The Settlers of Vancouver Island

By

Rev. W. G. H. ELLISON.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Published by
ARTHUR CHILVER,
69-70 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

THE NATIVE INDIAN CANOE.

THE PROSPECTORS CROSSING A RIVER.

THE SETTLERS

OF

VANCOUVER ISLAND:

A STORY FOR EMIGRANTS.

BY

REV. W. G. H. ELLISON.

155,898
HR
F5804.3
E4

INTRODUCTION.

THIS story is written with the object of encouragement and instruction to emigrants who are proposing to settle in Canada. The writer has experienced all the vicissitudes of a settler's career, and his sketches and heroes are taken from life, such as he has seen them in the Far West, during eighteen years of residence in Canada. Hitherto the Government of Canada, have admitted freely all who desired to become citizens. But recently Alien and Immigration Laws, have placed restrictions, which it is expected may from time to time be increased. These restrictions were a matter of necessity, to prevent Canada becoming the dumping ground for the undesirable people from Europe. They should deter none who are willing and able, and are determined to succeed. Assuredly there is no better opportunity than the present time for the youthful of both men and women and all classes, who desire to improve their conditions, or enter upon new conditions of life; and have the courage and grit "to go West," to the land of the future, and the home of the free. The Canadian Continent will in the next decade be finding increasing work in Agriculture, Timber, Mining and Manufactures for numbers of her own people, and for many from other nations, and she has room in her vast domain for 200,000,000 people, who are active workers and adaptable citizens of the New World. The prophetic words of Canada's Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, are already beginning to see their fulfilment: "The Twentieth Century is Canada Century, as the nineteenth was that of the United States." It seems probable that the eldest daughter of the Imperial Empire may become the most populous, virile, and loyal section of the Federated States of the British Realm. To have a share in that epoch-making period of the world's history in a new Continent, to enjoy its blessings and promote its interests, is worthy of our highest effort.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

THE

SETTLERS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.

By Rev. W. G. H. Ellison.

CHAPTER I.

ON board an outgoing steamer from Liverpool, bound for a Canadian port in the year 1890 were four young men who were emigrating to the new world in the search of a fortune, or at all events a livelihood. These boys had no particular prospect in remaining at home and their relations had wisely not stood in the way of their going to the colonies. Their parents had encouraged them with the idea of making a home for themselves in a British colony across the seas.

It is the purpose of this book to record what befell these young sons of the Empire, to describe the conditions of their colonial life, and to give the details of how success can best be achieved by those who go to the colonies in search of a living, and a home. It is not every one who is imbued with the ambition or indeed are all fitted for a rough colonial life, which needs all the grit and determination that a man is capable of to face both the hardship and lonesomeness which such a life frequently entails. A man's courage is often tested to the utmost as to whether he will endure what Providence sees fit to send, especially in the first stages of a settler's life. The broad bosom of the Canadian Continent affords ample room, both in city and country life, for all the opportunities that a man requires to advance himself; it is also the scene of numerous adventures such as we describe in these pages. The land is still for the most part open and free, and much of it unexplored. For those who find life in civilised centres or in the older country too slow and conventional, or offering but little prospect of advancement, who feel themselves actuated by the desire to be free and get out of the crowd, and are looking for

a living in closer contact with mother nature, or in a simpler life, there is no better field for their energy than the emigration to one of the colonies under the British flag, of which the British Empire offers so large a choice. The Dominion of Canada, as being the nearest and most extensive both in area, and the amount of its raw productions, for some years at all events will continue to be the chief field for emigration of people from the United Kingdom and Europe. The spirit of the British race to go and conquer and to settle, has in these recent years, and particularly so in North America, shown itself capable of developing itself into the peaceful paths of agriculture, in which most of the people of the Dominion are now engaged. New fields of commercial enterprise are continually coming to the front, as the country developes, and we may look for a still greater migration of suitable people from the old worked out countries to the new virgin lands of the West. The British colonies may be looked upon as the great outlet for the superfluous population, stagnating amidst the congested conditions of the United Kingdom, as such the colonies are becoming more important every year, as they develop and expand. It will not be long before the colonies of Greater Britain will vie in numbers, and correspondingly in importance by reason of their natural wealth, with the mother land of Britain. Another century at all events will probably see Canada exceeding in population in numbers the United Kingdom, and sharing with her the sphere and importance of Empire Rule. There may still be a vast field left for future development in these lands across the sea, when the old country either remains stagnant, has reached her zenith, or is on the decline. In that case it will be a consideration what Greater Britain shall say in the Imperial Parliament of a Confederated Empire, which may affect the interests of the British Empire and the world, provided only that she remains as at present, one people with a United Front.

At present there is no signs of divergence, a loyal feeling beats both at the heart of the Empire and throughout the colonies and especially so in Canada. In the mean while there is ample opportunity for all at the present time, in these lands

beyond the sea; and those who are youthful and vigorous, and do not shirk hard work, with the prospect of a successful issue, should look well into the matter, and see whether they have not the call to go forth, and do or die, as settlers as well as soldiers in behalf of their country, and as citizens in behalf of themselves and their families, in the Greater Britain Over-the-sea. In lands which are but Provinces of the Empire —and which commercial enterprise has brought so near. The nation should be proud of the fact, that during the last five years, over five million of British-born subjects, mostly in the prime and vigour of life, have gone forth from the United Kingdom to settle in British colonies: that during 1907, Canada received over three hundred thousand emigrants, one hundred and fifty thousand of whom came from the United Kingdom. A large proportion of these people are making permanent homes for themselves in this new Continent; are helping to build up the British Empire abroad, which will eventually strengthen the Empire at its heart. A Confederated group of nations, linked together by the bond of unity, founded on British justice and order, and bound together by the ties of political commercial union, as well as those of patriotic feeling and loyalty, may mean the salvation of the British Empire when the hour of trial comes. Let it be clearly stated, that when a person, British born, emigrates to another section of the British realm, in a new Continent, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, he does not lose his heritage as a British subject, but becomes a citizen of the Empire, and as such his responsibility is increased, and the sentiment of patriotism and loyal feeling is as strong in Canada, as it is in any other part of the British Empire. And it is a heritage with traditions worth holding and sealed in blood.

The young men who formed a party of emigrants, bound for Canada, were a good sample of those who go abroad to the colonies, and who help to build the Empire. George the eldest, was twenty-five years of age, Edward, who was nearing twenty-two, and two brothers, Charlie and Jack aged respectively eighteen and nineteen years. They had all been friends at school, and more or less understood each other's

tempers and ways. After reading much literature on emigration now so industriously distributed by agents and others, and much discussion amongst themselves, these youths had agreed to form a co-operative company, with a view to taking up a prospect in the Far West. They were fired with the ambition to do something for themselves and others who might be dependant on them, and felt that what others had succeeded in doing, might fall also to their share. A whole winter had been spent in discussing ways and means, and the prospect in different colonies, and when the selection was made for the Pacific coast of Canada, British Columbia, which was to be the scene of their future labours, they felt happy in the choice. After the tickets by sea and rail had been taken, their cash in hand amounted to a hundred pounds a piece, in which they might have considered themselves so much a head of many others, many of whom go to the colonies with only a ticket and a £5 note in summer and £10 in winter, without which the Dominion Immigration authorities in Canada do not allow emigrants to land.

There is always strength in numbers, and when they are governed by harmonious feelings, each considering the interest of the others, this is the first prospect of success. That our party of four were men of this type, and early realised their responsibility to each other and remained loyal to their party, was perhaps the secret of their success, as it is the purpose of these pages to show.

The first experiences in crossing the Atlantic are not happy ones, for those who are making a fresh start there is a feeling of lonesomeness. Apart from the feeling of parting from the friends we have been associated with, and the land which will always have a soft spot in our memory, it is our heritage, our native home, to which we are saying "farewell." In our wanderings we shall look back upon it from time to time as the green spot in our lives, and shall in later years return to visit, perhaps under more prosperous circumstances, with deepened emotion. At no time does the emigrant feel the parting so much as when in a crowded ship, and amid the sea sickness of the first few days out, he begins to feel regret that he ever left his native

shore. It is at such times that companionship even in suffering helps the association of friendship, and the strength of a co-operative party is felt, and friendship does her kindly work. It will be much more a source of comfort and strength, when perhaps home sickness comes upon the wanderers, a disease indeed that will strike all emigrants, in the oft lonesome conditions, misfortunes and troubles that they must meet with in their sojourn in a new land, when at first as new arrivals they are known as green hands, or "chichaçoes," a term applied to new comers in Canada. It will not be long, however, before the fresh experience, the new life, the fresh invigorating sea air enthuses the traveller with real life. The surroundings of even a crowded emigrant ship become a matter of discussion, in which the merits of each line of steamers crossing the Atlantic are made the subject of comment amongst those who are old campaigners. When later on a concert or athletic sports begin to fill up the vacant days, "Life on the Ocean Wave" leaves a memory of a happy time, in which the traveller met with happy associations not easily forgotten, and perhaps friendships are formed that may last a life time. The wise youth is he who uses this opportunity to obtain information from those he meets with, who may know something of the land of his adoption, and are willing to give of their knowledge to help the new comer on his way.

It is always a problem to decide who among a mixed crowd of emigrants that throng the decks of a steamer, are likely to be successful ones—the winners. We may be certain that those who show willingness and adaptability stand the best chance in this new world, which in many respects differs widely from the older countries of Europe. Merit and character will tell—for all the people are on equal footing. They stand at the foot of the tree. The ne'er-do-well, the careless, and the man about town, sometimes the remittance man, are often the source of disaster, both to themselves and others, usually due to intemperance, a fatal vice in a mixed community. Such stand a good chance of being returned, either at once or later on, by the Immigration Officer, who investigates the antecedents of each individual on landing. The Immigration Laws are now

thoroughly enforced and frequent temporary restrictions are imposed. No emigrant is allowed to land on Canadian soil unless he can show a clean bill of health, which applies as much to his character as to his physical health, and in addition can show means enough which will enable him to hold out until he can find work. During the winter months the work is very uncertain and limited, and a new comer who arrives in the autumn may probably have to wait to spring before he strikes his first work—hence the disirability of enforcing the Immigration Acts which empower the Commissioner to deal with all cases, as he thinks fit, and he has supreme control in these matters.

The parties who desire to emigrate to Canada would do well to apply to the Dominion Commissioner in London, and get his signature before starting out on their travels, and then they will meet with no disappointment, and probably be placed in good standing as citizens of their adopted country. There are also local Government Agents in all parts of Canada, whose work it is to aid new comers and report on their cases.

Great interest is attached to the first sight of land, as the vessel nears the coast. The journey of a thousand miles from Cape Race, and up the St. Lawrence river has long been looked upon as one of the most entrancing and interesting journeys in the whole world. The Canadian may well be proud of this entrance to the new world, and the beauty of its scenery which greets the visitor to the unknown land which he is about to enter. If it should prove a bright sunny day in spring when the warmth of the genial sunshine makes the "dolce far niente" on deck a pleasure, the view along the banks of this longest navigable river in the world is one of the most enchanting. One desires to know what lies beyond that line of low mountains that borders the coast and river, and its great possibilities are hid from our eyes. The French Canadian villages, each with its church, dome or spire pointing heavenwards teaches the lesson of a religious people, who have made this country what it is. The French Canadians are the best and proudest alien people who are content to be loyal under a British flag, which has left them the free use of their language,

religion, and customs, as is the policy and the secret of the successful issue of our British Government all over the world.

One cannot forget that the Empire of France once held the proud position at this gateway of Quebec, the entrance to the new world, and relinquished it one hundred and fifty years ago to the hands of English conquest, and to-day it is the union of two peoples and races that is most sought for, and is demanded, in this development of Eastern Canada. This twentieth century will see the amalgamation, not only of the British and French *entente cordiale* at home and in the colonies, but also that large mass of mixed races and tongues and peoples, who are at present pouring into the North West territories, who are content to use one common English language, and submit in loyal devotion to the British flag, which stands for freedom, justice, and righteousness!

The origin of the word Canada, by which the northern half of the continent of America is known, is uncertain. In explaination it is said that the Spanish who were the first explorers who are known to have landed in the valley of the St. Lawrence called that part "Aca Nada," which in their language means nothing here.

There is also an Indian word Kanatha, meaning a collection of huts, that was used by the Quebec Indians, for the purposes of description, when conversing with early settlers, which appears to have been applied to the country. A more likely explanation appears to be the old Spanish word for a valley or gorge. The well-known term which is used for the Valley of the St. Lawrence, Tiera de la Canada, which is made to apply to the great valley of the Atlantic coast, and hence to the continent known as "The Dominion of Canada." A vast lone land, but to-day sparsely scattered with a mixed people budding into a nation.

Our travellers landed in Montreal in the early spring of the year, the snow still lay on the ground, as they commenced their long seven days' journey across the continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which links the Atlantic and Pacific coast (3,000 miles by rail). And what a journey it is of wild country, rolling plains, rocky mountains, rivers, lakes, and

forest! This journey alone is calculated to do more to open the mind, and the intelligence, than any amount of study from books. It is well called the grand voyage. In such a journey we have a panorama impressed upon the mind of the youthful emigrant which he can never forget. Contrasting it with the old country, and its thousand years of civilization and development, its present congested conditions, in the midst of its poverty and wealth; and then this great lone land with its possibilities of development in this twentieth century, who does not feel the spirit of emulation arise in the heart, when as a youth for the first time starting out in life one sees so vast a field for enterprise, offering so great a return on honest labour; standing on the fringe of a mighty crowd just beginning to make a nation, yet young and youthful, and possibly an Empire in the making—known as "The Dominion of Canada."

> "Fair is our lot, O goodly is our heritage,
> For the Lord our God most high,
> He hath made the sea as dry,
> He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth.

Such were somewhat the feelings that filled the minds of our party as travelling in the colonist car, across the vast continent of the New World, they made the first eventful journey of their lives.

The first warmth of the spring month of April had begun to melt the snows on the great prairies. But for the most part the East and Central States remain bound in winter's grasp till very suddenly the change comes early in May. Then rapid, active work is started even before the snow is off the ground in the agricultural regions, for there is no time to spare. If the ploughing and seeding are not done in time, the crop will be poor, hence the marked activity that characterises the actions of the Canadian agriculturist. He has had his slack time in winter, with plenty of amusement, and makes up for it by an extra hard spell of work, as soon as the nature of the climate will allow him to work on the land.

Further west, however, the Chinook wind blows across the mountains and up the valleys, that wonderful balmy wind from the Ocean which, wherever it touches the deep snow, will melt a twelve foot bank in a few hours producing a marvellous effect

on the mountains, where sometimes one valley may be ice-bound, while another close by is basking in the warm sunshine, and spring verdure shows a marvellous contrast.

The most striking and interesting part of the journey west is the crossing of the Rocky Mountains, here the lofty mountain peaks, the snow-clad ranges, well termed "the Sea of Mountains," are a revelation to the new comer, and are more impressive than word can tell. Of this vast Province of British Columbia, seven times greater in area than the United Kingdom, a large proportion consists of mountains with wide fertile valleys between; in these fertile watersheds have been produced the richest returns for labour on the virgin soil that the world can show. It is well said that one acre of cultivated river bottom soil in B.C. is equal to ten acres on the prairies, and it is natural to suppose that when the reports of these things get spread abroad it will draw a large population to so rich a country. But the mountains, wrapt in continual solitude, and in parts with perpetual snow, are the great attractions of the tourists who visit these regions of a new Switzerland, in annually increasing numbers. That it is possible that this section of the new North West may become what Switzerland is to Europe, seems probable. For as the wealth and prosperity of the North West and the people dwelling in the towns increase there will be a continual inclination of those who can afford it to pay a visit or make a settlement across "the Great Divide," in bracing air of the mountains, or the more genial and salubrious climate of the Pacific coast. The mystery of crossing this great mountain range must ever exercise a mystic attraction, and the poet well expresses it when he says:—

Oh the mystery of the mountains
  With their caves, and moss rimmed springs
Where no trespasser has ventured
  Save soft footed wild wood things.
There are heights no man can conquer,
  And delights no soul has found,
Treasure land of joy and romance,
  In that high enchanted ground.—E. A. LENTE.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, which is the only Canadian line at present that crosses the entire continent from East to

West, and has branches of its line in different directions throughout the West, aggregates some nine thousand miles of railway. In addition it has steamers known as the Empress Liners on the Atlantic and Pacific, and on all the lakes, rivers, and local coast lines, connecting with its railways. It employs over seventy-four thousand hands, seventy thousand in Canada alone. Its pay roll of monthly payments is 3,700,000 dollars. At the basis of five to the family this would represent 350,000 souls or more than one twentieth of the entire population of Canada.

In one way and another, in supplying material and manufactures used by the railway, probably one fifteenth, perhaps one twelve of the people of the country directly or indirectly receive their income from this source. Its shares are held mainly by small investors, resident in Canada, 14,000 of whose individual holdings do not exceed fifty shares. This great company, through its money and holdings may be said to have been the means of laying open the largest and most fertile, and richest raw producing region of the world; it has opened a continent, and created a nation, and it is still only in the infancy of its development.

This impression grows upon one as one travels day after day across this continent, that the C.P.R. line which unites Canada with the Empire, with its steamers on each ocean, are as links in the chain which unite the world in one common object, the advancement and progress of the human race, and its future destiny in peace and harmony through the channels of trade and commerce, of which that journey offers so large an evidence.

The Rocky Mountain ranges divide the continent into two sections, which must to a certain degree and for some time to come mark two sections of the people who form one nation. The Great Divide as it is called, in the old days would have been the marked physical barrier between two distinct nations; to-day with the aid of one single line of railway which at present crosses with many branches into other sections of the mountains it helps to unite the East and the West as one united nation and people. Until this great barrier was overcome in 1879 by the completion of the line to Vancouver, there was no connec-

tion between the East and West of Canada except by the route *viâ* San Francisco, and previous to that by Cape Horn 14,000 miles by sea. British Columbia, mainly held by the Hudson Bay Company as a hunting ground under the Crown Colony Government remained both unknown and unexplored, and its vast resources even to-day are for the most part unknown to the world. Its chief settlement around Victoria the capital was so sparse, that it was a question whether it was worth retaining for anything more than the Pacific naval station at Esquimalt near Victoria at the south end of Vancouver Island. In 1856 Vancouver Island as a crown colony was granted a representative Government, and a little later formed a union with New Caledonia, and they were welded into one Province known as British Columbia. In 1871 it joined the Confederation of the Dominion of Canada. Since the opening of the C.P. Railway in 1879 it has continued to progress by leaps and bounds, as its rich resources in agricultural, particularly horticultural production, and mineral wealth and fisheries have become known. It bids fair, though the most distant province in the Dominion, to become the richest and most prosperous, if not the most populous province in Canada.

These pages would not be complete without giving also a short description of the Grand Trunk Railway, the oldest line in the Dominion, which will complete its Trans-Continental connection to the Pacific coast by 1914. The line is now in process of construction, and has reached as far as Edmonton, and the last and hardest section across the mountains is being worked at from both sides. It will make Port Rupert its Western terminus, five hundred miles north of Vancouver, and will bring Asia two days nearer postal connection with Europe. The Grand Trunk system, with more knowledge of the Canadian continent, has built its line through a far richer and more fertile section of country than the C.P.R., but it will take many years to develop the rich lands that lie close to the railway. Over its 4,800 miles of completed railway will pass the richest productions of the North West from the land, the forest, and the mines of probably the richest raw producing section of country in the world. There is ample room for two

competing lines, whose metals, while meeting at the great cities, Montreal and Winnipeg, are often five hundred miles apart in their transit across the continent. The construction of the line alone will employ for several years thousands of hands, over 800 miles was built during 1907, giving increasing employment as the line opens out the country, and development follows the track. Any person capable of any kind of manual work can find work at present in that direction, and should apply to the head offices in Montreal. It offers a splendid opportunity for young men, to get accustomed to work, as well as learning the manners and ways of the country. It is also a chance not to be lost sight of, for those who wish to take up land and become settlers in a new country which is bound to go ahead and become prosperous in a very few years.

The most striking sight that can be witnessed, is to see the ocean steamers from Europe landing their passengers at Quebec and Montreal, sometimes three and four thousand people in a day, and 280,000 in the season, as was the case in 1907, and all this number of people finding work and homes for themselves, mainly along the line of these two transcontinental railways and their branches. It is possible that if double the number of people were to come in the right season of spring and summer, work would still be found for them. The fact that many of them in the past have been people totally unfit for the country and unwilling in many cases to work or leave the precincts of the city in which they have been bred is no criterion that no work can be found even for the city waif in Canada. The question is mainly the willingness to work and their adaptability. The people who complain most of the conditions are those who have been aided by charity often to a fresh start in life, and have been given an opportunity by the Dominion Government Immigration Agents on landing, such as they are never likely to have again, and have been returned to Europe, as either physically or mentally unfit, or incorrigible ne'er-do-wells. And of such there are quite a few stranded in Montreal and other cities, which as soon as they can be dealt with are deported. These are the men who give Canada a bad name, to hide their own delinquences. For the rest we can say

no better opportunity exists or has existed in the history of the world for men and women to make a home and prospect for themselves along the lines of these two lines of railway and their numerous tributaries, lines, and settlements, on the plains or mountains, by lakes and islands, or by rivers and streams of this well-watered continent. The circumstances are unique and possibly may never occur again on so large a scale in so rich a country. Canada is only one week's journey or so from the heart of the congested centres of the world's great hive of humanity, suffering as it now does from lack of opportunity to find work and over-production and want of employment.

Here is a country, in which the following story is true: Three young fellows from London, who were hardy and well brought up, and belonged to the middle class in society, emigrated to this new region of the N.W. The first year they made money as hands on the railway, by the second year they had pre-empted land and completed their improvements, the third year they had sold in city lots half of their combined sections, and retained the other as farms close by the city. They then took turns about each winter to go and visit their friends in England. These boys from the East end of London told me some of their friends thought they must have committed some murder abroad to have got rich so quickly, for the people in the East end of London from whence they came steadfastly refused to believe they had come by their prosperity honestly. They are now in the way to become what they could never have expected to be in the old country, amongst the prosperous and successful citizens of a Canadian city, and yet maintain their British customs and allegiance in a new province of the Empire as British subjects! In Canada, a Scotch girl, in domestic service, whose work had been to manage the house for seven men (relations) on the prairies; her work included washing and cooking. She was going home to marry the man of her choice and to bring him out. She confided the fact that she had three hundred pounds to start house with and earned honestly by hard work. Perhaps domestic service is better paid than any other kind of work for women, and nowhere is there higher wage, more freedom, and greater opportunities

both for marriage and settlement than in these new regions of the recently opened countries of Canada ; nor are the prospects likely to grow less as the country developes. But it requires courage and determination in the first start in both men and women to believe and to act upon their convictions and to bear the burden of a settler's life in the great lonesome West.

The Island of Vancouver is three hundred miles long, with an average breadth of eighty miles. Situated on the Pacific coast, its position would appear to be very similar in circumstances to what the Isle of Wight is to the British Isles, with Portsmouth taking the place of Vancouver on the mainland. In same longitude with the North of France its climate and agriculture and wooded slopes make the conditions similar. Its position on Puget Sound, through which the commerce of Asia is now beginning to flow, with an ever increasing volume, is bringing the island into close contact with the world's markets. Vancouver, with its capital Victoria, and Vancouver on the mainland may become the commercial centre of western civilization on the Canadian continent, and its gateway on the Pacific coast. Victoria is beautifully situated. It was long known as a secluded village, with old world ideas and inhabitants. It has now woke up to its destiny, and with a population bordering on 100,000 people mostly of English stock, it bids fair to develop very rapidly. The island about the size of Wales, is capable of sustaining a large population, and its climate the softest and most genial in Canada makes it the specially selected spot for people of means who are in search of healthy surroundings, not far removed from all the means of civilization. Its fisheries along the coast, agriculture and mineral wealth, at present hardly developed, are known to exceed that of many other regions where capital has gone for a less showing. As a natural feature the island is covered with a dense mass of timber except where occasional openings of rich meadow land make one of those rich farming sections that attract the settler.

It is acknowledged that an acre of this meadow land, sometimes obtained at great cost of clearing or draining is one of the richest pieces of ground known, will produce sixty bushels of grain to the acre, and is equal to ten acres of prairie land.

The value of this island land apart from its beauty, its climate, and the near proximity of markets, has determined the C.P.R. after purchasing half the island at a cost of four million dollars, in its wild primitive state from the Provincial Government, to spend a large sum in experimental clearing of land on a large scale, and with plenty of capital to aid in the work for which an assured return in large profits will be made, if things are properly managed.

This work of clearing ground, which in most cases has to be accomplished by the ordinary settler single handed by his own efforts is one of the most disheartening features of Western life. At best it is a slow process and one in which the Chinaman finds his chief employment. With the aid of modern machinery adapted for the purpose, and carried on on a large scale, great economy is attained, and the work is more easily and less expensively accomplished. The ground which is at present being cleared is in close proximity to the railway, and is offered to the public at reasonable figures. It also serves to give employment to a large number of men, who during the winter months can find no regular employment, while during the summer months they are employed chiefly in the fields and orchards where they have their homes and settlements, and are thus kept on the soil and become fixed tenants often owning their own farms.

Every facility of social intercourse and education and amusement are afforded in these settlements and places now coming within the reach of the railway and civilized life. Vancouver Island, said Lord Milner recently, offers an ideal home life, and it is the garden of Canada. For families of private means, and pensioners of the Civil Service, all those who are seeking a simple life, and desire to live in close contact with nature, and yet not far removed from the amenities of existence in its highest ideal will find in Vancouver Island the place they are looking for. It is moreover a sportsman's paradise. Game, deer, elk, pheasant, grouse, ducks, all strictly preserved under the game laws, and the followers of Isaack Walton will find in its fisheries, both in river, lake, and sea a variety not found in any other place.

Of the possibilities of this island, still in great measure in its primitive state, there can be no question. In mineral wealth the island possesses at Nanimo the richest coal mine on the Pacific coast. Of other minerals it is impossible to speak except that there is at present a sufficient supply of native iron to keep a smelter going. The dense forest that covers the island even up to the loftest hills makes it impossible to find out what is hidden in the earth. Its mineral wealth may one day rival that of Engiand. But a good deal of the island still remains unexplored. At the time that our party landed on the coast line such developments as are here recorded were not even thought of, nor had the C.P.R. advanced beyond Vancouver City on the mainland. And these modern developments are considered still in their infancy, and the land is still in great measure destined to wait for its increased population who shall make this island like a well watered garden, which is the name it bears in the native language of the aborigines.

Like the United States Census Bureau, the Canadian Census Office has tried its hand at an estimate of national population. It figures that Canada had 6,504,900 inhabitants on April 1, 1907, an increase of 1,133,585, or 21.1 per cent. in the six years since the census of 1901. This is more than twice the absolute, and nearly twice the relative, increase in the ten years between the census of 1891 and 1901, and it is a much greater relative increase than that in any decade since Confederation.

There is a curious parellel between Canada's present position and that of the United States a hundred years ago. In 1901 Canada had 5,371,315 inhabitants. In 1800 the United States had 5,308,483. Before 1901 the Canadian growth had been very slow—only 11.1 per cent. in the ten years from 1891 to 1901 against 35.1 for the United States in the ten years from 1790 to 1800. But since 1901 there has been a sudden leap forward. The increase in the past six years is equivalent to a growth of 35.1 per cent. in a decade—exactly what the United States had in the ten years preceding the census of 1800. It is true that in the ten years succeeding that census the United States grew a little faster, gaining 36.4 between 1800 and 1810.

Still, for all practical purposes Canada may be said to stand to-day precisely where the Republic stood a century ago, with a fair prospect that the United States census for 1810 and the succeeding periods may serve for the Canadian censuses from 1911 on.

On this basis Canada may expect to have nearly seven and a quarter millions of people in 1911, nearly ten millions in 1921, almost thirteen millions in 1931, over seventeen millions in 1941, and more than twenty-three millions in 1951. There is one circumstance, however, which impairs the value of all such comparisons. The growth of the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century was almost entirely by natural increase, and so proceeded at a regular geometrical ratio, never varying from a mean of 34.5 per cent. by as much as two per cent. either way. Canada's present spurt is the result of a wave of immigration. It may keep on at its present rate; it may swell to an even greater volume, or it may decline.

In looking back over the journey from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, and its changing scenery and panorama with its obvious signs of progress and development, standing in the silence of the great Western forest of the Pacific slopes or on the lofty mountains, one tries to conjure up the future by the signs of the present. What are we waiting for? One listens for the tramp of those millions of people of all languages and tongues and races which at the present time and during the present century are destined to come and settle in this the largest and broadest area of the kingdoms of the earth. The like of it perhaps has never been seen, and its nearest equivalent is what has taken place in the United States during the nineteenth century. The Dominion of Canada is repeating in the twentieth century the advance of the United States in the nineteenth.

CHAPTER II.

The First Start in Life in New Conditions.

WHEN our party of travellers landed at Vancouver after their eventful journey they were naturally at a loss as to what they should do to start life to earn a living. Finding themselves in a comfortable and inexpensive hotel, they economised their means as far as possible. In such cases an agreement is made with an hotel-keeper to board by the week or month. If a long stay is contemplated, and the customs are on the American plan of regular meals at certain hours, which is cheaper than the English plan, and more satisfactory. Where wages are high, and they usually are in the West, prices at stores and hotels are correspondingly increased, but the staple needs of life (not its luxuries), such as bread, meat, tea, the standard drink at every meal, are, if anything, cheaper than in Europe. For Canada is a protected country and in spite of Free Trade fallacies versus Protection, the national food supply of the people is cheaper than elsewhere, and there are high wages to pay for it. The average wages are as follows at the present time, and have seldom shown much signs of altering, for the unions have a strong hold of the working class in all its sections, and indeed sometimes are unwise enough to drive capital out of a district only to find that the work will be done elsewhere in the province or in Canada by the hands of new people, sometimes of an alien race.

The average rate for unskilled labour is two and a half dollars a day, and for skilled labour the union rate is five dollars per day. Capacity and skill as shown in piece work—which is the usual means of contract work—meet with their full reward in Canada.

Both capacity, ability and willingness are at a high premium and, from the nature of the country, are expected. It is in this matter that the new comers from the conventional countries of Europe, and especially the United Kingdom, so often prove failures.

Regular work on a farm, the most varied employment, is paid from twenty to thirty dollars a month and board, or by special day-work two and a half dollars. This is probably the first job that a new comer strikes, and he would do well to try it, and not be too particular as to the circumstances or remuneration while he is serving his apprenticeship. And the terms should usually stand good for the winter as well as the summer, during which in a year's service a youth will have learned all that is required, and from a green hand become more or less an expert at all he may be called upon to do around a farm. Agriculture is the chief occupation of most of the people in Canada at present.

