

Published at Vancouver, B. C.—Canada's Perennial Port

Established 1911

BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Volume XXI

JULY, 1923

No. 2



(Wadds Photo)

MR. JAMES LOCKINGTON
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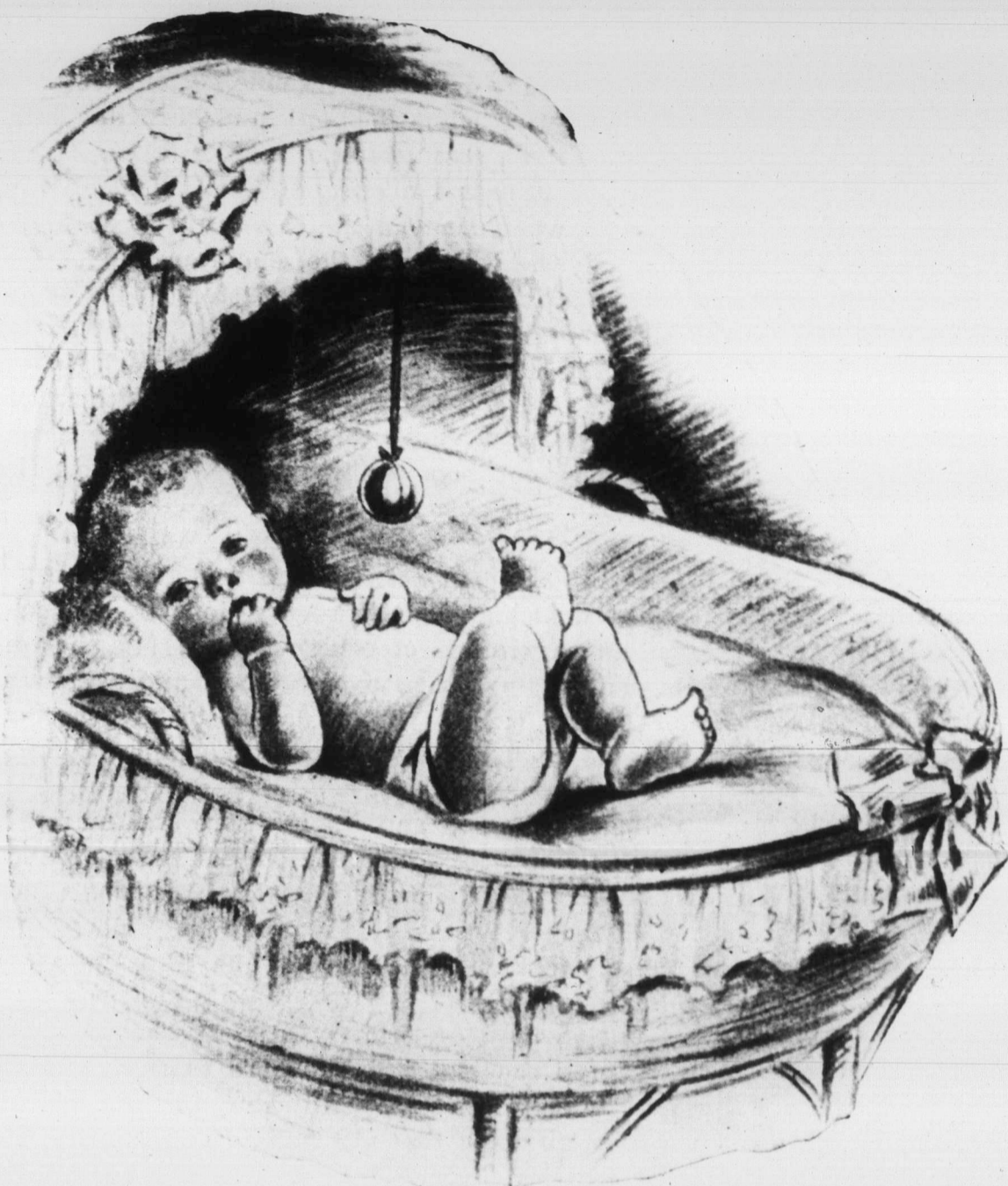
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My Petition

Dear Father give me joy
In little things:
Oh, make me very glad
When fair Day brings
The sweet, fresh smell of earth
Washed clean by Night;
May Twilight's fragrance faint
Give me delight.

Teach me, Dear God, to hear
With leaping heart
In every quivering leaf
Thy wind doth start,
The music of Thy voice.
May liltng lay,
May children's laughter, glad
My soul, I pray.

In every humble flower
That decks the dust,
In all the pleading trees
That skyward thrust
Tall pinnacles of praise,
Teach me to see
The beauty of Thy face,
And worship Thee.

—M. E. Colman.

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(By Annie Margaret Pike)

CHAPTER V

Bears on Board Ship.

On the afternoon of the same day, the second day of his cold, Tosh told Tatters about a game he played on board the ship that brought him to Canada.

And this is what he told him. "There was a boy named Tom, and he was bigger than Bruce but not as big as Malcolm, and he asked me if I would play at being a bear, and I said I would, and we played in the music room.

"There was a seat all around the wall, and it had a curtain hanging from it almost to the floor, and a lady was playing the piano, and we crept in at a place where nobody was sitting and we did not growl, because Tom said the ladies might be frightened if we did.

"We pretended it was Winter for a while and that we were asleep, because Tom said some bears sleep all Winter curled up in their dens. Then we got tired of that and Tom said we'd pretend it was Spring, so we could wake up and creep along to the other end of the room so as to get out beyond where we could see the fat lady's feet.

"I was in front of Tom and that's how it was that I found it. Of course if he had been the bear in front he would have found it. It looked as if it was made of little silver chains joined together.

"We took it to my Mother, who was standing near the door. I think she had come to look for me. She said we must take it to the purser, so she went with us and he took care of it, and he wrote something on a paper and pinned the paper up on a board at the head of the stairs, and next day a young lady came up to me when I was playing on the deck. She said was J the boy who found the purse, and I said 'Yes', and she said:—

"I'm so glad it's found, and thank you so much, and here is a shilling for you to do what you like with."

"That's what she said, and I asked my Mother if I might give half the money to Tom and she said I might.

"So Tom and I went around to that little shop that the barber man kept on the other side of the deck, and we both bought chocolate and peanuts.

"Tom and his little sisters ate what he bought, and I and Jennie and Malcolm and Bruce ate all I bought because when I offered some to Mother, she said:—

"Thank you very much, Tosh, but Father and I are afraid of getting a toothache if we eat any; and Father said that was so, and that even so much as one toothache divided between two people was nastier to have than no toothache at all; so he agreed with Mother that they would choose a no-toothache to share between them, and we children could do as we liked with the nuts and chocolates. I don't think I understood what he meant, but we ate the things, and Jennie got a toothache, and we saw an iceberg the same day."

CHAPTER VI

Bobo the Giant of Grouse Mountain.

The cold was so much better next day that although Tosh had to stay in bed, he said he felt as strong as a giant, and that was why he told Tatters a story about a giant.

Said he:—"Bobo is such a big giant, Tatters, that he can step across the First Narrows when he wants to.

"He has a long beard, very white and very long, and when it gets in his way he divides it into two parts and ties it in a bow at the back of his neck. He wears a cloak and it is white too.

"When he walks down this Avenue he touches the houses on both sides. His hat is floppetty and his front hair hangs over his eyes, like yours does over your eyes, Tatters.

"I told you he was a big giant. Well, what do you think he had to do when he wanted to go to bed at night? He had to go half the way down the mountain and curl himself around it, and if he had been a yard longer his toes would have touched the top of his head.

"He didn't like the noise the Stanley Park crows keep on making wherever they go, so he invited them all to a tea-party at his house and told them to learn to be quiet, but when they got home they forgot every word he said and made sa much noise as before.

"When he heard them at it again, he went and filled his pockets with rowan berries, tons and tons of red rowan berries. A small giant couldn't have done it, but Bobo was an awfully big giant so of course he had big pockets.

"He sent an invitation to the crows and asked them to meet him at the back of Bowen Island to have a feast, and he said if he couldn't stay all the time himself, he'd leave them all the berries anyway.

"Well they came, and there were so many berries that it took them three whole days to eat them up and when they weren't looking Bobo slipped away back to his mountain and curled himself around it and went fast asleep and slept until the crows came back and woke him up with their noise once more.

"He got so tired of them at last that he went away to a country near the North Pole where there are no crows; but when he got there his white hair and his white cloak were so like the snow that the polar bears couldn't see the difference and kept knocking up against his toes by accident and getting awful surprises. His shoes were white too of course.

"So when they had done that a lot of times, they got cross about it and began to bite him. So he thought the North Pole country wasn't really half so nice as he thought it was at first; and he came back to Grouse Mountain again, and he stuffed moss into his ears when the noise of the crows was too tiresome.

"He had to mend the holes in his shoes and he got old flour sacks to do it with and plaster of paris like what Father put into the hole in the kitchen wall; and that's the end of the story about Bobo the Giant of Grouse Mountain."

Tatters was fast asleep by this time, so Tosh did not tell him any more stories until the afternoon.

CHAPTER VII

The Fireweed Fairies.

Tosh had heard the story of the Fireweed Fairies so often that he was able to repeat it almost word for word to Tatters.

