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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA

MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Devoted to COMMUNITY · SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

Volume XXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 4

BUILDERS:

Nisi Dominus frustra

(By D. A. C.)

Durability depends on foundation and how we build. Thousands are learning that this BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, built for lasting service on the British (Empire) principle of steady work, dares, in one way, to lead this Dominion! . . . Meantime, re our co-workers.

Happy in suggestion, the work of Cartoonist E. R. McTaggart commends itself. "Spectator" is a modest but outstanding Educationalist. "Literary Notes" are by an experienced Litterateur. "The Wayside Philosopher's" views on timely topics are usually arresting—whether or not we agree with him! "Radio" is under well-qualified control—and a pen-name. "Skookum Chuck" (Mr. R. D. Cumming), a working journalist, shows notable ability in short-story writing. The bigger story-tellers of B. C.—such as Dr. R. G. MacBeth, Robert Allison Hood and Robert Watson—also lend a hand. Occasional contributors include prominent community men, like Mr. R. L. Reid, K.C. (and Bibliophile), Dean Coleman and others of the University, and Mr. W. R. Dunlop, President of Vancouver Institute. Our lady contributors—but any sensible editor will leave them to speak for themselves; for, in verse as in prose, the ladies can lead!

With such Associates, this Magazine may well—

Advance in Community Service!

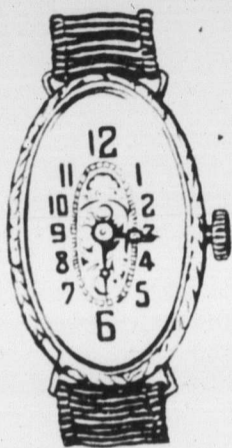
EDUCATE EASTERN CANADA AND THE EMPIRE CONCERNING THE CANADIAN WEST: PASS ON THE B.C. MONTHLY

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"BE BRITISH" COLUMBIANS!

VOL. XXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 4

EDITORIAL NOTES

DISARMAMENT; AND THE RIGHT ATTITUDE OF THE BRITISH NAVY IN RELATION THERETO: These words would make a fitting subtitle for a portion of an address this month before Vancouver Canadian Club by Hon. Walter M. Marks, M.P. of Melbourne, Australia; and the other parts of his speech merited titles equally arresting. Mr. Marks spoke on the day we were closing the literary matter of this issue for the press, otherwise we should probably seek to call our readers' attention to his address not by notes, but by a verbatim report of it. In the light of the Imperial and International topics touched upon by this Australian statesman, many other matters become minor, and, whatever the local press may do, we believe we cannot do better than give the limited space at our disposal to reminding our readers of his review.

* * * *

AT ANOTHER DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE the British Empire representatives should advocate that the strength of the navies of the nations of the world be estimated and allocated according to the size of the area of the countries or dominions to be protected. That, in brief, was the idea expounded by Mr. Marks, and it only needs to be stated to commend itself as reasonable. To have or apply a "one-power standard" or a "two-power standard" with regard only to the size of ships, etc., and without taking into consideration the widely-scattered dominions of any nation or empire, is obviously an unfair method.

* * * *

WHAT IS CANADA AS A DOMINION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. TO CONTRIBUTE PRACTICALLY TO THE NAVY? That is perhaps the matter next in importance brought to the front indirectly by the address of this Imperialist. Of course he did not himself ask any such question: he did much better than that. He told what Australia had done and was doing towards strengthening the Empire's navy. We congratulate Australia as a nation of our British Commonwealth, and as the new chairman of Vancouver Canadian Club (Mr. W. J. Baird) expressed it, we trust that Canada too will, in her own time and way, do her duty in this really great matter. Meantime, "no matter whatsoever 'King' may reign" in Ottawa, we would join in commending the subject to the undelayed consideration of the government there. Unlike the ancient Romans, the Britons of the Empire are attracted by no slogan of destruction, but, in order that World Peace may be the better assured, we may well circulate throughout all British Dominions, and in all friendliness elsewhere, **THE NAVY'S STRENGTH MUST BE MAINTAINED!**

* * * *

THE FRANKNESS OF MR. MARKS, even regarding a comparison disadvantageous to his own country, was one of the things that enhanced the value of

his views. In referring to the attractions of Australia and Canada, respectively, so far as the population of the British Isles was concerned, he mentioned Canada's proximity to the Homelands as being much in Canada's favour, and said that Australia would need to offer immigrants conditions fifty per cent. better than Canada offered in order to counteract the advantage of the Dominion's position. Incidentally he suggested that Canada's "winters" were a handicap to us; but perhaps his information in that connection was not up to date, so far at least as the conditions on the Pacific coastland of Canada are concerned. When these are more widely known, and the whole of Canada more fully populated and developed, we venture to believe—as we are expressing it in connection with enterprise affecting the work of this magazine—that British Columbia will become CANADA'S FRONT DOOR! That is not the prejudiced idea of a "native son," but the reasoned opinion and settled conviction of a Briton-born, and Britain-born Canadian who has seen Eastern Canada, and had some experience of prairie conditions before making the acquaintance of British Columbia. While readily admitting that such cities as Montreal, Toronto and other established Eastern centres have got a big start, we are confident that these in some measure, as the prairie provinces in full measure, will ultimately rejoice in that they can be reckoned part of the "hinterland" of the Province of British Columbia with its "Perennial Ports" of Victoria and Vancouver!

* * * *

THE MISCONCEPTION THAT "CANADA'S COLD WINTERS" apply to the whole of the Dominion is so difficult to overtake that we remind BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY readers of the need for doing their bit to counteract that idea and circulate correct reports concerning this part of our British Empire Homeland. The facts can be ascertained regarding each province of the Dominion, but we should be alert to let our kindred elsewhere in the Empire know that at the coast-

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land of British Columbia—the province itself being in size no mean "Empire" as national territories are mapped out in Europe—we seldom have any prolonged severe weather in winter. Vancouver city lies as far south as "the Channel Islands" (between Britain and France) and sedate Victoria is even farther south, and the latter, being on Vancouver Island, is, if anything, even better situated, for residential purposes at least, than Vancouver, the mainland terminal city.

* * * *

IT MAY SEEM LIKE "TAKING COALS TO NEWCASTLE" to mention these points in a magazine published in Vancouver, but perhaps some Vancouver citizens most need reminding of such facts! . . .

Not that we believe in ignoring the other facts concerning Western Canada and British Columbia particularly. . . With the whole year under review, the Coast Province has so much good weather that we need not hesitate to let friends and rivals alike know that from November to February, or thereby, we get more than a good share of rain, occasional fog, and at times short spells of frost, and that though it is not common to see snow below "the snow-line" on the mountains, we are not unfamiliar with it occasionally on the lower levels.

* * * *

"THE GENEVA PROTOCOL" was another subject on which Mr. Marks gave enlightenment. While acknowledging nothing but good feeling towards the Japanese, this Australian representative was clear-cut in his expression of the view that Australia, like Canada, the United States and other countries, had the right to say what type of citizens they wished, and he pointed out the difficulties that would almost inevitably follow were "the Geneva protocol" to be passed by the League of Nations next June. Australia had taken a position against it, and he hoped Canada would do the same.

* * * *

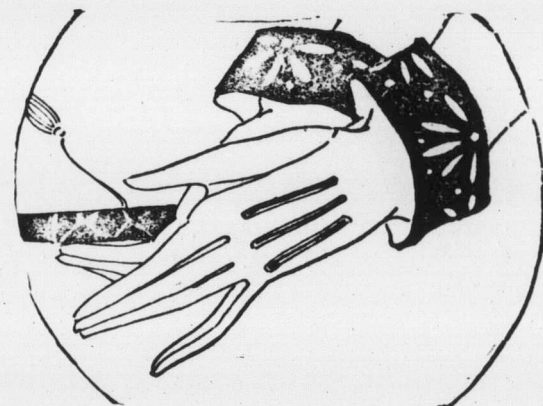
REFERENCES TO GERMANY AND FRANCE by Mr. Marks were noteworthy. Because of recent developments, even before the adoption of "the Dawes plan," he had found, when visiting Germany that the German people to-day "absolutely revere the British nation." Whereas, on the other hand, across the frontier in France, something akin to hatred towards the British had been generated. It was interesting to learn of how great a difference it made to the reception given him by the French when he explained that he was an Australian. His reference to the naturalness of the French position was worthy of attention. Mr. Marks said that the French people were disposed to ask: "When is our turn coming?" Their turn, it was implied, for treatment or consideration similar to that which had been extended to Germany—who, after having been responsible for so much havoc and destruction in France, had been so "set on her feet" by Britain and America.

* * * *

PERTINENT INDEED WERE THE POINTS made by this speaker. He held that while the treatment now being given Germany would "set her on her feet," it would in turn "bring Britain to her knees" economically—"unless something is done." Similarly "British statesmen would have to get together and do something for France." His exposition of these subjects seemed so well reasoned, and his opinions carried such conviction with them, that it is to be hoped that the new British Government will have "cause and effect," and the need for action in these various conditions, equally well brought under their attention, so that their action may be influenced accordingly.

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sewn, finished with welt
of contrasting color, two
pearl dome fastening —
\$3.00 a pair.

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strap wrist, hand sewn,
black and natural color
only, at \$3.95 a pair.

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"THE SOVIET REGIME IN RUSSIA is a ghastly colossal failure." That pronouncement, we gathered, was not based on any off-hand judgment of this one man. He had had, he revealed, a source of information which, so far as intimate and prolonged practical experience of the country was concerned, was second to none. . . . "Russia was just an example of what happens to a country that undermines constitutional society."

In this connection Mr. Marks told of a notable piece of advice given to him to be passed on to the Prime Minister of Australia: "Strengthen up your passport system." From what he at the same time revealed concerning the cunning and insidious zeal of the agents of that same Soviet, we trust the injunction will be heeded and practiced in other parts of the British Empire too. We repeat it in capitals: "STRENGTHEN UP YOUR PASSPORT SYSTEM!"

* * * *

VANCOUVER CITY NOW HAS NUMEROUS "CLUBS," Service, and other, and no doubt it is difficult for loyal citizens to keep up connection with all they would like, but so long as the Canadian Club has such a secretary as Mr. J. R. V. Dunlop, alert to secure such speakers as Hon. Walter M. Marks proved himself to be, there should be no question of the prime social service and indeed national utility of such an organization. We are assuming that, in connection with this speaker, Mr. Dunlop was, as usual, "on the job." In any case, we congratulate him, President Baird and the body of representative men associated with them on the Executive of this Club, in that this excellent Imperialist was heard in Vancouver.

* * * *

WAS IT THE EXECUTIVE OR A BUREAU OF VANCOUVER BOARD OF TRADE that sent the cablegram to Premier Baldwin before the election? And did we see the course questioned? For our part, while ordinarily the reasoning about "not interfering in the internal affairs of another country or another part of the Empire" may be sound, we think any message that tended to emphasize the importance of developing and strengthening inter-imperial relations, was entirely in place. More: if we might venture in a duly modest way to send a message to Premier Baldwin and his new British Cabinet, it would be something like this: Because of his personal worth and unqualified earnestness, we have a wholesome respect for the past Premier, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who was, we inferred, hampered by unhappy political associates. . . . But here in Far Western Canada we have longed to see a Premier and Cabinet in power in the Central Homeland who would not only recognize that the time is opportune for MORE IMPERIAL INTERCHANGE, economically and otherwise, but who would, in Canadian phrase, "Get a move on," and GET SOMETHING PRACTICAL DONE affecting Inter-Empire Preference, Immigration, etc., etc. . . .

* * * *

AT THE RISK OF SEEMING IMPERTINENT we are tempted to add that we have heard of government "doles" to the Homeland people, and that such a system was extended even to Scotland! Well, after-the-war conditions may have justified procedure (*pro tem.*) that would be extra-ordinary and questionable at any other time. But—not to elaborate the theme—we, with British-born experience and years of residence in Canada too, have been disposed to question all along *re* those "doles," if almost every pound sterling of them might not have been spent—or now be spent?—to

MUCH better advantage on a system of assisted immigration—WITHIN THE EMPIRE? . . . This Province of British Columbia alone has natural wealth—in more forms than we can recount in a note—which if developed by British capital, and handled by British "unemployed," would not only make for the healthful expansion of this Dominion, but in the process provide independence and more spacious and comfortable homes for millions of our fellow citizens from the overcrowded districts of England and Scotland. The Irish will be welcome too—if they'll do all their fighting before they come over! Then, politics apart, it goes without saying that big and "Little Welshmen" alike are among the types we are always glad to find in Western Canadian communities. But, if in that connection, we may venture another bold word, we should say that any British Premier or other prominent statesman, who sets out to visit this Canada of Ours, will commit a very serious error of judgment if he allows any programme-maker to prevent him seeing British Columbia. Its scenery itself is admittedly second to none, and its potentialities for Empire and world-service are only now beginning to be known.

