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Home Building and Equipment

By Harold Cullerne

AN ATTRACTIVE HALF TIMBERED HOME

That the surest index to the prosperity of a people is shown by the appearance of its homes is a truism that applies to any community, and as every city and town is made up of individuals its possibilities for beauty, especially in architecture, rest largely with the individual. It is not everyone's privilege to be able to build his own home, but when it is, if he builds an ugly house he is a discredit to his community.

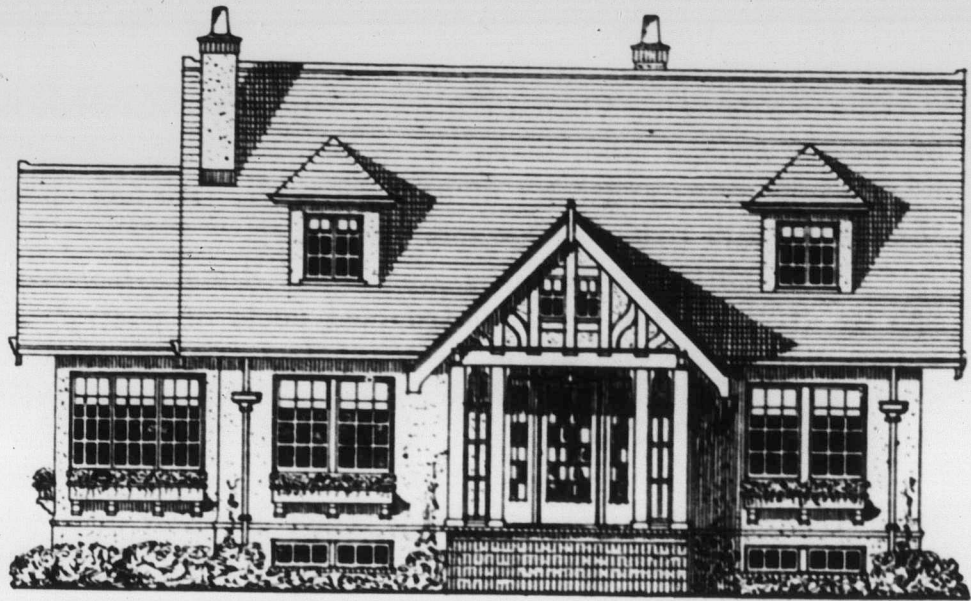
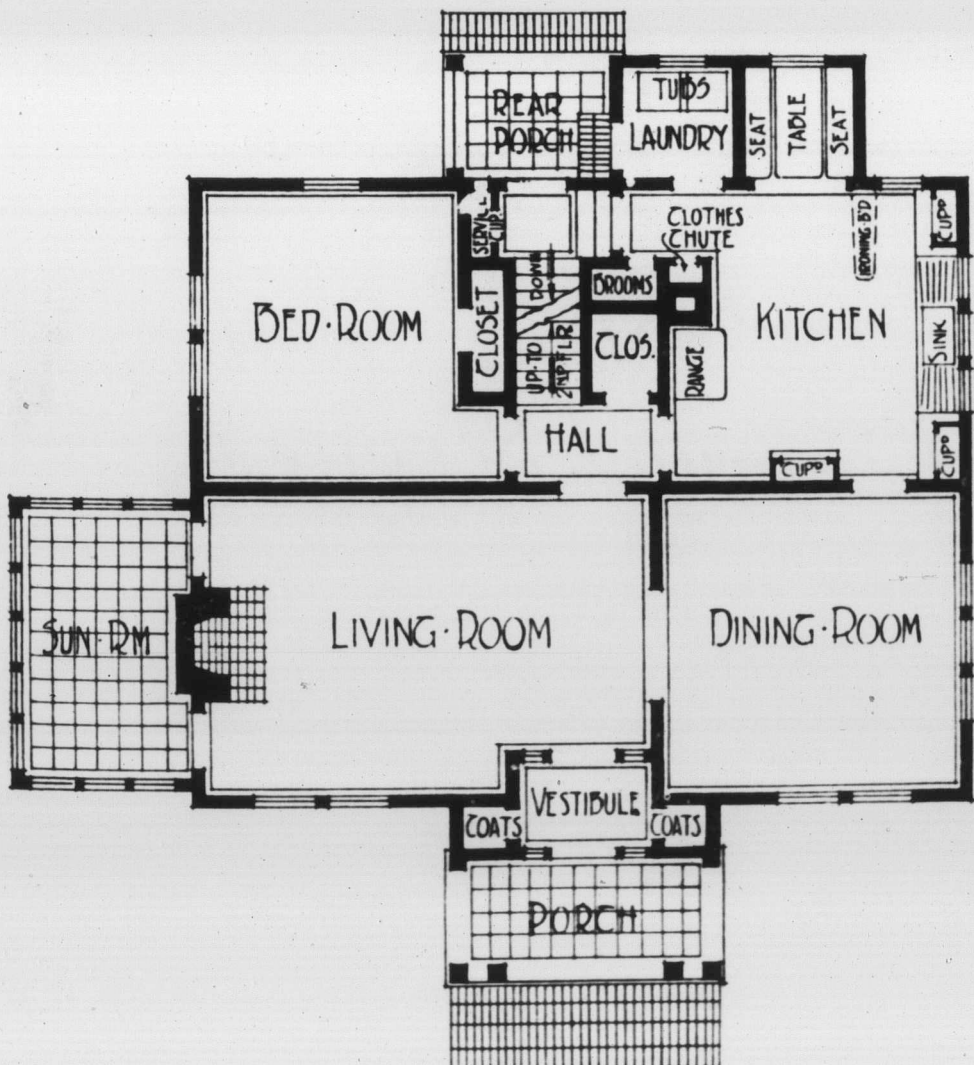
Not only must the home be attractive without, but it must be convenient within. The rooms must be well laid out, without waste of space, and all modern built-in features must be included.

It behooves each one who intends building, to go into the matter very carefully, with the object of planning and designing a home beautiful.

The home illustrated here, an adaptation of English half timbered domestic architecture, is designed to be cement stuccoed over the frame construction, and covered with a brick red shingled roof, with the wood trim done in black or very dark brown, and the window sash picked out in white. This would make an attractive home and one any owner might well be proud of.

The interior is compact and conveniently planned. On the first floor is a Living Room, Sun Room, Dining Room, one Bed Room, Kitchen, Dining Alcove and Laundry. On the second floor two Bed Rooms, Bath Room and Linen Closet. Entrance is made through the vestibule direct to the living room, the former prevents the outside air from entering the latter during inclement weather. Two coat closets are located each side of the vestibule. If desired the house could be planned with a hall between the living room and the dining room. A clothes chute is run from the bath room down to the kitchen, handy to the laundry. The laundry on the first floor is a feature many people appreciate.

The over all size of the house is 35 ft. x 28 ft. not including the sun room or rear additions. Ceiling heights are basement 7 ft., first floor 9 ft. and second floor 8 ft. 6 in.



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VLADIMIR ROSING—An Impression

(By ALICE M. WINLOW, L.A.B.)

Russia's greatest composer, Glinka, was enchanted at an early age by the sound of bells, and tried to imitate their peculiar resonance by beating on copper bowls.

One can imagine Vladimir Rosing, stirred by the emotions of people around him, learning to express these emotions by the inflections and color of his own voice. He has chosen that art and in it he is supreme.

"The Nightingale and the Rose," by Rimsky-Korsakoff, has its origin in the "clear untroubled pools of poetry" and moves in an ideal lyric world. In listening to Rosing sing this song, with its exquisite accompaniment so deliciously played, the listener was enchanted at once.

Rosing's voice can suggest by its very quality anything, from a cobweb shimmering with jewelled drops of dew, to a comet splitting the heavens.

"The Orphan" has been repeated on canvas by Perov. Moussorgsky was the champion of the humiliated and offended, and one feels that Rosing is their champion too. Moussorgsky was not a musician, but a poet using musical material. Rosing is the singer, the actor, and the interpreter of that poetry.

In "Invocation to Rain," one could feel the freshness and sweetness of rain. Then came the drenching downpour.

Huneker has written of a new art: "An art of precious essences, an evocation, an enchantment of the senses—a sixth sense."

Rosing is the creator of that new art in singing.

As an encore to this number he gave a lullaby. The silver-violet of his speaking voice came into his singing, then gold, misted green, and moon-silver. The song ended on a throbbing lustrous note of indescribable beauty.

The next number was an Aria from a Tchaikowsky Opera. An Aria sung before a duel, a farewell to dreams and youth, and a desperate cry of yearning to Love. All that is earthly drops away, and the cry comes, muted, across thin open spaces of a frozen world. After the icy note of approaching death, comes the ardent crimson-hued cry of love. This song is the very ecstasy of woe.

With excruciating grimaces Rosing held up Conceit to ridicule, withering it with the hot breath of enharmonic scorn.

In "The Sea," the singer rose to most dramatic heights. Losing the rhythmic relaxation of his body he rivetted attention by impassioned gestures.

"Make my bed soon for I fain would lie down" was a refrain sung with utmost poignancy. Rosing has created a new musical shudder in his singing of this despairing song.

