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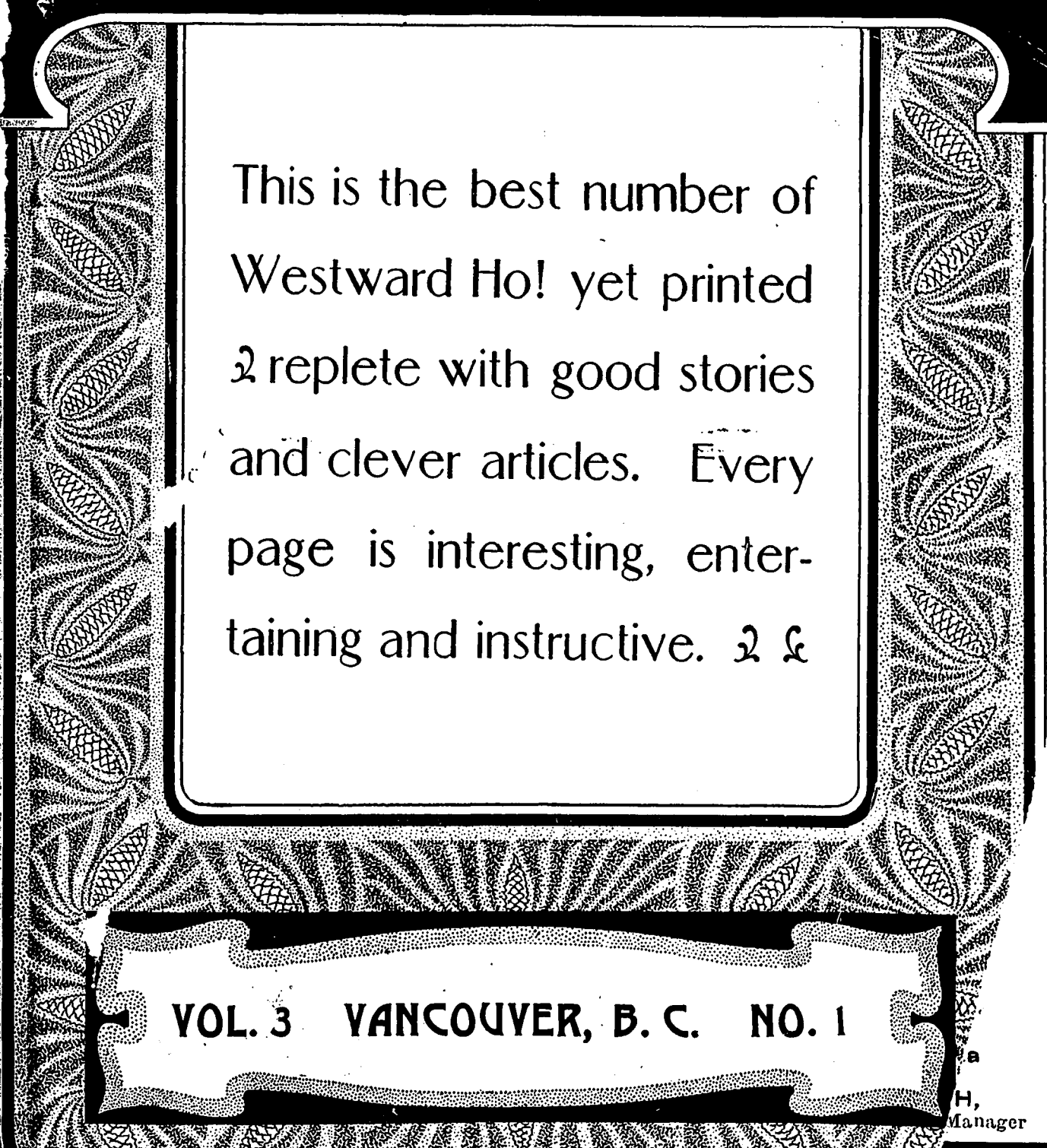
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A
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

WESTWARD HO!



This is the best number of Westward Ho! yet printed & replete with good stories and clever articles. Every page is interesting, entertaining and instructive. & &

VOL. 3 VANCOUVER, B. C. NO. 1

H,
Manager



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GEO. E. TROREY,
Managing Director.

Vancouver, B. C.

Westward Ho! Magazine

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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Westward Ho! Publishing Company

536 HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

Subscription 10 Cents Per Copy; in Canada and Great Britain \$1.00 a Year; in United States \$1.50.

WILLIAM BLAKEMORE,
Editor-in-Chief.

PERCY F. GODENRATH,
Manager

JULY **ANNOUNCEMENT** AUGUST

The first Number issued of Westward Ho! consisted of forty-eight pages. Recently we printed as many as one hundred and fifty pages. The circulation, too, has trebled.

In fact, the growth of the Magazine has been so rapid that we have been unable to keep pace with it. This is in a great measure responsible for the increasing lateness in placing the Magazine on sale during the last few months.

We want to see Westward Ho! on the newsstands by the 20th of each month. In order to accomplish this we must drop July from our calendar. Volume III commences with this, the August Number.

Subscribers will lose nothing through this change as their subscriptions will be extended one month. They will receive the twelve Numbers in full that they paid for.

WESTWARD HO! PUBLISHING CO.

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1004

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Principal.

Calendar sent on application.

Autumn term commences Sept. 10, 1908.

ADVERTISING SECTION, WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE.

I believe that you will agree with me, when I say that this number of WESTWARD HO! is a very creditable one. Examination of its contents, the excellence of its literary features and the beauty of the illustrations will prove it to be far above any Canadian magazine now selling for ten cents a copy.

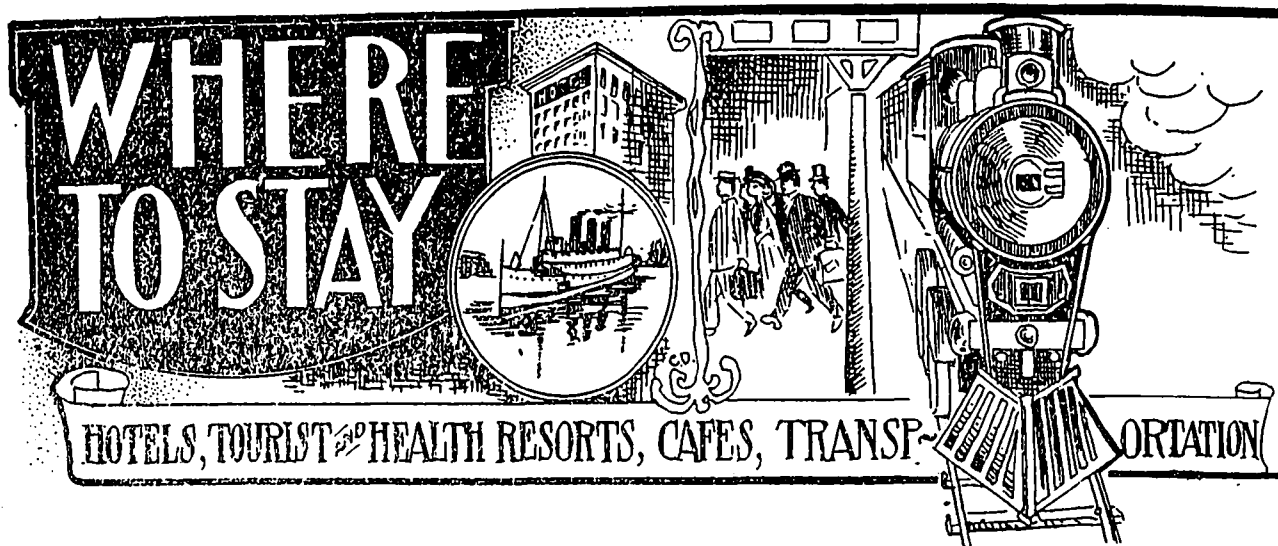
The actual merit and intrinsic worth of the magazine itself, accounts for the rapidity with which the circulation is increasing, for we have never adopted any catch-penny circulation schemes, preferring to use our energy and ability in improving this periodical and conducting it along broad, modern lines. Today, WESTWARD HO! will be found in countless homes all along the coast, and in all the western provinces. Our hope of making it a national magazine is being rapidly fulfilled—it is going eastward.

This 'Anniversary Number' illustrates the growth and development of WESTWARD HO! better than words could. It contains over one hundred pages—a significant growth from the initial number which contained but forty-six.

I anticipate quite a rush for the next number, for there will be some mighty good stories and articles in it. Better take time by the forelock and tell your bookseller TODAY to save you a copy. Or send one dollar to this office for a year's subscription.

Percy F. Godenrath.

Manager.



The Poodle Dog Hotel.

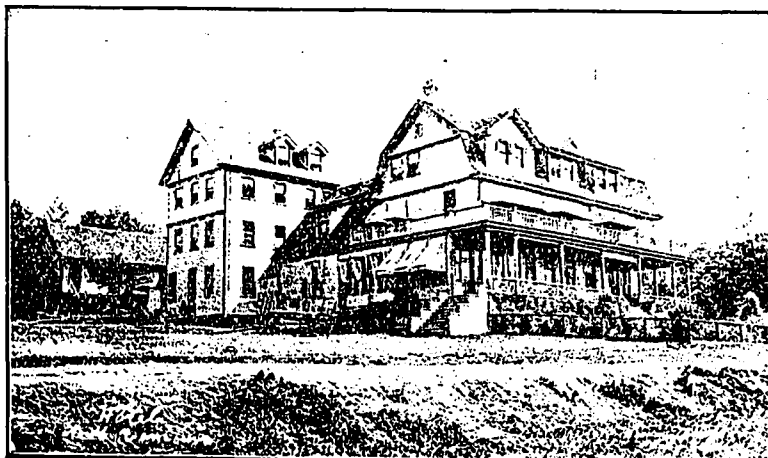
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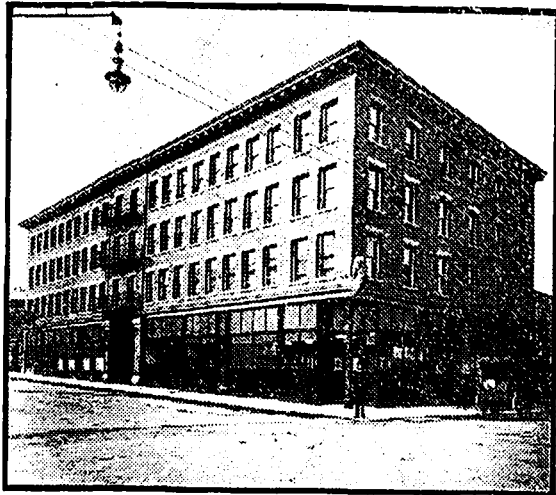
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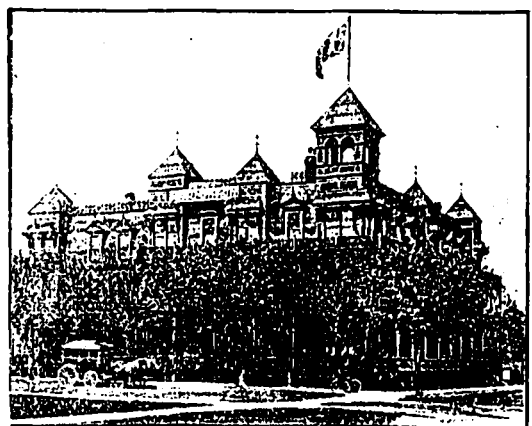
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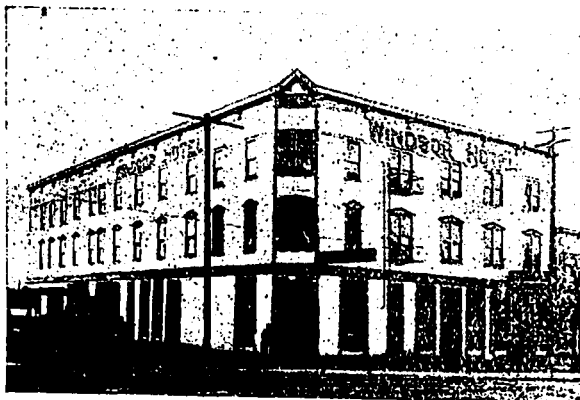


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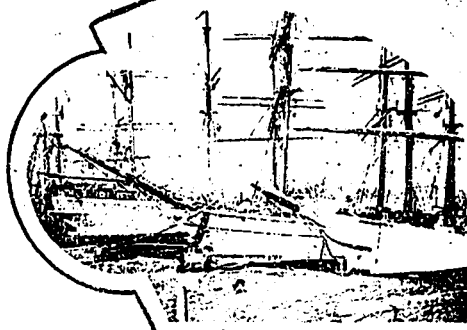
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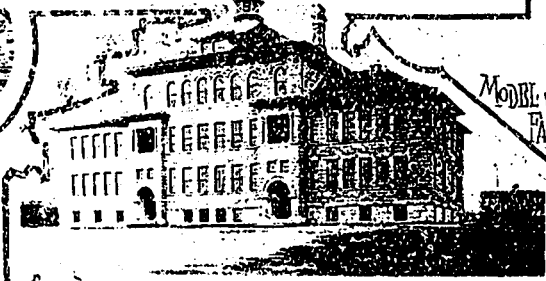
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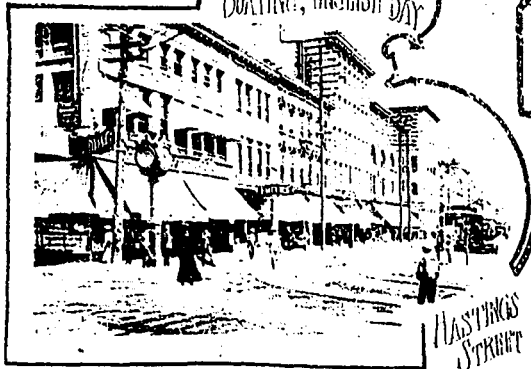
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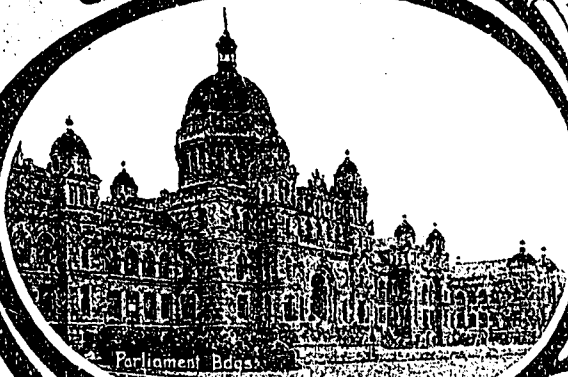
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VICTORIA, B.C.

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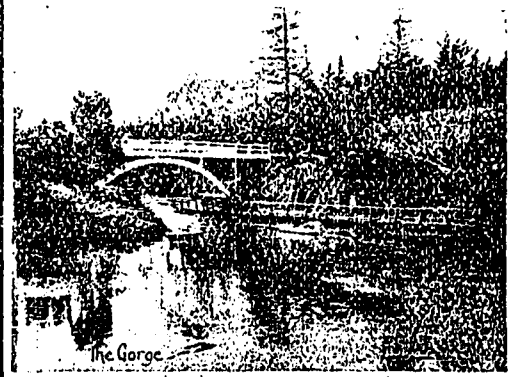
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SHOULD RETURN
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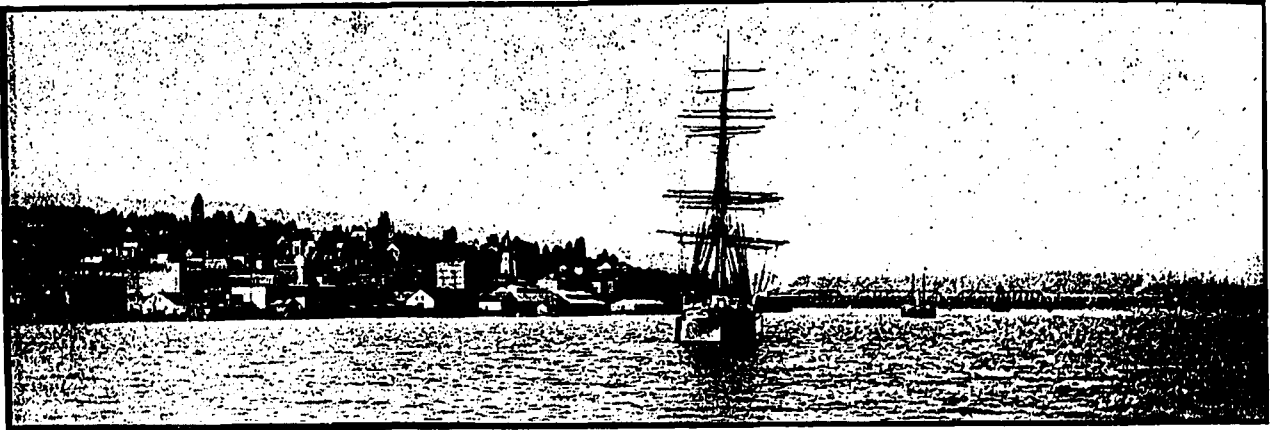
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The Gorge

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NEW WESTMINSTER



NEW WESTMINSTER is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

WHITE, SHILES & CO.

Fire Insurance

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Manufacturers of Doors, Windows, Fish and Fruit Boxes and all Descriptions of Interior Finishings.

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Real Estate, Insurance and
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FARM AND FRUIT LANDS A SPECIALTY.

THE ROYAL CITY

NEW WESTMINSTER is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent.

NEW WESTMINSTER is pre-eminently the home of industries—for Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

NEW WESTMINSTER boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at \$5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at \$1,000,000

NEW WESTMINSTER, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminster advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

B. Wilberg

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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BRANDS—"B. C.", "Old Sports", "Brilliants", "Autos" and "Puck".

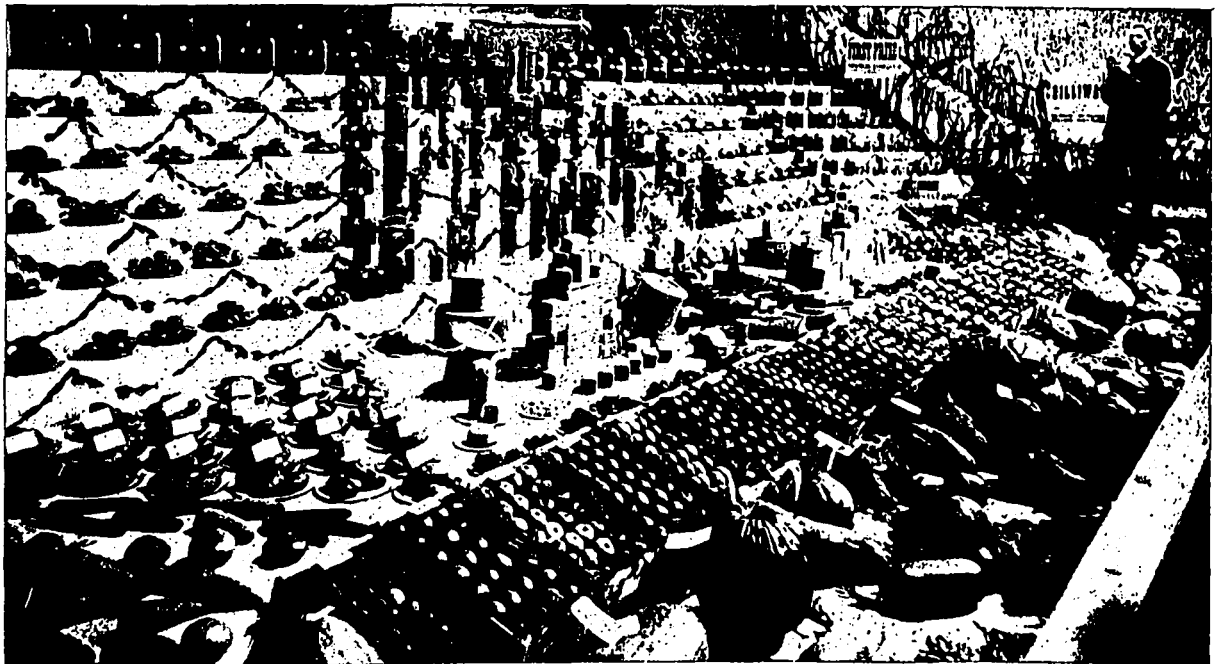
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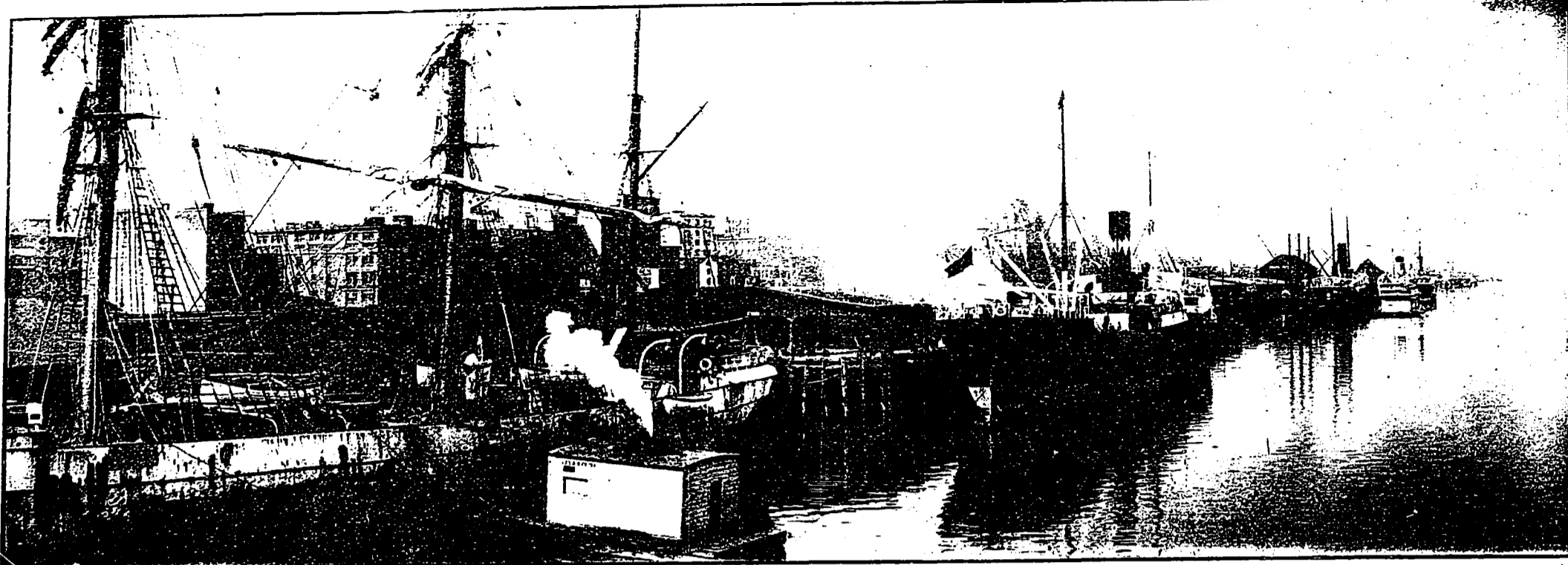
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VANCOUVER is the financial, commercial and chief residential centre of the Pacific Canadian Coast.

VANCOUVER'S remarkable progress has not been due to accidental or transitory influences. The essentials of its prosperity reside in its natural advantages, which are unsurpassed by those of any other city on the coast. Its geographical relation to the resources of British Columbia and to the markets of the world, together with its harbour, water-power facilities and railway connection, account for its present and guarantee its perpetual pre-eminence in Canadian Commerce and industry.

TIMBER, coal, iron, mineral, building stone and commercial clays are at its door. The waters contiguous to it are filled with fish. Salmon, halibut, cod and herring, smelts, anchovies and sardines, crabs, shrimps and clams are found in varying quantities.

IMMEDIATELY adjacent to it is an extensive agricultural area producing hay, hops, coarse grain, roots, vegetables and fruit in greater abundance than any other section of Canada.

ITS HARBOUR is ice free at all seasons, sheltered from all storms and is among the best in the world.

THE MOUNTAIN streams guarantee unlimited water power. One plant producing 30,000 h.p. has been established and the completion of projected undertakings will double the amount available.

THREE TRANS-CONTINENTAL railways have termini in Vancouver.

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JOHN J. BANFIELD,
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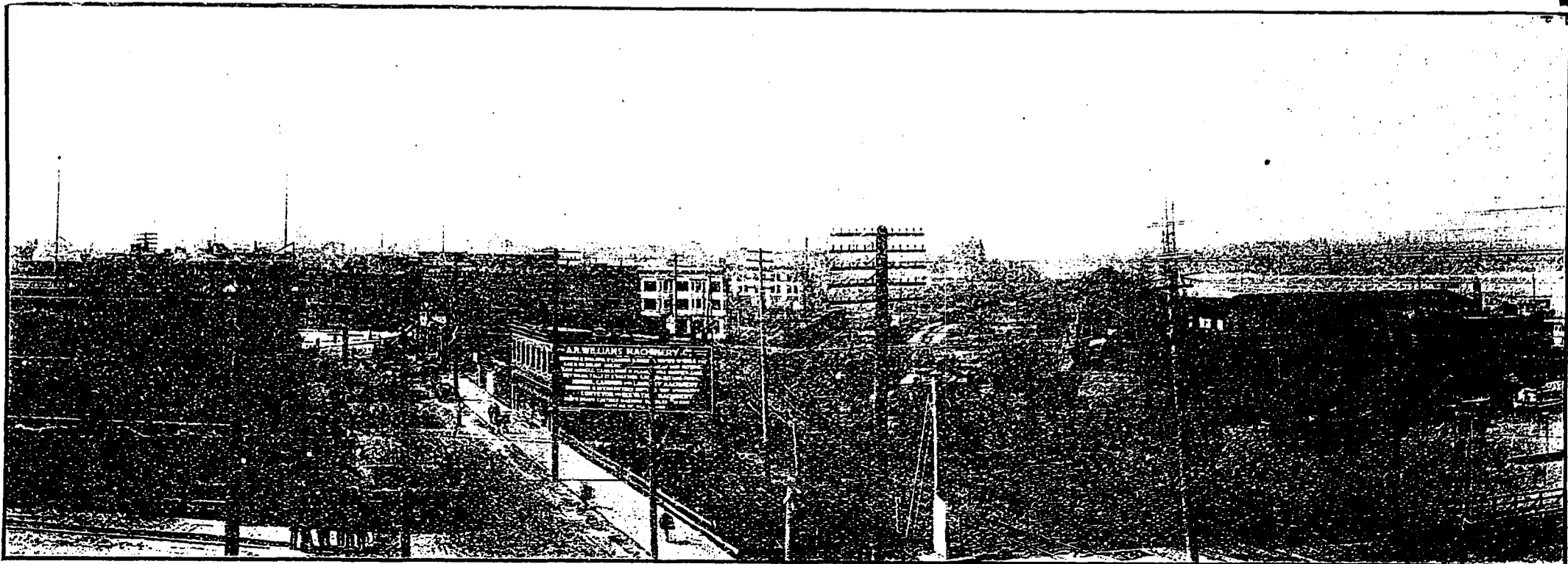
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DOMINION TRUST CO., LTD.,
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C. D. RAND,
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E. R. CHANDLER,
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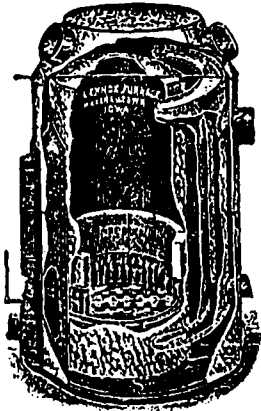
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REMEMBER

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COST OF RUNNING,

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Sole Agent in B. C. for Atkinson's Royal Irish Poplin Ties.



Vol. III.

AUGUST, 1908.

No. 1

Irrigation. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of scientific irrigation in certain sections of British Columbia. In the dry belt which includes the districts of which Kamloops, Vernon and Kelowna are the centres, it is indispensable. This fact adds importance to the annual meeting of the Western Canadian Irrigation Association which is to be held in Vernon on August 10th. The Convention will be attended by most of the experts who have been identified with Western Irrigation projects, and it is to be hoped that there will be nothing perfunctory about the proceedings, which will be of vital interest to the district. The upper end of the Okanagan Valley from Mara to Vernon is easily irrigated, and the result is seen in really magnificent crops of fruit and grain. In the middle Okanagan, stretching from Vernon to Penticton, with the exception of the Kelowna district, all the irrigation is artificial and has to be applied with great care and judgment, but where this is done the result surpasses expectation, as evidenced at Peachland, Summerland, and the Barclay Settlement up Trout Creek. In the neighbourhood of Penticton the large land company which bought out the Ellis ranch, and which is being so ably managed by the Messrs. Shatford, has initiated a scheme for watering the lower Okanagan, as far South as the International Boundary line. This will take in

the celebrated Osoyoos Valley, which when irrigated will become marvellously fertile, and capable of producing every kind of fruit which will grow in Southern California. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the possibilities of the Nicola Valley and the Kamloops District because they have already been demonstrated on a large scale. These remarks are simply intended to emphasize the importance of irrigation, and to point to the splendid results which have been achieved by its aid.

Canadian Textile Industries. The case of the Canadian manufacturers for adequate protection is in no danger of being overlooked: the difficulty is that Canada is growing so fast and her manufactures are multiplying so rapidly that the public is hardly able to keep pace with the development. There is one industry which by common consent is indispensable to the commercial prosperity of any nation which aims at ranking with the great powers. All the greatest modern nations have extensive and prosperous textile industries. The industrial greatness of England is built up on three manufactures—iron, cotton and wool. To such a pitch of excellence have the Old Country products been carried that they have always constituted a serious barrier to the profitable development of the industry in Canada. There are two

reasons for this, and they may be classified as climatic, and economic; to these perhaps may be added a third due to the degree of excellence attained through many generations of close application. Canadian manufacturers of textile goods claim that under the existing tariff it is impossible for them to compete with English goods, but it is not alone from England that competition comes. Of late years cheap American goods have flooded the Canadian market. An effort is being made to secure more favourable treatment, and the establishment of a truly scientific tariff. If Canada is to be well dressed at a minimum cost it can only be done by home made goods. The present system encourages cheapness by sacrificing quality, while it shuts out the higher class English goods not in the interest of Canadian but of inferior American. For these reasons it is to be hoped that Mr. Fielding, who is nothing if not an expert tariff maker, will be duly impressed by the presentations of the textile manufacturers.

**Rudyard
Kipling.**

Three months ago and even less certain Canadian papers were deriding the "laureate of the Empire" and declaring in effect that far from being a hero, he was in reality more like one of Falstaff's "men in buckram." A fortnight ago at the installation of Lord Rayleigh as Chancellor of Cambridge University in succession to the late Duke of Devonshire, Rudyard Kipling was honoured with the degree of D.C.L. This may illustrate the different estimation in which he is held by those who know him at home and those who affect to misunderstand him abroad.

**The Quebec
Battlefields.**

As the date for the Quebec celebration draws near it becomes increasingly evident that the ceremonies will be worthy of the occasion, and that the high hopes of the promoters will be fully realized. The appeal for voluntary contributions which is being made in every corner of the Dominion is meeting with a splendid response, and the funds available will not only be adequate but all the more acceptable to the auth-

orities because contributed in small amounts by tens of thousands of people. In connection with the celebration a valuable journal is being published in Toronto entitled "Onward." The Editor is Dr. W. H. Withrow, and young people at any rate cannot do better than secure a copy of this paper if they wish for reliable information about the early history of Canada and the lives and daring deeds of its heroic founders.

**Fraser
Centenary.**

In talking and writing and in the helping of the Quebec tercentenary we must not forget the claims which local history has upon us. One hundred years ago this year Simon Fraser came—the first of white men—down the Fraser river. Fifty years ago the Fraser river bars were alive for the first time in its life's story with miners from California and adventurers from everywhere. It is proposed to celebrate the Fraser anniversary during the New Westminster Fall Fair by an historical exhibition. Among the most conspicuous of the features in prospect is a collection of portraits of old-timers, including the early navigators and explorers, Hudson's Bay Co. officials, pioneer missionaries and clergymen, members of the Legislature, government officials, and leaders in trade and commerce, etc. These are being enlarged and executed finely in sepia, and will be arranged in groups, so as to represent in picture the story of B. C. from the beginning. Afterwards the collection will remain a permanent feature of the government as the nucleus of an art gallery in which historical subjects will be conspicuous. Of course, many other things are proposed, and we may expect one of the most interesting and instructive events of the kind which has ever taken place on the coast. All this will cost money, however, and no doubt such a worthy object of genuine home flavour will have many supporters who will be willing to back their sympathy with financial support in order to make the affair a complete success.

A Nightly Intruder.

Samuel Seaton.

Author of "In the Wake of the Walking Sleeper," Etc

IT was during the time I was collecting material for a volume I had in contemplation that I spent the summer months in a remote part of County Donegal near the sea-side. My accommodations were not altogether what I would have wished them to be, but as I knew of none better I was obliged to put up with them, until one morning I received a letter from a friend in England, stating that in the course of eight or ten days he would pay me his long promised visit. What was I to do? Roughing it in a small way was good enough for me—even an enjoyable mode of life, but with an English visitor the case would be different. It would be necessary that during his visit I should have a more spacious dwelling, and one that should claim at least the merit of being wind and water proof. I began at once to inquire if there was a suitable house to be let in the neighbourhood, and at length was informed there was one to be had, furnished, as long as I pleased, and only three miles distant.

"That is, if you don't mind," said my informant.

"Don't mind what? Is it the rent, which you think too high? I am prepared to pay anything in reason," I said.

"Oh, no, the rent will be reasonable enough, and it is very well furnished."

"Then it's just the house I want, and I don't understand what you mean by—if I don't mind."

"I would rather not say, sir," my informant said; and he spoke almost in a whisper, as he added, "if you don't mind the ghosts. You see every tenant who rented it has left in a few days, as the ghosts would give them no rest at night."

He said this in a tone scarcely audible. I told him I was fond of ghosts—in fact, had always been on more or less friendly terms with them; and if the house suited

in other respects, I would not object to the ghosts.

He gave me the address of the agent, and I called at his office next day. I was somewhat disconcerted on hearing this comfortable seaside residence designated a castle, for I had calculated on a modest habitation, suitable to a struggling author who had yet to make his mark in the world. My equanimity was restored, however, on learning I might have the place on reasonable terms, as its remote situation placed it at some disadvantage, and that a caretaker lived in the castle whose wife would cook and give all the necessary attendance; so I took the place for the summer months.

The agent told me the castle had formerly been a stronghold of one of the clans. Its present owner, however, often let it, and had been at great pains and expense in making it comfortable, but each tenant never occupied the castle more than a week or ten days, while some of them had not even slept the second night in it. "There is some rubbish about the house being haunted," the agent said, with a derisive laugh.

"Quite so," I replied, and then added, "That is exactly the kind of a house I want. I have rather a partiality for ghosts."

Next day I removed my luggage to the castle, and found it a rambling disjointed building with many windings and turnings inside, and outside surmounted by a tall square tower. It was built on the sea-cliff, and the waves at high water dashed against the rampart walls that ran in front of the building.

The situation was beautiful. In front lay the noble bay, its semi-circular sweep formed on the western side by a bold and precipitous headland, on the eastern by a long reach of hills, in whose greener chinks nestled the white farmhouses,

each with its sheltering group of trees. In the background, dotted with silver lakes and little hamlets, the rich purple heather stretched for miles, till it climbed the steep and rugged sides of the highest mountain range in Donegal.

Well satisfied with my arrangement, I turned my attention to Mrs. Wilson, the caretaker's wife, a coarse-looking stout woman. If the castle were haunted, I wondered how she and her husband could live in the lower regions of it. The rooms were well, even luxuriously furnished, and I congratulated myself anew on having secured such pleasant quarters before the arrival of my friend Ainsworth. I slept soundly and comfortably every night until the evening Ainsworth arrived. After we had partaken of the excellent dinner Mrs. Wilson prepared for us, we settled ourselves to a comfortable chat, exhausting a world of literature and art. At length he rose and leisurely began to unpack a bulky case of books he had brought for holiday reading.

"You are an admirer of Swedenborg," I said, noticing the number of the mystic's works the case contained.

"More than an admirer," he replied. "You may call me a convert," and opening one of the volumes of the "Arcana Cœlestia," he read aloud some of his pet passages, the wail of the waves outside, as they broke into spray against the rocky base of our dwelling, making suitable accompaniment to the weird words. After a lengthened discussion on Swedenborg's doctrine we separated for the night.

The apartment I occupied was built against the old tower. It was airy and comfortable, and I soon fell asleep in the great oaken four-poster. I must have slept an hour or two when I awoke with the sensation that some one was in the room. I looked round, and seeing no one, I remembered I had locked my door before getting into bed, and that it was impossible anyone could have entered. The whole apartment was flooded with moonlight, and the night had grown very calm, the dreary lap of the waves alone breaking the stillness. Not being able to sleep again, I lay thinking of the passages Ainsworth had been reading be-

fore we retired, and I was laughing softly to myself at his faith in the great visionary, when I was startled by a low moan in some part of the room. I held my breath for several seconds, waiting for the sound to be repeated, and I distinctly heard a sob. As I listened it seemed to swell gradually louder, until at length high over the dirge of the waves, it broke into a shrill wail.

I had always been proud of my strength of nerve, but somehow the cry sent a strange sensation through me. It seemed the embodiment of despair. Again and again it was repeated, dying away at last to a faint sob, when I became conscious of a figure standing in a corner of the room. It occurred to me that someone had been concealed in the room before I entered it. Thinking this, my reasonable action would have been to spring out of bed, seize my revolver, which lay close at hand, and discover who the intruder was. That, doubtless, is what I naturally would have done, but the moment after my eyes fell upon the dimly-defined form, it came gliding to my bedside, and I seemed to fall under some mesmeric influence, for I could neither move nor speak.

The moonlight streamed full upon the figure, showing it to be that of a young girl. For some seconds she remained motionless, save for a nervous movement of the hands. Her face was partially concealed by the hood of the dark garment in which she was enveloped, but out of its shadowing folds I could see two dark eyes watching me with a frightened, pleading expression. At last raising one of her hands towards the door, as though beckoning me to leave the room, she glided off to the dark corner from which she had emerged. As she was disappearing into its shadows, I heard the report of a pistol, and with a gurgling moan the figure fell to the floor. For one second I closed my eyes in horror, the next I jumped out of bed and ran to the spot, but the figure had disappeared; the bright moonlight revealed only my valise resting in the corner where I had placed it.

This corner was partially cut off by a huge stove that rested on a circular slab of granite: beside this stove the figure

had fallen. I searched everywhere, even going so far as to open the stove, lest my mysterious visitor should be concealed in its capacious depths. But everything seemed so natural and undisturbed that I returned to my bed, convinced I had dreamed the whole affair—a not unnatural result of the Swedenborgian discussion I had indulged in before retiring.

Next morning we made a tour of the old building, often losing ourselves in its jumbled-up rooms and passages. In one of these passages we came suddenly upon Wilson and two other men conversing energetically in their native Irish.

They looked confused at our approach, and I detected one of them making a grimace that did not seem to betoken pleasure; but they saluted us civilly and we began to make preparations for a long tramp over the hills. Before starting, I went to my sleeping-room in search of my note-book, which was in the valise behind the stove, and in dragging the bag hurriedly along the floor I turned up a loose square of carpet, exposing a dull red stain on the boards beneath. I was looking at it when Mrs. Wilson, who was in the room doing it up for the day, came to my side. "Shure it's meself has scrubbed an' scrubbed it, sir, but it will not come out," she said in an apologetic tone—"It was just there that the Lady Clara was shot."

I could not repress a slight start at Mrs. Wilson's words, and I dare say my questioning looks encouraged the woman to go on, and she told the following story:

In the days long gone, a certain Lady Clara O'Donnell had been shut up in this remote castle by her father in order to separate her from a suitor he disapproved of. The lover followed, and was favoured by the chieftain who owned the castle. Tidings of the treachery at last reached the girl's father, who came in hot haste. The lover was secreted in this apartment, where Clara came to warn him of his danger. The father, in the darkness, mistook his daughter for the young man, and shot her. This, with many embellishments in her own peculiar vocabulary, was Mrs. Wilson's story,

which she finished by saying the lady was supposed to haunt the castle still.

During our journey I could not dismiss the woman's story from my mind: it was so strangely similar to my dream of the night before. When we returned in the evening I refused to listen to any more Swedenborgian theories, and retired early. Although a practised walker, I was tired, and as soon as I lay down fell in to a heavy sleep. From this sleep I awoke suddenly, with the feeling that someone was hanging over me. I opened my eyes and there, close beside me, her great eyes fixed on mine in the same mute appeal, stood the same mysterious figure I had seen before. I remained motionless, gazing at the beseeching eyes; then with a swift movement I sprang out of bed and tried to seize the flowing drapery of my strange visitor, but I overbalanced and fell to the floor. I soon regained my feet, but the shadowy form had vanished. I struck a light and searched every portion of the room, but, as on the previous night, not the slightest trace of the cloaked lady could I discover. Of two things I was now certain—that I was being fooled by some party, and that there must be a secret entrance to the room. In anything but an amiable frame of mind, I examined my revolver and returned to bed, and during the rest of the night I remained undisturbed.

The following day I made a thorough examination of the room, but found no evidence of a secret door. As my last hope of discovering a clue to the mystery died away, I could not repress the strange thoughts that took possession of me.

What if it really was the spirit of Clara O'Donnell? What interest could any one have in trying to impose upon me? There must be some reason for every tenant who occupied the castle to leave so abruptly. It was strange, though, that if the house was haunted, the ghosts did not annoy the caretaker and his wife. Reasoning thus, I resolved to continue my occupation of the room and to discover the source of the disturbance.

Despite a long day's enjoyment of that wonderful nerve tonic, the pure bracing Donegal air, on entering my bedroom

that night I felt nervous and dispirited. My candle seemed to bring out more weirdly the shadows of its deep corners, and a queer sensation came over me, when I chanced to step on the loose square of carpet behind the stove. Placing my revolver beneath my pillow, and leaving the candle burning, I got into bed. I had no difficulty in remaining awake. The mournful sound of the waves seemed to get into my brain, and I wished I had taken Ainsworth into my confidence and asked him to share my watch. After tossing about for an hour or two in this highly nervous state, I was startled by a cry that seemed to come from beneath the room. I stretched out my hand for the revolver, and at the same moment, stealing gently towards me, came the dark-robed form I was beginning to know so well.

