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Vol. 1. No. 1. DUNCANS, B. C., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1903. PRICE 10c

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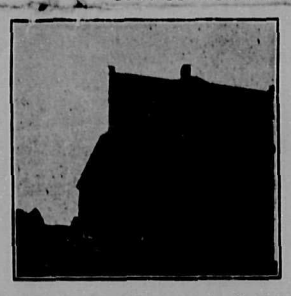
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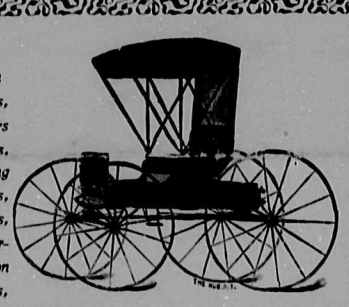
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THE FLORA WRECKED

Rear Admiral Bickford Has Hopes of Her Being Floated.

H. M. S. Flora, the big second-class cruiser, which grounded on the rocks at Village Point, Vancouver Island while going at a speed of about seven knots—less than half speed—is still in a bad position. In the opinion of Rear Admiral Bickford, who returned to Victoria from the wreck yesterday to get wreckers, gear and pumps on board H.M.S. Grafton, on which he returned to the wreck yesterday afternoon, there is hope that the warship may be saved.

Yesterday morning when the tide ebbed the big cruiser was left a sorry looking mass due to the mistake by her navigating officer, who is said to have mistaken the spar buoy off the Village Point reef for the pile beacon on the other side of the channel, off Base Flats, and swinging the cruiser to clear the reef, he not only succeeded in doing so, but got her well on the shoal. She ran up on Village Point to the northward side, well inside the reef.

When the tide fell yesterday it left her dry from amidships forward, holding fast on the rocks. She was fully half out of water and lying on practically an even keel at a steep angle. She does not move with the rise and fall of the tide. When the tide rises—there is a rise of twelve feet in five hours in Baynes Sound—the water submerges her abaft of her funnels, the stern quarters being ten feet below the surface.

When the vessel struck on the rock it was high water. She crashed on with a shock, which awakened those of the officers and crew who were asleep. Some of the officers had a narrow escape, the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Salisbury, having a very close call. The men forward did not suffer as no water reached their quarters. Rev. Mr. Salisbury was almost drowned before he could clamber out and up the companion way in his night cloths. There were several other similar narrow escapes. Many clambered out through the flooding wardroom and alleyway, the companion, some with their trousers in their hands, but all scrambled up the companions and up the now inclined deck to safety.

They are now living in tents on shore, and will take up quarters on the flagship Grafton on her arrival to-day. The crew were working hard all day yesterday, continuing to take out the coal, gear and stores. The guns and ammunition were also being stripped from the vessel, in fact she was being thoroughly cleared, everything being taken out possible to lighten her.

As a peculiar coincidence, it is remarked that the wreck of the Flora occurred on the same day when H. M. S. Condor rounded Race Rocks, and ran into the heavy gale in which the vessel was foundered off Cape Flattery, and the steamers Matteawan, which was bound out from Nanaimo for San Francisco with coal, was lost.

The Flora was to have brought the new Commodore of this station to Esquimalt, it having been arranged that she was to proceed from Esquimalt to Vancouver on Friday next to bring Commodore Goodrich to Esquimalt to relieve Rear Admiral Bickford, C.M.G., who leaves for England on the 14th inst.

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

Deposit of Five Million Dollars Said To Have Been Put Up.

Ottawa, Dec. 4.—The announcement was made from Montreal to-day that the Grand Trunk Pacific promoters have deposited the necessary five million dollars as a guarantee of good faith. In official circles, however, this is denied. It is stated that before any deposit is made certain modifications in the contract will have to be made. Such modifications can only be effected by Parliament.

DOMINION ELECTIONS.

If we may judge from events taking place it will not be very long before the Dominion elections will be called. There are now twenty additional linotypes at Ottawa getting out the Dominion voters lists.

CHARGED WITH BIGAMY.

Calgary, Dec. 4.—T. F. Hersch, an Ottawa man, is under arrest on a charge of bigamy. A warrant was sworn out by Mrs. Hersch, an employee of the steam laundry here. She says she was married to him last November in Ottawa, and afterwards learned that he had preivously been married to Miss Noran at Rochester.

HERBERT SPENCER ILL.

London, Dec. 5.—A bulletin issued here to-night states that the condition of Herbert Spencer, the famous writer, who has been ill for some time, is causing great anxiety.

MINING.

Cowichan has long held "Pride of place," as one of the most progressive agricultural districts in British Columbia. The first agricultural association of British Columbia was organized here. One of the first co-operative creameries and the Flockmasters' Association, were also started in Cowichan, and bear witness to its enterprise and initiative. Cowichan can also boast, that it was one of the first districts to be incorporated into a municipality and can point to its roads as being the best and most economically kept roads in British Columbia.

Mining in this district has come to stay, and Mount Sicker bids fair in the near future, to develop into one of the big copper producers of this continent. The village of Duncans in the municipality, is the headquarters of several successful mining companies. The Tyee Copper Company has been working steadily for nearly six years, and has considerably over one mile of underground workings, and has been steadily shipping for more than a year. The Tyee mine has several years' supply of ore in sight, and will increase its output by the New Year to 6,000 tons per month.

The capital of this company is £180,000, in 180,000 shares of £1 each. These shares are now freely dealt in on the London market at £2 5s.; there is a large reserve fund, and quarterly dividends will shortly be paid. The Tyee property consists of about 250 acres of mineral lands, 600 acres of timber lands, aerial tram, with freehold site on the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway at Tyee Station ,and a smelter site of 45 acres at Ladysmith, on which is constructed one of the best and most up-to-date smelters, in this Province. Construction work on the Tyee smelter was commenced on April 17th, 1902, a gravity system being arranged from the receiving bins at the roast yard down to the beach at salt water, so the handling of the ore was reduced to a minimum. Much delay was experienced in the delivery of the smelting machinery owing to strikes in the East, but the plant was started up on December 16th, 1902. The smelter is to the north of the town of Ladysmith, and contains 44 acres of ground. At the roast yard (which is furthest removed from the town) are the receiving bins, capable of holding 1,600 tons of ore. A spur from the main line of the E. & N. Ry. leads to the top of the bins, into which the ore from the mine is dumped from the cars. From the bins the ore is distributed over the roast beds by a series of trestles and travelling bridges where it is roasted before being taken to the smelter. The roast yard consists of 32 roast beds each capable of roasting 300 tons of ore. The roast yard is connected with the smelter by means of a tramway over 2,000 feet in length, with five switches running into the roast beds, each 500 feet long.

At the smelter building is another set of ore bins where the roasted ore is dumped on being brought from the roast yard, and from there is taken to the furnace. To the east of the roasted ore bins is the sampling mill where all custom ores are sampled before going to the smelter. The furnace is 120 inches by 42 inches made by the Allis-Chalmers Co. of Chicago, and everything is in readiness for the installation of another, 160 inches by 42 inches whenever the management deem it advisable. The slag is "shotted" as it comes from the furnace and carried off in a flume 250 feet long. In the power house is a No. 7 Connersville blower and a 125-horsepower Allis-Chalmers Corliss engine for driving the same and the electric light plant. There is also in the power house ample room for future addition or extension.

The assay office and plant are of the latest designs and contain all the appliances necesary for a plant like the Tyee.

The general office has recently been completed, which completes the construction work as originally designed.

Since the furnace was blown in on December 16th, 1902, there has been smelter over 46,000 tons of ore, producing 4,300 tons of matte, valued at $470,000.00. It is well known that the Mount Sicker ore is of a very complex character, but all difficulties were overcome, and it has been successfully smelted.

In addition to the ore of the Tyee mine, the Company has several contracts for custom ores, extending over several years.

It is expected that the large cable for the tramway from the mine will be installed during December, and after that date the furnace will be taxed to its utmost capacity to treat the Tyee ore and the custom ore already referred to.

Next to this comes the Vancouver Island Mining and Development Company, with a capital of £50,000. This company has been formed to develop the mineral resources of the Island, and has just secured through Messrs. Wood & Smith, a two years' option on a large group of the best situated mineral claims on Mount Sicker, and very heavy development work will be started immediately.

The Richard III. Mining Co. with the extremely moderate working capital of $35,000, has been doing a great deal of excellent work. A double compartment shaft has been sunk to the depth of 500 feet, and the same ore body that is being so successfully worked in the adjoining Tyee mine, has been intersected. Altogether some 1,500 feet of work has been done on this property, and the $1.00 shares cannot now be had at under $5.00.

