

Five Years in Western Canada.

A Paisley Lady's Letters.

1909 to 1914.

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Our Molly Collins.

FIVE YEARS IN WESTERN CANADA.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 13th July, 1914.)

A PAISLEY LADY'S LETTERS.

FIRST YEAR—1909 TO 1910—FIRST PORTION.

NOTE.—When obtaining the consent of the writer of these letters to the publication of this Series of extracts from them, she said, very emphatically, that she trusted no one by reading them would be induced to forsake the "Old Country" for the New "Canada," she added, "is not an El Dorado, where gold may be easily picked up. And any one who has a good situation at home, let him by all means stick to it."

ON BOARD SHIP.

E.E. "CARSANDEA."

"I'm Al now. A beautiful boat, and so steady. Quite a swell berth. W.P. very attentive. Everybody very kind. The very baker trying to comfort me, says, 'You will be as happy as the day is long when we get out to sea.'"

WEDNESDAY.

"It seems ages since Saturday morning. Hardly any one down in the dumps now. Have had a good passage so far; but last night ran into a fog-bank, through which we have been crawling ever since. We were lulled to sleep by the sweet music of the fog-horn! Getting clear of it now. Have not been sea-sick at all. On Sunday I was 'not very happy inside'; but Monday morning saw me 'bright as a turtise.' Have got up a nice little set of five, two boys and three girls, and are having rare fun together—poetry, chocolates, card-games, yarns, ghost-stories, solos, choruses. With deck-chairs and rugs we make ourselves right comfortable, and are seldom inside, save at meal-times. We are having a little 'At Home' to-night, if the fog-horn will allow us."

FATHER POINT.

"Have been through a storm. It was wild. The steerage passengers had to be battened down for a time, the waves breaking over the decks. Went out well wrapped up to watch the waves. It was simply magnificent. Had a concert last night; W. P. played his cello, and I gave two readings. A formal one is fixed for Saturday, on behalf of the Sailors' Orphans at Kilmacoin. Astonishing how quickly people get to know each other on board ship. A week here is as good as a year on

shore. 'Our gang,' as we call ourselves, are all old friends already. Our 'Gemina,' who is the life and soul of the party, is an artist, a poet, a singer, a player, a reader, a wit; and such a bonnie boy besides. We simply couldn't do without him. He gets up the programmes. I make little sketches of the boat, and flags, and decorate them. There are five of us now sitting together, all trying to write. So it is not painfully quiet. In fact that boy is singing:—

O, the girl was fair,
And the colour of her hair
Was a delicate sort of ginger;—

And three or four kiddies are playing on the stairs."

"Expecting to see land to-day. But it is rather foggy again. W. a brother is writing about the range of snow-capped mountains. I asked her if that was copyright, but she has given us leave to use the phrase. It isn't easy to write a decent verse, looking on a book, with the fog here, the boat rolling, the people talking, the pen being borrowed occasionally, and the steward trying to stop us in the writing room!

I'm so sorry for the next week, and so thankful I am not among their number. The steward at table says, 'Come away, I see you're so hard as nails yet.' Yesterday we had to have the "hiddies" on the table to keep the dishes from flying off. I have a sea-water bath every morning at seven!

OFF NEWFOUNDLAND.

"Saw land this morning, but have lost sight of it again. Have had a thrilling time. Light breezes; big storm; fog; icebergs; dead slow; stop all night, crawl all day; whales, porpoises; more icebergs. Shall be very late; not into the Gulf yet."

NEAR GAY'S BAY.

"Lost in the fog for two days and two nights. This horn-blowing, and the knowledge that our friends will be anxious about us are the worst of it, for the fog is not disagreeable. The sun is shining brightly, and it is only a white mist over the sea that keeps us back. Have seen seven icebergs, some of them very beautiful. Huge things two or three hundred feet high, and as white as snow. Some of them were too near for safety, but our captain is very careful. Our gang have proved exceptionally interesting company. Besides the concerts and games we have published a magazine between us."



Our Holy College.

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shore. 'Our gang,' as we call ourselves, are all old friends already. Our 'Genius,' who is the life and soul of the party, is an artist, a poet, a singer, a player, a reciter, a wit; and such a boumie boy besides. We simply couldn't do without him. He gets up the programmes. I make little sketches of the boat, and flags, to decorate them. There are five of us now sitting together, all trying to write. So it is not painfully quiet. In fact that boy is singing:—

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And the colour of her hair
Was a delicate sort of a ginger;—

And three or four kiddies are playing on the stairs."

Expecting to see land to-day. But it is rather foggy again. M.'s mother is writing about the waves as "snow-capped mountains." I asked her if that was copyright, but she has given us leave to use the phrase. It isn't easy to write a decent letter, leaning on a book, with the fog horn blowing, the boat rolling, the people talking, the pen being borrowed occasionally, and the steward trying to tidy up the writing room!

I'm so sorry for the sick ones, and so thankful I am not among their number. The steward at table says, "Come away, I see you're as hard as nails yet." Yesterday we had to have the "fiddles" on the table to keep the dishes from flying off. I have a sea-water bath every morning at seven!

OFF NEWFOUNDLAND.

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NEAR CAPE RACE.

"Lost in the fog for two days and two nights. This horn-blowing, and the knowledge that our friends will be anxious about us are the worst of it, for the fog is not disagreeable. The sun is shining brightly, and it is only a white mist over the sea that keeps us back. Have seen many icebergs, some of them very beautiful. Huge things two or three hundred feet high, and as white as snow. Some of them were too near for safety; but our captain is very careful. Our gang have proved exceptionally interesting company. Besides the concerts and games we have published a magazine between us."

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FIVE YEARS IN WESTERN CANADA.

THE WESTERN CANADIAN, MONTREAL, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1904.

A TABLET CALLED "LITTLE."
FIVE YEARS—HOW TO LIVE—FIRST PARTITION.

THE WESTERN CANADIAN, MONTREAL, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1904.

"ACROSS THE PLAINS."

LAKE HURON.

Spent yesterday in Montreal. W.P. and I called on M'N. of Paisley, and were well received. We are now spending our first night on the C.P.R. train. Very shaky, and dusty, and hot. Shall never cease to be thankful for that happy time on the boat; so must just take this to make up the usual average of life! Daresay will get used to the dust by and bye; are just coming into some lovely scenery. One of our "gang" is with us; going to be assistant manageress in a C.P.R. hotel in the Rockies. We are chumming it. I am so glad to have her company. The blessed "gang" were in tears at the parting!

Bought some provisions last night, and made a nice wee breakfast in the train this morning. There is a range in a little kitchen at one end of the carriage, and a little dressing-room at the other. Lead water supplied for drinking. The berths, big and soft, are folded up during the day, and little tables fixed between the seats. The berth above mine is unoccupied; so I have more room for my provisions and luggage. The scenery among the Rocky Mountains is surpassingly beautiful; and there are miles and miles of it.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

"GLENIFFER."

Such is the name of W.P.'s father's house, in the little township of Summerland, on Lake Okanagan. The mornings and evenings here are simply perfect. Met T. at noon, and after dinner went for a row in his wee boat. The day was hot, but cool on the lake, a lovely breeze blowing. Busy preparing our future home afterwards. Where did all that confetti come from? and rice, rice everywhere, and none of it fit to eat! The place is lovely. We see the lake from our windows. I have developed a fine appetite, being so much in the fresh air. The P. family have all been very kind to me. The marriage is to be at their house, and not at the manse, after all. The Presbyterian minister's wife is from home.

People don't worry about appearances here. I met a friend of T.'s on the road the other day; a regular "toff"; been all over the world; has plenty of cash; but his trousers had a two-inch tear in them, of which he seemed supremely unconscious! There is not much money used here. Everything is paid by cheques, once a month. The only thing lacking in the landscape is the green grass. The ground is dry and sandy, and sandy-coloured, with great pine trees and pretty shrubs, wild

roses and sunflowers, Michaelmas daisies, phlox, escholtzia California, and a great many other flowers growing wild.

The water is lovely. I see the hills on the other side reflected on it, and two little white sails looking no bigger than a butterfly. It is so clear that the other side looks quite near. You can see every tree, and would think they were very small ones; but, of course, they are very tall, or you couldn't make them out at four or five or even six miles distance. But I must go and get my hair up; it is quite dry already!

RUSTICUS.

FIVE YEARS IN WESTERN CANADA.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 20th July, 1914.)

A PAISLEY LADY'S LETTERS.

FIRST YEAR—1909-1910—SECOND PORTION.

SUMMERLAND, B.C.

"The great event is to take place on Monday afternoon. Home to our wee house after. No honeymoon. We don't want one. Ours is the dearest, neatest wee house you ever saw. The goods are all in in their places, so it looks quite home-like. I am writing this in the 'Review' 'Coco. It isn't at all not here as yet; but I feel the air too 'rare.' Expect I'll get used to it in time. Of course, we are 1500 feet up at our house, and 300 more at 'Gleniffer.'"

"A lovely day on the lake. The water quite calm. Yesterday there was a storm; breakers on the water, hailstones, thunder, and heavy rain. I wish you could see this place. One might imagine an inland lake would be always calm; but this one is never alike two half-hours together. The clouds were trailing over the hills yesterday, while a double rainbow spread its arch right along the lake, and the rays of light made a silver patch, like moonlight, on the hills beyond. But that's not what you want to hear about, is it? Well, here goes."

"The wedding was on the 21st, at 4 p.m. M.P. was bridesmaid. She wore a white dress like mine . . . etc. In the centre of the table was a huge jar filled with white syringa. Do you know it? The branches are nearly a yard long, thin and brown, with beautiful little leaves. The blossoms are white and waxy, just like Orange-Blossom, and about the same size. With the other flowers it made a gay show. The bride's cake stood on the sideboard. The minister, the best-man, and T. arrived together. Then I heard old Mr P.'s voice, 'Come awa', my bonnie lassie!' He led me in on his arm, and then—oh! then—I began to shake all over. I believe the minister said something; but after he had finished, I found I had on a plain ring, and someone said, 'Well, Mrs T., and how does it feel to be married?'"

"There are some dear wee children who live near, and they keep bringing me bunches of flowers nearly every morning. They came with a huge bunch the first morning we were in our new house. I thought it so kind. They were our 'first-foot.' The folks next door keep Jersey cows, and we get beautiful milk.

We get all the best qualities of provisions here. They sell nothing else; and you have to buy whole tins, or sacks, or packets of everything; and they do make you pay for them. So also with the laundry. I had four table-cloths mangled, and John Chinaman charged me 60 cents (2s 6d)! My first and last laundry bill.

"GEORGE!"

We had a wee boy to lunch yesterday. He is 'a caution'; he kept me laughing at him. He is only eight years old. First time I saw him he was paddling a flat boat himself. But he can paddle, and make the boat move just as well with his feet, when there are no oars handy. His little cheeks are like sunburnt peaches, and his eyes are keen and bright. I gave him a piece of bread at lunch time; but he saw Scotch scones on the table, and said, "Are those things just to look at?" After getting one, he went on—"We had our visitors last night. I asked mummy for a piece of cake. 'O', she said, 'That's just to look at.' But I woke up early this morning and got a piece, and went back to bed again!" He's a little terror. After lunch, he looked out at the back window. "Is that the workshop?" "Yes." "I'm going right there now!" I didn't know the shed door was locked, and paid him no attention, but heard him sing out, "All aboard for the workshop!" A few minutes after, T. came in, and inquired for George. I said he wanted to go into the workshop. "But the door is fastened." Just then we saw two little bare brown legs appear under the door of the shed; then a torn pair of flannel trousers; lastly, with a great wriggle, came a blue cotton blouse; and George got up and shook himself as if nothing had happened! He is good fun; and we've asked him back this week.

Sunday Evening.

Have just returned from Mr Hood's (Presbyterian) Church, where we heard a very good sermon. Everybody here is up by 6 a.m., so have to go early to rest.

"INDEPENDENCE DAY."

These odd days are all the holidays the Canadians have. There is no "Paisley Fair" hereabouts! We had a fine time over at Naramata on Independence Day. The Americans there held a reception. T. and I were invited, and crossed over in our own wee boat. The weather was lovely; and as the gathering was on a point of land covered with trees, and having the lake breezes on three sides, it was nice and cool. The Naramata folk don't cook much. Servant girls are

FIVE YEARS IN WESTERN CANADA

By [Name], Author of 'The West of 1880'

It was not until the first of the month that I was able to get away from the city. I had been so busy with my work that I had not had time to do anything else. I had to go to the office every day and work until late in the evening. I had to go to the bank every day and work until late in the evening. I had to go to the bank every day and work until late in the evening.

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A BARRAGE AND A DAM

By [Name], Author of 'The West of 1880'

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not to be mad; so those who can afford it, just have a table at the hotel there, and have all their meals without any trouble. In this hotel the cook is a Chinaman; so also is the waiter. Our hostess was the wife of a gentleman known as the "King of Naramata." We had dinner at their table. She and her large family were all very nice to me, and introduced me to lots of people, who, in turn passed me on to others, and brought some to me to be introduced! I was quite "fabbergasted." I never expected they'd take any notice of a wee thing like me. But that is just their way. I enjoyed the day well, and had good fun in the evening helping to build the bonfire. It was late when we left; but G. G., a friend of T's, towed our boat behind their motor boat, and we fairly flew through the waves, and crossed the three miles of water in something like twenty minutes. It was just like being in Mr N.'s motor-car, plus moonlight and waves, and a white trail behind, instead of dust.

* * *
 RED INDIANS.

The mornings here, after rain, are just like Arran—the hills, and the trees, and the shore. But you would miss the green fields. Nearly every one here owns a bit of land—and a horse. The girls ride like the men, and don't use the side-saddle. The horses are like our circus ones; have long flowing tails and manes, and gallop along as if they enjoyed it. The "Indian Reservation" is three miles down the road past our house, so we often see these skillful riders careering past. I saw one man with trousers the same as my fur jacket, and another with a scarlet pair!

* * *
 A REGATTA.

We have had such a lot of visitors. One day there was 12—but that was the record! It was very kind of them to come and I was glad enough to see them; if they wouldn't all come at once!

There has been another regatta, and T. took me over (as it was rough) on the ferry-boat, "Maud Moore." It was great fun seeing the war canoe-races; 15 rowers in each, all dressed in swimming costume. One boat was upset, and there was some excitement before they were all rescued. Young Jim P. (of Paisley) was one of the heroic rescuers.

We had some genuine ice-cream, really iced cream, made by the "Chinks," as the Chinamen are termed here; eaten with sandwich-cake, too. Doesn't it make your teeth water! There is to be another ice-cream "social" to-night in connection with our church. It is to be held on somebody's front lawn, lit up with Chinese lanterns, and enlivened by

the band. T. was to sing at it; but I don't know if we shall be able to go as he has hurt one of his toes badly. The doctor here is a clever young fellow, and is fairly making his pile at the rate of £1 a visit. He is working almost day and night, chiefly bringing in new inhabitants.

* * *
 Our old washerwoman, Mrs D., wouldn't like the washings here. You can't make a good show; for by the time you have got one lot hung up, and the next tubful washed, the first lot is ready to iron. That would never suit her.—I'm just missing you a terrible lot these days. Are you missing me, and the tin-opener? Every time I look at the cork-screw, I think, "Well, they'll miss me for the cork-screw!" When I'm ironing, I always hear your voice, "M. let me take a turn at them, and you sit down and take a rest for a wee while!" And when sometimes I take "a race roun' the flair," I hear, "You shouldn't be doing that with a good skirt on." But just "coudry doon," and don't go on my knees, so it doesn't do much harm.

