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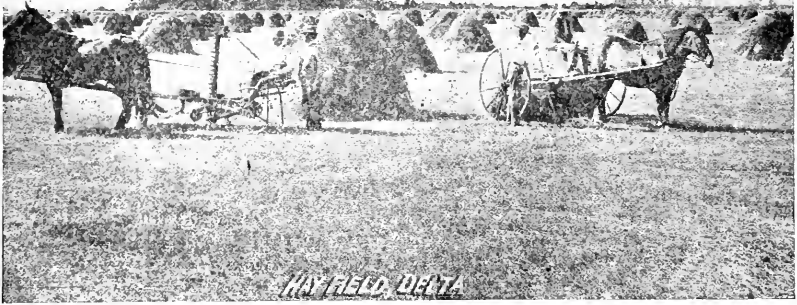
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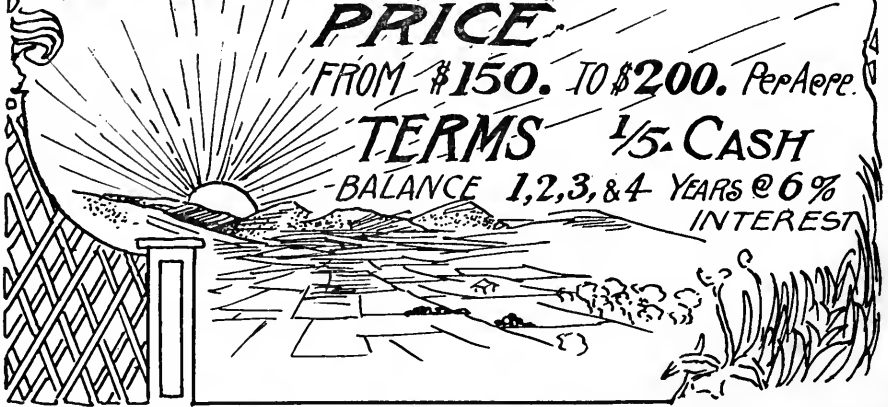
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Westward Ho! Magazine

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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

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PERCY F. GODENRATH,
Business Manager



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Patentees can have their models of inventions designed, built or perfected by us. Vancouver Model Machine and Cycle Works, 980 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

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The Westward Ho! Magazine offers an exceptional opportunity for students to profitably employ their vacation time in soliciting for subscribers. For particulars address: Subscription Manager, this Magazine.

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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.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The August issue of WESTWARD HO! will contain a special illustrated article on the International Yacht Regatta by Mr. F. G. T. Lucas. Mr. Maxwell Smith, Dominion Fruit Inspector, will contribute a story on "Fruit Growing and the Fruit Districts of B. C." There will be an article of special interest at this time on "The Alaska-Pacific-Yukon Exposition," by Mr. Frank Merrick, Chief of the Publicity Department. Mr. Freeman Harding, whose "Bunch Grass" stories breathe the spirit of the plains, will also contribute. These are in addition to the regular departments of the Magazine, which next month will contain the first of a series on "Community Advertising."

PRIZE STORIES.

A prize of \$20.00 will be given for the best original short story not exceeding 2,000 words, and a prize of \$10.00 for the second best. Competing manuscripts to reach the Editor's office not later than July 15th.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Three prizes of \$10.00, \$7.50 and \$5.00 will be given for original Amateur Photographs, in order of merit, to be taken and developed by the competitor alone specially for this contest, and to reach the office not later than July 10th. All competing photographs accepted to become the property of the Magazine.

Vacation Time Is Coming

HERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY for bright boys and girls to obtain useful articles during holiday time.

The WESTWARD HO! Magazine will give a prize of a Gold Mounted Fountain Pen, complete with King Klip, value \$2.50, to the boy or girl or any other person sending in six annual subscriptions at \$1.00 each.

We will also give 14k Gold Cuff Links, or a 14k Scarf Pin, or a Fine Enamel Flower Crescent Brooch, with Two Whole Pearls, or any other article to the value of \$5.00 to the person sending in twelve subscriptions.

—AND—

to the person sending in twenty subscriptions we will give a very beautiful WALTHAM WATCH in a Sterling Silver Case, value \$8.00.

The above articles are not cheap trash jewellery, but first-class articles chosen from the catalogue of Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., Jewellers, Vancouver. But the sender of such subscriptions may choose any other article to the value mentioned from the same catalogue, which will be sent by the firm on application.

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PERCY F. GODENRATH

Business Manager The Westward Ho! Magazine.

536 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER.





Bibi la Puree.



Vol. I.

JULY, 1907

No. 1

Salaam. WESTWARD Ho! is started for the following reasons:

Western Canada does not possess a monthly magazine. It is the conviction of the promoters that in any community the cultivation of a taste for literature, art and all studies which tend to the production of a higher standard of thought should proceed *pari passu* with material development. British Columbia is exceptionally situated in having a large percentage of highly educated residents, who have evinced their appreciation of good literature.

The columns of a magazine furnish the best, if not the only popular medium, for reaching the general public with high class literature.

There is room for a magazine which combines with these features an absolutely independent attitude on all public questions and which is entirely free from political tinge. There is also room for a magazine which will make a special feature of exploiting the natural resources and attractions of the Province, solely in the public interest and for the purpose of giving reliable information.

British Columbia has reached a crisis in its history, its vast potential wealth is only beginning to be realized, it is the last of the great undeveloped and unpartitioned Provinces of the world. It will be confronted with problems of great magnitude, to the solution of which the soundest judgment must be brought. WESTWARD Ho! will secure the opin-

ion of the most competent and influential writers who from time to time will discuss these problems.

WESTWARD Ho! will be the joint production of a British Columbian editor, manager and staff of contributors, and therefore devoted to British Columbia interests.

WESTWARD Ho! will stand first, last and all the time for an Imperial policy, for the Motherland, for the flag and for the King.

Canada's Seaport.

An enthusiastic Westerner writing on the City of Vancouver in a recent magazine article spoke of it as "The Seaport of Canada," and although at first sight one might feel inclined to think that he had been carried away by his enthusiasm, on second thoughts it may well be concluded that he spoke more truly than he knew. Today Vancouver may not be able to boast of a population exceeding 75,000 as compared with 400,000 in Montreal and 300,000 in Toronto, but who can say how the growth of the Western port may compare with its Eastern rivals during the next twenty years? It requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive that when the first quarter of the twentieth century shall have elapsed, Vancouver, the Commercial Capital of the richest Province of Canada, may have outstripped all Eastern ports, both in population and in industrial expansion. The growth of the West is the

one dominant feature of Canadian development. The wheat lands of the prairie have laid the foundation for the industrial activity which is rapidly converting the Dominion into a great manufacturing country. The forests, mines and fisheries of British Columbia, sources of potential wealth, of which the prairie provinces are devoid, have started this Province on a career of commercial prosperity, which, in the opinion of the most competent judges, will outstrip anything hitherto experienced in the Western world. But apart from the natural resources within its own borders the future of British Columbia is largely bound up with the civilisation of the Orient, and by so much as the population and ultimately the demands of these slowly awakening peoples will exceed those of Europe, so will the possibilities of the development of Canada's great Western port, transcend the opportunities of the East. It is difficult to appraise the extent, the influence and the full significance of a movement in which the observer is a unit. His own personal interests engross him and distract his attention from the far-reaching influence of passing events, but the keen observers of older countries, where conditions are settled and pioneer zeal extinguished, looking out from their vantage points of security and ease upon the New World pronounce Canada the coming country and British Columbia its greatest Province. If they are right Vancouver will become "The Seaport of Canada."

The All-Red Line.

Prince Fushimi, cousin of H. I. H. The Mikado, and a possible successor of his illustrious master has completed a tour along the "All-Red Line," which marks the territory over which King Edward rules. As Westward Ho! goes to press the Monmouth has just lifted anchor and sailed for the Orient with the Prince and his staff on board. The visit is one of prime significance. It is the outward and visible sign of the amity which was established between England and Japan when Lord Salisbury concluded an alliance which by many of the quidnuncs was pronounced a mesalliance. It has taken but few years to justify his policy, and his con-

ception both of the Japanese character and of the importance of a Japanese alliance. Little did he, or the world think at that time that events would move so rapidly, and yet within the short period of six years we have seen Japan emerge from obscurity, demolish the fleet and put to flight the armies of one of the greatest world powers, and at a bound assume a position of equality in International Councils. The alliance was effected in order to preserve peace in the Pacific; today it stands for the preservation of the peace of the world. No greater honour could have been shown to any princely visitor than has been extended to Prince Fushimi, both in England and throughout the King's dominions; and the request preferred by the Imperial authorities that loyal subjects everywhere would unite in these greetings carries a special significance in view of circumstances which have recently occurred in the great Republic to the South. The historic question, "What shall be done with the man whom the king delighteth to honour," recurs vividly to the mind. The answer is to be found in the round of cheers which punctuated the Prince's progress over the All-Red Line, and which in the most emphatic manner sets the seal of equality upon England's ally.

A Sign of The Times.

No measure of recent years has aroused more interest, and in certain quarters more hostility, than that which, fathered by the Postmaster-General aims at extending the British preference to literature. It is not a little singular that amongst its bitterest critics have been found Canadian publishers who, like Demetrius of old, have cried out for no other reason than because "their gains were gone." Mr. Lemieux took a broad and statesmanlike view of the situation and undoubtedly gave effect to the wishes of the people, when he raised the postage rates high enough to exclude all but the highest class American magazines and newspapers. Everyone knows what the American press is, and although it is improving, there is still much ground for complaint on the part of the people who like a clean sheet. The abortive productions of vulgarity, illiter-

acy and pruriency, which under the designation of magazines have been flooding Canada can no longer exert their pernicious influence north of the International Boundary Line, and it is not too much to hope that a similar fate will befall the daily papers, subversive of every instinct of morality in human conduct, which have already been tolerated far too long. There is another hardly less important aspect of this question, and one which probably had more weight with our own Government, than any other, the manner in which, almost without exception, the American press traduces the character, mis-reports the conduct and mis-represents the opinions of every Englishman, especially if he be a man of note. Our American friends must often have smiled at the docility with which we have submitted to this invasion; they would long ago have taken a similar course to that now adopted by the Canadian Government, if the conditions had been reversed, and there is little doubt that when they realise the true reasons for the legislation they will appreciate the spirit which prompted it, and in their heart of hearts will admire a people who are as determined as themselves to be loyal, even in their literature.

Dropping The Pilot.

The resignation of Lord Cromer from the practical protectorate of Egypt can hardly fail to recall Tenniel's historic cartoon, which depicted the "diplomatic" resignation of Prince Bismarck under the title of "Dropping the Pilot." The Imperial Government has, to say the least of it, been exceedingly unfortunate in losing the services of two such brilliant men as Lord Cromer and Lord Milner. They were our two really great Pro-consuls. The reputation of the former is based upon a long period of service, and it has become a mere truism that he has re-created the land of the Pharaohs. Lord Milner's career, though briefer is hardly less splendid. Probably no other man, except his great master and mentor, could have taken hold of South African affairs at the conclusion of the Boer War, and in so short a time have disentangled every knotty skein, produced order out of chaos, loy-

alty out of rebellion and established constitutional government among a people who had barely sheathed their swords. The recent attendance of General Botha at the Colonial Conference and the attitude he assumed towards the Imperial Government is the most conclusive comment upon the sagacity and effectiveness of Lord Milner's policy. No adequate successor follows either of these statesmen, and it will require all the genius and devotion of Sir Edward Grey to maintain the administration in the North and South of the Dark Continent upon the high place to which it had attained. Already public opinion is veering in the direction of Lord Milner's attitude on the subject which led to his resignation, the labour question. Just why Lord Cromer resigned is probably still a State secret, although there can be little doubt from evidences which have leaked out that it was in consequence of actual or impending friction with the Home Government. It is not to take a political view of the situation, to surmise that a Government which drops two such pilots is heading for the rocks.

Sour Grapes.

It is an admitted scientific fact that the presence of discordant sounds is essential to the tuneful effect of melody. An illustration is found in the case of belfry chimes which in the stillness of the night-time are slightly out of tune, lacking the vibration produced by the discordant noises of the day-time. Herein lies a profound truth, which may be applied to many of the affairs of life. It seems at the present to be especially applicable to a few persons who are voicing their dissatisfaction at the development of British Columbia and the wave of prosperity which is sweeping over the Province. Their complaint is that "the other fellow" is getting rich, is making millions out of timber lands and pulp limits, while they are eking out a miserable existence on \$25 a week. The explanation is not far to seek—the grapes are sour. It is true that the Province is advancing by leaps and bounds, that settlers are flocking in, that lands are being taken up, that capitalists are securing, and paying for, hundreds of square miles of territory; it is also true

that the revenues of the Province are thereby becoming enriched to such an extent that public works of necessity are everywhere being carried out. It is hardly possible for these momentous results to be achieved without somebody making a few dollars; it also seems

equally impossible for the modern Diogenes to discard the cynical habitude of his Greek ancestor. He still snarls at the man whose energy and intelligence enable him to woo Fortune successfully, and he still dips his pen in gall.

Suggestion.

Were the whole gamut ours,
Had we perfected powers,
Were there no beauty, still unseen, to see,
Then might we ask for more
From those who seeking shore,
Catch but the odour of some fragrant tree—

From those who swimming low
Fancy faint outlines—know
For one brief moment from a billow's crest
Vague glories—indistinct
Through rainbow spray—a hint
Of that fair land that lies beyond the West.

Or utterly alone
At midnight, from the throne
Snow draped that waits the coming of the Dawn,
Feel in the dizzy void
Barriers of flesh destroyed
And shuddering know the curtain half with-
drawn.

Shuddering lest mortal ear
Immortal sounds should hear
Hear voices which the Silence hardly veils
Yet dreading, swooning, pray
For strength to know—till Day
Draws to the curtain and their effort fails.

Can you express in prose
The essence of the rose?
In song the message of the singing Deep?
Or waking paint your dream,
Such that its beauties seem
The supernatural splendours of your sleep?

Always articulate,
A poet scarce were great.
Only the Known has symbols in our speech,
Yet may man's faltering tongue
Striving for songs unsung
Suggest the mysteries he cannot reach.

—Clive Phillipps-Wolley,

BROKEN HEARTS—To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be woed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned and left desolate.

* * * * *

The world is governed by three things, wisdom, authority, and appearances. Wisdom is for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearances for the great mass of superficial people, who can look only at the outside, and who judge only by external matters.

Strange Scenes in a Naturalist's Wide Workshop.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

OUR walls are the forests; our ceiling the heaven; our floor the shifting water of the lakes and the "drowned lands."

Many are the white man's wiles—aye, and he uses the wiles of the red man too—to lure into his pictures the shy but clever inhabitants of the far North. We wander afoot over the drifted snow; we peer through deep holes cut in the thick ice; we build "hides" in the wild rice beds; we drive poles here and erect platforms on which to steady our cameras; we float our machines down swift currents into the midst of feeding flocks; we conceal them in heaps of aquatic vegetation, building these heaps carefully an inch a day to allow the setting wild bird whose picture we covet to become accustomed to the changing pile; and often with a taut line over her nest we force her to take her own picture, since she refuses to let us do it; we climb far up into swaying trees, and with only a treacherous hold point our lens at an egg-filled nest, while the great birds we have disturbed circle and scream over our heads. All this we do (and gladly) in order that the omniverous maw of the illustrated press may be filled and our fellow man may see as we see—the wonders of nature.

Our opening day this year found us shovelling with great eagerness into a drift of snow that had buried the lower and middle branches of the cedars which lined the banks of the ice-bound Otonabee, the "Crooked River" of the Missis-saugas. Hawk, our guide, pointed to the tree roots with eloquent gestures. "Beewun penay," he grunted. "Partridge, snowdrift!" we translated it, and our shovels flew to the release of the gamy grouse. Only a tiny airhole, formed by the bird's frantic attempt to tunnel upward and aided by the March sun, told where the partridge was buried. But soon we came upon a perfect sub-

way of tunnels, a tiny line where the stoat had run, a larger, more deeply trodden path where the weasel had passed, and other roads, yet larger, pressed down by the soft feet of the rabbits as they sped along to their cosy burrow under the old tamarack root. Here a cross patch had been run through by the lithe, cruel mink, and a reddish stain on the snow and a few hairs told the tragic end of some poor bunny.

We found many a tunnel bisecting the main ones, and these, we guessed, had been made by the field-mice and moles, as they had left their marks on the bark of the swamp maples. Again we found a path where the slowly implanted foot-marks and the groove of a dragging tail gave evidence that the heavy muskrat had passed from some "breathing-hole" on his way to a "diving-hole" in the drowned lands. Sometimes we paused in our work and standing erect gazed at the drifted, solitary, unbroken waste of snow, and then turned back with wondering admiration to the thoroughfares made beneath by these busy animals.

At last, we came upon a short, wide path, trodden by the spreading footmarks of a large game bird. All along its course the beaver grass had been torn out and eaten. I had my fat boy, Fritz, with me, and with Fritz holding my feet from above I hung like an acrobat and peered into the tunnel. At the far end I saw the gleam of a pair of bright eyes. Hastily setting the machine, we concealed ourselves beneath a spreading fir. Slowly and stiffly, cautiously at first as if expecting danger, the handsome bird—a male ruffed grouse—emerged. He stood blinking in the sunshine and slowly eating small mouthfulls of snow that he picked up on either side. "Click!" went the camera, and the grouse sped back along his laboriously won path.

We plunged away through the deep

snow, red man, fat boy, and camera, laden white. The leaping red flame of our camp fire lighted up the gloomy aisles of the pine woods. The fragrant smoke rolled and beckoned a welcome to our mid-day meal. Later, as the Indian and I sat drowsily smoking, the more thoughtful Fritz gathered up the fragments of our meal and struggled off through the snow to feed the hungry grouse. When we saw him again, plodding back heavily through the drifts, he carried a dark object in his hands. It

glass jar of live minnows was lowered until it hung suspended just beneath the lower surface of the ice, three feet below the upper. Throwing myself on the furs and pushing my head under the willow, I was soon completely covered by Hawk. Robe after robe was thrown over me, until every ray of light was excluded. At first I could see nothing. Then a gleam of green water showed beneath me; next the dark, ice-chiseled sides of the hole were visible. Then a weed, drifted by the current, glided into the scene, and



Rough Grouse Under the Snow.

was the grouse—dead. Fritz has a tender heart, and his trembling lip was so near the danger line that we read the bird's story in silence. Its torn breast spoke eloquently of the swift attack of the leaping mink, its own vain struggle and, let us hope, its speedy, painless death.

We stood next morning around a hole cut through the deep ice far up Rice Lake. A red willow arch curved above the ice shavings that surrounded the opening. Robes were laid down. A big

at last I saw the inhabitants of the deep. As they came out of the warmer, sheltered depth into the cool, gleaming shaft of light they seemed mere yellowish shadows. But as they rose nearer the jar of minnows I saw that they were big mouth bass. One large fish, his black lustrous eyes set on the tempting bait, charged the jar, and as it swung slowly away, he followed. He and his mates crowded together, nosing and bunting it. Still the alluring minnows swam about. Time after time the bass charged, only

to meet the cold glass. Finally they set it swinging in concentric circles, and followed it, curving and darting, rising and falling, in a merry mad measure so irresistibly comical that I laughed aloud. The covering above me was disturbed. A ray of light flashed in, and the scene disappeared.

Again the robes were adjusted, and again I waited. Soon, far down in the murky depths, I saw a long green shadow swim slowly across the hole. In a few minutes it came back, but higher up;

day the fish gathered about the mock feast. The bass came in couples, in schools even, and gazed and poked at those unapproachable minnows. It might truly be said that their mouths watered as they hungrily circled around the jar, fading away like shadows when the long, green, shark-like nose of the maskinonge appeared. These big fishes swam in many a curving line, solemnly encircling the imprisoned bait; but no matter how great the number of the fish nor how small the circle they did not once



Huge Female Maskinonge Spawning.

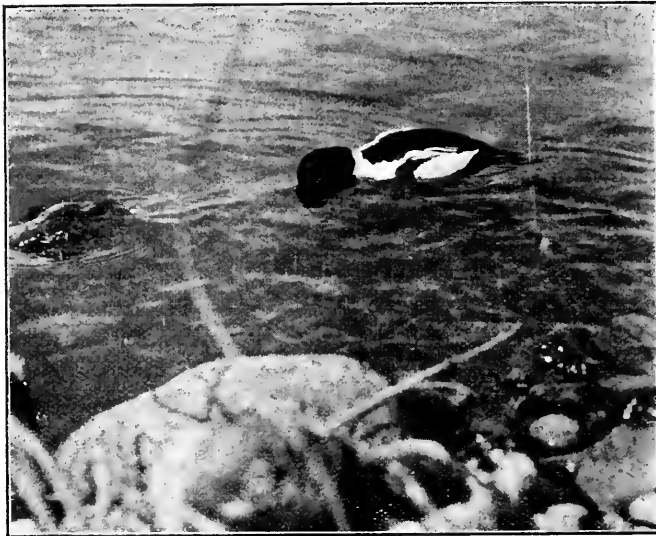
then again, still higher, until suddenly the long, sharp nose and big, hollow-looking eyes of a twenty-pound maskinonge were within three feet of my face. So sudden and so alarming was its appearance that I dodged involuntarily; but deceived by the reflection, I dodged the wrong way and plumped my face into the icy water. Whether the great fish was as startled as I had been I don't know, but it swept out of the view circle instantly. All through the cold, bright hours of the

touch one another. The Indian saw and wondered. The fat boy shivered through all his ponderous body until the furs shook him. It was time to go home. With nipped fingers we pulled up our bait, our teeth chattering. A minute afterwards we were speeding homeward on our skates.

The wild ducks were the next to claim the attention of our note-book and camera. On the southern Canadian lakes the great migration north passes, for here are great celery beds, wild rice seed, the

spatter-dock of the marshes and myriads of snails. Here the ducks linger and feed. Hitherto, as the isotherm of thirty-five degrees has moved north, they have closely followed, but now they wait, sure of food, until the breeding-grounds far over the Height of Land, far up—almost to the Arctic Circle—are ready to receive them. One great bay held a flock numbering many thousands; in the evening, when the movement northward is most pronounced, we calculated that there were about ten

concealed our canoe and the platform we had erected on piles to hold our camera. We anchored a flock of decoys nearby and placed the camera so that its bright lens could peer out at them from its straw covering. From our hiding-place we could watch the wonderful ways of our web-footed friends. The golden-eyed drakes swam past proudly with their necks arched and their glossy green feathers and brilliant yellow eyes glistening in the sunlight. They were following, several



Golden-Eye Duck Fishing.

thousand of them, but in the morning, augmented by great flocks of hungry birds from the South, there were at least twenty-five thousand. We counted twenty-two varieties of wild ducks, the eider-duck and harlequin only, being missing. There were small flocks of Canada geese and brant, solitary specimens of pelicans and comorants, pairs of loons and many varieties of grieve. As the birds dotted the calm surface of the lake we built out "hides." The rice beds lie sunken beneath the water, the grain growing from a black liquid mud. Into this mud we drove our poles. Then we placed cross-poles in the crotches and hung over them a great quantity of wild rice straw. The straw

drakes to each more soberly-clad female. They dived as she dived; they rose from beneath the water and with flying wings speeded after her as she leaped into the air. They followed her every movement, settled where she settled, swimming around her as she rested, uttering the spring love note, which sounds like nothing in the world but the grating of a rusty hinge. "Creek, creek!" they called to her. This cry is to be heard only in the spring time and is utterly unlike the "quacks" and "myamphs" of the regular note. At last the female hearkened to one of the drakes, and she and her mate drove off the rejected lovers.

Hawk built us "bough-houses" on the

points of the islands, where we could watch the ducks unobserved by them. These "bough-houses" are circular fort-like structures of stone, from which the cameras peered out like cannon watching for an enemy. But sometimes we watched for our subjects from behind great ice-covered boulders and pictured them with rapid, focal-plane shutters as they leaped in many a strange play. One game—for game it surely is—most closely resembles the "tag" of our boyhood. A plain brown blue-bill would come diving along the shore with her train of drakes. Suddenly for no apparent reason—except that it is evidently a part of the game—she would leap from the water, gracefully curving and spattering over the surface. All the male birds follow in hot pursuit. Down the female dives; she emerges in a cloud of spray. The males have dived too, and they now emerge, as the duck does, popping out of the water like so many flying fish. After the birds have played their game for a hundred yards or so they settle down again to the more serious business of feeding, gravelling or love-making.

We were exceedingly interested in the mergansers. "Mergaser sirrator." The drake, with his dark green head and chestnut breast, is a glorious creature. His bright red eyes and bill make a dash of color on the dark blue water. One fellow, accompanied by his more plainly dressed mate, passed within six feet of us. Both had their heads beneath water, as far down as to the top of the transparent film that covers the eye and protects it from any injurious substance that might float in. They were searching the shallows for minnows. They chased them almost ashore, and as they seized them in their serrated bills, throwing their shining heads aloft to swallow the wriggling fish, our camera clanged out the news that another film had been impressed.

Usually the maskinonge spawn in the "drowned lands," but this year there was not enough water. Our canoe was held lightly in the boggy shore, and right beneath there was a channel that lead to a secluded spot containing just enough water to cover one of these great fishes. We lay with our hands almost meeting under the canoe, our eyes, shaded by

our caps, peering over the side. Time after time maskinonge swam in and out beneath us, so close that they touched our fingers. Fritz drew his out as if an electric current had nipped him. In every case the male was the smaller fish; a thirty-pound female with a ten-pound escort seemed to be their usual proportions. We watched a number of these great females swimming around the shallow spawning-ground with fully half of their long bodies exposed. We have photographed them in this position. Another picture which we managed to get is that of the male fish in the peculiar act of pushing his head far out of the water and shaking it as if to throw off some parasite. We have never been able to find any reason for this strange antic, although in summer they may do it to shake out some of the loosening teeth; they have a new set each year.

The low water, alas, played havoc with the spawn. Much of it was laid out in the lake shallows, and the heavy winds dislodged it and drove it ashore. Many a time our canoe has slipped all to easily up the shore upon the shining fringe of spawn that lined it. And here the wild ducks found the tempting food, each egg showing the first faint dot of incubation. They had a right royal feast. As they were eating we paddled up to them, hastily concealed our cameras in the willows that fringed the shore, connected the machine with long rubber tubes and scrambled up the bank to await the ducks we had frightened away. The ducks soon swung back, alighted and swam ashore. In one spot, about a mass of spawn as large as a man's two hands, had gathered four handsome bluebills, American Scamp. They were right in focus. I gave the bluebill call, "purr-it," and instantly they turned and looked at me. A rapid pressing of the bulbs, a "cling-clang" from the machines, and two more excellent pictures were ours.

Often as the ducks flew past we would call them. The Indian excelled at this imitation, his deep, natural calls making the birds turn as if on a pivot, and sweep for the decoys. At times the huge flocks would rise from the surface of the lake with a noise like thunder. When there was no more chance for picture-taking that day we would carry our cameras

and decoys to the camp, and with the camp fire leaping up into the dark trees above and our canoes overturned on the sand prepare for our next day's hunt. No duck hunter ever reloaded shells or filled cartridge box with more zeal than we recharged our cameras. And we were secure in the knowledge that our sport would not cause a moment's pain to any animal, feathered, furred, or scaly.

Once again our paths were the paths of the furbearers. We concealed our cameras on floats in the drowned lands where the muskrats—most elusive of all our subjects—came out for a very short

On the shelf thus left the muskrats we were watching had formed a dry nest of straw, and here they reared the litter of "kittens," keeping the nest very clean and pure. These sleek animals are very dainty in their habits and make the hungry trapper a good meal—quite as good, in fact, as when they are served on some Southern hotel table under the name of "Marsh rabbits." We pictured the muskrats sitting erect as they nibbled the wild onion or ate the succulent root of the flag. We watched them swimming amiably up the little marsh streams, male closely following female. It was the



A Grand Old Male Heron.

period before sunset. They were building their big circular houses. We watched them bringing the straw and flags, the parrot grass and wild oats, the rushes and reeds. They dragged these up on to the heap already gathered, moving backwards. They trampled it down, patting it here, smoothing it there, until the solid piles were high enough above the water for them to tear out the passage desired beneath. Right in the center of the heap, twelve or fifteen inches above the surface, is a chamber. From this a passage was torn out, which forms a "diving-hole" into the water. Down this diving-hole the muskrats can plunge into safety the instant the house is disturbed.

mating season. Often when we were watching a peaceful pair another brown head and a pair of bright eyes would emerge. A rival male had appeared. Then the conflict would begin. Treading water, standing erect and clutching each other with the long, strong claws of the forefeet, whining and crying meanwhile like two babies, they would fight until one was discomfited. The battle won, off would swim the victor after the waiting female, the cause of all the trouble. Every daring lover would be fought off until he was chosen for the mate. Then the house would be built, and soon the querulous cry of the kittens could be heard. This year, un-

fortunately, the water rose, and all the nests were drowned out. We watched with great concern the anxious mothers carrying tenderly in their beaks, holding them upsidedown, the pink-legged, grey-coated silky little chaps, and laying them on hastily formed "draw-ups." Here the babies lay on the dry straw and beaver grass, their little blind eyes twitching in the unaccustomed glare, and here we took their pictures. The hours of exposure were so late, however, that out of one hundred and twenty photographs taken at this time only ten were good. As our long white tubing lay like a tempting worm along the bog the great blue herons descended and tried to eat it. We were enjoying a laugh at their expense when the joke was suddenly turned on us, and a great plunging maskinonge sent float, machines and ail, into the water.

A visit to the trapping camp of the Mississaugas was fruitful of many things. We pictured them removing the pelts, stretching the furs, cutting the red willow boughs on which the furs are stretched, setting the well-concealed traps, driving willow branches in along the streams, piling on these the flags and straw to form a draw-up where the water was deep, a draw-up that held a cunningly hidden trap. While we lingered a brave came paddling in and whooping as only a red trapper can. "Ah-tuyah!" he called. "Come and take them!" Got all the bad things in the mash." "Take it!" he said, as he threw out a trapped blue heron. The camera clicked. "Take it!" And out came a handsome bluebill drake, trapped and drowned. "Take it!" he laughed, as a trapped and dead crow fell near my feet. "Take them all!" And crows, mice, marsh wrens, all the unwished for prey that gets nipped in the steel traps, piled up on the shore before me. I pictured the spoils and started off. "Take them!" he grunted. "I did; thank you!" I replied. "Take them!" he repeated. Then I saw, but oh, so late, that he spoke not in a photographic sense. I gathered up the miscellaneous pile, and as I paddled away I heard the red man comment: "Wahbe-enene pahkudwin!" "White man hungry!"

There was a flock of feeding pintails that defied our most carefully hidden

cameras, so we arranged a raft-like structure and lashed the camera firmly on. We attached guiding-strings to the two back corners and another to the action. Then we allowed the raft to be borne by the current into the flock. But although we got the pintails into correct focus and made the exposure at just the right moment, the swirl of the current tipped the lens too high, and we only secured a picture of the clouds.

Many a time we sat and watched the big mount bass forming her nest in the wild rice straw at the bottom of the water. She would turn around as a dog does before it lies down, pushing and nosing the sunken straw until a fairly circular nest was formed. Then after the spawn was laid we have seen her on guard day after day, fighting off all her enemies. Once, while she was absent a moment in search of food, three eels wriggled along the channel, slid into the spawn-filled hollow and started to eat up the whole bass family. The way she broke up that function was a merry sight. Like a cannon ball she entered, scattering her enemies right and left. Once she and the tail of an eel came clear out of the water in a cloud of spray. When she had driven them off it was pathetic to watch her gentle, maternal instincts, how she smoothed down the disturbed nest, nosed the precious spawn into place—a deft touch here, a seeming pat there—and finally hovered over her repaired nest, a mother on guard again.

The Great Northern Diver gave us a handsome set of pictures, the gathering of which held many moments of intense interest. The nest was formed on the top of an old muskrat house, and day after day we added to the pile of aquatic weeds that would ultimately conceal our camera. At last it was hidden, and the connections laid to a small island a hundred yards off, behind which I was concealed. The female bird came swimming back very slowly, and she formed a beautiful picture. Her collar was black striped; her back was magnificently checkered black and white; her head was glossy green, and her big eyes a brilliant red. With many a dive she swam and circled nearer to the nest on the bog edge. For fully two hours she

searched for the enemy she knew lay hidden somewhere. At length I was forced to paddle out and get my assistant to sneak in behind the island in another canoe. Then I doubled and joined him, and Fritz paddled past the nest in full sight. The manoeuver succeeded, yet it took an hour, during which the mosquitoes kept me close company, to satisfy her. Finally she scrambled with clambering wings and kicking feet right up on to the nest, springing up like a guilty thing when the camera sang out. Four weeks later she led two black billed, black footed, black eyed and black clothed little fluffy pets into the water. Here the male, glorious in his spring apparel, and similarly marked, took charge. Once I saw him swimming off with the two youngsters on his back. With considerable trouble I caught the little birds in a net and took a picture of them on the nest. When I returned, the frantic parents were uttering loud, eyrie calls. The father was the first to hear the babies' tiny "Peep." Instantly he came tearing over the water like a great white stallion, reared on his feet and tail. His shining head was swelled out with rage. His wonderful red eyes protruded from his head. A foaming-wake of water followed him. Busily I pictured him as he circled my canoe, great masses of foam showing in each

picture. Then I slid the dusky youngsters into the lake, and his wild "A-loo-loo" changed to the mildest entreating "Loo-loo" as he swam ahead and gently urged his precious ones away from the monster with bobbing head, long arms and long green shell.

We have seen the "Shushuge"—the blue heron—fall from the Heavens, a tangled, revolving mass of long legs, great wings and twisting neck. We have seen this great bird fall five hundred yards, turning rapidly, and finally, the migration over, sail into the Heronry as if a quarter of a mile tumble were an every-day event. We have watched the bittern fill its windpouch with four gasping breaths, each drawn in and entering the pouch with a metallic, reed-like twang. The pouch swelled out to the size of a tennis ball. Then the head was laid on the back, a convulsive, acrobatic gesture ensued; the head shot out until the neck was fully stretched, and the "A-ker-plunk" of this odd bird sounded over the lonely marshes once for each intaking of breath. Later in the fall, when both gun and camera are in use, I have shot the bluebills over our decoys, and unassisted have photographed them as they fell, shot, click and plash sounding almost simultaneously over the great workshop.

THE TRAGIC IDEAL—The poet can no more write without having suffered and thought, than the bird can fly in an exhausted air-pump. He must learn the chords of the everlasting harp, before he can draw sweet music from it. But he cannot play while he is learning—he cannot write while he is suffering—he cannot sing while his heart is bleeding. If he attempts it, he will but utter incoherent sobs. He must wait until that suffering has passed into memory. There it will work, fortifying the soul with its examples, not tearing it with thorns. He must wait till suffering has become spiritualized, by losing every portion of the sensuous pain, before he can transmute it into poetry.

* * * * *

Women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim, with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "What is he?" At forty much anxiety manifests itself to make the hymeneal selection, and the query changes into "Which is he?" But at the ultima thule of fifty, the anxious expectant prepares to seize the prey, and exclaims, "Where is he?"

* * * * *

Whoever has gained the affections of a woman is sure to succeed in any enterprise wherein she assists him.

Models I Have Known.

I.—Bibi la Puree.

By Mrs. Beanlands.

WHISTLER'S atelier was the dernier cri among the Parisian art students, so much so that the concierge was stationed at the head of the stairs to call *Pas de place Mesdames, pas de place* to the stream chiefly Americans who flocked there.

It was at his evening class that I first saw Bibi la Puree as model; a little old man, smiling and ecstatic, his bright eyes half hidden under a dingy and weather-beaten top hat; his clothes were green with age; his boots were the elastic-sided ones of the last century, and under his arm was a sheaf of old umbrellas, but while his clothes spoke of misery his whole bearing had an indescribable alertness and bonhomie, "a dandy even in his rags." I asked him to pose and next day he appeared at my studio and I decided to paint him for my salon. He was never punctual and his locuses were varied and original—there was an incendie in the street—he had to stop on the way to have a tooth pulled out—the waiter had forgotten to call him—a friend of his had had a *crise de nerfs*. But who is Bibi, one will ask? In Paris student life the question was not necessary. Vagabond by profession, an habitué of the celebrated Cafe Procope, the friend of Verlaine, the king of the 1899 carnival, whose real name was Andre de Sa'is, whose uncle was the Abbe de Sa'is of the Tichbourne case celebrity; everyone knew him; free drinks were given him; students saluted him; no one was happier than he. Bibi used to say proudly: "T'etais l'ami de Verlaine et Verlaine etait mon ami," and when that sad genius was dying in a garret it was Bibi who was everything to him, who sold his autographs or his poems and when all other things failed, sold himself to a college of surgeons for 20 francs to give Verlaine the necessary food and doctor's care.

But sometimes the Fates were unkind in our quarter. Bibi was not known and M. Julien, returning by the Boulevards, overheard an animated dialogue: "Je suis Bibi la Puree, je ne paye jamais." "Vous pouvez etre Bibi le diable," said the infuriated waiter, but you must pay your drink." This was Bibi who assured me he only drank milk and deplored Verlaine's failing for absinthe. Bibi also had an irresistible craving for other people's umbrellas. Mine disappeared. He told me one of the models had most probably taken it. "I will find her and say, 'Give me back the umbrella of Mademoiselle Mees.'" Everyday he reported on the chase; once he had vainly pursued her up the Boulevard Michel—until the subject dropped, and it was not till some months later that I heard of this strange passion of his, and that at the anniversary of Verlaine's death it was Bibi who wept the most bitterly at his grave. After the ceremony when the literary men were leaving the cemetery Bibi had disappeared and with him their fifteen umbrellas. But everyone forgave Bibi. As a model he was always amusing, always obliging. He used to say: "Tiens nons avons oublie quelque chose," and passed his fingers as a comb through his few grisly locks to make them stand out to his satisfaction. Once he climbed a high stool to open a window and fell, heels in air. Never was there such a catastrophe. I ran to him: "Are you hurt, Bibi?" "Not in the least," was the quick reply; "I often do this for exercise."

He was fond of flowers and always had a bunch of violets to present to us at Julien's evening class. "Et la moitre pour M^{me} Julian," he used to say. Once when posing at this class he left the model throne as he saw M^{me} Julian come in with her mother. "Go back," shouted Marie, the *bonne* who for twenty-seven years had been the

dragon of the atelier. But Bibi, paying no attention to Marie, presented the violets with the most courtly of bows. "Madame Julian will not be offended I trust if I offer these flowers to Madame, her mother."

When I was ill Bibi appeared at the hotel with flowers and a medallion of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of health, purposely blessed for my recovery.

I finished my portrait. It was hung on the line in the salon and was often surrounded by the students, who knew Bibi. I never saw him again. He died soon afterwards—alone and in misery. But his memory will long live in the Latin Quartier and let us hope that an angel has pressed down the scale for his gentle and unknown deeds.

The Hat and the Singing Girl.

By J. Gordon Smith.

I am a silk hat. Just when I came into the world I cannot remember, but I have memories of being crowded with old clothing on a huckster's stall in Roman road, and I recall that fourpence was given for me to a Jew with long and greasy beard, by a Japanese fireman of the Awa Maru who put me away in a cardboard box in the bowels of a vibrating Japanese-built steamer. He took me out at times, when off watch, to brush my glossy sides and top ere he slid down the oily iron ladders to the heated fireroom, where things happened that they in the smoking rooms and saloons never dreamed of. Because of me there was much talk when the naked firemen sat on heaps of lukewarm clinkers to dip their chopsticks in a joint-bowl of rice and fish. Then there was the matter of a knife thrust between the ribs of Matsumoto San at the middle furnace, which gave the ship's doctor some anxious hours, when the sticky humidity of the Red Sea depressed the whole ship's company. This all happened, because of things he said concerning me and Furuku San, who owned me and was proud in the possession.

These things befell before we reached Fusan, which is an old place, and silk hats and its crenelated wall, that bounds the city in a square of wide crumbling stone thirty feet high, were never meant to meet cheek by jowl. Perhaps this

was why the Korean, who was catching small birds with a falcon, as an esquire might have done in the days of the Henrys, ran with fright when he saw me glistening with the pitiless sun of Korea shining on my gloss as I rested on the well-oiled head of Furuku San, now an adventurer, who followed the course of the war on the Hermit land.

I impressed all who saw me. But I felt so strange. Imagine me, who had graced the head of a member of parliament, before a butler cast me off to secure pence for his brats, displayed in such crowds as Furuku San jostled among. No yangban of all Korea had such headgear as the madcap fireman of the Awa Maru who had run away with Kimochi San, the singing girl, to make his fortune in Korea.

Those yangbans of Korea I remember well, with their loose white robes and ridiculous horse-hair hats with broad brims and ribbons under the chin. Such a hat would never have been tolerated where I came from; in fact, I doubt if anything that befell in this comic-opera land would have occurred in the place, where, I first saw the light. These people look like clowns in a circus as they saunter through the streets fanning themselves or smoking long-stemmed pipes; or with dirty white cotton jackets and baggy trousers dragging in the mud they lie asleep on the streets with flies crawling over their closed eyelids. And

these houses! single-storied huts of mud and wattle, neglected and forlorn-looking, dirty as can be imagined, and with great irregular spaces between them, as ugly as the filthy streets with the sewage reeking in sluggish stream in the middle.

I lived in a thatched two-roomed house of bamboo, mud, wattle and paper, and had a place of honor on the kamidana with the household gods of Furuku San and Kimochi, the singing girl, and because of me the couple prospered.

Men came from near and far to see me. A few Koreans burned incense sticks before me, mistaking me for a god come out of the west.

One day I heard Kimochi San crying. She was shaking from head to foot as she moaned out the bitterness of her grief.

Then I saw some Japanese staggering into the place with a burden which they laid down on the floor and covered with a piece of matting. The burden was Furuku San and he was dead, having been shot while brawling in a tea house at the edge of the city, near the North Gate.

Tanaka San, who had brought home the dead Furuku was comforting the weeping singing girl.

They talked so low that I could not hear them and when she spread the futamatis at nightfall, Kimochi had forgotten to cry. She was singing an old Japanese ballad.

I thought of her fickleness half the night.

In the morning Tanaka and three others carried Furuku San out in a small box, his knees doubled as he sat upright in the coffin after the orthodox Buddhistic manner, and Tanaka San wore me as he followed the funeral procession with Kimochi shuffling along on her teak-wood clogs behind him.

I pondered over the situation night after night. I resolved to be revenged. Furuku San had treated me well. He brushed me, shining me continually, while Tanaka threw me into a corner and was all ears when Kimochi began to chant her songs. He sat beside her while she gracefully bound her black hair, whitened her face and neck with powder, paint and pomatum, carmined her lips, blacked her eye-brows and oiled

her hair, holding the old Korean mirror of burnished metal while the singing girl made her preparations for the entertainment of those who came to the tea-house.

I listened while they talked, the crafty rascals. So, they were going to get the two hundred yen that the dead Furuku had loaned to the Korean farmer who tilled the paddy-fields just beyond the city wall at the North Gate.

Kimochi had a paper with the thumb marks of Furuku and the farmer which was also stamped with their seals in red, this having been done before the Japanese Resident.

That farmer had paid exorbitant interest for the two hundred yen, even though he had paid with counterfeit nickels, but the couple now proposed to force the old Korean to pay the principal despite the fact that repayment was not due for many months.

"Kimi," said Kimochi, "honorably take the hat. The Korean pig has never seen such a hat unless he has been to the Court where Marquis Ito rules at Seoul. If you wear the hat he will think you are Marquis Ito and you can tell him that unless he pays he must go to prison—tell him he may be hanged."

Oh! the wickedness of this world. I was to be made use of to force payment from the poor old rice-grower, and I was helpless to do anything. But was I? Perhaps—well, I would see.

"Kimi," said Kimochi, "Wanibi San, who is a flag-waver of the railway, has an imposing uniform with shining buttons—he looks like the Marquis Oyama. It may be you can borrow that clothing, and with it and the shining hat he may think you are the Japanese Emperor."

The singing girl had not stayed awake all night thinking of the two hundred yen for nothing.

I listened carefully and worried over this and resolved that the old Korean should not be robbed, although I could not yet see how to prevent it.

"I will go to this pig of the Korean," said the geisha, between mouthfuls of daikon, as the silent Tanaka sat on the opposite cushion wondering what might happen if the interfering constabulary heard. "I will go to him and demand the money. He will refuse, seeing that I am a weak woman. I will scream and

then you will come. Today he goes with a cow to the city by the North Gate. We will waylay him. But bring the hat, and then he will think you are the Marquis Ito himself."

While Kimochi was sitting before her mirror Tanaka lifted me from the shelf and pressed me down on his head, the cocoanut oil of his hair sticking greasily to my band. He tilted me to one side, then he glared into a cheap mirror labelled "made in Germany," and admired himself. But, how out of place I seemed with that old blue kimono and the low neck, bare feet and teak-wood clogs. Perhaps the uniform with brass buttons which the flag-waver brought from the railway would be better.

I shall never forget the sight when Tanaka looked into his mirror after he put on the uniform. The trousers were tight, clinging to the leg like those of a Yokohama ricksha-puller, and they had a disinclination to reach down to the sandals by a foot at least, while the coat fitted like that of a bellboy who had stayed overlong in the pantry.

In the morning we went forth, Kimochi leading, and Tanaka following with me on the back of his head. Toward the North Gate we met an unsophisticated Korean with bovine stare, hanging jaw and a loose tuft of hair like an Angora goat. He was leading a bullock laden heavily with brushwood, and looking straight ahead of him. Suddenly Kimochi sprang toward him and screamed.

Just then a gust of wind lifted me over a compound wall, where I lay close to a break in the rubble.

"Why do you not pay this woman her money?" asked Tanaka with all the authority he could assume, as he put his hand to his bare head.

"The hat; where is the hat?" shouted the angry Kimochi, shrilly. "He will never pay unless you have the hat."

From my hiding place behind the mud wall I laughed.

"Why do you not pay this woman her money?" demanded Tanaka once more.

"Excellency, I go to get it," said the farmer meekly, as though, like all his countrymen he had become accustomed to being robbed by the Japanese. "If your Excellency will honorably hold my poor cow for a few moments I will

humbly go to my poor home just beyond the city gate and bring the honorable money to your Excellency."

"Yoroshi!" said Tanaka tartly; he felt that he must maintain an air of authority despite the fact that I had lifted myself over the wall.

"And you must hurry," shouted the singing girl as the farmer shuffled away. They watched the old Korean toddling through the city gate and then both burst into laughter. Between outbursts of merriment they planned a trip back to the Street of the Lantern-makers in Osaka, and the fickle singing girl vowed eternal fealty to Tanaka.

Two Japanese policemen meanwhile approached from a lane between the low Korean houses, and with them was the unsophisticated owner of the cow.

"There he is," said the farmer, pointing to Tanaka. "That's the man who stole my cow."

Both constables laid hands on Tanaka's shoulder, and hustled him off, while the Korean, chanting an old native song, picked up the leading rope and started homeward with his bullock.

"But——," Tanaka started to explain. "I am——."

"Yes, of course," said the fickle Kimochi, "he tried to steal the poor man's cow," and she smiled as her almond eyes shone upon the policemen.

Meanwhile I lay perdu behind the compound wall while the man with tight-fitting brass-bound uniform languished in jail making explanations, at which everybody laughed. There is also a singing girl carrying tea and cakes to all who come to her tea-house and making violent love to a policeman whom she met while he was arresting a man for cow-stealing at the North Gate. Finally there is a flag-waver of the railway line angrily demanding at the prison gate that his uniform be returned to him; and a bull contentedly chewing the cud in a corner of his master's house, while an old farmer recites to all who will listen what befell at the North Gate. He scents his breath with garlic and sul at intervals; these things being bought with his surplus funds because he no longer pays exorbitant interest on two hundred yen.

Life and Love.

O NCE, in the long ago, when Life and Love
Walked ever hand in hand,
They came to earth from some fair realm
above,
And wandered through the land.

Much they did find whereon their art to try,
For then the world was new.
They shook the sunbeams from the bended sky,
And steeped the ground with dew.

Upon the fields the emerald turf they spread,
And clad the hills in green;
They laid the meadows in the vales, and led
The glittering streams between.

Life lifted up the flowers throughout the land
By woodland slope and fen;
Love stooped and touched them with her
glowing hand,
And they have bloomed since then.

Life taught the birds to build within the brake,
And clothed each fledging's wing;
Love lifted up her voice but once to wake
The songs which now they sing.

Thus ever hand in hand they journeyed on,
From sea to sunlit sea.
Their garments had the freshness of the dawn
Which wakes the flowering lea.

And journeying thus, at length they found a
child
New risen from the sod.
Life frowned, and said, "He is a beast." Love
smiled,
And said, "He is a god."

Then were their hands disjoined, and from the
ground
Betwixt the twain arose
A dark and shadowy figure, sorrow-crowned,
And draped in sable woes.

Because that Nature's tenderest demands
Did seem of little worth,
From henceforth Life and Love their parted
hands
Shall join no more on earth.

For this the flowers shall haste to fail and fade,
The wood and field turn sere,
And all the songsters of the summer glade
Fly with the changing year.

Life lifted up the child and gave him breath,
And he did walk between—
Love on the right, Life on the left—and Death
Did follow, all unseen.

"What wilt thou give," said Life, "and I will
show
Thine eyes the path of fame,
And lead thee there, that after-years shall know
And wonder at thy name?"

"All," saith the child, "that Fate shall bring
to me,
And all that Fame can give
To heart and mind—all will I give to thee,
If I shall always live."

But Love stooped low and gently drew his head
Against her broad white breast.
"What wilt thou give to me," she softly said,
"And I will give thee rest?"

"Alas!" he answered, "I am now bereft
Of all I might control.
One gift remains—myself alone am left—
To thee I give my soul."

Love put her sandals on his naked feet,
And in her tender care
Gave him her brodered garment, soft and
sweet,
Such as a god might wear.

She girt his body with the golden zone
Loosed from her own warm breast;
And on his lips the imprint of her own
She passionately pressed.

And in his heart she lit the deathless fire
Which rests not night nor day,
But still doth turn the soul with fond desire
To Beauty's path alway.

So they did journey, and the land was fair;
Each day was like a dream
In which the soul moves with the moving air
Along some crystal stream.

But Life began to weary of the way,
Such fickle heart hath she,
And though Love plead with tears, she would
not stay,
But shook her fair hand free.

Then Death came swiftly up in silent might,
With arms outstretched and cold,
And bare the child back to the land of Night,
To mingle mould with mould.

But Love still journeyed on from scene to scene,
To find some land of rest,
And ever at her side a soul did lean,
Close to her faithful breast.

Long ages have rolled by. Earth's children
find
Life false and fickle still;
Her promises are fair, but she, unkind,
Forsakes them all at will.

The path is sweet and blooming still the same
As in that ancient day,
And sable Death still follows hard, to claim
The soul-forsaken clay.

And still she lives whose dear divine control
Nor Life nor Death can sever;
And journeying still the unimprisoned soul
Goes on with Love forever.

—R. B. W.

This I know—and this may by all men be known—that no good or lovely thing exists in all the world without its correspondent darkness; and that the universe presents itself continually to mankind under the stern aspect of warning, or of choice, the good and the evil set on the right hand and the left.—John Ruskin.

* * * * *

What we call illusions are often, in truth, a wider division of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces—a movement towards a more assured end than the chances of a single life.—George Eliot.

Men I Have Met.

By W. Blakemore.

Marion Crawford.

IT is the unexpected that happens, not only in connection with many events of life, but especially as to accidental meetings. For twenty years I have been an admirer of Marion Crawford. Who that delights in chaste, elegant sensuous diction has not recreated in the Italian sunshine, which suffuses his work. No other living writer of fiction so faithfully reproduces the atmosphere in which Italian men and women, especially of high degree, live and move and have their being. Little, however, did I expect that my first meeting with the celebrated author would be in the unromantic Western City of Great Falls. It occurred in the winter of 1897, when I found myself for the first time in the now far-famed Montana Smelting centre. I had been looking through the electrolytic works established there by the Boston and Montana Copper Co., a splendid achievement of modern engineering, which had successfully harnessed the head waters of the Missouri to their bidding.

Great was my surprise to see the hoardings placarded with an announcement that Marion Crawford, "the celebrated novelist," would deliver a lecture on Italian literature that evening. I have not yet recovered from the shock, to my sense of the eternal fitness of things that a man so cultured and accomplished should have been secured to lecture in a pioneer Western City, containing at that time not more than two or three thousand souls; but I was reckoning without my host in the person of the peeress entrepreneur Major Pond who was managing the tour. The inimitable skill of the Major in advertising and arousing interest in his lecturers was never better illustrated, for in spite of the uncongenial surroundings and inclement weather some four or five hundred people gathered in the Opera House. It

may be a fitting tribute to the excellence of the lecture, although I have always preferred to believe that it was a mark of interest in the lecturer, that the audience remained intact until the end.

Marion Crawford is a man who would attract attention anywhere. There are few men like him in the Western world, although both in London and Rome one may see his counterpart any day, except that he is a blend of the best features of the aristocrats of both cities. To the finger tips he looked princely, Bohemian, dilettante. As he walked in one was first of all impressed by his height, which is exaggerated by a somewhat spare built frame. He is considerably over six feet, well-knit, athletic looking, and bronzed. He has dark brown hair, a keen, intellectual face, and angles at the chin, the jaw, the cheek-bones and the eyebrows. His eyes are hazel and either glow, gleam, or scintillate as the emotion moves him.

The second impression is of his gracefulness, every movement bespeaks the artist. It would be impossible for him to stand without appearing picturesque, and his occasional gestures were the very poetry of motion.

One could not help feeling that he was enveloped in an atmosphere of sang froid amounting almost to nonchalance. Essentially a man who had thought for himself, who had solved the problems of life to his own satisfaction, who had become by habit, if he were not by instinct, a philosopher, and who looked out on human life with the easy tolerance of a thorough man of the world to whom nothing mattered—very much.

As I listened to him and looked at him, the conviction stole over me that in those stately, urbane, kindly dispositioned, reserved gentlemen who people the galleries of Saracinesca and Sant Ilario, he was painting the portrait of his ances-

tors, if not of himself. His voice deepened the conviction, soft, melodious, persuasive, with a touch of indolence, rising and falling with a regularity and an evenness which would have been monotonous if it had not been so musical. In the course of a two hours' lecture, not once did he become animated, not once did he appear to be moved by any phase of his subject, and I could not help saying to myself, "Why here is a magnificent contrast, the living embodiment of the antithesis to Gavazzi, who was all fire and enthusiasm, and who carried his audiences away in a torrent of consuming passion, as he pleaded for the freedom of Italy.

Even if Marion Crawford had lived in the days when Garibaldi and Gavazzi, on the platform, in the press or on the tented field, were fighting to liberate their country, he could have taken no part in the contest, for he is essentially not a man of action. His to look out with lofty intelligence and subtle appreciation on those aspects of his native country and those chapters of her history which appeal to the reflective and artistic temperament. Essentially a man to advance the intellectual status and to raise the standard of culture in times of peace, rather than to sound the tocsin of war.

His lecture was a concise and logical resume of the history of Italian literature, more suited for a Boston Literary Society than a great Falls public meeting. But the man! He charmed and charmed, and his dulcet tones are lingering still. His lecture was almost unrelieved by humour, and yet at the conclusion he related one or two incidents which suggested possibilities in this di-

rection. A reverence for the religion of his country was discernible time and again, he touched it at many points and always with sympathy and intelligence.

After the lecture we found ourselves the only occupants of the smoking room reserved for guests on the upper floor of the hotel. There we smoked and chatted until the night was half gone. Smoked cigarettes, a circumstance which did not a little to confirm me in my own weakness for the paper-rolled weed, and yet who can imagine Marion Crawford smoking anything but a cigarette, the apology for a real smoke, the whiff of Bohemia.

I found him the most genial and sympathetic of entertainers. Once we got to literary topics, his reserve melted away. He spoke freely and at times with a touch of enthusiasm of the great men of letters. Naturally in his estimation Dante held the first place, but he was willing to concede that this was rather a matter of preference than of critical judgment. He admitted that he found his Italian novels the most congenial to his own taste, and that his incursion into Western topics was the result of circumstances and not of inclination.

We parted and have never since met. I have read every line which he has written and since he has returned to his first love, am more than ever convinced that in his own sphere he is peerless, and among the many literary giants whom it has been my privilege to meet there are few who have left so pleasant an impression of their personality as the author of "A Roman Singer."

Not a tempest sweeps through the earth that is not needful; not a trouble breaks upon the human heart that is not necessary. If so let us take heart and rejoice that we are in the road that leads upward to heaven.

* * * *

The beginning of all good law, and nearly the end of it, is that every man shall do good work for his bread, and that every man shall have good bread for his work.—Ruskin.

* * * *

I seem to have spent my life watching idealists fight and go under. The ideals remain: their defenders either perish or lose heart, make compromises, and despise themselves.—John Oliver Hobbes.

* * * *

Knowledge humbleth the great man, astonisheth the common man, and puffeth up the little man.—Proverb.

The Man Decides.

By M. Langton.

THE Honourable Jack Carrington was idly looking out of the Pullman car window as the west-bound train puffed into Banff station. There was the usual hurry and scurry up and down the platform, and the monotonous bump-bump of trunks as they were being lifted in and out of the baggage car.

One old gentleman who had just landed was having a voluble dispute with the porters about a well-worn handbag which he carried. Finding, however, that he made little or no impression on the grinning darkies he was on the point of stepping into a bus which bore the name "Banff Hotel," in bright letters when the door opened from within and the old gentleman narrowly escaped a severe bang on the head. He was about to burst forth into angry exclamations, when a beautiful face appeared above him, and a slender, graceful young woman, clad in brown, sprang lightly to the ground. She was followed by an elderly lady whom she assisted to alight.

Jack was interested in these two as they slowly made their way to the train. The venerable old lady leaned upon the arm of the girl by her side, occasionally gazing up at her with a proud, happy look as she ventured some remark. He watched the expressions play on the girl's face as she answered, and caught the glint of white teeth when she smiled. As she turned her head he noticed the thick coil of dark hair, the straight nose and perfect chin.

"An undeniably beautiful face," thought Jack, "but what may the colour of her eyes be?" And then, suddenly, he felt an almost uncontrollable desire to look into them and find out.

He began speculating as to whether these two women were coming into his car, or if they had engaged a drawing-room, and later on it was all he could do to sit quietly when he heard the rustle

of skirts, and saw a neat, brown-clad figure glide by and arrange pillows in the compartment opposite. He could not help feeling a sensation of delight, and found himself wondering when she would look up, that he might catch a glimpse of her eyes. He supposed they were brown—that colour usually went with dark hair. Then becoming impatient, he adjourned to the smoking-room for a quiet pipe.

Jack Carrington was a man of means, being the sole survivor of an old and wealthy English family. He was about thirty-two years of age, tall, dark, with a strong rather than a good-looking face. He had made a name in literature since he left Oxford, by his well written "Travels," which appeared from time to time in the popular periodicals.

He had a fair knowledge of men and women, having passed through several London seasons, wintered on the Riviera and played with the usual luck at Monte Carlo. It was rumored in the Smart Set of London and the Continent that no lady had succeeded in finding her way into Jack's heart; and many a match-making dowager had been known to shake her head and sigh when the Honourable Jack Carrington was mentioned as a possible catch for a protege. He had travel'ed chiefly through India, Africa, Asia Minor and was now seeing America for the first time and had planned a visit to an old school chum who had settled in Victoria. From there he intended to take the "Empress" to China and Japan.

The West was a new world to Jack. He travelled in the wild, desolate scenery of the Rockies. The mountains seemed appalling in their towering ruggedness and grandeur. A sense of overpowering awe gripped his soul and he experienced a strange feeling of loneliness as he looked up at them from the smoking car window.

Soon he went back to the Pullman with his arms full of magazines. These he turned over one by one, each in its turn, to be discarded for another, until finally he dropped them all and his eyes strayed to the compartment opposite. A drowsy mood enchained his senses and he found himself weaving strange stories, with backgrounds of sloping mountain sides, clothed in shaggy brush and stately pines. He seemed to hear the sound of running rivers, mingled with the cries of wild birds, and the deep roar of unseen waterfalls.

There was always a patch of brown on the landscape of these stories, at first misty and indistinct, then as it gradually became clearer and clearer, a head appeared, then a face, and the rest slowly took the shape of a slight brown-clad womanly figure.

"Marjorie," called a soft voice, and Jack awoke suddenly to hear the lady of his dreams answer, "Yes, mother," as she re-arranged the old lady's pillows. Then it happened that a book she was reading slipped accidentally over the back of the seat almost at Jack's feet. The next instant he was looking into a pair of deep blue-grey eyes that played havoc with his senses.

She proffered a sweet "Thank you" as she took the book and he sank back on the velvet cushions, wondering what had happened that he seemed suddenly unable to speak, or even think.

About three o'clock that afternoon the train came to a stop. The news spread quickly that a bridge was washed away, which meant considerably delay. There was much excitement and the passengers rushed out to see the wrecked bridge, which, it was rumoured, would take ten hours to repair. To kill time Jack decided on a ramble, and felt thankful for an opportunity to try to get the "brown girl" out of his thoughts.

He pushed his way quickly through the thick undergrowth and then sank on a mossy rock, fairly enchanted with his surroundings. After an hour's rest he started back.

"Just the setting for the stories I weaved this morning," he mused, gazing around, "but without the patch of brown."

Yes, there were the sloping mountain

sides, with little valleys and dark recesses formed by trees and shaggy brushwood; there were the pine tops and the peaks, away above him, where surely the sun must lose himself.

All around were the wild, alluring voices of nature, while the pungent mountain herbs yielded a grateful perfume. Far and near were ragged juttings of rich-coloured rock, wide caves and crevices with mysterious purple depths. Down amid jungles of dark green undergrowth were blurred patches of deep blue made by clusters of wild berries; and everywhere was the rough background of crags piled one over the other, with their fantastic shadows and ever-changing mists—and there—Jack stopped—yes, surely there was the patch of brown after all.

At first he was not quite certain, but after cautiously drawing nearer he saw that it was really she, standing just as he had pictured her, among the rocks and trees.

Of course he could have gained the railway without meeting her by making a detour, but somehow he could not bring himself to do this, and walking right on the inevitable rencontre followed. Soon after he found himself showing her bits of strange coloured rock that he had picked up by the way. Their eyes met often, and Jack sometimes almost forgot what he was saying as he watched, with delight, the rich colour come and go in her cheeks.

That night Marjorie tossed about in her berth. It was impossible to sleep with the strange new feeling of unrest, and she lay wondering what had come over her. She tried hard not to think of the day that had just passed. How she longed to sleep, then to wake up and find herself safely home again in Victoria.

She had a weird feeling that somehow she was changed since yesterday, but it was a sensation she dared not analyse, and try as she would she could not prevent that glow of pleasure stealing over her senses as her thoughts flew back again and again to the events of the day. It had all happened so suddenly, this meeting with a strange man who seemed to have fascinated her from the first, whose image refused to be dethroned, and her heart was troubled.

At three o'clock the following afternoon they reached Vancouver, where Jack was to stay a day to arrange about his passage to Japan. He told Marjorie of his intended visit to Victoria and begged to be allowed to see her there. She seemed uncertain what to say, but assured him that they would meet again.

Two days later Jack Carrington was comfortably seated in the cosy office of his friend Dick Hamilton, a prominent barrister of Victoria.

"You see, I'm a different chap now," Dick was saying. "You remember how my old governor gave me up as a bad lot, five years ago, and shipped me out here. You remember how the mater wept when I left home; she thought she was seeing me for the last time; and you know of course the reason why Barbara Manners broke off our engagement, and what a scandal there was sometime after when Vivian Leeds cut me loose, on account of that Tilly Truffles episode.

"It was no use, Jack, they could do nothing with me at home. I wanted to go the pace, and I did sow wild oats with a vengeance. I might be sowing them still if it wasn't for my wife. Wait till you see her, Jack, the girl to whom I owe so much; the woman who saved me from myself. You know, Jack, that I never really believed in love. I used to scoff at it once, and say that it was all very well to fill up novels with and that sort of thing; but I didn't know then. I had never loved or possessed the love of such a woman, and I tell you now my life would not be worth living without her. But, I say, I am tiring you with all this. Now tell me, Jack, about yourself. Are you still the same staid old sage as ever, with never a thought for a woman?"

Jack got out of his chair to hide a blush and walked quickly to the window. His heart was filled with a shy longing to grip Dick's hand and tell him of the new found love that had so lately come into his life also. He remained there looking down into the street, thinking how he should begin, when suddenly his attention was attracted by a smart coupe.

"Dick," he called. "Come over here and tell me who that girl is in brown, driving with an elderly lady. See, they are stopping just below your doorway."

"Why, old chap," Dick replied with pride, "that's Marjorie, my wife. She must be coming up. I forgot to tell you, by the way, that she only came over yesterday after a two weeks' stay in Banff with her mother. You will meet her."

But Jack barely heard. His heart seemed suddenly to drop back into its old place with a heavy thud, and a sensation of utter despair gripped his soul. When he spoke his throat ached.

"No, Dick, no, I can't wait now. You know I must do a little shopping before I dine with you tonight, so the pleasure must be postponed till then."

In bewilderment he walked out into the street. What was this that had suddenly made everything dark? He must give up Marjorie? She was Dick's wife. A voice somewhere whispered "Fate."

"Fate," he cried in misery. "Well, he would fool fate this time. Marjorie must be his. He loved her, and she?—yes he felt sure that she loved him. What did he care about Dick now? What did it matter about his life? Nothing. He would take Marjorie away, and they would never be heard of again. He could easily manage that.

Oh, the pity of it all!

That day had been a trying one, too, for Marjorie Hamilton. There were times when she felt that it was impossible to live on as before. It surely could not be right; it would be living a lie to do so. After all, would it be fair to Dick, to herself, to all concerned, to pretend? Yes, that's what life would be henceforth—a pretence. She revolted at the very idea of pretending to love. Her thoughts went back five years to the time when she became engaged to Dick Hamilton, and she recalled how her friends tried to persuade her to have nothing to do with him. But she would not listen to them, for she loved him then, and he—had he not proved his love for her? How proud she was when he won his first law suit, and later on when his name was connected with greater triumphs, he had said to her, in his love: "My wife, you have won, not I. If there had been no Marjorie Hamilton God only knows what would have become of Dick." She had, indeed, been happy, and her love meant so much to Dick.

But there was that other overpowering influence, drawing her away from all this; an irresistible "something" whispering to her of happiness unknown, of life, and love as she had never even dreamed of them.

Seven o'clock had just struck, and Dick was awaiting his old chum Carrington. Dinner was to be served at seven-fifteen and all was in readiness.

Marjorie walked restlessly about from room to room, a prey to suppressed excitement. Every time she heard a step her heart jumped.

The sudden violent ringing of the door bell actually made her drop the vase of flowers she was placing on the table and she tried hard to control herself when Dick handed her a note brought in by a messenger for him. She thought she never found reading so difficult in her life before. The words seemed to run into one another. Finally she made out the following:

Dear Old Chap.—I cannot tell you how sorry I am, but the fact is I am unable to dine with

you tonight for reasons I can only explain in the much hackneyed phrase that something unforeseen has happened which prevents me accepting your kind hospitality. I am off for the Orient, Dick, the old, restless, roving spirit possesses me stronger than ever. But I must say, old Chap, that I envy you your quaint beautiful island, an ideal Utopia, where one would gladly dream away one's life in peace and love. Good-bye Dick; if you ever want to look me up a letter to the Carlton will always find me.

JACK.

The next night Jack Carrington paced the broad deck of the outgoing Empress. He could easily distinguish the outline of the distant mountains. Gaunt shadows they were to him in the moonlight, that seemed with the motion of the boat, to glide into the dark sea.

"Sloping, rich-coloured mountain sides," he mused, "once so full of warmth, life and promise, now all bleak and dreary; black ghosts of the night, slipping away in the darkness. So my rich-coloured hopes of life and love, once aglow with the bright promise of happiness are now all dead and like yonder phantoms slipping away into the dark sea of memory."

At The Shack.

By Percy Flage.

I read in the newspapers that Mark Twain is shortly to have the honour of dining with our King. If it is so let us hope that he remembers to profit by his experience with the German Emperor and to cut in at the after-dinner talk when fleeting occasion offers.

William sent a friendly message to Mark on the latter's 70th birthday, and made tardy enquiry as to why he was so silent at a Royal dinner party some ten years ago, to which Mark in demur and rebuttal points out that there was no sufficient gap or hiatus in the flow of kingly speech to allow entry of plebeian phrases.

Probably Mark was bashful. Any-way he drawls when talking American and miscues his verbs in German. Very likely William tried to help him with an occasional "Jah!" or "Nein?" and Mark

thought he was taking the count and so went down and out.

William is so brisk—occasionally brusque.

It will be different with Edward. For one thing, he enjoys a good cigar (Mark enjoys cigars too, but he won't be allowed to burn his favourite brand at Windsor, not if Scotland Yard stands where she did) and a cigar-smoking King gives openings.

One wonders how they will play—this Yankee at the Court of King Edward, and his wise old host.

It might be a game of chess worth watching, or again, an idle exchange of pieces with a stalemate ending.

Can a king escape from his crown far enough to merge for an hour his own personality with his very antipodes of man formation?

Can Tom Sawyer plus sixty years of roughing it and smoothing it as the fates ordained, pilot his way through the unchartered soundings of a soul so different—not a foreigner this, nor a stranger, but a king?

It is doubtful. They are both husked with years and the barnacles of environment—both, although splendidly young in intellectual human interest, over old for a shifting of identities.

The usual formalities of informal affability on the one part, and an artificial ease of manner on the other, may be followed more or less by the usual sigh of relief from the escaping man, and possibly a sigh of regret from the King, who never escapes.

But the meeting, howsoever dull or brilliant it may be, will be remembered by both with pleasure; for they surely know each other already.

The King has revelled enviously in the wild American boyhood of Huckleberry Finn; and Mark Twain, with the prophetic instinct of genius has written into his "Prince and Pauper" the very plot and intricacy of pawn and bishop, knight and castle, that should be played between them, save for the perverse dumbness of human tongues.

King Edward is a famous peacemaker—I wonder if he knows that Mark Twain and Sir Walter—well, let us imagine a slice of conversation:

Rex—Have I been misinformed, Mr. Clemens, in hearing that you entertain an antipathy to Sir Walter Scott?

Mark—Ye-es, your Majesty's informant was too generous to my reputation as a host. I keep open house—in summer—to my friends and my wife's poor relations—and a few poets—and Austin, when he comes over—but antipathies and publishers and sinners are fed from the back stoop and put to the wood pile. But I don't cotton to Sir Walter—if you'll excuse an Americanism.

Rex—Good old English, Clemens—I have you there. You'll find it in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop." But is it true that you hold Scott responsible for the American war of Secession?

Mark—To a large extent, sir. It's a tall order for one man, and there were of course many operating causes, but I hold his writings responsible for devel-

oping that fungus of sham chivalry and ginger-gilt gentility that spread over the south along about 1830 to 1850, till every nigger owning cross-roads plough pilot thought he was a heaven-born cavalier with the divine right of four pat kings! I beg your Majesty's pardon—I—

Rex—Never mind Clemens. Cut it out—if you'll excuse an Americanism. And Lincoln drew to three aces, and caught the other, didn't he? Well, well, there were sore hearts in the south. Let me see! Did you—were you in the war?

Mark—I was sir. I am a veteran. I wrote a "History of a Campaign that Failed" and Billy Crinkle, a pension agent down our way, tried to get me a pension when Scribner or Harper or someone published it for me. He claimed that putting me in the Historian class was calculated to impugn my veracity as a raconteur and injured the sale of the "Jumping Frog." I didn't get the pension though—when they looked into my papers there was some flaw or other—I fought on the wrong side, I believe.

Rex—Oh, you fought for the South?

Mark—Well, I didn't fight enough to hurt. Didn't kill anyone, I'm sure. I never was much of a slaughterist. Fonder of spectating than swash-buckling, to use a modern Angloschism.

Rex—Ah—yes. That schism was recanted from, I believe. No, you were not intended for a great warrior. A Politician? No. A Statesman? Philosopher? Humourist? I have it—a Diviner!

Mark—A Diviner?

Rex—Yes. You know those chaps who find water by means of witch hazel and that sort of thing? Your metier is the finding of Truth. At the bottom of every well of public interest, beneath the troubled waters of policy, discussion, expediency, is hidden a moral Truth. This you have always sought, and generally found, with your wonder-working witch hazel.

Mark—A jester's wand, your Majesty.

Rex—No! a sounding rod—a plumb line—"By the deep, Mark Twain!" That's your slogan. A jester? Were your ours, Mark, the so-called jester would occupy our most sacred council chamber.

Mark—I thank your Majesty for that.

Rec.—Thank your stars and stripes, rather, that your duty lies in pleasanter places. So the night grows easily late! I had intended, Mark, to discuss with you at some length the striking resemblances of Scott's life to yours. His great work as a successful and much loved author, his excursion into the publishing field, his financial disasters, his taking up of arduous labours at a time of life when well-deserved rest was due, to clear off debts of another's making. All this you have duplicated. But the parallel goes farther, Mark. He, too, was a philosopher of Truth, a Diviner for his people. "One," to quote from a friend who knew him well, "who would have gathered humanity under his wing, and while amused at its follies, would have saved it from folly and sheltered it from pain." A philosopher such as you, Mark, and one who had not his British training, toughened his hide to the pin pricks of humanity's folly and the stabs of its pain, would have armoured his sensitive spirit with the cloak of a jester.

No teacher of sham chivalry to his people, but a saviour of their birthright—a belief in and a reverence for the past, without which, hope for the future dies.

Our England—from a dry rot of prose and progress and poverty of belief, was stimulated by his popular tales of knight and crusades, Moss Trooper and Monk to a study and grasp of our great heritage from by-gone days.

Our cathedrals and castles, our town walls and country highways were there

always, but we saw them not until, "by taking thought he added cubits to their stature" and taught us to understand.

He taught Truth to England. Do not blame him if Ivanhoe made a poor seedling for Tennessee.

It's uncertain work, judging Truth from a foreign point of view. I know an upright Scotsman who will not allow your books to enter his house, since he read half way through Tom Sawyer and found a certain heroic fib of Tom's classed morally with George Washington's hatchet.

Mark—The cawny deevil! Well, well; that's where Walter gets back at me through his brother Scot. Possibly I am wrong. Yes—I misjudged him—I misjudged the race—not allow Tom Sawyer. Well, I forgive them both. Did he destroy the book, sir? or did he sell it to some Sassenach whose morals were tougher or whose soul was of less importance?

Rec.—H'm! He presented me with the book. And now, since you are reconciled to Sir Walter, allow me to offer you this little gift as though from him (producing cigar case). The leather case is new, but the inlaid work is from Scott's favourite snuff box. The miniature inside is a copy by your old friend Abbey of the famous Scott portrait by Leslie—whose father, by the way, was an American. The cigar—I think—

Mark—Pittsburg Stogies, by thunder! Edward, you're a Prince!

When some pitiless fate has grasped with iron hand the fortune of a whole life, a heroic will stands up in a man's breast, and cries in calm defiance, "Take it, then; I can live my life without it," and then a noble self-respect over-masters the pain of bereavement, and we stand firmly and proudly among the ruins of our hopes.

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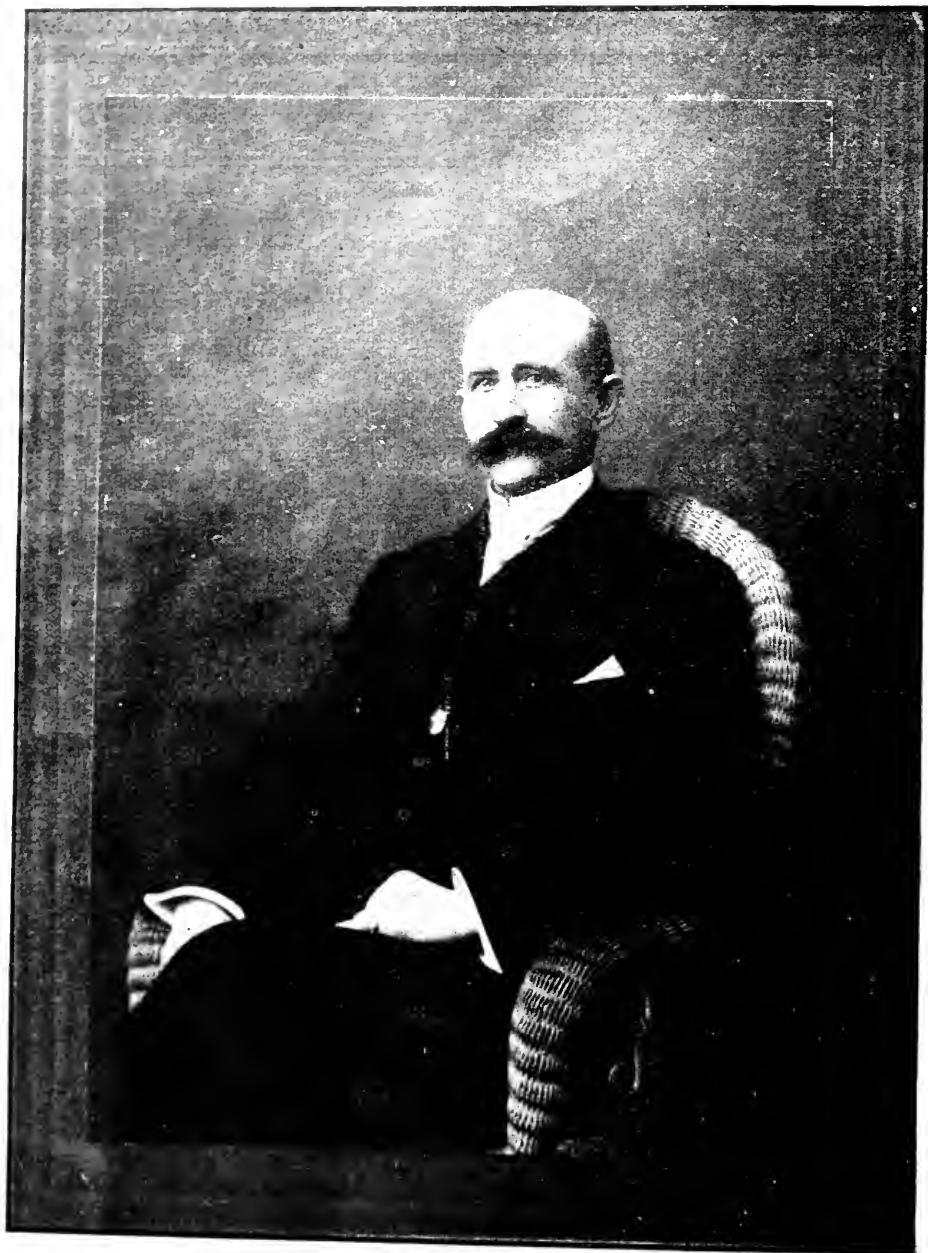
Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favour of adversity, but the worst of it is, it has no friends.

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Life, according to the Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts: that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish.

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Great men lose somewhat of their greatness by being near us; ordinary men gain much.



Al. W. J. Cavanagh, Vancouver.



WESTERN Canada contains many instances of men, who by their indomitable energy and perseverance, have carved out careers of wonderful success. It is the purpose of this magazine to discuss for the benefit and inspiration of its readers, marked instances of individual achievement. In this article we present a short biography of the life of Ald. W. J. Cavanagh, of Vancouver.

Mr. Cavanagh was born and raised on a farm in Leeds County, near Brockville, Ontario. Some twenty years ago, at the age of twenty-five, Mr. Cavanagh accepted Horace Greeley's advice to young men and "went west." Upon arriving at Winnipeg, Man., he secured a position as travelling representative of one of the leading wholesale shoe houses of that city. For eight years Mr. Cavanagh was a knight of the grip, covering the territory from Winnipeg to Victoria, and familiarising himself with the geography of Western Canada, knowledge that has proven so helpful to him during the past few years. Leaving the road he first became bookkeeper for The Ryan Shoe Co., of Winnipeg. Shortly after he met with an accident which placed him out of active commission for many months. Five years ago last February, Mr. Cavanagh entered the vocation for which he is so eminently fitted, opening up a real estate office in Crystal City, Manitoba. At this time Mr. Cavanagh was still on crutches and \$150.00 in debt. His success was remarkable from the start, but his health failed him. After a heavy attack of pneumonia his physicians recommended that he go South, which he did, spending ten months recuperating in Southern California.

From his frequent visits to the Coast cities he was well acquainted with Vancouver, and had singled out this city as the apple of his eye. Mr. Cavanagh recognized Vancouver as Canada's Western port and the most promising city in this fair Province. Upon finally deciding to enter the real estate field here, he took a position as traveller for The Baker, Leeson Co., that he might perfect his knowledge of the city and province. After ten months on the road, he opened a real estate office on Cordova street, opposite the Grand Theatre, becoming senior partner in the firm of Cavanagh & Baker, and afterwards of Cavanagh, Baker & Leeson. He was back to his life work again. Being optimistic regarding the city and its future, he enthused all with whom he came in contact and gathered around him an ever widening clientele and circle of friends. It was a time when personality counted for much and Mr. Cavanagh's ability placed him in touch with men who figured prominently in large affairs. He made money for himself and his clients. One achievement lead to another and in the brief space of time since he has accomplished wonders.

Mr. Cavanagh himself attributes his great success to having the courage of his convictions. He has speculated in inside properties most profitably. Dissolving partnership with his first Vancouver real estate business associates six months ago, Mr. Cavanagh opened the office now occupied by the firm of Cavanagh & Holden.

This firm whose business for the past half year has amounted to many millions, is among the largest property owners in the city, owning blocks on Water, Hastings, Pender and Granville streets.

also on Westminster avenue. Its reputation for honesty and integrity is unimpeachable and its financial rating is over \$250,000.

In January of the present year, Mr. Cavanagh was elected by acclamation to represent Ward 3 in the city council. He is a member of the Board of Works,

Board of Water Works, Board of Health, Library Board and Art Historical Society and a tireless worker in the city's interests. Mr. Cavanagh's faith in the future of the city has grown with his success and he predicts that within the present generation, Vancouver will be one of the first cities of the Dominion.

"A Man Trap."

From the Russian of Leo Dorophavitch.

By Clive Phillips-Wolley.

"CUNNING goes further than force," says a Russian proverb, and we Jews, who hate the Russians, find them right in this at least. If you care to listen I will tell you a story to illustrate the proverb.

I am a money lender, and I always was a money lender since the time I had any money to lend, but lending is an anxious business and makes a man grow old quickly.

Some Christians tell me that they worry when they are in debt. These, I think, must be fools.

When I owe a man something I do not worry. That is his business. It is his money. But when anyone owes me anything then it is my business and I worry. Ah! Gott! how I worry until I have my roubles back with interest.

Well, I was a money lender in a town in Southern Russia twenty years ago. They took me from Poland with many of my co-religionists and tried to make me farm in the Crimea.

It is true that the black land is good land, but who but a fool would farm, when he can make others farm for him and can take all their profits and their farms to boot for a little vodka. At first it is given, then sold "on tick" as you English say, until harvest time comes and those debtors who cannot reap their own corn, (because the vodka seller makes them work out their debt at harvest) must sell their crops for what he will give.

Do you think that I will "do a little work to get a little food, to gain a little strength, to do a little more work, to get a little more food, to gain a little more strength," etc., as the story says? Oh, no, that is not a Jew's idea of business. That is the strong man's game and we Jews are not strong, we are cunning.

So before long I slipped into a town again and when my story begins I had made more money than all the peasant farmers in the Crimea put together. I could have had half their farms if I had wanted them.

The worst of it was that men knew that I was rich. It was no good to go about in old clothes. It was no good to live in a big house with no furniture, all bare and all cold except in the little back room, where I kept the windows shut, and the good stuff under the boards above which I slept or sat writing and counting.

There were no banks I would trust in the town and the Russians—oh Lord—they would rob Satan.

So I kept a man at last. I called him my nephew and I paid him to look like one, but he was only gipsy bred, I think, and a fool.

There was in our town a great talk of my wealth, and just about that time someone began to rob with violence.

I had known the Russian chief of police take a woman's last silver spoon to identify eleven other spoons found in

her servant's chest, and keep the dozen.

This was pretty smart for a Russian, but now men began to rob as they do it in England; to break houses and men's heads and commit all manner of coarsenesses.

One day they found a sea captain on the hill above the town with his head split open. There was nothing in it, and there was nothing in his pockets, but the English consul swore that in the mans' pockets there had been something.

Then the robbers went to the port captain, an old man with a young wife, who spent his money on French furnishings, and they took away not only what he had in his chest of drawers but the drawers too. They thought the goldings were worth money.

One night after this my nephew woke all at once and heard men on the roof. He knew that they were trying to come through the trap door into the little waiting room outside our parlor, and being a sort of a Christian and a fool, he crept softly out of bed. Then, taking a big cavalry sabre, that I had in pawn from a Russian officer, he stole under the trap door and waited.

If I had known that he would have been such a brave man I would not have done it, but I had thought of that trap door and shot the bolt on the inside, so that my nephew waited in vain.

So far he had not done badly, but hearing the men slide off the roof, he must needs dash to the front door and unbarring it run out. He was in his nightshirt, and with sabre in hand pursued the two thieves down several streets, though there must have been a foot of snow in the streets and he barefooted.

Of course he did not catch the thieves, but next morning when the story got about, everyone said that he was a very brave fellow, and old M—— must be very rich to keep so courageous a man to guard his wealth.

That was bad enough, but when my nephew came to me for a present because of this thing, and I remembered that he had left the door open all the time he was running like a fool down those streets I nearly ate him. It was only because the thieves were bigger fools than that nephew of mine that I was not robbed that night.

What? Of course I kicked him out. I could not afford to keep so brave a man. I could not keep heroes or fools, so I got an old crone to sweep out the rooms I never used, and to light my one fire, and her I sent home somewhat ostentatiously at nightfall and had the house to myself.

Even so I could not make everyone believe that I had no money. They knew I lent money, and probably there were *ci-devant* bank clerks among the thieves, men who had handled other people's money so long that they had grown hungry to handle some of their own, and these gentry would have known that I never trusted the banks.

At any rate this is what happened:

The house I lived in was built on the side of a hill, so that the upper story was on a level with the street. The lower story was below that level and looked out from the hill face.

On the upper story was my best parlour where I used to receive my richer clients. Old M——'s web they called it. A great corridor lead from the street through this upper story, past "the web" and below was my own room and the kitchen.

The street door of the corridor was a massive one, very dilapidated as to paint, but solid as Russian oak could make it, and across the centre of it was a great beam, which fitted into iron sockets. Unless a man could move or break this beam it would be useless to pick the lock and I need not say that I put up the beam every night with my own hands.

I had told my rosary as I used to call it, counting up the money I had out and the money I had in, and was sleeping lightly as my wont was, when I woke at the gnawing of a rat.

Now rats only come where there is waste, and there were no scraps unused about my place. Scraps were the main part of my old crone's pay. They were worth quite twenty-five kopeks a week with the rouble at ten to the pound sterling.

I did not believe that it was a rat and I soon knew that I was right.

Rats don't have steel teeth and I could hear the little ring of those teeth in the frosty stillness.

Quietly I stole upstairs in my list slip-

pers. The corridor, of which one side was of glass, where it was inaccessible from below, was bright with moonlight, and the first glance showed me a little steel tongue flickering backwards and forwards below my wooden bar.

For a moment that gave me a quaking fit. I could see that it was a circular saw and that if the villain who used it should succeed in sawing out a piece large enough to admit his arm, he would lift my bar and have me and my gold at his mercy.

But the next minute I grinned with delight. An idea had occurred to me, and I crept back to my den afraid only that I might be heard or might not be quick enough.

I was in luck. The saw was still at work when I got back with what I wanted. I stole up to the door and flattened myself against it so that I could not only hear the thieves whispering, but could hear them breathing on the other side.

And one of them was my nephew; my discharged hero!

Well that did not surprise me, neither was I surprised at the deft way in which the panel was withdrawn from outside as soon as the saw had done its work.

These were no tyros to let the piece come crashing on my polished floor in the stillness of the night.

But I think somebody was surprised a little later.

For a minute there was silence. They were looking past me down the corridor.

"All right the old weasel is asleep," said a voice I knew, and then a hand came through to the elbow and bent upwards to lift the beam.

It was delicate work then. I had the loose end of my rope already round the iron staple, but I had to adjust my noose round those nervous clutching fingers.

If I had touched them ever so lightly I should have lost the game. A young man might have been nervous, his hand might have shaken, but mine was cold and steady as the winter sky outside.

Then I bore on the loose end of the rope with all my might. The good hemp drew taut like the folds of a serpent, until the blue veins in the hand almost burst and I yanked and hauled until the arm was strained from wrist to elbow to the very utmost, so I made all fast.

If you will think for a minute, a man with his arm in that position would be helpless to use his other arm, and I suppose the fool who bolted, took the saw.

If they did not come back in force and burst in my door, I was safe and so was my captive safe, as a rat in a gin. I hardly thought they would risk the noise that a violent entry might entail.

"Good-night nephew!" I must back to bed. It is cold in this corridor and my blood is not as warm as thine." With that I shuffled off to bed, and slept soundly until some busybodies woke me, to tell me that a man had frozen to death on my doorstep.

His blood must have cooled in the night.

Curiosity has destroyed more women than love.—Madame de Pinzieux.

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Poetry is the beauty of ideas—distinct from the beauty of things.

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If thy conscience smite thee once, it is an admonition; if it smite thee twice, it is a condemnation.

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It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

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There is an alchemy in manner which can convert everything into gold.

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We esteem people less for what they are worth, than for what they are worth to us.

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Sincerity does not consist of speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable and falsehood inexcusable...

The Challenge of the Mountains.

By C. J. Lee Warner.

NO country in the world can equal British Columbia either for magnificent scenery or wild life. The opportunities for mountain climbing are unlimited, and the scenery on all sides in the various mountain chains and their sub-ranges far outstrips in grandeur and rugged beauty anything of its kind in other parts of the world. The glamour of the wild is throughout the Far West, and the lure of the beetling crags is intensified by the conquest of some rock girt fastness. To the aspiring mountaineer they hold out the most alluring of all prospects, the achievement of a "first ascent."

There is such a wide variety of mountain climbing to be had, both in point of

the valleys and lower slopes; though the southern portion of the Province is gradually assuming the appearance of a huge fruit garden. So extensive are Canadian areas that the primeval will be left for generations, although the tide of Empire is continually advancing further and further west. It is certain, however, that with additional transportation facilities in the northland (as yet untouched) and an ever wider knowledge of the possibilities of British Columbia, visitors and settlers will rapidly increase in numbers. There is no fear of the mountain districts of the Pacific Province ever being overrun in the same sense as Switzerland is today, for, as Mr. Whymper has said, "here are fifty or sixty Switzerlands rolled into one."

The best time of year to start climbing in British Columbia is in June: excellent ascents, however, can be made as early as April, since in that month the days are of fair length, and the ice slopes and bergschrunds are filled solid with packed snow. Starting early, before the sun has risen, the party begins the ascent through the forest which clothes the mountain's base. Then up in the brilliant sunshine, past great boulders and skirting round cliffs soon to "rope up," and with complete confidence in the guide, pursue one's way, surmounting difficult angles, hand over hand, up the sheer face of the precipice; stepping warily along the arete, for on the right hand is a sharp drop of a thousand feet, on the left a long steep snow slope stretching away into a valley where as yet man has never trod, and the arete is only a foot wide.

At last the summit is reached, where the wind blows keenly and sets the pulses throbbing. All hearts are filled with wonder at the glorious panorama. Great white neves and sparkling cascades form a silver network down the abyssmal depths of green valleys, leaving the senses overpowered and bewildered. So great beyond comprehension is the artistry of Nature.



A Mountain Lake.

altitude and in the nature of the ascent, that no traveller, paying even a brief visit to the Canadian Rockies, leaves them with feelings of disappointment. So evenly distributed are the points of interest that at the favourite summer resorts, Banff, Laggan, Field, Golden and Glacier, they are easily accessible.

In fine weather and amid such inspiring scenery few outdoor pleasures rival that of mountaineering. The allurements of the interior are enhanced by the scope afforded to the big game hunter. The territory is so vast in this wonderland that a great part of it must always remain wild. The enormous mountain areas preclude the possibility of anything more than the settling of

The Rocky Mountains reveal some remarkably fine scenic effects such as the great Victoria Glacier overshadowing beautiful Lake Louise, a sight never to be forgotten. Higher up are the Lakes in the Clouds, Lake Mirror and Lake Agnes. Ten miles from Lake Louise chalet is Moraine Lake in the Valley of the Ten Peaks; and not far distant is another amphitheatre of scenic glory, the frosted battlements of Paradise Valley. Language is inadequate to describe the bold and rugged beauty of these wonderful mountains; mediaeval glaciers, snow-capped bastions, dashing cataracts, yawning canons, lakes of crystal clearness with dark, solemn pine-clothed shores—a continuous display in which the purest, the wildest and the grandest forms of nature are displayed.

Field stands at the gateway of a region more exquisite than any yet discovered, superior throughout in majesty, and in beauty of detail even to the far-famed Yosemite. Once some hunters, keen in the pursuit of mountain goat, after crossing a high divide to the north-west of Field, came to an unknown valley of such surprising grandeur and loveliness that they were lost in amazement. "Yoho!" exclaimed the foremost Indian, who rode with them, and by this name the valley has since been called.

The Yoho Valley is rich in waterfalls, the mightiest of which Takakkaw, bursts from a lip of the Yoho glacier. It is full of deep fissures and rocky spurs, level lawns of rich green sward, clothed with stately trees, and picturesque upland tarns and cataracts innumerable. High up against the sky line runs a jagged wave of snow-topped sierras of new colours and fantastic forms. A deep, richly wooded valley intervenes, along which swirls and plunges the Columbia. The new mountains are the Selkirks, in which big game, bear especially, is even more abundant than in the Rockies.

To the north and south stretch the Rockies on the one hand and the Selkirks on the other, widely differing in aspect, but each indescribably grand. Both rise from the Columbia River in a succession of tree-clad terraces; and soon leaving the timber line behind, shoot

up into the glistening regions of perpetual snow and ice.

The Emerald, the Witch's Crown, the Wapta, and the tongues which protrude from the Waputek Glacier all rank among the greatest ice fields in the world.

Among the marvels on this, the west side of the Rocky Mountains, is the great Asulkan Glacier in the Valley of the Asulkan Creek. It is a gem of mountain beauty, where a series of white cascades foam through vistas of dark spruce and fir, where tumbling cataracts of fly-



Asulkan Valley and Creek.

ing spray leap from ledges above, and open meadow lands cause the climber to list for the tinkle of the Alpine herd. Angular peaks stand out in every direction. Afton with the sharp cone, the Rampart an oblong wall, the Dome a rounded rock, and two towering spires, Castor and Pollux, to the south. To one side of the Asulkan Glacier rises Glacier

Crest, the western promontory of the Illecillewaet Glacier, which is banked on the further side by the lower slopes of Sir Donald.

Among the ascents which may most readily be made by mountaineers, are Mounts Hungabee, Lefroy and Temple, near Lake Louise; Mounts Goodsir, Stephen, Collie, Habel, Balfour and Gordon near Field; and Sir Donald, Fox and Dawson near Glacier, all more than 10,000 feet high. Here the Illecillewaet and Asulkan Glaciers offer splendid opportunities to those who delight in crossing vast snow fields. But the real monarchs of the western mountains lie further north and though much more difficult of access are the goal of the enthusiast. The highest are Mount Columbia, Mount Forbes, Mount Lyell, The Twins,

hunting grounds extend over an area of four hundred miles by seven hundred, the whole teeming with wild life. The Selkirks have been very little hunted and consequently the sportsman who selects this chain as his preserve will not find that his sport has been spoiled; he must be prepared, however, to tackle one of the wildest regions. At all the principal starting points, outside the confines of the Canadian National Park, where the game is strictly preserved, guides are in readiness to accompany those who require their services. They are thoroughly acquainted with the localities in which they reside.

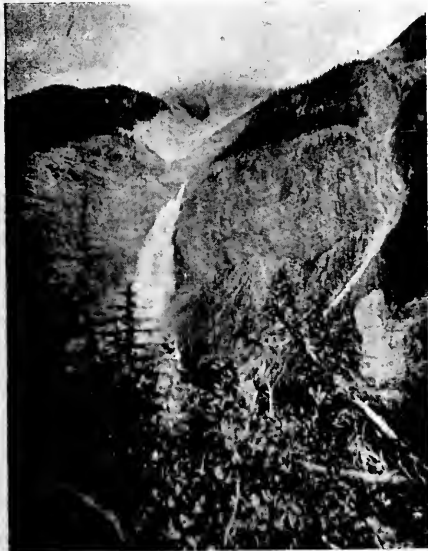
Big-horn is quite unknown in the Selkirks, though fairly plentiful in the Rockies; white goat, caribou and bears are abundant. The moose and the elk find their habitat in the Province in large numbers, although bands of wapiti are decreasing and units rarely penetrate to the haunts of man.

Among wild birds which inhabit the crags are the golden eagle, raven and several kinds of owls, and the white-tailed sea eagle is an occasional inland visitor. Game-bird shooting and fishing is unequalled both on Vancouver Island and on the Mainland.

Of the former pheasants, partridge, capercailzie, ptarmigan, black and willow grouse; duck and geese are plentiful; while the immense maze of rivers and lakes furnish the finest angling.

So varied and prolific are the fisheries of British Columbia that they may be said to stand alone. Everyone has heard of the commercial fishing of the Fraser. The salmon "run" is a sight which once witnessed is never forgotten.

Splendid sport is to be obtained by trolling. The "rainbow" or Rocky Mountain trout is the gamiest for his inches in the trout family and is the equal of the salmon for sport. This fish is very palatable. The finest recorded specimen was that caught by Mr. W. Langley; it weighed 22 lbs. 4 oz., and measured 37 1-2 inches long with girth 20 inches. Sportsmen who have wandered over the world and have tried sport under all conditions and in many climes, still award the palm to British Columbia.



The Takakaw Falls.

Mount Bryce, Mount Athabasca and Mount Saskatchewan. It is a subject of great satisfaction that the Canadian Alpine Club was reorganized last year under the able direction of Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., chief topographer of the Dominion, to forward the interests of mountain climbing, and bind together all those who are devoted adherents of this exhilarating pastime.

For the big game hunter British Columbia presents an unequalled field. The

Starting In Life.

By Amicus.

LIFE is a strange journey up a steep hill, always steepest at the start. Like starting a boat, a ship, or a locomotive, the dead line comes at the beginning. It takes less steam when the wheels are in motion. Thousands of merchants, lawyers, doctors and thinkers, have struggled for a lifetime without the accident of success, for success seems more accidental than common. But in the world at large, cases are rare of real merit long unrewarded where all the means at hand are carefully utilized.

Starting in life, like starting in a race is not a sure index of winning. Trained muscles and iron endurance are equally essential. So in the race of men and animals; the best trained are usually the more successful. So in the business world the careful thinker may rest certain of a safer voyage than a reckless navigator. Here, at the very threshold, must be brought knowledge, trained and mastered, and ready for the real work before us.

The dream of youth is never forgotten, and the child should be fed upon fact, and reared upon reason, instead of the fancies and fictions of expected greatness; the truer teachings of reality should early be enforced. The dream of childhood should be true to nature—a father's best legacy to his child is a cultivated brain. It is more than millions—it lasts for ever.

Fed on the fancy that fortune is easy of acquiring in some far-off country, boys are led to abandon home society and character for a risk or venture, without the truth before them that industry and character are the parents of good luck, and that, a way off, in an unknown climate, they are little prepared to meet what awaits them. There they must create a confidence already acquired at home; and "confidence," says Richelieu, "is a capital on which we can always safely draw." What a world of capital is wasted every year by roving men and

women who follow the delusion that fortune is always in a far-off country! What a waste of force is expended in hunting after happiness! As well look for prunes on peach trees, or beauty in an alligator. Happiness is always at home and in reach.

For the most part, life is a struggle; success and defeat follow each other in quick succession; sorrow treads closely on the heels of joy. To find a man or woman who has passed a lifetime of happiness is to see a rare specimen in nature. It is a great deal more likely that they have had their ups and downs—some of them many times—before they gained a foothold. But their secret has been to forget trouble—to let it go—to pass on, take a new course, and succeed in something else. Have they started wrong? So have thousands—so will thousands for ages to come. But to scorn trouble, to correct errors, to right wrongs and keep moving, that is the secret of true independence.

The mind grows on the food it consumes, and the downcast look sees little of the sun. To start right one must look inward. Self-respect is one of the surest evidences of culture; we must prepare for success, to be successful. To the man who said that he likened an ideal woman to an angel, the witty woman replied, "And how would you look by the side of an angel, you brute, you!" There is an argument in that reply. It teaches us to conform to what we hope to be—to liken ourselves to what we would be like. Character and self-respect are attainable by all; they are fortunes in themselves, which the world may safely trust.

There was a time, among the ancients when the strongest men were chosen for kings and rulers, and weaker ones were killed. To be noted then was to be cruel, to be noted now is to be good.

When the friends of Confucius, that greatest of all heathen philosophers, asked for one rule to govern a whole life, he said: "What you would not have

others do to you, do not do to them." There is a god-like manhood in the sentiment; it is a fit rule for a lifetime. Another sentiment of Confucius was to "so preserve the purity of your person that you may return it at last to its Maker as spotless as you received it." Health of body is essential to a beginning in the world. Health first, manner next, money last, for with the first we may get the others, but without health all happiness is destroyed.

There have lived men—their numbers are not few of late—who by schemes of villany have rushed on to fortune by a ready road; but the examples of their failure, their imprisonment, their death and defeat, offer little inducement for others to follow. The world is looking for better men and truer women. A start in life today means something more than knavery and force; it means intelligence; it means honest work well done. In whatever place we occupy, the highest success is in perfect workmanship. He is the noblest who lives the best, and does a lasting good to all his race.

Search where you will, you cannot find a more companionable person than yourself, if proper attention be paid to the individual. Yourself will go with you wherever you like, and come away whenever you please—approve your propositions, and, in short, be in every way agreeable, if you only learn and practise the true art of being on good terms with yourself. This, however, is not so easy as some imagine who do not often try the experiment. Yourself, when it catches you in company with no other

person, is apt to be a severe critic of your faults and foibles, and when you are censured by yourself, it is generally the sweetest and most intolerable species of reproof. It is on this account that you are afraid of yourself, and seek any associates, no matter how inferior, whose bold chat may keep yourself from playing the censor. If, then, you would find true happiness, study to be on good terms with yourself.

But ideas crowd upon us as our space grows less, and we close with the thought that starting in life is a problem each should think out for himself. Hints are all that we can give; changes will come soon enough, at best. The battle is your own; begin early to respect yourself. Choose an honest calling, with prospective promotion, if possible; then stick to it. Read up, study hard, think carefully, keep account of both income and expenses. Keep out of debt. Do your work well. The little difference between common work and fine work is well paid for. Remember, the world will be your friend or your enemy as you choose to make it. Be friendly if you would have friends. Men go out of their way to do business with good houses. Deal with the lucky, but help the unfortunate. Fortune's favourites are the best skilled, best cultured, best hearted, best mannered men and women. Such are first promoted, best paid, and last discharged. It pays to cultivate these gifts early in life. Men pay for them. They are at a premium in trade. "Keep with the good, and you will be one of them."

The string that knows nothing of tension can never know much of music. It is the strain that is put upon it that makes it give forth its sweetness in the master's hand. The heart that has never known the meaning of anxiety or unrest can know but little of the rhapsody of true praise. Men still "learn in suffering what they teach in song."

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The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak.—Thackeray.

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It isn't so much that a woman wouldn't, but she hates you to think she would.

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Love is an extreme—to love less is to love no more.

The Labour Unions in Relation to Mining.

By G. Sheldon Williams.

IT is not an easy thing, in the limits of a magazine article, to do justice to a matter so involved as that of the relation of what is called labour-unionism to the mining industry. The subject has—partly for this reason and partly because a fair discussion of it is considered likely to give offence in many quarters—not hitherto been adequately dealt with by either press or platform. In saying this, it is not intended to be conveyed that the question has not been dealt with at all. Far from it. But it has always been handled either purely from the miner's standpoint, or purely from the employer's standpoint, or from the standpoint of that most excellent human jelly-fish, bred to perfection in all democratic countries, whose principal aim in life is to achieve the impossible by simultaneously running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. The discussion from these three standpoints has naturally done little to increase the sum of human knowledge, or to benefit the community as a whole.

Now, this brief attempt to discuss a question in which every citizen of British Columbia is more or less directly interested may well be commenced with the statement that the miner's union differs from every other kind of labour union. This is because of the nature of the miner's work, and the surroundings amid which it is carried on. For it is of all human employments the most hazardous, the least relieved in its ever-present peril by the distraction of agreeable surroundings, and the least comprehended by those not immediately concerned in it.

For the information of the last mentioned, for the instruction of those whose lives are cast in pleasant places, whose work is above ground in the fresh air and sunlight, it may be well to pause here and briefly review some of the

more prominent features of the miner's occupation.

In the first place, there is in practically every man's heart a natural fear of the dark and the underground—born, so some scientists tell us, of hereditary impressions resulting from great geological catastrophies and attendant terrible conditions which afflicted the human race before the dawn of authentic history. The habit and custom of their daily toil dull this sentiment in most miners, the lack of education and its accompanying curse of a too vivid imagination deaden it in many others; but, though not consciously felt all the time, the fear is always present, and lends a peculiar horror to even the most trifling accident in a mine. The writer knows whereof he speaks, having on more than one occasion had to wriggle through a caved-in tunnel, where there was not even room to crawl on your hands and knees, where the long splinters projecting from massive roof-timbers, which had been cracked like match-wood that very day under the weight of the hundreds of thousands of tons of rock above them, caught in your clothes as you lay; where no man dared to speak above the lightest whisper, lest the vibration of the air should bring about the final collapse of those crushed and shattered timbers. A few experiences of that sort give a better idea of the hardships and perils of a miner's life than all the newspaper articles and political speeches in the country put together.

It is only justice to the miner to remark here that the manly overcoming of this fear in the hour of trial and danger lends an additional glory to the numerous acts of self-sacrificing heroism in the face of death which are so often to be noted in mining accidents. It is not on record that there has ever been any lack of volunteers for a rescue party

at a mine catastrophe, no matter how great the danger.

Then there is, in addition to the danger of large catastrophes, and the depressing gloom in which the work is carried on, a large number of lesser, because individual, hardships and perils. A careless comrade, an insecurely fastened ladder, a fall of rock, a flaw in this or that piece of machinery, a fuse that hangs or a fuse that runs, a missed hole after a blast, a slip on the edge of stope or winze—these and a score of other accidents dog the footsteps of the underground toiler through every hour of his working day. Then, no matter how perfect the system of ventilation—and it is oftentimes very far from perfect—the depth below the surface and the fumes of powder make the atmosphere very trying; while in a dry mine there is dust and in a wet mine there is damp, water under your feet, water dripping from the tunnel-roof, water running down the walls. And when the shift is over and the miner emerges from the shaft, heated and exhausted with his work and drenched with perspiration, he may find a biting wind, a driving rain, or a raging snow-storm waiting for him outside, with the bunk-house and dry clothes anything from a hundred yards to half a mile away. And the shorter distance often provides quite enough exposure to bring on the dreaded pneumonia.

Now, mining in one shape or another has been going on ever since man discovered the uses of the metals and fuel stored in the bowels of the earth; and for many centuries the miner was a person whose work was rough, hard and dangerous and therefore—odd as it may seem—very poorly paid. He was not, in most countries, very far removed from a savage in regard to culture and education, and, except when he went on a spree, or had a grievance against his employers and sought to express his feelings by a riot, the world of fresh air and sunshine knew very little about him, except that it burnt the coal or forged the metals which he extracted from the depths. But, in modern times, came education—free education. And several things resulted from that.

Many very excellent, but very foolish, people think that free education makes

men happy. It does nothing of the kind; but it makes them think. And when free education got down to the miner, he thought a good deal. He learnt that people above ground did pretty well with the rough stuff which he tore, with toil and danger, from tunnel and shaft. He learnt that many people, whose work was nowhere near as hard and unpleasant and dangerous as his, got much bigger wages than he did. He learnt that, while one man by himself can seldom get what he wants, a number of people holding together and determined to obtain their desires, generally do obtain them, because they are so numerous a body of men that people have a delicacy about refusing them. And having learnt all this and a good deal besides, he thought some more. And then came the Miner's Union.

Was it—is it—a good thing or a bad thing? Well, like most human efforts and productions, it was a mixture of both, and remains so today. In so far as it has been used to improve the conditions among which the underground toiler works, and has given him a fair wage and shorter hours of labour, it is a good thing; for it is not well for any country that any section of its workers should be kept in the condition of brutes and slaves. Taken all in all, though subject to many abuses by corrupt and unscrupulous men, the Miners' Union has been in the main a good thing. The miner asked for a square deal. Under an ideal system of government—that "benevolent and intelligent system of despotism" of which the late Prince Bismarck thought so highly—he would have got that square deal without asking for it. Under existing conditions, however, his only chance was to organize and, by united effort, secure what the government of the country would not order his employers to give him as an individual.

Let us look now at the mining company which employs the miners and without which—be it remembered—there would be no mines, and no employment for miners. On a very large proportion of this North American continent the earth contains a variety of metals and non-metallic minerals of industrial value. The mining of these substances is an

important industry, as a natural consequence. In some sections, notably in British Columbia, it is the principal industry.

Unfortunately, with the rare exception of some of the richer placer gold fields, this mineral wealth is neither easily nor quickly obtained. It is not at all the sort of thing that a poor man can go in for with the expectation of acquiring a fortune, a competency or even a modest livelihood, by the unaided strength of his own muscles. You do not handle a rich ore-field with the same ease that you do a potato plot—digging up its contents and carrying them to market on your own back. It requires an immense expenditure of money for wages, for machinery, for supplies—an expenditure, too, continued over several years—before even the richest mine will begin to put figures on the profit side of the ledger. The term varies with local, metallurgical and geological conditions, but a rough average may be safely struck by saying that it takes five years to make a mine.

This is where the mining company comes in. The mineral, or satisfactory indications thereof, having been discovered, competent men pronounce on the probability of the property turning out a rich ore, and estimate the cost, both in disbursements of cash and expenditure of time, which will be necessary to make it a productive and profitable concern. A company is then formed and duly incorporated, its various members and shareholders putting up a sufficient sum to employ men at the current rate of wages, to purchase machinery and supplies, and meet such other expenses as may be necessary. The sum required is certain to be large, and is at times enormous, but it is necessary to secure it if the property is to be developed into a productive mine.

It is to be remembered in this connection that not merely a large sum of money is required, but that the said sum will return no profits to those investing it for—as shown previously—an average period of five years. Moreover, there is always the chance—though modern scientific knowledge and improved methods of ore treatment have greatly reduced the danger—that the mineral

may either disappear altogether with depth, or may so materially change for the worse in quality and quantity as to render the property no longer profitable to work. And the burden of this uncertainty is not the least among those which the mining company must shoulder, for, if such a misfortune happens, they have spent their money to no purpose. Their miners will have received their wage every pay-day, the company's liabilities for supplies and machinery will have been promptly met; and yet, after two, three or four years of steady development work, the company may find that all its money has been put into a hole in the ground which will never yield back one cent of it. It will thus be seen that, if the miner runs risks of one kind, the mining company runs risks of another, and it is well to remember this fact when reflecting upon the high profits made by some few of the more successful.

Let it be granted, however, that the mine is finally upon its feet, with plenty of fair-grade ore in sight and everything running smoothly. Then the mining company takes the amount which the ore is worth after treatment. Is this clear profit? No, though lots of people talk as if it were. There is the immediate cost of the labour and machinery used in extracting the ore; also the cost of the labour and machinery employed, it may be for years, in bringing the mine to the point where it would produce this ore; also the fact that people who have waited five years before seeing any return on their money are entitled to a pretty handsome profit when returns do come in. Add all these things together, and you will soon see that the real profits of a successful mining company are not so very great after all—nowhere near as large in proportion as the profits of a big dry-goods firm or departmental store, where they have nothing like the same expenses for labour or material. And it is easy to comprehend that any marked reduction in the quantity or quality of the ore, or any marked increase in the cost of its treatment or of its extraction from the mine, may readily bring the concern to the point where expenses exceed returns, and operations must of necessity cease.

Now, in fair justice to the miners'

union and the mining company, it must be said that, in very many cases, both of the parties have shown a clear comprehension of each other's positions. There are plenty of mining companies—it is unnecessary to mention names—who have been working for years without ever having had any friction with their men. More than this, in not a few cases wages have been voluntarily raised by the companies. All over this continent mines are to be found where employer and employee work together in perfect harmony. And the question may well be asked—why should it not be so in every case?

There are two principal answers to this question. One fault lies with the Miners' union, the other one with the mining company. Taking the case of the union first, it must be remembered that every such organization—even as also every mining company—is composed of human beings, necessarily imperfect and possessed of human failings. There are black sheep in every flock, and the fact that a man belongs to a miners' union does not of necessity imply that he is either honest or industrious. Of course, it is not fashionable to make such a statement as this now-a-days, but as this article is not written for the purpose of catching votes, the luxury of truth may for once be indulged in.

Thus, then, it is no matter of surprise to the man who knows himself and his fellowmen to be told that, while the principal cause of the formation of the miners' union was the just and natural desire of honest and industrious men to secure fair dealing by the only means left to them, there were among their ranks those who saw in the movement a chance to make "easy money," to secure a luxurious livelihood at the expense of their fellowmen—in a word, to "exploit" their brother workmen even as those workmen had hitherto been "exploited" by their employers. And they also clearly perceived, as time went by and the new era of things came to be accepted, that, if the miner's union and the mining company were to be allowed to dwell together in harmony, the profits of the said "exploiting" would be very small indeed.

Then arose the class which, under the various names of "organizer," "walking

delegate," "labour member," and a host of similar disguises, has done, and is still doing, for the sake of their own sordid gain, so much to embitter the relations between the mining company and the miners' union. Glib of tongue, soft of hand, well-fed and well-dressed, ever ready with the specious stock arguments which idleness and knavery have invented as an excuse for the low hatred of another's man's success which lurks in many human hearts they travel in luxury from point to point, stirring up strife and ill-feeling between Labour and Capital—the two classes who, of all classes in the world, are most dependent each upon the other and have most reason to work together peaceably. These men are always talking of "graft"; but what graft is like unto their graft? They are ready to shout about the rights of the workmen, but have never a word about the duties of the workingman. And the genuine miner, the man who is really doing his work and his duty, puts his hand in his pocket and pays out money to keep these human vampires in idleness and luxury, under the impression that they are "protecting his interests."

Turn now to the other reason why the miners' union and the mining company do not always live in harmony—where it is the fault of the mining company. Its members are also human beings, and quite as likely to want more than they are entitled to as are the members of the miners' union. Moreover, on this continent, the man with money has less consideration for the man without it than in any other part of the civilized world. This is because, owing to the great opportunities for the speedy acquisition of wealth which are offered by the rapid development of this country's natural resources, the vast majority of the men of money today began life without a cent, being labourers themselves. Now, it is a well-known fact that no man is so cruel to the poor as a poor man grown rich. The old proverb regarding the beggar on horse-back is as true today as it every was. And, while some men of wealth have learned wisdom and consideration in dealing with those who work for them, there are many who have not the capacity to learn. This may seem a curious thing to say of a rich man, but

the fact is that the ability to acquire wealth is by no means a proof of any very general intelligence.

Now, men who understand the question strongly discourage the placing of individuals of this sort in any position of authority upon the board of a mining company. But, in many cases, this precaution is not exercised. The result is that a man of grasping, arrogant, vulgarly tyrannical nature is put in a position where all his bad qualities can rage unchecked. And then trouble comes, and not merely the mining company, but the whole community suffers.

A marked instance of placing a man wholly unfitted by nature and training in the position of manager of a mining company has recently been afforded during some labour troubles very fresh in the public's memory. And it would seem to be a question for a Federal statute. The argument that because a man is a good lawyer and well-to-do, he is therefore, fitted to be a good mine manager, is too childish to be discussed. It is typically the viewpoint of a country which is the Paradise of the "Jack of all

trades and master of none"; but it is neither common sense nor business. Great Britain handles her mines considerably better than any other country in the world. Please to consider the howl of derision which would greet the appointment of a London barrister as manager of a Cardiff colliery.

The manager of a mining company should be a trained and skilled miner himself. He needs to be other things besides, but the law should see to it that he has at least that qualification. He should know the men's needs, understand from practical experience their point of view, and be a man of sufficient sense and personal pride to be above that ridiculous snobbery and indifference to the wants, feelings and comforts of others which the possession of a few dollars—often how ridiculously few—seems to have a trick of breeding in the self-raised "man-of-the people."

It has not been possible in this brief sketch to give more than what, it is hoped, is a fair outline of the different sides of a difficult and complex subject.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

* * * * *

It is not the number of facts he knows, but how much of a fact he is himself that proves the man.

* * * * *

Have you never observed that if you conscientiously neglect to do your work it somehow manages to get done without you?—Henry Harland.

* * * * *

The happiest of pillows is not that which love first presses; it is that which death has frowned upon and passed over.

* * * * *

A man must be bolted and screwed to the community before he can work well for its advancement; and there are no such bolts and screws as children.

* * * * *

It is not the great matters, the supreme joys, which fasten upon the human heart with such force, but the small interests and pleasures—the unnoticeable violets—from which the departure is so painful.

* * * * *

The purest joy is unspeakable, the most impressive prayer is silent, and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

* * * * *

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.



Both Mistaken.

An iron hoop bounced through the area railings of a suburban lady's house recently, and played havoc with the kitchen window. The lady waited, anger in her heart, and a fighting light in her eye, for the appearance of the hoop's owner. Presently he came.

"Please, I've broken your winder, ma'am," he said, "and 'ere's father to mend it." And, sure enough, he was followed by a stolid looking gentleman, who at once started work, while the small boy ran off.

"That'll be two-and-threepence, ma'am," announced the glazier, when the window was whole once more.

"Two-and-threepence," gasped the lady. "But your little boy broke it. The little fellow with the hoop, you know. You're his father, aren't you?"

The stolid man shook his head.

"Don't know him from Adam," he said. "He came round to my place, and told me his mother wanted her winder mended. You're his mother, ain't you?"

And the lady shook her head also.

Collected.

"Fare."

The passenger gave no heed.

"Fare, please."

Still was the passenger oblivious.

"By the ejaculatory term 'fare,' said the conductor, "I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of service vouchsafed by this philanthropic corporation. I merely allude in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy, but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car, and suggest that, without contemplating your celerity with punctuation, you liquidate.

At this point the passenger emerged from his trance.

Mrs. Clybel—"The boy grows more like his father every day."

The Caller—"Poor dear! And have you tried everything?"

What Would You Expect?

"The Scotch," said Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture, "are certainly a witty people. Now, there was a visitor in the little town of Bowdoin who, on looking about, saw no children, but only grown men and women. He wondered at this and finally, meeting a weazened old man on the street, inquired: 'How often are children born in this town?'"

"Only once," the man replied, as he proceeded on his way."

The Fortune-Teller's Mistake.

Fortune-Teller—"Beware of a short, dark woman with a fierce eye. She is waiting to give you a cheque."

Male Visitor (despairingly)—"No she ain't. She's waiting to get one from me. That's my wife."

Answered.

"Begad, Mrs. Smart, where do you keep your complexion?"

"Where you lost yours, Major—in a bottle!"

"Any Wife to Any Husband."

"Hang it all, my cigar's gone out," he said. "It spoils a cigar, no matter how good it may be, if you let it go out."

"A cigar," she observed, "is, in that matter, not unlike a man."

Poor Henry.

There have been many strange things in our country's history. One of the most curious was recently mentioned by a little schoolgirl.

"The hydra," said this much-informed young person, "was married to Henry the Eighth. When he cut her head off another one sprang right up."

Of Course Not.

A man accompanied by his wife visited a merchant to order a suit of clothes. The couple differed as to the material and cut of the suit, and the wife lost her temper. "Oh, well," she said, turning away, "please yourself. I suppose you are the one who will wear the clothes." "Well," observed the husband meekly, "I didn't suppose you'd want to wear the coat and the waistcoat."

Worse to Follow.

"All these stories the papers are printing about you are lies," said the politician's friend. "Why don't you make them stop it?" "I would," replied the politician, "but I'm afraid they'd begin printing the truth then."

"Ah, your language. Eet ees so difficult."—"What's the matter, count?" "First, zis novel eet say ze man was unhorsed."—"Yes?" "Zen it say he was cowed."

Mrs. Newwed—"Bridget, I saw you kiss that man." Bridget—"Sure, mum, an' yez wouldn't have me resist an officer av the law, would yez mum?"

Speak the truth, and—shock everybody you come near.

A miss is as good as—another miss, and often very much better.

The nearer the church the—more convenient in rainy weather.

The Better day the—Derby day.

If wishes were horses—what a number of broken necks there would be!

Has it ever struck you what an amazing quantity of the “reformed” actress runs to waist?

One man may steal a horse—but if he does, two men will probably hale him before a magistrate.

One who knows how it is herself says: “The man who is awfully urbane to his wife before strangers is also her bane behind their backs!”

An elderly maiden purchased an Egyptian mummy the other day for a parlour ornament. She said it would seem better to have a man about, even if he was advanced in life and withered.

One of the great attractions of an Indian travelling circus is thus advertised:—

“During acts of familiarity with the lion.”

“When men break their hearts,” remarks a cynical female writer, “it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws—another sprouts immediately and grows in its place.”

It is said that a dog on a wrecked vessel did not show any solicitude about getting a place in any of the boats in which the passengers escaped. That was probably because he had a bark of his own.

A lady in Grosvenor Square is reported to have given “a little dance after a big dinner” this week. A big dance after a little dinner would have been more conducive to health.

An Indian came to a certain agent in the northern part of Iowa to procure some whisky for a young warrior who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. “Four quarts!” repeated the agent, with surprise. “As much as that?” “Yes,” replied the Indian, “four quarts—snake very big.”

A good story of Lord Cardigan is told. Shortly before his death he reviewed a famous Hussar regiment, and, on making the usual speech, said, with more emotion than he usually showed, “I am getting old, gentlemen, and, in all probability, I shall never again review this magnificent regiment this side the grave.”

Not Her Husband.

A well-gowned, well-groomed woman with a Vere de Vere face and a shabby man who had reached the drowsy age of intoxication were the occupants of one of the side seats in a car the other day. All the other seats in the car were full, so the woman could not change, but she sat as far as possible from her unpleasant fellow-passenger, and the seat, which accommodates three people comfortably, and four in a pinch, was sufficient for these two only. By and by another woman got on the car. She looked around a little wistfully, and then reached for a strap. She was tired. It is tiresome, sometimes, to go around and just look at cats. But she hung on to the strap heroically until the conductor came along and saw the situation.

"Madame," he said to the woman with the Vere de Vere face, "would you mind moving up a little?"

The woman paid no attention.

"Madame," he repeated a little louder, and with traces of slowly rising vexation, "would you mind moving up a little?"

The woman gazed indifferently at the houses that were sliding by on the horizon, and made no sign.

"Madame," said the conductor again, this time in a voice that carried to far corner of the car, "would you mind asking your husband to move up?"

The woman came back to earth with a violence that would have put to shame any ten cats. "Husband!" she shrieked, as she poked the button to stop the car. "Husband! He's no husband of mine."

And as she flounced off the car six or seven blocks from whence she had intended to go the woman who had been to the cat show slipped wearily into the vacant seat. And the man who had brought on all the trouble slept peacefully on.

A celebrated French preacher, in a sermon on the duties of wives, said, "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book and every female instantly ducked.

A young lady became so much dissatisfied with a person to whom she was engaged to be married, that she dismissed him. In revenge, he threatened to publish her letters to him. "Very well," replied the lady, "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my letters except the address."

It was a menage a trois, Lucien Lucille his wife, and Alphonse his friend.

Alphonse looked very dejected one day, and Lucien asked him what was the matter.

"Mon cher ami," said Alphonse with his eyes moistened with tears, "J'ai fait une triste decouverte: Lucille n'est pas fidele a nous."

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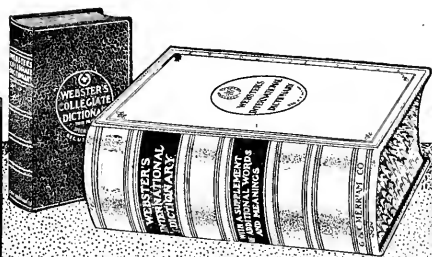
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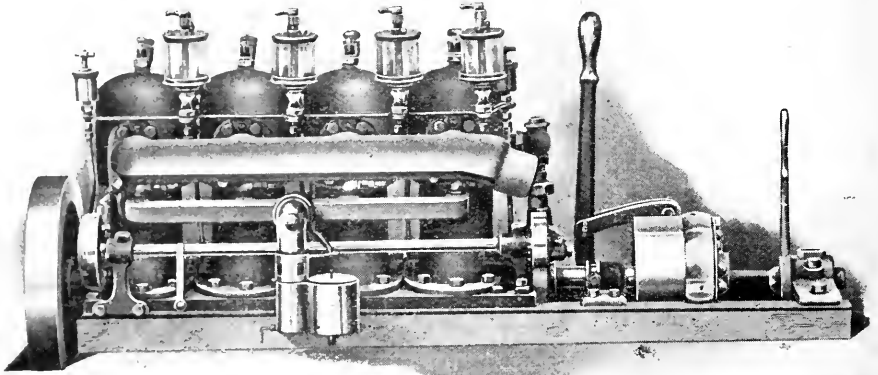
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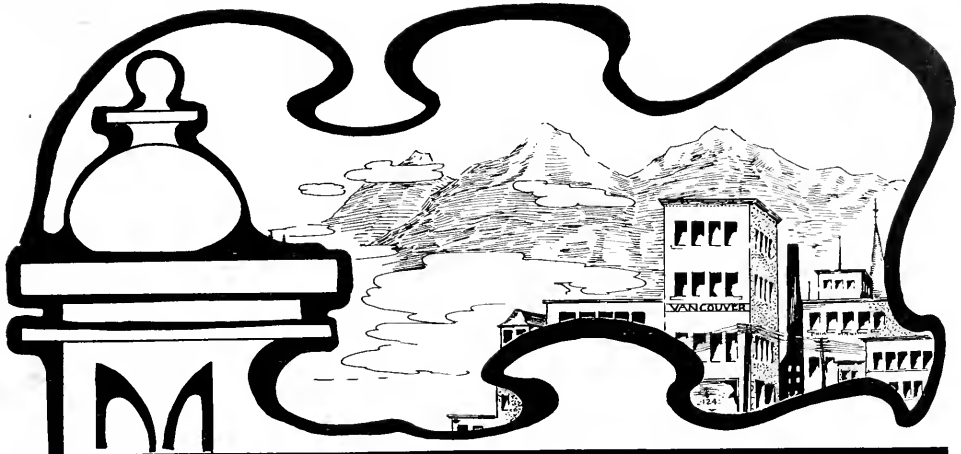


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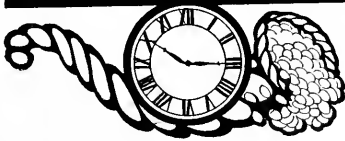
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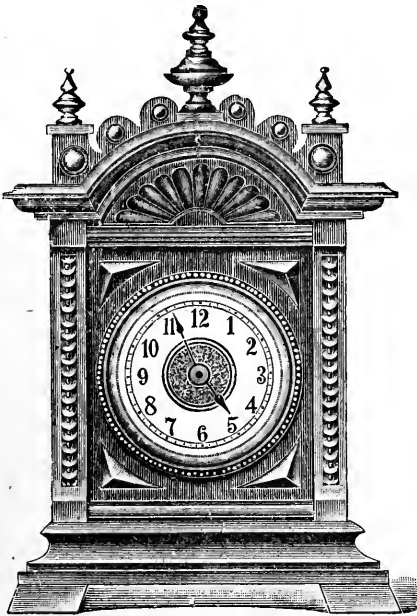


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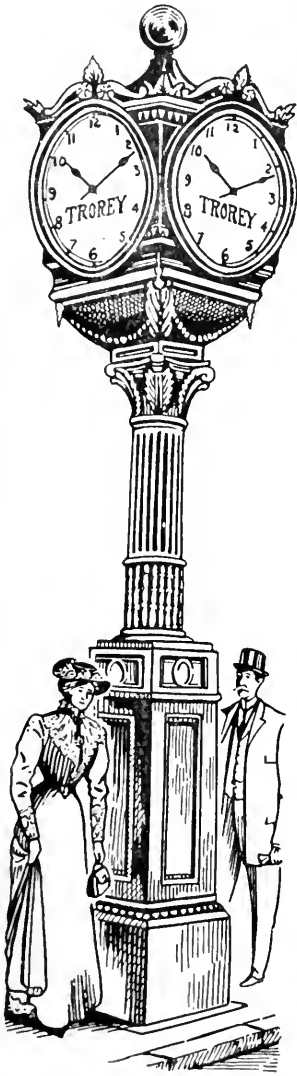


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CANADIAN
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AUGUST, 1907

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Westward Ho! Magazine

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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The success of the first number of Westward Ho! has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the publishers. Within three days of issue the first number was sold out in Victoria and Vancouver, and stray numbers were being collected to supply the most urgent enquiries. This large demand for the magazine and a corresponding increase in advertising support has necessitated the printing of a larger magazine which will have double the circulation of the initial number. This issue consists of 60 pages of reading matter and 20 pages of advertisements. It includes a splendidly illustrated article on the International Yacht Race, which is our leading feature, and which contains the first authentic description of the race, for the Alexandra Cup. Special attention is directed to a series of photographic studies of British Columbia scenery. The balance of the number consists of articles on matters of public interest and short stories, all by Western writers and specially written for Westward Ho!

The September number in addition to the ordinary departments will contain some specially interesting features; the Hon. Richard McBride will contribute an article on "My First Impressions of the Motherland." An expert article on the "Awakening of the Royal City," with illustrations of New Westminster taken by our own artist. Mrs. Beanlands will contribute another of her popular Art Sketches. There will be an illustrated article on "Lumbering," by Arthur V. Kenah. Mr. John Kyle, A. R. C. A., will write the first of a series of studies on "Home Arts and Crafts," (illustrated). The Editor will continue his chatty articles on "Men I Have Met," featuring the popular and genial Irish leader, Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Mrs. Annie Dalton will be responsible for a very interesting and whimsical ghost story and there will be at least half a dozen other short stories by popular writers. "Community Promotion" will be dealt with in the first of a series of articles by Percy G. Godenrath, and a financial expert will write on Banking and Trust business, with special reference to the important assistance of the latter in building up the West.

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Brown and White.

The daily press is discussing with all seriousness the subject of Oriental immigration and the favourite headline with journals not notoriously yellow is "The Japanese Menace." It is a subject which requires quiet thought rather than loud expression. The Spectator appeals to the British public and press to do their utmost to promote a peaceful and enduring solution of the American-Japanese problem—the Government by a tactful influence of the ally, and the press by the avoidance of any comment that might prove to be an embarrassing precedent in the future. This is excellent advice, and while it is addressed to the British people from the higher platform on which Imperial matters are debated, it is none the less apposite in the narrower sphere of Provincial interests. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the advisability of utilizing Mongolian labour in connection with those public works which are essential to the rapid development of the Province, there is no difference of opinion as to the desirability of maintaining British Columbia, and indeed the whole of Canada, as a white man's country. Even capitalists and contractors who are most eager to avail themselves of low grade labour in order the more quickly to realize the profits of their investment are outspoken in the opinion that it is only a temporary expedient, and in specific instances they have offered to follow the lead of Rhodesia, and ar-

range for deportation within a limited time. If carefully and closely examined, the issue narrows down to one or two points; the shortage of labour being admitted as now it must, the first question is from what source can it be supplied. If from the white races, it becomes the bounden duty of the Government to exhaust every means of securing this class of labour, before even tentatively permitting the wholesale immigration of Mongolians. Up to date no serious effort has been made by the B. C. Government to bring white men in. This is not altogether the fault of the Government, although it must take the responsibility. If organized labour had been more reasonable and less hostile, there is every probability that at least from five to eight thousand labourers and settlers would have been brought into the Province this season by the Salvation Army. The astonishing inrush of Japs during the last three months has opened everyone's eyes, and has probably convinced the labour leaders that for once at any rate they were lacking in prescience when they condemned the proposals of the Government. With 5,000 Japs brought in this year and 5,000 more on the way, the object lesson is beginning to have its effect and white labour, even if brought through the agency of the Salvation Army appears far less obnoxious than it did about the time of the last Provincial election. Those who have studied the question at close quarters believe that a more vigorous policy along the same lines

would within a year or two solve the problem and check Japanese immigration, if not stop it altogether. The fact that so many Japs have been able to find employment, and that in spite of the heavy head tax Chinamen are beginning to come in in considerable numbers, no less than eighty arriving in one batch, and paying \$500 each for the privilege of staying here, clearly demonstrates that there is an unsatisfied demand. The Government is face to face with a difficulty. Whilst it may not be possible to impose the same restriction upon Japanese as upon Chinese immigration, there is reason to believe that more can be effected with the Government of the former country than the latter by recourse to tactful diplomacy. The Federal Government should not hesitate to exercise its influence through this channel in the interests both of the Province and the Dominion. The local Government disregarding sectional prejudice and interested opposition, should initiate a broad scheme looking to a much larger influx of white labour than has yet been contemplated. The project should be devised and carried out by the Government so that the mistakes of the Dominion immigration department may not be repeated, and in order that Government control may be absolute. Such a scheme will require substantial aid, and if the Province is determined as far as practicable to exclude Mongolians, it can only do so effectively if it is willing to pay the price for bringing in men of our own race. The present difficulty has been created by the unparalleled rapidity of development throughout the Dominion. Gigantic industrial and transportation works have multiplied at such a rate that the shrewdest business man and the most sagacious statesman alike have found their anticipations far outstripped. The country is clamouring for railways and roads; without these, its forests, mines, and illimitable agricultural lands cannot be exploited. Canada must be content either to wait or to organize immigration upon more extensive and attractive lines, and since the average Canadian refuses to wait, there is obviously no alternative. Meanwhile the problem is more acute in British Columbia than in any part of the Dominion, especially

in view of its geographical position and the alarming influx of Mongolians. The situation calls for wise and careful handling. The interests involved are local, national and Imperial. They are in safe hands, the solution will be found along the lines indicated, but it will be reached all the sooner if public opinion asserts itself on the platform and in the press in favour of the policy which the local Government indicated six months ago, and which by their recent contract they are apparently about to put into operation.

The Fuel Question.

Although it is still mid-summer, there are ominous whisperings to the effect that the coming winter may find Western Canada suffering from a shortage of fuel. This may or may not happen, but it is never too soon to take time by the forelock and in view of recent experiences, there can be no certainty that winter will find us well supplied with coal. It is a standing anomaly that the Province containing some of the finest and most extensive coal deposits in the world should be threatened with a fuel famine, and it is quite as strange a circumstance that capital has been so slow in realizing what a splendid field for investment coal mining offers. It is a singular fact that while millions have been lost in metalliferous mining, and while millions have been made in British Columbia in coal mining, and while not a single enterprise of the latter class has failed, it is next to impossible to interest capitalists in developing our coal areas. Probably labour troubles have acted as a deterrent, but these are likely to be less serious in the future, and much may be expected from Mr. Lemieux' Conciliation Act in the direction of preventing and settling strikes. In the Crow's Nest Pass, in the Elk Valley, in the Nicola and Similkameen Valleys, and on Vancouver Island are enormous deposits of coal in the virgin state, conveniently situated for the market and only awaiting the necessary capital and skill to yield all that is required for local use, and a large surplus for exportation. The Government would be rendering a service to the Province if it undertook a special investigation of available coal deposits, and issued

reliable bulletins setting forth all the available data which could be gathered concerning them. It is all very well to say that capital will seek its own investment, that is true, but it can be encouraged and assisted, and in no way more surely than by the furnishing of reliable data. There is one other point which should not be overlooked; it is that in spite of the scarcity of fuel, both in this Province and throughout the North-West, more than 50 per cent. of all the coal produced in Western Canada is exported. It is certain that the various local Governments will either have to stimulate production by encouraging capital, or undertake Government operation; or restrict and, if necessary, entirely prohibit exportation. Our own people must be supplied, they have the first claim, and it is none too soon even in August to make preparation for the coming winter, since the production of coal is not likely to be any greater than last winter, whilst the number of consumers must have increased according to the immigration returns at least 100,000.

Vancouver Island. Vancouver Island is the centre of interest among those who are watching keenly the development of British Columbia. Many things have recently transpired to stimulate this interest, but undoubtedly the chief factor is the activity of the C. P. R. When this corporation acquired the E. & N. Railway, it could safely be predicted that the purchase was but the first link in a chain which would ultimately bind Vancouver to the mainland, and bring about the exploitation of its splendid natural resources. This prediction is being fulfilled earlier than might have been expected. The second link in the chain was the erection of a large up-to-date hotel in Victoria. The third link the placing of a number of survey parties in the field to locate a route for the extension of the E. & N. Railway North and West of Nanaimo. The fourth link is about to be forged as indicated by the announcement of Mr. Arthur Piers, head of the Company's Steamship De-

partment, that an Empress liner of the same class as those which have established the Atlantic record between Queenstown and Halifax, will at once be built for the Pacific trade. These are but the bare outlines of a far-reaching policy, which involves the clearing and settlement of enormous areas of agricultural land in the E. & N. belt, railway connection with Alberni, railway extension to the extreme North of the Island, and last but by no means least, a railway and steamship terminus on Quatsino Sound. This latter decision which, although not officially announced, is practically assured by the recent visit of Mr. MacNicol, the General Manager, is by far the most important in its bearings upon the future of Vancouver Island. If any other point had been chosen, its future would have been imperilled, because it possesses the greatest natural advantages, and therefore will be most conducive to the building up of the Oriental trade and the all Imperial route on which the prosperity of the Island and the Province so largely depend. With an up-to-date ferry either across Seymour Narrows or some other point not far distant, and speedy railway connection with Quatsino Sound, traffic to the Orient will be brought twenty-four hours nearer to Yokohama than is possible from Vancouver or Victoria. To select Quatsino Sound is not to detract from the merits of either of these cities, they will still be great sea-ports, especially the former, but when it comes to an all-round the world route every hour counts, and if there is to be a Southern port, competing with Prince Rupert, and near enough to benefit Vancouver and Victoria and so divert traffic to them, no place of equal merit with Quatsino Sound could be selected. What with the present unprecedented activity in locating timber claims, preparing for the erection of lumber and pulp mills, for the clearing of agricultural land, and for railway construction, to say nothing of the exploitation of coal and mineral areas, the prospects for a time of general prosperity on Vancouver Island is of the brightest.



THE unexpected has happened. A young Seattle boy, scarcely attained to his majority, has designed and built a yacht with which he sailed and defeated a yacht from the drafting boards of the famous Fife of Fairlie. Of Ted Geary it may be truly said that he has awakened to find himself famous; for although it is of course premature to form an estimate of his work from this one yacht and this one race, still the fact remains, that the best yacht ever turned out of Vancouver, has had to lower its colors in two out of three races to Geary's "Spirit."

The occasion was the Annual Regatta of the North-Western International Yacht Racing Association held at Seattle, Washington, during the first week in July, 1907.

At the conference of representatives of the various yacht clubs of the Association held at Seattle in December of last year, the International Rating Rule of London was adopted as the rating rule of the Association; and the 29-foot class selected as the International Challenge class.

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia in recognition of what had been done, presented to the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club for perpetual International competition, the "Alexandra Cup." The Deed of Gift requires, among other things, that the

cup shall be raced for by two yachts, one representing a yacht club of the United States of America and one representing a yacht club of the Dominion of Canada, both belonging to the Association. Professionalism is absolutely barred and the contest consists in winning the best two out of a series of three races.

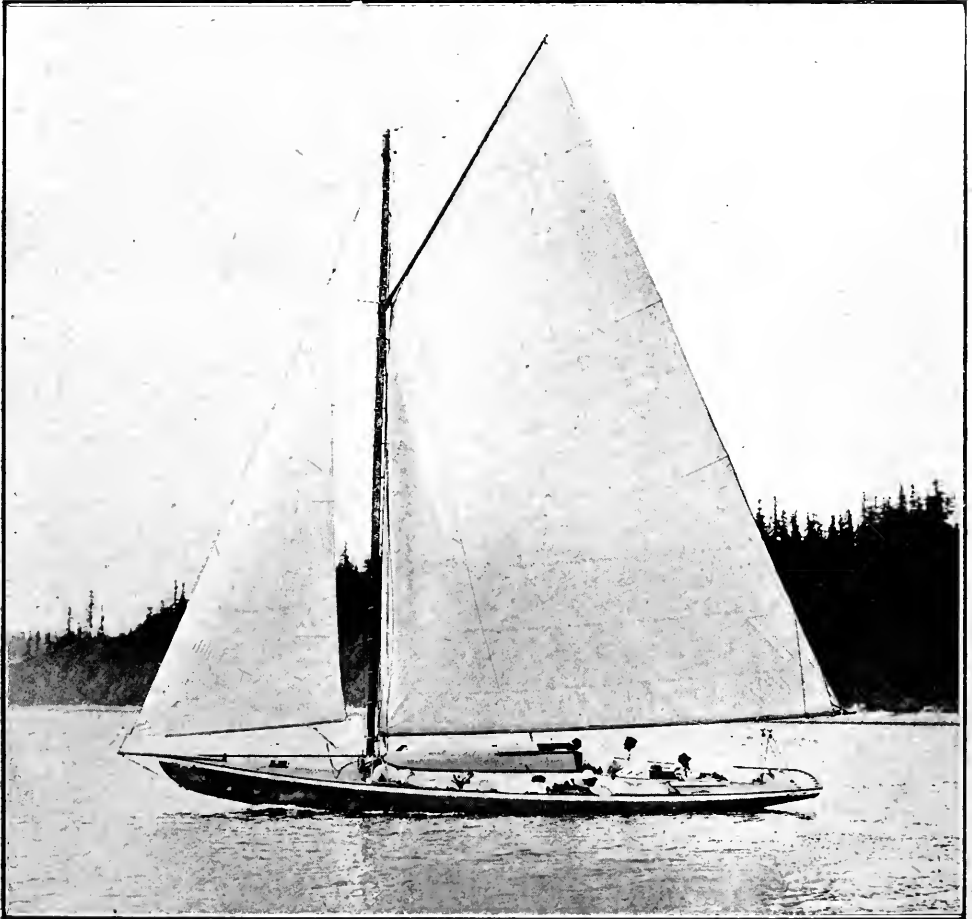
The date set for the first competition for this trophy was the date of the Annual Regatta of the Association held at Seattle in July last.

In December last, I wrote to Mr. William Fife, Jr., of Fairlie, who kindly consented to design for me a 29-foot cutter for light weather racing, to defend this trophy. The matter was then taken up by a syndicate of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, the designs placed in the hands of the Vancouver Shipyards, Limited, and early on the morning of June 28th, little Eileen Graveley broke a bottle of champagne over the bows of the most beautiful yacht that ever took to the water on the Pacific Coast, christening her the "Alexandra." One week was spent in outfitting and rigging her and she was placed in the hands of Honorary Commodore W. E. Graveley. Only three short weeks remained for the tuning-up process. On her third day out her mast buckled and three days were lost stepping the new one. She behaved well, appeared to be a little tender, but ran away from everything in the fleet

and her skipper considered that no try-out races were necessary.

The hopes of Vancouver yachtsmen ran high, and when, on Wednesday, June 24th, she left for Seattle in tow of the tug "Linda," there was not a man who saw her but believed to the bottom of his heart that she was invincible.

andra" in construction and smaller in her main dimensions, she did not look equal to the task of defeating the "Alexandra." The "Spirit" is 41.6 feet overall compared to the "Alexandra's" 46 feet; 27 feet on the water line compared to the "Alexandra's" 29 feet. She carried 4,800 lbs. of lead while the "Alex-



The "Spirit," the Successful Challenger for the Alexandra Cup.

In Seattle, different conditions obtained. Scott Calhoun had faith in young Geary and organized a syndicate which allowed him to go ahead with his challenger. All spring the young designer worked on his ideal, with a crew of the best ship's carpenters obtainable. The "Spirit" was the result.

Considerably lighter than the "Alex-

andra" carries 8,600, and compared to the "Alexandra's" 1,350 square feet of sail, the "Spirit" carried only 950 feet. Both rigs were of the jib and mainsail type. Geary's sails were made by Wilson & Silsby of Boston. The "Alexandra's" by R. Soper of Hamilton, Ont.

The "Spirit" is the embodiment of the effects of fifteen years' development in

yacht designing and building along the line of the famous America's Cup defenders, with her measurements adjusted to a certain extent to meet the conditions

Geary had produced a challenger worthy of the name. She bears the "Spirit" of Seattle.

The "Alexandra" on the other hand,

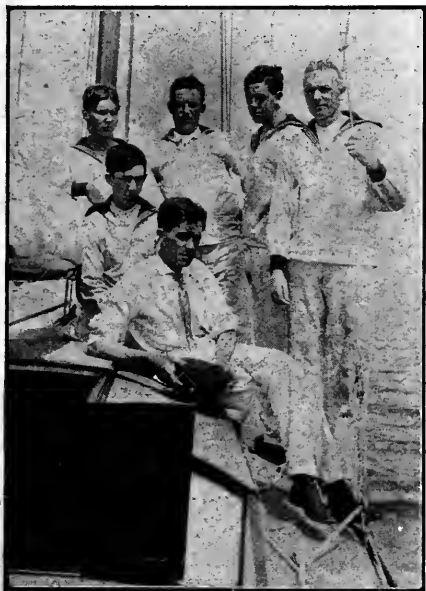


The "Alexandra," the Unsuccessful Defender of the Alexandra Cup.

of the new rule. In other words, she is a fine keel yacht, narrowed in her beam and lengthened out overall, with her under body filled in to a reasonable extent.

is the embodiment of the new ideal in yacht designing. Fife was not fettered by the old rules, but was designing a yacht according to his own notion under

a rule which he was instrumental in having introduced. He was on his own ground and the "Alexandra" represents his ideal of a racing cutter. She is not a fine keel yacht and her draft is comparatively small. Her long drawn outlines and beautifully moulded form were alike the pride of her supporters and the envy of her opponents. She looked her part, a thoroughbred.



