

CANADA
THE
LAND OF
HOPE

E. WAY
ELKINGTON



A & C BLACK

CANADA
THE LAND OF HOPE



E. WAY ELKINGTON



HARVESTING IN THE LAND OF HOPE

CANADA

THE LAND OF HOPE

BY

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FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT

WHEN a man sets forth to journey in new places, to rub shoulders with new people, he is bound to be both pleased and disappointed. He meets men and women of all classes in all moods. But the disappointments of to-day are swallowed up by the pleasures of to-morrow; the enemies of yesterday are forgotten in the friends of to-day—the new is always calling.

In Canada I met both good and bad, I was sadly disillusioned and highly pleased.

For many of my pleasant experiences, which time can never make me forget, I have to thank, amongst others, E. Wyly Grier, of Toronto, and Mr. John A. Cooper, Editor of the *Courier*; Mr. Hawkes, of the Canadian Northern Railway; Mr. Lambert, of Montreal, the Provincial Immigration Officer of Ontario; Mr. George Ham, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal; Mr. James, of the Ontario-Richelieu line; Mr. G. W. Dafoe, Editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, and Mr. Hall, Winnipeg; Mr. George Sheldon Williams, of the *British Columbia Mining Exchange and Engineering News*, and C. Wentworth Sarel, and many others in Vancouver, B.C.

IN using the word "Canadian" I shall refer to the average Canadian, the middle-class man, for brevity's sake. Though it is not generally conceded that there are any class distinctions in Canada, they are as clearly defined there as in any other country. The Canadian aristocrats and some of the College men are very different from the man-in-the-street, they are highly educated, broad-minded, and in every sense of the word modern aristocrats.

PREFACE

IN this book I will endeavour to give an unbiased statement of things as I saw them during an investigation of over two years, in which time I travelled four times across the Dominion, and visited nearly every town and place of importance where tourists, sportsmen and immigrants are likely to wander in search of their ideals.

I have interviewed men in nearly every department of life, from the Italians and Japanese who lay the railway lines, to the Premiers who govern the provinces.

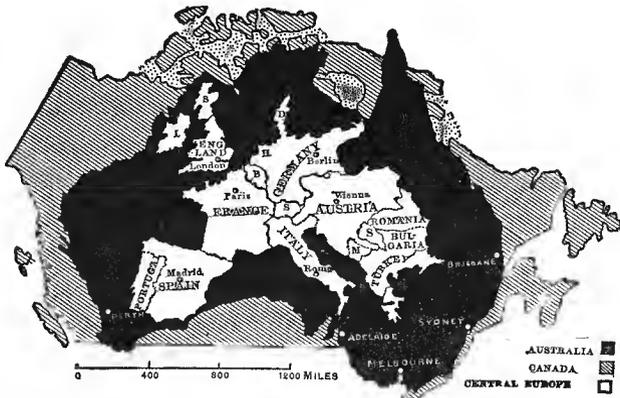
I have chased the moose and fled from the skunk ; I have hunted the bear and landed the salmon ; I have frozen in the mountains and been almost reduced to melting-point in the streets.

The Dominion Government regards Canada as a vast sea of golden grain ; Kipling looks upon it as a land of snow ; the Canadians picture it as the greatest and most wonderful place on the map ; and the average man in the United Kingdom imagines that it is a

PREFACE

country where work is plentiful, where land is given away and money can be easily earned.

I have found that Canada is a land of surprises, a land of sunshine and snow; a land where the thermometer glides from thirty degrees below zero to one hundred and fifty above; a land of mixed races, where the Hindoo, the Chinaman, and the white man work side by side and earn the same wages. A land of labour or leisure, of unlimited resources and financial embarrassments. A land of extremes. A land where Hope is enthroned and reigns supreme.



CANADA COMPARED WITH AUSTRALIA AND EUROPE
(OMITTING RUSSIA AND SCANDINAVIA)

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SIX MILES OF STOOKS AND STACKS
The ploughed belt serves as a fire-guard

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CHAPTER I

ITS VASTNESS, RESOURCES, AND NEEDS

MILES upon miles of untilled land ; three thousand miles wide, three thousand miles from the boundary-line to the sea.

Prairies, mountains and lakes, all vast, gorgeous and lonely.

A man to a mile.

Three million miles of land with a population not equal to that of London—such is this great virgin country of Canada.

Space, interminable space.

Travel where you will the great empty spaces yawn at you, whilst the vast, level, desolate prairies cry out night and day, winter and summer, for men.

The mountains, thousands of them vying one with the other in height and grandeur, call for man. Lovely, lonely valleys, great lakes, swift-running rivers, with rich verdant banks ; plains, gullies and gentle, undulating lands all reach out, all yearn for man.

One man to the mile.

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In this age when continents are crowded, when towns in older worlds are so cramped that their people can scarcely breathe, this great yearning space is passed by, and men and women, poor and rich, go to other lands ; cluster in stifling cities and struggle there for the bread they would eat and the clothes they would wear.

Is it the climate, the people or the customs that frighten the crowds away ? Is it the fear of stepping on into new lands and new surroundings that keeps men plodding, and almost starving, in the crowded cities, when Canada is calling for men ? If it be courage they lack then they are poor mortals and deserve to starve.

All men must live wherever they are and it is better to live in the open.

Some fear the cold, the biting winds, and the long months when the whole land is draped in its white mantle, when the wheels of the carts and carriages are exchanged for the sleigh-runners, but as summer brings its joys and its games, so also does the winter. You cannot swim in the snow, nor can you sleigh or snow-shoe in the wheat-fields. You throw off your coat when the sun is too hot and don your furs when the mercury sinks.

Compensation is the rule of the universe and wherever you go there are adverse conditions that have to be met. Who would not rather live in freedom than starve in confinement ? This is the

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difference between life in the open spaces and life in the crowded smoky cities.

The choice is between the omnibus and the wild cayuse. Who would prefer the evening rush for the crowded 'bus to the swift gallop home over the wide, open prairie on the back of a young cayuse, with God's pure air filling his lungs and blowing the hair from his temples ?

Give me room ! Give me air ! cries the man who has been in the wilds ; the man who knows, whose eyes have looked over vast territories and become accustomed to the glare of the sun and the snow, whose blood glows at the touch of the breeze, whose heart gladdens at the cry of the wild.

It is strange to sit here and think of the crowded cities when I know I can step out and travel for miles and miles, out into the world ; and go on and on and, unless I care, meet no man ; that nothing will interrupt my view right straight to the horizon ; that I can breathe and stretch and inhale the pure unsullied air for hours and hours, and weeks and years.

In the crowded cities I cannot walk without jostling my neighbours, but here I can hunt without shooting a keeper and ride without crossing a ditch ; for weeks I can loaf on the lakes and for years I can travel the trails. Three million miles of country. Room for a hundred million more people.

It is hard to realise the vastness of Canada until

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one has crossed and recrossed it, and travelled it first one way and then another.

Yet one hears that thousands are unemployed ; that Canada is overcrowded, that there is no money and no work, but nobody says there are no resources. Canada abounds in them and only waits for the men with enterprise to tap them. Fortunes lie waiting or the men with pluck and push. There is more wealth in one province of Canada than in half the British Isles, but it is untouched, and the men who will reap the rewards are men of pluck and endurance. Canada is no place for the weak man—he goes to the wall. You meet him in Winnipeg, in Toronto, in Montreal, waiting with a hundred others outside the relief houses and the labour bureaux. There are crowds of them, English, Irish, Scotch, German, French, Dutch, Finn and Scandinavian ; men of every race under the sun shivering in threadbare garments cursing Canada, and not a yard away you will see the bright looks of young artisans as they go gaily along on business bent, full of that air of success which good health and comfortable houses alone can bring.

No one need starve or go shabby in Canada if he looks for work, takes it when it is offered, and then works with the proper spirit.

There are loafers and shirkers everywhere and they are the men with the loudest voices.

There are also, I regret to say, unscrupulous em-

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ployers who take a delight in swindling their workmen and who hold out promises of wonderful positions to be had in the future, which they neither have the power to give nor the ability nor inclination to grant, who find that by playing on the ambitions of their men they can get them to work at a lower wage. These men invariably hold back half the wages each month, on a plea of temporary financial embarrassment, and though they have excellent manners and a charming way with them, they can soon be detected and avoided by the intelligent worker.

It is well at the start of one's career in Canada not to believe any such promises, for these are generally made to hide up shortage of capital, the whole trouble from which Canada suffers.

Lack of capital is noticeable everywhere, were it not for this the country would be one of the greatest in the world for, as I have already said, its resources are illimitable.

What country has not had to fight against this trouble? And is it not the chance for the man who means to push himself forward, who is willing to work steadily while he is putting by enough money to start him on his own account? The mistake so evident is that workers are too eager to strike out for themselves, that they are not willing to work for others long enough; and so they begin with too small a capital and too much optimism.

It is a land of optimism, a land of hope, and a

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stranger coming into it might easily imagine by the conversation of those around him that every one in it was worth millions of dollars ; that by the investment of a hundred or so one would be rolling in affluence in a few years. Canadians speak in superlatives.

The Real Estate man or land agent is the bane of the country and the biggest talker ; it is he who does more mischief by misleading investors and misrepresenting prospects than the climate and inconveniences that the country at present is heir to.

A short acquaintance, however, with these men, and others of their kind, will soon show the new-comer whom to avoid.

Another class of men to be shy of is the Government agent. These gentlemen are even worse than the Real Estate men and generally combine all their vices with their own, and add the profession or trade of Real Estate to their official occupation, so that their word as to the value of lands in the various districts cannot be relied upon at all, nor can their estimates of the prospects for new settlers be esteemed worthy of notice ; but of these pitfalls anon. The great thing to avoid when coming to Canada is haste, be you on pleasure or business bent. If it be hunting, shooting, fishing, mining or business you intend to seek, go slowly, and apply for all information from those who have, to use a slang expression, " been there before." There is no reliable centre for the dissemination of information and no two people will give you the

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same answer to the same question, so it becomes necessary to deduct your own conclusions.

I have had the most amusing experiences by going to a score of people in various parts of the Dominion and asking each the same question. The difference in the answers has been so grotesque and so wide of the real truth that I found it a difficult task to keep my countenance.

In every country one meets this sort of thing but perhaps not in such heavy doses as in this great land of hope. It is pride of country carried beyond pride of truth.

Really, Canada needs none of this booming; it is good enough to stand on its own merits, but Canadian enthusiasts do not seem to realise it.

I was one day listening to a Canadian boasting about his countrymen's patriotism, and after he had compared it to that of every other nation and every other part of the Empire, and wearied every one present with his "big talk," he turned to a Scotchman by my side and said: "Well, what do you think of that; haven't you anything to say for your countrymen?" "No," said the Scot, "our patriotism needs no trumpeting."

So it is with Canada; these would-be well-doers, in their enthusiasm to show that Canada is better than any other place in the world, overstep the mark and make those who are foolish enough to listen to them vastly disappointed.

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Take the prairie crop of the west and middle-west of Canada for the year 1908. It was roughly estimated at one hundred million bushels; average it at 50 cents per bushel and you have a crop valued at fifty million dollars or ten million pounds—distributed amongst a few farmers.

Take the mineral returns for last year (1908): in British Columbia alone they amounted to twenty-five-and-a-half-million dollars (£5,100,000). The eastern and central provinces show figures about the same, giving a total of some ten million pounds, and in British Columbia the population is under two hundred thousand, whilst the whole of Canada is only six millions.

With two such profitable industries, so few workers and such excellent results, there is no need for the "boomster." He doubles and trebles these figures and statistics slide from his glib tongue till his hearers, be they not Canadians, leave him in disgust, not crediting him or his country with even the good they possess.

There are mountains of minerals and miles of virgin prairie, and miles upon miles of timber all untouched, all ready to yield up fortunes to the men who will woo them, but they, unlike the bashful already half-won maiden, require the very best of their wooers—strength of muscle, strength of purpose, determination and hard work.

There is no eight-hours' law in Canada, it is sixteen



Grand Trunk Pacific System

THRESHING IN ALBERTA



Grand Trunk Pacific System

MODERN METHODS OF HARVESTING IN SASKATCHEWAN

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when the snow is off the ground and a long sleep when it is on.

It is a country of work and leisure, of feast and famine, of severe heat and severe cold, of years of unrewarded labour and years of affluence. There is no half-way, no drifting along the middle course. Six months' work on the mines, four months on the prairies, and in those few months a year's work has to be accomplished.

It is this strenuous life which has moulded the Canadian character; he is all hustle or else he is slothful, he is all eagerness or pessimism, and though he will show a wonderful amount of heart whilst endeavouring to carry through a big undertaking, he will easily give in if prospects look black. The backbone of the country is to be found in the "old-timers," as they are called, and one notices they generally have a "Mac" before their names.

The pioneers must have been men of iron who knew not what discouragement meant, who were willing to go out into the wilds alone and tussle with nature in a hard, hand-to-hand fight and wrest the crops from the ground, and the gold from the mountains.

Before the railways had cut through the country, blasting every inch of their way, travel was a gigantic task and the men who set forth knew not if they would ever see again the smoke of cities. These men are

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gone and forgotten now, but the monument to their memory is the wealth of Canada, its present position in the world and its future—which lies on the knees of the gods.

CHAPTER II

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

THE cities of Quebec and Montreal are vastly different from the other cities of Canada. In these two cities there is an air of romance, an antiquity that appeals to the mind of the legend hunter, the seeker after historic spots, but in the west of Canada all is new, whilst Toronto, but a day's journey from Montreal, might be an English provincial town were it not for some of its ugly square-faced buildings, which have been copied from America.

In Quebec and Montreal the architecture is interesting and some of the buildings are well aged, for the history of this part of Canada dates back to the fifteen hundreds, and everywhere one goes one sees strange mixtures of the old and the new.

Quebec made history faster than Montreal, for it lay at the mouth of the St. Lawrence and was the first port of call for the early French voyageurs, whilst the scenes of the struggles between England and France were laid in old Quebec. No finer or more beautiful spot for such scenes could have been found in all Canada. English, French, Americans and Redskins have all left heroes in this old-world

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place, and every turn in its quaint streets reminds one of its past glories and its antiquity.

Quebec is a city of contrasts : mediæval fortifications and modern ramparts, up-to-date buildings and quaint tumble-down houses, broad streets and old narrow lanes can all be found within a few minutes' walk of each other.

At one time "The Breakneck Steps" was a main thoroughfare, as also was Little Champlain Street, with its curious flat-fronted houses almost touching each other across the narrow road. *Sous le Cap*, too, was another important byway, with its clothes-lines hanging from house to house, and its strange array of linen flapping in the breeze and trying vainly to catch a few rays of the sun, but only succeeding once a day for a few moments when they were beating down directly from above. Strange streets these, so narrow and crowded that neither air nor sunshine can penetrate to the houses. They make one think one is back in the mean streets of an old French city a hundred years ago ; yet the merry-eyed, laughing children who scramble about by the front doors are modern and bright and look as if the lack of air and sunshine agreed with them. It is curious, too, to find such places in a country where millions of acres of open land are crying out for men, women and children.

In modern Quebec, not many minutes' walk from the "lower town," fashionable shops, broad streets,

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up-to-date clubs and all the requirements of this go-ahead age are to be found.

Dufferin Terrace is one of the most beautiful promenades in the world, with a view extending for miles down the St. Lawrence to beyond the Isles d'Orléans—grand at all times of the year—and away over the snug scenery of the Quebec farm-lands and the valley of the St. Charles River. On the terrace is situated the Hotel Frontenac, the best hotel in Canada. It was built on the site of the historic Château St. Louis, which Champlain erected and which later was used as a residence for the Governors of Canada.

Running side by side with modern motors and splendidly equipped carriages one still sees the quaint old *calèche*: this vehicle is a familiar sight in Quebec and is a sort of link with the past. It is a heavy two-wheeled trap, having a couple of large springs at the back from which are attached two thick leather straps, which pass under the body of the carriage and are fastened to the shafts. The carriage, more like a box than anything else, has a high back and rests on these leather bands, and the driver sits in front. To ride in them is not the pleasantest mode of travel that I wot of, as the motion is jerky and spasmodic.

One of the oldest buildings in Quebec is the church Notre Dame de la Victoire, which was built in 1688 at the time when Laval was Bishop of Quebec and Louis XIV. was monarch. During the siege of

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Quebec it was burnt by the English and rebuilt in 1765, with the exception of its walls, which did not suffer much from either fire or siege as they were thirty inches thick. The church was further improved in 1888 and now stands unique, more by the fact that it is the oldest place of worship in Canada than from its architectural beauty.

Quebec has so many interesting features about it that one cannot help lingering there, for besides its beauty and its history, it still has its old-world types, and amongst the French-Canadians of the old school one comes across characters that one never suspected were still in existence.

To cross the path of old-fashioned, almost pre-historic, characters in out-of-the-way parts of England, Ireland, Scotland or Wales is not surprising, but somehow in Canada one hardly expects to find such treasures as men and women who talk folklore and carry one back more than half a century, whose primitive minds seem to have been handed down to them from their parents unsullied by the march of civilisation, and show no signs of having been changed by the modern methods of education. In Quebec one can still find those who believe in ghosts, who would count it a terrible calamity to spill salt, or look at the moon through a pane of glass. Superstition has never gone beyond the borders of Ontario, but in Quebec it lives and is as real to-day as it ever was in the most ignorant decade of old France.

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Some of the superstitions and legends came over with the adventurous voyageurs, but still more have had their birth in this new world ; and again, many of them show traces of travel and though they have been localised and brought up to date to suit the requirements of a new mode of life and new surroundings, it is not hard to pick them out and see in them the alterations only of time, place and a new generation.

One legend, apropos of the new mode of flight, which is general in many parts of Europe and has become altered by surroundings in Canada, is the story of the Chasse-galerie. Who has not dreamed in his childhood of goblins and witches flying through the air in chariots ? What country has not some legend to illustrate these fancies ? Why should not Quebec have its story and instead of goblins have lumbermen seated in canoes ? Such is the Chasse-galerie pictured by the inhabitants of Quebec.

One sabbath, so the story goes, the villagers of St. Jean Deschaillons were coming from Mass when they were startled by seeing a canoe passing just above their church, propelled by a crew of lumbermen, whom they recognised by their red shirts. They were singing songs of revelry as the boat shot by.

All saw the strange sight and marvelled at it, and being unversed in the ways of mirages they put the phenomenon down to the machinations of the evil one, who they thought had given special powers to these wicked woodsmen of travelling through space

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in order that they might the quicker reach the scenes of wickedness they sought.

The news spread and soon the lumbermen heard of the reputation that they had, and, probably from that inherent desire we all have to appear more interesting than we are, they did not go out of their way to deny the magic powers which they were supposed to possess, and to this day the story is credited by some of the old folk.

Had I had more time to gather folklore, I have not a doubt that some legend could be found relating to the Northern Lights and accounting for them, for such things have all their explanations in the lore of the old wives, and nothing will shake their belief in the tales of their grandmothers.

The country between Quebec and Montreal is more like English scenery than any other part of Canada, and being well populated, and the farms heavily cultivated and wooded, it has beauties which cannot be found elsewhere.

The journey down the St. Lawrence is one which takes long to forget if taken at the right time of the year; some prefer the spring, but for colour the autumn far surpasses it.

Here one sees the old French homesteads with curious long strips of cultivated land leading down from them. These, too, tell of the old days when the early colonists found it necessary to live close to one another and build strong houses, for they never knew



Canadian Pacific Railway

CHÂTEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC

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at what moment an attack might come, when a swarm of Redskins would be upon them and make them fight for their lives and the lives of those they loved.

Instead of "broad acres" these old farmers took up their land in long strips. The strips are narrower now and the homes closer together, for it was customary (and I believe still is), when a son married, for the father to give him a strip of his land and he, in his generation, does likewise. Some of the farms I saw will not stand many more such marriages.

Watch as you pass along the St. Lawrence for the domes of the churches, each coloured differently, some gold, some silver, bronze and other shades. When the sun is shining on them they give one strange ideas of mystery. If you have time step inside one or two of these places of worship. You will wonder how the poor farmers you have met and talked with can maintain so many beautiful little churches and keep them in such order. It is their money that supports them, but the habitant still thinks that his soul is of more importance than his farm, so he donates the greater part of his profits to the up-keep of his church.

Some say it is the number of Roman Catholic churches in these provinces which keeps the farmers poor and that the lack of them in the west accounts for the marvellous strides the west has made, but you cannot believe all you hear, even in Canada.

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The province of Quebec is no place for new settlers, but every one coming to the country should stay there, if funds permit, and see the wonderful old cities and towns, for once the west is reached there are few landmarks of history and no sleepy old places in which to idle.

The cry, "Go west, my son," is as good to-day as it was in the 'forties, but there is work to be found of a kind in the east, and some men I have met tell me that the experience they gained on eastern farms has been invaluable to them in the west.

No one, however, should for a moment harbour the idea that he can jump into a job in Quebec, or Montreal, or Toronto; these cities are alive with unemployed and the Canadians themselves cannot always obtain sufficient work in the summer to keep them through the long winter, so that an Englishman's chance of doing so is very small indeed.

In conversations I had with immigration officials, one and all impressed me with the fact that east of Winnipeg was no place for an immigrant to stop.

Let me here say that half the ill-feeling which Canadians have for Englishmen and England is fostered in these three eastern cities, and it is brought about by the poor class of immigrant who arrives in Canada with only sufficient to carry him to one of these three places. The scum of the British Isles seems to find a resting-place here. "Your 'charitable organisations,'" said the provincial immigration officer

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at Montreal, “are a curse to this country. They dump all the most hopeless and helpless vagabonds of your big cities here, and expect us to keep them. They are quite useless, and if we did not feed and clothe them” (I doubt whether they do either—but still) “they would be dead inside of three months.”

This same story was told me a few months later in Winnipeg. That city, too, is suffering from a crowd of useless unemployables, most of whom have reached that city through the aid of charitable organisations.

I, as an Englishman, should have no objection to this wholesale dumping of the cities’ undesirables, for it is good to get them out of England, but as an Imperialist and one who sees the harm these things are doing to the cause of the Empire, I would strongly advocate a system of inspection being inaugurated, shall we say, similar to that in vogue in New Zealand for inspecting the frozen mutton before it leaves for other countries.

Exports should be good whether they be mutton or men, and bad mutton arriving from New Zealand would soon give that country a bad name. In a like manner our method of sending poor, unsuitable dead-beats to Canada has given England a bad one.

In Canada the average man does not know that there is such a difference in the classes in England as there really is. There are no classes in Canada, at least none perceptible to the man in the street, and he thinks that these freaks who arrive in batches with

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ragged clothes and a vocabulary peculiar to Billingsgate are scions of noble families, and naturally he concludes that England is decadent.

Of course Canada is a good deal to blame in this matter, for she has been holding out inducements to all classes and advertising that fortunes could be made out of almost nothing ; that wheat would spring out of ground that needed only scratching, no troublesome ploughing, no manuring were necessary.

They have catered for the Turk, the Russian, the Italian, the Pole, the Chinese, the Hindoo and the Japanese and they have got them. Got them badly, too, but they don't mind the foreigner half so much as they do the Englishman, for the very reason that the Englishman, no matter how poor he be, kicks if he does not like things ; whilst the other gentlemen from less enlightened countries take their medicine without making a face. The Englishman is not a docile creature and that is the whole cause of the trouble.

The best immigrants, of course, are hardly heard of, they go off to the country, find work and stick to it and generally come out on top. It is the failure at home who fails in Canada and is heard of most.

The trouble with many people who come to Canada is that they think they are coming to a land flowing with the orthodox milk and honey, and instead they find snow and hard work.

They imagine themselves in a dainty little log shanty surrounded by trees with broad acres of

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beautiful soft grass sloping down to the river, with bleating sheep and lowing cows meandering beneath the shady trees. They see along the road a crowd of laughing cowboys galloping to the town to make merry at the schoolroom ball, and a little farther off just leaping the fence of their own fields are two more jolly homesteaders also bound for the schoolroom ball, and so on.

But there are no schoolroom balls and no green fields to be had which run down to rivers, and if there were then there is no time to see or enjoy them when you have a living to make in Canada. It's work, work, work, and sleep, sleep, sleep. There's no time for anything else but an occasional meal—that is, unless you have plenty of capital: then you can take life easily whilst your capital lasts.

That immigration officer has made me wander, so let me get to Montreal, the next city on the way to the west.

Montreal is quite different from Quebec, neither its age nor its antiquity is so apparent. There is a greater air of success and substantialness about the city which impresses every one, except in the French quarter, which is dirty, old and poverty-stricken and has not the picturesqueness of Quebec to help it. Montreal, however, is full of romance and historic spots, but one has to seek for them. One of the most interesting places is Jacques Quartier Square, where there is an old-world market-place and one can spend

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hours listening to the bargaining going on around, and watching the various characters who frequent the market. Jacques Quartier Square was not always the queer interesting place it is now ; years ago it was the scene of one or two of the most atrocious acts one can conceive of. One particularly cruel one I quote to show how brutally savage the early inhabitants of Canada were—it is typical of the times. In 1696 four captive Iroquois Indians were here burned to death, not in a fair and honest way but in as brutal a manner as it was possible for man to invent.

The following description is given of it by William Donald Lighthall, M.A., from the account of an eye-witness :

“ When I came to Montreal for the first time it was by the St. Francis Gate. I there saw a man of my province, who came up to embrace me, which he did, and after some compliments, informed me that he was of our company. As we were speaking together he perceived that I was much distracted because of a large crowd that I saw on the Place des Jésuites. Thereupon my new comrade exclaimed : ‘ Upon my word ! you’ve just come in time to see four Iroquois burnt alive. Come on as far as the Jésuites, we’ll see better ! ’ It was immediately in front of their door that this bloody tragedy was to take place. I thought at first that they would throw the poor wretches into a fire, but on looking around on all sides, I saw no faggots for the sacrifice of the victims, and I questioned

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my new friend about several small fires which I saw at certain distances apart from each other. He answered me : ‘ Patience, we are going to have some good laughing.’ For some, however, it was no laughing matter. They led out these four wild men, who were brothers, and the finest-looking men I have ever seen in my life. Then the Jesuits baptized them and made them some scanty exhortations ; for, to speak freely, to do more would have been to wash the head of a corpse. The holy ceremony finished, they were taken hold of and submitted to punishments of which they were the inventors. They bound them naked to stakes stuck three or four feet in the ground, and then each of our Indian allies, as well as several Frenchmen, armed themselves with bits of red-hot iron, wherewith they broiled all parts of their bodies. Those small fires which I had seen served as forges to heat the abominable instruments with which they roasted them. Their torture lasted six hours, during which they never ceased to chant their deeds of war, while drinking brandy, which passed down their throats as quickly as if it had been thrown into a hole in the ground. Thus died these unfortunates with an inexpressible constancy and courage. I was told that what I saw was but a feeble sample of what they make us suffer when they take us prisoners.”

Not a dozen yards from the market-place on the water front is the historic Bonsecours Church, which is one of the oldest and most interesting churches in

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Montreal. It was built in 1657 to the order of Sister Marie Bourgeoys, the first schoolmistress in Canada, and afterwards named Bonsecours owing to the miraculous escapes from death which those who lived there had had from the Iroquois Indians. In those days it was outside the town and Indian raids were frequent.

There is a large statue of the Virgin in one of the peaks of the roof looking towards the river. This was acquired by Sister Marie Bourgeoys from Baron de Faucamp, a noble of Brittany, as it was said to have the power of performing miracles. It was for this image she had the chapel built and she set the Virgin in such a position as to enable the sailors to pay homage to her as they passed down the river. It has ever since been the patron of French sailors, even to-day stories are told of its miraculous powers in saving those who have sought its aid from storms and shipwreck. Now Bonsecours is the centre of a busy, rowdy thoroughfare and its glory has passed, and men and women go racing by it, hardly noticing its beauty and caring little for its history. The hoot of the steamers, the shrieks of the trams and the cries of cabmen, wharf-lumpers and market dealers have drowned its voice.

Montreal, like all French cities, abounds in interesting churches and some of them have curious legends attached to them. There was desperate fighting done with the Indians in the early days when the



Canadian Pacific Railway

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL

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priests first came to establish their colonies. No fiercer or more treacherous natives than the American Indians ever inhabited a land and, unlike other savages, their words were never reliable. They would pretend friendliness in order to overcome their enemy the more easily. Packman, in his "History of Canada," gives some vivid accounts of the early days, and of the terrible fights that raged between the first colonists and the Redskins.

When one passes through Montreal to-day and sees its substantial buildings, its busy banks, its staid inhabitants and its picturesque homes, one can hardly realise that these same streets were once the scenes of bloody battles between two races which now live amicably together.

Time is the healer of all wounds and the march of civilisation covers a multitude of battles.

One can live for months in Montreal now and never set eyes on an Indian, but representatives of almost every other race in the world will rub shoulders with you before a week is over.

It is a cosmopolitan town, though it is essentially a unique one, and the curious blending of French and Canadian ideas is for ever noticeable.

CHAPTER III

MONTREAL, THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, AND TORONTO

MONTREAL is justly proud of its park, if Mount Royal can be so called. It rises up from the town in a gentle slope till near its summit, when it takes on a sudden steepness.

Well-graded roads wind up this mount to enable carriages and the ubiquitous automobile to ascend its height, and tired pedestrians can, by paying a five-cent piece, be carried to the top in a ramshackle omnibus drawn by wire ropes. One and all can enjoy the fresh breezes and revel in the scenery that stretches far and wide before their gaze. But there are spots on the mount just off the beaten track, and out of the smell and sound of the motors and away from the refreshment saloons, more beautiful than all the expansive view. These spots are tucked away and seem to have been forgotten by the stout picnicking matron with her bundles of sandwiches and bottles of ginger ale and her onions and oranges. Even the distributor of seats has missed them and so they prosper, wild, rugged and undisturbed, and the undergrowth hides him who seeks peace in these sylvan spots.

Lying at full length in one of these hidle-holes one

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sultry afternoon, with the wide stretch of the St. Lawrence beneath me, half hidden by a shimmering haze, my thoughts travelled back and I thought of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, of Wolfe and Montcalm, and the wild-voiced, gaily dressed voyageurs. I had run away from the turmoil of Quebec, where the tercentenary celebrations were in full swing and thousands of tired, hungry people were pushing each other about in the crowded, dirty city, and waiting in long queues outside restaurants for a seat and a meal, and paying ridiculous prices for the privilege of sleeping in a bed. My brain was full of pageants and history, and up here on Mount Royal I was able to look back through the years and think of what Montreal had gone through since Cartier's first landing in 1535. Then it was but an Indian village, Hochelaga, a village where peaceable Indians lived, and they came down in their hundreds to meet him.

It was not till 1641 that Montreal was really founded and the first shipload of colonists arrived, and with them De Maison-Neuve, who was ordered to start a colony at Montreal. When it was suggested by Governor de Montmagny that he should remain in Quebec with his men and so help that city to hold its own, he replied: "What you propose would be well had I been sent to consider and choose a post; but the company who sent me having fixed that I shall go to Montreal, my honour is concerned, and I shall go up to begin a colony, though all the trees on that island

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should change into so many Iroquois !” Hence, so history relates, De Montmagny, with Vimont, Superior of the Jesuits, and some others, went up, and on October 15 fulfilled on the spot the ceremonies prescribed for such things, and took possession of the island in the name of the Company of Montreal.

From that time until the day when peace was declared fighting was fierce round Montreal.

Montreal has many tablets on the walls of its houses relating to fierce battles which have taken place in their vicinity, and the details of these old engagements have been handed down to the present generation, strangely mixed up with legend ; miraculous powers have also been given to those who took important parts in them.

In this book I do not propose to go into these matters, for I intend it only as a rough guide to those who are thinking of visiting Canada or making it their home, but it is history that imperceptibly governs a country and by a slight knowledge of it one is better able to grasp the character of those who live in it.

Only in the west does one feel that history has left but little mark on the people, but that, I think, is neither the fault of history nor the country, but the people ; they are from all nations and their traditions have died or lie dormant for want of suitable ground in which to awake.

Montreal, like Quebec, impresses you with its history, and its people are so made up of the past that you

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cannot get away from it. You can no more forget the early fur-trading magnates or the voyageurs or the old habitants, the monks and the martyrs than you can forget that Montreal is more French than English, yet it is not the French of Paris nor the English of London, it is of Montreal, of a new city with an old beginning.

I have been in Montreal in both summer and winter ; of the two I prefer it when the white mantle is drawn over it, when bright crowds can be seen trudging through the snow with their snow-shoes or their skis on their backs, going out to live, going out to forget work and money and to revel in the glory of the winter.

I was there on the *fête de nuit* and a gayer, brighter, happier concourse of people than those assembled on Mount Royal that night I have seldom seen. But never before was it brought home to me how really foreign Montreal is, or, I should say, how foreign I was to Montreal. These people were neither French, English, Canadian nor American and yet they reminded me of each.

There were twenty thousand people on Mount Royal that night, some clothed in furs from hat to boot, others in the picturesque, closely fitting blanket costume of the Canadian who goes forth in the snow to enjoy life.