Now that the moment for action had come, alas for my courage and resolution! My hand had already grasped the pistol, and I had only to pull it forth and demand the business of the person—or spirit—or whatever it was that stood before me. Instead, my hand merely tightened on the weapon in a spasmodic clutch, and I lay inert, save the more robust and aspiring hairs of my head that began to stand on end in honour of my visitor. In a sort of stupor I watched the dark form steal away, and again heard the report of the pistol, and saw the moaning figure fall to the floor; an exact repetition of the heart-chilling scene I had witnessed two nights before. I was still lying in a sort of stupor when I heard Ainsworth knocking at my door. My visitor had been awakened by a loud crying beneath his window; this crying still continued, and as no sleep could be secured in his neighbourhood he had come to share my bed. We had scarcely settled ourselves when once more, seemingly at our bedside, arose that weird, shrill cry; now changing into a terrific howl of rage, and again into a harsh mocking laugh. I felt Ainsworth's grip tighten on my arm, till it became painful. My own thoughts during this time I do not care to dwell upon.

Not till the grey dawn came struggling through the high, narrow windows

did those fearful sounds cease; then, exhausted, Ainsworth fell asleep. I could not follow his example; various thoughts kept me awake. I knew my companion would not pass another night in the castle; nor, I must confess, had I any inclination to do so. I thought with regret of the comfortable apartments we would have to abandon, of the glorious header into the sea that could be taken at any hour of the day from the rocks beneath our windows. A vision of my former lodgings passed before me, and I groaned aloud. Then I rose to get a glass of water. The dressing-table stood near to the stove, and as I approached the carafe my foot knocked against some article on the carpet. I picked it up, and in the grey light of early morning, I recognized it as a small box of pistol caps.

With great joy and relief of mind, I gazed upon the box, for it proclaimed the fact that, after all, human hands had fired the shot. I replaced the box beside the stove where I found it. There was a chance that its owner might return for it before the morning was much advanced. In that case it would be gone and the secret ours before we unlocked our door. I determined to return to my place in the bed and watch. But relief at my discovery had eased my mind, and I must have slept quickly, for, to my chagrin, Ainsworth was talking to me when I next became aware of myself. I jumped out of bed, and, to my delight, I found the box was gone, and before the next half hour passed we had solved the mystery of the secret passage.

On the evening of my arrival my attention had been drawn to the slab of graphic granite on which the stove rested, and Mrs. Wilson told me the room had, in ancient days, been used as an oratory, this stone having formed the pedestal of a large cross of the same material. Now, as I closely scrutinized the stone, I could trace a seam down that portion of it which projected behind the stove; but so deftly did the cabalistic figures, traced by the felspar and quartz intertwine, as to render it almost invisible even to my searching eye. I had not the least doubt but by touching a spring the stone could be made to di-

vide; and before I had risen from my kneeling position beside it, I had concocted my scheme for revenge, and thirsted to put it into execution.

After a late breakfast, we sauntered through the purple heather to a constabulary barrack we had passed the day before. After a conversation with the sergeant in charge, I received a promise that four of his men would be at the castle that night. I had asked for two men only, but he told me he had long suspected that a party of illicit distillers were at work in some secret vault of, or beneath, the castle, and they might prove more desperate than I fancied. Shortly after midnight, watching our opportunity, we had the constables smuggled into my bedroom. Without undressing, Ainsworth lay down on the bed. Two of the constables were concealed in a dark angle of the room, past which the lady of the previous nights had glided. The other two men and myself were stowed away behind the stove, and all was ready for our *coup de main*. In our cramped positions a weary hour passed; but, as the moonlight began to irradiate the room, we could hear the sounds of footsteps approaching slowly and stealthily. Noiselessly, as if in a groove, the granite slab revolved till a large aperture was formed; then the top of a man's head became visible: a pair of deep-set eyes and coarse, square jaws. There was no difficulty in recognizing Wilson, the caretaker. After a cautious scrutiny of the room he disappeared, and a darkly-shrouded form emerged through the opening, and stood on the floor beside us. Not the same figure which had on the previous nights made its appearance; this figure was much taller, and the hood was pulled more closely, concealing the whole face. Then Wilson reappeared, and, mounting waist high, remained stationary in the aperture. His back was towards us, and he held a pistol pointing downwards through the opening in which he stood.

After uttering one hideous cry, the muffled form moved off towards the bed.

At that moment the room was still as death. As the figure in its sweeping black garments passed the spot where the two men were concealed the room became a confused mass of dark struggling forms—a babel of wild shouts, imprecations, and quickly-falling blows. I moved swiftly behind Wilson and wrenched the pistol from his unwary grasp, and the two men beside me had him pinioned before he well knew he was attacked. But the man in petticoats—for it proved to be a man—was fighting vigorously, the three figures by this time being huddled in a writhing heap upon the floor. I caught the bright gleam of an upraised knife. Ainsworth struck a light, and I went to his assistance. The man was a great burly fellow with the strength of an ox and the courage of a lion; and we did not overpower him before one of the constables had his hands badly lacerated with the knife.

We discovered that the passage led down by steep stone steps to the secret vault beneath the tower. There the constables secured another man. Several kegs of poteen were also found in the same place.

From this vault a narrow passage led to the beach, and through this the gang had, at all times, access to the castle, and had taken advantage of it to frighten away those who came to reside there. In the kitchen we discovered Mrs. Wilson and her niece, the slim, pathetic-eyed maiden who for the first three nights had personated the fictitious Clara O'Donnell. For what reason she this night had shifted the character on that voluble hero in petticoats, I cannot tell.

The men were sent for trial, and each sentenced to several months' imprisonment.

I received a profuse letter of thanks from the owner of the castle, with a cordial invitation to make the place my home while in Donegal, and Ainsworth and I spent a very enjoyable summer there.



The Tale of a Turnip.

E. Archer.

IT was the turnip that did it! It is all very well to say it was the little girl on the gate—of course that would have been more romantic—but if it had not been for the turnip the sailor would never—but I had better begin from the beginning.

Ever since he could remember anything the sailor had always been haunted by a kind of vision, which was rather an odd thing, because he did not look like that sort of man at all.

He was broad-shouldered and sun-burnt and jolly, with good humoured narrow blue eyes, and a short tawny beard. Quite a common sailor, in fact, clothes and all, yet somehow you did not wish him to be any different.

On the contrary you liked him just as he was, which is a most delightful feeling to have towards anybody.

The vision was common too, in a way.

There was a little girl swinging on a garden gate. He could not remember anything about her, except that she wore a straight white pinafore, and had two little tight plaits sticking out just be-

low her ears. He saw them distinctly because they bobbed up and down so funnily when she moved. Across the road was another wide gate leading into endless turnip fields, with a road running through them, and here and there a tall elm tree standing out against the sky.

It had always been raining. The road was horribly muddy, but the sky had a wonderful pure, newly washed look, and each single elm tree stood out in a way he could never forget.

That was all. The rest was so very vague. Sometimes he fancied the little girl gave him a piece of bread, and he had a sort of idea that he saw one of his knees coming through his trousers. But it was all in a mist.

The turnip fields, however, always stood out quite clearly with the rain-washed skies and the solid dark elm trees.

After all, it was not so very curious. Once upon a time the sailor had been a boy tramp, and had begged his way to the sea, and it was quite likely that

a child swinging on a gate had given him a piece of bread; and there is nothing unusual in a stretch of turnip fields; but it was curious that he should always see this particular spot at the most unlikely times and places. For wherever he went, all over the world, under the burning Indian sun, in the sandy desert, out in the blue mid-ocean, he was always liable to see the turnip fields where he least expected them.

Once they had quite a serious effect on his life. He was starting from India to England, when a pail came running down to the shore, with the offer of rather a good berth if he would stay where he was. He had even brought a substitute with him.

The sailor had one foot on the boat that was to take him to the vessel, and one foot on the shore. He was just in the act of withdrawing his foot from the boat, when he suddenly seemed to see in the stifling air the cool blue turnip fields, and the dark elm trees, and the pure rain-washed skies, and smelt the delicious smell of the rain-soaked earth. It was absurd, of course, but he felt so drawn towards England that he put his other foot in the boat and to England he went.

Once in England he began to tramp about in a sort of happy-go-lucky way, for he had money in his pocket over and above his pay. He made friends with every child and cat and cur that he met, for he was one of the jolliest souls you can possibly imagine; and to see him dance a hornpipe was a sight to make one weep for joy; it was so natural and full of life.

Now one day he was rolling along with his bundle over his back on a stick, whistling "Yankee Doodle," with variations of his own, when he came to four cross-roads, and there was no reason why he should go down one any more than the other, because they were all four so exactly alike.

One of them, however, had a large white turnip lying in the middle of the road.

The sailor had always been drawn towards turnips, so he went that way and picked it up. Then he looked right and left for turnip fields, but did not

see any. A long way off he could hear the rumbling of a cart.

"That's it," said the sailor; "rolled out of a cart. Blessed if I don't overtake that cart and chuck it up again."

He very soon overtook the cart, which was full of turnips, as he had thought. Rather too full, in fact, for they appeared to be on the point of all rolling out. A lad sat on the shaft in front and seemed to be half asleep. The sailor threw the turnip on to the back of the load, but it rolled off again at once. Then he threw it to the front, and then to each side, but it was no use. No sooner was it up, than it was down again.

"Blessed if it ain't as good as a game of skittles," said the sailor, who could make a game of almost anything.

At last the cart stopped at a little lonely ale-house by the road side. The lad went in.

"And I'll go in too," said the sailor.

But for some incredible reason, he put the wilful turnip into his pocket. We do not always know why we do things. Very seldom, in fact.

Inside the ale-house, he was at home in two minutes. He called the old granny "Mother," and made the girl who brought in the beer laugh so much that she nearly dropped the jug. He called the customers "mates," and told wonderful yarns, and sometimes his language was so frightful for words, but somehow it did not seem to be of much account, because all the time he looked so innocent and good natured. He was so much at home that he had half a mind to stay the night.

"I could tell you a tale, mates, that would make your flesh creep," he began. "It was out in Africa, where—"

Crack, crack, went a whip, and "Gee-oup!" went a voice outside and then rumble—rumble.

The turnip cart was off again.

A change came over the sailor's face, and he got up at once. You will hardly believe it, but he felt as if his whole life depended on his throwing the turnip into that particular cart.

"I must be off, mates," he said.

And off he went, without more ado. The cart was only a little way in

front of him, but now the sailor no longer tried to throw the turnip on to it. Instead of that, a feeling of strangeness began to come over him, such as most of us have had at some time in our lives, when we do not exactly know what we are doing, or why we are doing it. Why was he following a creaking old turnip cart in this ridiculous way? To be sure, he had always been drawn towards turnips—but then, why had he always been drawn towards turnips? To use his own words, "It was jolly rum."

"The 'Flying Dutchman' isn't in it," said the sailor.

Once he actually turned down a lane, branching off from the high road, but he need not have troubled to do that, for it only led into the same road again, and there—yes, there was the cart rumbling along as usual. After that he gave it up and trudged along stolidly. It was beginning to rain, and he no longer whistled "Yankee Doodle," with or without variations.

Towards evening the rain cleared off, and soon after that he came to a neat little house standing back in a garden with a gate in front. The turnip cart went on before, but it was the most extraordinary thing that from that moment the sailor cared no more for the turnip cart, because his eyes were fixed on a girl chopping wood in the front garden. A mere wisp of a girl in black, with smooth brown hair, and rather soft pretty eyes, but somehow as he looked at her, he quite lost all desire to go any further. She hacked at the wood in a feeble womanly way, and he saw at once that it was much too hard for her.

"Pray let me do it for you," he said, for sailors are made like that.

The girl gave a little cry and dropped the chopper. She had half a mind to run into the house. But the sailor took off his hat and scraped towards her very politely.

"I'd like to do it for you," he said, in his good-natured way.

Then seeing her still hesitate: "I reckon I'd make a better job of it," he said. "You know you nearly cut your finger off that last time."

At this the girl smiled a little, and the sailor opened the gate, picked up the chopper, and began to work in a thoroughly businesslike way. The girl stood looking on. Something in the strong way he chopped the wood, and the neat deft way he piled it up, fascinated her. But she was a shy girl, and said nothing.

The sun had set before he had finished, but the evening was full of light. He threw down the chopper and stretched out his arms, and now for the first time he looked away from the girl towards the road.

And what did he see?

A gate—a road—another gate—and then endless turnip fields with a road running through them, and here and there a tall elm tree standing out against a pure rain-washed sky.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said the sailor.

"You have been here before, perhaps," the girl inquired, rather nervously.

"Been here before—been here before?" said the sailor, staring at the prospect. "Why, bless you, in a kind of way I seem to have been here all my life."

The girl backed a little. She was half afraid of him still, and yet she was beginning to like him so much—oh, so much!

"And how long might you have lived here, miss?" he asked.

"Oh, I was born here," said the girl.

"No brothers or sisters?"

"No. There's only me and grandfather," she said rather sadly.

The sailor slapped his thigh and laughed aloud.

"Then you're the little girl on the gate," he cried.

This time the girl turned on her heels and began to run. He was raving mad! There could be no doubt of it. But the sailor ran after her, and it was wonderful how soon they came to an understanding. And the girl actually remembered giving a boy a piece of bread. A boy all over mud, with one knee coming through his trousers.

"And he—and you—and he gave me a turnip," said the girl, her grave face breaking out into a delicious smile.

"Why, bless me, so I did," said the

sailor, struggling manfully with the desire to kiss her on the spot, "and if you will accept it, I will make you a present of another one."

So saying, to the girl's amazement, he took the turnip out of his pocket and put it into her hand.

"No wonder you could not rest in your cart, you varmint!" said the sailor gallantly.

And then he told the girl with the soft eyes all about it, and first the girl thought it was very strange, and then that it was not very strange, and then that it was all a chance, but it ended by the sailor going into tea with grandfather, and the next day finding work in the village and settling down there.

And after work on fine evenings the sailor and the wisp of a girl in black would walk together on the road across the endless turnip fields, under the impression that it was a remote and secret spot, which it certainly was not, for they were almost as striking as the elm trees, and looked larger than life against the clear evening sky. They would stay so late that an enormous round pink

moon would rise up suddenly before them, out of the very turnip fields so to speak, and regard them in a kindly manner, as who should say, "Never mind me, children, I am used to this sort of thing," and afterwards rising slowly up into the pale blue sky, would in a merry mood, scatter showers of the softest silver over all the fields, so that they were no longer fields, but a kind of fairyland.

Then one by one the stars would come out, and grandfather would come out also, for grandfather naturally wanted to go to bed.

At last they were married, and they had boiled leg of mutton and mashed turnips for their wedding dinner. And always after that they had a dish of mashed turnips on their wedding-day.

And a very good thing too!

As for the turnip, that was highly honoured, for the sailor scooped it hollow, filled it with water, and hung it across the little parlour window on a string, where in time it bloomed out all green and fresh, and almost appeared to sing, as befits the hero of the tale.



An Enemy's Gift.

Billee Glynn.

“YES, the Mayor is at home,” answered the maid at the door, looking doubtfully at the man's rough clothes, and the deeply haggard face with its setting of grizzled, curly hair.

She stood for a moment in indecision, and then without asking him in, said she would see if Mayor Winchester would receive anyone.

A few moments later the caller was ushered into a room which seemed to partake of the dual nature of a library and sitting-room.

Mayor Winchester was reading. There was a short silence during which the caller's eyes took in the room and the figure in the easy chair, then the Mayor lifting his head turned around.

“Well!” he said.

The man came forward in the full light and seated himself without being asked. There was a cool deliberation in his manner that was perplexing, almost aggravating, in a person so meanly dressed. It had the effect of lowering the Mayor's brows.

“What is your business?” he asked brusquely.

“Work,” returned the man.

The Mayor softened in a moment. An election was close at hand.

“Oh!” he said, “I will be glad to help you. I will give you a note to the foreman where they are building the silk manufactory.”

The man sat while the Mayor wrote the note, but when he had received it made no attempt to go, though the other had resumed his book. Conscious of his caller's gaze, however, he raised his head in dignified surprise.

“Well!” he said again.

“You forget that I have a trade,” said the man.

“Well, what is it?”

“Miner!” The deep, penetrating,

gray eyes on either side of the aquiline nose were set keenly on the other's face. The Mayor started slightly, and then said: “There are no mines here.”

“Perhaps there are miners.”

“Nor miners either.”

“Ones that have got rich and quit the job,” suggested the man.

The Mayor's brows drew together at the meaning in the other's tone, and he looked at him searchingly, then angrily.

“There are neither miners nor mines of any kind here,” he rejoined impatiently, “and as our business is over you had better go.”

But the man sat still. “It is not over yet,” he asserted with insinuating imperturbability.

“Not over yet——” Mayor Winchester rose wrathfully, and was about to touch the button of an electric bell, but his hand fell at his companion's next words.

“It's a long time,” he said rising, “since you made that steal from me at Nugget Hollow, out in California, Burk.”

The Mayor turned, took a quick step forward, and peered into the man's face, his own pale and agitated above the thick, parti-colored whiskers.

“I hope I am not putting your memory to too great a strain,” declared the other ironically.

But the Mayor had recovered himself, and his hand was again on the electric button.

“I neither know you, nor to what you allude,” he averred hoarsely; “but your language seems to bear some insult. If you do not leave the room immediately I will ring and have the police called.”

“That last would be the better plan,” agreed the other, seating himself; “it would save me the trouble. The police were not within call that night when you thieved my share of the fortune and left me penniless, Jack.”

The Mayor did not ring. Instead he approached his visitor scowling, and said: "What do you want?"

"I just want you to remember me, Jack," replied the other with satirical friendliness. "We used to have such good times together—you and I. Don't you remember the day when we were paid for our claim, and had it all cut and dried to come home? But you never told me where you lived, Jack." He rose suddenly to his feet with a quick change of manner.

"My name," he commanded.

There was such compelling magnetism in the eyes, the tone of the voice, that the Mayor's mouth opened involuntarily, saying, "Harmon!" Then aware of his mistake, he repeated angrily, "What do you want?"

"You remember me then! I'm an old man now." There was a note of self-commiseration in the voice as it uttered the concluding sentence, that the Mayor mistook for weakness. A gleam of relief passed over his face, and his manner dropped for an instant into his accustomed blandness.

"I am in need of a man," he suggested sauely.

"Indeed!—it would be rather inconsistent with a bread and water diet."

"You cannot prove it," hissed the Mayor fiercely, but wincing under the other's scorn and implication.

Harmon smiled, and took from his pocket two pieces of paper—one soiled with age, the other the note his companion had given him a few minutes previous.

"Your writing is pretty much the same signed Winchester as it is Burk," he said; "besides you forget that there are others of the old days still living upon whom I can call to recognize you if necessary."

The Mayor sank in his chair, his face twitching, his hands clasped helplessly before him, looking at his companion with the eyes of a leashed hound.

"How much do you want?" he asked. "Go away and I will keep you."

"That would be kind. My share was not less than thirty thousand; with interest that would mean forty now at the least."

"That would ruin me. I will give you five—five thousand."

"Ruin you!" vociferated Harmon; then he laughed harshly. "You forget that I have been astraddle a horse of that color and of your painting for years. You are just as oblivious to my rights now as you were that night when you sneaked away—a very reptile—with what meant everything to another man. Are you aware that your act led to the death of the woman I loved, that it killed every hope I had in life?—If I had gone home, then, with that amount of money, I might have saved her father from the embezzlement—sorely tempted as he was—for which he served his term behind the bars; a disgrace which broke his daughter's heart—together with the belief that I was dead, my occasional letters failing to reach her from the ungodly country where I sought gold after your villainous act. You can understand, at least, in seeing what I've become—an old man whom you could not recognize, yet younger in years than yourself. Still you talk of ruination! I have been hunting for you for twenty-five years to bring that about—and, by God, I'll do it now!"

There was a savage joy in his face, and his arm was stretched over the other's head—as he crouched abjectly in his chair, his fat limbs curled beneath him—like a sword of justice. "But I do not want your money; I am going to deliver you over to the police."

He turned and made toward the door.

The Mayor rose quickly, his hand raised in protest, his face—which had been lashed into color—fading in a spasm of deadly fear.

"Do not go," he begged in guttural, half frenzied tones; "I will give you all—I will give you the forty thousand—I will make a transfer of stock to that amount, which will bring you ten per cent."

His hand fumbled for a secret lock in the desk, and finally brought out a book. His eyes were fixed on the man at the door like those of a whipped, pleading cur. "Think of my position," he added.

Harmon regarded him with measured scorn. "To H—— with you and your

position," he said, "and your money too."

A woman's laugh sounded outside beneath the window. It was musical and clear, strangely apart from the scene within.

"My child!" exclaimed the Mayor, his face convulsing with new agony. "For God's sake have pity on her!—you would not ruin her too! She is engaged, and this will break all—will kill her." His voice was broken and hysterical. "Bill, you cannot do this—don't you remember how I nursed you once when you were sick?"

"I was engaged once too," returned Harmon coldly. His hand was on the handle of the door.

He opened it.

The woman's laugh again sounded in the room.

It seemed to rob the Mayor of the last shreds of self-respect and courage. He made a forward, supplicating movement, his arms outstretched appealingly, then clutching backward, sank in his seat distraught and trembling, murmuring the word—"Maud."

The name arrested Harmon on the very point of egress.

It had always the power to thrill him. But now it spoke to him with a newer significance, arousing a vague instinct of subconscious memory. He paused for a moment in thought; and saw a girl bending over him and heard her words—he scarcely knew what—but which seemed to corroborate the likeness in her eyes. Closing the door again, he walked swiftly over to the window.

A young man and woman were seated under a shade tree on the lawn. He recognized them instantly. On the outskirts of the town the previous evening, he had fainted—a victim to the weakness of heart caused by that terrible shock in the far past when he had discovered the treachery of a partner and the theft of a fortune. He had regained consciousness to find this girl bending over him, and bathing his face with a wet handkerchief, her companion by her side. He remembered, now, in a dim way how he had startled them by uttering the word "Maud"—a name which had sprung to his lips instinctively in his half-conscious

state on meeting the girl's eyes. How solicitous they had been for his welfare! In spite of his protests he had been driven to the nearest hotel, wondering all the way who this girl could be with the eyes—ay, and the face—of his dead love, and who even bore her name.

But, great God, could she be this man's daughter!

He turned from the eyes, which had power to thrill his soul even in the distance, to the Mayor, who had stumbled to his feet with a half-hopeful expression on seeing him come back, and laid his hand almost fiercely on his shoulder.

"Is that your girl?" he asked, his eyes piercing the other's face.

"Yes."

"Your wife?"

"Isabella Fairfax."

The name struck a distant note in Harmon's memory. He stood thinking. Ah, he had heard Maud use that name in the old days. Isabella Fairfax was her cousin; and this girl, the daughter of Isabella Fairfax, had been born with the eyes and face of his dead love; and something more too—he remembered her bathing his forehead the evening before—her kindly, sympathetic, open-hearted nature.

What a striking analogy there was also between the fates of the two women! The disgrace of a father, and a hopeless love had broken the heart of his Maud—the life of this one was about to be lessly suffer as deeply; for it was improbable that the love of the man—the only element to support her in the trial—would stand the test of a public scandal, or that her pride would sanction such a sacrifice in her ignominious position. As in the other case, love also must weigh down the balance of misery. Yet both women were innocent. Harmon lifted his head and looked out of the window again. How strong was the resemblance in the rounded, sensitive chin, the tender, full-lipped mouth, and the straight, delicately molded nose!

The likeness grew as he continued to gaze, till he seemed, at length, to be standing in the presence of the dead, with the dead interceding to him for mercy; and that iron purpose of revenge, grown grim and stern with years of pro-

traction, was melting slowly beneath the gentle influences of the past. But the silence was deep and long. The struggle lit his face with a gloomy grandeur. If the other could have seen it, he would have seen a great tear trickle slowly down the cheek. It was peculiarly symbolic. He turned, at length, to his companion, who through some happy instinct had kept silent—an intuition that bade him hope without knowing why.

"You may make that transfer of stock," he said hoarsely.

"You will take the money, then!" exclaimed the Mayor, his face lighting.

Harmon nodded and turned again to the window. Then seeing that the other had pen and ink ready, he crossed over to the table.

"I do not want you to make this in my name," he said, "but in the name of your daughter."

The Mayor looked up in surprise, but endorsed the certificate as directed, and handed it to Harmon, who examined it carefully.

"When is your daughter to be married?" he asked.

"The twentieth of next month," returned the Mayor wonderingly.

Harmon laid the certificate on the table.

"Then give her this," he said sternly, his finger on the paper, "as my wedding gift on that morning. She will not know it comes from me, but that makes little difference; and it is better that she should not suspect her own father though he is a felon of the worst kind"—his eyes flashed angrily for an instant, and his hand gripped the table—"and for her sake that the world should get no hint of it, as it might if I transferred the stock myself."

He paused for a moment, and then continued scornfully.

"I can trust you, I suppose, not to cheat your own child since you are her only parent! You are engaged to be married again, however, I have heard, and you might be tempted to do even that—you are so easily tempted. If you do—God help you! I will take means to find out. For you, yourself, Jack Burk,"—he bent down, his eyes on the other's face with a glance which sent it pale—"thank Heaven that you have a daughter, and that I once loved."

At the door he turned. The Mayor had risen as if about to supplicate forgiveness. Harmon gave him a disdainful glance and passed out.



We-Ha.

D. Brown.

WE-HA was a halfbreed of the Metlakathla Indians. His Highland Scotch father had given him a grand physique, while his Indian mother had bequeathed him all the love of the chase that is in every man of these siwash tribes of the Pacific Coast. Therefore, was We-Ha the greatest hunter of his tribe.

Early one autumn morning he decided to go and shoot a deer, as their stock of fresh meat was getting low. He wound in and out among the tall spruce trees, occasionally crossing lovely open glades, where nature had paused a little while to retouch and finish with more delicacy. The beautiful long limbs of the tall spruce trees were covered with ferns, some still green, but most turning to a delicate shade of brown. The stunted cypress reaching their limbs in as if to annihilate the vacant space, made it still more beautiful with their grotesque grace. The beauties of nature had no appeal for the Indian. Nothing seemed to stir the calm, still forest.

Entering an open space, he noticed a large buck, standing on a rise of ground against the clear sky line. His thirty-fourty rifle slowly rose to his shoulder; the big brown eyes shone as he aimed along the barrel. He took a very careful sight as it was a long shot. Bang! went the rifle. As if propelled from a catapult, the deer jumped straight into the air and rolled down the other side of the rise. Snapping another cartridge into the barrel, the Indian ran forward to end his task. There was no sign of deer. Nothing but a clot of blood on one of the shalal brush.

With characteristic lack of surprise he looked around and then started to trail the wounded animal. All afternoon, till the shades of evening closed him in, he stayed with the trail, each little sign speaking volumes to his hunter's mind.

He knew the animal must be almost dead from the loss of blood, so he camped, feeling sure he would get it in the morning.

As the gray of approaching day crept through the trees the siwash lit his fire and cooked a piece of meat, which he ate, then drank some tea and away again on the trail. He was going down a steep hill when suddenly he jumped to one side to get a better sight of what proved to be a timber wolf greedily devouring the last of the deer. The rifle spoke and the long thin body of the beast sank to the ground, as if blighted by lightning. And now! a strange thing happened. On all sides of him wolves darted here and there. As if not knowing where the danger lay, with cool nonchalance, the Indian pumped the lead into them, until he came to the last cartridge in the magazine. He paused to get a good sight at one of the animals that remained, all the others having by this time stole away or been killed. The actions of this great brute puzzled the Indian and he lowered his rifle a dozen times to watch its wild antics, as it circled round and round him. He took a shot at it, but missed. With a mighty rush the wolf tore in toward him and as it came he knew why it had not crawled away like its brethren. It was raving mad, foam splashed from its mouth, the powerful jaws opened and shut like a steel trap. We-Ha grabbed his knife and braced himself to receive the weight of the horrible brute. With a thud, it landed square on him and as if protected by some devil of its own, it knocked the knife out of the hunter's hand. With a gasp of horror, he leaned down from its foam flecked face and grabbed it by the hind legs, then with a mighty heave he lifted it up and crashed it back on the rocks. Vain hope of death. With a howl and a snarl, it

sprang again. With wonderful quickness the Indian stepped to one side and caught the flying animal round the body; its snapping teeth just missed his face, then closed on the big hunting cap he wore. To keep his face from being bitten, he pushed the cap close up into the mad beast's throat and then as it squirmed and writhed from the enormous pressure on its ribs, he bit into its throat. A mighty push of its hind legs and the wolf upset the man, and now the ghastly fight continued on the ground. Over and over they rolled down the hill, but always the man kept his hold on the ribs and his teeth in the throat. And now, a madness like unto the animal's own seemed to seize him. He bit and tore till a great stream of blood shot out from the wolf's throat, covering his face and squeezing between his teeth, till he almost choked. Suddenly the ribs he was pressing seemed to fold in, the great head rolled to one side, the jaws hung loose and the terrible slimy tongue lolled out. We-Ha never realized he had won the fight for life.

His brain was gone, the madness of the wolf had entered his veins. Springing back from where the dead wolf lay, he grabbed his rifle, rammed the magazine full of cartridges, then with a hideous scared look on his blood-smear-ed face, he slowly backed away, keeping his eyes riveted on his foe, till he got about fifty yards back, and jumping in line of a tree he made a mad dash from the horrible spot.

Early next morning the village folks were wakened by the barking and yelping of the dogs. Annie, the wife of We-Ha, had been up all night and now she ran out to see what the trouble was. At the upper end of the clearing, she saw her husband, covered with blood, his eyes shining with unreal fire. When he noticed the woman advancing towards him, he crouched like a hunter stocking game, then suddenly the rifle swung to his shoulder. With a cry of fear Annie threw herself on the ground behind a stump and just in time. Crash! went the bullet through the top of the stump. And now, pandemonium broke loose. Bang, bang, bang, went the rifle, the

clutchmen ran into their cabins, the squaws squealed and followed quickly after and the mad man was left alone, but for the old man of the tribe. This old man, stone blind, but with the wonderful hearing which is given to those thus afflicted, kept circling round the stumps. With the horrible cunning of the mad man, We-Ha stalked the poor old man like a deer. Growing confused by the dread of being shot and by the shouts and cries of the other Indians, the old man made a mistake and stepped out into the open. With the quickness of lightening We-Ha fired. The veteran threw up his hands and sank to the ground, with a bullet through his forehead. Then, as if it were the last wolf he had slain with the rifle, the crazy man went all through his wild fight with an imaginary wolf, biting, tearing at the air and rolling over and over on the ground.

The superstitious natives wailed and howled and cried to one another: "He is possessed of a devil." And now, We-Ha jumped to his feet, clicked the last shell from his belt into the rifle and backed away from the settlement. His faithful wife cautiously raised herself from the ground and followed in his wake thinking the devil would surely leave him soon. All day long they travelled through the beautiful spruce, cedar and cypress. Ever, the Indian in the lead kept circling here and there, twisting back and forth, but always travelling up and up the mighty snow-tipped mountain at the rear of the village. It seemed as if he were leading some foe up, up into the snow. At times he would turn round and raise his rifle; then the woman in the rear would quickly dodge behind some convenient tree or crouch down in the ferns. On, on they went until the snow line was reached and their feet crunched on its drifted surface. Strangely, the man changed, instead of seeming to lead an enemy up into the snow, the woman, with a dreadful sinking of the heart, noticed him stalking her as if she were a wolf. With peculiar cunning he would hide behind some rise of snow and then gently raise his head and peep over. The woman never moved, hardly daring to breathe.

Pulling back the trigger of the rifle the Indian made a sudden dash for the summit as if to get a better view of her who lay hidden below. When he reached the summit and turned round his wild eyes caught sight of her lying flat on the snow. With a horrible guttural yell of "The wolf, the wolf, I've got you now," he pushed the rifle to his shoulder. For a shuddering second the woman looked into the barrel of the powerful rifle; then it wavered and pointed up into the deep blue sky above.

The terrible poison of the mad wolf had conquered at last. The dying man's convulsive fingers twitched on the trigger and as the recoil of the weapon reached his shoulder, he fell back, dead.

The wind sighed through the tall spruce trees, the boughs of the cedars whispered as they gently caressed each

other in the soft breeze; a late returning raven from his haunts along the shore croaked his last good-night; a rosy light from the dying sun silently crept up from the depths below, resting a moment on the snow-clad tops; then the far-reaching waters of the great Pacific quietly engulfed the light, leaving all dark and gray. One by one the stars shone forth, blinking and winking, as if waking from a long sleep. Gradually the first little prospectors were joined by the mad stampede of twinkling lights and God's great diamond mine of light shone over all. Strangely quiet the woman lay with her head resting on the hunter's breast. Suddenly, a wild, mournful cry issued from her lips, echoing and re-echoing from the deep, dark chasms. It was the mourning song of the Siwash Tribes.

Birds In Flight.

Bonnycastle Dale.

(Photographs by the Author)

FRITZ and I often sit at night beside our sweet incensed fir fires and fight over and over and over again the Battle of the Flight. In front the keen silver stars peep out of the dark blue vault. Beside is the seal's splash and bark in the inlet; the salmon leap, the skates thrash the dark water with their leathery fins. All the myriad hosts of wild fowl on the great migration pass overhead with silky rustling pinions, or call sleepily from the seal disturbed waters. The leaping rush of our lonely camp-fire illumines the dark boles and feathered tops of the back seated firs, and lo! from out the gloom two great yellow eyes announce the horned owl.

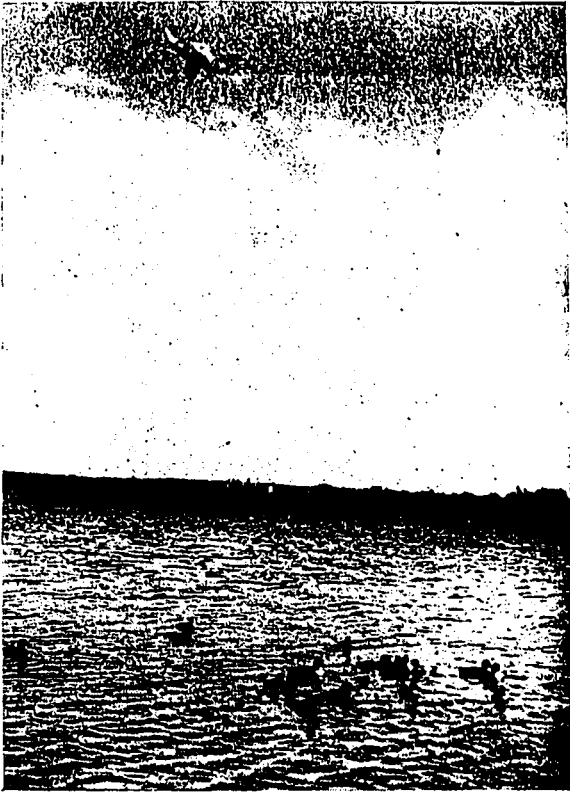
"What are you thinking of, laddie?" I asked my drowsy assistant. "Of those long chains of shallow hunting lakes in Northern Ontario, don't you remember the one where the serpent mounds were? Where all the dead and defeated

Mohawks had been buried; where the big flock of ducks looked like a raft in the centre of the lake," he answered.

"Indeed I do, boy. I can see that flock yet. Black under the moonlight. There must have been twenty-five thousand resting there. Do you remember how they would swim out when we approached the shore. I can see those birds sweeping over the decoys yet."

"I am thinking of the time I told you I did not think you could shoot and photograph your single bluebill," murmured the boy. "I can see that bit of bent wood you used for a kneespring. Oh! how funny you looked waiting there with your big gun at your shoulder—you remember I was peeping out of the pukka-brush—along came a big blue-bill drake. 'Bang,' over it turned in the air. I heard the camera click as you pressed your knee. I saw you fall over on your face in the sand—kind of lost

your balance, didn't you. How anxious we were until we got that film developed—and say, perhaps I didn't feel good when I saw you had caught the bird on the film just as it turned over dead from the shot. We ate him, didn't we? I wonder what part of me he is incorporated in now." Here the lad felt his



Blue-bill Shot and Photographed Instantaneously by author.

brown hands and amusedly examined his fingers; fingers that gleamed Indian brown in the flashing light.

"There was another one I pictured there, Fritz. You remember the tailing bluebill that sped away along the shore? You shot it, and I caught it on the film just as the effect of the shot caused it to lose balance and turn slightly over on its side ere it fell dead into the water. Oh! those were grand days, laddie."

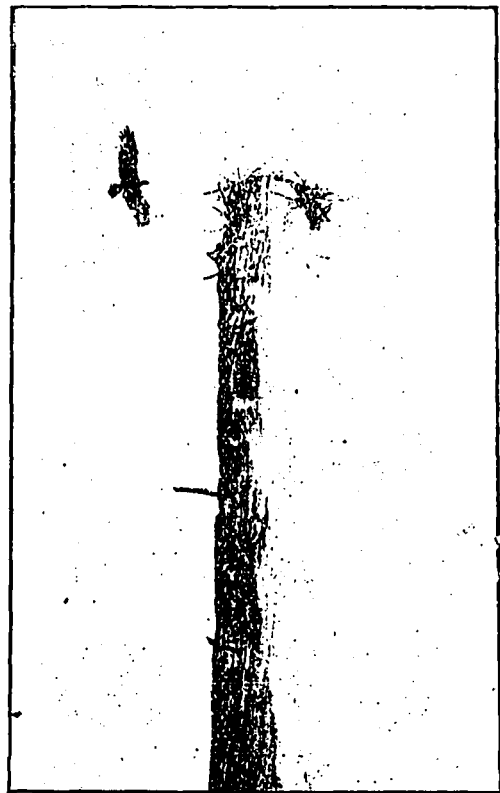
"And then the weeks of fun we had with the black ducks (dusky mallard.) There are none on the Pacific coast. I remember how we put out the decoys before daylight. How that big brown Indian Hawk lay in the canoe watching out through the wild rice; his eyes as bright as big brown diamonds." Here the lad's eyes shone not unlike diamonds themselves in his excitement. He was waking up fast now. "Quack, quack, quack," the lad called on the still night air of the

oceanside forest. "Then along came a big black duck and circled over the decoys and you got a picture of him out of the hole in the side of the hide just as he threw back his big silkylined wings to stop himself as he settled into the water. What was it Hawk called him?"

"Shesheb; that means the duck in the Ojibway."

"Then do you remember the black duck that swung past us as we stood beside the willow bush, and you told me after you pictured him rising in the air that the camera would show that all of the motions of the duck in the air were not beautiful. I think they look almost clumsy as they leap up and fly over. Tell me the legend of the Black Duck."

I filled my pipe anew. As this assistant of mine is a boy and must needs be amused when the long day's walk or paddle or climb is over. When the tent gleams white from its nook under the firs, when the body feels good resting after labor and the inner man is re-



Osprey Nest.

freshed with hot fresh woodland and stream food. I often think man has departed from the environment Nature destined for him. Are all the woods and hills, rivers and seas, vales and dells, not sufficient for our nests that we must crowd them together in ugly lines of

often unsanitary houses, amid thousands of other and carefully exclude the very air, the fresh ozone laden air, that the Creator made for the lesser gods he fashioned after His own image?

led old Musquash—the muskrat—began.

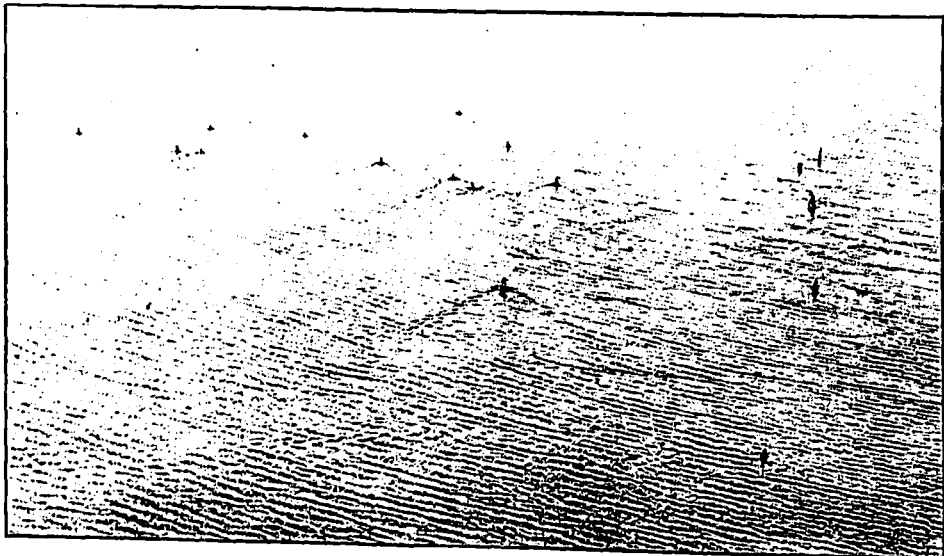
“Long ago, when my father was a papoose crawling and laying with the puppies of the camp. Long ago before any white men paddled on the lakes,



A Flight.

Lazily I took up the tale. “I can see the old Ojibway chief leaning on his elbow on the edge of the circle of light. I can hear the calls of the beasts and birds of mid-Ontario on the night air. The

where the young ducks grow big and strong, our men had made a summer camp for the women and old men and the papooses; made a camp where the young boys could fish and catch ducks



“Do you remember how they would swim out when we approached the shore?”

great hardwood forests about us were full of the cold airs of late autumn. The birds of the day's hunt, chiefly redheads and canvassbacks and bluebills, were already frozen on their looped open air grape vine pantry under the cedars. Then the firm lips opened and the wrink-

and take the wood birds roosting as we had taught them. All of the men went south to search for the Mohawks that were burning our camps and killing our young men. The father of my father was with them and they saw the Mohawks, and they built a big council cham-

ber of the green trees, but they built the walls double. Then they sent a young man that he might ask the warriors of the Mohawks to come and smoke the pipe about the fire in the big council house. Half our men met them; all of the warriors, Ojibwas and Mohawks, laid their knives and axes and bows at the door. Then the big stone pipe was handed to my father's father, and he threw it on the ground and our young men leaped out of the green wall and killed all that came. We buried them in a long grave, and we made it in the form of the Totem of the Mohawk tribe. The black snake and the turtle that all that come after may know how the Ojibway



"You get a picture of him just as he threw back his silky-lined wings to stop himself as he settled in the water."

