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BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

IF you inquire of a successful man in any walk of life the factor of his success he will undoubtedly reply, "I looked ahead"; in other words he foresaw certain results to be obtained from a set of conditions or circumstances and took advantage of them.

This article will endeavor to show that in the natural course of events Stewart will become a great city, because of certain factors and conditions that exist there, and the reader looking ahead, foreseeing those results and availing himself of present opportunities, can benefit accordingly.

All cities that have achieved wealth and greatness have done so mainly on account of their natural advantages, and few cities, if any, have been located amidst so many natural advantages as Stewart. Surrounded on every side by mineral wealth, commanding the Pacific gateway to the interior of Northern British Columbia, with its vast stretches of mineral, timber and agricultural lands, possessing also a land-locked harbor, available at all stages of the tide, a natural railroad route of easy grade to the east, and a climate in which work can be prosecuted all the year round, Stewart has been undoubtedly favored of the gods.

The location of Stewart is ideal. It occupies the level land lying at the head of Portland Canal, a waterway of nearly sixty miles of unrivalled scenic beauty. The canal averages about one mile in width, with deep water throughout its entire course, the mountains towering from three thousand to six thousand feet in height on either side.

Portland canal forms the boundary line between Canada and Alaska, consequently Stewart is the most northerly seaport in British Columbia and is the logical point of entry into the vast interior of the great northwest.

The town has a mile of frontage on tidewater and covers, with land available for townsite purposes, including the tideflats, about two thousand acres. This limited area insures for the investor a rapid increase

of values and guarantees the concentration of commerce within this radius.

Besides being the most northerly seaport in British Columbia, Stewart stands at the entrance of the most direct route to the interior, with easy grades to the valleys of the Peace and the Yukon, and it is not looking too far ahead to say that in the near future the whole of the trade of this vast territory will some day pass through this favored spot.

In looking ahead one must consider the factors that are now and will be in evidence within the next few years. Chief among these is the outstanding fact that the west —the unexploited west—is now narrowed to Northern British Columbia.

The influx of population is greater today than at any time in the past, and this great tide of humanity must perforce direct itself to the undeveloped territory to which Stewart is the natural gateway.

With the extension of the wheat fields of the prairies still further northward and westward into the Peace River Valley, and the opening of the Panama Canal, it is reasonable to expect that their harvests will find their way to tidewater by the cheapest and shortest route—via Stewart.

It is little more than a year ago since the real growth of Stewart began. For ten years prospecting had been carried on in the neighborhood, and year by year the potentialities of the district became better known until, at this writing, all doubt as to the future of the town and district has been set at rest.

A great deal of misconception exists in regard to the climate of this part of British Columbia, but from observations made during the past ten years it may be said that this section will compare favorably with other parts of the province. In the winter the snowfall is usually heavy, with many clear, sunny days, the temperature seldom dropping below ten degrees below zero. Spring begins about April 1 and winter sets in about November 1. The summer is usually warm, with occasional rains, but Stewart, lying so close to the interior, has a climate more approximating that portion of the province than of the rainy coast.

Each corner of the world has its marvels of stupendous scenery, rushing torrents or quiet landscape, and even the handiwork of men or the result of the labor of servile hordes of the dark ages by which the sightseeing visitors are delighted or interested, but it has been perhaps justly claimed by those who have seen all these that the real wonderland embracing the greatest variety of these things, which delight the tourist's mind, is to be found in the trip north from Vancouver or Seattle to Stewart.

PACK TRAIN LEAVING STEWART

The entire route to Stewart is landlocked, or at least sheltered, with the exception of a short distance. The Strait of Georgia, which is traversed for the first 120 miles from Vancouver, is fairly open, but many islands, some of considerable size, relieve any possible monotony of the view. To the west is Vancouver Island, and that section of it where coal mines are extensively worked. From Vancouver to the head of the Strait of Georgia the features of the route are different from anything north of

that, inasmuch as there is usually a large stretch of water with a few large islands always in sight, whereas in the channels north the route is for the most part through a narrow, winding, canal-like course, as a general rule. The mountains of Vancouver Island are in view after leaving Vancouver and until the head of the island is reached. These mountains rise up in fairly regular form, their entire elevation being about 5,000 feet. As a general rule snow is visible on all. There are no glaciers, consequently the timber line appears to be about at the summit of the mountains. The Coast Range, as well as the mountains on Vancouver Island, are in view towards the head of the Strait of Georgia, also running up 5,000 to 6,000 feet, and somewhat less regular than the mountains on Vancouver Island.

STEWART, B. C.

At the mouth of the Campbell River the Strait of Georgia ends, and the swift water passage, while one of the many to be found between Vancouver Island and the mainland, is possibly the most noted of these narrows or straits. The rocky, tree-clad walls which hem the water in seem within a stone's throw of the steamer on either side as the narrows are traversed. Great mountains, with the perpetual snow on the peaks, loom up in stately grandeur. This channel is about two miles long and slightly more than a quarter of a mile wide, through which the tide rushes and meets at certain stages, consequently it is difficult to navigate against the current, but when travelling with it the speed is very swift and the water has all the appearance of a considerable rapid. Through Discovery Passage and Johnston Strait the character of the scenery varies at each turn, owing to the numerous islands and the inlets, the latter all along the coast deeply indenting the land, in some cases for hundreds of miles, and further north directing the warm Chinook winds from the Japan current through the coast range of mountains, to sweep over and temper the climate of an enormous area of arable land in the northern interior plateau of British Columbia.

Looking east from the steamer, the summits of the coast range of mountains are constantly in view, and while not as high as those on Vancouver Island, are more numerous, and show the manifest difficulties in penetrating to the level land beyond.

After traversing Johnston Strait, Alert Bay, an Indian village at the head of a deep bay, is passed, being a port of call. Alert Bay is noted for the finest and greatest variety of totem poles on the Pacific Coast. The one street of the village is bordered with these quaint and remarkable totems, thirty and forty feet high, some of them representing a record of tribal history, its wars and victories. The one-eyed eagle, the whale, the frog, the crouching bear, and many mythical animals contribute their shapes in these storied fabrics of fantastic carving to make a study of peculiar interest to the curious.

The route continues through winding channels, between myriads of islands, until Queen Charlotte Sound is reached, and steaming across the opening, with nothing to the west but the Pacific Ocean, brings

the steamer into sheltered ways again, behind Calvert Island, when a great natural canal to Bella Bella village is followed in almost a straight course.

The islands at the southwest end of Queen Charlotte Sound, with the shadowy shores of Vancouver Island behind, make an interesting vista; the mainland shore is very irregular, and in some places the surf, with the background of hills, is a very delightful view. This Sound is traversed in about three hours, and with the exception of about four or five miles across Milbank Sound, there is no possibility of any rough water being encountered elsewhere on the route between Vancouver and Stewart.

From Bella Bella the steamer traverses its devious picturesque way for several hours, when Finlayson Channel, between Princess Royal Island and the islands and mainland, and Greenville Channel, between Pitt Island and the mainland, give an almost unbroken canal-like passage to within a short distance of Prince Rupert. This is the most wonderful panorama of scenic beauty in the world. Swanson's Bay, on Finlayson Channel, besides the cannery, possesses large sawmills and a large sulphite pulp industry. The power is derived from a magnificent waterfall which forms a splendid background to the view, for the settlement is built on a narrow ledge between the mountains. Canneries are in evidence at every port where the vessel calls, and at Lowe Inlet there is a freezing plant, in addition to which the halibut are salted and sent out in tierces, or barrels, no salmon pack being made. Finlayson Channel has probably the most attractive scenery on the whole route, the channel being very narrow and the hills abrupt.

Leaving Greenville Channel, Porcher Island is passed to the west of the steamer, and on the mainland opposite is Port Essington, marking the mouth of the Skeena River, along which, for two hundred miles, the Grand Trunk Pacific is being constructed. The salmon run takes place in July and August, and myriads of fishing boats almost block the path of the steamer northward, for the sockeye will not wait, and while the water is alive with them the harvest must go on.

The channel to Prince Rupert leads around the south end of Digby Island from the north and a straight passage from the south.

From Prince Rupert, northerly, the steamship route skirts the south shore of Digby Island, enters Chatham Sound, and for a distance of five miles Dixon entrance is traversed, then sheltered waters continue through to the head of Portland Arm, where Stewart is situated. Past the Indian village of Metlakahtla, to the east, and then to Port Simpson, twenty-eight miles from Prince Rupert, is the first port of call. Port Simpson was established as a Hudson's Bay Company post more than one hundred years ago, and as the Indian tribes, including the bellicose Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, had come by this time to regard all intruders as enemies, a strong fort and entrenchments had to be built to protect this fur-trading post, and while making this the centre for trading, to preserve the lives of the Hudson's Bay Company officers and men, as it was many years before these warlike tribes treated newcomers with proper respect. Even at the present time the original structures are seen at this unique village, including the "guest house" of the chiefs. Many interesting legends are still preserved in the records at this post; in fact, sufficient legendary lore, both native and white, clusters around this village to delight the antiquary or the collector of folklore.

Port Simpson is situated at the entrance of the Portland Canal, which is the most northerly inlet on the coast of British Columbia, forming the international boundary between Canada and Alaska.

This canal or fjord is about fifty-five miles long, the shores being most picturesque, rising like mammoth battlements to the height of 6,000 feet at times, guarding as it were the rich deposits of mineral which Mother Nature holds fast in her granite grip, the recent discovery of which has attracted worldwide notice, and the mineral development is assuming gigantic proportions.

The first call on the Portland Canal is Naas Bay, Kincolth Wharf. The Naas River empties into Naas Bay, and it is along this river that some of the greatest mining development is looked for.

Observatory Inlet opens up at Kincolth, and runs due north for about thirty miles.

The steamer route up the Canal to Stewart passes Maple Bay, at which point a change in the rock formation takes place, and instead of granite, which is the kind of rock hitherto on both sides of the canal, a schist occurs of a dark gray color, and this formation extends to a point several miles up Bear River from Stewart.

The scenery in the immediate neighborhood of Stewart is of an imposing nature, great mountains rearing their snow-clad pinnacles 6,000 feet sheer from the water's edge, immense glaciers filling the upper valleys and gorges, objects of awe and beauty, their blue caverns echoing to the murmurings of the icy torrents issuing forth. Several of these glaciers may be reached in a few hours' journey from Stewart, and will prove objects of interest to the many tourists who visit this section in summer.

Although not widely known, the Bitter Creek Glacier is the grandest in British Columbia, and while not yet fully explored, it is known to extend for over fifteen miles. It is surrounded by mountains of an Alpine character, which test the mettle of the most expert mountaineer.

A comparatively short drive from Stewart, over an excellent road, brings the tourist to the foot of this magnificent glacier, where he can witness the unusual spectacle of the stream bursting forth in its full strength from its icy bounds.

An additional attraction to the tourist is the probability that he may observe on the cliffs on either side specimens of that fast disappearing animal, the mountain goat.

With increased means of transportation to the interior a prolific field awaits the sportsman. But even now, with limited travelling facilities, good hunting is to be obtained within a comparatively short distance of Stewart. The principal big game in the Bear River Valley are black bear and goat, but across the Divide, about thirty miles from Stewart, the sportsman can obtain grizzly hunting unrivalled in any part of the Province. A little further east and north are to be found moose, cariboo and mountain sheep. This is one of the few stretches of virgin ground left to the big game hunter on the Continent of North America.

All streams and lakes supply excellent fishing at different seasons of the year, salmon and trout of different varieties abounding. It is no exaggeration to say that at Meridian Lake the angler will find a perfect paradise. In the spring and fall ducks and geese are plentiful, and in the uplands grouse and ptarmigan are numerous.

The vast stretches of agricultural land across the Divide from Stewart will, within the near future, support a great population. The climate and soil are suitable for mixed farming, as has been proven by the Indians and the few whites who are located on the Naas in the neighborhood of Ainsch, one of the largest areas in British Columbia. For a number of years prospectors and others living at Stewart have planted gardens, raising all the usual varieties of root crops successfully, potatoes ripening in eighty-two days from planting, and other vegetables in proportion.

Every indication points that during the summer there will be a large influx of prospectors, land locators, and others into the territory that lies on the Naas River side of the mountains. This territory is known to be rich in agricultural possibilities, with coal and other minerals, and with the extension of the Canadian Northeastern Railroad should be rapidly settled.

A Government trail following the natural railroad route into this section will be completed this summer, giving easy access. In addition to the above features, the railroad now under construction, opening up as it does the valleys of the Naas, the Iskut and the Stickeen Rivers, will undoubtedly bring about the immediate development of the vast agricultural resources of these regions. Furthermore, it is reasonable to expect that the mineral discoveries which have been made in the Bear River Valley will be repeated in the ranges beyond.

One noteworthy feature of the Portland Canal district is that it is the only point in British Columbia where tide-water enters the mineralized zone of the Coast Range. The importance of this will be realized when consideration is given to the cost of transportation charges. Touching on this point, W. Fleet Robertson, the Government Mineralogist, says as follows: "Seldom in British Columbia has the truth been so clearly demonstrated as at Stewart that the value of an ore body is dependent upon the facility of getting its contents to market."

On Beacon Hill

By C. L. ARMSTRONG

On Beacon Hill the broom is out;
The feathered spring-folk are about
On Beacon Hill.

The feathered spring-folk are about;
The fountains play, the children shout
On Beacon Hill.

The grass is fresh, the flowers bloom;
And delicately shame the broom
On Beacon Hill.

And delicately shame the broom,
So gaudy gay on winter's tomb
On Beacon Hill.

So gaudy gay on winter's tomb,
Yet infant from a new Spring's womb
On Beacon Hill.

Now arm-in-arm, o'er verdant grass
The self-involved lovers pass—
On Beacon Hill.

The self-involved lovers pass—
A love-lost lad, a radiant lass
On Beacon Hill.

Then, gladly, all your tokens bring
And offer homage to the Spring
On Beacon Hill.

And offer homage to the Spring;
Long let the love of laughter cling
On Beacon Hill.

The Miracle of Cities

By Wilfrid Playfair

With unconsidered miracle,
Hedged in a backward-gazing world.

WE are still too young to be conscious of our history, too intent on shaping events to be either retrospective or introspective. The miracles we perform are "unconsidered," so far as we are concerned, in whatever light they may appear to our "backward-gazing" progeny. A nation in the making is like a strong man going with much sweat and little boasting about his appointed task. It is only when old age binds him to the fireside that he looks back upon the prowess of former days, and recalls for the ears of his children's children his mighty deeds, rendered no less mighty by the telescope of memory.

Surely history is in the making on the Pacific slope. The same indomitable spirit that led Simon Fraser across the Rockies is impelling our strong men northward, seeing that there is no more West. There are mountains in the way and fierce rivers, but these are barriers only to the weak. Our strong men reach out and put the mountains aside. They harness the turbulent rivers. Their steel thoroughfares creep into valleys unknown a year ago and make easy the trails for the cultivators who are to be. Their advance guard is flung out northward to the Peace and the Mackenzie, and from that reconnaissance will result great addition to our known domain. The mantle of mystery has fallen from the "northern interior"; the Peace River country, vague name to most of us, is revealing its secrets on maps. The fur-trader, the prospector, the land-staker, the surveyor, the farmer—this sequence summarizes the history of interior British Columbia.

When we get time we will look back and marvel, for instance, at the birth and growth of our cities, only one of the miracles of the West, but convenient as an example. The great centres of the East have their traditions of gradual growth, the village expanding into the town, the town creeping out to the dimensions and dignity of a city, the city ambitiously climbing into metropolitan rank. The method has its advantages, being slow and thorough, as well as convenient for city engineers, but the West, like a certain great man in the East, "can't wait." Hence the miracle of our cities.

Four years ago, following upon the notable impatience of the great men already mentioned, a Grand Trunk Pacific survey party, working from the eastward, came down the Fraser River to the junction of the Nechaco with that mighty stream. As the Fraser at that point turned southward, and the surveyors were seeking the most direct route westward, they deserted the larger river to follow the Nechaco westward, choosing the south bank of the latter for the reason that the north shore was a string of cut banks, and it was impossible to get away from the river because the valley was so deep. They crossed the Fraser, making use of an island in midstream to save future bridge work, traversed an Indian reserve situated at the confluence of the two rivers, and went on their way rejoicing along the south bank of the Nechaco.

But they did not all go. There was in that party a man who had the gift of vision and he remained behind. There was something about the "lay" of that peninsula that conjured up in his mind pictures of a populous city to come. To the north, east, west and south great tracts of level, grass-covered country stretched away, suggesting farms of future years. The meeting of two great

HITTING THE TRAIL.

navigable streams, coupled with the coming of the railroad, assured a transportation centre. The former railway engineer, a most practical dreamer, proceeded at once to "stake" the site of a metropolis.

It was a simple matter, that first stage in a city's history. Under the British Columbia law the staker of land must set up at any corner thereof a post four feet high and at least four inches in diameter. This post may be the stump of a tree. On the "stake" is written a legend something like this: "Take notice that I intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described land, to wit: Commencing at a post, etc." In this case the staking was done by leaning a stake up against the corner post of the Indian reserve. It so happened that the land thus acquired was of no value for agricultural purposes. It had evidently been at one time the bed of the Nechaco River, which has now cut a new channel eighty feet below. Although the tract is level and fairly well wooded the soil on the staking was of a light, gravelly character. All of which merely proves that the engineer knew he was acquiring a townsite, not a homestead. That townsite is today the city of Fort George.

The flat area reaches back probably two miles from the Nechaco River, and includes the Indian reserve (which has just been acquired by the Grand Trunk Pacific), the legal registered townsite of Fort George, old Fort George, the Hudson's Bay post, from which the city derived its name, and a number of subsequent subdivisions. Perhaps it was an unimportant matter of itself, that dream of the land-staker, but the idea that prompted him took root and grew in the minds of other men. These constructed the future city, filling out the picture with the same details that struck the engineer, and the townsite, passing into the hands of capitalists, entered upon the second epoch of its career.

It must have been a perplexing experience for the hundred or so Fort George Indians when a band of white men, with strange instruments and chains, arrived to cut a section of the forest primeval up into city lots. If the aborigines were amazed (and they were) it was not surprising, for such an emprise must astonish anybody but a civilized westerner, who has got the bigness of his country in his mind. Hundreds of miles from the nearest city, remote from existing railroads, there, on an uninhabited plateau between the Rockies and the Cascades, the surveyors set to work to transform a bench of land covered with spruce, birch and jack pine into city lots, carefully numbered. A proceeding that to an older community would resemble a piece of

THAT FIRST STAGE IN A CITY'S HISTORY

impudent absurdity was to these pathfinders but part of a logical day's work. It remains for the easterner to be surprised when events justify the undertaking, but the westerner feels no such thrill. He knew it all along.

Among the several survey parties that visited Fort George at this epoch in its evolution was one that arrived on the scene about the middle of December, 1909. It was cold thereabouts about that time, for on the northern plateau the seasons are definitely divided, and there is an unmistakable winter, milder than that of the prairies because of the protection the mountain ranges afford, but dry, frosty, snowy, exhilarating. When the surveyors had ascertained the location of a corner post they had to dig through the frost in order to drive the stake in. That was slow work at first, but a system was evolved. Two chainmen, instead of one, were sent ahead and one of these dug a posthole while the other was getting his distance. A gang of eight men was distributed as follows: Two chainmen, whose duties have been described; two men making posts; one carrying a bag of the manufactured article and marking the numbers on each as it was required; a transit man; an axeman, who worked ahead of the party cutting out the line; and, not the least important, the cook, whose business kept him at home in camp. The transit man had the coldest work, his fingers being often on the verge of freezing as he held the chain. The men who cut the posts had to use dry trees for the purpose, as the points of green stakes would not penetrate the frozen earth.

The westerly boundary of the Indian reserve was the basis for surveying the townsite. A true line between the two cornerposts of this boundary became the easterly boundary of the subdivision, and from this base lines were run, from which the surveyors ascertained other lines, cutting the land into blocks, and later into lots. Where the country was so smooth there was no need for gores and jogs, such as one finds in Vancouver and other cities. All the avenues were run straight away from the Nechaco River, and all the streets at right angles to these, the whole forming a gigantic checkerboard. Acting on the assumption that some main business arteries would require to be

AT THE BEND IN THE BIG RIVER

wider than the ordinary 66-ft. streets, one avenue, Central, was cut 100 ft. wide, and Princess street, crossing Central avenue about a mile from the river, was also given this width.

One day as the transit man was busy with his gang two moose wandered across his line, between him and his chainman, and stepped across the chain. The animals seemed somewhat surprised to see surveyors in that vicinity, but without stopping for any investigation they swiftly continued their course down Central avenue.

The Indians were more curious. The advent of the surveyors made a profound impression on their innocent minds, and they gathered about the white men, inquisitive to learn what these things meant and what the strange instruments had to do with their wilderness. They could not believe that there would one day be a city in their hunting grounds, full of people, humming with business.

"The white men may come to live for a little while, but not for long," said they.

Equally impossible was it to explain to these children that in a couple of years or so trains would be running across their reservation and dragging in freight from points across the mountains. In fact, it was impossible to make them believe that such things as trains existed. Only two or three of them had ever seen a railroad, and they were thus favored because they had spent terms in jail at New Westminster for petty offences. These enlightened natives had brought back wondrous tales to their tribe —and been ostracised by their brethren in consequence as "nature-fakers."

The surveyors finished their work and went away, and still there was nothing to indicate that a city had usurped the heritage

OLD FORT GEORGE

THE NORTH SHORE WAS A STRING OF CUT BANKS

of the forest. None but the initiated could read from the narrow lines hewed this way and that through the pines the legend of streets and blocks and lots. But after the surveyors came other men, and the city entered upon its third phase.

The first real change in the appearance of the townsite came in May, 1910, when the first steamers arrived from Quesnel, bearing an army of workmen from Vancouver, who put up tents and set to work to clear the streets. These men lustily attacked the woods with their axes and soon Fort George streets, indicated before by the surveyors' posts, became long avenues in the woods—broad, clear spaces that told their story to all.

With the clearing of the streets the city emerged from the period of her first infancy and reached the age of growing pains. An ever-increasing influx of people, ceaseless building operations to house the newcomers, occasional traffic on the rivers to feed them—these are some of the phenomena of her early youth. With the railway will come the period of adolescence, with its accompanying problems: later still, the more mature growth, when Fort George will enter the lists with sister cities to do battle for the honors of the census.

IT WAS COLD THEREABOUTS AT THAT TIME

The Big Gull With Glaucous Wing

By Henry F. Pullen

POETS have in all ages raved over the beauties of the seafowl, and artists and photographers have depicted them, but little is known of their domestic life. Everyone knows that during the winter months they frequent the harbors, feeding upon the refuse which is thrown overboard from the steamers that ply back and forth; yet so clean are they, the white of their breasts so pure and the whole bearing of the birds so opposed to our ideas of a scavenger, that it is with difficulty we realize what their vocation in life really is.

Anyone who has travelled on one of the coasting steamers will have watched these birds as they follow in the boat's wake, sometimes alighting on the rigging, but usually flying in such a position that they can watch for the scraps which are thrown overboard from the galley. Now they overtake the boat and hover overhead for a moment. Then with the most graceful of curves they are away again, and always watching for scraps of food. When the table is cleared in the dining-room and the pails of scraps are heaved overboard the birds fall into the water after it in a heap, and there is a mass of struggling, shrieking birds, in the jumble of which may here and there be seen one trying to swallow a piece of meat almost as large as itself, and usually succeeding. A minute after this disgraceful scene the queenly birds again sail overhead, pure and dignified as ever.

Passengers travelling between the cities of Vancouver and Victoria are often entertained by watching one of the officers or men feeding the gulls as they fly close to the side of the boat. A piece of bread is held in the hand a foot or two over the rail of the upper deck. The birds at first sail by and look at it with longing eyes. Then they come nearer, and at last one, more courageous than his fellows, takes the bread in his mouth and endeavors to swallow it before the others are able to take it from him.

At Nanaimo during the run of herring in midwinter thousands, if not millions, of gulls of all varieties frequent the harbor, sitting in rows and clumps on the logs and piles, or hovering in clouds whenever disturbed. They render a great service to man in helping to keep the water and the beaches free from offal, and for this reason are protected by the laws of the province, and it is seldom that the statute regarding them is broken.

The large, glaucous-winged gulls leave the harbors in the spring and repair to their nesting sites, choosing for this purpose certain small, rocky islands at several different points along the coast. Around Vancouver Island there are several of these, the nearest to civilization being Bare Island, in the Gulf of Georgia, five or six miles from the little town of Sidney and very near the boundary line between Canada and the United States.

On Bare Island the gulls live for several months, during which time they build their nests, lay their eggs, raise their young and train them to make a living for themselves

GLAUCOUS-WINGED GULL

before scattering once more to the best sources of food near which to winter. All the birds on the island have pure white under-parts with light slaty back and wings. The young birds of the previous year do not breed, and their plumage is much darker, their breasts not becoming white until the following spring.

As a result of observations made at Bare Island, extending over three years, I estimate that about two thousand gulls nest there. The island is several hundred feet high, sloping gradually toward one end. It is over half a mile long, running east and west, and all along the south side the cliffs are very precipitous. The gulls' nests are built on the ground at the top of the island and on the ledges on either side anywhere above highwater line. The eggs are often taken by Indians, who use them for food, and by picnic and excursion parties who carry them away as mementoes of the visit or to be used as pretty ornaments. Crows also prey upon them, living right in their midst and nesting in the scant trees and bushes at the northwest part of the island. Besides the gulls perhaps a thousand pigeon guillemots raise their young there, and a number of cormorants and tufted puffins seek out the more inaccessible crevices for nesting sites.

During the last nesting season my little chum and I spent several days on the island securing some photographs of the gulls and guillemots and making a study of their habits. The lad is just as keen a naturalist as myself and has been a great help, not only in securing the photographs with which this article is illustrated, but also in noticing things which had entirely escaped my observation.

It was on the evening of July 9 that we reached the island, having crossed from Sidney in a row boat, arriving after sunset, but before dark. It was one of those glorious evenings which are so common in this part of the country. There was not a breath of wind, and it was neither hot nor cold. On our left we could see the island of San Juan, over which Great Britain and the United States had a dispute some years ago, and on which troops from either country were encamped at one time. It stands as a triumph for arbitration over brute force.

As we approached the island the gulls could be seen at short distances from each other, sitting on the rocks and watching our approach without any apparent sign of nervousness. It was not until we were within one hundred yards of shore that the birds rose, shrieking and hovering, the alarm spreading down the whole length of the island.

DISTURBED

On the north side opposite a clump of trees and bushes we landed, carrying our camping outfit to the level ground above and there setting up our tent among the bushes out of reach of the wind, the sun or prying eyes, and in such a position that our presence would not disturb the majority of the winged inhabitants of the place. There was, however, a family of crows in the trees above, a pair of song sparrows that lived in the bushes, and one pair of gulls, whose nest was close by, that resented our invasion of their domains. Before darkness settled down we had pulled up the boat, spread our blankets on the ground inside the tent and stretched ourselves to enjoy the strangeness of the situation and the night cries of the birds before settling down to sleep.

It was a curious sensation, a wholly

enjoyable time to a lover of the bird neighbors. For a minute or two stillness would reign almost supreme, and then a gull, presumably a watchman, would leave his post at one end of the island and with an alarm cry, the reason for which it was impossible to ascertain, went shrieking down the whole half-mile length of the huge rock, and on every hand he was answered by the other parent birds, and for the next quarter of an hour the cries continued, now nearly subsiding and again swelling forth. Only once or twice during the whole time we were there did I notice perfect silence. This was when I awoke some time between twelve and two o'clock, and even at these times it was not always still. No sooner did the first rays of light brighten the eastern sky than there was a stir, a ceaseless crying from some part of the island.

We found a great many young birds, ranging from those just hatched to three weeks old, yet not once during our stay of six days did we catch an old bird feeding one. We watched for hours in hides, but all to no purpose. It has been suggested that they feed their young at night, but of this I cannot say. It is, however, very probable that both they and the guillemots do this.

We had planned to be out very early the morning after our arrival, but it was five o'clock before we awoke, and ten minutes later we had set off to explore in a superficial way the whole length of the island before breakfast. This gave us some idea of the prospect of obtaining photographs and showed us that we had arrived at just about the right season when there were both young and eggs to be seen, although there were a great many more of the latter than of the former. The large number of empty nests, too, was an indication of the robbing which had been going on, for usually the more exposed nests were the ones which were empty.

PROTECTED BY LAW

Every day we spent part of the time exploring some part of the island which had not before been properly gone over, and part of the time building hides or lying in wait to secure the photographs for which we had come. At first the birds were rather wild, but as we made little noise, walking around always with rubber shoes, and as we did not interfere with the nesting birds, they became more reconciled to our presence, although we found that without building hides it was quite impossible to secure anything like good photographs. Even with the aid of these it was often difficult and a good many leafy huts were built with no results whatever.

During our rambles we had always in view the possibility of obtaining a photograph of the nest or young bird which we found. Some of these we marked for future inspection, while if a particularly favorable position was found, we at once set to work and erected the shelter from which we were to observe the birds and secure the photographs.

As a base for the hides we had half a dozen split cedar sticks, something like laths, all tied together at one end. These were spread at the other end the shape of a teepee and the whole covered with boughs and grass. Inside, the camera was set up on a shortened tripod and with the single combination lens focussed upon the nest. Then we crawled in and sat down to wait until the bird came. Sometimes it was a long, weary wait, but at other times the bird was back on the nest within fifteen minutes.

The first picture we made was taken in this way. After building the hide, everything being ready, I allowed the lad to go inside and wait while I went away. It was always better for one to go away, as

the birds did not seem capable of counting, and if one left they then seemed to think it was all right. Within twenty minutes I heard the birds in that direction crying, and on my reaching the spot I found the lad had left the hide after making the exposure and was preparing to get a second photograph.

This time I went inside and he walked away. No sooner was he out of sight than the birds came whirling around the nest, flying lower every minute, until at last they passed within a few feet of my head. Then the parent birds alighted, one on either side of me and each on a slight eminence. There they sat giving their peculiar warning cries for perhaps five minutes, when, finding everything was still, one approached and dropped on the nest. Then she became suspicious and hopped off, remaining off for a few minutes, returning again, however, and sitting quite still for the exposure. She looked large and beautiful and did not leave the nest for slight noises. She allowed me to remove the slide from the camera and almost get it in place again before leaving.

