The Imperial Oil Review

Happy New Year
FUEL OIL FOR DOMESTIC CONSUMPTION

This timely discourse gives the reader an intelligent insight into the relative merits of coal and oil as heating agents in the home.

SMITH and Brown are neighbors “up on the hill” in Toronto. They live on an attractive street where men have homes that are modern in cost but not lacking in any of the comforts. Both men were well satisfied with their status as home owners until the coal trouble last winter. They got through that period without any actual suffering, but not without frequent worry as to where the next week’s fuel was coming from and some unsatisfactory trials of coke and bituminous coal substitutes for the good old red ash anthracite for which their heating plants were built.

It was partly from a feeling of impotence with a system that breaks down periodically when miners and operators do not come to an agreement that led Smith to pull out his coal grates last spring and install an oil burning apparatus in their place. He had to make a big hole in his driveway to bury a storage tank and put up with the usual clutter that plumbers bring but Smith is nothing if not thorough and having made up his mind to try everything to it in earnest.

Brown discussed the matter many times and though he took a stand in opposition because of the idea that it was not anything less convinced that oil in the cellar would pay big dividends if it did nothing more than free the family from the dirt and labor of furnace tending. Brown is a statistician and knows how easily figures can be assembled to prove most anything. He took the estimates of the probable cost of operation that were furnished Smith by the oil burning equipment people and worked out a different answer. The best he could give oil was an even break with coal, with oil at the level of early 1923 prices.

It happens that so far this winter Smith’s estimates as to cost have much more than made good over Brown’s, but largely because of two factors, which were not considered when they were prepared. The first of these is an extremely mild late fall and early winter, giving the oil burning apparatus every opportunity to effect economies by shutting off the supply while keeping the house at an even temperature. The other extraordinary factor was a series of reductions in the cost of crude which led to the making of a lower priced agreement for the light distillate fuel oil than Smith had expected.

Oddly enough, Brown lost interest in the figures before the new heating plant had been long enough in operation to make a fair check on operating costs. It was anything but anything and possibly unsafe to shift from the old method to the new in the middle of what should be winter.
weather, Brown would now be installing an oil burner, and he is committed to such a step as soon as his furnace fire goes out next spring.

The delivery of coal to the concerns of Brown to the general superiority of the new method of heating houses was not the kind of a showing that might have been expected to interest an expert on costs, but rather an exhibit that would have been just as comprehensive to Mr. Brown. He goes cellar day at 6:30 in the morning to shake his grates, remove ashes and put in a fresh supply of coal. In the process Brown gets pretty well coated with dust and grime and enjoys a little pruning party on his way upstairs to his shave. Just before he starts for the train he makes another trip to the cellar to see how his fire is going and put on more fuel. One winter the Browns had a furnace man but he seemed to be inspired by the ambition to double their previous consumption of coal, with the result that Mr. Brown went back to the cellar job.

It does not make Brown any more fond of his work with a broom and shovel to visualize next door the easy-going Smith lying in bed for another half hour while the oil fired furnace, responding to a telegraphic message automatically switched on by the bath thermostat, is running full blast to bring the temperature up to the agreed upon as right for breakfast for a family ranging in ages from two years to eighty. In Smith's cellar what used to be a coal-burning furnace has been whitewashed and converted into a cold storage room for winter supplies. The pots and kettles are heated white hot for the Smiths, and then Smith threatens to lay an Oriental rug down on the cement where visitors are wont to stand with their feet while they watch the fascinating operation of a self-starting, self-controlled furnace. So no matter what the comparative cost, Brown evidently admits that his neighbor has rid himself of allious shovelling of coal into the fire box and ashes out, of the dirt, labor and expense connected with the delivery of coal and the removal of ashes, of the problem of having his furnace properly cared for when he is out of town or detained getting home, of the infamous impossible problem of getting the living-rooms comfortably warm by the time the family troops down stairs in the morning. Perhaps the most attractive feature about household heating by oil, to the head of the family, is the uncanny ways in which the thermostat knows when to start the blower to drive away the smoke in which the house has accumulated during the night. In mild weather, the furnace may be shut down for at least three-quarters of the time but it springs into action instantaneously when the temperature of the rooms goes below the desired point and shuts off just as quickly when warmth has been restored. One of the great saving of oil is due to fact that it is burned only so long as needed. Although oil burning in land installations is pretty much in its infancy there is a daily consumption of more than 1,000,000 barrels of fuel oil, most of it in marine use.

It is not possible to talk about the advantages of oil without making comparisons with previous experience with coal, even though oil has a field that has never been occupied by the older fuel. For instance, it has been learned that fuel oil, pound for pound, contains 60 per cent, more heat units (B.T.U.) than the average run of coal. Furthermore, time during which the furnace is kept between 70 per cent. and 80 per cent. of its heat value is out of proportion to the service needed. Due to unseasonal conditions and in many cases uncontrollable methods of burning coal, as little as 35 per cent. of the heat units are actually made use of in the production of useful heat. An exception should be noted in the case of some modern power plants equipped with high boiler motors and operating in the best engineering practice where as high as 70 per cent. has been obtained from coal.

