

"CONTAINS SOMETHING WORTH READING FOR EVERY HOME!"

Established 1911

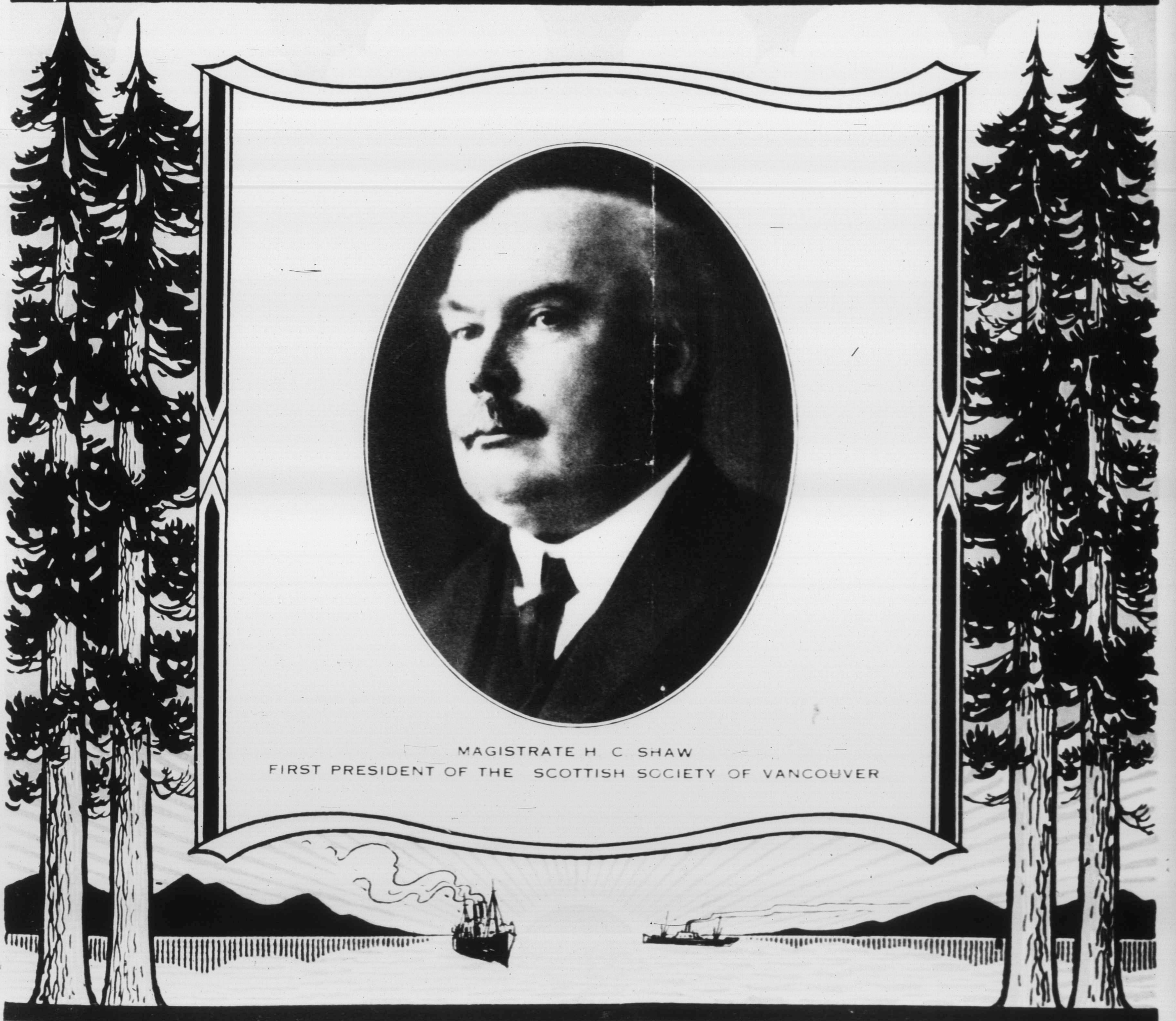
BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Volume XIX

March, 1922

No. 1



MAGISTRATE H. C. SHAW
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF VANCOUVER

CANADIAN-AMERICAN COMMONSENSE: CANADIAN POETRY: A CANADIAN ANTHEM

\$1.75 One Year; \$3.00 Two Years.]

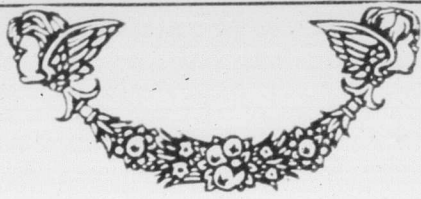
Publishing Office:
1100 BUTE ST., VANCOUVER, B.C.

[Single Copies,
15 Cents

Stoneite Products

Limited

Factory :
Foot of Smythe St.



Office :
320 Pender St. W.

This Company is now prepared to make the following Stoneite Products and will receive orders for same.

Stoneite Paint---any color

Marble Slabs

Plastering

Tomb Stones

Table Tops of Marble

Counter Tops of Marble

Stoneite Products are fireproof and waterproof and stronger than concrete.

Stoneite Products Limited

NOT FOR ONE DAY A WEEK, BUT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH

Canadian-American Commonsense

By Kiwanian H. T. J. COLEMAN, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science, The University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.

NOTE: As the *Kiwanis Magazine*, in reproducing this address says—"In view of the observance of United States-Canadian week throughout *Kiwanis* next month, this treatment of the above subject is indeed timely. It is a pity that every citizen of both countries cannot read this. Dean Coleman is an educator whose life has been more or less equally divided on both sides of the imaginary line, and he is, therefore, peculiarly able to write clearly, fairly and intensively." We give this article precedence over another in our hands by Dean Coleman. (Ed. B.C.M.)

The eminent English historian, John Richard Green, writing for his countrymen, has said, "Modern England—the England in which we live—began at the Battle of Naseby." The Battle of Naseby, you will recall, was the deciding battle in the Civil War carried on for many years between Charles I and the Long Parliament. The question at issue was the doctrine of the right of the people to rule themselves through their elected representatives as against the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings. The great leader of the forces of the English Parliament was Oliver Cromwell, and it is interesting to note that, a little over twenty years before, he had seriously considered the advisability of casting in his lot with a small body of adventurers who left Plymouth Harbor in a small vessel to plant a colony in the New World. This vessel was the *Mayflower* and its human cargo, the Pilgrim Fathers. They met the issue of religious intolerance and political oppression by emigrating to America and becoming, under the hand of Providence, the first of the many communities which in later years became the great self-governing community of the United States. Their brethren who remained behind met the issue in another way and with results which, we believe, were no less fruitful for the good of mankind than was the planting of the New England Colonies.

We see, then, that early in the seventeenth century the stream of British freedom which in the noble lines of Wordsworth's sonnet "has flowed on from dark antiquity with pomp of waters unwithstood," divided itself into two

main currents: one which has taken its majestic course through the three centuries of American history, and the other which has flowed on with ever increasing volume through the history, or rather, the histories, of the other English-speaking peoples.

While these two rivers, like those of which our geographies tell us, have found each its own channel, there has occurred with them a phenomenon unlike any which physical nature shows, namely, the frequent replenishing of the waters of the one from the waters of the other.

Historical Survey

Democratic movements in Britain have influenced in many ways the trend of political thought and action in the United States, and it is scarcely necessary to call attention to the obvious fact that the wider political freedom which existed in the United States from its beginning as a nation, was a direct challenge to certain narrower and less democratic conceptions which, until recently at least, have exercised a potent influence in the Mother-land.

Let us return now to our historical survey and let me, for brevity's sake, connect what I have to say in this particular with three dates: 1776, the date of the Declaration of Independence and of the beginning of the War of the American Revolution; 1812, the date of the outbreak of the last—not the *latest* but the *last*—war between the United States and Britain, and 1917, the date of America's entry into the World War. With the passing of Oliver Cromwell there ensued the dark days of the Stuart Restoration during which the sun of liberty seemed to have gone permanently into eclipse. But it was only seeming, for in 1688 the spirit of British freedom again asserted itself and the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings went the way of all exploded heresies and cruel superstitions. Unfortunately the British Parliament, which then assumed control of the national destinies, was only in a very imperfect way the voice of the English people and in the hands of stubborn and stupid ministry, supported by a stubborn and stupid king, it became an agency of oppression to Britons abroad as well as to Britons at home. The sequel in America is well known, but the sequel in Britain is not so well-known—to Americans, at least—for there are still Americans, I fear, who think of the England of George V: in terms of the England of George III., and who have a suspicion that the spirit of the latter still controls British foreign and domestic policy. The full reaction of the American Revolution upon British politics was postponed by the outbreak of the Napoleonic Wars, for in times of grave national peril political reform—though long overdue—must wait. Following the disappearance of the Napoleonic menace, the tide of democracy rose again in Britain and in a series of Reform Bills, beginning in 1833 and terminating in 1918, overwhelmed one by one the entrenchments of political privilege. In the great School of Democracy your Englishman does not shine as brilliantly perhaps as some of the other pupils, but he has this virtue at least, he sticks at his lessons until he has learned them—even if it takes a thousand years.

CONTENTS

	Page
CANADIAN-AMERICAN COMMONSENSE: By Dean H. T. J. Coleman.....	1
THE PATH-FINDERS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST: The Far-reaching Activi- ties of the H.B.C. By F. S. G.....	4
CANADIAN POETRY: By R. L. Reid, K.C....	5
A CANADIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM: A Suggestion. By Dr. H. W. Riggs, Van- couver	8
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.....	8
THE "BUY B. C. PRODUCTS" CAMPAIGN. By Bruce McKelvie	9
DR. A. P. PROCTER'S ADDRESS. Vancouver Canadian Club	9
THE PRINTED PAGE: (Book Reviews).....	9
WHY NOT A NEW CHILDREMAS? By A. M. Cowan, London, England.....	11
NATURE AND THE NEW EDUCATION: By R. S. Sherman	13
THE IMMORTAL HOPE: By Principal W. H. Smith, D.D.....	15
SUCCESSFUL INAUGURATION OF THE SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF VANCOUVER. By D. A. Chalmers.....	16

And Canada, like the United States and like Britain, has had her War of Independence. Britain's lasted some three hundred years, yours (if we measure it after the usual fashion) lasted five, and ours lasted fifty—from 1791, the date of the Constitutional Act, to 1841, the date of the granting of Responsible Government. Our war was fought in the main with the more or less peaceful weapons of political agitation; though some heads were broken, few lives were lost, and now we claim our share in the great heritage and the great tasks of twentieth century political freedom.