In all these matters the boys found they had much to learn, and went around picking up their information from many sources. Perhaps their best friend proved to be the hotel-keeper, who to many men down in their luck proves to be a philosopher, guide and friend, for, as is often the case, he is the agent, perhaps the buffer, between Labour and Capital. He knows his particular district like a book. He directs the wayfarer on his road, and when stone-broke settlers through misfortune are cast at his door, he is, as a rule, the only friend in need who may prove a friend indeed. Though hospitality is the rule of the country, and none need suffer want, in the out-of-the-way parts of British Columbia and Canada the general form of hospitality amounts to a free meal for a day or two to a perfect stranger, and if a man has his blankets with him, as is usually the case when travelling in Canada, there is always room by the fireside, or in the barn in summer—a rough reception but a hearty welcome to all who show a sufficient guarantee of respectability.

The Scripture motto about entertaining strangers finds its fulfilment in the West to a greater degree than elsewhere. The traveller who comes from afar, especially from the old country, is welcomed as heartily as nearer neighbours, and should he adapt himself to his surroundings, will gain much information, especially should he declare his desire to become a settler in the district.

It was not the intention of our party to work as labourers

for others. They had some small means of their own, and proposed to settle down at the earliest opportunity on their own ground, and attempt farming on a small scale, which is the desire of so many new comers, under the idea that the free gift of land from the Government is like a section of their own home countryside. They had much yet to learn about these matters, which it is the purpose of our story to show. There was not the grand opportunity which is now offered by the advent of the C.P.R. in the country and Vancouver Island. None the less the prospect was good enough for these young men to make a success in life, but not by the easier methods now in use, but in ways which are common in new countries such as the Pacific Coast offers and does still in lessening degree.

Our party of settlers were ambitious to become owners of farms themselves, and had determined in their settlement to act in company, and the co-operation in their plans was perhaps the reason of their success. As to their qualifications they were well fitted to succeed. Each one of them had had some training such as is required in a settler. Edward had passed in the Technical Schools of the County Council in England as a carpenter; Jack had been for two years on a farm; while Charlie was supposed to be versed in engineering and mechanical work, for which he appeared to have a particular bent; George, the head and leader of the expedition, the one who had fired the others with the ambition and enthusiasm to emigrate, appeared to be a "Jack of all trades," an all-round fellow who, after receiving a good education at school, in which also he had been head and leader at all athletic sports, was as good-natured and willing a specimen of a youth as could be found. Needless to say what he suggested the others would undoubtedly comply with. A visit of the party to the Dominion and Provincial Land Office soon supplied them with information as to where land could be got and what sections of country were open for pre-emption and other information. The question arose which section of country, in a province seven times the size in area of the United Kingdom, they should select from. Most of the coast

line appeared to be open for pre-emption to those who would risk a journey by sea in an open boat to take up the ground. Or they might go on land, mining or prospecting for suitable land, or join a survey camp. A week's discussion followed over ways and means. The delay was not without its uses. It gave opportunity to look around the neighbourhood of the rising city of Vancouver, still in its infancy.

Vancouver had only recently arisen from its ruins after the devastating fire that had burnt up the greater part of the city, and large numbers of people were then residing in tents and shacks, though the temperature at night was cold. There was ample of work if any of the party had been willing to take it up. But all of them were eager to take up land—the earth-hunger was upon them. After many discussions and much enquiry, it was determined to travel up the Coast in a boat as the cheapest and handiest means of getting about. But it would not do to go alone, as the Land Commissioner indicated it would be best to take some one with them who knew the country. A prospector might be got to direct them what to do and how to do it. And here the enquiries and the week's delay had come in useful.

The boys, always eager for sport and athletic exercise, had almost daily hired a boat and made migrations up the wide area of the Fraser River and estuary around Vancouver, which enabled them to see the nature of the country they would have to prospect, and some of the dangers they would have to encounter, and they knew now what to expect in the rough jungle of "Further West," as it is called.

On inquiry at the boat-house where they hired the boat, for some prospector who would be willing for a consideration to direct the party of young men eager for adventures, they were introduced to an old sailor who was known all along the sea front as "Old Alec."

Perhaps it was lucky for the party that they fell in with such a man, for to him mainly, as it will appear, the success of the expedition from this time appears to have been due. Such prospectors are found in old settlers, many of whom rightly deserve a good living by teaching younger settlers how to direct operations in the first settlement of a rough country.

Alec was one of those old sea salts who belonged to a race that is fast dying out—a type of man indeed that belongs to a past generation, but whose powers of endurance are probably beyond anything which the present generation are capable of. A short, thick-set man, verging on seventy years of age, and beginning to be querulous, but always open to reason; independent of action, trusty and sure on any occasion. He was nevertheless just the kind of man required to lead the present expedition, to restrain the ardour of youth, and direct under his fatherly hand the rising aspirations of our future settlers. He knew the neighbourhood of the Coast line probably as few others knew it. For several years he had resided on the coast around Vancouver, after increasing years had made him too old for service as a deep sea sailor, which occupation he had followed ever since he ran away to sea when he was ten years of age. We propose to relate the history of his life as recorded by himself in the stories he has told us by the fireside while travelling on a prospecting journey, or later on by the stove in the log cabin mainly raised by his own hands, where he is often still an honoured guest. As the years of his pilgrimage increase, and his sight is now failing, he takes more and more to the land, and has settled down in a small cottage with a garden, which, with an occasional day's work when he feels up to it, supplies his simple wants.

The thrift and economy of an old settler can manage to make ends meet in a new country like that of the Pacific Coast of Canada with comparative ease, and there is no need of old age pensions at present.

When we first knew Old Alec he was as he is depicted in these pages, and the incidents of the story are true, and the biography of his life's history are mainly in his own words drawn from the log-book in which he had regularly recorded events.

Terms of agreement were accordingly settled on by the party with old Alec, who was to direct the expedition in future and lead them to the land suitable for settlement, which he knew of some hundred miles or so up the coast. In those early days there were very few steamers, for the transport of

passengers and freight—and those very irregular. It was customary for settlers to build or buy some row-boat by which they transported themselves. The voyage amid unknown rocks and reefs, currents, tide rips and islands to a stranger was very hazardous. Many a life has been sacrificed owing to carelessness and ignorance of the waters around the islands that line the Pacific Coast for many hundreds of miles north of Vancouver. To-day the journey we are about to describe is easily done in a comfortable steamer without risk or danger. But in 1890 everything was in a chaotic state. Things were very different. It was, in fact, primitive to a degree, and our party must have considered themselves lucky that they found so able a navigator, and one who knew the ways of a settler's life so well as old Alec, to whom, by George's advice, they entrusted the expedition, and agreed to abide by what the old man said. It took quite a little time to hunt out and fit a Columbia River boat which was considered big and safe enough to carry the party on the uncertain expedition, but by the aid of an old sailor who knew the ropes this was done in a manner and with an economy which the boys could have accomplished in no other way.

The major portion of the heavy belongings of the party packed in boxes was left behind at Vancouver, for it would not do to overload the small boat, and some of them would have to return in any case to record their sections in compliance with the law, after having roughly surveyed and located them. Thus it was that one fine morning towards the end of May, with necessary provisions, clothes and tools, the expedition started, and it proved an eventful journey.

A fair wind and an outflowing tide enabled them to make use of the sail, but the arms of four lusty young men, all of whom were accustomed to handle oars, though mostly on quiet home waters, were ready enough to propel the boat when conditions called for it. They were well supplied with a chart both of the coast and the adjoining country in which they intended to select their pre-emption. The voyage was to be one of prospecting for land suitable for a settler's homestead.

In a country so wild and wooded, amid the rough tangle of what is known as the lowlands, it is a hard matter to select a locality, and a section, suitable for cultivation, or to find out at first sight what will be worth clearing. Even old Alec could not say for certain what locality would be worth taking up, and all they could do as a party would be to take up four quarter sections in partnership, the major portion of which would be forest, some might be a marsh, and the whole of it a matter of uncertainty as to its value in the future. It would not do to go too far away from the scenes of civilization—viz., Vancouver—on the line of coast along which the steamers would in a little while undoubtedly run.

The expedition was therefore in the dark as to its future selection of land, or the conditions that would surround it. Old Alec was the only one who had a hazy idea as to what was to be sought for or where the location had to be made. But the party felt themselves in safe hands, and the first few days served to give them entire confidence in the old man who, though at times uncertain in temper, was confident enough in his suggestions, which every one felt were for the best.

The land wind that had helped them in the early morning to sail out of the estuary and harbour fell off later on, and a good long spell with the oars followed which tried the arms and muscles of the youths, which had grown soft by reason of the length of their journey from England. As one remarked, "it made one feel how weak human nature was, physically, under the conventions of civilization, when brought up against the simple life as it really is in the jungle of the Far West." Alec, who steered and directed the navigation of the boat, was eager himself to take a hand at the oars, but the party insisted he should remain at the helm. About midday they drew towards the shore, and after lighting a fire with the dry chips of drift wood which are found on every coast line and river in British Columbia, they had their usual meal, the first prepared by their own hands. And here the prospector's hand was manifest. The rapidity with which old Alec collected and chopped a few chips from logs and built up a fire was the first lesson of the backwoods the youngsters

had to learn. It was the first of many that they were destined to acquire from an old settler before they became well-seasoned backwoodsmen.

And how much there is to learn by those who come from the civilized centres of city life regarding the simpler needs of humanity! and how to live the simple life.

Most people have heard of the ship sailing up the mouth of the Amazon river, while still out of sight of land, hoisting the signal of distress: "In want of water," only to be reminded by a passing steamer, "Put down your bucket and drink." In much the same way there are some new arrivals who have been so habituated to the use of conventionalities of society, a public bar at every street corner and a glass to drink out of, that they have never realised that to stoop down and drink out of a wayside stream was the oldest method of assuaging thirst and still prevails in some parts of the world. A certain youth in his first wild rush to the West was dying of thirst, and sat by the wayside stream meditating how he should get a drink without a glass. Calling at a settler's house, he asked for the desired information, and was told by the lady, "We always drinks out of the river the same as the cattle." From early youth every native-born Canadian or Cannuck is accustomed to the use of the axe, and can usually cut his firewood from the nearest timber at the same time he fetches his water from the nearest stream or well, which are free to all.

Anywhere outside a city, this ancient custom prevails, and it is usually the duty of the last new comer in camp or settlement to undertake this task in a country where no servants are available, or each man acts as his own boss. The master, if there is one, is generally known as "the Boss," and more than likely he is not above fetching water or carrying wood for the fire if required. In hotel life no Canadian would think of putting his boots to be cleaned outside the door, for they are sure to be stolen or otherwise lost. No! he goes down to the nearest hair-cutter of the street, who is also a boot-cleaner, and gets a five-cents shine when he thinks the boots need it.

A so-called menial servant, unless it be the homely

"Chink"-Chinaman, is an unknown quantity especially in the West, where to a greater degree than elsewhere Jack is as good as his master, and yet maintains his respect for the Boss worthy of merit. In camp life none is greater or less than another, for all are needed.

In the West perhaps more than elsewhere it is holden that each one take his share of the common duties of life and look after himself. It was Alec who first instructed these youths how to rig their camp in comfort and ease to themselves, how and what to do, for at this kind of work all were novices, but all were willing to learn. So harmony prevailed. So far they learned the value of Co-operation—which is next to Brotherhood in the common walk of life, and the social duties of Humanity common to all.

CHAPTER III.

The Evening Camp.

THE sun was falling to the West, dazzling the waves in golden streaks, and our travellers, weary and sore from long spells of rowing, with short rests between, which had employed the whole of the afternoon, were only too glad to welcome the suggestion of Alec to camp for the night on the beach, and become beachcombers for awhile like the Indians.

A comfortable little harbour or cove was found, and Alec went ashore to search for water, and to make sure the site was suitable and safe.

"Yah ho!" There was the welcome sound which then, and many a time afterwards, announced that the old man had found what he wanted: a camping ground. Quickly the boys made one last effort to drag the boat upon the shore out of the reach of the high night tide, and the old man showed his activity in arranging the camp, lighting a fire, and chopping a supply of wood for the night (for it would be cold later on, though warm enough at sunset).

A good meal refreshed everyone, and the first lesson in making flap-jacks was not the least important lesson on this, the first night out. Mixing the flour and water, but tossing the flap-jack in the fry-pan, was a novelty yet to be acquired. Another important piece of business for those who wished a soft bed on a hard ground was the collecting and preparation of the fir tips from branches of trees. This formed part of the after-supper work that the "father of the camp," as the youths called him, thought indispensable to a night's lodging in the wilderness when it could be got handy. For Alec, rough sailor though he was, and prepared to rough it with any man as he had often done before, was not above making use of nature's gifts when she supplied him with a soft bed for the making, in the shape of brouse, as it is commonly termed by prospectors. Next to this comes the hard shingle on the sea shore, on which, with a good blanket, a comfortable couch may be made.

The night darkened, and the fire glowed, and the gentle soft wind blew lightly the wreaths of smoke around, while each one settled himself in blankets with the rubber sheet underneath, around the fire, and the pipe of peace and comfort was smoked. Alec lighted an ancient-looking short black cuddy pipe, almost as old as himself, while a discussion about next day's prospects arose. "It looks," says he, "as if we are going to have a storm, and if so we might as well camp here in a safe place as risk a worse." And sure enough when next morning dawned it was blowing half a gale, which in the opinion of Alec would not blow itself out for a day or two. An extra spell in bed and the appreciation of the soft furze couch were indulged in by the youths, who still felt sore from the previous day's hard rowing.

Alec was never happy unless he was doing something and that was usually of a useful nature. The boat needed caulking, and a few new splicings in ropes and gear. The opportunity was not lost on our party who got their first lesson in splicing, an ancient art, from a master hand. It is to be regretted that it appears fast to be going into disuse now that cable chains and shackles have replaced the old rope tackle. But in the

life of the settler, and the variety of occupations in the Far West, it is ever a most useful accomplishment and one every youth should learn. For life sometimes depends on a good rope or splice.

A trudge around in the bush during the afternoon in search of game was rewarded with several grouse, and the trail of a deer was followed, but it was out of season for such larger game. There are few places, however, where grouse cannot be found, though often hard to find when shot without the aid of a dog, and ducks in spring and autumn are found in abundance everywhere, and form a tasty food.

Time began to hang heavy on their hands as for two days the wind was too boisterous to think of making any progress in the direction they wished to go. They had explored the immediate vicinity of the rough rocky promontory under which they were sheltered. The forest was comparatively open in the vicinity of the sea in the spring time of the year, but later, owing to the almost tropical vegetation which grows along the low lands of the coast, it makes progress almost impossible to those unaccustomed to the wild tangle of the forest.

That is the reason why it is important for prospectors for new lands to make their investigations as early in the spring as possible.

It was the intention of the party to make a location at a place known to Alec about a hundred miles up the coast, but owing to boisterous and often very sudden winds which prevail on the West Coast in the spring of the year, it might take a week or more to reach it. Time was not lost, for there was much to learn about the nature of the country, and in Alec, who in his fishing expeditions had wandered up and down the coast line, they found a never-failing source of knowledge and intelligence. In the long leisure hours of waiting, and later on wet days, and by the quiet camp fire of an evening, he was an unfailing source of interest to the new settlers. Indeed the lessons gathered in the first few weeks of their settlement were of vital importance, and could not be dispensed with by anyone who really meant to make a settler in British Columbia, where both the dangers and conditions

are different from other parts of Canada. The philosophical saying of Alec was proved true made on this first camp: "The farther West you go, the more life you see, and the harder the conditions, but the greater the reward."

It is a wild and woody condition of things indeed that prevails on the Pacific Coast, and requires more than the common intelligence and patience of men to handle it.

By the morning of the third day out the wind had subsided, though the sea was still boisterous. The party were eager to go ahead, but Alec was doubtful and said, "You'll have a hard pull, for we have to round the headland facing the open sea, and if the wind should get up on us, God help us! we'll have all we can do to save the boat and ourselves!"

Youth is often more eager to face unknown dangers than age, so they started. After a long row against a boisterous wind and choppy sea, which gave two of the party sea-sickness, they began to round the headland of which Alec had warned them, and then their troubles began. The tide had aided them in three hours' row, but now turned against them, and the wind was ahead. Could they make the next headland? they might safely get on their way, in quiet waters.

The custom of the Indians is always followed by those who know these treacherous seas, to keep close to the land as far as possible, and so avoid the treacherous tide rips and sudden windstorms caused by breaks in the land. "Keep steady at it, boys," said the old man, who held the helm; "we must keep close to the land; it is not safe to land here, we shall swamp the boat if we do, and perhaps be drawn under by the undertow." The great rolling waves coming direct over thousands of miles of Pacific Ocean, dash themselves on the shore in all their fury at such open places. A narrow streak of calmer water just outside the breakers, where possibly the seaweed, which often grows hundreds of feet in length from the bottom, serves to break the waves, renders navigation with the aid of oars possible. Such places are alike the safeguard and the treachery for novices in these waters.

Many a life has been lost in risking a landing on a rock-

bound coast where the breakers roll in with a force which will sometimes dash the boat in safety upon the shore high and dry, while the undertow drags the unfortunate occupant who may possibly have an upset or been washed out of the boat, to a watery grave, and the bodies are seldom found. The Indians, who make their wonderful cedar log canoes, always place a large sharp bowsprit, usually with the figure of a bird with a beak, which in the open sea breaks the waves ahead and literally cuts them in two; and, when landing, turn the bow to the sea to break these great rollers and steer to the land in safety, and thus prevent the swamping of their canoes. The light cedar canoe is sure to be washed ashore, and a landing may be made from the stern. In this way for centuries has developed the hereditary instinct of their race, for most of their life is spent on the water, and they are to-day, with the aid of their canoes, the only safe navigators of these uncertain waters. In these matters their canoes are like lifeboats, and many shipwrecked crews have been rescued by them. Alec had lived amongst them and knew their ways, but by long habit preferred to handle a white man's sea boat rather than a canoe, though he acknowledged a well-balanced canoe was safer. He knew, by hard experience, that to land anywhere with a boat of modern build meant a certainty of being swamped, loss of life, and provisions possibly, in a sea with which they were then contending. Not wishing to return, he determined to push on; they might weather the gale, but the risk was great. It was a new experience for the boys—would they weather the gale and land safe!

For hours they rowed between the surf rolling in on the shore, and the kelp, at times resting by holding on to the kelp as a kind of anchor; but the sea and wind were increasing without a doubt, and with it the danger of being swamped in the heavily-ladened boat. The shore must be made somehow. Was it possible that along that rocky coast there might be some narrow cove scarce visible on the outside where the boat might find quiet water even in a raging storm? Closely the old man scanned every little crevice and cave, and just as they were beginning to feel utterly exhausted and worn

PRIMEVAL FOREST AS IT WAS.

THE SETTLEMENT AS IT NOW IS.

out with rowing he said: "Nothing for it but to land. We'll have to risk it by running into one of these small bays in between the rocks. Do as I say, keep your oars from fouling, and row only when I tell you." Such were the orders issued by Alec, as if he had been on the quarter-deck of a ship. He made for what appeared to be a narrow entrance into the heart of a rocky cave. It is the nature of these seas that every sixth or seventh roller in a heavy swell is a dangerous one which breaks with terrific violence on the shore. Between them are a number of smaller rollers which are comparatively harmless. To strike the right one is the main object, and requires great judgment, for a mistake at such a time means the almost certain upset or swamping of the boat. Alec had not yet lost his nerve for such work, though he had been wrecked seven times in the course of his sailor's career, and it was remarkable that the old man could face danger with such cool courage. For awhile he studied the position at the edge of the great rolling waves, carefully counting them so as to strike the right one which would carry them on its crest through the dangerous part towards the shore. Suddenly he said, "Pull as hard as you can!" For a few moments it seemed a calm, then a huge roller slowly arose out of the sea, and lifting the bow of the boat in its relentless grasp carried it swiftly on its crest towards the shore. A slant on the boat or the foul of an oar at such a moment would have meant their destruction; their lives depended on the helmsman. "Hold!" cried he. "Keep your oars ready!" he shouted, as the wave slowly spent itself, and they dropped into the trough of broken waters. A few steady strokes and they were clear of danger, the trouble was behind them. The following waves helped to carry the boat within the rocky cove where they sought and might hope to find some shelter from the storm.

"God!" ejaculated the old man, as if a great weight had been removed from his mind, "Pull for all you're worth!" And they put all the strength of their young muscles into the oars, to take the boat out of reach of a second roller which might not be so kind as the first. It came the same as before, but not with such violence, and it carried them between the

two sides of a narrow entrance, a veritable defile in the rocks which Nature in some freak of her moulding in the past ages had made. "A way of salvation to the heart of the rock," which was to shelter the party till the storm was over. A third wave spent itself harmlessly in driving them into the cove on which was a soft sandy shore, a very ideal spot, calm, sheltered and safe even in the worst storm that might rage on this coast. So close is safety to danger to those who know and are acquainted with such localities, so strangely sudden are the winds that blow in these regions, that five minutes—especially in the spring season—will often change from calm to wind, and dangerous conditions, which may mean death to those who are unacquainted with life on the Pacific Ocean and Coast. That is the reason why the Indians in their coast journeys seldom go very far out to sea, but travel round the bays instead of across them, making use often of well-known currents that run close to the shore, and are safe if they know how to land amid dangers such as are here described.

Our party felt thankful indeed that they had employed so able a man as Old Alec, and that the safety of the expedition, as far as human aid could make it, was sure in the old sailor's hands.

CHAPTER IV.

The Hermit Settler.

THE excitement of the morning had been very great, and it was with thankful hearts they landed on the sandy beach and left their boat at anchor in the calm water a few feet from a huge log, which was stranded and made a convenient pier. Plenty of water and firewood were to be found close at hand. Perhaps nowhere is it possible to find such ideal camping places and sufficient supplies of all that Nature can provide for the service of man as on the coast line of British Columbia and in the immediate vicinity of its lakes and rivers. For four or five months in the year the weather is certain and all conditions

favourable, so that here we have the best camping-out country in the world. With the aid of a few hooks and lines, and a gun, many settlers have found it possible to provide for all their needs in a simple life of the woods. From spring, when the wild strawberries grow, to late in the autumn there is a continual variety of wild fruit, easily picked, which provides a healthful change. Salmon of five or six varieties in their season, salmon trout in all the lakes and brooks, and many other varieties of fish are easily caught. Game in the fall of the year; grouse and ducks and geese; deer and bear's meat give a variety on which the changes can be rung the year round. It is the custom of many Indian natives, and not a few white wanderers who have taken to a similar life, to live on the sea coast or amid the valleys, lakes and rivers, for most of the year, except in the very cold months of winter, when they can retire to some rough log house, or to city life, till the inclement season is over. Some in these days desire to live like their fathers of old time used to do, before the world became too civilized or congested in numbers as in great cities which, while they are the pride of our civilization, yet appear in many cases to offer a hopeless outlook and a sad state of existence for the masses of the people.

Is it to be wondered at that some few seek and find a change more congenial? Of such perhaps was the man who greeted the party at this place. He was long known to us as "The Hermit." When the boys landed on the shore they found a well-built boat drawn upon the beach, and in the background a rough-looking shack built mainly of drift wood, and yet not without skill and ingenuity, to which Nature had added her charm by a covering of wild honeysuckle. The occupant was out when they arrived, but he returned shortly carrying with him a load of bark of the wild cherry-tree which he deposited under the dry roof of his abode.

"What! you here!" says Alec; "thought you had gone for good when the police got after you at Trial Island."

The story of this man can be told in brief. He was known as the Hermit of Trial Island. An Irishman by birth, he had lived for many years alone on an island near Victoria, the

capital of British Columbia. Whence he came and what was his history will never be known. But that he was a man of remarkable ability and ingenuity and some talent the following remarks will show.

His little house was fitted up with every convenience which the skill of a carpenter could produce, and with the exception of a few household necessities in the shape of iron crockery and a kettle, there was not a thing in the house or in the well-built boat—the only means of access the hermit had to the outer world—that had not been produced by the man's own hands, with the help of the natural productions of the place. The boat itself might have been turned out of a factory so perfect was it. It was built of small inch strips of wood which had been cut from drift cedar trees on the shore, with the aid of a wind sawmill (also an ingenious native production). The cost of the boat had worked out into three shillings worth of nails, obtained at a store, and five shillings the cost of sail-cloth for the single mast and sail. All the rest was home or bush-made, and a wonderful achievement of its kind.

The seams of the boat were so close they needed no caulking; the paint, drawn from some native root, seemed impervious to water; and in a sea such as was afforded by the spot at which the hermit resided the boat acted as a perfect model. The walls of the hermit's house were adorned with pictures, drawn with skill and art, chiefly descriptive of native life, and with paints made from chalk and sand, a secret preparation, as also a brush made from the fibres of some root. This man would occasionally visit the haunts of civilization and, expending a copper or two on a piece of parchment paper, would in an hour or so produce a coloured picture, which he would sell for a few dollars at a gentleman's house near by. With the money thus honestly obtained he would purchase a sack of flour and a little tea, which with economy would last him for months. With these he would retire again to his wild hermit existence in the cove which recently he had made his habitation. He had lived for some years on Trial Island, but was driven out by people who were inquisitive enough to investigate his hut by breaking into it during his

absence in order to see what report had told them of the hermit's ingenuity, for he spent much time in the forest away from his abode. He had invented a spring trap to guard his premises, and someone had got shot in breaking open the door, and had informed the police, who investigated the case and were equally surprised by the ingenuity with which this man guarded his premises.

But he took offence at the ill-treatment by his neighbour and retired to a new and apparently inaccessible spot, where our party had unwittingly intruded on him and his castle in the rock—a truly hermit-like abode.

Naturally of a kind and generous disposition, he invited his guests to use his house and, like the true gentleman as indeed nature had made him, did all he could for his visitors, who spent an interesting time at the house investigating the many inventions of an ingenious character, of which the house was full.

There were native fruits dried, made into jam and otherwise preserved; for preservation there were herbal extractions from bark, a supply of which the hermit was preparing to take to a chemist in town; there were coloured paints made from coloured sand or chalk found in the locality, and brushes made of root fibres—for all of which he could find a ready sale in town. There was a wind organ on a new principle, on which the hermit solaced himself, producing music of his own native Irish songs. Dried and smoked salmon, and fresh salmon in season, were his chief food, but he was by no means averse to smoked venison, of which he gave our party a supply, for he was a good shot with the gun. This man appeared never to want for anything, providing for all his own wants with but little resort to the town. His garden at the back would produce anything he might require in the way of vegetables or fruits, and doubtless his flour for the excellent bread with which he supplied the party, baked in the Dutch oven outside the house, could easily have been grown near by to supply his simple wants. So simple was this man's humble life that it might be said of him as of the prophet of old—"His meat was locusts and wild honey," of which he also

had a supply, drawn from the hive in the rock. Such is an instance, and there are many like him in the Far West, of those who prefer to live the simple life in its reality and have learned to love it and be happy. It was a matter of regret that this remarkable man met with his death by drowning just at the very spot where our party had so narrowly escaped. Miscalculating his waves doubtless on some occasion when landing or leaving his home—probably after a journey outside on a visit to civilization, which did not occur often—his boat was found washed up a wreck on the shore close by, but the Hermit was not, for God took him.

The party rested for two days, windbound in the cove, where they were safe from the storm, the waves, which beat with all their fury on the rocks without, sending no more than a gentle ripple into the quiet waters of the secret cover into which they had so fortunately been driven. On the third day, the wind having ceased overnight, and the waters having quieted down by morning, Alec declared it was safe to start forth on another stage of the journey.

The Hermit directed them on their way, for his wanderings in the forest and by boat, on many lonesome journeys, when he was wont to be out for days together, made him well acquainted with the country. He had selected the present situation mainly because it was unknown and inaccessible. Few would have suspected that the barren-looking rock, under the shelter of a headland which presented no sign of a cove, would have had so safe a harbour and anchorage in deep water sufficient to hold a good-sized sloop during the stormiest season of the year. The hermit told them that in winter, for weeks together, it was impossible to make or leave the shelter, owing to the stormy and troubled waters at its mouth, which was due mainly to the formation of the rocks and the currents, which were subject to continual change, owing to the tide rips that changed every month, and were never the same. In other words it was a kind of maelstrom that guarded the entrance, and even the Indians kept outside of it in their journeys to and fro on the coast. The small patch of cultivated land in the warm and sheltered ridge of virgin soil supplied all the humble

wants of a single individual, but would not be sufficient for a family. He might have been safe from intrusion for years had not our party found him.

In winter it rained in torrents for ten days at a time at this place. But the warm breezes of the Japanese current warmed the lonesome eyrie in the Rock. Truly it was just such a place as an anchorite would choose to lead a prolonged existence away from the world, and close to nature and nature's God. And there are human beings that seek such a life, and shun the society of their fellow men. Of such was the Hermit of the Pacific Coast.

CHAPTER V.

WESTWARDS.

THE day proved fine and quiet, as our party pursued their way with long steady sweep of the oars, across the gently rolling surf, which in moments of calm rolls in great curves on the shore, to fall with a silent thud on the iron-bound coast. Away on the horizon was another cape, which after a few hours' rowing they would reach, and where possibly they would have to shelter for the night. Alec informed them the next spell of fifty miles would have to be accomplished without a landing, for beyond it there was no place to land safely, even in calm weather. It was the worst part of the coast and known as the Grave-yard of ships.

They reached the desired haven, and found another convenient shelter, a spot well known to the Indians, for they had some rough houses constructed here, and it was one of their regular resting places in their journeys during the summer months, and there are many such which are now marked off for that purpose as Indian Reserves. For generations there have been places, sometimes inhabited by a tribe of Indians, which have been select spots for camping, having a safe anchorage. To all appearances the place was not very advantageous, for it lay

open to the sea. But Alec told them that a desirable spot in the eyes of an Indian native must have first water and dry drift wood of which this place had an ample supply, and secondly a coast that could be approached at every condition of the tide and wind, and free from sand bank or river mouth, which would cause an undertow in winter rains. An underlying reef of rocks shaped like a huge horse shoe made it possible to land here whatever the state of the weather might be outside, and a number of canoes were drawn up on the shore, showing that the Indians had already begun their annual migrations towards the fish canneries and later on the hop picking where they find employment in the summer months and make good wages. These Indians, locally known as Flatheads, belong to the fishing tribe, and are adepts at fishing with lines and bait chiefly for salmon, which forms their chief food, fresh—smoked —or salt dried, the year round. They appear to be a strong and hearty race as long as they do not fall into the white man's vices, or are swept away by such diseases as small pox and measles, which have frequently carried off a whole tribe in a few weeks. The use of spirits appear to be hell fire, or fire water, the term given it, by these natives, an overdose of which will act upon them quite differently from what it does on other people, and many cases are known where an otherwise quiet and sedate Indian has been known to kill his own nearest relations and friends, as if they were his feudal enemies under the influence of liquor, and start a never-ending quarrel with people who for generations had lived in peace. The Government has endeavoured to put a stop to the use of liquor amongst these Indians under any circumstances by a heavy fine of three hundred dollars on anyone who should, even in time of necessity, give an Indian a dose of spirits as medicine, and by imprisonment to any Indian found with a bottle of liquor in his possession.