* * * *

WE VENTURE TO HOPE THAT WHEN PREMIER BALDWIN and his Cabinet are fairly settled in office they will plan that each member in turn may have an Empire-touring holiday—for recreation, for information, and to help in the completion of his education for the great and noble task of lasting Empire-building.

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Word Magic

By A. M. STEPHEN.

Rippling throughout the deeps of space,
A rhythmic cadence in the night,
The breath of God brought forth the worlds,
Foam-blossoms on a sea of light.

A sound, outbreathed, became a form.
The Word was Flesh. Symbolic flame
Enshrined the Spirit's will, and Love
Concealed its splendour in a name.

Still bides the hidden magic at
The heart of words. The secret thing.
When named, stirs in our inner world
Soft echoes of thought's aery wing.

Which circling outward, wave on wave,
Merge Then and Now. The buried years
Arise. As in a crystal seen,
Time's long processional appears.

Among these hills whose gleaming host
Encamped beside the western sea
Stand guard, white sentinels of time,
Dreaming of aeons yet to be.

Linger strange forms of speech, soft names
Replete with sinuous, savage grace—
Alien to us, but glimpsed at times
In remnants of a passing race.

From the Great Spirit's lips there fell
Such shapely gems as Walhachin, *
Sechelt, Nechaco, Lillooet,
The fluent strain of Tulameen.

Totem more lasting than the weird,
Carved, wooden god who leans above
The broken roof-tree of the clan,
Each word recalls the vanished love.

And whispers to the dreamer's ear
Of Him, the Saghalie Tyee
Who, now rejected, crowned with night,
Broods dimly o'er his ancient sea.

Footnote.—Walhachin is pronounced Wal-a-sheen.

Bruised

By "TAMOS."

Heart of my heart! when wilt thou come?
The Spring is whispering songs of thee;
Yet every sound is empty . . . dumb . . .
Without thee. Oh! come home to me.

Heart of my heart! Forgive! forgive!
Come back and nestle your brown head
Against my breast: and let us live
A fuller, nobler life instead.

Heart of my heart, thou art too proud.
Too lovely, pure (oh, girl of mine!)
To e'er come back. Yet thru each cloud,
Thru eons and ages, still I'm thine!

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A Good Creed

(Contributed by H. K. P.)

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"To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

"To remember that success lies within myself—my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them. To turn hard experience into capital for future use.

"To believe in my proposition or profession. To carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel ill temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

"To make a study of my business. To know my profession in every detail. To mix brains with my efforts and use system and method in my work. To find time to do every needful thing by never letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars. To make every hour bring me dividends, increased knowledge or healthful recreation.

"To take a good grip on joys of life. To play the game like a man. To fight against nothing so hard as my own weakness and endeavor to grow in strength.

The Pending Union of Three Canadian Churches

[Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational]

A Presbyterian Minister's Difficulty in Decision as Presented to a Divided Congregation

NOTE.—While it is probable that there are people in some of the Churches of Christendom who hold that salvation in this life or any other is inseparable from acceptance of the creed of their particular Communion or Denomination, we believe most folk in all the Churches—and outside of them—recognize that Christianity is bigger than any Church or Denomination, and that acceptance, in practical experience of the Spirit of Christianity, and an endeavour, however

faltering, to live in the light of the injunctions thereof, are the outstanding essentials to individual Christian progress in this world.

To such citizens it may be matter for regret that the pending union does not include more than the three churches named, and that the Anglican and Baptist communions are not also associated in it.

On the other hand, it is known that here and there many members

of the present Presbyterian Church, for one reason or another, are not satisfied to go into the union.

We believe the subject is of sufficient community interest to warrant our giving space to this exposition by a Vancouver minister, whose congregation is known to be divided on the subject. We have omitted a personal introduction and other local references, and the title and sub-titles are inserted by us.—(Editor, B. C. M.)

I have been a Unionist from the inception of the movement, before I entered the ministry; and yet perhaps some of you will remember that, following the decisive action of the 1923 Assembly, I said: "I don't know whether I am glad or not"—and I meant it.

On the general policy of Union I never wavered. That it was the proper goal for the church to strive for, as early as possible, I never doubted. It was the speed that troubled me. About the basis of Union I had no misgivings. Perhaps it was my simplicity that made me be so easily pleased; but I feel justified, when I know what my friend Dr. Ephraim Scott (a strong opponent of Union) wrote about it a few years ago in the *Record*: "Its excellence must impress every thoughtful reader. It is full, simple and Scriptural. There are few Presbyterians who can find any substantial difference between it and the Shorter Catechism, and the Confession of Faith. Even if Organic Union be delayed, the work of the committees has not been in vain. It will be a standing testimony to the essential unity of the Protestant evangelical churches. It may also serve as a model to other Protestant churches contemplating Union."

The doctrinal statement did not stand in my way, and I saw no great departure from the Presbyterian system of polity. Some departures are an improvement at points where Presbyterianism is weak, e. g., the making provision for the removal of a minister, against whom no charges of misconduct can be laid, but through whose inefficiency the work is manifestly suffering in a congregation, and the Presbytery is helpless.

As a recent convert to Union said: "Presbyterianism is an ideal system for ideal people." The new polity is on the whole so like Presbyterianism that the Pan-Presbyterian Council of the World has officially expressed itself as giving a place to the United Church of Canada, in the counsels of world Presbyterianism. Dr. Fraser, president of the Presbyterian Association, in the *Harvard Review* of a few years ago, said: "The statement of polity is practically Presbyterian, and provides substantially for congregational freedom." Explanation for this, is well expressed by Rev. W. T. Gunn, the Congregational Church representative on the Union Committee: "In general the polity is essentially Presbyterianism with amendments, for the representative democracy of the Presbyterians, coming half way between the semi-autocracy of the Methodists and the direct democracy of the Congregationalists, provided the best framework." I saw long ago, however, that there were strong sentimental reasons which might prove to be such a barrier as no doc-

trinal agreement or similarities in polity could overcome, and as a result my enthusiasm was not what it might otherwise have been.

In the matter of church life and tradition, I glory in my church's past. I love the Presbyterian Church. From boyhood, when on any occasion I had to tell to what church I belonged, I felt my soul expand as I said Presbyterian. I was conscious of an heirship to a great inheritance.

*"A Scottish Celt—A Proud Canadian—
A British Subject."*

According to the flesh, I am a proud Canadian and a British subject, but I belong only to one strain of the diverse elements that make up the British peoples, even if one of the most ancient and perhaps the most romantic, the Scottish Celt. I have no other blood in my veins unless it be a dash of Norse, through the McLeods of the Hebrides. I feel an unconquerable pride in my race, even if you practical Saxons may wonder why. But I have not impoverished myself in national tradition by being a constituent member of a nation of such diverse origins—the British. I have rather enriched myself—mentally and spiritually. I have annexed the inheritance of the Saxon Scot and claim the whole culture of Scotland as my own by right of birth. I even claim as my own the glories that England won before she joined hands with Scotland and the ancient Celtic line of kings assumed the English sceptre. From boyhood I might one day gloat over the victory of Bannockburn, be in rebellious mood against England for the sake of Flodden Field, but next day I could eagerly take sides with Henry at Agincourt, make common cause with the great sea kings of Elizabeth's England, and claim as my own the valor that resisted the Great Armada.

The union of the kingdoms that came later on led to the pooling of our traditions and sentiments, making us not poorer, but richer in the process.

National Life and Spiritual Inheritance.

There is thus in our national life a spiritual inheritance into which we have entered, which is not of blood, but spiritual adoption. So I am initially convinced that when the Presbyterian Church merges its name in the United Church of Canada—a church which will be still reckoned of the family of worldwide Presbyterianism—her traditions and spiritual inheritance will not be left behind. My heart beats faster at the remembrance of what the Covenanters of Scotland have contributed to the enrichment of our church's life; but to be strictly true, my forefathers were not Covenanters. I wish they had been. In the days of the Covenanters they were,

like a large part of Celtic Scotland, not distinguished for Presbyterian zeal, more Roman Catholic than Covenanters or perhaps Episcopalian, after the fashion of the "Bloody Mackenzie." But later on the Gospel that made the Covenant swept the Highlands, and the Covenanting stream became merged with the stream of our church's life, and by spiritual adoption we annexed the Covenant as our own by spiritual right.

So will it be in the United Church of Canada. We shall not cease to glory in the tradition of Knox, the Covenant, and Chalmers, although we shall share them with others. We shall carry them with us and reach out hands to add to our inspiration in the names of Milton and Cromwell, of Wesley and Whitfield, and be richer, not poorer, for the change.

The Pain of Separation—the Price of Union.

I have had no difficulty along the lines I have indicated; but as the years came and went, with their Union agitations a perennial thing, I found myself a strangely divided self. My head said "Yes"; my heart lagged. And why? It was the contemplating of this very thing that is going to happen, this possibility of separation from my brethren, who bear and will bear the name I love, and that, as the price of Union. I have felt hesitant about paying such a price, and would almost welcome any good reason with which my conscience could make terms, to remain with them. It was for that reason that I have not been an enthusiast in the Union cause, for I felt the end could be attained in another way than that followed, without the loss involved. Not co-operation, for that was only makeshift. I have no time to explain the plan I thought best, nor would it be of any value to discuss it; but I took every opportunity to try and press its merits with leaders on both sides. I still believe it would have been the better way. I was glad last year I was not a Commissioner to the Assembly, for I had no clear leading on what ought to be done, and while the Union debate was in progress I watched anxiously the signs of the times in the press, and was not able to rejoice wholeheartedly at the outcome, although the proposal of the opponents was still less to my mind. All these years I never shirked a vote on the question, and always my conscience forbade a vote against Union, for I believed it was of God, even if not pursued in the way I thought best.

When the (Presbyterian) Assembly finally decided last year, there were only two courses to choose from. I could not find a little denomination of my own around my idea of

Union. The Unionists were most to my mind; but I had my own congregation to think about.

At first I thought it might be a duty to remain out of the Union if by doing so I could help preserve a united congregation out of the Union if not within; thinking, too, that it might make the working relation between the future churches happier if this policy were pursued by myself and others in like position, and that later on I might quietly pass into the new church if it seemed best.

Two Types in New Presbyterian Church—Theological Extremes.

I soon began to see difficulties in the way of such a course. When I took stock of the ministers who would most likely be in the new Presbyterian Church, I discovered there were two elements that would not make a happy blend, nor work together to produce an effective church, according to my way of thinking. The theological extremes of our church are out against Union. There are those who think Union is of the Devil, as I heard one man say, and that it is a sign of the last days and of an ungodly liberalism in theology. There are fine souls in this group, but they tend to forget that we have in our church a living Spirit of truth who has yet some light to throw on life and upon the Word. Then there are the radicals, so far as we have them in our church; those whom our fundamentalist friends would call modernists. They are opposed to Union because, for one reason the new creed is too definite, and one will be expected to mean what he says when he professes to be in substantial agreement with it. To quote the words of the President of the Presbyterian Association: "They feel that the doctrinal burden of the proposed basis will be heavier than that of the Westminster Confession. They are quite content to give assent to the ancient creeds or the reformed confessions as symbols of the Catholic faith, as the banner around which the champions of truth and freedom rallied, so long as they are allowed liberty to interpret them in their historic setting."

How are the followers of Dr. Torrey and those liberals going to work and live and think together in a church much smaller than the present Presbyterian one, without harsh conflicts and a persistent mistrust, that will not lead to happiness or strength? They are going to be a combination that do not attract one.

Yet I was not in a hurry to decide. I was looking for light, and thought that circumstances would show the way. I was disappointed when the minority, instead of accepting defeat when the church by her constitutional procedure had finally decided on Union—instead of accepting the division of the property as the proposed Bill of Union provided, so that each party could arrange to go their own way—rather, resorted to legal proceedings to stop action.

The Assembly Committee took the initiative in approaching the Presbyterian Association to try and reach a satisfactory agreement in reference to the name and status of the non-concurring congregations and the divisions of the property. The minority took the ground that discussion was useless—unless counsel for Presbyterian Church would concede their principle, that the Presbyterian Church would not enter the Union as a Church. They gave no help in drafting the Bill, only finding fault with the result. This has been the most regrettable feature of the whole movement and, I feel, showed they were not wisely led, and in my opinion sadly compromised the future Presbyterian Church.

How Presbyterian Minority Alienated Sympathy.

My sympathy was increasingly alienated by this attitude taken; not so much because they were unwilling for sentimental or other reasons to enter Union, as for their unwilling-

ness to agree to differ with the majority and each go their own way with their share of the common property, to each do with it the work of the Kingdom. Then about a year ago it was brought to my attention that many of the opponents of Union in my own congregation were expressing themselves that I ought to declare my position and let them know where I stood. I had felt this before from the Unionist side. It then dawned upon me that my silence was interpreted as waiting to see what the congregation would do and that I would take the advantageous course and follow it. This pressure helped me to crystalize my thinking and I then resolved whatever the congregation might do, I should enter Union. I took the opportunity to tell one or two on both sides what I purposed doing, and then, as some will remember, I announced from the pulpit reasons why I would not then declare myself, but that before a vote was taken I should do so.