New World and Old Intimately Connected

The war of 1812-15 is another excellent illustration of the fact that the history of the new world and the history of the old world are intimately connected. It was really an off-shoot of the great struggle against Napoleon in which for a time Britain stood almost alone. That in this struggle Britain was the chief agency in rescuing Europe from a military despotism is now an incontestable fact. Then, as in the recent war, Britain's great weapon was her sea-power. With the memories of the last few years fresh in our minds we can understand that the exercise of that power was a serious inconvenience to non-combatants, and that both parties in the struggle, under the spur of a great necessity did things which were highly exasperating to the proud and sensitive American nation. Britain was probably the chief offender. At any rate she was the one whose interference, in view of memories of the Revolutionary War, was most bitterly resented. Further, she had one particularly vulnerable spot and that was the Colony of Canada. Canadians are apt to think that the force of American ill-will was directed towards them from the first and that the desire to acquire Canada was the chief cause of the war. Such was, of course, not the case. Possibly some Americans even thought they were doing us a good turn by rescuing us from the hateful tyranny of the British Crown.

I do not recall that in all my youthful study of the history of the War of 1812 this wider aspect of the question was at any time brought to my attention.

There is another aspect of the War of 1812 in which our Canadian histories have been largely silent, an aspect which is revealed in the fact that a large part of the American people did not believe in the necessity of war and gave at best only a half-hearted support. The war was begun and in fact the war was prosecuted by a party rather than by a people.

But enough of what we can now properly regard as Ancient History—the story of “old, unhappy far-off things and battles long ago.” The significant fact about Anglo-American relations is not that there were some four years of war at the beginning of last century, but that since that time **there have been over one hundred years of peace**—of peace and of growing good will.

Of 1917 I will say only this, that with all rightminded Canadians—and in using this term I am characterizing, I think, the overwhelming majority of the Canadian people—with all right-minded Canadians the one enduring memory is that of a nation in arms, and the one enduring sentiment is one of admiration of the high statesmanship which led America to throw aside absolutely for the time being, her century-old tradition of isolation, and to range herself whole-heartedly on the side of Britain and her Allies. And besides that memory of a nation in arms, there is that other memory of those who went and who did not return; your boys and our boys—Americans and Canadians

who gave “their last full measure of devotion” not only for the United States or for Canada, but also for that larger country which we call humanity. “They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old. Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn. When the sun goes down and in the morning we will remember them.”

“Who Won the War?”—A Score of Answers

There are still some small souls who distress themselves with the question—Who won the war? The question is both idle and mischievous. There is enough of glory to our respective nations to make us all proud; enough of selfishness and of graft to make us all humble; and enough of misery and want, and human wreckage and social bitterness—all the direct outcome of the war—to make us all serious.

Who won the war? The question can be answered in a score of ways, all in a measure true. Belgium won the war for had she not thrown herself before the wheels of the German juggernaut, France would have been crushed before any effective opposition could be established on the Western Front. Italy and Russia won the war, for they divided the forces of the Central Powers at the critical periods in the struggle. France won the war, through the valor of her troops, the genius of her generals, the fortitude of her civilian population. Never was the soul of a people more sorely tried, never was the soul of a people more gloriously triumphant. Britain won the war—Britain with her sea-power, with the age-old tradition of never knowing when she was beaten. Britain with the young nations of the British Commonwealth at her side, the lion and the lion's whelps. America won the war—through the bravery of the American expeditionary force—through the fresh courage which came to the war-worn Allies in the consciousness of her support—through the moral effect upon the Central Powers of her whole-hearted participation in the struggle. And so with the long list of allied nations, to each its special place, to each its special glory!

We will leave to the historians of a century hence, when national pride will not be so sharply engaged and when the lapse of time will have given the necessary perspective, we will leave to these men the problem of determining to the last decimal place what each nation did or left undone.

“Nisi Dominus Frustra”

But there will be many then, as there are many now, who will believe that the war was not won merely by soldiers and sailors and all the vast enginery of destruction which modern invention and industry had been able to furnish. They will believe that back of these, certain immeasurable and imponderable forces were at work, and the more devout of that day will speak, as did devout men of ancient times, of the hand of God.

“If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us,

Then they had swallowed us up alive when their wrath was kindled against us.

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul,

Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

Blessed be the Lord who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth,

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers, the net is broken and we are escaped,

Our help is in the name of the Lord who made heaven and earth.”

Canadians Interpreters between Britain and States.

It would seem that Canadians, because of their ancestry, their history and their geographical position, are qualified in an especial sense to act as interpreters between the Mother-land and the United States; for we are Americans just as truly as you are though, of course, in a different sense of the word. And we are British just as truly as we are American. We do not aspire to any official status in this connection. We will discharge the function best if we, in our several capacities, whether public or private, seek to justify the confidence of Britons overseas and at the same time to maintain the respect of those who are our neighbors and our friends. Canada could, in my humble judgment, seek no higher destiny.

"If All Americans Knew the Motherland"

If all Americans knew the Mother-land as we know her; if they knew her history, so much of which is also their history; if they knew the uncomplaining and truly heroic way in which she has set herself to carry burdens which are so largely the burdens of others weaker than herself; if they knew the patience with which she has sought to help recalcitrant peoples, half blinded by the light of a new-found liberty, to a rational and effective self-government; if they knew the story of South Africa, of Egypt and of India; if they knew how courageously she is endeavoring at the present time to heal the sick soul of the Irish people, they would not love her perhaps as we love her, but there would be no room in their hearts for hate or even for indifference.

—"And All Canadians and Britons the States"

And if all Canadians and all Britons knew the America which so many of us know, the America of happy memories and of close personal friendships, the America of Washington and of Lincoln, of Theodore Roosevelt and of Woodrow Wilson; if they knew the difficulties she has had to overcome and the achievements she has wrought; if they knew how much of the social betterment of mankind has waited upon and still waits upon her leadership, the man who sought to arouse anti-American prejudice among us would thereby stamp himself not only with the brand of ignorance, but also with the brand of crime.

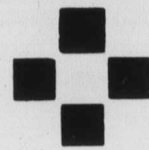
As ardent runner straining at the goal,
Or valiant swimmer in a perilous sea,
So have we watched thee strive, and seen thy soul
At length to greatness grown and majesty.

What tasks were thine when first thy course began!
To tame the wilderness; a government,
Free from the taint of ancient wrong, to plan
For the wide spaces of a continent!

Heroes have led thee on thine onward way;
Sages have spoken oft the prophet call
Which stirred thy soul when sloth would bid thee stay,
And thou hast sought to be a friend to all.

We see thee standing stronger with the years,
With yet the light of youth upon thy face,
What glorious hopes hast thou fulfilled! What fears
Hast thou belied! What promise for the race

Yet waits performance! Thou who art the child—
The eldest child, of Saxon liberty—
God grant thou keep the treasure undefiled,
A trust for generations yet to be.



Obtain the Long, Slim
Lines of This Season's
Silhouette by wearing
a Nemo Corset and a Circlet

They mold the figure both above and
below the waist into graceful symmetry
and give flat, fashion-
able lines from
shoulders to hips.

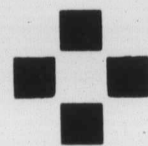
Your
Costumes
will appear to
the best ad-
vantage over
the correct
Nemo founda-
tion.



Let Us Show You
Our Nemo Corsets and Circlets

Gordon S. Sprole
LIMITED

575 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.



The Path Finders of The Great Northwest

[The Far-Reaching Activities of the H. B. C.]
(By F. S. G.)

At no time in the history of the Company have plans for its development been so large as now, and no part of Canada is destined to receive greater attention at its hands than British Columbia. The eyes of the world are on B. C. today—just 116 years after the Hudson's Bay Company first set foot on its soil.

But the Company has always been an explorer, and as it traversed Westward in a sudden tidal wave, conquering the wilds and pathways that none other but the Indian and wild beast had trod, it opened up districts and lands that since have grown into important villages and towns.

The surrender of its Imperial Sovereignty to Canada was the beginning of a new era in the history of the Company.

It increased its number of Fur Posts, and developed the old posts (in the cities that had sprung about them) into modern department stores. That was its answer to civilization that had compelled the relinquishment of millions of acres of fertile land to Canada, and across the counters of these stores, British Columbia is reaping the benefit of the H.B.C. vanished Empire today by being able to purchase "The Seal of Quality" merchandise at the H.B.C. low prices.

The Hudson's Bay Company's chain of stores stretches from East to West across Canada, but British Columbia is the most favored of all the Provinces, and besides possessing from fifteen to twenty Fur Trading Posts, the Company has established modern departmental stores in Kamloops, Nelson, Vernon, Victoria and Vancouver.

As Path Finders in this Western Province, some idea of the transportation difficulties experienced in the opening up of this country may be gained from the following, which shows the means of transit used to cover the Company's Fur Trading Posts in this Province today.

To visit the Company's Fur Posts, covering the 3,758 miles in B. C., it is necessary to traverse 404 miles by trails, 974 miles by rivers, 56 miles by lake, 80 miles by auto, 976 miles by railroad, and 1,268 miles by steamboat.

Vancouver

It was in 1887 that the H. B. C. opened its first store in Vancouver. The original location was on Cordova Street, and it was constructed entirely of wood, was one storey high, with a frontage of 50 feet, and depth of 75 feet. Since then the Company has found it necessary to change from time to time, in order to keep pace with the natural growth of the city. In 1892 the Company commenced construction on what was then known as the New Store, on the corner of Granville and Georgia Streets. The building, like its predecessors, was soon outgrown, and in 1899, an additional 50 feet were added, to be followed in 1903 by an additional extension. The spring of 1912 saw the commencement of the new store situated on Georgia and Seymour Streets.

The structure is of reinforced concrete, and the foundation and main pillars are sufficiently heavy to carry an additional four storeys. The inside furnishings are of solid mahogany, and its cases and fixtures are the latest, and on a par with the finest in Canada.

Victoria

The opening of the palatial new Store of the Company in Victoria in September, 1921, forged the latest link in the great chain of modern stores in B. C., and the realization of a project which for many years has had the attention of the officials of the Company. Its construction gives to Victoria a department store that has no equal on

the American continent for beauty of line and interior arrangement.

The building was constructed at great cost. It is built of concrete and steel, and is as fireproof as brains and money can make it.

It gives the visitor the impression of being something far more than a store—or rather, a collection of 50 stores under one roof—it seems more like the retail portion of a palatial city, with between 350 and 400 people as attendants—every unit standardized, and service as the dominant consideration.

Development of Vancouver Island

The development policy which has been followed by the H. B. Company ever since it received its Royal Charter in 1670 has received an added impetus in Victoria during the past year.