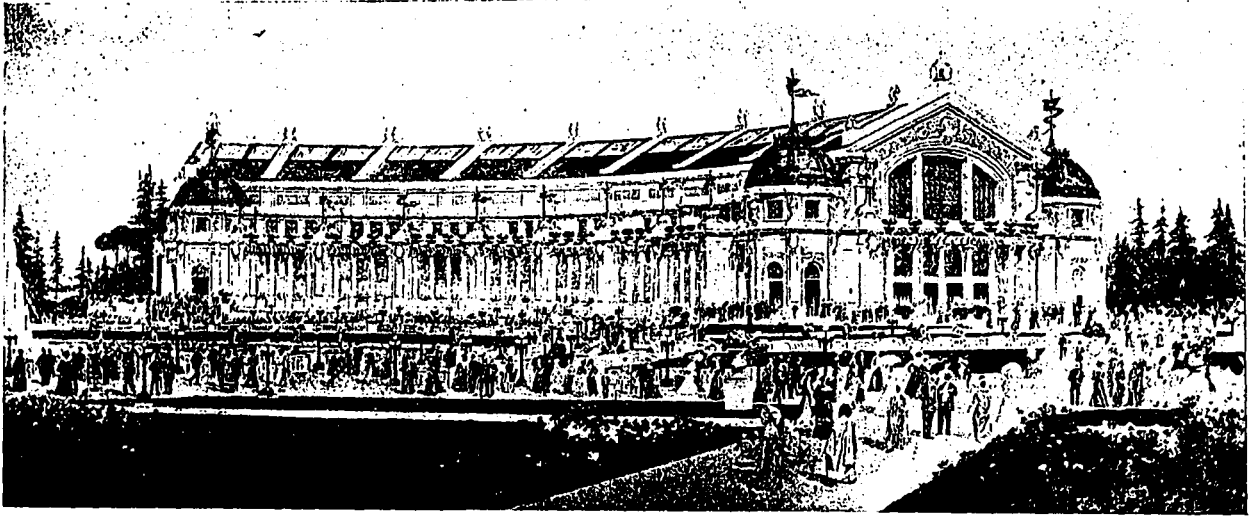
revenge his young men. When my father's father and his warriors got back to the summer camp, only a heap of ashes and a few poles and bones told them where the old men had died, and the women and children had gone into captivity. Lo, in the summer of the next year, when the ducks returned to our lakes, one bore on its leg a bit of shell. On it was cut the black snake and the turtle, and the heron, our totem. Then all the chemauns were filled with warriors and they went to the silver waters and found our women in the camps of the Mohawks, and they took them and killed all the men and brought their women and children to our camps. And all of our men love the

black ducks that the women sent, that brought the shells."

"That was where we got the picture of the dusky tern. Do you see the little nest of sundried lily leaves. Just a faint circle in the black mud of the marsh, with the eggs all colored like the mud," said the lad, "and we snapped at the calling, screaming bird that thought we were going to rob her nest."

"Yes, lad, and I am thinking of the golden-eyes, the whistlewings of those mid-continental lakes. How their merry clangour used to sound out on the air those clear cold mornings, and how they used to curve on their big strong wings and throw the white body and the glittering green head and golden eyes up against the wind ere they half fell and half settled in to the decoys. How they would dive and swim under water, using their wings much as we do our arms and coming up amid a shower of spray, flying ere they had hardly broken out of the water."

"And our last year on the beautiful inlet of Sooke," took up the lad, "when we pictured the bluebills flying over and never shot them because we did not like to have to pluck and scale the same body. But the widgeon were not so fishy. And say! do you remember that flock of brant that you chased down into the end of the bay and pictured one as they passed over, and then grabbed the gun and got one for our evening dinner? That was when you had to work fast. Well, I'm getting sleepy. Good night," and the lad sought the tent and the comfort of the blankets. I lay a while watching the splendors of the newly risen moon, following its glittering path over the surging Straits of Juan de Fuca; up the foothills and benches to the snowclad tops of the Olympics that stood clear cut against the dark blue of the southern heavens. Then I too sought the tent, thankful that I was yet alive to see the glories of this western world.



Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

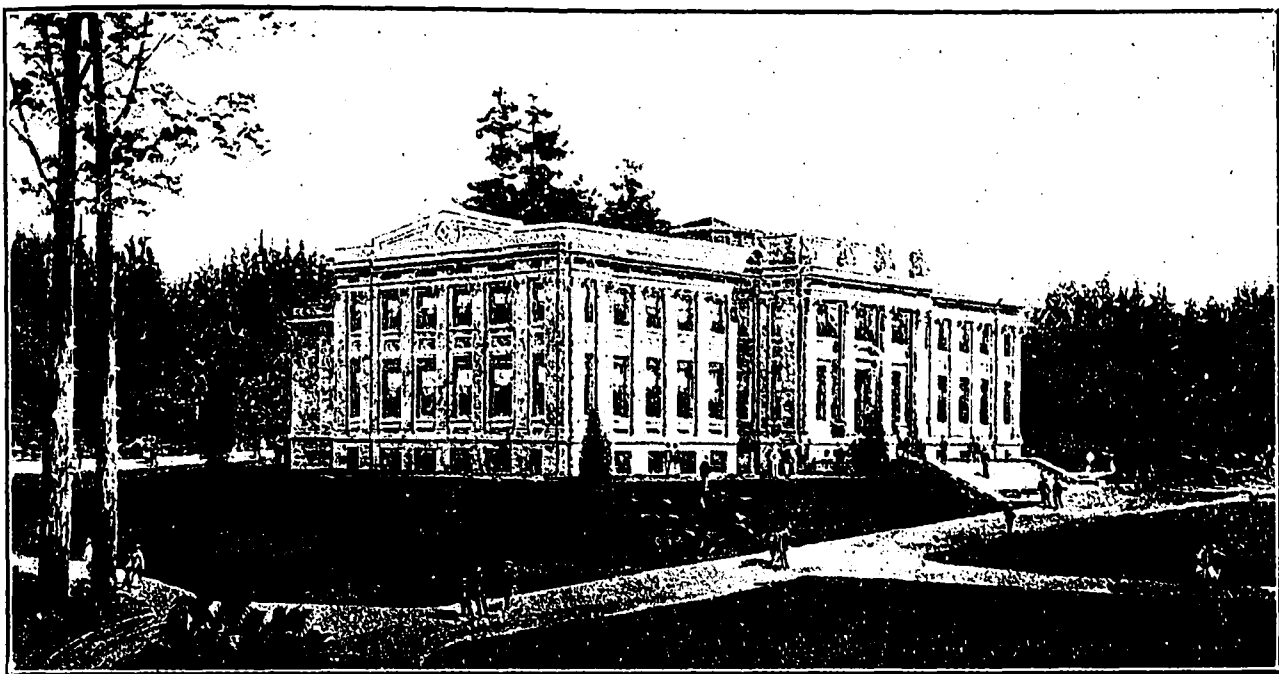
Frank L. Merrick.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, although growing and developing rapidly at the present time, is about to receive an impetus which will make the province forge ahead along all lines of endeavour with such rapidity as has never before been witnessed in the western part of Canada. And the cause of this quick and material advancement, too, will come from across the line in the form of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition which will be held at Seattle from June 1 to October 15th, 1909.

The coming Pacific world's fair is going to be an important event to the world in general and the western portion of the continent in particular. The purposes of holding the exposition bear out this statement. Briefly the objects of the fair are the exploitation of the resources and potentialities of Alaska and Yukon, the making known of the vast importance of the trade of the Pacific ocean and the countries bordering thereon and the demonstration of the marvelous progress of Western America. In accomplishing these ends the exposition will be conferring everlasting benefits,

British Columbia, being such a near neighbour to the exposition city, will naturally receive a large share of these. The reward of participating will be the permanent accretion of population and capital.

A conservative estimate of the persons who will visit the exposition from east of the Rocky Mountains is 250,000. The Lewis and Clark exposition brought 120,000 to Portland. In four years this section of the country has become better known and there has been created a desire on the part of people living in the East and Middle West to make a tour of inspection. That is one of the reasons for the estimate of 250,000 for 1909. The exposition, with the help of the low railroad rates which will then be in effect, will be the magnet which will draw the travel westward instead of across the Atlantic. These visitors will spend several days at the exposition and then start out to see the marvelous western country. British Columbia will receive its share of tourists. Then again, many will come by one transcontinental route and return by another. This means that thousands will use the Canadian Pacific



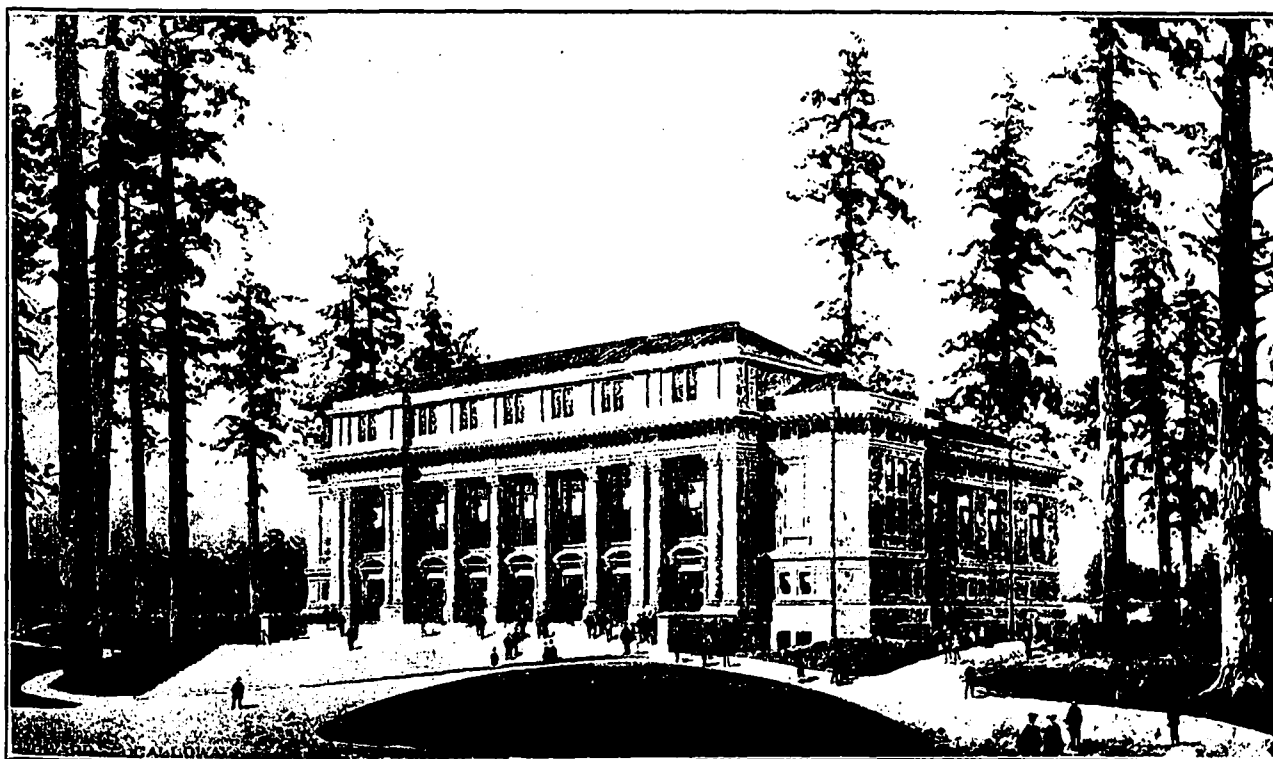
Palace of Fine Arts.

which will enable them to view the wonders of British Columbia.

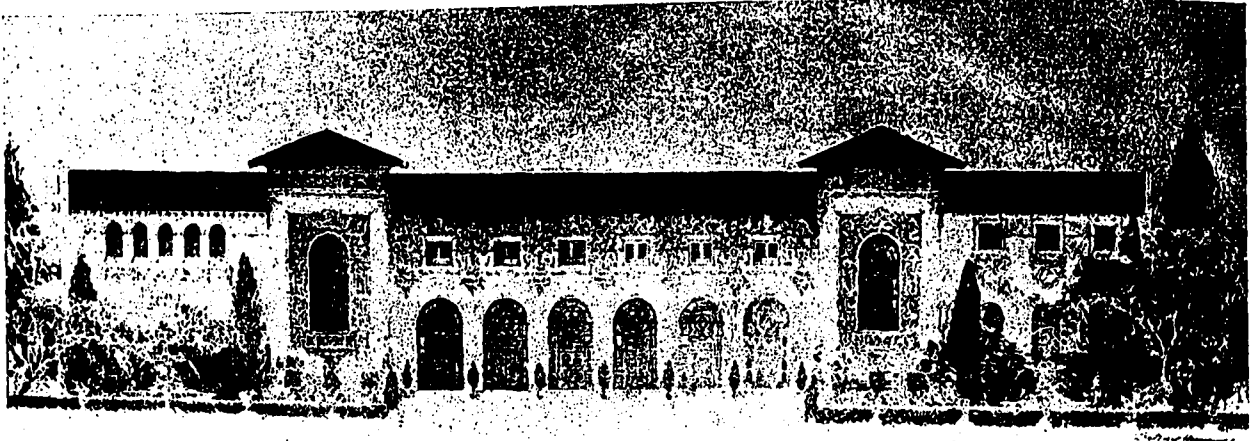
There are many other good reasons why British Columbia should have a building and an adequate exhibit at the exposition, but it is not the aim of this article to go into details in this subject. It is more the purpose of the writer to give some idea of the progress made in creating the exposition, but it is impossible to pass over writing something of

the importance the exposition will be to the Canadian West.

Work on the grounds and buildings of the exposition is well under way and the management is determined to have everything in readiness by opening day. This has been written about all expositions in late years, but the promise has never been completely fulfilled. The officials of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, however, have started out with a com-



Auditorium.



California Building.

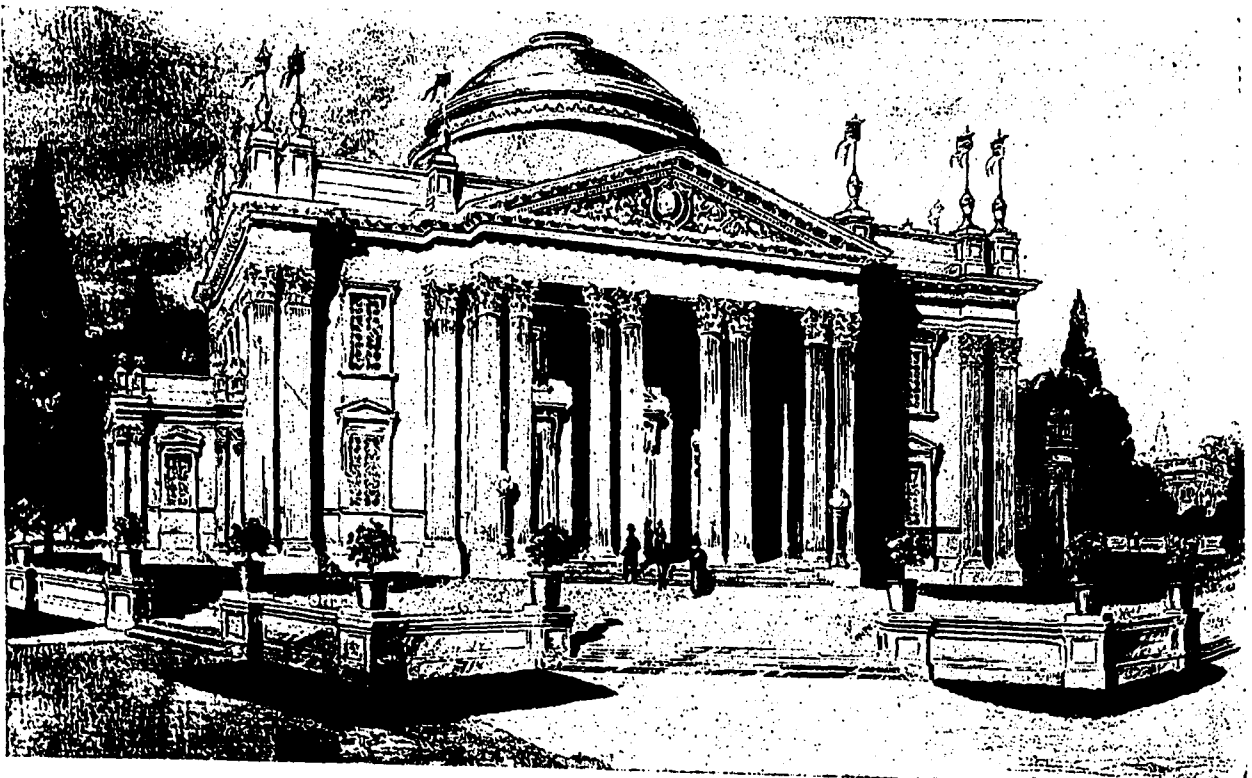
pleted-on-opening-day idea above everything else, and if they do not carry out their plan it will not be because western energy has not been expended in the task.

The Exposition promises to be different from former world's fairs in many ways, but one policy stands out so far above any of the rest that the entire press of the country is commenting favourably about it. No money will be asked from Uncle Sam to carry on the work. That policy must be conceded as original with the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

All the management desires is for the United States government to participate in the same manner as foreign countries and the different states, by erecting

buildings and installing therein exhibits. Former expositions have been aided by the government in many different ways. Outright gifts of large sums of money have been made by Congress to some world's fairs, while others have negotiated loans from Uncle Sam, some of which were paid back and some of which were not. Some expositions have received both donations and loans. As stated before the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will ask for neither. A clause pledging this policy has been inserted in the congressional bill making provision for participation only, by Uncle Sam.

Since the United States Government began to patronize expositions down to the Jamestown fair, Congress has ap-



Oregon Building.

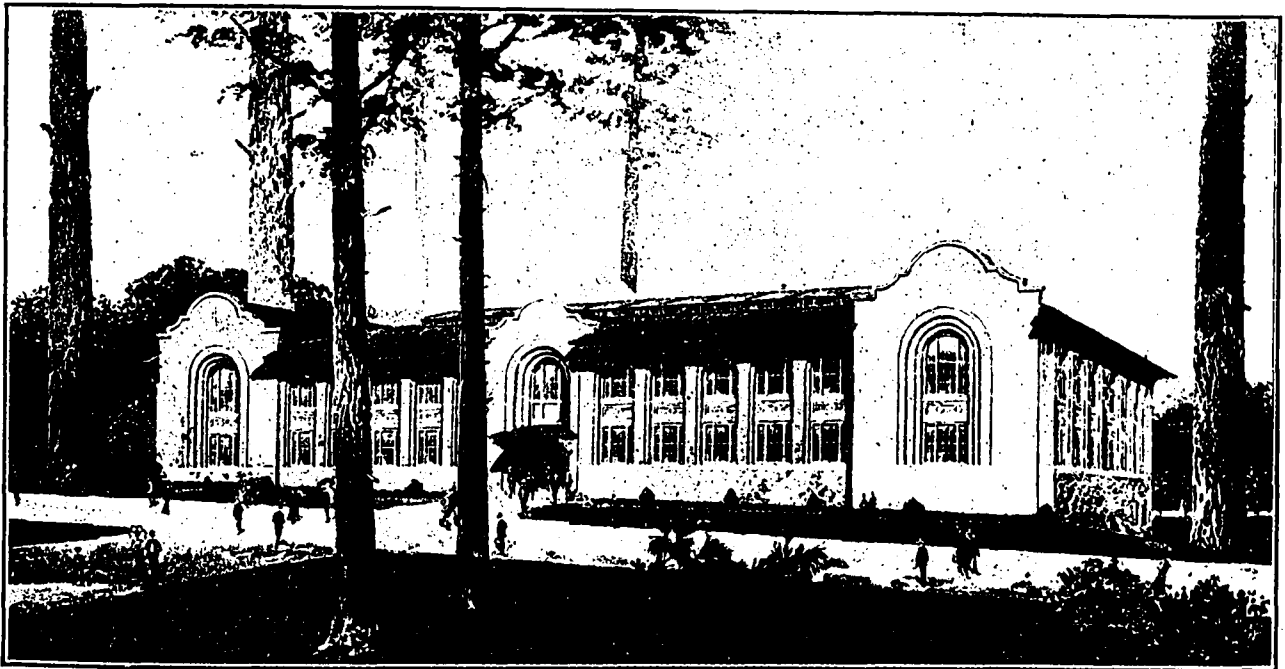
propriated a total of \$28,752,251 for world's fairs. Only \$485,000 of this money has been spent west of the Rocky Mountains, the Lewis and Clark exposition, one of the most successful ever held, receiving the benefit of that amount.

The bill that has been introduced at the present session of Congress and already passed by the Senate, provides an appropriation of \$700,000 to enable Uncle Sam to take advantage of the opportunity for effective advertising. The following buildings will be erected: Government, Alaska, Hawaii, Phillipine and Fisheries.

On June 1, 1907, before a crowd of fifteen thousand persons, ground breaking ceremonies were held, with many prominent men making addresses, among

and Mines buildings, and the Auditorium, Palace of Fine Arts, and Machinery Hall. The three latter buildings will be permanent structures, built of buff brick with terra cotta trimmings. The "A-Y-P," as it is sometimes called in Seattle, will differ again from some former fairs in that some of its exhibit palaces will be permanent structures. The grounds are located on the property of the Washington University, a state institution, and after the Exposition is over the permanent buildings and those substantially built will be taken over by the college to be used for educational purposes.

The emergency hospital building has been turned over by the contractor to the management and the equipment for



Machinery Hall.

whom was Hon. John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, representing President Roosevelt. From that date to the present time work has been going on rapidly. All of the grading and clearing has been finished. All of the principal roadways, avenues, circles and plazas have been completed. The Administration building has been erected and occupied by the executive force for eight months. Contracts have been let for the construction of four large temporary buildings and several small ones, and three permanent structures. Among these are the Manufactures, Agriculture, Fisheries,

this necessary institution in connection with a large fair will soon be installed. A medical director, will have charge of a well-trained corps of nurses and several physicians will be in attendance at all times.

The fire department station is being worked on and the construction work of the exposition will soon be protected by a crack company of fire fighters, furnished with the most improved apparatus.

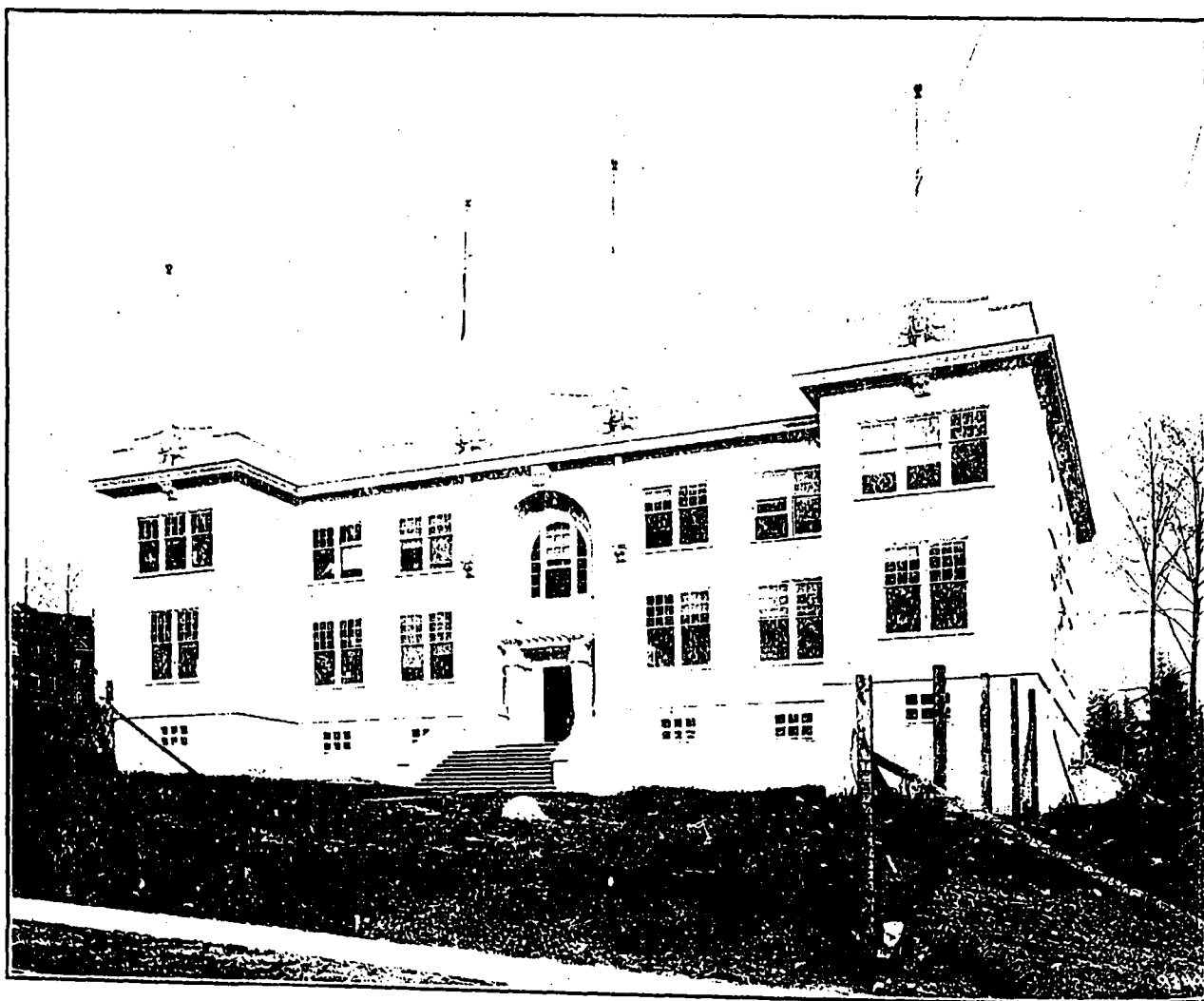
Several minor structures have been erected for different purposes and a force of fifteen men is constantly employed in the exposition greenhouses attending to the millions of plants, flowers, grasses,

shrubs, etc., which will be used to decorate the grounds when the time arrives.

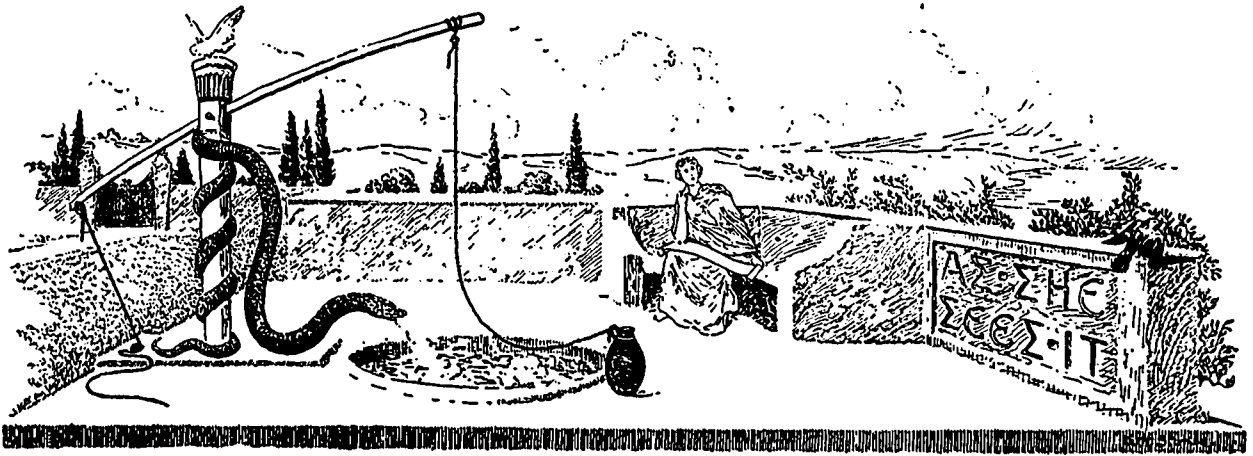
Of the main structures the Manufactures building is nearest toward completion, in fact the finishing touches are being applied. The Agriculture building, a twin structure to the manufactures building, is not far behind its sister. These are the two largest exhibit palaces and the fact that they are nearly complete more than a year in advance of opening day, indicates that the management means business when it states that everything will be ready and waiting when the President of the United States presses the golden telegraph key made out of an Alaskan nugget and officially opens the gates.

Of the permanent buildings Machinery Hall is furthest toward completion. It has progressed as far as the first story and the commission intends to waste no time in getting it ready for the public, so that there will be a reception place for visitors during the pre-exposition period.

The concessions and exhibit divisions are hard at work arranging for displays and attractions. Already there have been received more applications for exhibit space than can possibly be granted. This insures the best of exhibits as a selection of only those which show life, colour and motion can be made.



Administration Building.



La Verite.

A PART from the mass of educated men and women in the towns and cities of civilization, is a notable clique, which calls itself "Society."

The members of this clan do not consider themselves to be "a society," they are simply "Society"; but in reality it will be found that "Society" has its laws and rules, which must be obeyed on pain of expulsion, also its leaders and organisers, so it is really "a society," and if it may be said to have any particular object in view, one would suggest that it is pleasure.

This society is not merely a useless, pleasure-seeking institution, for though it seems to indulge frequently in entertainments and amusement, it will be found that many of its members include the most industrious men and women in the service of their country.

The women are the most interesting members of Society. A glamour surrounds the Society woman; there is a sparkle and a fascinating suggestion of naughtiness about her, and to those outside the pale of society, she is enveloped in that atmosphere of delightful mystery, with which the green-room is regarded by a respectable middle class audience at a comic opera.

To be in Society is not an unmixed pleasure. There are rigid laws to be obeyed, until the individual has been long

enough on his or her approbation to be exempted from them; and people are exempted very frequently, provided that they have so secure a position in their own set, that they can be sure of never being censured for their unconventionalities. But woe unto those who prematurely disregard *les convenances*, for unto them Society is ruthless. Some people are born into Society, others work, or fight their way in, but once within its magic circle, the individual, man or woman, should leave no stone unturned to ensure popularity, and the social aspirant will do well to cultivate a thick skin, for there will be many thorns in the flesh.

Society is mainly controlled by women. They set the tone and enforce the social laws. An influential leader of society may be responsible for the whole tone of her set, she may set a high, or a low tone, and she will be followed. There is nothing more like a flock of sheep, than Society. The leaders may frown or smile on persons, or at episodes, and the rest will follow suit at once; hence the responsibility remaining with those leaders. No one can have power without responsibility, which must be shouldered, or the power will vanish. A conscientious woman may, by setting a high tone in her set, do more good than a whole army of prayer-meeting or psalm-singing enthusiasts.

The society woman is often much maligned. She is generally supposed to be vain, frivolous and self-centred, but she is just as often kind-hearted and generous, and her knowledge of the world, gives her a broad outlook on life. She is constantly a founder or supporter of charitable institutions, and is such from goodness of heart, and not merely for effect or advertisement, as is sometimes asserted.

During the last century, the attitude of Society to the stage has considerably changed. Foot-light favourites were first introduced into society drawing-rooms by hostesses, in search of novelty. A touch of Bohemianism was welcomed as a relief to the dull routine of society affairs, and the popularity of actresses was undeniable. The reasons were obvious. A foot-light star is almost invariably clever and charming, or she would never have acquired notability on the stage, and if she is agreeable and well mannered also, she has all the requisites necessary to success in society. Many old-fashioned hostesses still frown on these successful interlopers, but the frequent marriage of peers with actresses has in late years, brought about a state of reconciliation to the new order of things, which is unavoidable and which will soon be no longer distasteful.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

If women suffragists in England have made themselves ridiculous by their absurd demonstrations, they have at least succeeded in making themselves heard, and the government can never say, "it didn't know." In the storm of invective against those excited women who break into, and interrupt meetings, we must not forget the quiet and sensible ones, who in orderly deputations advocate their cause to the Ministers of the State.

Some of the first agitators for woman suffrage were men. Mr. John Stuart Mill was a warm supporter of the movement, and in 1867 was instrumental in forming a society for that object. Mr. Herbert Spencer's book, "Social Statics," caused him to be looked upon as being in favour of granting the franchise to women, though he afterwards modified his views on the subject. Later, Mr. Spencer advocated the

extension of the suffrage to women, only as an ultimate measure, not to be undertaken until the State be restricted, to its proper functions—that is, when undue legislative action shall be impossible. Mr. Spencer had reasons for taking this modified view. He claimed, that if political power were given to women, the hands of authority would be strengthened, believing women to be habitually on the side of authority. The hands of authority being thus strengthened, State administrations would be more frequent, involving restriction of liberty, and the indirect injustices of which undue legislative action is often the cause. Voting is only a means to an end, and would be only a nominal liberty unless it lead to a real extension of freedom.

It may be asked, "Why should the political power of women stimulate legislative action?" Because, according to Mr. Spencer, they would lack the foresight necessary to realize the detrimental reactions that would be entailed by undue State administrations. Mr. Spencer also held the view that women are inferior to men, both intellectually and morally, so those who believe the minds of men and women to be alike, will have no sympathy with his arguments.

Political changes are not to be brought about in a hurry, but it is certain that during the last fifty years, or longer, men have changed their opinion considerably concerning the moral, and particularly the intellectual qualifications of women.

MORALS.

The word "morals" covers a wide field of thought and action. Women have been chiefly concerned with domestic morality, but now with their increasing activity in new professions and various public labours, they will have to concern themselves with the important questions of commercial and political morality.

It is a common saying, that women have no commercial honesty; the chief example of their guilt being that of smuggling. Women are notorious for evading the customs, when they are the possessors of jewelry or other dutiable goods, but is tobacco never smuggled in ever such a small way? All the

smugglers of great renown have been men, though they have often been assisted by their wives—but surely that was only wifely duty? Striking examples of commercial honesty may be found among the coster women of London, England. There are hundreds of poor women in that great city, who earn a daily pittance by selling fruit or flowers on the streets. These women will seldom palm off damaged fruit or fading blossoms on careless buyers, though they are often verging on starvation. Political morality, or one might be tempted to say, depravity, is attracting a great deal of attention in America today. It remains to be seen how women will qualify in the political sphere of the future.

Moral law, concerning personal and family life, will, in the future, as it has in the past, always teem with interest to both men and women.

The question has often been asked: "Are women better than men?"

Take a thousand, or ten thousand, women gathered together in a hurry from the various walks of life, and the same number of men similarly gathered, and beyond a doubt the women will be found to average up, morally, a great deal better than the men. The statistical showing of women always has been more favourable as compared to that of the men.

Men look up to women for their moral standard, though they are often content to stay a step below their ideal woman, and it is a sore point with many women that men require of them a standard that they are unwilling to observe themselves. Now that women have burst into the rushing life of the world, jostling against all sorts and conditions of existence, the question is: "What effect will this have upon them, and what effect will their wider influence have upon the world?"

Speaking of the general run of womankind, and not the exceptional cases, women have finer instincts and higher ideals than men. It is harder to get them started on the downward path, though it must be admitted that the exceptional cases have displayed a depth of depravity that would beat the worst man alive.

In thousands of homes, the husbands are morally bad, and the domestic bur-

dens all fall on the wives, and in many cases if they were not pure and courageous, these homes would not last a month.

INTELLECT.

With intellect, as with morals, the question can only be discussed on broad lines. There are of course many stupid women in the world, and likewise there are stupid men, but there being a greater number of women in the world, possibly men will claim the advantage.

Brain power is the result of the development of the brain cells. Brain power is also hereditary, so that the child of clever parents will begin life with a better developed brain than the child of unintellectual parentage. It is admitted that most children of the present decade are cleverer than their parents were at their age. This is because the women of a generation ago, began to develop their brains, so that their children were born with correspondingly increased mental capacity. When it became the custom to give women higher education, the results were surprising. In mathematics and science, woman soon equalled, and in some cases outstripped the men for honours. In astrology, many important discoveries have been made by women and perhaps it is not always remembered that a woman discovered radium.

Women have realized that they are the possessors of an intellect that the customs of generations caused to lie dormant. Amid much discouragement and hard words, it required in women a great deal of moral courage, to enter the ranks of the Bluestockings, in search of the knowledge to which they had equal right with men. The fact that it was usually the plain and unattractive daughter of a household, who set out in search of knowledge, gave rise to the fallacy that all clever women must necessarily be ugly. Undoubtedly, the homely maiden, less tempted to a frivolous life, would be the first to seek college lecture halls; but now, beauty cannot queen it alone, for clever, witty conversation, and a thorough education are necessary to women and men alike, who would hold their own in the cultured world of today.

Exploring a B. C. Glacier.

J. C. Harris.

WHAT is everybody's business is nobody's business and therefore it happened that the glacier and mountains lying directly opposite the little town of New Denver, B.C., were never thoroughly explored. The mountains lying to the east of the beautiful Slocan Lake had been searched and searched and every ridge and draw hunted over for "float," or the outcrop of one of the veins, whose richness in silver, lead and zinc had made the "Silvery Slocan" famous, and at one time the Mecca of American prospectors and miners. But to the west of the Slocan Lake is found an utterly different geological formation, the ancient shales in which the rich mineral veins occur, suddenly give place to a granite formation of less inviting nature to the prospectors, who soon abandoned it.

Hard cash and hard cash only, was what most of these men were after and the marvellous beauty and interest of the country had but little attraction for them; to make a fortune quickly, by any means and then to "get out" was their object. Gradually time has weeded out these pioneers and a more settled community has taken their place: people whose ambition it is to found homes amongst these wild and beautiful mountains and who feel that the country is certainly good enough for them, but very doubtful if they are good enough for the country.

There had been many attempts made to explore the glacier, but the fates had been against those who had attempted it and all the plans had come to naught; either through accidents, bad weather, or because those attempting it had hardly realized the difficulty, or treated it seriously enough.

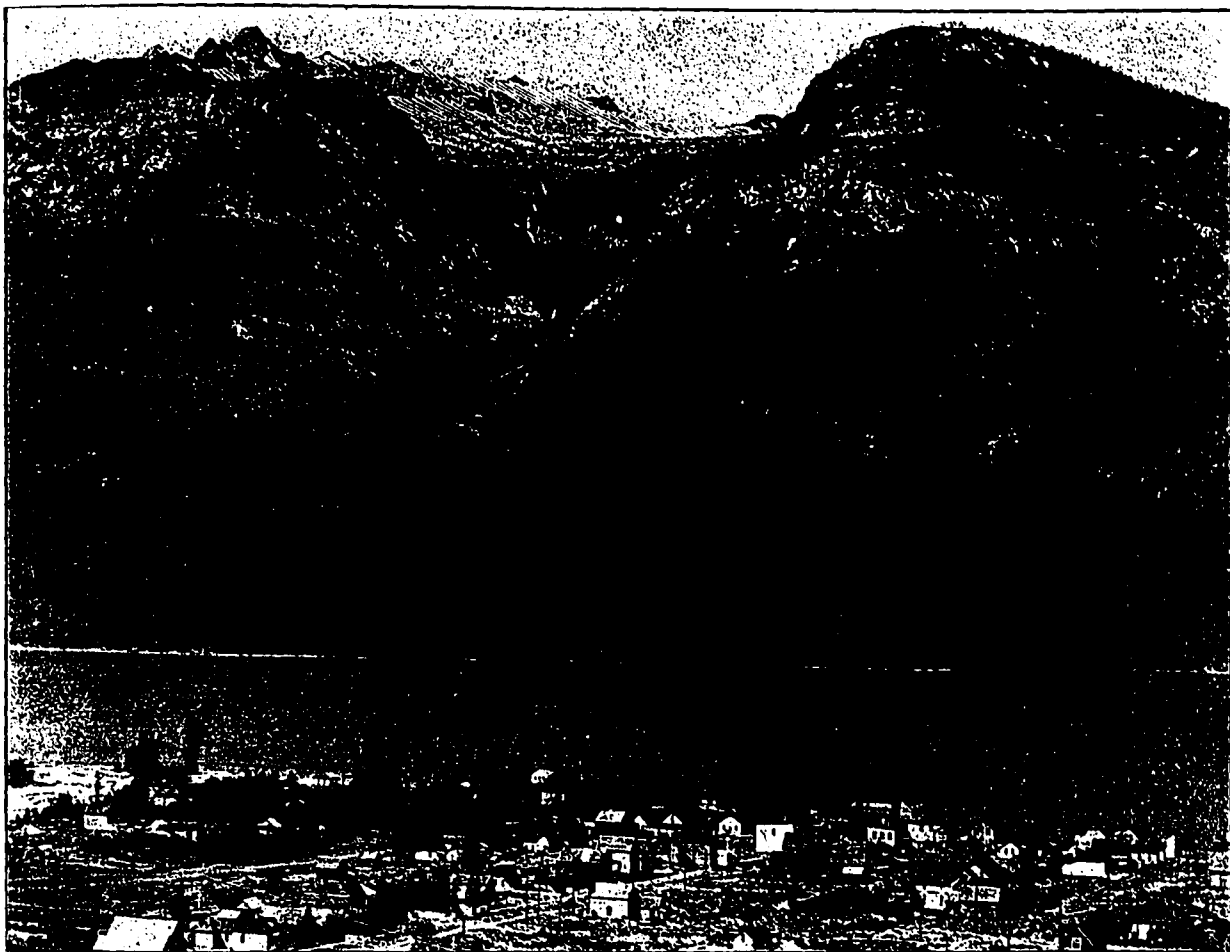
The inhabitants of New Denver began to feel the reproach of the situation and some dozen signified their willingness to

try the ascent: finally four started, but being overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm the second night out and being soaked through before they could erect their tent; also having shot a fine buck next morning they returned and still the glacier was unconquered.

This party had left their tent and some provisions, therefore William Thomlinson, Charlie Nelson and myself, all old friends and all enthusiastic lovers of the Slocan Lake country, determined to take advantage of this fact and start for the glacier before bears or porcupines had found out, and eaten or destroyed these supplies.

Wednesday at 2 p.m. found us embarking in a neat naphtha launch, for the spot across the lake from which we were to commence the ascent. After an all too brief journey in the comfortable launch, we landed and bade farewell to ease and luxury, for the hard work began from the very lake shore and continued to the summit. After having distributed our burdens evenly we proceeded to make up our packs. First we spread out our blankets on the ground and placed the provisions in them, after rolling up each pack into a neat little bale, each took a spare pair of trousers and put one end of the bale into the body of the trousers buttoned them up, tying them securely round the waist; next doubling the legs back we tied them to the other end of the bale firmly, thereby making of the legs of the pants most excellent shoulder straps.

We were now ready for climbing and with our worthy Captain William Thomlinson in the lead we set out. We had four days' provisions carefully selected, consisting of rice, oatmeal, tea, sugar, bacon, bread, two tins of pork and beans, etc., about thirty-five pounds in all. Our blankets, cooking utensils, small rifle, camera, hand axe, etc., weighed about



New Denver Glacier from New Denver; at Its Back is Hunter's Peak.