The Lenora mine has been steadily shipping during the year, to the smelter at Crofton, and so the past few months, has seen the erection of two smelters in the Cowichan district, which speaks well for the success of the mining industry. Although a great deal of prospecting has been done during this year, no other ledges of commercial ore have so far been proved, although judging from the various surface samples of rich ore, that have been brought in by prospectors from different parts of the district, other mines should in time be found.

As some details about the mineral-bearing zones and mines in Cowichan may be of interest, an endeavor will be made to give a brief description of them, although within the limited space allowed, it is impossible to do it full justice. Commencing at the Sansum Narrows, near Maple Bay, and running in a westerly direction, a zone of eruptive diorite rocks and schist traversed and overlaid by dykes and flows of diabase rise above the coal measures of the Cowichan basin, a little to the north of the centre of the district and probably extends to the West Coast of Vancouver Island. This zone shows everywhere evidence of mineralization by copper, and it seems hardly probable that nature should have selected Mount Sicker alone to be the depository of her treasure house.

COWICHAN LUMBERING.

The logging industry in this section has not been carried on this season to the extent of other years owing to the depression in the lumber trade, too many logs having been taken out early in the season because prices were good, consequently the market was flooded. Then logs took a great slump; prices went down and left many good loggers in a bad position.

How much longer is our Dominion Government going to sanction and encourage the Americans to flood our Northwest markets with lumber free of duty, and American lumbermen laugh at us and their government charge us a duty of two dollars per thousand feet for all Canadian lumber going into the United States. Is this doing justice for our fair Dominion, and more especially to our own Province of British Columbia? We should say not. What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander.

The Cowichan Lumber Company has only run one camp this year at Cowichan Lake, but since this camp started in June it has gone on, we understand, very satisfactorily, and taken out a very fine lot of logs. I may mention a remark of one of our oldest loggers on this Coast. He said, "I thought I had seen good logs in my time, but I never saw such good logs as I have seen to-day at Cowichan Lake taken out this year by the Cowichan Lumber Company." This will show the quality of timber we have in the Cowichan Valley and through to the West Coast. Through this one of the best railroads in our Province should be run. The survey has been made and we hope soon to see this great work go ahead. Why do we not hear anything about this railroad of late? We hope when our member for Cowichan meets the House he may be able to push this work successfully along.

LUMBERMAN.

GAME, BIG AND SMALL, IN THE COWICHAN DISTRICT.

Having been asked to write a short article on the above, and at the same time being assured that it would be a very easy subject to write about, especially as only a short article is wanted, the writer in a weak moment promised to do so. The great difficulty is to write shortly, and include all game. It would be an easy matter to write a column on any one species of animal, but a hard one to mention all game to be obtained in the Cowichan district and make the remarks short: I will first touch upon the big game.

Black Bear are fairly plentiful in parts of the district, and may be dropped upon occasionally. They are seen and shot in the Cowichan Lake district more frequently than any other part, but are liable to be run across in any part of the district. About ten to fifteen are killed yearly.

Panther, like bear, are fairly plentiful, but seldom seen unless treed by a dog. Most are shot in this way, and as a rule are to be found where there are sheep. They are afraid of man, and no person in the district has ever been known to have been attacked by one. Two years ago, on the Glenora settlement, at one of the farm houses a small child was sitting on the front steps with a dog, when suddenly a panther jumped over the fence, seized the dog, and made off it; the child, however, was not touched. The year previous to this in the same district, an old settler was walking on the main road, when a panther sprang out and seized his small dog. He saved the dog's life by clubbing the panther on the head with a heavy club. The panther made off but was, a few weeks after, found dead, within a 100 yards of the place, with a fractured skull. About a dozen of these animals are yearly brought in to the Government office for the bounty. This year, on Mr. Shearing's farm in South Cowichan, a panther and bear had a hard fight, presumably over a sheep that had been killed by one of them. From the damage done, it was quite easy to tell what had been fighting. It is a pity the fight was not witnessed, as it would have been most interesting to have watched their mode of fighting. I think the betting would be fairly even.

Wolves.—These animals as a rule keep well back from civilization, but during the winter months some come down to the outlying farms. They are very shy and seldom show themselves, but will follow a man, keeping out of sight and howling [illegible] A few years ago Mr. Baylor of Cowichan Lake, who at the time was trapping at the head of the lake, when one day visiting his traps, heard a wolf howl; he answered it. The next moment six wolves were on him. He shot two without putting his rifle to his shoulder, shot another and clubbed a fourth with the butt of his gun—the butt was all chewed to pieces. The rest then made off. The question is, did they know him to be a man, or did they think he was a strange wolf?

Last year a band of about thirty were seen on the Cowichan Lake road—three of which were shot, but only one picked up. There were three men with rifles there at the time; how do you think these wolves would have behaved supposing there had been only one man and he unarmed? I know I should not like to have been in that position.

How is it that wolves do not increase in numbers? They do not appear to. They have no enemies except man, and he kills very few. I think the reason is this: They suffer greatly from mange, which kills numbers, and they are their own enemies. They often get killed in their fights, and also the dog wolf will eat the young ones if he can find them. The she wolf, however, does her best to hide them. Only two or three as a rule are brought in to the Government office during the year.

Wapiti, commonly known here as **Elk.**—These, I think, are the most magnificent of all deer species. A few are to be found in the district—*in certain places*. A friend of mine, who lives in this district and who at one time went in greatly for hunting, and whose word is good, told me that one time when out, he got amongst fourteen bull elk, but never fired a shot at them, the reason being, he was a good long way in, and had a big pack and could not have brought out the heads. That man I call a sportsman; and if every man were like him, there would be a good many more elk than there are, I fancy. There are not, as a rule, more than two heads brought out during the season.

Black Tail Deer, the common deer of Vancouver Island, are numerous and easy to get, if a man knows anything about hunting, but as a rule it means a day's work. I have heard some men on some occasions, who have come up for a day or two's hunting and gone away without a deer, slanging the district and saying that they were told there were lots of deer, but they found there were none, etc., etc. As a general rule you will find that these men know nothing whatever of hunting. They go crashing through the bush, and if there are two of them, probably keep cooeying to each other, for fear of getting lost, and then they expect to see deer. There is only one way to hunt deer.

(Continued on page two.)

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—OF—

THE OLD WEEKLY ENTERPRISE

DUNCANS, B. C.

HARRY SMITH. - Editor and Owner
THOS. R. CUSACK, - Printer.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5th, 1903.

Old friends, we greet you and wish you a Merry Xmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

One thing we would like to recommend to our law makers is the opening up of the interior of this Island to the prospector by trails so that it may be possible to get some idea of our valuable resources.

A meeting of the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club was held in the Municipal Hall on Saturday last. In another column we give a report of the meeting together with the objects of the club. There is one thing, we understand, the club wants, namely, that every one should pay a gun license. We cannot understand why the farmer who feeds the birds for any who like to come and shoot should do so and pay a license to keep a gun.

Since our last issue many changes have taken place in our district. Very great improvements have been made both in Duncans and the surrounding country. The business in every line has increased and both money and men have come to us, and we venture to say that in the same period of time "in the future" we shall see even a greater increase. We wish to call attention to the Old Timer's reminiscences in another column of this paper. Also "Game Protection" is quite right; his suggestion are very good. The article on Fruits is from one who knows. The Pig on dairy farm is good by "Iam Satis." The Cowichan district is second to none.

American capital is now at work in this district securing timber limits. Well, perhaps it is better to allow Americans to have them than for no one to take interest. Possibly they will do something. Still it seems too bad to give aliens our most valuable heritage. We have got one of the most valuable districts in this Province. Let's try and see it opened up by actual bona fide men who will take an interest in the district, who will cast their lot with ours.

Duncans and the Cowichan District is to-day of great importance in the Province of British Columbia, the resources of the district being so diversified as to make it one of the busiest and most prosperous of any of its size—"it is not small, either." The mines now developed add greatly to the wealth and have made a market for the products of the land, thus increasing the quantities grown and by that induced owners to clear more land, brought better prices, thus giving our citizens a chance to keep up other improvements in the way of buildings, machinery, better stock, etc., etc. Many of the farmers of the district are able to market their crops in large quantities, such as fruit, potatoes, hay and grain, many carloads of which are shipped from here every season. Besides the above the lumbering industry is of great importance. We have one of the largest and best equipped sawmills on the Pacific Coast that is kept going steadily the whole year round and ships shipload after shipload to all parts of the world; besides several smaller mills which are kept running steadily by the local demand for lumber. Our forests are as fine as can be found in any part of the globe and are so extensive that for many years to come this industry will advance in this district. A most important industry in the new town of Crofton is that of the smelter, where not only the ore from some of our local mines are treated, but ores from many other localities are brought and handled. This industry alone is one of very great importance to this part of this great Province and bids fair to grow to greater proportions in the future. There is still hundreds of acres of good land only waiting the hardy settler to take it and make it a part of the producing fields of this fair district. Nor are the settlers wanting, for almost every week sees some new resident added to our thriving community, and be it said, that we have with all these vast resources as fine a lot of residential citizens as any community in the world. Truly it is a place where any one might be proud to live.