"Once upon a time the fairies heard a terrible noise. They had all been asleep and it woke them up, and soon they smelled smoke. Their home was in a forest near a lake, so they flew to the lake, and their friends the water-beetles carried them away from the bank and out into the deep water, and there they stayed for a very long time. It seemed like years to the fairies, but really it was only half a day.

"At last the terrible noise grew less and less, and the flashing flames grew smaller and smaller, and the smoke stopped making their eyes smart; and then the patient water-beetles swam nearer the shore, and set the fairies on

a stone that was in the shallow water there, and went back home to see if they could find something for them to eat.

"After a while the water-beetles came back with some baked potatoes. Not large potatoes of course, but small ones, small enough for fairies to hold in their hands.

"When the potatoes were eaten up, the beetles brought coffee and nuts.

The fairies stayed where they were until the next day, for they did not want to scorch their pretty gauze wings by going near the hot embers in the forest, and as the night was very warm they did not mind having no blankets.

"When they woke the next morning and saw the forest all black and dismal they cried bitterly.

"At last the queen fairy dried her eyes and said:—"Come and see if we can find the feathery seeds that we hid last September."

"So when they had said good-bye to the water-beetles and thanked them for their kindness, they flew to the hiding place. It was a big rock and they were delighted to find the feathery seeds safe and sound in the hole underneath.

"Now," said the queen fairy, "which shall we do? Shall we use them to stuff new pillows for ourselves, or shall we give them to the wind and ask him to be so kind as to scatter them over the bare burned places?"

"There was silence for half a minute, so the King Fairy said:—

"Let us put it to vote, my dear!"

"All the paper and pencils had been burned in the fire, so the fairies voted with their wings.

"Let the fairies who want new pillows fold their wings," said the king.

"But not a fairy stirred to do it.

"Well," said the king, "to make sure there is no mistake about your wishes, now let all the fairies who want the wind to scatter the seeds fold their wings!"

"Then every fairy of them all stood with folded wings.

"Hurrah!" said the king, and he called the wind and gave him the seeds at once.

When the wind had gone, the king turned to the queen and said:—

"My dear, the events of the last twenty-four hours have confused me a little, and I forget the name of the seeds, can you tell me what it is?"

"Surely I can," said the queen in her pleasant way, "the seeds are from the fireweed plant, and they grow quickly and soon this burnt wilderness will look green again with their long soft leaves, and when the plants bloom there will be a mass of beautiful colour, something like the colour of the heather on a mountainside in Scotland."

"Then these fairies agreed to call themselves the Fireweed Fairies and they have kept the name ever since."

CHAPTER VIII

Almost Cured.

"There, Tosh," said his father, coming into the room on the third evening, when the "frightfully bad cold" was nearly cured, and handing the boy a photograph, "that is the picture I promised to show you of the Old House of Traquair.

"When I was about your age I often visited in Innerleithen and my uncle used to take me to Traquair which was not far off."

"You always call it the old house, Father. Why do you do that? How old was it?"

Tosh had heard people in Canada speak of frame houses as old when they had been standing for fifteen or twenty years, so he said "Gee!" in great surprise when his father told him the Old House of Traquair must be many hundreds of years old.

(Author's note. I have since read in the Border Magazine for Feb. 1915 that it was built in the 10th century.) But then of course it wasn't a frame house.

Tosh, as you know, was fond of fairy stories, and one of his favorite verses was about the Brownies of Traquair. Here it is:

The Brownies of Traquair

Yes, fairies live in the vale of Tweed;
There are plenty of fairies there;
But the cleverest fairies of them all
Are the Brownies of Traquair.

I've seen the dew-drop glass they use
Making spectacles for the moles;
And I've heard them mimic the bark of a dog
Above the water-rats' holes.

And fairies live on the heathery hills,
And splash in the burns and pools,
And they watch where the red-grouse hides her eggs
And they know when the porridge cools.

I've heard them singing on Windlestraw Law,
And on Minchmoor around the well;
But what it is that fairies sing
Is a secret no one must tell.

For if you do, they will fly away,
Whenever you come too near;
And the fairy-song that you tell about
Is the last of theirs you'll hear.

I've tramped along the green drove-road
That wins to the Saxon South,
And in dreams I've followed the banks of Tweed
Away to the river's mouth.

Oh, fairies live in the vale of Tweed,
There are plenty of fairies there,
But the cleverest fairies of them all
Are the brownies of Traquair.

Well, it would have taken very clever brownies indeed to have opened the great iron gates of Traquair House; for as Mr. Ballantyne told Tosh, they had been closed at the time of the Rebellion in 1745 and they had not been opened since, and more that a foot of earth had banked up against them and nobody knew whether they ever would be used again.

There were great stone gate posts on each side, and each post had a bear standing on it holding a shield, and grinning, as Tosh called it, so much that you could see the rows of sharp teeth, so sharp that you wished you had the shield that the bear was holding, so that you could protect yourself in case she jumped down at you.

But that was all nonsense because he was a stone bear and could do nothing but stay where he was put.

Each shield had two words on it, the motto of the Traquair family.

Although the photograph was a large one Tosh had to ask his father to help him to find out what the words were.

Mr. Ballantyne said the motto was "Judge Nought" and that it meant to warn people to be careful not to make hasty judgments, for if they did they might make bad mistakes. "For instance," he said, "if I were to find you standing on a chair in the pantry after your mother had put the cookies on the shelf, I might judge hastily that you had gone to take some, when perhaps all the time you might have been sent to fetch something else, but if I did not judge

until I had given you a chance to explain I should probably avoid making a mistake."

"Yes," he added thoughtfully, more to himself than to Tosh. "Judge Nought" is a right good motto."

Well, just then Mrs. Ballanytine brought Tosh his supper, and by and by tucked him up and put the light out, and he went to sleep and dreamed that the brownies had filed off the sharp points of the bear's teeth and were feeding them with bread and milk.

And the next day Tosh was allowed to get up, and as it was Saturday and there was no school, Jennie and Malcolm and Bruce were at home.

Malcolm pretended to think that Tatters had grown enormously fat in the three days, so he and Bruce took him for a good walk, and Jennie played dominoes and other games with Tosh; and that is all there is to tell you about that "frightfully bad cold."

Building Up the West via the Tourist Route

Millions of dollars are spent to procure more business and more trade for British Columbia. In a recent statement made by Mr. Jno. Hooper, President of the Canadian Tourists' Society, consisting of all Canadians who make their winter home in Southern California, he states that over \$400,000,000 was expended in Southern California during the past year by tourists. This vast amount, many millions of which came from wealthy Canadians, tourists to the Southland, includes the amounts spent in travel, in amusements, in accommodations, and in business ventures.

Mr. Hooper states that the amounts invested by the tourists in oil, real estate, stock or bond companies, is prodigious. Why is this? It is because the people in that land have faith in their country and apparently make the tourist see their viewpoint. Much of the money spent in California by tourists would be spent in other places, if the tourist can be made to see the opportunities and openings that B. C. has to offer.

"The holding of the annual Re-Union of the tourists at Stanley Park, Vancouver, on Wednesday, July 25th, is an opportunity for B. C. and especially the business man to seize advantage of," says Mr. Hooper. "We come here to be shown, and if you have opportunities that we can invest some of our money in, we will gladly do so. But, we want to be met in a friendly spirit, we want to be accorded a real welcome—not the welcome that is only looking for our money. The tourist traffic is far and away the best 'crop' for B. C., just as it is the best crop for California. The tourists see and appreciate the magnificent scenery in B. C. We see and know you have the best summer climate on this continent and your winters compare favorably with those of others not so well situated. All of our tourists are retired people, or wealthy people, who are enjoying the fruits of their labors. We invest where we believe we will be treated right. Many of us are people who are satisfied with 'reasonable' returns from investments, and not looking for schemes to get rich quick. Personally, I have invested in Victoria, New Westminster and Vancouver bonds, since my stay here, through your local dealers. We now stay here months, instead of a few days as formerly. We spend thousands of dollars in merchandize. We find your stores reasonable in price and our purchases are large. Why not propagate the tourist trade, by not only getting the tourists here, but to KEEP THEM HERE for as long a period as possible?"

A cordial invitation has been extended to all B. C. people to come and meet the tourists on Wednesday, July 25th at Stanley Park. These tourists will be here from all parts of the World.

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Tins— $\frac{1}{2}$ Pints, 50c; Pints, 85c; Quarts, \$1.50;
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Galls., \$2.25; Galls., \$4.00

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THE 1924 BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

The British Empire Exhibition, which will be held in Wembley Park, London, England, from April to October inclusive, 1924, will provide the greatest opportunity in history for the display of Canadian products, particularly manufactured goods.

The British Empire occupies one-quarter of the earth's surface and includes portions of every continent. The countries of the British Empire contain one-quarter of the entire population of the world. A great part of the world's shipping and foreign trade is under British control.

London is still the financial and commercial centre of the world. All roads by land and sea lead to London.

Practically every country of the British Empire will display its products at this Exhibition. Millions of people from the British Isles, from other British countries and from Europe will attend it.

The Canadian Government has voted one million dollars to help finance Canada's section of the Exhibition. Space, made available for manufacturers at merely nominal cost, is necessarily limited and applications will be accepted in the order in which they are received.

