investors to partnership in Crown timber, it is true, but it did so absolutely on its own terms, and it frankly admitted that only the future rise in stumpage and lumber values would enable it to say what these terms should be.

In fact, the partnership arrangement could have been stated thus: "Here"—might have said the Government—"are immense forests that will be put to no use for many years to come. They produce no revenue; they are in constant danger of destruction by fire, and it is beyond our power, financially, to give them any efficient protection. Moreover, the province needs revenue now, in its growing-time and youth. Therefore we will place these forests in private management under our supreme control, and we shall frame regulations from time to time, in order to make sure that the timber is properly looked after. The revenue needed by the province and that needed for the conservation of the forest we shall obtain by requiring investors to pay for their privileges—so much a year for their partnership rights and so much as royalty on any timber they may cut. As the 'market' or 'prospective' or 'speculative' value of stumpage rises, we will take our fair share of the 'unearned increment' by requiring a larger annual payment to be made to us. As the profits of lumbering operations increase, we will take our fair share of these by requiring a larger royalty. To begin with, we shall require the same royalty that we have been obtaining for the last seventeen years, viz., fifty cents a thousand feet; and we shall require an annual payment of about one and three-fifth cents per thousand."

This, then, was the logic of the policy of 1905, and the result is a matter of common knowledge. Upon these extremely moderate and equitable terms nine million acres of timber land were taken up by investors within three years.

Now it is evident that no ordinary situation had been created. Nine million acres of some of the choicest timber in the world represents a property of enormous magnitude, and the transfer of this from the Government to a partnership in which a very large number of private individuals were placed in active management, gave rise inevitably to a host of most complex problems. For example, think for a moment of the difficulty of adjusting the claims of the Government, the operator and the investor upon any point where they should happen to conflict. The Government, in fact, had practically gone into the timber business on a vast scale, and it was faced by the triple duty of securing to the people of the province fair treatment for their forests and fair prices for the timber

sold: of giving equitable treatment to the investor in Crown stumpage, and of building up by wise assistance the active operations of the lumbering industry. Since 1905 this duty had become (as Stevenson has said of honesty in modern life) "as difficult as any art."

In these remarkable circumstances the Government felt that the most careful and deliberate study of the situation was imperative. It placed a reserve upon all the remaining timber lands of the Crown (that are variously estimated at one-quarter or one-third of the timber areas under provincial control, in the neighborhood, let us say, of four million acres) and it proceeded to appoint a royal commission of inquiry, composed of Mr. Fulton, who then held the portfolio of Lands, Mr. Goodeve and myself.

PART II

From the beginning our work as Commissioners fell naturally into two divisions —study of forest conditions in the province; study of forest conditions elsewhere. By contrasting the impressions we obtained from these two sources we endeavored to arrive at a sound judgment concerning the improvements we should recommend in the forest policy and forest administration of British Columbia. We found at once that in practical matters of forestry there was much for the province to learn. The older parts of Canada and many of the states of the Union had passed through the crude and early stage of forest exploitation at which we ourselves had just arrived; ideas and methods new to us had been well tried and proven by other governments. Ontario, Quebec, the United States Forest Service, the voluntary fire associations of the western states, each of these could show us how to do something that we ought to do.

I should be afraid to venture an opinion concerning the number of books, pamphlets and reports on forest subjects we received and digested. There was available material here and there. But on the whole we read voluminous literature of the beginnings of forestry upon the continent of America with a feeling akin to disappointment. We were depressed by the smallness of the work that had been accomplished and by the greatness of what ought to have been done; by the absence of experiment and investigation; and by the meagre amount of information concerning forest resources. There seemed to be so much academic discussion, so much good sentiment about conservation, and so little practical support given to aggressive work, so little expenditure of hard cash. It was like the Scotsman's breakfast in the fishing story—a bottle and a half of the best alcohol with half a penny bun. We grew accustomed to State Boards of Forestry that were all title and annual report and no treasury.

The upshot of the matter was that we became convinced that conservation in British Columbia ought to be a very different and a very business-like affair. That is what conservation means, at bottom: *the application of ordinary business principles to natural resources.* It must be action and not mere talk; immediate action and expenditure of large sums of money. Hence our recommendations to the Government that "large appropriations must be made and a well-manned specialized forest service brought into being, thoroughly equipped."

In the matter of conservation the province occupies a position that, looking at the history and the sad experience of forest countries, may be described as unique. Fire has ravaged certain districts; man has wasted timber freely; but British Columbia is in the extraordinary position of being able to undertake the conservation of the public forests, before and not after fire and waste have squandered the bulk of them.

We came to the broad conclusion that upon two conditions natural reafforestation would take place in British Columbia. "Firstly," we said, "both the young growth and the old must be protected from fire; secondly, there must be exercised a firm control over the methods under which the present forest crop is being removed. In short, effective reafforestation depends largely upon effective discouragement of waste." "And," we continued, "by protection from fire we do not mean the mere temporary employment here and there of men to fight conflagrations that have been allowed to spread. We have in mind the active prevention of fire by the systematic work of a well-knit organization such as that described in our report. This work would include, as a matter of urgency, the

task of evolving for each locality a sound method of dealing with the reckless style of lumbering that leaves in every cut-over area a fire-trap of debris. That the young timber upon which our whole future as a lumber-producing country depends should be left, at the pleasure of any thoughtless workman, to grow up under imminent menace of fire, is so absurd commercially that an attempt at regulation is imperative."

A vexed question is this one of the disposal of debris, but one for experiment and not for discussion. The expenditure of a little public money on experiments will soon decide whether or not it will be commercially feasible in British Columbia, as it has been in other forest regions, to put an end to the liberty of careless workmen "to leave debris in any manner that may suit their own convenience, and without the least regard for the safety of the cut-over area or of the adjoining forests."

As for logging regulations, we felt that the time was opportune for restriction of waste. The levying of royalty upon all waste should prove an effectual remedy.

Taking a comprehensive view of the whole subject, we felt that this great timber business of the Government of British Columbia should be placed upon the soundest financial footing. Hence our recommendation that its capital should be kept intact, that it should not be dissipated by treating it as current revenue. Royalties, we felt, were true forest capital, and we urged most strongly that they be returned to the source from which they were produced in the form of protection for the growing crop. "No special circumstances," we continued, "that justify departure from ordinary business principles have yet been proved to exist. General natural reafforestation, though probable, is not an established fact in the province, and our uncertainty regarding it will not be removed until a thorough investigation has been made by the forest service. Until definite information has been obtained, we consider it essential that no surplus of royalty-capital should pass into general revenue." We recommended the establishment of a forest sinking fund.

The rest of our conclusions, gentlemen, you will find in our official report. In many a practical matter of forest protection, as I have already said, our young province has much to learn from older communities, though it is learning fast. But in the matter of forest policy we have no doubts and no humility. We challenge the Governments of the continent to produce a method of administering a tremendous forest estate that in breadth of statesmanship is comparable to the policy conceived and elaborated by the Honorable Richard McBride and his Government. To have put a stop to alienation of the public forests and yet, without alienation, to have raised the annual forest revenue to two and a half million dollars, is an extraordinary achievement. Further than this, so well thought out has been this provincial policy that without the least danger to the public interest the Provincial Government was able, only last year, to give increased stability to the lumbering industry by granting a perpetual title to those who had made investments in the nine million acres of licensed timber lands. It was possible, at one and the same stroke, to make this concession to the lumbermen, and to advance the public interest by it, for the direct effect of security of tenure was to enlist the hearty co-operation of investors in the conservation of the timber they owned jointly with the Government.

The provincial policy is based upon masterly principles:

1. No alienation of the people's forests.
2. Absolute reservation of a fair share of the "unearned increment" on Crown timber.
3. Partnership between the Government and the lumbermen in the profits of the lumbering industry.
4. The judicious holding in reserve of forest areas that can be thrown into the market should any stumpage-holding monopoly threaten the province.

Let me ask whether you think well of a Government that in three short years has changed its annual expenditure in the war against forest fires from sixteen thousand to one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars? Is there not a touch of the magnificent in this swift recognition of a duty?