The object of using a fuel that goes to work immediately at its fullest efficiency with the turn of a valve and shuts down completely when heat is no longer desired has been mentioned. The contrast in this method of heating and the traditional coal fire up twenty-four hours of the day has been particularly evident this year because of the weeks of unusually mild weather. Even the really cold weather has been comparatively mild in burning oil heating plants but very little where coal is used.

In the private house, the saving in storage space may not be of any real importance, but the cleanliness and automatic control are very much appreciated. In the operation of steamships and marine installations, oil also makes possible a considerable reduction in fire-room labor and an increase in boiler capacity of from 50 per cent. to 100 per cent.

The use of fuel oil for industrial and marine purposes is too old a story to be of interest. Its adoption by large apartment houses, office buildings, hospitals and hotels, is a more recent development of a movement that is gaining great momentum in the field of household freshening. But from the public standpoint interest centers almost exclusively in the possibilities of using oil as a domestic or dislattizer or the lighter furnace oil, for domestic purposes where the only economic factor is the way much of the time is engaged in preparing meals or making beds.

If the householder is in a position to disregard or at least subordinate the matter of cost, there is no argument for the continuation of the ineradicable associations of coal with the coal. The only debatable point is the cost of installation particularly where it is necessary to throw out a good coal installation and to be uncertain as to the cost of oil over any considerable period of years. It so happens that at present prices oil has enjoyed the better of the argument even on this debatable ground of cost.

A fair estimate of the cost of a good domestic oil burning device, including a storage tank of adequate capacity, is $800. At today's prices, likewise, it is a million to a ton of coal costs $10.50, as against anthracite coal at $14 per ton. This comparison is made on the single matter of cost but the user is not get give oil credit for any of the advantages of continuous and uniform heating or automatically controlled to the exact degree of temperature desired nor does it take into consideration the cost of ash removal or furnace attention. Of course, in many families all the work except removal of ashes is performed by the furnace man. The cost of his supervisory labor is hard to place an estimate on the cost of such labor. In many other instances, a neighborhood man is employed to take care of the furnace with a consequent cost of labor which may be the equivalent of four dollars per ton of coal fired or as high as ten dollars.

Notwithstanding the apparent and decided advantages of oil in the matter of cost, it is not wise to accept that argument as a conclusive and final decision to change over. The price of fuel oil is not always or of necessity regulated by the current quotations of coal, but is subject to the same amount and source of production of crude petroleum and the requirements of consumption of higher priced products than fuel oil. In other words, the demand for gasoline or kerosene can affect the price of oil, and, thus, the market for coal. For that reason the installation of oil burning should be considered primarily from the standpoint of the value to the home owner of freedom from a dozen annoyances to which he has submitted in past years with the recurrence of each winter. He should weigh the value of a clean furnace almost automatically in performance, about 100 per cent. in cleanliness and in uniformity of the heat rendered him.

Installations of modern oil burners are becoming sufficiently common so that the curious can usually find a friend who is willing to show his apparatus at work, but to one who has not seen a complete and satisfactory installation, it is difficult to describe convincingly the physical improvement. Imagine a cellar as clean as the floors above, guaranteed, with no coal pile, no ashes, no heavy layer of dust to be jettisoned loose at an accidental collision with the new genius. Upstairs in one of the living rooms—a small wall thermometer with a dial permitting the determination of the exact temperature in the room. If the point of the dial is at 70 degrees the fire is adjusted to keep the temperature as the thermometer reading is 70 degrees or more. But let a drop in the temperature outside or the escape of heat through the doors or windows lower the temperature of the room and instantly the furnace begins to work at its maximum capacity. The required amount of oil is released and forced through small jets by an electric blower, with ignition taking place usually from a small gas pilot light. The minute the heat has been supplied upstairs, which is to say when the thermometer records, the thermostat cuts off the power and the consumption of oil is completely stopped.

This little thermostat, not too big to slip into a vest pocket, is as wise the watchman and engineer in charge of heating the house. On retiring for the night, the family can set the dial to shut off the supply entirely if desired, while at the same time setting a clock connection which will automatically restore the supply of fuel at any hour it is desired. The thermostat is independent of the furnace man's habits or inclinations can hardly be valued in dollars and cents.

For the man who is interested in the possibilities of heating by oil, it may be well to consult a local oil distributing station as to the availability of supply. Widespread marketing facilities such as oil tank cars and together with the distribution of gasoline and kerosene do not exist yet for fuel oil. However, the Imperial
Oil, Limited in response to and in most cases anticipating public demand has already provided facilities for distributing fuel oil for domestic and industrial purposes and is continuing to extend its service to all parts of the island. This oil is suitable only for small domestic users because it is heavy and must be carried under pressure at all times to ensure its delivery through the supply lines and atomize at the burner tip. The minimum cost of such an installation is about $500, and a few dollars a month is the cost of such equipment. However, the amount of oil needed depends upon the number of boilers and their capacity, together with amount of space that is required. Existing residential buildings in the principal cities are already utilizing oil as fuel with general satisfaction and architects specify oilburning equipment in submitting plans for new buildings.