The Crew of the "Spirit."

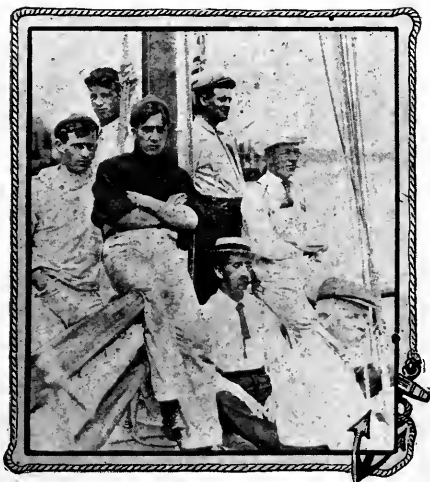
Geary saw, as did everyone, if he was to win, seamanship and hard drill must do it, and he acted accordingly. For a whole month he lived on his beloved "Spirit" and not a day went by but he put her through everything that came by him. The fact that the two yachts differed so essentially in design, rendered doubly interesting the contest about to take place.

Tuesday, July 2nd, broke fine and fair. By two o'clock in the afternoon nearly two hundred yachts and launches were hovering near the starting line. The officials were very successful in keeping the course clear. The breeze which had been light all morning dropped to almost nothing and when the starting gun fired at 2.30 there was scarcely enough of it left to waft the racers across the line. The "Spirit" got a windward po-

sition and pulled away a few lengths at the start and then to the wonderment of everyone the "Alexandra" did not commence to overhaul her. The "Spirit" increased her lead all the long beat out to the first buoy off West Point.

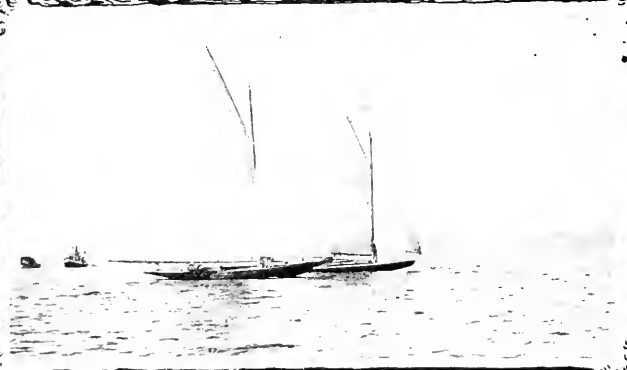
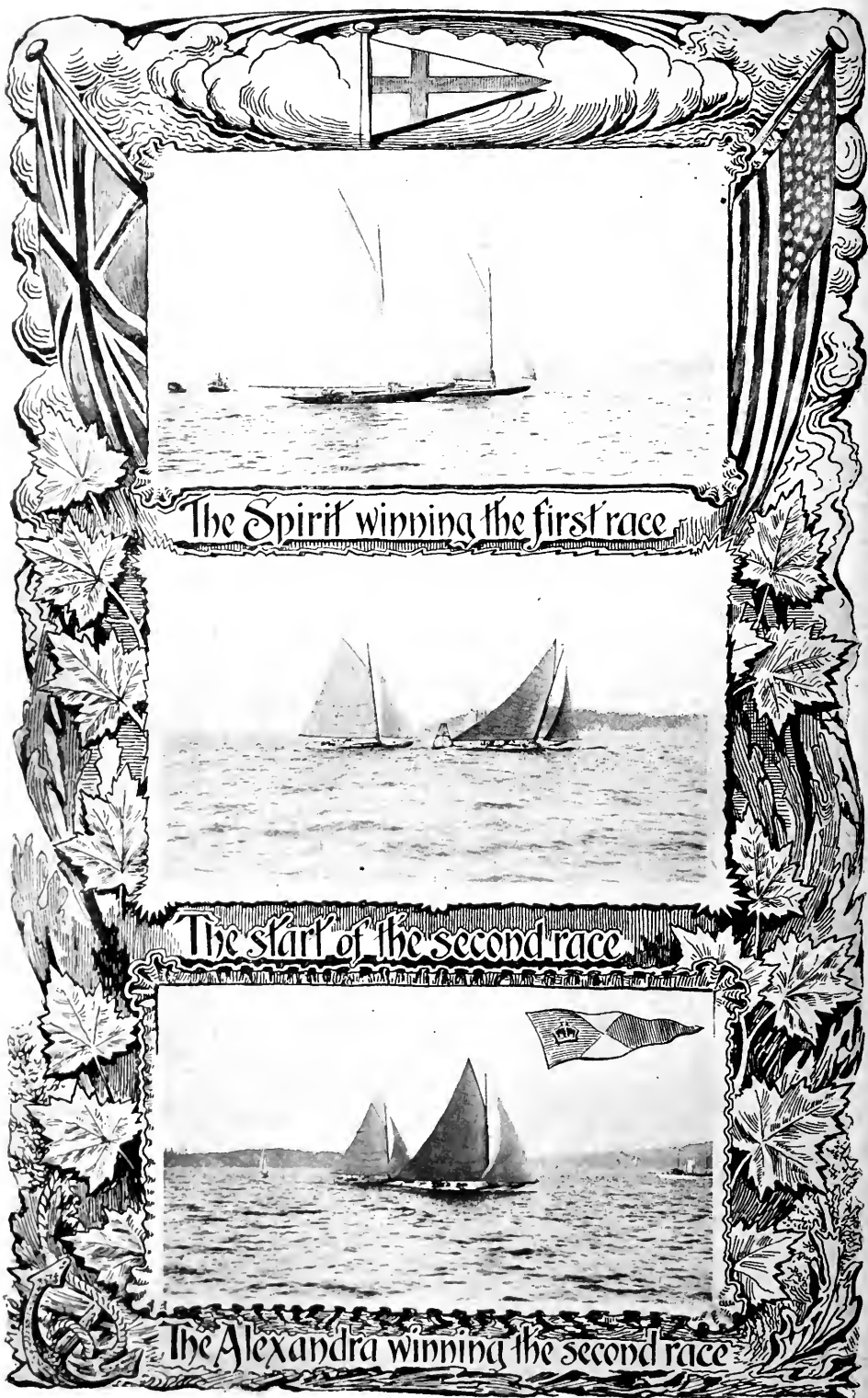
It seemed unfortunate that the "Alexandra" had never been over the course and that in this, the first of the series of races that was to determine the yachting supremacy of the Pacific Coast, she was to sail the course for the first time.

From the first buoy to Eagle Harbor was a balloon set and "Alexandra" with every sail drawing splendidly, drew up on her adversary, but did not overhaul her entirely. The yachts jibed about the Eagle Harbor buoy and ran for the finish. It seemed that "Alexandra" would not overtake "Spirit," but the finish line off Alki Point was in a doldrum in which the "Spirit" lay but a few yards from the buoy. The "Alexandra" carried the breeze and was approaching on her adversary sailing two feet to the "Spirit's" one. Entering the doldrum, she carried her way strongly and it seemed as if she would snatch the race from her opponent's grasp. Wildest

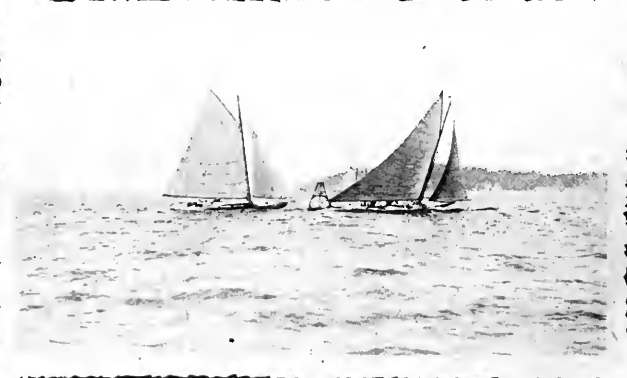


The Crew of the "Alexandra."

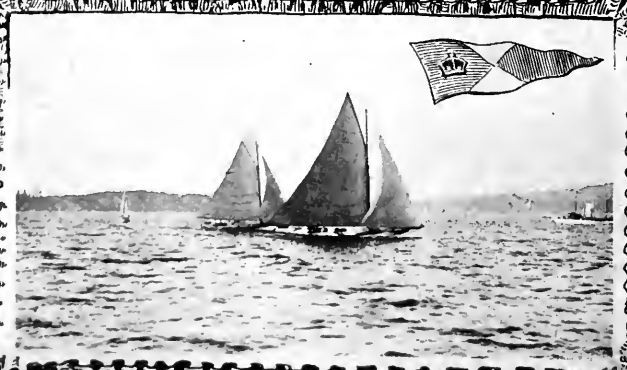
excitement reigned. Every whistle and siren in the harbor was blowing. The thousands at Luna Park added their volume of cheers to the hundreds on the steamers and yachts which had been following the race. The two yachts came



The Spirit winning the first race



The start of the second race



The Alexandra winning the second race

closer and closer together and when the "Alexandra's" bowsprit was overlapping the foot of the "Spirit's" jib, the line was crossed and Geary had won his first race.

It was unfortunate that the "Alexandra" had trouble with her big headsails on the last leg of this race. The balloon jib had apparently got foul of the stay and was not drawing well. It was taken down and after what seemed an interminable time to anxious Canadian eyes watching her, the working jib was substituted. Later on the balloon jib was full up again.

The second race was set for Friday, July 5th.

The "Alexandra" had not left her moorings since the afternoon of the first race, but on Friday was hauled up and given a good coat of black lead and polished until her under body looked like shining metal.

A good breeze was blowing from the north at the start and the "Alexandra" held the "Spirit" much better on the beat out to windward. The "Spirit" led, however, around the first buoy. On the run from the first buoy to the Eagle Harbour buoy "Alexandra" overhauled "Spirit" and both went around the Eagle Harbour buoy together, "Spirit" in the windward position. "Spirit" hauled out somewhat to windward. "Alexandra" took a direct course to the finish line. For the whole four miles of this leg the two yachts held their relative positions until the "Spirit" commenced to draw down on the "Alexandra" to reach the buoy, when the "Alexandra" pulled out a few feet in the lead which advantage she held across the finish line, thereby winning the second race of the series.

Such racing as this had not been seen before. With the "Spirit" winning by three seconds on Tuesday and the "Alexandra" winning by two seconds on Friday. Everybody had to cheer and the defender got a right royal welcome from the Americans. As can be guessed,

the Canadians were enthusiastic over their victory.

The final race was set for 1.30 on the next day, Saturday, July 6th. The old "Yosemite," which had been following the races, carried a record crowd and several other steamers were chartered over night. Seattle was aroused. By noon the breeze which had been quite fresh in the morning dropped and when the starting gun fired at 1.30 there was very little of it left.

The "Alexandra" got the best of the start. She crept out in front of the "Spirit" and increased her lead rapidly. When the yachts went about on the first tack after leaving the starting buoy, the "Alexandra" had a splendid windward position but failed to keep it and sagged rapidly to leeward. "Spirit" pulled out a long lead and for the third time rounded the West Point buoy first. This lead the "Alexandra" was unable to overcome on the run to the Eagle Harbour buoy and on the run from Eagle Harbour to the finish, neither yacht gained a second, "Spirit" winning by over three minutes. This decided the possession of the Alexandra Cup for 1907.

The results of the Seattle Yacht Club Regatta and the International Association Regatta were more favourable to the Canadians. The "Wideawake," owned and sailed by Mr. E. B. Deane, and "Dione," owned by Mr. R. M. Maitland, of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, won the 36-ft. class and the 26-ft. class prizes respectively, in the Seattle Yacht Club Regatta and in the International Regatta the "Britannia," of the R. V. Y. C., won the 36-ft. class prize and the Key City Trophy, and the "Dione," won the 26-ft. class and the Mackie Trophy. There were twelve contestants in the 36-ft. in both days' racing and four contestants in the 26-ft. class. The two 36-ft. class races were very closely contested; the leading four or five yachts in each instance finishing within one minute after the winner.

We cannot all be in the best places and most favourable positions in life, but we can all make the best of our surroundings. By mastering our conditions we develop the strongest, noblest and worthiest powers of character, grace, intellect, heart and life that we possess, and so come to a fulness and ripeness of manhood and spiritship otherwise unattainable.

Father Ignatius.

By L. McLeod Gould.

AS I entered the chapel Father Ignatius was playing the organ as only he could play it, and I saw by the expression on his face that he had lost himself in the music and that the voluntary would be one of those which would keep his audience entranced long after the service was finished. It being an ordinary night, neither feast nor fast nor vigil, there were but few candles lit, and those few grouped round the altar cast a weird light on the statue of "The Black Virgin of Montserrat," enthroned at the rear end of the chancel. I have been to Montserrat at all seasons of the year; in the spring when even that rugged mountain with arid soil, if soil it can be called, seemed to put on in common with all Nature some freshness to betoken the opening of the natural year; I have been there in summer when the heat rising from its rocks roasts rather than stifles the visitor; I have been there in early autumn and seen the approach of winter from its distorted peaks, but of all times of the year I love it best in winter, when its quiet is not disturbed by the countless tourists, whose very presence breaks the calm monotony of its isolation.

For Montserrat is not as other mountains, nor is the monastery as other monasteries. The former from its formation known as Tertiary Conglomerate is the result of some gigantic upheaval of Nature, which in a sportive mood piled the massive rocks in such grotesque confusion that the Romans called it Mons Serratus from the jagged ridge which runs along its summit. The latter, an enormous building, plain even to ugliness opens its doors to the stranger, asking nothing in return for lodging, save such offering as courtesy demands for the benefit of "The Black Virgin." A modest restaurant at the west end affords good, plain fare at reasonable cost,

which same restaurant is under the charge of a layman, who does not, however, allow the business instinct to dominate the reverence which the sanctity of the place demands. But the crowning glory of the mountain is the chapel, for here is installed the famous image, said to have been found many long years ago by a pious hermit, to whom its hiding-place was revealed in a vision. Scoffers may say that it is merely one of the images of Diana which were so common before the Christian era, but the faithful hermit preserved it with honour, and soon a fit abiding place was found for it in the chapel of Montserrat which formed the nucleus of the present monastery.

Of all the monks there the only one of whom I knew anything was Father Ignatius, and him I knew not personally, but had gathered certain details of his life's history from the proprietor of the restaurant. Tall, ascetic, with black eyes burning in a face pale as marble, crowned with a mass of snow-white hair, broken only by the tonsure, Father Ignatius impressed me on the occasion of my first visit to the mountain. He was in the sacristy writing and I discovered later that he spent all his time writing and playing for Matins and Evensong. This was his task in the daily routine of monastic life. And his playing—ah, words fail to express the emotions it stirred, the thoughts it inspired. At the organ he seemed to put off mortality for a time, and to play as one in a trance. Except for purposes of actual accompaniment he never played written music; he played from his soul, and yet it all seemed to suggest one of the great masters, from another world, with the soul of Ignatius aiding in the harmonies. His music was weird, as that of Grieg, and yet it was not Grieg; it was pathetically stately but it was not Beethoven.

I can only describe it as the music of Nature interpreted by an inspired soul.

As I said it was the inn-keeper who told me something of the history of Father Ignatius. In response to my comment on the magnificent playing of the organist he told me in broken English, interspersed with Spanish a tale as extraordinary as any one of those with which the mediæval ages were acquainted.

"Ah, signor," he said, "you speak of Father Ignatius? Yes, it is true that he is not as other men, but then he has had an experience which few other men have had. If the signor wills, I will tell him the story which is told about the father."

Naturally I expressed a wish to hear this wonderful tale, and I think few will be found who will not agree that it is as bizarre as any to be found in the present age.

"It will be ten years next spring, Signor, since the father came to the monastery, as a beggar, an outlaw and a convert. He was born in Barcelona, Signor, that great city of trade and manufacture; and was known there as Ignace de Lolla, his father being one of the richest men in Catalonia. It was believed that he was descended from the great Ignatius de Loyola, who as the Signor knows, was a soldier before he took the vows and founded that Society of Jesus which has been so powerful. Who knows, they may still regain their lost position? Of all the young men in Barcelona Ignace had only one rival in the accomplishments in which a youth loves to excel, Pedro Gonzales. Both were descended from old families, esteemed far and wide for their wealth and upright conduct; both were high-spirited lads, full of the ardour which southern blood engenders, and as often happens both were in love with Dolores, the acknowledged beauty from Pyrenees to Madrid. And Dolores was in love with both, nor could she tell which she loved the more. Well, Signor, it was not unnatural that the hot blood of each, fanned by jealousy, should have provoked fierce quarrels between the two, and poor Dolores, wishing to settle the question said that she would give her heart and hand to the winner in the great pelota contest which was shortly

to be held. Both Ignace and Pedro were far more skilled in this game of the Basque Provinces than any of their rivals and were about equally matched. The Signor has seen the game? Then he knows how the ball, hard as concrete and resilient as rubber may be swung the full length of the court to rebound 150 feet to the other wall without touching the ground, but if that ball touch a man, well it is bad for that man.

It was Christmas time, when the great annual championship was to be held, and in the final round Ignace with his partner was leader of the Reds, while Pedro led the Blues. Ah, Signor, that was a match. Point by point the score crept up, 'till it stood at 30 all; but two more points and the hand of Dolores was won. Each side won a point, and now it was a question of the next rally.

Who shall say whether it was accident or not? But Ignace was in his place at the back of the court with Pedro in front of him serving; the ball flew back to Ignace; catching it with one mighty swing he hurled it right at the nape of the neck of Pedro. The game was never finished, Signor; Pedro was carried out dead, and as Ignace came forward to claim his prize he was arrested for murder.

The Gonzales were a powerful family, and it was well known what rivalry had existed between the two young men, and in spite of all efforts Ignace was condemned to face the garotte. In vain his family pleaded and schemed to save him. He must die. And poor Dolores, bereft of both her lovers, shut herself out from the world and took the veil. Ignace, however, escaped by his own cunning and strength. Have I not said that he excelled all other men? On the night before his execution he overpowered his guard, and with incredible skill scaled the walls of his prison and fled to the mountains, an outlaw with a price on his head. It needs an army to scour the southern slopes of the Pyrenees to capture one man, and Ignace lived there for nine years as what you English would call a brigand. But he was not like other brigands. In many parts of the country the brigand is sheltered by the peasants, whom he helps with gifts of money, and who deceive the Guardas

Civiles sent out to take him. Ignace's hand was against every man's. He felt that he had been wronged by the world, and on the world he meant to take vengeance. Stories are told of his doings, Signor, which would shock you. None were safe from him, neither man, woman nor child. Disguised he joined Don Carlos; he was a fearless contrabandista, or smuggler; many an officer has he killed when smuggling goods across the frontier. But the good God meant to save him in spite of himself, and sent him to Montserrat pursuing a peasant who had given information of his whereabouts, and it was here that he was to find peace.

Has the Signor seen the cross at the top of the precipice, some half-hour's walk from here? That cross was erected to the memory of the martyrs whom the bloody-minded Frenchman, Ney, made to walk over the edge. Santa Maria, all the monks in the monastery were forced to hurl themselves down, 350 feet, to eternity, because they were suspected of having harboured guerillas in the great war. It was to this place, Signor, that Ignace had tracked the peasant, ay, and would have added another murder to his long list, when the Blessed Virgin herself saved him. The Signor knows the legend of the finding of the sacred image; it is said that the holy man found it in this spot, and here it was that she appeared to Ignace. What she said no man, save the father knows, but early that morning a stranger came and demanded admittance in the name of "The Black Virgin of Montserrat." There were those here who recognised him, and would have laid hands on him, but there was that in his countenance which bade us forbear, and we led him to the Father Superior. That evening, Signor, the Father Superior stood forward and said that a penitent had come into the fold, who desired to make public confession of all his crimes, before being received as a novice. Horror after horror was poured forth into our

ears, for I was there, but of the death of Pedro he said no word, on which account I think he was innocent.

Since then he has been set to copy out all the records of the monastery from the earliest times, and to illuminate with richly blazoned scrolls the parchments on which they are written. His music the signor has already heard. Yes, he is a different man when at the organ; my belief is that he loses himself in hearing the music of heaven.

Do you ask why the military have never come to seize him? His coming here was kept secret till after he had taken the full vows, and now the Guardas Civiles do not care to disturb the peace of Holy Mother Church. That is the story of Father Ignatius, Signor, and now if you will I will guide you to your room."

Such was the tale which my friend the inn-keeper told me, and on every succeeding visit I have eagerly looked for Father Ignatius, but alas, I looked in vain the last time, three years ago. The father was dead, and on inquiry I learned that he had gone out in a blinding snow-storm, such as often rages over that bleak mountain to try and rescue some misguided traveller whose cries for help could be heard even through the storm. The traveller eventually reached the monastery gates, but Father Ignatius was found at the bottom of the precipice down which so many of his predecessors had fallen in the days of the war.

A stone on the spot where his body was found bears this inscription:

"He gave his life for another";
and who shall say that the manner of his death will not be found to weigh in the balance against his many sins?

I have never been to Montserrat since. No other face can be found there with such patient resignation and ideal repentance; not other hand can touch the keys of that glorious organ, and fill the cloistered halls of that chapel, and draw out from the inmost soul all that is best.

A beautiful character makes a beautiful woman. Not long ago I heard a homely woman spoken of as "beautiful." I looked into her face, and saw plain features, and was disappointed. But a closer acquaintance gave an insight to her character, whose true key-note was self-forgetfulness. Soul-beauty will not fade.

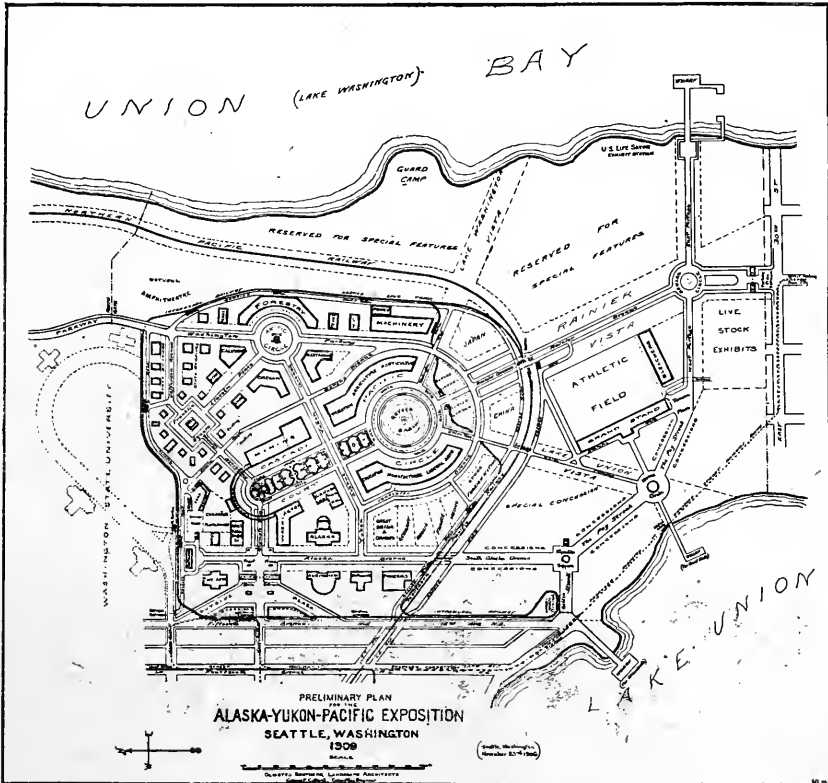
The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

By C. H. E. Asquith.

THE purpose of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which will be held at Seattle in 1909, is, in brief, to benefit commercially, the twenty-five nations that front on earth's greatest ocean.

From many natural reasons, the nation

And, as the portion of Canada nearest to the Exposition is British Columbia, as British Columbia is the only portion of Canada upon the Pacific, it may be easily seen that the benefits obtained by the American Pacific Northwest through the holding of the Exposition, will also be



Ground Plan of Exposition.

to receive the chief benefits of this industrial inter-comingling, will be the United States of America.

Next in order of benefit on the roll of nations comes the Dominion of Canada. There can be but one opinion, as to this.

shared in by the Canadian Pacific West. Conservative estimates are that two and a half million admissions will be paid to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition during the four and a half months, from June 1, to October 15, 1909, that it is in existence. Many of the people repre-

sented by these figures will come from across the Pacific, from Europe and from South and Central America, and it is certain that large numbers of Seattle's visitors will take advantage of the proximity of British Columbia to spend some time in her attractive cities or her no less attractive sporting resorts. In fact,

tourists' point of view have already been related in Exposition literature to forty million people. Should the Province decide to have a building and an exhibit, such as would help turn this mighty torrent of travel into the country, there is no reason why British Columbia merchants, hotel-keepers and transportation



President J. E. Chilberg.

in all the literature and exploitation work, the Exposition management is emphasizing the fact that for very little more expense, visitors can visit British Columbia, and the advantages of the Province from the fisherman's, explorer's, yachtsman's, hunter's and the ordinary

companies, should not reap millions during the Exposition period.

Already several of the great conventions that have signified their intention of meeting in Seattle in 1909 during the Exposition, have made inquiries as to the conveniences for taking a run up

through British Columbia for a couple of days in the intervals of meetings, sight-seeing and traveling. All such inquiries have received careful and encouraging answers.

But this benefit after all is temporary,

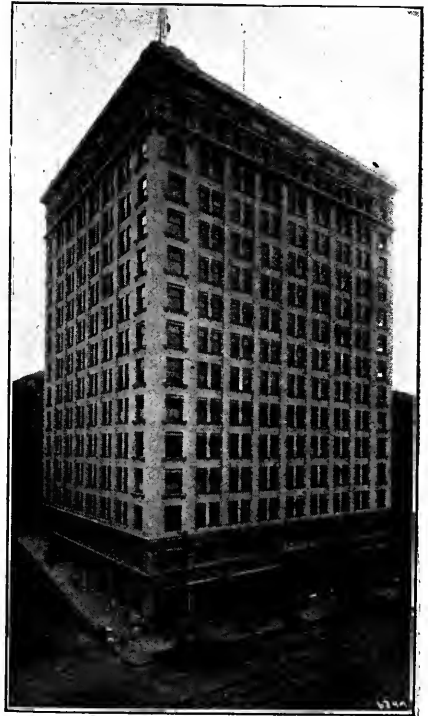


Henry E. Read,
Director of Exploitation.

and is not to be compared with the permanent work which the Exposition will do. The trade of the United States and Canada is inextricably mingled and anything that will increase United States trade with the Orient or with South America, will also have a beneficial effect on the trade of Western Canada and these same points. The products of United States and those of Canada are practically the same, if we except the output of the Southern States, whose products so far as export trade is concerned, is confined almost entirely to cotton. Thus the Exposition in accustoming the Orientals and the people of Latin America to buy North American flour, machinery, clothing, boots and shoes, leathers, agricultural implements, will be doing as much for Canada as for the United States, for all of these articles

Canada manufactures or grows, and in each case Canada wishes to establish a greater foreign trade. It may be seen at a glance that unwittingly, the Exposition is going to be of immense value to Canada in general and British Columbia in particular. And if British Columbia and Canada each have a building with exhibits and commissioners on the ground to add to the effect already produced, to point the moral, at very small expense, both the Province and the Dominion will reap a benefit that can afterwards be counted in millions.

The primary purpose of the Exposition is to exploit the resources and potentialities of the Alaska and Yukon territories in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and to make known and foster the vast importance of the trade of the Pacific Ocean and of the countries bordering upon it. Different from former expositions it does not depend upon historical sentiment to arouse enthusiasm



The Alaska Building. Seattle's First Skyscraper. Fifteen Stories.

and to induce participation. It will not celebrate any particular event; it will be

a great international, industrial and commercial exposition.

Beginning with the idea of making the world's fair original in every possible feature, the management has succeeded admirably up to the present time, and if the financing of it, which certainly broke all exposition records, can be taken as a criterion of the way and the plans already outlined will be carried out, there is no room for doubt as to the originality that will characterize the 1909 fair.

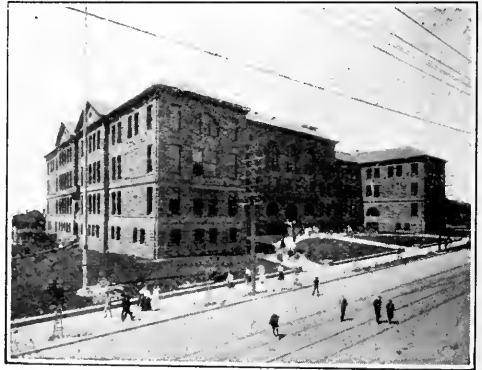
On October 2, last, five months after the incorporation of the Exposition Company, which was effected May 7, the people of Seattle were called upon to finance the enterprise by subscribing in one day to its capital stock of \$500,000. The generous and public-spirited manner in which they responded by over-subscribing to the extent of \$150,000, making a total amount available with which to begin work \$650,000, is now history. No other city for any purpose ever equalled such a feat. "Seattle Spirit," for which the people of the Queen City are noted, was responsible for this remarkable achievement. More than half a million dollars in one day is a large amount of money to be raised in a city of 200,000 inhabitants. The slogan adopted by Will H. Parry, chairman of the ways and means committee, was "Everybody Helps," and everybody did help, with the result that an average of more than \$3.00 was subscribed for every man, woman and child in the city. The fact that capitalist and laborer, business man and wage-earner stood shoulder to shoulder in lending their financial support to the fair, showed that the people as a unit believed in it as an agency that will confer everlasting benefits.

The purpose of the Exposition are worthy of the attention and support of Canada, as well as the United States, as the former country will receive many of the benefits that will accrue. The fact that the scope includes the exploitation of Yukon, a territory belonging to Canada, makes the Exposition of great interest to the Dominion Government. The proximity of British Columbia to the seat of the Exposition, Seattle, and the fact that the Province will receive a large share of the tourist travel and gain largely through the influence the enterprise

will exert, is also another reason why Canada should take active interest in the Exposition.

It will be the aim of the world's fair to exploit Alaska and Yukon by showing to the world by exhibits that these two countries possess many things besides snow, cold and gold. There is much ignorance in regard to these two countries. Few persons realize their great possibilities and advantages. Besides the gold, fish and fur resources there are many others that are only beginning to be developed, and which offer unusual inducement for the employment of capital and individual effort.

The mineral resources have been only scratched on the surface and the agricultural possibilities are only beginning to be realized. Alaska and Yukon will soon be able to support millions of people with practically all of the luxuries enjoyed by those living in other parts of Canada and the United States.



High School.

The foregoing statements are borne out by the example of Finland. This little country lies wholly north of the 6th parallel, while Alaska reaches six degrees south of this latitude. Finland is less than one-fourth the size of Alaska, and its agricultural area is less than 50,000 square miles, yet in 1898 Finland had a population of more than 2,600,000, whereas Alaska now has only about 93,000 inhabitants. Agriculture is the chief pursuit. Only about 300,000 persons dwell in cities. Finland exports large quantities of dairy products, live stock, flax, hemp and considerable grain, and

the population has increased 800,000 in the past thirty years, in spite of the large emigration.

Yukon is in nearly the same latitude as Alaska and the resources and advantages differ very little from those of the American territory. Alaska and Yukon will be on exhibition in 1909. They have the goods and will have a chance to show them. They cannot make headway with the people they hope to convince by displaying totem poles or gilded cubes representing gold productions. The people want to see the real gold, the real coal,

vice versa. Further the countries of South and Central America offer a profitable market for Canadian and American manufacturers, and the merchants of Canada and the United States can buy many different kinds of material from the producers of the countries to the south.

The Orient will send its wares, its products and its people to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and Americans and Canadians may study them at first hand. The products of the Occident will be displayed, also, and the merchants and the manufacturers of each section may



A Seattle Business Thoroughfare.



Frank C. Merrick,
Chief, Department of Publicity.

the real timber, the real copper and the real agricultural productions. The result cannot fail to be beneficial.

Another object of the Exposition which should appeal strongly to the Dominion and British Columbia is the aim of the Exposition to bring the shores of the Pacific Ocean closer together commercially. This will be done by the exhibition of the products and resources of the countries bordering up the greatest of oceans. There are great possibilities for an increase in the trade of the countries of North and South America with those of the Orient and Oceanica and

learn the needs of the people of their respective markets, and how to secure and hold the business. Oriental buyer and Occidental seller, as well as Occidental buyer and Oriental seller, will be brought closer together to their mutual advantage through the exhibits collected with that aim in view.

And the same results will be gained in regard to the countries of South and Central America and Mexico. In exploiting trade relations between the United States and Canada and these countries, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is taking up a virgin field, being

the first world's fair that ever included such a purpose in its scope. This phase of the Exposition has already been heartily endorsed at Washington, D.C. In all probability a Latin-American building will be erected to hold the wonders of these countries.

Participation by the commonwealths of the United States and the foreign nations is expected to be on a large scale. Many of the States have signified their intention of erecting handsome buildings and installing therein comprehensive exhibits. They realize what an immense benefit they can obtain by being represented at Seattle in 1909. The State of Washington will spend \$1,000,000 for buildings and exhibits.

The United States Government will make an appropriation for buildings and exhibits for Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, and will have, in addition, a general government building filled with interesting displays.

The Dominion of Canada has been invited to erect a main Government building and a separate building for Yukon. The management wants British Columbia to have a large building and exhibit.

Foreign representation will be limited to the countries whose shores are lapped by the Pacific Ocean, and the following countries will be invited to take part: Australia, Canada, Chili, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Formosa, Korea, French East Indies, German Colonies, Guatemala, Honduras, British India, Japan, Mexico, Dutch East Indies, Nicaragua, New Zealand, Panama, Peru, Philippine Islands, Siam and Salvador.

In addition to the foregoing Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and the Netherlands will be invited to participate, as they have possessions in the Pacific and are interested in the development of the trade of the ocean.

The Exposition itself, which it is estimated will cost \$10,000,000, will be well worth a trip across the continent or an ocean to see. The grounds and buildings will be made original in every possible way. The site, which is 255 acres in extent, borders for more than a mile and a half on Lake Union and Lake Washington, the latter being the largest body of fresh water in the Pacific Northwest. The Olympic and the Cascade

mountains are in plain view from the grounds and an unobstructed view may be obtained of the perpetual snow peaks of Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker.

The grounds, which embrace the unused portion of the campus of the University of Washington, a state institution, are within the city limits of Seattle and are only twenty minutes' ride by electric car from the business center. In their virgin state they possess everything to please the eye. There are tall stately giants of the forest forming beautiful vistas, gentle slopes, commanding terraces and unsurpassed stretches of water front. In constructing the buildings and laying out the grounds every precaution will be taken to preserve Nature's own handiwork.

Different from former world's fairs, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will include the erection of permanent buildings in its plan. Conditions are favorable for this scheme to be carried out advantageously. Several of the main exhibit palaces will be substantially built and the University of Washington will receive them after the fair closes and will use them for educational purposes. Thus, the Washington state appropriation will be used for a permanent good aside from the benefits that will accrue to the commonwealth from the Exposition.

The plan of the grounds drawn by John C. Olmsted, the famous landscape artist of Brookline, Massachusetts, shows twelve large exhibit buildings arranged in an unique manner. The principal buildings will be grouped around a central fountain basin two hundred feet in diameter, and the arrangement has been perfected to take advantage of the natural attractiveness of the site. For example, the main avenue of the fair, to be called Rainier Avenue, will afford an unobstructed view of Mt. Rainier.

Rainier avenue will form the main axis of the Exposition, dividing into two approximately equal parts the section of the Exposition site which is appropriate for the placing of exhibit structures. The two largest buildings will be placed on either side of the fountain court, which is bisected by the avenue. They will be built around an arc, with wings to the north, and will be similar in size and de-

sign, being about 550 feet long by 150 feet wide. The wings referred to will be in reality separate buildings, constructed as additions merely for the sake of architectural effects. The big building east of the fountain will be devoted to agriculture and horticulture and the smaller structure adjoining it, which will be approximately 170 feet by 200 feet, to irrigation. The complemental structures opposite will be used respectively for manufactures and liberal arts, and for the educational exhibits.

Surrounding the central group will be the exhibit palaces devoted to the mines and mining; machinery, electricity and transportation, forestry, fisheries, fine arts, Alaska, Yukon and the United States Government displays.

While no general style of architecture has been decided upon, Mr. Olmsted has suggested that the ancient Russian style be followed in all the buildings. This is considered appropriate since the Exposition will be held primarily for the purpose of exploiting the resources of Alaska, a country which belonged to Russia until purchased by the United States in 1867.

Considerable area has been set aside for state and foreign buildings. The amusement street, corresponding to the Trail at Portland and the Pike at St. Louis will parallel the shore of Lake Union and will be more than 2,000 feet in length. It will be called "Pay Streak."

Steamboat piers have been planned for on both shores. The grounds bordering on the lakes offer excellent facilities for aquatic features which will be designated by the director of works. Spaces for many features, such as observation and electric towers, courts and electric cascades, have been provided.

The plan of the exhibits will be to show step by step the remarkable advancement made by the countries of the Pacific Ocean in every line of invention and of scientific and industrial achievement and endeavour. Life, colour and variety will be the chief characteristics of the displays, and originality will be the keynote of installation. The Pacific West, the Northland and the other interested countries offer attractive and diversified displays that will lend a western and Oriental atmosphere.

Success is costly if we pay for it in lowered standards and degraded manhood and womanhood.

* * *

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.—Shenstone.

* * *

An engine of one cat-power running all the time is more effective than one of forty horse-power standing idle.—George William Curtis.

* * *

The eagle flies highest not in serene but stormy skies, and the believer beats heavenward when the hours are dark and the tempest wild.

* * *

The best education in this world is that got by struggling to make a living.—Wendell Phillips.

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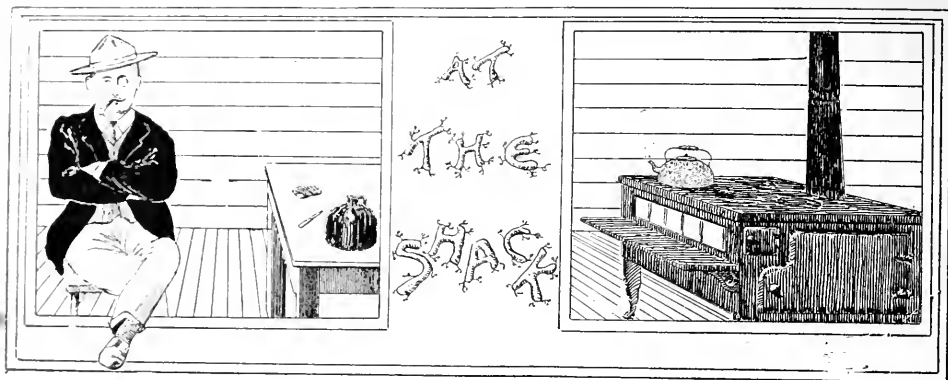
How many threadbare souls are to be found under the richest and finest garments.—Thomas Brooks.

* * *

Courtesy is the passport to success. We double the power of our life when we add to its gifts unfeeling courtesy. The world always begrudges room to a boor.

* * *

The world has no room for cowards. We must all be ready somehow to toil, to suffer, to die. And yours is not the less noble because no drum beats before you when you go out into your daily battlefields, and no crowds shout about your coming when you return from your daily victory or defeat.—Robert Louis Stevenson.



By Percy Flage.

ONCE in a way, when the Book and the Mood are pitched sympathetically, the friction of contact is apt to produce an effervescent gas or hot air called criticism.

For twenty-nine centuries this gas production, enormous enough in quantity, was of no economic value.

From the dispeptic wail of Koheleth—"Book to review? No end of 'em!" to the cynicism of David—"Oh, that mine enemy had written a book!" the breath of criticism was a thing of bale to the criticised and a perishing of soul to the criticiser.

In course of time and in peril of self-destruction the jaundiced knout wielders of art and literature invented the painless process of puffery, a quack method of bloating thin skins and a sop to the cry of conscience "critics, be kind to the critters!"

All in vain. The puff exploded; and the aloe bitter ink of the Scotch reviewer boomeranged back like a cursing chicken to sting the bosom that penned it.

There's a metaphor!

Not until 1907 (circa) was it discovered by Allan Dale or St. Bernard Shaw that criticism is for the critic—and that rightly applied, the resultant gas is a vital stimulus to the absorbent follicles of soul growth.

The new criticism is inhaled—not emitted.

It applies as inoculation to the Reviewer, not an unguent nor cantharidical

salve to his victim's shoulders. You do it like this: Instead of analysing a work that is worth the trouble of dissecting, classifying, discarding, selecting, rearticulating and setting up as a museum horror of "How it might be done," you approach your author tenderly, catch him, swallow him whole, ruminate, digest, absorb, become one with him. Then write the book yourself, collaborating with the subjective influence of Him who was your breakfast food, and criticise freely, before publication.

So and no otherwise would we treat some recent impressions.

To the impressionable analyst, coming from far places—and from that other yet farther place, his own distant home, made definitely more distant by ownership now arrested, remembered as sub-existent rather than tangentially actual—to him of these conditions the approach to this new sphere of atmospheric demand is made perfect—or so near as one may, unchallenged, pen the word—by absolute and yet unwearying detachment.

The waterway from this our latest and greatest, if not as yet concisely our best, of western Americanisms, Seattle, to this other our—I speak possessively with plural diffidence—neighbour Victoria, runs not so wide as Atlantic nor so deep as the purse whence booking was bought at Liverpool for Greater New York, but—'twill serve—and, in whimsical irritation at certain liveried menials of both ports—Customs, so-called—I will add "A plague on both your houses!" and

so complete my reverence to that Titan of Avon whose bequests so permanently guard this Puget Sound against cross traverse of angry fleets from dim blue shore to shore of these western more than neighbours.

For so, to this one at least, of explorers, this water journey of not longer than a ship's watch at sea, brings cogently the reasoned sense of brotherhood going a visiting, as it were, as in those older New England days where youth found and fled us—a march across lots to the near farm, visited not at all only once and twice in the year.

But so too, one feels the instinctive pause of infinite or intensely unmeasured expanse, the feeling of awe, of panic expectancy, where, unmarked national boundaries buried in foam, one hurries across a few hours of suspended animation to take up life under what unknown conditions may more or less poignantly arrive.

And these emotions of sense and instinct that make not for conflict, but rather pace in double harness as the pair of a well matched paradox, are strong tonics of receptivity to one who—like the writer—is made bodily uneasy by the toss of flocking billows, and finds in this passage as in that of the English channel, no time assuagement to bring one the mental calm and gastric comfort of “three days out” on the Atlantic voyage.

Here at least one's natural tremor at possible perils and more than suspected system derangements, are not soddened by the questionable anodyne of “getting used” to the wave. Here at least one counts the travel moments as so many of a necessary, almost an appointed, probation, and here too, one hails the landfall, if in fervid silence at least with the dawn coming relief of a vigil-weary and somewhat ghost-fearing acolyte.

And so from the something sad blue of sea and sky, one comes, heralded by clouds of clamoring gulls, close and closer to a shore of sombre green, closer yet by yellow headlands of gleaming gorse—in, through a modest gap and winding channel to a sudden discovery of unsuspected shipping—granite sea walls, granite (or so it appears) picture buildings grouped easily about the wharves of our arrest.

A subtlety, unconscious perhaps of its own share therein, pervading rather than emanating from the “place”—how better to put it one seeks vaguely, and fails—gathering at least much tone value from the hour, the sun sinking tea taking time period of the boat's arrival, is so obviously evident, moving the least of us in energy as the greatest in adipose equally, shoreward, foodward, bath and bath bun ward in fact, as to be amusing.

The sense of oneness, enthraling a multitudinous web of contrasts, each so definitely, almost pungently far from any fixed “clou” of unity; farther yet and hull down from this one, the lone observer of pulse records, was tempting, exactly, and crying out with more than vocal precision of intensity for recognition and delineation.

A cry that went, for the then period of annotation unheard and unrecorded—not in any widest way as unworthy, but precisely that to this scribe at least, the whole of this gangway motion, the step lively, the crowding, the clutching of leather grips, forms but a shadowy prelude limning the vaguest adumbration of the real motif, the challenge of Victoria.

For with all peace in the world to all the world, if so listing, and a broader belt of wampum, as before hinted, held tacitly between her mother and ours, there is here flung carelessly on the wide flags, as it were, of her stone landing pier, or on the not quite immaculate green of her parliamentary lawn—a gauntlet of take it or leave it defiance.

To this the wise tourist (the analyst disagrees to give friendly warning) shall pay no heed, braving the terrors of this Gibraltar of wild roses, and nothing shall offend him.

With us, who have come thus far precisely in search of such cartel, the thrill that flutters our stethoscope gives notice of a coming demand for skilful care in determining diastolic sequences.

The glove is lifted. The challenge accepted.

Having raised the gage, one hesitates characteristically whether to charge ventre a terre by the electric tramway which runs southward in raucous triumph where Birdcage Walk, once wont to whisper twittering reminiscences of sparrows haunted St. Stephens, wears now in

dumb protest the harsh shackles of Government street—or—turning one's back on the provincial sward, grudgingly sprinkled by a jealous civic wateraucracy to stroll northward wardful foil in hand.

Better perhaps to arrest, to gather poise here, definitely, where the largest of hostels invites unbeckoningly to enter with no concomitant abandoning of hope.

Here as at other taverns of yet other towns in this our western flight the analyst while surrendering his name as of law required, pleads for incognition, for a suppression of one's identity—not here as in one woollier pseudo hotel of the Washington Coast are we cheerfully dubbed "Harry, Jimmy," and invited to "shoot up the town, regardless of sheriffs!"—rather are we very politely

coaxed as to something more of a name—"Henry who?" "James what? Is that all?" with a hint of reticent doubt as who should say—"something fishy about this, but—plenty of baggage—Boy!—Room 42."

And in Room 42 one broods ante-prandially on the possibility that here hangs one clue, that here, primally one may trace centerward one factor of the warp and woof here gregariously spun—a something of detached culture, that (whimsical enough and unbelievable but for proof) knows no Henry James! Nor, one dimly touches, would know James if it could, nor could were will possible or possibility coexistent with willing—

Critic—Oh, go on and get your dinner!



The Coming Race.

The Unveiling of Mrs. Lloyd.

From "Tales by Mate Wilson."

"Copyright, 1907, by Arthur Davies."

WHEN you have cleared that t'gallant buntline, I'll lower the royal; make it fast, Lloyd; keep out of the way till the sail's spilled!"

I was standing on the fore-and-aft bridge of the old "Selkirk," looking up at the youngest apprentice; bent over the t'gallant yard struggling with the buntline. We were midway between the Falkland Islands and Cape Horn, running down to the latter in a very strong nor'west breeze, too strong for the mizzen royal; the only bit of weak linen the "Selkirk" carried.

I heard the shrill treble of the lad reply—"Aye! aye! sir;" and knew he was mighty proud to tackle the royal all by his lonesome.

He had joined us at Liverpool—a slip of a lad with very dark hair, accentuating a pale, clear-complexioned face, without a vestige of coloring; by no means uninteresting, for it was relieved by a pair of dark, earnest eyes and features so correctly shaped that his messmates had already dubbed him "Daisy"—a name which exactly hit off their estimation of a lad who seemed more fit for the nursery than a ship's deck. But I had gone through the mill myself, and the lad's eyes told me he had the makings of a good sailor in him; so I had brought him on, taught him to steer, and one or two tricks of sailorising. Already he was shaping well; but he never would look a sailor; that face of his would not tan.

The sail was spilled beautifully; in spite of the heavy breeze it just trembled like a piece of silk. How he missed the foot-rope, I do not know; I saw him step off the rigging—step right on to nothing—clutch at the yard, and in a moment the slight figure was hanging by the end of a gasket which he had seized in his fear. He hung for a moment or two—

my heart felt the strands in that old gasket parting—there was a yell from some men on deck as they saw what had happened; a little shriek of terror from aloft, and a yellow ball of oilskin-clad humanity seemed to bounce from spar to rigging and rigging to spar; it struck the top and rolled like a flash half way down the mizzen rigging; hit a boat skid; and fell, with a sickening thud, on deck.

I had prayed—prayed through every second of that fall—that he might live; and, thank God, when I reached the lad, he was alive; and not only alive, but that blessed baby face of his had not been damaged. My hands ran carefully over the head and under the oilskin coat without exciting a single cry of pain, except for the dull moaning which I knew was caused by a fractured leg, the broken bones of which were protruding through the pants and crossed like the letter "X."

A bed was brought and his shipmates carried him carefully on to the saloon table—from their looks the lad was already well liked—eight bells struck at that moment and the second relieved me; after giving him the course, I joined the party in the saloon. Matson, the skipper, was down with one of his bad turns—acute malaria. I sent the apprentices and shellbacks out on deck, leaving the Bo'sun and Chips to help me. The protruding bones looked ugly, but it was a simple fracture and easy to handle.

Chips got the shears out of my room, and ripped the heavy sea-boots off the lad's feet. Lloyd had ceased moaning and was looking up at me with plaintive eyes—eyes that reminded me of a pet lamb I had once seen slaughtered. When he had finished the boots, Chips made a start to rip up the oilskin trousers, but almost dropped the shears as the baby voice of Lloyd exclaimed, with an appealing look at me:

"Please don't, sir! These are Stanier's oilskins; I borrowed them because mine were split."

I nodded to Chips to go ahead; it was a relief to know the lad's brain was evidently uninjured.

At the next snip of the shears Lloyd fainted away; the shock and pain had done their work; this was a mercy, as I dare not use chloroform on Lloyd—a tough sailor man is one thing, a weak lad, quite another.

I am no surgeon, only a rough sailor; but luck was with us that night, and within half an hour we had the work finished; the leg in splints; the ruined oilskins and wet clothes removed; and Lloyd stretched out in one of the saloon berths, as neat and tidy as if he had been in a hospital.

He was still in a sort of comatose state; every now and then exclaiming—"Mother! mother!"—I knew what the lad wanted; what I myself had wanted many a time, but never got. At last he uttered it plain—"Put your hand on my forehead." I looked down at my hand, but it was unthinkable; then suddenly I thought of Matson's daughter, a girl of seventeen; taking the voyage for her health. We had kept her out of the way whilst Lloyd was in the saloon; now I spoke to her and the woman that was in her understood. She went back with me and gently placed her hand on the boy's forehead, carefully smoothing back the matted hair from his brow; as she did so, Lloyd's moaning ceased; the corners of his mouth broke into a half tearful smile, and he slept; not the perfect sleep of health, but that sleep which is intermittent. Every now and then he would turn his head and groan; but the girl, with a gentle touch from her hand, eased the little fellow's torture.

By the time the "Selkirk" reached San Francisco, Lloyd was hopping about the deck on crutches. The doctor made a cursory examination, and prophesied the leg would be as right as a trivet in a few weeks' time; but Matson thought Lloyd's people had better know of the accident, and cabled a code report to the owners.

About three days after the skipper had dispatched his cable, two well-dressed ladies came on board and asked for Lloyd

and Matson; the upshot of the interview was the presenting of a cable authorising Lloyd to stay in San Francisco with the Franklins, who were old friends of his mother's.

We had a quick trip back to Liverpool, and—after being paid off—the owners expressed the desire that I should run over to West Kirby and give Mrs. Lloyd the details of her son's accident.

I went over early the next morning. A porter directed me to the house—a beautiful place standing in its own grounds with an excellent view of the Channel and Welsh Mountains. The blinds were down, a stack of baggage in the entrance hall, and a carriage drawn up at the front door. On presenting a note of introduction, the servant who answered the bell took me into the library, in which another servant was busily employed covering up the furniture. In two or three minutes the door opened and a lady entered; I knew it was Mrs. Lloyd, for young Lloyd's features were there, but tremendously improved and completed by every art known to the fashionable world. She was dressed in a travelling costume of dark gray; a tall woman most elegantly proportioned. Every hair in her head seemed to have its correct, well-balanced position; every movement she made seemed to fit symmetrically into her surroundings, and to accord with her individuality; it was artificial—terribly artificial—but its very perfection seemed to plead for its being.

The well trained servant glided out of the room almost as effectively as her mistress had entered it; the latter turned to me and introduced herself as Mrs. Lloyd, asking me to be seated. I dropped into the nearest chair; *she* seemed to imperceptibly attract a masterpiece of the upholsterer's art towards her. The poise of her head and the contour of her figure were not *disturbed*, and I noticed that her perfectly educated tastes had selected a chair, the upholstery of which was in harmony with the delicate shade of her costume.

It was all artificial—terribly artificial—in her beautiful face the depths of purpose, which had attracted me to young Lloyd, were missing. I was dealing with something entirely out of a sailor man's way; I had met it at sea among passen-

gers, but there it had been destroyed and defeated by the elementary surroundings.

The tale of Lloyd's accident and subsequent recovery was soon told, for I had gone through the process before; with other parents. This one was an enigma to me; she took not the slightest interest, but seemed to treat the whole affair as a waste of time and was perceptibly bored. Her indifference angered me; I did what otherwise I should not have done—described the broken limb, the scene on the saloon table, and the lad's trouble about the oilskins. She beat a tattoo on the arm of her chair during this recital, and replied—"Really! how interesting!"—Then I took up the scene in the stateroom and Lloyd's appealing cries for her. Most mothers would have shed tears of joy at their offspring's love; this one looked like a statue cut out of marble, and I wondered *if* her hand had ever smoothed Lloyd's brow, and if the *real* joys of motherhood had ever been known to her.

When I had finished, she apologized for the briefness of the interview, by telling me that her husband—a wealthy cotton broker—was in Egypt; and that she was travelling by the day train to Southampton, from which port she was crossing to Normandy with the intention of passing by easy stages to Egypt. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have expressed surprise at the coincidence that I was crossing by the same boat; but her coldness had frozen me up and I left this unexplained.

The train ran alongside the Havre boat punctually at 11.45 p.m. As the church clock struck midnight the staunch little channel boat exchanged the safety of her moorings for a piping south-easter which baptized her fo'-castle-head before we reached The Needles. After that, seasickness struck down most of the passengers, whilst a few slept.

Old Spurrin was in charge of the S. S. "Lily"; a better sailor man and a better boat never existed; he was just a part of that boat. For twenty years—with the exception of a few weeks' holiday—he had been crossing regularly. I remember his once telling me he could run across blindfold; I believe he could have done it with ease, under ordinary circumstances.

As for the "Lily," she was built to

cross in any sort of weather that God might send into the English Channel; blow high, blow low, fog, rain, or sunshine, she ran across on the appointed schedule.

That Mrs. Lloyd was on board was pretty certain, for I had seen three dress-baskets tumbled on board, marked "A. L." "W. K.," which I guessed stood for "Alice Lloyd, West Kirby." But she herself had evidently retired to her stateroom, as I did not see her either on the deck or in the saloon. After saying "so-long" to old man Spurrin, I took a seat in the smoke-room, had a pipe, and dozed off into broken slumber. The smoke-room was right aft, and the thrashing of the screws combined with the howling of the gale outside, prevented solid sleep; besides, we were due at Havre by daylight, and I wanted to have a chat with the mate when he came on deck; he was an old shipmate of mine.

That gale took the record for south-easters in the English Channel; they are black by name and black by nature. The one in question piled up ninety-four craft of one sort and another, sending over a thousand souls to Kingdom Come. It was as black as the Ace of Spades; one straight, level, full-dressed gale for half way across, then—as we approached the French Coast—breaking into terrific squalls blowing with hurricane force.

How Spurrin made the mistake will never be known, but in addition to the wind the tide must have been running down Channel with extra force; for the old man missed Havre not by a few hundred yards merely, but by several miles, and landed us in the jaws of as fierce a coast as the world knows. Worse luck still, the error was not discovered until just as the black opacity of night was broken by the gray tinge of the winter morning, and that terrifying cry rang out—"Breakers ahead!"

I rushed on deck followed by the other sleepers from the smoke-room. Slowly at first, afterwards with lightening-like rapidity, stateroom doors banged, followed by their scantily-clad occupants crowding on deck turning appealing, terrified looks at the skipper on the bridge. If he had blundered, the old man had not lost his wits: almost like clockwork every officer rushed to his station. Frightened

passengers were partially calmed; I had time to take in the situation.

The roaring of the breakers was now audible as well as visible; they formed almost a perfect semi-circle, commencing on the port bow and terminating on the starboard beam in a thin point, over which the white foam was pouring like the froth on a boiling cauldron; every now and then shooting up as if attempting to reach the sky, then falling back with a fusilade of lesser roars in disappointed anger.

I was close to the wheelhouse; the old man was grand. He had taken it all in and knew there was just one chance—a life and death chance—in the face of that hurricane to turn to port was impossible, although on that side there was more room. I saw his arm go up and down, then wave to and fro in the air, and knew he was pulling her round to starboard.

The "Lily" could turn almost in her own length; this night she would have done it to perfection; but—my God! just as she spun round and her head pointed out towards the open channel, with the surf from the needle-like point of jutting rocks rebounding and almost splashing in our faces—there was a sudden snap, barely more than a click, but it was enough; I knew the sound too well; the wheel chain had parted—the vital one carrying the strain. I saw Spurrin's eyes dilate; for a second there was a look of hopeless despair; the hands fell to his side; the next moment it had passed—passed just as one of those hurricane squalls swept round the rocky bay, and forced the seas into miniature mountains, which picked up the "Lily" as if she had been a feather, and smashed her down on the very end of the jutting point. In another minute with only another fathom we should have been clear; but those few feet were fatal to the "Lily" and most of her passengers.

The sea washed me round to the after end of the smoke-room. When I picked myself up the narrow space was filled by a barricade of despairing, struggling humanity. Half-dressed women clinging to babies—partially clad men holding on with one hand to the rail, with the other grasping a child—young girls and matrons; old men and youths; suddenly brought into the very jaws of death. I

struggled round to the lee side to see what sort of a mess the "Lily" had made of it, and found she had broken right in two, almost as if cut with a knife; the wheelhouse and promenade deck lumber had been sliced clean off; the officers, crew, nearly all the steerage passengers, and poor old Spurrin, must have been buried in the chaos of seething waters at the end of the rocks; they were beyond all human aid. Our own position in point of suffering was ten thousand times worse; their's was ended; ours, but just commencing. Every sea that flung its terrific force against those rocks bounded up and shot like knives into and through all that remained of the "Lily"—just her after part rivetted on to the rocky point.

I struggled aft again to find the crowd—numbed by the stinging waters and piercing cold—had ceased shrieking and settled to a dull, obstinate hanging on to life. Two of the stewards were doing heroes' work in finding the most sheltered places and dragging the passengers to those slight havens; assisting them was a woman. It was the gray costume that first caught my attention, fitting perfectly as before, but now soaked black with the salt water. The close-fitting toque which she had worn in the morning had vanished, and the loosened coils of her glorious hair were streaming over her neck; the only disarrangement I noticed; otherwise her movements were as graceful, her actions as quiet as in the morning.

We got all the women and children on to the lee side, under the slight protection of the staterooms; the men were placed at each end. It was pitiful to note—after each sea burst over the wreck—the lines at the end gradually thinning out. To me, the suffering was only a little more intense than my sea life; but to those spoiled children of wealth, it must have been awful. No appeal for mercy could mitigate their sufferings; the sea revelled in its awful work, and what the sea left undone, the piercing cold completed.

I knew Mrs. Lloyd recognised me; she had twice called me by name; when all was finished and we could only wait for life or death, she struggled towards me

and I lashed her to the hand rail of a bulkhead.

It was the slowest break of dawn I have ever waited for; each minute seemed an hour, but gradually the darkness did completely pass away, and gray daylight shed a ray of hope in our hearts. As the light increased, we saw through the spume of the sea, a little fishing village at the end of the bay. The point of rocks we had struck was at the very extremity of the North-west Horn; not one continuous line of rocks, but broken here and there by deeper waters, sluices that had been washed through by the force of sea and tide.

It must have been about eight o'clock when the people ashore first noticed us; they crowded out on the cliffs, then came down as far as possible on to the rocks; evidently they were in doubt as to our being alive. But a portion of the after mast was still standing, and between the seas I managed to clamber up and wave my handkerchief. The next minute the crowd ashore ran hither and thither; some to the signal station on the crest of the hill; others down to the beach; and the eternal hope which springs in every heart must have jumped in those passengers' breasts when they saw a life-boat hauled down to the beach; but I doubted. The position was impossible. No life-boat in the world could get near us and live.

On fifteen successive attempts those hardy fishermen risked everything to reach us; they tried every point, each time to be beaten back as if they had been children. Twice the boat was capsized and twice it was righted, and the attempt made again. Every young man in the village must have pulled that day and risked his life to save ours; but the hurricane never relaxed; the sea, if anything, was worse—night fell and drove our hopes down to despair again.

To the wash of the sea and the piercing cold of the wind, other horrors had been added during the day. Every now and then one of our fellow sufferers would—without even a dying groan—fall forward on the deck and wash backwards and forwards in the sluice of waters which eddied round from the weather side. In some cases the white despairing face and staring eyes would

be uppermost. Even in those awful circumstances, a smile of content was often seen on the lips of the dead—a terrible picture of death and joy. With the rush of the next roller the corpse would disappear into the grinding maelstrom outside; but the heart grows callous even to the most awful scenes; by noon we had become accustomed to death, and scarcely noticed when a fellow being passed away.

About two in the afternoon, a lady who had held up bravely, with a baby clinging to her, suddenly dropped. Her body floated backwards and forwards for a few moments; twice it passed at our feet and I saw Mrs. Lloyd give a start. In a moment she had undone the lashings and rushed round after the body to the other side, where the waters had carried it. I struggled after her in time to see her pick up the baby from the mother, and start for safety again, just as another sea came rolling over the wreck; but this time the sea was disappointed. Mrs. Lloyd was fleet of foot and reached safety; I was not so fortunate. When I picked myself up again I found she had reached her former position of comparative safety, and had cradled the child across her breast with a shawl taken from the dead mother.

Hunger and thirsts were assisting the work of the raging storm—all had been without water and food for twelve hours; a good many for much longer. One of the stewards—at the risk of his life—had crawled into the cabin and obtained some biscuits. These we served out in small portions to the adults, and in larger portions to the children; for the babies, of whom there were fully a dozen, we kept sufficient to stay their hunger. Of fresh water we had not a drop.

Suddenly I remembered how Dryard—after the wreck of the "Cascade"—had kept us alive on paper; but here we had no paper; I told the anecdote to Mrs. Lloyd—to take her mind from the awful present—but it did more. She handed me the baby to hold for a moment, pulled the slender gold chain at her neck, and drew up a purse wallet, from which she took a wad of crisp, new Bank of England notes—fifty in all—and placed them in my hand with the remark:

"Use these, Mr. Wilson. It is my

holiday money, but I shall not need it now."

Expostulation was useless; so I ripped them in two, rolled them into pellets, and gave one to each, with instructions to bite gently to relieve their thirst; the other half I kept for later on. Meanwhile I figured out—the cost of that meal was over twelve hundred dollars.

At dusk, thirst was again at work among the rapidly thinning crowd. A lank fireman struggled across to me—the only one who had managed to get aft—he was wearing a rough fustian jacket; from the inner pocket, he took out a book and handed it to me, saying:

"Whack that out, Mister. It will feed body and soul."

This he said with a grin which I understood when I saw the book was a Bible. From the fly leaf I noticed, his mother had given it to Eric on her death-bed, with the hope that he would use it in the hour of danger. Little did that mother know where and when that Bible would be used in the hour of danger; but many among that despairing crowd held on through the night with a page of holy writ gripped tight between their clinched teeth.

Before rolling up my page, curiosity made me anxious to see what had fallen to my lot. I read at the very top of the page the second verse from Isaiah, XLIII: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee"—the verse my own mother had written on the fly leaf of my testament when I went to sea. Mrs. Lloyd had watched me, and guessing my thoughts, she took a glance at her page and handed it to me, and I read—"I am the resurrection and the life"—the opening words of the burial service. I cursed my curiosity.

How we lived through that night, God only knows. The previous morning I had counted seventy-three men, women and children; at dusk there were fifty-eight; when daylight broke the next morning there were just twenty-four. During the night Mrs. Lloyd talked with me, slowly and quietly; every word and every thought seemed weighed. She asked me to tell her over again about her son's accident; when I came to the part where he wanted her, she gripped my arm and

I ceased. Towards morning there were long spells of silence, but I knew she was not asleep; every now and then the baby on her breast would give a wail of anguish, and I heard in response; the crooning of a mother quieting another woman's child. When morning broke she was hanging by the lashings with the child clasped tightly to her; I scooped up some water from the deck and dashed it in her face; it had the desired effect, she revived, but it was the spluttering of a candle burning low in the socket—the light was going out.

The small piece of deck presented an awful spectacle; the sea had gone down slightly; with the result, that the bodies of our dead companions were piled around our feet; on them were resting the living, who had dropped down from sheer exhaustion, and slept.

From the shouting ashore, it was evident renewed attempts would be made to rescue us. I pleaded with some, expostulated with others, to bear up but a little while longer. There was a glimmer of hope if only we could force our vitality to last out.

On this morning the life-boat was not used; instead, a string of men carrying two lines were formed on the rocky promontory; at the end were two figures, which in the distance I could see were almost unclothed. The lines were made fast round their waists and, without waiting a moment, these rough fishermen plunged into the surf which separated us from the main rocks.

It was an awful struggle; a distance of about one hundred yards; but the one hundred yards took those men over two hours to bridge—two hours during which they were tossed backwards and forwards, then thrown bodily out to sea to struggle back again, fighting inch by inch, but all the time they were getting nearer and nearer.

On board the wreck we scarcely seemed to move; our eyes were glued on those two fighting for our lives. Mrs. Lloyd had pulled herself together, and stood gripping me tightly by the arm, with her eyes fixed on the rescuers. She only made one remark to me; it was—"I am not worth all that"—pointing to the men. One time they were within a few yards of the wreck, and I had a coil of lash-

Photographic Studies
OF
British Columbia Scenery

from the Studio of
Will Marsden
Vancouver.



Stanley Park, Vancouver.



Fraser Canyon.



View from Stanley Park, Vancouver.



English Bay, Vancouver.



Frazer River, near Spuzzum.

ings in my hand ready to heave, when a sea came up and hurled them back. I feared they would give it up then, but no! their faces were again turned to us and the desperate struggle went on—inch by inch, yard by yard—until the coil in my hand went spinning through the air, and fell within the grasp of the leader. He clutched it, and I made fast the other end, leaving him to use the line as he thought fit; for the most awful part was still before him; but he went through it as if he had been iron, and not merely flesh and blood, until a sea picked him up on its crest, and hurled him almost at our feet—the sea that drowned his companion—he scrambled over the black rocks and dragged himself on board. I seized the line and made it fast; he did not wait to talk but joined me in hauling it in. Within ten minutes we had the end of a small hawser safely on board; attached to it was the end of another small line. We got the hawser fast on the mast and hauled on the line until a breeches-buoy came along; then I turned to look at my companions.

Strangely enough, the children and babies had stood it best; with desperate haste we huddled them one by one into the buoy and they were hauled ashore; then followed the women, until I came to Mrs. Lloyd; but she waved me off and pointed to the men; who were in such a state of exhaustion that we had

to lift them into the buoy. When the last had gone I turned again to Mrs. Lloyd; just as the wreck seemed to tremble with a peculiar vibration; I hurried my movements with an uncanny feeling, and hastily undid the lashings, all the time the Frenchman gesticulating and urging me. As the last turn was undone, I picked her up bodily and started for the buoy; but it seemed as if the vindictive cruelty of the sea had not yet done enough. A roller came tumbling along and broke right on the wreck. It was too much for the "Lilly"; she just went to pieces, flattened out, and disappeared, leaving me struggling at the edge of the rocks with the woman and child in my arms.

The Frenchman was close beside me and before I knew what he was doing, he had whipped the line from his body and made it fast with a bowline round mine; then he shouted to the people ashore, and the next moment we were pulled into and through the surf.

I never knew how long it took to haul us through, but I remember a thud as we reached the rocks—a blow which seemed to knock the water out of my body and clear my mind—I struggled to my feet and joined the men who were gathered round Mrs. Lloyd, pushed them aside, and knelt down over her; but—Mrs. Lloyd was dead; the child lived.

What you are speaks so loudly, I can not hear what you say.—Emerson.

* * *

Refinement is more a spirit than an accomplishment. All the books of etiquette that have been written cannot make a person refined. True refinement springs from a gentle, unselfish heart. Without a fine spirit a refined life is impossible.

* * *

The young girl who responded with the cash to an advertisement of a means to keep the hands soft, received the following recipe: "Soak them in dishwater three times a day while mother rests."

* * *

Thomas Carlyle, not long before his death, was in conversation with the late Dr. John Brown, and expressed himself to the following effect: "I am now an old man, and done with the world. Looking around me, before and behind, and weighing all as wisely as I can, it seems to me there is nothing solid to rest on but the faith which I learned in my old home, and from my mother's lips.

The Return.

By Arthur V. Kenah.

THERE was something really pathetic in the sight; something to stir the hearts of the most prosaic, to cause them to cease their idle gossip for a moment and ask each other who this strange, broken down gentleman could be who had to be supported to his seat in the restaurant.

A table was always reserved for him and yet he invariably dined alone; the more curious noticed that he faced the entrance and throughout his meal would, ever and anon, keep looking up as though he expected someone. Two places also were laid, but even the oldest habitue never saw his solitude broken.

One could not help wondering what was the story underlying it all; for here was a man, still under forty, handsome, and with evidently an abundant blessing of the world's goods, immaculately dressed, yet nevertheless, one oppressed with a deep and lasting sorrow. I had seen him, myself, every evening when I repaired there for my dinner and, of late, I had noticed that some illness had got him in its grip, and tonight he came in, on the arm of a young man who was evidently very anxious about him.

The patron personally attended to his needs and it was from him, after the courses, that I learnt the strange episode of this recluse. Signor Bernardino was full of compassion for him; his eyes were even full as he unfolded his melancholy tale.

"Ah! Signor, you may well ask me why I am so upset tonight; you have no doubt noticed yourself how ill that gentleman is, and I fear that he is even worse than he looks."

"But, Bernardino, he will recover?"

"Perhaps, yes; perhaps, no. Who can say what course a deep-seated mental worry will take? It is not a matter that the doctors can treat; they have to hide their ignorance by advising their patients to go away to the seaside."

"That is true; but you know a change is often very beneficial."

"Yes, Signor, I know it, but in this case no change of air or scenery can effect a cure."

"Tell me then, Bernardino, what is the matter with Mr. Ricardo?"

"I will tell you all I know; the rest you must surmise for yourself. Five years ago there was no brighter or gayer gentleman frequenting this restaurant than Mr. Ricardo. Every evening he would come here and he was always accompanied by the one lady. Oh! Signor, she was a lovely girl; tall, fair, and of the most exquisite grace. I have said to myself many times that Heaven ordained that these two should be forever together. And such indeed was the case, for one evening Monsieur Ricardo called me to his side and said to me: 'Bernardino, I am the happiest man in the world tonight, for this lady has today promised to be my wife.' Ah! Signor, how pleased I was; I felt I had not lived in vain, but I could only offer my congratulations and beg Monsieur Ricardo to allow me to present to the lady a small bouquet of flowers."

"Well, Bernardino, that is all very pretty, but there is more to be told, surely?"

"Yes, Signor, I will tell you in a moment."

The excellent fellow hurried away to attend to one of his customers, and I had time to glance across at Mr. Ricardo's table. I noticed that his pallid face seemed a little brighter and that he was even taking a trifling interest in the conversation of his companion. The dead, settled, look of melancholiness which I had come to regard as inevitably associated with him was, for the moment, somewhat relieved and I drew Bernardino's attention to it on his return.

"Ah, Signor, it is as you say; Mon-

sieur Ricardo looks more hopeful to-night."

"Well, never mind, pray go on with your story; I expect to hear of marriage bells next."

"Alas! Signor, that I cannot tell you it was so. Three days after I had presented them with my little bouquet of flowers, Monsieur Ricardo came in again, but alone. I noticed that he seemed very worried and I begged him to tell me whether Madame was well. I shall not readily forget his answer."

"Yes, Bernardino," he replied, "Madame is, as far as I know, quite well, but she has left me and will not be dining with me again."

"Oh! Monsieur, you are joking; you mean, of course, that Madame is otherwise engaged for tonight, but tomorrow, or the next day, you will bring her here again?"

"No, Bernardino, it will not be so. Madame has left me as I told you, but," and here, Signor, his face which was very sad seemed to light up with a great joy; "I know she will come back and I have told her that I shall be here every evening at this table and that a place will be always ready for her."

"Ah! Bernardino, that is a very sad story. And since then what has happened?"

"Nothing, Signor. Every night Monsieur Ricardo comes here and sits at the same table and a place is also laid for Madame, but she has never returned. As the years have crept by, Monsieur sits sadder and sadder, until my heart aches sometimes to see him. For the last fortnight he has not been here, but his valet came round one night to ask that if Madame returned that she should be given the note he brought with him."

"I suppose he has been ill?"

"Yes, Signor; but tonight, though I feel sure he should be in his bed, he has returned to his old place again and he is evidently still expecting her."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because, Signor, he said to me as he was coming in: "Thanks, Bernardino. I am much better and happier. She will return tonight I know and I have brought my brother round to meet her."

"I see. Well I can assure you I shall be anxious to know what the end of it

will be. I am indeed sorry for Mr. Ricardo, but, somehow, I cannot help feeling that there will be a reunion eventually. But, to change the subject, who is this new singer you have on the programme tonight?"

"You refer to Mademoiselle Cecile?"

"Yes; I seem to have heard the name somewhere."

"That is very likely, Signor, for she has been making quite a name for herself in America."

"Ah! thank you, Bernardino, I will stay and listen to her."

Having ordered myself another coffee, I awaited the turn of this new soprano; there were still a good many people staying over their wine, for the hour was not late for those who frequented this restaurant, diners here preferring to stay and listen to the band and the singing rather than to hurry off to the theatre.

Presently the orchestra played an impromptu overture of a few bars to Tosti's "Vorrei," and I saw from my programme that Mademoiselle Cecile was to sing it. Changing my position in order to get a better view, I saw that the new-comer was a most beautiful young woman. Tall, fair, bearing herself with a natural yet regal grace, her sweet face and perfect figure were alone sufficient to cause the conversation to instantly stop and all eyes to be turned to the small platform at the end of the dining-room. But if the face and figure of the singer thus commanded attention, her voice did even more. Rarely have I heard such sweet tones rise from any throat, and the pathos with which she sang the beautiful English translation of Marzial's, seemed to strike a respondent cord in the heart of each of her audience. It was not until the end of the second verse that I seemed to realize that here was a singer who was voicing the burden of her soul, for her emotion was plainly visible as she sang the words:

"But just once to forget that word was spoken,
That left two lives for ever lost and broken.
But once to enter there when night is falling,
In the old sweet way, just coming at your
calling,
And, like an angel bending down above you,
To breathe against your ear, "I love, I love
you."

The applause which greeted her was as spontaneous as it was unusual, but

there could be no doubt that she had won all hearts by her sympathetic and cultured rendering of this sweet sonnet.

It was then a strange thing happened, for, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of her audience, Mademoiselle Cecile seemed entirely oblivious of it and stood as one in a trance staring straight across at Mr. Ricardo's table.

Her face at first was devoid of expression, but almost instantly changed to one lit up by the coming of some long hoped for joy, and, without taking her eyes from the object of her attraction, she quickly left the platform and hastened to his side.

Mr. Richardo was himself as much agitated as Mademoiselle Cecile, for when I turned to see him he was standing with one hand on the table and the other clutching the back of his chair; his head was thrown up slightly while the expression of his face was wonderful to look at; it was as though the hand of Time had been rolled back and the hopefulness of youth again restored to this lone soul; the eyes were wide open

and sparkled with the fire of great emotion, while the slightly parted lips spoke only too eloquently of the intensity of his feelings.

Even as Mademoiselle Cecile approached the table I saw that the inevitable reaction had set in, for his face turned a ghastly white and though he made a supreme effort to hold out his hands and clasp those of Mademoiselle, the endeavour was not realised, and had it not been for the arms of his companion, he would have fallen heavily to the floor. Bernardino hastily ran forward and between them the poor fellow was assisted to the couch in the waiting room.

The whole scene took place in a shorter time than it has taken to describe and, in a few moments, Bernardino returned and came to my table. In answer to my enquiries as to the condition of Mr. Ricardo, the good fellow, whose eyes were full of tears, replied:

"Ah! Signor, he will never come and dine here alone again, for Madame has indeed, at last, returned."

Those who say they will forgive, but can't forget, an injury, simply bury the hatchet, while they leave the handle out, ready for immediate use.—Dwight L. Moody.

* * *

The greatness of those things which follow death makes all that goes before it sink into nothing.—William Law.

* * *

The best qualities of mind and character—courage, sympathy, self-mastery—have been forged on the hard anvil of distress.

* * *

We may perform lowliest ministries from the highest motives.

* * *

You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.—John Ruskin.

* * *

An old colored preacher was asked to define Christian perseverance. He answered, "It means, firstly, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly and lastly, to nebber leave go."



J. M. BARRIE.

By William Blakemore.

ONE Wednesday afternoon in the Spring of 1893, having concluded my ordinary business, I strolled into the new Law Courts, to hear the final stages of a cause celebre. The presiding judge was Sir Francis Jeune, and the suit that of the notorious actress Florence St. John against her husband, best known as M. Marius.

The day was exceedingly hot, the court-room packed and several hundred disappointed suppliants for admission lined the corridors. The case was doubly attractive by reason of the public interest in two such well-known theatrical characters and their marital differences, and because Sir Charles Russell appeared on the one side, and Mr. C. F. Gill on the other.

This was just about the time that the latter achieved fame by proving himself to be the most formidable opponent of the great cross-examiner, and indeed the only man who had stood up to him and resolutely refused to be cowed by his terrific onslaughts. I had never before seen Mr. Gill, but was deeply impressed with his conduct of the case and with the subtlety and penetration of his cross-examination. I think all the spectators were satisfied that on this important occasion honours were easy. In any event Miss St. John failed to procure a decree of divorce, and the manner in which Mr. Gill, who appeared for M. Marius, exposed the worldliness, indifference and

absolute unreliability of the actress' principal witnesses will not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

I have said that the court was packed, and indeed only the keenest interest in the proceedings would have induced anyone to have remained there for a moment. The air was hot and stifling; it was impossible to stand or sit without the discomfort of being crushed, and the slightest movement or noise provoked from the austere usher the petulant and peremptory cry "Silence in Court."

I managed to secure a seat at the table of the Junior Counsel, a circumstance on which I congratulated myself until I found that I was constantly pushing or being pushed by a diminutive man who sat on my left. Half a glance sufficed to show that he was not even a "limb of the law," and that he had no more prescriptive right to his position than I had. As he was seated there first he seemed to think that he had a prior claim not only to his seat but to some measure of comfort in its occupancy, a proposition to which I constantly demurred.

It was not until, in a more or less resentful manner I had glanced at him three or four times, that I began to be haunted with the impression that he was not altogether a stranger to me. I think if I had seen him full-faced I should at once have recognized him from his resemblance to the photographs which I had seen in the shop windows.

It was after a harder squeeze than usual that I mentally resolved to change my position, even if it meant losing a seat; so with a vow and a muttered "I beg your pardon," I began to rise. At that moment he turned round and I had a good look at him. Recognition was instantaneous, and in no mere conventional manner I whispered, "I really do beg your pardon, Mr. Barrie; I am so sorry to have inconvenienced you."

He barely noticed my remark and kept his seat; I stood behind and so remained until the end of the case. When the crowd filed out of the Court House, I thought it was too good an opportunity of interviewing the celebrated author to be missed, and just as I had resolved to speak he touched me on the shoulder and said very quietly, and even gently, "I am afraid that I was rather inconsiderate, but the truth is I was so interested in the case that I felt annoyed at anything that distracted my attention."

Thus the ice was broken and we adjourned to the refreshment room in the corridor where we had a long chat, and commenced an acquaintance, which, while never intimate, led to many pleasant re-unions and on my part some insight into the character and personality of one whom I hold to be in the foremost rank of living writers.

My first surprise was at the appearance of Mr. Barrie. He is a very small man, smaller, I think, than Hall Caine, to whom however he is the very antipodes in manner and appearance. He has no tricks, no mannerisms, no "side" and no self-consciousness; he is quiet, unobtrusive, reserved and gentle. There is something at once boyish and feminine about him; the former is suggested by the round face, neat compact features and small figure; the latter by a certain modesty amounting almost to bashfulness, a quietness and a far-away look in the eyes, which always seem to be dreaming of that which is distant. At the time of which I am writing Mr. Barrie's fame rested chiefly upon what must still be regarded as his magnum opus, "A Window in Thrums," but since then the traits of his character which I then suspected, and to which I have referred have been more truly exemplified in "Mar-

garet Ogilvie" and the inimitable "Little White Bird."

Mr. Barrie's personality is a charming one. It is true he has turned aside from his first love, and has entertained half the world with dramatic works which have not been surpassed in merit or attractiveness by those of any living writer, but the fineness of his character still finds its manifestation in imaginative literature, of which the key-note is pure pathos.

It is certain that he is the only writer who could have produced either of the three works I have mentioned. No other possesses in so pre-eminent degree the necessary equipment of lofty idea, imagination, insight and sympathy. It is not too much to say that Barrie has reconciled the world of literature to modern Scotch writers, whose vagaries and idiosyncrasies are forgiven for his sake.

Unlike other successful writers Mr. Barrie has not attempted to do too much; he has found his mental recreation in variety, and in this way his dramatic work has furnished the necessary foil to his purely literary productions.

Like Kipling he is the author of one novel, and of only one. It is difficult to compare works of a different class and probably according to the correct canons of criticism it is not permissible, still I am moved to say that while for distinction of style, chastity of thought and a certain spirituality of atmosphere "Margaret Ogilvie" and "A Window in Thrums" will probably remain the most characteristic of Barrie's works, "A Little Minister" stands upon a higher literary plane, and will determine his position in the world of letters, unless in the years to come he gives us the great work for which we are looking and longing.

We have to go back to Thackeray to find a chapter which for fine feeling, perfect expression and exquisite conception will compare with the opening chapters of "The Little Minister," and taken as a whole I have no hesitation in saying that it is a book which has not yet come to its own. Public attention has been diverted from the merits of the book by the popularity of the play, but when the latter is forgotten people will return to the former and find hidden beauties

which even yet have only been discovered by the few.

Mr. Barrie is one of the few successful authors of the present day who has sacrificed not one jot of his natural simplicity of manner and of living to the exigencies of the moment; he cannot be spoilt by success, as he could never be extinguished by failure. He started life with a frail body, a big heart and a teen-

ing brain. By their aid and the influence of early training, of a Spartan-Puritan character, he has surmounted every difficulty and although sorrow visited his hearth and left it desolate, life has brought him many compensations, the chief of which is a charming and devoted wife, who is at once the mainstay and the inspiration of his best work.

The Disappointment of Totem.

By Annie C. Dalton.

IT was midnight, and the park was very quiet. A lovely moon shone through the trees and silvered the tiny ripples of the little stream that bubbled merrily along at the feet of the old Totem, who was leaning weary against his venerable cedar tree. The Honourable Totem felt very lonely. He had gone through an exciting day. Many people had walked through the park, and his striking personality had attracted an unusual amount of interest. The visitors were lively and indulged in many witticisms at his expense, and some noisy boys had even so far forgotten the respect due to his position, as to make him a target for peanuts, orange peel and pebbles. This had wounded his feelings very much, for in spite of his terrible appearance, he was really very tender-hearted.

He remembered the time when he was looked up to with reverence and awe; when he was venerated not only as the god, but also as the esteemed ancestor of all the human beings, animals and plants of his particular clan. There his will was law, and thinking of all this departed glory, the Hon. Totem felt troubled, and was very, very sad.

From his point of view, the few remaining Indians, who lived near the Park, were a degenerate race, who had departed from the ancient faith of their

forefathers, and rarely came to offer him that homage, which he felt he was entitled to, considering his great age and the illustrious antiquity of his name.

He was comfortably ensconced against the hole of a great shattered cedar which stood on a pretty bank, and the little stream which ran between his home and the public road, babbled day and night of old times, and was good company for him.

Oh, yes! he was comfortable enough, although he knew he was residing there simply through the courtesy of the pale-faces, who now ruled over the Indians and their country; and the knowledge fronkled a little sometimes in his otherwise contented mind.

On this particular night he felt unusually disturbed. He wanted to talk to some of his own people (about nothing in particular that he knew of) only he just felt lonely and in need of sympathy.

The seals lived close by, but they were not very good friends of his. They muddied the little brook very much, and he hated to have her molested.

Not far away he knew the bears, the beaver, the wolves and the eagles, and perhaps many others of his relations were all sleeping soundly, and somehow he felt angry about it. He knew that they could not help themselves, that they were all snugly locked up by the keepers, but still he felt angry and irritable.

He thought they ought to be keeping him company in the long, silent hours of the night, when even the gay little brook seemed to flow more quietly, and the wind sobbed and sighed through the trees most drearily. He never slept, had never so much as winked an eyelash for a hundred years and why should they? He did not mind so much when the wind shrieked and blustered in noisy gusts. He liked to hear the leaves rustling and the branches snapping, and to watch the shadows shudder and shiver in the long avenue.

On a wild night it was a delight to him to see the heavy clouds scud past the moon, and when a real storm came, he was in his element, for the storm-spirits gathered round him, and whispered cheery messages from his brother totems until he could have shrieked too, loud as the wind, for very joy.

Years rolled on, but they never forgot him, these faraway spirits, and he felt angrier than ever with his nearest relations. Kinder thoughts came after a while. He remembered how short their present lives were compared to his own and a great yearning to see them all swept over him.

It was years since any of them had been to visit him. Those who had not been captured or killed, had fled far, far over the blue mountains and he could not tell whether they were alive or not.

He wondered how those, near to him, bore the indignity of imprisonment, for in the glorious days of old, the spirits in animals, trees, and plants were free to come and go as they chose, subject only to his will.

Pondering thus he began to wonder why he never now exerted his old authority. Looking back through so many lonely years, it seemed a strange thing that he had allowed his ancient power to lie dormant for so long a time. Why should he not again call around him the old, familiar spirits?

He thought the matter over for some time before he asked the little brook's advice. The brook, of course, was delighted with the idea. She was a cheery optimist, and believed in getting all the good out of life, that it was possible to get with a due regard for the welfare and feelings of others, so after much

deliberation it was decided to hold the first reception of the spiritual relatives, of the Hon. Totem the very next night, when the moon would be at the full.

Had the keeper walked abroad the following evening, about midnight, he would have been astonished to see some of his charges leaving their cages, in defiance of strict rules and padlocks, and trotting gaily down the avenue in the direction of Coal Harbour.

First came the beaver, a little later the bear, getting over the ground in fine style, in spite of his clumsy gait; then the wolf, slinking swiftly along, and keeping well in the shadow of the cedars.

The eagle set forth last of all, but arrived first by virtue of his powerful wings. They all reached the rendezvous within a few seconds of each other and sat down in a row, opposite the Hon. Totem, without further ceremony, the brook bustling briskly about between them, and making a great deal of unnecessary noise in order to cover the emotion of the Hon. Totem, who was quite overcome, and affected almost to tears, at the sight of his dear old friends, who, to speak the honest truth, were rather disappointing, and unconcerned. Indeed, the funniest part of the whole affair was that not one of them seemed in the least surprised, or disturbed, at being drawn out of a warm bed to a midnight conference in the shadowy woods.

Their self-possession materially assisted the Hon. Totem to regain his own. He would have extended the hand of fellowship, had he possessed one; as it was his poor, wooden, weather-beaten face, expanded and contracted in an alarming series of automatic or totematic smiles of delight.

Then followed the administration of several mysterious rites, which so interested the brook that she almost forgot to flow, and the seals, close by, ran in danger of being seriously inconvenienced, for they lived in a dam higher up, surreptitiously stolen from the happy-go-lucky brook.

The Hon. Totem then proceeded to air his grievance and complained bitterly of the peccadilloes of his afternoon visitors.

Brother Wolf cordially sympathized with him. He said that some of the re-

marks that were passed upon himself were most insulting, and now and then some "lady" would even give a little shriek and shudder (if he ventured to air his teeth) for all the world as if he were a bloodthirsty monster, instead of the respectable and highly civilized creature that he really was. As for the boys:—

Ah, said Bro. Bear gruffly, if the world was only made up of little girls—but boys—ugh!

"As for boys," repeated the wolf, crossly, "I was going to say, I like boys—they've got some grit, though they are not so good to eat as little girls. I well remember," he continued, dreamily, "that my great grandfather got an awful attack of indigestion after meeting a school boy. In fact, he died of the encounter—"and a good job too," whispered the Beaver to himself). We were on the trail at the time and so could not bury him with suitable honors, but when we returned that way, months afterwards, we found his skeleton, picked beautifully clean and inside, where his stomach had once existed was a little mound of marbles, a top, a jack-knife, chalk, a mouth-organ, a Jew's harp, pea-shooter, tin whistle, catapult and some string.

After such a discovery my great grandfather's death still remained a sad, but scarcely a mysterious, catastrophe. As I said before, boys have grit—in their pockets especially."

The little brook did not much care for the wolf's anecdote—it sounded bloodthirsty, and she privately hoped he would not come to quench his thirst in her limpid ripples before the meeting was over. His fangs glistened so terribly in the moonlight that she did not fancy him at all at close quarters, so she said very tartly: "No one but a Wolf would have the heart and the stomach to eat little children. I just love them. A dear little girl came by the other day. She had on a huge pink bonnet and her tiny face seemed to look out of the heart of a rose. The bonnet was very pretty, but a feast of sweetness and loveliness lay far down in its rosy recesses, in the soft, deep down eyes, fresh, rosy lips and velvet-dimpled cheeks. Such a shy, sweet

smile she had, too; I heard her nurse call her Dorothy.

After a while, the nurse lifted her up and put her carefully on the rail of the little bridge. There she sat with her feet dangling far above me. She looked down at me with great, solemn eyes, then she folded her hands on her lap, and said: "Little brook, how I love you! What a pretty song you are singing. Can't you wait just a minute, till I sing you a song my mother has taught me. Then she sang in such a sweet, bright, little voice:

Willow! Willow!
Pussy-willow!
Are you not the fairies pillow—
Smooth as silk,
And soft as down,
Peeping from your calyx brown?

Bluebell, bluebell,
Bonny bluebell!
Now I think the fairies do dwell
In your tiny
Bells at night,
Peeping, creeping out of sight.

Robin, robin,
Loving robin.
When the wood-babes lone were sobbing,
Did the fairies
Share your grief,
As you brought each tiny leaf?

Daisy, daisy,
Sleepy daisy,
When you, in the twilight hazy,
Shut up tightly,
Do the sprightly
Fairies wake you with their glee?

Swallow, swallow,
Darting swallow,
Do the fairies lightly follow,
When you fly
From winter's frown
To some balmy southern town.

Fairy, fairy,
Tiresome fairy.
Do you live in tree-tops airy?
Do please tell
A little girl,
Where you fairies all do dwell?

The brook finished her speech and song with a bubble of satisfaction and everybody applauded—even the wolf, although he secretly thought verse-making and verse-reciting a sheer waste of time. Poetry was all very well in its way, and quite good enough for some people's dessert, but give him the prose of life—a rattling good dinner and lots of liberty and— Here he stopped his ruminating to remark fretfully, "By the way, can nothing be suggested by the members of this meeting as to ways and means of my getting a more commodious cage.

"Why," said the Eagle, speaking for the first time, "you are not nearly so bad-

ly off as your brother Wolf. He just spends all his days in jumping off and on a wooden bench in the tiniest cage I ever saw."

"Well, it's bad enough anyway," said the Wolf sulkily, "You've got lots of room, I'm told, and as for the Bear—he lives in a palace nowadays." As if that wasn't enough," he continued, bitterly: "he's got to have ottomans to sit on, and a bath to sit in. He'll be thinking next that he lives at the Zoo."

The Hon. Totem looked apprehensively across at the Bear, whose temper was a trifle uncertain at times, but the hide of that happy individual was so thick that the sarcasm of the Wolf was completely wasted upon it, and the Beaver created a diversion by remarking that he had just received a letter from a cousin in the Zoo, who had a real palace for himself and his family. "I am very comfortable here in the Park," he said plaintively, "but I must confess it is a trifle upsetting to hear of cousin's good fortune; it makes him rather patronizing too."

Here the Eagle flapped his wings impatiently and said that if all their time was to be taken up with grumbling they might just as well have stopped in their beds. As for the Beaver——. But here came an interruption from under the bridge apparently. A hoarse voice called out, "Ahoy, there! Who said Beaver?" The startled brethren sat terror-stricken for a minute, mutely appealing with their eyes to the Hon. Totem for protection. Then the owner of the voice peered out of the dusky shadows of the bridge. As his gaunt, ghostly face came into view and shone in the moonlight, he suddenly gave a wild whoop and shook a bony fist at the spellbound creatures. This was too much. With a piercing shriek the Eagle flapped heavily away; the bear lurched over the fence and literally tumbled out of sight; the Wolf bounded through the avenue and was in his den in no time, his teeth chattering and his hair bristling with terror. As for the Beaver his fright, for the time, totally deprived him of his senses. Somehow, he got across the brook and attempted a wild dash for freedom through the legs of the Hon. Totem. Finding neither entrance nor exit from

he knew not what, he commenced frantically to gnaw at the toes of the unfortunate Hon. Totem, whose pain and helplessness were pitiable to see. He shrieked, wailed and threatened, all to no avail. The brook joined in the chorus and scolded and splashed till she was breathless. Some crows who were fast asleep in their nest in the trees overhead, took off their nightcaps and got up to see what was the matter. Their excitement knew no bounds and their hoarse cries added to the confusion and din, but did little good, until it occurred to their wise little heads to organize a combined attack upon the Beaver, of all the beaks and claws in their colony. This proved highly successful, and poor Bro. Beaver made the best of his way home, battered and half blinded, and full of a virtuous resolution never, never again to transgress beyond the boundary of his legitimate domain. Meanwhile the mischievous author of all this confusion stood rather shame-facedly, while the poor old Totem with tears streaming down his face, heaped upon his head the most scathing reproaches. He was a shambling, seafaring man, dressed in the fashion of years ago and with a strangely battered and unreal appearance about him, but the most curious thing of all was, that when the moon shone in her fullest splendour, he seemed quite transparent, and one could see the objects on the farther side of him, quite clearly through his body.

He listened submissively to the Hon. Totem, for some time. Finally he said, "Oh, well. Come now, old boy, let's make up and be friends again. Many's the jokes we've cracked together these many years, and the yarns we've spun too." But the Hon. Totem was highly offended and would have none of him; so at last he wandered down to the Beaver boat, where he sat on the gunwale and chewed, grumbled and chuckled by turns for a long, long time. Then he gradually faded away into a thin mist—a puff of wind—and he was gone. The moon took it into her head to retire also, and the poor old Totem was left in darkness, bitter tears of pain and mortification rolling down his cheeks, and dropping into the sympathetic bosom of this faithful little brook.



FRUIT growing in British Columbia, like the climatic and soil conditions in its various districts, is so diversified in character and of such importance that it is hardly possible to do the industry anything like justice in the space at our command, and when the reader has perused this article to the end, he must bear in mind that there still remains much to be said on the subject. A historical sketch would be of interest to many, but the wants of intending settlers or investors may be better served by a general outline of the present conditions and prospects of the industry.

Although it is only sixteen years since the first full carload of fruit was shipped out of British Columbia, progress has been fairly rapid and people are now beginning to realize something of its possibilities as a fruit-growing province. In the season of 1904, the fruit crop of British Columbia was valued at \$600,000 and the area under cultivation estimated at 14,000 acres.

In 1905 the area under fruit had been increased to 20,000 acres, and the total revenue derived therefrom was nearly one million dollars. In the same year something like \$500,000 was expended in the purchase and improvement of fruit lands and the average price received for grade No. 1 apples from October 1, 1905, to March 31, 1906, was \$1.27 per 40-lb. box, f.o.b. shipping point. The early

varieties started out at \$1 net, and during the latter part of February and March as high as \$2 per box was being paid for strictly No. 1 in carload lots. The average prices of other fruits for the season of 1905 were: Pears, \$1.38 per 40-lb. box; prunes and plums, 75 cents per 20-lb. box; peaches, \$1.15 per 20-lb. box; strawberries, \$2.30 per 24 basket crate; raspberries, \$2.19 per 24 basket crate; blackberries, \$2.40 per 24 basket crate; gooseberries, 5 1-2 cents per lb.; crab apples, 2 1-2 cents per lb.; tomatoes, 5 1-2 cents per lb.; currants, 7 cents per lb.; cherries, 9 cents per lb.

Outside of the quantities consumed in our own cities the chief market for British Columbia fruit is the prairie provinces; a market which will always demand the best that the fruit-grower can produce and in ever-increasing quantities, so that British Columbia need have no fear, no matter how rapidly the industry develops, of an over-production of good, clean commercial varieties. The Province is most favourably situated, in being contiguous to the great plains of the middle west, where fruit-growing on a commercial basis is not likely ever to be a success. That territory is sure to increase rapidly in population and the consumption of fruit will be enormous. It is a curious fact that the average family on the prairies consumes more fruit than do those of British Columbia

and it is quite natural, also, to expect that as the farmer of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba succeed, within a comparatively few years, in laying by sufficient to keep them in comfort for the rest of their lives, they should look to British Columbia, with its congenial climate, magnificent scenery and tremendous, unexplored and undeveloped natural resources, as a place in which to spend their declining years.

There is little need for this Province to spend money in trying to induce immigrants from other countries to come here and settle. The best immigration work that British Columbia can do is to develop the fruit-growing industry and to send large quantities of first-class fruit properly grown, harvested, packed and shipped into the great grain country east of the Rocky Mountains. This will judiciously advertise the Province and bring our own people here as soon as they become tired of the more rigorous climate of the prairies.

The topography of the country from the standpoint of the fruit-grower may be better understood by a reference to the map which accompanies this article. The geological formations and climatic conditions render it necessary to divide the fruit-growing area of the Province into nine general divisions.

No. 1 might be called the southwestern coast district, which includes the southern half of Vancouver Island, adjacent islands, and what is usually called the lower mainland. Here the production of small fruits may be said to be more successful, and consequently more profitable, than that of the tree fruits. Nevertheless, there are a number of very excellent varieties of apples, pears, plums, primes and cherries which grow to perfection in this district, besides many different varieties of nuts, and, in especially favored spots, peaches, grapes, nectarines, apricots and other tender fruits.

In most parts of this district the mild character of the climate and the excessive moisture during the winter season are very favourable to the development of fungous diseases, and it is therefore necessary to practice persistent and systematic spraying of the orchards, clean cultivation of the soil, and a thorough

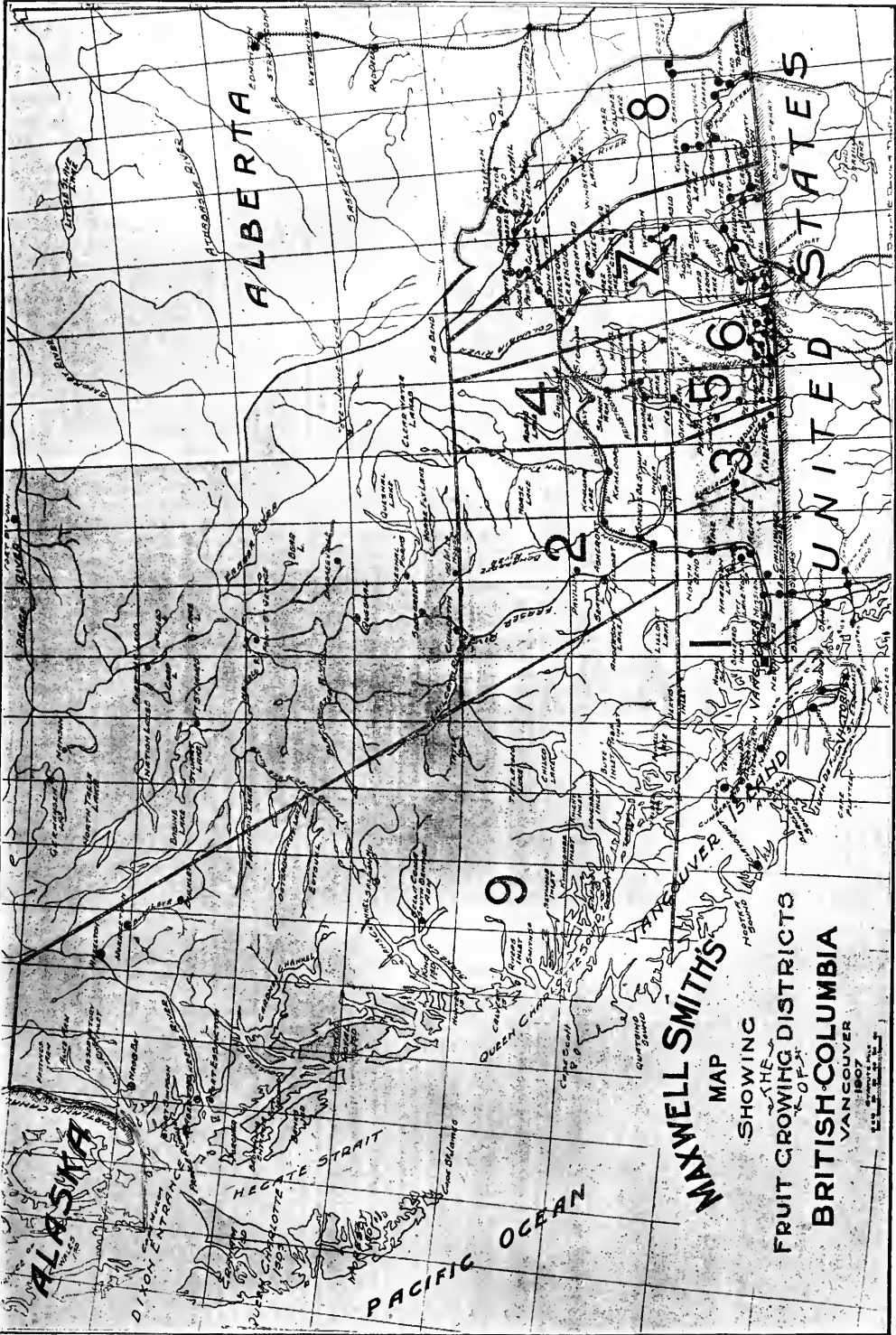
system of under-drainage in order to get the most profitable results.

District No. 2 includes the valleys of the Upper Fraser, as far north as the fifty-second parallel, the main Thompson, the North Thompson, the Nicola and Bonaparte Rivers. Here there are practically none of the above-named difficulties to contend with, but the question of water to irrigate the lands is one requiring serious consideration, as without an abundant supply of water in the "dry belt" it is impossible to be sure of a crop every year. The prospective fruit-grower, however, does not have to contend with the heavy forests along these rivers that have to be encountered on the coast. The fruits grown are of the very highest quality and include all the varieties mentioned in connection with district No. 1. One of the largest vineyards in the Province is located near the junction of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers.

District No. 3 may be briefly described as the valleys of the Similkameen and its tributaries, portions of which are perhaps the most tropical of any part of British Columbia, and most favourable locations for the cultivation of grapes, peaches and other delicate fruits, wherever sufficient water for irrigation purposes is available.

No. 4 includes the districts surrounding Adams, Shuswap and Mabel Lakes and the valley of the Spallumcheen River. Here the natural rainfall is sufficient and splendid apples, pears, plums and cherries are successfully grown. The climatic conditions in this district resemble very much those of southern Ontario, and a fruit-grower with fixed ideas from the latter province might be more successful in this district than he would on irrigated lands. The timber is, generally speaking, light and the land rich.

No. 5 is the great Okanagan valley, stretching from Larkin southward to the international boundary. The vicinity of Kelowna in this valley contains the largest area of fruit lands of any one place in the Province. Peaches are now being shipped in large quantities from the Okanagan, and all other northern fruits are successfully grown by the irrigation system. Improved modern



ALBERTA

UNITED STATES

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8

6

3

7

MAXWELL SMITH'S

MAP

SHOWING

THE

FRUIT GROWING DISTRICTS

VANCOUVER

1907

111111

PACIFIC OCEAN

ALASKA

HECATE STRAIT

QUEEN CRATER

DIXON ENTRANCE

PROVINCIAL

LOTTE

ISLAND

ISLAND

ISLAND

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methods are in general use by the fruit-growers in this district and the industry is perhaps more advanced than in any other part of British Columbia.

No. 6 is usually called the Boundary or Kettle River country, and although the smallest of all the districts named, the quality of the land is excellent and the climatic conditions all that could be desired. Where a sufficient water supply is obtainable, there is no trouble in producing fruit of the highest quality.

No. 7 is West Kootenay, an enormous fruit-growing district, where only a little progress has been made on the southern portion, but sufficient to indicate the possibilities and the superior quality of the fruit which may be raised along those lakes and streams. The neighbourhood of Nelson and Kaslo has accomplished wonders in the past few years, but the shores of the Arrow lakes are practically untouched by the hand of the fruit-grower, and the valley of the Columbia, from the Big Bend south to Arrowhead, affords opportunities little dreamed of by many of those in search of fruit lands. In the greater part of this district, irrigation is only necessary in the very dry seasons.

District No. 8 is the country known as East Kootenay and is separated from No. 7 by a range of mountains. It is traversed by the Upper Kootenay River from the fifty-first degree of north latitude southward to the international boundary, and from Columbia and Windermere Lakes northward by the Upper Columbia River, to the Big Bend. In the southern portion of this district there are immense stretches of thinly-wooded lands suitable for fruit-growing purposes, and the valley of the Upper Columbia has many choice locations for the enterprising fruit-grower. The lack of transportation facilities is a great hindrance to the development of the fruit lands of the Upper Columbia.

District No. 9 comprises the vast coast region including the Queen Charlotte Islands and the northern half of Vancouver Island, from Jervis Inlet to Portland Canal. There is little known of its capabilities, but undoubtedly it has a few surprises in store for the future. Though in small quantities as yet, apples, peaches and grapes have been

successfully grown on the Skeena River. The first apple trees were planted at Hazelton in the spring of 1901 and fruited in the fall of 1904.

For a considerable distance inland from the west coast, there are numerous valleys and plateaus, which are well adapted to growing many of the hardier varieties, though fewer in number than those capable of being developed in the first-named district.

Notwithstanding the conditions and adaptabilities which may be in a general way characteristic of the large districts above mentioned, there are always peculiarities of soil and climate, soil moisture, atmospheric currents, etc., which must be taken into consideration, and intelligently utilized by the individual settler when choosing varieties to plant or deciding on methods of cultivation.

That the supply of water from mountain streams for irrigation purposes is limited, should always be borne in mind and in those portions of the Province where irrigation is necessary, the prospective settler or investor should be exceedingly careful that a proper supply of water is obtainable, and that he secures a legal right to use it, when purchasing fruit lands. There are many of the so-called dry districts where the soil moisture, with proper cultivation, is quite sufficient to produce a full crop in an ordinary year, but there comes periodically, the extraordinary year when, without an artificial supply of water at the critical time, the whole crop may be lost. In the arid districts, it should be seen to that the right to a sufficient supply of irrigation water is obtained, whether needed every year or not.

There are immense fertile tablelands along the Thompson, Columbia, Kootenay and Similkameen Rivers and the Kamloops, Okanagan, Upper and Lower Arrow and Kootenay Lakes, which can not be irrigated from the available mountain streams, but it may safely be predicted that some day in the not distant future, a genius will arise who will invent a comparatively cheap method of pumping the water from these large reservoirs up to the higher levels, and who then will venture to estimate the quantity of rare and luscious fruits which this Province may be capable of produc-

ing, or the gratitude that future generations will lavish on the memory of the man who shall make the cultivation of these beautiful plateaus possible? Then will the glittering Okanagan Lake become a magnificent water highway, through the midst of densely populated stretches of orchard lands. On either shore will be one continuous line of superb villa homes, and all up and down those scenic galleries of luxurious gardens will dwell the kings and queens of

husbandry in the happy performance of the first duties allotted to mankind.

By establishing high standards and the practice of high ideals, both in the quality of their products and business methods the fruit-growers of British Columbia should have a large share in building up the commercial character of the Province which, like the golden beams of the summer twilight, shall shed its benign influence eastward over the great Dominion of Canada.

Reverence.

By Amicus.

"Let more of reverence in you dwell."

IT will not be disputed by any thoughtful observer that one of the most characteristic features of society in the New World is lack of reverence. This is especially noticeable among young people, and lies at the root of some of the most serious evils which confront society today.

Not only do the sanctity of home life and the sincerity of all true religion depend upon the maintenance of this feature, but patriotism in all its forms, whether of inspired heroism or loyal obedience to law springs from it. The law-breaker, the disturber of the public peace, the subverter of order, the laggard in the day of battle may all be traced to the youth who fails to honour his country because he did not honour his father and mother.

Time was when one of the most important functions of school life was the inculcation of reverence for those standing in superior relationship, and those whose age or position entitled them naturally to the respect and deference due from youth. Thirty or forty years ago the punishment for a breach of this unwritten law was more severe than for that of many of the catalogued crimes. Its observance went hand in hand with the bow, the doffing of the hat and the

"Sir" without which no well-bred, or well-trained boy ventured to address an elder. Although there is an old-world ring about the sentence, the attitude of youth towards age and authority was well expressed in the words of the Catechism which enjoined obedience and the ordering of one's self "lowly and reverently to all one's betters."

I have yet to learn that society is any better or the world the gainer because now-a-days this injunction is more honoured in the breach than the observance. Certain it is that on the American continent it is a rare occurrence to meet a boy who even in the remotest manner suggests any acquaintance with his duty in this respect. The precocity, self-assertion and total disregard for others which are so painfully evident in the youth of the New World have come to be universally recognised as characteristics, and one is led to consider the cause of this development and its effect upon the individual, the social and the national life.

The causes may be summed up as defective home training, unwise educational methods and the rapid acquisition of wealth. I am not sure that the latter is not mainly responsible because it lies at the root of parental neglect and par-

ental indifference to educational systems.

The greatly increased earnings of all classes have placed at the disposal of people incomes of which their fathers never dreamed. Unprepared by their own experience and training to spend wisely, parents have a tendency to extravagance and luxury. It is only natural that their children should share in this. All extravagances and luxuries are enervating to the moral fibre and tend to laxity. The first evidence of laxity in the household is love of ease and neglect of discipline. The avenues of amusement and enjoyment have been so vastly increased that society has been revolutionized; the quietude of home life in which the finest character is developed has given place to excitement and lack of repose. This is even more hurtful to the children than to their parents. It tends to develop the idea of equality and to bridge the gulf which should ever separate the exclusive habitudes of youth from those of adults. The boy who is allowed to witness, if not to participate in the dissipations of his elders can hardly be expected to retain respect for them or to cultivate reverence; and yet unfortunately now-a-days such is not an unusual occurrence.

Parents undoubtedly take less personal interest in the education of their children than formerly. Years ago if a boy offended seriously it was a matter for a personal interview between the school-master and his father; the father taught his son that the school-master must not only be obeyed but respected, and compliance with an instruction from the latter was always insisted on by the former. Now-a-days one of the greatest difficulties which a school-master meets with is to secure any measure of support from parents in the exercise of discipline. Oftener than not an appeal to them results in defiance and the removal of the boy from school.

This attitude brings another circumstance under review, which is that the temptation to neglect school is very great because of the high wages which boys can earn. When lads of twelve are in demand for messenger and telegraph service at \$40 per month it can hardly be wondered at that they resent discipline

and reach out for the handsome pocket money which such a wage ensures. There is only one remedy for this; compulsory education to a greater age; but that will not come yet, at any rate in the West.

It is hardly necessary to point out how this class of training with its precocious development of independence and its too early placing in a boy's hands of the funds with which to cultivate undesirable and often vicious habits is destructive of the very principle of reverence and re-acts upon the social and national life. A lessening of respect for others must in the end produce less self-respect, and that involves the undermining of the most stable principles of good citizenship. There is no substitute for a considerate regard for others, which does not leave a man with less regard for duty and obligation, and with a weakened sense of responsibility.

The attitude of the rising generation towards public questions of vital importance is conditioned by this lack of reverence which close observers so greatly deplore. That this attitude will be permanent no profound student of human nature believes; it is a transient condition due to abnormal development and is chiefly characteristic of the New World. It is time, however, to call a halt and to check the evil before it becomes uncontrollable. The first duty lies with parents, who, when they realise their responsibility will be willing, as their fathers were, to sacrifice something of ease and luxury to the careful training of their children. If they first insist upon proper respect being shown to themselves and their instructions, they will have gone a long way towards ensuring the same for others who are entitled to it.

The world is getting tired of precocious boys and smart girls. It will be glad to hear more of the simple, unrestricted laughter and gaiety of childhood. The great Laureate who loved humanity so well was no superficial observer, but looked far below the surface when he pleaded for a more reverent attitude towards vital subjects, and reverence is not a fashion, nor a conventionality, but a habitude.

The Widow Briggs' Fire.

By Irene M. MacColl.

LYING between two long, ragged ridges, five thousand feet above sea-level, is Phoenix—the bustling mining camp of the Boundary country. Surrounded by mountains of solid copper, five generations may delve there, without wresting one-millionth part of the inexhaustible ore body from the grasp of ages.

In Phoenix, there are many homes of sorts, and also many men, and my tale deals with the dwellers in Hogan's Alley—a settlement of divers people, with divers aims, temperaments and troubles such as we have ourselves. For in this queer old world life is, in essentials, at least, the same in a mining camp as in any other centre where human beings, good, bad and indifferent, are gathered together.

Let me introduce you, then, to Hogan's Alley—a row of some twenty shacks, some built of lumber, others of logs—all placed at the precise distance from the street allowance that the owners pleased.

At the head of the Alley and highest up of the shacks, lived Billy Barnes—a fair-haired, quick-tempered Canadian, and Billy Bakke, Junior, as fair, but of Irish-Swede extraction, thereby possessing a brogue rich in its odd mingling of accent. Both young, and prone to look on the bright side of life, the combination was a happy-go-lucky partnership in housekeeping, occasional differences never preventing their being the best of friendly enemies.

Tonight the swift mountain darkness fell on Hogan's Alley in velvety waves, blotting out the scars that by day divided the ridges in every direction.

The stars were flung in golden profusion across the arching sky, and the little river rippled down the gorge among the pine trees.

Over in the Alley, all was quiet. The tired chums, after the day's work, had long ago "turned in," and were sleeping

the dreamless sleep of the just, when from the outer world there came a shriek of terror, then another and another. Barnes, at length sufficiently aroused to growl anathemas on the disturber of his slumbers, lay for a moment listening. Then, shaking his sleeping chum, he remarked, savagely, "Some fool woman's yelling to beat the band out there—I'm going to see what's up."

Sleepily feeling his way to the window he glanced out, then wheeling sharply brought his shin in violent contact with the rocking chair.

"Whin yez are all troo telling that chair phat yez think av it"—Bakke managed to gasp through his mirth "yez mought state phat yez saw out there."

"Mrs. Briggs' shack's afire," snapped Barnes. "It'll go like chips if something aifn't applied sudden,—the roof's caught now."

"Chase yerself, thin, an we'll hike ofer," and Bakke, jumping out of bed, started to hunt for his clothes—which he was certain someone must have moved in the night.

At the other end of the Alley lived Mrs. Briggs, a widow of uncertain age, possessed of all the wiles which widows have practised since the Flood—and a voice which she of all the Alley considered priceless—the average critic placing its value at some thirty cents, and dear at that—for the shacks near the widow's were oftener empty than occupied.

Two years had Mrs. Briggs been a resident of the Alley, and for two years had she charmed and warbled and remained in the widowed state. Somehow, when it came to the scratch, and Barnes or Jones was given a "final" opportunity and every advantage the widow could give, each kept curiously silent. For, after all, widows are risky propositions, and apt to have well-tried recipes for curing husbands of pet faults. So the

eligible men of the Alley were ware of matrimony with the widow.

"I'm rigged," said Bakke, as he jerked open the door some ten minutes after their discovery of the fire. "We'll have to hustle."

The fire had evidently begun in the kitchen, and was rapidly spreading. The Alley, roused by the shouts of our friends, fell to work with a will. Ladders were speedily placed, a bucket brigade formed, and soon the flames were at bay.

Standing on the sidewalk, wringing her hands and moaning "I'll have to go to the poorhouse, I'll have to go to the poorhouse," was the widow, clad in her nightdress, a short coat and a pair of pink bedroom slippers.

"My clothes, O may clothes," she wailed—"I've lost them all—I haven't a thing left, I'll have to go to the poorhouse!"

Many a manly heart thrilled to that appeal of helpless womanhood, and more than one womanly voice hissed into a neighbour's ear. "You'd think she'd be ashamed to carry on so—an' her as never sews a stitch nor does sorra a washing, from one year's end to the next!

"Phat do yez suppose she's afther?" inquired Mrs. Kelly of Mrs. O'Rourke.

"Hivin knows—I don't," snapped that lady. "I've been askin' her till I'm tired to come home wid me till the shebeen's patched up, an' she'll do nawthin at all."

"My clothes, oh, my clothes!" mournfully came from behind them, and in Irish exasperation, the two women turned with looks of withering scorn and left their sister in affliction.

"Glory be; that was as hot a job as anny I iver handled," said Bakke, as he came down the ladder after the fire had been vanquished.

His chum touched his arm, as he pointed to where the widow still remained a short distance away.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you enough?" she sobbed, as the men paused awkwardly before her.

"Sure, 'twas nawthin at all, at all," said Bakke simply, and Barnes eagerly echoed the fiction.

"But oh, if I only had saved my clothes; they're all gone—every poor, miserable rag I owned. O-oh dear,

whatever will I do?" and the widow broke down again.

"Come home wid me as I've ast yez to a hundred times this noight," snapped Mrs. Kelly. "Or wid me," said Mrs. O'Rourke. "Sure, an' yez know yez is welcome."

"O, dear Mr. Barnes, and you, you dear, good Mr. Bakke, I shall never forget this," sobbed the widow. "But oh, my clothes are g-gone, all gone!" Still weeping, she suffered the women to lead her across the street and through Mrs. Kelly's front door.

"Sure, 'tis too bad she lost all thim cloes," remarked Bakke thoughtfully, as the chums turned homeward. "I was just wondering if we cudn't maybe all kind a chip in an help her out."

"So was I," eagerly said Billy Barnes. "Let's get all the fellows who helped tonight to chip in and then it'll not seem so personal-like. I'm dead beat now, and it's me for the slumber couch till mornin'—barring any more fires," he added.

"Plase Hivin, wan's lots for the night," said Bakke, as they turned into bed.

Next day the "Widow's Aid," as Barnes called it, had netted a hundred dollars and over—for the men of the Alley were generous and fond of the widow—had she not offered to be a mother to every one of them? And women like that were not met every day. A deputation was appointed to present the widow with this "little token of esteem," as they called it—and the chums were chosen for the duty. At the last moment, however, Bakke backed out of going, refusing point blank, so it was Alec Ladd who went over with Barnes to the Kelly home that evening.

Naturally, they felt diffident about beginning, being morally certain of the view Mrs. Kelly would take of their action—and so it was nearly eleven when the widow's surreptitious yawns warned them that they must broach the subject.

"Go ahead, Alec," said Barnes, in an undertone.

"Do it yourself," returned Ladd in the same breath. Then he began lamely:

"We—ah—we—it's a terrible loss you've met with, Mrs. Briggs,—an—we—ah—"

"Yes, Mr. Ladd," said the widow, sweetly. "We're hoping you won't take

it amiss if we—ah—we offer you this little remembrance—I mean—this little token of—of—”

“Esteem,” supplied Barnes.

“This little token of esteem,” finished Ladd, as he handed the purse to the widow.

The effect of this touching scene was electrifying. The widow threw both arms round Alec’s neck, and gasped amid her sobs that she “L-loved them all s-so.”

Disentangling himself, Ladd made for the door, closely followed by Billy Barnes, who feared a repetition of the scene, and Mrs. Kelly let them out in grim silence.

Next week the widow came forth arrayed as the Alley had never before beheld her. She cut Mrs. Kelly entirely after that good woman remarked to the cat, as the widow passed on her way to church—“Sure, an’ she’s the smooth wan. An’ all thim goosoons handin’ her their earnins to dress the likes av her in silks—an’ her wid money in the bank!”

On Monday morning a tall, seedy looking man was seen to enter the widow’s shack—and shortly after, the widow herself was bustling about, to all appearances, house-cleaning. Early in the afternoon, when a furniture van drew up before her door—and drove away piled

high with the widow’s Lares and Penates; they knew she was moving. At five, the rumor that she had sold her shack, was confirmed—and at six, the widow left the house in company with the seedy looking individual. Just at the end of the Alley the couple came face to face with the chums.

In a voice trembling with emotion, the widow introduced them to “My darling Edward,—for whom I have mourned for three long years—they told me he was dead, but now he has come back to me, and oh, I am so happy! And we’re going away to begin life again together. Thank you a thousand times, you dear, kind fellows, for all you have done for me. Edward, dearest, they’ve been so good to me always. Good-bye, good-bye!” and with a last, lingering look, the widow passed out of Hogan’s Alley, forever.

“Faith, an’ we was the fools!” groaned Bakke, after half an hour’s brooding, when he recovered the power of speech. “Sorra the widdy’ll iver I hilp again!”

“Bah!” snapped Barnes. “It was a woman got us out of Paradise, and I reckon they’re all alike.”

“Well,” said Bakke, heaving a long sigh, “sure an’ they beat the Dutch!”

’Tis looking downward makes one dizzy.—Browning.

* * *

Neither adversity nor prosperity ever changes a man; each merely brings out what there is in him.

* * *

One of the rarest things in social intercourse is the disinterested desire to please. Charm of manner cannot be put on and taken off at will like a garment.”

* * *

On the walls of an old temple was found this picture: A king forging from his crown a chain and nearby a slave making of his chain a crown, and underneath was written: ‘Life is what one makes of it, no matter of what it is made.’

* * *

What we all want is inward rest, rest of heart and brain; the calm, strong, self-contained, self-denying character which needs no stimulants, for it has no fits of depression; which needs no narcotics, for it has no fits of excitement; which needs no ascetic restraint, for it is strong enough to use God’s gifts without abusing them; the character, in a word which is truly temperate, not in drink and food merely, but in all desires, thoughts and actions.—Kingsley.

Therese.

By Freeman Harding.

CRASH! went an overturned table, two revolver shots ran out as one and the bar-room of the Colonial Hotel was instantly in a state of turmoil. In the excitement which followed, drinks, faro table and card game were deserted while the motley crowd of cow-punchers, construction workers, land seekers and hangers on pressed about the corner where a still form lay face downward amongst the scattered cards and chips. Only those who were nearest could see that the dead man was Harry Rawlins, one of the most widely known and most popular ranchers in the upper country, but none save those who had been playing at the table where the fatal quarrel broke out knew what had happened or who to blame. More than that none had seen the tense faced man who was responsible for the killing slip quietly around the crowd and out through a doorway which led to other parts of the house. The affray was so sudden, the result so uncommon and the excitement so intense that Ralph Cousins, gambler and gunman, had disappeared before it was realized that a man had been shot in a country where gunmen and their handiwork were frowned down upon both by the law and custom.

In the early eighties Kamloops was the supply point for the "dry Belt" and the time honoured somnolence of the cattle country was stirred in the wakening which came from the approach of the bands of steel stretching slowly through the defiles of the mountains which shut out on either side the sun-kissed valleys and the bunch grass ranges of the interior from the world which lay beyond the grim grey rocks. At that time the cattlemen who had become part and parcel of the country felt their long deferred hope crystalize into certainty under the movements of survey and construction gangs, and foreboded evil days for their industry from the influx of land-seekers, and prospectors spying out the country

to be traversed by the far-reaching rails. With the construction gangs, the land-seekers and prospectors, had come the miscellaneous horde of camp followers which ever abides on the line of march of the army of development.

Kamloops naturally had attracted many of these camp followers and while gambling rows of a more or less serious nature were every-day events, gun play and killings therefrom were unheard of. As a consequence the crowd in the Colonial bar, reckless members of "the legion that never was listed," as most of them were, was stunned for a moment by the work of the gambler who had taken so prompt an advantage of the confusion to make good his escape.

When strong hands raised the stricken form of the young ranchman and brought into view the bronzed face now still and grey in death, streaked with a dull red stain which crept slowly from a smoke-blackened hole in the white forehead, a groan, more of a curse than a groan, burst from fifty throats and stirred the crowd into action.

For a moment some of the excited men turned their attention to an old man who stood near the over-turned table still fingering the trigger of a heavy Colt's. He had been in the game, they knew, and this fact, coupled with the presence of the business-like looking weapon in his hands, directed suspicion to him. The suspicion only lasted a moment, for old Dad Thompson was known to every cattleman in the room and was soon surrounded by eager questioners, the coolest of whom learned from the hard-bitten old frontiersman the truth of the affair. Within a very few minutes half a hundred men were seaching house and town and river front for Ralph Cousins, gambler, gunman and murderer.

As Cousins slipped out of the brightly lighted bar-room into the dark hallway beyond the door he collided with a girl who had looked through the partly open-

ed door just as his fatal shot rang out. She had seen the blow struck by the dead rancher; had seen the dull red flush spread over the gambler's face and the dangerous gleam flash in his cold eyes as he reached for his weapon; had seen his nervous fingers turn loose the message of death which lay within the shining barrel and had seen Rawlins fall limply forward to the floor. She had seen, too, the face of the man she loved with all her virgin strength grow tense with fear when he realized how true his aim had been and her woman's mind worked quickly, seeking an avenue of escape from the fate she knew would be meted out to him if caught red-handed.

When the gambler backed away from his gruesome work and edged quickly around the crowd the door to the hallway had suggested to him the shortest way from the house and he had taken it unhesitatingly. The collision in the dark brought forth a startled curse which was hushed on his lips by a whispered "Ralph, this way," in a voice he knew well. Therese, without more words, led him by a rear door out into the still night and then straight up the hill behind the town. On up to the edge of the range she went without a stop, her lithe young limbs setting a hard pace for the unnerved man behind who gasped painfully at every step.

When she reached a thick clump of sage brush, well out of sight from the trail below, she bade the fugitive lie hidden closely till her return and without further words picked her way over a new route down the hillside and reached the house unseen.

Her woman's intention guided her every move. She knew that the search would not spread beyond the town until after daybreak just as well as she knew that the vengeful pack would prepare to draw every trail as soon as the first purple streak of dawn lightened the eastern sky.

Therese wasted no time in putting a hastily-formed plan into execution and while waiting for the excitement to quiet down she ransacked the larder for food, filled a generous flask and packed all securely in a bundle not so large as to be noticeable in the dark.

One by one the crowd drifted back to

the house, when it was realized how useless it was to continue the search at night. The bar was soon filled with groups of excited men, discussing the tragedy and planning the chase for the morrow.

The girl waited until she was sure that even the most persistent had given up the quest and then stole quietly across to the stables where, with the deft hands of a child of the ranges, she quickly saddled her own pony and loosened a horse which stood tied at the corral waiting for some cowpuncher who was doubtless in the crowded bar. She led both horses slowly through the shadow near the river until she was well away from the hotel, then, mounting the little pinto and leading the other, she struck up the hill by a trail which she knew would bring her close to the clump of sage brush where Cousins awaited her coming.

Though the faint light from the star-pierced sky gave her little help and the trail was barely worn through the close-cropped bunch grass, she rode as one who knew every foot of her way, and even by the roundabout route she purposely followed soon reached a point where the ought-for thicket loomed white upon the dark line of the range.

Fastening the strange horse to a nearby pine and throwing the reins over the head of her well-broken cayuse, she walked to the spot where Cousins lay hidden. Her heart stopped for a moment when she found him lying prone with white-set face upturned to the sky and all unheeding her approach. Stooping over him she realized that he was in a swoon, from which she had difficulty in arousing him, and which threatened to return before they reached the horses. Once there, a stiff pull from the flask she had the thoughtfulness to include in the bundle tied to her saddle, put life into the man, and the two were soon mounted and speeding off through the night.

Therese knew the trails as a town-bred woman knows the streets, but she took pains to avoid every semblance of one giving them all as wide a berth as she did the waggon road which wound its dusty way across the range.

Both horses were fresh and their long

swinging lope soon put the town well behind them. The road followed by Therese, while tortuous in the extreme, bore steadily south, and so she kept it for almost an hour. Winding through the sage brush which, in the dark, loomed up like strangely graven rocks, breaking out into a stretch of crisp brown bunch grass, dipping into the gloom of a grove of red stemmed Jack pines or sombre firs, skirting the edge of tiny range lakes which reflected in their dark waters the starlit sky, the path by which she sought safety for her lover led ever higher and higher until it brought to the timbered country a long five miles from town. Following slowly the fringe of the dark line of timber she located a trail which she knew would lead them well into the roughest part of the wooded hills and almost to the door of a deserted cabin which she had discovered on one of her rides about the range. She knew that the existence of this cabin was unknown to any save a few of the older men and that its exact location was even to them only a matter of conjecture. What is more, she knew that from a jutting point of rock in front of the cabin a good view of the road below was obtainable and that in the bluff behind it an old tunnel was hidden by a slide and screened by newly-grown underbrush.

Reaching the cabin the fugitive and his guide dismounted and the girl stripped the saddle blankets from the horses and left them with the scanty supply of food she took from her saddle. There was no time for words other than the necessary arrangements for the future and it was only a few minutes before Therese was again mounted and on the way. Leading the cattleman's horse she followed the trail back to the open range and when she reached the road instead of turning towards town she faced the horses the other way and rode some distance before she slipped the rope from the neck of the led horse and started him alone towards his home corral. After some apparently aimless riding for the purpose of confusing her trail she at length faced the little pinto for his stable and leaving the reins loose on his neck allowed him his own gait until she reached home unseen, within three hours of the time when Harry Rawlins met

his death and Ralph Cousins became a fugitive from the justice he feared.

A month later Therese was again at the little cabin in the hills. The search for the slayer of Harry Rawlins had been abandoned by all except the police, who still took an official though perfunctory interest in the chase. One of the posses which had been formed to follow up every trail and road leading out of Kamloops had come across the saddled horse which Therese turned loose on the night of the escape and from this find had drawn the conclusion that the gambler had ridden to Cherry Creek and from there by some undiscovered means had taken to the water. This conclusion was generally accepted and it seemed only too probable that the murderer had escaped the long arm of the law to meet death in the rapids of the Thompson. Even the goodly reward offered for his apprehension no longer tempted pursuit.

Therese had made many journeys from town to the shelter in the fir-clad hills. None suspected her then of complicity in engineering the escape of Cousins and her frequent excursions caused no comment as she and her pinto pony were as they had long been, a familiar sight on the range for miles around. Little by little she had taken up necessaries for the hiding man, who, during the month, had required almost constant care. The bullet from Dad Thompson's heavy Colt's had bitten deeply into the gambler's side and the wound was slow to heal. Time, a good constitution and the tender care of the girl who had led him to his retreat in the hills had pulled the wounded man safely through and the time had come for planning some method of leaving a country which was no longer to his taste.

Therese's knowledge of all the roads leading to ultimate safety was absolutely necessary to the success of any plan and the gambler suffered from no scruples in working upon her infatuation to insure her co-operation. This very evening he had overcome the last show of hesitation on her part and all had been arranged to his satisfaction. When tomorrow's sun had set the two were to meet at a point selected by Therese and from there they would strike by the most unfre-

quented trails south to the boundary line and comparative safety.

After giving her consent to the plans for escape, Therese lingered on the jutting point which overlooked the road, gazing for the last time across the stretch of bunch grass range which spread as far on either side as the eye could see. Every feature of the outlook had been familiar to her since childhood. She loved the range country in its every mood, but never more than now as the long rays of the evening sun cast warm lights upon the brown slopes and tinged the distant hills with great blotches of purple and mauve, shaded into deep blue on the horizon and lightened with splashes of crimson on the nearer crests.

In the west the sky was all alight, but in the east the hills cast long shadows across the bunch grass through their tops still glowed bright against the darkening night-clouds.

A wandering cayote in quest of his evening meal gave voice to a long, weird wail and ended with a querulous staccato bark which was echoed from a distant hill. Whizzing nighthawks swung high in pursuit of invisible prey and a mournful Towho! who! who! belled from the feathered throat of an owl perched in a nearby fir.

It was all so beautiful to Therese, and the night voices chorded so well with her mood that the girl lingered on the point till darkness fell. She was bidding it all farewell, loathe to leave, yet never for an instant hesitating in the course she was to take. Was she not to go with the man she loved, the man whose attentions, careless as they had been, had won her heart and whose dire need had forced him to feign an attachment which he did not feel. Although she was troubled by a dim forbidding which gripped her very soul, the girl was happy through it all.

When the morning broke Therese rose with feeling of foreboding still strong up her. She forced herself to go about the household duties, which her position as her father's mainstay in the management of the hotel placed on her shoulders, just as she would have done had she not believed it to be for the last time. The stage from below came in and there were tired and dusty travellers to be

looked after, one of them by the woman of the house.

It was not often that other than men arrived from the outside, but this morning was an exception. There was a woman, a strikingly handsome woman of the florid type, who presented a strong contrast to the thin, dark girl who waited upon her when she came in, tired and travel-worn. The newcomer was handsome rather than beautiful; Therese was beautiful, not handsome. Her lithesome, graceful figure was hers by virtue of the active, untrammelled life she had spent in the health giving air of the wind-swept ranges. A man of tawny hair and the cream-like pallor of her skin were heritages from her Scotch forebears, only the lustrous depths of her eyes languorously tender or passionately fierce as her mood compelled spoke of the wild red blood of Indian ancestors.

The fair-haired, pink and white being of generous mould who had drifted in from the coast was tired and irritable and she took pains to vent her irritation on Therese.

It was only after the stranger had refreshed herself sufficiently to forget the worst features of the trying stage journey that she gave any inkling of the reason for her presence in this town at the front. Her husband had sent for her, she informed Therese, some time ago, but she had not been able to leave Frisco until now. She wondered why he was not here to meet her. She had written him in plenty of time. Where could he be?

Who was he? Why—

Then came the crash which shattered Therese's dream—the blow which drove the loving Scotch heart into the very depths of hills and cleared a way for the savage blood to work a woeful change—Cousins—Ralph Cousins.

* * * * *

Silently through the night a little party of four road upwards over the trail. In the place of the leader, a slight form sat a pinto pony, riding as firmly erect as any of the three police who followed. Therese was on the way to keep the tryst with her lover, but she would keep it in the spirit of relentless vengeance which was part and parcel of her mixed blood. The fair haired woman waiting

in the hotel below would find her husband on the morrow, but the grim-faced men who followed the lead of the pinto pony would hold him till he was joined in wedlock with a grimmer consort—death.

The four rode silently. The girl had told all that was necessary and they were now nearing the trysting place. When they reached the clump of firs which Therese had pointed out to Cousins from the hill above the three men drew back into the deeper shadows while their guide remained at the edge of the timber. The appointed meeting time was close yet the vengeful spirit still swayed her and she was as eager for the capture of her erstwhile lover as were the police behind. A dark figure slipping from

shadow to shadow drew near the sombre firs. It reached the shelter of the grove. Ah! Therese; on time little girl. Good! And the horse? You!—the cry was cut short in his throat by the sinewy fingers of one of the constables, but the ever-ready Colt's sprang into action at the same instant. The constable's blow came too late and a pinto pony dashed unchecked through the shadows.

The constables took their man in, tied to the saddle of one of their own horses. Another one bore the still form of the girl who kept the tragic tryst. The third horse carried a grim-faced man with ready weapon on his arm, and a pinto pony trotted in the rear, free-reined and alone.

Commotion is not devotion.

* * *

The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect.—
H. W. Beecher.

* * *

It is a mistake to consider as wasted the power that is devoted to the help of others. That is the only part of our power which is really saved.

* * *

It is a mistake to believe that happiness is on sale in the world's markets. All the gold of the West is insufficient to purchase true happiness.

* * *

There is no one in the world of whom we are oftentimes so utterly ignorant as we are of the person who walks in our own shoes, and the things which we least anticipate are our own pitiful falls into sin.—Cuyler.

* * *

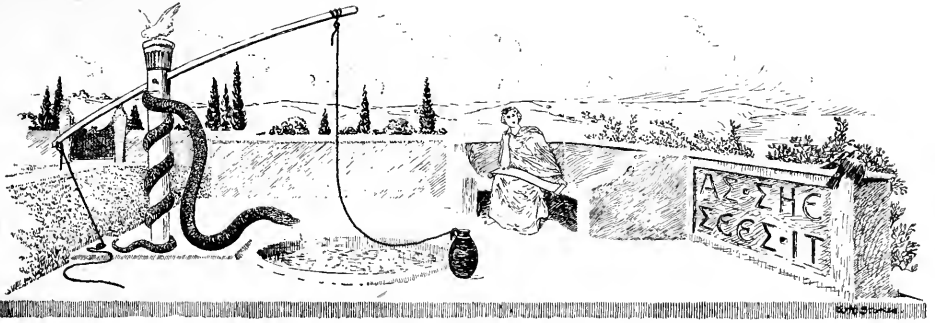
As we are, so do we associate. The good, by affinity, seek the good; the vile, by affinity, the vile. Thus, of their own will and choice, souls proceed into heaven—into hell.—Emerson.

* * *

Our unconscious influence over others is a tremendous force in life. Nothing responds more infallibly to the secret cry of goodness than the secret cry of goodness that is near. Therein lies a force that has no name; a spiritual rivalry that knows no resistance."

* * *

"Don't grumble. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corneres, and to find out all the disagreeable things. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it, and that you are to take your share of trouble, and bear it bravely."



A Woman's Ideas.

By La Verite.

ARE women generally happier than men? One writer at least thinks they are, and he explains his belief in this way:—

“A man is happy when he has anything to make him happy, but a woman is happy when she has nothing to make her unhappy.

“One source of woman's greater fund of happiness lies in her love of detail,” says this writer. “Women enjoy as a rule every detail of social life. They delight in the minutiae of their work. They do not do it, as man does, simply for the sake of the result to be obtained.

“Women look closely at what they are doing, and not ahead. If they have a worry, it is one of the present, and as soon as the cause of it disappears they are serene again, regardless of whether or not it may reappear in the future.

“For woman time goes faster. She finds pleasure in so many little things that men overlook; for instance, a child's aimless prattle in the street, the coo and smile of a baby, the sound of a band, (you will always find more women and children listening to a band than men). The colour schemes and decorations of shop windows, and a thousand and one other trifles wherein woman takes pleasure and man ignores.

“Men, no doubt have more opportunities of keen pleasure than women, but these opportunities are short-lived. The

happiness of the moment they are less fitted to take.

“Woman takes pleasure in each jewel of that mosaic which makes up happiness, while man stands off and observes that the pattern is not complete.”

* * *

The idea is prevalent among some women that sarcasm adds piquancy to their attractions. They imagine that men regard the sarcastic woman as a person of superior wit, to be sought after and admired.

It is true that men are sometimes attracted in this way, but it is not because they feel any distinct admiration for the sarcastic woman; she is perhaps a type they have not met before, and up to a certain point they enjoy her pungency. All the same the sarcastic young lady is usually “left on the shelf” and very often becomes an acrimonious old maid. Hence the origin of the term: “Sour, sarcastic spinster-hood.”

In a man's eyes the greatest charms a woman can have are gentleness, sweetness and modesty. No sarcastic woman has these qualities; her words are tipped with the poison of unkindness; she cares not to what extent she hurts another's feelings or reputation, even her modesty is sacrificed at times for the sake of a witty sarcasm.

There is no better way for a woman to endear herself to other than by, at

times, cordially acknowledging that they have the advantage over her; they will like her for her frankness, and she makes hosts of friends in this way.

* * *

From Adam's time downward, says a lady writer, we have been, and still are, the "scape-goat" sex. Woman's whole state is a compromise between antiquated laws and modern feeling. There is still, as Sydney Smith wrote, nearly one hundred years ago, "a very general feeling that if you once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aerial and unsatisfactory diet."

However, if women do not sign a number of masterpieces, they prepare the way for many by inspiring their sons; and in praising a man's noble deeds, the mother who inspired him should not be forgotten. Too often, however, it is only a man's evil deeds that provoke the saying, "Chercher la femine."

I remember my father telling me of a great lawyer who, when a client was stating his case, would interrupt by suddenly asking "Who is she?" before the poor client had finished his narrative. "There is always a woman," he would say, "and we must find her first."

* * *

Is there ever a time in a woman's life when the possibility of romance is dead? Is her heart ever steeled to Cupid's shafts? What is a woman's prime of life?

These questions have been asked from the beginning of time; doubtless they will be asked to its end. But never has an answer been more frequently demanded than in this twentieth century. Practical as they are these times are far from being shorn of romance. In youth, in age, woman's power of loving seems always just the same. One day we have youthful May marrying amid blushing roses. The next we hear of hoary-bearded December wedded to his love after years of constancy and waiting; both weddings complete in their happiness and love. It is always the same and will be till the world ends—the only safe answer to the question is that there does not seem to be any woman in the world who can finally put aside romance,

for her power of loving can never die.

* * *

Can one recognize a really nice woman at first sight? A recent writer proceeds to analyse the character of a jewel of womanhood in the following manner:

"She carries her niceness in her face; her very wrinkles (if she has them) proclaim it, for it is not time's writing, but the character of what he writes, that disfigures a face."

Energetic, business-like, good to live with, well-dressed according to her station in life, for she has a sense of harmony and of the fitness of things: sympathetic with the sympathy of comprehension, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness," or as Tennyson has it:

"Lips whereon perpetually did reign -
The summer calm of golden charity."

Tactful; queen o'er herself; if she rules, she never shows she rules.

Either by nature or self-culture, she looks and tries to make others look, on the bright side of life:

"Two women look out through the self-same bars;

One sees the mud, the other sees the stars."

Men and women alike choose her as confidante. A good listener, in conversation, she strives to bring out the best points of others rather than her own. She has discovered that character is of more importance than what people say, to what they think, feel, and do.

* * *

I would like to reproduce the following indictment of a celebrated woman writer on woman, as a warning to my sex:

"Would the managing woman," she says, "persist in her autocratic ways could she realise how much other women dislike working or playing with her, being talked down and not allowed a word in edgewise? Or the self-centred woman, who prates incessantly of her own children, relatives, servants, ailments, and everything that is hers; who resents the capping of her experiences and is at open or secret enmity with any other woman

whose belongings venture obviously to outshine hers?

Then there is the insincere woman, who gushes over her acquaintances, "sweet dears," only to style them "horrid cats" in the privacy of her own home; the woman who poses; the professional flirt; the woman determined never to be well; the unco guid, too often unco suspicious, narrow, and parochial minded."

But there! the variety is to infinite and life is too short to waste in fault-finding. I would rather find beauty in the beast than blemishes in the beauty.

* * *

There are many ways of keeping young until the end. One of the best is to keep in the sunlight. Nothing good or beautiful or wholesome ripens in the shadow, and a sunshiny soul, therefore becomes an antidote for old age. Keep the gates

wide open, and let the sunshine in to bring to blossom the flowers that may be struggling for light in the garden of your soul. In other words don't brood or mope, but be bright, cheerful and contented; that is the kind of sunshine that should fill the soul and keep the face youthful. The woman who takes dissatisfaction and discontent to bed with her is truly opening the door for an unbeautiful old age. To remain young one should throw off all cares before seeking sleep, or else the waking hour will show eyes that lack lustre, and wrinkles that nothing will eliminate, a body so fatigued that no amount of tonic will restore its elasticity.

Excesses of every kind are dangerous to those who would grow old gracefully. The long life must be a temperate, regular one.

Don't wait for extraordinary opportunities; seize common occasions and make them great.

* * *

Don't brood over the past nor dream of the future, but seize the instant and get your lessons from the hour.

* * *

It is no wisdom to go to the edge of the precipice—the safe path is the middle of the right way.

* * *

Unless a person knows how to use in some way what he learns, he is like a carpenter carrying to and fro a great load of boards, with no saw, hammer, or nails, to fashion them into useful form.

* * *

Great battles are really won before they are actually fought. To control our passions we must govern our habits and keep watch over ourselves in the small details of everyday life.—Sir John Lubbock.

* * *

Life is a volume of which there is but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their page to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have an assembled world to read.

* * *

Nature is kinder than we know in her penalties. Through pain she teaches the child to avoid the fire that would consume him; through pain she teaches the man to avoid the vices which would ruin him.



"Well," remarked Dundas, "there was one thing I noticed about your wife the first time I saw you—she was undoubtedly outspoken. "You don't say so!" replied Trever. "By whom?"

Recently a very suspicious countryman went to New York to see the sights. Coming to the Metropolitan Museum, he was amazed to find that the admission to this splendid building cost nothing. He mounted the steps and entered.

"Your umbrella, sir," said a uniformed official, extending his hand. The countryman jerked back his umbrella, laughed scornfully, and turned on his heel. "I knowed there was some cheat about it when ye got in free," he said.

A certain judge cites a striking example of the sort of spoke which the trickster can surreptitiously insert in the wheels of justice. A witness testified in a recent case that a person named Mary was present when a particular conversation took place, and the question was asked, "What did Mary say?" This was objected to, and after some discussion the judge ruled out the question. An "exception" to this decision was immediately taken and on appeal the higher court reversed the verdict and ordered a new trial on the ground that the question should have been answered. At the second trial the same inquiry was propounded and elicited the information that *Mary said nothing!*

"Maarten Maartens," the Dutch novelist, was talking at a magazine office about realistic fiction.

"If realism is truth," he said, "then I am for it. In books, as in life, the truth is always best. Lies fail.

"Lies fail in books as they fail in life. I know a woman who intensely desired to have a good photograph taken of here little ones.

"But in the studio the child bawled as though he were going to be tortured. It was impossible to calm him, impossible to keep him in the chair. For an hour he filled the place with his howls and yells. For an hour he tore up and down the room like an imp.