NEIGHBOURS.

I was out to-day "calling," for the first time; and went in fear and trembling, and a muslin dress. Of course, I forgot to take visiting cards, although T. had printed some. However, I enjoyed it, for the people are so free and pleasant. One extra nice lady is Mrs George G.— Her husband is a real Canadian. His father is one of the "old-timers" who were here "ranching" long before there was any Summerland, in the days when a man's best friend was his rifle, and all the meat he got was what he could shoot. Even yet, there are bears and coyotes, and all sorts of wild creatures in the mountains, across the lake, away behind Naramata; and the Indians act as guides when the "whites" go hunting in the "fall." But Mrs G. is neither a Grizzly nor an Indian. She is young and pretty, and has two dear wee boys. Her husband, however, is a great hunter, and a first-class shot.

RUSTICUS.

FIVE YEARS IN WESTERN CANADA.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 27th July, 1914.)

PAISLEY LADY'S LETTERS.

FIRST YEAR—1909-1910—THIRD PORTION.

SUMMERLAND, B.C.

We were at P.'s all day on Sunday. They are extremely kind. I came home with a square of honey, 4 cobs of corn, and about 4 pounds of tomatoes. The tomato crop this year is tremendous. You can buy them for three cents a pound! Mr. . has just been here with old "Freddy" and "the rig," and has brought me a net-bag full of tomatoes. "They roads are awfu'," he says, "they're an' they shake the inside cot' o' ye," an' Freddy was gettin' the shafts o' the rig rattlin' again his sides.' Poor old Freddy! Mr P. will hardly let him do any work, and he's as fat as may be.

The peach crop has not been good. The old lady who lives in the big house near us gave me about 8 lbs. of them, the other day. They hadn't enough to be worth selling; so they have been feeding the hens with them, and all the neighbours have been getting a box of them. So that is all right—for them!

We had a visitor to supper last night, George A., the joiner who put up our porch. His wife is at present on a visit to his mother across the Lake, who lives there with another son, three miles from anybody; and yet they seem to be quite happy. Out of pity for him living without his wife, I made an extra big supper. I afterwards discovered he had earned his living in Canada for ten years as a cook! So my pity was wasted. But he enjoyed the pie all the same. He has been working for a big cattle company, and related for us some of his experiences.

When the calves are big enough to be weaned they have a "round-up," and a big party of horsemen gather the herds together. In the course of a week, or rather more, they will have all the calves separated from their mothers. Then the chorus begins. The calves roar till their throats are sore. Then, again, they have to round-up "the herd"; and that is the wild part of "ranching." The steers are very easily "frightened," and if one rushes off, hundreds more will follow. Sometimes they will keep running round and round in a circle, until the horseman breaks the circle. They are packed so closely, they just follow the leader. When win-

ter sets in they "round-up" again, and pick out all the lean cattle, and take them under cover to fatten them, the others are left in the open all winter. G. A. followed these cow-boys with a cart containing provisions, a tent, a stove, and his cooking utensils. He travelled with them for miles, camping three times a day some days, baking bread as the waggon jolted along, "firing" it in the evening while the men were having supper. Then up again at three o'clock next morning. It was no "canny" job!

The hot days seem to be over now. There was a big storm to-day, with breakers dashing on the shore. The storms here come on all in a minute, and die down as suddenly. One sees the banks of heavy cloud at the far end of the lake. A breeze stirs all the leaves round the house. In two minutes the storm has swept down the valley, and lashed the water into foam. It is strange to see all this, and yet feel the wind quite warm and balmy all the time.

The minister here is an earnest, broad-minded man. He is not a brilliant preacher, but has a manly, unaffected style. He is very Scotch; and talks about "the barns," and says, "I wisit I could tell you," and "I dinna ken." He loves a joke or a song; and fairly adores his two lovely-wee-chubby-three-year-old-twin girls. They look as if they had stepped out of a picture-book; and are so alike, you can't tell which is which! Both have serious, big, blue eyes, fair curls, and the fattest, pinkest wee necks ever seen above a low cut "noo pink dress," as they both tell you they have got—and "noo slippers, too."

We were at a "Hospital Donation Party" last night. It was like a little "social," where everybody brought a parcel, and laid it on the platform as they came in. Some brought fruit in jars, some dishes and pails, pots and pans, towels and blankets, jams and jellies; and one man shouldered in a little sack of meal. Then we had singing, and speeches, and recitations. I was introduced to Mrs A. T. R., who was once a well-known lecturer. She has been all over the world, including Paisley! "O, the good Scotch tongue! That's what goes to my heart," she said, when ever I opened my mouth. She is a very large woman, and her husband, of course, is small. She said to T., after the meeting was over, "I like

your wee wife." And to a young lady who sang, I heard her say, "You sang very well, little girl." At all these gatherings the ladies make and provide the refreshments. There is no purveying to be had here.

I am going to the hotel this afternoon to take such a dear old lady for a walk. She is 78, and is the mother of the Civil Engineer here. He has got a big job in the mountains south of this, and will be away for months; so she may leave Summerland. People here are always on the move; but I hope she won't go. I like to have a grandma, and she is just like one.

I have just come in from a walk, and the lake is "a dream." It is like glass, with only here and there wee ripples on it. The sun is beginning to set in a clear blue sky. The hills are copper-coloured, with splashes of dull olive (pines). The water is pale blue in the distance, then light copper, with green rushes near the shore, and the dark green trees in the foreground. These hills need the sunset glow to make them beautiful. They are the queerest-looking things you ever saw, in the daylight. They are just the colour of sand. One little one down the road here looks exactly as if a baby giant had filled his pail with sand, emptied it out, and stuck a wee tree on top as a flag to his castle. But now the sky is pale green, and the hills have a purple glow on them like the blessed heather of home. We are both busy, and well, and happy. And if I had two or three dozen old friends, and two or three miles of green fields, I should be in an earthly paradise!

There's a wedding going on here to-day. The bride is only 18, but is big and stout, looks over 20, and talks like nearly 30. Her father is an "old-timer," who owned the land when it wasn't worth anything, and sold acres and acres of it when it was. One of our neighbours had

A SHOWER PARTY

for the bride. I was invited. There are "linen shower" and "kitchen shower" parties. All the girls around come with a piece of linen, or else with pots and pans. A sort of blind-man's-buff game is played, and when it comes to the turn of the bride to be blind-folded, some one slips out of the room and brings in a clothes-basket full of parcels, and literally showers them over the poor girl! She has then to pick them up, open them, and pass her presents round the room, to be admired. Last night there was a "linen shower" for another bride-elect, a Highland girl, and a great friend of mine. I'm so sorry she is going to live 3½ miles away. She's such a nice wee body. Not pretty

or stylish, but so honest and warm-hearted, and sensible; and as Scotch as Scotch can be.

I have been to an auction sale in Peach Orchard. We motored there and spent the afternoon in the garden where the sale was going on—Lizzie T. and I, and an old couple who own the motor-boat. I bought an arm-chair. T. has been missing one badly. The other bidder considerably stopped bidding to let me have it. I've told him he can come and sit in it for an hour any evening for acting so generously! It is a "Morris" chair. I'll draw its portrait for you. . . . Now, how do you like it?

This other little picture shows our bathing-place on the lake. The white mark is just a wooden jetty. Stone is scarce here, and everything possible is made of wood. There are no garden-walls, piers, or buildings, made of stone. The old grandma I told you of called yesterday afternoon. She left as her verdict (for T.)—

A little house well-filled,
A little wife well-willed,
Give me, give me.

I teased her that she was only saying nice things so as to be asked back! "Oh, no!" she said, "I'm coming back again, whether you ask me or not!"

RUSTICS.

SOME NATURE NOTES FROM VANCOUVER ISLAND.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 3rd August, 1914.)

BRITISH COLUMBIA,
July, 1914.

This morning, as I was busy about my household tasks, I suddenly noticed a splash of emerald green clinging to a leg of the kitchen-table. I stooped to investigate, and it hopped off with a great spring to the other side of the kitchen. It was a wee, green frog. I laughed, and bent down to pick it up, but with another bound it was under the stove. I captured it at last, and threw it far out into the back yard, where it was promptly gobbled up by a hen. On turning to come into the house again, I was just in time to frighten away a little grey snake, who was coming into the kitchen looking for the frog, whom no doubt he had chased for some considerable distance, thinking he would have a good dinner off him. Did I not assist in the "wonderful economy of Nature?" by using this same frog, with the kind assistance of the hen, to make a nice fresh egg for the breakfast table, instead of letting him be converted into some horrid, wriggly, little, grey snakes!

Yesterday I was out driving along the road by the banks of the Somass River, and I wish you could have seen the wonderful foxgloves, growing four, five, and even six feet tall, amongst the grass under the trees. They were white, lilac, and dark mauve, in all shades. I brought home a huge armful, and still there was an army of them left to guard the forest, like little fairy sentinels, standing up so straight and steady, and glowing so brightly in the sombre shadows of the woods. There is a legend to the effect that long ago an old priest, who used to be a missionary to the Indians of Alberni, sowed the seed by the roadside to make the dark forest look more like home. The seed has multiplied an hundredfold, as it fell on good ground, and now the river banks for a mile or so are "a sicht for sair een."

A large bumble-bee was busy at a Canterbury-bell, one of these hot sunny days of June. A little humming-bird was out collecting honey that day, too. He fancied that particular bell was the sweetest in the garden, and hummed all around the bee trying to persuade him to move on. The bee naturally objected, whereupon the humming-bird gave him a smart peck with his long sharp beak. The bee humped up his back, and gave battle, and they had a regular tournament on the Canterbury-bell! This

COMBAT BETWEEN A BEE AND A HUMMING-BIRD

took place in the doctor's garden. He

is a great florist and botanist, and his garden is the most beautiful one for miles around. He has made a little pond in it, with a miniature waterfall splashing from a rockery, where he is growing ferns and Alpine plants. He put a frog into the water to keep it clean and free of mosquitoes. But now the tiny pond is overrun with tadpoles; and I met him out the other day with his two little children, armed with landing-nets and tin-pails, to capture some wee trout to eat up the tadpoles! I suppose if the trout in turn get too numerous, he will not find it difficult to get them eaten up at home.

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AN EAGLE'S ASSAULT.

Our very best mother-hen had a narrow escape the other day, when an eagle swooped down on her back. I don't know how she ever managed to get free again; but, though badly wounded, she is getting better. Of course, she stopped laying, but she had the sense to stay in her nest for several days till her wound healed over, and I fed her from my hand, morning and evening. She came out for a wee while to-day, and seems to be going to be none the worse of her adventure.

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We are at present sleeping in our tent. In the mornings we hear every little sound. First the puppy comes to the bedside from his bed in the woodshed, and talks in his doggy way, telling us to get up and give him his breakfast. Next we hear a tuk-tuk and a hoarse attempt at a cock-a-doodle-do from the half-grown chicks who come and perch on the tent steps. Then a low cluck, cluck, and a high soprano chorus of cheep, cheep, cheep from the old hen with her twelve little mouths all hungry for their chopped-up, boiled egg with bread crumbs and milk. So I have to give one last yawn, and, perforce, get up and still the racket!

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T. posted to you to-day the first instalment of the wild flowers of the Alberni district, being the specimens I collected in the Spring. My plan is to send next the Summer flowers, and, later, those last to bloom. We also enclosed the last of the sketches of fungi. The wild flowers are now coming out thick and fast, and one can hardly keep pace with them. I may have missed a few already. I marked some orchids as being "rare"; perhaps it would be more correct to say, "not common," as they are to be found in good clumps in several

places, and an old-timer can always get a bunch—though, alone, I never would have found any.

Little Joyce G. and I had a long walk the other day in search of wild flowers. I specially wanted a specimen of a sort of white orchid which is called the Easter Lily. It is a lovely thing, a white lily having six long, pointed petals slightly curled back, and yellow stamens and slight yellow markings on the petals. We found some on the banks of the Kitsucksis River, past the old town of Alberni. We walked there, and got the train home. We dug some bulbs up, too. The pup came with us, and we had to lift him over the big logs which always block the trails. Joyce would scramble over first, and then I would lift Billy up and she would catch one end of him while I hoisted the other end. You would have laughed to see our efforts, and how hot we got over it, carrying trowels and flowers and bulbs and biscuits, and Billy!

T. and I have had a long walk and picnic to Cox's Lake to gather

HUCKLEBERRIES.

When we were there in the Spring, I "spotted" some bushes, and just guessed the right time to go for the berries, as they were just ripe; and since then I have made some beautiful jelly with them. They are bright, red-like coral beads, almost the size of currants, and rather like them in flavour, too. It was very quiet when once we left the "city" behind, and for about six miles of the way, by a little path over the hills, and through the forest, out in the sunshine and into the cool shadow again, we met never a soul, nothing but a black-bird and a few squirrels! We both enjoyed the day off, and were home in time for supper and church in the evening, and to feed the wee chicks which are fairly thriving.

An explorer of the interior of British Columbia has brought word that there are 3000 or more wild horses, in herds of from 30 to 100, roaming over the hills and valleys. In the early '60's thousands of men stampeded to the new goldfields in the Cariboo country; many of them were "tenderfeet," and didn't know how to manage their animals, with the result that they broke away or were abandoned. The descendants of these horses are the wild ones of to-day. They formed bands, and gradually wandered north to the mountains and forests. Sometimes one is captured by an Indian, or a white man working in the bush will set a snare and catch one. They are easily broken in, and make splendid workers for the rough mountain trails.

One of the "old-timers" in Port Alberni was working at felling trees in

what is now the centre of the city. He noticed a curious black mark in the freshly-cut wood. He examined it and could not make out what it was, so he chopped away the wood all round it and disclosed an old piece of black oilskin, in which was wrapped 500 dollars in gold. It must have been hidden in the tree by some one of the first pioneers, as there was a growth of wood of three or four inches over the package. I suppose the one who hid it must have slit the bark of the fir tree and inserted the gold. I wonder why, and what happened to him? Perhaps he died in the forest. No one knows!

RUSTICUS.

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 10th August, 1914.)

SUMMERLAND, 1910.

I am sending you a photograph of the wee house where T. and I are living. Isn't it pretty? We like Summerland very much, though it is more like Winterland just now. Still we do not get so much cold weather as they do in the east of Canada. Our winter is short and sharp. Just one frost lasting 2 or 3 months, a little snow and a great deal of sunshine, and then the spring thaws will set in, and once more the farmers will get busy with the fruit trees. This district is called

THE GARDEN OF CANADA,

as it is nearly all laid out in orchards for apples, peaches, apricots, cherries, and a lot more varieties of fruit. I'm sending you a wee bit of willow I gathered when the train stopped away up in the Rocky Mountains, on my way here. They are very grand. I enclose a picture of one of the peaks. I never dreamt of anything so beautiful, and could hardly believe my eyes when we came here; and the fine scenery lasted all day, so there must be a great stretch of it.

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It is pretty here, too, in its own way, but there are no green fields, as the climate is too dry for grass to grow, unless by the banks of streams or where irrigation water is led over the ground. There is plenty water in the lakes and in the wee burns which come down from the mountains just behind us, but there is a very small rainfall, and the ground is sandy.

* * * * *

SUNDAY.