Young men and maids were there in the happiest moods ; Mrs. Grundy was forgotten and only the life-giving exercise and the exhilarating air counted that *fête* night.

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From the top of Mount Royal a toboggan slide had been made. It was lit on both sides with Japanese and Chinese lanterns, and the dancing lights showed on the faces of the tobogganers as they raced down at a maddening pace, amid the cheers and laughter of the crowd.

Rocket after rocket flew skyward, curved and burst into thousands of glimmering stars. A roaring great bonfire with a dozen barrels of tar to feed its flames sent a lurid light into the heavens, and from all sides merry boys and girls were snowballing it. Hissing and roaring, the great fire licked up tar and log and the streams of snowballs, which in the strange light looked as if the fire were a magnet drawing little white balls into its centre from all directions.

Skiers dashed past as near the flames as the heat would permit. Men and women with snow-shoes walked towards it to get warmed through. Fur-coated patresfamilias gradually settled down at a convenient distance from it, with the excuse that the children would find them better if they were in the circle of light.

Then the coming home when the hour was growing late; the merry jingle of sleigh-bells could first be heard and then the thudding of a toboggan as a crowd who started far up the mountain shot down into the road and on, on, down through the crowds, face downwards, laughing, shouting, dashing onward; mad, merry, and irresponsible—what was a spill, or a dozen spills to them? It was *fête de nuit*.

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Pedestrians rushed to the sides of paths and yelled with delight as another toboggan shot by and a pair of daring skiers shot swiftly over the rugged places of the half-formed roads. The tinkle of the sleigh-bells behind and ahead in the semi-darkness added to the magical effect of the whole scene.

Winter in Montreal is one long day of enjoyment for those who love the winter sports.

Half a dozen clubs—devoted to the different pastimes, snow-shoeing, sleighing and tobogganing—have their headquarters in Montreal and in the winter they live.

In Dominion Square, one of the finest squares in Canada, it was customary to build a castle of ice during carnival time and all Montreal would gather round it, and visitors from all parts of the world came to see the glittering pile, but it was feared, either by the Government or the Canadian Pacific Railway, that such a display would give the world outside an idea that Montreal was cold, and that sometimes the thermometer fell below freezing-point, and so people would stay away from it.

Even the daily papers only print a scanty half-column's notice of *fête de nuit* and devote more than half of it to the accidents—and the heat of the bonfire.

This desire to hide up the truth and make Canada appear as something she is not is a curious characteristic of the country and one that will, if not checked, do incalculable harm to it as the germ grows each year.

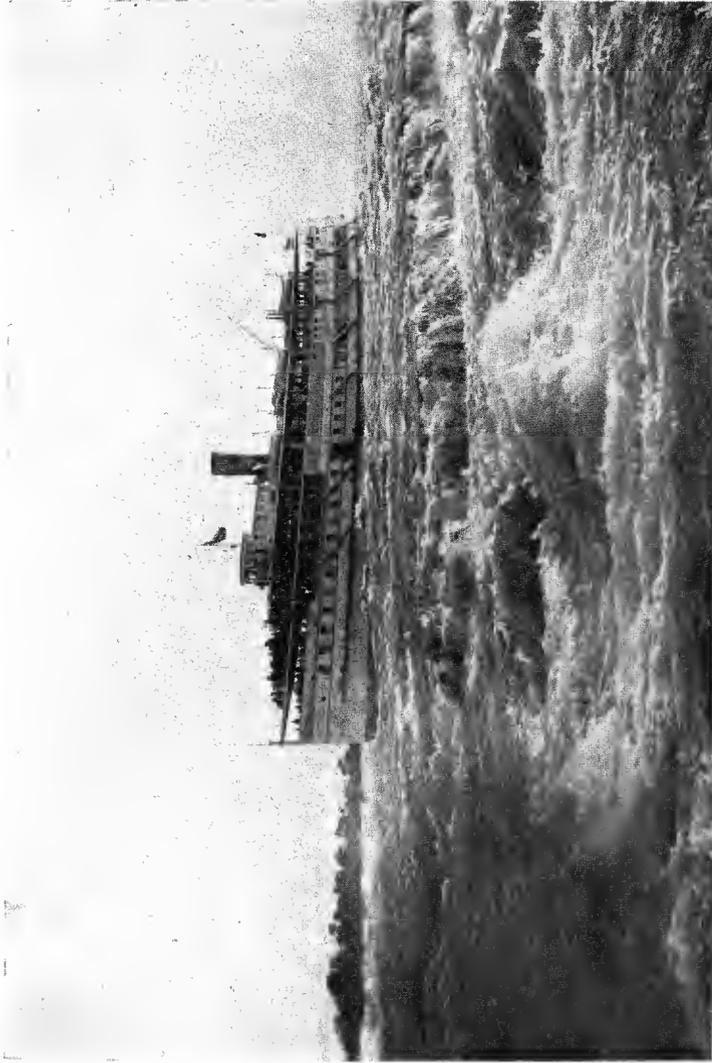
I had taken some photographs and the snow was on

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the ground. The photographer who developed them for me said in an injured tone: "I suppose you will send them to the old country and they will think we have nothing but snow here?"

Snow seems to be a bugbear to Canadians and yet, were I a Canadian, I would be as proud of my winter as of my summer, for without the snow Canada would never be as fertile as she is. It is the snow on the prairies that makes the land so rich and brings forth the glorious wheat. It is the long winter that makes the summer so enjoyable and it is as easy to become used to the winter as it is to the summer—and the mosquitoes.

In the summer-time Montreal is a busy, wideawake city and picturesque in other ways. Flowers, trees, and beautifully dressed women in the latest Parisian gowns, and the better-class men in well-made English suits, look particularly striking when alongside the baggy-suited Canadian, who prefers the fashion of America to that of any other nation. This fancy for having clothes three sizes too big for the wearer is probably the outcome of the shop-made suit, for both America and Canada are dotted with what are termed "semi-ready" tailors, at which stores a man can buy a suit all made up but not quite finished. The finishing is done to suit the customer whilst he waits; if he be short and fat the trousers are cut off at the bottom and the coats let out to the last inch of the surplus seam. After being measured the suit can be finished off to



Richellen Ontario Nav. Co

DESCENDING THE RAPIDS

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fit (?) the customer within a few hours. To do this satisfactorily it was necessary to start a new fashion, and the baggy, well-padded, well-ironed suit became the vogue in America and has now reached Canada.

The women, however, are dressed in excellent taste and are turned out better in Montreal than in any other Canadian city I have visited. They are *petite* and *chic* and only the very latest Paris fashions will satisfy them. The Paris fashions remind me of an amusing character.

I was dining at the Windsor Hotel one night and the man opposite me attracted my attention. He was the only Jew I have ever met who was exactly like the stage representative of that race. He had what the American would call the "loveliest" Jew face imaginable. It was perfect, and his dark wavy hair and deep-set, dark eyes and orthodox stage nose were all in thorough keeping with stage lore. I could not resist the temptation of talking to him, and I soon found he was every bit as interesting as his face. He was travelling for an English lace and lingerie firm, which, he told me, had sent him out to sell a job lot of material in the lace and lingerie line which they had not been able to dispose of in England.

His eyes blazed with indignation as he went on to describe the treatment he had suffered at the hands of the shopkeepers he had called upon in Montreal for showing them such out-of-date stuff, and had it not been for a few samples of the very latest blouses he

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had picked up in Paris just before he came to Canada, he would not have made one sale.

“The people here are more particular than in London,” he exclaimed, “and my firm ought to have known it. Three, five, seven, ten guineas is nothing for a blouse out here and I’m carrying four and six-penny ones.”

He was delightful, and for at least two weeks we were fast friends and I never enjoyed the casual acquaintance of any man as I did his. I had to pinch myself at least three times a day to make sure I was not dreaming or in a theatre.

I told him why I liked him, and I called him my stage Jew. I worked him up into passions, I saw him inebriated, and I never once lost my admiration for him. He was, in my opinion, the first of a new type of Jew, the result of playwrights; a creation of the combined imagination of dozens of struggling authors, the living, moving model of what they for years have been putting before the public gaze.

The Thousand Islands lie between Montreal and Toronto, and the trip down the St. Lawrence through Lake Ontario and these Thousand Islands, which lie between Brookville and Kingston, is one of the most enjoyable lake trips in all Canada.

When coming the other way from Toronto to Montreal, the many rapids on the way are shot on the steamer and add an extraordinary interest to the journey.

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It is one thing to shoot a rapid in a light bark canoe with a trusty Indian at the helm and quite another in a steamer. There is a wild feeling of excitement and pleasure in a canoe as the frail thing rises to the waves and then, rocking for a moment, dashes headlong down the rapid. The rushing seething waters curling round the half-submerged rocks drag at her, and every moment one expects that the next will see the frail thing tossed in the air and the swirling waters tearing at oneself. You know who would lose the struggle, but the stolid indifference of the Indian, the keen joy you see in his face as you take a last look at him before the dash begins, has reassured you and you feel that you will get through somehow ; if you don't, what matter ? you have shot a rapid.

In a steamer the sensations are very different. A heavy cumbersome steamer, with long posts hanging loosely at her sides to ward her off the sides of canals as she bumps through in the night, is not meant for such frivolous tricks, and you instinctively feel that something uncouth will happen, just as you would if you saw an elephant beginning to dance a quadrille. A steamer takes a rapid just as an elephant would a dance ; she jibs and lurches at it and then settles down in a sort of grumpy indifference and goes through, whilst you on her deck feel as if you were striking half a dozen rocks, then that the sea, river, or lake has suddenly become slanting and you are sliding down it. When it once more becomes level you are churned and

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jolted by the cross-currents. It is an experience and has its modicum of sensation, but it is clumsy, and you feel you are not one with the boat as you are with the canoe, you are a mere bit of shifting cargo, and you miss the revolutions and the orderly movements of the steamer. It reminded me of my first experience of swimming a river on horse-back. I had cantered down the road and plunged into the river and the sudden cessation of the rhythmic striking of the hoofs on the road gave me just the same uncouth sensation I felt on this steamer, the poetry of motion had ceased and a wobbling had taken its place.

The day when I went through the Thousand Islands was one of those dead-calm warm days when half the world seems to be asleep, and the water too drowsy to lap against the sides of the boat. The only waves were those made by the screw. When the Islands first hove in sight their dark rocky sides struck out clear against the deep blue of the lake. The houses on them looked like miniature castles ; some took up a whole island, leaving only just sufficient room for a small wharf where the occupants could land.

Most of the islands both on the Canadian and American side are owned by wealthy men, who have built luxurious summer resorts on them, and come there in the summer to enjoy them, with all the vigour of youth and its noisiness.

It is strange how every man deep down in his heart desires to possess an island. Even the little red-haired

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village grocer with a perpetual sniff has that ambition ; he wants to feel that he really possesses something which no one else can share with him, he wants to feel that he has it all, he can roam about and be absolutely monarch of all he can walk on, he need have no fences, no trespass posts, no watch-dogs, he is supreme, and the smaller the man the bigger the island he requires. I remember once receiving a letter from a man in Kent asking me if I knew of an uninhabited island in the South Seas which he could buy, and by the very tone of his letter, his writing and his thin signature, I could swear he had freckles and watery red eyes, and was under five feet.

There are a thousand odd islands in Lake Ontario and another thousand or two in the other eastern lakes of Canada, and no doubt they can all be bought, for no American or Canadian living can resist a deal in real estate, but these islands are not suitable for anything but houses, there is no room for gardens ; they are as small as it is possible for islands to be.

In the summer-time the Thousand Islands are gay with sportsmen, yachtsmen, and motor-boatists (I wish some one would coin a decent word for the men who go down to the sea in motor-boats) ; many of these "speeders," as they are called locally, can cover the water at thirty miles an hour.

The islands are so situated that there is a nice channel between them dividing the American from the Canadian side and the steamers pass down between, but no

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one need ask which are which, for without the evidences of the star-spangled banner there is every sign of Uncle Sam on his islands, also there is much more doing on the American side, more movement, and more noise : whilst the houses are bigger and more like imitation wedding-cakes and fairy-tale castles, and the yachts, speeders, and row-boats are all more highly coloured round the American islands.

There is good fishing and plenty of fun on both sides, and when any of the islanders are getting tired of themselves they hie off to a place called Charlotte, but pronounced "shalot" which is a sort of Coney Island where every conceivable means for enjoyment is provided.

It is a fine sight to go to Charlotte at night when all the lights are blazing and their reflections dancing in the water, when the gay tunes of the merry-go-rounds and the bands are wafted over the silent lake ; the shooting, the fireworks, the noise, laughter and gaiety of it all send your blood dancing in tune with it. As the steamer leaves, passing away back into the darkness and the silence on a still sultry night the impression is a strangely romantic one.

Yes, the trip through the Thousand Islands is an impressive one, whether taken from Montreal or Toronto. By the other route, instead of going by way of the rapids, one passes along by canals, and the steamer is lifted up by means of locks and series of locks, which are a marvel of engineering skill.

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Toronto looks curious from the lake ; the entrance to it is protected by a sand-bar ; you know when you are nearing the city by a cloud on the horizon.

I have a partiality for Toronto, for I spent many enjoyable weeks there and, if I had not, I would tell some strange tales of this *quasi*-religious town, more American than English and more Canadian than either.

This is the city where “No English need apply” ; there is no town in Eastern Canada so English in appearance and yet so absurdly bigoted against the English. I have even met Canadians born in Toronto who disliked the English so much that they denied their own nationality and called themselves American rather than confess that they were British subjects.

I have also heard Englishmen swear they were Canadians in this religious city. One particularly interesting man I met, with a strong Yorkshire dialect, was busy with a friend of his who had the Cockney accent very strong running the Old Country down. They do so in Toronto to fall in with the feeling of the city, I suppose, or perhaps they have the feeling, one cannot tell. I have sat in the clubs and overheard the strangest conversations concerning Englishmen and England and have had the greatest difficulty in keeping my seat. I suppose there is no town in all Canada so ignorant of England as it really is and Englishmen as they really are as Toronto—the city of learning. And yet one cannot help liking it and liking many of the people in it, for when once they have got

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over their absurd prejudice against an Englishman none could be nicer. Still Toronto is not popular even in Canada and when men who travel there from the west speak of it they always have a curl on their lips.

But if I had to live in any town in Eastern Canada I am afraid I would choose this much-maligned city, that is to say, if its climate could be altered in the winter, its fogs dispersed, and that terrible ear-splitting foghorn that moans and groans for a week at a time to warn vessels that Toronto is near could be taken away. Its inventor, I feel sure, was a practical joker who was born with a hatred for Toronto, and this ghastly hooting, moaning, horrible thing is his revenge. I have known it go on for ten days at a stretch without an hour's rest day or night, with an insistent regularity that forbids the most nerveless person to sleep. I have lain awake night after night waiting for each moan and knowing to the second when it would come. Even as I write, though I am thousands of miles away from it, I hear it still.

Toronto has compensating beauties ; it has the most beautiful streets in Canada, and the finest horse-chestnut-trees I have ever seen, along its streets. It has neatly laid out gardens to its private houses, good hotels, fine buildings and interesting drives, but it is a queer place where religion in its worst form presumably holds sway. The bars of the hotels are all closed at seven o'clock on Saturdays, and the result is that at ten minutes after that hour the drinking section of the



W. Norman & Sons

YONGE STREET, TORONTO

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working population of the town can be seen reeling home with enough drink on board to see them through till Monday. You cannot buy a cigar on Sunday, and the slot machines are not allowed to receive coins, and newspapers are not on sale. Yet with all these restrictions last winter there were more "hold-ups" in the streets of Toronto than in the wildest American mining camp, and every one keeps a bottle of whiskey in his bedroom—a curious habit I have only come across in Toronto.

An Australian girl who was staying in a first-class boarding-house there told me an amusing incident. She and her companion were in the habit of having wine with their meals and so they brought their bottle of claret into the dining-room in the usual way. After dinner the landlord came up to her and asked her not to drink with her meals again.

"But why?" asked she.

"Oh, it is not customary here; my wife doesn't like it and the other boarders object. I don't mind a bit myself," he added, "I'm not a moral man."

My friend was unable to see the point, but afterwards learnt that it is considered immoral to drink in public, and she soon discovered that every woman in the house had her bottle of whiskey or brandy in her bedroom and made no secret of the fact.

The bedroom is where the Canadian lives, moves, and has his being, his friends and his meals; does his writing, sits, reads, and finally sleeps.

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Toronto, unless I was misinformed, stands unique in the position of having a Methodist governor of the gaol and a Methodist censor of plays, and yet there is as much vice in this city as there is in other cities—so I am told.

For all its little petty deceptions it is a fine city and boasts one of the best yachting clubs in the world. Its situation on Lake Ontario gives it a position that any place might be proud of, but why the whole of the lake front has been sold to the railway company and warehouses is a mystery that only a Torontonians can solve.

CHAPTER IV

SPORT AND WHERE TO FIND IT

ONE of the most difficult questions to answer and one that is asked more often than any other of the man who has travelled Canada is, "Where is the best sport to be had?" And each specialist in sport will specialise and say: "Where is the best fishing?" "Where is the best hunting?" "Where can I be sure of a moose or a caribou or a grizzly?"

If one glances at the pamphlets issued by the railways on the game of Canada, one thinks that the whole country abounds in big game and enormous fish, that every stream one whips is sure to reward one with a sporty trout, that every forest will supply its bear, and that caribou, moose, elk and deer are as plentiful as sheep in Australia, but when one really gets down to hard facts, there are not many places where these denizens of the woods and waters can be found. The general answer given to the question, "Where can I get a shot?" is "Oh, anywhere," but anywhere is nowhere.

I know, for instance, that within fifteen miles of Vancouver it would be safe to say a bear could be found, but that fifteen miles can't be travelled in a

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motor-car, and I might search the Cascade Mountains for weeks before I caught sight of a spoor, still I would not be over-stepping the fifteen-mile radius.

Just when the sporting season is opening, travellers will probably be struck by a paragraph in the newspapers describing a desperate fight between the barman of an up-country hotel with a big bear in the backyard, and at the end of the said paragraph there will appear a few lines to the effect that the country all round is alive with bear and great risk is taken by those whose duty compels them to reside at the hotel.

If you knew the tricks of the trade you would know that that paragraph cost the proprietor of the hotel thirty cents a line and that within three weeks his house will be full of sportsmen. You will not hear how many bears have been secured at the end of the season. Advertising in Canada is now one of the fine arts.

Like many another man I have been out with rod and gun and have tramped for miles and never seen the feather of a bird or the track of an animal. I have whipped a stream for two miles and never had a rise, simply because I was under the impression that Canada was alive with game and fish. When once this idea is exploded and the truth begins to dawn on you, you can soon learn where good sport can be had, and bear, moose, caribou and elk will reward the man who has the money, the time and the sportsman's instinct.

Caribou are supposed to be plentiful all over Canada,



Canadian Pacific Railway

MOOSE IN NATIONAL PARK AT BANFF

THE LAND OF HOPE

but if you take a line from Alaska to New Brunswick and keep well into the forest land on that line you cannot go wrong.

The caribou is a beautiful animal and well worth all the trouble of hunting, for no finer-looking beast can be found.

There are two kinds in Canada : those known as the barren-ground caribou, which haunt the desolate places where they can sometimes be seen travelling in herds of any number from thirty to a hundred, and the woodland caribou, which are not so migratory.

In appearance the caribou is very like a stag ; it has long antlers which generally have great upward curves and one peculiar flat-ended antler coming from the crown of the head down the nose ; unlike most of the species they cannot feed off the ground, owing to their curious mouths.

The recognised hunting-grounds are Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Labrador, Nova Scotia, Northern Quebec and Ontario, but they can be found well back in the north of most of the provinces.

Round Sudbury, in Ontario, I was told that several were shot last year, and in conversation with an "old-timer," Mr. Leman, he advised me to hunt that district in preference to any other. He showed me an old blunderbuss with which he shot his first caribou and probably his first Indian, for he was out there before any one else as a Hudson Bay trader. Being as keen a sportsman as possible he is only too glad to be of

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assistance to any one following his bent, and a yarn with him will be beneficial to any one going into that district on a sporting trip. Deer are also very plentiful hereabouts, and any one with a good eye and a steady aim can be sure of getting as many of these gamey animals as he desires.

This part of Ontario is easily get-at-able, as both the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern have stations there, and Sudbury itself is quite a go-ahead mining town. It is a dreary enough place to look at, but every one seems to be fairly well off and satisfied with his uninteresting houses and surroundings.

The moose is a bigger and finer animal than the caribou. It has broad antlers which spread in a sweep and has no front horn like a caribou, its nose again is different and is broader and rounder, more like that of a horse than a deer, it is higher in the fore quarters than the hind quarters and gives one the idea that it is always going uphill.

To secure the deer, the elk, and the moose, one only needs an experienced guide, a little money, and good shooting.

Moose and deer abound in Quebec and Ontario but, to my mind, the best places in the east are on the outskirts of the Algonquin Park, Muskoka, or north of Sudbury. All these places can be easily reached from Toronto or Montreal; the Canadian Northern has just run a direct line to Sudbury from Toronto which passes through the Muskoka district, and the Algonquin

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Park is best reached by the Grand Trunk Railway.

This park has an area of 1,800,000 acres and is a National Reserve where shooting is prohibited, though fishing is allowed and catered for, in fact, Algonquin Park is the fisherman's paradise ; it comprises over a thousand lakes and rivers, and fish are to be found in most of them, but the park itself is no place for a big-game hunter, it would drive him mad, for when camping he would see so many good shots that he would lose interest in all else. Deer and moose are there in hundreds and any evening they can be seen sporting by the sides of the lakes or swimming across them. It is a tantalising place, and each year the big game become more plentiful, for they seem to know that safety lies there.

I remember reading in a guide-book some time ago that this park was a place where sportsmen could watch the movements of all the native animals of Canada, and snap-shot them in their natural surroundings. It rather turned me off Algonquin Park, for I fancied the moose, the bear, and the cougar mouching about devoid of all modesty and parading their charms with notices on their backs that they were not to be shot. But things are not as bad as that, for the park is a mighty big place, and it is easy to travel for days without seeing anything more interesting in the animal world than a deer or a stray rat. The evening is the most likely time to catch sight of these protected animals.

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Sit in a canoe on one of the lakes and drift gently down stream with your eyes well open, and the chances are ten to one that you will be rewarded—aye, well rewarded, if you are a lover of nature, for this part of the country is grand when the black fly is not abroad and the mosquito is still in embryo.

The silence, the wildness and the vastness of everything strikes you as something you have no recollection of, unless you have been into the wild places of the earth before. You will find it hard to realise when you are paddling your birch-bark canoe with a solid, silent Indian, that you are only a week from the roar and rush of the Strand; that London is but six days' travelling from where you are; that in so short a time you can be back there looking at your friends bending over their office desks, or tearing frantically down Fleet Street after an omnibus.

London seems millions of miles away, and everything else that constitutes hurry and business. When you picture the world from your canoe it will all seem so cramped. As you conjure it up, you see it all in a tiny circle—your friends, your enemies, the streets, the buses and cabs, restaurants, and crowds, all huddled together, whilst you are out on an ocean of water with giant pines and great forests, timid birds, strange-looking animals, and a solid, silent Indian.

Though the man who carries the gun can do no good for himself in the National Game Reservation, he who carries the rod will find in its vast stretches of water



Canadian Pacific Railway

CAMP ON LADY EVELYN LAKE, TEMAGAMI, ONTARIO

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enough sport to keep him satisfied whilst the season lasts. Black bass, weighing anything from three to four pounds, salmon-trout turning the scale at ten pounds, and speckled trout can be caught in almost any of the streams during May and June.

The favourite flies for these fish are the "Red Ibis" and the "Montreal."

A very good bait I found for bass was an imitation minnow with a few peculiarities of its own. I think it had a red tail and a kind of spoon was fixed in front of its head. It is made by one or two Toronto tackle-makers and was recommended to me by several fishermen. The maker knew what he was making, which is more than any one else did; even the man who sold it to me blushed slightly when I asked him what fish it was intended to represent. In July and August fishing is still good, but flies are useless, live minnows are best, and they can be easily caught with a hand net.

The best all-round country for sport is, undoubtedly, British Columbia, for here one has a greater variety of game to choose from, and on returning from a three months' trip the sportsman, however poor a shot he be, can hardly fail to secure a collection of moose heads, caribou heads, bear-skins, mountain sheep and goats, besides innumerable deer.

Whilst in the lower part of British Columbia, I had the luck to meet one of the authorities on sport in Canada—a man known best as "Daredevil Williams," but by birth he was christened Bryan Williams, and by

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occupation he is now Provincial Game Warden. He has been on more shooting expeditions in Canada than any man living, and lately it has been his business to locate game for the National Park which is to be made in British Columbia.

His advice for those seeking general sport was that they should go into the Cassiar country; though there are no deer there are mountain goats, caribou, and moose, and the Cassiar country is easy of access. Black bear and grizzly can be found there, and should be taken in the spring, when their coats are at their best. September and October are the months for caribou and moose.

If a party goes on a hunting expedition, the time of the year to start is August, then, if the sport is good and time is of no moment, there is enough game in different parts of British Columbia to keep one wandering on a whole year, taking the sport that offers in the various parts, and enjoying to the full the wildness of nature and the beauties of this province's climate. There is fishing of the very best to be had in nearly all the streams and rivers, and Indian guides can always be obtained. Most of the recognised ones are thoroughly reliable.

Of birds there are prairie chicken, grouse, snipe, duck, geese, and pheasants in abundance, so that the sportsman has not only in British Columbia but in all parts of Canada opportunities of satisfying his longing in a cheaper and less arduous way than in any other

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country where big game, birds, and big fish are to be found.

With regard to outfits, buy all you need locally and take the advice of those in the district as to what you should wear. This is important, as there are so many conditions to contend with that can only be suited by buying outfits made for the Canadian climate and the Canadian forests. It is better to pay more and have things that will be of use than be hampered with cheaper articles that will cause endless pain and anxiety during the expedition.

The best guides generally supply canoes, camp outfits and cooking utensils; these men's services can be had from five dollars a day and upwards; cheaper men are not of much account. When a party is being contracted for the guides charge so much per head for the period. For a six weeks' trip in the Cassiar country Williams gives the figure for three men at one thousand dollars each, but this is one of the most expensive districts. In the Kootenay and Lilloet districts the cost per man of the party per day would be from twelve to fifteen dollars.

The close season for duck, snipe, bittern, heron, plover, and meadow lark is from March to August inclusive; grouse, prairie chicken, and ptarmigan from January to August inclusive.

The close season for moose (bull), caribou (bull), elk or wapiti (bull), hare, deer, mountain goat, and mountain sheep is from January to August. The latter three

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begin their close season in the middle of December. Land otter and marten are close from April to October north of the 55th parallel, but for duck, grouse, and ptarmigan the close season is from April to the middle of September.

In British Columbia the beaver is protected till August 1911.

CHAPTER V

NEW ONTARIO AND COBALT

THE province which at present is undoubtedly the richest in the Dominion is Ontario, including what is known as New Ontario. It embraces an area of two hundred thousand square miles, beginning a few miles from Montreal and extending, westward, to within a day's ride of Winnipeg.

In the south are the world-famous fruit-growing lands of Niagara, to the north the homesteader is tilling the ground, cultivating grain and rearing cattle, whilst the lumbermen are busy clearing the forests, the timber from which is now all marketable.

Ontario is no new province, as it dates back over one hundred years to the time when some ten thousand United Empire loyalists left America, after the Revolution, and settled along the banks of the St. Lawrence, on the Niagara peninsula and Lake Ontario.

At that time, and for nearly a century afterwards, Ontario was Western Canada, and its western extremity was almost unknown, and Winnipeg—now the great wheat capital of the Dominion and the beginning of the New West—was only Fort Garry, a fur-trading station.

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Southern Ontario is like a great orchard, and a busier part of Canada would be hard to find in the fruit season, but though there is a "rush time" in Ontario to gather the fruit, it is not the same wild rush one becomes accustomed to in the west, when the wheat is being handled.

Ontario is old, its ways are the ways of experience, and its methods are methods that tell that they have been evolved, tested and found to be the best. There is practically no experimenting in Ontario, every one knows what to do and how to do it, and what the result of their doing will be, at least where fruit is concerned. There are experimental farms, experimental unions, agricultural societies, and the Guelph Agricultural College where pupils are taken to be instructed in the ways of farming—and at the same time the professors are trying experiments, but their attention is now chiefly being given to the growing of grain; the introduction of the Siberian oat and Mandscheuri barley into Ontario was the result of their experiments and has brought in a profit of many million dollars to the province.

The Experimental Union consists of some three thousand Ontario farmers, who make it their duty to experiment in agriculture. Afterwards they set before the public the results of their energies. Their labours have been the means of introducing several new varieties of roots; so successful has the Union been that the fruit-growers have copied them and estab-

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lished a dozen experimental stations in different parts of the province. But as I have already stated, fruit-growing in Ontario has become a fine art and very little more can be learned from experiments, as can be seen by any one visiting the fruit districts. Right from the planting to the packing every device to ensure the best prices and the best results has been carefully thought out and tested. There is, I believe, only one thing more to learn, and that is how to preserve the fruit so that it can be transported fresh to other countries, for Ontario fruit will not keep for any length of time.

The chief cities of Ontario are Toronto (the Provincial Capital), Hamilton, Kingston, Ottawa (the Federal Capital), Peterborough, and London.

Whenever you talk about London in Canada you always hear the query—Ontario? To the Canadian there is only one London, and that is the one in Ontario; the other London is “London, England.” London alone means that little city in Ontario where some enthusiastic cockneys first settled and began to clear away the bush and build up what they hoped would one day be as big a city as the one in which they were born.

Had it not been in the middle of summer when I went there I might have stayed longer and enjoyed the hospitality of this city in the bush, but it is a warm, sultry spot in July, and no place in which to linger unless one has previously spent a winter there.

It boasts a population of about fifty thousand, and,

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like its namesake, is situated on the River Thames. It has its Kensington, its Westminster, its Hyde Park—this is a suburb a few miles out—its St. Paul's Cathedral, its Blackfriars Bridge and its Covent Garden; one thing it has not got is a real "out-and-outer"—a coster and his barrow.

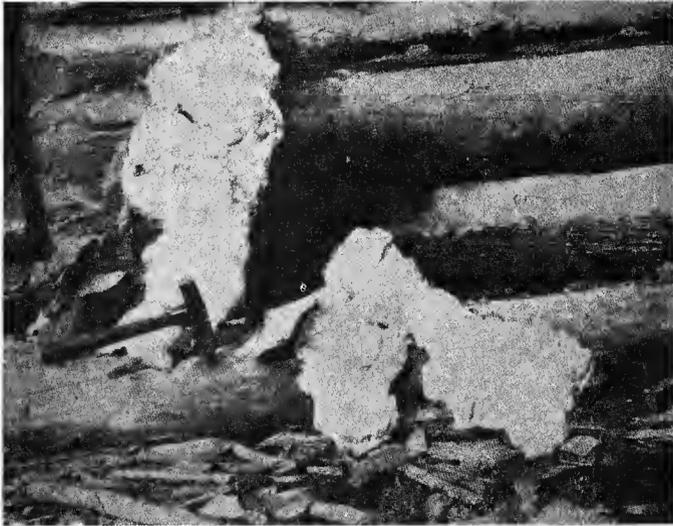
In New Ontario there is more mixed farming than in any other province; as it is more thickly populated, and has been longer under cultivation, farming is more advanced than in more western parts. The following crop statistics, though three years old, will give an idea of the variety of produce raised.

The wheat crop for 1906 was 22,500,000 bushels; barley, 25,000,000; oats, 1,034,119; peas, 8,671,567; hay and clover, 4,862,830 tons. The apple crop was estimated at 35,000,000 bushels; whilst the area under rape was 43,560 acres; flax, 6902; hops, 1732; tobacco, 6887; orchards, 352,300; vineyards, 12,785.

Ontario also possesses a more varied assortment of useful timber than any other province, though it is not to be found in such great quantities, nor is it as large. Its mineral resources are also good and varied—silver, gold, iron, copper, lead, and nickel.

Sudbury is the centre of the nickel-mining industry, and is supposed to supply half the world's demand for that commodity.

Who has not heard of Cobalt, the greatest silver-mining district in the Empire? Ontario is responsible



Grand Trunk Pacific System

SLABS OF COBALT

From the New Ontario Mine. The upright slab contains \$500 worth of silver



VINEYARD IN THE LAKE PENINSULA, ONTARIO

These vines are trained along wires, and never grow very high

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for it, and for the fortunes and misfortunes of the thousands of speculators who have dabbled in its shares. Of Cobalt much could be written, and if one tried to get every one's opinion of it, one would go mad in a very short time. I tried it, I asked every one I met in Toronto for one week what they thought of Cobalt, but finally found it wiser to gather my own impressions, for I could not make out if Cobalt was good or bad. Some thought it the greatest place in all the world for silver, whilst others, well, I will not repeat what they said about it, or about those who had floated its mines, but I will say that I was invited to a remarkably good dinner by one of the men who advocated Cobalt and who was interested in many of its mines, or "scratchings," as he called them. "Cobalt has not been touched yet," he kept impressing on me at the end of each course. "Wait till we get to work properly, then you will hear something that will astound you! Just wait!"

