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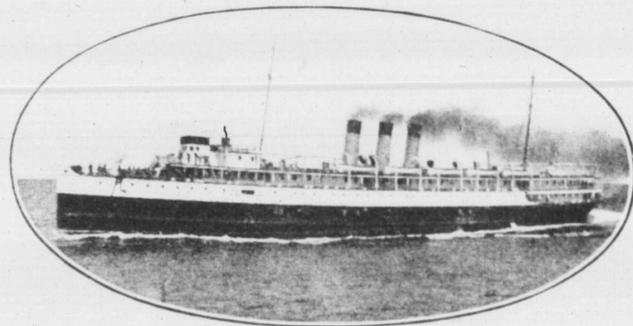
The Magazine of The Canadian West

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Volume 24

JULY, 1925

No. 6



Another C. P. R. Scenic Cruise Attraction

THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER

ON

THE SCOPES TRIAL

AND

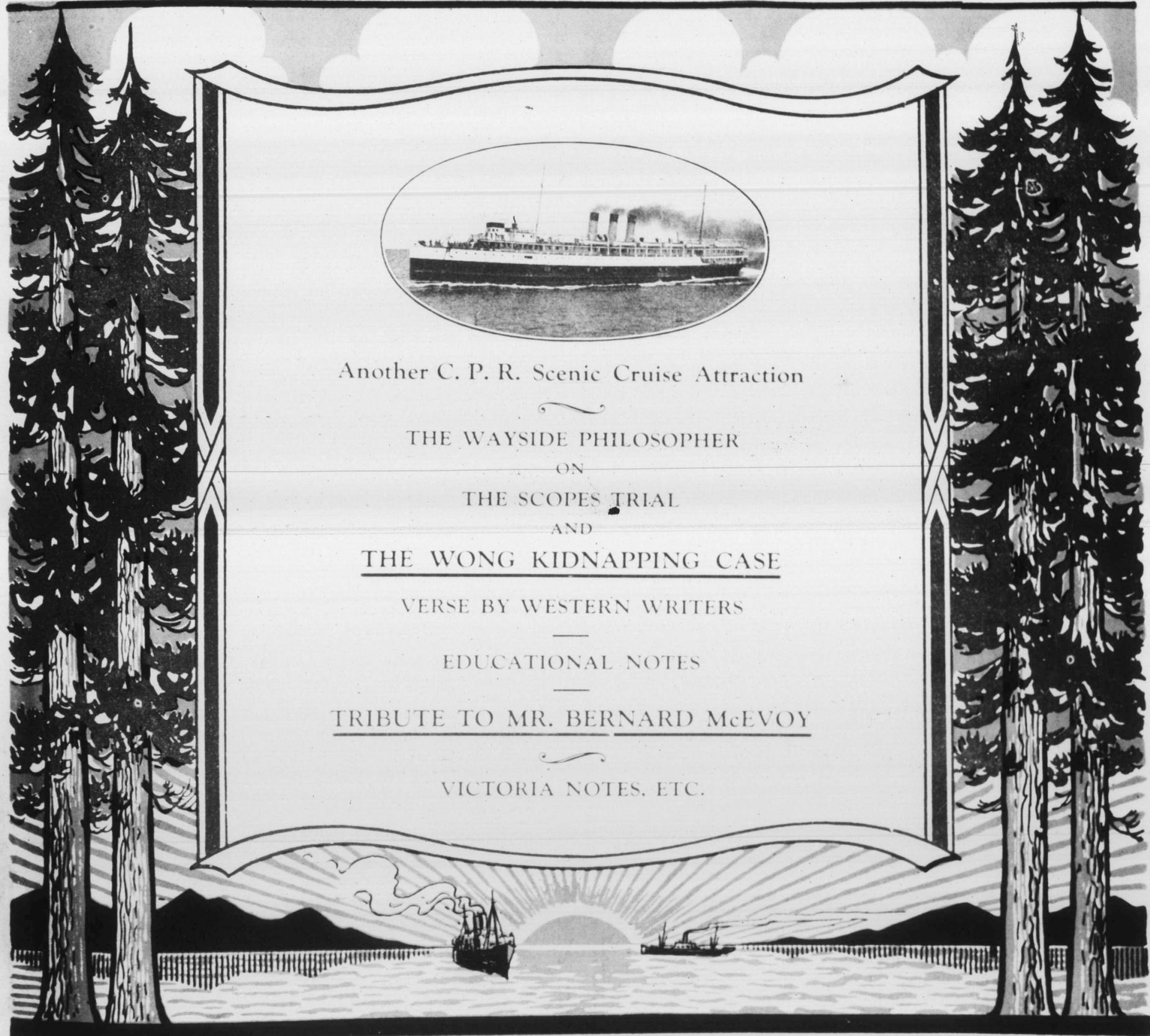
THE WONG KIDNAPPING CASE

VERSE BY WESTERN WRITERS

EDUCATIONAL NOTES

TRIBUTE TO MR. BERNARD McEVOY

VICTORIA NOTES, ETC.



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SAID a prominent Vancouver citizen whom we met the other day in a central City store—"DOES THIS MAN NOT advertise in the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY? A firm like this, obviously doing well from the patronage of Vancouver people, OUGHT to show practical interest in such institutions,—built or published to serve the community which has made their success possible."

WAS HE NOT RIGHT? What think you? In that connection we remind readers that, humanly speaking, such men and firms as use advertising space in this Magazine make its life and progress possible. All who value its work are therefore invited to take note of the firms—the number of which we trust will be considerably increased soon—who, by appealing to our readers for business patronage at the same time prove themselves practical partners in the "Community Service" of this "Magazine of the Canadian West."

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VOL. 24

JULY, 1925

No. 6

## EDUCATIONAL NOTES

(BY SPECTATOR)

"Drink dissipates the social force, the industrial energy and the political strength of the people. Give up drink, or give up holding your own in the industrial world."—John Burns.

\* \* \* \*

"I have come to the conclusion that whatever may have been the guilt of Germany for bringing about the war ..... **what made war really inevitable was the growth of armaments.**"—Viscount Grey.

"If I had a casting vote, I would say: Abolish the air." Hugh Trenchard, head of the British Air Staff.

\* \* \* \*

Quite the most interesting event in recent days in Vancouver has been the visit of Field Marshal Earl Haig, a man of rugged character, modest in bearing, simple and direct. In his address to the Military Institute and Canadian Club he summed up in a few plain words his conclusions regarding the conduct and issue of the Great War.

Britain was unprepared, and "No nation, however favored, can trust to chance to take the place of foresight in times of peace."

\* \* \* \*

One can understand the plea of unpreparedness on the part of the commander of a British army pitted against the mightiest and most highly finished fighting machine ever conceived, constructed and brought to perfection on the face of the globe.

Contemplating this a French or a Haig might well speak of his own country's unpreparedness; but, after all, not a little might be said on the other side.

In the first place the British Navy was not unprepared, and Britain's naval preparedness proved a serious handicap to the first moves Germany had planned to make.

In the second place Britain's land forces, thrown into the breach on the Belgian front in the early days of the war, were, in the words of the Field Marshal, "unsurpassed in discipline." These troops were almost annihilated in an incredibly short space of time; but their sacrifice saved Paris, foiled the enemy in their plan to seize the Channel ports, isolating Britain, separating her from her continental ally—and hurled back in confusion Germany's first line, the flower of her manhood.

\* \* \* \*

In the third place, to use the Earl's words, "Britain owed her good fortune in the war to the wisdom of other days." The wisdom of other days revealed itself during the conduct of the war in the national characteristics,—"doggedness, fertility of resource in critical times, thoroughness, habits of good workmanship, and commercial honesty." The wisdom of other days was surely preparedness matchless in effectiveness.

"Fertility of resource," enabled the British to surpass every German invention, and checkmate every German move. It enabled Lloyd George and his associates to gather up the varied and enormous wealth of the nation, and use it with but one end in view, the successful termination of the war. "Thoroughness of workmanship and commercial honesty" placed in the hands of British soldiers weapons and ammunition that could be depended on. Rifles and ammunition "made in Britain" were not thrown away on the Western front whenever they could be replaced by rifles and ammunition manufactured elsewhere. The spirit of "doggedness" enabled the troops time and again to hold on for the "fifteen minutes longer" that transform defeat into victory.

\* \* \* \*

Organization, mechanical perfection, the last word in machinery, the effectiveness of the drill sergeant, all these were to be found on the side of the Germans. Opposed to these were British solidity of character and the free play of the free spirit. Character and the free spirit yielded victory in the world's most terrible clash of arms. The nation distinguished by these characteristics has the wisdom that gives it immeasurable leverage in both peace and war.

\* \* \* \*

But what has all this to do with education and the schools? Much indeed. In classroom and on playing field the true teacher can do much to inspire his

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pupils with noble ideals, and to develop in them a spirit of unselfishness and manliness. Where better than on the school campus can "fertility of resource" be called into being, exercised and developed?" Thoroughness and good workmanship can be so insisted on in every school task that they become second nature to the growing boy and girl. Honesty is a tender plant in the heart of myriads of children; but it is at the same time a plant easy of cultivation when the sincere, sympathetic teacher wins their confidence and esteem. Phenomenal examination successes year after year is not to be cavilled at; but it is of little moment placed alongside average examination results coupled with the inspiration caught from a worthy teacher, the inspiration that begets noble aspiration in the pupils, crystallizing into nobility of character, and conduct expressive of the Golden Rule.

To the visionless politicians so strenuously opposed to the coming into being of the Irish Free State its present tranquillity must prove an insoluble enigma, and, on the other hand, a most satisfying justification to those who sat by its cradle and crooned their song of welcome and joy. Autonomy was wrung from the helplessness of the sister nation, who could of herself find no solution to the baffling problem of eight Christian centuries. How much better would it have been had the boon been granted spontaneously a generation or two ago, or even immediately after the utterance of the magnificent and magnanimous words of John Redmond in the first days of the war! How often are our gifts delayed so long that the granting of them evokes from the recipients no breath or gratitude!