The resolve I then made continued to be confirmed and strengthened by events, especially by what happened at the Private Bills Committee as reported by the press. There the official spokesmen of the Presbyterian Association declared the grounds on which the opponents of Union lay claim to being the true Presbyterian Church, and not the Unionists. These grounds are the departure of the basis of Union from the doctrine of the Confession of Faith and their own adherence to it. The claim was made that the Confession of Faith literally interpreted is the Church's subordinate standard.

"Liberty of Conscience" Allowed—and Denied?

A word of explanation is necessary here. For the past half century there have been consciences that have been restless, both elders' and ministers' under an acceptance of all parts of the Confession indiscriminately, and notably that part of it that has to do with fore-ordination. The present method of subscription, were one not allowed some freedom, puts a hardship upon one, e.g., there are a good many pre-millennialists in our church and that among the most conservative of our people. They have been using the privilege of departing from the doctrine of the Confession, which is a post-millennial document. But at present they may do so, with a good conscience, for the reason I am going to state shortly. One of the most spiritual of the graduates of my own college in the early nineties refused ordination because he could not accept the Confession's statement in reference to fore-ordination. His loyalty to his own Church made him decline ordination from any other Church and he lived out his active ministerial life as an Evangelist, with a glorious record, and remained unordained to the end of his days. Somewhere about the beginning of this century the General Assembly having this matter in view, expressed its mind on the subject, and left with ministers and elders an understanding that on doctrine not central in the Confession, liberty of conscience is allowed, and many ministers and elders who are in substantial agreement with the fundamental doctrines of the Confession, occupy their places because this relief has been granted.

But those who are opposing Union reverse all this, as they claim the church has no right to alter her Standards. If not, she has not the right to grant the relief I have mentioned, and to be true to their own declaration, the future Presbyterian Church will be one adhering to the Confession in its every jot and tittle, without any relief for the conscience from any section.

"Essentials and Unessentials of the Confession."

Parallel to this statement before the Private Bills Committee, there is the printed statement of claims issued against the Union Committee, a document which I have read.

It clearly states the differences between the Confession of Faith and the Basis of Union that are a departure from Presbyterian doctrine, and which invalidates the Church's claim to carry her property into the Union. Most of the differences quoted are from the sections of the Confession dealing with the decrees of God and pre-destination. One or two of the sections may be quoted in full:

"By the decree of God for the manifestation of His Glory, some men and Angels are pre-destinated unto everlasting life and others fore-ordained unto everlasting death."

"These angels and men thus pre-destinated and fore-ordained are particularly and unchangeably designed and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

I quote further from this Bill of Claim: "While all men are sinners, yet Christ died only for those who shall be saved, i.e., the elect. Those not appointed unto life God passes by."

What is that but putting among the essentials of the Confession, what of recent years we had been relegating to the unessentials or the part we would like to forget, and taking away the relief we enjoyed? It is a promise that the future Presbyterian Church gives no relief—unless this has all been said to gain a legal victory, and then to be disregarded, which would be worse still.

A Motion, Amendment—and Implications.

At the last meeting of the General Assembly, the following resolution was submitted by the Union Committee: "This Church has the right and power, subject to no civil authority, to legislate and adjudicate finally in all matters of doctrine, worship, government and discipline in the Church; to frame, adopt and modify its subordinate standards of faith and the right to unite with any other Christian Church without loss of its identity, on terms which it finds to be consistent with its own principles, doctrines and religious standards."

An amendment was presented by Principal Fraser to thank the Parliamentary Committee, and withdrawing Bill until civil courts had passed on its constitutionality. This amendment made no reference to the rights claimed in the motion, and when the first resolution of the motion was voted upon the opponents of Union voted against it. Two or three opponents could not face up to such a drastic step and declined to vote.

Such a vote implies the utter impossibility of a Union in this world or for all time so long as one individual is opposed. Is it any use waiting for another vote when no vote would have power to make any difference?

Read negatively the vote of the minority would read: "The church has not the right and power, etc. . . ." The result is that the Presbyterian Church must continue for all time with every sentence of the Confession of Faith as her statement of creed—the Spirit of Truth notwithstanding. This is to my mind hoisting the signal: "We have all the light; we never change"—a dangerous proceeding which suggests a grieving of the Spirit.

This involves that the Presbyterian Churches of the future, if they are true to their own declaration, must recall the relief the church in the past has given. Surely this means that the good and worthy pre-millennialists among them must cease to preach the doctrine in which they believe or be untrue to their ordination vows. The Confession of Faith—rightly or wrongly—is post-millennial.

There are some earnest Presbyterians who disagree with the baptismal doctrine of the Confession. Indeed I know one who has done great service in the campaign against Union in this congregation, who was herself baptised last winter by immersion by a Baptist minister of this city, because she was not satisfied with the doctrine and practice of her own church and the Confession. My own

thought is that she has a right to her views because not of the essence of our faith, but it is inconsistent with working in a campaign of "We never change."

In the new Presbyterian Church one holding such a view would be prevented from being an elder of the church unless he was willing to stultify his conscience in reference to his views.

Difficulties re "Fore-ordination."

Personally I do not wish to be put into the position of accepting without qualification the creed of a Church that says God fore-ordains certain persons to everlasting death, which implies that if I only knew more when I baptize some child, I might have to say: "It is no use, God has fore-ordained this child to eternal death." "The number of those fore-ordained cannot be increased or diminished. Christ did not die for your child. Take him home; why go through a useless form of service?"

I believe in pre-destination, if you do not ask me to define it minutely. So much do I feel this, that if no alternative were afforded me to preach the gospel as an accredited minister of the church than that of the Presbyterian Church that has this as part of the essence of a creed to which I must subscribe and which it can never change, I should have to resign from the ministry and try to serve God and my generation in some other way. Now, please, do not draw rash conclusions—that I don't believe in the Deity of Christ, or in the Bible, or in Atonement. These are at the centre and not touched at all by that against which I protest.

The Expositor's Attitude to His Congregation.

But what about this congregation? I am not going to advise you how to vote. There are two things to be considered in that connection. The general question of Union and the particular reference of it to this congregation. If I thought you would all take my advice, I should say vote Union. But I know well you will not. I might then influence you by a bare majority to enter the Union and pave the way for a secession of those opposed and leave this church, with its fine record in the past, only a tragic remnant reaching out a hand for a beggar's dole, to help it carry on.

What I am going to advise, through the Session, is that as soon as thought advisable a public meeting of the congregation be held in this church on some other day than Sunday; that both sides appoint a representative to present the question in all its phases to those who are anxious to vote, with all the light they can secure on the subject; that opportunity then be given to ask questions and present suggestions before a vote is taken.

I want to advise both sides to try to believe in the honesty and Christian motives of the other and to keep the spirit of illwill and unbrotherliness in subjection.

The opponents of Union in this congregation have been active in seeking to win recruits to the opposition, while the Unionists have been quiet. If the Unionists value a victory for their side they must get together and help give light from their side, for there is literature available. From this on, I shall announce the meetings of both parties held within this congregation, if they request it, for both have the same privileges in that respect. I would ask all not to decide rashly till all the light is in, what they will do. I remember a woman in my first congregation, whom I visited and invited to church. She told me she could not come because of a disagreement she had with a neighbour that led her to say she would never attend church again, and she added: "Do you think I would so sin against God as to break my vows?"

There are vows and vows. I wonder if it would be possible for us to make the Wednesday evening service for the next few months a centre where both parties could

come together and pray—not that any side should win, but that God's will for this congregation should be done, leaving for Him to decide what is best. Is it not possible for each to promote the side we think best in such a way that there will be no bitterness generated such as would make it impossible to dwell together after the vote is taken? Can we not contend as Christians for our side so that it will be possible for the great majority of the defeated party to stay on and help this congregation maintain her witness here; for even if it be outside the Union, members of the church do not have to subscribe to the Confession, and the rigid interpretation of it that would debar me, might not them.

The Majority Side Uncertain—in This Congregation.

Another thing: Do not decide beforehand that the other side is so sure to win, that you might as well vote against what you think best. If your side is defeated then will be time to reconsider and maybe fall in with the majority. If this congregation should be outside the Union, it will be in most respects the same congregation as to-day, and the presence of Unionists within it will help to make for the greater brotherly feelings toward the church, that some will still feel has wronged them.

If the congregation is in the Union, do not think you will straightway have to adopt a programme of "Amen" and "Praise the Lord." It might not hurt us, only it is not our way and we will not be coerced into it. And yet one has to say that some of the most uncompromising opponents of Union are the very people who most joyfully express their religion in ways that are characteristically those of the old-fashioned Methodists.

Do not think that an arbitrary Stationing Committee will appoint to your pulpit a Methodist local preacher of the type of fifty years ago, with a gift for exhortation. You will be able to call your own minister as now, and just as the Methodist churches for the first generation will, as a rule, call the minister who is least like the old moderate type of Presbyterian, with much dignity and little grace, so the Presbyterian will measure by Presbyterian standards, until a new type is evolved, not Presbyterian, Methodist, or Congregational, but Canadian United Church.

* * * *

What I have said to-day may not have given much light to you, but it has set my own soul free. I do not intend to participate in the contest that is ahead, except to advise any who may seek my advice. I do not expect again to speak on the subject from the pulpit until after the vote is taken, but I reserve for myself the privilege to offer any counsel such as would not now be accepted in the event of difficulties after the vote is taken.

I may say that if I were to make my decision purely on the basis of who is for and who is opposed in this congregation, I should find it very difficult indeed. Some of my best friends, whose character and friendship and spiritual gifts I greatly value, are on the other side from me, and I trust that no matter how we may differ in this question, our friendship will not be impaired, and that even if we must ultimately separate on this issue—they remaining in the church and I going somewhere else—we may meantime be able to work together, and that they will not repudiate my ministry until such a time as the Union contemplated, takes place; and that on the greater things that unite us than those that divide, we may concentrate our energies, and to them give our prayers.

I shall continue to pray that if their side is out-voted, that a way may be found by which, without compromising their principles, they may be able to remain with the congregation, even if they do not thereby cut

themselves off from the fellowship of the Presbyterian Church that is to be.

* * * *

Let us practice the precept so often quoted by the leaders against Union as a reason for their position—Unity in Diversity. We have the diversity; be it ours by the Grace of God to make a Unity of Spirit that will still pervade the diversity of our ideal of Church Organization.



BECAUSE the M. E. of the B. C. M. believes that one of the lessons of this life for all mortals is to learn to "HAVE FAITH IN GOD" and that such Institutions as Vancouver Bible School and The China Inland Mission practise that injunction in their work, we have invited Principal Ellis of the former, and Rev. Charles Thomson, Vancouver representative of the latter, to give us information concerning their work for insertion in this Magazine so that our readers may be reminded of them.

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

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General Director—D. E. Hoste,
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Director for North America
Henry W. Frost, D.D., Princeton, N.J.

PRACTICE—The Mission does not go into debt. It guarantees no income, but ministers to workers as funds sent in will allow. All members are expected to depend on God alone for temporal supplies. No collection or personal solicitation of money is authorized. Duly qualified workers are accepted irrespective of nationality and without restriction as to denomination, provided there is soundness in the faith on all fundamental truths. Correspondence from earnest young men and women who desire to serve God in China is invited.

OBJECT and AIM—The preaching of the Gospel to every creature in China.

EQUIPMENT (Jan. 1, 1924)—Missionaries, 1,101; Paid Chinese helpers, 2,211; Voluntary Chinese helpers, 2,150; Stations, 258; Outstations, 1,764; Hospitals, 13; Dispensaries, 91; Native schools, 545; Schools at Chefoo for missionaries' children.

RESULTS IN THE FIELD—Churches, 1,165; Baptized in 1923, 5,892; Communicants in fellowship, 64,350; others under regular instruction, 65,428; Baptized since commencement, 99,041.

Main Offices: Toronto, Philadelphia, London, Melbourne, Shanghai.

Pacific North-West District Secretary:—Rev. Charles Thomson, home and office, 1464 Eleventh Ave. W., Vancouver, B. C. Phone: Bay 1681.

Literary Notes

By Roderick Random.

British Columbians, especially Vancouver people, should read with interest and appreciation a novel, just published by Miss Muriel F. Watson, of the ambitious city on the north shore of Burrard Inlet. We understand that Miss Watson is no relation of Mr. Robert Watson, whose recent story, "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon," was recently reviewed in this magazine. The name of Miss Watson's book is "Fireweed," and the scene, as with the book just mentioned, is laid largely in or around Vancouver.