Vancouver "Imperial Club" Notes

The Imperial Club of Vancouver recently held its meeting for the re-election of officers, which was attended by Mrs. Van Blakley; Secretary, Miss M. Collinson; Treasurer, Mr. A. B. Brown; Mr. R. J. Braude and other retiring officers were thanked for their services.

During the year the Club has provided flowers for members who have from time to time been confined to their homes through illness.

A special notice has been given to the "Review" in connection with several deaths during the year, the Club has provided suitable words of sympathy.

On "Armistice Day" a wreath of Poppies was placed over the monument in memory of those who gave their lives during the Great War—1914-1918.

The Club decided to provide the nucleus of a "Circulating Library" for the benefit of its members, and from the special Committee reports to the Annual Meeting, it is seen that a good step has been taken towards the guarantee of confidence in the equipment sold.

The capacity of the tank for storing the oil, its location, whether the lines terminal at the point which oil is to be discharged are matters to be passed on to the consumer by the manufacturers or distributors of the oil itself at the time of delivery. Generally speaking, it is to be understood that the expenditure of oil dealer rather than the manufacturers of the oil-burning equipment. It is not economical to "bottled" fuel oil from manufacturers to customers tanks, but generally it is wise to try to get along with too limited an amount of stock. The price of the fuel oil, tankage should be provided for not less than 1,600 gallons so that a full truck load can be delivered at a time and at a price which will appeal to the consumer as well as to the price offered.

Heavily loaded trucks cannot be maneuvered experimentally by the men carrying the oil to the tank, and the necessary delay can be avoided if the tarp should be located near the curb, the line and tank being so placed as to enable the oil to move by gravity from the truck to the tank. Large apartment houses, hotels, and office buildings would ordinarily have a more elaborate type of oil burning equipment. In such plants, the ordinary fuel oil of the general characteristics known to the commercial world is used and found satisfactory. There are some economical customers who prefer a small package of fuel oil to a heavy, darker product called distillate fuel oil. The latter is ordinarily lower in cost than the former, and this is the oil that is used in the Imperial Club's oil equipment. The management of the office and warehouse staffs have been assured that the supply will be sufficient and that the demand can be met.

The management, office and warehouse staffs at Vancouver send the President, Directors and fellow employees their Very Best Wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

The Grizzly of the Barren Land
A Trapper's Hair-Raising Encounter with a Monster Bear
By R. Scott Bennett

MILE after long mile the McKenzie sweeps majestically to the Arctic. Dotting its surface and mirrored as upon oxidized silver lie the myriad islands built from the sediment of thousand miles up stream. Fringing the banks are the monotonous, yet ever-changing series of spruce-clad hills, their maddening endlessness broken only where some nameless river from the Rockies on the west or the somber-term incognita of the east finds its outlet into the great northern father of waters. In the cell of one of these delves a hundred miles above the Arctic Circle nestled the cabin which river men knew as Tom Adamsom's home. To the north, east and west, (for at this point the great river flows just a few degrees south of west) lay Adamsom's vast domain—his by right of usufruct. Out from the cabin in a giant circle, when the season opened, would stretch his trap-line of forty-five miles, two minor cabins marking the night resting places on this route, which he must traverse twice a week.

Returning in the glimmering dusk of an early fall evening from completing the last of these resting places, he had approached his main cache with the ruminating optimism of the hungry man. His mind wandered off in a reverie of the exact movements he would go through to get a supper to his taste in the least possible time, and with fewest movements. This pleasant abstraction was short-lived, however, as he came back to reality by the animal looks of his dog Zeke.

"What's the matter, Zeke, you old hotty?" he called out cheerily. In answer the dog ran a short distance toward the cabin; then came racing back, tail erect, ears flapping, hair-ribble from the back, his head to the root of his tail. Puzzled that a dog so courageous as Zeke should show signs of timidity, he glanced over the ground, unable to account for the change of the dog's behavior. As Zeke gave no sign of fear, he advanced confidently and was not afraid of the grizzly, although he had been amidst them for three years. He knew that, these bears were not afraid of man and that he could keep them at bay.

"Must have been some Indian who had this territory under some sort of a contract with the Hudson's Bay Company and the Company refused to allow them on our premises.

The trap line was the most remote of all the other lines, and the grizzly was quick enough to scuffle over the place and to be out of the way before he could get away. The grizzly, however, was quick enough to scuffle over the place and to be out of the way before he could get away. The grizzly, however, was quick enough to scuffle over the place and to be out of the way before he could get away. The grizzly, however, was quick enough to scuffle over the place and to be out of the way before he could get away. The grizzly, however, was quick enough to scuffle over the place and to be out of the way before he could get away.
Daves was at home and much interested in the incidents of his escape. One of his first questions was what kind of a bear Adamson had thought it was. "I don’t know, Dave, it looks like a Cinnamon, but I don’t think it was. It might have been a blond bear, a non-too-serious, that’s the word. It’s yerllie like a cinnamon, but bigger; too big to be a blond bear. The only way to tell a polar bear, and the cross-bredin’ hasn’t hurt the size or the dang bit. It’s sure one powerful large bear."