Earl Haig, in the closing part of his address, gave utterance to these words: "The future depends upon our wisdom and unselfishness and the way the people apply themselves to restoration and new development." Just now the manual worker is threatening to stand all the day idle in the marketplace of the world until he shall have been paid the last farthing of his penny. Would it not be wisdom on the part of the privileged and overprivileged to see that no jot or tittle of justice is withheld from the workers, and that no excuse for dynamiting the social foundations can be conjured up by the poorest or humblest? From the British revolution of the seventeenth century the autocrats of France learned nothing. From the French revolution the autocrats of Russia learned little, and that little too late. Heaven forefend that those classes to whom Britain owes so much, may be so selfish or so blind that Bolshevism may become the readiest and most effective physician and instructress!

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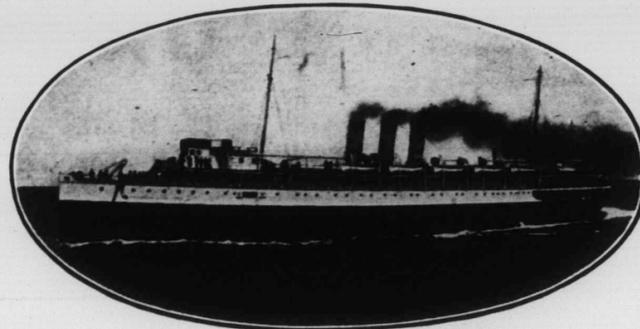
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### ANOTHER C.P.R. SCENIC CRUISE ATTRACTION.

#### The Porlier and Active Pass Trip.

The C.P.R. steamship department at the West Coast is to be congratulated on the opportunities it is giving the Vancouver public of practising the injunction "See America First" — which, of course, means let your scenic interest begin at home. As well it may! At their own doors Vancouver, Victoria and West Coast citizens generally have the majesty of the mountains, and even far-travelled cousins from the United States have been heard to say that the outlook up Howe Sound is unsurpassed anywhere.

Who that has experienced the restfulness of the full day's sail up Jervis Inlet has not returned re-impressed with the vast mountain- and water-way wealth of this great Westland? . . . And now a "Porlier and Active Pass" half day trip has been added to the attractions. With so much offered to the public for one dollar, it is satisfactory to find that the common disposition to overlook values and opportunities close at hand, did not prevent hundreds more than the company's responsible officials would allow on the steamer applying for tickets for the trip.

In this connection we are reminded of one of the bases of the reputation for "Quality and Service" usually associated with the C.P.R. Though the "Princess Victoria" may carry 1,000 passengers, the steamship department decided that on that first trip they would not embark more than 600, so that the comfort of all on board would be assured.

The midsummer heat was qualified by a breeze which gave the steamer a little motion as Porlier Pass was approached, but the beauty and inland-lake-like calm of the waters among the islands, together with the view in all directions during the fifteen miles of sailing among the islands and between the two Passes, could not but leave a happy memory.

"That wharf is thirty-four miles from Vancouver, and yonder in the distance is the Victoria to Vancouver steamer heading towards Active Pass," was a remark from the genial captain (O. H. P. Rogers), which proved preliminary to an informative chat. "Retreat Cove," if we remember aright, was the name of the point mentioned. All too soon the "Victoria" was through Active Pass and heading for Vancouver, but in the course of this eighty-five miles of water trip many were the expressions of pleasure and satisfaction made by or overheard among acquaintances, friends and strangers.

This cruise among the Gulf islands via Porlier and Active Passes is likely to become one of the most deservedly popular with citizens and tourists alike.

### GEO. T. WADDS

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## Verse by Western Canadian Writers

### THE SONG OF THE CRESCENT MOON.

By Rhoma. (Victoria, B. C.)

And this was the song of the silver moon,  
The silver crescented, fair young moon,  
Nestling confident, serene,  
In the circling arms of the mother queen.

Mine, mine is the joy of rebirth,  
Of nascent effort, of procreant earth,  
Of love's ascendancy and aspiration,  
Of hope new born and refutation.  
Of old corroding, gnawing griefs,  
Devitalising, haunting griefs,  
That clog the channels of the coming years,  
Filling the victim's heart with fears.  
Mine the triumph of work begun,  
Mine the gossamer fancies spun  
On inspiration's piercing flight  
To sparkle and gleam in the morning light  
As cobwebs woven overnight,  
Hang iridescent, jewel bright,  
Athwart the dew wet garden path.  
Not for me the aftermath  
To ponder, weigh, evaluate.  
Time will judge; I haste away  
To come again with potent sway  
O'er love and love's sweet day,  
O'er love and love's brief day.  
Holy thoughts I see arise  
In tiny jets of lambent fire,  
The keen, unquenchable desire  
For kingly attributes and powers.  
What matters it though weary hours  
And darkened days may follow?  
When love seems dead and hope seems hollow?  
Again with time my course I'll take,  
Again mankind new efforts make  
To shape a new and happier earth,  
A fairer, nobler, godlier earth,  
Mine is the joy, the joy of rebirth!

### THE LEGEND OF THE BUTTERCUPS.

By Bunny Pound (aged 12).

Down by the side of a sparkling brook  
Where the grass is dewy green,  
There lived a little fairy maid,  
Whose name was Silver Sheen.

With Silver Sheen there dwelt an elf,  
A frisky little chap,  
Whose name was Fiz, of Mischief Land.  
He wore a yellow cap.

One day this Fizzy started out;  
On mischief he was bent;  
He took the road to Rainbow Land,  
With the sun and the rain he went.

Now when he came to the rainbow end,  
A bold plan entered his head:  
For the pot of gold was brimming full,  
"It will soon be mine," he said.

He pushed it and he pulled it hard  
Far over the rocky ground,  
Till to a meadow's edge he came,  
Where a needed rest he found.

A little bird had watched it all,  
And she spoke to the police her mind;  
Soon five fat fairies hurried forth,  
The culprit for to find.

Quoth Fiz, when he their footsteps heard,  
"Ha, Ha! I'll not be sold."  
He built a little fire so bright,  
And over it melted his gold.

Around the place where Fizzy sat  
Grew many a flowerlet white.  
"What a wondrous place," thought the clever elf,  
"To hide my gold so bright."

So he opened their petals one and all,  
And poured in a tiny drop;  
Then he closed the flowerlets up again,  
And was off with a hippity-hop!

The fairy police did hunt and search  
For many a long, long day;  
But Fiz had found a hiding-place,  
Where in safety he did stay.

So whenever you go to a meadow green,  
And see the sweet buttercups there,  
You must thank the mischievous little elf,  
For gilding the buttercups fair.

### BIRD SONGS.

(By Bertha Lewis.)

Sweet is the lay the lark sings  
At the silver door of the morn,  
Love in its breast, dew on its wings,  
And hope in my heart reborn.

Gay is the song the thrush trills  
In the radiant hour of day;  
Bloom on the plum, gold on the rills,  
And joy in my heart to stay.

Plaintive the note of red-breast,  
As misty twilight dies;  
Dew on the leaves, day is at rest,  
And peace upon mine eyes.

### LITTLE CAT.

(In the metre and mood of a favorite of childhood days.)

(By Alice M. Winlow.)

Is you sleepin' out dere in the cold, little cat?  
Why is dat?

Why your legs, they is hurt!  
And your fur's full of dirt!  
And your eyes are like pieces of glass, little cat,  
How is dat?

Is you mis'able, hungry, and cold, little cat?  
Tell me dat.

Why your tail doesn't stir!  
And you don't even purr!  
And your dear little black shiny head, little cat,  
Is quite flat.

Is your archin' and purrin' all done, little cat?  
I's sorry for dat!

Did they hit you with stones  
Till you made little moans,  
And you died, till you huddled and fell, little cat,  
Where you sat?

I's so sad. I is 'cryin' for you, little cat,  
Let me pat  
Your poor little paws.  
I is sobbin' because  
You is dead, and can't purr any more, little cat,  
When I pat.

I'll be diggin' a grave in the yard, little cat,  
Where I live at.  
And I'll bury you there,  
Where you won't have a care,  
And daisies will grow over you, little cat,  
Won't you like dat?

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## The Wayside Philosopher

### ABRACADABRA

#### The Scopes Trial

If anything were needed to heap ridicule upon United States legal procedure and United States journalism,—it is no longer lacking.

Outside of a Theatre one would hardly look for such farce-comedy. The setting is crude and the dramatis personae,—if that term is allowable,—rather ill-assorted. But for downright balderdash and thorough nonsense the results are quite effective.

It seems however pitiful to see a national figure like W. J. Bryan appearing as an actor in such a ludicrous affair.

One would think to read some of the press writings that instead of a two penny-half penny point of constitutional law,—some great issues were involved.

Whether the State Legislature, like many others, passed a law which is ill-defined and of doubtful validity,—is the only point involved. There must be many attorneys in the State fully capable of arguing all the legal points involved. Then why not leave it to them.

Not less farcical than the bringing in of Bryan, Darrow and others to settle a matter of so little moment,—is the attention paid it by United States journals.

Recently we had Mr. Howe's effusion. Taken at face value it would have you believe that the fate of what he calls fundamentalism and religion were at stake, because of the trend of evolution taught by a 24-years-old schoolmaster named Scopes.

The age of miracles may not have passed but we would be a little surprised to see even the United States people, foolish though they often be, disregard the investigations and discoveries of centuries of scientific men and base their beliefs as Evolutionists or Anti-Evolutionists on the validity or invalidity of Scopes' teaching.

One of the most amusing features in the case is the petition of certain clergymen to the Judge asking a change in the clergy who usually offer prayers at the opening of the Court Sessions. They are a group of on-lookers drawn to the Court by idle curiosity and having no business there,—arrogating to themselves the function of critics of the Court's procedure and seeking to have it changed to suit their own views of what it should be.