The story centres around the childhood, youth and young manhood of two girls and a boy, triplets born in British Columbia, but, while still very young, taken over by their mother to England and left to be reared and educated by their grandparents. Very pleasant reading is the account of their English home and their environment and the loving old couple, the curate of the parish and his wife, who have the formidable task of bringing them up. The result, however, is a complete success. The circumstances that finally take the one girl and her brother out to British Columbia again to investigate a bar sinister that has been laid upon their escutcheon, are startling and unusual, but the blot is in the end happily removed and allows the girl to marry the peer, who had already plighted troth with her.

The plot hinges somewhat on the drug traffic in British Columbia. It is rather disconnected at times, but forms a satisfactory enough framework for a first book that has much in the way of interesting characterization to commend it. The descriptions of British Columbia plant life and scenery are good, and the introductory poem, "Fireweed," is conceived with some imaginative charm and artistry. I shall quote the first two verses:

"From the heart of the low valleys, as the sun slips down to rest,
Beyond the mighty mountain walls that guard the shining West,
I look when day is over, to those heights of wreck and scar
Where the evening winds foregather and the purple Fireflowers are.

"With the splendour of an emperor's cloak they cast their flaming tide
Athwart the rocky shoulders and down the canyon side,
In clouds of glowing feather-seed and blossom, spire on spire,
Till the children, looking upward, cry, 'The peaks are all afire!'"

One of the heroines of the book writes verses, and she persuades her sister to attempt the muse also. The result is several poems, one of which deserves to rank with Mrs. Hunter Jackson's celebrated "Ode to An Expiring Frog," by which possibly it may have been inspired. It is not long, so I shall quote it:

"ON THE DEATH OF A SHEEP."
"O Sheepy Baa! O Sheepy Baa!
You're dead, you are! You're dead, you are!
You've gone to happy fields afar
To nibble turnips on a star,
Where every lamb has got its Ma!"

Canadian Book Week will be with us again in the first six days of December, and an effort will be made to direct attention to good literature, old and new, with especial notice of books written by writers of our own country, wherever these are of high quality. The plea is for a reasonable interest to be taken by the reading public in books written by Canadians. The flood of American literature that comes over the line is really a

menace to our individuality as a nation unless we can encourage our own talent and build up a virile and distinctive literature for ourselves.

Wilson Macdonald's articles headed "A Canadian Viewpoint" in *The Daily Province* are well worth reading, even if one does not always agree with his contentions. Recently he has been reviewing Canadian anthologies,

a useful work if it is helpful in inducing others about to enter on this field of literary activity, to take a more serious view of their responsibility.

* * * *

The posthumous autobiography of Mark Twain, recently published, will be of great interest to admirers of one of the most picturesque and lovable figures in all literature. This was written by the great humorist in a discursive way, with no attempt at form or system, but one may be sure that it will be all the more delightful and distinctive because of that, coming from Mark Twain.

Canada's Book Week

By Stephen Golder, Hon. Sec. B. C. Section, Canadian Authors' Association.

The fourth annual Book Week will be held December 1st to 6th. This year it has been decided, after careful consideration, to change the name from Canadian Book Week to Canada Book Week. For three years the Canadian Authors' Association have put special emphasis on Canadian books, with the gratifying result that thousands of Canadians have awakened to the fact that we possess a national literature of some promise. It now seems desirable to widen the scope of our efforts, and to make more definite the underlying motive of encouraging the reading of good books, whether these are Canadian or otherwise.

In his recent address at Ottawa, Mr. John Buchan said some very flattering things about the character of Canadian poetry, fiction and history. He at the same time put a great deal of stress upon the fact that if Canadian or any other literature is to survive, the objective must always be quality rather than quantity. The Authors' Association endorses that statement wholeheartedly. In establishing Book Week, it has never been the object of the Association to urge Canadians to read Canadian books merely because they are Canadian books, irrespective of their quality.

What the Association wants is to ask readers to take the trouble to inform themselves as to what are worth-while books, and read them, whether they be Canadian or not, and when they find a Canadian book that comes within that class, to recognize and recommend it to others as the creditable work of a fellow-countryman.

"The Totem Poles in Stanley Park"

By Rev. John C. Goodfellow.

This little book, which is the official publication of The Art, Historical and Scientific Association of Vancouver, is dedicated to the surviving founders of that Association.

The book serves a two-fold purpose, as it explains the totem poles which have recently been placed in Vancouver's beautiful Stanley Park, as well as telling the reader something of the aims and objects of the Association which was responsible for their erection there.

"It is no easy task to interpret for the white man of to-day the strange relics of a vanishing race," says the author in his preface. That is indeed true, but the Rev. John C. Goodfellow has succeeded in this little volume in conveying to the reader a concise and definite idea of the meaning and uses of totemism; its origin and significance to those primitive peoples who made use of it.

The author explains the religious and social aspects of this "belief in guardian spirits," and describes the building of a totem pole even from the felling in crude manner of the chosen tree.

The British Columbia Section of the Canadian Authors' Association is this year endeavouring to follow out as far as possible the suggestions contained in Mr. Stead's letter of last year, viz.:

1. To arrange for speakers, both local and visiting, and to supply them on requisition to other co-operating committees.

2. To arrange with all clubs, such as Canadian, Rotary, Kiwanis, Gyro, Lions, and the various public and fraternal organizations to devote a meeting to the cause of Canadian literature, and to requisition suitable speakers for this purpose.

3. To enlist the co-operation of the clergy and of all church organizations.

4. To enlist the co-operation of all schools, parent-teachers' organizations, and educational institutions.

5. To interview all booksellers and insure Canadian books being featured during the week. To arrange for library lectures on Canadian authors, and to have on exhibition works of Canadian authors.

6. To enlist the good will and co-operation of the press, supply articles on Canadian literature and Canadian authors, and keep the press informed concerning local activities during the week.

7. To arrange with any broadcasting stations in the district to give special attention to Canadian literature during Book Week. Addresses by officials of the Association, or by local visiting authors of distinction, to be nightly features of the broadcasting service.

Several pages are devoted to the description of the poles erected in Stanley Park, with explanations of the strange characters carved thereon; while a chapter is given to the interesting old Indian canoe which was presented to the Association by Mrs. Jackson, of Harrison River, and which has also been given a resting place in the Park.

The little volume is well illustrated with interesting photographs, and an appropriate introduction, touching on Indian art, is contributed by Prof. Harlan I. Smith, the Dominion archaeologist.

The Association was honoured by the acceptance of a specially bound copy of the book by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to Vancouver.

Artistically bound copies enclosed in greeting envelopes have been prepared for the Christmas season, and make charming gifts for friends at home or abroad, while the proceeds from the sale of these go to swell the fund which it is the intention of the Art, Historical and Scientific Association to devote to the erection of a complete model of an Indian village in Stanley Park.

S. G.

Educational Notes

By SPECTATOR.

Again the Vancouver Board of School Trustees is submitting a building programme for endorsement by the ratepayers. Ten years ago the last permanent school building in the city was completed, and since then the attendance has increased by almost sixty per cent. The increase during the last two months has been sufficient to fill a fifteen-room school, and the additional increase in February, 1925, will probably be sufficient to crowd to the doors a twenty-room building.

Where, then, are the new-comers—the glory of the home, the hope of the city and the hope of the nation—to be housed? It is for the ratepayers to rise to the occasion in the December civic election, and honestly express their faith in the proud city in which Providence has bestowed upon them the privilege of citizenship.

In world affairs there is real progress in the direction of stability. The British electors have given to the governing party a lease of power for the next four or five years. The American presidential election is already decided, and here also we have the assurance of four years of comparative peace in which men may buy and sell and get gain. Germany, for the first time since the close of the war, has balanced her budget. France has held out the olive branch by withdrawal of her troops from the Ruhr. The Angel of Peace is surely once more abroad in this old world, cleansing the festering wounds of the weary nations, and pouring in healing balm. It is for men everywhere to rise from their dead selves and take on new hope. It is for the men and women of Vancouver to grant at last some scant measure of justice to our children, those on whom will be laid not the least share of the task of building up again the ruined structure in defence of which millions of martyrs, the flower of this age's civilization, freely laid down their lives.

An early American statesman said to his fellow-countrymen: "Let us learn to think continentally." This is doctrine that Canadians of the present day can disregard only at their own imminent peril. Let there be no East, no West, no North, no South; but from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Pole, let it be just Canada.

Can we in Vancouver rise even as high as the attainment of civic unity of spirit? but must ward wage war with ward, school district with school district? It is obvious that the needs of pupils in every part of the city cannot be provided for simultaneously: the most clamant needs should therefore be attended to first. Let parents in every part of Vancouver vote heartily in favor of extra school accommodation in the most congested districts—Hastings, General Gordon, Charles Dickens—and, if the by-laws with this end in view are carried by a handsome vote, without doubt the wants of other districts will be attended to in due course.

With Aristotle the greatest of virtues was magnanimity, great-mindedness. Great-mindedness builds up the ideal city. Envy, jealousy, selfishness, small-mindedness, point unmistakably to one goal—individual and civic suicide.

The venerable and respected Captain Robert Dollar, captain of ships, and captain of industry, of late made a stirring appeal to the members of the Board of Trade, urging them, with all the energy and burning enthu-

siasm which have made the man, to build up Vancouver by the establishment and development of manufacture. He is here certainly on solid ground. In the building up of a great city, manufacture, commerce and culture may well go hand in hand.

There is now a movement on foot in Vancouver to establish a school of Arts and Crafts, to offer to the youth of the city a training in artistic conception, delicacy of manipulation, attainment of beauty in construction and form. The men and women behind such a movement are civic benefactors, worthy of the most serious encouragement and the most generous assistance from every citizen whom nature and education have endowed with vision.

Our schools are not idle. Progress in the teaching of literature, music and drawing, so often scoffed at as frills by the so-called severely practical man, is developing a taste in our boys and girls without which the highest product of the workshop is an achievement which even money cannot buy.

It is often charged that the organization and working of our state schools tends, in the case of budding genius, to "repress the noble rage, and freeze the genial current of the soul." There is no necessity for any such tendency, but much depends on the teacher. It is the high privilege of the discerning teacher to foster the development of talent, to discover genius, and to see that it gets the largest possible measure of free play. The ordinary requirements of the course have no need to be ignored. These should be met daily in the shortest possible time, to leave the pupil free to pursue those lines of development in which he is most interested.

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* * * *

Some time ago Mr. Brotman, on his return from a leisurely trip in the far East, delivered a very instructive address at a luncheon of the Foreign Bureau of the Vancouver Board of Trade. He said he had been struck by the fine type of men in the strategic outposts of the British commercial world—men of the highest worth, gentlemen. On seeking an explanation he was answered as follows:—

"When a junior is required in an agency abroad, a

request is forwarded to the head office, commonly London. The head office advertises the position, and asks four questions of the applicant: (1) What education have you had, and what references can you furnish regarding your education and character? (2) In what sports are you interested? (3) What part did you take in the Great War? (4) What do you know about the business in which we are engaged?

"Provided the applicant can furnish satisfactory answers to the first three questions, it is quite safe for him to say, 'I know nothing about the business in which you are engaged'—for the men already in the field will teach the new man all that he will be required to know about the work in hand."

It is interesting to note that with this very practical man, the British man of business, not specific preparation for a particular task, but character, trained intelligence and devotion to duty are the things that matter.

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA.

Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King.

Since last writing we have welcomed to our province Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, Premier of Canada. Everywhere he was enthusiastically received by large meetings. All classes, irrespective of political allegiance, turned out to greet him.

This is well. Whatever his rank and standing among the Premiers of Canada may be or become, we can always be sure that any man deemed worthy of the premiership of our fair Canada will be a man of outstanding character and ability. We trust that such men will always be splendidly received and entertained when they come to visit us.

Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen.

Just now we have with us Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King's constitutional opponent, Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, leader of His Majesty's Opposition at Ottawa.

The force of circumstances makes Mr. Meighen's visit more or less of a party occasion and prevents his being assured of the welcome that might otherwise be his.

Nevertheless, we welcome him. It is to be hoped that all the outstanding men in Canadian politics of all parties will favour us, from time to time, with frequent visits.

We need their presence to give us a proper education in our Federal duties. They need the opportunities for study and observation which such visits afford. May we hope that the Hon. Mackenzie King and Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen will form the habit of seeing us often and bringing their friends with them.

The British Elections.

While all must rejoice at a result that gives a stable Government to Britain, much sympathy will be felt with Ramsay Macdonald in his defeat.

Whether Macdonald could have established himself in the good graces of the British electorate had he been permitted by circumstances to carry on for a year, or more longer, is hard to say. He would certainly have been much stronger.

Handicapped from the outset by the extremists of his own party, who scarcely ever failed to harass him by their unwisdom, he finally fell a prey to the vexation and disappointment of the Liberal Party leaders, who daily saw their expectation of return to power

upon the ruins of the Labour Government, becoming more and more impossible.

Maddened to think that the Labour Party, instead of a step to success, was becoming an ever-increasing bar, stung to see this creature of their own making delaying and defeating them, the Liberals of England rode Macdonald to an issue. He fell, and they fell with him. He was routed; they were nearly annihilated.