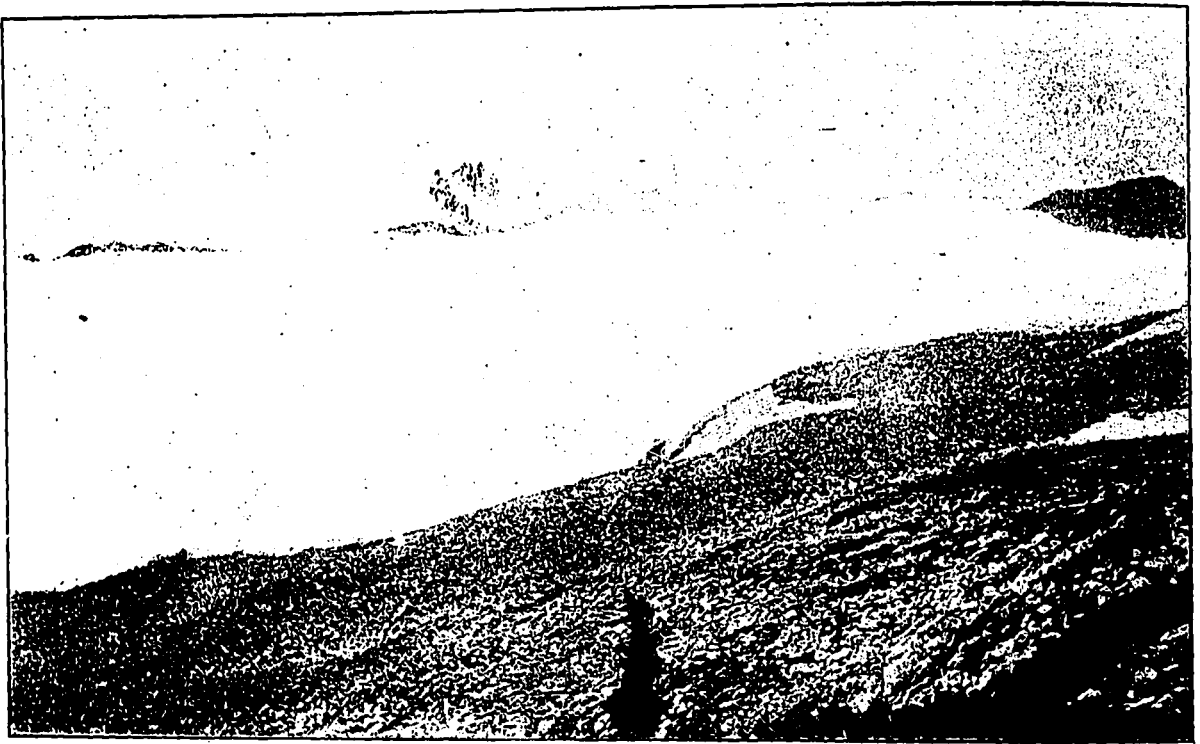
forty-five pounds, so we were well loaded for a journey through such a wild country as lay before us,

Let me now introduce my readers more particularly to the members of our small party. There is our worthy captain, from the Dales of Cumberland, hardy and wiry by nature and thrice toughened by the nature of his occupation, for he is a scientific prospector, spending months at a time searching the remote corners of Old Mother Earth for mines; he is thorough and exact by nature, inspiring confidence. We never doubted as we toiled up the mountain, but that our packs contained all the necessary supplies and that there would be salt for our porridge and matches to kindle our fire; for had not Thomlinson checked off the supplies? Charles Nelson, our second in command, is one of "the native born," a son of old Ontario, who had drifted out to "The West" and had taken firm root amongst the mountains; he is our photographer, likewise our chief cook, the memory of whose masterpieces of camp cookery is still pleasant.

Lastly, myself, the writer, an Englishman from "sweet Calne in Wiltshire," as Charles Lamb lovingly described my old home, axe-bearer and wood chopper in chief to the party.

Our route lay first through a belt of second growth timber, from which we emerged after about an hour's steady tramp. Next came a narrow valley where a forest fire had raged some twelve years before; it had been densely timbered and now the trunks of the forest giants lay as they had fallen in hopeless confusion; to add to the chaos several rock slides had thundered down into the valley and the great boulders and logs lay mingled like friend and foe on a bloody battle-field.

We had each taken the precaution to have our boots well studded with good hob nails before we left (and no one I may say should ever attempt mountaineering or walking in a forest without nails to give a sure footing). Thomlinson and I were well used to "walking logs" so we slowly and carefully made our way over the wreckage; at times a



The New Denver Glacier at Close Quarters Looking Across the Moraine.

great log lay so that we could walk along it easily for fifty yards, at other times there was much work and hard climbing to get even that far. There were places where we were as much as twenty feet above the ground and for the whole length of the valley, which was nearly a mile long, we scarcely trod on anything but logs and boulders. We pressed steadily on, for our object was to get as far as possible before camping. However, it was nearly six o'clock before we got to the head of the valley, where there was a magnificent waterfall tumbling over a mighty precipice which seemed to bar all further progress.

To camp, or not to camp? that was the question. There were some fine camping grounds, but the spray from the fall made a general dampness, so we decided to turn to the right and get upon the hill and there endeavour to find a camping ground. We made our way slowly up the hill which was very steep and rough and still covered with fallen trees. We looked constantly for a possible camping ground but could find none to suit. It began to grow dark; we began to grow less particular and would gladly have camped in several places that we had formerly despised. Now we climbed desperately, for it was evident that only by reaching the top of the precipice and

getting into the second valley could we hope to find a camping site.

Like King Bruce's celebrated spider we finally reached the top and threw off our packs at the first place that looked a little like sleep. It was now most decidedly dark and whilst Thomlinson and Nelson made the fire I went stumbling over logs and rocks to the creek for water. Soon our pots were slung over a bright blaze and we turned to solve the bed problem. A nasty granite boulder stuck up in our best and only bed and refused to budge for our united efforts, likewise the ground was most uneven and with a terrific slope in it. We worked desperately, piling in rotten wood, branches, rocks, anything to make bed possible, but firelight is not of much use under such circumstances and it was a queer bed that we finally lay down on.

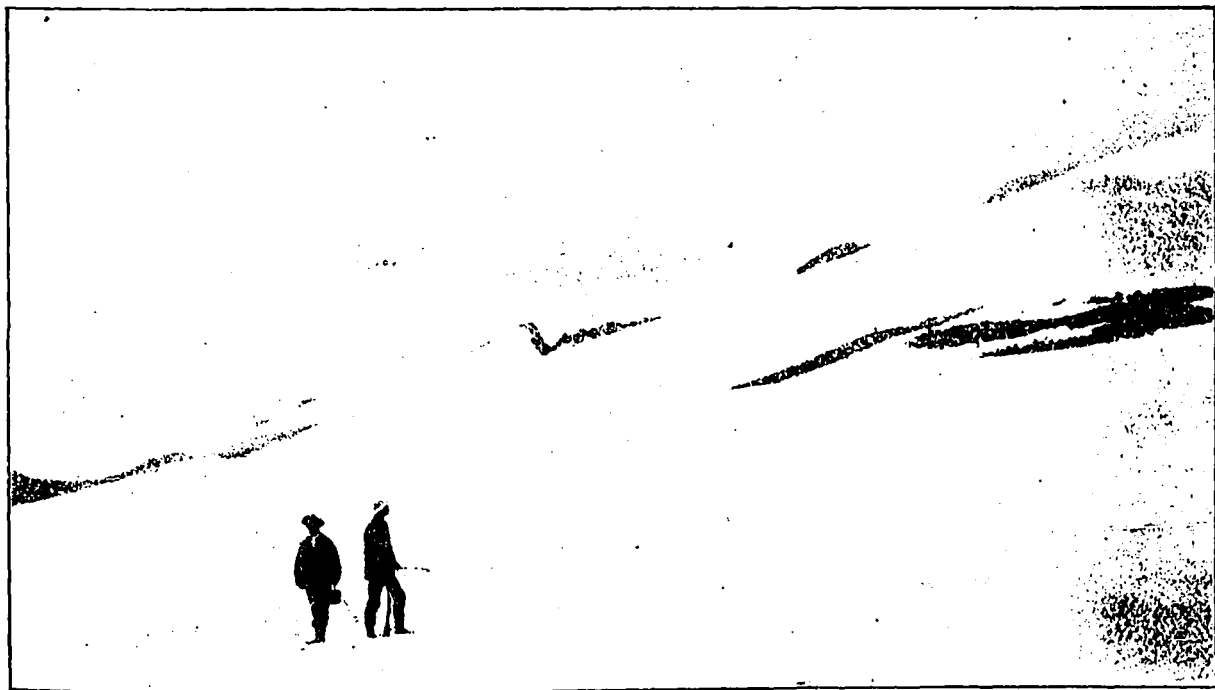
The night was perfect, even such a night as that on which the fond Lorenzo fled with Jessica from Shylock to fair Belmont. We lay back after supper and gazed upon the wild mountain heights outlined against the stars. But our enjoyment of this magnificent scenery was rudely interrupted by the discomforts of our bed, a granite boulder is a most uncomfortable bedfellow and our boulder was of a particularly unaccommodating nature. In vain we assured Thomlinson

that we were a splendid illustration of glacial movement as we persistently slid downwards, for not even his well known enthusiasm for science could make him enjoy the steady grind of the point of the boulder in his ribs. At length after struggling to keep from sliding for what appeared to us to be a geological age, we decided to let ourselves slide and trust to luck. No sooner had we commenced to slide than our feet came in contact with a friendly log, against which we braced ourselves and obtained some measure of comfort and even of sleep. There was not the slightest danger of our oversleeping under such circumstances, with the first streak of daylight we were up and getting breakfast.

Another valley very similar to the one we had traversed the evening before, another grand waterfall and another stiff climb, brought us up to the third valley. Here we left the burnt timber and thankfully found ourselves in an easier country; there were plenty of signs of game, bear, deer and goat tracks abounded and we followed the trails made by the deer constantly expecting to see some, but in this we were disappointed. Here we found the camp of the previous party and secured their fine tent and some provisions. Our packs were becoming heavy and after another hour's work we found a magnificent camping ground and most thankfully threw off our heavy

burdens. We had been on the move since daybreak and it was now noon, therefore no time was lost, whilst our commander in chief himself prepared the flesh-pots; Nelson stripped off a vast quantity of green twiggs (mountain feathers) for our bed whilst I chopped firewood and made tent poles, etc.

With what satisfaction did we eat our dinner, which was worthy of the great occasion, for we had captured half of a noble ham from the deserted camp and we were free from those wearisome packs, so that the worst part of the work appeared to be over. After dinner we first of all set our camp in order, making everything snug and secure for the weather appeared none too certain. Then leaving Nelson in camp, Thomlinson and I set out to climb the ridge opposite to the glacier, so that we might reconiter our route for next day's climb. We scrambled up a steep bit of mountain and came on the spot where a prospector in the early days had done some work, but his efforts appeared to us to be misdirected and reflected more credit on his pluck and energy than his judgment. What an amount of labour that little hole in the ground represented; think of the journeys too and fro carrying provisions, powder, coal, tools, etc., of the hardships endured and of the hopes he entertained; then of the disappointment when the assayer reported that



On the Glacier.

there were no values in the samples he brought down.

On we went to the top of the ridge and found it to be a ridge in very truth; we had scrambled to the top up a goat trail and, behold, it descended on the northern side even more steeply and there was literally not even a half inch of level ground on top, so that you could sit astride of the mountain as if it was the roof of a house and a particularly steep one at that. The scenery was magnificent and a fine eagle rising and circling around seemed of the very essence of that wild place. We selected our route for next day's work and then returned to camp to do justice to Nelson's cooking.

Was ever bed more appreciated than ours that night? nearly a foot of fragrant and springy balsam twigs under us, such a sleeping draught of hard work and fresh air and the pleasant murmur of a little mountain torrent. I awoke next morning to hear the others discussing the great thunderstorm which had burst overhead during the night but which might have been the gentlest of zephyrs for all I had heard of it.

It was still raining and the prospects were decidedly blue for our trip as we eat breakfast but soon the clouds began to lift and the sun shone forth joyously as we set forth. First through a grove of balsam, where we got a soaking from the dripping brush, then a scramble over a huge pile of boulders, an ancient moraine; marking the extent of the glacier in bygone ages, before its enemy the sun had forced it to retreat further up the valley. Then we passed on into a broad basin with the glacier lying to the South and here and there the last straggling outposts of the forest stunted and weather-beaten; also quantities of real white heather. The country was open and we greatly enjoyed the walk; as we swung along with no packs to weary us the little rock rabbits looked at the intruders with amazement, doubtless thinking us some eccentric variety of the bear species; in many places we saw deep holes where bears had been digging out "whistlers," but the wild animals seemed to have left the valley in disgust at our intrusion, for we saw

none of them though their tracks were so numerous. Between us and the glacier lay the new moraine, a huge pile of granite boulders and fragments and between the glacier and its moraine ran a little creek, muddy as all glacial rivers are, but rapidly clearing itself as it ran down the valley. On the glacier were many boulders, which it was carrying slowly down to join their brethren in the moraine. We were also surprised to notice that parts of the glacier had a decidedly pink appearance, due, as we afterwards found to the red oxide of iron which these rocks contained. It being the month of September the glacier had shrunk back a few feet from its moraine.

We walked on right to the far end of the ice field, as that part had appeared to us the easiest line of ascent, here we found another creek flowing from the glacier, but running in the opposite direction towards Mill Creek, and we looked down into a vast hollow with a beautiful little lake lying thousands of feet below, amidst a sea of timber. There was a post left here by some previous explorers to mark their achievement.

The wind was very keen and we quickly turned towards the glacier and in a few minutes we were at its edge. Here we took out our rope which was about thirty feet in length, with three loops in it. Thomlinson led, Nelson held the middle loop, and I was to act as anchor. The ascent at first was easy, as we had made a good choice of routes, but in places there was a lot of fresh snow into which we sank deeply at every step. We went very slowly in such places, Thomlinson testing each step for fear of hidden crevasses. We carefully kept the rope tight between us so that if one of the party slipped or stepped into a crevasse, he would be immediately checked by the others.

In this cautious manner we had made our way about two-thirds of the distance towards the highest peak, when a sudden storm came on apparently from nowhere. In a few minutes it was snowing furiously and we stood up to our knees in the soft snow, afraid to proceed but most reluctant to turn back. To pass the time we partook of lunch and nibbled our

sea biscuits and felt very cold and disappointed. Even as we began to give up hope of getting further a mountain top loomed forth from amidst the storm; next minute it disappeared again, then we caught another glimpse of it and lo! the storm was over, and we were in brilliant sunshine once more. How gladly we again set forth and how good the blessed sunshine felt. The glacier was steeper as we neared the peak and we proceeded cautiously for fear of taking a sudden toboggan slide towards the moraine. It was evident at once that we could not climb the bare rocks that formed the peak above the glacier from the side that we approached, for they were positively overhanging like the crest of a gigantic breaker; we therefore crept slowly to a lower point in the ridge and from it looked down into another valley wider and more desolate looking than anything we had yet seen.

Now for the peak itself, we looked it over carefully for a possible line of ascent. Nelson would not trust his head for the final climb so Thomlinson and I started alone. First we climbed over the ridge to the south side and then clambered up with due care. The granite had been weathered into a great mass of loose blocks by ice action and it looked like a badly built wall, in fact at the top nothing seemed solid. In a few minutes we were shaking hands over the topmost rock. We then placed some records of our visit in secure places and after a brief look round at the panorama of mountain peaks, far as the eye could reach we hurried to rejoin Nelson. The searching wind soon made us turn for the descent and we recrossed the icefield by a shorter and steeper route, on our way we peered down into a crevasse which was about a foot wide but apparently of great depth. Then back we went in triumph to camp, hungry, tired and satisfied.

Rumors had reached Thomlinson that some outcrops of slate had been found amidst the granite and one of the objects of the expedition was to examine into the truth of these reports, but close inspection revealed the fact that the supposed slate was merely an altered form of granite, due to the "shearing" or slow

crushing and grinding action of the mountains as they had settled into place. We saw several places which well deserved to be thoroughly prospected both for their mineral possibilities and for their geological interest, but our time was strictly limited by our provisions.

Next day we returned, making our way slowly down the valley and carefully examining the country to determine the best place for the trail that we hoped



Back from the Summit of Hunter's Peak.

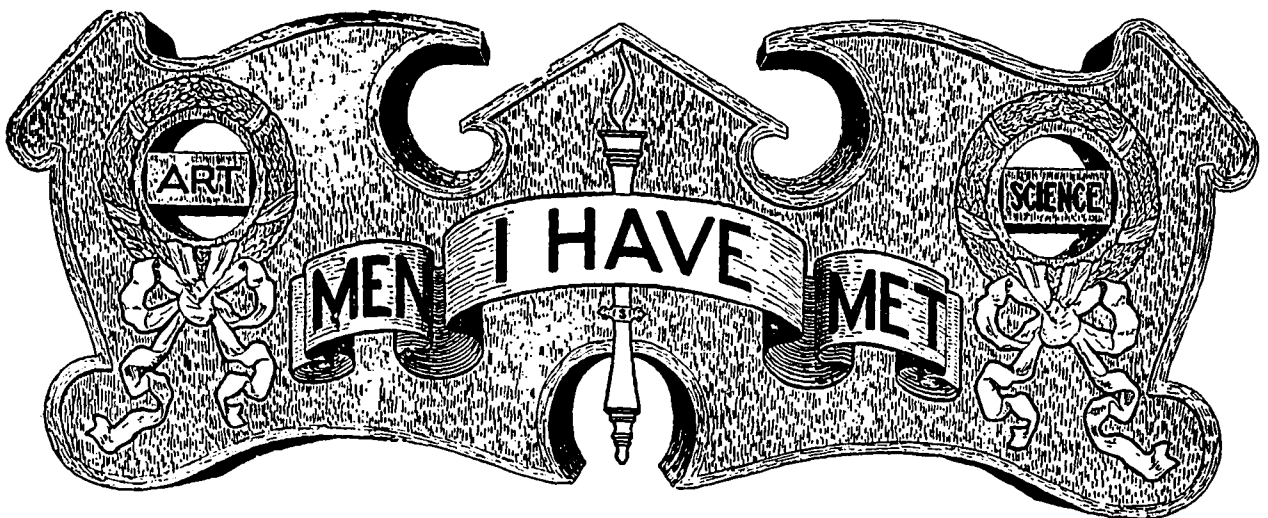
to see built to the Glacier, so as to make it accessible to all. In this work we were successful and were able to lay out a route that will avoid some of the difficulties which we encountered and which when the logs are cleared away and "switchbacks" graded out on the steep places, will make it fairly easy to ride or walk right to the glacier in a few hours. We had more time to admire the three grand waterfalls on our return trip and we enjoyed a great "feed" of huckleberries by way of dessert.

And now we are once again at the shore of the Slocan Lake, and we light the signal fires, that quickly bring a launch to our assistance. We learn that our friends in New Denver had been watching us through telescopes and field glasses, as we made our way across the glacier, and were now waiting to give us a hearty welcome as we reached home.

The project of the trail to the glacier was taken up with enthusiasm by the citizens, and already a large part of the trail has been built and the rest will be finished very soon, also a comfortable

chalet is to be built for the convenience of mountaineers.

This chalet I hope will become a link in a series of trails and shelters by which the other mountains and glaciers will be made accessible, and our glorious mountains become as well known as they deserve; therefore, when Thomlinson goes forth to subdue some other peak and our valiant cook hath girded on his pots, pans and appurtenances, may their enthusiastic woodchopper again bring up the rear.



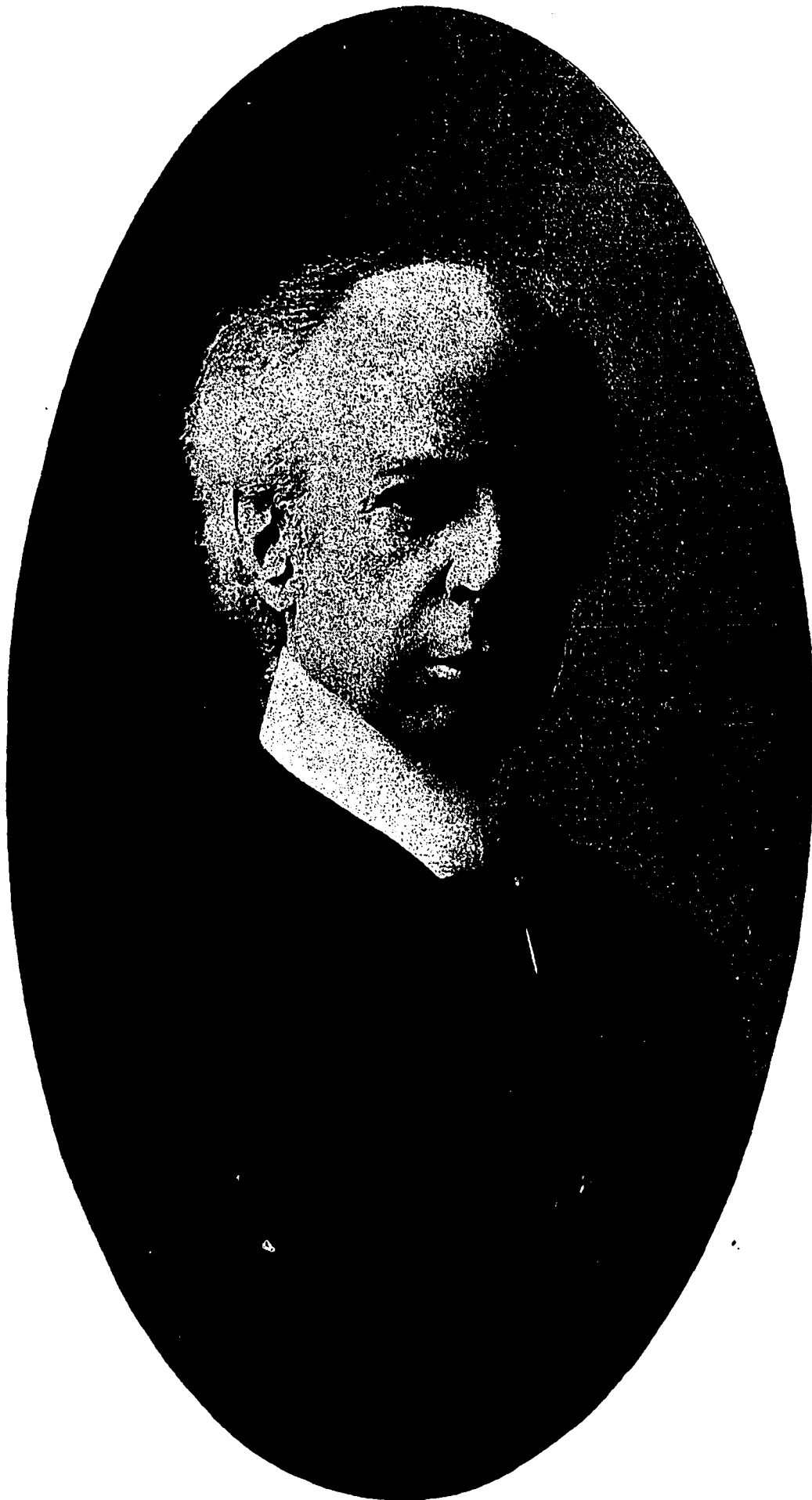
Sir Wilfred Laurier.

Wm. Blakemore.

I WELL recall the first time I ever saw Sir Wilfred Laurier; it was in the fall of 1900, when he came to Montreal to speak for John Israel Tarte. The meeting was held in a temporary building on St. Catherine Street East, in the heart of the French quarter. It was a warm night, the building was packed almost to suffocation, and outside thousands hung around unable to gain admission. There were very few English speaking people present, and animated debates were kept up at the street corners, while the near-by saloons did a roaring trade.

Mr. Tarte was in the zenith of his fame, and at this time had a strong hold upon his followers. I have always considered that he filled the same place in the regard of his French compatriots as did his predecessor, Mercier. He was neither as brilliant nor as daring, but this was probably because of his environment, for he had the same typical French temperament, keen, impulsive, imaginative, nervous, volatile.

I have witnessed no greater enthusiasm in Canada than when Sir Wilfred Laurier and Mr. Tarte stepped onto the platform; it was whole-souled enthu-



Sir Wilfred Laurier.

siasm, which could not be suppressed, and it lasted throughout the meeting.

From the spare figure and somewhat ragged appearance of Mr. Tarte, the eye turned naturally to the tall, impressive man beside him. I had never even seen Sir Wilfred before, although his doings both in Canada and in England had aroused my keenest interest. The first impression was one of magnetic influence, combined with a touch of surprise. I do not know that it is possible to understand still less to describe magnetism, it is realized, and that is all one can say about it. I have sat in the presence of men endowed with this marvellous gift, and they seem to radiate its atmosphere even in their moments of silence. Just how much is in the eye of the beholder, and how much in the person of the subject it is impossible to tell, but from the fact that most people who have met Sir Wilfred have received this same impression it may safely be concluded that he possesses magnetism, which may be classed as psychic force, in a pre-eminent degree.

Mr. Tarte was magnetic, but not impressive; Sir Wilfred was both. I noticed a great difference in the way in which the speakers were listened to. All the time Mr. Tarte was speaking the audience was in a state of excitement; every sentence was punctuated with cheers; the effervescence was continuous. With Sir Wilfred it was different; he had a rapturous reception, but there was less abandon and then the audience became quiet and still, denoting a greater eagerness to hear. While the applause was hearty, it was not so frequent, and it was more intelligently placed. It seemed to me that the audience realized to the full that Sir Wilfred was in every way a bigger man, who would appeal more to their reason than to their passions, and who must be followed as one follows a logical argument.

Sir Wilfred impressed me as a fine looking man; he has an especially noble head, high in the dome and well rounded, obviously a man of equable temperament, a man of lofty ideal, one in whom the humanities are largely developed, a faithful friend, a sympathetic adviser, a merciful judge; one who would suf-

fer more in the pronouncing of a severe sentence than the man who received it. He has the eye, but not the mouth of an orator, and in spite of his world-wide reputation as a brilliant speaker, I doubt if posterity will accord him a place among the orators.

The one quality which he lacks when speaking is force; he just falls short of driving home the truth, and arousing absolute conviction. The lover of words, of poetical prose, and of that smooth flowing style of delivery, which is as placid as it is restful, will always find him a delight as a speaker; the man who looks for an evangel will be disappointed.

There are not a few good judges who think that Mr. Gladstone should have been a Bishop, and it is hard to resist the conviction that nature destined Sir Wilfred Laurier for a high position in the Catholic Church. The conviction is deepened as one comes to know him better. The religious side of his character is always uppermost, the incongruities of political life are repugnant to him. If ever a man continued to hold office under a sense of duty, and because he believed his country needed him that man is Sir Wilfred Laurier. To the discharge of his duties, he brings a noble character, a lofty purpose and a profound conviction.

Shortly after the meeting to which I have referred, I heard Sir Wilfred in the Windsor Hall, during that ill-fated campaign in which the Conservative Party made a futile effort to arouse popular enthusiasm in favour of Mr. Hugh John Macdonald. Sir Wilfred spoke to a brilliant audience, and of course spoke in English.

He was preceded by Mr. Fielding and after hearing both speeches it was easy to see how invaluable the brilliant son of Nova Scotia must be to his chief. Mr. Fielding's speech was fluent and forceful, practical to a degree, packed full of figures and statistics, the very bone and sinew of the defence of an administration.

Sir Wilfred's speech was light and airy, graceful and attractive; it touched a few of the guiding principles of national life, but it left all the details of

Government severely alone. It was like the course of sweets after a substantial dinner. Sir Wilfred spoke with a perceptible but not in the least an objectionable accent, and with a style which did not for a moment obscure his French origin. This is where I have always been surprised, that after so many years in the public service Sir Wilfred is still essentially French, even in his manner of looking at things.

No one can deny to the first French Canadian Premier of Canada the position that he has attained in the confidence

of the country and the respect which he has earned in other parts of the Empire. It may be a long while before another of his fellow countrymen occupies the place which he has filled so well, but whether it be long or short no close student of public affairs can deny that Sir Wilfred Laurier has worthily maintained in his personal conduct of public affairs the loftiest standards of the Anglo-Saxon race, and that his position is due as much to a noble character as to brilliant intellectual endowments.

Memory Bells

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Down where the tangled sea-weed lies,
 Beneath the sunlit azure skies—
 There is a quaint and pretty cove,
 Where once my steps were wont to rove.
 A boat rocks idly to and fro—
 Impatient o'er the waves, to go,
 And roses list the pine tree's sigh,
 Where ocean croons her lullaby.
 Like fairy fleets, the tinted shells,
 Drift to the shore where memory dwells.
 Here, white-capped waves caress the sands,
 While grim and gray, the old rock, stands,
 So like the gloom within my heart,
 Since you, my love—and I—did part.
 Again I hear the vesper bell—
 Chiming across the moon-lit dell;
 And sobbing zephyrs weirdly sigh—
 A requiem chant—our sad good-bye.
 Ah! would that in our old brown boat—
 We two, forevermore might float—
 Adown life's jewelled, sun-kissed stream,
 Our lives, one long and blissful dream—
 With love our guiding star!



The Gateway to Western Canada.

Thos. F. Roland

IT is somewhat difficult to realize that within the memory of the present generation, the site upon which the City of Winnipeg now stands, was nothing more than a trading post and fort, located on the old trail along the banks of the Red River. Only thirty-seven years ago two hundred and fifteen souls were the total inhabitants of this out post of civilization with the outside world. During the following thirty years, however, many changes occurred. The Canadian Pacific Railway had linked them with their Eastern homes; a few thousand settlers had ventured their fortunes in the West, and the one-time "Red River Settlement" had reached the status of a city and contained a population of 41,000.

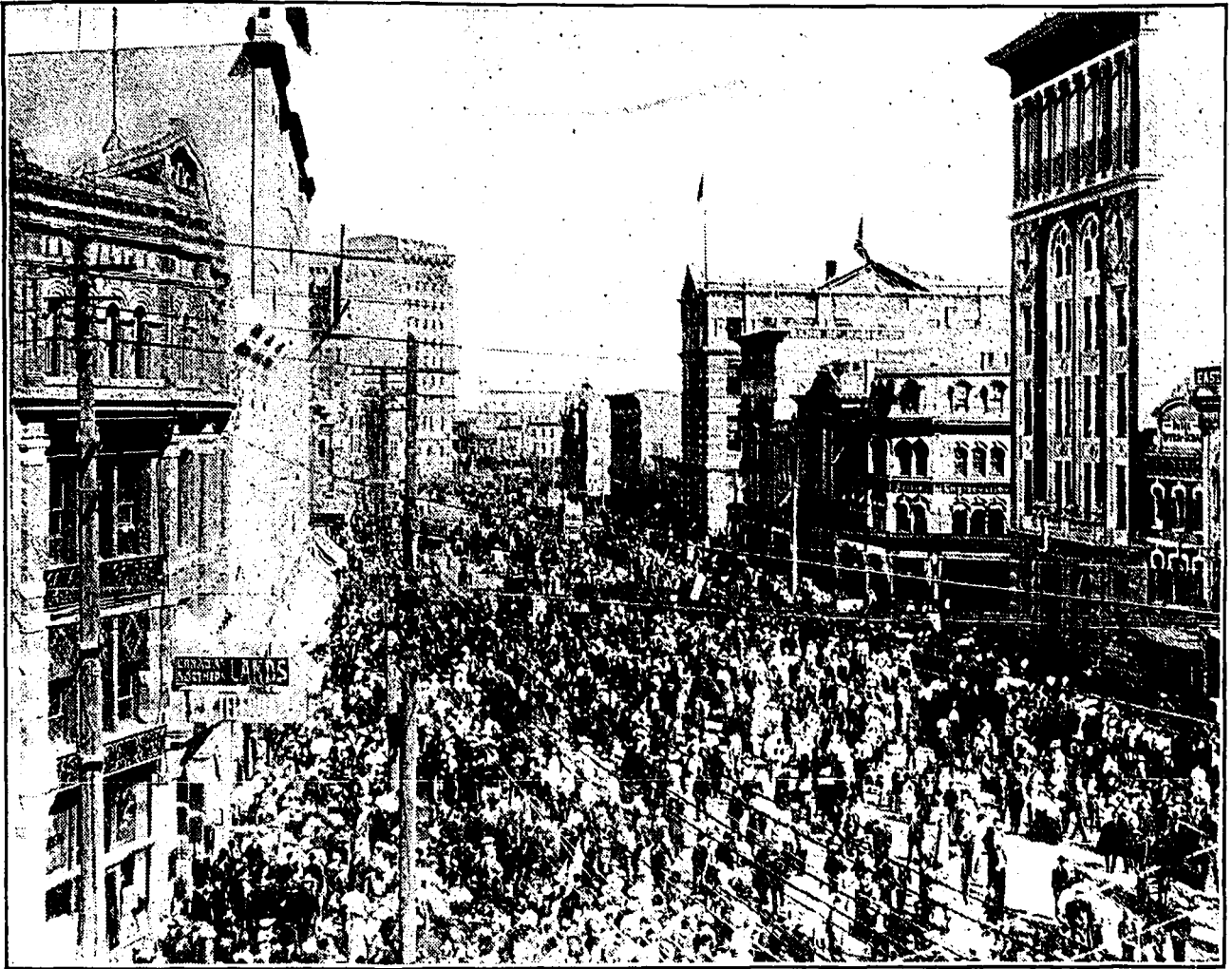
Then another and greater change occurred: The news of Canada's wondrous west spread like the wind. It awakened Canadians to a realization of their opportunities, and called to the inhabitants of every land. There was no country or home too small for the news to reach, and no empire or palace too great for it to form an absorbing topic for discussion. During the following seven short years, three-quarters of a million people have responded to that call, and made their homes on the unbroken gardens of the wilderness, the

prairie of the West; railroads grasped the opportunity, and today 12,000 miles of steel highway is spread like a network over the country, commerce in all its branches met with astounding increases, towns and villages sprung to life, and on all sides is the sound of activity, life and progress.

During this period, the City of Winnipeg shared in the general advance and is today the third city in size and commercial importance in Canada. From a population of 41,000 in 1900, it has increased to 118,000 in 1907, and in the same period the amount expended in buildings has reached the surprising total of \$50,792,095. These figures with many more that might be quoted, speak of an almost unparalleled growth that has seldom been equalled in the history of any other city.

But in the face of this, the factor that is apt to arise in questioning attitude is the permanence of this progress, and the possibility for its continuance. Is the advancement that has been made of the mushroom character, or is it on such a firm basis as to warrant it being considered as a foundation for greater growth?

If the permanence of a city's prosperity is in any way affected by the development of the country surrounding it,



A Holiday Crowd on Main Street.

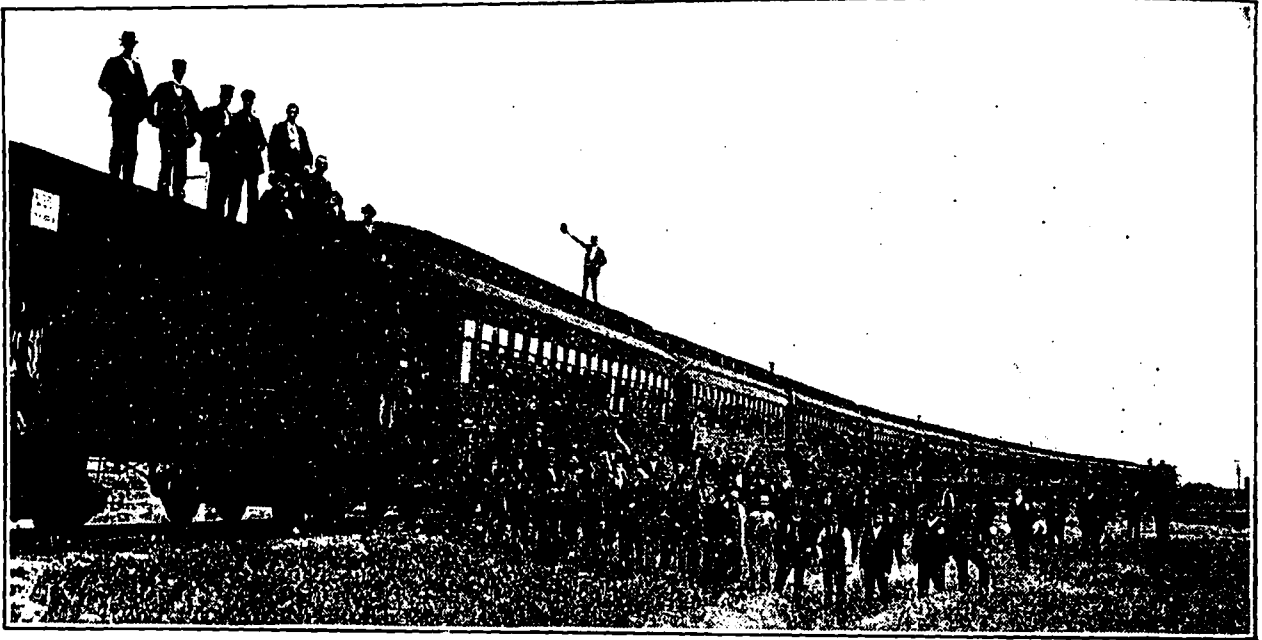
then Winnipeg stands almost alone as an ideal example of a city of promise. Winnipeg is geographically, politically and commercially a vital part of the great country to the west of it; and no progress is abnormal that is in proportion to the development taking place in that country.

By consulting a map, it will be found that Winnipeg is the first railway centre in Western Canada. To it all highways lead, and from it they all radiate. Whether from or to the South or East, all immigrants and tourists, all freight and merchandise reach this common centre, and recommence their journey from its depots. Its position in this respect can be well summed up in the words of James J. Hill when speaking of the entrance of his road, the Great Northern, into the city: "There is one place we cannot get away from, and do not want to get away from, and could not if we would, and that is Winnipeg. Every railroad from the East to the

West must pass through this gate; if it did not, it would not serve the country, and it would not be a good investment."

Winnipeg is also the commercial distributing centre of the Canadian West. It is the point where the greatest commercial houses have established their branches, and as this demand increases with population, the resulting extension of business in the city is not only natural but absolutely unavoidable. In 1907 the turnover of these distributing houses and other wholesale firms, who form the supply basis of the West, exceeded \$90,000,000, and to market the goods this represents there are resident in the city an army of 1,600 "Knights of the grip."

Every immigrant who builds his shack on the prairie, and every new town springing up along the newer railway extensions creates necessities which must be met, and with which this new metropolis is in some way connected. And no one who knows sufficient of Greater Canada, to appreciate its far-reaching



A Train Load of New Settlers en route to the West.

possibilities and understands in any remote manner how these possibilities are daily being transferred into the actual, can refrain from placing in Winnipeg, and Winnipeg's future, the confidence which her commercially strategic position commands.

There are in the Western Provinces 180,000,000 acres of land suitable for cultivation, of which at present there is less than 9,000,000 acres or one-twentieth employed. With the present influx of immigration the next decade will see Western Canada's population trebled. The agricultural production will meet an era of growth and development at

present only dreamed of by the most enthusiastic optimist.

Politically, Winnipeg is the capital of the oldest and most thickly populated prairie province and has in it the Dominion immigration and custom offices for the West. It is not only the executive centre of many governmental departments, but also the greatest corporations. All the railways, Hudson's Bay Company and hundreds of others control their operations from this point, and by so doing have added the influence of their faith in the inevitable destiny of this metropolis of the land of the setting sun.



An Every-day Scene at the C. P. R. Depot.



“Westward Ho!” is the Cry.

But the conception of this city is not complete until the name is associated with the beauty spots of nature for which it is fast becoming famous, and in this fact can be found another indication of its future permanence.

Notwithstanding the unusual demands upon time and money, which is made by such an era of growth through which it is passing, the municipal statesmen have found time, and considered it worth the expense, to provide for this invaluable feature in the construction of a city.

This rising city now owns 316 acres of public parks which are located at convenient spots within the limits. Of its area of 18,990 acres, along its 291 miles of wide thoroughfares are ninety miles of shaded boulevards and 675 electric street arc lights to add much to the brilliancy of an evening auto ride over the 100 miles of asphalted and macadamized streets.

But all the beautiful nature is not lavished upon the public parks or gardens. Winnipeg is built upon the same fertile soil that characterizes the country surrounding it, and everywhere within its limits the response to cultivation and care is luxuriant and abundant. The residential streets show signs of comfort and a love of the beautiful. Wide lawns, rich profusion of flowers and big airy verandahs convey the impression of a city of home lovers even more than

distinctly business enterprises, Winnipeg has sometimes been called the “home of the homeless” and perhaps it is because the residents have carried out in these homes their fondest ideals, cherished in younger and more struggling years that we find such a profusion of beauty and comfort.

As the past is reviewed by means of the facts of history and the present considered as the sum of all the labours and ideals of those whose prophetic eyes enabled them to venture where others feared to tread, it is impossible to think of the future with anything less than amazement and wonder. The people of Winnipeg are only yet in the beginnings of things and they realize it. They are laying their foundations deeper than commercial progress and surer than social enjoyment. They are laying them in the business they transact and carry into it high ideals of honour and honesty, they are laying in them their homes, their churches and other social life, leaving room for rich and poor alike to develop character as well as physical stature. And as each day brings another dawn out of the future of Western Canada and with it more tremendous realities from its unlimited opportunities, the City of Winnipeg will grow also, greater in all that is great, and a credit to itself and an honour to the Canadian nation.

The Evolution of a Prairie City.

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

FROM one end of the Dominion to the other, everybody seems to have heard of Saskatoon. When it was born, it was a husky youngster with strong lungs which made a considerable amount of noise, and now that it is feeling its feet in no uncertain way, it looks as though it were going to make a good showing in the race for supremacy among the newer cities of Canada. Its picturesque and unique name is taken from a berry that grows in quantities along the banks of the river. This berry is not unlike the black currant, but has also a blend of the blueberry. When the city was incorporated, the council adopted as its official seal, a sprig of these berries surrounded by a wreath of leaves.

Charmingly situated on the banks of the South Saskatchewan, in the very centre of the great wheat-producing area of the central West, Saskatoon very proudly styles itself, "The Hub of the Hard Wheat Belt." The land in the surrounding districts is of the choicest, a rich black loam with clay sub-soil that is very fertile, and yields magnificent results to the farmer.

Five or six years ago, Saskatoon might have been more truly called "Shacktoon." Today it is a fine flourishing city, with wide well-made streets, broad avenues, handsome buildings of brick and stone, and hundreds of beautiful charming homes. Five or six years ago, the first bank opened for business in a small well ventilated (through the walls) "shack," about twelve feet by ten, where the manager and his assistants slept on camp-beds under the desks and did their own house-keeping on a coal-oil stove. That was in the days of the historical trek of the so-called "Barr Colony." These sojourners in a far country camped in tents about half a mile from the village, as it was then, and certainly had a new experience. I often

think what a shock that "shack" Bank must have been to some of their feelings, as they dubiously presented their drafts across the wooden counter. Today there are seven branches of the richest and most influential banks in the Dominion, all doing a large business in handsome edifices, while the managers live in their own villas in the suburbs of the city. Things have changed indeed: baby Saskatoon has grown out of all recognition, and this lusty young giant of the prairie promises to be a power to be reckoned with.