The "Cradle Song of Death," by Moussorgsky, was the outstanding number on the program. The melody has the ragged contours of flame. Vladimir Rosing achieves in this song an impression unique in music. The impression of a spirit detached from its body and speaking from another, rarer, atmosphere than ours. There is a sense of spaciousness, of glimpsing a possible fourth dimension. Then through that awful mystery comes the human agony of a mother's loss. When Death sings, the music comes with its icy breath from the charnel-house. Death's lullaby is of the sepulchre. The death-rattle ends this tragic and terrible song.

GEO. T. WADDS

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Sam Slick and His Creator

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

The first Canadian book to become famous throughout the English speaking world and beyond, was "Sam Slick the Clockmaker." I know of none since, which, in any degree, has equalled it in fame and popularity. And this book gained that fame and popularity not by reason of the eminence of its author in the literary world of the time or the established position and influence of its publishers. It was sent into the world without a sponsor; indeed, in the strict sense of the word, it was not intended for the world at large, but it was written solely for the amusement, reproof and stimulation of the people of the Province of Nova Scotia which in 1835 was but an insignificant portion of the British Empire, not to mention the world. Like Shakespeare with his plays, the writer did not anticipate when he penned his first letters for the "Nova Scotian" Newspaper, in which Sam Slick first appeared to the world, that they were literature in the making. He loved the little Province of his birth, he saw its capabilities, and its possible future and he tried to do for his own people, what some Englishmen endeavoured to do for England a few years ago, when they raised the slogan of "Wake up, John Bull." His sole idea was to imbue his fellow citizens with a full realization of the opportunities which lay within their grasp and to point out their failure to profit by them. To his surprise and amazement, the book became one of the most popular of the day—a "best seller" as we say—and attained a wonderful vogue both in the world in general as well as in Nova Scotia in particular; a popularity not confined to any class, race or creed, for the book was read and enjoyed in Europe as in America; in the cabin as in the castle. It was published by an eminent English House without the proprietor knowing who the author was. It was read and quoted everywhere. It was so well known that English writers referred to "Sam Slick" without any introduction, as one with whom everyone was familiar. Its renown went even beyond the English-speaking world. A great French critic, Philarete Chasles, Professor in the College De France, writing in the "Revue des deux Mondes" in 1841, gave it unstinted praise. He says:

"This patois-book, written by a colonist at Halifax, a book filled with maxims in the style of Sancho Panza and stories worthy of Bonaventure Des Periers, is really an admirable book." He alleges that since the days of Sir Walter Scott nothing better has been invented than "Sam Slick," and remembering one of the most famous characters of Rabelais, he calls him, (and what higher praise could a true Frenchman give?) "A Republican Panurge." It was the subject of the sincerest flattery, for it was imitated by many—"Sam Slick" appeared in Texas, but a "Sam Slick" in whom Haliburton had no part; Jonathan Slick from Slickville appeared as having a "high" time in New York: with others of the same ilk, all trying to gain the public favor by appearing in the habiliments of the creation of the Nova Scotia Judge.

It was printed and reprinted again and again in the United States, notwithstanding a Harvard Professor, unable to take a joke, made more biting by a modicum of truth, tried to oppose argument to ridicule, with the usual result. Haliburton himself never anticipated his fame, for he says frankly in "The Attache,"

"I made an accidental hit with the Clockmaker, when he ceases to speak, I shall cease to write."

But he did not and could not. His audience was never satisfied and after intermittently following up the Clockmaker throughout nine volumes of adventure, he went on writing until shortly before his death in 1865.

It may seem strange that ever since Sam Slick appeared and even to this day, he is to the world at large a more real per-

sonage than his Creator, Judge Haliburton. Few people now remember the rosy faced little Nova Scotia Judge with the twinkling eyes, cracking his jokes both off and on the Bench, hobnobbing with Joe Howe, but who nevertheless, both as a legislator and as a member of the Judiciary, did a man's work for the people of his Province. His successful advocacy of the removal of the Catholic disabilities and his unsuccessful attempt to obtain fair treatment for Pictou Academy, although he himself was an Episcopalian and a graduate of King's College, at Windsor, and that in a day and among surroundings where religious feeling was more acute than it is today, speak eloquently of his freedom from prejudice and his broad outlook on the world; and his career on the Bench was one of which any man might well be proud. But when Sam Slick appears Haliburton fades away. Haliburton is known only to Nova Scotians and to comparatively few of them. As to the people of the Dominion few know much about him even to this day.

The very books which pretend to tell their fellows of the Great Canadians of the past cannot give a short sketch of his life and works without the most glaring errors. Let me quote a couple of examples. In 1858 one Maximilian Bibaud wrote "Le Pantheon Canadien" telling the life stories of eminent Canadians. The author was Professor of Legislation in St. Mary's College, Montreal, and a prolific writer. A new edition, revised and corrected was published in 1891. This is what this "revised" edition says about Haliburton:

"Haliburton (T. C., Brenton) ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, celebrated man of letters, historian and novelist, who has given us (1) an historical and statistical account of Nova Scotia,—Halifax 1829— (2) Rule and Misrule of the English in America, London 1857— (3) A reply to the report of the Earl of Durham, London, 1839— (4) The Bubbles of Canada, London 1839 (5) Observations on the Importance of North American Colonies to Great Britain, London 1831— (6) The Attache or Sam Slick in England, London 1843— (7) The Americans at Home, or By-ways, Cock, Woods and Prairies, London 1854— (8) Nature and Human Nature, London 1855."

It will be noticed that two distinct individuals are confounded and that even in the name, for while T. C. Haliburton was a Judge of the Supreme Court, the Chief Justice was Sir Brenton J. Haliburton; (2) that one of the writings of Sir Brenton, "The Observations on the Importance of the Colonies to Great Britain," is ascribed to T. C. Haliburton, and (3) that the greatest and most famous book the latter wrote, "Sam Slick the Clockmaker," is entirely omitted.

So much for Quebec. In Ontario it is little better. One Herbert F. Gardiner, M. A., has written a pretentious volume on "The Origin of the Names of the Counties and Townships of Ontario," published in Toronto in 1899. Under the heading of Haliburton Township, named after the author of "Sam Slick" he has given a short sketch of the life of Haliburton. In it he says that Haliburton was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1829. He was only a Judge of that Court which was an Inferior Court and had no Chief Justice. He says that Haliburton went to England to reside in 1842. He did not go till 1856. He says he wrote "The Attache" there, although it was written while Haliburton was in Nova Scotia. He says Haliburton was a Loyalist forgetting that his grandfather came to Nova Scotia in 1760, years before the Revolution was dreamed of. He evidently confuses Chief Justice Haliburton with the family of the author of "The Clockmaker" for he says that T. C. Haliburton's father was Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, which is quite wrong, and

that three generations of Haliburtons were on the Nova Scotia Bench which is just as erroneous. But while few knew or even yet know little of the author, "Sam Slick" was of interest in all countries; everyone became acquainted with him in a very short space of time, and either became his familiar friend, or (like Professor Felton of Harvard to whom allusion is made above) his particular enemy.

That a person may have an influence on mankind it is not necessary that he shall have really existed. Some of the greatest persons in the world have only lived in the minds of their creators. As we only know people who have lived in other ages or in countries remote from our own, by the words, written or spoken, of their biographers, our ideas of them are formed by such words. So we have biographies, not only of real people, but also of imaginary ones, and as the authors who create imaginary people are often endowed with greater ability than ordinary biographers, and not "Cribb'd, cabin'd and confined" by "horrid" facts, which are almost as brain-benumbing as statistics, we get imaginary personages described to us, more real, more vivid, and more clearly delineated in every way than we would have had, had they been made of mortal clay instead of dreams. London, the centre of the world, is peopled to a visitor with shades and shapes drawn from the mind of Charles Dickens and many others; Farther north, the people limned by the Wizard of the North are the really living dead; in New England, Priscilla the Puritan Maiden, "modest and simple and sweet," still entices John Alden to speak for himself and not for his friend; in Nova Scotia, Evangeline, "the sunshine of St. Eulalie," still walks the meadows of Grand Pre, wearing "the Norman cap and the kirtle of homespun, and the earrings brought in the olden time from France;" And Sam Slick, a less romantic figure, but even at this date, clear cut and distinct, lean and lank, shrewd, keen, vulgar and witty, drives old Clay along the highways and byways of Nova Scotia selling wooden clocks to the farmers, telling stories, bragging, wheedling the men, flattering the women and sounding the praises of "soft sawder and human natur" to those he meets in the day's travels.

So absolutely alive is Sam Slick that he has devoured and obliterated the personality of his creator, and we find, almost without exception, writers speaking of him as if he were an historical personage and not a creation of fiction. Of this I might give numerous examples, but a few will suffice. Carlyle says in his "Past and Present;"

"Vagrant Sam Slicks, who rove over the earth doing 'strokes of Trade,' what wealth have they? Horseloads, shiploads of white and yellow metal; in very sooth, what ARE these? Slick rests nowhere, he is homeless."

