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Established 1911

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The Magazine of The Canadian West

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MRS. JULIA W. HENSHAW, F.R.G.S., C. de G., Etc.  
President B. C. Branch Canadian Authors' Association  
(Wadds Photo)

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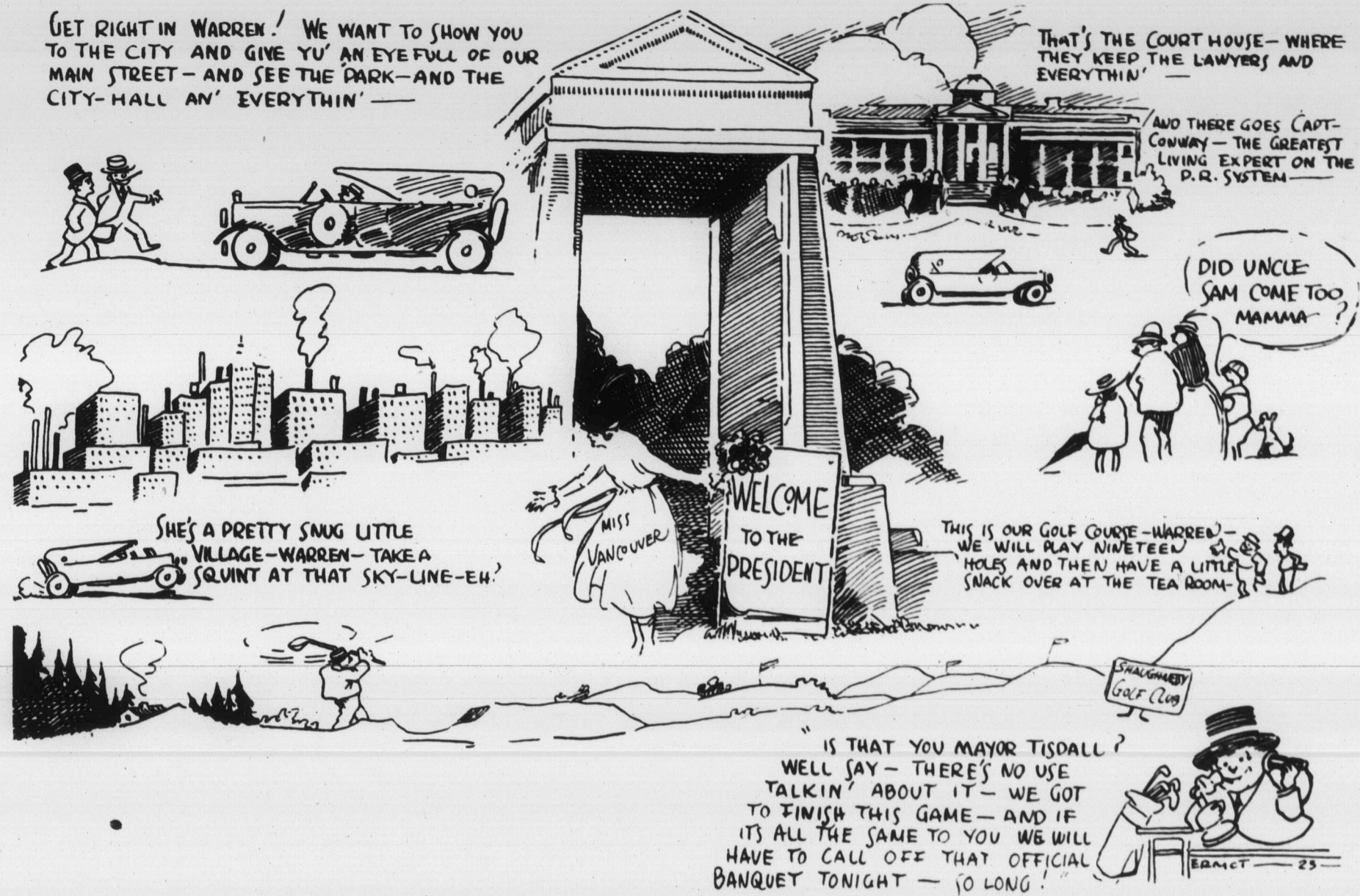
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THE B. C. M. CARTOONIST AND PRESIDENT HARDING'S VISIT.

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## THE ROMANCE OF VANCOUVER

Over prairies bare,  
Over mountain rocks,  
Wandered Beauty fair,  
With dishevelled locks,  
Till, she wearied, fell asleep  
Near-by where mountain-lions watch  
do keep.

Long she slumbered there,  
And her fairy dreams  
Crowned all the air  
With enchanted gleams—  
Wing-waited seeds they fell abroad,  
And sprang to life, fair miracles of  
God.

In this Paradise,  
Ages Beauty slept,  
And the lions wise  
Still their vigils kept,  
They watched the thrones of Beauty  
grow  
About their fastnesses of sculptured  
snow.

From the azure tide,  
Lapping golden shores,  
Close to Beauty's side  
Swept swift flashing oars;  
And commence from her magic  
barge  
Leapt forth and set her darling—  
Man—at large.

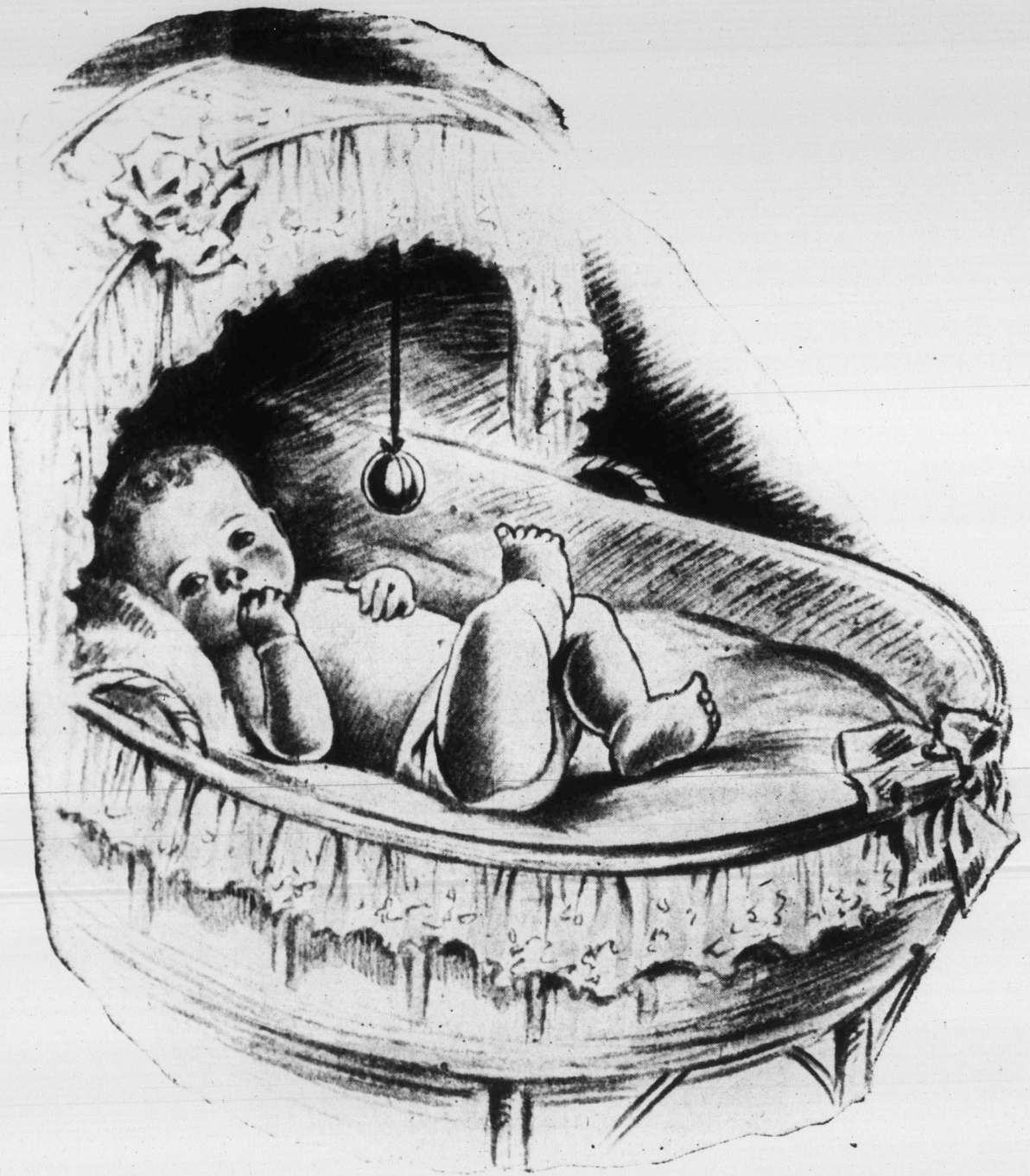
Then she, too dis sleep  
Wrapped in Beauty's arms,  
And in her slumbers deep  
Muttered wizard charms,  
Man, grasping all her wildest themes,  
Re-fashioned them into his goodliest  
schemes.

