

Whether one believes in vaccination or not, is not the question. People will determine that point for themselves in accordance with what seems to them good advice. Public debate for or against vaccination is not likely to be an effective factor in helping the public to make up its mind on the question of whether vaccination is useful or desirable. So far as that has been the feature of the case, the discussion has, probably, been largely, if not entirely, valueless.

What people desire to know is not whether vaccination is good or not, but why vaccination should be made compulsory when the number of cases reported are only at the most the ordinary number of cases to be expected in a city the size and population of Greater Vancouver? As cities grow, certain diseases become existent and, more or less, prevalent, of which diseases smallpox is one. Unless other conditions warrant it, there is no apprehension to be felt from the existence of a hundred or more cases of smallpox in a city the size of Vancouver. If there were such grounds of apprehension, other remedies are more desirable. Cleanliness of houses and people, proper ventilation of buildings, enforcement of proper sanitary rules and regulations throughout all sections of the city are far more sensible measures to adopt than compulsory vaccination.

We have no criticism to make of Drs. Underhill and Werthington as far as their motives are concerned.

We are prepared to allow that they have been guided in all they did by the most praiseworthy motives and by a proper desire to be of service to their city—but to give them this clean sheet from the standpoint of integrity of motive is but to stamp them as more egregious asses in their method of dealing with the smallpox situation in Vancouver. This is, probably, the kindest criticism that can be made of them.

A NEW ORDER

We trust we are not violating any confidence when we tell our readers that there will shortly appear in the local press announcements relating to the formation of a new and interesting Order, the Ancient Order of Hobbyists.

We are bound to admit that such references to its constitution and objects as have been communicated to us have aroused our interest and have gained our approval. They have caused us to look forward, with some interest, to the fuller explanations which will appear in the press.

For the present we are not at liberty to go further than to advise our readers to keep watch for the press announcements concerning this new and interesting venture.

The new order should appeal to a large section of the intellectually inclined among our citizens.

Verse by Western Writers

THE MINSTREL

(By Edward F. Miller, of Duncan, B. C.)

In writhing, twisting clouds of the rugged highlands,
In fog-haunted places,
In lake mists and mists of the river islands
I see wild faces.
Where winds blow over hills by the naked ocean
Bowling wind-stunted trees,
I hear the waves in all their wild commotion
And voices of the breeze.
I try to paint in words those fair cloud faces
Without an artist's skill,
And sing in words those songs of lonely places
That the wind sings on the hill.

IN BABY'S EYES

(By May P. Judge)

Shy smiles that hesitate
In Baby's eyes,
Then, understanding, wise,
Deep power that lies
Behind long questioning wait.
Do Angels whisper low
Through subtle ways,
In first year baby days—
When solemn gaze
Finds would-be friends are foe?
The quivering mouth that shows
A cry is near.
The slowly dropping tear;
Hands stretched in fear
To someone that she knows.
When safe in sheltering arm,
Dim eyes not dry,
She gives one long-drawn sigh—
The foe gone by—
Has left her free from harm.

MOONLIGHT ON BUTE INLET

(By Alice M. Winlow)

I lit my smoky lantern late and hung it from the pole,
And an orange light with shadows barred stole thro'
the canvas tent;
The heavens were blue, a nameless blue that beckoned
to my soul,
Beckoned thro' the open door, and I rose up and went
Down to the treacherous rocky shore be-devilled with
sea-weed slime,
Heard the boat to the water's edge and made the
oar-locks groan.
Oh! How it seemed to my soul alert, the birthday of
young Time.
The freshness of the sea-wind! The being all alone!
The mountains round about me were rimmed with
silver light,
And then uprose the yellow moon and made a path
for me;
Along that path of gold I rowed all thro' the crystal
night;
A laughing loon and croaking crane were all my com-
pany.
The moon was my old-time love I knew, my friends
the mountains dark,
The sky above with cool white stars was my roof of
singing blue;
I rowed till the dawn came glimmering up, and the
world lay shivering, stark,
In a ghastly light, in a drenching mist that racked me
thro' and thro'.
But I'd rather hark to the loon's weird cry than hear
the patter of men.
I'd rather a roof of heaven's blue than a palace of
glimmering stone,
I'd rather travel the moonlight way with the stars
beyond my ken,
Than lose my godhead in yonder whirl, tho' I gained
the world for my own.