R. Surtees in "Hillingdon Hall;"

"Oh, hang the law! The less law one has in the Justice Room the better. Get Stone's "Justice Manual." It will keep you all right as to form and if you read "Sam Slick" it'll do you more good than all the rubbishy stuff the lawyers have put together. Stone for the law, Slick for the sense."

And even Judge Howay, of New Westminster, in writing the history of B. C., and mentioning a famous letter written by Carmichael-Smith to Judge Haliburton about a possible railway through Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, speaks of it as a letter to "Sam Slick."

As has been said, Sam Slick did not come into being as a literary product intentionally. Haliburton wished to wake up Nova Scotia, and, with that purpose in view, he began in 1835 a series of letters, published anonymously in the Nova Scotian, a weekly newspaper published in Halifax by Joseph Howe. Into these, as Haliburton himself afterwards told Lord Abinger in England, there accidentally slipped, as the mouthpiece of his ideas, a Yankee Clockmaker. He did not

intend to describe such a person or to use the Yankee dialect but they both fitted the time and place, and once in, there they stayed.

The form in which these sketches appeared was no invention of Haliburton's. As early as 1830 there appeared in a newspaper published in Portland, Maine, a series of sketches written by one Seba Smith, a journalist of that city, purporting to be written during the President's Tour Down East, "By myself Major Jack Downing of Downingville," and these sketches first appeared in book form in 1833. They achieved a considerable local popularity and were, no doubt, read and enjoyed by Haliburton and his cronies. When he, himself, took up the pen, he followed the fashion of the day. A short extract from one of the Downing Letters will show the style and the similarity to the Clockmaker.

"When they talked o' making you governor down in Maine, your Aunt Nabby was wrathful enough,—'Well there,' says she, 'I never thought to live to see THIS day! Our family;' says she, 'If it wasn't so dreadful rich, ollers bore a good character and could hold up their heads and show their faces anywhere and to anybody, without their being able to say one word against us—and now to have one of us put up for Governor without ever having done anything to be ashamed of—is TOO bad!"

The sketches by Haliburton at once achieved a tremendous popularity in Nova Scotia, so much so that Howe had the temerity to issue them in book form. It was not a large book, indeed, or a pretentious one—a small 12 mo. bound in green cloth,—but a book nevertheless and one which was as much in demand locally as had been the newspaper in which the sketches first appeared. A small edition, issued, no doubt, with fear and trembling by the publisher, like the early editions of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," it was 'thumbed' to pieces, read and re-read, passed from hand to hand, until it is extremely difficult to find a copy, and if you do, it will probably be dirty and dog-eared, unless perchance, as in the case of the writer's copy, it has accidentally got into the hands of one who took no interest in it or was laid away so carefully that it was lost to all intents and purposes, until, after many years, it has been refound, to become the pride of the eyes and the joy of the soul of a Canadian Bibliomaniac. But this little book as well as the newspaper in which the sketches were first printed got further than the author had anticipated and found friends—at least, readers—outside of the Province as within. Some copies reached England and one found its way into the hands of Bentley, the Great London Publisher, who in 1838, without knowing its origin, printed what is ordinarily called the first Edition, although as a matter of fact there were two earlier ones issued in Nova Scotia, in 1836 and 1837. Finding a tremendous demand in

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England for the book, and becoming acquainted with the author on a visit to London, a second and a third series were demanded and published and many editions followed. As fast as they were published in Nova Scotia and in England they were pirated in the United States and reprinted again and again until Sam Slick became a household word wherever the English language was spoken. It went even further. Several editions (in English) were published in France and had a large sale there. Indeed, even now, or at least until a short time ago, a selection from the "Clock Maker" was published in French school books as a sample of English prose.

"The Clockmaker" was translated into German and is said to have been one of the favorite books of Prince Bismark.

The scheme of the Clockmaker is very simple. The squire, the recorder of the story, on a fine horse, is travelling through Colchester County in Nova Scotia, when he is overtaken by "a tall thin man, with hollow cheeks and bright twinkling black eyes," riding a good bay horse. The Squire and he fall into conversation. They each, in a round about way endeavour to discover the other's occupation. Soon the Squire tires of his companion and endeavours to ride away from him, but he finds the stranger's horse a better one than his own, and not only is he mortified at this, but his feelings are further hurt by the stranger offering him some advice as to how his horsemanship could be improved. Further conversation ensues in which the Squire learns that the stranger is Samuel Slick of Slickville, Connecticut, a travelling salesman of wooden clocks. He finds him an agreeable companion and they agree to travel together.

They pass through various parts of the Province and their conversation takes many forms. Sometimes they discuss the localities through which they pass and the idiosyncracies of the inhabitants; sometimes the respective merits of England, her colonies and the United States is the topic. Sometimes they dwell on the wonderful resources of the Province and the failure of its people to profit by them; serious conversation being intermingled with witty stories, pithy sayings and drollery of all kinds on the part of the Clockmaker. The life of the Province of the time is reflected in the book as in a mirror. The first series was so well received that it was followed by a third, in which the Squire and his friend travel into the New England States and end up in Slickville where the Squire meets the Reverend Mr. Hopewell, Sam's mentor and friend, a most lovable old clergyman, who has great admiration for Old England and laments the evil days, from a religious and moral point of view, into which the New England States have fallen since the Revolution. Here Sam finds that he has been appointed an Attache to the United States Legation in London and the series ends.

When the third series of the Clockmaker was completed, Haliburton dropped Sam Slick for a time and wrote some historical works and the "Letter Bag of the Great Western" but finding a demand for Sam, he told the story of "The Attache." The Squire who had travelled with Sam Slick in Nova Scotia and the United States, and recorded his sayings in "the

Clockmaker" and whose name is not therein mentioned, now turns out to be "Thomas Poker, Esquire, a native of Nova Scotia and a retired member of the Provincial Bar." Mr. Hopewell accompanies the Squire and Sam Slick to England. The poor old man in his latter days has been dismissed from his parish and, worst of all, has been succeeded in his charge by a Unitarian. On arrival Sam takes up his duty as Attache to the American Legation.

This gives an opportunity to discuss English life and the politics of the time, Sam telling his inimitable stories and poking fun at the English; Mr. Hopewell glorifying England's Church, State and Society; and Mr. Poker acting as Chorus and recorder. So cleverly is the story told, that some of the reviewers thought it a recital of fact and that Sam Slick was a real person occupying the position mentioned, and seriously urged the improbability of one of Sam's character obtaining entree to the society he describes. However, the first series was popular enough to demand a second one.

After having described the adventures of Sam Slick as Attache in England as long as seemed desirable, Haliburton turned his attention to other books but the public insisted on more "SAM." So Haliburton took up the story and on the return of the hero to the United States he is sent by the President as a Commissioner to report to him privately on the shore fisheries of the Maritime Provinces. Accordingly he takes passage on a fishing schooner, "The Black Hawk," for Nova Scotia, where he travels along the southern shore, visiting old friends, flirting with the girls, telling stories, describing the scenery and generally having a good time. He has an opportunity to sketch not only the settlers of English descent, but also the descendants of the German and French-Huguenot settlers in and about Lunenburg, and the French-Acadians at other points, and to tell stories illustrating the peculiarities of them all. This trip runs through four volumes, the first two being called "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," and the last two, "Nature and Human Nature." Here we bid goodbye to Sam Slick. Not that Haliburton ceased to write. Even after he went to reside in England he wrote a series of Sketches for a Dublin newspaper, which were afterwards published as his last book, "The Season Ticket."

The character of "The Clockmaker" naturally fits the time when the sketches were written. Connecticut at that time manufactured large quantities of wooden clocks, and some of our own times will remember in their earlier years the wooden clocks standing on the mantels of the farmhouses. They were not bad clocks, indeed, considering the material of which the works were made, and the time they lasted, some of them at least must have been excellent specimens of handiwork. Numerous salesmen travelled through the New England and the British American Colonies selling them. These smooth-tongued persons correspond to the book agents and stock salesmen of today. The object was to sell under any circumstances, or as they say now, to get the victim "To sign on the dotted line. The average farmer in Nova Scotia, of the time, was not rich and many could ill afford the luxury

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even of a wooden clock. But the poor "goney," as Sam Slick calls him, was cajoled, teased, persuaded into buying. Often he rued his bargain when too late. Many of the clocks may have been and probably were defective. At least we know that the clock peddlers often had difficulty in collecting their money and tried to enforce their contracts by actions in the Courts. One case came before Judge Haliburton himself, and in this he read the plaintiff a severe lecture on the impropriety of selling the poor "bluenoses" clocks which would not keep time.