Object of the Exhibition.

The object of the Exhibition is officially described by its organizers as follows:

"It will be in effect an Imperial stocktaking and a vast window display. Those who doubt the Empire's potentialities, and those who simply do not consider them will be confronted with a clear sight of what this great community of free nations can produce. More important still, the possibilities which our Imperial resources hold will for the first time be made plain. So much of our trade is placed abroad, not because the Empire cannot in a large measure fulfil her own requirements, but because Britons do not know that they can buy from Britons, and it has not occurred to them to find it out. Now British markets will be brought to them. Raw materials will be shown to those who can make use of them; manufactured goods of every kind to those who have not the facilities to manufacture."

"Provided that their price and quality are satisfactory it is a patriotic duty to buy Imperial products, for thereby the profit of both buyer and seller remains within the Empire, and upon our Imperial wealth depends the strength and prosperity of each individual State. The British Empire Exhibition will show that the raw materials and the manufacturers of the Empire need fear no foreign competition either in their value or their price. We possess every kind of climate, every kind of mineral wealth, every potentiality that is known in the world. We have the best race of men to use and develop them. Increased production and scientific distribution in our own lands are essential if we are to recover our former strength and remove the burden of debt that lies upon us."

Exhibition First Proposed by Lord Strathcona.

The Exhibition was first proposed in 1913 by the late Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada, but was postponed on account of the war. Soon after the Armistice it was revived by the British Empire League, and in June, 1919, a Provisional Committee was appointed to draw up a definite plan. By August they had secured the approval of the Board of Trade of the United Kingdom, and His Majesty graciously consented to become Patron, and His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, accepted the position of President of the General Committee. An Executive Council representing the British Empire was appointed, and on June 7th, 1920, the project was formally launched. On December 23rd, 1920, a Special Act of Parliament was passed authorizing the Brit-

ish Government to contribute to the Guarantee Fund, and the Dominions were officially invited by the Colonial office to take part in the Exhibition. The organization of the Exhibition has been proceeding since that time. The majority of British countries, including Canada, have accepted the invitation to participate.

Finances.

The British Empire Exhibition is not being conducted for private profit. Its constitution is that of a company limited by guarantee, and its profits, which will be shared by the Dominions and Colonies participating, can only be devoted to public objects. The money for the preliminary work of organization, and for the construction of the exhibition has been advanced by the banks upon the security of the Guarantee Fund. The use of the land is given free to the Dominions, and the various countries of the Empire, such as Canada, for example, will erect their own buildings and control their own sections of the exhibition, subject to the general rules governing it.

Official Announcement of the Canadian Government.

The following statement appears in the Commercial Intelligence Journal issued by the Department of Trade and Commerce, April 21st, 1923:

"All the plans for Canada's participation in the British Empire Exhibition to be held in London, England, from April to October 31st next year, are practically completed. The Dominion Government will erect its own building—an imposing structure in Neo-Grec architecture—on a commanding site in Wembley Park, where the exhibition is to be held. Work on the erection of the building is to commence this

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BRITISH COLUMBIA?

summer, and every last detail linked with this great enterprise will be completed when the exhibition is opened to the public in April, 1924."

"The building will be 415 feet long and 300 feet wide, with a floor space of 124,500 square feet, and in it, through the medium of attractive displays and exhibits, visitors will have an opportunity to learn in an interesting and impressive way something of the extensive natural resources of Canada, the products of the soil, and the wide range of manufactured articles made within the Dominion. The resources and products of each of the nine Provinces and the two Territories will be displayed. The Canadian exhibit is to be financed, controlled, and directed by the Federal Government. The estimated cost is \$1,000,000.

"On the same site as the Canadian Government building will be two additional separate buildings built by the Canadian National Railways and the Canadian Pacific Railway, each with a floor space of approximately 10,000 feet. In these buildings Canada's two great transportation organizations will show the attractions and resources of the country served by their respective railway lines. Plans for all three buildings have been approved by both the Dominion Government and the official architects for the exhibition. When completed these structures will be so prominently located as to be readily seen from any part of the spacious grounds set apart for the exhibition."

Attendance.

Owing to the location of the Exhibition, to the ample period given for preparation, and to the advertising it has received, it is expected that the attendance will surpass all previous records, not only from the British Empire, but also from foreign countries. It is estimated that millions of people will attend including not only great number of British citizens and merchants, but also a representative number of visitors and merchants from many other countries.

Management.

The management of the Canadian section of the Exhibition will be entirely in the hands of the Canadian Government operating through the Canadian Government Exhibition Commission, which has already made preliminary arrangements.

Awards.

As an incentive to excellence in the character of the exhibits, these will be judged and awards made in each class in order of merit. Five grades have been fixed, viz.: Grand Prix, Gold Medal, Silver Medal, Bronze Medal, and Honourable Mention. The Exhibits will be judged in the first instance by Class Juries, on which the various States participating will be represented in proportion to the extent and importance of their exhibits in each class. The recommendations of the Class Juries will be referred to Group Juries, constituted on similar lines for confirmation or modification, and, finally, to a Superior Jury as a Supreme Court of Appeal.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association has taken a deep interest in this Exhibition and believes that it will provide a wonderful opportunity for the display of Canadian products in friendly competition with the products of other countries of the Empire, and that, therefore, no effort should be spared to insure that Canada's part will be creditably performed. It would be difficult to conceive of any single event that could have such great publicity value by reason of the attendance of an observant and intelligent population, or that could have so vitalizing an effect on Imperial trade as this great Exhibition, presenting as it will in graphic and striking form the produce and manufactured commodities of the Empire and reaching as it will not only domestic buyers in England and visiting merchants from other countries, but also the principles and buyers of the great export shipping houses of London which have been probably the greatest single factor

in the development of Imperial export trade. The future of Canada's export trade will be greatly influenced by the variety and quality of Canadian exhibits.

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BUSINESS MEN of the EAST
and Elsewhere, now awake
to the Value of the
CANADIAN WEST:- Greeting!

Established 1911, this publication is the COMMUNITY SERVICE MAGAZINE of Western Canada, and wishes only the advertising messages of reliable leaders in every line of wholesale and retail business.

Because we are BUILDING FOR LASTING SERVICE, not for one day a month, but for every month in the year, our representative may not yet have called upon you, and a "marked copy" may be all the communication you have received—or can receive—whether or not your office is far distant, or at the Dominion's Perennial Port.

If you have a message for the homes and business men of the Canadian West, we invite you to communicate with us.

In B. C. and the Canadian West
Be a Leader in Your Line

The British Columbia Monthly

1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

An Outlined Adaptation of the Boy Scout Test Methods of Examination to all Curricula of all Schools Everywhere

(By permission of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B.)

Every teacher knows there are boys and girls who willingly and readily will submit themselves to School Methods and Discipline—and there are those who will not. There are Students who are keen and anxious to get all they can from their teachers—and there are those who will not. In other words, there are obedient and responsive "students" whom it is a joy and pleasure to teach and help onwards; and there are disobedient and unresponsive "pupils" whom it is neither a joy nor pleasure to drive or compel onwards.

My view of present education requirements is that there should be a dual recognition in the "Education Code" of these two sets of children—who need not however be taught separately in the schools.

Set A. The responsive and obedient "Students" should be encouraged to offer themselves for Individual Test Examinations and so progressively establish their Leaving Record and Certificates.

Set B. The unresponsive and disobedient "Pupils" should be given no such opportunities—until it was seen that they were taking the General Class Examinations through probationary periods with more care.

N.B.—These probationary periods would be longer or shorter, as responsiveness arrived.

Thus briefly the Compulsory-Broad-casting-General-Class-Examinations now prevalent at the end of term—which adequately test the term's work—would be brought into competition with Baden-Powell's more excellent way of Voluntary-Progressive-Individual-Test-Examinations continued frequently throughout the school life of the "Student."

And this rivalry of competitive methods should always continue in the schools that the excellencies and deficiencies in both be noted, compared, contrasted and amended.

So enthusiasms would live and education be made more efficient.

The cumulative results of these successive test examinations in each and every subject made by "Students" voluntarily offering themselves at set times for set portions of each and every subject, could readily be recorded in every school by detailed organization and registration.

Neither need these tests interfere in any way with the ordinary curriculum of lessons in the schools—but they could be noted as "credits" or unit steps, or excellencies towards an excellent leaving record.

Times for registration would not always be within the set times for set tests, but Teachers adopting these tests would save much and many disagreeable time and times.

These Individual Records would be available at any time not only for placing and promoting "Students" during their school life—but would be especially valuable on leaving—indicating in no uncertain way—what each "Student" had loved to do—what he or she has accomplished—and what he or she is severally and probably most fitted for in the future.

Many evils of compulsory examinations would disappear and enthusiasms would take their place.

A more joyous school life for thousands of children would ensue and teaching methods would be improved.

Better choice of better workers in the world's many enterprises would result for all who serve by learning, labour and industry.

But all this is not yet ready for adoption by the Councils of the State-aided Schools under Government Code Regulations. In 1931 however the British Council of Educa-

tion will celebrate the Centenary of their first grant to public Elementary Education—and changes may then be made.