"That’s right, now all right, so no more, I want to see that bear myself."

"You can come along if you like, if we use my skidder, and I’ll take you in," replied Adamson.

"If you come along I will have to use my skidder, and it was in plain view of the alight. I’d laugh out loud, if I could see you shoo him off the path as I do mine."

"Well, trapper," replied Dave, "when a man gets that close to a bear, it’s too big an eyesull and I never did see a judge, nor the kind, like the tremendous brute’s form almost shut out what daylight was left, its head nearly to the ridge pole. Am朾aught held the trapper motionless, dumb. Behind him the dog howled in nervous terror. Some bacon grease in the pan chose that moment to catch fire and flare to the rafters. With a snort the bear dropped on all fours and without a backward glance, but with agility which completely belied his clumsy proportions, fled into the thick bush.

It would be impossible to say which was the greater damage the bear or the bear. For a long minute Adamson stood rooted to the spot and speechless; old Zeke prolonged his howls. Finally the trapper grinned to himself and, though he tested his articulation, exclaimed, "Well, I’ll be dog gone."

In the moment of reaction he yanked the dog from under the bunk and euffed it into a whisper, then fed him more than half the bacon grease he had found that it was his own supper he was giving away.

Sitting and petting the dog, who was trembling violently and was very much loony, that’s sure some. I’ve heard Indian legendary rot of monster moose—devil ravens, torrid bears that glimpsed a fish but had no idea of getting at it. As if it was his to be given away.

It was a mile to the cabin, as it was the Ruff Cabin and that twenty miles from here. That bird will be back here again, I guarantee it, and he’ll come back here again, I know it, with that same driving force and with that same little clump, no mention the sugar, and he will return in spite of the fright he got. So I think I will stay in the cabin and keep watch over the cabin and Dave’s shack.

With his rifle, if he will come out, he ought to finish that bear."

So taking his dog with him he set out, and by the baybreak reached his nearest neighbour’s cabin, about twelve miles down the river.
Talara School-Days

By Miss Bessie O. Smith, Formerly Teacher in Company's School at Talara

On the barren Peruvian coast, year in and year out, the sea-gulls and pelicans wheel and sail in the cloudless blue of the tropical sky over the busy little town of Talara. In that remote place occur events momentous in the world of oil.

Away at Talara's seaward side, just above the great breakers which throng ceaselessly, but in vain, to reach it, stands the new Talara school house, truly a pleasant place in which to spend study hours. There the generation congregate daily to pursue their course along the "floury path."

Eight-thirty o'clock each morning finds nineteen small people making a rush for their desks, eager to take up the day's duties, and four o'clock each afternoon sees them even more eagerly setting them down. But does living on foreign soil, far from thelands of their birth, make these children different from others of their years?—They work and play, experience their young joys and sorrows, try examinations and enjoy holidays, with as much enthusiasm as do children anywhere.

What a wonderful opportunity these boys and girls have of despaching their dream-ships on long voyages! How often, in the morning hours must there sail out across the gently heaving, sunlit waters a stately ship freighted with young hopes and ambitions. And may they, in the distant years, find in some far clime that their ships, though not wholly unscarred by the tempests which must inevitably be encountered, have come to rest in the desired haven, while they, the grown-up owners fondly recall the school-day time when the shining sea seemed passed seaward from the shores of Talara.

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF TALARA

Miss Bessie O. Smith with her pupils in front of the Talara Public School.

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Canada in the Making

Madeleine de Verchères the heroine of New France

Much has been written in the Revue concerning the heroic deeds of foreign lands, and by way of directing the dicta a few pages have been taken from the annals of early pioneer days when Canada was called "New France." The story of how Madeleine Verchères repulsed an Indian raid is one of many true tales and itsinterest to the more enhanced when it is known that Verchères lies around a bend in the St. Lawrence River just below our Montmorency Falls.

CHAMPLAIN in 1608 founded the first permanent European settlement in Canada. Under the title of New France the colony was maintained almost solely as a centre for the fur trade (chiefly beaver skins) and the enterprises of the Jesuit Missionaries. As just they succeeded in converting a large number of the Hurons to their faith, the Iroquois, in one terrible campaign all but annihilated the Huron Nation. The Missionaries were slain on the battlefields or at the stake, the fur trade routes were closed by lurking scalp-hunters and the existence of the little French posts at Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, was threatened.

Vigorous action by the French monarch, Charles XIV, however, saved the colony from annihilation. In 1655, troops were sent out from France, and with them came Ensign Verchères, who took part in two expeditions with the special care against the Iroquois. When the order for the recall of the regiment was given in 1668, the Intendant proposed to make grants of land to the officers and men who were willing to remain. Two companies of sixty men each were sent back to France and the others settled in Canada, among them de Verchères.