At first we were quite undecided as to who needed the prayers which were being offered. The United States judicial system needs more than prayers,—it

needs amendments in many ways. Darrow needs the prayers but does not, perhaps, appreciate them. Bryan needs them but will not profit by them and, like the prodigal son, come to his senses and go home.

We are, therefore, forced to the conclusion that the Judge is the one who needs the prayers and we would, in fairplay, like to see him have those to pray, whose prayers will most benefit himself.

Meanwhile the comedy proceeds and we can only trust that our Canadian journals will leave it to the United States press to enjoy alone.

#### The Wong Kidnapping Case.

A few days ago there was concluded in the Point Grey police court a proceeding of outstanding interest, if rightly viewed, viz., the preliminary hearing of the Wong kidnapping case.

It is not our purpose to comment on the results of that hearing in committals or acquittals or to speculate as to the chances of conviction of those committed. It is rather to draw a picture of the matter as it appears to us for purposes not primarily connected with the trial.

Baldly stated, the outline of facts is somewhat as follows:—

One, Janet Smith, is found dead in her employer's house which, at the time of the discovery, contained no one except a fellow-servant, a Chinese boy, now generally known as Wong.

At this important point the case is most lamentably handled by the investigating policeman, one Green, and we have the inquest, now known as the first inquest, in which a verdict of suicide is rendered and, in the preparations for which, certain mistakes were made—on whose instructions it is now doubtful.

Rumours had spread, sometimes merely fanciful, sometimes with some sort of plausibility, and further investigation is demanded and provided for.

In the conduct of these investigations we have the man Wong picked up on the street, admittedly, we believe, by the provincial police, held for a period of two

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to four hours, and then released. This we will call the first kidnapping.

Whether or not the blunders up to this moment were due to ignorance, carelessness or graft, here we have a deliberate invasion of a man's rights. If Wong were properly subject to detention, he should have been regularly arrested and placed in gaol to await his trial. This was the only proper course to pursue. If Wong were not subject to proper detention, he had every right to go about his business unhindered.

If Wong were subject to detention, he could only have been allowed to go by the exercise of improper influence, coupled with stark dereliction of duty on the part of those who let him go. If Wong were not subject to detention, then a most high-handed outrage was perpetrated on him by the very force that should have protected him from outrage and to which every citizen must look for proper protection.

The view we take is that the detention was of the utmost importance to the spirit of law enforcement and the proper carrying out of that order.

Neither influence nor incompetence must weaken the forces of law and order in this or any other British province or country.

Concluding this digression, therefore, we must criticize most roundly the Attorney General of British Columbia in that, though weeks have passed since this happened, the parties responsible have not been duly and properly punished, nor have we heard any announcement from the Attorney General that such a step is contemplated, so that the administration of justice walks hand in hand with illegality and crime.

Let us now return to our outline of facts, asking pardon for the digression.

After a certain period of further investigation and rumours we have another inquest, in which a verdict of murder is returned and accepted unquestionably by a large portion of the public.

Meanwhile we have the appointment on behalf of the Attorney General's Department of one, Jackson, to investigate this matter, and his investigations are presumed to have continued after the second inquest had reached its most lamentable conclusion.

Close upon this appointment and this second inquest comes the second kidnapping of Wong in which he disappears from public ken for a period of over 40 days and, in connection with which, Wong tells a tale of cruelty which, at present, is in part, at least, denied and regarding which we have stories of medical examinations to what end we, as yet, know not.

Then we have Wong's release, his arrest and commitment for trial, followed shortly by the preliminary hearing of those allegedly concerned in the second kidnapping of Wong.

There are several points well worth a detailed discussion. Take, for instance, Jackson's conduct as special investigator, his apparent loss of wit, judgment and sense of responsibility, seemingly unbalanced by the opportunity afforded him of earning a glorious name and gaining a certain political renown.

Again, we have the first kidnapping—a matter worthy of most serious discussion. Or again, we have Green, the coroner, the two inquests, the values of the magisterial decisions in the commitments, the personnel of the alleged kidnappers, the points of inquiry overlooked, even, at this late date, the methods of investigation followed as far as disclosed—all these are tempting subjects.

But above all else tower, to our mind, the two kidnappings of Wong and the lessons they teach us in the needs of strict law observance and law enforcement.

The second one is a good illustration of what might, and does, happen where Klan methods take the place of properly enforced laws.

Whether the right parties are, in part or in whole, before the court, or whether none of them are, does not affect our case.

A number of private citizens, believing a crime had been committed and was being hidden for sundry supposed purposes, and believing that Wong was, for his own best known reasons, withholding facts known to him that might make certain the crime and uncover the supposed criminals, conspired together, seized and detained Wong, without warrant, without colour of right, without mandate from the Crown, and, by his story, abused him.

It is of great importance that no crime be covered, that no suggestion of influence have ground for support in the administration of our law; but it is of infinitely greater importance that no one outside of the properly constituted authorities arrogate to themselves the function of administering the law and dealing out justice.

Equally important is it that the proper authorities function properly.

It would be decidedly regrettable if it could be that Janet Smith had been murdered (in our opinion decidedly **not** the case) and the guilty party or parties escaped.

It would be ten times more regrettable that the kidnappers of Wong, on either occasion, should escape arrest and punishment. Whoever kidnapped Wong on the second occasion, even if they did not injure him, should get the heaviest sentences the law allots to that crime. No personal integrity, no social standing, no political influence, should be permitted to reduce their punishment. Once and for all it must be borne home to all that only by proper authority and in proper manner must justice be dispensed and the rights of any man curtailed.

If injury has been inflicted there should be a further charge and additional punishment. The value of a man's constitutional rights must be learned by all, and the kidnappers of Wong should be so punished that no man hereafter dare act towards another's rights and liberties in any wise save as the law permits.

The greater the responsibility of a man, the greater the danger in allowing him to escape any part of the penalty of his crime. For rich and poor, banker and beggar, the powerful and the penniless, the mighty and the feeble, there must be the same undeviating administration of law, and the very least among us must be as secure in the lawful exercise of his constitutional rights and privileges as the most influential person in all our fair province.

Unless this be so, British justice is a farce and Christianity a failure.



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## Victoria and the Island Race

(By C. C. Fuller, Victoria, B. C.)

Ouida, in commenting on the charming manners of the Italian peasantry, and the somewhat flamboyant quality of their attitude towards truth and accuracy, says that on the whole there is more pleasure to be had from listening to lies from an Italian than truth from an Englishman.

I should be loth to suggest that we of Victoria have the same weakness for Euphemism, but modern practice in the West savours somewhat of enlarging on merits and virtues, and keeping a discrete silence on shortcomings and faults. We call it Optimism.

Every year Victoria welcomes an enormous number of visitors and tourists, we hear one long song of praise of our climate, our scenery, our streets, gardens, houses, the gorse in our parks, our oak trees. To the enraptured sightseer "every prospect pleases," but about our life as a people, a community, their enthusiasm is successfully restrained.

The mighty cities of the coast are a logical corollary to the hinterland of which they are the gates. Their commercial and industrial activity, their growth and vigour, their wealth and the manifold nature of their interests, are reflections or reactions from the growth and development of the continent behind them, and of which they form a part.

Victoria is in no way comparable to the coastal cities; her conditions, her environment and her destiny are on a totally different plane. Victoria is often described as a "bit of old England;" it is an apt enough description in some ways—especially if the emphasis is applied to the adjective; she is in some ways, and amongst certain sections of her inhabitants, a great deal more English than anything you could find in England today, representing as such society does, a school of thought, a habit of life, a taste in furniture, and other environment, of thirty or forty years ago.

The English are an island race, it would almost seem as if their racial characteristics thrived best under insular conditions. New Zealand is far more English than Australia (the latter, of course, is an island too, but a continent in size), as though their innate conservatism, their deep appreciation of the force and value of history and of continuity in human affairs, found its natural habitat when surrounded by the unchanging element.

Victoria as a whole, despite sporadic outbursts of industrial and other enterprise, is mainly concerned with life itself as distinct from the incidence of life; other cities may "ring with loud alarm" over commercial threatenings, or may attain to temporal fame through waves of financial prosperity—Victoria, unruffled, pursues the even tenor of her way, secure in the intrinsic nature of her position. Her destiny, like that of the Prophet Samuel, is concerned with greater things than are to be found in the market place.

The best growths in the vegetable, as in the animal, kingdom are gradual, even and slow developments, the best preparation for useful manhood is a quiet and uneventful training—for your brilliant youth is seldom heard of in later life; so Victoria, with the wisdom of an older race, is content to spend her youth, her years of preparation, in a certain quiet spirit, as of a knight, watching his arms before the altar in devout preparation—content and serene in the knowledge that sooner or later the centre of human effort

and progress will shift from the old world to the new, and that the high destiny to which she will then be called, will require on her part, qualities other than commercial, traditions other than those of successful industrialism, a faculty for dignity, for disinterestedness, which will fit her to carry on into the new order whatsoever is best worth while from the old.

Most young countries seem to feel the need, or at all events the advisability, of having their legislative capital away from their principal commercial city—New York, Washington, Johannesburg, Cape Town. Australia has even gone the length of creating a new city on purpose.

Victoria lends itself peculiarly to the purpose both of legislation and of education and culture generally.

There are those who predict a great industrial future for Victoria—perhaps they are right. Meanwhile, society has a permanence, social effort a deliberateness, the community as a whole, an atmosphere and the embryo of a tradition, which, different, and at times antagonistic to the spirit of the Pacific slope as a whole, is none the less, and perhaps partly through its difference, a definite asset, and one well worth guarding.

