

feel a bit drowsy. But the moment I began that book I toppled right over. Guess I'll have to see the doctor to-morrow."

This bump was more than you could stand, and you made up your mind not to visit the rest of your friends. In fact, you kept clear of them, and went off into the woods to brood over your wrongs. There in the sylvan retreat you were able to think out things more clearly. You were free from all the bumps of conventional life, and when you came forth from your hiding place you believed that nothing more could upset your composure. The little money you had laid by was almost gone, and you were anxiously counting the days when your first royalty returns would come in. At length the last dollar had been spent, and you were wondering how you could hold out two weeks longer.

For the next week your house was the Mecca for

all sorts and conditions of people. Insurance agents sought you out, and dilated for hours upon the benefit of a simple life policy of fifty thousand dollars. It was the best way to invest your money, so they told you, and when you informed them that you had nothing to invest, they laughed at you and told you that you were too modest. Piano agents almost camped upon your door-step. It was not right, so you learned, that a man of your means and reputation should be without the finest instrument that could be obtained. You might have had fifty pianos in your house, and stacked up in the backyard that very week had you but given the word. There were real estate men after you as well, to say nothing of the people who came asking you to subscribe to all kinds of things. When you refused them one and all, they got mad, and implied that a man who expected people to buy his book must do something for the good of the community in return. When

one woman, who asked you to subscribe fifty dollars to the Fund for Lambs and Dogs, berated you upon your ungratefulness to the town which had done so much for you, it was only natural that you should think of the one dozen copies of your book which had been purchased by your admiring citizens.

At last the moment arrived when you held the long-looked-for letter from your publisher in your hands. You fondled it as a mother her first-born babe. It was the balm for all your woes, and would make up for the many unjust reviews, the indifference of your friends and acquaintances. Your wife watched you as you opened the envelope. Yes, the cheque was there. You glanced at it first. The word "Five" caught your eye. You looked for something more, and you saw it—"dollars!" Yes, five dollars was the amount you received from royalties! The most fatal bump had been reserved for the last.



SUMMER always comes to a climax in woman. This picture is an inspiring combination of green leaves, women's figures and sunshine. It was not, however, photographed as such, but as part of the great woman's parade in Toronto on Dominion Day, when thousands of processional and marching women demonstrated what women are doing and are able to do in

helping along the war. When a spectacle of this kind can be seen thousands of miles from the firing line, it suggests pretty forcibly how this great Pan-Empire enthusiasm in war has taken hold of hearth and home. The fact that the women are Toronto women does not detract from either the spectacle or the idea. Toronto is famous for pretty girls as well as Empire-patriotism.

THE PAPER NICHOL BUILT

The Story of the Vancouver Province

By BRITTON B. COOKE

ABOUT three o'clock, when the sun begins to lean toward China and stares hard into the shop windows on that side of Hastings Street which is farther from China, the news editor of the Vancouver Daily Province dons his coat, recklessly descends the dirty, treacherous wooden stairs, and without his hat, crosses Hastings Street to an ornate bar-room and absorbs one glass of ice-cold buttermilk. There is nothing in the buttermilk. It is never anything stronger than buttermilk. It is the characteristic lunch of an evening newspaper man. As he recrosses to the shady side of the street again, refreshed, and glances to right and left just to make sure the city is still standing since he began work that morning, the fast press in the right-hand front window of the shop that harbours the Province, begins to growl and the newsboys, waiting for the first warm copies of their merchandise, rub their noses against the plate glass anxiously. Like a rolling cinnamon bear, Roy Brown disappears up the narrow dirty stairs to the "local room" again, and automatically hides his scissors and the paste-pot from the telegraph editor, counts the paste-board theatre passes to make sure the office boy hasn't succumbed to temptation, takes down his hat, goes aft into the reeking composing room to see how the foreman got through the day's scrimmage—and goes home, probably by way of a seed-shop. His work is done. The paper is "out." The newsboys are fighting for their allotments of papers at the counter of the business office. In a moment the whole down-town section of Vancouver will be swarming with "Provinces" and bales of the same commodity will be careering up to the B. C. Electric station, and the C. P. R. station and the wharf where the Victoria and Nanaimo steamers discharge their cargoes. For the daily advent of the Province is an event. It will be read in every street car that night and in almost as many homes as the circulation manager says. On the morrow the Indians, up Chilliwack way, will wrap fish in it, or study it gravely upside down. It is the richest,

and most extravagant paper on the Canadian coast. It bristles with features and expensive news services even in these days of retrenchment. It is a good newspaper. It sells.

You might think the news editor was the only man who had anything to do with the sheet, but in this you would be mistaken. At the top of the stairs which I have already indicated, find the cross-hall that divides the "local room" in front from the composing room in the rear. Follow its tomb-like darkness to a door at its far end. Rap, go in, talk—and you will probably find Walter Nichol, Esquire, gloomily signing cheques on a little plain pink blotter surrounded on three sides by a mountain range of books, papers and other impedimenta, and himself on the fourth side. It is a dark place. The signer of cheques probably has his light felt hat on and a cigar in his teeth. He doesn't seem to know that the paper has gone to press or that there is a war in Europe. He is isolated and insulated in this narrow and untidy den, and it looks as though the paper he created had grown so big and so fast that it backed him out of his own local room into this mysterious corner. He does not scowl, nor frown, nor put the tips of his fingers together like one of these man-eating publishers. He lays the cheques tenderly aside and the pen somewhere else. He swings gently around and looks at you in a quiet, friendly, almost modest way. As the coast game goes he is a great and successful publisher, but he does not claim it, or look it. He looks absent-minded and tired.

The story of Walter Nichol and his "Province" begins at Goderich, where Nichol was born fifty years ago—he is a young proprietor. It progressed to Hamilton where he worked on the Spectator, then to Toronto where he tried to put "Saturday Night" out of business by running a paper called "Life." It wasn't a good paper, but it taught Nichol a few points. He had worked previously on the News, but

went next to Saturday Night, thence to Hamilton to be editor of the Hamilton Herald, thence to London, Ontario, where he started "The London News." It had a brief career. He was about thirty. In 1897 he went to British Columbia for a change. He didn't prosper, but met one Bostock (Senator Bostock, of Ducks, B.C.) a Cambridge Englishman, who had been in the country about four years, and who, when Nichol reached British Columbia, was the representative (Liberal) of Yale and Cariboo in the House at Ottawa. Bostock founded the Province in Victoria, B.C., as a weekly, employing Nichol as editor on terms which allowed Nichol to secure the paper as his own property later on. This Nichol did, and to-day is not only owner of a lucrative publishing business, but president of the Pacific Marine Insurance Co., and a director of a big coal mining concern as well. The west has been good to Walter Nichol.

The Province is not a crusading newspaper. Crusading in the best sense of the word is not popular with British Columbia papers unless it is popular also with the Provincial Government. One Taylor, who raised the Vancouver World to fame of a kind, tried to be a labour crusader, and succeeded to some extent, but not financially, and Honest John Nelson, who used to manage the News-Advertiser, is now in sober charge of that paper. The British Columbians never could bear to elect an opposition to such a glorious pair of spendthrifts as the late lamented Dicky McBride, now effulging in the less critical air of London, and the present laborious Mr. Bill Bowser. And the B. C. newspapers never could bear to break even a paper lance against public idols. Mention Asiatic exclusion and you will get what looks like a crusade, but it is unanimous among all the papers. Take up the question of allowing Vancouver importers to have their goods inspected and taxed by a Canadian customs official in New York instead of some mid-way Canadian point—and again comes the unanimous chorus of support from B. C. papers. The two officially Liberal papers have de-