The young officer, who was then 24 years of age, took up his abode on the Island of Orleans, opposite Quebec, and while there was smitten with the charms of Marie Perrot, the fourteen year old daughter of Jacques Perrot de Vildain. A courtship was apparently brief, for on the 17th September, 1669, the two were married by a Missionary priest.

In 1672, de Verchères obtained a grant of a square league of land on the St. Lawrence. In 1673 two islands were added to the Seigneurie by Frontenac, but neither these islands nor the original concession appear to have been profitable for cultivation, for in 1683 an additional league in the rear of the Seigneurie was granted. Verchères had now in addition to his two islands, a strip amounting to two square leagues, with a frontage on the St. Lawrence and a depth extending almost to the Huron Nation. In time of peace this was a distinct advantage, inasmuch as the river was the only means of communication, but in warlike times it had its disadvantages. Verchères was situated at an extremely vulnerable point, midway between Sorel and Montreal. Fort Richelieu on the one side and Fort Chambly on the other were forts of considerable importance, but they were too far removed from Verchères to render any effective help on a sudden attack. Therefore special care was taken to surround the manor house with a strong palisado. Within the little enclosure, the family of Verchères was brought.

There were twelve children, the fourth being Marie Madeleine, born on March 3rd, 1678, whose heroic act was to bring glory to the family of Verchères and to add a bright page to the history of New France. The Iroquois were unusually aggressive during the summer of 1692, particularly on the banks of the Richelieu. Their raids became less frequent, as the small crops, which it was their object to destroy, had been gathered in. But there was still much work to be done. The whole seigneurie of Verchères was in a deplorable condition, for within the past two years, little had been done towards its maintenance. The invasion of Phipps

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had called every able-bodied man to Quebec, the whole country being in a state of alarm. The pikemen in several places had fallen into decay, allowing easy access to the interior. Beyond the fort was a fairly strong redoubt, connected with it by a covered way. The Southern army had been ordered to report for duty at Quebec. Madame de Vercheres had been called to Montreal, and the sole occupant was the old woman. During the two nights, the redoubt of the fort, the two soldiers aged twelve, an old man of eighty, two soldiers, a servant and a few women and children held the fort in the approach of a large body of Indians. At the same time, a woman appeared at the gate, crying, "Run, Mademoiselle, run. The Iroquois are upon us!"

Turning, she beheld some forty-five Iroquois running towards her, already within gunshot of her house, but the girl, neither in her flight, nor lost her presence of mind; crying as she ran, "To arms!"

Just as she was within an hundred feet of the gate, one Indian, thinking this a ruse to draw them from the fort, remained silent, allowing them all to re-enter without attack. Strengthened by the additional soldiers, La Fontaine, barely twenty, gave instructions to continue firing. A fierce north-eastern, accompanied by snow and hail, ushered in the worst of awful severity. Knowing full well the tactics of the Indians, de Vercheres suspected an ambush on the route and ordered two of the soldiers to continue firing. The Iroquois, thinking that the fort was deserted, left the fort to the east of the fort, the Indians left the fort to the west. The Iroquois were times when an Imperial Oil employee is called on to act quickly, especially with regard to service and guaranteed service. In addition to full confidence in us, Imperial Oil representatives, the goods are sold, and last but not least in our ability to give service and guaranteed satisfaction.

Confidence is an excellent characteristic when dealing with the trade. If you are not getting the best service you expect from a customer, do not become discouraged, but push all the harder to get his trade. Show him all the advantages you have to offer to your line of goods, call him regularly and show him how you have this interest at heart even if he is not yet 100% Imperial. Be on time when you make the deliveries, they could see the flames ascending from the houses of her murdered farm helper, while on the boughs was borne the cries of distress from the clinging infant. Realizing that they had discovered an outwitted, when owing to the cowardice of the soldiers, the girl and her two brothers marched, mid the roar of cannon fire, into covering themselves with the skins of animals, they waited until assured that there was no danger when, calling her two brothers to her side, with muskets pointed, Mademoiselle opened the gate and let the poor child out.

At last morning dawned, and calling her companion, Mademoiselle said, "Since by God's help we have escaped the terrors of the night, we can, by constant vigilance, pass through other days and nights until help arrives." The wife of Sieur Fontaine felt no security in Fort Vercheres, and begged her husband to convey her to Contrecouer, five leagues distant. La Fontaine, however, refused to desert Mademoiselle, who insisted on the part that the weakness of the fort only made her the more determined to hold it at all costs. If ever the Iroquois became masters, or realized how poorly it was defended, they would not rest until they had destroyed all the forts in the vicinity. Occasionally from the bastions, they could see the flames ascending from the houses of her murdered farm helper, while on the boughs was borne the cries of distress from the clinging infant. Realizing that they had discovered an outwitted, when owing to the cowardice of the soldiers, the girl and her two brothers marched, mid the roar of cannon fire, into covering themselves with the skins of animals, they waited until assured that there was no danger when, calling her two brothers to her side, with muskets pointed, Mademoiselle opened the gate and let the poor child out.