But not for long she lay—  
Leaving Beauty there,  
She hewed her pregnant way,  
Through the forest fair,  
And delving deep for gold and gem  
She wrought Columbia's richest dia-  
dem.

Beauty slumbers still,  
Weaving subtle dreams;  
Commerce speaks her will;  
Man works out his schemes;  
And in the bright and dream-filled  
sky,  
The radiant angel, Hope, is hovering  
nigh.

O home of all we love!  
O city, dead and fair!  
Now by this Hope above,  
Hear, oh hear us swear,  
To guard thine honour as our own,  
And keep thee pure and firm on  
Beauty's throne!

Annie C. Dalton.



## You'll Love These New Things for Baby

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## Vancouver Branch Canadian Authors' Association

REPORT FOR 1922-23 OF ACTING SECRETARY MR. A. M. POUND.

To the Chairman and Members of the Vancouver Branch of the Canadian Authors Association:—

In submitting the report of this Branch for the year 1922-1923, I would like to point out that the work of the Association has been handicapped to some extent by the illness of Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Vice President for British Columbia, and the absence from the City of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Bertrand Sinclair.

On June 15th, at Glencoe Lodge, the Association gave a Luncheon to Miss E. Montizambert, the well-known London writer, Author of "Unnoticed London," etc.

In July 1922 we had the privilege of tendering a dinner to the President of the Association, Mr. John Murray Gibbon, at Glencoe Lodge, after which he gave an interesting address to the members and their friends.

In November, Mr. Vernon MacKenzie, Editor of MacLean's Magazine, also addressed the Association, his subject being "The more Human Aspect of some Canadian Writers."

In the same month a reception was given for Vachel Lindsay, American Poet, and Bliss Carman, Canada's Poet Laureate, at Glencoe Lodge, which was well attended by the members and their friends.

In March of this year Dr. Ashton, author of "Madame De La Fayette," gave an address on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" before the members at the Hotel Vancouver. This proved one of the most delightful evenings of the year, but unfortunately the members did not attend as well as they should have.

Four meetings of the Executive were held at which the routine business of the Association was arranged.

A special committee made the arrangements for book-week, and they had the hearty co-operation of the Booksellers, unusually good displays being made. The Carnegie Library also had a display of Canadian books during the week, and Mrs. Holt Murison gave several addresses. Editorials pointing out the importance of book-week were published in the "Vancouver Daily Province," and "New Westminster Columbian." Advertising matter received from headquarters was distributed to the best advantage possible.

British Columbia writers, and members of this Association in particular, have been very active since our last Annual Meeting, and among the books published are the following:

"Fires of Driftwood" by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay;  
 "The Woodcarver's Wife" by Marjory Pickthall, who had resided in this Province for some years before her death;

"The Ninth Vibration" by Mrs. L. Adams Beck;

"The Key of Dreams" by Mrs. L. Adams Beck;

Mrs. Beck also had the honor of having one of her short stories included in O'Brien's book of Short Stories for the Year.

"Tillicums of the Trail" by G. C. F. Pringle;

"Summer Isles of Eden" by Frank Burnett;

"The Mad Minstrel" by Robert Watson;

"A Motor Scamper 'Cross Canada" by Percy Gomery;

"The Wolfer" by Frederick Niven;

"The Three Kings and Other Verses for Children" by D. A. Fraser, Victoria, B. C.

"Madame De La Fayette" by Dr. H. Ashton.

The French Government gave Dr. Ashton the Legion of Honor in appreciation of his service to French Literature, but he was unable to accept it owing to legislation against titles in this country.

"The Probation of Kathleen Maxwell" by Nellie Rhodes; (Mrs. A. W. Johnson, Duncan, B. C.)

The Collected Poems of Tom McInnes will be published this Fall, and among the new books announced for early publication are:—

"Spirit of Iron" by Harwood Steele;

"Through British Columbia and the Rocky Mountains" by Frederick Niven;

"The Rosary of Pan" by A. M. Stephen;

A new edition of "The Shining Ship and Other Poems" by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay is promised, and also a new edition of "The Mystic Spring" (a B. C. Classic) by the late Hon. D. W. Higgins;

"The Conquerors" an all Canadian story, by Francis Dickie.

Bertrand W. Sinclair, Robert Allison Hood, and Ben Toon are also working on new books for early publication.

Negotiations are now pending for movie rights of "Policing The Plains" by Dr. R. G. MacBeth, and "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester" by Robert Allison Hood.

During the year short stories were published in the Canadian Magazine by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay and Mrs. A. M. Winlow, and MacLean's Magazine published several stories by Bertrand Sinclair, and several articles of importance by Mr. John Nelson. Mr. Nelson is now engaged in writing a series of articles for MacLeans on the problems of the Provinces. This is one of the most important assignments given to a Canadian writer for some time. The articles will be published in book form later on.

Among the younger members of the Association whose work has attracted attention is Miss M. E. Colman. Her verses appearing in the British Columbia Monthly Magazine from time to time have been widely read and favourably commended.

It is a pleasure to report that our Chairman, who has been doing Historical work of value for some years, has been honoured since our last meeting by Westminster Hall conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In the removal of Mr. Harwood Steele to Montreal this Branch loses from its membership one of the most promising of the younger Canadian writers.

The members of this Association will be pleased to learn that there is a strong possibility of Bliss Carman taking up his residence in Vancouver and becoming affiliated with this Branch.

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## CANADIAN AUTHORS' ASSOCIATION

Report to British Columbia Branch by Mr. H. E. Steele.

Your delegate has the honor to report that he left Vancouver on April 14th, and (in the Army phrase) "proceeded the bounds" to Toronto, which he reached in time for the opening of the Convention.

The first meeting opened at 10 a. m. on Friday, April 27th, in the Reference Library on College Street. The President, Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, presided. Over 100 Regular and Associate Members were present, among them being such prominent figures as Mrs. Macdonald (L. M. Montgomery), Madge MacBeth, J. C. Stead, Sir John Willison, Victor Morin, Castell Hopkins, Hon. Justice Surveyor, J. L. Garvin, Candide of the Toronto Saturday Night (Mr. Deacon), and many others.

Mr. Gibbon opened the proceedings by delivering the President's annual address, in which he very ably spoke in support of fostering Canadian literature; detailed the success of Canadian Book Week for 1922; reported on the Copyright Act situation, at that moment at a climax in Ottawa; justified the action taken by the Executive in discontinuing the use of the Canadian Bookman as the official organ of our Association; and complimented the French section on the unselfish zeal with which it had promoted Canadian literature, both French and English—compliments which the delegates of the French section attending the Convention conclusively demonstrated by their subsequent activity, as fully justified.

Mr. B. K. Sandwell, the Honorary Secretary, delivering his report, as well as that of the Honorary Treasurer, who was unable to be present, informed the Convention that the total membership of the Association is now 887 and that receipts for the year totalled \$3,825, of which a sum had been expended that left a balance in the treasury of \$213.