## Victoria Notes

(By B. C. M. Victoria and Island Representative)



One of the most unique musical recitals it has been the good fortune of Victoria to hear was given in the Metropolitan church recently by Mr. Chas. Bowman Hutchins, American naturalist, bird singer and artist. The church was filled and so keen was the appreciation of the audience that Mr. Hutchins was asked to give a second recital, which he did. On that perfect evening of a perfect summer day the church was filled to overflowing, platform and aisle space accommodating many who arrived too late for seats in the pews. The musician-lecturer described many of

the birds of B. C., translated their calls into words, then reproduced their calls in truly inimitable fashion. Among the birds imitated were the meadow-lark, the skylark, the robin, the russet-backed thrush, the tohee, the white-crowned sparrow or Northern nightingale and the humming bird.

To some of his songs Mr. Hutchins was accompanied on the organ by the church organist, Mr. Edward Parsons, to others on the Irish harp by his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins were spending their vacation in B. C., before going to the Northern Central States

where Mr. Hutchins will lecture to Normal Schools.

In the Memorial Hall the B. C. Dramatic School gave its seniors' Summer Recital. An opening address on the aims, ideals, and work of the school was given by the director, Major L. Bullock-Webster, who referred to distinguished pupils of the school who had recently won positions on the legitimate stage. Then followed a wholly enjoyable programme, characterized in setting and rendition by a fine artistic restraint. Numbers given comprised the prologue from "The Drama of Transition" with musical accompaniment, Austin Dobson's poem "AU REVOIR", an ultra-modern farce entitled "A Square Triangle" and Act I of "Hobson's Choice". The B. C. Dramatic School is to be congratulated upon the artistic quality of its work.

#### Doctor Gray.

During the month Victoria has certainly not been lacking in mental stimuli. One of the eminent speakers at the Men's Canadian Club was Dr. Henry Gray, of Aberdeen and Edinburgh, who in a most interesting address gave a synopsis of the progress of surgery in the twentieth century. Among other things Dr. Gray showed how the Great War did a tremendous work in "speeding up" modern surgery, and from his own experience in base hospitals in France he was able to give convincing data of the immense saving of human life due to improved surgery. Among life-saving expedients Dr. Gray emphasized the transfusion of blood, which he declared "almost miraculous," and mentioned the fact known to few that preserved blood could be kept alive for three weeks.

To team-work and a growing spirit of tolerance in the scientific and medical worlds Dr. Gray ascribed the rapid progress in the realm of surgery within recent years.

#### Earl Haig.

The Men's Canadian Club was also favoured in having as its guest this month Field Marshal Earl Haig, who gave a short post-prandial address in which he advocated the union of all Great War veterans' societies. Earl Haig received a prolonged ovation, which he modestly attributed not to himself but to all ex-soldiers for whom he stood.

#### Rabbi B. R. Brickner.

A lecture of outstanding interest was delivered in the Jewish Temple on the subject of the Jews in Palestine. The lecture was open to the public, and representatives of all religious denominations were especial-

ly invited. Those who know something of Rabbi Brickner's work in the educational world were prepared to hear something interesting, nor were they disappointed. The lecturer in a very skilful fashion sketched the history of the Jews throughout the ages, showing how persecution and unjust laws had deflected the natural tendency of the Jewish people from a pastoral life into other channels of activity, which were at first quite foreign to them. The one great barrier to their development along agricultural lines had of course been laws forbidding the holding of land by Jews. Now that the Jews were rehabilitating Palestine they had taken constructive measures to develop it agriculturally. In reply to a criticism previously made anent the founding of a Jewish University on Mount Zion before developing the land, Rabbi Brickner pointed out that the Jews were simply following along the very lines of development practised by the British themselves. The church and school come first as the central points of development. As an instance of this process on this continent he cited Harvard.

The most vital point of interest in an exceedingly interesting address was reached when Rabbi Brickner spoke of this Jewish University (to which Einstein, ousted from Berlin by the anti-Semitic movement, has been called) as the bridge of the future between the civilizations of the East and of the West. Again, he hinted, as it did in Judaism, Mohammedanism and Christianity, the light may come from the East.

#### Dr. Upson Clarke.

A series of three lectures in conjunction with slides were given by the well-known U. S. lecturer, Dr. Upson Clarke, at the Summer School in Victoria before large audiences in the auditorium of the Victoria High School, the subjects being: "Spain at the Time of the Moors," "Russian Sovietism," and "The Present Political Situation in Italy." As Dr. Clarke has the entree into political circles, these lectures are of an intimately enlightening nature, while some of the slides of ancient Rome and of the Moorish architecture still extant in Spain were of a remarkable beauty.

#### Vladimir Rosing.

Victoria was favoured by two recitals of the famous Russian dramatic tenor, Vladimir Rosing, the one in the Empress Hotel, and the other, by request, in the auditorium of the Victoria High School for the especial benefit of the Summer School for Teachers. The programme on both occasions was practically the

same, and the singer's generosity in the matter of "extras" as unstinted as of old.

#### Impression Made by Rosing's Art.

In speaking of the impression created by Rosing's art we shall confine ourselves to the recital given before the Summer School, when, for reasons it would perhaps be impossible to define, the quality of the impression was unmistakably that of the inspired artist. The word "singer" seems almost too small to hold Rosing, at least the modern acceptance of the word. His is a triple art, that of poet, actor, singer combined in one. He brings a very message from the gods to earth, or thanks to his versatility, he sends the pent-up soul cry of starving, tortured, brutalized human beings to the heart of the gods themselves! With inimitable art he interpreted to his audience the song of the brutalized bargemen on the Volga in the "Volga Boat Song"; the cry of the starving peasant crazed to the verge of madness in "Hunger"; the cry of a down-trodden people in the "Revolutionary Song." The force of his dramatic realism in his characterization songs, such as "Conceit" and "The Drunken Miller," is irresistible; the message goes home. Never has love, perhaps, been more beautifully nor devotion more spiritually interpreted than by Rosing. There he is at his highest, translating both themes to a plane rarely reached by even famous singers, for as we have said, Rosing is more than a singer taken in the modern limited sense of a technically perfect (to greater or less degree) producer of the singing voice.

Rosing's gift of securing a sympathetic rapport with his audience is comparable among artists of to-day, only to that of De Pachmann. Those who have been privileged to hear the latter can never in their minds dissociate that most exquisite interpreter of Chopin from his delightful intimate little talks with his audience. The gift possessed by both is that of direct simplicity and spontaneity combined with the sincerity which is the touchstone of all true art.

Following his recital, Rosing addressed his audience on the subject of his art. Beginning with the statement that all art is based on the principles of life, he showed how the old conception of singing as merely the outcome of a perfected human musical instrument, the voice, was dying out and giving place to a much fuller conception based on life. Man is more than his physical body. He is right to develop every part of his physical being into as perfect a

tool or instrument as possible, but he must remain master of that tool or instrument. Hence man being spirit as well as body, must give as full play to his spirit through his

physical instruments as possible, directing their activity along the highest line of art, in whichever branch he particularly affects. Art, he explained, is a triune expression of thought, emotion and physical reac-

tion. He himself is a dynamic exponent of the modern conception of the art of singing.

The spirit pervading the audience at the close of this lecture-recital was one of gratitude to a master.

## Literary Notes

(By Roderick Random.)

To those who are interested in the share which British Columbia is taking in the movement making for the emergence of a Canadian literature which shall be worthy of our country, it was a piece of news encouraging and inspiring to learn that the Convention of the Authors' Association held in Winnipeg last month unanimously chose Vancouver as the place for the annual meeting next year, and this in spite of the fact that the convention distinctly lays down the rule forbidding the holding of it anywhere west of Winnipeg. The Vancouver delegates, who represented the local branch and to whom fell the duty of promising a hospitable welcome to the convention to come, were Mrs. Annie C. Dalton, Mr. Frank Burnett, and Mrs. Julia Henshaw.

It was a delightful occasion when the latter lent her beautiful home at Caulfeilds to the members of the local branch for an afternoon gathering at which the delegates were required to give an account of their stewardship. This was the third time since the Association's inception three years ago that Mrs. Henshaw had dispensed of her hospitality to the members. The first time was in honour of Mr. Caulfeild, the pioneer founder of the beautiful suburb which bears his name. On that occasion he read from his translation of the *Odyssey*, and all who were present were charmed not only by the quality of his expression but also by the felicity of phrasing and the vividness and animation shown in his English version of the great classic.

Mrs. Henshaw, known internationally as a writer and speaker on the flora of our Rocky Mountains, has in her beautiful gardens, in which art and nature seem to have happily joined hands, given practical demonstration of her knowledge. After ample time had been given to the guests to wander at will in the grounds, the meeting was convened on the capacious verandah by Mr. P. Gomery, who as vice-chairman presided in place of Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, who was unable to attend through indisposition. The three delegates in their reports gave a pleasing impression of the proceedings at Win-

nipeg and the fine hospitality which they had enjoyed. The point which emerged particularly in their remarks was the useful function which the Association was performing in doing away with sectionalism in literary circles in Canada and pulling down whatever boundaries there were between East and Middle and Western provinces.

An interesting item on the programme was the reading of an original poem by Mrs. Jean Kilby Rorison which had for its subject the beauty of Caulfeilds. Under the title "Down Dogwood Lane" that poem was published in a recent issue of the *British Columbia Monthly*.

\* \* \* \*

Another interesting function of the Authors' Association which took place recently was the luncheon given at Glencoe Lodge in honour of Mr. Bernard McEvoy, perhaps as well or better known to the people of British Columbia as Diogenes, the pen-name which he subscribes to the column which he writes for the *Daily Province*, and which for many years has given pleasure and inspiration to the readers of that paper. Besides the members of the Association there were a great many others present, friends of Mr. McEvoy and representative of many different sides of the cultural life of the city.