What will follow in Labour and Liberal circles no one can forecast, but, did not the election fight develop phases of political thinking, that presage the cleavage of Labour and the passage of Macdonald, Snowden, and others, to other quarters.

Shortly, it would appear that the responsibilities of office are the best educators and strongest factors in curing Labourites of those dangerous ideas so common in Labour appeals and discussions.

The Peace River.

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen has added his endorsement of the Peace River movement to that of Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King.

While one regrets to see another good man go wrong, it robs Opposition of any party or factional suggestion.

We have in Canada, to-day, an agricultural situation described in its B. C. portion as "serious" by R. H. Pooley, K.C., Opposition leader, in a speech in which the *Star* and other papers find much to admire in spirit, thoughtfulness and its promise of unexpected ability in the speaker. In Manitoba and the Northwest it has been referred to as "grave," "menacing," "discouraging," etc. In Ontario it has been spoken of as "comparatively speaking, hopeless." In Quebec it has been termed "unfortunate," "unpromising," "unpleasing," and in the Maritime Provinces it has been diagnosed as "discouraging," "disastrous."

The proposed remedy is to open a further agricultural region removed from markets, advantages, etc.

Talking recently to the writer, one who was well versed in the farming situation of the Northwest, denounced it as "criminal" to bring in immigrants to encumber an already ruinous situation.

Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King and Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen are good lawyers and may be good statesmen, but they did not build their reputations in law on the logic that lies behind their Peace River programmes. If to cure mire you have only to add mud, their remedy is

all that can be desired. Drainage seems a better remedy. Why not settle our present difficulties rather than add to the outlay by increasing the number of injured to be compensated? When you cannot sell what you now raise at a profit, raise more and make yourself richer. Such is their theory—it sounds reasonable, does it not?

Hugh Davidson.

It appears, at length, to have been impressed upon the Oliver Government that it has not the confidence of the people. In reality it is a minority government.

In an endeavour to regain public confidence, it has done one or two things that show some sense of a businesslike administration of affairs. Small, and of uncertain significance, they are hopeful. Every good citizen will pray that they grow rapidly in number and importance. Certainly, they are most terribly needed.

One of these is the giving complete control of the liquor situation, as regards vending, into the hands of one man, Hugh Davidson, with power to "hire and fire."

The appointment is a good one. His excellence has been well commended by the party press. We add our congratulations to the Government on this really important step.

One must not, however, look for any particularly important results beyond the reform of the conduct of the business and the regulating and improving of the personnel of the staff. Important, no doubt, but limited in its final value.

Mr. Davidson, like all other men, will be guided by the information he receives, the knowledge he ac-

quires. The accuracy of his information will be of prime importance.

What, then, are the prospects? Without a reform of police conditions and in law enforcement, a distinct severance between the Government and all underworld influences, an abolition of all favoritism and graft in the liquor situation, Mr. Davidson will do his utmost in vain.

In the writer's opinion, liquor will corrupt any administration, and there is no safety in any other scheme than the prohibiting of the traffic.

There are, however, degrees of evil. In our opinion, we have been recently, and are to-day, worse off in our liquor situation than we were in the days of the open bar.

We are supposed by the *Sun* to have been libelled by a speech of one of the U. S. liquor agents, made in Ontario. We have not read the speech, but, if it was really a libel, the language must have been most and unnecessarily extreme. A true statement of our condition would seem sufficiently impressive to point any reasonable moral.

Mr. Davidson! We welcome your appointment! Go to work earnestly, carefully, methodically, in a businesslike manner. Your tenure will, then, not be long. The Government behind you will not dare to support you in such a cause, but, if you do your duty as a man, you will earn the gratitude of all true citizens by revealing our real conditions and showing how tremendous is the task of winning back our proper self-esteem. Your official career will then be short and stormy, but in future years the people of the province will arise and call you blessed. Best wishes.

C. I. M. Missionary Saves Chinese City from Invasion

The *Shanghai Sunday Times*, received by last mail from China, publishes particulars of an action by Rev. Frank Dickie, of the China Inland Mission at Kinhwafu, Chehkiang, which practically resulted in the saving of a city from invasion. Mr. and Mrs. Dickie happen to be related to the editor of the *British Columbia Monthly* (Mrs. Dickie being his sister), and they spent the better part of two months of their last furlough in Vancouver two years ago, when they met many people interested in their work, and Mr. Dickie spoke to congregations in several churches, including St. John's Presbyterian, First Baptist, First Congregational, etc.

Though we gather from letters received by same mail that the newspaper was intended only to be passed on to others, the independent editorial in the *Shanghai Times*, and the plain statement of facts recorded, are such that we believe this information at first hand, and the personal adventure associated with it, will not lack interest to Canadian readers. We therefore follow the example of the editor of the *Times*, and, without Mr. Dickie's permission, give publicity to his experience. The *Times* editorial, which we quote, is headed:

A DELICATE MISSION.

In the history of foreign intercourse with China are written many stories of heroism by foreigners living in the interior. To-day we publish a matter-of-fact account sent to us by the Rev. F. Dickie, of the China Inland Mission at Kinhwafu, Chehkiang, whom we have the honour to call our correspondent in that city, of his trip from Kinhwa to Lanchi, by official request, in order to prevent an impending battle. Naturally Mr. Dickie (whose name we give here without his permission because we believe foreigners in China should know it) does no more than record events. But the reader who has taken a night ride in

any country where hostile forces were face to face, or has journeyed in peace-time through inland China, with its lack of roads, will appreciate the bravery of this man whose one aim and object was to save the people of Kinhwa from further suffering.

"There had already been looting both in Kinhwa and Lanchi, so that, besides the opposing armies, we may be sure there were many desperate men in the vicinity.

"That Mr. Dickie's mission was crowned with success is a tribute to his understanding of the Chinese people. We feel sure that he would have us remember that a native physician, Dr. Shen, of the C. I. M. Hospital, shared his trials, and therefore is due a share in the thanks of the people of Kinhwa.

"The China Inland Mission strives to keep out of the limelight. But it will do no harm to remind the public that the high traditions of this Mission, which has done so much for China, are being maintained in this year of nation-wide civil war."

THE NARRATIVE of the EXPERIENCE.

Elsewhere in the *Times* appears the narrative of facts—to which the editor has given titles or sub-titles reading: "Foreign Missionary Saves Kinhwa from Fukien Invasion; Made 20-mile Journey at Night Through Opposing Lines to Prevent Fight; A Perilous Night Ride," etc. Mr. Dickie's statement, written without a personal name, as the "correspondent" of the *Times*, reads:

"On the evening of the 22nd I was sent for to go to the mayor's yamen as quickly as possible. When I got there I found officials, city gentry and leading merchants. All looked most solemn, as if something dreadful was going to happen. As soon as I got in and went through the usual formalities and was seated, the mayor explained why they had sent for me. Telegrams had arrived saying

the Fukien troops were coming to Kinhwa the next day. The 7th Brigade was making preparations to resist them four miles from the city. It was going to mean terrible suffering for the people in the city and the country. Would Dr. Shen (one of our hospital doctors) and I consent to go to Lanchi, see General Meng, of the Fukien troops, and do our best to keep him from sending forces against Kinhwa?

"It would not have been much of a job during the day, but to go in the dark through troops of both sides seemed rather serious. As matters seemed so very serious, and it was impossible for anyone else to get through, and all seemed anxious for us to go, we undertook to make the attempt.

"We left the city about 7 p.m. with four bearers for each of our chairs, and two police to carry lanterns. About two miles from the city we were held up by a company of soldiers. They shouted for us to stop, which we did not do until we were right among them. They wanted to know who we were and where we were going. As soon as they saw me they were satisfied. Then they wanted to know if we could spare them a few candles, which we could not!

"A mile or so farther on we were held up again. I could hear voices, but it was too dark to see anything. Our men called out that I was a foreigner going to Lanchi. A lantern was held up for them to look into my chair, and we were allowed to pass.

"During the six and a half hours' journey we were held up eight times. When we got to where the Fukien soldiers were, we were held up every quarter of a mile or so. We could not see anyone. A few times the lanterns showed the bright bayonets pointing our way.

"Within a few li of Lanchi we came across a few soldiers in a temple. After the usual

explanations, one who seemed to be in charge, said: "I will send a soldier to escort you to the city." The man he sent had been drinking more than was good for him, and for our comfort; we would have preferred going on alone in the dark. He went with us past a few more outposts, and took us to the Hueichow Guild, where there were a good many soldiers. The Guild was piled up with munitions and large bags of rice. After our escort had inquired for us where General Meng was, he came out and told us the General was in the city in the mayor's yamen. We thanked him and went on towards the city.

"Before we reached the city gate we saw some 40 coolies sitting by the roadside with soldiers. I suppose they were all ready to carry things for the army. At 1.45 a.m. we were inside the mayor's yamen. The General's secretary came out to us, then went into General's quarters, returned after a few minutes to say that the General was asleep and they dare not wake him. We asked him to try again, as our business was important. The guard inside refused to allow the General to be disturbed; said that he would be up at 3 o'clock, as they were starting at 4 o'clock. The secretary said he would be up in about an hour's time and asked us to go to his room and wait. There was no help for it, so we waited, talking with the secretary and others who kept coming and going. By 3 o'clock their breakfast was ready. The secretary wanted to get us rice, but we did not allow him to do so.

"At last our patience was rewarded and we were ushered into the General's bedroom. We had about one hour with him, and got all we wanted in the way of assurances. He seemed to know all that was going on in Kinhwa district, the robberies committed by the retreating soldiers, etc. He said he did not think it necessary for him to come to Kinhwa at present, but if brigandage was not put down he would certainly send troops to protect the people. He was most polite and told us all we wanted to know. Before we left I asked him if he had any proclamations about protecting the churches. He said he had, and ordered his men to bring them. One man said everything was packed up and ready to start, but he said, 'Go and open them up and bring them here.' A parcel was brought in and he gave me three lots of proclamations, and asked me to give them to the Kinhwa mayor. When we left he came to the door with us and said he would be sure to call and see me should he come to Kinhwa.

"We were told the new military governor of Chehkiang had just reached Lanchi. We tried to find out where he was, but could not. In the early morning we saw a fleet of boats starting down the river for Yenchow. They said the Governor was on board one of the boats. Kinhwa seems a different place these days; everyone seems more happy and less afraid."

VALUE BY COMPARISON.

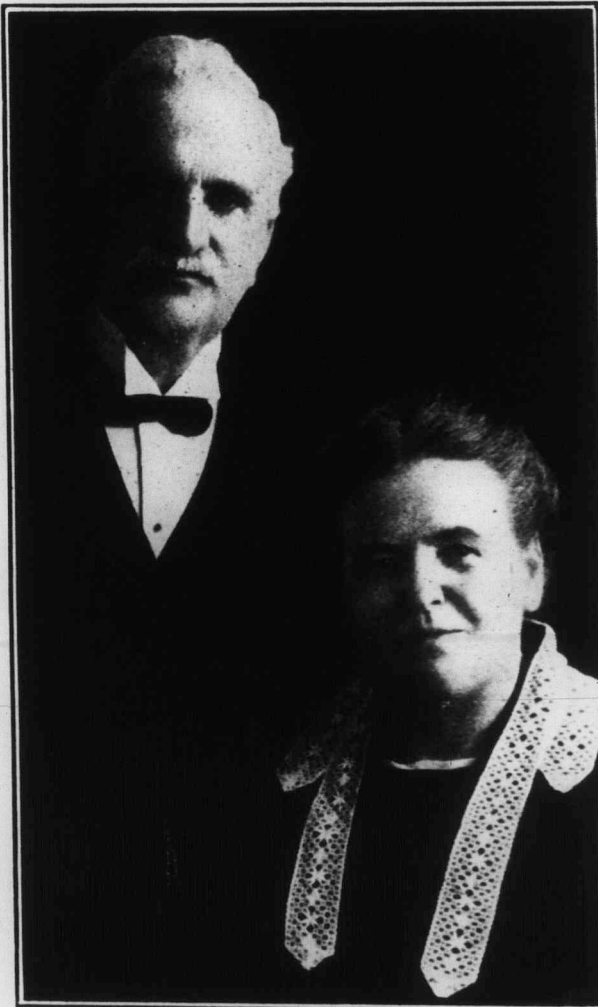
So ends Mr. Dickie's story, but reports from other quarters given in the same paper, indicate more clearly the value of the work done. A double column heading reads: "Fukien Troops Loot Chuchow; Yamen Not Spared; Thirty Thousand Fed at City's Expense; Cheng I-men People Kill Over Fifty Refugees," etc. In another section we find a report headed: "Life in Lanchi Not Very Secure; Communications Cut Off for Week; Fukienese Swarming Into City."