Various resolutions were then passed, of which the more important were:—

Endorsement of the proposal to include in the Canadian orial to Louis Hemon, author of "Maria Chapdelaine."

Endorsement of the proposal to include in the Canadian Exhibition Train which is to tour France a selection of Canadian Literature, both French and English. Mrs. George Black and Mr. Louvigny de Montigny, of Ottawa, were appointed to supervise the selection of the literature to be thus exhibited.

Endorsement of the report of the committee on 'O Canada' which advised that it considered the R. S. Weir version most suitable.

Endorsement of the appeal from the authorities of Louvain Library for contributions of books with which to restore the library. This appeal included a request that members of the Association present copies of their own works to Louvain—hence it was endorsed with a little more than common enthusiasm.

As a result of discussion on the Copyright Bill, a telegram was sent to the Hon. J. A. Robb, Minister of Trade and Commerce, to demonstrate that the Association appreciated his efforts to put the bill through in a form satisfactory to the authors and to show that the members were solidly behind him in the fight then proceeding. It was drawn up by a committee consisting of Messrs. Gibbon, Sandwell, Morin, Stead, Gordon, Thompson, Hon. Justice Surveyor, and Mrs. Madge MacBeth, and it read as follows: "The Canadian Authors' Association assembled in annual general meeting in Toronto, have received reports of discussion on copyright in the House of Commons; they beg to extend their heartfelt thanks to the Government of Canada for its efforts to secure fair-treatment for intellectual workers and unanimsly reaffirm their approval of Bill Twenty-four, as introduced by you, and strongly urge its

delegate to Third Annual Convention held at Toronto, adoption."

Reports from the branches were then read, beginning with that of the Vancouver Branch, as your delegate appeared for the most Westerly branch actually represented at the meeting. In what he modestly considered an able and vigorous speech he gave full details of the activities of the branch during the year, as supplied by Mr. A. M. Pound, and advised the Convention of the state of health of Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, as well as of the regrets of other members of their inability to attend. The report was received with enthusiasm by the meeting, and numbers of people afterwards asked your delegate to convey their congratulations to the Branch on achieving a year of activity which made it conspicuous. This went further to convince your delegate that he had delivered his report with outstanding success, but such illusions were shattered by the subsequent discovery that none of the newspapers even mentioned it.

During the morning, the results of the balloting for President, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer were announced, the members elected to these respective posts being Mr. Robert J. C. Stead, Mr. Jules Tremblay and Mr. L. J. Burpee, all of Ottawa, the names of whom were enthusiastically acclaimed. Suitable comments were then made by the retiring President, Mr. Gibbon, the President-elect and the retiring Secretary, Mr. Sandwell. Hearty thanks were tendered by Mr. Stead to Messrs. Gibbon and Sandwell for the fine work they have done for the Association, and his words were heartily endorsed. Mr. Sandwell in the absence of the Hon. Secretary-elect, had the unusual but pleasant experience of recording an appreciation of his own work in the Minutes of the meeting, and assured the Convention that he would record it in such terms as would immortalize him.

Breaking off for luncheon at 12:30, the members were photographed by 'still and motion picture cameras which were operated from every conceivable position, with the usual devastating results.

Business was resumed in the library at 2:30 p. m. and carried on till 4:30 when all attending the convention accepted the kind invitation of Mrs. John Garvin, 214 Russell Hill Road, to tea at her residence, and enjoyed an opportunity of pleasant conversation and much-needed refreshment.

In the evening, at 8 p. m., the delegates to the Convention, and others, attended a conversazione at the Royal Ontario Museum, by invitation of Professor Curolly, who was on hand to explain the exhibits. A record turn-out resulted and an enjoyable evening was spent in inspecting the Museum's splendid collection. It was interesting to speculate on the fact that here we beheld the most advanced leaders of Canadian thought—surely the youngest of schools—striking up an acquaintance with the representatives of the most ancient school we know of—the Egyptian, whose mummies spoke to the guests through the glass cases in which they lie. The exhibits include the finest collection of Chinese antiquities in the world, relics of all the better known civilizations of bygone ages, a gallery of arms and armour which particularly interested your delegate, and skeletons of such amiable creatures as the dinosaur, the memory of whose appearance is calculated to disturb the rest of the strongest-minded of authors for years to come. Bountiful refreshments rounded off an evening of peculiar interest.

On the following morning business was resumed at 10 a. m. The names of those elected to the Council were announced by the scrutineers. These will be sent to



branches in due course. The remainder of the morning was devoted to a host of minor resolutions, most of which were passed without discussion.

Chief among these were:—

A resolution to consider the advisability of coming to some arrangement with the Canadian Bookman, whereby the Association, in return for certain privileges, would lend that Journal financial support;

A resolution to consider the advisability of raising the fees of Associate Members;

A resolution to the effect that the Association should create machinery to improve the business relations between authors and publishers, and especially to enforce the provisions of contracts as regards answering correspondents, payment of royalties, etc.

These resolutions, after being endorsed, were referred to the Executive for action. The last mentioned was moved by your delegate, seconded by Mr. Johnston, of Winnipeg. In moving the resolution your delegate explained that it was aimed, not at all publishers, but at some, and that while it was intended that the Association should effect the desired improvement by peaceful methods, it should yet create machinery with teeth in it which could be used, if necessary. Without mentioning names or identifying them, your delegate referred to a few of the cases discussed by him with Dr. MacBeth and Mr. Pound before leaving Vancouver, to illustrate his contention that the traditional wail of the author against the publisher was sometimes justified, and these examples created considerable impression on the Convention, which passed the resolution with an enthusiasm amounting to deep feeling. The President has promised, if possible, to send all branches copies of all resolutions passed by the Convention—hence they are not quoted in full in this report.

Before the session broke up, a report was received from Mr. Tremblay, who had just arrived from Ottawa to assume his new duties as Hon. Secretary, that the Copyright Bill had passed Second Reading in the House of Commons, but with certain amendments which would have the effect of, to a great extent, undoing the good work originally embodied in the Bill. After considerable discussion, the question of the policy to be followed in carrying on the fight for complete justice in this matter was left in the hands of the Copyright Committee. The meeting then adjourned.

The delegates and members had the honour and pleasure of being received by His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and Mrs. Cockshutt, at Government House, from 4:30 to 6:30 that afternoon, tea being served and a large number of authors and their associates being present. In the evening the annual dinner took place at the Arts and Letters Club. This wound up the Convention most successfully.

At least 200 persons sat down in the congenial atmosphere of the Club and a delightful air of bonhomie prevailed. After dinner an allegorical skit, "Authordom," by Fred Jacob, Literary critic of the Toronto Mail and Empire, was presented by members of the Club, the play being a satirical survey of authordom as it is in Canada. A publisher who, for brutality and boorishness, could give pointers to the worst of his tribe, was depicted interviewing a Canadian poet and two Canadian novelists, the latter representing what the dramatist contended are the two outstanding schools of Canadian novel-writers, the "Up the Hill and Over To Visit Cranny" school, and the "Shooting Shysters on the sin-soaked Slopes of the Saskatchewan" school. The publisher instructing the poet in the art of writing 'best-seller' poetry, read, as an example of 'good stuff,' what he alleged was a rendering of 'The Blessed Damozel' by Robert W. Service—this a brilliant parody of the work of the 'Sourdough' scribe in his most livid moments. An interesting figure whose fidelity to fact many felt was not far out, was introduced in the person of Fame

in Canada,' daughter of Publicity and Mediocrity, twin-sister of Notoriety, a bedraggled object with bobbed hair, chewing gum and a tin trumpet which she feebly sounded. The skit brought down torrents of good-natured applause.