And now let me enlist your interest in the progress of conservation on the part of Canada from which I come. The protection and wise control of the cut-

ting of the two hundred and forty billion feet of timber in British Columbian forests is of vital importance to the entire West; for this timber builds the prairie farms. Nay, further, the conservation of half the merchantable timber of Canada is a matter that affects all of you. Canada will not become the great wheat-producing country that we hope to see her, the growth of a farming population of millions in the vast region of the timberless prairie will be hampered and discouraged unless lumber can be obtained freely and cheaply for the building of homes. Over-cutting in the United States will at no distant date exhaust that source of cheap supply; the east of Canada will need its lumber for itself. The proximity of coal was the vital factor that built up the iron industry, that backbone of Great Britain's commercial supremacy. The proximity of timber—British Columbia's timber—will be the vital factor that shall enable the granary of Canada to produce its wheat. The cheap lumber that will build the farms will be the British Columbian. In this respect I claim our provincial forest policy is one of the national questions of Canada.

The Gypsying

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

(*From "Everybody's Magazine"*)

I wish we might go gypsying one day the while we're young
  On a blue October morning
  Beneath a cloudless sky,
When all the world's a vibrant harp
The winds o' God have strung,
  And gay as tossing torches the maples light us by;
The rising sun before us—a golden bubble swung—
I wish we might go gypsying one day the while we're young.

I wish we might go gypsying one day before we're old—
  To step it with the wild west wind
  And sing the while we go
Through far, forgotten orchards
Hung with jewels red and gold;
  Through cool and fragrant forests where never sun may show,
To stand upon a high hill and watch the mist unfold—
I wish we might go gypsying one day before we're old.

I wish we might go gypsying, dear lad, the while we care—
  The while we've heart for hazarding,
  The while we've will to sing,
The while we've wit to hear the call
And youth and mirth to spare,
  Before a day may find us too sad for gypsying,
Before a day may find us too dull to dream and dare—
I wish we might go gypsying, dear lad, the while we care.

Notes from a Diary of a Voyage Around the World

By J. E. Rhodes

IN order to have these notes, giving a record of the day's proceedings of a trip around the world, complete, it is necessary that some account of the connecting link between Vancouver, B. C., and Tacoma, Wash., be given. This was not recorded in the original diary, but being very brief, no difficulty will be found in producing it correctly from memory.

It was in May, 1909, that I decided to make a trip around the world, and when the day came for departing I left Vancouver, B. C., on the C. P. R. Company's steamer Princess Charlotte for Seattle, Wash., via Victoria, B. C., arriving in Seattle the following day. The same day I boarded the steamer Indianapolis for Tacoma, which city I reached at night. The next day in the afternoon I went down to the wharf with my baggage and boarded the steamer Bellerophon, of the Alfred Holt line, for England, arrangements having been made previous to my departing from Vancouver.

This, I think, fills the necessary requirements for a complete record of an entire circling of the globe.

I might here mention that during the voyage from America to England I exposed a large number of snapshots, but owing to climatic conditions the most of them were spoiled. J. E. RHODES.

THE VOYAGE ACROSS THE PACIFIC

TUESDAY, MAY 18—FIRST DAY OUT

This morning our steamer, Bellerophon, moored alongside the Pacific wharf at Tacoma, Wash., flying the flag P, or the Blue Peter, as it is commonly called, the flag denoting that the vessel is sailing today, for she was scheduled to leave on this, the 18th.

Chinese passengers from British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and other states and provinces had arrived on board, bound for Hong Kong, also mail for Japan, China and Korea.

At 11 p.m. orders were given to the sailors to stand by the lines, ready to let them go at command, and at 12 midnight the command was given, and our steamer moved gracefully away from her moorings, under a starlit sky and a northwest wind.

As our steamer was now getting on her way, the lights of Tacoma were diminishing, which told us that the city was being left well astern.

Good-bye, Tacoma! And now for bed.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19—SECOND DAY OUT

This morning was cold, with a strong northwest wind and occasional showers.

7 a.m.—Arrived at Victoria, B. C., where we met the company's steamer, Ningchow, from Liverpool to the Sound.

4:30 p.m.—Steamer City of Puebla, P. C. S. S. Co., from Tacoma and Seattle, arrived and departed an hour later for San Francisco.

7:30 p.m.—More Chinese passengers for Hong Kong arrived.

7:45 p.m.—Steamed from Victoria for Yokohama.

8:30 p.m.—Passed Race Rocks.

We were now in the Strait of Juan de Fuca, heading for the ocean, which was reached at Cape Flattery early on the following morning.

So ends the second day.

THURSDAY, MAY 20—THIRD DAY OUT

The voyage across the Pacific had now begun, and this morning we were well on our way, steaming a circular course—composite great circle route—for Japan. There was a moderate breeze and steady ocean swell. The weather was clear, but colder,

with occasional showers of rain. Numbers of sea birds were following in the steamer's wake ready to pick up their morning's meal, and a huge whale was going through his usual performance of blowing and sticking his tail out of the water. The mountains of British Columbia were now only just visible, this being the last of the land we should see until Japan be sighted, unless we sight the Aleutian Islands.

The afternoon was somewhat warmer.

5:15 p.m.—Passed a large freight steamer, bound for British Columbia or the Sound; name unknown.

In the evening the sea was calmer.

9 p.m.—Cloudy.

Today's position and run: Lat. 49 deg. 40 min. W. Long. 128 deg. 50 min. W. 235 miles.

FRIDAY, MAY 21—FOURTH DAY OUT

This morning the weather was clear and frosty, and the temperature considerably lower than yesterday. No land was to be seen, there being nothing but a clear horizon all round. Numbers of porpoises were at play, leaping out of the water close to the ship's side.

Today has been very cold, but the evening much warmer.

8:30 p.m.—Almost daylight.

9 p.m.—Quite dark.

There was now a steady roll on, and the steamer was forging her way ahead.

Today's position and run: Lat. 51 deg. 20 min. N. Long. 137 deg. 0 min. W. 300 miles.

"A rolling ship gathers no barnacles."

SATURDAY, MAY 22—FIFTH DAY OUT

Today began with a strong E.S.E. wind and a fairly rough sea, making our steamer roll considerably. The weather was hazy and cold.

6 p.m.—A thick fog came up, giving our steamer an opportunity of displaying her musical talent, which I consider not very harmonious and rather too noisy.

A daylight lookout was kept the better part of the day, owing to the fog.

7 p.m.—Fog cleared.

Today's position and run: Lat. 52 deg. 30 min. N. Long. 145 deg. 50 min. W. 300 miles.

SUNDAY, MAY 23—SIXTH DAY OUT

The sea this morning had somewhat moderated, and our steamer was much steadier. The weather was still very cold, but clear.

The sunsets were getting later each evening as we proceeded farther west. It was now 8:30 p.m. and quite light.

We sighted several whales during the day.

Today's position and run: Lat. 52 deg. 37 min. N. Long. 154 deg. 0 min. W.

As our steamer travels on an average 300 miles per day, it is not necessary to give the daily run.

MONDAY, MAY 24—SEVENTH DAY OUT

A catastrophe of a somewhat amusing character happened this morning.

At 4.30 a.m. I was suddenly aroused out of my slumber by someone falling through his berth and mattress, bed clothes and himself. This was Mr. Parry, who occupied the berth above me, giving me an early call. There were no lives lost.

At noon we were in the vicinity of the Aleutian Islands, but did not sight any of them.

9 p.m.—Almost daylight, and the moon shining.

The sky was cloudy in the west, but in the east quite clear.

Today's position and course: Lat. 52 deg. 0 min. N. Long. 163 deg. 0 min. W. W.S.W.

TUESDAY, MAY 25—EIGHTH DAY OUT

The morning opened up with good weather, being fine and warm, with light winds and a smooth sea.

Some of the Aleutian Islands were now in sight, this being the only land seen since our last glimpse of the British Columbia mountains on the 20th inst. The sight of these islands caused great excitement among the Celestial passengers, who on hearing the report of "Land on the starboard" rushed immediately on deck to view the beautiful sight, for truly the sight was most beautiful. Away to the north on the horizon stood out majestically in solitary grandeur the snow-capped peaks of one of the Aleutians, reflecting the rays of old "Jamaica," as the sailors say.

The color of the water here was grey, indicating that land was not far off.