From 1904 to July 1907 the value of the ore from Cobalt was estimated at ten and a half million dollars, and less than fourteen thousand tons have gone to make this amount, showing that over seven hundred and fifty dollars per ton has been paid. This is a remarkable assay. There are evidences, it is said, of the same rate of production continuing for the next twenty years, with a possibility of silver being found in equal quantities for miles round the present district, which is about six miles from north to south and three from east to

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west ; as far north as Larder Lake ore has been discovered, and at points many miles east and west. At Ker Lake, east of Cobalt, some rich veins have been discovered, and at Rabbit Lake, thirty miles farther south, deposits of Cobalt gold and nickel have been found. Cobalt is ninety miles north-east of Sudbury, the centre of the copper-nickel mines. At Sudbury the nickel is found in pockets, whilst at Cobalt the metals are found in veins. On the eastern shore of Lake Temiskaming deposits of iron pyrites and galena have been found, and the same strata has elsewhere yielded corundum, copper, nickel, and mica ; it is quite possible that the whole of this northern section of Ontario will some day prove to be one of the biggest mining centres in the world, and as a cobalt and nickel producer it should hold its own against all comers ; at present New Caledonia is its chief rival. It should also hold its own as a hotbed of disease and a breeding-ground for typhoid epidemics, for it is a filthy, badly arranged and badly managed town.

It is said that in the Crow's Nest district of British Columbia every other person was down with typhoid last year, and the Crow's Nest is a paradise of cleanliness compared to Cobalt, in spite of its coal dust. Those in authority thought that when they made Cobalt a temperance town (or thought they did), they had done all that was necessary. As a mining town it stands unique in that there are no licensed purveyors of intoxicating drinks, but it is almost

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as easy to obtain a drink there as in any other place I have been to, where licences are permitted or not, as the case may be. Further, the town of Haileybury is only four miles away, and there strong if not good drink can be had in any quantity. Cobalt has its "blind pigs" (unlicensed houses), and they do a flourishing business day and night and keep the police busy trying to catch them at it.

Apart from the filth there is another disadvantage, the cost of living, which has been run up by the ubiquitous real estate man, through whose energies it is now impossible to buy a piece of land large enough to build a house on for less than seven or eight thousand dollars. The flimsiest lodging - houses and hotels change hands at ridiculous prices. I heard of an hotel, a three-story frame building roofed with corrugated iron, selling, a month after it was erected, for five thousand pounds; its actual cost must have been somewhere in the neighbourhood of three hundred pounds. Other equally good bargains can be picked up daily. In Silver Street, it seems to me, the owners of wooden shacks ask any price that comes into their heads when a buyer is about, and, what is more surprising, they get it—but this is not mining.

At present there are, I think, only about twenty mines which are shipping to any extent; they are all fairly safe for present investment, especially as there has recently been a slump in Cobalt shares, owing partly to the bad times through which Canada has been

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passing, and partly to the rush with which the Canadians at first went into the field. The Cobalt fever caught them all, and the share-brokers were sharp enough to see the lay of the land and flooded the market with numbers of "wild-cat" mines, and these and the few genuine ones took all the available cash of the small investors, who probably not only put in all they had, but all they could raise, thinking they would soon have it back again with an enormous dividend added.

In Toronto I heard very little good of Cobalt, and I think it would be a fairly hard task for any one to float another Cobalt proposition in that city, even if it were paved with silver.

This, however, has nothing to do with the actual worth of Cobalt. In my opinion Cobalt will hold its own even if it does not go one better than many more favoured and bigger mining centres in the world, owing to the ease with which it is reached and its closeness to its markets.

I have heard three authenticated stories of how it was first discovered, which are interesting. One smacks of Australia and the Broken Hill find, with a slight variation to suit local conditions.

A blacksmith named La Rose (a French Canadian), whilst sitting down at his lunch, caught sight of a fox, which persisted in watching him in spite of some remarks La Rose called out to him. He thereupon picked up a hammer which lay by his side (blacksmiths

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always have hammers near them when they sit in the woods eating their lunches), and not being a marksman, he missed the fox and struck a rock. The force of the blow scored a bright metallic streak.

The blacksmith sent a portion of the rock away to Toronto to be examined, with the result, so says the authenticated story, that he now lolls languidly in his automobile and has often been seen in his private pullman-car on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The next story, also told of the same French Canadian blacksmith, is that for a long time he had been using a large chunk of ore to prop open his forge door, and one day a feeling of inquisitiveness came upon him, and he had it assayed and found it was rich in silver and nickel, the latter running as high as 10 per cent. He staked a claim, called it "La Rose" and sold it to Messrs. Timmins, Dunlap, and McMartin, who are now working it. It is said that there is five million dollars' worth of ore in sight.

The next story, one which to my simple mind seems the most likely, is that when the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway was being constructed, the men came across a vein of nicolite which they thought was copper, and the attention of Mr. Thomas Gibson, Director of the Ontario Bureau of Mines, was called to it; he aroused the interest of Professor Willet Miller, Provincial Geologist, who then went forth and examined it and reported that there were rich deposits of silver and bismuth in the district. It was he who

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christened the place "Cobalt," but he is not reported to have been seen lolling in lordly languor in either pullman- or motor-cars, so the truth of this story seems quite feasible, if rather unromantic.

South of Cobalt the Provincial Government has reserved a large mineral area, known as Gillies Timber Limits, which is to be worked for the benefit of the province, and already it is estimated that from one to two million dollars' worth will be taken from it yearly. How this estimate has been arrived at I was unable to learn. People think you rude in Canada if you ask them to work out their estimates and show you how they arrived at them.

If this Government claim only succeeds in yielding one-third as much as the claims at Sudbury, the province will be in an enviable position. Few people, even mining experts, know that Sudbury has one of the richest properties in the world, and not one Canadian in fifty has ever heard of Sudbury. Its yield in 1906 was worth only a few dollars short of nine millions.

One cannot help feeling that as soon as this part of Canada has been cleared of "wild-cat" breeders, the silver and nickel mines will be exploited in a methodical way, and the results will warrant the expenditure of many millions. But here the small capitalist is out of place, in fact it is partly owing to his endeavours that this part of Ontario has fallen in the estimation of the big men.

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Cobalt is at present in as bad odour as British Columbia was a few years ago, but it will come out on top, just as British Columbia has, when the air is cleared.

I believe in Cobalt, and think that what my enthusiastic friend said was quite true: "Just wait."

CHAPTER VI

GOVERNMENT INDUCEMENTS TO IMMIGRANTS

ONE hundred and sixty acres of land granted free to any one desirous of farming.

This Government grant of prairie land has been the greatest advertisement Canada has ever had, and has been the means of bringing thousands of able-bodied men to the country from all parts of the world. Even those who did not wish to take to farming have been so hypnotised by the continual statement and the glowing accounts concerning the ease with which work could be obtained in Canada, that they have left their old haunts for this new land.

Many years ago this grant of land was the means of opening up the prairie and turning its wild acres into waving fields of wheat. It brought thousands of men there; they have served their purpose, they have made other land more valuable, enriched the country in general—the railways in particular.

The one hundred and sixty acres then were not far off the beaten track, except in one or two instances—the Bar colony immigrants were dumped away in the wilds some forty miles from anywhere, but the Government came to the rescue and helped them over their



Canadian Pacific Railway

NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

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difficulties. Now when a man goes to the prairie to look for an untaken quarter section of land he little knows what he is in for.

An interesting Lincolnshire man whom I met in Winnipeg, out of collar and down at heel, told me he spent two hundred pounds looking for the free grant and finally found one quarter-section twenty-seven miles from anywhere, away in the most desolate country he had ever seen.

When in Winnipeg you are shown a map of the country cut up into sections and on certain squares is written the word "School."

You are told how to get to the place you choose, and away you go smiling. You take your ticket to the nearest railway station and arrive at a tumble-down village with two or three wooden shacks, an hotel, a general store and perhaps a barber's shop; then your troubles begin.

The place you want may be up at the North Pole for all the inhabitants of the shack-town care or know, but if you pay a big enough price, one of the enterprising farmers in the district may lend you a rig (four-wheeled buggy) so that you can look for it yourself. You pay by the day for the rig anything from £2 to £5. At the end of three weeks you return and say you have not found it and have had almost nothing to eat and seen no one from whom you could get anything, you will greatly amuse your listeners and they will then offer to sell you some land quite close to the

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“city”—don’t pass any remarks about the use of the word “city” or look round in the direction of the five shacks or you will hurt their feelings and they might even refuse to sell land to you.

If you are still persistent and want your one hundred and sixty free acres, they will probably offer to send out a search-party for it, but it will cost you at least fifty dollars, and then they might not be able to locate it.

If you are wise you will stand them all drinks and wait till the next train comes and then return to civilisation. You will save yourself endless disappointment and much worry and misery.

The chief duty of the Royal North-West Mounted Police is fetching in maniacs from these free quarter-sections—the loneliness gets on their nerves and then they get what the Canadians call “bug-house.” I don’t quite know what it means or from what it is derived, but I have seen a few scores of men suffering from it and had the pleasure of guarding one in the train whilst a policeman went to get his dinner. He had had to miss his breakfast as he was afraid to leave his charge alone, and the other passengers in the carriage were afraid that they were not fitted for the job. I was glad to find one job that a Canadian felt incompetent to tackle; as a rule he knows all there is to know about everything—in his own mind—and is prepared to undertake anything.

Many years ago the task of finding the hundred and sixty acres was easy, every assistance was given, and those

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who took advantage of the Government's offer did well and are now amongst some of the wealthy men of the Dominion, but nowadays the game is played out unless you are "in the know," and it is far better and far cheaper to buy land moderately near a railway station. The nearer the line the higher the price is naturally the rule, but when it is remembered that every bushel of grain has to be carted to the railway and taken from thence to the grain elevators, and that labour during harvest time is excessively hard to obtain and wages very high (in some out-of-the-way places it is almost impossible to obtain help at all), the advisability of this step can be seen. Further, the rapid rise in the value of land near the line will recompense one later for the extra initial expense.

It is almost safe to buy any land along the line if it can be had from ten to fifteen dollars an acre, for it is sure to double in price as the country becomes more populated. Unimproved land, unless in a township, of higher price is best left to the speculator, for it has probably been boomed up on what is known in Canada as "hot air" (persuasive lying), and has nothing but "hot air" to warrant its price.

A word or two on improved land will not be out of place here, as it is one of the pitfalls which Englishmen have to avoid.

A well-worked English farm is very different from a well-worked Canadian one, there is considerably more emphasis on the "worked"; many of them have been

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so worked that a long rest and a return to prairie is the only cure for them.

When a farmer has taken every ounce of good out of his land, and for three years has found his crop decreasing, he begins to look about for a purchaser, advertising his property as an improved farm and accordingly raising the price of the land to a fancy figure, telling the purchaser what tremendous crops he has taken off the place. He even shows him his receipts and accounts and the purchaser admires the comfortable home he has been able to build, and the farmer or vendor takes him to a little tumble-down shack and points with pride to it. "That is what I started in, that little wooden hut." Tears come into his eyes and there is an effective pause. "You can see what five years on this farm has done for me; I would never leave it if it were not for my mother, who wants me back in Winnipeg." He then works out the future profits that the following years will bring forth on the rule of three principle. "If in five years I have accumulated thirty thousand dollars" (in this sum he is reckoning the amount of money he hopes you will pay him for his "improved farm") "on a capital of one thousand dollars on a virgin farm, you, with, say, ten thousand dollars, will in five years be worth two hundred and fifty thousand, you bet you! And, of course," he adds, "your land will be worth five hundred dollars an acre instead of what I am letting you have it for—a paltry three hundred dollars—as soon

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as the railway passes through it, which I guess will be in about a couple of years"—and so on and so forth.

I have listened to dozens of these men and I regret to say have seen many innocent fellows succumb to their persuasiveness. Not one farmer in fifty ever manures his land, and if I say not one in ten ever changes his crop I am giving a few hundreds the benefit of the doubt, so that the chances are that an "improved farm" is not worth half as much as an unimproved one, and whilst the latter can be had comparatively cheap, a fancy price is always asked for the former.

To begin farming in the north-west, as the great wheat belt is commonly termed, requires considerably more capital than many suppose. To do it decently, almost as much is necessary as would be in the Old Country, but as men seem more inclined to "rough it" in a new land than to live comfortably in an old one, they can put up with the barest necessities. After the most careful inquiries as to the cost of every article wanted on a prairie farm, I roughly estimate the capital necessary to start with—on a one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farm—to be not less than five hundred pounds, and that is above the cost of the land. In my reckoning I choose a certain district in the Saskatchewan. With this capital a small four-roomed house can be put up, the cost of which will be at least five hundred dollars—for timber is an expensive item in the north-west; a team of horses, and the necessary machinery,

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seeds, &c., and enough money to live on until the land brings forth its crop, will take up nearly all the remainder of the capital, and if the crop is frozen the first year there will be about enough credit or capital left to hold over for another season.

I was assured by a Toronto Government official that one hundred pounds was ample to start on, but how he worked it out is a puzzle to me. Another of these worthy officials, not ten minutes' walk from him, said three hundred pounds was the very smallest capital on which a hardworking, experienced farmer could begin. This last estimate is nearer the actual minimum, for it is possible for a man to live in a tent and so save the expense of a house, that is to say, if he only intends remaining on his land during the spring and summer, and is prepared to work in the woods or the cities during the winter, and thus save expenses.

The profits from wheat-farming are not great and it takes considerably more than one hundred and sixty acres of wheat to make a man's fortune, as the following figures will show :

A good crop gives twenty-five bushels to the acre, and wheat is sold at about seventy-five cents a bushel, so that a farm of one hundred and sixty acres will produce three thousand dollars' worth of wheat per annum.

From this has to be deducted the breaking (\$4.00 per acre), sowing (\$2.00 per acre), and harvesting (\$3.00 per acre) = about \$9.00 per acre.

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This absorbs, roughly, half the three thousand dollars, so that fifteen hundred dollars are left for working expenses for the year, wear and tear, cartage, storage, food for self and horses, and for labour, for it is impossible for one man to work one hundred and sixty acres.

When all is paid, granting a full crop and full price, the farmer who clears seven hundred dollars (£140) can consider himself a lucky man.

Of course these figures are not those usually quoted ; the general idea is that it costs thirty cents to produce each bushel of grain, and that if a farmer can get sixty cents per bushel and his farm is producing twenty bushels to the acre, then he is making a profit of fifteen hundred odd dollars (£300) for the year's work, out of which he has to pay his living expenses, which are not very heavy, as he can grow most of his vegetables, and canned meat or beans and bacon are not dear.

It will be seen even from the best of these figures that unless wheat is grown in large areas, in farms of from six to ten thousand acres, a fortune is out of the question.

When I explained this to one Government agent he became very angry and said he knew that two of his own farm hands made ten and twenty thousand dollars respectively in five years. The same man unsuspectingly gave me the figures I first quoted, during his conversation. When I had them all carefully written down I begged him to explain how his men made so many thousands of dollars in five years on one hundred

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and sixty acres. He became violent, threw a pamphlet he had been offering to me on the floor, and then cursing, he stamped out of the office.

Fortunes are made by the wheat farmers of Canada every year, and it is not by growing the article but by being in the "know" and speculating in it.

When I was in Saskatchewan in August, the buyers were purchasing grain at from sixty to seventy-five cents per bushel. It is now, in December, quoted at \$1.00 and shows every sign of touching the \$1.25 mark. The rises come after the farmer has sold, and this is when the money is made.

It may be fortune-making but it isn't farming, and it was farming I was talking about to that Toronto immigration official, who had given up a farm to take his present occupation, which I don't suppose brings him in more than twenty-five dollars a week.

The exact area of land available for settlement in Canada, the number of homesteaders now occupying grants from the Government, and the number of bushels of wheat grown per annum are all details which every Government and railway pamphlet contain. Each pamphlet also assures the reader that one district is infinitely better than any other, but I have found that these pamphlets, or I should say the writers of them, either have never been in any other district or they are decidedly bigoted. Every town of any importance in the wheat belt has its "booming" club, some are called the Ten Thousand Club, others, less ambitious,



FARM, KETTLE RIVER, GRAND FORKS, B.C.

Canadian Pacific Railway

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the Five Thousand Club, and the sole object of their existence is to "boom" the town until it has a population of five or ten thousand inhabitants, and I regret to say, after studying much of the information sent out by these and similar societies, I find it is very far from being correct.

A small town containing a dozen shacks and a store becomes in the eyes of the pamphlet compiler a thriving business centre. Further, the reports of the prosperity of those already there is vastly misleading. When visiting this part of Canada (the wheat district which lies between Manitoba and the Rockies) I tried to obtain real and true information from these and similar sources to help me choose the most favourable locality in which to begin my investigations. I never regretted a step so much; I was inundated with literature for weeks by every post. I had a dozen letters from real estate agents and all the parasites of the different districts, telling me of their virtues, and how simple it was to make a fortune there in a few years. On arriving at one of these places I was astounded at the miserable and apparently poverty-stricken condition of it. Its name is of no importance and I will not give away those who are doing their best to "boom" it.

The man who drove me, in a tumble-down rig, over roads rougher than the virgin prairies, told me that he was a sixty-thousand-dollar man, and that if I was going to settle in "his" town I had struck the

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greatest town in the North-West. I began to wonder if the travelling and the silent prairie had affected my brain and if my sight was not registering properly, or if the man with whom I was conversing had been so long out of civilisation that he was demented, but on arriving at the hotel—words fail me when I try to describe the barn which called itself “The Cecil Hotel”—and listened to other men talking in a similar strain, I came to the conclusion that it is not wise for man to live alone, as these men do.

Every one I met was a “so-many-thousand-dollar man,” and after some time I found out that they all reckoned their wealth by their land; a few years ago they had arrived here as homesteaders and received the Government grant of one hundred and sixty acres and had since taken up adjoining sections for which they had paid anything from fifty cents to a dollar an acre, then the railway had suddenly come through, and with the railway American land boomsters and some of their Canadian cousins. From a dollar an acre the land had been run up in less than a year to twenty and thirty dollars an acre, so that the men who had homesteaded and pre-empted, say, six hundred and fifty acres at a nominal cost of surveyors’ fees, &c., were now worth, on paper, from ten to twelve thousand dollars, according to the acreage. Prior to the land reaching this price they had probably speculated heavily and so gathered up a few more acres and were now all dying to sell them to the first igno-

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rant tenderfoot or “sucker,” as confiding Englishmen are called, who came along. I soon saw that I was looked upon as one of these unfortunates; they had been reckoning on me to unload their overpriced and more or less useless land, and in order that I might enjoy their “talk” to the full I played my part.

It was all an interesting experience. Luckily for me I have, to use a slang term, “been there before.” I know the real estate man and the country from whence he came, and at that particular time I was not on the look-out for land, so I was very soon dubbed a “darned Englishman” and left severely alone.

If you do not succumb to the persuasiveness of the North-West Canadian or his satellite the real estate man at once, or attempt to throw doubt on any of the statistics which glide off his tongue, or fail to appreciate the wonders of his shack-town, you are no good and no one has any time for you.

It is useless trying to obtain any information after it has been found out that you are not a buyer, you might as well try to borrow dollars without collateral security.

Beware of the boomster, I say, and let the district that shows the best results speak for itself.

I remember journeying once from Fort William to Edmonton; it is not a trip I would advise any one else to take, but it passes through some of the noted wheat-fields of middle Canada. Whilst at Saskatoon I met a young American, and soon after we had got into

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conversation he told me that he was on the look-out for land, as he was a sort of advance agent for some forty American families who were leaving Montana to try their luck in the North-West. He amused me for a whole day describing the adventures he had had in search of suitable land.

They consisted of weird drives to barren lands, wild rides over seemingly endless prairies, and nights of misery in loathsome hotels. Above all he complained of having suffered by being literally dunned to death by land dealers, touts, Government agents, machinery dealers, insurance agents, and supply-store travellers. He had come from America with what he thought was sufficient money to last him six weeks, and had found that it had but lasted three.

However, in spite of all he had gone through during the six weeks, he was perfectly satisfied with the prospects and reckoned that if he and his party began work next spring, in three years they would all be prosperous.

He was a man who knew men and knew farming, but he confessed that the crowd he had come across in the woolly west beat any he had ever met in the worst parts of the United States.

“When Canada gets rid of that bunch it will begin to move ahead,” he said. “If I had not persevered I should have turned back a week after I had arrived, thoroughly disgusted both with the country and the people. They lick anything we’ve got in our country, and I guess we’ve got some gems.”

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My American friend confessed to having spent seven hundred dollars in six weeks. He was no tenderfoot and those who sent him knew the man to whom they were trusting their future.

CHAPTER VII

WINNIPEG—SOME WORDS ON HUSTLING AND THE UNIONS OF CANADA

WHEN once the intending settler has made up his mind to embark on farming in the west—this incidentally means anywhere west of Winnipeg—and if he has the capital I have mentioned ready, his best plan is to make straight for Winnipeg, which is the centre of the universe, according to Winnipeggers. It is, however, the hub of the west, the starting-point for everywhere and a safe place to begin operations either in the selection of land or in the search for work.

I am assuming that the new-comer has had some experience in farming or I would not advocate his taking up land, but if he has not, then he had better hunt round in Winnipeg and get employment on a farm ; it would be advisable to choose one in the district where he eventually intends settling, for he will thereby become accustomed to the peculiar conditions of that part of the country ; each province has its own climate and its own peculiarities. If he arrives in the spring he will have no difficulty whatever in obtaining farm work and choosing the province he prefers to work in, east of the Rockies ; but on this matter I will write

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in another chapter as work in Canada needs more than a passing comment, it is one of those great big realities that have to be considered with the greatest care.

Quite within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, Winnipeg was a Hudson Bay trading post called Fort Garry, and to-day it is the busiest and very nearly the largest town in Canada.

When I first went there it was mid-winter and I thought Winnipeg one of the most miserable, overrated cities I had ever had the misfortune to stay in. There was a foot of snow, everywhere the temperature was twenty degrees below zero, and the hotel I stayed in was full of a rowdy lot of cattle-dealers and cow-punchers who had just arrived from the prairies, to spend the winter. This being their first week of civilisation they were making merry, so I was told.

There was a cold, cutting, wicked wind that disregarded all my clothes and simply nipped hold of my ears, nose, and chin and I could almost say shook them. A fifteen minutes' walk was all I could stand and I raced back to my hotel thankful even for its inhospitable shelter. I was too cold and too miserable during those first few days even to change hotels, and when business did not call me out I sat in my bedroom sweltering from the heat of the radiator, which being out of order I could not turn off.

Out in the streets I noticed that the people seemed to be going about their business and I pitied them, but I saw that they wore thick fur coats which reached down

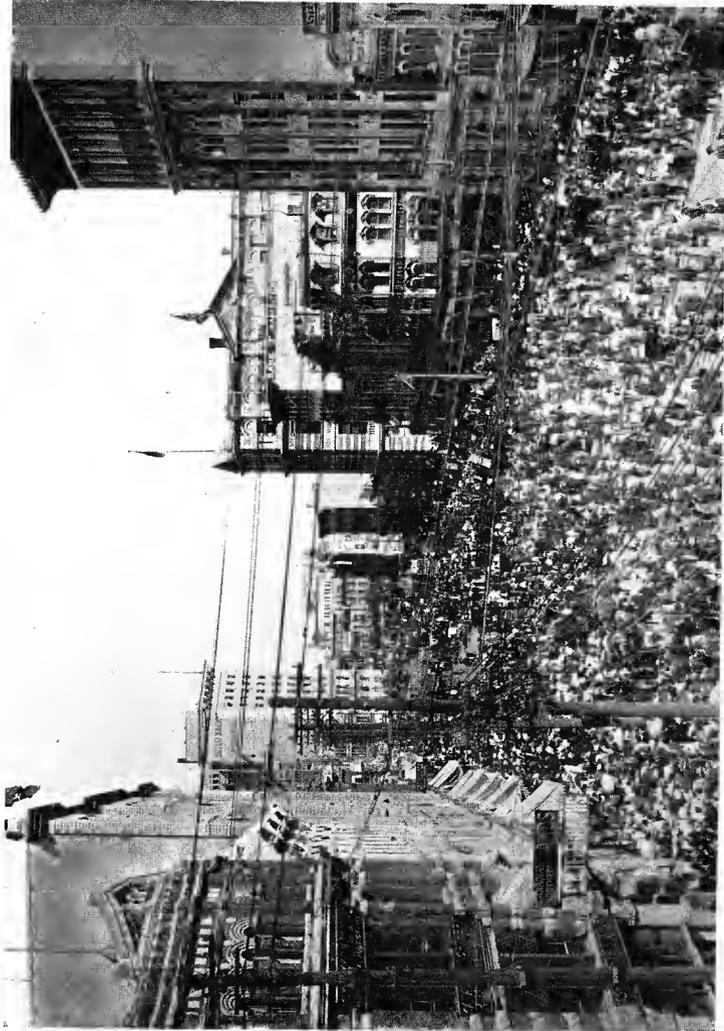
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to their ankles and snow-boots that defied both the slippery roads and the snow; most of them also had fur caps with ear-flaps and the collars of their coats were turned up over their heads, but even then they looked cold. As I was westward bound and hoped to be in the sunshine in a few days, I did not see the point of wasting fifty or a hundred dollars on a heavier coat just to satisfy the climate of this city, so I suffered, but I fear not in silence.

One day I was in doubt as to the way to the station, so seeing a great big fur-coated gentleman walking leisurely along I fell in step with him and asked him to direct me. He was a magnificent creature and looked as if he might have been managing director of the Canadian Pacific Railway and had left his ten-thousand-dollar automobile at the corner. He was fur-covered from the crown of his head to his boot-tops. I spoke to him with the greatest deference and apologised for troubling him and all that sort of nonsense when I noticed his haughty mien, but he did not seem to take any notice of my humbleness; he merely pointed in a commanding manner. "What do you think that is?" he said, pointing straight across the road at the station, and as he lifted his arm I saw on the wrist-band of his heavy fur coat a policeman's badge.

But enough of the winters in Winnipeg. I am more accustomed to the tropics, to blue skies, and to sunshine that enters your bones; to the drowsy hum of insects and the lazy lapping of the sea; the rich green of the

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Canadian Pacific Railway

MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, ON A HOLIDAY

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palm-trees and the sensuous smell of flowers ; so Winnipeg makes me shiver to think of even now, and it will take me years to forget those few days there in the winter, and that awful hotel—I would like to warn people from it. But then all Canadian hotels are open to any one who has the money to pay for their accommodation, and any one has money after harvest time, except the loafers, and even they can enter any hotel they like (they generally choose the best) and warm themselves. They sit with every one else in rows facing the great plate-glass windows. It is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the whole American continent, including Canada, that the middle-class men all like to be looked at, it matters not what they are doing or what is being done to them. They are shaved in front of a great window, right on the main street ; they eat in front of windows, have their nails manicured, their faces massaged, their clothes measured and their shoes cleaned or, as they call it, “shined.” They love to pose for their photos on the steps of the leading hotels, and they always talk so that every one can hear them at least fifty yards away. I have often sat watching a crowd of these peculiar hotel dummies seated in a long row as near the window as the radiators and cuspidors (spittoons) will permit, and wondered what their thoughts were.

They make no comments one to the other, but as each person goes by the window all their eyes turn on him or her and slowly you can see the heads all moving

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till the person has passed, and then slowly the heads all come back, to start again, unless some kindly person is coming from the other direction, when the heads wait and travel slowly back with the new-comer.

There is something uncanny to the foreigner in these turning heads and expressionless faces ; one begins to wonder if they are real, or if imagination has conjured them up. Were it not for the incessant use of the cuspidors it would be impossible to vouch for their humanity—wax images cannot spit, that is certain.

The same desire to see and be seen even enters into the private life of thousands of Canadians. Their houses are so built that one room leads straight into another. The sitting-room doors, if there are any, are never shut. In business the same peculiarity is found, and instead of the heads of departments having private rooms in which to discuss their business, they are generally to be found in great big apartments surrounded by their clerks, stenographers, typists, and office boys ; and if the business be a large one and there are eight or nine typists at work, confidential conversation or mental exercise is out of the question.

I twice had occasion to interview the heads of big business firms so situated, and I just managed to make one of them hear what I was saying by shouting in his left ear, but the other man I gave up as hopeless and suggested we should go outside and talk as my throat was getting sore. He became angry and so I left him more hurriedly than I had intended.

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The departmental stores are arranged on this plan. Two or three enormous rooms, each taking up the whole story, they are laid out very much like a church bazaar, with stalls on which are displayed every article from false hair to a silk scarf.

It's a strange place and about as unlike any other part of the world as it is possible to conceive. Even the South Sea Islanders failed to astonish me, with all their weird customs, as Jake Canuck and his wife did. Had I not already spent many moons over the boundary-line I should have been still more surprised, for I would not have been able to trace most of these peculiarities to their source—America. Canada fashions herself on America, and doesn't quite get there.

When I returned to Winnipeg on my second visit the snow had gone, the half-frozen look on its inhabitants' faces had thawed, the wheels were back on the carts and rigs, and the people had discarded their furs and were talking wheat and discussing the prospects of the great crop that was expected. It was a new place, the silence and solemnity had left it, smiles were on the faces of every one, and the stiffness had gone out of their joints. A few months later, after a journey east to Toronto and back again, the change was still greater, a broiling sun was trying hard to melt the sidewalks, men and women were clothed in the lightest of garments and every one had a "hustle on" for money was flying, or was supposed to

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be. The crops were in and now every one from the "shoe-shine" lad to the bank manager was on the lookout for the man with a little to invest.

Yes, Winnipeg is a great city, its broad streets, its flying cars, its noise and dust and its ceaseless hurry, all fill one with a strange expectancy. New York moves slowly compared to Winnipeg, but New York does its moving all the year round whilst Winnipeg has only six months of it, so it tries to make up for lost time.

There is a curious manner of confidence about its people. Men and women strut about with an air of assurance that is remarkable until one knows how the Winnipeggers regard themselves. They are The Thing! and their city is the greatest city on the map, and they like every one to know about it and them.

Even the bells on the electric cars seem to have a more strident tone than those of any other town, and they are rung far more often. The engine-drivers, I feel sure, are paid to blow their discordant whistles louder and more frequently than in any other place. There is more noise in Winnipeg than in London and New York put together.

No one who has lived there many years ever dreams of walking at a moderate rate. It is a fever spot where every one is working at high pressure and as far as an outsider can see for no earthly reason, for they do no more work in Winnipeg than in any other city, but they make more fuss about it. The reason for all this hustle is, undoubtedly, partly habit and partly lack

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of thought. I have worked with both Americans and Canadians and have times out of number seen them rush round a table four times to find something they had carefully put away in their desks, not ten minutes before. A moment's thought would save half their rushing. "Hustle," says one writer, "means making a lot of fuss over a badly finished job."

I was talking to an old Yorkshire farmer one day outside Winnipeg on the subject. "Well," I said, "do you find you have to hustle here; different from the Old Country, isn't it?" "'Um, 'tis different and no mistake. Ah cum from 'Ull but Ah 'ustle Ah do, and so do t'son. We puts by thirty dollars a month; we 'ustle we do, but yon" (the Canadians), he jerked his head over, "down't know what 'ustle means, but we do, t'son and me, and when we've doon 'ustling we be goin' back to 'Ull."

He was a typical Yorkshireman, slow and steady, and I expect worked about as fast as most Yorkshire farmers do, but all he did counted.

There is far too much of the hustle and too little real work in Canada.

One day I was staying at a private house and my host had to call in a plumber to do a small job for him. The plumber was a Canadian and belonged to his union. He sauntered into the house at eight in the morning, looked at the job and then said he would have to get a carpenter to uncover the pipes as they were cased, he was a plumber and not a carpenter. An

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hour later he returned with the carpenter and at twelve o'clock the two went to their lunch—returning at one ; at five o'clock the job was finished. The cost of it was six dollars.

The next morning we found the tap still refused to work so I took it into my head to examine it myself. I ripped the casing off the pipe and soon found that there was nothing wrong with the pipes but that the tap wanted a new washer. This I made out of an old boot and in less than an hour had the casing back, and the pipe working, and I am neither a plumber nor a carpenter—nor am I a union man. Yet these men both thought they were hustlers.

Another sample of this kind of hustling comes to my mind. A friend of mine, a mining engineer, sent to the largest firm in a certain Canadian city to have some nuts fitted to a piece of machinery he wanted to take up-country. The price for the job was estimated at nine dollars and agreed to. Two days after it was done my friend had occasion to try it and found to his surprise that the nuts did not fit, so he telephoned to the manager of the ironworks to send his man down at once and attend to them. The result was that the man remeasured the parts and made fresh nuts for them. Then, because my friend refused to pay twice for the same job he was sued and, to save further expense and loss of time and trouble, he paid the second nine dollars.