DUNCANS.

Slowly but steadily this thriving little town is going ahead. Only a few years ago it was nothing but a small village with a blacksmith's shop and one store, and now it boasts no less than fourteen thriving business firms, four grocery and general stores, one meat market, one boot and shoe shop, one livery stable, one steam laundry, one blacksmith shop, one bakery, one wagon repair shop, one carriage, wagon and harness shop, one tinsmith and metal worker shop, one feed mill, three hotels and a creamery. These different businesses are prosperous and progressive. The creamery turns out the best butter in the Province and is a credit to the farmers of the district. The hotels are models of comfort and are much appreciated by the many guests who daily accept their hospitality. With all our business and the many nice homes, etc., we are somewhat behind in several very much needed improvements, i.e., sidewalks. It is certainly a shame in so thriving a community as this that at the rainy season of the year our wives, mothers, daughters, sisters and sweethearts should have to wade through mud and water up to their ankles in the middle of the streets if they wish to go to the store, church, post office or elsewhere, and looks to us as if we cared but little for the comfort of the gentle sex. Now, we think it is the business of the Reeve and Council of this municipality to at once remedy this very muddy state of affairs. A walk on one side of certain streets would accommodate almost every family in the town and also allow the ladies who come to town to get around to various places they wish to visit without having to paddle through the mud and water. This could be done at a very small cost and should be done at once. If the general funds of this municipality are not sufficient to do this, then a special tax should be levied to do it. If the taxes of Duncans now paid to the municipality don't warrant the Council taking it from the general fund they should know how to go about it to get the money—but get it. Another thing: the main or Station Street should be properly graded and made uniform the whole length. For instance, when raining it would be almost impossible for any one to get in the Odd Fellows' Hall without rubber boots. No, this is not right and should be attended to. Every business man should have an equal chance. This place in summer is one of the prettiest little towns on the Pacific Coast. Let's make it so all the year round. It can be done, and every person in the district will feel the benefit of it directly or indirectly. "It's up to the people."

GAME, BIG AND SMALL, IN THE COWICHAN DISTRICT.

(Continued from page one.)

When you start to hunt, go slowly, quietly, and keep your eyes open. Don't try to cover seven or eight miles of ground; two or three is quite enough. It is hard to estimate the number killed during the season, but two or three hundred must be shot if those that are killed by Indians are included.

Beaver.—These animals are not so numerous as they used to be, but are to be found and trapped around some of the lakes. A few are killed yearly at Somenos Lake within a mile of Duncans.

Otter.—There are a few of these to be found in the district lakes and streams and an occasional one is trapped.

Pheasants.—These birds were first introduced in this district about eleven years ago, a few being hatched and turned out in several places. Now they are numerous, and the cock birds are allowed to be shot, the hens being protected. The Cowichan Valley is an ideal home for them, there being plenty of food and splendid cover. They have done so well, that some of the farmers are complaining about them, and would like the Act amended so as to allow the hens to be shot. Personally I think if hens were allowed to be shot, they would soon be exterminated, as the hen is a much easier bird to be shot than the cock, sitting closer and not being nearly so wild. If any alteration in the Act is made in this respect, the open season for hens should not be more than fourteen days in the year. I estimate that about two thousand pheasants have been shot this season, and there still appear to be plenty left. Pheasants during cold weather with deep snow require to be fed; they can stand the cold, but cannot stand the deep snow. During weather of this kind, I always scatter grain about my place for their benefit, and during the winter there are always birds right up to the house. I suggest that others do likewise.

Blue Grouse are the natural game of the country, and are to be shot in numbers in different parts of the district. Some people claim there are not as many as there used to be, which is correct as far as the more populated parts of the district are concerned, but there appear to be as many as ever in South Cowichan and south of Shawnigan, and on many of the hills. Personally I have shot more blue grouse this year than any of the seventeen years I have been in the Province. Some men shot 25 to 30 birds on the 1st of September. About the second week in September they all go back to the higher mountains, and unless you go up there, nothing more is seen of them until spring—when they come down to breed.

Willow Grouse.—The best flavored bird in the Province, and the hardest to shoot, (unless they tree). They have this unfortunate habit, and get potted off in consequence. If they could get over this failing, I don't think there would be so many killed as there are. I know of no bird that starts his flight at such a pace, or takes better advantage of cover when on the wing. These birds have certainly decreased in numbers in this district. But what can be expected when birds tree, and almost every man and boy carries a gun? I think it is perfectly safe to say, that to-day compared with ten years ago, five times the number of guns are out. Some people put the decrease down to pheasants driving them away. This I do not agree with. How many pheasants do you think would be left in the district, if hens as well as cocks, were allowed to be shot, and they, treed? I have shot thirty brace so far this season and I am quite content.

Mountain Quail—In my opinion the handsomest native bird of the Province. Pretty shooting, and delicious eating. I know of quite a number of covies this year. They appear to stick to the same locality and nest in the same place year after year. They can stand the winter all right.

California Quail.—There are a few of these birds, but not many. I know of about six covies this year. I cannot account for the reason they do so well near Victoria and in Saanich, where some seasons they are in hundreds and never seem to increase in this district. You see about the same sized covey in the same place every year, but they never seem to increase. How is it? I put it down to the snow lying deeper in this district. These birds cannot stand deep snow; it kills them right off.

Snipe.—This bird, I imagine, must be a favorite of cartridge manufacturers, because if you get amongst a few of them, as a rule a good deal of powder is burnt—which, of course, helps trade. These birds come in some times in fair numbers, and occasionally a good bag is made. They are in to-day and gone to-morrow. There is no certainty of finding snipe. You run across them some times on most unlikely places—I once flushed one on top of a hill out of a bracken in a dry place.

Wild Duck.—This article of mine is getting far too long, so it is utterly impossible to write up all the different species of duck and geese. Ducks are fairly plentiful, and as a rule you can depend on getting one or two any time you go out. Some times the flight shooting is very good on some of the lakes and at the mouths of some of the rivers—but it is certainly not as good as it was fifteen years ago. For the simple reason that they are never given a rest. Since Indians can now get a market for them, they are out morning, noon and night, potting away. Cowichan Flats, where at one time good bags could nearly always be got, is not worth while going to. Of course, occasionally there you may strike a good day—but very seldom. The best bag of ducks I know of last year, [illegible] had to stop from want of cartridges. Speaking generally on the shooting of the district, I think it can be called distinctly good, and any man that can hold straight, can make a large mixed bag during the season, and one not to be ashamed of. There are some men in the district that can account for four or five hundred head in the season, and if all the smaller bags were added to this, I think the grand total of game shot in Cowichan District would astonish everyone.

I will now close this article, which I am afraid is getting prosy, with a few hints to lovers of the gun.

Always shoot a hawk when you get a chance.

Blue jays and crows are good birds to shoot, especially the latter, which are increasing rapidly in numbers, and are very destructive to nests and young game birds.

Recently three blue grouse nests within 75 yards of my house were destroyed by crows, every egg being sucked. If every man that shoots would spend two-bits a year on cartridges to kill crows, the result would be good.

Always shoot every cat you see in the bush, even if it is your neighbor's. It is an easy matter for him to get another, and perhaps the next will stay at home and not be a hunter. One cat in the nesting season, if it be a hunter, will kill as many birds as you will shoot during the season. Perhaps the remark to this may be: How about it, if the cat happens to be your own? My reply is: Shoot it. I prefer to have game around my house in preference to a cat.

One last suggestion before closing: Why not form a "Cowichan District Gun Club?" It would be a good thing to do for more reasons than one.

The people of the district that rear and feed the game surely ought to have as much say and attention paid them as the Victoria Gun Club, most of whose members, I am informed, only do the shooting part.

GAME PROTECTIONIST.

Duncans, B.C., Nov. 20, 1903.

FRUITS.

There are large areas of land in Cowichan District particularly well adapted to the growing of fruit. This has been amply demonstrated over a number of years and is evidenced every year in the magnificent displays of fruit of various sorts and varieties, made at the exhibitions of the Cowichan Agricultural Association at Duncan, at Victoria, New Westminster and elsewhere. The history of fruit growing in Cowichan is similar to that of nearly all famous fruit districts—and implies the testing by individuals of most of the well-known varieties of apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, strawberries, raspberries and other small fruits.

