

parents; nor do new home responsibilities sever the ties of kinship.

Under present conditions of the world, and of Canada itself, for this Dominion as a "nation" to get boisterous about asserting its "independence" of our British Homeland and other related Dominions would, in our opinion, be a serious mistake.

Were it possible—perhaps the best thing that could happen experimentally to some advocates of total "independence" would be that their desire were granted for a time. . . . In all probability they would soon learn that, whatever then happened to the Central Homelands, so far as outlying units of the Commonwealth were concerned it would be a case of "United we stand;

divided we fall"—or become more or less subject to the influence, if not coercion of one or other of their more powerful neighbours. . . .

Writing as a Briton (of the British Empire) and, by choice, a Western Canadian, who has had twenty years' experience in Canada, this editor,—who has sometimes seemed too "Pro-

Canada" to his kin in the Old Land,—now feels that he has good reason to suggest to Mr. Paterson that what our Canada needs particularly is (1) strong and clean government (irrespective of party names) in the Provinces and Dominion; and (2) men with courage enough to face changing conditions here and to see that the enterprising "cousins" who are nearer

us than the British Homelands, do not, by dumping untaxed goods (including carloads of printed matter) into Canada,—by processes of peaceful penetration, and by exploitation of Canadian natural resources, keep Canada "subservient" in a way that no Government, "Imperial" or national, among those of the British Commonwealth of Nations can or would attempt to do.

If it be, as many people believe and present world conditions in some measure indicate, that enemies of the British Empire are increasing and collaborating, *outside the Empire*, then there is all the more need for loyal citizens *within* its boundaries to close their ranks and consolidate their interests.

PAUL BUNYAN

(By A. M. Stephen, Vancouver, B. C.)

Oh, there are rhymes that seamen spin
For those who sit at home
While they, o'er heaving tides of fate
Cleave through the racing foam;
And there are tales of stricken fields
Where the white moonbeams gleam
On tangled wreckage of brave men
Who perished for a dream;
But few there be who know the song
That murmurs in the breeze
Where, sombre-green, the forest slopes
Toward the Western seas!
Oh, they were mighty men who lived
When earth was fair and young!
More husky they than Grecian kings
Of whom the bards have sung.
And one there was who topped them all,
A sun among their stars,
Whose voice was like the wolf-wind's howl
Above the river-bars.
A rock-ribbed pine whose brawny arms
Are stronger than the storm
Is but a shadow of the strength
That lurked within his form.
The Cornish giants who adorned
For us the pictured page
Were pygmies who like leaves would fly
Before this hero's rage.
Paul Bunyan was this doughty wight,
The King of Lumber Jacks.
The western world is but the shade
That followed in his tracks.
Is there a snow-capped hill that rests
Its head upon blue air
Beside the ocean of the West?
Paul Bunyan placed it there.
Is there a shouting, burly stream
That rumbles to the sea?
Paul Bunyan scooped its channel out
And set the waters free.
Is there a green-eyed lake that dreams
In drunken ecstasy?
Our hero put the same to bed
In lonely majesty.

Is there, somewhere beneath the sky.
A deed no hand can do?
Go, whistle up this Mighty Man—
Go, call his Ox of Blue!

Or, if you love to stalk a dream
O'er hills of memory
And hear the echoes of the years
Sound faintly from the sea,

Or, if you are the roving breed
That hits the lonely trail
Thro' mountain passes stark and dim.
Where eerie night winds wail,

Then, where that catamount, the moon,
Glares wildly o'er the rocks,
Along with you two ghosts will roam—
Paul Bunyan and his ox.

Dundarave,
West Vancouver, B. C.

NOTE: Paul Bunyan is a familiar myth, well-established throughout the logging camps of the Coast. In their songs, which are truly folk-songs native to our soil, they impute the most fantastical deeds of prowess to their hero. Scooping out the channel for the Columbia River, building a tower so high that its upper stories had to be attached by hinges in order to let the stars pass by, are samples of the whimsical nature of the Paul Bunyan who is the legendary King of Lumber Jacks.—A. M. S.

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