A great deal has been said about Haliburton using the Yankee dialect. This again was the most natural thing in the world. A few words on the early history of Nova Scotia will make this plain. Prior to 1755 practically all the residents of Nova Scotia, except a few at Halifax, and the Lunenburg settlers, were Acadian-French. After the Expulsion in that year settlers came in from Connecticut and Rhode Island, and to a lesser degree from Massachusetts, and occupied the vacant lands. From 1759 to 1765 this immigration went on, until those parts of the Counties of Annapolis, Kings, Hants, Cumberland and Colchester fronting on Minas Basin and the Bay of Fundy, and the rivers tributary, were colonized, and there were also settlements at Yarmouth, Liverpool and elsewhere. These were the "Pre-Loyalist" settlers or "Bluenoses." Haliburton says they were called by that nickname given to them by the Americans on account of "a potato which they produce in great perfection and boast to be the best in the world." (I remember the potato to which he refers. It was called the "Early Blue" and my grandfather was still growing it when I was a small boy.) But whether he only intended this as a joke or was misinformed, the statement is not correct. "Blue-nose" was a derisive appellation, given by the Loyalists who filtered in after the Revolutionary War, to the old settlers who had come before the war and who were not, I am afraid, entirely free from the Anti-British feeling which permeated the revolting colonies.

These "Old Settlers" as many of the writings of the latter part of the 18th Century term them, were middle class farmers, and naturally as thorough Yankees as those who remained in the Thirteen Colonies. As one of the Governors of Nova Scotia termed them, they were "Bigoted Dissenters, Great Levellers, and the best men in the Province because the most industrious." They naturally spoke, and to some extent still speak, the New England dialect, the rough home-spun English of the Puritans. Deeply religious in the old Puritan Congregationalist way, yet they loved a good story, well told, and could enjoy it even if, as sometimes happened, it had a slightly racy flavor.

Haliburton, himself, belonged to this Pre-Loyalist immigration. His grandfather, William Haliburton, came from Scituate, Mass., in 1760 and settled at Douglas in Newport Township, Hants County. His father, a lawyer and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, William H. O. Haliburton, was born in Nova Scotia in 1767. Haliburton himself was born at Windsor in 1796 and here he grew up, receiving his education at the High School and at King's College in that city. Besides the descendants of the Pre-Loyalist settlers on the Windsor side of the Avon River, on the other side lay Falmouth peopled by farmers from Rhode Island. After his admission to the Bar he practised at Annapolis from 1821 to 1829. Annapolis itself had been settled by settlers from Massachusetts in 1760. Granville, the adjoining township, was colonized about the same time by settlers principally from Massachusetts, with a few from New Hampshire. In King's County, lying between Annapolis and Hants, the Townships of Horton and Cornwallis were peopled from Connecticut. Thus both his boyhood, his manhood as a lawyer, and a great part of his lifetime as Judge, were spent among as "true blue" Yankees as any in the New England States. It was the common

speech, the vernacular of these people that he wove into his account of Sam Slick. It was in great part to these people that his letters were originally directed, and if in doing so he used the talk of the plain people of New England it was because the greater part of his original audience was from a philological and racial point of view, a part of New England itself. If anyone will take the trouble to compare Lowell's "Biglow Papers" with "Sam Slick" he will see how true this is.

Thus we have, first, the chief character well known to the people of Nova Scotia, and the language of the people themselves. Haliburton put the two together and added the stories which the people loved and Sam Slick came into being. The sheer Yankeeism of these people may be exemplified by the quotation of some of the homely similes used by Haliburton, which were and are yet the common verbal currency of the descendants of the Pre-Loyalists in Nova Scotia. Let me quote a few:

"He's a regular suck-egg, a disgrace to his country.

"Says he, It fairly draws tears from me, and his weak eye took to letting off water like Statiee."

"It holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger."

"Felt kind of grigged at missin' my shot."

"It makes me so kinder wamblecropt, when I think of it."

(Continued on Page 12)

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VOLUME XXII.

JANUARY, 1924.

No. 1

Editorial Notes

COMMUNITY

STAIID AND RELIABLE probably sums up the estimate many citizens have of the new Mayor of Vancouver City. An impression of that kind has no doubt inspired those who have for years consistently supported him for the office of Alderman. This Community Service Magazine extends congratulations to Mayor Owen and the Councillors associated with him, and in common with others, trusts that their reign of office in 1924 will be connected with the beginning of a period of unexampled prosperity in Vancouver City and the West generally.

* * * * *

WE ALSO CONGRATULATE THE MAYORS, REEVES AND COUNCILLORS of neighboring Cities and Municipalities—though the results are not in all cases what were anticipated. Ex-Mayor Morden failed to supersede his own successor in office, Mayor Donaghy, in North Vancouver City. Perhaps that was partly due to an aversion on the part of the majority of voters to change their leading representative now that the Second Narrows Bridge arrangements are well under way—and everybody knows the adage about "not swapping horses when crossing a stream." Yet in the adjacent Municipality of the District of North Vancouver, that reasoning did not apply, as Mr. Fromme succeeded there against Reeve Loutit. The voters of Lynn Valley district (in which we understand Mr. Fromme is a highly-esteemed Old Timer) had likely much to do with the result. While we congratulate Mr. Fromme, we cannot but regret that a man of ex-Reeve Loutit's ability and experience should not have been retained in office to share in the forwarding arrangements regarding the Second Narrows Bridge. Though he is "out" meantime, perhaps there are not a few impartial voters from the Vancouver City side of Burrard Inlet who, (like the writer of these notes) carried away a very favorable impression of the ex-Reeve after hearing his account of his stewardship—as given at a public meeting—and his straightforward replies to the challenge or questionings as to why he had acted thus and so.

* * * * *

WHETHER OR NOT they are retained in office uninterrupted for years, men who give evidence of exercising earnest and honourable spirit in public service ought to be given less criticism and more encouragement.

* * * * *

REEVE BROOKS OF SOUTH VANCOUVER has done well in being re-elected—especially as his preparations for a campaign were interfered with by an hospital experience on his part—an operation for appendicitis. This election, carried out under "P. R." (Proportional Representation) involved considerable transferring of votes ere the result was reached, and though it was "a close thing" for "Tom," his many friends will look to him for progressive service—following his past year's experience.

* * * * *

WHEREBY WE ARE REMINDED that ex-Alderman Crone (of Vancouver City) was making reference recently,

at a Kiwanis Club meeting, if we are not mistaken—to the objections that can be taken to any really busy business man going into a big city's council for a one year term. Years ago, we believe, this Magazine ventured to suggest that a system which obtains in some other parts of the Empire, of electing Councillors for three years, might with advantage be tried—if the Council or Aldermen system itself is to be maintained. And if three years seem rather long, a two-year term might be advocated.

* * * * *

"THAT ARTICLE ON 'THE PRICE OF PROGRESS' by A. D. M., was one of the best things you have published." So said one of the leading Professors at the University of British Columbia, as he stopped the editor of this Magazine on Granville Street the other day. We think it fitting to pass it on to "A. D. M."—and others—in this way. It is always encouraging to learn by written or spoken words that the Community Service "bit" this BRITISH COLUMBIA Magazine is seeking to do, is appreciated, and our satisfaction is enhanced when we can pass on sincere compliments to our contributors.

* * * * *

MENTION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA reminds us that from another direction we were met the other day by what practically amounted to a challenge to us to take exception to an objectionable tendency which was alleged to be in evidence in the Students' Weekly, and liable to manifest itself elsewhere.

* * * * *

WHEN WE ASKED FOR EVIDENCE, our attention was called to a "Triolet" (for one thing), the suggestiveness in which could not perhaps be altogether met by saying (as the Defense may always do) "It depends how the reader cares to interpret it."

* * * * *

BUT EXAMINATION OF THE ISSUE referred to might fairly provoke a larger question, namely,—Is there work or service in the publication that compensates for the time and effort (taken from study time in some cases perhaps) which the thirty (or thereby) of a staff contribute to maintain the weekly paper? Probably the issue in question is exceptional, but, beyond one or two "skits" (of which a typewritten copy "boarded" at the University might give full publicity), there seemed to be very little that could not be well "covered" by paragraphs in the local newspapers.

* * * * *

WE KNOW WE ARE OPEN TO MISUNDERSTANDING in questioning, even in a friendly way, any thing related to a student body or publication, but the challenge to ourselves which introduced this subject here was thrust at us unsought, and now we surmise that—if the weekly publication WERE to be suspended—not a few students might live to be thankful for time saved to them for more serious and worthwhile work.

Besides it should be noted that the University has another publication, an "Annual" produced in very different style—so far as printing, pictures, etc., are concerned, thanks, no doubt, to the generous use of advertising space by not a few leading business firms. Might not the time given to the weekly be turned to better advantage if concentrated on the "Annual"—by term Editors representing each department?

* * * * *

MR. W. R. DUNLOP OF VANCOUVER CITY can be relied upon to give a finished lecture on any subject which he undertakes. In this Farthest West of the Empire his name and fame should go down to posterity as one of British Columbia's intellectual and literary pioneers. Like many others perhaps, Mr. Dunlop is in business from necessity—he is an accountant by profession—and "a Man of Letters," or of books and literature, by choice.

* * * * *

IN A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE VANCOUVER SCOTTISH SOCIETY on "The 1745 Rebellion" Mr. Dunlop seemed to excel himself—which is saying a good deal. Supplemented by appropriate song interludes, all bearing on the subject, (one or two rendered by the lecturer himself, and others by Misses Mollison, Wardhaugh, Mrs. Houston, and Messrs. Gillespie and Dr. Patterson—with Miss Mary Hood accompanying), Mr. Dunlop's historical survey and his interpretation of the historical romance associated with, and flowing from "the '45" formed, without exception, one of the finest literary treats to which we have been privileged to listen outside of literary and intellectual Edinburgh.