Of the numberless varieties tested, a limited quantity are found to be specially well suited to the prevailing conditions of soil and climate. The commercial area of the fruit industry may now be considered at hand, and its future will consist in the planting of comparatively large areas in these well tested sorts, and their cultivation by individuals who will make a specialty of fruit growing and marketing, the keynotes of success in growing being constant cultivation of the soil, and in marketing, the shipping of well packed fruit in car-load lots.

The following list of varieties is given as generally suitable, but wherever possible local experience should also be careful y considered in the selection made. Varieties known to be subject to fungous diseases, whatever their other qualities may be, should not be included in a commercial orchard:

Apples.—Duchess of Oldenburg, Wealthy (fall), King of Tompkins, Jonathan (late fall and early winter), Belle de Boskoop, Red Checked Pippin, Salome (winter).

Pears.—Bartlett, Beurre Boussock, Beurre Clairgeau.

Plums.— Peach Plum, Monarch, Pond's Seedling, Hungarian Prune.

Cherries.—English Morells, Late Duke, Olivet, Belle Magnifique.

Crab Apples.—Hyslop.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD-TIMER.

Editor "Enterprise."

Dear Sir,—If any of your numerous readers of the present day will go back with me to the year 1862 and note the changes that have taken place in the district it would fill a good-sized book, not to mention the columns of a newspaper. The rush to the gold fields of Cariboo took place that year, which brought a great number of immigrants from all parts of the world, chiefly from California, England, Australia and New Zealand. Notwithstanding the old miners were a fever heat to get to the mines, there were a few that wanted land, and their attention was drawn to the District of Cowichan. Mr. Jno. Humphreys, an old Hudson's Bay employee, was the first to settle here, also Father Rondou, a Roman Catholic priest. Mr. P. Brenan, Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Mooney and perhaps one or two others were in Cowichan before 1862. In the month of July or August of this year H. M. gunboat Hecate brought up about one hundred and twenty settlers, mostly young men in the prime of life. They took up land in all parts of the district, building log cabins, clearing and fencing land, planting potatoes and other crops, making roads and building wharves for the Victoria steamer to land passengers and mails, also provisions for the settlers. These and other improvements occupied the time of the newcomers. Time went on and so did your humble servant get on to the steamer Sir James Douglas in Victoria bound for Maple Bay in the month of May, 1872.

Landing at Maple Bay that year you would find Mr. Wm. Beaumont, the proprietor of the hotel, store, wharf and post master of all that district which comprises glorious old Maple Bay. There never was but one Maple Bay and that was Beaumont's Maple Bay. And there never was but one black bottle that contained the real old stingo, "Oh-be-joyful" itself, and that was Beaumont's black bottle. "Oh, boys, oh, boys," we were young and foolish in those days. The times we've had around that old steamboat landing putting those wild cattle on board the steamer; but first of all getting them there to Maple Bay, wet with sweat and not a dry rag on our backs. The old wharf was very narrow with a very high toll to pay, and upon one occasion a resident now of Somenos got into a very tight place so that he preferred embracing four fathoms of salt water than the long horns of an infuriated steer, and clung to the piles until rescued. The passengers on board paid the greatest of respect to our wild cattle. They gave them the whole street, sidewalk and all, and I was going to say took to the upper deck, but there was no upper deck to take to on some of the steamships, so they took to the lower regions instead. Drinkwater Bros.' and Inwood and Jordan's cattle were among the worst—six and seven year old steers that had lived all their lives among bears and wolves, and when they got to Maple Bay and got a sniff of civilization, they were right square on the warpath.

The steamer came up from Victoria once a week (Tuesdays' and returned on Saturdays. I think she went as far as Comox, calling at all way ports with the mails and passengers. In the winter time it would be near dark before we got away from Maple Bay and the poor old oxen we had in those days would have to travel home on the double quick. The boat was due at Maple Bay about two o'clock coming from Victoria on the Tuesday trip and earlier when she came back from Nanaimo, so we had plenty of time to pay attention to the old black bottle and take a reef in the anchor, and splice the main brace. The deeds done and the hairbreadth escapes while under its influence. The South African war was not in it, and I am sure no South African general would dare attempt to perform the same. After all these good times in early days, the newcomer will have the audacity to tell us old pioneers what great things the railway has done for us. How it has enhanced the value of our property; got us in touch with the outside world; brought in capital and improved our condition in a thousand and one different ways. Newcomers may be right, Mr. Editor, but it always hard to forget Auld Lang Syne.

A word or two about agricultural implements and machinery. The first wagon in the district was owned by the Drinkwater Brothers and came here shortly after locating in 1862. First buggy—Rev. D. Holmes, about 1874 or '75. First mowing machine—Richardson, Chemainus; T. Williams, Cowichan Flats. The first one to travel and cut around the district—James Keir about 1874. First threshing machine (tread power)—Richardson, Chemainus. It afterwards passed into the hands of James Kier, Somenos. Mr. Kier travelled it around for several years and did the threshing; commenced travelling with it about 1874. First Chinamen in the district—Rev. D. Holmes and D. Evans. Both Chinamen went crazy and had to be sent away. This occurred about 1875.

Churches of the District.

The first church in the district was Roman Catholic, Comiaken, Father Rondou, pastor. About 1863 or '64 the Episcopal Church was erected on Somenos Lake, also the Maple Bay Methodist Church was built about this time—both of logs. The Rev. Garrett was the English minister, and Rev. Derrick the Methodist minister. They used to come up occasionally. Both ministers lived around Victoria and very often would have to come by canoe, as steamers only came when they felt like it or once a month.

The First Marriage in the District.

No doubt was that of Mr. Chisholm, of Maple Bay. It happened so long ago that the oldest inhabitants have forgotten the date, so we make a guess and call it 1864. Mr. W. Drinkwater next, and Mr. Lomas in 1868.

The First White Baby in the District.

Here again we find a little difficulty. Mr. Beaumont, of Maple Bay, has something to say about babies pretty early in the history of Cowichan; also Peter Boudot, but we do know that the late Willie Lomas was born January, 1869. Some years Mr. W. Beaumont had an announcement in the birth columns of the Victoria Standard newspaper thus: "At Maple Bay, the wife of W. Beaumont of a son. In the spiritual way."

Mr. Beaumont being a Spiritualist, it caused a good deal of amusement at the time. In our childhood days we were told of ghosts and spirits coming down the chimney, but a most unlikely route for a baby to take in landing itself upon this stage of action. Time went on, when one morning we were startled by the announcement that Mrs. David Alexander had presented her husband with twin babies (girls). This happened about 22 years ago. It was some time after the completion of the E. & N. Ry. that babies arrived in the district weekly.

Schools of the District.

The first school was held in the old log church near Somenos Lake, not very far from the residence of Mr. Noreross, on what is now Mr. Freeman's property. The late Mr. Lomas was the first teacher. Children of school age were not numerous in those days; only the children of three families attended—the Kiers, Bells and Andersons. Another of the old pioneer school houses was located opposite the old court house near the residence of Mr. Morley. A few years later school was kept anywhere and everywhere wherever an empty building could be found and children to attend—Methodist Church, Maple Bay, Agricultural Hall, Maple Bay, Mr. J. Tralton's log cabin; also a log cabin above Cowichan wharf near Mr. Leakey's, and other places. Among the early teachers were W. Lomas, A. Dodds, R. Clemitson, Rogers, Cobble Hill. The teachers had to teach two schools; for instance, one day at Maple Bay, next day at Tarlton's, so the children attended only every other day. After a time the Government commenced building our present school houses. One of the first was the Maple Bay school house, perhaps built about 1875 or '76.

Agricultural Society.

The Cowichan, Chemainus and Salt Spring Island Agricultural Society was established at Maple Bay about 1868-9. Its first president was the late Mr. W. Lomas. The show was held here for a number of years. It must be remembered that the people of Salt Spring captured a greater number of the prizes in those days; also, a steamer would come from Victoria on show days loaded down with passengers, calling at Burgoyne Bay, Salt Spring Island, to bring along the passengers and exhibits. These had to be placed in the hall after the arrival of the boat and before judging commenced. Our Victoria friends greatly helped the gate receipts. About sixteen years ago the agricultural show was moved to Duncans.

Cowichan Debating Society.

The Cowichan Debating Society was started at the Mission House, Quamichan, about 1869 or '70 to pass away the long winter evenings. Archdeacon Reese took a prominent part in the proceedings. Nearly all the young men in the district were members, namely, A. Dodds, Smythe, Sollitt, Duncan, Edward and Henry Marriner, David and J. N. Evans, Lomas, Wing, Lappidge and others. It continued until about 1878, then disbanded, the municipality of the present day dispensing good cheer to the boys out of an old black bottle which contained whiskey, rum, brandy, gin, etc., or at least it was supposed to contain all the good qualities of the above.