For eight days and nights the defence was kept up. Early on the morning of the ninth day, the sentry perceived he had some movement on the water. Mademoiselle was driving with her head upon a table and a musket across her arm. In an instant she mounted the bastion, and demanded in a loud voice, "Qui êtes vous?"

François, gave the response, and then to the great joy of Mademoiselle, that M. de la Monerie, a Lieutenant and forty men had been sent from Montreal to her relief.

On Vercheres Point, near the site of the fort, stands a statue in bronze of the girl who adorned the age in which she lived and whose fame is emblazoned on the pages of Early Quebec.


**Confidence**

*By H. W. Wray, Agent, London, B.C.*

Confidence is a word that is frequently appointments. When you promise to do something for a customer or prospect, be sure that it is done and on schedule. Do not waste any time when you have it, be self-reliant and take care of your customers. If this is not done, the customer is left open for the competitor to step in. Secure the dealer's confidence within your own goods and the honesty of your prices. Make him confident that if anything is wrong it will be made right, and that you can satisfy him. When you have gained confidence of a nature that will help us hold our place, keep all competitors and fill many an extra column in a report sheet.

Mazer's famous painting "Le Bon Bock" has been the subject of many stories. Mildred Wildenstein & Co. to Alexander Reid, of Glasgow, Scotland, for a price reported to be approximately $300,000. The painting, which shows the French engraver Delat and the table with a glass of beer in one hand and the other, was first exhibited in Paris in 1878 and made French critics of that day take Mazer more seriously than ever before owing to the extreme realism of the picture, in which they found a resemblance to the artist. It was owned at one time by Faure, the French opera singer, and for years past has been in the Arnhold collection in Berlin.
A Dry Yarn With a Wet Ending

In Which an Ioco Trío Hit a Hard Holiday Trail and Came Through Smiling

By D. Perrett, Ioco Refinery

The annual vacation is an event to which we all look forward, and to my mind there is nothing more refreshing or inviting than the prospect of a short time away from the civilizing comforts, where one can forget the everyday petty worries for at least a short spell of the eternal "9 to 5". The mountains and forests of British Columbia offer the lover of nature fine camping and hiking facilities, and there is no doubt that one of this characteristic, however short, is beneficial on both mind and body.

Last September Mr. J. R. Sirdewan, Superintendent of the Ioco Refinery, expressed the wish to accompany me on a trip back into the mountains, the motive being to catch a few trout and Eric Pellaco, also of the Ioco Refinery, when persuaded to join us, realized that early school days, signified his desire to make a third. Having taken this same trip on previous occasions it fell upon me to make the arrangements for provisions and transportation, which were all completed in good time with the exception of the services of a packer, all the Indians being on the "feds, that is to say," however, as we were going in for only a short time, the question of getting a packer was not very serious, the packs being comparatively light and the total weight of the packs was an easy one. We also made decisions as to our food. Our ability to carry a plentiful supply of salmon eggs and onions or two good sized spoons. The main trouble was to decide exactly what we wanted to take with us as many of the things that seemed indispensable that unless essential were left behind in the weight of the pack, the problem was considerably, and everyone took a hard mountain trail.

The trip was carried out pleasantly excited by the time we quit work on Saturday, September 15th, leaving us as our last stop on the Fraser Valley train en route to Harrison Mills where we gathered together the provisions and got ready for an early morning start. Sunday morning we were up early, had breakfast and made up the parting speeches when Mr. Matheson arrived to take us up river. We soon put our damage abode and pushed off into the current. Turning up stream of the bridge we settled down to the full enjoyment of a four mile trip up and across the river to which place the Chemakoo Creek enters the Fraser. Owing to the shallow at this point we were obliged to wade some distance to shore and cross the flats for a quarter of a mile with the soft mud oozing through our trousers. When we reached the end of the flats we had our photographs taken, bid farewell to Mr. Matheson, laid our packs, and there is no doubt that one of this character, however short, is beneficial on both mind and body.

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We were at 9 early and I assumed the role of cook for that day. Mr. Sirdewan reversing the usual order of things by becoming sidebuddy to myself and Ernie, the latter taking care of the supply of water and fuel. After breakfast, while the others busied themselves putting the camp in order, I got out the boat and commenced a few miles up the river to it. This boat I built the previous year using cedar shallock for planking with ribs of vine sapling, christening it the "Caucic," and it proved to be a seaworthy craft, capable of carrying three passengers and an unlimited amount of fish. The only difficulty was to keep the water out entirely. To remedy this weakness we had brought a small quantity of Imperial Araghi and this melted and poured into the seams while the boat was yet dry, effectually stopped all leaks. We then carried out the "day-out" canoe and Mr. Sirdewan and Ernie went off to get the makings for lunch while I remained ashore and split a broken oak. By the time I finished this little job the others returned with several nice trout which, needless to say, were soon starting in the pan to be consumed as rapidly as they could be cooled.