* * * * *

THE GENIAL AND QUIET HUMOUR-LOVING CHAIRMAN of the Vancouver Scottish Society (Professor Henderson of the University of British Columbia) evidently did not think, from the applause which greeted the motion of thanks, that it needed any supplement else it is likely not a few of the audience would have responded (even without preparation!) and expressed appreciation in a few sentences at least.

* * * * *

BUT IT IS ALWAYS QUESTIONABLE as to how far "votes of thanks" should be prolonged—if they are made in formal fashion at all. Certainly it is seldom in place (unless there is time to fill up following a short lecture) to elaborate in any measure on the subject of the lecture itself—except in so far as doing so may emphasize the compliment due to the speaker of the evening. On the occasion mentioned the Secretary of the Society (Mr. George Duncan, Barrister) voiced the sentiments of the meeting when he very fittingly referred to Mr. Dunlop's truly eloquent review.

* * * * *

THAT THE SONGS THAT ARE PART OF THE HERITAGE of the Scottish people from the romance of "Prince Charlie" are still a living influence in Scottish homes, the writer, in common no doubt with many others, can testify, for the pathos of such haunting numbers as "A wee bird cam' tae oor ha' door" is associated with the earliest memories of a mother's singing

* * * * *

As far as time permitted, Mr. Dunlop fully surveyed the conditions which led up to the '45, and his word-pictures almost made "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and the clansmen who gathered to his standard rise for review before the Vancouver audience. Not that he treated the subject in any narrow or partial way. Before he finished, too, the lecturer touched on the Prince's pathetic plight in his later years. Perhaps the very literary wealth surrounding his subject prevented Mr. Dunlop from mentioning in that connection the memorable lines written by Professor Aytoun "On the Anniversary of the Battle of Culloden," which, in part at least, outline the conditions fairly indicated by Mr. Dunlop.

* * * * *

FOR ANYONE TO HAVE A MEMORY OF SUCH LINES as voiced by Dr. Moxey, a medical doctor who in the 90's had made a name for himself as one of the foremost elocu-

tionists in Britain and who for a time taught an Elocution Class in one of the Edinburgh Colleges, involves the ready recollection of the piece when the passing of the Stuart dynasty is in any way recalled. The opening lines are:

"Take away that star and garter—hide them from my aching sight!

Neither king nor prince shall tempt me from my lonely room tonight.

Let the shadows gather round me while I sit in silence here, Broken-hearted, as an orphan watching by his father's bier. Let me hold my still communion far from every earthly sound—

Day of penance—day of passion—ever, as the year comes round:

Fatal day! wherein the latest die was cast for me and mine— Cruel day! that quelled the fortunes of the hapless Stuart line!

The conditions that affected the battle of Colloden are suggested by such lines as:

"Oh, for prophet eyes to witness how the desperate battle goes!

Cumberland! I would not fear thee, could my Camerons see their foes."

Sound, I say, the charge at venture—'tis not naked steel we fear:

Better perish in the melee than be shot like driven deer!

Hold, the mist begins to scatter!

* * * * *

Further on, Professor Aytoun imagines "the Young Pretender" (now grown old) exclaiming "Better to be born a peasant than to live an exiled King!" and then he continues: Oh! my heart is sick and heavy—Southern gales are not for me:

Though the glens are white in Scotland, place me there and set me free!

Give me back my trusty comrades—give me back my Highland maid—

Nowhere beats the heart so kindly as beneath the tartan plaid!

The poem closes with a fine tribute to the "Highland Maid," Flora McDonald, who (as all students of British history should know) was instrumental in making possible "Prince Charlie's" escape from Scotland.

* * * * *

UNDER THE TITLE "BLAZING TRAILS IN B. C.," a very readable article concerning Mr. H. J. Cambie, of Vancouver, appeared in a recent issue of "McLean's Magazine" (Toronto). While we should naturally have preferred that such a record had been published concurrently, if not first, in this BRITISH COLUMBIA "Magazine of the Canadian West," we can find satisfaction in the knowledge that Mr. Cambie and his long life's work are well worthy of the fuller publicity ensured by "McLean's." In congratulating Mr. Noel Robinson (of the Vancouver WORLD staff) who is responsible for the article, it may be in place to note that he has forestalled us in time but not in intention; as Mr. Cambie is only one of not a few prominent western pioneers whom we have had marked for attention

As we have had occasion to indicate before however, the building up of the literary department of a magazine is, after all, only one section of the basal work—if it is to be built to last—and though the present management of the B.C.M. may be willing to spend time and energy to the limit towards that worthy end, we have not—unlike our Eastern contemporary—had a quarter of a million dollars or thereby to sink in the work. At the same time, as more local patriotism is exercised by Western business men, and citizens of the Canadian West generally awake to the fact that,—no matter how the management is named in one year or generation,—Magazine interest should "begin at home," we are confident that we shall be able, with the passing months and years, to issue a publication that shall be increasingly worth while, and also of growing service to the community.

EDUCATIONAL

(By Spectator)

The year of grace nineteen hundred and twenty-four has entered and made his bow, and with him his royal retinue of privileges and responsibilities, problems and opportunities. Have we met him with the glad hand and the eager heart, and at the end of his brief sojourn with us shall he go from us invested with honour and glory and leaving with his sometime hosts a cherished legacy of blessing and power? This question no human being can shirk; the vote will be recorded automatically and unerringly; the decision henceforth will be inseparably intertwined with the thread of our destiny.

* * * * *

The electorate has delegated its powers to the mayor and aldermen, and the same electorate has expressed its confidence in the Board of School Trustees. These two bodies, each independent and supreme in its own sphere, are, by virtue of their common origin, in duty bound to co-operate, to work together for the public good. It is their great privilege to serve the men, women and children of today, and their greater privilege to conserve the interests of the men, women and children of tomorrow.

* * * * *

The beast of the field will die for its young. In every age we have lauded the sacrifice of the strong for the weak, of parent for child, of him that hath for him that hath not. From this fair seed has sprung Christianity, for nineteen centuries the tree of life in the garden of the world. Only in vital harmony with this principle can we truly live. The Child or the Dollar? Shall we save the dollar that we may be clothed sumptuously, dwell in our ceiled houses surrounded by spacious and fair gardens, far from the crowded tenements of the poor; feast on dainties gathered from the four corners of the earth; roll swiftly and smoothly along in luxurious cadillac or limousine? Or shall we surround ourselves with happy bands of children, and say,—“These are our jewels; these are our true riches; the dollar is precious only in so far as it is spent or invested for these and such as these.”

* * * * *

More Canadianism in our schools is the cry of one of our public men. Very good; but how much time and energy does our friend devote to the education of our boys and girls? Does he spend so many hours, an interested and welcome guest, within class-room walls that he is able to make a first-hand estimate of the extent to which a spirit of true Canadianism is inculcated and fostered by our teachers in the generation of children committed to their charge. May it not be possible that our teachers as a body do ponder this matter seriously, and in planting the seeds of real patriotism in soil well prepared are acquitting themselves with credit?

But the question is, after all, a very serious one. Our Canadian nation is a nation in the making, and it is of supreme importance that foundations be well and truly laid, and that no enemy or vain person be allowed to build thereon wood, hay, stubble, or other perishable material doomed to swift destruction.

Thus far Canada has reason to thank many faithful builders. Some have not been endowed with the clear-sightedness so much to be desired in dealing with present problems, not to speak of the vision that reveals the distant goal and the paths that must be trodden to reach it. Some have labored with mixed motives,—partly for self-aggrandisement, partly for the public good. Many have thought only of the day, with its particular burdens and rewards. Others have been endowed with clearness of sight, have been gifted with prophetic vision, and, above all, have forgotten self in a consuming love for their fellowmen and for their country. Much progress has been made. Looking back we have great reason to thank God and take courage.

The difficulties have been tremendous. They are still tremendous. Two great races, leaders in civilization, have been placed side by side, out of which to build the nation that is to be. Different in racial instincts, different in language, different in religion, different in political development, different in ideals, they must yet blend in spirit, submit to the guidance of a common aspiration, march side by side, in peace and harmony, as brothers, to a common goal. Together they must welcome to their fellowship the stranger of every clime, of every tongue, of every faith, permitted to shelter within our country's bounds, and by sympathy, by encouragement, by active helpfulness, transform him so that out of his cherished past a more glorious present shall blossom and flourish.

Geography has thrown down her gage, and dared us to make a country out of East and Middle and West. From the Atlantic to Lake Huron the task has been difficult enough, though not so difficult as to discourage the stout of heart of either race. But here nature has almost said,—“Thus far thou shalt go, and no farther.” A thousand miles of wilderness, of lake and rock and muskeg must be overcome before the pioneer sets hopeful foot on the broad and fertile prairie. Nine hundred miles of easy plain bring us to the sea of mountains, intended surely to keep the children of this great Middle from reaching the havens of the calm Pacific.