This is the first Sunday of the year. On New Year's Day we were invited by the proprietor of the hotel to dinner there, with some music in the evening. I got a fine post-bag on that day: the weather was fine, but very cold. Part of the lake is frozen; indeed, there is ice all round the edges, and the waves come swishing in, rustling like silk skirts among the floating fragments of snowy ice. In front of Peach Orchard there is a big, flat very shallow bay, and here the ice is like glass, and the curlers have marked out a course, and the brooms are busy to the cry of "Scoop her up!"

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It was a queer sensation to be walking on the lake. I wish you could have seen it all! Always when I see anything specially interesting here I wish you were with me to see it also. I couldn't

even paint it for you, for the cold would have frozen me and the paints, too! I will try and tell you what it was like. Picture a range of snow-covered mountains, outlined as clear as if cut out of paper, against a blue sky, dotted with fleecy white clouds here and there. Beneath that a stretch of dark deep blue water in the distance, and nearer the shore the green waves dancing in the sun, with white breakers catching the light, and smooth sheeny patches of yellow sunlight rolling up, to break in white "soapy sapples" and fall again into clear green shadows. In the foreground a huge sandy bluff stretches out on one hand, while on the other the trees and burns of Peach Orchard are dotted with tents and a few houses.

* * * * *

There are some funny things about Summerland. There are no front door brasses to clean, because we don't have any name plates, and as there are no door bells we don't have the knobs to polish. Then there are no steps to whiten, because they are made of painted wood. There is no hearth to whiten, there is no coalman to watch for, and no milkman to miss at 10 minutes to 5! There are no steels to clean on the grate, there are no mantel-pieces to dust. There are no tongs or pokers. There are no slates on the roof, there is no green for the clothes, and no carpet on the floor, and no lobby to sweep, and no mats to beat, and no "up-stairs" to dust! Not even a bathroom to pipe-clay. Then, say you, "Whaur in the name o' guidness do ye keep yer coals?" Now do you know what it is to be cast up on a desert island?

* * * * *

But I said there were some funny things — well, am I not here? Then, we have some nice canaries flying about the garden, and there is a bird which whistles just exactly like the meeu of a very cross kitten. They call it the cat-bird. There are little humming-birds down the lake a bit, not much bigger than bees. And next door lives such a nice motherly body, who owns four little girls, two Jersey cows with bells round their necks, a dog, a cat, a kitten, some horses, some wee pigs, and a great number of hens and chickens. One hen brought nine little chickens down from the bluff the other morning, and demanded breakfast for the new family. No one knew she was sitting.

* * * * *

We are sending all good wishes for many happy returns of the day, and, as the grocers say—May you live as long as

you want, and never want as long as you live! We had a great time on the 25th — "Burns's Nicht." I baked shortbread and tattie scones, and I sang "Will ye no' come back again" and "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond," and was encored too. Old Mr P. was on the platform; his face beaming, his eyes shining, and his little feet keeping time. I never saw him so happy. There were several Paisley young folks there too.

T. shot another duck last week. There are hundreds on the lake. They sometimes swim about in flocks of from 50 to 300. At other times you could not find one. But it is no use shooting them except they are flying, as the shot does not kill them when their wings are down. It is said that tracks of a congar or puma (the mountain lion) have been seen on Giant's Head Mountain, just a mile or two from Gleniffer. They don't often come so near.

I have been out this afternoon visiting a young bride. She had two "days at home" this week, at Trout Creek, in their new bungalow. It is such a pretty house; but what a wild place it is in! — nearly two miles south from this, not very far from the shore, but right in a jungle of long grass, trees, bulrushes, and all sorts of wild vegetation. I walked down, and nearly got lost; but the bridegroom saw me afar off and came and helped me over a fence, and across a ditch in a field of clover. He drove us home at dusk, over many a bump, by starlight.

We have been to Peach Orchard to look over our lot there. It will be a fine place by-and-bye; but at present, O what a tangle! T. has been trying to clear part of it; but it will take two men working together to do the rough of it; he'll do the rest himself afterwards. It is "virgin soil"—the sort of thing you read about in boys' stories—so thick with tangled shrubs and fallen trees that it is impossible to move through it unless by cutting a passage with a hatchet. But we are planning all sorts of delightful things to be done with it. "Lere are to be wee rustic bridges built across the two wee burns, and the best of the big trees are to be left standing. One of the wee burns is a perfect treat. I saw it to-day for the first time, clear as crystal, and with mossy banks, just the place for water-cress, ferns, and primroses. We shall start building as soon as we have enough dollars saved to buy the timber.

PEACH ORCHARD.

Your naturalist friend at Pirmill (a Paisley man, I suppose) would be in his element here, if interested in wild insect, bird, and small animal life. The place is alive with them. There are

some very queer rats in "the bush." They have lovely, soft-furry, silvery tails; but the rest of them is ordinarily "raty." There are canaries, humming-birds, and big golden brown luterflies in our back-yard, which is still in its natural state. To look out at our front windows you would hardly think you were in dry and dusty Summerland. It is green all round just now — lots of trees and bushes and hills, and a peep of the blue lake—and a clothes-line always full of "white things."

OLD TOM SHORT.

I think that old Tom Short of Naramata deserves a page to himself. To begin with, he should have been called "Tom Long," as he has such long legs. He has three men under him to work the orchards, and he keeps the house in beautiful order, and does all the cooking. He is quite a character, and has all sorts of little fads. He has no presses or cupboards—can't be bothered with them—but he has all his pots and pans and things for cooking hanging on the walls on ranged on shelves round him. He has two of everything exactly alike. Two tiny wee frying pans, two big ones, two strainers, two wee sauce-pans, two next size, and so on, every size there is, and all spotlessly clean outside and in. I never saw so many clean, shining pots anywhere outside of a shop. And his store-room is a sight to be seen. You see the house is two miles from Naramata, which itself is only a village; and, as he is liable at any time to get a telegram from his boss that he is bringing a party down for a month, he has to be ready. So he has dozens of tins of fruit, bottles of jam, canned soup and vegetables, jellies, sacks upon sacks of sugar, bottles of olive oil, tins of cocoa, enough to feed an army! Everything is bought by the dozen at least. He treated us handsomely, and took great pride in setting out a nice table, and letting us see how well he could do things. He has been an engine-driver, a butcher, a waiter, a

VALET TO A GOVERNOR OF CANADA, a helper with cows and horses, a general handy-man; and now he has got a splendid job, where he is trusted absolutely, and can do just as he likes. —We enjoyed our visit to him very much.

RUSTICUS.

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA—CONTINUED.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 17th August, 1914.)

Sumnerland, 1st January, 1911.

"Weel, Jock's awa'!" as Mr P. remarked on the morning the turkey was slain; and, "my!" but it was a turkey—weighed 18lbs. And 1910 is awa' as weel. It's not often I write a letter on Ne'er Day. Yes, I'm afraid we grow prosaic here. Never mind, when you arrive on the scene we can have all sorts of old-time arguments and "high-falutin'" ideas. Meantime, the great question is how to keep the cold out. The cold weather has come with the New Year; and this morning when I rose the water-pipe was frozen, the milk was like ice-cream, and the very bread was stiff. I used a gallon of paraffin oil to get the pipe thawed. It has been snowing occasionally for the last few weeks, and it has never melted, so it will stay for some time now. Christmas Day was just lovely. Sunny and clear, and not too cold, and everything white with snow, so that we enjoyed the long "three-mile uphill walk to Gleniffer"—a good long way to go for your dinner, isn't it?

Tell Miss B. I'm not growing a bit masculine. I never felled a tree or shot anything in my life. I still squeal out when I get a whack from a branch, just like any girl. I'm sure she would enjoy the work I do on Saturdays, chopping off branches, and carrying all the little pieces to a big bonfire. There is one thing you will enjoy if ever you come here, and that is the driving. Wherever you go, it is just "jump in," and no condescension about it. It is not the grand folks who keep carriages, but just the people who need them. We had a lovely sleigh ride to and from the skating-rink. We set out intending to climb up, and it is a long way; so we were pleasantly surprised when we heard the jingle of bells behind us, and two big horses coming up with a sleigh that had plenty of room for us. So in we got among the rugs and furs, and held on tightly when we came to snow-drifts on the hillside. It was like a switch-back ride—sometimes.

"RAB" AND HIS ERLEN'S.

It is Saturday night, and "Rab" and I are sitting in front of a great big log-fire, fine and cosy, though the temperature is somewhere about zero. We have had some real cold weather this week; "10 degs. below," that is to say, 42 degs. of frost. Everything is frozen. T. has just left for the town, hoping to bring some "Old-Country Mail" with him. There is a report that ten trains

are to get through the mountains to-day to Vancouver (City). There have been no letters from the east this week yet; the trains were snowed up, and everybody is anxious about their home letters. (T. has just come home with four.)

A CANADIAN WINTER'S EVENING.

The weather was so clear last night that T. and I went out for a walk. The moon was shining, and with the reflection from the snow it was nearly as bright as day. We could see everything for miles round. My! but it was cold. Have you any idea really what it is like when it's 10 degs. below zero and a good breeze blowing? The milk comes in a solid cake, and you have to warm it and pick the pieces of bottle glass off it and strain it. The uncooked eggs you take out of the shell with a spoon! You open a tin of tomatoes and find them a solid chunk. Potatoes rattle like "chuckie-stones," and apples the same. You run the tap on them, and they get so soft you can skin them with your fingers like over-ripe plums! If you touch a door-knob outside it will stick to your fingers. The other night I left a tub of hot water in front of a good, well-mended fire, and went to bed. In the morning the fire was not quite out, but there was a thick sheet of ice on the tub!

I had my first real experience to-day of

CLEARING THE LAND.

T. and I set out with an axe each, and clad in tight-fitting sweaters, and we brought up several barrow-loads of wood chopped ready for the fire. It is fine, healthy exercise, but you have to keep at it every minute of the time to keep warm. T. came in with cheeks glowing and feeling fine, but there were icicles hanging from his moustache. It has been snowing a little nearly every day this year—fine, dry, powdery snow, as if the fairies were sprinkling sifted-sugar on the earth. It is so dry that it squeaks when you walk on it—just like a deacon walking up the aisle on Sunday in his best boots—and the wheels of the carts sing with a sound like a saw cutting metal.

But I will make you shivery if I tell you any more yarns—as of hot-water bottles freezing, but not under the blankets, although the moisture from my breath made hoar-frost on them. We have on quite a pile of blankets and bed-covers, and a layer of brown paper besides. However, it's not nearly so

cold to-night; and up till Christmas and New Year's Day it was just like a Scotch winter.

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THE VISION SPLENDID.

I walked into the old town this morning to church, and, as an old lady there remarked—"It's a long road, and a muddy one, but we get something when we come." And indeed it was worth the tramp, as Dr Carruthers is a splendid preacher. He made me quite homesick to-day, talking about the Braes o' Gleniffer and the Banks o' Doon and the Etrick Hills. You would wonder how that got into the sermon, but he began about Daniel seeing the Vision, and saying, "I only saw the Vision, for the men that were with me saw not the Vision." This that he saw was something magnificently beautiful, and it was only because the others had not the eyes (spiritual) to see it that they missed it. Then he went on to speak about a poet, if he were set down on the most bleak and barren spot, how he made the sun to shine on it and all hidden beauties to spring into life around him. Many a Paisley buddie has gone for

A WALK OVER "THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER," but it was Tannahill who walked over them and saw their wonder and beauty; and so Hogg, wandering with his sheep over the hills of Yarrow, and down by the valley of the Etrick, wove all his visions into poetry; and Burns, by the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, sang of their beauty because he had the Vision. Then he spoke of Dr Barnardo's seeing a poor lad, hungry and homeless, wandering the streets of London. Many a thousand men had seen such a sight, but not having Dr Barnardo's character, wherein lay this power of sight, they saw nothing more, and passed on. But HE may have seen a vision of that poor lad rescued, fed, and clothed, and working, happy and independent, perhaps on the broad acres of some prosperous Canadian farm.

* * * * *

Next he spoke of the early Christian martyrs. How was it that they were able to stand the tortures and trials they faced so bravely? It was not because their blood ran less quick and warm than that of the heathens who tortured them; it was not because they were less sensitive to the pain; but because they had a vision of a world beyond the pain. Then he told of a poor man dying in tortures from a cancer which had been eating into him for a year. The minister said, "Be of good courage, brother, for soon you will be in heaven." "What are you talking about, man," said the patient old sufferer. "I've been in heaven this last six months." So strong was his faith.

Then he solemnly referred to the Vision of the Christ at the Sacrament, and asked his congregation in awe-struck voice, "Did ye see Him, that last Sacrament Sunday? For He was here. There's nothing surer. He promised that wherever two or three are gathered together in His name, there would He be in the midst of them. Did ye see Him?" It was very impressive, and, coming from an old man like him, it was very real.

* * * * *

Yesterday was our church ladies' aid meeting, and we had a lovely drive to the house where it was held—too far to walk. It was a fine Spring day, and I enjoyed it. T. says I am being quite spoiled with getting so many drives. Our neighbour, Mrs H. S., has a lovely team of black horses, which she can drive herself, and many a time I get out with them. Sometimes "Old Hector" himself (a typical Highlander, though born in Canada) drives us, and he and I are good friends. T. says "just because you can burr-r your r's!"

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On Sunday our new Church was opened, and it was a great day. We went up on Saturday afternoon and decorated it, and it looked very nice. The opening service was fine. About a hundred people were turned away from the door, and I was jammed into a corner sideways, but it was fine to see so many people there.

* * * * *

I was reading R. L. Stevenson to-night; these words—"Brace us to play the man under affliction. Be with our friends. Be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return us our Sun and Comforter; and call us up with morning faces, and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it."

RUSTICUS.

SOCIAL LIFE IN SUMMERLAND.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 24th August, 1914.)

May, 1911.

"The Play, the Play, the Play's the thing."

And it is the only excuse I have to offer for not writing last week. I really couldn't settle down. However, I am now thankful to say that it was a great success. I was stage-manager, prompter, make-up man, and everything else. It was a lot of work. T. says "Never again"! People say it was the prettiest thing ever played in Summerland, and really the children did splendidly, especially a little boy who was supposed to drink a love-potion by mistake, and to fall in love with the first person he saw, who happened to be the old maiden aunt of his little school girl friend; and there was such a pretty scene where he, in a white suit with pale blue stockings and big silver buckles on his shoes, sits at the feet of the old lady (in little grey-side curls, lace cap, silk shawl, black mittens, and crinoline dress.) He gazes up at her and tells her "How beautiful you are!" and pulls out of his pockets some sticky rock and says "Have some bull's-eyes, do! or a stick of rock. I don't feel as if I could eat them, somehow. I feel far too poorly for home lessons. I just want to sit here and look at you!" He fairly brought down the house. And again where the servant girl drinks also of the love-potion which was meant for someone else, and then sees the little boy first thing, and tries to make love to him with her big dirty apron on, a stove brush in her hands (which are covered with gloves once white, but now thickly smeared with black-lead) and with the most loving sweet face and voice she says "Oh don't 'e look so vexed. I'm feelin' that sorry. Seemin' to me I've taken a suddint fancy to 'e." And he flings away from her with sniffs and "Go away, Polly Ann; go away!" It was very funny. There were some home-made candies on sale, and between them and the admission money we drew about 60 dollars; and as about 12 dollars will pay the expenses, we have done very well.

"LORD KITCHENER."