One peculiarity I noted at this time which I have never heard mentioned by any naturalist. The weather was rather hot, although not intensely so. The birds on alighting at once began to pant, giving long, deep breaths with the mouth wide open and the tongue out. So wide did they open their mouths that on one or two occasions I was able to see plainly the epiglottis or trapdoor which covers the windpipe and which opens to allow of breathing. Whether this was the result of the unwonted exercise of flying around while we were building the hide, combined with the excitement, or whether it was simply the heat, I do not know.

Once we focussed on a young bird which had just come from the shell and was not yet dry. The mother bird came and stood over the little one, apparently for the purpose of sheltering it from the direct rays of the sun. While standing there the bird panted like a winded horse, its sides moving in and out, and mouth wide open.

I was asked by the curator of the provincial museum to nail up some warning notices at different points on the island, and one of these I placed on a rock near a nest which I was about to photograph. It was a very windy day, a forty-mile gale blowing, so that it was difficult to keep the hide from blowing down. The old bird was very nervous and it was only after waiting an hour and a quarter that she returned to the nest. When she did so she turned her head right away from me to face the wind. This made it impossible to secure a good photograph. Soon, however, she left the nest and perched on a rock almost above the notice which I had posted, so I focussed the camera on her there and made the exposure, with very fair results. She was standing in a very peculiar position, occasioned by having to brace herself against the wind.

Being anxious to obtain a photograph of an old bird along with a young one, and finding it difficult to get this on account of the young birds running away while the hide was being built, I caught a large one and tied its leg at a suitable distance. For over two hours I waited and watched. The place soon seemed alive with young birds, and the old ones came around as soon as the lad was out of sight. They sat on the rocks and looked at that poor youngster which objected stoutly to being tied. The parent birds and all the neighbors squawked to each other throughout the whole time, but not within ten feet of the young bird would they approach. I discovered two little fellows not far away that were apparently hungry. They followed their parents back and forth begging for food, but although I watched very carefully I saw no attempt to feed them. From ten o'clock till long past noon I crouched in my cramped position, but without being able to get a picture.

The young gulls were curious little creatures. They could run at great speed, and when not running always crouched in the grass or in a niche of the rocks, this being their chief protection against their enemies. It was most difficult to secure photographs of them.

I found that the gulls were nothing like as astute as their neighbors, the crows. Although the crows have the reputation of stealing both young gulls and gulls' eggs, they sometimes do them good service in warning them of danger. This was clearly shown on one occasion when we built a hide near a nest which we wished to photograph. The shelter was just as well built as usual; indeed it was constructed rather better than

some we used. We had just completed it and crawled inside and the gulls were sitting on the rocks around when two crows passed near. They at once espied our hide and alighting on the bushes not far away commenced to give their warning caw. The gulls were startled, and, although we waited over an hour, they would not go on the nest. I feel sure that if the crows had not been there they would have been on the nest within ten minutes. On another occasion a bird was just approaching her nest that I was watching when a crow passed. The hide was a good one, but the crow at once gave its danger signal and the gull flew away.

It is easy to imagine that birds which nest in the open, as do the gulls, will have many enemies. Neither the old birds nor the young seem to have any means of defending themselves. The little fellows are, however, protected by their coloration, which resembles very nearly the lichen-spotted rocks. They have inherited the tendency to keep perfectly still in time of danger or whenever their parents are away. They recognize the low cackling danger cry of the old ones and at once crouch. They have, however, another means of eluding their enemies, which seems most interesting. Their principal enemies must of necessity be birds of prey, and the worst of these is the crow. Whenever the little gull is in imminent danger it vomits up its food, and as this food is fish and is partially digested, it forms a most appetising morsel for the crow. Should the gull's crop be full he vomits up enough to make a meal for the crow, which then goes away without doing him any injury. The fish comes up in big chunks more than half an inch square.

Throughout the time we were on the island we were carefully watched. There was a broken stump of a tree very much resembling a post, about fifty yards away, and just beyond it a dead fir. It was seldom that there was not a bird on watch in each of these places. At five o'clock in the morning there were our watchers sitting there as if they had been there all night. Stolid almost as an owl they sat there and up till ten o'clock at night they had not left their places. Probably they were not always the same birds, but they looked like the same, and we seemed to be great neighbors before we left. If one was away for a few minutes we missed him and always spoke of it. One day when we were out at the other end of the island a breeze sprang up which freshened to a gale. As we returned we speculated as to whether or not the birds would be on guard. On arrival, sure enough there was the one in the top of the dead fir, bracing himself against the wind to retain his position, but still on watch.

The gulls seemed to be wholly without humor or desire for amusement. In this they differed very much from the guillemots, which were their neighbors. They tolerated the smaller and more skittish seabirds, but with a dignified bearing and lofty unconcern. Still they are not without their share of cleverness. I have seen them feeding on the beach on the small shellfish which they found there. Being unable to open these they carried them in their bills to a height of twenty or thirty feet, allowing them to fall on the pebbles. They then fled down and took the fish from the broken shell. Perhaps they learn this from the crows with which they associate, for it is a common trick with them.

There is undoubtedly a great deal to learn about the glaucous-winged gull. Mariners tell us that the Chinese cooks sometimes put their hands out through the galley windows and catch the big fellows as they peer in looking for scraps. They can be easily reared and tamed. The Japanese, when they were working the Ikeda copper mine at Queen Charlotte Islands, reared a number of young ones by hand, and they became tame as ducks, although they did not keep themselves as clean as the wild ones. I have photographs of these taken by Harold Nation, of the British Columbia provincial mines department.

No one seems to know why the gulls now and then leave the sea and turn to the fields for a change of diet. During the late winter and early spring months, after the big rains which we have at that season of the year, the gulls may be seen in thousands in the flooded meadows. They are always welcomed by the farmers, and have no enemies in the world, with the exception of an odd small boy in whom the savage is not yet extinct.

Chilliwack and its Fertile Smile

ON the map of British Columbia the Chilliwack valley should be marked in meadow green. It is the greenest valley I have ever traversed, which is saying a good deal.

Not long ago the B. C. Electric Railway entered the valley like a good fairy, and since then it has been possible to get a good look at the district from the car windows. Early in March, when the fresh green was beginning to spread like new tapestry over the great valley, I went up to the town at the end of the line, with no unfriendly intention, but with rigid purpose of exposing the truth.

In fortunate British Columbia there are many spreading valleys, vast meadows of fecund land set in a romantic landscape of mountains. From the broad prairies that flatten back from the low Fraser meadows where the tides creep in and out to the benches of the foot-hills behind which the mountains rise in long blue walls is the biggest and oldest area of developed land in British Columbia, yet only ten per cent. of the whole valley is under cultivation.

The schoolboy who has got beyond the A B C of geology will tell you that the lucky valley was once a vast lake. It was floored with river silt, the rich life-stuff that the Fraser brought down from its canyons and passes and mountain meadows above. This was coated with decomposed earth stuff afterward, the black loam which is as warm and responsive to fecundation as living flesh.

They say the valley was overspread with timber once, and was logged forty years ago, and in many places there is a giant stubble of stumps to prove it. There is much timber standing yet.

Chilliwack town was born lucky, but being very young at the time it didn't know it. It knows it now. It looks like a picture of an Ontario town pasted on a British Columbia landscape. Its streets are wide and clean. The business buildings and dwelling-houses look fresh and bright. It hasn't got the story or motion-picture character of a Western town at all. The only thing I saw that suggested this was a farmer's horse with a stock saddle on his back, standing in front of a bank, not a saloon. But the town is come of old British Columbia stock. It was founded a long time ago by pioneers of the first Cariboo gold rush. As towns go in British Columbia, it is quite old. It was a fairly prosperous town before the railway came. It had to be. Its business men were suffering a little from sleeping sickness when the railway came and woke them up. They are just a little drowsy yet, but their eyes are getting more wide awake every day. What the town and valley need are farmers, and more farmers. There are fifty-five thousand acres of fertile land which will grow both fruit and crops. Country life in the Chilliwack Valley has been lifted out of its dreariness and monotony by the railway. City people who want to get back to nature couldn't find a better place on the map of America. The British Columbia government could cover a multitude of its sins of omission by helping Chilliwack to get people. Chilliwack could grow enough dry, mealy potatoes, for instance, to make her rich. Chilliwack can grow fruit equal to the best without irrigation Nearly everything that city people associate with the country is raised or grown in the responsive soil and the clement climate of the

"COULDN'T FIND A BETTER PLACE ON THE MAP"

Chilliwack Valley. It is impossible to say too much about the fertility of the land. The hay lands are pastured up to the beginning of June, and even then produce anything from two and a half to four tons per acre. The yield of oats is proportionately heavy, the crop often running over 100 bushels to the acre, while wheat, barley and rye reach on an average a figure of forty bushels from every acre.

Potatoes and other root crops are equally prolific, the former often growing fifteen tons to the acre, and now and then off a chosen patch as much as twenty tons. As the price for this root is often as high as $15 a ton and sometimes five dollars higher, it is not difficult to see that the man with a good crop of potatoes is not going to want for cash. Sixty tons of field roots make a good average yield in these crops. Celery and other such plants are being grown on the lower slopes of the hills, and are giving great satisfaction. As to the hops, there are some 500 acres under this crop, and the results and prices obtained yield a big profit to the enterprising owners of the fields.

Naturally, the town of Chilliwack is the market-place for some thousands of farmers and fruit-growers who bring to town their valuable produce of orchard and field. It is lucky because it is so close to the greater market of Vancouver. It was seventy miles from Vancouver once, but the railway has readjusted the distance. That's the reason it's growing. It's got to grow. They're going to build a twenty-five thousand dollar post office, a twenty thousand dollar city hall, a ten thousand dollar hospital, several new business blocks, and not less than a hundred new residences this summer Three banks will put up concrete and brick buildings for themselves. The railway company intends to spend fifty thousand dollars on its yards and terminals. The atmosphere of the town is full of spring development and expansion just now. Real estate prices are high but healthy. The events and developments of this summer will be notable.

The town is stretching up and filling out, and you can feel in the air the electricty of new vigor and fresh enterprise. One of Chilliwack's banks lately paid fifteen thousand dollars for a building site. This shows how the wind of real estate values blows. The electric railway has built a station that would add to pride and self-respect of any city in the world. The town has four banks, two newspapers, five good hotels, and better stores than most Ontario towns of the same size. It has a Board of Trade which is useful in the widest and broadest sense, but might be more active in boosting the town and valley. There are few places in which it is harder to get the right kind of information. The town and the valley are looking forward with cheerful anticipations to having in the not remote future three steam railroads beside the electric one. It seems certain that two of these will be running through Chilli-

wack within a short time. The Jones Lake power-generating idea has taken shape in the constructive mind of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, and few people realize the huge proportions of this great engineering scheme. If the project is carried out, Chilliwack will have one of the biggest power-generating plants in the world. Cheap electrical energy would make Chilliwack a manufacturing town, and you would have to send your imagination to school before you could picture a better place for a factory town.

The valley will have very soon a condensed milk factory which, if the law that demand creates supply holds true, will give a further forward movement to the dairying interests.

If you want to see well-cultivated, fully appointed, prosperous and beautiful farms go to the Chilliwack Valley. The better class of farms in the valley are notable for their fine buildings, modern in design, well-bred stock, and handsome residences. The richness of the soil, the nearness to a never over-supplied market, the climate lure of the pleasant valley, the windless blue-and-gold summer, will before very long fill the country from Sumas Mountain to Chilliwack and beyond with that better class of farmers who will harness knowledge to the plow and make the land wonderfully productive. Concerning the agricultural future of the whole Fraser Valley, the most extravagant predictions may be well within the fact. In the Chilliwack district anyone may see with his own eyes just what is transpiring.

Both the bench lands and the low-level lands are eminently suited for fruit, being alike well drained and composed of excellent soil. The warm climate and reflected sun make the fruit ripen quickly, and the presence of a sufficiency of moisture does away with the expensive necessity of irrigation. Cherries and plums are perhaps the two kinds of fruit that have met with most success so far, the cherries being particularly famous. Apples bear very heavily, and the quality of the fruit is excellent, the flavor being as fine as that of any other known apple. Up to the present time, however, only a few farmers have paid proper attention to their fruit trees; but now that fruit-growers are beginning to realize the enormous profits to be made in this way, new orchards are being planted every day. Pears and peaches are two other varieties which can be raised with great success in this locality, while the small fruits produce

TWO CHILLIWACK INHABITANTS WHO HAVE OUTLIVED HISTORY

"THE LONG, BLUE WALLS OF THE MOUNTAINS"

crops that are a continual surprise, even to those who know the capabilities of the district well. The absence of artificial irrigation in the valley has already been noticed. This means the saving of almost a dollar per box in the cost of production, and in this way the Chilliwack fruit-grower is enabled to put his fruit on the market much more cheaply than his Dry Belt rival. However, there is a corresponding drawback to this, which is the one fact that the Chilliwack apple (and this applies to the apple alone) is not such a good keeping apple as that from the Okanagan, and has to be sold as a fall apple only. But the statement made above with regard to its flavor and general excellence was amply proved at the last New Westminster Exhibition, where one Chilliwack exhibitor alone carried off thirty-three prizes.

In close connection with the growing of fruit is found one of the chief industries of the district. This is the Chilliwack Canning and Preserving Company's factory, which has a plant of a capacity of 20,000 cases, and which has popularized the famous Chilliwack brand of canned fruit throughout the country. But canning fruit is not the only industry possessed by the valley. There are also within its limits four saw and shingle mills, which supply lumber for the whole district; a sash and door factory, a machine shop and also a bacon factory. This last is a source of great profit to the farmers, as hops are at present in great demand, and the attenuated supply leads to excellent prices being obtained. In fact so profitable is the raising of hogs in the valley that the farmers call the pig their "mortgage-lifter."

Besides the industries just mentioned there are also the Chilliwack and Edenbank creameries, which, between them, turned out 500,000 pounds of butter last year. These provide a steady market for the dairyman, who is perhaps the prevalent type of farmer in the valley.

"WELL-CULTIVATED, FULLY APPOINTED, PROSPEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL FARMS"

By Garnett Weston

WHEN the Scene-maker was running his trowel over Burnaby he thought a new thought. He scooped a little trench in the sepia soil and filled it with water of half-tone blue. Then the trowel passed on and, pleased with the little water dish, dug a larger one and flung the earth in protecting breastworks all around it. Then he loosened a wisp of filmy silver dust that was really the spirit of the Angel of Contentment. It spread itself out in a silken veil, draping the lake and its things as the soft sheen of the mantilla curves about the girl-forms of Spanish women. And the subtle lure of a maiden's glances is in the waiting stillnesses of Burnaby. Contentments come up from its waters like mermaids in the blue dusk. The legend, this, of the ways of the drawing-in of Burnaby lake.

We climbed out of the streets of New Westminster in a city car along a track that wriggles with intent to bewilder. At the Hastings or Douglas road we footed a board walk that ribbons both ways from the track. A doll-boy with a face of Japanese turned us in the proper direction and we walked. A silent dance of slated shadows flickered under the interrogative-eyed Juncos along the fences. A vivid blue spot undulated from post to post and turned a saucy robin-breast towards us. We stiffened our jaws and blew wind along our tongues in minor-noted imitation of the coarse hammer of the flicker on a tree-corpse.

After, we left the walk and crossed fields. We smelled the rich brown earth and trod

FIRST TRAIN ON BURNABY LAKE LINE, B. C. ELECTRIC RAILWAY, LEAVING NEW WESTMINSTER

NEAR BURNABY LAKE—THE PLEASANT COUNTRYSIDE

it and found it good after the correct grey of the cement city. We sensed the presence of soft contoured Spring and we wooed her with abandon. Eagerly we forgot the crowded places and with laugh-lit eyes went down into the valley of the Lake of Contentment.

Like a summer night's dream asleep, it lies in its bed of brown earth. The silvered blue mists have draped it and its curves shape through as the form of an artist's model when he transfers her langourous allurement to the canvas with facile brush. The tart smoke of spring fires lazes along with shy wisps of breeze. There is nothing that we of the city would call noise. The valley drowns in warm swells of yellow light washing through the Indian summer haze. It is wholly still with the quiet that emphasizes the drone of insects and the domestic remarks of chickens. The peace of all outdoors sleeps on the shores of the Lake of Contentment.

Burnaby lake resort is to be the cloth of gold on which Vancouver and New Westminster will meet to drink contentment

A BURNABY LAKE STRAWBERRY FIELD

cock-tails from Nature's bar. The Great Northern on the east side and the British Columbia Electric on the west bracelet the lake in commercial steel. One or two tawny splashes on the shore tell of sawmills, and you think. The hours of youth-time may have held for you sawdust, a mill and a still dark pool.

Advertising is the soul of profits. But Burnaby does not need advertising. The real estate men bemoan that they have not more land to sell. There are various beautied places where houses are mushrooming under the trees. Buena Vista, Lakeside Terrace, Burnaby Heights, Factoria: these are some of the places where the industrial rasp of saws and the tap-tapping of hammers orchestra the prelude to the song of progress. The trees step up to the mountains behind on a graduated scale which was once the stairway of the gods. The lake is two and a half miles long. It looks not quite the length, but we remembered in time the deceptiveness of mountain air and believed. Three miles south is New Westminster; seven and a half miles to the north-west Vancouver hums the bass notes to the song Canadian cities are singing. When the carpenters are finished, villas will be among the trees like bits of inlaid color on a Japanese box. The British Columbia Electric car service makes a forty-five minute ride from the city possible. When you go down into the valley you feel something of the lazy freedom of primal man. When you return, its visions follow you like the motif of a pleasant dream.

Perpetuity

By HELEN A. SAXON

(From "Collier's Weekly")

How strange
That in a world like this of flux and change,
  Of fleeting, flowing circumstance
  And wild, bewildering cosmic dance,
The inmost thought of all should be
That age-old dream of perpetuity.

'Twould seem
More than the figment of a finite dream,
  More than the mere result of chance—
  This passion of continuance,
As though the tides that ebb and flow
Were centered in some stable thing below.

The Capture of the Edrie

How H.M.C.S. Rainbow Struck Terror Into the Hearts of the Puget Sound Fishermen on Her Initial Cruise

NOTHING is more exciting or has more picturesque interest than a capture at sea, except a sea-fight. Lying at anchor a mile or two south of Cape Scott, the northernmost point of Vancouver Island, with a string of dories stretched out from her stern taking the spoil of the Pacific to add to a ton of fine halibut already beneath her hatches, the American gasolene schooner Edrie, of Seattle, was surprised and captured by H.M.C.S. Rainbow on February 21, in a most dramatic manner. The Edrie, at the time of writing, is under seizure at Vancouver, whither she was taken by the warship, and the Admiralty court will shortly decide her fate. Naturally the master of the fishing schooner and his crew of 23 men declare that their vessel was not within the three-mile limit when taken; but the story of the capture, as recited by an officer of the Rainbow and, in part, substantiated by the fishermen, leaves little room for doubt on this point. That the Edrie attempted to escape capture is a fact which alone contradicts the statements of her crew. The officer's narrative is as follows:

"It was just ten minutes past one in the afternoon when the Rainbow, which had made a flying trip up the inside passage and around the north of Vancouver Island, turned her nose about Cape Scott. All hands were on deck alert for poachers, and the nervous tension among the men, who were naturally anxious that their ship should accomplish something on her first fisheries protection cruise, was suggestive of imminent action. Almost before the cruiser was steadied up on her southward course the cry of 'enemy in sight,' which was sufficiently thrilling for the somewhat exciting occasion, went up from a hundred throats as a humpy double-decked fishing schooner loomed up through the mist over the port quarters.

"Accustomed to the slowness of the fisheries protection steamer Kestrel, which almost any of the Seattle fishing schooners can out-distance, the Edrie, as the quarry proved to be, whistled for her dories which were strung out in a long line behind her, and decided to make a run for it. The schooner was about two miles from the shore and her boats were almost in a straight line from the curving coast so that the farthest one was probably four miles from shore. Most of the dories, however, were well within the three-mile limit, and Capt. Stewart lost no time in preventing the Edrie from getting out of the prescribed area. The Rainbow turned on the schooner just as her screw began to revolve and the captain megaphoned a command to 'heave to.'

"Evidently Capt. Danielson, of the Edrie, did not realize that the cruiser's guns were loosed and that the men, stood at their quarters beside the breeches, were only too anxious to demonstrate their skill. Unheeding the command she held on her way. 'Put a shot across her bows,' came the order from the bridge of the Rainbow, and immediately a puff of smoke burst from one of the six-

RAINBOW'S BOAT GETTING AWAY

SIGHTING THE ENEMY

inch guns, followed by a threatening roar. The Edrie's crew needed no further exhibition of gunnery to make them understand that H.M.C.S. Rainbow, which has a gun placed in every advantageous part of her hull and can steam a little over 18 knots when required, was a different fish from the little Kestrel and her sister-ships. She stopped and then went astern to take way off her as if anxious to prove her readiness to submit. In less time than it takes to tell, one of the cruiser's boats, commanded by the first lieutenant, had brought her Captain to the Rainbow and another boat was taking a line and a prize crew aboard her. Two days later the schooner, which had 2,500 pounds of halibut aboard when captured, was under seizure at Vancouver."

The above brief but interesting account of H.M.C.S. Rainbow's first aggressive act under the flag of Canada is supplemented by the photographs reproduced herewith. Taken by a member of the crew with a small camera and under adverse atmospheric conditions, they constitute a unique record of an event which foreshadows the end of profitable poaching in British Columbia waters by the fishing vessels of Puget Sound. The poachers have long enjoyed a practical immunity from punishment owing to the lack of fast cruisers to protect the Vancouver Island coast from their depredations, but the coming of the Rainbow has altered the situation.

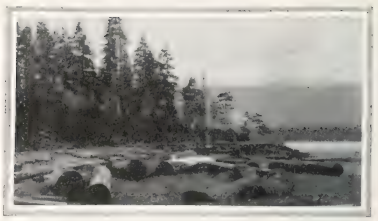
Formerly the Kestrel, which was the only cruiser worthy of the name on the B. C. coast, was prevented from accomplishing the capture of these poachers through her lack of speed. Many of the Seattle schooners are big gasolene craft easily able to outrun the Kestrel and fitted with wireless telegraphy by which they were able to send and receive warnings of her approach. In spite of these difficulties the Kestrel captured the schooner North, of Seattle, when the latter vessel was on her maiden trip, and in 1908 took the Francis L. Cutting. The following year she came upon the gasolene schooner Charles Levy Woodbury fishing within the three-mile limit, and, after a stern pursuit in which the Kestrel's Nordenfeldt gun was fired over the schooner, the American vessel was prevented from escaping. All three schooners were confiscated, the North being fitted with steam, renamed the Alcebo, and employed by the Dominion government as a protection vessel against the fishing fleet to which she had belonged for so short a period. The Francis L. Cutting was sold to private parties and is now a tug, while the other vessel was bought back by her owners.

The Edrie was built in 1907, is 92 feet long and has a gross tonnage of 111, so that the men of the Rainbow can congratulate themselves on having taken a fat prize on their initial cruise. In passing it is noteworthy that the west coast steamers have reported that no poachers have been sighted since the Edrie fell into the toils.

THE CAPTURED 'SMOKE-BOAT'

Logging in British Columbia

By Asa S. Williams



EVERY eastern timbered area in America has been cut to stubble or will be within a few years. The last great forest region of the continent stretches from California to Alaska. There the world's most magnificent timber trees stand. British Columbia holds Canada's store of this wonderful belt. One of the most renowned of the several species of trees that populate the belt—the red fir—grows in British Columbia, equal in size and quality to that farther south; and two others—the red cedar and the yellow cedar, or cypress—surpass those more southerly grown. These cedars in size and quality are the world's greatest.

British Columbia is a sea of mountains; the dense forests that clothe these mountain sides and the valleys remain almost unbroken. White men have been cutting the timber here for thirty years, but so heavy does the forest stand, and so great is the forest area, that as yet the timber has hardly been removed more than one-quarter of a mile back from the tidewater, along half the shoreline of the province.

The first loggers of British Columbia were the Indians, who took the great cedars for house and totem and canoe.

The first logging method employed by the white men here was that commonly called "hand-logging." This method was authorized by the provincial government to be pursued on its unoccupied forest lands by any resident securing the suitable licence. This licence, issued for a nominal sum, authorized the "hand-logger" to go upon the unoccupied provincial lands and take any timber which he could secure without the aid of machinery. The only further provision made was that a nominal due on stumpage be paid to the provincial government when the logs were sold.

Hand-logging has been a very profitable occupation and has been so widely pursued that the amount of timber available for this method is almost exhausted.

It is readily seen, with the immense trees of the region, that by limiting the operator to the use of the simplest mechanical devices the scope of the operation is very greatly curtailed. It has, in fact, meant that only timber that lay along the shores of tidewater or easily navigable streams could be taken.

Hand-logging has been of value in the early development of the country in providing work for a large number of men and in giving the sawmills cheap log supplies, but it was of great damage to the forest, much timber being wasted in futile efforts to get it to the water, and furthermore, it took the cream off, so to speak, a large amount of the best timber land.

The hand-logger in the past has played quite a part in the shore life of the province. The passing traveller along the coast soon will miss this picturesque class of men with their launches and log rafts moored here and there in the little rocky bays, for, like the Indian and his dug-out, they are going before the new era in this last great west.

As the amount of timber available for hand-logging decreased, and the sawmill demands increased, it became necessary to introduce another more efficient method of

logging—one that would secure the timber standing farther from the waterways and in larger quantities.

The logging donkey engine, in use in the states to the south, was the main instrument of this new method. The logging donkey is simply a hoisting engine of especially large and heavy design. The logs are brought in to the drivable waters, or more frequently to railroads, by dragging them on the ground by wire cables.

The sharp little signal whistle of the "donkey" can be heard wherever the logger is at work, and is one of the characteristic sounds that the traveller soon learns to know in this land.

Another detriment is that the dragging of the logs upon the ground by main force causes them to gather up a great deal of sand and small stones, which are highly injurious to the thin saws used in the mills.

To eliminate this and other difficulties and further reduce the cost a logging, a still more efficient device than the "donkey" is being introduced. This is the steam skidder, a most powerful device that was invented to secure the great cypress trees of the American gulf states from the dark swamps and morasses impenetrable to man or domestic beast.

The steam skidder is astonishingly powerful, handling immense trees that may weigh

THE "FLYING MACHINE"

This donkey logging engine was a great improvement over the old hand-logging method, both in cost of operation and in the distance it was possible to bring the logs. Furthermore, it could secure these logs regardless of the condition of the ground, which hand-logging always had to consider.

Some faults this method still has in its turn. Suitable roads or trails have to be prepared for the logs, and in most sections where the ground is covered with fallen timber and underbrush, and is frequently rocky and rough, it is readily seen that the expense of this preparation may be large.

fifteen or twenty tons as if they were straws. It is, briefly, a device for yarding the logs through the air, instead of dragging them upon the ground as with the "donkey" engine. The loggers call it the "flying machine."

In operation a large wire cable is suspended sixty or seventy feet in the air between two trees, one at the extreme distance from where it is desired to gather the logs and the other at the water or railroad where it is desired to deposit them. These trees are guyed to stumps. Necessary wire-conveying ropes are provided, also a carriage which travels on the suspended cable, and

a suitable engine to furnish the power for the hoisting and conveying of the logs.

It is a wonderfully effective device and enables the logger to get any timber anywhere, regardless of the roughness or steepness of the ground. It handles the logs in much greater quantities than the "donkey" engine, and at half the cost.

British Columbia is the lumberman's paradise; not only is the timber remarkably fine in size and quality—in the stand per acre it is only surpassed by the redwood sections of California—but it is remarkably cheap. Timber in the province could, until four years ago, practically be had for the taking, the lumberman merely having to stick a stake in the ground, advertise his ownership and pay a government tax of about 2 cents per acre as long as he desired to hold it.

With the introduction of new efficient logging devices, a world-wide market brought by the railroads building, the Panama canal, and cheap stumpage, the province will become truly a lumberman's paradise.

The Witch-Wife

By MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

(From the "Century Magazine")

"Oh, I have swept the hearth clean,
  Lest any ill betide,
And I have fed the little babe,
  And laid him at thy side;
The winds are out with roar and shout,
The mare-tails scud the sky about;
  This ane night, this ane night,
  John Andrew, let me ride!

"Oh, I have spun the strong web,
  And bleached it white as snow,
And I have baked, and brewed the ale,
  And set the tins arow;
'Tis All Souls' Eve, my sisters grieve,
They call nor with nor by your leave;
  This ane night, this ane night,
  John Andrew, let me go!"

"If you have swept the hearth clean,
  It's by it you shall bide;
The door is haspened for the night,
  And none shall set it wide.
Think shame to you, and blame to you,
To even name the godless crew!
  There's nae night, nor ae night,
  A wife of mine shall ride!"

"A true wife I've been to you
  This full year, as ye know,
But hold me not beside the hearth
  The night the great winds blow.
I'll catch the blast, for dawn comes fast,
I shall be back when night is past;
  This ane night, this ane night,
  John Andrew, I must go!"

"And if you go this ane night,
  For you are overbold,
You'll come not back to fire and light,
  But stay out in the cold."
"Then farewell hearth, and cheer, and
    mirth,
And christened babe, and friendly earth,
  For love that will not read aright
  Can neither let nor hold!"

Port Moody

IN the waterfront at Port Moody, in the sawmill yards, there are many strange things to be seen and a great deal of human interest. As far as it is possible for a brown man to be a pool and reflect a white man, Jinnar Singh has Canadianized himself. He has used the red tape of his religion and his caste to lace his boots with. He has torn up his turban-cloth for dish rags to wipe his cooking pots, and wears an old felt hat. He has scissored off his shoe-brush beard and shaved his twilight-colored face and trimmed his abundant hair—he who comes of an unshorn tribe for a thousand years. He eats the food of the white people—he whose fathers would no more have eaten beef than Muhammad Khan, the Mussulman, who works beside Jinnar the Sikh in the mill yard at Port Moody, would eat pork. So Jinnar Singh, the long-limbed Sikh, whose village is near Lahore in the Punjab, has made himself the caricature of a Canadian, and all the other coffee-colored workers in the Port Moody mill yards hate and despise him almost as much as they hate and despise the white men and British Columbia, and everything on this side of the Pacific except the good wages they earn.