Yet there has been no failure. On the Plains of Abraham stands a monument to the common glory of Montcalm and Wolfe, and for five generations the Frenchman and the Britisher have dwelt in peace together, have advanced side by side, have co-operated in many a noble enterprise making for a high type of Canadianism. And together, by church and school, by the unselfish ministration of devoted physician and nurse, the stranger in the midst is becoming one with them.

The St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, a magnificent natural highway improved by the handiwork of man, have been reinforced by the two great highways of steel stretching from Ocean to Ocean, overcoming the barriers of rock and lake and muskeg, and the giant mountains themselves. Nay more, these barriers of separation, these mighty stretches of barrenness, have proved to be hidden storehouses of mineral wealth, destined in future not to separate the rich farming stretches of East and Middle, but to unite them by supplementing their need of those things in which they themselves are poor.

Of the great work of the Church, of the untiring service of the schools, of the effectiveness of many a subsidiary agency operating in harmony with these, there is neither time nor space to deal adequately at present. With all their shortcomings they have been prime architects in glorious achievement.

Of flag-waving Canadianism a little should go a long way. Let us teach our children something of the heritage handed down to us, bought by the toil and sweat and blood of our forefathers; of the duty and privilege of the children to walk worthily of the generations that have lived, and suffered and died for them; of what we owe to the Empire and the nations that compose it, that power under God chosen to dispense the greatest blessings to all the earth; of the spirit of friendship and comradeship with which we should regard the mighty nation to the south of us, one with us in worthy origin and high ideals; of the truth that God has made of one blood all the nations that dwell on the earth; and that we are truly grateful to Him for the blessings He has showered on us only in so far as we see in Him the Father of us all, and all nations and races as His children and our brothers.

LITERARY

Comment was recently made in the "Daily Province" on the interesting coincidence that books by three British Columbia novelists had been reviewed in a recent number of the "New York Times," and all three of them in very favourable terms. The writers are Frederick Niven, Bertrand Sinclair, and Harwood Steele.

* * * * *

Frederick Niven for several years now has made his home in Nelson, and has published three novels, the scenes of which are laid in British Columbia. "The Lady of the Crossing" was published several years ago, and more recently two Western stories, "The Wolfer" and "Treasure Trail." The book under review is a re-publication of "Justice of the Peace," which was brought out before in England.

* * * * *

"The Inverted Pyramid" is the name of Bertrand Sinclair's latest book, and the "Times" reviews this quite enthusiastically. It is a tale, the scene of which is laid in British Columbia and Vancouver, and should be of considerable interest to us here. Mr. Sinclair has been living for many years in the Province and has acquired an intimate knowledge of it, wielding a facile pen in describing its natural beauties.

* * * * *

Harwood Steele until recently was living here, but has now gone to Montreal. His book, "Spirit of Iron," is a story of the North West Mounted Police and gives a good picture of certain phases of the early history of that famous body of men. The story of the hero is based upon the career of the writer's father, Sir Sam Steele, who was one of the most notable officers connected with the romantic annals of the Force. This is Mr. Steele's first novel, and we hope it will be followed by many others dealing with Canadian life.

* * * * *

There has come to hand an interesting report of the Annual Dinner of the British Authors' Society in London, at which the guest of honour was Sir Auckland Geddes, late Ambassador at Washington.

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Sir Auckland gave a most interesting address, making an appeal to those present for greater conscientiousness in re-

gard to their representation of the different people of Countries they wrote about. Much harm, he stated, was done by the tendency frequently shown by writers to distort and misrepresent for the sake of effect.

Writers, he claimed played a much larger part in public affairs than they knew, and he instanced the case of Ireland. English people had a totally wrong idea of the Irish owing to the influence of caricature. Much was done by caricature to shape the portraits of foreign nations. As an Ambassador he well knew how careful one should be.

* * * * *

"You who write," he said, "really constitute one of the great bodies who help to determine the relations between countries. Sometimes your work is well done, sometimes less well. At times you convey distorted pictures of your own country. I know how much the Americans, who are omnivorous readers, depend for the mental picture of the English, Scots and others, on the writings of people who seem to know. How often is there this distortion. I have noticed it much in recent years in English books, and how people are misled thereby. You are indeed members of the body which determines National fates. You speak, you are heard. What you say now will decide the course of history in the next few years."

When Sir Auckland Geddes was here not long ago and addressed the Canadian Club, he made a similar appeal that the Press would use its influence to bring about international concord instead of fostering distrust by misleading and alarmist reports.

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SAM SLICK AND HIS CREATOR

(Continued from Page 6)

"Reason even in roasting an egg."

"Stranger, he is small potatoes and few in a hill."

"That they make such a touss (bother) about."

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

"He actilly looked like the little end of nothin, whittled down."

"Gettin' a wrinkle on his horn."

"He's a whole team and a horse to spare."

"Don't teach your grandmother to clap ashes." (Take lye off for making soap.)

"Hums a hymn through his nose to the tune the Old Cow died of."

"Straight up and down like a cow's tail."

"Lammed him wuss than the devil beating tan bark."

"She fell into a conniption fit."

"Shoot your grandmother."

(Meaning fancying you have discovered what everyone has known long ago.)

Sam is ready for a joke at any time. It may be for the humor of the thing, or it may be a pun (sometimes a very vulgar one) or even just a bit of nonsense. Here are a couple of puns:

"Like a man I once seed, who fasted on fish on a Friday, and when he had none, whipped a leg of mutton into the oven and took it out fish; says he, 'It's 'changed Plaice' that's all and 'plaice' ain't a bad fish."

"The horse who was advertised as too 'heavey' for a man who never travelled less than a mile in two minutes and twenty seconds and the man purchased it thinking the word was 'heavy.'"

Here is a little bit of fun:

Conrad Corncob, a prominent politician in Maine raved about the territory claimed both by New Brunswick and Maine and then said, "dulce est pro patria mori" "What in natur is that" says I, "General,"—"Why," says he, "It's a sweet thing to die for one's country." Well, I don't know," says I, "What you may think, but somehow or another, I kinder think its a plagy sight sweeter thing to live by one's country, and besides," says I, "I don't translate that ar' latin line that way at all,—and this is the way I turn it into English, 'Mori,—the more I get, pro patria, by the country, dulce est, the sweeter it is."

"Well, my man," says the Clergyman, patting on the shoulder a stout junk of a boy about 16 years of age, "Can you tell me what is the chief end of man?" "Yes, sir," said he, "To pile and burn brush."

"No, it ain't," said his sister.

"Well, what is it, dear?" said the Clergyman.

"Why the chief end of man, sir, is his head and shoulders."

The bride, who getting married, mixed the Marriage Service with the catechism and when asked, "Will you have this man to be your wedded husband," answered, "Yes, by God's Grace, I will, and I humbly thank my Heavenly Father for having brought me to this state of salvation."

"Expected Thorne brought an action of defamation agin me, to Slickville, for taking away his character, about stealin the watch in Nova Scotia. Well, I jist pleaded my own case and—sais— "Expected's character, every soul knows is about the worst in all Slickville. If I have taken it away, I have done him a great service, for he has a smart chance of getting a better one; and if he don't find a swap to his mind, why no character is better than a bad one." Well, the old Judge and the whole Court

larfed right out like anythin; and the jury without stirrin' from the box, returned a verdict for the defendant."

Or a sheer bit of nonsense:

"Ax us this, Master, if that house cost five hundred dollars, and a barrel of nails five dollars, what will a pig come to? Do you give it up? Well, he'd come to a bushel of corn."

He loved a "wise saw" as he called it—wisdom boiled down to a pithy expression which would stick in the memory. His books are full of them but we can only quote a few:

"Brag is a good dog, but Hold Fast is a better one."

The meat that's at the top of the bar'l is sometimes not as good as that that's a leetle grain lower down: the upper and the lower ends are plagy apt to have a leetle taint in 'em, but the middle is always good."

"Make a farmer of him, and you will have the satisfaction of seein' him an honest, an independent, and a respectable member of society. More honest than traders, more independent than professional men and more respectable than either."

"A good darter and a good housekeeper is plagy apt to make a good wife and a good mother."

All trades have tricks but your own."

"A bought smile, like an artificial flower, has no sweetness in it."

"A college education shows a man how devilish little other people know."

"A joke like an egg, is no good except it is fresh laid."

"The world is like a baked meat pie; the upper crust is rich, dry and puffy; the lower crust is heavy, doughy and underdone. The middle is not bad generally, but the smallest part of all is that which flavors the whole."

He was a Tory of the old school and held the old-fashioned Tory view of politics as thoroughly and as unflinchingly as Rudyard Kipling does today, using the terms current in the early Nineteenth Century. Responsible Government was his particular abhorrence and one sometimes gets a little tired of his monologues on this point. Notwithstanding this, his good hard common sense makes some of his political disquisitions fit modern conditions and ideas. Here are a few of them:

"Besides I guess we are as far from perfection as when we set a roarin' for it. You may get purity of election but how are you going to get purity of members."