Following the play and a short programme of music, the President, Mr. Stead, and the retiring President, Mr. Gibbon, delivered addresses which were warmly received. Mr. Stead's masterly summing up of the literary situation in Canada and of the responsibility of author, printer, publisher and book-seller to the public and to one another demonstrated that in him the Association has a worthy successor to Mr. J. Murray Gibbon. He struck a strong note when he reminded the audience that of the various individuals whose interests are bound up in literature, only two—the author and the public—are really indispensable—'there never was a book before there was an author'—and when he pointed out that Canadian authors have a vast work before them in keeping their country true to its old ideals, while his closing exhortation 'to keep an eye on the price of steers but not to forget the sunset' was very fine.

The dinner brought the Convention to a close.

In concluding this report, thanks must be tendered the many individuals and organizations who did so much to entertain and assist the visitors, especially His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Cockshutt, Mrs. John Garvin and the members of the Arts and Letters Club, who placed their quarters at the disposal of the Association, not only for the annual dinner but for other meals during the period of the Convention. These courtesies were immensely appreciated.



MR. STEPHEN GOLDER  
Hon. Secretary B. C. Branch Canadian Authors' Association.



## A June Wedding

(By Edwin E. Kinney)

The afternoon was wearing low,  
 Just when the mildest breezes blow,  
 When men's and Nature's dronings blend  
 And stars are waiting to descend.  
 What saw I from my shady bower?  
 It was the roses' wedding hour.  
 I saw them all in gay attire,  
 But there was two to most admire:  
 One wore a little lighter dress;  
 Both faces beamed with happiness,  
 I looked around the priest to see,  
 And there came he, a honey bee.  
 He hummed the service solemn, old,  
 And gave the bride some beads of gold;  
 While each rose nodded the "I will".  
 When everything was hushed and still,  
 A summer breeze came 'round to greet,  
 And made their smiling face meet.  
 Then did they give the nuptial kiss;  
 And in the moment of their bliss,  
 Both roses blushed a deeper red,  
 While they a richer fragrance shed.

Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by,  
 Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human  
 eye,

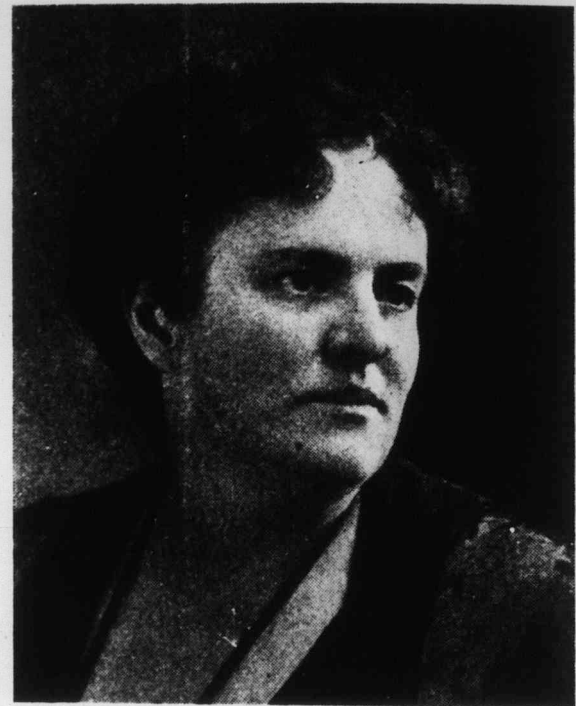
Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human  
 soul;  
 Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the  
 Whole.

## PROSPERITY

According to the dictionary prosperity means Good Fortune and Success. The citizens of British Columbia hold the power to bring prosperity to this Province by patronizing the products of her soil and factories.

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## MAD LAVEEN

By ROBERT WATSON

Author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman" "The Girl of O. K. Valley" "The Spoilers of the Valley" "The Mad Minstrel" Etc.

NOTE: "You have read 'The Mad Laveen' in verse in my 'Mad Minstrel.' Now here is the story as I would write it in prose, written, I may say, after I wrote the one in verse."—(From letter from Mr. Watson when sending this story to the B.C.M.).

Ghosts! Well,—I don't know. Sitting in an easy chair, by a cosy fire, in the bright lights, with everything soothing and comforting, one might be inclined to say there aren't any; but out in the bush, among the tall firs and pines, with the yellow light of a full moon shining through the scudding clouds and throwing moving gleams and shadows, or reflecting a dull, silver radiance from the river, with the added weird cries and the unaccountable crackling noises of the forest, one may change ground a little and say, Well,—maybe there are. Every man is entitled to his own opinion. But when dealing with the subject of ghosts—real ghosts—a man cannot explain. The ghost never takes the trouble to, he just comes and goes, and that is all.

Perhaps you have never heard of Mad Laveen who lived for years at the head of the gulch there and passed out last year. It is true that he didn't cut much of a figure when alive, but his final going out was quite a spectacular affair.

Laveen was apparently a Russian; big, bearded and taciturn. No one in Kalamalka Valley knew just where he came from. He simply arrived one day, took up his abode in the old shack that sat on the top of Ghost Ravine, and he remained there for years, speaking to none, interesting himself in nobody, doing little or nothing outside of squeezing enough from the hills and the river to feed and clothe him, and that was not difficult.

Once a month, he would drop down to the settlement of Zore with an order, neatly written and in good English, for flour, tea, sugar and other plain necessities. He never passed the time of day even with old Hans Jacques the storekeeper. He would place his order on the counter, stand aside, pick up his bill when Hans made it out, pay over his money, push his purchases into a sack, sling the sack on his back and trudge out along the back lanes into the bush and home.

The mothers of the kiddies playing in the roadway used to call their offspring indoors when they heard Mad Laveen was in the village. And the children needed no second warning, for the name had become a synonym of bad, evil, devil; although why this should be, no one seemed to know, for Laveen kept his own council and, so far as common knowledge went, had harmed no one directly. But the very dogs pulled in their tails and cowered away at the sight of him. Something sinister seemed to invade the atmosphere at his approach. The settlers in and about Zore always took the high trail when passing Laveen's at the gulch, for they were afraid of him. Once, Sam Lethe's boy Roddy, had ventured down the low trail to the door of the shack. Laveen was not at home; Roddy admitted that, for he had seen him in the distance canoeing down the river; but Roddy had to hop home on one good leg that day, for a bullet splintered the other, although Roddy neither heard a shot nor could he admit that he was hit from the direction in which Laveen had been coming.

One day, in the dead of winter, when it was twenty-five below, Widow Fernie, in a kindly act of charity, had ventured to within a hundred yards of Laveen's place on the trail, and had laid a pot of warm soup, with a chicken in it, right in his way and just shortly before the time she thought Laveen would be coming home. At midnight, that same night, she was awakened by a crash of splintering glass and,

on jumping up, round her pot, with the soup and fowl frozen and untouched, had been crashed through her bedroom window.

It was little wonder the folks called him Mad Laveen, and less wonder still that no one cared to have anything to do with him any more than he cared for them.

If Laveen insisted on being alone, and living alone,—that was Laveen's business, and so long as he harmed no one he was entitled to live his own life.

But the less that is known of a person, the more is likely to be conjectured of his past history.

A stranger came into the village one day and mentioned that he had watched Laveen bathing himself by the river's edge. That statement alone created astonishment, for Laveen and water appeared to be as opposite in friendliness as the poles. But the stranger stated Laveen was bathing an open sore on his great back, which was criss-crossed from neck to waist in a latticework pattern of great, raised, blood-red weals. Then it got about that Laveen was a Russian refugee, possibly escaped from the horrors of the Siberian Mines, and that the dreaded gnout and Laveen had been on familiar terms on many occasions, so much so that poison had eaten into him and still kept his wounds open.

That he was devoutly religious in his own way, was also common talk.

Daring lads had come back from bush excursions in the Ravine with the tale that Laveen had a crucifix set up in a lonely place in the forest. On the top of the crucifix was the head of a mitered priest or saint. One boy, more venturesome than the others, had examined this closely when Laveen was absent. He said the head was made of wood, beautifully carved and ingrained with a delicate, human-like coloring, showing the face of a suffering Christ, with sad eyes that seemed to bear the burden of the sins of the world in them.