If the Port Moody train, or the "ham and eggs train," as the C. P. R. station calls it, were stood on end it would have the Tower of Babel beaten a whole city block. You can hear six languages in the worn smoking car any afternoon, to say nothing of a dozen or more dialects and thieves' patters spoken by the Orientals. The aisle of that smoking car is full of blanket rolls. Half the seats contain red, healthy white men drinking brown liquor out of quart bottles, and with the round cardboard tags of their cigarette tobacco bags hanging out of their careless shirt pockets. They are prospectors, loggers, mill-hands and hunters, going into the big, still, strange, timber-petticoated mountains, upon whose bald old heads the snows are falling now every night, and on whose slopes the deer and bear are coming lower every day. The other cane seats hold men shaped in Adam's familiar mould, but with brown skins, as if Adam's strain had been muddied, and cold eyes that miss nothing and tell nothing. The lethargy of the dozing Orient is in their slouch. They are picturesque because they recall books of travel and adventure, and the "Arabian Nights" tales, and pictures in colored inks drawn without perspective on the sides of tea chests. The turbans of the riff-raff of Hindustan in the car are of cloth dyed in all the primary colors. The faces of the Chinese remind you of the drowsy stone gods of Eastern countries, where people let themselves drift with the current. These Oriental mill hands—Chinese, Japanese and Hindustanee—are not men of frail physical build; they are powerful men and some are of giant strength. Their philosophy, of fetichism, when they have any, is such as to make them, from a Western point of view, acolytes of the devil. Politically, and as citizens, or near-citizens, they are dangerous men, all but a few, who, like Jinnar Singh, have changed their spots.

The train crept like a worm through the yards and along Vancouver's waterfront, its wheels playing the doxology on the rails. The moving pictures of the harbor, of masts and spars and gear, of funnels and dock sheds and slouching saw-mills, slipped past the car windows. The train's speed increased, and it drew away from the busy city, and there was left on the flying film only the quiet inlet where the tide and the wind played together, and uncanny and ghost-like in the gray haze that hid the mountains, two idle steamers and a big square-rigged vessel, like spectral ships. Things loosened up in the smoking car; it

suddenly became a cafe chantant. The bottles circulated, a huge youth in yellow duck clothes roared out a rough-made ballad of the logging camps, and the smoke of the brown, paper-wrapped cigarettes clouded the car. The Inlet with its ghostly mist swept by on the left-hand side like a long, beautiful water-color painting. Big, humming sawmills, with the flames of their incinerators burning redly in the haze, rolled past the windows as the "ham and eggs" train galloped on.

Port Moody, with its low-roofed sawmills booming like great bees among their honey-colored lumber piles beside the filmy blue of the Inlet, and its tiers of houses rising on the wooded hill slopes like the rows of seats in an amphitheatre, is always picturesque. It was a village with a future once, and the gray ghost of that buried past walked the streets because it could not go to sleep, until the busy sawmills drove it away. Port Moody is again a village with a future, but this time the future is a real one that will not break if you let it fall, or fade into the Inlet's silver haze. Its former future dissolved like the puff of dust that spins behind the C. P. R. trains, when the first of those trains ran into Vancouver. But the little town has clung to the railway's skirts and refused to die, and now the railway is bringing good fortune to it at last. Its sawmills, singing their songs of labor and life, keep the town from going to sleep. The wild men from India, the dark-faced coolies from Japan who let their hair grow long in the lumber yards; the little Japanese women, exactly like those in pictures of Niponese villages, and its fat-cheeked, big-boned Chinese mill men will keep it from becoming uninteresting. At all times is Port Moody interesting and picturesque, but most when the day-wind goes to bed and the long-slanted sunrays glaze the dulled steel of the Inlet, and the refuse fires at the water's edge burn rose-red and make orange spots in the polished silver of the water, and the mill whistles roar at quitting time, and the green-and-yellow-turbaned Punjabis pour out of the mill yard gates, carrying bundles of waste on their heads for firewood, and tin-canning their rattle-trap patter, like apes, and making funny gestures with their claw-fingered hands, as they shamble home to their tipsy shacks on the edges of the town. The newness of the yellow-board mill buildings and of many of the dwelling-houses would make you forget that Port Moody has a history, if you did not happen to see hanging on the faded wall paper of a tavern sitting-room an old print, a wood engraving, showing a big, wooden-sided, square-jowled, bluff-posed, fat-bellied, high-t'gallant-forecastled old full-rigged ship, obviously English, at anchor in Port Moody harbor, and with an inscription beneath, telling you that this vessel was here, before you were born, with rails from England for the C. P. R. This was before Vancouver had a place on the map, and almost before there was a map of this part of the coast, except Captain Vancouver's charts. The name of Port Moody was written on Sir John Macdonald's heart, as the words "Prince Rupert" are engraved on the heart of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and for a long time the statesman who fathered the C. P. R. thought of Port Moody as the western terminal of his transcontinental highway, the spot where trade conditions and enterprise should make a city. Later, on the nation-building politician's heart the words "Port Moody" were crossed out and "Vancouver" written below. The development of this province of British Columbia may make Port Moody a city yet. John Macdonald is dead, but some of the men who potlatched the terminal melon to Vancouver when Port Moody thought she had it may live to see the cityhood of Port Moody yet. Of course, Port Moody was not the logical terminus of the C. P. R. But God never made a finer site for a city, nor many finer harbors.

In the time between daylight and dark in Port Moody mountains and sky meet in a blue gulf as soft as rain, and the water is a grey shadow between. Along the water-front the big sawmills are drawn in charcoal upon a brown background inlaid with many lights. If the wind is moving with the tide the black trees of smoke from the mill incinerators lean toward where the mountains open to let the railway through. The incinerators are big iron furnaces in which the waste wood and sawdust are burnt. In the soft-shaded dusk their lifting flames are pure orange and their reflections in the brown-toned water are worth considering, if you like color.

Port Moody's water-front beats and rings

(Continued on Page 316)

The Death Watch

By Dio Louis

WHEN the Castle Craig drew out of the port of Sydney it was intimated in the fo'castle head that Old Gunderson, the skipper, would never see the voyage through. It was not so much his apparent physical condition that was remarked upon as it was his violent and unpremeditated bursts of rage. He would frequently fly into a paroxysm of anger over a very trifling thing. He was always known as a very hard old skipper, and on this trip his reputation became constantly worse.

It was a way of his to go on the poop, crack some coarse joke with the man at the wheel, call aft the first mate, give him some directions or other; then fly forward in a tantrum at some unlucky sailor because he fancied that some duty had been neglected. A sail flapping in the wind would always fetch him. No one dared to expostulate with him for fear of bringing on a frenzy. Anyhow, the crew were mostly afraid of him and none possessed the courage to fight him openly. This was due partly to his singular strength, but mostly to his hideous appearance.

During the bonny days of sailing craft a terrorized Finnish sailor had knocked out one of his eyes with a marlin-spike. The one that remained was always bloodshot and set off in awful contrast the empty socket across his nose. He refused to cover the socket, because, as he told some one or other, the crew seemed to have more respect for him that way. He was a terrible sight at best, and when held in the throes of anger there was not a man on the ship who would look him in the face. He had an aversion for Finns, and, although he never went to sea without one at least among the crew, he derived great satisfaction from frightening him half out of his wits in some outlandish way.

But the one man on board who caused most of the Old Man's fits was Lank Hawkins.

"The old mouldy head's got it in fer me," was the way Lank put it. He had a greater fear of him than the rest. He believed that a dozen devils lurked in the one all-seeing eye, and would make for the rigging like a monkey whenever the captain came toward him. He seldom got away, however, without being reached with a rope's end at least, for the captain was a handy man on his feet when angered.

"'Ow a man c'n scoot down the deck like 'im an' git y' with a rope's end do beat me," said Cockney Bill, with emphasis.

"It's a fit on him, all right. He'll bust somethink an' kick the bucket one o' these days," returned Lank, twisting his back in painful remembrance of the last time the captain reached him.

"Belike hit 'll be yer head. You c'n lay to that, Lank," said the boatswain reprovingly. "Do y' think this wagon's a floatin' bunk?"

Lank had not yet gotten his growth, and he already stood over six feet. The bane of his existence lay in the fact that he could not keep himself awake long enough to stand a watch after sundown. At the cathead lookout, on the main deck, or at the wheel it was all the same to him; he would yawn, shake himself, yawn again and then just drop off into insensibility—dead to his surroundings. His position did not matter. He could sleep flemished down on a skylight cover three feet square, with his hips sunk into a chain box, sitting on the bill of the anchor with his chin thrust forward in his hands—anywhere. The captain had found him once with one elbow propped against the rail, sleeping soundly, in imminent danger of falling overboard.

He could have slept in some instances with peace was it not for his snoring. This

always gave him away and annoyed everyone besides.

"If 'e's got room to git 'is tongue out 'e'll sleep, an' 'e'll wistle like a fog 'orn," said Cockney Bill in despair. He was in the same watch with Lank, and slept, or tried to sleep, in the bunk above him. Many attempts had been made from time to time in an effort to break him of his distressful snoring. Cockney Bill once tried a singular and drastic method. He got from the cook a half spoonful of yellow powder compounded for use in cases of poisoning to bring on a severe vomiting fit and, in company with the Finn and several other grinning seamen, went in the fo'castle and poured the powder on Lank's protruding tongue.

"'E ought now to be influenced," the Cockney remarked, and they all watched for the result. Lank drew in his tongue, smacked his lips as if he liked it, and turned upon his side and began again in a still higher key, to the extreme disgust of Cockney Bill and all present. But when the boatswain called the watch, Lank remarked that he believed he was sea-sick and asked for a cup of coffee.

"Sea-sick! You long-necked swab," exclaimed Cockney Bill; "y' couldn't be pizened with an ounce o' strychnine. I'd like to know 'ow the 'ell you could git sea-sick."

The Cockney was very much put out over the condition of things on board and he said to the boatswain, "Ain't this an 'ell of a crew, though. A lanky swab w'ot cawn't keep 'is eyes open, a looney Finn w'ot's seein' things, and an infernal skipper wo't knocks things about."

Although Cockney Bill saw both tragedy and humor in the situation he possessed the ability to convert the humor into tragedy, and the tragedy into humor. He was the most active member of the crew and had a hand in everything that took place.

One night during the second dog-watch Old Gunderson came out of the cabin and took his accustomed turn up and down the lee side of the poop. He had been unusually calm and retired of late.

"It's my opinion somebody's gonna smoke afore long," the boatswain said to Lank as he was going on watch at the cathead when eight bells were struck. "You'd better keep your weather eye open an' tie all the loose rope's ends to the pinrail. I can see his headlight pointin' this way. If y' git snoozy do it walkin' an' don't lose step."

"'E can do it if 'e wants," said the Cockney, laughing to the rest. They all thought it humorous, except Lank. He never saw a joke when it pertained to the captain and himself. He felt uneasy and looked aft more than he looked ahead, but the captain evinced no signs of violence and Lank gradually sank into his accustomed lethargy.

All would probably have gone well had Cockney Bill at the wheel kept steadily on his course. By ten o'clock the wind had died down to almost nothing, and it was very quiet throughout the ship; only Old Gunderson's feet could be heard as they struck regularly on the deck. There was scarcely enough headway to steer by, so that it was a question whether the Cockney let her go off by accident or on purpose. Maybe it was a joke on Lank. The headsails began to swing over and jerk up the clews with a loud report at every roll of the ship.

This noise attracted the captain's attention. Instead of jumping on the Cockney he bounded for the fo'castle, bellowing with rage. Lank was sitting on the capstan swinging to and fro with the roll, while the sails just missed his head at every swing. The captain was almost on him when the divine hand of Providence intervened. The roping of the staysail caught on the side of his head and knocked him across the deck and incidentally awakened him. He sprang to his feet, dodged the infuriated captain and climbed the shrouds. As he swung upward the captain caught his heel and hung on, bawling out:

"Come out o' that! Let go, you—damned gear, you. I'll knock the black liver out o' y'. Hold up! Hold up!"

The old man had no intention of letting go, nor Lank of holding up. He was swearing at a horrible rate when Lank kicked him on the head with his free foot and climbed to safety. This was more than had ever happened to the captain before, and his fury increased. His mouth snapped open and shut like a mad dog's, but he made no sound. His power of speech had deserted him at this terrible moment. Aphasia was something entirely new to him and added to his frenzy, which he could only express with motions and with his eye. He opened

his mouth wide in a tremendous effort at speech and fell forward upon his face.

The first mate, the boatswain and the others who had been attracted by the scene ran quickly on the fo'castle when they saw him fall, and turned him over. His mouth stood wide open and blood was trickling from it. The mate began to work his arms, but the cook, who had run up from the galley, said, " 'Tis no use. He's stone dead. He's busted a blood vessel." They tried to close his mouth, but it was set like iron and defied all their efforts.

He presented such a hideous sight, lying there with his face turned up to the moonlight with its gaping mouth and staring, bloodshot eye, that for a long while Lank could not be persuaded to come down. He peered out from amid the ropes like a man playing peek-a-boo with a ghost.

They carried the body away to the cabin and placed it on the "slop-chest," which was lashed to the stanchion in the middle of the room. They stretched him out upon his back and closed his eye, which seemed to follow everyone about and blame them for his untimely death. The cook took a sheet from his bed and covered him, saying to him the while:

"Old Man, Old Man! So you've gone by the board! I'll feed the gooneys fer yer soul."

The first mate decided not to bury the body at sea, as the vessel would arrive at Acapulco inside of three days, so he ordered a watch placed in the cabin with the corpse. Lank, the Finn and some of the more superstitious sailors, who could not be reconciled to the fact that the captain was dead, did not want to stand the watches, but the mate said everyone would stand his watch in turn.

Those who did not mind being in the presence of death loafed aft and talked with the man on watch during a large part of the first night. Since they were sure the Old Man could not get up and knock their heads together and throw them out of the cabin they became very irreverent and made jokes.

"They wouldn't let 'im in 'ell," said Cockney Bill, who had no more scruples in the matter than the ship's cat.

"I'd hate to have his chance for heaven," said another. "He's never handled the Gaud's name with particular kindness since I've knowed 'im. I'll bet there hain't many skippers in heaven, nohow." And so they went on until the excitement wore itself out.

Lank's turn came on the second night. He had the twelve-until-two watch. As he was walking gloomily aft, the boatswain said, "You'd better keep awake tonight, Lank, or the Old Man's ghost will be dancing a hornpipe on your head."

"I'll do that all right," said Lank with an effort to appear unconcerned.

They all believed he would, and he believed he would himself.

When he got in the cabin and saw the outline of the captain under the sheet he could not help asking the sailor he relieved if everything was all right.

"Do you think he's sure dead? Did he move any?" he asked in a whisper, then went over and examined closely the shrouded chest.

When his companion had gone and he was all alone he began walking to and fro across the cabin saying foolish rhythms to himself and singing softly bits of chanties in order to keep his mind off the captain. He even felt a peculiar comfort in the old song:

"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest, heigh ho! and a bottle of rum."

But his eyes would now and again wander over to the chest in spite of his will to the contrary, and then a qualm would come upon him, for he could not help feeling that he was in a way responsible to the captain for his untimely death, if dead indeed he was.

"I wonder if dead sailors do go into gooneys?" he asked himself. "The Old Man must 'a' killed some men in 'is time. They's ten followin' this ship now. I'll count 'em tomorra' an' see if they's one more. They ought to be, if the Old Man's surely dead."

While he was thinking of this he began to hear noises—noises he had never heard before. It was a terrible groaning. He looked with wild eyes at the chest, but the sheet did not move, so he put his head out at one of the round ports which served as windows in the cabin and discovered the noise to come from aloft.

"Aw hell," he said, "don't I know how a block squeaks no more!" After this he thought of his stomach, which was more natural; of the cook's thin marmalade, and

then of the pies he would eat when he got ashore. His legs began to get tired from the constant walking and he looked about for something to sit on. All the furniture had been moved into the stateroom, so there was nothing left to sit on save the slop-chest. Lank regarded it more approvingly as the time went on.

"It won't matter," he thought, "if I jist sit on the end here for a couple of minutes." So he shoved the sheet back, revealing the captain's feet and wide-bottomed trousers, which he wore at sea, and sat down on the extreme corner of the chest.

About an hour later the Finn opened the door and came in to relieve him. When he turned and looked his hair rose up stiff, the blood froze in his veins and his knees knocked together. With a piercing cry he leaped through the door and ran frantically forward, crying out to the watch who were hovering about the galley sipping coffee and smoking: "He's alive! He's alive! He'll kill us all! He's killed Lank!" he yelled at them in frantic tones. They were taken unawares and believed him. Some fled with the Finn into the fo'castle and some ran into the galley, expecting to see the Old Man come charging out of the cabin door.

As nothing of the sort happened Cockney Bill collected his wits and called the frightened sailors out on deck.

"Come on," he said. "If 'e is alive let's see wot we can do fer 'im.' They went aft in a body, creeping stealthily up to the door. Then listened and plainly heard the steady wheezing whistle going full blast.

Cockney Bill saw some humor in the situation. "If Lank's dead 'es got 'is fog-'orn goin' in 'ell," he remarked and stepped inside.

Sitting on the floor propped against the chest, facing the door, was the captain with his mouth open as if about to laugh in great glee at the havoc he had wrought. His eye bulged from his head with a torrid glare and he seemed about to get upon his feet, as if he had been interrupted in the act. The draft coming in through the open port blew up his trouser leg and shook the loose cloth about his ankles and knees.

They were about to rush in and assist him to get upon his feet when their attention turned to the half-covered form of Lank lying stretched full length on top of the chest, wrapped in the sheet which they had spread over the corpse. He was snoring away as complacently as if enjoying a watch below in his bunk.

"'E don't seem to 'ave much respect fer dead skippers," remarked the Cockney to his sombre companions.

In his mind the condition was extremely humorous and he began to laugh loudly. It was patent to him what had occurred and he explained it to the others, who in turn began to laugh.

As soon as Lank had seated himself comfortably on the corner of the chest his head began to nod and he yawned drearily. In order to get into a more restful position he leaned upon his elbow. This was the limit of his conscious action; the rest he did instinctively in his sleep. By a process of kicks and squirms he succeeded in squeezing between the corpse and the stanchion; then for elbow room he shoved the captain completely off the chest and he fell in a partly upright position; the mouth had never closed and the eye had not remained shut.

They were about to roll Lank off the chest and awaken him when Cockney Bill motioned them back, saying, "Avast, mates! we'll try one more cure fer the noise 'es makin'."

They picked the grotesque body from the deck and placed it back on the chest so that one arm encircled Lank's neck and the open mouth seemed about to snap off his nose, while the evil eye stared point blank in his face. The entire body lay so that it rested along Lank's. During this arrangement he never moved an eyelid nor ceased to snore with his usual persistence. When all was ready Cockney Bill motioned for them to get behind him. He then kneeled down at Lank's head, and placing his hand over his mouth pressed down with all his might and shut off his breath entirely.

Lank gave a convulsive movement and opened his eyes. What he saw would have killed most men outright. The slow working of his processes was all that saved him. His face turned ashen and he trembled violently from head to foot. With a spasmodic effort he jerked his head free from Cockney Bill's hand and uttered a half-stifled cry, more of despair than of any hope of aid. He lay in the clutches of Death itself and gasped for the breath he fancied he

was not getting. His muscles became inert through fright and he could only groan piteously and beg for the mercy he knew he would not get.

"Oh, oh, oh!" he moaned. "Let me go, captain! Oh, Gaud, let me go! I'll never kick you agin. On the cross, captain, I never meant t' kill y'. I'll never do it agin, s' help me Gaud."

If ever a man begged, it was Lank Hawkins.

But Cockney Bill and his shipmates could not contain themselves in the face of the situation; they were bursting their sides with laughter and Lank finally heard them. It began to dawn upon him that he was not being further molested. His eyes opened again and with an effort he sat up, shoving the captain's body from him. He read in the hilarious faces about him the true situation. His heart leaped exultantly to find that he was not to be killed, but immediately a feeling of shame came upon him and he could not look any of them in the face. There was no explaining his ridiculous behavior. He began to weep with mortification, and sat on the chest and cried like a great baby until Cockney Bill led him forward, saying soothingly:

"Aw, douse me, Lank! 'Twas only a bloody joke. Sure, 'twas a blimen joke. There's nawthink 'll come of it, Lank, nawthink at all."

Lank, however, was profoundly impressed and he left off sleeping on watch, or snoring when he did sleep.

An Aerial Love Song

By RONALD KENYYN

The aeroplane is waiting at the hangar in the hollow,
So put your wraps on, dearest, your warmest and your best,
For skyward we'll go, darting like a swiftly-swerving swallow
To my simple summer mansion on Grouse Mountain's snowy crest.
As we gain our elevation we will see the town beneath us,
Wheeling round the compass from the Fraser to Howe Sound,
A great and glorious heritage our hardy sires bequeathed us
When they swung their ringing axes and cleared the virgin ground.

I remember hearing stories of the early days in Gastown,
When the couples went a-courting in a little log canoe,
And they told the same old story as they paddled through the silence
That I'm thinking of today, dear, as I fly aloft with you.
Though countries may develop, and our modes of travel alter,
There's a song which never changes in its wonderful refrain,
And the talk of foolish lovers from their trembling lips will falter,
Though it's murmured in a buggy, a canoe, or aeroplane.

Reginald's Revenge

The Story of a Remittance Man Afloat, in which the Joke is on the Captain

By Alfred Hustwick

RELUCTANTLY Captain Hanks released a macerated plug of tobacco from the champing of his dental mill and consigned it to the depths of Burrard Inlet. "Speaking of remittance men," he said, reflectively, as he settled his back against a stay and stretched his right leg along the rail of the tug, "reminds me of Mr. Reginald Harrington-hyphen-Esher, whose cultivated society I had the agony of enduring for a couple of weeks."

Hanks smiled reminiscently, searched his pockets furtively, and then gazed longingly at the cake of compressed leaf from which I was busily slicing a filling for my pipe. Accustomed by long acquaintance to the ways of the genial autocrat of the Spitfire I knew that an inexpensive bribe would liberate the story which faltered at his lips.

"No 'chewing'?" I asked, as a matter of course.

"'Smoking' will do," said he, also as a matter of course. I tossed him the plug of Virginia, and, biting off a goodly portion, he told his yarn.

"Reginald was a typical product of middle-class England, having been reared on a debilitating diet of snobbery, indolence, afternoon tea and Tory politics. He never had a chance to eat the strong meat of experience until he came to British Columbia, and by that time his mental constitution had grown too weak to assimilate it. For that reason I hold no malice against him, for the lad had good qualities and might have been a credit to his people if they had given him his opportunity soon enough. He caused me one of the worst attacks of combined indigestion and indignation that I ever suffered, but I've always sympathised with him, more or less, because I understand his case. You see, my own folks would have made a minister of me if I hadn't run away to sea."

The captain stroked his chin reflectively for a moment as if the recollection of youthful days afforded him pleasure. Then he continued, punctuating his sentences with a vigorous expectoration which emphasized the wide gulf separating the profession of his parents' choice and the vocation to which inclination and circumstances had brought him.

"It was one evening in October about five years ago that I met Reggie—may he pardon my familiarity. More than once during our short and checkered acquaintance did I curse the wind which blew out my last match on Marwin's wharf and brought me into his society. The first impression I gained of him was a bifurcated mushroom growing out of the wharf stringer. The sight of him standing like stout Cortes, as the newspaper men often put it, looking over the Pacific and puffing at a calabash ten sizes too large for him, was not encouraging, but when a man's pipe is filled with fuel and only needs fire to start the smoke, he craves he's not likely to be particular. I steered a straight course for Reggie and waved my blackened briar before his eyes.

"'Have you a match?' I asked him, politely.

"He woke up from his reverie so suddenly that I thought he would overbalance and fall into the water. 'A match,' he says, in a dazed way, 'I think I have a match, old chap.' And then he fished out a fancy silver vesta box from a pocket of his woollen waistcoat.

"'I was just watching those clouds,' he volunteered, as if he thought some explanation of his presence on the wharf was necessary. When I had got my pipe drawing

right I took stock of him and, from the external evidence of his big pipe, striking waistcoat, tight London-made clothes and his green cloth hat, which sprawled all over his head for all the world like a mildewed sou'wester, I knew him for an Englishman just arrived. My time wasn't very valuable just then, and I started to talk to him. Reggie told me his name, not forgetting to lay stress on the hyphen, and said that he had come to British Columbia looking for 'adventure.'

"'I got bally well sick of England, you know, old chap,' he said, 'and wanted to go to the colonies years ago. But the pater, like the obstinate old beggar he is, didn't want me to leave home, although I told him I was fed up with Mayhurst. That's where my people live, you know. It's a nice place is Mayhurst for anybody seeking a rest, but it's no pasture for a chap like me to graze in. I was always set on going abroad and having adventures, you know, old chap.'

"I told Reggie that this was a very natural desire in a young man who had been cooped up in a country town all his days. This encouraged him to further recital of his history.

"'That's just it, old chap,' he says, enthusiastically, 'cooped up—cooped up in Mayhurst, except for a trip to London now and then. You know, I like London, and when I found time dragging I used to go up there and have a bit of a kick-up. I met lots of fine chaps and had lots of fun with them at their clubs, and at the music-halls, but I made the mistake of playing cards with them. You know, I was never lucky at cards, and one night I got rather drunk and lost a tremendous amount of tin at a game called poker. It's an American game, awfully foolish, you know, and I never could play it. The pater and I had a fearful row about it, and it ended by him offering to settle up with the boys and pay me an allowance if I went to British Columbia. Of course, this was just what I wanted, so I packed up right away. But I've been three weeks in Vancouver—beastly wet hole, isn't it?—and I haven't decided what I am going to do.'

"What do you think you would like to do?" I asked him, thinking I might give him a little advice.

"'Well, old chap, first I was going prospecting. I've read an awful lot about looking for gold out here, and what a fine life it is, and all that. Then I thought logging up in the interior, would be jolly fine and healthy. But some of the fellows I've met here tell me it wouldn't agree with me. Just now I'm wondering whether I would like to go to sea or not, you know. What do you think, old chap?"

"I thought that Reggie afloat would be as happy as a fly on tanglefoot, and had it on the tip of my tongue to tell him what a hell of a life seafaring men led. But I remembered that we needed a cook on board the Annie, which was a wheezy tow-boat that I had the luck, or misfortune, as you like, of running at that time. The Annie was owned by Old Pete Petingill, a close-fisted Bluenose, who begrudged paint for her hull and oil for her engines, and he refused to pay enough wages to keep a decent cook aboard, either white or yellow. Mac, the engineer, Hansen, who was both mate and deckhand, and 'Smoky,' the fireman, were continually grumbling at the frequent necessity of cooking their grub themselves, in the intervals between losing one cook and getting another, and if times hadn't been rather hard in our line of business the Annie would have witnessed a general strike. Old Pete and I had several stormy interviews, but the withered tight-wad was obdurate.

"'I won't pay more'n $20 a month for a cook to look after four men,' he would say. 'Times is hard, an', besides, it ain't wuth more. If you're so dam' unsociable you can't keep a cook aboard you'll jest have to fry your own bacon.'

"We had just completed a three days' trip to Victoria with a scow without a cook, and were to sail the following day on a run of about ten days, taking two scows to Rivers Inlet, and calling at one of the logging camps for a boom on the way back. Under the circumstances I felt justified in sounding Reggie's qualifications and possibilities for the measly little berth which even the waterfront bums had learned to steer clear of.

"Captain Hanks regretfully expelled the shredded remains of his second plug over the side of the Spitfire, and I hastened to pass him my mutilated 'smoking.' He sighed contentedly and resumed.

"'What do I think about you going to sea, my lad?' I says to Reggie. 'Why, I

think it's a noble ambition. Nothing like seafaring life to make a man physically strong and mentally broad. But what do you think you could do if you went to sea?'

"'That's just it,' says Reggie, hesitatingly, 'that's just what's worrying me, old chap. I haven't the faintest idea what I could do, but I have been thinking, you know, that I might get a job as steward on one of the coasting steamers until I got used to the water. Perhaps I could rise to be something better in time, couldn't I? It's beastly work and all that, but still I think I should like to go to sea.'

"'Do you think you can cook?' I asked, interrupting him.

"'Cook—cook, why of course I can cook,' says Reggie. Heaven forgive him for his prevarication, delusion or whatever it was. 'I learned to cook in England,' says he. 'Used to go camping, and all that, you know. But why do you ask me if I can cook? Do you really think I could get a job as cook? I should like that better than being a steward.'

"'I'm certain of it,' I said. 'Come and have a drink and I'll tell you all about it.'

"To cut a long story short, the Annie, when she poked her nose around Brockton Point the following morning, riding the ebb like a duck, with two scows in tow, carried two of the most deluded men in the world. First there was Reggie, who could afford to work for the miserable wage Old Pete allowed, and had yielded to my persuasive arguments. He believed he was going to be a sailorman of the story-book kind. Also he believed he could cook. So did I, and I had jokingly introduced him to the crew as a real, live, imported European chef who had condescended to come amongst us and cater to our palates. Lord, what a boomerang my joshing turned out to be.' Here Captain Hanks shook his head mournfully.

"'Then he couldn't cook?' I suggested.

"'He certainly could not cook,' said the captain, with unusual emphasis. 'To tell you of the awful concoctions he devised for our nourishment would require the vocabulary of a scientist and the leisure of a millionaire. For three days we tried him on the simplest dishes imaginable, but it wasn't any use. We couldn't drink the dreadful dope he manufactured from our coffee and, while we occasionally bolted down some of his burnt bacon and hard-baked eggs, we had to throw so much spoiled grub overboard that the wake of the Annie looked like the track of a garbage scow. Even the half-dozen hobo seagulls which started out with us got tired of fighting for stuff that they couldn't eat and went home disgusted behind a C. P. R. coaster.'