9:30 p.m.—Clear sky above, but cloudy on the horizon.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26—NINTH DAY OUT

Today commenced with bitter cold head winds. A haze was above and around the horizon, and the outlook of the weather in general was threatening for storm.

7 a.m.—Abreast of one of the Aleutian Islands, probably the last of the group we should see.

12 noon.—We had now arrived at a very interesting point of the voyage, for today at this hour we crossed the 180th meridian, where the west meets the east, which having crossed we lose a complete day. "And tomorrow will be Friday," as the song says.

We had several slight snowstorms at intervals during the day, and the barometer slowly dropped.

9 p.m.—Tonight very cloudy, and the moon encircled by a large halo.

Today's position and course: Lat. 50 deg. 33½ min. N. Long. 179 deg. ½ min. E. S. 75 W.

So ends the ninth day.

FRIDAY, MAY 28—TENTH DAY OUT

This morning dull and cold, with head winds.

Today's position: Lat. 48 deg. 50 min. N. Long. 170 deg. 0 min. E.

SATURDAY, MAY 29—ELEVENTH DAY OUT

Early morning started with cold, wet and foggy weather. There was a fair beam swell.

9 a.m.—Confused sea.

The engines were occasionally racing, owing to the propellers striking the surface of the water.

12 a.m.—Raining; slightly warmer; still hazy.

Our steamer was pitching into it in great style.

6 p.m.—Ran into thick fog.

9 p.m.—Still into fog. Ship steadier.

Today's position: Lat. 46 deg. 56 min. N. Long. 164 deg. 1 min. E.

"Ships, as well as men, play the game of pitch and toss."

SUNDAY, MAY 30—TWELFTH DAY OUT

This morning was much warmer. Heavy fog prevailed all day. On account of this we could get no position.

MONDAY, MAY 31—THIRTEENTH DAY OUT

Fog, fog and fog.

Today's position by dead reckoning: Lat. 40 deg. 20 min. N. Long. 150 deg. 13 min. E.

9:30 p.m.—Fog lifted.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1—FOURTEENTH DAY OUT

This day began with fine, warm weather, soft breezes and a calm blue sea. In the afternoon awnings were spread, as the sun was getting much warmer.

A swallow kept pace with the steamer for quite a long distance. We knew by this that the Land of the Rising Sun was not very far off.

3 p.m.—Slight beam swell, with a warm breeze.

8 p.m.—Overhauled a small two-masted schooner on the starboard, apparently a Japanese fishing boat. This was the first vessel sighted since the 20th inst.

8:30 p.m.—Moonlight and perfectly calm.

Today's position: Lat. 37 deg. 54 min. N. Long. 144 deg. 58 min. E.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2—FIFTEENTH DAY OUT

The weather today was calm and warm and the atmosphere clear as crystal.

4:30 a.m.—Passed six Japanese battleships. The sight was a magnificent one, for the sun had risen above the horizon like a ball of fire, reflecting itself on the unbroken surface of the placid waters, thus affording a beautiful background for the vessels of defence.

6 a.m.—Sighted land on the starboard bow. Everybody on board was on deck early to view the land. All seemed in good spirits.

The early morning breezes, like wireless messages, seemed to bring with them greetings from the near-to land.

6:30 a.m.—Steamed right through a Japanese fishing fleet some hundreds in number. Many of the boats were within a few yards of the ship's side, and as we passed their crews waved their caps and cheered. After this we passed two large freight steamers outward bound.

7 a.m.—Abreast of Nojimi Saki lighthouse, which is the entrance to the Gulf of Tokio.

7:30 a.m.—Ran into fog, which lasted half an hour.

9 a.m.—Very close to the land.

Passed several outward-bound steamers.

9:30 a.m.—Now steaming along the shore in the Gulf of Tokio.

10 a.m.—A little delay was caused here by one of the cylinder springs breaking. Our steamer was obliged to slow down until a new one could be replaced, which took about an hour.

12 noon.—Passed a Japanese warship. We saluted.

The sun was encircled by a large halo and it was very hot.

3:30 p.m.—Arrived at Yokohama.

On arriving here we found the harbor very busy with vessels of all nationalities, including several American torpedo boats, an Italian man-o'-war, the four-masted ship Atlas, of the Standard Oil Co., a large training ship, and two of our company's steamers, the Astynax and the Dardanus. These were all moored inside the two large piers or breakwaters; outside the piers were anchored five American battleships.

Numbers of sampans came around us on all sides, and after mooring our steamer the government doctors came on board and everyone was lined up for medical inspection before being allowed to go on shore.

In the evening a party of us hired a sampan, as our steamer was moored some distance from the wharf, and put off for the shore. On landing we were accosted by numbers of jinricksha men, anxious to drive us round the city; so we each took a rickshaw and trotted off to satisfy our curiosity. I shall never forget that ride as long as I live. We went up back streets and alleys, then into the main street, and there we saw Yokohama by night. Hundreds of colored lanterns ornamented and illuminated the streets on both sides; women in their native costumes carrying their babies on their backs, rickshaws running in all directions; stores and bazaars beautifully lighted and thronged with people, seemed to be doing a great business; men selling peculiar eatables and wares at the street corners; weird noises and shouting outside the theatres told one that the show was about to commence. Everybody seemed busy and on the move. Our rickshaw men then drove us to a geisha tea garden, where we partook of light refreshments served by the girls. Music on the shiyamisen was also provided by the geisha, which was very sweet, but too much repetition for English taste. These girls were exceedingly pretty, but a little too fond of the brush, for naturally I don't think that they are gifted with very rosy cheeks, such as they had. One thing admirable was their beautiful costumes or kimonos, which were of very rich silk, embroidered with artistic designs, such as chrysanthemums and birds, etc. They were really pretty and looked very unique. From the teahouse we walked through the city, after having dispensed with our rickshaw men. Then we visited some of the bazaars, making a few small purchases in the way of curios. As it was now getting late we decided that we'd seen enough for the night, so proceeded back to the ship and had a good night's rest.

The distance from Vancouver, B. C., to Yokohama, Japan, is 4,259 miles.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3

Early this morning a great crowd came on board to work cargo. I never before saw men so comically dressed. Many of them wore a light black loose-fitting jacket with wide sleeves, and stamped or woven on their backs in white were Jap characters inside a circle. Their pants, or more correctly tights, were also black, and made of a kind of stockingette. Everyone was shod with sandals. Some of their footwear was a sort of stocking with a padded sole and a division for the big toe; this was combined with their tights. A large round straw hat with pointed crown shaded their heads from the sun. The majority seemed very poor and had little clothing. All brought their meals with them, which consisted chiefly of rice.

8 a.m.—The decks were covered with curio pedlars, fruit and candy dealers, etc. It reminded one of an open market.

10 a.m.—Decks cleared and preparations made for departing.

11.30 a.m.—Steamed for Kobe.

12 noon.—Now well on our way. Passed several islands and steamships.

3 p.m.—Fujino-yama, or Fuji-yama, the most celebrated of the many sacred mountains of Japan, could be seen in the distance.

7 p.m.—Beautiful sunset and bright moon.

8:30 p.m.—Calm, no wind, and warm.

The sea looked pretty this night, for the moon was playing her golden shadows on its surface.

Passed a powerful flashlight from the shore on the starboard.

The weather today has been very warm, with gentle breezes.

9 p.m.—"Lights burning brightly and all's well."

FRIDAY, JUNE 4

6 a.m.—Cloudy.

7:30 a.m.—Clear sky and warm sun.

We were now passing close to the shore and numbers of fishing villages could be seen.

11 a.m.—The sun, which was encircled by a large halo, was almost direct overhead at this hour.

The water here was a very deep blue color.

12 noon.—A P. & O. mail steamer overhauled us, proceeding to Kobe to take on pilot for the Inland Sea.

3:30 p.m.—Arrived at Kobe, and dropped anchor some little distance from the wharf.

As you enter this harbor a striking feature attracts the attention of the stranger, it being that of a huge anchor on one of the mountain slopes, formed out of the trees. This can be seen at a great distance. Things here were much the same as at Yokohama; we were met with the usual sampans. The government official's launch with doctors on board came alongside our steamer, and everybody mustered for medical inspection.