Mr. Harman, Land Commissioner of the H. B. Company, came west and with offices in Victoria, started a land selling campaign on an extensive scale, with the result that part of Constant Cove has been sub-divided, streets made, water laid on, and the property put on the market for sale at very nominal prices, is being picked up readily.

Part of the great Colwood Farm has also been sub-divided into small farms suitable for intensive farming and is being sold to most desirable settlers.

New Golf Course

The activities in connection with the new Golf Course in Victoria is also the result of the Company's development policy—and when completed, it will be one of the finest on the continent, overlooking a panoramic view of mountains and sea, unsurpassed in the Canadian West. Adjoining the Golf Course the Company still retains holdings of upwards of 700 acres, which will be put on the market in small tracts later.

The Company's Activities Continue in the North

The closing of the war was the signal for further development in the North country. During the year just closed 12 ships of different sizes were built in B. C. to augment the fleet in the North, a number of which are used for exploration purposes, and while the Hudson's Bay Company is seldom given credit for the opening up of the New World in the far, far north, the work accomplished by the Company along these lines has proved itself of real value.

The work begun last year in the opening up of the North Lands will be continued with the increased activities again this year. Contracts for 12 more boats have been let, all of which will be built in B. C., and when completed, will be used for exploration and other purposes.

The Company, by its activities in the establishing of Fur Trading Posts, has been able to connect the East with the West through the Northwest Passage—an accomplishment which the world at one time thought impossible—making practically a semi-circle around the Pole.

CENTER & HANNA Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1893

PERFECT FUNERAL SERVICE

PRIVATE EXCHANGE SEYMOUR 2425

1049 Georgia St., Vancouver

CANADIAN POETRY

(By R. L. Reid, K.C.)

It is a far cry from Hallam's Middle Ages to Canadian poets, but there is in that work a text so applicable to Canadian literature generally, and Canadian poetry in particular that I cannot forbear to use it as a text for this paper. He says:

"Knowledge will be spread over the surface of a nation in proportion to the facilities of education, to the free circulation of books; to the emoluments and distinctions which literary attainments are found to produce; and still more to the reward which they meet in the general respect and applause of society."

This truth should be considered in an attempt to appreciate Canadian Literature. Many dogmatically declares that there is no Canadian Literature. Others, and I fear the most of us, in a negative way, have the same idea. It must be confessed, that until a few years ago, that was the writer's mental attitude. He had read some books of Haliburton and Roberts. He had heard Bliss Carman's name mentioned; possibly two or three other Canadian authors had come, in a casual way, before his mental vision. But, speaking generally, there seemed to be no Canadian literature worth mentioning, and he looked to England and the United States entirely for his reading. No one seemed to take any interest in Canadian writers, but treated them as negligible, and no attempt was made to give them any reward either pecuniary or in the way of respect or applause by their fellow citizens. After they had received the plaudits of other lands to which they had been compelled to go for a hearing, we might acknowledge their works as literature, but otherwise we recognized them not. How then can we wonder that most of the attempts made by our native writers have died still-born? Even yet any attempt to nourish or assist our writers is done apologetically, as if anything written in Canada or by Canadians must necessarily be inferior. I only know one book store in British Columbia which keeps a special shelf for Canadiana and even there it is placed on the back of a pillar, facing from the entrance, for fear people might think an attempt was being made to advertise Canada and Canadians. As for our Vancouver Booksellers—if one knows what one wants and is willing to paw over Zane Grey and Ethel M. Dell and the like, they may accidentally stumble on a book by Mrs. MacKay, Hood or Sinclair—but as to actually advertising to the public that we have writers in Canada in general, and in Vancouver in particular, who actually write books worth reading, "It isn't done." And when the matter is called to the bookseller's attention, and he is urged to do something in the way of Canadian propaganda, an amused smile of superiority comes over his countenance and while he is in no wise rude, he lets you know that there are many kinds of faddists in the world and that you belong to an especially fatuous class thereof. And he does nothing.

Latterly there seems to be some slight tinge of color in the East. We hope that the sun may rise after a time. By reason of the endeavors of the newly formed Canadian Authors' Association the booksellers were induced for one long week to advertise Canadian Authors and one bookseller informed me in an awed whisper that it was wonderful how many Canadian books he had sold by reason thereof. He seemed to think that there was something miraculous about it; that it could never happen again, being without any basis in sanity or common sense. As to

its being a reason for continued and sustained effort in the future, he failed utterly to comprehend any such idea.

A local effort to popularize Canadian literature is also worthy of mention and is most commendable. Our City Librarian is gathering in the Carnegie Library quite a number of Canadian books and is devoting some of his interesting and instructive Saturday night lectures to the study of the works of some Canadian writers. He has already lectured on Judge Haliburton and James de Mille, and I understand intends to continue the good work. His address on de Mille has had the honor of publication in the Canadian Bookman for January 1922 and will well repay perusal, not only for the information it gives one of that writer, but also for the literary excellence of the address itself. In it, he uses these words with which I heartily concur:

"It is worth while to obtain at least a bowing acquaintance with our writers, which some of us have hitherto neglected, to our loss and theirs. Let us correct that neglect as far as we are able."

If, then, we expect Canadian Literature to prosper, we must foster it. We must recognize and appreciate good work and give some incentive to our writers to continue their struggle towards the ideal. The development of talent depends greatly on this, and if it is true that there is no Canadian Literature, it is a most serious reflection, not so much on our writers as on the people of Canada generally. If there are to be writers there must be readers. Wheat will not grow in a sandy desert.

The writer has not taken up this subject with any desire to pose as a literary critic. He claims no qualifications for such a task. His position is merely that of a book collector who, some years ago, noting the poverty of the shelves of our local libraries in Canadiana, determined to see what literature Canada has produced. The variety, extent and literary value of Canadian books has been a tremendous surprise and pleasure to him and he is only desirous of having others share in that pleasure. As a part of this collection, there are over 350 volumes of Canadian verse and near verse and it is to introduce some of the authors of these volumes to the readers of this Magazine that this article has been written. This is by no means a full collection of Canadian poetry or near it. Dr. J. D. Logan's gift to Acadia University at Wolfville, exceeded 500 volumes. A complete collection would probably exceed 1,000. So that, in spite of our national modesty, or, should it be called coldness and neglect, our writers in verse have made a bold attempt to build up, on their part, a Canadian Literature.

It is not claimed that these rank with the great masters. It would be strange if they did. Some of them, as Bliss Carman, stand well up on the ladder of fame. We can, however, say this, that many of them are true singers, who have given us real poems worthy of perusal and remembrance; poems with a true Canadian ring; which breathe of love for our own land; loyalty to our Empire and delight in our own youth and strength. The name of an author of even one real poem is a name to cherish in our memory.

It necessarily follows from the condition of the English-speaking world during the past century and our connection with England and the United States, that in great part, Canadian poetry is a portion of the poetry of the English language. The Canadian Goldsmith naturally reflects his illustrious English namesake. Some model their

work on Macaulay; Byron and Scott have impressed their influence on Canadian writers who wrote at the time that these great rivals dominated the literary world; and later Wordsworth and Tennyson. Coming to the present time, we see many of our younger singers falling under the influence of the Empire's true poet laureate—Rudyard Kipling. I know of none dominated by Brydges.

I propose to group the poets of Canada geographically, discussing those of:

- (1) The United Empire Loyalists;
- (2) The Maritime Provinces;
- (3) Quebec (French);
- (4) Ontario and Quebec (English);
- (5) Manitoba and the North West; and
- (6) British Columbia and the Yukon.

Of course it is impossible to mention all, but just a few from each group.

The United Empire Loyalists.

There is no poetry that I know of in existence written by the settlers from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut who settled Nova Scotia and some little part of New Brunswick after the expulsion of the Acadians—The Pre-Loyalists. They were a hardfisted, hardbitten group of middle-class farmers who had little use for art in any form. The first poetry came with the Loyalists in 1785, and is now difficult to procure. I am indebted to Roy Palmer Baker's "History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation" for most of the facts herein set out. Joseph Stansbury was an Englishman who had lived in Philadelphia during the Revolutionary war, and who, in consequence of his loyalty, was forced to flee to New York, where the English troops held sway. After peace was declared, he attempted to remain in the United States but was forced to leave. He came to Shelburne, N.S., but returned to his adopted country, where, after some years of persecution, he was allowed to live in peace. Through his verses runs the motif of all the Loyalist verse, the savagery of the new home in the provinces contrasted with the comforts and conveniences of the old one. In his poem to his wife, Cordelia, he says:

"Believe me, Love, this vagrant life,
O'er Nova Scotia's wilds to roam,
While far from children, friends, or wife
Or place that I may call my home,
Delights not me;—another way
My treasures, pleasures, wishes lay.
In piercing, wet and wintry skies,
Where man would seem in vain to toil,
I see, where'er I turn my eyes
Luxuriant pastures, trees, and foil.
Uncharmed I see:—another way
My fondest hopes and wishes lay."

Jacob Bailey, an Episcopal Minister, exiled from Maine, and for many years stationed in Nova Scotia, first at Cornwallis, and afterwards at Annapolis Royal, and whose memoirs give us a speaking picture of the latter part of the eighteenth century in Nova Scotia, gives us a considerable amount of smoothly flowing verse, tinged with the same regret for the life left behind, and distaste for the difficulties of the new home. Jonathan Odell, a member of one of the oldest of the New England families, who came to New Brunswick and there rose to prominence, gives us more of the same kind. These are the ones best known, but there were many others whose hearts yearned for the home of their birth and who sang their woes in more or less smooth flowing verse.

Maritime Provinces.

Religion furnished Nova Scotia with its first verse. In 1786 Henry Alline, the noted evangelist, who was really

the founder of the Baptists in Nova Scotia, and who is still fondly remembered as "Father Alline," published his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," which continued to be sung long after his death.

The first Secular Poet was Oliver Goldsmith, who was a namesake and grandson of a brother of the great Oliver Goldsmith. The Nova Scotian Oliver Goldsmith was born at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, in 1789. His first work was "The Rising Village," and was modelled on his great predecessor's famous poem "The Deserted Village." It evidently was received with favor, for it was published first in London in 1825, re-published in Montreal in 1826 in the Canadian Review and Magazine, and in Nova Scotia in the same year in the "Acadian Magazine." The demand for it was so great that in 1834 it was re-published with other poems by the same author at St. John, New Brunswick. It is an ambitious attempt to delineate the everyday life of the pioneer settlers of Nova Scotia. The verse is smooth and melodious and the tone pure and inspiring.

"Here, oft when winter's dreary terrors reign,
And cold, and snow, and storm pervade the plain,
Around the birch wood blaze the settlers draw,
'To tell of all they felt, and all they saw,'
When thus in peace are met a happy few,
Sweet are the social pleasures that ensue,
What lively joy each honest bosom feels,
As o'er the past events his memory steals,
And to the listeners paints the dire distress
That marked his progress in the wilderness;
The danger, trouble, hardship, toil and strife
Which chased each effort of his struggling life."