During the ensuing eight year probationary period, 1923-1931, it is my hope that the Grammar Schools with their free curricula will be the first to help in systematising the tests, in proving them workable, and valuable to their students as joyous incentives to steady perseverance, and as the measure of their progress in their studies. There are Private Grammar Schools, such as my own, with a free preparatory curriculum. And Public Grammar Schools; with a Governing Body, and free choice from an university curriculum. Both gladly adopt all enthusiasms, which make students more responsive, and teaching methods more efficient.

Some such tests as here are outlined and suggested, are soon to be systematized. They will bring the joyous enthusiasms of the Outdoor Schools of B. P. into the Indoor Grammar Schools of B. C. first of all—but later into all schools of Canada and of the British Empire.

Grammar schools interested please line up!

—(Jas. Lockington.)

VANCOUVER GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND ITS PRINCIPAL

The article in this issue by Mr. Lockington suggested to us that a note would be in place concerning this citizen of Vancouver and his real community service—affecting Boy life and work.

On inquiry we find that the school was opened in 1912 by Mr. and Mrs. Lockington at the request of the parents of their first Vancouver pupils. Other pupils have been received through recommendation.

Letter testimonials from parents of former pupils, and from the heads of British Public Schools, show that Mr. and Mrs. Lockington were recognized as highly qualified and practical teachers of wide experience.

Their experience was in favor of a small school where individuality might be developed. They believed in placing the boy in happy surroundings; awaking in him enthusiasms in work and play; teaching him how to learn, and how to play the game of life honorably.

That personal influence and the efficiency of the teaching might be maintained the number of boys received at this school has been strictly limited. The instruction given is on the lines of the Old Country Grammar Schools, whose traditional aims have ever been the formation of character and of sound scholarship, together with refinement of manners, and the "Code d' honneur" of a gentleman.

Past and present students from well known Vancouver families reveal such surnames as: Abbott, Burns, Bushnell, Benson, Bright, Bain, Clayton, Cornish, Dayton, De Pencier, Carr, Clogstoun, Elliot, Forsyth, Gilman, Griffith, Griffin, Hobson, Helliwell, Hayward, Johnston, Jayne, Kelly, Kenworthy, London, Livingstone, Lockington, Marpole, Merritt, McNeill, MacDonald, McMullen, McKirdy, Palmer, Procter, Pearson, Ray, Ridley, Rorie, Roberts, Rogers, Storrs, Shallcrass, Tait, Vaughan, Walkem, Winch, Woodworth, Wilkinson, Whitaker.

The success of the school is indicated by the fact that former students have taken worthy places in (1) University of British Columbia, McGill, Montreal and Cambridge, Eng. (2) Canadian, British or Indian Army. (3) Vancouver High School, English Public Schools; and (4) in Business.

Publishing Office:
1100 Bute St., Vancouver, B. C.
Telephone:
Seymour 6048

Established 1911
THE BRITISH COLUMBIA
MONTHLY
The Magazine of The Canadian West
Devoted to COMMUNITY SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

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Managing Editor and Publisher.
With an Advisory Editorial
Committee of Literary
Men and Women

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SPECTATOR OF BRITAIN'S FARTHEST WEST
For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.
"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

VOLUME XXI

JULY, 1923

No. 2

A HELPING HAND TO THE FRUIT INDUSTRY

During the past six months the Buy B. C. Products Campaign has been carrying out extensive educational work urging upon the public the vital necessity of patronizing B. C. fruits and vegetables.

It is realized that unless the agricultural producers are prosperous, conditions in the city and more populated centres will not improve.

Over one hundred meetings have been addressed in Vancouver and New Westminster, also on Vancouver Island, urging the public to patronize B. C. fruits for eating, canning and preserving purposes.

Ten thousand lists giving the dates when these products will be on the market have been distributed to ten thousand housewives. The same list has been inserted in a Cook Book which has been distributed to a further five thousand housewives.

A wholesale firm in Vancouver distributed thousands of a similar list with their correspondence and invoices; also a letter urging their customers to help the agricultural workers by buying their products.

Application was made to the Department of Agriculture, Victoria, urging them to give publicity to this matter; whilst

extensive advertising has been carried out in the city press.

In co-operation with the B. C. Women's Institutes, a display will be arranged for at the Vancouver Exhibition, and demonstrations will be given as to how B. C. fruits and vegetables should be preserved.

Taking everything into consideration, the public has been very receptive to the request being made, and many individuals and associations have pledged themselves to do their part in assisting the agricultural industry by giving first preference to their products. It is therefore incumbent upon the producers themselves to send their products to the market, packed in a uniform and attractive manner, so that the public can point to them with pride as being superior to the imported varieties. More than one industry is suffering to-day from neglect of the home market; their policy in the past having been to ship their best products to outside points, leaving the second grade and less attractive products for the home market.

The appeal is to create a pride in British Columbia and her products, and this can only be accomplished by producers supplying at all times the best that B. C. can produce.
W. B. F.—

Side-tracking the Power!



TWO VERY GOOD REASONS WHY LEGITIMATE BUSINESS IN B. C. IS SUFFERING

A Book for the Holidays: A Scamper 'Cross Canada

One need not be a motorist, a literary critic, or in any sense a book-worm, in order to read with an amused interest and an enjoyable relief Mr. Percy Gomery's "Human Interest Narrative of a Pathfinding Journey from Montreal to Vancouver."

That sub-title of the book which, (as noted in a brief review appearing here following publication, is entitled "A Motor Scamper 'Cross Canada"), fairly indicates its nature, but does not do justice to its writer's record of his, and "the Skipper's," varied experiences.

With such experiences indeed, any man or woman could hardly avoid writing a record of the trip. And while there are many evidences in the volume of hasty writing and unrevised expressions in grammar and otherwise, the narrative as a whole runs so racily, and Mr. Gomery reveals such a recurring and effervescent humor, and that even (whatever he felt or said at the time) in dealing with conditions certainly mettle-testing, that one is constrained to ejaculate again and again "Good for you!", "Well done!" etc.

As one reads the book (as this note-maker did only recently) with genuine pleasure, numerous passages and paragraphs stand out as well worthy of reproduction. Not because Mr. Gomery is, as we infer, a Western Canadian—in one chapter he mentions "the great range country, romantic atmosphere of my school days"—but because of the historic journey recorded, its end at the Pacific Coast, and the fact that we think it is a book that should be in the home of every Canadian citizen with a bookshelf to put it on, or friend to pass it to, we shall without further comment, give space to a selection from the many portions that merit quotation.

The Philosopher Speaks

"When you take your little compass in hand, by the shore of Sister Atlantic, and undertake to grub a path for yourself to Father Pacific by the agency of your own feelers, dodging en route the world's greatest chain of inland seas, you are likely to find yourself "passing on" from discomforts and disappointments, from cold, wet and thirst, from bumps and bites and exasperations plus. You will also, however, be "passing on" from joy unto joy of independence, from the luxury of choosing your own playgrounds, from the discovery that noble men and women dwell in low as well as high places, from the realization that life is not "society", from a living, actual knowledge of your own country, from the inspiration of adventure and from the thrill of achievement.

"We are told that "the Play's the thing," but I am sorry for the man who thinks it is. Life's the thing, and to buy life by the yard is no more satisfactory than buying travel by the mile. Let him who will travel "de luxe"; I will continue to travel "de bumps"!

Courtesy in United States Commended

"One of the most interesting studies of our tour was the study of public spirit, personal, municipal and national. Scores of advance letters were written by the Vancouver Automobile Club and public officials, so that every town of importance had the chance to show its interest in the inauguration of "The King's International Highway." I am sorry to have to say that, as I found it, public spirit to the north of the international boundary was no match for the systematized courtesy in the United States. There was, however, a notable exception. Laying myself open to the charge of barefaced advertising, which, nevertheless, is entirely unsolicited, I found a dependable and marked public spirit everywhere that there was an agent of the Imperial Oil Company. I hasten to add that this Company flatly refused my request for a reduction in the price of gasoline! Although I do not intend again to write the name in so many letters, it will

be impossible to avoid referring to the innumerable courtesies of its representatives who study our comforts and furthered our object at every turn.

Plain Speaking

Sudbury is a city fairly radiating prosperity. Its pavements, street cars and commercial fame bespeak wealth, present, past and to come. The name of its chief hotel, "The Nickel Range" suggests it. We found there very high rates and service almost unbelievably poor. Perhaps that is why it suggests wealth—and independence.

Quite early I was awakened by the telephone bell. An officer of the Board of Trade and the president of the automobile club were waiting to see me. This early bird solicitation smacked of a disposition to swallow the worm and have done with it. The courteous gentlemen, with almost oriental politeness, assured us that they, their possessions and the city, were at our command if we would remain a day or two. They deplored North Bay's laxity in robbing them of the honor of going out to meet us last night. The "meet" suggestion sounded as though it might be genuine, but as for the rest, "I am not so sure; he bowed too low," as the Cardinal says in "Richelieu."

Just then the Skipper asided to me, "This is Dominion Day. These men are sure to have made arrangements for it."—(See the book for the ending).

