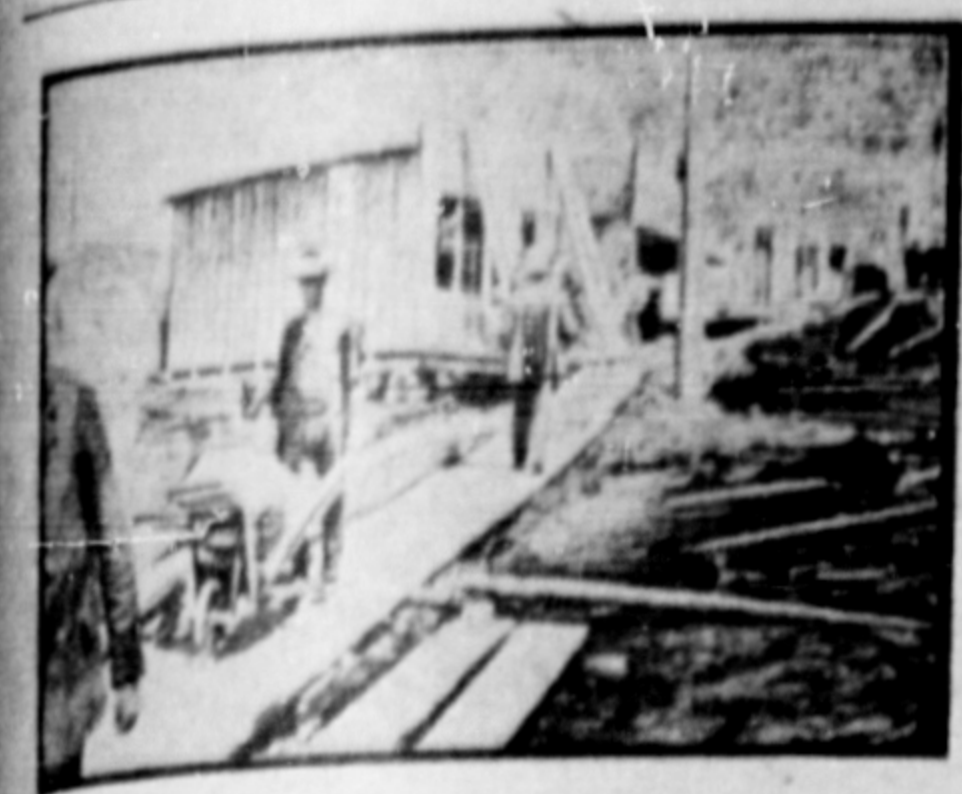


Henry Fales-Gordon Visits Rupert



The Grand Trunk Inn.

Henry Fales Gordon was the most distinguished of the arrivals by the Prince George on Wednesday, most distinguished as a globe trotter and a trained observer. The name is well known even in Prince Rupert, as many excellent articles of travel and adventure have appeared in the magazines over his signature, and also during his stay in the United States he devoted these habits of trained observation to the conditions existing in the cities he visited and freely discussed them, his comparison of these conditions with those of the leading cities and towns of Great Britain and the Continent being read everywhere with great interest.

The News reporter introduced himself to Mr. Gordon at the Grand Trunk Inn as the latter was strolling in from breakfast Thursday morning. The reporter, being himself something of a traveler in a small way, quickly got en rapport with the visitor by the mention of his old-time friends among writers and artists whom Mr. Gordon must have met, and thus nearly an hour was pleasantly spent in interesting remembrance chat. After this the reporter got down to business and endeavored to obtain material that would be interesting to the readers of The News, and in this he succeeded far in advance of his expectations.