Whilst on the subject of the working man and the

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unions it seems to me an extraordinary thing that though the Canadians have no unions of their own they have to belong to a union before they are allowed to work, in most of the cities, and all those unions are American. The rate of wages, hours of labour and work are all arranged by the American unions. The Canadian hasn't a word to say in the matter. If a strike is ordered in America it has to be obeyed in Canada, and a good deal of jobbery is arranged in this way for the benefit of America and to the detriment of Canada. For instance, if there is likely to be an overplus of wheat in America, then a good railway strike can be organised just before the Canadian wheat is ready to be handled. If coal is being rigged in America then a coal strike can be ordered in Canada and so on.

This extraordinary state of affairs was commented on when I was in Winnipeg by the well-known American novelist, Cy. Warman, when he was making a speech before the Canadian Club. He said: "Were I a Canadian union man I would count it an insult for a foreign delegate to come into Canada and tell me when to work and when not to work."

In the same speech he also hit the Canadians rather hard on the subject of their treatment of Englishmen.

"There is another class of new-comer who excites my sympathy: I mean the high-minded, well-bred Englishman who comes to Canada to play his part in the great work of building the west. I think few of

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you will find fault with me when I say he does not seem always to receive the sympathy and encouragement he has a right, being British, to expect. At my hotel I overheard two new arrivals recounting their experiences, and as I rose to leave the table I felt like shooting out a glad hand and shouting: 'Shake, boys, you're all right and I give you welcome,' and then I remembered that I, too, am an alien and my welcome would only be about deuce high. When a new-comer arrives give him a square deal. Do not forget that the children of the new-comer will be no more foreign than many of you are to-day whose parents were cradled beyond the sea."

But Cy. Warman is not the only man from other parts of the world who has noticed these things, marvelled at them and commented on them.

Still, in spite of its unions, its strikes and its peculiar lack of hospitability to new-comers, Winnipeg has advanced more rapidly than any city in the west.

Its great streets stretch out like the tentacles of an octopus; its buildings do their best to block out the sunshine, its roar and rush to deaden the cries of the unemployed. It is a vast, hungry monster absorbing the wealth of the prairies; handling and turning into gold the great loads of wheat that pour into its elevators. Railway lines reach out in all directions drawing in wealth for Winnipeg. It is young, headstrong and grasping, but it is going to be the Chicago of Canada.



Canadian Northern Railway

THE BEGINNING OF A PRAIRIE CITY



Canadian Northern Railway

BINDERS AT WORK IN SASKATCHEWAN

THE LAND OF HOPE

Only a few years ago it was prairie land, fur traders were its only inhabitants, a fort and a few shacks its only buildings.

There is little wonder that those who live there are proud of it.

CHAPTER VIII

LAND AND WHERE TO SELECT IT—OPPOR- TUNITIES FOR NEW-COMERS—MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN, AND ALBERTA

SUITABLE land is not the only thing a man wants when he is making up his mind to settle in a new country—the novelty of the land or the growing of crops may pale. Unless he who watches them is wrapped up body and soul in his venture he should try and find a district around which some congenial neighbours can be found. Many a man has unwittingly planted himself on a section of land and found that none but Finns, Dukhobors and Galicians surround him for miles. I passed through one district between Winnipeg and Edmonton where camp after camp was occupied by foreigners, and only here and there were a few Canadian and English farmers. This is a point to bear in mind, and before deciding on any particular section of land it is well to ride for twenty miles in all directions prior to paying the cheque.

Canada is keen on having its land occupied, and does not mind who are the occupiers, so long as they will cultivate the land and swell the population.

This desire on the Canadian's part, though excellent,

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should be curbed, as the result is that to gain population the authorities have brought into the country thousands of undesirable foreigners, worst amongst whom are the Dukhobors.

These Russian fanatics were induced to come to Canada and the Government paid all their expenses, gave them land, houses, cattle, and grain, some say because they wanted their votes; anyhow they are in Canada now and the North-West Mounted Police are having a lively time with them. When I was through the Saskatchewan a body of these Dukhobors had left their farms and homes and were parading the country stark naked in search of their Messiah.

Their history is a sad one, but why the Canadian Government suddenly took it into its head to cater for them, when their own Government could not cope with them, is a question that will take some answering.

Lately they appealed to the Sultan of Turkey to have compassion on them and take them from this godless country of Canada—the Canadians are hoping he will.

The Finns have made excellent settlers, and what I saw of their farms showed me that they had quite mastered the art of prairie farming, and would soon be doing well. They have, I understand, come through bad times, as none of them realised what a Canadian winter was like, and had no idea that neither wood nor coal could be had without paying heavily for them.

I heard of three improvident farmers on the prairie

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last winter who ran out of fuel and had to abandon their farms, and seek shelter and warmth with a neighbour, who, though he was glad of their company, noticed that his store of wood was being sadly taxed. For the first month all went well, and big fires were kept up night and day, and the little quartet spent pleasant evenings with their cards, but as time went on the wood-pile diminished, and one morning the four farmers woke up to the fact that there was only enough wood for three or four more days, and there were still three months of winter before them. The whole of the next day they shivered round a half-filled stove, the second day they became reckless and burnt more than they had on any two previous days, and then looked sadly at each other and cast longing eyes at the few chairs and the table.

On the fourth day two chairs kept the shanty warm, and one of the men stole out on his snow-shoes and was gone for three hours, returning with two boxes and the door of his own homestead on his back.

Bit by bit he brought his home to the stove and it was burnt, then the other farmer stole out into the cold. He took a sleigh with him and did not return till late the same night, but he brought the front and one side of his house with him, and a whole edition of the works of Charles Dickens, and the fire burnt merrily for a week; when he disappeared again he returned with the back and side of his shanty and a fowl-house.

When the sun finally melted the snow there were

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three farm-houses missing in that district. Each visitor in his turn had pulled down his home and burnt it, but they had spent warm merry evenings and the winter had passed. Spring found these three men beginning to build again.

Only the poorest farmers ever remain on their farms in the winter. If they cannot get work in the woods they go into the towns and endeavour to get sufficient employment to pay their living expenses, until the spring comes and they can return.

The man who tackles prairie farming is, to use a colloquialism, "up against a tough proposition," and must, unless he has plenty of capital, look to years of strenuous hard work.

Things are not as they were in the old ranching days when cowboys, wild and hilarious, woke up the sleepy towns with volleys from their guns, and when horses and cattle roamed about the prairies and the rancher toured Europe whilst the snow was on the ground.

The last trail has been fenced now, and the cowboys of the old school have gone—ridden over the mountains and are whirling their "ropes" in Montana, Wyoming, or Washington.

Calgary long ago was a great ranching centre, and Alberta was a gold-mine to the real old rancher. Even the word ranch has lost its meaning, and any one who has a dozen wheezy fowls, a tired cow, and half an acre of ground talks about his ranch.

Ranching may mean having back gardens to attend

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to, or a five-acre plot; or anything with a blade of grass on it. *O tempora, O mores!*

In Montreal I was asked out to a man's ranch and found he alluded to a Brixton-like cottage in the suburbs, with a "garden back and front"—100 ft. by 60 ft. in all—but the house was cosy, and my host one of the best. He had lived eighteen years in Canada, and had fallen into the ways of the country, but it gave me a bit of a shock when I found his "ranch."

Edmonton, Calgary, Medicine Hat, and Moose Jaw are all good places near which land can still be had at fairly moderate prices. I do not wish to advertise any particular business in this book, but I cannot help advising any one to apply to the Canadian Pacific Railway for their price-list and particulars of land. They own the pick of the land in this part of the country, it was granted them by the Government, and as they do not look out for swindling their purchasers, like many of the real estate men, but rather to satisfying them so that the land will all be taken up and the railway company benefit by increased freight and passengers, it stands to reason that your need will be better met by them than any one else. All the other railway companies own land adjoining their lines, but as I have only seen those of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways, I cannot speak for the others. The Canadian Northern is a singularly progressive company, also owned and run by English capital, and it is pushing into the best

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districts, so that their land list and prices, if they now have land for sale, will also be of valuable assistance to the purchaser. In Winnipeg the Canadian Pacific Railway has its land office for the sale of the land, and maps and all information can be obtained there, without fear of the inquirer being pestered to buy.

Having chosen the district in which suitable land can be obtained, it is next very important to find out the distance which produce has to be carted, the freight rates and other similar items, for many men find, when too late, that they are so far away from markets that their profits are swallowed up by freight and other charges.

To make farming pay on the prairies it is necessary to rear cattle, poultry, pigs, and vegetables. Sheep are useless in most parts as they do not thrive, for some reason not yet discovered, unless it is owing to the severe winters and the poor feed.

The difference in climate between Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta is very great, and those who fear the rigour of a Manitoban winter, but still fancy "our lady of the snows," can choose Saskatchewan, whilst Alberta has not a very severe climate, that is why I think Englishmen should select this province, and settle near Lethbridge, Medicine Hat, Calgary, or Edmonton. Saskatchewan, Regina, Moose Jaw, and Saskatoon are all good places where railways run, where freight charges are not heavy, and society is good. Manitoba is a place I should avoid

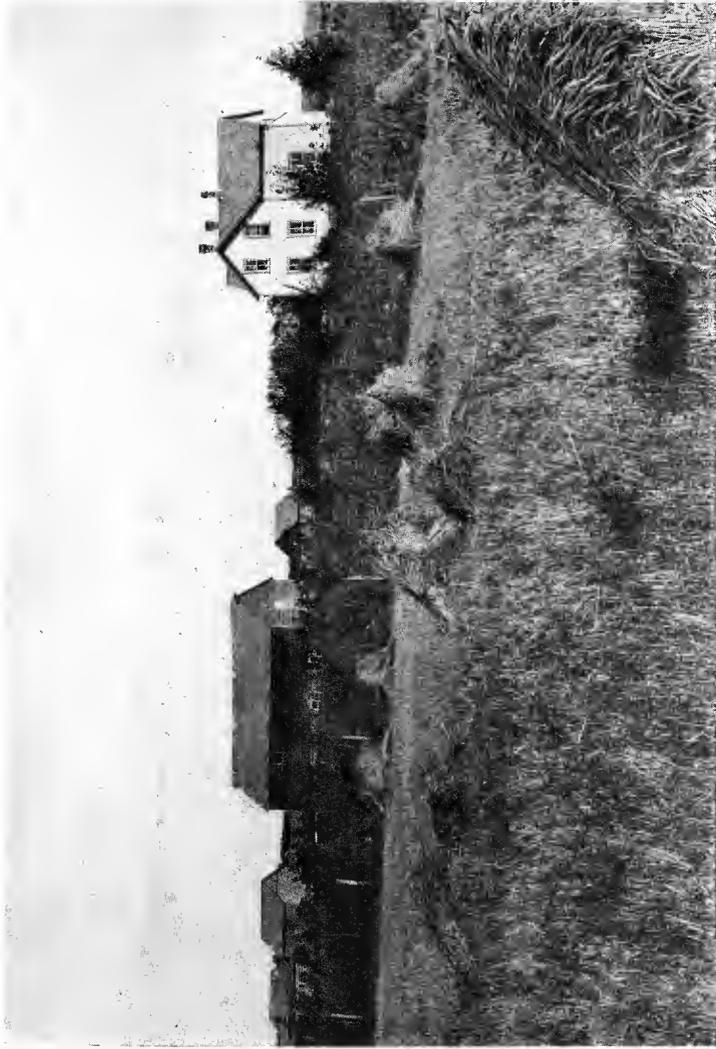
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unless I intended starting a poultry farm with a view to making money quickly and selling out.

Why poultry-farming is not more favoured I cannot conceive, for eggs are a ridiculous price all through Canada, and in Winnipeg there is a constant cry for them. Even in the summer they are scarce. I only remember ordering eggs once on the Canadian Pacific Railway for breakfast. The waiter brought me three and each one was bad. He then brought me three more and they were likewise bad.

Eggs even in Victoria, British Columbia, are scarce, and during September and on till the spring they generally cost three shillings a dozen, and I am convinced that the first men who start poultry-farming in Manitoba will make their fortunes, but they will want to understand poultry well before they begin, and be prepared for a severe winter. Pig farms are now springing up in Manitoba, and the owners are doing well, though some of them started with very little capital. A couple of Englishmen I know had had no previous experience, but they had a little capital and now they have both, but they never work less than fourteen hours a day.

Manitoba is essentially a mixed-farming province, and has the advantage over less westerly ones of cheaper freight rates and a near market, which compensates for the extra cost of the land. Winnipeg can absorb anything, and being in such close proximity to it means money to any enterprising farmer who can grow



THE OLD HOMESTEAD AND THE NEW

The old homestead, built of logs, and shown on the left, is now used as a barn

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good produce and rear good cattle, either for dairying purposes or for sale.

There are any number of good towns in Manitoba, and all of them have good schools and churches, and the lodges of nearly all the fraternities. If a new-comer belongs to a fraternity, the Masonic, the Oddfellows, or Foresters, it is advisable to get introductions to the lodges in the town to which he intends going, and thus be sure of a good welcome, for strangers in the ordinary way are liable, as I have said before, to receive a cold reception. It is one of the peculiarities of the Canadians that the new-comer is looked on with suspicion. One would be almost inclined to think that the present inhabitants of this hopeful land were so surprised to see a man leave the old country and to come to the new one that they feared he must have done something wrong. Canadians have such a high opinion of their country that they are surprised when they hear of people staying away from it, but consistency is not their forte.

In the province of Saskatchewan there are at least four good towns round which land can be obtained moderately cheap, Regina, Moose Jaw, Chamberlain, and Saskatoon. Each of them is progressive, so that whatever price is now paid for the land, its value, in the course of a few years, will greatly increase. Saskatoon is perhaps the most progressive, as the story of its remarkable growth will show.

Ten years ago there were about a dozen insignifi-

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cant-looking shacks, and between twenty and thirty people; these two combined made Saskatoon—the rest was prairie.

There are now between 7500 and 8000 people, twenty-three wholesalers, seven banks, two hospitals, twelve churches, three clubs, one trust company and—I can't remember how many real estate offices, but there are more than two; I think there must be twenty-five.

Ten years ago there was not a railway line anywhere near the town, and though the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway had their survey line through Saskatoon, they decided to pass by it on another route, but so persistent were the "hustlers" and so progressive the town, that at last the Grand Trunk altered its plans and went through Saskatoon. There are now three railways passing through, for the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern have stations there and the inhabitants can go to Winnipeg by five different ways.

From a mere prairie settlement it has become one of the busiest centres of the richest wheat district in Canada, and I should not be surprised to hear in a few years that it was another young Winnipeg. An increase of some 26,000 per cent. in population in less than ten years is phenomenal, even in Canada. They are a proud and enterprising people who live there, and nothing but the best is good enough for them. The latest addition to the town is a private school for girls, which is a rare thing, as the usual

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custom in Canada is to mix the sexes in education, with the result that the girls grow up with few ideals regarding man, and precious little sentiment for anything but money. There is a complete lack of *naïveté* about them, and all the charm one usually associates with young women just ready to step out into the world is missing. They know all there is to know, and are as matter-of-fact and practical as their grandmothers. They seem to have no youth and at fifteen years of age spend all their time in "figuring" how they are to get the latest thing in "shirt waists" or "suits." They show no backwardness in speaking to men, and I never once came across one who was shy—but many made me feel so.

Most Canadian girls have lost all that makes girlhood sweet and womanhood beautiful, and I think the chief cause lies in the schoolroom and bad up-bringing; at school they lost all respect for the male creatures, and the boys treat them as something beneath themselves. If my observation was not all amiss, the same feeling remains in these boys after they have left school, for they lack the delicacy of speech, chivalry, and attention that is generally accorded to women all over the civilised world.

In other respects the men treat the women well, and the majority of marriages seem to be successful. The woman does the housework and the man goes out and earns the money, and each seems perfectly contented with the other, but there is no romance about it—

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it is a hard, cut-and-dried business that would only appeal to the unimaginative.

In social life the men and women seem each to have their own friends, generally of their own sex, and their own interests. I only hope that the example set by Saskatoon will be followed in other towns.

In describing Moose Jaw I cannot do better than quote the A B C of that town as sent out by the Board of Trade. I spent a few days there and was struck by its busy appearance and clean streets :

A self-made city, the product of the Canadian Pacific Railway and progressive farmers within a radius of twenty-five miles.

Banks—five chartered banks, one private bank.

Centre of the richest farming district in Saskatchewan.

Distributing centre for South Saskatchewan.

Educational facilities—the best in the province.

Fire protection excellent, giving the lowest insurance rates in the west.

Gravel and sand in abundance for building purposes.

Half-way between Winnipeg and Calgary.

In range of the balmy Chinook winds, no cyclones, no floods, no earthquakes.

*Journalism in Moose Jaw is represented by the *Times* (daily and semi-weekly), and the *News* (daily and weekly).*

Key that has opened the door to success for many investors, more to follow.

Land values steadily increasing.

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Municipal ownership of electric plant, water, and sewer systems.

No watered stock of any kind at Moose Jaw.

Open door to manufacturing industries.

Population, June 24, 1906, 6250—now estimated at 7500.

Quality, "The best," is one of the mottoes of the city.

Railways. A divisional point on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the terminus of the Soo line; the starting-point of the Moose Jaw, Edmonton, and Saskatoon Railway. Moose Jaw is the only city in Canada on the St. Paul-Soo line to Spokane.

Stock Yards, Canadian Pacific Railway's, the only feeding- and watering-place from ranches to Winnipeg. Cost \$30,000. Largest west of Winnipeg.

Tax rate for 1906, fifteen mills on the dollar.

Up-to-date schools, churches, seven of each, hotels, and all branches of business.

Value of improvements and new buildings for 1906, over \$1,000,000.

Water-supply of the best quality, good for 50,000 population.

X-ray cannot find a more substantial, more progressive or more busy, or a better-laid-out city in Saskatchewan than Moose Jaw.

You can enjoy rowing on the Moose Jaw river, lacrosse, cricket, football, golf, motoring, tennis, horse-racing, curling, skating, and hockey in the season

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for recreation. For wild goose, duck, and chicken shooting, Moose Jaw district is the sportsman's paradise.

Zest is given to life in Moose Jaw, for the citizens are busy and prosperous.

After such a list of the virtues of this city my own opinion would be valueless.

There are several stories told of the origin of its name, and the most general one is that the late Lord Dunmore christened it Moose Jaw on account of an accident which happened to a rig he was driving. A certain part of it came to pieces, and he mended it with the jaw-bone of a moose. Another, and probably the real story, is that the bend of the river near the town somewhat resembles in shape the jaw of a moose.

CHAPTER IX

EDMONTON, CALGARY, AND PLACES NEAR BY— OLD-TIME RANCHERS

SETTLEMENT in Saskatchewan is pushing north, and Prince Albert is the most northerly town of importance. It is young, and only just within the last few years has it felt its feet in its new *rôle* as the centre of a mixed farming and ranching district. Years ago it was an important Hudson Bay trading post and a very prosperous one at that. The old-world western traders, or *boisbrulés*, used to pass by Prince Albert on their way down the Saskatchewan to Fort William by way of Lake Winnipeg, where they would meet the gaily dressed voyageurs from the east, who had travelled with their goods down the St. Lawrence, through Ottawa, into Lake Huron and from thence to Lake Superior, at the north-west corner of which is Fort William.

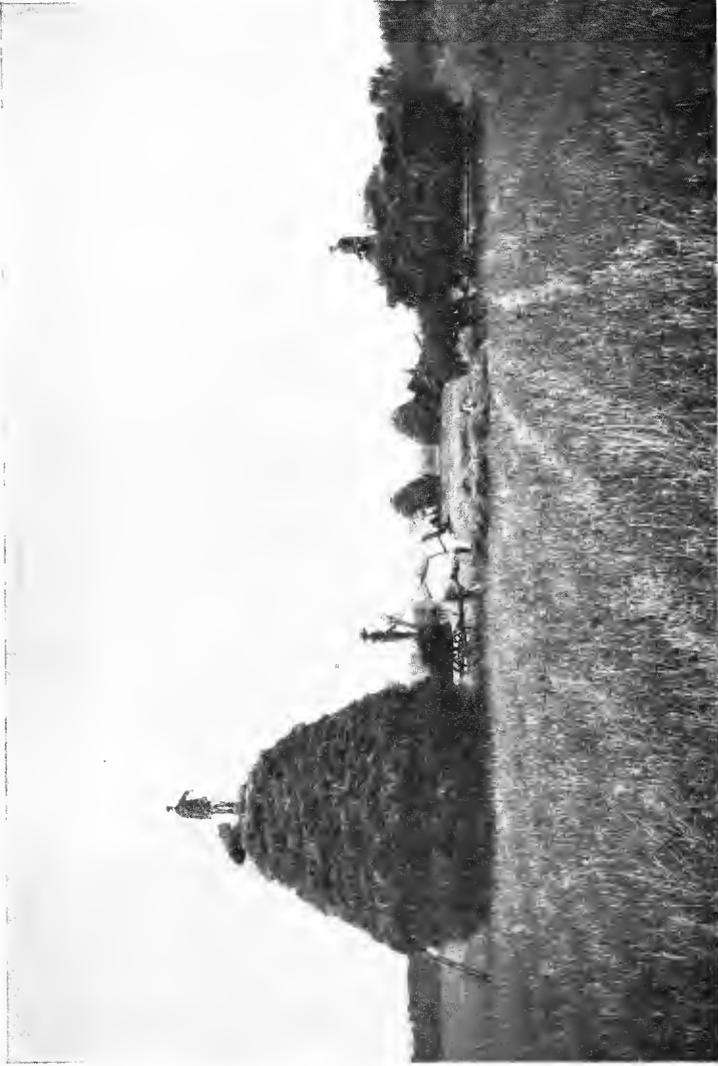
Gay scenes must have been enacted in those days, and Fort William with its now frowning elevators and busy farmers must have been very different from what it appears to-day; no doubt it could tell spicy tales that would keep its listeners awake for many nights if it could speak. The voyageurs in those days were gorgeously dressed in buckskin smocks and scarlet

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handkerchiefs bound their long hair. Their fringed sleeves were picked out in gay colours, and a crimson sash adorned their coats, bells dangled from their trousers and made them even more picturesque than the gondoleros in Venice of to-day.

For many years after settlement began in Prince Albert those most interested in its welfare struggled hard to persuade the Canadian Pacific Railway officials to connect them by rail with Winnipeg, but though the line was surveyed it was never constructed, and it was the Canadian Northern that eventually came through, by connecting it with the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railway, in 1906. Prince Albert now hopes to become the gateway to the prairies by way of the Hudson Bay route, and if that happens the city will bound ahead as Winnipeg has, and those who are now there will have more money than they know how to handle.

One cannot help wondering why certain towns spring into existence, and the more one travels in Canada the more one's wonderment increases. I felt this on seeing Prince Albert, for beyond the river there is nothing that would ever suggest the possibility of a big city growing where Prince Albert now stands. It is primarily noted for its beauty, but a town so far away from everywhere, as it was in its beginning, could hardly flourish on its willow groves. Its timber was, probably, its initial resource, and ranching filled up another gap; then came a store or two and from thence,



Canadian Northern Railway

A GOOD-SIZED STACK

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by slow degrees, a town and the ubiquitous real estate man. From having nothing but its soil and timber, it now shows every sign of becoming the big agricultural and manufacturing city of the prairies, and is, undoubtedly, an excellent place for energetic men who can command capital when the time comes for them to use it. I believe there is not a wealthy man there to-day who began life with more than a few dollars in his pocket, but money is not to be made as easily now as then, though the opportunities in a growing town are very many. A new-comer should do well there after his first six months' residence is over. The chief hardship the new-comer has to contend with is that he is not trusted, and though he may come with a bundle of credentials the chances are he will be all the more suspected. He will, however, be made use of and given work with pick and shovel or farm work, but nothing better will be open to him until those six months are over. If he be a Canadian or an American all goes well with him; either may have done dreadful things in other places, but as long as they can talk well they are believed and trusted. In America it is quite the other way, and I found that Englishmen were trusted far more than Canadians when delicate work was being given out. In Australia and New Zealand a man is generally trusted until he proves himself unworthy of trust—then he must go quickly.

One day I dropped into a man's office in the west of Canada and found him chuckling with glee. On

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inquiring the cause of his merriment he told me that he had just found out that his manager had robbed him of a few hundred dollars and was planning a further and bigger robbery.

“You are going to dismiss him and prosecute him,” I said, still astonished at his smiling face. “Prosecute him! Dismiss him! No, siree! I’m going to keep him. I’m going to raise his salary. He is a great man who can rob me, and that’s just the sort of man I want in my business.”

My friend was a fiscal (financial) agent and he still thinks that in his manager he has one of the smartest men in Canada, himself excepted, and judging by the business he does I cannot help thinking he has, though it does not speak highly of the business he conducts when it has to be carried on on such lines. So flourish the wicked in the west. Had the same dishonourable manager been an Englishman, he would have been put in the penitentiary for a year or two and the fact well advertised all over Canada and the United States.

In Prince Albert there is plenty of room for farm labourers and mechanics; the former receive from thirty to thirty-five dollars per month and their food, and the latter from thirty to fifty cents an hour. The farm labourer, however, must reckon on only five or six months’ work in the year and the carpenter even less, for all outdoor work is practically at a standstill during the winter months. Some farm labourers are always

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needed, and if they prove good they can generally get work for a nominal wage and their food during the winter, or contract for an all-the-year-round wage.

Lumbering has been, and will be, for the greater part of this century, the backbone of the Saskatchewan, but the English make poor lumbermen ; however, this should not deter the energetic Englishman from investing in the lumber business.

In this field there is immense scope for capital. Now that the railways have come, the great drawback to the business has gone. All along the Saskatchewan river timber abounds, enough, so it is said, to keep the present mills in Prince Albert busy for twenty-five years, by which time the second growth will be ready for cutting and as soon as this is finished there are forests for miles and miles to cut beyond a radius of fifty miles or so from Prince Rupert. At present there are three lumber mills in operation. The Prince Albert Lumber Company, the Cowan Company, and the Sturgeon Lake Lumber Company.

Throughout the district of Prince Albert the farmers seem exceptionally prosperous and many of them, as I have said before, went there with only a few dollars ; some even had never farmed in their lives. One very prosperous farmer was a tailor by trade in Scotland and now has one of the best ranches near Prince Albert.

A steady, hard-working Englishman will find many old countrymen around him and will soon fall into the ways of those who do not hail from the Motherland.

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If he be inclined for sport, the Northern Saskatchewan will supply him with all he needs, for the moose, the caribou, and the elk are all to be found north of Prince Albert. The march of civilisation is ever driving them back into the lone land. At one time they roamed and fought and fed on the prairie with the buffalo. The deep furrows of the buffalo trails can still be seen leading over the trackless plains in long, thin straight lines coming from no one knows whence, and going whither? I have come across great heaps of their bones showing that nothing but a wholesale, heartless slaughter must have taken place, and their skulls can still be picked up, bleached by the scorching sun of many summers. Mounds where hundreds must have been rounded into herds and slaughtered ere they could escape, by dancing, yelling Indians. Now all that remains of this once noble animal are bleaching bones and a few specimens in the national parks.

† Away back now, farther north and west, lie the best fields for the man who loves sport, who loves to pack his few things on his back, shoulder his gun and step out into the wilderness. Here the air is like champagne, filling every pulse with a new vigour and a new life, where tiredness soon becomes unknown, where space, vast illimitable space beckons, where the sun uninterrupted by fog and mist pours down its full rays, giving life and strength to every blade of grass. Gorgeous solitude! Solitude that is never lonely—lakes, rivers, plains, and forests, all untrodden and

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untouched, lie to the north and the west and the east, but soon even these wild places will be echoing with the hum of the threshing machine, the blasting of stumps and the whistle of the engine, for Canada is moving ever west and ever north, and will be till the whole vast Dominion is peopled with busy, working, sweating men. And the tepee of the Indian and the track of the elk will be seen no more, whilst the hunter, bereft of his solitude, will slink off to other more distant and more dangerous spheres.

West of Prince Albert some four hundred miles, in the Province of Alberta, is Edmonton, the most northerly town in Canada. It is the centre of the horse and cattle ranching district and dates back to the old Hudson Bay days. It lies on the north bank of the Saskatchewan river and is the capital of the province of Alberta. It is a large sprawling town with some eighteen thousand inhabitants, good buildings, broad streets and an uncommonly ugly hill dividing one section of the town from the other.

The weather was unkind to me when I was staying there so I had little chance of seeing the best side of it. The Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern stations are at opposite ends of the town, and there is a very slipshod method of transferring luggage and passengers from one station to the other; I think with a view of enriching the bus proprietor and the luggage man, as they charge exorbitant prices and aim at getting as much out of travellers as they can.

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In Edmonton just now (1908), owing to hard times, one needs to look to the dollar and ask the price of everything before ordering or purchasing it ; every one is so keen to make something that they will stoop to any means to accomplish that end, but the hard times are, I think, only temporary, the result of the general depression from which Canada has been suffering, and over-speculation in land. Edmonton land has of late been taking upward leaps and hurt itself and its owners. It is a busy, gay town and one to make merry in, after work is done.

Miners, farmers, ranchers, trappers from the Far North, and police, all congregate in Edmonton and help to make business brisk, whilst Society flourishes with a big S, for Edmonton has now reached its Upper Four Hundred stage.

Calgary, farther south, is quite a famous old town, and boasts a population in the vicinity of twenty-five thousand. It is far and away the best and busiest town west of Winnipeg and east of Vancouver.

When Calgary is reached the eyes have a glad rest, for the Rockies break the unending monotony of the prairies. I was never so glad to see a mountain in my life as I was the first time I arrived at Calgary. From here the mountains look strangely mysterious and beautiful, and when the dim morning light is touching them into colour their grandeur stands out, more beautiful, more mysterious, than at any other time. Calgary has the benefit of both plain and mountain

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scenery, and a climate to back it that cannot hurt any one. I suppose all western towns are a disappointment to the traveller. One expects so much from a place one has heard of for years, that one has read of in every book on Canada and every article on ranching, that one feels that here at least will be a town or city with a substantial, settled appearance, with fine buildings, good roads and polite storekeepers; but disappointment awaits one even in Calgary.

With such a population and such a country behind it, one would have thought that a fine city would have sprung up, with architects to plan its buildings, and sensible, tasteful men to direct its growth, but like all western towns in Canada there is the half-finished, hastily-put-together appearance that gives an Englishman goose-flesh down the middle of his back.

Calgary boasts one main street, half of which has good shops whilst the other half has particularly bad ones. Gramophones shrieking out discordant music-hall ditties to attract passers-by to shops where everything is sold, buyers included, men shouting their wares, and rattling, lumbering carts all help to make Calgary even worse than other towns of a similar size. Still, men who have lived there for years tell me that they like it.

Once it was the home of the remittance men, but when the easterner came to it and horse and cattle ranching in a big way gave way to mixed farming and

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the mixed farmer, the majority of the remittance men fled farther west or took to work and died.

There are big lumber mills at Calgary ; mining men fit out there for their work in the mountains, and when the mines are flourishing there is money to pick up in Calgary, but just now things are not very gay in spite of the fact that land cannot be bought for a cent less than double its proper value.

Though it is not prepossessing it has everything a town of its size and population can have, and nearly everything in reason can be bought there at moderate prices—not much above Winnipeg prices. Living is cheap and work fairly plentiful, whilst in the neighbourhood some of the best society of Western Canada is to be found.

This part of Alberta is old and though many of the original settlers fled when the rush of immigrants set in, and their ranches were cut up, there are still some of the “ old-timers ” left.

South of Calgary the chief towns in the province are Medicine Hat, Mcleod, and Lethbridge, all compact, small, and flourishing. I prefer any of them from an artistic point of view to either Calgary or Edmonton. Medicine Hat is particularly clean and cheerful looking and owes half its prosperity to its natural gas, oil, and coal. Do not be surprised on striking Medicine Hat in the middle of the day to find the street lamps burning and the town all lit up. I thought the lamp-lighters or extinguishers had struck but discovered



Canadian Pacific Railway

CALGARY, WITH THE ROCKIES IN THE BACKGROUND

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on inquiring that the corporation find it cheaper to keep the gas burning all day than to employ men to light and extinguish it.

Medicine Hat, so the guide-book tells us, is so named after the "local depression of the river valley," which may explain itself to some people but not to me.

Power, light, and heat are all cheap in this town, and cleanliness seems to have been let in on the same rates.

You see more Indians here than in most of the towns, but they are a poor-looking lot, and as if ashamed of their shrunken appearance they fly from a camera. I tried several times to snapshot the most picturesque ones, but the result was never good.

CHAPTER X

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WHEAT-BELT TOWNS— IRRIGATED FARMS OF ALBERTA

TRAVELLING south from Calgary one passes through some of the most beautiful scenery in Alberta and reaches what is known as the Sunny South, where most varieties of fruit grow prolifically and the famous red wheat flourishes, in spite of the fact that this part of Alberta has always been looked upon as purely a cattle and horse-raising district; for years it was considered that Macleod was in the dry belt, and that without irrigation nothing could be grown on the land, but any one travelling through the district does not need to look twice through the windows of the railway train to be in a position to contradict this statement.