"But Reggie's most serious fault was not of a culinary nature. In spite of careful coaching on my part, and sundry forcible hints from the men, he failed to recognize either the meaning or necessity of discipline. The first time I roasted him for serving sticky dumplings of uncooked oatmeal as 'mush' he appeared to be hurt at my rudeness. 'You can't blame me for that,' he said, reproachfully. 'It's the fault of the galley equipment, you know. There isn't a proper porringer with double-pans on board, you know, and nobody could make porridge in those old iron pans. You really can't blame me, old chap.'

"'Look here, Mr. Hyphen from Mayhurst,' I shouted at him, angrily, 'don't hand any gratuitous terms of endearment to me. I'm captain of this tug and "sir" to you while you're aboard it. See? Don't "old chap" me again if you want to keep a whole skin on your body.'

"Reggie was evidently astonished at my language, and he looked at me with mingled resentment and indignation. 'I suppose I will get accustomed to calling you "sir"—in time,' he said, condescendingly, 'but I never called anybody "sir" in my life before, and it's rather hard to remember, old ch—sir, I mean.'

"Taking everything into consideration, Reggie had a pretty rough time on the run north. I avoided clashing with him as much as was possible in the limited space of a tug's deck, but more than once I had to step in and save him from the tender mercies of Hansen, the big Swede, and 'Smoky.' He was forever making invidious comparisons between the Annie and 'the big tugs at Liverpool and London, you know,' and several times extended the comparisons to include the men who manned them. Old Mac, the engineer, came to me one afternoon when the Annie was towing easily in a smooth sea, and asked me what I was going to do with 'my imported chef.'

" 'Don't, Mac,' I said, with a groan, 'the joke is on me, but don't rub it in. You want to know what I am going to do with him? Well, what can I do with him? Nothing short of throwing him overboard will restore peace in the family.'

" 'I think you had better turn over the cooking to Hansen,' says Mac, 'and put Reggie to work on the deck. The big Swede will make a sailor of him before we reach port if you do.'

" 'I doubt it,' I said, 'but I'll try it. Anything for a quiet life. Send the boy up.'

" 'I will' says Mac, 'and you might do worse than give him a little sermon on social equality while you're talking to him. He told Hansen and 'Smoky' yesterday that he was the son of a rich man and didn't have to cook for unappreciative blackguards, and that he objected to their language. I had to step in to save him from being murdered.'

"We were coming south with a big boom after delivering the scows, and, the weather being good, I was taking things easy. So when Reggie came up to the wheel-house I gave him fifteen minutes of good advice. It didn't seem to make much impression on him. He wore an injured-innocence expression while I talked to him, and made excuses for all his misdeeds. I tried to be lenient towards him, but when he asked me if I expected him to take impertinence from an 'ignorant Swede' and 'a foul-mouthed stoker' I got riled good and plenty.

" 'See here, my boy,' I said, sharply, 'you're cabin-boy, bottle-washer and general mess-about on this tug, and you're as big a dam' sweep as anybody else. You told me you were a cook, and for that untruth I've made myself the butt of my men's sarcasm, and turned my boat into a Bedlam, so I'm not going to stand any of your nonsense. For the rest of this trip you'll be under Hansen's orders. He'll look after most of the cooking and you'll do what he tells you about the deck. If you think you can sass him any more just try it. I won't save your face.'

" 'Do you mean I've got to be a deckhand?' he asked, somewhat meekly.

" 'You'll try to be one,' I told him grimly.

" 'But look here, old chap—,' he commenced.

"I looked at him fiercely. 'What did I tell you about that "old chap" habit?' I demanded of him. 'Now my boy, you'll please remember that I'm "sir" to you, and so is Mr. MacPherson, the engineer, and Hansen and "Smoky." Just let me hear you hand out that "old chap" again aboard this tug and I'll give you that licking I promised with accumulated interest. Now get out of this wheel-house and let that sink into your addled brain.'

"For the next few days Reggie mussed and moped about the deck under Hansen's directions. The big Swede tried to teach him how to draw a bucket of water up with a rope and Reggie complained bitterly when he got licked for losing the bucket. He went around with resentment oozing from every pore, making a mess of nearly everything he was told to do, and receiving full and proper chastisement from the tyrannous Swede. But things were a lot more peaceful aboard until we struck a sudden fog one evening, and found that the boom had grounded before we could take proper precautions. Everybody, with the exception of Reggie, who was completely forgotten in the excitement, was madder that a hatter with the work and worry of trying to get clear. Hansen went off in the boat and came back with the report that the boom had taken the beach broadside on and looked like breaking its chains as the tide dropped. We cursed and worked for seven hours into the night without budging an inch. Smoky and Mac got up a head of steam that threatened to blow up the cylinders, and the Annie wheezed and shook until I thought her wheel would drop off.

"Just after daylight we managed to get the boom clear, less one section which was scattered in the current, and Mac came up on deck for a smoke. He happened on Reggie standing by the galley door and shivering with cold and excitement. Just what happened I never quite found out, but it seems that the engineer's temper wasn't too sweet after the night's work, and when Reggie told him that his 'bally old engine didn't seem strong enough to push this crazy old tug along' Mac told him to go to hell. Reggie retorted by requesting Mac to 'keep his hair on,' and the next second there was fur flying.

"The following morning, as we were

making about four knots through the Narrows, Reggie came to me and told me Mac had knocked him down. He asked me if I thought it was 'playing cricket' to hit a man when he wasn't expecting it, and I picked up a spanner and threw it at him by way of replying. As soon as we tied up at Marwin's wharf I told Hansen to send the aristocratic Jonah to my room. Reggie came jauntily, but warily, the recollection of the flying spanner in the wheel-house being fresh in his mind. I offered him a seat on the bunk, and spoke to him as a father might.

" 'Reginald, my lad,' I said, 'you and I are both victims of circumstances. You thought you wanted to go to sea and I thought you could cook. Both of us were fooled. You've been a thorn in the side of every man aboard, you've nearly poisoned us with your alleged cooking, and I feel like saying that you've been a hoodoo. But I'm not going to throw up your failings. If I hadn't realized that they were the result of your environment I would have given you a thick ear more than once during the last few days. But,' I said, 'I'm not going to be hard on you.'

"The sight of Vancouver's streets had restored confidence to Reggie, however, and my generosity was lost on him. He became arrogant, which was a bad mistake on his part, seeing that I was pretty mad under my mask of kindliness, and told me that he was not cut out to cook pig-feed for a lot of cutthroats. 'And as for giving me a thick ear,' he added, 'if you think you can do it you can jolly well try it.'

"I didn't waste time arguing that point. I just cuffed him out of my room, and kicked him down the ladder to the deck. He got up to find the boys grinning at him.

" 'You are a bally lot of rotters,' he said, 'and if you're a sample of the men who go to sea on this coast, I'm going to stay ashore.'

" 'You certainly are,' I says, from the top of the ladder. 'And you can pack your traps as soon as you like and get there. You're canned.'

" 'I'm what?' says Reggie, probably thinking I was insulting him.

" 'Canned,' I said, 'or to put it differently, you are fired, discharged, dismissed—'

" 'Oh, you mean sacked?' he said.

"Mac and I watched him going up the wharf with his leather portmanteau bumping against his knees. 'Well, Cap'n,' he says, 'I expect and hope that we've seen the last of your imported chef.'

" 'Quit it,' says I, 'I hope so too.' "

The master of the Spitfire paused in his recital to laugh softly.

"Is that the end of the story?" I queried.

"Not quite, though many a time that winter I wished it had been. We saw Reggie again sooner that we expected. It was about three weeks later, after a long run to the north and back to Vancouver by way of Victoria. He was on Marwin's wharf waiting for us with old Petingill when we tied up. They came aboard as soon as the ladder was put up.

" 'Captain Hanks,' says old Pete, 'let me introduce you to Mr. Reginald Harrington-Esher. He has just purchased the Annie from me, and whether any changes will be made as regards the crew that depends on him. Come up to my office and square accounts as soon's you're through talking with him.' "

"Naturally I was too thunderstruck to find language which would do justice to the occasion, and old Pete, with a sneaky smile that told me he was in the plot, got clear before I could express myself. I looked at Reggie helplessly. 'You've bought the Annie have you?' I asked.

" 'Yes," said Reggie airily, 'I wired the pater for the money and bought her. The pater thinks I'm going into the towboat business, but I'm not.'

" 'You're not,' I said, bewildered, 'then what the devil are you going to do with her?'

" ' I haven't the faintest idea what I'm going to do with the bally old boat at present, you know,' he said, 'but I do know what I am going to do with you and your ruffianly crew.'

" 'And what is that?' I asked.

" 'Why, send you all ashore with your—er—traps, I think you call them. The whole bally lot of you can pack up as soon as you like. You are all—'

"Reggie screwed up his eyebrows as if he was trying to recall something.

" 'We are what?' I prompted him.

"His face brightened up with recollection. 'Tinned,' he said, as he started up the ladder."

Lafrican

By Pollough Pogue

THERE are not many French-Canadians in Vancouver, but the other day on Cordova street I heard a man whistling "Alouette" and turned to see who it was. To whistle like that a man must have come from Quebec, and "Alouette" is known to few on this side of the continent. It was Jean Aube, from the Gatineau, and the first time I saw him he was sitting in front of the "cookery" of an Ontario lumber camp, with a smoking smudge-pail beside him, whittling an axe handle out of a piece of birch. He was a fire ranger that summer. Here he was a long way from home and had been working in a British Columbia logging camp. He had come out here because two of his friends, Steve Lafrican and Pete Morin, were here. Now he was lonely because he had lost them both. We went up to his room in the Manitoba Hotel and he told me about it, sitting on the bed with his boots off and smoking brown Quebec tobacco, of which he had bought half a trunkful from his father's farm on the bark-colored Gatineau. I have put what he said down here, but not his exact words.

Until Morin and Lafrican went in there was never a blazed portage or an empty tin can or a fire poster to show that white men had been in the Eaucurnante River country. The river was undiscovered; the Vancouver lumbermen nosing for new limits had not smelled out the rich timber country through which it flows.

Pete Morin and Steve Lafrican "went in" in the latter part of January. They did not come out. In the spring a search party found no sign of them. The vast silence of the mighty British Columbia forest had dropped its shadow over them.

The search party found an abundance of Douglas spruce and giant cedar, and the country was opened up that summer by the lumber company that had sent Morin and Lafrican in to look at the timber.

They talk yet in the logging camp about Lafrican and Morin, and there are many guesses at what became of them. Woodsmen think that the two men must have become separated and been devoured by wolves. This is what I think might have happened in Lafrican's case if this supposition is correct.

One cold January day, five years ago, old John Gillis, the Vancouver lumberman, sat in his office looking at a large map of British Columbia. At length he sent for Pete Morin, his walking-boss, who had just come out from the Gillis limits, where he had been visiting the camps. The old limits had been good ones, but there was only one more cut left on them. John Gillis was looking for new timber.

"We gotta go farther back, Pete," said the old lumberman, as he and Morin studied the map. "Ye see that river there, the Muck-luck running into the Willow-herb? Well, I want ye t' go in back o' there and take a look at her. It's a long way in, an' it'll be infernal to get at, but we gotta have timber."

So Morin took a man named Lafrican and went in, going very light with only a blanket apiece and a little pork, flour and coffee.

At length they came to a river with the biggest run of Douglas spruce they had ever seen.

One night as they cooked their supper the smell of frying bacon brought a pack of wolves very close to the camp. The animals were famishing and the smell of the pork made them very bold. Their howling would have given most men the shivers. But thirty years in the woods had not taught Lafrican and Morin respect for wolves. They looked down on them.

"Yons faim c'est gas la," said Lafrican, filling the coffee-pail with snow.

"Pour le sure," answered Morin quite

indifferently. Understand that they had no guns. Loggers seldom carry them.

Smoking their pipes the men watched the last color of day go out through the trees. The fire sank and the wolves grew bolder. Morin threw a blazing stick at a pair of eyes and the animals backed up. But before the stick had blackened on the snow they returned. Before long the men piled more wood on the fire and tucked themselves into their thick blankets. They did not believe the wolves would attack the camp, and only the creeping cold disturbed their sleep.

The fire sank. A wall of darkness closed in around the sleepers. The wolves inched closer. Then one of the men jumped up and threw dry wood on the coals and the wolves faded back into the darkness again.

Next morning Morin started out to look at the timber, leaving Lafrican to watch the camp. The wind had changed during the night. It now blew from the south. It had a pleasant softness in it and the cold had fled from the air. The morning sky was low and gray, and before noon it began to snow thickly. Lafrican, employing himself in constructing a shelter of poles and hemlock boughs, whistled "Alouette." When he had finished his lean-to he felled a dry cedar and made a lot of wood which he piled and built a smaller lean-to over it. As he worked the air was thick with the slowly dropping white feathers of the snow. At noon the forest had faded to a gray loom and a great anxiety suddenly stifled the blithe "Alouette." The snow was thick, Lafrican had never seen it thicker since "the winter of the blue snow" in Quebec. It was falling thickly enough to fill in a man's snowshoe tracks in a very short time. Lafrican knew that Morin, who was not what they call a first-class woodsman, would depend upon being able to follow his track back to the camp. Lafrican was fond of Morin.

When the gray dust of the snow helped the winter afternoon to shade early to its dark end, Lafrican kindled a fire in front of his lean-to, boiled coffee, fried bacon, made a pancake and ate his supper, while the snow-whitened night sunk down in the ghostly silence of the winter forest. When he had washed his dishes he piled more wood on his fire and sat down to smoke just inside his lean-to. The falling snow laid its grey face against the firelight in front. The air was mild with the softness of the thaw.

As Lafrican smoked he listened. The little noises of the fire broke softly into the great silence, but Lafrican was listening as a woman sitting in the quest of her house listens for her husband's footsteps.

The tiny mice of foreboding overran his big body with icy feet. That night he did not sleep, but sat beside the fire, waiting and listening. The wolves silently circled the fire, sniffing and getting hungrier. Lafrican could not see them, but he felt an uneasy sense of their presence. When the darkness faded they moved away, but did not go far; they still watched the camp.

Lafrican cooked his breakfast early and started out to try to find Morin. The snow had ceased to fall. It was a clearing morning with a great wind that rose to a tempest among the tree-tops. The shadows lay indigo blue on the foamy snow. Miles and miles walked Lafrican, bending on his big snowshoes, through the clean, empty aisles of the great pinery. He found no signs of Morin, not even the suggestion of a filled-in snowshoe track, nothing but the reflection of a vanished presence, as in an empty room the partly opened door is eloquent of somebody that went out.

He returned to the camp late in the afternoon, when the brown twilight was increasing in the forest. Their tracks and signs showed that the wolves had been around the lean-to all day, but he had left nothing for them to get. He had carried with him his pork, flour, coffee and other things tied up in the blankets.

The animals were quite close, watching him as he made shavings to kindle his fire. But when they saw the orange flames grow in the gloom they backed up. They feared the fire, and that night Lafrican indulged in a luxurious prodigality of blazing dry cedar.

The wolves stole noiselessly up, watching the man hungrily. Once towards morning they drew back as a mighty voice rang through the silent woods: "A-lou-et-te, gentille a-lou-et-te. A-lou-et-te je t'if pleu me rai."

They came back again when the song ended and one of them came very close. Lafrican could see his eyeballs shining like

red flames across the flinging fire. The giant picked up his axe from the woodpile, a four and a half-pound axe hung on a springy birch handle he had made himself. He was suddenly swept by a blind impulse to fight. He hoped the wolves would attack him. But the flame tongues, lapping at the darkness, kept the animals back, and Lafrican swung his axe helplessly at the loom of the forest. "Come out where I can see you," he yelled, "come out an' fight." Knowing that it was the fire that kept the brutes off, in reckless fury he kicked snow over it.

Instantly a huge wolf flew up like a great dark bird straight for Lafrican's throat, but the axe stopped the flight; the blade sunk deep into the wolf's brain, and with a cry that had the sound of a great oath the animal plunged into the gray snow and lay still. An ember of the fire flamed up, and as light flickers over running water, so the swift axe flashed in the hands of Lafrican. At every flash a wolf went down, but chopping fangs tore great pieces of flesh from the giant's body in twenty places. In his wild fury Lafrican was no longer a man, but a great black bear of the spruce forest, rearing and grinding his teeth. But no bear, nor even the mighty bull moose, could have fought such a fight. The great axe flung blood and gristle in its sweep. Lafrican's big shoepacks stamped on dead and dying wolves as he plunged around like a horse in the leg-gripping snow. But still more wolves boiled around him in a great eddy of gray fur, foaming jaws, glaring eyeballs and clipping teeth.

Lafrican's strength was that of the giants of old, but soon he felt the dizzying, numbing weakness which indicated that the loss of blood was telling on him. The trees began to spin round and round in the ashen light of the dawn, and there seemed to be a hundred wolves instead of fifteen or twenty, but still he fought on. Then, just when he hardly know whether he was on his head or his feet and was staggering blindly but still hacking at the wolves, the animals took a notion to quit, and those that could ran away. There were many on the spotted snow that would never run again, and in the midst of these, redder than the red dawn, bleeding from fifty wounds, his mackinaw shirt and trousers in strips, his huge limbs half bare, leaning on his scarlet axe like a heroic figure in a saga, swayed the dying giant. A great numbness was stealing over him and his eyes were closing with the pressure of a mighty sleep. The big red sun flashed suddenly through the trees and the forest was swept with crimson light. One flying lance of light struck the shantyman's eyes and blinded them. Something seemed to burst inside his brain and he saw more wolves all around him, springing up with snapping jaws. With a yell he raised his axe and staggered in a circle, striking at his imaginary enemies until presently there was a great rushing of flooding waters closing in around him, and he sank down upon the snow.

Hank's Disappointment

By J. H. Grant

"BY the cottons!" exclaimed Bill Henderson, foreman of MacGregor's ranch at Plum Lake, as he mopped the perspiration from his forehead, "I've just been around them pasture lands and they're picked as bare as the bottom of our new fryin' pan. There'll have to be something done, that's sure."

"Yes," answered Hank Jennings, Bill's sole companion in the prairie shack and man of all jobs. "Yes," he repeated as he dropped a half-peeled potato into the pot, "there'll have to be something done, but what's it to be? That's the question. If it wasn't for old Hyde livin' up there in the hills we could turn the beasts out. There's slashin's of grass goin' to waste, but there's that miserable bit of oats of hisn; it wouldn't take a day to fence it, but he leaves it there jist for a trap. Ye talk about yer 'British justice,' and here it leaves a man like that to run the district, jist because he's got big fists and a bull head. If he started cuttin' up like that in Iowy he'd be in the coop afore he knew which way his nose was pointin'."

"Yes, I guess he'd be cooped here, too," said Bill, "if he could be caught square when he's stealin' hay or calves, but nothin' can be proved against him, and the man that informs is likely to have the soul pommelled out of him if he ain't a more'n ordinary good runner. What Hyde wants is someone to give him a good sound thrashin'. That'ud fix him. Everything in the district would go as smooth then as the coat of a yearlin'."

"I reckon he needs that all right," said Hank, "but who's goin' to give it to him in these parts? I've seen the day I'd enjoy paintin' his countenance. I'd tackle him yet if I hadn't a sprung spoke in my hub." (Hank had a crooked leg, which, according to his say, prevented his doing a great many feats of daring and valor, though it never seemed to interfere with his agility if he happened to be pursued by an unruly bull.)

"Well," said Bill candidly, "if I didn't value my carcass at more'n two bits wholesale, I might venture to tell him I was goin' to turn the cattle loose, oats or no oats; but I do, you see, so I guess there's nothing for it but to try to get a herd-boy."

"Yes, it'll be try, and take it out in tryin'," answered the morose Hank, "for it's comin' on hayin,' and, besides, the farmers to the east have picked up everythin' in the shape of a man to help with the harvest."

"I know," continued Bill, "but I'm goin' over to Oak Lake tomorrow, and if there happens to be one of that cargo of Englishmen left, I may pick him up."

"Englishmen!" gasped Hank, dismay pictured upon his countenance. "Lord, man, yer not thinkin' of bringin' one of them here, are ye? Why, it'll be scairt of its own shaddy and it won't know a oat blade from a bulrush. You and me'll have double work herdin' it as well as the cattle. Be reasonable, Bill, be reasonable, we've enough to do."

"Well, we'll have to do the best we can and give him a trial anyway," said Bill a little crustily. "I'm the foreman here and I guess my say goes."

"Yes, you're the foreman," grunted Hank sarcastically, as he kicked the granite washdish out at the door to avoid the trouble of emptying it otherwise.

Late next evening Hank hobbled out with the lantern as Bill drove into the yard. Yes, sure enough, he had someone in the high spring seat with him, but when Bill got down to unhitch the team the other remained motionless.

"What ye got, Bill?" querried Hank, as he held the light aloft and craned his neck to get a glimpse of the new arrival. "Is it a stuffed mummy or a stone statty?"

"Whist, man," cautioned Bill, "it's a

Englishman, an' it's all bristlin' with knives, daggers and pistols like a French lord. It was askin' me on the way from town if the Injins was bad about these parts now. I expect the first poor old redskin that happens to ask a meal at this shack 'll be perforated like a Page wire fence."

The intelligence regarding the weapons quieted Hank, but in a low, disgusted tone he mumbled something about "a derned crow goin' to roost in the wagon all night."

It was not until morning that Hank got a good look at the unwelcome Englishman. Then Bill saw his companion behind the shed staggering about and bending his lean body up and down in a most unaccountable manner.

"Come here, Bill; come here," he gasped between his peals of laughter. "Lord, but this Englishman's a cure. Derned if he ain't callin' the old dog 'Shepawd' and the old horse 'Awlfred'; strange, too, old Shep seems to take to his doggoned foolery and there he goes now a-settin' right back on old Alf's hips. There's no doubt about it, Providence or some other unseen critter follers them poor goslin's about and protects them, for if it was otherwise old Alf would a-kicked him clear up among the stars afore this."

The two men watched the fine herd move toward the meadows, closely followed by old Shep, who was in his glory, and the Englishman sitting as stiffly erect as a modern imitator of "King Billy."

"I have to go down, Hank," said Bill, "to see if the water is drying up in them south hay sloughs. I wish you'd have a kind of eye on the cattle. No tellin' what might happen to that livin' armory."

"Yes," grumbled Hank, "reckon I might as well start in herdin' him first as last."

But Hank was busy, and during the former part of the summer the cattle had been safely shut in the fenced pasture lands, so that now he clean forgot them, and it was not until some time in the afternoon that he climbed the lone poplar before the shack. He looked anxiously about for a moment, then began to descend from his perch with considerable precipitation.

"I'll be doggasted," he exclaimed aloud. "There's the whole bunch in old Hyde's oats. Every hoof of them'll be in pound, sure as I'm from Iowy. Dern the Englishman and dern Bill Henderson for hirin' such a gander. It's no wonder that George Washington licked a whole thousand of them single-handed. I don't see as he needed to feel puffed up much about it, either."

Hank swore all the way to the stable and as he tore across the level prairie in the old buckboard, drawn by the dun-colored pony, he was still giving vent to his feelings through the same medium. He changed his theme sometimes, by way of variety, but he was very partial to the subject of Englishmen. When he came near enough he was surprised to find that the cattle were not in the grain, but feeding close by, and the Englishman and Hyde were holding a rather extraordinary conversation at the corner of the oat field. Hank's first impulse was to dash around the cattle and hustle them as far as possible from the property of his dangerous neighbor, but something in the tone of the conversation arrested him. He carefully examined the traces and whipple tree to see that everything was in good shape for a sudden start if there should happen to be need of such, then drove up to within a discreet distance of the parleyers. Neither of the men seemed to notice him.

"You miserable, insignificant skunk," Hyde was saying, "I'll wallop you with one hand, then I'll trim them two old hermits you're workin' for with the other."

With these ominous words he tore the old, faded smock from his terrible proportions and sent it sailing through the air. The foolish Englishman carefully folded his heavily-weaponed coat and laid it gently upon the grass. As Hyde bared his knotty forearms Hank suddenly thought of the weakness due to his "sprung spoke" and shook so violently that his cowhides clattered upon the slats in the bottom of the buckboard like the pumps of a stage dancer.

The hulking rancher placed his mallet fists on a level with his face and rushed upon his slim antagonist with the fury and tactics of a mad bull. But the lithe Briton was not to be felled that way. He stepped nimbly aside, and reaching out his long leg gave the other a vicious kick just behind the knees. Hyde stopped short and sat down with a force that made his teeth snap and a deep impression in the soft earth. Hank shifted about on the cushionless seat as though it had suddenly become

hot. He wanted to roar, but a wholesome fear of the district bully curbed his merriment. That worthy was on his feet again in an instant, swearing, sputtering and whirling his great fists like flails about his head. The Englishman fled before him. Hank seized the willow gad and held it in readiness to apply to the old pony's hips, for the combatants were careering wildly towards the rig. But he didn't need to use it. The pursued turned on his heel like a flash and landed both right and left, like shots from a catapult, upon the bridge of his pursuer's nose. The big man reeled and staggered back, but in a moment came on again, fiercer than ever. Then, as Hank described it afterward, that Englishman began to dodge and duck and caper about the green like a young jack rabbit crazy with the ear lice. At length he saw his chance. Summoning all the strength of leg, arm and body he hurled it in one fierce bolt at the butt of Hyde's ear. The giant collapsed like a punctured balloon. In a moment the Englishman was on his knees undoing his antagonist's collar.

"Look out, ye crazy cuss," yelled Hank from the rig. "The old divil is as dangerous down as up. If he gets a holt a ye he'll eat ye alive."

But Hyde appeared to have forgotten the cannibalistic tendencies thus attributed to him. He lay on his back, dazed and shaken, the last gleam of combat gone from his blackened eyes. At last he rose slowly, picked up his smock and staggered off home without even a glance at the cattle, feeding so close to his beloved oat patch. Hank dropped the lines, got on his knees on the back of the seat and teetered around like a lame crow.

"Well, ye are a cool 'un," he exclaimed, trying to eliminate a joyous accent as the Englishman slowly replaced his coat and carefully arranged each knife and pistol in its respective place. "I expect they raised you on cucumbers and ice cream."

That evening when, after a good supper of bread, molasses and cold beef, the Englishman had gone out to look after the old horse, Hank described to Bill the afternoon's scene with the addition of sundry flourishes and tiffics of his own invention. Bill listened breathlessly until Hank had finished, then taking his pipe from his mouth, allowed a broad grin to spread over his bronzed features.

"I calculate that's worth a lot to this district, Hank," he said. "The fellow may not make so much extra trouble for us, after all. I hired him for ten a month and his board. I'll make that forty now, and give him work all winter if he cares to stay."

"I'm mighty disappointed in the critter," said Hank, "mighty disappointed. Bi Jiminy, he's worth every cent of forty dollars. He's the dernest best Englishman ever I see."

The Parson's Picnic

By Charles D. Ellis

OLD Snaggle Tooth Brown was one of those unvarnished pioneers of the West who stand out like a landmark amid the throng of those who have in later years peopled mountain and plain. Known throughout the length and breadth of the valley as an old-timer, buffalo hunter, prospector and Indian fighter, he was treated with that good-natured familiar regard that is so characteristic of the ranchmen of the West. By the tenderfoot, whom he found a ready target for his stories of hair-raising adventures, true and untrue, he was held in a sort of reverential awe.

One hot afternoon he shuffled into the post on his pinto pony; throwing the reins over her head he slid his six-foot of scarred frame into the only vacant chair on the shady side of the Star Hotel, wiped the shining dome of his long head with a bandana, and sized up the loungers the while with his round, bead-like eyes.

It was hot. Everybody said so; everybody looked it; there was no chance for argument. Snaggle Tooth ventured no opinion, but sat combing his scraggly beard with his bony fingers, giving it a pull at regular intervals that exposed one long, yellow tusk as he spat at a knot hole on the opposite side of the board walk with great precision.

"Well, sir," Snaggle Tooth began, "these hot, egg-boilin' days never come but I am set thinkin' of one hot time we had away back in the eighties. It was up in the Winding Valley. Some few of us had drifted up there the year before in the wake of a great excitement. Not finding much encouragement in the way of colors, and stakes thick as a rush graveyard, we pulled out. The next spring, nothin' turning up in other quarters, we hit the trail for the same place and found a real-estate shark had platted a townsite, caught a netful of eastern suckers and built an hotel and office. We caught on right away and thought we would put in the summer swapping horses and playing poker.

"Along towards fall it got so hot you had to blow on the chair bottom before you could sit down. And to make things worse the creek that furnished the town with water dried up. So everyone took to drinkin' beer. The representative of the district owned a brewery, and election coming on he rolled it in by the barrel at cost.

"She got so hot that one day the only thermometer in the camp made a record for itself and busted. We were all feelin' like running through the cracks in the floor, when who turns up but a sky pilot looking as cool and bloodless as a piece of dry salt bacon. 'Well,' thought I, 'this is the place he has been preaching to pass up and he is here at last himself.' Now it had come to this stage of the game that the only sober people were a tribe of Siwash Indians, and they, havin' no vote, the mighty arm of the law saw that they got none of the firewater and that their pale-face brothers had all they wanted.

"According to the laws of the land anyone who chooses to be so cruel and hard-hearted can get a writ swearing anyone a nuisance and forbid the saloon-keeper selling any booze to the unfortunate. It so happened that Fritz Henry Bugram, a little sawed-off, hammered-down, bow-legged son of the cabbage kingdom, while under the influence, carelessly threw a fist full of kisses over the backyard fence, where Judge Jenks's wife was roundin' up her kids, fearing sunstroke.

"The Judge got madder'n a wet hen and says to Bug—we always called him Bug—'You insulted my wife! I could fine you five hundred dollars, but I won't. I'll Siwash you, that's what I'll do!'

" 'Don't; for God's sake, Judge, don't. I'll dig up five hundred, but don't Siwash me.'

"'Yes, I will, you dirty villain; you should be hanged.'

"'All right, Judge, hanging goes, but don't Siwash me,' says Bug, his heart between his teeth.

"The Judge would not change the verdict, but walked right over and put up notices. The saloon men knew better'n to do different, for next to the townsite agent the Judge was the biggest man between Phantom Slough and Bummer's Flat.