The Indians were friendly enough with our party on landing, and supplied them with a freshly caught spring salmon for their evening meal. It may be taken that if trouble arises between a white man and an Indian, the cause is usually with the superior white race. The encroachment of the white races

on the coloured race is a record of blood and war, perhaps the saddest in history. As a rule the native Indians of Canada are always friendly, and, dealt with honestly and justly, will never give trouble, and to-day are harmless whatever may have been said of them in the past, and they have been much maligned.

At daylight next day, Alec was up "bright and early," as he called it, and roused the camp. "The Indians were going out," he said, "and that was a good sign," they always know the signs of the weather better than the white man. They might accomplish the fifty miles by rowing all day or they might have to sail back to this sheltered cove. He had often done so before he said. "One must take things as they come," was the philosophical sailor's remark, and he never worried over matters above his control such as the weather. A wise consolation in time of trouble. In course of the morning they crept along this rock-bound coast, which is without a break, except where an occasional rift in the rocks make an entrance to some unknown cave, many of which are as large as a church inside, and the haunt of numerous seals. This volcanic section of country extends for fifty miles or more up the West Coast of Vancouver Island, and has for its background a large plateau of country at present unexplored. "Here," said Alec, "is the most dangerous spot on all this weather-bound coast." No ship will stand the pounding on these rocks, and in proof he told them of a large three-masted steel ship which he had seen break up and not leave a vestige behind her in less than twenty-four hours. High up on the shore also at one place lay a full masted schooner intact, where she had been washed by the waves high and dry on the shore, and her owners finding it impossible to bring her back to her native element, had left her there as an evidence of the terrible power of the waters and the height of the waves in a storm.

"We shall round the Lighthouse this afternoon," said Alec, as during the midday hour the party partook of a hasty meal on board, "and then we shall be on the safe side." A favourable wind getting up in the afternoon, they were wafted along in comfort and ease, and well on their journey. Towards

evening they entered a broad and open harbour, up which they travelled till crossing a sand bar they entered a river, which was to be the destination of their sea travels. Inside a sheltered cove at the mouth of the river stands a Rancherie, of the Indian tribe which for generations has inhabited this place, being known as the Pachina Indians. The tribe have forsaken their old Rancherie or Hall of their ancestors still standing built of large timbers in a square building, with side shelves for sleeping on all round, and with a great log fire in the centre of the building with the smoke going out through a hole in the roof. Such a building would accommodate a couple of hundred natives, and was used for safety from attacks of enemies by a whole tribe. Modern civilization has so far touched these races that they have for the most part built themselves modern houses of cut lumber, where each family separately resides, and supplies its own wants. And the Rancherie is no longer used. While acknowledging the rule of their tribal chief, and generally working in harmony with the rest of the tribe, some members of which, under modern conditions of peace, may now join other tribes if they did not find satisfaction in their own. Their Feudal system has ceased, and with it their war and bloodshed. The Government has placed all these native people on their respective reservations, and confines them to these sections of land as their home, which in many cases are large enough for all the needs of the tribe, and for each member to find a suitable holding. The Government looks upon the native races as heirs or wards of the State, and having taken their lands from them, has become responsible, with certain limitations, to supply their needs in time of sickness or want, which is often necessary, especially in the winter months when either the fisheries or work has been a failure. Another great industry by which the Indians make a good living is the hop and fruit picking during the autumn, and for this they are in the habit of travelling along the coast in families sometimes comprising the whole or remnant of a tribe, each family in a large canoe, which they so ably handle in these waters. The Indians are free to go where they like and find work especially in fish canneries.

At the time our party landed most of the Pachina tribe were at home, and engaged in the spring salmon fishery on their own account. A large number of small canoes were busy at the mouth of the harbour, each Indian with a spinning bait spending long hours paddling too and fro, and occasionally catching a large salmon weighing from six up to thirty pounds. It was an enlivening sight to see the strangely variegated clothing of the Indians, each in his canoe, or perhaps a man and his wife together, under the light of the setting sun, engaged in their time honoured occupation, which had become so much a part of their life that they appeared to be fit for no other. They are also a fast vanishing race, and another fifty years will see their extinction as a people. Landing at the side of the stream, Alec went up to the chief's house, which appeared to be the best in the village, and with a friendly How do ye do —" Kle-Hough-yer"—found him standing at his door. He was the hereditary chief of a fast diminishing tribe of Indians, who a few years previously had numbered five hundred strong, but now, owing to an inroad of small-pox which had devastated the tribe, was reduced to about a hundred souls all told."

Over the door of Peter's house was written on a board in clear type " The White Man is Welcome." And no one had reason to doubt it. For this native chief treated all who came to his lodge with generosity and kindness, even though at times he had been badly deceived, and mean things had been done by men of the white race. More than once he had aided ship-wrecked crews to safety, and placed his house at their service, and had received no acknowledgment.

To accept hospitality or aid of any kind from an Indian without acknowledgment or payment because they are a weaker race is a mistake that leads to much trouble, and reluctance on the part of the native race to have anything to do with the white race. Strict honesty and hard dealing bargains at times are in accordance with the code of Indian honour, and considering their ignorance they are remarkably shrewd in business transactions. Alec was always careful to pay down cash for everything he had from the natives, and attributed many of his remarkable escapes to the fact, that it was by

gaining the good will of the native races he had escaped so many dangers amongst native tribes. And certainly all the time we have known him there has never been any trouble with the natives in this locality, with whom there was much palaver, and successful business transactions.

An Indian's Ranch in Canada is his castle. The reserve as it is known to the Government and people is the unalienable right of the tribe granted by treaty from the Imperial Government and acknowledged by the Dominion Government of Canada. Strange to say the law of entail appears to apply to these lands in as great a degree as it does to the entailed titled estates of the Lords of the realm in England.

A section of land known as an Indian Reserve was granted a century back by the Governor of the Hudson Bay, the then representative of the crown, to the Indians and their descendants, who are at present residing on it in the centre of the City of Victoria, the capital of B.C. It remains much as it was, facing the magnificent block of stone and marble buildings of the Provincial House of Commons, and surrounded by many fine buildings of business and the private gentry, and likely in the near future to be the business centre of the Province. Only about forty of the tribe to whom it was granted, which originally numbered over a thousand, are left, but all efforts of the Legislature, including the Privy Council, have been unavailing in removing the remnant of this tribe to more suitable quarters, or to buy out or alter the original agreement made a century ago when the natives were strong enough to control the situation. The Reserve remains an eye sore in the midst of the most go ahead community in the West, and a proof of the standing justice with which native races have been dealt with by the Imperial Government of Great Britain.

A word of commendation cannot be withheld from the treatment the native Indians receive from the Department which controls and looks after the welfare of the native races of Canada. The three million aboroginal races are now all located on their respective reserves, and live in peace and quietness with their own people and the white races by which they are surrounded. As wards of the State they are looked after by

the Indian agents, who look after their wants in time of need, which is becoming more and more the case as they are deprived of their hunting and fishing grounds. Schools and instruction in civilized employment, especially farming, are being encouraged amongst them, and many of them are fully equal to the ordinary white man in work and knowledge; indeed many of them might well be entrusted with the franchise.

Treated with kindness and taught the civilized way of living, what is left in the next generation of this fast dwindling red man of Canada, the native aborigines, will be absorbed into the white races, in whose blood their virtues, as well as their vices, will be incorporated.

In strange contrast in this, as in many other things, the native races on the United States side of the line have been swept away by every indignity that can be offered to a conquered race. Organised systems of slaughter, begun by exciting the Indians to war by wrong and injustice, was the common expedient of getting rid of the native races whose lands it was intended should be taken. The saying "A dead Indian is the only safe one" had its origin in these organised systems of slaughter which contributed greatly in sweeping away what was left of the native races after disease, famine, plague and pestilence had done their worst in the Western States. There none, or but a remnant, were left to tell the tale. But the story of Indian wrongs will not be forgotten in history.

I may here quote a striking testimony of an American Bishop, Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, who thus contrasts the relations of the United States and of Great Britain with the Indians in their respective territories. "On one side of the line," he says, "is a nation that has spent 500,000,000 dollars in Indian wars—a people that have not a hundred miles between the Atlantic and the Pacific which has not been the scene of an Indian massacre, a Government which has not passed twenty years without an Indian war, not an Indian tribe to whom it has given Christian civilization, and celebrates its Centenary by another bloody Indian war. On the other side of the line are the same Anglo-Saxon race,

and the same heathen. They have not spent one dollar on Indian wars, and have had no massacres. Why? In Canada the Indian Treaties call these men 'the Indian subjects of the Crown.' When civilization approaches them they are placed on ample reservations, receive aid in civilization, have personal right in property, are amenable to law and protected by law, have schools, and Christian people send them the best teachers."

The situation of the Indian ranch at which our travellers had landed was at the mouth of the river, on a sand bank, which, according to Peter, had been the habitation of his tribe from time immemorial. It was safe from any enemies who might come in from the sea side, as there was a full view of the harbour, while on each side there was an open space to the forest jungle that lay beyond, and the situation was virtually an island in the river, and had evidently been chosen with a view to the general safety of the community.

In the immediate background of the chief's modern-built house stood Peter's totem pole, in other words his family crest. It was a pole about twenty feet in height, and on it were carved various known and unknown forms of beasts, birds and fishes, painted in bright colours, not unlike those seen on the family shields and crests of the aristocracy of other nations.

According to Peter, his ancestry dated back to the period when the real or imaginary animals of antiquity which science has revealed inhabited the earth. For Peter's crest started with the enlarged beak of a bird such as would be unknown to the modern naturalist, and through a long process of development, in which the origin of species might be traced, it ended in a spreading eagle on the back of a bear, showing Peter's more modern ancestry to be allied with a tribe whose crest was thus represented.

That Peter was as proud of this trophy as any gentleman who could trace his ancestry to archaic times goes without saying. If the wood of the totem pole was old, the paint was fresh, for it glowed in gaudy colours of brightest hue and it stood in the centre of the Rancherie or hall of his ancestors.

On the further side away from the sea and close to the residential part was the family graveyard, in which was a miscel-

laneous collection of every conceivable article of furniture and bric-a-brac, including a modern bicycle, a sewing machine, and the whole outfit of household utensils.

It was the custom whenever a death occurred in the tribe for all the belongings of the deceased to be either destroyed or heaped on the grave of the departed. Formerly it had been the custom to kill the wives or the slaves of the greater chiefs, but the Government had stopped that, and they now showed their sorrow by paroxysms of grief and tears, with wild mournful notes of wailing in which they were supposed to address the deceased in the spiritual regions beyond. These solemn cries once heard are never forgotten, and must date back to a very distant antiquity.

Whatever of value the dead Indian may have possessed—no matter how valuable—was destroyed or heaped on the grave of the deceased. It often amounted to thousands of dollars worth. The shadow of it would follow him into the next world. The nearer relatives were turned out destitute on the world, with only the family crest to cover their nakedness and the honour of their tribe. The totum pole alone escaped these indignities: it alone was safe.

A chief of the neighbouring tribe being unfortunately caught by a storm at sea, with his wife and child in a canoe, was upset and, losing his hold of the canoe, bravely battled with the elements for seven hours, supporting his wife and child in the ice-cold waters of the winter sea. Landing at length on the shore, his wife and child died of exhaustion, while he himself recovered. This noble effort and remarkable endurance did not prevent the destruction of all that the chief owned, and to show his grief for his loss on his return to his tribe it included the burning of two thousand dollars in notes, the result of his season's work. All that was left to him was his family crest, the totem pole, and the inestimable credit of his tribe, who upheld him in his traditions and recognised him as a great chief.

Surely these native races have a respect for their traditions which would place them high amongst the orthodox races of the world. Those who believe what is right and true, and act up to

their belief, deservedly live in the estimation of their fellows.

Another very extraordinary custom, generally known as a Potlatch, characterises these tribes of the coast. When a chief or private person has accumulated a large amount of property and money, which has come to him as the result of hard work, shrewd dealing in trade, capture in war or some lucky adventure, he sends a message round to all the neighbouring friendly tribes that he intends to give a potlatch at a certain date, which is usually at the full of the moon.

There is a feast in which the consumption of food, both native and civilised, is extraordinary. No stomach but that of an Indian could possibly stand what is consumed on these occasions. It commences usually with fish, fresh smoked and salted clams and crabs and shell fish, and there are interludes of canned beef, crackers, and biscuits and jam, followed by haunches of venison and bears hams and bacon. Tea and soda-water form the drink when spirits can't be obtained. More often than not there is a secret supply of liquor kept in a canoe apart, for those who are initiated where to find it, for it cannot be used in public. The feasting continues for days together. Towards the end of the debauch the giver distributes everything he possesses in the way of goods, chiefly blankets and old clothes, and when he has given away everything, including the clothes he stands up in, he has fulfilled the law of hospitality, according to the etiquette of an Indian, and is considered a great chief. It is true every chief does in turn the same thing, so somehow things are balanced up in the long run, or it is possible the potlatch might not be so popular, or be carried out on such a liberal scale. But the time to strike an Indian camp is when a potlatch is on, one is safe to get all one wants, and a good deal more than is ordinarily expected, for it is the only time that an Indian shows a kindly and generous spirit, which he also expects will be reciprocated later on by his friend the white man. The Government have endeavoured to put an end to these potlatch feasts as destructive to morals and thrift, but so far without success. The potlatch is an ancient institution and dies hard, and will linger on till the last Indian has gone to the happy-hunting ground.

Amongst the Indians, who lived on the outskirts of the Reserve and fed by the generous gifts of others never withheld as long as the food is to be got, was a very old Indian, who appeared to have seen over a century in years. He had known the first King George's men who came to the country, which placed him at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In appearance he might have resembled Methuselah at the end of his life, for he appeared like a skeleton covered with a leather hide, and was blind. And yet this man might have been seen handling a canoe and actively fishing in the summer time, guided alone by the aid of a boy who accompanied him in his fishing expeditions.

A tribe higher up the coast had for ages been noted for their ability in capturing whales. Before venturing out on these whaling expeditions, which amounted to the capture of two or three leviathans in the season, a great deal of medicine or religious worship had to be gone through, of which the medicine man of the tribe performed the chief ritual, and without which no whales could be captured. As a rule the capture of so large a fish with the aid of twenty canoes, manned by twenty or more natives, was a very serious business, and few whales had been captured without loss of life and sometimes seriously curtailing the numbers of the tribe, which had to be augmented by men from other tribes from time to time. An attack by a whole tribe of yelling warriors on a whale in the open sea must have been a heroic scene according to the discription given of it by Peter. But it belonged to the times long ago, indeed was classical history in which heroes and leviathans got badly mixed up.

Recently the white man had come on the scene, and is making a very lucrative business capturing whales with modern weapons and a steamer, and cutting up the bodies of these valuable fish at a station on the shore. Where every part of the whale's body is now made use of, and little waste, for even the waste parts are used as a fertilizer. On first starting this station for the whale fishing, the natives were propitiated, as it was in their neighbourhood, by being told that they would be employed in the fishery. They naturally

supposed that their share would be in aiding in the capture of the whale according to their time honoured custom and tradition. While they were employed in their religious duties preparatory to going out to capture a whale for the station that had been built conveniently in their locality on the shore, the whaling steamer arrived towing three big leviathans to the station which had been captured that morning. The natives were invited to come and aid in the cutting up of the whale. But it is said they were so astounded at the thought that they should have been done out of the honour of the capture of so great a fish without their aid, that none of them have been able to lift up their heads again or indeed to speak of the event without tears mingled with much other broken language. Like many other people they have lost heart, they realize they have been done out of their ancient occupation. That the whaling steamer in the first year caught four hundred whales without loss of life, to their odd whale or two in a season, which jeopardised the lives of the whole tribe is beyond their comprehension and they cannot attain unto it. How greatly has civilised man outstripped the native races of this and other lands, until as it is said there is no more spirit left in the native red Indian of America, and soon he will not be found for there is no place for those who do not march with the ages in civilization, progress, enlightenment, and co-operative labour.

CHAPTER VI

Our Settlers Pre-empt their Ground.

THE future plans of the party were the subject of serious discussion over the camp fire that night, after full justice had been done to the succulent salmon steaks that so often form the food of a travelling prospector in British Columbia. The Land Laws of the Province of British Columbia call for a rough survey of the pre-emptor's claim, usually done by himself, and completed later on by a Governmeat surveyor.

And this had been the purpose of their journey when the party started, as well as to seek out a suitable location, commonly called prospecting. Alec had an idea that the part of the country which might prove suitable could be found in the valley, adjacent to where the tribe of Indians resided who lived on the reserve. The country was a new section recently opened by Government, who were desirous of getting settlers into that part.

A night's rest in the quiet precincts of the forest had set the boys up for further adventures. It would not do to take Peter with them; he might resent the close proximity of white men; they had best prospect alone, and Alec knew sufficient of the land not to get entirely lost. So the party started with sufficient supplies for the day or two they might have to spend in the bush, leaving the boat drawn up on the shore, where in the hands of the chief it would be safe. Peter showed them the bounds of the reservation, eagerly asking what they were after, for inquisitiveness is proverbial in the nature of an Indian, and cunning is quite a second nature. None the less it would not do in the present emergency to tell him that the party were engaged in search of land in the neighbourhood of the reserve, for the whole country from time immemorial had been looked upon by the Indians as the heritage of the tribe, and they might resent intrusion.

Each of the party was laden with either axe or gun, a small pack containing food, and blankets, as they intended to stop out a night or two surveying the country, leaving their main supplies in charge of the chief. The weather was warm and genial. Plunging into the tangle of the jungle of forest in the lowlands of the Pacific Coast is a new experience for a novice, and one which does more to teach a man to control his temper and his nerve than any other occupation. And such our party found it. To learn to walk over fallen timber and across deep canyons on narrow logs, to find oneself buried in bushes of a prickly or stinging kind in a swamp or morass, bitten by mosquitoes and flies or gnats at every turn, are amongst the experiences a prospector becomes hardened to.

The line of progress is necessarily slow, and the novice sees little — perhaps after awhile cares less — about the nature of the country he has come to prospect. When at nightfall he casts himself down at the foot of some tree, and attempts to seek a few hours' rest, he feels sore indeed, and attends to his wounds which the struggle in the wild and woody forest has inflicted on him. Should he by chance lose his bearings (which the best men are apt to do) he believes himself lost, and so he is for awhile. Best for him if he should not lose his head or his courage. He will stop, light a fire, and discuss with himself, or others, over a cup of tea, the situation. Then is the time when he feels the benefit of a party, for it's best and safest to be lost in a company rather than to be lost alone. Under such circumstances it might prove fatal to a single man and a novice to venture alone in a wild bush country. The question under discussion frequently arose. Could it be possible that such a wild tangle of a bush as the party passed through in the course of the day could be worth anything except for the forest trees which grew upon the ground in such giant sizes that it would take the efforts of a Hercules to move them? It was the primeval forest as nature made it. And what could be done with such trees, three hundred feet in height and ten feet in diameter, some of which our party had measured that day in the forest ? They were chiefly spruce, cedar and hemlock trees which grow in such profusion along the coast line and in the valleys of the coast, and their quantity measures often fifty thousand feet to the acre of serviceable timber exclusive of the top and branches. In one instance in this country 5,000,000 feet were taken from ten acres. At first sight, in the opinion of some, such land appears to be worthless, except for the timber, and that is not at present within reach of the market. Could it be possible that our party could make for themselves a home in this inaccessible out-of-the-way jungle in the midst of a primeval forest?

Such were the thoughts of the younger of the party as they lay under the spreading branches of a Douglas fir, one of the few they had seen that day. With the aid of the compass

in the hands of Alec, who directed the party as only an old woodsman and prospector is able to do in this vast wilderness, they had covered some three or four miles in a half-circle and prospected the country. They had come across one spot where the Indians had been building one of their large sixty-foot canoes—built out of a single cedar log, whose original dimension might have been eight feet diameter at the butt-end. Half-finished, it stood in the forest perhaps a mile away from the harbour. It seemed probable that when half way through with the work, which must have taken several months of arduous labour with the aid of axe, chisel and fire to burn out the inside trunk, and then shape the outside, the men had discontinued the work.

Perhaps they were doubtful if they could get such a heavy war canoe to the water; but an Indian seldom begins a work without serious consideration and carries it through successfully. Or the tribe had been cut short in their labours by an attack from some foreign invader who had caught them unarmed at their work, or smallpox may have cut off the strength of their manhood, making the prospect of an attack on some neighbouring tribe impossible, and so causing peace, even the peace of extinction such as the tribe was then suffering.

Whatever it was, there it stood, in an unfinished state, in the midst of the forest, still sound after fifty years or more had covered up the massive piece of woodwork with the wild and tropical growth of the jungle. Alec said that there was a time on this coast when no Indian or native would dare to go a mile away from his native camp without running the risk of being captured and slain by some other tribe. A journey of a hundred miles along the coast previous to the advent of white men could not be taken by an Indian without the certainty of being killed. Such was the state of things before the Government of the British Crown took hold of the native race question and stopped the feudal fights and quarrels which seemed to sweep the major portion of the inhabitants away before they reached old age. It was equally dangerous for white men to travel, and many ships' crews have been murdered.

The youths of the party were eagerly asking Alec what he thought of the prospect of the day's survey. He was silent for a time. Then he said: "You bet your boots, this timber is going to be valuable; the land in the valley and the swamp is good deep soil and will give a living to those who will clear it. It's well worth the dollar an acre the Government asks for it on pre-emption. One acre of that valley land, cleared, when the sun gets on it, is worth ten on the prairie. But it's going to be hard work to clear, and it's the work for young men to handle. The timber alone will pay you to take up. A little house built of logs, with an acre or two of cleared land, is going to supply anyone with all the fruit and vegetables they require; a pig or two to run wild will pay the taxes, a few cows in the bush will pay for beef, and something over; and a team of horses will come in handy for logging on a small scale, for those who fancy that work in a lumber camp. The land all slopes to the water too," he remarked, "on the river side; it's not going to be so hard to log for them as knows how to do it. It'll pay, sirs, though it don't look like it to those as doesn't know. I'd take up a pre-emption myself if I had nothing to do. And now I come to think of it them Indians ain't a bad lot. You might be alongside a worse class of people than them. I know that Peter, he's a good Indian, that's what he is. I mind him, one winter's day, when none of us would face a storm to go and save a party that appeared to be wrecked on some rocks outside Victoria Harbour, he and four other Indians took a canoe and went out and saved them when we dare not risk it in a boat. He's a chip of the old sort Indian in him, and he will treat you well if you deal square. But we'll take another turn to-morrow and see what is on the sea side."

After this long statement, voluntarily given, Alec relapsed into his usual silence over his evening pipe.

The laws of the Pre-emption scheme require that a party should take their sections in a square block. This would include six hundred acres. To select the quality of the land was the main point, and to drive in a survey post in accordance with the law was the present object of the expedition. The party spent the next day in prospecting the remainder of the

land comprised in what appeared to be a kind of cape running out to the part where they had entered the harbour.

If they could lay claim to a place running from river to sea it would be easier to handle, and they might hold the whole headland if circumstances were propitious, for there was no reason, after having obtained one section of country from the Government, they should not apply for another afterwards, and at present the whole country was new, and open for pre-emption.

The land on the next day's journey proved better than they expected, and was not so heavily timbered, being nearer the sea, enabling them after a clear survey to get back to the Indian cove towards evening.

A private discussion then arose amongst the young men whether they could not retain the services of the old man, Alec, who appeared in their present circumstances indispensable to the success of their undertaking. "Suggest to him," said George, "that he take up a pre-emption alongside us, and we will pay him so much a month to work for us and with us."

They were all attracted by the old man, his ways and manner of talk. George, the eldest, was deputed to ask him whether he would undertake the direction of operations, take up a quarter section, and for a few pounds a month serve the party to the best of his ability.

He said he would consider it for a night, and in silence continued to smoke his cuddy pipe by the side of the fire till he fell asleep. Next morning at breakfast he said he had thought over the plan, and would take up a section with them providing all were agreeable to his joining. This happy solution of the difficulty gave courage to the youthful members, some of whom were inclined to give up when they saw how hard and severe the prospect appeared to be, under the light of the previous day's experience. Surely if an old man of years and experience thought it worth while as a prospect, they were not the youths to back out because there was hard work in view. A day's rest and an afternoon spent in salmon fishing with an Indian canoe served to interest the party. Jack, always more ambitious than the rest, had hired a canoe on his own account, but he was not

long inside it; the first push from the shore and he was over and floundering in the water. One will learn to respect an Indian canoe only when one has tried it and got accustomed to it one's self. For of all the cranky and ungainly crafts afloat to the man who is a stranger to it, an Indian canoe of the Pacific Coast is the worst, and most uncertain.

And yet it is without exception the safest boat that floats. It will support a man when full of water, and a whole family will hang on to its sides without sinking it, while one will scramble inside and proceed to empty it of its liquid contents without the aid of a bucket by simply tilting it from side to side. When emptied of water the rest of the family may successfully be rolled into it, and all this has been done in a stormy sea by Indians when the water was at freezing point.

A whole family has been upset at sea, owing to several of the party being drunk, and the fat kluchman, the wife and mother of the family, an ungainly body who would float like a cork, owing to the greasy nature of her skin (due to fifty years of a salmon fish diet) has accomplished the feat of rolling herself into a canoe, emptying it in the manner described, and finally saving the remainder of her intemperate brood, who were sobered by the cold waters in which they were plunged. One will know that all this is true when one begins and after many attempts discovers that the centre of gravity and balance is preserved by keeping one's feet in the bottom of the boat and on an imaginary keel. Frequently a fat squaw will walk the whole length of a small canoe to her seat in the end without losing balance by a hair's breadth. She will handle her paddle both as a means of propulsion and for steering her canoe with head to the wind, without a sign of a rudder, keeping up a regular speed for hours together, often alone in a strong sea.

That same light single paddle, made of cedar wood and neatly carved, will be used as a scoop to empty the canoe, if necessary, of water, or it comes handy to kill a salmon in the water. After the fish has been caught by the line and hook and drawn to the side, it receives a stunning blow on the back of the neck before it is hauled over the side into the boat; otherwise, owing to its violent struggles, it would upset

the canoe. It has been said also, that as a weapon of defence in time of war the paddle is the woman's weapon, and on its flat side comes in handy to correct the younger members of the family, whose introduction to the paddle and its partner the canoe, begins early in life.

A native cedar canoe is alike the cradle, the coffin, and the home of the greater number of those native races who for countless ages have inhabited the shores of the North Pacific coast. The family cedar canoe is the heirloom of numerous races of Indians, by whom it is handled to perfection amounting to an instinct.

It requires both skill and endurance, especially in the spring of the year, to catch salmon in the sea, and unless our party had learned their first lessons from the Indians, as they did on this occasion, there would have been no salmon cutlets for supper that night. As it was, when they came ashore with two fine silvery salmon at the bottom of the canoe there was joy in the camp, for there was plenty of grub in the pot, and that of their own catching. The cooking had to be taken by turns, but here Alec, who was an adept, showed them all the ways in which salmon could be boned and dealt with—smoked and salted—for future use. The healthy appetites, increased by solid work since their life in the bush had commenced, made any kind of food acceptable to the young men.

As an instance of what a wonderful craft this ancient form of boat cut from a single log and chiselled out by slow degrees, with the aid of half an axe-head, and carved by the aid of a hand knife or mussel shells. The writer was acquainted with a certain captain who fitted up a 45-foot Indian canoe with a water-tight cabin. With this vessel he navigated his journey across the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands and Australia—a three months' journey—without visiting land, and from thence circumnavigated the world. And his canoe is still sound, after that stupendous journey, and when I last knew the captain he was on a lecturing tour describing his journey on board an Indian canoe.

CHAPTER VII.

THE future plans having been agreed upon, it became necessary to make a rough survey of the ground, in order to put in a plan of it in the Land Commissioner's office. It was thought advisable to tell Peter, the chief, of their intention. To their surprise, Peter gladly acquiesced, and for a consideration undertook to help and show them over the ground, which he had known from childhood.

"You good man! I know you! Old man he help me in town once, I no forget," was the way in which Peter expressed himself as to the arrangement by which our party acquired peaceable possession of a square mile of territory which until recently, and by past inheritance of countless generations, Peter might have looked upon as the heritage of his tribe, or part of a patrimony for his children, who to the number of seven boys and one girl inhabited his royal camp. This same chief, as he subsequently told the party, was half Spaniard, and his grandfather had been a full-blooded Indian chief of the tribe. It appears that a Spanish ship had been wrecked on the coast in the early days of the last century, when the land on the west coast of Vancouver was claimed by the Spaniards. The men had been killed, and some Spanish women had been made slaves by the Indians, and one became wife of the chief, from whom Peter was descended. His grandmother was a Spaniard. He combined all the best points of the two races; but his uncertain temper reminded one at times of the passionate nature of the children of the South, while his more stolid powers of endurance were the inheritance from his father, combining qualities as remarkable as they were useful. For Peter was a bold, courageous fellow, and as long as his passionate temper was not aroused, and he kept clear of whisky (his one failing) he was the best of Indians to engage in bush work, or indeed work of any kind.

The party started out in a sunny day in Spring, in company with Peter, who first showed them the line of reserve, which he had been employed by Government to keep open, and

within which no white man had any right to remain. A post was placed solidly in the ground marking the west corner of the ground the party intended to take up. With the aid of a line compass, and a long measuring tape, a rough survey was made. Two of the boys went on ahead to clear away the bush with their axes, while the old man (Alec) and Peter, whose eyesight was such that he could see in the bush where the rest of the party were unable to distinguish anything, were employed to line up the course. A difference of a foot or two in the length of a mile makes a vast difference in the sum total at the end, as our party were destined eventually to discover, in measuring up the land by a rough survey with the aid of a compass. But Alec could be trusted to do his best, and it was not his fault that at one place there was a lead of iron metal which threw his compass out, causing big trouble later on. Three days were spent at this kind of work, and by the time the party had measured out a square mile of 600 acres, which brought them out to the sea coast on the other side of the headland, a post was placed at each of the four corners, and the additional quarter section was taken up by Alec, who, with the consent of the party, took in the headland, at the mouth of the harbour, a spot well suited for an old sailor the best part of whose life had been spent on the troubled water of the Pacific Ocean. Each night the party returned to camp, and Peter, to show his goodwill, supplied them with a haunch of venison the result of his last hunting expedition, when he had shot two elk, whose magnificent horned heads he was about to take to town to sell, and were worth twenty-five dollars apiece.