Numbers of beautiful yachts, the property of Europeans, decked the harbor.

Shortly after our arrival the company's steamer Menelaus, for Yokahama, arrived.

The natives came on board and commenced to discharge cargo right away.

Kobe, which is situated north of the Izumi Sea, is a very interesting seaport, being the chief outlet for the products of Central Japan, and a city that, I would say, was advancing very much. They were improving the wharf and building three large stone piers or breakwaters. The streets were very busy, but not so lively as in Yokohama. A better class of people seemed to live here, and the city was cleaner and kept in a better condition than the city already mentioned. The stores were well up to date, especially the drygoods establishments, with their neatly-trimmed windows of English goods. We visited some of the large China and curio stores, which were well stocked with costly goods, and were very well pleased with the attention and courtesy received from the proprietors and their assistants.

This day closed with cloudy and close weather; every indication of rain.

(To be continued)

Sons of Men

By LEE WILSON DODD

(From the "American Magazine")

We seek we know not what of bliss:
Kissing but lips we strive to kiss
The soul; we are not satisfied
If the unimaged be denied.
Something impalpable we crave.
The rainbow in the breaking wave.
And when we long for death, even then
Beyond death's quietude we quest,
And discontented with the grave
Refuse the deep reward of rest—
Longing to live and long again.

When Briton Met Spaniard

By E. Mackay Young

ON a memorable day in April, 1778, there sailed into the then unknown Nootka Sound two famous British ships — the Resolution and Discovery. Among the officers of this historic expedition were three men who have since become enrolled in the shining roster of the brightest lights of British seamanship. The leader, Captain James Cook, was nearing the end of his glorious career. George Vancouver, who was then one of his midshipmen, had still to make his mark and leave his name indelibly impressed upon the map of British Columbia. William Bligh, sailing master on the Resolution, had not then gone through the thrilling experience of the famous mutiny of the Bounty, and after an extraordinary career of vicissitudes on sea and land, died nearly thirty years later, vice-admiral of the fleet.

Nootka Sound, which is thus associated with these imperishable names, is situated on the west coast of Vancouver Island. It extends in a northeasterly direction about ten miles inland, and embraces several islands, of which the largest is Nootka. Here was confirmed the famous convention of October 28, 1790—121 years ago this month—by Vancouver on the part of Great Britain and Quadra on that of Spain—a convention which then virtually sealed the fate of the ownership of the coast of British Columbia. For Spain, at that time a mighty power, claimed not only the then discovered coasts and seas of Northwest America, but everything within or out of sight. In truth, the navigators of Spain in those days were of a bold and enterprising spirit. But already its vast colonial and maritime power was crumbling before the might of Great Britain. At the time of the "Nootka affair" it only required the demonstration of a large British fleet under Lord Howe to bring the Spanish Government to reason.

This Nootka dispute is one of the most interesting and suggestive episodes in the history of British Columbia. In the pursuit of rapid wealth and the contemplation of present conditions, Canadians are somewhat inclined to ignore the lessons and interest of the history of the Dominion. It was left, for instance, to an American society, the Washington University State Historical Society, to commemorate the meeting of Vancouver and Quadra at Nootka in 1792. This was a granite monolith, erected in 1903, on a rocky islet facing Friendly Cove.

It may be worth while, therefore, to recall the incidents which led up to the signing of this famous convention. Several Spanish navigators had undoubtedly visited various parts of the coast of Northwest America a couple of centuries before the advent of Cook. But the English navigator achieved more important results and made more accurate surveys in one voyage than the Spaniards did in all their many years of endeavor. So accurate, indeed, were the surveys and observations of Cook, especially considering the limitations of the instruments of the day, that they are now generally accepted as authoritative. Cook, however, was not always correct in his observations or comment on the claims of prior navigators. After reaching in 1778 the northwest coast of America, and christening several parts of the coast, such as Perpetua, Gregory, Foulweather and Flattery, he failed to locate the River Columbia and Juan de Fuca Strait. This strait had undoubtedly been discovered as claimed by the Spanish navigator of that name, but Cook's ships being driven by bad weather a considerable distance from the coast, he was unable to confirm its existence, which, in fact, he denies in his journal of the voyage.

Sailing north in search of a suitable harbor, Cook's weatherbeaten vessels arrived

at last at Nootka Sound. This he at first named King George Sound, in honor of the British reigning sovereign. Hearing, however, much talk among the Indians of "Nootk-sitl," which means to "go around," he renamed it "Nootka," which certainly has a euphonious sound. The natives, he found, were friendly, but thiefish and grasping. They may be considered, perhaps, as the original grafters of British Columbia. They even demanded payment for the fresh water and the timber required for the ships. Constant vigilance was therefore required on the part of Cook's men to restrain the thieving propensities of the Indians. This was always one of the chief difficulties with which the great English navigator had to contend in his contact with the natives of the Southern Pacific, and it was finally the cause which led to his lamentable murder in the Sandwich Islands. Great trade was done, however, with the Nootka natives in furs of bear, deer, wolf, fox, polecat, marten, sea-otter and raccoon, which were enchanged for brass, iron and other articles. This, indeed, was the genesis of the fur trade of Vancouver Island, and fur was the magnet which attracted Meares and other British traders to Nootka for years after its discovery by Cook.

This John Meares formed a company in 1786 at Calcutta for opening and developing the fur trade with Northwest America. In a sloop of 200 tons named Nootka he sailed for the North American coast, and appears to have done a flourishing trade at Nootka and Prince William Sound, returning to Canton, where the Chinese were eager purchasers of furs. In 1789 Meares sent a couple of ships named the Princess May and Argonaut to join the Iphegenia already at Nootka, in further quest of the lucrative skins. Trade was now becoming so brisk that he erected a storehouse, upon which was hoisted the British flag. In the meantime Meares had cultivated friendly relations with the natives, the most notable chiefs of whom were then Maquinna and Callicam. From them he purchased a large tract of land in the vicinity of Friendly Cove, paying for same chiefly in sheets of copper. Having probably then an inkling of coming Spanish trouble, he built a wooden fortress, from whose battlements frowned a solitary cannon, probably more as a bluff than for real deadly service, as it did not succeed in doing any harm to the Spanish invaders who now appeared on the scene. Early in the year 1789 two Spanish frigates entered Nootka Sound, seized first the Iphegenia and subsequently the other two British vessels, the Argonaut and Princess May. Meares was not captured, but his men on board the ships and on shore were incontinently taken prisoners. The Spaniards at once set about a permanent occupation, erecting a substantial barracks and a battery of sixteen guns on the island commanding the entrance to the sound. They claimed prior discovery to that of Cook's in 1778. They contended that the Spanish frigate Santiago, commanded by Juan Perez, sailing from San Blas in 1774, had anchored in Nootka Sound and named it Port San Lorenzo. His claim, however, has been disproved, the frigate never having been nearer Nootka Sound than Estevan Point on its voyage from the north.

In this serious predicament Meares lost no time in asserting his rights. He at once proceeded to England and petitioned Parliament, and in 1790 the British Government demanded satisfaction and restitution from Spain. An imposing British fleet, under Admiral Lord Howe, was mobilized to enforce the demands, and Spain quickly capitulated. The same year a treaty was signed between the two countries in which Spain agreed to restore the disputed territory to Great Britain. It was not, however, until 1792 that George Vancouver was appointed by the British Government "to receive back in form the territory which the Spaniards had seized." His commission also included instructions to make a survey of the coast from the 30th degree northwards, and to ascertain if there was a navigable northwest passage.

In the summer of 1792 Vancouver arrived in Nootka Sound, and in August took place his memorable meeting with Quadra. This able Spanish seaman was also a highly cultured and courteous man, and the two rival navigators formed a friendship which lasted until the premature death of Vancouver. It is not necessary here to recapitulate the terms of the agreement made between the representatives of the two countries which had so long disputed the dominion of the seas. Some unaccountable delay occurred in carrying out the conditions of the treaty,

and it was not until 1795 that the Spaniards finally evacuated the Nootka territory.

Late in the year 1792 Vancouver commenced his survey of the coast, circumnavigating the island and taking observations of the coast further northwest, which immensely added to the accurate knowledge of this little known region.