Fort Macleod, which is on the border of British Columbia and Alberta, is a very old settlement, and for various reasons has not gone ahead as quickly as many towns of later birth. As its name implies, it started life as a fort in the early days. Colonel Macleod went there in command of the Royal North West Mounted Police. In those days it was situated on Gallagher's Island, in the Old Man River, two miles from its present site. But the river suddenly changed its course and

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overflowed the island, and all the residents of Fort Macleod had to shift to higher ground, and they established the new town where it now stands. The "Fort" was left out and the place called Macleod. For years it struggled on as a wild western town, the haunt of cowboys, miners, and prospectors. Gambling-dens and drinking-saloons flourished, and none but ranchers lived near it. Macleod grew so bad that at last the licences were taken from the saloons, and "blind pigs" sprang into existence and did a flourishing business. There was nothing much in those days to warrant a town where Macleod stood, but it kept making headway slowly till at last farmers came to settle there, deeming its climate better suited to them than that of the more eastern settlements. Wheat was planted and grew in spite of the prophesies of men who thought they knew.

Two brothers of the name of Grier were, I believe, the first men to put a fence round their property. That was twenty-five years ago; their fence cut the first trail; now, so they say, the last trail has been fenced, and the cowboy has gone. This, however, is not quite true. There are still big ranches to be found, both horse and cattle, in and near Macleod, and no land in Canada is more suitable for cattle and horse-raising than that of Southern Alberta.

It was only last year that Macleod secured a station. The townsfolk had been at war with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company (like the townsfolk of nearly

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all the other up-country towns), who wanted, them to shift their town about three miles, and in order to force them to do so they built a station three miles from Macleod. Macleod was obstinate and refused to move, so last year the station was shifted and now the town means to go ahead, for it knows where it is. In its uncertain stage no one cared to invest in land, fearing lest they might be miles away from the station.

The main street of Macleod is Twenty-Fourth Street, and though there are a few substantial buildings on either side of it, it is not prepossessing; it is fashioned on the lines of most small Canadian towns which are built for business, also the men who put up the houses did not know whether or not they would have to shift them in a few years' time. There is a hard, comfortless, unsympathetic look about all these towns that chills an Englishman. The houses are generally square with straight fronts, having doors which open into uninteresting rooms, but Macleod, in this respect, is no worse than any of its sister towns; in fact it is better in some respects, for outside the town there are some fine old comfortable residences, built by the early-day ranchers on the lines of Australian cattle stations; homesteads with broad verandahs, fine big rooms and good outbuildings.

South from Macleod is Lethbridge, right on the border of British Columbia, and almost in the United States. According to advertisements it is "a wide-awake, hustling, commercial centre, governed by public-

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spirited men," &c. It is also called the "coal-bin" of the "prairie provinces."

Certainly it is a more picturesque town than many of twice its size, and the inhabitants give one the impression that they are there to stay. They rave of the sunny climate, go into raptures over the benefits of the bright, crisp, winter air, which is softened by the Chinook winds, and say that there is no place in all Canada where such wheat as Lethbridge wheat can be grown.

Alberta has gone through some curious stages in its career. It was originally the home and breeding-ground of the buffalo and the Indians. The Indians drove out and slaughtered the buffalo and made way for the fur trader, who succeeded in driving out and debauching the Indian. The rancher next appeared and the trader had to go, and now the rancher has been driven out by the farmer. The fittest has come and will survive, for in the train of the farmer, business men have come and industries are springing up in all directions.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have their irrigated farms in Alberta, which stretch over a hundred miles in length and fifty miles in width. At the time of writing they contain over one thousand irrigating ditches, the water for which is taken from the Bow River. The future plans for the irrigation of all land owned by the railway will necessitate the formation of 3400 miles more of ditches. When

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completed, this will be the largest irrigated section of land in the whole of America, for it will then cover an area of about one and a half million acres. Sixteen thousand acres adjoining the property do not require irrigation, and are being sold to settlers at about fifteen dollars (£3) an acre. The irrigated land fetches about twenty dollars (£4) an acre.

Throughout this part of Canada there is a certain amount of speculation as to the exact rainfall which can be relied upon, and the introduction of irrigated farms in Alberta, the province with the best climate, is one that is bound to prove a great success, for it reduces farming from a speculative business to a reliable one, and though the cost of the land is greater, the bigger crops and the certainty of getting them soon make up for it. Alberta is best for producing winter wheat ; it is somewhat confusing to a new-comer to know the difference between winter and summer wheat, and it is often used by immigration agents to make intending purchasers of Alberta land, viz., land which produces big winter wheat crops, think that they are going to make their fortune. The dodge adopted is to quote the price for summer wheat seventy-five cents a bushel, and then give the number of bushels per acre produced on winter wheat lands, where sixty and eighty bushels to the acre are sometimes raised. The price, of course, for winter wheat is considerably smaller than for summer wheat.

Nearly every immigration officer I have met has

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tried this dodge on me, in order to give me an idea that the profits from a farm are double what they really are.

The best farmers in Canada are the Americans; they seem to be able to walk round all comers. Of course they arrive in the country with a full knowledge of wheat-growing and with money and experience in all matters relating to the farm, for most of them have sold up their homes in the States, where farming is not quite so good, and where land is dearer and competition greater, to come to Canada.

They know also that every acre they buy in Canada to-day will probably be worth ten times as much in as many years, and that if they retain their own farms in America they cannot hope to make money on their land, as the value is fixed now and prices have reached their limit.

To the American, Canada is what is called a "cinch," by which is meant, in English slang, a "soft thing." Further, they understand the Canadians and go one better than they at their own game—the game of bluff.

The conditions of life in Western Canada are similar to those of Western America, so that the American feels quite at home, whereas an Englishman has to fall into completely new ways and become used to the changed conditions; this handicaps him at the start.

In conversation with some of the settlers on these lands I learnt that the crops had been phenomenal, and that some of the settlers had been able to pay off

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the whole cost of their land with the profits from one year's crop, but the truth of this statement I will not vouch for, as these men probably wanted to sell their land.

In the irrigated land every kind of crop can be raised, as the climate is so good, and the abundance of water makes fruit-growing possible and profitable, where it was originally decidedly speculative.

There are settlers here from all parts of the world, but Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, and America supply the greatest number of them.

In summing up : the choice of land for the new-comer who intends to settle down to wheat farming lies within the three provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and each, as I have endeavoured to point out, has its own particular advantages.

The coldness of Manitoba is set off by the benefits derived from the heavy snow-fall in winter which makes the ground more prolific, the nearness to Winnipeg, and the cheap freight and passenger rates and general railway facilities.

Saskatchewan, still very cold with a long winter when no work can be done, has the rich soil that produces some of the finest wheat in the world, and big crops of from twenty to thirty bushels an acre, and in this province there is a possibility of finding land on the homesteading system (one hundred and sixty acres free), but it will not be within thirty or forty miles of a railway.



A HORSE CORRAL IN SOUTHERN SASKATCHEWAN

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Alberta, with an excellent climate, good scenery, splendid soil, is not so well suited for pure wheat-growing, but horse ranching, cattle-raising, hog-raising, poultry- and fruit-farming all flourish, and to me the charm of this province is the view of the mountains as well as its splendid climate. This may seem a small matter, but no one can realise what a relief it is to see a mountain after gazing for ages over boundless prairies.

Those who have been brought up in countries where a long, clear view is impossible, where the other side of the street is as far as the eye can travel, might fancy that to look day after day at a far-off horizon would be a blessing; so it is in a way—it is grand to see great distances, to have nothing to interrupt the view, nothing but the sky curving down to the earth, “the inverted bowl,” but the monotony of it is ghastly. To stand alone on the prairie and look and look and look, and see flat, uninteresting, rolling prairie, with perhaps fifty miles away a square wooden shack with a thin streak of smoke rising from its chimney, not even a bird or a shrub for the eye to rest upon, is more than most men can stand. And the long winter—the miles and miles of dead white snow, when all communication with the outside world is cut off, needs a man with nerves of iron to stand.

It is all grand and fine for a while.

I shall never forget the first time I stood alone gazing out on all sides with never a thing but the snow and the

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sky, and the hut from whence I had come, in view. Its crisp silence seemed at first to fill me with a strange awe, and I felt for the moment that some great calamity was about to happen, that the awful silence was but the forerunner of some terrible upheaval of nature, then slowly my fears gave way and the wonderful life of the air seemed to get hold of me and fill all my pulses with a new vigour, and the snow was like a friend to me. But I was only a visitor; a week's stay and the novelty had gone, and I felt sure that a year of it would bring madness in its train.

Yes, I welcomed the distant view of the mountains when first I reached the province of Alberta. .*

CHAPTER XI

WORK, WORKMEN, AND WANT OF WORK—SCIENCE, ART, AND LITERATURE

IN beginning this chapter I feel a certain diffidence, as well as an enormous amount of responsibility, for my experience in Canada amongst the employed and the unemployed has opened my eyes to a state of affairs I was not expecting to find. Canada is so different from the other colonies that experience in any of them is of little avail, and even American experience did not prepare me for what I learnt.

The Canadians have two big complaints against Great Britain which they are always airing. You hear them spoken in Quebec, you hear them loudly proclaimed in Winnipeg, murmured in Edmonton, and echoed again in Vancouver: "England knows nothing about Canada," and "Englishmen are failures in Canada."

I grant that in both these wails there is a certain amount of truth, but the fault does not lie solely at the door of the Mother Country; Canada has been over-advertised and over-boomed to such an extent that people in other countries have grown to believe that they only have to raise the necessary £5 for the fare

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to be put immediately on the road to fortune—that Canada is the first rung on the ladder of success.

I have myself heard the agents at Charing Cross telling men, who came to them to inquire about Canada, that they would have no difficulty whatever in obtaining work directly they arrived there; that thousands were wanted every day and that one hundred and sixty acres of land were waiting for them.

I have talked to many of the ticket agents in London and elsewhere and always heard the same story—“Work is plentiful,” all a man needs is a few shillings to arrive with, and the Government agent, to whom they will give you an introduction, will put you to work at once.

Now these statements are absolutely false; they are fabrications intended solely to benefit those who are encouraging emigration to Canada.

The agents receive twenty shillings per head for every man they send to Canada who takes work on a farm, and a percentage of the fare from the company on whose line he is shipped, so that a few of these stories mean from twenty-five to thirty shillings. I do not say that all the ticket agents lie, but the temptation is great. I know one or two who lose many a man by telling him the truth about Canada.

At the Charing Cross office I once asked them to point out to me a section that I could have on arrival. The answer was that such a thing was impossible, the reason being that so many sections are being taken up

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each day they could not give any idea where mine would be. I then asked if it would be possible to get an idea how far this land would be from a town or railway station ; this they also told me was impossible.

The whole reason of this indefiniteness is that if people really knew the difficulties they had to contend with in order to get their land, and the distance it was from any railway, they would hesitate before going to Canada to take it up.

Half the men who to-day are encouraging emigration to Canada have never been near it, or, if they have, I am afraid they left their consciences on the boat that brought them to England.

When I arrived in Montreal in February 1908, the immigration officers and the charitable organisations were at their wits' ends to cope with the unemployed. One lady, the secretary of a charitable society, told me that, as a rule, her society expected to keep about thirty families during the winter months, but that they now had applications from three hundred.

Mr. Lambert, the Provincial Government immigration officer, told me that at that time of the year it was next to impossible to find work for any one ; a few mechanics, he thought, might possibly be able to pick up stray jobs.

At the Board of Trade Office, which, by the way, in Montreal has nothing to do with the labour side of the city, I learnt that even mechanics were having a very hard struggle to get through the winter, owing to the

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shortening of hands in many of the big business firms.

“Keep the mechanics and the town labourer out of this country, and for goodness’ sake stop your charitable institutions dumping all your useless unemployables into Canada,” said the immigration officer for Ontario, “we can’t find work for them. Tell every one to stay away until the summer and then only to come if they are steady, hard-working men who are prepared to go west to the farms, or undertake railway construction work.”

Only the toughest men can stand railway work, and they must not mind working alongside Italians and Japanese, for the railway companies want the work done, and the steady, hardworking foreigner is an asset to them.

In March, both in Ottawa and in Winnipeg, there were crowds of unemployed all clamouring for work, good strong-looking men too, and later, even in July, I still saw crowds hanging round the employment bureaux, though the immigration department was finding farm work for those who cared to take it.

I discussed the question of immigration with both the Salvation Army officer and the Church Army officer in Winnipeg, and they were both of the opinion that the wrong class of men was being sent out to Canada, which is perfectly correct.

Right through to Vancouver the same cry was to be heard, “Work is wanted.” In Victoria the Board of

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Trade was interviewing the unemployed, but as they could do nothing, the men had to go without work.

There were fewer unemployed in Victoria than anywhere else, for the simple reason that no man with any sense, and five dollars, would think of remaining there if he got out of employment.

What it amounts to is that for four months in the year every one can obtain work and be well paid for it, and it is on those four months that the gospel of work for all in Canada is preached.

Canada wants population and it is stooping to unworthy methods to obtain it, and only just within the last few months has it realised that the ways it has adopted for getting population are not the right ones. Those at the head of affairs have been crying out for men when what they really wanted was money. They were under the impression that if they got the population money would come, whereas as soon as they have money there will be no lack of men.

Capitally (if there is such a word) Canada is starving—there is no money in it. The Canadian will refute this, and point with enthusiasm to the bank returns issued each month, the thousands of dollars that are each week passed through the banks and the amounts deposited, and the money the banks have out on loan and their flourishing condition.

Articles appear in the papers showing how the wheat money from the western granaries is pouring into the Winnipeg banks; but it says nothing about it pouring

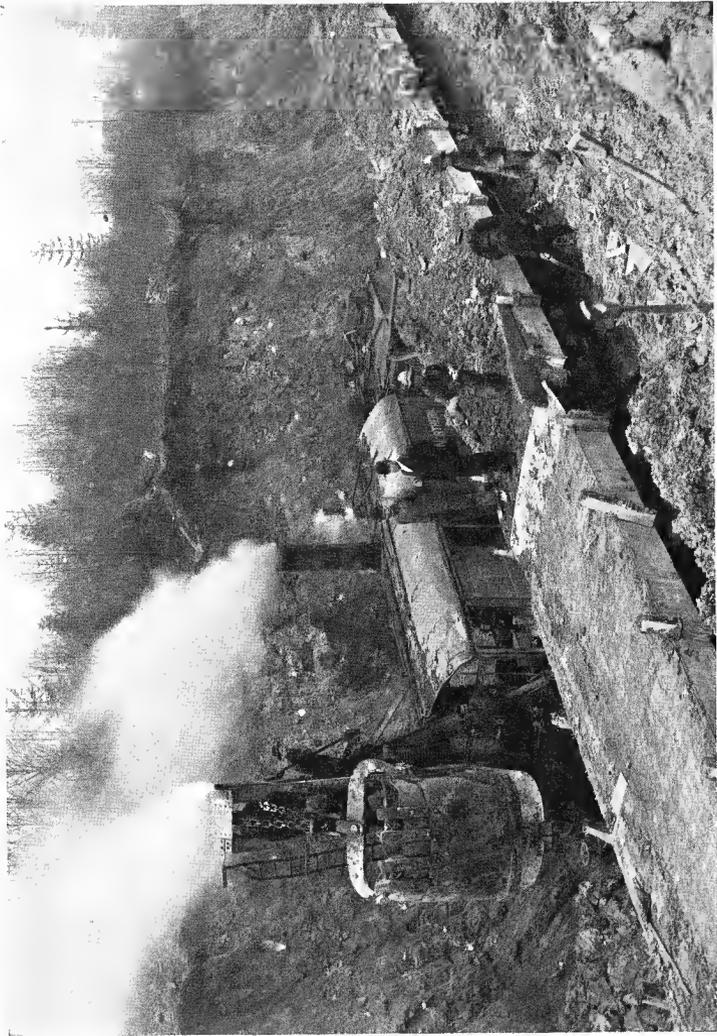
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out again to pay debts, and no article or paragraph tells the readers of the terrible drain on the country that is going on through the thousands of Chinese, Japanese, and Italians who every month send home thousands of dollars. Nor do the articles mention the hundreds of men who only come into the country to amass money and depart.

Supposing a few million dollars are reaped by the harvest, who gets the bulk of them? Not the farmers, nor the people but the American machinery makers, the money-lenders, the elevator companies, and the English and American railways.

Why do the industries fail in Canada? Why are the mines shut down? Why cannot the salmon canneries keep going? It is not through lack of labour, lack of market, lack of ore, or lack of fish, but purely and simply through lack of capital.

Company after company is started with really good enterprising propositions and the stock is hawked from town to town, pages and pages of advertisements appear, and only a third, or perhaps a quarter of the proper capital can be found. But to justify its existence and the money the promoters have spent, the company begins work with what it has, trusting in providence to see it through, or to find further capital when it is more advanced. But, in spite of this trust in providence, in a few months you hear that such and such a mine has closed down, such and such an industrial enterprise is up for sale.



Broadbridge Butler

JAPANESE NAVVIES CUTTING A RAILWAY TRACK

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It is a pitiful tale, for there is absolutely no reason why hundreds of big industrial concerns should not be working in Canada and paying big dividends. Those that are successful are chiefly owned by English or American syndicates who have plenty of money to begin and carry them on until they prove a success.

The largest industry in British Columbia is the fishing, but that is chiefly in the hands of the New England Fish Company, an American concern, managed, capitalised, and run by Americans. In British Columbia, also, the best and most profitable mines are English, American, and Japanese. In the east the "wild cats" of Cobalt are mostly owned by Toronto and Montreal firms, whilst the staple mines are American. The largest pulp company in all Canada is owned by an English firm; the biggest machinery company is the Allis-Chalmers Bullock Company, an American firm. The timber industry is practically owned and run by Americans; a few English capitalists are represented.

But the cause of these things is not all lack of Canadian money, for every day some "wild-cat" scheme is floated in Canada, and, as I stated before, many a good proposition is put before the investing public and turned down. The "wild-cat" schemes are often more easily capitalised because their founders do not look for large capitalisation, whilst the big enterprises fail to secure capital, partly because the Canadians, though they talk a good deal about the resources of

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their country, are not sufficiently sanguine or sporting to try and develop them themselves; they like to see some one else do it. Where they excel is either in putting up the proposition and worrying round for capital, or acting as middlemen.

As agents they are good, as successful business men and originators they have not yet made any great showing.

It is not only in business that this weakness is noticeable but in science, art, literature, and music; so far Canada is behind other countries of a similar age in these respects, in spite of the fact that her population is now nearing six and a half millions. Her big men in science and art can be counted on one hand.

In science only one or two men stand out; the best men have left the country. In literature there are Sir Gilbert Parker, Drummond, Connor, and a few lesser lights whose writings, outside of Canada, have not been noticed.

In painting and poetry Canada has no great man. There is no Adam Lindsay Gordon or Henry Lawson to sing songs of the backwoods of Canada as there is in Australia; no painter to make Canadian life apparent to the world outside. Their painters are chiefly of the Dutch and French school, there is nothing distinctive as in the works of New Zealand or Australian artists. In sculpture there are MacKenzie and Herbert, the latter a French-Canadian.

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In journalism there is no one standing out, for the art of journalism is dead or never got as far as Canada. There are, I believe, one or two prominent native engineers, but the majority of the men of mark in this profession are Scotsmen.

In discussing this lack of the inventive genius in Canada with men of understanding who have the country at heart, the explanation given me was that directly a man finds himself capable in any of the sciences or arts he immediately leaves the country and goes where his art or science is appreciated.

This, though it accounts for the lack of big men, seems to me to suggest the preponderance of small men, yet education is cheap and good, and the average Canadian is well educated, but his learning so far does not seem to have reached out beyond the things that are likely to bring him in the dollars. A fifty cent German oleograph is just as good in his eyes as a first-class painting. The same applies to literature.

The reporter on a daily paper has about three times too much to report and so he has no time to polish his sentences or correct his redundancies, nor has the editor time to verify his news; and the boy who delivers the papers has not time to bring them to the door so he throws them into the nearest puddle in the garden, and as many of the subscribers have not the time to dry them and scrape off the mud, the whole batch of blunders and slovenly writing is obliterated, and no one is at all upset.

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Since the pianola came in, music has gone out, and now the gramophone is taking the place of the singer.

Altruism is dead and the day of the pioneer, the explorer and the far-seeing statesman has passed, and it is every man for himself now. "Now is the time." Everything is "now." You see placards in every office, "Do it now," and the result is to be seen in the lack of industries, the lack of genius, and above all the lack of capital and population, which brings us back to the lack of steady employment.

Constant striking has frightened many a capitalist away and checked many a flourishing industry. Strikes have paralysed the mining industry, strikes have almost ruined the woollen industry, the coal industry for years struggled against strikes, and only the other day the mechanics of the Canadian Pacific Railway struck. A time was chosen when it was thought that the company would be bound to agree to their terms or be half ruined, and with it the western farmers, for the strike was called just as preparations were being made to bring in the wheat. The workmen wanted their own terms and they did not care how the country suffered or how trade was handicapped so long as they got them. The Canadian Pacific Railway, however, was in a position to fight them and still go on with its autumn arrangements, and so the men finally gave in, the wheat was run through and the country saved.

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Quebec practically lost all her shipping through the continual dock strikes, and many another town has been held back for years through similar trials.

In Fernie, a few months ago, when every man was struggling to rebuild the town after a fire had turned it into ashes, the carpenters struck. They knew that their action meant ruin to hundreds, but it was an opportunity and they took it though half Canada had been subscribing to a relief fund for the inhabitants who had been ruined by the fire. The carpenters went there to make money. This lack of *esprit de corps* is doing more harm to Canadian industries than anything else.

The masters drive their men and endeavour to get every possible stroke of work out of them, they look on their men as mere money-making machines; they want to "get rich quick." The men, with the same spirit, wait their opportunity and then squeeze their employers. They, too, want to get rich quick and hope buoys both employers and employés. Both think that next year they will make their fortunes so that the present does not matter, the final result being that work is done carelessly and neither the employer nor the employé has much interest in it, beyond the amount of money it brings to each of them.

When Canada settles down seriously to work these conditions will probably change, but how long it will be before the change comes no one can prophesy.

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Hope of big things in the future is making every man feel that his position is only temporary. Hope takes a long time to die. In the meantime, it is better for the unskilled labourer and the small capitalist to keep away from Canada.

CHAPTER XII

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—BANFF AND THE BUFFALO RESERVE

WHEN the Rockies are reached and passed, a new country, a new climate and a new people are met. All three are totally different from anything one has already seen in any other part of Canada.

Some say it is the climate that makes the people, and perhaps there is some truth in the remark; anyhow, they are quite different from the people of the eastern provinces; they are British Columbians and not Canadians, and they do not think much of those who come from the other side of the mountains.

Their language is different, their habits are different, their clothes and houses and everything about them is distinctly British Columbian and not Eastern Canadian.

Which is the better, is a question that I am not prepared to answer, and I found on inquiring that on each side of the mountains the opinion was a different one; but I think there is no doubt as to which is the more congenial climate, and as the weather is a fairly safe topic, I may say that west of the Rockies the climate is as good as any one could desire, it is neither too hot nor too cold, too dry nor too wet. This last

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statement is perhaps open to argument, as it is supposed that rain falls eight days in the week in Vancouver, and that Vancouver is dry compared to Prince Rupert, but all these remarks are merely by the way, and the fact remains that British Columbia, taking all things into account, has an ideal climate.

In winter the cold is not intense, and in summer the heat is not oppressive, whilst the spring and autumn are perfect, especially over the Straits on Vancouver Island.

But long before either Vancouver or Victoria are reached the difference in everything is noticeable. One enters the Rockies soon after leaving Calgary. I do not think it possible to imagine any sight more gorgeous, more awe-inspiring than the first close view of these solid, varicoloured mountains which seem to bar all further progress to the flying train.

At first they appear to stand back behind curious terraces, so situated to warn intruders that they may come so far and no farther. These are the foothills where thousands of horses, sheep, and cattle graze the year round. The train speeds steadily along, hardly heeding the gentle rise, then suddenly the great black masses loom up dark and frowning: these are the Rockies.

On goes the panting engine, swaying, twisting and groaning, then suddenly one finds that the mountains are all around, behind, on all sides, and in front, and still the engine and its long train is twisting and turning, panting and creaking, and view after view of the



Canadian Pacific Railway

KICKING HORSE CANON, NEAR FIELD, B.C.

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most gorgeous kind is being spread out before your gaze.

People who were lethargic a moment ago are now straining their necks to catch a glimpse of some famous mountain peak, some rushing mountain torrent, or some wonderful piece of engineering.

Over all is a hush—the hush of the silent, snow-covered mountains. And the little, panting, pushing train, that has braved a thousand precipices, has dashed into this sacred mountain stronghold. Truly one never realises the resourcefulness of man better than on such a journey; one feels that no danger is too great, no task too big for the ingenuity of man to overcome. That these great mountains should have been cut and graded, blasted and ridged by man seems almost incomprehensible.

This railway is perhaps one of the greatest accomplishments of the age. Yet, nowadays, one passes backwards and forwards over this giant's causeway and hardly realises its wonderfulness.

Though I have been through the Rockies four times, each time at a different season, there is always a newness about them that keeps my attention; in winter, perhaps, they are less gorgeous than at any other time of the year, for one misses the extraordinary colouring and, what is perhaps more beautiful, the rushing mountain torrents which begin as tiny streams, far away on the tops of the mountains amidst the ice and snow, growing larger and fuller as they fall, till

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they become roaring cataracts, and dash madly into the rivers which wind and turn through this mighty range of mountains.

One feels here and there that the rushing trains should be stopped: here, low down, on a level terrace with the river in a dark gully beneath, where the massive silent mountains—red and brown and solemn—tower overhead, with far above them a grey sky, its light scintillating on the snow-capped leaning peaks; there, a moment to breathe and take in the thousand wonders of this new world, where plains and green fields are unknown and only the climbing mountain goat, the sheep, and a few daring deer can find foothold. One could climb and climb and go mad with the solitude and grandeur.

The train does not wait, but soon begins to puff and pant again as it steadily mounts another range, along a narrow ledge cut from the vertical side of a mountain giant, and down below, becoming only a thin white line, is the mighty Fraser River and near you is the sky, now pale blue.

Far and wide are the snow and the solitary clinging pine-trees, which like human beings seem as if they were trying to scale these terrible heights; like soldiers storming a citadel they have one by one climbed and climbed and faced storm and torrents to gain the position they hold. Many lie dead with their heads pointing down to the valley; they have fallen in the struggle, but others are still standing behind and in

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front, and next year more will be springing up higher and higher till the top is reached and a permanent foothold is gained.

These mountain pines, plain, inartistic and degenerate, have the spirit of the old pioneers in them; but though the spirit is still there, they are weak; as years pass they grow poorer and poorer and more disreputable-looking and more unsightly.

Banff is in the heart of the Rockies and is a world-famous spot for tourists, and the old Scotsman, with the oldest tam-o'-shanter I have ever seen, who looks after the caves and the natural springs, will tell you how many hundreds of thousands of people, from all parts of the world, have been to visit Banff and its caves and other wonders in the last year. I can remember the actual number he stated, but I will not mention it as in Canada figures have such a fascination for those who talk about them that their actual value is lost sight of. It is advisable never to start any man off on figures if he has been in the country for more than six months.

No one can exaggerate the beauty of Banff. The town itself is out of all proportion to its surroundings; if it were not rather quaint it would seem silly; there is one main short street of small uninteresting houses and shops. No attempt has been made to beautify the place. The road to the mountains is generally in an almost impassable state, and the hotel accommodation is poor, but far up on the hill there is a

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sanatorium and a magnificent hotel run by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. It is here that one lives and moves and glories in the beauties of Banff, not in the town, though the picturesque bridge and the scenery from it looking away up into the mountains are fine.

Back of the main road, a few people, stricken by the beauty of the surroundings, have built quaint log huts, and the Royal North-West Mounted Police have barracks there, which are also typical of the wild northwest, a series of bungalows built of logs and surrounded by pines. There is room for energetic men with capital in Banff, for soon it will be one of the most famous health resorts in the world, when the world knows more about it.

Down in the town one feels closed in and stifled by the height and massiveness of the surrounding mountains when once the novelty of them has worn off, but up amongst them, their glory and greatness fill one with a grand sense of largeness. One's whole body seems to expand as one stands high up and gazes down into rugged valleys, and far off to other mountains rising one behind the other as far as the eye can see. And the air, soft, bracing, and elevating, puts new life into the tireddest limbs and vigour into the oldest body; one cannot feel old or tired or worried up in those mountains.

I have been to spas, health resorts, and sanatoriums in various parts of the world, but were I ill and worn

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out, I would hie me to those mountains and there forget both my worries and my ills. I would hunt and climb and fish and shoot the livelong day and never tire, for the air forbids tiredness, and the grandeur and greatness of nature's work there makes the petty worries of life vanish—they are too small to live.

For those who desire them there are guides, ponies and every other convenience at hand to enable them to see all the wonders of this most wonderful region. The hotel is as good as an English hotel, and many of the waiters are college students who are filling up their vacation by making money to pay their next term's fees.

Banff also has the largest National Park in the world, having an area of 6732 square miles or 3,668,480 acres, which puts Hyde Park somewhat in the shade. Adjoining the park is the Reserve of the Stony Indians—their name has nothing to do with their financial condition.

There are National Parks all over Canada, and many of them are used for the preservation of game, but none possess the beauties or the interesting features with which this great enclosure abounds; further, it is now the only place in the world where the buffalo lives, moves, thrives, and breeds in herds. Not many years ago it was thought that this famous animal was nearly extinct, and as far as Canada was concerned it was, but now the evil has been remedied, and there is hardly any fear that the buffalo will die out.

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It was by a lucky and quick deal that Canada became possessed of this herd, some five hundred strong, for America was making a bid for them, but thinking that their owner, Michel Pablo, an old-time rancher of Montana, would not be able to sell them elsewhere, they delayed and bargained, and finally lost them. The Canadian Government stepped in and gave Michel Pablo his price, which I think was two hundred and fifty dollars per head for the herd of seven hundred.

Having purchased them, however, they next had to secure them, and in doing so, one of the most exciting hunts of modern days was experienced by those lucky enough to have been called upon to take part in the round-up.

I was fortunate in meeting Norman Luxton, one of the party who accompanied the Government agent, Alec Ayotte, on this round-up. Norman Luxton, by the way, was the man who started round the world in a canoe, but after part of the journey was accomplished had to give in owing to illness. Luxton is as clear-headed and daring a man as one could wish to pick for any venture, and though he has settled down to the peaceful life of a happily married man and edits *Crag and Cañon* in Banff, manages an hotel, and looks after his museum, the fire and thirst for adventure are still smouldering. Briefly he told me of this unique round-up and I would that I could remember half the hair-breadth escapes and exciting charges that he witnessed, and tell them in the language he used when

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relating them to me, but memory is fickle, and I dared not bring out my note-book lest I should frighten him from his story, for Luxton is modest and only talks when he cannot help himself, when the spirit that moves the adventurous stirs him.

Michel Pablo's herd roved peacefully amongst the mountains of Western Montana on the Flathead Indian Reserve until the first round-up began in September 1906. Unlike the round-up of old, every buffalo had a price on his head, and every animal had to be put on board a train and brought safely to Banff, so the hunt was a thousand times more dangerous and more difficult.

It is comparatively easy to round-up cattle, no matter how wild they are, and get them into a stock-yard, but to pass them from thence into a cattle-truck without damaging them or yourself is quite another proposition, and one that requires all the skill and patience of the most experienced cowboys.

Such an undertaking as the capture and transportation by train of seven hundred wild and ferocious animals has never before been attempted, and the greatest credit is due to those enterprising men who undertook and superintended the task, Messrs. Alec Ayotte and H. Douglas, the superintendents of the park.

The chief of the cow-punchers was C. A. Allard, and according to Norman Luxton, half the success of the venture was due to his generalship.

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The round-up began in May, and the herd was scattered over a territory of a hundred square miles in smaller herds of about fifty head. To gather these into one bunch required the efforts of forty cowboys, and as each fresh herd was added to the corral there were innumerable battles between the leaders, and separating these mighty fighters was a task full of the utmost danger, and required bravery that few but a reckless cow-puncher possess.

Added to these troubles was the constant fear of a stampede, for the least relaxation on the part of the watchers of even tame cattle means a break, and when once cattle start to break away from each other they will travel off in every direction. I remember once in New Zealand chasing three cows which had broken away from a herd for two days before I was able to get them back, and the whole accident occurred through one of our watchers lighting his pipe and not keeping his eyes on the herd at the same time.

With buffaloes, each herd has its leader, and when danger threatens all the cows and calves crowd together and the bulls surround them, ready to do battle and fight for their weaker brethren till they have no more energy left, then they scatter in every direction, running blind. There are moments when one has to look to oneself, and trust implicitly in one's pony. The ponies know their business thoroughly, and if left alone will follow the wildest, maddest brute through the ruggedest country without a



Canadian Pacific Railway

BUFFALO IN THE NATIONAL PARK AT BANFF



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fall or a wrong turn, until they drop from exhaustion.