I was looking over our garden this afternoon; but there is not much to shew yet. The lovely wee brown velvet calf—"Lord Kitchener," as they call him—who lives across the lane at S.'s, comes over here occasionally and makes a meal off my Sweet-Williams; and the hens have tasted my wall-flowers and found them very good. But hope

springs eternal in the human breast, and "Rab" was seen chasing the calf off the premises to-day, and the hens have got a new run of wire-netting and a few of them have already been caught, and after much squacking, have had their wings clipped. And besides all that, there are four lupins coming up bravely after the rain. (We are enjoying this showery weather, especially as it generally rains in the night, and after a cloudy morning the sun breaks through and we have a lovely day.) And there are no less than six dwarf nasturtiums in a wee box and about a dozen ten-week stocks, and a whole host of 'cosmos'-seedlings coming on bravely in another box. Do you know the cosmos? It flowers in the autumn and grows very tall and bushy, and has pink and white flowers like ox eye daisies, but not quite so big and solid as to petals. They are lovely for cutting, having tall stems.

I've been reading such a nice book. It is by Dean Hole:

"A BOOK ABOUT THE GARDEN."

published by Nelson at 1s net. I'm sure you would enjoy it, and I would like to own a copy; so will you please order it for me at Ballantyne's, and read it, and lend it to all our friends who love gardens, especially T. Mac. and J. M., if they haven't read it before; and write each your names in it, who have read and enjoyed it, and send it on to Summerland.

Have just had a visit from the minister. He came to see if I was still alive after the work of the Play—and found me very much alive indeed. He is full of congratulations and thanks, and as pleased as a wee boy with a Punch-and-Judy Show!—O yes, we are very much up-to-date even here. A lot of new motor-cars are arriving, and actually a motor-bicycle is coming in on to-night's boat—but not for us! The wild roses are out; and such a lot of clover blossoms, big round red ones, smaller pinky ones, and plenty of white ones. Then there are tall pink daisies, and purple vetches, and lots of little yellow and white things close to the ground. The stream is full of yellow Mimulus, and the birds are very busy in the bushes. But my irons are hot, and it is time I was busy too!

A LIVELY BABY.

Mrs G. called on me yesterday, and was telling me about her baby (1 year 10 months), who is an awful wee pickle.

SOCIETY LIFE IN SUMMERLAND

THE SOCIETY LIFE IN SUMMERLAND

The society life in Summerland is a very interesting one. It is a life of ease and comfort, and of the most refined and elegant kind. The people who live here are all of the highest social standing, and they all lead a life of luxury and pleasure. They are all well-to-do, and they all have a great deal of money. They are all very kind and generous, and they all love to help one another. They are all very intelligent, and they all have a great deal of education. They are all very cultured, and they all have a great deal of taste. They are all very refined, and they all have a great deal of grace. They are all very charming, and they all have a great deal of charm. They are all very beautiful, and they all have a great deal of beauty. They are all very happy, and they all have a great deal of happiness. They are all very content, and they all have a great deal of contentment. They are all very peaceful, and they all have a great deal of peace. They are all very quiet, and they all have a great deal of quietness. They are all very calm, and they all have a great deal of calmness. They are all very serene, and they all have a great deal of serenity. They are all very tranquil, and they all have a great deal of tranquility. They are all very peaceful, and they all have a great deal of peace. They are all very quiet, and they all have a great deal of quietness. They are all very calm, and they all have a great deal of calmness. They are all very serene, and they all have a great deal of serenity. They are all very tranquil, and they all have a great deal of tranquility.

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She said, "I was busy cleaning saucepans, and had forgotten all about her. I opened the bedroom door, and this was the sight that met my eyes. Baby was sitting in the middle of the floor. She had upset a lamp, broken the glass, and the paraffin was trickling all over the floor. She had a tin of brown boot polish in her hands, and her little face was smeared all over with this yellow stuff. I called my brother, who was stirring the porridge, to look at her. He turned, his sleeve caught the handle of the pot, and upset all the porridge over himself." Wasn't that lovely!

As our visitors, the two wee girls, finished up their riotous career by pulling our dog's tail till they broke it, and it will have to be cut off by the "vet!" Poor wee "Rab," and he was so good. He never even growled at them. I would would have bitten them, I'm sure. . . The birds are very plentiful here. The other day a canary flew past me just at the back-door, so close to my face that it seemed a yellow blur; and to-day a wee brown birdie helped itself to some of Rab's dinner off

THE VERANDAH,

and carried it (the dinner, not the verandah) home to its nest. To-day I have simply lived out of doors. The verandah is a great boon in the summer. I was sewing on the machine out here, darning stockings, reading, having tea in the afternoon, and now after being in the house for supper only, have been writing letters, and soon will be asleep on the same verandah!

We are having

AN APPLE SHOW

in Summerland in October, and our Women's Institute is giving prizes for needlework, &c., one of the subjects being stencilling, which is all the go here just now. I wanted to do something out of the ordinary, so I experimented and found that fruit juices, and vegetable water, and the bark of a tree boiled, and fruit juice with a little soap melted in it, gave me pink, grey, heliotrope, deep purple, yellowish green, and light brown water colours.

PAINTING WITHOUT PAINTS.

I had a square of table-centre muslin left of what I brought out here, so I've used a grape, conventional design, and made quite a pretty centrepiece without any paints. I'm going to show it, with a label to the effect that it was coloured entirely by juices extracted from Summerland fruits and vegetables. That should take their fancy, even if it doesn't take their prize! Andw. P. (a Paisley man) is working at the New Hall where the show is to be held.

We had a grand day of it at the picnic last week. I took my paints, and

did the best sketch I've done for a long, long while. It was on a piece of artists' board that came packing Mr. Peddie's sketch, and I think there must have been some infection about it! I'm going out again very soon, now that it is cool again, as I want to do some sketching before we leave here. I have taken a new notion of painting since the cool weather came. Something inside seems to impel me to try and put on paper some of the beautiful effects we see all around. I have done a sunset, and am now at a moonlight effect (my first attempt).

The great Summerland fruit show is now on, and so far we have done very well. I managed to finish 10 pictures, and already by the evening of the first day of the show 8 of them bear little red seals in one corner. My cushion, with the view of Summerland, worked in about 20 different colours of silks, took second prize, and my table-centre, done with the fruit juice, which took a similar prize, is the talk of the show, and has been sold already to a man who wants to send it to a magazine, and when he gets it back is going to make a present of it to a Senator of Canada (that's a Cabinet Minister, you know).

It was very funny about

THE FRUIT JUICE AFFAIR.

One of the ladies, when we were decorating the tables yesterday, called a fruit-grower to show him this thing, and when she said how it was done he laughed and said, "Aw! now, who are you trying to get on to?" "Tell that to someone else." Get along now." And he wouldn't believe it till I told him it was quite true, for I had done it myself. Whereupon he walked off and brought another man to see it, and asked him, "See that piece of work there? Well, what kind of paints were used in that." Water-colours." "No; guess again." Water-colours!!" "No; wrong; guess again." "Water-colours!!!" "Naw, fruit juices; Summerland fruit juices!"

RUSTICUS.

SUMMERLAND TO VANCOUVER ISLAND.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 31st August, 1914.)

THE HARVEST OF THE ORCHARDS.

We have had another exhibit that we were rather interested in too. (R.P., from Paisley, was secretary of it.) It was an artistic display of five boxes of apples, half the marks to go for apples, and half for effect. Mary S., she of the fair hair and pearly teeth, and deep greenish eyes, and complexion like a peach, has a sweetheart who has an orchard, but who, in this case, seems to have had no ideas in his good-looking head. All the same he wants to enter for the show. So I set to work to hunt for ideas, and one morning I woke up and saw the whole thing complete as a picture! It only took third prize, but still as it cost but 1s 3d to make the stall, and the others spent heaps of money on silk, and velvet, and vases, and roses, and ribbons to make theirs look pretty (besides having finer apples), it was not so bad. The idea was "The Forest," and we erected four little Christmas trees (firs) at each corner, and made a rustic booth with a roof of greenery, and pillars of real tree trunks, with lovely red and yellow autumn leaves, and red and white wild berries, and surrounded the apples boxes with pine-cones and fir-cones; and right in the middle, at the back, was a lovely deer's head, just seeming to be looking out from between the trees, while little brown squirrels hung on the branches, and birds were perched among the greenery.

Of course, the animals were all stuffed ones, borrowed from the hunters for the occasion. When we were at the exhibition to-day there was quite a crowd round it. You could hardly get past! It was great fun making it. First we made a painted cardboard model. Then T. did the joiner work, and Mary and Janet went out to the hills and woods and gathered cones and boughs. I clambered about in the woods for autumn leaves and berries. The sweetheart and another packed the apples, and we all ran back and forth and talked and laughed all the time, and were just like a lot of children over it! The only thing we bought was some cheap white muslin, which was dipped in washing-blue to make a lovely sky!

Summerland is looking beautiful just now—the trees are like gold, and the sky looks as if all the cobalt blue that ever was made had been spilt over

it. One of the pictures I sold was a panel-shaped study of

"TWILIGHT IN PEACH ORCHARD,"

showing long graceful trees bending over a silvery sky, with a crescent moon, faint hills in the background, and a corner of Cooper's house showing through the "Bush" in the lower part. It was taken from our back bedroom window, and shows also the little path over to Cooper's, and a wee plank bridge across a stream. They were all local views.

T. is making inquiries just now about some new places in Vancouver Island. Money is very scarce here at present, and will be for a few years till the orchards grow. T. is going off to-morrow

DEER HUNTING

with some of the S. clan, and the sweetheart I mentioned before, who will be one of the S. clan some day! They are to be away about three days, and I do hope they will have some luck this time. They are going back in the mountains on this side of the lake (north). There is a little wooden hut up there, where they can put up the horses, and cook and sleep. It will be pretty cold at nights, but they will have big crackling fires, and camping blankets of grey wool. Each man (four of them) takes his own supply of food with him, and one takes a frying-pan, one a kettle, and one an axe, and all their guns.

You were saying that painting made the time pass quickly. I was baking shortbread one day, and giving Janet S. a lesson while it was in the oven. Needless to say the thing got burnt, not that I forgot it at all, but I thought it could not possibly be ready yet! It reminded me of the day when Jack was studying in his room, and got me engrossed in a problem, when I was supposed to be making the dinner, and when I got downstairs the boiled carrots were frizzling brown!

SIGAMOUS, B.C.

I had a delightful time with the S. family. I had been quite tired out with the packing-up, but when I came away they all said I looked much better for the rest. As I was getting on to the steamer a lady came to see me off, and slipped into my hand the neatest wee, wee pocket-knife, pearl-handled, in a kid case. Wasn't it kind? There's nothing at Sigamous but two hotels and a Servants' Home; all the rest is railways, lakes, and mountains.

THE OLD GREY SCOT AND THE OLD GREY MARE.

I spent last Saturday night at "Gleniffer." Old Mr P. very kindly came down for me with old "Fluffy," who is a big, fat, grey mare. With a "Hoo! then, git up, come on lass!" off we go—at a snail's pace, and keep it up for quite two minutes, when Fluffy stops for a rest. Mr P. pretends to be vigorously trying to lift the whip from its socket. At this hint, Fluffy crawls about 20 paces farther and again falls asleep. This time the old man really takes out the whip and flogs the shafts of the gig! Fluffy wakes up enough to wonder what the noise is, and before she notices it has gone a hundred yards or so; but this is too much for her, and she seriously contemplates lying down by the roadside to rest. After pausing to think it over, she decides to go on again. Just as she is slowing down—if such a term is possible—the old man rattles the whip again, and if you keep your eyes fixed on a certain spot of the road, you can distinctly see that you are moving on! I decided to walk back: the dear, old driver is too good to that mare!

ALBERNI,
VANCOUVER ISLAND.

Arrived here on Saturday afternoon, and as it has been wet since, have not seen very much of Alberni yet. It is very new, and as different as possible from Summerland. Summerland is dry, bare, and sandy. Here, there is green grass everywhere, and mud, mud, mud! The water is partly fresh and partly salt, as there is a river—the "Somas"—and several streams running into the natural loch. It reminds me of Langbank in some things, but I can't describe the place till the clouds lift, as there are fine views all round which the mist is hiding just now. There is good friends with half the town already! He is quite in love with this place, and maybe I will be too, when I get used to it. It's very queer just now. You see, it is aiming at being a town, not a garden like Summerland, and there are saw-mills, a coal mine, a railway station, and big hotels, and such a lot of rough men. In fact, the place is raw, and just in the making, but the surrounding country is very lovely.

A little further down the Loch (or "Canal," as it is called here,) is Port-Alberni; and I can see from our door the principal street, hotel, station, shore, water, and mountains. Don't forget the mountains. Every day I look out first thing to see if they are visible. When it is dull weather they disappear, but to watch them peeping out through the mist is wonderful. They are perfectly white and about 30 or 30 miles away, but at sunset, if it is clear, they take on a rosy glow, and are too beautiful to describe. Sometimes we see the

topmost peak of Mount Arrowsmith, seemingly floating in the sky. Then as the clouds disperse, it stands out, clear and majestic. The nearer, smaller hills are very much like Scotland, and on a cloudy day you could imagine you were near home.

This place reminds me of the north of Scotland, Perth, and Grantown-on-Spey, and round there. In the Spring I hope to get out and do some sketching. A friend of Tom's took me for a lovely drive to what is called the "old town," and away past that along the banks of the Somas River, and to see a waterfall. We passed an Indian Reservation, and met the chief out driving. It was a lovely afternoon, and the country looked very pretty, and the young man, a C.E. like Jack, told me all about the places we passed. To-day, we went to church, and had a fine Christmas sermon from Professor Carruthers, who told us after the service that he came from Glasgow, and got his first big beating when he was a boy for running away.

TO SEE THE PAISLEY RACES.

"But that was before your day," he added. "He is a fine old man, and introduced us to his wife, who passed us on to some other ladies, one of which told me she came from Bridge-of-Weir 20 years ago. There is a boy in the hotel who comes from Edinburgh, and was born in Rothsay, so the world's not so big after all.

"DICK WHITTINGTON'S" DILEMMA.

I came across a wee girl here very like Lindsay, and took quite a liking to her. She is 12 years old. I had an invitation to lunch at their house waiting for me when I arrived. Her mother told me they were getting up a Cantata at school, and Janet had come home in tears because she was to be "Dick Whittington," and teacher said she was to wear a black silk shirt, and boy's cap and trousers! Wasn't that dreadful. I came to the rescue and suggested she should have a white Russian blouse, broad turn-over collar and cuffs, with pale blue tie and white duck trousers, fitting at the knee with pale blue ribbon-garters, and stockings; also pale blue, silver paper buckles on the shoes, and a tricky little cap of pale blue sateen, with a black cock's tail feather standing up. You should have seen that child's face beam, and though the play was in two days' time, we set to work, and her mother made the blouse, I the trousers and garters and tie, and the buckles and a cardboard frame for the hat which I made up. My trousers were a perfect dream! The wee lassie was as proud as Punch, looked lovely, and is now my friend for life!

P.S.—"Dick Whittington's" father made me a present of a cosy pair of Jaeger slippers for Christmas—Wasn't that nice?—and some chocolates and a book.

RUSTICS.

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IN VANCOUVER ISLAND.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 7th September, 1914.)

PORT ALBERNI, JANUARY, 1912.

A Happy New-Year to you! As far as time and money go, we are no farther from home here than at Summerland, though on the map it looks much farther. We are having frosty weather, just like a home winter; rain, snow, sunshine, clouds, and frost, one after another. We are beginning to know a few more people now, and have got the run of a fine bookcase in one home, and are reading a good deal.