After lunch we all went down the stream which at a couple of miles out was running over the great table of rocks which in countless years have clawed the bottom. This is the bottom of the Cheadle Lake. This hill is characterized by its magnificent timber; huge firs and cedars foot feet through in some instances, towering above us, and almost directly below, some fifteen hundred feet, the crest, rearing over the boulders. The trail zigzagged sharply down, imposing an annual strain on the leg muscles. When down to the creek level it entered a dense growth of bushes which we pushed through until at length we emerged upon the bridge across the Cheadle Creek which, after we had crossed over a huge pool filled with salmon resting on their voyage back to the stream where they were hatched, crossing the bridge, we ascended the last hill and at a quarter to six reached the cabin at the lake and there only to find the lake too calculatingly that day, though I must say, in self defense, that I did not take out my roil until dusk, when all we went out on the lake for a short time. But the only thing the lake could afford was a token, not even a token which could not afford the time to stay on this section of the lake as the fishing was very poor, as we had a long pull to get back to the camp before dark. So regretfully we reeled in the beach at the end of the lake and put thoughts of fishing out of the question for the time. Joining the others I found that Mr. Ernie had caught the best fish, a 4½ pounder, but luck seemed to have deserted J. R. Sirdewan. For the sake of the fish to be cooked we baited the hooks shortly before noon and immediately set about cleaning and cooking the fish for lunch. Ernie undertook to do all this, and I have a mind to credit him with his prowess in this we cleaned up everything we could be prepared, and appreciated the treat in the open. After lunch we took a ramble up the south side for a short distance, examining the numerous tracks of deer, bear and cat, and then returned to the beach where, to fill up the time, we organized a baseball league—regular bush league too! The Superintendent's Office, General Office and Filling House comprised the contending teams, and after an hour's arduous struggle the General Office emerged victorious with four runs, the Superintendent's Office being the runner up.

Toward late afternoon the wind shifted somewhat and we were able to get back again, and almost immediately Mr. Sirdewan hooked into a particularly game trout which insisted on trying to reach the bottom of the lake, and gave him a stiff fight before he could claim its mastery. Immediately afterwards he beached it's twin brother and handed that also. Unfortunately we had brought no stringless net to make upon this occasion, so the fish could not afford the time to stay on this section of the lake as the fishing was very poor, as we had a long pull to get back to the camp before dark. So regretfully we reeled in the beach at the end of the lake and put thoughts of fishing out of the question for the time. Joining the others I found that Mr. Ernie had caught the best fish, a 4½ pounder, but luck seemed to have deserted J. R. Sirdewan. For the sake of the fish to be cooked we baited the hooks shortly before noon and immediately set about cleaning and cooking the fish for lunch. Ernie undertook to do all this, and I have a mind to credit him with his prowess in this we cleaned up everything we could be prepared, and appreciated the treat in the open. After lunch we took a ramble up the south side for a short distance, examining the numerous tracks of deer, bear and cat, and then returned to the beach where, to fill up the time, we organized a baseball league—regular bush league too! The Superintendent's Office, General Office and Filling House comprised the contending teams, and after an hour's arduous struggle the General Office emerged victorious with four runs, the Superintendent's Office being the runner up. TOWARD late afternoon the wind shifted somewhat and we were able to get back again, and almost immediately Mr. Sirdewan hooked into a particularly game trout which insisted on trying to reach the bottom of the lake, and gave him a stiff fight before he could claim its mastery. Immediately afterwards he beached its twin brother and handed that also. Unfortunately we had brought no stringless net to catch it upon this occasion, so the fish could not afford the time to stay on this section of the lake as the fishing was very poor, as we had a long pull to get back to the camp before dark. So regretfully we reeled in the
Extension of Bunkering Facilities to Meet New Steamship Requirements

COINCIDENTALLY with the beginning of the season, the world has taken note of the fact that there was a generation gap in the bunkering of steamships. This gap had only recently been put upon a commercial footing. It is true that prior to the outbreak of the recent war, it was possible to bunk fuel oil from one ship to another. However, the bunker fuel oil was made from by-products of other industries and was not until about the middle of 1914 that the supply and necessary storage were sufficient to make fuel oil a dependable substitute for coal.

When the advent of oil as a fuel which could be sold at a price low enough to enable it to compete successfully with coal in the operation of freight liners and steam steamers as well as on the more important passenger vessels, the large producing oil companies realized that bunkering possibilities were there. Several scattered bunker surveys and additional facilities provided. Prior to this time all steam driven vessels had used coal as fuel, this coal taking up usually 65% of the bunkers. The bunker economy under conditions of war. As a matter of fact, it was soon found that by substituting the new fuel most vessels were able to double their trips between bunkering stations, for by utilizing the existing bunkers of the ship's cruising routes could be increased. In fact, in this period it was not commercially practical to do this even if the master of the ship should want to take more fuel, due to the fact that practically all fuel was being transported from North America and ore from South America. This situation was a single point to organized freight routes and to the line of railway tie off on occasion. The new service had laid out and operated the British and American lines ready to bunk at any ports of call throughout the world. The names of many different oil companies are to be found on the book of these stations and not least among them are the bunkering stations of the United States. At that time the tankers of the International Petroleum, Limited, where oil companies are already established with agents, arrangements have been made with them to provide adequate stocks of crude oil as a convenience to ships that may not be supplied at any other ports.

