

the last thing visible, and be gone for two or three minutes, having covered a good stretch of submarine territory in the interval and presumably found his dinner on the way.

It was my ambition one afternoon when bathing to get in amongst a school of salmon. They were so thick it seemed as if one couldn't escape them; but after several vain attempts I waded out on the beach again and confined my biological research to the little green, red and mottled crabs that scuttle about like magnified ants amongst the wet sand. Peculiar little creatures they are, with their sidelong gait, their sharp eyes that detect danger and their wonderful instinct of self-protection. I forced one little fellow into a pitched battle with me. He believed in fighting with his back to the wall. Having taken shelter under a large sized pebble, he prepared to fight me with two ferocious looking claws. After a few hard nips on my finger I left him to enjoy his victory and boast of it in Crabland if he chose.

Distances are deceptive in the clear atmosphere, as we realized one afternoon when we rowed over to the Spit—a long narrow stretch of sand almost closing in the Bay, once used as a naval station and later occupied by the 102nd. Memories of the camp remain in the ingenious pipeline walks covered with broken sea shells dropped there by that feathered scientist, the crow, who thereupon comes down after the contents. The fenced-in rifle range is a mute reminder of war time when the great grey battle ships lay out in the harbour—a strange thought indeed in this placid atmosphere where all nature bespeaks the sublimity of God's own handiwork. And yet no! for the wreckage of war is here in plenty—those little farm houses nestling under the pines, each sheltering a wounded hero whose life task is now to tend his plot of ground, and care for his chickens and his vegetable garden. And surely it is the gentlest haven he could find—this land of soft air and lovely colorings with the low rumble from distant boom camps, the punt, punt of busy tugboats and the tinkle of a cowbell as the evening shadows gather down and the opal hue on the mountain peaks changes to deepest purple.

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Have You Read Page One?

Well, when you are attending to your own dues, will you remember to ask yourself: How many friends, near or far, would value the B. C. M. for its own sake, and also as

A Friendly Reminder?

The Last West

In *The Last West*, by Gordon Warren, a series of poems giving pen pictures of British Columbia's scenery and life, one has a book absolutely devoid of allusion, dependent for its value solely on the writer's poetic instinct and the appeal of his subject.

It is a marked improvement over "The Sceptre of the Seas" by the same author and contains more than one interesting passage. The following poems will give the book from its best angle: "October Daybreak on Boundary Bay," "The Last Arete," "Above the Clouds," "Winter Sunset in the Cascade Range," "Jansen's Curse," "A Raid on the Seal Rookeries."

The following quotations will indicate the quality of the author's work:

"The Great Divide."

"Oft times by restlessness oppressed
I long to see that lonely crest
And once again to dream beside
The arch that's lettered "Great Divide."

"Winter Sunset in the Cascade Range."

"Would I could frame the language
Worthy those sunset tints
Hued from saffron to coral
Aflame where the sunlight glints."

"Then light melted softly to shadow
And the blue of the sky turned grey
While a veil of deepening twilight
Warned us to hasten away."

"Paolo's Virginia", designed to have a musical setting, displays a touch of dramatic talent and a certain sense of rhythm which, developed by proper study and reading, might yet earn the author a niche in the temple of permanent Canadian literature.—C.N.H.

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