The beginning of the nineteenth century witnessed a great development in the fur trade of the northwest coast of America. From the puissant British Isles, the still young fledged States, and from proud but decadent Espana, came numerous adventurers in quest of the fur-bearing denizens of sea and land. Rapid fortunes were made, but many goodly ships and precious lives were lost on strange waters and perhaps stranger lands. Of the toll of lives forfeited by the lure of fur but little will ever be known. Sudden storm, unchartered rocks and hidden reefs were not the least of the perils which ever lay in wait for the mariners in the North Pacific seas. Disease laid a heavy hand on nearly every ship that sailed the Pacific or any other ocean. Few masters of the sailing vessels of those days were as enlightened and farseeing as Cook in taking the most elementary measures for the protection and treatment of their crews from scurvy and other diseases. It was many years, indeed, before the lessons that Cook taught on the blackboards of his own vessels were ever paid the least heed to by others in like responsibility. He was the shining exemplar to the world of a captain's duty to his crew. It is considered remarkable even in the present days, and was hardly credited in his own times, that during one of his voyages, lasting over four years—the Resolution and Discovery, with total crews of over 400 men—only five men died from disease, and of those three were already in a sick condition when they left England.

Many, also, have been the unrecorded tragedies on the high seas and coasts of Northwest America, or what is now better known as British Columbia. Some of the numerous bloody encounters of ships' crews with Indians in the early days of the northwest fur trade have been only briefly chronicled. In 1803 the American ship Boston was captured and destroyed by the natives of Nootka Sound. All the crew were murdered, with the exception of the armourer and sailmaker, who were kept in slavery for four years by the chief, Maquinna. This, by the way, was the same chief who was so friendly with Meares, to whom he sold a large tract of land, and which was one of the principal points of dispute in the "Nootka affair" of 1790. In 1805 the Atahualpa, of Rhode Island, was attacked by the Indians of Millbank Sound, the captain, mate and six men being killed. The ship, however, managed to escape with its rich cargo of furs and its dire story of penalty. In 1811 the Tonquin, of Boston, whilst peacefully harboring in Clayoquot Sound, was stolen upon in the dead of night and its entire crew butchered on deck, in cabin and in bunk. The tragic tale was afterwards told by a remorseful native who sailed in a British brig to Boston, the very port to which the Tonquin belonged.

Nootka, famous for its "affair" and for its connection with so many world-renowned navigators, has also the distinction of being the scene of the first ship built on the coast of British Columbia. In September, 1788, was launched a small schooner, built under the directions of Captain Meares, and named the Northwest America. This "made in Canada" ship sailed on several successful trading voyages to the northwest coast and the Sandwich Islands. Subsequently it was seized as a prize by the Spaniards, who employed it on trading expeditions. Of its ultimate fate there does not appear to be any record; probably, like many another better ship, it went on a voyage from which it did not return.

That seems to have been the first and last attempt at shipbuilding at Nootka.

Not far from Nootka was built the second vessel of which the province can boast. This was the Adventure, a sloop which was launched at Clayoquot in 1792, and which made several trading voyages around Vancouver Island and on the northwest coast. The Adventure, which was employed mainly in the fur trade, voyaged as far north as the Alaskan coast in the region of Sitka. In the course of its trading valuable observations were made on various parts of the coast, and its log books added not a little to the knowledge of points overlooked or only partially surveyed by earlier Spanish and English navigators.

Such were the conditions when the

mariners bold of Britain and Spain were charting the way, seeking the elusive sea-otter, or bartering with natives old iron for new fur, a century ago. Storm, stress, unknown channels and hidden dangers were the order of the day. As to the compensations, they were sometimes great: heavy cargoes of the richest furs, and the joy and honor of revealing the undiscovered for the benefit of future generations.

Nootka, once the chief port of coal on the west coast of Vancouver Island for traders and navigators, is now mainly noted for its marble quarries. The quarries are situated in a harbor near the centre of the sound, and the demand for the blue and white slabs has been steadily increasing of recent years. Iron, coal and timber are in abundant measure, and await only the development of the district to prove a greater and more permanent source of wealth than all the fur that the old traders ever dreamt of. Other districts of the west coast of the island, such as Clayoquot, possess great potential riches in timber, the cedar, hemlock and fir being of especially fine quality. At Mosquito Harbor, on Fortune Bay, large mills are being worked with good, substantial results. The land is also admirably adapted for the growing of all kinds of agricultural produce, vegetables and fruits, the climate being mild and the rainfall plentiful.

As to hunting and fishing, this favored quarter of Quadra and Vancouver Island is a veritable sportsman's paradise. Bear, elk and deer; canvas-back, widgeon, mallard and teal ducks; and snipe, willow grouse and curlew, are some of the game to be found within a few miles radius. In the various rivers, such as Bear River, Trout River and Deer River, the Spring or King salmon and the mountain or speckled trout are found in numbers sufficient to content the angler's ambition.

The Square-head

By Gordon Johnstone

SVENBORG was a big "square-head"—the only one on our job. In the pocket of his jumpers the little green card of Local No. 40, Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union, told you that all dues were checked and that he was in "good standing."

Believe me, buddie, this same tow-head was a wonder. No three men on the works could throw a piece of steel around the way he could, and no three wanted any part of him when he was mad. Six-feet-two of bones and meat is something to be avoided when it goes on the rampage. Yet he was gentle enough, and could be "kidded" to death, providing you didn't get over the border of his good nature.

We were working in a gang of "roughnecks," he and I, shooting up a new office building on Fifth avenue. In fact, we were almost ready to throw the doors open to the masons and plasterers. I was on the riveting bunch overhead; Svenborg was "pushing"—sub-bossing—a little crowd on the big, stiff-legged derrick below. From where I sat I could see him throwing his enormous shoulders against a piece of steel that didn't budge to please him, and the line of profanity he used was worthy of a better cause.

But that square-head had a soft spot—a real eiderdown soft spot, with big blue eyes and hair the color of a banana. She was a little German nursemaid called Freda—I learned her name afterward—and every day about the same time she would pass the job. Then Svenborg would sit up and take a little gruel. She always stopped on the sidewalk opposite, and between you and me it wasn't the great steel-

framed building going up in the air that interested her.

And with her was the boy—a shaver whose father was a millionaire. On such occasions the square-head would show off just a bit. Climbing on a heap of girders, he would survey the crowd *a la* Napoleon, and shed orders like a widow squeezing tears from a handkerchief. His English flowed pure as the food laws. No eloquent bursts of profanity for her Teutonic ears! When she had gone, after having had one heroic view of his great hulk, Svenborg would fall back into the even tenor of his five-fifty per day.

It went on for weeks, and once in a while the boy would venture over and ask questions—but never Freda. She stayed on her side of the street, looking wistfully across. When the boy returned, she would throw the square-head a smile, and then they'd amble away together.

Svenborg got into the habit of watching for her every morning. When he thought it was time for her to appear, he would pull out his dollar watch and consult it. The gang still continued to kid him; but only one man ever dared to speak to the little nursegirl, and we carried him around the corner to get his broken wing set.

This is how it happened. Murray, a fresh little riveter, was on the ground floor talking with his "bucker-up"—helper—when the girl came along. Not knowing anything of Svenborg's affairs, he attempted to flirt with her. If he saw him at all, she ignored him.

Then Murray, the unquenchable, hailed the girl:

"Hello, sweetheart!" he said, waving his hat.

Svenborg, swinging the big crane around, stopped dead. The red blood jumped up in his face, and he called Matthews.

"Watch that!" he said, pointing at the steel in the air.

Brushing a couple of laborers aside as if they were paper soldiers, he strode over, grabbed Murray by the seat of his trousers and the nape of his neck, and lifted him clean over his head. With a guttural Norwegian oath, he hurled the kicking form twenty feet into a corner, turned on his heel, and walked back to work. The girl threw him a look of thanks, and went away.

After that, when Murray returned from his enforced vacation, he gave Svenborg and the girl all the room they wanted. Murray had changed. We told him how glad we were to have him back, and secretly rejoiced in his chastened spirit. An acrobatic flight through the air and a heavy thump in a corner are a splendid recipe for putting the fear of God in a man's heart.