"If you were to listen to the weak and noisy critters on both sides, you'd believe the House of Assembly was one half rogues and the other half fools,—If they knew more of each other, I guess they'd lay aside one half their fears and all their abuse. The upper class don't know one half the vartue that's in the middlin and lower classes, and the taller classes don't know one half the integrity

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that's in the others and both are fooled and gulled by their own noisy and designin' champions."

"One such work as the Windsor Bridge is worth all your laws, votes, speeches and resolutions for the last ten years, if tied up and put into a meal bag together. If taint I hope I may be shot."

"Save your country," says one, "Save it from ruin." "Cut down salaries,—watch the officials," says another, "they are the biggest rogues we have." "Reduce lawyer's fees," says some, "They are eating up the country like locusts" . . . "A bounty on wheat," says the farmer, "for your life." "Would you tax the mechanic to enrich the agriculturist?" says the manufacturer. "Make a law against thistles," says one, "A regulator about temperance" says another; "We have a right to drink if we please," says a third. "Don't legislate too much," says a fourth, "Its the curse of the State."

Some of his political remarks are mere witty sarcasm.

"I heerd an old critter to Halifax once describe 'im beautiful. "A Tory," he says "is a gentleman every inch of him, lock, stock and barrel; and he puts on a clean frilled shirt every day. A Whig,—is a gentleman every inch of him and he puts an onfrilled one on every other day. A Radical ain't no gentleman at all, and he only puts one on of a Sunday. But a Chartist, (we would say "Bolshevik," I presume) is a loafer; he never puts one on till the old one won't hold together no longer and drops off in pieces."

He loves his native Province and is perennially enthusiastic about its wonderful resources.

"This place Windsor is as fertile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the Globe, and right along of the salt water; but folks want three things—Industry, Enterprise, Economy; these bluenoses don't know how to valy this location—only look at it and see what a place for business it is—the centre of the Province—the natural capital of the Basin of Minas, and part of the Bay of Fundy—the great thoroughfare to St. John, Canada, and the United States—the export of lime, gypsum, freestone and grindstones—the dykes—but its no use talking; I wish we had it, that's all."

"We have great advantages in this country; our soil is naturally good. Industry and economy can accomplish anything here. We have not only good markets, but we enjoy an almost total exemption from Taxation. We have a mild and paternal Government, our laws are well and impartially administered and we enjoy as much personal freedom as is consistent with the Peace and good order of society."

"It has more nor twice as many great man-o-war harbors in it—that we have from Maine to Mexico. . . . It ain't shut up like Canada and our back country all winter . . . and it's so intersected with rivers and lakes most no part of it is twenty miles from navigable water or the sea; and it is the nearest point of our continent to Europe . . . It's in the midst of the fisheries, . . . river fisheries of shad, salmon, gaspereaux and herring, shore fishery of mackerel and cod. Bank fishery and Labrador fishery. Then look at the resources of the airth; only think of the coal. It extends all the way from the Bay of Fundy right out to Pictou . . . and then under all the island of Cape Breton . . . First chop water powers everywhere . . . Plaster of Paris what almighty big heaps it there is . . . But old England is as blind as a bat and Bluenose is a puppy only nine days old, he can't see yet."

While he loves England and the English institutions, he sees the errors which have been made and points out the way to bind the Colonies closer to the Mother Country.

"Had Washington been sent abroad in command of a

regiment, Adams to govern a colony, Franklin to make experiments in an observatory like that at Greenwich, and a more extended field been opened to Colonial talent, the United States would still have continued to be dependencies of Great Britain."

He appreciates the ability and resourcefulness of the United States but has a good many sly digs at the peculiarities of some of the citizens of that country when he represents Sam Slick bragging about his country.

"Now I believe we may stump the univarse; we improve on everything and we have improved on our own species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by and large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the backbone, you may depend. Its generally allowed there ain't the beat of them to be found anywhere . . . Though I say it that shouldn't, they fairly take the shine off creation. They are actilly equal to cash."

"We average more physical, moral and intellectual force than any people on the face of the airth; we are a right-minded, strong-minded, sound-minded and high minded people, I may be shot if we ain't."

Haliburton is always willing to make a joke on himself as well as on any one else. He, speaking of "the Clockmaker," says:

"It gives the Yankee a considerable of a hacklin and that ought to please YOU (the English). It shampoos the English, and that ought to please the Yankees; and it does make a proper fool of Bluenose and that ought to please you both because it shows its a considerable of an impartial work."

Two sayings which properly belong to Sam Slick have become famous through their use by others either wittingly or unwittingly;

"I guess I warnt brought up at all, I growd up," which Harriet Beecher Stowe used in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and

"Take off our flesh and set in our bones," which is generally ascribed to the great English humorist, Sydney Smith.

The fact that a decent edition of Haliburton's books, properly annotated is not available to the public at a reasonable price is a severe reflection on the people of Modern Canada. Much of his humor is as fresh and vivid today as it ever was, notwithstanding humor, as a general thing, fades more quickly than any other form of literature. Much that properly belongs to him is rehashed and published in the newspapers of today. It is but a short time ago that one of his stories in abbreviated form was published in the Vancouver "Province" attributed to a United States newspaper. But leaving his humor on one side, his saneness in common things; his optimism; his love of the Empire; his glory in its institutions and its possibilities; his pride in his home-land and his desire to forward its interests; and his vision as to the future of Canada, are all matters worthy of admiration and remembrance. Even in 1859, in the pages of his last book the "Season Ticket," he foreshadows the future greatness of British Columbia and the great entrepot of commerce which will grow up on the Pacific Coast of British North America.

We may well have pride in our first great Canadian author, the legislator, the historian, the father of American humor, Thomas Chandler Haliburton. As his friend Joseph Howe said in a famous toast:—

"Here's a health to thee, Tom! may the mists of the
Earth
Never shadow the light of that soul,
Which so often has lent the mild flashes of mirth
To illumine the depths of the Bowl."

The Middle of the Road

As I read Philip Gibbs' story with the above title there came to my mind another phrase: "On the fence." Wherein do the two attitudes they represent differ? They differ as much as the left and right of the road differ. The man on the fence in matters of opinion and policy is not concerned about truth, but about majorities and will follow them when the issue is decided. The man on either side of the road has his mind made up and is concerned supremely about strengthening his position by argument, and to carry his side through. He is in danger of the fate of the man of whom it was said: "If the light that is in thee be darkness." He has in his favour, making it easy for him, the absolute conviction that his side is right, and the approval of majorities or minorities, and perhaps contempt for the other side. If he sees the case of the other side at all, he dismisses it with an ugly party name and passes on. There is a happy immunity from pain when the mind is closed.

He of the middle of the road finds things less easy. He winces many times as he finds himself mistaken for brother to the man on the fence, called a lefter or a righter, as the case may be, afraid to declare himself. He is misunderstood. Moreover, to add to his troubles, he does not know his own views. He is waiting for light and the interval of uncertainty is irksome. The confused cross lights so slowly become revealing light. He awaits the lens to collect and focus them, the lens, which some circumstance is to become. He is not a Peer Gynt who "will never go through a thing but around it," whose main purpose is to escape difficulty. He is going to commit himself at the earliest possible moment. Meantime the waiting costs. President Harper of Chicago, was taking the middle of the road when he was asked previous to a meeting called by him out of which has grown a great and influential organization: "Precisely what do you wish to accomplish at this meeting?" "Nothing," said he, "Ultimately we want to do something so great none of us could describe it." Decision is a noble quality, but decision at the right time with all the light in. A spice of the middle of the road quality had helped out the cause for which that rugged old hero, Elijah, stood that day on Mt. Carmel. It had restrained him in the hour of victory from putting the false prophets to the sword, and thus taking the edge off that victory. It had saved Jehu a little later from the bloody slaughter with which he enthroned his dynasty, but which afterwards rose against them.

I think Jesus Christ had to take the middle of the road. Amidst conflicting political, religious and social ideals, He took the good wherever He found it and left and right one day joined against Him, when Pharisees and Herodians began to conspire, agreed only on one thing, that they hated Him.

He came away from the temptation scene without any policy that committed to left or right but to the middle of the road. "By every word of God," and these words came to Him as He went His way, giving Him His cue from circumstances as they arose till He said: "I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do."

Left and right with clearly defined opinions or prejudices are in evidence in the realm of Religion, Politics and Social Relationships. The way out of the jungle does not lie with either side; but with the man in the middle of the road who welcomes light no matter whence it comes, even if from his enemy, and who in some measure qualifies for the school of the Teacher Who said, "Learn of Me for I am meek and lowly of heart." Truth may grow in lonely situations, and awaits the teachable mind of the man in the middle of the road. When he has found it he has brought nearer the days of the Kingdom of God.

The autocracy of Lenin found an insuperable barrier to the working out of a well-knit theory that forgot psychology, in the refusal of the peasant to abdicate his right of self-determination. That was the rock on which Communism broke.