The roads leading to Maple Bay in those days were located nearly along the same route as we find them today, not very good, certainly, but much better than those leading to Cariboo in early days. One traveller on the Cariboo Road nailed up on a tree the following notice:

"This road is not passable;
Not even jackass-able;
And those who will travel it
Must turn out and gravel it."

The people of Cowichan were following the above advice, as there were two Government road parties at work, Mr. W. C. Duncan had charge of the one and Mr. Miller, of Chemainus, the other. Both are still alive and hearty old pioneers. Our roads were greatly improved that summer and shortly afterwards became passable wagon roads. I was not long in the district before I found out that women and tablecloths were here ahead of me. In other parts of B. C. I was ahead of them. They certainly were not very numerous. There were five mothers that had marriageable daughters, namely, Mrs. Fry, Chemainus; Mrs. Kier and Mrs. Bell, of Somenos; Mrs. Alexander, Quamichan, and Mrs. Skinner, Maple Bay.

Now, looking back upon the last thirty years, what do we find at the present day? A railway running through the centre of the district

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with telegraph and telephone lines connecting us with all parts of British Columbia and the outside world. Our trails have been converted to good wagon roads. The oxen and sleigh have given place to the Cyldesdale and general purpose horse and the four-inch tire wagon; also the up-to-date roadster and rubber tired buggy. Our farms have gone to the front from a little log shanty and a small log barn to a commodious two storey frame house and the requisite farm buildings. Our fields have been cleared of stumps and greatly enlarged in size and numbers. The unsightly zig-zag fence has given place to the neat cedar post and board fence. Our creamery has replaced the old-fashion setting pan and skimming dish and has relieved the housewife of never-ceasing toil and worry, and has given us the very best article in butter.

Then take all the modern machinery of the farm they have got here during the last twenty years. Then look at our churches of the various denominations and our school houses every two or three miles all over the district. **Take a look at our present Agricultural Hall with its five acres of show grounds and sheds. Take a peep at** our thoroughbred shorthorns and Jerseys, our Southdown and Shropshire sheep and Berkshire pigs, Clydesdale and Percheron horses, and say we are not progressing. Have a look at the thriving town of Duncans, which twenty years ago was one of the most densely timbered spots perhaps in British Columbia. It has given place to a railway station, two of our hotels costing ten thousand dollars each, with half a dozen stores, court house, school house, churches of all denom*inations, agricultural* hall, council chambers, library building, steam laundry, drug store, etc., etc., with fine residences inhabited by liberty-loving, law-abiding and progressive citizens.

Take a look at Chemainus twenty years ago. It boasted of tumble-down wharf and a little up and down sawmill run by water power with one white man and two Indians. Compare it with the immense sawmill of to-day, costing with its equipment in the neighborhood of half a million dollars. Have a look at the vessels lying at anchor in the harbor awaiting to carry our *lumber to all parts* of the world. Take a peep at the company's monthly payroll and see the thousands of dollars paid out to its employees. See the up-to-date hospital erected for the relief of suffering humanity; also its contented and prosperous townspeople, and say we are not progressing.

Have a look at the new smelter town of Crofton, which until very recently was only a second-class small ing with its powerful and costly machinery reducing the ores from the celebrated Mt. Sicker copper mines and other points along the Pacific Coast. Jump the ore cars of the Lenora & Mt. Sicker Railway and visit the copper mines of Mt. Sicker. Here you will find the celebrated Lenora, Tyee, Key City, Richard III. and a score of other mines that have lately astonished the mining world.

This portion of the district until very recently was only known as the hunting grounds of our Indians, now teems with activity, a beehive of industry with all modern mining appliances and run by twentieth century machinery; also its four miles of aerial tramways, and say we are *not progressing. Visit our lumber* camps at Cowichan Lake where you will see the finest timber in America. Here also the work oxen have given place to the powerful donkey engine and steel wire cable in getting the logs out of the woods into the lake. Take a drive along the good smooth roads in that part of the district south of the Cowichan River and at every town you will see comfortable homes and evidences of progress and prosperity on every hand. Attend our churches on the Sabbath and see the spacious building with its fine organ and the number of well-clad people attending and compare it with the little log building and the handful of pioneers of early days.

Have a look at our excellent non-sectarian free public schools of which every British Columbian is proud. **See the comfortable school house with its well-kept and spacious play** ground and our children taught by high grade certificated teachers assisted by all the modern appliances for imparting knowledge, and compare them with those log cabins of early days scattered here and there where the children would be taught only two or three days a week. And lastly, visit our homes on a winter evening. Here you will find the greatest of all the improvements. The whiskey bottle has given way to the baby bottle; the mirth of the children or the sweet sound of the piano or organ; and compare it with the little log cabin in the woods of early days with the solitary bachelor within and the whistling winds without. Yes, Mr. Editor, we are progressing.

Tranking you for space. Yours,

OLD TIMER.

Duncans, November, 1903.

The Chemainus people held their annual hospital ball a short time ago and report it a grand success. Quite a large number of Duncanites attended. The E. & N. ran a special for the accommodation of the public. Everyone reported an enjoyable time and look forward to next year's fete.

LOCAL NEWS.

We are making extra preparations for a bumper Christmas trade. In addition to our large selection of toys and notions already arrived we are receiving a large consignment of enamel and fancy chinaware and other useful range of goods. W. P. Jaynes, established 1878.

How about those mud holes.

Potts' new grocery is next to the blacksmith shop. Give it a call.

Jack, the Barber, understands his business all right.

Say, why don't you put on a clean collar? You know the laundry is here.

Say! Don't worry. It makes you look old; and old looks are not always beautiful.

When you see your friends going to have a smile, smile, but don't butt in. Go away back and sit down.

Anderson is an up-to-date man at his business and a good addition to the town.

Notice.—The party who took the bound copy of the Weekly Enterprise from Wood & Smith's office will confer a favor by returning same.

If you want Strawberry Jam that is made from strawberries, ask your grocer for the Cowichan Brand, grown and manufactured by Arthur Robinson.

Wife—Have you said anything about the waterworks we were to have.

Husband—No, but I have spoken of the waterworks we have now—ponds in the street.

Why send your watches and clocks away from home for repairs when they can be done at home by a competent watchmaker of over twenty years' experience? Next time you want work done in this line call on R. B. Anderson, Odd Fellows' Block, who will do your work promptly and with satisfaction.

Boys may be boys as long as they wear our "Non Rip Boots," stocked in all sizes. Something new and worth seeing. Step in and look them over. You may not be needing a pair just now, but the next pair you buy will be from THE CASH STORE. If **you don't buy boots, you will see something you need and you may be certain that you are getting full value for your money and no bill to follow later on, if you trade at THE CASH STORE.**

Maple Lodge No. 15, K. of P., was organized on November 28th, 1892, by J. M. Hughes, grand chancellor, assisted by a number of Victoria members. It has given ten anniversary entertainments, the proceeds of which have been given to benevolent purposes. R. S. Henderson is our present Chancellor Commander, and J. N. Evans, M.P.P., Deputy Grand Chancellor.

The business of C. Dobson, established in 1893, for building and repairing carriages, wagons, etc., has from time to time been extended by adding new lines until it is now carried on in a two storey building 40 by 80 feet, and comprises in addition to the original carriage and wagon business a full line of Agricultural Implements and Harvesting Machinery, Double and Single Harness both for light driving and heavy team work, and everything required in a stable. Anyone requiring anything in these lines can not do better than call and inspect his stock before purchasing. Although the sale of new work has grown to such an extent, just as much care and attention is given to *repairs as formerly, and a full stock* of Hardwood Lumber, Wheels, Shafts, Springs and Axles, Tops and Trimmings and everything required in a carriage shop always on hand.

SIDEWALKS.

Sidewalks have now been laid along each side of Joan Avenue up to Mr. Dyke's store on the one side, and the post office on the other. Only those who have lived in Crofton during the past few months can tell what a boon they are.

ACCIDENTS.

A number of accidents have occurred in the district during the past year. One of the most serious was that of Mr. and Mrs. Corfield who were thrown from their buggy in a runaway. They were badly bruised and shaken up, but both have fairly well recovered. A very severe accident was that of Mrs. R. Wicks. She was kicked by a vicious horse in a runaway and has lain for over six months an invalid from the effects. Another serious accident was that of Frank Lloyd, who jumped from one of the Lenora trains. Besides a broken arm he was cut and bruised about the head. He is, however, doing well and will soon be able to be at work again. The only fatal accident and the very saddest of all was that by which poor Frank Cloutier lost his life, a tree falling across his wagon, striking him and killing him instantly.

