

in smoke and two and a half million dollars worth of logging equipment and other property was destroyed.

But this is not all—during the same period 393,974 acres of young growth was burned over. Estimating this at the conservative maturity figure of 15,000 feet to the acre, we lost an additional 1,281,925,000 board feet, or approximately half our total annual cut.

In all we had burned up nearly three billion feet in five years, or more than four times the quantity of logs exported. In other words, we are losing over one million dollars annually by forest fires; or roughly, 75 cents per thousand feet on our annual lumber production.

Birthright Must Be Protected.

With increased auto travel and increased woods operation our fire hazard is increasing rapidly and will continue to increase. We must, then, redouble our efforts towards the prevention of forest fires if we are to save the forests for posterity. Working for posterity is a thankless task, but a task that must be faced with a will.

Land that has been burned over several times has no seed bed for future forests and we must keep looking to the future if our children and grandchildren are not to be cheated of their birthright—the forests of British Columbia.

Verse by Western Canadian Writers

APPASSIONATA SONATA

(By Alice M. Winlow.)

Have you plumbed the depths of human love,
And from that bitter gulf of passion risen
Bearing a flower of light to help you prove
That man's desire is the only prison
That bars the soul? And from the fiery deeps
Have you heard a song rush to the stars,
While into one last flame of whiteness leaps
The flower your soul still wears to heal her scars?
Then you shall hear one day, with lightnings shod,
A mighty marching, and a rush of wings—
"A prince thou art and hast prevailed with God"—
A secret splendor for your journeyings.
In heaven or hell God's care is manifold,
His hand shall lead thee, His right hand shall hold.

DOWN DOGWOOD LANE

(By Jean Kilby Rorison.)

Down Dogwood Lane, where the cedars meet
And soft is the fall of mortal feet,
When the day is blue and gold and still,
Pan comes piping over the hill
Piping a lay so piercingly tender,
The lady-fern shakes, and the pale slender,
Sweet bells of the Linnea set all a-ringing
A-ringing and singing
To tell all the people the joy he is bringing.
Where tall firs grand like sentinels stand
Guarding the portals of Fairy-land.

Pan is piping by the river,
Oh the sheen and the shimmer:
How the sun-shafts start and quiver
As they catch the snow-white glimmer
Of the glowing dogwood tree.
Pan is piping by the hour,
Every insect, bird and flower
Thrills in rhythmic ecstasy,
Where the little river
Gurgling with glee,
Runs and stumbles, falls and tumbles
Down to the sea.
Pan is piping by the river
Magic's in his melody!
Pan is piping by the river
Melting out the heart of me!

"AFTER THE SHOWER"

(By Lois H. Gilpin.)

Glossy, green and a'shiver,
The wet leaves clap their hands;
For out on the rushing river
The sunbeams glide in strands,
And curl with the swirling waters
Over the golden sands.

The scent of sweet wild clover
Sifts on the gathering breeze;
The tonic balm of the Gilead palm,
Flutt'ring its silvery leaves;
And spices of resinous balsam and pine
Steal through the dripping trees.

Along the edge of the forest
The white mists wreath and float,
And I hear the song of rejoicing
From many a feathered throat,
As rifts in the clouds grow brighter
With blue for the Dutchman's coat.

And down through the marshy meadows,
Knee deep in Iris blue,
To the sedgey edge of the river
Where I float my birch canoe;
And fling out my line in the shallows
And feel a nibble or two.

With graceful dart and circle
The beauties sweep and curve.
And nibble and nod and tug at my rod,
Till, with a sudden swerve,
I land my boy with a shout of joy,
For a jolly good breakfast he'll serve!

Home through the deepening evening,
Joyous and wet with spray,
I laugh at Old Sol, with his head, like a doll,
Tied with ribbons of cloud stuff so gay,
And heartily thank the old fellow,
At its close, for a perfect day.

J. E. DAOUST
Phone Bay. 561 Y

T. WOOD
Phone Coll. 162-R-1

DAOUST & WOOD
LADIES' AND GENTS' FINE TAILORING

Phone Bay. 265

2236 Granville St.
Vancouver, B. C.