The lad in his bravado had intended tearing the thing down and bringing it in to the village as a trophy, but the sad eyes of the image had sent him home with the sacrilege undone.

But enough of the living Laveen. Sufficient is it, that he lived out his miserable hermit existence and shunned his fellow men.

I was Deputy Sheriff of the district at this time and in the Forestry Service as well. My jurisdiction took me over a large territory, and I had been absent from the little settlement of Zore for possibly three months, when I returned to set up a camp of a dozen men on some clearing that required to be done for observation work. I had no sooner got to town than I was assailed on every side with the same query: "Did you come across Laveen on your travels?"

"No!" I answered. "What's the bother? You folks seem suddenly to have developed a great interest in him."

"Well!—he hasn't been seen for over two months," old Hans Jacques ventured. "We ain't worryin', nor we ain't carin' much, only it's darned kind of queer."

"Hasn't anyone gone to see?" I asked. "The man might be sick and not able to get around. He might be dead."

"We ain't been to see, an, nobody's got a mind to take chances on a charge o' buchshot for being over-friendly."

It was a cold-blooded way of handling the case, but, after all, I could not blame the settlers. Laveen had brought on this attitude by his own behavior.

That night at camp I woke up several times and, as I looked down over the Kalamalka Valley, with the moon shining silver-like on the river away over beyond Ghost

(Continued on Page 10)



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VOLUME XXI

JUNE, 1923

No. 1

## SOWING AND REAPING

Once again Spring is past. Those on the land have been engaged in sowing the seed, which they hope will produce lucrative crops this Fall. Yet in building and other industrial development, which has now reached the amazing total of over \$36,000,000, a similar kind of seed is being sown, dependent for a crop, not on weather conditions, but rather on the patriotic effort of the citizens engaged in this work, in patronizing HOME PRODUCTS WHERE QUALITY AND PRICE ARE EQUAL. Provided this effort is made by citizens, a crop of prosperity will be harvested in 1923 never before exceeded in the history of British Columbia.

Every piece of material purchased outside of the province is a direct loss to producers, to wage earners, to merchants and governments. It is the most expensive form of trading, for it means the exportation of money which could be used to better advantage at home. If circulated in B. C. it will again be available for other enterprises, and many individuals will benefit either directly or indirectly. Every dollar spent in B. C. pays its portion of wages and taxes; every dollar spent outside pays the same thing in other countries.

Capital and population are required in British Columbia to-day, but neither will be attracted until the citizens and the Government of British Columbia, in all their dealings, give first preference, where quality and price are equal, to the products of the soil and factories of the province. To-day there is an over-production in many lines of industry, but even in view of this, many similar imported articles are consumed. Is it right or proper that our own products should be shipped out and sacrificed in the markets of the

world whilst we import and consume the same products from other countries?

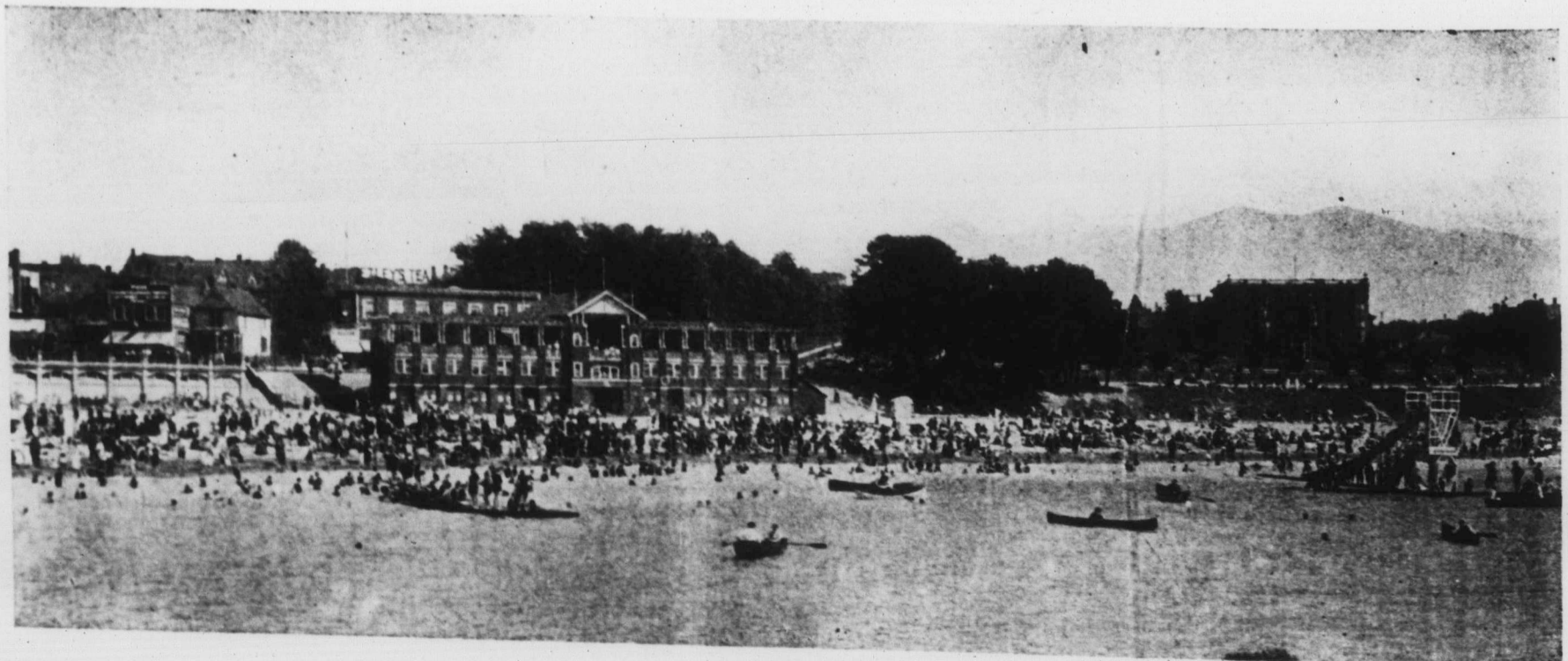
Last year \$60,000,000 worth of commodities were imported in direct competition with Home Products. Twenty-five thousand foreign workers were employed in producing these articles. Would it not have been better for the citizens of British Columbia to have consumed their own products to the same amount, thus creating employment for their neighbors and attracting some of those foreign workers to this province. At least they would be using B. C. raw materials and paying B. C. taxes.

The Buy B. C. Products Campaign is endeavoring to create a strong and loyal home market, which will expand existing industries, and place them in the position of being able to export their surplus after the home demand has been dealt with. Foreign trade is necessary for the development of any country, but importing should be limited to those articles not produced within the province, such as sugar, oil, tea, coffee, rice, citrus fruits, steel and certain kinds of machinery.

Again, certain industries cannot be established until the population is great enough to warrant the expenditure of large sums of money needed to erect large plants.

If the citizens of British Columbia will not support those industries already established, how can they expect to attract new ones, or to lighten the burden of taxation by attracting a greater population.

In their daily buying, the purchasing public are sowing the seed for or against prosperity, for as they sow, so shall they reap. Will it be in foreign countries or in our own province of British Columbia?  
W. B. F.



ENGLISH BAY BATHING BEACH, VANCOUVER, B. C.