As we happen to have a good picture of Mr. and Mrs. Dickie (taken by Mr. Geo. T. Wadds, Vancouver) we shall also venture (without their permission) to reproduce it. We believe that, in keeping with the spirit and practice of the C. I. M. with which they are associated, Mr. Dickie would not wish his personal part to be emphasized or even published; and yet we think the record shows

that his action was worthy of recognition as that of a man who has evidently learned well the great life-lesson that others of us learn slowly, namely, to HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

It may be noted that in a letter of later date, reporting on the work of the C. I. M., Mr. Dickie does little more than mention his experience; though at the same time the letter reveals that he and Dr. Shen were instrumental in preventing trouble with soldiers at Kinhwa.

We also observe (after passing the foregoing for the B. C. M.) that in a family letter Mr. Dickie remarks: "Had the editor



Wadds' Photo.

REV. FRANK AND MRS. DICKIE

of the C.I.M., Kinhwafu, Chehkiang, China. In connection with the civil war in that Province, Mr. Dickie, at the request of the Chinese officials, made a night journey through territory invested by the opposing forces, that he might interview General Meng, and is credited with saving the City of Kinhwafu from invasion by the Fukien troops. The facts were supplied by Mr. Dickie anonymously, as the regular "correspondent" of the "Shanghai Times," but the editor of that paper (without consulting Mr. Dickie), thought fit to disclose his identity in an editorial—which we reproduce, together with the narrative of the experience.

When on furlough, Mr. and Mrs. Dickie, after visiting Britain, spent some months in Canada, two years ago, and both spoke at many meetings. Mr. Dickie conducted services and spoke of China and C.I.M. work there, in some of the large churches of different denominations in Toronto, and elsewhere in Eastern Canada. Both missionaries also spoke at meetings in halls and churches in Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver.

Through the C.I.M., Mr. and Mrs. Dickie have given about 35 years of service to China.

asked liberty to mention my name in the journey that night. I would certainly have refused to allow him to do so. As it was he sent me a note telling me what he had done."

All the more because we know Mr. Dickie would follow the practice of the C. I. M.

and lessen or cover up the human agency while ascribing all credit to the Supreme, we are pleased to learn by the way that "among the Chinese in both town and country he is held as the one who saved the situation." He himself adds: "You see we did not do so very much after all. Still, what we did do brought peace to the hearts of the people. Everywhere I am greeted with smiles, and my Chinese helpers say people are more willing to listen to the Gospel than ever, and many say they are going to put down their names as inquirers. Alas, alas! they forget so very soon, as they are inclined to return to their old ways of doing things when peace and quiet reign." . . .

By which comment all aspiring souls and Christian workers will be reminded that human nature is the same in China as elsewhere. Nevertheless the effect on the work of the C. I. M., which we know Mr. Dickie and such men as he have most at heart, is very likely to be cause for thankfulness.

(Rev. Mr. Dickie is a Scotsman, trained in Glasgow and the United States, who has given 35 years of his life to China and the Chinese for the propagation of the Gospel.)

Corner for Junior Readers

Some of Denny's Out-of-School Doings

By Annie Margaret Pike

CHAPTER V.

(To Kingstown and Back)

It was the day of the Regatta. Denny had fully intended to save up enough of his pocket-money to pay for a return ticket to Kingstown to see it. But, alas for his happiness! he had had to buy a new cricket ball to replace one he had borrowed and afterwards lost on the school playing fields, and it had cost him the whole of his small hoard.

He was disconsolately studying the programme of Regatta events in the newspaper when Robert found him.

"Den," said he, "I'm going to take Beatrice and Ethel to see the fireworks at Kingstown this evening, and Beatrice wants you to come, too. Will you?"

"I haven't a brass farthing to my name, Rob, or I would. I'd come hopping," said the disconsolate one.

"If that's all there is to prevent," said Robert, "you needn't lose any sleep over it. I daresay I can find enough half-pence for your ticket."

A little while later in the day, Denny, with commendable forethought, sought out Kathleen, with a view to some necessary repairs to his wardrobe. She was suffering from a bad cold which kept her in the house.

This is how he approached the subject:

"Acushla machree (core of my heart), you're the prettiest girl in all Ireland, and if anyone has the audacity to say you're not, I'll send him flying backwards into the middle of next week. See if I don't."

Kathleen rose to the occasion.

"What is it you want me to do for you, boyo that has kissed the Blarney Stone?"

"Sure, 'tis a little matter of missing coat buttons, darling!" and forthwith Kathleen brought out her work basket and set to work.

(Turn to Page 16)

Our Responsibility Toward the Japanese in Canada

By F. W. CASSILLIS KENNEDY

It has been said that the only way to Canadianize the foreigner is to understand him. Of course our main aim should be that he understands us, but if our knowing more about him is going to help him to become a better citizen, the sooner we make the attempt the better for him and this Canada of ours.

The Oriental is not so easy to understand as a newcomer from the continent of Europe, for his way of thinking and doing is entirely the opposite to that of an Occidental. Lafcadio Hearn, in his "Interpretation" says: "The underlying strangeness of Japan—the psychological strangeness—is much more startling than the visible and superficial. East and West the fundamental parts of human nature—the emotional basis of it—are much the same; the mental difference between a Japanese and European child is mainly potential. But with growth the difference rapidly develops and widens, till it becomes, in adult life, inexpressible. The whole of the Japanese mental structure evolves into forms having nothing in common with Western psychological development; the expression of thought becomes regulated, and the expression of emotion inhibited in ways that bewilder and astound. The ideas of this people are not our ideas, their sentiments are not our sentiments; their ethical life represents for us regions of thought and emotion yet unexplored, or perhaps long forgotten."

No wonder that Canadians, and Japanese resident in Canada have come to live apart. The latter, though desirous of becoming citizens in every sense of the word, on finding that they are not understood, have formed small Japanese colonies, and the former, because of this forced segregation have come to look upon the Japanese as unassimilable.

The Question of Immigration.

Japanese immigration is not the tremendous and serious problem that some people make it out to be. One would think from speeches that are made and the remarks made in some newspapers that British Columbia was being flooded by representatives from the Sunrise Kingdom. Under the so-called "gentleman's agreement" a limited number have been allowed to enter the country annually, and the Japanese Government has always been careful to see that this number was not exceeded. In 1919 the Hon. Mr. Calder, when speaking before the House, stated that Japan in this matter had always been faithful to her agreement with the Canadian Government. And, in 1922, the Premier, the Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, referring to these remarks made by the Minister of Immigration, said: "I know of no reason to believe that the Japanese Government has not ever since been equally vigilant." A similar statement has been made by Bishop Hamilton, a Canadian, who has lived for over thirty years in Japan, and is in close touch with the government over there. "Japan," he says, "justly prides herself on living up to the letter and spirit of her international obligations." Japan recognizes the fact that the American continent is not eager to receive her surplus labour element, and all she desires is a friendly handling of the question.

Our Responsibility.

The question that has to be studied is the responsibility we have towards those Japanese already legally admitted as residents of the country. A number of these people have lived here for more than twenty years, and will know no other home. Others have been sufficiently long in the land to cause them to be out of touch with conditions in their own. Unless we show them British fair play, they will soon have citizenship in no country at all, for the Japanese Government has made a change in its laws whereby dual citizenship ceases in the case of Japanese being naturalized in another land.

In 1922 statistics showed that the total number of naturalized and born in Canada was 11,415; this number will gradually increase through births, and we shall have in our midst a number of people with the title of citizen minus most of the privileges of citizenship.

Japanese Efforts Towards Citizenship.

The Japanese in Canada have shown themselves desirous of coming up to any standard demanded of them. During the great war they offered to send a full battalion to help Britain fight her enemies, but facilities for doing so were not granted, so only a few men were able to overcome the obstacles placed in their way. Of the 200 who enlisted, 131 were wounded and 54 killed in action. There was no need for them to offer their services, in fact they were not asked to share in the conflict; it was simply a spirit of loyalty to their adopted country which made them want to do their bit. When Canadians were requested to subscribe to the Victory Loan, seeing that the Japanese had desired to take sides with Canada's sons in the war, they were asked by the Canadian Government if they would take a \$50,000 interest in financial issues, and the prompt reply was a subscription to the loan of nearly five times that amount. Also, when the question of education

came to the fore, they willingly did away with their "National Schools" and agreed to have all their children taught in the Canadian public schools. All charitable concerns have always attracted their attention. They have taken their share in the tag day collections, and have shown a practical interest in many charitable organizations. Not long ago the Vancouver General Hospital received at their hands between four and five thousand dollars. In fact, any *bona fide* institution which goes to them for help receives generous consideration.

Present Conditions Unfair to Japanese.

Some little time ago a prominent Japanese was asked, since the "National Japanese Schools" were closed, why Japanese children born in Canada, were sent, after school hours, to private Japanese schools to learn the Japanese language? The answer given was that the Japanese residents here were not sure of a future for them in Canada. Anti-Asiatic and Exclusion Leagues were in existence, and so much was said by public orators and written in magazines of an unfriendly nature, that the parents felt that they would be doing an injustice to their children to unfit them for residence in Japan, should force of circumstances cause them to leave their homes here. Again, for the same reason, many Japanese children born here, and therefore prospective citizens, are sent to Japan to be educated, who, after a number of years, return to spend their lives in a country they have come to look upon as foreign.

Assimilation.

What do we mean by assimilation? Surely the acceptance of and adherence to Canadian ideals, customs and institutions. It has been said that assimilation is not governed by heredity, but by environment, and there is a great deal of truth in the statement. Assimilation, therefore, of those of the Japanese race born here, who receive their education here, and are trained in the customs and ideals of Canadian life, ought not to be difficult. If Canadian communities would be generous enough to give the Japanese a chance, instead of talking against them and putting obstacles in their way when they show signs of wanting to be more like Canadians, there ought to be no question about their being eventually assimilated.

It is conceded that we have a right to select the people to be admitted within our borders, the question is not how many more Japanese are we going to allow into the country, but what are we going to do to aid to better conditions those already within our gates? If Japan is approached and asked to refrain from sending any more of the labouring class to Canada, she will in all probability agree, but she will be sure to expect us to be more just and generous to those Japanese already here. And if those Japanese domiciled in Canada are requested to conform more closely to our mode of living, being a progressive people, they will be sure to assent. We ought, therefore, to remember in the first place, that all Japanese children born here acquire Canadian nationality, and should not be educated in Japan if it is intended they should make their homes in the country of their birth. And, secondly, that Japanese who have spent the better part of their lives here would find it exceedingly difficult to pull up stakes and return to Japan and endeavour to take root there again.

As the Japanese in Canada, according to agreements arranged between the two governments, have been allowed to make their homes here, would it not be in the interest of Canada to meet them half way, and help them to attain to a high standard of good citizenship, by granting them fuller privileges, rather than condemning them to remain as aliens with only a semi-interest in the country of their adoption?

GEO. T. WADDS

PHOTOGRAPHER

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New Fables by Skookum Chuck

(R. D. CUMMING)

IX. Pedigreed Stock

Another Sequel to the Fifty-Fifties

I could hear Miss Agnew's footsteps coming up the richly carpeted stairway and along the wide hall, while the Professor pierced my face with eyes that seemed to reach and penetrate to the innermost recesses of my soul. My heart reached out for that relief which the girl's presence might lend to moments that were becoming embarrassingly tense. But I was to be disappointed, for she did not favor the office with her rare presence, but opened a door across the hall, entered a room and closed the door behind her. From that source of attraction there was not the slightest suspicion of a sound during the next half hour.

Just why I wilted away so much in the presence of this man I could not tell; but notwithstanding his hospitality and apparent kindness, a fear of him had crept into my heart which no amount of personal bravery that I could resurrect in opposition served to appease.

There was something about the artificial laugh and commercial manner that rendered me suspicious. There was something hid that was not intended to reach the surface, at least for the present. There was camouflage, suggestive of one who might use me in the same manner as a warrior would use a shield to defend him against sword-thrusts. Infinitesimal though I may have been in comparison to him, I could not account for such groundless cowardice.

Naturally, I am not too brave, but in the presence of Professor Agnew at this second interview, I sank to the cringing proportions of a creeping coward. Some friendly medium no doubt took this method of warning me against impending danger.

"But we can let that go," said Agnew, suddenly, lifting the daggers of his eyes from my face. "In the meantime you want to know about my people?"

"That is my only mission," I replied.

This was to notify the man that I had no intention of engaging with him, even while conscious of personal strained circumstances and the alarming conditions of my immediate financial resources. I would seek employment elsewhere.

The Professor began his story immediately, as though it gave him great pride and pleasure to narrate and follow the pedigree of the new human stock which had been born to the world, and which he had no doubt related hundreds of times before.

"The year 1901," he began, "was the year one with my people, and Professor Newman, the great authority on monkeys and monkey life, was their original creator."

"I know him," I replied, becoming interested.

"You mean you *knew* him," corrected the Professor.

"Why? Is he dead?"

"Yes. Did you not know? How green you must be! He died thousands and thousands of years ago."

"Thousands and thousands of years ago?" I laughed. "Surely you are joking?"