Like an Oasis in the Desert

Any reader who has travelled over new "trails" anywhere in Canada, or who, in other days and ways, say with bicycle or pony, has ventured on a journey for business or pleasure in an unfrequented country region, and known what it is to be wearied and tired in such circumstances, while uncertain where one may find a resting-place for the night, will specially appreciate the experience thus recorded by Mr. Gomery:—

"About four o'clock, at the end of seventy agonizing miles, we reached a wretched-looking village called Rexton. There was no hotel other than an impossible lumberman's boarding house, but, at the end of the line, in an orchard, and half hidden by cool, shimmering vines, there was a home so artistically built, so spacious and alluring that it did not seem to belong at all.

"That's where you are going to stay and rest until tomorrow," I whispered to the Skipper. She scarcely had the energy to open her eyes, but she said, "Oh, if I only could, I am so tired."

"My 'story' went down with Mr. and Mrs. Miller at once, and in ten minutes the invalid was in bed surrounded by affectionate friends and luxuries so unexpected that it all seemed like Aladdin's palace in the desert. The whole round world seemed to change hue, and the man in the moon turned his mouth up instead of down. Alternately I wrote letters and chatted with the Millers, helped get the supper and wash the dishes. What is it that makes the newcomer feel so much more at home and less of a bother in a huge house? . . . The Skipper slept for sixteen hours and then was smiling and ready for the road once more. . . .

Many Others of the Same

"The happiest habit we formed was that of forcing our presence for the night on unsuspecting peaceful families. At first the private home was a matter of necessity, but quickly it became purely a contrived accident, while the hotel was a sheer obligation and last resort. A solution for it all is camping, but, although the necessity for such an equipment was not overlooked by the Skipper and me, we rarely used it. The truth is that, on a strenuous trip, one does not do anything himself that he can pay anybody else to do.

"At places where public officials were to be interviewed the hotel was our Hobson's choice, but many a time would we gladly have ensconced ourselves in the kitchen garden of a country cottage when prudence and pre-arrangement compelled an advance into the city. If left to our own choice, however, we went into the business of reading character from the tilt of a roof, the cut of a hedge, or a sitting-room curtain, and thus selected our temporary home. A home it invariably proved to be, although embarrassments almost identical had to be faced on each occasion.

"First the self-introduction of ourselves and our subject. When I failed, the Skipper won. Then the proving that we wished to be one of the circle and make no trouble. Lastly the rate of payment. Invariably it was stipulated at the outset that we would pay and almost invariably it transpired that, by morning, we were all such good friends that the mention of money was poo-hooed. This was in turn overcome only by the firm stand that, should we permit ourselves to be freed, we could never have the face to introduce ourselves to another kind family next evening. Nothing but satisfaction and delightful recollections came of these visits, although our hosts were of diverse classes and characters.

"Many an evening spent around the organ or on the front steps has revealed to us the history of a whole county, which otherwise would have been lost ground. Some families wanted to know all about us, but most of them, thank heaven, wanted to tell us about themselves."

Distances Worth Noting—By Canadians and Others

"The King's International Highway" divides itself naturally into four divisions: "The East," 600 miles; the Lakes, 900 miles; the Prairie, 1000 miles, and the Mountains, 800 miles. At Thief River Falls the speedometer read 1,488. Thoughtfully of the belief that the diversified scenery was all behind us, we were in a state of keen, childish excitement to be abroad on the glorious expanse of that gigantic carpet called "The Prairie."

Prairie Perspective—Within and Without

"Like others who have crossed and re-crossed that great plateau in pullman cars, we had perceived it not. But, unlike many others, we knew that we knew it not. Since leaving Montreal we had unriddled the spirit of silent forests, the spirit of a beautiful river, the spirit of the Great Lakes. With this preparation we were impelled to grasp and grapple with the real spirit of this new region we were embarking upon, this broad smooth back of a continent, whereon men station themselves at unfeeling distances from their fellows and, in loneliness and moiling, endure the parching heat of summer and the relentless, stinging cold of winter.

"How often, toying with a silver spoon on the spotless napery of a luxurious diner, had we looked out commiseratingly on the squat weather-greyed villages, over the waste of brown, dry hills or momentarily at a child playing by a dolesome, windswept homestead—and shuddered. 'Ugh! What an existence; to think of wearing your life out that way!' A man driving jaded horses harnessed to a slowly jolting waggon on a bad road that stretched to barren eternity, with not even a shack on the horizon. Whither went he, and wherefore? The women? That far-off tiny light, twinkling in an ocean of gathering night—there she is, from four in the morning till dark, at her waiting, and her tasks, tasks, tasks. This limitless space in which to move, but still barred in a twelve-foot cabin, like a penned-in animal. It's all the same, all awful—except that the winter is worse."

"It was thus that we had been content to judge the prairie. And yet what would we have said of the man who published his description of a country from having navigated its shore line? We were destined to see the prairie in many lights and many moods, but our first hours were naturally richest in impressions....

More Light on Prairie Conditions

"After a while we came to a house—a real home—laughing children, garden, trees, barns, whitewashed fences. The farmer, standing there a minute and casting over those broad fields the eye of the master: what a realization must have been his, what a sense of kingship, what a place in the sun!

"Who lives in that house yonder?" I asked, pointing to the style of shack I had always associated with the prairie.

"Aw! I just keep some implements there. My father run it up for a temporary shelter when we first settled here. He has a fine home in Thief River now. I got a son running a bank there, too.

This, then, was what it meant to "live and die in those miserable shanties," as we had so commiseratingly decided in our farseeing wisdom and introspection.

"Has your father any other children?" I asked, in my impudent search for truth.

"Yes, I got a brother in the legislature; and my youngest brother—he owns the River Grand Lumber Company, but his wife's fond of travelling, and he spends most of the time away." While I was thinking, thinking hard, he added. "But I took the farm: suits me all right."

"I should say it would suit anybody, I echoed as we drove along. "What a lot there is for these people to get out of life."

"It seems to me, replied the Skipper, reflectively, that it is we, rushing by in railway trains, who are doing the standing still, while the farmer and his family are making off with the bacon."

"Yes, and 'the bacon' means a pretty good deal," I sympathized with myself.

(Turn to Page 12)

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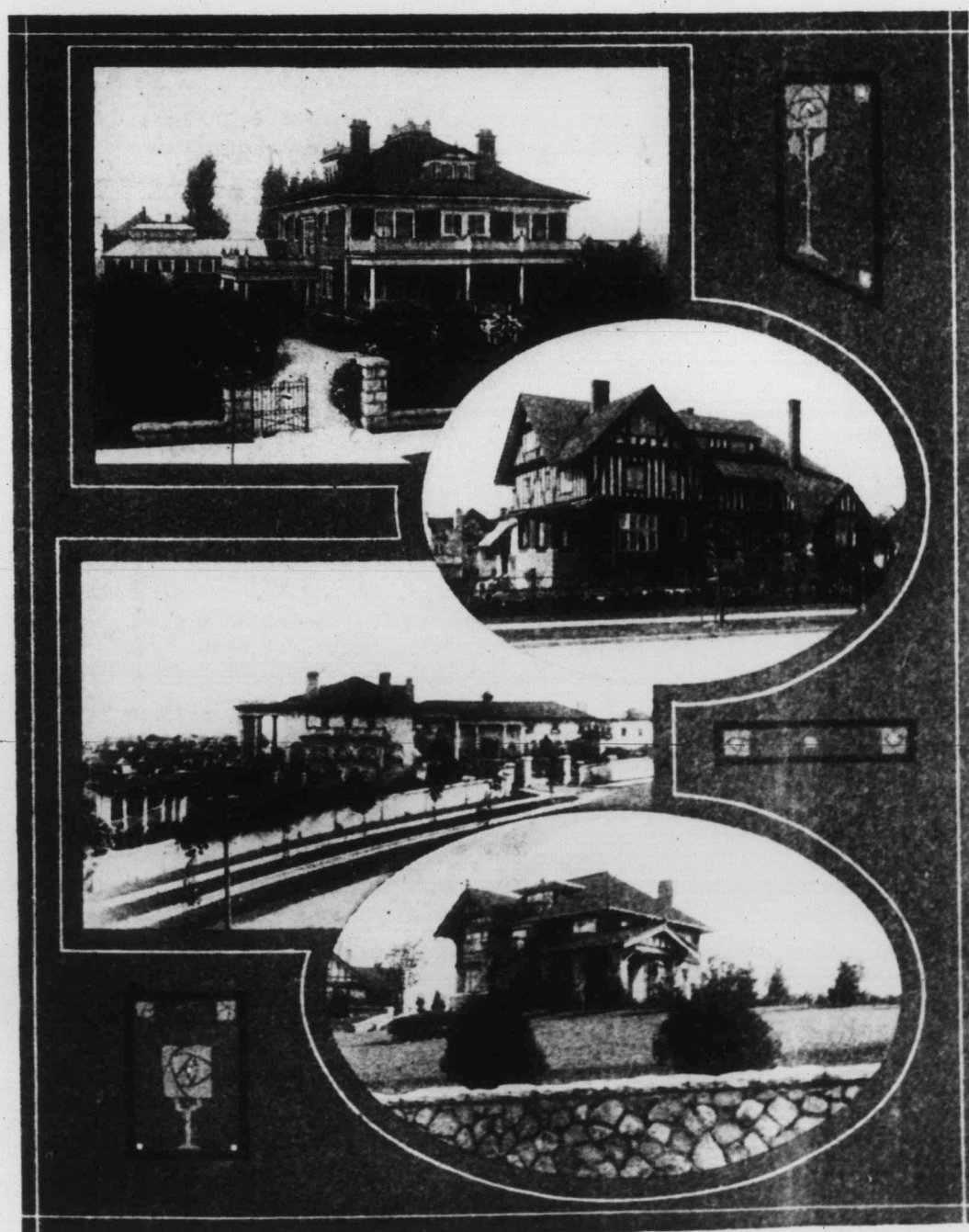
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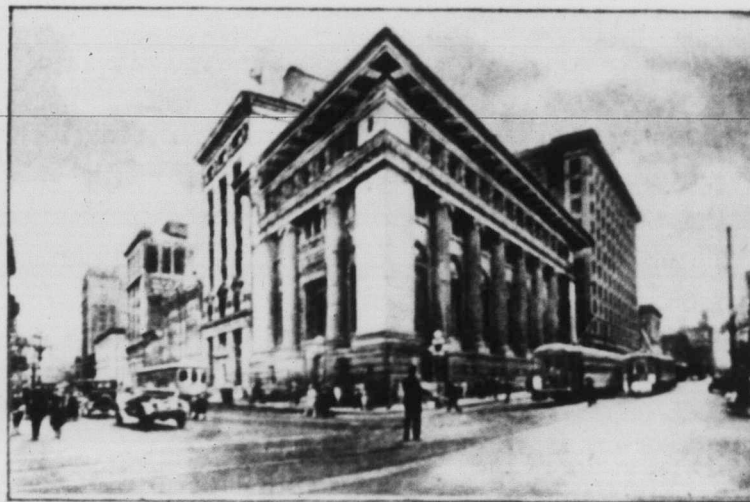
PRO PATRIA PAGE