"Well, sir, every one felt sore for the poor cuss, but no one dared so much as put a drop on his parched tongue.

"When the stage drove up Bug had just come in from a ten-mile tramp, where he went every day since he'd been Siwashed for a bottle of water. You should have seen him when the parson poked out his mit for a shake. He pulled back and says, 'No, sir, not with you, you duck-shootin', rabbit-chasin' skin-flint. I'm onto you; you have come here to talk ag'in drink. Can't you see I am just dyin' for a drink.' Bug's double and twisted broadside took the wind out of the Parson's sail. Puttin' his hand over his side and eyeing the bottle sticking out of Bug's pocket, he says, 'The poor man's drunk.'

"'Drunk!' says Bug. 'Drunk! You—you—smell that, will you! Smell that! I've lived on that alkali for three days and you call me drunk.'

"Bug threw the bottle on the floor and charged the good man head on. He was so short that he reached only half way up on a tall man, but he had this way of overcoming his handicap and it usually worked. This time one of the fellows caught him on the run, while the Judge hooked on to the Parson and towed him away to his house. For the next three days the preacher and Bug did not meet, but when Sunday came round the preacher opened up in a building across from the hotel. We all went. Bug came in and sat in the back seat, looking mad enough to eat us all.

"The first hymn, 'There Shall be Showers of Blessin',' we joined in strong. At the end of the second line all broke down. The weather was too dry to sing. Then he began to preach about the wise man who built his house on a rock and about the fool building his shack on the sand. The more water, waves and wind he put into that sermon the thirstier we got, sneaking out one at a time till nobody was left but Bug and His Nibs.

"Some of the boys says, 'Brown, you better slip over and keep your eye on Bug; he's got the man treed and may wipe the floor with him.'

"But would you believe it? I slipped over and peeked through a crack and there saw Bug and the Parson side an' side, talking as quiet and nice as two old hens.

"'You see, Mr. Bugram, my preaching here will do no good so long as there is no water. People must drink.'

"'Yes,' says Bug, wiping his tongue on his cheek. 'If I had a few bottles of beer to last me long enough to get to my claim I would guarantee to fetch water down here.'

"'Would you?' said the Parson, grabbing Bug's hand, his face lightin' up with a smile.

"'That's what I said.'

"'Yes, my dear man, I know, I know. Let me think.' He hung his head awhile, then said, 'It is true, quite true, isn't it, that desperate diseases sometimes need desperate remedies. You know I could obtain the iniquitous fluid, but I would not only be breaking the moral law, but the civil one also; the latter seems to be the most serious offence here.'

"'You could get it all right, all right,' put in Bug.

"'Will you swear upon your honor that if I furnish you—we will say, with the means, you will cause the creek to again supply water to the perishing town?'

"''Pon my honor, Parson. I tell you how it is. You see, I've been prospecting round here for a long time and know every foot of the ground. This creek rises in the Snow Bird Basin; she's a whale up near the glacier, but when she gets into the flat this side she sinks; a little always run round and got down here till this year, when a snowslide filled the canon a mile or so below with mud and logs, so the water runs back and down the sink. If you will give me five gallons of beer I will go up and fill the sink and plug her so tight that all the water will come down here.'

"'Five gallons, man! Only ten miles to go and five gallons of beer?'

"'Oh! that ain't much, thinkin' how

much water you are to get, and, you see, hot like this, a fellow needs two quarts to the mile to travel.'

"The preacher saw there was no use arguing, so agreed to Bug's price.'

"I went back and said to the boys that Bug had turned over a new leaf. When he didn't show up they thought it straight goods.

"The bartender whispered to me the next morning that the Parson had broke loose and packed five gallons of booze to his room. I was wise, but said nothing. Bug made himself scarce. I looked among the tin cans, his mule's favorite browsing place; she was gone, so I kept mum and waited.

" 'Bout Friday in comes Bug, whistling and singing; walks right up to the Judge, slaps him on the back, nearly knocks a lung out and says, 'How they comin', Judge?' The Judge thought he was crazy and never said a word. Then he walks up to the bar and turning round says, 'Boys, have something.' We all forgot ourselves and began to crowd up, when the bartender says, stern like, 'Bug, can't do it, you are Siwashed.' Just then the Parson come in white as a sheet. The Judge looked scared. Bug just laughed and laughed. When he got the wrinkles smoothed out of his face so he could see he spotted the Parson, took a bottle from his pocket and says, 'Hello, partner! Let us rust our throats and drink to the success of our new waterworks.'

"The Parson smelt the cork, took a drink and then went out.

" 'That man's going crazy; I must look up his case,' said the Judge, following suit.

"I knew where they would go, so went out and listened at the crack.

" 'My dear fellow, what have you done?' said the Parson.

" 'Just what I agreed,' said Bug.

" 'Where is the water?' said the Parson.

" 'You had some of it,' said Bug.

" 'But you said you would furnish the town everlastingly with it,' said the Parson, kind o' hot.

" 'Just you wait,' answered Bug.

" 'My good man, do you not know there is danger in delay?'

" 'You bet there is,' and Bug began to laugh till I was afraid the boys would hear him and come over, for I knowed he had something up his sleeve. The Parson could get no satisfaction, and I commenced to think it was a case of water on the brain. At last he got up and, tapping the Parson on the shoulder with his stub finger, said, 'I tell you, Parson, I've got one of the richest placer claims in this country, but there is so much gravel on top of bed rock it will never pay to work. I turned the darned creek myself, but it would not help me any. I made up my mind that if I held the water back and let her all go at once she would clean things up, but I did not have the nerve till these mavericks tried to kill me off by the inch.'

" 'I don't believe I quite follow you,' said the Parson, rubbin' his head.

" 'If you don't you will have to swim,' and Bug laughed again.

"The Parson jumped up, his hair on end, shivering like forty below. 'Mr. Bugram, you don't mean to say you have dammed the creek?'

" 'Yes, I have, and everyone else will before they are done.' Bug did not laugh now. He saw the Parson was getting over the shakes and beginning to sizzle.

" 'You mean to say you have imperilled all these precious souls to gain a few gold dollars?'

" 'And bring some water,' added Bug.

" 'Poor excuse. I shall tell the Judge and warn the people of the impending calamity.' The Parson took his hat.

" 'Don't get hot under the collar, Parson. Don't get hot under the collar. The water won't break before Sunday and we can all hear it in time to get ready for a foot race to the high spots.'

" 'I shall go at once and inform on you, and the Lord have mercy upon your soul. You will be lynched before tomorrow.'

" 'Not so fast, Parson; not so fast. What will they say when I tell them you gave me five gallons of beer to do the job? Don't you think there will be another necktie party?' stepping to the door to be sure the Parson would not get away. The poor fellow threw himself on a bench and moaned, 'Why did I come here? Why did I come here? Why was I tempted?'

"Bug was kind of touched and said, 'Don't take on so, Parson. Don't take on so. If you will listen to me we will come out on top yet.'

"Ready to grasp at any straw, he sat up.

"Bug looked the Parson right in the

eye and said, 'In the first place you know this town is a plagued-on swindle.' The Parson nodded. Bug went on, 'Maby you don't know it, but I do. The man who sells these lots is a rogue. The J. P. is a political shyster. The hotel, you will agree, is a curse. A dozen families or so are just hanging out here waiting for a boom. They have nothing to lose but time, and they are letting it die of thirst here.'

"The Parson could see all of these things, but a groan of disappointment shook him. Bug saw he had him going, so kept right on. 'The water can't possibly be here before Sunday. Now make a good fellow of yourself and give a Sunday school picnic on high ground.'

"'Couldn't do it, Mr. Bugram,' said the Parson. 'Who ever heard of a clergyman giving a Sunday school picnic on Sunday!'

"Bug saw he must take a trick, so he plays another trump. He knew the people were his strong card, so he said, 'But you see, Parson, it will get the people away from danger.'

"The Parson's stock went up a hundred per cent. and he says, 'You are right. You are right. I can see it now. One is permitted to take the ox out of the ditch on the Sabbath.'

"Bug had one more play to make, and he meant to win, so he says, 'You are all right, Parson. We have all day tomorrow to get busy, and tomorrow a fresh load of beer will be in.'

"'O mercy!' cried the Parson, 'we can't permit beer. Never. No, never!'

"'But we must,' said Bug, playing his last card. 'Don't you see, these men who are too wicked to drown will not come to a picnic and drink water. You must give a regular hot-wave blowout. We can furnish soda water, candy, peanuts and cakes for the women and kids; you can attend to that. I'll dish up the wet goods for the men. I'll swear, 'pon my honor, not to taste a drop till the water comes.'

"Such a getting ready for a picnic you never saw. All day Saturday everyone worked. The women cooked and the men carried tents, rugs, and everything in turn that would add comfort was taken to a grove on a hill near the town, where the Parson said there would be a breeze, and Bug suggested a fine view.

"The boys insisted on furnishing the beer; so when it arrived it was hauled to the grounds where Bug mounted guard over it for the night.

"Before the sun had fairly begun its day of cooking everyone had bunched under the trees—the kids playing leapfrog and frisking like lambs, the womenfolk fanning and smiling at the pilot, and the menfolk swapping yarns. Nobody got drunk out of respect to the Parson. After the feed they took to singing. I could see the Parson was getting nervous and out of time. He would look out of the corner of his eyes at Bug and say, as plain as words, 'You are a liar!' Bug would smile and lick his dry chops and wig-wag back, 'Just you wait.'

"'Ain't that thunder, Mr. Bugram?' said the Judge's wife, wiping one of the kid's face with her apron.

"'Dunno; 'spect likely, Missus; can't be dry always,' said Bug. 'Devil lot of thunder for no lightning,' said someone, as the roar and rumbling got nearer and nearer. The noise in the canon above town sounded like a cannon and shook the ground. Then a white wall of foaming water turned a corner, throwing rocks and trees like straws. It struck the townsite office, chewed it up, spit it out in small bits and went at the hotel, flattened it out like a flapjack, and then ran along the hill where most of the houses were, caught the Judge's bungalow, turned it half round, piled up enough trees and logs to keep the Judge sawing wood for five years, and ran on down the valley.

"The long-looked-for boom struck the town so suddenly that it almost took the breath away. Everybody forgot everybody, watching the sudden rise in real estate. When they came to, Bug dipped up a tin of beer and says, 'Here, ladies and gents! let us drink to the health of the Parson who has saved our lives.'

"The Parson had collapsed, but the loud hurrahs for 'the Parson' from the men, as they responded to Bug's toast, and the warm praise from the women fetched him around in two-forty time.

"Well, boys, that was the hottest time I ever saw. You won't believe it, but that flood uncovered bed rock for ten miles, and pay dirt all the way. Bug made a cool million and built a brewery. The Parson built a church and the town has been a-booming ever since."

The Mad White

By Garnett Weston

"LET the curse of God, the Eternal, rest upon you. For every word of scorn and blasphemy upon your lips may you know a million years of torment."

So spoke the old man standing before the office-shack at Summit Camp. The mad winds of the mountains, chilled from rioting over the snow fields and glaciers, strained through the white hair growing thinly on his massive head. His eyes gleamed under his heavy brows with martial fire. One hand held his coat collar closely around his throat, while the other was raised to the peaks. His whole vast form trembled with a fanatic rage. About him grouped a rough crowd of miners, smoking with slow judicial puffs. Directly confronting the old patriarch stood the cause of his mad outburst, Boss Red, as the camp named him. The color of his hair and the angry red of his sullen face had bought the title. The men feared him as they had feared no man since the days of Big Jim, the rough but just man whose rule had covered the early days of the camp's history. There was a vast difference in that Big Jim had been fair to all, while Boss Red suited his own convenience, which seldom tallied with the desires of anyone else.

The Mad White, as the old divine was called, had once been known by the usual term of Pilot. Years whitened his hair and beard, and it seemed only natural that he should be called the White Pilot. Later, when the days of its snuffing grew nearer, his spirit burned ever fiercer and drove him into mad denunciations and almost incoherent ravings. Then the mountain people began to know him as the Mad White. He had lost much of his early tolerance of the shortcomings of the men to whose spiritual wants he tended. Now he was a fierce bigot, a fanatical wild man of the mountains, living the life of a religious hermit in the shanty on the exposed slope a mile above the camp.

For a moment he stood, right arm aloft, anathematising Boss Red, who slouched before him in surly contempt. Then he turned and strode a short way up the hill. As the group began to turn inward to discuss the Mad White he suddenly swung round and thundered in a voice hoarse with anger, "Better for you that a millstone were hanged about your neck and that you were drowned in the depths of the sea." Then he once more began his ascent.

The spring winds, brushing the rock-roughed faces of the mountains, were hard and chill. Drab wisps of cloud clung to sepia-tinted spikes. Glooming masses sulked down into the valley. As the men turned into the cabins, grey water dripped from a grey sky and the little brown camp was washed and washed until it was nothing but a squat sodden sponge.

Boss Red entertained a sullen hatred for the Mad White, and in his own crafty way set out to cause him every possible annoyance. Openly he expressed his contempt for the old man's religion. Privately he sowed the seeds of a like feeling among those who would listen to him and who were mean enough to join in the baiting of the old warrior. A slow fire grew in the bosom of the mountain saint; a hot desire was fanned on the altar of his devotion. As a prophet of the far days he gloomed over the camps of the wicked, and as he meditated, his white beard and hair threshed by the wind, a vague, awful desire raised itself in the decaying garden which once had been his mind. He stood alone on a barren spike. Mile on mile the tumbled rocky chaos ran into the far-away. Over him he sensed the vague measures of sideless, bottomless depths. "Moses spoke with God upon the mount," he whispered to himself, and straightway he splendored the grey

day with the fantasies of a straying mind. He seemed to feel himself the instrument of the Eternal. Once, many years ago, he had thought him a God of love. Now his old heart thought only of the misty times when God wrathed over the cities of the earth and burned them from his path.

When next he stood on the ledge where lay the sprawling Summit, he cried loudly in a voice which clarioned a triumph unspeakable, "Lo! the time of forbearance is over-ripe and the day of punishment is at hand."

"Right ye are, old Mad White," snarled the rasp of Boss Red in his ear, "the day o' judgment is right now an' it ain't Sunday ner Monday ner any day yer acquainted with. It's Boss Red. See? Now you hike along out o' Summit an' don't you spend any holidays in this camp for a long time. D'ya hear?"

The Mad White towered over the squat ugly form of Boss Red and the majesty of prophets fell upon him. The angry fire that blazed whenever he thought of Boss Red lighted his sunken eyes. When he answered his voice rose to a shrill pitch, which told of old age.

"Mocker from the heart of hell," he cried, "dost thou dare to drive out the messenger of the Eternal as did the godless of Israel? Verily thy death is at hand. The wrath of God will smite thee, surely and swiftly."

Something sagged suddenly and tightened in Boss Red's brain. The constant curses of the Mad White had begun to prey a little on his mind and he was ripe for anger. The red of his beard suddenly flamed before him in a hot haze. With a beast-like roar he leaped in upon the towering fanatic and struck with deadly purpose. The smashing blow fell full upon the hollow chest and with a choking cough the old man crashed into the mud. Boss Red would have leaped upon the huddled figure, but a sudden revulsion of feeling swept the bloody haze from his brain as he saw the white face and the snowy beard soiled with mud and streaked with gore dribbling from the feebly-moving lips.

He turned and fled to his cabin. Two miners carried the old man into the nearest shack. The doctor came up from the valley and told the waiting men that two ribs were broken and the breastbone fractured. He took the Mad White with him down into the valley hospital, and Summit saw him no more for many months. Boss Red enquired if he would live, and was visibly relieved when told there was no danger.

He grew morose and sullen to the point of almost absolute silence. He drank great quantities of whiskey and grew more surly and exacting. A nameless fear had grown slowly under his red mop, a fear which formed itself about the recovery and return of the Mad White. He strove to shake it loose and to that end drank more whiskey. He doubled his right arm into a knotted V and felt the hard knobs of muscle. Then he laughed and the sound rolled from his red mouth in mad derision. But even as the laugh died his head turned as from habit and his green eyes searched the valley trail down which the Mad White had gone. The men began to wonder which of the two was the more insane, the Mad White or Boss Red.

Then one day a thin cloud of smoke spiralled from the chimney of the cabin on the hill slope. A figure moved in and about it, and the men knew that the Mad White had returned. They waited for the next act in the feud.

In the cabin the Mad White sat and his eyes burned over the space to Summit camp. His bloodless lips muttered low-voiced words and his hands knotted and clenched restlessly. From the moment when the hard hand of the red brute had sent him, broken, into the mud, until a week ago was all a long, drear blank. All that time he had lain and moved in a semi-torpor. When at length he found his thoughts and remembered, he was conscious of no clear or dominating idea. Dimly he struggled with hazy problems, which after a while combined to form the purpose of Supreme vengeance. His thoughts were all of fire and sword, of Eternal wrath searing the cities of the old world, of seething maelstroms of destruction. Now he sat and stared downward in the gloom of the summer evening at the streaking blurs of gold which pricked the outline of Summit in the night.

Affairs in the camp were in a vast muddle. Boss Red had bullied the men until they were seething like a hive of bees. Only his sudden rages and fighting powers kept

them in any degree of order. Once when a man had ventured to question his authority Boss Red had leaped upon him with sudden passion and driven his knuckles into the man's right eye so that the pupil was left a pulp of bloody flesh.

If the camp's affairs were upset Boss Red's mind was likewise in chaotic wreckage. Day and night he watched the lone hill-slope cabin. He cursed the Mad White and blasphemed horribly. Hitherto his hatred of religion had been merely a hatred for the personality of the Mad White. Now he began to feel an insane desire to mock his Creator. When that desire seized him he went quite mad.

Late in November he left the camp and climbed to a ridge a mile beyond. Shafts of chill wind speared through the gaps in the hills and swept the slope as Boss Red climbed. Slow-moving cloud mists draped and hid the peaks. Long tentacles of cloud reached out and wrapped the climbing figure. Below the shacks of Summit faded into the prevailing sweep of grey and brown.

Now for the first time since his return he met the Mad White face to face. The blood flamed into his cheeks until they matched his beard. His neck swelled chokingly in his flannel collar. The wind whistled through his yellow fangs.

The old man stood before him, stately and tall as of yore. His head was bared and the white hair and beard were unrelieved by color in the chalk-like forehead and cheeks. Only the eyes, burning heatedly, showed any sign of life in his face. The flannel shirt, pepper and salt trousers and heavy boots were all grey.

Then the torrents of Boss Red's madness broke from him. For five minutes he stamped up and down cursing the Mad White frenziedly. Suddenly he turned and leaped swiftly from rock to rock until he stood on the summit of a spike thirty feet high and almost directly over the motionless figure of the Mad White. For a moment he stared down upon the white face below. Then he flung his arms upwards and his red face glared into the sombre clouds. Words hurtled from his lips and the Mad White stiffened.

"God! God!" cried the red madman and the name, flung into the black sky, was a bitter taunt, an insult mocking as the word "Jew" hurled at one of His chosen people. While he still stood, a snapping bark echoed through the rocks and the Mad White's bullet found the flaming brain. The stricken Boss leaped upward and out. Peering around the spike the Mad White saw a black shape go whirling downward into the gaping gulf. A wisp of smoke curled sluggishly from the muzzle of his Colt. With a sudden gesture he flung the weapon after the thing it had destroyed. Then the darkness swung down over the hills and filled the valley with its velvet hush. Sobbing weakly the Mad White turned and staggered down the slope to his cabin.

* * * *

Sometime in the mid-depths of the night a single star shone through the clouds. A fresh warm wind waved soft smells into the valley. Long streaks of purple blackness, star splashed, were woven in the hanging cloud. Once a gentle rain pattered for a few moments on the soft soil and the rock. Then the warm wind tossed the glooming masses over the peaks, and the sky, with its fine tracery and pin prickings of gold, vaulted the valley like a great dark purple cloth.

Light was spawned over the waiting spaces in sheets of many colors. The first was a vague grey something which stole into the dark intangible yet visible. Then the grey grew warm in tone as a faint spray of wan pink was fused with it. Presently the holes and hills, the gashes, peaks and rock-roughed masses were burned into a spiky sweep of yellow sunlight splendoring the earth.

Boss Red stirred and moaned a little. The stunted shrub across which his body lay sagged under his weight. Above him fifty feet of cliff hung without a crack. Below a thousand feet of granite sheered into the river bed. And Boss Red lay very still, his weight held by a few projecting splinters and a tough tree, which twisted out and up, wrapping a gnarled arm about his body.

Consciousness came back to him very much as spring comes from the skirts of winter—slowly. He lay for many minutes vaguely glimpsing the familiar mountain scenery, quite unaware that it was not framed by a window sash. Knowledge of his position came when a hawk circled close to the cliff. Then he tried

to sit upright, as one does when starting from a nightmare. A tearing pain sawed his head so that he nearly fell. It passed and he leaned, sick and shivering, against the rock face. He pieced his broken recollections together, and reconstructed the interval between his leaving Summit and the meeting with the Mad White. His hand went to his head, and his fingers furrowed a long cut in his scalp where the bullet had glanced.

"The damned—" he began. Then he paused. Somehow he no longer felt in just that way about the Mad White. "Pilot!" he called softly, leaning forward and cocking his ear, then again "Pilot!" The words floated into nothing with an easy facility that made him tremble. The emptiness swam under him like clear seas. A flat stone fell from under his heel and he watched it drop, drop, drop. Almost it sucked him with it. The horrible fascination of the plunge gripped him compellingly.

For a long time he waited. Little noises came up to him, the sounds of the camp in miniature. There was the thud of the blast and the thin creak of the whistle. Lilliputians moved in the streets of the camp. He shouted, but again that awful emptiness swallowed the words and hushed them into a whisper. The long hours crawled by with their monotony of hot sun and strange phantasies conjured by a fevered mind. A mountain spike across the valley changed itself into the Mad White and gloated. The river came up until its slipping waters were but a few feet below. He longed to drop into their soft embrace. Strange black shadows clawed across the valley from the grinning Mad White. He sank into unconsciousness just as they reached him. His head, falling back, struck the rock and his wound broke afresh. The little drops splashed against the branches and clung like red berries shining in the sun. The quiet of afternoon fell upon the hills.

It was the next morning when the search party, sent out by the Mad White, saw Boss Red lying on the cliff. It was Coyote Hanks, ex-cowman and chronic sheriff dodger, who stood on the edge of the precipice and flung his lariat over the limp figure with nice judgment. When they hauled him up he was still unconscious and talked nonsense. He was carried into Summit and had his head dressed by the klootch who cooked his meals. She exhibited some faint signs of joy at the feeble indications of life. The Mad White came down with a great light shining from his face, and sat by the sick man's bed. When at length Boss Red's eyes opened, the Pilot was the first man he saw. For a long space their eyes held silent converse.

"Pilot," said Boss Red, "I've been a damn fool."

"So have I, my son," said the patriarch, and a shadowy smile crossed his face." I have become an intolerant bigot in my old days. The good Lord has thrown open the gates of my understanding which I had closed. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Amen," whispered Boss Red sheepishly. Then with sudden genuineness, the two men's hands gripped in a strong clasp.

Empire of Woman

Conducted by Valerie Vectis

EASTER greetings to you, dear women readers! May the fairies of the season bring you many flowers, and may the sowing-time be passing fair!

There are many platitudes that are merely pleasant and plausible, but there is one perennial message that "age cannot wither, nor custom stale"; I mean the simple assertion, "It is Spring!" Have you not often repeated the words over to yourself, and grown gladder just in the subtle repetition of them? It is Spring! Spring! Spring! —the motif of a million melodies; the reincarnation of life at its brightest and best. The first snowdrop that tremblingly peeped from its tiny turret of jade, set the witchery at work that is waking from their long sleep the flowers of garden and forest.

The sap of strength and virile beauty filters through the trunks and boughs of the naked trees, overflowing from the brown twigs and bare branches in the exuberant life of leaf and bud and blossom.

Unseen syrens draw away the snowy shawls from the sloping shoulders of the mournful mountains, and in their rocky clefts the frozen tears of Winter melt into music and lyric laughter.

On the vast prairies, which swallow in their spacious distances the unfenced wheat fields of the world, the dainty pasque-flower carpets the little hills with its mauve and purple splendor; and the wolf willows whisper secrets to the warmer winds that woo them so persistently to the pageant of the universal awakening. In the covert corners of the forest, the Dryads of the ferns lead the procession in the gorgeous ritual of unfoldment. Where the Doric pillars of the pines line the aisles of God's great azure-domed cathedral, the master-musician sits at his hidden organ and makes music for the children of men.

Like the light on fine velvet, a shimmer and sheen ripple over the russet robes of the earth-mother, and daintily and delicately the wizard of the season dresses her anew in the broideries and brocades of Spring.

The sun-god breaks his golden lances across the soft shadows of untrodden places and throws the broken bits of sunshine everywhere.

The time of the singing of birds has come, and in the trees is the twittering of a wordless language that can only express itself in song. Listen to the lark! Down through the cloudless ether the liquid notes fall in a sparkling shower of Irised sound. The songster is hidden in the sunshine, but the song is the song of Spring! The song that provokes a merry madness in the blood and stirs in the soul a dumb longing to drink deeply at the mysterious fountain of such sweet vocal refreshment.

A sense of renewal revitalises alike the spirit of man and the spirit of Nature; and the heart of humanity beats in strong passionate rhythm with the mighty throbs that thrill through the universe.

In the garden is a marvellous mosaic of primitive and complementary colors. The consciousness of the wonderful color-scheme of the cosmos is quickened into a vague comprehension, a spontaneous recognition of all its abstract splendor; and the senses swim in the infinite perspective of the picture whose finer meaning is drowned in the opalescent distance beyond our seeing.

Aurora rides her golden chariot to the pink-pearled gates of dawn earlier each morn; and the stars wait for the sun a little later each eve.

The major message of Spring is harmony —harmony that brings us very near to heaven. The orchestra of life is a large one, and the music it makes is often marred by many discords. The dreamers of the world dream of the daybreak of a later Spring, when the perfected symphony shall

awaken mortals to the realisation that in the million melodies there has ever been one supreme motif—Love!

The music of Spring makes gardens in the upper air, and it is the fragrance and color of the flowers we cannot see, as well as those we do perceive, that glorify life and best interpret the thought that can think with equal felicity in mountain ranges and in prairie roses.

Small Talk

SOME short time ago I had the pleasure of spending an hour or two in the company of a woman who prides herself on being a past-mistress in the art of "small talk." I suppose it is an art to be able to say something and yet talk about nothing. If only such conversation contained a modicum of intelligent matter the vacuity of its constitution might not be so painfully apparent. Really I felt that if I had thus to spend similar hours every day I should either have to adopt a larger and more forcible vocabulary myself, or else enter the cloistered seclusion of a convent whose order was vowed to perpetual silence. The diminutive nothings of the conversation reminded me of a babbling brook—only I would much rather have listened to the brook.

There are degrees of everything, even "small talk"; and although it was very evident from the easy nonchalance and self-confidence of this particular "small talker" that her own opinion of her wonderful powers was no limited one, I could only listen and marvel at the colossal conceit and complacent egotism that could sustain such superficial chatter with such manifest satisfaction.

I sighed for the speech that soothes by the mere iterance of softly spoken words, instead of the high-pitched affected intonations this vendor of vacant thoughts seemed to consider "good form."

Small talk of the right kind can be very useful on occasions; but it need not necessarily be utterly vapid and inane. It is quite possible for even this style of conversation to be tactful, kind and sincere.

To the careful observer the shadow of superficiality looms large over present-day so-called "smart society." Manners, speech, and even thought are tinctured with it and its derogatory influence. People seem afraid to be sincere: it is apparently not "good style." Criticism, however uncharitable, is considered clever and "smart," and is indulged in at the expense of everything and everybody. Without any real knowledge of the motives that lie deep below the outer semblance of things, people presume to judge and draw their own conclusions, often establishing an altogether false idea.

Why cannot we women learn to be more sincere and less superficial? I say "women," because the "lords of creation" are, on the whole, larger in their outlook on life. They do not, as a rule, stoop to the little petty meannesses and spiteful smallnesses so many women are often guilty of. The majority of men have an unwritten code of honor that it would benefit the majority of women to become conversant with.

There are some people who, suffering from a paucity of ideas, vainly imagine they deceive and impress their less voluble friends by extravagant intonations, empty phrases, or some such cryptic expression as "how weird"! These little artifices do not ring true; one is conscious of the discord they produce wherever they are found, and the whole effect is like "sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

Instead of ceaselessly striving to become a poor imitation of others, why cannot we be just ourselves, and try to make our own personality stronger and more distinct. Instead of aping the speech and mannerisms of other women, why not expend the same amount of energy in cultivating our own

possibilities. Courtesy and kindliness, allied to a tolerant consideration for all with whom we come in contact, constitute the very essence and highest type of "good breeding."

To cultivate the art of interesting, sensible conversation were indeed a worthy ideal, especially when one thinks of all the fatuous inanities that greet one's ears in the modern world of fashionable society.

Broad-minded, intellectual conversation is not only edifying and mentally exhilarating, but it is a perpetual education. An intelligent, well-founded argument is like spice to the wine, and bright, witty repartee adds sparkle and piquancy to the draught.

It seems to me that in so-called society today superficiality and sincerity are at war with each other, and the indications are that the former is getting the better of the fray.

"He who is sincere has the easiest task in the world, for, truth being always consistent with itself, he is put to no trouble about his words and actions: it is like travelling in a plain road, which is sure to bring you to your journey's end better than byways in which many lose themselves."

The New Woman and The New Man

THE New Woman has provided a text for prophets, priests and teachers for a long time now. It is a well-worn subject that has been ravelled out to the last sigh—although the sigh promises to be a long one.

Olive Schreiner's new book, "Woman and Labor," transforms the sigh into a song; a song whose triumphant echoes reverberate around the world.

This brilliant publication has elicited many notable opinions, and the critics have paid tribute to its vital and eloquent qualities in unstinted terms of approval and admiration. Perhaps the *Woman Question* constitutes the most essential controversy of the day; and the earnestness and passionate sincerity of this new prophetic voice discloses a vista of illuminated thought that is all aglow with the pure radiance of the morning star.