DUNCANS EMPORIUM.

We have a large stock of Choice Groceries in all lines on hand all the time, and turning out large quantities as we do our goods are always fresh and new.

Our customers receive every attention possible and orders sent us are filled promptly and carefully.

Our prices are lower than the city merchants on many things, and we guarantee perfect satisfaction.

We are headquarters for Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Men's Mackinaw Coats and Gents' Furnishings.

Pitt & Peterson.

DUNCANS' POPULATION.

What is the population of Duncans? is a question frequently asked and never accurately answered, for the progressive little unincorporated town fades so gradually and gracefully away into the beautiful valley of the Cowichan, that it is impossible to tell where the urban "leaves off" and the suburban begins, and the suburban blends imperceptibly into rural quietude, beauty and picturesqueness. Resources are at our door which justify the expectation that we will progress steadily until we have an important town if not a city in the near future. Mount Sicker, only three miles north, is already exceeding our expectations — which were considerable ones. Prospectors arrive at frequent intervals from the mountains to the immediate south and west of us and from Salt Spring Island to the east, with mineral specimens which prove conclusively that we are encircled by a mineral zone of great possibilities and probabilities.

The forest, sombre and silent, extends practically unbroken for fifty miles inland and is mainly tributary to the Cowichan Valley, ere many years elapse it must become the scene of active lumbering operations which will furnish employment for a thousand or more big-hearted, sturdy woodmen. Our agricultural and other resources will, I have no doubt, be dealt with in this issue by some one more competent than I to do so. Our climate for nine months in the year cannot be excelled. During the remaining three months we have occasional showers, with showers in between, and in November and December a supplement is issued. We are entirely free from the cold winds **which at times make life a burden to the inhabitants of less important cities to the south of us and if any fault could be found with the balmy breezes with which we are favored** it would be that they were more conducive to langour than energy. Wild-eyed, turbulent individuals have arrived here with a whoop and remained to whisper and would soon be found lined peacefully up at the depot with millionaires and others who had not yet staked mineral claims, awaiting the event of the day—the arrival of the train from the Capital.

Duncans is seen at its best at about that time of day, for it is then that the male inhabitants linger around and in easy attitudes discuss the complex problems of state which are from time to time submitted to them for adjustment, or in the absence of weighty *affairs, discuss absent* citizen. The Alaska award was shelved, for discussion developed the fact that none had read the treaty and those who took the decision most to heart were found to have received their inspiration from some vocal warrior or fierce scribe of the class that is bellicose in times of peace and rheumatic when trouble begins. Mighty deeds have been accomplished on the platform of our little old depot. Railways have been subsidized and constructed to various points on the Island to enhance the value of pulpwood concessions, iron *mines and other properties. Mou*ntains have been levelled along the route and converted into vast areas of rich agricultural land, but notwithstanding our large and small ideas, nowhere in this wide world will be found better comrades, better **friends, nor more honorable gentle**men than those who have made Duncans or its vicinity their homes, and who are effectively exerting themselves to bring our little town and our beautiful valley to the fore, and they are going to succeed.

No, it wasn't the Boston tea party. It was a birthday party. Say, I don't like birthday parties, especially if they are twins.

GOOD OLD COWICHAN.

"Good old Cowichan!" exclaimed a young man, as he sprang from the train to the platform at Duncans Station one morning last summer. He said it with an emphasis which brought a smile to many faces, but the sentiment found an echo in every heart.

The young man had been away for several months—back "home" to see his parents. Perhaps, yielding to their prayers, he had tried to settle down to the old conventional life; but it would not do, so, in spite of the renewed pang of parting, he turned from the scenes of his childhood and came back to "Good old Cowichan." Does it seem surprising? Take your stand by his side as he utters the words; look round on the crowd—all happy, contented, prosperous—none of the seamy side of existence to be seen here, which, alas, is too much in evidence in any promiscuous gathering in the old world! Raise your eyes a little and let them wander over this village of Duncans, with its broad, well kept streets, its hundred or so of substantial neatly painted houses—some of them, indeed, handsome residences—its grand maples upbearing their billows of verdure, as pleasant and peaceful a sight as any sweet village nestling amid its ancient sycamores in rural England. Let your gaze wander further afield to the smiling landscape around, until it reaches the distant mountains clothes to the summit with magnificent timber—the mighty rampart which shelters us on every hand, except to the south, where a branch of the valley runs smoothly to the bay. You good people at "home" read with a shudder of the terrible tornados, the overwhelming blizzards which sweep the vast plains to the east of the Rockies, but even in your favored Isle there are heavier gales, severer snowstorms than visit this **sheltered valley. Sometimes in sum**mer the distant thunder may be heard rolling along some mountain tops, but it never bursts with terrifying crash overhead; no lightning flash was ever known to strike man or beast or building, or even towering tree in the midst of these smiling farms.

Then the glorious future of this young land! Those mountains are vast storehouses of metals; those forests contain untold millions of feet of the finest timber in the world; the waters of the Pacific, a few miles away, teem with countless shoals of fish; the earth under your feet is of unsurpassed fertility.

Cowichan is certainly old—as time is reckoned here—old enough to have lost that rough, unkempt, slovenly look which, even in the midst of the grandest scenery, affects one like an unpleasant taste in the mouth; old enough to have left behind that first strenuous fight with nature which leaves scars as lovely as those of a recent battlefield; old enough to have time for the amenities, the graces of life. There to the right, where that tall flagstaff rises, is the chamber where sits the Council of the oldest municipality in the Province—it is just thirty years since it received its charter. The people will tell you with justifiable pride that they have eighty miles of the best road on the Pacific Coast; that no community is so lightly taxed, and that they have not a cent of debt. No Councillor was ever accused of taking office to serve his own ends; good men and true are al**ways ready to devote time and thought to the weal of their fellows. Think what a testimonial this is to the character of the inhabitants, for,** as some wise old philosopher or statesman once said, "A people are always as well governed as they deserve to be."

Turn to the left. That large building, standing in its none too spacious grounds, is the Agricultural Hall—the property of the oldest association in British Columbia. If you are here at the end of September, when the annual show is held, you must look into that hall to find fruits, roots, vegetables, such as you never saw equalled in the old world. In the grounds, too, you will see pedigree stock of which no farmer need feel ashamed. Certainly Cowichan is old!

A few yards beyond the hall flows the Cowichan River, nearing its home in the bay after its twenty-five mile course from the twenty-five mile long Cowichan Lake—river and lake world famous for their trout. You, who so often tell the story of landing that three-pound speckled beauty over which you had given and again cast every likely and unlikely fly in your book, come out here, and when you have, with your six-ounce rod, captured a score or two of these leviathans of their tribe—fellows which will tip the scale at six, eight, ten pounds—then you will have some tales to tell your grandchildren. If you are here in the fall, take your gun and rifle along, for on the lake are canvas back, mallard and a dozen varieties of duck. Then penetrate the virgin forest at the head of the lake—if you are a lover of fine timber, take a tape line with you; it must not be less than forty feet to gird some of those splendid specimens of cedar and Douglas fir. In some open glade you may come across a herd of elk, and if you are a good shot you may bag the lordly bull which leads it—a monster of twelve or fifteen hundred-weight, antlers with a stretch of six or eight feet from tip to tip. The sight of the ordinary deer will become monotonous. Here, too, you will find the panther, the black bear, the wolf—their skins will look well on your library floor, and to each you can attach a tale.

When you have had your fill of sport you had best go back home, for if you stay through our mild winter, taking in our balls, concerts, social gatherings; through our spring, noting the absence of that dreaded east wing, the rich vegetation bursting forth with almost tropical luxuriance; through our glorious summer, joining one or more of our hundred camping parties on the banks of some clear stream or the wooded shores of some sheltered bay—then indeed you are a gone coon! You may go back and try to pick up the threads of your old life, to fall into line in the old mill-house round—in vain! Like the needle to the pole, you **must** come to "Good old Cowichan!"

JAS. NORCROSS.

COWICHAN CREAMERY ASSOCIATION, LTD.

Balance Sheet, Year Ending 31st October, 1903

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Accounts due the Association	$3,430 25	Capital account	$3,000 00
Building, plant, etc.	3,218 30	Prov. Gov. Loan and interest to date	625 00
Cash on hand and at Bank	944 59	Accounts due patrons	2,269 23
Stock on hand	113 15	Manufacturer's account	1,219 15
		Dividend account, unclaimed balance	83 25
		Profit and loss account balance	537 57
	$7,656 20		$7,656 20

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

To dividend account	$ 180 00	By Bal. from Manufacturing account 1st November, 1902	$1,138 04
To building account (depreciation)	450 00		
To Prov Gov (reducing loan)	150 00		
To bad debts	110 47		
To balance	537 57		
	$1,138 04		$1,138 04

MANUFACTURING ACCOUNT.