Svenborg continued to shoot steel to the bunch above, and Freda to pass by on her morning stroll. They had reached the stage where she bowed sweetly, and in return he would make an awkward attempt at lifting his hat. I watched the little love-story unwinding itself as smooth as a ball of silk.

The kid and the square-head had become great friends. Svenborg made it a regular thing to buy a big red apple every morning on his way to work, and to shove it into the lad's pocket. Not that that kid needed apples, being born with a golden pippin in his mouth; but all kids were alike to Svenborg, and all kids were fond of apples.

As I said, Freda never crossed the street. She would stand on the curb and smile, and to Svenborg that smile was the sunrise. Then the day began. The birds woke with selections of grand opera, and the night watchman went home and to bed.

It was a rosy world those days, and from my roost on the Eiffel Tower I noticed that Svenborg was fast losing that beautiful flow of profanity which had made him the envy of Local No. 40. A portentous evolution was going on before my eyes. I felt like Darwin when he first stumbled upon the trail of my long-lost, long-tailed, antediluvian grandfather.

Svenborg now brushed his hair every morning, and wore his hat far back on his head, so that you could see the part. The climax came when he turned up with a new suit of overalls and a clean pair of light yellow gloves. In my surprise I dropped a hot rivet upon my bucker-up, and almost tumbled into the street a mile below. Believe me, buddie, there was something in the air besides the birds.

Glancing down the avenue, I saw Freda and the boy turn the corner.

"Now," I laughed, "he'll surely make an impression!"

I looked at my watch. They were ahead

of time. Svenborg was busy putting the chain around a big angle-iron.

"My," I thought, "he's dirtying those yellow kids! If I wait long enough, I'll find him wiping his hands on those pretty overalls."

The steel swung into the air, and Svenborg jumped on a pile of dirt to watch it. The engine snorted and chugged. I could see the boy running along on our side of the street in the direction of the squarehead. I shouted a warning, but the high wind carried my voice away. Svenborg had his eyes on the load, and the boy was almost under it.

Again I shouted. Why couldn't he hear? If anything should give—

R-r-r-p! R-r-r-p! The steel slipped through the chain like an ell through your fingers. I clutched the column and yelled. Svenborg saw the boy when the load was just over him. With a cry, he flung himself on the little fellow and bore him to the ground. The steel fell straight across his back, crushing them both to the earth. The crowd lifted it off, and pulled the lad out, more scared than hurt.

Murray, with the tenderness of a woman, raised Svenborg's head and laid it in Freda's lap. Another rough-neck ran around the corner to telephone for an ambulance.

There was no need. Svenborg had taken his "time" and gone on to another job. Murray—fresh Murray—forgetting everything, threw himself on a pile of iron and sobbed like a kid.

The heart of a rough-neck passeth understanding.—*Munsey's Magazine.*

We and Our Motor Boat

By Ethel Burnett

TALK about fun! We surely had it yesterday in the Narrows. You see, we are camping up the Inlet, and for a month have been proudly sporting a motor boat. We have learned how to run it—the engine—and can safely dodge the driftwood, or land us safe ashore, or steer into the boathouse, so we deemed it high time we were seeking greener fields of fun afar. Hence, choosing Bowen Island as the goal of our adventures, we set sail—I mean we put the motor in motion—for the Narrows, the open bay, and the further seas of the Sound.

There was Tom and Tom's visiting sister, Tom's friend and my brother and sister, and the heavy lunch baskets and the small pug dog Billie.

The morning was all that could be desired; the water lay smooth, with just here and there a ripple popping up to toss a laugh at the sun. The mountains were clear, their trees all outstanding, and the snow peaks smiled down at the water.

The harbor was dotted with boats, and the city was alive with active chimneys.

Yo! ho! we settled smoothly down. We watched her with pride as she cut through the water. We bubbled with joy when she gained on a toiling comrade, and left her straining and panting behind.

"How is this?" Tom asked of his sister; and she smiled a discreet appreciation. She knew the wisdom of refraining enthusiasm with the scene, for Tom is a real estate man and only needs encouragement to set him talking.

"This is nearly as good as the prairies," she tossed back; but Tom was busy with his wheel.

We showed her the lions; the big ships riding at anchor; old Grouse, the holiday hill; the outstanding buildings of the city,

and duly did our duty to impress her with the features of the view.

Tra-la! The engine worked manfully; the tide bore us on, and soon we were nearing the Narrows.

Tom was a little nervous—I could tell by the fit of his hat. We'd been through here before several times, but not with our own boat and pilot. But we whistled and laughed, and swished our hands through the water, until Tom's actions aroused me. I followed his gaze.

"What is that?" I cried sharply.

The sea, straight ahead, showed a sudden, sullen, swirling mass of white caps, and, deary me, away out in the open it seemed fairly piled up in the air.

"Gee! Gully!" Joe, Tom's friend, exploded. "There must have been a storm out here!" and he jumped to his feet and set the boat rocking.

"Sit down, man, sit down. Don't you know we're in the Narrows!" Tom demanded.

Joe obeyed, scanning still the sea ahead. The engine chunk-chunked and the boat rode bravely, though the eddies of the Narrows were forgotten in this sudden unlooked-for mischief.

"Looks to me like a bad tide rip," Tom called. I thought glibly. A tide rip, we explained, was a meeting of tide and wind and the consequent consequence.

"I don't think this is any place for us," Joe cautioned, looking scared.

There was surely a bad fuss ahead. Tom was viewing it anxiously.

"Guess we'd better hike back," he agreed; but I rebelled. I thought of the lovely stuffed chicken and the fat raisin pie carefully tucked in the locker, and of Tom's brief holiday, and I cried:

"We can make it all right, Tom. Little boats go through here every day. And," as still he hesitated, "it's a fine time now to test her mettle."

That settled it. She rode so strong and true, and the engine beat so smoothly. Tom buttoned up his coat and stove ahead.

"That is Prospect Point," I showed to Alice. No anxiety should be found in my manner. My Tom was at the wheel; I knew we would come out all right. "And there is Siwash Rock," I pointed out. "There is a beautiful legend concerning it" —but here pretended interest was cast aside. The oncoming white caps demanded attention.

They *did* look awfully big—like nothing I had before seen. The intervening distance narrowed swiftly, and, almost before we knew it, the forerunner was bearing down upon us.

As it hit, the engine grunted. We glided through the crest and sank gracefully into the long trough.

I laughed. Billie barked.

Another long green wall was coming on. Tom whirled the wheel around. We met it square and true. Up, up we mounted steadily, but near the top we broke through. The nose drove into its foam like a huge flying fish, and the spray dashed over us icily.

"By criminy!" Joe blustered.

We fell into space, and then followed a series of soarings. Going up I could stand, but coming *down!*—Oo! Ugh! The shore started to spin and the mountains to heave.

"Sue, don't you get seasick," I heard someone call, and I felt I was a pale green color. Then a respite came, and I saw Tom again. His jaw was set and firm.

"This is about enough—we're going back home!" he called briefly, and he swung the wheel round. I wished I were beside him.

Then Joe cried out shrilly:

"Look out! Here's one coming! She'll hit you fair broadside!"

The mean, sneaky thing was creeping up on our left.

Tom swung the boat back. We met it right, but another one caught us in the side. I gripped the boat dizzily.

"Turn her in! Strike for shore!" Joe yelled when it was over.

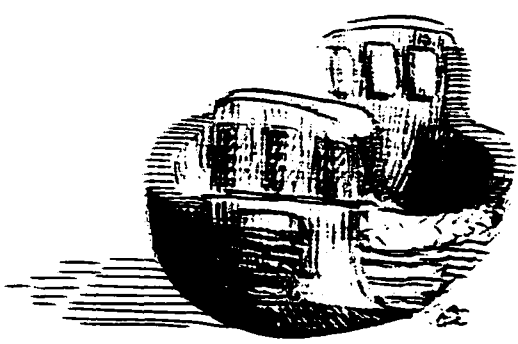
"The coast is rocky here," Tom called loudly back; but anyway, he headed nearer shore. The waves chased us in—big, surly green things fairly licking their chops.

The engine missed a beat. Joe gave it all attention.

"Don't stop!" he implored.

Tom was standing in the prow, his face stern and strained. Then—grate! we struck a rock! She swerved, but went on. The wave was hard behind. Then—deary days! she stopped completely! What was up?