"Joking nothing. I am relating authentic history," he informed me.

"Well, it can't be the same one."

"Possibly not."

"Or else I am dreaming," I persisted, absentmindedly, for I had a strong suspicion that I was actually asleep, and that all I saw was an illusion of my unbridled brain.

"Dreaming nothing!" exclaimed the Professor, angrily, as though out of patience with my nonsense. "This is the real thing.

But, as I was saying, this remote ancestor of mine who thoroughly believed that monkeys had a language and could speak among themselves and understand each other, built him a cage in the heart of an African forest which was infested with monkeys, and where he might study their manners and language."

The Professor paused as though to ascertain if I were listening with the prescribed attention, and then he went on:

"He remained there for weeks with no other companions than the wild beasts of the forest, and no voice to speak to him but the wild and meaningless cries of the crude inhabitants of the woods. Although monkeys chattered near at hand and seemed to understand each other, the Professor could not distinguish one word that was intelligible to him. Beyond a cry of pain or a squeak of delight, the vocabulary of the monkey went no further. One day, however, a strange creature came up to the cage and looked at him with an almost human curiosity, although with the usual animal vacant bewilderment. The creature was hairless except on top of the head as in man, and it was entirely naked. At once the Professor believed that he had discovered the missing link between man and monkey which was suspected to inhabit those forests, and which had been sought for years and years without success, so shy the creature proved himself to be. The Professor had no hesitation in speaking to the Fifty-Fifty. 'Where are you going?' he called out. 'Come here, I wish to speak with you.' Immediately the animal became frightened, and with one wild look at the astonished Professor, it vanished into the woods."

"It was simply an insane man," I ventured to suggest.

"Nothing of the kind," corrected the Professor, heatedly. "The Fifty-Fifty did not stand erect like a man, but walked bent forward, and only maintained that approach to the erect with the aid of a huge branch which he carried in his right paw."

"Strange!" was all the comment I could make.

The Professor abandoned his vigil and hastened to civilization to report to science the wonderful discovery he had made. None would believe him; so, at his own expense, he outfitted an expedition to go into the forest, search for the missing link, and bring members of the new discovery to civilization as a proof of the statements he had made.

"And did he get them?" I inquired, deeply interested.

"Several, male and female," replied the Professor, with pride.

"Then seeing would be believing," I quoted.

"Seeing was believing," corroborated the Professor. "At first they were exhibited in a metropolitan zoo, but later a happy idea occurred to the ambitious Professor. He would domesticate them, and teach them to talk, think, act intelligently. It was a daring undertaking and one that would revolutionize society were it successful; but, like Darwin, he had a theory, and he was determined to exploit that theory notwithstanding the risk to the existing human race. His plan was to create a new human being. Darwin had declared that man had descended from a monkey; Newman would prove it."

"Could they not speak when discovered?" I inquired, following him closely.

"Speak nothing! They were as dense, and stupid as a covote, and possessed no more intelligence than the ordinary monkey. They had no language. They lived partially in trees and partially on the ground. They

were hairless, but the young ones up to about ten or fifteen years of age were covered with hair like their monkey cousins. At that age they shed the hair and their bodies were henceforth clear like that of a human being. This peculiarity was said to connect them backward with the anthropoid and forward with man. The children walked on all fours, the adults had adopted the biped method of navigation with the aid of any rude stick which they might pick up. The young ones lived almost entirely in the trees, while the grown-ups gradually abandoned those arboreal habits."

"Marvellous!" I cried out in amazement.

"Although the Professor succeeded in domesticating the Fifty-Fifties," continued Agnew, "he failed in the real object of his ambitious undertaking. He never did teach the missing link to talk, nor did he advance it one iota intellectually. It was not a proof of failure, however, or that the thing was impossible. It simply meant that the time at his disposal was inadequate to accomplish the metamorphosis. He was compelled to admit, although with agony, that it would require many more generations than his own to evolve a crude animal into a cultivated human being. This blow was the direct cause of his death, for he died comparatively young in years. When the truth came home to him he deliberately planned a wild scheme to pass on to posterity a work which it was impossible for him to complete. He willed the tribe and the work in connection with its emancipation over to his son and his son's son, even down to hundreds of generations. The ordinary span of a human life could accomplish little or nothing."

Again the Professor paused as though to diagnose my attitude in the matter.

In the room across the hall there was a movement of some kind. The door opened, Miss Agnew came out, walked along the hall, and went down the stairway. I listened to the footsteps until they died away entirely in one of the spacious rooms on the ground floor.

"It is the most remarkable story I ever heard in my life," I told the Professor in the enthusiasm of the moment.

"But you have not yet heard the most remarkable chapter," said Agnew, piercing me with his strange eyes again while I strained my ears in an effort to trace the movements of his daughter.

"The wish of the worthy ancestor has been carried out with such religious determination and persistence that the undertaking succeeded far beyond our most hopeful expectations. Generation after generation the light of intelligence became more and more apparent, until to-day we have a race of men which I dare say far surpasses our own species in moral conceptions as well as in industrial ability."

"Is it possible?"

"Even physically there is an improvement, although there is still room for a great deal more which time will no doubt grant," continued the historian. "But I must tell you of that virtue which raises them head and shoulders above the moral elevation of the original human race. In their native haunts the Fifty-Fifty was a vegetarian purely and simply. He was not flesh eating, and did not kill other animals for the purpose of food. His constitution had adapted itself for millions of years to a fruit and nut diet, and could accustom itself to no other. They killed in self-defence only, and it is said that their ferocity and cruelty while thus engaged was something which all other animals in the forest knew to their cost. In defending his mate against others of the tribe, the male

would strike with such fury and effect that death would be instantaneous. At the very dawn of their intelligence a horror seemed to possess them for the eating of flesh of any kind. As their brains developed more and more, this horror increased, and when they embraced the Christian religion they selected from the Bible for their motto the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill.' To-day they are the greatest champions against the killing of animals of any sort, for any purpose whatever."

"The new race must be a decided improvement on the old, at least morally," I said during a slight pause.

"Assuredly they are in more ways than one. In time they will have the old race backed off the map. They are more industrious, more prolific, and less inclined to idleness," assured the Professor.

"They will no doubt give us a race for our very existence," I complimented the coming people of the world. "I have to thank you for the valuable information you have given me, sir."

"But I have not told you all. I trust you are not growing weary?"

My eyes were again riveted on the beautiful form of Miss Agnew, who had appeared from somewhere and was standing on the lawn in full view against the lovely green carpet. She had been picking flowers, for she carried a bouquet in her right hand of richly colored blossoms. She advanced across the lawn some distance, then sat down on a camp stool before an easel, picked up a palette and brush and began to paint on the canvas which was stretched on the tripod. Was she an artist? I followed each movement of her arm and body as though I were a lover of unblemished infatuation.

"Does your daughter paint?" I questioned the Professor.

"One of the rarest amateurs I ever met," complimented the father. "I must show you some of her work—later."

"I should be delighted."

Anything associated with Miss Agnew was becoming an immense pleasure to me.

"I am a direct descendent of this Professor Newman," continued Agnew, picking up the thread of his story again.

"Then your name should be Newman," I objected.

"No, for it has been switched about a great deal; in the same manner, were you to succeed me, the name hereafter would be Bruce," he replied mysteriously, while his eyes penetrated me even deeper than they had done before.

"What do you mean?" I inquired, looking at the man with as brave a front as possible.

"Oh, nothing. Simply an illustration to prove how it might be done," he explained.

He followed my eyes through the window; and, when he saw Florence sitting still engaged in her work, he smiled.

"My only child," he said, as though in regret, "but the most wonderful, most unselfish, most obedient daughter ever man had. My wish is her command."

"Indeed."

He surveyed me again, this time as though to gather what effect his words might have on me.

"And a genius," he complimented further. "A prize for some man."

He surely did not imagine that I might marry Miss Agnew and succeed him?

"However, that as it may," he went on.

"You know, I have no son to step into my shoes; and, in the event of my failing to round up one who can wear them, I fear the work of centuries may be lost."

Just as I thought. Things were becoming so dreadfully personal. I made no comment whatever.

"Of course, Florence might assume the burden personally. It has been done before. But the task is too heavy for a woman. Be-

sides it goes beyond those realms which are the limit of feminine understanding."

"I did not agree with him in this. I had my own wife as a living contradiction to it, but I refrained from mentioning the fact that I was a married man and the father of two children."

"My successor will no doubt turn up in due course," the Professor went on. "Failing another, Uumlah will do, and Florence thinks a great deal of him—"

I gasped. Was I in the presence of a madman? Would this man, this Professor, this father, consider for one moment marrying his daughter to a Fifty-Fifty, a distinct species, an animal?

"What did you say, sir?" quizzed the Professor.

"Nothing, sir; oh, nothing," I blurted out in confusion. "Florence—I mean Miss Agnew, has just dropped some paint on her dress."

He laughed, very heartily for him, and went on:

"This ambitious ancestor of mine handed along to the next and all succeeding generations of his family, the work which time would not permit him to complete, in fact, only permitted him to begin. He outlined his will and wishes in a strange document which he called his last request, but which all his descendents have treated as an eleventh commandment."

"Wonderful!" I cried out in meek admiration for the great ancestor. And I was so pleased that he had drifted away from the subject of his daughter's marriage.

"I can show you the original document," he said, rising and going over to a large safe which stood in one corner. "I have it here just as it was on the day that it was executed, with the exception that time has not been too careful of its complexion." And he opened the huge door. "You can read it for yourself. You may recognize the Professor's signature, since you knew him so well." And he laughed at me while handing over the document. "You will understand there is a great deal between the lines which must be deciphered."

I relieved him of what appeared to be a very ancient document indeed.

"Strange how well preserved it is after so many years," he commented.

I looked him over in astonishment.

"Of course the paper is of the most expensive linen," he added further.

I opened the document and read a very remarkable piece of literature. It was dated a place which I did not know, a day in July, 1910, a short time before the Professor was supposed to have departed this earth. It was couched in a language which I shall never forget. It was a command so worded that those upon whom the duty evolved had no means of escape only through dishonor and disrespect for a sacred appeal of a dead and illustrious ancestor. It seemed to me like a message from the All High. The signature, like the tone of the manuscript, was in a bold, firm, determined hand, as from one who was accustomed to being obeyed.

It was perhaps the strangest will ever made by a human being. It left a few, half wild, half domesticated, half monkey, half human creatures, whose education along intellectual lines was to be continued down the centuries, to his son and his son's son, and so on until that had been accomplished which he had set out to do, the creation of a new intelligent being.

I handed the document back to the Professor when I had finished reading:

"Remarkable!" I said.

"I assure you," the Professor replied, "that the work has been carried on just as outlined in the will. At first it was doubtful and bore little fruit, even generation after generation. But at last signs began to dawn that the objective might be reached."

One day a Fifty-Fifty actually spoke an articulate word and understood its meaning. It is not recorded what that first word was, but it is thought to have been either 'yes' or 'no.' To-day, intellectually at least, they are our equal, morally our superior. They are a new race come to the world to modify, if not to cure us of our corrupt habits. This has created much jealousy among members of the old race. Not only in this but in religious matters the rivalry is very bitter; and, although a great many are neutral, the minority propaganda is serious. The Fifty-Fifties, in the weakness of their numbers, require protection from such enemies."

"Enemies!" I echoed in some surprise. "Who on earth would wish to discourage such a marvellous work? Is it not the will of the Almighty, although the means to the end comes through human endeavour?"

"Even their rights as human beings are being challenged," continued the Professor.

"Impossible!" I cried out.

"You don't understand human nature—the original human nature, I mean—or you would be able to grasp the situation in an instant," replied the strange man.

"I know it is very selfish," I said on the defensive.

"The religious element will not grant them the comfort of a soul, and the industrial world protests against them holding land, all on the ground that they are not human."

"It seems to present some difficulty," I remarked, not knowing just what to say.

"A difficulty? It is more. It is an obstacle. I have been combatting it all my life, yet seem no nearer victory than at the beginning."

"Yet you persevere?" I said in admiration.

"As my fathers have done, so shall I continue to the end," he said with determination. "There is some internal instinct that will not permit me to quit."

"It is surely not war between the old and new human races?" I questioned, now deeply interested.

"Exactly."

I was dumb in the presence of such an unprecedented economic situation.

"And, should they outnumber the whites!" I broke out in alarm.

"The entire problem rests upon the question of the supposed special creation of man in the image of God," continued the Professor, delving deeper and deeper into a subject that was now appealing to me as the most vital that had yet confronted humanity. "Of course it is scientifically known that man is not a special creation, but came forward from the dark past with all other animal creations, and from some low organic origin."

This was introducing a very delicate subject, and I was not prepared to argue for or against, being profoundly ignorant in this respect, and having taken all for granted that had been told me thereon.