The result of the first round-up was that two hundred head were put on board the train, which consisted of seventeen cars. Almost as much difficulty was experienced in getting the animals out of the cars as there had been in putting them in, but finally one hundred and ninety-eight were landed safely in the park by these nimble cowboys and their energetic leaders.

CHAPTER XIII

AN EXCITING ROUND-UP—THE CAPTURE OF THE BUFFALO

THE second round-up of the buffalo was not as successful as the first, but the following description by Mr. D. J. Bingham, the representative of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, gives a splendid idea of the exciting time the cowboys had whilst attempting to corral the remainder of the herd.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Defoes, the editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, for permission to reproduce this graphic account :

It was Mr. Pablo's intention to begin the second round-up about the middle of August, in order that it might not interfere with the fall round-up of the cattle and horses, when the majority of the cowboys would be required elsewhere. This was found impossible as the midsummer heat would have been fatal to many of the buffalo. It was, therefore, deferred for a month.

On September 10 operations were started, but, just as Mr. Pablo had foreseen, it was impossible to secure an adequate number of riders of experience and judgment. He could muster only seven besides

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himself. They rode the range all that day without even finding the herds. On the following day good fortune smiled on them and they ran a bunch of sixty-six into the corrals at the Pablo ranch, about nine or ten miles distant, without much difficulty.

Next morning found the riders early on the range with fresh mounts, flushed by the success of the previous day.

No such good luck, however, awaited them. For hours they searched the ravines and the bad lands along the Pend d'Oreille River without finding a hoof-mark. Then suddenly a great herd of nearly one hundred and twenty-five head was sighted and Mr. Pablo marshalled his little band for the attack. Horses were rested, saddle cinches were tightened and then they swept upon the herd, and the drive was on. All went smoothly until the buffalo realised they were being forced off their range and beyond what is known as "the round butte," a little hillock which can be seen for miles and which seems to be to them, as it is to travellers in that section, a guiding landmark. A great bull led the break for liberty and in a moment, as it were, chaos seemed to break loose. It was open, level prairie where the fight could be witnessed for miles, but it would require the pen of an artist to convey an idea of that scene. For an hour the plain seemed alive with scurrying buffalo and flying horse-men, dashing hither and thither in a fruitless effort to prevent sections of the herd from breaking back.

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Sometimes the cowboys were the pursuers and sometimes they were pursued. In cases where their anxiety to turn an animal carried them closer to the buffalo than discretion should warrant, a vicious charge would result, and the rider would have to extend his horse to the limit to escape from the horns of the furious monster.

Old cows, whose calves showed distress under the strain of the fierce pursuit, were the most persistent and defiant in their dashes for liberty, and the most dangerous and vicious when brought to bay.

Goaded to desperation the herd began to scatter like chaff before a wind, rushing behind and before the riders away to liberty in the mountains, miles beyond the Pend d'Oreille River, until finally only thirty head remained within the cordon of riders. By splendid riding, almost reckless in its daring, these were driven to the very wings of the corral. Here they made a final mad rush for liberty and the jaded horses were unable to cope with the situation or to respond to the spur. Thus every buffalo escaped, the thirty head taking almost as many different directions back to their range, while the exhausted horses and their weary riders were laid up for recuperation.

The absolute failure of this drive convinced Mr. Pablo of the utter futility of attempting the round-up with the number of riders at his command; and he accordingly decided to discontinue the work for a few days in an effort to secure more men. He wanted

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fifty, and scoured the ranches for four days, canvassing for assistance, but only twenty-three could be secured.

With these the round-up was resumed, and for two days they waged a losing battle with the buffalo, capturing only eleven head in that time, although large herds were driven almost to the corrals on several occasions. Of this eleven head, one was the prize of Mrs. Irvine, a dashing lady rider, and sister-in-law of the late C. A. Allard. She joined in the round-up for pleasure, as she had often done before, and was rewarded by the distinction of driving into the corral the only buffalo secured that day.

The drives during these two days were as spectacular as anything ever seen on a range. The battle-grounds were in the bad lands of Pend d'Oreille and in the foothills of the mountains, where every man took his life in his hands in the daredevil dashes hither and thither, through cuts and ravines, over ridges and foothills or down the valleys honeycombed by the dry courses of mountain torrents, in fast and furious pursuit of the bands of buffalo or in ineffectual attempts to force the animals across the river after they had been bunched.

On the afternoon of the second day a big herd was picked up east of the Pend d'Oreille and every effort was concentrated upon corralling it. When the drive was in earnest, the bulls promptly threw down the gauntlet to the horsemen and repeatedly charged them viciously, snorting defiance and threatening

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destruction to the adventurous rider whose course brought him to close quarters. One bull, while thus at bay on the open ground, was roped by two cowboys in a spirit of reckless daring, and he jerked their horses around the prairie like playthings and gave them an interesting time to avoid his onslaughts.

The majority of this herd, numbering about one hundred and fifty, were eventually driven right up to the corral fence, but the experience of previous drives was repeated here at the crucial moment. The exhausted horses were unable to make the final dash to turn the buffalo into the wings. Every one, with the exception of eight cows and two calves, escaped. The latter wandered amidst a tangle of wire fences adjoining a trail and were eventually driven along these for fifteen miles into the corral.

This was the most nerve-wracking and cruel day's work of the entire round-up, and for hours after the last buffalo had disappeared horses and riders came straggling in exhausted, the animals with heads drooping from weariness and the sweat dripping from sides scored by the spurs or the quirt, showing how fierce had been the struggle. Further riding would have been brutality; for many of those splendid animals who had carried their riders through treacherous ground without mishap or stumble and with no other guidance than a touch of the reins on the neck in a killing race, could scarcely sustain their saddles. Their legs were cut, bruised and strained, but the cow pony

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dies game, and it is a hard race, indeed, that makes him lie down. After this discouraging experience, despondency again settled on Pablo and his riders. They abandoned hope of ever corraling more of the buffalo this fall. Every escape of the animals and every successful break back made them just that much more confident in themselves and proportionately harder to handle. Horses and men were used up and required days to rest and recuperate, and the outlook for Canada securing many of the buffalo this fall was gloomy indeed, at this stage.

However, a forlorn hope of the Canadian representatives was then pinned to Charles Allard, the son of the man who had founded the herd and a dashing young rancher who had openly avowed that he could round-up and corral any buffalo that ever wore hair. He was known to have any number of excellent horses; these Mr. Pablo did not have, and lack of them was his most serious handicap. Consequently to Allard they turned in despair.

The permission of Mr. Pablo was obtained to allow him to make a final effort to land the obstreperous beasts. Negotiations were opened, and an agreement was drawn up which plainly indicated that Mr. Allard had confidence in his own ability; for he contracted to deliver in the loading yards at Ravalli one hundred and twenty-five head or receive no pay. For \$2000 he undertook to sweep the range. This was eminently satisfactory to all parties and

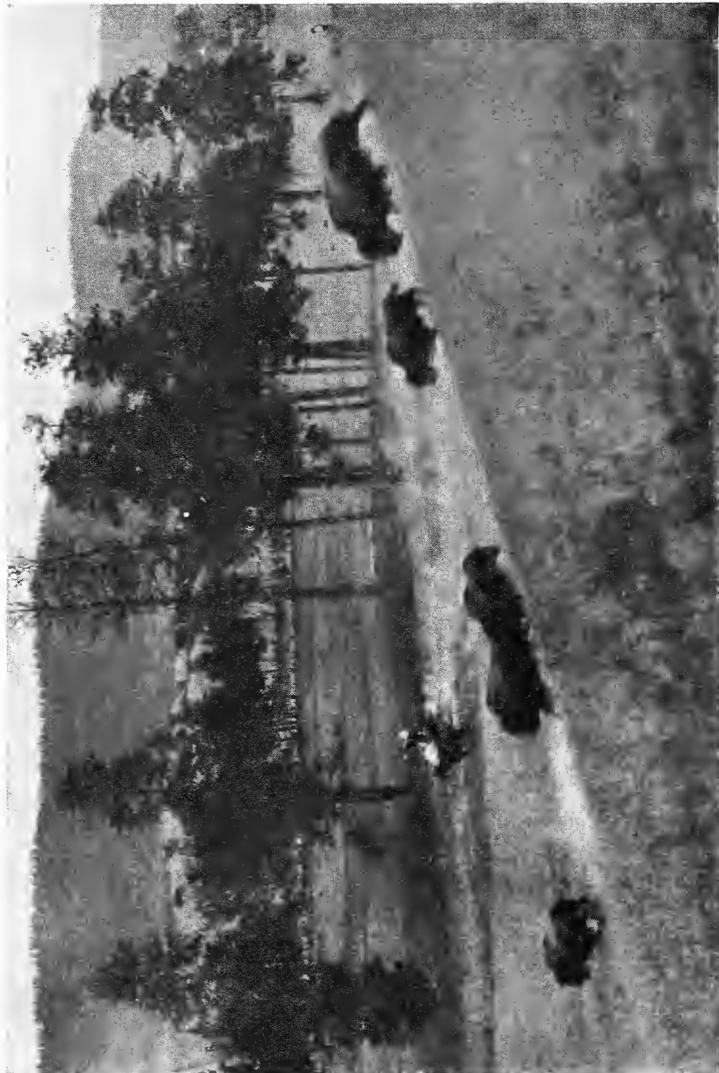
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especially to Mr. Pablo, who was glad to be rid of the task.

A digression here for a moment to introduce the foremost figure in the round-up must be pardoned. Charles Allard is a young and highly successful horse and cattle rancher on the Flathead, living near Polson. As alluded to above he is the son and namesake of Mr. Pablo's business associate, and has been familiar with the ways of the buffalo since boyhood. He is highly educated but withal is a typical western rancher. He unites with his superb horsemanship, a daring, devil-may-care disposition which makes him the idol of the cow-punchers and causes him to revel in just such an undertaking as corralling the buffalo or riding a steeple-chase.

A little incident in his career affords a key-note to his character. One of the largest and fiercest buffalo bulls in the herd had been sold as a specimen and for a time he defied all efforts to capture him. Young Allard undertook the job and accomplished it single-handed.

He procured a bamboo fishing-pole and after riding up to the buffalo beat him over the head with the pole. The infuriated beast at once gave chase to the impudent individual who had thus dared to insult his dignity. Allard dodged him and galloped in the direction of the corral. Whenever the bull showed a disposition to relax in the pursuit of his elusive assailant he was baited with the pole until finally he chased



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ROUNDING UP THE BUFFALO

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Allard right into the corral and was trapped. This sounds more like an accomplishment of a matador than otherwise, but demonstrates that the lad had nerve and ingenuity. It was also noticed that during a visit to Mr. Pablo's ranch to discuss his contract he shunned the gates and hurdled over the fences.

As soon as Allard undertook the round-up he threw all his energy into the enterprise and went systematically to work. To ensure success he selected his riders with the greatest care, engaging only those who were inured to the life and wise in all the lore of the ranges in addition to being thoroughly acquainted with the ground. He went on the principle that one poor man might defeat the efforts of all the rest by failure at a critical moment or by an injudicious move. He thus gathered a little coterie of riders the majority of whom were of his own daredevil stamp.

When all was in readiness he pitched his camp on the northern limit of the buffalo range and sent there sixty saddle-horses for remounts; then went quickly to work sweeping the range with riders and forcing all the buffalo southward and westward into a great gulch in the mountains, where it was considered possible to hold them for a day or so. In four days he had, in a measure, bunched them in there, having at one time three hundred and forty head in sight, scattered through the foothills.

Then the actual drive began and it was here that Allard displayed his excellent generalship. The

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remounts were driven over the mountains to the edge of the gulch wherein were the buffalo, scattered in the ravines and on the hillsides. Every man understood exactly where he was to go and at what moment he was to start closing in on a central point even though miles from the others. Taking the spare horses over the mountain was no child's play either. At one time the entire band was being driven along the rough and rocky summits, 500 ft. above the cloud-line.

Allard decided that whereas the buffalo had hitherto been driven only in an easterly direction and had showed a determination to stampede westward he would drive them that way, hoping to head them off their range before they realised fully whither they were fleeing. He would then drive them to town by a circuitous route, which involved a trip of over sixty miles in a single day.

When the appointed time arrived riders suddenly appeared over the hill crests, and the ravines and valleys as suddenly became a scene of animation like the heather under the magic signal of Roderick Dhu. Buffalo could be seen loping along in all directions or rushing pell-mell away from the dreaded horsemen. By hard riding and clever co-operation the scattered bands were thrown together in an incredibly short time, and away the great herd went, thundering down the valley of the Bitter Root with the riders close on their trail.

What a wild and reckless ride that was! It sent

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the blood just tingling to the finger-tips of the few spectators. The valley of that tortuous little stream is baked by the sun until its gleaming, alkali clay resembles a paved street, only it is cut deep at frequent intervals by the mountain torrents of spring and fall. These made it treacherous for the riders, but the trusty horses careered over them as if they had not existed.

The remounts were hurried along on a gallop to keep up with the chase and to enable the riders to obtain them with the slightest possible loss of valuable time. The frequency with which they were required betokened the strenuous work. A rider would come rushing up to the band of horses, his own mount dripping with perspiration and showing signs of exhaustion. A whirl of his lariat and a spare one was roped, the saddle flung upon it, and in what seemed but the lapse of moments he would be spurring his horse away in a gallop again to disappear in the dust and join the chase of the plunging and now thoroughly frightened buffalo. Occasionally a man would be met leading his horse which was too wearied to carry him, but like his fellows there was no loitering. As quickly as a saddle could be cinched on a remount, a streak of dust and the clatter of hoofs would indicate the direction he had taken.

Break-aways and stampedes of sections of such a great herd could not, however, be avoided, and soon the riders concentrated efforts on holding the main body. Seventy-five broke through the ranks of the cowboys

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at one rush, and disappeared in the river at a single leap.

As had been pre-arranged the herd was suddenly diverted from the valley of the Bitter Root over a mountain from where the drive was to start to town. Here Mrs. Irvine, with her son and daughter-in-law and two grand-daughters, who had been wolf hunting with their hounds in the valley, joined in the chase, finding bigger game and more exhilarating excitement. Mrs. Irvine, in spite of her age and her sex, did Trojan work on the firing-line in that terrible gallop up the mountain side and down into the valley beyond. One desperate ride of hers at a critical time no doubt turned the fortunes in favour of the men, preventing a stampede which threatened to carry the entire herd beyond control.

Here was witnessed a fight between a buffalo bull and Mrs. Irvine's three big stag-hounds. The bull had escaped from the herd and was galloping back down the mountain, when the hounds rushed upon him, with all the courage for which they are famous, and in a moment had accomplished what all the cow-punchers had failed to do, and that was to stop his headlong charge. They fought him to a standstill and never slackened in their attack until ordered off.

Once in the valley beyond the mountains the buffalo seemed to realise the game was up and, while the cow-boys were preparing to swim the Pend d'Oreille River, were glad enough to rest for a brief time after their

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flight for five hours in a burning sun. Heads were counted then and it was found that only about a hundred remained, but this was considered exceptional luck.

Several of the cowboys were hurried across the Pend d'Oreille River to await the arrival of the buffalo herd, and then by a pushing drive the animals were forced into the water. It is a deep, swift-running river, three or four hundred yards in width, but they swam it in an incredibly short time. Sixty or seventy horses were then driven in after them, and, as soon as all were safely across, the drive went merrily on at a swinging gallop over the foothills towards Ravalli. It was found impossible to make the town that evening before dark and this necessitated holding the buffalo throughout the night in a field near Ignatius Mission.

With the break of day the riders were again on the move, and before the residents of the little village of Ravalli had taken their breakfast that quiet Sunday morning an even hundred head of buffalo were safely inside the loading corrals there. In the bunch was one old cow with brass caps on her horns, which identified her as one which had been in the Wild West show many years past. In the bunch were three cabolos, but they were sent back to the range, nothing but fine blood being accepted.

Three days were necessary to rest the horses and riders preparatory for another drive, so strenuous had been their exertions, and even then several remained

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behind. Two days after the drive was resumed Allard forced a drove to the very wings of the corral at Mud Creek, but there he shared the disappointment and bitter experience of Mr. Pablo on the same ground earlier in the campaign. The buffalo scattered to the four winds in a frantic rush, and every animal escaped. Nobody but the rough-riders actually engaged saw the stampede, but the bodies of several buffaloes lying next day in the path of their flight where they had dropped and died from exhaustion told more vividly than words how fierce and unrelenting had been the pursuit.

Undaunted by this failure, young Allard returned to the range and camped on the trail of the scattered bands for two days longer without success, and returned with his weary riders and footsore horses on Saturday night, without a hoof. On Sunday morning word came, however, that a herd of about one hundred head had been sighted on the big prairie east of the Pend d'Oreille, near Ronan. Allard and his men at once were in the saddle and away on the chase, and their perseverance had its merited reward, for they returned that evening with a band of over thirty head, thus earning the bonus and at the same time assuring a fine shipment of two hundred and eleven head. The majority of these were breeding-cows and young heifers, most valuable stock for the Government's purpose, and the kind that Messrs. Douglas and Ayotte particularly desired. On Monday morning, Allard and

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Pablo joined forces and rode again to the big plain and as far as the round Butte, and saw about one hundred head, but could not do anything with them as the buffalo struck out for the river, and they did not follow. This concluded the work on the range.

Since this account was written the remainder of the herd has been captured, and so ends what will this time really be the last round-up of the buffalo.

After leaving Banff, where this great herd is, the scenery is magnificent, and one is kept continually on the look-out for marvellous views.

At many points on the way to Vancouver, tourist centres have been made. At Laggan, forty-five miles west of Banff, every possible facility has been arranged for those anxious to scale the mountain heights and visit the wonderful glaciers.

At Mount Daly there is a crescent-shaped river of ice, and farther north is an enormous glacier and some smaller ones of which one is the source of three different rivers flowing to three different oceans—the Athabasca River which empties itself into the Arctic Ocean, the Saskatchewan River which flows to the Atlantic, and the Columbia River which seeks a warmer exit in the Pacific. Here also is the highest peak in the Rockies, the Robson, which is over 13,000 ft. in height.

Conveyances carry passengers from Laggan station in the summer-time to the Lakes in the Clouds, the principal of which is Lake Louise, 5607 ft. up the

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mountain. Mirror Lake is 6655 ft. up, and still higher is Lake Agnes.

As the least imaginative person can picture, the view from these mountain lakes is wonderful, for below lies the valley of the Bow River and around are mountains, countless in number and strange in shape. So enthusiastic have the tourists to these parts become on mountain climbing that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has imported Swiss guides, and where they are employed there is no fear of accidents.

At both Field and Glacier, farther west, tourists are again well cared for, at Glacier particularly. The ice-formation itself is a wonderful sight. To the left of it is a mountain called Sir Donald, with an altitude of 10,808 ft., rising from the earth like a gigantic pyramid. All around there are famous mountains too numerous to mention and too grand to describe, and mountain cañons, crags and fissures are to be seen all the way from here until the Rockies are past.

At Revelstoke, 251½ miles west of Montreal, a branch line takes the traveller to the Kootenay district, famous for its mines and now being extensively advertised as a fruit-growing district; but of fruit-growing and the Kootenays anon. We are bound for the west. Salmon Arm, some seventy miles from Revelstoke, is a well-favoured hunting-ground, and parties can be fitted out here and shown where the caribou and the deer lie, or they can, as the name of the place suggests, loiter on the lakes and angle for trout and salmon.



Canadian Pacific Railway

LAKE LOUISE HOTEL, LAGGAN

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The lake near here struck me as being one of the most picturesque and romantic of any I had seen in all this vast country of lakes. Most of them have no enticement for the wanderer ; they are big, ugly, and rock girt, but this lake, or series of lakes, appealed to me, for it was possible to find corners and nooks and likely untrammelled spots in its creeks where new things might be ; it spoke of rest and adventure, while with the other lakes I felt only an eagerness to find some mystery which the distance either could not or would not give me.

CHAPTER XIV

VANCOUVER AND REAL ESTATE BOOMS—THE GREAT WESTERN PORT

NEXT to Winnipeg, Vancouver is the most wonderful city in the whole of Canada. Twenty years ago it was a forest of pines, with no showing of what it was soon to become. The opening up of the west by the Canadian Pacific Railway made Vancouver its terminus, which meant that the forest must give way to the axe and the ferns to the paving-stones. Building after building went up with a rapidity unconceived in Merrie England, and then with the same rapidity the whole town was destroyed by a forest fire eating into it and leaving but one solitary shack remaining. Hardly had the ashes blown into the inlet before carpenters, bricklayers, and masons were at work building what is now the greatest city in the west.

Of its future prophecy is easy, for no city in Canada has brighter prospects or more substantial resources to back it. Though it is not the capital of British Columbia it is the business centre of the province. A province which, with a paltry population of some 200,000 men, women, and children, can from its mineral resources produce in two years (1906 and 1907)

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\$51,000,000; from its manufactories \$23,000,000; from its timber \$22,000,000; from its agriculture, \$16,000,000; and from its fisheries \$15,000,000; making a total of \$127,000,000—is one that must have a great future before it. Not one of its industries has yet had a fair trial. As far as mining is concerned the ground has only been scratched, and owing to the “wild-cat” schemes of early days has had to live down its bad name. There was a time when the mines of British Columbia stank in the nostril of the British and foreign financier, but by steady persistence and genuine work, one mine after another has been floated and worked with good results, so that now it is not quite such a difficult matter to find capital for a good proposition. Were the British Columbians richer and had they more foresight, I am sure they would pay far more attention to the mineral resources instead of allowing the Americans to come in and take their pick of the claims, while they themselves are fighting over real estate, the booming of which is every day making living more expensive, turning hundreds of families away, and frightening others from entering Vancouver.

If a third of the money that is wasted each year in forcing up the value of real estate were put into industries, the province, as well as Vancouver, would more than treble its business, its population, and its capital.

Two years ago there was a real estate boom in Vancouver and Victoria, and for two years the inhabitants of these two cities have been struggling against hard

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times consequent on that boom. In Melbourne, Australia, a few years ago exactly the same thing happened, but the ruin of Melbourne was greater than either of these two cities had to face, for the simple reason that in Melbourne the boom was greater on account of there being more wealth and a larger population. What Vancouver wants now is either a mining boom or an industrial boom, and the result would mean more prosperity. In either case something is generally left behind, it may be a dozen mines that live, but those dozen may be "Waihis" or "Brokens Hills"; or perhaps a couple of new industries will stand, and those two industries may be the means of thousands of new people coming into the city; but a real estate boom brings nothing with it that benefits the community at large. The land was there before, and when the boom is over there is no more land, only a higher price to pay for it, and the higher rents remain to tell the sad tale and drain the resources of the citizens.

Rents in Victoria and Vancouver are considerably higher than in any provincial town in England, and higher even than North or West Kensington in London. The houses are not nearly so good or so comfortable for the same price, they are merely wooden-frame buildings with small back and front gardens, which in many cases are not cultivated. A land boom is a curse to any country, and there is no place more fond of it than Canada. In spite of the inflated price

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of land now in Vancouver I feel sure that any one investing in land,^r who is in a position to hold it for five or six years, will more than double his money, for Vancouver will in that time have five times its present population; it cannot help itself, its position is unique; geographically, politically, commercially, and industrially it holds the trump cards. It is the terminus of one of the greatest railways in the world, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and it will within a year or so be the terminus of at least two American lines and must be connected with any northern line of railway that is projected in the future. As a port it cannot be excelled, lying as it does one hundred and sixty miles from the open sea, accessible at all times of the year. Though the temperature falls sometimes very near to zero, the harbour never freezes; above all, it is deep enough for the largest vessels to anchor, and when once in its harbour no danger can come to them; it is so perfectly protected by the surrounding mountains. At present the Canadian Pacific Railway Company run their steamers to Japan and the Orient. The Canadian Australian Line runs to Australia and New Zealand, and other lines run through Puget Sound to Seattle and San Francisco, others again to Mexico, whilst there is a constant service to the northern ports of British Columbia, and it is rumoured that soon half the wheat of the west of Canada will pass through Vancouver instead of Quebec and St. John. This

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will, of course, increase the shipping. From these few facts alone it will be seen what a future this forest of twenty years ago has before it.

As a manufacturing centre it has unlimited opportunities which, so far, have not been grasped, either by the Vancouverites or by the British capitalists, but soon both will wake up and seize the chances that lie here. For pulp- and paper-making there is no more suitable place than British Columbia, for not only has it the timber and water, but it has the world's markets at hand. It has iron, steel, coal, and copper in abundance, and again the markets for all of them right at hand. Yet none of these industries, except coal (and that has only been played with), has been touched. Oil-refining works, fish-fertiliser factories, shipbuilding yards, and a dozen other industries are all crying out to be started and yet no one comes forward with the necessary push and capital.

Agents representing foreign firms ply their trade and prosper and take thousands of dollars from the country each month, because the people of British Columbia are too ignorant to see the vast possibilities for these industries which lie right at their doors; rather than risk fifty dollars to assist in the formation of industrial companies they will let the foreigners and the outsiders prosper at their expense. Capital and skilled labour are all that are needed to make British Columbia and Vancouver the wealthiest places in the whole of the Dominion.

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The Labour question, as I have said, is perhaps one of the drawbacks to incoming capital. I know that many a capitalist has come to British Columbia with the intention of starting an industry, and gone back to his native land again when he has heard how the labour unions govern the country, how strikes ruin industries and how uncertain the Canadian labourer is.

The business end of Vancouver is situated on a peninsula. The main streets are Hastings and Granville Streets; the former is now the more important of the two, but as the country opens up and the city enlarges, Granville Street must occupy the principal position, for it is the main thoroughfare out of the city. Hastings Street runs eastward from the city whilst Granville, at right angles to it, runs due south, and as few towns ever spread eastward, the residential section of Vancouver must stretch west of Granville Street and so make that street the fashionable shopping centre. The East End of Vancouver is now its worst quarter and there seems little chance of it ever becoming much more than the manufacturing end. The West End and residential parts of the city are well laid out with wide streets and boulevards, and in the summer-time, when the gardens are a mass of roses and the trees are almost touching across the road, no place could look prettier. The homes are picturesquely built in chalet and bungalow style, with good gardens, many of which are open and unfenced, a typically American style and one that, though at first an Englishman dislikes for its

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lack of privacy, he begins to admire for the beautifying effect which it has on the street as a whole.

One of the most beautiful parts of Vancouver, and what would have been its greatest asset, has been sacrificed. The water-front is taken up by the Canadian Pacific Railway station, yards, and docks. A finer view could not be obtained in all Vancouver than that from the water-front, were it not spoiled by the railway. Of course the Vancouver says that trade is the main thing, but, like Toronto, it will be sorry, when it is too late. Toronto will never forgive itself for spoiling its view of the lake by selling the whole front of the city to the railway company.

Vancouver, with a view far more beautiful, has completely spoiled itself as a really picturesque city, for it can never get back its water-front.

On the opposite side of Vancouver the scenery, though not so fine, is open, and the sea-shore is not yet disfigured; it has become the most fashionable part of the city for the dwellings of the rich. English Bay is a regular summer resort, and all the way out there, a distance of about one mile, the streets and houses are among the best in Vancouver.

When the population doubles itself this will be as crowded as any seaside resort, and the land will be worth its weight in gold.

Amongst other attractions Vancouver has a magnificent natural park, where are still some of the "big trees" of British Columbia. How long they will



GRANVILLE STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C.

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last, now that the forests which surrounded them have fallen to the axe-men, and the smoke of the city is amid them, no one can tell, but they should be good for at least another half-century, whilst the smaller trees will probably flourish as they did before Vancouver was Vancouver.

I was talking to an old-timer, once, in this very park ; we were standing on Observation Point, looking out at the distant mountains, over the Narrows where the boats enter the harbour, and he heaved a sigh, half of regret, half of content.

“You may not believe me, sir,” he said suddenly, “but when I first came through them ‘Narrows’ it was in a small prospector’s tug, me and a party of five ; an’ you see down there on your right where the *Princess Victoria* is lying, well, we landed somewheres about there, and you see farther inland, where Granville Street and Hastings Street is, well, I prospected all along there for coal ! You may think I’m talking through my hat, but if you had offered to give me the whole of the ground as far as I could stake from the sea-shore for a hundred dollars, I wouldn’t have taken it. And that place over there,” he continued with a sneer, pointing at the flourishing City of North Vancouver, “I could have bought that a dozen times for a few hundred dollars, and now you can’t get a building-site there for that money. Just shows you the chances a fellow misses through not knowing what’s going to happen.”

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“Did you strike coal?” I asked, “anywhere where Vancouver is now?”

“Not us,” he replied; “there was traces, but nothing worth wasting time over. We moved on and finally struck gold up the Caribou instead.”

Not many years ago Vancouver could easily have been bought by a fairly rich man, but to-day it would take more than a millionaire to pick up a street in it.

Another interesting old man I was talking to, in the Terminal and City Club, told me that when he first came to Vancouver he was seized upon by a very persuasive real estate agent, who made him buy two building-lots in the city all against his own judgment. Vancouver was only beginning its life then. My friend left a few weeks afterwards and reckoned he had been badly swindled and thought no more about his land but continued to make payments. To-day those lots are on the main street and are worth about 500 per cent. more than he paid for them; he naturally reckons that some real estate men are not bad prophets.

Six thousand dollars is the ordinary price for a building-site of 66 by 120 ft. in the residential part of Vancouver, and every one expects that during the next few years there will be big rises in these prices; if so, then these sites will have to be used for business premises, roomy houses or hotels, or they will never pay interest.

There is no doubt that Vancouver will go ahead, it

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must ; there is nothing else for it to do, and then these same \$6000 lots will be sold by the square foot, and the residences shifted out west to land that is now selling at from \$1000 to \$2000 an acre.

If the wheat from Saskatchewan and Alberta is turned west instead of east, and there is every indication of it, then Vancouver will be a tremendously busy port. Already suggestions are being made for deepening the Narrows and enlarging the harbour accommodation ; both will be absolutely necessary in a very short time whether the wheat goes east or west, so rapidly is the business of the port increasing.

Since the above chapter was first penned Vancouver has been in the throes of another land boom and for the nonce her hard times are over and money is fairly free. One "skyscraper" and six good buildings have been erected and city property has doubled its price. There are now enough building-sites sold in the vicinity of the city to supply homes for a population of four millions.

CHAPTER XV

THE FRUIT INDUSTRY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA —THE KOOTENAYS

THE four most prominent things one hears talked about in Vancouver are real estate, the greatness of the city's future, the fruit industry of British Columbia, and the great (everything is "great") possibilities for the man with small capital if he takes up fruit land in Peachvale, Orchardville, Appleton, or Strawberrytown.

The Okanagan is, of course, the best fruit district, and has proved itself capable of growing almost any kind of ordinary fruit, but it is not the Okanagan which is being boomed just now, it is the Kootenays, "The glorious Kootenays." It is here that such places as I have mentioned are springing into existence with a flourish of trumpets, and every inquirer is assured that a few hundred dollars invested now will be worth thousands in a few years—that every one of these orchard-named spots will, in a few years, be greater than Vernon or Kelowna.

Hearing so much about the wonders of the Kootenays, and at the same time being keenly interested in the fruit-farming industry, I took the earliest opportunity of going there.

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I can imagine no more pleasant existence for any man than that of fruit-farming, especially in a district famous not only for its fine scenery, its beautiful lakes, but its sport with both rod and gun.

In London not two years ago, I remember listening to a delightfully breezy account of what fruit-farming was like in the Kootenays. I was with an enthusiastic young Canadian who had just come to London for a holiday. We were walking down Fleet Street and as he described the beautiful mountains that surrounded his ranch I remember how dark and dingy the walls of the Law Courts appeared. I glanced at the long stream of crowded buses clambering up Ludgate Hill, I heard the shouting, and the roar of the traffic seemed accentuated at that moment and my mind carried me far away to a land of blue skies, of rustling palm-trees and dark shiny-skinned natives, and I thought for a moment I was back in the Southern Seas—I had not been to Canada then.

He rambled on, giving me hardly a moment to think whilst he enumerated the number of cases of apples and plums, and crates of strawberries, that were shipped from Nelson just before he left.

“Canada,” I remember he exclaimed, “can lick creation in fruit-growing!” He hesitated a moment, and then turning sharply to me added, “Have you ever tasted a real British Columbian apple? Say, it would tickle me to death if I had one in my pocket!”

I could not see how an apple could accomplish so

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frolisome a trick, but I thought it advisable not to interrupt his flow of language. I enjoyed his wild talk for it reminded me of the far-away, and Fleet Street that day seemed sordid, and I was longing for the open.

Down on the Arrow Lakes the other day, as I was on my way to Nelson, I thought of that same young enthusiastic fruit-grower. The mountains he had described were all around me, the great silent lake stretching out to the horizon was before me dancing in the sunlight, and I knew I was passing through the fruit lands of which he had told me, and I would soon be in Nelson, the capital city of "The glorious Kootenays."