"'But, darling,' said his mother, 'the gentleman isn't going to hurt you. Just smile and keep still a moment and it will be all over before you know it.'

"'Yes,' roared the youngster. 'Yes, I know. That's what you told me at the dentist's.'"

"Will you share my lot?" he asked. "If it is a corner one in the business district," she replied. "I will be very glad to."

Lady of the House (to applicant for a place)—What wages do you expect? Modern Servant—I suppose, madam, you refer to my salary?

Benedict—Milton's wife left him, didn't she? Bachelor—So the story goes. "Did he write anything after that event?" "Oh, yes: 'Paradise Regained.'"

"Professor," said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.

He—"Are you sure that I am the only man you ever really and truly loved?" She—"Perfectly sure. I went over the whole long list of them only yesterday."

"I'm sorry you spoke so sharply to that boy—you must have cut him to the quick!" "Impossible! He has no quick!" "No quick? Why, what——" "He's a message boy!"

"Clarence, dear, you are very late; it is long after midnight." "Well, if that isn't just like a woman. Before we were married you didn't seem to care how late I got home."

A curate was giving a Scripture lesson on Joseph and his brethren. He asked the boys why Joseph said, "See that ye fall not out by the way." A boy from the neighbouring village, used to riding about the farm, replied, "'Cause they had no tail-board to the cart."

"Is Casey workin' here?" asked Finnegan, entering the quarry shortly after a blast. "He was, but he just went away," replied Flanigan, the foreman. "Are ye expictin' him back?"—"Yes, I suppose so. Anyway, they do say, whatever goes up musht come down."

The story is told of the millionaire Jay Gould that he once went to have his hair cut, and was charged half a dollar instead of twenty-five cents.

He remonstrated, and the proprietor of the establishment himself defended the charge—"You are a rich man, and can afford it."

"Yes," said he, "I can afford it, but you can't."

Before leaving the shop he called the proprietor's chief assistant, and, taking him outside, said—"Look here, if you ain't quite fixed up over there you can open a place of your own. Come along and choose one."

And history says that that hairdresser learned in a short time the truth of the remark that he could not afford to overcharge.

A lady in a certain Canadian city had a cook upon whom she set great value. Her only objection, indeed, to the girl was her large visiting list, and she hesitated to make too strong an objection thereto through fear of losing the girl's valuable services. Referring to the advent of a new admirer, "I should like to know, Flora," said the lady, "why your latest caller keeps such a deathly silence when with you in the kitchen?" The girl grinned broadly. "Oh, mam," said she, "as yit the poor fellow is that bashful he doese nawthin' but ate!"

A working gardener was advertised for, and two applicants appeared—one just on the upper side of shabbiness, the other fairly well dressed. The shabby one got the job. A friend who was present evinced surprise at the selection, asking, "Has that man worked for you before?" "No," replied the other; "in fact, I never saw either of them until today." "Then why did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face." "Face!" exclaimed the proprietor of the place, in disgust. "Let me tell you that when you pick out a gardener, you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't."

A Bishop, accosted in an eastern city by a neat but hungry stranger, took the needy one to a hotel and shared a gorgeous dinner with him, yet, having left his episcopal wallet in the pocket of a different episcopal jacket, suddenly faced the embarrassment of not possessing the wherewithal to pay for the entertainment.

"Never mind," exclaimed his guest, "I have enjoyed dining with you, and I shall be charmed to shoulder the cost. Permit me." Whereupon the stranger paid for two. This worried the prelate, who insisted.

"Just let me call a cab and we'll run up to my hotel, where I shall have the pleasure of reimbursing you."

But the stranger met the suggestion with, "See here, old man! You've stuck me for a bully good dinner, but hanged if I'm going to let you stick me for car fare."

A mother was reading a story to her little son. It was about a boy, who, when his father died suddenly, set to work to support the family.

When she had finished the story, she said—"Now, Tommy, if father were to die, wouldn't you work to keep mamma?"

"Why, no," said the little chap, not relishing the idea of work. "What for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," said the mother, "but we can't eat the house you know."

"Well, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" continued the young hopeful.

"Certainly, dear," replied the mother; "but they would not last long, and what then?"

"Well, ma," said the young incorrigible, after thinking a moment, "wouldn't there be enough to last until you got another husband?"

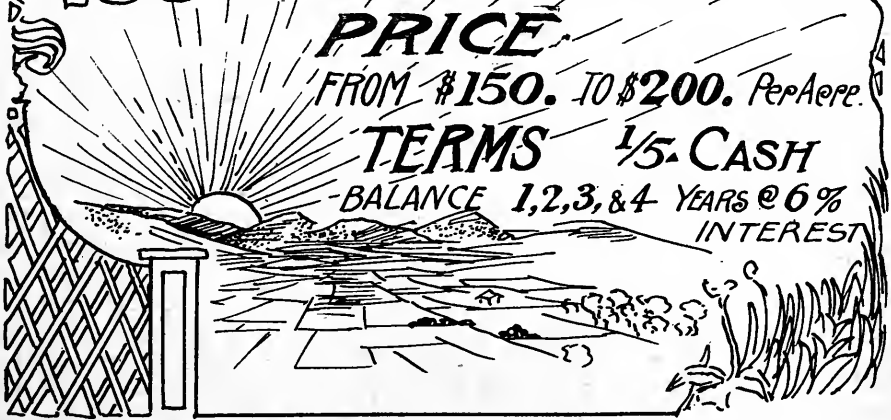


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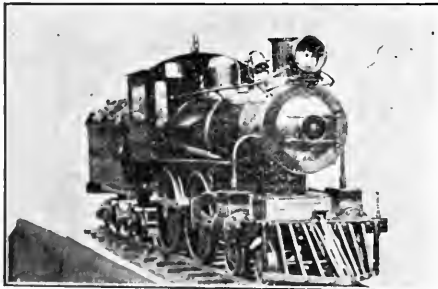
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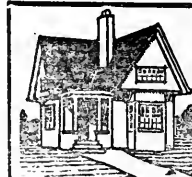
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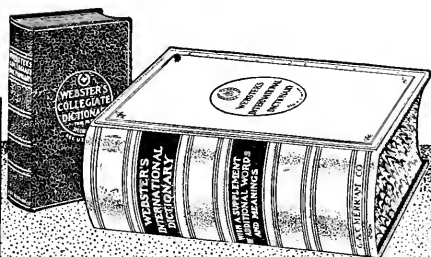
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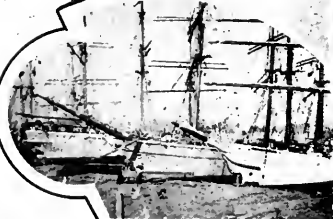
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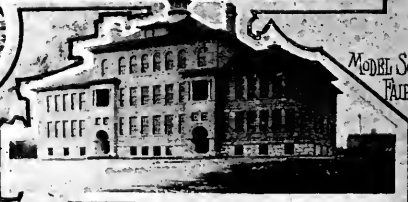
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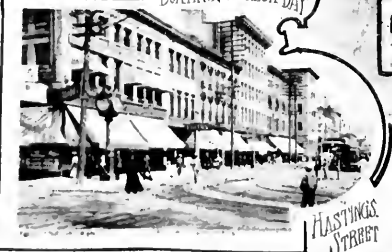
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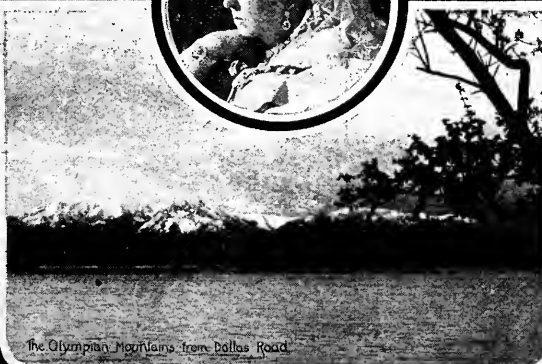
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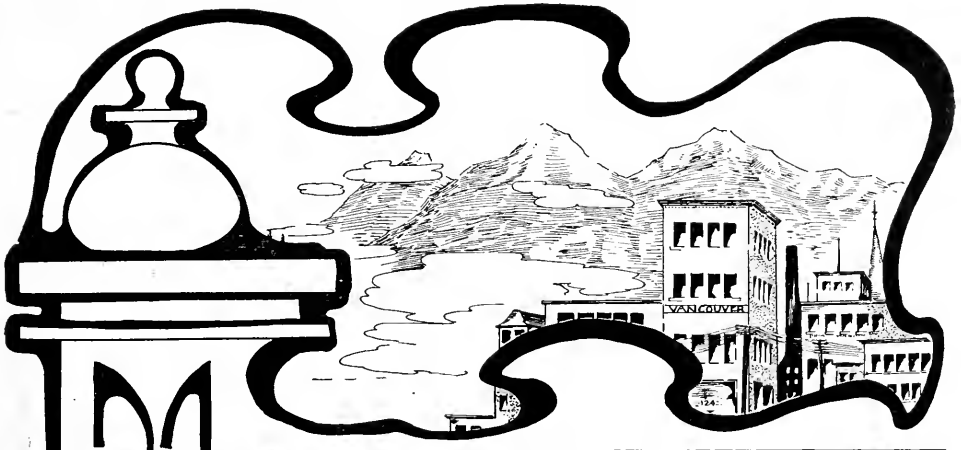


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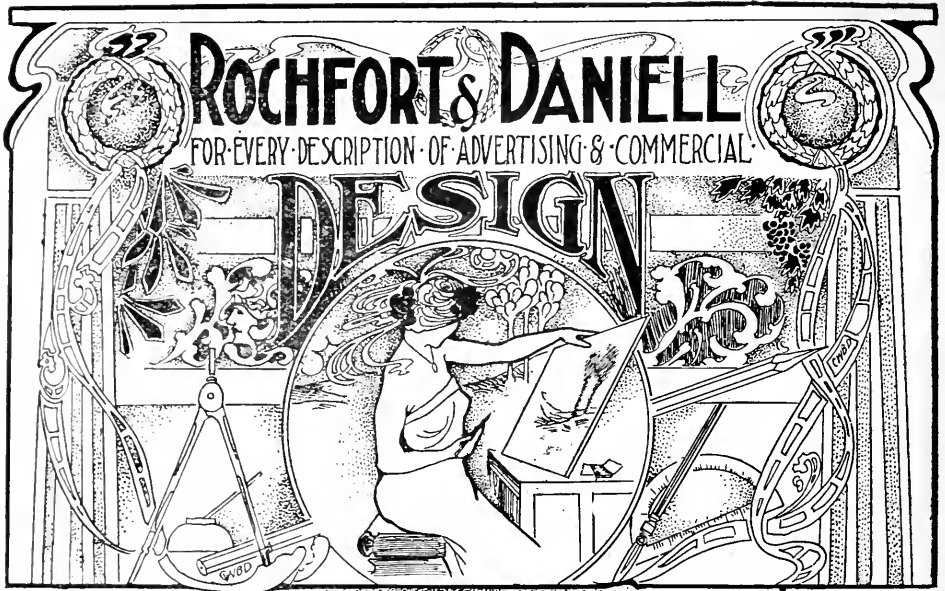
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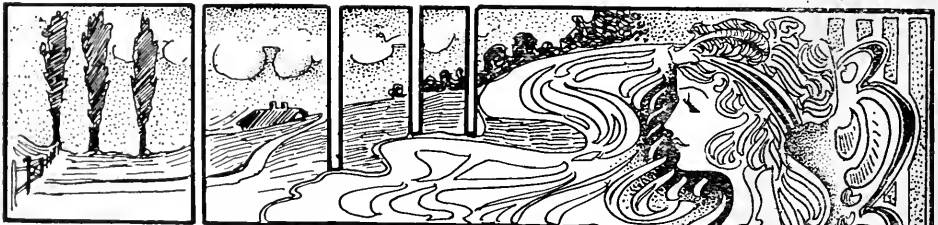
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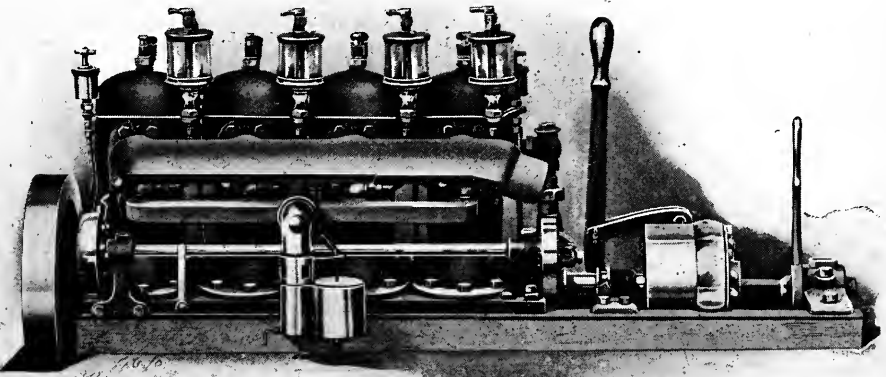
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“I Find for the World on the Facts, For the Province on the Law.”

===Supreme Court Decision.

In the matter of the “World” v. the “Province,” in which the “World” brought action for libel on account of certain statements as to circulation made by the “Province,” judgment was given as stated by Mr. Justice Clement, July 12th, 1907. The following facts were established at the trial:—

That the Vancouver “Province” has not twice the circulation of any other evening paper.

That the Vancouver “Province” has not ten thousand genuine subscribers.

That the Vancouver “Province” circulation statements are made as “puffs,” and that although they are not true they are not actionable.

That The “World” circulation statements are not padded or faked but literal statements of fact.

That nearly a year ago The “World” circulation was already nearly equal to that of The “Province.”

This is what the “World” sought to establish and what it has established before an impartial tribunal, after the best counsel in the City who could be secured by the “Province” had done its utmost to tear the evidence to tatters. Technically the “World” was non-suited, but the learned Judge’s opinion of the action of the “Province” is shown by his decision that the “Province” must pay its own costs. The “World” is not yet done with the matter.

The JUDGMENT.

"I have had an opportunity to consult authorities and to ponder over the principles involved in this very important case, and having come to a decided opinion, I can see nothing to be gained by reserving judgment. With regard to the question of fact as to whether the circulation of the "Province" is double that of "The World" or not, objection is taken that the facts have not been proved before me as legally admissible evidence. I do not find it necessary to come to a decided opinion on that point. If I may say so, off-hand, I think **THE FACTS HAVE BEEN PROVED**, and subject to the doubt, I **FIND AS A FACT THAT AT THE TIME OF THE PUBLICATION OF THE ARTICLE COMPLAINED OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE "PROVINCE" WAS NOT DOUBLE THAT OF "THE WORLD."**

Upon the legal question, I have come to a clear opinion that the action is not maintainable. The ordinary rule of law is, that in order to entitle a plaintiff to succeed damage must be proved. There are certain exceptions; take, for instance, the law of defamation in an action of slander—there are well-known exceptions; special damage must be alleged and proved. In a case of libel the law, owing to the permanent character the libel takes, either in writing, or pictures or something of that sort, the law infers that damage will follow and absolves the plaintiff from the necessity of proving special damage. This case, however, I think, is clearly not a case of libel. Upon reading the statement of claim I was inclined to think that the plaintiff was putting forward this case; that by naming the figures of the respective circulations and coupling that of "The World" with the "Province" was simply politely

saying that "The World" made a lying statement as to its circulation. If that had been the case I should certainly have held that an action of libel would lie; but the proof is not upon that line, as Mr. Martin has laid down the broad proposition that for one newspaper to say that its circulation is double that of another newspaper, and conversely that the circulation of the one paper is less than half of the paper publishing the article, that that constitutes a libel if untrue.

That is what struck me as peculiar at the very opening of this case. It seems to me that the ordinary position of the parties in a libel action was reversed, and that the plaintiff was taking upon himself the burden of proving the falsity of the statement complained of.

As I take it, the basis of an action is an attack upon the character or conduct. It is too late in the day now, I think, to say that in that respect a corporation is not exactly in the same position as an individual. A corporation may have the conduct and character and may pursue a certain line of conduct, and in respect of that may be liable or slandered. However, as I say, this is a case in which, I think, there is, as the text books say, *injuria sine damnum*; **A WRONG MAY BE DONE—A MORAL WRONG IN THE PUBLICATION OF AN UNTRUE STATEMENT WITH REGARD TO THE CIRCULATION OF THOSE TWO PAPERS, BUT UNLESS SPECIAL DAMAGE IS ALLEGED AND PROVED, I THINK NA ACTIONABLE WRONG HAS BEEN DONE. THE ISSUE OF FACTS BEING IN FAVOR OF "THE WORLD," AND THE ISSUE OF LAW IN FAVOR OF THE "PROVINCE," I THINK JUSTICE WILL BE DONE BY DISMISSING THE ACTION WITHOUT COSTS.**

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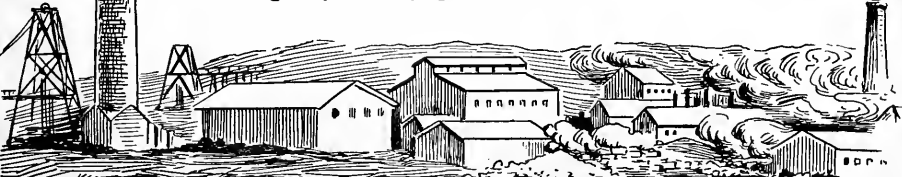
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WESTWARD HO!



A WESTERN
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

ART
LITERATURE
CRITICISM
PUBLICITY

SEPTEMBER, 1907

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PRICE TEN CENTS

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

Westward Ho! Magazine

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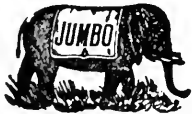
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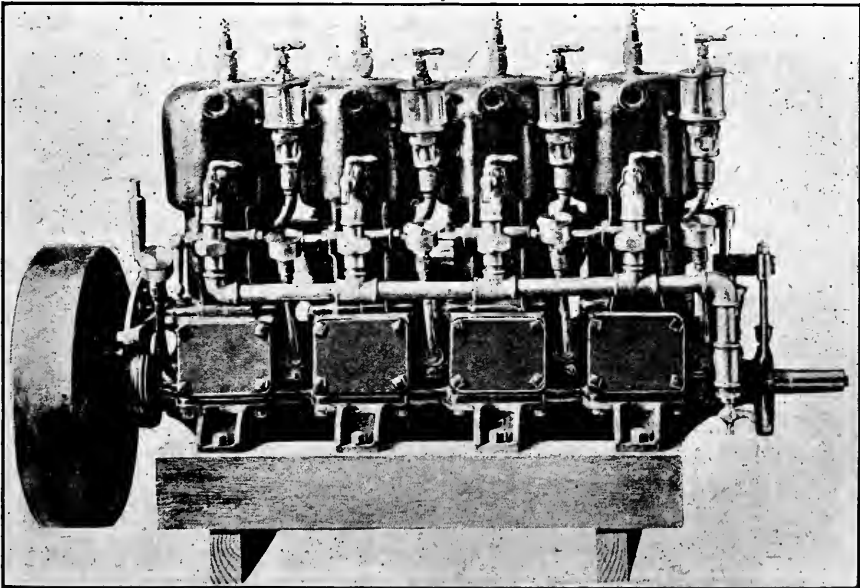
For the third month in succession Westward Ho! is sold out, a circumstance which is highly gratifying to the Publishers and which shews that the public are alive to the advantages of a Western Canadian Magazine.

The present number consists of 100 pages, twice the size of the initial number, and this is only the third. October issue will reach 160 pages and will devote considerable space to New Westminster and its mammoth Fall Fair. The publication of the special article on "The Awakening of the Royal City," promised for this month has, by special request, been postponed until October on this account.

October issue will, in addition to the New Westminster article (splendidly illustrated by wash-drawings by the well known Vancouver Artist, Mr. Judge) contain the second of Mr. Kyle's expert studies in "Home Crafts," an article on Community Advertising, and a personal sketch of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in the "Men I Have Met" series by the Editor.

In addition there will be not less than half a dozen short stories by popular writers and the usual standard features. Mrs. Beanlands, who was unable at short notice to contribute this month, has promised another of her Art Sketches (illustrated) for October.

Arrangements are being made and will shortly be completed for an original Serial Story by a popular author.

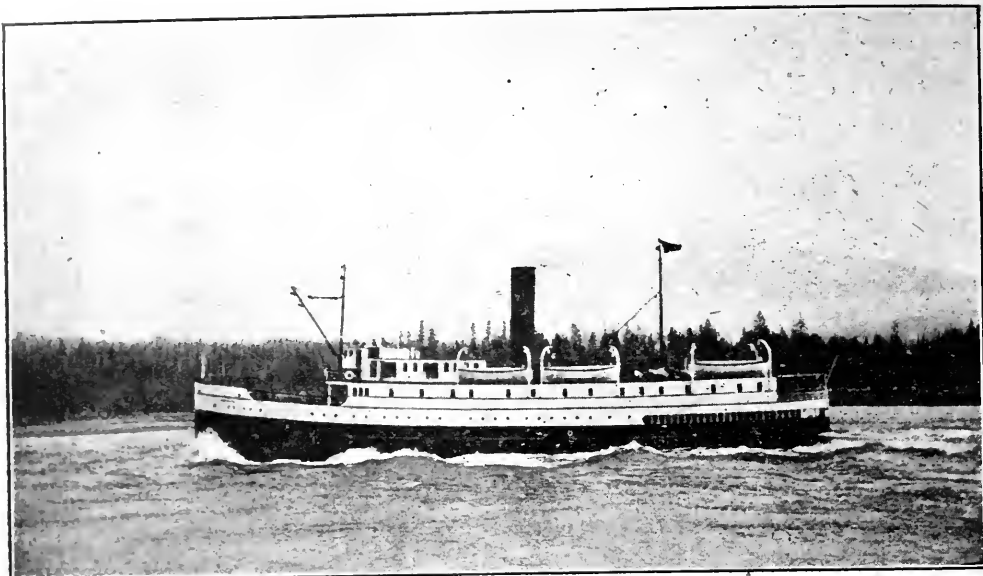


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**A Dolce
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Between the Conservatism of Ruskin and his disciples who object to Railways because they disfigure the

scenery, and the Westerner who would sacrifice everything to hear the shriek of the iron horse, there is a great gulf fixed. Development is necessary and an excellent thing, and it is impossible to have too much energy and ambition for successful pioneer work. It is these qualities which in less than thirty years have won the Canadian West for the husbandman the miner, and the logger, but even colonization does not imply the abandonment of system and method. It is true that the real estate man for instance is ubiquitous. His one mission in life is to locate townsites and sell lots. No sooner does he hear of a new strike or of a section towards which a railway is heading than away he rushes to be in on the ground floor and to establish a town. This is his vocation, and its pursuit is justifiable. There is, however, a limit to the judicious development of any district. For instance, in 1897, townsites were boomed in the Crow's Nest District, and in one instance more than \$50,000 raked in from eager homeseekers, and yet six months later a population of a thousand had dwindled to less than twenty and streets of empty houses told the folly and the loss of those who took the bait. This is one manner in which ambition o'er leaps itself, but there is another which will well repay study. Is

every town in the West or even in that most favoured of all Provinces, British Columbia, destined to become a great manufacturing, industrial, transportation and commercial centre? Obviously such a conclusion must be ridiculous, and yet this is the kind of programme which the adventurous spirits of most towns lay out for themselves. Such a conclusion takes no account of economic conditions. The character of a town is determined by its geographical position, its climate and its natural resources. The location of a manufacturing centre is absolutely determined by a consideration as to where all the raw material entering into a particular manufacture can be assembled at the lowest cost. When this point has been ascertained, no human power and no human ingenuity can prevent the locating of that particular manufacture at that particular place. It is a recognition of this great principle which has caused so many English industries originally stationed in the interior to remove to the Coast. For the same reason the United States Steel Company is about to establish a new city in immediate proximity to the iron deposits of the Lake District. For this reason the Illinois Steel Company was moved nearly 800 miles west of Pittsburg, and for the same reason a steel industry will sooner or later be established on the Pacific Coast, but the exact location must depend upon the conditions laid down above. Those who have studied the

question and who are practically acquainted with steel making and its subsidiary industries, believe that Vancouver is the best site. It enjoys the advantage of being upon the mainland where alone smelting coke is or is likely to be obtainable. Since water transportation for the ores would be necessary in any case, the difference of a few miles means no appreciable increase in cost, and it would be much cheaper to carry the iron ores of the West Coast of Vancouver Island to Vancouver than to trans-ship and transport the coke of the Crow's Nest Pass to the Island. On the ground of general transportation facilities and commercial importance, Vancouver has undisputed pre-eminence. The thought which naturally occurs to anyone who has studied the question is, why should not Victoria be content to develop along residential lines? It rejoices in the title, "A City of Homes"; it is rapidly developing into the Mecca of tourists. Its natural charms combined with its climate are unsurpassed on the Continent. Wealth will always seek a residential city. It is this feature which has made Los Angeles rich and prosperous. As Vancouver Island develops its Capital must share in the general prosperity which will ensue, in this way it will grow quite fast enough for comfort. Who will be the better or the happier if its blue skies are clouded with smoke, and its green grass and trees blackened with sulphur? Since when was happiness increased in the same ratio as population? Every visitor to Victoria is charmed with its beauty, but Victoria cannot become a manufacturing centre and retain its charm. A few men may get rich by establishing factories, and polluting the atmosphere, real estate may rise in value, if it be possible to congest population; but those who recognize the destiny of Victoria and who crave some quiet spot uninvaded by hammer and anvil, where they may retire from the turmoil and distraction of busy life, view with apprehension the insatiable demand of the promoter or the politician for charters and privileges which will convert the most charming city of the West into a commonplace hive of industry.

Western Canada is threatened with a coal famine. In spite of the favourable predictions of the mine owners there will be a shortage of fuel. The total output for 1907 will not exceed and will probably fall below that of 1906. There are probably 150,000 and possibly 200,000 more people requiring coal for domestic and industrial purposes. About one-half of the furnaces at the Kootenay Smelters have been closed down for lack of coke. The Boards of Trade have appealed for five years to the Federal Government to throw open their coal reserve of 50,000 acres in the Kootenay, but the appeal has fallen on deaf ears. During 1906 more than 50 per cent. of the coal and coke produced in British Columbia was exported to the United States. Within the last few months while Kootenay Smelters have lain idle, because they could not obtain coke, one single smelter, the Black Eagle in Montana, has received a consignment of 5,000 tons from the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. That company acquired all its coal lands as a free gift from the Government. It was given for the purpose of ensuring the construction of the Crow's Nest Railway, but of the total of 250,000 acres only six square miles, or to be exact, 3,840 acres, were applied to that purpose, the balance, less the Government reserve, was retained by the friends of the Federal Government whose political pull enabled them to secure the grant. In other words, the Province of British Columbia was dispoiled of 200,000 acres of its best coal land on the pretext of subsidizing a railway, the builders of which only benefited to the extent of 3,840 acres, the balance was what is euphemistically called "boodle." Further the Coal Company obtaining this fabulous grant, which its President publicly stated five years ago was worth \$20,000,000, was laid under the statutory obligation to furnish all the fuel required for use in Southern B. C., in default of which certain penalties were prescribed. The obligation has never been discharged, from first to last more than half the product has been exported, and needless to say the penalties have not been

exacted. The subject has been ventilated "ad nauseam." The facts recited above have been before the public and have been presented to the Federal Government time after time. They are undisputed, but meanwhile the country is suffering, and is now on the verge of disaster. As a last resource the Provincial Government has decided to move in the matter. Just what line of action it will ultimately adopt remains to be seen, but that it will be both vigorous and strong can hardly be doubted. It can neither be too vigorous nor too prompt.

Tight Money.

The Commercial world is passing through a period of stringency, money is tight, the coffers have been locked, to appeals for cash the response is a shake of the head. The storm prophets of the financial world have been wagging their tongues or their pens and preaching caution. They advocate putting on the brake, and lessening the speed. Everyone is asking the reason, no one seems able to furnish it. The most experienced financiers, such men as Henry Clews, attribute it mainly to phenomenal expansion; they say that the world has been developing its resources faster than it has been producing gold, and in consequence the demands are greater than can be supplied. The scarcity of gold has revived the suggestion, though hardly in serious form, of monetizing silver. This, however, may for the present at least be disregarded. Concurrently with money stringency there has been an astounding decline in the value of quoted securities, the depreciation in industrial stocks may be figured in billions, and tractions have also suffered heavily. If one were to judge entirely by Wall Street quotations the only possible conclusion would be that the country is "going to the dogs," but luckily Wall Street is becoming every year less of a factor. It has long been an open secret that listed stocks are manipulated by professional traders to such an extent that they form no criterion as to the value of the securities or the business conditions of the country. There was no

more reason why Union Pacific and St. Paul, to take two examples, should have been forced up in the neighbourhood of 200 than that they should be forced down to 120, it is simply a game of seesaw to furnish opportunity for margins. The man in the street looks elsewhere for an explanation of stringency or depression. He finds it today first of all in the cause assigned by Mr. Clews, and next in the accumulating signs that in the United States at any rate, there will be a reefing of the sails and a check in the remarkable industrial activity of the last few years. Canada may have to share in any time of depression which may be coming, but it will only be to a very limited extent. Our Government is more stable, our financial institutions more secure, our raw material more plentiful. Canada is still in its first vigorous youth, its infant industries are strong, and are not hampered by the accumulative responsibilities which threaten to wreck more than one gigantic concern south of the line. Nor are Canadian manufacturing and transportation companies in jeopardy through wholesale illegal practices. It is a time which calls for and which will exact economic management and wise legislation, but the resources of our country and the industry and sagacity of our people will enable us to surmount any difficulties which threaten and to continue with little check for many years to come the career of prosperity which has dawned for the Dominion.

The Cost Of Living. The cost of living has within the last few years noticeably increased throughout the civilized world, but more noticeably than anywhere else in Western Canada. To quote a few figures, house rents in Victoria and Vancouver have advanced on the average at least one-third, if not one-half. Instances could be cited where they have been doubled. Where working men do not own their own homes, it is no uncommon thing for them to pay \$30 to \$40 a month in Vancouver, and \$25 to \$30 in Victoria. Two years ago furnished houses of five or six rooms were plentiful at

\$30 per month, today they are scarce at \$50. Similarly the cost of food of every kind has increased to an alarming extent. Fruit is at least twice as dear, meat, milk, and even bread have advanced from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent., whilst bacon and cheese are 50 per cent. dearer. These are the staples which every man must buy. Clothing is dearer although not to the same extent as food and rent, probably 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. would cover this, but it is doubtful if the quality is not deteriorating. Extras are constantly rising in value. At 50 cents for a shave and hair cut, a barber becomes a luxury, and when one reflects that in any English city this service costs the working man but six cents, there is no wonder that the newcomer gasps when he receives his check. The consequence is that although high wages are paid the cost of living is proportionately high, and in order to save different methods have to be employed to those which are in vogue in the Old Country. One result is the common practice of letting rooms, or giving meals, which is very general in the West, another is the system by which even married women will take a business position as well as endeavour to discharge their household duties. Western Canada is seeking immigrants, in British Columbia at any rate the population shows but a slight increase. There is an alarming scarcity of labour, and the attractions of the Province have not hitherto proved sufficient for people of our own race. Warnings proverbially fall on deaf ears, but it cannot be too widely known that in the West, or at any rate in the cities of the West, artificial means are employed

to maintain the costs of living at a high level. In this way merchants and workmen play into each other's hands. In order to justify high wages it is necessary to demonstrate that the cost of living is high, so there are combines which keep up the price of fruit of vegetables and of meat, to say nothing of milk and bread. Butter which is retailed at 45 cents and even 50 cents a pound yields the farmer but 25 cents, within a few miles of the place where it is sold. No one wants to see the West become a low wage country; on the other hand no one zealous for its welfare and prosperity will desire to see its progress hampered by an excessive cost of living. In any event it is only fair that those who are so urgent in their demands for white labour should represent conditions as they actually exist. It hurts the Province far more to have a few men come here under the impression that wages are double what they are in England and the cost of living very little more, than to tell the plain truth. In the former case the disappointed immigrant becomes an aggressive anti-immigration agent; in the latter he knows beforehand what conditions to expect and if he comes is more likely to remain.

In this issue of *Westward Ho!* will be found an interesting article on North Vancouver. As a matter of fact it is the story which won the first prize offered by Mahon, McFarland & Mahon, Ltd., and has been secured for exclusive publication in *Westward Ho!* It does not in the least exaggerate the attractions and prospects of the "Ambitious City."

Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie, for example, the smallest mixture of vanity, the least attempt to make a good impression, a favourable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect; but speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance. Speak the truth, and all things are vouchers, and the very roots of the grass underground seem to stir and move to bear you witness.—Emerson.



AS the train whisked us at express speed between Liverpool and London on an April morning my first impression was that I was in the midst of an immense garden—and no doubt the same thought must arise in the minds of most Canadians newly arrived in the Old Country. Beautifully cultivated fields stretching far on every side, neatly trimmed hedges, the trees putting forth their tender green foliage or covered with the beauty of fruit blossoms, here and there substantial homesteads, and in the distance an occasional glimpse of some historic looking building, form a picture irresistibly pleasing to the eye. A passing glimpse of the neatly paved streets of compactly built little towns as the train whirls along serves to enhance the charm of the landscape.

Then, the first novelty worn away, my next impression was the wonderful similarity between the flowers, the plants and the trees, to what one sees in the districts lying about Victoria. It was the same spring as one sees in cultivated spots on Vancouver Island, without the vast stretches of forest and wild scenery; it was the effect that the hand of man had produced in hundreds of years, nature tamed after centuries of struggle.

During my two months residence in England I had this first impression

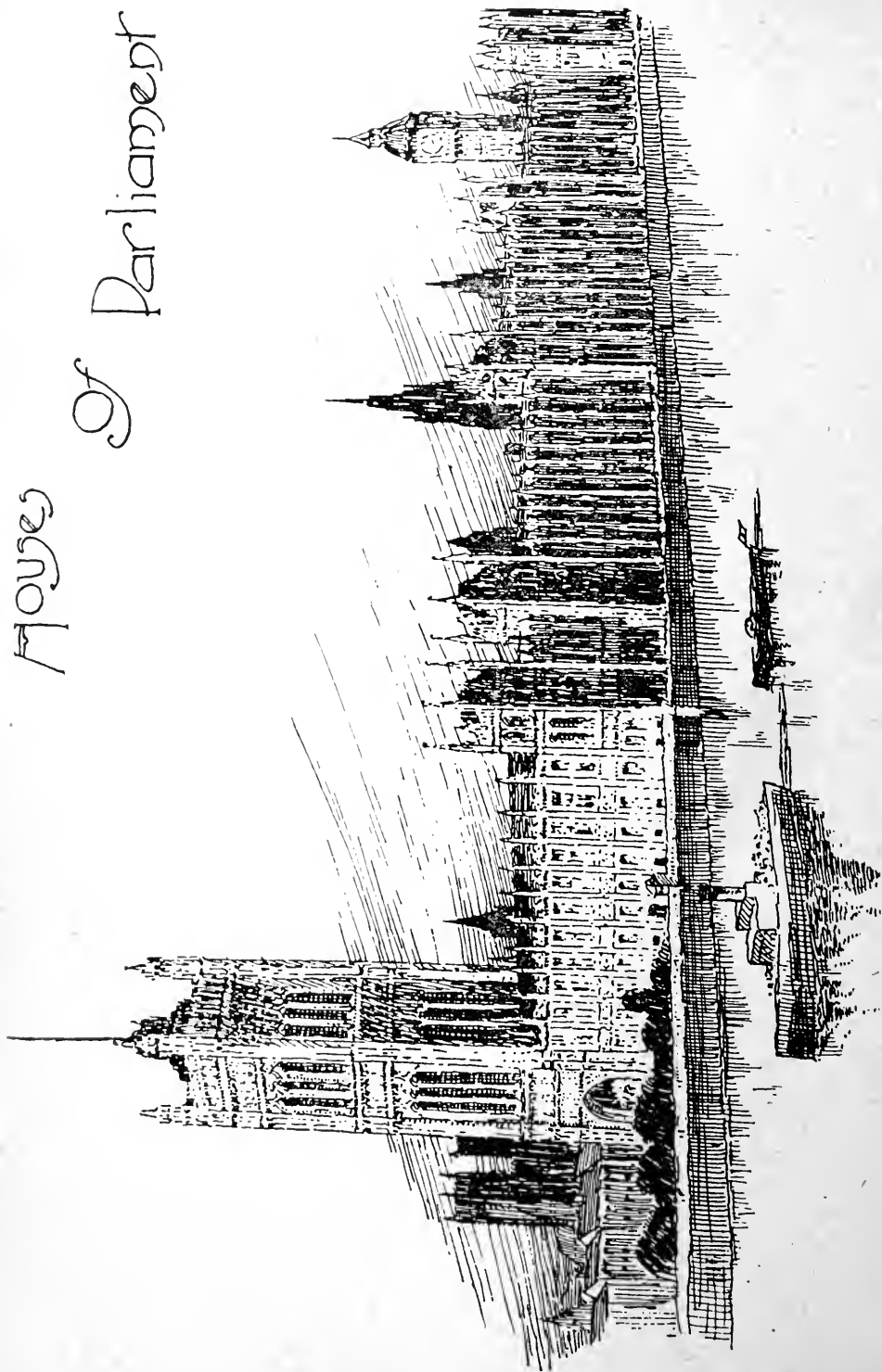
strengthened whenever I took an outing in the country districts within easy reach of London, scenes constantly reminding one of beauty spots that lie on the shores of the Pacific in our own country.

And what of London? The same impression every newcomer has—immensity and orderliness. An endless vista of streets with crowds and still more crowds—never ending. And above all—System. The oft described power of a single policeman's arm as he regulates the enormous street traffic is an impression that rises to admiration. No fuss, no attempt to evade it. A motion of the hand and one line of vehicles stops while another, like a huge serpent, crawls past, and the foot passengers hurry across the street. Another motion of the policeman's arm and the stream of traffic rolls on.

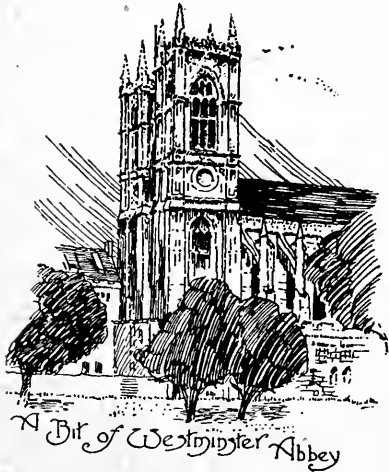
Then the cleanliness of the streets, the absolute perfection of the paving in the most crowded parts of the great city impel one's admiration.

Another impression was the solidity of the huge buildings that line the streets. Everywhere the old London is disappearing and in its stead arise mighty structures, many adorned with handsome carvings, the new War Office in Whitehall presenting a splendid type. And so harmoniously do these blend, that to the untrained eye it is difficult to distinguish the old from the new as one passes along.

House of Parliament



My mission in London took me many times to that somewhat sombre block of buildings in Downing Street, the Colonial Office. And here let me say that in spite of the generally accepted idea that



red tape and officialism reign supreme in British Government circles, nothing could exceed the kindly manner in which I was received by everyone with whom I came in contact. Lord Elgin is most approachable and courteous in every way, a good type of the English gentleman. Mr. Winston Churchill, the Under Secretary, I met frequently. The quickness with which he grasps a point and masters a subject, in spite of the many pressing duties and numberless affairs he has to deal with is easily noticeable. His Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. Hamar Greenwood, the member for York, is at present visiting Canada, the land of his birth. He is a typical Canadian, with all the aggressive force of our younger country and by his own efforts has brought himself to the front, with the prospect of making a mark in the Empire. The Permanent Secretary of the Colonial Office, Sir Francis Hopwood, is looked upon as one of the brightest minds in the Imperial Civil Service, eminently qualified to meet the responsibilities of his office.

My duties brought me in contact with various of the Ministers and Members of the Houses of Parliament; and while

I do not propose for a moment to discuss Imperial politics, I may safely say that the impression formed in my mind of the public men I had the pleasure of meeting, is that they are honest in their wish to do what they consider is best for the Empire as a whole.

In listening to the debates in both the Lords and the Commons I was impressed with the absence of long speeches. The Parliamentary debates in most cases lack somewhat the emphasis in delivery that a Canadian in accustomed to, but the matter is well thought out and the sentences neatly turned and free from verbosity.

As is well known there are several members of the Commons Canadians, and one finds many sons of the Dominion in London. Chief among them Lord Strathcona, who has been quite a power in the land and has done much to make this country known among the people of the British Isles. And this reminds me of my old friend the Hon. J. H. Turner,



British Columbia's Agent-General in London. I was greatly impressed with the valuable work he is doing. His

offices in Finsbury Circus are very busy ones, and no opportunity is there lost to

tomed to a country where the extremes of riches and poverty do not obtrude,



Hampton Lucy



The Bell Tower Evesham

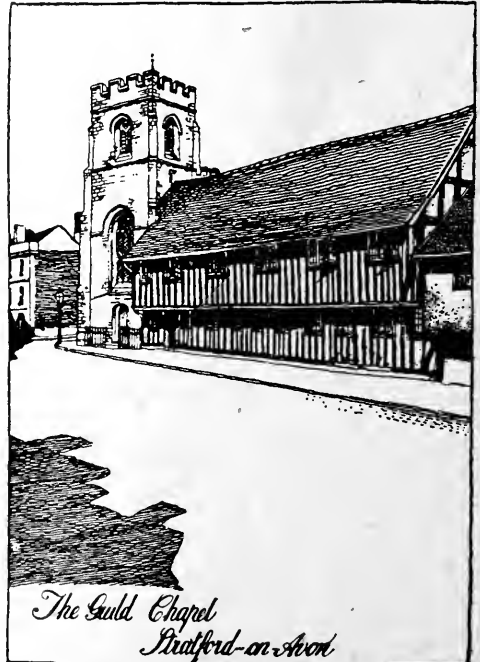
keep the Province well before the eyes of the British public.

Perhaps one of the strongest impres-

was the terrible contrast of great wealth and abject misery one meets on the streets. The millionaire's carriage stops



The Vicarage Evesham



The Guild Chapel Stratford-on-Avon

sions I had in London and one that would touch the mind of anyone accus-

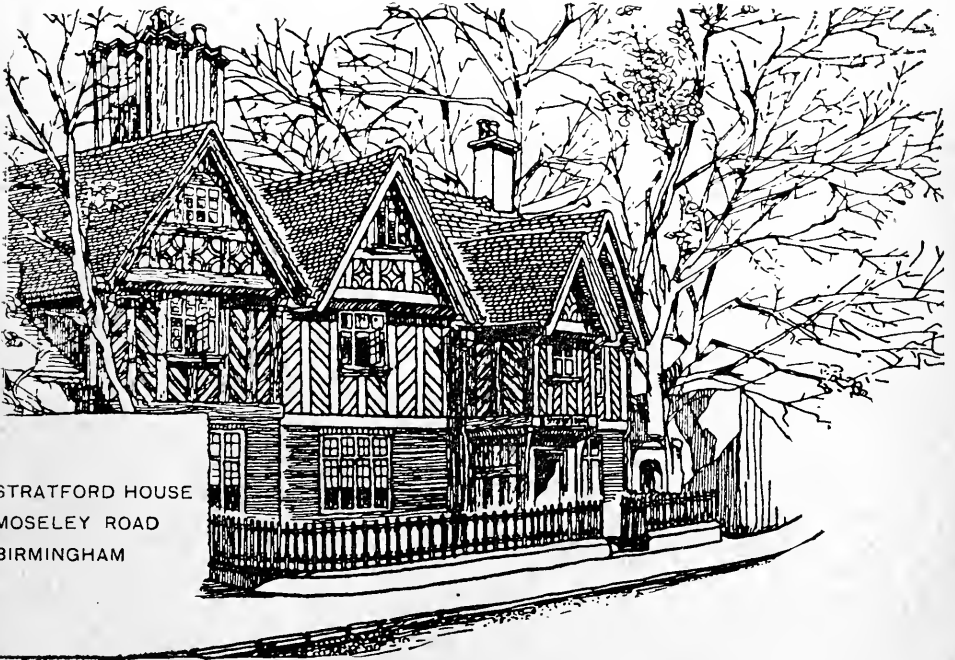
at the curb and there rushes up to the open door some poor wretch who hopes

to reap a penny for his services. One sees in the most inclement weather wretched men and women huddled on the benches on the magnificent Thames Embankment, sleeping in the open with the rain and sleet beating upon them. And yet London is full of charitable institutions of every imaginable kind—it has probably more charities than any other city, but the problem is there and is still unsolved.

The extent and number of parks and beauty spots must at once appeal to the admiration of every visitor in London.

Even in close proximity to the busiest quarter of the city one finds a garden or a square with its grass plot and flower

beds; while within easy reach there are the larger parks with broad areas of turf, bands playing in the afternoon and hundreds of thousands of people enjoying an outing in the most beautiful surroundings. And while there were many other impressions which I must omit for fear of wearying the reader, there is one that will always remain in grateful memory—the whole-hearted hospitality I received. I cannot speak for others, but for myself I can truthfully say that from the day I set foot in London I felt, not as a stranger or a mere visitor—I was “at home”; and that homelike feeling continued during my whole stay.



STRATFORD HOUSE
MOSELEY ROAD
BIRMINGHAM



T. P. O'Connor.

By William Blakemore

ALTHOUGH there has never been a moment in my lifetime when I agreed with the political aspirations or the policy of T. P. O'Connor, there has never been a time since I first knew him, when I have not considered him the most fascinating, the most magnetic and one of the most sincere men in the ranks of the Irish Nationalist Party.

Tay Pay, as he is affectionately called by all who know him and by thousands who only know of him, is a charming character. He possesses all the personal characteristics which have made the jovial Irishman popular the world over. Good tempered, kind-hearted, generous to a fault, enterprising to audacity, dauntless, brave and optimistic in the highest degree. His career like that of most of his colleagues has been a chequered one. Few men have had a harder struggle with Dame Fortune, and few men have struggled more nobly or drunk deeper of success. Just why T. P. O'Connor is a greater force today in the world of journalism than in that of politics remains to be told, and before I conclude this sketch I think I shall be able to show that the cause is not far to seek.

I first met this brilliant Irishman at Wolverhampton in 1886. Mr. Gladstone

had just lost his Home Rule Bill; the country was in a turmoil. Not since the days of the Chartist Riots had there been such political excitement. England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales rang with the cry "Remember Mitchell's Town," and the great Liberal leader at the zenith of his fame was electrifying audiences with his dramatic and soul-stirring description of the condition of the oppressed Irishman.

Wolverhampton had a very large Irish contingent, and it was natural that the managers of the Nationalist Party should wish their case to be presented in the capital of the Black Country by one of their greatest speakers. They could not have made a better choice than T. P. O'Connor. Although opposed to Home Rule I was privileged to dine with him and the local leaders of his party at an informal dinner at which he was entertained at the Liberal Club, and although I had often heard him speak in the House I had no idea that he was so attractive and lovable a man. He was of medium height, well built, athletic in figure with a round, boyish face, a retrousse nose, a shock of black hair, black eye-brows and blue eyes; a combination rarely found except in sons and I believe in daughters of Erin. During dinner and in the smoking room afterwards I

was struck with his extreme vivacity, geniality and wit. He was the life and soul of the company, and literally kept the table in a roar. I well remember, too, how quickly he passed from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." With him tears and laughter never seemed very far apart. At one moment he would be telling a humorous story which would be sure to have a point so excruciatingly funny that it could claim no nationality but his own, and almost in the same breath with saddened face and tears in his voice, if not in his eyes, he would be reciting some pathetic incident in connection with an Irish eviction, or emigration. Without being polished he was courteous, his diction more picturesque than ornate, and more flexible than artistic. I thought then, and have thought ever since that Nature did not intend him for a politician; he lacked that grain of coarseness and callousness which enables a man to stand the buffetings of political opponents and to hush the "still small voice" which must sometimes prompt even politicians to disregard policy.

The same evening I heard him address a packed audience in the Drill Hall. There were not less than five thousand people present. His clear, sonorous tenor voice was distinctly heard in every part of the hall. The speech I shall never forget. It was neither logical, erudite nor consecutive, but it was picturesque, dramatic, spasmodic and impassioned to a degree. Time and circumstance determined that it should be devoted to a recital of the woes and wrongs of his country. There were others to deal with its history, with past legislation, with the strugglers of the early Liberators and with the trend of events. His mission was to arouse the sympathy of the people in the justice of the cause and in an acceptance of Home Rule as a remedy. As he depicted the sufferings of his fellow countrymen his voice grew thick and husky; many a sob choked his utterance, and more than once his cheeks were wet with tears. During the Home Rule campaign I heard many speeches which would rank above this in ability and even

in merit, but none more genuine or more impressive.

Between 1886 and 1893 I heard T. P. O'Connor many times and twice met him during the campaign of the latter year when he came into my district, the Handsworth Division of the County of Stafford, to support Hugh Gilzean Reid in opposition to Sir Henry Meysey Thompson. But since 1886 many things had happened, none, however, so fraught with portent for the Irish party as the downfall of Parnell. That event which determined the fate of Home Rule was far-reaching in its effects. It left the Party nerveless, disorganized and almost shattered. It was in this crisis that the character of T. P. O'Connor could best be studied. While he could never be charged with lack of enthusiasm and of loyalty both to his party and his leader, there was probably no man in the Party who felt the defection of Parnell as he did. It unnerved him. He felt that great as the cause was, the downfall of Parnell was its death-blow. Just when he should have struck a blow for supremacy and have climbed to the pedestal which could have no other fitting occupant, his arm was paralysed. He was easily out-manoeuvred by less scrupulous and more cunning aspirants; men like the infamous Healey, the Judas of the cabal, who in Room 15 sold the greatest statesman and the most brilliant leader Ireland had ever known for even less than the traditional thirty pieces of silver. The compromise which placed that respectable and amiable mediocrity, Justin McCarthy, in the leadership, deprived the Home Rule Party of the effective enthusiasm of T. P. O'Connor. Thereafter his speeches lacked energy and sometimes, even conviction, and thereafter his brilliant and versatile talent found scope for their fuller exercise rather in the Press, than on the platform.

In the field of journalism T. P. O'Connor has been not only a conspicuous, but a unique success. Today he stands unrivalled as a racy paragraphist, an interesting writer about people and a successful editor. His comments upon men and events are the most sought after and the most widely read of their kind. He

has placed a personal stamp upon modern journalism. In his causeries he proves himself to be the legitimate successor of George Augustus Sala, with less of ponderousness and more of pungency than characterised that lion of the Daily Telegraph and the Illustrated London News, in the '70's and early '80's. There can be no doubt that while politics was his mission, literature is his love. There has been no finer contribution to the personal aspects of journalism for many years than his monograph on Parnell published three years ago, a tribute as remarkable for its restraint as for its insight, and yet more remarkable still for its beauty and delicacy.

I have referred to one determining factor in the career of T. P. O'Connor the influence and effect of the downfall of Parnell, but all through his life there has been an influence of another kind, that of a loyal, devoted and loving wife, herself a woman of brilliant parts, absorbed in the interests of her husband, whether political or literary. When he

started his first London journal, in which every shilling he possessed was invested, she shared with him two small living-rooms above their printing office. In the dark hours of his disappointment and disillusionment she was his good angel and his guiding spirit. It was the sunshine of her presence which dispelled the gloom and heartened him to carry on the fight, though in another field. Since then the pen has been his weapon. How well he has used it and how nobly he has justified the fidelity of his wife and the prediction of his friends is a matter of almost world-wide knowledge. Today, when Home Rule is no longer a burning question, and when already many of the imposing figures who stood in the vanguard of the movement are no more, the image of this whole-hearted, genuine-souled Irishman still looms large in the eye of the world, and challenges the admiration of tens of thousands who never espoused his cause, but who recognized his sincerity.



"MIKE," a Reminiscence.

By Nora Laughler.

IT is not often that such a blinding blizzard strikes the happily situated "Queen City" as the one that raged that day when I renewed my acquaintance with the subject of this little sketch.

Telephone wires were destroyed, the street car service was entirely demoralized, and no messenger boy was procurable in the somewhat isolated district in which my mother and I resided.

Pedestrians were conspicuous by their absence on the deserted street. Neither man nor boy could I find who would attempt to stagger through the deeply drifted snow the three long miles to the city. I was almost at my wit's end, for if my manuscript failed to reach the printing office on Adelaide Street by noon that day, it would be too late for insertion in the weekly journal to which I was then a regular contributor. Being the bread-winner of my small family, the sale of the manuscript meant much; indeed, it was about all we had to depend upon. Almost tearfully I rated myself for my tardiness in not finishing and delivering it the previous day. Procrastination, that thief of time, had almost stolen my modest weekly remittance. As I donned the warmest dress I possessed and struggled into a fur coat and cap, determined to brave the elements, I made an avowal that I would never put off till tomorrow what could be done today in the matter of "copy." I had to face the music of the storm, or forfeit the price of my contribution and justly earn the anger of Mr. W., the proprietor and publisher of the journal, so flinging open the door I plunged into the heart of the storm.

Blinded by the stinging hard snow that lashed my cheeks and eyelids in a most uncomfortable manner, I journeyed through the deserted suburb, near to the park, but slowly, and at last found myself almost anchored. I might well call it anchored for I had plunged face downwards into a deep drift, doubtless a ditch at the side of the road. Quickly as I made the plunge, however, I was picked up and transported to the friendly shelter of a cottage doorway. In my rescuer, I gladly recognized the tenant of the humble dwelling, a man known by the name of "Mike."

I wiped the hard snow from my face and storm-collar, as I glanced up at him. He was somewhat out at elbows, in an old ragged overcoat; but he stood quite six feet high and his fine, open countenance and honest blue eyes bespoke plainly the quaint mixture of the humorous, the poetic and the pathetic not unfrequently met with in his race.

"Shure an' it's not the kind av a day at all at all that a wisp o' a critter like you should be out in, an' a trapsin' trew the snow like this. An' is it to the city that ye're afther journayin', miss?"

To shorten the story, I soon found that Mike was on his way to town, and eager and willing to act as messenger for me, so with a long sigh of satisfaction I delivered the manuscript into his hands and thankfully retraced my footsteps to the pleasant shelter of my own fireside.

"An' it's mesilf that's done the irrand cheerfully, miss. Why, it's nothin' to ould Mike to wade threw the snow fer a couple o' miles," said the old man, a few hours later, after we had regaled

him with a hot dinner and steaming cup of coffee.

"No, no! I'll not be afther takin' anythin' like that ma'am. Why Oi wuz goin that way anyhow, an' faith Oi'd do it fer nothin' at all at all. It's jist becos' yer name's Nora that Oi'd do it fer ye wid playsur'."

"Don't sake to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Shure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone,"

Quoted I laughingly, although somewhat surprised at his refusal to take a two-dollar bill simply because my name seemed familiar to him.

A shadow stole over his expressive, rugged face, as he replied, "Indade an' it's not the Blarney Stone as it's yersilf that's afther sayin', miss; but it's the name "Nora." The old man almost reverently bowed his gray head as he uttered the appellation.

Standing there, in our little dining-room, with his battered headgear in his grimy hand, I felt that I had before me a genuine son of Erin; one who pleasantly recalled the old Ethnic legends of his race, who, stripped of every vestige of his imaginative and picturesque details, would yet remain full of quaint conceits and humorous facts. An exile perhaps in this new world of ours, whose constant Irish heart often aches for a sight of the pretty colleen of his youth,—his manvourneen grown wrinkled and gray tending her patch o' pataties, her pigs or her poultry whilst anxiously awaiting the return of her lover from far-off Ameriky.

"Sit down, sit down, Mike," said my mother, drawing him an armchair nearer to the stove. "Now, I am going to pour you some more hot coffee and while you drink it you shall tell us why my daughter's name appears to please you so."

"Shure ma'am, an' it's the wan name av all others me sowl reveres. It carries wid it the touch o' the dewy shamrock, an' the swate smell av the sod av ould Oireland; an' faith there's nivir another corner in the wide world so

grane! Whin Oi hear the name 'Nora,' it carries me back to the days whin Oi wuz a broth av a bhoy, an' the naybors wur afther sayin' that the devil himsilf wuz in Mike, maning me.

"Faix, an' it's misilf that rimimbers the shindy Oi kicked up wan night at Ballinkerry whin Oi played banshee an' frightened good Father MacGillicuddy amost out av his sivin sinses. An' it's laughin' Oi am to this prisint day whin Oi recall the praste's sister, Miss Bridget, in her frilled night-cap an' hersilf a car-ryin' a shillaley."

"Yis, shure! Oi'd bin afther crawlin' up the ivy inter the windy. An' a rale, iligant ddrop o' the craythur is what Oi wuz afther foindin' on the table av his riverence's room. Faith it wuz so nate it wurrumed up the insoid av me heart, an' Oi hilped mesilf plintifully, fer there wuz nobody by at all at all,—the quality an' the sarvints bein' afther listenin' fer the banshee in the back gardin, the omadawns."

"But, begorra, it's mesilf that wuz forgettin' entoirely to git out av Father MacGillicuddy's comfortable arrum-cheer, an' it's slapin' Oi wuz whin Miss Bridget wuz afther foindin' me. She came in a brandishin' the big shillaley, did Miss Bridget, an' her night-cap frill a noddin', an' all the sarvints aparin' behind her. Faith, it's forgotton Oi had that Oi wuz the banshee, an' it's slapin' Oi wuz.

"Shure an' it's misilf that's agoin' to lay the ghost," screamed Miss Bridget, a shakin' me up wid no gentle hands. "Indade an' Oi'll soon be afther layin' the ghost," said she, a dancin' like Garry Owen an' a flourishin' the shillaley in front av her.

"Oi wuz most as dhrunk as a fiddler, an' a sittin' in the praste's big cheer, or it's misilf that would hav' cut an' run fer me dear loife,—fer a moighty high tempered lady wuz Miss Bridget MacGillicuddy.

"By the Lord Harry, an' it's that devil av a Mike," said Father MacGillicuddy, a laughin' till his fat soides wur achin' wid the exarshun."

"But it wuz Miss Bridget hersilf that wuz intint upon layin' the ghost; an'

shure wid this end in view, it's hersilf that made fer me wid the ould shillayley. Faix, if she didn't lay the ghost, she wuz afther layin' the dust, a-wackin' the loife out av me owld leather breeches."

"The toime it wuz then, whin Oi wuz but a wild bit av a spalpeen, an' before Oi wuz afther foindin' me colleen whose name yersilf's afther barin', miss.

"An' shure it's the tinder recollect-shuns that the name av Nora brings to me hearrt."

"To me dyin' day will Oi moind the evenin' whin the sun wuz hidin' his face behoid the purple mists av the hill av Ballinkerry, whin Oi waited by the river fer the soft swish-swish av the two purty bare fate to cum a pitter-patterin' over the shamrock laves that grew by the hill-side."

"The moments samed hours while Oi wuz a waitin' fer me Nora; but it's mesilf that heard her footsteps, lighter than the dew a fallin' on the blossoms. An' it's mavourneen that made a swate pictur', wid the sunlight a glintin' her purty hair, an' her little red cloak a-flyin' behoid her in her hurry to spake wid me; her purty white ankles, like snowflakes a-dancin' over the grane grass, her blue eyes a-shinin' like twin stars under her brown curls, an' her chakes like two red roses a-growin' on wan stalk."

"An' it's Mike, acushla, that has the two strong arrums," said me colleen, the red roses a-multiplyin' all over the gardin' av her face, as Oi carried her across the steppin' stones av the rivir, so the wather wouldn't be afther wettin' her two purty fate."

"An' afterwards, how we kissed wan another, wid no eyes to witness the love-loight av our hearts, but the angels who were a-lookin' down from the blue hivin above us."

"Och, but it's the sad pictur' that's a-comin' now, miss, whin me poor Nora, God rest her swate sowl, had gone to join thim silf-same angels."

"An' she lay there wid the tall candles a-burnin' near her, so still and cowl, wid the purty white petticoat on her that she wuz afther warin' the summer day whin Father MacGillicuddy spake the howly wurds that made us wan. Shure,

we wuz wan, but she wuz the wan av the two av us, fer the Ballinkerry folkses wuz always a sayin' 'That divil av a Mike, he don't count at all at all.'

"An' there me darlint wuz a-lyin', wid her two bright eyes closed her long dark hair a-curlin' on her forehead, as it wuz afther doin' in her loife-toime, an' twin lilies a-growin' where the roses used to bloom on her chakes.

"The naybors wuz all a-cryin' fit to brake their hearts, an' a-sayin' that Mike wuz the sowless spalpeen that he didn't be afther wapin' wid the mourners.

"Shure, an' it's misilf that wuz the biggest mourner av the lot av 'em, only they couldn't say the tares that were droppin' from me hearrt insted av me two eyelids.

"But me colleen understood, fer she saw wid the eyes av the angels, an' she knew all the sorrow av me sowl whin Oi placed the grane shamrocks on her dead breast.

"The bhoys took to whisperin' among thimsilves that all the diviltry wuz gone out av Mike. Shure the hearrt av me hearrt an' the loife av me loife whint away whin the howly Saints took away me Nora.

"The soight av the white shamrock buds, the purple mists across the river, the sun whin he wuz hidin' his face behoid the hill av Ballinkerry, all samed to spake to me sowl av me colleen, an' it well-nigh drove the rayson from me brain; so wan day me moind wuz made up to lave the owld sod an' jine me brother in Canady.

* * * * *

"Is they shamrocks, ye're afther askin' me, miss?"

"Yis, they'se shamrocks, an' all dried up and faded; but it's mesilf that's carried thim here, betwane the laves of mavourneen's little book fer nigh on thirty years. I gathered thim the night before laving the owld cuntry, while me colleen's eyes were a-lookin' down on me from Hivin. An' it's these same withered shamrocks, an' the blessed stars above, that have helped me afther all these long years out in Canady; for whin Oi's afther foindin' it harrd to say no to the dhrink, or wan or another av the

divil's temptashuns, Oi just touch this little book in me pocket, or else look up to the eyes av me Nora a-shinin' down

from the sky o' nights, an' it's always wan or both av 'em that's afther sayin' 'Be thrue, Mike,' be thrue.' ”

The Potlatch at Sooke.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Photographs by Edward Milne and the Author.

FOR many months one family of the men of this reservation had toiled at the great fir wood, cedar “shake” covered building, a building large enough to hold the two hundred expected guests.

Then the invitations had gone forth—

and prodigality he gave this wide invitation, a mighty feast, a week long, that would impoverish the giver if the ancient custom of handing all one has over to the next fellow is faithfully followed.

How times are changing. The West Coast Indians arrived in the natural har-



Sooke River in Potlatch Time.

to the tribes in Washington, to the Niti-nats, to the West Coast, to the San Juan, to the Victoria Indians, to come “Chah-co Potlatch,” for “Andrew’s” daughter’s birthday. With true Indian lavishness

hour of Sooke, on Vancouver Island, sweeping in like some flock of great white-winged birds—but not in the long war canoes, no, they came in large open sailboats, called Columbia River boats

(actually made by the clever Japanese shipwrights on the Fraser). Then with sails lowered, hulls lashed together, they slowly approached the Sooke River, singing in dull monotone a "Wah-hoo"—a song of the old people or times. Among the great red rocky mountains that surround Sooke the weird dull chorus echoed, the lashed flotilla crept on. In the center boat a chief stood waving "Chack-chack" (eagle) tails, swinging his arms to the time of the rude tune. In all the boats the men beat on impro-

vised instruments, pans, paddles beaten on boards, clubs monotonously thumped into tubs. The entire song was of bass notes, not once did we hear the treble of the klooch-men (women).

slip into the bank edge. No effusive welcome and handshaking, each knows he is welcome to all that his host owns. Some camp in their boats, others erect canvas covers, bringing big armfuls of dried salmon, great tub of "octopus"—the devil-fish, well stewed it is a much esteemed delicacy here, great baskets of salmon heads. A huge iron cauldron is filled with rice, many round flat loaves of bread are baked. On the earth, in the center of the Potlatch house, a huge fire is kindled, the smoke pours out of the



Potlatch Boats Gathered.

vised instruments, pans, paddles beaten on boards, clubs monotonously thumped into tubs. The entire song was of bass notes, not once did we hear the treble of the klooch-men (women).

Stout Andrew stood on the river bank near the Potlatch House, from a tiny cannon a loud welcome sped forth. Then a spokesman of the visitors gave forth a speech in the old native tongue—not in the Chinook jargon from which I quote. Now all the wide white boats—painted a bright blue inside—with their orange gunwales—some had red sails and strangely carved bits on the masthead—

openings in the "Shakes" above. On the raised platform that surrounds the entire inside, a platform covered with rush mats and matting, the guests are soon squatted and happily at home. Here one mother industriously washes her little dusky lad's face, pouring the water into her open palm by way of a basin; another spreads her blankets and dozes away, the men squat in chatting groups—all at home at once. Not an unkind word, not a drop of liquor. Many of the guests bring food and pile it together, boxes of pilot bread, fish, vegetables, grain, seeming to vie with the host in

generosity. Two young steers are killed, and a great feast and dancing takes place.

Like an ancient rite a procession entered the Potlatch house, West Coast men leading a calf, a pig, a cow, others carrying huge baskets of glassware, heaped arms full of calicoes, two hammerless shot guns, clocks, bureaus, great piles of plates, six boxes of crockery, revolvers, field glasses, their potlatch or gift. The squatted crowd were divided, men to the left, kloochmen to the right.

offers as her potlatch gift much money, to some three dollars, to others two, to the balance of the braves a dollar—again this weird music and song goes on. Now the cattle and the dishes, the clocks, guns, everything are given away with a royal disregard for the morrow—again the barbaric tune rolls on—now a sick kloochman from her place, as she reclines on the platform, gives ten dollars a piece to many of the men. Hands are waved, wild dancing, piercing cries from old haggard women—in the silence that



The Last of the Sookes.

Now an old chief harangues them in their tribal tongue. The large skin-covered hoops are beaten, and the dancers in two long lines sway their bodies and wave their arms in time to the rude deep voiced song all the braves are singing. Now lithe kloochmen glide among the dancers and the young men whirl about in a very abandon of high spirits—silence—then a shrill-voiced kloochman calls a few native words in sharp squealing notes—she has lately lost her brave in the seal fisheries, where so many a dusky Siawash has gone before and she

issues, a mere boy, a shy lad, drags out a handful of silver and bills, and while an old chief calls out the name of the one for whom the gift is intended the giver breaks out in pitiful sobbing. The spirit of kindness that animates these rude people is more than skin deep. Andrew, the giver of the Potlatch, distributes five hundred dollars among the men. (I would like to see a white man give money away in this style, and not be mobbed). Here each takes it with downcast eye, hardly ever giving way so far as to utter thanks. Now all the

kloochmen gather together their many presents and silently file out. Night falls and around a huge fire, built on the earthen floor, the dance goes on, until every Indian and kloochman alike are one writhing, perspiring mass. The older women yell and beat time, the tribes mingle in their mystic dance, and as we walk home beneath the tall fir trees we can hear the same songs that echoed here before George Vancouver sailed up the dim distant Straits of Juan de Fuca.

Before the week long weird ceremonies were over the excitement ran high, very secret were the meetings, rude and painful some of the ordeals that were held in that big Potlatch House, the dancing and monotonous sing-song seemed never-ending. We watched it with intense interest, but as they asked me not to picture them, we were their guests, we can only attempt to describe it.

Then early one morning we saw the white-winged fleet sweep past bound for the distant canneries on the Fraser; here they will labour until the salmon run is over. Methinks Andrew had better get up early and start to labour too, for this giver of the potlatch distributed all his money—some thousands of dollars, his guns, furniture, his all—to this dusky crew that so silently embarked and sped away, but he, according to rude rules that guide these remnants of once powerful tribes, is now a big chief among his people. The little "rancherie" (as they call a reservation out here) is deserted. The banks of the Sooke no longer echo with the everlasting "Wah-hoo," so we picture the last and only full-blood survivor of the tribe that was so strong only three score years ago when the first white man settled here, a poor old withered kloochman, whose only word of British, as she pointed to me was—"King George Man."

The poorest girls in the world are those not taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them, and they have been taught to despise labor and to depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn women belong to this class. Every daughter should learn to earn her own living, the rich as well as the poor. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly around; the rich are likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill added to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do girls should learn to work. No reform is more imperative than this.—London Gentlewoman.

Pat's Redemption.

By L. C. S. Hallam.

EVER since Pat Flannigan was born he seemed to specialize in trouble; when only two weeks old his mother tripped up over him and took a dive down the cellar steps, breaking two ribs and a leg in transit; at his baptism he caused no little commotion by wriggling out of the Priest's arms and dropping into the holy water, where he kicked about lustily, very nearly drowning the good Father; whenever he was lost, he was sure to turn up in either the treacle tub or the slop pail, and once he was hidden for a couple of days in the flour barrel.

At the early age of four his destructive propensities began to sprout, for he horrified his Ma and Pa one day by running amok with the bread knife and sabreing the cat and her five kittens in cold blood, and later on in all the simplicity of childhood he chopped off one of Micky Muldoon's ears, on the sound argument that "Might is right."

A week's confinement with the family pig, combined with a daily chastisement utterly failed to convince him of his guilt, for liberty restored, he began life again on the same blood-thirsty scale, killing cats, stoning hens sticking pigs, snaring dogs and, generally speaking, creating havoc amongst the denizens of Ballyroonan.

Long before he could say his alphabet he was able to hit a cat nine times out of ten with his catapult, charge his Ma with the pitchfork, in the most approved style, or throw up elaborate fortifications on the ash heap. After a while, seeing that things couldn't be altered, Mr. and Mrs. Flannigan grew inordinately proud of their offspring and after each fresh exploit, would wink at each other, and vehemently declare that he was "a broth

av a bhoy" or "a chip av the ould block" (this latter was saying a lot, for Flannigan Pere had once been known to fame and the local police courts, as "The Tipperary Slasher") and at times when the youthful prodigy would shout round the house, with a tin can in one hand and his father's shillaleh in the other, improvising home-made thunder, till the house threatened to collapse, like the walls of Jericho on a former illustrious occasion, Mr. Flannigan would give his spouse a most portentous look, and with a prophetic gleam in his eye, would say "Mark me wurd, Bridgett, that bhoy is goin' to make a noise in the wurrld some day," and Bridgett would toss her head and sagely remind her Lord that the boy was making more noise now than a whole brass band put together, what more did he want?

Years flew by, and the youthful Pat, by the blessing of St. Patrick and potatoes, grew in size and strength developing pugnacity at the expense of every man, woman and child in the countryside, till his fame quite surpassed that of his once illustrious father. Many were the complaints that poured in on the heads of his despairing parents, but, short of chaining him up at home, they couldn't devise a scheme that would effectually put an end to his depredations.

At last Father O'Shea suggested that they put him in the Army, that was just the place for him, he said. Military discipline! that's what he wanted! he'd soon get the bravado knocked out of him there! and the drilling would straighten him up, and make a man of him, expanding his morals, ideals, and chest at one and the same time!!!

Pa and Ma Flannigan readily acquiesced in the Rev. Father's advice and

immediately set about mopping up the stream of their son's inclinations (which were towards butchering) and pumping military ardour into him instead. For this purpose they bought a book called "Mixed Heroes, large and small," and tendered it as mental fodder to their offspring, and Pat would lean against the pig and read how the gallant little buglar boy blew on his bugle bold, thereby saving the whole garrison, or how the bold Hussar saved the colours, and was promptly made a Duke, or how Bill Jones rose from the humble occupation of a bottle-washer to be Lord High Admiral of the fleet, shaking hands with Kings and Emperors all day and lending them matches, etc., etc.; but this means our hero's ambition was induced to soar above butchering and all his inclinations were launched on the sea of martial fame and glory.

In due time he was presented to the nation, and appeared in all the panoply of a warrior, but he didn't find it by any means as savoury in practice, as it had seemed in theory; he found that soap and water, pipeclay and polish guarded the way to the ladder of fame, his feet were encased in boots, things he'd never seen in his native Galway; his neck was walled in by a cardboard collar, and altogether, although he might look mighty fine to a gaping spectator, he felt about as flexible as a milestone, and as lifelike as an automatic statue, beside the incessant drilling and marching, first this way, then that, the difficulty of distinguishing his right foot from his left, and towards night the inconvenience of not knowing whether he was standing on his head or his heels, added to all this, the strong temptation to knock the drill sergeant down, made poor Pat feel thoroughly worn out and disgusted at the end of each day.

Bye and bye as the novelty of his surroundings and his awe of those set in authority over him, began to wear off, his wild Irish nature predominated, and for endeavouring to strangle the drill Sergeant, he was removed to the Guard-room, there to await the verdict of a Court Martial.

Once started on the downward path,

he soon made up for loss time, and no sooner was he out of prison, than some fresh feat sent him back again. At the end of two years, the publication of his "Crimesheet" would have demoralized a battalion of Seraphs and the Colonel and Adjutant mutually agreed that "that damned Irishman in F Company" would have to be dismissed as "Incorrigible and worthless," though they allowed that he had the makings of a splendid soldier in him if he could only be tamed.

It is highly probable that Pat would have come to an untimely end, if it hadn't been for little Kitty Doyle, the only daughter of Colour Sergeant Doyle, and as good a girl as ever walked. Now, the little grated window of Pat's cell looked out on the backyard of Colour Sergeant Doyle's cottage, and Pat used to glue his face to the grating and gape at Kitty as she got vegetables for dinner, or hung clothes up to dry, or came out in the sun to knit or sow, and the sight of her, day after day, naturally filled him with a longing for a closer acquaintanceship. For a long time Kitty refused to look at him, as she knew that no one but a bad man had any business where he was, but one day, her woman's curiosity prevailing, she ventured to look up and received an arrow from Pat's bow in the shape of a huge wink; blushing scarlet she ran in and vowed to appear no more, but curiosity again brought her out and there was Pat ready with another wink, this time stirring in a grin with it, and so on, every day as soon as Kitty appeared Pat immediately torpedoed her with a wink and a grin.

At the end of three weeks' winking, the now bashful Pat, thought that with due regard for all the laws of decorum, he might safely venture a little conversation, so after a few preliminary remarks about the weather, he asked her if she happened to have a name, but no reply could he bring forth only a cold stare. In despair, and no doubt anathematizing the course of true love he then shot his last bolt. Next day when Kitty came out, the wink and the grin were absent, but instead she heard groaning in his cell. Tiptoeing up, she looked in and there was Pat lying on the floor, appar-

ently in all the agonies of the spasms.

"What a fine big man he is to be sure," thought Kitty, and out aloud: "Are you feeling very ill?"

The wily Pat, suddenly transformed into a startled fawn, made heroic efforts to arise, but not being able to fell back with his hand on his heart striking the attitude of "the dying Gladiator."

"Oh, it's yerself, is it? It's only me heart that's troubling me agin."

"Shall I tell the guard to fetch the doctor?"

"Faith, an it's not the docther himself nor all his pills could do me wan bit av good: Oi'm feelin' betther already since yer purty face has arroived."

"Gracious!! have I cured you?"

"Shure an ye have, it's little sufferin' Oi am now."

"What are you in here for?"

"Faith an no fault av me own at all; the Captain ses to me: 'Air ye Protestant or Roman Catholic?' an Oi ses 'Ax me no queshshuns an Oi'll till yes no lies,' an' the Court Martial gives me three months fer it."

"What made you say that to him? If he was polite why couldn't you be?"

For the first time in his life, Pat hung his head and looked ashamed; he had never viewed his actions from that side. Anyway, who was this girl that she should preach to him? He, the redoubtable Pat Flannigan!

At this moment the key turned in the lock and the Corporal of the guard came in, only to find Pat tying his bootlace. After this Pat's courtship ran on smoothly, and he began to dread the day when he'd have to leave his cell, for what would liberty be without Kitty? Anyway, he could knock the Sergeant down and get put back—but no! there was something in him now which stood up and forbade him! and he had promised Kitty to try and lead a new life.

In due time he was returned to duty and "what a change was there my countrymen." The rollicking, drink-sodden, foul-mouthed Pat had given way to a clean-mouthed, clean-souled young Irishman, with one eye on the drill book and the other on promotion.

His conversation was a nine days'

wonder, and the talk of the regiment from the officers' mess to the canteen; the Colonel laughed and swore that there was nothing so conducive to cool reflexion as solitary confinement; the Chaplain murmured something about repentance and the Kingdom of Heaven; the Subalterns twirled their mustaches, tried to look wise, and lisped: "Awmy discipline, doncher know, nothing like it! tames tighas!" whilst the canteen sneered and said "'E's got the bloomin religious mania, like Boozy Jim 'ah; 'e won't last long though, 'e'll be back here soon."

A year has gone and Pat is now a Lance Corporal, with a corporal's stripes in perspective, he and Kitty are going to be married in the spring, and are going to Ballyroonan for their honeymoon, there to receive the homage and the fireworks due to greatness.

But, "Man proposes, God disposes," for along came war and with it marching orders. Poor Kitty!! to lose her lover and father at once! Cruel Fate! thought Pat as he kissed away her tears and went on to tell her how he'd return after the war was over "wid money galore! an' the divvil only knows, mebbe Oi'll be a general, more loikely things have happened!"

So one fine morning the regiment marched out of barracks to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," boarded a big transport and faded out to sea. Kitty got a letter from Pat, posted at Madeira, mentioning that he'd been on the point of death, but that by the "marcifil interfarence of St. Patrick," he was getting healed. Another letter reached her from Capetown, and also one from her father; then came a short epistle from up-country somewhere, and after that all she got was a scrawl on the back of a cartridge wrapper; soon after by the papers she saw that his regiment was shut up in one of the besieged towns, and she waited and prayed.

* * * * *

Boom! Boom! Boom! go the big guns, sounding thunderous and awful amidst the screeching of shells and the crackling of the smaller arms. For eight long months had besiegers and besieged been hammering away at each other, and

it was plain that the end wasn't far off, for the Garrison couldn't hold out much longer; disease had played havoc with them and had claimed far more victims than the bullets of the enemy. Nearly all the horses had been killed and eaten and the rations were tapering down, slowly, but surely. That a relieving force was coming, and couldn't be far off, they knew, but unless it arrived in two days, it would be useless, for the enemy had sent in a message, that afternoon under a flag of truce, giving the garrison two days to surrender, if not the town would be stormed, which would result in much unnecessary bloodshed, and have only one inevitable result, as there was but a handful of men left, and they were weak from hunger and hardly able to keep on their feet. Someone must pass through the enemy's lines and ascertain the whereabouts of the relieving column, and hurry them along if possible.

Volunteers are called for and two picked, Sergeant Major Doyle and Corporal Flannigan; that night they set out, successfully passed the enemy and after wandering about all the next day, fell in with the relieving column towards night, only two days march away. If the brave Garrison can only hold out a day longer, or gain a little time on the enemy, under some pretext, all will be well, and this is the news the two scouts are to carry back, with only six hours to do it in, for they can't hope to pass the enemy's lines after the first break of dawn.

Getting two fresh horses they set out; mile after mile they reel off in silence, and when they speak it is only in hoarse hurried whispers, for if they fail to reach their goal under cover of darkness, all is lost.

As they come within earshot of the enemy's lines the darkness seems to lift a little, a mile further on and it is perceptibly lighter; nothing for it now but a rush; a few minutes later and the east is streaked, and their fate is well nigh sealed; another 100 yards and another;

only a couple of miles from their own outposts now; they can hear the hum of voices; but what's that? Ping! and a bullet hits the ground under Pat's horse! On they go in a wild gallop; it is now getting light fast, and they offer a fairly good target to the enemy; only another half mile! ah!! down goes the Sergeant Major's horse, pitching its rider ten yards ahead. Pat jumps down, picks up the senseless form and with almost superhuman strength puts him across his saddle, then up behind, and on, with only five hundred yards to do, four hundred, three, two, one; now he's almost on top of the trenches, where his own comrades are blazing away at the enemy, when, ah!! right in the back like red hot iron and he drops forward across the Sergeant Major, and so they come into camp.

* * * * *

The big transport is ploughing her way up the channel; everyone is straining eyes at a blur on the horizon, the outpost of land; gradually it grows more substantial and soon the waves can be seen dashing against the cliffs. Now the pilot boat is coming out, and as the pilot clambers up the vessel's side; he is greeted with deafening cheers, which give way to handshaking and clappings on the back, as he slowly makes his way to the bridge to take into harbour the remnants of the regiment he piloted out to sea two years ago.

At the docks there is a huge, good natured, though highly excited crowd, and when the vessel is berthed, it is almost impossible to keep it in order. There is Kitty looking prettier than ever, her eyes running backwards and forwards over the sea of faces which fringe the vessel's side, till they finally stop short and remain fixed on two figures standing side by side on the poop deck.

Bye and bye the order is given to disembark, and Kitty is in Pat's arms with her head on his chest, where a little gun-metal cross hangs with the two words "For Valour" engraved on it.



By Annie C. Dalton.

THE hall looked ghostly in the moonlight which streamed through the diamond casements and chequered the polished floor. The long cased clock in the corner gave a preliminary whirr! then rang out the twelve strokes of midnight. With the first stroke a brown mouse ran from under the clock and shot like a swift shadow across the barred moonbeams and up the oaken staircase.

The modest brown jug on the mantel shelf shivered and slid a little closer to the spotted fawn reclining very near to her. "I wonder," she said softly, "if Miss Matilda will come again tonight. Her visits get very trying. I marvel how the china teapot can stand them." The fawn nodded his head sagaciously. "She will come," he said, "nothing could stop her."

The jug gave a little sigh and cautiously peeped through the open door that led to the drawing-room. A large cabinet stood near the window. In it was a beautiful old china teapot shining brightly in the moonbeams. "I am sorry," she said, simply, "for the teapot. She takes it so much to heart." "Yes," said the fawn, "it seems a very sad affair. Not that I know much about it. I have only just moved here from the corner cupboard, and the company there was quite modern and could talk of nothing but the gay times they used to have in the stores of Tottenham Court Road."

"That is the worst of modern creations," said the jug loftily, "they always talk shop. Even in my youngest days, a hundred years ago, we knew better than that." The fawn assented and then said sleepily: "I wish you would tell me all about this affair of Miss Matilda's—you were staying with her at the time, weren't you?" "Yes," said the jug, briskly, "Do not go to sleep. It is lonesome at this end of the shelf and the clock's too far above me for easy conversation." She then began: "We lived in a lonely old house in Yorkshire. It was really only a cottage, but a beautiful rambling little place with unexpected nooks and corners everywhere and large rooms tucked away at seemingly impossible angles. Some of them were full of dark cupboards where delicate Worcester jugs and common blue Delft rubbed noses together. Dainty Chippendale chairs and settees, mysterious secretares and quaint little round tables reposed in undisturbed peace and seclusion, dreaming on in blissful ignorance of such things as antique shops and dealers. Ah! those were happy, happy days," sighed the little jug, "when the China rose awakened us in the early morning by tapping her hard little buds against the window pane, and the bees and butterflies came in to pilfer the pots of musk and pelargoniums that bloomed in riotous beauty on the sill nearly all the year round. There was no jarring note anywhere in those far-

away rooms where little sound, save the mellow music of the old cased clock broke the silence, for the house stood a long way back from the dusty, white highway. A fitting spirit for such sweet solitude. Miss Matilda moved noiselessly about with her pile of dusters. She was the dearest and sweetest of old maids that you ever saw—a perfect lady—although her mother in her young days was in service at the old Bay Hall near by.

In the morning, when she attended to our toilets herself, she wore print frocks of white and lilac, and a pink duster on her head, and on her hands, some white kid gloves, which were always carefully cleaned every week for they were faded relics of her young days when she went to balls and parties; but in the afternoon she was resplendent in brown silk trimmed at throat and wrists with real old lace. She also wore a cap made of the same precious fabric, with a coquettish little bow of pink or blue at the side, excepting in Lent, when a black velvet knot was considered more suitable. She was by no means a strict church woman, being far too gentle to be very definite in anything excepting Christian charity, which came to her as naturally as the ringlets on her head. She made very few friends, but those few came very often to see her; the Vicar, the Squire's housekeeper from the Clough House; the Doctor; a few maiden ladies, each a faded replica of herself, and one very great friend, Mr. Thomas Jones, a dapper little bachelor of her own age, which was a trifle uncertain. I never knew how old she was until after her death. I know the date of her birth was in the great black Bible which always stood on a little table near the window, with her best gold spectacles in their leather case upon it, because when she intended buying a new bonnet, or having an old one done up she always consulted the date and mentally calculated how far she might venture in the slippery paths of fashion and frivolity before she committed herself to any particular style.

I could hear her sometimes talking softly to herself and saying: "Matilda, you are getting too old, much too old

for gay colours; but he likes them—he says they suit you. Well, this once you shall. Next year—ah, well—," and then she would stop short, blushing crimson like a young girl, as some impertinent thought popped into her head and was promptly crushed.

Everybody in the village said that Miss Matilda and Mr. Jones were privately engaged; if not, then that they ought to be, seeing that he dropped into her parlour regularly twice a week to have tea with her, and always joined her after church as she pensively walked through the churchyard, her prayer-book and folded handkerchief neatly clasped side by side in her frail, mittened hands. She had lovely white hands, and knew it. This was her pet, indeed, her only vanity, and she wore mittens long after everyone else had discarded them for gloves.

Whatever the village privately thought or said no one had the courage to speak on the subject to the parties most concerned, and they were much too happy and contented in the present to worry much about the future.

To be sure, Mrs. Green, Mr. Jones' landlady, said that he often would sit staring moodily into the fire for hours after his solitary dinner, and that sometimes she would be awakened in the dead of night, by hearing him walk to and fro in his chamber.

Once she heard him groaning heavily, and went to his door to ask if he was ill. He gave a very listy answer, for which he duly made an ample apology the following morning.

He was a neat, dapper, little man, slightly clerical in appearance and like Miss Matilda, he seemed to have a great partiality for clothes of an old-fashioned cut and texture.

"Well," continued the little brown jug, drawing a long breath, "matters went on in pretty much the same manner for several months. Mr. Jones was presumably a bachelor, and had no visitors from outside the village, and received very few letters. When he first came to the village he gave splendid letters of introduction to the vicar, so no questions were asked about him, consequently no one

knew anything, not even Miss Matilda. Sometimes it worried her a little, but as she wisely said 'The Vicar was satisfied, and Mr. Jones' face spoke for itself so far as truth and honesty went.

One eventful day, as she sat by the window knitting, I saw her getting sleepy and gently nodding over her work.

By and by Mr. Jones came down the garden path and passed the window. He stopped short as he caught sight of Miss

the casements tremble, but otherwise failed to disturb the drowsy stillness of the afternoon.

Miss Matilda slept peacefully on, her knitting on the carpet and her spectacles in her lap. Mr. Jones sat gently down near the door and put his hat and gloves on a chair. Like one who is taking a long farewell, he looked round at the little sitting-room, at its crotcheted antimacassar, its wax flowers under shades;



The Ghost.

Matilda fast asleep, and I noticed that his face was very white and drawn. He came in softly without knocking. Jane, the little maid, was scrubbing out her kitchen, and singing hymns at the top of her voice, but her shrill treble sounded a very long way off. It rippled faintly now and then as some distant door opened, and died nearly away again as the door shut with a bang that made

its lovely old china and quaint glass globes containing snow-scenes which became violently agitated by snow-storms when gently shaken; its formal rows of books ranged two by two round the edge of the base, highly polished mahogany table, and then suddenly transferred his gaze to the sleeper's face.

"Ah!" said the little jug with a sentimental sigh, "I can see him yet, in my

mind, sitting there with his eyes full of a passionate hunger and his face working strangely with suppressed emotion, and the remembrance always upsets me. Well, just then Miss Matilda wakened with a start. She gave a faint cry and before she could say anything more, he had fallen on his knees by her side, and buried his face in her lap. Miss Matilda did not attempt to speak. She sat quite still, and by and bye he began to talk in a queer, muffled voice. He spoke in little jerks and I could not hear all he said, but I gathered that he was confessing some terrible secret; and oh, if you could have seen her face!

It grew quite white and grey and drawn. All her pretty colour faded away and never afterwards came back; deep lines seemed to gather round her mouth, and her eyes—they were fixed upon her right hand which lay upon his shoulder.

Soon he gave a dry little sob and raised his head. She seemed suddenly to return to life; then she bent down and kissed him gently twice on the lips. He gazed at her dumbly for a moment, then got up, took his hat and gloves and was gone.

Miss Matilda mechanically picked up her knitting and sat quite motionless at the window. I caught a glimpse of Mr. Jones as he passed through the frost-bitten and withered dahlias by the gate and his bowed figure looked like that of an old man.

The afternoon grew darker, the fire went out, but the slender figure by the window never moved. Then Jane came bouncing in with a "Laws-a-mercy, Miss, here's the fire out, an' you a-sitting in the dark"; then she stopped suddenly, went over to her mistress, and looked into her eyes. What she saw there, I cannot tell, but she said: "Oh, you poor dear, you poor dear," and drew the grey, old face on to her ample bosom and kept it there for a long time."

The little jug stopped speaking for a moment, and the green fawn sniffed sympathetically. Then she resumed her story.

"We never quite knew the real truth; nobody did, for what Miss Matilda knew

she never told, but Mr. Jones went away at once. He took all his private belongings with him; all, but the old teapot in the drawing-room. That came to Miss Matilda, filled with crimson roses. It always stood on the mantelpiece in her own room, and when the roses faded and withered they were carefully placed inside it. Indeed they are still inside, I believe, although it must be at least twenty years since they blossomed.

Miss Matilda was never the same again. She did not rise from her bed the next day and the doctor said she had received a great shock of some kind. She rallied a little, then got gradually weaker and weaker, until one cold Christmas morning Jane found her sitting, quite dead, in her chair. She was fully dressed and on her lap was the teapot with its withered roses scattered all around.

After her funeral, somehow it leaked out that Mr. Jones was a married man when he came to the village; that his wife was a confirmed dipsomaniac and had been twice in a lunatic asylum.

When she was at liberty she led him an awful life. They had no children and he just devoted his life to her in unsuccessful endeavours to wean her from her dreadful habit. She was in confinement when he came to our village, and it was her impending release which caused him to leave the few pleasures and comforts remaining to him. The teapot was an old heirloom that he valued very much and the only valuable thing that his wife had not wilfully broken in her fearful gusts of fury.

Poor man! he must have lived a terrible life, and only think how happy he and Miss Matilda could have been.

It was November when Mr. Jones said good-bye to her, and Christmas time when she, poor soul, said good-bye to her sorrow.

About those times she comes several nights in succession to weep and wail over the rose-leaves in her precious teapot.

"Sh-sh-hs," whispered the fawn, craning his neck to peep round the edge of the shelf. "Sh-sh-h, here she comes again."

The jug gave a little shiver of excitement and sat up so suddenly that the crack in her side creaked ever so slightly.

Through the inner door of the great, gloomy hall glided a neat little figure dressed in brown silk, which shone and crinkled in the moonlight, until one could almost hear it rustle. Beautiful old lace draped her head and shoulders and in her hands she held some knitting, the ball of wool trailing gently after her. Her eyes were wide open with a timid glance in them as of a startled doe. Her face was very pale and her head shook ever so slightly so that the grey little ringlets on each side of her face were never still.

She walked through the hall, into the drawing-room, and without any hesitation up to the cabinet where stood a graceful, lovely old teapot.

This she took into both her hands, her knitting dropping unnoticed on to the rug below. Then she took off its lid and tenderly withdrew from its interior a long thorny stem, brown and withered, with a cluster of loose petals still clinging to it. She pressed these gently to her lips.

The jug and the fawn were by this time quite overcome, for although the former had watched the scene so many times, the pathos and sorrow of it appealed to him just the same.

The pathetic little brown figure stood in the lonely room for some time, the moonlight and the swaying branches of trees outside the windows setting weird shadows and shapes dancing on the carpet around her.

Then the fawn who was nearest to her, nearly fell off his perch on the shelf with excitement, for there sprung, seemingly from nowhere, a dapper little man with hat and gloves in his hand.

Now the jug saw him too and gasped

with astonishment. "Well I never," he said, "Mr. Jones!" The fawn looked incredulous, as well he might.

"Mr. Jones, it is," reiterated the jug, "and no one else."

Breathless they watched him move, unseen by her, close to Miss Matilda, and dropping his hat and gloves to rest by the side of the knitting, take the teapot into his hands without releasing hers.

And now a marvellous thing occurred. As they stood gazing impassioned into each other's eyes, there sprang from the china, a wealth of rich, red roses, with great, black velvety hearts and crisp, shining, green leaves tinged with crimson. Then the two watchers heard, or fancied they heard, two faint whispers ere the whole scene faded slowly away before their eyes.

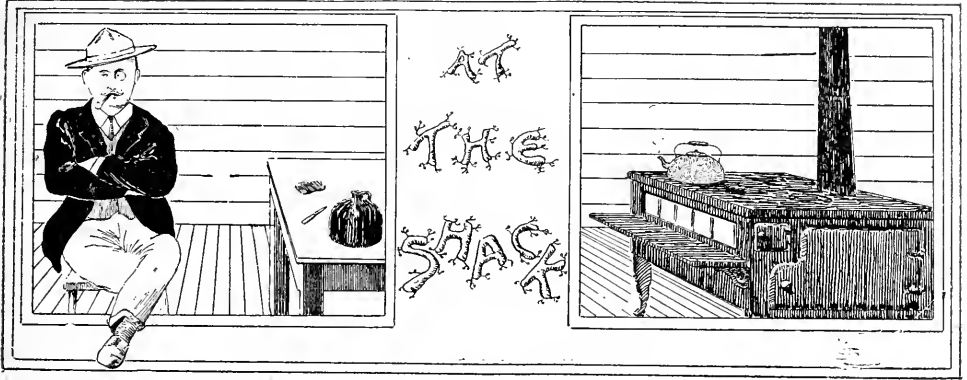
The great clock in the church close by boomed one; the hall clock feebly responded, the moon tucked her face into a pillowy cloud, and the jug and green fawn shivered and talked in terrified whispers until dawn.

They finally fell asleep for a few hours, and drowsily wakened up in time to hear the master of the house read aloud the most important items from the morning paper.

In a while they heard, "Suddenly, a little after midnight, etc., etc., Thomas Jones, aged 75." They looked at each other and shook their wise little heads sorrowfully and sympathetically.

In the drawing-room, the china teapot stood calmly as usual in the exact centre of the cabinet, the conscious cynosure of the eyes of all visitors, and the withered rose-leaves still peacefully reposed in her sacred interior.

The brown jug and the green fawn kept carefully awake through the still, cold nights until long after Christmas time, but the little brown figure of Miss Matilda came to weep and to wail no more.



By Percy Flage.

ARE we in an era of credulity or the reverse? Is the average man a doubting Thomas, or a marine?

Is it a fact—as the Squawmish scrutineer puts it, that “man, proud man, hoist by the petard of a pocket cyclopaedia to the topmost limbs of the tree of knowledge, scans the horizon of current literature in questful thirst for the dernier cri of science—and gets it, good and plenty!”

It is true that we get it. Deep calling unto deep is caught by the wireless station, and the voice of the water pipe is translated to a stop the press cablegram.

A Chicago professor hatches chicken life from a sterilized egg plant.

A Marconi station on a lone mountain takes mysterious dots and dashes at midnight and imputes them most irrefutably to Mars.

Funk, the millionaire publisher, who sells books on “How to graft and raise spooks” has obtained testimonials in the handwriting of Pepper’s ghost and scratching Fanny, the Cock Lane phantom.

Sir Professor Bart Ramsay has boiled copper down to a penny’s worth of farthings, and if his abracadabra works backwards, hopes to beat ploughshares into Bank of England shares, and slice a fathom of lead pipe into forty score wedding rings.

All this we read and ponder.

Cheer up! It may not all be true, and if we don’t let it soak in too deep some one will come along presently and mop up a good deal of the scientific stuff that is floating around.

Theodore Roosevelt and John Burroughs are doing good work in preserving natural history.

They have nailed so many hides to the barn door that American and Canadian editors are growing cautious, and even such self-evident artists as Seaton Thomson and Arthur Heming are obliged to turn in photographic proofs along with their free hand drawings to get them accepted—and W. W. Fraser was recently requested to have his “Heart to Heart Talks of a Moose and Mooserine” taken down by an authorised court stenographer.

And my own monograph on “Wild Animals that I have thrown buns at,” was turned back on suspicion, pending the production of a “Barnum and Forepaugh check stub.”

In this connection it is pleasant to note that England, the birthplace of the fish story, is making a laudable effort to check the tendency of animal biographers towards a vain competition with Jonah.

Even the conservative Spectator, although it still prints without editorial comment, delightful letters on Dormici and Cock Sparrows from elderly gentlemen who do a bit of Gilbert Whiteing (not necessarily fishy) between meals, is

putting natural history as she is wrote, to the analytical test of comparative parallels.

With an iconoclastic thoroughness that makes one tremble for her continued adherence to Cobdenism she (that is the Spectator) goes straight to the root of things and bats the halo off a fable whose antiquity was moth eaten when England's balance of trade was mostly computed in oysters and woad.

Taking the story of Androclus and the lion; that our grandparents read in Sandford and Merton, and that we all remember vaguely as a pretty tale of a limping beast, an extracted thorn, an amphitheatre, a trembling captive and a hungry but grateful lion foregoing his anticipated meal and living vegetarian ever afterwards—the Spectator, with prodigious learning, traces the fable back to one Auluo Gellius, who blames Apion Pleistonices, who shifts the responsibility on to Androclus himself.

Androclus being put in the box by the Spectator's expert, is led on to give what Pooh Bah called "corroborative detail of a bald and otherwise unconvincing narrative." That is to say, he describes the lion as approaching him, wagging his tail in token of amity.

Now, the expert modestly admits that he never lost any lions, but claims to be strong on cats, and argues, with every sign of being in the right, that Pussy's caudal appendage is only swayed when she (not the Spectator) is about to leap on a mouse.

Deducing therefrom that, since (Euclid VI., xc) similar cat animals are to one another in the duplicate ratio of their homologous hides—a leonine tail flapper is about as trustworthy a glad hand operator as a Boer with a white flag.

That turns Androclus down as a witness, and the onus probandi being too heavy for poor Leo, he is promptly taken out of the books and shot.

The only safe lion is the stuffed lion.

What about the moral lesson in gratitude? It seems a pity for the children to lose that, but perhaps they won't read the expugated edition of Sandford and Merton, and anyhow, truth must prevail.

Let us put our pens to the wheel and

help the Spectator and Theodore in their good work—weed out the errors in the Child's Book of Animals, so that little Johnny will know a spavin from a fetlock when he grows up, and will not buy a cow at the capitalized value of one night's milking.

For instance—

"Mary had a little lamb
It's fleece was white as snow
And everywhere that Mary went
That lamb was sure to go."

There is something in this opening verse of the well known poem, that is calculated as it stands to impugn the veracity of the whole.

That Mary had a little lamb, there is no possible probable shadow of doubt.

Was its fleece as white as snow?

For about ten minutes after tub time.

Did Mary tub it often?

Twenty times in the first twelve hours of possession, if Mary was a normal child, and thereafter as may have been.

Did the lamb follow Mary everywhere? To breakfast? To church?

Ridiculous, and evidently an exaggeration, to say the least.

The second verse is more credible—

"It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule—"

All well conducted schools have a strict embargo on lambs. "I remember, I remember, in the school where I was"—taught deportment, mental reservation and the modern languages, our head master's wife (and sole assistant tutrix) had deftly knitted or crocheted in many colours on a canvas ground an Index Expurgatorius that began: "Les agneaux feroces sont defendus d' ici!"

The remaining two lines of the verse—

"It made the teacher dance and play
To see a lamb at school,"

are doubtless true enough to nature and might be admitted as historical fact, but fact that is entirely unsuitable for absorption by the juvenile mind.

Why drag in teachers?

In a complete anthology of wild Animalia for children there should be one and only one such concession to the completeness of things—a chapter, say, on “Wild Teachers and Tow to Trap Them,” or “Pedagogues as Pets,” placed pill-like at the beginning of the volume, to be followed by lions and tigers and other things and wound up by all that one could confidently and conscientiously say about Mary.

And if we consider that the Mary story

has been handed down vocally for many generations (I’m sure its as old as the Lion yarn) and that the liquid “l” of “little” runs into “lamb” with almost dangerous smoothness, all we can safely tell our children is that—

“Mary had a little lamb
Tis very likely too
That Mary had a little ham
Unless she was a Jew.”

He who is willing to be unpopular, proves himself ready to become powerful.

* * *

We are never free from temptation’s presence, though we may be from its power.

* * *

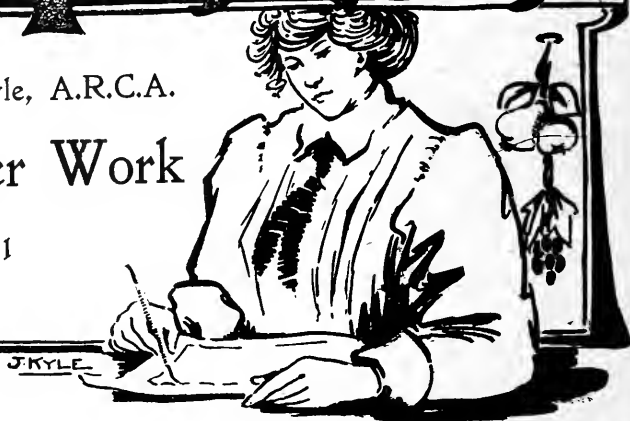
Strength of character consists of two things—power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence and strong command over them. Now, it is here that we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. You must measure a man by the strength of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is often the very highest result of strength.

HOME ARTS & CRAFTS

By J. Kyle, A.R.C.A.

Leather Work

No. 1



"Never be idle," said Jeremy Taylor, "but fill up all the spaces of thy time with a severe and useful employment."

I PROPOSE to write a series of short articles on Arts and Crafts, such Crafts as can be undertaken in the home, and about which so much could be said.

The good to be derived from using one's spare time in improving the taste, and gaining dexterity in constructing articles, no matter what these may be, is incalculable. The study and the working of tapestry, wood carving, wood inlay, pyrography, leather embossing, copper repousse, gesso, and many other crafts, create an environment, and is the open sesame to pleasures of which the uninitiated can have no conception whatever.

Just as the study of one foreign tongue helps the understanding of others so the endeavour to succeed in one craft paves the way to the practice of its kindred. Objects hitherto passed unnoticed or treated with disdain, become alive with interest and possibilities, and one learns to see beauties, to which one would otherwise have been blind.

In South Kensington Museum, London, I have often been amazed at the supreme indifference of the visitors to the magnificent examples of handicraft

and have witnessed the "march past" of the tourists in a manner which spoke of their utter want of appreciation.

The articles will treat of the various subjects in the most simple way possible, so that anyone wishing to start work will be able to do so without further assistance. Designing should be practised assiduously, for it is better when the Craftsman and the Designer is one. Each material suggests a special treatment; thus a pattern for copper repousse would most probably be quite unsuitable for wood inlay. The design must conform to the limitations of the material and the person whose duty it is to produce the finished article, and who knows exactly what the tools are capable of, should be best able to arrange and draw out the forms to be used.

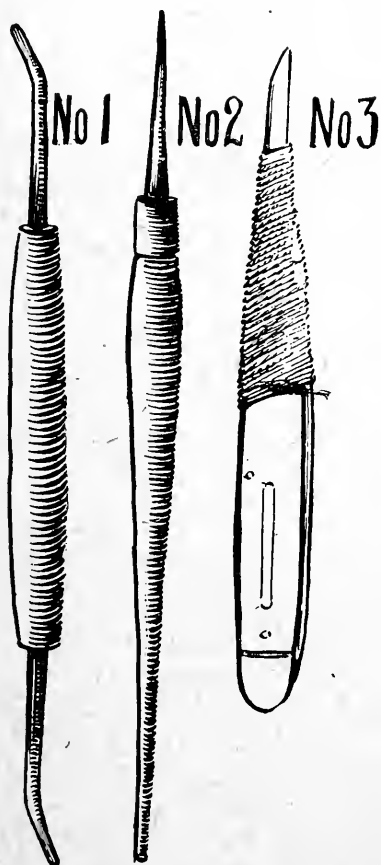
A good book on design is "The Making of Patterns," by R. G. Hatton, published by Chapman & Hall, London, Eng. Price, 5s net.

Keep the decoration simple, and try to recognize the value of a plain space. Do not be too ambitious at first.

In the decoration of leather we enter into a sphere of remarkable possibilities as the work of the Middle Ages will

shew. As far back as the eleventh century the art of cutting leather with a penknife was practised by the Moors in Spain, and at the present day Cordova leather is justly prized and is in great demand.

The knife alone was the first instrument used; to this succeeded pointed tools and puncheons by means of which the leather surface was sunk, raised and modelled.



In the sixteenth century the use of the material on furniture in Spain, France, Italy, Flanders and England reached great perfection and when seen in the old wainscotted rooms, harmonises and has a delightful effect which gives an air of comfort and grandeur. During this period books, cases, knife sheaths, flasks, saddles and horn trappings were richly decorated.

At the present day the craft is re-viving, and in Britain, France and Ger-

many some of the most lovely and tasteful work is produced.

Cow and calf-hide are the most suitable for artistic work. These can be bought at leather stores in the city.

Draw the design on fairly strong tracing paper or architect's tracing linen. Fix it to the leather so that it will not move during tracing, and yet so that one may lift up the tracing to see how the work is progressing.

The best way is to fold the tracing cloth over the top of the leather and adhere them by means of secotine.

Damp the leather in order to take the impression of the tracing. Pass a damp sponge over the whole surface of the leather. If only a part be wetted an aureole will be formed which will be permanent; but if all the leather be damped once, then parts may be rivetted without any bad effects.

If water rises to the surface when the tool is pressed on the leather then it is too wet. If the tracing line is of a light color then the leather is not wet enough. Place the material on a piece of plate glass, marble, lithographic stone, or other hard, smooth surface, and transfer the design from the tracing paper to the leather by means of a point or stylo, similar to that in Illustration No. 2, and take great care not to make double lines.

After the design is traced the lines should be incised with a sharp knife. The surface of the leather only should be cut. Let the cut be clean, sharp and vertical, and it is important that no two intersecting lines should be cut up to the point of crossing.

There are many knives sold for the purpose and can be had at the city leather stores, but I have found a penknife with string coiled round the handle, down to within one inch from the point answers the purpose well.

When the decoration has been traced and evenly cut, take a tool called an opener (Illustration No. 1), and open out the incision. It is at this stage when one sees the advantage of cutting the line vertically. This process intensifies the design and when left in this state is called engraved leather. Sometimes

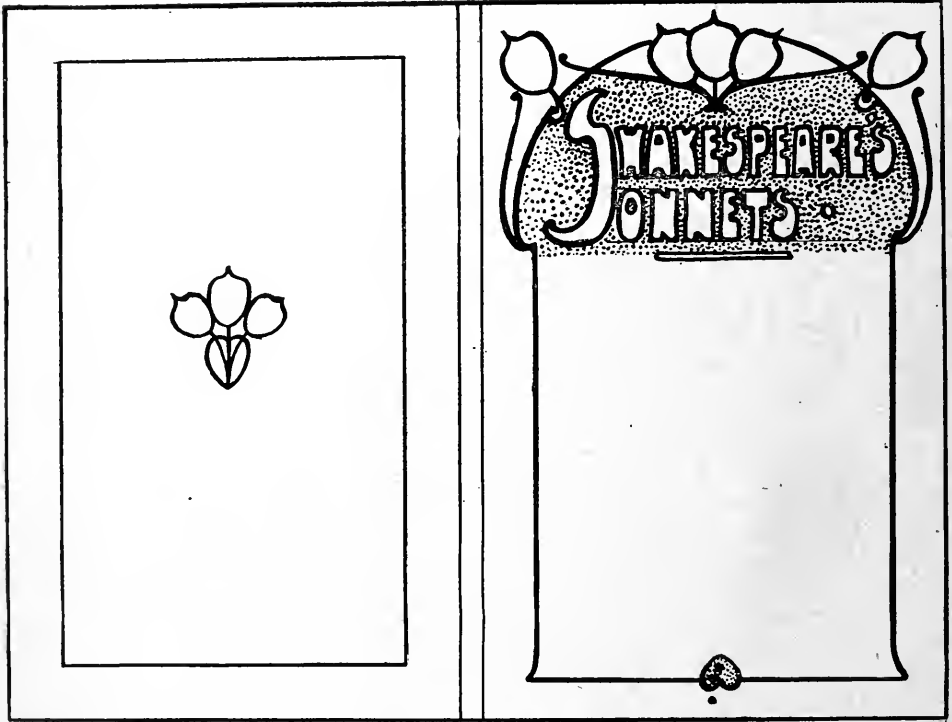
the space between the lines is tinted and a similar effect to leather inlay is produced.

The design, however, may be worked out still further by modelling for which you may buy many tools, the most important for a beginner is the one illustrated (No. 1).

Place a pad composed of some sheets of blotting paper, underneath the leather,

the forms are well adapted for effect in leather.

This is meant to be suitable for a paper covered booklet such as are published in Edinburgh, London, New York or Boston. Many of them are little gems of literature and well worthy of a leather cover. They can be picked up for a trifle at any bookstore. The usual size is about 6 in. x 4 in., and the paper cover



**DESIGN FOR A LEATHER
COVER**

and press down the background with the tool. The leather should be damp and yield to the pressure. The design may also be pressed up from behind and almost any relief obtained. Punching the background down, by means of an ordinary steel punch, such as is used in wood carving is often resorted to.

The design shewn above would be good for a beginner as it may be worked out with the tracer only.

It is simple; the straight lines could be made with the aid of a ruler, and

should be pasted down to the leather after the design is finished. The edge of the leather should project about one-quarter inch beyond the edge of the paper cover; this forms a guard and preserves the edges of the booklet. This projection must be allowed for when cutting the leather for the design.

The style of lettering is easy to work and looks well in the material. After the letters are lined the background should be stippled down with the point of the tracer; this throws up the letters still

more into relief and gives a solidity to the design.

Trim the leather to the proper size with a sharp penknife on a piece of glass.

After working this design the limitations of the material will be better understood and more intricate patterns attempted.

Next month I will give a design for modelled leather.

The Star of Hope.

By J. F. Bledsoe.

HIS name? Well never mind about that. I am going to call this story the "Star of Hope," and names make little difference. No one knew where he came from, and for that matter no one took the trouble to care. It is quite enough to look after personal affairs in a camp where "law" was a very indefinite term, and the strong hand made clear many a hazy right.

Dusty and ragged, he trudged up the irregular street of the little cluster of tents, and rude log huts, which, as a matter of course, was dignified by the sounding title of "Silver Ledge City." The stage coach which plunged down the steep mountain side to pick up occasional adventurers beyond the confines of civilization, and then toil up with them towards this latest point of attack on old Dame Nature's coffers, could not have brought him, for it was not yet in.

Up in front of the largest edifice in the town, half tent, half house, bearing the legend "Silver Ledge Hotel," was collected the usual motley assemblage of miners, prospectors, gamblers and human wreckage found around the principal "gin mill" of such a place. Such an arrival did not for a moment stop the dropping fire of question, objection and comment usual with such gatherings, and just now occasioned by a new and apparently rich find, the making of which had

just been reported by one of the first comers to the camp.

"What air you goin' to do with her Old Man?" asked one as he turned over the rich specimen which was being passed from hand to hand for inspection.

"I am going to open her up, you bet. Why that's like getting money from home. Just waiting for me to cash in, that is. I am down to get some men to go out with me in the morning."

The words "get some men" fell on the ears of the traveller as he paused on the edge of the crowd, and, after hesitating for a moment, he stepped up to the speaker, a gaunt and grizzly old man with keen but kindly eyes, and said:

"Do you want men?"

The old Prospector eyed him for a moment.

"Are you a miner?"

"No, I am not, but I am willing to work, and I thought you might give me a chance," and the speaker turned wearily, as if to proceed on a hopeless quest.

"Hold on Pard," called the old Prospector, "come back here. You are a likely looking cuss, and talk fair anyway. Blame me if I don't give you a show."

For six months the man worked on the "Howling Liza" claim. Six months that, under the tuition of the old Prospector, would have turned a duller ten-

derfoot than Ralph into something of a miner, and between the two men, both of whom studiously avoided any reference to the past, there had grown a sympathy no less strong because it had never shaped itself into words.

Nothing was said when the young man left his employer to work a claim of his own, located on a wandering trip in search of game for the camp. The proceedings were in keeping with the usual course of events in such a place. The name given to the new claim, the "Star of Hope," meant nothing to those to whom the man was only "Ralph," the name he had given the Old Prospector on the morning they first started for the mountains. No one had ever heard him say a word regarding that outside world, where he had evidently held a good position socially, for he was well educated and naturally refined. An occasional fruitless inquiry for mail betrayed his only interest beyond his surroundings. It was observed that he never took part in the fierce dissipations with which many in the camp were wont to drown their troubles, present or past. Not able to hire help, he worked alone with an energy that was almost savage, and accomplished results that made the Old Prospector say: "There is good grit in that boy, and he is going to strike it, if work means anything."

One day found Ralph in the "general store" of the camp. He had just completed the purchase of some supplies, and had paid out the last dollar of the money earned from his first job in the new camp.

"How's the Star, Ralph. Beginning to twinkle any?" called out the Old Prospector from the other side of the store.

"Well—I think the Star is beginning to shine a little brighter," was the answer, "but I have not struck it yet. It looks well though, and I am going back with some more grub, and try it again."

"Ya," growled the Old Prospector, "better cut it out and go back with me. I am needing some more men on the Howling Liza. Come on boy. No use killing yourself over that rock pile."

"No, thanks, I will stick to the Star

now. I have spent too much time on it to give it up while there is any chance. By the way, do you know if the mail is in?"

"I think she is late, as usual, but I am going to take a trip up the trail tomorrow, and I'll bring anything up for you."

"Thanks, old man," and for the first time the full name of Ralph C—— was known to the prospector.

The next day the Old Prospector turned off the trail a few miles above the camp, and in a short time he arrived in view of Ralph's cabin. A small package was clasped in his brown hand, and he had the air of a man who hopes to bring good news.

The log shack, and the little rock dump near by, were deserted, and no answer came to the cheery call.

Picking up a short candle end, the prospector lighted it and entered the tunnel.

It was an old story which a glance revealed to the experienced eye of the old miner. Mangled body and scattered fragments of broken rock. A missed shot, and a too hasty return to ascertain the cause of the trouble.

"She hung fire," muttered the Old Prospector as he dragged the body out of the mouth of the tunnel, and carried it to the cabin.

"Dead for hours," after a careful examination of the body.

"And he had things right in sight." For that swift, inquiring glance in the tunnel had included the results of that last shot in more ways than one.

The old man brooded over his dead friend until the dropping shadows darkened the little cabin, and a candle was needed to permit the necessary search.

"I've got to tell some one of this," whispered the Old Prospector with dry lips, as he turned from the body.

"Where's that packet?" In it might be an address that would enable communication with those people of whom Ralph had never spoken. The wrapper fell away at last under trembling fingers. A half-dozen letters, tied with a narrow ribbon which had been run through a ring. A curt note in a delicate, slanting hand:

"Tired of waiting." As he glanced at the note the ring fell into the hard palm. A hoop of gold set with a flashing star sapphire. On the inside engraved "The Star of Hope—R. C. to A. B."—and then he knew.

There it gleamed blue in the candle

light—The Star of Hope—The star of hope and dreams, now drifted into the dim eternity of the Not-to-be.

"Ralph—Boy—the mail's in—

"Ralph—Boy—the mail's in—but it's as well you didn't know."

TERRA MARIQUE.

By C. H. Goldthwaite.

With thee on land or sea,

I ask no more.

With thee, on land or sea!

In crowded street or ocean's solitude,

In calm or storm, in pleasure or in pain,

Through toil and dole to life's supremest
day,—

With thee in sweet content on land or sea,

I ask no more.

With thee on land or sea,

I ask no more.

With thee, on land or sea!

Welcome the frown of fate, the scorn of
time;

Welcome the small estate, the simple life;

Welcome all care, all loss, all suffering.

With thee in sweet content on land or sea,

I ask no more.

With thee on land or sea

I ask no more.

With thee, on land or sea!

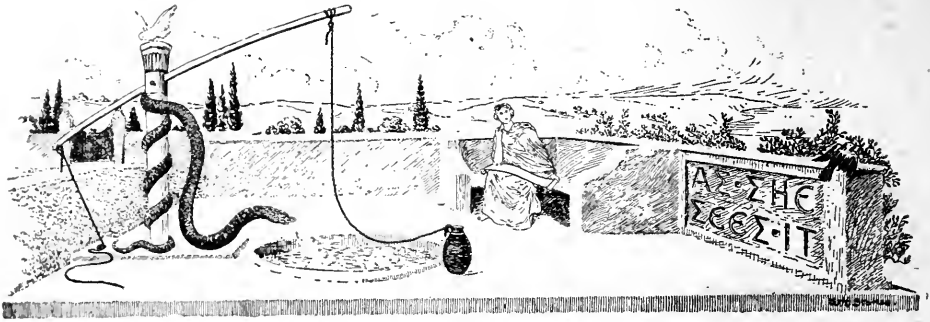
Oh, God, the gift is thine, immortal Love!

Thy gift to man, in weal or woe the same.

Thy land! That sea! Thine image in her face

With whom in sweet content I live, I die,—

With thee on land or sea.



A Woman's Ideas.

By La Verite.

ONE reads these days so much about the selfishness of women being solely the cause for the decline of birth-rate, and one hears so much of it from high quarters, too, that I feel I am doing a rather bold, but I hope not unwomanly thing in endeavouring to defend my sex from the stigma. Of course I do not mean to suggest that women are not to be blamed at all, but I do think it a dastardly shame that the sole blame should be laid on their shoulders. There are two sides to every question, and it has been my experience that where the limiting of families has taken place, the suggestion has emanated from the husband, and not the wife. Women are as fond of babies now as ever they were; it is born in them; a woman's soul is always appealed to by a baby, and the joy and happiness of motherland surpasses everything. But as women grow more "advanced" they become more companionable to their husbands, and in consequence relinquish (not by their own desire always) the claims of fruitful motherhood for those of wifelyhood.

For instance, let us suppose a man to be devotedly attached to his wife. He cannot afford to pay a Chinaman and a nurse, a large family means therefore his wife's undivided attention to his children. This he resents; he craves for

her presence at social functions and determines that she shall be free while she is young and pleasing, to be his companion in the pleasures of life. So he suggests a limit to one or two children, and then is it surprising that she, who rightly places her husband first, should defer to his arguments, and for his sake do that which pleases him?

Men love ease in the home, peace and quietness, and unless they are rich a large family means discomfort to them. To women the crying of babies and all the little incidents connected with their up-bringing are not distressing. What is dearer music to a mother's ears than the childish prattle of her little ones, their shouts of glee or their boisterous yells of delight? All this often means the most jarring discord to a man. Hence is it not feasible that as a large family is likely to affect a man's comfort in his home, he is therefore likely to be the prime mover in this sad limiting of families?

Now there is one cause which I am certain has made women anxious to have few children, and for which men are absolutely responsible. We all know that constant child-bearing ages a woman, and it is nonsense to urge the contrary. It prints lines of care on her face, and the heartaches which all children cause are not particularly beautifying. We all

know, too, that men worship beauty of face and form—quite right that they should, but they forget the worship and respect due to motherhood. I have seen a man rise from his seat in a crowded tram car and with the most courteous of bows and smiles give his place to a beautiful woman whose superb proportions have been carefully guarded against too many children; but he looked with contempt upon another woman who mounted the car with four or five chubby urchins clinging to her skirts; as for offering her sitting room—Bah! she's only a mother doing her duty. What claim has she on a man's admiration or attention? It is clear to my mind that men do not pay sufficient deference to motherhood, and women, knowing this, and being anxious to please them (as they always are) are willing to make any sacrifice in order to keep their husband's love and admiration.

In my own life I have known of many women bringing up a large family of children, bearing all the burden until their faces have become "plain" with sleepless nights and days full of care, their figures grow thin or too stout with much nursing, only to be deserted for some woman whose existence has been the glorification of self and not the sanctity of motherhood. It is because men so often lavish their gifts upon unworthy women that their wives have risen in revolt, and have determined (at the risk of limiting their families) to share with their husbands some of the pleasures of life as well as its pains. Even in my little experience of life, many a bitter cry have I heard from the mother of many children who mourns her husband's defection.

"You see," said one poor creature to me the other day, "my ten children have robbed me of all my comeliness, and my husband seems, in a sense, almost ashamed of me, for he never asks me to accompany him in any of his pleasures. If only we had but one or two, how happy we might have been."

This is the pathetic side of the picture. Children are no doubt blessings, but if they are purchased with a husband's

allegiance, the blessings are very much in disguise.

* * *

There are many critics who say, that as an analyst of human character the French novelist, Honore de Balzac, has never been equalled since the day of Shakespeare, and that in his analysis of women he shows his gifts to the utmost.

Most of these critics have been men. Whether women would agree with them is a question.

For instance, Balzac says: "No man has yet discovered the means of giving friendly advice to women—not even to his own."

That one statement is almost enough to undermine Balzac's reputation, in my opinion. For who ever heard of a woman who wasn't just hungering for advice from men, and who, having received it, didn't follow it to the letter?

Then again, he says: "Most women proceed like the flea, by leaps and jumps."

It's a good thing that he qualified this by saying "most." But even so, he showed his lack of discernment when it comes to feminine character. Anyone who observes closely or has had much to do with women knows that they are the most discreet and cautious of individuals. Why, some will spend three days in buying a dress; they want to be perfectly sure that they are getting the prettiest thing in town for the money. If they proceed by leaps and jumps they would be satisfied with one of the first dozen patterns shown them. No, Balzac never went shopping with a woman or else he would not have written that sentence.

According to another saying of this writer, women base their opinion of men wholly on their affections. "When women love us they forgive us everything, even our crimes. When they do not love us, they give us credit for nothing, not even our virtues."

Women are wholly impartial in their estimate of men. The fact that they love one does not keep them from seeing any number of traits in others that they would like to have their loved one possess. Why didn't Balzac say that

when women learn to love one man it opens their eyes to the attractive qualities in all men? That would have been nearer the truth.

But all this is nothing to the lack of discernment he showed when he said: "Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves." The whole world knows that once a woman has set her affections on a man she sticks to him. Women are really the very soul of constancy. "Tis only man who's ever fickle." This fact is so obvious that there is no use in saying anything more about it. It would seem strange that Balzac ever got a reputation for understanding women better than any other writer, were it not that nearly all literary critics are men. This fact explains it all.

* * *

Does the stress and struggle of business destroy a woman's good looks? An observer contends that it does not. One has only to go into any establishment where women are employed to see that business does not produce a deleterious effect on the charms of those who are engaged. Let anyone who doubts this go into the large stores in the cities where a great many women are employed and see what a large proportion of them enjoy the advantage of good looks.

Perhaps it would not be fair to take young ladies who are engaged, for instance, in showing off the dresses in fashionable shops: for, naturally, they are specially selected for the attractiveness of their presence, and their fine figures. It is in other shops that the average must be sought, and everyone will admit that it is a high average.

On the other hand, it goes without saying that in time of stress, when the sales are on, when long hours are the lot of every employee and tiresome and

inconsiderate customers, who want the whole of a department ransacked to meet their particular needs, girls in business are apt to be tired. Then they get that dragged-out appearance which is the antithesis of good looks, as every woman knows. In my opinion, the busy young woman of today, be she stenographer, shop girl or trained nurse, has, as a rule, a most contented, happy look which is a great attraction in a girl's face. Men will notice a bright, cheerful countenance quicker than they will a sulky, discontented looking, though more beautiful face. One can't help admiring a smart, healthy, young woman going about her work with a bright smile, a kind word and a nod for everyone, she commands notice, and people begin to look for her coming and going.

On the other hand take the average young woman with a comfortable home, who does not require to earn her living. She has nothing to do, no interest in life save to enjoy herself: she desires a continual "good time," lots of admiration, fine clothes and plenty of sweets. Such a young woman you will usually find going about with a most discontented, bored look (unless she has a male trailer or two), deep lines around her continually sulky mouth, her eyes dull with lack of energy, and she soon develops an aimless ambling gait, and a tired droop to her shoulders. My advice to such young women (to use a vulgarity) is "get busy." Take up a hobby of some kind—there are so many inexpensive ones these days—for instance, gardening, poultry raising, even a pet dog takes up one's interest and requires lots of time and care. Then there is the world of art from which to draw, sketching, china painting, leather work, wood carving, journalism, photography and numerous other delightful occupations. And there is ample scope for individual talent.

The Evolution of Farming in British Columbia.

By C. J. Lee Warner.

THREE essentials are necessary to the permanent prosperity and greatness of any country, a fertile soil, flourishing industries and quick and easy transportation of man and goods, from place to place. This is an age of commercialism and internal development, and while the unprecedented opportunities and advantages to be derived by all who settled in British Columbia, for many years remained practically unknown to the outside public, its superior attractions and possibilities have lately begun to be realized and felt. For many years to come there will still be room for thousands who are struggling daily for elbow room in the crowded centres of Europe and in the English shires, and many of whom would emigrate readily if they fully realized the profitable field for their labours and enterprise afforded by the richness of the internal wealth and by the fertility of the soil in this far Acadia of the Empire. British Columbia has all the fundamental elements necessary to a great and prosperous country, and it is therefore a great incentive to commerce that the farming industry should be pursued on a sound and healthy basis. Its resources are practically illimitable; and fully a dozen agricultural industries may be carried on in the Province advantageously and with better chances of success than in any other country upon the face of the globe. The vastness of the territory is but little comprehended even by the educated classes of Scotland and England, and it therefore behooves us to diagnose this important fact. Within its 395,000 square miles Great Britain and

Ireland could be placed and still there would be room and a little to spare for two more British Isles.

The Pacific Province is steadily becoming that "center-point where the commerce of the Pacific and Atlantic will meet and receive the produce of the one for transmission to Europe, and the goods of the other for dispersion over the Pacific," as prophesied by Queen Victoria, less than half a century ago, when the two colonies of New Caledonia and the Island of Vancouver were embraced under the present title, and the day is not far distant when this vast area will prove itself a much greater acquisition to the nation than all the South African possessions together. The good Queen realized the importance which geographical position and abundant natural resources conspired to bestow upon this, the most western section of the Western world, and dipping into the future she foresaw British Columbia the pivot of the mightiest of Empire and the fairest heritage in the universe to the manufacturer, the investor, and the home-seeker.

The products and industries of a country mutually assist one another, and these are found to be generally in a proportionate ratio with their extent and variety. Thus stock raising and diversified farming aid mining and manufacturing, while these in turn furnish the best markets for the product of the soil. So it is in British Columbia where every branch of agriculture can be profitably and pleasantly pursued. Moreover all who go out to the Garden Colony on the North Pacific slope, possessed of practical knowledge in farming in any

one of its manifold branches, will find, in addition to many other advantages, a country free from malaria and other endemic diseases, where balmy sunshine alternates with a generous rainfall (save in that part of the country known as the "dry-belt," where the virgin soil is of exceptional productive capability), and where the home market is so large that the consumption of farm and market-garden produce altogether exceeds the local out-turn.

By way of preface to the subject in this article we quote the words which Mrs. Everard Cotes gives to her hero in the "Imperialist" for his speech to an Ontario constituency: "Ours is the policy of the fields. We stand for the principles which make for nation-building by the slow, sweet process of the earth, cultivating the individual rooted man who draws his essence and his tissues from the soil, and so, by unhurried, natural, healthy growth, labour sweating his vices out of him, forms the character of the state." The honours of discovery as to the merits of the upper mainland for purposes of pasturage for herds of cattle and of horses rests entirely with those individual adventurous pioneers who flocked into the Province immediately subsequent to the Fraser River excitement of 1854 and rescued the country, then called New Caledonia, from remaining a mere Hudson's Bay Company's fur-preserve. It did not take long for these hardy men, who, having speedily proved that not every miner can make his fortune digging gold out of the earth, to discover that the rolling plateau and upland benches of the interior, covered with the nutritious succulent bunch grass, afforded ideal conditions for the successful raising of stock, and consequently from small beginnings the "great grazing industry of the Upper Country" became the first staple industry in the economic aspect of British Columbia. But with the influx of emigrants who embarked in the same pursuit, depasturing their flocks and herds on the hills, especially in those sections tributary to the projected Canadian Pacific Railroad, and wandering from district to district as the herbage became so impoverished as

to necessitate a change of locality, the cattle ranchers of the seventies and early eighties found it necessary to retrench, and had to resort to a more laborious system, putting up huge stacks of hay during the summer months as feed for their stock in winter. In the more remote sections there was less crowding of the ranges, but it was felt that these tracts would soon give out unless provision was made for their protection, and so the Dominion Government intervened and the "lease system" was evolved. In those parts more readily accessible, such as the neighbourhood of Ducks and Kamloops where there are still some extensive stock-runs, the course of evolution brought the homesteader, who, locating his government grant of 160 acres within the area long used exclusively by the ranchers, so encroached on the latter's preserves as to be a serious menace to him and his schemes. Many of the large stockmen were driven in self preservation to purchase large tracts of land fit for nothing but grazing in the main, though perhaps a few sections of it might be converted into agricultural land. Others contented themselves with taking advantage of the "lease system" and they have found it a boon; and there is no doubt that the inauguration of this system saved cattle raising from becoming a lost industry to the Province. A rancher possessing an adequate area of leased land, manages to subsist with the additional pasture afforded by "the Government range" which he can use ad libitum during the summer months. Protected from the wandering droves by miles of "wire" or Russell fencing, the leased lands have had time to recover. The bunch grass has grown up again; and what afforded the merest tissue of sustenance years ago to a fast declining cause, is beginning to bear more abundant feed, and the grazing industry, the forerunner of all subsequent agricultural development has thus received a most timely stimulus in the right direction. The amount of capital invested in recent years in the stock-raising industry has been enormous. A decided improvement in the quality of the stock raised has also been obtained by the importa-

tion of pedigree horses and blooded bulls, and the effect is already widely recognized in the better beef-producing qualities of the cattle and the refined build in the horses. Very little has been attempted hitherto in the way of sheep raising, yet it is quite permissible to say that Providence intended British Columbia to be a sheep country, for in no other portion of the North American continent than the Rocky Mountains are sheep and goats indigenous to the country.

In the central and northern interior of British Columbia there are vast ranges and table-lands which are barely known but which are well adapted to mixed farming on an extensive scale. The herbage is of a far superior quality to that on the bleak open prairies to the east of the mountains, and notwithstanding all which may be said in favour of the Alberta prairies, they cannot begin to produce the same quality of beef as the mountain valleys of British Columbia with their freedom from blizzards and their never failing supply of pure water. Beef to be tender, juicy and good must be made quickly with rich food. In this new territory lying to the west and north of the Fraser River, and which includes the districts of Cassiar, Cariboo, and the northern part of Coast District, there is a considerable extent of land capable of supporting a large population when it shall have been opened to settlement by the construction of railways. It is difficult to convey an idea of the extent, possibilities and potentialities of this wide terra incognita; but the survey parties of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and of the Provincial Government abundantly testify that there are thousands of acres of land with soil of the most prolific fertility well adapted to agricultural pursuits of diverse character, some districts offering exceptional advantages to the cattlemen, while others are equally well adapted to the cultivation of cereals and fodder crops. Thus it will be seen that the agricultural resources of British Columbia are incalculable, and the fringe has only just been touched, and even that in a very fragmentary manner.

The Great Peace River Valley in

which there are 31,500 square miles (10,000 of which lie within the boundary of British Columbia) of rich lands available for agriculture and stock-raising is another tract which is now open to settlement and which is attracting a great deal of public attention at the present time. At one of the most northern cattle ranges in this district the following information was given, which serves to illustrate to our readers that although stretching from the 52nd to the 60th degree of north latitude where a variety of climate is consequently encountered, the conditions are not necessarily adverse to settlement. They use as a general average for winter feed one ton of hay per day for 300 head of cattle for a period of from one to three months' duration. Nature seems to have supplemented the higher ranges with more abundant natural hay meadows than the lower levels of the country, and good grazing is found all through the woods, the pea-vine and red-top grasses growing as high as a man's head. The soil is mostly first class, and where the country is not wholly open it can very easily be cleared by the aid of fire, the timber for the most part being small poplar, pine and spruce. The natural vegetation is most luxuriant, and where the timber has been burnt over, open prairie spots are frequent with grass reaching to a height of five feet, mingled with pea-vine.

Farming is finding its level in British Columbia, as elsewhere, as a business which requires the same careful attention and intelligent application as other businesses; and it may be remarked here that what would rank as a small farm in most countries, of from 40 to 100 acres in extent, with careful handling will produce wonderful returns. Although cleared land in the already settled districts has all been taken up, and is therefore in the hands of private individuals, farms partially improved are at all times in the market, and may be readily obtained at from £4 to £25 an acre, according to situation and the character of the land. In the Okanagan valleys in the centre of the Province many of the land owners are cutting up their pro-

perties, seeing the inutility, under changed conditions, of endeavouring to retain unproductive acres, and the wisdom of parting with portions to others who will improve them to the utmost, whereas they were hitherto lying unproductive, is responsible for the fact that diversified farming on tentative principles is assuming wide proportions in the Province. There are many districts where this is in vogue, and hundreds of families are thus able to acquire new homes, and abet the long-felt want of a wider home production of the necessaries of life.

Home-seeking is the quest of the migrating Briton; the story of new locations is inscribed upon the pages of interstate history, and the expansion of the Empire from the original "Tight little, snug little island," to the countries of trade and prosperity upon the Pacific seaboard is the story of how the dependent boy upon the home farm becomes the head of another home, out in the West. The evolution of life, ambition, aspiration, toil, effort, prudence, skill, economy—all center around the fireside of "Home, sweet Home." It is a matter of less importance to the farmer of today where he is geographically located, than it is how he is located. He must be where Providence has made provision of three eminent essentials, climate, soil and water. But if he makes wise choice and combines railway advantages with the principal requisites, his future is absolutely assured. The pioneer of yesterday is ranching, or fruit growing, or mining in the far West, yet so near by railway to market centres of the East that his cattle, his grain, and his fruit may feed the old world within a month of husbanding. The man who raises cattle wants to know where his markets will be, and how fixed they are. The man who raises fodder crops needs more knowledge than the tonnage he can count upon; he must know the certainty and stability of his markets. The fruit grower must not be satisfied with his yield, but he must be content with the

market demand for his fruit. So with dairying, poultry raising, hop culture, market gardening, and all kindred branches of agriculture.

The mining camps and logging camps contiguous to the great valleys of the interior give stability to fodder and grain prices. The home demand is greater than the supply, without drawing upon the outside markets, which, by reason of geographical location, are both east and south.

What British Columbia needs at the present time is an influx of industrious, intelligent British farmers with a little capital, as the opportunities are as good here as can be found in any country in the new world for the building of a home. The climate is all that can be desired, the soil is fertile and well watered, the markets are insufficiently supplied and there is a ready sale and at good prices everywhere, and fruits, vegetables, and tobacco grow all over in abundance. Good living and splendid opportunities for investment await the home seekers who go out to British Columbia. Besides mine wealth and valley richness there is beautiful scenery, and wild game is plentiful in the country. Poultry raising and dairying are especially lucrative. There are hundreds of openings all over British Columbia in this branch of enterprise and the two can very well be pursued on the same farm, nor is much ground a necessity to good returns. Dairying pays better than any other branch of mixed farming and the Province possesses every element necessary to constitute it a great dairying country. This and the bacon hog should be two of the leading factors in building up the wealth of British Columbia. It has been due to them that Denmark is, today, one of the most prosperous of European countries. The imports for the fiscal year ending 1906, shew that considerably more than £1,000,000 worth of eggs, butter and poultry was imported into the Province from outside sources of supply.

Trust and Loan Companies.

By The Editor.

THE policy recently pursued by the Banks of British Columbia and indeed of the whole Canadian West, has been severely criticised. First of all the local press opened the campaign. A series of articles were written demonstrating indisputably that Western currency was being exported to the East to such an extent that Western enterprises were starved, and funds could not be obtained even on the best security for legitimate ventures. It was pointed out that the persistent policy of the Banks was to encourage deposits and discourage investments, so that larger funds would be available for use in the West. Much of the money thus acquired has been utilized in the development of the middle west where B. C. funds deposited at 3 per cent. have been earning 10 per cent. to 12 per cent. on gilt-edged security. Latterly, however, investigation has revealed the fact that even the middle west has ceased to benefit to any appreciable extent from this source, and it has been clearly proven that the bulk of the money deported from British Columbia has been placed on call in New York at a high rate of interest.

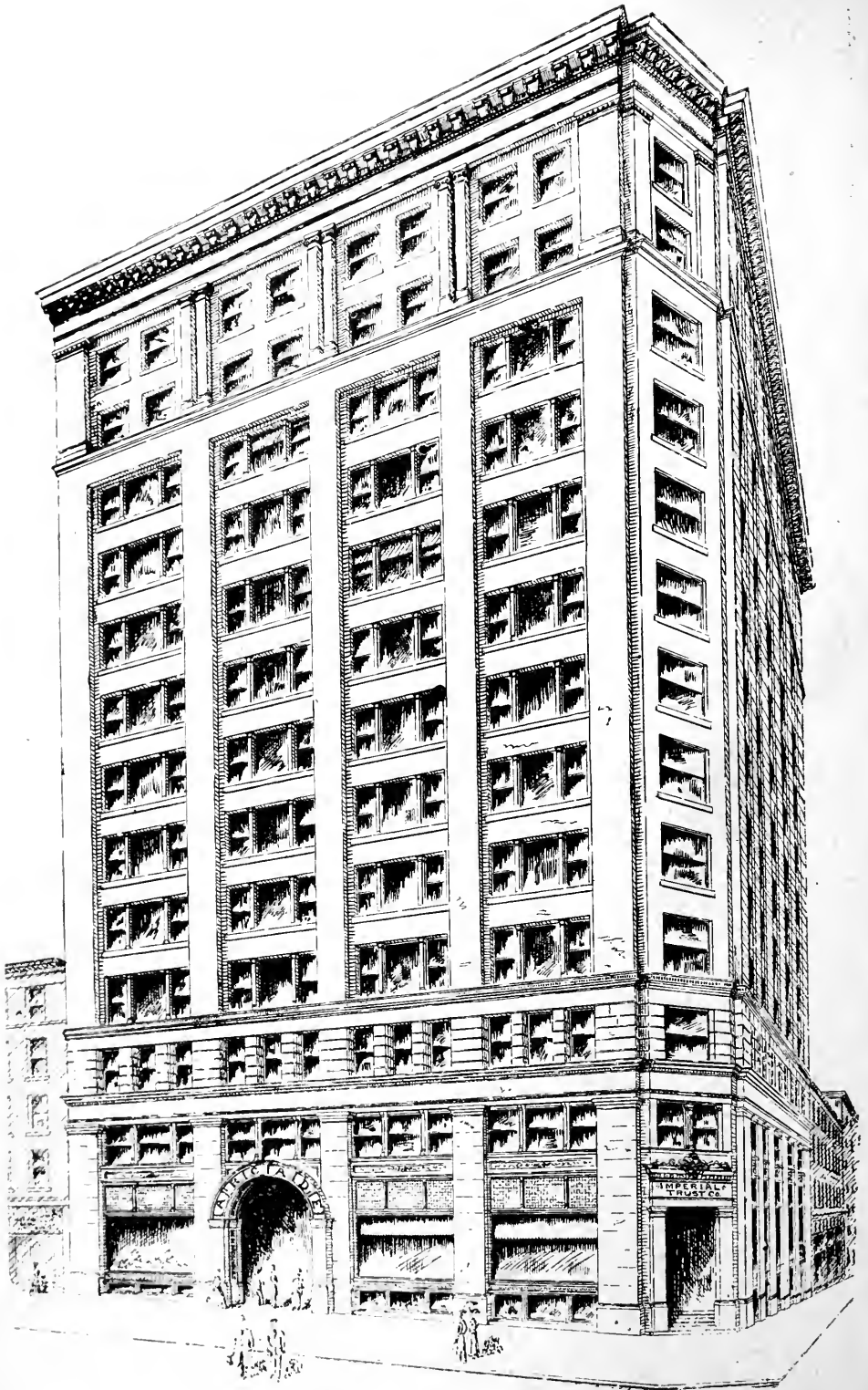
This policy has been defended on the ground that such investments practically represent the Bank reserves, which are obliged to be kept on call so that they may be available in emergency. The public, however, will prefer to believe that the principal reason for thus employing so large a percentage of the funds is to earn the exceptionally high rate of interest which Wall Street investments carry. Be that as it may the fact remains that the West is denuded of available cash, and that in order to retain this exported money in the East, the Bank Directors have issued a man-

date that their Branch Agents shall steadily refuse to make advances and shall in every possible way discourage local investments.

The result has already been serious. Money stringency is bad enough when it arises from general causes which are more or less universal. It is infinitely worse when, as in the instance under consideration, it is due to local conditions created by an unwise policy.

In this crisis British Columbia has every reason to congratulate itself that the Trust and Loan Companies have come to the rescue. But for their more generous and wiser policy important enterprises which are still being carried on, would have come to a standstill, and the era of commercial activity and general prosperity which has been so apparent for the last four years would have received a serious check. The Trust Companies, it is true, have a more elastic charter, instead of being prohibited from loaning money on real estate that is as a matter of fact their principal security; but it is well known that in this respect the Banks, whilst observing the letter of the law, have violated its spirit. Until recently advances were made by them for which real estate was accepted as collateral, and it became indirectly the security of a loan. But such a tentative movement obviously left the Banks free to abandon it whenever they saw fit, on the plea of non-justification, a privilege of which they have recently availed themselves to the full.

The Trust Companies, however, have gone steadily along, and no man has found a difficulty in obtaining money at a reasonable rate of interest on good security. This money runs into the millions, and has been used not only to pro-



Proposed Office of Imperial Trust Co.

vide homes and to extend the business of tradesmen, but also to establish and develop industries and to acquire real estate, timber and mineral holdings. In fact it is no mere figure of speech to say that by the aid of the Trust Companies the wheels of commerce have been oiled.

All these Companies do not proceed on exactly the same lines, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they cultivate special lines; thus, the B. C. Permanent, of which Mr. T. T. Langlois is President, and Mr. G. J. Telfer Manager, one of the oldest and most successful, with a paid-up capital of a million dollars, and assets of nearly two million dollars makes a specialty of real estate, and in particular devotes itself to enabling people to own their homes. Last year this Company increased its reserve fund from \$50,000 to \$150,000, and its assets \$200,000. It declared a dividend at the rate of .9 per cent., and a bonus at the rate of 1 per cent. on its permanent stock. It is worthy of note that before any dividends can be paid by these Companies the Government Inspector must examine the balance sheet and books, ascertain that the profits have been actually earned and must approve of the principle upon which the dividend is computed, so that both shareholders and depositors have a security which is scarcely less inviolable than that of the chartered Bank.

The Dominion Trust Co., of which Mr. J. B. Mathers is Manager and President, is another popular institution, which, although younger than the B. C. Permanent, is making continual progress. Last year it paid a dividend of 8 per cent. and a large bonus. Its business consists principally of loans, rental of safety deposit boxes, and the handling of Trust estates. The latter it has developed upon the lines of the Royal Trust Co. of Montreal, and the National Trust Co. of Toronto, and in furnishing a safe and expeditious method of performing the duties of executors, is supplying an important want.

This Company is just completing the

erection of a fine five-story office block in New Westminster.

A third Company, the British American Trust, was originally started at Grand Forks, under the Presidency of the well known British Columbian Capitalist, Mr. A. C. Flumerfelt, recently it moved to Vancouver, where its head offices now are, and Mr. W. L. Germaine became the General Manager. This Company whilst doing a large real estate business and loaning extensively on this class of security, has made a specialty of investments, stocks and shares. It acts as fiscal agent for the International Coal Co. and the Albert Coal Co., and effects insurance of every kind. All these Companies pay 4 per cent. for money on deposit, which is at least 1 per cent. better than the Banks. They loan money at 6 per cent. to 8 per cent. according to the class of security, and the British American Trust undertake to invest private means on mortgages, guaranteeing the principal and 6 per cent. interest.

The British Columbia Trust Corporation with head office in Vancouver has a local Board of Directors, all the members of which are influential business men and some of whom in any other country would be called merchant princes.

The newest arrival is The Imperial Trust Co., also of Vancouver. J. W. Weart and A. A. Boak are joint managers. The ambitious project of this Company is the erection of a twelve-story office building, the largest and most pretentious in the West.

It will readily be seen how institutions of this kind managed by successful business men, whose interests are local, contribute to the development of the country. The money deposited by Western men with them is re-invested in the West, and in addition yields to the depositor a higher rate of interest. These facts show how the Trust Companies are a help where the Banks are a hindrance, and how the greater elasticity of their methods and the wisdom of their general policy constitutes them invaluable aids in building up a new country.



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JAP.

A HUMOROUS SHORT STORY.

By Billee Glynn.

WHAT unfortunate impulse caused me to buy that game I cannot at this late date conjecture.

The one thing certain is that I bought it and lived to regret it. The Colonel, I suppose, setting the example by buying the rest of the batch—five hens and two roosters, all pure Spanish Buffs except one of the male birds which was a Langshan—had something to do with it; but at any rate the first thing I knew I had handed three dollars to the voluble gypsy conducting the auction and the bird was mine. It was at this moment of possession that the incongruity of my purchase suddenly fell upon me. What in the world was I going to do with it? In a few weeks I would be returning from Banff, where I had been spending my vacation, to my business in the city, and a fighting game of unusual size—called “Jap” if you please in token of his prowess—would hardly make an eligible companion in my bachelor quarters. Considered on the other hand in the light of a chicken-stew he was only a mouthful even in his bigness, and if strength and lasting powers—for the gypsy had illustrated these—were any indication of tenacity, undoubtedly a very tough one. It was all right for the Colonel. Despite his three hundred thousand or so, which should have placed him above such “tomfowlery”—his daughter’s word—he was a most enthusiastic poultryman, and had bought the bunch of Spanish Buffs to supplement his hennery down in Michigan. I had bought “Jap”—if I had only known it—to supplement my troubles, and stick his irreconcilable spurs in my suit for the

Colonel’s daughter. By way of prologue I handed him over to the stable boy at the Royal where the Colonel and I had been fellow guests—and on rather friendly terms—for more than a month.