The prices of land read like the Arabian Nights. Old-timers will look at you with a regretful expression and tell you: "Well, I bought that lot seven years ago for seventy-five dollars; it changed hands yesterday for seven thousand. I sold it some years ago for one hundred and fifty dollars, and thought I had made a good deal." Real estate is in the very air. Even as one passes along the street, one hears straggling snatches of conversation relating to this or that transaction, generally a highly satisfactory one.

Three transcontinental railways have laid their winding road-beds through this flourishing little city, and spanned the Saskatchewan with their bridges at this point; so there is every indication that Saskatoon will be a busy commercial centre, and wholesale distributing point for the whole of the middle West.

Not only the comforts, but every luxury of modern civilisation is here. Electric light, an up-to-date telephone service, a municipal hospital, as well as a similar institution conducted by the Sisters of the Roman Catholic church. There are also several large, well-equipped hotels, splendid schools, and half a dozen fine churches, while two first-class printing presses disgorge their morning and evening papers, thus bringing within easy reach the telegraphic news of the whole

world. Other public works are in active course of construction, and building is going on all the time.

This great little city was able in the course of the last year to raise three hundred and fifty thousand dollars on its bonds for municipal undertakings. There is no doubt that the people of Saskatoon are playing the game to win!

On gala days, the streets are thronged with holiday makers from the surrounding districts; prosperous looking farmers, kindly, happy-faced women, and healthy, bonnie children, all out for a "good time." Elegant motor-cars skim merrily along the streets or across the prairie, much to the stolid astonishment of sundry yokes of oxen they may meet, and the wild-eyed terror of passing bronchos. The stranger and new-comer is always made to feel at home in Saskatoon the hand of welcome and good-fellowship is always "right there," and no case of trouble or distress is ever overlooked. The cheery optimism of the place is an inspiration, something never to be forgotten. There is a brave

indomitable spirit pervading the whole atmosphere, and you breathe it in with the air. Everybody believes in their city, and all work together for its ultimate success and prosperity. "Saskatoon is alright!" they will tell you; "Saskatoon is a goer!" Obstacles dwindle before their persistent efforts, difficulties vanish, and the end is achieved while outsiders can only gasp and wonder. One does not need the gift of prophecy to predict for this very-alive prosperous city, a prominent place in the future history of the country.

In one of his recent "Letters to the Family," Kipling wrote, "The prairie makes everything wonderful." It certainly is true that:—

There's a wizard on the prairie,
Weaving spells of wonderland,
Making desolation grand.
Cities rise at his command,
Tower and turret, dome on dome,
And where'er he chance to roam;
Fills he in the vast expanses,
With the many sweet romances,
And the dear delights of home.





Alberta's Capital.

A. G. Harrison.

EDMONTON, the capital of the Province of Alberta, is located on the hill above the site chosen by the Hudson's Bay Company for a Trading Post nearly two centuries ago. This city, unlike the Prairie cities, is beautifully located about 150 feet above the bed of the North Saskatchewan River, with wooded and park-like surroundings.

The term, "Northern Alberta," is often used throughout the world as applying to Edmonton; this is a mis-nomer, and cannot be abandoned too quickly, as this prosperous western city is in reality fifty miles south of the geographical centre of Alberta.

Edmonton today owns its electric light, power and water systems, and has recently discarded the old telephone system and installed the modern automatic Strowger 'phone through the city. Here also are fine pavements and boulevards, street car tracks under course of construction on the streets, modern sewer connections.

There are several large business

blocks being erected throughout the business portions of the city; fourteen chartered banks, five of which have erected handsome buildings, this fact alone emphasises the stability of this city; then there are the handsome Provincial Parliament buildings costing \$1,250,000, being erected just above the site of Hudson's Bay Fort; the Swift Co of Chicago is erecting a huge 7-story packing plant within a mile from the city which is costing \$1,000,000, and will have a tremendous output. These few facts show, to a certain extent, how the city is going ahead; it will, however, be interesting to glance at the building permits for the past few years. They are as follows:

1905	\$ 750,000.00
1906	1,868,069.00
1907	2,280,210.00

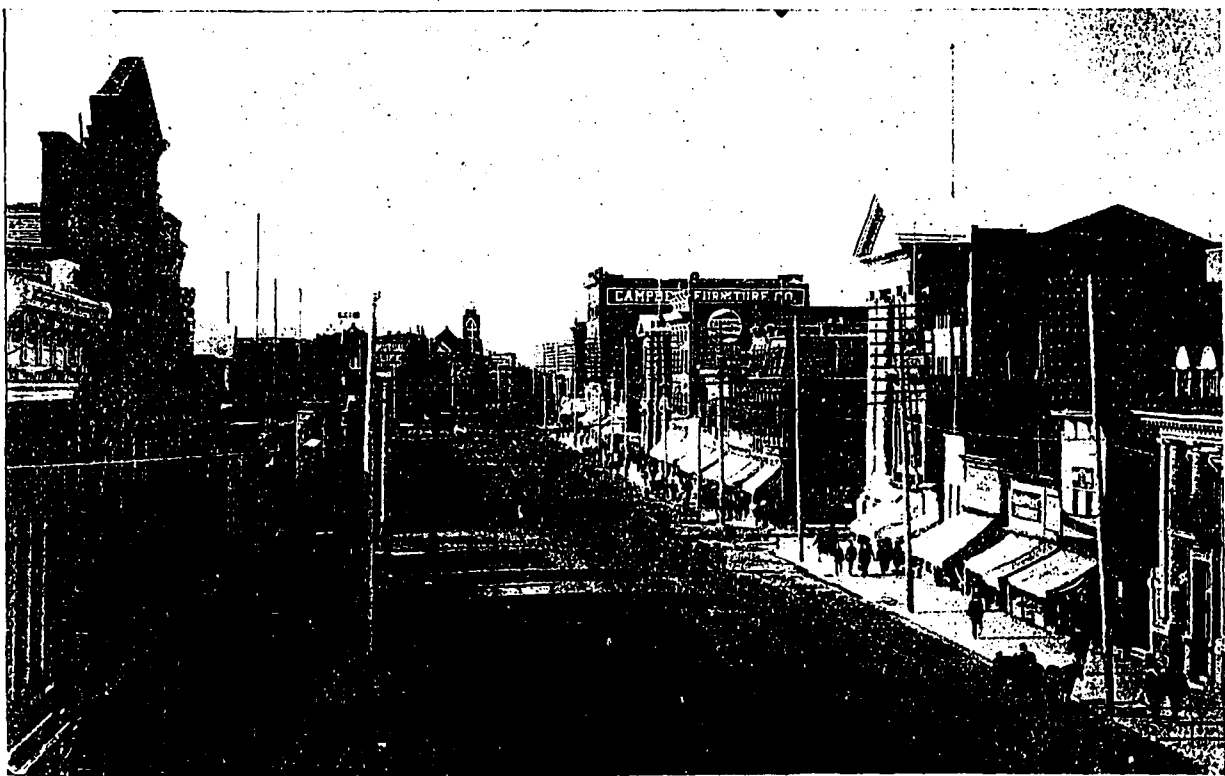
The enormous raw fur trade which was and is carried on was merely a forerunner of this city's vast wealth. Industries will be built up here for the following reasons: Edmonton is prac-

tically built on an enormous bed of coal, it being impossible to walk either up or down the river at this point without seeing the huge seams exposed, hundreds of tons are shipped annually; the price per ton at the pit mouth is generally about \$1.00, and delivered in the city at about \$3.50. Then the fact of Edmonton being the Capital City, with the Government House located here, makes it the social centre of the Province; again the University being located in Strathcona, across the river, and the Alberta College in Edmonton makes it the Educational Centre. The above information with regard to the railways shows that Edmonton in time will become a large railway centre, and this alone points to the fact that this will be a good location for the mechanic with the railway shops here. Also what has been said re the banking world, the fact that there are fourteen chartered banks here makes it a financial centre. All these facts combined, and the general location makes it a manufacturing as well as a wholesale centre, and it is well at this point to mention the fire department, of which Edmonton possesses the most modern in the West, has three fire halls, a chief and thirty paid men with a complete up-to-date fire alarm system; this was installed last year, and as a direct re-

sult there was a 15 per cent. reduction on the base insurance rate on mercantile risks, making a great saving to the city as a whole.

Then, dealing with the Agricultural side of the question, Edmonton District is essentially a mixed farming district, possibly more adapted to this than any other district in the west. It has the deep, rich black soil; on this rich soil the wild vegetation seems to thrive wonderfully, and gives plenty of good hay for the winter at the mere cost of labour. Then, dealing with grain, it is sufficient to give the average yield here for the past few years—wheat averages from 25 to 50 bushels per acre, oats from 30 to 80, barley 40 to 60. Vegetables do more than well here, tomatoes ripen on the vines, the rich soil merely needs tickling to produce an abundance of table vegetables. There is an unlimited choice of free homesteads about fifty miles from the city and further. There is, as mentioned before, an abundance of excellent fuel and building material, and good markets ready for everything produced.

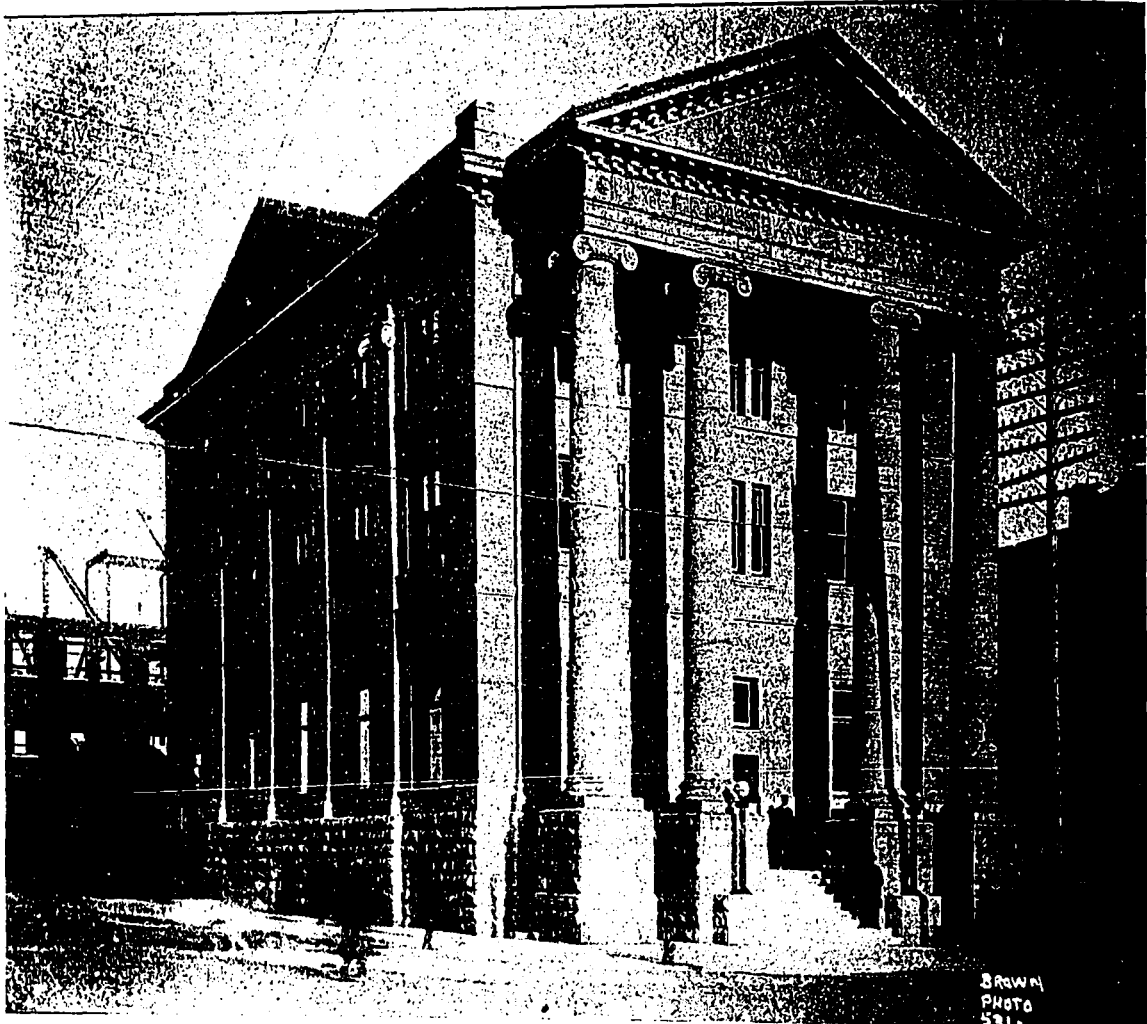
Then last, but not least, the climate. In all parts the clear bracing air is very invigorating, and the beautiful autumns, the mild winters, the cool nights in summer, no matter how warm the day, all



Jasper Avenue.

these facts have won for the Province the name of "Sunny Alberta." The winter sets in about the end of Novem-

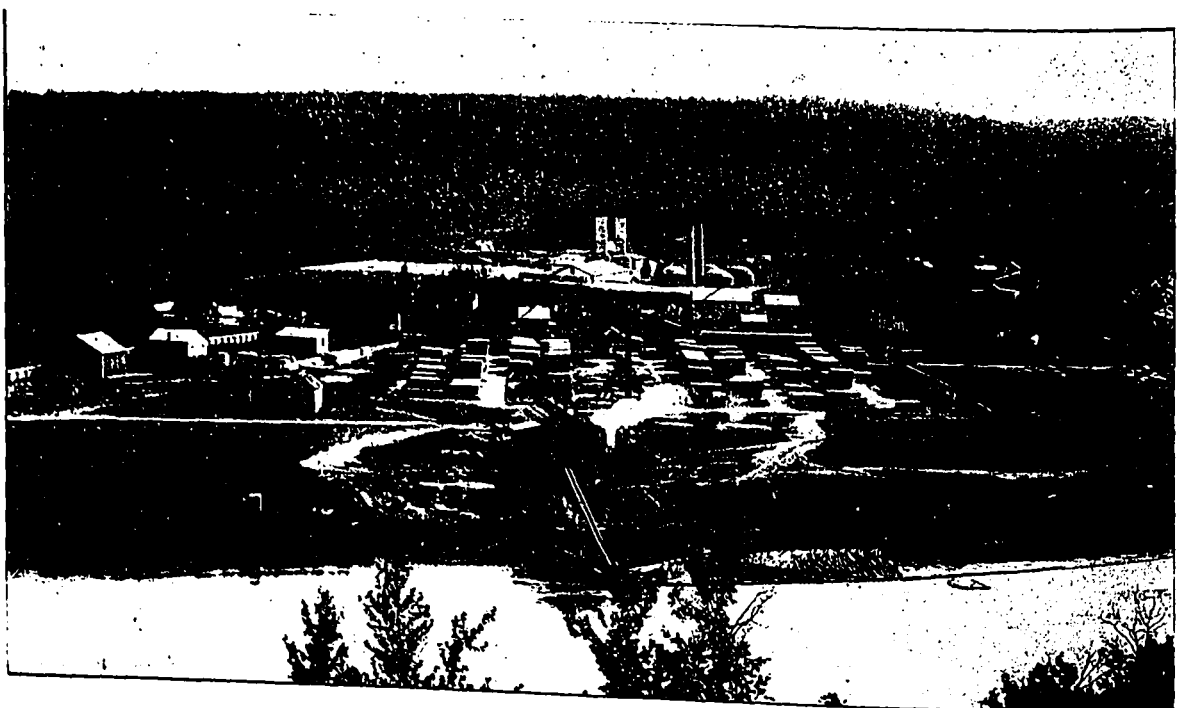
It has a rich territory extending at least 400 miles to the east, 300 miles south and 500 miles to the west and



Imperial Bank Block.

ber and lasts until about the end of March.

north in which the local industries have a practical monopoly. Those industries



Lumber and Brick Yards.

now established have grown rapidly with the city and Edmonton products find ready markets over a very large area. This city will by the end of this year, have no less than three transcontinental railroads. As soon as the Canadian Northern railway arrived here, Edmonton at once became a permanent distributing centre, freight rates were adjusted and Edmonton placed on an equal footing with other distributing centres of Western Canada. Then the Canadian Pacific railway has definitely announced it to be a part of its policy to make Edmonton a wholesale and distributing centre. And again the Grand Trunk railway, which will be here this fall, will further add to this city's advantages, and bring it to the fore as a distributing centre. With these three great railways practically united on the same policy, the great future of this city is beyond doubt ensured.

Then Edmonton has vast natural resources, such as the coal, above referred to; timber, clay and marl deposits, natural gas deposits and petroleum fields, iron ore deposits, quartz mining claims, etc., etc.; naturally all this vast wealth needs capital for development.

There are numerous and excellent openings here, as factories are needed, the following are the chief industries for which there is a good demand: Woollen mills, pickle factories, cereal mills, box factories, furniture factories, soap factories, cement works, paper mills, oatmeal mills, malting house, wholesale fur house, terra-cotta and ornamental brick factory, etc., etc. There is a busy Board of Trade here, with letters pouring in daily with requests for information, and the Secretary is always glad to give any detailed information.

North Vancouver.

I. A. R. MacLean.

NORTH VANCOUVER shares equally with Vancouver her strong position on the finest harbor of the North Pacific, ice-free and navigable the year round. To this harbor, more than anything else, Vancouver owes the extraordinary growth and prosperity which has earned for her the enviable title of Canada's Western metropolis. Into Burrard Inlet in fast growing numbers some score of British and foreign ports send shipping, and out of it sail the big things that make British Columbia famous, her trees, hewn and sliced, her salmon and coal and fruits, wheat from Alberta, and machine-made products from Eastern Canada for the Australasian trade. In 1886-7 the number of vessels entering the harbor to load lumber averaged sixty. In 1896 the total number of entries in and out of the harbor was 4,871, with a ton-

nage of 1,496,827 and crews to the number of 92,637. In 1906 the entries totalled 10,763, with tonnage placed at 3,563,342 and crews numbering 196,965. In her twenty-first year Vancouver supports seventeen regular steamship lines exclusive of local barges, tugs and steamers aggregating several thousand tons for use of logging camps and deep sea fisheries. Dock space on the southerly or Vancouver side is practically unobtainable. Future transportation companies must berth their liners on the northerly shore. Here is deeper water and a longer stretch.

That there will be heavy transportation there can be no doubt, for the country tributary is in itself a rich dominion. Across the road, so to speak, lies the Orient with its swarming millions and cruelly inadequate food supply. China and Japan have yawned, rubbed their

eyes, and decided that their British Columbian neighbours are worth cultivating, and Western Canada is responding to the advances with marked civility and great quantities of wheat. The Yukon trade, by direct steamer to Skagway increases in volume yearly. The Northern Interior districts, rich in agricultural lands and mineral deposits, have in sight railway communication with the coast, which will bring wide and permanent prosperity directly to the city of North Vancouver; while eastward and south across the 49th parallel, new markets are constantly opening up. With British Columbia leading the provinces of the Dominion in point of position, size and wealth of resources, it is clear that there can be no mean future in store for the port through which the bulk of her wealth must pass, and at whose gates many railroads, in time, will seek entrance. In spite of the handicaps incident to a country in the first stages of development, principally lack of population, transportation facilities, and capital for development purposes, added to the want of authentic advertisement of her powers—according to Government figures the province has made an excellent showing. In 1905-6 the fisheries yielded \$9,850,000, and Nova Scotia had to stop down to a second rate fish power. Her sea fisheries are now the most prolific in the world, with sheltered spawning and feeding grounds, covering about 30,000 square miles. Sealing has always paid well. Whaling except in a small way, has just begun, and returns enormous profits. The gold output up to the present time is estimated at \$100,000,000. The total mineral output to date is \$273,643,722. In 1906 the mineral output amounted to \$24,980,546. Timber in the same year produced \$9,500,000, and agriculture \$7,500,000. Her fruit holds the gold medal against all comers, and at the present rate of increase this province will in ten years, according to experts, become the greatest apple-grower of the world.

A country with 7,000 miles of coast line and a greater area than many European kingdoms, a country that produces riches on a lavish scale while practically unknown, and for the most part, unde-

veloped, a country that has wealth above ground and below, whose inland seas and mighty rivers hold their treasure for the men who are looking westward, a country of sunshine and mellowness, of bountiful harvests, of wonderful mountains and trees and shrubs and flowers, a country where opportunity makes her home—surely is not to be ignored.

Of all the cities that will spring up to house the population of the future none will surpass Vancouver and her younger sister across the Inlet, North Vancouver. The present means of communication between the two places is a half-hourly ferry service, a charming fifteen-minute run, but a project is now well in hand for the permanent binding of the cities by a general traffic bridge at the Second Narrows of Burrard Inlet, where the north and south shores come within easy reach of each other. The effect of this bridge upon the northerly city is patent to the most indifferent observer; and when to this is added the quickening touch of steel rail, with the smoke and shriek of engine, North Vancouver will have fully arrived. The Vancouver, Westminster and Yukon Railway has completed its survey along the northerly shore of the Inlet, where its terminal will be made. Other no less important companies are looking over the ground, and in the general opening up of the province by Canadian and American lines it is confidently expected that the newer city will not be overlooked.

In comparison with the up-building of Vancouver, North Vancouver stands as a city ready made. The blazed trail leading to her door is already beaten into a wide thoroughfare, the off-shoots of which diverge all round the world. In the early years of her existence Vancouver suffered from isolation. The province was but thinly settled and Canada's prosperity had scarcely begun. There were dark days of doubt, when pessimists shook their heads, and wondered if Granville St. would ever be built up; and he was a bold prophet who forecasted, rather less than twenty years ago, that some day the whole west end, from the Inlet to English Bay, would be covered thickly with houses. It was a long

walk then through the woods to English Bay. Today the West end is so crowded that a would-be purchaser finds to his disgust that he can't buy enough land to make a decent sized garden around his house. And the far-sighted are reaping their reward.

Vancouver had her railway from the beginning. North Vancouver has done wonders without one. Already, in the second year of her incorporation she has more facilities for the transaction of business than many older places. A complete street railway service is operated by the British Columbia Electric Railway Company covering about seven miles with a westerly extension contemplated towards the beautiful canyons of the Capilano; there are fifty miles of roads stretching out to all parts of the Municipality, electric lighting and telephone system, connected with the entire Pacific Coast, and a remarkably fine water system, installed at heavy expenditure, ensuring an inexhaustible supply from clearest mountain streams. There are good hotels and business houses of all sorts, with a branch of the Bank of British North America, well equipped saw-mills and ship-building yards, shingle manufactories, cooperage works, boat-building and ship-repairing yards, a manufactory for spruce oars for fishing boats, etc., etc. There are still available incomparable sites for future industries, with abundant electrical energy.

The City of North Vancouver grew out of a municipality seventeen miles long by eight miles wide. The site comprises about 2,500 acres, and at present furnishes an interesting example of a western town in the making. Acre upon acre is being cleared as fast as electricity can do the work, and as fast as it is cleared, it is sold; and where but a few weeks before lordly cedars stood in baffling array, houses and industries sprang up and the thing is done. Land values while increasing steadily and yielding good returns, are moderate and within reach of people of small means. Undoubtedly, the history of Vancouver real estate will repeat itself, and investors who missed their chance when lots sold for a song on the southerly side of the Inlet are availing themselves of the sec-

ond opportunity offered in the younger city, where there are equal chances for equal growth.

Residentially North Vancouver has made great strides. Brisk building operations are in progress everywhere, and a vacant house is a thing unknown. Throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion it would be difficult to find more ideal conditions. This southern coast of British Columbia is the only part of Canada where nature has eliminated the winter. The thermometer rarely drops to zero, and grass is green the year round. Ocean breezes bring a fresh coolness throughout the long summers, and the seasons are a continual delight. Her sunny southern slopes coax out trees and flowers and fruits two weeks earlier than they appear on the opposite shore, and the extreme elevation ensures a high standard of health. In front of the city's lawns is spread the shining blue of the Inlet, with ships, big and little, plying up and down, and beyond the peninsula of Vancouver and Stanley Park, the heave and swell of the western ocean. At its back door rises a barricade of white-crested peaks, some six thousand feet high, which cuts off the draught, so to speak, from the Northern interior. There are thirty acres of park spaces, and a proposed boulevard 346 feet wide along the heights of Queensberry Ave. modelled upon the Champs Elysees, which will transform that portion of the city into something quite unusual on this continent in the way of landscape effect. The natural outlook from this part of the city is remarkably fine, and when this has been enhanced by a variety of trees and foliage and roiling green spaces, it cannot fail to attract a wealthy class of residents. An extension of the boulevard system north and west is also outlined, which would bring every house within easy distance—about a quarter of a mile, of a green pleasure ground. This, if consummated, will give North Vancouver the right to be classed, in days to come, with the beautiful cities of the world.

Apart from housing her own population, North Vancouver must take care of the overflow from the opposite city.

At this date Vancouver's best residential district is completely built upon and for the homes of the future she must draw upon the suburbs of Kitsilano (across the westerly end of False Creek) and North Vancouver. Both are easy of access. Within twenty minutes after boarding the ferry at North Vancouver one may reach the business centre of Vancouver, and as the volume of traffic increases, better time will be made. Already the morning and late afternoon ferries carry many suburbanites, strongly suggestive of the trans-Bay crowds of

San Francisco and the rushing throng of Eastern cities.

Lord Strathcona predicts that by the year 2,000, the population of Canada will be 80,000,000. The tide has turned towards the Pacific Coast in earnest. Every train entering Vancouver brings hundreds of homeseekers from the British Isles, Eastern Canada and the United States, with a large proportion of Manitobans weary of "forty below" and eager to make a change to a land of softer air and larger opportunity. And this is only the beginning. The tide has not nearly reached its height.

Sonnet to the Butterfly.

Enid Aylmer

Fast asleep amid the fragrance
 Of the wooded bowers and groves,
 Dwelt a little worm in silence
 Waiting till the hand of Nature
 Should endow this fair, frail creature
 With dual wings, to waft him o'er
 The many-scented clover fields.
 Then when the gentle breeze arose,
 From out the chrysalis the worm
 Did liberate his wings, and through
 Sweet fields of corn he wheeled his flight
 Telling to the sun-kissed flowers,
 The mystic pleasures of his chase,
 And joyfulness of light and life.



John Kyle, A.R.C.A.

AFTER dealing with so many crafts suitable for working at home during the long winter evenings, it has been suggested that I change my subject with the season and give some hints on sketching from Nature.

With scenery unrivalled in its beauty and variety, with a climate so perfect for outdoor life and recreation, surely many feel a desire for knowledge and power to reproduce some of the lovely effects and bits of life which they from time to time admire. To cultivate the power of seeing and appreciating Nature, and from it to read "sermons in stones and good in everything," is a worthy object. "Wisdom is to be found in the contemplation of Nature," a wise man wrote. He was indeed a poor unfortunate of whom it was said:

"In vain through every changeful year
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

The effects of Nature are so evanescent that one has to learn to be quick in execution, deciding what to draw or paint without hesitation, and to see that the essentials are reproduced first.

"Be sure of what you are going to do and then do it," said Ruskin. Directness

gives a quality to a picture, but it can only be obtained by knowledge. Hard work and study are what is necessary: Shirk not from them and the reward will be yours; the pleasure and delight of seeing added beauties all around, which make a lonely life impossible; in fact the artist at work is not a gregarious animal, he loves to get away from the crowd to study Nature in solitude: alone with his canvas and materials he has fitting companions for the day.

Be judicious in the selection of a subject to start with. The tendency in the beginner is to attack extensive views; scenes which a professional artist would shun. After a while you will see that little corners are full of attractiveness and your interest will be aroused in bits of scenery hitherto passed by unobserved.

"Well, well!" a man once said to me while I was painting. "I have passed along this road every day for six years and never thought it would make a picture."

A rock with a piece of overhanging bank might be chosen. A boat lying on the sand, a single tree with a piece of fence, are all suitable subjects for beginners.

To most people there is doubtless a difficulty in cutting a picturesque part from its surroundings, but practice will

make the dullest quite expert in fixing on good studies, and make their power of selection comparatively perfect.

A small piece of card with an opening cut in the centre is a great help in this direction (see illustration). It frames the part, so to speak, and cuts off that which we do not wish to paint. When made with leather, this view-finder may be folded and kept in the pocket.

It would be advisable to make a few good drawings with pencil, chalk or charcoal, or make paintings in black and

When objects get further away from the spectator they turn less in size owing to the distance. They also turn less distinct owing to the amount of atmosphere between the spectator and the object viewed. The atmosphere has a bluish tint, so the distant objects are bluer.

A prominent French painter has said that all good pictures must have three distinct planes or distances; the foreground, the middle distance, and the distance. It is the study of those planes or distances which is called tone, and artists



white, either in water colors or oils. This will give facility in handling the materials and give a knowledge of *tone*. Tone means the relative depths of the shades. A student to start with usually makes all the shades the same depth, but careful observation will show a great variety of depths in the shades. Hence the necessity to practice some drawing in black and white. The various depths of shade are called values, and is a study quite apart from colour. One could make tone studies in black and white paint, sepia, pencil, charcoal, or pen and ink.

make scores of tone studies, I might say hundreds, it is their chief study.

In order to see the tones more correctly the eyes should be half closed; this brings the colors into masses and it is the depths of those masses which is so important. On looking at a clump of fir trees, for example, one might be inclined to make the depth almost black, but on holding up a piece of black paper for comparison, one would probably discover that the trees were many degrees lighter than the paper.

In the same way one might paint the white wall of a cottage white; when by comparison with white paper it would be found to be quite grey.

Compare continually in this way in order to get the tones absolutely correct.

If the medium used be pencil, let it be a soft one. If charcoal be used then the drawing will require to be fixed by spraying a solution of shellac and spirits of wine over the work: 1 part gum shellac, 9 parts methylated spirits, or if some white polish be diluted with spirits it will be found excellent in every respect.

Have a block of drawing paper, medium rough, about 9x12 or 6x9, and after deciding on the subject space out the masses as simply as possible, as in Fig. 1. Then add more and more detail until the sketch is complete. Keep the darkest shadow and the brightest light always in mind. By half closing the eyes and shutting out the little refractory lights the effect will be simplified. It is just this simple effect which will make the sketch successful.

Quick impressions should be made of effects, and drawings from memory should be practiced assiduously.

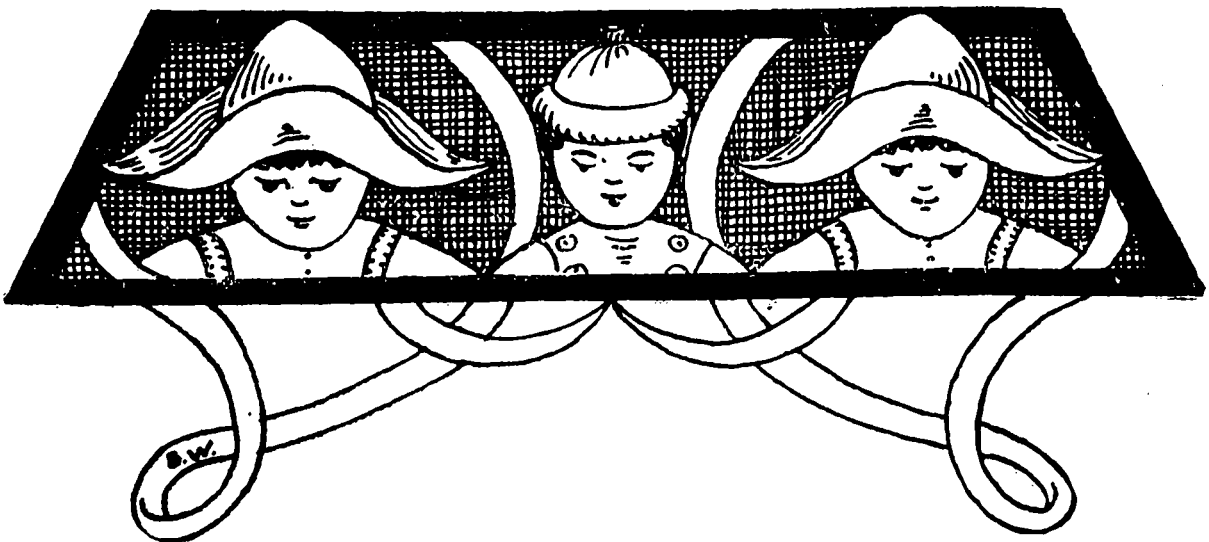
Scenes are continually changing; the sun may be shining brightly one minute, then lost behind a cloud the next. Rain clouds may drive across the sky, carrying the light, shade and color constantly, yet this is the time for making strong effective paintings.

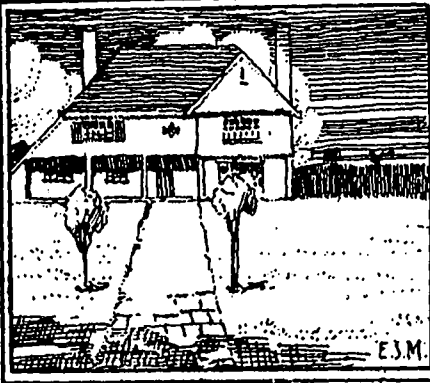
All great artists have developed this power of drawing from recollection. Turner saw the Temeraire being towed up the Thames while he was sailing in a rowboat, and he painted his picture from memory. His view of Rouen was sketched from the train window. The characteristic growth of various kinds of trees and shrubs; the forms of rocks, animals and the human figure in action should all be memorized.

Thus by practice the student will acquire skill in drawing, and ability to grasp the shapes and characteristics of the objects he is studying. The principles of effect in the employment of colour should then be undertaken, and occupy his attention.

Drawing is placed first, light and shade second; colour being the third study.

All these should be thoroughly understood if the painter would turn out work of any value.





COUNTRY *and* SUBURBAN HOMES

by

E. Stanley Milton m.i.c.a.

DEEP down in the heart of every man lies a wholesome love and affection for Nature and the simple life. The complex pleasures of civilization pall at times, and one would fain seek the seclusion of a shady forest or the somnolence of a retired country village.

It is the fashion now-a-days to write of life in the open, and the subject of getting back to Nature is one of never flagging interest. That is why I have chosen to write for this number of *Westward Ho!* a little sketch descriptive of the log cabin; its gradual evolution from the primitive home of early pioneer days to the beautiful, attractive and frequently expensive summer home of the present.

The log cabin has played an important part in the development of our country. Its simplicity of construction, strength and comparative warmth made it alike a shelter from the severity of prairie winters and a defence against the frequent attacks of savage Indians.

To-day even, in remote villages and on farms and orchards the log cabin, in all its primitive simplicity, furnishes a satisfactory home for the struggling farmer and his family; too busily occupied in caring for their vast farms to build a larger or more pretentious residence.

Having decided to own a log cabin of your own, it becomes necessary to select a suitable site. Many conditions enter into the location of the ideal house, such as the character of the soil, elevation, ex-

posure and the direction of the prevailing wind. The stickiness of clay is to be avoided, while sandy soil is clean and dry, absorbing rain almost as fast as it falls. A sufficient elevation helps in the same direction and, if near a lake or river, the site would naturally be from six to ten feet above the water level. The question of exposure is a nice one, and, on the whole, a western one seems most desirable, especially if the rear of the house is protected by trees; thus the house is in shadow until a reasonable hour in the morning and sunset views are secured.

If your house is to be built merely for camping or fishing purposes, beyond the reach of conventional criticism, it may be so planned as to let in every manifestation of Nature in her summer moods, with the exception of rain and violent winds. The most characteristic joys of camp life consist in feeling the throb of the storm, the force of the wind, the benediction of sunshine; in hearing the rustle of the breeze, the lapping of the waves, the music of birds, and all the illusive harmonies of Nature's symphony. The clamor of social life, however unconventional, drowns the delicate voices of the forest and the sky.

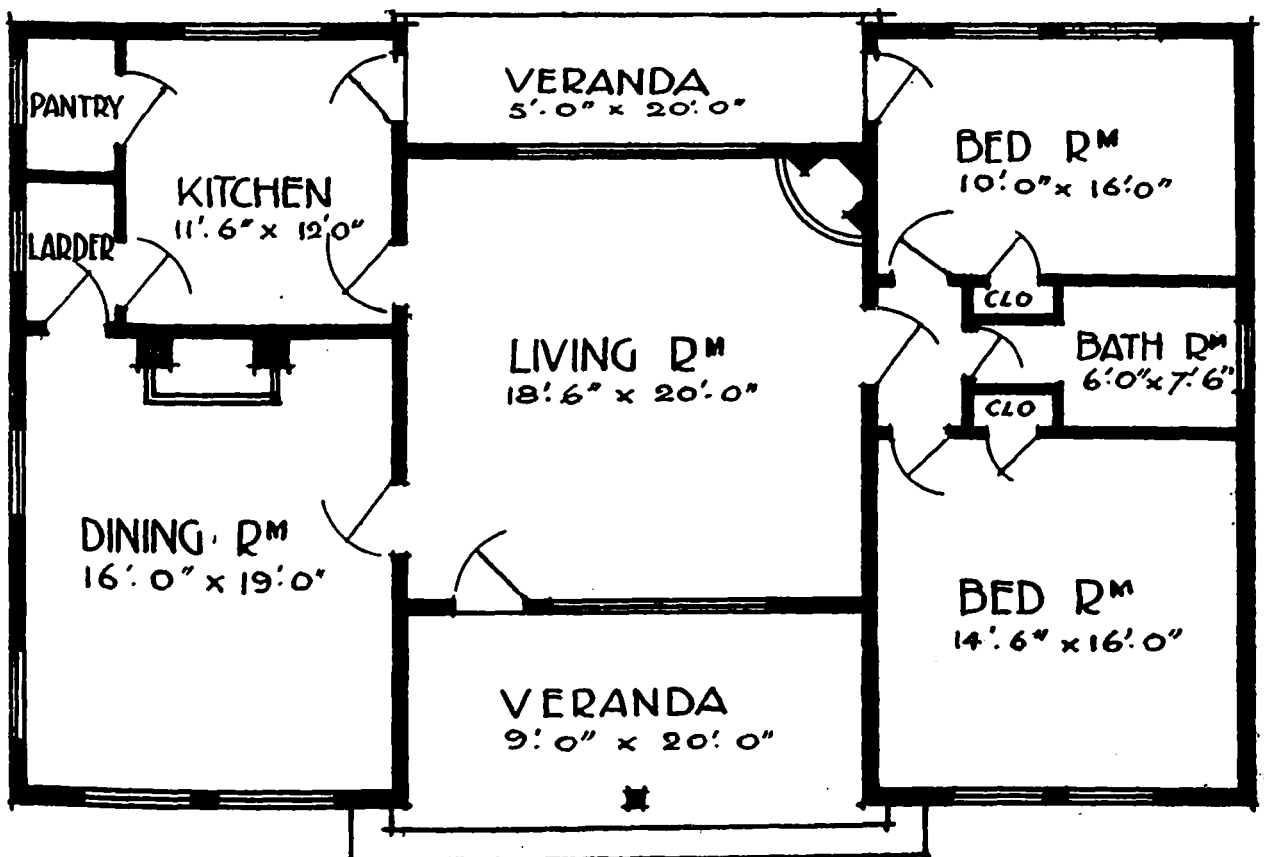
Solitude is, therefore, the first essential, yet let it be a solitude tempered by accessibility. Two or three well-conducted farms in the background, a village four or five miles away and the advent of an occasional butcher's cart need not introduce serious complications.



Whether you decide to content yourself with an unpretentious one-room cabin, or whether you favour a more elaborate structure of from three to five rooms, or more, by all means make provision for a good open fireplace. After the fatigues of the day, when the chill mountain breeze is whispering through the tree tops, and the voice of Nature is hushed and stilled, the warmth and comfort of the cheery blaze will prove most pleasing, while you watch the little ruddy flames rise up and flicker and die away in the glowing depths of the grate.

The living room, where the fireplace will, of course, be located, must be as large and roomy as possible. The furniture need not be elaborate or pretentious, but it should be comfortable and serviceable. Carefully figure out the essentials for comfort and strictly eliminate the luxuries—that is eliminate as many of them as possible, for one of the chief aims of the simple life is to get away from the petty cares that weigh upon us at home.

Some of the most attractive log cabins that I have ever seen, have been built by the owners themselves. Few tools are



required: an axe and a sufficiency of muscle and energy is all that is necessary. The fireplace may be constructed of unhewn stones; their roughness and unfinished appearance will lend it additional attractiveness and be in harmony with the rest of the dwelling.

two large verandas. The walls of the interior are divided into a series of grey panels framed in brown, a result that may be attained by placing grey building paper under the clapboards and arranging the rough-sawed, brown-stained studing in interesting spaces. A restful



A COSY CORNER

For those readers of Westward Ho! who contemplate building a more elaborate log cabin the design accompanying this article will prove most acceptable. It contains a living room 15'0" by 15'6" in size, a kitchen 12'6" by 10'0", a pantry 7'0" by 12'6", two bedrooms, bath and

beamed effect is obtained in the dining room and living room by the use of three by eight rough-sawed joists. These, as well as the intervening spaces, may be stained a soft green. The estimated cost for a cabin of this type is \$1,980.

Speaking of the open fireplace, Thoreau, whose admirable book, "Walden, or Life in the Woods," should be in the hands of every lover of a care-free outdoor life, says: "The next winter I used a small cooking-stove for economy, since I did not own the whole forest; but it did not keep the fire so well as the open fireplace. Cooking was then, for the most part, no longer a poetic, but merely a chemic process. It will soon be forgotten in these days of stoves, that we used to roast potatoes in the ashes after the Indian fashion. The stove not only took up room and scented the house, but it concealed the fire, and I felt as if I had lost a companion. You can always see a face in the fire. The labourer, looking into it at evening, purifies his thoughts of the dross and earthiness which they have accumulated during the day."

Our city life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and

meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness—to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground. At the same time that we are in earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and Titanic features, the sea coast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and decaying trees, the thunder-cloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander.