Every word of the pregnant pages of this book brings with it glimpses of that golden age which has been wrapt up in the longing heart of the world since time began.

The perfect relationship between man and woman assumes a new aspect, and the dawn of a gladsome, brighter day than has yet been does not seem so far off.

The London "Daily News" offers votive tribute to this builder of splendid, vital dreams in these words:—

"It is one of those books which are sunrises, and give us spacious and natural horizons. Like Mazzini's essays, it is logic touched with emotion, politics on fire. One may begin to doubt the cause of woman's rights when the opponents of sex equality produce an equally glowing, earnest and prophetic book."

The main theme of this remarkable book deals principally with the economic status of woman in her relation to man. The author's argument is that the race cannot advance to its highest perfection until the relationship between the sexes has been set on a broader and more intellectually human basis. She introduces the New Man into the new scheme of things thus:

"If the New Woman's conception of love between the sexes is one more largely psychic and intellectual than crudely and purely physical, and wholly of an affection between companions, the New Man's conception, as expressed in the most typical literature and art, produced by typically modern males, gives voice with a force no woman has surpassed to the same new ideal.

"If anywhere on earth exists the perfect ideals of that which the modern woman

desires to be—of a laboring and virile womanhood, free, strong, fearless and tender—it will probably be found imaged in the heart of the New Man, engendered there by his own highest needs and aspirations; and nowhere would the most highly developed modern male find an image of that which forms his ideal of the most fully developed manhood than in the ideal of man which haunts the heart of the New Woman.

"Side-by-side with the New Woman, anxious for labor, and seeking from man only such love and fellowship as she gives, stands the New Man, anxious to possess her only on the terms she offers.

"There is no door at which the hand of woman has knocked for admission into a new field of toil but there have been found on the other side the hands of strong and generous men, eager to turn it for her, almost before she knocks."

The *New Woman* and the *New Man* means a new heaven and a new earth, where Love is the light, and Labor is the way that leads onward and upward to the divine destiny of humanity.

With bruised pinions, woman is beating her wings against the narrow limits of the cage of convention in which an obsolete civilization prisoned her; but, with the author of "Woman and Labor," I believe it will be man's hand that will at last open the door and set her free. Then the song she sang in the cage will gather in strength and sweetness, and new chords and cadences will respond to the touch of the larger life, even as the strings of an Æolian harp answer the winds that whisper among them.

Here is a paragraph that beautifully and comprehensively voices the great request of the leaders in the woman's movement of the present day:

"What we request of life is that the tools should be given to his hand or hers who can best handle them; that the least efficient should not be forced into the place of the more efficient, and that an artificially drawn line should never repress the activities of the individual creature which we as women bring into the world."

There are so many gems of thought in this wonderful book I would that I had space to quote *ad libitum*. The two following paragraphs are, I think, beautifully illuminative of the finer influences that shape the responsive soul to noble ends:

"As a child," writes this gifted woman, "I wandered alone in the African bush and watched cock-o-veets singing their interknit love-songs, and small singing birds building their nests together and caring for and watching over, not only their young, but each other, and which has powerfully influenced all I have thought and felt on sex matters since; the fact that, along the line of bird life and among certain of its species, sex has attained its highest and aesthetic, and one might almost say intellectual, development on earth; a point of development to which no human race as a whole has yet reached, and which represents the realization of the highest sexual ideal which haunts humanity.

"When I was eighteen I had a conversation with a Kaffir woman still in her untouched primitive condition, a conversation which made a more profound impression on my mind than any but one other incident connected with the position of woman has ever done. She was a woman whom I cannot think of otherwise than as a person of genius. In language more eloquent and intense than I have ever heard from the lips of any other woman, she painted the condition of the women of her race; the labor of women, the anguish of woman as she grew older, and the limitations of her life closed in about her, her sufferings under the condition of polygamy and subjection; all this she painted with a passion and intensity I have not known equalled."

For imagery *in excelsis* and lofty ideal what could surpass the prophetic vision enshrined in this closing passage?

"We also have our dream of a Garden: but it lies in a distant future. We dream that woman shall eat of the tree of knowledge together with man, and that side-by-side and hand close to hand, through ages of much toil and labor, they shall together raise about them an Eden nobler than any the Children dreamed of; an Eden created by their own labor and made beautiful by their own fellowship."

The Magic of Single Tax

Phenomenal Success of Vancouver's "Experiment"—Startling Comparisons—Latest Statistics

By Walter A. Hillam

THERE is a degree of reluctance —one might almost say an aversion—in the minds of all of us to a tax on our own industry —on something particularly the product of our own ingenuity and resourcefulness. An ever-bountiful Providence endowed Mother Earth with a plenitude of all that was necessary for the sustenance, comfort, and use of mankind. Some of Nature's gifts have, by virtue of man's enterprise, been utilized to an extent hardly dreamed of a century, or even half a century, ago, until now there is scarcely a mineral, product, or natural resource that is not serving some great or useful purpose for the development and enrichment of the various nations of the earth.

Many people sincerely believe that the energy of man should not be taxed, contending that the natural resources of a country from which may be obtained riches without material assistance from man, or as a natural sequence of events, should bear the burden of taxation. This doctrine—as even the most cursory study of causation will reveal—is one of the principles of that great free-thinker and economist, Henry George, who did so much to promulgate the single-tax idea.

The first city approaching metropolitan proportions that has essayed, even in a moderate degree, to bring into operation the single-tax principle of exempting improvements from taxation is Vancouver. This city, with a population now of considerably more than 110,000, and an area of approximately thirteen square miles, exclusive of waterways and its large natural park, has been attracting the attention of cities, governing bodies, publicity organizations and economists almost the world over, and the Press of the American continent has evinced keen interest in what was at first termed "the Vancouver experiment," but which has now been conclusively proved a decidedly successful innovation.

It may be mentioned *en passant* that single tax was one of the planks in the platform of the successful candidate for mayor in the civic elections of 1910, Mr. L. D. Taylor, and he was re-elected again this year upon a similar platform.

That the step has been attended with distinct and unqualified success is an indisputable fact in the face of the comparative figures of the building permits, both in number and value, issued during the year 1910, the year preceding, and previous years, the aggregate for 1910 breaking all previous records in that respect.

Of course, there were some people who doubted the wisdom of the single tax. They had an unbounded faith in the future of Vancouver, and believed that the onward march of progress could not be retarded by any influences, but at the same time did not quite grasp the true significance of the principle. After over a year of successful operation, however, the fact has become apparent even to the most sceptical that the building industries have received a tremendous impetus through the abolition of the tax on improvements.

The character of whole streets has been changed by the enormous amount of building that has been projected and completed during the past twelve months; huge office buildings now pierce the skyline, where formerly the land was unoccupied; blocks which, though not old—the city has been in existence less than a quarter of a century—were not bringing in sufficient income in the estimation of the owners, have been demolished and replaced by imposing and better revenue-producing structures; many apartment houses have been erected all over the city, and a much better type of residence

has been built in consequence of the encouragement in the way of a tax on vacant land, and no tax on improvements. A tax on vacant land—that is what the exemption of improvements from taxation really means!

This year the city council decided to continue the single-tax system, and found that they could do this without raising the tax rate of twenty mills net on the dollar, or the assessment; and furthermore, they do not anticipate having to do so for many years if the increase in the "unearned increment" goes on at the same rapid rate that it has done during the past five years.

Dozens of letters have been received by the mayor asking what success has attended the adoption of the single tax and enquiring whether special legislation had to be secured to enable the city council to exempt improvements upon the land within the city. As this is a point upon which even some of the people who live in Vancouver may not be clear, it will, perhaps, be as well to state that authorization for partial or total exemption of improvements from taxation was given the city in its Special Act of Incorporation, and the city council, therefore, can decide for the current year whether a certain proportion or the whole of the improvements shall be free from taxation. Judging from the success that attended the adoption of the single-tax principle last year, a success which is being evidenced again this year in a phenomenal degree, there is a strong probability that it will be continued.

It is interesting to note how, commencing in 1895, the various city councils of Vancouver became aware of the importance of encouraging builders by reducing the tax on improvements. From that year until 1905 fifty per cent. of the value of buildings was levied, this being reduced to 25 per cent. in 1906, and continued up to the time the civic authorities decided to eliminate the tax entirely.

In connection with the question of "unearned increment" a glance at the annual report of the city shows how remarkable has been the increase in land values in Vancouver.

For instance, the first assessment estimated the value of realty in the city at $2,456,842. Ten years later it had been raised to $13,000,869. Twenty years later $38,346,335 was the city assessor's valuation of property in Vancouver, and the latest returns show an estimate of $98,720,345 after the sitting of the Court of Revision.

From the city statistics for 1895—the year the city council commenced to partially exempt improvements by levying a tax on only half the value of buildings—we find that improvements were assessed at $4,317,660. In 1905, after this system had been in operation ten years, improvements were assessed at $11,804,250. However, in 1906 the council gave another stimulus to the building industries by reducing the tax on improvements to 25 per cent., and then each year up to the time the improvement tax was eliminated a decided increase was noted, the figures for 1906 being $14,087,640; 1907, $16,381,475; 1908, $20,127,035; 1909, $24,405,210; and at the end of the year 1909, $29,644,720.

Now compare the difference in the increase of improvements since the single-tax idea was adopted in its entirety. After the system had been in operation less than twelve months the value of building was increased to $37,858,660, a truly remarkable demonstration of the building activity during the year 1910, with a single tax encouraging owners of vacant lots to make their investments revenue producing.

Of course in this connection one must take into consideration the other contributory causes which have attended the growth and development of the city; but there is no doubt that one of the greatest determining influences has been the encouragement to builders and capitalists in the shape of freedom from taxation on the result of their enterprise, instead of, as formerly, a tax on their industry.

When the tax on improvements was reduced to 25 per cent. in 1906, an increase of two mills on the dollar was made, and this rate of 20 mills has been in vogue up to the present period, the city council deciding recently that sufficient revenue would be derived without raising the tax rate.

Many of the enquirers who have written to the mayor requesting information anent the Vancouver system of taxation could not understand the distinction made in British Columbia between civic and provincial taxes. Personal and income taxes and a poll tax are collected by the government, a return in some measure being made to the city in

the shape of grants for schools, parks and other special purposes. Pavements, cement sidewalks and improvements of a similar nature are carried on under the initiative local improvement principle, property-owners paying the major portion of the cost and the city paying for street intersections, etc.

Although Vancouver is barely twenty-five years old, and therefore quite a youngster by comparison with the established cities of Eastern Canada and the prairie provinces, she attained last year the enviable distinction of figuring in the fourth place in the building records for the whole of the Dominion, Toronto, with a population three times as large, having issued $21,127,783 worth of building permits for twelve months; Montreal, with a population of over 450,000, permits to the tune of $15,815,859; and Winnipeg, the prairie metropolis, permits estimated at $15,106,450; while Vancouver followed close on the prairie city's heels with a total of permits of $13,150,365. The vast total outshone all her previous achievements for building activity.

This year Vancouver building permits almost warrant the prediction that she will pass both Winnipeg and Montreal in the race for honors, the figures for the month of January showing that this city had the largest increase in the number and value of permits of all the cities of Canada—an advance of 100 per cent. over those issued for a similar period in 1910.

Suddenly—almost dramatically—Vancouver has come to the front, and it would be exceedingly difficult to determine the immense amount of publicity the city has received through eliminating the tax on buildings. Far away in England, where the question of "unearned increment" has been a live issue during the past few years, Vancouver is becoming known to thousands as the city on the Canadian Pacific coast enterprising enough to adopt the single-tax idea in its entirety.

Joseph Fels, the millionaire single-tax exponent, who has organized a fund for the promulgation of the doctrines of Henry George, and has himself spent huge sums in disseminating the gospel of that great philosopher and free-thinker, speaks with great enthusiasm of the admirable object-lesson Vancouver affords—a practical example of what can be accomplished when man is not taxed for his industry and resourcefulness.

More could be easily written of the far-reaching and stimulating effects of single tax on a city's growth and development—in fact, the subject is almost inexhaustible—and it is the earnest belief of the writer that the above brief account, dealing only with a few phases of the question of taxing the "unearned increment" will convince the most incredulous that single tax in Vancouver has encouraged and brought about an unprecedented amount of activity and benefited all classes from the wealthiest capitalist to the humblest home-builder.

Motoring and Motor-Boating in British Columbia

Conducted by Garnett Weston

Motor Idylls

STANLEY PARK

ONE thousand acres of rugged forest whose tangled growth of vines, ferns and shrubs carpet with fine traceries of green the sun-warmed aisles of a great pine and fir columned cathedral. Nine miles of level dirt roadways that pattern like grey strands of yarn, a prodigality of greening foliage, and lure into their waiting reaches the cyclist, the rider and the motor man. Twenty-two miles of footpaths down which one wanders as through the corridor, wall-hung with Gobelin tapestries, of some great gallery of the arts. The chance-found paths stray on into a birds' aflutter place, where the vines and woodland notes and diamond shining springs are but the undercurrent of the three-century footed trees whose barky sides pillar the forest with rough kindliness. Stanley Park nestles up to the houses of the city. One drives from the paved streets into the soul of a huge old forest. It is a city park without a lawn, hedge or flower except the wild greensward, the shrubs of strange caprice, and shy wild blooms planted by the winds of the world and nourished with soft warm rains and a fairy sun. Rough-hewn benches tell the wanderer of thoughtful hours spent on their leaf and sun-patterned rests. Under arching branches the motorist looks down long avenues of green and gold to where the blue salt sea wraps the park in its embrace of slipping tides. Surely, with its drives, its quiet peace and strange wild beauty, it is the place ideal for motorists to play with nature.

* * *

ENGLISH BAY

Your car picks its way through the canyoned streets ribboning under the square-eyed dollar buttressed temples of a solid commerce.

You siren your way through the homes of the west end. The million-rippled blue of English bay is visioned as you curve the last corner. Later you follow its cool freshness with an eye that halts only on the etched-in snow-swarthed hills of Vancouver Island. The sun goldens the tawny sand, pock-marked with myriads of children's bare feet. Hundreds of umbrellas toad-stool the beach and shelter mothers and nurses who watch the little ones as they run from the sand into the salt seas and send their joyous shouts and laughter like silver dust asprinkle in the soft winds breathed in from the open sweeps. The pavilions and places of refreshments that companion summer are asplash with the grey colors of women's smart fresh-air clothing. You glide past benches where loungers laze under the trees. Others rent boats and swing on the in-running swell. Swimmers circle the skiffs. When the car passes it wanders along a smooth road-path that runs away with you until you are kidnapped and become a figure on the Gobelin tapestry of Stanley Park.

* * *

THE MOTOR GODS

Men swear by many gods and live by none. The motorist swings out on to the grey road and the rhythmic explosions of the engine grow into a long scream. The dust warps from under the chassis and the grey mantle clings to the speeding car. The driver's goggle eyes stare into the distance with the fixity of inanimate things. Far away, where the road seems to stop at the foot of the sky, a figure forms in the clouds. It is the form of a maid. Her hair

streams into the out and beyond. A beauty contoured arm waves a slow beckoning. The lips linger over a word and the car responds with greater speed. The man is enveloped in a wall of dust and noise—fierce, numbing noise. The road leaps under the car like the film of a moving picture. Air thunders past with a shrill wild song. He leaves himself behind and sees only the glorious goddess who leans to him from her throne of clouds. Madly he flings the car into the future. The goddess smiles approval. Again he urges the accelerator and again the goddess smiles. Eighty, ninety, one hundred. The needle crawls past the century mark. Speed, speed, and still the crash of the engine is a scream of demoniac power. One hundred and ten, then twenty. The needle climbs more slowly now. One, two, three. Tremendous bulks blur and vanish. Four, five, six. The car eats space and discharges it in burning dust. Seven, eight, nine. A dry sob breaks from the grim lips of the man. Thirty! A slow smile of infinite tenderness illuminates the face that bends above. "Enough!" her lips convey, "enough for now!" The indicator stands at one hundred and thirty miles. The car slows and stands smoking by the track. The brain-shattering noise is hushed, but still it hammers on at the nerves of the man. People gather about—fellow-drivers, sportsmen, curiosity-mongers. "I saw her," he says slowly. "Who? Who?" they ask. Only his fellows who have driven a powerful car so that time is almost overtaken know his meaning. As he moves away he seems to hear a low voice like silver flakes which calls him back to the exclusive world of one hundred and thirty miles an hour.

* * *

"THANK YOU, MA'AM"

The motorist of today who floats on velvet springs in an atmosphere of gasolene may or may not remember the "thank you, ma'am" of other days. The "thank you, ma'am" is a relic of the time when springs were mere transmission wires for nasty jolts. Every time the car struck a pitch-hole and jumped like a bronco, the driver, if he were not busy reconstructing his jangled nerves, murmured politely, "Thank you, ma'am." That, however, belongs to a while ago. The present springs pick the body from the chassis and slide it over the bump much as the boat smoothes over the rise and fall of the waves.

* * *

THE PREMIER'S HIGHWAY

The value of efficient road accommodation in British Columbia has been made apparent and the immediate result is the projects, well under way, of automobile roads over the Rockies from the coast to Alberta and north to Alaska. In Europe all nations have learned that tourists follow fast along the trail of good roads. The result is a profitable distribution of money over greater areas. The annual summer influx increases each year. The simplification of the mechanical side of the automobile places an easy method of transportation in the hands of the public. The pleasures of a "personally conducted tour" are very alluring when compared with the frequently galling routine of railway schedules.

The scenery of British Columbia is such that motorists will cross the continent for the pleasure to be gained from looking into what is surely the tumbling field of the gods. Just so soon as roads suitable for car travelling are built, so soon will the miracle of the tourist be performed in British Columbia.

The present tourist trade over the mountains by the railways and along the coast by the steamship lines between the Pacific ports is of stupendous proportions. If the plans for the completion of the two highways within four years are carried through, it is a certainty that the present traffic will be doubled in five years. The present growth of British Columbia cities is one of the most amazing things of this amazing west. The increased growth five years from now, coupled with the tourist traffic, presents a condition of robust Canadian health which has never been accomplished in the prose passages of the story of any nation.

The average easterner, if he thinks of the matter at all, has a hazy conception of Alaska and Northern British Columbia as a snow-painted place in winter and a cold, crude land in summer. With our present knowledge of those places, we predict that the future will hail them with the same pleasure as summer objective points that the present hails California.

British Columbia contains more material for strong artists, for red-blood journalists, and for the appreciative of nature, than any other province in Canada. The road construction plans are calculated to give the people a prodigality of scenic beauty which is infinitely wilder and more imposing than the Alps of Switzerland or the mountain ranges of the east.

Vancouver Island has received the Dominion Government's promise to construct a road from the terminus at Campbell River to the extreme north of the Island. A part of this has already been thrown open and has proven one of the most bewilderingly beautiful highways in America. The road from Alberni to the New Island and National park at Buttles lake will rival it in beauty. .

When the mainland roads are completed it will be possible to travel from Alberta to Vancouver and New Westminster, thence north to Hazelton on the Skeena river, which point is very near to the Alaska territory.

* * *

NOTES

The latest thing in auto-horns is a three-tone tooter, controlled by the pneumatic bulb which can be moved from left to right with the action of a lever. Each one of the three changes produces a different note. The sudden change of the tone is calculated to disturb the dreaming pedestrian. So far, so good; but we can hear the motorist of tomorrow playing ragtime on his horn as he guides his car along the streets.

The newest idea for garage construction is declarative. The roof is built following the lines of the engine hood of a car. The upright facings give to the building the appearance of the water-cooler; while the chimney, placed near the front, has the jaunty effect of the filler cap.

"Popular Mechanics" for April contains a picture of a motor-cycle which departs from the ordinary methods of construction. The gasolene and lubricating oil-tanks, ignition equipment, muffler and tool-bags are stowed away in the enlarged tubes of the cycle's frame. The tool-kit is contained in the cross-bar at the saddle end, the remainder of the space containing gasolene. Extra supplies are contained in a tank in the upper part of the rear upright section of the frame. The tank is removed by simply raising the saddle. The lower part of the upright is occupied by the batteries and the coil. The lubricating oil-tank is carried in the upper part of the front upright and the muffler is directly underneath. The oil-tank is in the same tubing as the muffler, so that the heat prevents the oil from becoming hardened in cold weather.

In the March number reference was made to the vanishing occupation of the dray horse. The truth of the assertion is forcefully shown by the fact that a chance-taken picture at the corner of Hastings and Granville streets, Vancouver, shows only two horses in sight, while at least a dozen autos are counted. A further fact is that in Vancouver there are only ten veterinary surgeons.

Concrete construction has extended its already liberal role to include boat-building. Motor launches have been built of cement which was laid over a skeleton of steel wires. The result is a graceful craft. Concrete barges and canal boats were first built in Italy and are now being constructed in the States to some extent.

Aeroplanes are being fitted with all the comforts of a bachelor's apartments. The new ones have foot-warmers! A watch, compass and mirror are conveniently arranged for the driver. Being of an optimistic design, we think we can see a possible solving of the servant-girl problem once the future generation lure her into the aerial villa. She simply couldn't leave without notice.

Empire Building and Publicity

ALL avenues of publicity lead to empire-building. Every man or woman brought into a country affects that country in a greater or a less degree for good or evil. What influences one district has its weight with all adjoining districts.

It follows, therefore, as the night the day, that to be beneficial publicity must be carried on with an eye to the future, as well as to the present.

There was never a greater fallacy than in supposing that population, merely in numbers, makes a country prosperous. It is a curious superstition shared by many that crowded streets and a rapidly increasing census are sure forerunners of prosperity.

Here in British Columbia, here on Vancouver Island, with Titanic opportunities and events crowding into the coming years, there are corresponding responsibilities. And in the work of attracting citizens to the country the utmost care should be taken to see that the men brought in are fitted in every respect for the duties of citizenship.

Advertisements sent broadcast produce certain results in the way of inquiries. It seems elementary that for Vancouver Island and British Columbia the best results would be obtained by advertising in Great Britain, Canada, and wherever English-speaking people desirous of a change might be found. In addition to this the best results will be had among those to whom British customs and traditions, British ways of living and thinking are second nature.

Following on this is the fact that the Empire's future stability depends on securing for its incoming population, in a very great majority, the men who are either Anglo-Saxon by birth or blood, or who can and will blend in a few generations with those of Anglo-Saxon antecedents. The Teuton, the Scandinavian, Norwegian, Swede and Dane, and the French people are already a blend in the British race. Each and all, in a generation or two, are ready to enter into the spirit as well as the letter of British citizenship.

Good and steadfast citizens will be found among other nationalities, and the energetic and adventurous of all races will come here to a certain extent, but not enough to make a notable difference. One of the truest functions of a wise publicity system is to work for a citizenship which may be depended on absolutely, whether in peace or war. Men who will say, and prove it by their deeds, "whithersoever thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

The American of British ancestry will make a citizen of that stamp if he comes into the country and assumes the duties and the responsibilities of citizenship in Canada. So will the German, the Scandinavian and the Frenchman. They can and will blend. The races of Southern Europe and the Slav races, except in individual instances, cannot and do not blend with the Anglo-Saxon race. To hedge and evade as to this responsibility, on the part of those engaged in the task of empire-building, is like "letting I dare not, wait upon I would, like the poor cat i' the adage."

It is the duty of publicity organizations to get the best material possible in the way of citizens. That cannot be done by indiscriminately reaching out for mere numbers. Quality, not quantity, is the necessity. The law-abiding and peace-loving peoples are easily distinguishable, racially, from the more turbulent and revengeful. A rigid system of selection, both in placing and answering advertisements, will aid in the end in building up both British Columbia and Vancouver Island to a high standard of moral and physical excellence, and, in so doing, strengthen Great Britain.

Another and an important angle of publicity work is the sincerity and truthfulness

necessary in it. The man at the other end of an advertisement will judge a country, as well as an organization, by the treatment accorded him. The high standards of British honesty and fair play must be followed in the system employed, or the province, as well as the publicity bureau, will be brought into disrepute. Conservatism, rather than undue enthusiasm, should be employed in making statements and in printing literature, although it is perfectly allowable to enthuse over admitted facts.

Every mile of railway laid on Vancouver Island is so much publicity. Every road and trail, every acre of cleared land, every mill and factory, every dry-dock, steamer, ferry, vessel, tramway line and public or private building is the same. Every man, woman and child that lives here is part and parcel of the knowledge scattered abroad in the advertisements and a living portion of the vast scheme of the up-building of an empire.

The quality of the private and public life of the province, the city and the island, the character of the communities, as well as individual morality, enter into the question of publicity work; the higher the standard the greater scope allowed for due praise and for encouragement to future partners in the enterprise of empire-building.

Perhaps there was never more need for building with care and with unselfishness than at the present. It is an era of commercial war for supremacy—and between many nations. It is a time when Great Britain with all her gigantic resources is "taking stock." Her colonies are immense and incalculably valuable assets, even measured only in a commercial sense. As pillars of the Empire they have again and again proven their devotion and loyalty. In attracting settlers to the province, men who will be asked to join in the task of defending and abiding by British principles and government, the publicity organizations of British Columbia have more than a merely perfunctory duty to perform.

Here on Vancouver Island, whose strategic importance in case of a war can scarcely be over-estimated, it would be a source of the keenest gratification to the Mother-country if the citizenship was very largely Anglo-Saxon, and welded to British institutions by not only the oath of citizenship, but the blood of a fraternal strain.

For then, if war should come, there would be a united and lion-like people to meet the foe, and not a Babel-camp of scattered and unwilling aliens.

And so, in the mighty development of the Empire, publicity work can and must play at least some slight part in the higher aims of national progress. To build up solidly and carefully the foundation of a good citizenship is surely no mean task; to help weld together a population which will uphold and defend the traditions and welfare of the Anglo-Saxon race is worth the while of every man; to add, even in a small degree, to the stability and glory of an empire is a splendid privilege.

And in the work of advertising and bringing about the increase of population, and the development of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, the publicity organizations of the province have their share of a responsibility which cannot be shifted; a responsibility to the Empire, to future generations, and to Time.

Ernest McGaffey

Picturesque Vancouver

The Japanese Quarter

ON Powell street, east of Columbia avenue, where the Japanese live, I saw Japanese children playing baseball. Japanese business men talking real estate, and Japanese laborers drinking in a saloon where sake is not sold. But I did not see, at first sight, anything Oriental.

When bubbled the mighty kettle of the gods in which the races of our world were brewed, the Japanese were part of the scum that boiled to the top. But they have picked up since.

Because they had from the beginning wild-fire energy, an artistic sense and a cleverness that lives next door to diablery, they have mounted to a high plane in the world's affairs. The Japanese sets his teeth when difficulties arise and the only way to keep him down is to kill him.

Most people think there is considerable analogy between the Japanese and the Chinese. The Chinese do not like people to think so. There really is very little. The Japanese have borrowed very much from the Chinese. They are good borrowers. Nearly everything they have is borrowed or stolen. Everything is common property to the Japanese. The Chinese are a people filled with self-respect. The personal equation shows in everything the Chinese do. The attitude of the Chinese is mediaeval. The Japanese is an opportunist. In this country he gets along well and makes money. He is sober, and without the coarser criminal tendencies. He gives the police little trouble. He has no dignity like the Chinese. He talks English, though he thinks Japanese. He tries to be a Canadian, always for business reasons. The Japanese in this country has cast away his household gods, or, at least, he has laid them away—with moth balls. He does not in Vancouver hang a lantern over his door to drive away evil spirits, or burn joss-paper to propitiate them. He is not afraid of devils in this western hemisphere. He fears nothing here but poverty.

The brotherhood of man is yet a long way off; you have only to go to the Japanese quarter to see that. You do not have to go there. You only have to go somewhere where you can see the Japanese smile. Anyone can see there is something wrong with that smile. It is not a real smile. It is only the fifteenth carbon copy of a smile.

The owner of that weak glacial smile does not want to antagonize anybody, because antagonism does not pay, but he does not want to make friends. That people are in this world to help other wayfarers over a bad piece of road and to be helped themselves when the way is rough and they are far from home is not in his philosophy. He is here mostly for himself. Even in Japan the Japanese do not trust each other. In this country the Japanese does not trust anybody.

The Japanese can grin until his face is like one of his own painted laughing masks, but it is still below zero in his eyes. He may be in America so long that he becomes as characterless as an old shirt from too much washing, but the ice in his eyes will never melt. The trouble is that the Japanese is without a sense of humor. The Japanese artists produce landscapes without perspective; if you consider everything you will see that is what is wrong with the Japanese character.

For half a mile of its length the men of the cold bosom have printed their pleasant-sounding names on the shop windows of Powell street, in English, and in their own symbols, but they have not printed the marks of their individuality upon it, as the Chinese have on Pender street—they have not cared to. They are not here to do that sort of

thing. There is no money in it, and they are here to make money, as much as they can. Money is at the back of every Japanese motive.

At first glance only the window-signs and the dried devil fish and straw sandals and sake bottles in the windows themselves tell you that you are in the Japanese quarter. But presently you notice a barber shop in which a Japanese woman barber is shaving a troglodyte of a coolie with a razor of unfamiliar shape, and you hear from an upper window the weak tinkle of a Japanese lute, and a voice pitched high, singing something with a queer slow rhythm, probably a ballad of ancient lineage. These things were all I saw or heard on Powell street that I might not have seen and heard on any street in Vancouver. Look for something picturesque and having Oriental character on Powell street, as I did, and you will look in vain. You will see no Japanese wearing a single rag of the costume of his country. American store clothes is the raiment of the Nipponese in Vancouver, and small is the percentage of picturesqueness in the blue overall. I should think the women would wear their native costume, or touches of it, at least. They may do so, perhaps, within doors. But they don't on the streets. The Japanese women I saw looked like Siwash klootchmen, both in dress and physiognomy.

Powell street is a monochrome; there is no color. There is not a suggestion of the Japanese architecture in any of the buildings. The shop windows have little in them that is interesting or curious. Little of the stuff is Japanese. Some carved ivory, a little china, Japanese cereals, some dried vegetables and fish, and some primitive looking carpentry tools and agricultural or rather gardening implements in a hardware store window were all that I saw. It is easy to see that the Japanese are business men. There are plenty of Japanese real estate offices on Powell street, and they do a good business.