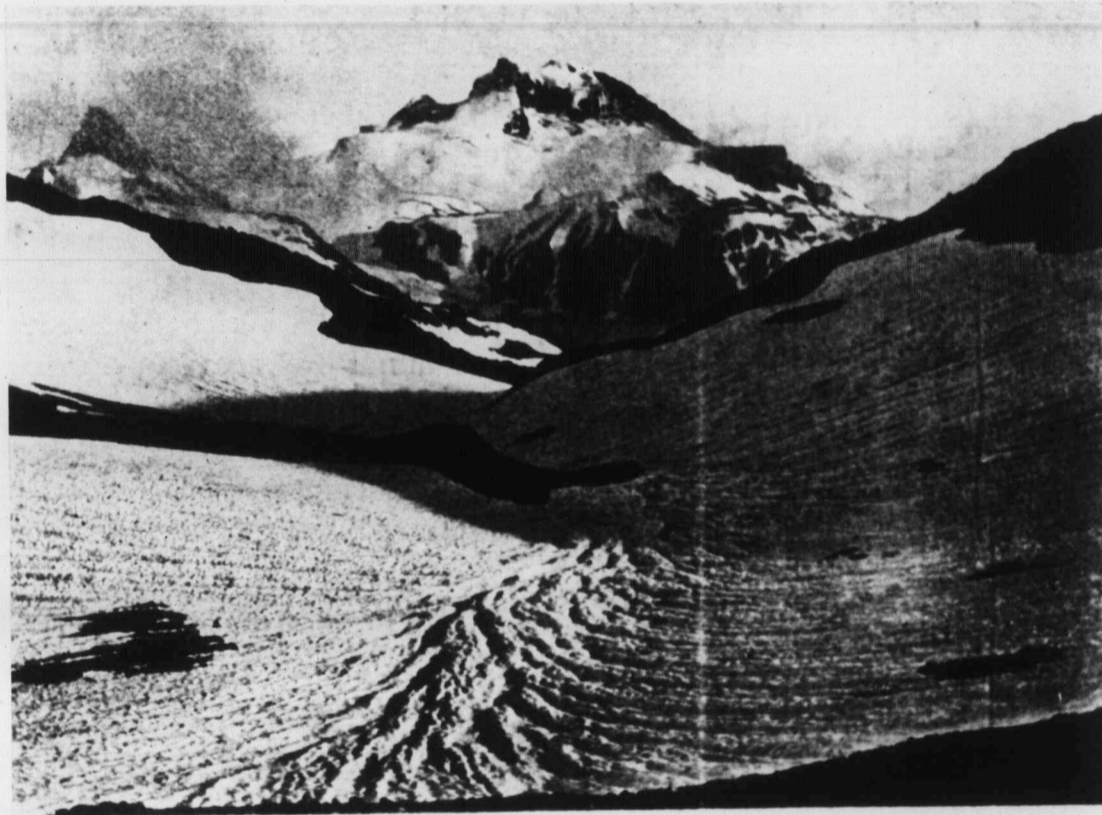
# PRO PATRIA PAGE



A B. C. BEAUTY SPOT

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BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF A SECTION OF BURREARD INLET—VANCOUVER'S LAND-LOCKED HARBOUR.



## MAD LAVEEN

(Continued from Page 7)

Ravine, I could not help thinking of the poor devil of a foreigner, and the possibility of him being in a plight that might need a helping hand.

At breakfast, next morning, I mentioned it to some of the boys. I asked them if they were game to come along to investigate, and I had no trouble over volunteers. Late in the afternoon, we took cautiously down the trail. As we neared the clearing by the shack, I got the boys to remain in hiding, with their guns ready in case of trouble. I went quietly forward alone.

The door of the shack was closed. There was a shutter on the window. I battered on the door, but got no answer. Thinking it most probable that Laveen had flown the country, I beckoned the boys forward. We put our shoulders to the woodwork and the door gave way.

A rush of air of the vilest odor swept on us. We stepped back for a bit until it was safe for us to venture in without gas masks. It was dark. One of the boys tore down the shutter from the window, letting the sunlight stream in. Laveen's bunk was empty. An object was lying on the floor. It was Mad Laveen, sprawled, face downward. We turned him over. He had evidently been dead for weeks. A neat bullet hole showed on his left temple. By his side lay his empty rifle.

Laveen had demanded credit for at least one good deed. He had left the world that he merely cumbered.

Looking about for the cause of the musty, pestiferous odor that pervaded the place, a strange sight presented itself. Around the walls of the shack were nailed the heads of putrid fish, the heads of dead animals, rabbit feet and bird wings, all in the most horrible state of decay. Below each were written religious quotations intermingled with the most vile blasphemies one could imagine, and all in good English.

In a hurry to get away, I ordered the men to pack Laveen's body outside, when my attention was drawn to a sheet of notepaper on the bench near the window. I picked this up and read it.

"The curse of God be on you if you bury me in the wormy earth," it read. "Build a fire, saturate me with coal oil and set me on top. Don't leave hide or hair of Laveen."

"Poof!" I remarked to the boys. "He's quite finicky about the disposal of his remains. He didn't do much good when he was alive; darned if we're going to do any Hindu stuff over him.

"Come on! We'll dig a hole for him at the end of the clearing. That should be good enough."

And that's exactly what we did;—a four-foot-deep hole, and 'Good bye, old sport!' was his funeral service;—a nice little mound with a few white stones on top, and we were through.

As the only way to get rid of the pest-house he had left behind, I decided to burn it.

We set it alight, and stood back to watch it go up, for, after all, he's a queer codger, man or boy, who doesn't like to watch a fire.

Well, in the gathering dark, that shack went up like pitch and dynamite. It roared and seethed and hissed, with the flames hitting the roof of the sky till we had to back up to save ourselves from roasting with it. The walls stood up round what seemed to be a white-hot furnace.

It was an awesome sort of sight, away out there in the clearing, backed by the dense forest, we standing by the river's edge and every one of us staring half-hypnotised,

with not a word to bandy between us. But suddenly Andy Slaven, my foreman, cried out hoarsely.

"Great God! See,—there's Mad Laveen!"

Every one of us stiffened as if an electric shock had shot through us. Instinctively, we looked in the direction Andy had indicated. And there, sure enough!—apparently as live as any of us, was Laveen—big, broad, bearded and grim,—striding down from the place we had buried him.

Not one of us could speak. A queer chill, that froze us where we stood, crept down our spines. I could feel the hair rise at the nape of my neck, and my tongue curl, dry, at the back of my mouth. If Laveen had had a mind to, he could have killed every man-jack of us where we stood and we wouldn't have been able to raise a hand to save ourselves.

On came the big Russian, striding calmly toward the blazing shack and paying no heed to us at all. He came round the side of the house and made for the doorway. At the entrance he turned. His eyes opened wide and seemed to flash with exultation. Then he grinned at us in a good-natured way, showing his great, white teeth. He raised his hand in a motion of farewell, tumbled backward and disappeared in the blaze.

The moment he did so, the fire shot to the sky as if the very fiends of hell were at play inside. And, as we stood gaping, the walls fell inward with a crash and a shower of sparks, and gradually the flames subsided until nothing was left but smouldering ashes and black char.

We were a silent crowd that travelled back to camp that night, and it was not until next morning that the boys opened up.

"Hallucination! Hypnotism!" most of the men said. "Of course!" Yet every man there saw the same thing.

"All right!" said I. "Let's go down and dig him up, then we'll be sure. No use leaving this thing unsettled in our minds for all time."

And down we went with picks and shovels.

Laveen's grave was slick and neat as we had left it the evening before, even to the little heap of white stones that Andy had set on top.

We buried Laveen four feet deep—as I told you. Well—we digged and shovelled for ten feet deep, and in a ten feet square, but devil a hide or hair did we find of Mad Laveen.

Ghosts! Well—I don't know. Maybe there are;—perhaps there aren't. Every man is entitled to his own opinion. But when dealing with the subject of ghosts—real ghosts—a man cannot explain. The ghost never takes the trouble to, he just comes and goes, and that is all.

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## Semi-Annual Exhibit by the Vancouver Sketch Club

(By Alice M. Winlow)

"The artist is the man who cuts up the loaf of his own heart and butters it with beauty and at tuppence a slice hands it to the hungry children of the world." And what are we to say of the artist who gives of his heart to a hungry world for a smile?

The members of the Vancouver Sketch Club are united by the bond of an intense love of beauty. One feels it in the atmosphere of their social gatherings. One is conscious of it in looking at the work displayed on the walls of their club-rooms.

The semi-annual exhibit this year, held early in June, contained much to delight and to inspire.