The next step was to start building a log house, as part of the improvement required by law to retain the property. A spot had been selected by the riverside, with a partially cleared section of ground at the back, which Alec considered would do as a garden when drained and cultivated. A long double-handed saw, and axes, with spade and mattock, were produced by Alec from the boat, and three days were spent by the party in cutting down suitable logs and shaping them to fit on each other. The whole party put in about fourteen hours a day at

this work, and by the end of the week a log house thirty by twenty feet square was raised Alec, who worked more like a youth seemed to gain in energy and enthusiasm as the work continued and directed the whole operation, which was of course entirely new to our party. They would never have been able to accomplish this work without the aid of such a man as Alec, who in addition to his other accomplishments was as skilled a backwoodsman as could be found.

Several of the Indians were employed for a day to help to roll the logs into position, for the house when completed was as solid as a fort and calculated to stand any siege, short of a forest fire, which is possibly the only danger such buildings are apt to suffer from. Such a building is good for fifty years, and if the logs are barked will be sound for a century.

Alec, with his wedge, spent most of his time in riving out shacks for the roof which could be put on at leisure, but was greatly hastened by the altered state of the weather. A heavy rain set in, and camping in the open was wet and uncomfortable; but by dint of working as long as it was possible to see, up till ten o'clock at night, the covering of the roof was got on, and the party took up their habitation in the first log cabin raised by their own united efforts in the valley, which later on became a large and populated centre.

It became necessary now for two of the party to go back to town first to record their pre-emption, and secondly to bring up supplies of food and the boxes which had been left behind, containing their kit and belongings. For life in the Far West had now begun in earnest, and the next best thing would be to clear the ground in the course of the summer, before the rains came, with the object of having something to depend upon the next year. After consultation, it was agreed to employ Peter with his two sons to take his large canoe to aid in the transfer of goods. Alec, with George and Edward, as the eldest and strongest of the party, were deputed to run the risk of a journey to town, which, now that the weather was more settled, was not so dangerous as it was earlier in the season, and would improve each week as the season progressed till late in the fall, when in the month of October the heavy rain might be expected.

At daylight one morning, when in the opinion of Peter the wind was favourable, the canoe with the Indians, and Alec and the other two in the boat, set out for a hundred mile sail or pull as the conditions might require. Needless to say that, as the wind was favourable, the Indians arrived in town a day earlier than the boat, with the unhappy result that Peter, having obtained liquor by some means which he would not reveal, had got into trouble with the police and was liable for a fine. By revealing who had supplied him with liquor, however, he was discharged, and the delinquent liquor seller was fined three hundred dollars. But where the profits are so large, it would not deter him from continuing the trade. The profits on this trade with the Indian cannot be less than 75 per cent., and the quality of the liquor is such that it is calculated to kill at fifty yards.

Registration of land having been accomplished, supplies and boxes were loaded on to the boat and canoe, together with two pigs, some chickens, and a couple of nanny goats, and a billy. The former, in full milk, were taken to supply the household, and it was thought they might survive the attacks of wild animals in the bush, as indeed has proved to be the case. For these were the first of a flock of goats which were profitable in more senses than one, and paid better than any investment made by our party in their wild bush life.

The canoe and the boat took nearly ten days accomplishing the return journey, owing to adverse winds, and it became necessary to make progress by travelling at night, when the sea was quieter than during the day. Frequent rests were called for, as the boat and canoe travelled in company up the coast. But eventually the harbour was reached, without loss or shipwreck, and it was with satisfaction our party carried their belongings into their new abode. During the interval, Charlie and Jack had plastered with mud all the holes and interstices between the logs, making it both warm and water-tight.

A Canadian stove, with a good supply of smoke-stack piping, which was part of the acquired property from town, was now set up, and cooking and baking of bread, the

mysteries of which Alec took in hand, made a condition of home comfort, "solid comfort," as one of the party put it, that would go far to settle matters on a home basis.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Log Cabin and Clearing Ground.

OUR party had now acquired territory, and might consider themselves permanent settlers, with a prospect in view. They had done this at a cost which, considering the prospective value, was a trifle compared with what the return might be in a few years time. Economy was the point that had been looked at, but with the help of Alec efficiency had also been attained. And we doubt whether any party could have done better or got more for their money. There seemed to be mutual agreement to help each other, and to continue in partnership at all events till their two years were up, and they could each acquire their title deeds from Government for the lands they had pre-empted. "Would the party hold together for so long?" has always been the question under such an arrangement. Alas! there are frequent disagreements amongst parties thus taking up land in partnership. If they can agree to co-operate a successful result is almost assured as in the story we have shown. The question usually arises as to which quarter section of land is to have the improvements placed upon it such as the law requires for the pre-emption, the deeds of which are finally given to the company. It was found best to turn the company into a corporation to be run as a whole, in the interest of the party, for as long as the majority held together, Alec's section of land was to remain out of it, and the party agreed to pay him so much a month for as long as he would work and remain with them until the two years were up. In order to do this Alec would have to build a house on his own property. The party willingly agreed to help him in the house-building, for their respect for the old man was great. He was the friend of the family.

Such was the arrangement upon which our party based their future success, and the next step was to spend a few days in aiding Alec to build his shack in the forest on his own ground. Unlike the log cabin which he had aided in building for the family use as he called it, Alec selected a spot on the point of a rock with a magnificent view overlooking the harbour and the open sea. It was called Alexander Point out of respect for the owner. The house, instead of being of logs, was built entirely of shakes, in the cutting of which Alec was an adept. They were nailed on to a framework of small trees cut as poles from the forest. The rapidity of construction of such a house was marvellous, for the place was cleared and the house completed in a week, and the major portion of the work was done by the old man himself, who only needed aid in carrying the shakes from the place where he had cut them. They were from blocks cut out of a single cedar tree, which he was careful to select according to the grain for the purpose. When the little place was packed with moss and the roof finished according to design, and a window cut in the side of the house, with a door, and a shed at the back, it presented both a respectable and homelike appearance, and forms the cheapest and most economical kind of house that a settler in British Columbia can construct. But it is probable it cannot be produced except where cedar trees grow, from which, with the aid of a tool called a frou, a skilled man can produce smooth, even-rived planks ten to twelve feet long and without a knot in them, known as shakes or shingles. It was necessary for Alec to put in a residence at Alexander Point for a few days in each month in order to secure his land, and one or other of the party were always glad to accompany the old man on this expedition, when the time was spent in clearing the land for a future garden alongside the house.

The next work in which the party employed their time was in clearing and burning up the logs on their estate around the house. A box of stumping powder had been part of the cargo on the last voyage, providentially thought of by Alec, and the whole party were interested in the manner in which stumps of

trees were blasted, and the way in which they were taught by Alec to use this expensive means with the best effect in clearing the ground. From time to time a giant report would be heard, of solid roots being burst with the force of the explosion, or a crash of branches followed by a great thud would mark the fall of some monarch of the forest, to be cut up into cordwood for winter use, or burnt in great fires which were kept up continually in order to clear the ground of waste timber.

In this manner the summer months were spent, and the autumn season, with its dews and quiet days of the falling leaf, approached.

There were long hours spent in canoes on the harbour, catching salmon, which in the months of July, August and September came in great quantities, making it possible to catch a dozen or more in an hour with hook and line. These were salted down, in a great barrel, which had been picked up on the shore from some wreck, and others were hung up in the smoke-house until a sufficient supply had been taken in for the winter's use. The grouse and deer season coming on, Jack, who proved himself to be the hunter of the party, went forth and secured several deer, which were likewise smoked. A bear, which approached too near the house, was shot and proved to be the best kind of mutton that the party had ever tasted.

Then followed the wild fruits, of which there were four different kinds, that made excellent jam. One of the party was always kept in the house cooking food for the rest, and looking after the jam-making business, until a sufficient supply had been laid aside as a relish to the hard tack and salt fish with which the party hoped to survive the winter.

In a climate so fresh and healthful, amid the pine air of the forest and seabreezes, there was never any question as to what they should eat or drink. Tea was the only favourite beverage—the national drink of Canada, and a sound appetite for any kind of food was never wanting in so healthful a climate. The main question was the supply and the cooking; and this is where the need of a lady help, a mother, sister or wife comes in so handy, and is so valued in the settlements and

amongst the backwoodsmen of the Far West. There is so much with which a woman of energy can employ herself, and there is never any lack of work. It is the secret of many a man's failure or success in life, and our young bachelor crowd, who batched it for the next two years, were not long in finding this out. They had to take each their turn at cooking and baking, with the help of old Alec, to whom nothing came amiss. Always at it, the first to rise and the last to retire at night, he was a model example to the younger men, whose respect and goodwill he had won by his consistent conduct and kind-hearted ways.

The animals on the farm consisted of the chickens, which mainly hunted for their own living in the bush, but had to be safely looked after at night for fear of the mink and other wild animals; the goats, which became so tame that they were looked upon as part of the family as night and morning they walked into the house to receive a handful of grain or a biscuit, while they were being milked to supply the household with the strengthening and refreshing beverage, otherwise supplied by condensed milk. They fed themselves almost entirely in the wild bush, living chiefly on leaves and young shoots, and aided in no inconsiderable degree towards keeping down the rapid vegetation which grew in such profusion all around the house.

The pigs too roved around the opening, and behaved more like dogs, as they followed the party about, often for miles away from home, and it became a heartrending case when "Huzz" and "Buzz," his brother, as they were called, had to be slaughtered when the winter season came on.

Twice in the course of the summer it became necessary to pay a visit to town to get in supplies, when the party took it in turns to visit the scenes of civilization, returning with all the more interest to the wild forest home, in which they found themselves so much interested that none of them thought of leaving it.

Such indeed is the simple everyday life of the settler in the Far West, those who are making homes for themselves, varied only occasionally by the visit of some distant settler, who finds the lonesomeness of his situation, or is constrained

to visit his neighbour often with the object of finding out what day of the month or week it is—which is invariably the first question asked on meeting a neighbour after a month's absence in the bush,

CHAPTER IX.

IT was Sunday morning in the fall of the year, and the party were engaged in their usual operations, which consisted of a a long morning in bed, to which a hard working settler feels himself entitled. The labours of the previous week in clearing ground and rolling up great logs to the fires which were kept continually burning and enwrapped the clearing in a cloud of smoke. It smells pleasant in a true settler's nose, for he knows the land is being cleared for cultivation, and that means progress. Sunday, as all the world in the fringe of newly settled countries knows, means washing day for the man who is batching it. Each member of the party washed his own clothes on that day, drying them in the sun if possible, or over the stove if the day was wet. The rest of the day, after the midday meal, as there was no place of worship within a hundred miles, was devoted either to a fishing expedition, or an interview with Peter who would often tell them some of the old tales of his tribal history. Some of these are more like the stories of the Old Testament History, including the story of the Flood, which all races seem to have in common.

In Peter's narrative, the Ark was represented as a huge war canoe, somewhat like the one found lying up in the forest, in which the tribe, which was the only one that escaped, seemed to have taken refuge, and thus transported the necessary livestock, from which local creation started. Another new and original story was often repeated by Peter, and had roused much discussion amongst the boys. It was on these occasions that Peter threw in all the energy of his native character, as he recorded the scenes of his youth when the world was young. But he always concluded with the lament, "No more Indian

now, all gone; white man take him. Soon white man take all." A sad but certain prophecy, for these races cannot survive another fifty years.

Another story founded on fact and enlarged in fiction was often repeated. "Away back many moons," Peter would begin the story and rehearse as follows: "You see that gap in the mountains," to which the Indian would point as he lay sunning himself on the sandy shore of the Cove, the natural position of all Indian tribes when enjoying the *dolce far niente* and telling a story, in which all hunting and fishing races like to indulge their leisure, "a tribe of Indians come from a long way the other side, and make an attack on my tribe, and kill many men, so many, they always remember that time. My tribe always live on this place at mouth of river, so they think themselves safe behind, and could always see the men who fight come in on the sea, which war they never fear. One time five hundred men fight in war canoes in this bay, and we kill many men. My grandfather, great man in those times, he give one big potlatch after that, and become one great man on this coast." From which we gather that this was the prime period of the Pachina tribe, of which Peter was now the hereditary chief, and would probably be the last of his race. The last of the Pachinas, and no mean man or chieftain at that, for he had done the best he could for his tribe that had fallen on troublous times, due to the intrusion of the white race, depriving him of his hunting grounds, and before long likely to greatly curtail his fishing, great and bountiful as the production of the sea and salmon fishing still remains, the fisheries are first being depleted by our fishing.

"Tell us about the Indians who came through the mountain gap," says Jack, always eager for historical fables.

"The tribe were building the big canoe you see up in the forest, one day, suspecting nothing, still less that they would be attacked from the quarter behind, which, on account of the mountains and forest, was considered an inaccessible point. The foes appear to have killed most of the men engaged on the canoe, but one or two escaped to the Ranchere and called the balance to arms; they fought in those days with bow and

arrow, stone hammers, and hardwood spears. The arrows were tipped with flint similar to the flints of Anglo-Saxon times, which are still made by the older Indians on the coast. A few iron spears and knives obtained by trading were then in use. But it proved a bloody fight, and several of the women of the tribe were carried off as slaves, the rest escaping in the bush. The power of the Pachina tribe was broken from that time, and appeared, from Peter's account, to have been on the downward grade ever since, for they only numbered, all told, seventy men and women, and but few strong men amongst them, in Peter's time.

Amongst those carried off was a young girl who lived and married amongst her conquerors. When her eldest son was grown to manhood she persuaded him to make a journey with her in more peaceable times, back across the mountains to her tribe, of which from time to time she had heard. In this journey of many days, and through a wild and desolate region, amidst heavily-wooded valleys and swamps, one moonlight night, at the place where they were camped she saw the ground shining around her, and picking up the gold ore she took a quantity of it with her and brought it to the home camp, where she was received with joy by her parents, who thought her lost and dead.

The heavily-weighted gold ore proved to be nuggets of gold. The tribe went searching for the hidden treasure for many days, but were unable to trace it. This latter part of the story is probably true, for there are many stories current of a similar nature where the lost lode of a gold vein has been found, full of rich treasure, and afterwards lost, and all efforts on the part of those who found it to retrace their steps to the right place have proved a failure, leaving only a tradition, This story was entrancing if it was true, and doubtless it was founded on fact, but had been exaggerated by repetition.

Another story of more modern date will bear telling from the same locality. Every year during the dry summer season a miner came to Peter's lodge from the far-away Salt Lake city of Utah. He would engage Peter to take him up the river, and would regularly discharge him at a point about

as far as a canoe would travel in the rapidly-falling river Alone the prospector would travel into the wilderness of the mountains, and after some three weeks' absence he would return bringing with him a heavy and carefully-handled sack, which he would never allow out of his sight, Nor would he open it or explain what was in it. "Gold," said Peter, "nothing but gold," was Peter's oft-repeated answer to the query as to what the sack contained.

There had once been three miners who thus came each season, but two had died and then only one came in the annual search for gold, and he had also recently died, without revealing the secret of the lost treasure. The Spaniards, said Peter, once had a mule track up the valley, and he had often seen the signs of their workings in the canyons of the hills in earlier years when he went hunting with his father. But as the waters of the rapid-flowing stream were a perfect torrent in the winter, they often altered the nature of the country, when the river made a fresh track for itself, which accounted for the numerous sandy gullies in its course, which were covered with vegetation in the summer. So the traces of the gold vein were lost and broken, and it was impossible to find any great quantity of ore; gold nuggets, of which he had seen several, were scarce and uncertain. "These things," he said, "occurred many moons back; but," he added, "I always speak true."

These stories served to fire the ambition of the boys to go as prospectors on a gold-hunting expedition. By the advice of old Alec, however, they stuck to their work in order to clear as much ground as possible before the rain set in.

Much discussion followed amongst the young settlers as to their plans, and at last it was settled that Charlie and Jack should go with Peter up the valley on a prospecting expedition when he went up the river on his annual migration to obtain his autumn supply of salmon, which were more easily obtained higher up the river than near its mouth. George and Alec were to go to town for more supplies, which they could do easily now the weather was calm in the autumn, and Edward was to remain and look after the ranch for now the settlement

had grown to the dimensions of possessing not only a piece of cleared ground suitable for next year's cultivation, but a well-built log barn, filled with freshly-smelling hay cut from the wild meadow grass by the riverside, and brought to the ranch by boat, in the place of a waggon. A more primitive state of things than the management of this farm could scarcely have been found. And such is the beginning of every new settlement.

CHAPTER X.

The Boys go Prospecting.

PREPARATIONS were made for a fourteen days' absence after the first autumn rains had fallen, so that there was sufficient water to enable the party to pull their canoe up the rapids and riffles of the river, which for about fifteen miles up its winding course would bring them into the heart of the country.

Early one morning, with the tide to help them up a few miles, the party travelled in Peter's light river canoe. It was necessary for them in one place to pull the canoe over a jam of logs twenty feet in height which for years had made the river impassable. This jam afforded an insight into the extreme power of the waters during the winter season. Great logs, six or seven feet in diameter, and whole trees which had fallen into the river by washing away of its banks, had jammed up in one place for a hundred yards, making a perfect fortress, around which it was necessary to portage the canoe. It took the best part of a day to accomplish this and carry their goods around. Our party were glad that they had been fortunate enough to select their settlement below this jam, for those who would settle above it would have a hard time, and already some settlers had come in that season, shortly after our party had taken up their land. Another two days travelling in the canoe, up stream and across

riffles and small rapids, brought the party to the place where Peter and his Indian subjects caught their winter supply of salmon, a wide, open pool beneath some falls, up which the salmon fruitlessly attempted to leap, and were therefore congregated for spawning in vast numbers at the foot and in the smaller streams around,—a delightful camping ground, in the cooler air of the autumn.

Charlie, making a tour of inspection around, was surprised to see a bear standing up to its haunches in the water beneath the falls, where the salmon were very numerous. With the fore part of his paw high in the air he awaited the salmon, and with a sudden and very violent stroke whipped up a salmon from the water up on to the land. Nor was bruin satisfied until he had four or five of these fish kicking about on the bank at one time, and only then retired to eat them. Charlie watched his opportunity, the bear being very tame and unsuspecting at this season of the year, and with a well aimed shot laid him dead. The Indians came and cut up the body for food, which came in handy, and the meat was excellent, the bear having fed mostly on berries which were very numerous around this locality. Game of every description appeared very abundant in this neighbourhood, and one morning a herd of elk, with a great antlered leader, stood in the stream and enabled the party to watch them from a short distance undisturbed. There was no need for meat, so our party would not destroy so valuable an animal which is fast becoming extinct through over-shooting. Indeed to shoot one is not sport, for these animals are almost as tame as cows, and are now carefully preserved, as far as possible, by the game laws. The next question was, could our youthful party, Charlie and Jack, be trusted to go into the bush alone. They had learned much about bush life and how to direct their way, but hitherto had always been accompanied either by Alec or Peter, whose long experience enabled them to direct a course almost by instinct. It was decided they should go, and trust to providence.

With gun, compass, and a few supplies packed up in a blanket on their shoulders, our youthful prospectors started on a journey which was not to be more than a fortnight in search

of a mining proposition, which, ever since Peter had told his story about the gold reef, had filled the thoughts of these young men, and hope of re-discovery of a long lost claim was strong within them. They would make for the gap in the mountains in front of them a few miles and prospect the mountain for minerals. These two members of our party had had the advantage of a training in geology and minerals when at school, so they were no novices, and would know minerals when they saw them in the rocks. It was a hard, tough scramble through the forest, and the low intervening ground until they mounted the higher ranges, when the country became comparatively clear of underbrush and it was possible to proceed with comparative ease. For two days they travelled eastwards, sleeping under trees at night, and camping in the lonesome forest, where during the night the howl of the wood wolf frequently kept them awake. They had reached the higher altitudes of the mountains, amid canyons and declivities, in a wild country such as they could scarcely have imagined. Fortunately they were bold and courageous youths and the settlers life had hardened their muscles, so that they were ready for any labour which a journey of this kind entails. They had reached a more open table land by the fourth day, and struck a trail which brought them out to a cultivated piece of land with a large and well built log house in sight. Such a scene of civilization was a welcome sight to our young travellers, and they were not slow in making for the door, which stood wide open, when the bark of a dog made their presence known to the inhabitants. The family proved to be a settler, his wife, two daughters and two sons, who had come up from the other side of the island and had made their home up in the wild mountain district, where on account of the deep snow in winter they were cut off from the world for half the year, and only very occasionally had an opportunity of seeing visitors in summer. The table land grew abundance of wild hay, and a herd of cattle running semi-wild in the forest, was the chief means of making money for the settlers, who appeared nevertheless to be in prosperous circumstances, with ample supplies for their long winter season of lonesomeness.. They gladly welcomed the boys, and expressed

amazement that they should have travelled the wild and broken country which divided them from the sea, a matter of nearly forty miles, over a country which few white men had ever travelled before. Charlie and Jack had a good time of it with this family, who were only too glad to welcome visitors to the wild upland farm, which as it was a matter of twenty miles over a rough trail to the East, before they could find any other settlement, was seldom traversed. Once a year, the men of the family took a herd of wild cattle down to the coast, where they found a ready sale, and brought back supplies. The girls of the family had lived their lonesome life like flowers, wasting their sweetness on the desert air, but were vigorous and strong and shared the wild life of their brothers, accustomed to hunt and shoot, or to go fishing in the lake close by for trout. The two days which Jack and Charlie spent resting ere they started back, were a happy recollection, and the opportunity of pleasant social intercourse was a happy omen of what was to follow.

Time was pressing, and the weather might break at any time; it was the Indian summer, they must not delay, for at such a season it would be dangerous to return, when the rivers and streams were in flood. So on the third morning, they started on the return journey, and struck out another district, which, if possible, was more difficult to travel in than the one they had first attempted. Four days they wandered amidst the crags and crannies of the mountains, prospecting for the mystic lead of mineral that had first attracted them to that region. On the fifth day they struck the river which would lead them down to the Indian camp. It was in travelling down this river and its rough banks that, camping one night in a shallow dried-up tributary of the main stream, Jack was shovelling away the sand in a corner of what had been a whirlpool of the river, and came across some small pot holes, as they are called, in the bottom of which he unearthed what appeared to be some rough but heavy small stones. On closer inspection, after being washed, they looked like metal. A further search revealed another handful, and, strange as it may seem, they proved to be genuine gold nuggets, the value of which proved to be later

on over a thousand dollars. A day was spent in further search, but no more could be found. To mark the spot they blazed the trees all round, and continued their journey, keen on the scent for further developments. Weary and footsore, with clothes in rags, yet sound in body, they arrived at the camp of the Indians. Such was the history of the adventures of these young men in the bush.

They did not not inform Peter of what they had found, and kept it dark until they could discuss it with their companions.

On the return of Alec and George from town with the winter supplies, together with two young calves, the first of a stock of cows to be raised in the valley, the news of the discovery of the gold nuggets was discussed with much animation. According to Alec, it was sheer luck. He said: "Gold is where you find it, and that might be anywhere." It was a "will-o'-the-wisp," and he preferred hard honest work to seeking after lost treasure.

Not so the others; they were for going forth at once on what might prove a wild-goose chase. They were advised both by Alec and Peter, who told them that when the rains had once started in the country was impassable and the river dangerous. And they had good reason to know that this was true in the course of the winter months.

The boys, with some grumbling, stuck to their work in clearing, but not with the alacrity of the first months. Long wet days and cold storms followed, when it was almost impossible to go far from the ranch. It had been raining in torrents for nearly ten days, and things were very gloomy and sad around, as there was little that could engage the occupation of the boys. Literature was scant, and the few books had all been read. "Tell us some of your early history, Alec," said George, as they sat around the stove one winter's night. It required a little persuasion to start the old man on his narrative, and it helped to fill many evenings of that first winter in the bush. To make it consecutive the writer has thought fit to repeat it directly as it was given by the old man himself. The truthful-

ness of the narrative is acknowledged, for the facts are drawn from the old log-book which this worthy sailor had kept in his treasured jewel box, which, we are thankful to say, always remained ashore when its owner went to sea.

Alec's Story will be found at end of the Book.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SQUATTER.

IT was the custom on making a journey to town in the boat, towards nightfall to put in to one of the numerous coves that line the Western coast of British Columbia. On one of these occasions they put in for the night, and were hailed from the shore by the very gruff voice of a settler. He demanded to know what they were doing in landing on his shore. A closer interview showed him to be a wild, rough looking individual, of the squatter type. This race of man is found on all border settlements. They are amenable to no law except their own. Having taken up their holdings before the era of a recognised Government or any kind of Land Survey, the Provincial Government have always had difficulty in dealing with them, and usually have to await the death of the individual before they are able to handle his land, or place his hereditary heirs under the system of Taxation. For a new comer to live in the immediate vicinity of such a squatter, is to court disaster. A tribe of wild Indians would be preferable to these white settlers, who have braved the terrors of a lonesome life, before the advances of their white brothers, and seem in many cases to have combined all the worst vices of the Indian race and the white. They usually claim an hereditary right to the whole country, and are in the habit of keeping herds of wild and unfed cattle, which roam over the country and break down the fences of new settlers, causing havoc and endless trouble and strife

amongst new comers. This style of borderland fury, like the marauders of the county borderland in old times, will only cease at the death of the individual, or the timely intervention of the law, a matter which it is hard to bring to bear in a newly settled country. Most settlers who have lived on the fringe of civilisation are acquainted with incidents like these, which they do not care to look back on, and seldom record. The squatter, who thus roughly accosted our party on landing, appeared to be satisfied after some discussion, that they were not bent on interfering with his domain, and thereupon cordially invited them to his abode. Alec was never keen on accepting these invitations, for he had reason to know that, while they are probably given in good will, and in certain conditions may be accepted with advantage, it were better for our party, who were well provided, to camp on the shore and look after themselves. He promised therefore, to come up after supper to "chew the rag," as the saying is, when wishing to have a friendly discussion. After supper was well disposed of, therefore, our party went up to the old settler's abode, which was charmingly situated in a glade in the forest, with a convenient stream of water running close beside the house. It was a rough log house, with an enormously large stone chimney at one corner of it. This fortress like abode inside had an open hearth as a fire place, on which a huge log was burning, at which most of the cooking was done, and a large iron kettle hung from a hook fixed in the stove up the chimney. It would certainly warm the whole house in winter, and was somewhat like we should imagine our ancestors, centuries back used, when England was a forest clothed land, and its inhabitants one step removed from the uncivilized life of the Indians. When the squatter desired to replenish his fire, he took a team of oxen and drew in a log from the forest; there was a door on each side of the chimney, and passing the chain through, he was thus enabled to drag the log into position, where it would provide fire for a month or more and the fire was kept continually smouldering.

The squatter told them he owned a large herd of cows, which fed over the surrounding country, and always came back in the fall with a calf for each cow, and by that means he was

enabled to make a good living without any need of cultivation, as owing to the mildness of the winter the cattle could feed out most of the time; and a quarter of a ton of hay would carry a beast through the winter, and it was necessary to give it then in order to keep them around the place. Sometimes, indeed, in mild winters, some of his cattle had never come home and he thought he had lost them, but they would return the second year with two calves instead of one. The price of beef was high in the town, and he made plenty of money this way. He had lived forty years at this place, and considered himself well-off, but, he added, the country appears to be settling up; things were not what they were in the good old Crown Colony times. He had one small patch of cleared ground on which he grew hay for his horses and cows, but the horses, two rough looking nags, also fed out most of the time, and got but little attention. Beef and bread were the staple food of this settler who had no garden, and said he did not worry about green food. Indeed, there was nothing grown around the rough looking ranch except the hay. The old man excused his neglected farm by saying that in the early days he had been much troubled by the Indians, who had often attacked his place, the bullet marks of their shots were shown in the logs, and he could not prevent thieving of his goods. It was not then safe to plant anything except what was absolutely required, and he had, all his life, gone about armed with a gun, and had killed quite a few Indians in his time. They had now, however, grown so few and defenceless that there was no longer any danger. He had had two Indian wives but they had died, and his half-breed children had also gone, so he lived a lonesome kind of existence.

He remembered the time when deer were so numerous in the surrounding country, that he could often shoot them from his door. They were also very destructive on gardens and fruit trees. But they had grown scarce, and required some hunting to obtain the winter's supply of venison, which together with smoked salmon formed the necessary supply of food. In the course of the evening the inevitable supply of native spirits was forthcoming and under the influence of the cup which

cements and breaks every union here below, we heard the history of the old squatter's life. He had been a labourer in the old country, and had been brought out, he did not quite know how, in the early Crown Colony's days. He had had two hundred acres of land granted him, free of charge, by right of being one of the first settlers. But from his language he claimed to own the country, and had apparently had some disastrous conflicts with his neighbours in the immediate vicinity, in which shooting each other's cattle formed no small part of the cause of war and trouble. Unable to read and write himself, he seldom went to law, but threatened much and usually managed to keep well within the margin of the law until a stronger man met him on his own ground, when the disaster had fallen, which had enforced people to mark their cattle, and keep their herds within reasonable limits. The old man had been fined by the magistrate for allowing his pigs to run free to the disaster of the agriculture of the district. Unable himself to read and write, he had to trust to others, and the lawyers had got hold of him, and apparently fleeced him out of his living. The story might be true or false, but one would have liked to hear the other man's version of the same.

Yet as one saw this otherwise kindly disposed man, who had lived the wild bush life of forty years, uneducated, and yet not unintelligent, there were marked features by which he made up for a deficiency which was not his own fault. For he came of that class that have been long kept in bondage in the old country, and in the old days to which he belonged seldom got more than bare food and the workhouse to end their days in. Here was this man, who after forty years had his forest farm equal in size, and probably in quality of soil, to the squire's farm on which he was raised in the old country, no better off than when he started forty years ago in a new country amid new surroundings, and one would have thought with the world at his feet. The bottle had been his failing no doubt, but it had not prevented him attaining a hale and hearty old age.

The apparent lonesomeness of the situation was sad, without chit or child or any relation in whom he could

confide, at war with the world around him, one could not help but pity both the man and his surroundings that pointed to such an ignominious old age.

He sat in the old arm-chair before the log fire, in an inglenook of the stove, very much as the old folk used to do in times long ago. On the wall beside him were a few notched sticks on which he kept his accounts. One was notched to mark the credit and debit accounts, and chalk marks on the wall denoted the day and month, which were chalked up each evening, very much like a ledger account in hieroglyphics of his own, peculiar to those who have had no education. The old gun, which always stood close handy as in the old days of war with the local tribes, had notches cut on one side of the number of Indians killed and on the other of the deer and bears that had fallen to his gun.