To stock on hand Nov. 1st, 1902	$ 26 58	By total sales for year	$29,816 31
To total credit to patrons for cur. yr.	25,872 15	By stock on hand	113 15
To expenses of manufacturer	2,555 58		
To balance	1,219 15		
	$29,929 46		$29,929 46

J. H. WHITTOME, Secretary. A. R. WILSON, Auditor.

Extended Pedigree of the Clydesdale Stallion

ROSARIO (9996).

Brown, foaled May 18, 1892 Bred by James Smith, Pittengarden, Fordoun. Imported September, 1903, and owned by Alex. Galbraith & Son, Janesville, Wis., and Brandon, Man.

Sire Achilles (8410), by Flashwood (3604), by Darnley (222).

Dam, Glitheo Nettie (11036), by Garnet Cross (1662), by Prince Charlie (634), the sire of the champion mare Moss Rose.

2nd dam, Hadijah (5204), is a half sister to the well known Sirdar, sire, Lawer's Baron Pollock (1183) by Newstead (559), winner at the Highland in 1871.

3rd dam, Concetta (6), a noted prize winner of her day, having beaten among others Rosebud, the dam of Moss Rose, in a class for mare and two of her progeny. The produce of Rosebud was Moss Rose, the $5,000 mare, and the $1,500 foal by McFarlane. She was sired by The Earl (862).

4th dam, Kate, by Lochend Champion (448), first prize winner at the Highland Show in 1861.

Rosario has few equals as a prize-winner among other honors won being the following:

1st at the Kincardineshire Show.
Four times first at the Royal Northern Show.
The Falkirk Premium of $500.
The Biggar and Peebless Premium of $500.
The Cupar and North of Fife Premium of $400.
The Berwickshire Premium of $400.
The Teviotdale Premium of $500, on two occasions.

He was also in the Short leet of three for the Glasgow Premium.

Sons of ROSARIO have won first prizes at Stirling, Torphins, Blackburn, Dalkeith, and elsewhere, beating the best sons of the champion HIAWATHA.

At Perth Show in a class of ninety (90) a Rosario colt stood second.

ROSARIO besides being a getter of high class stock has proved remarkably sure every season.

Now owned in this district by

G. T. CORFIELD.

When Visiting Victoria

STOP AT THE

Hotel Victoria.

THIS IS WHAT THE

Cowichan Bakery

HAS TO SAY:

"Don't buy your Xmas stock until you see our Xmas Cakes, Xmas Puddings and Home-made Candy.

Catering a specialty."

J. S. RICHARDSON

PROPRIETOR.

Northwestern Smelting & Refining Co.

BUYERS OF

Gold, Silver and Copper Ores, Mattes, Bullion, Furnace and Cyanide Products.

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Maker and Patentee of the

Celebrated Monarch Acetylene Gas Machines

Also General Worker in Metals, Including

Tin, Brass, Copper, Lead, Galvanized Iron.

BICYCLE AND GUN REPAIRING

Pumps, Piping, Baths, Hot Water Fixtures.

ODD FELLOWS' BLOCK, DUNCANS, B.C.

To Whom it May Concern.

I beg to announce that I have opened a Grocery Business (next to the Blacksmith Shop, Duncans) on the 1st of December, where I shall endeavour, by strict attention to business to merit a share of your patronage.

Yours truly,

S. G. POTTS.

SPECIALLY CURED

HAMS AND BACON

R.P. RITHET & Co LTD

VICTORIA, B.C.

SOLD BY PITT & PETERSON DUNCANS.

Our Work is the Best and Prices are made so as to keep Customers. Try us and be convinced.

This Drummer

is being sent out to solicit for us. He will not take up much of your time, but can tell you all about us in two words—

WE PRINT.

Thos. R. Cusack,

PROVINCE BUILDING,

Victoria, B.C.

IT MUST BE DONE.

He stands alone by the water's edge,
With pale and anguished brow,
And shudders as he murmurs low;
"It must be done, and now."

He looks into those icy depths,
With wildly starting eye;
And from his panting breast there breaks
A deep and bitter sigh.

Through all his tense and rigid frame
Great thrills of horror run;
And once again he murmers hoarse:
"It must and shall be done."

His mind's made up. A long, last look!
A plunge! and all is o'er.
He's taken—what was his intent—
His morning bath—no more.

—R. Service.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT ODD FELLOWSHIP.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows was organized in Baltimore, Maryland, April 26th, 1819, by Thos. Wildey, a young English mechanic, assisted by four others. Beginning thus with five members it has grown by leaps and bounds until it has now 890,965 members. It cannot be said that its rapid growth was the result of accident or in consequence of its novelty, for it was solely because of its adaptation to the wants of mankind. Oddfellowship teaches in the most beautiful and forcible manner the all-important lesson of fraternity —that all men are of one family and are, therefore, brethren.

The motto of the order is Friendship, Love and Truth, and its great mission is to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, protect the widow, and educate the orphan. The order seeks by every force at its command to elevate the character of man and make him better. Libraries and reading rooms have been opened by many lodges in furtherance of this object. By the aid of a visiting card a brother may visit lodges anywhere on the globe where they exist, and be a welcome guest in strange cities, and an object of tender care if sick or in distress in distant lands.

American Oddfellowship exists in every State and Territory of the United States, in all the Provinces of British North America, in Australasia including New South Wales, Tasmania and New Zealand, in Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, France, Japan, Chili, Cuba, Mexico, Italy and other foreign countries. In fact the sun never sets on our halls or membership.

In regard to our local lodge, we have been in existence for nearly twelve years. In looking over the records we find that on January 23rd, [illegible] and other grand lodge officers visited Duncans and instituted Duncans Lodge, No. 17. It started with nine charter members. C. H. Dickie, Esq., ex-M.P.P., was elected first Noble Grand, and John Norwood, Secretary. For two years it held meetings in the hall over Mr. Jaynes' store. About this time some of the leading spirits suggested buying a lot and building a hall of our own. On April 7th, '94, the lot was purchased and on August 25th the contract was let for our present building, a structure 30 feet by 60 feet, two storeys and costing nearly $2,000. Good luck has ever been with this lodge and all its undertakings have prospered beyond the expectation of its most sanguine members. There has been practically no sickness (with one exception) amongst its members, hence it has been able to lay aside and invest a goodly sum to be ready for future emergencies. There are at present over sixty names on the register and the prospects are good for a few more in the near future.

During the summer of 1901 it was considered advisable to start a Rebekah branch of our order and on October 19th, P. W. Dempster, Acting Grand Master, assisted by the degree staff of Colfax Rebekah Lodge, No. 1, Victoria, visited Duncans and instituted Ivy Rebekah Lodge, No. 14, with fifteen charter members. Sister Aitken was chosen as first Noble Grand; Sister M. Blyth Secretary and Sister A. Grassie, Treasurer. They meet twice a month in the Odd Fellows' Hall and many pleasant nights are spent together. After business each evening refreshments are served, the sisters vieing with each other in providing the dainties. This lodge has now over thirty members and still they come.

In addition to the above societies we have also the insurance branch of the order called The Odd Fellows' Relief Association of Canada, with headquarters at Kingston, Ont. Bro. A. C. Aitken, the local agent, is always pleased to give any information wanted in this line.

In conclusion we would say that the order is enjoying unusual prosperity at the present time in all lands where it is established. In view of its glorious record, the good it has done and is doing, all good men and women should unite with it and help on the noble cause.

A REFLECTION OF HIGHER THINGS.

We sometimes ask: "Is Christianity a power for good in the world to-day?" Our answer is emphatically "Yes!" Jehovah, the Author and Finisher of our holy religion, is not dead; He is the living and eternal God. And the Truth taught, believed, and lived by our Christianity is strong and will prevail. "Truth will be uppermost one time or other, like cork, though kept down in the water."

Too true it is, that with many of us Christianity is not a life-giving power, because of our rejection of its Author and His teachings; He who said, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." To-day as ever, "The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

Again we ask: "Is the church following its mission?" She is so far as she is free from human impediments within and without. These impediments unfortunately are not a few, and hence the church is handicapped. So while it must be admitted that the Church is not completely fulfilling the Divine purpose, it can be truthfully said that she is doing more for the moral uplift of human society than any other institution. The Church of to-day is well equipped with machinery, but its great need is a fuller individual consecration to God and a gracious outpouring of the Divine Spirit.