There's a French Canadian here, "Bobbie" De Baux is his name. He keeps a store, and advertises "Women's apparel and other sporting goods." There is a card hanging up in his shop which reads—"Fiv dollars find for looking on the other sid of this." When you (naturally) turn the card round, it reads on the other side—"Alam clocks for sail hear."

TOBOGGANING.

There has been heavy snow, then frost, and now all the boys and girls are tobogganing. It's great fun. There is a gradual hill for over half a mile up from our tent, and we can see them coming flying down, starting off sometimes with half-a-dozen boys, and scattering two or three on the way, landing them into the soft, deep snow at the side of the road. They shake themselves like young puppies, and scramble off for another go. Not only the children play at this game, but grown-up people, too, are to be seen toiling up the hill in the moonlight till as late as twelve o'clock, hauling their bob-sleighs by ropes till they get to the top, then, with whoops and yells and laughter, down they come, whizzing, flying, hold on for dear life, till, with a swerve and a bump, they are all pitched out at the bottom. Nobody seems to be hurt; the snow is deep. T. has been making a toboggan to-day, and has just made a successful trial of it.

We are having a Burns Night on the 25th of January, in connection with the church. Dr Carruthers is to lecture on "The Cottar's Saturday Night." I am to read the poem, and T. is to sing "Rantin' Robin" and some other songs of Rabbin Burns. The new minister is very energetic, and is doing a lot of good in the town. He and a Salvation Army man together got hold of a lot of habitual drunkards at New-Year time; and several old hands at it are keeping quite sober, and one is coming to church. Long may it last. Sorry to say the minister is only here until March, when he goes back to college.

THE WEST COAST

is very interesting. Full of islands, and lochs, and sandy beaches, with rocky headlands between, and the forest comes right down to the shore. Where it is cleared, you can go inland for about a mile and a half, but that is all. T. and I want to go and see it some day. They say the surf breaking on the shore is worth seeing, and the roar is so tremendous one can't hear anybody speaking. We have never really seen the open ocean since we left the Atlantic, as Vancouver (City) and Victoria are so sheltered that there are no great rollers coming in, and here it is more like Loch Long than anything else I can think of. They tell great yarns about the whales and seals, giant star-fish, and octopods that used to be seen up the coast.

We have just this minute (11.45 p.m.) arrived home from a delightful

MOONLIGHT SLEIGH RIDE.

About 15 of us hired two horses and a large sleigh, and went up the valley for about five or six miles, then home again, all singing songs and choruses. We have had such a lot of snow lately. Just after the New-Year about two feet fell, and since then it has frozen and thawed, and snowed and frozen, and snowed again, nearly every day, and now it is very deep; but on the roads where there is much traffic, the snow is packed down, and smooth and shiny, and splendid for sleighing.

T. brought me home to-night a tin of a Glasgow firm's large water biscuits! They are the first water biscuits to come to Port Alberni, and the grocer didn't know what they were. Puir, ignorant cratur! I'm going to stop and butter a couple just now—wait a minute, will you? That's better. It is 10 p.m. Just the time we used to sit round the kitchen fire, munching water biscuits at home. I have been appointed as a "committee" to decorate the church for this year. I am asked to take charge of this work, and to get the young girls of the church to help when necessary. I enjoy it. We made wreaths of green leaves at Christmas, and I arranged it all.

SCARF PAINTING.

You were asking how I did the scarfs. Well, I got a hemmed chiffon scarf ready-made, about a yard wide, and two yards long, in cream colour. I only painted the borders above the hems at each end, not all round. I used oil paints, chrome yellow, crimson lake, blue, and vandyke brown, and

IN VANCOUVER ISLAND

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the boat was the fresh sea breeze. The air was cool and invigorating, a stark contrast to the stuffy atmosphere of the ship. I looked out at the vast expanse of the ocean, dotted with small waves under a clear sky. The horizon line was sharp and clear, separating the deep blue water from the pale blue sky. In the distance, the faint outlines of mountains could be seen, their peaks shrouded in a light mist. The overall scene was one of natural beauty and tranquility, a perfect start to my journey in Vancouver Island.

As I walked along the shore, I noticed the soft sand beneath my feet. The beach was wide and clean, with a few small pieces of driftwood scattered here and there. The water was crystal clear, and I could see the rocks and shells at the bottom. A few seagulls were seen flying overhead, their wings catching the light. The sound of the waves crashing against the shore was a soothing melody. I took a deep breath, savoring the salty air and the gentle touch of the sand. It felt like I had reached a new world, one of peace and natural splendor.

The view from the shore was breathtaking. The mountains rose steeply from the water's edge, their slopes covered in lush green forests. The peaks were jagged and dramatic, reaching towards the sky. The water was a deep, rich blue, and the overall scene was one of majestic beauty. I could see the intricate details of the coastline, from the small coves and bays to the towering cliffs. The air was filled with the scent of pine and the sound of the wind rustling through the trees. It was a truly remarkable sight, one that I will never forget.

The second thing I noticed was the sound of the waves. It was a constant, rhythmic sound that filled the air. The waves were breaking gently against the shore, creating a soft, white foam. The sound was soothing and calming, a perfect accompaniment to the beautiful scenery. I closed my eyes and listened intently, letting the sound wash over me. It felt like a lullaby, a gentle reminder of the power of nature. The waves were a constant presence, a reminder of the vastness of the ocean and the smallness of the world.

The third thing I noticed was the smell of the sea. It was a fresh, salty scent that was both familiar and new. The smell was a mix of salt, sand, and the faint aroma of the surrounding vegetation. It was a scent that evoked a sense of adventure and discovery. I took a deep breath, letting the smell fill my lungs. It felt like I was breathing in the essence of the island, a sense of place and belonging. The smell was a constant reminder of the beauty and tranquility of the shore.

The fourth thing I noticed was the feeling of freedom. It was a sense of liberation that I had never experienced before. The open air and the vast landscape made me feel like I was no longer bound by the constraints of the city. I was free to explore, to discover, and to enjoy the simple pleasures of nature. The feeling was a mix of excitement and peace, a sense of being truly alive. It was a feeling that I will cherish for the rest of my life. The freedom was a constant reminder of the beauty and power of the natural world.

thinned with gasoline, and worked with fine sable china painting brushes. The outline was done in lead pencil first, traced through from a drawing slipped under the chiffon. Then, where necessary, the lines were gone over with Vandyke brown outline. I had flat irons for weights and white paper all over the table underneath. I think that is all. Both scarfs are at Giffnock, by Glasgow, now.

We are loth well and busy. Spring cleaning commences to-day, so there's no time to write a long letter.

We had a lovely long walk on Sunday down the banks of the "canal" ("loch" we would call it at home), and really it was like the sea at last. There were slippery stones covered with sea-weed, and shells on the shore, and my lips tasted salty! Up here there is so much fresh water that I never realise that it is the sea. But about two miles down there is a point called Polly's Point, and after we rounded that we came on

AN INDIAN FISHING VILLAGE.

I saw an old man planing a dug-out canoe. Several of these canoes, made by hollowing out one big tree, were lying on the beach, and an Indian got one afloat while we watched and hauled ashore a big log which was floating on the water. We climbed a hill above the village and had a glorious view, and T. found some plants with speckled fleshy leaves, which we think are real orchids. We grubbed them up with our fingers and took the roots home to try. We also got some violet and fern roots. Coming home we met an Indian old woman in a scarlet tartan shawl, and her hair in two long pig-tails down her back. A young girl, evidently her daughter, was with her, but she was dressed up in the latest style of white folks' clothes, with her hair done up in huge bows of ribbon, in the real American manner.

MAIDEN-HAIR FERNS AND COCOA-NUT CAKES.

Yesterday I went with the bank manager's wife to get some "maiden-hairs." She knew where to find them, and we got so many that we left some for somebody else to find. Of course, they are not up yet, but last year's fronds were on them, although withered, and we could see how lovely they had been, and would be again. On our new little house we have planned broad windows to hold plants—my little cocoa-nut cakes have been very popular, and everybody has been at me for the recipe! One man, Mr. Waterhouse, said he hadn't tasted anything so nice since coming to Port Alberni, and he is "the oldest inhabitant"! By the bye, his father's cousin was the great Waterhouse, who painted "Elaine," in the Tait Gallery. Miss B. knows the picture, and liked it tremendously. There's a boat on a river with reeds and clear water, and Elaine and the dumb boatman. Do you know it? This man

owns the Somass Hotel, the theatre, and half the principal store, and a lot of land besides.—Have just been reading "John Chilcott, M.P." and have now got the loan of "The Rosary" from the bank manager's wife.

We are having beautiful days now (March) to make up for the long rain in the winter. On Sunday forenoon the steamer Tees was at the wharf, and we went down to watch her unloading. There was quite a breeze blowing, but the sun was very warm; and as I sat on a big stone on the wharf, between the goods-shed and the steamer, it was as warm as a summer's day. We just let the sunshine soak in and enjoyed it immensely, watching the Indians and Chinamen making ready to embark on a trip up the wild west coast of the island to the places you can see on the map — Bamfield, Clayoquot, Uclulet, Uchucklest, Texada Island.

I have nearly finished a picture which should be interesting. It is a street scene, with flags and banners strung across to mark the incorporation of the city.

THE FIRST BIRTHDAY OF PORT ALBERNI.
It is a good subject, the background being Mount Arrowsmith, covered with snow, and the foreground the scarlet of flags and bright sunshine on red buildings and white, a splash of green grass, and the yellow of a dry, hilly road. I even put some "wee buddies" in, and a motor-car and a horse or two. I hope it will sell. Will let you know. . . . O, here is a cutting from the local newspaper: — "A water-colour sketch of Argyle Street, Port Alberni, as it appeared on the day of the issue of the letters patent of incorporation, painted by Mrs T. —, has been acquired by D. M'N. Lowe, and is on exhibition in his office, First Avenue. It is a work of art, and should be preserved as a matter of historic interest."

THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

We have just had a long day's outing, and came home quite sunburnt, or at least rosy. We hired a row-boat, and T. rowed across the canal (where I had never been before). We went to Minnehaha Creek, and while in the boat we could

"Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the falls of Minnehaha
Calling to us in the distance."

We landed where the rushing sounded loudest, and, leaving the boat on the shore, we climbed, by an almost imperceptible trail, the steep tree-covered hill-side, and could see all the way up a continuation of waterfalls. It was very pretty. Seemingly we were the first pic-nickers this season, as the trail was covered here and there with fallen trees, and I found some quite fresh deer foot-prints, but no signs of human beings. I had my paints with me, but didn't finish anything.

RUSTICUS.

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IN VANCOUVER ISLAND.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 14th September, 1914.)

(Continued)

PORT ALBERNI, April 1912.

I have just finished, and had accepted, a design for

THE CITY SEAL

of Port Alberni. The Mayor and Council are highly pleased with it, and saying all sorts of nice things about it. The following is an excerpt from the Town Council report in the "News":—
"A. D. Macintyre reported that the ideas of the committee in the choice of a design for the city seal had been embodied in a drawing by Mrs T—, and that the committee was pleased and satisfied. The Mayor and Aldermen complimented Mrs T— on the design, which is a work of art, and a credit to any city."

The same paper contains a detailed description of the design, which is enclosed in a circular band bearing the words "City of Port Alberni, British Columbia, Incorporated A.D. 1912"; and on either side of the shield appears a scroll bearing the inscription "Perseverance and Prosperity," which has been adopted as the motto of the new city. The shield itself is surmounted by a Spanish galleon, with the sun setting in the sea behind it, suggesting at once the discovery and naming of the place by the Spaniard, Don Pedro Alberni, and its position as a western sea-port. The four quarters of the shield contain a miner's hammer and pick, a tree, a couple of salmon, and an apple, symbolic of mining, "lumbering," salmon-fishing, and fruit-growing, the four chief industries of the district. . . . I have now got my fee for the city seal design, and they say that it is the first sum disbursed from the funds of the new Corporation!

Yesterday we had a perfectly delightful day. Mr S., the man whose job it is to inspect and keep in repair the telegraph lines all down the shores of the "canal," invited us, and the S. family, to have a day's boating and a picnic at China Creek, about 8 miles down the loch-side. Mr S. is customs and telegraph clerk here, and they have three of the most delightful children. First, Teddy, the brave boy scout, who can dive and swim like a duck, and intends to be in the Navy some day. Then Joyce or Joy, well named, with tangled hair, rosy cheeks, and a big laughing mouth and a voice at times like a steam whistle. Then dear little "Sambo," aged three, who tells you all sorts of wonderful tales about the people he invents, and the birds he shot, and the fish he will catch with a bent pin!

We got a lovely morning to start out, and the motor-boat soon took us down. The water was in fine condition, just a wee breeze on, and the sun was warm, but not too hot. We landed on a wee pebbly beach and found a nice grassy place, full of strange new wild flowers, scarlet columbine, and others; and near

by was a trickle of fresh water from a rock covered with great big maiden-hair ferns. Such beauties! I gathered as many as I could carry, and brought the roots home. The men kindled a fire on the beach, while we prepared the "table" on the grass, and we had a merry feast.

CHINA CREEK

is like a little bit of Fairyland; deep water reflecting the spring green of the trees, wild flowers growing down to the river's edge, trees, covered with white blossoms, leaning over the water. Then, further up, the river narrows between huge rocky cliffs, hung with thousands of exquisite ferns. We caught a glimpse of the Rapids, but ventured no farther. Mr S. leapt on to a rock and snapped the boat and its passengers, and then we made for home.

Don't ever think I have lost interest in M. or P. or B. or any of the old friends. I can see them all in my mind's eye, as plain as may be. But the trouble is to think of anyone at home as looking older than when I left it. That is the secret of perpetual youth discovered at last (for one's friends), namely, go to the other side of the world for some years, and then think of them. They will never grow old! We have just been to see the joiner; and his wife is a sonsy, rosy-cheeked, buxom lass, who used to be a servant in a house on the Braes o' Gleniffer. She is real hearty and cheery, and very friendly, and will be a near neighbour of ours.

A QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HOLIDAY.

Friday was the 24th of May, a holiday here. On Wednesday afternoon the editor said to T. that he might have Thursday off too, if he wished. T. came home in great glee, carrying his fishing-rod, which had just come back from being repaired. "How would you like to drive to Sprout Lake to-morrow morning, and camp out there for two days?" he asked me. I danced a Hielen' Fling for joy, and began to pack up; there was no time to lose if we were to be off next morning. It had been a showery day, and the sky was still heavy with clouds, so we made all our arrangements "D.V. and W.P." Tom went down and telephoned for messages to be ready as we drove past the stores. He borrowed a small tent, and also got permission from Mr Waterhouse, the Mayor, to shelter in old ruined farmhouse of his providing, the last visitor he had let it to having departed.

Sprout Lake is one of the beauty spots of the island; and I had been longing to see it. It is also a favourite trout-fishing place. If you look at the map you will see where the Somass River flows out of this lake. Well, we camped about a mile along the shore from where the river begins.

The morning dawned bright and dry, and we were up early, and started off

about 10 a.m. with a pair of stout horses to take us up. We enjoyed the drive as much as anything, as it was through beautiful scenery, and when we arrived at the old farm-house there was not a soul to be seen. So we didn't use the tent, but took possession of one very large front room with an open brick fire place in it, and spaces for four big windows, but no glass in them.

"ROUGHING IT" AT SPROAT LAKE.