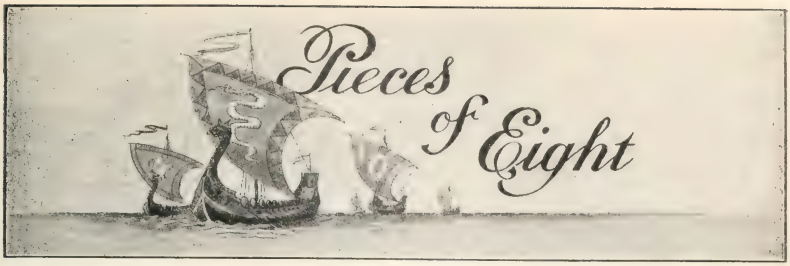
To A Dreamer

By AGNES LEE

(From "Collier's Weekly")

Build air castles, child;
Build high and build regal.
To gem-paven halls
Bring bloom of the wild
And wing of the eagle
To blazon the walls.

Bring laughter and lay.
Float standard and streamer
From bastions upsprung.
Oh, when you are gray
Dream yet, for the dreamer
Forever is young!



HURRYING THE EAST

WHEN the Chinese want to hurry they say "fitee, fitee"; when you want the Chinese to hurry you say "fitee, fitee," and the Chinese hurry. The word "hi-aku" is supposed to cause the Japanese to hurry, but the Japanese will not hurry for a white man. The Japanese word for us means something not respectful or printable, and the Japanese are only biding their time until the Japanese navy comes over to make war and take possession of the United States and Canada, and settle the annexation and reciprocity and the Is Canada Worth Keeping? questions forever. In the meantime a contempt that laughs at words is the Japanese attitude toward the white race. "Arribi" picturesquely qualified is the word employed in attempts to accelerate the East Indian, but the only way you can hurry the drowsy Hindu is to kill him.

* * *

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER

VANCOUVER is really twenty-five years old this month; that is, the town was incorporated in April, 1886. The event is to be celebrated, later on, with carnival and pageant, in which the jubilation which Vancouver has not in her busy past had time to express will be let loose. The commercial and civic alchemists, who have achieved so much in twenty-five years, have lived to see a spectacle no city-builders ever saw before—the city of their hands grown to size and fame, and known in the world for both commerce and beauty. What R. H. Dana, Jr., quoted in a recent "Collier's," said about San Francisco in 1836, might have been said in 1886 about Vancouver, and would have been fulfilled just as certainly. "The abundance of wood and water," wrote Dana, "the extreme fertility of its shores, the excellence of its climate, which is as near to being perfect as any in the world, and its facilities for navigation, affording the best anchoring ground on the whole western coast of America, all fit it for a place of great importance." Dana had not heard of Burrard Inlet, of course.

* * *

THE SINGING WIRES

THE other day the shivering telegraph wires sang their Venusberg song to Richard McBride again. Everyone knows how strong that siren stuff the wires carry from Ottawa is. Sometimes, perhaps, the singing wires may lure the Premier from Victoria. Richard McBride is not his own master. Neither does he belong to the Conservative party. British Columbia is mistress of his life. Let it be understood that this paragraph is not platitudinous. In the course of public duty Richard McBride has done much for British Columbia. Personally his career is without a blot. His duty to this province will be fulfilled when he has finished the sizable big things he has started to do for British Columbia. When the wires call

and he does not go, it is to his credit. He must be thinking of certain marks which he promised to put on the map of British Columbia. The government of British Columbia has promised to carry on a big progressive work. If the Premier went to Ottawa now it would be desertion. But the Conservative party is very insistent. What is the Conservative party? It is a traditional party. It isn't worth while. British Columbia is. Then the Premier of British Columbia need not be, in the limiting sense, provincial.

* * *

THE BLUE-PRINT

ONCE on a time history was written on scrolls with a goose quill. Now it is written on blue-prints. History is being made very fast in British Columbia at present. Blue-print townsites are getting born at the rate of one per month, which is a high birth-rate even for British Columbia.

* * *

WINGED PRICES

WHEN the real-estate operator starts kite-flying, the prices of lots begin to aviate. The hopeful western man flies at them. The sober-minded, stand-patting Eastern Canadian, to whose cautious eye British Columbia real estate, though far away, looks any color but green, and who looks at a new townsite through a diminishing glass before he risks his money, cannot understand this. He stands wrapped in thought, watching the West cheerfully subdividing itself and expresses the wise economic opinion that it can't last. He solemnly warns the West to go slow. There's plenty of time, he says. He thinks there's too much town boosting and country exploitation in British Columbia. He shakes his head at Single Tax.

* * *

EXPANSION

THE outside edges of the British Columbian sprawling city, where she is pushing back the forest so rapidly that it can fairly be seen melting away, smell like a new-born mining camp with green lumber, and the only sounds to be heard are the pounding of hammers and the scraping of saws. As fast as the woods can be cleared away houses rise up as if by enchantment, and where a short time ago new streets had existence only on blue-prints, or were invisible save to the eye of an optimistic real-estate dealer's imagination, rows of naked-new dwellings stand ready for the paint brush, and are selling at famine prices. And if you walk a mile farther into the unshorn forest, you will see a surveyor's transit sticking in a brush pile, and you will come upon young men with a steel measuring tape, an axe and a plentiful supply of stakes.

* * *

THE COAST SAWMILL

IN the shadowy caves where sit the great band-saws that sing chromatic songs as they eat through the huge logs, flashing their teeth in the velvet dusk, the gnomes and afrites of the cavern show teeth in grins of widely different descent as they move amidst their resounding machinery. They are Japanese, Chinese, Siwash, French-Canadian, Finn, Irish and Pathan. Also in the yards outside, among the balsam smelling lumber piles, the East meets the West and borrows cigarette papers. Men between whose tongues, races and habits of life there is the width of the world, work together without apparent antipathy—the tall umber-brown men from the north of India, in unkempt hair and beards, wearing the half-barbaric turban and American overalls, the grinning Japanese, and the tough-belted Canadian mill hand, with lean, tanned face and tobacco in his cheek.

Port Moody

(Continued from Page 274)

all day with furious song, the iron-rhymed chanties of the great bandsaws. All day these terrific ballads rise and fall in waves of sound that break upon the mountain sides like surf on a beach. But evening's quiet coming brings a great silence. If you stand at the mill gates when the whistles utter their rough notice that the labors of the day are over, you will see the mill coolies, Hindus, Chinamen and Japanese, who give quaint character to the little British Columbia sawmill town, oozing out like paint squeezed from tubes.

To many Eastern Canadians this spectacle would seem as picturesque as a circus parade. The tall, big-boned Chinese mill hand would seem very different from the putty-faced laundry-man of the Eastern provinces, who has cut off his pig-tail and dresses in an ordinary business suit. The six-foot Hindu in his turban and with his black beard tucked into a silk net would cause a curious crowd to collect if he were exhibited in a shop window in Hamilton, Ontario. Eastern Canada never saw him except in pictures. The people east of Winnipeg who think the Japanese are a physically diminutive race would be surprised if they saw the square-built, heavy-limbed, thick-necked and moustached ex-soldiers and sailors of Japan who work in the Port Moody mills. This local color that British Columbians are so familiar with always looks to Eastern Canadians like the Arabian Nights dramatized, or as if India's coral strand had lost its bearings. A fortune waits the enterprising Vancouver man who will take a pink-turbaned Hindu and exhibit him in Ontario country villages at a nickel a head.

In a small town like Port Moody there are many more opportunities of observing what misfits the Orientals are in our climate than in a large place like Vancouver. It is all very well to think of the men of the Orient as of romantic value and parts of a lively color scheme, but it is an exceptional white man who can think of brothering an Oriental, even if the Oriental would let him. There is no brotherhood of man business in the mills of Port Moody. The Sikh hates the Chinaman and the Chinaman detests the Japanese and the white man despises all three. The white man would push the others off the map if he could, and naturally the men of the East, who are better haters than the white men because their minds run deeper, have no friendly feelings toward the Western people, who would take them by the scruff of the neck and heave them back into their own latitudes tomorrow if it were possible. You may talk about the great melting pot and what it can do, and the ferment of races, but you can't change men's skins any more than you can wipe away their prejudices.

It is strange that men should not be brothers. The good missionaries say that the conversion of the Orientals to Christianity will solve the problem, but you never saw an Oriental who was more than half a Christian. In the meantime, I would advise sociologists to go to the Port Moody mills and view brown, yellow and white man at their humble tasks. The sociologist will find this profitable employment, but he won't arrive anywhere. There is plenty of scope for analysis and deduction, and it would hardly be possible to find a better place in British Columbia, or in America to study the comparative hatreds of mankind, race for race and color for color. Considered as a sink of humanity, Port Moody is far more interesting than many places twenty times its size. Nowhere in America is it possible to find more picturesqueness squeezed into a narrow area. All the colors in the tapestry are there. You can see the prospectors, the wanderers of the hills, the fishermen, the people of the Inlet, the logger, and the mill hand in bulk. You have a chance to see the oldest mountains in the world, one of the finest inland harbors, scenery as varied and as beautiful as any in British Columbia, which is the same as saying in the world. Just now the heads of the mountains are white as the neck of a girl, with snows that shine like wet silver when the infrequent sun looks through the mists and the low clouds that are so full of rain.

The soft air browned over the town of

the many sawmills, the driving gear, the shafting, the belts and the bandsaws stood still, but the incinerators still burned with red flames and fumed along the curve of the water-front. The Hindustani played at their game of knuckle-bones in their shacks, cow bells clanked in grass-grown streets, a Japanese woman sang a strange-worded slumber song to bring sleep to her brown baby's eyes, white mill hands drank in the dingy bar-rooms, and in the front room of a Chinaman's house a yellow man sat twanging the strings of a banjo and singing the songs of a far country. The Canadian Pacific whistled suddenly and I was half a mile from the station. I knew that it would stop only long enough to pick up a Cantonese "political man," with opium pellets hidden in the tightly-coiled queue on the top of his head and a bundle containing his pipe, a pair of embroidered slippers, and a little silver box containing a charm to keep off rheumatism, and whose friends, with whom he has been plotting against an Emperor and a dynasty thousands of miles away, bid him goodbye with a shrill incoherence of sing-song Cantonese. I and my lame leg ran, but as somebody has said, a lame leg is a poor companion to catch a train with. I had almost reached the end of the long station platform when the long train clanked away and squirmed around the curve on whose tangent the station stands. I knew that the next train went to Vancouver not before morning. So I started to walk twelve measured miles. It is at such times that you realize the inadequacy of the English language.

The upper sky was dulled pewter with a numberable few dim candle-sparks of stars. The creeping mist came in from the Inlet in steaming columns of drifting vapor like the ghosts of the dead that walk at night. On my left the track edged the dark forest. I could see the gray steel of the rails, but I could not see the ties I stumbled over. Twelve chain-measured miles is a long way to walk on a black night with one good leg. The smells of the shore-slime and the wet fog were in the night air, as well as the smell of the green forest. The little crawling waves made soft sounds on the narrow shelf of sand which was the beach. In a short time I overtook a little wizened old Chinaman, plodding along toward Barnet. With him I walked till we saw ahead of us the refuse burners of Barnet, still spitting red flames, and Tom Sing, for that was his name, left me, turning from the track into the hill-ascending forest, up a black-shadowed old skid road. Strange company were Sing and I for each other, bromide and sulphide, pagan and near-Christian (perhaps), yellow man and white. When I had left lumber-smelling Barnet behind, the cloaking darkness, heavy with the scent of the sea and the odor of the wet woods, swallowed me up. Across the Inlet the lights of North Vancouver starred the blackness, and a few more miles brought Vancouver's lamps into view. The electricity of a city, or even the yellow spot of a lighted window, is good company on a lonely road, though miles distant.

Pan the Piper in Stanley Park, Vancouver

By Blanche E. Holt Murison

NOT only in Kensington Gardens does "Peter Pan" play his immortal pipes: since the fairies showed him how to fly, one of his favorite haunts has been Stanley Park.

Summer or winter, they who listen may hear his magical music—the music that makes the heart happy and the feet "dancy."

Twice have I tried to weave into words the splendor, the immensity and the mystery of this wonderful playground of Nature; but no picture, either of pen or pigment, could ever adequately convey the fugitive imagery, the unspeakable charm, that lingers everywhere in this beauty-spot of Vancouver.

Would you see it through a shimmer of summer sunshine? Then come with me.

Stepping under an archway of twined and twisted greenery, I suddenly found myself on enchanted ground. The lure of the forest was irresistible, and the world outside, the noise, the bustle of business, and the homes of men, all faded into the far vista of the unreal. Here were the haunts of Nature, as Nature herself had moulded them, and a great sense of awe and wonderment filled my heart at the magnificence of her colossal handiwork. The wizardry of strange, low music seemed to float around me, and soft intangible voices were calling:

Sunbeams glisten—sunbeams glisten,
Pan is piping in the glade;
Come and listen—come and listen,
Where the sunshine meets the shade.

Joyously I walked along, my steps keeping time to the rhythm of answering words in my brain:

I am coming—I am coming,
Spirits, whosoe'er ye be;
I can hear your voices humming,
All their magic minstrelsy.
I am coming—I am coming!—
Yes! I am coming—or rather going—where? What forest is this—what spell has me in thrall? Is this the "forest primeval" where Evangeline wandered with her beloved, before the shadow of sorrow fell over her fair Acadie? Or if I turn down that sheltered path, so richly hung with glorious green tapestries, shall I suddenly come upon Robin Hood and his merry men feasting in some hidden glade?

Which way shall I take? They are all so enticing, so entrancing, so lovely! Here is a path that positively beckons—I must follow. Perhaps I may find love-sick Orlando hanging his amorous verses on some giant tree, or wooing sweet Rosalind in the shelter of some shady nook:

Hark! the breezes fill the bellows
Of the Organ of the Wood;
Nature's touch the music mellows,
Till it filters through the blood.
While the senses strive to capture
All the spacious, boundless rapture,
That is flowing like a flood
Through the wood—through the wood!

There is something so immeasurably vast about everything, it seems to draw one's soul to the very verge of the infinite.

Look at this great Douglas fir towering hundreds of feet above me; how infinitesimal I feel, and how altogether insignificant seem the little ways of men compared with the mighty immensenesses of Nature. Here is a grand old forest monarch stretched on the ground, slain by some unknown hand, perhaps a hundred years ago. Slain, did I say?—no, only bruised and wounded; for see this tall, strong tree growing from its heart, and striking tenacious clinging roots into its withered trunk. Look at this gigantic stump, whose severed tendrils once twined so tenderly about the broad bosom of the great Earth-mother who nurtured them. What cruel hand uprooted them and wrenched them from her heart? But

the Earth-mother never forsakes her own; see how tenderly she has bound up the torn and broken tendrils with the exquisite greenery of moss and fern, and poured the balm of the fragrance of sweet wild flowers into the gaping wounds. Here are two tree lovers—a huge fir leaning coquettishly against the breast of a still more lofty cedar. How many men and maidens—lovers also—have passed under their branches, I wonder; and what wonderful love-language do their prisoned souls whisper to each other in the silence of the night?

Wandering on I reach a broad winding road where the roll of buggy wheels and the toot-toot of automobiles drown the music of "Pan the Piper" and the voices of the forest. The noisy rush of modern life suddenly spoils the heavenly harmony of things, and—O!—what is this? Shades of Baucis and Philemon! Somebody is posing for a photograph in the huge empty hollow of a tremendous blackened stump. "How are the mighty fallen!"—let me creep into the shelter of this enticing vista of arched and trellised foliage, and find again the creatures of my imagination.

I wonder did Sir Galahad ride this way in quest of the Holy Grail—and I wonder if I look through that little opening shall I see forest folk at play, or find behind that thick wall of undergrowth an enchanted palace where a sleeping princess awaits the coming of a fairy prince!

I peep—but, alas! my gaze cannot pierce the tangled growth of centuries, and the forest folk hide at my approach. I can hear the soft swish of their gossamer gowns as they disappear among the bushes, and with a sense of disappointment I step back to the footpath. The sun glints and glimmers through innumerable branches, weaving fantastic patterns of light and shade, clothing this little shrub with a deeper green, dressing this majestic maple with new loveliness, and spreading a sheen of radiance over the lofty tree tops.

But another voice is calling, and I stop to listen. The mystic melodies of the forest are mingling with the deep, dirgeful syncopations of the sea, and listening to the wonderful symphony of waves and wind I find myself on the fringe of a little sheltered bay, where rippling waters are sparkling with the glitter of a million gems whose countless facets radiate the sunshine in prismatic profusion.

What a picture it makes! English Bay, with the long arm of Point Grey thrown caressingly around its shimmering, palpitating waters, and the dim hills in the distance stepping back over the edge of the horizon right into the splendor of the sunset.

The ordorous atmosphere of the forest and the salt fresh air of the sea blend in a Pranic elixir that steeps the senses in beauty at every breath, and fills the heart with the sheer joy of being.

Then comes again, low and intangible, the same sweet indescribable music I had heard on entering the woods. Was it the Spirit of the Sea chanting its immemorial anthem to the Spirit of the Forest?—or was it indeed the little god pushing his way through the tangled undergrowth, and playing his enchanted reeds to awaken his friends the fairies to the frolics of the coming night?—or perhaps he was perched on Siwash Rock, serenading the mermaidens, who never dance so delightfully as when keeping time to the delicious fantasia of "Pan the Piper."

That is a sunshiny glimpse. Now take a peep through the Shetland veil of snow.

* * *

WANDERING at random through the winter wonder of Stanley Park I heard the hum of merry voices and the ring of happy laughter, interspersed with little startled shrieks, not of terror, but enjoyment. All these sounds mingled in a murmurous melody that called to the slumberous senses and awakened them to a strange virile delight. Stanley Park is always enchanted ground to me, full of mysteries and surprises—mysteries I cannot at all times fathom, and surprises that transfigure woodland ways, sheltered nooks and trellised trees into triumphal arches, fairy grottoes peopled with visionary little folk, and unbeaten trails through a wizard world of imagery and romance. Imagination runs riot as I step proudly beneath the triumphal arches of the interlacing branches it pleases my fancy to think have been erected especially in my honor.

The Spirit of the Woods has established an affinity with the Spirit of my Being, and whenever I enter his domain he meets me

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
COUNTY OF VANCOUVER
TO WIT:

In the matter of the circulation of the British Columbia Magazine.

I, William Lawler, of the City of Vancouver, in the Province of British Columbia, Business Manager of the British Columbia Magazine, do solemnly declare:

1. That I am Business Manager of the British Columbia Magazine, a publication of the City of Vancouver, and have an accurate knowledge of all the circulation of the said magazine.

2. The circulation of the said magazine is 5,677.

3. The increase in circulation for the month of March, 1911, exclusive of renewals, was 1677.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the "Canada Evidence Act" 1893 and amendments thereto.

Declared before me at the City of Vancouver, in the Province of British Columbia, this fifth day of April, 1911.

CALEB L. MERRITT

WILLIAM LAWLER.

by the way. He it is who solves for me the secret of the silence, who interprets the meaning of the mystery, and lifts the curtain that veils the inner beauty of the outer semblance of things.

He is such an artist, this beneficent spirit, and fills in his wonderful designs with bewildering panoramic effects. In Stanley Park the canvas he spreads is superb; and although with the seasons his impressions vary, yet the outlines of the picture remain majestically the same. For background he takes the mighty mountains, and for foreground the towering trees. In the spring and summer time he carpets the soft brown earth with cool green grass, and stars the ground and hedgerows with sweet wild flowers, while with a master-touch he sketches in the delicate tracery of fern and moss. Through the tangled perspective of thousands of interlacing branches he weaves his light and shade, and dips his brush alike in sunshine and shadow, just as the whim pleases him. He changes his picture unceasingly, but always entrancingly, and they who read aright grow glad in the consciousness of the splendor of the style and the sublimity of the subject.

At heart an artist is ever a poet, and a poet is ever a musician. All have alike free access to the inner sanctuary of the soul, and meet on the same sacred plane; the only difference being that each gives to the world his impression of the infinite in his own way. One chooses a brush to paint his picture, another a pen to give his message, while another makes his appeal through a harmony of sweet sounds, and the song he has brought away from the Great Silence.

The poetry of the forest is epic and lyric both—epic in the euphonious grandeur of swaying branches and lofty tree-tops, and lyric in the dancing rhythm of waving grass and lilting leaf. No imperfect metre, no halting measure, ever finds a place in the poesy of the Spirit of the Woods, for the poem he writes is eternal, and is traced indelibly on the heart of man.

As for music!—where can one hear such heavenly harmonies as when the Spirit of the Woods is at his instrument? The music is the medium of his moods; the wandering winds fill the bellows of his great organ, and unseen fingers open and close the stops at his behest. The hidden chords make melody at his bidding and awaken the emotions of the sensitised soul, like zephyrs among the strings of an Æolian harp.

On this winter's afternoon the music was hushed, except where the stillness was stirred into sound by that enticing lilt of laughter and distant murmur of merry voices.

With the glad anticipation of a new surprise and a swift exhilaration of spirit I turned down a narrow pathway in the direction whence the voices came. Every tremulous leaf was stoled in white, every lichen-covered log surpliced in snowdown; while the spotless draperies of a thousand bending branches only served to enhance the grandeur and to throw into deeper relief the dusked distances between the trees.

I found the voices and joined in their merriment. Surrounded by a palisade of pines lay a frozen lake with its congealed waters scintillating and sparkling in the winter sunshine. Happy revellers glided across its smooth surface on winged feet, laughing and chattering like glad spirits suddenly set free from the cage of the humdrum work-a-day world.

"Men are only boys grown tall:
Hearts don't change much after all!"—

thought I—and sure enough it is true. All were just children of different ages as they joined in the fun and frolic, skating and sliding hither and thither in rhythmical swaying motion, keeping time to the merry measure that was throbbing in their own hearts.

Old Sol smiled serenely on the gay scene and was just taking a farewell peep before saying good-night as I came away, for he goes to bed early on winter days.

Truly, Stanley Park is a gorgeous holiday ground either in summer or winter. The seasons only illustrate the sweet variableness of the magic it weaves around every mortal who ventures into its winding ways and sheltered nooks, and learns how near humanity really is to that immortal spirit which animates alike the soul of man and the soul of Nature.

THE British Columbia Magazine has "turned the corner." In the last three months it has made real progress. In the last month its paid circulation has made a most satisfactory increase. It made a gain last month of over 1500. It now has an actual circulation of 5500 copies. The Magazine has made notable gains in advertising. The advertising outlook is most hopeful.

Quarter-Centenary Number British Columbia Magazine

THE story of Vancouver, the city of graphic history, which has, in twenty-five years of growth, smashed all known records of civic development unrolls itself in the June number of the British Columbia Magazine. The special Quarter-centenary Number, which will appear in June and will commemorate Vancouver's twenty-fifth birthday, will be filled with articles in which will be told with color and power Vancouver's history. These articles dealing with the past, present and future of Vancouver from every interesting angle will be illustrated by hundreds of pictures. The magazine will have a cover with five colors. It will be the utmost achievement in Canadian magazine production. It will have the character of a souvenir.

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MAIL COURSES in Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Matriculation, Ad-writing. Dominion Business College, corner College and Brunswick, Toronto: J. V. Mitchell, B. A., Principal.

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LEADING CITIES AND TOWNS

of BRITISH COLUMBIA *and the* NORTHWEST

The Opportunities They Offer and The Industries They Desire

Complete information regarding these places and their special advantages for certain industries are on file at the Bureau of Opportunity, conducted by the British Columbia Magazine, or may be obtained by writing direct to the secretary of the local organization :::

Figures Tell the Story of Vancouver, British Columbia

Compiled monthly by The Vancouver Information and Tourist Association, 633 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.

The B. C. E. Railway Company pays to the City certain percentages of the receipts on its tram lines. The growth of Vancouver is indicated by the amount of these payments:

1901-5	$20,626.69	Average per month	$ 343.77
1906	10,163.38	" "	846.94
1907	16,366.96	" "	1,363.90
1908	23,182.43	" "	1,931.86
1909	33,694.80	" "	2,807.90
1910	47,419.75	" "	3,951.64

Bank Clearings—

	Total for Year		JAN.	FEB.
1910	$444,988,818	1911	$38,953,289	$36,529,964
1909	287,529,994	1910	29,331,224	29,534,539
1908	183,083,446	1909	16,407,127	16,683,386

Land Registry—

	Total for Year		JAN.	FEB.
1910	$223,179.20	1911	$18,375.24	$19,875.59
1909	148,145.17	1910	15,643.85	18,951.15

Customs—

	Total		JAN.	FEB.
December, 1910	$573,949.33	1911	417,023.00	$484,966
" 1909	348,388.59	1910	312,100.68	344,838

Building Permits—

JAN. 1911 $1,412,442 / 1910 631,311

FEB. 1911 $1,047,090 / 1910 880,795

	1909	1910
First 5 months	$2,836,165	$5,722,940
" 6 "	3,493,185	6,885,800
" 7 "	4,042,292	7,425,410
" 8 "	4,883,430	8,270,645
" 9 "	5,647,960	9,011,360
" 10 "	6,135,575	10,298,355
" 11 "	6,745,764	12,196,240
For 12 "	7,258,565	13,150,365
Total 1910		$13,150,365
" 1909		7,258,565
Increase		$ 5,891,800

NOTE—The Customs fiscal year does not end until March 31st.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE HOTEL DIRECTORY

All Government and Committee Publications sent free upon request. We have on hand copies of the following minutes and publications, which we will send upon application to Department H, Vancouver Information Bureau, Vancouver, B. C.

Vancouver "Province," "World," "News-Advertiser," (dailies); "Saturday Sunset," (weekly); "British Columbia Magazine," "Fruit Magazine," (monthlies).

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS—New British Columbia, describing the Northern Interior (Bulletin No. 22), Agriculture in British Columbia (Bulletin No. 10), Hand Book of British Columbia (Bulletin No. 23), Game of British Columbia (Bulletin No. 17), Budget Speech, 1910. The Mineral Province, Report Minister of Mines for 1908, B. C. Medical Register, Report on Northeastern part of Graham Island, Annual Report of the Public Schools of British Columbia.

GOVERNMENT MAPS — British Columbia, Northern Interior of British Columbia, Southwest Portion of British Columbia, Southeast Portion of Vancouver Island, East and West Kootenay District, Portion of Coast District, R. I. and Prince Rupert District, Western Portion of Vancouver Island, New Westminster District and adjacent Islands, Alberni District, Vancouver Island, Bella Coola District, Hazelton, Summerland, Burnaby, Nechaco Valley, Great Central Lake, Vancouver Island, Yale District.

COMMUNITY PUBLICATIONS—North Vancouver, Victoria and Vancouver Island, New Westminster, Prince Rupert, Similkameen, Kamloops, Ashcroft, Chilliwack, Penticton, Naramata, Vernon, Port Moody and surrounding Districts, Railway folders and pamphlets.

Firms Represented by Members of the Vancouver Tourists' Association

Members will kindly advise the Secretary regarding any errors in addresses, classification of business, etc., that may occur in this list.

ACCOUNTANTS, AUDITORS, ETC.

Brooks, James, 337 Carrall Street.
Buttar & Chiene, 536 Hastings Street W.
Chambers & Wilson, 347 Pender Street.
Clarkson, Cross & Helliwell, Molsons Bank Bldg.
Crehan, Mouat & Co., 615 Pender Street
Devlin, E. E., 29 Flack Block.
Fisher, Wm., 10 Winch Building.
Kendall, Sewell & Co., Exchange Bldg.
Winter, George E., 508 Dominion Trust Bldg.

ADVERTISING AGENCIES.

Ads, Limited, 1210 Dominion Trust Building.
Noble Advertising Agency, 543 Hastings Street.

ARCHITECTS.

Bayly, G. M., 614 Dominion Trust Building.
Donnellan & Donnellan, 319 Pender Street.
Fee, T. A., Fee Block.
Gamble & Knapp, 66 Davis Chambers.
Grant & Henderson, 413 Granville Street.
Griffith, H. S., 912 Dominion Trust Building.
Hooper, Thos., 527 Winch Building.
Hope & Barker, 603 Hastings Street W.
Marbury-Somervell, W., 43 Exchange Building.
McLean, G. K., 45 Fairfield Building.
Thornton & Jones, 536 Hastings Street.
Whiteway, W. T., Molsons Bank Building.
Wright, Rushford & Cahill, 709 Dunsmuir Street.

ARTISTS

S. P. Judge, 8 Court House Block.

AUCTIONEERS.

Miller, J. J., 44 Hastings Street.

ART SUPPLIES

Art Emporium, 901 Georgia Street.
Cockburn's Art Gallery, 665 Granville St.
S. J. Thompson, 610 Granville Street.

BANKS.

Bank of British North America, Hastings Street.
Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton and Hastings Sts.
Bank of Toronto, 446 Hastings Street W.
Bank of Vancouver, Cambie and Hastings Sts.
Eastern Townships Bank, Cambie & Hastings Sts.
Royal Bank of Canada, Hastings & Homer Sts.
Royal Bank, East End Branch, Westminster Ave. and Hastings Street.
Traders Bank of Canada, 346 Hastings Street.

BARRISTERS.

Cassidy, R., K.C., Crown Building.
Shoebotham, Thos. B., Cotton Building.
Williams, A., K.C., Molsons Bank Chambers.

BILLIARD TABLES, ETC.

Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. (The), 552 Beatty Street.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

Stark, Edward, 623 Hastings Street.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.

Anvil Island Brick Co., 324 Seymour Street.
Dairon & Williams, 331 Pender St.
O'Neil, Wm. & Co., 550 Seymour Street.

BUTCHERS.

Burns & Company, P., 18 Hastings Street.
Vancouver-Prince Rupert Meat Co., Ltd., 150 Hastings Street.

BAKERS.

Hampton Bros., 581 Granville Street.
Vancouver Bakery, 850 Granville Street.

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

Bailey Bros., Ltd., 540 Granville.
Forsyth, G. S. & Co., Cor. Homer & Hastings Sts.
Thomson Stationery Co., Hastings Street.
Vancouver Book Co., 932 Granville Street.
White & Bindon, 113 Hastings Street.