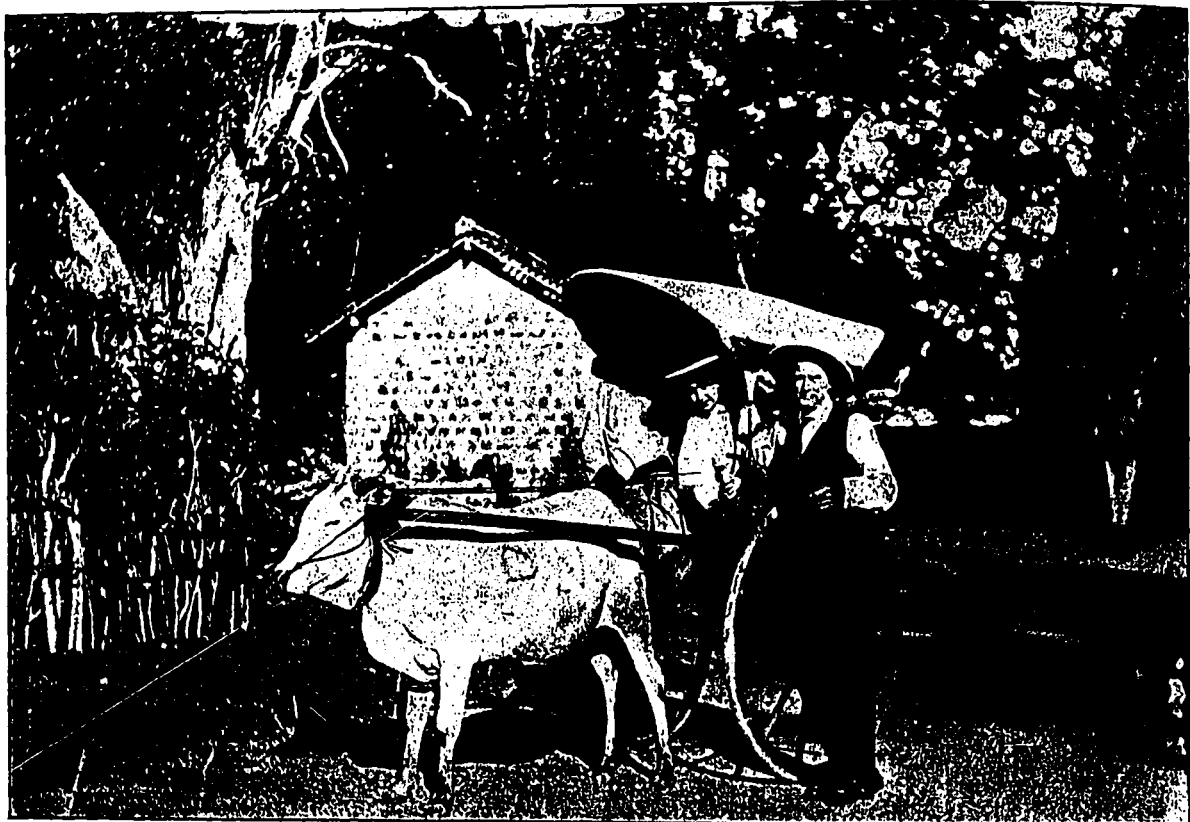
The Ruined Cities of Ceylon.

SIGIRIYA.

Frank Burnett.

DURING the latter quarter of the fourth century A.D. the Singhalese throne was occupied by a line of usurpers, whose general weakness of character and lack of ability was such that instead of repelling by force of arms the forays of Indian marauders from the adjoining mainland, as had been the custom of their great and warlike predecessors, they adopted the easier but fatal policy of securing immunity from the attacks of these southern Vikings by granting them concessions and in several instances actually paying tribute, thereby confessing their inability to protect the kingdom from foreign invasion. This short-sighted and suicidal course of action on their part so encouraged these adventurers that in the

reign of Mittasena in the early part of the fifth century A.D., a Tamil chief named Pandu, landing suddenly on the coast with a considerable following, and finding the Singhalese ruler quite unprepared, engaged and defeated him in a decisive battle. After having put the king to death he laid siege to and captured the capital, Anuradhapura, which put him into possession of the whole of Lanka as far as the great river Mahaweli-ganga, over which he and his successors ruled for fully a quarter of a century, when the last of them named Pithiya was murdered by a descendant of the native royal family, one Dhatusena, who thereupon ascended the throne of his forefathers, restored the Buddhist religion and drove the Tamils out of the country. He



Leaving Dambrilla for Sigiriya.

proved a strong enlightened and wise monarch, with the result that during his reign the kingdom reached its zenith and enjoyed a greater measure of prosperity than it had ever before experienced, but unfortunately for Lanka he came to an untimely end after having occupied the throne for thirteen years. Like many another Oriental potentate his children were the cause of his undoing.

Dhatusena had two sons, Moggallana, the first born and lawful heir, also Kassapa, whose mother was a concubine and of the lower orders. There was besides a daughter married to his sister's son, who occupied the dual position of prime minister and principal general of the army. To revenge himself upon his nephew for the ill-treatment of his wife, the king caused the general's mother to be burned alive. Thereupon Kassapa, who was anxious to supplant his brother, assisted by the prime minister, fomented a rebellion, imprisoned Dhatusena and seized the throne, compelling Moggallana to seek an asylum at an Indian court. Having attained his father's position he now coveted the old king's wealth, and failing to prevail upon Dhatusena to divulge its whereabouts, handed him over to the tender mercies of the general, who revenged

himself for his mother's death by walling her brother up alive. Fearing Moggallana's vengeance, Kassapa dispatched emissaries to assassinate his brother, but the attempt having failed, and being doubtful of his safety in Anuradhapura, in the event of the return of Moggallana with an Indian army, he moved the capital to the great rock Sigiriya, about forty odd miles distant, the summit of which he converted into a citadel, and on the surrounding slope for a radius of some three miles there arose a most wonderful city, principally on terraces rising to the foot of the hill and protected by walls of huge dimensions.

For eighteen years from this remarkable natural stronghold did Kassapa rule over the kingdom, but notwithstanding the fact that during his reign the country enjoyed peace and prosperity, and that he did his utmost to conciliate the priests and his people, he never appeared to have been received with favour by the yellow-robed fraternity. The contemporary monkish historian, even when giving him credit for his good deeds and beneficial enterprises repeatedly allude to him "as the wicked ruler of men, and that he lived in fear of the world to come and of Moggallana." Subsequent events

proved conclusively that his dread of the return of his brother was well founded, for after reigning eighteen years his Nemesis in the person of Moggalana appeared on the scene, accompanied by an Indian prince at the head of a large and well equipped army to claim his own from the paricide and usurper. It is very questionable, however, whether Kassapa could ever have been dislodged from his rocky eyrie if he had decided to play a Fabian role, but he evidently was over-confident and, despising the foe, marched out of the city and engaged his brother on the surrounding plain, where a long, hard and hotly contested battle was fought, and when it almost appeared as if victory was about to crown his arms his followers were seized with a sudden panic and fled in such disorder before the enemy that the retreat became a practical rout. Kassapa, rather than face the doom that inevitably awaited him at the hands of his outraged brother, committed suicide, thereby enabling Moggalana to take possession of the throne of his ancestors at the ancient capital of Anuradhapura, and from thenceforth the glory gradually but surely departed from Sigiriya never again to return. The rock girt fortress was turned into a monastery, which soon, however, became deserted, the city was

allowed to fall into decay, while the jungle slowly but steadily encroached towards the citadel, eventually regaining the whole of that portion of its kingdom that it had temporarily been deprived of, to such an extent in fact that at the present day, with the exception of the government rest-house, there is not even a sign of human habitation for miles distant, the surrounding forest being the undisturbed haunts of the wild elephant, the panther and the cowardly jackal.

What a change has come over the scene! Sitting on the veranda of the rest-house with the gigantic rock in full view, one can easily picture Massapa in his palace on the summit surrounded with all the pomp and splendor that is so dear to the heart of the Oriental monarch, and in his pride and glory congratulating himself on the security afforded by that impregnable fortress, when upon the scene appears, in the role of a second Daniel, a Buddhist priest incensed against the king on account of his unconcealed preference for the gods of the Hindoo, thundering forth the ominous words of doom. "He made many images and the like, but he lived on in the fear of Moggalana and of the world to come," thereby striking terror into the heart of the conscience-stricken



Ruins of Principal Fortress on Summit.



Outside View of Causeway Leading to Summit.

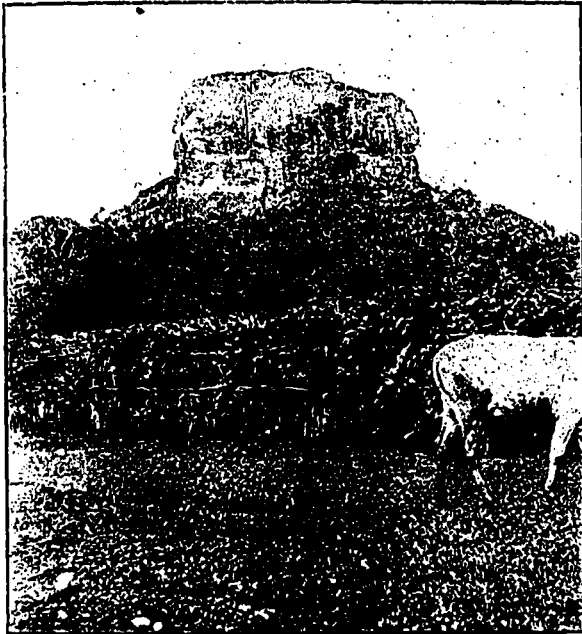
king. Moreover, one can easily infer from subsequent events that the yellow-robed fraternity, who numbered about one-fifth of the population and exercised boundless influence over the minds of the people, gave Massapa good reason for fearing the return of Moggalana, who was a zealous follower of Buddha, and that when the latter eventually did arrive from India prepared to battle for his rightful inheritance he no doubt was received by them as an instrument of the Deity sent to assist in driving from the throne a backslider, paricide and usurper; as was Cyrus by the priests of Bel, whom it is now generally conceded, on account of their hatred of Belshazzar, the patron of the rival god Merodach, helped the former materially in capturing that other great city, Babylon. How history does repeat itself!

Sigiriya is a remarkable shaped rock of a cylindrical form, standing some 400 feet high in solitary grandeur upon a monotonously level plain extending for miles in all directions. The flat summit, comprising about five acres, was transformed into an impregnable fortress, access to which was obtained only by a wonderfully constructed gallery, a considerable portion of which remains in-

tact to the present day, while upon the surrounding slope arose a great terraced city, the whole protected by walls built with the huge boulders that were found strewn about in great profusion in the immediate vicinity. The top of the rock, with the exception of a space of some six feet, overhangs the main body, which latter, at a height of about two-thirds from the summit again slopes outwards until the walls are nearly plumb with the face of the overhanging portion when they, in most places, fall away perpendicularly to the ground, so that it is to some extent about the shape of a modified bobbin standing in an upright position. This description, aided by the illustrations, will convey some idea of its contour, but it must be seen to be thoroughly understood and appreciated.

Now the problem that confronted Massapa's engineer was how to pass the concave part, thereby gaining access to the overhanging plateau, and this is how he solved it: A grand stone stairway was built to that portion of the outward slope of the rock that approached nearest to its base, and from there he started his wonderful causeway. To obtain a firm foundation he cut parallel grooves one

above the other in the rock upon which was laid solid brickwork inclining slightly inwards until sufficient width was gained to form the required width of floor, and upon this was laid limestone slabs, while as a protection to the passage an outer wall was erected some nine or ten feet high. From this point onwards gradually ascending higher and higher, following the outline of the cliff,

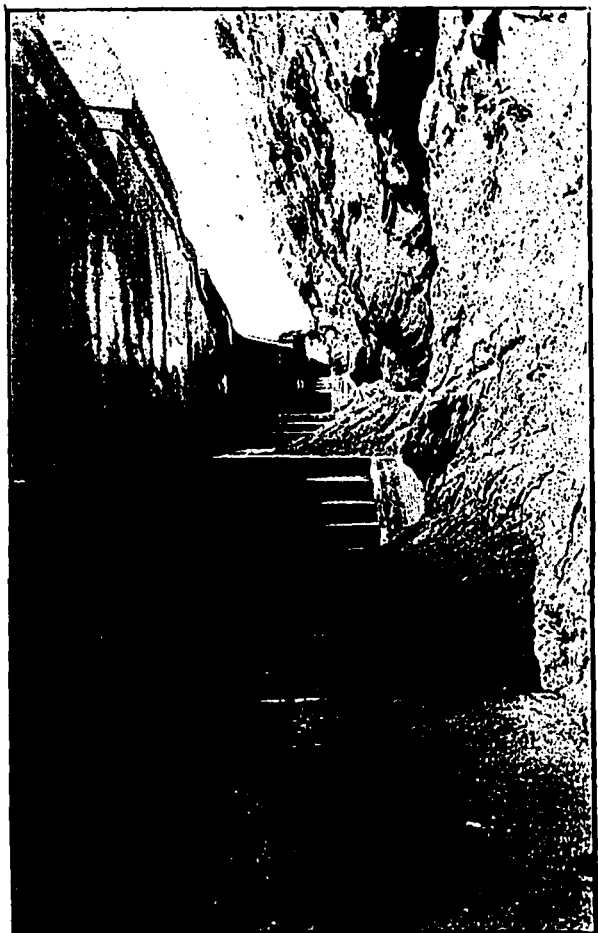


Sigiriya Converted Into a Fortress,
400 A.D.

constituted the city's main water supply, and then on ascending to the foot of the grand stairway, which rises flight by flight to where was commenced the beginning of the causeway. The first fifty feet or so have fallen away, but this space can easily be passed by walking along the grooves in the rock upon which the brick foundation was originally laid, any danger from falling being prevented by an iron rail placed there by the Archaeological Society, who have charge of any are conducting the excavations and the work of restoring, the expense of the same being to a great extent defrayed by the government. The inner side of the protecting wall of the passage is of lime plaster, solid as the day it was put on and covered with names scratched there by people fourteen hundred years ago, showing that human nature in that respect was the same then as it is to-day. A short distance from the entrance and some fifty feet high are the frescoe galleries, which the society have protected with fine wire netting from the attacks of bees, swallows and bats, the former

on the western side he continued the gallery until the northwest corner was reached when, on account of the steepness of the side of the rock, instead of building it on grooves, he caused to be constructed a high bastion from the terrace below, over which it was carried to the northeast aspect, where an enormous brick lion was built through which the passage led, and so on until the summit was attained. It is a great pity that nothing is known, not even the name of the designer of this ingenious and remarkable causeway, for he certainly was a great engineer and is deserving of the utmost praise for the manner in which he surmounted the natural difficulties facing him, especially when it is taken into consideration the material he had to work with and the primitive engineering appliances that must have been in use at the time.

From the rest-house the path skirts the bund of the tank, which no doubt



Inside View of a Portion of the
Causeway.

being especially numerous, and constitute the only danger in ascending to the summit. The subjects are exclusively studies of women of about life-size, and are as far as art is concerned superior to the paintings of the modern Singhalese, while the colors are wonderfully well preserved and fresh looking. Continuing on over the causeway, with gaps here and there, past where the brick-built lion was constructed, to the north-east aspect is reached where for a space of about six feet the summit does not overhang and is therefore the only place in the whole circumference of the hill where it could be surmounted. Here a steep flight of steps gave access to the top and slots can be seen cut into the rock for the purpose of receiving large posts on which was hung a massive gate, where a final stand could be made by the defenders in the event of the enemy obtaining possession of the causeway. The whole summit is covered with ruins, those of the king's palace occupying the highest point on the western half, while almost at the centre is Kassapa's throne hewn out of the solid rock. On the eastern portion is situated the principal reservoir, the stock of water in which was replenished by a system of drainage, which conserved the rain that fell upon the roofs of the surrounding buildings, so that an ample supply of water was guaranteed to the garrison; and as there would be no difficulty in storing immense quantities of food, Sigiriya's citadel, in the absence of modern artillery, was absolutely impregnable, and could only have been taken through treachery from within. On a somewhat lower level than the reservoir, reached by a long flight of steps, stand the ruins of the main fortress buildings, very interesting from the fact that they are by far the best preserved, the illustration giving a good idea of their appearance.

The most populous and evidently aristocratic portion of the city lay to the west of the citadel. Here is to be seen the Queen's bath, cut into the top of a high boulder, while the upper half of another close by, and originally of about equal size, was cut away so as to form the foundation and floor of her majesty's bed chamber. To the north are the

audience hall and the preaching rocks, in the vicinity of which are caves, where scraps of beautifully colored paintings can be found.

During the excavation work a large number of coins were discovered, the great majority of them being Roman, of the fourth and fifth century A.D., proving that the Sigiriyan merchant must have had trade relations with that Empire probably through Persia and India, or by the direct route of the Red Sea.

A short distance north, on a slight eminence, is a cave occupied by priests,



Ruins of Queen's Palace and Bath.

all that remains of a large monastery founded one hundred years before Christ, and in an adjoining cavern is a stucco image of Buddha in a recumbent position over forty feet long.

But no pen description can do justice to this marvelous fortress and interesting ruins. They must be visited to be adequately appreciated, and consequently all this article aims to accomplish is to give the reader a general idea of one of the most unique of the ruined cities of Ceylon.

In the next number of this magazine will be described Mahintale, where the Buddhist Apostle Mahinda landed upon the termination of his long aerial flight from Northern India.

Coal Mining in the West

William Blakemore, M.I.M.E.

(Greenwell Gold Medalist, 1904)

TEN years ago the only coal mines operating in Western Canada were those belonging to the Wellington Coal Company, (formerly Robert Dunsmuir & Sons); the New Vancouver Coal Co., now the Western Fuel Co.; the Canmore Mines in Alberta, a few miles West of the boundary of British Columbia; a small mine at Anthracite in the same locality; and the property of the Alberta Coal Company at Lethbridge. This comprised the whole of the shipping mines and the aggregate output approximated one million tons. At the present time all these mines, with the exception of Anthracite, are still operating. In addition the following new mines have been developed and are shipping coal in large quantities: The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. at Fernie, Michel and Carbonado; the International Coal Co. at Coleman; the Western Canadian Coal Co. at Blairmore; the Canadian American Coal Co. at Frank; the Hill-Crest Coal Co. near Frank; the Leitch Collieries near Frank; the Breckenridge Lund Coal Mines at Lundbreck; the Royal Collieries near Lethbridge; the Tabor mines near Lethbridge; the Bankhead mine near Banff; the Hosmer mines near Fernie; the Nicola Valley Coal Co. near Nicola, the Diamond Vale Coal Co. near Nicola; the South Wellington Coal mines near Nainimo, and at least half a dozen other smaller concerns which are in the early stages of development, but most of which will in a year or two be considerable shippers. The aggregate capacity of all these mines is about five million tons, a figure which would represent the shipments this year but for the temporary restriction of operations owing to financial conditions.

This is indeed a remarkable showing

and evidences not only the extensive deposits of coal in the West and the facility of access, but the enterprise of those who with very little outside capital to aid them have within the short period of ten years developed the productive capacity of the country bordering on the Rockies 500 per cent.

Before dealing with the subject from a national standpoint and showing as I hope to do, that the development of the coal resources of the West is hardly a less important factor than the development of the wheat fields of the prairies, it may be well to sketch briefly the present position of the various operating companies. The most important of these is the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., whose mines are located in the Elk Valley, extending approximately from a point ten miles South of Fernie, to a point 30 miles North, and from the Elk River in the West an average distance of eight or ten miles to the East. This Company has been operating since 1897 and has attained a capacity of one million tons a year, which with its enormous undeveloped areas should be increased to an almost unlimited extent. The Company has had more than an average experience of vicissitudes due mainly to disastrous explosions and labour troubles. But for this it is probable that development would have been much more rapid and the pioneer company of this district would have been able to supply the whole of the Southern B. C. market with certain classes of fuel. The failure to develop rapidly in the early years of the present century gave an opening to other concerns, a result which will possibly in the end inure to the advantage of the Province.

The quality of the coking coal produced by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co.

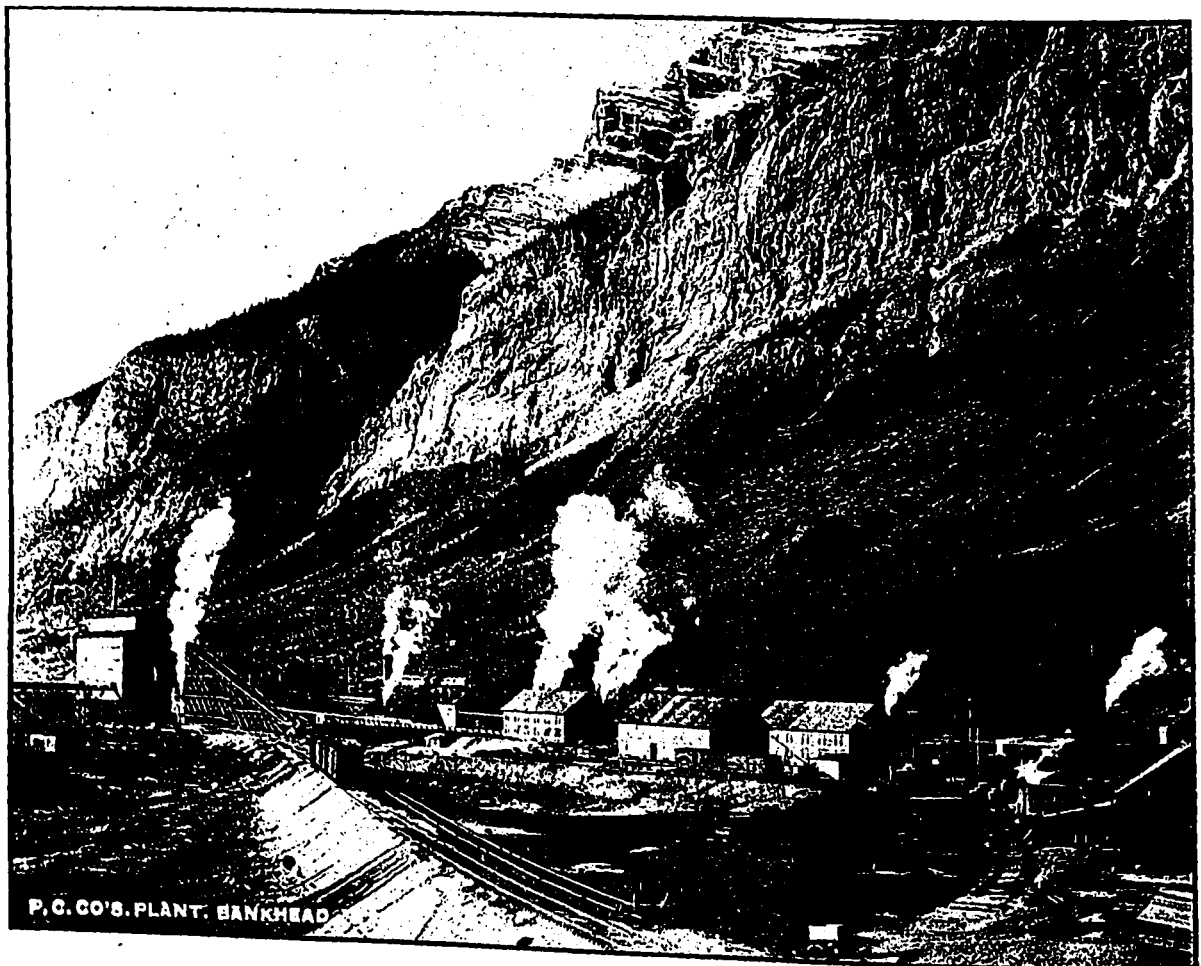
is unrivalled, but as other companies, notably the Hosmer, are now operating in the same horizon, there is no reason why coal of equal quality should not be developed, as the seams are identical and continuous.

Mention must be made of the splendid coking plant of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. In consequence of the insistent demand for coke, this Company pushed forward the construction of ovens at a great rate, and their three mining centres have upwards of one thousand. At the present time owing to slackness of trade many of these are lying idle, but with an increased output of raw coal, they should all be brought into use and the chances are that for some years to come this Company will dominate the coke market.

The Hosmer Mines, Ltd., situate only a few miles North of Fernie, have been under development for about three years and belong to a subsidiary Company of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. They are under the very capable management of Mr. Lewis Stockett, and have not been free to ship coal in consequence of a restrictive clause in the contract en-

tered into in 1896 by the C.P.R. and the founders of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. The development has been carried on with a view to having a large output as soon as this restriction was removed. The development consists of a three-compartment tunnel driven across the measures to cut the several coal seams, which here at an angle of 60 degrees from the horizontal; four seams varying from 9 feet to 30 feet have been cut, and as the tunnel progresses it will be driven with the main tunnel, and distant 60 feet from the same, for the air course cut all of the twelve seams shown on the outcrop; a parallel tunnel is driven to ventilate the mine; the seams at this place are the same as those worked at Fernie and Michel, and will furnish the same high grade coking and steam coals mined at those places.

The improvements consist of a 20x9-foot Walker fan driven by a double 16x30-inch engine connected to the fan by a rope drive; with boiler house containing three 80-horse power boilers to furnish the steam; the fan is of concrete and steel construction and the engine house of brick. A double track in-



cline 4,000 feet long with vertical height of 500 feet, and operated by a pair of 28x48-inch. first motion engines will lower the coal from the mine to the level of the tippie, which is connected with the foot of the incline by a trestle 1,500 feet long. The tippie is of steel construction with shaking screens and picking belts, and bins with a storage capacity for 3,000 tons of coal. The slack bin for storing slack for the coke ovens is also of steel construction and will hold 3,000 tons.

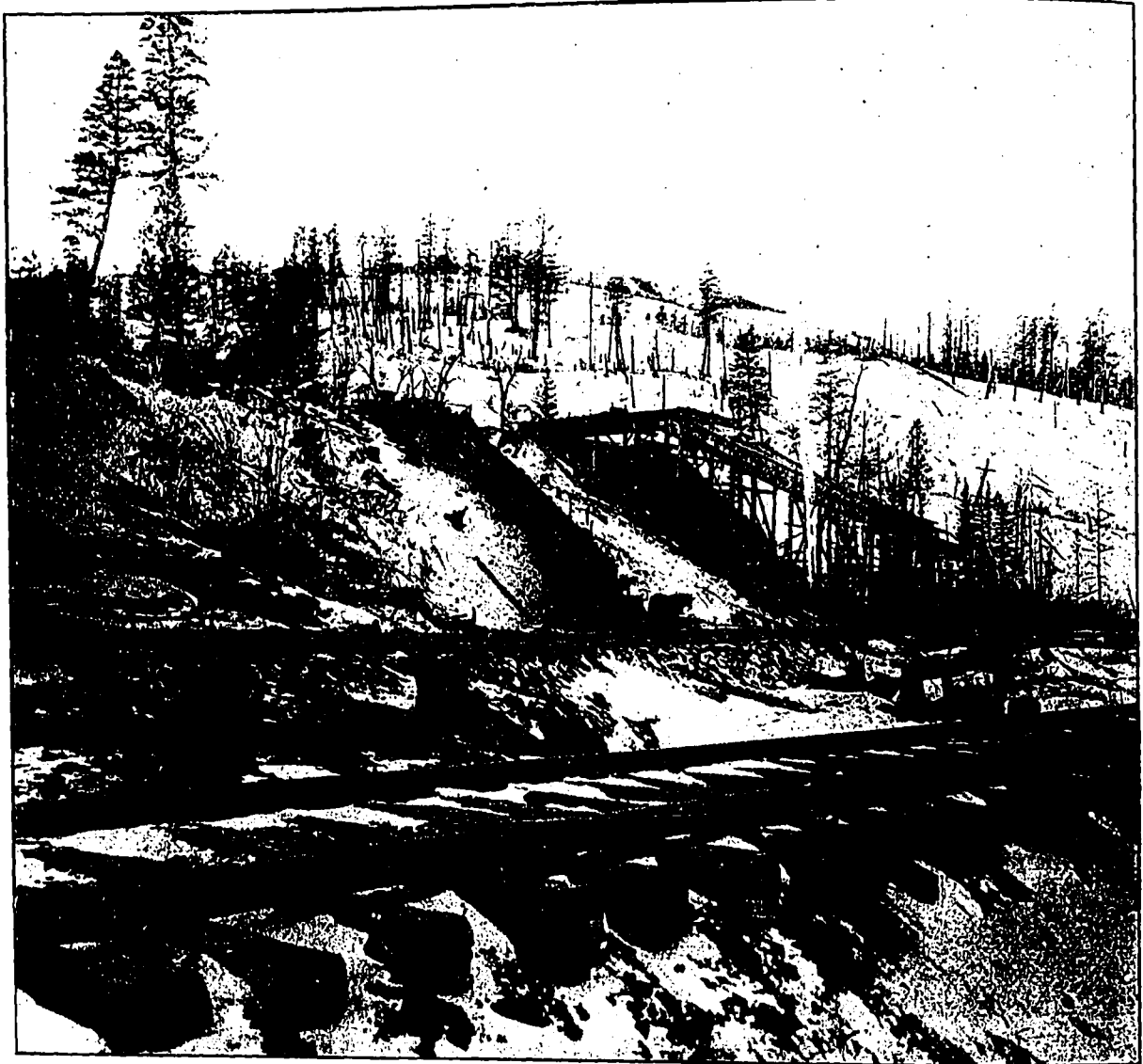
The boiler house, of reinforced concrete with steel truss roof, contains four 250 horse power Babcock & Wilcox boilers with chain grate stokers. The power house, also of reinforced concrete and steel truss roof, will contain two high pressure compressors for the compressed air locomotives, and two low pressure compressors; also two 75 k.w. generators for the electric lighting of the plant and town. The carpenter, blacksmith and machine shop is in one building and all fitted with modern tools driven by power. All of the hauling inside and outside of the mine, and the hauling of slack to the coke ovens will be done by compressed air locomotives, of which there are five in number. Two hundred and forty 12-foot Beehive ovens in two rows of 100 and 140 ovens each are being constructed, and the ground laid out for a battery of Belgian ovens. The town consists of 100 miners' cottages, either erected or in the course of erection, a large boarding house, general offices, mess house, three officers' residences and several foremen's houses. Three separate systems of waterworks, one to supply the town, one the plant and one the coke ovens, and electric light lines are being put in. It is expected to commence shipments December 1st, 1908, and as the mine is developed make large shipments of coal and coke.

Probably the next most important mine is situate at Bankhead, belonging to the Bankhead Mines, Ltd. It is also a subsidiary company to the C. P. R. The mine is located in the Canadian National Park on the Cascade River, five miles East of Banff, and is reached by a branch line two and a half miles long, which

leaves the main line at Bankhead Junction, two and a half miles east of Banff. The coal is an Anthracite coal of the following analysis:

Moisture50
Volatile	8.00
Fixed Carbon	83.50
Ash	8.00
	100.00

This is the only Anthracite coal mined in Canada. Three seams varying in thickness from 6 feet to 9 feet and pitching from 30 to 45 degrees from the horizontal are worked at the present time. The mine is opened by a water level three-compartment tunnel driven in 1,200 feet of gravel to the coal measures, at which point the tunnel branches off right and left through rock to the overlying and underlying seams. The plant consists of separate machine, blacksmith and carpenter shops, stable, warehouse, framing shed, power house, boiler house, breaker, briquetting plant and fan. In the boiler house are eight 150-horse power return tubular boilers with wide fire boxes, feed water heaters and purifiers, and induced draft fans. The power house contains a high pressure compressor, compressing air to 1,000 pounds pressure for the compressed air locomotives, with which all of the hauling both inside and outside the mine is done; a low pressure compressor compressing to 100 pounds for the use of rock drills, pumps, hoisting engine, etc., inside the mine; two 150 k.w. generators direct connected with cross-over compound engines, which generators furnish current for the electric lighting of the towns of Bankhead and Banff, as well as supply the current for several motors; and a duplex cross-over compound steam pump which supplies the water system, and furnishes fire protection for the town and works. The breaker is built on the same lines as the breakers in the Eastern Pennsylvania Anthracite field, having all the latest improvements for the economical and thorough cleaning and separating into sizes of the coal, of which the following sizes are made: Broken, egg, stove, nut, pea, buckwheat No. 1, buckwheat No. 2, Buckwheat No. 3, the last three sizes



Leitch Collieries at Passburg, Alta.

of which are used exclusively for steam coal, the remaining sizes for domestic use. The dust resulting from the mining and preparation of the coal is made into briquettes in the briquetting plant, which consists of two units, each unit having a capacity of 250 tons in 24 hours. These briquettes are used on the locomotives of the C. P. Railway on their mountain divisions, and are used as a domestic fuel, in grates, ranges, stoves and furnaces. The fan, 13 feet 6 inches in diameter by 8 feet 6 inches wide, is driven by a pair of 14x20-inch engines connected to the fan by a rope drive. The boiler house supplying the steam for the fan engine contains three 80-horse power boilers with water purifier and heater. This fan has a capacity of 200,000 feet of air, which ensures the proper ventilation of the mine, safety lamps are used as a matter of precaution although

little fire damp is given off. The town consists of 100 miners' cottages, all neatly painted and electric lighted, with water and sewer connections, and is situated on a bluff overlooking the valley and the works. In addition to these are the general offices, officers' residences, store, butcher's shop, hall, laundry, barber's shop, police barracks, school house, curling rink, and two large sized boarding houses. The market for the coal extends from Winnipeg on the East to Vancouver on the West, Edmonton on the North, and the cities of Montana and Washington on the South. The output of the mine is 750 tons per day of merchantable coal and 500 tons of briquettes, giving employment to about 400 men.

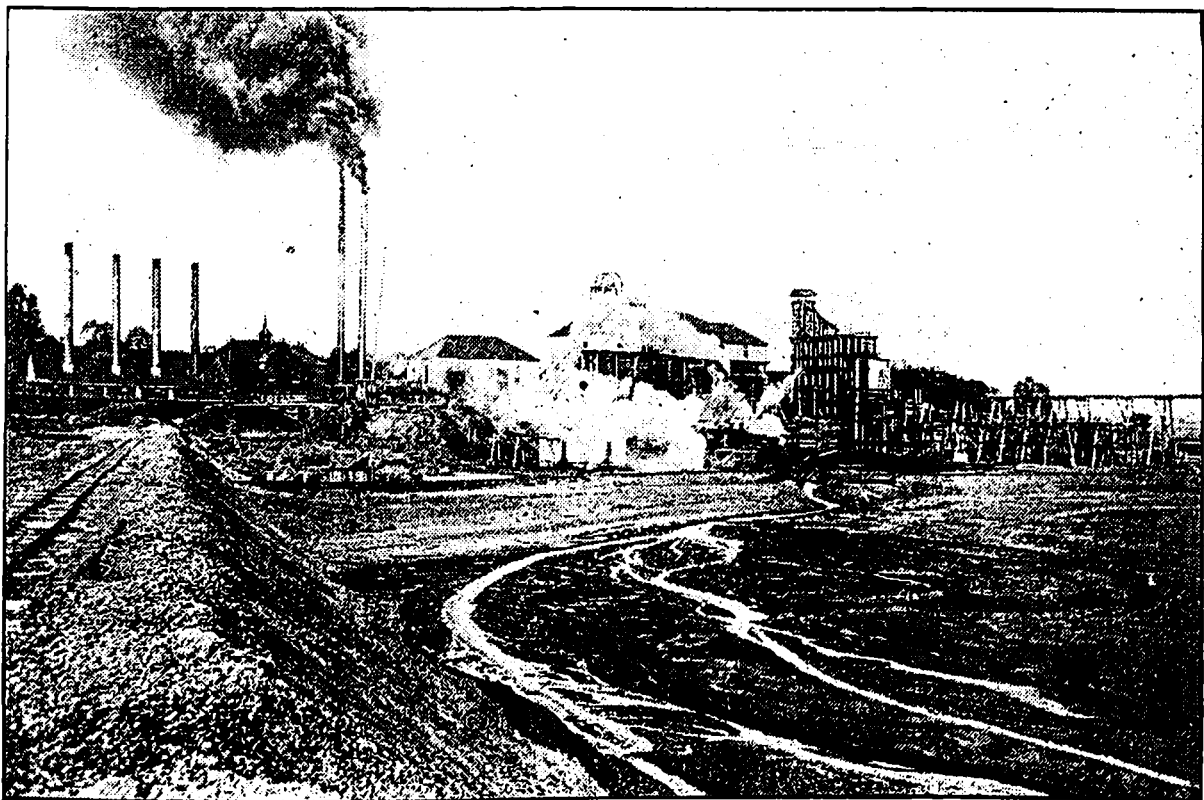
I have given full detail of these two mines because they are among the newest, and detailed information concern-

ing them has not been generally available. From the above it will be seen that they have been developed and equipped regardless of cost, and will be an important factor in the future of the West. It is estimated that the capacity of the Hosmer mine when shipping commences will be 2,000 tons per day.

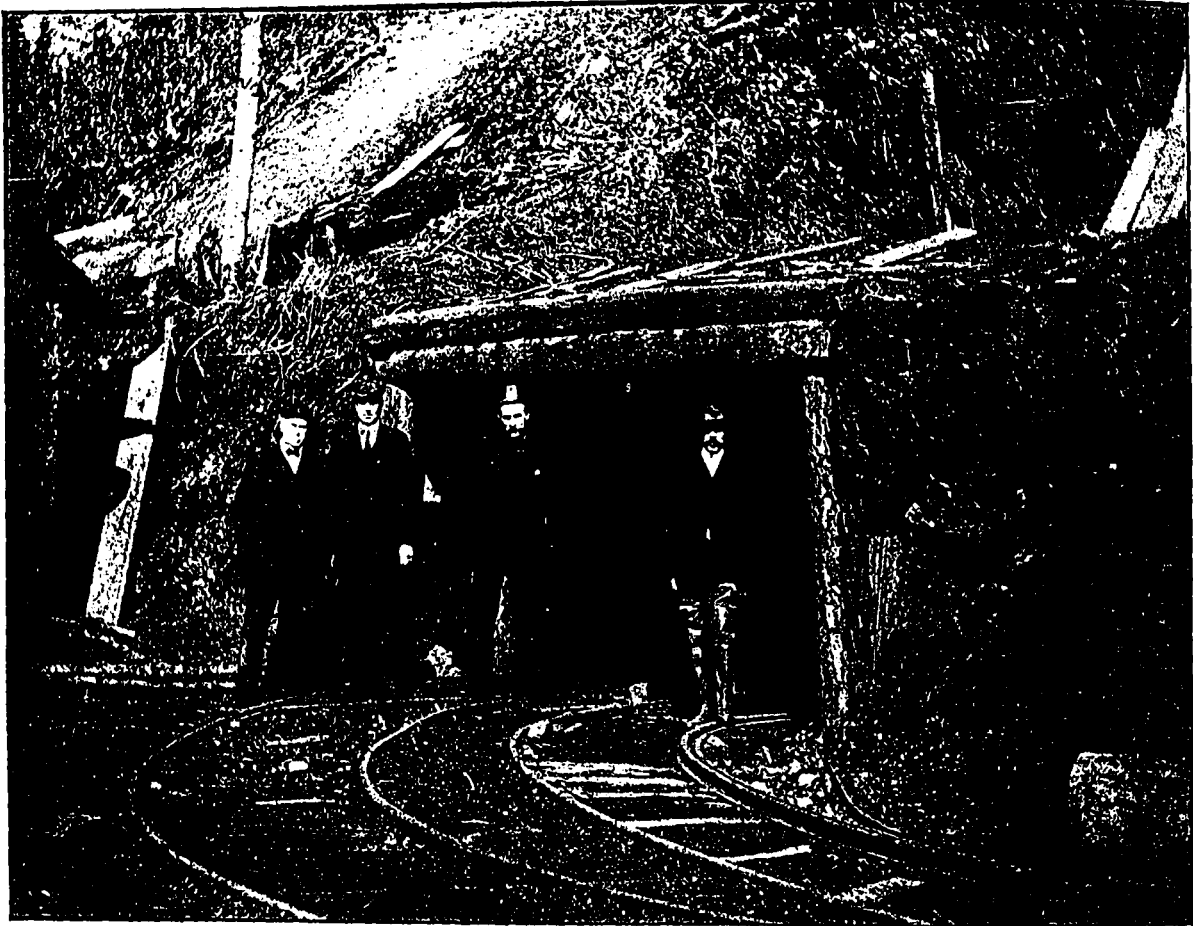
The Wellington Coal Co. with its mines at Cumberland, and Extension is the oldest Company in B.C., having been founded by the late Robert Dunsmuir, and now belongs to his heirs. The capacity of the mines may be rated at nearly one million tons a year, the shipments of coal being about equally divided between home and export trade. For many years the Company has done a large business in San Francisco and indeed has monopolized the coal trade in that city, owning extensive wharves and bunkers and generally handling the retail end of the trade. Half the output has been consumed in B. C. for steam and domestic purposes and in the large vessels which have used it for bunkering for forty years at least. The Wellington seam, from which the Company derives its title, is a high class steam coal, whilst the Cumberland seams yield both steam, domestic and coking coal. At Union Bay which is the shipping point of the

latter, there is a small battery of coke ovens. The Hon. Jas. Dunsmuir, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, is now the head of the firm and he is surrounded by a large and capable staff of officers who will maintain the excellent traditions established by the founder.

The other large producer on Vancouver Island is the Western Fuel Co., so long and favourably known under the management of Mr. Samuel Robbins as the New Vancouver Coal Co. A few years ago Mr. Robbins resigned and was succeeded by Mr. Thos. Stockett, an able and much respected Engineer who had made his mark as Superintendent of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co.'s mines. The property of the Company consists of some thirty odd thousand acres a large portion of which was acquired from the Hudson's Bay Co. Coal has been worked here since 1850, and shipments are being made both from Nanaimo Harbor and Departure Bay Harbor, at which points extensive bunkers, wharves and shipping facilities are maintained. The mines now being worked are No. 1 shaft, Nanaimo, and Northfield shaft, Departure Bay. Both mines are modernly equipped in every detail and are developed to an output of 1,500 tons daily at No. 1 mine and



Western Fuel Co.'s No. 1 Shaft, Nanaimo, B. C.



On the Surface of the South Wellington Coal Mines, Ltd.

1,000 tons daily at Northfield mine. The production in the year 1907 was over 500,000 tons; this year it is expected the total will approach over 700,000 tons.

The number of employees underground and surface runs from 1,200 to 1,400; only white labour being employed underground.

The coal produced is of a high grade bituminous variety and is well known on the Pacific Coast and commands a large market. Two seams are being worked, locally known as the Upper and Lower. The Upper seam is of the softer nature and is used principally for fuel and gas purposes. The Lower seam is hard and is recognized as the best domestic coal on the Western Coast. The coal on reaching the surface is prepared by a modern equipment, and goes to the market in excellent condition, the larger sizes being carefully hand-picked and all smaller sizes being washed.

The principal market is in British Columbia with United States, Alaska, Mexico, and the Hawaiian Islands in the order named. A large bunkering busi-

ness, that is, furnishing fuel to steamers, gives an outlet for any surplus coal over and above the requirements of B. C. An agency is maintained in London, England, and a very nice business is being worked up in this line.