It was little I thought of “Jap” that evening on the river; Lydia’s eyes were too blue, Lydia’s smile too sweet, Lydia’s tones too musical—to think of anything else. Besides there is a whole infinite between a woman’s sigh and a cock-a-doodle-do. The moon was at its best, the hour was at its best, the woman at her best, and I should have been at my best—but unfortunately was not far from being at my worst. Twenty times or more I had mentally fingered the lasso of speech to try my hand at the roping of Lydia’s heart, and twenty times or more I had forborne the cast. So it was that Lydia wondered at my abstraction. It was not till the boat was moored, and we were walking down the avenue of maples toward the hotel, that inspiration did come and I could have spoken the words so long delayed; but unluckily at the same moment also came Durands. Durands, I might state, was in love with Lydia too.

He pulled up his pony and doffed his hat somewhat in the manner of medieval romance.

“We’ve had an accident at the hotel since you left,” he said sauvely. “One of Colonel Wright’s pure-bred roosters—the one that matched his hens—has been killed by a game which got into the pen in some way, and the Colonel is very much put out about it—and with reason, too, for I believe the loss will be hard to make good.”

Then with a glance at me which made it plain that he knew to whom the game belonged he drove off.

In the umbrage of this calamity my inspiration was no more. What had I to hope? The Colonel's daughter was the Colonel's daughter, and the killing of a rooster of very rare breed would loom from the Colonel's point of view an outrage not to be easily overlooked.

"I hope," I said, turning to Lydia, "your father will not be very angry about this."

"It depends on the breed," she returned, smiling; "if it's rare——"

"It is—very—a Spanish Buff."

"Then papa will be very angry."

I couldn't help sighing. Lydia glanced up with laughter in her eyes.

"Really," she said, "one would think you owned the game."

"I do," I responded with tragic brevity.

The ensuing pause was abysmal. When I ventured to next look at Lydia her brow wore a pretty frown of annoyance.

"I don't know how you came to buy such a bird," she reproved almost Colonel-like.

"It was the last of the batch—your father bought the others."

"And you took pity on it, I suppose"—mockingly.

"I always take pity on birds in a single state," I rejoined meaningly, "especially when there's only one in the family."

Lydia arched her brows and surveyed me. I think she was still somewhat piqued at my silence on the river.

"How glad I am," she breathed fervently, "that there are two in our family—papa and myself."

"In that case there's an emotion akin to pity," I suggested. But Lydia was not to be caught despite the red in her cheeks.

"That would be sorrow, I suppose," she said. "But let me tell you sorrow over papa's dead Spaniard will not answer the purpose. If you do not wish to quarrel"—and there was an exquisite strain of entreaty in her voice that set my pulses throbbing—"you will keep out of papa's sight till he has become reconciled to his loss."

"I will," I averred, assuming her hand; then finding her smiling at me quizzically, and with nothing ready mentally to authorise my action, dropped it again.

"Really, Mr. Branscom," she commented with arch seriousness, "you are acting strangely today. Are you feeling quite well?"

"I have a bad heart."

"In that case you should get something for it."

"I am going to try," I returned significantly.

"I pity you—medicines as a rule are so distasteful."

"If this particular medicine is as good as it looks," I replied, "I could stay with it for a lifetime."

Alas, the secrets beneath the lashes of a woman's eyes, and the interruptions that mar the course of human opportunity! I waited in vain for the former to disclose themselves—then, looking up, found myself face to face with an extravagant type of the latter. We were very near the hotel and still nearer the Colonel.

How he got there I cannot imagine; but there he was at the entrance to the grounds, a few yards away, waiting—a lean, soldierly figure of unsoldierly impatience, his thin hand making nervous havoc in his white mustache, his brows drawn together in what was nothing less than a scowl—and his manner generally that of a repressed thunderstorm.

"This is unfortunate," whispered Lydia, "but please do not quarrel."

I had just time to assure her in this respect when the Colonel spoke.

"I have something to show you, sir," he hissed sharply, "would you come this way, please."

Of course I went and Lydia went too; and when the Colonel stopped on another part of the grounds, pointing with a dramatic gesture to the carcass of his murdered "Buff," it is needless to say how we both exclaimed over the matter. The Colonel was still strangely silent—so long and ominously silent in fact that my sympathy was well out at the elbows and I was beginning to feel a guilty consciousness steal into my manner.

"Of course," I said, "the loss, though to be regretted, is only temporary; you will be able to replace the bird easily enough, I suppose."

"Sir," returned the Colonel severely, "I have hunted for a bird of that species for years, and have never been able to get the pure breed till now. The hens are useless without the male; the other rooster is, as you know, a Langshan. If it had been it instead of this one I could have overlooked the matter. As it is——"

His utterance became choked, but there was volumes in his look. In the glare of it dissimulation was a thing of the past, and anticipation too painful to dally with—so I took the bull by the horns.

"In that case," I said, "it is very unfortunate certainly," then tentatively—"It was a dog did it, I suppose."

Lydia on the other side of me actually tittered.

"A dog!—a dog, did you say, sir!"—the Colonel's voice was hoarse with repressed rage, and he took a couple of quick steps toward me, his hand outstretched menacingly—"The dog that did this, sir, was that infernal game you were cursed enough to buy this afternoon—for no other reason that I can see than the prosecution of others."

"But I left it in charge of the stable boy," I stammered.

"Certainly you did," foamed the Colonel; "you left it in charge of an idiot—a fool—and the fool-idiot put it along with my hens. If you had known what you were doing, sir, and never have bought it this thing wouldn't have happened."

"Nor if you had not bought yours," I was tempted to reply.

The Colonel choked for an instant at the audacity of the retort, and then—instead of the torrent of words I expected—drew himself together with a manner of infinite superiority, that made me suddenly regret my unfortunate remark.

"Come Lydia," he said with icy austerity, "we will leave this gentleman"—stressfully—"to glory over my loss, and consider other depredations of a similar

kind. In the future, however, you will remember that only my friends can be yours."

Ah! that was the vital point. The Colonel had touched the very button of my being and was evidently aware of it.

"Sir," I supplicated, turning quickly about, "you, yourself, cannot regret this thing more than I do; you are very unjust with me. I beg of you not to exaggerate my part in the matter—I am willing to reimburse you to any extent."

"Exaggerate!" The Colonel glared at me, and his hand went to the place where he had worn his sword in days of service. "Sir, you will please understand that I have never been notorious as a liar. Come Lydia."

And Lydia went; while I stood gazing abstractedly after them—then turned miserably to the dead Buff, and worse still—dead hopes!

It was at this moment that the stable boy presented himself with the glib intelligence of having rescued the game from the Colonel's wrath and secured it safely in the stable, and the interruption was an anodyne to my tortured feelings. I cuffed his ears soundly, and then considered the further relief to myself of wringing the neck of the blood-thirsty "Jap," the author of my misfortunes. I even visited him for the purpose; but instead of the crest-fallen state he should have presented under the circumstances—and with which I might have carried out my revenge—he appeared so jubilant over his feat, and uttered such a rollicking cock-a-doodle-do on beholding me, that I simply had to plug my ears with my fingers and fly for fear of infection.

I met Lydia at the breakfast table next morning. The Colonel, she informed me, with an enigmatical drooping of her eyelids, was out feeding his hens.

"I hope," I said earnestly, "he has quite forgiven me for that little accident last night."

"If we could always realise our hopes," she returned periphrastically, "life would be different, wouldn't it?"

"So different!" I sighed, "and I would not have to go far to realise mine."

"How lucky! I wish I could say as

much—then you are confident of winning papa over again? I thought may be I would have to help you.”

“I am not very confident of anything,” I rejoined, “I was only wondering if I could win over somebody else.”

“Oh, well, if papa is a matter of indifference with you, of course, I needn't care.”

“Ah, if you did,” I said, “all other things would be matters of indifference—as it is——”

“Then you do not wish my advice?”

“Very much—if you cannot give me something better.”

“Than my advice!—there is nothing better”—with incredulous brows.

“I have always been taught the heart was better than the brain.”

“Really, Mr. Brancorn, you must have been brought up on Byron; I am sorry for you—passion is so very, very out-of-date.”

“Then give me your advice and call me Charlie.”

“So be it, Ch—ar—lie. Get papa another Buff.”

“Impossible—I offered Bill, the stable boy, ten dollars and he shook his head.”

Lydia became thoughtful. “That is unfortunate,” she said, “but I was thinking if you would order up a nice birthday table in papa's honor—not too rich, you know, but wholesome, and with a foreign sprinkling—in names at least—for papa has a tendency to exotics in things gastronomic—it might have good effect. His birthday is next Friday, and you could send him a nicely-worded invitation. I will see that he does not make other engagements.”

“But would he accept?”

“I think I could persuade him if you can make your note sufficiently luring. He was made a Colonel on the same day, you know, for making a capture of two hundred Spaniards, and you could set that down as the basis of your action, making reference to the esprit de corps which should exist among those who had served under the stars and stripes. You were in the war, were you not?—only a bugle boy!—well, that doesn't matter. And you might also allude—for papa is great on Americanism—to it being a pre-

dominant characteristic of the American mind to overlook personal animosities in the spirit of great issues and the vaster responsibilities of brotherhood. There, isn't that pretty well worded?”

“Excellent!” I exclaimed; “Lydia, you're a brick.”

“Really!—a golden one or the kind of which houses are made?”

“A golden one, but not bogus,—and you would be the making of any man's house too.”

“If winds were as strong as suggestions the house would not be likely to stand long.”

“The suggestions are the fault of your eyes.”

“Is that all?” she asked, rising with a smile of piquant mockery.

“No—of your hair too—your smile—your form—the whole of you in fact.”

“Then the whole of me is at fault; I will make an attempt at correction this afternoon.”

“It is a faultless fault—but what are you going to do?”

“Going riding with Mr. Durands.”

“But,” I stammered, “you promised yesterday to go rowing with me.”

“Under the present circumstances, it's utterly impossible. Besides, did you not find it a little dull on the river yesterday?”

“Dull!” I ejaculated.

“Ah, I thought you did. Well, Mr. Durands, they tell me, studied conversation for three years at a school in New York.”

“Lydia,” I expostulated, getting on my feet, “I surely haven't got to wait till Friday and see you with that man.”

“Oh, no, not necessarily. If Mr. Durands should become dull, too, there is Mr. Smith, Mr. Langley, and others. You need not fear that I will be a bit lonesome.”

“Lydia——” I began— But Lydia with a merry sparkle of eyes was gone.

The time was very slow in going around, perhaps, because Lydia was going with Durands. But Friday came at last, and with it the Colonel in response to my diplomatically worded invitation—in which I had been careful to intimate that I thought it possible to replace

the dead Buff. In real truth, however, I had little hope of doing so, but any sort of lie was better than seeing Lydia smile on Durand's.

The Colonel was somewhat glacial on his first appearance, but the presentation of a handsome portfolio of the famous generals of the world with a pen-and-ink sketch of himself—done for me by a friend artist—as frontispiece melted him appreciably; and by the time we had finished the third course, through the aid of sherry and muscatel, he had thawed to old-time intimacy, and with his pleasant flow of military anecdotes was like a brook in Maytime—admitting of course a soldier's dignity.

"Yes, sir," he said with warmth, "the army is the greatest of all trainings to fit a man for life. Your universities, your colleges, and other hotbeds of snobbery are mere farcical fatuities beside it. In the army, sir, you are taught—and taught by being in touch with actualities—all the great principles that go to give one the proper grasp of life—the dependence of combination, the independence of personal responsibility; you are instilled with respect, with loyalty, with the high ideals that tend to human utility, with honor to guide your ambition. And where else do we find such a thing? Not in business life—it has become a mere matter of loaded dice and licensed tricksters with the millstone of the mighty millions above. No, sir, military service alone is the one essentiality to the development of a good citizen, physically and mentally, and if I were a representative of the people of this country, sir, I would do my best to enact a law compelling all male adults to a term in the militia or navy. You, yourself, have served I believe."

"I have," I returned, endeavoring to look modest.

"And I dare say you would not part with your experience for a good deal?"

"Not for the business training of a Carnegie or Vanderbilt."

"There it is, you see," exclaimed the Colonel. "It is frequently the habit of man to dislike what he has not yet tasted—going wholly as he nearly always does by externalities. If we were to judge

that wine, sir, by the cobwebs which were on the bottle it would be a poor thing; and military life is very much the same—it shows bad from the outside, but touch the heart of it and you love it forever."

"That is true," I responded, "and yet its abstraction has not a narrowing influence. You, yourself, sir, despite your military career are, I think, a man of decided agricultural tastes."

"I am glad to say so," replied the Colonel proudly. "I consider a liking for such pursuits next thing to a liking for God. I have the finest farm, sir, in the State of Michigan, and the most replete hennery in the United States."

"I was aware of the latter fact," I said, "and am very sorry that I should have been the cause—though indirectly—of a slight, yet appreciable, loss to you in the respect. On occasions like this—"

But the Colonel held up his hand grandly. "Not another word," he commanded. "I have your assurance that you can make the thing good; and your action in killing the game—which, I am forced to admit, was a very excellent, even rare, bird of its kind—is sufficient proof of your feelings in the matter."

"Killing the game—! Oh, yes, of course," I stammered, "—who told you that?"

"Lydia."

"Oh, I thought she did not know," I explained, recovering myself with a quick determination of wringing the neck of my ferocious purchase immediately on getting rid of the Colonel. Then, lest a pause should give my companion time for suspicion and awkward questions, and with the feeling of being master of the situation upon me, I thought it fit to launch into a little self-glory on the strength of my intentions.

"Yes," I declared pompously, "I believe in justice, absolute justice—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. I have always made it a practice in my own life, and it is only in my rights against others that I recognize the principle of charity—never in regard to myself. In case of my murdering a man, sir, I would ask nothing better than being hanged—in fact I would insist up it. My

game killed your Buff, and in turn I wrung the neck of my game. There is a proper adjustment for you. It only remains now to substitute your loss. To have kept the game a further menace to you would have been utterly out of the question."

"Yet you might have sold it," suggested the Colonel considerably.

"Sold it!" I exclaimed with deprecation. "My dear sir, the very fact of it having caused me the loss of your goodwill, though but for a time, would have been enough to make the money eat a hole in my pocket."

The Colonel stretched his hand across the table. "Sir," he said, "you are a gentleman all the way through—and my friend."

"Let us drink to that friendship," I said, rising and pouring the two wine glasses.

The Colonel rose too. "With pleasure," he averred.

Then, in the pause before making the toasts, while we stood wine in hand, looking each other in the face with the glow of brotherhood in our eyes, the door was suddenly flung open and the stable boy presented himself with flurried manner and white face.

He didn't wait; no, not even for an instant—if he had the heart-to-heart dip with the Colonel would have been taken and all might have been well—but the moment he saw me called out hoarsely:

"I say, Mr. Branscom, come quick! The game got out and is killin' another of the Colonel's roosters. Hurry up, for it's the dyin' act with the Langshan."

The colonel wheeled like a flash, stood staring for an instant in consternation at the open door and the disappearing stable boy, then turned to me in a white heat.

"D—— you, anyway," he ejaculated; and the next instant had gone in a manner remarkable for a man of his years.

I sank in my chair powerless. It was the stable boy who roused me five minutes later.

"I saved him," he said glibly.

"The Langshan?" I asked eagerly, getting a grip on myself.

"No, 'Jap,' from the Colonel. The

other's takin' his departure with the Colonel at his bedside."

"Get out of here quick," I foamed; "I might murder you." Then as he reached the other side of the room: "Fifty dollars mind if you get me two birds like the ones killed."

But he only shook his head hopelessly, and disappeared with an impish smile.

For a week I met the Colonel repeatedly, and for a week the Colonel was totally oblivious of my "Good morning," or my "Good afternoon, sir." It looked so very bad indeed that I at length felt the necessity of consulting Lydia. I had seen so little of her lately owing to the marked quality of Durands' attentions—to say nothing of Langley, who was also in the rale, now that I was out of it—that a tete-a-tete with her was in itself rather refreshing. She only expressed her sympathy, however, with a decided emphasis on one point.

"You have killed the game, I suppose?" she said.

"Hem!—no,—not yet," I made slow reply.

"That doesn't look very regretful, does it?"

"Perhaps not, but what good would it do now. I told your father I had wrung its neck before to corroborate your story."

"I fancied you had—you should have, you know. Anyway, you could show it to him with its neck wrung this time, and with two birds to duplicate the dead ones it might be effective."

"That is impossible," I returned. "The gypsy from whom they were bought has completely disappeared, and the country grows nothing but leghorns and min-orchas."

"It wouldn't do any harm in any case."

"Except to the game—I suppose." I don't know how the solicitude got into my tone, but it did, and Lydia arched her brows and looked at me.

"Of course," she said proudly, "if you think more of a mere game—than—than"—flushing delightfully—"papa's goodwill, it's a matter of indifference to me."

She had risen to go but I detained her.

"You are at an utter loss," I explained hastily; "I value the Colonel's good-will

very much, indeed, and that of somebody else more than all the games, hens, chickens, and incubators in the United States, but just imagine my feelings—I never wrung the neck of a chicken, or chopped one's head off in my life."

"You could shoot it," she said.

"I never thought of that."

"Then papa did. He vowed he would do it on sight, and it would look better on your part to relieve him of the duty."

"I would have thought he would prefer a slower death for it," I rejoined, "but depend on me—I'll be game!"

Game I was not, however, while the game still was. I could no more bring myself to kill that bird than I could consider the taking of my own life to relieve myself of the duty. It was not that I had no desire to do so; remembering it was Lydia's own suggestion and seeing her with Durands—more intimate than ever—gave me worlds of that. But as often as I went with bloody intentions to the stable where the game was confined—and the occasions were not few—I as often returned, the purpose unaccomplished, conquered by its strut, its assurance—out of all proportion to its size, the infernal cock-a-doodle-do with which it never failed to hail my coming. Talk of your Pa—!—the personality of that bird was in a class by itself. Again and again, moved by vengeance by Durands' infatuation and Lydia's tolerance of it, I would return to the task only to turn again and again away from it,—crowed and strutted out of face, as it were,—until at length it almost became a case of Lydia or the game; and even then I was powerless. If the bird had been capable of a consciousness of guilt or even dejection—the slightest drooping of its comb, its tail feathers—I would have been capable of its destruction, but to cut it off in its habitual and apparently everlasting state of self-glory would have been to make it a martyr.

In my desire to kill the bird and my inability to do so, I was becoming so despondent that something dire might have resulted, had not the stable boy one morning about a week after my conversation with Lydia brought me a tale about

one of the Colonel's best hens having been killed that night by a weasel. The Colonel, he said, was in an awful rage about it and had vowed to set a dozen traps around his pen—the one end of a dilapidated driving-house at the farther side of the grounds—to catch the thief if he should come again.

Here, at last, was a way to the end of 'Jap'; why not let him out that night and the weasel would get him. If not the Colonel would in the morning, and his death at the Colonel's hands—despite Lydia's opinion—was no longer distasteful to me. I had suffered too much—far too much—and being hopeless was not a little angry with Lydia herself. For a week she had vouchsafed me nothing more than mere salutations, and I felt that notwithstanding parental objections she might have given me opportunity for an occasional tete-a-tete. It was Durands—Durands—Durands eternally, till I fancied at last it had been Durands always and that she had been only playing me. After all if the Colonel got back at "Jap" might it not have good effect in allaying his feelings against me. Surely! So when the kindly night had descended and the stars were all out looking at me with Lydia's eyes I closed the stable door softly and set "Jap" down to strut out—swashbuckler that he was—to his fate and the weasel.

I slept late the next morning, but after breakfast found the Colonel and Lydia on the verandah, and sank into a seat on the opposite side of the doorway.

"A pleasant morning," I said. But Lydia only made reply. Then I became engrossed in my magazine and the Colonel in his paper, having shifted his chair so that his back was toward me.

I had only succeeded in settling down from self-consciousness to a perusal of my story, however, when the morning silence was suddenly broken by the loud and triumphant—ah, familiarly triumphant!—crowing of a cock. No, I could not, I would not believe it was "Jap." That was too utterly against the religion of hope. He must have fallen a victim to the weasel hours before. The Colonel had probably been making recent additions of the male gender to his stock of

hens, and the sound certainly came from the direction of his hen-pen. Ah, how admirable a thing it is to be able to adopt a conviction, but how brain-racking to have it rudely shaken! I had only again settled down to my magazine—or rather to keeping a furtive eye on the Colonel, who had also started, cocking his ear as it were—when—“never, clear, deadlier than before”—and tenfold “Jappish,” once more that terrible cockcrow smote the air—then again and again.

The Colonel waited no longer. He grabbed his cane, and without replying to Lydia's question as to where he was going, hurried off in the direction of the sound.

I rose leisurely like a man to whom nothing is left but to meet his fate with nonchalance. Lydia on the other hand was somewhat excited.

“What is wrong now?” she asked.

“Oh, nothing,” I said, “only the game is out once more.”

“The game!—but I thought you promised me, sir, to put an end to it”—with hauteur.

“Come along,” I returned soothingly, making my way down the steps, “and you will see the end of it now.”

She followed me, but apparently with the intention of expressing herself.

“If I had known you were not a man of your word,” she said, “I would not have acted as I did, and bothered getting—but never mind, it's no matter now.”

“If I thought the knowledge would have had any effect in changing your action with Durands,” I retorted, “I would have let you know sooner.”

“I hope, sir, you do not dare to insinuate anything wrong in my conduct with Mr. Durands?”

“No,” I admitted brusquely, “the trouble is, I guess, that there is something wrong with me.”

“I should think so”—scathingly—“breaking a sacred promise, and then being so careless as to allow the game to break out after all the trouble it caused before.”

“I wasn't careless—I let it out on purpose.”

“Let it out on purpose!” gasped Lydia

“Yes, so the weasel would get it;

didn't I tell you I had never killed a chicken in my life.”

“Well of all weakness—!” she began; then gazed at me contemptively without being able to further express herself.

“The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals would call it chivalry, I believe.”

“Chivalry!—really, you have a strong feeling for—hens!”

“Perhaps, but a far stronger one for another bird.” I was looking desperately in her eyes, but she was an adept at fencing.

“That would be your own kind, I suppose—a jay,” she retorted. Then seeing I was about to continue the subject: “Anyway papa is bound to kill the game, and I know you and he will have an awful quarrel. I do hate scenes.”

“If your love is as easily moved as your hate,” I made reply, “I will promise to let him tear it feather by feather.”

But rounding the corner of the driving-house where the Colonel kept his hens at this juncture we came suddenly upon a scene so strange, so unexpected, that I stopped short and rubbed my eyes in incredulous bewilderment, while Lydia expressed herself in a faint, “Well!”

There with his stick in his hand, and a smile upon his face, was the Colonel; and there before him—as much alive as ever he was, and strutting himself out of all conscience, his head now on this side, now on that, and all apparently for the benefit of his companion—was “Jap.” I could hardly believe my senses, and imagined for an instant that the Colonel—as I, myself, had been—was a victim to the bird's hypnotic eye and magnetic personality. Then suddenly I found the key to the situation. It lay between—the dead weasel! a small one! The Colonel apparently in his jubilation over killing the animal had forgotten the game. Lest he should remember I hurried up and caught his hand.

“Sir,” I exclaimed, “allow me to congratulate you—an excellent shot—you shot it did you not?”

The Colonel's smile was very dry, there was even a glint of it in his eyes.

“The honor,” he said, pointing to “Jap,” “belongs to the game.”

"Never!" I ejaculated.

"Yes," affirmed the Colonel, "just gave it the coup de grace as I arrived." Then setting down his stick with emphasis: "Hang it all, sir, it's about as good a sample of 'clean grit' as I ever saw, and on the face of it I have a half notion to blot out an old score against the little blackguard."

I was still too astonished to speak, but Lydia was quick to seize the psychologicality of the moment with another surprise.

"Papa," she said, "Mr. Branscom was just telling me he had been successful in getting another Spanish Buff and Langshan for you to replace the ones killed, and that he had confined them in this old granary here. I suppose you would not mind letting us see them, Mr. Branscom?"—and her hand was already on the latch of the granary door.

It was well for me my silence was taken for granted, and the Colonel hurried over at once to his daughter's side without looking in my direction, for my mouth, I fear, was wide open and my eyes inclined to bulge. But a backward glance from Lydia brought me partially to myself, and the next minute I had joined them.

The Colonel had already the two birds in his hands examining them. When he

set them down it was with a sigh of satisfaction and he turned to me.

"Sir," he said warmly, "I don't know where you got them, but they're every whit as good as the other ones, and I thank you for your trouble in the matter. Hem!—I fear I may have been a little harsh with you, sir, but you will accept the apology of an old soldier."

I took his proffered hand with avidity. "With pleasure, sir," I said. "And you would do me a further honor by taking the game as a sort of interest to your loss."

Despite the happy outcome of the affair I had little faith in my brave "Jap" and was bound to be rid of him then and forever.

"The game!" exclaimed the Colonel delighted. "But this is too much, sir."

"Not at all—the brave to the brave, you know; only be careful of him, sir, for, like yourself, he's a natural-born fighter."

But the Colonel only beamed over the responsibility.

The mystery to me—for even now as Mrs. Branscom she absolutely refuses to make it known—is how Lydia came by those two birds. It was enough at the time, however, to know that she went to the trouble of getting them.

TRUE LOVE.

True love is born of pain,
And bringeth forth sweet pain again.
Sweet love! sweet pain!
O bitter love! O bitter, bitter pain!
Alas, 'twere all in vain
To part them—time must prove
That death may vanquish love,
And slay her with his dart,
Ere pain and lovers part.

—Annie C. Dalton.

“The Ambitious City.”

By W. Oliphant Bell.

RIGHT across the harbor from Vancouver and separated by about two miles of land-locked water, lies the north shore of Burrard Inlet, famous throughout Canada and the shipping world as the great

dians, the younger generation of whom today are more concerned with civilised ideals than with the occupation of their forefathers, forerunners as they were of the present great fishing industry.

This North shore of Burrard Inlet in



The City Hall.

Western outlet of the mighty Dominion. Only a quarter of a century ago these waters were virtually unknown, save for the recorded experiences of a few adventurous spirits who preceded the iron horse. Truly an occasional trader made the port in the interests of the small lumber mills which had carved the initial slices from the great forest bonanza, but the daily frequenters of the waters were the primitive canoes of the Coast In-

reality dominates the entire situation from a geographical standpoint. The South shore for several miles from the entrance to the harbor forms the peninsula upon which the City of Vancouver is built, the other side of which is skirted by the Fraser River, famous as the great Coast waterway, alternately gold-disintegrator and placer-former, alluvial soil depositor and farm-fertiliser and finally spawning ground for the

world-renowned salmon, “the fish that made the Province famous.” Why the aforesaid South shore should have been selected for the site of the proud city which is now reared thereon it is difficult to say. In all enterprises in unexplored, or at all events new countries,

in the last few weeks in the incorporation of a new and rival city—one day to perhaps divide honors with Vancouver itself in expanding the trade of the port.

North Vancouver was the name first applied to a large and unwieldy municipi-



Mayor A. E. Kealy.

mistakes are made, and it must be admitted that in the present instance the selection was open to question. However, it was reserved for a later day to witness the utilisation of the great resources and unique situation of North Vancouver, which culminated only with-

pality about eighteen miles long by about nine miles in breadth. The people of Vancouver for many years looked at it from across the water, but it was reserved for some enterprising campers in search of new sensations to discover the charms and possibilities of the opposite

shore. As these became better appreciated a tendency to settle there was evinced and so it happened that from a camping ground on the foreshore the

central and accessible portion of the municipality at the time, was placed on the market. Investors immediately took hold and in a short time residences of



Alderman Irwin's Residence.

nucleus of a settlement was formed. For several years these pioneers struggled with nature, firmly convinced that one day people would flock across to participate in the enjoyment of such an ideal

all kinds from the mansion to the humble shack commenced to make their appearance, while values which were ridiculously low in the first instance soon advanced as the demand increased.



A July Celebration.

residential locality. Their faith was destined soon to be rewarded, for about four years ago the Lonsdale Estate, held by absentees and comprising the most

Since that date progress has been steady and uninterrupted and the spectacle witnessed on Dominion Day when the official incorporation of the city was cele-

brated in the presence of the entire local population added to some 15,000 residents of Vancouver, who participated in the festivities, is eloquent testimony of the popularity of this latest addition to the roll of British Columbia cities.

A visit to the North side is one of the first trips taken by the new arrival in Vancouver. As the train steams in



Capilano Canyon.

round the shore from its long transcontinental journey the expectant eye is instinctively turned across the bay. There across the sun-kissed wavelets is seen the outline of a city in creation and involuntarily one asks the question, "What place is that?" The first impression begets the desire for further investigation. The ferry starts from the center of the city and at present consists of two regular steamers, one of which is capable of carrying about 1,000 passengers. The company operating the line is gradually responding to the demands for a faster and more frequent service and extensive improvements are now in contemplation. Fifteen minutes' steam suffices for the trip across the Inlet and on arrival early evidences of strenuous development work meet the eye. The main street known as Lonsdale Avenue bisects the city north and south. It measures 100 feet

in width and has a gradual ascent for about half a mile, which admits of an admirable system of lateral avenues for residential purposes. And truly it is a wonderful panorama which unfolds itself, unique and of surpassing beauty. Looking across the harbor the whole waterfront of Vancouver, with all its varied shipping from the gigantic ocean freighter to the businesslike tug, stretches out for miles, flanked on either side by the smoke of innumerable lumber mills and other busy industrial works. Away out on the horizon can faintly be discerned Vancouver Island, while in the rear to left and right the mountain ranges rise, their snow-capped peaks standing out in cameo-like relief against the clear sky. The intervening valleys suggest sport for the gun and the mountain streams which through them course positively invite the rod, with evidently very satisfactory results, if the daily influx of sportsmen during the season be any criterion.

Since facilities of transport and the convenient application of heat, light and power as furnished by the use of electricity are usually conceded to be necessary requirements for a modern city, North Vancouver can certainly claim to be strictly up-to-date. When the B. C. Electric Railway Company which practically controls the street car systems and electric lighting of the Coast, turned



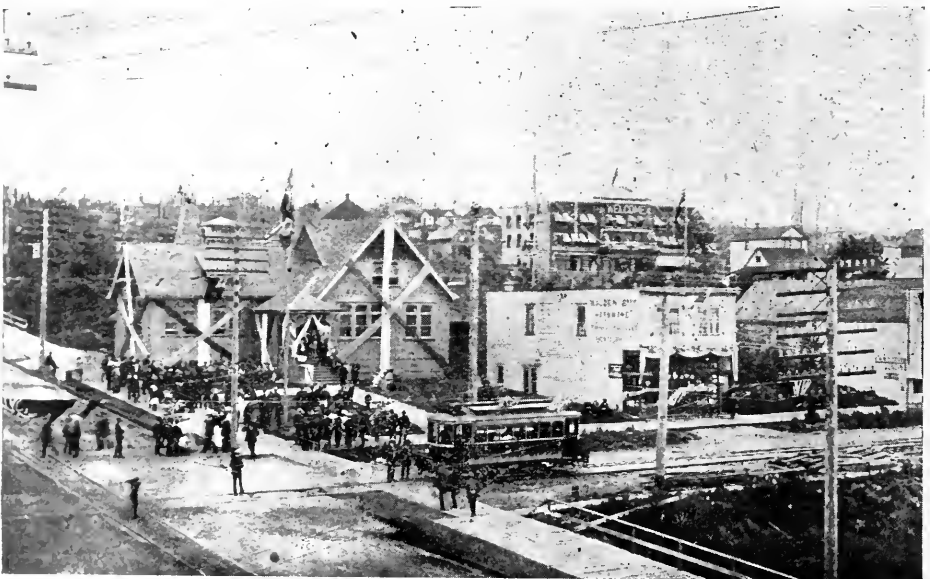
A Typical Home.

its attention to North Vancouver it evidently saw something in the future which it considered worthy of the expenditure of considerable capital in the present. Of course there were not wanting people who thought that the franchise given the

company was too liberal, but when the advantages are set against these contentions, it cannot be denied that the city has gained a great boon and at the same time incalculably benefited its material prospects. There is now an admirable tramway system installed covering the principal thoroughfares and it is being rapidly extended to the famous Capilano canyon which promises to be one of the most popular holiday resorts on the Coast. As it is large numbers of holiday makers make this beautiful spot the object of their excursions and needless to say when they can accomplish the jour-

Nevertheless it is something to know that the phone is available in case of necessity and serves also to illustrate the further progressiveness of the city as a whole.

In every young and vigorous community the demand for improvements generally exceeds the supply and North Vancouver is no exception to the rule. Notwithstanding a great deal has been effected and the last year particularly much headway is noticeable. Most of the principal streets are now graded and furnished with sidewalks, while water and electric light extensions are being



A Festive City.

ney without fatigue they will appreciate the change. The lighting of the city is a particularly attractive feature, the rates being very moderate and the service good. These are very important points from the residential standpoint and it may be questioned if any city in Canada of similar size has anything approaching such facilities. The telephone system connecting with Vancouver central is also in operation and no doubt as the city develops it will be incorporated in the parent body, thus eliminating a great deal of vexation and annoyance inseparable from the operation of a sub-station.

pushed to the more remote localities with all possible speed. It is only fair to say that the water service is one of the greatest assets of any community, and in this respect and also as regards the purity and pressure available the city is particularly fortunate. The supply is taken from a dam constructed at a point in Lynn Creek, about six miles from the wharf the elevation being over 500 feet, thus ensuring a splendid distributing service over the entire city. A special water loan by-law was passed for \$50,000 to cover the cost of construction and the investment has been a highly profit-

able one. As a result of the incorporation of the city which now comprises within its boundaries between 2,500 and 3,000 acres, a policy of concentration in civic improvements will be introduced. The good results thereof should speedily manifest themselves and as population increases there will be ample opportunity for the extension of public works generally. The city of North Vancouver has also a splendid asset in the public parks which have been secured by the foresight of the old municipal council, aided by the generous action of various parties who donated valuable sites. Chief amongst these is Victoria Park situated

a large and permanent building for its exhibits. The exhibitions held in the past have been a revelation to strangers in the matter of variety of the fruits, flowers and other products indigenous to the soil, in fact nothing else could have demonstrated better the suitability of North Vancouver for their successful cultivation. In the course of time as a consequence North Vancouver will revel in natural scenic attractions enhanced by the wise touch of the civic beautifying association.

While prophecy has oftimes been justly discredited in these latter days it is safe to say that deductions drawn from



St. John's Boys' School.

about half a mile from the wharf, and comprising two sections of three and one-half acres each on the east and west side respectively of Lonsdale Avenue. The citizens have to thank the North Vancouver Land and Improvement Co. and Mr. St. George Hammersley for this fine and public-spirited gift. When fully cultivated and artistically laid out, as it will be very soon, it will prove one of the beauty spots and principal attractions of the place. About a mile further on Alexandra Park is located, adjoining which is the ground of the B. C. Electric Railway intended for athletic purposes. The former park will contain the new home of the Horticultural Association, which flourishing society is about to erect

practical and well founded sources can be accepted without undue reserve. It must be so in any generalisation of the future of North Vancouver where all the evidences exist which denote a healthy and prosperous growth.

When, in the course of four short years a city can spring from a state of absolute nature, to a modern thriving community of 2,500 people, and all without the assistance of any artificial stimulus, it speaks with no uncertain voice. Today business of all kinds is well represented and prosperous. Three churches testify to the spiritual needs of the people. Two hotels cater to the wants of the travellers. Two saw-mills are in active operation, while three ship-

building yards are as busy as they can be. There is an organ factory in the city and several other industries are about to commence operations. Then the B. C. Electric Railway is busy extending their system and will continue to employ a large force of men. But independent of all this there is the great stretch of unoccupied water front with all its splendid facilities for docking and shipping purposes generally. Water-front in Vancouver is limited and being virtually controlled by the railroads there is no room for the unrestricted development of independent shipping interests. When it is borne in mind that oversea commerce will always be one of the most important undertakings connected with the port of Burrard Inlet, the valuable

nature of the asset possessed by North Vancouver with its unfettered waterfront, can be better appreciated. That it will shortly be linked by rail with Vancouver is a certainty, as the survey for a bridge across the Second Narrows has proved its feasibility, and the V. W. & Y. Railway has announced its building. Independent of this, however, North Vancouver has a future of its own. Its incomparable site, proximity to Vancouver, and general attractiveness as a residential locality; also, and what is more important the reasonable values of real estate, must ensure it a steady and increasing growth. It is a city full of promise and only the most unlooked-for circumstances could impede its development.



The Express Office.

Anglo-Saxon.

By Amicus.

IN speaking of the Anglo Saxon I refer not to the man but to the language which is the chosen vehicle of this virile race—English. The language in which some of the greatest writers of any age have conveyed their message to the world. The language in which Chaucer chanted his Canterbury Tales, Spenser sang of the Faerie Queene, and Shakespeare penned his immortal dramas.

It is the opinion of most competent critics that the English language has fallen on evil times. It has been mutilated of set purpose by pedants and charlatans, it has been moulded by egotists and literary adventurers, it has been adapted by so-called up-to-date journalists, it has been Frenchified, Yankeeified, and slangified by writers of various degree for various purposes; but it has survived all these influences and will yet emerge from the Babel of strange sounds and stranger inflections in all the stately beauty and force which characterized it when Addison, Swift and Johnson were the acknowledged masters of English prose.

Meanwhile one has only to take up an English classic or a collection of the orations of the greatest English speakers to see how far popular English of today has fallen from its high estate. This is equally true whether the test be applied to writers or speakers. With the single exception of Meredith there is not a living Englishman who is regarded as a master of style, and brilliant as he was at his best it can never be forgotten that he wrote the "Amazing Marriage." Even his best work, "Richard Feverel," whilst comparing favourably with any English

novel for philosophic insight, fanciful imagination, and ideality, is far inferior to many works which could be mentioned in form and mode of expression. As a sample of pure English it cannot be compared with "Lorna Doone" or "Under the Greenwood Tree." These again would have to be accorded second place to "Vanity Fair." This comparison does not extend to any feature of the work except the choice of language, and as time progresses our most popular authors seem to be getting further away from the Anglo Saxon fount from which the greatest writers of our race have ever drawn.

But the difference is far greater and is more readily discerned if we study the utterances of public men "Aut tempore aut mores" will account for a difference in the style of address. This busier age with its greater concentration of purpose is intolerant of long speeches of involved sentences, of laboured orations. It aims at short, concise, business-like utterances. The consequence is that different models have been chosen, no longer are Fox, Burke and Pitt the darlings of embryonic statesmen. The more colloquial speeches of Disraeli, Gladstone and Chamberlain have superseded the former. I am not unmindful of the fact that of these three Mr. Gladstone at least was an orator, but only on occasions. In ordinary debate he was anything but an ideal speaker. Of him it was said that he was lost "amid the exuberance of his own verbosity." His forte was declamation, and when arousing the world to a state of indignation over the Bulgarian atrocities or when preaching his crusade for the relief of

Ireland, he rose to the loftiest height of eloquence, yet even his splendid orations were far inferior as examples of Anglo Saxon to those of John Bright.

The great tribune of the people was a born orator, with all the gifts as well as the graces of oratory. His sentences were never involved, his composition never prolix, his meaning never obscure, his argument never strained. True his vocabulary was more limited than that of Mr. Gladstone, a circumstance determined largely by education, but there was this great difference, that he drew his supply of words almost exclusively from one source, of which he was absolute master.

In England there are two men of later date than John Bright who more closely follow him than any others in their use of pure Anglo Saxon words and phraseology. Lord Rosebery and John Morley, and it must be admitted that they are the two finest living speakers. True, John Morley is handicapped by natural defects but his speeches read as those of few other men. Lord Rosebery is "par excellence" the English orator of today, if indeed he is not the only public man entitled to that designation. He has failed in politics and has been relegated to his lonely furrow, but he lives in a magnificent isolation, and when he emerges, his utterances are listened to, as those of no other man, by the English speaking world. I cite these names to illustrate my argument, that the greatest speakers of our race are those who have adhered most closely to the use of pure Anglo Saxon. Journalese, Americanese, and other corruptions of a noble tongue may serve a purpose for the average utterances of men, and may be a more or less fitting and convenient medium for the discharge of ordinary business, but the loftiest thoughts and the noblest ideals can only find expression in the pure language in which they were born and cradled.

I have spoken of John Bright, and of Englishmen of comparatively recent years, he is distinctly the most conspicuous example of the Anglo Saxon orator. There is another, however, not born on English soil though inheriting all the best traditions of the race, who on more than one occasion but especially upon one memorable occasion, rose to heights of eloquence which have never been surpassed; and demonstrated as had never before nor since been demonstrated, the splendid adaptation of his native tongue to the expression of the loftiest sentiments which man can conceive or cherish; I refer to Abraham Lincoln. His speech at Gettysburg stands alone, and registers the high-water mark of English eloquence, and if it is taken and analyzed word by word it will be found to be pure Anglo Saxon.

I have spoken of a common source of inspiration for these masters of our language, but I have not named it, yet they all admitted at one time or another that their chief model was the Bible, which apart from its value as a religious work, is in the truest sense the undefiled well from which the pure water has been drawn. Within the last twenty-five years there has been a conspicuous defection on the part of public speakers and writers. Editorials, articles, treatises and speeches alike have lost their force as well as their beauty through this defect. Biblical phraseology was not so long ago interwoven with the vernacular, and men understood best by the aid of scriptural simile. That time has passed; the Bible is less read in the home and less studied in the school, and consequently men are less familiar with it. From a purely literary standpoint the loss is incalculable, and if there were no other reason for urging the rehabilitation of the "best of books," the impoverishment of our language in consequence of its neglect is a sufficient one.



The argument a posteriori—cause and effect—is best illustrated by seeing a doctor at a funeral.

While Keir Hardie was lecturing on Socialism at Winnipeg someone stole his hat, vest and tobacco pouch. More “our’s for us.”

You can be too thrifty in counting the words in an advertisement, as this from the Telegraph proves: “A lady whose husband is going abroad wishes to meet with another to be her companion during his absence.” The outlay of “another” penny or so would have stopped the tongue of scandal.

One touch of nature, etc.! From the Morning Post: “A nobleman by descent (mother’s side), 35, single, not by education or means, is harassed by plebeians. Will any fellow-bloodsman help?” We know those wretched plebeians—tailors, or money-lenders, as a rule.

Schoolmistress—“Now, tell me the truth, Johnny Jones. You know what will happen if you tell a lie, don’t you?” Johnny Jones—“Yes, ma’am. I’ll go to a bad place.” Schoolmistress—“Yes, and that isn’t the worst of it. You’ll also be expelled from school.”

The Duc de Choiseul, who was remarkably thin, travelled to London to negotiate a peace.. “Have they sent the preliminaries of a treaty?” asked one Englishman of another. “I don’t know,” was the reply; “but they have sent the outline of an ambassador.”

“I believe,” said the cheery philosopher, “that for every single thing you give away, two come back to you.” • “That’s my experience,” said Phamley. “Last June I gave away my daughter, and she and her husband came back to us in August.”

“Where was he struck by the motor-car?” asked the Coroner. “At the juncture of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae,” answered the surgeon. “Will you please point that out on the map?” asked the Coroner, indicating one that hung on the wall.

Mrs. Honeymoon (to husband in railway tram)—“Do you love me?” Old Party (confidentially, from other seat, to bridegroom)—“She’s asked you forty-seven times already. I get out here, but I’ll leave the score with this gentleman by the window.”

“Father,” said the young man home from college. “Yes, my son.” “Did you ever flirt before you were married?” “Why, yes, my boy, once.” “And were you caught at it?” “Yes, my son.” “Who caught you?” “Your mother.”

Miss Forty Summers—“I had a proposal last night and refused it.” Miss Crusher—“You are always thinking of the welfare of others, aren’t you, dear?”

Mrs. Alltork (on a visit to view house for sale)—“Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful! The magnificent view makes me perfectly speechless!” Hubby—“I’ll buy this villa at once.”

A youth leaving his work the other day met a clergyman on his way home reading a daily paper. Said he, “Hello, mate, what’s won?” The minister, unconcerned, replied, “What-care-I.” The youth replied, “Oh, lor! another outsider!”

Jones—“Who is the really perfect man, I should like to know?”

Brown—“The man your wife was going to marry if she hadn’t married you!”

A young man who was noted for his pride, in telling of his foreign descent, was rather abashed the other day when in conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance. “Yes,” said he, “I was born in Brussels.” “Oh, yes! Then you are what we might call a Brussels sprout!” replied the maid.

A gentleman entered a bookseller’s shop in Dublin and requested the bookbinder to bind a valuable work he had in superior style. “And how will you have it done?” was the query. “In russia?” “In Russia! Certainly not.” “In morocco, then?” continued the shop-keeper. “No; neither in Russia nor Morocco,” rejoined the patriot; “if you can’t do it here, I’ll take it to the bookbinder over the way.”

A cabby was once standing by his cab, when a masher came along, and stood quizzing at it, and the following conversation ensued. Masher—“Is that your cab?” Cabby—“Yes.” Masher—“I thought it was a cat’s meat barrow.” Cabby—“And so will a lot more people if they see puppies smelling around. You will oblige me by shifting.”

Mr. Nuwed, arriving home late, encounters the housemaid returning from her “day out.”

“Why, Jane,” he says, “this is a nice time of night to come home!” Jane—“Yes, sir. What would missus say to us if she knew?”

He—"So your husband has given up smoking? That wants a pretty strong will."

Yes, I've got one.

The Magistrate—"Why should you envy me? I have as many troubles as you have?"

Tramp—"That's all right, boss. Perhaps you have—but I ain't got nothin' else."

"Say, Central, what's the matter? This is the rottenest service imaginable. Give me the chief operator. "Hallo! Is this the chief? Well, I've been trying to get my wife for ten minutes, and can't. I'll have my telephone taken out. See if I don't."

Thus speaking, the irate man took the next car home, and told his telephone troubles to his wife. "Don't talk so loudly, George, dear," she whispered. "I muffled the bell to keep it from waking the baby." But the little telephone girl was still very nervous and sorely troubled.

In a recent number of *Past and Present*, a journal for scholars of Friends' Schools, there is a long and "absolutely genuine" collection of "howlers." Here are a few specimens:—

Clive had to blow himself out of India, but, fortunately for England, he didn't explode.

In trial by ordeal a man had to carry a red-hot piece of iron for five years.

The Spartans had two Kings to cheek one another.

The religion of China occupies half the house.

Southampton is noted for exporting people to South Africa.

The potato is not only used for feeding peasants, but goes to more important things, such as whisky.

Ireland has the greatest amount of a potato for each head.

We ate our dinner sitting on tombstones which consisted of a pork pie and ginger beer.

A tramp is a being who goes about in search of work; when there is a chance of work he goes elsewhere.

A tramp's face looks as sour as a lemon, and is generally the colour of his hands, which have not been washed since he took up the trade, which continues till he is locked up.

A miracle is a thing no man can do except the person who does it.

At a wedding breakfast the bridegroom was called upon to respond to the usual toast, in spite of the fact that he had previously pleaded to be excused. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose. He intended merely to imply that he was unprepared for speech-making, and perhaps it was unfortunate that he had his hand upon his wife's shoulder as he stammered out, "This—er—has been forced upon me unexpectedly."

Several papers have been giving advice as to the best means of keeping well. The following have wired their opinion:—

- La Milo—Wear light clothing.
 G. R. Sims—Plenty of fresh 'air and mustard and cress.
 Lord Northcliffe—Keep out of the Sunlight.
 George Robey—Laugh and grow fat.
 Mr. Redmond—Take plenty of Irish.
 Mr. Tree—Change of scene.
 Sandow—Exercise and weight lifting.
 W. G. Grace—Avoid ducks.
 C. A. Pearson—Hustle at Express rate.
 M. Paderewski—Play gives tone to all organs.
 A. W. Pinero—Put your house in order.
 Sir F. Burnard—Plenty of Punch.
 Duke of Devonshire—Plenty of sleep.
 W. S. Gilbert—Eat greenmeat—especially Savoy.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the young sportsman, who had failed to register a single hit, "but the birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year." "Not all of 'em, sir," answered the man in attendance. "You've shot at the same bird about a dozen times. 'E's a-follerin' you about, sir." "Rolling me about? Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?" "Well, sir," came the reply; "I dunno, I'm sure, unless 'e's 'angin' round you for safety."

"I'm afraid, George," said his fiancee, "that you are going from bad to worse."

"Quite a coincidence," muttered George. "That's what Clara said when I threw her over for you."

Mary—"Please, mum, the castors under master's armchair creak most terrible. Hadn't they better be oiled?"

Mrs. Moffat (newly married)—"Certainly, but I'm afraid we have no castor oil in the house."



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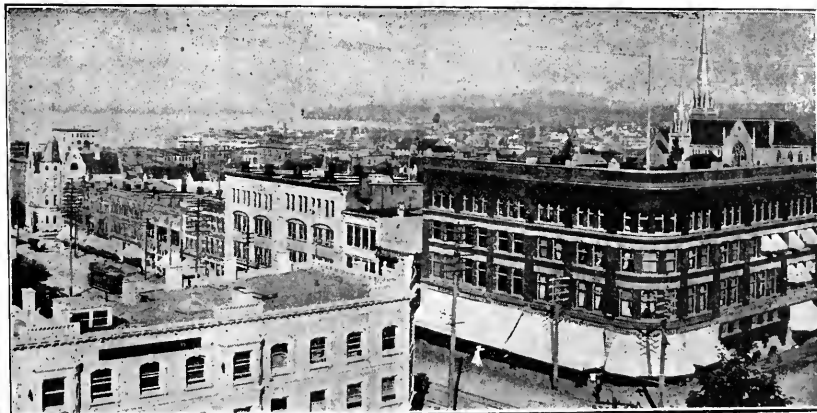
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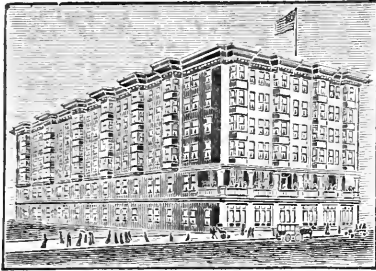
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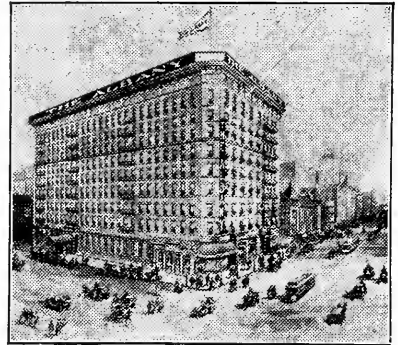
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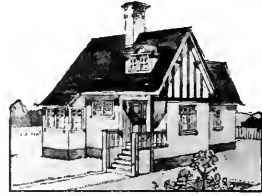
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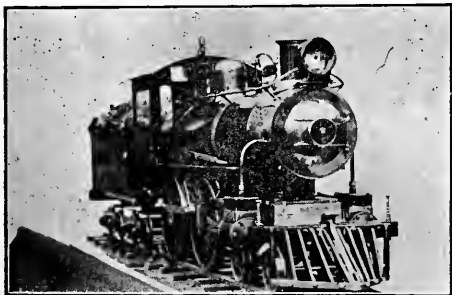
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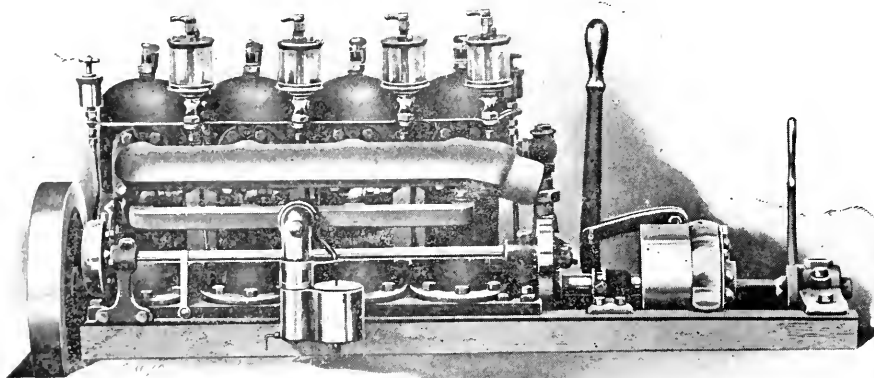
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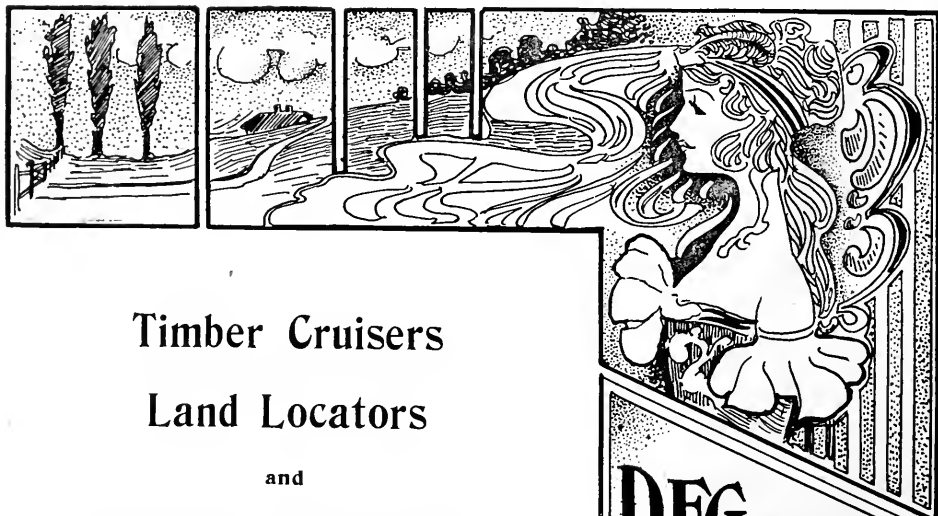
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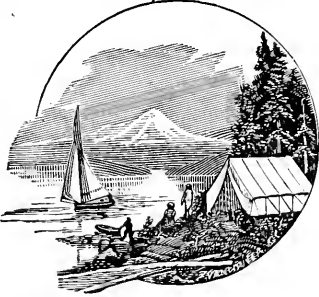


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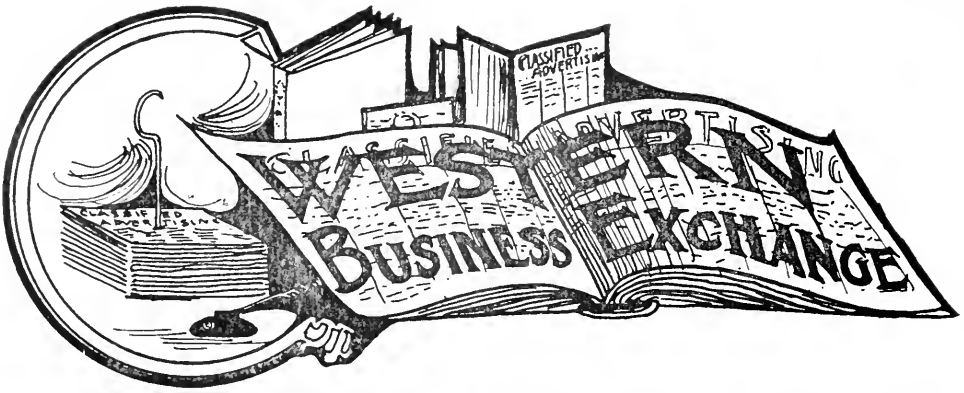
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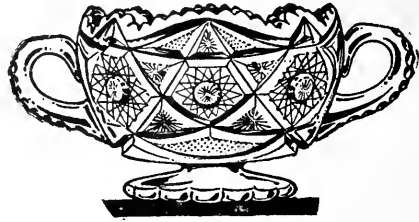
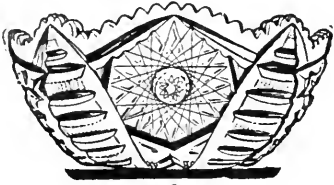
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Westward Ho! Magazine

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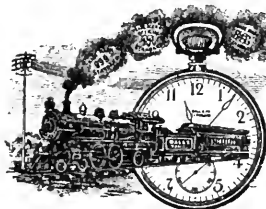
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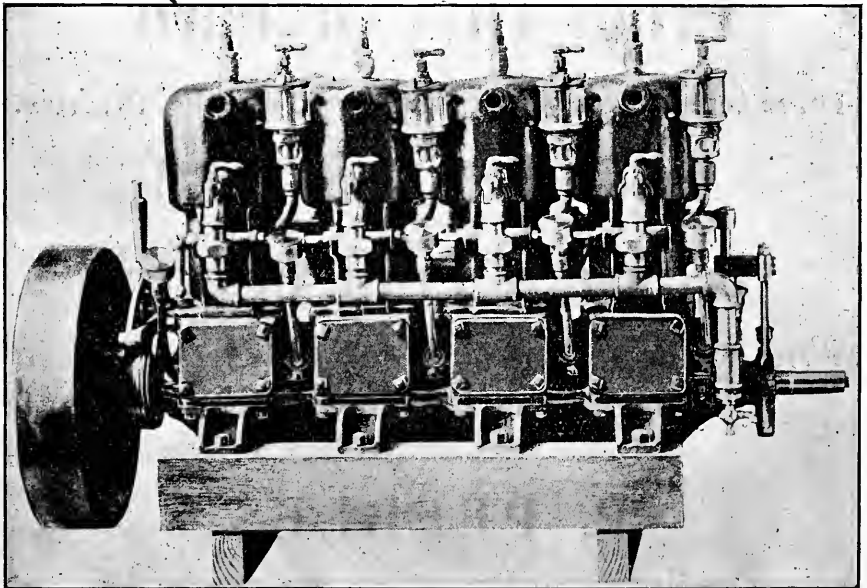
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Canadian Ideals.

Mr. R. L. Borden, during his recent visit to the Coast, delivered an inspiring address to the Canadian Club at Victoria. Of necessity he avoided political references and struck out a line of thought equally interesting to men of all parties who have the well-being of their country at heart. The theme of his address was Canadian Ideals, and apart from the interest evoked by a non-political deliverance from the lips of a political leader, the address fully justified the invitation extended to Mr. Borden by the Committee of the Club. Few men in public life could with such fitness have discoursed upon lofty ideals. No man before the Canadian people has passed through the fire of electoral campaign and parliamentary experience with a more unsullied reputation. Whatever else may be thought of Mr. Borden, there is only one opinion as to his personal character and the fact that a man lacking brilliant qualities should have been chosen as leader of a great historic party and should have so completely justified the selection is at once a credit to Canada and a happy augury for the uplifting of political life. The prevalence of iniquity in high places, the scandalous escapades which have characterized the Laurier regime and which have driven from Cabinet ranks so many able men have created a painful impression throughout the Dominion. Whilst no

one believes that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was personally cognizant of their mis-doing and while everyone commends him for the firmness with which he drove them from office, it is generally felt that the prevalence of corruption in Federal circles has shaken the confidence of the country and has started a wave of revulsion which will shortly overwhelm the Government. Whether or not Mr. Borden is destined to assume the reins of office in the near future is a question upon which there will be many opinions, but his strength undoubtedly lies in the fact that friend and foe alike concede his force of character and high purpose, and it will not be at all surprising if the country turns instinctively to a man who has lived up to the noble ideals which he advocates for others. With singularly few exceptions the press of Canada is a unit in demanding purity in public as well as in private life. The day when leaders of the people can "Compound for sins they are inclined to by damning those they have no mind to," has forever gone by, and in the future personal character will be a more potent factor than ever in the choice of such leaders. It is sad to reflect that at the present moment three or four of the most brilliant men in Liberal and in Conservative ranks have placed themselves out of the reckoning by conduct which cannot be palliated, and which has disqualified them for further service. The man who

pleads for undeviating loyalty to the standards which Canadian people have erected and who sets the example by his own conduct has gone a long way towards establishing himself not only at the head of his party but at the head of the Government of his country. When once the people convince the politician that there will be no compromise with wrong-doers the death knell of political corruption will have sounded. Mr. Borden's address should rally every loyal Canadian, irrespective of party, to the standard of purity in public life, and its logical conclusion should be as it undoubtedly will be, the most careful selection of candidates at the next election, and the uncompromising rejection of those who, whatever their other qualifications, are found wanting in this respect.

On the Qui Vive. Evidences are not lacking that in the near future and probably before anyone will be fully aware of it, there will be a great expansive movement on the Pacific Coast. Men are too busy making money and attending to their business obligations, to take note of what is passing, or at any rate to tabulate it, but everything is moving faster than is realized. Population is increasing rapidly in every Coast City. Seattle claims 250,000, Vancouver 65,000, whilst Victoria assuredly does not realize that at the present moment she has within her borders not less than 30,000, and probably nearer to 35,000 people. Almost every convenience is proving inadequate for its purpose. Hotels, theatres and public buildings are all over-crowded. The attendance at public functions is far in excess of the provision. In other words no one seems to be prepared to meet the public demand or to have kept pace with its growing requirements. The reason of this is not far to seek. Great enterprises are heading for the Coast. Enormous capital has commenced to flow in, many millions have already been mortgaged to complete the purchase and development of timber and mineral claims, as well as to carry out industrial enterprises. The Grand Trunk Pacific

Company is really commencing to build, stimulated thereto by the necessity for doing something before the next Federal election, and by the silent but significant movement of the Canadian Northern. Add to this the activity of the C. P. R. on Vancouver Island and the rapid approach of the Great Northern from the East, and it will be seen that there is ample ground for belief that the awakening of the Coast has begun in earnest, and will proceed at a pace which will surprise the most optimistic. All this takes no account of the astonishing increase in the Oriental and Northern trade which has already necessitated the addition of several large steamers to the Pacific fleet, and will require before long vessels at least on a par with those on the Atlantic. There is foundation beneath all this movement and it is solid. A great speaker has said that while the nineteenth century was for the United States, the twentieth will be for Canada. One may fairly go a step further and say that the crown of Canada's prosperity will be found in its Pacific Province.

Victoria Fall Fair. Evidence of the progress of the Pacific Slope was well illustrated at the Victoria Fall Fair which was brought to such a successful issue last week. In every department record-breaking was the order of the day. The Committee were able to chronicle record entrances in every department, the highest quality of exhibits ever shown in Victoria, the largest attendance, and of course the largest receipts. Good management and an indefatigable Secretary in Mr. J. E. Smart, produced these gratifying results. A visitor from Regina declared that in quality the Victoria Exhibits of live stock were equal to the best he had seen in any of the prairie provinces. The fruit was a surprise to everyone, and clearly shows that Vancouver Island and the Coast can produce a quality only slightly inferior to that grown in the star districts of the Okanagan and the Kootenay. If the Committee are careful to proceed upon the lines on which they have worked this

year, and will profit by their experience, to the same extent as they have since last year's exhibition, Victoria Fall Fair will come to be recognized as one of the institutions of the West and will fulfil its legitimate function of advertising the Agricultural and farming possibilities of the district. In doing this it will encourage scientific development, which is the one essential to permanent success.

**Getting at
The Truth.**

The Provincial Government is to be commended for acceding to the popular request to institute an official enquiry into the question of the shortage of fuel for smelting purposes. It is still further to be commended for instituting those proceedings under the provisions of the charter of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company which will leave the question of delinquency entirely in the hands of the Board of Arbitrators. This Board will consist of three men, one to be nominated by the Government, who have already selected Mr. J. A. Mara of Victoria, one by the Coal Company and a third by the two thus selected. It is understood that the Board will be completed and will commence its labours during the first week in October. It may be trusted to proceed expeditiously, the importance of the subject being so great and the necessity for its settlement so urgent, that no delay will be brooked. Whatever the result, it will be satisfactory to have the matter settled, and equally satisfactory to have it settled by a judicial tribunal, acting under the provisions of the law.

**Exclusion
Leagues.**

Westward Ho! makes a serious appeal to the people of British Columbia and more particularly to the citizens of Victoria and Vancouver to abandon the formation of Asiatic Exclusion Leagues. This appeal is not based upon any lack of sympathy with the objects of the Exclusionists, but upon a deep-rooted conviction that their methods will not only fail to achieve the purpose they have in view, but will actually defeat their object. No argument, and certainly no demonstration, is neces-

sary to convince the public that as far as practicable this Province shall be kept a white man's country. If a missionary propaganda were necessary to convert people to this opinion, it would be a different matter, and Exclusionist Leagues would find their fitting work in undertaking this. Everyone, however, is convinced, and the postulate can be wiped off the board. The only difference of opinion is as to the method which should be adopted. Not only treaty obligations, but National honour and a recognition of those principles of justice and fair play, which have always characterized British-born people, demand that we should treat with consideration not only British subjects, but "the stranger within our gates." Equally is it incumbent upon us to proceed in any grave matter with deliberation and care. Loyalty to the Empire of which we form a part, loyalty to the Government of our own country, and a due regard for the susceptibilities of nations with whom we have maintained friendly relations, to say nothing of our material interests, all combine to increase our responsibilities, and to place some restriction upon our action. None of these obligations can be violated without injury to our own country. It is no mere catch phrase to say that all such vital issues should be prosecuted in a constitutional manner, and the phrase conveys a truth which is as important for the Canadian as for the British-born. It would be interesting to know whether the Exclusion League has ever reflected upon the possible effect of their policy and of the rioting which it has already produced, on the safety of our fellow subjects in China and Japan. How can we expect that their lives will be respected in the midst of a fanatical horde, if we who at any rate lay claim to loftier ideals of conduct, disregard our obligations to their countrymen. There is a saner method and one far more certain of its effect. What rash politicians like R. G. McPherson and lunatics like the American agitator Fowler, now an inmate of a Seattle asylum, could never effect by their vapourings and threats, can undoubtedly be achieved by sober-minded men duly impressed

with the responsibility of a free and justice-loving people. Prompt action is necessary, the only practical remedy has been pointed out by Westward Ho! and since endorsed by every public man of note who has spoken upon the subject—it is to organize white immigration. In no other way can the Asiatic be excluded. To this, however, can be added an endorsement of the Provincial attitude by the Federal Government. Such an endorsement would have weight both in London and in Tokio. Japan is not without but within the pale of civilized nations. Japan is a great and progressive

country, rapidly adopting Western ideas; its Government is sagacious and far-seeing, and is assuredly not impervious to the arguments which prevail with civilized powers. It can hardly be expected to heed the cry of an isolated Province; it must listen to the voice of a Dominion Government; the problem appears to be to induce that Government to speak. That should be the objective point of all organized effort, and not the formation of Leagues whose very name is both a menace and an insult to friendly and powerful nations.

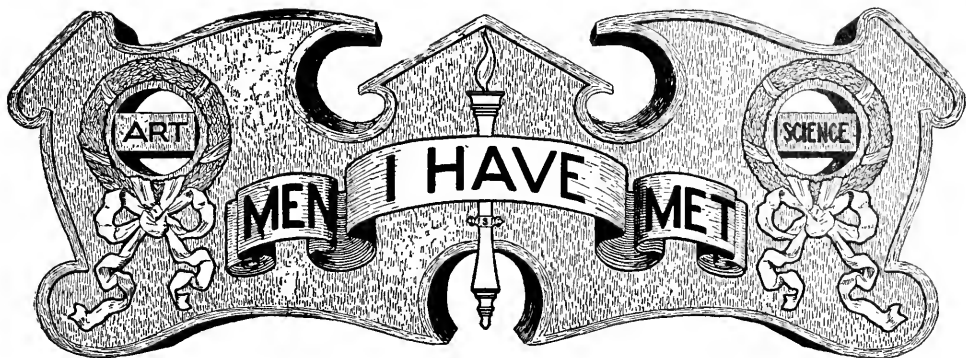
Once.

By George Franks.

Once, when at morn the rising sun was peeping
 Far o'er the East with liquid golden light,
 And all the world in peace serene was sleeping,
 Bathed in the radiance of those beams so bright—
 Told we our love beside the silent river,
 While sang the blackbird in a waking dream,—
 Our love as pure as that ecstatic quiver—
 Our love as everlasting as the stream.

Once, when at noon with passioned rapture thrilling,
 All nature to the Spring its homage paid,
 And every blossom, grateful, sweet, and willing,
 Poured out rich fragrance on the peaceful glade;—
 Gave we our lives into each other's holding,
 Our lives that evermore should be as one;
 Content to know that such a dear enfolding
 Was sanctioned by the glorious risen Sun.

And now the Lord of Day is sinking slowly,
 Calmly majestic on the distant West,
 And Nature lies within a silence holy,
 In worship waiting as He goes to rest—
 The years have passed, but still the river shining
 Flows ever, ever onward to the sea;
 And so our love, our hearts so close entwining
 Is fadeless, even to Eternity.



The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

By William Blakemore.

I FIRST met Mr. Chamberlain at a meeting of the Edgbaston Debating Society just thirty-eight years ago.

He had been a member for many years; I was a boy listener. Old members told me that he had cultivated his debating powers at their meetings, until from a somewhat nervous and hesitating speaker he had developed into the keenest and most fluent debater of them all.

In those days he was an ultra Radical and was even supposed to be an ardent revolutionist. I know that his attitude on public questions was greatly influenced by his association with prominent Chartists, who for years had found an asylum in the great Radical City of Birmingham. He smarted under the wrongs which the poor and the unfortunate suffered in those days and was an ardent champion of their rights. This deep-rooted sympathy with the common people has never weakened, and although politics have made strange bed-fellows, for the brilliant debater of those days, and the still more brilliant statesman of latter days, nothing but the exigencies of political life have prevented him from legislating more broadly upon humanitarian lines. It is too early yet to appraise his life's work, but in passing I cannot refrain from linking it up with

this profound sympathy of forty years ago and noting how like a silver streak it threads its way all through his career.

A few years after this Mr. Chamberlain became more prominent, and yet it may surprise the general public to know that so far as his fellow citizens were concerned he burst upon their view like a meteor, for so absorbed had he been with the management of a great commercial business that he was only known to a small circle of friends. Not until he became Mayor of Birmingham was he recognized by one person in a hundred on the streets.

This circumstance was well illustrated during the first year of his Mayoralty at the performance of the Christmas Pantomime in the Theatre Royal. Mr. Chamberlain was present with several friends, including Jesse Collings and Henry Matthews. The leading comedian had the usual topical song, one verse of which dealt humorously with Mr. Chamberlain's achievements during his first year of office, and referring to his previous obscurity made the execrable pun that he had far too long in "chamber lain."

Then began that splendid Mayoral career during which he revolutionized Municipal management in England, and

laid the foundation of public ownership of public utilities, and the sanitary improvement of City slums. He purchased the gas works and water works and pulled down thousands of old ricketty tenements, against the protest of wealthy citizens with fossilized ideas, who predicted financial disaster as the result of such extravagant expenditure; but as all the world now knows he was laying the foundation for a splendid success.

At this time Mr. Chamberlain was a slim, erect, haughty looking man. He had a classical face, clean shaven, and smooth closely-brushed hair, giving him a boyish appearance. His manner was reserved, and appeared to the stranger at any rate to be haughty. He was the kind of man with whom no one would venture to take liberties; he tolerated no familiarity and had few personal friends, but to those few he was courtesy and kindness personified, would take any amount of trouble to serve them, was never forgetful of their requirements, and would often deny himself of rest and personal enjoyment to further their interests.

At this time he had not entered political life, although he had freely expressed his opinions on public questions. His first appearance in the arena outside municipal work was as a member of the school board, where he quickly made his mark as an uncompromising supporter of secular education. Soon came the inevitable call to Parliament, and then happened one of those things for which Mr. Chamberlain has been blamed. His enemies declared that his selfish ambition sacrificed a friend. I do not and never have believed it, because it is inconsistent with his lifelong conduct. Birmingham was represented at this time by John Bright, Philip Muntz, and George Dixon. The latter was a man of years, of ability and of note, and was especially recognized as an expert educationalist, having been chairman of the School Board during the time that Mr. Chamberlain was a member. In the height of his parliamentary career he retired in order that Mr. Chamberlain might have the nomination. Whatever may have led to his retirement certain

it is that the brilliant young statesman was then on the full tide of popularity, and so enthusiastic were the Birmingham people that they would have no nay; they carried him to the front, and returned him by a large majority.

During this first campaign I often heard him, and although twenty years later his ripe experience had made him a different man in many respects, I shall never forget the brilliant orations which he delivered in the Town Hall and the irresistible attacks which he made upon the Conservative party. At this time he was a popular idol, the people literally hung upon his words. He was a close reasoner, and a merciless logician; he spoke in the common tongue, and used idiom especially dear to the working classes. Interruptions were his meat; they furnished him with the opportunity to make witty sallies which always discomfited his opponent. His invective was superb, and the scorn of his voice as he denounced those "who toil not, neither do they spin," is ringing in my ears yet.

I heard his first speech in the House of Commons, which was made in support of his own motion to introduce the Gothenberg system into England. The speech was exceedingly able but the motion was defeated. I need not dwell upon Mr. Chamberlain's development in Parliament. It is a matter of history how he forged to the front, quickly reached Cabinet rank, was Chief Secretary for Ireland and attained a pinnacle of fame and influence which as long ago as 1886 aroused the jealousy of his great leader Mr. Gladstone. Then came the memorable split, all the details of which will not be known during Mr. Chamberlain's lifetime. During my subsequent association with him in political work for the Conservative party I learned much, but nothing to his discredit, and nothing which would lend the slightest colour to the charge of his enemies, that he was prompted by personal ambition or the spleen of disappointment in his abandonment of Mr. Gladstone, and his opposition to Home Rule. His choice involved a greater sacrifice than has ever been made voluntarily by any public man of note. It meant the severance of

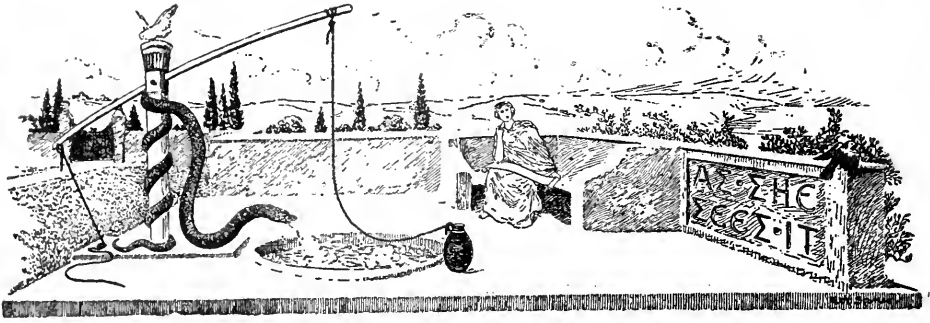
life-long ties, it meant surrendering cherished friendships, and it meant what was even more bitter to a sensitive nature like Mr. Chamberlain's, the baring of his breast to the wound of those whom he had loved. His cup of sorrow must have been filled when on the eve of the election the great tribune of the people, John Bright, published a manifesto denouncing the course which he had adopted.

Through it all Mr. Chamberlain conducted himself with dignity. He formed the Unionist party, made himself and his party indispensable to the Conservative Government, and held the balance of power.

I shall never forget a meeting in the town hall at Birmingham when for the first time in his life Mr. Chamberlain appeared on any platform as a supporter of the Conservative cause. It was an historic moment. In the very hall which had so often resounded with his ringing denunciation of Toryism, and which had re-echoed his sentiments from thousands of lips, he stood beside the man whose policy it had been his one object to thwart. The excitement was intense. In many minds was the question, "How would he be received?" Will the people stand by him? Can he justify his action? I have often thought that having regard to all the circumstances, to his previous career, and to the principles which he had so thoroughly instilled into the minds of the Birmingham people it was the greatest moment of his life, and I still think so. Nothing but his temperament saved the situation. One false note and even then he would have been lost, but he rose to the occasion. With deliberation, with evident emotion, with obvious sincerity, and with an indefinable touch of pleading he outlined the reasons which had guided him, the sacrifices he had made, and the obligation which he felt, and then he placed his political

life and indeed his career in the hands of the audience, and he made no mistake. The people showed that they were able to recognize high purpose and they knew enough of their man to accept him at his own valuation, and to place, as he placed, Imperial consideration high above every other. Never did he have a more enthusiastic reception than when he sat down, and from that moment his fate was sealed, he would live and die the great apostle of union, and the fore-runner of Imperialism.

This is neither the time nor place to follow Mr. Chamberlain through the later years of his parliamentary career. I wanted to convey some impression of his personality and of his true character as I know it. From 1886 to 1893 I worked in close association with him, in connection with political affairs, in Birmingham and the District. I met him frequently at public meetings and heard him scores of times in the House, and since coming to Canada have received many marks of his consideration and kindly remembrance. I have always regarded him as one of the most brilliant statesmen whom England has produced. A man who has made the greatest sacrifices for principle, a man who was willing to serve when by universal consent he might have ruled. People have thought him proud, selfish, and egotistical, but all fair minded men have long ago condemned such a verdict. In these last sad days he presents a pathetic figure, one so pathetic that I forbear to say more than that he stands for all that is strongest and wisest in the Imperial policy. He is the first statesman who accorded any recognition to the value of greater Britain, and the Empire beyond the seas. He may not live to complete the gigantic task which he undertook, but he has sown seeds which no frost of opposition can cause to perish, and which will bear fruit in that great future when all men will revere his memory.



A Woman's Ideas.

By La Verite.

WHAT is the best definition of a gentleman?

Literature, ancient and modern, gives such conflicting accounts of the qualifications of a gentleman that choice is confusing. So easy an admission as Cicero's, who merely postulates that a gentleman's ancestors shall not have been hanged for crime or sold in slavery, would hardly suffice in modern times.

It would, in fact, be little more conclusive than the much cheapened "Esq." on our envelopes, the derivation of which recalls the bitter gibe of Scipio, who, when he saw a soldier spending all his time in brightening his shield, vowed that he must rely on that more than on his sword.

Epigrammatic definition of a "gentleman" reaches its highest point in Ruskin's "intense humanity" and perhaps the "Sans peur et sans reproche" of the Chevalier Bayard is the finest motto a gentleman could have. But how many nowadays would dare to take it?

No man is a gentleman merely because he dresses properly, lives in a fashionable quarter, moves in the smartest sets, and attends divine service regularly on Sundays. But it is not less important to remember that he is also not necessarily a gentleman because he does not do these things. Few words in the language

are more carelessly used than "gentleman" and "lady." We have a pretty clear notion of what is meant by a thief, a liar, or a fool; but nine men out of ten would fail to give an even intelligible definition of a title that ought, above all others, to be clearly agreed upon.

* * *

Jealousy is supposed by many sages to be a part of love. But if it is, one, nevertheless, cannot deny that it has certain peculiarities which class it among the lower passions. It is more often a part of ignoble love than of that founded on mutual respect.

If you choose to resent every thought or word or admiring glance that a man for whom you care bestows upon another woman, you are making an unconscious confession that you are doubtful of your power to hold his love. Persisted in, it will cheapen your attractiveness as nothing else can. He will seek women who do not value him so highly—who will even make fun of him now and then. Show the man you love that you care for him in every fine and womanly way you can think of. Flatter him and feed him, for he thrives on this treatment; but don't allow the monster with green eyes to become your bosom friend if you would keep your life even reasonably happy.

A man appreciates a good dinner and a neatly-gowned woman more than anything on earth. Try this experiment if you have allowed yourself to forget what you are to yourself and him.

* * *

"Won't you come and have pot luck with us?" is a phrase seldom used in all sincerity. People are too apt to make a frightful effort in trying to be hospitable and then endeavor to disguise the effort by calling it "pot luck." Nothing can be more delightful than hospitality, but the minute there is an effort or a strain felt in providing for the guests, hospitality ceases to be a pleasure either to those that give or those that receive. There are very few families indeed who are simple and sincere enough to invite one to pot luck and let it stand for what it really means. There is really very little social fooling done and every one's neighbour knows about how much the other can afford to spend. So that laboured and extravagant entertaining evening on a small scale deceives no one. Therefore, why try? Why not let pot luck mean pot luck? And if necessary invite your friends to eat bread and cheese flavoured with pleasant conversation, instead of giving them an elaborate dinner, with boiling hostess as a first course, which is the way an Englishman described one of these too-extravagant American feasts to which he had been invited and over which the hostess had literally wrought herself to hysterics.

Miss Prim, who presided something more than half a century ago over the institutions for the development of young ladies in the higher arts and classics, taught that women could not engage in athletics and hope to retain their beauty. To preserve her charms of face and figure the budding debutante, the young woman who had passed out of her "teens," and the sensible and more matured girl who was approaching thirty, must not permit herself to engage in any pastime more vigorous than throwing grace hoops or possibly indulging in a game of croquet. Foolish fancy! There are young women who play golf, who shoot, swim, play tennis, ride at race speed on horse back, who guide motor cars, fence, play hockey and cricket, who are not only handsome, but some of whom are superlative beauties, and whose grace of figure, instead of being injured by violent exercise, if anything seems to have been improved.

A little sunburn mars no complexion permanently. More than likely it will do good. Exercise brings about energetic circulation. Quick stirring of the blood through the veins and arteries is one of the best aids to a clear skin. A match on the tennis court, a swim in the sea or a brisk tramp over the golf links is a better blood purifier and a safer beauty maker than all the embrocations, ointments, creams, and nostrums in the pharmacopoeia of the beauty experts.





THE NUISANCE.

Right through the dinner—from soup to nuts—the small boy had made himself a most insufferable nuisance, and finally Aunt Priscilla remarked, quietly, but very sternly: “If that boy belonged to me, Mary, he would forthwith get a sound and wholesome spanking.”

“He deserves it, aunt,” replied the other, like the fond goose that she is, “but I do not believe in spanking the boy on a full stomach.”

“Neither do I, but you can turn him over,” said the aunt, acidly.

KILL OR CURE.

The following is a little incident that Dr. S——, a well-known specialist of Manhattan, tells as an actual experience:

“A Jewish man called to see me one day and stated that he was tired of paying doctor bills for his wife and wanted me to take the case, and, as he put it, I was to kill or cure her for one hundred dollars. I attended the woman for two or three weeks, when she died.

“In course of time the bill was rendered for \$100, and the following day the husband called. He counted out ten ten-dollar notes, handed me a paper to sign, which read, ‘Received of J. R—— the sum of \$100 for killing his wife.’ Needless to say, I did not sign paper or collect.”

ENGLISH CORRECTLY SPOKEN.

The natives of the Philippine Islands have, in general, been remarkably quick in acquiring a smattering of the English language, and are extremely proud of this accomplishment.

Dr. B——, who spent a number of years in the islands, entered a tiendo, or small shop, in the town of Morong, Island of Luzon, and asked the small boy in charge for a certain brand of cigarettes.

“No got,” replied the small tradesman. Immediately he received a smart box on the ear that sent him staggering across the shop as his mother, entering and hearing the conversation, had administered the stinging rebuke.

“You should have said,” corrected his mother, “No have got.” We speak good English here.”

Then she seated herself with an air in which pride and resignation were blended.

A SHOPMAN'S GRIEVANCE.

The underpaid shopman has a hard time of it since the introduction of the cash register.

There was a certain shopman whose salary was 30s. a week. He had to be on duty at seven o'clock in the morning, and he was not through till seven and sometimes eight at night.

He found time, though, to get married, and a week after the ceremony he asked his employer for an increase of salary.

"Why, John," said the employer, "you are getting 30s. a week. What ails you? When I was your age I kept a wife and two children on 30s. a week, and saved money besides."

"They didn't have cash registers in those days," replied John bitterly.

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC.

A teacher calling her pupils up for examination one day asked a Jewish boy the following example: "Isidore, if your father owed a man one hundred dollars and promised to pay ten dollars a month, how long would it take him to pay up?"

"Twenty years," answered the boy, quickly.

"Twenty years?" exclaimed the teacher in surprise; "why, you don't know the example."

"Oh, yes I do," answered the boy, "but, teacher, you don't know my father."

FILIPINO ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

Senorita N— was a very attractive Filipino, who presided over a tiendo in Morong, a town in Luzon, not far from Manila. Lieutenant W— was a great admirer of her, and the feeling was mutual to a great extent.

In one of the expeditions from the town in which his command took part he received wounds of which he died.

A friend went to break the news to the senorita, and for fifteen minutes she indulged in natural and real grief for her friend; then, smiling through her tears, she remarked, Filipino-like: "Well, he is gone. I suppose I must look out for a new friend." She then became reminiscent and pleasantly recalled the dead officer as follows:

"Tiniente W— was a good man. He was never loco (foolish) because I would not give him jaw-bone (credit), and want to put the tiendo on the bum and have a rough-house. He never got bug-house (crazy), no matter how much I fooled him. He was always nice. He came to see me the last time he was here, dressed in his white glad-rags (best clothes), with a dinky little white straw hat on and a beautiful little go-to-hell tie on. Yes, he did look pretty."

Then the tears came to her eyes once more at the recollection of these perfections of the poor-defunct lieutenant.

WHAT SHE WOULD D.

In a prominent city in Kentucky, in a fashionable flat building, there resided two families, one having a little daughter about seven years of age, and the other a little son of about the same age. They had fallen very much in love with each other and frequently announced to the dwellers in the building that they were going to be married when they were grown.

One night at dinner, in the general dining-room, the father of the little boy called across the room to the little girl and said:

"Dorothy, I understand that when you and Lester are grown you are going to be married; is this true?"

Dorothy promptly responded: "Yes, sir."

The gentleman asked again: "You are certain of this, are you?"

"Yes, sir," she said; "we love each other and are going to be married."

"Well," said the gentleman, "suppose after you are married you should wake up some morning and find that the cook had failed to put in an appearance, what would you do?"

After thinking a moment, Dorothy's face brightened and she said:

"Well, Mr. Blank, if Lester would take care of the baby, I would go down and get breakfast."

A BAD CASE.

Two little girls were learning their catechism. They were racing to see which one of them could learn the whole book first.

One day Mary asked Jane how far had she gotten in the book.

"h!" said Mary, "I'm clean to sanctification."

"Well!" returned Jane, proudly, "I'm past redemption."

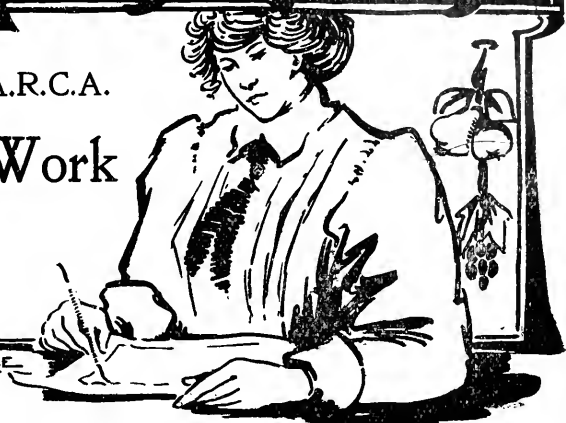


HOME ARTS & CRAFTS

By J. Kyle, A.R.C.A.

Leather Work

No. 2



THIS conventional design for a photograph frame is suitable for embossed leather; lines to be traced, incised, and opened out.

The natural colour of the leather will look well, or stained a rich brown all over.

The wood frame may be bought at almost any art store and the leather should be cut large enough to allow of its being folded over the back.

Fix the material to a board with thumb tacks, with the fleshy side upwards, and trace on the design with the style as directed in Article I.

If the leather is thick the line may be incised with the knife, keeping the cut vertical, and going about half way through the material.

If the hide is thin do not incise it at all but be content with the traced line. Take great care and do not make any double lines in the tracing; mistakes cannot be eradicated. Have the tracing paper fixed so that you can turn up the edge and see how the work is progressing.

Place the leather with the traced design on a pad composed of several sheets of thick blotting paper and with the modeling tool illustrated in the first article press down the background firmly. This will throw up the pattern into

relief. If the relief is not sufficiently high to suit your taste, fold the leather between the fingers and press the ornament up from behind until it rises to the required height.

By manipulation and careful work the modeling can be made very delicate and should have the same effect as modelled wax. During all this time the leather should have been repeatedly damped, not piece by piece, but over the whole surface each time, so that the leather will have a uniform color when dry.

The relief will keep its place when dry, but if any fear be entertained regarding the work going flat, fill up the back with small shreds of leather mixed with flour paste, or with absorbent cotton wool soaked in flour paste or any such filling.

Stains may be used with good effect but practical experience alone is a reliable guide in the selection of dyes, etc., as leather varies in porosity. Even parts of the same piece of work may be more porous than others, hence staining is sometimes a risky matter.

If the work is not in relief and a mistake occurs, fix the leather to a board and soak in water. Then scrub with a soft brush and soft soap, and allow to dry in the sun.

Before staining prepare the leather with a coat of flour paste and water

mixed to the consistency of cream. Wash all over the work and allow to dry thoroughly. Apply the color in a succession of even washes.

A second color should never be added until the first is perfectly dry.

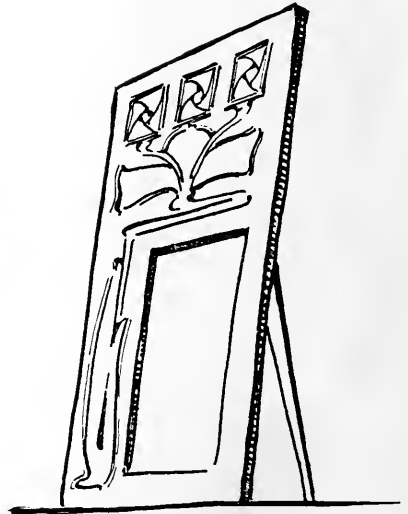
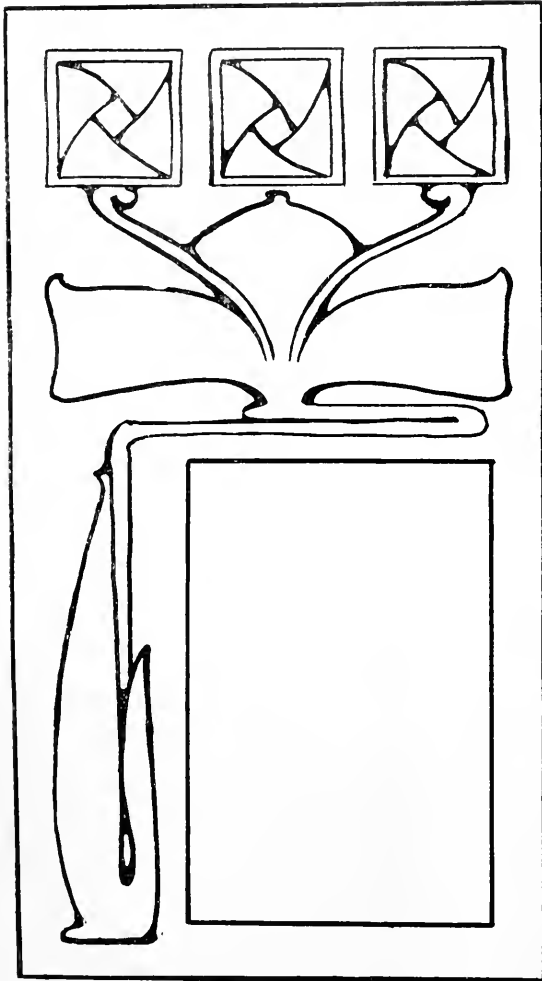
To stain large surfaces use soft sponges or pads of cotton wool covered

For red, use alirarin or cochineal.

For blue, alirarin or indigo.

For yellow, picric acid or chromate of zinc.

One color may be superimposed on another, thus a coat of picric acid over alirarine blue would give green, but experiments must be made beforehand as



Design for
Photo. Frame.
Embossed . .
Leather . . .

with soft linen. The sponges may be tied to handles so that the fingers will not get discoloured.

To stain brown, use caustic soda. Dissolve 5 cents' worth in a pint of water and experiment until the required shade is obtained. When used too strong it may burn the leather.

Sulphate of iron used over caustic soda will bring up a black colour.

combinations do not always work out as desired.

After the work is finished and quite dry, a good rub with the palm of the hand, or with a chamois leather brings up a dull polish and enhances the appearance.

The illustrations from a Bible Case shows a piece of work executed by me and by the method just explained.



*Illustrations of a Bible Case, Designed, Embossed, Stained and Gilt,
By the Author.*

The background for the figures is gilt. The part of the leather to receive the gold was first coated with gold sise, then the gold leaf placed upon it.

Gold leaf requires practice in handling, so that bronze is preferable for beginners.

After the outline was incised the background was pressed down and no packing put behind at all.

The Book Cover by Godin has a naturalistic design on it and looked well stained in dull purple, green, and brown.

Enough has been said to introduce the intending craftsman to the working of leather. When intelligence and practice are brought to bear on the subject a wide field will open out and much pleasure be derived.

Next article will be on Copper Repousse.



Book Cover by Godin.

From Atlantic to Pacific.

By Billee Glynn.

PERHAPS no country stands so intimately different and contrasted in its metropolitan centres as Canada in hers. Crossing the continent from Montreal to Vancouver, and taking in Toronto and Winnipeg, one finds in each of these cities characteristics so distinctive that each stands inevitably by itself—a separate individuality to be adjudged by its own standards and proportioning out of its throngs a character all its own.

From east to west Canadians are Canadians—known and valued the world over—but from historic Quebec, frowning in statuesque significance over the swirling waters of the St. Lawrence, to Vancouver, maid of the ocean mists, lapped by the inland waters of the Pacific, is a far cry, and environment counts.

Environment always counts, in fact, and humanity flung together shapes itself of necessity to the scene, till the scene stands out a distinct embodiment of life.

If you strike Montreal in the summer or early fall, and (leaving tony St. Catherine street behind with its glittering lines of bright-pruned shops) stand on Beaver Hall hill and glance down into the sun-glinted smoke vat of Victoria square to where the lower city lies with its narrow, wedged streets and teeming work-a-day thousands, you have at once without going further arrived at the balance which makes Montreal a metropolis unique. Perhaps in no place of its size does wealth and poverty go to such extreme purposes—no place in which society bars its doors tighter to the democrat and begetter of its riches; and no place where race so divides and sub-

divides again in all its under-currents despite the common rush of a common humanity on top.

Two races, two cities practically, two languages, religions; glittering incongruities that mark an extravaganza of color; ideals distinct and ideals merged; the old and the new clasping hands but not quite sure of each other; a city of strange blendings, lights and shades; a queen in its silks, disrespectful in its rags, and noisy in its immense traffic—the great force that draws all its elements together to merge them in one; a metropolis that stands by itself perhaps more than any other in all the east.

In the American-like city of Toronto different conditions exist. Toronto has its Rosedale and wealth too, but for all that it is more a city of the well-to-do. Perhaps indeed you might say, that beneath all its fashion it carries an ideal of democracy with the biggest of its citizens modern in his ideas and not afraid to dirty his hands. For that reason it is up-to-date, bright—bright to the point of genius and brilliance; it has a go-aheadness that makes the most of things and gets what it wants; it is strenuous in the highest degree; its newspapers can stand comparison with those of any other city of its size on the continent. Unlike Montreal it has not nearly so much respect for the past as the future; and because it is so much of a struggle on the whole perhaps it is sometimes a little hard on the individual, but the individual loves it none the less.

That indeed is one of the distinct peculiarities of Toronto. Its citizens will stand up for it ever as he would for the paternal roof. He is proud of it—of

its parks, its lake, its handsome churches—he proclaims it to the world and desires no other. He is a patriot not so much to his country as to his metropolis. He will say: "I've been all over and never struck anything better." It doesn't matter whether he was all over or not, he will say it anyway, he is so firm in his faith. Moreover he will laugh at a southern climate and tell you that zero weather is the best thing for a man's blood, and wherever he goes he never forgets this first love. He comes back always with a thrill of delight; he sips the fine flavour of a promenade on Yonge street on a Saturday night—the narrow-gorged tumult of pleasure—seekers of all classes—with a renewing of old associations, and once more proclaims it good. It is too—good as the east can be with its crowded competition—for Toronto is a freespender, if a hard worker, and her love of pleasure runs apace with her love of life.

In Winnipeg the east and the west mix. They mix everything. Its people are about the warmest-hearted that can be found. For that reason perhaps they love in wooden houses and speak lightly of a cold climate. There are magnificent residences however—the outskirts are dotted with them—all clustered on flat prairie land rolling to endless distance with the Red and Assiniboine burrowing through. The climate is rigorous, but breeds staunch manhood and quick minds. Winnipeg is fast—fast in its energy, versatile in its power. Perhaps a verse or two penned by the writer once on the subject expresses it best:

Grit, vim and the rest,
Dash, color, and brag,
A little bit tippy rather,
As good as the best,
And a pace that boils out lather.

An appetite strong,
Flung into life just.
And going it some you bet,
Both hands to the gong,
Much "dust" and more lust
With plenty of room to let.

It is in a word a city that goes with a mad rush after the mighty dollar with-

out quite losing its soul. And that soul is as hospitable as any. It makes the most of its scant pleasures and fears a coal strike as nothing else in all the world—except the failure of a wheat crop. It believes in itself unutterably, wears fur-lined coats and goes with its ears uncovered to show that its dry cold will not freeze. The streets are magnificently proportioned and carry more pavement than Detroit. It was its ambition to be big the moment it opened its eyes and swept the frost rimes from the lashes, and with the vastest wheat country in the world behind, it cannot very well fail in its ambition.

And over this wheat belt—past Banff—famous for its sulphur springs and its Dr. Brett of the "sanatorium," one of the characters of the west—through the Canadian Rockies, a wonderland of scenery, timber, and unexplored mineral wealth,—you at last reach Vancouver, maid of the ocean mists; Vancouver lapped by the soft-tongued waters of the Pacific and rising in her sudden growth like a shore flower.

Vancouver, then, with the sea at her door and a harbor for sailors to swear by, strikes the newcomer as being cosmopolitan in all her instincts—cosmopolitan but with a quality all her own. Behind her is perhaps the greatest timber and ore country in the world; around her, clothing her in flowers and foliage the year constant, is an almost snowless climate. She has everything naturally and nothing to combat. So she shoots up gracefully into life sure of her heritage to be the great ocean part of Canada; and her people are a part of that natural endowment and of that grace. With as much to gain and not as much reason to sacrifice, they stand beyond labor for life in itself. And while their city is one of endeavour it is also one of beautiful homes, of free and easy camaraderie, of flowing currency and content. Little formality, not much code, with plenty to go around, energy and courtesy combined as it rarely is—a breadth of temperament and conception broadening to a bigger future—there is no telling where Vancouver will end. For the present she is good.



LOVE COMES RIDING ALONG THE WAY

BY

← ANNE C DALTON

A rosy streak and a morning grey,
The golden dawn of a golden day,
The breath of spring and the flowers of May,
For Love comes riding along the way.

The hum of bees in a breathless noon,
The lisp of ripples beyond the dune,
The scent of lily, the rose of June
And Love singing low his tenderest tune.

The bees hive-sheltered at close of day,
The flowers asleep and the ripples away,
The silver moon and the nightingale's lay,
For Love still tarrieth nor rideth away.

No silver streak in the morning grey,
The hopeless dawn of a hopeless day,
The frosts of spring and the mists of May
For Love hath tarried and ridden away,
For Love hath tarried and ridden away.



S. KYLE.

Community Advertising.

Contributed.

IT is universally admitted that the Pacific Coast of North America offers the greatest opportunities for agricultural and commercial development of any other section of the known world.

The Great Creator certainly smiled benevolently on us when He placed vast treasures of mineral wealth within the reach of man; when the splendid forests of Cedar, Fir, etc., were grown to serve the commercial needs of civilization; when many square miles of the finest agricultural land in the world was so geographically situated that its products could be easily transferred to the marts of the world; the splendid streams rising in the various mountain ranges to supply water for navigable purposes and to be harnessed to develop energy in turning the wheels of commerce, etc., and above all supplied with the climatic and atmospheric conditions with which to make complete our supreme happiness—I say that Nature has been indeed kind to us.

Now, it was never intended that a few people should enjoy all of these good things and it is not natural for the human race to be selfish in such matters, although, I regret to say, that selfishness apparently enters into the shaping of the destinies of many things in the present age.

Those of us who have been fortunate enough to have been born and raised on this Coast or who have lived here long enough to have become identified with it, fully appreciate the value of population. We see evidence on all sides of scarcity of people. We want to see ten blades of grass grow where now there is one; we want to see the millions of mineral wealth stored away in the treas-

ure houses of Mother Earth brought to the surface; we want to see our magnificent harbors filled with vessels laden with our produce both raw and manufactured; we want to hear the deep brass whistle of the river steamboat carrying our agricultural products to deliver over to the channels of commerce; we want to hear the rumble of the trolley car darting hither and thither up and down this magnificent domain and we want to hear more of the shrieking of the great trans-continental trains speeding eastward loaded with our products, and westward with the manufactured product of the east. That is our Utopian dream and a full realization of it is entirely within the range of possibility if the proper methods are adopted to bring us population.

To the sturdy Westerner nothing is impossible. We have the brains, we have the energy and we have the disposition to do. We know we possess great natural advantages because we see evidence of it on all sides. We know that there is general contentment among our people indicating more eloquently than words that this is the ideal spot of the earth. While on the other hand we know that there is a dissatisfied element in the other civilized portion of the globe, where their energies and genius are not given the latitude and opportunity to which they are entitled. We know that they are held in restraint and that thousands, yes millions are becoming more mechanical every year and are reduced to the condition of being merely small individual units in the industrial fabric of the several communities in which they reside.

Now the problem that confronts us is to get those people here, and the ques-

tion naturally arises, "How can we do it?" The only possible answer is by advertising. We must pursue the same methods that the manufacturer of a Breakfast Food or of a Toilet Soap pursues. Their asset is their goods—yet their goods are of no use to them unless they can get them in the hands of the consumer. Our great resources are our assets and it is within our power to induce more people to come and live with us. "Printer's Ink" has been the potent factor in building up mighty commercial establishments. What would the City of Brockton, Massachusetts, be today if it were not for the Douglas shoe, and would the vast number of Douglas shoes be worn if it were not for the extensive advertising done? In fact do not all the numerous industrial centers, either directly or indirectly owe their prosperity to advertising? And why not apply the same principles to our beloved Province. Even the all powerful Standard Oil appreciates the efficacy of advertising and is it not a significant fact that the much abused beef barons provide annually in their expense budget a large advertising account? What if the Standard Oil or any similar Corporation owned the Pacific Coast? It is a self-evident fact that they would immediately begin advertising on such a stupendous scale that in a short while the whole world would know of the wonderful opportunities here presented for the man of energy and brains.

It is all a matter of education. Our people need to be educated up to a full realization of the vast benefits to be derived through advertising. Every periodical and magazine with a respectable circulation should contain columns of

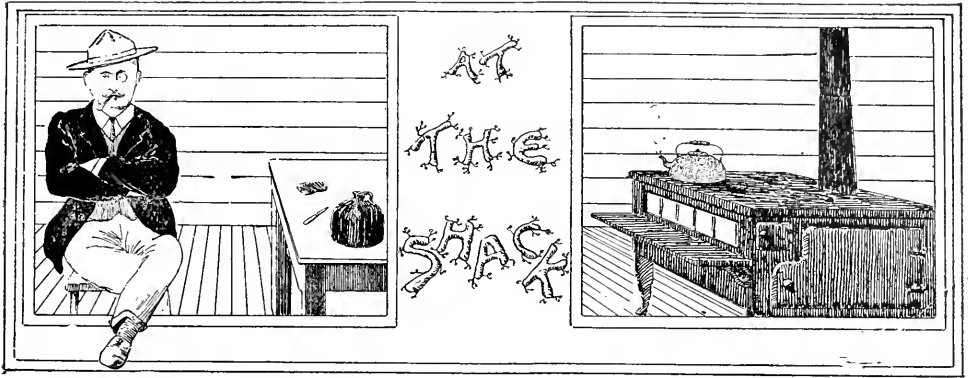
good reading matter telling of the opportunities that are here presented.

Be it said to the credit of some of the big trans-continental lines, which now have their terminals on this coast, that they have of recent years provided for a large advertising account expended in advertising the West. They see that it creates business for them to have the Coast settled and if the direct benefit is not large they know that the indirect benefit will be.

Organized effort is all powerful and conscientious and steady effort will surely reap its reward. We are too apt to expect immediate results. The desired results can only be obtained through the expenditure of vast sums of money. The public mind must be educated up to the fact that the funds should be forthcoming and that these funds should be placed at the disposal of trained and experienced hands and with men who know from experience what are the best channels in which to work and where the best results can be obtained.

Let the advertising matter sent out speak nothing but the truth. Let us not exaggerate or mis-represent: First, because it is not right; secondly, because we do not have to. If the truth were told it would be difficult to make the stranger believe it. But let us keep hammering away at him until he will have his curiosity aroused sufficiently to come to the Coast and investigate for himself and once here we have him. Mis-representation will sooner or later pay the penalty, truth will reap its reward. Honest and intelligent effort with sufficient means to back it is what we most need to populate British Columbia.

When fate seizes upon one great expectancy after another, takes one flower after another from our lives, and colour after colour fades out of the picture of the day, till at last it lies before us cold and grey—then a nameless sorrow comes upon the man, and he feels his heart shaken within him.



By Percy Flage.

THERE was a significant happening recently, at the annual board meeting of certain merry American railroad directors.

Mr. Stuyvesant Fish (it is reported) one of the old school of millionaires who, as a rule, had a code, if no conscience, and endeavoured to regulate their freights of mammon by more rigid rules than the private Plimsoll mark of corporation counsel—finding himself outvoted, outplayed, stung and hamstrung by his former friends and proteges, rose to a most disorderly point of order and focussing his wrath on the arch-representative there present of Harrimankind, did beat, maim, destroy and tear buttons off him to a painful extent.

The fascinating horror of it lies in the thought that Harriman himself, who in the last ten years has laboured so assiduously in the melon and lemon patches of his beloved country as to morally entitle him to a voice in her railroad policy, is equally at the physical mercy of such madmen as may break out at any time among his tame directors.

Your true Director, however, (and Harriman, who loves Truth even in Presidents, has chosen the trust of the tried) is not very liable to brainstorm—the wise ones—and Harriman who loves the wisdom that honours and obeys, has chosen the wisest of the weighty) when in his seductive neighbourhood, keep their hands so deep in their pantaloon pockets as to preclude the possibility of a short

arm jolt on their part. And the fools? The fool says in his heart, "There is no harm in "Harriman—he is the prophet of profits."

And yet, and yet, there is danger.

Until such time as the tape-tied votes of a million shareholders in a thousand industries may be woven backwards and forwards through the secret intricacies of the dictator's public policy and private fortune without the irksome restraint and not all stifled curiosity of a bunch of hand-fed guinea pigs and emasculated advisers—there is risk of rabies—and then where are you?

Other mighty giants than Harriman have forgotten at the summit of their power the possibility of a change of venue, and were consequently unprepared and unable to step from under when the roof fell.

As witness Socrates, who out-argued every intellect from Athens to Damascus, until a backwoods debater of Boetia, floundering in fallacies and hooked up on dilemmas to a hopeless extent, shifted his position and caught the conquering logician such a blow on the nose as made it all sideways, and fixed permanently the blended expression of triumph, surprise, doubt and horror that differentiates Socrate's bust from Byron's to this day.

Witness again Alexander the Great, who absorbed everything and yet a little more, then wept for another world to reorganize—until the medicine man fixed him and sent him along—and he's there

yet, still weeping probably, and gnashing.

Witness, too, Napoleon, the globe trotter, who played the centre of Europe against the circumference and won going and coming—who resurrected the Pyramids, pyroteched Moscow and sowed kings like dragon's teeth up and down christendom, who threw a hungry eye on Albion and studied how to invade an Island—till he found himself right there with a little one to himself and no return ticket.

"Obsessed of omnipotence," says the Squamish Scrutineer, "and panoplied in power, man the tyrant rears his rampant torso to the stars and clutching constellations from the sky and trailing comets from the roof of Heaven, bears in his brazen arms the spoil of gods, forgetful of the foot of slimy clay that slips and lands him a mucker."

It is too early in the day to place Rockefeller on the list of excessive self-confiders. True, his plucked pigeon and pet stock association of standard bearers has been theoretically mulcted in eight figures, but there are higher courts and more amenable judges in the land than Landis, and John D. will certainly try them all, right up to Attorney-General Bonaparte (a cousin, I understand, of our own A. G.).

As a "final and unalterable" hard cash proposition with no rebate or come back, the Marienbad Music hall fine is more definite.

Mademoiselle Mars of that burg, tactlessly allowed herself to sing in the presence of Royalty a chanson which, like Euclid's definition of a solid had length, breadth and thickness—a little too much of each—and the King, long a recreant from her stellar sister Venus, turned a muffled ear Ulysses-like, to the syren and demanded his money back.

Result—appearance of Mdle. Mars before the Syndic next day and a fine of twelve dollars, together with the Order of the Muzzle—"Honi soit qui mal y chance."

Good law and good business.

We cannot extend the same felicitations to the court that sat on Sidney B. Carnley at Lincoln. Here an emin-

ent judge has helped along "the law that broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent," by awarding one hundred pounds damages to a female, for breach of promise of marriage, the promise having been made while defendant's wife was living.

Being asked to hold that such promises were void, as contrary to public policy, the learned judge begged off on the grounds that "the whole tendency of modern decisions was to scrutinize most carefully the enlargement of the general rules to void contracts on the grounds of public policy and he accordingly shrank from deciding against even such a contract as this"—and awarded Miss Florence Wilson, the plaintiff, one hundred pounds.

To a layman it would seem obvious that in obtaining during Mrs. Carnley's lifetime a promise from her husband of a reversionary interest in his name, love and pocketbook, Miss Wilson made herself irrevocably liable to the charge of alienating a husband's affections, and might have been reasonably named as co-respondent in a divorce court.

If a woman can be sued for alienating a husband's affections, it is for the reason that she has and can have no right whatever to those affections—she is in fact a robber and the law looks on her almost as such.

A promise given under such circumstances is not like the post obit of an expectant heir (although morally one is not much better than the other) an indecent contract for value received, but an illegal traffic in stolen goods, harmful to the character of both parties concerned, detrimental to the dignity of matrimony and surely not to be enforced in the appeal courts of England.

There may be and are occasions in which some such bargain is made with propriety, or at least with extenuating circumstances, but in the case cited the judge appears to have waived all considerations other than the question whether a promise was made and broken.

His decision, if upheld, would make every married man a fair target for the spinsters and widows of the neighbourhood and would rob wedded life of its

most solemn blessing—that of sanctuary.

The benedicts of Britain who have sought refuge from the designs of many in the legalized arms of one, would be rudely torn from their dreams of peace and chivried unendingly by energetic canvassers for the position of number two, number three, number four and on to infinity.

Without doubt, the wife would take a hand in arranging such promises. Now that the deceased wife's sister has triumphed after long years over the English Bishop, there will be quite a little doing in that way. If you are lucky enough to have the youngest and prettiest of seven sisters for your first and only intended bride—be sure that as soon as the Carnley decision is filed among the leading cases—your Polly will come to you with a list of six Dollys and Mollys and so forth, and make you promise on your solemn oath to marry them all in the order indicated—that is, homeliest first, then the plainest, then the oldest and then the poorest favoured of the flock—if you don't there will be

trouble, and it looks like trouble anyway you make your book.

The unhappy wife who has no sisters will compile a Lloyds rating list of her available female acquaintances to con over every night in the vain hope of choosing a successor whose name the daylight hours will not decry as a scheming hussy or a heartless flirt. The mother-in-law will help.

There will be no peace in merry England now—"and he who wrought this spell?"

He is either insane or foolish, this judge—not wicked. No man could be so wicked as to do such a thing wickedly.

If he is married his folly will find him out jolly quick, but if, as is more likely, he is a kindly and bashful bachelor it may be months before he learns that his decision has thrilled the divorce courts of Dakota with a new sensation, brought the blush of shame and indignation to the many cheeked harems of Egypt and stamped 1907 as an epochal date in the history of monogamy.

Under The Sun Flag.

By J. Gordon Smith.

TWO sights that were my introduction to Japan will ever linger in my memory. One was Fujiyama seen at sunrise, the other a passing junk with mat-ribbed sails and low waist, high-built fore and aft like the old-time galleons and galleuses. Fujisan is the first sight the visitor has of the land of the Rising Sun, usually apparent eleven days from the time the liner drops her hawsers at Victoria. The voyage is devoid of interest, a glimpse of Atka's volcanic peak in the Aleutians where "the little blue fox is bred for his skin," and Japanese poaching schooners found fishing camps until the watchful revenue cutters drive them away, a

spouting whale, or—and this is unwellcome—a storm which racks the ocean-going steamship and tosses its great bulk of steel. Fellow passengers were interesting; they were an assorted lot—a Consul-General and his wife returning to Shanghai, a tea-planter bound to India, an oil-borer on his way to seek petroleum for Borneo Dutchmen, a professor of something or other from Peoria, Ills., commercial travellers seeking to sell beeves, lumber, and all manner of things. We whiled away the time with poker, bridge, ante-dinner walks, in which a mos'un counted the laps—sixteen round trips about the housework of the upper deck measured a mile—and in due course

Fuji's snowy crest bobbed above the eternal blue of the misnamed Pacific.

The sight of Fujiyama standing out in the distant sky like an inverted fan resting on clouds—the base is not seen from a distance—is one never to be forgotten. Pictures, photographs, show only the shape: the color and the indefinable effect on the mind can scarcely be described. From the grey of dawn a red glare enplaced itself in the east and from it with the everlasting snow glowing pink-white as the sun lifted over the shadowy range of the foreshore and gradually awoke the colors into being, rose the sacro-sanct crest of the holy mountain in all its beauty. My fellow passengers stared silently at the ice-clad mountain pinking with the rays of the rising sun. Some had seen it before; the tea-planter had viewed it a score of times, yet he was spell-bound like the rest, until the professor from Peoria spoke to tell us he had recognized the mountain at once—he had seen its picture on a fan, on brass, on tea-cups, lacquer, etc. Of course he had; Japan's artists ever portray Fuji the peerless. Hokusai's fame rests on his "Hundred Views of Fuji." Impressionists have made delightful sketches that were scarce more than three or four strokes of the brush, yet so suggestive of the sight I saw from a liner's deck on a February morning. Kipling said: I was satisfied Fujiyama was exactly as I had seen it. I would not have sold my sight of it for the Crest of Kinchununga flushed with the morning." Fujiyama is the keynote of Japan. When you understand the one you are in a position to understand the other. A Japanese scholar translated the ancient poem of Manyoshiiu written what time King Alfred was burning cakes in Saxon England thus:—

There on the border, where the land of Kai
Doth touch the frontier of Suruga's land,
A beauteous province stretched on either hand,
See Fujiyama rear his head on high!

The clouds of heaven in reverent wonder pause,
Nor may the birds those giddy heights assay
Where melt thy snows amid thy fires away,
Or thy fierce fires lie quenched beneath thy
snows.

What name might fitly tell, what accents sing,
Thine awful, godlike grandeur? 'Tis thy breast
That holdest Narusawa's flood at rest,
Thy side whence Fujiyama's waters spring.

Great Fujiyama, towering to the sky!
A treasure art thou giv'n to mortal man,
A God Protector watching o'er Japan—
On thee forever let me feast mine eye.

I do not subscribe to the last line. Fuji is Fuji; but there are other sights to see in Japan.

In the night Inuboye's guiding light had flared a signal to the shipmaster to alter his course. On some voyages Kin-kazan's temples part-hidden in the greenery and the contrasting brown of the dwarfed arbutus that so daintily overhang the seafront of the little isles from where peep the porcelain-tiled roofs sloping so steeply, yet so gracefully, as the liner glides on its way fringing the coast. Awa peninsula marks the turning point with its jutting roof near Shirahama with the bones of the Dakota showing its dangers to mariners who trim Nojima's light too closely, and with the bold slopes of Fuji showing plainer the while, the liner passes into Yedo bay between Sagami and Sunosaki's guiding lights now extinguished, for it is morn.

Yokohama—Cross Strand—the port of Yedo bay in the gateway of Asia. It lies to the east of Yedo bay, twenty-eight miles from Tokio whose port it is. A project has been under consideration for some years involving an expenditure of some millions to dredge Yedo, or Tokio Bay to allow of ocean-going craft reaching Tokio, now available for craft of 500 tons, scarcely more. Long before the liner entered Tokio bay the coastal shipping of the country had been in evidence. My first junk, that seen at sea, lingers most in my memory, though. Low-waisted and with high prow and poop, great rudder standing high, with the sea almost awash at the vessel's waist, it suggested the craft of the Georges with its hull; but the bamboo-ribbed sails of matting were of the Orient. But it was the crew rather than the vessel that impressed me. Naked to the waist and scant-clothed above, some with scarce more than a plaited string as garb, they were squatted about a small brazier on the high poop, their brown bodies burnished like bronze with the reflection from the glowing red charcoal of the brazier. I remember these fishermen waving their raw arms as the liner glided past.

The pilot's sampan offered another picture—a picture for a Rembrandt; cameras have limitations. It came alongside about daybreak, and it, too, had a well-filled brazier flaring red on the stern seat with half-clad coolies clustered about. What a wonderful lot of color there was to the little craft and its company—red and blue and yellow—there were many hues. The brown limbs of the sampan's crew were mostly bare, but each wore a short coat, most blue with red or white geomantic signs showing with striking effect on the back. And on all the glow of the charcoal fire of the small brazier was reflected most picturesquely. Other sampans came, junks rocked by, and, soft-toned in the morning mist, what pictures they made. Uraga, where in feudal times all shipping was stopped until the Shoguns officials had inspected the vessels, where the ship Morrison was fired upon by the old Dutch carronades of Uraga when she brought shipwrecked Japanese from China and incidentally came to trade in 1837, and all shipping was halted until Commodore Perry's black ships forced an undesired treaty on the land in 1853, was passed; now it is a town of minor importance. Yokosuka, where the French engineers built a great naval yard and shipbuilding plant, where 22,000-ton battleships are now being builded by Japanese naval constructors, a naval yard the French sought in vain to retain, was passed, and the shore forts, lights, and shipping of Yokohama roadstead were soon in sight. From where the pillar of smoke by day and fire at night stands over Oshima Isle, once a penal settlement, now a place of small fishing villages whence junks are sent to take bonitas at the mouth of the bay to where the old forts, now obsolete, that were built off Shingawa by the Shoguns to resist foreign invasion, the whole bay was busy with shipping, small steamers, launches, junks, sampans, schooners, tugs, and other craft plying amid the deep-sea shipping bound to Yokohama bay.

When the luminous bay of Yokohama opened up, the latter was brought to an anchor outside the breakwater; for there are regulations to be carried out. An-

chored near by was the obsolete old gun-boat Amagikan, detached for harbor duty, with the red-rayed rising sun flag whipping from her jackstaff, and not far from where she lay were steam launches obviously bound to the liner. First came the quarantine launch, then the police boat, then numerous launches and sampans. Launches are the hotel 'busses of Yokohama. With the porters they steam out to meet the incoming liners and fight noisily for the passengers. Four doctors, with white drill uniforms, immaculately clean, had summonsed all on board to the saloon for inspection, and customs officers also demanded attention, likewise the police. With wearisome repetition all noted names, addresses, object of travelling, where from and whence bound, etc., etc., in small notebooks and the dialogues were oft amusing indeed. For instance a pompous little customs officer approached the purser:

"I am the Imperial customs," he said.

"Like gehenna you are," said the purser.

"Ah, thank you so much," responded the customs man and he reached for the purser's cigar box.

The police are often annoying. Every traveller soon finds annoyance in the constant surveillance, continual questionings, and petty nuisances the traveller is subjected to at their hands. The customs officers are precise, but not too rigid, and the quarantine officials do their work with care, yet a common-sense care. Their work done the steamer is free to lift her anchor and enter the harbor. The launches and sampans follow and when the liner is riding at her anchor their busy men lose no time in coming on board to tout for hire. Each of the European hotels and many of the Japanese inns have their own launches or sampans and whether it is to the Grand, Oriental, Club, Wrights or other hotels the traveller would go, he will find willing guides to take him and his baggage by launch or sampan from the steamer's side.

Sampans are the cabs of Oriental ports. Plying for hire in little flotillas at the hatoba and other favourable points, with their rest house and shelters pro-

vided by the guild—all workers have their guilds here—the "sendos" are ever ready to carry passengers and their belongings. It would seem impossible at first glance that there would be sufficient passengers to warrant such a fleet of sampans as this which plies on Yokohama harbor, but when the great amount of shipping in the roads and within the breakwater is considered it is not surprising that a large army of sendos find employment, as all in these vessels require the sampanman to get ashore. The sampans are built of hard wood and are about thirty feet long by six feet wide. The wood is weathered, never painted. The deck is moveable, the under part being arranged in three compartments. In the stern when the boards are lifted the storehouse of the sendo and his family is uncovered; the bedding, old clothes, extra sails, etc., is also kept there. The centre has a shelter of bent bamboo, reserved in daytime for passengers and by night for the "sampanner's" sleeping place. The boatmen are, as a rule, a rough lot, and the passenger who journeys by sampan at Yokohama would do well to examine his change closely when paying his fare.

The harbor is bounded by two converging breakwaters, with a green light at one extreme and a red light at the other, marking the entrance to the harbor. Many large vessels ride outside the breakwater, but it is inside that most of the vessels from the seven seas drop anchor. There are many sorts of craft, liners with white painted sides and teak-wood gangways reaching down to the rippling blue; oil tanks with rusted brown hulls, tramps, including the well-decked black-painted hulls and red below the water-line that would seem to have been built in long lengths and broken off as customers came, as is the average British freighter; Norwegian turret cargo tanks, big blue-funnel freighters with their twin derricks in lieu of masts—these and many other classes of steamers, flying many flags, ride at anchor, and sailing ships, barks, schooners, junks, etc., await their cargoes there. It is a busy port. When the scheme of improvement now started is completed

—it will involve spending eleven millions of dollars—the port will be much better able to cope with its vast business, and be better fitted to rival Kobe the ambitious port to the south which aims to be the distributing centre of Asia when its improvements, costing as much and more as those of Yokohama, are carried out. These involve new wharves, breakwaters, deepening of the harbor and a ship canal to Osaka, the Chicago of Japan. At Yokohama dredges are constantly employed deepening the harbor, and the busy harbor-master's office sees that no opportunity is lost to improve the port.

Originally Kanagawa was the foreign settlement, but the foreigners were too close to the Tokaido—the great sea-road—for peace, because of the hatred of the conservatives. That hatred is slight today, but not gone. To be candid the Japanese do not love the people of the west, though, for business and political reasons, they may dissemble their real feelings. When Richardson, an Englishman, who foolishly broke his way through the train of a southern Daimyo on a visit to Yedo, was cut down with a sword by a Samurai retainer of the Prince and the bombardment of Kogoshima followed the failure of the central government to cause the anti-foreign southerners to pay the indemnity demanded, the Shogun called upon the foreigners to remove to the mud flat which is now Yokohama. The consular officers refused, though the traders went. Ultimately a compromise was reached whereby consuls were permitted to establish consulates at Kanagawa, but they followed the traders to Yokohama. Then about a hundred wattled huts of fishermen occupied the site, but there was good anchorage there and engineers were soon to see its possibilities as a harbor.

Black, the Englishman who gave Japan its journalism, in his reminiscences, paints a grim picture of Yokohama's disabilities in its pioneer days of half a century ago. He says it was a small level lying between sea and swamp which separated it from the cultivated fields further back, and flanked by hills from which again it was cut off by a tidal creek and estuary, so that the

only way out on the land side was by bridges provided with gates and a guard of Japanese troops. The foreign representatives feared for a time that they were to be shut off from intercourse with the people as effectually as the Dutch were closed in on the island of Deshima at Nagasaki. In the half century that has intervened since, five years after Perry's visit, the foreign settlement was opened in 1858, the mushroom city grew, a hybrid that was part of Asia and part of the Occident. Now it has over 200,000 people, of whom 5,724 are foreigners—Kobe has 3,733 foreigners. Vying with Kobe for first place among the ports of the Far East its business is great. A comparative table issued by the able finance department at Tokio shows the foreign trade and shipping of Yokohama from 1868 to 1906 and the vast strides made in the thirty-nine years. In 1868 the foreign trade of the port amounted to \$6,653,600; in 1906 the figures were \$101,899,047, an increase of sixteen-fold. The imports of 1868 were \$3,842,016 and those of 1906 were \$74,498,754. The strides made by the shipping are shown by the figures. For the first three years they are uncertain, but in 1871, 367 foreign vessels arrived with a tonnage of 384,482, while but one native vessel went foreign. In 1906 the foreign vessels numbered 762 with a total tonnage of 2,643,060 tons, and the native vessels 301, of 635,477 tons.

The hatoba, the long wharf jutting into the harbor which is the only wharf of the port, is the gateway through which the traveller enters the Orient in a dream. Then he is lost in admiration of the polite, affable Japanese. It is well to record one's impressions then. The color, the glare, the wondrous picture, and above all, the receptive mood in which the traveller then finds himself is that with which he might do justice to the scene. Afterward the mood changes. One noticeable thing is the strange light, almost a glare and the absence of deep shadows such as the arrival from the Occident is used to. John La Farge, the noted artist, describing his impressions at the moment of arrival said: It is like the picture books, and under what splen-

dor of light, in what contrasting atmosphere! The beauty of the light and of the air is what I should like to describe, but it is almost like trying to account for one's own mood—like describing the key in which one plays. Quite so; first impressions are best in Japan; oft-times the traveller who has remained more than half a year says his farewell to the land over a cocktail on the wide cemented piazza of the Grand hotel overlooking the Bund and the harbor, and hurls anathema at the idols he formally worshipped whose feet he found of clay.

Landing from the hotel launch one is immediately surrounded. "Ricksha—ricksha—karum," shouted a dozen or more who with a rush had dragged their jinrikshas—the Japanese prefer to call them kurumas—from the near by stand. They dropped the thrills of their little carts and begged the traveller to be honorably seated. I was seated, and, assuming the air of a resident, said "Grand Hotel." It were well that I gave my destination for the usual custom is to take the newcomer to another place which is not a hotel. It is an odd sensation that first ride in a jinriksha trundling along the Bund with a scant man hauling you at a dog trot, his white mushroom hat bobbing before you. Mostly the ricksha coolie's attire is of dark blue, a small pair of knickerbockers not reaching to the knee like those of an athlete and a loose blouse, broad mushroom hat and tabi, close-fitting cloth shoes with rubber sole constituting the suit. Often white is used instead of blue, and often the runner wears skintight trousers reaching to his ankle instead of the loose knickerbockers. Outside the former treaty ports a loin cloth is sometimes considered sufficient apparel.

One is strangely self-conscious when riding the first time in the ricksha; it is hard to refrain from laughing. The Professor from Peoria roared aloud, and shouted to me: "I'd hate to let my friends see me now." It is noticeable that the cart-pullers will not pass in front of each other. The guild rules that this must not be in order that older men may not be handicapped by the rivalry

of the young men. That the motion is not unpleasant must be admitted, and one soon becomes accustomed to it. The feeling toward the coolie in the shafts also changes. The first feeling of pity is quickly replaced when the newcomer has been victimized a few times, charged double or treble fare and then followed into his hotel by a coolie who tugs at the coat sleeve as he demands "More ju sen." The novelty also soon wears off, and the rider sits placidly in his little cart as though he had been born to the custom. He gets the ricksha habit, which is common to all foreigners. The majority hire a jinricksha no matter how short a distance they wish to go.

The Grand Hotel is reached in a few minutes from the hatoba. It faces the Bund. On one side bounded by a chain held at intervals by small posts is the harbor with its fleets of shipping, on the other the office buildings, hotels, and residences—these are mostly set back in compounds and part hidden in picturesque trees and greenery. The principal hotels face the Bund, and the Yokohama club, a fine building of white stone, and some of the steamship offices, notably the Canadian Pacific Railway offices, are there. The Grand hotel lies at the Bund, and nearby a canal, ever filled with picturesque junks, sampans and canal boats carries the freights of Yokohama into the inner town. The hotel is a well-kept institution run by a foreign company. Its spacious verandahs—on one of these the place is pointed out where James Creelman wrote the story of the battle of Ping Yang—are always in vogue. The cemented piazza at the front is one of Yokohama's main rendezvous. The Oriental vies closely for first place. Both have French chefs, band concerts twice a week and all the conveniences to be found in any modern hotel; in fact, one traveller, who has travelled much, is on record in print as stating the Oriental hotel to be the best in the world.

According to Kipling the Grand hotel and Shepherd's hotel of Cairo are the places where the world passes. He says one will meet all his friends there if he remains long enough. One person to be

met who is not a friend is the guide. Shun him. Then there is the Welcome Society of Japan which welcomes the travellers, five yen, no more. The Welcome Society claims that its subscribers may see places to which they alone have special access. I could not find any such places where I had not the same privileges. Moreover, I found that when the traveller was under the auspices of the society and in the keeping of its guides it was as though he wore a banner which read: "Easy mark." Prices were always doubled and trebled for these persons, and as for the guides—they could teach the average American or Canadian politician the gentle art of "graft." I did not learn this until after many days; when I came to the Grand hotel I was in a hurry, all that I desired was breakfast and then a jinricksha coolie hurried me through picturesque streets, past people so strange, to a railway station beside a junk-filled canal.

On the way I sat as in a dream, looking askance at the jumble of western buildings set down in the Japanese setting, staring at the crowds which shuffled about on their "geta"—teak-wood clogs—looking with cloyed delight on the kaleidoscope of color, of jinrickshas, little freight carts drawn by men and women, sometimes with children tied to their backs—brothers and sisters of the ox—singing jerky street-songs of women and of gods. The bright sunshine and the delight at the strangeness lingered with me as the runner moved through narrow streets filled with quaint people, bright with color, with alien houses and open-fronted stores hung with gay ultramarine blue screens with striking ideographs of white. On the back of the men's blouses, or coats, was a different geometric sight, a massive "tea-chest hieroglyphic" that told of his trade or his household god, his guild or his clan, and the kimono of the women were oft-times dazzling in their hues, the broad "obi" or sash was gay; children toddled along with children tied to their backs. Here and there an arched torii leading to temples with porcelain tiled roofs and crumbling stone "tore" or lanterns avenueing the path to where the bronze gods

were enshrined in the niches behind nettings of western wire were seen by the roadside; dully booming bronze bells and big brasses against which sounders were struck as worshippers pulled a frayed rope to awake a people's gods; flotillas of cargo-filled junks fast in the mud of half-dry canals near the slightly arched and oddly balustraded bridges over which the runner dragged me—each and everything was of a new world.

That February morning I was infused with the wierd charm which comes to the uninitiated as he lands for the first time in the magical, mystical East—a charm which lasts for a day or two, three perhaps. Then the glamor fades, the newcomer learns that the smiling faces are masks, the bowing politeness a sham; he learns that a mask would be a much more representative national emblem than the chrysanthemum. Soon, too, he learns of the Japanese lie, and hears the meaningless, "very sorry." How he learns to detest that "very sorry."

Had I written then it would have been of a wonderful picture and charming conglomeration of strange scenes, of open-fronted shops and charming shopkeepers squatted on cushions about glowing braziers, of tiled roofs of blue and porcelain, of long flights of stone steps crowded with playing children, of artistic torii; odd-shaped entrance arches which led to the "tera," the temples and shrines of Buddha's galaxy of Gods of the Way, and Shinto's innumerable gods and goddesses of the Path, of sweeping roofs with great overhang and ponderous beamwork, wondrous carvings, of beauteous architecture seen beyond dingy stores fronting lantern-lined courtyards; I would have told of bright blue screens with their glaring house-signs dazzling white in a field of indigo-blue, of a fairyland steeped in ghostly sunlight, glaring white, of a pale blue summer sky though it was February—the month of the Pine—of a tinted atmosphere and dreams of mysticism, of a Way and a Path—the Way to Nirvana of the Buddhist and the Path of the Gods who are the revered ancestors of the believers in Shintoism. The square-built brick and mortar with their

western jambs and lintels, cornices and mansards, the high walls of mercantile compounds and warehouses on either side of narrow streets, men with white faces and the conventional garb I knew of long usage, I saw but in passing glimpses as one sees the telegraph posts in a photograph which do not belong to the picture. These were of the Occident; it was the Orient that held my vision. And one enjoys Japan most when he rides in its streets for the first time.

Yokohama, that is the concession, is not Japan; rather it is a condensed Europe with Japanese trimmings. Yokohama is for the tourist and the tourist is for Yokohama. Benten-dore is lined with shops which are for the just-landed, to sell him cheap curios made for him; Honcho-dore has shops which will sell Mrs. Tourist silks, the shopkeepers bowing and smirking as she remarks, thinking of western prices—"my, how cheap"—though the price asked is three times what the dealer would ask of the native. I must see more of this place, I thought, and rode by in a dream to the foreign-styled station of the first railway built in Japan, that which British engineers stretched over the Tokaido to connect the port of Yokohama with Tokio at the Sumida's mouth in 1872, on which Manchester-built locomotives haul long trains hourly to Tokio.

The song of the geta clicking on the cement platform beneath the long vaulted shed with its iron pillars and corrugated iron roof, a loud-sounding wave of sound, is typical of the land—it is as typical as the tailless cats, the lotus and the cherry-blossoms. There was a band at the station, playing brass instruments with the gusto of a German band. The music I heard was that of "The Battle hymn of the Republic." It was played in honor of departing soldiery, and a great crowd assembled with long-streaming banners, blue, yellow, white—all inscribed with scrawling black katikana characters—to bid farewell to the coolies who yesterday toiled in the rice-paddies and who were the soldiers of today. The shower of pink papers—the "doindre!" which is the Emperor's call to arms—had fallen among them and they had ex-

changed the loose haori of the fields for the foreign-styled uniforms. The band and its music was as foreign as the uniform the conscripts wore, as foreign as the leathern boots they carried over their shoulders at the end of a string rather than displace the more comfortable tabi. In time they would become accustomed to the western footwear. It was a small contingent, a score of new-made soldiers, bound to the spacious military barracks at Aoyama in Tokio and the crowd had come to see them leave with banners, western music, and the parting "banzais" "ten thousand years."

It was a good-natured, smiling crowd and made way for me as I edged my way to a carriage, as the little porters were swinging shut the carriage doors, each boxed by itself after the manner of British trains, and oh! so small in comparison with the great Pullman cars of the American continent. I watched the throng on the platform from the car window until the whistle blew and the train began slowly to pull out from the station, leaving bowing crowds bidding ceremonious farewells, without tears and without expression other than the in-drawn breath which, to the Japanese, betokens respect. Then I drew in my head to find myself alone in a first class carriage. I had not heard the Japanese saying "only fools and foreigners travel first-class in the train."

The conductor, who was a youngster—all the train crew seemed to be youths—slammed the carriage doors and from the shadow of the terminus the train emerged into a bath of sunshine, and there were flags fluttering gay. The villagers of the countryside had decked the railroad's borders with arches of flags; lofty bamboos, wild gilded wicker cages at the head, held streaming banners, the "Hino Maru"—the red ball of Nippon on a white field—and the radiating red and white rays of the Rising Sun flag. At crossings dividing the flooded paddy fields which stretched like never-ending chess boards to the horizon, little crowds, mostly children, with the usual complement of small girls with babies strapped to their backs, gathered to wave their little flags and to shout banzai in order

to coax an answering cheer from the conscripts of the train.

The Tokaido railroad skirts the shores of Tokio bay, passing through villages of mud and wattle, with the old Tokaido—the road by the Eastern Sea—visible in places, with picturesque temples, torii, moss-grown graveyards with avenues of dark, age-worn lanterns and monuments, with a plain of rippling blue dotted with square-sailed junks, and the three mounds—the dismantled forts of the last days of the Shogunate when the Tokunawas sought to impede hostile access to the great city following the coming of Henry's "black ships"—these and other sights were to be seen from the carriage windows. Kanagawa, where Black-Eyed Susan's successor, using the name, carries on a small tea house to mark the place where Richardson died after being carried from the roadway where he was slashed mortally with a sword by a retainer of the Prince of Satsuma in 1862, is the first station passed. This is a place of history. Not alone was it the scene of the killing of Richardson because he and two other Englishmen and an English woman sought to cross the armed procession of the Prince of Satsuma on the way to Yedo, a killing which resulted in the bombardment of Kagoshima by a British fleet, but also it was the place where foreigners were first given a concession on Tokio bay—they afterward moved to Yokohama. Omori, and other fishing villages were passed, and beautiful Kawasaki—I afterward attended a flower festival at the noted temple of Daishi Sama, god of the fishermen in whose courtyard the trees are fashioned into strange-shaped fishing junks—was visited for but a few minutes ere the train rolled on over the Tanagawa through the great orchards reaching far on either side and filling the plain which stretches toward the blue Hakone mountains far away, onward to Shinagawa. Skirting Shinagawa bay with its sampans and fishing craft the factory chimneys of the outskirts of the capital are in sight. The entry into the city by way of the Tokio is past numerous factories, innovations of the last ten or twelve years, and past

a great gas works, which, oddly enough, is built facing the Shiba detached palace, one of the residences of the Emperor, little used by him. The factory chimneys are built for the most part of thin iron tubing instead of brick, a precaution taken because of the frequency of earthquakes. To this day many Japanese believe their country to be a great fish and when it wriggles there is an earthquake. Two lines of seismic activity intersect near Tokio, according to Prof. Milne, the seismographical expert. Through an avenue of these factories, past crowded streets, over bridges with cargo-junks fast to their pillars, the

train rolls into Shimbashi, the terminus, and the traveller debarks in Tokio.

A smiling brown man with a red cap and the words "Imperial hotel" blazoned thereon, rescued me from the throng of ricksha coolies who surrounded me, grasped my bags from the porter, and hustled me into a ricksha, followed by my effects. Ten minutes later I was dressing for luncheon at the Tokio hotel. I had intended to leave next day for Manchuria, but when General Fukushima told me, as he told others: "Times does not yet come," I had, perforce, to remain, and decided that I would explore Yokohama—and then Japan.

The Opening of the Season.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Photographs by the Author.

IF I may be permitted to criticise, living as I have only this year among you, I must mention how itchy the trigger finger of Vancouver Island sportsmen becomes during the last few hours of the last day of August, also how to a duck hunter, enured to the strict observance of the first day of the week in the mid-continent province of Ontario, the fusilade that greeted the well fed birds on the bright, glorious Sunday morning that ushered in the season was a surprise. I frankly admit that already we take our fishing rods down without a blush on this morning when the godly ostensible man worships the One who made it, and I presume we may later follow you to the hunting field, but will all this teach the wide-eyed lad, nervously handling his first, and ever-treasured shotgun, to be the true man his dad wants him to be. I know, few have had more reason to know, the

kindly teaching of the field and stream, how, as the seething blood of youth flows more slowly in our maturing veins, we begin to appreciate every life of bird, beast or reptile, fish, crustacea, aye, even the tiny things of marine zoology, and learn not to kill a single thing unless needed for food, or rarely, for scientific purposes. There is one thing here I would like to tell the boys that are now entering the hunting field—do not kill any insignificant animal or bird that offers you so fair a chance, for not only do you do an unkind act but you warn and scare away the very game you are trying to approach—pardon this digression—I do not often preach.

I must be very careful in my Nature Study—you know of President Roosevelt's "Nature Fakirs." The fir woods are well filled with beves of quail, we have seen as many as forty in one bevy slip, as so many winged little shadows,

across the dusty roads, the strident call of the cock pheasant is heard all along the river, in the slashings, and for quite a distance up the hills, ruffed grouse whirl along before us or sit so inquisitively on the spruce branches watching (is it good policy to open the season for one variety of grouse when the best of us can hardly tell them from a pheasant until we have brought them to bag).

In our wanderings this spring along the wild coasts that delimit this great island, and along where the mighty rivers debouch into the gulf from the mainland; we have seen the many varieties of wild ducks that inhabit this Pacific coast, unfortunately for you and I many of them are fish eaters, see the pair of beautiful Pintails we killed on the tide flats of the Skagit. These birds were in all the beauty of their spring livery, yet they were so fishy that my assistant Fritz wisely said, "Shall I scale them as soon as I pluck them?" This bird at a distance from salt water is one of the most deliciously fleshed of all the summer ducks. Alas, that our old friend the

Mallard, that clean feeder of the marshes and rivers in the middle of the continent, should condescend to eat of the remains of the spawning salmon, when the very air was eloquent of their age.

The three teal that we came across—blue-winged, green-winged and cinnamon, had not, as far as our investigations went, any taste or odour of fish, but our old-time friends, the Widgeon, were, as an Irish guide used to say: "Good fast day birds, fish and fowl on Friday." We found the nests of those inveterate eaters, the Surf ducks, in many an ocean cliff. It was remarkable to see these big coarse ducks—some call them black ducks, memories of our old friend the Dusky Mallard—the real Black Duck—makes us resent this—eating the big mussels, shell and all. Through our telescope we watched them swallow the shells even when they could not dislodge the barancles (*balanus flos*), and many a time we found one of these big, coarse birds dead on the pebbles, choked by a two-inch shell, the poor



A Good "Right and Left," Pictured as They Fell.

bird's capacity being only of the one-inch order.

Now the long roll of guns, puff, puffing from far southern California coasts as far north along our rock-ribbed shores as the law is obeyed, has put to wing the twenty-seven varieties of the wild ducks that are indigenous to our glorious west. Aye, and all over the broad continent, in many a water where the faithful old gun above me has flung out its rude summons to the passing hosts, the white man and the red man are bang, banging at the startled birds. Siawashes, deep in lillie covered ponds, Ojibways under wild rice woven hides, Blackfeet hidden deeply in the slough scrub, Frenchmen of the Gatineau, the St. Maurice and Lake St. John, and far up the Ottawa on the Quebec side, with modern hammerless and smokeless powder or ancient ringing muzzle-loader, in the muskegs of the north, in the wild rice beds of old Ontario, among the wild oats that border the rivers of Indiana and Illinois, all along the half dry streams of the great prairie country of the Mississippi, the Missouri and the far north Saskatchewan I can see the half

hidden faces of the red man and the white, see the streaks of fire that shoot upward into the dim grey light of dawn, the winowing darting flocks that flit past on silky pinions, hear the guttural call of the redskin, the squeak of that awful duck-caller of the whites, the quack quack, quacking of the alarmed birds, and the dull splash or resounding thump when the poor duck hits the water or the land—what barbarians we are, can any special date or privilege call out this vast army of men, leaders of the professions, statesmen, staid business men, artisans and the great camp following of boys all over this mighty continent—yes the vibrant call of a duck, the whirring of its wings overhead, will put in motion a grander army of true men than any other single call I know of.

But there are men that prefer the noiseless, hammerless, barrelless, merciful camera, can the man that a month ago stopped with a good right and left the three teal pictured here, have as much satisfaction as the possessor of a picture of the teal's nest and the birds swimming so happily amid his decoys?



Pintails.



Nest of Blue-wing Teal.

Cochrane's Opportunity.

By Henry Morey.

MARK DALEY, undertaker, and Joe Cochrane, real estate man, had been friends long before they came West. The Pacific Coast had always been a favorite topic of conversation with them and Vancouver the one city they were particularly anxious to see. When Mark Daley suddenly made up his mind and trekked, it

wasn't long before Joe Cochrane followed him.

Mark left respectfully, bidding most of his friends good-bye and making no secret of his destination. But Joe ran away. Nobody blamed him for that, however, as his wife was a crank of the first water. Joe could scarcely move hand or foot without exciting her dis-

pleasure. The usual recreations of the man about town were out of the question for him. Joe was henpecked and to such an extent that he could no longer boast of a single feather.

Mrs. Cochrane's first husband had died young, but her second, Joe, had no intention of doing any such thing if he could possibly help it. He accordingly decamped, leaving no address. But he left, instead, the rental of several houses for the maintenance of Mrs. Cochrane, which, popular comment said, was more than he should have done. He went West, of course, but not directly.

Mark Daley knew just when to expect Joe at Vancouver and went to the depot to meet him. "Hulloa, Joe!" he exclaimed, heartily.

"Hush-h-h!" hissed Joe, drawing Mark aside. "You musn't call me that any longer. My name is Joshua James Wimbledon."

"Heavens and earth!" ejaculated Daley, "I'll never get used to that."

"Well, you'll have to, if we're going to be friends still," replied Joe. "Call me Josh for short."

"Why, what's up?"

"I've cut the old woman, that's all."

"W-h-e-w!" whistled Daley. "Did it get as bad as that?"

"Yes, it did."

"Well, I don't blame you, old man. I would have done the same thing myself, most likely."

There was a land boom in town and Cochrane opened a real estate office. He was sitting at his desk one day, talking over a deal with a client, when a lady appeared in the doorway. She raised her hands convulsively when she saw the man at the desk and brought them together again in the same dramatic way.

"O, Joe, my darling; I've found you at last!" she exclaimed, making a rush towards him with arms outstretched.

Joe felt as if he had been plunged suddenly into an ice-cold bath. He had no intention, however, of being hugged, and actually flew to the rear of the office and out the back door, closely followed by his wife. The door was banged to and locked just before Mrs. Cochrane reached it. This gave Joe a little time

to breathe. He stood still just long enough to hear his wife beat an angry tattoo on the panels. Then he rushed across the square to Mark Daley's. A few words explained the situation.

"It's too bad, old fellow," sympathized Daley; "but I don't see how on earth you can get away from her now. Perhaps she's got over her crankiness and come to her senses. I'd give her another chance if I were you."

Joe took the undertaker's advice and in less than a week he and his wife had settled down to housekeeping again.

But time and circumstance had neither improved Mrs. Cochrane's temper nor brought her common sense. In consequence, Joe Cochrane's usually jovial countenance assumed an expression of sadness.

One evening he came home an hour later than he had dared to do since the reconciliation. Mrs. Cochrane met him in the hall.

"Take that thing into the kitchen and stand it in the sink," she snapped, referring to Joe's dripping umbrella.

Joe started for the kitchen, but Mrs. Cochrane pulled him back.

"No! not until you've taken off those dirty rubbers. Set them outside on the porch. Quick, now!"

Cochrane obeyed silently. He returned from the kitchen looking very miserable. He expected a scolding if not something worse.