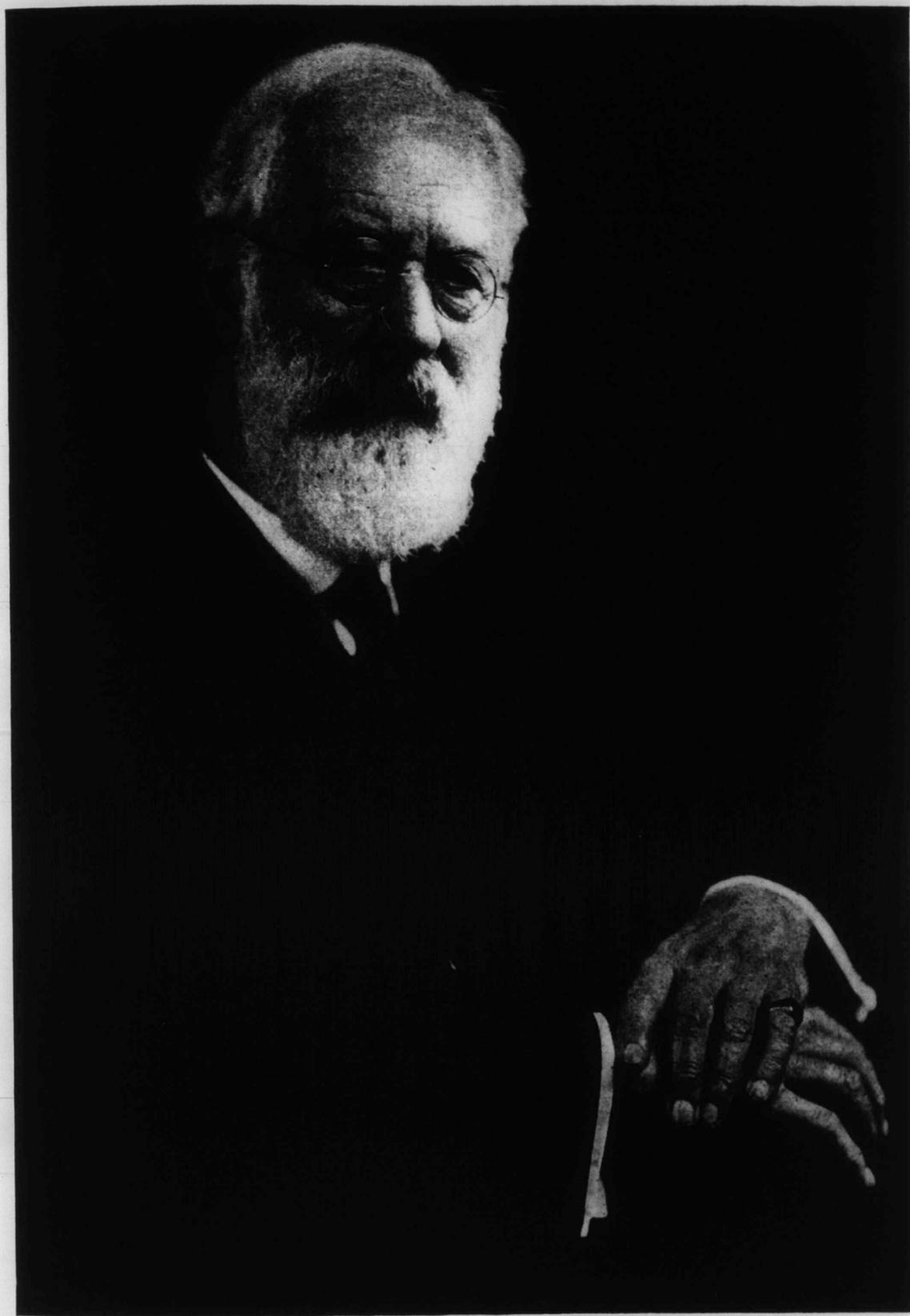
Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay presided and in her address spoke happily of the long and intimate association of the guest of honour with the growth of literature and art in the city of Vancouver, and associated with his the names of the former City Librarian, Mr. R. W. Douglas, and the late Dr. S. D. Scott, who was editor of the *News-Advertiser* for many years and later "*Lucian*" of the *Province*.

Mrs. Mackay said that since the formation of the British Columbia section of the Canadian Authors' Association they had had the privilege of lunching and dining many celebrated fellow-workers from Eastern Canada, from overseas, and from the United States, and they had taken great pleasure in so doing. But in the nature of things these visitors had been birds of passage, and the Association had never been in real danger of forgetting the honor due

to prophets nearer home. They had that day a solid satisfaction in having as their honored guest one of their own members, a friend whom they all knew and for whom they felt a very real affection. Mr. Bernard McEvoy was not born in Vancouver, but for twenty years he had so identified himself with the progressive life of that city that the city would be ungrateful indeed if she did not think of him as one of her devoted sons. Mr. McEvoy's work in the British Columbia Society of Fine Arts, on the Library Board, in the Art and Historical, and other associations, together with his record as columnist, book reviewer, and editorial writer on the *Daily Province*, were so well known that any recapitulation would be superfluous. For years he has been, in his wise and quiet way, a moulder of public opinion and a kindly and constructive critic of public and literary affairs. His public service both as lecturer and writer had been service of which any city might be proud.

Mr. McEvoy, however, did not owe his hosts of friends entirely to his public work. He owed them to the fact that he is himself a good friend. There were many sitting at these tables who had reason to know this and to be grateful for much encouragement both in print and out of it. In mentioning that she liked to couple with his the name of his friend and colleague, their late honored member Dr. S. D. Scott, and also that of Mr. R. W. Douglas. These gentlemen, with others, had done much to foster literary effort in this province. They had then, Mr. McEvoy as the progressive citizen, the wise editor and the good friend. They also had him as poet. Fortunately they had that last secure within the covers of a printed book. Mr. McEvoy's "*Verses for My Friends*" was known to all of them. It was a very human book, made up of the gladness and sadness of life, and relieved by a saving grace of humor. That volume was a Vancouver production throughout, and looking at it one was tempted to prophesy that they might yet be a city of publishers.

Mr. McEvoy, in his reply, in spite of being somewhat overcome by the



"DIOGENES"

Wadd's Photo

## TO BERNARD McEVOY

Verse read at British Columbia Authors' Association Complimentary Luncheon:

(By Jean Kilby Rorison.)

To-day, with greatest pleasure, nay, more with heartfelt joy,  
 We honour, all together, our Bernard McEvoy;  
 Nature, our old mother, must plot and scheme and plan  
 Before she makes a replica of this true gentleman.  
 Poet, Artist, Author, and Doyen of the Press,  
 To countless ones by your kind words, have you brought happiness.

To those who live by brush and pen, your judgment and your praise  
 Have made them tread more hopefully Life's rough and thorny ways;  
 Diogenes beloved, may you live for many a year,  
 To guide us with your wisdom, philosophy and cheer,  
 Until at last a-weary, upon the green earth's breast,  
 You go to sleep, contented to leave with God the rest.

tribute of the occasion and the heartiness of the applause which greeted his rising to his feet, in an address of considerable length charmed and delighted the company with a fund of racy reminiscence which started with an account of his earliest love affair at the age of ten, and, punctuated with wit and anecdote and happy illustration as it was, carried everyone with him till it closed.

It has been my privilege from time to time to drop in upon him in his office at his busy desk in the forenoon, when the Moloch jaws of the printing presses are clamoring for copy, but I never found him too pressed to lay aside his writing to spend a few minutes in easy chat about literary matters or the current topics of the hour. A man of wide interests and catholic tastes, he has breadth of view and an unselfishness of outlook denied to most. An idealist and an optimist at all times, he takes the highest view of the province of his profession and has sought by his pen to be helpful and to uplift and inspire as well as, at times, merely to instruct and amuse. Thus weekly in his column in his Sunday sermonettes there has been a more serious note, a more imperious gesture beyond the things of time and sense to fairer prospects, which in our purblindness, tend to fade upon our vision.

It is only a year or so since that collected edition of Mr. McEvoy's poems, entitled "Verses For My Friends," was published. In this, his gift of poesy shows wealth of fancy and grace of expression, as well as dignity of thought. The index of titles indicates his versatility in the range of subjects covered.

Mr. McEvoy is also an artist and, for some years, has been a regular exhibitor with the British Columbia Fine Arts Association, and was its efficient and hard-working secretary.

He is known as the oldest working journalist in Canada, and although his years now run over four score he is still eagerly sought in all circles where culture and art are honoured, and is still youthful in outlook and sympathies. May he long be spared to spread "sweetness and light" for his generation!

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## THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL

(By "Rhoma," Victoria, B. C.)

Presuming that we still consider ourselves a Christian nation though we daily deny our right to such a title by our conduct in what is commonly called "practical politics," it may even at this hour prove profitable to discover just what is meant by this phrase, "The Christian Ideal."

### The Significance of the Title

Of all ideals set before us as a nation, a Christian nation, the Christian ideal ought unquestionably to be the highest. What then does it signify? Obviously the ideal set forth by Christ in His teaching. Let us take as a hypothesis that Christ really lived as a man among men, teaching the people. We state this as a premise so that we may include in our audience the non-orthodox as well as the orthodox, in view of the fact that the steadily increasing numbers of the former no longer permit of their being considered

negligible components of this Christian nation. It is generally conceded that the most memorable, the most reiterated utterance of Christ is:— Love one another. Throughout all His teaching the first and last requirement of those who sought to follow Him was LOVE, love towards their fellow-creatures, love so all-embracing that it included within its confines willing service, mercy, forgiveness, love so far-seeing, so understanding that it knew not condemnation for such as were commonly regarded as sinners.

### The Brotherhood of Man

At the present day we hear much talk of the brotherhood of man. The phrase falls as lightly from the lips of some as though it were some new, "slick" slogan for the promotion of trade. The Brotherhood of Man! All men be they individuals, nations or races, to be considered as brothers, offshoots of the same parent.