On the shelf close to the fire, to keep it in moderate warmth, was the old yeast bottle which for forty years had never been allowed to fall, and was second only to the whisky bottle which, whenever it showed signs of giving out, was the sole motive power that drew him to civilization, with the object of getting in a fresh supply, on which occasion it was mainly thanks to his old horses that he reached home in safety. And the wonder was that this failing had not cut him off earlier in life, as later on in a squabble with one of his sons-in-law who had married one of his numerous half-breed children, it was the cause of his death by violence, which a coroner's jury brought in as death by misadventure.

The old man was soon overcome by the liquor and rolled over on the floor, where our party were perforce content to leave him, as they retired to their own quarters in camp on the shore.

He would doubtless wake up in the morning, and, shaking himself like a dog, would go about his ordinary avocations apparently none the worse for his previous night's debauch. Thanks to a good constitution, and the healthy surroundings of a rancher's life, the usual result of excessive drinking did not appear to have affected or impaired the vital forces of this old squatter, for he seemed as hale and hearty as any man of his

years could have expected to be. As such characters are fast disappearing before the advance of civilising influences, it seems a pity that some of their reminiscences are not recorded, for their sometimes romantic history would afford interesting reading, and show the conditions of the early history of a colonial settlement.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHINAMAN—ADRIFT ON A LOG.

WHEN our party of settlers first went forth to make a home for themselves in the bush, there was no regular means of communication with the chief city, Vancouver, from whence they obtained their supplies. Local passenger traffic had not commenced, and what steamers ran up the West Coast, to connect the more distant settlements, were not available for the transfer of freight in the immediate vicinity, where the party had made their home. It was necessary, therefore, for two of the party to accompany Alec to the city, in a monthly visit to town to obtain the supplies for their store, and their own family party, who necessarily consumed a large amount of food which, until they could provide for themselves, must be all imported. These expeditions in summer were looked upon with pleasure in spite of the hard work in rowing which it often entailed. Apart from the pleasure of a visit to the haunts of civilisation, the party who were often away a week or more, might encounter some adventure, which gave interest to the outing. It was on one of these journeys to town that the following incident occurred, when they were enabled to save the life of a Chinaman, who through some misadventure had got afloat on a log, and was floating out to sea at the certain risk of his life.

Alec, who always steered the boat, was the first to sight him, seated in stolid indifference to his fate, upon a large log which floated high out the of water, adrift on the sea.

As long as the weather was calm, he appeared to be in no particular danger. It was Alec's opinion that he had probably been placed there by some smuggler who had tried to smuggle him across the line into the United States, from which country, had he been found and unable to give an account of himself he would have been repatriated to China, under the Exclusion Act.

More probably the Chinaman had been deceived by the appearance of the distance between the Canadian and United States shores, which looks to a stranger to be only a mile or so across, but is in reality a distance of nine miles, and had put to sea on a log, hoping to cross. The tide rip in this immediate channel runs at the rate of nine miles an hour, and even a row boat cannot pull against it, so he stood but little chance of reaching the opposite shore alive. Fortunately our party found him, and so saved his life. When questioned on the point as to how he came to be placed in such a strange position, he would give no definite account of himself, and answered every question with, "Yes" or "No," as he fancied, if he did not agree to anything the response stolidly given, "No savey," which is pigeon English for "Not understand," was all that could be extracted from this adventurous Oriental.

He made himself extremely useful to the party on their journey back to the settlement, and was active and willing, so much so, that as there was no means of sending him to town, he was offered fifteen dollars a month in wages to remain as a servant to the settlers in the backwoods, and was taken on in the capacity of cook, washerman, and general man of all works, for nothing came amiss to him. In a little while, "Ling On," as he was called, became part of the family, as if he had been born and reared amongst the party, and much as all were against the idea of employing Chinamen in the place of white labour, they all had to concede "Ling On" more than earned his wages, and was more of a willing companion than a servant. He became the friend of the family in his indefatigable efforts to promote their interests as if they were his own, and this quite got over the question of colour and race.

Our party came to the conclusion that much of the talk against the Oriental, known as the "Yellow Peril on the

Pacific Coast," is a got up scare story, and has no existence in fact. It is the talk of the inferior type of white man, the malingerer and the loafer, who find their dishonest methods of work interfered with by the presence of the Chinaman, and his more honest ways and work, and who are, therefore, jealous of his intrusion. A certain section of society wish to exclude him altogether from the domain of labour, much of which could never be done without the aid of this humble Asiatic, who works more honestly than the average European domestic, and at a lower wage. In order to do this, at the present time he pays a head tax of over a hundred pounds into the Government exchequer, for the privilege of working and earning an honest living in a white man's country.

The question is still an open one, but will probably end in entire exclusion of the Asiatic from the new world, called for by the Labour Party.

There are at the present time, about twenty thousand Chinese employed in various manual occupations in Canada, chiefly in B.C., mainly those which do not interfere with the work of the ordinary white labourer, or work which from its arduous nature the European is unwilling himself to engage in, even at a good wage. The Chinese, or Oriental as he is called, was originally introduced by the Contractors, who built the C.P.R., and it is stated without contradiction, that the section of line across the Rocky Mountains, the hardest manual work on the line, could never in those early days have been accomplished without the aid of Oriental labour. The ox-like labours of the Chinaman have to be seen to be appreciated, and anyone who has seen a gang of Chinamen at work at some arduous employment, such as in the nature of things, is found in such abundance in a new and unsettled country, must admit, if the Chinaman was not there to do it, it would never be done al all. For there is no other race that appears to work so systematically, continuously, harmoniously amongst themselves, at hard manual toil of a kind such as the white races are unwilling to face.

The clearing of ground, the grading of roads, the first cultivation of the soil are amongst their occupations. They

are also the chief, and to a certain extent the only house servants to be found, who are willing to work in domestic service on the Pacific Coast of Canada at the present time. In this they are superior to the ordinary maidservant. To clean and dust a house, to chop wood, and carry it for the fires, to cook and do the entire washing for a whole family or a settler in the backwoods, and often to become the camp cook for twenty or thirty men living away from civilisation, are their chief employments, and one seldom hears a word against the Oriental, even from the working white man whom he is supposed to oust, in the places where the Oriental is thus employed, and shows his superior abilities.

No class of the community appear to be so law-abiding, or give so little trouble to the police authorities, the honesty and integrity of the Orientals are seen and acknowledged by all who have employed them, and are often in striking contrast to the inferior conditions which the worst type of white men show, in this land of freedom, high wages and often licence, which characterises the Pacific coast on both sides of the line. Even the heavy head tax of a hundred pounds, five hundred dollars, on every Chinaman entering Canada, has not failed to keep him out, though it has limited the numbers. In the United States, for various racial reasons, he has been excluded altogether. Many Chinese, however, managed to be smuggled into the United States from Canada, but the numbers that have already entered, and live in segregated colonies, in the neighbourhood of all the great cities of the Pacific coast, are still supplying the best of servants and workers, and of the type which is most needed in this new world, and they are there to stay.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Chinaman, who often works for lower wages than a white man, will work for a sweater's wage. There is no human being more independent than a Chinaman, or better able to be so, for he has the ability to understand his position. As a rule, he works honestly for an honest wage, and always manages to live within his income, has no vices that interfere with his work, and this enables him to live at what appears, from the white man's standard, to be a

small cost. His simple, economical manner of life, with rice as his staple food, has long ensured him to what appears to be hardship, but according to the Oriental ideas, his present condition in British Columbia is one of comfort and success.

To all outward appearances the Chinaman does not interfere with, but is rather a help to the white man in a country, at the present time so wide and open, and affording such a field for all workers who are willing to engage in manual employment. Even his vices—opium and gambling—appear to be under strict restraint, if he keeps a gambling shop it is usually with the white man's consent and under police surveillance.

If our party had listened to the talk of the average wise man of the loafing element on the Pacific coast, they would never have employed a Chinaman, who was introduced to them under such remarkable circumstances. They would have lost as the result, to an incalculable degree, their comfort and success in their domestic comforts. Later on when things prospered still more with them, they saw greater reason to employ Chinese labour in improving their surroundings in the rough bush, to come up with the standard of their requirements, and to maintain the progress and development of the location and the settlement which they had started.

"Ling On," remained a faithful servant to the party, he introduced a number of his fellow countrymen later, and became surety for their good work, and honesty, Many years after, when he had made his honest pile, which none of the party grudged him, he retired to the Celestial Empire, from whence he came, to his wife and family in China, leaving the residue of good work, and honest name, and a happy remembrance to those who had employed him.

It appears to be the accepted opinion, that a certain number of Chinese are a necessity in every country, of which British Columbia is the last and most recently introduced to the white races. It is also, in the nature of its surroundings, the scene of the hardest of manual labour to those who desire to make a settlement in this richest of raw-producing regions of the world. And one has reason to doubt whether any great

development would have taken place without the introduction of the Asiatic labour, which, up to the present, has been the only available labour for capitalists of small means, who have risked their all in settlements, mines, fisheries, farms, orchards and lumber industries, that are still in the infancy of their development, in this last new region of the unoccupied lands of the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NATURALIST.

NOT unfrequently, owing to the uncertainty of the wind, and in the autumn season the heavy fogs that make this coast so dangerous to navigation, our boating party were driven out of their course. On one such occasion they suddenly came up alongside a boat which loomed out of the fog and were hailed by the occupants to come and aid them. They were engaged in pulling or rather attempting to haul a large buoy floating, which the occupants averred had gone adrift in the channel, and which they premised the marine department would give a good deal to have salved. It was almost impossible to see in the fog what was the nature of the haul, or the position of the buoy, which in the gloom appeared to be carried along by the waters of the tide rip in which they were floating. Alec, to satisfy himself that he was not going to be fooled, insisted on finding out himself that the buoy was really adrift before he joined company in what he believed to be a fool's errand, in which a native landsman might have been deceived. Fortunately the fog lifted shortly after, when it was discovered the buoy was a fixture, having recently been placed there by the marine department, in the absence of the fishermen. The men had been pulling for some hours at a buoy already anchored for the warning of ships. A point of rock barely covered at low tide standing in the middle of a deep channel, which had long been a danger to navigation, was thus charted and located.

The settlers on the shore, not having seen the new addition before they discovered it by chance in the fog close to shore, had taken it for a derelict buoy and hoped to recover the salvage for the same. The chagrin of the men in the boat was great when they discovered how they had been deceived. For they were local fishermen, who thought they were well acquainted with the coast, who had thus been deceived in the vicinity of their own habitation, owing to the density of the fog, which, because of drifts and tide rips, very frequently causes the best of pilots to mistake their bearings, with sad consequences to the shipping.

The fishermen invited the youths to their small clearing on the shore, distant about a mile or two from the place, to which our party assented intending to camp for the night. Perched on a high cliff was a small log hut, in the midst of the heaviest kind of timber and jungle. It had however an outlook which enabled the occupants to overlook a wide stretch of sea, and had been selected because it was close to the edge of the fishing bank, on which at certain seasons it was possible with an hour or two's fishing to fill a large boat with halibut fish. The fishermen, being unable to take it fresh to town, smoked it in large quantities, and made a lucrative business out of it. It was also the place where salmon, which came from the open sea during the months of July and August, first struck the land and came in such quantities that they could almost be grasped by the hand out of the water, so thick were they, and at other seasons a similar supply of herrings could be also captured. It is probably one of the finest stations in the world for a fish station, and would in years to come be valuable for the site alone. This place some years after was selected by a fish company for a large cannery, and the fishermen who first settled here have long since retired in comfort and ease from their otherwise hard life in which our party found them. But when the boys first landed it was in the earliest stage of its development, which was but one remove from the primeval forest, in which Nature had created the locality, with its wondrous rich fishery on the sea and its raw forest production on the land in its primitive state. The timber alone, on this three hundred

acres of land which the fishermen had pre-empted, was recently sold for over two thousand dollars, leaving a profit of many thousands to the parties who bought it.

A few miles along the coast stands the whaling station, which in the first season's work captured five hundred whales, and at the present time, after paying all expenses for its upkeep, pays a dividend of twelve per cent. per annum to its lucky shareholders.

But all these works were in their infancy at this time, or non-existent, nor would our party have thought it possible that a few years later some twenty salmon fish traps, costing on an average two thousand dollars a year each to build and keep in repair, and employing a large number of men in canneries on the shore, would make it the scene of a most active and successful business centre of the salmon fish trade in the world. Such is said to be its condition at the present time. There is also close by the largest halibut bank in the world, at certain seasons choked with halibut and single fish weighing over 100 pounds very frequently.

We are safe in asserting that in no region of the world so close to the line of trade and commerce is there to be found so bountiful a supply of fish as along the southern-west side of Vancouver Island and its adjacent waters. The Indians, who for countless centuries have lived by fishing and have dwelt in seclusion on this island retreat, have named the locality Camosun or the Garden, as the spot above other regions of the world, where, owing to the climate and the abundance of the general productions of nature in their raw state, it appears easier for them to survive than upon any other locality on the Pacific coast. In modern times, and in the vicinity, ever since its selection as a Crown colony by Great Britain, it is known as Victoria the Beautiful, and will undoubtedly maintain its reputation in the future as the site of a great and important city, the capital of British Columbia, the seat of its local Government, whose Houses of Parliament, built entirely from local productions, are as fine a specimen of architecture as any in Canada, and splendidly situated in the garden island of Vancouver.

The fishermen offered our party the use of their house in humble hospitality, which, as it came on to rain, was accepted. "You had better take everything out of the boat," was the advice of the fishermen, "for we have a number of wild animals around here and some tame ones." It was thought a box of canned meat was safe and it was therefore left in the boat. Next morning, however, the cans were found all chewed up and scattered about the boat and shore as if some animal had been very hungry and used his powerful teeth to open the cans. "Wild pigs?" says Alec. "No," says the fishermen, "Wild dogs. There's a man who keeps a lot of staghounds along the coast yonder, and when he's at home, and we always knows when he is, the dogs scour the country for food, and when hard pushed will chaw up a can of meat to get at what is inside. You had better not go and visit him, for he keeps rattlesnakes in his bed, and it ain't safe to go round the place if he's away, and not always safe when he's there either. He's what they call a naturalist, some call him a 'bug hunter.'" The description given by the fishermen was not beyond the truth, for when our party visited the place on another occasion when the naturalist was at home they more than proved the truth of the statement. In a rough log hut a gentleman, who to-day is amongst the best known and best qualified naturalists in the world, had his habitation. He lived alone in this wilderness, surrounded by his happy family of famed denizens of the forest.

His wonderful ability and courage are amongst his best-known qualities, and his eloquence as a writer and a poet is also known to the world. A tough character some would call him, and physically he is known to be so, but he is also a gentleman of Nature's making, and one would call him a born genius for understanding wild animals. He had recently travelled across the continent of Canada on foot accompanied by his two dogs, and had camped out on the whole of the journey, making a study of the wild animals he met with on his long 3,000 mile tramp across the Canadian continent, and living almost entirely by his gun. He had latterly located in this wild out-of-the-way corner of the world, for the express purpose of studying the wild creatures and fauna of Vancouver Island and British Columbia.

When our party visited his abode they were immediately attacked by the stag-hounds, which appeared to be the close companions of the naturalist in his wild home in the forest close to the seashore. The dogs were quickly called off by their master. There was a kind of menagerie of wild animals, all of them loose, around the ranch, but which appeared, however wild they may have been in the native state, to be submissive to the naturalist, who understood each one of his pets as if they were human.

A pet bear inhabited one section of the corral outside, and a large panther bounded around like a dog. An antelope, or native deer, was on playful terms with all its otherwise terrible assailants of the forest. A wolf limped around the house like a dog. Other birds and beasts were located inside, and it was not long before a rattlesnake made its appearance out of a blanket that lay in the corner of the room. This snake the naturalist quietly took up and deposited for safe keeping in a box while our party were present, remarking it was generally harmless, but might not be safe with strangers. Such were the nature and surroundings of the naturalist's abode, who greeted them with a friendly welcome in the midst of his Wild West Show.

The boys did not seem inclined to remain long in the vicinity of the menagerie, however, having an uncomfortable feeling that they might unawares run across some animal which would resent the intrusion of a stranger in the Happy Family that, to all appearances, lived in peace and harmony under the friendly eye of the naturalist who understood their peculiar natures. A veritable menagerie living in peace and harmony with man and amid the natural surroundings of the Wild West.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Bush Parson—The Story of Jonah and the Whale.

AMONGST visitors who from time to time put into the bay for shelter and were welcomed at our rough abode, was a travelling clergyman. He was making a tour round the coast, and handled his own small sail-boat accompanied by one man for whom he was seeking a suitable settlement. He held a short service amongst the few settlers whom we managed to call in for the occasion, and gave us a very interesting address, reminding us of our moral duties and responsibilities, as men and Christians, which many are liable to forget amid the hardships and trials of a settler's life. It served to remind us of the Church at home. We found this man a very good companion and friend, as he was skilled as a surgeon and dentist, several of the natives came to have teeth extracted, and the various wounds and ailments amongst the community were attended to, in a business-like way, which showed that our parson was a physician of the body as well as the soul.

It was while we were seated round the fire after supper resting after the day's work, that Alec, who was a constant reader of the Bible, and always carried a weather-stained volume of the sacred book with him in his travels, asked the question, "What about Jonah and the Whale?" The following was the lucid answer that our parson gave in explanation of that marvellous story, which we think worth repeating.

The story of Jonah and the Whale is probably of Jewish origin, and was used by the old Rabbis of the temple to instruct youth in the great virtues of the value of prayer, and the duties of fortitude and patience, in obedience to the word of God. It is true that the story is probably fabulous, or mythical, the method usually applied by the Old Testament in its system of teaching. It is remarkable, moreover, that the story emanates from the locality of Joppa, the port of Palestine, where in a similar form, the Roman mythology had its story of Andromeda, the maiden who was chained to the rock,

whom Perseus, the hero, so valiantly saved. The other famous story of St. George and the Dragon came from the same place, brought over in the time of the crusades, and has been an historic myth in English history, and one which no Britisher would willingly let die, for it frequently adorns the flag crests and shields of our army and navy. The underlying truths of which these venerated stories are told, are things which have become traditional, and because some people in their ignorance are incapable of understanding such things, is no reason why they should be considered untrue, or should be raised as objections to the truth of the sacred scriptures, as is too frequently the case. The story serves as a striking moral lesson. There is also another explanation. The word Neneveh, the city to which Jonah was sent, means the city of the great fish or whale. And it might be when Jonah was sent to preach to the citizens of the city, which took three days to travel round, thereby showing its size, which Layard, the explorer, has since proved was true, Jonah instead of being buried in the fish's stomach, merely hid himself in the slums of the city, in the hidden parts into which he was cast as a stranger by the people of the city who had become acquainted with his mission, and wanted to get rid of him as a disturber of the peace.

But, lest it be thought that it is a fact that a whale or great fish is unable to swallow a man, let the following story speak for itself. After all, it may be found that the sacred scriptures are in some things ahead of even the science of the present century. He then told us the following remarkable story, which greatly elucidates the meaning, that there is nothing impossible with God, and that Oriental myths may have a foundation of truth:—

"The 'Journal des Debats,' of Paris, one of the most conservative publications in the world, has become convinced that the experience of the prophet Jonah in the belly of a whale has been duplicated by an adventure that recently befell James Bartley, an English seamen, one of the crew of the whaler, "Star of the East." M. Henri de Parville, the scientific editor of the 'Journal des Debats,' is a man who is accustomed to weighing evidence with painstaking care and of reaching

conclusions only when they have been approached with the utmost conservatism.

"Says M. de Parville: 'I have already had cause to remark in these columns that gigantic stomachs over two metres in diameter have been found in whales of thirteen metres in length. The whale belonging to the Prince of Monaco which died the other day was found to have in its intestines many hundred kilogrammes of fishes in various stages of decomposition. Even Goliath in his time could not have weighed more than that, to say nothing of Jonah.'

"The scientific editor of the 'Journal des Debats,' having carefully considered the details of the following story, remarks that the accounts given 'by the captain and crew of the English whaler are worthy of belief. There are many cases reported where whales in the fury of their dying agony have swallowed human beings, but this is the first modern case where the victim has come forth safe and sound.' . . . 'After this modern illustration I end by believing that Jonah really did come out from the whale alive.'

"The story which has received the support of one of the most careful and painstaking scientists in Europe is as follows:—

"On the 25th of August, 1895, the man in the 'crow's nest' at the masthead of the Star of the East sighted two enormous sperm whales. The steamer immediately gave chase and soon came within half a mile of one of them, a huge male. Two boats, fully equipped in the usual way, were lowered and rowed towards the animal. James Bartley's boat was the nearer, and from its bows was fired a bomb lance which struck the whale in a vital part. The sailors backed water with all their might, but were not quick enough, for the monster in the agony of the 'flury' seized the boat in his jaws, smashing it like kindling wood.

"The sailors leapt into the water in all direction. James Bartley who had been steering the boat, was thrown up with the stern, which for the moment was almost perpendicular. His comrades in the other boat saw him leap, but, unfortunately, in the instant the whale threw himself forward, and the luckless

seaman in falling struck within the ponderous jaws, which immediately closed over him.

"The men in the water were picked up by the other boat and the whale was in due time killed and brought alongside the steamer, and work was begun removing the blubber. A day and a night were consumed in the operation. Finally they opened the stomach. There to their great astonishment they found Bartley peacefully reclining as in a bath-tub. He was unconscious, but still living. He had been in the whale's stomach for nearly thirty-six hours.

"They hauled him out, laid him upon the deck and began to rub his limbs, which were purple and besmeared with the blood of his late host. They gave him brandy to drink and at length he regained consciousness, but his reason was gone. For three weeks he remained in this condition, raving about the deck and calling upon heaven to save him from the horrible furnace in which he imagined himself being consumed. After a while all hallucinations wore away and he had lucid intervals, and then his recovery became permanent.

"Naturally, the first questions that his comrades asked him were what had been his emotions and impressions while in the stomach of the whale.

"'I remember very well,' he said, 'from the moment that I jumped from the boat and felt my feet strike some soft substance, I looked up and saw a big-ribbed canopy of light pink and white descending over me, and the next moment I felt myself drawn downward, feet first, and I realised that I was being swallowed by a whale. I was drawn lower and lower, a wall of soft flesh surrounded me and hemmed me in on every side, yet the pressure easily gave way like soft India rubber before my slightest movement.

"'Suddenly I found myself in a sack much larger than my body, but completely dark. I felt about me and my hand came in contact with some fishes, some of which seemed to be still alive, for they squirmed in my fingers and slipped back to my feet. Soon I felt a great pain in my head and my breathing became more and more difficult; at the same time I felt a terrible heat; it seemed to consume me, growing hotter and

hotter; my eyes became coals of fire in my head and I believed every moment that I was going to be broiled alive.'

"'The horrible thought that I was condemned to perish in the belly of a whale tormented me beyond endurance, while at the same time the awful silence of the terrible prison weighed me down. I tried to rise to move my arms and legs, to cry out. All action was now impossible, my brain seemed abnormally clear and with a full comprehension of my awful fate I finally lost consciousness.'

"The truth of this extraordinary adventure is vouched for by the sailors and the captain of the Star of the East. It appears that James Bartley is a man of thirty-five years of age of strong physique and wonderful powers of endurance, as have been attested by many incidents in the voyage just ended. Since the steamer has been in Liverpool Bartley has on two or three occasions suffered from the old hallucinations, and has imagined that he was being consumed in a fiery furnace. It became necessary to send him to a hospital in London.

"His general health seems good but his skin still retains a peculiar bluish tinge, which seems indelible, and which was doubtless caused by the action of the gastric juice of the whale's stomach."

Alec who had listened with wrapt attention, as indeed we all did to this strange tale, remarked, "Well sir I always thought as the Bible was not far wrong, and I wish I had known this meaning before. When I come to think of my own marvellous escapes from danger, in the life which Providence has preserved me, the story of Jonah is far easier to accept." It evidently impressed the old man for he frequently alluded to it on other occasions.

We all thought much of the parson, who had travelled with an observant eye in many parts of the world and made his visit both instructive and interesting to us wild follows in the bush. He continued his journey with a favourable wind, handling his boat as if he had been a sailor, and we frequently heard of him as the Sky Pilot, leading a life of exposure and hardship in a cause which could only be helpful to others, which is the true service of religion.

CHAPTER XV.

Christmas Day and a Storm.—A Lumber Mill.

THE winter, with its weary days of wind and rain, and long nights, drew its course, enlivened at Christmas time by the usual festivities, such as British people the world over, whether living alone or in company, are wont to celebrate. Two other settlers had come into the settlement the previous fall, and to them was sent a message that they should come to the first and oldest house in the place and have as good a time as they could make of it.

The table was loaded with freshly-killed game, venison, grouse and ducks, for the hunters had been out the previous days, and there was never any lack of meat in the larder. A large and solid plum pudding had been sent out from home. A bottle or two of stronger liquor than tea is excusable at such a season, but there was not more than would make people jolly and that little had been packed in a boat, marked "With Care" and "Poison," on the label, from the nearest saloon two hundred miles away. It was a magnificent sunny day almost like spring when the party assembled, and as the other two settlers had come quite a distance they preferred to stop the night.

It was well that they did so, for suddenly at midnight on this first Christmas Day such a storm of wind came up from the sea as swept the forest before it. All but one sleeper was aroused and all of them thought their last moments had come. The shriek of the wind and the noise of falling trees, with breaking branches, was such that for awhile they could not hear themselves speak. "Lie close to the floor, and near to the corners of the house," was Alec's warning: "if a tree falls on the house we may escape that way." Should they wake the one man who through all this storm slept? "No; let him die in his sleep," was Alec's laconic reply, and all felt the danger of the moment.

The hurricane passed in about two hours, but it was too dark to see the havoc the storm had done. Fortunately most

of the trees had been cut down in the neighbourhood of the house, but there was one very large one which, fortunately, fell slanting-wise, and only missed the house by a few inches. "What an escape!" was the remark as the next morning they viewed the havoc the storm had made. The wind had entered into the opening made by the clearing and had swept the great trees down, as if they were were sticks. Such a storm, according to Peter, had not been experienced within the memory of the oldest native inhabitant of the district.

Peter's own camp, commonly known as the Rancherie, sheltered by the sandbank at the mouth of the river, and clear of the trees, had escaped.

"But," said Peter. "there must be some shipwrecks on the coast," and as soon as the sea went down he fared forth with his canoe. Two of the boys went with him. About three miles up the coast a wrecked schooner was seen piled up on the rocks, with not a soul on board of her.

They searched the shore in the immediate vicinity and found a dozen bodies of sailors all drowned. There was nothing for it but to bury them on the sandy sea beach. Leaving the two boys to watch the shore and the wreck, Peter went back to fetch the others to help in the search. It was after their return that a most pathetic sight met them. On the shore amongst the rocks the body of a comparatively young woman was found, with two children washed up on each side of her.

When first discovered, so bright was the colour of the face, and limp the arms, that all thought she was alive; but a closer inspection showed that the neck was broken. There was not one of the party who did not shed tears at this pathetic sight—so young, so beautiful and yet so sad an end. "In the midst of life we are in death."

She had been the young wife of the Captain, who had his family with him on board, as was afterwards discovered, when a report was made of the wreck. The whole ship's crew of the lumber carrier were drowned, and as most of the bodies were thrown up on the shore it became a work of charity to bury them, in which sad task the boys then engaged. A lot of wreckage

came ashore, consisting of cut timber and other goods from the wrecked ship, which the boys with the aid of the Indians piled up on the shore ; this work occupied them several days. Peter told them that salvage could be claimed on all that was saved, and Alec, who was equally keen on the work, said that it was a valuable cargo to any one who had a use for it. After many days a Lloyd's surveyor came down to view the wreck and assess salvage. There was no one who would buy a wreck on such a wild coast, with the knowledge that they could not get the cargo away. So the resident white men and Indians had it their own way, and dividing the lot equally among all who had taken part in saving the cargo, each one had his share to do what he liked with. The portion of our youthful party consisted of a large pile of lumber, which anywhere but where it was would have been valued at many hundreds of dollars. It was safe, however, on the shore, and they would await a calmer season in the year, and float it in large rafts to the harbour and into the river, where possibly a sale might be got for it later on. This was Alec's suggestion, and his calculations proved to be correct. In the course of the spring and summer months, whenever the day seemed safe, the party would make an expedition to the wreck, sometimes accompanied by the Indians, and bring back a large raft of cut timber, which was piled up in the cove at the mouth of the river, where a small lumber yard was started on a co-operative scale, and settlers, travelling Indians, and others who wanted a few boards of lumber for building, would come and purchase a supply. The justice of old Alec, who dealt in this matter between the white settlers and the Indians, was probably the secret of the successful issue, for on former occasions as wrecks had been frequent great trouble had arisen between the Indians and others interested in the matter who acted dishonestly, insomuch that a wreck in that locality was looked upon as a misfortune from the amount of trouble and quarrelling it caused amongst the Indians. Such was not the case on this occasion, and the successful result of the sale induced the boys to think of starting a small lumber mill of their own in the immediate vicinity of their property.

To clear more land than the three acres they had at present meant the destruction of timber which might prove valuable later on. So it was agreed that their labour might be applied in another direction. As the spring came on a good garden for vegetables was prepared, and the rest of the ground laid down in wheat to provide grain for the chickens, goats, and other animals on the farm.

Charlie and Jack were cager to be off on another mining prospect, the last having proved so satisfactory. But the spring season with its heavy rain and cold was not encouraging to youths unaccustomed to roughing it. The warnings of both Peter and Alec kept the boys at home, and the comforts of a log cabin were worth more than sleeping out in the wet and wandering amidst the dripping conditions of the forest or the snow-clad mountains, where wild animals at that season of the year were numerous and dangerous, especially the wolves which in gangs infested the interior of the island.

By making use of the tides and wind, well known to Peter and with his aid, on fine days they had rafted quite a lot of timber from the wreck, and as there seemed a prospect of quite a number of settlers taking up land in the valley, the sale for house building lumber seemed certain. The consideration of building a water wheel and saw mill was fully considered and measurements taken. On the property a stream of water which, owing to last season being a very dry one, they had overlooked as of small importance, during the rainy season swelled to a considerable size, and at one place had quite a fall, which Alec suggested with the aid of a flume might be converted into a powerful water power. The suggestion was a happy one, because it gave the prospect of work for the whole season, rather than wasting their energy and the timber in clearing land. A flume of a couple of hundred yards would have to be constructed, and here the timber from the wreck came in useful, without which indeed it would have been impossible to have constructed such a lumber mill. Accurate measurements were taken by Alec, who could be safely trusted with such work as the construction of a small lumber mill, which often forms part of a backwoods man's work. So what

with rafting timber, cutting and getting it into place, three months of arduous work were spent in the construction of the flume, in which also some aid was obtained from the Indians, who were glad to see such a work going on in their immediate neighbourhood. They knew full well that they would be benefited by it, both in the purchase of floating logs to be cut at the mill and by other work which they would gladly undertake, such as the transport of lumber in their canoes, and by supplying it to other Indians up the coast. All native Indian races are appreciative of trade, and Peter was doubly appreciative of the honour of a lumber mill near his rancherie.