The influence of Scott and Byron is particularly noticeable in Nova Scotia in the early part of the 19th century. A good example of this is Joseph Howe, whose name is familiar to all students of Canadian History. In the intervals between his political battles, fighting for the freedom of his fellow citizens, he wrote verse which lives still and which deserves to live. His poem on Sable Island, "The Graveyard of the Atlantic," that great bank of sand caused by the opposing forces of the Polar Current and the Gulf Stream, is worthy of Byron himself.

"Dark Isle of Mourning—aptly art thou named,
For thou hast been the cause of many a tear;
For deeds of treacherous strife too justly famed
The Atlantic's Charnel—desolate and drear;
A thing none love—though wandering thousands fear—
If for a moment rests the Muse's wing
Where through the waves thy sandy wastes appear,
'Tis that she may one strain of horror sing,
Wild as the dashing waves that tempests o'er thee fling."

In later days, Dr. Arthur W. H. Eaton, a native of Kentville, N. S., now living in Boston, Mass., has made a reputation for himself both in prose and verse. Devoting his energies principally to historical research in connection with the Maritime Provinces, he has yet found time to give the world some very beautiful poems—"Acadian Lyrics and Legends" (1889)—"Acadian Ballads"—"The Lotus of the Nile" and "Poems of the Christian Year." He is particularly happy in dealing with the romantic history of Acadia, "The naming of the Gaspereau"—"L'ordre de bon temps," "The Legend of Glooscap" and others, and some of his lyrics are delightful. Space will only allow one quotation from that simple idyll of childhood, "At Grandmother's," which has a universal appeal.

"Under the shade of the poplars still,
Lilacs and locusts in clumps between,
Roses over the window sill,
Is the dear old house with its door of green."

Never were seen such spotless floors,
 Never such shining rows of tin,
 While the roseleaf odors that came thro' the doors
 Told of the peaceful life within.

Here is the room where the children slept,
 Grandmother's children tired with play,
 And the famous drawer where the cakes were kept,
 Shrewsbury cookies and caraway.

The garden walks where the children ran
 To smell the flowers and learn their names
 The children thought, since the world began
 Were never such garden walks for games.

There were tulips and asters in regular lines,
 Sweet Williams and marigolds on their stalks,
 Bachelors button and sweet pea vines,
 And box that bordered the narrow walks.

Many a year has passed since then,
 Grandmother's house is empty and still,
 Grandmother's babies have grown to be men,
 And roses grow wild o'er the window sill."

We must also mention Dr. John D. Logan, whose work at Acadia, together with his generous gift to that college, has raised Canadian literature, and especially Canadian poetry, to the height of a University Course, and Geo. Frederic Cameron, of New Glasgow.

Prince Edward's Island has not contributed much to the poetic wealth of Canada—not so much as one would expect from the record of her sons and daughters in other lines of endeavor. The earliest one is "Wild Brier," by Miss E. N. Lockerby, printed in Charlottetown in 1866, a volume of pretty poems, but of no outstanding merit. L. M. Montgomery (Mrs. McDonald) has followed her fiction with a volume of poems, "The Watchman," as interesting in their way as her stories of Anne of Green Gables. The poetic dramas of John Hunter Duvar have attracted considerable attention, and William Critchlow Harris, who died in 1913, has left us some lyrics which are worthy of remembrance, one of which, written in Winnipeg, will particularly appeal to every one who claims the fair Island of the Gulf as his birthplace.

"No more for us the seaward breeze at eve
 And surging wave shall sigh along the twilight shores
 Of fair Prince Edward, in the billowy gulf.

No more at eve for us the seagull wild,
 Drifting on idle pinions in the balmy air,
 Shall landward come from the far rolling wave.

No more for us shall the great sun descend
 In gorgeous splendor to his ocean bath,
 Beyond the far horizon slowly dipping down.

No more at eve for us to wander far
 In quiet meditation o'er the gleaming sands,
 Toward the distant headland's hoary base.

* * * * *

Farewell, dear Island home! Thy wandering sons
 Here, in the centre of a glorious continent
 Shall ever cherish in their loyal hearts
 The sweetest memories of thine and thee.

—("Sea Memories," p. 20)

Of New Brunswick poets I need say little. Owing to the enterprise of the Women's University Club of Vancouver City, we have become personally acquainted with Bliss Carman and his beautiful poems, and every reader has long since appreciated and admired the works of C. G. D. Roberts, both in fiction and in poetry. There are also other talented members of the Roberts family, Theodore Goodrich Roberts, and Elizabeth Roberts, (Mrs. McDon-

ald) whose writings are a credit to their Province and to themselves.


The large Scottish population of the Maritime Provinces was also vocal in song. The oldest outpouring of Scottish verse was Gaelic and in great part, like the Loyalist verse, is full of the longing of the exile for the land of his birth.

"From the lone sheiling of the Misty Island
 Mountains divide us and a waste of seas
 Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
 And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Later, the Burns cult developed as in Ontario. The leading member of this class in the Maritime Provinces is William Murdoch, of New Brunswick, who in 1860 published at St. John, N.B., his "Poems and Songs"—afterwards enlarged and re-published in 1872. His works have been popular in the Maritime Provinces and have been widely circulated. As Ray Palmer Baker says, referring to the Burns School in Canada generally, "The Scotch Lyrists sang with full hearts. That they lacked culture and the power of self criticism did not affect their popularity among the Masses. Their love of nature and humanity and their hatred of political and religious hypocrisy counterbalanced their defective technique."

(End of Part One)

"The House Behind The Goods"



A
B.C. Product

**BAKING
 POWDER**

ABSOLUTELY PURE

If We Do The Moving

your trunks and your furniture will be as safe as human effort can make them. We have ample and up-to-date equipment and our employees are trained in the handling of baggage and household goods with carefulness and promptness.

Office and
 Warehouse
 760 Beatty
 Street



Phones:
 Sey. 500
 Sey 9

GRAHAM & CO.

Practical Umbrella Manufacturers
 RECOVERING AND REPAIRING A
 SPECIALTY AT LOWEST PRICES

Phone: Seymour 2044
 716 ROBSON ST. VANCOUVER, B. C.
 (Three Doors from Granville)

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



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

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SPECTATOR OF BRITAIN'S FARTHEST WEST

For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.

"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

Vol. XIX.

MARCH, 1922

No. 1

A CANADIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

(A Suggestion by Dr. H. W. Riggs, Vancouver)

National songs are supposed to express the aspirations of the people, and by the constant reiteration to ingrain the thoughts embodied in them. Such have been used by all peoples at all times to inspire themselves with proper sentiments. Sometimes the form of words chosen at the time has been guided by a particular circumstance, and tradition has fastened on a people sentiments which are no longer appropriate. In the National Anthem of the British Empire no doubt the words were adopted when the Kingly Office was largely the seat of Government, and the King was the mainstay, or otherwise, of the people. However, in considering the development of the Empire, with the King as the central point to which a number of free nations are attached, it is fortunate indeed that the form of words has remained, and that we still pray for the preservation of the only visible link binding the Empire together.

However, each free nation within that Empire should have a National Song or Anthem, which should express both devotion to their Native Land and attachment to the Empire. To be a suitable form, the Anthem should be concise—one verse being sufficient, and, we believe, preferably with no chorus. Moreover, it should be good poetry as well as an expression of sentiment.

When we look over the list of patriotic songs, which are sung by Canadians, we find many excellent expressions of phases of Canadian thought, yet none are well adapted, according to the above premises, to be adopted as a National Song. It is because we believe the following form of words, written by General Buchan, of Ottawa, to the tune of "O Canada" fulfils the conditions that we beg to submit it as a suitable word of at one and the same time our devotion to Canada and attachment to the Empire.

"O CANADA"

O Canada, our heritage, our love,
Thy worth we praise all other lands above,
From sea to sea throughout thy length
From Pole to Borderland.
At Britain's side whate'er betide
Unflinchingly we'll stand.
With heart we sing 'God Save the King.'
Guide Thou the Empire wide do we implore,
And prosper Canada from shore to shore."

There is dignity of expression as well as lofty sentiment in this poem. It emphasizes our pride in our own land, and also our interest in the Empire as a whole. For these reasons we desire to see it used as our Canadian National Song or Anthem in all the public assemblies of Canada.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

As the article by Mr. D. A. MacDonald, K.C., Vancouver, and others in previous issues of this Magazine, and that by Dean Coleman in the present number might suggest, there is a sense in which the United States and Canada should grow more and more at one, if not one people. In our view that need not involve any political union—though no doubt many British-born folk would be glad to welcome back "Brother Jonathan," not as a prodigal, but as a big brother who, after leaving "home," led the way in legitimate self-expression among the nations that have sprung from the British Isles.

Even to the casual observer it must be obvious that the peaceful penetration of Canada by such clubs as Rotary, Kiwanis and others having their origin in the United States, is likely to prove no insignificant factor in influencing the business and community life of the Dominion.

In some ways it may be timely to emphasize, however, that Canada cannot hope—if only because of the comparatively small population which is still hers—to follow, in detail, business and other methods common in the United States. Nor, if Canada is to have its own individual nationhood, is it good for the Dominion to become any kind of "dumping ground" for the States.

For instance, recent discussion and action concerning the taxation of United States magazines or advertisements are well warranted. Because of the very large population of the States, and the consequent big demand for certain forms of printed matter, it is easy, and no doubt profitable, not merely for the publishers of leading and worth while journals in the States, but for large producers there of much printed matter less worthy, and often objectionable, to pass surplus supplies across the Line at a rate and under conditions which could not possibly obtain if production took place in Canada and was regulated—in business and circulation departments—by our own comparatively small population.

In some cases it is necessary to emphasize this to superficial people who may think they are making a hit when they refer to certain things as being done, or not being done by American (United States) publications; or who compare subscription and other rates to the seeming detriment of their own country.

In Canada, and Western Canada particularly, we are building without such a massed population as is common to our neighbors to the South, and it would be well—and only fair—that our citizens remember that in making comparisons.

The "Buy B.C. Products" Campaign

Settlement of the different localities of British Columbia with a population of happy contented workers, and the general prosperity of all lines of business in the province. Such in brief is the aim of the B. C. Products Campaign for the year 1922.

It was formerly known as the "Made-in-B.C. Campaign," but those behind the drive to increase the consumption of the products of British Columbia, have broadened the scope of their enterprise, having in the experiences of last year come to the full realization that there exists a great need for concentrated effort to develop the province. It was found that not only was there need of creating markets in British Columbia for the products of the factory, but also for those of the farm. To this end it was decided to change the name of the campaign to that of "Buy B. C. Products" campaign.