"Be British" Columbians!

JOIN THE B. C. M.
in
PUBLICITY SERVICE
for
THE CANADIAN WEST



SOME B. C. RESIDENCES



CORNER OF GRANVILLE AND HASTINGS
STREETS, VANCOUVER, SHOWING CAN-
ADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, ROGERS
BUILDING, ETC.

Part of a Family Circle

As the sun neared the horizon of our new-found world we opened the daily guessing-match as to our manner of spending the night. We had been on the Jefferson Highway all day, and this particular stretch of it ran for over forty miles without even the trace of a village. The scattered settlers seemed to be all Norwegians, and we approached the home of Mr. Hjolle to negotiate for lodgings or get permission to camp.

"In a few minutes we had become part of one of those family circles which were perhaps the most delightful features of our entire tour. The household of the widowed father and his four strapping, smiling sons was presided over by the only daughter. To make life livable this family had a pretty home in a pretty setting of trees, water supply on tap, telephone, an organ, a gramophone, many books and pictures, two automobiles and all the wealth of a thoroughly modern farm with an enormous herd of sheep down by the brook. The eldest son and his sister I recall particularly as most charming people.

"They were workers all, but any one of them could have realized on his share of the heritage, amassed since leaving the fatherland, and become a man of consequence in town. As I watched the quiet poise of these men, perceived their entire confidence in the future and beheld about me the fine work of their hands, I thoughtfully thanked God for what I was learning."

"In the Grip of the Law."

The chapter under that quoted title is one of the most amusing in the book. Its main story is well told, and there is a fine case of comparison noted at the end. The story cannot very well be "sampled" and we refer our readers to the book to get it complete.

The One Unkindness to the Wayfarers

In narrating how they "left behind in Wolseley (Saskatchewan) the one unkind, inhuman act felt in five thousand miles of wanderings in two countries", Mr. Gomery asks: What is it that makes us more like children when we are far from home, so that we look more particularly at faces, expecting them all to be kind?

Outfitted by C. H. Jones, Vancouver

"A skilful tentmaker in Vancouver (C. H. Jones) had outfitted me, and our tent seemed everything-proof."

At the Great Divide—and Beyond

"You may have crossed the Great Divide in many places from California to Alaska, as I had, but the first time you are guided to it by your own hand will nevertheless be the great crossing. Inasmuch as every man demands to trace the origin of all things—in the secret belief that they cannot really be without his acquiescence—so, in approaching this formidable, ever-blacker, ever-rising wall obscuring the world beyond, it is but natural vanity which prompts the empire-building explorer in his throbbing benzine-bus picturesquely to ignore the fact that men before him have found the way and to enquire of his dauntless spirit: "How had I better tackle it?" I don't see any hole through, and I can't very well ride over the tops."

"As we ran on a level stretch, I heard the Skipper exclaim, Oh-h-h, look man! Do stop here a minute."

"Laying aside gloves, goggles and steering-wheel, I obeyed.

"From every conceivable angle we were hemmed in by stupendous heavenly mounds of rock and ice, rock and snow, rock and forest, and then more and more and more rock, piled cliff upon cliff. There was no north, south, east or west.—It was as impossible for us to tell from what direction we had come as to have guessed the way out. The where-am-I individual who waked up in Mars was sitting at the head of his own table compared to me.

"I wiped off the sweat of those poppy-eye roads while wondering how it had been possible to be drawn into this grim ambuscade of stupendous, amazing nature without noticing it. Then I looked straight up to where those axe-like pinnacles cleaved their way through the summer clouds, and murmured in unrehearsed reverence, 'Great God!'

"Before the tourist's car is actually in the mountains he always entertains the possibility of turning back, but here was no turning back any more than your canoe turns back after it is caught in the swirl of the rapids.

"A few minutes we sat there, resting and realizing. We were being treated to a worm's eye view of the glory of the Lord—and less than twenty-four hours back we were jolting over the seemingly boundless prairie with never a hillock or a stone in the world."

* * * *

The extensive space allowed for quotations from this entertaining holiday record is more than filled; but we must find room yet for one or two passages of special western or national interest:—

Re Roads in Vancouver's Vicinity

"In short the last five hundred and fifty miles of our run into the magnificent sunset city of Vancouver, was, with trifling exceptions, over perfect roads....

"If you have a mind to save the best till the last your taste in scenery must decide, because there is little to choose in the matter of roads. On most routes the good roads are at the ends and the bad ones in the middle, except possibly our own, where the very worst roads were comparatively close to Montreal. I found that there are more good roads in the west than in the east, sparseness of the population notwithstanding....

Refreshing

"We also met a woman from a near-by town whom the landlady told in some way that I was a writer—that is, that I was writing. She implored me to get irrigation for the whole State. A writer was to her as influential and mysterious a being as the Emperor of China. Whether he had written personals for THE HOP'S CROSSING WEEKLY or Shakespeare's poems she wist not nor wot not.

Home-Coming: "Where the Sun Sets"

Confronted with the solid wall of the Coast Range, the motorist knows that, willy-nilly, his journey is over, for beyond the valley of the turbulent silt-bearing Fraser the Indian cayuse and the pack-laden prospector alone tread the mountain trails and the sound of the motor horn is unknown in the land. A good road skirts the inner shore of Vancouver Island, but the construction of motor highways on the coast of the mainland, north of Greater Vancouver, is to all intents and purposes impossible.

"This is no doubt partly what gives to Vancouver the charm which so stirs the imagination of all who visit it, for no place on earth (except possibly Suez) seems so distinctly to divide the East from the West, the North from the South, and to mark the cleavage between Orient and Occident, savage and civilized, the primeval and the cultured, mountain and plain, land and sea....

"The Most Romantically-Placed City of North America"

"As we viewed Vancouver anew on that well-remembered twenty-eighth of July, from one of its stately hills, we easily allowed its claim to be the most romantically-placed city of North America. Its leafy peninsulas and lofty promontories, its park, like a great green pin-cushion on the mirror of the harbour, those long hillsides of residences, and deep broad valleys of homes, the great office buildings, the ships, and the bewildering array of overshadowing mountains—all appeared at that moment of sunshine and shadow, like ornaments laid on the sheet of smooth, blue glass—that was the face of the all-prevading Pacific....

(Turn to Page 16)

NEW FABLES BY SKOOKUM CHUCK

II. THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT.

(Copyright)

"But, our love!" exclaimed Charlie.

The girl's lips curled with impatience.

"What is love compared to a signed contract full of promises and possibilities?" she replied.

"Hang the contract!"

They had been to the show for the last time. For the last time they were lingering at the gate before parting for the night.

"And money?" the girl added.

"Flora!"

Flora laughed heartily, but with some effort.

"You silly!" she scolded him. "You think of nothing but love. Be a man. Forget it. What about my career?"

"Hang the career!"

There was a few moments silence during which Charlie regarded the girl plaintively, and almost with suspicion. Had he been a victim of sentimental imagination? Had Flora ceased to love him? Had she ever loved him? Had he pinned his faith to a superstition? Had he sown where he could not reap? Or, had Flora gone crazy? Had the illusory glare of the white lights unhinged her mind? Had the winning of the beauty contest and the "scholarship" to the movie stage belittled the meek but faithful Charley in her estimation? Was her success but the beginning of a dangerous adventure in which she was to be lost? Had a pride and self-conceit been bred in her mind which dared attempt a dissolution of a human tie which he had regarded as sacred?