The flume, the most important part, having been completed, it became necessary for two of the party to visit town and obtain some machinery. Alec, George, and Edward went to Vancouver to purchase a large circular saw and some small machinery with which to complete the rough lumber mill which it was proposed to run as a small co-operative concern amongst the five of them, with Alec the president of the company, to whose initiative the whole work had been due. Without this man's foresight and knowledge these boys knew well they could never have succeeded, as they now felt certain they would, in becoming prosperous settlers. Thanks to the small amount of money which each one had, and the lucky find of the gold nuggets, their resources had been husbanded with care and every dollar had been stretched to its furthest in value got for the money. They found that to buy things wholesale in large amounts, which as a party they could well do, proved a great saving. The Indians and others who came to trade in skins and Indian baskets, in which the Indian women were mostly engaged during the winter months, were glad to be paid in groceries, out of which a large profit could be made, for the baskets sold well in town. It seemed feasible to start a small store in conjunction with the ranch and mill. But in order to do this it would be necessary to have a small schooner to transport goods, said Alec, who knew more about ships than anything else, though it was hard to find any kind of work or occupation that this remarkable man did not know something

about, and what he did know he could apply with advantage to himself and those with whom he was friendly.

The two younger boys were left at home to continue work in the construction of the mill, in which they were greatly aided by Peter and several of the Indians, who were paid a regular wage for all the work they did.

During the spring and winter season, when it is nearly impossible to engage in fishing, which hitherto had been their chief employment, they now gladly turned to work on the land. No liquor was ever kept by the boys, so there was no inducement to tempt the Indians to work by their great weakness—the promise of "fire-water," which has been the ruin of so many, and the cause of such disaster to both white settlers and Indians. Indeed on one occasion a schooner had put into the harbour with the object of selling liquor to the Indians. Fortunately, Alec, whose eyes were everywhere, discovered the plan and asked the aid of Peter, who, while at times tempted to drink, which he always did to excess when the opportunity occurred, and to his own ruin, had sense enough to side with total abstinence when he was persuaded that way. The two went off in a canoe and warned the trader in illicit spirits that they would inform against him, which caused him to make a rapid move from the neighbourhood.

Thus the work went on satisfactorily, and no kind of trouble had arisen between the new settlers and the Indian rancherie.

Alec and the boys remained in town nearly a month, and fortunately at a Custom House auction sale managed to pick up a first-class schooner at a low figure. With the exception of a circular saw, which they got new, as the most important part of the mill, they succeeded in obtaining a lot of scrap machinery cheap, which would come in useful in the rough water-power lumber mill they were constructing.

The schooner, which was called "The Dreadnought," with the aid of her sails, could face any ordinary sea, and in the hands of so able a navigator as Alec made a rapid passage and with considerably less labour than the row boat. When she first put into harbour the whole tribe turned out to meet the new

comer, and were both surprised and interested that now they would have a regular sailing schooner of 100 tons that would lie in the harbour safely at the Cove.

To celebrate the event Peter gave a kind of "potlatch," to which our party contributed a sufficient supply of eatables, in the shape of sweet biscuits, crackers, tea and other luxuries, which pleased all parties, as natives in all places where they have not been ruined are, like children of nature, easily pleased, and more easily deceived.

The work went merrily on, and it was not long before the first log was being drawn up from the water into the mill, and in the presence of all who were interested Alec cut the first boards, which proved the capacity and power of the mill and the success of their new undertaking. For a couple of months, when the spring freshets were on, there was ample work for all the four youths in the mill cutting lumber; for the Indians had quite a lot of logs that each winter they were in the habit of accumulating at the ranch. Large trees would be carried down the river in the floods and thrown up on the shore, where it was easy enough to handle and secure them. The Indians were glad enough to sell them at a small figure or take the price out in cut lumber from the company, and Peter proved himself an admirable tradesman in this respect, and settled many difficulties with the natives, whose language he was conversant with. Such work proved the beginning of a new settlement, which was now firmly established.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mining and Prospecting Ends in a Love Scene.

THUS the second season of our settlers wore on; and as the water grew less in the summer the mill had to close down during the hot months, which was the period when both the natives and our young men could find ample opportunity for their work elsewhere. Charlie and Jack were keen on another prospecting expedition. Elaborate preparations were

made this time, for they intended to be out for a month or more, and took with them supplies in the canoe with which they travelled up the river, first to the Indian encampment which they intended to make their headquarters. They were now well-seasoned woodsmen and there was no fear that they would not be able to look after themselves provided no accidents happened.

They took very much the same course as before, intending to prospect the country more closely, and for that purpose and to be better acquainted with their work, the two boys had read books on mining and assay work which would greatly aid them in their search for minerals. There seemed also to be an inclination on the part of both to pay a visit to the solitary farm up in the heart of the island, which apparently had formed such a pleasant episode in their first prospecting journey. We need not follow our travellers in their jungle experience, which forms so hard a life for many who take to this way of making a living. To those who once get into the way of it it has a fascination which remains with them, and each season the desire to hunt for new prospects seems to grow stronger, until it proves the main attraction in life, till either old age or incapacity forces them to remain at home, when they continue to dream of what they may have missed, even when their quest has been successful, as it often is. Such is the life of the gold prospector.

The youths made their way by a circuitous route which took them over a fortnight to the heart of the island, prospecting as they travelled over the rough mountains. The central chain of mountains is fully six thousand feet above the level of the sea. During the winter months it is wrapt in deep snows, and is inaccessible for ordinary travelling from the coast. When the spring opens out in May the grandeur of vegetation and the singing of the birds of migration makes it quite an Eden in warmth and sunshine till late in the fall. Like Switzerland, it is one of the most healthful regions on earth. The family who for years had made their home in this wild out-of-the-way spot were only too glad of visitors, especially so as the two brothers had gone away with a herd of

cattle down to the coast and only the father, mother and two girls were left at home.

Each morning the girls went forth to hunt up the cows from the wild pasture; the making of butter and cheese was part of the daily work. It required no small amount of courage to handle these semi-wild cattle, and needed some skill in milking them. To milk a kicking cow with the aid of a stick held between the arm and the near hind leg of the cow was no work of delight. And yet these girls were up to all these dodges and seem to delight in the hard work of a ranch which was run mainly by their hands, for the boys were more fond of hunting or exploring than looking after chores around the mountain farm. The house of cedar logs had been built by the father, who was a carpenter by trade when he first came with his young family, years ago, as the first settler. He himself was a native of Scotland, and had met with hard times in the old country which had induced him to emigrate with his young family, who were grown up, and still hung by the old home, and dutifully supported their parents, who had grown almost too old for such a strenuous life. Population and settlement had not increased around them as had been hoped, and they seemed to be cut off from the outer world. Yet their lives were happy and healthy, and might be called the simple life in its sincerity and truth. At all events, our youthful adventurers found pleasure in the company of the two girls, and were loath to leave the place. To hunt, shoot and fish from a canoe in the mountain lake, in the autumn months of the year, when the weather is warm and soft with the gentle westerly breezes that blow from the ocean across this lovely scene, would be an attraction to any lover of sport; but to do so in company with a companion who is equally accustomed to it of the opposite sex, enhances the opportunity of pleasure, of a healthy and enduring kind. The boys had many such opportunities, and the chances of love-making in the old fashioned style was not lost. Out in the canoe fishing for mountain trout while the other two were picking berries on the shore Jack seized the opportunity to ask Polly perhaps the most momentous question of their lives.

He did so in a judicious way, by asking, "Do you like this kind of life, living out in the bush with your parents?" "Like it, what's wrong with it?" said Polly, apparently unawares. "We've got to put up with it. What's the use of worrying? I guess I and Jessie can paddle our own canoes if we likes. But there, father and mother here we've got to look after them now they are getting old. Our brothers are mostly away, and who's to look after the farm except we girls? It's rather hard to see so few people up here, that's all, and not much prospect for us."

The two boys were the only people who had visited the place since last fall; and it must have required some courage to stand the lonesomeness of such a life.

"Would you like to live a town life?" said Jack. "Got no use for a town life," was Polly's rejoinder. "Them city folks are a weedy lot, they seem to have no grit in them. We had some girls up here a year back, and gave us more trouble than enough to look after them. If they went berry picking they were scared of snakes. They could neither fish nor shoot; and we were down right glad when they went. Such folk didn't ought to have camed here," was the quaint remark.

"Glad of the men, though," she added, "they give us a good time, least ways, when they are willing to help in the chores. There's no trouble with them."

"You don't understand what I mean," said Jack, blurting out the question of questions, that appears so easy to ask till one is up against it. "Say! would you exchange this life for one alongside me," said Jack more boldly, "If I promise to make a home for you in the bush, would you be happy there."

This appeared straight enough to the point, and both blushed to own that they were lovers. It took quite a while to answer that question; but as Jack pushed towards the shore, for an Indian canoe is not a very safe place for love-making, even in an adept's hands, Polly said, in a business-like way, "We'd better go and ask father and mother about this matter." The boys had settled to start next morning, for the autumn was coming on and it would not do to be caught in the rains. Next morning, after the cattle were herded, Jack

mustered courage enough in company with Polly, who explained matters, to ask her parents. There could be no refusal to this, and it would not be much good if there had been; for people who live the wild, independent life of the far West are more likely to do as they please in marriage matters than they do in other parts of the world. But Polly was a dutiful daughter; she told Jack she would never leave her parents without their consent. And she felt it her duty to look after them, as well as she was able to do, by running the farm on her own account, with the aid of her sister; for it was these two who were the mainstay of the farm in the absence of their brothers. "When you wish to settle," said Polly, "You will have to make a home for us in the bush; but I guess you'll have to wait a year for that. Father proposes to sell the farm if he can this year." "We'll wait," said Jack, whose own plans were uncertain. "It's a long way we are parted," added Jack, as he looked across the wild, rough country, over which the brothers had travelled, "And there's no postal communication, save from the other side, and then only once in three months, when one of us goes down to the post—four days' journey." Such long partings are not uncommon in places on the fringe of civilization. But such want of communication does not seem to interfere with the ordinary course of love affairs. Perhaps absence and want of communication makes the heart grow fonder. Certain it is that amid the trying life and adventures of the far West, love is as strong, and true, and faithful; marriages are as happy, and lovers as true to their betrothal vow, in spite of this want of communication, as they are amid the scenes of civilized life, where the post brings a daily missive, or the railway makes frequent meetings possible.

Love, with its termination in honorable marriage, lays the foundation of the only real home which finds any permanency in a nation. It is the aim of those who have the future of a new and growing nation at heart to make the future of Canada a nation of happy homes, and to encourage each family, whether in the bush or the city, to abide under its own vine and fig tree; or, in other words, spreading out the people on the land, and prohibiting the congestion of the population—the

curse of the cities of the world. In order to facilitate this state of things every site in Canada is laid out in blocks and lots, and overcrowding is prohibited. For those who have families every facility is given for education, and whenever a settlement which has a dozen children in it is found, the Government will supply a teacher and a school-house. While a good high school is to be found in every city of reasonable size. There is reason to suppose that the Canadian Government have done all that the State could do to encourage family life, both in the unsettled sections of the country as well as the cities.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Forest Fires—And Ways of Escape.

THE return to work next day of the two boys was a happy one in the prospect of the future, which to them seemed so happy and promising. But life is not always a happy dream, as the next week would show. They worked hard and strenuously at the mine, and the deeper they got into the heart of the rock—running a tunnel slanting-wise into the hill—revealed the rich possibilities of the mine. "Would a syndicate buy it?" was the subject discussed by the camp fire at night; for without large capital it would be impossible to develop the mine, in that out-of-the-way place. Vancouver Island had only recently come to the front as a mining proposition in the world's market. But there were buyers at a certain figure, and it were better to sell when the chance came, and the price received would enable both the brothers to marry and settle. It need not be wondered at that they threw all the energy of their youth and strength into the remaining days of fine weather with such happy prospects in view. The air throughout the autumn season is, as a rule, filled with the smoke of forest fires. This smoke increased in intensity as the season continued hot and dry. From time to time, as the wind got up on fine sunny afternoons, it blew the

clouds of smoke inland, and increased the fierceness of the fire around the foot of the hills. It had been a hot afternoon while the boys had been working at the mine, and clouds of smoke came up from a valley below, where a fire had been raging in more or less degree for two months. Gradually creeping up the hill, the wind had fanned it into a blaze, till it seemed that it wrapped the whole hill in a furnace. The boys were unaware of its progress while engaged in their mining work. Coming outside for a breath of fresh air, they found the hot air like a blast from a furnace, scorching the very rocks. What were they to do? Their camp was lower down, near the river, and apparently already eaten up by the fire. "Should they fly to the upper heights and perhaps be overtaken by the flames?" They cowered into the tunnel they had made in the rocks, as their only hope of escape. More fiercely the roar of the fiery furnace was heard, and the air in the mine became hotter and hotter, as the afternoon heat of the sun and the heat from the fire around them was driven in on them. What were they to do? Even lying on the ground they could hardly breathe. Could they but escape to the river down below, they might stand up to their necks in the ice cold water and so escape; it appeared to be their only chance. Fortunately, towards evening the wind changed, and as night approached they would make for the river at all hazard, for they could not survive such another heat wave.

Holding a wet cloth to their mouths they essayed to escape. "Let's stick close to each another; we'll live or die together," said Jack, as he led the way. Jack was always ahead in everything, although the younger of the two. Quick and sharp of mind and body, he appeared a born leader; and it was he, who, after striking around in the fiery furnace of seething smoke and flame, amid falling trees and branches, saw their only chance was to face the jungle fire at the risk of life. Rushing through the burning forest, they eventually dropped into the stream, more dead than alive, and felt the cool water on their burning skin, and were able to breathe the cooler air close to the top of the water. Either in it or lying on the smoky bank the brothers spent the night, wondering

what they should do next day, for they had neither food nor clothing, as they usually worked half nude in the mine. To walk down the stream in the water seemed the only feasible plan. How far had the fire extended? was the question on which their lives mainly depended. For four miles in this condition they swam the holes or forded the shallows the next day, without a bite of food, and then fortunately they struck the edge of the burning district, and threw themselves down to rest on a grassy bank; sound indeed, but destitute and fifteen miles from home.

They must rest the night there, and recover strength. No need of fire, they had had enough of that, and there was nothing to cook. They were both suffering from bad burns, which snags in the fiery forest they had covered the night before, had caused, and now gave them pain. Jack appeared to have escaped best, for Charlie was almost too exhausted to speak, and his feet were swollen from the long tramp on the shingly bottom of the stream. Was it likely that one of the Indians might by chance come up the stream to fish? They might survive on berries, but in the present plight, without clothes, shoes, or a canoe, all of which had been burned in the fire, they could only travel slow. The next day was spent in resting and picking berries, on which, for the next two days, they lived and grew fat, for in quantities wild berries are very fattening and wholesome. The third day there was a terrific thunderstorm and rain, which would put out the fires, and the river might highten enough to encourage the Indians to come up for their salmon fishing. It was about midday when a shout or Indian whoop was heard down the river, and Peter in his canoe hove in sight, and never was a man more welcome. Quickly he took them on board and fed them on some boiled salmon, and they started for home. "A welcome return and a narrow escape," remarked Alec, as he heard the story of their adventures.

It was a lesson too to watch against forest fires, which are often caused by carelessness in leaving fires burning, or even a stray lighted match carelessly thrown aside. Such small, unnoticed acts, have often caused a conflagration in these

Western lands, meaning a loss of millions of dollars. So frequent are these disasters, that throughout the dry season they are expected. It is the greatest dread of our Western settlers during the hot summer months, and one that the Government is doing its best to handle, by appointing fire wardens in every district, whose duty it is to summon the inhabitants to fight the flames whenever possible, and so save themselves and their country.

That fall, the telegraph being completed as far as the settlement along the coast, the Snuggery cove store was selected by the manager of the line as a suitable place for a Telegraph office. George as Linesman, with Edward as Telegraph Operator, duly employed to look after the line. The main object of this costly work was to furnish information in case of shipwrecks on that dangerous coast, which owing to increased shipping was well known as the Graveyard of Ships. Many dangerous wrecks, including much loss of life, as had been evidenced the previous fall, would make the place a likely spot for a life preserving station later on.

This work necessarily detained these two boys much at the store, but left them ample time to improve their surroundings. The two younger boys had to take their share with Alec in running the Dreadnought schooner to town, a journey they usually accomplished once every month. Since their last experience at the mine they had had enough of prospecting and they lived in hopes of selling the prospect, having placed it in an agent's hands in town. In this matter they were fairly successful, for an engineer and assayer were sent up, who had given a favourable account of the mine, and they were awaiting a decision from a mining syndicate, who go in for these thing on a large scale if they feel assured of the prospect in the future. A small sum to the prospector who discovers these mines, and contracts to do the necessary Government work on a claim, is of more value to a single and perhaps hard-up settler, than a rich mine in the bush which he may never have money enough to fully develop. So our young prospectors were willing to let the mine go cheap, in view of the happy event they were looking forward to in the spring.

CHAPTER XIX.

A False Survey.

THE rest of the company at home had been busily employed in getting in supplies from the town to start the small store. Two journeys had been successfully made to Vancouver, and the store which had been built alongside the log cabin in what was known as Snuggery Cove had already started business in supplying the new settlers as well as travelling natives with necessaries of life.

Alec was chief storekeeper and general factotum, as he knew how to deal with the natives better than any of the others.

The two elder boys had gone to work on the telegraph line which the Government had undertaken to build in order to connect the Wild West coast with Vancouver City. The wrecks during the last winter had been so serious that it was quite time something was done to save life if that were possible on that stormy coast.

The line had now come within a few miles of the farm, which it was understood would be used as a local telegraph station, and one of the boys stood a good chance of becoming telegraph operator and linesman, which was a well paid post under the Dominion Government. It would also come in extremely handy with the mill and store which the boys had so judiciously and successfully started. The whole company felt highly elated at the prospect, for things appeared to be prospering for them all round as the result of their energy and co-operation.

The time was approaching when they could purchase their pre-emptions from Government and secure their deeds, and then they felt they would be safe. But not until their land had been legally surveyed could they be sure of their position.

It was the intention to have the whole country surveyed by the Government surveyors, and a party were already in the field employed at that work. The question of importance to our party was would the rough survey of the settlers coincide

with that of the more accurate one of the Government regulation survey. The last Government post of a recent survey was thirty miles away, and as each settler along the coast had taken his line from the next one, it might occur that some of them had made inaccurate measurements, and our party being the last on the line would be the sufferers by loss of ground. The Government surveyors finished their work that autumn, but when the figures were worked out the two back lots of our party, who had taken up a quarter section in a square block, were surveyed off the face of the earth. This was a serious loss of half their property, and especially that facing the sea, which was considered valuable. Fortunately no improvements had been done on that part of the property that adjoined Alec's section, which as a single quarter was reckoned as safe. The mistake had occurred owing to each settler taking in a larger measure of land than was allowed and to other inaccuracies, the blame for which could not be traced to any one individual in so large a section of country. Their next-door neighbours therefore had the right to come and take up a section which had rightfully belonged to our party. But the Commissioner would settle matters, and for that they would have to wait six months. In the meanwhile the other four men who had also taken up sections similar to our party started to build a house and make improvements on the land which George and Edward claimed as being the first squatters, and there was a great deal of ill-feeling, but Alec told them not to trouble about it as the Commissioner was a fair-minded man and would do what was just. The parties who started to build a house and clear the ground were told that the matter was not settled and if things turned out against them no indemnity would be paid. In the spring the Commissioner decided that as the next four men had taken up their quarter sections of land irregularly instead of in a block as the law demanded George and Edward had the first claim to it, so the men who had so unwarrantably intruded were turned out of the house and clearing they had made, and George and Edward took up the claim, getting as a result a substantial log house and clearing for nothing. This happy state of things secured the company their full six

hundred acres of land and a good sea front, together with a house for each member of the party, and when the time was up a clear title for Crown-deeded property was handed over to them by the Commissioner on payment of one dollar the acre. It was a happy day for the boys when they felt themselves thus secured in the property which was thereupon turned into a co-operative concern. The Registered Company's asset consisted of six hundred acres of land with a fine show of timber averaging fifty thousand feet to the acre, together with the mill and store now doing a good business in the locality, which combined a post office and telegraph station, and would shortly have a Government wharf. A weekly mail steamer would call, which the Government owing to increased settlement had subsidised, to carry passengers and post mail weekly up the coast. The boys could not themselves have believed that their venture, now only in its third year of settlement, could have developed so successfully.

As settlers they might be accounted successful men. In addition to the successful prospects of the "Jack and Charlie" mine, as it was called, which it seemed likely a rich mining syndicate would take up and develop, the Government assessment work on the mine would still have to be done, but could be accomplished at such times when other work was slack, especially during the winter months. It was for Charlie and Jack to arrange for this, and they were not slow in doing so. A set of miners' tools and powder were taken up the river, and two months were spent in uncovering the ledge and running a hole into the hard rock, which was sufficient to prove that they had a good paying claim. If all turned out well the mine would give a good return to the young prospectors. All these many projects tended to make our co-operative company happy and contented in the work which prospered so amazingly. Indeed, the youths were already looked upon as the most successful all-round men in that part of the country, due, it was said, to being the first settlers—but also to their own grit and energy. Needless to say that as the mine was within a day's journey of the Alpine farm where Polly and Jessie resided it was not much of a tramp at the end of the week of arduous work in the mine for

these two young fellows to go and visit the farm, where they were always welcomed, on the Sunday rest-day. Nor was it very long before Charlie found himself enamoured with Jessie, the quiet and sedate girl of the family, who, while not as wild a specimen of womanhood as her sister, was none the less as capable of looking after herself and her own interests as her more vigorous sister. When Charlie proposed to Jessie, on one of those Sundays which the boys spent in the secluded spot on the far-away hills of Vancouver island, just as the Indian summer was drawing to its close and the heavy rains would preclude further visitations across those dangerous valleys and canyons, the answer was discussed with great dignity, for the independence of womanhood in the West is perhaps more pronounced than in the older countries. The pros and cons lie mainly with the individuals interested.

"What," said Jessie, "do you and your brother find in us girls living a lonesome life up here in the hills? We know nothing, we see nothing; we can't be as amusing as our city sisters who live in the midst of civilization." "That's just it, Jessie. I want to take you out of this and make you happy, and your happiness will be mine. You are all the world to me; I cannot live without you. Both Jack and I are fairly successful men. We stand a chance to sell our mine, and then Jack says he will make a home for Polly, and I want to make a home for you. We may not have a chance to meet again for quite awhile when the rains are on. Tell me now, Jessie, say, do you love me, and send me away happy, and by next spring I'll have a home ready for you." "Charlie, I love you, but I can't leave father and mother in this out-of-the-way place. They are getting old. Seven long years have they struggled on here and done the best they can for us, and we are not much better off than when we came. We are too far off from anywhere to make the farm pay, and no settlers near. Our brothers want to go away to the Klondyke for gold, and it's been a question whether we should not clear out of this place and go to town, or, at all events, somewhere nearer civilization. Polly says she'll run the farm alone if the boys clear out as they threaten to do this fall, and you bet she'll do what she says;

but perhaps they may remain till the spring and try and sell out in the meanwhile. But who will buy a place so far out of the world like this? It wants a man to run it as a summer resort for hunters and prospectors." "Well, we'll think it over," said Charlie. "And trust in God," said Jessie, for she was a religious-minded girl. "Providence helps those who help themselves." So these two in that out-of-the-way place were betrothed lovers. Nor could you have found a happier family than on that Sunday evening in the far-away West. Two lonesome girls found in the only men-folk that had come their way the lovers of their choice, and they were happy to have found such trustworthy men. Life in the bush is not without its happy memories.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Successful Prospecting Journey.

CHARLIE and Jack having by this time got accustomed to the life of the country, and the rough bush and jungle through which they had been prospecting, felt far more confident of their position, and spent a longer time in more closely surveying the wild canyons and mountains through which they had to pass. They were looking for the parent lead of the gold mine which they, in common with many others, had endeavoured to trace into the mountains. That such a lode line existed somewhere away back in the mountains is the general belief in all mineral countries, where broken fragments of the metal ore are found in the rivers and valleys. Not only does tradition like that of Peter's story, but the investigations of prospectors lead the miner to the supposition that if he can but find that ledge his fortune is made. It often means a fortune to find the first trace of it, hence the enthusiasm of the prospectors. In a country so wild and broken as Vancouver Island, with its wild jagged canyons and precipitous heights, for the most part covered in forest and thick vegetation, it is almost impossible

to discover or trace such leads. And so the boys found it. Each night when they had leisure to roughly assay the scraps of rocks they had picked up in their wanderings by day they were surprised to find how varied were the returns. It was on one of these evenings that Jack, who had picked up a bit of quartz that assayed very highly, determined to go back to the place at which he had knocked it off the parent rock. In vain the brothers searched for the place a whole day, but found it impossible to re-discover the precise locality. They were camped for the night, and Jack had gone round the neighbourhood of a canyon overlooking the river in search of a shot at a deer whose trail he found on the ground.

The deer started up suddenly out of a bush where it had been lying, and Jack with a rapid movement got into position to get a shot as it passed over a small open piece of ground on the side of the mountain. The deer fell shot through the shoulder. While skinning it and cutting off some ribs for supper Jack accidentally uncovered some of the dry grass and light soil, was struck with the dark colour of the rock, and broke off a sample to examine it later, as it felt very heavy. A closer inspection and assay proved it to be a fine sample of native iron rock magnetic. The next morning was spent in uncovering the ground to see how far it went. From the look of it it appeared to run along the edge of the mountain, and might possibly on further investigation run into the mountain. If so, the ledge was undoubtedly a claim worth recording. They measured off four claims, one for each of the brothers, each of whom had a ten dollars miner's license enabling them to hold claims, together with one for old Alec, five in all.

Content with their discovery they now made tracks for home down the river, by the canoe which they kept at the Indian camp, with the intention of recording the same in the Government land office. They would have to obtain powder and tools and come in force to do their annual work in order to retain the claim, and this was their intention during the fall and winter months, when there was comparatively little to do at the ranch. The enthusiasm excited by this find was not destined to die out, for it is said "once a miner always a

miner." The thirst for what lies hidden is the miners' lure, and it has the effect of being more lasting than any other of the passions that form part of human nature. When it attacks the individual early in life it ceases only with death.

CHAPTER XX.

The Storm, and How Alec Saved the Crew.

THE winter seemed long indeed to these two young men, but discretion was the better part of valour. Both Peter and Alec knew the dangers of travelling amid the wild conditions of the mountains inland—dangers not only of flood and storm, together with heavy snow on the uplands, but of wild animals, such as panthers and wolves in packs, which are things not to be sneered at, and many a single man has lost his life by these causes in these early days of settlement. The bears sometimes have been known to attack and break into a lone settler's shack in search of food, during his absence. One such case occurred where the settler on his return from a visit to town found the bears inhabiting his abode, which he fortunately discovered before he approached the building, and by hiding himself in the neighbourhood of the house succeeded in shooting four of them as they came out of the door. A welcome haul of meat and skins indeed, but had the bears discovered him first he could not well have hoped to escape alive, alone and unarmed, had he entered his abode before discovering who was within. There was plenty to do however as long as the weather permitted it around the ranch, and George and Edward were out sometimes for days together repairing the telegraph line, which was continually subject to a breakdown owing to falling trees and the rough nature of the country through which the line passed. In the summer season, when they could use a canoe to travel along the coast in fine weather, this was more like a summer picnic when camping out in the beautiful forest or on the sea-shore; but in winter, travelling along a heavy trail and crossing swollen streams, was a risk to life that only those acquainted

with the conditions would undertake, and was alike trying to the health and temper. They well earned their month's pay.

Winter was nearly over, but the spring of the year is always the most dangerous on this coast. The barometer had been lower than usual and the sounding surf on the shore, ever the forerunner of a pending storm, had been bad for some days. A spell of bad weather, and heavy rain would follow. The line was badly grounded, and George and Edward, for the two men had been ordered to go in company in the winter months owing to the danger of the trail, were preparing to go out for a day or two to watch for wrecks. A telephone was at such times used on the line, though it was known as a telegraph line, and this enabled anyone to attend to messages, and indeed the line was the greatest convenience and companion, keeping the community in touch with the events going on in town. The Western world is far better connected with telephone lines, which connect large districts of country to-day, than many places close to civilization in Europe. So that bush life, except in certain uninhabited districts, is by no means outside the range of what goes on in the world. Many farms in Canada have their private lines to the next house, and so keep up constant communication with each other, and those again connect with the main lines across the Continent.

When George and Edward were away, they, night and morning, communicated with the ranch, so that they could know what was required, and if in great danger the line would be broken, other men would be sent out.

They had been gone two days on their usual journey along the coast, when one morning Alec received a message over the telephone to "Send Jack and Charlie with all the rope they can carry, as there's a wreck and it was hoped they might reach it with a line; and bring all the grub you can in blankets" was the order.

With alacrity the boys collected all the rope they could, and Peter coming in at that moment went with them, and Alec could not be restrained from joining in the journey, which would take them at least a day, over a rough trail, and some rushing swollen streams. It rained in torrents, but supplies of

food were packed in overalls and each man carried his share of the burden. By nightfall they arrived at the scene of the wreck. It appeared that a large steamer, which through an error in calculation on the part of the captain, together with the currents that run along the coast, must have gone out of its course in foggy weather, and was now stranded in one of the worst places on the coast, which in stormy weather forms a very maelstrom of waters, and was commonly called "The Cauldron." It seemed as if no human aid could save the ship, which lay battering on the rocks in the midst of the terrible surf not a hundred yards away from the shore. The storm was still on the increase: vast masses of water, which nothing could withstand, were rolling across the decks of the steamer, and those passengers and sailors who were able to do so were holding on to the masts of the steamer, which still stood firm above the raging waves which were fast breaking up the vessel. Throughout the night the boys had watched from the high bluff of the shore that overlooked the wreck, helpless to do anything, and having no means wherewith to reach the crowd of human beings who hung on to the last stay between them and eternity, only a shivering mainmast, and affording but little chance of rescue unless a rope could be got to them, and rope they had none.

All through that terrible night the watchers on shore could hear the little crowd of perishing souls singing at intervals —between the noise of the gale and sound of the waters—that well-known hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee." It was a most pathetic sight to see so many creatures so near and yet so far from safety, and yet it appeared nothing could be done. The vessel was doomed.

