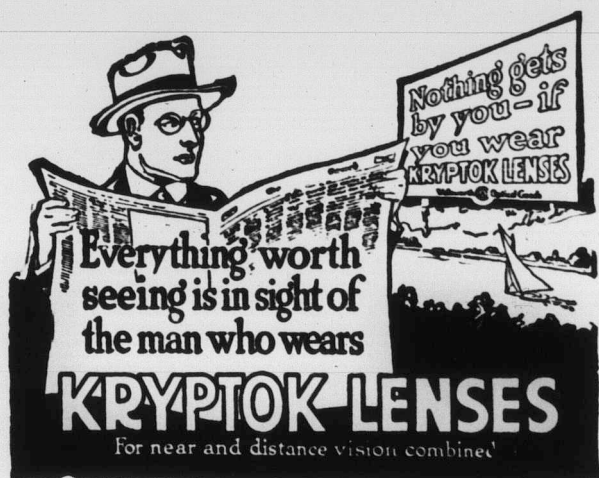


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HAROLD NELSON SHAW GIVES FAREWELL RECITAL

Harold Nelson Shaw needs no introduction to the people of Vancouver. He has resided in the city for eleven years, and during that time has endeared himself, not only to his numerous pupils, but also to the public at large. He has worked hard for his success, as those who know him are aware. As he is about to depart in order to make a tour of Australia and New Zealand, he this month met his many friends in farewell.

It was unfortunate that the recital was held in the small dining hall of the Hotel Vancouver, for this place is not suitable for such a purpose. The voice does not carry well, and one is continually straining to catch the words. The effort becomes almost too much, and one is apt, at last, to "let things drift."

Notwithstanding that drawback, Mr. Shaw performed admirably throughout a lengthy and entertaining programme. Before each selection, in a few concise sentences he gave interesting explanations which enabled his audience to understand and fully grasp the significance of each piece. There were eight numbers, of which the dramatic sketch, "A Set of Turquoise," in two scenes, by Aldrich, was especially well done, Mr. Shaw holding the people in enthralled attention. He "took" the several parts so realistically that both scenes were readily imagined. The two fine musical monologues, "The High Tide," by Ingelow, and "The Earl King," by Goethe, made the greatest appeal, Mr. Shaw being recalled until he complied with another selection. Miss Dorris Wilbers' brilliant performance at the piano was not a whit behind Mr. Shaw's rendering of these monologues. "Jim Wolfe and the Cats," by Mark Twain, was, as ever, amusing, and "Miss Murphy Studies Spiritualism" helped materially to lighten the programme and was much enjoyed by the audience.

During the evening Mr. Frank A. Hopkinson, a light tenor, rendered several songs in a pleasing style and with artistic phrasing. Of these songs, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," by Sargeant, might be singled out as being the finest piece of his entertainment.

Mr. Shaw's host of friends wish him a safe and successful journey, and are eagerly looking forward to the time when he will return, once more to delight them by the practice of his art.

(E. W.)

THE INDUSTRIAL SIDE OF THE B. C. MANUFACTURERS PANORAMA

The Impressions of a Mere Woman.

As we go to press the B. C. Panorama, under the auspices of the Manufacturers' Association and the Elks, is in full swing. With limited time and space available, we meantime choose to ignore the things that are open to question or criticism, and note only what we can commend.

Even to those somewhat acquainted with the resources and industries of the province, an exhibit of this sort is a revelation. Do you want to build a home? It can be built and equipped in the most modern fashion with made-in-B. C. products. You can buy it of B. C. lumber, cut, ready to put up; it can be painted or stained with B. C. paints. You will want beautiful B. C. hardwood flooring, and your wall paneling may be of Lamatco, while, of course, the fireplace will be made of B. C. brick and tile. British Columbia will supply you with a furnace and with laundry tubs, with impeccable bathroom fixtures, beautiful rugs and furniture, beds, mattresses, blankets; a cradle for the baby, toys for the youngsters, a car for mother, boots for the boys, sweaters for the girls, cigars for daddy, an easy chair for grandpa, a fleecy shawl for grandma, a phonograph and magazines for the whole family—all made in B. C.

And then good things to eat! Canned fruits, vegetables, and fish, sandwich pastes, jams, jellies, marmalade and pickles, soft drinks, evaporated milk, candies (the boxes are made in B. C. too), an endless list of goodies.

Then for milady's dressing table: perfumes, powders, beauty clays and creams.

For Armistice Day, poppies made by disabled soldiers of the Disabled Veterans' League (do make sure that your poppy is a "made-in-B. C." one). Blind veterans make also the most commodious wicker clothes baskets, hammocks, baskets and trays. One unusually beautiful tray of fir, stained mahogany, decorated with autumn colored maple leaves, was designed by the blind man who made it. Many beautiful objects are made by the disabled men—sofa cushions, bead bags and novelties, carved ornaments, neck-chains and other objects, artistic and useful.

These are only some of the "made-in-B. C." products to be seen: your garden railings and lamp-posts, seats, bird-baths, fountains and flower urns, the children's school supplies, your notepaper and Christmas greeting cards, your automobile tires and shock absorbers, food for the hens, the cow and the canary, your best-Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, your camping outfit or your stay-at-home comforts—they're all made in B. C. Buy them at home!

(In our next issue we shall publish a review of the exhibits in detail.)



(B. C. M. Space Contribution)