What is this but the teaching and practice of Christ? Christ did not stop to discriminate between Jew and Gentile. He did not choose His associates for their social prestige or for their learning, nor did He draw aside from life's outcasts and so-called failures. He neither courted nor shunned, but mingled freely with all. And why? Because He realized the essential one-ness of all life, the fact that we are but parts one of another, in short He realized the Brotherhood of Man.

### Contrast Between Christ's and Current Christian Practice

How widely divergent is such practice from the pseudo-Christian practice of to-day, a practice which, for the most part, expresses itself in separateness, in sectarianism within the Christian church, in cliques in society, in the attempted ostracism and blockade of the yellow by an organized body of professedly Chris-

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tian whites forgetful of the responsibility first deliberately incurred by the whites towards the Oriental. Yet the unmistakable teaching of the very Christ of these same Christians is:—"There is nothing from without a man that entering into him can defile him; but the things that come out of him, those are they that defile a man."

#### Short-cuts A Feature of To-day

One of the features of the present day is the prevalence of short-cuts to any desired end. Short-cuts to fame or rather notoriety, to social success by the assiduous wooing of the "right people", to the curing of social evils by hasty, ill-advised legislation and yet more legislation, to wealth by the aid of countless get-rich-quick schemes, such are but a few of the all too familiar short-cuts practised at the present time.

#### The Sin of Separateness

The mistake of all this lies in the fact of separateness, in the failure to recognize the fact that mankind is one, in snap-shotting one small section of a landscape and taking that section to be the universe, in trying to change the fruit of a particular tree without first taking the time and the trouble to study the nature and growth of the tree that produces the fruit; in seeking to stamp out crime by punishment when crime may well be the direct outcome of unwise legislation; in brief, in never taking time to go to the root of a thing or to consider the all important question of relationship.

#### Problems of the Age

The outstanding problems of the age are all questions of relationship. Just as in a solar system one planet pulls upon another and is itself in turn pulled upon, so is it with regard to individuals, to sections of a community, to provinces, to nations, to races. There is not only play, there is interplay. To lose sight of this fact is to court disaster. Thus we at the present day have reached the stage of conscious life where we find ourselves confronted with the problem of relationship, the relationship that should obtain between parent and child, between the sexes, between capitalism and labour, between Dominion and Mother Empire, between nation and nation, between race and race.

#### Wherein Lies the Solution?

He would indeed be a doughty wielder of the pen who would dare to state dogmatically what he considered the solution of this many-phased problem, but nevertheless this much we dare unflinchingly to assert, namely, that the road to the solution lies in the recognition of the one-

ness of man. Man is more than his body. That his body has evolved through varying forms made up of the same components as the system of which he has been or is a part, is but another proof of the one-ness of man, this time from the point of view of his physical body. But man is more than his vehicle. Life antedates and postdates the body. For life, end and beginning are one. Therefore, in so far as one manifestation of life—say a particular civilization—is ennobled by its practice, just in such measure is all manifested life of that time ennobled; likewise in so far as one section of life in a civilization deliberately degrades or injures another section, just in so far as is all manifestation of life for the period co-terminous with the span of that particular civilization degraded or injured.

#### The Divided House

Hence individual success at the expense of another, the fulsome flattering of one section of a community and the unjustifiable ostracising of another, the wooing of one nation and the boycotting of another, all these and the many other forms of separateness practised by so-called Christian nations of the present "Christian civilization" are flagrant proofs flaunted in the eyes of all the world of the non-recognition of the one-ness or brotherhood of man. "A house divided against itself shall not stand," wherefore unless reparation and re-adjustment be made before it is too late, unless the Christian ideal ceases to be precept separated from practice, Christian civilization by many a positive portent is that "divided house that shall not stand."



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#### SONNET ON NIGHT.

(By Joseph Blanco White.)

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this goodly frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
But through a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came;  
And lo! Creation broadened to man's view!  
Who could have guessed such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who divined,  
When bud and flower and insect lay revealed,  
Thou to such countless worlds hadst made us blind?  
Why should we then shun ~~Death~~ with anxious strife?  
If Light conceals so much, wherefore not Life?

## New Fables by Skookum Chuck

(R. D. Cumming)

Human Side of Uumlah, Chapter VI. of the Fifty-Fifties.

The little parish church was crowded to capacity. The seats were filled to overflowing for the occasion reached out far beyond the ordi- on my right and Professor Agnew ary.

I sat in a pew between Miss Agnew on my right and Professor Agnew on the left. Liliana sat next to Florence and Mrs. Agnew was beside her husband. Between us we occupied an entire pew for a few rows from the front. The Agnew family and myself were the only whites in the congregation.

Uumlah, the lay preacher of the Fifty-Fifties was in the pulpit, his head just appearing above the level of the stand although he stretched himself to his full length with the characteristic agony of the race.

There were men, women and children; male and female had they come to hear the words of wisdom and advice that were to flow from the lips of one who was far superior mentally to the average Fifty-Fifty.

The service was non-denominational and seemed to be a lecture rather than a sermon. Some parts of it were a call to arms in self-defense against the aggressor of the original human race and a plea for emancipation.

We appeared to have adjourned to the church immediately following the explosion of the power plant on which Anthropeida depended for its supply of domestic and irrigation water, and the argument of the lecturer followed this line of investigation when I found myself so abruptly in the midst of the excited congregation.

Many remarks that fell from the lips of the lecturer made me feel most uneasy even with the Agnew forces to right and left of me. At such times the eyes of the speaker as well as the entire congregation would swing in my direction, and I sensed a meaning that made my blood run cold almost in every word he uttered. Many of his remarks were directly personal, although they were no doubt meant to be general in their character and to cover the entire race to which I belonged.

"We have been expecting this disaster for years and years, but the passage of time without molestation had given us confidence in our rivals for foot-space on this earth, and we had ceased that vigilance which the disaster has proved was still neces-

sary," gesticulated the speaker, while all eyes were riveted on every inch of my person in front, behind and on both sides.

I experienced the sensation of one in a den of lions without a means of escape.

"He surely does not refer to me?" I questioned Florence, fearful of what might follow were I to remain, and creeping close up to her imaginary protection.

"Nonsense, no," she replied. But words that followed savored more of blood, and I gripped the soft fingers in an appeal for assurance that I could trust her to save me. I attempted to lean on the girl's authority as a member of the Agnew family to save me from impending danger to my life.

"On the ground that we are soulless and unhuman and a mere offshoot from the lower creations of the animal kingdom, we are being prosecuted, trampled under foot, disfranchised, denied the rights of common justice in the human courts of the land!" roared the speaker, every word a thrust at my soul and a threat to my body. "We have no more standing in law than Satan and the serpent had in the Garden of Eden. We can be killed, our crops can be destroyed, our property blown to atoms; we can be driven from our homes, and we have no redress. Who is responsible for this? The fanatic element of our rivals. Men like that!" and he pointed to me cringing beside a woman to whom I prayed for protection. "The destruction of our power plant was the work of organized propaganda against us, and a direct challenge to our plea for human franchise. It is a mockery for we have no means of bringing the criminal to justice. Even did we succeed in capturing him, no warrant would be issued for his arrest, for in the eyes of the government no crime has been committed. At this very moment we have suspicions, yea, we have evidence enough to make an arrest, but we have no law behind us to support our actions."

Again I seized the hand of Florence Agnew in an agony of fear. With a warm re-assuring grip the girl restored a confidence which her presence seemed to give. And then I had the great physical strength of the Professor for bodily protection did the enemy become too threatening. In the presence of the god and creator, of the Fifty-Fifties, I de-

pendent for immunity from any danger that might threaten.

"Failing government support," Uumlah continued to thunder, "we must take the law into our own hands! The unwritten law must be our refuge. In the absence of law we must deal with the situation according to our own conception of justice, notwithstanding any consequences. But, if we are not protected against murderers, thieves, aggressors of every kind, neither can we be held responsible for any crime we may commit. We can seek revenge with impunity."

Again a tremor convulsed my entire body, but Uumlah drifted away into another channel where his words were less steeped in blood:

"Perhaps the enemy is brave and more bold in the knowledge that we have pledged ourselves, as a religious principle, not to murder upon any provocation," he said, while his face lit up with a sort of sanctimonious smile which was more relief to my frightened heart even than the power for restraint that the Professor and his family may have exercised over the strange people.

It was at this point of the argument, perhaps owing to the momentarily slackening of my nerve tension, I noticed that the building was equipped with a broadcasting apparatus. The instrument for receiving the voice was at the side of the pulpit and to the right of the speaker. The lecture, therefore, or whatever it could lay claim to be, was reaching from the little church to all corners of the globe, where it was no doubt received with more or less wonder and astonishment. I wondered what effect it would have on listeners-in at Eutopiana the city which I had visited in the early stages of my strange dream.

But the lecture was to furnish me with much valuable information with regard to the strange times and the stranger people in whose midst I found myself so mysteriously placed. I was also to learn some astonishing but cloudy facts concerning the older human race.

"The puzzle in this world," continued the preacher, "is not that there is an intelligent race of beings, but that there are not more of them. The tragedy of countless species of living things marching down the ages with their clouded and hampered and undeveloped brains—brains that might function intelligently were they given the opportunity—is,

to my mind, the greatest mystery that confronts the world today. What has hindered those brains in their natural development?"

I thought this one of the most remarkable statements I had ever heard in all my life. But the shock did not equal the surprise over the source from which the statement came. This man was certainly my superior in the "pulpit" if he were hopelessly otherwise in the street. I felt that, had this person been able to master the animal element that still spoke out from his mental as well as his physical make-up, he might have reached a scale in the human scheme of things that would have been envied by all. Had it not been for his abnormally large mouth, his animal-like teeth, his unelastic tongue, and the awkward lips that did not seem to open and close just when they seemed expected to do so; had it not been for the clumsiness of his speech and the great effort that it cost him to liberate his words, he might have taken his place with the foremost in the land. I could not avoid congratulating Professor Agnew on the marvellous brain development of one who had been brought up so recently out of the darkness shrouding so much of the animal creatures of this world.