He had assured me also that it "would tickle me to death," this trip from Revelstoke to Nelson, and perhaps if I had been able to find him in Nelson as I had hoped, he would have been satisfied, if being "tickled to death" means being pleased, for it certainly is a beautiful journey.

I was lucky, it was spring-time and all the land was waking up; the snow had gone some weeks and there was a soft spring touch in the air; the lake seemed to revel in its freedom, and was trying its new-found strength after its long silence under its ice covering; the trees and shrubs were out in leaf, newlooking and fresh, and the pines, cedars, firs, and spruce were all putting out new life. Of birds I saw none, but I felt sure they, too, were revelling in the glorious awakening.

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Now and then the steamer on which I was travelling turned suddenly to the right or left, for no apparent reason, and bumped into the shore ; a long plank was immediately shot out from the deck and some one carrying bundles suddenly appeared, ran deftly across it, waved his hand, if he were of a sociable nature, and then disappeared up a trail, whilst the steamer backed out and then continued its journey, landing passengers at places here and there in a similar manner all along the lake, where no one would suspect that any living creatures existed.

Presently we came to more civilised parts where we could see a house or two, and men, women, and dogs watching for our coming. In some places primitive wharves had been erected, but these were scarce, and by the look of most of the towns the inhabitants seemed to have been so busy building huts and clearing land that they had not had time to do anything else, and in two " cities " some of the people had not yet taken their furniture from the beach where it had been dumped.

The land on both sides of the lake was extremely rocky, and to the observer it seemed the last place in the world to choose for fruit-ranching, but in some places patches showed signs of cultivation and I was assured that huge fortunes would soon be realised by these toilers amongst the rocks.

That I was disappointed I cannot help admitting, for I have seen orchards in various parts of the world

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and I had pictured these as exceptional. I had thought of cultivated groves, of big trees weighed down with fruit, of fine houses with lawns, and men and women with bright happy smiles, full of prosperity and an air of bustle ; but there were none of these things and I saw nothing approaching any of them in all my travels through the fruit-growing districts of the Kootenays. I only hope that Kelowna, Vernon, and one or two other fruit-centres, which I did not see, are in a better way than the gloriously overrated Kootenays.

There was one touch in that trip which made me feel for a moment that I had found what I sought. Our steamer in one of its sudden shoreward turns stopped opposite a clearing and a young, bareheaded, bare-armed, bronzed son of England came down a narrow trail with a carefully dressed tailor's model, bearing a small commercial traveller's bag in his right hand. The tailor's model came aboard and the young, bronzed fruit-rancher stood watching the boat back out. I noticed his clear-cut features, his signet ring and many other evidences which showed him to be a cultivated man. I could see that he was full of the life he was living (happy and free), and whilst I gazed I saw, back through the trees, a wooden log hut and a young grove of newly planted trees, and coming from the hill behind was another young man, bearing under his arm a gun.

As the steamer passed round a bend I caught sight of



Canadian Pacific Railway

AN OKANAGAN PEACH ORCHARD

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a yacht lying at anchor in a bay and beside it a motor-launch, and a couple of row-boats. Here was the completion of the picture! Here is the ideal life, I thought, and I began to see the fascination of fruit-farming. What life could be freer or happier?

Presently I made my way to the afore-mentioned tailor's model, and after a little ordinary conversation I asked him to tell me about the ranchers he had just left.

"Oh," said he, "they are rattling good fellows—stacks of money."

"Did they make it ranching?" I asked.

"No, they're remittance men. Work hard enough, but—well, you couldn't afford to run motor-launches on fruit. I've just sold them a new engine."

"Happy? You bet you! Been out a couple of years."

"Will they continue there, do you think?" I asked.

"They may, if their money lasts," he answered with a knowing smile.

Here ended my interest in them. Here went another idol.

I soon found that the only men who were living lives at all endurable in the Kootenays were those who had money. No ranchers were making enough from their fruit to keep themselves in any sort of comfort. Even one of the officials of the Fruit Growers' Association was working as an artisan in the winter, and most of the other ranchers were breaking their necks to get

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jobs to enable them to keep their larders filled and pay the losses on their fruit.

The whole of last year's strawberry crop was spoiled by bad transportation facilities, a glutted market and mismanagement; and the other fruits have not been long enough in the ground to prove whether or no their cultivation will be profitable.

In my idea the Kootenay land is being sold at an absurd price considering that it has not yet been properly tested. Two hundred dollars an acre is the price asked in many places for uncleared land covered with rough timber and rocks.

One sporting humorist, near Proctor, offended all his brother ranchers by calling his place the "Rock Pile." They take themselves seriously and all believe in the fruit industry of the Kootenays, and dream and talk of their marvellous future.

It is wonderful, this enthusiasm and loyalty; it does not matter how bad times are nor how hard up a man is, when once the spirit of Canada has got hold of him he will boom the country in general and his district in particular and rave over it in spite of all adverse showings. This extraordinary loyalty is not only noticeable in Canadians but in others who have been some years in the country, men who, to speak colloquially, have a stake in the country. I use the word loyalty for I cannot find another word to express what I mean. These loyalists live in the future, and, by continually dwelling on the enormous fortunes they

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hope to make, have worked themselves up into a curious condition of present blindness.

Faith and hope seem to have become part of them, so that nothing will make them realise that their faith is sometimes misplaced, and their hope is hopeless.

I have known men who were on the verge of starvation, whose crops had failed them three years in succession, whose creditors were as the blackbirds in a cornfield, whose clothes were rags, and whose future, immediate future, the bankruptcy court, rave and exult over the wonders of the country, its climate, its freedom, its possibilities, their own success and the great fortune they would reap next season. Some of these men would make Mrs. Eddy and her Christian Scientist followers blush for shame at their own lack of faith.

In the Kootenays I have seen ranchers toiling away on piles of rock, putting fruit trees in every niche and felling bush and undergrowth that would frighten any other countryman away, as cheerfully as if they were weeding an ordinary kitchen-garden, and working with a will and an energy that was marvellous.

Yet these men must know that at least five years must pass before they can hope to regain one cent from their labour ; and above all, that they are experimenting, that for years they will not know whether or not their time has been wasted.

I questioned one of these men, for I could not help wondering at his extraordinary industry.

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“Why do you toil so hard from six in the morning till six at night?” I asked.

“What a question! To make money, for sure.”

“How much do you make an hour?” (You can ask as many rude questions as you like in Canada.)

“An hour!” the rancher glared at me. “This is my own ranch,” he answered.

“Oh,” I said apologetically, “where is your house?”

“House? I haven’t built it yet, that tent is mine.”

“How many acres have you?”

“Ten.”

“How many weeks will they take you to clear?”

“Weeks!” (This time he began to look dangerous.)

“In New Zealand,” I hurriedly make remark, “I have cleared an acre a week.”

“Yes, but this is Canada and there you don’t have to stump the ground. Hell of a job getting these stumps out!”

“How do you do it?”

“Dynamite.”

“Will your ten acres be cleared and planted in a year’s time?”

“I guess so, about that.”

“How much did you pay for your land?”

“\$400.”

“And it will cost you about \$300 to plant it and you will have to live for at least five years whilst your orchard matures.”

“You’ve been reading some!”

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“ Yes,” I answered, “ and I make out that to start a fruit ranch of ten acres you require a capital of \$3000.”

“ That’s allowing for living expenses and extras during the five years’ wait,” he said thoughtfully.

“ Yes, I suppose you’re right.”

“ Have you \$3000 ? ”

“ No, Siree ! ”

“ Then how will you manage ? ”

“ There’s heaps of time to think of that when I’ve spent the \$300 I have left. Guess I’ll take a job working for some of the other ranchers.”

“ But aren’t they all like yourself, won’t they be looking for jobs soon ? ”

“ Maybe they will. Say, aren’t you a bit of a ‘ knocker ’ ? ”

“ Do I understand by ‘ knocker ’ that you mean a man who wants facts ? ”

“ No, a knocker is a man like yourself who runs the country down.”

“ Have I been running Canada down ? ”

“ Yes, of course you have. Didn’t you ask me how I was going to ‘ make out,’ and didn’t you say wouldn’t the other ranchers be looking for jobs ? That’s what I call knocking the country.”

“ I am merely making inquiries,” I said, “ for I’m thinking of taking up land here, that is if I can be sure fruit-farming will pay.”

“ Pay ! Why, there’s nothing like it in the whole country.”

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“Do you know what James Johnstone made last year out of three-quarters of an acre of fruit? Well, he cleared up, after paying all expenses, \$1400. What do you think of that? Can you make money like that at anything else? I tell you this is the greatest place in the world for fruit. Say,” he threw down his axe, “how would this place suit you. It’s close to the river, Government road has been surveyed just alongside where you are standing, and it’s the best land in the whole of the Kootenays. You can have it cheap. I told you what I paid for it; put five hundred on to my price for the work I’ve done and its yours.”

For a moment I felt bewildered; I wondered if I had heard him aright. Surely he had raved on the greatness of his future, of the marvels of fruit-farming and the fortune this barren-looking land would bring him.

The sun was streaming down on the back of my neck and for a moment I feared I had suddenly been sun-struck, though I did not remember having felt the stroke.

Before me, the man stood waiting in a tense attitude. I ran my hand across my eyes and felt my forehead—it was normal.

“Is it a bargain?” I heard him say, but his voice sounded far off and I did not answer, for now I felt sure there was something wrong with me—malaria if not sunstroke.

“Hell! You are a rum ’un! What’s the matter

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with you? Haven't you got the dollars? I can arrange terms with you, a hundred down, and notes for the balance!"

"Half a moment," I cried, and I hurried to the river bank and bathed my temples.

When I returned, I found that he had resumed his slashing.

I apologised for my sudden indisposition and persuaded him to sit down for a moment whilst I talked to him.

"You suffer from a weak heart, I guess," he said. "This country is just the place for you. The climate about here is the best in the world. I had an uncle who came out here from back east five years ago; he was given two months to live. I sold him a ranch of mine out by Proctor and—well you may not believe me, but he put on 140 lb. in two years, and only died six months ago, and two days before he died he doubled his money on the land. This is the country! You can't beat it! A young fellow like you couldn't do better than——"

"Buy your ranch," I put in.

"Yes, you're right there; I know I'm a fool to sell it, but since my uncle died, I've sort of lost interest in the place, and am thinking of going back east to live with my sister."

"And you are willing to sacrifice your future for her?"

"I always was a sentimental sort of fool. I could

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tell you a thousand chances I have missed just for a whim. Why, I remember I sold a store."

"Never mind the store. We are talking fruit now," I interrupted. "And if I understand correctly, you are offering to give your land, and you throw in all the work you have done and abandon the prospects of a future in five years, for only \$500 more than you gave for it!"

"It does seem small, don't it? But that's just how I feel this very minute. If you came to me to-morrow you might find me in a very different mood. That's me all over!"

I felt touched, and rose slowly from my seat on a newly fallen tree and held out my hand.

"It's a straight deal," I could see the man's eyes flash.

"No," said I, swelling out my chest and putting as much pathos into my voice as I could muster. "I cannot accept charity," and turned away, going slowly back to my boat.

For ten yards of the journey silence reigned, but for the other ninety yards the air was full of strange swear-waves, and for half an hour as I paddled slowly towards Nelson I heard weird noises coming from my late host's ranch, epithets too trenchant for repetition flowed across the lake, startling the birds and ruffling the gentle surface of the water.

I have given this conversation as it is typical of what one comes across in the Kootenays. Every man



A KOOTENAY ORCHARD AMONGST THE STONES

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booms the place, and every one wants to sell his ranch.

Only a few days ago I saw a letter in the *Overseas Daily Mail* signed by one of the officials of the Fruit Growers' Association, advocating young Englishmen coming to the Kootenays to take up fruit-farming. As an inducement he gave some figures showing what could be made ; amongst them I noticed that he said one could get four dollars a crate for strawberries, if sold to the north-west. Also that a man could get five hundred crates from one acre, and that the cost of production, picking, packing, and freight to the north-west cost about three dollars a crate, leaving a clear profit of one dollar, or \$500 from one acre of strawberries.

It is very fine in theory, and I dare say a man could get four dollars for a crate of strawberries in the north-west, (1) if he could get them at the right season of the year ; (2) if they were not too ripe to travel the distance ; (3) if they were not side-tracked for a week or two on the way ; (4) if they were first-class strawberries.

Now there is not an acre in the whole of the Kootenays which could supply two hundred crates of first-class strawberries, leaving five hundred out of the question ; and further, if there was, how is it that last year none of the fruit-growers received more than thirty cents a crate for their strawberries (I believe it was twenty cents) ? Anyhow, when the whole of the money was divided up, after the Association had paid all expenses, agents' fees,

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freight, &c., there was not enough per crate to pay the picking expenses, which are thirty cents a crate.

On any ranch there are a few fine specimens, and these are the ones sent to the exhibitions, and account for the prizes the Kootenay fruit receives, but these specimens are rare. At present the ranchers are unable to make a living by the fruit, yet they may do so in the future, but I am convinced that to give the price asked for the land there is tempting Providence. Most of the ranchers are very eager to sell, and it must be remembered that they nearly all obtained the land at two and a half dollars an acre, and now they are asking \$200.

When one knows the sort of booming that goes on in these lands, and realises the depth of ignorance of those who have come into the country, and more by luck than design have taken up land for a dollar an acre, the temptation they are put to get rid of it at a big profit perhaps accounts for the extraordinary lack of truth they send broadcast in order to draw people with money into their district. It is a case of the spider and the fly, and the combined booming of different provinces and different land-dealers has made the Old World ring with stories of Canada, and the world believed them, for the Old World has always thought that when statements are made in black and white the man who makes them has to prove them, but such does not hold good in this young progressive country, where “pro-
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gress, honestly if you can, but progress " seems to be the motto.

Here is a sample of the sort of advertising that goes on in some places, and which, strange to relate, attracts a certain number of people. A pamphlet bearing the following was thrust into my hand as I was standing on the platform at Salmon Arm, which is in the northern part of what is known as the fruit belt. This, I think, is the coyest piece of verse-making I have ever seen in print :

FRUIT OR DAIRY FARM

In the Banner Fruit Belt, near Salmon Arm,
South-west of Sicamous Junction sixteen miles,
Ten west of Okanagan Valley as the crow flies,
On the shore of the beautiful Shuswap Lake,
Say the California of Canada for argument's sake.
Over others we have advantages without number,
We enjoy the most delightful climate in British
Columbia.

'Tis fast becoming a place of great renown,
The surrounding mountains are not parched brown,
But covered with evergreen forests, appear as stately
bowers

Carpeted with a verdure of grass, ferns, and flowers.
Not being required to irrigate we annually save
Ten dollars an acre for additional water and wage.
Situated on the main line to a great advantage amounts.
Fruit not being transhipped as from branch line points.

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For scenery you'll imagine 'tis the land of the fairies,
In closest proximity to the fruit markets of the prairies.
If seeking a location, wire me when you'll arrive,
I'll show you around without expense for the drive.
That you'll distinguish me is my belief
By the badge on my tie, "The Maple Leaf,"
And be thankful that the emblem of our nation
Ever guided you to such a pleasant habitation.

I would strongly advise any one who is thinking of launching into fruit-farming to go very carefully, and be particular where he buys his land, and in what sort of a district he settles. Go round all the ranches first, see what is being done, see the state of the orchards, note how long they have been planted, then go to the local associations and find out how much per crate the members had in the previous years for the fruit they sold, and then if you are satisfied, buy.

CHAPTER XVI

THE GREAT RESOURCES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA— MINES AND MINING—COAL AND COAL PROSPECTS

BRITISH COLUMBIA is so full of natural resources which still lie dormant and whose possibilities have never yet been properly probed that it is no easy task for an observer to pick out any one of these and say : Herein lies the future of the province ; herein lies the wealth that is to make this place stand out ahead of the others.

I had an exceptional chance of studying the mines during the last eighteen months, and had the further benefit of the views of perhaps the largest number of mining experts who have ever, in one batch, visited these mines. I was honoured by being one of the guests of the Canadian Mining Institute of Canada for part of their visit of inspection of the mines of British Columbia, and during the time I was with them I was able to gather their views, views of experts from Germany, France, Austria, the British Isles, and the Eastern States of Canada ; and the consensus of opinion was that the mineral resources of the province were exceptionally good but, owing to the lack of transportation, capable men, and capital, combined with the

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low-grade ores of many of the mines, they did not think that the great wealth was for this generation. Further, many were of opinion that the exorbitant prices which were being asked by those who had "prospects" were keeping capital away from the country, and so retarding its development.

Though these are only the ideas expressed by passing travellers, there is a great deal of truth in them, and when one bears in mind the enormous sums of money which have been sunk in British Columbian mines, and the few which are really on a paying basis, one cannot help seeing that their opinion is not far wrong.

The history of mining in British Columbia is not the wild and hilarious fortune-making story of many of the other mineral-bearing countries, though it has known its rushes and it has had its victims and its favoured ones, but the former are perhaps in the predominance, for no vast fortunes have come from the rushes of British Columbia, like the rushes of Alaska, of the Yukon, of Australia, or of Africa. What wealth has come from the mines has come, with few exceptions, by hard work.

There were times, however, when men struck big piles and these have chiefly been in the Caribou district. The record was on Williams Creek, when from a claim 80 ft. by 25 ft. (owned by a man named Steele) \$6544 a day was taken till it panned out; but its life was short and only about \$100,000 in all came from it.

Another claim in the same district during the rush of 1861 produced gold to the value of about \$2000 per

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day for a whole season, and the Adams claim netted its three owners \$40,000.

One Company, the Dillis Company, is stated to have produced \$38,000 in the day from their claims.

Other mines continued to produce big finds for some years after this but finally they nearly all panned out, and now the Caribou trail, which wandered by the side of the famous Fraser River, knows not the tread of the miner, and the tumbledown bridge which still spans this, at times, mighty river is slowly rotting, and soon the storms will wash it away and its timbers will mix with the other floating jetsam and be no longer distinct; but perhaps the tread-marks will wear for many a year before the waters wash away the last traces of the old Caribou diggers.

Records of the production of lode mining were never kept till 1887, when the year's production only totalled \$26,537 (silver \$17,321, and lead \$9216).

The best year was in 1906, when the total production including gold and copper totalled \$17,484,102. In the next year, owing to the fall in copper, the total value was not as great, but the quantity produced in spite of strikes, &c., was slightly greater. The returns for the year, which have just been sent to me, show a slight increase in quantity but a decrease in value, but as copper is only 13 cents now and was 20 cents two years ago, the difference is easily accounted for.

The coal was first discovered in 1835 when specimens

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were brought to the Hudson Bay Company's station at Fort McLaughlin by Indians. Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, first appears in 1850 as a coal-bearing district ; it is now a flourishing town (with an amusing Mayor to whom I owe at least one pleasant evening) and has several large coal-mines belonging to the Western Fuel Company, which last year produced some 500,000 tons.

I went down a couple of these shafts and was surprised at their extent, and in fact at the up-to-dateness of everything in connection with the working of the mines. Above ground the workmen are nearly all Chinese, who certainly show the stuff they are made of—their working ability is remarkable. There is no slacking or loafing ; they all keep going like so many clockwork figures. Their steady movements, as they run the loaded trucks along the rails to the tip, become so monotonous that one longs for something to go wrong just to vary things.

Collieries are also working at Comox and in the Cranberry district south of Nanaimo ; these were operated for many years by the Dunsmuirs. The Cumberland Collieries, owned by the late Hon. Robert Dunsmuir and his partners, were first discovered in 1875, but were not worked till 1885. The four mines produced in 1907 some 300,000 tons. At Ladysmith the Extension Colliery produced, in 1907, 400,000 tons.

There are other coal-mines on Vancouver Island,



W. Notman & Sons

RAILWAY TRACK THROUGH THE ROCKIES

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but none of these are yet of any account, as they have not been working long enough.

On the mainland, in the East Kootenay, lie the famous Crow's Nest Pass coal-fields. Twenty-five years ago it was never dreamed that coal was to be found there, and to-day when passing through you eat coal, your eyes cry coal, you dream of coal, and everything for miles has coal upon it.

The journey through the Crow's Nest Pass of the Rocky Mountains is one of the grand sights of Canada—when once you get away from the coal idea. The scenery is of a nature that compels the tiredest traveller to sit up and admire the gorgeous colouring of the mountains, the richness of the grasses. One feels one is having hair-breadth escapes as the train groans and creaks up and down the steep mountain sides. These adventures help to make the journey live in one's memory when other more peaceful and less dangerous ones are forgotten.

I hated part of the trip, for I got sick of coal and the filth that seemed to cling to all the towns I passed through, and yet there is something in this part of the country that appeals to me. The great hum of life; of underground life, of furnaces, of tunnels, of shafts, of weird men in black clothes with shining lamps fastened to the peaks of their caps; and the green of grass and the snow-white mountain peaks, all pushing forward their strong contrasts.

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These fields lie about three hundred and fifty miles from the coast, on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains and some forty miles from the International Boundary.

The supposed area is about two hundred square miles. It has been roughly estimated by Dr. Selwyn, of the Government Geological Survey Department, that the coal underlying each square mile in one part of the field is 49,952,000 tons.

Regarding these wonderful fields, I quote the following from a Government pamphlet issued this year for the benefit of the guests of the Canadian Mining Institute :

“The history of the development of these fields dates back to 1887. In June of that year Mr. William Fernie, then of Fort Steele, and Lieut.-Col. James Baker, then a member of the Provincial Legislature for that district, decided to prospect the coal measures, the location of some of which had been discovered by a brother of Mr. Fernie. Every summer, for eight or nine years, Mr. Fernie took men from Fort Steele to the Elk River district where they prospected the coal seams outcropping there. A syndicate was formed in the city of Victoria to acquire and develop these coal seams. Eventually a company was organised to take over the holdings of the syndicate, and a charter authorising the construction of the British Columbia Southern Railway, to give access to this coal district, was obtained from the Provincial Govern-

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ment, of which Lieut.-Col. Baker was by this time a member. But ten years elapsed (1887-1897) before these pioneers achieved their object and began to obtain a return for all their patient and persistent effort. Their reward came with the eventual closing of an agreement with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the construction of the Crow's Nest Railway. Meanwhile the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company had acquired the coal lands. The further history of the development of the coal lands, which has since produced, to the end of 1907, 5,235,754 short tons of coal, is practically that of the progress made thenceforward by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company."

I may mention, incidentally, that a few years ago shares in the company were begging at ten cents a share. Now they stand at \$200 a share.

Other properties in this vicinity are now being got under way, particularly one at Hosmer owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

Last summer a new field was opened up in Nicola Valley, and the company seems to be making excellent progress. Whilst I write two other properties are being put on the market, and there is every likelihood that during the next few years there will be quite a boom in coal, provided the real estate boom, which is already getting in the way, does not step in, as has so often happened in British Columbia before and spoil all industrial enterprise.

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The Real Estate mania in Vancouver is a regular annual epidemic and has, I fear, been the cause of most of the distress and financial embarrassment so prevalent in Vancouver. House rent is already far dearer than in the fashionable parts of London and almost as high again as any English provincial town; whilst the rate of wages is slightly higher, the cost of living is far and away higher and the stability of employment is considerably less than in England, so that there is no justification whatever for the high value placed upon land.

I have wandered slightly from my subject, rather to show the cause of so few mines being in working order when so many should be. In any other country the mineral resources would have been exploited long before this, and the real estate or land value left to look after itself.

I remember asking a lady in Vancouver why she preferred to invest her money in a "lot" in preference to mining or industrial ventures.

"Sure," she remarked, "when I buy a 'lot' [building-site] I can go and look at it whenever I feel inclined—it's always there. Shares are so silly; what's the good of looking at a piece of paper? There's no satisfaction in it."

"But think of the benefit you are doing your country," I began, but was quickly interrupted by—

"Come off the grass."

Though the expression is slang of slang, it certainly

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expressed her ideas, and those of many men and women in Vancouver.

The West Kootenay is rich in mineral resources and comprises Slocan, Ainsworth, Slocan City, Nelson, Trail Creek (Rossland), Lardeau, and Revelstoke.

On both sides of the Kootenay Lake, mines are being operated, chiefly silver and lead.

Near Nelson there are one or two working. Gold, silver, lead, and copper are found here. For some years a smelter was in action, but owing to bad times, lack of capital and quarrelling, it had to close down. The largest stamp-mill is at Ymir, where eighty stamps are worked, and a cyanide plant.

West of Nelson a few miles are two hydro-electric generating stations with transmission lines to the smelting works at Trail and Rossland, Grand Forks, Phoenix, and Greenwood in the Boundary District.

By far the most important smelting works in the province are situated at Trail and belong to the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, Ltd. Both copper and lead furnaces are worked and the Huntington-Heberlein process is used. Lead piping is also manufactured there.

The Rossland Mines are an important group and have been worked for fourteen years. These comprise the Le Roi, Le Roi No. 2, and Centre Star War Eagle Group, also, of lesser importance, the Giant California and White Bear.

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The Boundary District contains the mines of Granby, the British Columbia Copper, Consolidated, and Dominion Copper Companies. The ores are low grade but the mines are remarkable in that the ore bodies are of enormous size.

It will be seen that so far the chief mines are situated in the southern portion of the province, but this I think is owing only to the fact that at the beginning the mines proved more successful there and the railway companies came to that district first.

Now that transportation is becoming more general, mines will be operated more generally.

At Howe Sound, near Vancouver, the Britannia Mine has had a chequered career, and bad management and strikes have held it back. Several other properties in its vicinity are only waiting for capital to push forward operations. The whole of this district will, I think, in the course of a few years have good productive mines, for the ore is there in large quantities. On one of the Britannia claims there is a cliff of ore over 100 ft. high, and another company near by has a similar formation; but the country is fearfully rough thereabouts and the mines can only be worked for a few months each year owing to the snow which, if the Chinook winds are late, often does not clear away till May.

On Vancouver Island there are no important mines now, outside the coal already mentioned, though at one time there were the Tyee, Mount Sicker, Lenora, and Richard III. The Tyee Copper Company's

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smelter is situated at Ladysmith, and though it is only at present equipped with one two-hundred-and-fifty-ton furnace, enlargements are being made and as soon as more ore can be obtained from surrounding mines a greater capacity will be given it. The Tye Copper mine for which it was erected has petered out, and the ore treated by it chiefly comes from the Japanese Mine, the Ikeda on Texada Island. The ore from this mine is exceptionally good and I saw some going through the smelter.

A good story was told me relative to this same famous mine. I cannot vouch for the truth of it, but it is an illustration of the sharpness of the Japanese, and the bad results of over-pricing properties.

Ikeda arrived in British Columbia and there became interested in the mines, so interested, indeed, that he went to Texada Island to investigate a "prospect" which had been offered to him at a very high figure.

Not knowing much about mines he took with him a mining engineer and the two were accompanied by the vendor.

On looking at the pile of rocks and glancing around at the rough country which constituted the claim, Ikeda is credited with having looked surprised and told the vendor that in Japan he could buy ground just as rough and as rocky for a third of the price.

Then a fit of inquisitiveness is said to have come over Ikeda and he asked the vendor to explain how he became possessed of this rocky land.

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The vendor told him that, after the prospector had pronounced it good, the vendor had had it pegged out and registered in his name in the usual way—he even went so far as to explain how a mineral claim was “pegged out.” Ikeda listened intently and then his gaze wandered and he caught sight of other land rougher and more rocky not far from where he stood. “Does that land belong to you ?” he asked.

“No,” replied the innocent vendor, “that belongs to no one.”

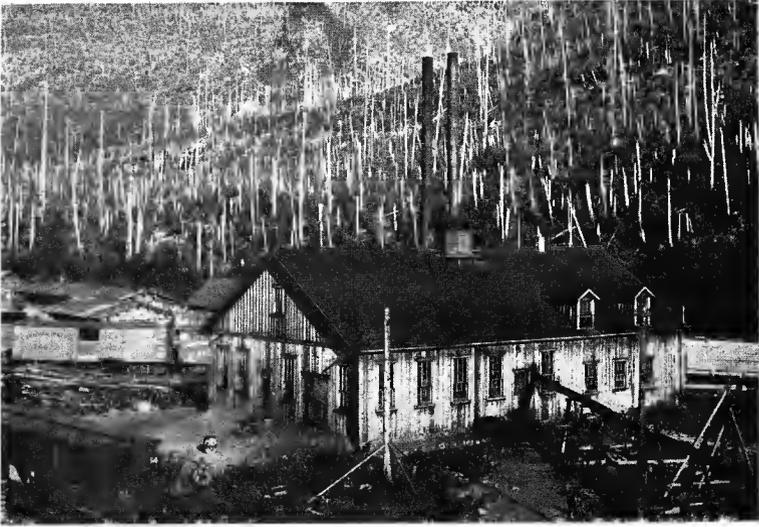
“I see,” said Ikeda, and had he known more of the Canadian dialect he might have said, “I catch on,” or “I tumble.” “Then,” he continued, “if I ‘peg out’ that land according to the method you have explained, it will be mine.”

The vendor was still unsuspecting and answered : “Yep,” “Yes,” or “Yar,” I know not which.

Ikeda then turned to his engineer and said : “Peg out that land for me, it will be cheaper than buying this man’s land.”

The vendor’s innocence ceased—what he said or did has not been reported, but the land Ikeda chose is the largest producing copper- and gold-mine in British Columbia to-day, and is owned and run by Japanese.

I believe the real story of the finding of this mine is very different and not so amusing. Some Japanese fishermen were blown into this unknown bay by a storm, and as it lasted some days they began prospecting, and on discovering the mine they went to Japan for capital.



Canadian Pacific Railway

COAL-MINE BUILDINGS IN THE CROW'S NEST PASS, B.C.



GOLD-MINING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

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The Tyee smelter is one of the neatest and handiest smelters I have ever seen and, as one man I was with remarked, "It is as tidy as its manager and looks as successful."

The company has recently purchased the Swayne Group on the mainland near the Britannia mine, and from it they expect very good results. Two or three other groups in the vicinity are under bond to American companies and may be working next year.

After studying the mines and the country in British Columbia, one cannot help feeling that, with all the disadvantages it has had to contend with in the way of dishonest company promoters, inaccessible country, lack of capital, lack of transportation, and severe winters, the industry should have gone ahead at a far greater pace than it has, and I cannot help saying that had any other country had half the resources that this one has it would have made far more of them, and made the country a wealthy, prosperous and busy one, and more than trebled its population. At present the population of British Columbia is only 200,000 and the mineral output \$25,000,000 per annum.

The fault lies with the people and not with the resources.

CHAPTER XVII

THE LUMBER INDUSTRY

NEXT in importance to the mineral resources of British Columbia is the timber, and owing to the smaller element of speculation attached to it, it has been exploited more freely ; all over the country lumber-camps and lumber-mills are to be found. Further, the Canadians are in their element here ; the lumber business is their forte, there have never been any to beat them, and the French Canadians, in particular, are credited with being the finest lumbermen in the world.

It is one of the most interesting sights imaginable to watch these nimble-footed, daring men manipulating the logs in the rivers and creeks, and when a log-jamb has to be freed, it is an emergency that not only requires thorough skill, but an unlimited amount of courage.

To see men jump on to logs which have just been shot into the water and are spinning with the fall ; to watch them tread these like squirrels on a wheel and then spring lightly into the air and land back on the log and so check it, is one of the wonders one cannot witness out of America. Or again, to see a

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couple of men bravely running down a crowd of logs which has become jammed, and working with their pevies and cant-hooks to separate them before the rush of water behind sweeps men, logs and everything else away, is as stirring a sight as the greediest seeker after sensation could ask for. Such are everyday occurrences in the lumber-camps of British Columbia, and the Canadians are, without exception, experts at the work, and seem to relish every new emergency in which nerve and skill are wanted, just to test their powers.

The life is one of the hardest imaginable, but the pay is good, and those who follow the calling become so enamoured of it that they never forsake it. They bury themselves away from the world in their camps for six months in the year, "put up a big stake," which means, earn plenty of money for their work, and then they go into town and "blow it in."

This is their usual programme and one that has gone on for years with every lumberman I have met. They have no ambition, no ties; when their work is done and their cheques handed to them, away they go to some spot (it may be miles away over the border, or it may be quite near) and "blow in their stake," then return to the camp when every cent has gone, often aided by their friends.

The yarns of a night-time in the camps are of big stakes blown in, of big drunks and fights, of thrilling

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tales of narrow escapes—how Dave Melin was crushed ; how Steve was drowned—“ Good old Steve.”

Canada is credited with having the largest timber acreage in the world, it being roughly estimated at 1,657,600,000 acres, whilst America comes next with 450,000,000 acres. Canada has more than twice as much as the whole of Europe.

The chief trees of British Columbia are the Douglas fir, which is the most common, the red cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), the yellow cedar (*Thuja excelsa*), western white pine (*Pinus monticola*), black pine, Engelmann spruce (*Picea Engelmanni*), silka spruce, western hemlock (*Tsuga mertensianna*), western white oak (*Quercus Garryana*), aspen poplar (*Populus tremuloides*), broad-leaved maple (*Acer macrophyllum*). The Douglas fir and the red cedar are the two most useful trees for general purposes—the Douglas fir for structural purposes, such as bridge-work, wharves, shipbuilding, and railway ties, and it is sometimes used for furniture-making. It is found all over British Columbia from the Boundary to the Skeena River, and trees of 300 ft. in height are not rare ; some have a circumference of 8 and 10 ft., though 4 to 6 ft. is the average.