There was no possibility of sending a rope from the ship. If a rocket apparatus were procurable one might easily be sent from the land to that trembling mast; but how would it be possible to obtain such a means of salvation? The steam tug that had been telegraphed for could not possibly reach the spot for another few hours, and then would never venture within a quarter of a mile of such a raging cauldron of waters. Nor could the boys on shore communicate with her, as for several

miles of coast the place could not be approached by reason of the surf. The livelong night the party, who had now assembled at the spot, watched and waited around the fire which was kept burning on the shore, and the rain still came down in torrential showers at intervals during the gale. Fortunately it was a warm west wind, or no one could have survived the cold air and colder waters of those seas. For, strange as it may seem, owing to the ice and snow from the mountains, even in summer the temperature of the water is such that no living creatures can stand it for long.

Old Alec had his wits about him, however, and when in the morning it was seen the mast with its human freight still held, he turned his active mind into action on what he had meditated on throughout the night. From the bottom of one of the bags the boys had brought he produced two sticks of stumping powder—a combination of black powder and dynamite —which at the last moment he thought might be useful as a signal. With the aid of an axe he had cut from a cedar block some straight slabs of wood somewhat of the size of a barrel stave. and with a jackknife carefully edged them. There happened to be a coil of heavy wire near the spot where the telegraph line ran, used to repair the line. Calling all hands to his aid, he carefully coiled wire around the battens, and made what he called a mortar gun, which, with its primitive wrapper, he proposed should take the place of a regular harpoon gun, such as he was well acquainted with on board the whaling ships on which he had served. The powder from the two cartridges was mixed with some additional wood charcoal, as it was thought its sudden force might burst this primitive and novel cannon. The gun was laid in a hole in the ground, well stamped down around, in the direction of the wreck, and by a sighting which he carefully took. He then placed a well-ballasted stick with a coil of rope attached to it in the mouth of the gun, with the object of sending it over the wreck, after the manner of a rocket apparatus. Could that point be attained there was no doubt they might rig up a rope pulley over the short distance of fifty yards which separated the still standing mast from the shore, for it fortunately leaned shoreward, and

some poor souls could be saved, of the few who still clung to this last vestige of the wreck that remained above water.

All parties held their breath as the old man made ready to fire this wonderful weapon of his own construction. For on it depended the lives of men and as it appeared one or two women who had been tied to the mast as high out of the reach of the waves as was possible.

A thundering report reverberated around the adjoining rocks as the gun was fired with the aid of a fuse, and it was seen the rope had fetched the wreck and lay across it; luckily it was grasped by one of the sailors.

A stronger rope was then pulled over the stretch of waters and communication was complete. A rough sling and pulley were attached, and ran out to the wreck. Fortunately, when attached to the upper part of the mast, the sling was a little higher, enabling the heavy lifting pressure to run more easily loaded, towards the shore, and could then be hauled back to the ship's mast with greater ease for another passage.

One by one the individuals who had clung on to the mast placed themselves into the sling, the first to be hauled over this novel device was a young girl who was tied into the life-buoy sling, and was received in the open arms of Edward, who carried her to the rough shed that had been constructed under the trees, more dead than alive. Two others followed, and then about a dozen of the crew, fifteen in all out of a crew and passenger list that numbered a hundred and fifty souls, the only remnant left. The others had been swallowed up and dashed to pieces on the rocks and amidst the waves of that awful whirlpool, in which no living thing could live or escape. Some dozen more had, almost by an accident, been swept out on a raft to sea, and were saved by a steamer which waited and watched around that fatal spot during the two days that the wreck held together. By the end of three days not a vestige, except a lot of scrap iron, was to be found of the American built mail steamer that perished in that terrible storm on the Vancouver coast.

It was thought best to send a party back for supplies to the store at Snuggery Cove, for all saved from the wreck were in

a terrible condition from cold and exposure, and none of them could have survived so heavy a strain as a walk along that arduous trail of twelve miles through the rough forest. All that could be done by the boys was done, and most of the party were eventually brought to the friendly shelter in the log house built by the boys, as the first settlement in this remote district on the Vancouver coast, which proved of such service to the shipwrecked folks. The Board of Trade and the American Government amply rewarded this noble effort on the part of Alec and his companions, as the result of which in the following spring there was a permanent establishment, not only of a road, but a life-saving station on the coast, at Government cost, and with the use of a modern motor life boat for service on the coast, in which the youths of our party take their share. Their knowledge of conditions, currents, and dangers of the coast, obtained by years of experience, have made these boys strong, healthy self-reliant men, whose service in time of need is sought by the Marine Department, in whose service they are now employed. Old Alec is still capable of looking after the Light House that guards the entrance to the straits, and keeps a continual lookout upon that ocean on which so much of his life has been spent. Jack and Charlie have their share in the ranch and shore, and are ready for any emergency work when the call of duty takes them. When we last knew them they were raising a contented family of boys and girls hardened to bush life amid the healthy surroundings of a settlement on the West coast.

As an instance of how rapidly things develop in this part of the world, where our party were the first settlers of the English speaking race. There has recently been established a branch or summer resort of the Minneapolis University from the United States.

Some sixty students annually visit this locality, and reside in a large log building during the summer vacation, and carry on field work in their respective sciences. Lectures in all branches of science are given by professors, and a laboratory is connected with the building. Already several valuable books have been printed as the result of valuable information

obtained in observation at this distant station. Its position due to the Japan currents, and proved by the wonderful shoals of fish and other sea curiosities found at this particular section of coast, will one day make it a resort of the fashionable folk who will seek health and strength amidst the beauties of the locality, which was within the memory of those now living, a primitive forest untrodden by the foot of the white man.

The sound of the axe and the saw, and the snort of the donkey logging engine drawing its immense load of logs to the water is heard in the vicinity of the harbour, which is filled with booms of logs ready to be towed to the great lumber mills that are beginning to line the coast line. A salmon cannery and a whaling station are situated not far off; and twenty large salmon traps employing many hands are at work throughout the season on the coast line. What was once a silent waste of waters, unbroken except by the Indian canoe, and the fast vanishing race of the Red Man, the Flat-head Indian squaw, and their prolific brood of sun brown children, is now the scene of commercial enterprise, in whose steamships are carried the trade of the Orient, and of the new world across the Sea of Peace the Pacific ocean, the entrance to which is through the straits of Fuca, along the south-west coast of Vancouver Island. Recently a company is being organised to construct a line of railway from Victoria to Barkley Sound by way of the south-west coast of Vancouver Island. The line will be about sixty miles long, and will open one of the finest timbered areas in the world. A moderate estimate is that there are 20,000,000,000 superficial feet of timber standing in the 1,000 square miles which the railway will open, that the area of arable land is 50,000 acres, and that the mineral deposits will be found to be very valuable. The country can only be opened by a railway because of the rugged character of the coast.

A little higher up the coast, and overlooking this graveyard of ships is the station of Nootka, famous as the first landing place of the Spaniards now two centuries back, and marked with the memorial stone of the event. In its immediate vicinity stands the native Christian Church. When we visit it on a Sunday morning we shall find the last remnant of the native

tribe, the descendants of the most bloodthirsty Indians of the Pacific coast, worshipping as other Christians worship all over the world. The first missionary came amongst them fifty years back, at the risk of his life, and he is still there. Alone and unaided, the noble father has converted this tribe, has translated the sacred book into the native language, has baptised, legalised in Christian marriage, and will probably live to bury the remnant of the race under the shadow of the church raised by his own hand, in which he has ministered to the spiritual needs and the material wants of his converts. The Father is respected and beloved by all the dwellers on this coast, and his memory will remain green. With tears in his eyes he laments: "My work appears to be lost among this people, because before I lay my grey hairs in the dust I shall see the last of the race into the shadowy land of eternity."

A completed work indeed, one would say. Sentinel of the Cross on this distant outpost of the Empire, dost thou not realize to have saved and converted a race from the error of their ways, to have given light for darkness, and to have elevated humanity in the paths of peace, even to the gate way of life and eternity is the greatest work that human ambition can attain unto, and that it will have its reward here and hereafter. Thank God that under the shadow of that Christian faith, the future of Canada rests in peace and prosperity from Cape Race to Nootka Sound. The maple leaf, Canada's national emblem, is entwined with the cross, the sign of the faith of ages.

The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
  The maple leaf for ever.
God save our King,
  And heaven bless the maple leaf for ever.

THE LOG OF AN OLD SAILOR.

By Captain Alexander Wybrow.

[Captain Alexander Wybrow, chapters from whose history are recorded in these pages, has been seven times wrecked at sea, on three of these occasions he was the only man saved. He has been three times captured by the cannibals of the Fiji islands, and seen his fellow mates killed and eaten before his eyes, and has escaped unharmed. He served through the Civil War in America, and was wounded in battle. For years he has been known on the Pacific coast as an honest, trustworthy prospector and settler, and he is still active and vigorous.—*Edited by Rev. W. C. H. Ellison*]

THE son of an old sailor, and raised on the coast of Nova Scotia, at ten years of age I ran away to sea. My first experiences were amongst the fishing boats of the Newfoundland banks, where still the hardiest race of sailors are to be found.

When I had gained my first lessons of a seafaring life as a cabin-boy, I shipped on board one of the slavers that still in my early days were employed in carrying slaves from the Liberian coast in Africa to the plantations in Cuba, then under the Spanish Government. I do not recall much of these earlier experiences, for I have now been over sixty years at sea, and time has blotted out these earlier impressions. But I am inclined to think the cruelties of the middle passage were very much exaggerated, for slaves in those days were too hard to obtain from Africa's sunny plains, and every care was used to prolong and save the lives of those who were brought to the coast, taken as passengers on the Atlantic Ocean. Their value increased the better their condition when landed. They were handed over to the merchant on the island of Cuba, who dealt in slaves in much the same way as they dealt with other merchandise.

The slaves were certainly much better off in their plantation homes, than many free men in factories, under the sweating conditions of modern times. The capture of slaves by Arabs was no doubt associated with cruelty, but we saw little of that.

The slave trade had, however, begun to be a discreditable one when I was a boy, but was fast dying out. Employed as a sailor on board a foreign slaver, I was easily persuaded to leave it and take to a more creditable ship under the English flag.

Finding a relation of my mother's at Liverpool, who was engaged in the whaling business, I shipped on board one of my uncle's ships, bound for the Southern Seas on a whaling expedition. Now as an A.B. I considered my real sea life commenced, especially when I was ordered aloft, and took my share with the rest of the crew in my watch at sea. Long before this I had mastered every intricacy of sailing ships, and knew every rope, and how to work. Many a time I had been sent to the masthead, as a boy, with my slate and book, and holding on to the shrouds, had worked out sums aloft, holding on in a stiff gale; for my education was by no means neglected, or I would never have attained my captain's certificate as I did later in life. My first sight of a whale, and the experience that followed, was not calculated to encourage a youth of eighteen. I was not amongst the crew sent out to tackle the whale, or this story might not have been written. The monster on being harpooned, leapt completely out of the water, a sight which I shall never forget, and attacked the mate's boat, crushing it like an egg shell, and leaving the crew swimming in the water; fortunately, not far from the ship. Three of the crew lost the numbers of their mess by this encounter, which threw a gloom over the ship for some days. But in the whaling industry in those days, losses were quickly forgotten, and life was held far more cheaply then, than now.

In the next call from the masthead, "Whale ahoy!" I was one of the men called out to take my turn in the boats, which I did with alacrity, eager for the chase. We pursued the whale some distance from the ship before we got a chance to launch the harpoon against its giant sides. When the Muli did succeed in harpooning the monster, the whale made a dash for our boat, and shall I ever forget the terrible mouth wide open as it came towards us. We managed to turn the boat aside, and were sent spinning with an upturned boat twenty feet ahead, by the wash of its mighty tail. We were scattered

around in the water, and a couple of sharks close by made us hurry in our movements to right the boat and scramble in. The whale died shortly after, and we anchored ourselves to its huge body. We had lost direction of the ship, and in our disabled condition had no means of returning. The weather also had changed and there were unmistakeable signs of a storm. Our condition was indeed hopeless. No provisions, water, or compass, all had been lost. The nearest land was known to be inhabited by cannibals of the worst type, whom it would be better to avoid. The night was upon us as we left the whale, our hard earned trophy, marked with flags stuck in the body, in the hope that our ship might see it, and follow in our wake. In our shattered boat, with broken oars, alone and helpless on a stormy sea, our prospects of escape seemed small. The gale came on and we made no progress, so we simply drove before it. Where were we going? was the question as we flew over the curling waves, which from time to time broke in on us. On we went, death threatening us on every side, especially amidst the darkness of the night. It was the hardest experience of my life; for I was but a youth. We had been for two days driven by the wind, worn ont with hunger and watching, when just about nightfall one of the men called out "Breakers ahead!" A thrill of fear ran through each of us, for we dreaded the land almost more than the sea, with its storm and hunger.

We could see the breakers right before us; to attempt to haul off was impossible. Against such sea we could do nothing but trust in Providence, and surely a miracle was worked in our case, for we struck the breakers just where a narrow passage between some rocks made it possible for us to escape without being upset. Had we been a little later we could not have seen the place or directed our boat through it, and would probably have been drowned or become food for sharks which haunt such places.

We got safely through and landed on the shore in the dark, thanking God for our deliverance, but with unknown dangers ahead. The following account will show that it is better to fall into the hands of Providence than into the hands

of man, especially amid the cannibal islands of the Pacific.

There were six of us who landed from the boat on this South Pacific island, the name of which was unknown to us, as we had no means of knowing how far we had travelled in the storm.

We hoped the island might be uninhabited as we lay down to rest on the beach and slept soundly on the warm sandy shore.

Next morning I was the first to awake and went to look out for something to eat. The first thing I noticed was some savages coming towards us along the shore. Their leader was a fine, tall man, and had a full beard and frizzled hair ; he had a kilt of matting around his waist and was armed with a spear and a club. He was followed by about twenty others similarly armed, some of whom had bows and arrows. Before I could arouse my companions a shower of spears and arrows fell amongst us. The mate was killed outright; the others, except my companion, who was known as " Scotty," were all badly wounded. We were seized by the savages and tied hand and foot, and our wounded companions were all killed on the spot. I had now no doubt that we had landed amongst the Fiji islanders—the worst kind of cannibals.

The custom of these islanders is to kill the wounded and to feast on their bodies. They were not long in carrying out this horrible custom, and I had the horror of seeing the bodies of my late companions prepared for the feast, cut up and consumed by the savages amidst much demonstrative shouting, in the immediate vicinity of where lay as a prisoner bound hand and foot. I was naturally in horrible dread that " Scotty " and I would be the next victims, and I can scarcely describe the feelings that took possession of my mind. Perhaps a callousness came over me as I watched the proceedings, for I remember that I tried to think that it did not matter so much as to what became of the body after the life was gone. I was still watchful for a chance of escape and considered how I could pacify the wild savages around me. We were kept in suspense for several hours, but at last the savages were through with their feasting, over which they appeared to fight and squabble like so many

dogs over a bone, which left a terrible impression on my mind such as I dislike to recall.

We were taken to the village and I was handed over to the chief and separated from my friend, whom I never saw again. Strict watch was kept over me by one of the wives of the chief. I was well treated and fed with anything that was going; indeed, I was allowed to go freely around the village and do much as I pleased. I used to amuse myself by practising shooting at pigeons with a sling and stones, at which I became an adept. I spent much time bathing in the surf, and soon became as clever a swimmer and diver as the natives themselves, who spend a good portion of the day bathing in the sea.

In a little while I was able to understand much of what was said by the natives and to take a part in their social life.

Frequently the old chief, with whom I became very friendly, would take me out in his canoe on visits he made to neighbouring chieftains with whom he was friendly. On these occasions he would make me drink, often to excess, the bitter cava spirit, made by chewing the root of the cassiva, which appeared to be the national drink of the savages.

Every chief keeps a number of young girls, whose chief occupation in life is on special occasions to chew the root out of which this spirit is made. After chewing this bitter root into a dry ball mixed with the saliva of the mouth it is placed in a bowl, stirred with water, passed through a sieve, when it rapidly ferments, and drunk to excess creates mirth and amusement amongst the savages and forms the chief part in their feasts and hospitalities.

Under the influence of this liquor I used to amuse the savages by making contortions of the face or mimicking some members of the tribe, which I found was a great way to amuse these innocent children of nature. I believe that is one of the reasons why my life was spared. I became an important member of the tribe by reason of my antics, and might be reckoned as the Court Jester of the King of the Cannibal Islands. Becoming more conversant with the language I often used to crack jokes, make amusing remarks and faces until I had the whole court laughing. I added to my position by

inventing new head-dresses and ornaments for the women, who treated me kindly. Under these circumstances I felt myself safe from being killed and eaten at their regular feasts of human flesh. When such an event was impending, which I always knew beforehand by preparations which were being made, I carefully absented myself and wandered away from the scene. With this one exception I felt myself safe, and had in other respects a happy time amongst the savages of this beautiful island, who seemed provided by nature with everything in the shape of food they could wish for.

It was while wandering in the forest one day that I came across the clothing of my friend "Scotty," as well as some charred bones, which assured me that my friend had been eaten by the savages. I became almost frenzy with grief at this loss, and it took me every effort that I could muster to recover my equanimity when I got back to the village, but I did not dare mention it or ask any questions regarding the fate of my friend. I suppose he had endeavoured to escape and been captured, and in a spasmodic moment killed and eaten. Such might be my fate also, I thought, so I carefully watched, and made no effort to escape, knowing full well the hopelessness of the chance, and the certainty of the consequences of failure. Sometimes the tribe, headed by the chief and some three-hundred warriors, would start out on a fighting expedition against some other tribe, and come back with some prisoners of war, men, women and children, who were then shut up in a corral and fed like cattle, to be fattened for a feast, while from time to time some of them were killed and eaten, amid great excitement, and sometimes excessive drinking of Cava. I was never allowed to accompany these expeditions of warfare, though the old chief gave me some vivid descriptions of what he had been doing, on his return, as he lay on his mat attended by his wives, of which he had a dozen, whose chief occupation was to wait on him, and look after me and his household.

The chief kept strict order in his tribe, and any offences against morals was visited with instant death on the women, who were not allowed to marry without his consent. A warrior with the consent of the chief might have one or two wives, if

he could afford to keep them. The girls, as they grew up, were attached to a chief's house as cava girls, and were safe under his charge till marriage was decided on by the will of the chief, whose consent seemed necessary in everything pertaining to the law and order of the tribe. In many respects this despotism appeared to be a model system of Government.

In the warm climate of these islands clothes for warmth were unnecessary, and none of the savages wore any except for ornament. Their ornaments consisted of festoons in the hair, which men and women cut short alike, and frizzed out with greazy paper. Flowers, shells, and sharks' teeth were worn at all times, as ornaments to the person, according as they could afford them.

Both men and women were splendid forms of humanity, and seldom bore any marks of malformation, save those which were caused by accident, or in the numerous attacks in wars in which they appeared to be continually engaged. The women did not appear to grow prematurely old, but grew fat and unwieldly later on in life. Even in old age they appeared to exercise quite an influence in the tribal affairs, and I had reason to know it, for I was placed under the surveillance of the elderly wife of the chief, who took a maternal interest in me, seeing that I was well fed and looked after.

I was on equally good terms with the young chief of the tribe as I had been with his father, for I often went out fishing with him, indeed, I made it a matter of interest to cultivate a friendly spirit all round, knowing by this means I should escape the fate of my companions, and when a convenient time should come I might hope to escape. My ingenuity in invention, especially in ornaments, was often put to the test, and it was easy for me to suggest some simple device that would please both men and women, amongst people who were almost children in their amusements.

In the year which I calculate I had lived amongst these savages I had secured a good footing in the tribe, and had become an important person owing to my utility in inventions. I was out fishing with the young chief, when on the horizon I descried the sail of a schooner, which I saw was approaching our

island. I said nothing to the chief about it, and pretended not to have seen anything, for I feared he might think I wanted to escape, which would lead to my being shut up in the corral with the other prisoners of war, and possibly to my being killed at once, for the moods and actions of these savages are very sudden.

I watched the approach of the Trader, as I supposed the ship to be, hiding myself in a bush when I gained the shore, but finding no possible means of escape without exciting the attention of the savages, I was forced to go back to my night's lodgings at nightfall, and place myself under the usual guardianship of those in charge of the chief's house. I slept on a mat, in a hut inhabited by the chief's mother, a fat old lady, and three of the chief's daughters, who guarded me on every side, and not only looked after me, but kept a very watchful eye on my proceedings, knowing that their own lives would be held responsible should I escape.

I thought when all were asleep, I might in the silence of the night escape to the ship which was anchored by nightfall in the bay. I watched and waited for a chance, pretending all the while to be asleep, and about midnight when all was silent I quietly arose to make the attempt, but as I was leaving the hut the old chief placed a hand on my shoulder and said, "You wish to escape? You cannot do so to-night," which forced me back to my sleeping quarters again. The next morning the chief took me with him to trade with the schooner, and my hopes arose that I should obtain the long expected chance. When we arrived at the ship's side we found it was King George of Tonga Tabu who had visited the place. There appeared to be only a few savage men like our own on board, and I found it impossible to communicate with them, not being allowed to leave the canoe, and indeed very little trading was done.

It appeared afterwards that it was the intention of King George to encourage an attack upon the ship, for he was quite prepared for it with about three-hundred warriors down below deck. My chief, thinking the ship unguarded, made preparations to attack it that night, and in the melee that followed about a hundred and fifty of our tribe were killed. Next

morning King George's schooner sailed away, and my chance of escape was gone.

Shortly after this event, in which my hopes of escape were disappointed, I heard the chief summon his son to his presence and tell him in confidential language that he thought the time had come when he would hand over the chieftainship to him and retire from the scene. They discussed the matter for a considerable time, and on separating the old chief saluted his son in a manner I had never seen him do previously. On the following morning the tribe was assembled, and the old chief made a long speech to his warriors.

At the conclusion of this speech he went and lay down in an open grave which had previously been prepared, and a tappa cloth was laid over his body. The nearest relations then shovelled earth on his body and stamped it down with their feet till the grave was filled up. A great feast followed the election of the son in the father's place, during the course of which all the wives and nearer female relations of the late chief were brought out and killed by the side of the late chief's grave, and buried near by. Altogether about sixteen women were thus dealt with, and some of the young and handsome girls who had belonged to the old chief's household. Thus the old chief died and the young chief reigned in his stead.

The whole process was followed out with such order and regularity as if it were an ordinary affair of life. Personally I missed the old chief, who had treated me kindly, and to him I undoubtedly owed my life; but as I was even more friendly with the young chief, and associated more with him, I felt I was equally safe in his hands.

The principal event by which the young chief celebrated his accession to power followed shortly after.

A vessel came into the bay flying the French colours, rather unexpectedly one afternoon, which greatly excited me. But before I could lay a plan for escape she was captured by a big attack of the savages, and the entire crew slain. I found their bodies piled up on the beach ready for a feast, one morning shortly after their arrival, and again my hopes were disappointed.

The schooner was stranded on the shore, and a quantity of loot, including some powder, was packed away in a hut in the village.

The house by some chance caught fire and exploded the gunpowder, and several of the tribe were killed. Until that event none of them seemed to be acquainted with gunpowder, and I now had to explain its use to the chief and his tribe. The chief told me he had captured the crew of the schooner by sending an invitation to them to come and trade on the shore. He had then killed the crew in the boat, and by a night attack had captured the vessel. The vessel was afterwards burnt as she lay on the shore, so as to destroy all traces of the crime.

The chief made frequent expeditions to attack neighbouring tribes, and brought back many prisoners, so I came to the conclusion his was the most important tribe in those parts. I was never allowed to accompany these expeditions and was left in charge of the women, who had strict orders to watch me.

I used to spend a good deal of my time in picking up shells and corals on the shore, with which I made the ornamental dresses to please the savages.

While thus engaged one morning I saw in the distance a ship under full sail approaching the island. As she came closer I recognised King George's schooner; and as she anchored near the shore I hid myself in the brush, intending if possible to make an effort to escape.

I knew I should be watched if I returned to the village while a vessel was anywhere near, so I kept in hiding, waiting for the night to come. I did not, however, dare to face the sea by swimming, on account of the numerous sharks that infest the water, but thought I could manage to get hold of a canoe. While waiting and watching my opportunity, as the vessel came nearer I came across a log of banana wood, which floats high in the water, and with a paddle hastily cut out of a piece of stick I put off from the shore.

For a while I was not seen by the savages, as a corner of the land hid me, but shortly after they saw me from the shore and put off in pursuit of me, as I paddled with all my might for the vessel.

They gained rapidly on me, but I was now so near that I could hail the ship, and they sent a boat's crew to my rescue. I just managed to get alongside the boat when a shower of arrows and spears fell around and wounded some in the boat. But I escaped and was taken on board King George's ship, where I related my story. He was the only man on board who could speak English, and he treated me very kindly and allowed me to sleep in his cabin.

King George of Tonga Tabu was a strong, well-built man six feet in height. He had a splendid crew of some three hundred warriors, all of them above six feet and well-built, courageous men.

They were nearly all nude, and King George alone wore a red coat and cocked hat, together with a big sword buckled on to his waist, and a white shirt which stuck out between his legs in a most ludicrous fashion, while he directed operations either in attack or in navigating his vessel. He told me he had come out to "preach missionary" to the people who had destroyed ships and refused to become Christians, and I strongly suspected he had come to punish the tribe for destroying the French ship that had been looted and the crew of which had been destroyed.

He asked me whether I would help him in the night attack he intended to make, and would pilot him into the bay, and show him the most suitable place for capturing the village, which I promised to do.

The cabin of the royal yacht was not quite after the style of a white man's saloon, but there was plenty of food to eat, and of a kind that was new to me, and more approaching civilized diet.

When I went on board I had only got a piece of Tappa cloth for clothing, which I had manufactured for myself with the aid of the women, and this was more picturesque than useful; I did not feel myself out of place here, especially as my skin from long exposure had grown to an olive tint like the savages.

At night King George lowered his boats and filled them with about sixty warriors armed with muskets, and himself took

command. I accompanied them and showed them where to land and the best place to attack the village. But the village was prepared to receive us, and about two hundred warriors faced us on the beach. King George struck in amongst them, regardless of a shower of arrows which fell around us while landing. We made a counter attack on the savages and with the aid of our guns killed about sixty of them in an open fight on the shore and captured the village. Six of our men were killed and some wounded.

In the morning King George called the village together and started to talk missionary to them; but they would not listen and again showed fight. We had another encounter on the shore, in which a number of the enemy were killed, and the village was looted. After burying the dead on our side, and taking a lot of plunder to the ship, we sailed out of the harbour.

I felt very thankful next day when I saw the island where I had lived for two years fading in the distance, and felt a good ship under me bearing me back once more towards more civilized regions and, as I hoped, to my own countrymen.

King George was the head chief in the Friendly Group where, on the Island of Tonga Tabu, he ruled over a tribe of savages almost as wild as those amongst whom I had been living, but not given to cannibalism. Having recently come in contact with civilized nations, the traders had found him an honest-dealing chieftain, and in ability equal to any ruler in the South Seas. The United States Consul had presented him with a ship and encouraged him to take in hand the punishment of evil-doers, especially amongst the cannibal tribes. Being a strong, courageous man, with a good following of able-bodied natives, whom he had trained to warfare, he was nothing loth to take up the work of reforming the native races by the power of the sword, which, as he expressed it, was "talking missionary" to those who disagreed with his methods of rule or against whom he had a personal antagonism. He continued in this occupation for many years and made his name a terror throughout the South Sea Islands, and it was only in his later years he became the reformed character that missionaries and others make him out to be.

On our arrival at Tonga Tabu we were received with rejoicing at our success by crowds on the shore, where a distribution of the plunder we had taken took place. A great feast followed, and the girls were continually employed in making cava, which was freely distributed to celebrate the return of the victorious warriors. I remained two months as King George's guest, and was treated with every kindness by him.

A trader put into the bay and I persuaded the captain to let me ship as a hand, which he was not loth to do. King George urged me strongly to remain with him on hearing of my desire to leave, but I was eager to take advantage of an opportunity that would bring me back to civilized life again.

I little thought that I was not yet done with the South Seas; indeed, my experience may be said to have only begun. We sailed out of harbour with a fair wind and continued trading for some weeks amongst the islands.

One morning I saw a schooner in a dismantled condition with signals of distress, and managed in spite of rather boisterous weather to drop down on her and rescue the crew.

I was one sent with a boat to investigate. I managed with the aid of a rope to scramble on board, and there a miserable sight met my eyes. "There are fourteen men and two women on board," said a man who looked like a living skeleton. I could only find five men alive and one woman. These I succeeded in hoisting over the side of the boat, and we left the ship a derelict.

The people whom we saved from the schooner told us they had been six weeks floating about in a helpless condition, having been dismantled in a storm. They had eaten, as a last resource, the captain's dog, and if we had not discovered them when we did would most assuredly have been lost or have died of starvation.

Putting into Honolulu in the course of the journey I was strongly minded to leave the ship, but the captain persuaded me to stay. Honolulu at that time was but a small place under the rule of King Kahamegar, who lived on an island in seclusion away from his capital. The few Europeans dwelt in houses along the beach surrounded by native huts, and the

chief amusement of the people appeared to be bathing in the surf or to go to a bath two miles out of town where water fell over a large rock into a hole in the ground.

Driven south by a gale we again got into the neighbourhood of Tonga Taba and put in to water the ship. King George was glad to see me and hoped I would again join his island community. However, I thought it best to stop with the vessel I was in, as I would sooner reach a country or harbour where I could renew acquaintance with conditions such as I should prefer.

Our ship now sailed towards the Fiji Islands, and amongst other places ran into Roda Tonga. Finding ourselves amongst cannibals when in harbour we had to put out netting to prevent a surprise at night and only allow a few natives on board at one time. We dared not venture on shore by day for fear of an attack by the natives. We had a fat cook on board the ship, and the natives had an eye on him, to his great horror. They offered the captain ten fat hogs if he would trade him off. The captain to gain time said he would think about it, and as a result did a good trade with the natives, who had hoped to secure the fat cook for a feast. The cook did all he could to keep out of sight below deck when the natives were around, for he feared being suddenly seized and thrown overboard, and he was glad when the vessel cleared out of harbour.

As we did not dare approach the shore by day we had to get our water supply by night. There was a little river of fresh water which ran into the sea near us, and in order to fill our barrels we had to roll them across the shore. In doing this we were separated from our boat. Sent in the early morning to fill the barrels, and while absent from our boat engaged in rolling the barrels, the natives succeeded in removing the boat and suddenly set upon us attacking us with clubs and spears.

We had our revolvers with us, and let fly amongst the forty who surrounded us. Slowly retreating and firing, we endeavoured to regain our boat. Four of our number were killed and others severely wounded. I was myself badly wounded in the foot by a spear, and though I had killed four of

my pursuers with the six shots out of my revolver I was unable to reload. A big native followed close behind me and with his big club struck me on the head and rendered me unconscious. When I came to an armed savage was sitting over me, and I could see none of my companions, and concluded that they had either been killed or taken prisoners. I was in great pain from my wounded leg and bruised all over from blows I had received.

