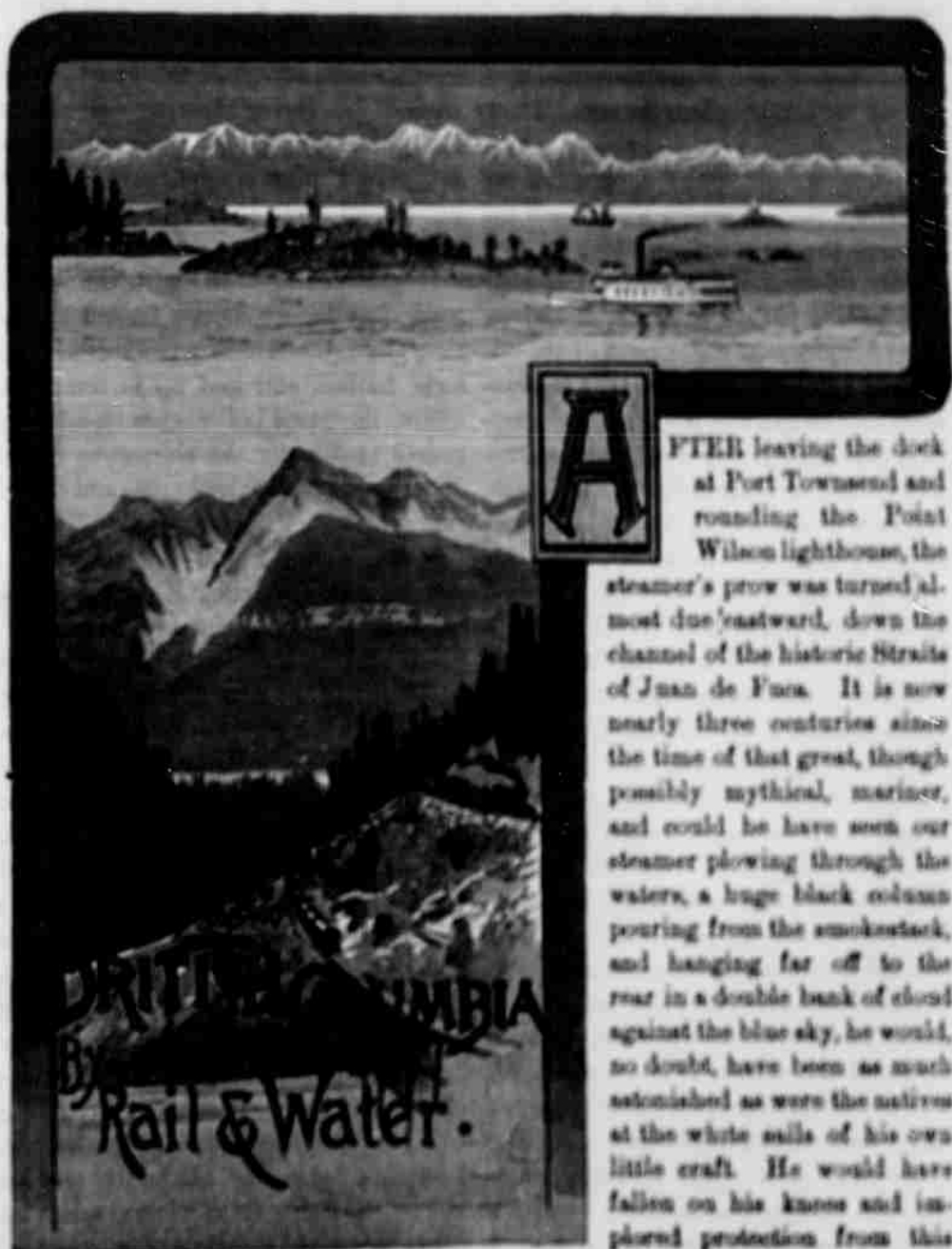


THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

JUNE, 1897.

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AFTER leaving the dock at Port Townsend and rounding the Point Wilson lighthouse, the steamer's prow was turned almost due eastward, down the channel of the historic Straits of Juan de Fuca. It is now nearly three centuries since the time of that great, though possibly mythical, mariner, and could he have seen our steamer plowing through the waters, a huge black column pouring from the smokestack, and hanging far off to the rear in a double bank of cloud against the blue sky, he would, no doubt, have been as much astonished as were the natives at the white sails of his own little craft. He would have fallen on his knees and implored protection from this