T. had his axe and his gun to be ready for all emergencies. He cut down the branches of a fir-tree, and made a bed on the floor with them. We covered this over with rough grey blankets and rugs; and I was glad I had taken pillows, for the fir boughs are not so very soft! But T. thinks it is an ideal bed. It certainly smells lovely. But I told him next time I am either going to tie a whole lot of pillows round me, or take a mattress with me when I go camping. The ground round this old farm is all cleared, and grassy, and covered with daisies and marguerites, and there was a lovely lilac bush in bloom. Of birds and squirrels there were any number. The birds were always flying into the house; T. let out four of them that had lost their way.

FRIENDS IN THE OFFING.

Just after we had had dinner, and were looking about the place, we saw a row-boat with two people in it, away out on the water. T. "cooed" and wared, and after a long time they heard and came in. It was the young couple we used to meet at the Badminton Club. We live quite near them now in Port Alberni. Mr. W. is a great fisherman, and he took T. on his boat to the river, while Mrs. W. kept me company. We walked, or rather scrambled, among the rocks along the shore till we came on our husbands at the river. Mr. W. was giving T. tips on fly-fishing, and they were having a glorious time. We made tea on the shore, and had a pic-nic together. They were living about two miles up the lake, so we didn't see much more of them afterwards. T. fished and I sketched, and the weather was good. We came back on Saturday morning, just as the rain came down to make us glad we were home. It was a fine holiday, and we both enjoyed it.

NATURE WORKING OVERTIME.

In a letter I had from Jack he speaks of Nature seeming to take a lie in before beginning her efforts. But I don't wonder that the poor old Dame gets tired sometimes, for she must be working overtime in British Columbia. No sooner has she got all the roses blooming, and everybody supplied with strawberries, wild and tame, than the brambles are ripe. Just think of it, gathering brambles in June! I made a lovely tart yesterday with some, and stewed a lot more. There will very soon be enough ripe to make jelly, and we don't have to go far to gather them. My green, where I was hanging out the clothes to-day, is covered with bracken as tall as myself, and underfoot are the

blackberry vines, and all around they are growing. They don't grow high on the hedges, but sprawl over the ground. They and the bracken are the most persistent weeds in the garden.

"LITTLE SAMBO."

We were at a party in G.'s home on Saturday, and little Sambo, in a pair of pink pyjamas, was entertaining the company when he ought to have been in bed. He's such "a cure!" One young man there had a beard, and Sambo told him he didn't like it. He said to him quite seriously, "You don't have to have a beard, do you? I don't like it." He had been hitting his sister Joyce with the broom, and his father said, "Sambo, you must not hit Joyce with the broom." "It doesn't matter, father, it's the old broom." He answered quite unconcerned! At supper he choked on a crumb, and Joyce clapped him too forcibly on the back. He didn't understand this at all, and shot out his baby fist at her. He thought she was "Hitting a fellow when he's down." He's only three, you know. He and Joyce came to visit me the other day (they live just across the recreation ground from here); after a time Joy thought they would have to go, but Sambo said, "Oh, no, I don't think we'll have to go yet. We can stay and have a cup of tea!" But I told him he was to bring his mother next time if he wanted tea, as we only made that for grown-ups. He told her all right, but she laughed at his "cheek!" He's a wee terror, but a very charming child at the same time. He wanted to see T. to ask him whether Dicky-birds snored when they went to sleep. It had just occurred to him that he had never seen the birds asleep. I tried to show him how they did it and laughed to see him trying to stand on one leg and tuck his head under his wing!

Yesterday, T. brought in some beautiful

"SALMON BERRIES."

They are like very large raspberries, only bright yellow, with some deep crimson ones on the same bush. I have pressed one of the early Spring flowers for you, but it gives a poor idea of the beauty of it. It has stiff, waxy, white petals when it comes out, and before it fades it turns pink. It smells like a lily, and is called "trilium." I have a big jar full of foxgloves which are growing wild near the old town. The yellow broom only grows near the Indian Mission, but there very profusely.

Just as I'm writing I look up, and my eye catches a wee water colour I did long ago at Carradale, and I only noticed now, for the first time for years, that the distant hills in it are the Goat-fell range, and surely underneath is Pirmill (where you may now be), or somewhere near it, perhaps Loch Ranza.

RUSTICUS.

CAMPING-OUT AT TOFINO.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 21st September, 1914.)

A CANADIAN SUMMER HOLIDAY.

THE BEACH,
July-August, 1912.

You know we are in Tofino Inlet (or Sound) now. Have you found it on the map? Across the mouth of the Sound is Stabb's Island, which shelters us. Outside of that are islands innumerable. We visited one to-day in the motor-launch, Vargas Island, which is quite out at sea, four miles out from this. It has a rocky coast, broken up by little sandy bays, and about four families of ranchers are settled on it. We visited some of them, and had tea on the grass in front of their shack. The Indians had only just moved away from the spot, and we were shown

AN INDIAN HUT

just as they left it. It had a raised platform along each side, a fire had been built on the ground in the middle, and above it there was a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. On one of the rafters hung the blackened remains of a deer's leg; and a queer sort of bracket cupboard, with some bottles in it, completed the furnishings. The huts are built of rough planks of cedar wood (which is split with an axe, and doesn't need to be sawn, as it is straight-grained, and hardly ever a knot in the wood). Short lengths of these planks, over-lapping like slates, are used for the roofs (as they are also by white people here).

NATURAL HISTORY CURIOS.

Our party consists of Mrs G. and myself and ten children, besides the large Garrard family (cousins), who live at Tofino, and who join our camp sometimes. We are right on the shore, and there is a lovely sandy beach for about a mile and a half, and at one end is a little stream, and at the other end is another small camp of an English clergyman and his wife. The G.'s own all the land at this end, where the stream is. The bay reminds me very much of Machrie, in Islay. There are old grey rocks at either end, just like the shores at home, and we have been gathering wonderful shells on the sands; some like butterflies, and some beautiful mother-o'-pearl ear-shells. I found a tiny feather of an eagle, and also the cast-off skin of a snake, in perfect condition—quite a curiosity. There are no poisonous snakes on Vancouver Island, but plenty little harmless things. It is not often they get out of their old skins without tearing them.

I have painted a picture of the sands and a pool, with a little boy sailing a model yacht.

Still here. The steamer "Tees" is expected in to-night, and we are all awaiting letters.

Yesterday we went to Wakaninich Island by motor-boat, where there is a wonderful little shell beach, and we gathered beautiful Abalonite or ear-shells, a sort of mother-o'-pearl. I painted a picture there too. The cousin who has taken us every-

where in his motor-boat has got a job at the Salmon Cannery, and leaves by the steamer to-morrow. He is such a nice, big laddie, fair and sunburnt, with sea-blue eyes, and a great shock of curly hair, and a laughing, teasing way that all the kiddies adore. I come in for my share of the teasing too. The other night I was sitting on the table, with my feet on a box. (We are in an unfurnished house, till the rain stops, so we have no chairs.) One of the girls tied my feet together, and then about six of them started tickling me on all sides. I managed to kick off a slipper, and so got free, only to have the slipper stolen; and then came a hunt for that. They are a noisy, rowdy, happy crowd. I am still baking bread for them, and never seem to have enough—ten loaves at a time.

We have had fine weather this last week, more like home summer, not hot; slightly foggy some days, sunny, but not at all like the Summerland brilliant hot sunshine.

NEXT BEST TO MOTHER'S.

"Mrs T. bakes the very best bread I ever tasted," sang out Fiddy the Boy Scout, last night. "Same here"; "That's what I say"; "You bet she does," came from all round the table, till one young hopeful added, "except mother's." Then a wave of loyalty swept over the temporary orphans, and they all chimed in, "Oh, yes, mother has her's skinned." "Yes, the best of all but mother's." The scones and buns too disappeared in less time than it takes to mix the dough, and "They're dandy." "My! but they're good." "You bet!" "Geel! these are all right," quite repay for the work.

Another trip we had this week was to Trout River on Vancouver Island, north-west from here, I think. The kiddies dug worms and caught a lot of very small trout, and we had a beautiful pic-nic. It was about a nine miles run there, so we stayed all day. On the way we passed Mere's Island, where there is a large Indian reservation, and a Roman Catholic mission. The nuns teach the children to do most beautiful work, but they charge very high for it.

AN INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

We saw a small rocky island near this place which is used as an Indian burying-ground. They used to put their dead ones in any old box, an egg-box, or anything like that, and if they were too long they broke their legs to make them fit in. Then they put all their belongings atop of them, and left them. The box was often hung up on a tree. Another way was to build a tiny hut over them. These things are not permitted now; but you can still see the queer old box graves on the islands, and side by side with them rough-hewn crosses, made of two planks of drift-wood nailed together, and bleached by many storms. It is a wild coast, and

in winter must be awful. In summer it is very beautiful. Trees everywhere; even on the tiny round islands, which in the sea at home would be bare rocks. Mountains, wreathed in mist, or altogether hidden by fog in the early morning, loom forth clear out against the sky at mid-day, and sink away in lovely blue haze towards evening.

Our friends the G.'s are in the Government Telephone and Telegraph Service. The wires are mostly stretched from tree to tree, out and in the rocky coast of Vancouver Island. The Government supplies motor-launches, so that the men can get at any part of the line which is out of order. After a storm trees are often fallen across the wires, and the Indians sometimes break them down when taking out logs from the forest for the saw-mills. However, we have all the benefit, as they can always take two or three friends in the boat when they make these trips. Last night I was with them to the Salmon Cannery on the shores of Tofino Inlet, at the mouth of the Kennedy River, about 12 miles off. We were shown all through the Cannery, and it was most interesting. Did you ever wonder what made the bones of the canned salmon soft and brittle? They cook them at a very high temperature, and the intense heat softens the bones.

T. and Mr G. are living together, and say they are getting on famously. The telephone service is free to the family, so there is not much need to write.

3rd August, 10 p.m.

The steamer has just arrived, and there is great excitement, as we all (13 of us) got letters, and had to answer them in an hour or two before bed-time, or wait another week!

Leonard Island, with its light-house, is very much like Port-na-Haven (Islay), only it is farther out to sea. It is wild and rocky. We saw through the light-house, and spent the whole day with the "light-man," and the "foghorn-man," and their children.

A ROMANTIC CHURCH SERVICE.

Last Sunday we were at Vargas Island, and attended the first church service ever held there. We all "motor-boated" there, and some others walked from another part of the island. We had service on the shore, with a big boulder for a pulpit. The minister arrived in a rowing boat from the part of the beach where he is camping-out. When the service was over, we held a picnic. Most of us went in bathing, and altogether it was rather a jolly way of going to church. We got home about five o'clock.

AN R. C. MISSION TO THE INDIANS.

Yesterday, some of us went to Mere's Island, which is an Indian Reserve, to see the Roman Catholic (Belgian) Mission to the Indians. It is the Order of the Benedictines; a very ancient Order. A nun opened the door and shewed us into a sunny parlour, and entertained us to milk and biscuits, but

was sorry to tell us that the whole school was away on a pic-nic, and she was the cook, and had not the keys to show us upstairs, where they have some beautiful sewing, and so on, that the children have done. She gave us scissors and told us to help ourselves to the flowers in the beautiful garden, and we came home with bunches of sweet peas.

ALBERNI CANAL: ON BOARD THE STEAMER.

We are now on board the dirty old steamer "Teess." Gee! but she smells! She is a very old boat, and a new one is being built to replace her. We have had a fine passage, no one sick and no whale at Sechart, only a quantity of whale skin spread on the shore to dry, but even that smelled strongly enough to pull the boat into the wharf without the engines working. Did I tell you that they say the "Teess" was painted red last year, but the smell of Sechart turned it black! Thanks be, we only stayed there 5 minutes this trip, instead of an hour, as last time.

AN INDIAN SQUAW AT WORK.

I have just been watching a squaw make a small basket. She keeps moistening the grass out of a cup of water by her side, and she works so fast her fingers seem to fly as she squats on the deck, gazing and smiling at all that goes on, just as you would knit a stocking without looking.

In the deck cabin three swell English people are playing cards at one table. I think one of them is a Lord; and close by, at another little table, three Chinamen are jabbering away, and playing with the queerest little aris not half the size of English ones, and so beautiful. Instead of hearts and spades, clubs and diamonds, they are in series of sprays of laburnum, or cherry blossoms, or mountains, or flags, or animals and birds; all highly coloured and quaintly designed, and no two quite alike.

UCHUCKLESSET, 9.30 A.M.

The squaw has disappeared, basket and all. We had a few minutes ashore and saw the Salmon Cannery and such a crowd of Indians. We bought one or two baskets, tiny things. They have a fine store here, better than in Port Alberni, although it is only a tiny village.

This is the first time I have really seen the Alberni Canal, for we came down in the night. It reminds me of the Kyles of Bute, minus the heather and the houses, and plus 20 miles of trees. There are crags though, with torn shreds of mist still clinging to the tops of the hills, and a grey sky with the sun struggling through.

Poor T. was dreadfully lonesome while I was up the coast; and you may be sure I got a great welcome home. He had tidied up the house, and put a clean table-cloth on the table, and flowers out of the garden.

RUSTICUS.

IN PORT-ALBERNI, 1912.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 28th September, 1914.)

THE INDIANS AT THE "SPORTS."

We had sports in the old town (Alberni, without the "Port") on "Dominion Day"; and the Indians came out strong. I wish you could have seen the funny Upeet Canoe Race. In each canoe (dug out of one log) sat two men, some white, more brown, and nearly all in swimming costume. But modesty forbade one of the Indians appearing in public in a bathing-suit, so he kept on his pale-blue shirt! He was the type who "would look over-dressed in a bangle!" Well, a gun was fired as a signal, and before you could say "Winkie," all the canoes were upside down, and the men swimming in the river. I had barely time to realise what had happened, when "blue shirt" and his pal had their boat righted, and were paddling away on the race. The others followed in about a second, and they all pulled round a certain point and back to where they started from—and splash went everyone into the water again; and, like a flash, the Indians were into their little boats once more, rowed to the winning-post, and our friend, shirt and all, came in first!

Then the Fat Man's Race! Only two entered for that, one white and one Indian. The brown won, and, with a smile from ear to ear, he shouldered his way through the crowd. "You've won!" said a white man, delightedly. The Indian gave him one look; "You bet am won!" he said. The Indians are said to be dying out. But it is not so here. They are great muscular fellows. Lots of their children are being taught at the mission-school. One little three-year-old was so lappy he turned a somersault on the grass, and rolled about like a young puppy. A dear, wee baby I saw in its mother's arms had a silver-cord bracelet on its chubby little arm.

A FISH HATCHERY.

When I was at the west coast (Tofino) last month, I saw through one of the salmon canneries; and also a Government fish hatchery, where the fishes' eggs are kept in tanks of running water until they have developed into salmon about an inch long. Then millions upon millions are put into the water (at Kennedy Lake, V.I.) and find their way down the river, and into the sea at last. The idea is to save the eggs from being eaten by trout and other fish which are very fond of them, and just follow the salmon when they are spawning, so as to live on them. Another advantage is that a salmon comes back every year for four or five years to spawn at the place where it first saw the light, and so the fishing in that district never fails.

AN AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

Yesterday, there was an agricultural show at Alberni, and I got a corner of the hall granted me in which to hang my pictures; and I showed no less than seventeen sketches, all this summer's work. I never did so much in one season before; but the Tofino holiday was a splendid opportunity, as the scenery round there is very fine. I entered two of the pictures for competition; but as there was only one other competitor, I got first prize and he got second. The president of the show told me yesterday that I have also been awarded a special diploma for my exhibition. We sold nine pictures, T. doing most of the mounting for me, and helping with the business end of things.