Tom was peering into the water. Then a



Coquitlam Yesterday and Today

THE province of British Columbia, though it is one of the newest parts of the earth, is mellow with historied places. Every village, town or city, every spot where men have gathered, has a trail of years crammed with incident. In the old days, when the chief centres of the province numbered their peoples in dozens, British Columbia was a place for pioneers of stubborn calibre. The stories of their early skirmishes with the natural obstacles of this still unconquered province are filed away on the shelves of the years. If you hunt through the volumes you will find one with the story of Coquitlam. Stop and read it; you will scarce discover one more interesting.

In passing, let us pay tribute to the tongue that gave the place its name. Also let these sentences be the epitaph of the correct pronunciation, for the old sounding will not occur very often now. The word is of Indian origin, and pronounced by them as if it were spelled Kwere-quitlam, and means small red salmon, a fish which teemed in the Coquitlam every year in April, and was valued for its flavor and nutritive powers. From this small fish the locality and the river took the name by which they have beeen known for so many years. Many are in favor of retaining it, whilst others are in favor of adopting some new name which would possess more significance with the financial world.

Prior to 1850 Coquitlam was of such minor importance that it was scarcely entitled to a place on the map. From the tiny spark huge devastating conflagrations result; the diminutive coral insect gives rise to the coral reef which has proved such a menace to navigation that millions have been spent in charting it; the nominal sum properly invested develops into a colossal fortune, and the insignificant Coquitlam of half a century ago, according to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the greatest transcontinental railway system in the world, is to become the greatest industrial and distributing centre in British Columbia.

In this brief sketch we will divide the history of Coquitlam into the three periods in which it naturally falls. There is first the primitive period when Coquitlam knew not the paleface. Then come the early settlement and advent of the C. P. R., and lastly the passing from a rural community into a great railway terminal and manufacturing centre.

The things we know of the history of the primitive period are very meagre, and the major portion of it must forever remain a blank. If the grim forest would only speak (and alas, much of it was a rough harvest for the pioneer) what a tale of internecine strife and savage butchery it would unfold. Equally noncommittal is the silence of the hoary hills. The secret with them is as jealously guarded as it possibly can be. Like the Sphinx, they hold inviolate the cues to the lines of the dramas they have witnessed. Knowing that any attempt to rob those great storehouses of history would only result in our being humiliated and discomfited, the questions, the Coquitlam Indian, who is he? and whence came he? must forever remain unanswered.

The early settlers tell us the Coquitlam of some fifty years ago was covered for the most part with primeval forests of spruce, fir, pine, alder and maple, through which roamed fur-bearing animals. The Coquitlam Indian was a docile son of Nature, practically devoid of any commercial instinct. He dressed in the fur of animals, he trapped and lived by hunting and fishing, making no attempt to gain a livelihood by agriculture. The canoe was his means of transportation, and before the intrepid missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church arrived he worshipped idols of his own making. Whilst one early settler states that he was always treated with the greatest consideration by the Indians, another says that the tribes who camped about the Pitt were rather suspicious, and for some time did not view the new order of things instituted by the white man with amenity; that the Indian thought everything was due

him, and that the settler at various times had to adopt ruses to protect his garden and flocks.

Their numbers have been terribly decimated by smallpox and tuberculosis, and only a small number now remain to represent what once was a large and powerful tribe. These are located on a rancherie of some 160 acres near the lower traffic bridge on the Pitt River road and on another small five-acre ranch near the mouth of the Coquitlam. Their old Chief Johnnie, son of Captain John, who died in 1862 and was successor to Mittlich, who died in 1902, died the Christmas of 1910 and was succeeded by his brother William.

Then the white man came, first as the prospector in the gold rush of '59, then as the settler and agriculturist in the person of one Atkins, of Irish descent, in February of 1860. The Atkins family, consisting of father and three sons, came from Victoria and landed at where New Westminster now stands. They travelled by row-boat up the Fraser, and located on what is now the Pitt River road. The father soon returned to his native land and died in County Down in 1869. Edmund E. Atkins, the sole survivor of the family in British Columbia, settled on Marshall's island, and up to a few years ago engaged in clearing the forest and tilling the soil. In 1861 Sir James Douglas paid a visit to the locality, planted an apple tree, which has been transplanted in the orchard opposite Donald McLean's residence, and as a result of that visit the government road, the Pitt River road, was planned and completed in 1865. Other early settlers were John Hall, who homesteaded Lot 374 in 1861. Phil Parsons homesteaded Lot 289 in the same year and sold out to Wood, who sold to Black in '67. John Brough cut the first trail, now McClellan's road, in 1863.

Worthy of special mention among the early settlers is Captain McLean. The captain is of Scottish descent, and in his early manhood found his way to New Zealand, built a schooner, christening her Rob Roy, and after braving all the dangers that an old salt could dream of, landed in 'Frisco in '49, by dead reckoning. He remained there two years, then with his family of wife and two sons again set sail and landed at Whatcom, now Bellingham Bay, where he opened the first coal mine. Not satisfied, he proceeded up the river to Ladner and was piloted to Pitt Meadows, where he bought 600 acres of land at $1.50 per acre in 1851.

The Indians protested against his discharging the cargo of flour and cattle from the Rob Roy, but were eventually pacified with gifts of blankets, etc. The staunch little vessel was taken to Victoria and sold, and Pitt Meadows was the home of the McLean family for many years.

The burning question in Coquitlam today is not "When are the C. P. R. going to start work?" but "Who was the first settler, Donald McLean or Ned Atkins?" Ask the question in the presence of these gentlemen and the fat is in the fire at once. Many stories are told of the hardships endured by the "old timers"; of how Donald got up at night, clad only in his nightie and his innocence to chase the wolves from his flocks; how Marshall milked the cows with the flood tide swishing about his wee breeks, and of how at times the glasses were charged when they gathered about the board and the rafters rang with:

Here's to you and yours and me and mine
  And now a wee drappie
  Just to make us happy
For the days of Auld Lang Syne.

There is more than a modicum of truth in that old adage, "Everything comes to him who waits." The early settlers, after battling with poverty, flies, mosquitoes, wolves and floods, have now come into their own. Some have gone to their great reward, and the latest report is they do not care a cuss whether the C. P. R. ever begins work or not. Some have sold out and moved away, while those remaining are keeping fully abreast of the times, and enjoying themselves every minute.

The municipality took definite shape in 1891. The first reeve was R. B. Kelly, and the first clerk as well as the first school teacher was R. D. Irvine, who is still a prominent citizen of Coquitlam, and very proud of it. The next reeve was Edmund A. Atkins, then Ralph Booth, then D. E. Welcher. The present incumbent is James Mars, with John Smith as municipal clerk. All of these gentlemen have proved themselves very efficient, and, with the exception of Mr. Kelly, are citizens of the city and very enthusiastic about its future.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE

Coquitlam Terminal Co. Limited

THE new terminal townsite in the rural municipality of Coquitlam has not yet been named. This is due to the fact that the interest taken in our name contest, which has been widely advertised all over the country, surpassed our most sanguine expectations. More than 5,000 people are contesting for the prizes offered by us for an expressive and suitable name. A force of clerks is working might and main sorting the names and arranging them on cards so that the judges can come to their decision. However, reservations are coming so fast that we have decided to open the sale to the public earlier than at first anticipated. Readers of the *British Columbia Magazine* are now offered the first chance to purchase lots in the official townsite of

The New C. P. R. Pacific Coast Terminus

Three great subdivisions are offered in the heart of the new city, which will be one of the business centres. No lot is marked higher than $1,000, and a great many excellent lots are priced as low as $325, $300 and $275. In considering these prices we remind you that lots in Prince Rupert, which may never be a larger city than Coquitlam is soon to be, have sold as high as $50,000 for corners. Calgary, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha, Spokane, Vancouver, etc., were once small railroad towns, but as is well known lots in these cities command fabulous prices today.

Coquitlam is not a dream, not a prospect; a carefully conceived plan is about to be carried out and work on this plan is now actually begun. The greatest railway corporation in America, the old, reliable, Canadian Pacific Railway, purposes to make here a new operating base on the Pacific Coast. The shipping facilities, supplemented by an immense car storage, proximity to the great world city of Vancouver, extensive trackage systems and cheap electric power, must inevitably bring thousands of people whose source of employment will be independent of the railway.

