

wonder that there is any financial movement toward British Columbia. The writer nearly two years ago was lecturing at the School of Geography at Oxford University on "The Economic Geography of North and West Canada." He had occasion to call more than once at the provincial headquarters at Salisbury House. At one time he was promised such illustrative slides as would illustrate what he had to say about this province. When the time came the slides were not forthcoming; nor were letters of wires of inquiry noticed in any way. The Dominion Government and all the railways were always ready to send illustrative matter about the country

they represented, but the province of British Columbia was ignored because its representatives ignored their own promises in so important a matter.

If the rest of the provincial business and if the rest of our interests are handled in this fashion, what are we to expect in the matter of investment or immigration? If the province had as much efficient energy as the Vancouver Tourist Association, we would not hear so much about our dependence upon Oriental labor, and we could do more of the things this province wants to do, but which we are not doing for lack of funds.

---

## The Wood Thrush

I SHALL never forget how anxiously I watched the nest of a wood thrush one summer. The pair seemed foolishly sociable, and I was almost sure they would come to grief, for it was "at the Springs," as we say in the South, and the nest was in plain view when the wind blew aside a little spray of foliage, on the limb of a white oak not over twelve feet from the ground. The owners of the nest hopped composedly about as if inviting familiarity with anyone who might approach. But I soon learned that they had no secrets to impart to those who could not understand.

They were entirely silent about the nest. The female approached it gradually without so much as the flutter of a feather that might call attention to herself. She uttered never a chirp then; and the male

never sang within a hundred feet of his fledglings, so that in a little while I was astonished to find that no one else knew of the nest—not even the children who played beneath it.

The wood thrush has a robin-like way of hopping about the lawn, occasionally straightening up with soldier-like precision. Save for his song, he is unusually quiet. No chirps—no fluttering of feathers—no airs. He rises from the ground silently—is gone like a flash, and presently from somewhere in the foliage his song comes, rich, bell-like. He seems less a part of his song than any singer I know. The brown thrasher droops his tail, throws back his head; the mocking-bird is all a-quiver; but the wood thrush sits apparently motionless; apparently indifferent to his most lovely music.

