

for the unfailingly beautiful reproductions of fruit, shown in its pages month by month. So much so, that if we found time to read little or nothing else in the publication, we were always ready and interested to look up its illustrations. Of course we have noticed that that magazine has supplementary titles, and also that it gives room in its pages for industries and subjects other than the first one suggested by its dominant title—a title which, however, seems no less fitting than daring as we reflect on the fruit industry of the interior of B. C. Long may our comrade, the Fruit Magazine, flourish, and may its fruit pictures grow more beautiful—if possible!

Next in order comes the Magazine which now has the name of the Province,—“British Columbia Magazine.” The present name appeals to us as a good one, though we note that the publishers do not insert “The” before it in the cover title. “The” might suggest that it was the “one and only” British Columbia magazine, and of course that would not be correct.

A glance at the publication reveals that its publishers are seeking to make it one fit to take a place among the front rank of magazines of any province or country in general reading matter, no less than in illustrations. The December number was a special “Development” one, and as general readers will usually find one article or another of outstanding interest, the writer was attracted by an illustrated article which told of a trip by motor car up the Cariboo Road and Telegraph Trail, as he had occasion during the past summer to make an intimate acquaintance with some of the parts of that route, up as far as Fraser Lake. Coming months are likely to see more changes made on some parts of that country than the same number of past years have done; but that is a story by itself.

In addition to attractive illustrations interspersed through its pages, the British Columbia Magazine has not a few short poems which, if not all original, in some cases let in a light which is not dimly religious, and enhance the value of the production. This applies especially to the eight lines of Longfellow’s—“The Dawn of Peace,” well worthy of particular note in these days; while the very different “Dollard,” by “John May,” reminds us how civilization has been won and world-widened through heroes having been willing to lay down their lives. Still another kind of fighting is suggested in the very fine lines on “Charles Dickens,” of whom