What fragrance and freshness in "Pansies"! What velvet texture of petal! What purple melody of color; An altogether spiritual impression of beauty one receives from Miss Wrigley's flower pieces.

In "After the Storm" by Mrs. Gilpin, purple clouds seem to disperse before one's eyes, and trees are still slightly swayed by the wind.

"Roche Point" by Mrs. McKenzie shows rocks vigorously painted, trees in the broken rhythm of a forest invaded by storm, and gray peaks rising through clouds to a strip of pale daffodil sky.

"Sunset" by Mrs. Kyal has the misted purple, rose and orange fires we so often see over English Bay. The flaming reflection in the water runs the gamut of passionate color, then leads the eye to a cool rippling pool of green encircled by rocks.

In "Spring Flowers" by Mrs. Baron, sturdy pine cones are contrasted with fragile white trilliums.

Miss Wake's "Shacks at Lund" in oil, shows splashes of sunlight in a shadowy retreat. It strangely gives the impression of certain bars in the Andante Maestoso of Tschaikowsky's Symphony in F Minor.

The veiled fires of an orange-colored moon make a vivid pathway of the water in Miss Adamson's "Reflections." A picture to dream of.

A portrait of Mrs. David Spencer by Miss Nora Southwell is an expression of the temperament of the artist as well as a likeness of the sitter. The hair is beautifully painted powdered ivory in color, silk in texture. Gray-blue kindly eyes and slightly smiling lips.

"An Indian Girl" by Miss F. Keeler is remarkable for the treatment of hair and hands, the coloring of the jade bracelet and of the feather of flame.

Mrs. Irene Stephen's "Butterfly" modelling in low relief, has a suggestion of gauziness in the wings that defies the density of the material used. "The Rose" and "The Opal" in high relief, by the same exhibitor, are delicate and poetical.

"The Opal" was used to illustrate a line in a poem in "The Rosary of Pan" by A. M. Stephen.

"Poised for an instant, then she stayed her flight o'er the abysmal deep."

To achieve such an impression of lightness and delicacy in clay shows artistic temperament.

"Grief" by Miss Anabelle Edgar is virile. Study will bring better proportions. Her modelling of a head, with features showing agony, is strongly conceived. Her work is all done in minor keys and in the tempo and mood of tragedy.

A bust of Sir John MacDonald with a votive offering of forget-me-nots, by Mrs. Walter Winning is so well done that one receives the impression of looking at a piece of Statuary.

"Nocturne" by Mr. J. Radford is in dark blue and crystalline green. A boat, almost lost in the reflections of trees, is discovered by its head light, a vivid note of red reflected in the twilight-green of the water.

"Eventide" by Mrs. Harvey, is a scene in Switzerland. A gray and primrose sky leans to the green-gray water, where a boat with billowing sails is speeding silently.

Mr. Blake Hunt's "Rocks" in wet pastel, has the accuracy of a photograph, with the reflections and coloring of an artist. The delicate green of overhanging branches suggests spring. The whole picture has the charm that Macdowell might have caught in a sketch in the key of D major.

"Golden Autumn", is by Mr. C. H. Rawson. Here the artist's palette was composed of yellow ochre, gamboge and the glowing combinations of these with vermilion. Those flaming trees are like gorgeous chords of music in a prelude, with a diminuendo of falling leaves and quivering shadows.

"Ambleside" a water-color by Miss Jessie Beldon shows a purple mountain in the background. An alluring path cuts through the forest. The trees in the foreground are excellently done.

A delightful sense of contentment is in Mrs. Wattie's "Spring." There are trees in pink and white blossom throwing cool shadows. These trees surround an old-fashioned rambling cottage. One is sure that the people who dwell there are of tranquil spirit. It is a picture to recall when the mind is tired and needs a refreshing experience.

What can one say of Mr. Fripp's work that has not already been said. Miraculously he paints cloud and mist in an exquisite "shimmering scale of pearl-grays and delicious silvers."

"Stamp River" by Mrs. Gilpin, shows the power and swiftness of a rapid. Water dashes like shattered crystal from a wide pool of molten green glass.

"Winter" by Mr. C. H. Rawson has no hard sparkle. One feels the soft flakiness of the snow. The footprints on the path through the trees show that the snow is newly fallen.

"Chiron's Farewell" a pen and ink sketch by Miss Beldon is delicately done. It seems a study in exquisite curves. Sail, bow of boat, strands of hair, clouds, the fabulous animal, flowers, all curve and undulate into pictorial presentation.

Mrs. Hudson's "Sun Shower" has atmosphere, motion, life.

"The Portage" by Mr. McEvoy is vigorous and wholesome. Drenched with sunshine. It has the charm of outdoor life. To the writer, a native of Ontario, it suggests the psychology of the country.

"The Lions" by Mrs. Rankin is in white, vandyke brown, sepia, and blue. There is rhythmical delicacy in the treatment of individual trees and an unerring sense of spacing.

Mrs. Verral's "Bouquet" is charming, with chromatic delicacies of mauve and rose and pale blue.

"Winter Morning" an oil by Mrs. S. Frame has clear frosty atmosphere. There is a freshness and keenness about the picture that is delightful.

"Spring" is a water color by Mrs. Gilpin. This artist is a lover of luminous spaces. Trees appear magically out of a mist irradiated with light. In the foreground the trees seem powdered lightly with emerald dust. The morning light has been caught by the mist and shattered into fragments of fleecy gold. "The chief person in a picture is light" is the dictum of art, and in "Spring" light is the motif, the person, the music. The whole picture suggests the shimmering crystal music of Debussy.



# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

A CORNER FOR MOTHER AND THE GIRLS

Three gifts there are, above all others, I would covet  
for myself, and for you: the seeing eye, the hearing ear,  
and the understanding heart.

\* \* \*

Too many of us go through life with eyes closed care-  
lessly to beauty, wilfully to pain; we heed neither the music  
nor the wailing that assail our ears, but are content to skim  
along the surface of things, having bartered our birthright  
for a mess of materialism and selfish content, or even for  
unrest and discontent.

\* \* \*

There is beauty and joy to be found in every aspect of  
life. Only the woman who does not respect her "job" can  
find no happiness in it. We have made great strides in the  
recognition of the "dignity of labour," but too often we  
regard it as something to be endured for the sake of its  
rewards, rather than something to be enjoyed for its own  
sake.

\* \* \*

Especially, and most unfortunately, is this true of  
domestic work, and as the great majority of women are  
employed at some time or other in domestic service it con-  
cerns us most. Can the 'seeing eye' find beauty in the  
dish-pan, or joy in the laundry-tub?

\* \* \*

House work, or "home-work" as it might better be cal-  
led, touches the realities of life more nearly than any other  
employment. Are not the ripest philosophers, the keenest  
students of life that you know 'house-workers' of mature  
years? From the deep wells of experience they draw the  
crystal water of knowledge, and offer it, a bitter healing  
draught, to us who pass by.

\* \* \*

There is a picture, painted by a saintly monk of the  
middle-ages, which represents a great kitchen where the  
work of preparing a meal is going on: vegetables are being  
peeled, meat roasted, dishes washed, the hundred and one  
activities of the kitchen are being carried out... by angels.  
We hold the destinies of men and nations in our hands,  
who are the 'house-workers of the world'.

\* \* \*

Beneath the surface of life there is not only much joy,  
but infinite pain to be found. Beneath the commonplace  
exterior of the men and women that cross our path each  
day there are wistful, weary hearts longing for some one  
who will 'understand'. But so jealously do they hide their  
pain that only the 'hearing ear' may catch the overtones  
of grief in their guarded voices.

Listen!

### GOD'S PITY

(By Louise Driscoll)

God pity all the brave who go  
The common way and wear  
No ribboned medals on their hearts,  
No Laurels on their hair.

God pity all the lonely folk  
With grieets they do not tell,  
Women waking in the night,  
And men dissembling well.

In common courage of the street  
The crusht grape is the wine,  
Wheat in the mill is daily bread  
And given for a sign.