This reorganized plan has made it possible for the Imperial Oil, Limited, to offer shipping interests regular bunker fuel oil service at widely distributed points. Such a service is essential to the business of any large trading house, and the operation of this service is one of the important factors in the success of the company. The service is now being operated under the name of "Aquitania" oil fuel tanks without interruption. When the last of the barges had been emptied
a total of 51,000 barrels of bunker fuel oil had been put on board. Not the slightest trouble was experienced with breaking how or faulty connections and to the amazement of the big ship's crew there was not a drop of oil splashed on the side of the vessel. As a matter of fact, so cleanly was the job handled that the work of brightening the decks and fittings for the return voyage went on simultaneously with the fueling. The contrast with former conditions, when cotton was packed around windows while thousands of tons of coal were being spilt into the bunkers, and the absence of any noise or confusion was remarkable.

Before her departure the Aquitania enjoyed another visit from a seventh harp which put on a little more than 4,500 additional barrels to make good the amount consumed while the vessel had rested in port, so that the total involved approximated 55,500 barrels, with a fuel bill of $111,000. Engineers figure $2,000 oil on board the equivalent of coal at $7.50 a ton, with an additional allowance of about $1.50 a ton for trimming the coal. On this basis, the use of oil means a material saving in the first cost of fuel, but even more important economies are the increased frequency of voyages, the turn around now being made just as quickly as stores and baggage can be put aboard, and the elimination of a large part of the fire room force.

The Aquitania is 902 feet long over all with a displacement of 51,564 tons, and on her first voyage with oil she steamed at a rate of 31 land miles per hour on the last leg of her journey. With her twenty-one boilers and engines developing 47,000 h.p., she can make even better time.

In the last few years, internal combustion motors of the Diesel type have become a large factor in the world's marine transportation. Visioning the increased use of these engines, the Imperial Oil Limited and International Petroleum, Limited have stocked Diesel oil at bunker stations advantageously located throughout Canada and South America. Diesel Fuel Oil is made from American crude, highly refined and especially adapted for Diesel engines used in accordance with recommendations by the largest users of Diesel motor ships and the manufacturers of the engines themselves.

The Grizzly of the Barren Land

(Concluded from page seven)

If they could get the rifle and kill the bear while he was stuck half way through the window—what a climax to their already ample adventure! The rifle was jerked out of the other window with the intention of snatching the rifle almost from under the bear's nose, when the brute got loose and backed into the cabin, and a horrid sight, froth streaming from its mouth, flowing down its back which was tinted a deep vermilion shade. He lunged about the room, head rolling from side to side, still growling, then seeing the door, started for the outside. As he passed out the men climbed into the hut and Dave made a grab for the rifle. With it once in his hands he felt comparative ease—now he would soon dispatch the enemy.

At that moment the bear appeared once more at the window they had just left, and full of fight as ever, tried to climb back into the hut. Amid his horrible rantings the rifle spoke. The bullet hit him in the neck—he seemed to hesitate only a moment, then redoubled his efforts to reach his assailants. Again the rifle cracked—this time the bear fell to the ground.

"That's got him," exclaimed the trapper, "but by gosh, I don't believe I'd trust my skin near that bundle of fury, not for something!"

Presently all was silence. After what they considered a safe interval, the men went cautiously around to the front of the hut. The bear had disappeared.

Meeting of Eastern Managers and Assistant Managers

A conference of Eastern Managers and Assistant Managers, was held at Toronto on December 17th, 18th and 19th, to discuss sales plans for 1924. As our business in the Vancouver area is similar to that of the Pacific Division, Mr. C. C. Rollson, Manager, and Mr. M. A. McDowell, Ass't. Manager, and Mr. A. E. H. Halverson, Assistant General Sales Manager in charge of Western sales, were also in attendance. Mr. F. J. Wolfe, Director of Marketing, extended a very warm welcome to the visitors and then took up a discussion of the various departments of the business.

The Board of Directors entertained the entire party at a banquet held the last day of the session at the King Edward Hotel.

The other day, when on a visit to my native land—where Scotsmen come from—I made inquiries of an old friend as to the effect produced by a certain new minister.

"Oh! he's fine enough, he has some of the attributes of Divinity," he replied.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "The degree?"

"Not exactly—for six days he's invisible, and on the seventh he's incomprehensible."

The Thames at Charing Cross contains a proportion of salt for several hours at each high tide.
To be honest, to be kind—
to earn a little and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

—Robert Louis Stevenson