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l go at it rying them I jumped empty sand and underiled one on orporal exem up from been fought veral times, I told the er had ex-

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Spare them aves' Worm of the kind

Vancouver

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charlotte Gordon

of the provinces of our Dominion, each colorful delights, the charm of it all is with its own marked individuality, easily understood. partly due to its traditions, partly to its tains and impetuous rivers, it passes in may touch the alluring world beyond the procession of Canadian provinces as the great golden west of promise. couver, a site suggestive of a "manifest procession go the Chinese, Japanese,

Canadians have grown more and more beautiful homes with gardens of roses appreciative of the richness and variety and gaily bordered paths. In these

Now one of the great seaports of the partly due to its traditions, partly to its population. world, one of the most beautiful harbors, location, and partly to its population. world, one of the most beautiful harbors, in British Columbia Nature seems to of sufficient extent to shelter all the In pritish conditions a limited space the navies of the world, and at her quays the have compressed a continent. Richly enseven seas meet. The harbor scenes are dowed by Nature with a wealth of forest, full of interest, and they are as suggesmine and stream, a land of lofty mountive as they are interesting where one the Pacific.

Cosmopolitan are the throngs that Nature gave to its queen city, Van- crowd the streets. In the kaleidoscopic



The "Lions"—the guardians of Vancouver, B.C.

silver reaches of the Pacific. There is a as does his civilization. poetic fitness about it, the real Vancouver rests in its lovely setting on a green peninsula, the great, purple mountains across the Inlet, their snow-crests gleaming, the magnificent depths of Stanley Park, that wonderland of a thousand acres, always cool and fresh, and just beyond the beautiful waterways that lead to Vancouver Island the wide glory of the Gulf of Georgia. In the lovely serenity of the "Sleeping Beauty," in the grace and stateliness of where you see the earliest hint of sun- Be a man!"

destiny," poised on the verge of a Hindu, the Indian, and men from all glorious waterway, the gateway to the climes, but the white man predominates

Nature has exhibited her wonders on a colossal scale, and Vancouver, essentially of the 20th century and impregnated with its optimism, is marked by its bigness of plan.

"I wanter 'ave a tooth drawn," said the youngster with the pugnacious face, "and I want gas."

"Tut! tut!" murmured the dentist. "You're not old enough for gas. And I the "Lions," on guard over the harbor, see you're not afraid of a little pain.



A corner of Stanley Park, Vancouver

rise or the last color of sunset. In the dignity and grandeur of the dark, brooding mountains beyond,, that invite one to revel in their scenic beauty, there is unfolded a matchless panorama. As the westerning sun rests a brief moment on the peaks, painting the landscape with a wealth of golden color; as day dissolves gorgeously into sunset and softly into moonrise and the everlasting magic of the stars, the rare Nature picture in its exquisite setting is complete.

Who can complain of a lack of romance in this western world? Where stood the forests primeval a few years ago, now rise skyscrapers, handsome churchas splendid educational institutions and

"'Tisn't that," runs a British weekly's version of the story, "but I expect just at the end I'll give a little bit of a squeal."

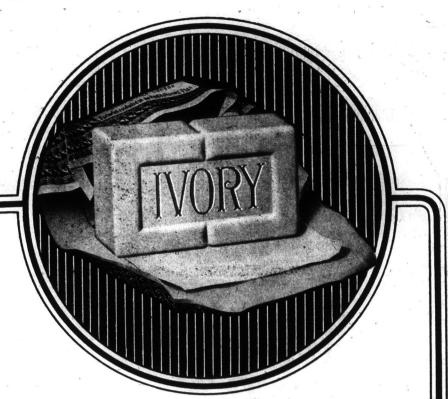
"Oh, that won't matter," the dentist replied. "I shan't mind."
"No," retorted the boy, "but I shall.

Just you look out of the window."

The dentist turned to look out, and saw a group of grinning lads standing close by his window.

"Well?" he asked his youthful patient.

"What does that mean?" "Those are all the kids I've fought and licked," explained the boy, "and they've all followed me here just to hear me holler. Gimme gas!"



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