My hands were tied behind my back and my wounded leg was nearly double its usual size. I felt as if death were preferable to the pain and torture as well as the suspense I was in. But recollection of past experiences did not leave me. Once before I had been in a similar position and escaped. I took courage at the thought. Near me was an old woman, sitting by the fire singing, and somehow this reminded me of my mother. One thing was in my favour, I could talk with these savages and understand what they said. Thinking this might help me I entered into conversation with the old lady, but made very little progress at the start.

After a time some of the savages came to feel me to see if I was fit to roast. From their conversation I gathered that they were on a hunting expedition, and some distance from their village. Some of them were for killing me at once, and others wished to take me to their village. After a great deal of discussion these latter prevailed, and the men of the expedition left the camp, leaving me in charge of the women to tend and watch, and with strict orders to keep me bound. I shortly made an attempt to get on my knees to look around, and so far succeeded that I could see my dead companions lying near. Some of the women and girls were singing and dancing around the dead bodies. I felt very down-hearted at the sight, and verily thought my time was come. I also gathered that it was only a matter of time when I should be killed and eaten, from the conversation of the natives. In other words, they had too much human flesh to deal with in the bodies of my companions, and I was to be reserved for another occasion. After a while a warrior who had been left in camp, came and raised his spear to throw at me, but at this moment the old woman to whom I had

spoken stopped him from proceeding further with his intention. I cannot begin to tell you my feelings at this time, I felt choked with a feeling of dread, while I yet desired to be relieved of my pain and misery; but the warrior delayed so long that I took courage again, and started to plan some way of escape. I knew that the schooner was not far off, and that our capture was probably known on board by this time.

When the natives went to trade with the ship next day, the Captain captured five of the chiefs, and threatened to hang them to the yard-arm if the sailors were not returned to the ship.

Word of this was repeated to all the people on shore. As I was lying bound the second night on shore, a young girl came to me and pulled my arm, put her finger to her mouth by way of silence, and told me to get up quietly, at the same time cutting the lines that bound me. I was unable to rise, however, on account of the pain in my wounded leg, for I had been two days bound and in agony.

The girl, who was a strong, lusty, young women, took me on her back, carried me down to the canoe and paddled me out to the ship, without rousing the camp. When we arrived on board she asked the Captain to take her with him on board the ship, for she was afraid to go back, knowing she would be killed. She appealed so pitifully and cried so much, that I felt overcome myself in spite of my sufferings. But the Captain, a hard man, would not give in, so she was hustled overboard. The regret of my life has been that I may have been the unwitting cause of this girl's death, who so nobly aided in my escape from the savages. The strange circumstances of my life full of marvellous escapes, from wild savages as well as shipwrecks at sea—for I have been shipwrecked seven times—makes me think there is a Divine Providence that guides our destinies, "Rough hew them how we may."

The Captain made the savages pay dearly for the lives of his sailors before he would release their chiefs, and when we left the harbour we were loaded up with a cargo of copra, and oil. A strange way of making up the freight out of the murder of his crew, but one by no means uncommon in those early days of trading in the South Seas.

Sailing in the direction of the Navigator Islands, we landed at Apia. There were then only two white residents at that place, and these were away at the time of our visit. The islanders are peaceable, but we watched them closely. It was on this island that John Williams, the missionary, was killed and eaten, shortly after our visit. He is known as the martyr of Erromanga.

The natives, in the absence of the missionary, brought us bamboos, from a gallon to three gallons of cocoanut oil, for which they were paid fifty cents per gallon, sometimes in cloth or cash; but the cash always came back to us, there was no circulation of money in the island. The missionaries collect the oil from the natives as a rule, and deal with the traders to far better advantage, keeping it in barrels for transportation, when it is usually floated out to the ship, a sailor having to swim alongside, in great danger of being seized by sharks, who infest the harbour.

The next island we called at was Tutobae, and on leaving this place, some of the chiefs wanted to accompany us back to Apia, and offered us good pay. While making this passage we were driven by a very heavy swell on to a reef. The chiefs, on seeing the danger of the ship, immediately jumped overboard, urging us all to do the same. I and another sailor followed them, and were picked up by the canoes which followed us, escaping almost by a miracle the sharks which we could see around.

The ship rolled over on the surf, on the reef, and sank with all hands, There is so much suction on one side of this reef, with four fathoms of water one side and only two or three on the other, the reef extending all down the island, that nothing can escape being sucked down, and not a vestige of the ship or her cargo remained. Having lost everything we had in the ship, I and my mate were taken charge of by a chief, who took us to the north end of the island, where I again found myself a captive on the cannibal islands, and amongst a people who spoke a similar language to those whom I had before been subject to.

The chief at the south end of the island, hearing of the good luck of the Northern Chief in capturing two white men, came with two hundred warriors to fight against his neighbour, and make him give up one of us. Terms were come to after a great palaver, and I was sent away with the Southern Chief, and my mate remained with the Northern Chief. So I was taken away in a war canoe to a place called Sangsater. Amidst great rejoicings I landed, and took up my abode with my new master.

At a feast that followed our arrival the chief announced that I was his companion, and was to be treated with every respect by his followers. If I wanted an arm or a leg at the cannibal feast I was to have the choice, and I could command anything I desired from him.

The name of the chief was Maypowder. He was a very large and powerful man, over six feet in stature, and most of his warriors equalled him in size and manly appearance. I myself, being a short man, felt like a Gulliver or dwarf amongst these giants, any one of whom could pick me up and carry me across his shoulder.

The chief had no tattoo marks on his body, as is the custom amongst the savages, but all of his warriors were heavily tattooed from head to foot, and as they were all nude the tattoo markings were very ornamental. The missionaries have taught the islanders to wear clothes, and will not allow them around the settlement without clothing. Should the missionary absent himself, they usually remove their clothing and return to their old habits. The natural inclination of South Sea Islanders is to go nude, and as long as they did so, and followed their regular bathing customs, and lived after their old way in food which is so abundant in many of the islands, they appeared immune to diseases, such as in recent years carried off such numbers as to have almost depopulated some islands.

Where no sense of shame is felt, as was the case in all the islands, which might have been likened to a garden of Eden, it seems a pity to have destroyed their most innocent habits, under the idea that Christian civilization consists in wearing clothes, and usually clothes of the most awkward and least

ornamental description. Having myself often been reduced to a single tappa cloth for clothing while living amongst these savages, I can say my health was always of the best under these circumstances, even though my food was often only of the native description.

I had lived in friendly association with these savages for three months, and had got accustomed to their simple habits and ways, and, as on a former occasion, amused them by manufacturing ornamental toilets, both for men and women.

The chief one morning called me, and told me he was going to build a hut for my use, for hitherto I had resided in his large matted house. He himself superintended the structure and when it was completed sent me a girl, whom he said was to be my wife, and chew cava for me. He also sent me daily a supply of food from his own table. I could not eat the meats as cooked by the natives, which were full of blood, and only half done; and had to educate my girl to cook food for my palate, which she soon showed herself able to do. When my wife came to me she had her hair all done up in pig tails, and plastered with clay. I taught her to let her hair grow, and how to plait it, and tie it with grass. I made an ornamental dress of tappa cloth, and induced her to wear it as an ornament at first, and to please me.

I further instructed her in house-keeping, till she became the model girl of the village, and took a pride in her surroundings as the wife of a white stranger.

It might be supposed I was happy and contented amidst such surroundings of this Eden-like island. with the simple habits of its innocent children of nature, with whom I was now so thoroughly acquainted as to have become a member of the tribe. I tried indeed to settle down and keep quiet; but a secret longing constantly came over me to find some way of escape, or at all events to hunt up my companion, who had gone to the north end of the island.

Intent on this purpose, I took a canoe one day from the landing, and starting to paddle across the bay, and after a five miles row landed on the other side. I started to make my way

through the bush, with a vague intention of finding my friend, little thinking what might follow such an adventure.

While thus pursuing my way, and while crossing a brook, by a trail I had chanced on, I was discovered by some wild-looking savages who came after me with clubs in their hands.

I stopped, seeing escape was impossible, and turned and asked them what they wanted. They said they wanted to take me to their village and to their chief. They seized me and bound me hand and foot, and carried me along with them. Finally we arrived at their small but beautiful village. It lay in a cocoanut grove close to the beach.

They placed me in a large hut known as the council chamber, which was soon filled with natives who came to see me, and many of them went through the usual ceremony I was so well acquainted with to see how fat and plump I was for a feast.

As I lay, so tightly bound that the cords were eating into my flesh, one of the chiefs cut the thongs, and handed me over to the women to be rubbed with cocoanut oil to reduce the swelling,

In the meantime my fate was under discussion, and this continued till evening, when I was left to be tended and fed by the women. They all fell asleep after a little while, even the young one who was strictly enjoined to keep awake. The hut was close to the beach on which were stranded a number of canoes. Could I get into one of them without disturbing the camp I might escape. I crawled on all fours, as quietly as I could, and got into one of the smaller canoes to paddle out into the bay, with the intention of crossing the harbour back home again.

The water in the bay was a shallow lagoon. All went well for awhile, and I was beginning to congratulate myself on escape when I heard a great shouting behind me, and I was aware that several canoes were in full chase. I knew that they were bound to overtake me. I thought and planned that I would leave the canoe and take to swimming, at which I was a master hand, and by diving I might deceive the enemy as to my whereabouts. I therefore dropped over the side of the canoe into

shallow water, and gave the canoe a shove in a different direction, at the same time dipping and diving for some distance.

This action in the gathering twilight disconcerted the savages, who on coming up with the canoe were unable to account for my sudden disappearance. They travelled around and searched in every direction, and twice they crossed right over me while I was diving and crawling along the bottom of the shallow water, occasionally coming to the surface to breathe. I was glad to see the canoes returning, as they evidently thought me drowned. So I was left in the middle of a bay some three miles from my destination across the harbour. and with the likelihood of meeting with a shark, which I most dreaded.

However, after resting awhile by the side of some rocks, I took courage and by swimming when the water was deep and wading in the shallow reefs, I landed after a great struggle on the other side, with my feet swollen and almost cut to pieces.

In the dark I crawled up on the shore, and slept amidst dreams such as I never before experienced. At daylight I found I was not far from my own village, and a little later hailed a friendly savage who carried me back to my home and wife, who nursed and tended me for many days untll my wounds were healed.

I determined after this adventure I had better stay at home, and not risk my life in search of friends and freedom.

While I was recovering from my last adventure, the chief, who had been absent for some time on a war cruise, or to settle some grievance he had with a neighbouring tribe, returned bringing a number of captives. I hobbled down to meet him on the shore, and when he saw me he greeted me as an equal. In the feast which followed, as a matter of honour, he made me drink the first cup of cava, held out by the girls, and gave me the name of Mulley Shackey, by which I was now to be known in the tribe.

On this occasion I asked him for permission to go and see my companion; but he was unwilling on this or any other occasion to let me leave the tribe in search of my friend, who, however, was quite safe he told me, and indeed I heard after-

wards he had been well treated by the chief who had possession of him.

The chief, as a matter of favour, sent me another girl to live with my wife, indeed her sister; but I told the chief I disapproved of two women in the house as they were likely to disagree. He said that such was not the case, but I carried my point and send the second girl back. Later on he still insisted on my taking the girl to live with me. "So great a chief as I should have two wives." And finally I had to consent. I found these two sisters lived amicably together in the house, and were proud of their position, owing to the honour I was held in by the tribe.

However, I was eager to get away, and continually planned means of escape. It was on one of the occasions when the chief was away that I heard a ship had visited and anchored at a place about twelve miles up the coast. As the natives had orders from the chief which they dare not disobey, to do whatever I told them, I ordered out a canoe with six men to take me to the ship, saying I wanted to trade, taking as a blind a number of articles with me. We reached the vessel that night, and she proved to be an English trader. I told my tale to the captain, and my story was fully corroborated by my appearance, dressed in a tappa skirt, and as brown as a native. Immense merriment aboard was caused by my grotesque appearance; but when the captain heard my story he was glad to ship me as one of his crew, for he was bound on a whaling expedition to the Northern seas. So ends my story of life amongst the savages. Needless to say, with the help of the captain, I rewarded the crew with numerous presents for aiding in my escape, and how they settled it with the chief when they got back I am unable to say, for I have thought it best and safest to keep out of these Southern seas, and my future sea experiences were found in Northern waters.

The next chapter of my life takes me into the Arctic regions, for the ship on which I had escaped from the South Sea Islanders was on a whaling expedition up through Behring Sea to the Arctic Circle. We had a good passage for many days across the Pacific into colder waters. When we struck

into the fields of the floes we had gales of wind which rendered navigation dangerous. At last we were so surrounded with ice floes, that we had to anchor to one, while a boat was sent out to the land to learn what was our position, in order to find our winter quarters, as we should remain for a winter season in that region. We discovered that the locality was known as Shanty Bay, a place not often visited by ships. On landing on an island the first discovery we made was a schooner with her decks all covered in with canvas, and a covered passage which connected them with the shore.

We were surprised at not seeing any life on board, and on further investigation we discovered the whole ship's crew sitting at the table or lying in their bunks, in all attitudes of natural rest, and all save one stiff and dead. In this one man alone did we discover any life, and he was the ship's carpenter, who told us that the ship had wintered there, and the crew had all been frozen to death by the intense cold. We took the poor fellow on board and did all we could for him, but he died in a few days.

We were very successful in the capture of whales in these waters. The whale known as the Bowhead, which differs from the Sperm whale in many respects, is found in these colder regions.

Its most striking feature is its great mouth, with the lapping over gums, also the fine mesh-like net in which the whale catches its prey of small fish; the enormous quantity of food it must take to satisfy such a monster, in these cold regions, is beyond conception. We frequently left the ship for days together to hunt for whales, and took provisions with us for nine days' absence. Sometimes we sheltered on the shore while waiting and watching. Our ship would be anchored to an ice floe for days together, and would then break away from the floe in a gale of wind, and we were in constant danger of losing her whereabouts, in which case our chances of escape were well nigh hopeless.

The whales during the spring season come near the shore to scratch themselves against the rocks, in order to rid their bodies of the shell fish which become incrusted on them. They

also approach the shore in order to shelter their young, and at this season become very dangerous to tackle.

When a whale is captured a flag is placed on it as a mark to denote its position and ownership, while the crew pursue their occupation awaiting the arrival of the ship. One of the whales we captured produced three hundred barrels of oil. This is known as the Right whale, and is without doubt the largest sea monster to be found in the ocean. As we were leaving the Siberian coast we sighted a very big whale, to which both our boats got attached, but the whale carried us so far from the ship, and finally dived under the ice field, that we had to cut our cables in order to escape from being drawn under the ice. We then took to the land to shelter from a rising gale. We quickly collected brush and drift wood, and made ourselves snug. We kept the fire burning all night for fear of wild animals; there were plenty of bears and wolves in the neighbourhood, as was evidenced by their tracks. We had to take turns in watching, for by their howls they were both numerous and savage. Towards the morning our watcher fell asleep while on duty, and allowed the fire to get low.

A black bear promptly came in and seized him by the leg, dragged him through the hut across the fire, and almost out into the open before the rest of us were awake and could get a gun to shoot the animal. The cries of the man awoke the camp, and we succeeded in shooting the bear. He was fat and in good condition, and we had fresh meat for breakfast, and took the balance of the carcase and pelt on board with us. The poor fellow had his leg ripped up by the bear, and was some time in recovering. It was a wonder indeed that he was not killed, for these animals are exceedingly ferocious, and it was only our timely interference that saved him.

We caught a number of whales in the course of the season, one of which gave us two hundred barrels of oil and a ton of whalebone. This bone forms the teeth of the whale, and is covered by the lips. The first rows of teeth are about two feet in length, and the rows increase in length till they reach half way to the middle of the mouth, some sixteen feet in length. It is in this mesh of teeth that the squid and bacteria on which

the whales feed are caught. Some ten barrels of oil are taken out of the tongue, which looks like a huge spotted plum pudding, when lying in the mouth.

Turning our ship in a southern direction we got into warmer waters; a glad exchange for me, for I felt the terrible cold of the arctic region even in summer. We had some terrific storms, one of which nearly did for the ship, in which I had the narrowest escape I ever remember. I had been ordered out on the jibboom to make the sail fast, when a heavy sea struck the vessel and buried the bow right into the wave. I clung to the boom for dear life, but I was washed away by the strength of the wave. As the ship arose on the wave I was lifted high up and swept into the main sheet; fortunately, with one leg over the boom, to which I held on with all my remaining strength, and was rescued and taken below more dead than alive. I recovered in a day or two; but always consider this as my most remarkable escape from being lost at sea.

When the weather cleared we had a long spell of calm weather, and were able to rest from our labours, which up to that time had been very heavy. Our ship was the most unlucky vessel I was ever on for losing her crew. During the calm spell, one of the men was pulling at a rope, which broke in his grasp, and he fell overboard into quiet waters and disappeared, leaving only his hat to mark the spot on the surface. Later on when a storm struck the vessel, the cook, who was in the cook-house, busy with his work, was carried away by a wave which took the cook-house bodily from the ship. What the feelings of the man must have been when he saw us sailing away, from the top of the cook-house on which he had climbed, without any effort of rescue—this being impossible owing to the gale—one can scarcely imagine. It was all we could do to save the ship, and he had to be left to his fate. When the wind went down we were three hundred miles away from the spot, which we had travelled with bare poles in twenty hours.

In these waters we caught a number of sharks, nine feet long, which gave us fresh steaks. Dolphins and other fresh fish were a great treat after our long period of feeding on salt pork and dry biscuit, our constant fare in the north.

We reached Honolulu, and with plenty of cash in my pocket I went to hunt up my friends. But I soon lost my cash in drinking and gambling, and got arrested for raising a riot, and had to do a time of stone-breaking in the gaol. A long spell of hard life at sea unfits a man to face the temptations of a town life, when he has plenty of cash in his pocket; and I have to regret many a lost opportunity from those two evils that beset my early life; but I was taken in hand by a kind friend, a lady who brought me to my senses again, and I started to reform, and by the grace of God I kept straight. Such is the influence of a good woman on a sailor's life. What should we sailors be if it were not now and again an angel from heaven picks us up and starts us towards the Heavenly Jerusalem where we all hope to go?

The next ship I embarked on was a trading vessel bound for Calcutta. Shortly after starting one of the sailors fell ill, and was persuaded in his own mind that he was about to die. I was the only man on board who owned a Bible: he asked me to read some chapters to him, as he said he would like to be reminded of the old days when he went to Sunday-school. I told him it was no use reading the Scriptures to him as he had said he did not believe in the Bible, and had been the leader of a gang in laughing at me when I read the Bible on my own account. He told me to read it anyway, for it was his last chance of hearing it; he was going on a long journey and would like to know something of the future. So I read a few chapters to him suitable to the occasion, and he died about two o'clock that same night.

While I was asleep the sailors took the body and covered it up with a sail and laid it on the carpenter's bench outside. We used to lay studding sails on this bench, and sometimes during my watch, when there was nothing to do, I lay on it. I found next morning I had been resting on the top of my friend's body, an uncomfortable position indeed.

I was fond of practical jokes in those days, and at this time carried out a humorous ghost story I have since heard repeated by others, but it sprang from myself. After the burial of our late shipmate at sea, we were most of us on the lookout

for some vision of the departed. Sailors are naturally a superstitious crowd and easily worked on by the supernatural—dreams, ghosts and visions.

It was a stormy night when we got the order to put the ship under short-reefed sail; later, when the wind failed, we were sent up to run out the topgallant sails. I was always very active in carrying out orders up aloft whenever I heard the call of duty.

On this occasion I was not on duty, but woke rather suddenly and mistook the order as applying to our watch. I immediatety jumped up and was up aloft before anyone could see me. I sang out to hoist away to those down below. Then I awoke to the fact that I was not on duty and could not be expected to be aloft. I skidded down as quickly as possible and, unseen by anybody, went to my berth, as I knew I should be chaffed by my companions if discovered. The officer was astonished at the rapidity with which his order had been carried out, and not being able to account for it sang out "Who's aloft?" to which there was no answer. I had slipped away to my couch and was to all appearances asleep.

The officer then called his watch and counted them, and then came along and counted the other watch and found them all asleep. He declared it must have been the ghost of our late shipmate whose voice he had heard and whose hands had loosened the sails up aloft.

For the next few days the crew went about in fear, expecting to meet with the wraith of their late shipmate.

I, for my part, kept my counsel, with regard to the facts, for fear of being chaffed, but I am ready to believe there was a ghost around that night, only it was a very material one in the person of myself.

With regard to superstitions amongst sailors, most of which have now died out, especially that one about a ship setting out on a voyage on a Friday, I might say there was good reason for believing in the truth of some of them when they were connected with some natural law which in olden days through being unexplainable was thought miraculous.

But science has dispersed many of these so-called miracles which astonished people in ancient days, but are

easily accounted for now. I will, however, here record one connected with my own life. I was born in a superstitious age, and with a superstitious symbol. For many years I carried to sea with me a skin caul, with which unusual appendage I came into the world. It was a tradition from past ages that a child born in a caul would never meet death by drowning, and was also safe from other accidents. Whether this is true or not I cannot say; but it seems strange that amid all the shipwrecks and accidents it has been my lot to pass through, even when all my companions perished, I alone have escaped and have since remained immune, for I am sound in mind and body to-day. I might say that not unfrequently this tradition has become a matter of faith to me in moments of danger, thus enabling me to keep a cool courage and often undaunted in the midst of overwhelming misfortune.

I have often heard of sea captains in those early days pay upwards of a hundred pounds for the possession of a child's caul, which they believed would safeguard them from drowning; but this, like many other superstitions, has now passed into oblivion. I mention it as showing how great has been the change that has come over men's minds with regard to these matters.

Our voyage was one of continued disaster and misfortune A week later the captain took sick and died: the mate took command of the ship. He did not hold it long. A fog sprang up, followed by a strong breeze, and at three o'clock one morning we were run into by another ship on the weather bow, which cut us clean down to the water's edge. Some of the crew managed to climb on board as she struck us, and so escaped; but as the vessel slid clear she was lost in the fog and we saw her no more. We had to take to the boats at once as our vessel was sinking fast; and we had not even time to obtain clothes, provisions or water. There were seven of us in a boat a thousand miles away from land, and on a stormy sea, without a compass.

For three days we survived, eating only a few flying fish which flew on board at night, and were divided equally amongst us. We chewed up our boots bit by bit. At last the steward

gave in and died, and we threw his body overboard. The fifth day we saw a ship running before the wind, and hoisted a signal of distress, which was fortunately seen, and we saw with joy she had altered her course towards us.

I had strength enough to climb on board, but then fell down on the deck unconscious, and for many hours knew nothing. When I came to, I found myself in a comfortable cabin with a fire burning on the hearth. She was a New York packet ship, and we were treated very kindly by the captain and crew.

I landed in New York dead broke; but a sailor can always find help amongst his chums in a home port. It was not long before I found myself in a boarding house, my chums having made a collection for me. I kept straight, and soon found a ship bound for China and Japan. We put into Formosa and took a number of Chinese passengers on board. A storm sprang up when we got to sea; the Chinamen became frightened and, after propitiating their deities by throwing large quantities of rice into the sea, they spent their time prostrating themselves on the deck, bumping their foreheads on the hard wood until they had raised bumps as large as hen's eggs. When the storm was over they spent quite a lot of time hunting for remedies to reduce these bumps, and a certain kind of oil proved to be very efficacious.

Bangkok was our next port of call, and we were ordered to leave our arms and powder at the mouth of the river before we entered harbour. We got leave of absence for twenty-four hours, and I went with a mate to view the sights; but my friend took cholera while ashore and died in twelve hours, and had just time to give me the address of his mother and asked me to call and see her if I survived. Four of the rest of the crew died the same night, and by the end of the week there were only four men left out of twenty. The captain, mate and myself buried the whole crew before we left. Such attacks of cholera are not infrequent in these ports, and sometimes sweep the whole crew away.

While at Yokohama I saw a man who had killed another in cold blood led to execution. His condemnation was to have a joint cut off from each section of his body every day, till only

his trunk and head were left, which was the cruellest sight I have ever witnessed, and made an impression on me I never forgot.

Leaving Yokohama, we took passage past the Catalina Islands. Here, in the open sea, we were attacked by a host of armed natives in canoes, who endeavoured to board us, and threw numbers of spears and arrows at us. Had they attacked us by night they might have succeeded; but as it was we attempted to pacify them by throwing presents of tobacco on board their canoe, as they came alongside. They grew more venturesome, however, and we had to fire blank cartridges over them; and later, to shoot some in order to keep them from climbing up the sides of the ship. These savages are known as pirates of the China seas, and are very dangerous, many ships' crews having been captured by them. The gale freshened into a heavy sea, and we were able to outsail and get clear of this savage and dangerous crowd of Chinese pirates. In the storm that followed I got my leg badly jammed in the wheel, and was laid up for three weeks.

After a five months' passage I landed in London, and the ship was paid off; I managed to get a ship for New York, and returned to my home port; having gone through nearly twenty years of my adventurous career, the record of which I have dotted down from time to time in this log book. The days of sailing vessels appear to be nearly ended, and whaling as an occupation is now no longer carried on in the dangerous manner I have represented. Steam is supplanting every occupation on the sea. In my early days a sailor was expected to go through a long apprenticeship, such as is now no longer required or needed.

The old sailor was in the habit of reading sections of his life's story from his log book of an evening when the work was done, or life was felt to be slow, and thus greatly encouraged us; for it gave rise to numerous discussions about savages—their ways and customs, and proved a mine of information on many subjects connected with our life in the bush.

This man had apparently a knack of ruling savages in a manner which few men could do. We had quite sufficient

evidence, by the manner in which he was respected and held by Peter and the local native tribe, in the short time he had resided in the neighbourhood, that his gifts were peculiar in that direction. We never, then or afterwards, had any trouble with Peter or his tribe of Indians, and whenever any trouble seemed likely to arise Alec usually saw his way through the difficulty and settled it for us. His forethought, and the able manner in which he dealt with every detail, never hurried or disturbed, however dark things might appear to be, had made him an unfailing source of comfort and help to us. And as we listened at night-time, around the stove, to the story of his life as he read it from his old log book, which was always carefully returned to his box, we were thankful our party had met with so able a man to direct our lives in the first years of our settlement in the Far West.

The sailors who are at the present time going down to the sea in ships are a very different class of men compared with those whom I remember. Foreigners appear to have taken the place of British sailors in British ships—more's the pity! for what will England do when her naval and mercantile marine are in the hands of foreigners who, on the first occasion of war, will either desert or capture ships under the British flag.

As I look out on the wide Pacific Ocean, on which so much of my life has been spent, I realize that even there impending changes are at hand which may alter the whole condition of the world; and on that ocean the future of the East and the West, the European and the Asiatic, will have to be settled.

I was employed as a sailor on the first steamer, 'The Beaver,' that entered the Pacific Ocean on her own steam, in 1859; and to-day I see that ocean crossed by the greyhounds of the Pacific in every direction. I think my time is short, but I have no fears as to the future, for I have faced death so often that I look upon it as the gateway to a higher life, and when the Master calls me to cross the Harbour Bar to Eternity, I trust I shall be able to say: "Ready, aye, ready!"

A PRACTICAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR YOUTHS IN CANADA.

The Rev. W. G. H. ELLISON has had twenty years' experience of life in Canada, and has himself engaged in all manual employments of a colonial life. He is prepared to take a limited number of pupils and apprentices on his Farm, Lumber Mill and Camp, on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The season's training consists of six months from May to October, the open season for work in which Mr. Ellison will direct the training of young men from England in active employment.

As an emigrant chaplain Mr. Ellison has observed that many youths of the middle classes newly arrived in the country fail from want of knowledge to adapt themselves to their surroundings. A six month's training amid suitable surroundings and under wise direction would enable them to succeed. It is with this object that this school has been started, and individual attention will be given to each case. The Summer College of the Minneapolis University is in the same locality, where those interested in science can attend the lectures. The Camp for work is situated in an ideal place for fishing, shooting, and boating, and the home life is on the Canadian plan.

During the winter months arrangements can be made to attend lectures at the Victoria University. Mr. Ellison is willing to communicate with any one desiring information, who are thinking of settling in Canada.

Address—

Rev. W. G. H. ELLISON,
Port Renfrew,
West Coast Vancouver Island,
British Columbia, CANADA.

or refer to Secretary, Emigration Offices,
272, Birkbeck Bank Chambers, Holborn,
LONDON, W.C.

YOUR OUTFIT

for

CANADA, VANCOUVER

or wherever you may be Emigrating should possess those wearing qualities which will relieve you of all anxiety as to how long it will last you. . . . . .

A good outfit, must outwear many so called cheap ones and will be the CHEAPEST in the LONG RUN. . . . . .

We are specialists in good strong serviceable suits etc., and it would be well for you to consult us before placing your order elsewhere. . . Note our only address

Berkemeyer & Company,

Colonial Tailors and Outfitters,

22 GRAY'S INN ROAD,

LONDON,

W.C.

A.C.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLAN. RATES MODERATE.

HOTEL BALMORAL

M. J. G WHITE Proprietress.

DOUGLAS STREET VICTORIA. B.C.

A First-Class Family and Tourist Hotel.

Situated in the best part of the City.

THE

ANDREWS EMIGRANT HOME,

69, Belmont Avenue, Montreal.

Every information can be obtained and moderate terms to travellers.

DOMINION HOTEL,

Abbott Street, Vancouver, B.C.

A New and First-class Family & Tourist Hotel.

Rates: One & Half Dollars a Day.

Start baby right

Mothers know that a sound and vigorous body acquired by baby during the first year insures strong and healthy childhood.

Neave's Food

has for more than 80 years been the Infant Diet of hundreds of thousands of strong and healthy men and women, and is a PERFECTLY SAFE FOOD FOR THE YOUNGEST AND MOST DELICATE CHILD.

It contains all the essentials for flesh and bone-forming in an exceptional degree, assists teething, relieves infantile constipation, and used with milk as directed, forms a complete diet for children.

Sold in 1/- and 2/6 tins; also 4d. packets.

Write for sample tin and useful booklet, "Hints about Baby," by a Trained Nurse, sent post free by JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, Hants, on mentioning this publication.

A Light and Nourishing Milk and Cereal Food for General Use.

NEAVE'S Health Diet

Especially valuable for Dyspeptics, Convalescents, Invalids and the Aged, &c., on account of its digestibility and strengthening properties.

Delicate and growing children should have this nourishing and health-giving diet daily for breakfast.

QUICKLY AND EASILY MADE.

Sold in 1/3 and 3/6 tins by Chemists and Grocers. Sample will be sent on receipt of two stamps by the manufacturers, JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, Hants, on mentioning this publication.

¶ **The Council of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene have examined Neave's Health Diet, and awarded their certificate for Purity and Quality.**