In the work outlined for the year is an intensive educational programme intended to instruct the buyer as to the value of spending his money in British Columbia for the products that he and his fellow citizens market. It is also intended to compile information relative to the possibilities for agricultural development and industrial activities in all sections of the province. Such information, of a reliable character, is not now easily obtainable by those who come to British Columbia with the idea of establishing themselves in the country.

The work of the previous year was even more successful than the most optimistic had anticipated. Evidences of the interest of the citizens of the province in its future development through increasing individual patronage to the products of B. C. are to be found every day.

Recently an order was placed for a large piece of machinery by a big mining company which has expressed a determination to buy B. C., Canadian and British products wherever possible. This work will keep many men employed for a considerable time.

In another instance tenders for a large job were sent to the campaign offices for distribution in order that British Columbia and Canadian firms might be given the preference.

Indications already point to this being a banner year in the history of industrial British Columbia. The general feeling among business men is that the corner has been turned and that business is on the upward trend. The rapidity with which the development of the province, both industrially and agriculturally, takes place depends to a large extent on the faith displayed by the citizens in the country, and the amount of co-operation that they are willing to offer in bringing about prosperity.

(B.C.M. Space Contribution)

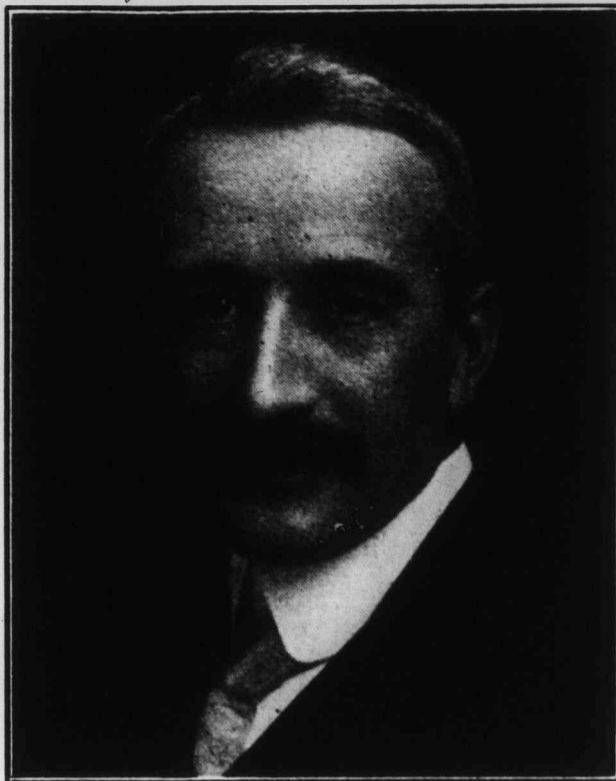
—B. McK.

Helping Your Public Utility

Your electric light and power company can only serve you better when you give it better co-operation and encouragement to serve you. It is to the advantage of everyone that it should thrive and prosper.

The electric light and power company is the optic nerve centre of municipal life. Its healthy maintenance is a matter not only of civic pride, but also of sound business principle.

British Columbia Electric Railway Company



A. P. PROCTER, M.D.

Notwithstanding a multiplicity of addresses at this season and that the Vancouver Canadian Club was listening to one "of its own," the attendance was good, and Dr. Procter was requested to "go on" beyond the usual time limits.

In connection with the British Columbia Medical Association's "Health Week," Dr. A. P. Procter addressed Vancouver Canadian Club on "The Preservation of the Race." He made many plain statements concerning health conditions, city slums, etc. Among other things he said: "The time is coming when a father who is asked for the hand of his daughter in marriage will ask a man not, What is your balance at the bank, but Is your blood clean?"

The Printed Page

"Of Making Many Books there is no End."

—The Preacher.

CHINA AWAKENED. By Min-Ch'ien T. Z. Tyau, LL.D. Lond. New York: The Macmillan Co. Illustrated.

A good many books about China have been written by foreigners. Here is one by a learned Chinaman, whose degree from the London University is a guarantee not only of acquirements but of standing, since the London University is not lavishly liberal in the distribution of its honors. Some of our exclamatory Oriental exclusionists might read this fine volume with profit, as it would show them that there are several sides to the question on which they are so enthusiastic. Dr. Tyau's book is prefaced by the former British ambassador, and also by Hon. C. B. Crane, the United States Minister to China. It contains some surprising information as to what China is doing in all directions. One of the most interesting points brought out is the eagerness of the Chinese to adapt themselves to our customs, our ideas of government and progress. Incidentally the work indicates the immense commercial possibilities of China with regard to the trade of this continent. The volume is lavishly illustrated.

POETRY. A Magazine of Verse, Comment and Criticism. Edited by S. Fowler Wright. Birmingham, England, Cornish Bros. One Shilling.

The current number of this interesting little magazine is noteworthy from the fact that it contains a long article by Edwin Faulkner on Australian poetry. Though it dates from a provincial city in Britain the scope of this publication is wide, and it has the ambitious idea of covering the Empire. Its tone is decidedly modern, and it seems to be slightly patronizing to the Victorian poets and enthusiastic

with regard to the Georgians of today. Wordsworth was all very well in his way, but let "Poetry" draw its reader's attention to the masterly free verse of Richard Vespasion Jones or somebody like that, whose flashing intuitions have the true mark of the new genius. Mr. Faulkner's essay is a good piece of work and gives the reader a fairly comprehensive sketch of what the island continent is doing in the way of verse. Strength of utterance is evidently prized by the editor of "Poetry," though we do not quite agree with the sentiment expressed in one of the poems contributed. Mr. Chas. J. Arnell, in some verses entitled "To All Poets" says:

Keep thy pearls for Beauty's wear,
Let them glisten in her hair,
Not for snout of swine are such,
Blurred by beast's unholy touch.

Keep thy muse for ear of Night,
Rapt listening of seraph's bright,
To the dull senses of the brute,
Ever must thy lyre be mute.

Now that is quite a different idea from that suggested by the mythic history of Orpheus, who used his lyre, instructed by the Muses, to such effect that the beasts became quite sentimental and amiable. Surely one of the missions of poetry is to refine the beast-like element of humanity and to assist the 'ape and tiger' to die. Mr. Arnell may like an audience of seraphs, but is verse like his attractive to seraphs? It seems like a counsel of perfection to tell poets to keep their verses for angelic ears. Surely we poor human beings should have a chance.

ARE ALL MEN ALIKE? By Arthur Stringer.

Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

As a writer, Mr. Stringer has shown himself versatile and facile. The only sort of things he has not written are sermons and treatises on mathematics, but even these he has probably tried his hand on. Successful from the start, an all round man of letters, his physical approach to sphericity coincides with the balanced completeness of his mental powers and temperament. And though being a man of balance, Mr. Stringer can never be a man of genius, since balance is adverse to that strange quality, he is always a delight to readers whether of his poetry or his prose. So from his "Haphaestus" to this last contribution from his pen he gives us all the pleasure of a drive in a high-class automobile through a varied country. The six cylinders work noiselessly, the lubrication is perfect, there is plenty of 'gas' in the receptacle, and we know we shall reach our destination with ease and pleasure.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that this book, which consists of two distinct stories, is marked by much ability of narration, truth of scene, and portraying of character. The longer story of the two gives its interrogative title to the volume, and its question might be amplified into: "Are all men alike in their readiness to fall before the charms of a beautiful though rather conceited girl who apparently is only just discovering that she appeals to the instinct of man?" Here is a subject that plainly needs considerable discretion and taste in the handling of it. That Mr. Stringer gets out of it without disaster shows the accuracy of his balance and the coolness of his judgment. He makes a mature major, an artist who is no longer young, a prize-fighter, a young and ambitious lawyer and an old commodore, successively become as wax in the pretty young lady's presence, and each of these men is drawn to the life. They are thrown on the screen with admirable focus and entertaining reality.

In the second story, "The Lost Titian," our author gives us a study of two puritan old maids and a young girl, and the narrative turns on there being in the lumber room of an old house a nude from the brush of the great artist which is of immense artistic and pecuniary value, but which from the fact that it represents the undraped female form is regarded with horror by the two antique women into whose custody it has come from a former ancestor. They are the aunts of the young girl who excites the interest of a strolling artist in search of landscape subjects. The descriptions in this story are exceedingly good—there is a touch of Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne about them. How the artist discovers the picture and its ultimate fate lead up to a dramatic denouement which is managed with practised skill.

THE EASY CHAIR

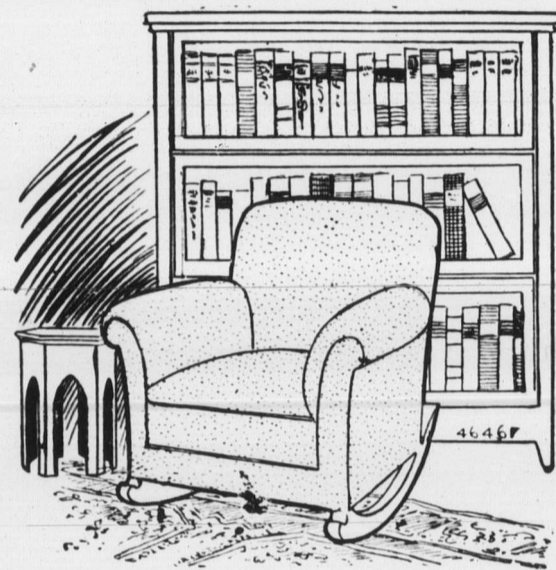
To lounge by one's bookshelf in a chair made to ease the mind as well as rest the body—after a trying day, what greater reward?

The cost of this chair made by us (see cut) is but

\$45.00

N. Nelson Co.
Upholsterers

916-918 Robson Street
Phone Seymour 974



THE VANCOUVER WAREHOUSES

LIMITED

3 1/2 ACRES FLOOR SPACE **STORAGE, FORWARDING, FURNITURE, PACKING, POOL CAR SERVICE** **550 BEATTY ST. Vancouver, B. C.**

W. DALTON - - Manager

PERENNIAL HOME SUPPLIES
of
QUALITY AND SATISFACTION

J. McTaggart & Son

The Big Grocery Corner Store

ROBSON AND HOWE STS.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

GEO. T. WADDS

Photographer

337 HASTINGS STREET WEST
VANCOUVER, B.C.

SEYMOUR 1002

WHY NOT A NEW CHILDERMAS?