The clock struck eleven.

"Hear that!" exclaimed Mrs. Cochrane, snapping again. "A pretty time of night for a respectable married man to be getting home. What kept you so late?"

Joe slid into an easy chair.

"Not that one," objected Mrs. Cochrane. "It's too comfortable. Get out of it at once."

Joe took no notice of this last command so Mrs. Cochrane coaxed him with a darning needle. The first prick was a very slight one. It failed to move Joe. The second one fetched him, however.

"Now, tell me all about it," sneered Mrs. Cochrane.

"There's nothing to tell," began Joe, irritably. "I was only at the club."

"The Club! Of course! Always the

Club. The Crescent Club. I suppose. But there'll be a surprise for you one of these nights. I'm going to have a club at home—a good-sized one, with carbuncles on it—and the very next time you come home so late I'm going to give you a taste of it. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand," replied Joe, quietly, taking a cigar from his pocket. He could stand almost anything with a good Havanna between his lips.

"Don't dare to smoke in here!" snarled Mrs. Cochrane, snatching the cigar from his fingers. "I'll bet anything that cost you at least a quarter."

"It didn't cost me a cent. Daley treated me to it."

"And tomorrow you'll treat Daley? It amounts to the same thing, you see. Now, just unlace my shoes. But first, fetch me my kimona and my slippers. Be quick about it because I'm tired. O, yes! and my massage cream. I can apply that and scold you at the same time."

Joe sighed and obeyed. He placed the things one by one near his wife and stooped to unlace her shoes. While he was doing this Mrs. Cochrane discovered that her massage cream box was empty.

"How stupid of me!" she exclaimed. "There's a remedy, however. Joe, you'll have to go to town at once for some more."

"At this time of night?" queried Joe. He rejoiced inwardly at the prospect of a respite but was careful not to show it.

"Yes, at this time of night. You know how my complexion suffers if I miss a single application and tomorrow is Mrs. Mortimer's reception. The Owl drug-store is open all night. I always get this brand at the Owl. The very best quality, remember. It's only three dollars a box."

Joe got into his overcoat as slowly as possible. Then he crossed the hall languidly and grasped the handle of the door, chuckling to himself as he did so. But he didn't get any further than that, for just then Mrs. Cochrane ran into the hall and took hold of his coat sleeve.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed, tauntingly, "thought you were going to have a fine

outing, didn't you. Well, I'm not such a fool. I've plenty of cream in another box. You'll stay at home, Mr. Cochrane, and get ready for bed at once."

"Will I? We'll see!" Joe was roused at last and his eyes blazed. With a swift movement he lifted his wife off her feet, carried her unceremoniously into the dining-room and dumped her on the lounge. Then he bolted from the house.

Mrs. Cochrane had ample time to review the situation as her husband did not put in an appearance again for forty-eight hours. When he did come home the first thing he noticed was a new wall decoration. This was in the shape of a club. A silver crescent gleamed suggestively from its fat side. The carbuncles had not been forgotten and they bulged out threateningly here and there.

"By Jove!" laughed Cochrane, treating the thing as a joke; "I'll have to take that thing down and show it to the boys."

"You'll do no such thing," exclaimed Mrs. Cochrane, going off like a bunch of fire-crackers. "I was obliged to make it look more or less like an ornament, but to you and me it's a club, remember. A real club; the Crescent Club, you understand!"

Joe understood perfectly.

A few days later he and Mark Daley were having a confidential chat. "No, Mark," said Joe, determinedly, "I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to bolt again the first chance I get."

Cochrane's opportunity came much sooner than he expected and in a way that he had never dreamed of.

Mark Daley had just settled himself comfortably in bed one night when the telephone bell jangled noisily. He answered it at once.

"Is that Mr. Daley?" asked a feminine voice.

"Yes, this is Mark Daley."

"Well, Mrs. Cochrane's speaking. I'm so sorry to disturb you at this time of night," sobbed the voice, "but my dear husband has had a stroke of some kind. I'm afraid he's dead."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Daley. "Joe Cochrane dead?"

"Well, he looks like it and the doctor

says he is. O, Mr. Daley, whatever shall I do!"

"I'll be with you as soon as possible, Mrs. Cochrane; that is, if——"

"O, certainly, Mr. Daley; I couldn't think of having anyone else."

Daley lost no time in getting to Mrs. Cochrane's to take charge of the body of his old friend. He found Joe dead, as he supposed, and Mrs. Cochrane apparently inconsolable. But she was able to give the necessary directions about the funeral which was to be a grand one.

Daley went about his work sadly and with blurred eyes. "Five-feet-nine will do nicely," he mused; "but I had an idea poor Joe was taller than that." He made a note of the dimensions, gave the body some further attention and took his departure.

"Remember," said Mrs. Cochrane, as he was leaving, "the best casket you have, please."

Next morning Daley gave his directions to an assistant. "Casket number seventeen D," he said.

"All right, sir," replied the assistant, although he was astonished at the order, "Number seventeen T!" he muttered, "why, that's one of the cheapest things we have."

They laid Joe out in the best parlor, leaving his face well exposed.

Mrs. Cochrane kept her own room till late that night. Before retiring she repaired to the best parlor to have a look at Joe.

"Well!" she exclaimed. Her astonishment or the presence of death kept her from saying anything else. She hastened to the telephone and rang up Mark Daley. "I want to see you immediately. Come at once, do you hear!"

Daley went, wondering what on earth had happened.

"Do you mean to tell me," began Mrs. Cochrane energetically, "that that common old thing in there is the best casket you have? I wouldn't bury a pig in it!"

"It's one of the best we have," answered Daley, quietly. "The price of it is three hundred dollars."

"It isn't worth three hundred cents. Look at it!"

A glance served to show Daley what had happened. "I must apologize, Mrs. Cochrane," he began. "My assistant has made a mistake. He had orders to bring up a totally different article. We can easily have this changed, however."

Grumbling about the stupidity of the assistant, Mrs. Cochrane withdrew, leaving the undertaker alone with the body. Daley turned towards the door with the intention of leaving the room. Before he had taken three steps he heard a mysterious whispering.

"I say, Daley."

The undertaker wheeled about, expecting he hardly knew what.

"Who in thunder measured me for this coffin?" continued the voice.

Then Daley saw Joe's lips move and broaden into a grin. He stepped up to the side of the coffin, but was too astonished to speak.

"Mum's the word," whispered Joe, with eyes open and a finger held up warningly.

"Why——!" began Daley in his usual voice.

"Hush!" hissed Joe. "I came to my senses over an hour ago, and jolly well surprised I was to find myself in this fix. But the very next moment an idea came to me. Think I, if Mark Daley's bossing this job, the thing's as good as done. You'll help me, won't you, Mark?"

"Sure!" whispered Daley.

"I heard all about the mistake," continued Joe; "but the size of the casket would have been sufficient excuse for changing it. The skin's off my knees already!"

"It would be the easiest thing in the world if it were not for Mrs. Cochrane wanting a last look," said Daley. "But we'll manage it somehow."

Fortune favored the undertaker. Before he reached home an alarm of fire clanged out. Daley turned towards the business portion of the town where, already a ruddy glow was visible.

"It must be in the vicinity of Munro's clothing store," he thought, quickening his pace until it developed into a run. "By Jove! I hope it is Munro's," he muttered. "One of the figures in their show-window looks very much like Joe

Cochrane. I've noticed it many a time. With a little touching up it would pass for Joe's corpse all right!"

Daley turned into the main street. "It's Munro's!" someone shouted and the undertaker's heart gave an answering throb.

Crowds of men were carrying merchandise out of the burning building. Daley took his place amongst them. When the excitement was at its height he gave his attention to the show-window. It was an easy matter to kidnap the figure without attracting special notice and in less than ten minutes it was lying comfortably in the casket which should have been accommodating Joe Cochrane.

Daley powdered up the face a bit and poured a little melted wax into the wide-open eyes. "Now," he said to himself, "Joe is very fond of roses. With pink and white ones half smothering that face the deception will be complete. We'll take it up very early in the morning," he chuckled, "and bring Joe back in place of it."

It had been a hard night for Cochrane and but for a flask of whisky that Daley had tucked in beside him he could never have borne it. Just after daylight he heard the noise of wheels approaching and his circulation quickened. The tread of footsteps sounded on the verandah and presently a casket was brought solemnly into the room.

"Thank heaven, you've come!" whispered Cochrane to Daley. "Another hour of this would have killed me in earnest. You've got an excuse ready, I hope."

"There'll be no need of one," replied Daley. "Munro's clothing store was burned out last night. Just take a peep into this casket."

Joe Cochrane sat up in his coffin and gazed at the face in casket number seventeen D. For a moment he looked somewhat perplexed. Then his features slowly relaxed and broke into a satisfied smile. "Daley, you're a brick!" he whispered, grasping the undertaker's hand.

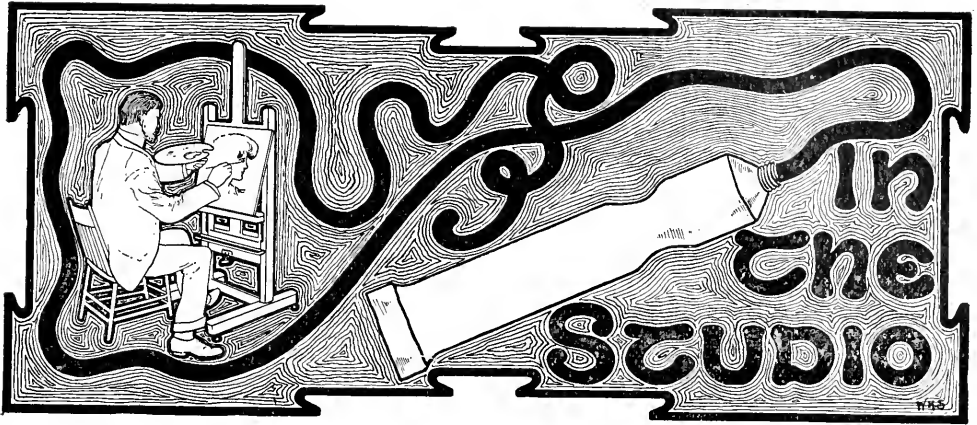
A couple of hours later Mrs. Cochrane went into the parlor to see the new casket and incidentally looked at Joe.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "that's something like a casket. Polished oak, I suppose, with real silver trimmings. Joe ought to rest comfortably in that," she mused, going close up to it. "He looks quite dead this morning, too. Much more so than he did last night."

The funeral was a grand one. Joe Cochrane, who was in hiding at Daley's, had the unique experience of seeing it go solemnly up the street headed by a brass band.

Mrs. Cochrane went back East—where she belongs. She thinks Joe is in Heaven now; but he isn't.





Models I Have Known.

II.—John Minards.

By Mrs. Beanlands.

IN the peaceful old churchyard at Polperro lie many generations of the family of Minards. Nearly all have been fisherfolk and all have lived and died in their native village. John Minards is the last of his race, with the exception of a cousin in trade in London whom Minards carefully ignored, for the old fishermen with the blood of the Vikings in their veins rather despise the shopkeeping class, their life is a constant warring with that grand element the sea, and gives them a fine scorn for the life of cities. "He has the learning but I have the wit," John said. He used to "putt people away"—that is to say, take visitors' luggage to the station on his handbarrow and it was in this capacity that I first met him. He had just seen an old gentleman off by the train. "What a brave old chap one must be to risk going up to London," he thought. He had often posed for "artisses" and was willing to come if I gave him the small sum he would otherwise make at his fishing. When he first married he was only earning two shillings and sixpence a week and then owing to bad

times nothing for several weeks. "That was the way to learn a wife to keep house," he said, with a wink. The old Polperro houses are built of stone, grey gaunt and forbidding with their feet in the water like sentinels overlooking the bay, and always with a backdoor to the hills from which in times of danger the smugglers could escape.

Once in a bad gale the flood reached the lower rooms, and Minards had just carried his bedridden mother upstairs. A visitor, Mrs. D—, called in at the back door and said it was a grand sight. Minards thought he would learn her to call it a grand sight when other folks' property was being spoilt, so he opened the front door and in rushed the water. "Her fell a-screeching," and he had to help her out. He had been married three times, and had two daughters. Both died of consumption. It was a great grief to him and yet he was able to say: "After all it was only one trouble. If they had grown up or married there might have been many."

Minards came of a strong race. He took great pride in showing a cliff near

Willy Wilcock's Hole, apparently fifty feet high, with sharp rocks below, and he impressively stated: "My uncle fell down here." "Poor man, was he killed?" "No, but he hurt himself a bit."

He had many stories about his mother. When she was born she said quite distinctly, "Da." The doctor and nurse testified to it, and her father was drowned that night. When John was a lad, while the minister was preaching, he stopped to say, pointing to the end of the chapel where John was sitting with some others, "Will some one sit with those five lads? They are disturbing my preaching." "That's a lie," said John; "you have only stopped because you had nothing to say." Picking up his cap he left the chapel, knowing well what he had to do. He ran home to be the first to tell his mother. Presently his father returned. "Where is John?" Then came the boy, but he was not flogged.

"Polperro was not always an honest place," John once said; "about twenty years ago a dark blue shirt was stolen that was hanging out at night."

John was twice bewitched at school and had many strange tales of witchcraft. Witches who changed into rabbits and milked the cows and witches as squirrels who lived in the trees and could only be shot if the gun were loaded with quicksilver. A man whom he knew took his sister who had fits to Plymouth. A witch told them they would meet a woman who would say a certain thing to them and that she was the cause of the fits. They met her. The man knocked her down and drew blood and the girl was quite cured from that day.

Wedding cake, Minards told us, must be carried upstairs backwards and tied in the left stocking with the right garter and put under the pillow, getting into bed backwards and in strict silence.

He believed in white magic as well as black. A little boy—Jack—who was posing for me also, had his poor little hands covered with warts. John was

fond of the ginger-haired little tacker, as he called him, and got a friend to charm them away. It was done without touching the boy. He only looked at them and said: "They are bad indeed, but they will now go," and the strange but true fact is that they daily grew smaller and after I had left Polperro John wrote to me that they had entirely disappeared.

Little Jack told me of the Mermaids who lived among the Cornish rocks, saying he had never seen one, but his father had—it was stuffed, in a museum. His father had been on a merchant ship and was a great traveller and Jack had many stories of his adventures. "Once a leopard came near my father, and my father was so frightened that his hair stood on end, and my father's hair kept rising till it lifted up my father's cap, which fell on the ground, but the leopard turned and disappeared in the woods and then didn't my father run for his life."

A German artist and his "lady" came to Polperro and Minards was excited and pleased to be asked to pose, or, as he called it, "setting for them."

However, they wanted a silent model and Minards' conversation was always gratis and plentiful, so next day a very downhearted and depressed fisherman came to report the German as a proper silly and that he had nothing in him but what the spoon put in. Later when I referred to his handsome wife. "Handsome," he said; "H'm! I think she and I were behind the door when Beauty was distributed," and he would not pose for them again, not for a Jew's eye. He was indeed a good friend and a good hater.

When the time came for me to be "put away" there were many good-byes. Giles, the tinker, an old crony of Minards, was there too, and I left with his couplet to Minards repeating itself in my mind:

"I've seen ye likeness on the flat;
Half an angel, half a cat."

A Lead Pipe Cinch.

By L. McLeod Gould.

AN office furnished with only one type-writing desk; four bare walls without even an almanack; an outlook upon dim brick walls which at the time were being soaked with rain: such was the scene upon which Jim Gilmore gazed one May day. Latterly he had drifted from one fit of despondency into another, and this seemed to be the climax. "What is the use of living?" he groaned. "One dose of morphia and all is over; all worry done away with and just a plunge into the unknown."

The facts were these: Sifton, where he lived, from being a sleepy country town had developed into a tourists' resort and the natural result had been a tremendous increase in the energy of the little town. Business had progressed by leaps and bounds; on all sides were visible the signs of prosperity; a Tourist Association had been formed, and a park laid out for the visitors. With the advance in the price of real estate a veritable boom had commenced, and it seemed as though Sifton was to become the leading city of the Province.

Jim Gilmore, with the rest, had been bitten with the fever to become his own master and had thrown up a good situation where he was earning \$125 per month as stenographer and book-keeper to open an office. However, he was wiser than some of his generation, and instead of engaging in real estate, of which he knew nothing, he put his own experience to use and started as a public stenographer, thinking to prey upon the fledging realty men by obtaining all their work. The result—failure.

After three weeks steady attendance in his dingy little room the only client he had, and whom he welcomed with open arms, was a book agent. This man

certainly found his way up, but though this fact brought a certain amount of balm to Jim's soul, it had not brought any money into his empty pockets.

"So this is to be the end," he mused. "Rent due tomorrow for this wretched room; rent due the day after for board and lodging, with two months in arrears; laundry not paid. I suppose I shall have to chuck it and go to work for someone else again." He lay back in his chair, idly lit a cigarette, the last in the case, and pondered on the follies of mankind in general and his own in particular. Suddenly a smile broke over his gloomy face. "Eureka!" he cried, leaping to his feet, and without further ado he pulled on his overcoat, locked the office and hurried out into the driving rain. Straight down the street he went until he reached a printer, to whom he confided his scheme, and in consequence of this interview Sifton rubbed his eyes next morning to see, posted up in the hotels, placarded on the hoardings and inserted in all the papers the following advertisement:—

NOTICE.

Tourists arriving in Sifton who do not want to be bothered with writing the requisite number of letters to their relations, are advised to call on J. Gilmore, Stenographer, Stenographer, 72 George St., Sifton. All kinds of letters attended to at reasonable charges. Love letters, letters from husband to wife, and vice versa; letters from children to parents. The only information required is the style of letter to be written. Sifton and its beauties fully described, also the scenery on the railroad since the last stop. All business confidential.

In addition to this as each tourist got off the train he was handed a letter enclosed in an envelope with the same scheme neatly printed and slightly more elaborated. Then Gilmore, having engaged a boy to meet all trains with these documents sat down in his office to await events.

He had not long to wait. His first visitor was a vigorous young American girl, who informed him that she had promised her "Ma" to write every day, and that it was a real shame to waste the lovely weather and scenery in sitting down writing silly letters. Would Mr. Gilmore write to her Ma and say that her daughter was having a real good time; that she had reached Sifton by the evening train and was going to stay three days, when she expected to leave for San Francisco? Naturally, Mr. Gilmore was delighted to oblige, and told the charming damsel that her letter would be ready by noon.

When she arrived he handed her the letter, which read as follows:—

Sifton, U.S.A., May 25th, 1906.

My Dear Ma:—

Would you ever believe it; you are reading a letter written by me on the typewriter; at least it is not really written by me, but I mean it is type-written. It's real cute here, and they have a male stenographer in the office, which is such a saving of trouble. Not that I have ever thought it a trouble to write to you, as you know, but I mean that I can say so much more when I can dictate it. You know you always said that Pa wrote you much longer letters on the machine than he did with pen and ink.

Well, I must tell you all about Sifton. (Here followed a long and stereotyped account of Sifton and its approaches, which have nothing to do with the story.)

Now I think I have told you all the news. I expect to leave for San Francisco in three days, and though I am longing to see it, I am longing still more to get back to you and dear old Chicago.

With heaps of love,

Your loving daughter,

This letter required a great deal of consideration. Never having been a daughter himself he was not quite sure whether he had been gushing enough, he was therefore more than pleased to hear the fascinating American say:

"Why, that's just out of sight; I couldn't have thought of half those things myself, and that last part about wanting to get back home is simply fine. Mr. Gilmore, you're a genius. What are your charges?"

Now this was the part of the business which Gilmore had forgotten to consider. Without hesitation he would have charged one dollar a sheet to the ordinary person, but he felt a strange shrinking from taking money from this girl, yet at the same time he knew it would be not only absurd but in bad taste to ask for no payment, so he said:

"Oh, just the ordinary payment. Five

cents a folio, and twenty-five cents for the thinking. Thirty cents, please."

Out went the girl rejoicing, while Gilmore hugged the small coins to his breast and vowed that he would never let them out of his possession, for this foolish young man had made the great mistake of falling in love with his first client.

Hardly had she left the room before a heavy step was heard on the stairs, and after a ponderous knock an elderly gentleman, red-faced, and apoplectic in expression entered the office. Mopping his brow with a red bandanna handkerchief he sank into the chair which Gilmore courteously pulled forward for him. The chair groaned under its unaccustomed burden, and after several stertorous breaths, and many preliminary "hums" and "haws" the visitor began to unfold his mission.

"My dear young man," he said "I—er—understand that you—er—make a practice of writing letters for visitors, and that you guarantee your letters to give entire satisfaction, provided you are given—er—certain particulars. The hotel clerk at the Imperial advised me to come to you, as I have been ordered to spend all my time out of doors, being in bad health, and unfortunately I have a wife—er—I mean to say that unfortunately my wife expects me to write her at great length once every day. I find that this is a tax on my—er—nervous system, and should feel infinitely relieved if I could leave the matter in your hands."

"Certainly, sir," said Gilmore. "I have made a specialty of writing letters suited to all classes and relationships. It will, however, be necessary for me to ask you a few questions, which I trust you will not consider impertinent."

"Go ahead, young man; ask anything you want, so long as you are quick. I have to be out all the time I can. Ask away."

First of all, sir, how do you usually address your wife when writing to her? Have you any pet name? Tell me what you call her."

"Susie—and a daughter Arabella. We call her Piggy. Why we call her Piggy I don't know; but we do. She can't play the piano, but both she and her mother think she can.

"Came in over the plain. Staying here a week from yesterday. Going to San-Francisco next. Home in about a month. That all?"

Gilmore thought carefully after having jotted all these interesting details down, then he asked:—

"Does your wife keep any pets? Is she particularly devoted to one more than the rest? If so, what is it and what is the pet's name?"

"Yes, she has a beast of a tabby-cat. She calls it 'Tittums.'"

"Thank you, sir," said Gilmore, rising to his feet. I have now all the data I require, and will call at your hotel this evening with the letter. For whom shall I inquire?"

"John P. Wiggles, and if the letter is satisfactory I will compensate you well, and you shall write all my letters as long as I am in the city."

So saying the portly visitor stalked out, and as Gilmore heard him stamping down stairs, he chuckled to himself, thinking what an "easy mark."

About seven o'clock that night Gilmore walked round to the Imperial and asked for Mr. John P. Wiggles, and was promptly shown up to a private sitting-room, where his visitor of the morning was reposing on a lounge in front of a blazing fire; for though it was May, the nights were chilly.

"Uh, he seems to be pretty well off. That means another dollar on the bill," thought Gilmore.

Mr. Wiggles opened the letter somewhat incredulously, as though thinking he had been rather a fool to allow a stranger, and a young one at that, to take over his private correspondence. As soon, however, as he began to read he started, and a look of keen interest spread over his face. Every now and then he chuckled, and finally laughed outright. This is what he read:

Sifton, May 25th, 1906.

My Dearest Susie:—

I have been longing to write to you, but the journeye was so long and tedious that I had relinquished all hopes of so doing, but by the luckiest of accidents, I found that there was a stenographer in the hotel, so I told him to come up to my room, and here comfortably lying on a couch I am able to talk to you at my ease, and at the same time satisfy your anxiety about my health.

I really believe that I am feeling better already. The air here is wonderful, and though I am physically tired it is merely a healthy fatigue. You are probably wanting to hear about Sifton, and the scenery through

which I passed on my way here. (Here followed about three sheets of scenic description.)

And now, my dear Susie, having told you all that can possibly interest you, I am wondering how you are. Seeing this young man rattling on his keys reminds me of the happy evenings we have so often spent at home, with our dear Piggy playing the piano. How are you? I really think that when I get back I shall have to send you off for a change, and I can't think of any better place than Sifton. Tell me all the home news in your next, and don't forget to let me know how "Tittums" is. You know I do not personally like animals about the house, but I know how devoted you are to her, and for your sake I hope she is well.

Your affectionate husband.

With one motion the fat man was out of his chair and clasping Gilmore by the hand.

"My boy," he said, "you're a wonder. There's no sort of letter in the world which would please my wife more than that. I couldn't have written it in a thousand years. How did you do it? Stay, have a drink first and tell me afterwards.

Gilmore flushed with pleasure, accepted a whisky and soda, and deprecatingly observed that he was a sort of specialist in this business.

"But, my boy, this is marvellous. I can't believe that you have never seen Mrs. Wiggles. You have got her down pat. What are your charges?"

This time Gilmore was fully prepared. He had meant to ask two and a half, but after hearing the praise which had been showered on his effort, decided to double it.

"Five dollars, sir," he said, without hesitation, and as though he were accustomed to collect that amount every five minutes of the day.

"Humph," grunted Mr. Wiggles. "Pretty stiff price for a letter, isn't it?"

"Expert work, sir," replied Gilmore. "I am sorry if you think it excessive, but I am only making my usual charge. My prices are always a little higher when writing for a husband, because the matter needs delicate treatment."

"Oh, tut-tut, what's a dollar one way or the other. It's worth ten dollars to me to be able to get letters written like that. Here's your five-spot, and I tell you what. Bring me a letter every evening about the same time till further notice, but you had better skip the cat occasionally; my wife will get suspicious if I inquire too often about the beast."

Gilmore wrote out a receipt and after

a cordial good-night went out well satisfied with his day's work.

Happy were the dreams that pursued our friend Jim that night, but Fate is a curious mistress and after having lifted him up, she had it in her mind to throw him down into a veritable abyss of confusion, from which luck alone availed to drag him.

When Gilmore reached his office early next morning he met somewhat to his surprise, a young man, obviously of the jeunesse dore, who asked to see Mr. Gilmore.

"That is my name," said Jim; "if you wish to see me, step into my office?"

"Now, Mr. Gilmore," said the visitor, after having taken a seat, "I hear that you are a specialist in letter writing, a thing I can't do. You will understand that this is a particularly private affair, and if you can manage to fix it I will make it well worth your while. The fact is that for family reasons I am engaged to marry a girl about whom I don't care a continental. It's what they call a marriage de convenance. Now I am really in love with another girl who returns my affection; her name is Florence, a music-hall artiste. Unfortunately my father is a Presbyterian and you know what that means; he is also enormously wealthy, being President of the North Union Bank, but Florence doesn't know that. I want you to draft two letters for me to copy out in my own handwriting, one to go to Florence, declaring eternal affection and all that sort of thing, together with mention of stony-hearted parents, undying love and the rest of it. The other letter to be sent to my future father-in-law, John P. Wriggles, making a formal application for the hand of his daughter."

Gilmore said never a word, though the name of Wriggles aroused some momentary qualms in his breast. He accepted the task and after asking Wriggles' address, set to work as soon as Gilmore had left. Following are the two letters which he perpetrated, and which were unfortunately left on the desk when he went out to lunch, omitting to lock the door.

My Dear Flo:—

I hate to have to write to you as I must. You know that I love you and that fact makes the parting harder. My parents are financially embarrassed and to save the family fortunes I have to marry Miss Wriggles, for whom I have not the slightest affection. Dear heart, forgive me. If it were not for my father's grey hairs, and my mother's ill-health I would not thus sacrifice the affection which I have for you; an affection too deep for words.

I remain,

Your ever-loving, though distant,

John P. Wriggles, Esq.,
President A. P. & A. Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Wriggles:—

Knowing as I do your views on matrimony, and your opinion as to a suitor first appealing to the father of the girl, I venture to write and tell you that for many months, in fact ever since I first met your daughter, I have been madly in love with her. My father is President of the North Union Bank, and has promised me a good position as local manager in some rising town as soon as I have finished what he calls "The Grand Tour." Will you allow me to speak to your daughter?

Yours hopefully,

Why did Jim leave these two letters on his desk? It so happened that while he was satisfying his appetite, his divinity, Miss Bella or "Piggy" Wriggles, entered the office, and saw both letters. Feminine curiosity prompted her to read them, and then "the fat was in the fire." Jim, on his return, was confronted by a female tigress, who demanded the address of the writer. In the midst of his hurried explanations the door opened and Carston appeared. Hardly had he time to become aware of the catastrophe before the portly figure of Mr. Wriggles obscured the doorway. The meeting between father and daughter, neither of whom knew that the other was in town, was nothing to the stormy interlude which ensued between the Wriggles pere and fille and the unlucky Carston. Suffice it to say that he left with all hopes of increasing his family fortunes by a matrimonial venture, crushed.

Gilmore, however, was more fortunate. Mr. Wriggles looked on him as the saviour of the family honour; Miss Wriggles regarded him as the champion of chivalry, and the last thing heard of the enterprising stenographer was that he had been appointed Manager of the new branch of the North Union Bank lately established in the city of Sifton, with a nearer relationship to the President in reversion.

The Monetary Stringency.

By An Ex-Banker.

Monetary stringency is not necessarily an unhealthy or dangerous condition. It may result in part from over speculation and consequent losses. It may result from insufficient banking capital and a consequent dearth of insufficiency of currency. It may result from the vigorous and energetic development of immense natural resources. It may result from a rapidly increasing population settling in and opening new territories, and so stimulating the commercial circulation through all the arteries of the body industrial.

It may result and would result from a sudden and continued increase of prosperity stimulating enterprise. Widening and enlarging every sphere of industry and commerce, and might be just as healthy a condition as a grain blockade, a car shortage, an insufficiency of labour or a dearth of ships. Observe—In December, the banking capital of the country aggregates so many millions of dollars. The trade of the country flows naturally in its proper channels, and we are not conscious of any monetary stringency. In June, let us say, there is practically no money available for any purpose. Stocks fall, prices drop, orders are countermanded, building ceases, public or municipal works are shut down, labour is unemployed, farmers curtail their operations, not being able to borrow money for horses, stock or machinery; merchants curtail expenses, manufacturers discharge their operatives, debts fall due and are not paid; and so things drift from bad to worse. We are told in loud and strident tones to retrench, and this condition of things is called hard times and is due to "tight money"—a lack of hard cash.

But observe—The banking capital of the country stands in June at the same handsome sum which represented it in December. A curious fact is it not—an anomaly—a mystery of Political Economy and High Finance! But, scrutinise the bank returns again and more carefully, and you find that though the paid-up capital remains the same, the deposits have fallen. Shocking state of things! The people, the depositors, stubborn, stiff-necked and with lust of pride and self-will, actually withdraw their money from the keeping of the banks to invest it themselves! They do this because they see innumerable opportunities for the profitable investment and use of money in the rapidly increasing commerce of a prosperous country, where in land values are rising because the population is increasing in geometrical proportion. Is it surprising that people living in a country literally burthened with the amazing growth of its own prosperity are not content to allow their money to lie idle and unremunerative in the banks? Idle and unremunerative, that is, in so far as their own personal interests are concerned.

As a result of this heinous and most reprehensible state of things, you have, what?—"tight money." As the deposits fall, the banks refuse to make loans. You are seriously cautioned to go "slow" and be careful. You are solemnly told that you have been speculating, plunging, losing your head. You are inconsequent and inefficient. You are unable to read the financial barometer. Be warned, therefore, in time by those who know. All the indications points to tight and tighter money, and you are told that if you are wise you will keep your money in the banks, where it is immediately

available should the storm break, causing you to require it at a moment's notice.

So here you have the secret, the conclusion, the end of the whole matter. The banks lend to the people in proportion as the people lend to the banks; and "tight money," that dangerous and ominous bugbear, is the direct result, the logical sequence of a decline in the sum total of the deposits held by the banks. This is the principal cause. Other causes there are of a secondary and subsidiary character.

The insufficiency of the present amount of the paid-up capital and the consequent inability of the banks to keep pace with the progress of the country and the importance of this point is apparent when growth of its trade, is one cause. The one stops to consider that the notes of the chartered banks are the money of the country, and that the sum total of this money is strictly limited to the amount of the total paid-up capital of the chartered banks.

Another prolific cause of monetary stringency is found in the opportunities which offer for profitable investment outside of the Dominion, which must, when taken advantage of to any appreciable extent, curtail advances at home.

To cure the evil of tight money, at least in part, and to prevent to a very large extent a recurrence of such unfavourable monetary conditions in the future, I beg to offer the following postulates for reconsideration:—

(1) That all chartered banks in Canada should be compelled by the Treasury Board to call up the whole of their authorized capital, thus providing several millions of available funds for the expanding trade and commerce of the country.

(2) That all the chartered banks in Canada be compelled to utilize the sum total of their Canadian deposits within the Dominion of Canada, except when by special representations made by the Treasury Board, they are permitted by an order-in-council to make loans outside of Canada for particular purposes and for limited periods.

(3) That monthly returns, summarising the business done by every banking office in Canada, be made to the Government of the Province in which such office is situate.

(4) That the banks be requested to take the necessary steps to largely increase their interest bearing deposits by borrowing abroad at rates of interest governing such transactions.

(5) That a competent officer of the Department of Finance, acting for the Receiver General of Canada, be appointed by the Treasury Board to inspect at least once in each year, the chief office of every chartered bank in Canada, to verify the government returns and report fully thereon; and it is requested that all such reports be given the widest publicity.



Photography.

By Arthur V. Kenah, A.C.A.

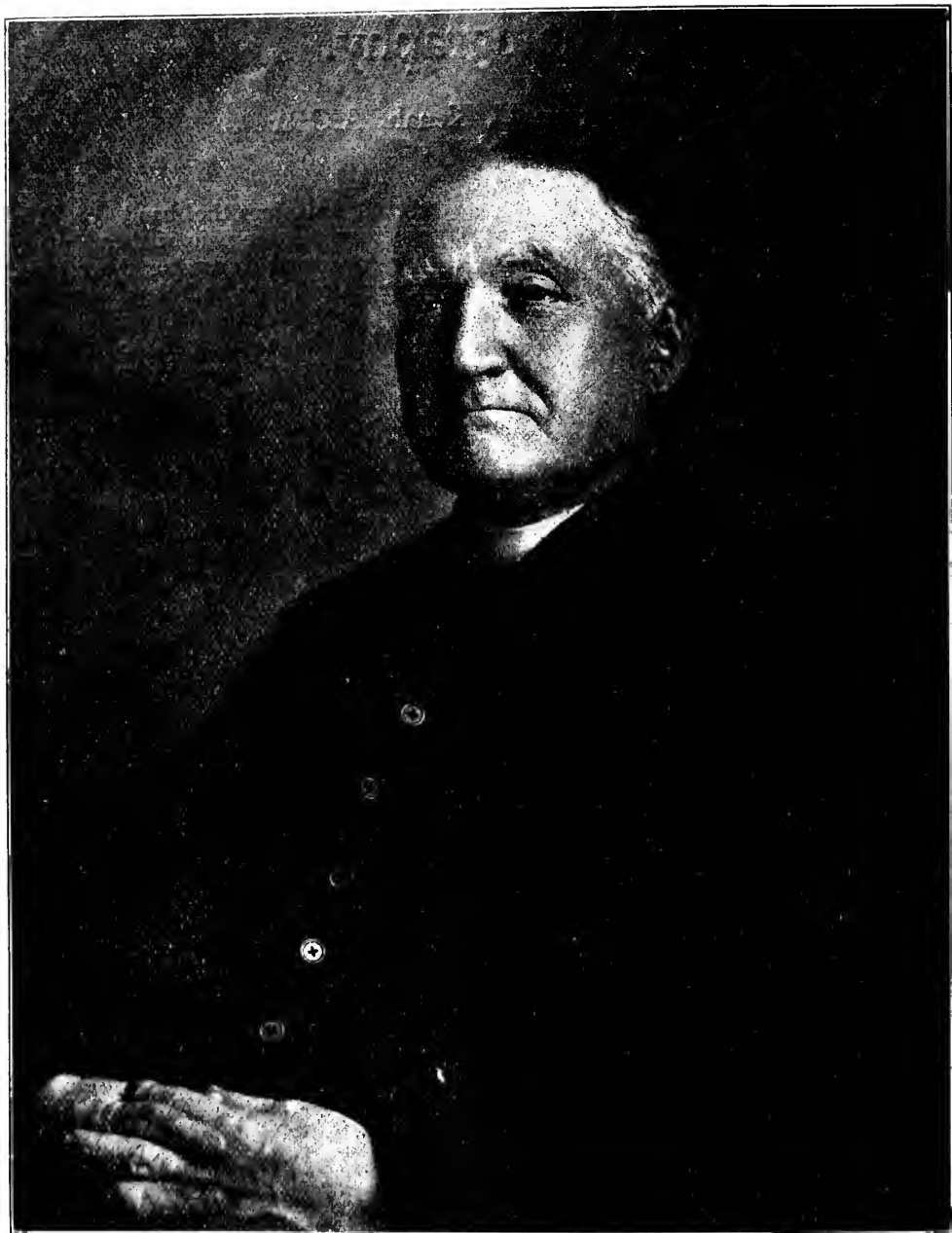
An address delivered before the Seventh Annual Convention of the Photographers' Association of the Pacific Northwest at Seattle, U.S.A., on September 5, 1907.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I need hardly say what pleasure it gives me to appear before you tonight and to be granted the privilege of addressing a few words to such a distinguished representative body of photographers.

For some years now, I have endeavoured to the best of my ability to diffuse my gleanings on photographic matters to those of my readers who are fortunate enough to peruse my writings. Whilst engaged in this work, it has often occurred to me that the camera has not yet taken its proper place in the political economy of the nations. I do not know whether this idea has ever struck you—but it seems to me that its influence is a very pacifying one, and I think you will agree with me that where two or three devotees of the black art are gathered together there reigns an atmosphere of peace and harmony that is a thing most beautiful to behold. I have in the course of my life travelled in many foreign countries, and I can assure you wherever I have been I have always come across people who are photographic enthusiasts and from them, even in savage Russia, I have received a welcome which is at once sincere and spontaneous. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if we extend this idea to wider fields, is it not possible to imagine that the day will dawn when we will all be photographers with the natural consequence that all points of difference between party politicians will be sunk, and we may even rejoice to see President

Roosevelt clasping the hand of Mr. Rockefeller and the pair of them quietly sitting down and discussing the relative advantages of plates and films instead of making night hideous with their differences as to the morality of the Standard Oil Company; or even a glimpse as to the future may reveal Foraker hobnobbing with Taft and waxing eloquent over the virtues of the Persulphate of Ammonia reducer.

This idea is, of course, only one that would occur to an Irishman, but it is nevertheless a beautiful dream and I can therefore fully sympathise with Hamlet when he remarked: "O God. I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have had dreams." However, the point is this, that photography, like all other scientific pursuits, has a pacifying and fraternising influence which it behoves us all to cultivate to the utmost of our powers, and in no way can this be better done than by the establishments of conventions such as that of the Photographers' Association of the Pacific Northwest. When we seriously come to think about the mighty sphere of influence that photography plays nowadays in so many different fields of commercial activity, it seems hardly possible to believe that its discovery is only one of the bright events of the nineteenth century, and, indeed, only forms about the latter two-thirds thereof as regards its practical realisation. Truly the growth of photography to its modern stage of perfection has been a rapid one, but the child was healthy from the start and the nurses engaged in looking after it have been individuals of exception at industry, perseverance, and skill. Indeed, it is entirely due to their devotion and self-sacrifice that we have



A Portrait Study, by J. Savannah, Victoria.

attained to the high standard of present-day operations, and I cannot help thinking that too many of us forget this fact when we sit down to pass judgment on the work of our friends and ourselves and that we ascribe our success more to our incomparable abilities than to the perfection of the materials with which we have to work. Photography is an easy thing to what it was a few years ago and as time slowly goes on many and great are the improvements in the working details which energetic manufacturers are continually introducing to facilitate our operations and extend the scope of our abilities. Now, ladies and gentlemen, let us take a retrospect from the present into the past and think who were the pioneers of this great present-day art-science of ours. As the mind wanders back over the dim vista of years, there involuntarily rises before us the images of such intellectual giants as, Wedgwood, Fox-Talbot, Daguerre, Herschel, Hunt, Niepce, Hill-Norris and Maddox, to only mention a few of those whose researches laid the foundation stones of our present-day triumphs and whose discoveries turned the attention of commercial men to the potential possibilities of photography. Where would we be had these men not waged the war they did with Nature to wrest her secrets from her and to force her to tell how, through the agency of light, permanent impressions could be made on certain sensitive chemical substances?

Though we have progressed so far as we have nowadays, it must not be supposed for one moment that we have reached the stage of finality; on the contrary we are probably only just beginning to feel our feet and there are still many triumphs in store for those who have the time, energy, and means at their disposal, to prosecute researches in the domains of the optical, physical, and chemical sciences, and we would be bold, indeed, were we to prophesy where the word "Halt" can be called. In the early days of photography the great possibilities of the process were not realised and we find that those who were engaged in research work, as a rule, were men who had other occupations than the mere investigation

of its mysteries, thus, for example, Sir John Herschel devoted a great deal of his attention to the perfecting of his father's astronomical observations, in addition to which he was also actively interested in various mathematical, physical and chemical problems. It does not seem, indeed, that he took an active part in photographic research until the news of what Daguerre had accomplished reached him, for his great paper which was read before the Royal Society on "The Application of the Chemical Rays of Light to the Purposes of Pictorial Representation" was not delivered until March 4th, 1839, although twenty years before that his invaluable researches on the solvent action of hyposulphuric acid and its compounds on silver haloids had been published. The present day investigator is handicapped to a great extent by the remarkable progress that has been made in almost every branch of photography and, therefore, it is necessary for him to specialise far more than did the old pioneers, and this very specialisation means an expenditure of time, labour, and money that very few of us are able to devote to it, no matter how enthusiastic we may be in the advancement of our art-science. Even as in the early days of photography the developments of the process were the result of researches on the part of independent enthusiasts, so we find that the general advancements of our times are not so much to be attributed to men who earn their daily bread by the practice of photography as to those who are in a more independent position.

Indeed, there has always appeared to me to be a very strong connection between the amateur and the professional and apart from the fact that we both employ the same methods for the attainments of our ends, there is something far stronger than this to bind us together and that is Progress. Those of us who are busy all day long in our studios cannot be expected to devote much time to the prosecution of research work, and, therefore, it has to be left to the enthusiastic individual who is more fortunately situated both as regards the time and financial means to pursue his studies

to continue these investigations for us. There is no gainsaying the fact that the entry of the amateur into the ranks of photography has been attended with the happiest results to all of us but there is also, I think, a tendency on the part of some narrow-minded professionals to regard him in the light of an antagonist rather than as the best friend he has. This is a very silly attitude to take up, for it is ridiculous to suppose that the amateur can ever hope to compete with the professional on his own ground for, as a rule, he makes little or no attempt to specialise but is content to experiment in all the various departments of photography, whereas the professional has to deliberately concentrate all his efforts on one particular branch of the subject, if he wants to make an success or name for himself. The attitude of the amateur to the professional is in striking contrast to this spirit of antagonism for he knows that under normal circumstances he cannot hope to attain to such a state of perfection nor, indeed, do the majority of them attempt to do so, and consequently he looks upon his professional brother in the light of a friend and one in whose footsteps he would delight to follow. Where would be the present-day perfection in apparatus and accessories if it was not for the enormous demand made upon the manufacturer by amateurs, and who is it but the amateur to whom we are indebted for all the latest modes of art and artistic expression? Whether or not we agree with some of the extraordinary exhibits we see on the walls of the photographic salons, we must at least be fair and admit that they represent a remarkable amount of activity and originality and where we do happen to strike a really good thing we are not, as a rule, slow to take advantage of the suggestions that it may afford. I do not mean to suggest for one moment that the professional photographer is one who is content to vegetate all through his life and to make no attempt to im-

prove the standard of his work, on the the contrary the ambitious man is ever on the lookout for some means of improving both himself and the standard of his work and is always keen to receive any suggestions which may tend to do this no matter from what quarter they may come. Many of my most delightful hours have been spent in the dens of professional photographers and I consider myself particularly fortunate in being able to count them among my friends and there is nothing I esteem more than a quiet chat with a master of his craft, whether it be on the art or technical side of our work.

After everything is said and done, we are all members of the one family and we have each our own special spheres of influence; to the amateur is left the great task of extending the field of photographic influence into areas which at present know not its sway, and of continuing the research. work. of. those fathers of photography to whom I have alluded tonight; whilst the professional may well content himself with the noble work of portraying humanity in such a way that his pictures bear that stamp of individuality and refinement which is only to be found in the masterpieces of great artists, and which is the reward of long years of perseverance and study in all that directly or indirectly appertains to teh art and practice of photography.

Finally, ladies and gentlemen, whether we are amateurs or professionals, it seems to me to make no difference; to both of us the progress of photography is a matter of interest and importance and it, therefore, behoves us all to work in harmony together, ever striving to improve our work and, by mutual help and sympathy, establishing on a solid basis that spirit of fraternity and goodwill which goes so far to make life a pleasant thing and which is capable of drawing out all that is best and truest in our natures.

A Mid-Winter Experience

By Chas. E. Sands.

There were three of us, Jim Martin, myself, and a Swede named Joe. It was Christmas Day, and we were snowed up in a little cabin miles above sea-level, in a small packing camp connected with one of the adjacent mines. As far as other human persons were concerned we might just as well have been a thousand miles away; the storm which had raged for days had completely buried us, and though no doubt before long the men from the "Kangaroo" mine would come to our assistance, we knew that they would have work enough to free themselves, and that to make a trail through the wet, deep snow would take some considerable time.

We, therefore, set ourselves to take things as comfortably as could be managed under the circumstances, and I have not the least doubt that if there had been only Jim and myself we should have been quite content, but "tough Joe," as he was commonly called, was from the first day of the storm a source of worry and annoyance. He seemed to have the idea that the storm was a special visitation on him, for some reason unknown to us, and every now and again we heard him breathing out deep curses, on whom we were unable to gather.

The climax came on Christmas afternoon, and notwithstanding my former pleasant associations of that great family-reunion festival, I shall ever feel a thrill of horror at the remembrance of the Christmas spent in that small cabin, buried in the snows of the Selkirks.

Jim and I had set ourselves early in the day to prepare as good a feast as our provisions would allow, fortunately we had a fair supply of "grub"—not exactly Christmas fare but good, wholesome

food. As Jim was a handy cook we managed to provide a plum-pudding, and to the piece of salt pork, turkey, and we added this bon bouche and generally made light of our situation.

Towards the afternoon, however, "tough Joe" began to grow quarrelsome. Nothing suited him, and, though we jollied him at first we found that he was in a dangerous mood. A chance remark from Jim regarding nationalities and the different methods of keeping Christmas, caused him to flare out in a most ungovernable rage; and after swearing at everything British or American, he picked up the butcher-knife and threatened to carve either or both of us; Jim, who is anything but a coward, jumped up, and, after a bit of a tussle, managed to take the knife from him. He then gave Joe a good shake and flung him into one corner of the cabin, with the advice to keep quiet.

We did not take the matter very seriously, Joe was always shooting off his tongue in a somewhat similar manner, and presently Jim and I were deep in a game of checkers.

The air in the cabin was not very fresh, and, moreover, we had to keep the lamps burning all the time, and at about four o'clock I got up to refill the lamp, which was getting rather low.

With a whoop like a wild Indian Joe came at me, this time with an axe. I dodged him, and called to Jim to look out, but he was not quick enough and Joe felled him to the ground, where he lay bleeding from a deep gash in head and shoulder. Instinctively I grasped an iron bar which was leaning against the side of the cabin, and it was well I did so, for,

with eyes glaring and face distorted, Joe turned again on me.

There was no mistaking it now, he was mad, mad from drink, though where he got the stuff I did not know, nor did he give me time to think, for with a bound he was on me. The light in the cabin was getting dimmer and dimmer and I could scarcely see well enough to parry the blow which he aimed at my head. I managed to do so but my arm caught the edge of the table, upsetting it, lamp and all, and we were left in total darkness. I realized then that the situation was desperate.

Here was I, shut in a small cabin with two men, one raging mad, probably with delirium tremens, and the other perhaps bleeding to death. If I made a move the madman, with his sharpened instinct, would be sure to spring on me; and if I remained where I was he would in all probability do the same. I crouched against the wall, holding the iron bar firmly in my hand, and waited. I could hear the deep breathing of the madman, and could make out an occasional slight movement from Jim, which gave me hope that he might not be so badly hurt after all.

I was still straining every nerve in the endeavour to hear what "tough Joe" was going to do next, when, without warning, he hurled the axe in my direction, it was fortunate that I had crouched down low, for the axe struck the wall with a thud just above my head and buried itself in the wood-work.

I made no sign, but still waited, for how long I know not. It may have been minutes but to my strained nerves it seemed hours. After a time I heard a sound like the withdrawing of a cork from a bottle, then a faint gurgle; it was Joe taking another drink. With what result? I asked the question, and had not long to wait for an answer; for, with a snarl, Joe suddenly threw the now empty bottle at the wall, this time a little to the right of me. With hardly a moment's pause the man himself leaped right into my arms. I felt him coming, and was in a measure prepared; but he clutched me round the body with his long and mus-

cular arms, and I knew that it was either him or me.

His strength was almost superhuman, and he threw me round in the darkness of that cabin till I thought every bone in my body must surely be broken. Never for a moment did he relax his hold, though we rolled over the table, smash against the stove, the pipe of which came down and we were covered with soot and half choked by smoke. Around and around we twisted, till at length I was almost spent. Suddenly Joe shifted his grasp and seized my throat, with a desperate effort I wrenched myself free, falling on the ground at his feet as I did so. He tripped over my prostrate body, fell head foremost, struck the broken lamp, and lay still.

As quickly as possible I struck a light, fearful at first lest he should be only shamming, but the feeble light of the match showed me a deep gash in his forehead from which the blood was flowing. Bruised though I was I struggled to the shelf where the candles were kept. I lit one and gazed around.

The devastation and wreck that those few minutes had brought was awful.

Two men lay weltering in blood on the floor; tables, chairs and crockery lay smashed all about the place; and a great stream of blood filled the centre of the floor and was slowly making its way down one side of the room. The first thing to do was to secure Joe, so as to prevent any further mischief. There was a rope hanging in one corner of the cabin and I took this and went over to him. He moved uneasily as I touched him, but I coiled the rope round his legs, pulled it tight as I could, and firmly bound it into a knot; then I did the same to his arms.

Jim next claimed my attention, and I went over to him and found that he was still bleeding from his shoulder, and that his head was badly cut. I laid him in a more comfortable position, took a towel and bathed his wounds and after a time he opened his eyes, and the blood stopped flowing. With my help he managed to reach his bunk and there lay down. I gave him a drink of water and told him I would attend to him again in a few

minutes. Not wishing that Joe, tough as he was, should die from loss of blood before my eyes. I went over to him and found that he was just recovering consciousness, the madness was all gone from his eyes, but I did not consider it safe to unbind him. So I rolled him over into a more comfortable position, did what I could for his cuts, and left him whilst I endeavoured to straighten things up a bit. The task of cleaning up was not easy, but eventually I got the cabin into some semblance of order; then I managed to fix the stove and pipes, as it was growing bitterly cold. After which I went back to Jim, dressed his wounds more carefully, and, though he was feeling pretty sick, we sat down to talk over the situation.

We carefully considered the whole matter and came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to wait in the hope of a rescue party coming from the Kangaroo.

You can imagine how slowly the waiting time dragged by, and what an unpleasant experience it was for both of us. Here was Jim badly hurt and hardly able to do a thing for himself. There on the floor was a great hulking wretch, who, though his first madness had left him, was still in the throes of an attack of delirium tremens; and as for myself,

I was so crippled by the struggle with him that I felt like a limp rag.

For three whole days we were obliged to remain close prisoners in this condition, and then, on the afternoon of the fourth day, we heard the welcome voices of the rescue party, I, for one, felt more dead than alive.

After an explanation of affairs had been made to the foreman of the Kangaroo, who happened to be with the rescue party, he ordered a rough litter to be made for Jim, and another for "tough Joe." Both were sent up to the bunk-houses of the mine, there to receive attention; and after talking over the matter with me for a few minutes he locked up the cabin and we also took our way to the mine.

I am thankful to say that both Jim and I got over the effects of our experience in a very short time. Jim was slightly crippled in the shoulder for a few weeks, but it left no lasting ill-effect. "Tough Joe" was duly handed over to the authorities, and after a trial he was convicted, and the government took charge of him for some time; in fact, I have never heard of him since.

Though all this hapened some years ago I shall always remember, with a shudder, my Christmas experience in that little cabin amidst the snow-clad heights of the Selkirks.

DAWN.

By Frederick J. Scott.

Something is slowly creeping o'er the night,
That steals the brightness from the stars.
And drives the birds before it from the trees
With burst of song to wake the world.
'Tis Day.

Something is softly creeping o'er the heart,
That girds the loneliness with light,
And fills the cup of life with sweet content
And sacred joy to wake the soul.
'Tis Love.



Salmon Fishing.

The Awakening of the Royal City.

By. E. O. S. Scholæfield.

NEARLY a full hundred years ago to be exact on Sunday the 2nd of July, 1808—a strange event occurred on the Fraser River, off the present site of the City of New Westminster. Let us travel back to that far-distant and long-forgotten day and look out upon the lordly river which threaded its silver way by trackless swamps and virgin forests until its waters mingled with those of the Gulf of Georgia. If we had been standing at the base of the thickly timbered hill, long since symmetrically laid off in streets and avenues, we might have seen as we gazed across the waters a large canoe, making its way rapidly down the stream. There are white faces in that canoe and our interest is awakened. What can these men be doing in this strange land, surrounded by hostile tribes, without supplies, or an adequate force to repel attacks? The canoe rounds a point and is lost to view down the North Arm of the River. Were we to follow in the wake of that frail vessel we should see it surrounded by a flotilla of other canoes, whose occupants, clad in the wild garb of the aborigine, shout in rude cadence the battle-song of the Indians of the Lower Fraser, beating time with their paddles upon the sides of their graceful craft.

Evidently the natives, greatly excited, look with no friendly eye upon the men in the large canoe, who, it would seem, have no little difficulty in evading their energetic pursuers. We see that it is only by the threatening attitude of the little party that the savages are held in check. When the latter approach too closely, guns are levelled, and stern eyes look down the barrels. We await with beating hearts the sound of the fateful

report, which assuredly would spell disaster, for how could this mere handful of men, well armed though they be, repel a combined onslaught from their hundreds of tormentors. But the shot is not fired. The Indians, overawed by the determined attitude of these brave men, withdraw to a safe distance, where no doubt they discuss with animation this invasion of their territory. The alacrity with which the savages retire before the levelled muskets, might lead one to suppose that they possessed some knowledge of the miraculous weapons of the white men, and had a wholesome dread of the death dealing iron tube which scattered destruction at the behest of its master.

And what may all this commotion mean, we may well ask? Who are these men, and why have they incurred the displeasure of the lords of the lower river?

If the truth were but known we have been looking upon an historic scene. The leader of that little party in such evil straits is Simon Fraser, in whose honour the Fraser River has been christened. He is accompanied by John Stuart and Jules Maurice Quesnel, nineteen voyageurs, and two friendly Indians. Fraser, Stuart and Quesnel, were the first white men to brave the rapids and canyons of the Upper River in an attempt to reach the Pacific Ocean by following the tortuous course of the noble stream which empties into an arm of the Pacific near the 49th parallel of latitude. This exploring expedition started from Stuart Lake and after innumerable hardships and hairbreadth escapes, almost reached its goal, but, as so often happens in history and everyday life, at the last moment Simon Fraser was robbed of the

fruit of his toil. Greatly to his chagrin, the hostile demonstrations of the Indians forced him to abandon his project of reaching the sea. In sorrow he turned the prow of his canoe upstream and started on his long homeward journey to the head waters of the river. The disappointment must have been great, especially as the old fur trader states in his journal that he actually sighted "a gulf or bay of the sea."

The adventures of Simon Fraser are thrilling and might be dwelt upon at length with advantage, but it is not the purpose of this article to dilate upon this heroic journey. That is another story.

So far as history relates Simon Fraser and his companions were the first white men to look upon the site of the City of New Westminster. Little did they think as they paddled past that great fir-clad hill on the north bank of the river that they were looking upon a place marked for a high destiny. The sombre mantle of the primeval forest reached to the waters edge, and stretched back in unbroken lines to the snow-clad

mountains in the distance. The Indians, lords of the soil and of the River, held undisputed sway over the land. Their rude villages and forts were the only sign of habitation. The aborigines fished and hunted, waged their inter-tribal wars and followed their immemorial customs without fear of disturbance from the outside. The vast, fertile meadows, bordering in many places the banks of the great river, and the magnificent delta, were frequented by thousands of geese and wild fowl, and their solitary haunts were safe from intrusion. Wolves, panthers, bears and timid deer roamed unmolested in the forests. The wary willow grouse held in fee simple the banks of streams, the crab-apple swamps, and the alder bottoms. The salmon, then as now, ascended the river in huge shoals to the spawning grounds on the upper reaches. Then, as now, this beautiful fish afforded the Indian an abundant harvest.

For many years after Simon Fraser's day the conditions remained practically unchanged. But gradually the fur traders the fore-runners of civilization,



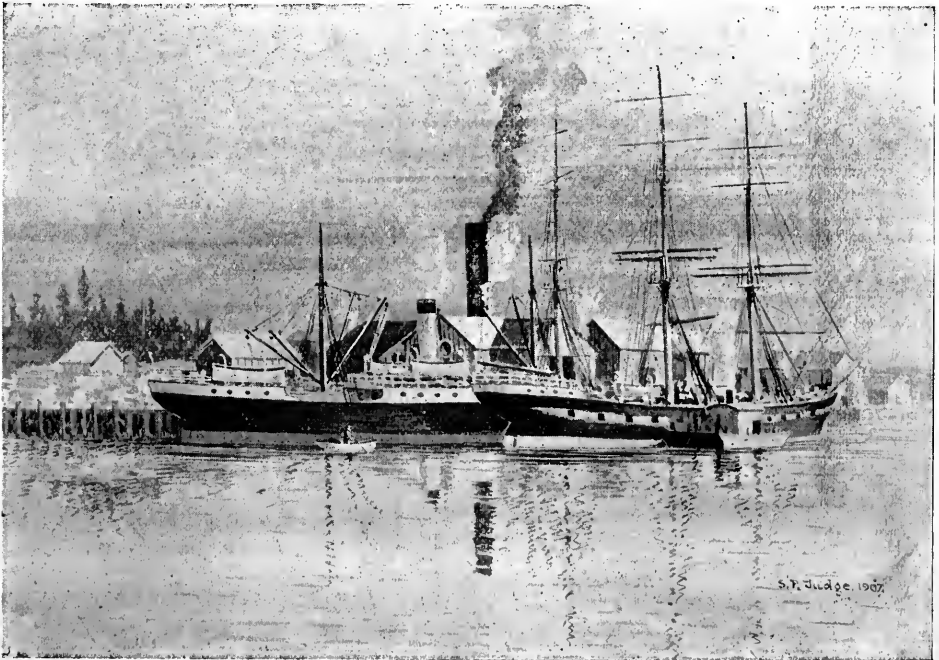
The Provincial Exhibition.

extended their sway beyond the Rocky Mountains and established posts and factories at the head waters of the Fraser River in New Caledonia. In a few years, comparatively speaking, the Hudson's Bay Company built Fort Langley and from thence pack trains would start at regular intervals for the posts in the Interior, taking in supplies of food and rude articles of commerce to be bartered for the peltries of the Indian hunter trappers. At this period in our history the fur trader had everything his own way and he plied his avocation without let or hindrance. He ruled firmly, but as a rule justly, remembering that his safety depended upon the nature of his relations with the natives. For years a mere handful of traders ruled the land in accordance with their own ideas of government. They held the Indians in check in a manner that seems almost incredible when we consider the disposition and habits of the native races, and of the temptations thrown in their way. The scattered posts of Langley, Yale, Kamloops, Alexandria, and those in the vicinity of Stuart Lake, were held by

a few white men, voyageurs, and friendly natives. In spite of this weak force, however, the fur traders successfully preserved their control. Their lives followed "the even tenor of their way" with but little to vary the tedium of the daily round. Occasionally, it might be, the dull monotony would be relieved by petty rebellions, miniature armed revolts, or perhaps a murder would startle the inhabitants of one of the posts into temporary activity, but on the whole, the fur-trading epoch is remarkably free from such unfortunate occurrences.

The years roll by and the Hudson's Bay Company became firmly entrenched. The ramifications of this gigantic trading concern extended into every corner of the land. Gradually the Valley of the Fraser becomes better known. Yet for a long time it is scarcely more than a terra incognita. Fort Langley assumes some importance. The Company till a large farm there and the trading post is the centre of activity on the Lower Fraser.

And so for well-nigh half a century affairs drifted on in this haphazard and



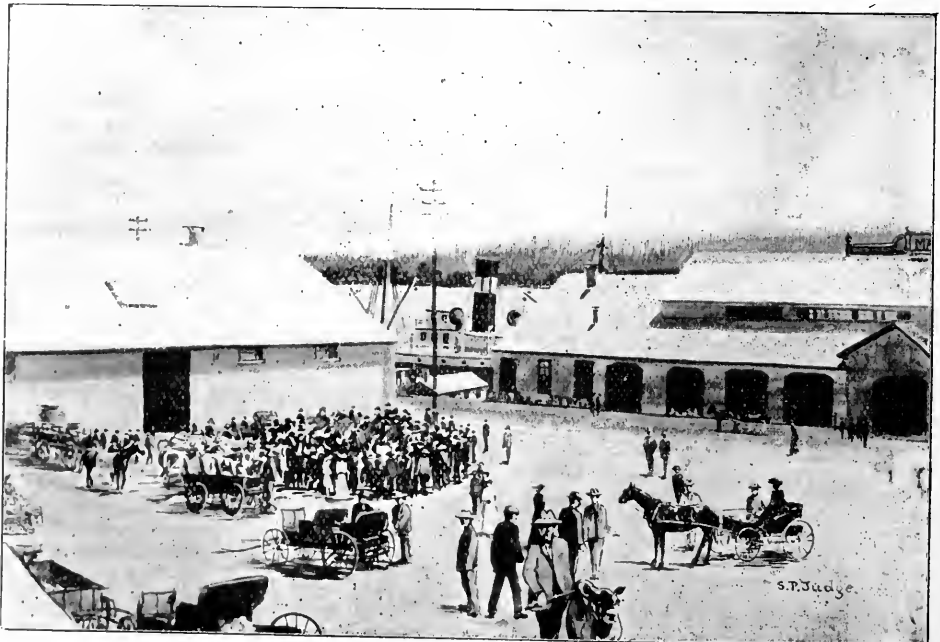
Along the Waterfront.

peaceful fashion—until the year 1858. Then comes a great awakening. The gaze of the civilized world is suddenly focussed upon this remote portion of the British Dominions. The Fraser River becomes a household word in Great Britain and America. The magic word "Gold" transforms this peaceful land as it were in a twinkling of an eye. Yes, gold has been found on the bars of the Fraser. The news spreads from land to land with marvellous rapidity, and immediately a tide of immigration sets in that sweeps away the old order of things and changes once and forever the peaceful trend of events. In California many of the placer fields have been worked out and thousands of adventurers gird up their loins for a race to the New Eldorado. Steamers and all sorts of odd craft, sail from the Golden Horn freighted with miners and their belongings. In the spring of '58 men pour into Victoria on their way to the new gold fields.

Fifty years have come and gone since we watched that large canoe sweep down the North Arm of the Fraser. In that fifty years much has been done in pla-

cating the hostility of the Indian tribes, but as yet they are neither conquered nor subdued. The Chiefs of the various clans offer little or no resistance to the fur traders because they are glad to exchange their trophies of the chase for the wares of the white men. The natives have come to look with longing eyes upon the simple luxuries offered for their furs by the traders. Indeed it would have been considered a calamity if the trading posts had been dismantled and removed from their midst. But while they countenanced the presence of the traders, they were not prepared to submit tamely to the wholesale confiscation of their lands and hunting preserves by an alien horde of gold seekers. In the years immediately following the discovery of gold, trouble of a more or less serious nature occurred when the rights of the natives were trampled upon by a certain class of aliens.

In the early summer of 1858 hundreds and thousands of men left Victoria in canoes, boats of amateur construction, and odd craft of all kinds, bound for the



The Market.

Fraser River. The influx of these men, many of them lawless spirits from the unconventional mining camps of California, unaccustomed to restraint and the strong arm of the law, imposed new and arduous duties upon James Douglas, Governor of the Crown Colony of Vancouver Island. Her Majesty's Government, acting upon the advice of His Excellency, created the new Crown Colony of British Columbia and the old name of New Caledonia, formerly indefinitely applied to this portion of the King's Realms, was erased from the map.

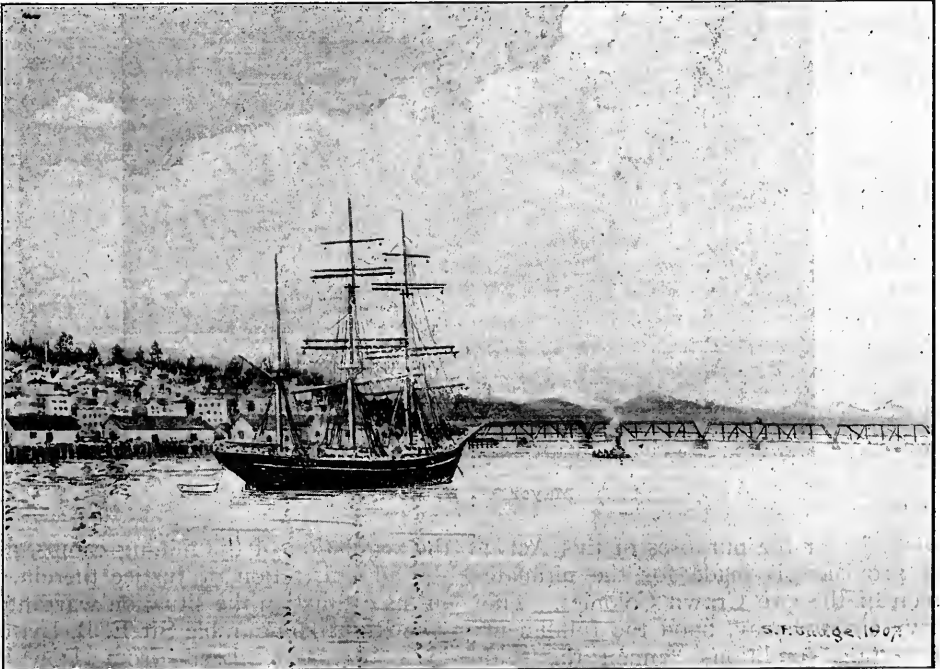
On the 2nd of August, 1858, the Royal Assent is given to an Act to provide for the Government of British Columbia, the preamble and first section of which read:

"Whereas divers of Her Majesty's subjects and others have, by the licence and consent of Her Majesty, resorted to and settled on certain wild and unoccupied territories on the north-west coast of North America, commonly known by the designation of New Caledonia, and from and after the passing of this Act to be named "British Columbia," and the islands adjacent, for mining and other

purposes; and it is desirable to make temporary provision for the Civil Government of such territories, until permanent settlements shall be thereon established, and the number of Colonists increased: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

"I. British Columbia shall, for the purpose of this Act, be held to comprise all such territories within the dominions of Her Majesty as are bounded to the south by the frontier of the United States of America, to the east by the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, to the north by Simpson's River and the Finlay Branch of the Peace River, and to the west by the Pacific Ocean, and shall include Queen Charlotte's Island, and all other islands adjacent to the said territories, except as hereinafter excepted."

The other sections deal with the administration of justice, the constitution



New Westminster and the Bridge.

in due course of a Legislative Assembly, and various matters incidental to the establishment of a settled form of Government in a land without law or legislature. It is enacted that "no part of the Colony of Vancouver Island, as at present established, shall be comprised within British

through Parliament urgent necessity had arisen for the prompt adoption of some form of government in New Caledonia. The Governor of Vancouver Island, recognizing the importance of the matter, assumed authority over the adjoining mainland and made such provision for



Mayor W. H. Keary.

Columbia for the purposes of this Act"; but provision is made for the ultimate union of the two Crown Colonies. The Privy Council may, upon the fulfillment of certain conditions "annex the said island to British Columbia."

But before this Act could be conducted

the regulation of the mining camps, and the administration of justice therein, as in his estimation the situation warranted. The Right Honourable Sir E. B. Lytton, in a despatch dated from Downing Street, July 16th, 1858, approved of the energetic measures taken by His Excel-

lency James Douglas to uphold the majesty of the law in this far-away land. He states: "In strict law, your commission extends to Vancouver's Island only; but you are authorized under the necessity of the case, to take such measures, not inconsistent with the general rights of British subjects and others within Her Majesty's Dominions, as that necessity may allow."

It is unnecessary here to refer to the first Colonial Governor of British Columbia as his high character, able administration, and successful work are matters of general knowledge.

James Douglas visits the Fraser River and energetically makes provision for the proper governance of the new dependency. Magistrates and Justices of the Peace are duly appointed in various places and the machinery of the law is formally set in motion. It is hard at this date to properly appreciate the stupendous task devolving upon this official in adequately providing for the safety of the State in those early days of the gold excitement. It is fortunate indeed that a man of his calibre was on the spot to assume the reins of government at that exciting period in our history.

The infant Colony assumes form and shape. It becomes necessary to select a capital and it is not surprising that the Governor, who for so many years held high office in the Hudson's Bay Company, should honour the fur-trading post at Fort Langley by proclaiming it as the Capital of the Crown Colony of British Columbia. The name of the place is changed to Derby and for a brief period it enjoyed its new distinction, but for a brief period only. Here, on the 17th of November, 1858, James Douglas was sworn in as Governor of the new Colony, and Matthew Baillie Begbie and other colonial officials recently appointed by the Home Government, took their several oaths of office. We are told that flags were hoisted and salutes fired in honour of the occasion.

In this humble manner was the Colony of British Columbia duly launched upon the world.

It should be stated here that in 1858, in compliance with the request of His

Excellency, Her Majesty's Government had despatched Col. Richard Clement Moody with a corps of Royal Engineers to assist in maintaining law and order in the land, and to engage in the construction of needed public works, such as roads and bridges. Col. Moody was an able and energetic officer and the citizens of New Westminster should at least remember him for he is the founder of their city. This gallant soldier was also Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and executive head of the military forces therein.

If that nobly wooded hill on the north bank of the Fraser River had escaped the eye of the wise and acute Douglas, its merits as a site for a town were quickly recognized by the commandant of the Royal Engineers. Early in the day he pointed out to the Governor the unsuitability of Fort Langley, or Derby as it had been re-christened, as the site for the new city of the West. He recommends for obvious reasons "the first high ground on the north side after entering the river." Moody reported at length upon the whole matter and convinced the Governor that the spot recommended was pre-eminently adapted as a site for the Capital of the Colony. His Excellency was not slow in acting upon the advice of his Lieutenant-Governor. He promptly addressed the following despatch to the Right Honourable Sir E. B. Lytton, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies:

"Victoria, Vancouver Island,
"February 4, 1859.

"Sir,—I have the honour of transmitting herewith for your information a report from the Lieutenant-Governor, dated the 28th of January, 1859, recommending as a site for the seat of Government in British Columbia a position about ten miles below the new town of Langley, on the north bank of Fraser's River.

"The Lieutenant-Governor has entered fully into the consideration of the military features of the position which he considers to be of rare strength and value, and also that apart from those advantages, the actual spot itself is well adapted for a city of magnitude, in consequence of there being deep water close

along an extended line of shore for the anchorage of sea-going vessels of any burden, an abundant supply of water for household purposes, and good drainage.

"The views which the Lieutenant-Governor has so ably developed generally coincide with my own impressions on the subject, and I am satisfied of the soundness of his conclusions; I have therefore authorized the immediate survey and sub-division of the site recommended in his report into building lots of the ordinary dimensions for sale, and the work will be commenced with all convenient dispatch.

"I have, etc.

(Signed) JAMES DOUGLAS, Governor."

The report of Col. Moody is long but it contains so many significant passages that is impossible to pass it by without making somewhat lengthy quotations therefrom. It is easily seen, and it is only natural to expect, that military considerations are the determining factor in the selection of the site. The following excerpts show plainly the line of argument adopted by the Lieutenant-Governor, and they are interesting from an historical standpoint:

"There is abundance of room and convenience for every description of requisite in a sea-port and the capital of a

great country. There are great facilities for communication by water, as well as by great trunk railroads into the interior," writes Col. Moody, and then passes on to remark:

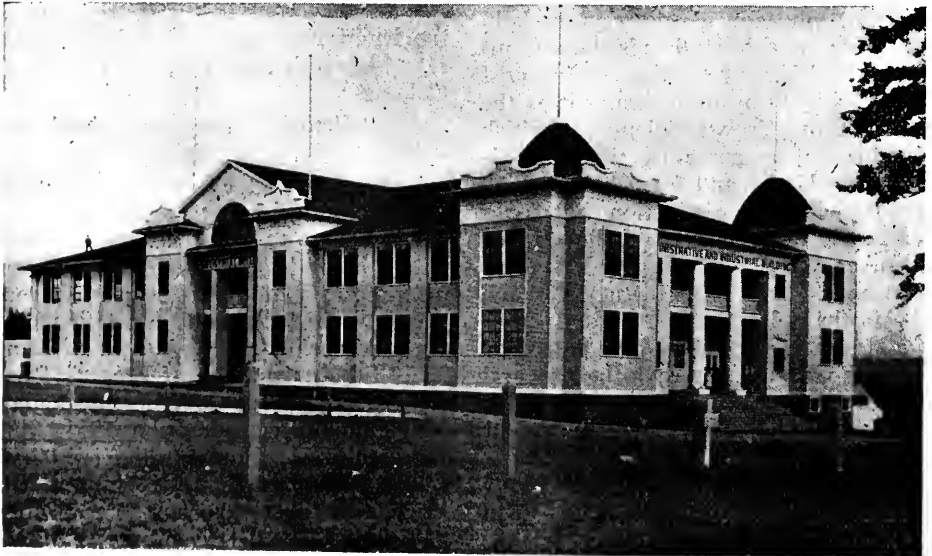
"As a military position it is rare to find one so singularly strong by nature, in connection with its adaption as the capital of a country.

"Immediately in front is the broad navigable river; on the opposite bank is a line of rising ground covering the whole front. This rising ground falls towards the frontier, and all along that base is swampy land, easily inundated.

"Upon this rising ground could be placed a great intrenched camp, with a series of open earthen works entirely protecting the city at a distance, ensuring perfect safety from any injury whatever to the city itself.

"On the right flank of the position the city would be protected by two deep channels, in addition to the river itself, and also by widely-extended marshes, which, when dyked (as they will be by the farmers), could be easily inundated.

"The left flank is protected, at a distance of four miles, by the Fraser, and also by the deep broad river Pitt; but in addition to these two serious obstacles to any enemy is a commanding



Administrative and Industrial Building.

hill having the Pitt River close in front; on this hill could be placed a strong work or works, entirely covering the left flank.

"At the rear of the position, and distant about five miles, is Burrards Inlet, any access to which would be rendered most hazardous, by placing a work on the island which extends across it. There is also on that side a range of high ground, from east to west, on which could be placed earthen works and intrenched camp, preventing any advance.

"The short military defences of the least costly description and defended by militia forces, could be quickly formed (and from time to time increased to any extent), when a necessity arose for them, and which would render the site almost unassailable. Considering how near the embouchure of the great valley of the Fraser is to the frontier, from ten to fifteen miles, these considerations are of incalculable weight.

"It is also to be considered that precisely as the occupation of this part of the Fraser is occupied in force by us (as it would necessarily be, if a capital in a strong position be placed there), so could we the better hold possession of the whole country, and compel an enemy's front to retire.

"This practically, in time of war, would be to cause the frontier to recede further south, and enable us with comparative ease to take the offensive. I would further submit that, in any war with our neighbours, our best, I may say our only chance of success in this country (owing to the geographical distribution of its component parts, and the physical formation of the whole), would be an immediate offensive advance. I am so strongly impressed with these views as to venture (but, believe me, with the utmost deference) to press on your consideration that, should it be determined not to occupy the site in the manner suggested, concentrating there, as early as possible, a condensation of political, military, and commercial interests, growing and increasing in force in all time to come, it would seriously imperil, if not lose, to Great Britain the possession of the mainland.

"In reference to the adaption of the actual spot itself for a city of magnitude, I might add to what I have already stated in general terms, that there is deep water close along an extended line of shore; sea-going vessels of any burden can moor close to the bank, plenty of water for supply of household purposes, and good drainage. I would wish that the upper level had not been quite so high, as hereafter it may cause some expense in improving the gradients of a few of the streets.

"The main streets for business, however, and all that may be occupied for some time to come, will be satisfactory. I might also add that any leading railway communications from the interior would pass down on the north side of the river. Politically and commercially this would be necessary."

The capital is accordingly changed from old Fort Langley to "the high ground on the north side of the river." Temporarily, the new town is called "Queenborough." The manner of the final selection of the name of the capital is duly set forth in the correspondence which appears in a blue-book presented to Parliament. in August, 1859. On February 5th of this year Governor Douglas despatches a communication to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, formally requesting Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to christen the new town. The despatch reads:—

"Victoria, Vancouver's Island,
"February 5, 1859.

"Sir,—With reference to my despatch, No. 92, of the 4th instant, upon the subject of the site chosen for the seat of Government of British Columbia, I have the honour to state to you that deeply appreciating the kind and gratifying interest which Her Most Gracious Majesty has been pleased to manifest towards the development and prosperity of the Colony of British Columbia, we are earnestly desirous that Her Majesty should vouchsafe one further proof of Her continued regard by signifying Her will as to the name to be given to the future capital.

"Her own royal name having already been bestowed upon the seat of Gov-

ernment of Vancouver's Island cannot also be assigned to that of British Columbia, but until Her Majesty's commands can be communicated, it has been determined, for the necessary sake of convenience, to distinguish the town by the name of "Queensborough"; and it would be received and esteemed as an especial mark of royal favour were Her Majesty to name the capital of British Columbia, either, indirectly, after Her royal self, or, directly, after His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, or some member of the Royal Family, so that the colonists of British Columbia, separated from friends and kindred in this their far distant home, may be ever gratefully reminded in the designation of their capital of the power that protects their hearths, of the watchful interest that guards their liberties, and of the gentle sway by which they are governed.

"I have, &c.,

"JAMES DOUGLAS, Governor."

In replying to this communication the Earl of Carnarvon, on behalf of Sir E. B. Lytton, Colonial Secretary, indicts a short but important note:

"Downing Street, May 5, 1859.

"Sir,—I have laid before the Queen your despatch, No. 93, of the 5th of February, expressing the desire that the name of the future capital of British Columbia should be selected by the Queen.

"I am commanded to acquaint you that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to decide that the capital of British Columbia shall be called 'New Westminster'.

"You will therefore designate the city by that name, and will announce by proclamation Her Majesty's decision to the inhabitants of the Colony.

"I have, &c.,

"CARNARVON.

"(In the absence of the Secretary of State.)"

The notes relative to the selection and naming of the site of the capital of British Columbia are given in full as they are of more than ordinary interest, especially at this peculiarly happy phase in

our history. The correspondence sets forth in black and white how it came about that the capital was moved from Derby to a more imposing location, and we find therein an explanation as to the naming of the town. Almost from that day to this New Westminster has been known as "The Royal City." In passing it is interesting to note that it has always lived up to its noble title—the city has ever been famed for its loyalty and generous hospitality.

And so New Westminster is duly established. The story of its foundation is, and ever will be, interesting. It is peculiar in one way at least. As a rule the site of a city is determined long before the actual need of it is felt. A small primitive settlement is made at some commanding geographical point and this settlement gradually grows and expands until it becomes a metropolis. But in the case of New Westminster, this law was not observed. Before a shanty or a cabin had been constructed, or any settlement made, when the site was yet covered by the primeval forest, a decree goes forth that upon that particular location a city is to be erected, and forthwith work is commenced. A town is literally carved out of the impenetrable forest.

Colonel Moody, with his men of the Royal Engineers, proceeded to New Westminster in 1859. Barracks were erected at "Sapperton," distant about a mile from the town proper as it is now constituted. As the first Colonial Commissioner of Lands and Works, Colonel Moody supervised the sale of public lands and superintended the construction of public works. A Government House, a church, a treasury, and other public buildings were soon erected and from this small beginning the town has grown until it entirely covers the noble hill selected as its site in 1859.

Commander R. C. Mayne, R. N., in his work "Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island," published in 1862, gives an interesting account of the clearing operations in the new town. He describes the huge trees and tangled underbrush in graphic terms, and speaks of the difficulties encountered by the amateur woodsmen in preparing sites for

houses and public buildings. What a change has taken place since that early day. If the founders of the beautiful city could see the place as it stands now they would surely marvel that in so few years such a vast change could take place. In the light of current history, Colonel Moody's remarks read more like a prophesy than a prosaic official report.

The work of laying out the townsite proceeded rapidly, in spite of the difficulties encountered. A determined onslaught was made upon the giants of the forest and soon, here and there, glades and open spaces might be found, marking the prowess of the pioneer woodmen. It is a scene of animation and excitement, this work of hewing a town out of the wilderness of trees. All concerned seem animated by the one thought that New Westminster is to become an important centre. And men were ready to back their convictions with coin of the realm, if the first sale of town lots is any criterion as to the confidence of all and sundry in the future of the Colony generally and of the town in particular. In Victoria, on the 1st and 2nd of June, 1859, building lots at Queensborough were auctioned off and the result proved most satisfactory as a financial operation and indicated a buoyant and optimistic feeling with regard to the outlook for mining operations on the Fraser River. Three hundred and eighteen lots were offered for sale and three hundred and ten were sold. Bidding must have been brisk, indeed, for even at this remote day rather more than \$89,000 were realized on the lots disposed of. The largest sum given for any single lot was \$1,925, and the average price was \$290. Surely a very creditable showing for a town in the heyday of its youth.

In May, 1860, His Excellency the Governor pays the city an official visit, and from his report to the Colonial Secretary, written at that time, we gather that the place is fast becoming an important centre. The town has greatly improved in appearance in the last year, and the Governor states that many new buildings have been erected and the ground in many parts cleared of the gigantic stumps and fallen trees that formerly

obstructed the thoroughfares and encumbered the ground. The new Courthouse and Assay office make a brave showing, and increase the "bustle and activity which prevails in the town." Trade is also on the increase. Two packets, of from 200 to 300 tons burthen, are plying with goods and passengers between Victoria and New Westminster. The up-river transport is carried on from New Westminster to Douglas and Yale by four sternwheel steamers, varying in size from 50 to 200 tons. These craft make bi-weekly trips between the places named. The customs returns are also eminently satisfactory—no less than a thousand pounds a week being collected at this port alone—indicating the spirited manner in which supplies are being sent into the mining district and the confidence of business men in the resources and future of the country.

In the same year the citizens of New Westminster express a desire for incorporation, and a select committee is appointed to personally discuss the matter with the Governor. The privileges asked for are moderate in the extreme. Practically only two important points are embraced in the simple scheme propounded by the select committee, and, naturally, these are concerned with the right of raising money by taxation, and the applying of the funds so raised to the grading of the streets and to the general improvement of the place. After several formal discussions, the prayer of the people is granted. On the 16th of July, the "New Westminster Council Act, 1860," is formally proclaimed, and the town becomes a duly incorporated city.

The Act provides that the Municipal Council shall consist of seven councillors. A chairman, or president, is to be elected by the councillors from their number. One of the provisions, which may provoke a smile in these latter days, is to the effect that, upon due notice being given, an owner of real estate must cut down the trees on his land. It was deemed necessary to enact such a drastic regulation, in the face of the danger likely to be incurred from forest fires if land in the central portion of the town should be allowed to retain its standing timber.

We may be inclined to smile, perhaps, as we read that simply worded charter, but nevertheless we cannot but respect the instrument which first established local government on the Colony of British Columbia.

And so we pass another mile-stone on the highway of the history of the oldest city on the Mainland. Gradually, and perhaps laboriously at first, the old town moves on from stage to stage. In spite of difficulties and disasters the spirit of the pioneers has always animated its residents, and of the grand results of this patriotic spirit there is no need to speak, for it is apparent to all.

The period covered by the years 1860 to 1871 is an important and an anxious one in the annals of our Province. Events of far-reaching consequences follow each other rapidly. The struggling Colony experiences its ups and downs. Naturally the vicissitudes of fortune affect the part as well as the whole. In the period of depression caused by the failure of the placers on the river, New Westminster suffered in common with the whole of British Columbia. It should be understood that at this time practically the only inducement held out to immigrants was the wonderful richness of the auriferous deposits. As yet very little atten-

tion had been given to the agricultural possibilities of the country, and no industries had been established. When it was proved that the bars of the Fraser were not as rich as it had been anticipated, hundreds of men left the country in disgust, and at one time the outlook was indeed gloomy. But fortunately there were men who had faith in the country and hardy prospectors made their way into a great interior and discovered the rich diggings of the Cariboo country. The deprivations and hardships suffered by these dauntless men can be better imagined than described. In the face of almost insurmountable natural obstacles they pushed through the canyons of the Fraser, and then, leaving that river, they blazed trails over mountains and through heavily timbered valleys until their fortitude and daring were rewarded by the discovery of the precious metal in paying quantities in the creek beds and benches of famous Cariboo. Strong men these, who encountered untold difficulties, and surmounted them with an indomitable spirit. The tide of immigration turns again—another gold rush commences. The new city profits by the second rush as by the first. Hotels, restaurants, and saloons are built, and the streets of the capital of the colony



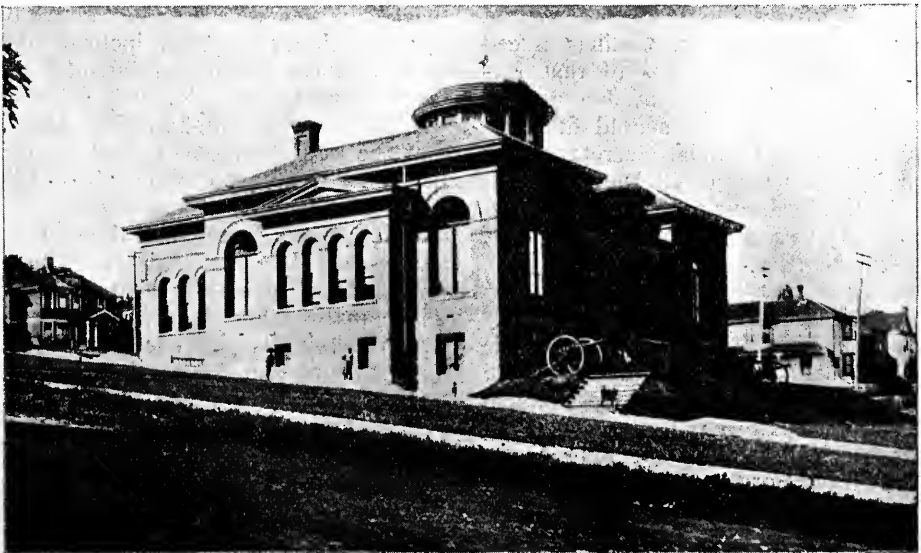
The Women's Building.

are filled with a cosmopolitan throng of miners who spend their money freely. The sole topic of conversation is the mining outlook.

Newspapers are established, schools and churches built, and the youngest city of the West begins to play an important part in the affairs of the country. As early as 1859 a newspaper—The Times—had been published, but it had only a brief tenure of existence. It perished early in the day from an anaemic affection—caused by lack of nourishment in the shape of subscriptions and advertising matter—a trouble which has always disastrously affected the rate of mortality among the journalistic infants of the West. A year or two later the Columbian and Mainland Guardian were launched upon the community and they lived and prospered. For many years these brightly edited journals helped to mould public opinion on the various vital questions which vexed the minds of the early inhabitants. The advisability, or otherwise, of providing separate and distinct governmental establishments for Vancouver Island and British Columbia, the union of the two Crown Colonies, and “Confederation,” were some of the many important and knotty problems which perturbed the peace of the com-

munity in these early days. The public men, and the leading citizens generally, of New Westminster play no inconsiderable part in such discussions, which were often marked by intense feeling. The capital of British Columbia was ever ready to criticize the actions of Colonial officials, or to discuss the questions of the day, and it cannot be denied that it generally succeeded in making its voice distinctly heard. In fact in Colonial times, and for many years after Confederation, New Westminster exercised a marked influence on the public opinion of the mainland, or perhaps it may have been that the people of the mainland naturally looked to the Capital to take the lead in political matters.

New Westminster has been the scene of many important meetings and conventions, but perhaps in the whole history of the town there has never been an affair of greater historical interest than that gathering of the members of the first Legislative Council of the Colony which took place in January, 1864. His Excellency, Sir James Douglas, whose eminent services had just been rewarded with knighthood, opened the session with due ceremony. His “Speech from the Throne” is a remarkably able statement of the affairs and condition of the colony.



The Public Library.

The expenditure for the financial year was estimated at the large sum of £192,860, while the revenue from all sources was calculated to be no more than £110,000—a deficit of £92,860 or \$450.00. In explanation of this rather remarkable statement of the financial condition of the Colony it is only fair to state that no less a sum than £87,937 was appropriated for the construction of public roads. Sir James Douglas fully gasped the fact that means of communication were absolutely necessary if the Colony was to progress and prosper, therefore he did not hesitate to lay burdens on the taxpayer when in his estimation the construction of public highways was essential to the well-being of the country. Douglas, from first to last, was a great road-builder. He it was who conceived the idea of the Cariboo wagon road and, in spite of the enormous cost, this great highway was completed in a comparatively short time. On this stupendous work alone thousands and thousands of pounds were spent. However, the undertaking proved a profitable venture in the end, although today much of the road has fallen into disuse as the railway has superseded that portion extending from Yale to Lytton.

If we looked in upon that first session of the Legislative Council we should see many faces that were familiar indeed to the British Columbians of that far-off time. Discussing with due gravity the affairs of state we should find Arthur N. Birch, Colonial Secretary; Sir Henry P. P. Crease, Attorney-General; Weymond O. Hamley, Collector of Customs; Chartres Brew, Peter O'Reilly, Edward H. Sanders, Henry M. Ball, Philip H. Nind, Joshua A. R. Homer, Robert T. Smith, Henry Holbrook, James Orr and Walter S. Black. Many of the members held their seats by virtue of their official positions; thus the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Collector of Customs, and the Magistrates of New Westminster, Cariboo, Yale and Hope, Lytton and Douglas were not representatives of the people. New Westminster asserted her independence at the first session even, for Mr. Homer, the city member, moved a resolution praying

that provision be made for the establishment of an elective Legislative Assembly, but the motion was negatived.

No history of New Westminster, however brief, would be complete without a reference to the establishment there of a branch of the Royal Mint in 1862. In 1859 and 1860 flour gold was mined in considerable quantities at Hill's Bar, Murderer's Bar, and other places on the river, and later nuggets from Cariboo made their appearance and in consequence the precious metal soon became an article of commerce, but, unfortunately, at that time there existed no means of accurately assaying the dust so a large number of the miners returned to San Francisco to spend, or dissipate, their fortunes. Money was scarce in the Colony and its need was greatly felt. It was thought that the erection of an Assay Office and Mint would have the effect of promoting the circulation of gold and of retaining within the country much of the dust exported to California. So the Governor takes up the matter with the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in the end it is decided to establish at first an Assay Office and later a mint. Of course, both Victoria and Queensborough wanted to secure the new office and rivalry between the two places was keen; in fact bitter. His Excellency is rather inclined to favour Victoria, but the Mainland Capital has a doughty champion in the Colonial Treasurer who emphatically demands that the new department shall be established at Queensborough. The latter prepares a lengthy official report on the question, which he requests the Governor to forward to Her Majesty's Government. The Colonial Treasurer does not mince matters and boldly declares that he "thinks His Excellency Governor Douglas wrote inadvertently when mentioning Victoria for the Assay Office: that at Queensborough it should justly and righteously be erected and established with as little delay as possible. It would pay a profit after the first year; the cost of the plant is estimated at £2,000, and the annual expense at £2,000. That gold will follow the one known channel—trade compels this—and that

channel will be to as it is already by New Westminster; that although no port exists there now, it will soon be the seaport of British Columbia and open to commerce."

New Westminster has the best of the argument, and the home authorities finally decree that an Assay Office shall be built in that town. No sooner is the Assay Office erected than another burning question arises. In 1861 the scarcity of coin is so great that it brings a premium of five per cent. and the importation of coin of the realm costs no less than five per cent. This state of affairs results in inconvenience to merchants and all classes of the community. The Governor points out that the only way to solve the problem is to add a mint to the Assay Office. It is proposed that the gold of Cariboo should be coined into ten and twenty-dollar pieces. Her Majesty's Government consults the Master of the Royal Mint and after careful consideration, leave is granted. The necessary machinery arrives from England and it is duly installed at New Westminster. In May, 1862, two silver specimens of the proposed coins were despatched to the Colonial Secretary in Downing Street. Then five, twenty and ten ten-dollar gold trial coins were struck off, and then—"the mint closed forever and the Assay Office is reduced"—to borrow a phrase from the Honourable Dr. J. S. Helmcken. It

appears that after all this expense and trouble the miners would not patronize the Government Assay Office, for the reason that banks and express offices had opened similar establishments elsewhere. But there was also another reason—an economic reason—for the failure of the new office: the imports naturally far exceeded the exports, as a matter of fact of the latter there were practically none, and consequently, as the Honourable Dr. Helmcken points out, the gold flowed away to foreign countries to pay for the various imports. Where all those five, twenty and ten ten-dollar coins of Cariboo gold are now is a matter for conjecture. They are worth today ten, perhaps twenty times their face value from a collector's standpoint. Two of each are in the British Columbia Museum but the others have disappeared from sight.

As the years slip by the shifting canvas portrays many scenes of historical interest and importance, but it is impossible in the space of one short article to chronicle all the events that go to make up the early history of New Westminster. It is only possible here to lightly touch upon a few matters of general interest. For full information the student of Colonial affairs must turn to the contemporary publications—blue-books, colonial records, and works of description and travel, dealing with British Columbia in the days of the gold rush.



The Waterfront.

And it may be truthfully said that these documents and books will well repay perusal, for they refer to a hundred and one odd matters respecting the rise and growth of our body politic.

The commission of Sir James Douglas, as Governor of British Columbia, expires in 1864, and, officially, he bids farewell to the Colony, and retires into private life. It is a solemn, perhaps a sad, moment for the stalwart representative of the Crown, who has labored so unremittingly and so arduously in building up the Colony over whose destinies he has presided so brilliantly and effectively. The capital rises to the occasion and fetes and feasts the retiring Governor and addresses and memorials reach him from all parts of the country. The first Governor has done his work—he has laid broad and strong the foundations upon which others are to build—he retires full of years and honor.

Sir James Douglas is succeeded in April of the same year by Mr. Frederick Seymour, who resided at New Westminster until the union of the two Colonies under the Imperial Act of 1866. The new Governor is fond of company and lavish in his entertainments. His balls and dinners are the talk of the town. In those days there is no lack of society functions and the officials and citizens generally manage to make life pleasant enough. It was in Governor Seymour's regime that, much to his disgust, the Capital of the Colony was moved from New Westminster to Victoria. Naturally enough there was some display of feeling when it was decided that the Royal City should no longer retain the coveted rank, and many years elapsed before the bitterness engendered on this occasion entirely disappeared. The removal of the capital to Vancouver Island had a depressing effect on the Mainland City, but by degrees the town resumed its activities and soon we find it increasing in population and wealth.

The names of many commanding and honourable men are associated with the early history of the Colony of British Columbia, and New Westminster knew them all. Sir James Douglas, the first Governor; Sir Matthew Baillie Begby,

the upright man and judge; Sir Henry Crease, Col. Moody, Governor Seymour, the Honourable John Robson, Mr. Peter O'Reilly, Mr. Joshua A. R. Homer, Mr. Arthur N. Birch, and many others, were familiar figures on the streets in early days. What these pioneers accomplished for their country it is impossible to set down in words. They have bequeathed to us a truly grand heritage and noble examples of patriotism, devotion and loyalty. No one claims that they were perfect—no man born of woman can be—at times, they made mistakes for it is human to err—nevertheless we can point with pride to the men who controlled the affairs of the infant colony when times were troubled and strength and determination were needed.

After Confederation, in 1871, a wave of depression swept over the Province and New Westminster suffered in consequence. For some years the city made but little progress. British Columbia was anxiously awaiting the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Placer mining in Cariboo was on the decline and in consequence the commerce of the country suffered greatly. There were no markets for agricultural produce and the farmers were much perturbed over the outlook. Those who lived here then will remember the gloomy predictions made as to the future of the Province. At last, however, active construction commenced on the railroad and the completion of that gigantic task marked an epoch in our history. Every town and village throughout the land felt the impetus of a new life. New Westminster breathed again and there followed an era of land speculation that had a disastrous finale a few years later. The value of land rose enormously, but the bubble burst and then followed another period of depression which continued for several years. The marvellous growth of the city of Vancouver, on Burrard Inlet, naturally affected the Royal City, and some time went by before an improvement took place. But the tide turned at last and now the old-time capital comes into its own again.

New Westminster has passed through many crises; it has experienced commer-

cial stagnation; "booms" have come, and "booms" have gone, leaving behind them a legacy of depression and gloom; but in all the chequered history of the city no catastrophe has ever equalled the terrible fire of 1898, when the finest business portion of the town and a great number of private residences were ruthlessly devoured by the flames. The morning after that appalling disaster the beautiful city lay a mass of smoking ruins. Nevertheless, this great calamity, sudden and awful as it was, did not quench, as it may well have done, the patriotic ardor of the citizens, nor did it abate one jot of their faith in the future. With a grim determination—that could only have one result—the people worked shoulder to shoulder for the rehabilitation of their well-loved town. In a few years practically all signs of the great conflagration were obliterated and today the Royal City stands resplendent on its superb site—a grand example of what patience, patriotism, and cool determination can accomplish. The city was never more beautiful, than it is today.

In recent years the construction of the splendid steel bridge which spans the whole river just above the city; the introduction of various industries; the development of the wonderful natural resources of the Fraser Valley, have all helped to increase the size and importance of the place. But it is scarcely necessary to speak of these matters because everyone will be familiar with modern developments.

It is interesting to note that at one time in the history of the Mainland, little or no attention was given to the agricultural and industrial possibilities of the District of New Westminster—in the race for virgin gold nought else was thought of but the making of fabulous fortunes from the bars of the river. But that was long ago and all has been changed these many years. It gradually dawned upon men that if there should be no gold in the river bars at all, the country would yet be rich indeed for the delta lands—formed in the course of long geological periods from the finest of alluvial deposits—and the natural hay meadows were extensive and would be

productive if only dykes could be built to guard them from the ravages of floods and high water. As conjectured, the soil was found to be rich. Settlers applied for homesteads, and in a few years many fruitful farms are being cultivated. Then commenced the dyke-building period and one by one the vast natural meadows, formerly subject to overflow, are reclaimed and their productiveness exceeds the most sanguine expectations. Thus a lasting source of wealth is created. Agriculture becomes the staple industry of the Valley. From its peculiarly fortunate position, the prosperity of the surrounding district is bound to be reflected in New Westminster, for the great valley of the Fraser River is naturally tributary to this city. Before the construction of the railway, the river was a most important link in the chain of communications from the Coast to the Interior, and it is yet, and must always be, an important highway of commerce.

A visit to the Provincial Agricultural Exhibition, held annually at New Westminster, will explain better than ten thousand glowing words the wonderful strides made in the district since 1858, the year of the great gold excitement. Every year thousands of people foregather at the Royal City to examine, and to marvel at, the extraordinary agricultural resources of the fertile valley of the Fraser River. Thus has New Westminster been compensated for the failure of the placer mines. Surely the gain is all on the side of the river town.

What a marvellous change has taken place since Colonel Moody's Royal Engineers began to clear sites for public buildings on "the first high ground in the north bank after entering the river" nearly fifty years ago. The whole of that nobly wooded hill has been cleared and laid out in broad streets and avenues, parks and public squares. Substantial business blocks line the bank of the river and the streets on the lower levels, while beautiful homes cover the sides and the crest of the hill. In the early sixties the population consisted of a few hundred souls; in 1881 the inhabitants numbered 1,500; in ten years this number increased to 6,641; today the population is scarcely

less than 10,000; and in the next decade—it would not be wise to say what the population will be in the next decade because any figure given now may look insignificant when 1917 arrives. Affairs are moving with such rapidity in the Great Last West that it is dan-

gerous even to hazard a guess as to the future of any portion of this mighty Province.

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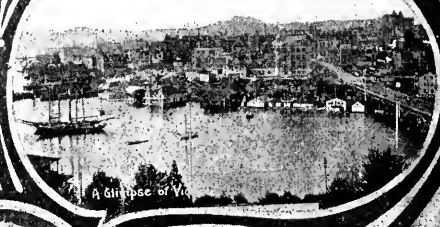
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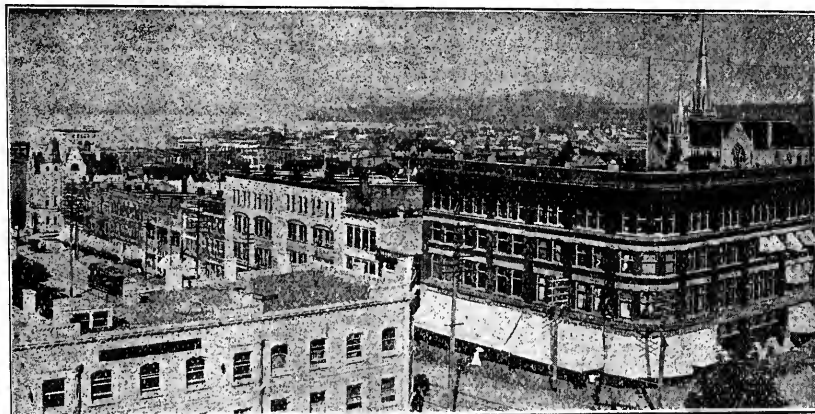
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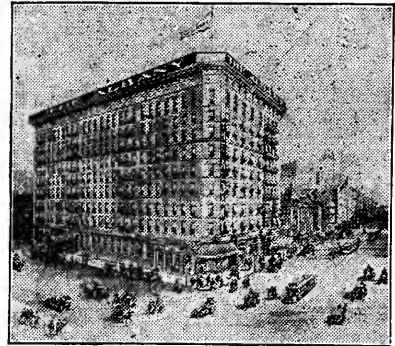
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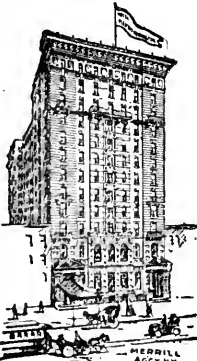
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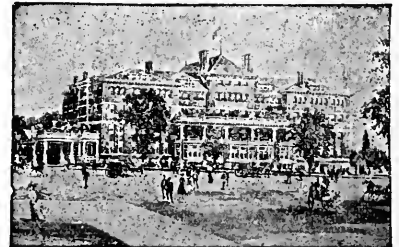
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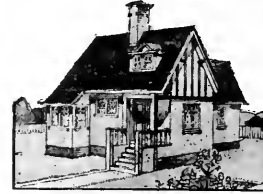
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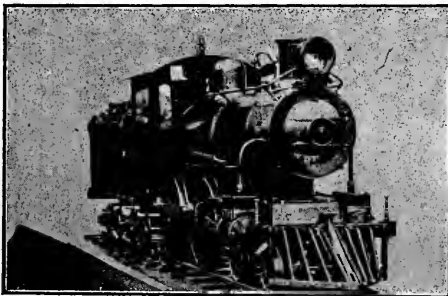
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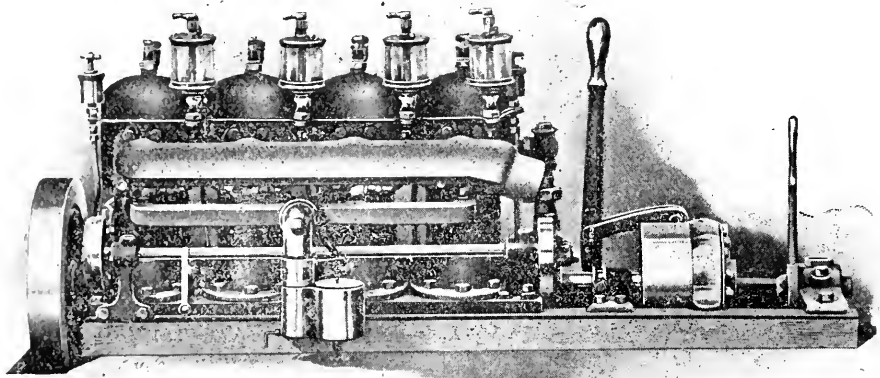
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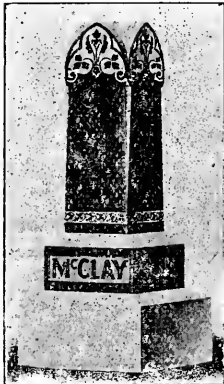
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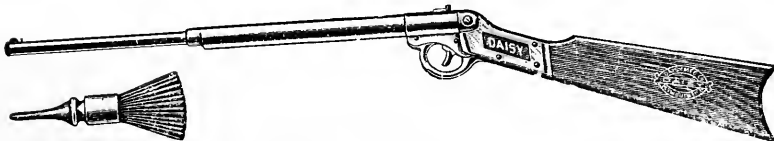
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Westward Ho! Magazine

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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Westward Ho! Publishing Company

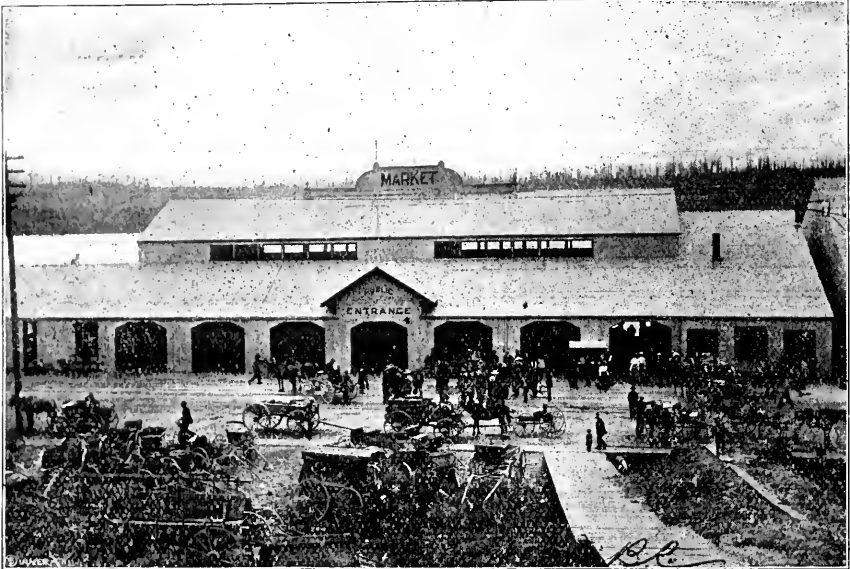
536 HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

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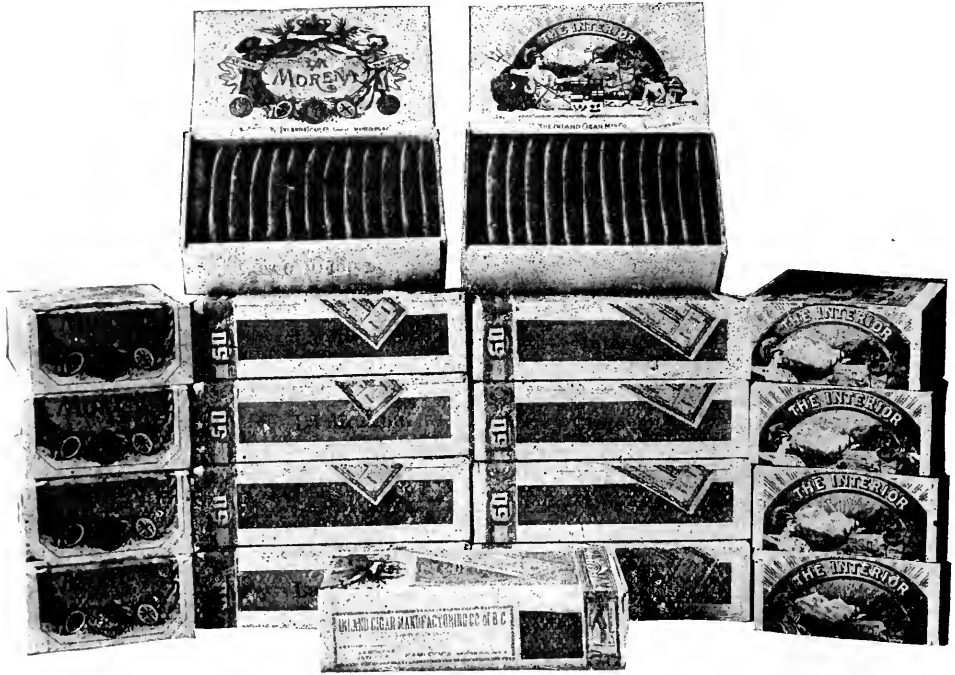
ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Xmas number of Westward Ho! will be on sale on 26th November and will contain many special features of interest in addition to the usual departments. Chief among these will be a contribution from the pen of Rudyard Kipling, who, during his visit to the West, expressed his high appreciation of the magazine and promised something for an early issue, the Xmas number if possible. Captain Clive Phillips Wolley is writing a story specially for this number and a splendid illustrated Nature Study by Mr. Bonnycastle Dale is already in hand. Among other contributions is Mr. Freeman Harding, who has developed into one of the most popular writers of Western stories and is eagerly sought after by the standard magazines; Mrs. Annie C. Dalton has a seasonable story which will be illustrated; Miss Irene McColl with another of her humorous sketches; Mr. Billee Glynn, whose humorous stories have caught on in the West; Mr. L. McLeod Gould, Mr. J. Gordon Smith, and Miss Agnes Cumberland. Christmas poems by Blanche G. Holt Murison, George Franks and others. Dr. Elliot S. Rowe is preparing a lengthy article on the work and benefits of the Vancouver Association, and Mr. H. Hoadley has in hand an historical sketch of the "Terminal City," both of which will be beautifully illustrated by such well known artists as Mr. J. P. Judge and Mr. Hawkins. Mrs. Beanlands will also continue her illustrated Art Sketches on "Models I Have Known."

As this is the season of the year when everyone is beginning to ask themselves: "What shall I send for a Christmas present?" the management of Westward Ho! suggests that no more suitable gift could be made than a year's subscription to the only standard Western Magazine which tells the story of this great new world from month to month. By helping the magazine in this practical manner every subscriber is contributing something to the upbuilding of the West as well as helping to popularize a well written and well illustrated monthly. To every new subscriber sending in \$1 to the office before December 15th the Xmas number and a handsome souvenir will be sent gratis and a year's receipt for 1908.

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Asiatic Exclusion. The Editor of Westward Ho! is in receipt of a communication from a valued subscriber complaining that our editorial in the October issue on Exclusion Leagues was political in its tone. This criticism is not strictly fair as a careful reading of the article and a consideration of the attendant circumstances will show. Possibly the objection of our subscriber is due to the fact that the only person named in the article is the member for Vancouver, but in all the editorials which have appeared in Westward Ho! dealing with this important subject, not only has the principle of Exclusion Leagues being condemned, but all who have associated themselves with the organized movement have been denounced. The Press of the Province has been a unit in declaring that this is not a political question, a conclusion with which Westward Ho! entirely agrees. If it had been otherwise the subject would not have been treated in these columns. In denouncing the men who promulgated the Vancouver Exclusion League, Westward Ho! was not unmindful of the fact, which has been overlooked by our critic, that among the men most prominent at the first meeting was the President of the Conservative Association. Indeed the whole movement in its inception was engineered by men of both political parties. What it may have developed into subsequently does not concern Westward Ho! If it is to be

argued that a magazine which avowedly eschews politics and exists for the sole purpose of promoting the general interests of the West may not criticize a movement of an avowedly non-political character because prominent politicians associate themselves with it, then there is an end of free and independent expression of opinion. But it is certain that no such contention will be made even by our critic, who is assuredly broad-minded enough to recognize that apart altogether from political considerations, Mr. McPherson's celebrated "Boston Tea-party" speech, specially singled him out for criticism. Westward Ho! recognizes that the subject of Oriental immigration is one of the most serious and perplexing problems which has ever confronted Canadians. It cannot be dealt with, nor should it be discussed with any reference to party-politics or party lines. Its judicious treatment and successful settlement will have a vital influence upon the future of British Columbia, although it should never be forgotten that this Province is fighting the battle for the whole of the West, and that if such a thing should happen as that it should be surcharged with a Mongolian population the overflow would quickly pass the Rockies to the Prairies. There is unanimity of opinion in favour of keeping Canada "a white man's country." Since the advent of Mr. Kipling to the West and his splendid utterances on the destiny of our race and the future of

Canada it is more than ever recognized that practical steps should be taken to bring in men of the right colour, and so leave no opening for the undesirables. This is the true solution of the problem and one which has been insisted on by Westward Ho! ever since the difficulty became acute. In urging this solution and in working for its realization, there can, among honest men, be no question of politics or of party; it is purely a question of patriotism, which is the monopoly of no party.

In the columns of this issue of Westward Ho! will be found an exhaustive article on the subject of irrigation in the Dry Belt. It should be read and studied because the conditions prevailing near Kamloops are duplicated throughout the Dry Belt, and what can be done there can be done elsewhere, with the same results. There is a large section of the West which without water produces little and produces it fitfully, but once the fertilizing stream has been applied, it is no exaggeration to say that "the wilderness is made to blossom as the rose." Up to date systematic irrigation works have only been carried out on a very limited scale. The most extensive are in Southern Alberta between Lethbridge and the International boundary; here the Alberta Land Company and the Mormons conjointly have provided irrigation for a large territory. Before-time the produce of this district was inconsiderable and was consumed locally, today, there are tens of thousands of acres under cultivation for mixed farming. Wheat and oat shipments for export are large and a beet sugar industry, finding occupation for hundreds of workmen, has been successfully established. It is doubtful if in any part of Canada there is a more prosperous settlement than in Southern Alberta. But this is hardly to be considered a dry country, and it is nearer to Calgary, and again in the Okanagan that the best results from irrigation have been obtained. It may be stated broadly that fruit culture, which is attaining such important dimensions in the West, depends upon an

artificial water supply. A visit to the Okanagan is the best demonstration of this fact. There we have dryness in the extreme. There are points where the average rainfall does not exceed five inches, and where from June till October everything is brown unless it is watered. Peachland has attained wide notoriety, and today is the home of hundreds of people who are comfortably housed and are making a good livelihood from their orchards. A few years ago it was but an arid hillside. Kelowna, a little further up the lake, would be just as dry but for the splendid water supply provided by Mission Creek, which has been utilized for many years and has made Kelowna the emporium of the Okanagan fruit market. These instances could be multiplied indefinitely, but unfortunately only on a small scale, and the success which has attended scientific irrigation should lead Western Governments to adopt some policy which would insure its extension. After all the greatest asset of any country is its cultivable land, and any project which brings more land under cultivation is valuable contributor to the general prosperity of a country.

When the Editor of the Montreal Herald was at the Coast a few months ago he gave utterance to a dictum which contained a striking truth when he said that the most important work before the West was to convert the East. It is true that he had special reference to the Oriental immigration question, but it is equally true that the statement applies to many other subjects. For instance, the East needs a great deal of education on the resources of the West. It has not yet found out what is widely recognized by astute American capitalists that at the moment the Canadian West furnishes the best field for investment. A recognition of this fact would divert some of the millions which Montreal has placed in Cuba, Mexico and South America to Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia. A larger investment of Eastern Capital in the West would betget more sympathy with Western busi-

ness and a more generous treatment of Western business men. The conversion of the East would also mean that the politicians who make laws for the whole of the Dominion would pay more regard to the legislative requirements of the Western Provinces, and would not be so apt to brush aside their requests with that air of supercilious indifference which is so tantalizing to people who know what they want and try to secure it in a constitutional manner. As a matter of fact, Western Canada is the only portion of the Dominion which shows any substantial increase in population. It is the granaries of the West which first stimulated that commercial expansion which has raised Canada to a position of importance in the industrial and commercial world, and yet the cry of the East is ever that of the horse-leech "give, give." The West will come to its own, and it will not be long first; when that time comes it matters not which political party may be in power at Ottawa, the West will be heard from, and the whole trend of Canadian policy will be determined by the men who come from the new Provinces, and the Province on the shores of the Pacific. The change will make for more enlightened legislation, for a quicker recognition of popular needs, for a higher standard of public life, for greater loyalty to the flag, and for broader views on national and Imperial questions. There will be less parochialism, and less provincialism. Public matters will be viewed from a national standpoint. Out here men have no respect, and little toleration for narrow views and picayune propositions. It will do the men of the East no harm to imbibe a breath of the freer and more bracing air of the West; they might even now begin to adjust their perspective with a view to its requirements. To do this they may with advantage see more of the West and read more of the West, and then by degrees they may learn that Montreal and Toronto are not all of Canada, and that this Dominion does not begin and end in Ontario and Quebec.

One of the most notable achievements of engineering science and skill is illustrated by the record of four days and twenty-two hours established by the *Lusitania* on the Atlantic. A careful computation shows that if the trip had been made from Queenstown to Halifax instead of to New York the time would have been well within three days, a suggestion so startling as to merit the most serious consideration. This cutting down of steamship records is a matter fraught with the greatest significance. It illustrates the insistent demand of the age for the shortest and quickest sea route, and the time will yet come, probably within ten years, when during the favourable season, which may be said to extend from May to October, it will be possible to travel from Queenstown to a point on the southeast coast of Labrador in two and a half days, thence to Montreal in a day and a half, and thence to Vancouver in three days, making exactly one week from Ireland to the Pacific Coast. There is nothing fantastic in this computation. The time of the water voyage has already been determined by the *Lusitania*. In making the record, that vessel steamed an average of about twenty-four knots. The *Mauretania*, which has yet to make her maiden voyage, is supposed to be two knots faster, and within the last few days we hear of an electrically driven turbine vessel equal to thirty knots. He would be a bold man who would declare that the limit of speed has yet been reached in steamship travel. A four days' journey across Canada from coast to coast will present no difficulties in the near future, double tracking is the only obstacle at the moment, and this is being rapidly accomplished by all the great transcontinental lines. The route from the southeast coast of Labrador to a point a little south of Hudson's Bay and thence in an almost direct line westerly to the mouth of the Skeena, would furnish a much shorter route than any of the lines to the South; all of which brings within the range of probability a seven days' communication with

Europe. What this will do for the development of Canada can hardly be conceived, but what would be effected for our trade with the Orient when the Pa-

cific Coast is by a similar steamship service brought within a week of Japan, must be left to the imagination. That, too, is more than a possibility.



By Hammer and Hand
All things doe stand.

—Old Legend.

THE art of metal working was well developed many ages ago; books dealing with the subject date back as far as the 12th century, and examples of the work, as might be expected, are very much older.

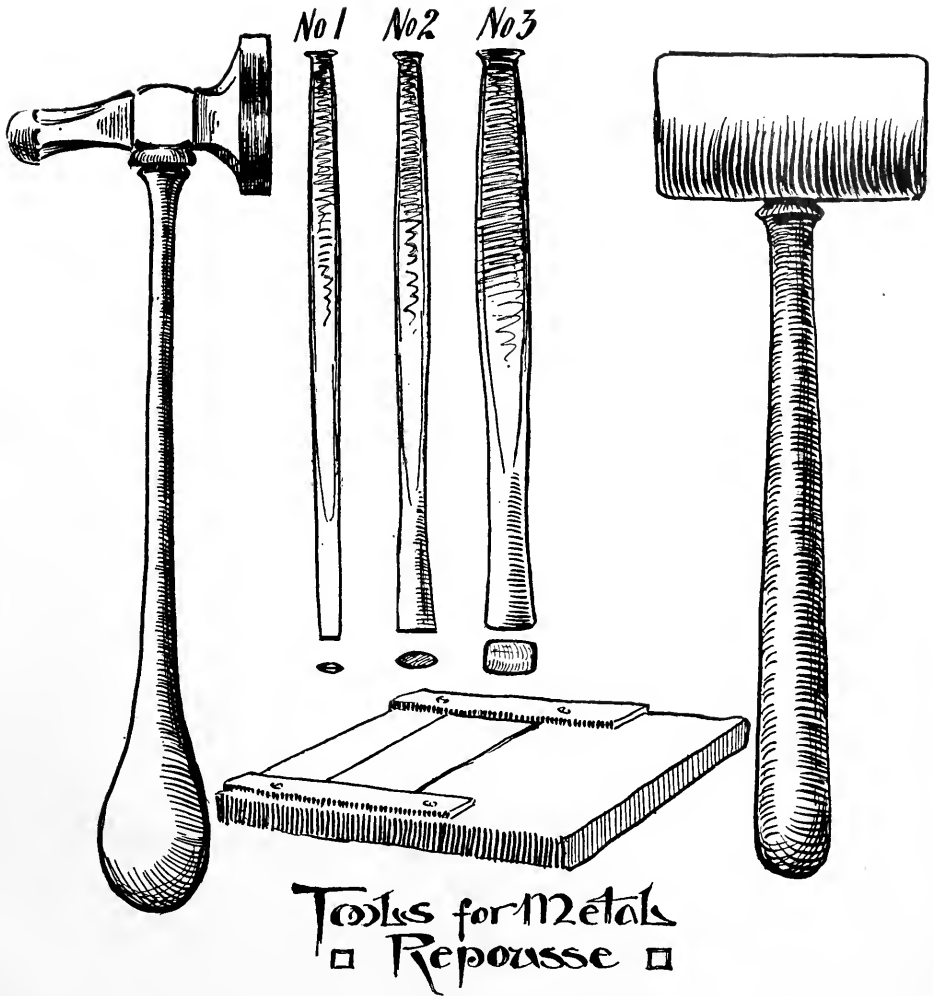
"The technique can be learnt in thirty seconds, but it takes years to become a good craftsman," says Nelson Dawson, one of the foremost metal workers, and this is so. The beginning is simple, but the possibilities and scope for development are immense.

The metal may be worked on lead, wood, or pitch, but where one has no regular workroom the metal should be pounced on soft wood. It will yield to the hammer and is both convenient and clean.

Objects such as finger plates for doors, name plates, photo frames, panels for cabinets and overmantels are all suitable for home work; but the larger class of goods as grate fixtures, fenders, coal boxes, lamps, sconces, etc., all make it necessary for the craftsman to have a workroom where a vice would be at hand, and where pitch could be handled without fear of damaging the surroundings.

It will be more in keeping with this series of articles if I treat of the former class of work, and one of the simplest and best subjects to undertake is a door plate, or finger plate.

Tools required for a beginner are shown in sketch, a pair of shears, a round file, and a flat file may be added.



Tools for Metals □ Repousse □

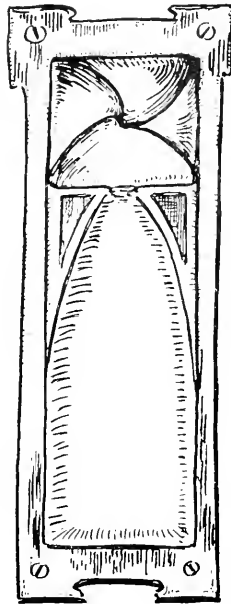
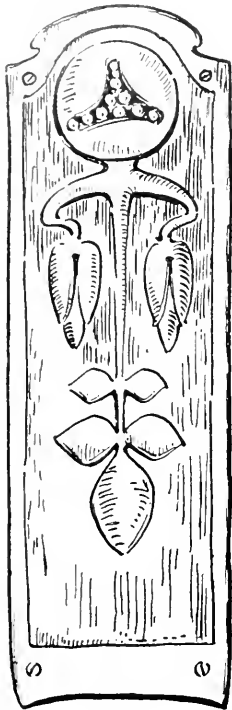
Copper of from 22 to 26 gauge; price about 50c lb. would be suitable material. Trace the design on the copper with the aid of carbon paper, then place the metal flat on a board, as in sketch, and screw it firmly down with straps of wood. With punch No. 1 and hammer retrace the line, holding the punch a little off the perpendicular so that when the hammer descends the punch will travel along the line.

Go all round the design, lining it as neatly and regularly as possible; this requires considerable practice and it is just as well to make a few trials. Many a piece of work is spoiled through the preliminary tracing being rough and uncertain.

As the pattern gets lined you will observe the space between the lines rising, and bosses appear; these bosses are the effective parts of the design and should be taken care of.

Should it be necessary to raise any of the parts still further, turn the copper face down on a heap of sand or on to a bag filled with sand, and pounce it from behind with a wood punch and mallet until the required height is obtained. Much good decoration may be made by this means, without tracing the line at all; the edges of the ornament are softer than when lined with a tool.

Cut out the shape of the door plate with the shears, and then finish off with a file.



DESIGNS
FOR
DOOR
PLATES

The holes for the screws may be punched out by placing the copper on a block of lead.

After the plate is trimmed up a few finishing blows with the mallet and wood punch will straighten up and finish off the work.

Clean with monkey brand soap or some such cleaner, and if an antique appearance is desired, coat with vinegar and salt, or heat over a flame until an iridescent effect appears.





RUDYARD KIPLING.

By William Blakemore.

IT is hard on thirty years since I first saw Rudyard Kipling, then a diminutive bullet-headed, mischievous school boy at Westward-Ho. I had gone in company with his uncle, the Rev. Fred. Macdonald to pay him one of those formal visits so dear to the heart of the school boy, and which invariably resulted in the transfer of sundry articles which quickly raised him in the estimation of his fellows. From that moment until this I have never lost sight of him for long, and whether in the Bazaars of India, on the American prairies, in his Vermont home, on the African Veldt, or in his later retreat at Rottingdean, I have followed with the closest interest his literary work.

Kipling enjoys in common with all truly great men the distinction of having scored off his own hat. He has owed nothing to the accident of birth, to influence, or to wealth, except that he inherited the splendid patrimony of a clear brain, and a healthy body. From his father's side he derives artistic perception and tendency; from his mother, high intelligence, imagination, ideality, and a profound spiritual impulse. This latter is the keynote to the enthusiasm and zeal of Kipling for humanity and Imperialism.

The Macdonalds, to whom his mother belonged, were a highly cultured family,

recognized among all who knew them for their attainments and sweetness of disposition. The Rev. George Brown Macdonald, Kipling's paternal grandfather, was an eminent, minister of the Methodist Church, who in the sixties was recognized as one of its most eloquent divines and a certain nominee for the Presidential chair. This honour fell upon his son, the Rev. Frederick Macdonald in the nineties, and he has been for many years, and still is, in the very foremost ranks of that great Church.

Kipling's association with his uncle has been of the closest and the most friendly character, far more so than mere relationship would warrant. At an early age the younger man conceived an ardent affection for the elder under the influence of a most lovable personality and a brilliant and versatile intellect. Some years ago, I think about fifteen, they were companions upon a tour through the States. Only those who are acquainted with the Rev. Frederick Macdonald can trace his personal influence in the life and work of Kipling, and can realize how potent it has been.

Few people thought when Kipling was writing his earlier Indian tales that he was a man of deep religious character. The world, ignorant of his parentage, and early environment, dubbed him "Bohemian" and thought he was little

more than a smart gazeteer. But even in those earliest productions of his facile pen, there is the sound of a deeper note, and the recognition of a more serious purpose.

As time went on this tendency developed, the note became more iterant until it assumed the dimensions of a "leit-motif" finding its antiphonal expression in "Recessional" which marks the culmination of high impulse and profound conception in his work.

Nothing is more remarkable than the development of Kipling, first a brilliant journalist burning under the wrongs inflicted upon patient slaves in the Indian Civil Service. Depicting their condition in such vivid and even lurid colours, as to cause the suppression of one of his earliest and most brilliant pamphlets, "The City of Dreadful Night." In this remarkable work it is hard to say whether one most admires the cleverness and thoroughness with which he exposes the weakness of the administration or the magnificent pictures which he paints of life in Calcutta in the eighties. His descriptions are as forcible and illuminating as they are unique, and leave nothing to be desired in the matter of vivid portrayal. One can feel and almost hear the palpitating heart of the mighty city as it beats with all its flood tide of passion, of intrigue and of vice. I have always had doubts as to whether the Lord Chamberlain interdicted the book because of its attack upon the administration, or because its Oriental pictures were too broadly drawn to suit Occidental tastes. The doubt has never been resolved, for on re-reading the book, three years ago, when the ban was removed, my first conviction was deepened that the reason was quite as likely to be the latter as the former.

I spoke of the development of Kipling, and he has developed immensely along two lines. He has drunk of the cup of sorrow, and is more human. The loss of his little daughter seven years ago completely prostrated him, and for a time threatened something even worse. The sorrow drove him to seclusion; he literally immured himself within his Sussex home and built high walls to

keep the world outside. When that did not suffice, he abandoned it, and went to a more remote district, still determined to have no contact with his fellows. But, it was here that the Imperial idea which long before had germinated began to grow. The South African war aroused him from his lethargy. Once more he took up the burden of life, and emerging from seclusion, not only sent his winged messages throughout the Empire, preaching a crusade of loyalty and devotion, but went out himself and, by his presence and influence, effected what no other man could have done in awakening his race to a realization of their duty and responsibility. It was during this crisis that Kipling sealed his reputation as a great Imperialist. His messages to Greater Britain beyond the seas awoke a responsive chord and to him more than to any man is due the fact that today the Imperial idea possesses the mind of every loyal British subject throughout the Dominions over which King Edward reigns.

This is why Kipling's public services rank possibly higher than his contributions to literature, and to say this is not to depreciate the latter, but by so much the greater as is the man whose life's work is rounded up by concentration of purpose and that purpose a noble one, by so much is Kipling the High Priest of Imperialism greater than Kipling the man of Letters.

This is the assured position which Kipling holds today in the estimation of all British peoples, and this is why his recent visit to Canada is fraught with so much importance. There has been no discordant note and no division of opinion. He has been received everywhere as one of the most distinguished leaders of thought.

He has been eagerly sought after, every word that fell from his lips has been accorded breathless attention, and it is not too much to say that in this time of her young growth, and face to face with many perplexing problems, Canada has turned to him, as to a prophet, for words of wisdom. Canada has not been disappointed; Kipling has shown himself to be above all a lover of

humanity, and a loyal Imperialist. On the two greatest questions upon which his counsel was sought, he has spoken with conviction and illumination; he has raised the Canadian conception of duty and responsibility by pointing to the inherent qualities of heart and mind which have given the Anglo-Saxon race its supremacy, and he has shown how building upon this sure foundation there can be no question of competition for dominancy in the new world. "Bring in people of your own race; let them possess the land, and your immigration problem is solved."

This fundamental belief has furnished him with a theme, the most elevating and inspiring. He has reminded six millions of eager listeners that nationhood is the goal of civilised peoples, and with

the true prophetic instinct, has pointed out that the time has arrived for Canada, not only to cherish the ambitions, but to assume the responsibilities of a nation.

Kipling is not a man of many words, he excels in conciseness and lucidity, his utterances are on that account not the less, but the more pregnant. We may not realize today, and possibly not tomorrow the full significance of his message, but as surely as his Imperial crusade has won its way, to the uttermost parts of the Empire and has rallied all our peoples to one flag, so will future generations born in this Dominion recognize that the conception of nationhood in a popular sense dates from the time when Kipling appealed to the loftiest instincts of our people.

The Cruise of the Beaver.

By J. Gordon Smith.

THE Steamer Beaver which was wrecked at the entrance to Burrard Inlet, was the first of the world's steamers to enter the waters of the Pacific ocean, where she plied, pioneer of a mighty fleet, for more than a quarter of a century. Launched on the Thames in 1853, she attracted as much attention in her day as the Lusitania does now. King William of England and a concourse of 150,000 people watched the launching of the old side-wheeler which was hardly larger than the average harbor tug of the day. Steam navigation was in its infancy; the unknown Pacific whither the Beaver was bound was a place of mystery where ruled those old-time captains of finance, the Gentlemen Adventurers to the Hudson's Bay.

In 1835, on August 27th, the Beaver left the Thames amid the cheering of a great throng and sailed to sea. Her machinery had been placed in position, but the side-wheels were not attached, and the Beaver proceeded under canvas. Mr. Harry Glide, a Victoria pioneer, has in his possession the log of the steamer's voyage to this coast, lasting 163 days.

The officers of the steamer were: Capt. D. Home; Chief Officer, W. C. Hamilton, Second Officer, Chas. Dodd; Chief Engineer, Peter Arthur; Second Engineer, John Donald; Carpenter, Henry Barrett; and Seamen, William Wilson, George Gordon, William Phillips, James Dick, George Holland, James McIntyre, and William Burns.

The bark Columbia left Gravesend in company with the Beaver as a convoy.

but the Beaver outsailed the convoying vessel. She was obliged many times to wait for the bark. It was to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia that the Beaver came, arriving there on April 10th, 1836.

As the Beaver's log has it: "Found lying there the Honourable H. B. Schooner Cadboro." The log goes on to tell of how the vessel was fitted up as a steamer, and of mounting a "nine-pound long gun" taken from the Columbia. On May 23rd a trial trip was held in the Columbia which proved satisfactory and after "the engineers had painted the engines and crew whitewashed the funnel" the steamer proceeded northward along the British Columbia coast in June. She proceeded by way of what is now known as the outside course, keeping to the open ocean rather than going by the waterway now used by northern steamers between Vancouver Island and the mainland. Her fuel was insufficient for the voyage, but unlike the modern steamer the Beaver did not lie helplessly derelict awaiting a tug as a result. "Finding we had not enough fuel to carry us to Milbank fort, stopped the steam and made sail to the topsail, and unshipped five paddle blades on each side to avoid holding so much water, afterwards shipped the paddle blades, made steam, and entered Milbank sound, anchoring in 10 fathoms." So the log describes what the Beaver's officers did when fuel ran short.

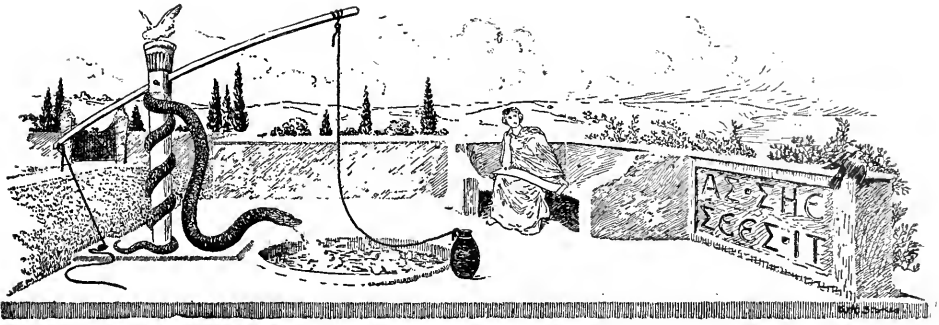
Port Simpson was reached on June

30th, and from the main northern fort of the Hudson's Bay Company the Beaver proceeded to the then Russian territory in the north, where she anchored at Tongas on July 14th, after saluting the Russian Fur Company's brig Chitsekoff.

Returning from this trip the Beaver entered service without delay, collecting furs and carrying goods between the H. B. posts. She was the first steamer seized by the U. S. officials. In 1851 she was seized for an alleged infraction of the regulations and sent to Olympia, where Capt. Steward, then in charge, put the marshal ashore, and steamed away to Camosun, as Victoria was then known.

In 1860 the Beaver was overhauled and fitted with state-rooms, and placed in service between Victoria and New Westminster. Then, a few years later, she became the first of the Pacific survey vessels, being chartered by the Imperial Hydrographers. In 1874 she was converted into a tugboat, the late Capt. Rudlin, one of the owners, being master. Capt. J. D. Warren took her in 1877, and in 1880 she took fire, her upper works being damaged. Three years later she struck a rock at the entrance to Burrard Inlet and went down. She was raised and continued her work until 1888, when she again struck at the entrance to Burrard Inlet, and was totally lost.





A Woman's Ideas.

By La Verite.

ONE of the best dressed women of the London stage has spoken in defence of the actress, saying that many accusations made by outsiders as to the manner in which actresses live are all wrong, and that in her opinion the actress is the best creature alive.

"Many people have a mistaken idea about actresses," says this lady. "In fact they know nothing about the manner in which actresses live, but their ignorance does not prevent them from delivering fine lectures.

"It's part of our business to look as well as we can and stay as healthy as possible. Somehow people seem to think that stage women are all cosmetics and nighthawks. The truth of the matter is that most stage women get all the night rest their work will allow, and they take more exercise and use more artificial beautifiers than a great many women off the stage. One reason the stage woman is attractive is because she knows the art of dressing. It is not the dress or quality of a dress that makes the attractive woman, but the art of wearing it correctly.

* * *

She was a big blonde, and her rich broadcloth and lace opera coat hung from her shoulders in luxurious care-

lessness as she entered the box at the theatre and took her seat.

As the elegant garment fell from her, there was disclosed a fortune in diamonds and pearls. They gleamed in her ears and hair, and at her throat, while a river of gems fell from her neck almost to her knees. Her fingers were covered with diamonds and other precious stones; in fact she outshone every other woman in the audience or all of them put together for that matter. From the conversation of two girls who sat in front I learned that before she became the wife of the rich man who had bought all these precious stones for her, this woman worked in a store. That's no disgrace, to be sure; I merely mention it because I heard the girls talking to each other about her gown and handsome jewels.

"Oh! if I only had just one of those diamonds," one of the girls said, "how perfectly happy it would make me! Just one of the smallest. She would never miss it and it would make me happy for the rest of my natural life—I'm just dying for a diamond ring."

"Me, too," answered her companion. "I would be perfectly satisfied if I had just one teeny, weeny diamond in a ring, and here she has bushels of them."

But I, sitting behind them, listening

to their conversation, made up my mind that I was perfectly satisfied without the diamond for many reasons. After hearing of the troubles and worries that beset the women who own diamonds and real laces and other expensive things. I was quite satisfied to have my money come to me every Saturday afternoon and to have it all gone by the end of the week again without investing any of it in diamonds.

For I have known women who have lain awake at night worrying about the safety of their jewels, precious laces and valuable furs. Young girls who think that diamonds would make them perfectly happy should think of something else. The possession of riches does not always bring with it the happiness that one imagines. Learn to say with the philosopher: "Blessed be nothing."

* * *

The following are some epigrams on women—by a woman.

"A thrifty woman will make her home attractive though it may be a hut in the wilderness.

"Women sometimes lose sight of great things by their attention to insignificant details.

"Woman's honesty is proverbial. The exceptions are few and far between.

"Women are supposed to hide behind a smiling face all the sorrows of an aching heart. Many succeed in practising the deception.

"The woman who betrays the anguish of her soul to the world forfeits her claim to the sympathy of her sincere friends.

"If women would only realise that few are interested in their woes or their ambitions, they would not so often become bores and nuisances.

"Women rarely under-estimate their own worth. Proper dignity and self-

respect command the admiration so much desired by all women.

Egotism in a man is trying; in a woman it is insufferable.

"The woman who claims the credit of her husband's success has probably contributed very little toward it.

"There is no time in the life of man when he can do without a woman. In infancy and old age he is dependent upon her tenderness and care; in middle life she is his helpmate and inspiration.

"The most laudable ambition in a woman is to keep pace with her husband in his achievements and hold his love by her tenderness and devotion."

* * *

Women who go to the artists to learn how to dress know that simplicity, not magnificence, is the true ideal. Study famous portraits of women, either those of old masters or those of modern painters, and it becomes evident that effects are produced not by elaborate fashions, but by long graceful lines, single tones of colour or one colour just merging into another, unity of design and simplicity, always simplicity.

Simplicity does not mean inexpensiveness, as those who love it know to their cost. A gown that has not much trimming must be of rich material else it will look poor. A gown that is cut simply must be cut by a master of the art, since there are no fripperies to cover up defects. The favourite dress of the Empress Josephine, one of the most extravagant women in all history, was one of white muslin or gauze, with a cashmere shawl wound about her shoulders. But she never wore one of these dresses more than once, and the gauze would be embroidered with gold flecked with silver, covered with rare lace—with an effect of simplicity such as only an artist can give but at considerable cost.

Memoirs of An Aristocrat.

By L. C. S. Hallam.

No. 1.—The Affair at the Cafe San Croce.

I HAVE heard it said by the Americans that to us Italians revenge is sweeter than molasses. That may be as it may. I won't try to deny it, as I've never fed off molasses; but I will own that to most of us the instinct to avenge is part of our nature, and at times the "vendetta" becomes a sacred duty.

I will now try to relate how it was that I, Antonio Guiseppe, Duc D'Aven-court, alone and single-handed, humbled the pride of four Inglesi sailormen, and in particular avenged myself on the big Milord Paddio Boylo, thus glorifying Italy and adding one more link to that chain of exploits which will make my name immortal and cause it to be handed down to posterity as the Charlemagne of the nineteenth century.

It was in the summer of '38 and I was in Naples, enjoying to the full the cool Mediterranean breezes and drinking sweet draughts of wine and enjoyment all day long; what with women, driving, riding, boating and fishing, roulette and theatres, time flew, ah! I was young then, with a moderate fortune and the tastes of a connoisseur, and besides I was expert at every manly sport, from fencing to spinning the top; added to all this I had a refined taste for adventure and little affairs of honour.

But I am digressing; to my tale. One night I dropped in at the Cafe San Croce down by the harbour for a little refreshment, and a cigarette, and as usual, keeping one eye open for adventure and the other for pretty women. I hadn't been seated long when in came a party of four Inglesi sailormen, who sat down at the next table to mine. Three of them were

of ordinary stature, but the fourth was a giant, with great width of shoulders and depth of chest, and a fierce look in his eyes, which gave him more the appearance of a grizzly bear masquerading in sailor's costume than a man.

Perhaps it is my inherent love of adventure which robs me of all discretion and caution, or maybe it is my over-sensitive nature, which is too quick, at times, to anticipate an insult; be that as it may, on this occasion I couldn't help looking at my neighbours and letting a slight scowl pervade my well-marked and decidedly striking features, for their boorish noise and sottish laughter was most discomposing to a cultured brain like mine. By and by one of them perceived my annoyed looks, but instead of subduing his tone, the pig deliberately pointed at me and burst into a loud guffaw!! I went on composedly smoking and sipping my wine, affecting to take no notice, but all the while my alert brain was sniffing adventure in the air. As the time went by, my bold companions grew noisier and noisier, keeping the waiter busier in proportion, till at last a violent quarrel broke out amongst them, about what I couldn't exactly tell, as they were all talking and gesticulating at the same time, but I shrewdly guessed that it must be about a woman, as the only coherent words I could catch were "twenty-four" "forty-five, I tell you," as if they were quarrelling about the age of one of our Neapolitan beauties. Ah! those Inglesi have their little "affaires d'amour" as well as us more passionate Italians.

At last one of them got up and approached me, at the same time pointing to his coat! and gesticulating violently! whilst the other three sat back in their chairs laughing in the grossest manner, one of them finally collapsing on to the floor, where he lay shaking and quivering, as if with the ague. I sat where I was, coolly puffing away at my cigarette, my brain working as if it had been packed in ice, for the nearer the danger, the more composed I get. Touching his cap, the sailorman mumbled something about—buttons!!! and ran his hand down his coat as if counting them; at the same time saying, "Forty-five, all told."

For the moment I was non-plussed, but being naturally quick to grasp a situation, and, moreover, being a splendid mathematician, I rapidly counted the buttons on his coat, and there were six of them, big brass buttons, each as big as a ten piastre piece. In a calm, even voice I told him that there were only six, whereupon he yelled "Liar!!!"

Me!!! the Duc D'Avencourt, with the best blood of Italy coursing through my veins, to be called a liar!!! *Corpo di cristo!!!* He'd repent before he was a day older! I commanded him to make an instant apology, at the same time giving him my card and informing him that I was the Duc D'Avencourt, also giving him my full titles and the military orders and decorations I held at that time, which are far too numerous to mention here, and what do you think the swine said in reply; he said he didn't care a d——n if I was fifty million drakes. I was a liar all the same!! There were forty-five buttons on his coat, he maintained; he had counted them over ten times, and we were all liars, every one of us!!

At this point my temper got the better of me and casting prudence to the winds, I jumped up to avenge these insults on the spot, for the blood of my ancestors literally sizzled within me!! Seeing me at last fully aroused, the big pig drew back, but too late! for straight in his right eye, with unerring aim, I spat!!! With the roar of a bull when it charges the Matador, he was on me. Biff!! Bang!! Bung!! And down I went, my head illuminated with twinkling stars

and a tiny moon. The beast had taken me off my guard and defenceless, or else it would have been different; at the same time I felt a thud and the pig fell on top of me, moaning and roaring by turns, for there had been tobacco in that spit of mine!

What a dignified position for a nobleman of Italy!! but I loved adventure, valour and I were born together and danger rocked our cradle! Even at this moment my senses kept cool, though the breath was being slowly squeezed out of me by this huge beast who lay on top of me as if I was a bed. Ah! brilliant idea! Feeling in my pocket with my one free hand, I pulled out my penknife. Opening it with difficulty, I lunged upwards with all the force of despair, at his leg; that moved him, for he gave a roar and a mighty kick which knocked the table over and sent the glasses flying, but that kick dislodged him from off me and I arose, a free man once more; and now for revenge! But it would have to be kept quiet, for it would never do to let everyone know that the Duc D'Avencourt had fought a dual over—buttons!

It was now nearly morning and the first rays of daylight were beginning to pierce the darkness outside; to think that before the sun had risen high I would have had this pig's blood! Allowing the swine to sleep for an hour or so longer, I went out to find my seconds, the two who usually acted for me, the Conte Carari and Captain Di Mancini. They grumbled somewhat at being woke up at such an early hour, but after I had told them the facts, they, in a few words of warm admiration, expressed their praise for my conduct. Bringing a couple of good rapiers with us (for, as I was the insulted party, to me lay the choice of weapons) we set out for the cafe, on our way telling a surgeon to be at the rendezvous in an hour's time. (We had fixed on a little unfrequented plot of ground, to the left of the hill behind the Casa Ghirlande). When we arrived back at the cafe my adversaries were snoring away, like so many swine; the big pig looked the happiest of the four, for he had a sottish smile on his

baby-looking face which gave it the appearance of imbecility. The Conte, in a few brief words, commanded him to arise and make the only reparation possible for the insults of an hour ago, at the same time telling him that I had chosen rapiers as the weapons, and also informing him of the rendezvous; the huge pig arose, stretched himself and yawned, then taking one of the rapiers in his paw, he fingered it for a minute and asked the Conte if it was a new style in hatpins!!! because if so he would like to send it home to his mother! How much did he want for it? Imagine the Conte's feeling, but his temper remained unruffled and in a calm voice he told the pig that everything was settled and it only remained for him to chose his seconds, no doubt his comrades would be pleased to act him him. Well, the only answer he could get to this was: "Go to the devil, and let me sleep, or I will kick you all three into the middle of next week!!!"