Uumlah did not lack the usual ministerial gesticulations of the arms when he became heated up in his argument. And the abnormal length of those extremities lent ridicule to a situation that was meant to be serious. He threw them about and above his head like long ungainly flails until one would almost imagine they would get hopelessly mixed up.

"We believe that every living thing that breathes, has a tongue and a brain, is capable of reproducing intelligent beings given the time and opportunity. We believe that every living creature with brain, tongue, arms, legs, feet, body, is the progenitor of intelligent beings yet to come. It is only a matter of time and brain development. The emancipation of man from a low origin was a mere chance—a slip of some kind that diverted them off in the right direction at the logical moment. Does the cow, cat, dog, horse, not understand every word that is spoken to them with but little training and education? If they can be taught to understand words, why cannot they be trained to speak words?"

I thought the above another of the most remarkable and humane sentiments I had ever heard. I whispered my appreciation to Florence and she smiled as though enjoying the fact that I might become a proselyte.

The preacher's address was not unmixed with the emotional.

"Any person who kills any animal whatever commits murder," he continued, bringing the words out of him as though they were being shot from a gun somewhere from the region of his throat. "All animals are intelligent beings in the making."

There were loud cheers at this from the uncouth and half-trained voices of the congregation. The Agnews joined in the applause and I mimicked in response.

All this gave the minister encouragement.

"Their lives and souls are just as precious to themselves and God as ours, or those of our predecessors in rank. When we shoot a deer, a fowl, a fox, for sport; when we kill any of our domesticated animals for food or covering for the body, we are murderers before God and we should be punished. We must not destroy what the Lord hath made."

This created more enthusiasm from the raw throats of the congregation throughout the church, in which the Agnews and myself joined heartily.

"And the cruelties which are attached to those killings reduce the human status even lower than the creatures they wantonly kill, because human brain-strategy is pitted against helpless animal instincts. Man exploits the animal kingdom for his own pleasure, comfort and convenience without a thought of the sin and the pain attached to it. Can man prove up to the standard which he has set for himself? Can he qualify for that rank to which he has been self-promoted? I say no, a thousands times no! Man has not yet earned that perpetual bliss which he covets and expects in the Hereafter, so much as the innocent creatures which he is destroying by the hundreds and thousands day after day, year after year. Rather does he merit everlasting punishment."

A sense of the most damnable guilt swept through my system.

"But I am speaking rather broadly," went on the lecturer, and the champion of the lower animals. "In my address I have covered man generally. But I must apologize to the new race for including them in the ranks of human murderers. The rising—I mean the coming—human race, has not yet stooped to the crime of murder. We left that in the woods upon the threshold of our emancipation."

At this the cheers almost lifted the roof from the building.

"Happily the old race is dying out and making room for a new and

better race of man. Their days are nearly numbered. Note the manners of their women and the lean condition of their families. Observe the negligible percentage of marriages among them, and the almost total lack of the tender affection. Love with them is a thing of the past and race suicide is their slogan. The pace cannot endure much longer. The day will come when the last survivor will return to the ash heap from which he sprang. Let us rejoice in the easy victory that is before us."

This created more applause, but was not very clear to my ancient brain capacity.

"There is too much value placed on the life of a human being and too little on that of an animal. 'Thou shalt not kill' covers every living creature on the face of the globe. With the elimination of the old race the word kill will be deleted from the human vocabulary."

He paused a moment as though to give his words time to sink in.

I looked at Florence and then at Liliana during the brief breathing spell. The little Fifty-Fifty female was in tears. This filled my bosom with a strange affiliation. The new race was capable of the emotion of tears. Did this attribute not qualify them for the moral, legal, and physical claim to the ranks of the most intelligent of beings?

Even Florence could not speak, so much impressed she was with the wealthy words of wisdom that stumbled from the clumsy mouth that was almost unfit to give them utterance.

But the speaker had drifted off into still another channel:

"There is nothing in the whole Bible from beginning to end," he thundered "that gives the old race a monopoly on the business of the soul! It is a cowardly and selfish act on the part of the human race to claim this blessing for itself. Every living creature on this earth has a soul! Are we not all of similar construction? Have we not all the same emotions, sensations, interests? Do we not all come into the world in the same way and leave it by the same route? What does one possess that is not possessed by the other? Nothing, I say, nothing."

Cheers from the congregation and the Agnews.

"On this basis the old race of human beings has denied us the common gift of a God-given soul. They would destroy us and our property in the same manner as they would beaver and their dams and with the imaginary security of impunity,

They have barred us from the courts of the land so that the only law and protection we have is by the strong arm of self-preservation."

Again all eyes were turned in my direction. I clutched Florence's hand and crept close to her once more as though relying on her frail protection to shield me from any impending harm. The preacher was becoming dangerously personal. His seditious insinuations were again directed at myself as though I were responsible for all the sins of the superior but slowly dying human rivals. In Florence I seemed to find a sort of assurance that her infinite beauty and perhaps charming influence would save me from molestation.

But the tension which my nerves suffered under the scrutiny of the many revenge-seeking eyes can scarcely be explained. I was no doubt regarded as a vested agent of the hated whites and held personally responsible for the blowing up of the pumping plant. The agony was almost more than I could bear without crying out.

I was more than pleased when we rose in a body to depart at the end of the sermon. No one was ever more in danger in an enemy camp than I was among that motely crowd which was thoroughly convinced, I was satisfied, that I had personally destroyed their valuable property. Was it not logical to believe that I had committed the crime? Did all indications not point clearly to me as being the culprit?

Professor Agnew remained diplomatically silent on the matter. The god and creator of the Anthropoids, he no doubt supported them in all issues dealing with their affairs. Whether in this dreadful catastrophe he was with them or with me, I could not at the moment define. Ostensibly be backed neither of us, but it was impossible to read just what lay behind the austere and emotionless features.

I was no sooner on my feet, however, than the long tentacle-like arm of Uumlah reached out for my throat. Or, was it imagination? He had come forward and was standing facing us.

I became deathly pale, but just at that moment Liliansa sprang between us with her real little concentration of bravery and no doubt saved me from being strangled to death by the crazed member of her tribe. Florence also interfered daring a great deal for my sake with one who was not likely to forgive. At the same time, with a gesture that perhaps carried more authority than weight of

strength, the Professor parried the blow or grip that was intended to crush or choke me to death.

Any faith I may have built up in the morals of the new race from the clean and spotless sayings and sentiments of Uumlah, vanished in an instant under the attack. I was positive now that the lay preacher was a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde impersonated, and that he had two personalities that were remotely distinct.

I knew that there raged in his soul a deadly struggle between the instincts of his animal ancestors and the artificial reasoning power he had recently acquired.

Once outside the church I breathed more freely, and went along towards the Uumlah mansion between my two self-appointed chaperons, Florence Agnew and Miss Liliansa, talking and laughing gaily.

Suddenly the complexity of things at that time created a queer conclusion in my mind. This half-animal could not possibly have originated such sentiments much less have displayed such eloquence in the pulpit of his own initiative. Agnew must have prompted him through some strange medium of which I was as yet ignorant. I questioned Florence.

"Miss Agnew," I broke in on some light repartee, "Who preached that sermon?"

She looked at me in astonishment. "You silly thing!" she cried.

"Was it Uumlah or your father?" I evaded.

"Uumlah, of course. Are you blind?" she teased me.

The two girls laughed at my perplexity.

"It was both," volunteered Liliansa.

Before I had opportunity to make further inquiries, there was a wild tramp of hurrying feet in the rear; and, looking around, we saw approaching us an infuriated mob of Fifty-Fifties waving their huge sticks menacingly in the air.

I could not distinguish words, but it was evident they were in hot pursuit of some one, and that there was murder in their manners.

The girls seemed to define the intentions of the mob in an instant; for, as though acting from some common intuition, they seized me by the arms and pulled me along the street with the velocity of an express train with the infuriated rabble at our very heels.

We passed the Professor and Mrs. Agnew, who had preceded us, but paused not in our mad dash for freedom.

Faster and faster we flew until I

fancied my feet never touched the ground only at long intervals. The two girls seemed to have acquired marvellous strength and speed on the impulse of a moment and just for the purpose of saving me from possible death.

Suddenly my legs ceased to function as though they had died and become powerless beneath me. They would not accelerate to the desired speed. My feet began to trail on the pavement. The two girls seemed like angels of mercy fleeing with me to a haven of safety. I fancied I could see huge wings spread out from each of their shoulders as we took to the air and began to rise, rise, rise, towards Heaven.

The sensation of rising into the air frightened me. What if the strength of the angels give out and I was to fall to earth? Where were they taking me to? Neither of them spoke, and my own lips were sealed and refused to move.

Then, as suddenly as we had ascended into the air, we began to drop back to earth again. I knew then that I was dreaming for all such manoeuvres were far beyond the skill of ordinary human beings.

We were just about to touch the pavement in front of the Uumlah mansion with a crash that would have broken every bone in our bodies, when I awoke and found myself gripping the bed clothing in imaginary efforts to save myself from falling.

"Oh what a nightmare!" I called out.

This awoke Mrs. Bruce and I told her of the strange adventure.

"Wonder what will be the outcome?" I speculated.

"Well, I hope you and Florence get killed next fall you get together," she sympathized with us.

### Westward and Other Poems

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# Some Notes on Psychic Subjects

(By C. G.)

Referring to the last Armistice Day celebration in London, the "Liverpool Daily Post" gave the following:

"A woman who lives in Lancaster Gate, a sedate, level-headed, quite devout member of the English Church, one who has never had any dealings with Spiritualism, nor, indeed, thought about it, dreamed on the night of November 10, that a son killed in the war, came to her and asked her to take her camera and use it at the Cenotaph during the silence. She did so, pointing the camera upward and, on her return home, developed the plate. It showed a host of spirit heads, among them that of her son. Persons who had never seen him in life were able to identify him by reason of the likeness the spirit photograph bore to a photograph taken in life that stood on a table in the mother's room."