A Suggestion for a Children's Festival on the First of April

(By A. M. Cowan, London, England)

Appreciation of art in any recognisable form is one of the characteristics of the age we live in, and there is no lack of artistic quality in some of the May Day revels that are being revived with more or less success in various parts of the kingdom. But nothing of the kind can be said for April-fooling; it has in it nothing of that extraordinarily vital essence that ensured length of days for so many of the old pagan festivals, so that they received baptism, as it were, and were actually admitted to the Calendar of the Saints when the old gods gave place in the fulness of time to the Christian religion. Hunting the gowk is a pastime that Dame Reason long looked at askance and has now swept into limbo with a flourish of her broom. Here and there one still finds traces of it, just as the old gods long heid out in depths of the primeval forest, but its day is past. And so it comes about that All Fools' Day, like St. Valentine's, is represented at the Round Table of the year by a vacant chair.

The origin of April-fooling has been much obscured by tradition. Attempts have been made with doubtful success, but with no little erudition and ingenuity, to trace it back to the religious mummeries of the Middle Ages, the sacred festivals of the Hindoos, the Crucifixion of Our Lord, the fabled quest of Ceres for her ravished daughter and even to the dove that fluttered forth from Noah's Ark. The reader will doubtless expect to find the truth in a much less picturesque setting, and indeed it is quite a simple story after all.

In olden times New Year's Day was celebrated on the 25th of March. The festivities lasted eight days, culminating on the 1st of April in a general feast of unreason in which practical joking played a conspicuous part. When the new calendar was adopted, January took over from March the duty of opening the year, but the fooling was left where it was, separated from the New Year festivities altogether. The reason might perhaps be expressed after this fashion: The men of science were free to start the year in Janwar blasts if they chose, seeing that they must doubtless be guided by the stars in their courses; but the impulses and emotions of human nature could not be expected to follow the signs of the zodiac. The joyous spirit of the spring was the very essence of the whole business and so the practical jokers' day in the calendar remained unaltered.

But this judicial separation was fatal. At the tail end of the festivities that celebrated the birth of a New Year, practical joking was harmless enough, but it could not stand alone. Perhaps if it had been clever fooling, the occasion might have developed into an anniversary of wit and humor that would have made the 1st of April a joy forever. But wit and humor were conspicuously absent from the gowk business. The thing grew more and more monotonous. Even the children got tired and at last it expired from sheer lack of public interest.

That a sacred origin should be claimed for such a custom is not the least curious episode in its history. The date of the Crucifixion is a subject on which, as everybody knows, the authorities have never been able to agree, opinion being divided between the 18th of March, in the year 29 A. D., and the 3rd of April in 33 A. D. Roughly speaking, it all depends on when the Jewish Passover was held, and that again turns upon the phases of the moon 2000 years ago.

In support of the claim that All Fools Day commemorates the judicial mockery of Our Lord's trial, we are re-

minded how He was sent from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, from Herod back to Pilate. It is all very ingenious, but in the phrase of Lord Jeffrey, this will never do. There is far more to be said for the alleged derivation from the mediaeval mummeries of Innocents Day, otherwise known as Childermas.

The word Childermas has a right good Saxon ring about it to begin with. It was the feast in honour of the very first martyrs of the church, the innocent babes, who were massacred by Herod's frenzied order, in the hope that the infant Christ would surely be amongst them. In the Middle Ages Childermas was the children's day of days; parental authority was suspended and from their specially chosen Boy Bishop downwards, the bairns were allowed to do very much as they liked. Apparently the license was not confined to the children, for the day came to be known everywhere as the Feast of Fools and practical joking was always very much in evidence. Consequently there is at least a semblance of reason for this particular claim.

In the Huli festival a far older Feast of Fools is still celebrated annually in India, finishing on the 31st of March with a general outburst of fooling and particularly that form of it which we call hunting the gowk. But this has never been divorced from its context and the festival has kept it alive. It is distinctly curious that the gowk business is common to Europe and Asia; it is quite possible, as some believe, that we got it from the Hindoos rather than from the Romans.

The Romans kept their great Saturnalia in December; its main characteristic was topsey-turveydom, as when the master waited upon his reclining slave. In early Christian times the Feast of Saturn was converted into the Feast of Fools and a new feature was introduced in the shape of the ass. In the pageant it stood beside the manger at Bethlehem, bore the Virgin and Child into Egypt, and carried the Lord to Jerusalem. Here we have the *fons et origo* of those Miraele Plays that had such a vogue in the Middle Ages, until unreason was carried to absurdity and discredit fell on the whole performance.

In dismissing the congregation, the priest was enjoined by the rubric to bray like an ass three times, the people responding after the same amazing fashion. Then the ass was led towards the altar, the people singing a hymn that began with this stanza, the original of course being in late Latin.

From the regions of the East,
Blessings on the bonny beast,
Came the donkey, stout and strong,
With our packs to pace along.
Bray, Sir Donkey, bray!

Then the whole congregation would bray in solemn chorus three times. After this the April-fooling must have seemed quite an intellectual exercise. At any rate it was a popular pastime when Burns was writing his *Twa Brigs* with its line, "Conceited gowk, puffed up wi' windy pride." A hundred years later the game was still kept up after a fashion. Lovers were, of course, favorite victims. As Romeo appeared below Juliet's window in response to a bogus invitation from the lady, a chorus of voices would be heard singing this glee from a safe distance:

"Tis the first day of Aprile,
Hunt the gowk another mile."

Hundreds of Londoners, the victims of a joker's postcard, once flocked to the Tower of London on a Sunday to witness "the ancient ceremony of washing the white lions." That hoax is still remembered by the Tower warders. The

list of tomfooleries might be indefinitely extended. After mid-day the fooling was supposed to cease, which is the meaning attached to this couplet:

"April noddy's past and gone,
An' thou's a noddy for thinkin' on."

In France, as all the world knows, the April fool is termed poisson d'avril. Here again super-ingenious explanations are offered, as for instance that the sun quits the sign of the Fish in the Zodiac, or that fish are more easily caught in April when they are young and inexperienced! The real poisson d'avril is the mackerel, hence possibly the phrase, "You silly mackerel." Some quaint superstitions were associated with the day. There was a popular belief that it was unlucky; even the most daring scoffers at the uncanny drew the line at being married on such an occasion as All Fools' Day. Ladies who possessed sapphires were enjoined to wear them as a talisman to keep away evil spirits. These were specially to be feared on the first Monday in April because, according to a very old tradition, that was the day on which Cain was born and on which he slew his brother Abel.

So much for the ancient mummeries for which we have little use in this age; there remains the vacant chair—to whom shall it be given? There are no applications at present; for one reason, the associations scarcely serve to advertise the vacancy. But they will fade, nay they are already passing into limbo, leaving not a wrack behind. Is it too much to hope that the First of April will yet stand for something that is worth while in the national life?

The question has been mooted whether it would be a suitable date for a children's festival and in that connection the association with Childermas is of particular interest, for what is now proposed is the revival of the ancient name and such of the observances as are in accord with modern ideas, but especially to make it a national holiday for all children. As a matter of fact the ancient Childermas has not entirely vanished even yet; something of it survives in Germany to this day. The children have permission to do pretty much as they like and one of the games consists in racing through every house in the neighborhood, all doors being open to them for the occasion. To shut a door against them is regarded as in a special degree unlucky.

The proposal for a new Childermas is of interest to a great number of societies in all parts of the Empire who are engaged in the work of promoting child welfare. Its realization is the ambition of all who approve the idea and it is certainly a fascinating one. The First of April is perhaps, as good a date as could be found for what would be essentially a spring carnival, which if once started would probably develop into a vastly bigger affair than its mediaeval namesake. There are, of course, other suggestions for filling the bill, but none that appeals to the imagination like this one. The High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Joseph Cook, told a London audience the other day that the units of the Empire want to be linked together, not only by the great network of trade and commerce, but by the common tie of the family to which all belong. That is the tie that would be drawn closer by a new Childermas.

LANTERN SLIDES FOR SALE

1. History of Bible, 56 Slides, with M.S.S. and Carrying Case.
2. Japan Slides (Coloured) 56.
3. Miscellaneous Slides of India, 38
4. New Zealand Slides, over 100, 18 coloured.

Address "Slides," c.o. British Columbia Monthly Office
1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B.C.

'BE PREPARED'

IS A GOOD MOTTO, and one which should be heeded all the more because difficult times come to all.

With the Springtime OPPORTUNITY is expected to "Come in without knocking." But to be ready for a BUSINESS Opportunity

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

need training that MAY BE RELIED UPON. Such training by experienced teachers is assured

AT THE DAY OR EVENING CLASSES AT

Success Business College

LIMITED

E. SCOTT EATON, B.A., Principal.

ENROL ANY MONDAY

On Main at Tenth

Vancouver, B.C.

THE PEDDLER

"What's in your pack, good peddler?" questioned I;

"It bulges out on this side and on that;"

I rose and left the housedoor where I sat
And stopped the peddler on the road nearby.

He said, "It holds ten yards of clear blue sky,

"A cosset-lamb, five kittens and a cat,

"And, as you see, I can't pack such things flat,

"So it rounds out, no matter how I try."

I looked the peddler sternly up and down,

He smiled at me and finished his reply.

He'd barter them for tears in "Tiny Town."

That's what he said. He did not mention why.

I said I wanted print for a new gown;

But he was gone, the babies' tears to buy.

—Annie Margaret Pike

IMPROVEMENTS ARE CONSTANT

Solutions of telephone problems are nearly always made in advance of necessity. Improvements are experimented with constantly so that the standard of service may be at all times the very best. It is not that a standard may be maintained, but that the standard may continue to be as close to perfection as it is humanly possible to have it. Problems of speed, accuracy and transmission are always before telephone engineers, and the great and precise mechanisms through which the volume and complexity of telephone traffic is handled are mechanically perfect in the light of present invention.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA TELEPHONE
COMPANY**

NATURE and the NEW EDUCATION

By R. S. SHERMAN

For many years, educationists have felt that there is something radically wrong with the system which they have been called upon to work under. Tentative efforts have been made to improve the old system, by adding a subject here, modifying one there, curtailing this, enlarging that; correlating, intensifying, energizing, elaborating. When I was a boy the three R's were a holy trinity, claiming our undivided devotion. A little history, mostly kings, battles, treaties, acts of parliament, and dates—lots of dates, as many dates as events. A little geography—mostly lists of names. A little grammar—mostly definitions and rules of syntax with parsing and analysis as a special treat. Drawing once in a blue moon. That was our curriculum. But strange to say many men and women received an education, achieved an education, or had an education thrust upon them, in spite of the curriculum. Two subjects were left severely alone in the public schools—literature and nature study. When weary of the routine studies we could turn to these for rest and education. What has the modern child left to turn to? Mischievous and the movies.