That was too much, so I resolved to take the matter into my own hands. Accordingly I advanced rapidly, took off one of my gloves, and struck him violently in the face with it several times. Surely that would make him get up, I thought, but all he said was:

"Damn those flies!!!"

Was ever a situation so exasperating? Was there ever such a coward? At last the Conte suggested that we throw water over them as a last resource. That would surely rouse them into action, and if they so desired we would clear the chairs and tables and satisfy honour right on the spot. Giving the waiters a ten piastre piece each, I told them to fetch four buckets of water and pour them over the sleeping swine; they took the money, brought the water, but absolutely refused to pour it on them, so, telling the chicken-hearted hounds to go, we each of us caught up a bucket, chose our man and let fly the water simultaneously, at the same time giving vent to our pent-up feelings with a wild "Vivat Italie" that made the safe ring—and then!!! How can I describe it? With the combined roar of fifty mad bulls, they were up and after us. Of course we had to

retreat; it was the only right thing to do under the circumstances, for it would never have done to have killed the swine in cold blood and with no arms to defend themselves.

Back through the door leading to the kitchen we went with those hounds of hell bellowing behind us. On, on, through the kitchen, past the terrified waiters and out into the yard beyond, where, seeing an open door, we plunged in, and slammed it to in the face of the big beast who was leading the others by a yard or so; but we had, what the English call, "fallen out of the frying pan into the fire," for in our zeal to prevent shedding defenseless blood, we had retreated into the henhouse and upset the peaceful solemnity of two or three hundred hens. Per baccha! was there ever such a situation? three nobles of Italy imprisoned in a henhouse at 5 o'clock in the morning! If this affair leaked out, we would have to leave Naples and possibly Italy for ever, for we would be a laughing stock to everybody. However, we hadn't much time for soliloquizing for what with the screeching of hens, old and young, the flapping of wings and the blinding maelstrom of feathers and dust, we had to cover our faces and huddle up into a corner, and outside we could hear the laughing and jeering of our adversaries. Poor, deluded fools! wait till we get them on that nice little green patch near the Casa Ghirlande, then we would make them laugh the other way!

After the noise had subsided a little, we carefully reconnoitred the place, but there was only one small skylight on the roof, too small for a man to get out, and a small opening at the foot of the door, just big enough for the hens to come in and out. Seeing no other way of holding communication outside, I, at last, but with great reluctance, requested the Conte to kneel down and parley with the swine outside, who were laughing and jesting amongst themselves in the most boisterous manner. The Conte, with noble fortitude knelt down, and poking his head through the small opening, called in a firm and strong voice for my adversary's seconds. After a lot

of whispering and some smothered laughter, the Captain and I heard them discussing the preliminaries, though the Conte seemed to be disagreeing strongly on some point. I waited anxiously, fondly fingering my rapier and itching to be at the big Pig. Bah! I would run him through in the first five thrusts, or should I play with him like a cat does with a mouse? and finally spit him! Pah! why should I waste so much time thinking of the fat pig. At last the preliminaries were arranged and the Conte withdrew from his menial position, stood up, and approached us, but Santissima Madonna!!! what a sight!! his face livid, the veins standing out on his forehead like knotted cords, his fists tightly clenched and his breath coming in gasps.

"What is it?" I cried. "Quick, out with it, man," seeing him unable to speak. At last he jerked out:

"The murderer! !—he wants to fight you in here to the death! ! !—with no seconds present—you can have a rapier, and he is going to fight with his native weapon, which is a—mopstick! ! ! ! to be the same length as the rapier. He says his name is the Milord Paddio Boylo, Marquis of Bally Crankie, Knight Commander of the Order of the Donegal Cow, and keeper of the privy Beer key. He further adds that unless you comply with the foregoing, he will keep us all locked in here till we do comply! !"

Whoever heard of such a duel, inside a henhouse, and the arms a mopstick and a rapier. I immediately sent the gallant Conte back to expostulate, but no use, the murderous beast was inexorable. Finally I told him that his blood would be on his own head, as I was accounted one of the best fencers in Italy, but he sent back word that he was accounted the best mopstick in the Inglesi navy, and that he was ready if I was; to the Conte. I gave my last messages. On his noble chest I—I confess— I wept, to think that I, the Duc D'Avencourt, might die fighting in a henhouse, with no spectators but hens! After a short prayer I sent word that I was ready, so accordingly the door was opened and in lurched heavily Milord Boylo, whilst my two seconds went out, and we two were left

alone with the hens and our consciences.

Calm and resolute I stood, yet in a suitably defiant attitude, eyebrows slightly elevated, nostrils dilated and lips pouting with scorn. I began with a *carte* following rapidly with a *tierce*—my usual start, for it quickly shows me if my opponent is weak at parrying, but this proved to be his strong point, for do what I could, I was unable to break through his guard, and then ensued one of the fiercest and most romantic duels it has ever been my privilege to engage in—lunging, parrying, *carte*, *tierce*, *riposte*, advancing, retreating, we glided round that henhouse, upsetting hen roosts, trampling the hens themselves, and all the time swallowing feathers and dust by the bushel. My adversary's companions had by this time climbed on to the roof and were looking down on us through the skylight, thus making the place darker and more weird. By and by they commenced throwing beer down on us whenever we happened to come under the skylight, and what with this, the darkness, the terrific smell, and the maelstrom of feathers and wings, it was more like Dante's Inferno than anywhere else I know of from personal experience.

And still we kept at it, I lunging with well timed *cartes* and *tierces*, and he parrying, calm, collected, methodical; in vain did I endeavour to break down his guard; that mopstick was always there to meet my rapier; to do the pig injustice he was a master of the art of mopsticking, but he had met his match at last, for I was slowly but surely beating him down; for ten minutes had we been at it and not a hit scored yet, not a thrust driven home. Alas! that this fine display should have been wasted on an audience of hens and with a hen house for an arena! ! ! Now we stop and by mutual consent for breath. In the semi-darkness I could see the outline of his huge body and could mark the spasmodic raising and lowering of his chest walls, as he pumped the air in and out whilst the blood vessels on his neck stood out like whipcord. Ah! but he was a splendid specimen of a beast!

"To the death Milord!" I cried, as we

engaged again, and went at it harder than ever.

"Vivat Italie," I shouted as I pressed him into a corner, my hot, patriotic blood surging through my veins. Ah! a few quick thrusts, a parry and at last, a riposte, which went home, right through the top of his shoulder. A good foot of the blade coming out behind him; next time it would be a little lower down and I would run him through the heart! Like lightning I disengaged and at him again for the last time, and he knew it, for his eyeballs were almost out of their sockets and his face was yellow with fright, the craven hound, but still he kept parrying, not one blow had he driven home, and now the sable wings of death were hovering over him—and he knew it! I could see that he knew it, and I would let him keep on knowing it for a few minutes yet, till at my leisure I would spit him like a worm, and now it is time to end it, one more thrust and he will be lying at my feet, his life's blood oozing away, and his soul on its way to hell! One more—Ah!!! *Corpo di cristo!*! what was that? Bah! right

in my open mouth, for I was breathing hard, ah! bah! ah!—rotten eggs!!! The pig, the beast, the scum of an *Inglesi*, his mop had been smeared, with rotten eggs beforehand and that's why he didn't thrust before. He waited till I grew short of breath, opened my mouth wide. Bah! Pah!! Bah!!! I stopped and spit and spluttered, but no use, the taste was there to stay; and there the Pig stood shaking with laughter, the tears running down his cheeks and the blood oozing from his shoulder. *Perdito!* Never shall I forget it—the taste I mean. *Pouff!!!*

Crash! His accomplices on the roof had fallen to the ground, where they lay roaring and laughing in the most boisterous and grossest manner. Where was the *Conte* and *Capt. Dr. Mancini*? Alas! I found out afterwards that they had gone home to bed.

"*Milord,*" I said, trying to talk without opening my mouth or moving my tongue, and pointing to his shoulder with my rapier.

"Blood is shed; honour is appeased."



A Gentleman.

By Irene McColl.

THE theatre was filling rapidly for the Thanksgiving matinee, and the rustling of programmes and hum of conversation mingled with the strains of a waltz.

The audience was composed, for the most part, of town-bred people, but here and there were those who showed the mark of closer contact with the wider places, where the wind blows free for many a mile. To the left of a tall, shabby man sat a beautiful child of some seven summers, of whom the elderly lady beside her was evidently in charge. Beyond the lady sat a meek little man who fidgeted nervously.

The little girl was frankly interested in the people about her, and especially in the tall man beside her. How splendid he would look riding a white steed, and dressed in velvet robes and riding all over the world until he found the princess! As the orchestra finished a brilliant overture and her eyes met those of the tall man, she said softly, "Wasn't that just splendid?"

"Yes," returned the man, smiling down into the eager little face.

"Dorothy," said the elderly lady in an ice-cold tone, "Mrs. Preston Aldrich spoke to you just now."

"Yes, Auntie," said the child, then as her aunt turned to speak to the meek little man, she breathed fiercely, "I just hate that lady."

The man laughed quietly, but fear of the dragon aunt kept him silent.

The second act had ended before the little girl spoke again.

"Why won't you talk to me?" she

asked, curiously. "Are you afraid of auntie?"

"Why, I believe I am," hesitated the man.

"Well, you needn't be," she returned. "I most always get my own way at home —though I get yards of scoldings, too," she added, reminiscently.

The tall man opened his lips to answer her, when the dragon whispered sharply in the child's ear, "Dorothy, I shall never bring you again if you persist in talking to that person beside you. Cannot you see that he is not a gentleman?"

Dorothy shivered, but flashed a glance at the shabby man, whose tight-closed mouth and set face showed he had heard. Then, under cover of the soft folds of her dress, she slipped her hand into his with an apologetic squeeze. The hard look vanished, and the brown eyes met the blue ones in a sudden sympathy that welled up and over his own hurt in understanding of the child's. He smiled as she stealthily withdrew her hand and obediently sat mute, eyes fixed on the stage, hands primly folded in her lap.

Suddenly someone in the wings shouted "Fire." "Fire." The cry echoed on every side, and with all the unreasoning terror of animals people rose and crowded into the aisles. Dorothy's aunt dragged her into the crush, but in a moment the crowd separated them, and the little figure was borne along with the relentless tide. Closer came the people until the child was wedged fast. All at once she looked up, and there was her tall friend, just beyond reach but striving to get to her. A movement of

the crowd opened his way, and she felt herself lifted high and pressed close in his strong arms. She gave a great sigh of relief, then lay quietly as the man edged his way over to a low window which was opened on an alley, and which the crowd in their mad panic had failed to see. Quickly he smashed the glass with his heel, and climbed through the opening. A fall of a few feet was broken by a rubbish heap. Safe at last, he rested a moment. Then he spoke to the child.

"Where shall I take you, Dorothy?" he asked.

"Home," she replied, dreamily.

"But where is home?" said the man.

"Why, the big house up on Lowe Avenue," she returned. "I know where to turn. But I don't want to go home yet," she added, anxiously. The man laughed and tightened his arms about the little yielding form.

"I guess we'll have to, though," he said. "They'll miss you, you know, and be looking for you." He stepped into the street, where firemen were rushing hither and thither. Beyond, in the square huddled the crowd. Dorothy snuggled

closer, and did not speak until they reached the avenue. "It's just on the next corner," she said. Then lifting her arms, she drew down the man's head until his lips touched her's. He stopped short, and strained the child yet closer. Then she spoke:

"You are a gentleman!" she flashed, defiantly, "and I love you. You won't forget me, will you? And you'll come to see me some day?"

"I'll never forget you!" said the man, huskily, "and I'll come to see you some day, sure."

"Tomorrow?" asked the child eagerly.

"Tomorrow perhaps, but some day again, sure!" he repeated. When they reached the broad steps of the mansion he said gently, "I'll leave you now." Then as a sob came from the little figure, he bent and kissed her again and again. The great door above swung open and as the light streamed forth, he quietly slipped into the shadows, and watched the child enter. . . . Then the man went away into the dark, but the benediction of a child's love went with him.



The Fishing Industry at Steveston.

By Billy Glynn.

THE tide was at its height, lapping lustily at the long line of fishing-boats headlined to piles between the canneries. Klootch-es and Japs made picturesque figures lounging on the wharf; and in the boat to which we were giving special attention—inasmuch as we expected to spend a night in it—the flaxen-haired Saxon had just washed his frying-pan of its remnants of hash—a dab or two in the water overside, and swung his rude tin oven, teapot and all, to a secure place in the forecastle.

"Come on," he said, "if you're coming."

And his companion, a dark short fellow, with the reputation of being the best sailor on the Fraser, gave us the glad eye, too. So in we got and the next minute the boat was beating windward, the foam on her washboard, to the last night's fishing of the sockeye season—the worst season, as they will tell you down there in language more picturesque than saintly, than ever happened nohow.

Away out in the gulf we beat, the rudder to starboard, catching a dozen nets on the way, then the Saxon loosed the halyards and as the big sail came down a crash, grasped the oars, while his companion in the stern slung out the buoy and handfuls of blue-stoned net to the eager surf pounding heavily on the side.

It was a hard pull, those eleven feet oars in that rough water, but by strenuous exertions the boat moved steadily along till three hundred fathoms of net lay "paid" behind. Then the Saxon took the wind, somebody found a box of cigarettes, and, talking of the fisherman's life, we drifted slowly into the

night, with the moon a blood red sickle drifting, too, above Mt. Baker. And the facts, the color, the conditions gleaned in that conversation as well as elsewhere we will endeavour to set down here—for they deal with a section of life which, while familiar perhaps in its outer aspects, is intimately very little known.

With some two thousand boats on the Fraser during the season, there are four thousand men who live on the open water for the most part day and night and in all kinds of weather. Not only that but they look forward to it from year to year, wooed by its charm of the haphazard; that and a certain feeling of independence perhaps which comes in hauling a net—fish or none—from a sea that belongs to nobody.

As to its haphazardness it is pretty much all that, haphazard as to run, haphazard as to catch, and haphazard as to life.

"But what did you come back for," I asked the Saxon, "when you knew it was going to be the worst season ever and was holding down a stake at four bucks per?"

"Oh, just come," he returned. "Got used to being cradled to sleep in a fore-castle, I guess."

For all that, however, white men are not very numerous on the river. The fishermen are mostly Japs with a sprinkling of Siwashes—the Chinaman, no sailor and careful of his skin, doing the cannery work along with the Klootchmen (Indian women).

At night the fishing is mostly done in the gulf, and in the afternoon inside. This, of course, varies according to other conditions. But in the gulf in calm weather and in daytime the water is often

so clear that the fish can see the net. Inside, on the other hand, with the sweep of the river the water is usually somewhat roiled. The night, of course, conceals the net.

The fisherman usually sets sail about seven o'clock in the evening, gets well out and casts—some place where there are not too many nets in front of him—then puts in when morning comes or delivers to his cannery's tug.

In the gulf a fifty mesh is generally used, 300 fathoms of it; in the river sixty-five meshes and one hundred and fifty fathoms. This is because the fish swim deeper, "bucking" the strong current of the river. Consequently the river fishing is always better with the tide coming in. In the other case a line of fish are often caught at the bottom of the net and nowhere else. The very best time of all, however, is "low water slack." This means just after the tide has run out and has come back enough to stand still. It raises the fish from the bottom, gives them a chance to play about so that a net can catch them cast in any direction, and forms another epoch in the run.

Between "dead low water" and "low water slack" there is about an hour, and the fisherman sometimes does not cast until this time, but simply throws his anchor and takes a nap in the forecabin. All the sleep he gets is these snatches on the boat and he has to make the most of them. When the net is out one of the two men has always to be on watch. The other, of course, can rest then if he chooses, but he is apt to be roused any time to make another "drift." This, in the fisherman's lingo, means hauling the net in and casting it out again. Drifts are necessary during the night for various reasons. Sometimes the net is drifting on a buoy or caught on another net, sometimes it is snagged or has floated to an undesirable position. Inside on sandbars the net sometimes gets rolled up in cylinder form and the fisherman does not know it till he hauls. It takes a day perhaps to straighten it out. This is but another touch of the haphazard. Occasionally also, with the net strung in line with the current, it

gets "bunched." All these accidents, of course, necessitate another drift. In hauling the fisherman wears a sort of fish-brand sleeker apron and gun-boots, rubber to his hips. He throws the net in layers of folds in its box and takes it out the same way. The "puller" is at the same time always rowing toward the net.

In a heavy sea the net is invariably cast to the wind. It holds a boat better than an anchor and a fisherman will often sleep as contentedly out there in the gulf in a moderate blow as the most easy-conscienced citizen in his best bed-room. If he gets cold he takes a sup of dry-gin; if he wants to eat he digs into the mess-box and gets something. A fire, of course, is never resorted to in rough weather, and he has to go without his cup of coffee so appetisingly good from his big black teapot. When he does have it, his fire consists of chips of pine thrown at the bottom of a topless tin can, just large enough to hold his pot. No more convenient utensil could perhaps under the circumstances be conceived.

It is in the wind that suddenly changes head, however, that one of his greatest dangers lie. When the belly goes out of a blow all in an instant with a sudden jump to the other side of the compass, following the momentary lull, it is then that the quickest sort of action becomes a necessity. With all possible speed the net has to be hauled in and cast in the opposite direction. Rowing in such a heavy sea, however, is a task for an Achilles, and the wind is often out again with wild-cat eagerness, before the fishermen are half ready to meet it, so that with the cross-swell resultant of the change toppling the boat in all directions it is very apt to be capsized.

These are only squalls, of course—or at least what fishermen are in the habit of calling squalls. In a blow of the big kind the boats nearly always try to get in. If they are caught half-way it is up to them to get out again, but in that case—as in the big storm recently—they usually fall a prey to the breakers on the bars and turn keel upward.

"A fisherman or two doesn't matter,"

they will tell you jocularly, when you refer to the dangers of the life.

But if a boat cannot get in it stands a much better chance in the gulf with its net out to hold it. It will weather a sea in that way worthier a much larger craft.

As with all other callings the fisherman's has, of course, its sharp practices. Sometimes in the dark one man will "run over" another's nets—that is, lift the fish while leaving the net still in the water. Occasionally a net is even cut and robbed. But these things occur only seldom and the fishermen are generally of a highly honest class and content with what fortune or skill accords them. When the cannery supplies boat, net, and license they are only allowed two-thirds of the catch, otherwise they have full profits. These earnings vary according to the season and according to the men. All the way from 200 to 1,000 fish are caught in a single drift in a big season. This year boats that stayed out all night were coming in with catches of but from forty to seventy-five. One of the largest sums made on the river in a single season amounted to \$1,400 and was earned by a

Siwash several years ago. It was one of these seasons when the fish were popping out of the water in thousands. The men are not paid so much in big runs, of course. They get 10 cents per fish then in comparison with their 25 cents now. For spring salmon they were paid this year 50 cents apiece, regardless of size. Despite the rule of the Cannery Association that no buying was to be done on the water, temptations in a slack season are often too great, and small launches from some of the canneries goes the round of the fishermen daily and by bidding him a cent or two more in cash than his own cannery is paying him procure his fish, or part of them rather.

One of the social aspects of the fishing town is the manner in which the Chinese look down on the Kloutchmen. A young Chinaman will flirt with a pretty Indian girl but as a general rule the yellow despises the red.

In conclusion, let us say, one need only spend a day or two at Steveston to recognize how important the fishing industry is to the province and the necessity of keeping it from dying out.

The Way of the Immigrant.

By Wilze Macdonald.

WELL, I think its a good spec anyhow."

With a question in my eyes

I turned to the Englishman.

"How's that?" I asked.

We were seated on the C.P.R. wharf in Vancouver and in answer to my question he shifted his pipe with one hand and pointing across the harbour to North Vancouver, launched into a vivid description of some five acres of property he owned there, its possibilities, etc.,

winding up with the statement that it was good for ten thousand in a year or two.

"You have struck a pretty good stake then, since coming to this country?" I ventured suspiciously.

"Yes, but this country struck me hard when I first come out two years ago. I'll tell you how it was. You see I got enough of clerking in the Old Country and made up my mind to come to Canada and start farming. I wanted to get a bit of land and grow fruit trees and

chickens and raise spuds an—an—keep a cow, and all that, you know. Well, I had a house at home which I rented and with about five hundred dollars I came out. St. John, Nova Scotia was where I landed first.”

“St. John, New Brunswick, you mean,” I corrected, being an Eastern man myself.

“Oh, yes. Well, I came through to Montreal and I made the acquaintance of four Englishmen on the train and we agreed to go on together and take up land. We came through to Ottawa and stopped off there and struck a job. We worked there a while, but wanted farming, so we chucked the job and came on to Mattawa. From Mattawa we went up to Cobalt. The land there wasn't good farming land, soil too light, so we came to Sturgeon Falls. We saw the land agent and he showed us a big snap and we chose four quarter sections on the line of the proposed railway from Sudbury to Toronto.

“From Sturgeon Falls we had to take the steamer across Lake Nipissing. Just a small boat she was, supposed to carry thirteen passengers, and we had twenty-three. We had a bad time crossing the lake. 'Twas a big lake. We were out of sight of land at times and you know there was sandbars and shallow water in places. The captain was pretty drunk and he run the boat on one of these bars, and we were working for hours getting her off, the propellor full speed astern and us fellows with poles pushing. Well, anyway, we finally got clear and landed at Menet's, a French-Canadian who had a farm there and was post-master and storekeeper and justice of the peace and everything else combined. We got provisions there for four days, and started for our land ten miles back in the bush, with what information and rough maps he could give us. The first day out we had pretty durnt hard travelling on an old trail through the bush. We had three revolvers among us and sheath knives but no guns, a sack of flour, some bacon and tea. We forgot to get self-raising flour or yeast cakes and were compelled to mix up the flour with water and bake the dough in the ashes of our camp fires,

and the outside of the bread was hard and black, while the inside was just soft dough. It was pretty tough bread, I can tell you.”

“Well, to continue. The second day we got into hard travelling we crossed swamps and bare rocky hills, and we didn't know which was worse, tramping through soft swampy ground with water half to the knees or climbing over boulders and bluffs. We were pretty tired that night. We camped on top of a bluff, where we found a flat place about twelve feet square, with rocks rising on three sides, and built a big fire. The nights were chilly. It was along in the first of October.”

“What,” I exclaimed, “you four green English city men making for that wild country at that time of year?”

“Wait till I tell you,” he continued. “Well, we slept cold enough, one side too warm, the other freezing, and we tramped along for two more days, when the grub gave out.”

“Ten miles to go.” I swore under my breath. “You were lost?”

“Yes. We found we were off the trail. Well, we went on for a bit and we came to some water and while resting and wondering where we were, I happened to spy a small canoe over the lake and a man fishing. ‘Oh!’ I says. ‘Boys, we're all right now. We can get something to eat and he can tell us where we are.’ So we hailed him and the man paddled over. We went down to meet him and shook hands. I told him the situation and asked him if he could give us something to eat and tell us where we were.

“‘Well,’ he says, ‘I can give you some food, but I really don't know just where we are now. I've been fishing and canoeing around these lakes and river till I hardly know where I am myself.’

“And so he went away over the lake, and in a short time came back with some bread and tinned stuff and an immense large sturgeon. My word! Why, that fish was all I could lift when I held it up. Its tail was dragging on the ground. Well, we thanked him kindly and he went away, after giving us his idea of the lay of the country and getting some tobacco from us, which we had plenty of.

"And then we had a square meal, I can tell you. I fixed up the fish, one made a fire, another got dry wood and forker sticks to cook the slices of fish. We were feeling about three hundred per cent. better after that meal, and we took a new direction by the small compass we had with us and went on across swamps and rocks and through heavy timber. We saw plenty of small game, but without a gun we were unable to get any. The next day after leaving the lake our grub ran out again. We went on for two more days, desperately hungry and partridge or grouse all around us. We had been struggling along for four days without food, when we came to a hillside and we saw a clearing down below and smoke rising. We hurried down, the desperate hungry and tired feeling gone. Two of the fellows cried like babies when we struck a familiar looking trail, and in a short time we came into Menet's doorway, four of the hardest looking tramps in all Canada."

"Eight days out and back where you started from?" I gasped.

"Yes. We circled right around. Menet came rushing out, followed by the whole family, dogs and all.

"God, you back again. I verrie glad you safe, he said. 'Some fellers send word, four crazy Englishmen lost in de bush. I was go hunt you pretty soon.'

"Well, if he was glad to see us, we were more than glad to see him, and we were soon breaking our four days' fast. We stayed at Menet's four or five days, when we were ready to take the trail again.

"We tried a different plan this time. I bought a horse from Menet and the other fellows got a week's grub and we made what we called a jumper, a kind of sled for the horse to draw our provisions on. We would cut a road ahead and bring the outfit along in two loads. It was very slow work and took us ten days before we got to our land. We had planned to build a log house on the corners where the four quarter sections met. One of the four of us, Jack Holden, was married, and he was to bring his wife out and we others were to live with him and clear the land together. Well, we started at the house and I let Jack have

the money to get his wife out from home, and he went back to Menet's with the horse and the jumper. The next, the other two fellows threw down their axes and said they were going to get out and leave the blarsted place to Jack and I, and out they went.

"Well, I didn't know what to do then. I laid around that day, and the next morning I started a little log hut, about eight feet long and six wide. I finished it by night and got the stove set up, which we had brought in with us. Jack had promised to be back in two days, but the second day went by and no sign of Jack. I felt rather bad, thought he had cleared out, to.

"That night in the little hut I woke up and heard something snuffing around outside, just by my head. I grabbed my revolver and lifted one corner of the tar-paper door and took a peep out, and, sure enough, there was a big black bear, waddling around, snuffing at the bits of grub outside. I lifted the revolver and fired into the air—I didn't want to hit him—and that bear went crashing over the bush and stumps and rocks. I could hear him going through the woods for a long time. I guess I scared him some.

"The next morning Jack came. He had a gun over his shoulder and some partridges and that was all.

"Where's the horse and the things you were bringing in?" I asked him.

"Aw,' he said, 'I lost my way again and left the horse to hunt up the trail and I couldn't find either of them, and I wandered around all day and most of the night. I heard your shot in the middle of the night or I wouldn't be here now. Let's chuck the whole thing, Bill.'

"Did you see the others, Jack?" I asked him.

"Yes. I met 'em just this side of Menet's, blarst 'em.'

"Well,' I says, 'let's cook them birds anyhow. We had something to eat and went back to Menet's, left the stove and all. We were at Menet's a month or more, helping him, and meanwhile Jack's wife had got out there, too, and she didn't want to go back into the bush, so we concluded to go on to Sturgeon Falls and come back in the spring. We took the last boat that season and came to Stur-

geon Falls, where Jack and I took a contract chopping cord wood. We had left the horse at Menet's, and after we had quite a lot of wood chopped, we arranged to go up to Menet's and bring the horse down, so we could haul the wood out.

"We took the train to the station nearest Menet's, which left us a twenty-mile walk through snow a foot deep. We left the train at midnight and walked all night and the next day. At noon we came to a little house. We were very tired and thankful for the big dinner the people there furnished. They advised us to stay with them that night, and I was for staying, but Jack wouldn't hear of it. He said we could make Menet's that night alright. So we struck out for a fifteen-mile tramp through the snow. Well, it began to snow after we had been on the way an hour and I was nearly done up, but we struggled on up one rise and down another till five o'clock, when I sat down by the side of the trail, completely done out.

"'I'm all in, Jack,' I said.

"'Aw, keep on a little further, Bill,' Jack says, 'we can't have far to go now.'

"'I can't do any more, Jack; I'm done,' I said.

"Well, Jack got me going after a bit. I didn't know much what I was doing. Jack told me afterwards he had a hard time to keep me moving and at last I fell flat, completely done up, and Jack not much better. The snow was everywhere and the air so thick he couldn't see ten feet around, and by that time 'twas getting dark. Well, Jack thought we were done for sure, and he was almost asleep and we were nearly covered

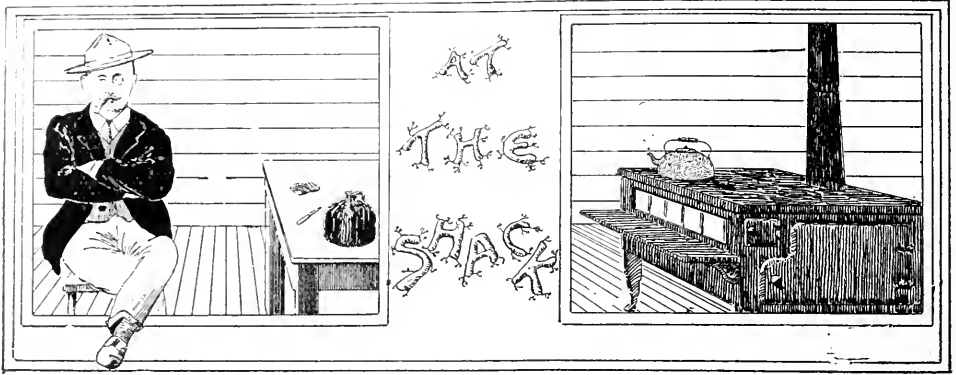
with snow, when he heard noises and he jumped to his feet and Menet and his boy came up to us. Between the three of them they got me roused up, and, half dragging me, we reached his home, about two miles on, more dead than alive.

"You see, when it began to snow, the man at the station had telephoned into Menet's to look out for us. That was all that saved us. That snow kept coming down for nearly a week and by that time the trail was closed for a horse, until a crust formed. By the time the crust came I had recovered from the effect of the tramp, and we came out again, when we got back to Sturgeon Falls. The wood we had chopped was buried so deep we would have to wait till spring before we could get at it. So I left Jack there with the wood. They may be both there yet, for all I know. I came to Toronto, and with one thing and another I had to go to a hospital for a month or more. Jack had cost me three hundred dollars and I was broke.

"I worked around Toronto a while, and, tiring of city life, came out to the mountains. I worked in Fernie and Grand Forks at nearly everything in the labor line and finally came to Vancouver. When I got here I sold my house at home and bought that property over there in North Vancouver."

Here follows a long dissertation on the possibilities of real estate, which I will not set down, ending up with:

"Well, I guess that's a pretty good spec, anyhow, and if I get that ten thousand, I'll not be sorry for the call of Westward Ho!"



By Percy Flage.

ROSEBERY, the sphynx of the Durdans, has been at it again. Guiding the plough stilts with his good right hand that knows not what rein he pulls with the left he has driven another lone furrow clear into and over the hyphenated liberalism of C.-B.

That must have been an impressive scene in England's upper chamber when idle Lords and privileged Commons dropping the cue, the pen, the gamp, the muffin or the tamale of the moment, sped ungartered, unbuckled and untophatted to join the throng of hearers who had caught the megaphone whisper of rumour that Rosebery was "up!"

Who saw him rise?
 "Aye!" roared the Ayes,
 "With great surprise
 "We saw him rise!"

Why did Primrose?
 "Nobody knows,"
 Murmured the Noes,
 "Why Rosebery rose!"

But there he is, up and doing, and swaying tremendously the Pears' soap unscented but mutable many of high degree who would stand by the haggis policy of their leader with the strength of party training, but whose souls echo irrepressibly to the slogan of a chief.

When Rosebery speaks definitely to a question he gives one the impression

not of a keen dialectitian nor an impassioned orator merely, though he is something of both, but rather of a broad-shouldered warrior marching four abreast, singing as he tramps straight down the road to the skulking foe in ambush and whistling as he whets the black knife on his untrewsed calf preparatory to the flaying of one or more unfortunate.

Its a grand sight and an impressive ceremony. The pity is that after pageant he strolls away in solitary absent mindedness, trailing gory hides of glory to his home where it is suspected that he uses them to bind first folios of Walter Scott and papyrus rolls of black letter duodecimos, instead of nailing them as he should like a later Luther to the barn-door of Britain with a modern thesis against the diet of worms that are gnawing at England's greatness.

Alas! "Ich kann nicht anders" is nobody's foreward now, and our might be statesmen of expediency have adopted instead for their own and their followers' guidance the borrowed substitute of "Ich dien." A good discipline to a proud prince but a poor motto for free men, facing time and the occasion.

With Balfour balancing on one toe, his head buried in the shifting sand of public opinion and his coat tails flapping in anticipation of the strong east wind that may blow up from the west.

With Campbell-Bannerman smilingly acquiescent to the multitudinous man-

dates of the free fooders of England, free renters of Ireland, free thinkers of Wales, free kirkers of Scotland, free lushers of Poplar, free bathers, free lusers, free fighters, free kicks at the army, free cracks at the navy, free cockshies at the House of Lords and free cheers for Old Harry.

With Churchill the youngest, striking the gyves from the manacled pig tails of South Africa and taking snapshots of himself and the ghost of Wilberforce doing time together on Olympus.

With Lord Hugh Cecil burning the midnight oil of the British museums to prove that Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus and the third Reform Bill are all based on a true comprehension of the relative values of Alb, Cope and Stole.

With Keir Hardie forerunning the gospel of communism through the colonies and setting a private detective to watch his only other waistcoat while he yodels.

One rather yawns at the raucous voice of Freedom as she is spoke, and sighs for the days when Plancus was consul, with a vague hope that Roseberry or some other beneficent giant will appear from the dark timber and grasp the tiller of state.

What constitutes a statesman?

That is a hard question. A caustic pessimist once gave the definition "A Dead Politician," but it is not so.

Your true statesman is neither dead nor always politic but a live wire charged with the voltage of a thriving nation. He makes two blades of a jack-knife where one grew before, and at the same price.

He takes no pleasure in the strength of a pull, neither delighteth he in the lobby of men.

He is not puffed up, neither modestly as Socrates, madly as Malvolio nor magnificently as Winston.

He is a scarce article, one in a box and few in a century. He differs from the politician as such in that his personal success or failure counts for little as against the national strength and welfare that he develops.

His outlook is always on the whole of mankind, and when he builds a home pol-

icy it is with instinctive effort towards a harmonious development of internal resources of moral and economic force, against external attack.

He is a worldling and a pragmatic, but he forgets not his dreams.

He is part philosopher, but truth with him is not a finality nor a road that he may always follow.

George Washington as a soldier may never have lied but as a statesman, if he maintained the same standard throughout, it was to keep the other fellows guessing when he was going to begin.

He is part artist but his art is not for art's sake. His work is for a distant end, and is less self expression than self repression.

He is a labouring man, for he toils eight hours a day, and a fool, for he works eight hours a night, and his wage is on the sliding scale of fame.

To jump from abstractions to the concrete. Lord Cromer is a pretty fair specimen of a statesman. There may be other Cullinans in the clay but he goes a good many carats.

Trevelyan, he was an administrator and an appointee rather than an elected representative, but for that matter any prime minister is the same thing, or would be if he conscientiously abstained from worrying about next election day and the evil thereof.

When the people's representative keeps his desk telephone constantly switched on to the vox populi connection he is liable to mistake the roar of a "No Popery" riot for the voice of God and the blaze of a burning nigger for a beacon light of caucasian civilisation.

Such little errors of judgment have side tracked many an aspirant for a niche in Westminster Abbey and a column in Gosnell's year book.

Whether he barricades the Nile and makes a garden of the desert or builds a new Britain on a new ocean, the budding statesman designs his work far in advance of construction and is not stampeded at a flood tide or freshet.

He may alter his plans to meet the shifting alluvial topography, he may extend or enlarge his original intentions, but the principle of his structure will re-

main to stand or fall according to the wisdom of his choice. Somewhere through his scheme he draws a base line, and groups his articulated creation about it joint by joint as need or inclination impels.

Bizarre it may be, weak in places, and finally proven to be wrong in detail, but at least it is vertebrate, coherent and definitely conformable to the ambitions and belief of the state's man.

Is there any state woman?

Not a Black-eyed Susan Boadicea Anthony Comstock Carrie National curiosity, but a female woman apprehensive of the correlations of state and individual?

Leaving aside the question of the capacity for executive judgment and action there is no doubt that the feminine mind is so simply conscious of social equities as any male mentality of similar class and condition. And like the male, not always cognizant of the reasoning that rules her decisions.

Ask your maid why she objects to wearing a pretty little dinky white cap while on duty.

She "doesn't like it," that's all.

Ask the hospital nurse or the hotel chambermaid why she condescends to do so, and she "doesn't mind—It's charming, isn't it?"

Of course it is, in both cases, but

whereas with the nurse it is an insignia of state service, to the hired girl it is a badge of unhonored personal ability and only to be endured by the young and attractive in that it draws them flirtatious tribute from itinerant tradesmen who might otherwise be awed from approach by a fear of mistaking the identity of one of the family.

Respect for uniform and repugnance to livery move equally the minds of men and women as they expand from the bonds of caste, and only by suppressing or by not analysing the dislike to the latter, is there danger of the former becoming a vaunt of power rather than a sign of decent humility.

The qualities that we read into our symbols are the seed as well as the fruit of our own growth and it behooves us to keep them watered, trimmed and fertilised with sense, discretion and ideality if we would not lapse into a mere barnacle attachment to the surface of this spinning globe.

"Man the immortal," as the Squamish scrutineer warns us, "thrusting hot foot—ed up the eager trail of ambition, eyes aglow of hope, and lips scare dry from Alma Mater's fount, reaching the summit of his first desire, too often finds the promised vista staked from hades to "breakfast, and quits with a grouch."



Ryder's Funny Business.

By Arthur P. Woollacott.

WHEN Ryder stepped from the bridge of the steamer to the wharf, followed by the steward and his staff carrying aristocratic looking trunk and suit-cases, the cannery hands felt proud of him. He was a fine-looking leisurely man who moved in a holiday atmosphere of his own, and would pass equally well as a captain of industry, a titled personage travelling incognito, or a semi-respectable sport. The fact that he was the shrewdest cannery-manager on the Pacific Coast at once invested salmon-canning with a distinction that excited a lively interest in the business. His presence invariably made his subordinates forget the slimy details of their work and realise that life after all can be lived on a plane somewhat above an endless discussion of salmon, Indians, whiskey and dogs.

On his travels he was usually discreet, suave, deferential, sometimes breezy, very often a philistine in his utter disregard of the common decencies, but always a plausible good fellow. During the fishing season, however, when he was in his own familiar sphere, with a mixed horde of several thousand under his immediate control, he was an autocrat, who discharged some of the less onerous duties of a patriarch with unction; demanding much cachinnatory appreciation from his staff, and unlimited admiration from the army of Indian women employed in his establishment.

A wild rumour had fled about the inlet to the effect that he had staked his salary and a thousand to boot with his rival, Marshall, on the result of the season's pack. From an inside point of view the wager was a decidedly foolish one. His confreres, it is true, accepted him with a twinkle of approval as the dean

of their order,—a compliment due to his crookedness; but luck and crookedness, while contributing largely to the company's profits, and incidentally to the manager's princely dissipations, were still dangerous elements to be coquetted with one so deeply involved as he was. Hence his men filed into his office in a very unstable frame of mind. They knew well enough that he was a plunger head over heels in debt, and that in spite of his nonchalance, he was really in a desperate mood; but experience had taught them that he had the ability to squirm out of the tightest of corners. Therefore, when they found him comfortably lounging in a rattan easy-chair, with cigars and a few brands of hard stuff at his elbow they were not at all surprised.

Perkins, the bookkeeper, and Hedstrom, the foreman, with the license of trusted lieutenants, went at him at once, telling him forcibly that Marshall had a better plant and a greater capacity, and asking him how in the devil *he* expected to win out in such a crazy contest.

"See here, you woolly grouse," said Hedstrom, raging at the idea of being a victim in such an easy game, "Marshall can put up twenty thousand cases to your fifteen any day."

Ryder began one of his suddenly abbreviated laughs that conveyed the length and breadth of his confidence in himself and his genial contempt for the rest of the world.

He pushed a new brand of cocktail over the table and turned out a box of cigars.

"Now you fellows, scoff this contrabrand and—cool down," with which he waved them into their seats with both hands, and eyed them with the cool ad-

miration of a general who knows his subordinates to the last fibre.

Perkins, addicted to swift interpretations in terms of profit and loss, was uneasy in spite of the warmth and ecstasy infused into the arid regions of his soul by the spiritual decoction he was imbibing. He had flitting visions of heavy drafts to meet the fines imposed on his principal by the merciless Commissioner.

To come out ahead of the game it was necessary to outwit the fishery guardians, who as preventive officials, kept a weather eye on the fleet of two thousand boats during the week-ends, which were prescribed by law. Infractions of the regulations were so severely dealt with that few managers dared to make a system of illegal fishing, preferring rather to let their fishermen take the initiative, paying, however, the fines incurred when it suited their purpose.

Ryder and Marshall had no respect for the rules of the game. They were of the liberal persuasion, and set in motion machinery of their own, in the operation of which the officials were shuffled about like pawns on a chess board. Latterly this mystifying process had acted like a boomerang, for Dallain and his assistant had contracted the detective habit of concentrating their first attention on the culprits whenever there was trouble in the air.

"What sort of stuff is the new man?" Hedstrom asked, for in the qualities of the newly appointed assistant lay the success or failure of Ryder's schemes. Dallain was a known quantity and one to be feared.

"An aristocrat," returned the manager, contemplating the idea with a moment's abstraction: "English, I've heard. He should be here today sometime."

The men were duly impressed. For two seasons past they had been wreaking their colossal jokes on Carlsen, the former assistant, a plaything in their cunning hands, blind as a mole, the victim, the laughing-stock of every manager on the Inlet. But an aristocrat, an Englishman, well-bred no doubt, with infinite devilry lurking under his case-hardened coolness,—that was a different proposition.

"We've got to work the funny business this time, with a vengeance," said Ryder. "Sure," he added with conviction. "You fellows," he went on with fervor, "are out of this. It's my love-feast. All you've got to do is to be honest—dam honest, within certain limits. Don't fling lies at him that any man with a head can see through. Of course he'll be green in some things, and that will leave you room enough to swirg in. Not a look, not a sound, mind you, that will startle him. He's to be made right at home here, and put to sleep among admiring friends. As my guest he must be treated with all the consideration due to a man who thinks a whole heap of himself."

The boys grinned but were relieved that Ryder had taken the onus on himself.

In the meantime, Ryder and his methods had been dissected at considerable length by Dallain for Hanbury's benefit, all of which made the latter feel like a junior attache entrusted with the task of uncoiling an oriental mystery.

Dallain stood on the wharf watching him making his way across the Inlet to Ryder's cannery. His boat slumped through the tide-rips and his oars flapped lazily in the air like the wing of an absent-minded goose engaged in calisthenics. The Commissioner smiled grimly but good-naturedly, and wondered what kind of hash Ryder would make of him.

That wily individual hardly knew how to take the new man. At first he was inclined to smile derisively, but as he understood human nature a little he met Hanbury with a look of genuine interest and a manner scrupulously courteous. A second glance at the tall handsome fellow, dispelled the notion that he was easy game. His look of dreaminess was due to the cast of his features, but underneath it all there seemed to be a reserve force—an almost imperceptible hint bespeaking an alert mind.

He was ushered to the bungalow recently prepared for his reception, where Ryder did the honours in his inimitable way. After discharging the preliminary duties of an accomplished host, Ryder despatched a tactful letter to Revels, the

President of the Company, inviting him to bring his daughter up for an outing in the mountains.

Marshall had already set his crafty machine at work. The first week had passed without bringing any fish. Nevertheless, to be prepared for every contingency, he had sent a free-lance north to make the round trip on the mail boat, with instructions to fill the ears of passengers—those who had the “public interest” at heart—with plausible tales of wholesale violations of the law by the Amalgamated people at their station twenty miles up the coast. Then Marshall waited, filling in the time drinking whiskey.

Very early in the morning of the second Saturday in the season, while the shadows of the mountainous shores were yet deep and lustrous on the still waters, he stepped from his office and stood a long time on the board walk, looking up and down the Inlet for inspiration. A score of fishermen had come at daylight reporting no fish. Not a breath stirred. Several tugs could be seen on the horizon towing up long strings of empty boats from the Sound. The day stretched before him a blank of dullness. He yawned, and with a pen-knife pried fish scales from his patent leather boots and then for the want of something to do went in and had a cocktail.

Dallain in a cabin near-by, was seated at a table in his shirt sleeves, working like a well-bred Trojan. Marshall presently lounged into the door frame and looked at him. He was multiplying himself two thousand-fold. That bold, uncompromising signature, inscribed on every license did much to deter weak human flesh from infringing the ordinances. Dallain himself was a hard nut to crack. He created the impression of being everywhere at once. The fishermen had a wholesome respect for him, and the managers could do nothing else than view him as a mystifying spectacle. On special occasions Marshall and others would gladly have pressed small fortunes on him, but his impeccability was so atmospheric that no one had yet dared to approach him with a bribe.

Marshall turned away impressed with

the thought that the English official's devotion to duty ought to rank in the category of the sublime.

The cannery tug came in to report that a prodigious school of salmon had just struck Norcombe Reach, fifteen miles south. Gill-nets, however, could not be worked in those waters, while seines were prohibited under heavy penalties. All the same Marshall ordered the tug to stand-by, and got together a seining crew of thirty men, with the intention of making a rush to Norcombe Reach if the chance offered.

The southbound mail boat presently came in, and Marshall, drunk as a lord, could hardly hold down a whoop of elation, when he observed his confederate on the bridge winking a furtive eye at nothing in particular. In another moment a Timber Inspector stepped down the gang-plank, singled out Dallain and entered into close confabulation with him. Dallain went north an hour later.

Marshall gave the word to his men and yelled to the Chinese cook for a half a dozen bottles of whisky to prime them with. The seine was rushed down like an avalanche of thunder into the hold of the tug, the manager stepped aboard and the boat steamed furiously for Norcombe Inlet.

Dallain got back on Monday morning, looking as unconcerned as ever, but realizing wrathfully that he had been nicely done, for Marshall had packed two thousand cases in the meantime. It was useless to take proceedings against the offender, for every one of his fishermen would have sworn himself black in the face for the pure joy of getting the best of the authorities.

When the story of the scoop reached Ryder's ears, he felt that life had lost much of its leisurely charm. He caught himself thrilling at sudden moments with an awful sense that things were slipping from his grasp, to check which he drank heavily. Hanbury had hung on to him like a leech; still there had been no openings and no fish, except at Norcombe, and that information had not reached him—because of the bungling of one of his mercenaries—until it was too late to move. His rival's margin prac-

tically put him out of the running. He had scarcely a fighting chance, as but two week-ends remained—the only intervals when his peculiar methods would avail,—and in that time miracles would hardly serve to bring him even, since Marshall's superior capacity had to be reckoned with in any event.

In these circumstances he could but mitigate his bitterness by bringing Hanbury to a point of mellowness consistent with his purposes, a not very difficult matter, for with his breezy warmth of soul he could have made merry with kings, a trait that Hanbury quickly recognized and admired.

In a professional way the latter had an easy time of it. Idleness and pleasure were in the air. The "run" was exceptionally late in striking the Inlet, in consequence of which, the many thousands of fishermen and hands at the various canneries not only made life a summer holiday but spent generously in anticipation of unusually large returns within the fortnight.

That night Ryder did the honours in his own royal way. In spite of his calling he was a man of wide culture with a keen eye for the expansive elements in others. He was, moreover, a tactician in all matters that contribute to cordial intercourse. It was his business to make Hanbury talk, which was easy enough. Sherry, cigars and the suggestive patois of the cosmopolite brought about the desired result. Then he contrived to make the English idea paramount. He dilated with artful rhetoric on Englishmen and affairs and particularly on the distinguished beauty of English women. Here Hanbury was at home and hardly required the additional stimulus of a splendid collection of photographs of acknowledged English beauties to make him eloquent. Ryder then took up the tale and with the skill of a master in emotional aesthetics he impressed Hanbury with his own tastes, described a favourite and to clinch the argument handed him a likeness of an English Countess and was rewarded for his pains by being asked for it. As a matter of fact Elizabeth Revels had forwarded him this identical photo of herself in her last

letter, but as it was his purpose to add a not too definite impression of a certain type of beauty to Hanbury's stock of mental images, he promised his guest a copy and put the collection away.

In the small hours when Hanbury parted from his host hugging half a dozen genuine Leoville he was meltingly conscious of his magnanimity. Ryder on his part took a shower bath and was prepared for a clear-headed manipulation of events, for he had never lost sight of the thought that within the next twenty-four hours he would either make a phenomenal scoop or acknowledge himself fairly beaten.

At an hour next morning when the early rays were flooding his room with light, Hanbury awoke with a pleasurable feeling which seemed in some way to be connected either with his forgotten dreams or with a vague recollection of last night's experiences. The forest was checkered with the purest lights and shades, birds were singing and life was stirring with the pulse of youth. He had a feeling that nature had been singing one of her magic melodies in his ear for some hours past, and was ready to believe that he was hovering on the verge of a revelation.

He presently realised with a start that a new and very tangible element had been introduced to his notice. Some sort of machinery was hurriedly grinding in a liquid smother, while running through the boisterous commotion like the music of a woodland stream, he detected the soft tones of a well-modulated voice engaged in a half-bantering conversation with someone nearer at hand. The mystery was soon solved. The northbound mail boat had grounded on a sand bar almost under his window. A young woman in brown holland was leaning over the rail, laughing and chatting with Ryder. She was a slim, flexible creature, with features expressive of a lively degree of intelligence—an honest, genuine girl, Hanbury thought, and subject, it seemed to quick and very pleasing impulses of feeling. He finally classed her to his satisfaction as one of those rare young females who excite comely images of themselves in the matronly guise.

He was not a little pleased when in the course of breakfast, he was apprised of her presence by a little flutter of conversation which came up the walk and finally settled comfortably in Ryder's office.

The open mess-room door made him a not unwilling party to the chatter that followed.

She was accompanied by her father, who, it transpired, was no other than Revels, the President of the Company, up on a pleasure trip undertaken to gratify his daughter.

Ryder, it appeared, had been favoring her with charming descriptions of a lake in the mountains. She was enthusiastic, and confessed, with a humourous acknowledgement of her weakness, that she could never withstand the allurements of novel scenery. Her father twitted her on this score, and told Ryder that she had dragged him to every jumping-off place on the face of the earth. Why? Oh, heaven only knew. He was under the impression that she was engaged in a super-subtle pursuit of the spirit of sunrise. Ryder laughed and felt an immense liking for the girl who was the victim of such a singular passion. Elizabeth laughed too, in rich, tender tones of deprecation: "Now," she said, "you know I'm not altogether to blame. Why—how many times have you carried me off my feet, by proposing a jaunt to one of my favourite places?" A breathless element in the exclamation betrayed her susceptibility; it was so sweetly suggestive that one could not help speculating a little as to the manner in which she would comport herself when confronted by a graver demand on her emotions.

She wanted to start for the lake at once. The day was a perfect one for a picnic. The wooded hills and the bare snow-stained summits seemed newly created in a crystal atmosphere. Their sharply defined contours carried the imagination beyond, over vast glittering regions, lucent in a flood of light.

Ryder was at her service; everything, he said, would be ready in an hour. He called Hanbury in, made him acquainted with the new arrivals and then went off

with the President, who surprised the manager by asking with some anxiety, whether everything was as it should be, stating that half the company's stock had been taken over by an English capitalist, and that the new stockholder was now on a tour of inspection.

Ryder's conscience was at ease on this point as he prided himself on keeping his cannery at all times in the very pink of condition.

Elizabeth seemed to take it for granted that this very deferential young Englishman was to be one of the party. The question of his going or not going resolved itself by a process of substitution into a study of the girl's personality, an occupation that reduced all other considerations to the vanishing point. She filled his horizon with distinction, with sentiment and warmth. She was responsive, eager; a product of modern culture, yet delightfully unaffected.

She told him how much she liked travelling about the province; one felt like a forerunner of civilisation. Had he ever been to the North Cape, Colorado, the Tyrol, the Caucasus, or the Vale of Cashmere? She briefly sketched her impressions of these resorts. He had never visited any of them but described a trip he had taken in the Rockies over the Great Divide with a pack-train and she envied him with a laughing frankness which he found very pleasing.

"Decorous lawlessness is the extent to which I have gone. Waiters, guides and camp-followers are such a hindrance, you know. If they were only inoculated with the Emersonian philosophy! All the same it is my intention to head an exploring party into some wild region in the not very distant future." He gathered from the humorous spirit of the statement that she was giving expression to a taste rather than to an intention.

Mrs. Renwick, the clergyman's wife, joined the party. Hanbury was pressed to accompany them; he had some little hesitation, but his scruples were overcome when Ryder announced with considerable regret that he too would have to return that evening, but would join them again on Sunday.

An Indian guide led the way while two packers brought up the rear.

That afternoon Dallain received a letter from his assistant warning him that Ryder was going to fish all of his boats in the upper section of the inlet that night. Starting at once, he picked up a sailing breeze at six o'clock, and arriving on the scene an hour after dark he pulled about till midnight without encountering a boat. Something was surely amiss; a closer examination of the letter led him to believe that it was a clever forgery. He suspected Marshall; and at once made the best of his way back again.

Just as day was beginning to break he ran his boat in among some driftwood at the entrance to Goring Inlet, half a mile from Marshall's cannery. He was pale, thoroughly tired, but cheerful as a lark. He got out his note-book and pencil, put a board across the thwarts in front of him and waited, with an eye fixed on the narrow entrance not forty yards away.

As he anticipated, he presently heard boats with muffled oars approaching softly. Then they filed out stealthily, like shadows,—a hundred and fifty of them, heavy with salmon. With a pair of binoculars in one hand and a busy pencil in the other, he jotted down their numbers as they passed. Several keen-eyed fishermen spotted the well-known skiff wedged innocently among the logs, glanced casually at the Commissioner and continued on their waw: it was all in the day's march.

Marshall was inclined to take the round-up philosophically; it probably meant a fine of a thousand dollars or more; but the margin of profit on the catch of forty thousand fish would be amply sufficient to cover that item. When Dallain, however, coolly tacked a notice on his office door, announcing that the fish would be sold on Monday morning at public auction, he developed a fiendish desire to put some one out of existence. He knew perfectly well that the other managers would come around and poke fun at him. There would be no end to their pleasantry; they might even conspire to buy the fish over his head: it was

too much: he chafed, and imbibed numerous cocktails, which enabled him to bully his men, who at once went off on a picnic, and left him to drink himself into oblivion.

In the interval, Ryder's party had gone astray, owing, it seemed, to the incompetence of the Indian guide. This interruption in the programme was looked upon as a highly romantic incident, by Elizabeth especially, who thought the spot in which they camped late in the afternoon, equal to the most favored resorts in the Adirondacks.

Ryder went back with the guide and a packer to pick up the trail, and did not return that day.

Much congenial intercourse with the young lady had resulted in reducing Hanbury to a mere camp-follower. He was placidly rid of every feeling of responsibility and entered with alacrity into the preparations for the night.

The ladies assumed the role which lively ladies usually assume on such occasions: the men were converted into hewers of wood and drawers of water. Elizabeth prepared an appetising meal, while Mrs. Renwick supervised the proceedings with the light-heartedness of a matron who knows exactly the amount of motherly officiousness required to induce in a party of adults a mood as credulous, careless and grateful as that which prevails in a troop of healthy children.

After supper Hanbury built a roaring fire, which lit up their surroundings like a scene in a prehistoric land of night. Elizabeth sang Foster's rendering of *Under the Greenwood Tree*. She had a fine contralto voice, remarkably rich and caressing, a voice which Renwick had said would make an ordinary metropolitan church blaze into a fashionable resort of the first magnitude.

The others found their tongues and joined in well-known choruses till nearly midnight. Then while the fire light flickered and dwindled they talked in a quiet, rembling way on topics that held the flavor of many lands.

In his eager scrutiny of features for significant hints of character, Hanbury had never met with a face that drew his

interest as Elizabeth's did. Her singular beauty had the note of appeal that one rarely finds in the drawing-room but rather in such unexpected circumstances that one is led to realise the pathos in-hering in lost opportunities. It was a face to lure one from the paths of the common place and the vagabond in him was conscious of a thrilling invitation to wander at large over the sweet-smelling earth.

He spent a sleepless night, in the course of which his professional conscience troubled him not a little. Had Ryder gulled him? Was he the victim of a well-arranged conspiracy? Then he flushed hot with a thought that insinuated a cynical doubt among his latest interpretations of the ideal. Had Miss Revels been used to decoy him from his duty? Renwick had told him that she could give pointers to the sharpest cannery manager on the coast. Such a bit of strategy would commend itself to Ryder. He was astounded by confirmatory details which now occurred to him; yet a calmer consideration dispelled the idea, and left him face to face with his own culpability.

Next day his perplexity exhibited itself in a preoccupied indifference to the common interests of the camp. His mood much to his surprise, was reflected in Elizabeth's manner. She became thoughtful, observed him furtively and with some concern as though she had divined the cause of his preoccupation, and was endeavoring to arrive at a clearer understanding of its effect on him. In order not to allow her to be distressed on his account, if distressed she were, he assumed a lighter bearing and a mood into which she entered willingly enough, but still with a manner that convinced him of the uselessness of trying to deceive her.

The guide came in late in the afternoon with a note informing them that Ryder had suffered a slight mishap and had remained at the cannery.

Hanbury at once prepared to leave. Again Elizabeth betrayed a strong inclination to—question him,—he thought. She looked at him steadily, wavered, colored a little and said good-bye with

laughing eyes and words that obscurely hinted at what was passing in her mind: "Mr. Hanbury," she said with mock-gravity, "if your guide should go astray again, bring him to his senses with a convincing argument,—threaten to thrash him. I'm sure it would do him good."

The appearance of the cannery confirmed Hanbury's surmise that Ryder's fleet had fished the previous night. The receiving-sheds were empty and all the boats were out, at the lower camp, no doubt, holding the catch over for a Monday morning delivery.

At seven o'clock in the morning the tugs came in noisily with scows awash and every boat with but a few inches of free-board. The foreman estimated the catch at eighty-five thousand; certainly the biggest night's haul in his experience. Ryder's private tallies, however, showed that forty-five thousand of these had been illegally caught on Saturday night.

The manager came limping down the walk, beaming yet solicitous, and at once recounted Dallain's neat capture of Marshall's fleet. He was bubbling over with the joy of it: "Say, you better come along and see him sold up. What? It will be the time of your life. Fun? Watch Marshall when I begin biting him."

As there was no use in chafing Hanbury decided that he might as well keep his mantle of innocence wrapped around him yet a little while, and stepped aboard the tug, which immediately headed for Marshall's cannery.

The sale was one when they arrived, the bid standing at ten cents. Ryder lifted it to fifteen as he stepped among the other managers. Marshall bent a vengeful eye on him and made it sixteen.

"Oh, twenty," said Ryder, blowing out a ring of smoke, and looking quizzically at Marshall, from puckered lids.

The others emphatically wiped their hands of the whole transaction. Marshall hesitated. As a manager, he should let the fish go, for the last bid had swallowed his margin; but as a plunger who had a thousand more than his salary at stake, he was bound to trench a little on

the company's profits: he therefore raised it one as a desperate feeler.

"Twenty-five," Ryder chirped, laughing with great good humour into his rival's face.

The spectators stared incredulously. Dallain lifted his pencil, and glanced at Marshall, who swung about abruptly, and stalked away with an icy sensation creeping over the top of his head. The crowd watched him with suddenly arrested laughter and Dallain brought his pencil down to write the item off in Ryder's favor.

Never before, in the course of his checkered career, did the genial manager of the Cariboo Cannery feel so gloriously happy as he did on this occasion. In thirty-six hours, he had turned imminent defeat into a howling success. In thirty-six hours he had captured by extraordinary means over eighty-five thousand fish; that is to say, eight thousand five hundred cases. Seven thousand of these would off-set Marshall's total advantage, thus leaving him, approximately, fifteen hundred ahead of the game. He could have hugged Hanbury. The impulsive, extravagant side of his nature was inclined to assert itself. He was in a mood to spend, to carouse, to clap the impecunious old world on the back, and pour whiskey down its sanctified throat, but as some of the finer aesthetic conditions were lacking in this benighted region, he merely chuckled and grinned with the broadest good-humour on everyone fortunate enough to fall in his way.

The Assistant Commissioner had withdrawn to the office of his chief, and when the pair came out from a confidential interview, it was observed by more than one that Hanbury had the superior air, and that Dallain created him with a finer degree of courtesy than he usually accorded his subordinates.

When at length the last Saturday arrived, Elizabeth approached Hanbury, and told him that the launch was going to take a picnic party to the lower camp.

"Are you going, Mr. Hanbury?" she asked with much interest. The question was a serious one. He was convinced that elaborate traps were set for him,

but nevertheless, he had sworn to capture the Cariboo fleet red-handed, not altogether to vindicate his professional honour, but chiefly to set Elizabeth's mind at rest on a point or two that touched him nearly. He suspected that she had prepossessions in favor of downright efficiency. As a matter-of-fact, she had lately developed a flattering interest in his work, and had quietly ranged herself with him against Ryder and the cannery-gang, and had, in a very delicate way made it evident that success on his part would afford her a very great pleasure.

"Ryder was good enough to ask me to join him. But are you going, Miss Revels?"

"Mr. Hanbury,—no," she returned with half-serious emphasis, "I haven't the slightest thought of being a party in such a venture. I've grown timid. There are dangers."

"But Ryder is a resourceful navigator?"

"In deep waters? They expect you to go."

"Then I shall certainly go."

She looked at him a moment with a warmer degree of intimacy than she had hitherto shown, seemed satisfied and said no more on the subject.

The manager was betrayed into a momentary look of surprise and pleasure when Hanbury, contrary to his usual custom, failed to bring his boat and his Indian boat-puller along with him.

The whole party went ashore, near camp, to examine an outcropping of coal. When they started again, the engines raced terrifically, but the engineer jumped in and put a sudden end to the irruption, announcing with a scared look, that the propeller had whirled off. Ryder swore fervently and Revels was very much put out, for there was neither a boat in tow nor one at camp, in consequence of which, the launch had to be warped along the shore to their destination.

In the evening Hanbury stepped ashore from the floating-camp in his slippers and wandered hatless into the woods. He walked rapidly through the forest to a bay some distance up the

shore, where he found his Indian boat-puller and six of his tribesmen waiting in a swift canoe. He took his place amidships, and a few minutes later the spray was flying from the bows as they plunged across the inlet.

Ryder's little scheme of holding him a prisoner in camp while his boats fished unmolested in Canoe Pass, was perfect in its way, and he could not help wondering what the manager would have done if he had declined to accompany the party. There must have been two strings to his redoubtable friend's bow.

When darkness set in their route wound through a maze of narrow channels intersecting a labyrinth of small islands. The steersman confidently directed his craft into black echoing tunnels of foliage, which produced the illusion of travelling on an underground river. Twenty minutes of this brought them to the Pass, a channel with mountainous shores, of considerable length, and scarcely a hundred yards in width.

No boats were visible in the impenetrable blackness that prevailed, but the shores resounded with the rumbling of corks passing over the gunwales; the thumping of fish in the boats; and a wide-spread flapping on the water. The deep voices of fishermen could be heard amid the uproar, giving quick low-toned directions to their boat-pullers.

It occurred to Hanbury that a disguise would render his undertaking more effective. He therefore transferred the soot from the coffee pot and the kettles to his light hair and moustache, bound a handkerchief around his forehead, wrapped himself in a blanket, and instructed his steersman to add the requisite touches of red paint and charcoal to his face. His civilised exterior was thus completely obliterated. His most intimate friends would not have recognised the squalidly-ferocious looking individual who now sat stolidly in the bow.

A string of red lights presently came into view, extending several miles eastward to a bend in the channel. Salmon were running in large numbers, and the fishermen were busily engaged in overhauling their nets. Little or no notice was taken of the party, as it is not at

all unusual for an Indian embassy to be passing from one village to another in the depths of night.

Nearly all the boats had lights of their own which were bright enough to illuminate their distinguishing numbers.

One hundred and forty-eight of Ryder's boats together with sixty belonging to other canneries, were caught. Hanbury was elated, and paddled in to inform Dallain; and then, crossing over to his own headquarters, he turned in at half-past four in the morning, before anyone had begun to stir.

He awoke in the middle of Sunday night, looked at his watch and went to sleep again. Next morning he was roused by a shrieking tug which foamed in like a runaway wolf. Ryder was aboard, and began shouting directions to his foreman before the lines were out. Elizabeth stood on the edge of the wharf and talked with him,—questioning him, apparently, with much concern. Something serious had happened, Hanbury thought. He dressed hastily, yet the tug had swept out again with twenty men on board, before he had completed his toilette.

When at length he emerged from his bungalow, it was with the jauntiest air in the world. He turned into Ryder's office, and startled that gentleman, whose amazement, however, was quickly transformed to a look of utter comicality.

"Well, say. How—in—thunderation—did—you—get here?"

"Paddled."

"Paddled. But you were lost."

"Oh,—well, of course I was," said Hanbury, forgetting for the moment that when he had stepped ashore from the floating camp, he had stepped mysteriously into the unknown. Ryder had evidently been greatly troubled, and now expressed his relief in his usual way: "Have a little rum. Say. I'd have been in a nice fix with your corpse hanging around my neck."

But his spirits were dashed and he unbared his bosom: "That gilt-edged boss of yours has got all my boats in his clutches."

"Sure?" said Hanbury, lighting a cigar.

"Sure? Why sure. He sent word yesterday that he would drop over this morning and dance on my carcass."

Right on his words came Marshall's steamer with Dallain and all the cannery heads on board. The managers each flipped a significant paw at Ryder as the tug swung by, calling out with a cordiality which was not entirely free from malicious irony. Marshall stood in the attitude of a lean colossus, with hands thrust deep in his trouser pockets, his hat tilted forward, and his cigar pointing heavenward, working his head very slowly up and down with a suggestion of commiseration that made Ryder furious: "Those officers are feeling mighty gay this morning. Wonder what's up," he said.

Dallain lost no time in disposing of Ryder and his fishermen. When Hanbury made his sworn statement, Ryder uttered an exclamation, gaped at him with a droll mixture of surprise and lively admiration, nodded his appreciation and grinned broadly. The courtroom smiled audibly at the pantomime.

"Gentlemen, I invite you to bid for fifteen thousand confiscated 'sock-eye' salmon now offered for sale," said Dallain, rising in his place.

Ryder jumped to his feet, swearing and protesting. His wrath flared out in menacing gestures directed in a general way over the heads of the vrowd. In the whole of his experience he had never been beaten by the authorities except on those occasions when he had played deliberately into their hands. Now he was the laughing stock of the inlet, the public were in the secret, smiling with unholo glee, gloating in his discomfiture.

Dallain eyed him coldly. "Mr. Ryder," he said incisively, "fifty of your boats have not been dealt with. Shall I proceed with them?"

The manager subsided with the dreariest resignation, and looked away from Marshall, who was waiting ominously with his hat over one eye. But not a bid was put in for some moments.

"Well, it's might rough on you, Ryder, but I guess we'll have to give you a start. One cent. (You can make it two.)" he suggested helpfully.

Ryder's heart jumped. Were the managers going to let him down easy? He didn't know whether to bless Marshall or curse him. He said—Two—feeling like a dupe; but his opponent at once raised it to twenty-five, raising at the same time, a great laugh at the other's expense.

Ryder was in a dilemma. If he could hang on to his fish he would not only have a record-breaking pack, but a clear wind-fall of three thousand dollars. If Marshall should freeze him out the case would be reversed. It was sickening. He quelled a panic in his head, sternly overcame a sensation of faintness, and called out in a clear voice: "Twenty-six."

"And a half."

"Twenty-seven."

"Oh, thirty," Marshall cried conclusively, slapping open his draft book.

"Take 'em," said Ryder with a vigorous addition.

"All right. If you don't want 'em." He scrawled a draft, handed it to Dallain, and remarked with much innocent surprise: "Don't you fellows know that salmon have jumped to seven dollars a case. Sent tug-boat north. Got special wire by Simpson line."

Ryder locked himself in his room, and tried to figure things out, cooking his arithmetic, like a school-boy using inspirational methods of solution. If he hadn't been a mutton-head he would have sent a steamer a hundred miles north to get an extra week-end quotation. His gorge rose at the thought of his folly; a vertigo whirled him into a frenzy, and he sent the table and its contents flying about the room. It was all up with him.

The search party returned at noon. When Elizabeth heard that Hanbury was safe, a peculiar brightness shone in her eyes. She looked thinner and paler than usual, but in a few moments all traces of anxiety disappeared under the glowing effect of a reactionary spirit of liveliness. Her father looked at her with mysterious eyes, and felt with a curious sinking of the heart, that she had been transported to a sphere from which he was excluded. He led her to a mirror, and

with his arm around her slender form, he endeavored to make her look straight at the sweet image reflected in the glass. But a hasty glance had frightened her, and she turned her head away.

"Well, well," he said, laying a cool hand on her hot cheek. "Elizabeth——" he began, with much seriousness, but her startled look diverted his purpose and he went on in a matter-of-fact tone,— "I'm going north to-day, and will pick you up on my return. Mr. Hanbury goes with me."

In the course of the next few days, she spent her time wandering around the cannery with Renwick's pretty children. She was conscious that she was attracting general attention. Decrepit old crones gabbled at her with motherly affection as she passed and repassed among them. What they said she did not know, but she invariably found herself warming uncomfortably, and felt that it would be torture to remain.

She wanted to see Hanbury to tell him something which could not be very well told in the hurry of departure; and it was with some surprise that she saw that his door was open. A moment later, she saw the tall good-looking Englishman contemplating something on the floor of his bungalow, and was suddenly impelled by a girlish impulse to run up the steps before he should vanish from her sight. He heard her approaching and turned to welcome her. She observed from the litter that he was packing up.

"Oh," she said, "are you going, too?" She was a little breathless from the novel excitement of intruding in this unceremonious fashion. Her resolution faltered, yet she went on quickly to justify herself: "Mr. Hanbury, I have a confession to make. I could not let you go without first explaining something that——"

He looked at her searchingly and with a little amusement. "Pray sit down, Miss Revels. Confession?" He smiled but did not seem surprised.

She read the look and colored warmly. "You know, perhaps. Indeed I know you do, and that is why I thought—I decided to——" She was struck by the no-

tion that he looked more masterful and therefore more likeable than she had ever seen him before.

"It has to do with the picnic,—the first one. It was all owing to my want of foresight. If I had known that it was all intended—that it was all in the nature of a plot, I assure you I would never have gone."

"But I don't understand, Miss Revels. Perhaps if you'll explain——" he suggested.

"Oh," she said desperately, "did you not think, that Sunday in the mountains, that I was—deliberately—aware——"

"—That Ryder was hoodwinking me? Why, bless you, no," he cried laughing and enjoying her confusion. But, Miss Revels, You did not know that I was here when Ryder wrote you about the lake?"

She shook her head and looked at him with clear-eyed wonder.

"And I'm sure that when our party left the cannery you had not the faintest idea that I was a Fishery Guardian."

"Indeed I had not."

"Then you do wrong in blaming yourself."

"But it was in the circumstances," she insisted.

"Oh, nonsense."

"You did not suspect me, then?"

"Certainly not," he assured her gallantly. The way she received this thrilled him.

"I am so glad," she murmured, rising.

He felt that the interview was drifting to an unsatisfactory conclusion. His altered expression and the tones of his voice caught her instant attention. "Miss Revels, now that little affair is settled, you will, I'm sure, let me say something on my own account,——" he paused on seeing its effect on her. Her susceptibilities were alarmed. She looked at him and at the door, evidently contemplating a precipitate flight, to prevent which, he quietly stepped into the doorway.

"Mr. Hanbury," she exclaimed in tones of distress and annoyance.

Recognising that she was decidedly averse to forced measures, he altered his tactics: "I saw your father an hour ago,"

he said, stepping into the room. "when the steamer called in at Marshall's on her way to the head."

The statement puzzled her.

"He invited me to accompany him through the Great Divide and into Yellowstone Park."

"Oh, and you accepted?" she cried, surprised, relieved and delighted.

"No. I preferred to obtain your permission first."

"But, Mr. Hanbury," she said with gentle asperity, "it rests entirely with you. My father invited you." She sat down again without any further symptoms of uneasiness: indeed she was clearly ready to argue the question on its merits.

He took a place near her: "You understand, I think, Elizabeth," he said, leaning over in a confidential attitude, "if I go it must be with your explicit sanction."

"Mr. Hanbury, my father would be greatly disappointed if you declined," she replied in even tones.

"Say in so many words you would like me to come," he coaxed in a low voice.

At this juncture, Ryder's head loomed in the doorway, and seeing how things stood, his expression at once became laughingly droll; backing out quietly, he stole down the steps with the stealthiness of a cat.

"Let me describe Yellowstone Park," Elizabeth went on with sprightly animation, "it is the wild earth shorn of its wildest terrors. It is Greek mythology in the rough; and, Mr. Hanbury, if you have a spark of the natural man in you, believe me, you will never regret a visit which you should certainly make, if only to verify such an extravagant statement."

He found it impossible to resist her sweetly evasive manner. He took her hand, and the contact sent his discretion flying with the winds of heaven: yet she was quicker than he. Before he had fully realised what had taken place, she was standing in the doorway, flushed, happy and on tip-toe for instant flight.

At this point the steamer lifted her deep-sea voice and warned them to hasten.

"You will come now, won't you?" she said in unmistakable tones, darting a glance at him that challenged pursuit: the affirmative was so visibly convincing that she fled away, leaving him to frame what speech he might.

The rustle of her skirts had scarcely died away, when Ryder came in, the picture of breezy good-nature: "Here," he said, extending a hand, and gripping Hanbury's with hearty good-will. "Let me congratulate you. She's——"

"Oh, Ryder," said Revels, coming up unobserved, "let me make you acquainted with the gentleman who owns a half interest in the Cariboo Consolidated Canneries." He indicated Hanbury, who was looking Ryder over with the greatest amusement.

But Ryder was equal to the occasion.

"Well, I'm damned," he said, gripping the other's hand again, and staring at him with a new interest.

"Oh, no you're not," Hanbury returned laughingly. "You deserve to live a little longer yet, as an awful example, you know, to the world at large."

"You see Hanbury wanted to get first-hand knowledge of the methods and material involved, and secured an appointment, but neither he nor I knew that he would be detailed to this station. Then, of course, he asked me to keep his secret."

"And, Ryder," Hanbury put in, "I think you will acknowledge that I've paid you out for that little picnic of yours."

"Oh," replied that unabashed gentleman, "we're just about even. You—what have you to say for yourself, capturing my boats, your boats?"

"Duty—painful duty, I assure you."

"Well, you may say that you are the first Commissioner that ever beat me at my own game. And if I'm not mistaken you've got the best of the bargain. Say—" he dove for his office, and came running out with Elizabeth's photograph, which he thrust into Hanbury's hands: "Take it, and as for a copy of the original that you asked for,—well, you'll now have to look after that yourself."

Hanbury frowned at him and put in quickly: "But how about the bet, Ryder?"

"We're even. It's called off, and deucedly glad I am. Say come in and have a little rum on the strength of it."

The trio took a hasty observation and trotted down the walk chatting at a great rate.

The steamer was already swinging out, but her bridge was still in contact with a corner of the wharf. Elizabeth, standing with the Captain near the pilot-house, was anxiously signalling them to be quick. The Captain got hold of one of Hanbury's hands to assist him up, and in her excitement, Elizabeth grasped the other, which of course rendered him helpless. Ryder and the foreman sprang to the rescue and hoisted him bodily on to the bridge; and then, realising what

she had done, Elizabeth colored divinely, but fronted the smiling crowd unashamed.

With one voice the large gathering on the wharf cheered her to the echo. She had no idea that it was an ovation, and therefore, as a mere passenger, she waved her handkerchief with the rest, and was immediately favored with another appreciative burst from the mixed assemblage who had been following her little affair with closer attention than she imagined.

As the steamer pulled out with flags flying, Ryder, glowing with the pleasant knowledge that he had won Hanbury's good-will waved that important personage a cordial farewell.

MORNING.—To Sybil.

By the Late C. J. Lee Warner.

Sweet is the morning when it breaks
 In silence o'er the hills,
 And timbered buttes and emerald lakes
 With golden glory fills.

Sweet is the morning when it dawns
 On Western fields in spring,
 And lilies gem the dewy lawns
 And all the forests ring.

Sweet is God's morning when it dreams
 On the Pacific sea.
 Yet these, dear heart, these are but gleams
 Of that which yet shall be.

These are but types and passing shows
 Of splendours more sublime;
 A brighter, grander morning glows
 Behind these clouds of time.

O thou to whom my spirit clings,
 Be with me, Lord, I pray,
 Until that morning dawns and brings
 Thine everlasting day.

The Heart of a Child.

By C. E. Sands.

HE was such a little fellow, it seemed as if he had almost forgotten to grow. One was surprised to learn that he was ten years of age till his wide, wondering brown eyes met yours—then one forgot to speculate, for such eyes might belong to any age, and are sometimes seen under brows whitened by the frosts of four score years and ten, clear and bright as when they first opened in this vale of tears. He was leaning forward, his nose flattened against the window pane, dreamily watching the mimic war of snow-balls waging in the street below.

"Why don't you go out with the rest, Jerry?" asked his step-mother from across the room. The child shrank back into his corner, evidently anxious to avoid notice. As no reply was forthcoming, Mrs. Carlton shrugged her shapely shoulders, and muttering something about "that queer boy," turned her attention to the baby. The remark was not heard, but the gesture was observed by the wide open eyes, and its import guessed by the sad little heart.

Mrs. Carlton was a firm believer in the efficacy of outdoor sports, and proudly pointed to her own lively, healthy boys in support of her theories. She was also proud, as well she had a right to be, of her own perfect health and fine figure which had been rescued with much care and effort from the brink of consumption. It was then a keen disappointment to find her small step-son, who stood in need of just such aid, so unresponsive, notwithstanding her best efforts to enlist his interest.

He delighted in walks and drives among the green country lanes in the suburbs, or anywhere that trees grew

and bloomed, but this was as far as his inclination in this direction seemed to go. At all seasons of the year he stood about in unobtrusive places, a spectator of many a game of skill or strength, but none of which he could be induced to join. He was, at first, the victim of numerous witticisms and practical jokes; but later was voted a "queer child" and left much to himself.

Sitting there in the semi-darkness he was, indeed, an object of compassion. The small bony hand quivered on the sill, a tear gathered and rolled silently down the wan cheek,—his eyes were dry, but the spirit within was heavy with a burden not comprehended; he felt at variance with the world, alone and lonesome. He looked wistfully at his mother. How sweet and gentle she seemed as she crooned softly to the baby nestling in her arms. He wanted to put his arms round her neck, and to beg a caress too.

He had intended to one evening when they were sitting just as now, but at his approach the tender smile had hardened, and he, bewildered, stumbled over a stool, rolling it against the table leg, completely overturning it and shattering innumerable things in all directions. Jerry never saw so small a table hold so many things, nor heard so loud a crash from so small a cause. It was cold in the hall whither his carelessness banished him, cold and dark. He sighed now regretfully at the recollection, and turned again to the window.

The street was quiet now, the merry throng had moved on.

How bright the sky was, how beautiful the stars, the heavenly fields of blue formed a fairly canvass upon which the imaginative mind of the wee man paint-

ed those marvelous dream pictures which come only at the command of children and the clean of heart. The sky was full of sweet attraction for him, thither were transplanted favorite trees and flowers; the sunshine never failed in this land of delight where dwelt his real friends and companions and those whose sovereign was the mother he had never known, but to whom he ascribed every excellence, and laid at her feet all the cares that infested his day.

Time passed and he lived more and more in this land of dreams. As he became more and more removed from the active world around him, the fainter grew the desire to compete with his school mates or companions in any field; he appeared to listen without hearing, to look without seeing. The only thing that fanned his teacher's hopes was his talent for drawing, his favorite subjects being for the most part birds and butterflies, which, though fancies for the most part, were delineated with a living skill. Now, all things being enveloped in misty haziness, it is no small wonder if their real significance were not sometimes misunderstood, if not wholly lost. If one is in the clouds, where may not his feet carry him?

Jerry Carlton was aroused one evening in a decidedly realistic manner. It had transpired so swiftly that he could scarcely grasp the meaning of it all, but there was no mistaking the sensation produced by the rise and fall of the long black ruler, upon his shrinking anatomy, nor mistaking the stern command to remain in the darkness of his own room. Indeed he was too much bewildered and frightened to question,—he could only wonder hazily what dreadful thing he had done to merit such punishments.

Miss Marsh, the new teacher, had not seen the boy who should respond to the name of Jerry Carlton, though the reins of government had been in her hands for a week. His brothers had missed him, but thought nothing of it, as they seldom saw him after leaving home till night.

Mr. Carlton usually left the management of the boys in the efficient hands of

his wife, but they were both puzzled now. Where had the child been? How employing his time? The small culprit himself could give no satisfactory answers to these interrogations; merely replying that he was under the impression that the school had been granted a vacation until Miss Woodstock's return, which was of course, absurd, and not worthy of consideration. "Just walking round" meant nothing, yet it was all he could say as to where he had been or what he had done.

So Jerry was sent back to school with a note to the teacher conveying the information that "the bearer had doubtless been up to pranks" and that he "needed watching," but Miss Marsh found little occasion to "watch" Jerry Carlton, there was not a more tractable pupil under her care, nor one less given to "pranks."

At last vacation arrived, and Miss Marsh declared her intention to pay a visit to her parents who had moved to the far west. This announcement was quite terrible to little Jerry, who had found a helpful, sympathetic friend in the bright young school mistress. She it was, how none could tell, who had showed him the dust on his jacket was not an essential part of it, and to keep his hair tidy and his hands and face fairly presentable. The untidy appearance of her little step-son had been a grief to Mrs. Carlton, for, despite her vigilance, he would often evade her watchfulness, going about in attire the reverse of neatness.

It is doubtful if Miss Helen Marsh realized the change she had wrought in her small pupil, but certain it was that she unconsciously awoke in him a feeling of friendship and love.

They became fast friends, and children's friendship is real. She spent many pleasant hours telling him wonderful tales of birds and flowers, for she was a great lover of nature in all forms, and in listening to the quaint narrations of his imagination, for it was a strange freak of this strange boy to relate noble deeds, and to claim the traits he admired in others as his own.

To no one else did he become so com-

municative as to his beloved teacher, who listened, understanding full well that:

"Words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within."

He said but little when he heard of her resolve to go west, but it was evident that he viewed her approaching departure with a heavy heart.

It was after one of these long talks that the thought came to Miss Marsh: Why not take Jerry away with her to the far distant Rockies, where he could spend the whole summer in living near to nature's heart. The idea kept recurring with such persistency that she at last laid the question before Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, who at first thought it a strange freak of fancy, but at length consented. Mrs. Carlton's consent was the more readily given because she thought the change would help Jerry to continue in the path of progress up which he had recently begun to climb.

Then, too, her confidence in Miss Marsh was unbounded, nor had her influence over Jerry passed unnoticed, for she was fond of her little step-son and did not resent the implication that someone else had been able to do for him what she could not. That she did not understand his peculiarities nor enter into the spirit of his life, ought not to be held too strongly against her, how many own mothers share the world of their children.

How Jerry enjoyed the sensation of flying through the air; the cities, the plains, the hills, and the rivers swept by in glorious, varied panorama, like pictured tales from some grand fairy rock.

When the pine-clad slopes of British Columbia met his admiring gaze he was radiant—radiant with a joy that was visibly increased when told that his home for the next two months would be in the midst of the bright green woods among those very hills.

He did not know that this wonderful region had been christened "The Switzerland of Canada," and if he had known, it is doubtful if the knowledge would have added to his happiness.

It was June. The valley and the hills were covered with a profusion of wild roses; the air was laden with their sweet

perfume, and their fragrance permeated every corner of the vast woods. Truly it was a royal welcome to the tired travellers.

It seemed to little Jerry that he had scarcely closed his eyes in slumber at the close of the eventful day which ended his journey, before he woke up, aroused by the strains of wild sweet music, clear and penetrating from the woodland. It was four by the tiny clock on his table when he sprang out of bed and flung open the window. A full fresh breeze, laden with spicy odors, greeted his nostrils, and sent a thrill of delight through his whole being.

"Come down Jerry," called Miss Marsh, who had also risen at the bird's serenade, and stood on the lower perch.

"Where can all those birds be? I have never heard so inspiring an orchestra. Come, let us find them in their homes." Gleefully they set off together, and day after day continued their search for "things in their homes."

There was something in the joyous freedom of forest that appealed strongly to Jerry. His health and spirits improved wonderfully. The corners of his mouth lost their pathetic droop; his eyes, though still wide and wondering, gained a new light that reflected peace within. Gently and soothingly does nature lead her people onward and upward, instilling the truths of wisdom, pages from Jehovah's volume.

In the little cabin which Mr. Marsh had set apart for his "museum," Jerry passed some delightful hours. His collections were of a homogeneous nature, but birds' nests and eggs predominated, and here, among his treasures, he no longer felt outside his Father's kingdom, but rested in the peace of His benediction.

The summer was drawing to a close. For days the air had been heavy with smoke. It grew thicker and thicker. To breathe freely was an impossibility. The river rolled sullenly along its murky course, muttering hoarse warnings of coming disaster, though no danger was apprehended at the Marsh homestead, whose owner was congratulating himself on the amount of cleared land around

his house and barns, cleared and ploughed in view of just such an emergency as this might be.

Affairs, however, began to assume a more serious aspect and late one evening one of the ranch hands came in with the report that the fire was on their side of the river.

At the rate the fire was travelling, a terrific wind helping it along, it was estimated that it would reach them in about half an hour. The men accordingly dispersed to various posts and prepared to fight the on-coming demon. It was already in sight, sweeping onward with majestic beauty—a fearfully magnificent spectacle.

The blackened sky was illuminated by its lurid light, intensified by white flashes of lightning from the inky darkness. As the flames leaped by towering tree and slender sapling their roar was mingled with the crash of thunder, repeating the promise of rain which had been threatening all day.

On, on it came until the little settlement was like an island in a sea of fire. The showers of cinders were quickly extinguished by the watchful men, whose blistered hands and scorched faces would not easily forget the fire fiend's visit.

It rushes by with fierce vindictiveness—but they are safe. The rumblings in the heavens grow more and more ominous, gusts of wind brought scattered drops of moisture, precursors of the rain which soon fell in torrents, to the unspeakable relief of intense nerves and strange starting eyes.

A number of the household were gathered on the north porch excitedly recounting the evening's work, when a sharp, shrill cry smote their ears, seemingly from the direction of the spring. Tom and Jones reached the spot in a few bounds, watched anxiously by the rest. They returned, carrying gently between them a small white figure. They tenderly placed him on a couch and held their breath while restoratives were administered, then assisted in chaffing the cold, clammy limbs. After what seemed an interminable time, little Jerry opened his eyes, "Bunny; Bunny," he wailed, trying feebly to rise and clutching blind-

ly at the air. Cool hands soothed the fevered brow, and endearing words calmed the troubled little breast to sleep.

At intervals during the long, close night he called for his pet.

When Tom went down after water the next morning he found a poor dead rabbit on the edge of the spring; here it had fallen when Jerry had slipped into the water. His cries for "bunny" then were not flights of fancy. Tom followed the trail, which was quite plain, and found where the rabbit had been shut in a box outside the cabin. A pole had fallen across the box, crushing in the weakened sides, and thus pinning the little animal, which must have been nearly suffocated. Pieces of burned fur still adhered to the broken boards. This, then, accounted for Jerry's torn and blackened hands. He had hurt them in trying to release the rabbit. After succeeding in this he mistook the way, and walked into the spring which was just below the cabin.

That day Jerry was in a high fever; the excitement and chill had proved too much for his slight frame and for weeks he lay hovering between life and death.

One evening, however, he opened his eyes and asked for Miss Helen. She had been most indefatigable in nursing him and was then lying down for a short rest. They roused her and she came to his bedside. Jerry gave a slight smile of recognition and a sigh of contentment, then sank into a sound sleep.

When he awoke the fever had left him, and from that time on he gradually recovered his strength. Miss Helen was his constant companion during the trying time of convalescence.

Eventually the medical man pronounced his little patient quite recovered and advised his return home.

In response to a pressing invitation from both Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, Miss Marsh accompanied Jerry, and she brought back with her quite a different boy to the one whom she had taken west some months previous.

He was a "child" no longer. The events of the last few months, the change of scene, his illness, and the sympathetic individuality of Miss Helen had trans-

formed the dreamy child into a thoughtful lad.

His soul had been quickened by the touch of physical suffering, and his dreamy propensities dispelled by constant companionship amidst congenial surroundings.

Here we will leave him. Still with the pure heart of a child, but with the early strivings of young man-hood beginning to make themselves known in his youthful mind.

A REVERIE.

By **George Franks.**

"Thou'rt weary," sighed the evening breeze
 Unto the restless moaning sea,
 With soft caress:
 "And troubled sore; I pity thee,
 "And fain would bring thee perfect ease
 "From thy distress."

Then upwards with a silent flight
 The zephyr passed behind the clouds,
 And whispered low:
 "O gentle Moon, break through thy shrouds
 "And pour thy healing on the night
 "Far down below."

And lo! the parted shades reveal
 The mystic Orb of Night on high
 In splendour grand:
 And suddenly, without a sigh,
 The ocean sinks to sweet repose—
 A silver strand!

Where Irrigation Is King.

By Freeman Harding.

THE birth of the science of irrigation was coeval with the birth of the science of agriculture and both for centuries past have been the handmaidens of mother nature. Irrigation in ancient days played as important a part in the welfare of nations as it promises to play in the new world at an early date. Its history is intensely absorbing and one reads with wonder of the truly immense undertakings entered into by various people in various ages for the purpose of bringing the life-giving waters onto the thirsty lands. The Government of British Columbia has for some time been contemplating amendments to the present laws governing the water supply in the "Dry Belt" and within the past few months the first step has been taken in the desired direction. The services of an eminent irrigation engineer, Professor Carpenter of Colorado, were secured and together with Hon. F. J. Fulton, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, he visited all the irrigated sections of the Province with a view to securing the information needed to formulate a workable and comprehensive measure dealing with the water supply.

The present intention of the Government lies rather in the line of conserving the available supply and dividing it fairly amongst consumers. Future efforts will be devoted to bringing, by Government aid, large tracts of hitherto useless land under the vivifying influence of water.

Within the Kamloops district lies what is known as the "Dry Belt," having a length of over one hundred miles with an average breadth of fifty miles. The chief climate characteristics of this belt

are its mild winters, its minimum rainfall and its almost perpetual sunshine. Owing to the insufficiency of the rainfall in most seasons, irrigation is absolutely necessary for the successful cultivation of the soil, thus rendering the valley lands bordering on the North and South Thompson Rivers of little value until brought beneath the quickening touch of water. The soil itself, a rich alluvial deposit, has for years past given abundant evidence of its great fertility when properly irrigated. The centre of the district to be mainly benefited by the development of irrigation systems is Kamloops.

Situated as it is at the junction of two large rivers which drain an immense territory rich in undeveloped resources, Kamloops by nature is destined to become the most important city in the interior of the Pacific Province. The country drained by the North Thompson River and its tributaries stretches from the height of land lying nearly three hundred miles to the north, while the South Thompson River drains the great Chuswap system of lakes lying to the east. The potentialities of these two districts are as yet hardly realized by even the most sanguine believer in the future awaiting Kamloops and surrounding district. Navigable for light draft steamers for over a hundred miles, the North Thompson is an outlet to a valley the agricultural resources of which are unbounded, the mineral resources almost undreamed of and the timber resources practically unlimited. Of the valley drained through the Shuswap lakes and the South Thompson River, the same may be said and to the other resources



City of Kamloops.

ANGELL ENG CO.

may be added those which make for successful fruit culture. Not only with respect to its water transportation facilities is Kamloops advantageously situated. The well constructed highways leading in all directions, north, south, east and west, make the city the commercial centre of a district of untold possibilities, both agricultural and industrial, and the situation of the city on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway gives ample connection with the world. Kamloops is the geographical, commercial and administrative centre of a district comprising sixteen thousand miles of the richest section in the Province of British Columbia—the very hub of a land of fertile valleys and windswept bunchgrass ranges, of streams and lakes and mighty rivers, of sunkissed benches and lush meadow lands, of gloomy forests ready for the woodman's axe, and scarred rocks waiting the miners' pick, a country of wealth inestimable and attractions undeniable.

For three-quarters of a century Kamloops has been the centre of the ranching industry of the interior of British Columbia, great herds of cattle have been bred and reared and fattened on the bunch grass slopes of the district and shipped from the city to supply the markets of the coast. The climate is conducive to successful cattle rearing at a minimum of expense as the winter feeding season is short and winter shelter almost unnecessary. The bunch grass of the ranges forms a ration which without any addition puts the beef animal in prime shape for the market or the breeding one in condition to face the short winter. The herds have for a long time been bred from a good class of sires and always with a view to beef production. Horses too are shipped in large numbers from the district and the quality of the mountain bred, range fed animal leaves nothing to be desired. Of whatever breed the animal may be it is generally above the average in activity, strength and endurance in these respects, surpassing the horse bred and reared on the level plains. Breeding has been carefully looked after and the cayuse scrub sire of the early days has been almost entirely replaced by well selected

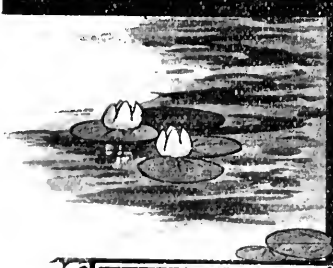
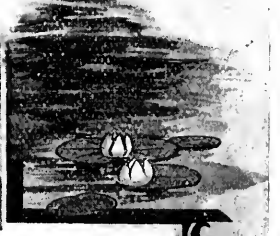
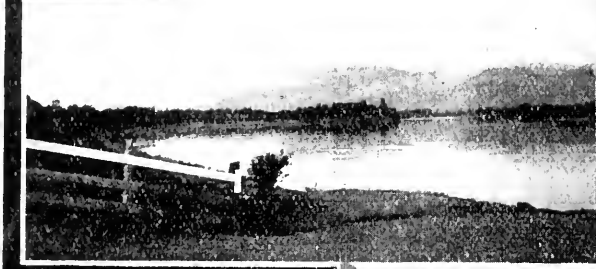
clydesdales, percherons, thoroughbreds or roadsters, and the progeny has now lost the characteristics of the hardy but undesirable native horse.

Of late years the fencing of wide areas of leased lands on the ranges by the large cattle owners had forced the smaller land owner to turn by degrees to mixed farming and the settlers who have come into the district recently are nearly all devoting themselves to this branch of agriculture. In all directions there are small areas of choice land which are available for the purposes of the general farmer, and improved, or



Mayor M. P. Gordon.

partly improved places can be secured on reasonable terms. In the parts of the district where irrigation is necessary water rights are sold with the place and of course add to its value. Close to the city the land available for homesteading is pretty well taken up, but in the North Thompson Valley and at various points on the Shuswap lakes there are still locations open for settlement which, with time and energy properly directed, will develop into fertile and profitable farms. This is particularly true of the North



Thompson Valley and the smaller ones tributary thereto. In this section there are several extensive tracts of extensive bottom land particularly suited for hay raising, and many miles of lightly timbered land suitable for diversified farming, dairying and hog raising. The soil in this valley is of two sorts, a heavy clay loam and a light, friable but fertile loam, both productive and readily tilled. The timber growth in most cases is very light in the bottoms and clearing does not entail any heavy work. The climate is

country there is room for thousands of prosperous and contented settlers engaged in diversified farming in a congenial climate and amidst attractive surroundings.

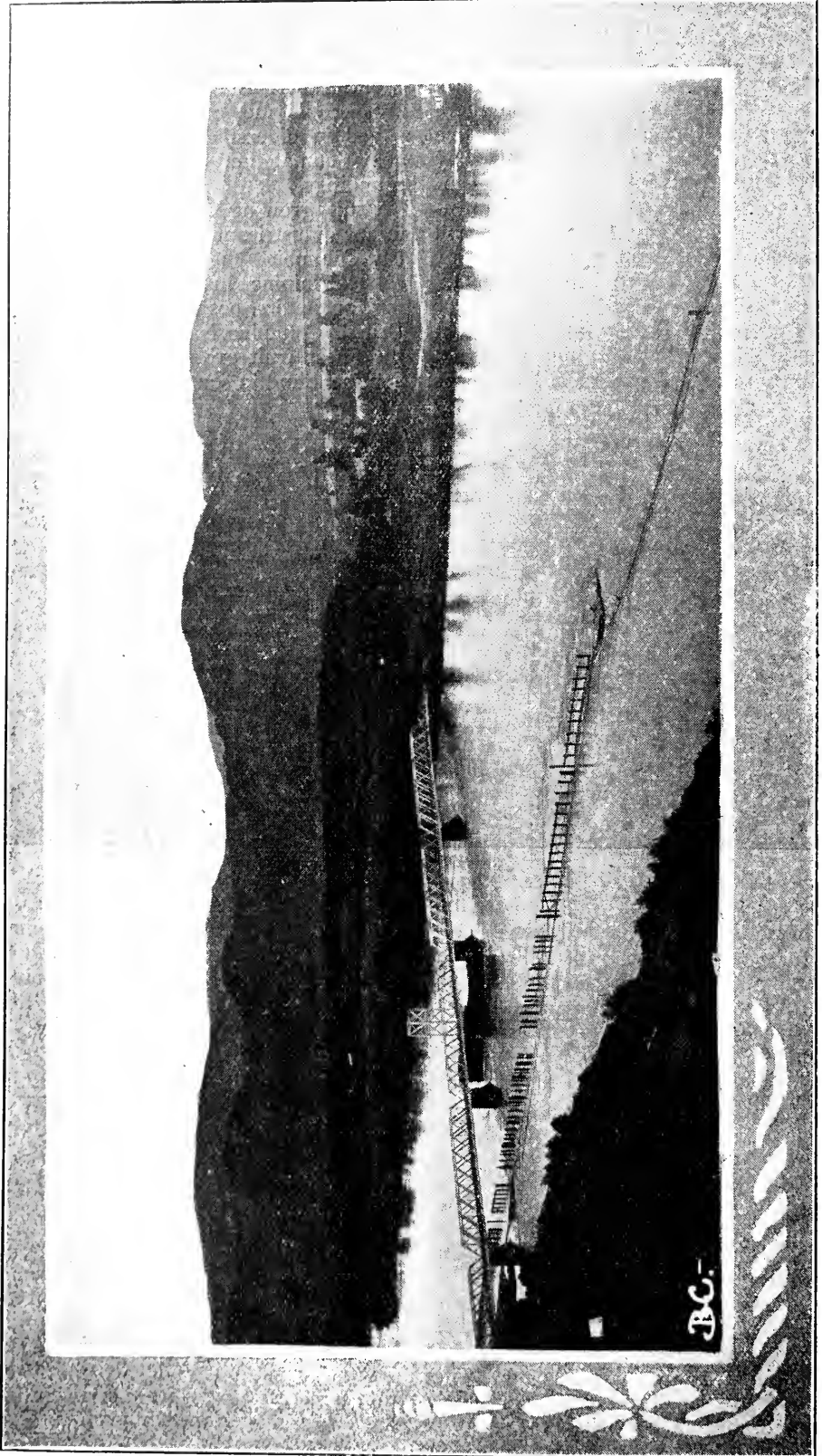
Fruit growing is as yet one of the infant industries in the Province of British Columbia, but it bids fair in time to rival mining, lumbering or stock-raising for the first position. Today southern British Columbia is acknowledged to be the finest fruit growing country on the continent and in southern British Colum-



The Main Street.

all that can be desired and it has been demonstrated that for 110 miles up the river tomatoes, melons, corn, beans, in fact all the tender crops can be grown to perfection. Actual experience has shown that all the hardy fruits, apples, plums, cherries, pears and small fruits thrive and bear luxurious crops. There are many tributary valleys which offer opportunities quite as good as those to be found in the North Thompson River Valley, in fact some of the smaller ones are filled from river to head with prosperous farms and homesteads. The transportation facilities are even now being extended by the Government and will be kept in line with increased settlement in the valley. In other parts of the district the lands available for homesteading are small in area and widely scattered, but in the North Thompson

Valley no other district is more peculiarly adapted to the success of this industry than is the one of which Kamloops is the centre. The South Thompson River Valley, The North Thompson River Valley, and all the smaller valleys in the Kamloops district will not only produce fruit in abundance but the quality of the product is equal to any and superior to most. The different varieties which are successfully cultivated here will prove, in competition with those produced elsewhere, to be of better colour, flavour and size. Apples, pears, plums, and cherries will mature in any part of the district, while in nearly all parts peaches, grapes, apricots and nectarines are prolific bearers. This is especially true of the South Thompson Valley, where irrigation is necessary. Here there are thousands of acres of bench lands in every



The Fruitland Estate.

way suited for fruit growing on a commercial scale and although the question of irrigation must be considered and the supply of water for this purpose is limited if gravity systems alone are looked to, pumping by means of gas engines can be resorted to in nearly all cases with profit and with no uncertainty as to the supply. The suitable benches are as a general rule no higher than 100 feet above the level of the river and in many cases much less. Small holdings of from five to twenty acres are quite sufficient in size for commercial fruit growing and if the intending settler does not care to take up the unirrigated tracts, obtaining his water supply by power, he can secure locations in subdivided tracts which have been placed on the market by land companies, and which have the water supply brought from the hills by gravity systems. These subdivided lands can be secured at prices varying from \$100 to \$200 per acre with water rights included, and the cost of making an orchard in the district will vary according to initial price of land and local labour conditions. Twenty acres of the very best fruit lands in the district will, when in full bearing, pay a net annual profit of from \$125 to \$150 per acre—These figures are not obtained from guesswork but are compiled from actual returns. An unlimited market exists for the products of the orchard and fruit of first class shipping quality never lacks buyers. The increasing demand for British Columbia fruit will keep well in advance of the orchards and the widespread desire to obtain choice small holdings in the Pacific Province is only a logical outcome of the rapid settlement of the wheat belt of the Northwest. Speaking of the Kamloops district His Excellency Earl Gray on his last visit to British Columbia said in reply to an address: "When the potentialities of your wonderful soil and climate become fully recognized the influx of settlers of the most desirable kind eager to develop your wonderful district will surpass all your expectations and your district can offer them opportunities of engaging in fruit culture under such ideal conditions as struggling humanity has only suc-

ceeded in reaching in one or two of the most favoured spots upon the earth."

Adjacent to Kamloops, with which it is connected by a handsome four-span bridge of 1,000 feet in length, is the rapidly growing settlement of Fruitland, consisting of some 6,000 acres, and bordering on the North and South Thompson Rivers. About four years ago the whole of this land was purchased by the Canadian Real Properties, Ltd., it being surveyed and cut into lots ranging from one acre upwards. With the expenditure of \$70,000 water has been brought on to the property by means of a canal, flumes and laterals. An excellent and inexhaustible supply of water is obtainable from Jamieson Creek at the extreme northern end of Fruitland. The creek rises many miles back on the Tranquille plateau and with its tributaries drains a large mountainous country covered with deep snow in winter.

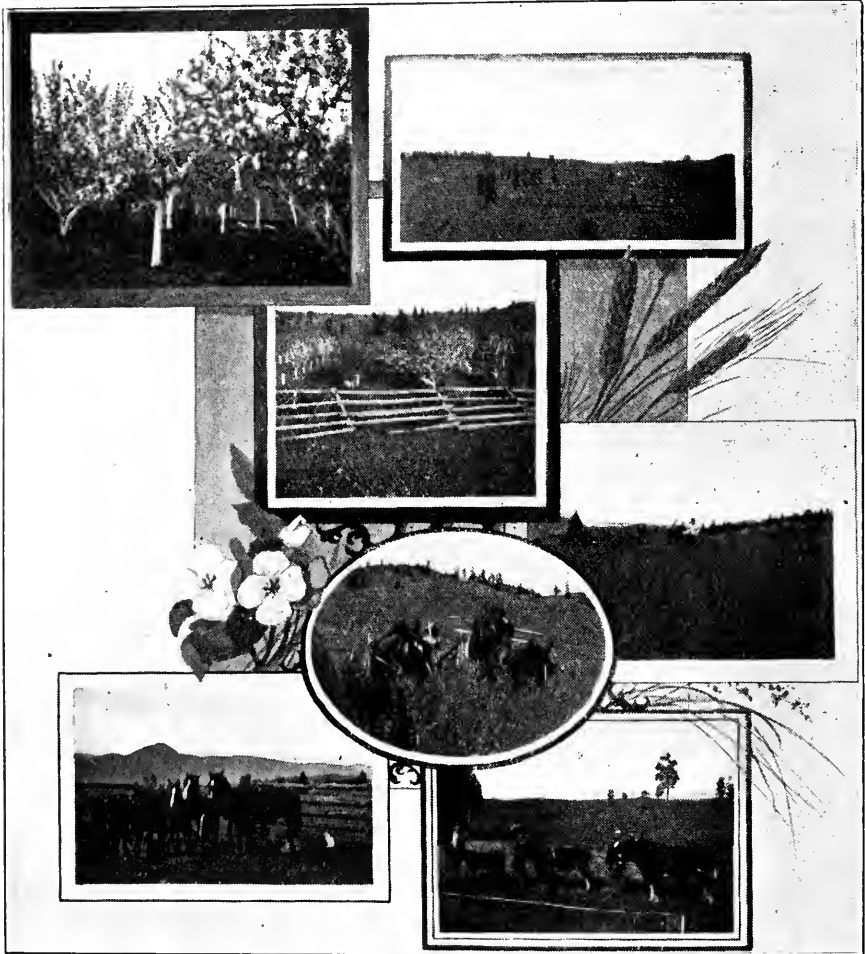
As an auxiliary to this main source of supply Lane, Dairy and McQueen Creeks have also been diverted so as to empty into the main canal. All these streams absolutely insure for all time an abundance of water more than sufficient to irrigate every foot of the company's land, especially during the irrigable season, when the floods are on: while the force of gravity from the intake at the dam carries the water over the land, without any expense for power.

To insure a sufficiency even in the driest summer, several large lakes, 6,000 feet up the mountains have been dammed, so that now there is water enough to irrigate three times the acreage. The soil is a rich alluvial deposit of great depth, all cleared and ready for the plow, and with not a rock, stone or boulder to impede its progress. It will produce even the first year paying crops of tomatoes, melons, potatoes, beans, corn, etc., and the purest of water for domestic use can be obtained by driving a pipe 25 or 30 feet, and in many cases less. Only two or three years ago nearly the whole of this land was nothing but a desert of sage brush and sand, but since the life-giving water was turned on, comfortable homes surrounded by healthy young orchards are springing up in all direc-

tions. Ideal little homes they are, too, many of them fronting on either the North or South Thompson, and commanding a view up these immense valleys for miles. A splendid suburb has been added to Kamloops, of which she may well be proud, and which even the most optimistic could never have foreseen.

pessimists and carping critics are silent, so marvellous is the change which has been wrought in the short space of two years.

The cost of the lots is graded according to their location to Kamloops; number of acres on which the water can be placed and character of the soil. Irri-



The Colebrooke Ranch.

When the scheme of bringing water on to the great sagebrush flat was first mooted, it was looked upon by many as nothing but a gigantic hoax. When the canal was dug, water turned on, and a few lots sold, it was still characterized as a public hold-up and worse than a gold-brick proposition. But today the

gable land is rated from \$60 upward per acre. As the lands are bordered by the river and every lot laid out so as to be accessible to the wagon roads and as the lots vary in size from the small residential lots immediately opposite Kamloops to farms of from ten acres to 200 acres, and also as the irrigable position

in each varies in size each lot or plot is priced separately.

To persons with some capital (say from \$1,000 to \$10,000) with ambitious brains and willing hands, few places in the entire Province offer so fine an opportunity to lay the foundation for permanent prosperity together with a comfortable home. Having an ideal soil; a climate as healthy as any place in Canada; and abundance of water and ever expanding markets all combine to render the proposed colony on Fruitland something unique and profitable in the up-building of Canada's most westerly Province.

A prospective purchaser of one of these plots will naturally ask "Will ten acres, for instance, suffice to make a living on?" To anyone acquainted with the conditions as they exist in this district, the answer would unhesitatingly be given in the affirmative. Old ways are giving place to new ones. Those who ten years ago could not make a living from less than a section (640 acres) have been shown by example the fallacy of their belief. The man on ten or twenty acres has, at the end of each year, gained more with far less grinding and worry. He has in fact cultivated every acre with the result that it has all produced. This is the science of "Intensified Culture," therefore the existence of small farms. There is an old saying that "wise men do not put all their eggs in one basket" which applies also to the agriculturist and horticulturist. If by any reason one kind of fruit fails in crop or price, there are others to take its place. With irrigation one practically controls the elements.

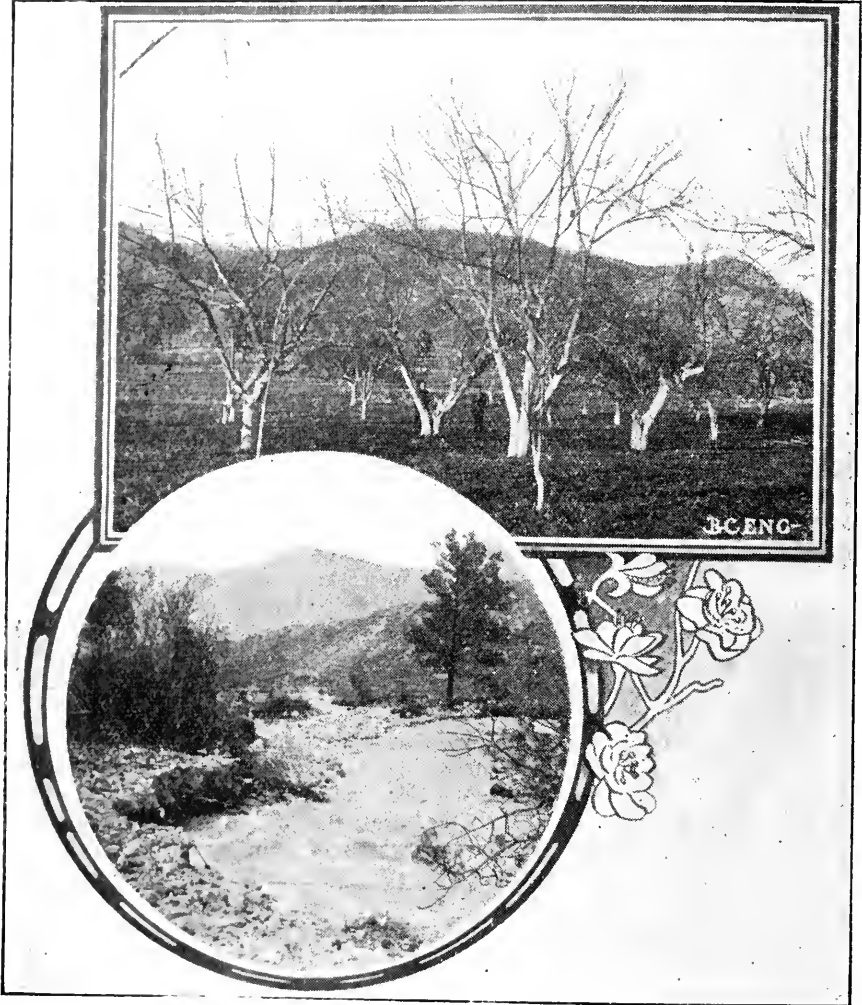
Having, for three-quarters of a century, been devoted to the interests of the stock raiser who required thousands of acres where the fruit grower only required acres, the Kamloops District has not heretofore been exploited as a fruit raising and most desirable residential localities in British Columbia small holdings have been hard to obtain. In the valley of the South Thompson River where nature has been prodigal with those gifts which makes for the success of the orchardist, the most desirable

lands have been held for years by the stock raiser and have been cultivated on an extensive scale for fodder crops only, instead of being settled in small holdings and intensively cultivated by fruit growers as nature intended they should be. The large prices offered for the ranche lands by those who realized their value as fruit lands failed to tempt the stockmen who were contented with the returns derived from their herds, so the more important industry lagged behind in the Kamloops district while it flourished in the Okanagan. Time has altered this to a slight extent and now one of the oldest and best known stock ranches in the Province has been secured by the B. C. Orchard Lands, Ltd., which is now offering the first block of subdivided lands to purchasers who desire small holdings in a good district. This estate which has been called "Sunnyside," lies on the north bank of the South Thompson River, on which it has a frontage on four and a half miles. The soil is a rich clay loam and as it has been irrigated for fodder crops for nearly forty years is in the very best possible condition for the planting of orchards. No clearing is necessary and the land is free from stones. Lying as it does on the north band of the river the entire estate slopes gently to the south and obtains the benefit of all the sun in a country noted for its prodigality of sunshine. It is sheltered from the north and east winds by the fir-clad hills behind, which rise in park like terraces higher and higher, until they reach the height of land overlooking Adams Lake. From any point on the land the outlook is superb, a veritable panorama of river, range and foothills spreads itself before the eye, and no more enticing surroundings could be imagined for a prosperous and contented settlement engaged in pleasant occupations, as profitable as they are pleasant. The educational, religious and social advantages of Kamloops are at the disposal of the residents of "Sunnyside" as it is only a four hours drive over good roads; a three hours journey by launch or steamer, or an hour's trip by train from the city. It is the intention of the Company to augment the work of nature in

making "Sunnyside" an ideal residential community as well as a prosperous one and the lots will only be sold to desirable settlers, who agree to conditions which will make for the interests of all without being burdensome to any. The block which has been laid out has been sur-

hundred or more families instead of a single family and with usual ranch help. The development of just such tracts of fruit land will ensure increased settlement for the Kamloops District.

At the present time more than ordinary interest centers in the development of



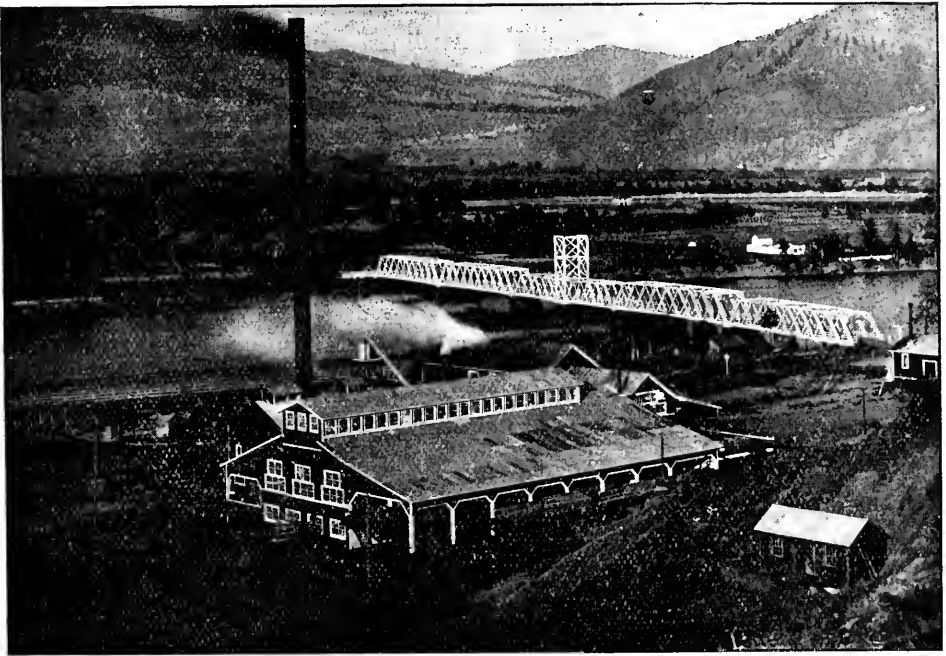
Orchard and Water Scenes at "Sunnyside."

veyed in such a way that each holding has a main irrigation ditch within its boundaries and all face a full width road. Ample river frontage remains unalienated and will be kept for the benefit of all residents. Within a few short years this property will be the home of a

the lumber industry and of all those who are engaged in exploiting the natural resources of the Kamloops District the lumberman is the most energetic and progressive as well as the most farsceing. The bast timber areas which lie along the magnificent water stretches provided

by the North and South Thompson Rivers, and Shuswap and Adams Lake, have attracted the attention of the lumber barons in quest of new worlds to conquer, new forests to fell and new mills to feed. The Kamloops District contains some of the best timber in a province noted for the extent of its forest resources. Not so large in size as the giant firs and cedars of the coast districts, the timber trees of the interior by reason of their slower growth are finer in grain and tougher in texture than the more rapidly matured trees obtainable on the limits

last season amounted to over 8,000,000 feet BM. The Shuswap Lake limits supplied 20,000,000 feet BM., and from other sources were drawn logs cutting about 20,000,000 feet BM. The mills of the City are the Lamb-Watson Company's plant with a daily capacity of 40,000 feet BM. per day, and the Thompson River Lumber Company mill cutting 15,000 feet B.M. per day. The Adams River Lumber Company has in course of erection a mill which will have when completed a daily cut of 100,000 feet BM. and will draw its raw material from



One of the Big Mills.

situated where the rainfall is heavier. Fir, red pine, white pine, cedar, spruce, hemlock, birch and cottonwood provide the material which is made into lumber in the mills of Kamloops and district. On the limits now being logged the fir and red pine and the cedar predominate, but beyond the limits where the camps are at present operating the spruce becomes most plentiful. The principal source of supply for Kamloops mills lies in the valley of the North Thompson and along Shuswap Lake and its arms. In the North Thompson Valley the cut

immense limits which the company has secured about Adams Lake. Besides these larger concerns there are small mills operating at different points in the district; at Grande Prairie, at Sunnyside, at Ducks, at the Iron Mask Mine and other places. The average number of men employed by the various lumbering concerns operating in the district is about 300 and the average pay roll amounts to over \$20,000 per month. This includes employees of the logging camps as well as of the mills. The equipment of the mills is of the most modern kind and

the Lamb-Watson Company has a plant which for economy in production, ease and speed in handling material and quality of output is second to none in the Province. The output of this mill as well as that of the Monarch Lumber Company is sold almost to the last stick in the provinces east of the mountains. The output of the Adams R. Lumber Company will also be for shipment to the east, while the smaller plants supply the local trade.

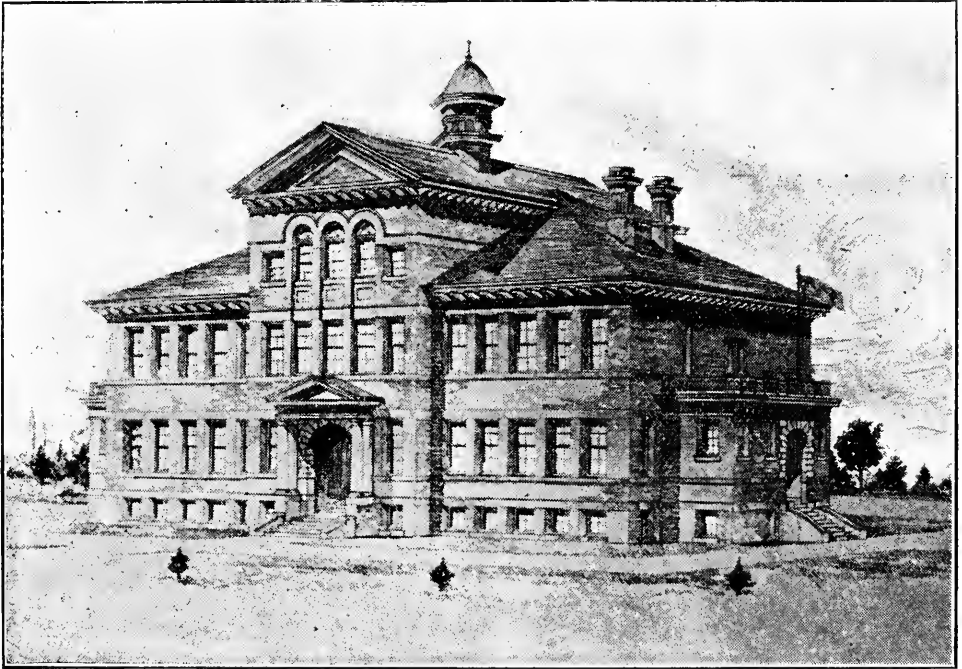
The Kamloops District covers an area of mineralized lands which bids fair to become one of the most important of the many mining sections of the Province. From the cinnabar deposits near Savonas on the west to the cottonbelt galena locations on Seymour Arm on the east; from the gold quartz finds of Stump Lake on the south to the coal fields of the North Thompson Valley the entire district is rich in minerals, not of one kind but of several. Immediately south of the city and only a few short miles away lies what is known as the Kamloops camp which has up to the present time been the principal scene of mining activity in the district. This camp lies in a belt of basic granite rocks traversing the country in and east and west direction for a distance of some seven miles. The belt has an extreme width of nearly three miles between the tertiary beds on the north and the contact with the Nicola series on the south. The outcrops of mineral bearing rocks occur throughout the entire area and several veins of large size and containing good values in copper and gold have been opened up by workings of greater or less extent. Coal Hill is a prominent high part of this belt and on this hill the greater part of the development work has been done. In the "Iron Mask" the owners have a property which is a fully developed mine down to the 700-ft. with ore blocked out and work well ahead. Here the ore body is of large size and the average grade of the ore is high. The surface equipment, buildings and machinery are all of the best and the Company operates its own sawmill, concentrator, small smelting plant, electric lighting plant and compressor. About 20,000 tons

of ore have been shipped from this property before for some unknown reason work was suspended and development ceased for a time. The difficulties have now been adjusted and the owners are preparing to reopen on a larger scale than before. A new shaft of larger capacity will be sunk and a larger hoisting plant installed. A large smelter will be erected and the ore treated at home instead of being shipped to outside reduction works. This will ensure a large addition to the pay roll distributed in the city and will also ensure the opening up of other properties in the vicinity which are now lying idle for want of local treatment facilities. Several other properties have been developed to a less extent than has the Iron Mask. The "Peacock" has a large amount of underground work done and the mine is developed to the 300-foot level. This property was closed down for some time but has recently been sold to an English company and will be reported at an early date. The "Python" has also a large amount of work done and recent development in the long tunnel driven to cross cut the vein at some depth below the bottom of the shaft has proved the existence of the orebody at depth. This tunnel, which is some 500 feet in length, was driven for the purpose of draining the upper workings as well as for developing the mine. Work is kept up continuously on the "Wheal Tamar" where a large body of medium grade ore has been proved up from whence shipments can commence at any time after local facilities for treatment have been provided. The Kimberley group, the Truth group, the Old Dominion group, the Orphan Bop group, the Last Chance, the Evening Star, the Mountain, the Ajax group, the Laura and many other prospects on the hill are all worthy the attention of mining capital and it is only a matter of time before this capital will be forthcoming in quantities. At nearly all these properties the limit that can be reached by the ordinary prospector has been reached and the assistance of the promoter and the capitalist has become more necessary.

In addition to the ranching, farming, fruit growing, mining and lumbering in-

dustries which must at all times contribute to the prosperity of the city and which will as the years roll on and development proceeds largely increase in importance, there are other sources to draw from. A brewery and bottling works running to its utmost capacity, a cigar manufactory employing from twenty to thirty hands, a sash and door factory, a large brickyard, two furniture manufacturing establishments, and a harness and saddlery manufactory and two printing establishments add their

scenic beauty. Since the first stockade fort was built a century ago the place has gradually increased in size and importance. Through all the stages of trading post distributing point, cow town, railway construction centre, straggling town, the growth has been steady and substantial until the one time hamlet has become an incorporated city boasting many of the conveniences of modern metropolitan life. The city has the reputation in the Province of being conservative and inclined to be easy going, yet



The High School.

quota to the pay roll expended in the course of manufacturing.

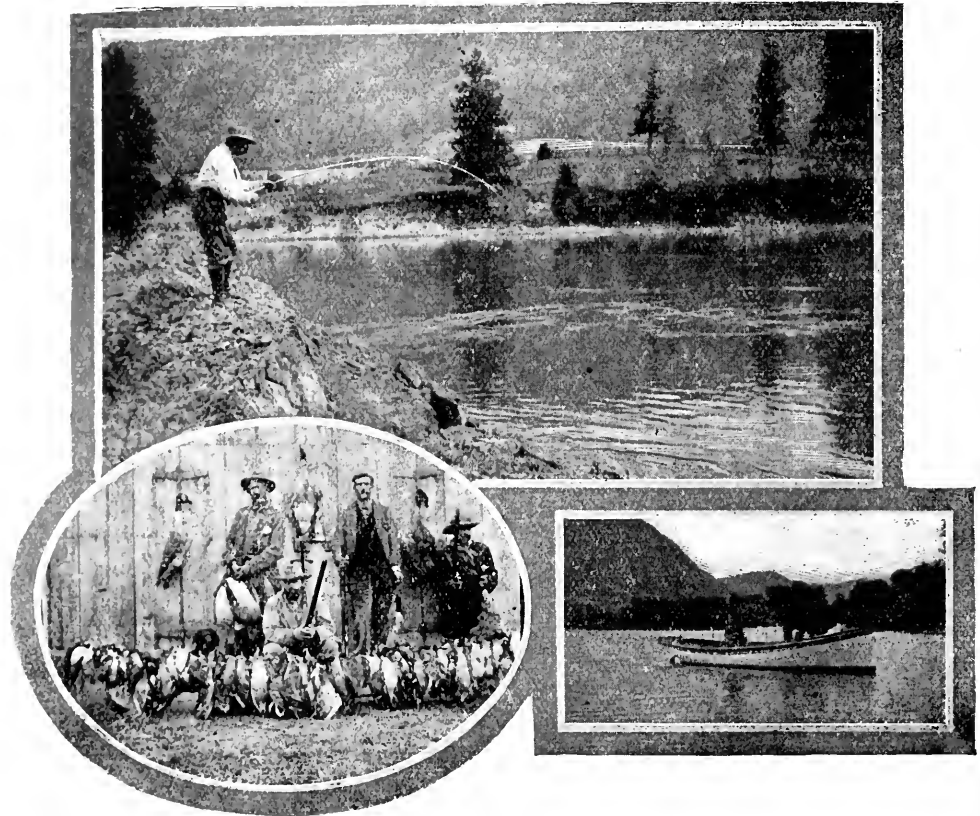
Picturesquely situated along the base of a high plateau which fringes the south bank of the Thompson River and opposite the mouth of the North Thompson River, Kamloops has been favoured by nature with an ideal site. The situation was chosen by those intrepid pioneers who erected the first fort in 1813 and one is almost led to believe that it was selected not only for its strategic position at the centre of an immensely rich country but also for the added charm of

this young city has its own electric light and water systems, an electric fire alarm system and a modern sewerage system. It has an up to date fire fighting apparatus, and a conveniently arranged central fire hall. It has broad and well kept streets, lined with an abundance of graceful shade trees, and trim velvety lawns marking the many comfortable home sites that are owned by a settled and prosperous people. Besides the conveniences of modern life which are owned by the city the residents have all the usual ones supplied by other concerns. Tele-

phone connection with all points on the lines to the south; telegraphic communication with the world; express and money order offices; good schools and hospitals, churches and lodges, in fact all the requirements for a comfortable, convenient existence amidst the most desirable surroundings.

Kamloops holds out all the induce-

addition to these there are the numerous railway organizations and trades unions, and a branch of the Western Federation of Miners. The different denominational bodies have the usual affiliated societies working in connection with the churches. The city has a well conducted club for the older men and their friends, and the Kamloops Musical and Athletic Associa-



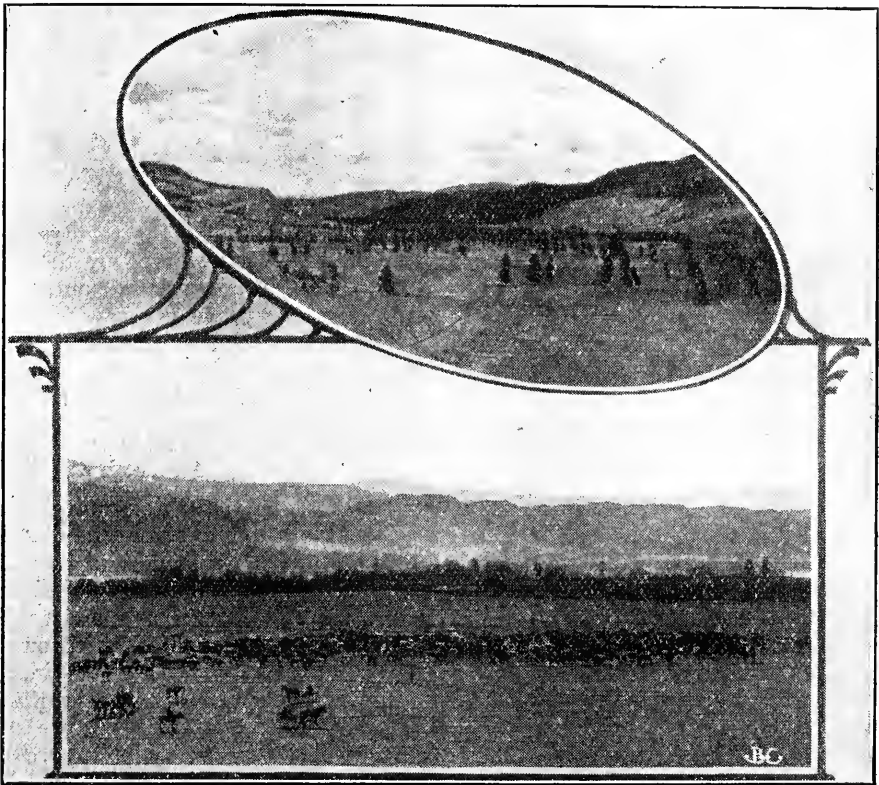
Shooting and Fishing.

ments which any town can hold out for the social and physical well being of its residents. The various secret and benefit societies are well represented and among those organizations which have a large and active membership may be mentioned Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, the Independent Order of Foresters, the Ancient Order of Foresters, the Knights of Pythias, the L. O. L., the Sons of England Benefit Society. In

tion serves a like purpose for the younger men. The latter organization has a large and well equipped gymnasium which, as occasion requires, can be converted into a public hall, with a good stage, which is used for theatrical and operatic work, for concerts, meetings and balls. There is also a good reading room for use of members of the association. Both political parties have organizations in town and the Conservative Club is conducted in connection with the district associa-

tion. They have large and commodious quarters in the Noble Block. The devotees of the various outdoor games will find kindred spirits here in several branches of sport. Amongst the clubs having in view the interests of sport might be mentioned the Lacrosse Club; baseball and football clubs; hockey clubs, both ice and ground hockey having devotees; a tennis club and a polo club. As is natural in any horse raising country considerable interest is taken in rac-

sport with rod, shot gun or rifle. On this will often depend the choice when two or more districts are under consideration and in this respect the Kamloops District can compare favourably with all parts of British Columbia and is superior to most. In no other part of the Province can so varied an assortment of game, furred, finned or feathered, be secured without an undue expenditure of time and money. The wide choice of varieties, the accessibility of



Stockraising.

ing and two meets are held in each year at Alexandra Park where is situated the best track in the Province. The spring meet is held under the auspices of the Polo Club and the autumn one under the direction of the Kamloops District Agricultural Association.

To many of those who are contemplating a change of residence an important factor in the choice is the opportunities which the new home may offer for

the different shooting grounds and fishing waters, the magnificent weather which prevails throughout the shooting season and the picturesque surroundings of mountain wood and water combine to make the Kamloops District an ideal one for a sportsman's outing and in no direction, nor in any quest need he return without a satisfactory bag. If the enquirer is an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton and would test his skill with fly

or bait, he may take his choice of many waters. All along the Thompson or the North Thompson Rivers and in every tributary stream, trout, strong and game to the last degree, may be brought to grass. The several kinds of trout, with one exception, are said to be identical in species, differing only in size and colour in the different waters. The one distinct species, the best known and most sought for of the game fish of the Interior, is the Silver trout (*Salmo Kamloopis*), the strongest, gamest fish that ever tried an angler's tackle. This trout may be taken in all the local waters but is most plentiful in the Thompson River. The wing shot can obtain good sport in his line with as little trouble as does his brother angler. Within a day's ride of the city in any direction, a good bag may always be secured with the shotgun, in season. Wild fowl of all kinds and sizes, ranging from the great Whistling swan to the fast flying little teal, are plentiful in all the lakes which lie scattered over the wind swept, bunch grass ranges. Of geese, there are two varieties, the Canada Goose and the American White Fronted Goose, the former being very abundant and the latter fairly so at certain seasons. Mallard, Widgeon, Teal, Pintail, Spoonbill and Gadwell are the most abundant of the true ducks, but many of the sea ducks are also to be found. For those who prefer upland shooting there are plenty of grouse, the family being well represented all through the district. The Canada Ruffed Grouse and the Blue Grouse are particularly abundant, and the Columbian Sharp-tailed Grouse or Prairie Chicken is becoming more plentiful every season. The big game hunter too has a good variety to choose from. Grizzly Bear and Black Bear are both plentiful in several parts of the district and the sportsman in search of the pelt of either may be sure of a shot without having to go far. The Mule Deer is plentiful and good deer

shooting may be obtained in any direction from the city after not more than a few hours drive. The deer is the open park, like ranges of the dry belt, is at his very best, and will always afford excellent sport and good heads. For caribou the sportsman must go farther afield, but in the country about Adams Lake and north of Shuswap Lake and in the valley of the North Thompson about Clearwater Radifer Caribou ranges in immense herds. Mountain Goat are plentiful too in the Adams Lake country, but sheep are rather scarce in this district, although there are points within reasonable distance where the sportsman may secure this, the most prized of mountain trophies.

One of the most valuable assets which Kamloops and its tributary districts possess is the climate. It is not a merchantable commodity and for that reason is perhaps rarely considered by those who might by a little effort and outlay, properly directed, turn the days of sunshine into golden dollars. Publicity is the "open sesame" to the treasure which our clear, dry days have in store. The wealthy valetudinarian is here told of our climatic advantages and the attractiveness of the district as a place of residence so that he can ascertain for himself the truth of the statement that British Columbia's "dry belt" and Kamloops, in particular, stands supreme as a health resort. Spring opens early and the long summer days which follow throughout the summer stay with us far into the autumn. Days of clear sky, bright sun, and dry, crisp air are a feature of all the seasons, and the winters are as a rule as pleasant as the summer in this respect. The snow fall is slight and the temperature never too low for comfort and health. The climate of the district is dry the entire year, the average rainfall for the year scarcely ever exceeding one and one-quarter inches per month.

Joe's Closest Shave.

By E. M. Durham.

A SMALL group of prospectors and miners sat around on the porch of a boarding house, telling each other about their experiences.

"The closest shave that I ever had," said old Joe Dilson, "was up on the Chimdemes Mountain about ten or eleven years ago. Me an' my partner, Bill Jenkins—y'u know him Sanderson," turning towards a small, wiry, middle-aged man who sat on a low stool playing with a big grey dog.

"Who's that?" said Sanderson, glancing at Joe.

"Bill Jenkins; him that struck it rich up in the Omineca; went down to San Francisco, lived too high and went bust; then went to Klondyke, I believe. I dont know what became of him after that."

"I remember him. Got killed up there, I heard," replied Sanderson, and went on fondling the dog.

"Well," continued Joe, "men an' Bill was going out to hunt goats up on the Chimdemes Mountain. It was autumn then; y'u know what it's like on the Skeena in autumn; some of y'u have been there, so yu'll know. Well it's just as wet an' ugly as ever I like to see.

"Come back to my story. Where was I? Oh! I remember. We climbed and climbed up the steep, slippery slopes an' cliffs 'till we were so tired we were just about ready to drop. We only got about half way up on the mountain that day; we quit climbin' at half-past four o'clock and started to make our camp. We chose a sheltered little corner for the camp alon'side of a hog-bank, where the wind couldn't blow the rain and sleet under our fly. Well, Bill says to me: 'Say Joe, you jest take a little skoot

around and see if y'u can find some dry wood while I fixes up the fly" I says: 'All right,' and starts off.

"I had my old six-shooter then, same es now. I allus carry it about with me, because, y'u see, I got kind of an effection for it; it—he's got me out' o so many tight holes.

"Come back to my story again— Well, I goe sup'n top of the hog-back, that we was campin' alongside of, and looks around to see if there was any dry wood. Es any prospector would do, I takes a look up a bluff that was going up jest behind the hog-back. Oh! I guess it was about sixty feet high; maybe more an' maybe less, and pretty good and steep, I tell y'u. I looks pretty hard at a little spot of white thet wus up'n a little bit o' rock thet wus stickin' out from the bluff. 'Must be a goat,' says I to myself; I'll jest go around and git on top of that ledge thet was running alon' the bluff about twenty feet above the goat. Well, I gets up on top of the ledge all right and crawls along to the other end of it, which was right above the goat. At the end of the ledge there was a ravine or gulley that went down the bluff right to where the goat was camping—but I never troubles to look around it, I jet lays down flat and says to myself as I cocks my revolver and takes aim at the goat: 'Good-bye my hearty.' Then I shoots at it. I hit it sure enough, but not enough to hurt, for it looks around to see where the bullet and noise come from, then he looks up where I was and I shoots him in the head, so thet he dropped down dead. 'Gone goose now, fer sure,' says I es I turns to get up.

"The end of the ledge wus at my right hand side and es I am naturally right-

handed, I of course turns to the right to get up. But Glory Hallilujah!! what does I see but a monster of a grizzly b'ar coming around the corner towards me! Well, I tell y'u, it scared me out of my wits so that I drops my six-shooter which fell and landed clear on the old goat. The grizzly he comes an' sniffs around me, but I pretends to be dead and lays with face downward so that he couldn't get at my face and throat. When the bear got tired of sniffin' at me he started to poke an' shove till I feels myself slippin off the ledge and falling—falling. Well, I'm dratted if I didn't land right on top of the goat, gun an' all with never so much as a hurt, except for a few bruises and bumps.

"I turns around—(Y'u see I fell face downwards, jest es I was layin' on the ledge.) Now, what was I saying? Oh, yes! I turns around an' sits up and looks up at the ledge, but I couldn't see no bear up there, so I says to myself: 'The fool 'll be coming down the gulley. Y'u better watch out, Joe.'

"So I picks up my six-shooter and looks it over to see if it was all right, and no sooner hed I looked it over an' seen that there wus four good shots in it, when Mr. Grizzly comes down the

gulley with a scatter of rocks an' stones, an' things.

"'Now,' says I, now Mr. Grizzly yu've got a harder customer to deal with and lets fly at him an' hits him in the breast, but I tell y'u them grizzlys er pretty hard customers, for thet there b'ar kept coming up to me on his hind legs. 'Y'u might es well die a hard death es not,' says I to him and shoots him twice more, which was all he wanted—he breathed his last there and then.

"Then I sits down and rests while I look at my goat and grizzly. By an' by I hear Bill a-callin' me, so I hollers back to him; then I sees him over on the hog-back, so I waves my hat and hollers: 'It's a goat and grizzly, so bring over a rope.'

"When Bill hed brought the rope up'n top of the ledge, he drops one end of it down to me and I ties it around the grizzly and then climbs up. (I was a pretty good climber them days). Then Bill an' me hauls up the b'ar and I goes down again and ties the rope around the goat. Then I climbs up again and pulls the goat up after me, an' I says to Bill: 'Here's for home in the mornin',' Bill, old boy."

THE STAR OF EMPIRE

By James Lambie.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way":
 The poet-prophet said unto our sires;
 And still the truth his ardent words attires,
 For progress has an occidental sway.
 But what need we the brief imperial day
 That's fraught with strife and internecine broils!
 Why should the worker who, in travail, toils,
 Gain power for others by a bloodier fray?
 Oh! rather let our star of empire be,
 Dominion o'er our meaner minds and hearts;
 And whether gained through Christ on Calvary,
 Or those calm truths philosophy imparts,
 We then might to the eastward nations say:
 "The west'ring star, at length, has come our way."



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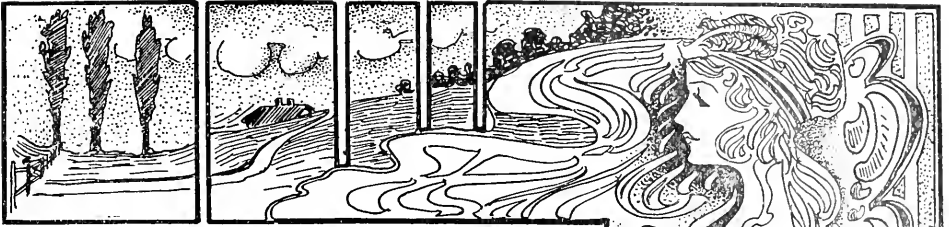


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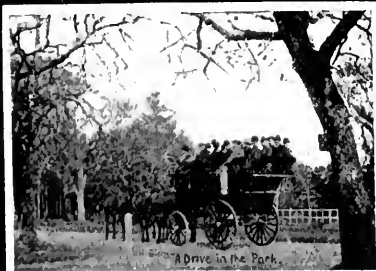
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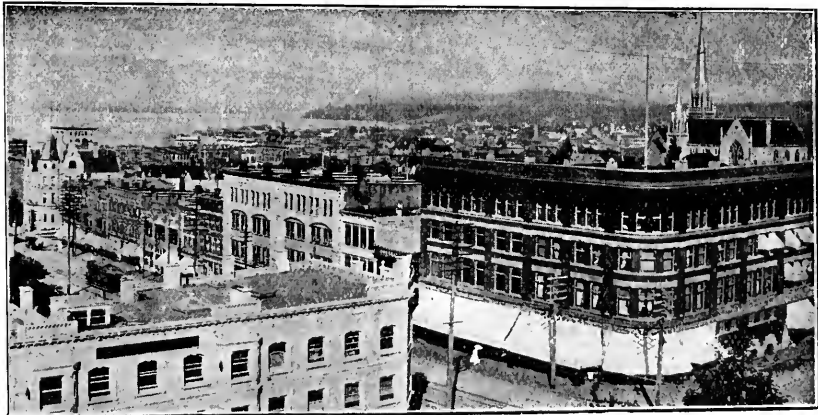
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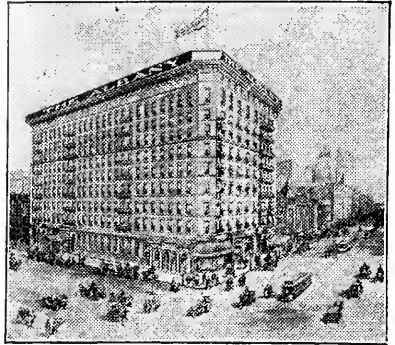
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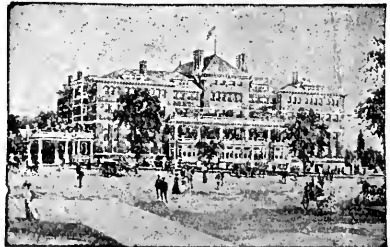
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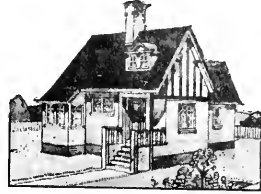
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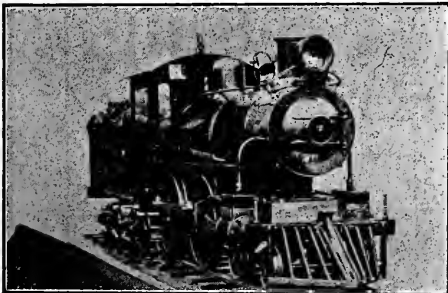


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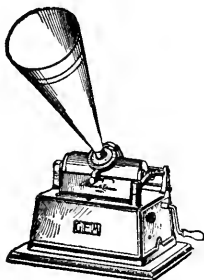
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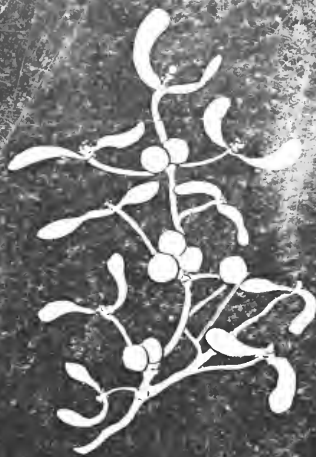
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1907

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Westward Ho! Magazine

WILLIAM BLAKEMORE,
Editor-in-Chief.

PERCY F. GODENRATH,
Business Manager

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GENERAL AGENTS

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Burwash, Nov. 6th, 1907.

W. Blakemore, Esq.,
Editor Westward Ho!

Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge with thanks your letter of October 14th, reminding me of my promise to write something for your Magazine in the near future. I feel that I am so full of impressions of my wonderful visit to Canada that it will take me some time to reduce them to order, and in the meantime I am afraid that I cannot force myself to think in any other direction. Please, therefore, do not count on my contribution for your Xmas number as you kindly propose.

I wish Westward Ho! Magazine every success.

Yours sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Changed Conditions.

