

written, he has written; for most of us there will be birks at Aberfeldy to the end of the chapter.

Scott's case was rather different, but the critics took him to task also. He had been interested in the ruined feudal fortress of Finlarig on Loch Tay. Perhaps it recalled to his mind memories of Threave or some of the Border strongholds. At any rate, when he came to describe the death of the chief of the Clan Quhele in "The Fair Maid of Perth," he laid the scene at Finlarig and was straightway convicted of anachronism, for the combat on the North Inch took place before Finlarig was built. Of more literary importance was the visit to Grandtully which gave the world Tullyveolan.

The Wayside Philosopher.

ABRACADABRA

J. M. REEVE, K.C.

A few months ago there ended at Vancouver a unique life history when all that was mortal of James M. Reeve, K.C., was laid to rest at Ocean View cemetery.

Born in Ontario in 1846, he was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman who is still living at an age of about 97 years.

He studied law while his other brother became a medical man. Both brothers were men of excellent parts, and reached outstanding positions in their respective professions. R. A. became a noted specialist and Dean of the Medical Faculty at Toronto University; J. M. became a Dominion K.C. whose extensive practice led him often to the Privy Council and head of the firm of Reeve, Fullerton and MacPherson, of Toronto.

While his standing in law was unquestioned and while he with Dalton McCarthy, and others formed a galaxy of legal stars such as Ontario will not gather again in many years, he had an exceptional literary standing. Not only did he know books and have ability to discuss them with that fine discriminating taste that marks the scholar, but during his many holidays and business trips to England, he had met and knew with more or less intimacy the leading literary lights of the later Victorian days. Fortunate he or she who could induce him to discuss literature or literary personages. With the instincts of the true gentleman he emphasized virtue and left faults and failures in the truest and best light.

Taken altogether he was a striking example of the grand old professional gentleman of a day that is nearly gone. Their virtues of dignity, high professional ethics, uniform gentlemanlike conduct, strict adherence to duty, he had as well as their vices. In his greatest moments of weakness he was still infinitely above many who in their smug self satisfied complacency could see the fault, but whose cramped and narrow souls, living in a little selfish round of life, realized not that real greatness was before them.

His life history with its outstanding successes, its failures, its many odd turns, would be an interesting study. Some day we may get it with its wonderful lessons, from his own pen. Till then we leave him "still loftier than the world suspects, living and dying."

STANFORD VISIT.

We welcome such events as the visit of the Stanford Rugby team. We are cheered to learn that so large a crowd assembled at the first two games, that the last game's receipts were profits. That is as it should be. Apart from all other aspects it shows, we trust, that clean sport is appreciated. Let us rally around football, golf and cricket till baseball and ice hockey have become clean wholesome games again played for sport and not gate receipts, and till lacrosse has been put again where it once was as a sport for gentlemen played for the honour of town and team to the enjoyment of the spectators.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

WHY BE DOWNCAST?—CHEERIO!

All things are not fortunate. We have locally a certain unemployment problem. Here and there, matters are otherwise than we could wish them. But why the discouragement, the pessimism, the dark mutterings of future woes? If we but take a grip of ourselves, and sanely look at things, we should rejoice that the dark clouds can be but temporary shadows. Basically we are well situated. Our evils are minor ones compared to other situations. Our weather has been unsatisfactory, but this is Spring and summer is at hand. With good health, in a land of richest resources, enjoying a peace denied many thousands; with assured prosperity in our mineral, timber, agricultural and fishing output; enjoying for the most part, luxury, such as thirty years ago would be called sinful waste; let us thank God for His benefits, and by cheerful settling of ourselves to hard, necessary work prove at once our gratitude and our worth.

Quite Simple

(By Marjory M. Reynolds)

Some people say it's difficult to
write a moving tale about the
things one comes across
a-passing through
this vale; but
bless you,
it's an
easy job, you
just sit down and
think and you get a
soft lead pencil if
you don't like
pen and ink;
and the thoughts
just come a-
flocking, you have
to keep them out,—
in fact, there's
hardly anything
you cannot
write
about.
Your neigh-
bours give
material enough
for fifty
books, and
stories sprout
like cabbages
whichever
way one
looks; so
don't
believe
the
pessimists
who raise
a weary wail
about the
task of
writing,—
why, I
can
write
a
tail.