I honestly believe the public taste in literature was higher and keener when literature was not taught in our public schools. And I believe there was a deeper, truer love of nature before nature study was dreamed of in our philosophy. This does not mean that these subjects should not be on our curriculum. Far from it. But it means that there is something radically wrong with our methods of handling these subjects. To be perfectly candid, I believe that our much boasted of system of education is a failure. It was wrong to begin with, and it has been getting worse, because of constant tinkering.

Look at the antiquity of our system of education. It has never been radically changed. Patching and tinkering will not do. The system should be scrapped and an entirely new, up to-date, efficient system installed in its place. And who will accomplish this? Not the scholiasts and academicians, who seem incapable of waking themselves from the hypnotic sleep; but the citizens of Canada, who are gradually realizing the fact that they are annually spending millions of dollars in perpetuating a worn-out moribund institution. The time is not far distant, when the people will sink the antiquated ark in which the schoolmen are complacently drifting, and will build and launch a brand new ship of their own, with not a plank, a bolt, or a rivet from the old hulk, in its make up. Nature study, instead of being a mere piece of ornamental bunting on the masthead, will be the framework of the whole ship. That is precisely what I mean; nature study will be the framework of our educational system. Not nature study as we know it; not nature study with awful ceremonies of bell, book and candle; not nature study with some book-wise pedagogue instilling his superior wisdom into the receptive minds of little children. But these children and their teacher both seeking knowledge and strength and wisdom in the school of Mother Nature. Who gets the divinest good, the most glorious gifts, from nature's temple, the primeval forest? Not the lumberman with log-scale, or the scientist with his vasculum and microscope, but the poet with his dream. Well, every normal child is a poet at heart. He is a poet until his parents, his teachers and his corrupted companions smother the poetic fire and trample on its ashes. I would make the spirit of poesy breathe into him the very breath of life. Instead of dying out, or being trampled out, it should be fanned into an inextinguishable flame. That

would be accomplished by the new education with nature as the mother force.

Rythm is a rapture of the soul, the dancing of spirit feet to celestial harmonies. Only when the heart sings do lips utter words that thrill. To the nature taught, rather than to the student of nature, come the rhapsodies of music interwoven with the ecstasies of thought.

That is why poetry is a dead language. Words have been devitalized. In spite of, or perhaps because of, our modern education, our vocabulary, the one we really use, is a meagre collection of the most lifeless words in our language.

One of the most interesting men I ever conversed with could neither read nor write. He had lived much in the woods, in logging and mining camps, or alone as a prospector. If ungrammatical, his language was picturesque and vital. His powers of observation and his memory were remarkable. You may assert that this man would have gained much by a school education. I doubt it. In fact, I am convinced that he gained something from nature which he could not have gained from the school, and which would have been debarred by a scholastic training. He had never been forced to use words which possessed no relation to his life activities, or his thought activities, and so when he spoke his words were vibrant with reality. To some the criterion of a man's place in society is the amount of money he accumulates. The man I refer to could hardly be called a failure, for he retired at the age of fifty with a fortune of \$150,000. Others again judge people by the place they gain in public esteem. Well, for many years the man I refer to held the position of school trustee.

The new education, as I see it, will not try to make a tree whose natural growth would extend over twenty years, blossom and bear fruit in seven. What is the result of such forcing? The fibres of the tree are weak and will not bear the strains of storms; the new education will ensure natural growth under natural environment. Environment, in fact, will play a major part in the child's education. Interest, play, joy in life smiles, sunshine, fresh air, plains, mountains, rivers, and seas; flowers, birds and butterflies; clouds and rain, frost and snow; fields of grain; billowy orchards in bloom; the fire side with story, song and jest—these are some of the influences which must be employed in the education of the child.

Our primary work as carried out under the present system has proved a great success, chiefly because the natural interests and play impulses of children are utilized. But when once the children get into a "reader" their enslavement to barbaric routine begins. Henceforth they are chained to a book—first reader, second reader, third reader. New incentives to study are presented to them, such as standing in class, extra hours for neglected lessons, fears and hopes of examinations, and occasionally corporal punishment. Coercion has taken the place of exertion. The teacher ceases to be a kindly big sister to the child. She is now more dignified and unapproachable. The magic current of sympathy has been bottled up in sealed storage batteries, to be released a little at a time, on rare occasions. But there is now no electric thrill in the touch of the teacher's hand. The insulation becomes more complete as the child advances through the grades.

Here we have the secret of our ill success. The child comes to realize that it is under the iron heel of a system, an intangible tyrannical monster that controls even the

teacher. All joyous spontaniety is checked. Tasks unnatural and distasteful are imposed upon the child, who is asked to apply himself to them in the hope of some mythical far away good, or in the fear of immediate punishment and pain. Not a trace remains of the ecstasy which thrills the normal child when engaged in volitional tasks. He is bribed or browbeaten into dumb quiescence while certain time-honored facts are driven home and affixed possibly to his memory. Facts imparted at any other time than when the child is ready for them are an injury to the child. Book facts, abstract facts, are not for children. Natural facts, enlightened and glorified by the child's imagination, are the only facts worth while.

In other words our children should be kept in close physical touch with nature throughout their whole public school career. The schoolroom such as we know it should cease to exist. Outdoors should be our school-room, and all outdoors our text book. Think of the splendid physical development which an outdoor school would give to our boys and girls. The old-fashioned schoolrooms might then be re-modelled and reserved for the weak, a kind of educational hospital; but even these, should be emptied and closed on every day the sun shines. Have you ever considered what a hardship it is to keep our children caged in dingy, poorly ventilated school rooms, when the flowers, the birds, and the sunshine are calling?—Is that which is gained within the prison walls of the school even a partial compensation for that which is lost by the child, in light and laughter, pure air, wholesome exercise, and above all freedom? Freedom—a word which is almost verboten, and is fast becoming obsolete. Herein the new education would achieve its highest function, to restore to humanity the inborn sense of natural freedom, which for generations has been suppressed as a weed of evil growth. What has become of the boasted Anglo-Saxon freedom, which once rose sheer and four square to the universe? It has shrivelled, crumbled and decayed, until over its fiducial edge a ravening mob of priests, politicians, profiteers and the proletariat comes trampling and despoiling. What has reduced red-blooded Saxons and Celts to this supine attitude? Their education, fathered by priest craft, foster-fathered by statecraft, wet-nursed by plain graft. Spoon-fed, cozened, coddled and coaxed, our educational system has grown into a Frankenstein feeding upon the vitals of humanity. I am not preaching socialism, or bolshevism, but naturalism, or plain unadorned nature, without any ism. In my eyes, nature is a higher authority than any law written or unwritten. So long as man's laws conform to nature, they are beneficent, forceful and abiding, but when they are based on artificiality, superstition, or convention, they are blighting, enervating and transitory.

The evolution of the human race is not yet complete. Education must necessarily be an important factor in the development of mankind. The ideal man is there in the shapeless marble. The hand of the great sculptor is at work. Education is the chisel which he wields. Some day the god will stand revealed—not a grinning Faun but a serene-browed Apollo.

(To be continued)

Sey.	THORPE'S	Sey.
1	PALE DRY	1
8	GINGER ALE	8
1		1

We do

Good Printing

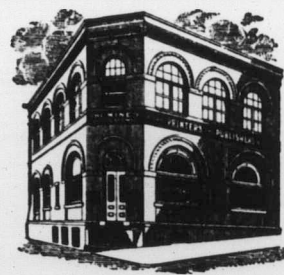


SERVICE!

---OUR MOTTO

Satisfaction!

---OUR CREED



Wrigley Printing Co. Ltd.

(With Which Is Incorporated J. F. MORRIS CO.)

SUPERIOR PRINTING

Phone Sey. 33 & 3825

426 Homer St. Vancouver, B.C.

THE IMMORTAL HOPE

By PRINCIPAL W. H. SMITH, D.D.

Much misunderstanding exists as to the sphere of science and the kind of testimony she can give to a future life. Professor Simpson can speak for reputable scientific achievement:—"Science has helped much in other matters, and some have looked for assistance there, but to the problem she makes no direct contribution; it is difficult to see how she could. At the same time, she throws certain sidelights on the question that do help just a little in its illumination. Physical science can offer to the imagination lines of thought along which the soul or its ethereal counterpart are at least intellectually separable from the grosser material in which it is obliged to accommodate itself here, in order to hold intercourse with other souls and come into relation with the material world. . . . In short it is simple dogmatism that would deny immortality; on scientific ground at any rate, we have not the knowledge to take up such an attitude." Sir William Osler makes this comment:—"In the presence of so many mysteries which have been unveiled, in the presence of so many yet unsolved, the scientific student cannot be dogmatic and deny the possibility of a future state. . . . He will recognize that amid the turbid ebb and flow of human misery, a belief in the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come is the rock of safety to which many of the noblest of his fellows have clung; he will gratefully accept the incalculable comfort of such a belief to those sorrowing for precious friends hid in death's dateless night. Whether across death's threshold we step from life to life, or whether we go whence we shall not return even to the land of darkness, as darkness itself, he cannot tell. Nor is this strange. Science is organized knowledge, and knowledge is of the things we see. Now the things that are seen are temporal; of the things that are unseen science knows nothing, and at present has no means of knowing anything."

Science in the nature of things is limited to the present world. She cannot prove or disprove immortality. The basis of belief in immortality rests upon a much broader conception than the scientific view of this world. It appears in connection with the philosophical interpretation of the universe and finds its vindication in the revelation of this Kingdom of God. The moral and spiritual considerations are therefore the supreme things in support of immortality. Whilst this is true we must not overlook the contribution which science has indirectly rendered to the assurance of immortality. The one great service science has rendered is that she has created a standard as to the value of testimony and laid bare the principles valid in reasonable evidence. These must apply universally as the universe of God in nature and man is one, yielding a unity of thought and experience. The scientific spirit and method can be applied to all lines of inquiry touching immortality and the results reached are equally valid in experience. There is such a thing as scientific demonstration of a spiritual fact and it is in this consideration that science becomes a help in the study of immortality.

With the inherent tendency to cherish the immortal hope and especially the personal yearning occasioned by the departure of loved ones it seems strange that humanity should so often recoil from a wholehearted acceptance of this great hope. Upon closer scrutiny it is found that this indifference or helplessness arises from the acceptance without critical investigation of certain facts which in themselves constitute insuperable objections to the reasonableness of this hope. Some of these will now be considered.