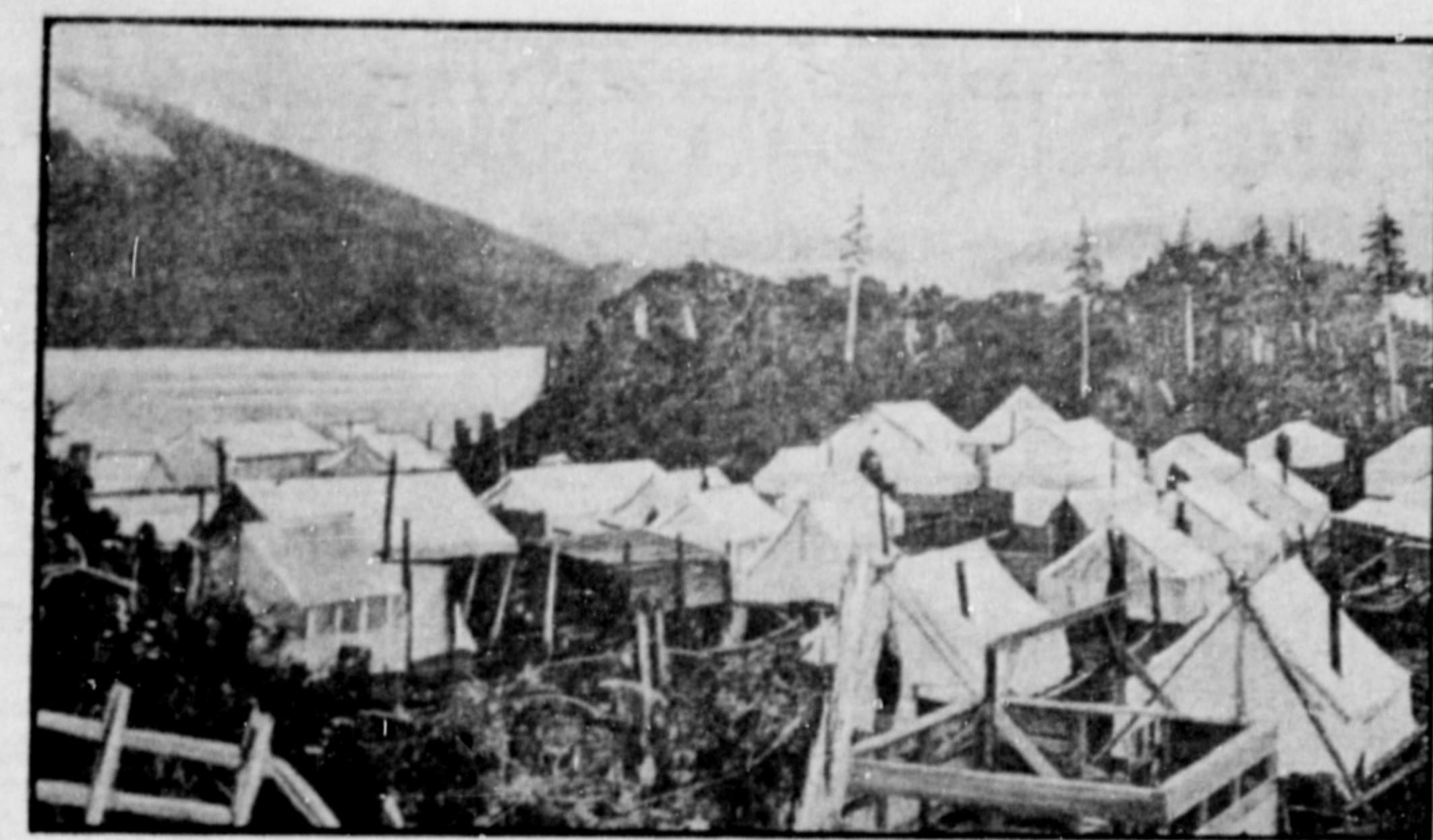
Referring to his articles on the rotten municipal conditions of Seattle and other towns he had visited, Mr. Gordon was asked if he had ever lectured and whether during his stay he might be induced to deliver a lecture here.

"No, nothing would persuade me to lecture. I was asked several times in the States to do so, but I always declined. As a matter of fact I don't much like the States. I don't like their ways. You know, you might, as you say, have read my name often, but this is what I object to: Too much publicity, don't you know. Now I've gone about a bit, and seen things, and if I can help anybody by anything I know, why, the information is theirs for the asking. But I don't want to have the limelight thrown onto me. Every fellow who is anyway decent objects to that, don't you know."

"Now, I like you, old chap. You've knocked about a goodish bit and know things. I am willing to help you make some 'copy,' and that's what any good newspaper man wants. But I won't be featured, you understand. Just say I landed and am staying at the Inn, and that's all. I don't want to be bothered with a lot of people. Promise me that and I'll go ahead making copy for you. Get your pen out."