In the short space of one month business conditions in British Columbia have undergone a complete change. A month ago everything was busy and nearly everything was booming, now nearly all native industries have closed down. Smelting, lumbering and logging are at a complete standstill, and mining has been reduced by at least two-thirds; and yet there is no ground for pessimistic outlook. The crisis has been precipitated by money stringency, but while this is the immediate cause, the fundamental reasons lie much deeper. The expansion of trade and commerce on this continent has been so enormous, production has increased at such a rate that it has outgrown its sinews, and there is not money enough to go round. The position of the Western world is precisely like that of a man who, having run a small business successfully, attempts to run a large business without a proportionate increase in his capital. This could go on for a little while by dint of trading on credit, and increasing obligations, but a day always comes when notes fall due, and when they can no longer be renewed. That day has come for the Western world, and in a sense it has gone into voluntary liquidation, and while necessary adjustments are being made, the works are shut down. Beyond this general principle which operates in all commercial communities, and at all

times, there have been other contributing features which if they have not produced, have precipitated the crisis. These may be classified as excessive wages, high cost of living, over speculation; and south of the line, loss of confidence in the financial institutions of the country. All these are temporary conditions which can be ameliorated. The principles of social economy are now so well understood, and so widely accepted that all classes of the community share in the profits, of good times, and suffer the losses of bad ones. Perhaps not in the most spontaneous manner, for unfortunately readjustments of values, whether in wages or material are more frequently arbitrary than automatic, but there are natural laws which determine and govern the adjustment. Those laws are now very evidently in operation, and before the period of prosperity which this continent has enjoyed for several years is renewed, there will have to be a general reduction of wages concurrently with a decrease in the price of necessaries, and a careful handling of the financial situation looking to the restoration of confidence. Political economy is an exact science; it has solved many problems, and has thrown light on matters which greatly puzzled past generations, but it has made no appreciable advance in the direction of explaining, or anticipating good and bad times. The most astute financiers fail to see them coming, and it is only when they are upon us

that we begin to summarize the causes which have contributed to bring them about. This is because there is a human element in commerce which refuses to be bound by cast iron regulations, which will never learn wisdom, which does not believe in saving for a rainy day, and which is gifted with such a sublime optimism, that when good times are on, it believes they will last forever. Such a spirit is invaluable even if it courts occasional disaster. It is the spirit which overcomes every depression, and when the temporary inconvenience is past, swiftly recovers itself. Of all places, the Canadian West has least occasion to repine, its boundless resources, good government, enterprising spirit and business organization will effectually save it from anything worse than temporary inconvenience.

Municipal Politics.

By common consent municipal politics in the West have kept free from the entanglements of ordinary party politics. It is realized that men of divergent political views may advantageously co-operate in the administration of civic affairs. The principles which underlie, or at any rate, which should underlie, party politics, cannot by the widest stretch of the imagination be demonstrated to have any connection with municipal management. It is greatly to be feared, however, that civic administration in the West is not an unmeasured success. There is general dissatisfaction both in Victoria and Vancouver. It is claimed with truth that the sanitary arrangements are inadequate, and in some respects disgraceful. The streets are neglected. Victoria has a totally inadequate water-supply, and the only satisfactory thing in either city is the electric light, which is furnished by private enterprise. Further, there are complaints, especially in Vancouver, at the manner in which the police perform their duties. Neither person nor property have been protected as they ought, and certain sections of the city are a constant source of trouble. In Victoria the Mayor is a laughing stock, and the Council have shown a remarkable inaptitude for doing

anything but talk. It is about time that the citizens of Victoria and Vancouver began to take a real interest in municipal affairs. The great difficulty is that the best men hold aloof, but this is neither patriotic nor profitable, and both cities have surely reached that stage of development when the best men in the community should be willing to exercise a little self denial in order to ensure good civic administration.

Unique Colonizing.

One of the most important topics now receiving the consideration of British Columbia is that of colonization. Its importance is derived from two facts; the first is, that this Province is suffering from slow growth in the matter of white population; the second is that the most permanent element of population, if indeed it be not the only permanent element, is the land settler. Nearly every other class of labour is transient; when trade depression comes, factories are closed, industries are laid idle, and workmen move to other localities in search of employment. This feature has been strongly emphasized during the last few weeks when upwards of two thousand miners and smelters have left Grand Forks, Phoenix and Greenwood for the States. There will be no large permanent increase in our population until there are more settlers on the land. The man who grows his own produce is the only man who is absolutely independent of trade conditions. He may have a pinch when the selling price of his commodities falls, but he is always sure of food and a roof. Those who have studied the question are convinced that the only remedy is the establishment of some well-devised colonization scheme. Combination is necessary to achieve the best results in land settlement, and what individual effort is only able to do on a small scale, organized effort can accomplish on broad and successful lines. Several such schemes have been mooted, they all have merits, but the best which has come under the notice of "Westward Ho" is one which has just been formed in Vancouver upon model lines. The modus operandi, which was highly suc-

cessful in certain localities in the United States is remarkably simple. According to their propaganda, the Dominion Homeseekers' Association interest would be settlers in the possibilities and advantages of British Columbia; and when a certain number have signified their willingness to cooperate, a club is formed, numbering a hundred or more families, to whom is submitted reports on tracts of land which offer the greatest inducements as to soil, water supply, price and terms. The club then appoints a committee composed of its own members who make a thorough investigation of the tracts of land, and submit their report. The land is not bought by the club as a club, but

each individual makes his purchase at the wholesale price, as if bought in any other way. The centre of the chosen property is laid out as a townsite, and town lots are platted. The balance of the land is subdivided into one, two and a half, five and ten-acre tracts. In each the club will have the fixing and arranging of the grading price. The scheme certainly possesses elements of success and will no doubt appeal to many who are desirous of acquiring land, but who are either not able or not competent to judge for themselves. It is to the interest of the Province to encourage every "bona fide" colonization scheme; settlement is the desideratum.



The Mystery of Good.

By Frederick J. Scott.

O! strange, mysterious melody,
Breathing the good and purity
Of Nature's ways, we know not whence
Come those immortal strains that steep
The soul in Love, and banish Hate
When we incline to thee. Perchance,
Thou art the spirit of the Child,
Who in a lowly manger lay.

Heard in the Club.

By Clive Phillipps Wolley.

SURGEON—"The mere existence of pain is in itself enough to disprove the existence of a beneficent Almighty."

ATHLETE—"Yes, if you look on your body as an armchair for your soul. I look on mine as a gymnasium for it. What do you say, Hayseed?"

HAYSEED—

Under my window I planted a rose
 Made it a nest with my own two hands
Where Sweetness of Home in the springtide grows
 Brought from the dearest of all dear lands
Where the sunbeams cling until evenings close
I planted and tended my rose, my rose.

At the call of Spring through my window panes
 Daffodil, violet, all sweet eyes
That laughed with the lad in his English lanes
 Pitying smiled at the old man's sighs
A secret there is which my garden knows
Art climbing to tell it me rose, my rose?

Climb on sweet fool, thou canst never attain
 Though love leads upwards and love's thy life
Nursed by the sunshine and fed by the rain
 Cruelly kind is the Gardener's knife
Thine innocent hope to the earth He throws
Yet love Him and trust Him—He knows, He knows.

But this rose, sweet rebel was Island-bred
 Not to be crushed in a first emprise
Its blind roots sought for a wider bed
 Lowlier room for its energies
My garden was wide but the way was barred
Narrowed and cramped by the Gardener's shard.

It might not climb and it could not creep
 There seemed no way it might reach its goal
Till the strength and sweetness that would not sleep
 Surged to its centre and formed its soul
Now nightingales sing as the bud uncloses
'Twas pain made perfect your Rose of Roses.

Life At Fort Simpson 20 Years Ago.

By Velma.

IT was a delightful balmy morning in August when I arrived at Ft. Simpson, now known as Port Simpson, over twenty years ago. The voyage which lasted for ten days was made on the "Princess Louise," commanded by Capt. Wm. Meyer. The trip was especially interesting, as there were so many Victorians taking advantage of the excursion rates to enjoy a trip to what was to many of them, an unknown country. The picture from the steamer's deck was one continuous panorama. The moss-covered hills, the rippling blue water topped by stately pines and cedars, almost to the water's edge, precipitous bluffs rising out of the sea, then beautiful vistas of distant shores, which had looked only a grey haze in the bright sunshine, but on coming nearer developed shades of green, tinged with bright colors like that of departing autumn. Passing through the waters of Queen Charlotte, and Milbank Sounds, the sea gets heavier, and there is very little protection from wind, no convenient harbors being accessible, and through the fast gathering shadows of evening, the only evidence of life outside the confines of our staunch little steamer are the glimmering lights of some passing ship. While lying at anchor near Gold Harbor, our thoughtful Captain organized a visit to the village in one of the steamer's boat. The Indians had just returned from the season's fishing, and were celebrating as only Indians can. They were short, stolid looking individuals with abnormally large heads and receding foreheads. Their faces were painted the most vivid tints of red, and they were accompanied by droves of fierce-looking, short-legged

husky dogs who walked beside their owners as they made innumerable trips from canoe to lodge unloading the supplies of crockery, food, dried fish and blankets, which they had purchased at some of the Hudson Bay posts. We went into a very spacious log and driftwood lodge to pay our respects to the chief, but the only occupant was a tiny papoose tied fast in a bark cradle and lying close beside a large open fire. It was more than we could bear, to see this wee infant unable to help itself lying there almost roasting alive, so we moved it to a distance where we felt sure it would be comfortable and safe. Presently the mother, a fierce-looking old squaw, with her face painted red and black, rushed in and seizing the cradle, placed it in its former position by the fire, at the same time gesticulating in such a wild manner that we prudently withdrew. The photographer of the party placed his camera in position to take a snap-shot of this evil looking woman, but she covered her face with her hands and refused even for a bribe of five dollars, to remove them. We then also visited the old American barracks at Tongas, a mass of ruins, our basket was brought on shore, and in the dilapidated old building, luncheon was partaken of, after which, for the sake of old memories, we sang "The Starspangled Banner," and "Rule Britannia." Mrs. Maynard photographed the party from a high bluff, an interesting group of old Victorians. Mr. and Mrs. C. Kent, the late Mr. J. Weiler, Miss Blenkinsop, now deceased, the daughter of an old H. B. trader; Sheriff Hall, now of Vancouver; the late Mr. and Mrs. Williams, parents of Mr. J. Dassonville;

Dr. Praeger, the mission doctor from Metlakahtla; Chas. W. D. Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. R. Maynard, several Americans, and Capt. Meyer, Purser Frank Williams and the writer. The previous day the captain had tried to land at Massett on one of the Queen Charlotte group, but owing to the sea being rough was forced to abandon the idea. Towards evening the weather being more favorable, a large band of cattle was cast into the sea from the steamer and forced to swim to the island. These had been purchased by Messrs. R. H. Hall, and J. Alexander, H. B. traders, to stock their ranch with at Massett. Numerous descendants of these cattle still roam the island perfectly wild, and are shot for food by whites and natives. Being Sunday morning, the Tsimpseans were returning from church when our steamer was made fast to the wharf at Ft. Simpson, and with the few white residents they thronged the landing. After mid-day dinner I proceeded with many misgivings and tears to pack my valise and land at what appeared to be a most desolate-looking village, and which was destined to be my abode for several years. In the distance various colored low hills and cranberry swamps and tall, lean firs with yellow cedars interspersed; greeted the eye, also a church, fire hall, rows of irregular cottages, an old bastion, and outside the fort gate a tall staff from which floated the Union Jack. Although it was midsummer, I found that at all seasons one could not walk out without overshoes, the mossy, marshland seemed a hidden lake. Huge toads would hop almost from beneath your feet, while porcupines were as numerous as squirrels. I have seen numbers of Indian dogs coming home from a hunt literally covered with quills and suffering intense agony. At the end of the very long landing stands the H. B. store, a whitewashed old building with a steeple, from which a bell tolls the hours of rising, noon time, and evening. It reminded one of an old convent. Adjacent to it, and in the same enclosure, were the residences of the H. B. manager and clerks. In the rear of the store was the bastion which was used for a cow shed,

and the only garden in the settlement planted with currant and raspberry bushes and vegetables was in an adjoining field. At the foot of a hill in this garden was a secluded spot where reposed several old prospectors and some children who had died many years before my arrival, their names painted on rude slabs. There were neither hotels nor stopping places at Ft. Simpson. On the beach was a rough shed called a "guest house," in this building travellers were forced to camp who could not obtain shelter or accommodation at the Company's houses. Our headquarters were made at the Bishop's house, a large unoccupied dwelling on a hill-top, which had been erected for church purposes as well as a residence for Bishop Ridley, the Bishop of the diocese of Caledonia, but owing to dissension in the church at Metlakatla, where Mr. Wm. Duncan was then stationed, the C. M. C. had decided to retain the Bishop at that place until their affairs were settled amicably or otherwise. During the winter of this year, H.M.S. Satellite, commanded by Capt. Theobald, steamed into Ft. Simpson harbor, and after taking on board our S. M. Hon. A. C. Elliot, with a constable, and through the courtesy of the commander, the writer, the ship proceeded to the rebellious village of Metlakahtla. We were conveyed to the town in the ship's launch, and a squad of blue-jackets and marines were paraded. We remained at Metlakatla for several days, a court of inquiry was held, at which presided Attorney-General Davie. Judge H. M. Ball, Hon. Mr. Eliot and Capt. Theobald. Supt. of Police Roycroft had also been sent from Victoria. Several Indians who had been especially demonstrative and threatening, were placed under arrest. There was no rioting, the booming of the ship's big guns at practice in the channel served to inspire respect and fear for British law, though previous to the arrival of the Commission there had been a good deal of anxiety among the white settlers, and Bishop Ridley's adherents, on account of the hostile and intolerant demeanor of Mr. Duncan and his braves. A few months later hundreds of Metlakatla canoes towed by

Mr. Wm. Duncan's gospel steamer sailed away to New Metlakatla, near Kaien Island, where Mr. Duncan has founded a colony which is ruled by him. The Bishop's followers remained at the old town. On Saturday morning the "Satellite" went back to Victoria, and we returned to Ft. Simpson on an immense Hydah canoe manned by four stalwart Indians, reaching our home at seven o'clock in the evening, thoroughly tired after a voyage lasting almost eight hours with an unfavourable wind and sleety rain. On the following morning, Sunday, we attended service at the Methodist church, where Rev. Mr. Crosby officiated. It is quite an imposing edifice, having been built by Indians and capable of seating three or four hundred worshippers. We felt rather backward about entering, as there appeared to be natives only in attendance. After looking through a partly opened door, intending to withdraw, we were startled by the stentorian tones of the parson calling from the pulpit, "Come right up here, Mr. and Mrs. —. There is lots of room." And with every Injun eye upon us, we walked up the aisle and seated ourselves in a pew reserved for white people, and listened to some of the best singing ever heard in an Indian church, also a sermon preached in English by the minister and translated into Tsimpsian by a native preacher. We did not attend regularly after this as the Tsimpsian portion was very tiresome. The manner in which the congregation responded to the collection which was taken up by ushers in the usual manner, was very unique. Those who had no money would place a bangle, or a brooch, usually a silver salmon or dogfish or an eagle, and often a huge safety pin with about twenty-five cents—on the plate. These articles were usually redeemed before the following Sunday, a coin being substituted.

After service we walked across a short-sighted bridge which connects the village with the burial ground, and were greatly surprised to see no signs of Indian relics or totems, although these were to be found almost everywhere in the village. The tombstones were marble or granite

slabs and monuments, and well-to-do Indians often purchased theirs at Victoria, and had them shipped to their homes long before deaths occurred in their families. Sometimes a tombstone adorned the front doorstep for several months and even years, before being removed to the graveyard. One inscription was both pathetic and unique; that, on the headstone over a young Indian girl, "Saire Gamp, aged 17." "A brand snatched from the burning." She was said to have lead a wayward life and was drowned in a squall while on a trip to Masset. A missionary termed her tragic death an interposition of Providence.

We walked home from this little island of the dead, by the beach, as the tide was extremely low. The daily tide is said to be often thirty-five feet. The Islands, Finlayson and Birnie, lie across the harbor, they are uninhabited, but thickly timbered. In the summer we made frequent excursions there for blueberries and salmon berries which grew in great abundance. Wild ducks, a numerous variety, including canvas back and teal, grey and white geese, the northern diver, sometimes called the "loon," from the cry it emits, plover, snipe, sandpipers and godwits, are seen almost everywhere. Our first swan was presented to the Victoria museum, also my pet owl "Jock" who met an untimely death from a mischievous boy's gun.

December 25, 1884, saw our first Christmas in the north. How eagerly we watched for the arrival of the "Barbara Boscowitz," which brought the Christmas mail, the first we had had in six weeks. It was blowing a stiff gale from the southeast and soft snow was falling, but still we waited at the point to catch the first glimpse of the hardy little schooner. A small light was seen miles away, flickering like a candle, it came nearer, and then the cry went up from twenty or more Indian throats, "steam schooner!" Every white and native man, woman and child, was at the landing when the ropes were cast ashore, and before the gang-plank was made fast, eager voices were calling "Any parcels or boxes for me, Purser?" The reply was almost always in the affirmative, and

before many minutes had elapsed, tremulous fingers were tearing open parcels from home, six hundred miles away. Oh! the joy of the Xmas parcels, the many and wonderful things contained therein, from a turkey and plum pudding to articles of apparel, but most welcome of all, books and latest newspapers.

On Xmas eve the village shone like a Bethlehem. There was a lighted candle in each of the twelve panes of every window. These were not extinguished until after midnight, when in perfect darkness the waits, all natives, appeared dressed in white and singing carols, such as we used to sing at old St. John's and the Cathedral: "Hark! the Herald Angels

Sing," and "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

On Christmas morning, about eight o'clock, the villagers marched in single file to all the whites' residences and greeted with "A Merry Xmas." They entered at the front door, being regaled as they passed through with buns and hot coffee, then passing through the back door to the next house, until they had completed the tour. We attended service at ten o'clock. In the afternoon the homeless whites were collected and we sat down to Xmas dinner at one table.

The toast to "Absent friends," was drank, the evening passed merrily, and thus ended Christmas day in the Far North.

"Sonnie."

By Jean Whyte.

THOUGH I am an old man now and many years have passed, some weary ones, some happy ones, never shall I forget the tragedy of Sonnie whose life story I am now about to tell you.

At the time of which I am writing I was station-master at the little village of Angweling in Sussex. The first time I saw him was on Christmas eve, a dreary rainy night it was too. With the hail and rain driving in all directions, not the night one would expect to see a small boy all by himself in the waiting-room of a country railway station. But being Christmas eve, and one of the busiest nights at the station in the whole year, I found myself too fully occupied to think much of the small, pathetic figure in the deary, deserted waiting-room. Finding, however, that he was still sitting in the same place some two hours later, while the trains came and went, some clashing through at express speed, some slow ones, save the mark, some or-

dinary fast trains, and all was bustle and confusion. I went up to him and asked him what he was waiting for. He looked me curiously up and down, but without any appearance of fear. "Who are you waiting for?" I asked. Half puzzled I looked at the little sad and forlorn, but thorough-bred face. "Please, I am waiting for my mother," he replied gently.

"Where is she?" I said, "is she coming by the train?"

"Oh, no; she is over there," pointing with a delicate white hand to the building facing the station.

"What, at the Inn?" I explained.

"Yes," he answered, a warm red flush spreading over the delicate face; "she told me to run in here and stay by the fire until she came."

"Where is your father?" I demanded, "that he allows your mother to leave you here alone?" There was no reply, but the little golden head bent lower and he burst into a fit of sobbing. "Dad-

dy, Daddy,” he sobbed. “Oh Daddy come back for Sonnie.”

“Poor little chap,” I murmured sympathetically, looking down on the golden head. I sat down on the hard bench beside him and by degrees he told me in a broken little voice his story, which I pieced together. He had no brothers or sisters. His Daddy had died a long time ago, about two weeks. He had got a bad cold looking for work, but Mother had said Daddy was not ill really, but one night Daddy came home and went to bed, and he never got up next morning for the doctor said he was dead. Mother got a little work sometimes, but not often, and did not often have money, but when she did they had nice things to eat. But mother had to go out so often to look for work, or call at the Inn about work, so he liked to come to the station as it was so lonely in the bedroom mother had in Mrs. Jones’ cottage in the village street.

He told me his pathetic story bit by bit, between the sobs that shook him from head to foot. I wondered if the little chap was hungry, so considered a bit and asked him what his name was and if he could eat a bun? He smiled through his tears and said: “I am Sonnie, and I would love a bun, though I did have some dinner today.”

“Don’t you always have dinner?” I asked in a horrified tone?

“Yes,” he said, nearly every day, and when I don’t, Mrs. Jones asks if I am hungry and gives me some bread and butter.”

“How old are you?” I next asked. “I am seven years old,” he answered with a proud smile, “and I shall soon be old enough to work for Mother,” he said, smiling at me through his tears. I took him into my private office and put him in a warm corner near the fire and found him some cakes and a cup of milk which a kindly porter heated for me. As he ate with a hungry appetite, we talked. I asked him if he knew it was nearly Christmas time.

“Yes,” he said. “I know it is.”

“What would you like for a Christmas present Sonnie?” I asked him.

“I’d like to see my Daddy better than

anything,” he said, looking up at me with his lovely wistful blue eyes.

“But surely dear,” said I (being myself a family man) “there is some present you would like.”

“Well,” he replied, “I spects it would be to have a horse, cos my Daddy had real live horses once.”

Fortunately I remembered there was a brown paper parcel lying in the corner of my office that I had intended as one of the presents for my chubby little lad Jim, long ago safely in bed, watched and cared for by a loving mother, so I produced the parcel and gave it to him saying: “See, Sonnie, what Daddy Christmas has sent to Sonnie!”

“For me?” he cried with childish glee. His delight was unbounded as he opened the parcel and kissed and squeezed the shaggy gray horse with a fearful and wonderful tail.

I must confess I was myself delighted and experienced a keen sense of pleasure in giving so much joy to the weary little wayfarer.

But I had to run, an express train was whistling round the curve, and I went out to signal. The line was perfectly clear, and I signalled “All Clear,” when something flashed between me and the engine, and to my horror I saw the staggering figure of a woman appear on the side of the line. It was pushed back by two small hands, but alas too late, and as the train thundered through the station I stood sick with fear, afraid to think what sight would meet my eyes. There was a sound in my ears of running waters, but I found it was the voice of the porter. When I got down to the line they were gently lifting the body of little Sonnie. In the baby arms the gray horse all broken and torn was still lovingly held. He was dying though partially conscious. By his side lay the body of his mother dead. Just then the old village church clock struck the hour of midnight and the bells pealed out, and from the village floated across the voice of the waits singing the old Christmas Carol, “Hark the Herald Angels Sing.”

Little Sonnie looked into my face trying to smile bravely in spite of his agony.

“It’s Christmas morning Daddy,” he

cried. "I am coming to show you my horse."

Poor brave little soul, he surely had his reward in meeting the "Daddy" he so dearly loved.

Though in my time I have seen many sad sights, I do not feel ashamed to confess that I broke down and cried like a child over the little hero who gave his

life in trying to save his mother's. He was buried in the pretty village churchyard. Between us we raised a subscription and put a pretty marble cross to mark the last resting place of little Sonnie. On it was inscribed:

"In loving memory of Sonnie, aged seven, who gave his life for his mother."

At The Shack.

By Percy Flage.

And did you then see Shelley plain?
And did he speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems—and new!

I must answer my Browning (if Browning it is) partly in the negative. I saw him plain enough—or was it a dream?—but had no words with him.

Let well enough alone, said I, he has a sharp wit and a keen tongue, and, man, what a vocabulary!

If he stuck to the beaten paths of conventional argument one might venture a friendly tilt up and down the trail—but when he steps aside for epithetical pebbles to his sling, as Daniel O'Connell paralysed the Billingsgate fish wife with his "profane parallelogram!" and "hypocritical hypothenuse!" what Goliath could stand before him?

What new variant of the "muddied oaf" stigma might he not apply to the unfortunate shoulders of one who annoyed him?

How would you like to win the fame of posterity as the first man who was called a "Tomlinsonian entity," by Kipling? No—hush!

Mine was the fortune at Alberni to obtain from the Hiram Walker Club permission to snap the massed features of those assembled to do their hero honour—and in that menial but union protected capacity I was able to observe and take mental notes for the benefit of those who gnashed at the outer door.

At a quarter to one o'clock the vast hall was thronged. The three dining tables that ran concurrently from the bench of honour near the raised dais of the musicians, far to the dim illimitable distances of a perspective vanishing point, were flanked by six endless rows of hungry and expectant males.

The walls were draped with the flags of all nations (Japan, perhaps, excluded) and festooned with the green and yellow turbans of countless slaughtered sikhs.

The balconies—oh, Romeo!—were hanging gardens of Babylon, where Eve in all her glory was arrayed quite different to these.

The less than hum of subdued murmurs in the great galleries of femininity, floated airy above a well of abso-

lute silence where sat and fasted the charter members of the club.

"Tis merry in the Hall, when beards wag all," but the attendant quarter-hour that precedes a feast is clammy with gloom—and as I ran my eye along the serried ranks of bun and salad, cold turkey and sliced chicken all standing at breathless attention I shuddered, lest that should befall us which once happened to the shame and confusion of Glasgow.

The good Whigs of Glasgow, early in the last century when Whiggism was at the acme of its social prestige, were hidden to a midday dinner in the town hall or market place, to meet and greet and hear some noble or semi-royal personage from the south whose attendance at that town and on that occasion was held to be not less than epoch-making. They flocked in many thousands and being seated, as these of Alberni, before a great array of tempting dishes, caution was loudly given by the Master of Ceremonies that no one should uncourteously break bread or taste drink until the baronial guest arrived and took his place.

The minutes dragged slowly. The royal coach horses, mired somewhere below the coogate dragged slower yet, but the canny Glaswegians held out dourly till in an unhappy moment some clumsy or careless hand toying with an empty fork, dropped it on his yet empty plate.

The clanging sound reverberating to that end of the hall farthest from possible vision of his Lordship's entry was heard as a preliminary summons to begin.

Hands began to move and heads to bob, a dish clattered here and a spoon there, the panic spread contagiously and like a merry feu de joie ran up this table and down that to such effect that when the Duke entered fifteen minutes late and puffing apologies there were not in the whole room enough crumbs left to say grace over.

Stand fast—Alberni!

There is a flutter in the atmosphere, whispers of "Is that him?" "Ain't he sweet?" "So like his portrait, dear!"—but no—tis O'Shaughnessy, the caterer, counting forks for the last time and casting a Sherlock Holmes eye about in quest of souvenir hunters.

Now, then! In He comes, with seven

solid citizens in tail male, the band playing Conquering Heroes and the ruck roaring hysterically.

God Save the King, all standing, and, then to feed.

There is comparative comfort in the room and a sense of peaceful ease while the men folk are eating and the women looking on.

How like an ancient English Hall it is, with the warriors at meat in the one great chamber, musicians harping softly to their pleasure and ladies half hidden bending from their tapestried bowers.

Very solemn these last, and earnestly studious of the striking scene below them.

I see their wide eye search this way and that to fix steadfastly on some to them perhaps not lesser hero than the chief guest.

Confidences are exchanged. Words are passed from ruby lips to shell-like ear. Are they vaunting each to each the worth of their own good man?

I from my vantage point can hear something of this:

"Just look at Tom wolfing down that cold potato salad and smiling like a gargoyle! Wouldn't he make a row if I gave him a bunch like that?"

As the last sigh of contentment is lost among the rafters the chairman rises and with a not unnatural nervousness presents to us "Mr. Kailyard Kipling, creator of the Rudyard school of diction—author of 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep' ('Bless me—I thought Mother Goose wrote that!'" says one on my left), and "other stories' too numerous to mention—second only to Hall Caine and Marie Corelli as a psychologist he only awaits the retirement of Alfred Austin to forge (not using forge in the sense of plagiarise) to the front rank of poetry writers. The Gilbert Parker of the British Empire—Our Guest!"

And Our Guest spoke something as follows: It is with mingled feelings of envy and gratification that I stand on Alberni real estate and address my fellow Empiricists. Speech-making is not my forte, and as John Rockefeller says, there is another medium in which I can better express my sentiments. But that's another story. I am envious of this

land where the lotus tree is crowded out by the Douglas Fir and the Hindu by his—no, its the other way—I must not say too much.

A land free from scab and blight, and poverty and crime and drink and suffragettes. A land where the sun is always shining and the rain is always raining and sometimes both.

I have spoken at ninety and nine flag stations from the Atlantic to the Pacific, each station lovelier than the last and the station master handsomer, more manly; and here at the jumping off place my Útima Thule inasmuch as I make neither stop nor speech on my return voyage, I give to Albarni the palm of my approval as the best ever yet for scenery, climate, hops, crops and canned salmon and all that goes to the production of lovely women and five-meal bean-fed men.

From school boy days, Westward Ho was ever my motto and here in this city that juts farthest of all Canada into the Pacific ocean—jutting yet farther I understand in clam time when the tides are low—here where you make the proud boast (correct me if I am wrong) of being a day's march nearer Japan than any terminus on the continent—here—I say.

Why, here we are! Long may we jut.

Here, where the Somos Siwash has for countless centuries upheld the banner of an Anglo-Saxon Canada, let us forget the white man's burden and pay, pay, pay!

Forget Kim, forget Mowgli, forget Gunga Din! Your people shall be my people, and your policy my policy; and your magnificent plan of developing a world commerce, of vying with Tyre and Sidon and Venice and Bombay by building a concrete foot-wall all along high water mark from the forty-ninth to the fifty-fourth parallel flanked by political pits, bastioned with bombast and trim-

med with a top dressing of borrowed British bayonets, rouses my wondering admiration.

Shall I conclude with a few rhythmic apothegms, born of the moment?

I shall—

KIPLING'S LATEST INVENTION.

Oppress not the cubs of the stranger, but hail them as sister and brother—

Son that can see so clearly, rejoice that thy tribe is blind—

Because ye are son of the Blood and call me Mother

Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

We yearned beyond the sky line, where the strange roads go down,

The happy roads that take you o'er the world—

But we be only sailormen that use in London Town

Where hearts blood beat, or hearth smoke curled.

Mithras, God of the Sunset, low on the western main

We dreamed the long tides idle, till thy trumpet tore the sea.

Take the flower, and turn the hour and kiss your love again

Tell her England hath taken me!

Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! you've taught us somethin' new—

No doubt but ye are the people, absolute, strong and wise—

Here is naught at venture, random nor untrue

The tumult and the shouting dies!

And so you'll write to McAndrews—he's chief of the Maori Line —

The skippers say I'm crazy! But I can prove em wrong—

"Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline,"

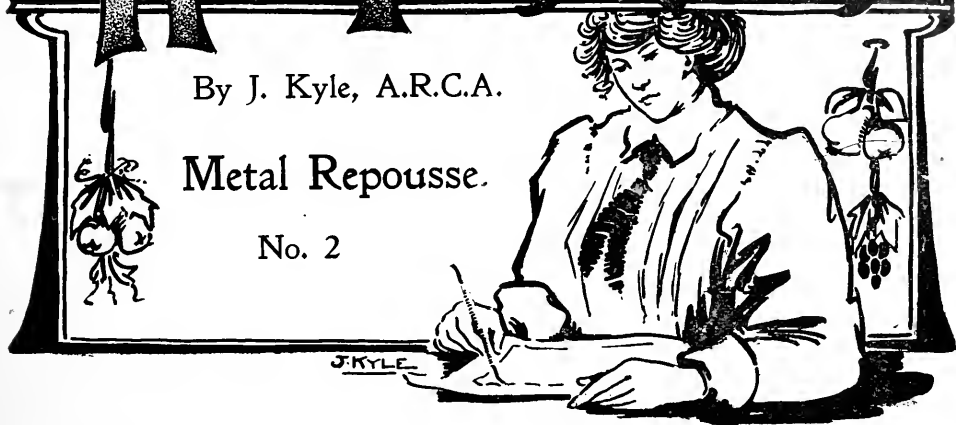
I trow ye'll not forget my song.

HOME ARTS & CRAFTS

By J. Kyle, A.R.C.A.

Metal Repousse.

No. 2



AN exceedingly useful and ornamental object to construct, in order to gain experience in handling the metal, is a plant pot. The effect in copper or brass harmonises well with almost any surroundings.

At any grocery store one can obtain a box 9 in. or 10 in. square, which will make an excellent foundation for covering with metal.

Take a strip of paper and fit it to the box with thumb tacks. This will give one the exact dimensions. At A and B leave enough metal to fold over at the top and bottom. Cut the small spaces out exactly 90 deg. so that they will join together at the corners when finished.

On this paper draw the design and let the forms be simple and bold. The front should be the important square; some simple boss or shield should be quite sufficient for the remaining spaces.

Trace the design from the paper to the copper with the stylo, and fix the metal to a board of soft wood as described in the last article. It is only necessary to pounce one square at a time.

Line the pattern with the tracer very

carefully and let the lines be equal and



regular. Next punch down the back-

ground; this will force the design into relief and it will scarcely be necessary to work from the back at all.

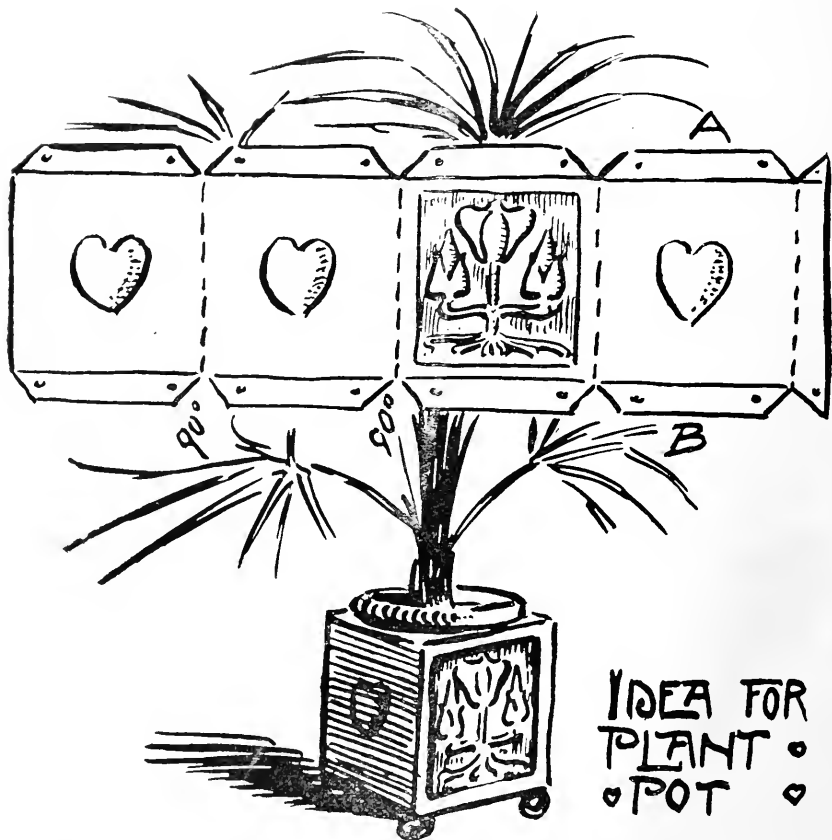
However, should the design require further pouncing, place the copper on a sandbag, and with a wood punch and mallet, force it gently out. Sometimes this can be done quite as well on the knee.

The three bosses should be hammered out from the back on the sandbag; and the whole strip straightened out with the

The space between them should be equal to the height.

Produce AC and BD until they meet at a point E. With compass point at E and radius ED describe an arc, then with radius EB describe another arc. Mark AB and CD three times round the arcs. Cut the paper out and see if it fits exactly, then draw on the design; trace it to the copper and work.

Take two strips of metal about one



mallet, preparatory to bending round the box into its position.

Punch the holes for the nails on a block of lead, and after it is tight and firmly hammered round the box, fix with copper nails.

Instead of a square box, a round tub could be used 9 in. or 10 in. diameter.

Set out the plan for the material according to Sketch No. 2.

Make AB the length of the top diameter and CD the length of the bottom.

inch wide. Punch holes at regular intervals and nail round the top and bottom with copper nails.

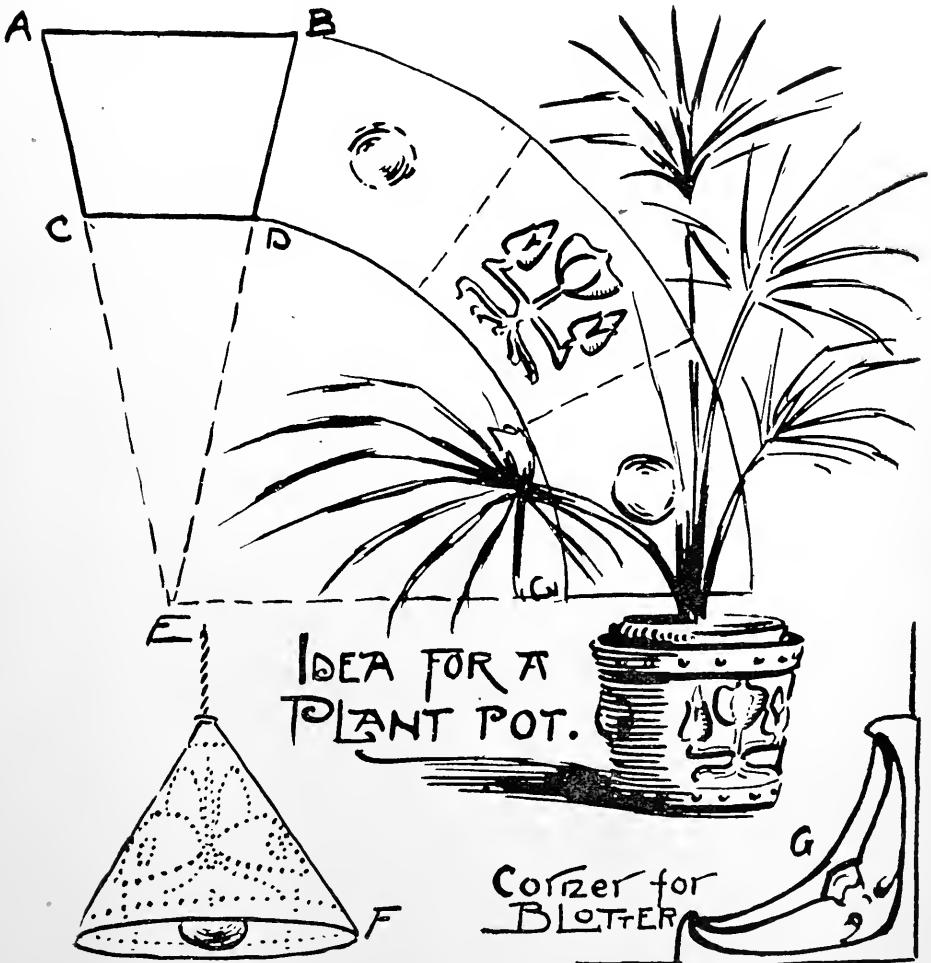
There is a very attractive method of working metal in the House. The plate is very light and pliable, more in the nature of leather, in fact the embossed leather tools are quite suitable to trace and model neat decorative features, like lamp shades, blotter corners and similar small articles. The metal is so light that it can be worked on a soft ground with-

out punches at all. Place the metal on a pad of blotting paper, or any soft ground. Trace the design from the paper with the stylo and the impression will be found quite distinct and in good condition for any further work. Probably the lines may have to be strengthened in parts or spaces pressed up from behind.

For lamp shades either the ornament or the background should be pierced with a series of round holes so that the light may shine through. This gives a quaint

effect and is very pleasing to the eyes. (See Illustration F.)

When making a shade draw out the plan on paper first, just as the plan for the round plant pot was made. Pin it into position first; if it is right; then cut the metal. The amount of scope in this work is surprising, but it is very light and trivial after all; however, it serves to introduce one to the designing and working of copper and brass. Those who are ambitious can branch out to work of a more permanent kind and which requires more skill in workmanship.



The Moriarty Twins Christening.

By Irene M. MacColl.

SURE, an' if I have to be afther callin' yez once more, Danny Flaherty, it's yersilf'll not get to the christening!" challenged Mrs. Flaherty from the kitchen, whence issued wails and lamentations proclaiming the fact that the baby was undergoing a vigorous tubbing.

"An' ain't I comin'?" belligerently returned her six-year-old son as he entered the room, keeping behind him in his right hand, while his left grasped a hammer.

"Phat are yez hidin' behind yer back, ye limb?" demanded his mother, as she set Nolan down in the rocking chair and advanced toward the boy.

"Th' hammer," and Danny held out his left hand promptly.

"Sure I can see that! Hould out the other wan!" Danny complied reluctantly.

"Where did yez get thim nails?"

"Who give thim to yez?"

"Nobody. Yez said it'd be all right fer me to take all iv the bent wans."

"Was all ix thim nails bent wans?" queried Irish honesty.

"N-no," said Danny.

"Phat were yez doin' wid the hammer?"

"I was hammerin'."

"Hammerin' phat?"

"Nails."

Fixing the youthful sinner with a wrathful eye, Mrs. Flaherty asked slowly, "Was you hammerin' thim nails so's they bent, an you could have them?"

Fortunately for Daniel, who might not have evinced such fortitude as did his illustrious predecessor, there came a knock at the door and Mrs. Kelly anxiously inquired the time—her clock having stopped.

"Half-past foive, is it? Sure, the

christening is at eight an phat wid hel-pin' wid the supper an' all, it'll be small time we'll have for slepin' the night! Mrs. Moriarty's just afther tellin' me that the Mayor's comin' over. It'll be a great toime we'll have."

"Haste ye, Danny, an' call yer father—he'll need to be gettin' ready to come wid us," said Mrs. Flaherty, and Danny, glad of the diversion which had taken his mother's mind off his misdeed, sped up Hogan's Alley.

He found his father talking with Billy Bakke, and after the manner of small boys, interrupted the conversation cheerfully:

"Yez are to come right home an' get ready for the christenin'!" he announced.

"I suppose yez'll be goin' this evenin'?" said Flaherty.

"Sure!" replied Bakke. "They'll be big doin's the night."

"Yes, an' they's goin' to be a regular spread," broke in Danny. "Ice cream an' sanwidges, an' pie, an' angel cake!"

"How do yez know?" queried Bakke, with a wink at the elder Flaherty.

"I seen it, an' I'd a had some angel's cake, only Mrs. Kelly caught me an Terry in the kitchen an' chased us out!"

"Phat are they havin' the angel cake fer, I wonder?" mused Bakke.

"I don't know," said Danny slowly. "I hope it's fer us!"

"Sure an' yez ain't an angel, thin!" said his father, starting homeward, as Mrs. Flaherty's voice was wafted to him in no uncertain tone.

Half an hour later she headed the little procession to the Moriarty's front door and after a moment's wait, the family entered the best room in all the glory of their Sunday finery.

"Troth, an' it's glad I am to see yez!" said Moriarty to his neighbour. "I've

been dyin' by inches fer a smoke, an' the wife wouldn't lave me have one. Come away out on the poorch."

Meantime, Danny had been making a preliminary tour of the cottage and found Mrs. Kelly the center of an admiring crowd, proudly exhibiting the twins—who were as like as two peas.

"Come, Danny, an' see the kids!" called Micky O'Rourke—a mischievous lad of fourteen.

Danny cossed the room and stood silently gazing down at the twins.

"Phat do yez think iv them?" asked Mrs. Kelly.

"They ain't much 'count!" said the boy, slowly. "They ain't got any teeth."

"Av course they haven't, but they'll get thim afther a while!" said Mrs. Kelly, while the others laughed.

"Nor anny hair," went on this Daniel come to judgment. "Will they buy it and put it on like you do yours?"

"Danny Flaherty, wait till I get yez home the night!" said his mother, trying to reach the boy through the crowd who willingly made a way of escape for him.

"Well, me bye!" said Father Gorman, lifting the lad on his knee, "an' phat do yez think iv the childer?"

"They're awful small—is all babies that small?" asked Danny.

"Sure, thin, Adam was the only wan I ever knew of wasn't," returned the priest, winking at old Pierto Bonnell; the genial Italian shoemaker, whose beaming smile was so bright, his love of "dat Italia" as intense in the alien country, as under his own sunny skies.

"Then wasn't he born a baby, at all?" Danny's eyes widened.

Hastily directing the boy's attention to the latest arrivals Father Gorman bent toward Bonnelli, who was speaking.

"I haf heard," he was saying, "dat dere iss peoples lika belief we was descent from da monkey—but I nefer belief it."

"Sure, it's more likely we were come from the Ark!" laughed the Father.

"Say," broke in Danny. "I know something about a twins—they're names' was Cain an Abel, an' they had a fite; an' Cain beat. I'd a licked him if I'd a been Abel!—is them twins goin' to be named soon—an' is wan iv thim a girl?"

"Yis, me lad," said Bakke, who had joined Danny's hilarious circle. "Phat do yez tink would be a nice name for her?"

"I do'no," answered the boy slowly. "I don't like girls."

Just then a chorus of greetings hailed the entrance of a tall well-built man, whose grey eyes swept over the crowd in general recognition. He was led to a seat of honour by Father Gorman.

Mayor Powers was a typical westerner—forceful, dominating. In every walk of life there are always some adventurous spirits who forge to the front because of the iron will, the steady nerves and calculating foresight of the men who are born to lead—to bring order out of chaos.

After a moment's chat, Father Gorman rose and crossed to Mrs. Kelly, who cradled the twins in her motherly arms. The Moriartys, big and little, were gathered by the centre-table in an awkward bunch. Mr. Kelly, also awkward, shifted ceaselessly from one foot to the other. A hush came over the company as the priest began a prayer and then all necks craned eagerly as Moriarty gingerly held out his arms and received a baby, which Father Gorman as carefully took from him.

"He's afraid iv lettin' it fall!" chuckled Bakke.

"S-sh — he's beginning another prayer!" whispered Barnes.

Then said the priest in low, clear tones, "I christen thee 'Kathleen Mo—'"

"Father! Father!" excitedly whispered Mrs. Kelly, "it's the boy yez have,—an' his name's to be Patrick!"

"Oh!" said the Father, hastily dipping his fingers into the christening bowl, "Then I christen thee 'Patrick Moriarty.'" Another prayer followed and the baby was handed back to its mother. The other child, awakened by the exchange of nurses, broke into a wail, and Moriarty handed it to his wife and took up the already christened infant. Father Gorman held out his arms for it, but again Mrs. Kelly came frantically to the rescue.

"Father! Father!" she gasped, "that's

the wan yez are just afther doin'!—take this wan, an' name it 'Kathleen'!"

"Faith, an' maybe he's not got the right wan now—he'd better sprinkle thim both again!" whispered Bakke to the little sharp-faced man next him.

"Ah, think it's na mair nor civilized!" he returned. His name, Burr, most aptly suiting him.

"What did you come for, then?" asked Barnes.

"Because I wis invitit!" snapped Burr tartly.

"Ye ken richt weel ilka man wi a voice like mine needna hide at hame! Noo, oor church wudna allow the like of you!"

"Yez mean the way Widdy Briggs is smilin' at yez?" inquired Bakke innocently.

Burr, red with wrath and the consciousness that the Widow was at that moment openly making eyes at him, wheeled squarely from the laughing trio and stalked with dignity to the opposite side of the room—having temporarily forgotten her presence there. His discomforture was not lessened as she coyly made room for him on the parlor sofa which had been placed in the corner on account of a disabled leg.

Naturally, the added weight of dignity and avoirdupois was too much for it, and Burr suddenly found himself sprawling on the floor.

As he regained his feet, the Widow rose with a wry smile and hastily readjusting a puff which had mysteriously broken away from its moorings, accepted a chair at the hands of his special aversion—a jovial individual who followed the same trade in the Alley.

Supper was almost over when Mayor Powers rose, and instantly the room became still.

"Friends," he said in clear level tones, "Phoenix is but one year old. Yet in this one short year what changes have taken place!"

We have seen a city spring up—where once no man lived, and the forest-clad hills stood as sentinels about the hidden treasure they held in their fastnesses.

We have seen the awakening of the world to the possibilities that lay in

these silent places—and the developing of great mines—for we of Phoenix can boast of the greatest copper mines in our great country. We have seen the founding of homes—may there be many more!—for good homes make good citizens, and good citizens make prosperity. Now, on behalf of the City Fathers, I take pleasure in presenting the first child—pardon me—children, born in this enterprising city of ours, with two lots on Water Street."

Amid wild cheering, the Mayor sat down. Danny Flaherty and Micky O'Rourke had listened quietly until the Mayor ceased speaking—then the younger boy in obedience to a signal from Micky, followed him into the bedroom, whence the twins had ben carried after their naming. Softly pushing the door over, the boys turned to the bed where lay the two little bundles.

In a flash, Micky dodged into a long narrow clothes closet, and improvised a bed from the garments hanging on the walls. Then, deftly lifting a sleeping baby, he carefully placed it on the floor. In a moment the other was beside it, and a big clothes basket pushed forward as a shield—in case their hiding-place was searched. In giggling silence they waited developments.

In a few moments Mrs. Kelly entered the room, and with a sharp exclamation, reappeared in the doorway, demanding in awful tones: "Has any-one seen the little twins, anny-wheres?"

Instantly everybody began searching for the missing children, in the flour-bin, the woodshed, under the beds,—anywhere the babies might have been smuggled as a joke—except the dark closet where the two young conspirators lay, chuckling gleefully at their joke—with never a thought of the anxiety they might be causing.

In a few minutes one of the children began to stir uneasily, and the boys, fearful of its wakening, decided to restore the babies, without discovery.

The room was empty, and in a moment the two bundles were lying on the big white bed again.

"How'll we get out?" whispered Danny excitedly.

"S-sh," returned Micky. "We'll thry the windy."

It lifted noiselessly, and Micky, dropping to the ground, helped Danny to descend, just as Mrs. Kelly opened the door and discovered the twins—who were by this time squalling lustily.

"Sure, some wan's been playin' a joke on us!" they heard her announce triumphantly to the other searchers.

"If we'd a been caught wid the goods, we'd a got licked, sure!" giggled Micky.

"We'll not dast to tell, will we?" whispered his accomplice in crime.

"If yez do, it'll be all day with yez!" cautioned the older boy, as they made their way quietly round to the front door. There they encountered Father Gorman, to whom Micky spoke in tones of extreme delight. Aain't it good they've found thim little twins, Father?"

"Yes, my son," answered the priest turning; and, meeting the boy's sparkling eyes, read in their tell-tale depths the secret of the twins' disappearance.

"Micky," he asked, gravely, "if I were to ask you a question about, well, about the twins, would yez answer me the truth?"

"Plase, Father," said the boy, his lips twitching rebelliously, "I'd a lot rather yez wouldn't ask me anny!"

"Come, Danny!" called Mrs. Flaherty, "It's time all small childer were in bed. An' so thim little twins wasn't stolen, aafter all, Father!" she added, perplexedly. "D'ye spose twas the Evil Man himsilf bewitched thim away the night?"

"Troth, an' I don't thin!" returned the priest, smothering a laugh with difficulty.

"Some wan must've been playin' a joke on us all, thin, Father?"

"Sure, I belave yez are right!" laughed the priest as the little group reached the Flaherty gate.

"It's a great-t Christinin' they've had," said Michael, as he helped Danny up the steps.

"Yis," sighed the boy, sleepily. "Me an' Micky had an awful good time!"

DAWN SONG

By **Blanche G. Holt Murison.**

The golden chariot speeds its way,
From out the changeless tide;
Aurora comes to the gates of Day,
And opes their portals wide:
With rosy fingers she tips the stars,
And parts the sheen of their silver bars.

She gems the East with roseate hues,
And spangles the sky with light;
She scatters abroad ambrosial dews,
Distilled from the breath of Night;
She bends from the far horizon's brink,
And kisses the flowers, and bids them drink.

She heralds the glad and joyous birth,
Of wonderful things to be;
She whispers low to the drowsy earth,
Awake to the dawn and see!
Awake! awake to the hope of morn!
Awake! for another day is born!

Dixon's Amendment.

By Lavington Cumberbatch.

A CERTAIN Greek statesman once declared that his wife ruled the world, by ruling him, who ruled Athens, which ruled Greece, which ruled the world. And in this manner did Miss Sibyl Moore once rule the Legislature of Columbia, B. A.

The Legislature of Columbia, B. A., was ruled by Dixon, M.L.A., Chief of a small band of Socialists who in reality held the balance of power; Dixon, M. L. A., was under the orders of Larry O'Brien, his campaign manager; and Larry O'Brien, secretary of the Wallsend Miners' Union, secretary-treasurer of the Wallsend Local of Socialists, and general all-round denouncer of every person who is above, or endeavours to rise above the social line drawn by the Wallsend Socialists, was little better than a slave to Miss Sibyl Moore, a young lady of some beauty and much independence, who earned her own living by teaching a part of the young idea of Wallsend to shoot.

O'Brien, when not on duty—that is, when not actually engaged in the noble task of calling down maledictions on all "scabs," "parasites," "slave-drivers," "blood-suckers," "vampires," etc. (for which he was paid) was a pretty decent sort of a chap. He possessed a goodly person, had a fair education, was temperate almost to abstinence, could sing a good song, and, what was perhaps best of all, he had a command of language which was at once the envy of all his foes.

Now, this O'Brien had for some time been diligently angling for the hand of Miss Moore, and what was most incomprehensible in a man of his parts, he took good care to let her see how his nets were disposed, his lines baited, etc.,

—in a word, he committed the consummate and unpardonable folly of confiding to her an exact statement of his worldly standing, his hopes, prospects and ambitions, winding up by declaring to her that if she would but consent to become his wife all these and more should be hers.

She listened to him most attentively, and when he had finished thanked him for the compliment he had thus paid her in offering her all that he possessed and hoped to possess; but, unfortunately, she could not then consider a proposal of marriage. As he was well aware, she was an ardent advocate of women's rights, and hoped some day to be a voter like himself, but until that day came—the day when her equality with man should be recognized by man—she would not think of surrendering her present independence for any man.

"And so you've made up your mind not to marry until you've voted?" he said, interrogatively.

"That's what I said," replied she, with finality.

He was silent for some moments, then: "This is an extravagant position to take," said he. "It may be twenty, aye, forty years before we see the enfranchisement of women. You surely won't be content to wait all that time?"

"Contented I certainly will not be," she replied; but I am prepared to wait—and work. . . . If we could but secure the assistance of one unselfish legislator," she added, addressing the lamp-shade, "—just one, to press our demand in the Councils of State we might not be compelled to wait forty years for that which we ought to have had ages ago. But," she concluded absently, as though thinking aloud, "they

are all alike; and I do not know but that they are wise in thus ignoring us, for they know the moment we obtain our rights their supremacy ends."

"You are hard on our law-makers, Miss Moore. I am in full sympathy with you in this matter; but in justice to those in whose hands the remedy lies I would say that the question of women's suffrage has never yet been an issue in Provincial politics. . . . They do not know that you want it. I am sure that if the matter were represented to them in the proper way they would not be so ungallant as to give it the deaf ear."

"And, pray, how must their High Mightinesses be approached? Must we go to them on our knees, and in tears entreat them to listen to us, or must we select champions of their own sex who shall face them with drawn swords?"

This was spoken in apparent sober earnest, and with adequate theatrical accompaniment. O'Brien was growing impatient. He was tired of the subject; but he dared not retreat.

"You must do neither," he replied, in as soothing a tone as he found it possible to command. "A good way to go about it would be to organise in all the Electoral Districts societies composed exclusively of ladies of voting age. These societies could discuss the matter and pass resolutions, etc.—you know how these things are managed. They could then form a Provincial League which, acting on behalf of all the societies, could present their case to the Government in the usual way. That is the best thing I can suggest."

"Thank you very much for the idea," she said, with cool sarcasm. "It is beautiful in conception; sublime in its simplicity; and I can only say that your estimate of forty years is much too sanguine. By this system we would at the end of a hundred years be just where we started. Now listen to me. I propose to begin where you would have us end. I have often heard you say you can do anything you please with Dixon. I have as often heard it asserted that Dixon is the master of the administration. Be that as it may, I know that the party in power cannot afford to refuse Dixon

anything. And an amendment to the Elections Act is not a very formidable affair. . . . So now, Mr. O'Brien, to use a vulgar expression, it is up to you."

O'Brien pondered in silence for about five minutes. The magnitude of this proposal, coupled with its suddenness, was staggering in the extreme. "In a week," he said, after regaining his composure, "the House meets for its second session. Last session the Government, with the aid of the Socialist wing, managed to put through a few unimportant measures. For this session they have prepared a much more ambitious programme, much of which will be hotly opposed by the enemy, which means that our party will be in greater demand than ever. . . . Yes, Miss Moore," he concluded, "I think it not altogether impossible, and is at least worthy of a trial."

"Go ahead, then, and earn the undying gratitude of sixty thousand downtrodden women."

"Amen," he reverently responded. "And if we be successful I understand you promise—"

"I promise," she replied, interrupting him, "nothing more than that I shall not consider the question of marriage until my sex has been placed on a political equality with yours."

This meant absolutely nothing; but many stronger men than O'Brien have been urged on to the very gates of Tophet by promises meaning no more.

* * * * *

"But, Larry, this is sheer madness. Nobody barring a few unsexed women has ever asked for it, and it is my opinion that nobody wants it. The question is altogether absurd and uncalled for."

Dixon and O'Brien were closeted in the latter's private office at Socialist headquarters, and O'Brien was urging upon the Member for Wallsend the necessity for an amendment to the Elections Act, which should comprehend all females as well as males, being British subjects of the full age of twenty-one years, etc.

"Absurd or reasonable," replied O'Brien, "it has got to go. It won't be

altogether out of place as coming from us, since this very question is one of our articles of faith; with how much or how little sincerity you perhaps know best. So if you are wise you will introduce the amendment at the coming session and press it home to a successful issue."

"I'll be damned if I will," was the laconic reply of Dixon, M.L.A.

"Very well, then," said O'Brien. "Perhaps you won't mind my sending in your resignation?"

"You send in my resignation!" exclaimed Dixon, with some warmth. "Are you the whole Executive Committee? Bear in mind that you are only one of twelve."

"True enough," admitted O'Brien, with a smile like the summer twilight; "but the document is in my possession, and—well, I think you know Larry O'Brien."

"Send it in, then, and be hanged to you!" thundered Dixon, his patience at last giving way. "I'll run again, in spite of you."

"Most heroic of you, I am sure; but have you ever considered how your majorities have been obtained?"

He had not; and as this was a matter of some importance he now gave it his most careful attention, with the result that he finally agreed to father the proposed Bill for the amendment of the Provincial Elections Act.

* * * * *

When the Member for Wallsend introduced his Bill for the Amendment of Chapter 67 of the Revised Statutes of Columbia, and Amending Acts, his fellow-legislators regarded the thing as a joke. They, however, thought they would pass it on until it reached the Committee stage, when they would have some fun with it at the expense of its author. The Bill itself was an innocent-looking little document of four sections only. The first of these was the title of the Bill, and the last fixed the time when it should become law. The substance of the measure therefore was contained in sections 2 and 3. And how beautifully simple it was! All that was asked for in section

2 was that the word "male" in line 1, section 7, chapter 67, R.S.C., should be struck out, and the word "person" substituted therefor. Section 3 enacted that the words "of the male sex" in the second interrogatory of Form A., section 3 of the Provincial Elections Amendment Act, 1902, being the Application for the Registration of Provincial Voters, be struck out.

There would seem to be nothing very formidable in the substitution of one word for another in, and the removal of four small words from, an existing Act of Parliament; but in reality it meant nothing less than the enfranchisement of women on the same terms as men.

The Provincial Secretary was the first Member to accost Dixon when the House adjourned.

"I say, Dixon," said that pillar of the State, "what jolly are you up to now? You ought to know better than to be wasting the time of the House with your bally freak bills. I suppose you will be introducing a compulsory marriage act next."

"Not just yet," replied Dixon; "but I may later on. As to the bill I brought in today you must know that I mean to see it through, and you are going to help me with it."

"I don't know so much about that. Why, man alive, my people would flay me alive if I lent countenance to such a measure. They have a notion that their women have too much to say as it is."

"Never fear the result, old man," said Dixon, with unwarranted confidence. "The women will vote solid for the men who gave them the chance to vote, while the men are too firm in their party allegiance to switch because of a little thing like this. You watch me work the Grits. They can see farther into human nature in two minutes than you fellows can in two years."

"Be that as it may," said the Provincial Secretary, "my advice to you is to leave well enough alone and withdraw the Bill before it is defeated. You can gain nothing by its passage, anyway."

"This Bill," returned Dixon, slowly, as though weighing each word, "means

the same to me that the Loan Bill means to you fellows. My very political life depends on it. Give me the unconditional support of your side, in so far as you can whip the beggars into line, and I promise you my five—for the Loan Bill at least."

"I can't say that I am in love with this chivalrous, knight-errant, tomfoolery of yours, Dixon," said the Minister, "but I'll see what Mac and Elliott" (the Premier and the Tory whip) "have to say about it."

"Very good. Now I'll go see what I can do with the Grits." And off went the Member for Wallsend in search of support from the gentlemen to the left of Mr. Speaker.

It might here be mentioned that the House consisted of nineteen Tories, of whom one was the Speaker; eighteen Grits; and five Socialists. The Tories held the reins of power by virtue of the fact that they were at the helm at the time of the General Election of which the present House was the result; and in spite of the bitterest opposition from the Grits they continued to hold them until the end of the term.

That a Government which was actually in a minority in the House could successfully carry on the business of the country and control the House for four years requires some explanation, and this may be discerned in the fact that on every important division the five Socialists were found voting with the Tories. These gentlemen were nominally independent of both the other parties, their platform being to support whatever legislation might seem to them to be in the best interests of the workingman, and to vote against anything and everything that was in the interests of capital. But it was notorious of Dixon that he could see, and prevail upon his followers and constituents to see, good in anything that was good for Dixon, M.L.A. Hence it is not surprising that he should throw in his lot with the people who had the dispensation of the loaves and fishes.

With the Grits Dixon found it most difficult to deal, for they loved him not; moreover, there was no one man among them who could speak for the lot. It

is true they gave some sort of half-hearted allegiance to him—they called him their leader; but they were far from being united—except in their opposition to the Administration. Hence Dixon was reduced to the necessity of button-holing them individually. And the result of his canvas was that he secured promises of support from six, and promises of neutrality from two. The remaining ten, the leader among them, promised him most faithfully that they would oppose his Bill to the bitter end. One grizzled old warrior from an up-country mining camp told him blankly to go to Bedlam and take his bill with him as a credential for admission.

When the bill came up for second reading it was the subject of a lively debate which lasted over two hours, and the Member who had consigned it and its author to Bedlam tried to kill it by moving the six months' hoist; but in this he was unsuccessful, and it passed its second reading by a good majority. In Committee of the Whole, which followed two days later, the hostile Grit members created a great deal of amusement by moving amendment after amendment, any of which if carried would have destroyed the aim of the Bill, and have left the original law exactly as it stood; but Dixon had succeeded so well in his canvas among the members that all attacks were public, and the Bill was finally reported complete without amendment. The report was adopted, and the Bill read a third time and passed, the division being:

Ayes—Tories, 10; Grits, 6; Socialists, 5—21.

Nays—Tories, 5; Grits, 10; Socialists, 0—15.

Three Tories and two Grits were absent from the Chamber.

There now remained nothing but the Royal Assent, and this was given a week later. The Governor was seated on the throne, the Members were all in their places, the galleries were crowded with spectators, the ladies' gallery being packed to the doors with fair ones, and the air was tense with suppressed excitement. The Clerk of the Legislative Assembly read the titles of the Bills

that were to be assented to that day, and when he reached Dixon's famous amendment it was noticed that the Governor, as courtly and gallant an old gentleman as any who ever graced the halls of Queen Bess, looked up to the Ladies' gallery, bowed and smiled. This was the last straw. The people present broke into a tumult of applause. It began in the Ladies' gallery, spread through the men at each side, along to the scribes over and behind the Throne, and finally down to the floor of the House itself. And thus ended the making of one of the most romantic pieces of legislation in the history of Columbia.

This Act came into force on the dissolution of the House that passed it, and the result was rich in surprises. Of the 23,000 women who thus found themselves qualified as Provincial voters over 8,000 refused point blank to register their votes, declaring that it was bad enough to be compelled to see their sons, husbands and brothers eternally warring over politics, to the exclusion of their own personal affairs; and another 5,000 expressed their willingness to register when they were old enough—which goes to show that of two children, a boy and girl, born in the same year the boy will be twenty-one anywhere from one to five years sooner than the girl.

But the greatest surprise of all was that, contrary to Dixon's prediction, and to the expectations of the majority of the ex-M.L.As. the 10,000 who actually registered and voted at the ensuing General Election did not by any means vote solid for the men who had supported the Act which gave them the power.

One notable result was that in Alexandra City, where the women polled one-third of the total vote, four Grit Members who had supported the Act were defeated by large majorities; while in Cranfield old Macdermott, he who had tried to shelve it by moving the six months' hoist, was returned by acclamation. In Wallsend, where neither Grit nor Tory dared show his face, Dixon, despite the best efforts of O'Brien, who fought the fight of his life, went down before another Socialist. In Burrard City alone did the people elect supporters

of the Act, and there the five Tory Members, two of them Cabinet Ministers, were returned, although by greatly reduced majorities. The Premier was also returned, but he had neither spoken nor voted for the Bill, he having at the time been "paired" with one of the neutral Grits. The Provincial Secretary was defeated, and the remaining four Tory champions of women's rights avoided a fall by not entering the arena—they simply would not run. As it was, the seats went to four other Tories, so the party sustained no loss on that score. Of the five Tories who opposed the Bill, four were elected, the fifth one being defeated by an Independent Grit. The four neutral Tories, including the Premier and Mr. Speaker, were also elected.

The ten Grits who opposed the Bill were all returned, so were the two who had stood neutral on the question; but the whole six supporters were defeated.

The five Socialist Members were defeated; but as the fight in three constituencies was confined to themselves they had the barren honour of returning three standard-bearers to the House. In the two districts in which they encountered foreign opposition they lost one each to the Tories and the Grits.

This General Election and its results were unique in the history of Columbia, B.A., in that the regular order of things was completely reversed. In all former elections the candidates had always declared themselves as for or against some one great question of general Provincial interest, and the people had always responded by ignoring the great question and voting as suited their own personal and particular interests. But this time the politicians entered the ring without anything in the shape of a definite platform on either side, but with a multitude of petty trifles such as a bridge here, a new waggon-road there, a new school yonder, etc., etc., and never once touching on the matter which was uppermost in the minds of all, namely, the women's suffrage affair. They did not know how the people felt on that important matter until after the votes were counted, when it became patent to all

that the people could have been thinking of nothing else.

As near as is possible where the secret ballot is in use it was ascertained that the women who interested themselves in the election divided their support about evenly, while as a protest against the passage of Dixon's Amendment, the men were almost unanimous in support of those members who had opposed it, and vice versa.

The newly-elected House consisted of 24 Tories, 15 Grits, and 3 Socialists; a clear majority for the Tories of six over all. This was not very cheering to the Grits and Socialists; but every right-thinking man in the Province was satisfied that it was better than having the country exposed to the "stand and deliver" of a few Socialists.

Elections are productive of curious and amusing incidents, but a book might be written on the humours of this election without exhausting the supply. Needless to say, the presence of the fair sex at the polls was responsible for a great deal of the fun, and in Wallsend the ingenuity of Larry O'Brien furnished material for many laughs. Larry was engineering Dixon's side of the campaign. In his capacity of agent-in-chief for Dixon he made a thorough canvas of the district, and by various means ascertained who were likely to vote for Dixon, and who would vote for Dave Morgan. This knowledge obtained he took some of the boys into his confidence and unfolded his plan, which was nothing more than that they should make it their business on polling day to see that the women, and especially the younger ones, of their side came early to vote. To the women themselves he said nothing. He knew better.

On polling day he was stationed in the polling booth to watch the interests of Dixon, and it afforded him much satisfaction to see that by noon the greater number of the younger women known to be on Dixon's side had voted, while on the other hand the fair supporters of Morgan had been but few, and those mainly of the matron order, whose bonafides were above question. The proceedings were enlivened here and there by

amusing little incidents arising out of the ignorance on the part of some of the ladies of the rules of the election and the proper use of the ballot; but in general they acquitted themselves more creditably than might have been expected in the circumstances. About 1 p.m. O'Brien fired his first shot. A rather trim and natty little woman entered and stood before the Returning Officer, a benevolent old gentleman, in spectacles and a bald head, himself the husband of one, and the father of four female voters.

"Your name, please?" said he, seeing that she made no attempt to speak.

The lady looked at him in surprise and—"Oh, Mr. Owens," said she; "you know who I am. You know me as well as you do your own daughters."

"Yes, miss," he replied, "I do. But you must announce your name, you see. It is the law, and everybody has to do it."

"Oh," she said, in a quavering voice, "my name is Winnie Jones."

"Winnifred Gwendoline Jones, 17 Monmouth Street, Stenographer," read the Poll Clerk, from the voters' list.

Up jumped O'Brien, and—"I object to that vote," said he.

It was the first female vote challenged that day and everybody was surprised, the lady herself in particular.

Counsel for the defence (Morgan's agent) was on his feet in an instant.

"On what ground do you base your objection?" he demanded.

"That of minority," curtly replied O'Brien.

"But I am over twenty-one," piped the lady.

"My impression is that you are under it, and I object to your being furnished with a ballot unless you take the oath."

"Take the oath," sounded terrible to her, and it was with the tears welling up in her eyes that she appealed to the Returning Officer: "You know this is not so, Mr. Owens."

"In private I may," he replied; "but officially I do not. However, if you will take the oath as demanded you can vote."

"I must warn the lady that if she takes the oath and votes she does so at her own risk, and we will after the election

prove her age by ascertaining the date of her birth," said O'Brien.

"This is all nonsense, Mr. Owens," said Morgan's agent. "All this talk of minority is utterly absurd and futile. Why, sir, one has only to look at the lady to be convinced—"

His speech was cut short by the lady herself, who turned on him a face eloquent of bitter resentment.

"To be convinced of what?" she asked, and without giving him a chance to reply continued: "I think you are pair of impertinent puppies. I was going to vote for Mr. Morgan, because he is the nicest man of the two; but I shan't vote for either of them now, so there." And out she went, with her cheeks aflame and her chin in the air.

Finding his bluff successful O'Brien repeated it in various forms no fewer than twenty-seven times that afternoon. In twenty-five cases the ladies left the booth without voting. Two called him by taking the oath. He made great capital out of promising to prove their ages, for although the majority of his victims would have sworn to being twenty-one there was not a single one who would take the chance of having her real age disclosed.

Morgan's sponsor tried the same game with but slight success. He managed to turn away a timid little mouse of a woman who had much against her will been coerced into politics by a couple of bullying brothers, but he caught a Tartar when he challenged Miss Sibyl Moore, for the cool contempt with which she received his objection, and the firm way in which she took the oath made him feel like a penny in a bushel of twenties.

O'Brien did good work for Dixon, but it was not quite good enough; for that gentleman was defeated by a large majority, for which the male voters were mainly responsible.

Miss Moore left Wallsend that night to spend her summer vacation with friends in the country. At the end of five weeks she returned, to find O'Brien working at his old occupation of a coal miner, he having in the meantime been deposed from his position of secretary of the Miners' union, and secretary-treas-

urer of the Local of Socialists. His cavalier treatment of the ladies in the polling booth had given grave offence to a great many of the men by whose suffrages he held those offices.

One evening, shortly after her return, O'Brien met her at the home of a friend, and while escorting her to her own home from thence the following dialogue ensued:

"I trust, Miss Moore, you have not forgotten the promise you made me two and a half years ago."

"Promise! What promise?"

"Now, Miss Moore," with a smile, "you remember that night in January when we first discussed the question of women's suffrage. I promised to do all I could in the matter, and you promised to accept me after you had polled your first vote."

"Did I, really? Dear me! My memory must be sadly at fault. All I remember is that I said I would not marry until women were made politically equal with men."

"It is true that you made no definite promise, but still I have been hoping ever since that you might look with favour on my suit. Won't you accept me, dear Syb—Miss Moore? I know that my lot is not the most enviable in life, but you should consider that I practically ruined myself in your cause, and if you refuse me my cup of bitterness will indeed be complete."

O'Brien was dramatic, but Miss Moore was not impressed. "Tell me one thing, Mr. O'Brien," she said. "Did you foresee this result to yourself?"

"As clearly as I now see your house before us," he replied, with returning hope. "Two days after the Bill was introduced in Parliament I knew that if it became law Dixon would never be re-elected in Wallsend, and, of course, his defeat meant my downfall. I could have had the Bill withdrawn at any time up to the third reading, but I felt that I was playing for a higher stake than anything else the country had to offer. There's my case, Miss Moore. Have I won?"

They were at the door of her house, and would part in a few seconds. Find-

ing herself fairly challenged she met the question with a suddenness and an absence of dissimulation not at all feminine. But then she always prided herself on being free from all female weakness.

"That was very noble of you," she said in answer, with her right hand on the wrist of the left glove, "but it was also very foolish, and had I been aware of the possible consequences I should never have allowed you to deliberately sacrifice your future to what was after all only a woman's whim. I owe you

a debt which I can never pay; but it grieves me to say that we can never be anything more than friends," peeling off the left glove. "And even if I felt otherwise this," holding up to the street lamp her left hand, from the third finger of which came a brilliant flashing, "is in the way. It was placed there a week ago by a man in Sandridge, whom, if you wish I will introduce to you when he comes up at Christmas. . . . Good night."

A Camera Study of the Life of the Muskrat.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

THE prolific furbearer is scattered broadcast all over this "Canada of ours." The domes of their wild rice-straw and flag-built houses dot every marsh, bog and "drowned-lands." The banks of the lakes and rivers are perforated with the channels that lead to the bank-dwellers' homes, yet to see one of these shy animals in light that is sharp enough for photography is a rare event.

Hawk, the Mississauga guide, and I stood on the thick ice that bound the Otonabee River. All the landscape was sparkling white under its mantle of snow. The tops of the muskrats' houses showed here and there, yellow dots amid the scene; one, immediately in front of us, an immense pile of marsh debris, bore the tell tale footmarks of the fox; others were torn open, showing where animals had forced an entrance, two-legged animals, I thought, as I remembered the Indian village lay not far away, and these clean living vegetarian animals are not to

be despised by a hungry woodsman, be he white or red. It was late in March. Already the melting ice and snow had raised the water and a swift current flowed beneath our feet. In one place a ribbon of blue water showed the coming spring. Instantly Hawk displayed his natural instinct by launching the sled-borne canoe into that mere ripple of blue and standing up he poled his way along, forcing the light craft through the honey-combed ice. "Nesahubwa oon je"—drowned out—he called back. The rising water had forced these families (sometimes as many as ten live in one house; the last litter of "kittens" take place in October, so only two of these would be adults) to leave the warm winter house and seek shelter under logs in cedar swamps and even under the log barns of the settlers.

"March winds and April showers" soon played havoc with the icefields. The sleek brown animals, released from the icebound places, ran everywhere in marsh

and bog, the runaways criss-crossing every square yard of these immense waste lands. This is the breeding season, and the whining and snarling of the muskrats could be heard all the night long, love here—as in a greater order—leading to many quarrels. Often, as we lay hidden in the canoe in some dense piece of cover, have we seen a pair of these glossy brown animals decide by single combat who should possess the plump female. She, seemingly uncon-

cerned, sat nibbling a wild onion on a nearby log. Whining and crying the males approached one another. Suddenly there was a fierce rush and they were tightly locked in each others arms. The clever use they make of them justifies this word. Face to face, savagely with the long sharp yellow teeth, tearing desperately with the strong claws, they rolled over and over in the beaver grass, plunging at last down a mossy incline into the water. Still tightly locked with the forepaws, swimming and kicking with the hind ones, the battle continued until

the deep wounds of one compelled it to give in. Then they both emerge and comb the disturbed coat with their forepaws, much as a cat does, licking and nosing the fur into place. Then the victor rambles off after his chosen mate, ready and willing to fight off the next intruder. The pelts of these animals are badly gashed by these continuous fights. I have seen clean cut incisions from an inch to three inches in length.

As the month of April ran on, the



Muskrat Tearing Into Submerged House.

cerned, sat nibbling a wild onion on a nearby log. Whining and crying the males approached one another. Suddenly there was a fierce rush and they were tightly locked in each others arms. The clever use they make of them justifies this word. Face to face, savagely with the long sharp yellow teeth, tearing desperately with the strong claws, they rolled over and over in the beaver grass, plunging at last down a mossy incline into the water. Still tightly locked with the forepaws, swimming and kicking with the hind ones, the battle continued until

muskrats started to build their spring houses. At least the females did, for their fierce fighting lovers had promptly retired to the secluded places the moment work was in order. It was intensely interesting to watch one of these plump females dragging up the building materials, these were floating around the center of the spot she had chosen, usually the top of a submerged log, a bit of firm bog, or as in the picture, the roots of an old decayed marsh maple. Hour after hour and night after night she toiled backwards up the growing mound,

dragging great mouth and pawfuls of parrot grass, wild oat, wild rice, flags, reeds, elder branches, willow cutting, until she had reared a solid pile four feet above the water. Then the submarine work began. Starting from the center of the pile below water, she gradually tore her way up until she was two feet above water. Here she cut a half-circular shelf-

the house, emerging from the exit below water, where, no doubt, the female took care of them. All got away save one blind, sleek, pink-legged, blind-eyed, grey-silky little chap. It squealed in the nest like a kitten, its still blind eyes blinking and quivering in the unaccustomed glare. It shrank from our unfamiliar touch and finally went to sleep. Its hind



A Muskrat's Nest.

like chamber for the nesting place and here the kittens were born and reared.

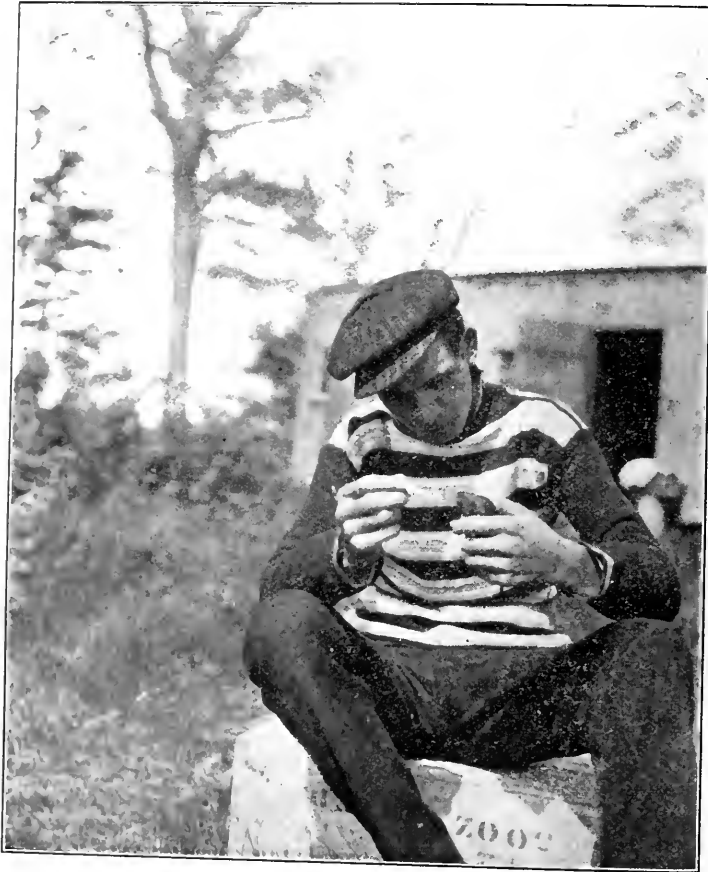
Three weeks later we opened the well-built house. Its straw walls were dry and clean, and its straw-lined nest as sweet and pure as if freshly gathered, instead of having had a litter raised in it. All the young promptly plunged or fell into the "diving hole" in the center of

feet and head are all out of proportion to the balance of its well shaped body. We left it there in the bright light and anxiously watched for the mother's return. But although we saw her pass us with a youngster held upside down in tender tooth hold—said youngster kicking and squealing tremendously, no wonder—it was borne through marsh and

water at a great pace in this most unnatural position. We could trace its unseen course readily by its sharp querulous complaints. One after another she carried them past and laid them on a hastily made "draw-up" in the hot sunshine. But either she was deficient in arithmetic or she had given up the other for lost, no matter which, she allowed us—forced us—to adopt it. Back to our

itself wearily and lay still, to our great regret, for the human heart has room for any suffering thing, dumb things especially, and we must admit we had grown fond of the odd little pet in the few days we had it.

We collected a quantity of wild feed to show the varieties these animals live on. The long yellow roots of the flag, a plant that grows in such quantities that



Feeding Young Muskrat Warm Milk With a Fountain Pen Filler.

island cabin we carried it. We fed it, wrapped it snugly in wool, obtained fresh milk for it, my assistant acting as a foster-mother, with the assistance of a fountain pen filler. Alas, all our care was in vain. The tiny semi-transparent pink legs became weaker, the plaintive cries fainter, the heavy head too much for the tired body and finally it stretched

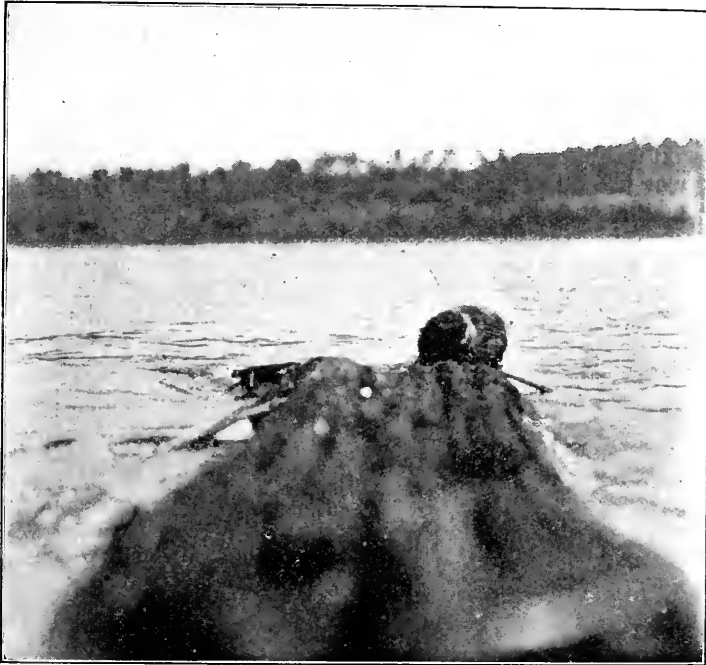
even the prolific muskrats cannot eat it all; it is a wonder, too, considering that each adult female is good for a reproduction of thirty-two per year, counting that her first litter itself reproduces. The small tuber-like wild onion, more the shape of a potatoe, and excepting the slightly bitter taste, it has the same starchy, watery formation of the tame

potatoe. This plant is called the "Muskrat Apple," in the more poetic Ojibway, the language of the Mississaugas.

Throughout all these desolate secluded places run narrow channels, just the width of a canoe, a scant three feet wide. They are usually cleared out of all aquatic vegetation right to the bottom, three to six feet below. In the early summer these channels are covered with the cut up blades of the flag, the wild rice, the wild oat, the reed and all the tangled

the human family. When a muskrat, swimming rapidly along these submarine ways, finds itself in danger of suffocation, it simply rises to the underside of the ice, expels the air from its lungs in a bubble against the ice, waits while the momentarily recharging is going on, and reinhales a pure, fresh bubble of air.

Enemies of this race abound, the hawk, the mink, the weasel, the owl—even the great bullfrog does not disdain to swallow a tiny youngster. Their destructive



"Out" at Sunset.

rapidly growing marsh vegetation. These deep, far-reaching maze of paths are kept open by the muskrats, a mighty task. Truly they have wondrous instincts. Visit these scenes in November; then all the marshes and drowned lands are sealed with ice and the surface travel of the muskrats is cut off, but all they have to do it to dive swiftly down the "diving hole" and all the marsh is open before them to choose a meal from. The only hindrance is the limited time they can stay under water. Nature with her miraculous powers has implanted in these small brown animals a secret denied to

habits, boring their way into banks of canals, millponds, levees, causing breaks in these immensely valuable works, has turned man's hand against them, but all the hunters, trappers, urchins with small rifle, poison, even the excitement of the quest for the pelt, none of these seem to make the slightest decrease in their innumerable masses. In one one-hundred-acre patch of drowned land we counted ninety houses. Allowing only a fair average of reproduction, there were five hundred of these active brown animals here, and when the animals are running

the wooded lands resound with their angry cries.

In the battle field they hold their own with many of the smaller animals, even putting up quite a fight with the lithe, cruel mink. Invariably the lean sharpened mink wins and rends its enemy's body instantly, satisfying its dainty appetite with one or two of the choicest portions. Then, unless the weather is severe and food unusually scarce, it deserts the carcase and resumes its quest.

A migration from a pond is a sight worth travelling far to see. Once while I was photographing and collecting in the "back country," I came across a place where the ramifications of the bank-dwellers had been more than the ancient beaver dam would stand. The water had dashed off down the valley in one great roaring lip, and the straw houses of the muskrats stood up like the tree dwellings of Borneo. In many cases we saw a mother actually throwing her numerous prodgey from their airy perch, pushing them off the mossy ledges, where they clung timourously. The departure of the water had left the bank-dwellers in a similar fix. From openings that had once been under water they peered and searched the scene. The flood occurred after sunrise. By nine in the morning that old-time breeding ground was thoroughly deserted. I sat on a dry bank and watched them leave, the mothers suiting their pace to the little weaklings

beside. Some mothers were carrying the little ones, making many a portage from stream to stream, from pond to pond. It was quite possible to trace the course of the departing host by the hawks that circled above, darting down every now and then to select a fat youngster, as straight as the mariner guides his ship; so these animals steered their way, taking up a location fully twenty miles from the old home pond. Here we saw the animals working a short while in the daytime, evidently females whose spring home was immediately necessary.

Their cleanly habits are Nature taught. It is possible to scent a passing muskrat at one or two hundred yards, a strong, not unpleasant odor of musk. Yet, when the animal is killed and the scent bags removed from near the thighs, it is possible to raise the freshly cut meat to the nose and not find the slightest odor from the places immediately surrounding, a truly wonderful thing.

I was intensely interested once while watching a large female sitting on an ancient cedar log gravely washing her face and combing her hair. Above her sped a hawk. She looked up with a shivering motion. Later a huge spawning maskinonge rose near her, sending the circling ripples splashing onto the log. Still she sat unmoved, staring at my bright lens. Then a clumsy snapping turtle clambered up and disgustedly she tossed her head and dived beneath.

If you would fall into any extreme let it be on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constructed that it resists rigour and yields to softness.—St. Francis de Sales.

* * *

The people in all times of duty who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried people in the community. Duties never wildly chase each other in their lives. One task never crowds another out, nor even compels hurried, and therefore, imperfect, doing. The calm spirit works methodically, doing one thing at a time and doing it well, and it therefore, works swiftly, though never appearing to be in haste.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

The Hospitable Mr. Macfie.

By Isabel A. R. MacLean.

“WHY do we always have people staying with us?” said Justina bitterly. “I mean, people we don’t like?”

Mr. Macfie looked uncomfortable. He knew. And what was more, he knew that Justina knew.

“It is two months today since those wretched Wolvertons came,” she continued, “and heaven knows how much longer they intend to stay. Something must be done, Charles. I don’t care what it is. I hate the Wolvertons.”

“So do I,” he agreed hurriedly, “but we must not allow the milk of human kindness——”

“As far as I am concerned,” she interrupted, “it was condensed, or it evaporated, or something, soon after they came, and I repeat that I hate the Wolvertons.”

The Macfies were holding one of their clandestine meetings in the attic, called at the instance of Justina to consider some means of disposing of the Wolverton family. How clearly she remembered their advent. She had been sitting by the fire nodding over a book. She was very tired and decided to go to bed. It was eleven o’clock. Suddenly she put down her book and listened, with growing apprehension. Yes; there could be no doubt about it; the cab was stopping at their gate. She was well aware that Mr. Macfie always walked when he came from the depot alone. Presently she recognized her husband’s genial accents. The commingling voices were strange.

With an air of calmly accepting the inevitable she leaned back and waited. Ten years of Mr. Macfie had taught her the futility of reproaches and protests against his indiscriminate hospitality and

the sudden raids of his followers upon the calm of the domestic horizon. In the attaining of this attitude her sole support was Ellen, in the unseeing eyes of the world, a mere tidy maid-of-all work, but in reality, a female Job, rendered such by persistent trial. Ellen and her mistress had long since come to the realization that, as long as he had a tongue to persuade and a roof to cover his head, they must be the unbleating lambs slaughtered upon the altar of Mr. Macfie’s unremitting hospitality. For Ellen there was a glimmer of hope. She was not married to Mr. Macfie. For her own part, Mrs. Macfie loved a congenial guest; she was devoted to a guest of obligation; but Mr. Macfie’s found-by-the-wayside species filled her with dismay. By painful effort she had overcome, to a great extent, a propensity to swoon, or break into a gentle perspiration, at the sound of an unfamiliar footstep, and could clasp with a moderate degree of civility, if not enthusiasm, the divers hands which the genial ways of Mr. Macfie thrust upon her from time to time.

“Of course,” she said, rising wearily, and pulling herself together, both literally and figuratively, “I might have known what would result from his three days’ absence. Will it be the ingratiating, friendless female whose mother’s grand-uncle was a Macfie (of the same branch as Charles) and spoke Gaelic? or the blighted investor whose opinions of the West Charles feels called upon to correct? or, quite likely, the appealing orphans who got on the wrong train and missed their relatives. Possibly——”

There was a great deal of ordering and excited conversation outside, and much tramping of feet, and slamming

and banging and thumping of trunks and valises. The door swung open, and a procession, headed by the hearty Mr. Macfie himself, filed into the hall. Outside there were more strange forms flitting up and down the steps in the darkness, and more slamming of baggage. Mrs. Macfie wondered, as she came to meet him, if Charles had brought home a football team, or a stranded opera company.

"My dear Justina," he exclaimed, embracing her affectionately, "here we are at last. How are you? Are the children well?"

The crowd began to sort itself. Part of it disappeared altogether (the agitated Justina had at first mistaken the expressman for guests) and the remainder drew up in a semi-circle behind the portly form of Mr. Macfie. To his wife's bewildered eyes there seemed to be fifty of them but as a matter of fact, there were only five, not including a green parrot and a terrifyingly-human monkey. Toward the strange semi-circle Mrs. Macfie's covert glance returned again and again, fascinated, while Charles delivered his explanatory-introductory speech. She couldn't help thinking that if they had only brought pink lemonade and paper hoops, the circus would be complete. One was elfin, another abnormally tall; all were odd looking. And Justina's heart failed her when she beheld their clothes.

"Now, my dear," continued Mr. Macfie, in his amplest manner, as if heaping some rare good fortune upon her, "I have brought home the most delightful people in the world—fellow travellers of mine—Mr. and Mrs. Wolverton from Ceylon, and their charming family. I have been telling them that you would enjoy a visit from them just as much as I should myself."

He bowed all around, beaming and smiling expansively, as he waved them all together and assisted the travellers to remove their wraps. He fairly radiated warmth and cordiality, so that a sort of reflected glow came upon his wife, as she extended welcoming hands to Mrs. Wolverton, Mr. Wolverton, Master George Wolverton, and the Misses Mil-

lie and Emily Wolverton,—a glow, however, that was distinctly of external origin, and had no place within the hostile bosom of Justina.

While Mrs. Wolverton gurgled and babbled and protested that they were the kindest people imaginable, Justina's mind was upon the pantry shelves improvising supper, and in the linen closet counting the extra blankets. What a lean, hungry creature that George looked. Ellen would be sure to leave this time. She had given notice that she would upon the next offense.

An hour later Mrs. Macfie came downstairs in her dressing gown with a quantity of bed clothing over her arm. Mr. Macfie was alone in the dining-room. For some reason he had carefully avoided a tete-a-tete with Justina. Whenever she approached, he immediately fell into earnest conversation with a Wolverton (of whom there was no lack) and, to all appearances, remained entranced until some forgotten duty took her away again. Once, when she beckoned him into the dining-room, he deliberately ignored the summons, and devoted himself indefatigably to the uninteresting Misses Millie and Emily. Justina was not a scold—in fact, there was no denying that she was a remarkably amiable woman—but in this instance Mr. Macfie preferred to meet her in the presence of others. He was sitting at the table, rather limply, it must be confessed, but at the sight of her coming down the staircase, he adopted a jaunty demeanor, and whistled Comin' thro' the Rye with utmost indifference and lack of melody. Mrs. Macfie had observed before now that when Charles' soul was heavy with guilt, he invariably became jaunty.

He stepped forward to relieve her of the blankets as airily as could be expected of a man of his weight. To his astonishment, she displayed not the slightest sign of animosity. He gave her a quick, searching look. Was it possible that, after all, she did not mind this—this little surprise party? The jauntiness gave place to uneasy speculation.

Justina was too tired to quarrel; besides, what was the use of going over

the old arguments, the old protests. He would never be different. She pitied herself sincerely.

"I've found places for everybody," she remarked, unfolding a pillow-case, "but you'll have to sleep downstairs. Which do you prefer, Charles, the cozy corner, or the deck-chair?"

Mr. Macfie's soul was above trivialities. Such details had not occurred to him before. Of course these people had to sleep some place. He cast his eye over the cozy corner, and observed that it had a nasty, sharp turn in the middle. He had no great fancy for deck-chairs at any time.

"What about the library sofa?" he ventured.

"Master George Wolverton is occupying that."

Was there just the faintest tinge of malice in Justina's reply? He couldn't, for the life of him, tell.

"Well, then, I think—the deck-chair." But there was no enthusiasm in his manner. He had been looking forward to a good night's rest. He never slept well on a train. Moreover, he was an order-loving man by nature and habit; every cuff button and every shoe had its proper place in his room. He hated to be tumbled around like this. Why hadn't the Wolvertons sense enough to go to an hotel? Wolverton was a man of means. Why didn't they insist upon going to an hotel? He always did, and you couldn't pay Justina to do otherwise.

He turned, attracted by a dull, scraping sound. Was that thing a coffin, and what, in the name of all the gods at once, was she doing?

"I think, after all," said Justina, dropping something long and white and narrow, "if I attached the ironing-board to the cozy-corner and padded it with cushions, it would be more comfortable than the deck-chair."

Somehow, Mr. Macfie felt hurt and humiliated—dreadfully humiliated. The ironing-board!

"As you wish," he replied stiffly, "it is immaterial to me." His manner said "I shall not rest in either case."

She said good-night, then, as if struck

by a sudden thought, stopped at the door.

"Is anything the matter?" His tone was cold as the arctic snows.

"I was just wondering," she answered, stifling a yawn, "if there were ten extra eggs in the house for breakfast."

And Charles had muttered something unintelligible, as he flung his necktie on top of the piano, and kicked his boots among the Indian curios.

As things were now, the attic was the only part of the house that was left to them, except the basement and the chicken run. Mr. Wolverton slept all day in the library, when he was not practising the cornet, in collaboration with the screaming parrot; while the drawing-room and second storey were entirely at the mercy of Mrs. Wolverton, George, Millie and Emily, their belongings, occupations and friends. Jacko, the inevitably-named monkey, grew more satanic, if possible, daily; he recognized no boundaries, and his domain was everywhere. The Macfies were distinctly de trop. For two months they had been practically homeless. Moreover, in their efforts to obtain stolen interviews with each other, they had become furtive and shy. Justina recognized this, but with indifference. Nothing mattered, but to get rid of the Wolvertons.

Like a hunted Huguenot, she had whispered to Charles to follow her to the attic, and he had tip-toed, pantingly, up the narrow, squeaking stairs, glancing back, fearfully, lest he should be tracked. Once they had nearly caught him. (Justina and Charles always spoke of them as They). They were all ears and eyes and stomachs. On close acquaintance They had nothing to recommend them. No human beings had ever bored him so wholly, so incessantly. Would that he had never seen them.

Justina came back to the original question.

"Can't you think of anything?"

Mr. Macfie twisted in his chair uncomfortably. How well he remembered saying, in that fatal burst of cordiality, "We'll put you up as long as you can put up with us." (Mercifully, Justina, didn't know that.) He had no idea then

they would take things so literally. Every day they grew more obnoxious in his sight. But what could he do? After all, the house was Justina's department. He looked after the office.

"Really, Justina," he said aloud. "I can do no better than leave the matter in your hands entirely. You have such tact."

This was not altogether a surprise to Mrs. Macfie. Matters of a disagreeable nature were always delegated to her. Charles encouraged a comfortable doctrine that women rather enjoyed making themselves unpleasant. Men, on the contrary, found that sort of thing embarrassing.

"You know, Justina," he continued, in extenuation of his attitude, "(forgive my saying so) you have only yourself to blame; you make it far too pleasant for them; you exhaust yourself needlessly in providing entertainments. It has often pained me—"

"I am only civil," interposed Justina, with deadly emphasis upon the pronoun. "I don't flatter them until they fairly simper, and encourage a belief that we can't be happy without them. Even I would be deceived by your manner—almost."

Mr. Macfie groaned. It was amazingly easy to say pleasant things, just to limber up the conversation.

For a few minutes Justina was silent. When she arose, determination gleamed in her eye. Someone must rescue the house of Macfie from these wolfish creatures. Their society was no longer a thing to be borne.

"Very well," she said, slowly and impressively, "all I ask is this: When Ellen brings in the letters tomorrow at breakfast, and I read one from your Aunt Jemima Heatherton of Edinburgh, saying that she will be with us almost at once for a long-promised visit; don't stare at me and say, 'Who is Aunt Jemima Heatherton?' I'm telling you now that she is your mother's unmarried sister. She is sixty-five, and her companion always travels with her."

"My mother was a Spotiswoode," corrected Mr. Macfie with dignity.

"Spotiswoode or not," retorted Jus-

lina with some irritation, "do you grasp my meaning? Do you realize that it will rid us of the Wolvertons? Rid—us—of—the—Wolvertons," she repeated, for the sheer joy of hearing it again. "They will have to give up their rooms to Aunt Jemima and her companion. Don't you think it's a good idea? I have half a dozen far more interesting schemes, but the beautiful simplicity of this appeals to me. And above all," she warned, with a prophetic flash, "above all, don't become weak minded and assure them that we can accommodate everybody, and beg them stay on, in spite of Aunt Jemima. You know how readily those things roll off your tongue. Do you think you can resist, for once?"

Charles arose, visibly offended.

"Really, Justina," he said, with the air of a wronged arch-angel, "you go too far. I admit that the fault is my own. I have spoilt you. For ten years you have done exactly as you pleased, regardless of my wishes,—and now all the thanks I get is to be called a fool."

With a heart-broken, And-thou-Brutus expression Mr. Macfie descended the attic stairs, leaving Justina to repent of her uncharitable and uncalled-for observations.

When Ellen appeared with the letters the following morning, Mr. Macfie was put to instant flight, pleading an early engagement at the office; nor would he meet Justina's reproachful eye, but made his exit in the middle of the meal with, what she considered, cowardly haste. After all, she concluded, it was just as well he should go. She would manage it better without him. There was no telling what he might say.

Three letters lay unopened beside her plate. She looked at them, and began to weaken, and the more she looked, the weaker she grew. Several times she began, but the words died on her lips, or dwindled into stale commonplaces. With a supreme effort she rallied her forces, and picked up the middle envelope.

"I wonder what news the post has brought me today?"

In her own ears her voice sounded quavering and hypocritical. How could

she go on? Once started, she recovered her nerve, and firmly unfolded to the toast-and-egg-sodden Wolvertons the tale of Aunt Jemima Heatherton.

At Justina's polite regrets for their limited accommodation, Mrs. Wolverton generously declared that it could not be helped, though she agreed that it would, indeed, be delightful to have plenty of room for everybody. She let Justina understand quite plainly that it was inconvenient for them to leave just then, but, in further proof of her magnanimity, put aside all the attendant annoyances, and offered to vacate the premises without further delay. "Far be it from me or mine to inconvenience anyone," she finished, "that is one rule I insist upon observing."

An unspeakable relief filled Justina as the realization dawned that all had gone well. The plot was successful, and there was no bloodshed. With the sudden lifting of the load came, first, laughter, then tears. Justina—the well-posed Justina—was indulging in mild hysterics all by herself in the attic retreat. Here she took refuge during the terrific upheaval and dire confusion that reigned below. The Wolvertons were making ready to depart.

Upon his return, late in the afternoon, Mr. Macfie encountered them in the hall, booted and spurred, the parrot caged, and the monkey chained. A carriage was at the door.

The situation was too much for him. His feelings underwent a rapid change. Remorse set in. Strangers—and to be

treated like this! Turned out like stray mongrels! Justina and he had been guilty of a contemptible trick—of conduct ill befitting any Macfie. For generations their hospitality had been famous throughout Colonsay and the Loch Fechan country. Was it thus that in this new land he upheld the traditions of his race? Five—only five—puny guests; and his father had housed them infifties, many a time, and thought himself felicitated. Circumstances might change, but instinct—never. He flung away discretion; he flung away Justina's warning; he forgot the miseries of the past months; the cornet solos, the parrot, and the diabolic monkey; the attic conferences, and the weary strain of it all. The flower of hospitality bloomed with him anew, nothing blighted by the frost of experience. They were his guests, bidden to the shelter of his roof. That was enough.

"My dear Wolverton, my dear Mrs. Wolverton," he exclaimed, in tones of inexpressible, unfeigned relief, as he advanced, beamingly, with outstretched hands, the very incarnation of gracious cordiality, "my dear friends, pray, hang up your wraps again, and unpack your trunks. I've just had a cable from Aunt Jemima, and her visit has been—indefinitely—postponed."

"Ellen," he added, as that young woman entered, happily burdened with hat-boxes and travelling rugs, "kindly give this to the cabman, and tell him that we shall not require his services."

Better faith tested than desire fulfilled.

* * *

Probably one-half of the rudeness of youths of this day, that later in life will develop into brutality, is due to the failure of parents to enforce in the family circle the rules of courtesy. The son or daughter who is discourteous to members of the family, because of familiarity with them, is very likely to prove rude and overbearing to others, and very certain to be a tyrant in the household over which he or she may be called on to preside.



ONCE upon a time, there was a Blue Pig. He was a Golly-wog, pure and simple, and although he did not like telling so, he never pretended to be anything else.

A Golly-wog is—well, just a Golly-wog—that is all I can tell you.

When he made his first appearance in public he was filled with delicious candies and stood very proudly in a glass case in a confectioner's window.

There he stayed for a long time and would spend hours in speculating on all the wonderful adventures he would have when it became his turn to be handed over the counter into the great, wide world outside.

He was by no means a beauty, but had a very original charm and personality of his own.

His mouth was very wide and always open, as though he were constantly yawning. His ears were very long, even for a pig; his eyes red and prominent, and the skin below was extremely puffy as though he never went to bed early. His upper lip seemed drawn into his long, thin nose, and his lower one came to a point over a triple set of chins, which

hung down between his delicate little feet almost to the ground. In colour, he was of that peculiar shade of blue, commonly known as laundry blue.

When at last he left the sweet store, he was carried away to a large house and virtually turned inside out. When all his toothsome interior was consumed and he was quite empty, he was set upon a high shelf in the children's nursery, quite close to two other Golly-wogs, a yellow Dog and a Pink Dog.

The Yellow Dog had red eyes and a very supercilious expression, and he always wore a sporty looking hat on the side of his head.

He had the appearance of having belonged to a military club in his better days and was very proud and conceited. In the middle of his back was a large hole, which unkind people whispered had once been used for matches.

The Pink Dog was a thorough aristocrat, with yellow eyes and long drooping ears. His neck was a tremendous length, and his legs disproportionately short. He held his nose high in the air, and prided himself on his presumed poetical appearance.

They two were great friends and cor-

dially despised the Blue Pig, who heartily wished himself a thousand miles away at least a thousand times a day.

He got very tired of hearing the two talk of their illustrious ancestors, because, so far as he knew they hadn't any, and he thought "making believe" like that was very poor fun.

Then the Pink Dog had a melancholy habit on moonlight nights of howling dolorous ditties what we call "doggerel." Sometimes the Blue Pig ventured to grumble which made matters worse for then the Yellow Dog chimed in too, and the duet was infinitely worse to bear than the solo.

Afterwards they would make unpleasant remarks, and address him as Sir Asinego, which means a little ass—a foolish person.

The Pink Dog discovered the word one day when he was searching the dictionary for some suitably long words, with which to decorate his poetry, for I forgot to say that his nocturnal serenades were quite original.

They used this name so often that the Blue Pig actually begun to believe that he really was a foolish fellow after all and became more unhappy than ever.

There were no babies in the nursery and the place was often quite deserted, but one hot afternoon two little girls were playing on the nursery floor. They were dressing and undressing their dolls and were having a real good time.

Most of the dolls were the good old-fashioned scrawny kind made of wood, with arms and legs whose joints always moved with a jerk, and had a peculiar habit of dropping off like a crab's claws, only a crab always sets to work to re-make himself and these dollies never took the trouble, perhaps, because they had found out that the more limbs they shed, and the more love their little mistresses showered upon them.

Indeed, the Queen of the nursery was Miss Priscilla, who had neither arms nor legs; nay, her very nose was chipped off. One head, one body, one eye, (the other had been washed out) and two ears! That was all that remained of Miss Priscilla. But what a darling she was! No

other dollie had such fine clothes, nor such a soft bed.

The wax doll, from Paris, who could say Mama and Papa got quite jealous and the china doll even wilfully snipped herself in several places in order to get a fair share of pity and attention.

The rag doll only laughed at them, and said: "What's the use?" which was her favourite expression on all occasions.

Well, on this particular day, the Blue Pig was dozing a little, when he heard one of the children say, "We must hurry. The Princess calls on Miss Priscilla this afternoon." "Yes," replied the other child, "and Lady Betty said she would call too. I think Miss P. shall receive in the white drawing-room today. The pink brocade in the rose parlor needs renewing."

The other child assented and the room was very quiet for a while, for the children were far too busy to talk, excepting for little remarks like these: "How do you like that?" "Oh, lovely!" "Shall Miss P— have on her emeralds, or her turquoise set?" and such-like.

By and bye the Blue Pig heard such rapturous exclamations, that he peeped over the edge of the shelf to see what was going on below. At first he was rather puzzled. On the floor was spread a white cover with a border of pink roses. Here and there were set little chairs and tables cut out of white cardboard. Wee bits of fern were stuck into round white beads which made lovely jardinières. A scrap of pink plush posed as a rug, and bits of colored glass, shells, and scraps of tinsel made a lovely assortment of bric-a-brac.

The children had a very old and very learned uncle, a real Professor, and he used to tease them sometimes and tell them that he had seen birds—Bower birds, he called them, in Australia, which could make just as pretty dollie-houses as they could. Of course, the children said he was "funning," but I don't think he was for all that.

Today the white drawing-room was gorgeous. Everything was spick and span, the tea-table set with the best china and silver, and flowers scattered everywhere, regardless of expense.

The Blue Pig showed the greatest curiosity and in a short time quite entered

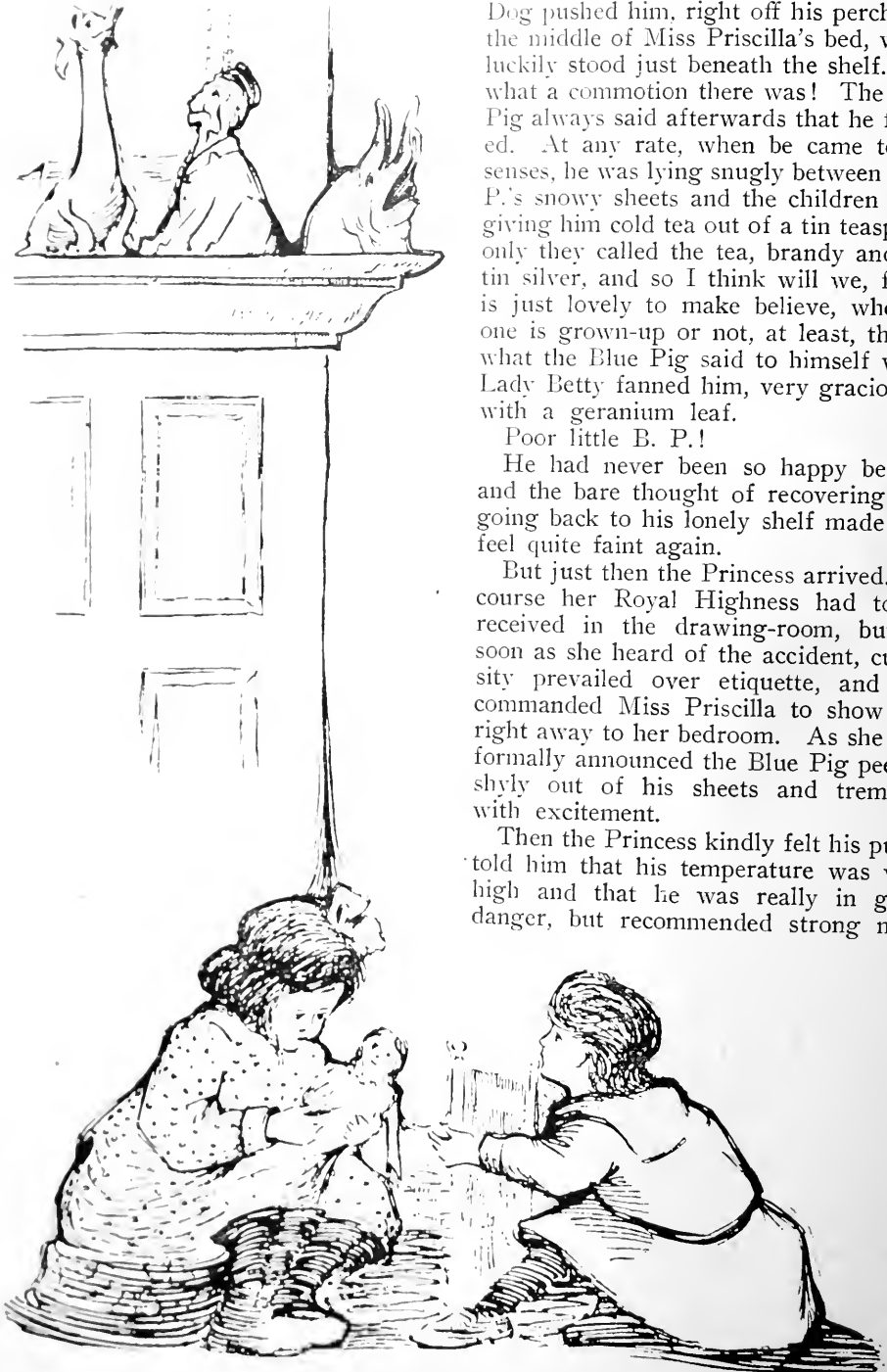
into the fun of the thing, and was so intensely interested when Lady Betty arrived, that he fell, or perhaps the Pink Dog pushed him, right off his perch into the middle of Miss Priscilla's bed, which luckily stood just beneath the shelf. Oh what a commotion there was! The Blue Pig always said afterwards that he fainted. At any rate, when he came to his senses, he was lying snugly between Miss P.'s snowy sheets and the children were giving him cold tea out of a tin teaspoon, only they called the tea, brandy and the tin silver, and so I think will we, for it is just lovely to make believe, whether one is grown-up or not, at least, that is what the Blue Pig said to himself when Lady Betty fanned him, very graciously, with a geranium leaf.

Poor little B. P.!

He had never been so happy before, and the bare thought of recovering and going back to his lonely shelf made him feel quite faint again.

But just then the Princess arrived. Of course her Royal Highness had to be received in the drawing-room, but so soon as she heard of the accident, curiosity prevailed over etiquette, and she commanded Miss Priscilla to show her right away to her bedroom. As she was formally announced the Blue Pig peeped shyly out of his sheets and trembled with excitement.

Then the Princess kindly felt his pulse, told him that his temperature was very high and that he was really in great danger, but recommended strong mus-



tard poultices and an electric battery. Either, or both, said Her Royal Highness were splendid for shock to the system.

Then she and Lady Betty swept back into the drawing-room. There they sat in great state while Miss Priscilla presided at the tea-table.

Tea was served in priceless Dresden cups and the cake on real old Worcester plates.

Of course, the Princess being so great a lady was obliged to be very haughty and proper, which rather spoilt her pleasure as she was really a jolly little soul when she wasn't dressed in her very best clothes.

She could not stay long either; not more than the conventional twenty minutes, however much she wished to; but she promised to send down her own Court physician, at once, in her own coach.

Then away she went, Miss Priscilla ducking and bobbing all the way down the garden path. Her want of legs being rather a draw-back, she found it a difficult matter to satisfy the demands of Court etiquette with the proper amount of agility.

However, she made many excuses for her innocent disloyalty, and H. R. Highness was good enough to say, "Oh, don't mention it," just as ordinary persons like you and me might do.

It really was good of her, as Miss Priscilla said afterwards over and over again.

The physician did not arrive until the next day, as the Court lap-dog ate too much dinner and was delirious half the night, but the Blue Pig was not at all sorry—he was so very comfortable.

Miss Priscilla said she feared some internal injury and worked herself into a very pleasing state of apprehension and importance. She bustled about and turned the whole household upside down.

Indeed she got so very nervous that she tied dainty little bread poultices on every one of the invalid's four feet so that he couldn't possibly get up and move about, and choice morsels of food were popped into his mouth every ten minutes excepting when he was supposed to be asleep. Then the wax doll and the

china doll took turns in fanning him, although the rag doll said as usual, "What's the use?" He was not really asleep; he was far too anxious for that. The joys of "making believe" got sweeter every moment. In his heart he knew that he was not really hurt at all. What should he do when the doctor found his little deception out and ordered him back to his shelf?

But indeed he need not have been afraid. The doctor was far too great a man to dream of making a personal examination of his patient.

He arrived at last in great state. He was very stout, and came through the bedroom door with much difficulty, puffing and blowing like a whale. After mopping his forehead with a huge handkerchief, he sat down at the bedside and looked very wisely at the B. P. through an immense pair of spectacles. This (he being so great a man) was all that it was necessary for him to do to ensure his patient's recovery. To the delight of the B. P. and the dismay of Miss P. and all the dollies, he took a very serious view of the case, ordered perfect rest and quiet and said that if the patient survived the night, a messenger should be posted off instantly to the Palace for some white powders and black draughts.

If he did not survive—well, the great man shook his head very, very slowly, and said that he was afraid, much afraid, that even a Court physician, in that case, could not do very much.

However, he brightened up suddenly and said cheerfully that in any case they should send for him. His usual fee was one hundred dollars per visit, but feeling as he did, such an unusual interest in the patient, he could not think of charging more than fifty dollars.

Miss Priscilla was overcome with gratitude at his generosity and having received his fee he bowed himself out.

The Blue Pig gave a sigh of relief and out of pure joy fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile the Pink Dog and the Yellow Dog were almost green with envy. They turned into such a funny colour that their own mothers would not have owned them.

They had held their noses high in the

air so long that they could not bend their heads at all. Their necks had grown quite stiff, so they were not able to peep down to see what the Blue Pig was really doing. But they heard quite enough to know that he was having a very good time. And they felt very sore about it. What was the good of being superior to the rest of the world if they had to stay on the shelf whilst a common Blue Pig got all the good things down below?

At last, they could bear it no longer. They forgot all their pride and begun to quarrel with each other. The shelf was very slippery and soon over they both went, and shot right on the top of poor Miss Priscilla, who fell flat on her back and screamed for help.

She screamed so loudly that even the Princess heard her in her Palace, and actually came down in her state coach to see what was the matter. Of course, it took hours to get the coach, horses and footmen ready and the bustle was all over long before she arrived on the spot, but it was very kind of H. R. Highness all the same.

Poor Miss Priscilla! She was not much hurt herself, but her best dress was quite spoilt, for she fell into a large mustard poultice that the Rag Doll was mixing for the Blue Pig. Not that they meant to use it, but you see it was a Royal prescription. Miss P. thought it would look well, and be a delicate compliment to the Princess, if she happened to call.

The children were very cross about the accident. The Ping Dog and the Yellow Dog were picked up, scolded well, and hustled back to their shelf with their faces to the wall, and there they stayed for a whole week.

But alas for the little B. P.! He was crying piteously, for this time he was really hurt. In the scuffle one of his dear little feet was somehow broken clean off. He was in great pain. Grown-up people might not have known that; but children and dollies always under-

stand, and they all cried too, in sympathy—all, excepting the Rag Doll, who said as usual, "What's the use?" which so vexed the children that they shut her up with Jack in the Box for a whole hour.

Just then the Professor, the children's uncle happened to peep into the nursery and was greatly concerned about the accident. He looked carefully at the injured foot, and said that the B. P. would have to go through a serious operation at once. So the dollies were all turned out of the room for fear they should cry out. Then the children dressed themselves in aprons and caps whilst the Professor got his instruments ready. They had to give the B. P. a great deal of chloroform so that he would not feel any pain. At first he was frightened and wouldn't keep still. But soon he was perfectly quiet and the operation was a great success. The Professor said he must stay in bed at least two days and not be moved at all, but he could have lots of company to amuse him. So the dollies were all brought in again, even the Rag Doll, who seemed quite subdued for once, and the Princess came too, and Lady Betty and the Court Lap-Dog as well.

Such a time they had and the best of it all was that somehow the Blue Pig never managed to recover from the shock. He said if his leg was mended, his nerves were shattered, so he was never sent back to the shelf any more, much to the disgust of the P. D. and the Y. D., who got quite tired of making believe to be great folks and fell out with each other every day, only nobody took any notice of them.

As for the little Blue Pig—well, he lived happy ever after and never got tired of "making believe." He had tea with the Princess and Lady Betty every afternoon, made love to Miss Priscilla in the evening, and finally would have married the Rag Doll, but she only laughed and simpered, shrugged her shoulders, and said, "What's the use?"

“The Terminal City.”

By Howland Hoadley.

BY the entrance of the colony of British Columbia into the Confederation July 21, 1871, the Dominion of Canada received a daughter that formed the last link in the great chain of provinces and unorganized districts stretching from ocean to ocean, uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific. When the final location at Vancouver was selected as the terminus of a transcontinental railway on the Pacific Coast it was universally acknowledged that the city in embryo would soon take its place among the noted seaports of the North American continent, and from from its inception, Vancouver was assured of trade and commerce, which in themselves sufficed to support a city of many thousands. As the ocean terminus of a railway traversing a continent, as the place at which wheel and keel must meet, where the entire trade between the Dominion and the nations of the Orient must crystalize, the connecting link between Greater Britain's possessions in India and the Antipodes, Vancouver has established an undisputed foundation for a prosperous community. She reaches across the plains and prairies for the commerce and trade of her elder sisters, which have played so important a part in the up-building of the great power and wealth of the mighty British Empire, at the same time beckons with welcoming hand to the traffic of the mystic east.

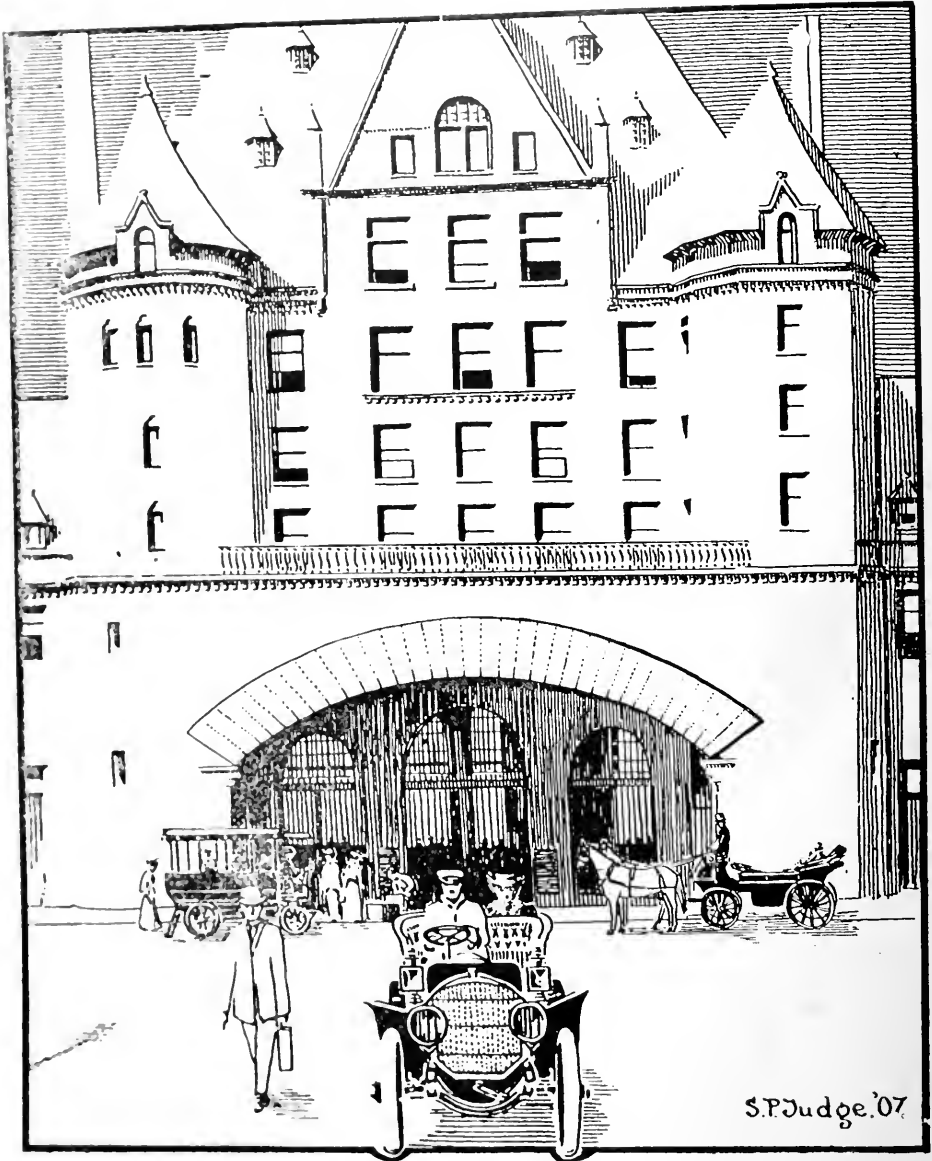
To the naturally advantageous location of the city, rising gently from the shores of Burrard Inlet on the one side, and from the waters of False Creek on the other, separated only by a narrow neck of land, the site of the city presents ideal features. Vast forests of the

finest timber encompass the surrounding country, to which must be added the proximity of great mineral wealth almost beyond description, while not to be forgotten, the fishing industry on the Fraser river which attains elsewhere unknown proportions. But to crown all, the situation of Vancouver makes her the half-way house on the great Imperial Red route, between the Motherland, her Indian possessions and the Federated States of Australia, and today Vancouver stands as one of the foremost cities on the Pacific coast notwithstanding that her streets and avenues have been carved from the virgin forest less than thirty years ago.

This environment which has played so important a part in the wonderful advancement and present pre-eminence of Vancouver differs in some respects from any city on the North American continent. Many have had to depend entirely upon the unaided efforts of their inhabitants for their growth and have had to pass through countless difficulties and overcome numerous obstacles before they could take their place in the world as commercial centres. Excepting, possibly, the harbors of Sydney, Australia, and that of Rio in the Argentine, as a safe anchorage, that of Vancouver is possibly unequalled. Its waters are almost completely landlocked, its seaward entrance is protected by mighty hills, while the peninsula on which the city proper is built is sheltered by the bold outlines of that portion known as the wooded domain of Stanley Park. Again, along the street ends the water is of such depth that vessels of the deepest draught may lie at the docks unaffected by the tides, and treacherous currents.

Histories are replete with the early voyages of Captain George Vancouver in the sloop Discovery, who arrived off Cape Flattery April 29, 1792, when a

carefully explored, as far as Port Moody, the peninsula now occupied by the "Terminal City" was entirely overlooked, as it was supposed that the high point of



The C. P. R. Depot.

few weeks later he took formal possession of the territory, pursuing the usual formalities which are generally observed on such occasions. Although, at this time, False Creek and Burrard Inlet were

Stanley Park was an island lying exactly across the so-called canal named after Sir Henry Burrard, which was supposed to be part of the Delta of the Fraser river.

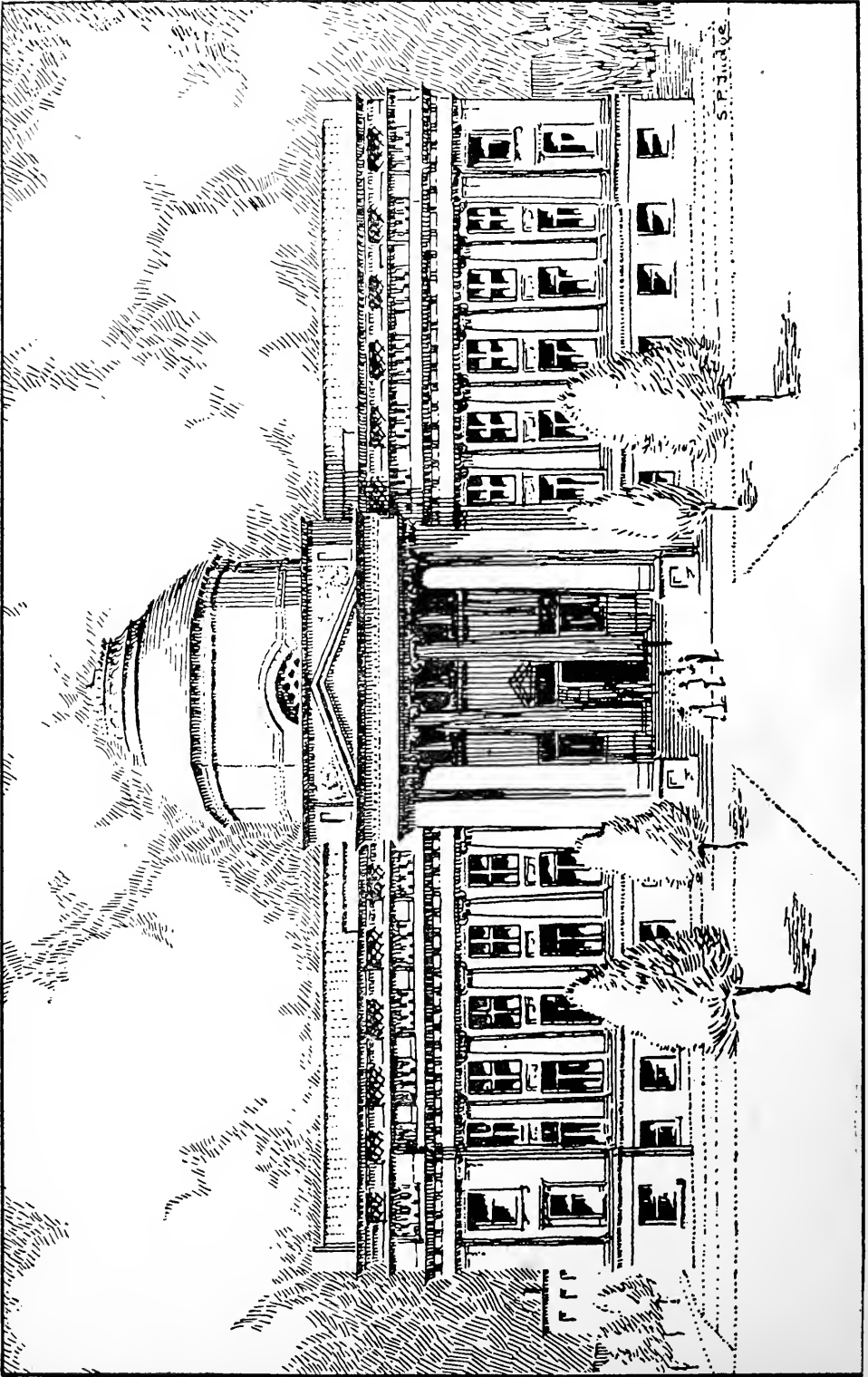
But little notice was given to the locality of Vancouver until 1863, when two pioneers erected a small saw-mill driven by water power opposite the peninsula of Vancouver, near the present site of North Vancouver three miles across the unruffled waters of Burrard Inlet. These two men, Messrs. Hicks and Baker, are the first white men known to have located on the Inlet. In the following year they disposed of their property to a Mr. Smith, who in turn, transferred the mill to Mr. Moody, after whom the present locality, Moodyville, derived its name. At this period there was no actual settlement or even a village, though in 1864 the peninsula was visited by Messrs. Holbrook, Clarkson, and others, who, finding indications and specimens of lignite on the shore, began boring for coal in the vicinity which now bears the name of Coal Harbor. In the same year a logging camp was started near Point Grey by Jerry Rogers, who had received a commission to take out spars suitable for ships for the French government, and to this day the vicinity of this first enterprise on the shores of English Bay is named after him,—Jericho. At this time quite a settlement had been established on the Fraser river, and during the year '64 and '65 a road connecting New Westminster with the locality then known as Brighton, now Hastings Townsite, was completed, it being the only artery of traffic from the Fraser to Burrard Inlet. In the meantime numerous logging camps were started on the peninsula and Captain Edward Stamp erected a saw-mill on the site now occupied by the Hastings Mill. The timber along the shores of the Inlet and the lumber produced at the mills immediately attracted attention, and from that time on drew shipping to the vicinity and steamers from the Fraser river.

Two years later a townsite was planted by the government, situated along the water front between Cambie and Abbott streets, and the lots, 66 feet by 132 feet, found a ready sale at \$100. In '67 the first saloon was opened in the new village by a man from Port Moody called "Gassy Jack," and after him, so popular did he become, that the locality was

known all over the Coast as "Gastown," and even today, among the Indians, far into the interior and for five hundred miles up the coast this name is more familiar than either Granville or Vancouver, by which it was subsequently known. The townsite had to be enlarged in a few years, from Abbott to Carroll streets and Granville, as it was then called, grew and multiplied.

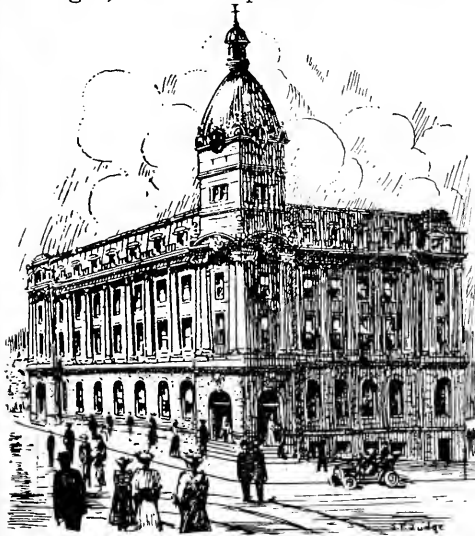
In June, 1880, it was announced by Sir John A. Macdonald that a new syndicate had been formed to push forward and bring to a conclusion the Canadian Pacific Railway which should terminate near the waters of Burrard Inlet and notwithstanding the enormous cost of construction the great work was rushed forward with vigor although it was not until May, 1884, that the final land grant to the C. P. R., comprising 9,000 acres, on the peninsula, definitely brought about the terminus at Vancouver instead of Port Moody. In 1886 the population of the village numbered 200 or 300, and from that time to the present the growth has been steady and certain. One marked contrast which has characterized the progress of Vancouver over all other cities, is that in her entire history there has been no boom notwithstanding the rapid growth which has been clearly defined since the first charter was given by the Provincial Government in 1886. At this time the principal street of the city was Cordova, and today the dates on the buildings that line this important thoroughfare amply testify to the solidity and enduring nature of the imposing structures.

The constant shipping of lumber from the vicinity of Burrard Inlet drew the attention of the outside world, and logging camps were established in many localities in the neighborhood. Notwithstanding that Stanley Park today is famous for its great trees, by a careful estimate it has been figured that fully 12,000,000 feet of select timber were taken out and that many of the forest grants, now the pride of the city, were rejected at that time as being below the required standard. Some of the ship timbers and spars taken from the forest below New Westminster by actual measurement were forty-two inches in



The New Provincial Law Courts Now Under Construction.

diameter and a hundred and twenty feet in length, and one specimen three hun-



The New Post Office.

dred and twenty-seven feet in length, and five feet in diameter, was sent to London, England, in sections of ten feet, where it was placed on exhibition and attracted universal attention. An item



Canadian Bank of Commerce.

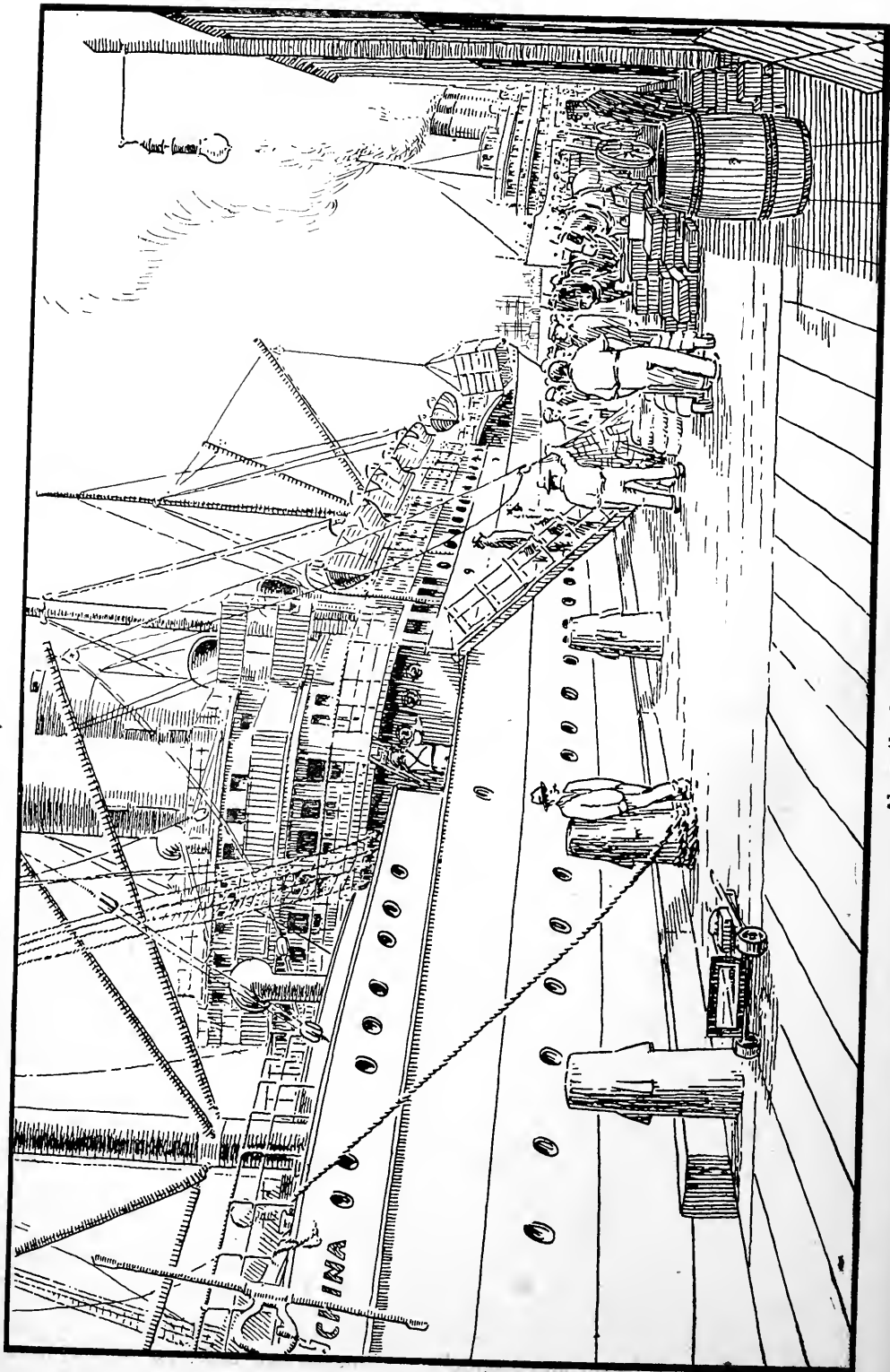
in the early history of Vancouver is worthy of mention which is recalled vividly to mind, by the recent anti-Asiatic

riots. In 1886 a number of Chinamen were imported to the city by contractors which so deeply aroused the public indignation that they were driven beyond the limits of the townsite, and because of which by influential representation in the legislature the charter of the city was suspended and Mr. Bodwell with thirty-two constables, was appointed to preserve law and order. It was in this year that the most disastrous fire ever known in the history of the city occurred. Starting from a small bush fire the blaze swept over the young city, carrying all before it, and leaving only smouldering



The Carnegie Library.

heaps of ashes and ruins, where a prosperous little town stood the day before. But even while the ruins of their former homes were yet hot the energetic citizens began to show some of that spirit that his since made Vancouver one of the finest cities on the continent. Procuring lumber and other necessities from mills that the fire had not touched, and from settlements along the Fraser river the homeless people worked incessantly until they had erected new homes on the sites of the burnt dwellings, and, in an incredibly short space of time, the little city was rebuilt. Although this fire at the time seemed to be one of the worst



Along the Waterfront.

calamities that could have befallen a young city, it was really a blessing in disguise, for it brought out the latent energy, pluck and confidence in the city's future which has been so prominent a factor in its onward progress ever since.

this time Carroll street was practically the eastern extremity of the city, and the building operations trended toward the west. After Cordova street the greatest advancement was to be seen on Hastings street, while in the residential



F.S.M.
1907

A Bit of Hastings St
Vancouver B.C.

In the year 1887, following the fire, the number of separate buildings erected has never since been exceeded, though in 1889 the class of structures, begun and completed, handsome business blocks and costly homes, would be a credit to any city in any part of the world. At

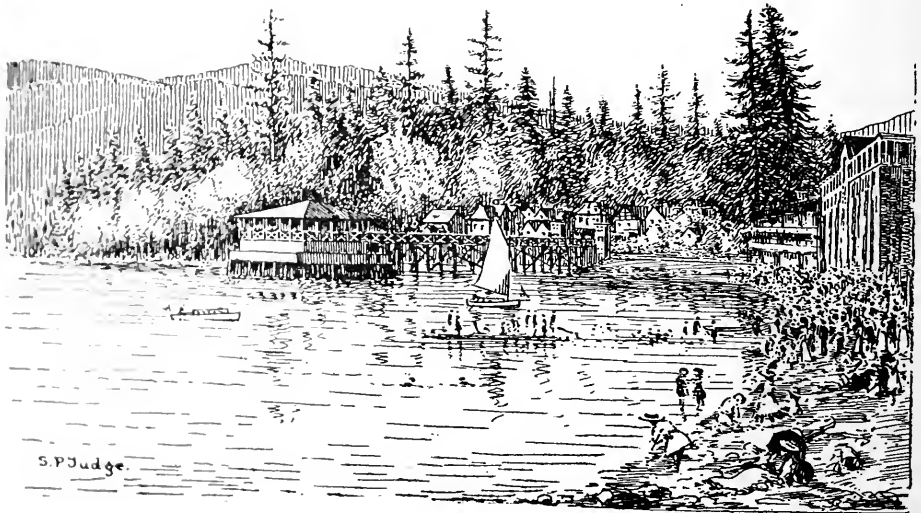
districts the progress was equally marked. From this time real estate values began to rise, and although there has been a fair amount of speculation, (to afford homes for the new-comers who have been attracted to the new city, residences and homes have been erected

with a view to quick sales), never has there been over-construction, and so rapid has been the legitimate growth in the population that the erection of buildings, whether for commercial purposes or for residences has never equalled the demand.

As the population grew the need of new suburbs for residential purposes became apparent, with the flight of years Mt. Pleasant, Fairview and South Vancouver, from hamlets containing a mere handful of cottage homes, soon presented the appearance of thriving communities which in turn attracted small business en-

terprises, between Vancouver and the "Royal City," has been subdivided for city lots. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that before many years have elapsed that district now known as South Vancouver, which, although today is but a suburb, will become the connecting link between a new water front lying along the Fraser river, the site of manufacturing enterprises, as the distance from Burrard Inlet to the tide waters of the Fraser is but five miles in extent.

Although for years the Canadian Pacific Railway has been the only railway having its western terminus on Burrard



English Bay—the Civic Pleasure Grounds.

terprises and the necessary tradesmen, who have obtained lucrative business in these ever-growing ramifications of the city proper.

To cast the horoscope of a city which has arisen Phoenix-like from the ashes of the village after the fire of 1886, and has assumed such phenomenal proportions is a difficult matter, but it is safe to say in the years to come, the limits of the city must soon embrace, towards the west, Point Grey, as its select residential quarter, as already towards the east the perleus of the city are approaching New Westminster. The suburb of Grandview is now thickly populated and Central Park, the half-way point on the electric

Inlet, it is now known that the Vancouver, Westminster & Yukon Railway, opening up the fertile Squamish Valley and the Pemberton Meadows, has obtained terminal sites at Vancouver. This railway is at present in its infancy, being a branch of one of the trans-continental American railroads—the Great Northern—naturally must play a very important part in the opening up of the surrounding districts and the advancement and prosperity of the city. The Grand Trunk Pacific which has secured an ocean terminus at Prince Rupert and which will be in active operation within the next few years, must necessarily connect by a branch with Vancouver. In

addition to this, the "Terminal City" will be connected in the near future with Tacoma, Seattle and Everett, prominent coast cities in the State of Washington, by means of electric roads. It is even suggested that in the near future a railway from the province's capital, Victoria, will be built to the coast, adjacent to Vancouver, and that a fast line of express steamers will shortly be in operation. False Creek, the northern boundary of the city, will be dredged and regular water-ways formed, similar to those in Seattle, at the docks of which, the largest ocean liners may lie. While new industries in this vicinity which have been already started, as projected during the last year, give promise that as a manufacturing centre no city on the Pacific Coast will be equalled by Vancouver.

Already the wonderful fertility and productiveness of the farms along the Fraser Valley have attracted homeseekers who hitherto have been satisfied with the prairie provinces, as the mild and equable climate of the coast, so different from their wheat sections in Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, has been the means of increasing emigration in this locality, in numbers, hitherto unprecedented. One farm on the Fraser during the past year, produced a crop of cherries, on half an acre of land which produced an income to the owner of seven hundred and fifty dollars, according to government statistics.

With such grand natural advantages, with her enterprising citizens working always towards her advancement in every possible manner, with outside railway and steamship companies placing huge ocean liners at her miles of docks, and building transcontinental railroads to terminate in the heart of the city, and with the great tourist traffic, attracting thousands of travellers from all corners of the earth, it is indeed difficult to see why Vancouver should not, within the next ten years, be a metropolis with very few, or no rivals, in all of Canada. No city in the Dominion can boast—if boasting were necessary—of such a harbor, three great trans-continental railways making the city their headquarters with others to come, such unlimited room for growth and such opportunities in every line of business. It requires little foresight to see that within the next ten or fifteen years Vancouver will be a city as large as Montreal or Toronto, a city where the traffic of the whole world will meet; where travellers will find it most convenient to take steamer and train; where huge manufacturing interests will have their headquarters, where False Creek, Kitsilano beach, and English Bay, dredged out, will add three more great harbors, making Vancouver a seaport equal to any on the continent, and one that will attract the greatest manufacturing, railway, steamship, and other enterprises, of the known world.



VANCOUVER

BRITISH COLUMBIA



The COMING CITY
of CANADA

Advertising a City.

By Elliott S. Rowe.

HERE is no longer any debate concerning the value of advertising. It is accepted as a business necessity by all successful firms. In recent years, especially in the West, the fact has come to be recognized that a city is, among other things, a business institution whose prosperity requires the adoption of the same means that are found effective in commercial enterprises and publicity has become an important factor in civic development. The experience of cities employing it has so fully justified their action that none of them would seriously consider the idea of stopping. On the contrary, they, in common with business institutions, have increased their activity in this direction with their growth.

Those most familiar with the history of Vancouver Tourist Association find in it ample justification for this attitude and strong reason for the adoption of a similar policy by its members. They have no doubt as to the importance of the contribution made by the Association to the present and growing prosperity of the city and are equally strong in the conviction that the existing circumstances call for still more vigorous work upon its part and give the promise of greater and more valuable results therefrom.

From the brief account of the aims and methods of the Association that follows, it will be seen that its name does not accurately describe its purpose, for, while it has had in view the attracting of tourists, it has not confined itself to that work nor has it regarded its accomplishment as an end, but rather as a means of promoting the commercial and industrial growth of the city and the development of the Province.

It accords with the rules of good advertising to "feature" that commodity which is attractive to a large number of people, which best lends itself to pictorial representation, and, of which the advertiser has the best possible quality. In conformity with this, the Association very wisely decided to publish abroad the scenic and other features of the city that would appeal to tourists, confident that visitors would not be slow to recognize the many advantages afforded, by the city, as a place of residence and in which to do business.

If a city can attract and delight visitors with its facilities for pleasure, the openings it presents for profitable investment will not be neglected; if the enjoyment of its scenery, climate, sport, etc., seems adequate return for the money it costs them, the opportunity to make money amid the same surroundings will appear extremely attractive.

The results have fully justified the expectation of those responsible for the policy of the Association. Thousands of persons have been induced by its publicity work to visit the city for pleasure; many of them have become residents, many more investors here, and in other parts of the Province and all of them have been impressed with the evidences of the vigorous life, as well as the beauty, of the city and the assurance of its high destiny among the great cities of the world.

The publicity work of the Association is done through advertisements and descriptive articles in newspapers and magazines, by the preparation and distribution of booklets and by illustrated lectures. Cuts are loaned to periodicals to illustrate articles on Vancouver, and lantern slides to lecturers travelling

of the British Isles, the Colonies and the United States as well as in Eastern Canada.

About 80,000 booklets, folders, etc., are yearly distributed throughout the English-speaking world, through railway and steamship ticket offices, hotels, libraries, information bureaus and other public offices. Large numbers are distributed by the representative of the Association at the annual exhibitions throughout the prairies, and many are mailed to enquirers and handed to visitors at the offices of the Association. The offices of the Agent-General for British Columbia, and of the High Commissioner for Canada, London, Eng., are kept supplied and form centres of distribution. In exchange for our distribution of New Zealand literature, a like service is performed for us at the stations of the Department of Tourists and Health Resorts of that country, and by a similar exchange of courtesies with other Associations of the same kind, and from foreign hotels, we obtain valuable publicity through their offices.

Besides attracting visitors to the city the Association provides, in some degree, for their entertainment and guidance while here, by the establishment of a free Bureau of Information where they are given directions suitable to the purpose of their visit. Tourists are advised as to the best use of the time at their disposal, while home and investment seekers are furnished with information that will aid them in their search.

In the equipment of the bureau, the Association has had regard to the commercial and industrial progress of the city, and has recognised the intimate relation between the interests of Vancouver and those of the Province. The growth of the city and the development of the Province mutually promote each other. Opportunities for the city multiply with the progress of settlement, and, on the other hand, the growing city population creates increased demand for the products of other sections. The measure of the advantage accruing to Vancouver depends wholly upon the enterprise of her citizens. Nothing but indifference upon their part can prevent the city from par-

ticipating more largely in the results of the progress of other parts of the Province than any other community. Every mine opened, every acre of land brought under cultivation, every great public work undertaken will contribute to our prosperity, according to the measure of our ability to take care of the business created thereby.