Perhaps Charlie's male instinct had whispered the truth to him, for Flora was thinking along identical lines. She hung her head slightly as though conscious that a confession of guilt had been made. The new condition of things had opened her eyes to realize cold facts—she had enjoyed Charlie's society, but she had not loved him. She would leave him without a pang of regret. She pitied him; but, in the crowded chambers of her brain, there was no room for the accommodation of sentiment. With the realization of escape, the monotony which had attended her life became more and more apparent, more and more horrifying. The little out-of-date school room, the stupid scholars whom she had sought to lead into the light of knowledge for the consideration of a small salary, frightened her when she looked back upon them now. She fancied herself already well up the ladder of stardom. And why not? She had the face, the figure, the will; and now she had found the way. The path seemed clear. Even love would not detain her.

But she was not open enough to take Charlie into her confidence and seek honorable release. The female instinct flattered itself in the perplexities of a victim. She would leave him floundering in a maze of doubt and uncertainty.

While they stood there silent Charlie tried to penetrate the depths of her beautiful eyes where truth might be found. He questioned her with his, and sought to read replies from the speechless quivers of her lips and the silent motions of her brow.

But Flora would not, and did not commit herself as Charlie had done dozens of times. It would appear that it is the man's failing to speak and the women's diplomacy to remain silent.

"Remember you are doing this against my will," said the young man at last.

"But who are you?" she replied, teasingly.

"More than you may think."

And, as though to prove a claim, he encircled her waist

with his arm, drew her face to his and kissed lips that seemed for from resenting the familiarity.

The next moment Flora had escaped and was hurrying up the walk leading to the home in which she roomed and boarded.

"Flora!" cried Charlie, reaching out his arms.

She turned for a second with a hand on the handle of the door lock, smiled sweetly, and then disappeared closing the door gently behind her.

The kiss reassured Charlie, even although the girl did not respond, and the smile lit up for a moment the shaded chambers of his soul.

The following afternoon at the little station just before the departure of the train, notwithstanding the publicity, Charlie crushed Flora to his breast in the agony of parting.

"Oh!" she cried.

He released her and she hurried up the steps of the coach to escape the embarrassment of many searching eyes.

Flora wrote immediately upon her arrival at the training grounds. And even this first message was barren of those near-the-heart things which Charlie hoped for above all others. It was one hundred per cent. personal. Flora was becoming more and more wrapped up in Flora, first, last and always. The letter was practical to the core, and had not one sentimental breath that might serve to save Charlie from drowning. But it was a letter, and that was encouraging.

Charlie replied with that line of sentiment which does harm rather than good in such cases where the woman is wavering, as no doubt Flora was.

Flora's second epistle ignored Charlie's appeals to the heart, but gave more details of her own hopes, prospects and possibilities in the new field. "It has teaching backed off the map," she wrote. "Never again! I am through. This is the life."

The new pastures unquestionably had fascinations, for Florence did not return in a week, nor in two weeks, nor in a month or two. She corresponded faithfully, however, but the intervals between letters became longer and longer. And during all those weeks she continued to feed the boy with a starvation diet. At times Charlie would protest at the far-awayness, the low temperature, and the apparent indifference of her; and, at such times, he would receive a reply full of rich food that was at least momentarily nourishing. Flora did not want Charlie, but she was reluctant to let go.

As an alternative she had the magnetic glare of extravagantly illuminated stages, the popularity of famous men, and the thrill of the new dream life. Apart from her personal ambition and the binding contract, those things hypnotized Flora. After a few weeks of such enchantment, escape was impossible had she wished it.

At home Charlie steeled himself to the belief that Flora was drowning herself in a sea of illusion as a moth will scorch itself to death in the flame of a candle. And this may have been true, for many have perished in the same waters.

It was only his chronic uncertainty and doubt about Flora's sincerity that prevented him from hastening to the rescue. He was totally at sea as to how he would be received—as to whether Flora would accept the life-line. It was a situation that has maddened many before Charlie's day.

In the mean time Flora was stepping rapidly up the ladder of movie fame. She was approaching the target of

her ambition. And there was nothing to hinder her. She was tall, graceful, attractive, clever, so hopefully cut out for the work, so naturally feminine. (On the stage, you must be extremely feminine or masculine). She became a flame around which men circled. With artificial trimmings added to the great wealth of natural beauty, she became marvellously beautiful. It cannot be said whether it was the empty charm of her face and figure or a gift of genius which won the battle for her, but personal ambition must have had a great deal to do with it.

Films featuring Flora began to command high prices, and they were being shown in all Canadian and American cities and towns. Charlie hastened to see the one that invaded the home town. The pictures pleased but maddened him as well. He could see her but could not touch her—could not speak to her. She did things that did not please Charlie—things that made him jealous. Charlie could not understand that the kissing and caressing was a business; a profession rather than an amusement. Nevertheless, he did not like it, and was more and more convinced that she must be saved from this were she to be preserved for him.

But Flora had no desire to be saved. She was satisfied, happy. She earned enormous salaries, but had learned to squander carelessly on extravagant living.

From the high throne on which she had been crowned queen, she could not humble herself to look down upon the lowly Charlie. She had other men admirers—handsome men; men of fame, influence, position, wealth. Great men loved her. All men "fell" for her. Many had proposed marriage to her. Life was one long thrill of joy.

But, without warning, and in the agony of Charlie's uncertainty, indecision, and inactivity; and at the apex of Flora's high glory, a great seismographic tremor seized the movie world. It spread like a radio wave across the entire continent. A great actress was dead! The papers were full of it. Charlie read the sensational accounts. It was Flora!

"Oh, Flora, Flora!"

The thing was unbelievable—unthinkable. It seemed impossible, she had been so bubbling over with health, life, vitality, hope, ambition, joy, human physical perfection. She had been so womanly beautiful. Could Nature create such a work only to destroy it in the bloom of its glowing and promising youth?

For weeks that followed Charlie endured a living death at his loss. But, was it his loss? And the agonizing uncertainty and doubt about Flora began to torment him again even after her death.

Whether she had died out of tune, out of harmony, out of sympathy with him, Charlie was never to know.

He devoured her letters again greedily. They were painfully contradictory as reviewed one after the other in this post-mortem examination and criticism. "She loved me," "She loved me not," he muttered as he pursued the post-humorous pages looking for something which perhaps did not exist.

"Oh for a few moments more with her in the body that I might ring a confession from her living lips!" he cried out.

Suddenly his perplexity became subordinated in the realization that, although Flora was dead in the flesh, she might yet be seen on the screen. When Highland Mary died Burns saw her no more. Charlie might still see Flora. Dead, he might yet see her move about, speak, laugh.

The white screen became his only friend, his only hope, his only joy. He squandered time in the front rows that should have been devoted to other work. He saw the poses, the actions, the smiles, the movements which he adored—worshipped. He prayed for the sound of her voice but it would not come from the empty vision. And many times

the agony of the situation nearly forced him from his seat to spring at the screen upon the shadow of that which he had loved. When she vanished between scenes the light of his life vanished and his soul would be in darkness. He knew that his mental strength could not long endure the strain, but still he lingered, returning again and again.

Oh the agony of love when you cannot reach an outlet!

Charlie was gradually losing his mental balance. It was nothing to him that he was in love with a picture, a shadow—the shadow of a doubt, because he would never know, for the original had never spoken and the picture would not speak.

It is not many who can see their sweetheart after she is dead even if it is but an empty and tantalizing mockery of what the original had been. Charlie enjoyed this unique experience and he worked it to the point of madness.

She was there but he could not reach her, touch her, speak to her, claim her, take her away. He could not crush her to his bosom in his wild desire. It was like the shade of her soul flitting gaily backward and forward between Heaven and earth—a soul that knew not its earthly associates, that ignored even him in his passionate outpourings for recognition. Yet how worthy she was of him even with all her faults. Even the objectionable familiarities with her male associates did not annoy him now, for she was good, true, faithful—dead!

The temptation to spring from his seat and share those smiles and claim those caresses was almost irresistible. But those smiles were not for him, they were for others—strangers. He must flee! But where might he find forgetfulness, oblivion, rest, peace of mind?

In another moment he would be mad, mad, mad!

(No. 3. "An Irishman's Dream.")

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

A CORNER FOR MOTHER AND THE GIRLS

We Canadians of this generation need to remind ourselves frequently of the worthwhileness of WORK.

* * * * *

The other evening I sat on a porch with some friends enjoying the fresh sweet breeze and delighting in the most beautiful view to be had within fifty miles of Vancouver, at a conservative estimate. Far to our right stretched the city, mistily blue in the twilight with here and there an early light, mysterious, alluring as a woman arrayed for a tryst. At our feet lay the shimmering waters of the Inlet, and high above them towered the friendly mountain peaks sharply purple against the evening sky.

* * * * *

In such a setting did the conversation turn to the inevitable H. C. of L. and the present financial stringency, and we women folk listened with becoming humility, and such intelligence as we might, to the men—wonderful men!—as they expounded their views of the situation. There was some talk about the banking system, rents and land values came in for their share of criticism, and one was inclined to lay most of the blame on the system of taxation and licensing in vogue. Then one spoke up and said, "Do you know what's wrong with this country? I'll tell you. In times gone by, when people wanted anything they worked for it, they earned the money they needed, and then spent it on a good article. Nowadays they don't want to work. They wangle around from one place to another trying to get something for nothing.