"It would be well to start this with the story you tell of meeting Patti in New York Bay when one of her very last 'farewell' visits. Twenty reporters waiting in the pilot house and she in the centre, and she says: 'Well, somebody ask me how I like America and I will answer that I just love America above all things.' Because I do like Prince Rupert. I like to study towns and this is an especial opportunity to study a great seaport in the making. It interests me very much. I'll tell you what most struck me yesterday afternoon, and while I am here what else strikes me: your fine stores, your horrible streets, your hotels, banks and so on.

"Let's start with this hotel. I came here naturally. I knew of no other, for although there was a crowd of hotel runners at the boat, none of them said: 'Free bus,' you know, so I took no notice of them. This is right next to the wharf anyway, and, another thing, you will never make a mistake in Canada in going to a railway hotel. You may, and possibly will, in any other country. The hotels in Canada are fine. I might class them as the leading hotels in the several cities, but this may not be the exact fact. You find in them the dignity of a first-class old hotel in England, but with a greater freedom. The little things that make for individual comfort are better looked after. The servants are not so obsequious, but they are willing and their first thought is not 'backsheth,' as it is in England and all over the Continent. And they have gentlemanly managers every time.



This picture of Old Vickersville and its tents appealed to the collector of historical data.

"This I will say for Mr. Sweet. He is a type so far as courteous manner goes, but he goes farther. He has a geniality that is never familiar and yet it captures; without admitting it you reckon him among your friends. Then he undoubtedly understands the fine art of catering. The meals are splendid compared with what I reasonably expected to find in a town so new. The service, too, is worthy of commendation. I don't know where he gets such nice girls. They don't have them in the States nor in Eastern Canada. What I mean is: I don't know how Mr. Sweet manages to keep them. For they go modestly and sweetly obliging about their business as if it was their business, seriously. Anywhere else the waiter girls are flirtatious and endeavor to convey the idea they are only there for fun for a short time. This is, in a measure, true, for in pioneer towns especially they are soon snapped up and married. But Mr. Sweet's waitresses are refined and seem proud of their business.

"The rooms and the house generally are up to the best of hotels and a trifle more home-like. But in regard to this I understand the railway is building a million dollar hotel here like the Chateau Laurier at Ottawa, and all I can say is that when moving day comes I trust the company will take along Mr. Sweet as one of the most valuable assets. It wasn't so soon after breakfast I would invite you downstairs to drink a peg in the prettiest wainscoted bar room I've seen in the Northwest.

"Arrayed in Fine Clothes." "Your stores are beginning to put on a Christmas air, I notice," observed Mr. Gordon, as he filled his pipe. "Not to the same extent, however, is there to be noticed that crude garishness of holiday decoration as in many places. Your pioneer business men seem to be satisfied to make a good display of goods, and in this respect you are ahead of many places in the trick of window dressing and displaying wares to the best advantage. Not only that, but for a frontier town the stock of

Distinguished Globe Trotter and Municipal Expert Enjoys a Study of New Great World Port in its Infancy--An Admirer of Pioneer Pluck--Gives Important Inside News and Views--Buys Togs and Greets Chums Rambling Stores

goods gives an idea of local prosperity and plenty of money going around, and also of cultured and rather expensive tastes.

"Were I of the other sex I should be disappointed, old chappie, that you have not noticed my get up. It was the store windows in this case that took me in and got my money, because I found when I was in that I really needed a new suit, and that prices were very reasonable.

"It was at a place on this side of the first street you go up, Sixth street, and the firm is Sloan & Company, Ltd. They had a holly lot of smoking jackets in the window, and the



White Pass. However, it might be his son. I'd drop in and see just to pass the time away.

"Can I see Mr. Rogers?" I asked. "You are looking at him," was the reply. "What can I do for you?"

He was a well set up chap, clean shaven, clear eyed, fine complexion and no crowfeet—it must be Jim's son, for there was certainly a likeness to my old friend. Then I noticed that his hair was grizzled. Well, it might be his son, you know, for young fellows soon get gray gazaleas at the sides if they woo the Kitty late.

"I met a Mr. Rogers with C. E. Hawkins, the railroad engineer, at the Baldwin House, Frisco, about ten years ago," I ventured to say.

"That's me," was the ready reply. "Hawkins and I are old chums from way back."