Individualist and Communist represent two extremes, the right and left if you will, in the realm of life and of things. The Egotist is concerned with that portion of personal energy which constitutes his own self. His care is to marshal all these forces to his own service. His personality is a walled city so far as giving is concerned, but a fortress that exacts tribute of all personality around. At the opposite extreme from the Egotist is that flabby, incohesive mass of personal possibility, which because lacking self-determination, is a sort of spiritual common that is at the mercy of every chance influence, and because giving itself indiscriminately never achieves an individuality, remaining an echo or reflection of the last influence. Imagine all the personal force in the world to be of this kind, what would happen? Personality, character, life, would surely be poor—no initiative, no achievement, no progress. If, on the other hand, all personality were of the Egotist type a chronic state of war would ensue. A third combination might be that of the two types issuing in a Communism ruled by Autocracy, being the spiritual counterpart of the experiment in the realm of things tried by Lenin.

By none of these ways can the finest type of life be produced: but rather by allowing to all a nucleus of self-determination, a sacred preserve as the core of personality where the OUGHT and the MUST of being and doing reside, and from which is decreed a self giving, to enrich other selves and to accept benefits from them in a reciprocity which is love.

Just as in the realm of being, the ideal is neither Individualism nor a Communism such as is suggested above, so, in the realm of things, an absolute individualism or communism will be futile unless we posit a dictator which it is easier to imagine than discover; and were he discovered, it were only to destroy the personality of the dictated to, for the sake of bread, and "man shall not live by bread alone."

The ideal in the realm of things, is parallel to that in life or personality; a nucleus of right of possession and with it a recognition of responsibility to use these privileges for the benefit of the other. The ideal Communism has at the core of it the privilege to call something in the realm of things by the name; what I possess rather than my own. The right must be conceded to the individual to determine within himself how he shall dispose of it, and when he has learned to determine that it shall be not his own, he will find the greatest personal enrichment from it and all life will be richer.

The middle of the road attitude is that which recognizes that there is a good at the heart of extreme individualism which must be reclaimed for the new order that is to be, that there is a good in Communism which must be rescued from the domain of force and compulsion. It sees with open eyes the evils of the present order, refuses to give blind allegiance to the untried which forgets that the biggest values are spiritual and that a free spirit is not the necessary result of a body well fed, and "six hours a day."

The first search of him who walks the middle of the road is the secret whereby the new man that is equal to the task of the ideal Communism can be produced, and to find what is meant by the words of the Middle-Roader Who said: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of Heaven." It is the task of Education and Religion to make possible this new man.

—A. D. M.

Canada's Enchanted Island

(By Frank Giolma)

One of the most distinctive charms of Victoria, capital city of British Columbia to the motorist is that you step off the steamer that has brought you across from the Mainland, right into your car and start your tour of the Pacific Wonderland or Island of Enchantment.

Victoria has been called "The Portal to a thousand miles of Wonderland." "The city of perennial Spring." "A bit of Old England" and "The Playground of the North Pacific."

As we stated just now, you step off the boat into your car and begin your tour right at the landing, for in front of you rise the majestic Parliament Buildings, housing a wonderful library and still more wonderful museum, the former containing the original charts, maps, plans and logs of the early British, Spanish and Portuguese adventurers who discovered and made known to the world, Victoria and Vancouver Island, and the latter, specimens of all the flora and fauna of B. C. From the gallery outside the dome of the

wonderful old world gardens, they wind to and fro until the compass needle, if you carry one, gets tired of perpetually trying to turn towards the North. A day or two exploring around Fairfield, James Bay, Oak Bay and the Uplands is not too long, because you find a thousand quaint corners that you feel you must go back and look at again.

Then you will want to drive out into the Saanich Peninsula along more winding roads, now past old-world farms, orchards and strawberry gardens, golden sandy beaches and little land-locked bays until you come to Mr. Butchart's world-famous sunken gardens. Gardens, let it be said, made out of dis-used stone quarries and today a fairyland of delight, containing as they do, plants from every country in the world. Having spent a morning or afternoon in the gardens, you will drive a few miles up to the famous Dominion Government Astrophysical Observatory and have a peep at the heavens through the famous telescope, the largest of its kind



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Parliament Buildings you will obtain a wonderful bird's-eye view of Victoria, the city of white houses and green gardens, surrounded by turquoise sea. Of course you will immediately want to drive along the extraordinary fantastic winding roads and streets that you see lying below you, and getting into your car you will start off for the residential section.

There are one hundred and ten roads in the best known residential section of Victoria and not one of them is straight. Banked in by great high hedges, broken here and there by

in the world, through the lenses of which one could easily drive an ordinary automobile.

Having done this, you will be coming back through Victoria and out past the double waterfalls at the Gorge, the famous Colwood Golf Course and along the bottom of the Coldstream Canyon and then up the side of the Malahat Mountain until you reach the summit, over 1200 feet above the sea. You will think that you have reached the roof of the world, for below you lies the Gulf of Georgia studded with a thousand and one olive green islands, while the view stretch-

es unbroken right over to the Mainland until the eye sees the faint outline of massive, eternally snow-clad mountains on the horizon.

Over 200,000 travellers climbed the Malahat last year. Many of these people had been to practically ever known tourist playground in America, Europe and Asia, but without exception they declared that the Malahat has a charm peculiarly its own and one that everybody who can should experience.

Having passed the Malahat you glide down into the farming district of the Cowichan Valley, a district which surely must have been carved out of the heart of Devonshire or Kent and brought holus bolus and dumped down with its settlers in the middle of Vancouver Island, for here you have nothing but farms, large and small, rivers, streams and old-world brooks, lakes and winding country roads and fields, while every man and woman you meet might be taken as representative of the British race.

If you want fishing, take a day or two at Cowichan Lake

where you get real fish until your arm aches, then get back into your car and go on, passing through Ladysmith and the famous coal fields of the Nanaimo District until you reach Parksville with its wonderful warm sea water bathing. Angle to the West down to the Alberni, spend the night at Cameron Lake or in Alberni, and then go on to Sproat and Great Central Lakes, or if time does not permit this detour, run on up North to Campbell River, world-famous for its fishing; lake, river and sea. Perhaps when you have finished this itinerary you will think that you have seen the Island; but in reality you have only begun.

There are people who have visited Victoria every season for ten and twelve years and yet they find, every time they come here, so many new points of interest that they had missed before that they own that they feel they know less about Victoria and her Island Kingdom today than they thought they knew when they first stepped off the steamer on to the Island of Enchantment.

The Y's Men's Community Service Club

(By W. K. Cain)

The complaint is sometimes heard that there is a lack of progressive spirit in Vancouver. While that may be true to some extent, many of us are not aware of the efforts that are even now being put forth to foster that community spirit and to supply leadership that will work such improvements in our city as will place Vancouver in the front rank of the world's best business, art, religious and social centres.

Admittedly one of the most potent factors in the development of this leadership is the growing tendency to organize by way of supplying a working medium that will put good ideas into action. Several such organizations might be cited, but it is the purpose of this article to draw attention to one not very widely known as yet, namely, the Y's Men's Club.

This group of young men, ranging generally between the ages of twenty and forty, compose the service club of the Y.M.C.A. The Vancouver club was organized in November, 1922, and recently was granted its international charter admitting it into the brotherhood of at least thirty similar groups in the United States and Canada. The number is steadily growing.

Members of the Y's Men's Club are also members of the Y.M.C.A. and much of the Club's service effort finds expression through that Association, though its officers emphasize that their desire is to be of benefit to the city generally. In fact, their aims embrace the whole field of interest characteristic of a modern Christian Canadian, as is indicated in the article of their constitution which sets forth one of the Club's objects as—"To develop, by sound character-building, substantial, as distinguished from formal, Canadian and British patriotism."

Other objects are:

"To promote the exchange among Y's Men everywhere of ethical and profitable business ideas and courtesies."

"To enable Y's Men to keep better informed upon subjects of immediate civic, economic and social interest."

"To support, by active service, deserving philanthropic movements."

"To encourage efficiency and justice in civic affairs, abstaining always from politics and sectarianism."

There are many matters incidental to perfecting organization that engage the attention of a new body just starting out on an ambitious program and not the least is getting its

members ready to assume the responsibilities of future work. In the Y's Men's Club this is taking the form, to a great extent, of the education of its members to a true realization of the means of a life of service. Education and training along other lines, as suggested by objects which include those quoted above, are also carried out.

This is a luncheon-service club, operating similarly to its older brother clubs in that it meets at 6.15 each Thursday evening in the Y.M.C.A. Club Room for supper, which is followed by an educational program interspersed with entertaining items of a lighter vein by way of diversion.

The present Board of Management or Executive of the Vancouver Y's Men's Club includes: President, Ted Bond; 1st Vice Pres., Bob Hunt; 2nd Vice Pres., Harold Ballard; 3rd Vice Pres., Scott Hill; Secretary, Dick Robinson; Treasurer, El. Murphy. Directors: Bill Borrie, Walter Welsford, Frank Cottrell, Tom Baynes, Norm. Guy, Percy White.

In the above the names are used by which one club member addresses another, such as "Ted" "Bob," etc. As is common in Y's Men's Club circles, one's initials or the prefix "Mr." are not used.

In addition to the Executive and Directors there are many standing committees whose members are thus furnished many splendid opportunities for training and exercise of their abilities.

Indications are that the Vancouver Y's Men's Club means to justify its existence by steadily growing in contributions of service to the community and nation.

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