WILD FLOWERS.

There are some beautiful wild flowers in British Columbia. I wonder if you would like to make a collection of them? I would begin early next Spring and pick the first wild lilies and press them, and send them home, and then you could arrange them in a blank note-book or something like that. Tell me if you would like them, and next summer (D.V.) we could start our collection. Some of the flowers are exactly the same as the home ones, but others are strange and beautiful, and things grow wild here that one only sees in greenhouses at home.

AN ART CRITIC.

There was a "big" man at the show—big, mentally and physically. He is called George M'C—, is a journalist for two London newspapers, and is besides an expert art critic. He can talk Art by the mile, and is an IRISH GENTLEMAN. In these two words is summed up wit, good humour, beautiful manners, especially with the ladies, and that magnetic charm of the Irish. T. met him at the Somass Hotel, and introduced him to me at the show last Thursday. We had a long talk—I doing most of the listening—and he was exceedingly kind about my sketches, though they were rather too small fry for him. He is used to slating the whole Academy at one fell swoop! He took me for ice-cream, and they gave us "cones." He begged "a spoon for the lady; but I can eat it as in the days of my infancy!" he said. T. brought him to afternoon tea next day, and then took him into the Bush to see the "Logging Camp." He wants to write a series of articles on Vancouver Island, and thinks the logging would be a good subject for one of them. He talks of taking work there for a time, so as to learn what it is like from the inside.

* * * * *

A HEROIC RESCUE!

I had quite an adventure the other day with our well, which is a hole 10ft. deep, but with only about 3 or 4 feet of water in it at this time of year. We have an emergency ladder fixed inside it, and I keep the milk-bottle swung down inside a biscuit-tin in the cool space above the water. It is hung from a nail at the top by a long cord. Well, this time, I somehow let the cord slip through my fingers, and splash went the whole bottle of milk into the well. T. declared we couldn't get it up, and that it would do no harm anyway; but I begged to differ; so I got on my swimming costume, and made T. tie a rope round me and hold the other end of it, while I went down the ladder. I jabbed about with a stick till I felt the round slipperiness of the bottle, then I put in my arm, and stooped, and got it up—whole, not a drop spilt! The cardboard cap had been pressed in by the weight of the water; and I got up to daylight again none the worse of my cold bath! It wasn't half so cold as the sea at Tofino!

I hope you got the basket. It was made by one of the Indians here, with the grasses that grow in Alberni. The rim of the basket is of cedar bark. I hope you will find some use for it as a work-basket, for holding darning-wool or bobbins.

* * * * *

We have been having such perfect weather lately (23rd September) — "Indian Summer." The violets have started to bloom again. They seem to think it is Spring-time. We had an invitation to go down to Barkley Sound from which one can see clear out to the ocean. We went on quite a big boat that day, with over 30 people on board. It was very warm and sunny, and I got a fresh coating of sunburn, which was quite superfluous, as I looked like a Stwash before. (I'm feeling a great deal stronger and more energetic since I came home from Tofino.) We landed at a very pretty spot called

PORT'S NOOK.

a little sheltered place at the edge of the forest, which extends almost over the entire Vancouver Island, excepting where it has been cut down. In a little clearing by the shore, we found a miner's log-cabin, and the miner, a Dutchman, living all alone, welcomed us with open arms, turned on a musical box to entertain us, and boiled a kettle for our tea. He lives all alone, his nearest neighbour being at Bamfield, five miles away; and he says it would take you two or three weeks to go there through the forest, it is so thick, but of course he goes by the boat. The first thing that caught the eye in the cabin was a telephone,

much to our surprise. When we came away, he stood on the shore and saluted and bowed, like a courtier!

* * * * *

I dreamt last night that I was home and walked right into Grandma's old dining-room in Causeyside, and saw you and B. sitting in the window, on the funny old black shiny stools, and Lindsay and Annie were on your knees. I got right into the bunch and nearly hugged the life out of you, and flopped on to the floor with the children all over me as they used to be!

* * * * *

P.S.—My friend Mary S. (at Summitland) was married last week. We sent her a telegram "Lang may your lum reek," and "May the mouse ne'er leave your meal-barrel with a tear in 'ts e'e!"

The telegraph operator who received the message wired back "Chimera Ha." He seemed to be Scotch himself!

* * * * *

I had a fine ride on a motor last week. Mr M.C. (the Bank Manager) was taking his wife out for the afternoon, and she asked me to join them. (You get motors for hire here at any time.) We went through the old town and away up the banks of the Somass River.

* * * * *

You will be thinking I never do any work at all! But this was the ashing-day, and you should have seen me digging into it. There is ooth more work and more play in this country. Everybody seems to peg away and get their work done, and then go out into the open and have a great time.

* * * * *

I must say good-night, as T. has gone off to bed; the puppy is snoring in front of the fire; the hen has her chickens all tucked under her wings; and I'm so sleepy that this pen won't spell correctly!

RUSTICUS.

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QUEER FOLKS IN THE FAR WEST: CULTUS BOB.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 5th October, 1914.)

The basket in which the shells were sent to us we bought from a great, old character known as Cultus Bob, which, being interpreted, meaneth "Robert the Bad." Robert (who is an Indian) used to come to our tent with fish, and would ask a drink of water, as an excuse to come in and sit down and talk. He saw my design for the cover of the official illustrated book about Port-Alberni, and said, pointing to his dusky forehead, "You good here. Me, too; me good here, too." He is very sly, or "hy," as the boys would say. It is against the law for anyone to supply an Indian with strong drink, and "Cultus" is up to all sorts of dodges to get it. Vanilla and lemon essences are mostly spirits, and it seems you can get drunk on them—although I cannot speak from personal experience on that point! Bob took a gentleman out for a sail in his boat, and when the "tenderfoot" (as all new-comers are called) would have paid him, he refused to take any money, but said that if he really wanted to do him a kindness, he might buy some essence of vanilla, and give it to him to take to his wife. The gentleman complied, and, much to his surprise, got caught, and fined fifty dollars! Another day he went to the house of "Dick Whittington's" mother, and told her "Indians make great big pot-latch (party), and my wife want bake lots of cakes. She got no lemon, no vanilla. You give me some?" The lady happened to have just a spoonful or two in each bottle, and gave that to him. He was quite disgusted, and she said, "There's enough there for all the cakes your wife will want to bake." He still asked for more, and she began to "smell a rat!" Just in time, too. Another time he went down to the saw-mill, and asked some of the men to lend him a dollar. Fortunately they all knew him, and refused. He said his wife had gone away to Victoria, and had taken the key of his cash-box with her, and he couldn't open it. The blacksmith at the mill said, "Bring down your box to me, and I will soon open it." But poor old Bob didn't like that idea at all!

BOB AS POLICEMAN.

He told us a great yarn about being an Indian policeman at one time. But, he said, "It was bad for my name ('nem'). Nobody like you, Just the same, white man. Good man he like policeman. Bad man he keel him!"

He also told us that he knew all the law, from a big book the Government Agent used to show him. We have heard since that Bob has had too good reason to know the law, but from an-

other point of view! Also that he had probably been in gaol, but certainly never was a policeman!

A TOSPY-TURKY TEXT.

We are building a new church here, and have got a new minister for it. He preached to-day for the first time, and introduced himself by telling a story of an old Methodist preacher, who took as his text, "The World Upside-Down," and said, "We will divide our subject into three heads. Firstly, 'The world is upside-down.' Secondly, 'The world has got to be turned right side-up'; and thirdly (rolling up his sleeves), 'And we're the boys to do it!'"

AN INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

The Indians here have some strange superstitions, one of them being that a certain rock on the coast, which has a streak of black in it like a snake, is really a rock with an evil spirit imprisoned in it; and they believe that once every year the snake comes to life. They are terribly afraid of it, and wouldn't go near it for anything.

AN UNCANNY CANADIAN "KIDDIE."

A friend of mine was telling me of a little boy she knows down in Victoria City. His wee sister was very ill; and his mother and he were sitting beside her, when she said to her mother, "I wonder what Heaven is like?" "You'll pretty soon know if you get much sicker," said the little seven-year-old before his mother had time to answer.

Another day he was very irritable, and his mother said, "I think you must have worms, when you are so cranky." "Well," he said, "you tell us we are made of clay, and the clay is just full of them!"

He is a little Roman Catholic, and the priest said he was to say a special prayer all through the month of November, for the souls in Purgatory. He learnt it, and said it every night without fail, till the last day of the month, when he left it out. "What have the souls in Purgatory done," said his mother, "that you don't pray for them to-night?" "Oh, to-morrow's the first of the month, and they all ought to be out by this time," was the ready answer.

The other night we were at G.'s, and something was said about a joke in "Punch." Mr G. left the room to fetch the copy to show it to us, and somebody asked, "Where is that Punch?" Little Sambo replied, "Daddy's gone to make it." "Make

QUEER FOLKS IN THE FAR WEST: CULTUS BOB.

The article in which the author... (mirrored text)

A... (mirrored text)

An... (mirrored text)

what?" we asked. "The punch!" said Sammy in a tone of surprised superiority.

* * * * *

HALLOWE'EN IN PORT-ALBERNI.

Did you have any "Goloshians" this Hallowe'en? We held it in the right old style at G.'s. And as it was an inky black night, we dressed up here, and had some fun over our costumes, but we never met a soul on the road. I had a cake just baked, and wanted to take something to the children; so I iced it with chocolate imps, cats, moons, etc. The "kiddies" were delighted with it, and called it the "hob-goblin cake." We had apples for "dookin'" and sweetheart-nuts to burn in the fire; and played all the old games, telling fortunes with three bowls of water, trying to blow out a candle blindfold, "mieuw" and "spooky" in the ring, and the old, Who's, got the whistle? game. And "Teddy" banged his already rather nondescript nose, on an apple tied on a string, in vain efforts to get a bite at it. And little Sambo fell fast asleep in the midst of it all, lying on a big black bearskin in front of the fire.

* * * * *

On our way home we saw a queer way of celebrating Hallowe'en. Two young men were carrying a long pole, and on the end of it a string, on which was hung a cow-bell. They stopped in front of the windows of a house where a bachelor lives, and pulled the string, persistently ringing the bell, "tank-a-tunk, tank-a-tunk," till a light appeared in the window, and they slipped away on mischief bent, no doubt, to rouse others of their friends from their peaceful slumbers to come out and chase these awful cows away!

* * * * *

The cows here really are a nuisance; not only do they wear large bells which make a great row at nights, but they are allowed to roam all over the place. They have discovered my garden, and taken a particular fancy to all the green tops of the plants. I don't have to do any pruning!

* * * * *

T. is sending you a copy of a British Columbian newspaper, which is typical of the journalism of the Press "Pioneers of the West." The editor and proprietor, he says, is a very clever man. "My certes, but he's no blate!" Listen to him:—

"THE LEDGE"

is located at Greenwood, B.C., and can be traced to many parts of the earth. It comes to the front every Thursday morning, and believes that hell would close up if love ruled the world. It believes in justice to everyone; from the man who mucks in the mine to the king who sits on the cushions of the throne. It believes that advertising is the life of trade; and that one of the

noblest works of creation is the man who always pays the printer.

"The Ledge is 2.00 dollars a year in advance, or 2 dollars 50 cents when not so paid. It is postage free to all parts of Canada, Mexico, Great Britain, and the county of Bruce. To the United States it is 2 dollars 50 cents a year, always in advance.

R. T. LOWERY,

Editor and Financier."

Evidently there are some very "QUEER FOLK IN THE FAR WEST."

RUSTICUS.

IN PORT-ALBERNI, 1913.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 12th October, 1914.)

We are having the ground around our house ploughed just now, and I overheard one of the two labourers who are guiding the horses telling the other that 'he himself might be almost a millionaire one of these days, as his father was a very old man, and very, very well-off.' That's the sort of thing you meet with out West. You never know what a man is by his occupation.

We both enjoyed the "Golden Age" very much indeed. It is a book I would like to read over and over again, the style of writing is so delightful. The author does not seem to have forgotten how it felt to be a child, not merely how he acted or spoke, but how he thought. We have lent it to Mrs G., and she is reading it aloud to the kiddies to-day (Sunday), and they are enjoying it too.

We have had a second return of winter, this last week or two being quite cold, with strong winds, and little flurries of snow and hailstones. It is very clear and bright between the storms, and the mountains look grand with the snow freshly fallen; but the poor little buds in the gardens, that were coming on so bravely, and the little seedlings from last year's hardy annuals that were growing in hundreds as "volunteers," have had a "sair time o't."

We were at a "Kirk Soiree," last night; a sort of farewell to our student minister, who is leaving to-day for college. He said he must leave to-morrow, as his "exertion-ticket would perspire if he didn't go!" He is half-Irish anyway.

I observe that Our Village home is becoming like a great port of call, and the ships are constantly coming and going. This one can only signal by wireless telephaty, and by the penny post "All's well." If I could just stick a penny stamp on myself, and drop me into a letter-box, as simply as I can a letter, I wouldn't be long till I reached the home port!

JULY.

I am writing this sitting in the verandah, while a majestic sunset is in progress. There are trailing white mists in the valley, the water is like an opal, and the tall fir trees are black in contrast to the distant mountains, and the sky of orange and gold. Our little garden is very gay in its white and pink, like a pretty, if rather untidy, little girl. We have had such a lot of rain lately, with mild weather, that things have grown tremendously. There is an old lady (the mother of my friend, Mrs G.) who lives in the old town of Alberni, and has a beautiful,

almost wild, old-fashioned garden, full of honeysuckle and roses and white pinks, and irises and sweet peas; but especially roses, white, pink, and red, and moss roses too. She gave me a bouquet, and they are filling our room with perfume.

T. is missing one of his best friends. He has left the Port for a Cannery on the coast of the mainland. That is one thing about the Great West that I don't like; you no sooner make friends than you lose them. Either they move, or you do. It is like a big game of Balma, all marching on, except for a short time, when the "men" are at a standstill, then on again!

Yesterday afternoon, a handsome new steamer made her first run from Victoria to Port Alberni, and is now on her way up the wild western coast. We went down to the wharf to see her, and were taken down to see the engines by a retired chief engineer who lives here. He explained all about the triple-expansion, etc., etc., and T. seemed to understand it. I saw, however, that the engines bore the name of

BOW AND M'LACHLAN, LTD., PAISLEY; the pumps were from J. & G. Weir, Glasgow; and the second engineer was from Kilmarnock—Scotland for ever!

A VISIT TO THE INDIAN MISSION.

We were invited to visit the Indian Mission at River Bend, two miles or so beyond the old town. We walked all the way on Saturday afternoon. When we reached the "Bend" we stopped and "cooie'd" and whistled to them across the river. After a while they heard us, and ran down to the shore, and soon were across for us in a dug-out canoe. A few minutes and we were landed, thus saving a long tramp round by the bridge. They made us very welcome, and showed us over all the buildings, which are very up-to-date and roomy. The house has three storeys and attics, and there is a barn and a school-room, and a bake-house besides. The Indian boys bake the bread, and it is good bread, too. They keep a couple of cows and horses, and lots of hens and chickens. We invited the Paisley girl to come and spend an afternoon with us the next week. She seemed to enjoy our visit, and we afterwards enjoyed having hers, too. It is funny to hear any one talking so familiarly about people at home. I came across another girl yesterday who used to know Archie K. (Paisley). She is from Newmilns, in Ayrshire, and once made a voyage up the West Highlands in the same steamer with him.