* * * * *

"They wangle around trying to get something for nothing!" With such succulent food for thought I retired within myself to meditate. How true it is! What mobs crowd the bargain tables, what unexpected people does one see poring over the racing programmes, how popular the magazines, the teas, coffees and breakfast foods which offer a premium "Free" with each subscription, pound or package!

* * * * *

I have just picked up the current issue of a woman's magazine which claims to have the largest circulation of any monthly magazine, and, glancing through it I see, among many similar advertisements these, "An easy way to make a fortune as a tea-room manager"; "An amazingly easy new method of child-training"; "An easy way to learn dressmaking and designing in ten lessons"; "A short-cut to successful writing"; "How to control your weight without tiresome exercises"; "How to lose 22 pounds in 14 days without starving, exercise, massage, rolling, drugs or any discomfort whatsoever"; "An easy way to make your own hats"; "Thirty easy lessons to make you an expert in beauty culture." One might go on almost to infinity. There are easy methods of doing and learning everything from keeping one's hands "magically white and soft" while undertaking rough housework to learning higher accountancy and automobile repairing.

* * * * *

Magazines and movies are full of stories of young men and women, who with little intelligence and less training are easily earning fabulous incomes and filling interestingly responsible posts. The "Situations Wanted" column of the newspaper reveal numerous young people who are looking for work that is not too strenuous. Everyone has heard girls say they are intending to take up teaching "just till I get married, because it's easy, you know!"; while the boys go into the bank "because it's not hard work, and the hours are short."

* * * * *

Something for nothing! Money, pleasure, advancement, fame, by the **easy** way! The modern fable of the philosopher's stone which turned everything it touched to gold.

* * * * *

Nothing for nothing in this world! There is a line I recall, from I don't know where, "Only God gives for the asking, only Heaven is free." The worthwhile things of life, mental, spiritual or physical are only to be obtained by paying the full price of their worth in persevering endeavour.

* * * * *

Is this a platitude? Is it so trite as to make one feel that its repetition is unnecessary? Perhaps it is, and yet it is a fundamental truth, and we need, in these rapid, rushing days, a stern emphasis of those somewhat unpalatable truths on which our fathers were nourished. This rich, new country still needs men and women with the plain virtues of the pioneers to develop it. Men and women whose heads are in the clouds, but whose feet rest solidly on the ground.

* * * * *

We need those who will take such a pride in their work, whatever it may be, as the craftsmen of the middle-ages took in his. We need those who will feel that "The worker is nothing, the work everything." We need heroes and heroines of labour if we are to build the Canada of our ideals. The best we have to give of strength, of hope, of courage, of skill, is not too good for the making of the Canada that is to be, of Canada, OUR CANADA!

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"On previous runs from Seattle we had remarked the wide, vacant spaces and the room for settlement, but this time, by comparison, we seemed to have passed through a region of intensive industry, large towns and dense population. We thought of the long days during the past month when, as our car had moved steadily westward, silence had fallen upon us, even our own voices failing in a sort of regretful impatience that our great Dominion of Canada, after fifty-five years, was still so unpeopled and untamed. Wearily our gaze would sweep the whole wide horizon in vain for a single monument to the hand of man. Then, on a sudden, conversation would awake, backs straighten, eyes brighten. Perhaps it was only a piece of farm machinery, grazing horses or a curl of smoke, but the very promise of a home seemed to rekindle the fire of hope, of faith in our great land.

"Thus it is that the pioneer, forsaking the ties and comforts—perhaps, too, the deceits and cares—of luxury's lap, becomes not only a torch-bearer to himself, but a light of hope in the path of others."

A Suggestion Re Other Editions

Other editions of this book are almost sure to be called for. With that in view, it is pertinent to point out that a little careful editing would result in the elimination or correction of not a few sentences, faulty or worse in construction, that mar this otherwise well-written and exceedingly readable narrative.

As usual in most first editions, there are a number of typographical slips; but none of these are deadly.

With so much to commend in the book as a whole, however, perhaps a friendly critic need not hesitate to quote a few samples of the—from an English or grammatical point of view—objectionable sentences, or passages, attention to which should be given before another edition is passed through the press:

"Stepping on the last remaining plank, it crumbled like punk into the creek."

"Dashing on down the trail, my shouts were at last answered."

"While talking with an editor on the chief daily newspaper, a storm swept the city."

"Passing on towards the mines of Blairmore and Coleman, through the new town of Frank, housewives of various dialects of central and southern Europe were busily hanging their washings . . ."

"Coming down, my nose evidently hooked over one of the cloth straps, and left me nursing my face and squealing with pain."

Other sentences more involved and otherwise faulty might be noted from the book. But these quoted may serve to demonstrate the need for careful revision. At the same time Mr. Gomery need not be over-exercised about having passed a number of such mistakes in his so interesting record; for it is not uncommon to find more experienced and even professional writers making such slips. (The use of "Bobbie" for "Robbie" Burns at the end of a quotation would also be better changed—or left out?)

Lest the references to English construction seem hypercritical, let us emphasize in concluding this extended notice that the spirit of the book is the prime thing; and, as we have indicated, that leaves nothing to be desired. The value and interest of the record are enhanced by the inclusion at the end of a "complete log", and the insertion of a sketch map. The book is published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto.

(D. A. C.)

Vacation School for Boys

(By E. J. J. Glenesk)

Great interest is being shown in the Y. M. C. A. Vacation School for boys. The School started off two years ago with an enrollment of 43 boys. Last year it increased to 115, and the outlook is even greater this year. The School is intended for, 1st: The boy who has been "conditionally" promoted. He will secure the needed help and guidance which will enable him to enter the new class fully qualified to carry the work. 2nd: The boy who is weak in some subjects and needs special help to make him a leader in his class next year. 3rd: The boy who, because of sickness or moving, has been caused to lose time in school. 4th: The boy who has failed to pass his grade. 5th: The exceptional boy who because of age or unusual ability may by serious and consistent study, advance himself in his grade. 6th: First and second year high school students who require special assistance in certain subjects.

The teachers are all men selected from the city public school principals and vice-principals, and high school staff who are thoroughly familiar with the courses and requirements. The classes are small, no more than 20 students being allowed in Public School work and twelve being the maximum in High School. This enables the teacher to get to know the needs and special difficulties of the individual boy. The results have been wonderful, and have meant the saving of many boys to School life, as frequently when a boy fails he refuses to go back with the smaller boys with whom he would have to associate.

The Principals of the city schools are co-operating very heartily with the Y. M. C. A. Educational Committee in this effort for the boys of the city. In expressing the thoughts of the school some of them replied as follows: We appreciate your summer school, and shall support it." Another Principal replied, "George has been slowly improving since he took the Summer School work. He should be able to pass Entrance this year." Still another: "I think your school is doing splendid work and has more than justified its inauguration."

A number of the parents have expressed strongly their appreciation of the work. The following are some quotations: "I am just writing you a line to thank you very much for the great kindness you have shown to my boy. I would have liked to thank you in person on the closing day, but my heart was too full to think of the very great kindness you have shown to us. I thank you so very much. It has been a very great help to him, and he fully appreciates it." Another says: "I must take this opportunity to express my entire satisfaction of results during the course, and especially of the personal interest and encouragement bestowed by the teacher." A father says: "My boy was a member of the Vacation School. I have pleasure in stating that I am more than pleased with the progress he made, and the benefits he obtained from the course. I have noted a decided improvement in him, not only in the instruction acquired, but in a better understanding of and liking for school work."

The School commences on Monday, July 16th, continuing for six weeks, five days per week, from 8.30 to 12.30 p. m., one hour of which is given up to recreation, including games and gymnasium and swimming.

All who are interested in this school should get in touch with Mr. E. J. J. Glenesk, Educational Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., as soon as possible.

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We accordingly invite, our readers to send us short letters—they may be any length up to say, 500 words—setting forth as clearly and concisely as possible the dominant characteristics in their friend to which they attribute the mental, moral or spiritual helpfulness he or she has experienced. Of course such a "best friend" MAY happen to be a near relative also, as parent, sister, brother, etc.

By this emphasizing the qualities that constitute the genuine friend, we believe our readers may do real service towards the development of friendship, the value of which is priceless.

Unless otherwise desired, we shall publish the initials (instead of the names) of the writers of the letters.

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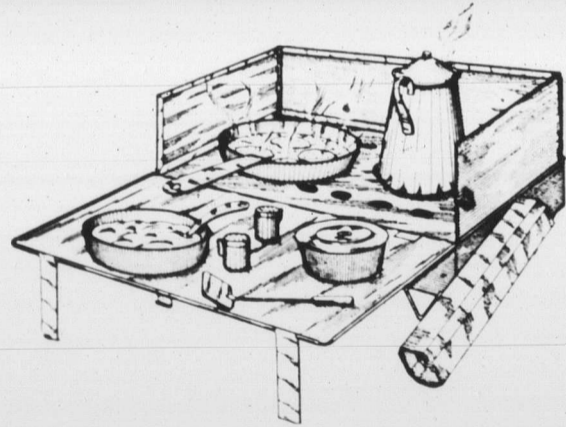
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