The red cedar is a particularly useful tree for building purposes, as it will take a fine polish. Many of the houses in Vancouver and Victoria are built completely of this wood, and so great is its variety in shade that no two rooms need look alike, whilst the outside of the house gives one the idea that several

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different timbers have been used. It is, however, chiefly valuable for shingle-making, and shingle-mills are numerous both on the mainland and on Vancouver Island. The largest mill in Vancouver is the Hastings Mill, with which is incorporated many other mills in and around Vancouver.

I had two invitations to visit this mill on different occasions, once when I was a guest of the Canadian Mining Institute, another time when I was passing through Vancouver with some fellow-journalists, but on both of these occasions I was too busy to go, and finally I went as a mere spectator with an introduction to the manager. It was a very wet day, and he seemed out of sorts, so advised me to have a look around myself. It is extraordinary how little attention is paid to an ordinary visitor, but if one comes into Canada with a blow of trumpets, nothing is good enough—which rather accounts for the glowing descriptions of hospitality which appear from time to time in the English papers. Canadians are not hospitable in the cities, and it may save many disappointments to new-comers if they bear this in mind. I do not mean that there are not kind people in Canada, there are hundreds of them, but they take a good deal of knowing before they unbend. I must say, however, that wherever I went in my professional capacity I was given every assistance I required for the carrying out of my work.

I managed to get a considerable amount of amuse-

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ment out of this weakness of the Canadians in two different provinces. I was travelling through them with a very entertaining and amusing friend, and wherever I went, I introduced him, but all his arts were of no avail, he was "side-tracked" because he could not benefit them.

But I am wandering from the timber industry and seem to have forgotten the largest lumber-mill in the west of Canada. All lumber-mills are worked on very much the same lines, but this one is perhaps the most up to date.

The work of a lumber-mill begins at the water's edge where lie the booms containing the logs which, maybe, have travelled hundreds of miles from the forests where they were cut. They are shot into a creek or river and then secured by chains inside a square or oblong framework, and floated down the river or lake; they are then towed by tug-boats to the different mills, where they are set free to be manipulated by the lumbermen and forced into the clutches of the "jack-ladder," which is a curved bridge-way from the mill to the water, with a chain running down the centre, on which strong pins are attached at intervals of every few feet. When once the log is caught, the chain, which is continuously revolving, drags it slowly into the mill where men are waiting to receive it with a most extraordinary contrivance worked by machinery in the shape of arms; these roll it over on to a tramway as if it only weighed a few ounces. There, again, men are

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waiting for it, with more contrivances, to stop its roll. When it is properly fixed, away goes the tram at a lightning pace till it reaches the circular saw. In a moment the air is full of sawdust and a slab has been taken off the great log. Back again rushes the tram to start forward a moment later just a few inches nearer the great whizzing saw ; another plank falls, and then back again and the log is clutched by almost human-looking arms and rolled completely over, so that when the tram shoots forward again its other side is attacked by the saw, and so on, till the great tree, which only a few minutes before was lying in the water a hundred feet below, is reduced to a few dozen thick planks : these in their turn are carried on to be similarly treated, sawn, and re-sawn till they are finally passed into the yard below where they are planed, trimmed, and packed on to the carts which are waiting to take them away.

¶The bark from the first cuts of the saw, all the waste ends from the various handlings, and the sawdust are carried away in flues with a continuous belt, and turned over the edge into a fire which burns night and day, year in and year out.

These fires are one of the features of Vancouver ; by day the smoke from them clouds the horizon, and by night the bright fires can be seen for miles around. The smoke-stack or the burning piles is the *sine qua non* of the lumber-mill, and will be until some invention is perfected for treating this enormous waste, either by

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turning it into paper, or by using it as a composition—both of which seem possible, though so far have not proved practicable. Another shoot or flue takes away the rough ends and carries them to a place where men are waiting to stack them ready for the firewood carts.

The whole working of a lumber-mill is like clock-work and is as mechanical as it is possible to make it. Men are posted all over the place to attend to different branches of the business, and the timber comes to them mechanically, as it has passed through the hands of the last men.

Here one would expect to find work for any number of willing white men, but the majority of the workers are Chinese and Hindoos. It is a curious thing to see Canadians, Hindoos, and Chinamen all working together in unison, and perhaps it is the only place in the world where it can be seen. The Hindoo does not like it and thinks that in Canada the white man is a poor creature because he works, and nowhere is it so obvious as in a lumber-mill. What the Chinaman thinks I cannot tell, for he is a silent creature and speaks a tongue I do not try to understand. He works in solid silence for hours and hours, never varying in speed from the time he begins till the whistle sounds for him to stop, but the Hindoo is different, he loiters over his work, does as little as he can, and that little in a way that makes you feel he is doing what elephants ought to be doing, and that those with whom he is working are an inferior class ; he slouches along and thinks of his native land



Broadbridge Buller

A TIMBER JACK



Broadbridge Buller

HAULING LOGS BY ENGINE

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with a big ache in his heart. The Hindoo in Canada is one of the saddest sights I have seen.

The lumber industry in British Columbia ought to be a much bigger one than it is, and in a far more flourishing condition, for it would be hard to find a country so well equipped with timber as this is. Yet many of the mills are not paying and the lumber industry is slack. The output at present is greater than the demand and prices are low, though the middlemen on the prairies are making fortunes dealing in lumber. It seems to me that in Canada the middlemen, the agents and the touts are the men who make the most money, and expend the least in lay-out.

All over the world one hears that steps are being taken to replenish the forests, and fears are entertained that the timber will not last for much longer at the rate it is being cut. British Columbia has enough, so it is said, to keep the world supplied for half a century, and yet in spite of this there is nothing doing in the timber business worth speaking about. Timber limits are being sold and there is a big demand for them, especially from America; the gentlemen across the border know that some day timber will be as valuable as gold, and they also know that their own timber is getting used up, so they are buying—the Americans are wise.

There is a good field in British Columbia for the capitalist who is prepared to lay his money out in timber just now, whilst prices are not too high.

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It is estimated that in Canada there are about 2,000,000,000,000 ft. of marketable timber, and that the annual cut is about 40,000,000,000 ft., so that unless something is done in the way of forestry the timber of Canada will soon be used up, for fifty years' growth is not much to rely upon when that growth is not helped.

The chief timber sections are to be found along the coast of British Columbia, Vancouver Island, Queen Charlotte and the adjacent islands; the best trees grow in the valleys along the creeks and rivers, and within a radius of eighty miles from the coast-line. As the country is extremely mountainous, there are large tracts of land on which no timber of value grows. Three thousand five hundred feet above sea-level is as high as one can expect to find marketable timber; above that the trees are thin and emaciated.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FISHERIES—BIG HAULS AND SOME WEIGHTY OPINIONS

THE fishing industry of British Columbia offers immense scope for those who understand the business and have the capital to run it. The fisheries in the east are old and well established and so do not offer such prizes as those in the untouched west.

At present, nearly the whole fishing industry of the Pacific coast is in the hands of the Japanese and the Americans, the latter trading under the name of the New England Fish Company. In the last twelve months this company has shipped in bond to Boston and the Eastern States of America over 48,000,000 lb. of fish, which, at a rough estimate of seven cents per pound, gives a total of \$3,360,000.

With one company doing this amount of business with only a small fleet, it shows the possibilities in this direction for other enterprising companies who have capital and good men behind them.

When the New England Fish Company began operations in 1893, they leased an old fishing-boat, the s.s. *Capilano*, and a scow, and were able in the first year to pay back the capital they had borrowed and a twenty per cent. dividend.

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This company has extraordinary rights granted to it by the Canadian Government, and is allowed to despatch all its fish through in bond to the United States; one condition is made, and that is, that a certain quantity of fish must be sold in Vancouver. For the whole of this drain on the waters of British Columbia, Canada receives nothing; yet there is perhaps no industry in the whole Dominion so certain of bringing in a good return on the capital expended as the fishing.

The New England Fish Company devotes its energies solely to halibut fishing, and throws away all other fish. The catches of the non-edible fish would alone keep a big industry going, as all of them could be converted into oil and fertiliser. Any company prepared to combine the fishing, fertiliser, and oil-making would have chances in British Columbia such as the most avaricious might envy.

The halibut of British Columbia are not quite as good, as white or as firm as those caught in the North Sea, nor are they quite as large or as heavy as their European brethren, but their numbers are greater. They are said to pave the sea, and I have heard that one tug secured over 180,000 lb. of halibut in seven hours.

Colonel Newberry, of the Nuba Mining Company, Queen Charlotte Island, said in an interview that he tallied 165,000 lb. of halibut in five hours whilst on board one of the New England Fish Company's steamers. The best catches have been made in the

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vicinity of Goose Island, and some steamers have been known to clear as much as \$80,000 in one season.

From Victoria to Port Simpson, a distance of about five hundred miles, there are extensive feeding-grounds which are literally alive with invertebrate animals, shell-fish, shrimps, sand-stars and annelids, which constitute the food of most of the edible fish. The spawning-grounds of the halibut, herring, and flat-fish between Vancouver and the Naas River are supposed to be the largest in the world. The Frazer, Thompson, Columbia, Skeena, Naas, Stikine, Yukon, Pelly, Porcupine, and Peel Rivers are full of salmon, and all of them flow into the Pacific, and have their sources in Canada. The Yukon, Stikine, and Columbia empty themselves into American waters.

Of the possibilities in the fisheries of British Columbia too much cannot be expected. Professor E. E. Prince, the Commissioner of Fisheries for the Dominion of Canada, in his report of 1908, says of these grounds: "The sea fisheries are amongst the most prolific and valuable in the world. They are capable of enormous expansion. The amazing feature of these fisheries is that they may be carried on in waters perfectly land sheltered. Hecate Straits, Dixon Entrance, Queen Charlotte Sound, and the Straits of Georgia, with innumerable deep inlets, bays, and arms, are so shielded from the ocean as to furnish unique conditions for the pursuit of fishing operations."

For some time past there has been an outcry against

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the depletion of the fisheries by foreigners, and Captain Newcombe, commanding the fisheries cruiser *Kestrel*, has been asking the Government to construct extra vessels for the protection service. He said that during the year 1903 there were sixteen United States fishing vessels, three steamers and thirteen schooners, engaged in fishing halibut in British Columbia waters, and since then (1906) the United States fleet has increased to six steamers and forty other vessels, making a total of forty-six craft, which is an increase of thirty vessels in three years.

In the Budget Speech for 1909, the Hon. R. G. Tatlow, Minister of Finance, referring to the fisheries question, says :

“ Now, although the statistics of the Dominion Fisheries Department show a big decrease in the value of British Columbia fisheries in 1906, the last year for which we have figures of the total catch, there is one important item in those statistics which is very misleading ; I refer to the catch of halibut. British Columbia is credited with 11,416,700 lb. valued at \$570,835. Yet in face of that statement, Captain Newcombe, commanding the fisheries cruiser *Kestrel*, reports that foreign fishermen caught during 1906 no less than 39,334,329 lb. of halibut in British Columbia waters, which at the lowest estimate, five cents per pound, would amount in round numbers to \$2,000,000. This, it appears to me, is a very serious state of affairs, the remedying of which calls for

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immediate action. The Dominion Government can surely take measures to prevent our halibut banks from being unlawfully depleted by foreign poachers.

“This quantity of halibut is accounted for by the following American companies :

New England Fishing Company . . .	9,414,330 lb.
Tacoma Fish Company	7,946,666 „
San Jan Fish Company	3,973,333 „
From other smaller crafts	18,000,000 „
	<hr/>
	39,334,329 lb.”

The above-stated companies employ large boats, which operate twelve dories each and fish with from twelve to twenty-four miles of trawls for each steamer.

A further cause for the slight falling off in the catches is said to be through the foreign fishing vessels cleaning their fish on the fishing-grounds and throwing the offal and dead fish back into the sea ; fish will not frequent waters where dead fish or offal is disposed of. Needless to say this is illegal, but it is an almost impossible task for one patrol boat to catch all the offenders, and this is one of the reasons why others should be commissioned.

In order to prevent the depletion of the salmon fisheries, the Government has established a number of hatcheries in the different rivers of British Columbia. At present there are eight in operation and three more are being built. The Harrison Lake Hatchery is the largest and has a capacity of some 30,000,000 eggs. It is estimated that when the eleven are in working

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order they will have a combined capacity of about 127,000,000 eggs per annum.

There are between fifty and sixty canneries in British Columbia, but many of them are in a rather perilous condition owing to the short seasons, the few boats which fish for salmon, and the general bad times. There have also been two years of small runs.

When the season is in full swing, it is a fine sight to visit one of the big canneries and see what fish in their millions look like. It rather spoils one's fancy for a day's angling for a while, but a keen fisherman soon gets over it and finds his way back to the bank of a river, where he sits patiently waiting for a bite, and after a few hours, when he has a bag of five or six fish, he goes home satisfied, and never thinks of the thousands lying at the cannery.

As soon as the fish are landed they are cleaned, washed, cut, and packed by machinery. Machinery then washes the cans, weighs, caps, and solders them ; they are then steamed and cooked and passed through a couple of retorts. At this point they are heated for about half an hour to cause the air to expand, then a hole is punched in each tin and it is soldered up, immediately the air is out ; this makes the tins thoroughly air-tight and keeps the contents good for years. The completion of the process is then done in the next retort, where the fish is cooked under steam pressure for about one hour.

The bulk of the work is done by machinery and very



Broadbridge Buller

UNLOADING HALIBUT, VANCOUVER, B.C.

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little handling comes into the way of the Chinese and Hindoos who work in the canneries—the white men do the tallying, the unloading, and the superintending.

Whaling and sealing are both carried on from Victoria; the former industry is not a large one and the Pacific Whaling Company is, I think, the only one operating. It has two stations, one at Sechart and the other at Kysquot, on Vancouver Island. Sealing is a big industry, and thousands of skins are brought in each year to Victoria: each skin fetches from fifteen to twenty-five dollars.

What British Columbia lacks are properly organised fishing companies and proper laws restricting the foreigners from depleting the fisheries in the wholesale destructive way they are doing at present. I feel sure that a powerful British company operating in these waters would not only prove a great financial success but would go a long way to driving the foreigners away, for the Government would then have to step in and look after the interests of the company.

At present the Americans carry on the fishing industry all through Canada; they have secured concessions everywhere and are making as much as they can whilst these concessions last, caring little for the future of the industry, as they fear they will not always have the ground to themselves. They realise that some day Canada will wake up—in the meantime, they keep busy.

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There are many good openings for men with families, who wish to combine mixed farming with fishing, on almost any of the islands on the west coast of British Columbia. There are hundreds of islands and inlets north of Vancouver. The Queen Charlotte Islands are particularly favourable for such enterprises, and as these islands have only just begun to come into public notice, there are excellent opportunities of making big money on them—they teem with resources. Though the islands are rocky, there are large tracks of agricultural land to be found on them, where almost anything can be grown. Also, they possess every indication of minerals in paying quantities, gold, copper, coal, and iron have been found on them. Some black sand I saw had particles of gold in it, which could be seen with the naked eye.

With the opening up of Prince Rupert as the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, these islands will be developed, and those who go there now will be the lucky ones.

There is no place in all Canada which is being talked about more, just now, than Prince Rupert. Every one is clamouring for building-sites in it, and the speculators are busy for miles round, buying and selling land—or, I should say, rocks, for a more rocky place than Prince Rupert is hard to find. What I am wondering about most is how those who buy lots will ever be able to build on them for, with few exceptions, there is no level land to be had. But the railway-men

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have managed to blast a way through it, so I suppose others will be able to do likewise.

The site of Prince Rupert lies about four hundred and fifty miles north-west of Vancouver, and opposite the most northern point of the Queen Charlotte Islands, from which it is separated by about fifty miles of sea—Hecate Strait.

Prince Rupert has been chosen as the western terminus of the Grand Trunk on account of its excellent harbour, which is made by an arm of the sea extending inland. It is closed from the storms by Digby Island, which has an area of 7950 acres ; Kaien Island, on the other side of the entrance channel, is slightly larger ; the inlet, making the harbour, is sixteen miles in length and about one mile in width, and is sufficiently deep to enable the largest ships to anchor there. There is only one drawback to Prince Rupert, and this is seldom even whispered, so I must say it quietly—there are mists which hover round the coast for days, and which I fear will interfere greatly with navigation ; but I am no expert in these matters and have travelled these coastal ports many times and oft, in fair and fine weather, through dense fogs and bright sunshine, and am still alive to tell the tale, so others may live through them too, and Prince Rupert may yet be one of the largest and busiest harbours on the Pacific coast for all I know. Anyhow, it is well worth a man's while to get near it, for land is still obtainable, and opportunities good for the next few years. The Grand Trunk Railway has not

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chosen Prince Rupert as a terminus for fun—they see its possibilities, and have secured 24,000 acres of land on Tsimpsean Peninsula, 7000 odd acres on Digby Island, and 7000 acres on Kaien Island, in anticipation of selling it at a big profit. When all is completed and the railway terminus built, this route will be the shortest from the Orient by two thousand miles, and that is a consideration worth thinking about.

CHAPTER XIX

VICTORIA, THE CAPITAL CITY

THE distance from Vancouver to Victoria is about eighty miles, and not three miles as so many people think.

Luxurious three-funnelled steamers, fitted up with all the modern devices for comfort and convenience, with observation saloons where travellers can lounge at ease in arm-chairs and gaze with an uninterrupted view at the varied scenery of the Straits of Georgia, ply between these two cities.

Not once in the whole eighty miles does the vessel stray into the open sea—it threads its way through islands and narrow passes.

Dainty little islands, sleeping under moss and sheltered by pines, cedars, and firs—not the cedars of Lebanon, not those wide-spreading, dark, mysterious trees which take one back in fancy to the days of romance, but tall, stately American cedars similar to pines. Each island casts a reflection on the clear blue water, which goes deep down amongst things, silent and sleepy.

Back in amongst the trees one catches a glimpse now and then, of log shanties tipped by the rays of

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the sun and, back of these, hills covered thick with trees and scrub.

It is a grand sight, this quiet stealing, in a big ship, into the heart of nature in its wildest and most untouched mood. When Plumper's Pass is reached and half the journey is over, the hoot of the steamer's whistle echoes and re-echoes from island to island, from hill to hill, adding to the mystery of things.

Here the waters are no longer placid, they curve and swerve as they push through the narrow way and churn against the sides of the vessel, as if resenting its coming. Once through, the steamer pushes on again at full speed, the waters become placid and the silence intense.

Islands and more islands, and mountains down to the water's edge appear, ideal spots for summer holidays and picnic parties, but neither holiday homes nor picnic parties are to be seen, for the Victorian is too busy or too lazy to come so far afield in search of pleasure or rest.

It is strange that a place so full of natural resorts and so full of game should be so devoid of sportsmen and loungers : it is a case, I suppose, of the Cockney who never goes to the Tower of London and does not know where St. Paul's Cathedral is ; familiarity breeds an indifference. There is too much sport to be had, too many beautiful places to be seen, so the Victorians don't bother, or maybe it is the climate that makes them lazy.

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It is only the travellers who go for days into the wilds, paddle their canoes in the silent places or go forth with their rods. The resident takes his motor or rig and drives to where he knows he can shoot a deer or throw a fly.

I have fished for days along the rocks which skirt the harbour of Victoria and have only encountered one old man, and he, so he told me, was an Englishman, a carpenter by trade.

A few solitary fishermen are, however, to be seen fishing from the wharf at Victoria, but with a sea alive with fish as this sea is, where you cannot keep your line in the waters for five minutes without getting a bite, one would expect to find an enthusiastic crowd of anglers.

The entrance to Victoria Harbour is by a narrow land-locked bay, and only a small channel admits the large steamers. The scenery all around is very fine, but one resents the large advertisements of importers of wines, of a paint company and a soap works which disfigure this beautiful entrance. At night, however, the blazing lights of the chief hotel and the will-o'-the-wisp lights of the anchored boats in this picturesque bay make it look like fairyland.

Though Victoria is no new city that has sprung up in the night, it is spoilt with ugly, untidy waste spaces all over the city, and only now are the inhabitants having the town properly drained, and the streets lined with drain-pipes. In the main street, there is, during

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the winter, a sort of swamp ; it is called the Causeway and fronts the largest hotel in Victoria, the Empress. It is quite a sight to watch the street-cars shoot through it and send up streams of water on both sides, and as the pathways are exceedingly narrow, there are some amusing scenes to be witnessed as the unwary pedestrians try to dodge these water-spouts.

“Victoria the Beautiful” this capital city is called, and here are situated the Parliament buildings and the governor’s residence ; and nearly all the official business of the province is conducted here.

The beauty of Victoria lies not in its buildings nor in its streets, but in its natural surroundings. Nature has been kind and given it good colouring, a very good climate and a wonderful distant view of mountains.

I have always been a great admirer of Rudyard Kipling, from the day when I first heard him quoted : years ago it was, and I was lying on a mountain side, looking over Christchurch, New Zealand, gazing far across a beautiful plain whilst the sun poured down, warming me right through. By my side was a companion who, too, had journeyed far. Suddenly he began to quote :

For to admire an’ to see,
For to be’old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can’t drop it if I tried.

This was the first poem I had ever heard of Kipling’s and its truth got hold of me ; since then I have always



PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

Grand Trunk Pacific System

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been looking for more, and just before I arrived in Victoria I read his description of that city. I quote from "Democracy, the Enemy of the Empire":

"To realise Victoria, you must take all that the eye admires in Bournemouth, Torquay, the Isle of Wight, the Happy Valley of Hong-Kong, the Dom Sirente, and Camps' Bay; add reminiscences of the Thousand Islands and arrange the whole round the Bay of Naples with some Himalayas for the background."

Further on, he describes a motor ride he took there:

"We went to look at a marine junk store which had once been Esquimault, a station of the British Navy. It was reached through winding roads, lovelier than English lanes, along watersides and parkways, any one of which would have made the fortune of a town."

I was longing for something to remind me of the lovely lanes of England, and so I hurried to the nearest garage and hired a motor.

I had a copy of *Collier's* in my hand in which this article appeared, and opened the page to show my chauffeur.

"I want to see these places," I said.

He smiled at me, pulled his cap down over his eyes and then said: "I took Mr. Kipling and his wife on that trip, but it was June then, and it is March now."

A few months make a big difference anywhere, but in Victoria the difference is greater, and this journey in the wake of Kipling left its impression on me in

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more ways than one. I was never so bumped and banged about in my life.

We shot out of the garage, swung round and skidded on a car line, and then raced past the side of the Parliament buildings on to the aforementioned Causeway—in Roman times it would have been called a Ford. For a moment the car seemed to stagger, and then with a jerk it pulled itself together and dashed headlong into a dull grey and yellow pond; water flew up from our wheels on both sides, pedestrians ran to the limits of the wooden pathway, ducking their heads to avoid the sticky yellow mass that was being shot at them from our wheels; a dozen people crouched down as they saw us coming, but Nemesis was stealing up from behind them in the shape of an electric car, it came silently along, so swiftly that the most agile of the crouching ones could not have escaped had he seen it, and then for a moment the crowd was obliterated—we were through.

Our car slowed up a little as if to take breath, and as soon as I had wiped all the dirt from my face, I turned to the chauffeur;

“ Did Kipling go through that ? ” I asked.

“ Lor’, no, it was a dust-heap when he passed through it.”

“ But why,” I asked, “ did you rush it at such a pace ? ”

“ It’s the only way; one dare not go slowly for fear of becoming bogged.”

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“ But the Victorians, don't they object to such treatment ? ”

“ Oh, they are used to it. Some drain-pipes have been on order for the last few years—they are very patient here.”

I saw the subject was a sore one, so let it drop and looked at the shops on both sides of this, the main street of the capital city of British Columbia. All the way to Esquimault, and on to Sidney and back, I wished it were June and not March, for the lanes were streams and every time we passed a car I felt inclined to dive under the seat.

“ Squimolt,” as this old naval station is pronounced, has a flavour of the antique about it, and it has a street in it which might be a village street from England.

All through to Sidney there are good farms, and in the summer-time both the scenery and the climate are splendid, but a mist hung over everything in March, and rain was still clouding the sky.

I did not enjoy that ride; I felt disappointed with Kipling and his description of it, and wondered why he had not included the Red Sea, Brixton, Putney, Fordsburg, Johannesburg, and Whitechapel in his catalogue of places of which Victoria reminded him, but three months later the same chauffeur took me for this same drive, and my eyes were opened to the beauties of this part of Vancouver Island in a way I had never anticipated.

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In the summer and autumn, Victoria and its surroundings present some of the most beautiful scenery in Canada, and the colouring is exquisite; but spare me from it in the winter.

Though Victoria is old, and the seat of the Provincial Government, in many respects it is far behind the times, and its beautiful streets are marred by patches of land held by speculators and used by neighbours as scrap-heaps.

There are smells to be met in "Victoria the Beautiful" that take one's breath away; there are smells that frighten horses, and some on which you could hang your hat, for Victoria has no proper sewer system, no public scavenging, and refuse has to be removed by contract; and the poor of Victoria much prefer to steal out on a dark night with a box-load of pieces and dump it on the nearest lot of unoccupied land to paying Chinamen fifty cents to take it farther afield.

Victoria is not a city to choose if one is intending to look for work, it is the last place for that—a place only intended for those who have made their money and don't intend to lose it.

It has its aristocracy and the ways of England are the ways of Victoria, and the language is the same. Here it is a case of "No Canadian need apply," as a set-off to the eastern cities, where it is better for an Englishman, if he be in search of work, to disguise



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his language, forget his country, his grammar, and the proper pronunciation of all two-syllabled words.

Victoria is the richest city in the west, and it is the hardest in which to make money. I was discussing Victoria and Vancouver with a commercial traveller one day and, in comparing the two, he said :

“ In Vancouver, there are five men after every dollar, and one of the five gets it. In Victoria, there are five men after every dollar, but the man who has it sits on it.”

Victorians have mostly come through the mill ; for years they have fought and struggled and schemed back in the east to find the dollars, and having found them they have fled from the scenes of their troubles and, having reached Victoria, they have found rest and built themselves big picturesque homes, and now they don't mean to lose them.

It is a city of rest ; no hurry, no noise, no wild gaiety, “ no nothing ” disturbs the serenity of this, the last city of the Great Dominion.

The whole of Canada may be disturbed over some domestic trouble, some international question, but Victoria never worries. When the rest of the Empire was stirred by the Asiatic question, Victoria, from whence it came, went quietly on engaging Chinese cooks, Japanese waiters, and Hindoo wood-choppers.

Here, the Chinaman, the Japanese, and the Hindoo

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are to be seen in their thousands ; one cannot walk a dozen yards in any of the main streets without meeting a couple of each of these easterns. Victoria likes them, they do all the work that no one else will do and do it well, not cheaper but better, for the Chinaman knows his own value as does the Japanese. The Hindoo is not quite so well up in the ways of Canada, so he has less enjoyable times ; he also has a contempt for the Canadian because he works.

“ Canadians no white men,” says the new arrival from India, “ white men never work.”

Victoria without the Chinamen and Japanese could never retain its position, it would be an impossible place to live in, for domestic servants can never be found ; if they arrived in Canada with the intention of getting to Victoria they would have married or changed their minds long before they reached it, for women are scarcities in Canada and are engaged very quickly. Another thing against the domestic servant in Victoria is that she never could, or never would, do the amount of work a Chinaman will do.

If you talk about the Asiatic question in Victoria, every one will agree with you that the Chinese and Japanese should be excluded and get quite hot about it, but were any attempt made to exclude them, there would be indignation meetings all over the city, and probably all over the province, for, however they are disliked, their usefulness cannot be questioned, and

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as long as the workmen in Canada continue on their present lines, the Asiatics will be needed. I notice that the miners in the west of Canada have admitted Chinese into their unions, and in Victoria a clergyman performed the marriage ceremony for a Chinaman and a white woman, so John is prospering in Canada.

Another inducement the country has for permitting the influx of Chinese is the five-hundred-dollar poll-tax which each one has to pay before entering—this swells the exchequer.

Some day Victoria will be a great health resort, its streets will be lined with beautiful houses and its waste spaces will be occupied. Every bay and inlet will have its summer homes, and in places where farms are now fine estates will be found, the homes of the wealthy ones. The roads will be drained and the streets cleaned, so that the carriages and automobiles will no longer be in danger of becoming submerged.

From Duncans right down to Sidney, every acre of land will be occupied, for Victoria is a magnet drawing the tired ones to rest. From Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg, and far Quebec will come the men and women who have struggled and won, and in Victoria they will find what they seek.

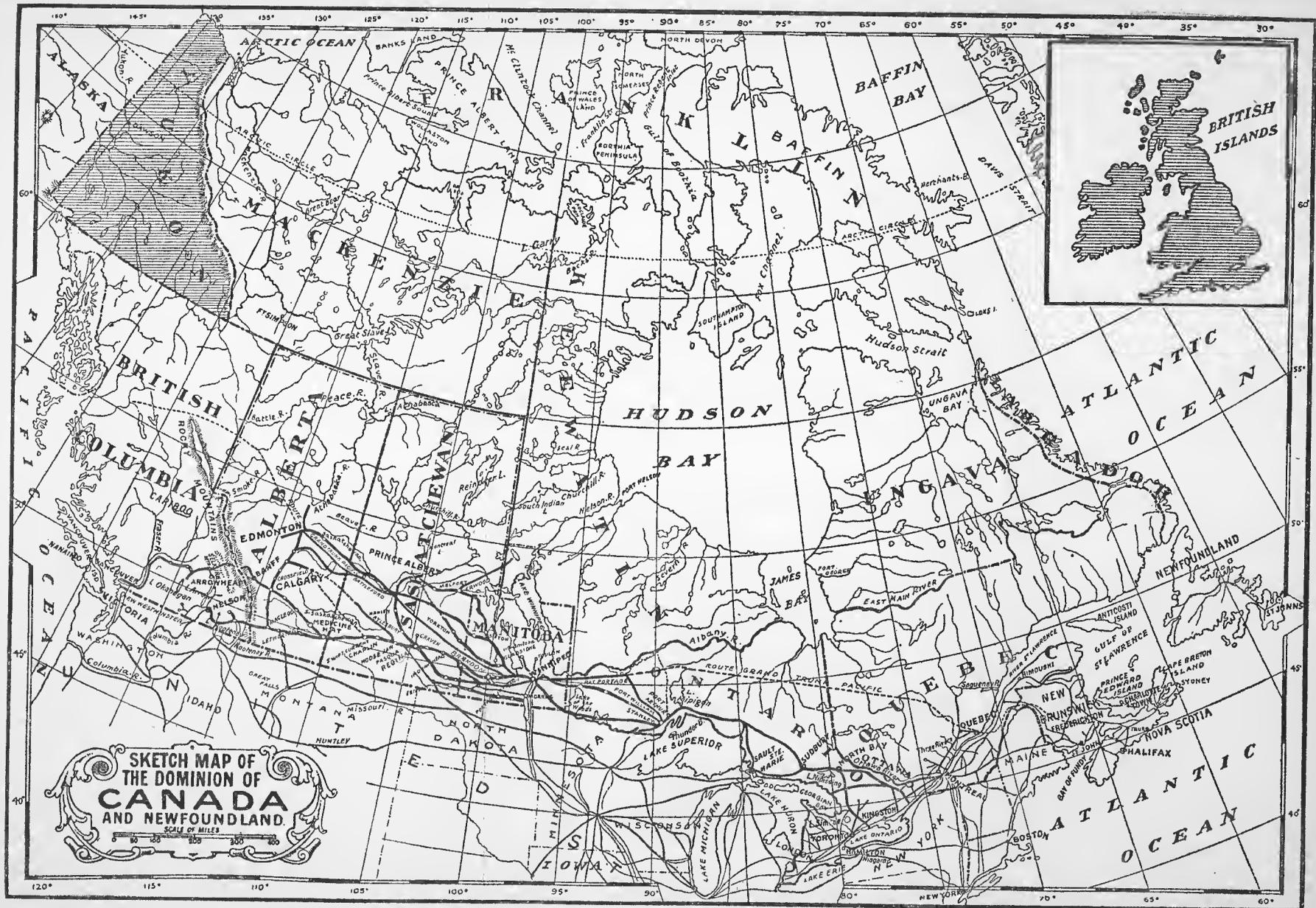
As the great cities of this Land of Hope grow and multiply and count their people by millions instead of thousands, when the rush and turmoil has increased a hundred-fold, when Winnipeg and Vancouver are as

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big as London and New York, and the tired are longing for rest, the cry will still be, as it has ever been, "Go west, my son."

Victoria is the last west, and on the banner of this beautiful city should be written the words :

"Come rest, my son, come rest."



MAP ACCOMPANYING "CANADA," BY E. WAY ELKINGTON. (A. AND C. BLACK, LONDON.)

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