In our own fair district of Cowichan the above applies, as also elsewhere. And added to this we have on the part of many outside the Church, a spirit of materialism, indifference and scepticism. And further, among the greatest hindrances to church work in our district are Sabbath desecration, in the form of work and sport, and the liquor traffic, which claims so many victims. But as our country grows older, and the people become more established we hope for a stronger public sentiment [illegible] trust that Truth shall triumph; then Christ shall be given His rightful place of honor in our midst, and shall reign, as the Prince of Peace.

The various churches here, Anglican, Presbyterian, Catholic and Methodist, are endeavoring through their ministry, to sow the seed of truth, and on the part of the people the interest shown and assistance given to moral and religious work compares favorably with other districts. None of our people are beyond the sound of the Gospel. Services are held throughout the entire district, including the mining camps on the mountains.

The Indians on our reserves do not want for religious teachers. Catholic and Methodist missionaries are working among them, and slowly they are turning from their pagan darkness to the light of the gospel of Christ. A church is shortly to be built for them, and a deaconess has been appointed to work among them.

From this brief review it can be seen that the people here have many religious advantages, and so have the greater responsibility.

Here Nature also serves as a valuable helpmate of the Church to help us to be good. The Divine Architect and Father of us all, has surely displayed His creative skill, and His love of the beautiful and of us, in this beautiful Island of Vancouver. Here "Every prospect pleases." The mountains clad in evergreen, of trees and ferns and mosses, the valley with its wealth of beauty of fields and forest, its crystal lakes, its enchanting rivers, its dashing waterfalls, its bubbling springs, while just beyond lies the great and restless ocean, the mother of all waters. The scenic grandeur of our surroundings is a pleasure to the eye and an inspiration to the soul directing us to Giver of every good gift.

To those who can see—

"Earth's crammed with Heaven;
And every common bush afire with God."

In Nature's text book we have:—

"Sermons in stones, tongues in trees, books in running brooks, and good in everything."

What an incentive to goodness for us to think, in the presence of Nature, "My Father designed and painted all these, from the fragrant flowers at my feet, to the majestic mountains which rise before me, toward the throne-room of their Builder, thus:—

"In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God."

W. C. SCHLICHTER.

Duncans, B.C.

PORK PRODUCTION IN COWICHAN.

There is an old saying attributed to a Berkshire farmer: "Us wants less of they black parsons and more of they black pigs." Now, while I would not venture of course any opinion as to the first part of this quotation, I certainly think that the latter applies very aptly to this district of Cowichan and in connection with our dairying industry I beg to sumbit the following for discussion and consideration.

There is no doubt now that our creamery is a fairly established flourishing concern; its patrons are well satisfied with its management and are [illegible] cream they send to it. Still we are all anxious to do better, viz., to make more money, and I think the time has come when we should take a further step and consider the question of raising two hogs where we now keep one, and whether it would not be advisable to put up a bacon plant.

Travelling in Ontario at the present time there is one thing the visitor is almost sure to notice and that is the number of hogs you will see at country stations. At nearly every other station you will see a yard full of hogs ready to ship or hear a car being loaded. Numbers of men are constantly on the road buying to supply the bacon firms and you find on inquiry that whereas about ten years ago hogs were hardly worth raising, they are worth not only enough to pay the farmer well, but also to pay the jobber who collects them, the bacon factor who kills and cures them, and the freights and commissions incident to their sale before they reach the Englishman's breakfast table.

The reason for all this is that a great trade has been built up between Canada and Great Britain which has grown up in a very short time from practically nothing to some fourteen million dollars, and the bulk of this goes from the Province of Ontario. I had the pleasure last October of visiting the factory of the Wm. Davies Company in Toronto who kill some 8,000 hogs a week principally for this trade, and the inspection of their yards, cellars and plant generally gives one a good idea of the importance of this trade.

These people are depending on a market in a foreign country 3,000 miles away, whereas we in Cowichan have a market right at our own doors protected by a 2c. per pound duty or about 3c. freight. Right in Duncans, I understand, bacon and hams are imported to the amount of 20,000 pounds and lard to the amount of 6,000 pounds, which would account for, say, 140 hogs, which figures are probably a good deal on the safe side.

In the pork trade I should estimate for the last two or three years there has been a deficiency met from outside sources of two or three hundred head. I am giving these few local figures just to give an idea of what the demand is even in our own midst. The neighbouring settlements and the Coast towns and the whole Province imports large quantities of bacon, hams and lard from the sister provinces and from the United States besides large quantities of live hogs brought in from the Territories as far as Edmonton.

In 1896 we imported from the United States 1,304,950 pounds of bacon and hams to the value of $125,232, and lard to the value of $4,623 from the provinces; 1,368,000 pounds of bacon, ham and lard, valued at $164,160, were brought in.

To all this may be said if the present high price of live hogs (viz., from 7 to 8c.) is not sufficient inducement to our farmers to raise more hogs, what is the use of talking about establishing a bacon plant in our midst? This is the point on which we are interested at the present time. The question should be taken in hand at once and discussed at a public meeting. This would include the following points: The best kind of hog, the best and cheapest method of raising him and the best means of getting double and treble the number raised in the district. Still, consider our experience with the creamery. Have we not more than doubled the output in six years, and would anyone venture the opinion that this output would have been doubled if the creamery had not existed?

I do not believe it for a moment, and I believe that if we were working with a corresponding establishment in view and looking forward to the building up of another industry in the settlement we would find that everyone would contrive to keep more hogs and would devote more attention to the methods of raising and keeping them.

I think, also, that the profits connected with the raising of hogs and their conversion into bacon, even at lower prices than the present, are sufficiently attractive to justify our seriously considering the situation.

In this article I have only roughly drawn an outline of the subject and not touched on many important points but the main fact, viz., that Cowichan is suited to hog raising and that we are not raising as many as we ought, are the ones I wish to draw attention to.

In conclusion I think I cannot do better than repeat the American maxim which was taken from an old English agricultural writer in connection with cattle: "Keep more hogs to grow more grain to keep more hogs to grow more grain."

G. H. HADWEN.

THE PIG AS AN ADJUNCT TO THE DAIRY FARM.

Having been asked by our friend the Editor to write an article for his Christmas Number, after much cogitation and with much diffidence I have complied with his request and venture to offer a few experiences on the keep of hogs as part of the live stock of the dairy farm, and I wish it to be understood that I make no claim to pass as an authority on hogs and hog breeding, but simply narrate what has so far been my experience.

I consider a pig a necessity to the dairy farmer; without the pig much that is easily turned into cash would be wasted. He helps to clear the land by digging up and eating roots which would otherwise remain in the ground; then, when kept closely to one patch he turns up the soil in a wonderful manner, mixing it and exposing it to the weather, whereby it is mellowed and made more fertile. For the disposal of separated milk to a profitable end he has no equal and no spare roots or grain need be wasted when "the jintleman who pays the rint" in Ireland is a guest. I have found a ready market for good pork at a high price the year round. The surplus skim milk from ten to fifteen cows is all we used this summer to raise thirty pigs worth on an average $8.50 each at 7½ cents per pound of live weight, and thirty small pigs worth $2.50 each. In the winter we add to the skim milk a little weed seed meal at $12 per ton and a few peas steeped till they are soft. The weed seed meal can be obtained from Messrs. Brackman & Ker, Victoria, B.C., who can doubtless satisfy the curiosity of any one wishing to know its composition. We also give a few roots as a laxative. We found that the cross between a Chester White and a Berkshire was the most satisfactory to us as they seem to thrive and fatten quicker and give more weight than the fine Chester White. Such was our experience of the different breeds borne and sold at the same times. Elaborate houses are not necessary, the main thing being lots of dry straw and careful feeding. Any old shed can be made to do so long as kept dry and free from draughts. They are of very great use in using up small potatoes, small roots and small grain, which might not be profitable to feed to other farm stock.

I do not think it necessary to enlarge further on this subject, but conclude with the statement of my satisfaction "so far" with the hog or pig as the most useful adjunct to the dairy farmer, where there is a ready market and always a good price the year round, such as we have in this district.

"IAM SATIS."

Fine Furnishings

EVERYTHING REQUIRED IN THE MODERN UP TO DATE HOME IS FINDABLE IN OUR LARGE STOCK.

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Just issued, contains 1568 ILLUSTRATIONS, all of which are priced and fully described, besides prices of 3500 other articles which we could not illustrate, also many useful hints on furnishing every room in the house. Write for a copy at once, it costs nothing and will prove very useful to you.

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JAYNES & SONS,

Owners and Breeders of Thoroughbred Jerseys.

FOR SALE . . .

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Boats for hire on Somenos Lake. Excellent Fishing and Hunting.

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LEMP'S "EXTRA PALE" ST. LOUIS BEER, the Finest Beer Ever Imported in this country.
English, German and French Liqueurs, of Every Description.
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