These are the only two considerable operating mines on Vancouver Island, but a well known Winnipeg gentleman, who has recently taken up his residence in Victoria, Mr. John Arbuthnot, has with characteristic enterprise acquired coal areas between Ladysmith and Nanaimo and is developing a shipping mine. Up to date about 3,000 feet of development work have been completed by the aid of a temporary plant, but Mr. Arbuthnot is so satisfied with the prospects of the concern that he has placed an order for a costly up-to-date permanent plant. He is operating under the title of the South Wellington Coal Mines, Ltd.; the property is well situated and is on tide water. The seam of coal is supposed to be an extension of the celebrated Wellington seam.

More recently operations have been commenced by the Vancouver-Nanaimo

Coal Co. in the Mountain district near the Coal City. The Company claims to have located the celebrated Wellington seam, from which the late Mr. Robert Dunsmuir derived most of his wealth. Development work is proceeding and before long the concern should be a steady producer.

One of the most important coal mining centres in the Province, although one of the newest, is Nicola Valley. Attention was attracted to this, as to most other districts possessing geological interest, by the late Dr. Dawson who predicted that coal would be found underneath probably the whole of the Nicola Valley. Three years ago Dr. Ells, a member of the Dominion Geological staff, spent a summer in the Valley and made a more detailed examination of the areas referred to by Dr. Dawson. The result has been the locating of some six valuable seams of bituminous coal which under the severest tests have been proved to be of the best quality for steam and domestic purposes. These seams vary from four to eighteen feet in thickness. At the present time two important companies are operating in the Valley, the largest being the Nicola Valley Coal and Coke Co., Ltd. This Company has a very strong Board of Directors of which Mr. John Hendry of railway fame is the President. The mine superintendent, Mr. Alexander Faulds, is one of the best known and most practical mining men in the province. The Company owns nearly 3,000 acres and has already completed 8,000 feet of development work with a shipping capacity of 500 tons per day. It is estimated that 3,000,000 tons of coal have been blocked out. A portion of the permanent plant has been erected on a capital expenditure of \$200,000. From the development work about 20,000 tons of coal have been produced and shipped. Improved transportation facilities are required before the Company will be in a position to ship to its capacity, but it is understood that these are now being arranged for.

The occurrence of the coal is most favourable for cheap easy mining, access being obtained by means of levels. There is one feature in connection with this

Preliminary Works of The Vancouver-Nanaimo Coal Mining Co., Ltd.

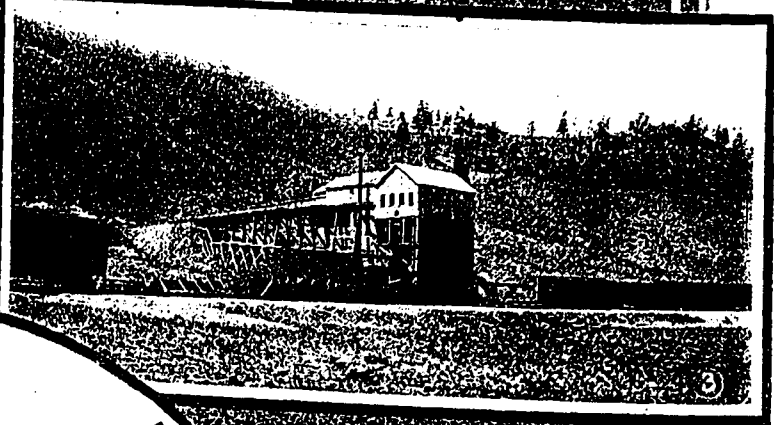


NICOLA VALLEY



COAL &
COKE
CO. LTD.

- 1. General view of the Middlesboro Collieries.
- 2. Eighteen feet of coal in No. 1 Mine.



- 3. Tipple and Screening Plant No. 1 Mine.
- 4. Entry to "Ells Seam" No 2 Mine.

concern especially worthy of note, its favourable geographical position. Being only 218 miles from Vancouver, it is the nearest producing mine on the Mainland, and will be easy of access to the Interior when connection is made with the railways in the Similkameen Valley. I fully expect to see the Nicola Valley the leading producer of cheap coal in B. C.

Following are four analyses from the different seams by Milton L. Hersey, City and Provincial Analyst of Montreal, P.Q., on May 13th, 1902:—

Laboratory No. 6395; sample, No. 1; moisture, 2.03 per cent.; volatile combustible matter, 36.70 per cent.; fixed carbon, 56.78 per cent.; ash, 4.49 per cent. Sulphur, 0.57.

Laboratory No. 6396; sample, No. 2; moisture, 3.09 per cent.; volatile combustible matter, 36.65 per cent.; fixed carbon, 53.95 per cent.; ash, 6.31 per cent. Sulphur, 0.605.

Laboratory No. 6397; sample, No. 3; moisture, 2.40 per cent.; volatile combustible matter, 37.73 per cent.; fixed carbon, 49.82 per cent.; ash, 10.05 per cent. Sulphur, 0.84.

Laboratory No. 6398; sample, No. 4; moisture, 3.16 per cent.; volatile combustible matter, 37.35 per cent.; fixed carbon, 48.54 per cent.; ash, 10.95 per cent. Sulphur, 1.09.

Alongside this property the Diamond Vale Coal Co. is operating under the management of Mr. T. J. Smith. Nearly a hundred men are employed exclusively on development work. Three-sixths of a mile of underground workings have been developed. Five seams of coal have been proved, aggregating fifty feet on thickness. The company owns 16,000 acres of land, part of it on the Cold Water and Nicola Rivers and part on the Quilchena River. The quality of the coal is practically the same as that being more extensively mined by the Nicola Valley Coal Co. The Diamond Vale Company has been in operation longer but has experienced more difficulties in the initial stages of development which accounts for the limited extent of its shipments. The Company has expended nearly \$100,000 and is vigorously pushing its operations so that in

the near future it will be a large shipper. Considering the engineering difficulties which this Company has had to contend with the management is entitled to great credit for the energy and skill which have been displayed, and there is no reasonable doubt that it is within measurable distance of achieving success. The measures in the Nicola Valley dip at a favourable angle ranging from 20 to 30 degrees.

Another important coal field which has attracted the attention of capitalists for the last eight years is situated in the Province of Alberta and lies contiguous to the Crow's Nest branch of the C.P.R. In this area are some half dozen collieries in full operation, shipping in the aggregate nearly one million tons of coal a year. At the time that the Crow's Nest mines were located west of the Rockies, little notice was taken of the formation to the East. In consequence of the numerous folds the coal exposures were crushed and the seams far from clean. Early prospecting in this field in numerous exposures yielded coal in large quantities and resulted in the discovery of thick seams, but the ash instead of running from 4 to 7 or 8 per cent. as in the Crow's Nest mines, ranged as a rule from 15 to 25 or 30 per cent. This caused early prospectors to look askance at the district, but when the pioneer workers at the Western Canadian, and the Canadian American coal mines drove further into the seams it was found that the impurity of the coal was due to local conditions and that once clear of the surface the percentage of ash diminished rapidly. The result has been the successful establishment of large and profitable mines. Dr. Dawson had pronounced these coals to be of the same horizon as those exposed in the North Kootenay Pass, and the exceptionally careful work done by Mr. W. W. Leach, Dominion Government Geologist, shows the coal seams to be continuous for many miles along the Eastern slope of the Rockies. There is little doubt that in the future there will be a much larger operating coal field on the East than on the West of this great range. The percentage of ash in the shipping mines now varies from 10 to 15

per cent., but there are seams, notably in the Leitch mines, which have not been developed, where the ash is as low as 5 per cent. These coals are most of them true coking coals, ranging from 60 per cent. to 66 per cent. in fixed carbon.

The largest shipper in this group is the International Coal So., situate at Coleman, and presided over by the well known B. C. capitalist, Mr. A. C. Flummerfelt, of Victoria. The company has been operating for about five years and has reached a dividend paying stage. Last year the production was nearly 400,000 tons, 60,000 tons being converted into coke. On the number of days worked the average tonnage for the year was 1,575. There is a good battery of coke ovens and the coke produced found a ready sale. The profits last year amounted to \$251,000, being nearly 9 per cent. on the capital. Upwards of 500 men are employed. A prosperous town has been established at Coleman and the future of this important concern would seem to be assured. The coal seams at this as at all the other mines in the district are entered by means of levels.

Although the International Coal Co. owns the largest developed mine in the Blairmore district, it was not the first in the field. For several years before it started, Mr. Fleutot and his associates were busy searching for coal and finally located the extensive areas belonging to what is locally known as the French Co. A large sum of money has been spent on these mines which have attained a capacity exceeding 1,000 tons a day, a tonnage not commensurate with the outlay. The properties are valuable and the seams of coal of the same quality as those at the International mine. As the seams are easy of access there is no reason why a very large tonnage should not be wrought.

The most important shipper in this section is the Canadian-American Coal Co., operating a Frank mine originally owned by H. L. Frank of Butte, and his colleague, S. W. Gebo. This company only mines one seam which is from 12 to 14 ft. thick and practically vertical. The system adopted is probably the most economic but the mine has been unfortunate in losing quite a number of lives

through the slipping of the coal in the chutes. This is the property which was overwhelmed with the phenomenal landslide of seven years ago when about a hundred lives were lost and the side of the mountain swept away a large portion of the town of Frank and left the surface strewn with boulders for a distance of several miles. The coal is of good quality and fairly hard, harder in fact than many of the seams which have been worked in the district. The bulk of it has been disposed of for steam purposes and a maximum daily output of one thousand tons has been attained.

A few miles further East there is a group of newer mines. Messrs. Breckenridge and Lund, the well known railway contractors, have acquired areas and are developing a mine at their new townsite, Lundbreck. They have shipped a small tonnage and expect within a year or so to be able to place nearly a thousand tons daily on the market.

At Hill-Crest, reached by a branch line four or five miles long the Hill Crest Coal Co. has for the last five years been developing a coal property. It claims to have an extension of the Frank seam of coal and has expended upwards of \$250,000 on plant, including a portion of the permanent plant and a branch railway. It is just getting into the market with a fair tonnage and claims to have a daily capacity of 500 tons.

Perhaps, however, the most important coal property in this section, and one which I believe is destined to become the most important coal mine east of the Rockies, is that being opened up by the Leitch Collieries, Ltd., some six miles East of Blairmore at a location which has just been named Passburg. I inspected this property and reported on it in 1900, being most impressed by the fact that the seams were less disturbed than in any of the adjoining properties, and showed on analysis a higher percentage of fixed carbon, and a lower percentage of ash. I tested one seam 14 feet thick which gave only 5 per cent. ash and 66 per cent. fixed carbon. The formation as sketched on Mr. Leach's sectional plan shows that in this property the measures dip to a plane, when they run comparatively level and crop

up again on the other side of the basin. This gives a large accessible area and brings practically the whole of the coal within workable distance of the surface. The Company has spent up to date \$60,000 on development work in the opening up of two adits, the building of a railway spur and the erection of necessary buildings and workshops. Two main tunnels have been driven, one a distance of 900 feet with about 500 feet of coal overhead. This mine will by the end of the present year have a daily capacity of nearly one thousand tons. The second tunnel is in 300 feet, the seam dips at an angle of 60 degrees and the two under operation are respectively eight and twelve feet thick. The Company has proved the existence of twenty workable seams on this property. All the operations bear out my report of 1900 and I am still convinced that within a few years if development work is carried on in a scientific manner and to the best advantage, this will be the largest coal producer in Alberta or British Columbia. The quality of the two seams being opened is equal to the best Fernie coal, in every respect, and the coke produced there is also of the same grade.

The Alberta Coal Co. at Lethbridge is one of the noted coal mines of Western Canada, and with the exception of those on Vancouver Island is probably the oldest, having been in operation for nearly thirty years. It originally belonged to the Galt family, but subsequently a large amount of English capital was introduced, and the late Baroness Burdette Coutts became the principal shareholder. The coal is a high class lignite, analysing 50 to 54 per cent. fixed carbon, and low in ash. It is much in demand for steam and domestic purposes and is an especial favourite for the latter because it flames and does not clinker. This Company had vicissitudes in the early years of its history, but under the most capable management of Mr. P. L. Naismith seems to have overcome all its difficulties, and is today one of the best equipped and prosperous mines in the country. It has a capacity of one thousand tons a day and has no difficulty in disposing of its entire output.

The Royal Collieries are just being opened up by a new company, of which Mr. A. C. Flummerfelt is President. The Tabor Mines are also being operated and in common with the Royal are producing a small tonnage of lignite.

It is not necessary to particularize further, although a general survey of the coal situation would not be complete without mentioning the fact that there are many other prospecting Companies in the field. On the North Elk, sixty miles North of Michel, enormous areas of coal of the Fernie horizon have been located and substantial development work been done, indeed sufficient to prove that in the years to come there will be half a dozen large operating companies with outputs equal to the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. It is not a question of coal, simply of demand. Several areas have been acquired in the Flathead country and others to the East of the Rockies in Southern Alberta and upon all of them coal has been located. Travelling North, P. Burns & Co. own what will some day be an important property near the Livingstone range. Still further North at Sheep Creek and other points nearer to Calgary seams have been exposed. At Edmonton coal has been worked on a small scale for thirty years, and only recently steps have been taken to establish a large mine between Edmonton and Strathcona.

Within the last six months Mr. Jas. McEvoy who for seven years has been Geologist and Consulting Engineer to the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., and before that was for many years a member of the Geological Survey, severed his connection with that Company to take employment with a large German syndicate which has acquired areas of semi-anthracite and high class coking coal. The areas are situated near Innisfail, and if Mr. McEvoy's prospecting work, under way this summer, results as he expects, he will have a free hand to develop an enormous property.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the fact that at many points on the prairie lignite coal has been exposed. The well known Souris mines have been in operation many years and have furnished welcome domestic and steam fuel to the

settlers. But this class of coal is so high in ash that it is only used where better qualities are unattainable.

The latest discoveries and those which are probably destined to revolutionize industrial life in the West are in the new district of Northern B.C., which will be traversed by the oncoming railway systems. In the Telkwa Valley, the Bulkley Valley and near Pine Head Pass are untold areas of high class bituminous coal which within the next ten years will be brought into the market by the creation of transportation facilities.

Although the subject is fascinating I cannot pursue it further for lack of space, but I want to conclude this brief survey of the situation by pointing out that the resources of Western Canada are only just beginning to be revealed. Losing sight of the precious metals and regarding coal and iron only, I am convinced that we are within measurable distance of the time when this great new Western world will cease to import its manufactures and will produce within its own borders, by the development of its resources, everything which industry can

contribute to the upbuilding of a civilized country.

In the Province of British Columbia and within a strip, say one hundred miles in width, on the Eastern side of the Rockies stretching longitudinally from the International boundary to a point which has not yet been determined but which must be many hundreds of miles to the North, have already been found coals of every grade from cheap domestic fuel to high class coking and steaming coal. If the same attention had been paid to the deposits of iron ore already discovered, the two necessary raw materials would have been exploited, and the problem of the establishment of an iron and steel industry would have been solved. I am convinced that this is the next great move in the West; it will come soon and when it does not only will it revolutionize every social and economic condition, but it will furnish an impetus by means of which the country will be built up at a rate little dreamt of even by those who have witnessed the industrial growth of Eastern Canada.

Poppies.

Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

A goblet of red on an emerald stem,
 With dew on its brim and a clear sparkling gem.
 She raises aloft a frail glittering cup—
 While the Sun-god stoops lower, her beauty, to sup.
 But hark to the wind sweeping down through the corn—
 And the poppy lies dead ere a new day is born.
 The leaves from her bosom have fallen apart
 Disclosing dark poison deep hid in her heart,
 The corn shakes her tassels—the Sun flaunts his gold—
 And purple-tipped shadows the poppy enfold.
 Our pleasures like poppies—alas are soon spread—
 While poison oft lurks in the cup's gleaming red!
 And o'er their enchantments when sullen minds creep—
 The scarlet glow dies, in the dim halls of sleep.

Magazine Publicity in the Upbuilding of the West.

William Bittle Wells.

WHEN considered in its broadest sense, there is probably no question which confronts the West today that bears more directly upon the welfare and progress not only of states and communities, but equally upon the prosperity of the individual so much as that which is involved in what we know to-day as *community publicity*. There are questions, it is true, of greater import—questions, for example, of religion or of morality. But we may even go so far as to say that in its most inclusive sense the right kind of community publicity includes even these.

Fundamentally, the idea behind publicity is a selfish one, and any appeal for support of an advertising campaign for a state, province or a community, must rest primarily upon the selfish basis. Yet, there has been during the past five years a decided tendency to lift community publicity above the sordid considerations of immediate selfishness and to inculcate into it a certain and peculiar spirit of nobility.

It seems to me, therefore, that any consideration of community publicity along the narrow line of mere selfishness is not only a mistake, but a failure to take into consideration the development of this great idea to its present and far-reaching influence upon the future welfare, progress and prosperity of the entire West. "Community publicity," as I have come to understand it, is not merely "advertising" and nothing more. It is not simply raising a fund to spend on "printer's ink" or for the services of an expert to tell how to advertise or to give the "glad hand" to the new comer. Community publicity in its present development, and especially in view of its

present tendency, is something far different from this.

Rightly considered, "community publicity" means first of all, a desire not only to secure prosperity for the individual, but it means that the individual can rise above mere selfishness sufficiently to lend a helping hand to his brother. It not only typifies the spirit of the West, but it IS the spirit of the West. It is the concrete expression of Western enthusiasm, Western energy, Western optimism, Western belief in itself and in the grandeur of the future. It is the *tangible method* of expressing all these things. In fact, it is a great subject—indeed an illimitable one.

It means renewed *personal* pride—clean back yards, lawns with roses, clean paved streets, better buildings, brighter homes, greater loyalty. You may say this is civic pride. It IS civic pride, but civic pride is only one of the important phases in this movement of community publicity; for where civic pride stops, that which we call community publicity (for the want of a better name), takes up the thread and carries on the idea suggested to undreamed of heights.

Therefore, the Ad man—the professional booster—if you will, the representative of a community in the great work that it is doing, is, I maintain, a public benefactor. His work, its tremendous influence and its far-reaching possibilities are only just beginning to be understood. All indications seem to me to point to an awakening in this respect, and to a consequent magnification of the office and responsibility of the community representative.

Viewing the subject in this light, it is eminently fitting that the mouthpiece of

the movement, as it were, should be as dignified and in as permanent a form as possible. There is, therefore, no medium to-day so well qualified to represent the various phases and characteristics of this movement as the modern Magazine. It was in recognition of this fact that the great Harriman system decided to publish a Magazine, and in May, 1908, established "Sunset." Not only was it found necessary to select a Magazine as a mouthpiece of the Western movement on account of the peculiar conditions of the West, but the Magazine *form* lent itself readily to the purposes desired. This is a Magazine age, and articles in a Magazine carry a greater weight than they do in any other form of periodical literature. The theory was, and is, that it would be impossible to secure the same measure of desirable publicity in any other form of literature. It was largely a recognition of the same facts which led to the establishment of the Pacific Monthly in October, 1898, and every other Western Magazine that has seen the light of day even for a brief time.

I think I am clearly within the bounds of facts when I say that no other two agencies in the entire West have accomplished so much to bring the West into desired prominence as Sunset Magazine and the Pacific Monthly. The mission of Sunset has been especially to aid in the upbuilding of the West, and it has done its work so well that it is a recognized factor everywhere in the development of the West. Both Sunset, the Pacific Monthly, the Overland, Westward Ho!, and other Western Magazines have created places for themselves unique among the Magazine literature of the world, and it is an interesting fact that in so far as a Western Magazine has deviated from its clear mission of giving Western material and telling the wonderful story of the West, so far has that Magazine failed of sup-

port, both in its circulation and advertising departments, from the East and from the West. In other words, the nation has come to look upon a Western Magazine as having a different mission and a broader perspective than possibly the Magazines which are conducted for profit alone, and in so far, also, as the Western Magazine has become provincial and devoted to its energies solely to one section, so far has it failed of support and consequent success. New York may be provincial, or Boston, or Toronto, or London, but the West NEVER. Its Magazine must be broad-minded. They must represent the spirit of the West or they will be false to their mission and untrue to every theory which justifies their publication.

It is a universally acknowledged fact that Western Magazines especially and Magazine publicity in general, have done a great work in the upbuilding of the West. It has, indeed, been an invaluable work. It is hard to overestimate its influence. The work for the Magazine in the future, however, is infinitely greater. Its possibilities almost stagger the imagination. All the great movements of the centuries are culminating on the shores and islands of the West. To represent these truly and graphically: to tell the greater story of the greater West; to aid in the amalgamation of the commercial and aesthetic sentiment; to portray adequately the beauties of the West; to stand in the van of the humanitarian ideas that are sweeping these wonderful Pacific Coast regions and are making our country greater and better and life happier and more livable; to stand for *something* and be *something*; to take this great question of community publicity and life it as can be done into the realms of the infinite—this is the burden, this is the opportunity, this is the ideal of the Western Magazine. *What will be done with it?*



The Making of a Boot

Howland Hoadley.

Among the many manufactories of which Western Canada boasts, not one is more successful than the Leckie Boot Factory. It is the only one in the Dominion which makes a specialty completely suitable to the requirements of the climate. It produces a boot which, resisting the wet and penetrating dampness of melting snow, looks well and keeps its shape as long as it lasts. A boot cannot be better than the leather of which it is made, and the experience of J. Leckie & Co. has taught them that the best materials are the cheapest in the long run, and their stock is consequently the very best that money can buy.

The top floor of the present factory, situated on the corner of Howe and Dunsmuir streets in Vancouver, is devoted to the various grades and qualities of leather. Here is the hemlock-tanned stock, which has been found by experience to be the best for heavy soles, though the "Rock-Oak" cannot be equalled for some purposes.

Further along are the other grades from which the uppers are cut, such as Chrome, French and Veal Kip, Kangaroo, calf-skin and tan, together with the various sorts of grain leather, as also can be seen bundles of raw-hide, which plays an important part in strengthening and stiffening boots of the heavier grades. On the floor below the actual boot-making begins. It is here that the

soles and heels receive their first treatment. A machine brings the leather to an even thickness, then passing between rollers under tremendous pressure, which adds materially to its toughness, it is rendered almost impervious to dampness and water. Also, a special machine compresses the heel stock to the utmost, to make it solid and durable. Now the leather is ready to be shaped into soles and heels. Sometimes this process is done by hand, otherwise by means of dies and heavy machinery. When completed the soles, of all sizes and shapes, are ready for the uppers. Almost of equal importance with the lasting quality of the sole is the upper and its component parts—the actual leather, the vamp, the tongue and lining, which in some patterns are rendered waterproof by an interlining of oiled duck canvas, and in one style—which is Leckie's own idea—where the vamp and tongue are one continuous piece, the boot is perfectly waterproof, unless the wet penetrates the leather itself.

One of the weak spots in most heavy boots is where the counter ends, but this has been overcome by one of the latest designs of the company. The shank is reinforced by raw-hide, which actually prevents leaking and protects this place under hard usage.

The uppers themselves are always cut out by hand, and no dies are used in



**THE
LEATHER
BOOTS**



Archer Bros. Co.

this particular part of the work, which assures an accurate fit, while the tongues are specially made and crimped to conform exactly with each boot for which they are intended.

Girls operate long rows of machines used for the lighter sewing, while skilled men do the heavier stitching work, with the thread running through a pot of molten wax. This is performed infinitely faster, smoother, more even and solid than by the old-fashioned hand process. These heavy stitching machines are wonderful pieces of mechanism, but the most complicated machines in the factory are those which punch out the holes, set the eyelets and hooks, clinching them smoothly just at the right distance apart, and so firmly that they never slip or pull out.

The next process, where the skill of the workman comes to the fore, is the putting together of the uppers and soles. Hand men drive home the tacks, drawing the leather tight and smooth over the inner soles. This is called "lasting," because inside the boot is the form or last around which the leather must closely fit. There is also a machine for this purpose, one of the most human instruments that have ever been devised, as it performs its work as accurately as by the "hand-men," and at the same time is a wonderful saving of labor. Another contrivance also drives in some 600 pegs every minute, cutting them off smooth and even on the inner side. The heavy grades and logger's boots are reinforced by brass wire screwed into the leather. This wire is threaded, and greatly strengthen the life of the boot. A machine known as a "heeler" drives dozens of nails into place, which are clinched on the inner side. After passing along lines of smoothing and polishing machinery of every description, the boot is completed—except in the case of those intended for the logger, which must have their soles studded with sharp spikes or "calks," to prevent slipping.

What most loggers complain of in the ordinary heavy boot is that "calks do not hold," even though he drives them into place himself, and consequently he denounces his purchase as "no good." The fact of the matter is that the spikes are

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We agree to make you hear ordinary conversation, providing you can still hear thunder.

We wish you to see a new electrically sensitized hearing device called the Electrophone, that instantly causes even the deafest people to hear clearly.



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The very best result we can promise you as a reward for using the Electrophone is the complete, lasting restoration of your hearing. Next to that in importance is the certainty that the moment you apply this marvellous little instrument you will be able to hear clearly and distinctly, either in public or private. This scientific electrical sound conducting instrument fits snugly over the ear, as shown in cut. Its purpose is to magnify sound waves and throw them directly on the ear drum in a manner according to nature. The result is your deaf ear is exercised just as well as ears are, and after a while most people find their hearing has become as good as ever. Meanwhile, however, with the Electrophone attached you can hear even the faintest sound without strain, effort or embarrassment, and your pleasure is vastly increased by the assurance that no harm is being done, as is the case with artificial eardrums, trumpets, etc., that poison and ruin the ears of all who use them. Come and test the Electrophone Free. We agree to make you hear. You will receive courteous attention and not be urged to purchase. We would advise, however, that when you have tried an Electrophone exactly suited to your degree of deafness, you pay a deposit on it and try it at home. Those who cannot call should write for our free illustrated booklet and list of satisfied users of the Electrophone.

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Remember the Electrophone will open up a new world to you. Perhaps you are only looking for temporary relief, but you will find that it will do much more. **The Electrophone Gradually Restores the Natural Hearing.**

We satisfy 99 per cent. of our patrons, because we sell all instruments subject to one full month's trial. Free trial to all who call. Free booklet to all who write. Write to

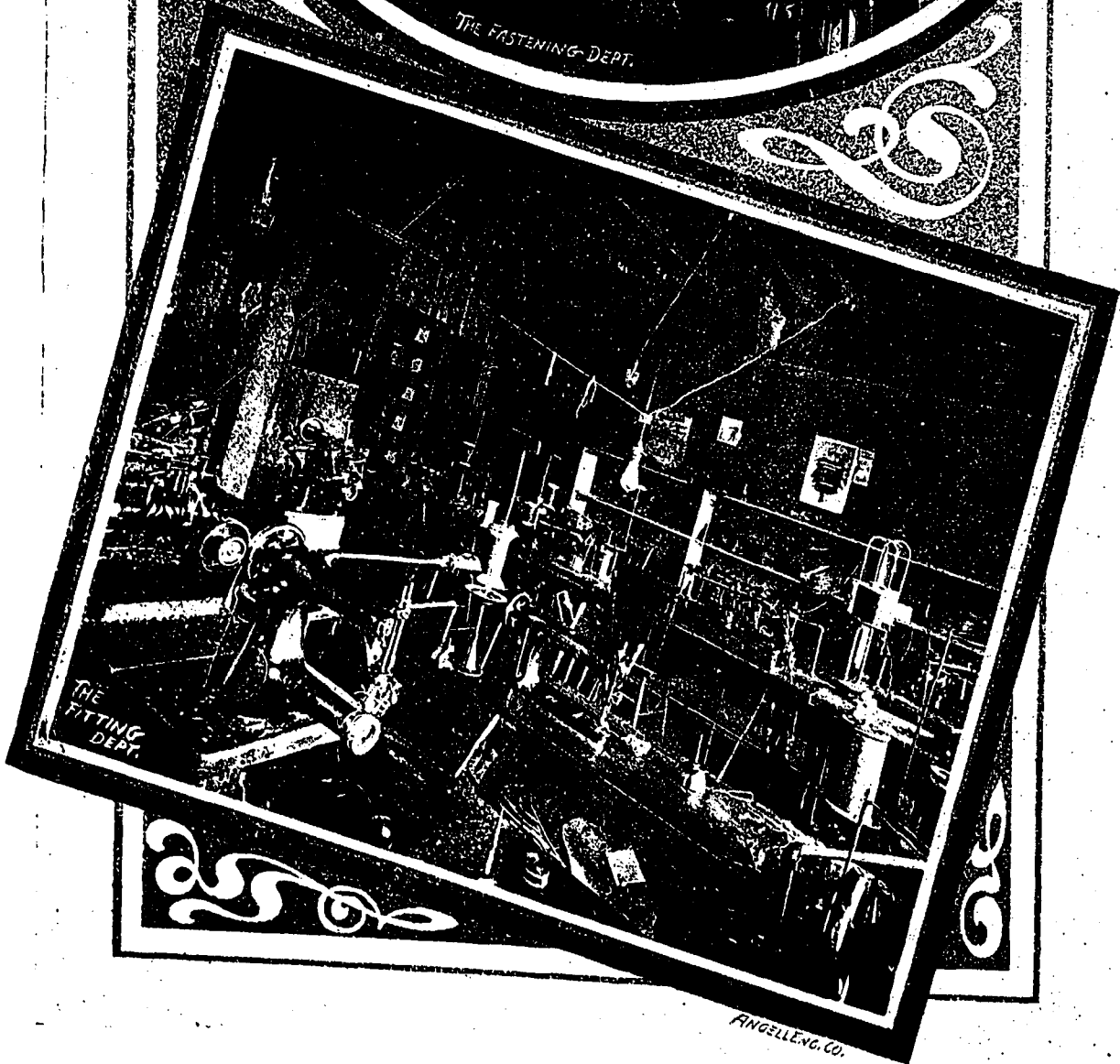
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THE LECKIE BOOT



set when the leather is bone dry, either on the end of an anvil or block of wood, and it is the fault of his workmanship rather than because the leather is no good that the calks do not hold. But in the Leckie Boot the calks do hold. In their factory the calking is done while the boot is still on the last, while the sole is damp, or, to use the technical expression, is "in temper." This avoids the slightest possibility of the sole springing or the fastenings being injured. The factory is unique in this respect: it aims to turn out the very best article of its class, and gives absolute satisfaction where boots and shoes are necessary for any special purpose.

Mr. W. H. Leckie, secretary of the company, himself says: "We are now operating the best plant we can get. We propose to keep on improving our product as far as we can. We are not yet satisfied, for we want to make it still

better if possible. We do not hesitate to put in new machinery that will better our goods along the lines of style, special devices for improving the wearing or wet-resisting qualities of our boots. We have men constantly studying up new ideas, for it is the little things, taken together, which add to the superiority of the whole. The company is now building a new factory, 66x142 feet, on the corner of Cambie and Water streets, which when completed will be six stories high, not counting the basement. In addition to the enlarged work-rooms, it will contain the business offices as well as a spacious warehouse. It is conservatively estimated that with the new machinery to be installed, the output of the present factory will be more than trebled, though it will not materially increase our employees, which now number about forty hands, with an annual pay-roll approximating to \$16,000."

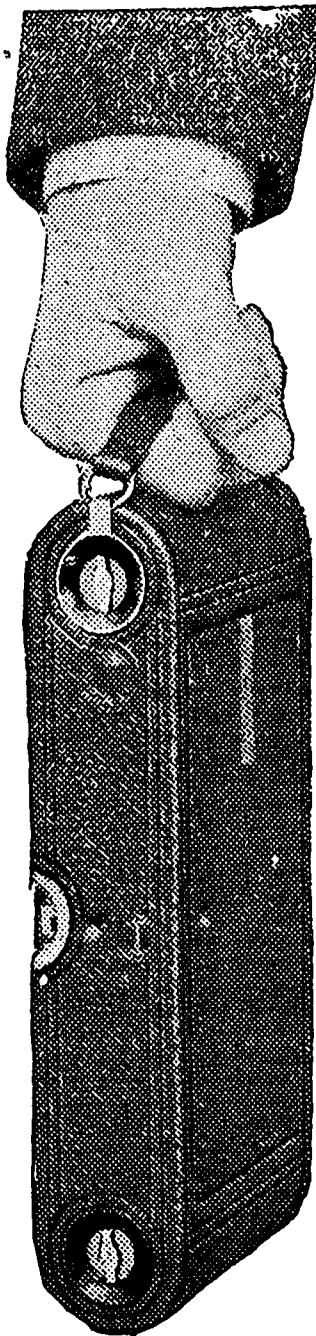
British Columbia from a Financial Standpoint.

Louis King.

WE, in British Columbia, are proud—and justly so—of our beautiful Province, its position geographically, its climate, its scenery, and its illimitable and varied resources; we are also proud of its connection with the great Dominion of Canada, and it is hardly necessary to add we are not less proud of its connection with the Mother Country—Great Britain. This latter connection, too, is going to become increasingly close, as the Britisher gradually realizes the wonderful potentialities of this section of the Empire.

The possibilities in the Province for labour are already being perceived by men who desire more scope than the Old Country can readily afford. The hitherto little-known land beyond the Rocky

Mountains is seen to be a country teeming with opportunities to the right class of men—sober, industrious, ambitious workers. Labour, however, if unaccompanied by capital in a proportionate measure, will not altogether avail in causing Nature to yield up her secrets or unlock her caverns of wealth. At the present time the desideratum for British Columbia is capital, and the individual or company that can bring about to any extent the union of these two—British Columbia industries and investments, and British capital, is, apart from private enrichment, doing a national service which will go a long way towards cementing and preserving the *entente cordiale* existing between the Mother Country and this fair section of her Empire.



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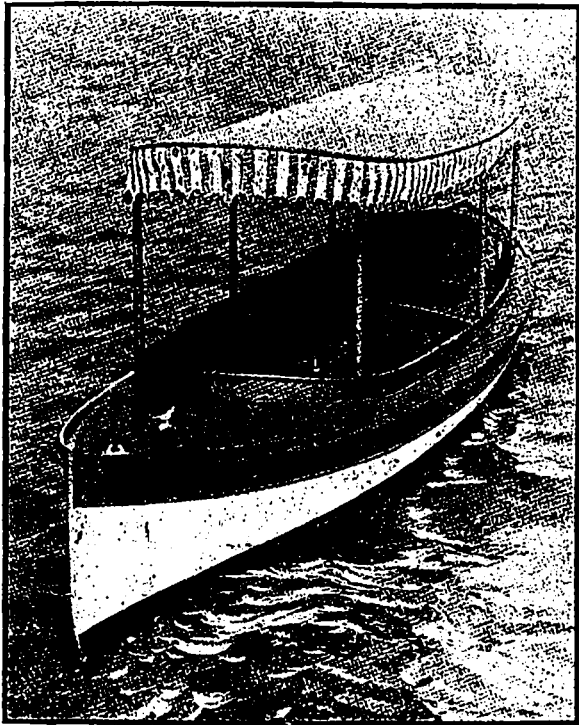
It is a matter for wonder that there should not be far more financial corporations, with offices both here and in Great Britain, for the express purpose of securing British capital, by means of fixed deposits, for investment in this Province. A double purpose would be served: the people in the Old Country would receive higher rates of interest, and the West would benefit by a quickening of its existing business and an inaugurating of new industries, as well as a general unlocking of its rich resources.

Whatever tends to the general weal of the Province or community must directly or indirectly reach the individual, whether he be actively engaged in business or not: consequently any financial company of standing, carrying out this work, ought to receive the support of all who are honestly concerned for the best interests of the country. It has been found to be productive of lasting and remunerative results in connection with other colonies as well as with the United States, and why not with British Columbia—one of the fairest and most richly-dowered sections of the whole Empire? Several financial corporations have already taken up this business—the Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, having been early in the field—and there is room for more, especially in view of the resources of the northern part of the Province being speedily tapped by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

Just now there is in course of organization a new Chartered Bank for British Columbia—indeed, the only bank British Columbia can call its very own—and a special feature of its business is intended to be the bringing of the magic key of British capital to facilitate the development of the commerce and industries of the Province. From the point of view of public-spiritedness and loyalty to one's Province, as well as the desirability of having a sound, gilt-edged investment, the Bank of Vancouver undoubtedly merits, and is securing, the support of business men and others in the community. British Columbia has admittedly great possibilities, and as for the City of Vancouver, one can scarcely be too rash in making predictions regarding its future greatness; and assuredly no

small factor in that development yet to come will be the Bank of Vancouver with its net-work of branches in the Province, and its chain of correspondents encircling the globe.

An influx of capital, coupled with an influx of population of the better sort—hard-workers and brain-workers—will greatly accelerate the march of progress in this fair Pacific land of ours.



MADE IN THE WEST.

One of Letson & Burpee's 26-foot open family launches. This well known Vancouver firm has made several boats from this design, and, for a comfortable family boat, it has proven very popular. The engine is located well forward, so that one man can easily care for it and look after the steering of the boat. The after cock-pit is of good size, with comfortable high-back seats, and the boat will easily seat a dozen people. They have installed both a six and a nine horse-power engine in this boat. With six horse-power it will make eight miles per hour, and with nine horse-power ten miles per hour.

Velvet Cream Means a Velvet Skin

Velvet Skin Food is a clean, sweet cream, never sticky, never greasy.

Its nightly use softens the skin, cleanses the pores and eventually removes all wrinkles.

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P.S.—We will be glad to mail you a sample if you mention Westward Ho!

“The Boundless Boundary.”

A. D. Macfarlane.

TENACITY! Enterprise! Embolden in these words is the history of the founding and subsequent up-growth of the city of Greenwood—the financial, commercial and mining centre of the ‘Boundless Boundary.’ These are words written two years ago—two years in which every day has been steadily evolving for the “Boundless Boundary,” and particularly for that part of it directly tributary to Greenwood, a future bristling with opportunity and promise.

The low-grade copper mines of the Boundary are known over the world,—New York, London and German capital, all being well represented in the companies operating them. In the calendar

year 1907, they sent 29,423,866 pounds of fine copper to the markets of the United States. They have been worked extensively for several years, yet they have today more ore blocked out for mining than has ever been taken from the mines. They appear inexhaustible.

The pay roll from the companies operating in low-grade ores include more than 2,000 names, and the pay checks for 1,200 of these are made out in Greenwood. More than a quarter of a million dollars a month are paid in wages to these men.

From the high-grade gold and silver mines within a radius of two miles from Greenwood there have been taken more than \$900,000. Quite recently a consoli-

ROYAL CROWN WITCH HAZEL TOILET SOAP

It is a DAINTY SOAP for DAINTY WOMEN, for those who wish the BEST; a soap that is



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and yet sold at the price of ordinary soap;

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

clation of several of these companies operating in the North Belt has been accomplished and the new company will drive a tunnel three miles in length to tap the leads at depth and thoroughly prospect the mountain. This will mean the employment of a considerable force of men at a very early date, and may mean a future for the capital city of the Boundary greater than its inhabitants can comprehend. The company directing this immense undertaking is the Greenwood-Phoenix Tunnel Co., Ltd.; its capitalization \$5,000,000; paid-up capital \$2,000,000.

Greenwood has achieved its present development through the exploitation of its measureless mineral resources. It will continue its permanent and successful existence through the natural growth of its mining industries, which are now in the best of hands, but it will find a larger, wider and steadier progress through the attention given to the cultivation of its auxiliary resources,—the great stretches of fruit lands and the fertile sub-irrigated hundred acre patches of

excellent ranching land that abound along the waterways of the district and on the benches of its hills.

All men are not miners. That is perfectly obvious. It is also clear that miners must eat and that with the twelve hundred workmen of Greenwood, their families and their merchants, there is a market that courts attention.

In Greenwood, the average wage of a miner is \$3.15 per day of eight hours. In Greenwood last winter eggs were selling for 75 cents a dozen, chickens from \$6 to \$9 a dozen, and apples for over \$2 a box. Oats, f.o.b. at Greenwood to-day bring \$38 per ton and hay \$30. These are simple facts.

There are other facts. Along Boundary Creek, on which Greenwood is situated, there are more than 7,000 acres of unemployed land, suitable for hardy fruits, vegetables, hay and oats. This land, unimproved, can be bought at present for \$5 an acre. It is almost all exceptionally well watered from the surrounding hills and lightly timbered. It is the common local contention that no

WRITE TO-DAY

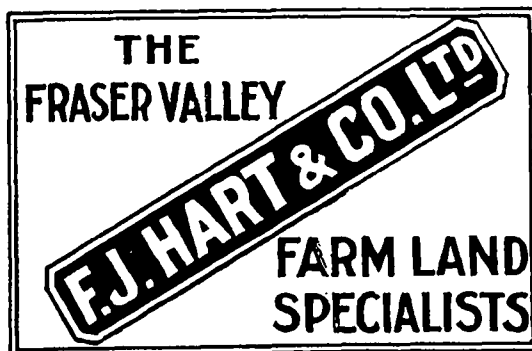
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Bon-bons, ice creams, sodas, etc., may be made decidedly more toothsome than ordinarily by the addition of a few drops of

"CRESCENT MAPLEINE"

Its absolutely pure and wholesome and produces a rich creamy maple flavor that experts pronounce perfect.

It also makes smacking good table syrup—the kind that appeals to the most fastidious—for less than 60c. per gallon.

If your grocer can't supply you send us 50c in coin, stamps, post office or express money order for a 2-oz. bottle.

Your money back if you're not satisfied.

**CRESCENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. I—SEATTLE, WASH.**



more delightful climate can be found than in the valley of Boundary Creek. Except for a very few weeks in the early spring, winds are scarcely known, and the long, bright, sunshiny days make growth prolific. It is an ideal place for a homestead.

The townsite of Midway, situated directly along the International Boundary, where Boundary Creek flows into the Kettle River is generally acknowledged to be the most beautiful townsite in British Columbia. Along the benches of the hills which rise from it are some of the most wealthy ranchers in the Province. With the construction of the C. P. R. and the Midway and Vernon railways west from Midway, it will become an important town, but at present the recent decision of the Midway Townsite Company to throw the Murray ranch or western division of its property into fruit lands opens another and an immediate future for Midway. An irrigation scheme has already been outlined, and it will be only a very short time until the banks of the Kettle River will rival, if not surpass, the shores of Okanagan Lake.

On the benches above Midway, successful orchards of thousands of trees are already bearing fruit. Apples, plums and berries form the safest and most lucrative crop. The experience of the ranchers, so far, has been in favour of apples of the hardier varieties, the Duchess, the Gravenstein, Wealthies and Yellow Transparents. Peaches have been grown, but the farmers favour the apple, for which there is a large and steady local demand. The soil on the hills is a volcanic ash which oxidizes freely and does not sour. It is sub-irrigated, and besides the fruits mentioned above, carries exceptionally well with grain.