Shaughnessy——Greenwood——Pitt Centre

Residential and business lots offered in these three subdivisions at prices in many cases several hundred dollars less than is actually being [illegible] in the old subdivisions surrounding them.

Even now reservations are coming in very fast, and we urge readers of this magazine to use the coupon below and send today for a large illustrated folder with maps, plans and full particulars. Do not put this off, but act at once, as first buyers are offered exceptionally low prices and easy terms.

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Vancouver, B. C.

Please send me full information of your new terminal townsite in Coquitlam.

Name ________________________________

Address ______________________________

The municipal hall was built in 1898 and the school in 1892.

The year 1879 was a great year in the history of this province, as in that year British Columbia was linked up by the C. P. R. with the other provinces, in fulfilment of a promise made by Sir John A. McDonald to the people here, to round out the scheme of confederation. As Sir William Whyte states, what a pity the early history of the C. P. R. has never been written. All honor to the men who so wisely planned, financed and constructed the wealthiest and best equipped transcontinental railway system in the world. It has been, is now, and in all likelihood will continue to be, the greatest advertisement Canada possesses.

With the railway came the settler, and for a number of years Coquitlam was like the little place we have read about:

That climbed half-way up the hill
Then sat down as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may."

Then in October of last year the C. P. R. purchased and took options on property contiguous to the old holdings of the company to the value of one and a half million dollars. Then a new era dawned for Coquitlam, which is rapidly passing from a quiet rural community to a bustling railway and industrial centre. Coquitlam has the location, the resources are there, her citizens are imbued with the spirit of optimism, the opportunity has now arrived, and with that great financial corporation, the C. P. R., behind them, the anaemic infant of a year ago is a sturdy youth today, and in a few short years will become a giant in the business interests of the province.

When the C. P. R. was first announced to have decided to establish yards and terminal facilities at Coquitlam people who were shrewd wondered why they had not thought of the proposition before. The site was ideal and the result obvious. The C. P. R. had not been making its plans known, and it had secured the most of what it wanted—a strip half a mile wide and two miles long—before the general public began to take notice.

Once it was known that the company had decided to establish a mechanical headquarters there everyone who had money to invest became interested. Those who investigated discovered that Coquitlam had a large area of level—mark the word!—land situated on a deep-water channel leading to the Pacific Ocean 24 miles away, with direct rail connection also to the seaboard. Now this industrial terminus is one of the most sought for and most talked about of any of the sections that Greater Vancouver has among her necessary adjuncts.

As stated by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the C. P. R. proposes to go ahead with its establishment of yards and works at once. The company proposes to expend in the immediate future $250,000 on the construction of yards, roundhouses, machine shops and all the equipment that goes with them. A satisfactory agreement has been arrived at between the company and the municipality as regards the conditions, taxes, etc. This $250,000 is only a starter, and the company has given assurances to expend $2,000,000 during the next two years.

Unquestioned backing is given to this by the fact that the company has invested $1,000,000 in property, which is not excessive, considering that the largest terminal facilities in Canada are projected. The shops themselves will be the largest in Canada, exceeding the Angus shops in Montreal, than which there are few larger in the world. This will mean the employment of at least 5,000 men—no small nucleus for a town in themselves. With such a start a population of 25,000 in the not far distant future may be reasonably expected.

It goes without saying that coal bunkers, buildings for housing machinery and the hundred and one natural accompaniments of such an establishment are bound to follow. An important clause in the agreement with the C. P. R. provides that the company will spend $50,000 on the shifting of roads and streets and the building of new roads.

It may here be mentioned that the Provincial Government is spending half a million dollars on the buildings and grounds for the hospital for the insane in this vicinity.

There is also to be considered the $2,000,000 steel plant to be erected for the

company by Mr. William Owen, the English steel expert. When in Vancouver a few months ago Mr. Owen stated that the new works would be in operation in 18 months' time. The initial expenditure, which will be a very large sum, will be devoted to the establishment of blast furnaces, open-hearth steel furnaces, rolling mills and engineering shops and for renewals and repairs, and for the manufacture of cast-iron piping, which will be placed on the market direct. The company also proposes to expend $2,000,000 on the purchase of ore properties.

Coquitlam, better known to Vancouverites as Westminster Junction, is only 17 miles from Vancouver, and it comes very near being an ideal townsite. It is situated on a vast agricultural plain, with soil of unsurpassed richness, and is protected by mountains that almost surround it. Nature and man have acted together to make it one of Vancouver's best industrial suburbs, that will in time be part of the Greater Vancouver extending from the sea to Pitt River.

To serve Vancouver and its enormous business the C. P. R. had to get out of the city, the nearer the better, of course, and obviously on the main line towards the east. For the 17 miles from the centre of Vancouver the railway either hugs the base of the hill that ascends to several hundred feet above the water or passes through a narrow ravine. Then the rich valley of the Pitt and Fraser rivers widens out before it in the Pitt Meadows or Coquitlam Plain. Here the branch line starts for New Westminster, seven miles to the west.

If the C. P. R. did not fully see 25 years ahead 25 years ago, it now sees at least 10 years ahead and realizes that the city it gave birth to on the shores of Burrard Inlet is destined to be one of the two greatest cities on the Pacific coast of America, if not, indeed, the greatest of all.

Coquitlam will be the front door of that Greater Vancouver, a door of such importance that the city would be strangled if it were not large enough.

"KODAK"

Is our Registered and common-law *Trade Mark* and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If a dealer tries to sell you a camera or films, or other goods not of our manufacture, under the Kodak name, you can be sure that he has an inferior article that he is trying to market on the Kodak reputation.

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

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited
TORONTO, CAN.

AGENTS WANTED

ACCIDENTS and sickness will happen. Our new $2,000 accidental death and sickness policy, providing a weekly benefit of $15, is the most liberal contract issued by any company for small premium of $5 a year. It pays for typhoid fever, pneumonia, scarlet fever, appendicitis, diphtheria and forty-four other diseases; sold to men and women between the ages of 16 to 70 years; any occupation, no medical examination required. There is more real insurance in this policy than any other for the premium charged; without any exception, identification certificate genuine leather card case insures immediate and accurate identification in case of accident or sudden illness, including payment of all expenses up to $100. Strong stock company. Million dollars paid in claims. Write agency terms.

P. FRAZIER & CO., 422 WINCH BLDG., VANCOUVER, B. C., General Agents for British Columbia

This is the Answer

Mr. Advertiser! You spend money to tell the people what you've got to sell. Now, what kind of people can afford to buy your goods? And how many possible sales have your goods per thousand average readers?

If you knew of a means whereby you could make your advertising reach **16,100** probable consumers of your goods who at this time do not know of your business, would you use that means?

There are **16,100** of just such probable consumers who read the *B. C. Saturday Sunset* every week of the fifty-two weeks of the year. They are steady readers of this paper, because they like it—we make it of interest to them. We have ideals, and we have ideas. And we spend money freely in fulfilling them. Consequently we have over **16,100** readers, and of a class that can afford to buy your goods.

Talk to them frankly in our advertising columns. Tell them about your merchandise. Our rates are reasonable—exceptionally so.

In promoting your sales your aim must not be to save 5 per cent. in ad. space, but to make 50 per cent. or more on increased business. Ask us to talk it over with you.

Mr. Local Advertiser!

Since we have been connected with the publishing business we have learned several facts about the right kind of advertising—facts that formerly we did not know. Hereafter, in this column, we will have something to say about advertisements that sell goods. We will show why 1, 2 or 5 per cent. saved by not advertising judiciously, by leaving out some available, valuable medium, has been proved a false notion in the last twelve years of Advertising History. There is a progressive tendency throughout this continent to correct old faults in advertising.

Large advertising agencies, employing the highest-salaried experts on ad-writing—men who understand the particular fancies of the buying public—find that the right kind of publicity is nothing more nor less than an actual science. They prove by the enormous gross business that they handle and retain that getting results from good "copy" is as much a science as natural history itself. From now on we propose to tell you something about it.

This is the Answer

Pages Missing