

enlarged, with every modern convenience and medical device, it stands in its own gardens on the shores of Kamloops Lake, a striking tribute to the "Brotherhood of Man." Here a number of soldiers, who fought and gave of their best, seek rest and health in its pleasant surroundings.

Educationally Kamloops has made great strides. Blessed with a live School Board, school facilities have been extended and there is now in the course of construction, in addition to two fine schools (High and Public) a large roomy, public school which will cost \$50,000. The high school principal, in addition to his regular work, assumes the duties of Supervisor of Schools, an improvement which is working out to the satisfaction of teachers and scholars alike. Evening classes are now operating successfully.

Practically all the religious denominations have good church buildings and equipment.

To the tourist Kamloops offers many attractions. It is only a few miles ride by automobile to the Fisherman's Paradise. Each summer brings visitors from as far distant as Hong Kong, on the Pacific, and London, England, on the Atlantic, to one of the many inland waters such as Fish Lake, Paul Lake, or Penantan Lake, where the angler will find fish that will jump to the fly and fight to the heart's content of the fisherman—and the fish have oh such a flavour when they are cooked!

To mention any one of these lakes in particular seems invidious, but Fish Lake as a resort, perhaps is the most popular of all. With an altitude of 1,450 ft., visitors are assured of most delightful weather, and even in the warmest summers here the evenings are cool and refreshing.

The hunter need not wander far from Kamloops to find sport to satisfy the most fastidious, whether it be duck, bear, or deer. The hills and lakes around abound in game of all kinds. Every season sees more and more visitors of the rifle brotherhood wandering around the hills and dells, or lakes after their favorite prey.

Kamloops is blessed with progressive citizens, and in addition to tennis, baseball, football, lacrosse, curling and skating facilities, there has recently been re-opened and improved an excellent 9-hole golf course. It is doubtful if any course on the continent has a more beautiful site. High on the hills, it overlooks the Thompson Valley and Kamloops city. The entire setting is one of wonderful beauty and many have been the expressions of admiration and appreciation of visitors who have gazed at the landscape below. The course is a good one, with a number of hazards that make the game interesting to the best of golfers.

Kamloops has many industries that keep this little city in the heart of the Interior busy. A brewery, sash and door factory, building contractors' establishments, brick yard, cannery, machine shops, automobile garages and repair shops, cigar factory, and a number of lesser industries engage a large body of men.

A beautiful park, which is being improved each year, can compare favorably with any sporting grounds in the province.

Kamloops has many attractions, and the writer hopes that when next B.C.M. readers pass this city of the interior, with its beautiful and invigorating climate, or when looking for a place to spend a vacation, they will remember Kamloops not as a mere name, but as a city set in a pleasant place, and one whose climate and environs can compare with those of any city or district in the West.

## "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

"Is It Not Rather a Clever Collection of Tongue-Twisters?"

The following poem (by James De Mille) was received the other day by Mr. Douglas, Librarian, Vancouver, from a correspondent in St. John, New Brunswick, who had read his article on that writer in the "Canadian Bookman."

### SWEET MAIDEN OF QUODDY

Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy,  
Shall we seek for communion of souls  
Where the deep Mississippi meanders,  
Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls?  
Ah, no. In New Brunswick we'll find it,  
A sweetly sequestered nook,  
Where the sweet gliding Skoodawabskooksis  
Unites with the Skoodawabskook.

Meduxnakik's waters are bluer,  
Neipisquit's pools are more black;  
More green is the bright Oromocto,  
And browner the Petitcodiac.  
But colors more radiant in autumn  
I see when I'm casting my hook  
In the waves of the Skoodawabskooksis,  
Or perhaps in the Skoodawabskook.  
Let others sing loudly of Saco,  
Of Passadumkeag or Miscouche,  
Of Kennebecasis or Quaco,  
Of Miramichi or Buctouche;  
Or boast of the Tobique or Mispic,  
The Musquash or dark Memramcook:  
There's none like the Skoodawabskooksis,  
Excepting the Skoodawabskook.

Think not if the Magaguadavic  
Or Bocabec pleases the eye,  
Though Chiputneticook's lovely,  
That to either of these you must fly.  
No. When in love's union we're plighted,  
We'll build our log house by a brook  
Which flows to the Skoodawabskooksis  
Where it joins with the Skoodawabskook.

Then never of Waweig or Chamcook  
I'll think. Having you in my arms  
We'll reck not of Digdegash beauties,  
We'll care not for Popelogan's charms.  
But as emblems of union forever,  
Upon two fair rivers we'll look,  
While you'll be the Skoodawabskooksis,  
I'll be the Skoodawabskook.

—James DeMille.

## Helping Your Public Utility

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*British Columbia Electric Railway Company*