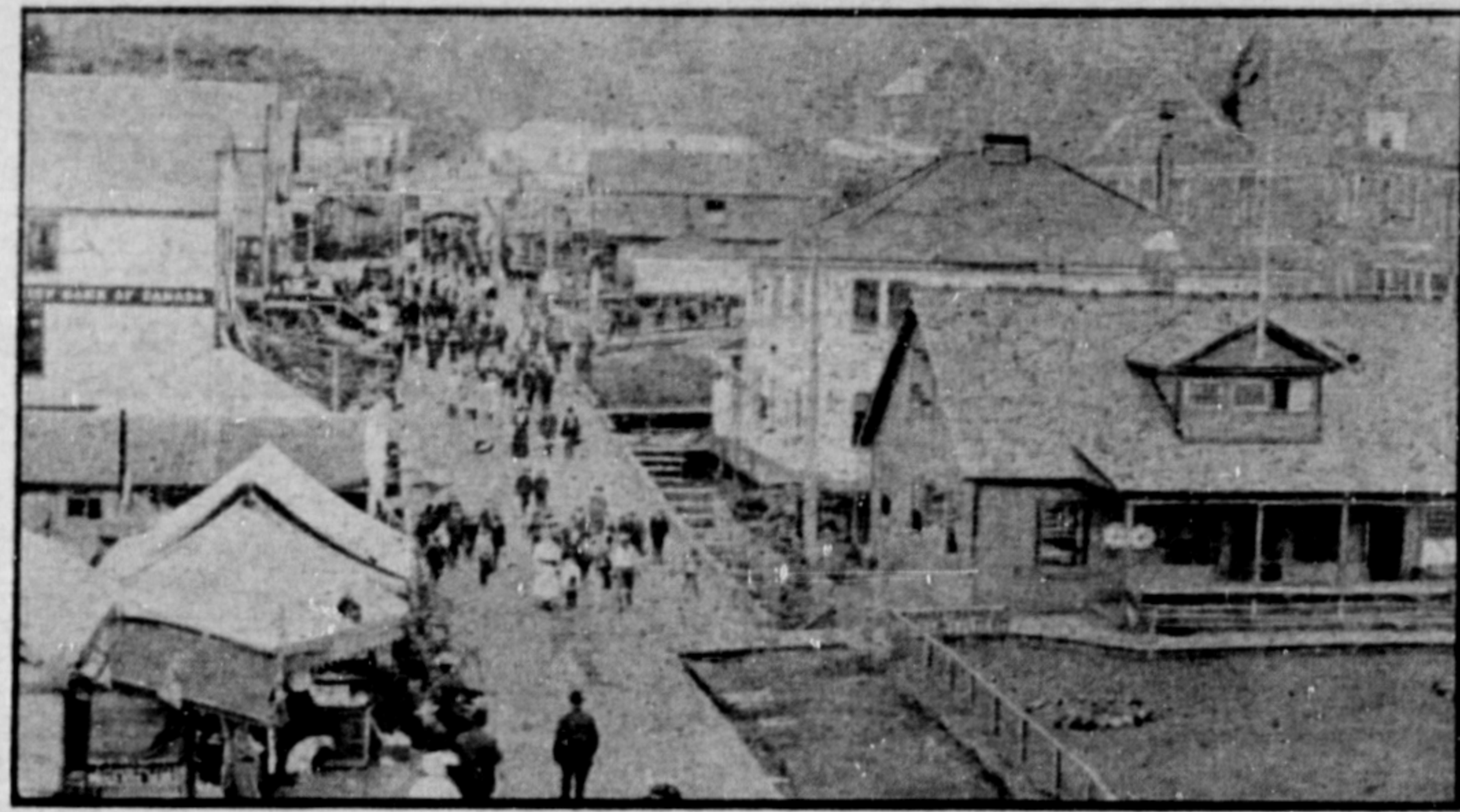
"Then I'm an old chum, too," and I tendered my card. He shook my hand with a clear, hearty laugh and I playfully told him he must be Jim's son.

"Quit yer kidding," was the laughing retort. "Why, Fales, I'm a proud grandfather. And, see that sign there—Rogers & Black? Well, you will see a similar sign in Vancouver and that Rogers is one of my sons. I have another here who is associated with the leading archi-

and all the leading lines across the Atlantic and to the Mediterranean and South America. Quite a business, I observed.