BREWERIES.

Vancouver Breweries, Ltd.,

BROKERS.

Bedlington, K. G. & Co., Cotton Building.
Canadian Development Co., Ltd., 336 Hastings.
Faulkner, S. G., 555 Granville Street.
Faulkner, G. Lloyd, 421 Pender St. W.
Gibbs, G. M., 555 Granville Street.
Grey & Gray, 207 Cotton Building.
Grossman Trust & Loan Co., Cotton Building.
Kearns, J. D., 405 Bower Bldg.
Mather & Noble, 629 Hastings Street.
MacMillan & Oliphant, Bank of Commerce Bldg.
McTavish Bros., 421 Pender St.
Smith, F. J., 414 Seymour Street.
Weeks, Edward S., 407 Hastings St. W.
Wolverton & Co., Ltd., 704 Dominion Trust Bldg.

BROOM AND WASH-BOARD MANUFACTURERS.

Crown Broom Works, 332 Front Street.

BUSINESS COLLEGES

Central Business College, Pender and Richards.

CABINET MAKERS

Davidson & Labsik, 428 Clark Drive.

CASH REGISTERS.

National Cash Register Co., 324 Cambie Street.

CITY DIRECTORIES.

Henderson Publishing Co., Flack Block.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Cartwright, C. E., Cotton Building.
Macdonell, Gzowski & Co., 505 Hastings St., W.
Tracy, Thos. H., 411 Howe Street.

COMMISSION BROKERS.

Des Brisay, M. & Co., Fairfield Building.
Evans, F. G., 139 Water Street.
Alex. Marshall, 144 Water St.

CONFECTIONERS

R. C. Purdy, 750 Robson Street.

CONTRACTORS.

Armstrong, Morrison & Co., Bower Building.
Columbia Bithulithic, Ltd., 23 Fairfield Bldg.
Cotton, M. P., 103 Cotton Building.
Dissette, J. J., 436 Hastings Street.
Hepburn, Walter, Crown Building.
Irwin, Carver & Co., 34 Hutchison Bldg.
McLean Bros., Molsons Bank Building.
McLean, Robt. & Co., 532 Granville Street.
McLuckie, J. M., 75 Sixth Ave.
Prudential Builders, Ltd., Manitoba & Front Sts.
Weeks, W. C., 13 Burns Building.
Wells Construction Co., Exchange Building.
West Coast Bridge & Dredging Co., Exch. Bldg.
Y. Aoki, 313 Alexander Street.

DRUGGISTS

Henry Ferguson, 1201 Granville Street.

DRY GOODS, RETAIL.

Drysdale, Gordon, Granville St.
Hills, Charles W., Ltd., 940 Granville Street.
More & Wilson, 556 Granville Street.

ELECTRICAL FIXTURES.

Alltree & Churchland, 976 Granville Street.
Canadian General Electric Co., 1065 Pender St.
Cope & Son, 338 Hastings St.
Hinton Electric Company, 606 Granville Street.
Northern Electric & Mfg. Co., Ltd., 918 Pender.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER.

B. C. Electric Railway Co., Ltd.

ELECTRICAL WORKS

R. Hoffmesiter, 1271 Granville Street.

ENGRAVERS.

Dominion Illustrating Co., 605 Hastings Street.

FEED AND GRAIN.

Brown & Howey, 129 Cordova Street W.

FISH DEALERS.

Tyson, A. M., 112 Cordova Street.

FLORISTS.

England & Cox, 401 Granville Street.

FURRIERS

San Francisco Fur Co., 919 Granville St.

FURNITURE.

City Furniture Company, 866 Granville Street.
Smith, D. A., Ltd., 931 Granville St.
Standard Furniture Co., 507 Hastings Street.

GAS APPLIANCES

The Burnside Gas Appliance Co., 1037 Granville Street.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Clubb & Stewart, 315 Hastings Street W.
DesBrisay, S., 613 Granville Street.
Kilby, E. C., 627 Hastings Street.
Sweeney, H. & Co., 605 Hastings Street.

GROCERS, RETAIL.

A. & C. Grocery Co., 637 Granville Street.
DesBrisay, A & A., 131 Cordova St. E.
Filion, F., 204 Carrall Street.
William Houston, 716 Robson Street.

McDowell, T. F., 704 Granville Street.
McTaggart, Joseph, 789 Granville Street.
Mr. W. H. Walsh, 1200 Seymour Street.
Wagg, George, 116 Hastings Street.

GROCERY SUNDRIES.

Little Bros., 24 Cordova St. E.

HARDWARE.

Cunningham Sanderson, Ltd., 1012 Granville St.
Forbes & Van Horn, Ltd., 52 Hastings Street W.
J. A. Flett, 111 Hastings Street.
MacLachlan Bros., 131 Hastings Street W.
McTaggart & Moscrop, 7 Hastings Street W.

HAY, GRAIN AND CEREALS.

Brackman-Ker Milling Co., The, 25 Pender St.

HEATING AND COOKING APPARATUS.

Gurney Foundry Co., The, 566-570 Beatty Street.

HOTELS.

Blackburn, 318 Westminster Avenue.
Carlton Hotel, Cambie and Cordova Sts.
Dominion, Victoria, B. C.
Grand, 24 Water Street.
Metropole, Abbott and Cordova Streets.
North Vancouver, North Vancouver, B. C.
St. Alice, Harrison Hot Springs, B. C.
Strand, 626 Hastings Street.
Willows, Campbell River, B. C.

INSURANCE.

British Empire Insurance Co., Johnson-Howe Blk.
Evans, J. G., Davis Chambers.
Evans, A. K. & Co., 210 Dominion Trust Bldg.
McGregor & Co., D. C., 633 Hastings Street.
Monarch Life Insurance Co., 30 Imperial Block.
Mutual Life of Canada, 570 Granville Street.
Springer, F. B., 445 Granville Street.
Tweedale, C., 615 Pender Street.

ICE AND COLD STORAGE.

Vancouver Ice & Cold Storage Co., Gore Ave. Wharf.

IMPORTERS AND COMMISSION AGENTS.

Shallcross, Macaulay & Co., 144 Water Street.

JAPANESE GOODS.

Furuya, M. Co., 46 Hastings Street.
Tamura, S., 522 Granville Street.

JEWELLERS.

Allan, Thos., 615 Granville St.
Allan, O. B., 440 Granville Street.
Armstrong, B. F., 609 Hastings St.
Birks, Henry & Son, Granville and Hastings Sts.
Grimmett, G. W., 793 Granville Street.
McMillan, A. F., Hastings and Homer Streets.

LAND AND INVESTMENT COMPANIES.

Grand Trunk Land Company, 12 Winch Bldg.
Natural Resources Security Co., Ltd., 606 Bower Building.
Northern Development Co., 614 Hastings Street.
North Coast Land Co., 411 Winch Building.
Provincial Land & Financial Corporation, 888 Granville Street.
Western Pacific Development Co., Ltd., 739 Hastings Street.

LEATHER GOODS.

B. C. Leather Company, 112 Hastings Street.
Storey & Campbell, 156 Hastings St. W.

LINOTYPE PRINTERS

Shilvock Bros., 438 Pender St. W. (Rear)

LIQUOR DEALERS.

Benwell, Peart & Co., 226 Cambie Street.
B. C. Wine Company, 534 Pender Street.
Colcutt & Co., J., 412 Homer Street.
Independent Liquor Co., 65 Hastingst St. E.
John Robertson & Son, Ltd., 326 Richards Street.
Maple Leaf Liquor Co., 202 Main St.
Pither & Leiser, 183 Water St.
The Hose & Brooks Co., Ltd., 504 Westminster.
Vancouver Wine & Spirits Co., 1097 Granville.
West End Liquor Company, 1133 Granville St.

LOANS, INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE.

Banfield, John J., 607 Hastings Street.
Bell-Irving & Co., H., 322 Richards St.
Canadian Financiers, Ltd., 632 Granville Street.
Dow, Fraser & Co., Ltd., 321 Cambie Street.
Island Investment Co., Ltd., 431 Homer Street.
Macaulay & Nicolls, 414 Seymour Street.
Mahon, MacFarland & Procter, Ltd., Pender & Seymour Streets.
Morgan, E. B. & Co., 539 Pender Street.
National Finance Company, 350 Pender Street.
Pemberton & Son, 326 Homer Street.
Prudential Investment Co., Ltd., 100 Front St.
Rand, C. D., Granville and Pender Streets.
Rand, E. E., 532 Granville Street.
Van Houten, W. J., 537 Pender Street.
Ward, Burmester & Von Gravenitz, 411 Pender
Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, 440 Seymour Street.

LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANIES.

Great West Permanent, 559 Granville Street.

LUBRICATING OILS

McColl Bros. & Co., Beatty Street.

LUMBER DEALERS.

Bradford & Taylor, Dominion Trust Building.
Clarke, W. H., 615 Pender Street.
Harrell, M. M., Lumber Co., Dominion Trust B.
McNair-Fraser Lumber Co., Dominion Trust B.
Oliver-Scrim Lumber Co., Loo Building.
Smith, J. Fyfe & Co., 448 Seymour Street.

LUMBER MILLS.

B. C. Mills Timber & Trading Co.
Rat Portage Lumber Co.
Robertson & Hackett.

MANUFACTURERS.

The Calgary Milling Co., Ltd., Smythe and Beatty Streets.
Davies Paper Box Co., Pandora and Park Drive.
The Vancouver Milling and Grain Co., Ltd., Cambie and Smythe Streets.
Canadian Pipe Co., Ltd., 550 Pacific Street.
B. C. Casket Co., 211-212 Cotton Bldg.
Gold Toredo Pile Proof Co., 441 Seymour Street.
Leckie, J. & Co., Cordova and Cambie Streets.
Royal Soap Company, 308 Harris Street.
Vancouver Machinery Depot, 471 Seymour Street.

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS.

Anglo-British Columbian Agency, Ltd., 505 Mercantile Building.
Anthony & McArthur, Mercantile Building.

Blackwell, E. G., 319 Pender Street.
Campbell, George & Co., Mercantile Building.
Ranald F. Clark, Fairfield Building.
A. O. Campbell, 550 Beatty Street.
Darling, Frank, 929 Pender Street.
Harrison, F. E., Mercantile Building.
Irwin, W. F., Cotton Building.
James, W. A., 334 Granville Street.
Knight, J. E. (Mooney's Biscuits), 825 Powell St.
MacLennan, W. A., 336 Hastings Street.
MacPherson & Teezel, Drake and Homer Sts.
Martin & Robertson, 313 Water Street.
Newmarch, Cooper & Co., 167 Pender Street.
Naismith & Co., 223 Columbi-
Pacific Coast Importing Co., Ltd., Mercantile B.
Thompson, N., Ltd., 319 Pender Street.
Vancouver Agencies, Ltd., Mercantile Building.

MAPS AND BLUEPRINTS.

Moir, A. & Co., 570 Granville Street.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

McCallum, A. R., 702 Granville Street.

MINING COMPANIES.

Brown, H. B., 510 Pender Street.
Great Granite Development Co., Winch Bldg.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Canada Viavi Company, Fairfield Building.
Dominion Glazed Pipe Cement Co., Dom. T. B.
Lester Dancing Academy, Granville & Davie St.
Thiel Detective Service, Fairfield Building.

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.

Ford, McConnell Co., The Saturday Sunset.
Mail Publishing Co., 167 Pender St.
News-Advertiser Co., Pender and Hamilton Sts.
Walter C. Nichol, The Daily Province.
World Publishing Co., The Daily World.

NOTARY PUBLIC AND BROKER

Elkins, F. Mitchell, 441 Seymour Street.
Emanuels, S. J., 537 Pender Street.

OFFICE FURNITURE.

Webster-Hanna Co., 426 Cordova Street.

OIL DEALERS.

Imperial Oil Company, Loo Building.

OPTICIANS.

Gamble, J. D., 603 Hastings Street.

PAINTERS AND DECORATORS.

Spillman & Co., 928 Granville Street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Bullen & Lamb, 737 Pender Street.
Edwards Bros., 621 Granville Street.
Ellis, W. J., 627 Granville Street.
Rosetti Studios, 319 Pender Street.
Vinson, V. V., 311 Hastings Street.
Wadds Bros., 337 Hastings Street.

PICTURE FRAMING

Art Emporium, 901 Georgia St.

PIANO DEALERS.

Hicks & Lovick Piano Co., 1117 Granville Street.
Montelius Piano House, 441 Hastings Street.
Thomson, Wm., 1127 Granville Street.
Waitt, M. W. & Co., 558 Granville Street.

Carlton, W., 419 Richards Street.
Canadian Investment Co., 80 Hastings Street W.
Christie, J. A., 543 Granville Street.
City Brokerage Co., 430 Main Street.
Clark, H. M. H., 148 Eighth Avenue W.
Clarke, R. Lennox, 437 Pender Street.
Clarke, Joseph, 319 Homer Street.
Clark, Seymour & Short, 319 Homer Street.
Clarke & Thornton, 514 Richards St.
Comeau & Warden, 571 Hamilton Street.
Commercial Agency, 1118 Granville Street.
Cook's Business Exchange, Dominion Trust Bldg.
Coombs, C. V., 1706 Park Drive.
Copp & Mutch, 548 Westminster Avenue.
Corbett & Donald, 537 Pender Street.
Craig, James H., 1150 Granville Street.
Croft & Ashby, 5 Winch Building.
Cruise, A. W. & Co., 445 Homer Street.
Devine, H. T., 437 Seymour Street.
Dewar, J. A. Co., Ltd., Hutchison Building.
Dewar & Maybee, 2005 Park Drive.
Dick Bros., 532 Granville Street.
Dickens, B. F., 405 Hastings Street.
Dodson & Mills, 531 Richards Street.
Dominion Investors' Corporation, 313 Dominion Trust Bldg.
Doherty & Wyatt, 709 Dunsmuir Street.
Douglas, C. S., Cor. Richards and Pender Sts.
Drummond, Herbert C., 8-9 Winch Building.
Eadie, James, 434 Richards Street.
Eardley, B. A. & Co., 413 Granville Street.
Eastern Land Company, 408 Crown Building.
Edwards, G. F., 726 Hastings Street.
Elkins Bros., 536 Hastings Street.
Endacott & Percival, 544 Pender Street.
Evans & Fraser, 2048 7th Avenue W.
Evans & Page, 564 Richards Street.
Evans, R., 2115 Granville Street.
Fairley & Stinson, Loo Building.
Faris & Montserrat, 445 Homer St.
Federal Investments, 312 Pender Street.
Flack, S., 319 Pender Street.
Foster, E. W., 517 Pender Street.
Fraser & Fraser Co., 3 Winch Building.
Fruhauf Realty Company, 53-54 Exchange Bldg.
Freund, H., 116 Hastings Street.
Frost, A. D., 544 Georgia St.
Gardom Bros., 800 1-2 Granville Street.
General Securities Co., 441 Richards Street.
George & Demmings, 817 Granville Street.
Gill & Casement, 439 Richards St.
Goddard, H. & Son, 321 Pender Street.
Goodrich, A. W. & Co., 2450 Westminster Ave.
Goodyear & Matheson, Loo Building.
Gordon, George A., 323 Winch Building.
Granville Brokerage, 1017 Granville Street.
Gray, C., 533 Pender Street.
Great Western Investment, 6 Winch Building.
Griffith & Lee, 420 Winch Bldg.
Hamilton & Mathers, 405 Loo Building.
Harbor Development Trust Co., Dom. Trust B.
Harper, James, 315 Cambie Street.
Hatt, H. O. & Co., 659 Broadway.
Heymann, Albert, Cotton Building.
Higginbotham, A. E., 536 Broadway.
Hitchcock & Meeker, 344 Pender Street.
Hogg & Mulholland, Davis Chambers.
Holden, Wm., 333 Homer Street.
Hood Bros., 519 Pender Street.
Hoseason & Co., 322 Pender Street.
Imperial Investment Co., 2313 Westminster Ave.

Imperial Realty Co., 307 Loo Building.
Inkster & Ward, 421 Richards Street.
International Financiers, Suite 30, Exchange B.
James & Ringrose, 2824 Westminster Avenue.
Johnson & Richardson, 614 Hastings Street.
Johnston, Harry A. & Co.&, 422 Richards Street.
Jones, H. A., 407 Cordova Street.
Jones, E. & Co., Granville and Tenth Avenue.
Kearns, John D., 405 Bower Building.
Keeler, O. V., 535 Pender Street.
Kirkwood, Jas. Co., 1961 Granville Street.
Laing & Frame, 347 Pender Street.
Lalonde & Clough, 441 Homer Street.
Latimer, Nay & McTavish, 319 Pender Street.
Latimer, R. M., 710 Hastings Street.
Leitch, A. M., 303 Cambie Street.
Lembke, W. H., 439 Richards Street.
Lett, C. A. & Son, 316 Richards Street.
Lewerke, Alf., 532 Granville Street.
Lewis, F. B., 449 Pender Street.
Liddle, Andrew, 800 Hastings Street.
Lindsay, W. F., 2210 Granville Street.
Locators, The, Dominion Trust Building.
Lockwood, E. C., Royal Bank Bldg. (East End).
Loewen & Harvey, Ltd., 420 Cambie Street.
MacKay Bros., 263 Hastings Street E.
MacLean, Currie & MacLean, 441 Pender St. W.
MacKenzie & Stevens, Dominion Trust Bldg.
McDonald, Joseph, 537 Richards Street.
McKenzie & Blackwood, 505 Richards Street.
McPherson & Fullerton Bros., 333 1-2 Pender St.
Maitland & Stewart, 315 Homer Street.
Martin & Shannon, Flack Block.
Margetson Bros., 321 Homer St.
Matheson & Chase, 336 Cambie Street.
Maxwell & King, 910 Granville Street.
Maxwell & LeFeuvre, 2141 Granville Street.
Merritt, C. L. & Co., 410 Homer Street.
Melhuish, Kirchner & Co., 800 Granville St.
Mills Bros., 2007 Granville Street.
Mole & Keefer, 1061 Granville Street.
Monarch Estate & Trust Co., 520 Pender Street.
Morrison, M. G. & Co., 536 Hastings Street.
Munson & Co., S. F., 333 Pender Street.
Mutrie & Brown, 578 Richards Street.
Mutual Investment Co., Winch Building.
Naffzinger & Duerr, 63 Broadway.
Netherby, K. L. & Co., 2040 Granville Street.
Nichol, A. F. & Co., 532 Granville Street.
Nickerson, W. D., 927 Granville Street.
Nisbet, Robert, 441 Seymour Street.
Nixon, Patton & McLean, 2900 Westminster Ave.
North Vancouver Investment Co., 134 Hastings St. W.
Orr, Lewis D., 508 Dunsmuir Street.
Osborne, Trousdale & Osborne, 216 Winch Bldg.
Panton & Emsley, 328 Columbia.
Park, John M. 1117 Granville Street.
Patterson, A. J., 570 Granville Street.
Patterson & Rutter, Royal Bank Bdg. (East End)
Perdue & Hoar, 434 Westminster Avenue.
Powis & Boughton, 334 Granville Street.
Prentice & Co., A. N., 724 Hastings Street.
Prescott, J. W., 349 Homer Street.
Ralph & Radermacher, 2227 Granville Street.
Rankin & Ford, 514 Pender Street.
Read, W. A., 413 Granville Street.
Robertson Bros., Ltd., 338 Seymour Street.
Robson & Roberts, 429 Pender Street.
Rogers & Black, 524 Pender Street.

Rorison, R. D. & Co., 786 Granville Street.
Scott Brokerage Co., 147 Hastings Street.
Scott, G. D., 436 Granville Street.
Seymour, Allan, Storry & Blair, 412 Hastings St.
Sharples & Sharples, 416 Seymour Street.
Smith Brokerage Co., 246 Hastings Street E.
Star Realty Co., 433 Granville Street.
Steele, Chas., Realty Co., 525 Pender Street W.
Stevens, John T. Trust Co., Mercantile Bldg.
Stewart, John, 118 Hastings Street W.
Stewart & Elliott, 2343 Granville Street.
Stonehouse, W. H., & Co., 2043 Granville Street.
Sun Realty Co., 308 Loo Building.
Sutherland, A. D., 698 Broadway.
Taylor, J. S., 407 Pender Street.
Thacker & Thornton, 324 Winch Building.
Thompson Co., The, 590 Broadway.
Trites, F. N. & Co., 659 Granville Street.
Ure, John, Bank of Commerce Building.
Vancouver Colonization Co., 524 Pender Street.
Vancouver Financial Corporation, 82 Hastings St.
Vernon & Co., 817 Granville Street.
Waterfall, A. R., Bank of Commerce Building.
Western Canadian Investment Co., 45 Flack Blk.
Williams & Murdoff, 508 Hastings Street.
Watkins, C. W., 622 Robson Street.
Watson & Bowen, 341 Homer Street.
Wilmot, A. N. & Co., 336 Westminster Avenue.
Western Investors, The, 606 Westminster Ave.
Williscroft, S. B., 419 Seymour Street.
Wood, James, 407 Loo Building.
Windle, H. W., 532 Granville Street.

SAFES AND VAULT DOORS.

J. & J. Taylor Safe Works, 305 Cordova St. W.

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

Clarke & Stuart Co., Ltd., Seymour Street.
Thomson Stationery Co., Hastings Street.

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKER

John S. Isdale, 527 Dunsmuir Street.

SEEDSMEN.

William, Rennie & Co., Ltd., 1138 Homer Street.

SHEET METAL WORKERS

H. A. Slater, 755 Beattie Street.

SIGNS AND BILL POSTING.

Bond & Ricketts, Ltd., 540 Cambie Street.

SPORTING GOODS.

Tisdale, Chas. E., 620 Hastings Street.

STEAMSHIP COMPANIES.

Mackenzie Bros., Ltd., 300 Seymour Street.
Terminal Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., Evans-Coleman dock.
Northern Steamship Co., Ltd Cordova & Water St.
Union Steamship Co., of B. C., 407 Granville St.

STEAMSHIP AGENTS.

Balfour, Guthrie & Co., Winch Bldg.
D. E. Brown & Macaulay, Ltd., 585 Granville.
Evans, Coleman & Evans, 407 Granville Street.

STOCK AND BOND BROKERS.

Bevan, Gore & Elliott, Ltd., 503 Pender Street.

SURVEYORS.
Bauer, Wm. A., 441 Seymour Street.

TOBACCONISTS.
Blackson, S., 506 Granville Street.

TRUST COMPANIES.
Alliance Trust Co., 603 Granville Street.
British American Trust Co., Cotton Bldg.
Dominion Trust Company, Cambie & Hastings.
Mercantile Trust Company, Winch Building.
Merchants' Trust & Trading Co., Pender and Burrard Sts.
North West Canada Trust Co., 433 Homer St.
Standard Trust Co., 538 Hastings Street W.
Vancouver Trust Company, 542 Pender Street.

THEATRES
Vancouver Opera House.

TIMBER LANDS.
Cruisers Timber Exchange, 615 Pender Street.
Keate, W. L., 441 Seymour Street.
Paterson Timber Co., 336 Pender Street.
Reynolds, George H., Dominion Trust Building.
Pretty's Timber Exchange, 433 Richards Street.

TIMBER AND MINES
G. Lloyd Faulkner, 421 Pender Street.

TRANSFER COMPANIES.
Vancouver Cartage Co., Ltd., 562 Seymour St.
Vancouver Transfer Co., 564 Cambie Street.

UNDERTAKERS.
Center & Hanna, 56 Hastings Street.

WINDOW SHADE MANUFACTURERS.
Bowes, F. W. & Co., 957 Granville Street.

WHOLESALE DEALERS

BILLIARD TABLES
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., 552 Beatty St.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Ames-Holden, Ltd., 403 Cordova Street.
Leckie, J., & Co., 220 Cambie Street.

COFFEE, TEAS AND SPICES.
Braid, Wm. & Co., 20 Hastings Street.

DRUGGISTS
National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., 125 Pender Street.
Mackay, Smith, Blair & Co., Cambie Street.
Peck, John W. & Co., 337 Water Street.

DRY GOODS.
Gault Bros., 361 Water Street.

FRUIT AND PRODUCE.
Parsons, Haddock Co., 121 Water Street.
Stewart, F. R. & Co., 127 Water Street.

GROCERS.
Galt, G. F. & J., 1043 Seaton Street.
Kelly, Douglas Co., Water Street.
Malkin, W. H., Ltd., Water Street.

HARDWARE.
Wood, Vallance & Leggatt, 26 Hastings Street W.

PAINTS
W. J. Pendray & Sons, Ltd., 540 Beatty Street.

PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES
Alcock, Downing & Rose.
Robertson-Godson Co., Ltd., 32 Hastings St. W.
The T. L. Peck Co., Ltd., 562 Beatty Street.

WOOLENS
F. W. Sterling, Richards and Cordova Sts.

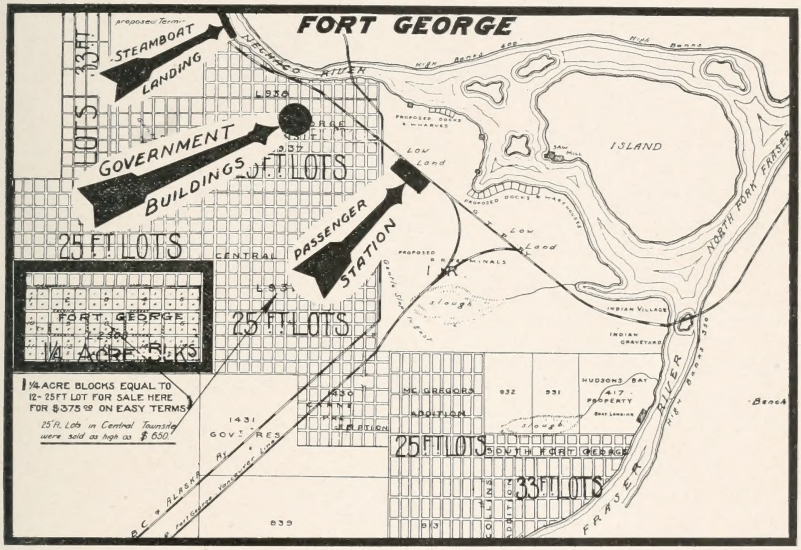
FORT GEORGE

FUTURE LARGEST CITY IN THE INTERIOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

1¼ Acres (equal to half a city block); **Terms: One-tenth Cash; Balance $25 Monthly. In one of these blocks you get the equivalent of twelve city lots** **$450.00**

These lots are in a block adjoining the townsite of Fort George, and in time will occupy the same relation to that city that Fairview or Mount Pleasant or Kitsilano now occupies to Vancouver.

The land is sold with a guarantee that it is level and free from all defects.



The QUESTION of the location of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway on the Indian Reservation at Fort George is now settled.

District Lot 937 will be the centre of Fort George. The Vancouver Province of March 8 quotes Father Bellot, the well-known pioneer missionary, as follows: "Fort George proper will be a large and flourishing city within a very short time, especially in view of the official announcement made within the past few days by the G. T. P. Railway to the effect that their branch line to Vancouver would be commenced at once."

Fort George is destined to become the railroad metropolis of the Northern interior of British Columbia. The time to buy right is right now. Write us for full particulars.

Canadian National Investors Ltd.

Phone 6488 **310 Hastings Street West** **Vancouver, B.C.**

POINT GREY

THIS is the story of our purchase of 500 lots in Point Grey, by which we secured control of about one million dollars' worth of this beautiful residential property.

When the British Columbia Government first advertised the auction sale of Point Grey lands in the fall of 1909, we laid our plans to buy as many of the best blocks as possible.

We sent two men—a surveyor and a member of our staff—over all the ground from Trafalgar Road to Imperial Street, and from Tenth Avenue south to Twenty-fourth Avenue.

When they had finished they knew every block as thoroughly as you know the downtown streets—knew the slope of the ground, whether high or low, and whether easy or hard to clear.

Being thus equipped with first-hand knowledge, we were able to bid intelligently at the auction sale, and so secured 31 of the finest blocks, which would make approximately 500 lots.

* * *

SHORTLY afterwards arrangements were completed for building nearly a dozen miles of new carlines, and we gave instructions to our surveyors to subdivide all our properties.

Then we had to fix the prices not for a few weeks or even a few months, but at least to hold good for half a year. The reasons for this were not philanthropic, but of a purely business nature. Our literature regarding the lots was extensive and costly, and was not only distributed over Canada, but hundreds of copies were sent to London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, etc. Our agents abroad had to be assured that for a certain time at least prices would remain firm, or otherwise it would have been impossible for them to work up an interest in the properties. We therefore assured them that no prices would be changed for six months. These six months expire on May 15.

The result is that YOU can buy today for the same prices that we quoted last fall, and at this writing you can have a choice of about 325 lots.

NOW let us see what has occurred at Point Grey since last fall. In the first place, the British Columbia Electric Railway Company is now operating the first of its new carlines, being the one along Tenth Avenue and Sasamat Street.

Second—the municipality is spending without delay a half-million dollars for waterworks, a quarter-million for sewers, and two hundred thousand for roads and parks.

Third—a great many owners have either slashed or entirely cleared their properties, with a result that hundreds of lots now command a glorious outlook towards the Bay, the Park, Howe Sound and the snow-capped mountains behind.

Fourth—and greatest of all—the Government decided to locate the new British Columbia University at Point Grey.

* * *

IN our opinion, this means more to Point Grey than anything that has yet occurred, except what Nature herself has done for the district.

For WHEREVER A UNIVERSITY IS SET DOWN, PROPERTY VALUES IMMEDIATELY INCREASE. This has been proved everywhere, and the fact that the University of British Columbia is to be erected at Point Grey has already greatly enhanced real estate values, and it will undoubtedly make it the most desirable residential district in Vancouver; and as the university grows and its influence extends, it will make the name of Point Grey known all over the educated world.

* * *

BUT you can still buy our Point Grey lots today for the same prices which we quoted last fall, viz., from $700 up to $1,250, and on terms of one-quarter cash, balance in 6, 12, 18 and 24 months.

We want you to have as good a choice as possible, so therefore, write today for free literature and price lists.

ALVO von ALVENSLEBEN LIMITED

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