"Are we not identical with all other animals?" the Professor continued with hot enthusiasm. "Have we not the same body externally and internally, the same limbs, bones, heart, lungs, alimentary canal? In the senses we are commonly gifted—sight, hearing, taste, scent, touch, brain. In two things only do we lead—thought and speech. And it must be shown me why an animal with a brain to function and a tongue to talk cannot be taught to think and speak."

Heavens, my own words! He was voicing my own sentiments.

"The Fifty-Fifties have proved it," he went on in triumph. "And because of this many would seek to destroy them, even as Pharaoh sought to destroy the Children of Israel in the Red Sea."

He paused and looked at me as though to ascertain if I were following him with the prescribed attention. He was apparently satisfied, for he went on:

"So that, you will understand, it is necessary for me to go after their rights through the channels of superstition as well as through those that have a legal standing in court. I have two distinct battles on my hands—I may have a third."

He paused abruptly as though, at this point, his enthusiasm had nearly overcome a wiser sense of discretion, then he drifted off with an air of relief:

"My dear sir, there is so much I might tell you with regard to my people. But you have the essentials. Should you still be in the dark I shall be only too pleased to enlighten you further."

I thanked him politely both for the information and for his willingness to treat with me again, and I said I would not detain him longer. I had only one regret, I told him, and that was not having been able to meet one of his people personally and talk with him.

"Nothing so simple," he replied. "Stay with us to-night, and to-morrow we can visit the Colony of Anthropodia, where they live in great numbers."

I said I would be delighted, but would not care to inconvenience Mrs. Agnew and his daughter.

"Nonsense!" replied the Professor. "They shall be honored by the presence of such a distinguished guest. I assure you. Come, let's go out into the garden."

I could not hide my emotion. The hospitality coming just at the time when I most required the support, appealed to me in terms which defy words to explain. Was I not homeless, penniless, friendless? Was this roof, and this hand of welcome, not manna from Heaven to me?

"Florence will be more than pleased," he went on, surveying me with eyes that seemed to betray a mixture of cunning and encouragement.

His manner could have but one meaning. Still, was I not in a strange predicament? Here was a father selecting me as a suitor and prospective husband for his daughter, and I already a married man and the father of two children.

Should I accept the situation for what it was worth and enjoy the fun? Should I give and receive attentions which might lead

the girl to believe that I was still of marketable value? Or, should I disclose the awful truth and cheat Cupid of his prey?

What a beautiful woman Florence was! Was it up to me to deny myself the pleasure of moments in her enchanting society?

I argued myself into the road of least resistance by a division of personality and responsibility. Here in the land of dreams, perhaps thousands and thousands of years away into the future from my wife and family, I was at liberty to do as I pleased. I could not in this sphere be classified as a benedict, and at this distant date no doubt the bones of my better half were long ago converted into dust. I could "turn myself loose," so to speak, and encourage and enjoy an adventure with the beautiful Florence for the human joy that it might give.

Should I awake in the meantime, it would be up to me, for personal safety, to remain quiet on the subject, which would be a simple matter. What my wife did not know would not injure her. Should she believe me innocent, it mattered little whether I were guilty or not, especially since this was but a dream.

I would vamp Miss Agnew, and give her the opportunity to vamp me. This resolve was made without giving thought to possible consequences.

Suddenly I recalled the apparent innocence of this girl. Would it not be a crime to deceive one of such a delicate nature? Would it not be dangerous to myself? Who could tell what mischief might accrue to both or either of us.

Before leaving the office we refreshed ourselves with a drink of the rich wine which had been left there by Florence. And the Professor offered me a cigar.

I declined the latter, not being a smoker. The Professor did not smoke either.

I was conscious of an airiness about me as I left the office, walked along the wide hall, and down the triangle stairway. I could not account for it. Things had an inclination to vanish and become transparent. When we went into the grounds I could see Florence for a second, then she disappeared. I blamed it on the wine, but never knew of a beverage of this sort to play such antics with me before.

I fancied I could see Miss Agnew flitting away like a white-robed ghost, and with outstretched arms I called her name, but she disappeared even before the sound left my lips. Oh, how I regretted at that moment the silly and unmanly resolve to vamp the girl! Had some strange power conveyed my thoughts to her and warned her to avoid me?

The Professor had disappeared, and a blackness was all about me. Suddenly there was a voice from the opaque air speaking to me. Was it Florence?

"Say, wake up. Who is this Florence person you are always dreaming about?"

Regaining consciousness, I looked about in a dazed and bewildered sort of way that must have amused my wife. She was lying beside me.

I burst out laughing. This annoyed her, for she jumped from bed and left me.

"Oh, what a dream!" I enthused, following her in amazement.

"Oh, what a lovely dream!" she corrected. "You will explain this Florence business to me or I will know the reason why. You're hiding something, I know."

I laughed again:

"Why, it was only a dream," I explained.

"Funny, though, the same girl follows you in all your dreams," she persisted. "You've got to show me."

"Well, I can never show you, because she's not in the flesh," I said in an effort to escape and smooth things over with her.

"Well, don't dream about her again, I don't like it."

"Why, surely you are not jealous?" I said, trying to kiss her with about as guilty a conscience as ever husband had.

"Jealous!" she almost screamed. "Me jealous! Don't you ever think it!"

The person has never lived who will acknowledge being jealous.

Secretly and guiltily I longed to dream again that I might see Florence. Then, was I not promised a visit to "Anthropodia?" At the same time I had little or no desire to meet the Professor again. For some strange reason I had developed a fear and hatred of him.

(Next story, "William and Mary.")

Corner for Junior Readers (Continued from Page 12)

Arrived at the railway station in good time, Robert bought the four tickets, and distributed them in case the little group could not hold together in the crowd.

Eighteen-year-old Robert was broad shouldered and made a capable escort, and he soon found the two girls good seats in the train while he and Denis stood.

It was almost dark when they reached Kingstown, so they made their way at once along the pier to sheltered positions.

Robert and Beatrice, although evidently contented, did not seem to have a great deal to say, but Ethel indulged in a succession of little screams of delight as rocket after rocket went up over the harbour and burst into coloured showers of glittering sparks. Denny admired the "Catherine wheels" and wished they would go on twirling twice as long as they did.

There should have been set-pieces at the close of the display, but instead there was an unrehearsed effect, when all the remaining fireworks on the barge accidentally went ablaze at one and the same moment.

The booming and banging that ensued cannot be described. The whole harbour, including the pier, was lighted up magnificently; every mast and spar and rope and rock stood out more clearly than in broad daylight.

Denny and Ethel clapped their hands, and Den shouted "Hurrah!"

When all was over there was a general rush for the train back to town. The crush on the platform was something to remember. Robert went first to make way for the other three, who followed in single file, "like ducks in a thunder storm" as Denny said when describing it to Kathleen, afterwards.

Robert's endeavours were successful in getting them all into a guard's van that had been added as an extra, and that was already almost filled with musical instruments and bandmen.

One of the men politely invited the girls to sit on the edge of the big drum as it rested on the floor.

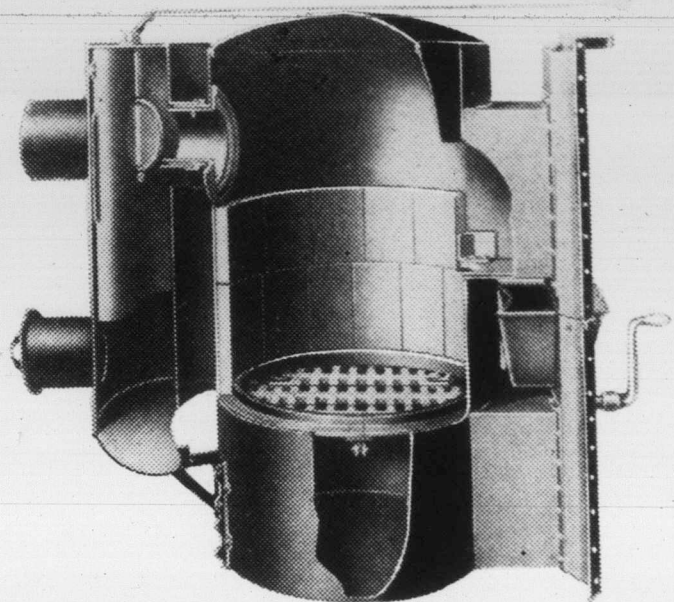
On reaching Westland Row station not even Robert's generalship could get them so much as standing room in any of the trams, so he hailed a jarvey whose jaunting-car was passing at the moment and they drove home in comfort and elegance.

Suggestions Welcome

B. C. M. readers are reminded that while we do not at anytime expect readers to be in agreement with ALL the views expressed or expounded by our various contributors, we and they alike shall welcome friendly criticism and suggestions. You may care to send us a "filler." By the way what did YOU think of that (contributed) filler, "United in Death" in last issue?

In co-operating with us, the printers have suggested our testing the appeal of the NEW TYPE used in this issue. Let us know if you like it as well as that used in the previous issue.

We trust that the introduction of the three-column sections will be approved. That is done with development of our business department in view, and also because we wish to give readers as much literary matter as possible.



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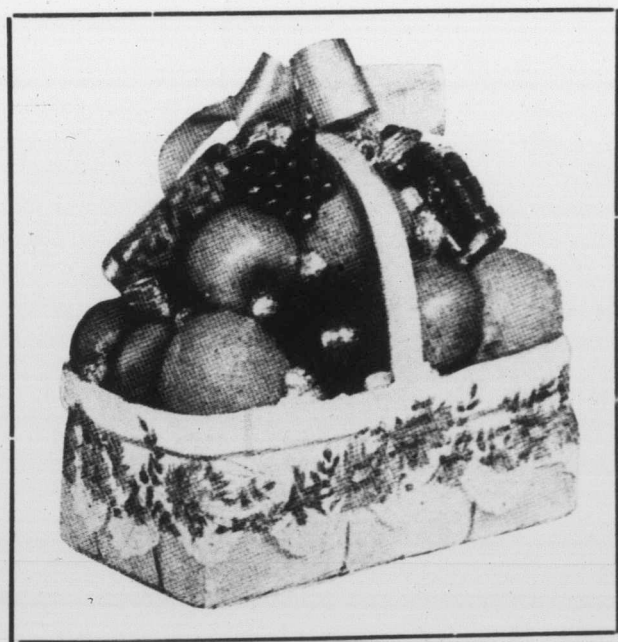
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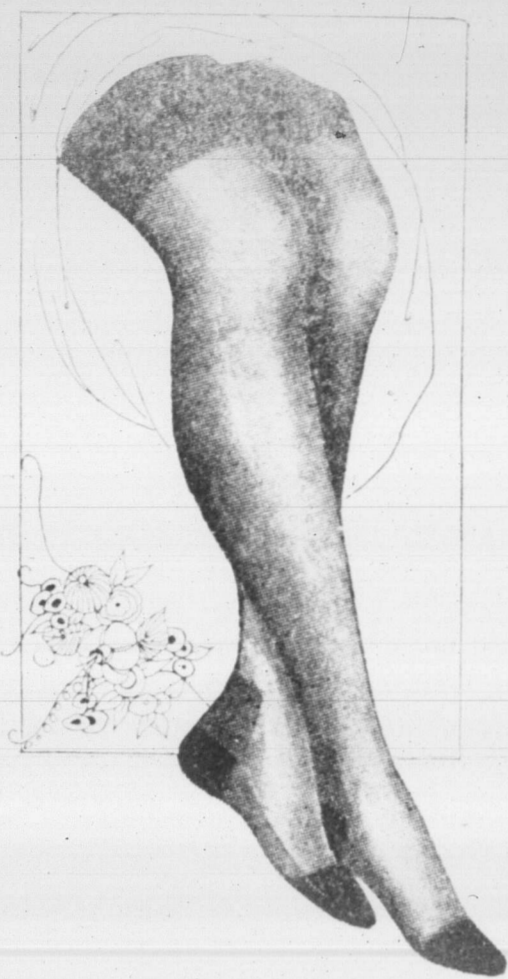
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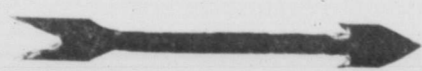
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A
TIMELY
QUESTION



Subscriber—Are you an
"Asset" or a "Liability"?

FIRST, we THANK those who have paid ahead—one year, two years, or even five years! Yes, we HAD a five-year AHEAD renewal the other day, and we have had one for TEN YEARS AHEAD!

If YOUR renewal date is NOW in 1925, or ahead of that, you are an "asset," and a valuable one, whose practical co-operation we appreciate. But those who, (for so small an item) need REPEATED REMINDERS, involving stamps, stationery, clerical work, etc., become more of a "liability," and are persons whom the most patient publisher is pleased to have pay up and come off.

YOU do not wish to be in that class, but EVERY MAGAZINE MAILED MEANS MONEY PAID by the publisher to the Post Office; AND one has only to look at the B. C. M. to understand that its PRODUCTION COSTS MONEY.

PLEASE CHECK YOUR DATE, and, if due or overdue—

Remit your renewal to-day!