\* \* \*

Miss Felicia Scatcherd, well-known literary woman in London, writes to "Light," with reference to the psychic photographs taken by Mrs. Deane:

"Colonel G. V. S., in my presence and that of three other persons willed or "wished" a living friend on to a photograph of himself taken by Mrs. Deane; he having told us all beforehand, except Mrs. Deane, what he wished and intended to attempt."

\* \* \*

Writing on the Emancipation of the Slaves by Abraham Lincoln, in "Light," the Rev. G. V. Owen says:

"Mrs. Lincoln was a spiritualist, and came into touch with a trance medium, Netty Colburn, aged 22, and was so impressed that she would not let her leave Washington till her husband had a chance of seeing her. A seance was arranged with several people present. N. C. went into trance and in a moment a man's rough voice began to speak to A. Lincoln, and at last they heard the words: "Proclamation not a moment later than January 1, next." An hour later it was all over. A. L. was sitting silent with his elbows on his knees and face resting on his hand, when his Secretary spoke to him: "Did you notice anything peculiar in the voice and manner of speech, and how significant it was?" Lincoln pointed to the portrait of Benjamin Webster and said: "Most significant, Mr. Secretary." Are you undergoing any pressure to prevent the Proclamation being made?" Lincoln replied: "The pressure is

so great I am weighed down by it." The Proclamation is a matter of history, but nothing is told of the seance in any history book."

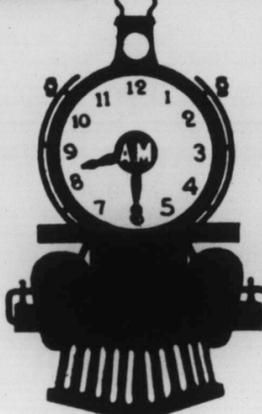
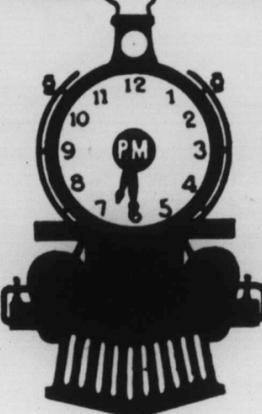
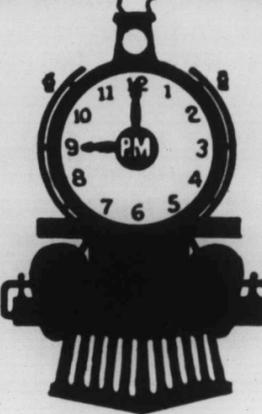
\* \* \*

Mr. Dennis Bradley, author of "The Eternal Masquerade," one of the best sellers of recent London books, has just issued a book, entitled: "Towards the Stars," containing descriptions of spiritualistic seances, held in his own house and elsewhere, which resulted in his complete conversion to the spiritualist creed. Last autumn he lectured at the Steinway Hall, London, on the subject, opening his talk with the remark that, had any man with prevision told him 18 months ago that he would be talking on spiritualism, it is possible he would have laughed him to scorn. "Without seeking,"

he continued, "I was suddenly plunged into this study. In June, 1923, when on a visit to America I was a guest in a house in New Jersey, and there attended my first seance. There were present my host, his nephew, myself, and the medium, George Valiantine. I was visiting a strange country for the first time, and it was impossible for any of the three to know anything of my private home affairs. During the first 20 minutes of the sitting nothing happened. Then suddenly the silence was broken by the gentle accents of a woman's voice. I recognized the voice of my sister who had passed over ten years before. She announced herself by name, and spoke to me with great emotion and tenderness. We talked to each other for over 15 minutes, not in whispers, but in clear

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audible tones, that each in the room could hear. It was not through the mouth of the medium, but independently, and as if she were standing about 18 inches away from me. We talked together fluently and naturally, and discussed intimate subjects and events of which she and I alone could have been cognizant. She referred to incidents which occurred twenty years ago, and, on her own initiative, to many things which had occurred to me since her passing over, giving me proof after proof of the survival of life after bodily death.

\* \* \*

"On the following evening, my sister came through to me again, and we talked for 20 minutes. During these two evenings over a dozen other spirit voices spoke to us, each distinct and individual. There was no similarity of tone, accent, phrasing, manner of speaking, or the subject of conversation, and one or two of the spirits gave long brilliant discourses on life in the spirit spheres."

\* \* \*

Mr. Bradley's interest was so aroused that for over a year and four months he said, he had not ceased for one day to make an intensive study of the subject, reading the great mass of authentic literature on psychic research, and visiting every medium he could find in England. Sittings with Mrs. Leonard, through whom Sir Oliver Lodge gained the material for his book, "Raymond", gave Mr. Bradley the most remarkable accumulation of evidence.

\* \* \*

In February, 1924, he brought Valiantine to England to his country residence, and night after night for over a month conducted a series of sittings. Over fifty people sat with him at these sittings; among them, some of the most famous people in England, editors, novelists, dramatists, doctors, scientists, including Signor Marconi. "In all", he says, "over 100 spirit voices manifested themselves and carried on long conversations with us in various languages."

Mr. Bradley avers that these sittings with Valiantine and Mrs. Leonard provide the most staggering evidence of survival that has ever been published. The book costs 7/6, and is published by Messrs. Werner, Laurie, London.

## What Think You?

# Corner for Junior Readers

Some of Denny's Out-of-School Doings

(By Annie Margaret Pike)

## CHAPTER X.

### Concert Halls, Concerts, and "Wang."

Most of the concerts Denny attended were held in the Ancient Concert Rooms in Brunswick Street, or in the Round Room of the Rotunda in Rutland Square, but the one he remembered best was held in a very different place.

"Kate," said Mr. Donnelly to his wife, one morning after breakfast, as he laid down the newspaper, "if you and our young hopefuls will come into town this evening, I'll frank you all to a concert."

"With all the pleasure in life," she replied, "where shall we meet you?"

"At the corner of Eden Quay and Sackville Street," said he.

Arrangements as to time having been made, he set off for his office, saying he should not be home in the middle of the day.

At the appointed hour the four, none of whom was in the secret, were surprised at being piloted along the quays to the North Wall.

"It's some joke of the Pater's," said Denny to Kathleen with whom he was walking.

At last they crossed the road and went on board the largest ship he had ever seen. This confirmed Denny in his opinion, but he was wrong all the same.

The ship was the "Great Eastern" which, as a show ship had been brought to Dublin for a short time.

A series of concerts was being given in the huge tank in which the Trans-Atlantic cable, 2,300 miles in length, had been coiled.

It made a capacious auditorium.

Of course many years had passed since this giant amongst ships had been used in the successful laying of the cable for the submarine telegraph to America in 1866.

She had carried and paid out many other cables since that year, in the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and again across the Atlantic. Then she had been used as a coal hulk, and now, as Mr. Donnelly said, "she is a white elephant!"

A few years afterwards she was sold at auction in Liverpool to be broken up.

The name "Great Eastern" became a household word with the Donnellys as applied to anything of exceptional size.

In the Summertime there were many open-air concerts within a short distance of the city. At the Botanic Gardens sometimes, sometimes in the People's Gardens in the Phoenix Park, and "Mysterious Musicians" were to be heard on the seashore at Bray.

The mysterious singers wore masks, and their songs were accompanied by a pianist, also masked, whose piano was mounted on a cart. At one of these last named alfresco entertainments Denny heard a tune that pleased him greatly.

Judging by the chorus of the song the singer liked dogs better than cats.

Kathleen, on the contrary, liked cats better than dogs.

Her pet tabby, "Wang," whom she named, after a Chinese philosopher in one of her story-books, enjoyed all the privileges that are denied to cats as a general rule.

Denny said it gave him the fidgets to find "Wang" curled up on his pillow.

He did not wish to offend Kathleen by too often forcibly evicting her pet, and he was therefore very well pleased with an idea suggested to him by the song.

Having practised the tune in out-of-the-way places until he was note perfect, he went quietly to his room one evening, and finding "Wang" in peaceful slumber there he set the door a little ajar and began to sing, softly at first, and then louder and louder.

His parents and Robert, as it happened, were out at a lecture. Bridget, he knew, would not interfere, and Kathleen had already gone to bed.

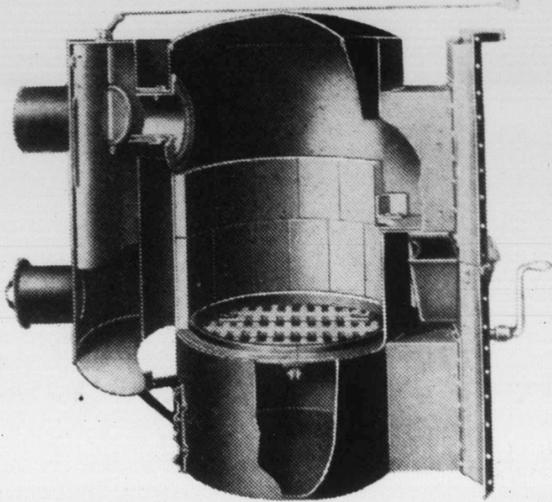
"I have a little cat," sang Denny, "and I'm very fond of that." "But I'd rather have a Bow, Wow, Wow!"

There was tremendous emphasis on "cat" and "that", but it was poor and weak in comparison with the realism of the "Bow, Wow, Wow."

It required only three repetitions to convince "Wang" that the neighborhood was unsafe.

"Bow, Wow, Wow," barked Denny and "Wang" fled, and ever afterwards shunned that room as if it were in reality the dog-haunted place Denny had made it appear.

"I have a little cat,  
And I'm very fond of that:  
But I'd rather have a Bow,  
Wow, Wow!"



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