West of Midway, but still tributary to Greenwood lie the areas of the Kettle Valley Irrigated Fruit Lands Co., Ltd. This company owns 2,554 acres of fruit lands, 700 acres of which are under cultivation and could be put either into crop or fruit at once. There are already in orchards 175 acres. These properties extend along the main Kettle River for 12 miles. An irrigation ditch has been constructed through the property, and an abundant supply of water is already ob-

tainable and in use. At present the company has fifty men, setting the land with fruit trees, extending the ditch by laterals and in clearing more land. It is selling its properties rapidly.

All these things are of recent development. But side by side with the vigorous growth of the great mineral industry under the British Columbia Copper Co., and the Dominion Copper Co., at Greenwood, there has been a scattered but continually increasing occupation of the land of the country for ranching purposes. The men who have taken up these homesteads have shown what the soil can support, and the Greenwood district is now on the threshold of a progressive development of its farming industry. In the West Fork country, adjacent to the Sally and the Duncan, high-grade mines operated by local capital, there are forty thousand acres of land suitable for fruit raising and mixed farming. Rev. Father Jean Ferrour, who has resided until lately not far from Stettler, Alta., and who in the past three

years has brought many people from Savoy, France, recently purchased 2,685 acres near Carmi, and he considers this the richest valley for mixed farming in Southern British Columbia. Rev. Father Ferrour is placing settlers on this land, and is now negotiating for the purchase of 3,000 acres more in the same locality.

The phenomenal success of the mining industry has hidden, by the brightness of its refulgence, the farming possibilities of this district. As a result it offers today in fruit raising, in farming and in light timbering opportunities for the settler that can scarcely be found elsewhere in British Columbia.

THE BADMINTON HOTEL.

Under the able management of Geo. Parry, the Badminton Hotel has become one of the most popular resorts in Vancouver, B. C. Everything has been renovated and modernised, and it now takes rank as one of the best family and tourist hotels on the Pacific Coast. It has perhaps a better position, both for quietness

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The following are the members of the above Exchange and these brokers are all prepared to buy or sell for clients any shares quoted on the local or any authorized exchange:

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E. W. McLEAN, 501 Pender Street.

F. J. PROCTOR (Mahon, McFarland & Mahon), 543 Pender Street.

C. D. RAND, 450 Granville Street.

H. E. A. ROBERTSON, 441 Seymour Street.

H. J. THORNE, Room 25, Davis Chambers.

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and comfort, than any other place in the Terminal City, and Mr. Parry is to be congratulated on the manner in which he has succeeded in placing the Badminton in such a splendid position for the care of his guests.

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Buying retail by mail is a comparatively new feature in Western business. The idea originated in the mind of a retail clerk in Chicago in 1860, whose resources totalled \$65. To-day the house that bears his name does an annual business of thirty millions, and the goods sold by this plan run into the hundreds of millions. Henry Birks & Sons, Limited, the well known Canadian jewelers, issued their first illustrated catalogue of 29 pages more than ten years ago, circulating principally throughout Eastern Canada. A few clerks were sufficient to handle the initial year's business, but the idea of buying by mail has become so general and popular that a staff totalling over 100 are required in Montreal, Vancouver and Winnipeg to

fill the great volume of orders created by the catalogue. Those who receive Birks' catalogue year by year have doubtless often remarked upon the artistic tastes and quality displayed in its creation. The 1908 catalogue contains 122 pages of the best paper and fine copper illustrations obtainable. No expense is spared to make the book a worthy representative of a "Name" and "Stock" which has such a reputation for quality throughout Canada. Securing articles to illustrate and make leaders in their respective lines is a very difficult but important work. Buyers from each department search the markets for one to perhaps four articles that merit being illustrated and stocked as leaders, considering quality and price. The remarkable growth of Henry Birks & Sons' mail order business may be traced to their policy of giving entire satisfaction in all transactions, thus winning a name for reliability and quality. Errors will happen, popular lines will be under-ordered, but the guarantee, "satisfaction or money refunded" is the assurance of the customer.

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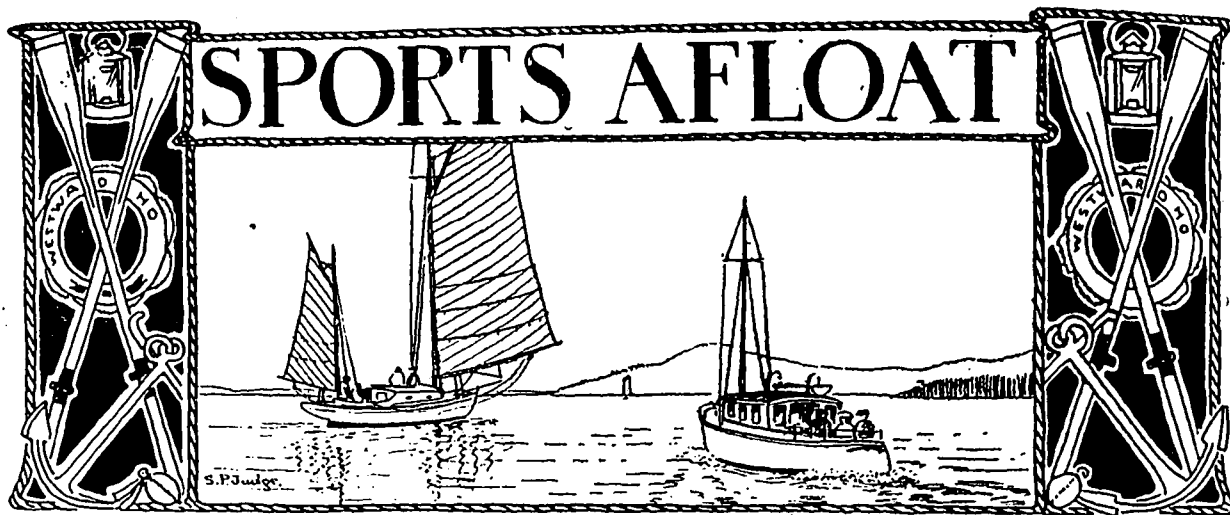
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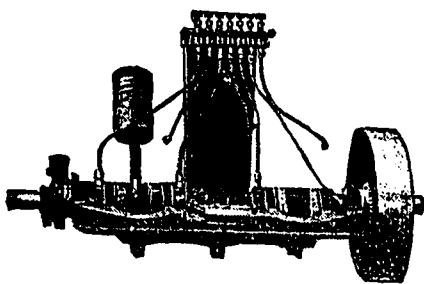
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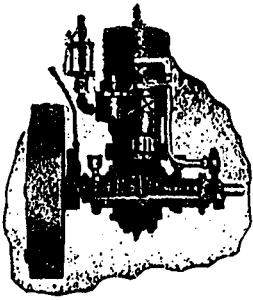
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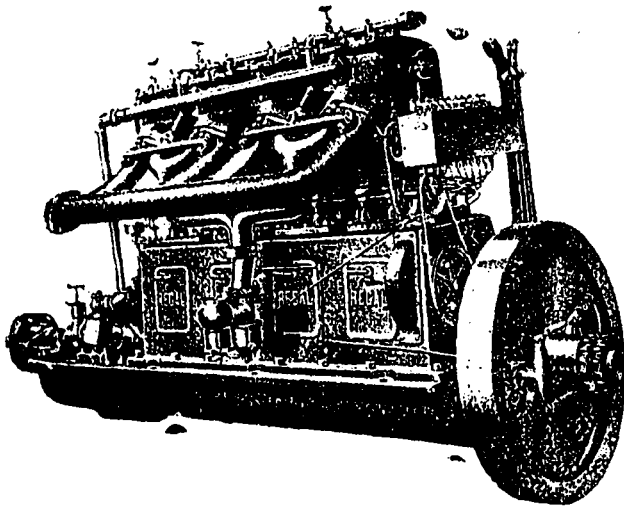
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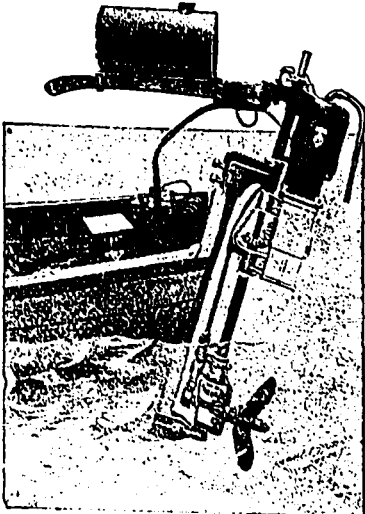
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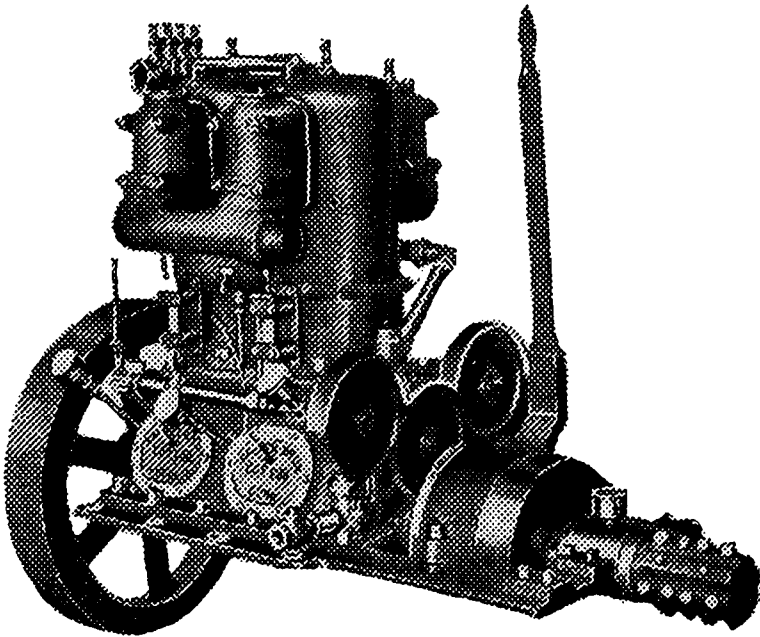
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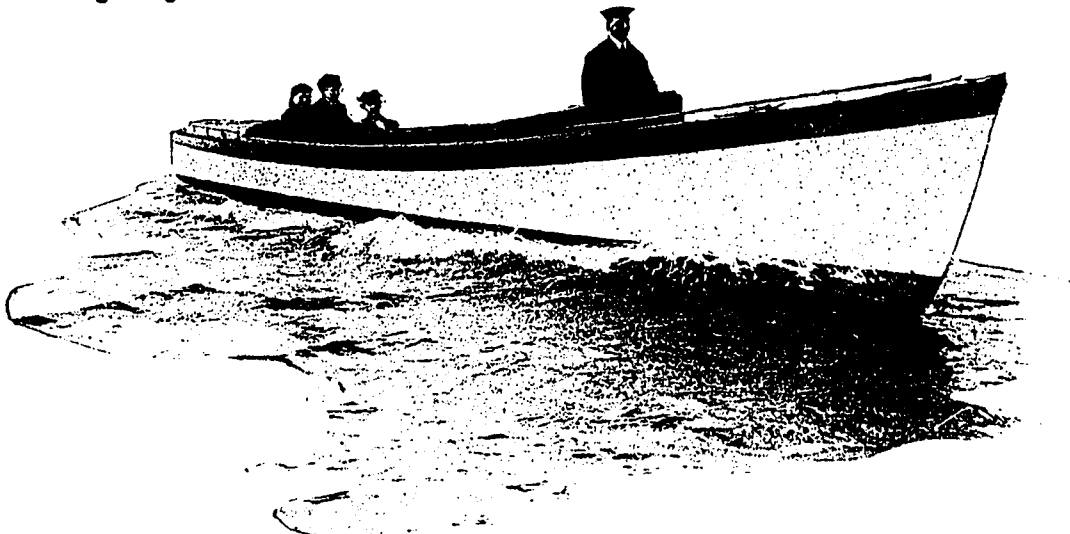
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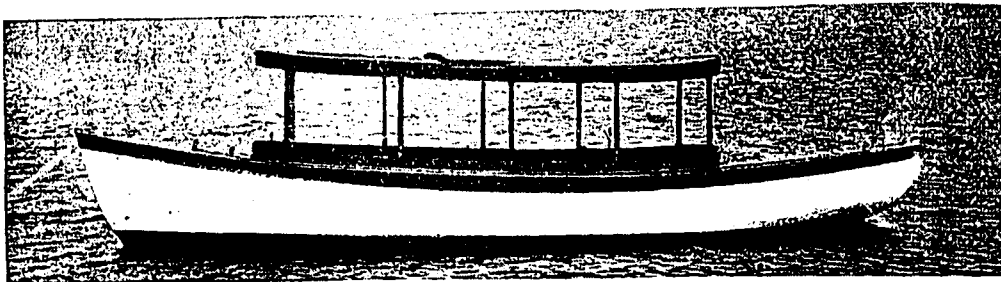
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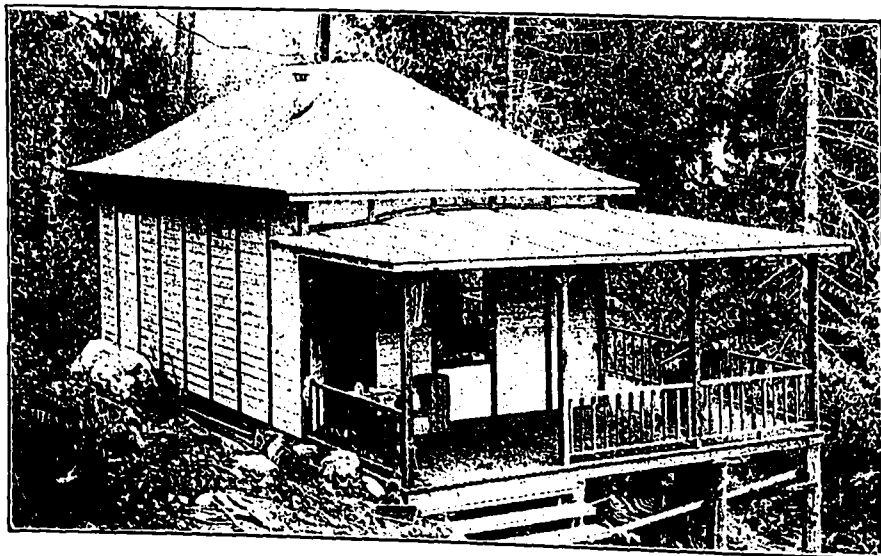
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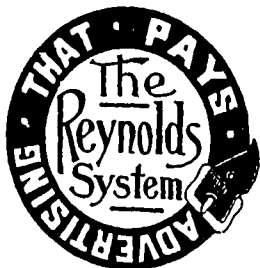
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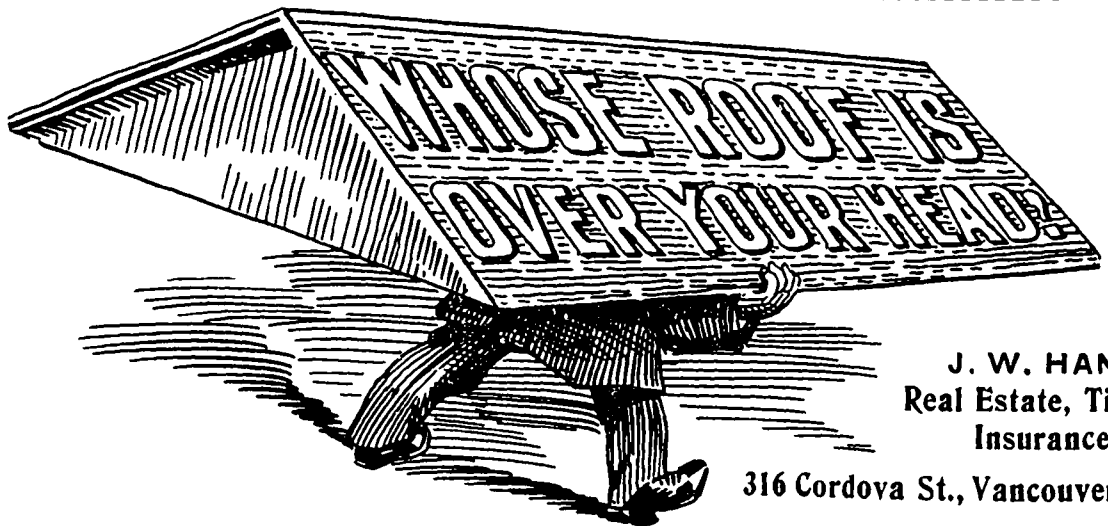
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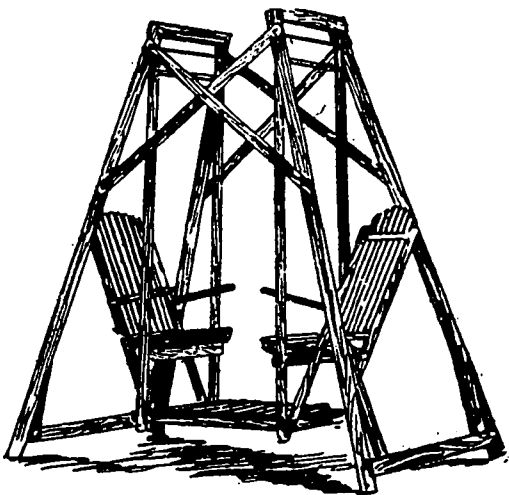
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Are Ripe**

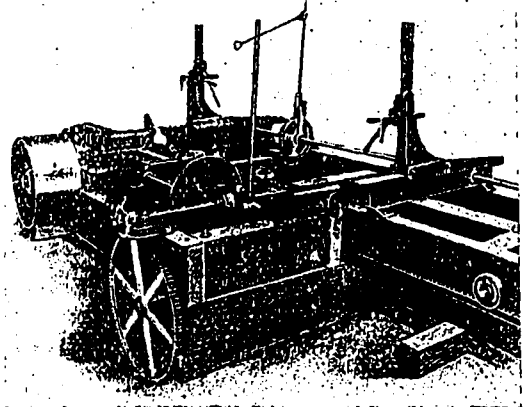
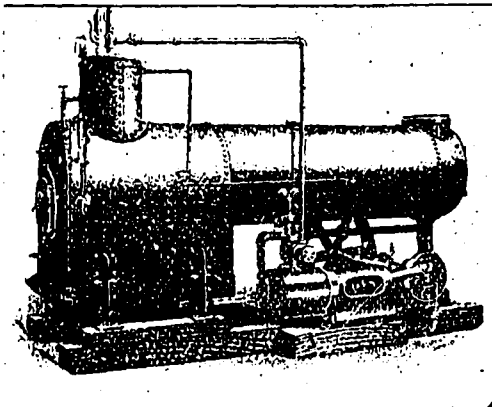
They are a comfort to the old and a pleasure to the young.

Very substantial and very reasonable in price.

Made in two sizes, single and double.
Call or write.

DAVIDSON & LABSIK
610 Seymour St. - VANCOUVER, B.C.

Saw Mill Machinery



MITCHELL MACHINERY COMPANY

E. F. MITCHELL, Manager.

27 Imperial Building, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Any size—Any power—5 M to 500 M daily capacity.
Complete Logging Equipments, Donkey and Railroad.

If you are interested in the economical production of lumber, better let us give you a few facts about the saw-mill best suited to your requirements. We furnish everything in the saw-mill line, and are especially strong on the heavier patterns. A word from you will bring our catalogue and other information. Write now.

A "NEW ART" Bell Piano

BUILT IN CANADA with a CANADIAN ACTION

Is Selected and Purchased by

VANCOUVER COUNCIL OF CHOSEN FRIENDS

after examining many different makes.

Mr. Montelius, Vancouver, B.C.,

Dear Sir,—I am instructed by Vancouver Council of Chosen Friends to write you a letter which you may use as a testimonial if you wish to do so. The Piano purchased from you a few weeks ago has proved to be all you said, and even surpasses our expectations. Its tone is sweet and mellow, and the style all that one could desire.

Believe me to be,

Yours truly,

(Signed) MRS. M. MARTIN, Rec.

7th Ave. and Manitoba.

Recently the Okanagan College at Summerland purchased three New Art Bells in one order. They use Bell Pianos exclusively.

The I. O. O. F., Vancouver, have purchased two

Just received another carload of Bell Pianos with the patented "Bell Sustaining Metal Frame" (a new and valuable improvement).

You are invited to call and see these new styles.

The Montelius Piano House Ltd

439-441 HASTINGS STREET

Vancouver's Largest Piano Store.

THE IDLER MAGAZINE
 Edited by **ROBERT BARR.**
JULY NUMBER

The real reason why you should order the **July IDLER** early from your News-agent is because the New Story "**Easy Money**," by Bertram Atkey, begins in that number. Although **THE IDLER** has always presented good stories by new writers, the Editor considers he is particularly fortunate in securing "**Easy Money**." It is filled with humorous situations, and supplies the thrill which a search for hidden treasure always affords. **THE IDLER** does not claim to have found the artist who illustrates the story, for it is humorously illustrated by G. L. Stampa, a well-known contributor to "Punch."

The **JULY IDLER** also contains six complete stories, including "**The Opportunity of Failure**," by Robert Barr, and "**How the Way Was Opened**," by Charles McIvaine.

Further interesting subjects are:—"**A Study of H. G. Wells**," by Holbrook Jackson. And **THE IDLER'S CLUB**: The Imperialistic Camp. How Colonials are Trained. The Adaptability of the Australian Stock Whip.

PRICE SIXPENCE

From all Booksellers and News Agencies, and at Railway Bookstalls. Single copies as specimens Post Free on receipt of Ninepence in Stamps. **Yearly Subscription, Nine Shillings, including Postage to all parts.** **Special Rate to Canada, Six Shillings and Sixpence.**

THE "IDLER" OFFICE,
 33 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden,
 LONDON, W.C., ENGLAND.

**I Need A
 TRAINED
 Man**



"Yes, I'm sorry, too, that you cannot fill the position, but what I need is a trained man—a man who thoroughly understands the work."

"No, there's no other position open—we've hundreds of applicants now on the list waiting for the little jobs. This position calls for a trained man. Good day."

That's it. There's a big call for the trained man—the man who can handle the big things—the man who is an expert.

You can easily receive the training that will put you in the class of well-paid men. You can't begin to understand how quickly the little coupon below will bring you success. Already it has helped thousands of men to better paying positions and more congenial work. It will cost you only a two cent stamp to learn how it is all done. Just mark the coupon as directed and mail it to-day. The International Correspondence Schools have a way to help you.

• During September 202 students voluntarily reported better positions and higher salaries secured through I. C. S. training.

Don't fill a little job all your life when you can so easily move up in the world.

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NOW is the time to mark the coupon.

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in sketching
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Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

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Mechanical Draftsman
 Telephone Engineer
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IN THIS DEPARTMENT OF CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING YOU CAN OBTAIN PUBLICITY FOR LITTLE COST. THE RATES ARE ONLY 25 CENTS PER LINE PER INSERTION; SMALLEST SPACE ACCEPTED, FOUR LINES; LARGEST SPACE FOR ONE ADVERTISEMENT, TWELVE LINES. CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS. FORMS CLOSE 10TH OF EACH MONTH. ADDRESS MANAGER, CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, WESTWARD HO!, 536 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

MASSAGE

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For Turkish, Russian, Electric and Sulphur baths go to the Sultan Turkish Baths, 649 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C. Commutation Bath Tickets.

RESTAURANTS.

The Granville Cafe—\$5.00 meal tickets for \$4.50. Four course dinner, 25c. Special breakfast, 15c. Neat, clean, homelike. Trays sent out. 762 Granville St., opposite Opera House, Vancouver, B.C. W. F. Winters.

REAL ESTATE.

Victoria Realty offers a judicious investment. We have some particularly fine residence sites on the sea front; acreage on the outskirts and good inside business property. The Pacific Coast Realty Co., Victoria, B. C.

FREE TRIP to Tacoma, Wash. Ask for full particulars and booklet illustrating the "New York of the Pacific." National Land Investment Co., Inc. 401-421 California Bldg., Tacoma, Wash.

Vancouver Rural and Urban Realty will pay investigation. Our lists are at your disposal by writing. York & Mitchell, Real Estate Brokers, Hastings St. W., Vancouver.

OFFICE FIXTURES BUILT.

We manufacture Store, Office, Bank, Church, Barber Shop and Hotel Bar Fixtures and Furniture. The V. B. C. Novelty Works, 1002 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

TUITION.

A. N. St. John-Mildmay, M.A., (Winchester and Oxford), has had 22 years' successful experience in all kinds of Tuition, Classics, Mathematics, English, French. Classes or singly. For terms apply 897 Ninth Ave., West., Vancouver, B.C.

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The place for your Cushions, Awnings, Spring Berths, etc., Langridge & Co., 1039 Granville St. Phone B 1460, Vancouver, B.C.

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Repairs of Watches, Jewelry and Optical goods at lowest prices. All work guaranteed. 18 years in business. Mail orders a specialty. Albert Ufford, 237 Carrall St., Vancouver, B.C.

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Special advertising ideas carefully carried out in line or wash for the press. Designs for catalogues or magazine covers in colors. S. P. Judge, Studio, Room 17, Hadden Block, Vancouver.

TIMBER LAND WANTED.

I have capital to purchase timber. If needed will advance money to cruisers to pay for advertising or licenses. E. R. Chandler, Suite 1 and 2, Jones Building, Vancouver, B. C.

AUCTIONEERS.

We conduct auctions of Household Goods, Real Estate and Live Stock anywhere in the Province, Kingsford, Smith & Co., 167 Cordova Street, Vancouver, B.C.

FURRIER.

Repairing, Re-dyeing and Remodelling at lowest prices. Furs stored for the summer. San Francisco Fur Co., E. A. Roberts, 919 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.

MACHINISTS.

Lawn mowers sharpened and bicycle repairs are our specialties. Vancouver Model Machine & Cycle Works, 980 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.

FOR SALE

Boat-hiring Business in Victoria; boats, boat-house, going concern; splendid stand, paying well; good reasons for selling; price reasonable. Apply X. Y. Z., Box 315, Victoria, B.C.

Neglected Opportunities

Of the hundreds of thousands of acres of great virgin forests of softwoods in the West almost all was either subject to entry or for sale at very low figures ten years ago. Few realized that choice timber claims—then so easy to acquire—were so soon to be worth thousands of dollars. A few realizing how rapidly the American forests were disappearing took advantage of conditions in Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia to acquire all the timber lands possible while it was to be had at such low figures. As a result they have made immense fortunes—fortunes that will continue to grow more rapidly in the future than in the past.

Gifford Pinchot, chief forester of the United States, declares that at the present rate of consumption the timber supply of the United States will be exhausted in twenty years and that the hardwood supply will be exhausted in from twelve to fifteen years.

Did you take advantage of the opportunity to secure some of this timber when it was to be had for only a fraction of its present value, or did you neglect it until it was too late?

At the same time this timber was being secured so cheaply much of the best farming and irrigated land of the state of Washington was also being homesteaded, or bought at prices so low as to be almost unbelievable now.

These wonderful opportunities were not taken advantage of in a large way until within the past ten years. The West was sparsely settled and not much developed up to that time. The first to take advantage of such conditions naturally realized the greatest profits.

Until recently Americans invested little or nothing in other countries. They have neglected opportunities in Mexico which surpasses anything heretofore existing in the United States or Canada.

This Company has taken advantage of the opportunity to secure one of the finest and best located hardwood timber tracts in the world. It is in Mexico just across the Gulf from Louisiana and Texas and is within two miles of ocean transportation.

The varieties of timber comprise mahogany, rosewood, Spanish cedar, lignum vitae, and other kinds of the most valuable woods known to man.

The tract is a very large one and averages 20,000 feet (board measurement) per acre.

A limited amount of the capital stock of the Company is offered for sale. All shares are fully paid, non-assessable, and equally participating.

The timber will bring investors returns many times more than the present cost of shares.

After the timber is removed the land is unsurpassed for tropical plantation purposes. Good tropical plantation land brings returns equal to the best irrigated land of this country.

Banana, rubber and sugar-cane plantations yield enormous profits.

This Company's land is admirably suited for the cultivation of these products and a great many more such as oranges, lemons, limes, pine-apples, cocoanuts, indian corn, cocoa, etc.

It is your opportunity now to participate in this proposition. Are you going to neglect it? \$200,000,000 of foreign money, two-thirds of which is American capital, is now being invested in Mexico annually. It has been prophesied that in the next ten years Mexico will produce more millionaires than any other country in the world.

Do you want to participate in these profits? It is safe to say you will never have another opportunity offered you that is the equal of this one.

Drop us a postal for prospectus and let us tell you more of this proposition.

Chacamax Land Development Company

American Bank Building, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.

References:—National Bank of Commerce, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.

North Vancouver.

The business part of the City of North Vancouver, situated opposite Vancouver on the north shore of Burrard Inlet, must by reason of its harbourage become one of the most important ports of the Canadian Pacific. Present communication with Vancouver is by half-hourly ferry, but the Vancouver, Westminster & Yukon Railway route, as filed in the Provincial Registry Office, is along the city shore line, and if the subsidy now before the Dominion Parliament, application for which is supported by both cities, be conceded, that railway should be enabled rapidly to connect the new city with the railroad systems to the south and later with the Grand Trunk road to the North.

Population is understood to have doubled since the city was incorporated a year ago.

The residence part of North Vancouver will, it is believed, be the model of future cities and a credit to Canada. Its plan is a great departure, its realization, now materializing, a land-mark in city construction. Seven hundred yards from the harbour and parallel with the shore line a great highway fifty yards wide is registered for over a mile in length. On this, as a base, the plan is that of a rough quadrangle of boulevards surrounding the central mile of the City and supported by numerous parks and grounds, each comprising from four to twenty acres. The Boulevard three hundred and forty-six feet wide, forming the eastern side of this quadrangle, is now nearing completion. In itself it is almost a park—a mile long and over one hundred and fifteen yards wide. Should present operations be continuously prosecuted until completion of the quadrangle, two years hence should see North Vancouver famous all over the continent as par excellence the sample of a residential city.

The official agents for the townsite company who are carrying out this great work are Messrs. Mahon, McFarland & Mahon, Ltd. Pty., of Vancouver, to whose generous and broad-minded policy is largely due the development now taking place. The adjacent property, which has a magnificent view, is likely to be on the market this summer, and is expected to become the most coveted residential locality in the district. Though it has not definitely been decided what the prices will be, it is anticipated that cleared lots fronting on the Great Boulevard will be in the neighbourhood of \$1,000 when first put on the market. Homeseekers can obtain information about the property from any real estate agents in North Vancouver.

If You Are Looking for a Business Opening or a Safe Investment

GO TO

TELKWA

The Commercial Centre of the BULKLEY
VALLEY, B. C.

TELKWA is located in the very center of the famous Bulkley Valley at the confluence of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers.

TELKWA is surrounded by the richest agricultural land in Northern British Columbia.

TELKWA is adjacent to the unlimited coal fields of the Bulkley Valley and within a few miles of the rich copper mines of the Telkwa Valley and the Hudson's Bay Mountains.

TELKWA is now the distributing point for the Bulkley and Telkwa Valleys and with the construction of the great transcontinental railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, through the Bulkley Valley is bound to become in the near future one of the most important inland cities of Northern British Columbia.

TELKWA offers exceptional opportunities for those looking for new business openings and safe paying investments.

Why not buy now while prices are low and locate there before the rush? There are openings in almost every line of business.

For further information write or call and see what we have to offer.

J. L. FOREPAUGH

ROOM 14, JONES BUILDING

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.



Incorporated 1905.

Capital	=	=	\$2,000,000
Subscribed Capital	=		505,000
Paid Up Capital	=		120,000
Reserve	=	=	160,000

Make Your Will

There are scores of good reasons why you should. There is no one valid reason why you should not.

Many good business men struggle all their life to amass a fortune, then pass away without a will and leave it to be squandered in useless litigation. Don't make the same mistake yourself. Then, too, if you would remove a great source of friction among those you love and leave your family circle to continue in unbroken harmony—make a will. Leave nothing to chance—and legal proceedings.

We supply blank will forms and store your will in our Safety Deposit Vaults without charge when the company is made executor. As executors our interest lies solely in seeing that the wishes of the testator are carried out absolutely.

Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:

328 Hastings Street W., Vancouver, B. C.

BRANCH OFFICE: NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

WHY NOT MINE YOUR OWN COAL



It is a conservative statement, to say the least, that the Vancouver-Nanaimo Coal Company, Limited, has been eminently successful. Coal from this Company's mine is being shipped daily to Vancouver and owing to its superior quality as a domestic fuel, it is meeting with an eager demand.

The property has reached a stage in the development where it is necessary to install more adequate machinery and improved methods of handling the product in order that the maximum profits may be obtained thereon. The company has arranged a unique plan of co-operation in placing on sale shares of the capital stock of the company at one dollar per share, par value. Many purchasing stock would be actual consumers of coal, hence constant customers for the product of the Company's mine.

As may be seen from the exhaustive report of R. C. Campbell-Johnston, M.E., the profits from a ship-

ment of 6,000 tons a month would aggregate the sum of \$9,000, which sum would go a long way towards reducing the cost of coal to the shareholder-consumer, as well as proving a splendid investment to the speculator. From an economical as well as from the investment point of view, this proposition is of vital interest to the general public.

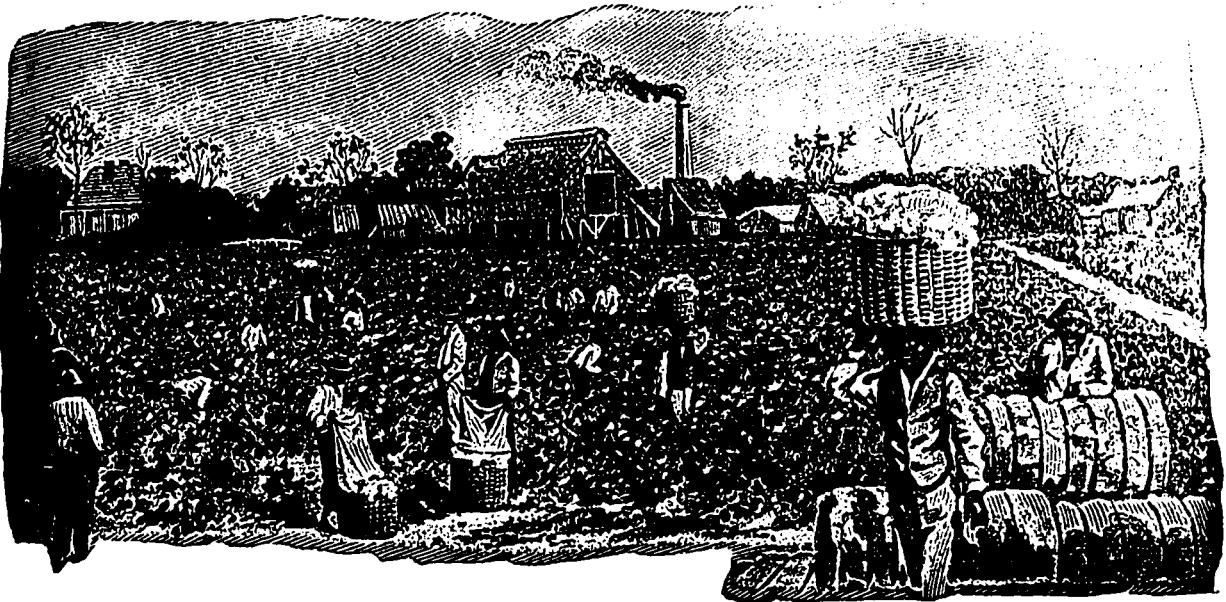
At the present par value of \$1.00 per share the company's stock is a splendid investment. The proposition is devoid of any semblance of risk or element of chance. All the preliminary work has been completed and a market established for the coal. The Company, therefore, has no hesitation in soliciting your order for shares, and whether it be for ten or more, the order will receive the same attention.

Write today for booklet containing the engineers' exhaustive report, full particulars and map showing the workings of the company.

The Vancouver-Nanaimo Coal Mining Company, Limited.

HEAD OFFICE :

441 RICHARDS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.



Origin of the Ostermoor Felt Mattress

BORN IN THE SUNSHINE OF A SOUTHERN PLANTATION
SWEET—PURE—WHOLESOME.



This shows the repulsive animal hair used in "stuffing" even the best hair mattresses. Full of germs and animal matter, impossible to destroy.

We guarantee the Ostermoor Felt Mattress . to be better than the best \$50.00 hair mattress made; to wear better; to be more sanitary; very much more comfortable to sleep on, and never to mat, pack, get hard or lumpy; and to give YOU, personally, a lifetime of satisfaction.

OSTERMOOR FELT
MATTRESSES COST
Transportation Charges
Prepaid

4'-6"—45	lbs.....	\$15.00
4'-0"—40	"	14.00
3'-6"—35	"	12.50
3'-0"—30	"	11.00
2'-6"—25	"	9.50

All 6 feet 3 inches long.
In two parts, 50 cents extra.

**The Alaska Feather & Down
Co., Limited**

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

Sole Canadian Makers



Vancouver, B. C.



Announcement

We are pleased to announce that we have secured the absolute agencies for the following well-known Player-Pianos:

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

While quite a new Player this celebrated make has already won the highest opinion of the people of Canada.

ANGELUS.

The first Player to be invented in America. The Angelus is known wherever the English language is spoken. There has never appeared a better one.

AUTO-PIANO.

The largest factory of the kind in the World produces this famous Player. Purchased by delighted customers in Great Britain, United States and Canada. It is no matter of surprise that our competitors have so fiercely criticized this Player-Piano. At the price it stands absolutely alone and few Player-Pianos are in any one particular its equal. You are invited to call and hear these pianos played by our salesmen.

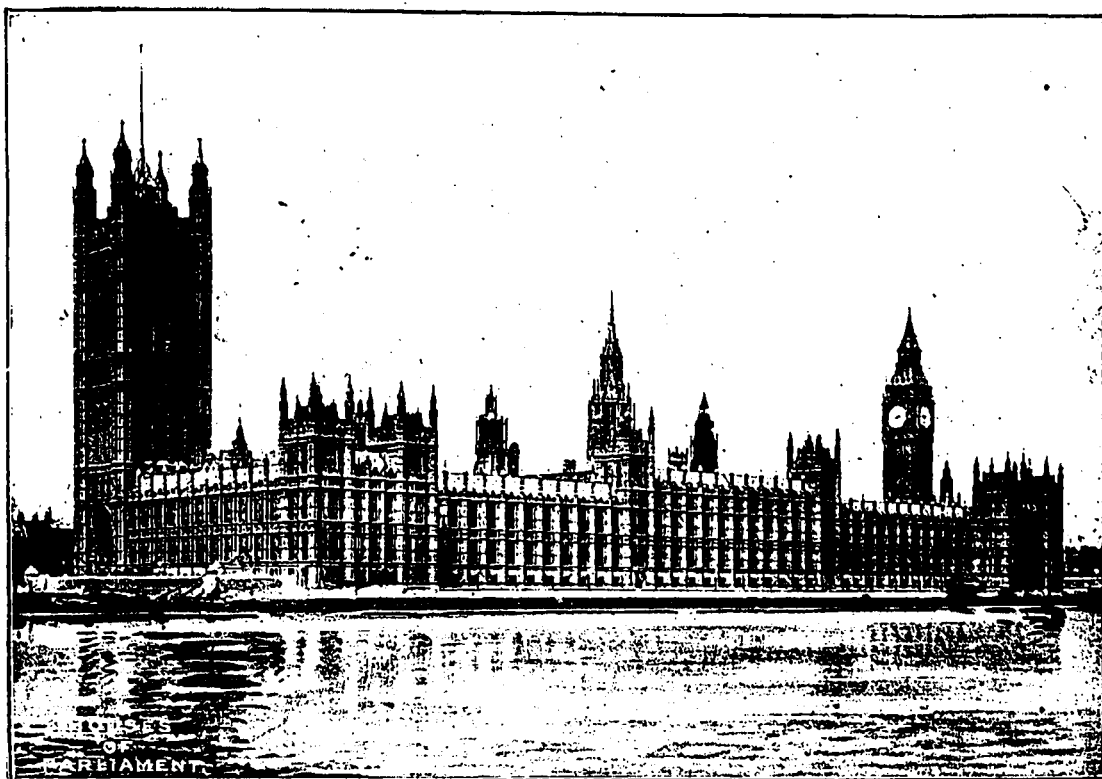
**THE
OLDEST
MUSIC**

M.W. WAITT & Co.
558 GRANVILLE ST. 44 GOVERNMENT ST.
VANCOUVER, B.C. VICTORIA, B.C.

**HOUSE
IN
B.C.**

Simpson's "BLUE FUNNEL" SCOTCH WHISKEY

As supplied to the House of Lords.



H. M. Ellis,

Wholesale B. C. Distributor
Imperial Block.

Vancouver, B. C.

Just a word in conclusion.

When you go camping
take a case of

"Cascade"

"The Beer without a Peer"

F. H. LANTZ, President.

H. A. STEWART,
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

A. E. SALSURY,
Director and Sec. Treas.

This company was organized to sell the product of the Nicola Valley Coal & Coke Company in Vancouver.

The agency for the Nicola Valley Coal & Coke Company is a valuable franchise because Nicola Valley coal is good coal.

The Nicola Valley Coal & Coke Company were fully alive to the importance of securing live men—responsible agents to handle their coal in this city. They hedged their contract about with business-like precautions.

For instance the Valley Coal Company had to bind itself to handle only a certain quality of coal—the very best—it had to guarantee sufficient capital to handle a large volume of trade, to give prompt delivery of orders, to give satisfaction to the public, for the Nicola Valley Coal & Coke Company realize the importance to *their* coal trade of having a first-class representation for it in this city.

Because they insisted upon that *sort of representation* they have appointed *the Valley Coal Company* the sole selling agents in Vancouver.

We can now deliver coal in Vancouver as fast as the orders come in. Our telephone number is six-four-one, 641—easy to remember, is it not?

Nicola Valley Coal is the *cleanest, best burning coal that has ever been put on this market.*

Nicola Valley coal comes out of seams so *thick* that nothing but *coal* is *mined*.

In the Nicola Valley mines *only pure coal* is mined—the coal does not need to be sorted—there is *no rock* to be picked out because there is no rock in the *coal seams*.

Then the coal itself is pure, clear-burning fuel, *high in carbon* and *low in ash*. It makes a hotter fire than any coal you have been used to burning because it is so high in carbon.

Nicola Valley coal *costs no more* than the ordinary coal. Why not have the best when it costs no more?