A similar relation exists between this city's growth and the progress of settlement on the prairies, for nothing can be more certain than that Vancouver may, if she will, become the chief distributing centre of the West, as well as the manufacturing and shipping point for a large part of its natural wealth. The Association, therefore, furnishes information regarding every section of the West and assists in the settlement of it and this, as has been said, is not philanthropy but just intelligent and patriotic self-interest. A wholesale centre cannot be indifferent to the multiplication of retail openings, and a city desiring to become the home of thousands of skilled workmen is vitally interested in the development of those resources which shall supply their food and the raw material of their manufacture.

Thus the Bureau keeps copies of all Government bulletins, maps and reports and of advertising booklets issued by other communities. The British Columbia Gazette and many newspapers and periodicals are kept on file.

An exhibit of the resources of the Province will shortly be installed in the offices of the Association. The Provincial Department of Mines is furnishing a mineral exhibit, the Geological Survey department a complete set of its reports and maps, and many of the mining companies are sending samples of their coins. The Provincial Department of Agriculture is supplying samples of fruit and grain, and views of farming scenes, and the Manager of the Experimental Farm at Agassiz is preparing a collection of fruit, grain and nuts grown on that property. Efforts are being made to enlist the co-operation of the agricultural communities and to obtain photographic views, samples of the products and information regarding the soil, cli-

mate and other conditions prevailing in their respective localities.

Information regarding the city is carefully collected and tabulated. Every item appearing in print containing reliable data relative to the city's progress is clipped, filed and indexed. Lists are being prepared of the industries and commercial houses of the city and it is hoped that arrangements may be made for a display of the products of local manufactures. The purpose is to make a collection of data covering the subjects

in question that shall be as comprehensive and as reliable as it is possible to obtain, and to assemble an exhibit that will fairly indicate the variety and extent of the known resources of the Province, the industrial products of the city and the social and economic life, and the progress of both and suggest their illimitable possibilities. In a word, help the city grow and prosper by giving to the world the facts. The best advertisement of Vancouver is the truth about her.

Musings.

By M. P. Judge.

The vacant land was sold, and workmen cleared
 Its undergrowth; their horses ploughed the earth:
 With measurements the overseer marked
 The outline of the houses soon to be.
 And day by day long wooden scaffoldings
 Grew higher, blocking out the distant view
 Of mountains, sea, and sky, and open space,—
 My window-world of morning, noon, and eve.
 To others it may seem a little thing
 To lose a view so loved, it seemed one's own;
 I only know in having lost my view
 I lose a friend behind the houses there.
 The greatest loss has been the sunset hour,
 The glory of the after-glow on sea,
 And sky; the clouds that speak their loneliness
 In radiant colours from the setting sun.
 One consolation to myself I keep,
 Is that I've had my view so long unclaimed,
 And learnt so much in silence with the skies:
 While in my heart live happy memories
 Of dreaming moments by my window sit,
 Where only good and far-off ideal thoughts
 Dared muse with me in Nature's fairest moods.

Briggs, K. C.

By L. McLeod Gould.

IF was a curious thing about Briggs, that ever since he took silk ten years before he had always been known as "Briggs, K.C." No one ever spoke of him as "Mr. Briggs" or "Jack Briggs," or any other kind of Briggs. He was merely "Briggs, K.C." His habits were as uniform as his nomenclature; a brilliant and painstaking pleader, he was invariably to be found for the defence in any criminal cause celebre, though in his earlier days he had been noticed on more than one occasion as a merciless and relentless prosecutor. Briggs, K.C., was an elderly man with rapidly thinning grey hair, and a face lined and seared with countless wrinkles, which could not all be accounted for by the arduous nature of his profession.

A gentleman of the old school, it is not to be wondered at that his favourite club was The National, that quiet and sequestered haven for those who like to sit apart from the bustle and confusion which the newer generation brings in its wake, both in club and professional life. Hidden away in Whitehall Gardens, The National shares with The Westminster the distinction of being the only club in Whittaker's list, which demands as a *sine qua non* of membership some religious guarantee. All members of The National are Protestants, and as Briggs, K.C., was a member of The National it must be inferred that he was of this persuasion, though it is doubtful whether he could have differentiated between the dogmas of the Roman and the Anglican Churches, and it is a fact that to his dying day he always cherished the idea that Mohammedanism was thousands of years older than Christianity.

For ten years had Briggs, K.C., been a regular member of this club, which suited his retiring disposition; he was never to be seen in conversation with any of the other members, and it was realised that he was somewhat eccentric and preferred to be left alone. He breakfasted in his own rooms in Queen Ann's Mansions, his lunch, when he remembered it, he took in any chop-house which might be conveniently situated to his whereabouts at noon, but he invariably dined at seven o'clock at his club. For nigh on ten years Briggs, K.C., had sat at the same table, in the same chair, and had been waited on by the same waiter. It was a small table set for two, but Briggs always dined alone; a little soup, a little fish, an entree or a small cut from the joint, followed by a savoury and a black coffee was his regular meal, after which he retired to the smoking-room, to the same chair, which was always left vacant for him. The smoking-room at The National was, and perhaps is, not the least remarkable feature of this most conservative club. For a long time smoking was not tolerated on the premises, and when at length the pressure put on the committee became too strong a grudging consent was given to the use of a large basement room as a billiard and smoking-room; a peculiarity of which, in spite of its inconveniences, the members were not a little proud, as marking a difference between their club and those of others.

Men liked Briggs K.C., though he resolutely refused all openings for conversation, and let it be clearly seen that he did not desire the companionship of his fellows, there was something in his

style which fascinated; an old-world courtliness seemed to pervade his whole personality; whether he stood aside to allow another to pass in front of him, or whether he had occasion to pass in front of another, he did it with a grace which charmed. In all the little every-day occurrences of life Briggs, K.C., preserved a curious charm of manner together with a becoming dignity. Consequently it had come to be an unwritten law that his table should be unoccupied, and that his favourite chair in the smoking-room should be left vacant for his use. And here he would sit, placidly smoking a cigar, taking no part in the general conversation, though at times the expression of his face would show that he was following it, and approved or otherwise of the sentiments expressed.

It was one Christmas Eve that the unexpected happened, and Briggs, K.C., resumed the habits and characteristics of a normal person. For ten years it had been his custom to have his table set for two on that one night of the year; he sent up his own flowers, and sat facing the door instead of with his back to it, and each succeeding year when his solitary meal had come to a close his face seemed older and more drawn, and his figure appeared more shrunken as he huddled himself into the depths of his arm-chair down below. His fellow members felt genuinely sorry for him, but none dared come in between him and his unknown sorrow. It was therefore a red-letter day in the annals of the club when Briggs, K.C., threw off his exclusiveness and came down-stairs in company with a friend. And the manner of it was this:—

Precisely at the stroke of seven Briggs entered the dining-room and walked slowly up to his table, which was waiting ready set and decorated with his usual Christmas flowers, bright red and pure white chrysanthemums. James, his accustomed waiter escorted him to his seat, facing the door, murmuring, as was his custom, a suitable and pious desire that Briggs, K.C., might be both happy and merry during the festive time of Christmas and the opening of the New Year, well knowing that there was more

chance for a snowball to survive in Tartarus than for merriment to linger on the countenance of Briggs, K.C., who nevertheless responded in his usual courtly style. On taking his seat Briggs cast his eye over the menü and was on the point of giving his double order when the sound of voices outside the door attracted his attention. A gleam of animation came into his eyes and he half rose from his seat as the door opened to admit the page, who with eyes bulging with astonishment came rapidly up to his table. "Please sir," he said, "there is a man in the office who says he wants to see you; he says he has an appointment with you for dinner."

"Why did you not bring him in then?" queried the member.

"Well sir; please sir; he doesn't look like a er—I mean, he isn't dressed like most gentlemen when they dine with gentlemen at their clubs, please sir. I didn't know whether you would have liked me to bring him in, sir. Robert always makes me ask first, sir." It was a curious thing about Briggs, K.C., that the boy should be so obviously nervous in addressing him. It is notoriously as hard to upset the equanimity of the ordinary London page as it is to mix oil and vinegar, but Briggs was an object of almost reverential awe to all the club employees, including even the head waiter himself.

"Go and bring him in immediately," said Briggs; "I have been expecting him."

The boy vanished and presently reappeared conducting an elderly man, whose appearance brought a gasp to the mouth of the waiter who was taking Briggs' order. Abnormally tall, and built in perfect proportion, with a magnificent head thickly covered with a shock of iron-grey hair, the stranger moved down the room like some demigod of old. In striking contrast to his physical attainments was his dress. Instead of the conventional evening suit he wore a rough tweed of some heather mixture which seemed to hang rather than to sit upon his form; a rough flannel shirt with collar attached, appeared in the "V" of his waist-

with his flowing beard dis-
 paraged with any necessity for a tie. The
 man looked like one who had been far
 beyond the reach of civilisation for many
 years, and had been accustomed to con-
 tinue with Nature alone, untrammelled
 by the arts and conventions of society.
 A magnetic influence seemed to pervade
 the atmosphere as he advanced; the other
 diners ceased their conversation, and ex-
 changed puzzled and curious glances with
 each other; the club dining-room might
 have been the banqueting-hall of Polyc-
 tetes when Perseus returned with the
 Gorgon's head. And so he came to
 Briggs, who rose and with extended hand
 said: "Welcome, Richard; you are some-
 what late; I have been waiting for you
 these ten years."

The spell was broken, and the busy
 hum of conversation was resumed, though
 many a curious glance was cast
 from time to time towards the table,
 where for the first time in a decade two
 diners sat. When at last the two re-
 paired to the smoking-room they found
 it crowded; the news had gone abroad
 that Briggs had found a friend and ex-
 pectation was rife as to what develop-
 ments might accrue, for all were of
 opinion that some strange mystery was
 abroad, though none could give a rea-
 son for the thought. Without a word
 the two sat down and smoked, and men
 remarked that Briggs looked happier and
 more at peace than ever before. At
 twelve the stranger left, and then Briggs,
 K.C., made his first and last speech in
 the National Club.

Rising to his feet he said: "Gentle-
 men, for the past ten years you have
 borne patiently with what must have
 seemed to you to be the vagaries of a
 misanthrope; it is due to you that I now
 give some explanation of my conduct,
 before I leave you for ever. The man
 whom you have just seen leave, was my
 brother, my twin brother, and for forty
 years we were inseparable companions.
 Richard, however, developed a mania for
 want we may term, lacking a better word,
 spiritualism, whereas I have always re-

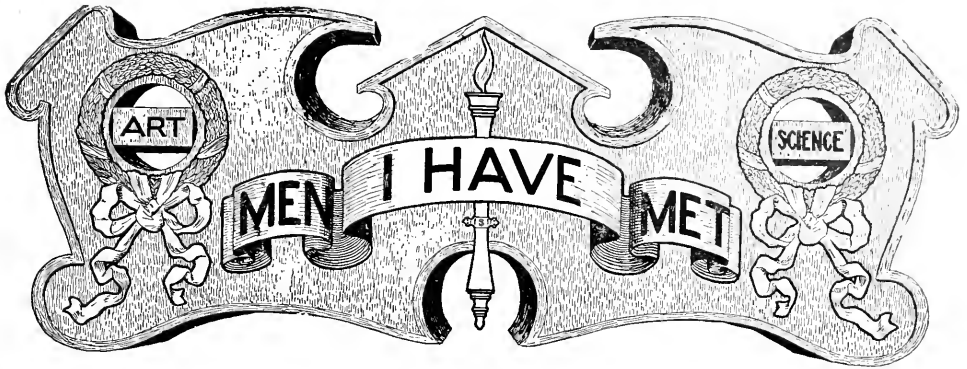
mained a sceptic on this point. Eleven
 years ago he left England on a pro-
 longed journey throughout Northern In-
 dia and Thibet, being bent on probing
 to the utmost the secrets which are said
 to exist up to the present day among the
 descendants of old Oriental civilisation.
 I tried to dissuade him, scoffing at his
 aims, but all in vain. Our parting was
 cold, but just as his train was leaving
 he told me that I should see him twice
 again; once on the day of his death, and
 once, provided his theories were correct,
 a year before my own demise. It was
 on a Christmas Eve that I saw him for
 the first time, ten years ago, when he in-
 formed me that he had met with death
 at Lhasa, and that he would visit me
 some other Christmas Eve in the years
 to come. You understand now why I
 have always kept so much to myself,
 and why I have always reserved a place
 at my table once a year. He came the
 second time tonight to warn me to be
 ready to join him. I have till this time
 next year. One more thing; people have
 often wondered why I have so persist-
 ently refused a brief from the Crown
 in criminal prosecutions. Eleven years
 ago John Hammond was hanged through
 my efforts, and I learned from my bro-
 ther that he was innocent; since then I
 have shrunk from being the instrument
 of a miscarriage of justice."

Amidst a silence like that of the grave
 Briggs left the room, and not for some
 minutes did the buzz of conversation
 break out. Opinions were bartered free-
 ly, but the prevailing idea was that
 Briggs, K.C., had been over-worked, and
 needed rest.

Twelve months passed quickly, and the
 affair passed from the memory of mem-
 bers, until a brief notice in the obituary
 column of *The Times* brought it back.
 It read:

"Briggs, J. At his rooms in Queen
 Anne's Mansions J. Briggs, K.C., Dec.
 24th, of heart disease."

A superstitious reverence has caused
 the committee to have the corner table
 moved to another part of the room.



Henry M. Stanley.

By William Blakemore.

AS long as I can remember David Livingstone has been my ideal hero. I shall never forget the quaintly and curiously illustrated missionary notices which arrived at my father's regularly month by month. The wood cut illustrations were fearfully and wonderfully made, crude but impressive. In every part of the known world Christian Missionaries were depicted at the moment of direst peril, when fierce animals or blood-thirsty savages were about to administer the "coup de grace" to the emissaries of the Gospel.

Among the most impressive of these was a pictorial representation of Livingstone in the clutches of a mighty lion, and the letter press explained that he was only rescued by natives with the greatest difficulty, and at the cost of an arm. From that time I followed his travels most religiously, and when he was finally lost in darkest Africa, the period of anxiety and suspense which was felt throughout the world, found a sympathetic response in my own breast.

I well remember the cablegram, flashed from New York to London, which told of the enterprise of James Gordon Bennett in fitting out an expedition under the direction of Henry M. Stanley. In

due course the expedition sailed, and Stanley disappeared into the heart of the Dark Continent. All the world is familiar with the official record of his travels until the moment when upon the shores of Lake Tanyangika he discovered the illustrious traveller and greeted him with "Mr. Livingstone, I believe?"

No apology is needed for prefacing an article on Stanley by a reference to Livingstone. Stanley is only remembered because he discovered the man whom all the civilized world loved, and whose fame as a traveller, an explorer and a missionary is not surpassed in the annals of the Christian era. And yet Stanley was in many respects a remarkable man. He was distinctly the representative of a type, the square built, bullet-headed, heavy-jawed type which stops at nothing to achieve its purpose, and is relentless. It is not a little singular that I should first have met a man who has earned a reputation for heartlessness amounting to brutality when he was paying a visit to the humble cottage near Ruthin, North Wales, where his aged mother lived. She had not seen him for nearly thirty years when he had left the rooftree to seek his fortune in the wide, wide world. How many things had happened since then?

of 1000 years of poverty, struggle, obscurity, with a sudden meteoric emergence, and a world-wide reputation; for her, half a lifetime of patient waiting.

I was spending my summer holiday at Hlandudno, and had ridden out to Ruthin where I met Mr. Stanley at luncheon at the Rectory. First impressions are always the most lasting, and I see him now as I saw him then, a man slightly under medium height, well built, indeed remarkably like a smaller edition of President Roosevelt, he had a round face, close cropped dark hair turning to gray, a small iron-gray moustache, and rather a beady eye. His manner was stiff, and suggested aloofness and indifference. Without being a good talker he was interesting because he had seen so much, and during lunch he spoke quite freely of his experiences. He was greatly impressed with the possibilities of South Africa, and had evidently been in close touch with most of those marvelous natural resources which have since attracted world-wide attention.

I felt at the time that he was the very antipodes of Livingstone, just the man to conduct a commercial or a punitive expedition. A man who, if allowed to organize his own forces, would be certain to achieve his object; fearless, dauntless, determined.

I met Stanley several times after this before he entered public life as a politician and made an utter failure. I also had the pleasure of entertaining him in the winter of 1888 when he lectured to the Walsall Literary Society. Many things had happened since I first met him. The Barttelot scandal had agitated England. Stanley's reputation had suffered, his cruelty to the natives had leaked out in spite of the pledge of secrecy under which the members of his expedition were laid. It is doubtful whether the whole truth in connection with these regrettable incidents will ever be known; and now that Stanley is dead and gone, probably no good purpose would be served by breaking the long silence.

Safely locked in a vault in Halifax, N.S., is the diary of Lieutenant Stairs, who accompanied Stanley. No one has

ever seen the contents of this diary, which is sealed. Lieutenant Stairs when depositing it with the members of his family stipulated that it should not be opened during Stanley's lifetime. But although a considerable time has elapsed since his death, nothing has been heard of it, and I think it may safely be concluded that the story of the bloody deeds which characterized the expedition will never be known in its entirety.

It is a striking comment upon Stanley's work in Africa that one of the most conspicuous results has been the perpetration of the Congo atrocities, and the perpetuation of the most murderous and mercenary rule of which there is any record under the aegis of his Royal master, the King of the Belgians.

I am reminded of one incident which has never been published, and which throws a strong light on Stanley's character. At a meeting of the Colonial Institute in the early nineties, an address was delivered by F. C. Selous, the great African hunter, a man who is as modest as most men who have achieved great things usually are. Selous gave many interesting details of his travels with Livingstone, and of his experience in shooting great game. After the address the Chairman called on Stanley to move a vote of thanks. Stanley got up, and after mumbling a few words of ungracious thanks went on to say that he could not allow the occasion to pass without deploring the fact that hunters like Selous were simply destroying the finest game in the world, and decimating the ranks of the noblest animals in creation. He deplored such wholesale slaughter for mere amusement, and suggested that instead of applauding any man for killing lions, tigers and rhinoceroses, there should be a fine of twenty-five pounds a head for animals so slain.

The speech was truly amazing, and the spirit which prompted it was obvious. A well known sportsman who was present passed a note to Selous asking if he should reply to Stanley. Selous handed back a memo terse and laconic "leave me to kill my own game." Rising under the influence of tremendous excitement with his fingers twitching, and

the muscles of his face quivering, Selous literally scarified Stanley. He declared that he had never killed big game or anything else for the mere luxury of killing, that he had made it his first business to kill for food for himself and the natives, that wherever he had gone, even in the unexplored recesses of the Dark Continent, either alone or in company with Livingstone, he could go again and be received with kindness and hospitality. He did not have to plough his way across the continent with Gatling guns because he could not shoot with a rifle; and walking up to where Stanley sat, and addressing himself directly to him, in low impressive tones he said, "I have never shed one drop of human blood in all my travels, can Mr. Stanley say the same?"

This incident is an epitome of Stanley's character and Stanley's African history. Nothing can ever gloss over the fact that he marched to his triumphs through seas of blood, and that where the sainted Livingstone went single-handed, and secured the confidence and affection of untold thousands of the dusky na-

tives, Stanley had to fight his way in and out, and entrench himself behind artillery.

Africa was a dark continent, a great lone land, its true discoverer was Livingstone; the most patient, the most sincere, the most truthful, the bravest and the gentlest of men. His travels his discoveries, and above all his lofty character seized the imagination of the civilized world, and focussed attention upon the continent which in a very true sense he had made his own.

After him came Stanley and Rhodes; the latter imbibed somewhat of his spirit and shared his enthusiasm, and if today the last great continent is rapidly becoming an open book, and the very jungles in which Livingstone was lost thirty years ago are penetrated by the Cape to Cairo Railway, it is not so much because of Stanley's expeditions, or of Rhodes' dream of Empire, but because the humble Scotch missionary whose remains were carried by loving hands over land and sea until they rested beneath a slate slab in Westminster Abbey, blazed the trail for those who came after.

REMEMBRANCE.

One night you touched the harp beside the
stair,
The harp that long unfingered and unstrung,
Had silent dreamed of hours when it was
young,
And those who loved it blithe and frail and
fair.
Beneath your careless hand a faint, sweet air
Leaped back to life, and told with tender
tongue
Of loves forgot, and soft, the strings among,
The dying music lingered like a prayer.
How long the harp had waited for your
hand,
So long my heart lay silent till you came,
How strangely sweet the strain you made
to rise
From each! And yet you cannot understand
That now can neither ever be the same—
Ah, love, ah, love, how slow the music dies!

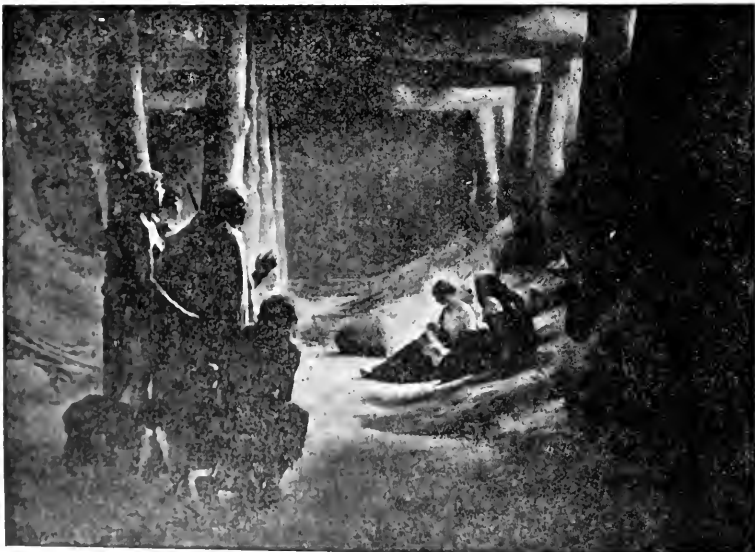
A Christmas Thought.

By A. V. K.

As round our Christmas hearths we gather now,—
The while a gentle peace is over all,
And sounds of youthful laughter on us fall—
Fond memory wafts us back on fleetest wings
And in our ears an old-time anthem sings.
We pause awhile and ask each other how
Our dearest ones, far distant o'er the foam,
Are faring in the well-loved Home, sweet Home.

We picture them, as in the days long past
They guarded o'er us and directed where
When, sheltered neath their own most loving care,
Our youthful energies should find a goal
Wherewith to satisfy each yearning soul.
Ah! How they loved us then and love us still;
And though, for just a while, we still must roam,
Our hearts forever turn to Home, sweet Home.

Here, in imagination, for a space,
As memory paints the scene before our eyes,
We seem to see each dear one's face arise
Out of the gloaming. Lovingly once more
Our lips meet their's as in the days of yore.
Tears dim our eyes, we clasp our hands and pray:—
"God of our Fathers, wheresoe'er we roam,
Watch over and protect our Home sweet Home."



The Burglar and the Babe.

By Billee Glynn.

THE burglar tiptoed his way silently across the dimly-lit parlor and slightly parting the portiers looked into the adjoining room. No one was there; but there were signs of recent occupation, and from appearance it seemed to be a living room. A cradle with a chair beside it—on top of which a fashion magazine had been left open—told at least the story of a woman and a child. Perhaps the child was still there. The burglar rose on tiptoe to glance in the cradle and fancied he could detect the gleam of yellow hair. Would he venture? His eye swept the room and settled at length with a greedy look on a cupboard where some valuable pieces of silver were placed. But suddenly the expression of his face—set between the two wings of curtain like a spectrum, its gray haggardness touched strangely by the yellow glow of light—changed to the deepest self-disgust. The burglar had never stolen before. But a moment later a look of hatred and recklessness succeeded. He was at war again with a strange, heartless city, that refused him work, that refused him bread; with the rich who languished in fat opulence; with a world that had wronged him, robbing heart and home.

Home! The muttered word seemed to sting him like a bayonet thrust. With lowered brows he stepped into the room moving swiftly and noiselessly toward the cupboard. His hand fondled the silver avariciously; his eyes had now the true gleam of robbery. Two or three of the pieces were gold-lined. He selected these and then stood debating.

Would he take any more? These were sufficient to satisfy his immediate

needs—why steal simply for the sake of theft? There was still left a portion of honour—the consideration of degree in thievery. He smiled bitterly. Why not throw this in the face of fate with the rest and be the full thing life had made him? What a hateful charity is a half blessing! But suddenly the sound of a spoken word broke the silence of the room. The burglar started and glanced apprehensively toward the farther door where the woman must have gone out. No one appeared. He turned to the cradle. The sound after all seemed to have come from there. With the pieces of silver still in his hand he tiptoed over and glanced in. A child—a little boy apparently of three or four years of age—with long, golden hair, was sleeping softly on a downy bed of cushions, its little hand pressing its cheek. Moving closer the burglar stood and gazed at the child. How sweet and innocent it was—fresh from the hand of God, and unmarked by the coarse touch of life and sin. A look of yearning crossed the face of the burglar, followed by a flood of shame. He had been like that years ago—not so very many—and now! He glanced at the pieces of silver in his hand. Truly there was the story of his life written in characters of “silver and gold.” The irony of it all brought a bitter, sarcastic smile to his lips; then his eyes grew tender. One of the articles of his projected theft was a gold-lined mug, on the side of which was engraved “From Mother To Babe, Christmas.” It belonged to the child and he was about to take it—steal a gift of love from a babe! At that moment the child stirred in its sleep and murmured the word “Papa.” Ah, that

had been the sound! But now how poignantly reproachful! With subconscious intelligence the child might have been calling for paternal protection. Shuddering at himself the burglar went back to the cupboard and replaced the mug; then after a moment's doubt the other articles. Was it worth while after all to steal? He was turning to leave the room when a photo standing on the top shelf of the cupboard caught his eye. Something in the poise of the figure attracted him. He bent over and peered at it closely for an instant, then shrank back suddenly, his hand to his brow as if in pain, murmuring the word "Ethel." Recovering and bending forward again he scrutinized the picture anxiously—forgetful of all danger of detection. The identity was beyond doubt. It was hers—the woman who had been his wife. Had been!—what a torture was that thought now! What an awful regret it signified—a regret which had eaten his very soul since that time of madness four years before when he had separated from her. What a terrible wrong he had done her—a wrong beyond all forgiveness—nor could he ask it if he knew where to find her. After all was not his misery and suffering since then but his just deserts? And he had been blaming fate. With the picture in his hand he stood and recalled her image as he had seen her the day of their wedding. How sweet, how beautiful, how pure she was! Innocent as the child in the cradle! But whose child was that? Whose house—a house in a distant Western city that contained her picture! His eyes swept the room with its handsome furnishings. Might it be possible—her father was rich? And the babe—had there—? He went over to the cradle and inspected the sleeping child. He studied its features closely, a wild glow of love trembling at his heart, and fancied he traced in them those of the woman mingling with his own. As if in

corroboration of his thoughts the child stirred in its dream at that moment and half turning lifted up its arms and lisped again "Papa!" The word burst the flood-gates of the burglar's soul. Everything was shut out but a great overwhelming love—the love of a father for his first-born. A rush of blood mantling his pale cheeks he bent down toward the cradle—to kiss the child—to take it in his arms—to call it son. But suddenly he paused. No, this thing could not be; he could not accept this momentary joy at the hands of fate to reap the despair of its loss the rest of his life. No, the picture was there by chance. The child was not his. Didn't the very word it had uttered prove this?—Papa! What father would his child have ever known to learn the name? He had been crazy to think of such a thing. He rose slowly to an erect position, tore his eyes from the cradle, and strode hurriedly toward the portieres where he had entered. His hand parted them—another moment and he would have been gone into the night, lost in the city's millions from whence he had come—then a voice uttered his name from behind and he turned quickly around.

A woman had entered.

"Fred!"

"Ethel!"

"Oh, Fred——" She was smiling a smile of forgiveness—of welcome—almost supplication.

A great hope flushed his face. He turned back to the centre of the room and pointed to the cradle, a question in his eyes.

"Ours!" half whispered the woman approaching, the angelic light of motherhood in her face.

"Ours!" he echoed hoarsely; "—then, will you forgive——"

Their hands met over the cradle; then their lips. And the child opened its eyes at that moment and smiled on them.

Condemned.

By Henry Morey.

NO, Margaret; Evans won't say there's a good chance of my getting off. He's going to do his best, of course, but the evidence is all so much against me."

"But, Alfred, you are innocent. Surely something in your favor will come to light before or during the second trial."

"I am striving hard to think so, but when an innocent man has had the halter put about his neck by twelve of his fellow men he can hardly be blamed for losing faith in mankind generally."

"And womankind?" questioned Margaret, turning her lovely brown eyes full upon him.

"One woman, at least, believes I am innocent, or she would not be here," replied Alfred, drawing Margaret tenderly to him.

Just then a footstep sounded in the corridor. The door of the cell swung open and Robert Muir, Margaret's elder brother, strode through it.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, palpitating with suppressed rage, "how dare you persist in coming here against my wishes?"

"I must come, Robert," answered Margaret, fervently. "In spite of the verdict, Alfred says he is innocent. I believe he is telling the truth. He needs someone to comfort him and until I know he is guilty I will not forsake him."

"We'll see about that," retorted Muir, harshly. "I'm going up North again in a day or two and you're going with me."

"O, Robert," cried Margaret, appealingly, "you'll never compel me to spend another summer in that dreadful place."

"Dreadful, indeed! Why, if I have any memory at all, you went into raptures over our camp when you first caught sight of it."

"So I did," replied Margaret, quietly. "It is naturally a paradise; but last sum-

mer it was turned into a hotbed of vice."

"Well, I promise you that shall not happen this time."

"You have made many promises, Robert."

"Don't anger me, girl," snarled Muir. "You're going up North whether you like it or not. Alfred Joslyn has been found guilty. He's to have a second trial, I know, but the verdict will be the same. In any case, you know I have always objected to him as a prospective brother-in-law. Leave the jail at once and promise me that you will not come here again."

"I will promise nothing," said Margaret, firmly.

"Your brother is right," interposed Joslyn, laying a hand on his betrothed's shoulder. "Leave me, Margaret. I will not ask you to see me again until I have been proven innocent."

Margaret drew herself up proudly. "No," she said, "I will not go voluntarily until five o'clock. I am allowed half an hour, you know, and I came at half-past four."

As she finished this ultimatum Robert Muir stepped forward, took her roughly by the shoulders and pushed her towards the door.

"No violence here!" ejaculated the jailer, laying a strong hand on Muir's arm and with difficulty restraining himself from further action. "At present Miss Muir is our guest and if she wishes to remain till five o'clock she may do so."

Robert Muir had no desire to interfere with an officer of the law. "We'll see about this later," he exclaimed, angrily, releasing his hold on Margaret. Then he stepped into the corridor and strode away.

Margaret at once returned to her place

of safe Joslyn. MacPherson the jailer, too, a kind-hearted Scotchman, took care that they were not again disturbed. The clock in the corridor struck five and Margaret was preparing to leave.

MacPherson appeared at the grating in the cell door. "We'll allow you an extra ten minutes, this time, Miss Muir," he said, cheerfully. "You know why."

Margaret thanked him and smiled.

"By the great St. Andrew!" muttered MacPherson as he walked away. "that smile was worth a muckle! I wouldna hae missed it for six months' pay."

Three days later MacPherson handed Alfred Joslyn a letter. It was from Margaret, telling him of her brother's determination to take her North again. "There's no way out of it," she wrote. "Robert is determined that I shall go. He says he will use force, if necessary, and I think it would be unwise to resist him. By the time you receive this we shall have set sail. But remember, Alfred, I love you; and whether we sail north or south, east or west, my first thought will be of you. I enclose a photo—the one you like best, I think."

Alfred Joslyn raised the picture to his lips, kissed it passionately and then held it at arm's length. He gazed intently at the beautiful face and into the kind, smiling eyes, until his own filled with tears. Then, with a great sob, he brought the picture to his lips once more and fell heavily against the door of his cell.

Meanwhile Robert Muir and his sister were steaming North. Robert was in quest of timber again and intended going a hundred miles further up the coast than he usually did.

The northern portion of the coast of British Columbia is particularly beautiful in summer time, and but for the shadow that had come into her life Margaret would have enjoyed the journey thoroughly. She did her best to let the grandeur of mountain, sea and sky take possession of her, but the attempt was a failure.

Night came and with it a full moon which transformed the sea into shimmering satin. Margaret sat sadly gazing into its depths until her brother's footstep aroused her.

"Still brooding, Margaret," he began, tauntingly. "Thinking of Alfred Joslyn, I suppose?"

"Of whom else should I think, Robert?"

"Why not try George Lander for a change," replied Muir, taking speedy advantage of his sister's remark.

"George Lander! You know I detest him."

"Well, he's going to be at the camp again this year, if I'm not mistaken. In fact, I believe he's there now getting things into shape."

"O, Robert!" gasped Margaret, rising from her seat in agitation. "How cruel of you!"

"I don't see it," blurted Muir, blustering about the deck. "Lander's very well-to-do and expects to be still better off after this season's work. He's fond of you and will make you a very good husband."

"How can you say that," exclaimed Margaret, indignantly. "You must know his faults even better than myself."

"Well," he's going to make a desperate effort this summer to reform and win you at the same time."

"He'll do neither," declared Margaret with an expression of disgust. Then, walking quickly past her brother, she left the deck and retired for the night. Sleep was impossible, however, and morning found her depressed and weary.

They sighted camp that afternoon. It was situated on the shore of a beautiful little bay and nothing could have looked more picturesque.

"That's Lander in the 'centre,'" said Robert Muir, pointing to a group of three figures standing on the beach.

Margaret shuddered. Up to that moment she had indulged a faint hope that perhaps, after all, Lander would not be there.

He came forward as the party disembarked and greeted Margaret quite naturally. Then he led the way, up a winding path, to the tents.

"This one is yours, Miss Muir," he said, indicating a tent somewhat removed from the others. A clump of vine maples, already tinged with red,

added to its privacy, and an awning of cedar bark, with a comfortably-shaped rustic seat beneath it, made it look quite inviting. Margaret recognized Lander's hand in these and other little comforts and quietly thanked him for his thoughtfulness.

The party settled down to camp life and Margaret, in spite of herself, was obliged to admit that it was a model one.

Four weeks passed by. Not a drop of liquor had made its appearance, nor had Lander, by word or deed, given Margaret any cause for uneasiness. But a change came. Margaret was seated under the awning one afternoon when Lander approached.

"We've finished our work rather earlier than usual today, Miss Muir," he said. "May I come here and rest awhile?"

"Certainly, Mr. Lander," replied Margaret. After all, the seat and awning are yours, you know. You made them, I suppose."

"They were made for you, Miss Muir," answered Lander, sitting down quite close to Margaret.

Something in the tone of his voice made her move a little further away. Lander closed the gap immediately and Margaret glanced at him with alarm. His face was slightly flushed and Margaret fancied she could detect a faint smell of liquor.

"I want to talk to you, Miss Muir," began Lander. "May I call you Margaret?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Margaret, quickly. Then she stood up and faced Lander. Her cheeks were ablaze and her fingers twitched nervously, but her voice was steady.

"Mr. Lander," she said, firmly, "we may as well understand each other at once. I am engaged to Alfred Joslyn and you have no right to offer me your attentions."

"But, Miss Muir, conditions have changed so much, lately," urged Lander, smiling. "Alfred Joslyn is a condemned prisoner and I have reformed."

"Not a word against Alfred!" ejaculated Margaret, with flashing eyes. "True, he is a prisoner. He has been

found guilty but is not yet condemned. He is to have a new trial. As for your reforming, I am sorry to say I have very little faith in that."

"Let me have a chance to prove that it is genuine," pleaded Lander. "I haven't tasted a drop for two months, just on account of you. Say that I may at least hope and I shall be able to do without it altogether."

"I cannot do that," answered Margaret.

"If I keep perfectly straight for twelve months, may I speak to you then?"

"My answer would still be the same," replied Margaret, turning to go away.

"Please don't go, Miss Muir," continued Lander, beseechingly. "Hear me out, I beg of you. We expect the steamer any hour now with fresh supplies for the camp. She'll take orders, too, for her next trip up here. Your brother and I have talked the thing over and we've come to this conclusion: you have only to say that there is at least some hope for me and the steamer will leave here without any order for liquor. I think you understand me."

"Yes, I'm sure I do," replied Margaret, scathingly. "But nothing you can say will make any difference."

"You know what your refusal means?"

"Perfectly well. It means a repetition of last year's horrors."

"And you won't give me the least encouragement?"

"I cannot."

"Not even to save my very soul from hell, I suppose," cried Lander, losing control of himself.

"I am sorry," replied Margaret quietly, "but I cannot promise to love you."

"Then you're not as good a woman as I thought you were," hissed Lander, contemptuously. "And mark my words, Miss Muir," he continued, going a step nearer Margaret to emphasize his statement, "last year, a five-gallon keg of whisky was responsible for the whole trouble. We'll order a hogshead of the stuff this time!"

A steamer's whistle sounded in the distance and they both turned towards the bay.

Margaret's first thought was of Alfred Joslyn. There would be a letter for her, no doubt, and newspapers for the camp.

Robert Muir undid the packet of mail and glanced at the addresses. "Two for you, Margaret," he said. "They're both from a lady, though. That precious prisoner of yours doesn't think enough of you to write."

Margaret bit her lip until it bled, but made no reply to her brother's cruel remark. She took the letters and walked slowly towards her tent. She had fully expected a letter from Alfred. Why had he not written! Tears welled up into her eyes and she was about to give way to her grief. Then she checked herself. "I'll see what Maud has to say, first," she thought, taking up one of the letters, the handwriting on which she recognized. "Why, it's from Alfred!" she exclaimed, her voice full of emotion. Then she smiled; and if Macpherson had been there he would have declared that particular smile to be worth a twelvemonth's pay.

But Margaret's joy was short-lived. She began her letter; the beautiful smile faded from her face and an expression of cruel despair took its place. Her hands trembled, her limbs refused to support her and she sank to the floor.

"Alfred; my Alfred!" she moaned. "And he is innocent, innocent!" Then she tried to rouse herself. "I must go to him, at once," she cried. "The steamer will wait a few minutes for me, surely." She staggered to her feet and reached the door of her tent. Then she heard someone calling her. It was Lander. He came running towards her with a newspaper in his hand.

"Miss Muir! Miss Muir!" he shouted, heartlessly, unmistakable joy in his voice, "it's turned out just as we expected. Alfred Joslyn has had a second trial and he's to be hanged a month from today. What's your answer, now?"

"The same as it has always been," replied Margaret, grasping the tent pole hard to steady herself. "And if I were a man," she began with quivering lips, "I'd——, but it doesn't matter," she concluded, with infinite scorn and a proud

toss of her head, "I'm going to Alfred."

"Not if I can help it!" snapped Lander, catching hold of her wrist as she swept past him.

Margaret screamed, but the steamer's shrill whistle drowned her voice and none save Lander heard it.

"Screaming will do you very little good, Miss Muir," he said, harshly. Your brother expected something like this. I had orders from him to keep you here until the steamer is well under way and I'm going to do it."

How Margaret lived through that day and the weeks that followed she could never tell. There was a settlement a few miles further down the coast and she made several attempts to reach it. But these were always frustrated by Lander who seemed never to leave the camp.

Margaret grew pale and thin as the dreadful day approached until she found herself counting the hours that Alfred had to live.

"It's a month tomorrow since the steamer was here," she thought with a shudder. Then she began to pace to and fro. "How beautiful the evening is," she muttered. "It seems to mock me. Why doesn't the lightning flash and the thunder roar! Why doesn't a hurricane come tearing down from the North and lash the waters into great foaming billows, mountains high! It would do me good to hear them roar and see them come crashing in, higher and higher, until Robert and Lander and the whole camp were engulfed for ever in their darkest depths. But I must be calm," she murmured, "and not give way to these dreadful feelings." Then she went into her tent to be with Alfred in spirit, at least, during his last night on earth. She was on her knees in prayer when a steamer's whistle disturbed her. "That can't be our steamer," she mused, going to the door of the tent and looking out. "It is, though!" she exclaimed, wonderingly. "Why, she's at least two hours ahead of time. There'll be another letter. Perhaps some good news as well."

Margaret hurried to the beach and with feverish impatience watched the steamer land. When the mail came ashore she took her place amongst the

eager little crowd around her brother.

"Another letter for you, Margaret, and a newspaper," said he.

Lander took these from Muir and was about to hand them over to Margaret. A headline in the paper, however, attracted his attention and he hesitated. A look of surprise and fear came into his face and he thrust the newspaper into his pocket. This is what he had read: "Alfred Joslyn, the condemned prisoner, has escaped!"

Margaret's quick eyes had seen the headline, also, and her face was a picture. Joy, thankfulness, relief, hope, all were depicted in it.

"My mail, please, Mr. Lander," she said, radiantly.

Lander handed Margaret the letter, but the newspaper remained in his pocket.

"All of it, please," demanded Margaret, holding out her hand confidently.

"Aye! Gie the lassie all her mail," said one of the workmen standing by.

Lander turned sharply and looked at the man. Then he drew the newspaper very reluctantly from his pocket and handed it to Margaret.

"Thank you, Macgregor," she said, quietly, turning her wonderful eyes full upon the one who had spoken. And as she sped away to her tent another Scotchman's heart was melting within him at the beauty of her smile.

It was almost dark when Margaret came out of her tent again. The steamer had gone and the supplies for the camp were piled up on the bank above the beach. Conspicuous amongst the packages was a large hogshead. Margaret gasped when she saw it.

The men were lounging about the camp talking noisily. Presently one of them lunged across her path and fell heavily into a nearby bush. Then Margaret stumbled over something herself.

"Never mind, Margaret," stammered a familiar voice, husky with drink. "It's only a small case of whisky we've opened. I daresay it will last us tonight and we'll tap the hogshead tomorrow."

Then a bold idea suddenly took possession of Margaret. "I'll tap that hogshead myself," she thought. "A wil-

ful waste will surely be justifiable in this case."

Not daring to return to her tent, Margaret hid herself amongst the boulders on the beach. She remained there until absolute quiet reigned in the camp. Then she climbed the bank and made her way to where the tools were kept. In a few moments she was at the side of the hogshead with a chisel in one hand and a hammer in the other. She found the bung near the ground. A few good blows served to loosen it and a vigorous twist or two brought it out. Margaret expected a stream of rich brown liquor to follow in its wake. But none came!

"It can't be empty!" she said aloud, grasping the rim of the hogshead and giving it a tug.

A circular portion in the top of the cask began to move. Margaret saw it and her first impulse was to run away. "There's something in the cask!" she gasped.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when Alfred Joslyn's head and shoulders came into view.

It was a lucky thing for Margaret that she was not a believer in ghosts or she would have swooned that very moment.

With a glad cry, Alfred leaped out of the cask and Margaret, weeping for joy, fell into his arms.

"Macpherson made it easy for me," said Alfred, placing another kiss on Margaret's sympathetic lips; "and Morrison, the nightwatchman at the wharf, suggested the empty hogshead. There was a full one alongside of it, labelled. Morrison, paying little attention to the address, took the label off the full hogshead and tacked it on to the empty one."

"Our love for each other was the lodestone, Alfred," whispered Margaret, fondly. "But you are not safe here," she went on, anxiously. "Even now Lander may be watching us. Nothing would please him better than to be able to place you behind the bars again. We must get away before daylight. We'll take the row-boat."

"And go further up the coast," suggested Joslyn.

"No, you stupid," returned Margaret,

“That’s just where the tug first of all to find us.”

“But Margaret——” began Joslyn.

“There’s no time for buts, Alfred. The camp will be astir in a couple of hours. We’ll put a few necessaries into the boat and be off at once.”

Morning found George Lander still stupid with drink. His eyes opened wide enough, however, when he came to inspect the hog’shead.

“Why, confound it all, the thing’s empty!” he blurted out. “It doesn’t even smell of whisky! And there’s a hole in it big enough for a man to get in and out of!”

Then he called Robert Muir. Their surprise sobered them and in spite of the night’s debauch they were able to put two and two together.

“Margaret will know something of this,” suggested Lander, maliciously.

“To much, I’m afraid,” growled Muir.

They walked hurriedly to Margaret’s tent and found it open. Lander made a hasty survey of it.

“Empty, by Gad!” he cried, slapping his thigh.

Then they rushed to the beach.

“Gone, of course!” howled Muir. “They’ve given us the slip nicely.”

“But look!” exclaimed Lander, hopefully. “There’s a tug boat coming this way.”

They hailed the vessel and in a few minutes were on board of her.

“They’ve gone North, most likely, Captain,” exclaimed Muir, after a hurried explanation. “One hundred dollars if you overtake them within two hours.”

“And two hundred from me!” bawled Lander.

“Full steam ahead!” signalled the captain, and the powerful tug shot forward, quivering from stem to stern, in a mad endeavour to break all previous records.

Meanwhile, Alfred and Margaret were rowing away briskly in the opposite direction. They had travelled about five miles and were thinking of landing when a large steamer came into view.

“We musn’t let them see us,” said Margaret, heading their little craft for a small island about a hundred yards away. The vessel passed them and they put out to sea again.

Margaret noticed something white on the surface of the water. It was in the wake of the steamer and drifting towards them.

“It’s part of a newspaper!” she exclaimed, grasping hold of it as soon as it came within reach. She held it up before her to let the water run from it and her heart gave a great leap of joy.

“O, Alfred, it’s come at last!” she cried, springing up and taking a step forward.

As Margaret snuggled into his arms, Alfred Joslyn read the words that made him free. Someone had turned King’s evidence and the story implicated a man who was supposed to be up North on a timber cruise.

Joslyn was showering glad kisses on Margaret’s face when she interrupted him. “Alfred,” she murmured, trying to look very serious, “there’s a Government agent at the settlement—and a Minister.”

The narrow way may have hills, but no pitfalls.

Life is a mirror; if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.—Thackeray.

Contentment comes neither by culture nor by wishing; it is reconciliation with our lot, growing out of an inward superiority to our surroundings.

The Associations of Rivers.

By E. A. Jenns.

READING an old copy of the English Illustrated Magazine for 1906, I came across an article by Oscar Parker, "The Thames in Summer," in which he says: "If any one was asked, what river in all the world holds first place for beauty and associations? the answer if uninfluenced by patriotic feeling would probably be the Rhine." After which he proceeds eloquently to describe the beauties and some of the associations of the Thames.

As I read the thought suggested itself to me, of dwelling more particularly upon the associations that are brought to mind, when one thinks over the names of some of the older known rivers, and in that connection the first that most people would probably think of would be, "the great river the Euphrates," if only from its connection with the Garden of Eden in Biblical story. Over this river must have marched Chedalaomer, King of Elam, with his allies, to attack the five kings of Canaan and to be in turn attacked and defeated by Abraham and his servants, while turning to secular history we find that he was again defeated and slain upon his return to Elam by Khamurabi, King of Chaldea.

It was on this river that as far as we know now the dawn of civilization for the world arose, and the ancient glories of Elam and Chaldea, Assyria and Babylon enchain our attention. As we think, the legendary Semiramis and Ninus, flit through the memory, while the great names of Sargon and Assurbanipal, Nebuchadnezza, Cyrus and a host of others array themselves like the armies of a dream, and float through the mind with

the tales that have come down to us of the Gods they worshipped the laws they made and how they lived and warred and died. It was by the waters of this river that the Jews "sat down and wept when they remembered Zion."

After, the Persian who came with Cyrus, appears the Greek with Alexander who died on its banks; and later again the Roman left his mark there. The Persian again in a new and later Empire, warred with the Tartar on the North, (when that incident is supposed to have occurred, told so well by Mathew Arnold in his poem of Sohrab and Rustum), as well as with the Eastern Empire of Rome on the West, until the conquering Arab swept up and combined both Persian and Graco Roman in one red ruin, and the scene changes to the new cities of Gaghdat and Bassora, of Haroun at Rashid and the Caliphate, with the poets and historians and astronomers of that time until they too were destroyed by the Mongol hosts under Holagu, the general of the son of Genghis Khan. Tamerlane must have led his hosts over it when he marched to oattack Bajaret the Turk. After which it sinks into the night of forgetfulness and its cities and its gardens, the wonder of the world at one time, returned to their original desert. Perhaps yet to be revived again like the Nile and recover its lost glories under some new people when the Turk in his turn has sunk into the mists of history.

Or, shall we give the palm to the Nile, with its history of ten thousand years. The glories of Menes, Cheops, Rameses, the strange episode of the shepherd Kings, the slavery of the Israelites, the wonder of the Pyramids, the mystery

of the Sphinx and the marvels of that civilization from which the Greeks first lit the torch which afterwards enlightened Europe. The ships that sailed round Africa, the caravans that explored its sources, the wisdom and might of Egypt at a time when our forefathers were but painted savages. It too saw the coming of the Persian when Cambysses marched his thundering hosts along its banks. Here too, came Alexander, and founded that city which still bears its name, and marched inland to greet his father Jupiter Ammon. We think of Caesar, and Anthony, and of Cleopatra, the desire of the world; the long empire of Constantinople, then the Arab and the Turk, the burning of the great library and destruction and decay, until at last now under our own dominion it promises to revive its ancient glories, and again gives life and yet more life to the land it fed so well in ages long past.

Nor among these great rivers must the little river Jordan that lies between them be forgotten. To all of us it appeals as the river on whose banks the greatest religion of the world was taught, and the Divine Message of redemption given to Man. No child but knows its history in that respect, but the Jordan has besides, its place in the march of great events. Situate in that land which for so long was, as Belgium in Europe was, and perhaps is, the pivotal point, a battle ground of nations, it was always of importance. Across it marched Assyrian to attack Egypt, and Egyptian to attack Hittite and Assyrian. Cambysses, the Persian, led his hosts across it when Egypt ceased to be a nation save as a vassal of Persia. Here too came Alexander the Great, the Roman Conqueror, and later came the Generals of Mahomet. Up and down its banks raged the battles of the Crusades fought with the Seljuh Turks. Lastly came the Ottoman Turk and it now sleeps an uneasy slumber dreaming perhaps of the time when the Jews shall become once more a nation, or perhaps to be awakened into new life when a railroad shall cross its banks to reach Persia and India by the old land route.

We might turn East, to the Ganges, the sacred river to so many millions of the Hindoos, the dusky branch of the great Eurasian-European race, to which all turn and endeavour to make pilgrimage at least once in their lives, as the Mahometans to Mecca. Or to the Indus, where the Greek first met that same dusky brother in the battle between Alexander and Porus; but let us instead go West, past the Scamander, famed in Homer, the Eurotus sacred to the twin Gods Castor and Pollux, till we come to the Yellow Tiber; and here we have the rise and fall of Rome, from Romulus its founder, seven hundred years before the Rhine, or the Thames, nearer home, were heard of, till the death of the last of the Emperors and the subversion of the Western Empire by the barbarians. What a wealth of legend a history is here. Here it was said that Aeneas brought his band of Trojans after the fall of Towered Ilium, and established them in the land. Here arose that mighty people whose stern virtues for so long gave them the Dominion over the whole known world, whose laws we have so largely copied, whose characters we so greatly admire, and from whose fall we can again take to heart the lesson, that always corruption and luxury, bring an inevitable result, in nations as well as individuals.

Here Sextus Tarquin stands for ever as a name for infamy, and Lucretia for the purity of womanhood. The long list of noble statesmen and patriots who counted their country always above life or wife or wealth is so great that it is invidious to choose between them, yet one must mention Gamillus, who taught his countrymen that peace is purchased with steel, not gold, and having conquered the enemy again laid down his power and returned to his little farm. When one remembers and thinks one can understand the sigh with which Pyrrhus, after having once defeated them in the Tarentine war, going over the battle field, and noticing that every dead soldier had his wounds in front said, "With such soldiers I could conquer the world." And the blaze of glory with which her power attained its zenith in

the reign of Caesar Augustus, and even when after long centuries her power was indeed in the dust, still she arose again, when the power of the Popes of Rome, the head of the Roman branch of the Christian church, was so great even on earth, that Kings obeyed their behest; and Frederick the Emperor, held the stirrup of Adrian the only English Pope. Even now when that power is gone still Rome on the Tiber again arises as the Capital of a New and United Italy who has once more taken her place among the nations. Well may Rome be called the Eternal City.

Passing northwards the associations of the Rhine only begin when Caesar drove Ariovistus back across its waters some fifty-eight years before Christ. Across it Varus went when he lost his legions, in that great rising of the Germans under Herman against their conquerors. Later, across it Attila—that terrible king of the Huns, “the scourge of God,” the “terror of the nations,” led his hosts, to fight the greatest battle ever fought on European ground, when he met Atius, the Roman Prefect of Gaul and Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, on the plains of Chalons sur Marne in France, and for the first time knew defeat. Three hundred thousand men were left dead on the field of battle. How puny seem modern wars to those struggles of the Titans. Before that across it had marched the Vandal and the Visigoth; the first they conquer the Roman Provinces in the North of Africa, the latter to conquer and establish kingdoms in the South of France and Spain. Later came the Franks, who gave a new name to the ancient Gaul. And the name of Ghaslenaque is sung by its bubbling waters. On its banks, dwelt in after years the robber Barons, the ruins of whose castles are perched on every hill. Also the great bishoprics of Cologne and Treves whose powers equalled those of many kings; and all through the middle ages, back, and forth, across its waters, surged the tide of war. German against the French; the French against Germany. Until Napoleon marched across its waters to lay Prussia, Austria as well as all the lesser kingdoms be-

neath his feet. A tide that rolled back again after his disastrous retreat from Moscow, and again in 1871 when William the First marched across the Rhine to take Paris and be crowned Emperor of Germany at Versailles.

The Rhine too, how rich in legend and story. The beautiful tale of Undine, and the Maidens beneath her waters who guard the Rhine gold, and on through fancies that it would take many days and many books to tell.

Nor is our own Thames without its many associations; the dearer indeed, because the nearer our own hearts. Here history begins again with Caesar, who fifty years before Christ, defeated the British Chieftain Cassivellaunus upon its banks.

It does not again appear during the next hundred years nor so far as I have heard during the whole period of the Roman occupation, some four hundred years more, save that we know that the Romans had no important town, Londinum, situate upon its banks; but Hengist and Horsa when they conquered Kent, must have touched upon the Thames. Later with the fourth settlement of the German invaders in 526 we find Middlesex first mentioned; but perhaps the most interesting story of all that time of invasion is one that comes to us from Norse sources which tells of the—perhaps—mythical Ragner Sodbrodson who late in life is said to have made an attempt to conquer England with two ships only, and lost his life in the attempt; being cast, when taken prisoner, into a pit full of vipers; his three sons, however, following in his footsteps made, says the legend, a more successful attempt and landing in the Thames subdued a large portion of country which they held for many years.

Here too, our Alfred the Great warred with Hasting, the Danish Viking, and nearly two hundred years later Edward the Confessor laid the foundations of Westminster Abbey, that most beautiful record in stone of so much of England's greatness, while shortly after William the Norman commenced to build the Tower of London.

At Runnymede on its waters John was forced to grant that charter of English liberties which has meant so much not only to us, but to the great Daughter Republic, and which too, has perhaps done more to civilize and humanize not only the English speaking peoples, but all other branches of the human race, than anything since Christ brought God's New Testament to earth. On its banks the Mother of Parliaments grew up.

At its mouth in Charles the Second's time the Dutch threatened the Naval supremacy of England, since so gloriously established.

After all which has the greatest record,—apart from that of the Jordan—

the Euphrates or the Nile, one of which, whichever may have been first, saw the dawn of civilization, the Tiber which saw its continuous spread under the stern and just dominion of Rome, or the Thames on which that civilization has so grandly culminated, in a free people carrying on Rome's good work of spreading civilization into the four corners of a world twenty times greater than Rome ever knew. This is perhaps apart from the question, but it is hard to say which indeed holds the first place in association, while as to natural beauties, each has its own, of its own individual kind.

God's Silence.

By George Franks.

Deep in the dense green woods at hush of eve,
 When all things living have retired to rest,
 How sweet it is the cares of day to leave,
 And meditate, upon the Earth's cool breast;
 The solemn silence soothes, the stillness calms,
 And smooths the frown of petty woes away;
 Caressingly the touch of Nature charms,
 While dear dream faces round about me play.

When dawn awakes the sleeping world to light,
 The listening ocean waits the zephyr's kiss,
 Which comes so gently from the fields of Night
 That the smooth surface trembles in its bliss;
 The same still silence broods invitingly,
 And o'er my heart a gentle restful peace
 Steals softly, as I gaze far out to sea
 And feel a joy that never more shall cease:
 For even in the busy crowded street,
 Where noise and trouble ever reign supreme,
 I now can rest in God's own silence sweet,
 Protected ever, as within a dream:
 I do not see the giddy whirl and rush
 Of restless life, for ever to my eyes
 The visions come of that green woodland hush,—
 Of Sunrise by the water's paradise!

The Trial of Lady Betty.

By A. V. Kenah.

THE heart of the fair Lady Betty was most uncomfortably perturbed. She admitted this much to herself, and when a woman gets so far in the abasement of self-confession as to own up to her heart being worried there can be no disputing the fact.

Had she confided her troubles to a mere man she would have been told at once that the source of her discomfiture was no less a person than Sir Geoffrey Danvers, but, unfortunately, she had not got to this stage of her confessions yet, and the consequence was that she tried to convince herself that it was something altogether different that was admittedly influencing her life.

As she sat in her cosy bedroom and listened to the occasional rumble of a cab as it wended its weary way homewards, she reflected on it all. The hour was a ripe one for meditation as the day had been long and sultry, but, with the coming of the evening, the sky had cleared and a fresh cool breeze had gently passed over the heated squares of the great city of London and after the excitement of the theatre with the supper it seemed a relief to Lady Betty to be able to sit down and be perfectly quiet for a short time and let the cool air blow through the open window across her heated face. She had dismissed her maid half an hour ago and had tired herself in a soft, clinging dressing gown and, snugly ensconced in the subtle embrace of a sumptuously padded armchair, she gave full play to her imagination and let her memory wander at its own sweet will over the pleasant vista of the last few months. It seemed almost impossible for her to realize that it

was less than a year ago that she had left Sir Alfred and that during all that time she had heard nothing directly from him. Beyond the regular remittances which she received from his solicitors and their formal accompanying note, his influence was as little felt by her as in the days before he had wooed and wed her. She had done her best to keep the peace between them as long as she could, not only for her own sake but more especially for the feelings of her relatives and friends. Drunkenness and gambling she had deliberately shut her eyes to, but when it came to the other thing she had been forced to realise that there was a limit to even her spirit of toleration, and the inevitable visit to the lawyers was speedily followed by the Deed of Separation which had untied the knot that had become so erksome to both contracting parties. Since then she had been doing her best to forget all she had been forced to go through and had given herself up whole-heartedly to the pleasures of the social life of London, and being of a sweet but withal lively temperament it was not surprising that she was a welcome guest wherever she went. Until the coming of Sir Geoffrey no one had succeeded in making a permanent impression on her susceptibilities and not even the most notorious of the busybodies had been able to attach one word of scandal to her name.

Of late, however, there was no gainsaying the fact that his name had been coupled with her's a good deal, and an undercurrent of gossip was being stealthily woven round what she had tried hard to convince herself was nothing more than an ordinary platonic friendship. She had often thought over the matter

before, but this was the first occasion that she had seriously addressed herself to the potentialities of the situation, for like many another woman she had gladly availed herself of the good things which had been thrown in her way and of the hospitality Sir Geoffrey seemed never tired of extending to her. Not until the echo of a spiteful piece of gossip reached her ears did she see the possibility of misconstruing her actions, but now, as she sat alone and thought the whole matter over, she wonder whether Sir Geoffrey was really falling in love with her.

Being a woman she instinctively knew that she was especially favourably regarded by him and that particularly of late he had been making all manner of excuses to be with her, but she had never realised until tonight that it was on her account that he was staying longer in London than was his custom.

No man was better known in society circles than Sir Geoffrey Danvers, although he spent little of his time amongst its devotees, but he had already firmly established himself as a noted traveller, big game hunter, and an all-round sportsman second to none in the Kingdom.

Coupling with these accomplishments the fact that he was a strong and handsome man and that his rent role was known to be a large one, it is not to be wondered at that he was much sought after, but so far had successfully eluded the many snares that ambitious mothers delighted in laying in his path, and still remained an unattached bachelor. As she thought over all these facts Lady Betty's mind was sorely troubled, for she admitted to herself, with a frankness that was characteristic of her nature, that she had from the first been attracted to him and that now her feelings towards him were something warmer and deeper than those of a mere friend. Though no single word of love had passed his lips she could not deceive herself as to the pleasure her presence always gave him and how deliberately he sought her out on every possible occasion and tried to get her entirely to himself. His very looks told

her what his feelings were and the way he anticipated all her wants and wishes spoke of a thoughtfulness that was eloquently expressive of the regard in which he held her. The more she thought of it the more firmly was the conviction borne in on her that things were drifting too far and that something would have to be done to avert what would be a painful crisis to both of them. She knew perfectly well that she could trust Sir Geoffrey, but the question that worried her was how long could she trust herself not to show her real feelings, for she knew that if she did so it would be too much to expect him not to reciprocate them, and once the die was cast, well——

It seemed to her that the only hope of saving the situation lay in flight and, before turning out her light, Lady Betty made up her mind that she would tell Sir Geoffrey on the morrow of her intention to go on a visit to her aunt and to be absent from town for some length of time.

* * * * *

The luncheon had come and gone and Lady Betty was once more ensconced in her snug little boudoir. Somehow everything seemed to have gone wrong and life itself had taken on a gloomy aspect for her. All through the morning she had been thinking over the problem that had perplexed her so the previous night, and, though she had racked her brains until she had nearly brought on a bad headache, no solution other than what she had already come to seemed applicable to the situation.

As she drove in the hansom with her friend Mrs. Karter to meet Sir Geoffrey at Princes' Restaurant her mind was very ill at ease; she knew she had to do that which her heart rebelled against and for a moment she even resented Sir Geoffrey for coming in and upsetting the calm enjoyment of her life. Then in a second her thoughts switched off at a tangent and she tried to picture to herself how lonely her life would be once the sweet influence he had come to exert over it should be pre-emptorily removed.

All through luncheon she was unable to shake off the spirit of despondency

that had settled upon her and not even the gayness of the surrounding scene or the smart witticisms of her friend were able to entirely obliterate the sadness which had seemed to have taken so firm a hold of her.

During the drive afterwards she had certainly brightened up, but as the carriage drew up at Mrs. Karter's house it seemed to her as though some oppressive weight had settled on her heart and was crushing the life out of her, for she realised that in a few moments she would have to tell Sir Geoffrey of her decision and so, of her own free will, put an end to the happiness which but a few hours ago she had come to consider as part and parcel of her life.

It was not until after tea that an opportunity presented itself for the denouncement and then it could hardly have come at a more unpropitious moment.

As soon as the tea things had been cleared away, Mrs. Karter had called upon Sir Geoffrey for a song and, as though Fate itself had been conspiring against her, he had chosen "Love's Coronation." She had resolutely determined to avoid meeting his glance during the singing, but as she listened it seemed to her that he was addressing the words directly to her, and as his rich tones fell upon her ears her heart seemed to rise up into her throat and she crushed her little handkerchief into a tiny ball within her hands.

Not until the last note had died away had she dared to look up and then it was only to meet his gaze fixed straight upon her with a tenderness and emotion depicted therein which he made no attempt to conceal. How well she remembered it all now; immediately after the song Mrs. Karter had left the room on some pretext or other and, coming over to her, he had said: "Lady Betty, don't you think the words of that song are lovely, even though they seem somehow to be sadly out of place in this matter-of-fact world of ours? I cannot altogether realise a present-day lady being content with her lover telling her, "I have no crown to crown thee with save love," and yet how ghastly true it

is of some of us. We may indeed have everything that makes life worth living, that is from a materialistic standpoint, to give to those on whom our affections are set, but yet we are not allowed to do so and have to content ourselves with a self-contained homage and only the satisfaction of the occasional proximity of the loved one. But to turn the conversation into more pleasant channels, Are you doing anything special tomorrow? If not will you and Mrs. Karter join me in a little excursion? I propose motoring to Maidenhead and then getting on the river and going up to Marlow in the launch. I think it will do us both good and will shake off this spirit of despondency that has somehow seemed to have taken possession of us today?

It was then that she had told him of her decision, pleading as her excuse that she was fatigued with the gaieties of town and, as the hated words fell from her lips, she saw how pale he had turned and a deep emotion pass over his face though he evidently tried so hard to restrain it. It was then that she had loathed herself, and only the return of her friend prevented her from owning up to the falsehood she had uttered. She thought of him now as she saw him then standing before her with a reproachful look in his eyes that seemed to go straight to her heart and tell her how deeply her words had wounded him. And then again she saw him as he handed her into her carriage and she had said "Good-bye" to him. "No, Lady Betty," he had replied, "not good-bye—only au-revoir; it may indeed be some time before we shall meet again but "good-bye" has too much a ring of finality about it to be true," and she had looked up into his face and had seen that it was pale as death and that he was struggling to master the emotion that was so cruelly racking him and which she herself had been the cause of.

When she awoke next day to the full consciousness of what she had done her aching heart seemed to force her to go at once to Sir Geoffrey and confess everything, but, apart from the pride which was such an inherent instinct of

her nature, she knew that if she did so it would only make matters far worse than they were at present.

To turn back once the die is cast is even more fatal than to surrender in the first instance; compromise may be an excellent philosophy in the dealings of the mercantile world, but in the affairs of the heart it must of necessity be all or nothing.

She knew that, though to all intents and purposes she was a free-agent, there was nevertheless a presence standing in the background that had the right to claim a possessory lien upon her and one who could, did she commit herself too far, step forward at any moment and assert his rights. This latter consideration she admitted did not have much weight with her for she knew that as a matter of convenience the world chose to shut its eyes to sentimentality and for the sake of conventionality endeavoured to force everyone into a mathematical consideration of orthodoxy.

No, it was not this that restrained her from following the impulse of her emotions, but it was the fact that she was unable to absolutely determine the extent to which Sir Geoffrey would commit himself. Whatever action had to be taken must be suggested by him, not by her; as it was she had only pointed out the line of least resistance and it lay with him entirely as to whether he would accept it or not. She was indeed on the point of summoning her maid to commence the packing when her meditations were interrupted by a knock at the door and the delivery of a letter which, as soon as she glanced at it, she knew would set all her doubts at rest.

After all the message was one that she might have expected; it was terse even to abruptness:

"Dear Lady Betty,—

"So you have really made up your mind to go? I too seem to think that London holds no further attractions for me, though I am not so definite in my plans as you are. I am just like the man of whom Omar Khayyam wrote:

"Into this Universe, and why not knowing,

Nor whence, like Water willy-nilly
flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the
Waste,
I know not whither, willy-nilly
blowing.'

"Believe me to be, dear Lady Betty,
ever yours sincerely,
"GEOFFREY DANVERS."

So he had taken her at her own word and would no further seek to force himself upon her. She knew the action was characteristic of the man and that there was no doubt but that he had carefully considered everything before sitting down and penning the letter and that he had acted in accordance with his own strict ideas on the subject. Had she acted differently she felt that she could have won him over to herself but now that she had deliberately separated herself from him she knew that nothing could alter the situation, and as she realised it all the letter slipped from her hands and she threw herself upon the sofa and gave way to tears.

* * * * *

It did not take Sir Geoffrey long to make up his mind what to do. He was naturally self-reliant and accustomed to think out things for himself and his extensive experience as a traveller had not only developed this gift but also taught him to act quickly once a decision had been arrived at. Now that he realised that Lady Betty had of her own accord chosen to have nothing more to do with him he knew that there was nothing further to entice him to prolong his stay in London. He longed for the freedom of the plains and forests, and yet it was too early to set off on a big game hunting expedition.

Meanwhile he determined to go to Russia for a while and try to seek oblivion in a further study of the political and economical problems which were perplexing the intellectual inhabitants of that unfortunate country. The attractions of the many watering places to which society were now migrating were abhorrent to him at the present time, for he longed to get away from its artificiality and to

be alone with his sorrow. On the other hand his mind was too essentially active to permit of him shutting himself up in a castle and gloating over the blow which had fallen upon him and he therefore decided to pay a visit to his friend Doctor Vovrikoff at Rostoff.

It was now more than four years since he had met him and during that interval he had only heard occasionally from him. The personality of the Doctor was an interesting one for he was a typical example of the ardent patriot whose one aim and object in life was to bring about reforms for the amelioration of the hard lot of the working people in the land of the Little Father. It was he who had first introduced the subject to Sir Geoffrey's notice and, through the force of his earnestness and enthusiasm had interested him so much therein that he had made a study of the economical conditions in Russia and now longed to see for himself the change that had taken place during the interval of his absence. That there was a change he knew well, for it was only a few months ago that the historic meeting of the Zemstovs had taken place and the draft of the proposed Constitution had been submitted to the Tsar by Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky, Minister of the Interior. The permittance of such a meeting a year ago would have been undreamt of, but the awakening of the moujik brought into existence a force which even all the resources of the Bureaucracy were unable to cope with.

Undoubtedly the situation was an interesting one and Sir Geoffrey pondered over it as the train swept him along towards St. Petersburg, thence to Moscow and Rostoff. Arriving at his destination he was surprised to find the station in the possession of the military and as his drosky hurried him to the hotel, he saw that something serious had taken place. The town presented an air of desolation, and the few people that were about hurried along towards their homes and made no attempt to stop and converse in the streets. After dinner he started off to his friend's house and a feeling of disaster came over him as he saw that it was closely shuttered and

that there were no welcoming lights to greet him. Knocking upon the door he waited a few minutes before it was opened to him by the doctor's faithful old servant, Maria Ivanoska. Beckoning him inside, she joined him in the study and, after greeting him, told him all that had happened. It appeared that three days ago the students had made a demonstration in the streets which was broken up by the police. For some time the workmen had been in a discontented state, which culminated in a strike and a massed march on the Governor's residence. Although they had gone with the peaceful intention of laying their grievances before him, he refused to listen to them and had ordered the Cossacks to disperse them. This they had done in their usual brutal fashion, sparing no one who came within reach of their cruel nagaikas. The doctor had returned home the same evening with his face laid open by a sabre cut and had hardly got inside the house when there was a loud knocking at the doors and the gendarme had entered and dragged him away. Since then she had heard nothing of him and begged the "gospodin" to find out for her where he was. Hastening to the residence of the Governor Sir Geoffrey asked for an audience, which was at once granted to him, and the Governor himself corroborated the story he had been told by Maria Ivanoska, and promising him every assistance in his power and providing him with an escort, had advised him to search at the hospital for his friend. As he hastened through the wards to his comrade the cruelty of the massacre seemed to make his blood rage in his veins; the very floors and corridors were crowded with the victims of the butchery and not even the women and children had been spared. The delight of the good doctor at seeing him was profound, but he assured him that beyond some severe flesh wounds he was uninjured, and begged him to go and enquire into the condition of a friend of his, another Englishman, whom he had seen brought in and who was evidently badly wounded. As he approached his bedside Sir Geoffrey saw at a glance that in a few moments

all would be finished for already the cold fingers of death had touched the closed eyelids.

Gently taking his hand Sir Geoffrey bent over him with the intention of speaking to him, when a thrill of horror ran through him as he realised that the victim was none other than Lady Betty's husband. Slowly the dying man turned his face towards him and a faint smile of recognition lit up his pale features as he saw who his visitor was. Straining his ears Sir Geoffrey just caught the

words as they fell from his feeble lips: "Thank God you're here Geoff. You know my wretched story, don't you? I want you to tell Betty when you see her that I know I've been a beastly cad, but I'm sorry—damned sorry, and ask her to try and forgive me."

A week later, when all was over and the last burial rights had been performed, Sir Geoffrey bade good-bye to his friend and took the midnight express to London.

The Point of View.

By M. P. J.

ONE summer's evening a woman of thirty-three whose fresh complexion, pretty face, and thin figure belied her age, making her look seven or eight years younger; and a silent and reserved man of forty, sat listening to a boy of nineteen airing his immature opinions on women over thirty.

The man up to the present time had added nothing to the conversation; he happened to know the woman's age; and was aware that she knew it; he also was very much in love with her, but that she did not know.

The boy having finished expounding his somewhat crude views on married women, next took the subject of the single.

"When an unmarried woman," he began emphatically, "has passed the boundary line of thirty, and is not engaged nor seems likely to have an offer made her in the near future, she ought to look seriously to herself, or she will get left on the shelf. There must be something amiss. Perhaps she does not exert herself enough to please, or is not dressy enough. Men do like girls to

be smart, and have plenty to say for themselves; they hate a girl who cannot talk, and who has no 'Go' in her."

"What is the correct definition of the word 'Go'? in connection with a girl?" asked the man reflectively.

The woman shifted her position slightly to enable her to glance at his face, while waiting for the boy's reply. She wanted his opinion, not the boy's. "What was he thinking about," she wondered. "He looked strangely content." She did not know that with half-closed eyes, he had watched her for over an hour, and had just then only looked away, feeling she was going to look, and he feared his eyes might tell too much.

The boy moved too, into a manly attitude, to his thinking; true, it was copied at some previous date from the man at his side, but what of that, was not he entertaining a pretty girl, and an older man who had not contradicted him once. It was not often he felt in such congenial company.

"Well," he said briskly, "you know at once if a girl has 'Go' in her, it shows in the flash of her eyes, and the turn of her head, and the way she walks; it is

almost as if she liked being looked at; not a bit like a boy. Oh! there are hundreds of ways of telling. I know one girl."

"Does the dawn continue after thirty?" interrupted the woman, smiling at the man as she did so; but again his eyes were not ready to meet her's, and she felt the same odd resentment that his thoughts were beyond her understanding.

"By Jove, no, Miss Clinton," said the boy, in the tone of one who knows, and anything outside that knowledge was beneath his notice.

"Hardly ever, unless they are married. Don't you know the awfully tired type of old maids, that never have anything to say to us, and who's 'Go' has turned to wrinkles and nerves, and fatness, or scraggy necks; and don't we men just dodge the old Dears, at a dance, whenever we see them coming."

"Poor old maids," said the man dryly, under his breath.

"What a fate for them! To be dodged at dances by the callow youth."

"There is the youngest Miss Summers passing along the road. I recognized her red golf jersey through the bushes," said the woman with a warning look at the man.

She felt in another moment the boy's complacency would be torn to shreds by the other's withering contempt, or the man would lift him like a puppy dog and drop him off the verandah on which they were sitting.

But the boy, blissfully unconscious of their thoughts, jumped up hastily.

"I say, do excuse me a moment, Miss Clinton, and you, Mr. Bolton; it is most important; I—er—want to see Miss Summers about the Club Dance tomorrow," and he hurried off, running down the steps and into the garden without waiting for an answer.

There was silence between the two left alone. It had grown so dark in the last few minutes, neither could see the other's face.

Presently he asked quizzically:

"Are those your opinions; too, concerning your own fair sex?"

She laughed a little uneasily.

"Not quite—he did not know, and you

did, so it was not quite fair play, was it?"

"About your real age?"

"Yes."

"Does it matter?" he asked in a low tone. He thought her answer would be the keynote to her thoughts.

"No," she said, rather defiantly; then more slowly, feeling somehow she had his sympathy at last: "Yes, sometimes, yes it does matter a little, when one is not very clever, or interesting, or well off, and cannot do anything in particular, and one's youth is going, and, hardest of all, people notice it, and one is doubtful of what is coming to take its place."

The man got up from his chair and moved over to her saying: "Let me tell you your fortune, no, I want both hands, please."

"You cannot see in this gloom," she said unwillingly. She was seated on a low sofa, and he sat down beside her and took her hands.

"Not by palmistry," he remarked gravely. "It must be by mind. I think you are going to give yourself in less than five minutes to a man who has loved you for two years, but was never sure until tonight that you cared for him."

"You seem very sure of my mind," she murmured, half resentfully, trying to draw away her hands, and looking down, not to let him see the rising colour in her cheeks.

"My child, I am waiting," he said gently; he felt her hands trembling between his own. It reminded him of once, when a child, he had caught a young bird, and how it had fluttered with the fear of the unknown. He loosened his grasp.

"I am waiting for you to come to me."

"I do not think I have been asked yet," she whispered, but she held out her hands to him; their eyes met, and he drew her to him.

Suddenly, without warning, the boy appeared; he had run upon the grass, and they had not heard his footsteps.

He began breathlessly: "I'm awfully sorry to have left you so long; I was afraid you might have got tired of waiting and gone indoors. Miss Summers

is such an awfully jolly little girl, the one I began to tell you about. Oh!—by Jove—I—er—have forgotten something. Good night.” And he disappeared into the darkness with even more rapidity than he had arrived.

“Oscar has plenty of ‘Go’ in him; lucky for him he knows when to use it,” said the man a minute later, in an amused voice. He had longed to kick him two or three times that evening and

considered the boy’s discomfiture had evened things somewhat.

“You ought to be sorry for him,” laughed a rather flushed little lady smoothing back her hair.

“It won’t hurt him,” said her lover. “His thoughts, like a green apple, need ripening; he has plenty to learn like the rest of us.”

And a moment later they resumed their former comfortable position.

THE MOUNTAIN MEN.

By Courcey C. Ireland.

Where have they gone—those mountain men,
Trappers and hunters of bygone days?

Only their blazes now remain
To faintly mark the forgotten ways.

Signs discernible here and there
Show thro’ the moss of a bygone age
Tracing their progress on and thro’
Desolate places where tempests rage.

On and thro’ to the great Beyond
And one fell here, and another there;
Aye! and their spirits haunt the trail
Out where the caribou makes his lair.

The swish of a pack against a tree
Comes with the sweep of the shrieking gale;
The wand’rer sits in his camp aghast
And watches the spectres on the trail.

On they come with their forms thrust forth
The rifle, the pack and snow-shoes there,
No mistaking the hardships stamped
On hungry faces and eyes that stare.

For these were men of the Wilderness,
The rougher men from the outer track
Too used to hunger and trials that kill,
The trailing shoe and the sagging pack.

On they glide thro’ the whirling snow
And swing to the creak of the straining shoe;
Weirdly silent they pass, until
The dark woods open and let them thro’.

The wand’rer strains his gaze—alas!
Nothing is left but the whirling snow,
Dead men follow the long dead Past,
And no one knows of the trail they go.

Only the moan of the passing storm
Comes with the breath of the Arctic breeze,
Only the hiss of the drifting snow,
Sifting away thro’ the sheeted trees.

Jim Horsfield.

“IF a man will not work, neither shall he eat,” were the views of St. Paul on the labour question, but they were very different from those practised by Jim Horsfield, whose motto in life was that he who could not support himself in comfort and luxury without the necessity of working should live on the efforts of others who held the old-fashioned ideas about the dignity of labour and such like quaint beliefs. It was in Canada that Jim first had to put into actual practice the creed which he had long ago selected for his own when he used to debate within himself as regards the great problem of Ways and Means which he knew would some day present itself in its most disagreeable shape, and with the inherent caution which was part of his nature he had set himself carefully to study the workings of his favourite method in all their diversities before the day for actually proving their worth and value might arrive. It was in direct accordance with the promptings of this caution which had led him some years previously in the fat years of his life to stay for a year in a busy town on the Pacific coast, which for want of a better name we will call Larriput, and there by a lavish display of wealth, pave the way for his return in his hour of need when the lean years of famine should have intruded themselves uncomfortably on his notice.

Twelve months spent in a first-class hotel, lived out in a generous fashion with dinners, theatres and suppers, do much to encourage the belief that the man who can afford to stand them and can always pull out a “bunch” to put up the drinks for the crowd is a man of substance who may be trusted accordingly if by any chance his “confounded bankers” had not sent out his quarterly dues right up to date. And Jim was

the man who knew how to play the game right up to the hilt; there is nothing which establishes a man's credit more quickly than the prompt repayment of a loan or the immediate settling of a gambling debt.

The man who occasionally pleads to being hard up and borrows a ten-spot for a fortnight and repays it within the appointed time will never have the difficulty in running up a large account and borrowing sums in dry cash which will beset the man who has never had to be dependent on the good nature of his acquaintances before the hour of his real trouble comes on him. And well did Jim know this curious trait in human nature, for had he not made a study of it and had he not found it so a hundred times, both in his own experience and in his observations of others. Moreover, a little carefully placed charity goes a long way in the same direction and Jim had been lucky enough to meet during his first visit to Larriput a well-educated man who through stress of circumstances had fallen on evil days and was fast in the grip of the liquor fiend. Jim promptly took charge of him, paid all his expenses in a trip through the islands on that part of the coast, and had restored him well and better able to carry on the fight which lay before him. So when at the end of a year Jim had left this charming spot he left behind him a number of people who were genuinely sorry to lose him and who were loud in the protestations of regret and in their expressions of hope that he would soon pay them another visit, and Jim smiled sardonically as he promised that he would not fail so to do and as he settled himself comfortably in the cushions of his eastern-bound flyer he congratulated himself that the money and time of the last year had not been spent in vain.

That was seven years before he redeemed his promise and returned. In that seven years much happened which made him feel even more satisfied with himself for his forethought and caution.

Things had not prospered well with him; not that they had gone any worse than he had expected, but blue ruin is not a comforting thing to gaze at even if its advent has entered into one's calculations years before. A man who starts enjoying life with a capital of \$25,000 and lives at the rate of about \$5,000 a year is not likely to last for many years as a rich man without working. Moreover, there were many things to trouble him at home; his ideas of the proprieties and those of his sister, who, being many years his senior, had been made his trustee, did not coincide, and she thought it her duty to trouble him with her views on his behaviour long after he had come to years of discretion, and just as the great Boer war was calling for volunteers there was a stormy scene between the two of them, at which Jim was told that the further he kept away from his family the better they would all be pleased. This occurred when he was down to his last hundred pounds and was trying to raise the wind preparatory to making one final bid for fortune on the St. Leger.

Jim, seeing the hopelessness of continuing the struggle at home, promptly went and enlisted in the C. I. V.'s, which were then being organised and soon sailed for South Africa. "And a good riddance, too," said all his relations sincerely hoping that that would be the end of him; but in this they were grievously mistaken as are all those who think that their disreputable members can be so easily disposed of. He was not fortunate enough to distinguish himself in the war, but instead was laid up for the greater part of the time with chronic dysentery, which finally landed him with many others on the sick-list back again in London infinitely worse off than before; for there is little to attract the coveted hero-worship about a man returned from the front without having even seen the enemy and who seems to promise to be little better than a per-

petual invalid all the days of his life. And Jim's family did not hesitate to let him see that although they could hardly refuse to allow him a roof to cover his head and food enough to keep him alive they certainly were not going to keep him in cigarettes and whisky and all the other comforts for which his soul yearned. Then it was that the thought of Larriput came like a refreshing breeze into his mind and he determined to cut forever the ties, slight as they were, and to go far away to the place which knew him so well, and yet so little, there to make his home until something should turn up which would put him on his feet again without the horrible necessity of working. So a family conclave was held, composed of Jim, his sister and a younger brother who was respectably employed as a managing clerk in a solicitor's office and whose clothes were a never-ending cause of anguish to the Sybaritic soul of Jim, and after much palavering and threatening on both sides, for Jim felt that he had the trump cards, as indeed he did, his sister being morbidly afraid of scandal, for the heartless scoundrel made no bones about expressing his intention of doing something disreputable in the immediate neighbourhood if his wishes were not carried out, it was agreed that Jim should have \$1,000, half to be paid then in cash and the other half to be forwarded in three months' time to the address of the bank at Larriput which had done business for him in the old days. When this was finally settled Jim set out to put into practice those theories which he was convinced would see him through all difficulties, until either a rich wife or a dishonest opportunity or some other expedient might present itself to him for the future conduct of his life along the paths of ease which had been so beset with thorns during the past few months?

See we now our hero on board the *Campania* casting off from Liverpool for the conquest of the west. Now there was one curious trait in Jim's character which was a never-ending marvel to all the friends and otherwise, which he had picked up in the course of his travels and that was a deep-rooted objection to

gambling; perhaps it was due to the above-mentioned caution which he had inherited from his father who had been a long-headed business man, or perhaps it was his own common-sense of which he possessed a remarkably large share, but whatever the reason might be it was nevertheless a fact that he had never been guilty of the folly of gambling with the exception of penny nap or such like games, played in the drawing-room with old ladies who liked a little mild excitement, and were happy for a week if at the end of three hours they had made fifteen cents; true he would have plunged heavily on one horse race if he had been able to raise the money, but that was in a temporary aberration of mind when he was so hard up that a little more or less seemed to make no difference. Therefore, it was that he crossed the Atlantic without finding himself in New York "broke to the world." Jim's great vice was whisky; at least it would have been a vice in others, but it seemed impossible for him to take enough to make him drunk; though he was always good for a cock-tail and two whiskies before breakfast and at frequent intervals through the day until the evening came, when he would start real drinking, he never showed the slightest signs of it except that his always red face would sometimes assume a more fiery tint; with that exception he never showed by gait or speech that he was other than a rigid teetotaler. It was owing to this useful characteristic that he was able on many occasions to become possessed of secrets which would not otherwise have reached his ears. But whisky consumes money and Jim found that it would be advisable for him to make his way as quickly as possible to his haven of rest so that he might make a good show at the first; then he calculated that the remaining \$500 arriving in a few weeks would put his credit on the highest pinnacle and make things easy for the prodigious graft which he intended to play on his unsuspecting hosts.

It was in the early summer that he arrived at Larriput just before the tourist season was to commence and he immediately established himself in a small

suite of rooms in the hotel which he had patronised on his former visit; here all were delighted to see him, the more so when he announced his intention of making a long stay, perhaps over a year, while he looked round with the idea of finally locating in the town for good, as a resident. There was but little change in the town or in the people and Jim speedily found himself at home in his old haunts where he was welcomed with open arms. Nor did he wait to let the grass grow under his feet; he allowed it to become known that while he had been away the death of his father had put him above all sordid worry as to the earning of his living, and all that he meant to do was to live comfortably on his means and possibly do a little chicken farming later on if he should find absolute idleness pall on him. As soon as his remaining small stock of cash began to run out he represented to his hotel proprietor that the estate was not yet entirely settled and that for a month or so he would be likely to be rather short of cash and here he found the great benefit of his former reputation for honesty, of the service to him that he had anticipated; no objection was made to his extending his credit at the hotel to whatever length of time he might wish and more than that the obliging proprietor was only too glad to be of assistance to him in lending dry cash and in recommending other tradesfolk in the town to give Mr. Horsfield all the tether he might ask for.

At the end of the appointed three months the second instalment of money, namely, the promised \$500, came out from his sister, who also did not fail to remind him that that was the last sum he was ever likely to get from any of his relations; Jim read the letter through carefully, smiled sardonically, and after carefully destroying it went off to find his landlord whom he told that he had a small sum sent out on account with the assurance that the bulk would be coming if anything rather earlier than he had expected. To still further buoy up the man's confidence in him he paid him \$150, which very nearly squared his account up to date, and he also paid one

or two of his smaller accounts in the town; then he settled down to planning out his scheme in detail. Here Fortune favoured him, though at first sight it would seem that she was playing him a sorry trick for he was suddenly taken seriously ill; the dysentery which he had contracted in South Africa had so weakened his constitution, which was already in a precarious state, owing to the dissipated character of his way of living, that at one time his life was actually despaired of and he was for many weeks in the hospital, where he made the acquaintance of Gertrude Laidlaw, who was to be of such assistance to him afterwards.

Although a nurse then, Miss Laidlaw was reported to be an heiress and when Jim heard this he did not find it a hard matter to make love to the pretty young girl who was his devoted nurse for so many weeks. Moreover he saw quite well of what inestimable benefit it would be to him if he could appear before the townfolk as an engaged man; for no man unless he had really substantial proofs that he was coming into immediate possession of a large sum of money would engage himself to a girl who, whatever her prospects, had at that time to earn her own bread. And so he found it; the fact of his engagement was quickly known and Jim found that it was all as he had expected; nothing was too extravagant in the shape of jewellery, of theatres, and suppers for him and his intended; and everything was bought on the nod. So many months went on and people still were found to be patient, for as they said, it takes long for probate in the Old Country, and his creditors would comfort themselves with the recollection of various people they had known who had not received their money until more than a year had passed by, after the proving of the will. Jim meantime was living in the lap of luxury; his stay in the hospital had set him up again in health and he was as happy as a king and far less worried. Some people shook their heads and wondered if it was well for a girl like Miss Laidlaw to marry a man who was such a confirmed toper, but it was none of their business any-

way and so things went on; Gertrude herself believed that Jim was all but a teetotaller, as he used the greatest precaution to avoid her knowing that he drank spirits during the day.

She used to come down to see him when she was off duty at his hotel and sit with him in the parlour there; then Jim would go down to get her a lemonade and while getting that would have at least two whiskies, taking elaborate trouble to hide the tell-tale breath with lemon peel. Then they would go out for a drive, for he had had no difficulty in running an account with a local hackman. This state of things continued for at least eight months and all seemed to be going as well as could be when Jim began to put into practice the second part of his scheme. Up to then he had refrained from borrowing any money in dry cash from anyone except his landlord, but it was now beginning to be time for more active operations if he wished to make anything for the future out of Larriput. He calculated that he would be safe there until the middle of the summer as after that there would be no excuse to put forward for not having the money of which he had spoken so much. He had about six months then in which to collect sufficient money to take him out of the town and to settle him in some other place where he could play the same game again; he had found it so absurdly easy in Larriput that he did not anticipate much difficulty in pulling it off somewhere else with equal ease; but it would be necessary for him to start with rather more Capital than before. He had found that all the actual cash he needed for each day was twenty-five cents, ten cents being for a shine and fifteen for a shave. He never wrote any letters so postage was no cost to him; all his drinks were booked to him; he read absolutely nothing and as he was staying in the same hotel there were no tips to be considered; true he needed money occasionally for the theatre, but that did not happen now so often as at first in the early days of his engagement. If then he only needed twenty-five cents in actual cash each day it should not be hard for him to collect in

small sums enough to keep him later on. And so he started in. Right at the beginning he was met with a stroke of luck which even appalled him in its opportunities. He met in the bar of his hotel a young Englishman who had lately come out from the Old Country and was then teaching at one of the schools; this fellow whose name was Goddard, had money of his own and had really come out with the intention of gradually making his way round the world; at each place he stopped in he managed to find a little work to do, thereby paying his way and enabling him to see the different places through which he passed more thoroughly than he would have done as a tourist. This Goddard then fell into conversation with Jim at once and in the course of their talk they found that they had many mutual associates in the Old Country and at last it transpired that Jim had been a boy at Westminster under Goddard's cousin. Naturally this was a circumstance of which Jim was not slow to take advantage and before Goddard left that afternoon he was the poorer by \$5 which he had lent to Jim for a few days, to be returned within the week; a few days later Jim telephoned up to say that he had posted the money to Goddard, who, however, never received it; the loss was blamed on the post-office and Jim ingenuously expressed his sorrow, saying that he was particularly grieved as he had hoped to be able to borrow the same amount over again; however, the fish was not biting that time.

In the course of a month Goddard heard from his cousin in England to the effect that he remembered Hosfield perfectly at Westminster. This decided him that Jim was O.K. and consequently he made no difficulty about letting him have as much money as he wanted up to a couple of hundred dollars; Jim explained his need and on every occasion on which he asked for help he pleaded a pressing creditor and artfully reminded Goddard that he was engaged and that that should surely be sufficient to dispel any doubts. In the same way Jim was raising money over the whole town in small quantities and it is an astonishing thing how easy

he found it when he had once got into the habit. It is a fact that he borrowed sums from one dollar up to five from all classes of people; car conductors, barbers, bar-tenders, hackmen hotel clerks, nor did he even spare bell boys and hotel porters. Larger sums he raised on his note, off hand, from the professional classes who all knew his story and were quite prepared to trust him; in all he managed to put by against his time of need a sum of money which ranged somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$1,200; not so bad for eighteen months spent in absolute idleness on the fat of the land, without having had to spend more than about \$500 in all.

Then the trouble began; all villains make mistakes, and Jim made his now; he waited too long; whether he had really fallen in love with the girl and was unable to tear himself away, or whether he was blinded with success is doubtful, but he disregarded all the warnings which should have been obvious to him and remained in Larrript too long. The first warning came from the jeweller who had trusted him with several hundred dollars' worth of credit, and who was now beginning to press for his money, not so much that he distrusted Jim, but because as he was dealing entirely on commission he was himself in real need of the money. That should have given Jim the warning that the game was becoming dangerous, but with the over-confidence begotten of his success he thought that he could still carry the bluff on for some months yet and he allowed himself to be frequently worried by this man's frequent visits to the hotel which not unnaturally gave rise to a certain amount of talk, first of all amongst those who had lent him money and then amongst those to whom he was in debt for goods received.

It was at this time too that the hotel proprietor began to wonder if he had not been rather too easy in allowing so long a board and lodging which had extended itself over a year.

Goddard, too, was becoming a trifle suspicious and in a conversation between him and the manager they both discovered for the first time how deeply Jim

had got into them both. Pinkerton, the proprietor, was full of remorse for not having put Goddard somewhat on his guard, but it was too late, and as he himself had gone so far it was impossible for him to do anything else than continue the credit, until such time as it would be possible to obtain an answer from England.

One morning, therefore, he called Jim on one side and spoke very plainly to three of them to talk over his position saying that it was surely time that the expected money should arrive and that it was becoming rather inconvenient waiting so long for what ought to have been paid long before. Jim replied in the old style that he could not understand himself why the money had not yet come to hand, but that it surely would arrive before the end of the month. He said that he was going to write again by the next mail to his sister who was acting as sole executrix and he even showed the letter when written to Pinkerton, who expressed himself well satisfied with it, and promised to try and quiet the angry claims of the jeweller. The letter, needless to say, was never posted and Jim well content with the impression that he had obtained set himself down to make the most of the short time then left to him to rake in all the other money possible before he should have to leave. In this he was foolish, as when once the first suspicion of doubt had been aroused people were on the look-out to see what he did do, and were not well content to see that he made no attempt to curb his expenditure, but rather on the contrary excelled his former extravagance. And so the time crept on till the day arrived and passed, by which he should have had some satisfactory reply from his sister; of course none came; and then Jim in a moment of forgetfulness or through some mistake made his next bad mistake.

A meeting had been arranged for the three of them to talk over his position as the jeweller was again pressing hard for his money, and was openly saying that he was inclined to believe that there was something which was not all right in the business; he suggested to Jim

that a cablegram be sent to the Old Country with reply prepaid which would settle once for all the doubts which could not help intruding themselves on the minds of so many of the creditors. Here Jim flashed out; he refused to give his sister's address and even said that if that were done it would ruin everything, as the money was coming to him from her, but was dependant on his own good behaviour; he thereby contradicted all his previous statements.

Possibly it was a mistake born of the whisky he had been drinking, but whatever the reason there was no doubt but that the cat was out of the bag with a vengeance. Even then he had a chance to escape, but he wilfully refused to take it. He asserted his intention of going over to a neighbouring town where the relations of Miss Laidlaw were living and putting his position before them, thereby raising enough money to get out of this immediate demand. And in this he was nearly successful; exactly what story he told them is not known, but he did manage to impress them so far with the truth of what he said that one of them came over to see for himself how he was fixed; apparently he was not well satisfied for he left again without putting up the money and Jim saw that all was up. There was a stormy three-handed meeting in a saloon where the three of them had an hour's conversation, after which Jim went out with the promise that he would meet them again in the morning and would agree to whatever they might suggest. Instead of going to his hotel he went down to the quay and took the boat which sailed every night for a small town on the Canadian side of the town, whence it would be easy for him to get over on to American soil; once there he hoped with the amount of money he had saved from his collections, that he would be able to repeat the experiment, mentally vowing that he would not again allow himself so little time to make his escape. Unfortunately for him, however, he was seen as he went on board and when the news was brought to his creditors they immediately laid a charge against him for obtaining goods under false pretences

and sent a detective after him. And here once more the egregious folly of the man was apparent; instead of going immediately to the other side he dawdled in Canada just long enough to be caught within half a mile of the frontier.

He was immediately brought back and after a preliminary trial before the magistrate was committed for the higher court. There was only one charge laid against him, namely, that of obtaining the jewels under false pretences, and there were but three witnesses: the jeweller, the hotel manager and Goddard, who was called to show that Jim had been making a practice of borrowing money on every possible occasion. The trial only lasted one day and he was convicted and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

Even then the man kept up the story that he was the victim of others and that the money was really his, but was being unlawfully kept from him and many people still believed that he was an innocent person, the dupe of others, nor was this feeling entirely dispelled even by a letter which was found addressed to him by his brother warning him that he was not to expect any more help from home. However, on the whole, Jim was fairly well satisfied with his performance; true he had to work, but when all was said and done he had had over a year's good loving and pleasure; had had all that the most luxurious Sybarite could desire without having paid for it and had also a comfortable little balance which he had succeeded in hiding, sufficient to start him again when his time should be up. As for the girl she also had done pretty well out of it; apparently there was no true love on either side; she had been attracted by his gentlemanly bearing and evident prosperity and had certainly had her share of the good things while they lasted. The lawyer was well satisfied as the jewellery sufficed to pay his costs, the judge having decided that it could not be returned to the jeweller.

Everybody was well pleased with a little scandal which had done much to enliven the monotony of a small business town and nobody thought it worth while to go to the trouble of re-arresting him on his release for their own debts, as he was thought to be absolutely penniless and they considered that eighteen months would be sufficient punishment for all his misdeeds. Consequently when the time was up Jim was quietly released and had the good sense to go straight down to the boat and depart quickly to the other side where he proposed continuing this comfortable style of living. But in this he was disappointed; he found it more difficult to impose on the credulity of his American cousins and realised that it would be impolite to waste his money in trying to create a good impression. He therefore waited a little while and then when a chance offered he bought a share in a small hotel where he may be seen to the present day standing behind the bar, above which is a large card bearing the words: "Absolutely No Credit Given." And there isn't any exception made to this rule. However plausible the customer Jim knows too well from his own experience that appearances are sometimes very deceptive, and he has so impressed this view of life on his partner that the hotel bids fair to be a regular gold-mine to its proprietors for they have not yet allowed a customer of the Jim Horsfield class to stay more than one week without paying his account. There was only one exception and that was when Pinkerton once arrived to stay for a short holiday and to his astonishment found his quondam guest posing as the prosperous proprietor; on this occasion Jim insisted on his staying at his expense, but whether he made the offer through fear of the other's tongue or whether he so acted out of some idea of making some sort of return is not known. It is said that he does not favour guests from Larriput.

The Greenhorn.

By Dick Templeton.

OWING to a more or less laudable attempt to break all records in whisky drinking line, Joe Ferguson, the "tote" teamster, was unable to take his team into Willow Bluff for supplies, and I was deputed to act in his stead. This was supposed to be one of the "snap" jobs about the camp, but I, for one, preferred to work on the grade in company with my fellows, where, with many a joke, the day passed quickly by. I had long since got rid of the idea that one's own company is the best company.

As I drove from the camp, on my way to town, I coupled the foreman's name with many an expressive adjective not to be found in our standard dictionaries. My horses seemed to realise that this was one of my "off" days, and they therefore set out with a will, thereby hoping, no doubt, to escape many a severe cutting from the lines.

Presently, under the influence of a kindly sky and a couple of pipes of tobacco, the stormy state of my mind subsided, and I found myself actually whistling a joyous tune as I drove into Willow Bluff.

I had made good time into town, and so managed to have all my supplies on the waggon, ready for the return journey, by 11.30. As I had half an hour to spare before dinner, I strolled to the depot to witness the arrival of the train which was due in a few minutes. It pulled up at the platform just as I got there, and, having discharged a solitary passenger and some freight, steamed out again. The young fellow who had alighted took my attention. He was evidently an Old Country man. In his hands he carried a couple of portmanteaux, which he deposited in the waiting-room. He then made his way to where the freight had been dumped, and I

found he also possessed a large cabin trunk.

"Now where on earth can he be going," thought I, "with all that stuff. If his luggage consists of clothes he's got enough to furnish a moderate store."

After hesitating for a minute or two, he walked to where I was standing and said:

"Would you kindly tell me where I can find a porter to take my things to the hotel. I don't see any about."

"Well," I answered, "I guess you'll not find such an individual round here. If your box isn't too heavy we can carry it to the hotel between us, and you can then return for the portmanteaux."

He thanked me as if I had just made him a present of a hundred-dollar bill, and we made for the hotel, the trunk between us. Having placed this in the office he returned for the remainder of his belongings.

As I rather liked the youngster's appearance, I delayed going in to dinner until his return, when I suggested to him that we might dine together. He expressed himself pleased, and we thereupon took our places at one end of the long dining-room table. We were both hungry, so that, with the exception of a few common-place remarks, all confined ourselves to a vigorous attack upon the food laid before us.

After dinner, when our pipes were going smoothly, I asked him for an account of himself. He said his name was Bob Murray, and that he was a native of Dublin, Ireland. He had been sent to Canada by his father, as a last resort, because of his inability to pass even one of the many exams for which he had sat. He was hired at the Standard Employment Bureau, Winnipeg, as a teamster at Joe Sullivan's camp, near Willow Bluff.

I told him that I was a teamster at that very camp, to which I was returning in half an hour's time with the "tote" waggon. I asked him to get his things together so that we might put them in and hitch up right away. He wanted to bring along his trunk and two portmanteaux, but he contented himself with one grip when I explained how ridiculous he would appear with all that stuff at a railway camp.

During the drive he went into details regarding himself. He was just twenty years of age, had never done any manual work as yet, and knew practically nothing about horses. I foresaw a bad time before him while old "Blue Nose" (the foreman) put him through his paces. But I didn't care to dishearten the young chap, as it was quite possible that he'd make good in due course.

The supper bell sounded as we got to camp, so I hastily unhitched, watered and stabled my team, and then, with the new recruit, entered the dining tent. Young Murray seemed horrified when he found he was expected to eat all his food off one plate, but he realised that this was one of the little things to which he'd have to accustom himself, so he imitated those around him, if somewhat reluctantly.

After the meal I introduced him generally in the sleeping tent, and I was glad to see that he created a good impression among the men.

The next day was a Sunday, and I took the opportunity to coach him up a bit regarding his duties as a teamster. There were a number of teams idle, so I selected the best of them and persuaded the "stable boss" to let him have that one.

As Ferguson had recovered from the effects of his libations by Monday, I returned to my place on the grade. I helped Murray to harness and hitch up, and gave him some parting advice as to his conduct on the works. I've seen some poor teamsters in my time, but never have I seen such a wretched attempt at handling the lines as Murray's. Old "Blue Nose" was frantic. He swore at the new man as long as he could find language which he considered expressive

enough; but even his voluminous dictionary failed to meet requirements. In the end he just told Murray that if he didn't do better within the next few days he'd find himself "hitting the pike," i. e., dismissed.

That night "Black Abe" (one of the old hands) and his following started bullying the kid. Interference on my part would, I knew, only make matters worse. Every "greenhorn" has to put up with a lot of rough treatment at first. If he is made of the right stuff he'll weather it all right. If not, why, he'd better get in for some gentler occupation.

During the remainder of the week Murray certainly had a bad time of it. On the works he was sworn at and laughed at alternately by the foreman, and in the tent at night he was set upon by "Black Abe" and Company. To the gibes of the foreman and men he never returned a word. Indeed his conduct was put down generally as cowardice. I, myself, could find no explanation for the manner in which he took the most insulting remarks. I never like to doubt a man's courage until there is no other course left open to me. I therefore hesitated to condemn the youngster too hastily. As a teamster he was improving but slowly. In fact he would never have been kept on had there not been a shortage of men in the camp.

On the second Sunday, as I was grooming my team, Murray entered the stable and set to work on his pair with curry comb and brush. He was evidently feeling in the best of spirits for he hummed, as he worked, snatches from such of his Old Country songs as "Father O'Flynn" and "Phil the Flutter's Ball." When I had finished with my team I seated myself on the dividing pole between his stall and mine, smoking.

Having groomed his "off" horse to his satisfaction, Murray crossed under its head to get to the other one. As he did so the horse backed to the length of the halter rope, right into "Black Abe," who happened to be passing at the time. With an oath, Abe drove his boot into the ribs of the offending animal. At a bound, Murray was out of the stall and facing the bully.

"You miserable coward," he cried, "come outside and I'll teach you the lesson you need. I've stood your low-down tricks long enough." With that he made for the open, followed by Abe and the half dozen of us who had witnessed the incident.

I wouldn't have put a five-cent piece on the youngster as he faced his opponent. He can't have weighed more than a hundred and fifty pounds, whereas Abe scaled fully thirty pounds more, and was, besides, of a magnificently muscular build. Abe seemed to be thinking similarly, for he got to work at once, hoping to put a speedy end to what he must have regarded as a farce. Driving right and left, he rushed on Murray. What was everybody's surprise to find the blows parried, and, not only that, but to find blood flowing from Abe's nose as the result of a straight left-hander from Murray.

Murray slipped on the wet straw which lay around. With a yell, Abe sprang to the attack, driving both fists at his opponent's head. One of the blows reached home, and Murray fell. He was up again immediately, to find blows raining fiercely about him. Several broke through his defence. One on the jaw laid him on the ground again, panting.

We, the onlookers, then interfered. We told the kid that he had put up a plucky fight, and that he had showed himself a man; but we pointed out that to continue would be simple lunacy, as Abe could half kill him. He wouldn't listen to us, however, but declared his intention of fighting until either he or his opponent got properly beaten. We then asked Abe to have done with it. He expressed himself willing to cry "quits" if the kid was similarly disposed. Murray, however, was obdurate in his determination to see the affair through to a more definite conclusion, so we were forced to withdraw and let them fight it out.

Neither party took the initiative for a couple of minutes. I wondered that Abe did not rush in again, as he must have felt confident in his power to put Murray speedily hors de combat. The thought struck me that perhaps this was due to a

latent magnanimity, for which I had never previously given him credit.

Having manoeuvred about each other for some time, Murray attacked, two blows reaching Abe's chin. This was followed by a fierce bout. Abe rushed in twice, unsuccessfully. Murray retaliated in each case, with success. Then both parties gave and received some pretty severe blows about the head and chest. With that they drew apart, to get wind and manoeuvre for advantage of ground.

Abe had certainly had the more severe punishing. His face was cut in two places, one eye was half closed, and his nose let blood freely. The kid had escaped none too well either. His lips were split in several places, and one or two bruises showed on his pale face.

Having recovered his wind, Abe charged Murray's defence, to be beaten off and punished about the face and chest. Again and again he rushed in, with a like result. He then lost his head and fought wildly. Murray saw his chance, and we were treated to as fine a display of the art of boxing as it had ever been our privilege to witness. Blow after blow he landed about Abe's person. In vain the older man tried to defend himself. He was forced back and back until he lay stretched upon the ground as the result of an especially fierce attack by Murray.

For a minute or so he lay there without moving. We were too astonished to even go to his assistance. At last he staggered to his feet, and, holding out his hand to Murray, said:

"Give us your fist, kid. You're the better man. I'm sorry for the way I treated you in the past." When Murray had grasped his hand, Abe turned and abruptly left us. I confess that I was foolish enough to have a lump in my throat as I witnessed this unexpected conclusion, and I fancy the other onlookers did not feel comfortable either.

From that day the foreman ceased to swear at the "greenhorn." He even went out of his way to help the new man become a good teamster. In this he was backed up by "Black Abe" and the other men.

The Prophetess.

By Francis Owen.

MY friend Weston and I were among the first to hear the call of the Golden West and to trust our future in the hands of the guardian spirit. Those were the days of the pioneer, the real pioneer, not the settler of today who is rushed at the speed of thirty miles an hour through the rocky solitudes of the Superior District, on over the boundless prairies, "the gardens of the desert," and then again through the serried rolls of snow-capped mountains, by the brink of yawning chasms, beneath frowning bluffs and over winding rivers to the wave-washed shore of the Pacific Coast. Travelling is a pleasure now-a-days—no long, weary walks, no jolting over stony roads, no camping among the lonely mountains with the cries of cayotes and hungry wolves ringing in your ears.

At the time of which I speak the C. P. R. was in process of construction and in spite of almost insurmountable difficulties, had hewed its way through countless walls of rock, until finally, arrived at Port Moody, it only remained to lay the foundations of its Western Terminal, Vancouver, the present Queen City of the West, but which then had only a few thousand inhabitants, daring adventurers, who had braved the perils of an unknown land to carry the standard of Western civilization to the barren regions of the Pacific Coast. The bulk of the city clustered around Cordova and Water streets, stretching out on one side toward Hastings' saw-mill and on the other as far as any speculator wished to go, which was not very far. Back of this section to False Creek, where now stand hundreds of smiling homes and pretty lawns, was bush and brush, a tangled mass of fallen trees that crossed

each other in hopeless intricacy, partially charred and checkered by fires which had raged and laid low the monarchs of the forest, but leaving a horde of smaller trees which looked like a sea of needles, with thin sharp points rising high in the air, and their weird, leafless branches protruding like thorns from their sides. Large gangs of workmen were employed by the C.P.R. clearing this land and making ready for the laying of a roadbed to the water front.

Weston and I had been attracted by the high wages offered by the Company to surveyors and we had followed the progress of the line nearly all the way through the mountains. At this particular time we were in Vancouver and were quartered in a three-story wooden structure on Alexander street, which we made our base of supplies for the extensive journeys we were often compelled to make. The weather had been hot and dry, scorching hot; we felt ourselves shrinking perceptibly every day, and our health began to be impaired. As we had been working steady for several months without a rest, Weston proposed one day that we go for a few weeks' shooting in the mountains, adding by way of further inducement that we might run across a good gold proposition in our ramblings. For three weeks we fished, hunted and prospected along the Fraser river, thoroughly enjoying the bracing mountain atmosphere and the beautiful scenery of the Canadian Alps. But the lonely life at last began to tell upon our spirits. Not a living soul but Indians had crossed our path during all this time and we began to long for the joys of companionship.

It was on a Saturday night, I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday,

and we had decided to go down the river the following day on our homeward journey. We had gone for a last excursion among the mountains about two miles away from our camp. The sun was just setting; a crimson glow suffused the sky; the twilight blushed; the silver gems of the snow-capped peaks became golden with the sunset flush; the rushing streams seemed to allay their headlong course to be caressed by the lingering sunbeams, which left a purple hue upon the dancing waters, turning them into streams of gold; the birds spread out their wings to catch the radiance of the setting sun and warbled their evening songs of happiness and peace.

We were standing beside a clump of stunted trees which had climbed as far up the mountain side as their small strength would allow and had been forced to stop half way, whence they could see below them the sturdy heads of their stronger brethren, and far above the dwarfed statures of smaller but more daring and hardier adventures who had scaled the slope even to the snow-line, but there had stopped, repulsed by the cool reception of the aerial spirits. We stood gazing at the glory of the sunset, lost for the moment in the grandeur and nobility of the eternal, fascinated by the varied shades of color, and the succession of changes from silver through all the mutations of gold and crimson to a deep purple hue as if the blood of battling spirits had stained the sky. Suddenly an apparition darted from behind the trees, sprang upon a projecting rock, raised a skinny arm and pointed toward the setting sun. It was the form of a woman. Her face was wild and haggard and her Indian features tanned still swarthier by exposure to the sun. Large coal-black masses of tangled hair fell over her naked shoulders. Her eyes were weird and roaming, and flashed at times like diamonds in the night. Her only covering was a garment of leaves intertwined so as to cover her emaciated form and angular body. Tall and commanding in appearance she rose to her full height, threw back the matted locks from her wrinkled brow and with one hand still indicating the sea of fire in

the West, she slowly raised the other arm and with a look of inextinguishable hatred pointed in the direction of Vancouver. With extended arms and trembling body, in piercing tones that penetrated the very stones in the intensity of their passion, she hurled forth her denunciation: "Woe to the vile intruders! woe to the impious city! The fires of wrath shall descend upon their guilty heads. They shall flee before my anger, they shall hide and cower when I spurn them with my vengeance." "See these valleys and these mountains," continued the forboding spectre, comprising with one sweep of her extended arms the whole district around her, "they were the home of my people, the hunting ground of my tribe; the land of the red man. They lived and laughed; they basked in the sunshine; they hunted and they fished; they died in the land of their fathers. But the vile intruder came. He came with his infernal devils that scared the fish from the rivers, that shivered the hills to fragments, that filled the mountain streams and hewed down our sacred trees. They drove us before them like sheep and we starved among the rocks." She ceased, buried her face in her bony hands and wept bitterly. Then as if her grief inspired her with renewed hatred, "Look at me," she screamed, "look at my withered face, my skinny arms and emaciated form. Once I was fair, once I was beautiful, once I was loved. The idol of my people, I lived like a Queen. I was the Queen of the mountains, the mistress of the valleys; the fish came at my call and the birds obeyed my voice. That was before the white fiends came and disturbed our solitudes with their unholy noises and their fire devils. Woe to the vile invaders! Woe to the unholy city!" With these last words uttered in a perfect crescendo of emotion, she pointed once more to the ground, muttering to herself: "Three weeks! three weeks!" the ghostly phantom vanished behind the trees with a dismal howl.

As soon as we could recover from our astonishment we darted behind the bushes to see where she had gone but there was no trace of strange creature to be seen.

She had vanished as quickly as she had come.

Silently we proceeded toward our camp, as the darkness was falling fast. Weston was the first to speak. "I wonder what she meant," he said. "I don't think I am superstitious, but—I've heard of strange things happening sometimes."

"Oh, nonsense!" I replied, "she is only a poor, crazy Indian. There are lots of them around. Something has turned her brain."

"I suppose you're right," he said, but did not look satisfied.

When we reached our camp we lit a cheerful fire, had some supper and then sat down beside the blaze to enjoy a smoke. Under the soothing influence of my pipe and the ruddy glow of the fire, my thoughts went back to my distant home. Familiar scenes flashed through my mind; old friends and loved ones peered at me from the mazy wreaths of smoke. I was startled from my reverie by Weston's voice: "I say," he said, "haven't you heard that the Indians place a great deal of confidence in these wild women. They believe them to be inspired, to have the gift of prophecy, oracles in fact?" "Still thinking of that," I replied impatiently. "I don't believe any of that rot. There never was anything in it and never will be. How can a poor, crazy woman know what's going to happen?"

"Well," said Weston slowly, "I'm not saying that she does know or that she can do anything, but you know that many people claim to have intimations of the future. 'Coming events cast their shadow before them,' is an old saying, you know."

"Yes," I replied, "it is old, that's the trouble with it. It's too old."

"Perhaps" was all the answer he made.

I dismissed the matter from my mind and I supposed he did the same, for he didn't mention it again. We turned in for the night, and slept the sleep of the mountain climber.

The next morning we packed up and started for town, glad to get back again, even though it meant hard work and long hours. We arrived at Vancouver

without any further adventures and found everything in motion. All was hurry and bustle. The work of clearing the land had proceeded rapidly in our absence and scores of huge piles of logs and rubbish lay waiting for the match.

It was Saturday night again, just three weeks after our unearthly visitor of the mountains. I had noticed that Weston had been very quiet all that day, but the reason for it had never entered my head. I left him for the night about 10 o'clock in the evening and went to my room. I tried to sleep but could not; all sorts of things came crowding on my brain. I rolled over and over; I tried every possible expedient to induce the god of sleep to close my eyes, but it was of no avail. Finally I got up, and, knowing that Weston often sat up late at night reading, I crept softly down the hall to his room, opened the door and peeped in. There he was, sitting beside the table, his elbows resting on the edge, and his head supported by his hands. A boot lay near him which he had evidently been reading. He did not hear me open the door.

"Hello!" I said.

He never moved. I approached him noiselessly and gently touched him on the shoulder.

"Good heavens," he cried, springing up with terrified expression on his face,

"What's the matter," I asked.

"Oh, it's you!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were asleep."

"And I thought you were," I replied.

"What, what on earth is the matter with you?"

"The prophetess," he whispered hoarsely. "It is three weeks today. Did you not notice the sunset tonight? It was as red as blood. The sky seemed to be on fire. She was there. I saw her."

"Come! come! what nonsense!" I exclaimed. "Are you going to let a little thing like that keep you awake?"

"Why couldn't you sleep?" he asked, turning round sharply.

"I don't know, the heat perhaps."

"I do," he answered as he sat down and motioned me to do the same.

"I'll tell you what," he continued after a moment's silence. "I'm going to pack

my few things together tonight so that if anything should happen. . . ."

"You're a fool," I snapped.

"Perhaps I am," he replied calmly. "I hope I am in this case, but I'd rather be a living fool than a dead sage."

"Why," I cried, "that blessed old Indian has forgotten the whole affair by this time!"

"After we came back to town," Weston rejoined, as he began to pack his things in a small trunk, "I made inquiries about the woman among the Indians. They were very reticent, but I finally learned that she had been a noted personage among the tribes of this district, but owing to an unfortunate alliance she had had with a white trapper who had treated her harshly and then deserted her, she has ever since dwelt alone among the mountains. Her mind became unhinged, and her people regard her with awe and veneration." He had by this time finished packing. "There," he said, "I hope you're right, but I couldn't sleep until I had done that."

I was awakened the next morning by a loud shouting on the street. Wondering what was the matter, I arose, looked at my watch and found to my surprise that it was 11 o'clock. I opened the window and looked out. A fearful sight met my eyes. People were hurrying and running in all directions with spades, shovels, axes and buckets. A huge roll of fire was advancing upon the little town driven on by a strong west wind. An indefinable dread thrilled me. "The prophetess," unconsciously escaped my lips. I hurried out to the scene of the fire and found that the men had been ordered early in the morning to set fire to the large piles of rubbish. No one had thought there was any danger. All at once a strong wind had arisen, had fanned the flames to fury and whirled them from one pile to another, closer and closer to the outlying houses. The wind increased and poured its vials of wrath upon the devouring flames, sending long fiery streams and serpentine coils hundreds of feet into the air, ever reaching forward toward the town as if eager to try its uncurbed strength upon the unprotected wooden structures that lay

clustered in a heap. Dense volumes of burning smoke obscured the sun and fired the heavens. On swept the seething mass towards the city in eddies and whirls that looked like a sea of serpents twisting and twining their coils around each other. Frail houses disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. A fierce crackling, a cloud of smoke, and then the fiery demons passed on, leaving the charred ruins behind to mark their path. The frantic people fled from the houses in every direction, crazed with fear yet fascinated by the awful spectacle of destruction.

The fire had eaten its way to the water front when suddenly the wind veered to the northeast and the whole cloud of fire started on its path of annihilation in a new direction. Down Alexander street it rushed licking up the rows of houses as if they had been paper. I thought of my few possessions in my room, but it was too late to save them. I found Weston standing in speechless terror, pointing with trembling hand to the roof of the house.

"The prophetess," he finally gasped. There was the wild woman of the mountains, with her long black hair streaming in the wind, her tall form reflecting the glow of the approaching flames, her weird eyes gleaming like burning balls, waving her long arms in wild gesticulation at the fire, her body swaying to and fro as if keeping time to the withering advance of the snake-like tongues of blood, and mute as her native mountains. Instinctively I started for the house to save the poor creature from a fearful death, but Weston seized my arm.

"Too late," he whispered hoarsely, and pointed to the rolling flames which were rushing upon the house in a perfect maelstrom. I looked again at the woman. Once more she had extended her long arms, one towards the west and the other towards the burning city. "Woe to the vile invaders! Woe to the impious city!" she shrieked in a voice that was heard above the roar and crackling of the blaze, and then the sea of fire received her in its coils.

"The prophetess!" cried Weston, and fell to the ground in a death-like swoon.



AT THE REQUEST OF A LARGE NUMBER OF READERS THIS NEW DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE MAGAZINE. THE RECIPES GIVEN BELOW ARE ALL CONTRIBUTED AND THE PUBLISHERS WOULD ESTEEM IT A FAVOUR IF HOUSEWIVES HAVING GOOD, PRACTICABLE RECIPES WOULD SEND SAME TO THE EDITOR.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.

One quart of large Eastern oysters; one quart of crisp cracker crumbs. Use a deep bake dish. Cover bottom with a layer of oysters, next a layer of cracker crumbs, salt and pepper to taste and put severa pieces of butter over this. Then another layer of oysters, then cracker crumbs again, and so on until you have three layers of each, covering well with crumbs and butter, season well; pour over it all a half cup of rich cream and about the same of oyster liquor. Bake twenty minutes in hot oven and serve at once.



TURKEY OR CHICKEN STUFFING.

Pour sufficient boiling water over a loaf of stale bread to thoroughly soften it; add one large onion chopped fine, one teacupful of currants, sage, salt and pepper to taste. Put on stove in frying pan with two tablespoons full of smoking hot lard, and let it brown well, then stuff your fowl and roast.

Another very tasty fowl stuffing is made by preparing the bread as above, using one large onion, four tender stalks of celery cut thin, one green pepper chopped fine, sage, salt and pepper to taste. Fry in hot lard as above until well browned, then stuff. This is an excellent stuffing for ducks.

SPANISH RICE.

Take three slices breakfast bacon, cut in small pieces, one large onion chopped fine, one green peper ditto, fry all together. Wash one large cup of rice; add it to above, stirring continually until nicely brown. Remove from frying pan to double boiler and add one can tomatoes, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, and cook well until rice is done. If it gets dry add water to keep it quite moist and let it cook thoroughly.



PLAIN MINCE MEAT.

Boil tender four pounds of lean fresh beef, (a beef's heart is preferable), and when cold put through meat grinder (fine knife). Chop four pounds of apples, one pound of suet, one pound each of currants and raisins, and one-quarter pound of citron. Dissolve one pound of brown sugar in water, add two quarts of cider and a half pint of brandy; put in the meat, apples, suet and fruit and put on the stove. While heating add spices as follows: one tablespoon of cloves, allspice, salt, ginger and ground mace, with one grated nutmeg and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Let all boil well together; when done put away in cool place. This will keep for two months.

CARAMEL PIE.

Four eggs, one cup of butter and one of sugar, one glass of jelly (plum preferred) and one teaspoon vanilla. Beat yolks, butter and sugar to a cream, add whites of eggs beaten to a froth; melt jelly and put in with other ingredients; add the vanilla last. Beat the whites of three eggs with half a teacup white sugar. When the pie is cooked cover with the meringue and brown in oven. This will make two large or three small pies.

—○—

PUMPKIN PIE.

Remove the seeds of the pumpkin, cut into small pieces and steam till tender, then remove peel and mash fine, or cut up, peel and boil in a very little water until well done. After mashing, to each quart add one quart of milk, two cups of sugar, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, ginger and salt, four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch or two eggs. Bake in a custard pie pan with an under crust.

—○—

FRUIT CAKE—3 LBS.

One pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one pint lemon and orange peel cut fine, half pint of citron, one teaspoon of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, one grated nutmeg, one pint molasses, one pint whisky, three pints of flour, twelve eggs well beaten separately, and one tablespoon baking powder. Use milk to make a stiff dough. Bake in moderately hot oven from three to five hours.

—○—

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

One pint of suet chopped fine, one and a half pints of flour, one pint of brown sugar, one pint of currants and raisins

mixed, half pound of citron, one egg, one pint milk, scant, and one teaspoon of baking powder. Put in a brown cotton cloth, tie securely and boil seven hours.

—○—

HARD SAUCE.

Butter size of hen's egg creamed with one and one-half cups brown sugar; add half a cup of brandy or whisky to flavour or half a teaspoonful of vanilla if you do not want to use liquor.

—○—

BACHELOR'S SUET PUDDING.

Four cups of flour, two cups of nut-ton suet chopped fine, one pound of currants, raisins and citron, and a pinch of salt. Mix with water until stiff; role in cloth, tying same at each end; boil for two hours; serve with the above hard sauce. This pudding requires no baking powder.

—○—

TRIFLE.

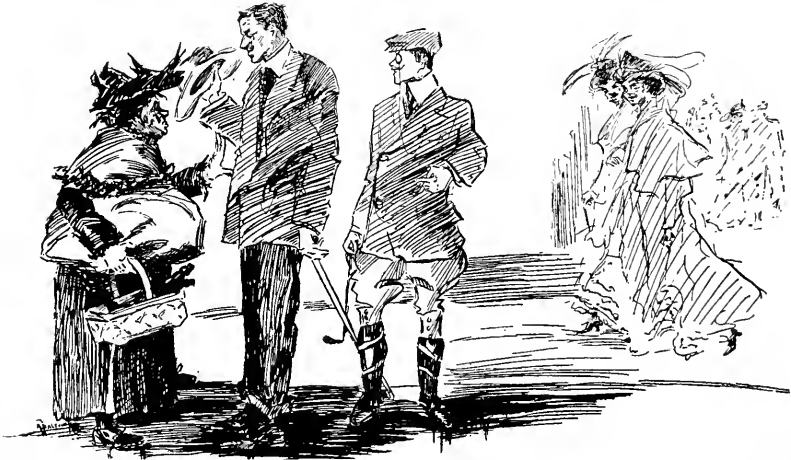
One quart of milk, two cups of sugar and two eggs. Stir all well together and put on stove in double boiler and when to the boiling heat add two table-spoons of cornstarch mixed well with water. When a thick custard add half teaspoon of vanilla and let set for four or five minutes. In a bowl or platter place fifteen lady fingers and pour over them one and a half cups of sherry; when they have absorbed the sherry pour the custard over them and put away and serve cold. A deep bowl is best for trifle. Put a layer of cake, then a layer of cake, then a layer of custard, then cake, then another of custard. A cup of chopped almonds or English walnuts mixed with the custard just before pouring over the cakes helps to enrichen the flavour and makes a delightful dessert.





He—"What's that vegetarian doing now?"
She—"Making love to a grass widow!"

"I wonder if Mars really is inhabited?"
"Don't know, but if Saturn is I'll bet the politicians own it."
"Think so?"
"Certainly; can't you see the rings?"



SHE—"Stop Mester! Can you shew me the way to the Y.W.C.A.?"
HE—"Are you sure you don't mean the Mercy Hall, Madam?"

The best efforts to make a home attractive sometimes fail.

Recently a district visitor in the East End of London asked the wife of a notorious drinker why she did not keep her husband from the public-house.

"Well," she answered, "I 'ave done my best, ma'am, but he will go there."

"Why don't you make your home look more attractive?"

"I'm sure I've tried 'ard to make it 'omelike, ma'am," was the reply. "I've took up the parlour carpet and sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and put a beer barrel in the corner. But, lor', ma'am, it ain't made a bit difference."

Knicker—"Does Jones claim to be a naturalist?"

Becker—"Yes, he knows a small hot bird when he sees one."

"Mrs. Chauffeurly is always running down people when I go out with her in her auto."

"Doesn't she ever get arrested?"

"No; they can't arrest you for gossiping, can they?"

Dolly—"Molly Wolcott told me a month ago that her new gown was going to be a dream."

Polly—"Well, that is all it is so far. Her husband won't give her the money for it."



HIS CHANCE.

Young Jones who has been watching the mistletoe for the last half hour; now that his chance has come does not take advantage of it.

"For my part, I can't see the difference between gambling and speculating by buying or selling things on a margin."

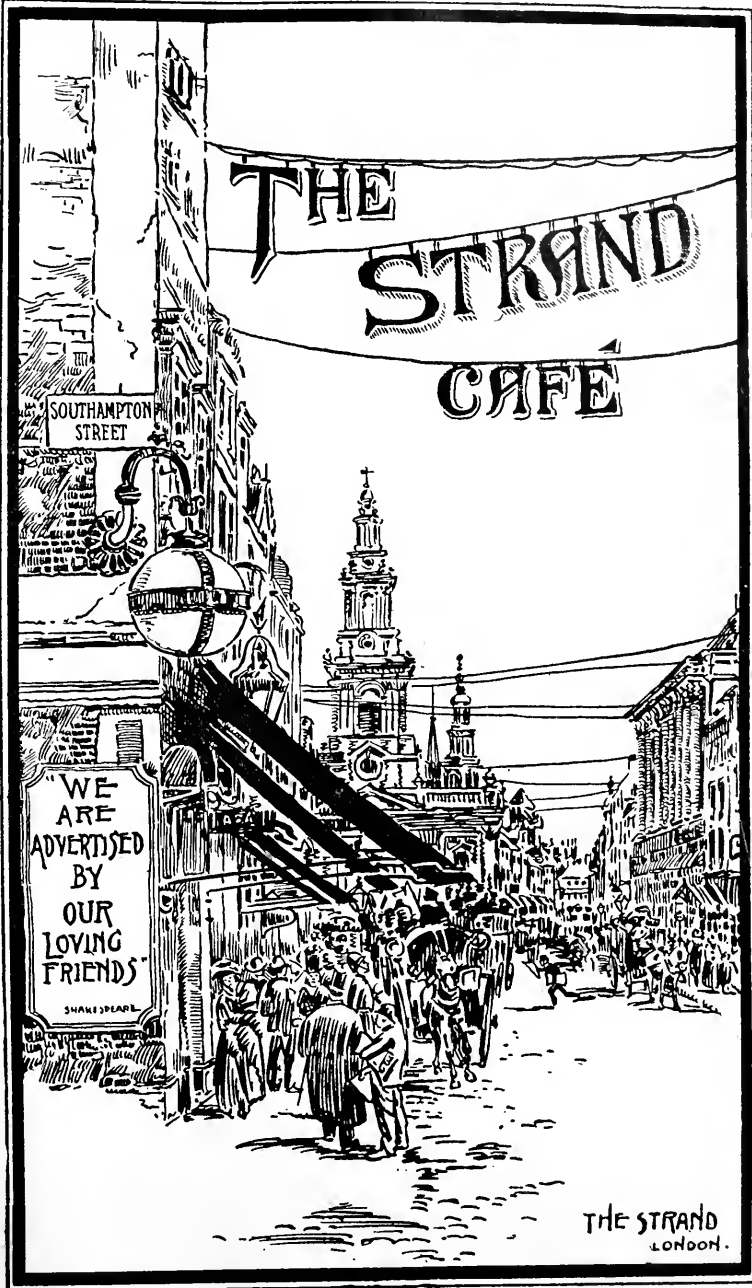
"There is a big difference. A man who gambles has a certain number of chances out of a thousand to win."

"So Xantippe Snifkins is going to apply for a divorce. Do you know on what grounds?"

"Cruel and inhuman treatment."

"Did her husband treat her so very badly?"

"No man could have treated a woman worse. He never would give her any good reason for finding fault with him."



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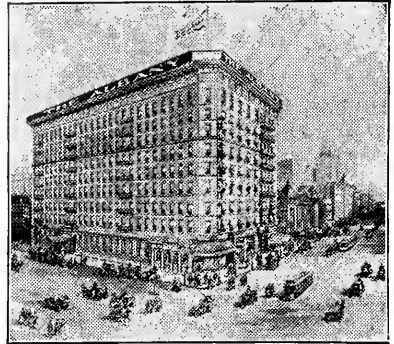
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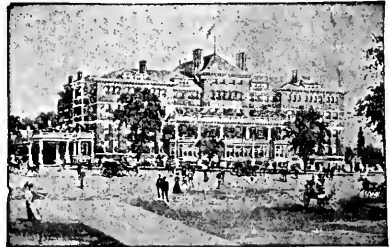
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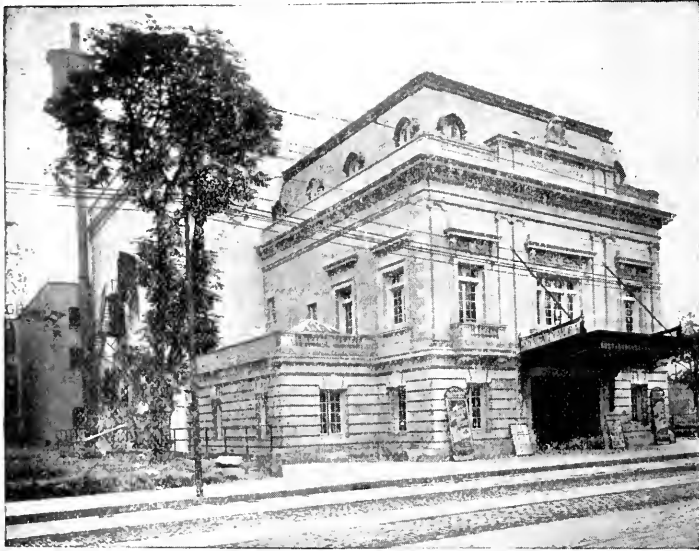
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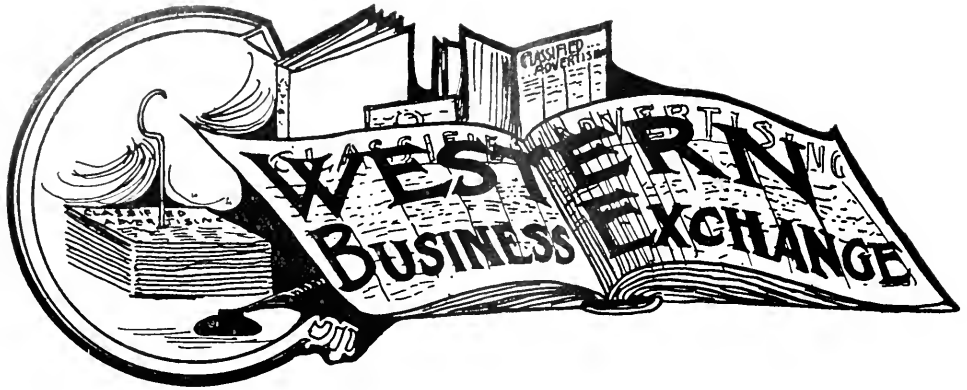
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FURRIER.

Repairing, Re-dyeing and Remodelling at lowest prices. All work guaranteed satisfactory. San Francisco Fur Co., E. A. Roberts, 919 Granville St., Vancouver.

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I carry the largest stock of Kodaks and Photographic Supplies in British Columbia. Write for Catalogue. Will Marsden, The Kodak Specialist, Vancouver, B. C.

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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.

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Patentees can have their models of inventions designed, built or perfected by us. Vancouver Model Machine and Cycle Works, 980 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

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FIRE INSURANCE.

Agents wanted in every town in British Columbia to represent the Rimouski Fire Insurance Co. Write for terms. Johnson & Richardson, General Agents, Vancouver, B. C.

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It is the best we know
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These cigars are hand made, clear Vuelta Havana filled, with the finest Connecticut binder and the very best Sumatra wrapper. A Cigar made in British Columbia for the most critical and fastidious devotee of "My Lady Nicotine."

The Inland
Cigar Manufacturing Company
KAMLOOPS, B. C.



Incorporated 1905.

Capital	=	=	\$ 500,000
Capital increased 1907 to			2,000,000
Subscribed Capital	=		550,000
Reserve	=	=	50,000
Surplus June 30, 1907,			130,000

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A Company properly organized, as the Dominion Trust Co., Ltd., is, with a Board of Directors of the highest standing, carrying on business on carefully considered principles, is in a better position to efficiently discharge the duties of an Executor or Trustee than individuals.

In the transaction of the Company's business all speculation is avoided, the estates administered by the Company are not received as assets of the Company, but all securities which the Company hold for each trust are kept in the name of such trust, and entirely distinct and separate from all others, are registered in the books of the Company for the trust or estate to which they belong, and may at once be distinguished from any other security. And in any event would in no way be liable for any obligation of the Company or of any other estate. Every security taken as an investment remains a part of the estate to which it belongs.

We supply blank will forms and store your will in our safety deposit vaults without charge, when the Company is made executor.

Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

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WEALTH
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Dominion Homeseekers' Association Limited.

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The Only Certain Investment on Earth is
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The question—What is a safe investment?—is the all important one of the day. And is very difficult for the man with small capital to answer for himself. Allow us to answer this question for you. By placing before you what is called the **HOMESEEKERS' LAND CLUB**. Each Club member pays a small fee to support the work of securing large bodies of the best land that can be obtained, at the lowest possible price and terms that can be arranged. The land is then divided into one, two and a half, five and ten-acre blocks, and each Club member gets his choice of blocks at the graded Wholesale Price, taking immediate possession of same, agreeing to put permanent improvements of not less than ten dollars per each acre purchased per year, thus guaranteeing actual settlement and also a large increase in the value of the property at once. We would ask YOU to investigate the **CLUB PLAN**, by either writing or calling at the office when we shall be pleased to give you full particulars.

Dominion Homeseekers' Association, Ltd.

Room 35, Davis Chambers Building

615 Hastings Street, Vancouver, British Columbia

The Canadian Pacific Trust Co.

This Company is Organized for the Purpose of Buying Real Estate in the Best Business Portions of Any City in the World and the Erecting of Buildings that Will Produce the Largest Possible Revenue. In Addition the Company Will Carry on a Trust Business of an Extensive Nature. Full Particulars Will Be Furnished on Application to the Financial Agents, G. A. BARRETT & CO., 538 Westminster Avenue, Vancouver.

The following conversation was overheard by one of the officials of the company between two intelligent working men, travelling from the Royal City to Vancouver:

"Beautiful fall weather, Barnard?"

"So it is, Roy. About the finest I have ever experienced in British Columbia. Another month of this will put me on easy street."

"Yes, you need a good month to finish clearing those lots. They have been a hard bunch to clear. You didn't make much on them, did you?"

"Well, this spell of weather has helped me some, and, in addition to my wages, I shall clear up about \$250."

"Good for you, Barnard! I'm right glad to hear it. I was afraid that you were up against it hard with that bunch of Nature's biggest."

"You bet, I had it coming to me this trip, but as the stumps were quite a way from my house, I just punched the powder in pretty thick, and blew all kinds of daylight into the big boys."

"Say, Barnard, I'm thinking of investing about \$500, but there are so many things put up to me that it's hard to know what's best to do. I don't want to monkey with land because the amount I have is so small that I would have to buy away out, and it would be years before I could realize, no matter how good the buy. Then, too, I don't like waiting so long before getting some return. I might not be able to make my turnover, if I should need the cash at any time. I hate putting my little mite into the bank at 3 per cent. or 4 per cent., for, although it would be safe enough, still it is the bank that makes the big mite, while we must be satisfied with our three dollars on the hundred."

"Roy, old man, I'm glad you have spoken to me about this. I have been in the same shape myself, and didn't know what to do. But I heard of the Canadian Pacific Trust Co., and as their scheme seemed good for the poor and rich alike, I had a talk with the Financial Agents, and I tell you it's all right. They treated me like a gentleman, and I bought \$250 of stock, and as soon as I'm done with this job I shall invest \$250 more. They are only going to sell \$50,000 worth of stock for the first six months, and I want to get in before it is all sold. I'll take you to the office when we get to town, and my word for it you will never leave until you have done as I have. I've spoken to twenty business men, and every one says it is the best and surest money-maker ever put up to the public."

"Barnard, I'm tickled to death that I mentioned my trouble to you today. We'll go to the office, and if things are as you say—and I do believe you—the drinks are on me in two places, and don't you forget it."

G. A. BARRETT & CO.

538 Westminster Ave,

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We desire to call the attention of investors to our facilities for handling real estate and financial business of all kinds. We have at all times money for investment in any worthy proposition. Our method of handling real estate business guarantees absolute satisfaction to our clients. There is no chance work in our offices. Every title is searched and every agreement made by men with years of legal experience. We protect our clients at every turn and while this splendid service is worth a great deal to you it costs you absolutely nothing. There is safety and satisfaction in doing business with a careful, reliable firm.



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441 Richards Street,

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Vancouver, B. C.

C. S. DOUGLAS & COMPANY

FOR SALE

Hop and Cattle Ranch. Within Easy Distance of Vancouver.

Beautifully situated, rich soil, running stream through the place; good shooting and fishing.

This property comprises 270 acres of first class land; 28 acres of hops under cultivation; 3 acres in orchard and garden; something over 10 acres of meadow-land laid down in hay. There are also 16 acres slashed and burnt, part of which has been seeded down for grazing.

There is a substantial residence, stable, barn, and cow-shed; two dry-kilns, in good condition, with stoves, piping and hot presses, together with all the necessary hop boxes and other fittings for cultivating the property, also farm tools, wagons, plows, etc.

This property is in first class working order, and has been gradually extended during the last 15 years.

The quality of Hops from this ranch is strictly first class, and has received the best prices in England and Canada.

There is no trouble about labour, as industrious Indians in the neighborhood can be hired at all times.

Besides hops and potatoes other vegetables are grown to advantage, and cattle have also been raised at a profit, and by clearing a further portion of the land, this enterprise could be largely extended, much to the benefit of the hop grounds.

We are in a position to sell this property at a great bargain, and the purchaser, at the price we are prepared to offer, will secure a delightful home in one of the most picturesque spots in British Columbia and a remunerative investment on very easy terms.

For price and further particulars write—

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HASTINGS TOWNSITE

between Fifth and Ninth avenues that we can sell at less than acreage prices. Only \$125, one-fourth cash, balance 6, 12, 18, 24 months, at 6 per cent.

Do not neglect this opportunity now and then kick yourself a year or so hence for having failed to take advantage of it. Call at once for full description.

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VANCOUVER ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA CHOICE FRUIT LANDS.

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THE EVERGREEN CITY OF CANADA

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TEMPERATURE NEVER EXCEEDS 84°

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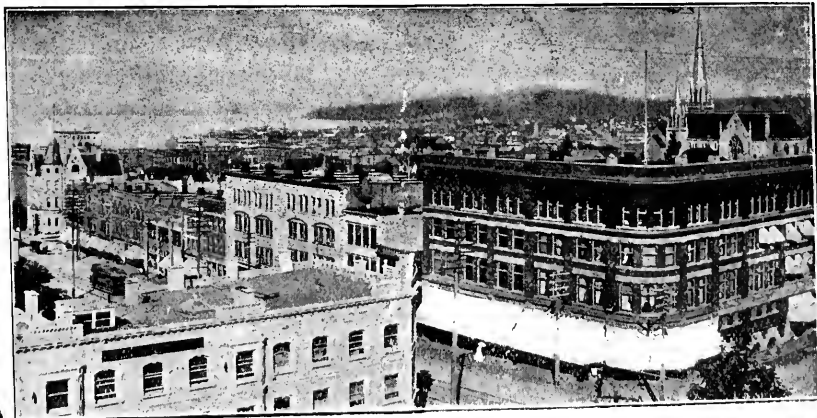
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We guarantee to refund within ninety days of purchase the entire amount paid for the land, which, after investigation does not suit the buyer.

We want you to see "PEACH GROVE" and we invite you to call at our office at any time and we will be pleased to drive you to see it. We will not insist upon your buying but will ask you to use your best judgment.

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No matter where you live we can make perfect fitting, stylish, long wear suits and overcoats to your measure, and save you money on every purchase. We guarantee to fit and please you, otherwise your money goes back without question.

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Just send your name and address on a post card today for easy self-measurement blank and samples.

But write today—before you forget about it.

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I want to talk to, and with
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British Columbia is getting to
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who readily respond to forceful,
intelligent, carefully written ad-
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kind of publicity.


I plan, write, illustrate and
place advertising of any kind,
anywhere, any time. I provide
advertising for businesses of
such varied kinds that I am
likely to have ideas useful to
almost any concern that seeks
enlargement. And I have ex-
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Business men who desire to
do more advertising and better
advertising should learn some-
thing of my methods. Send me
some of your “copy” and un-
less I can show you to your
own satisfaction where I can
definitely improve that copy, I’ll
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“hard feelings.” If I can con-
vince you that your copy is at
fault I will make you a definite
offer for better. But in no case
will there be any charge for ex-
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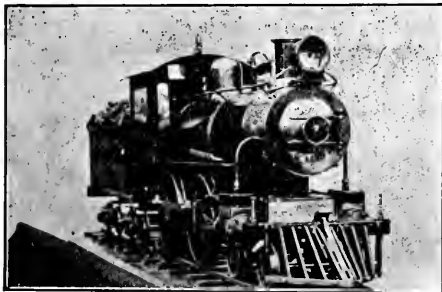
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Our office offers an accurate map of every parcel of the famous
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We are selling this land from \$10 to \$75 per acre, for the reason that we either own it ourselves or get it first hand. Why pay more?

Good opportunities for Fruit-growing, Dairying, Mixed Farming and Poultry.

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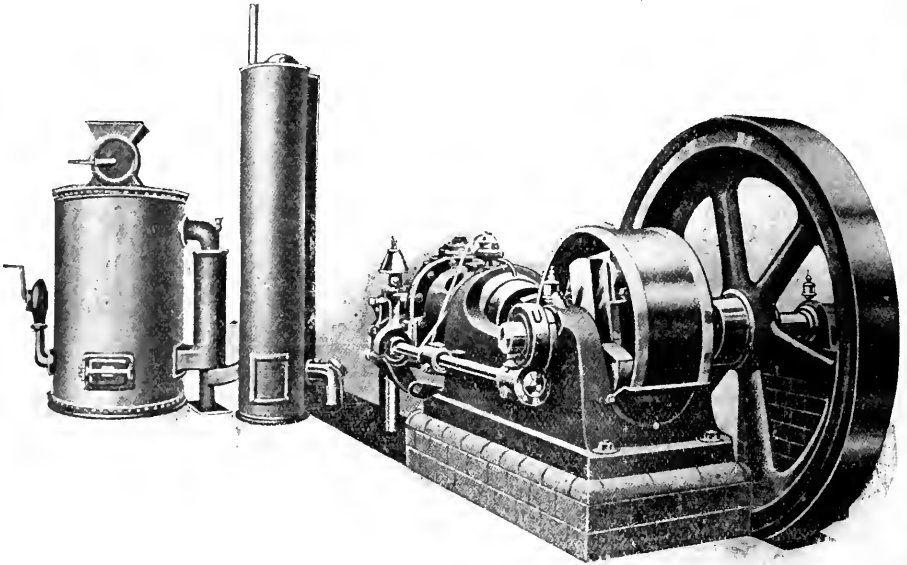
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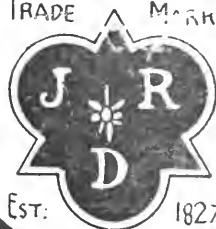
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EST. 1827



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Who Drank Spirits as Others Drink Tea
People Said it is Risky
To Drink so much Whisky
Till he told them it was



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