IN PORT-JERINI, 1912

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My letters at this time of the year seem to be just a record of one picnic after another. We had a holiday in honour of the King's Birthday, and in the afternoon the church choir (and I) had a drive to the Somass River. There I met the Paisley girl and a young lad, her brother. They used to live in the south-side of the town, their father (Mr W.) being manager in a small public work there. The girl told me she had been at school with some of our neighbours. She knew our home well, although she had never heard of our family. She has been in Canada about three years, and is now working as an assistant in the Indian Mission, which is carried on partly by the Government and partly by the Presbyterian Church of Canada. That is the first time I have met anyone out West who knew my home. The girl said I was the only one she had met who knew hers.

THE INDIAN CHILDREN

were having a pic-nic, too, that day, beside ours, and we were speaking to the teachers. One tiny tot of an Indian girl repeated for us "Little Miss Muffet," "Jack and Jill," and "Pat-a-Cake" in quite good English. They had been to school in the morning to go through their "patriotic exercises" in honour of the King's Birthday. They saluted his portrait, and the Union Jack hung above it, and sang "Oh, Canada," and "The Maple Leaf for Ever." Then they brought cakes and tarts that the little brown fingers of the dusky maidens had made under the guidance of

THE PAISLEY LASSIE,

and bread that the brown boys can make, as light as a feather. They seemed to have a real happy time.

We got a present of a fine chunk of venison yesterday from a neighbour who shot a deer this week. That is the second he has shot this winter, and each time he has given us a piece, enough for four or five dinners at least. I find here that whenever we do a good turn for anybody they always repay it some way. These neighbours and ourselves often share what we have. Flowers or jam in summer, fish or venison in winter, and books and magazines all the time. And the bachelors who sometimes have a dinner with us never forget us if there's anything good going! — "Giff-Gaff mak's guid frien's."

RUSTICUS

IN PORT-ALBERNI, 1914.

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 19th October, 1914.)

WHONNOCK, B.C.

We had a very kind and pressing invitation from our good friends, the H.'s (formerly of Paisley), to spend our Christmas holidays here. It is more than a day's journey from Alberni. We left the Port on Thursday morning, and arrived at Nanaimo in the afternoon, where we crossed by boat to Vancouver (City). We slept the night there, and spent the next day shopping—staring at the big shop windows like a couple of country cousins. We thoroughly enjoyed it, as we hadn't seen a busy street or a decent shop-window for two years. It was quite exciting "jinking" the cars, and bicycles, and motors at the crossings. We left Vancouver in the evening, and arrived here in an hour or two. Mr H. was at the station to meet us. We had such a lot to say, that for the first two days we never seemed to stop talking, except when we were asleep!

We have got quite a quantity of Christmas letters and parcels from home, and from friends in Port Alberni. Our little present from the G.'s was accompanied by a letter signed by all the members of the family. We had quite a lively time at Christmas and New-Year. But now there is a lull, for which we are thankful, as it lets us rest and write our letters.

We have had both a happy and a busy time here. We are allowed just to do as we like, and we work away, along with them, and don't sit waiting to be entertained. . . . We have been talking such a lot about people in Paisley. It is always, "Did you know so-and-so?" or "Do you remember such-and-such an event?" We seem to know so many of the same people.

Some of our friends were on the station to meet us when we got home to "the Port," and we were taken off to have tea at one neighbour's, whilst the other (the Bridge-of-Weir one) invited us to stay the night and have breakfast next morning with them, as our own house was so damp from being shut up for so long in the rainy season. We were glad to accept their kind offer, and got big fires on in our own house, and soon had it perfectly cosy. There were no less than three beds prepared for us in three different houses! Wasn't that kind of the people? It made it seem more like home, to know that they had been thinking of us. We are both feeling the better for the change of air, scene, and company. We had a very enjoyable time.

T. is out to-night to see his chum, Dave Owen, who is laid up again with the (supposedly) dislocated big toe that he got in the summer. It always hurt him, so he had it operated on last Sunday, and it was found to have been broken and splintered. Poor boy, he is having quite a sore time with it. (You know, he was Alex. W.'s friend too.) I sent him down some wee cakes that he is specially fond of, and T. took him a bundle of "T.P.'s" to read yesterday. To-night they are to practise a quartette in his room. Isn't that a nice, quiet way for an invalid to spend an evening? No doubt they will all be smoking like furnaces!

I'm not making any marmalade, as oranges are dear here, and we can buy the best old country makes in large gilt-lined tins, and empty it into glasses to use. It doesn't pay to make it, I find. I have bread rising by the fire. I must go and see to it now!

Last Saturday morning my wee pupils played truant, and I joined them and Mrs G. in a long walk to McCoy Lake, the one marked I.R. Lake (Indian Reserve) on the map. We visited the farmhouse where I spent a week-end in the autumn, and the folks were reminding me that I was to come up and stay there next summer. The lake was frozen over, and we walked on it. The youngsters had never seen a big sheet of ice before, and were greatly taken up with it.

In Vancouver, things are about as cheap as at home, just now; every shop is trying to sell off stuff at any price. So different from what it was two years ago; then the prices were about twice what they would be at home.

"MAY-FLOWER" EGGS.

Our hens are doing well. Eggs are very scarce here just now, and cost about 70 cents (2s 11d) a dozen; so they are worth laying! Of course, we can buy cooking eggs a lot cheaper, but they are "not guaranteed." I saw some in a store the other day called "Mayflower eggs, Guaranteed." Now, what would you take that to mean? Were they guaranteed to have "come over" in the Mayflower? Thanks! I'd rather not have any. They do say that if the Mayflower was to have carried all the ancestors who are claimed to have come over on board her, she would have required to be bigger than the Lusitania! But eggs!

HOME MEMORIES.

You ask do I remember the bunch of daffodils at the foot of the garden? Yes, I do, and many other things besides. I walk down the garden-paths, in thought, many a time, and throw soap-suds on the rhubarb bed, and transplant lettuce in my own wee bit, and pick lit-of-the-valley button-holes for the boys, and count the buds on the old Gloire de Dijon to see if the postman had nabbed another this morning! Or was it these wee imps of milk-boys from the farm? I play on the waste ground "over the dyke," opening the alluring train-oil boxes on the trucks, and playing "hie-je-and-tig" round the goods shed. At other times I hear Mrs D.'s rap at the kitchen window, with the imperative "M.; the boady claes is ready tae hing out," or "Come and waater the bleachin'!"—Do I forget?

* * * * *

Are you vexed with me for not writing for so long? Things have been in such a turmoil that it has quite put me off my usual, and I have written no letters. Everybody is talking "War," and volunteers are leaving for the front. . . . I hope the war will not come to Scotland, and that you will not see any of the horrors of it. Are any of our friends at home volunteering? Pete Johnstone, who lived with Alex. W. here, our Scotch friend, has gone just this week-end to the front on the Legion of Frontiersmen. Kitchener has called for 1000 of them from the Colonies. They are nearly all old Army veterans, or else young fellows used to horse-back riding, rifle shooting, camping out, and well able to take care of themselves. We were very sorry to lose Pete. He has left us in charge of his most cherished possession, his Airedale dog "Rene." Your last letter said: "nothing much is happening here." It will be a different story now!

* * * * *

But cheer up! After the war is over, the good times are coming, and we shal all be making trips (from home and to home) and simply be rolling in wealth!

RUSTICUS.

The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to raise
 the necessary funds to meet its
 obligations. This is due to a
 variety of causes, including the
 fact that the government has been
 unable to collect its taxes and
 to the fact that it has been
 forced to borrow money from
 foreign countries. The second
 cause is the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 reduce its expenditures. This is
 due to the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 reform its administrative system
 and to the fact that it has
 been unable to reduce its
 military and police expenditures.

The third cause is the fact that
 the government has been unable to
 reform its judicial system. This
 is due to the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 reform its administrative system
 and to the fact that it has
 been unable to reduce its
 military and police expenditures.

The fourth cause is the fact that
 the government has been unable to
 reform its educational system. This
 is due to the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 reform its administrative system
 and to the fact that it has
 been unable to reduce its
 military and police expenditures.

LIFE IN "THE BUSH."

(Reprinted from PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS, 26th October, 1914.)

IN VANCOUVER ISLAND.

"T." RELATES HIS EXPERIENCES

Our new "City" (Port-Alberni) has been planned and built upon what was once bush-land; and about 200 men are constantly engaged felling "lumber" and clearing. Even with this going on, it is possible, and quite probable, that a "tenderfoot" would be lost in the Bush if he ventured half-an-hour's journey direct east from our little homestead.

As the hunter or traveller journeys through the wild, he has to make use of the sun or compass, as without these he will surely get wandered, and perhaps lost altogether. If perchance he is desirous of journeying by the same path, often, then he "blazes" a trail—that is, he "axes" off quite a large chip off the trees every few steps as he moves along, and the white scar left serves as a guide out of the maze of timber.

The small "scrub" (young timber from 4 to 14 feet high) is often so thick that it is impassable; and regularly the hunter has to turn his back to it and force his way through in that manner. In other parts the standing timber is so high that the branches shut out the light of the sun, and as the traveller journeys amid the massive trunks he is reminded of the aisles of a cathedral—an effect which is made all the more impressive by the soft green spongy moss which he walks on. The stillness is broken only by the chatter of the squirrels and the screeches of the blue-jays, as they warn all their furred and feathered friends that a stranger is in their midst.

TWO "PATHFINDERS" AT WORK.

These were Pete J. and myself. Pete hails from Dumfries, and is a "hefty" farmer's laddie. We journeyed through the Bush for a good many miles, marking our direction on the map, setting our compasses by it, and then going over hill and dale, through almost impassable undergrowth, and over well-open country, pacing off the distance as we went, and ultimately coming out at the spot we fully intended to do from the start. We started one or two denizens of the wild, "sprung" two "deadfalls" for bears, and altogether had a good time. Had the hunting season been open, our ladders would have been the richer of a fine young deer which pranced round our tracks for two or three minutes.

BEAR "DEADFALLS."

I suppose you know a "deadfall," but, in case not, I will endeavour to explain.

At the base of a tree the trapper places some bait, and roofs it over with small branches, making it look like a little house. To get at the meat the bear must enter by the front, which is protected by a heavy fence-like arrangement, across which, diagonally, lies a great heavy log. So soon as the bear reaches the meat he unavoidably strikes against a small lever, which releases the log, so that it falls upon him and kills him, generally instantaneously.

FELLING TREES.

From our house we can hear the whistle of the logging engines out in the Bush screeching their signals. The first men to appear on the scene are the fellers; and, as the base of a tree is so full of gum, the feller leaves it and saws off the tree about 6 or 8 feet from the ground. He does this by niching a hole in the side of the tree, and forcing into it a spring board on which to stand; then, with the assistance of his mate, he saws away with an eight-foot cross-cut saw.

These men are so practised that they can fell a tree so as to fall on a given line. It is rare that one of these huge trees ever goes in the wrong direction. After them the trimmers come along and lop off all the branches, and saw the fallen monsters in two or three lengths, for easier handling. Then a chain is thrown round, an iron cable attached, and the engine pulls the great logs out as if they were puny pieces of firewood. Through the Bush a wire is passed, the other end of which is attached to the whistle of the engine; and during the progress of the logs the men keep signalling "stop," "slow," "O.K.," etc., to the engineer. As this goes on all the time, and there are four of these engines at work, you can judge how often we hear these sharp, shrill cries of warning throughout the day!

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

By this mail I send a specimen of a Humming-Bird, which is a visitor to our district during the summer. A friend of mine, in his walk last Sunday, found the wee thing on the ground just as I forward it. It looks to me as if it had been struck at the back of the neck by some other bird, and then it flew on to a low branch, under cover, and died on its perch—you will notice the grip it has of the twig. I have tried to cure it by "drying," and I think it will arrive in good condition. We thought you would all like to see the wonderful sheen on the breast feathers, and the coloring of the bird altogether.

"STRATHCONA PARK."

Here, on the north-east side of Vancouver Island, where I am at present working, the Government have in their employ close upon 200 men, making a road to "Strathcona Park." The said "Park" is a huge tract of land, situated about the centre of the Island. The surveyors peg-out the road. Then comes along a gang of workers. Two men with an 8-foot saw cut down the trees, and then others cut the "timber" into lengths about 10 feet each. After this crew, two or three more bore holes in the logs, and dynamite them into shivers. More men then stack the debris in the middle of the "road" and burn! Another man follows, and blasts out the roots of the fallen trees, then a gang with a donkey engine hauls out the roots, and the big logs which would not burn out, and stacks them into huge piles about 30 feet at the base and 25 feet high. The grading crews follow up with mattock, pick, shovels, and teams, and so the work is carried along. Slowly and at great expense!

To my mind, the whole scheme is foolish, because they are clearing a road, at an enormous expenditure, to provide pleasure for the wealthy classes only—the classes than can afford motor-cars—whereas, if they would spend half of the money on clearing good farm-land, they would be benefitting the whole countryside and everybody in it. For, after all, agriculture (and mining) must ultimately keep British Columbia going.

For the first time since I came to Canada I was awakened by

THE SONGS OF THE BIRDS.

It was 3.30 a.m. and I got up, and leaning out of the window just gazed over the landscape, and listened enraptured to the hidden songsters. On the west of the Island, where our home now is, and at Lake Okanagan, where it used to be, there are very few song-birds; but here in the Bush, there are many; and it seemed to me that they had congregated round my window that sunny morning just to give me good cheer!

7000 SPECIMENS OF PLANT LIFE.

I am sending you a newspaper cutting from which you will see that our "Provincial Botanist" (appointed by the Government), Mr John Davidson, has just been reporting what has been accomplished in this branch of education since June, 1911, when the Botanical Office was first opened.

A BOTANICAL SURVEY

of British Columbia "has resulted in the collection of 7000 specimens of plant life. With these pressed, 'poisoned' against insect invasion, mounted, classified, and placed in order in cases, the

foundation for a provincial herbarium was laid; and in the fact that the office was steadily becoming the headquarters for Nature Study in the province, both among teachers and pupils as well as among private botanists, the practical value of the work is revealed.

"The difficulties attending botanical study in British Columbia are apparent. The thickly-wooded nature of the country, the almost impassable undergrowth, and the steeps and depths to be scaled, make the work of plant collecting difficult in the extreme.

"From the sea, where marine specimens are secured, to the snow regions of the mountains, and from the dry belt of the interior to the fertile valleys of the North, specimens have been secured, the great diversity of atmospheres and altitudes yielding a variety of plant life which it is declared is unrivalled by that of any other province.

"On the mountain tops where the dense growth of trees has given place to the open uplands, and little lakes glisten back to the unrestricted sun, the greatest gardens bloom, and even among the snows flowers will be found blossoming, sometimes within a few feet of a glacier.

FOR THE UNIVERSITY.

"The new botanical garden which is to be established in Stanley Park is among the most pretentious branches of work planned. Here it is proposed to have as complete a collection of native plants as possible, all bearing a plate with their name, and planted according to family. There will be a number of beds to illustrate particularly interesting features of plant life—such things as would be of use to those engaged in Nature Study. Also, it is proposed to plant some of the most beautiful native plants throughout the Park in just such environment as they require, in this striving to aid Nature without trespassing on her rights."

RUSTICUS.

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