First, there is the barrier of theological misconception. In the past there was much to justify prejudice. With a positive assurance on the part of religious leaders that the number of the lost was very large, and the number of the saved was very small and that the lost must spend eternity in a lake of liquid fire, it is not to be wondered at that the human imagination shrank from an immortality which implied such awful consequences. It is, of course, impossible to say to what extent this theological dogmatism turned men's interest from immortality, but from the criticism urged against it the view must have been widespread and the scepticism resulting therefrom must have been equally serious. But here it is necessary to distinguish between a fact and the interpretation of that fact. For a long time people believed that the earth was flat and that the sun moved round it. It is now known that the earth is spherical and moves round the sun. The rejection of the antiquated popular theory which everyone held at one time does not affect the fact that the phenomena are just the same as formerly although explained entirely by different principles. The fact remains, the false interpretation has perished. In any study of immortality it is necessary to keep this distinction in the foreground. We may reject theological conceptions of immortality and yet unhesitatingly accept the phenomena which gave rise to the same conceptions as valid facts. We ought, however, to undertake anew their legitimate interpretation. The important things are the facts of consciousness and the world of truth coming in Jesus Christ. These are facts which mean something and point somewhere. The various motions of the boat anchored in the harbor indicate currents of wind and tide as these press against the tiny craft. The relation of the boat to these unseen powers can be ascertained. The invariable turning of the soul to a future life as the tides and winds of eternity bear down upon it indicate some valid principles and relationships. As an old writer puts it: "We love we know not what; and therefore everything allures us. As iron at a distance is drawn by the loadstone, there being some invisible communication between them, so is there in us a world of Love to somewhat, though we know not what in the world that should be. There are invisible ways of conveyance by which some great thing doth touch our souls, and by which we tend to it. Do you not feel yourself drawn by the expectation and desire of some great thing?" Every honest attempt to interpret human life must consider these unseen influences. There can be no doubt that an unimaginative literalism has distorted eternal principles and symbolic language has been treated as scientific statement. The Scriptures warn against this tendency and seek to lay bare the principles of the moral world which are also the principles of the eternal world. Whatever the final truth may be it is indisputable that the future life is the extension and logical development of the present always considered in the light of God's loving purpose in Jesus. When the theological misconceptions have been rejected the fundamental facts of the moral and spiritual world stand before us unscathed. The scientific method refuses to dismiss any particle of evidence because false use has been made of it in the past. The facts are now before us on their merit apart from anything that has been said concerning them. In addition to the old arguments the modern world bristles with new questions and many reputable scientists boldly claim that they have demonstrated the survival of the soul beyond death by having personal communication with the departed.

(To be continued.)

Successful Inauguration of the Scottish Society of Vancouver

(D. A. Chalmers)

Under happy auspices the Scottish Society of Vancouver gave evidence of real vitality at its first meeting in the Citizens' Club, Vancouver, on February 16th, when a company of nearly two hundred members and invited guests enjoyed a programme which augured well for the usefulness of the Society as a social institution. The President, Magistrate H. C. Shaw, in outlining the objects of the Society, said that it had been founded by a number of Vancouver citizens of literary, musical and artistic tastes, who were specially interested in the expression of these on the lines of Scottish national development. They hoped, by means of lectures, concerts and other entertainments, to afford members sufficient opportunities for the gratification of such tastes, and to increase provincially the interest already felt everywhere in Scotland, its scenery, people, their history, national work, and influence.

The Society wished its membership to be limited to those who had such sympathies and desires, and, while welcoming all who could enjoy or assist in the work which it had undertaken, did not consider that it would add to the Society's strength or usefulness to receive into membership persons not really interested in such work. It would be the aim of the Society to present the Scottish national idea and genius in a truthful and dignified manner.

Principal W. H. Smith and Professor James B. Henderson, the two vice-presidents, gave short addresses. Principal Smith said that such an organization could make a valuable contribution to the life of this portion of the Empire by reproducing here the devotion to Scottish national ideals, and emphasized the fine spirit that throbbled through Scotland's national music. At this stage of the world's history he thought the Society might also try to interpret that spirit of democracy which had done so much for the world. Wherever Scotsmen had gone they had stood for that higher democracy. Some other societies claiming connection with Scotland emphasized the incidental and accidental rather than the outstanding characteristics of the race. The members of such a Society should stand together to develop a genuine Scottish spirit. They would have an opportunity of making a real study of the things which were worth while in Scottish life and literature.

In his address Professor Henderson also struck several notes which appealed strongly to the audience, his quotation from R. L. Stevenson being peculiarly appropriate.

Refreshments were afterwards served, and before the meeting concluded commendation of the evening's programme was freely expressed by the guests, many of whom filled in application forms for membership.

For a musical program of Scottish song and instrumental pieces of outstanding merit, the following were responsible: Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Robertson, Mrs. Allen C. McNab, Miss Nellie MacLeod, and Mr. W. R. Dunlop. Mr. George Duncan gave a reading from the poems of Robert Fergusson, to whom Burns referred as "his elder brother in the Muses."

That the Society has been exceedingly fortunate in the selection of its leading officers was emphasized by the wit and humour which supplemented the serious portions of the addresses of the speakers of the evening, and particularly by the genial spirit of friendly hospitality which emanated from the chair.

The invitations to this first meeting were issued by the executive committee, and in the circumstances were necessarily somewhat restricted. It is recognized that many

hundreds of people of Scottish birth or extraction have only to know of the Society's aims as quoted by the President to become candidates for membership.

As published, the executive committee for the current year (in addition to the chief officers) includes: Messrs. R. A. Hood, D. A. Chalmers, Douglas Symington, James I. Reid, Alexander Morrison, Professor John Davidson, J. G. Forrester, W. R. Dunlop, R. W. Douglas, J. B. Stevenson, Robert Cram, and Robert Bone. Mr. A. Y. Tullis is the honorary treasurer, and Mr. George Duncan, 615 Pender Street West, Vancouver, the honorary secretary.

Application forms may be received from any member of the executive or from the honorary secretary.

FIRST PRESIDENT SHAW

Magistrate Henry C. Shaw, whose portrait appears on the cover of this issue, was born of Scottish parentage in Prince Edward Island. After attending Prince of Wales School, Charlottetown, he graduated at Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S. He studied law in Charlottetown and came west shortly afterwards, nearly thirty years ago.

After being in law partnership in Vancouver for some years with Messrs. McPhillips & Williams, he spent five or six years up country, at Greenwood, B.C. He returned to Vancouver in 1905, and, following some years partnership again, was in 1911 appointed Police Magistrate and judge of the Juvenile Court.

Mr. Shaw is a Presbyterian, and apart from his professional work, a man of literary interests. He takes an active concern in the University of British Columbia, and is a member of the Senate.

Established 1911

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Community Service Magazine of the Canadian West

Terms of Subscription:

in Canada, elsewhere in the British Empire, and in the United States:

\$3 FOR TWO YEARS

\$1.75 for One Year

RENEWALS: The month up to which the subscription is paid is printed beside the name of the subscriber.

REMITTANCES should be sent by cheque, money order or registered letter, and made payable to the **British Columbia Monthly**. Address 1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

DISCONTINUANCE: - Unless the subscriber notifies the B. C. M. Office IN WRITING that he or she wishes the name deleted, it is assumed that continuance is desired.

ARREARS: Payment of arrears to the date of notification is necessary in every case. The B. C. M. office may delete the name of any overdue subscriber, and collect the arrears in ordinary course.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should be notified by postcard—both the old and the new addresses being recorded.

When
Buying

COAL

Buy the
BEST

PHONE

SEYMOUR 210

MARPOLE COAL CO., LTD.

1001 MAIN STREET

VANCOUVER, B.C.

“Wills & Wisdom”

In a booklet bearing the above title you will find the answer to many questions which arise when you think of making your Will. It shows how your wishes may be carried out and your Estate safely administered.

It is a helpful book for those who want to know.

Write Today for a Copy.

THE
Toronto General Trusts Corporation

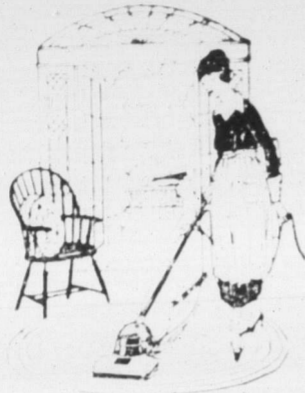
BRITISH COLUMBIA BRANCH: COR. PENDER & SEYMOUR STS.

VANCOUVER

THE MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESS LEADERS IN EVERY LINE

DON'T LET HOUSEWORK BE A BURDEN TO YOU

There's one thing to remember when buying a Hoover—you are not buying something simply because it's nice to have, or that brings your housecleaning equipment up to a 20th Century Standard.



YOU ARE BUYING THE GREATEST HELP AND COMFORT THE HOUSEHOLD EVER HAD

You are buying freedom for all time from the drudgery and physical work of house-cleaning.

THE HOOVER

is a lifetime help and servant to those who houseclean. Thousands of people are using them and wouldn't be without them.

THE HOOVER IS DOWN TO THE NEW LOW PRICE LEVEL NOW

You can buy it for \$60.00—don't be without it any longer.

SEE IT DEMONSTRATED IN THE CARPET SECTION 4TH FLOOR

You may buy it on easy terms if desired.

Mailed notices of renewal now cost approximately ten cents each, and it is impossible to repeat them. Accordingly, after having mailed individual letters to subscribers towards the end of the year, we last month made a note recording overdue renewals or arrears on page one. That involved much work.

We hereby thank those subscribers who gave attention to that notification.

In self-protection we shall now have to pass on unpaid arrears for collection.

THE "GET-ACQUAINTED" OPTION

TO LEAVE NO EXCUSE for ignorance of the B. C. M. to citizens or homes interested in any phase of Community Service, and articles thereon, mainly by OUR OWN WESTERN WRITERS, we some time ago instituted a "Get-acquainted" option of \$1 for twelve issues.

For the same reason, we hope to continue that campaign; but as city mailing alone costs one cent for each copy, and the outside postage rate for publications has now been **INCREASED IN ALL 600 PER CENT.**

is likely to remain the best rate possible. We shall, therefore, value all the more subscribers **GIVING ATTENTION DIRECTLY** by mail to arrears and renewals.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B.C.

is a self-contained unit, with a writing surface adjustable to the height of the pupil. It may be tilted to the angle most convenient to the individual. Text books, etc., find a convenient place in the drawer under the seat.

THE MOULTHROP

is being adopted by many schools, though it is equally essential for home study work. It gives the pupil a place to himself where he can concentrate upon the problem in hand. He is out of the way and is not cluttering up the table with his books and papers.

THE MOULTHROP DESK

is of solid oak, very strongly made, yet it is not expensive. Your furniture dealer or stationer can supply you.

Write Us For An Illustrated Folder.

Limited

Manufacturers of School Supplies.

Vancouver

Victoria

Though It Need Not Stop There—Magazine Interest Should "Begin at Home!"