"But, I haven't quit railroad-ing altogether," said Rogers. "I am the agent here for the Great Northern, and I—"

Just at this moment a strapping chap with a big black moustache and a big soft black sombrero came bustling in—a typical frontier man—and Jim said: "Let me make you acquainted with Peter Black, my partner in the coal business," and I found Peter had a grip like a giant. Jim told about the fine hotel his partner has here, the Central I think he called it, and Mr. Black told about the scrap they had recently had



From the Inn he strolled up Centre Street commenting on the changes

with the city fathers about a supply of Wellington coal, and how they had come out with flying colors. I am going to take in the Central Hotel before I leave, but this evening I am to take dinner with Rogers at a place he calls 'The Saints' Rest' and to remain for evening service. So I guess James must have changed some since I last met the old boy.

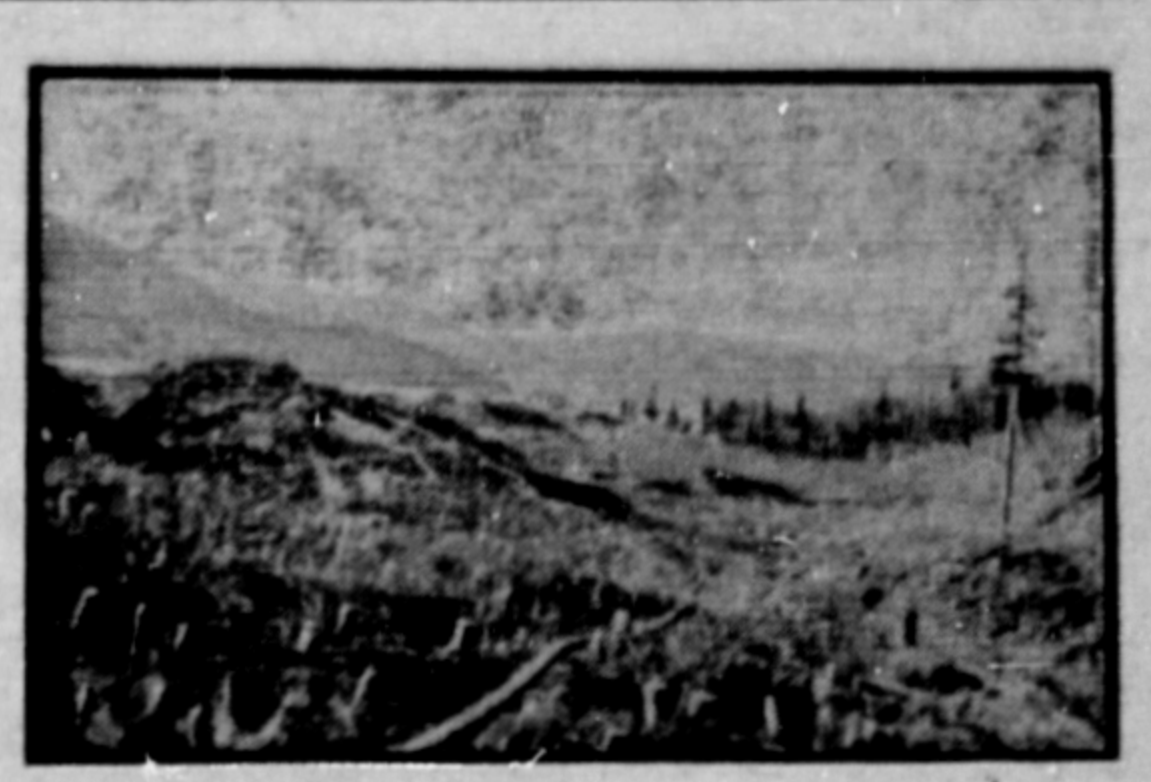
"That thought suggests that the shadow of the mizzin is athwart the poop and it's time to take a peg. Talking so much engenders a healthy thirst. Eh, what?"

heart as this exhibition of natural flowers.

"You need your heart opened and your pocketbook, too, I thought as I strolled in—for the store was pretty crowded. But when I got a chance to price goods, especially the jewelry intended for gifts, I found them very reasonable, and I bought this little gift for my sister as a souvenir of my visit to Prince Rupert.

"I was reminded of home, by the way, when I started to look over the fine collection of Crown Derby. He has some nice specimens of the work Moorcroft is turning out at his Stoke-on-Trent factory. Libbey's cut glass, too, is quite a feature.

"I understand the Warks, the people who are running this large store, are pioneers. Where they come from I didn't happen to learn, although in new places I have the un-English way of poking my nose into everything, as you must have noticed. But



mirring some of his burnt work at the Seattle Fair. He is an interesting man and has an interesting collection. But he didn't try to sell me anything, just chatted on, enquiring after Colonel Cholmondesly, Capt. Graves and other London chaps who were in the Klondike in the old days. There was one thing I took a fancy to, however, and asked his price for it. This is a magnificent mastodon or mammoth tusk. Morte shook his head with a smile. He said Mr. Lett, the colonization agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific, deserted it and would be much disappointed if he didn't get it."

Gives Us a Big Pointer.

"That is one of the enterprises showing the rapid growth of your city," observed Mr. Fales-Gordon as we came up Centre street and stood in front of the new opera house. He passed on to say what a fine street it would make for business purposes as soon as Mr. McLeod had cleared the big rock pile from his two lots adjoining the Westenhaver business block.

"They will not have an uninterrupted view of the bay for a long time, however," he musingly proceeded, "for I am given to understand the railway company intends to include in its next auction sale the reserved lots on this side, between Fifth and Sixth streets."

"That's news to me," the reporter observed.

"May be so; you must go from home to get the news. Is this sort of wide sidewalk going all along both sides of this fine broad avenue and along all the other avenues?" he asked as we passed the government buildings. The scene of the recent fire led him to ask about fire insurance rates here, the fire protection system and such matters.

After what he declared to have been a very pleasant and interesting visit the distinguished traveler left on the Prince Rupert yesterday morning on his way back, via the Great Northern, to New York and to England on a Cunarder, having purchased his passage here.

Cosmopolitan and Dickens

CHARLES DICKENS is still a "best seller." Publishers don't argue pro and con over his books—they just order a new carload of paper, oil the presses, and let them speed on. And it has been over forty years since, one morning when the yard was filled with scarlet geraniums and the breath of syringa was heavy in the air, the great author followed little Nell. Now that the centenary of his birth (February 7th, 1812), approaches and everybody is thinking of Dickens. We have secured several articles which will tell many things about him that have hitherto been unknown. In the January Cosmopolitan his son, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, will tell you some of his own personal recollections of the great novelist. Later, probably in February Mary Angela Dickens, his granddaughter, will give an intimate view of Dickens as she remembers him. In fact, in these and other articles on Dickens which will follow—fully illustrated, of course—we shall aim to give you a more vivid picture than has yet the home—side of the great master, written by those who knew him best. Read the articles—they will surely arouse a new interest in the "best beloved" author in your library. Subscriptions to Cosmopolitan will be accepted until Dec. 10th, at the special low rate to Canada of \$1.50. Cosmopolitan Agency, Box 851, Winnipeg.

C.B. WARK JEWELER

Wark's store with its array of cut flowers especially appealed to him

held my attention. You remember what McMasters said of having left railroading for steamboating? Well, says I, here is another instance, if this should chance to be the Jim Rogers I knew as manager of the White Pass road. But it couldn't be the same, for that Rogers worked on the construction of the Canadian Pacific and for I don't know how many years—more than a dozen—in the operating department of the operating department of the Great Northern. Then he must have been eight years with

lect of Prince Rupert, another in the office with me and then some more, all doing well."

"And how did you come to quit railroading, Jim, after all these years?"

"Came to Prince Rupert to grow up with it, and I'm doing it. Do you want to get back to the Old Country for Christmas? What line do you prefer? Can offer you your choice of sixteen." And I found that he was agent for the Cunard, White Star, the Red Star line to Antwerp, the French line to Havre

Attracted by Cut Flowers.

"One thing that struck me in walking up the principal business street this afternoon—Third avenue, I think it is—was bunches of fresh cut flowers in a jeweler's window. They made a beautiful display still more beautiful and attractive and added additional suggestion of refined culture to the very large, artistic stock of silverware displayed. As this is on the eve of the holidays, I can imagine nothing so suggestive and so much calculated to open the

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