And who but God shall pity them  
Who go so quietly,  
And smile upon us when we meet,  
And greet us pleasantly?

Blessed, thrice blessed she, who has the seeing eye,  
the hearing ear, and the understanding heart!

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# THE BACKWARD CHILD

BY L. E. FRITH

"Every child has a right to an education fitted to his capacity and his need."

The backward child has long been a problem in the educational world. Many have been the controversies on the best method of dealing with this problem and we feel that they have not been waged in vain—that we are at least nearer than ever before to a solution of it.

The question naturally arises, "What is a backward child?" and we feel that according to the popular idea of today "A backward child is one who fails to fit into and benefit by our general scheme of education." That education might be fitted to the child is an idea that is only very lately gaining a foothold.

Next some one will ask, "Why is a child backward?" This question is not easily or simply answered. A lack of opportunity accounts for a certain number of these children. But this disadvantage—if it is the only one the child is suffering under—is easily overcome by individual help and instruction.

Another large number are handicapped by physical disabilities. In many cases these may be overcome by medical attention. Thus we find some children, after having adenoids or tonsils removed, or after reaching their normal weight, rapidly catching up to their proper grades in school.

But the above are those whose cases are comparatively simple to deal with. With their particular stumbling blocks removed, they are able to keep step with their class mates.

We have many others however, who cannot be so fitted into the routine of the ordinary class room—who will never be able to compete on equal terms with their fellows. Among these are children with permanent physical disabilities, such as the blind, the deaf or the lame. These must be given very special training in order to minimize these disabilities as far as possible.

But we have another large group who also need special training and help. These are the ones whose mental development is slower than is that of the average child. If the physically handicapped are deserving of patient understanding treatment in our schools, even so are the mentally handicapped. Many a young life has been made miserable from the inability to keep step with his more gifted school mates.

The teacher who has charge of these children must be content to make very slow progress. Any attempt to hurry them ends only in confusion. All work must be as concrete as possible and many different lines and methods must be followed. The probable position that each child will in future hold must be kept in mind and his training prepare him as far as possible to fill it to the best of his ability. If this aim is kept in view many tragic failures in life may be averted and much waste in our economic system prevented.

"But," says someone, "why is there so much more talk about the backward child today than there was a generation ago?" In answer to this one might say that the people are gradually awaking to the importance of this social and economic problem. This is true, but further we may say that universal and compulsory education in our land has put a new aspect on the case. In the days when the clergymen alone were educated, and later on, when those who wished to enter the professions were the only ones seeking an education, comparatively few entered the school-room who were not students, by nature and by choice. In those days too, education was far from being as broad as it is today.

Now the state insists, and rightly insists, that all children shall attend our schools for a few years at least. Some of them are not adapted to get very much out of our educa-

tion curriculum as it is followed in the ordinary school-room. Many of them will make little use of what they do get. For these children special plans must be made and followed. This will take a great deal of time and work but it is surely worth the best effort of our most prominent educationalists, and citizens. For we maintain, and may the time speedily come when all of our people will agree, that—"Every child has a right to an education fitted to his capacity and his need."

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## "Tatters and Tosh": a Children's Story

(By Annie Margaret Pike)

### CHAPTER I.

#### "Tatters" and the Bad Cold.

If you are fond of asking questions, the first one you will ask when you read the name of this chapter is "Who was Tatters,"

But of course you are. I know I am.

Well, the answer is that Tatters was Tosh's dearly loved dog.

He had cream-colored hair: not altogether and only cream, but cream-coloured with an ish tacked on at the end of it, for fifty-one or so of the longest hairs were white, and a few were more than a little yellow.

It was long hair and locks of it hung over his eyes.

His eyes were lovely, that is they were full of love, and he never by any chance lost his temper, or snapped at Tosh, although I am very much afraid that sometimes, not very often of course, but sometimes, Tosh was cross to Tatters.

There was a strict rule in Tosh's home that neither Tatters nor Selina the cat might lie on any of the beds so you'll be surprised to hear that the tales I am going to tell you were first told by Tosh to Tatters while Tatters was lying comfortably curled up on the foot of Tosh's bed.

It happened in this way.

Tosh had as he told me, "a frightfully bad cold" and had to stay in bed for three whole days. Jennie and Malcolm and Bruce were at school almost all day, and their mother was desperately busy canning fruit.

She had bought some cases of peaches and apricots, which we all know must be canned quickly or they will spoil, and Mr. Ballantyne was at the office in the city from morning till evening, so there was no one left to sit with Tosh and amuse him.

Reading, as an amusement, was no use to Tosh, for even if he could have read a book, which he could not without spelling all the long words aloud, he had been told to keep his arms covered.

This being so, he begged to have Tatters for this once, and his mother agreed.

She knew it wasn't exactly Tosh's fault that he had caught such "a frightfully bad cold" at that particularly inconvenient time.

People with "frightfully bad colds" have a funny way of talking.

You have heard them say doze for nose and things like that I expect, but when Tosh told these recollections of his over again to me, when I was staying awhile at his home, and had "a frightfully bad cold" myself, he spoke quite clearly, for of courses he was quite well again by that time.

I will tell you in the next chapter where and how he caught his cold, and I will tell you his real names now, for I am sure you are beginning to want to know them.

Tosh was entered on the school register as James MacIntosh Ballantyne, but no one dreamed of calling him all that at once.

At the time he had this "frightfully bad cold" he had been living for nearly a year in Vancouver.

He was born in Edinburgh, where he had lived for all and a few months more than his six years; from which you will understand, if you can do simple addition sums, that Tosh was seven years old when he told these stories in a hoarse voice to Tatters his dearly loved dog.

### CHAPTER II.

#### How Tosh Caught the Bad Cold

I promised to tell you how and where Tosh caught his cold.

He was the first person I ever heard of to do it just in the way he did, and he only did it that way once.

His mother, as I said before, was very busy that September canning large quantities of fruit. She worked with an oil cooking-stove in the cool basement, near the side window; and that explains why it was that she did not observe which way Tosh went, when he left the yard at the back of the house, where he was playing when she began pitting the fruit, after Jennie and Malcom and Bruce went to afternoon school.

The Summer had been hot and dusty and the streets had to be sprinkled diligently; but the evening before Tosh caught his cold the man who drove the big yellow water-wagon in that neighbourhood left it in the lane near the Ballantyne home, telling Malcolm, who happened to be passing, that it was too late to go down to the city yards with it.

Well, rain came in the night unexpectedly, and fell for a few hours in the morning too; and that's why the man didn't come again until the evening.

The small square lid in the middle of the top of the huge barrel-shaped sprinkler had been left open by some big boys, or perhaps it was not boys, but girls; for all the children from the nearby houses had taken turns at a climbing game before running along to school; and of course when a lid can be opened everybody likes to open it to see what it covers.

The wagon was empty when the man left it, but some rain water was there now because of the open lid, and the inside was a damp place as you may suppose.

Tosh had been excused from school that day because he had a sore hand.

Nobody was near, so he climbed up on the driver's seat.

He was slow about it on account of his sore hand, but once there he thought he was very comfortable.

There are several things to press with your feet, things connected with the machinery of the wagon. They reminded Tosh a little, just a very little of the pedals of the piano. But whatever fun there may be in pressing the pedals of a piano and hearing the music grow loud or die down, you soon get tired of pressing the things on a water-wagon where there is no sound either to rise or fall, and Tosh found this out before long.

Sitting still and doing nothing was not to his taste, so he scrambled back on the sprinkler itself and peered down into its dark depths.

As his eyes grew accustomed to the dimness, the longer he looked, the less deep it seemed, so he swung himself through the opening and dropped with a little splash into the inside.

The rain-water that had collected there did not trouble him at all at first, and he forgot that it is much easier to drop down than it is to climb up, especially when one of your hands is sore.

He groped about for awhile making believe he had discovered a cave, but after all a cave, even if you are the discoverer of it yourself, is only interesting for a short time unless there are side passages, or at least rocks with possible smugglers hiding behind them, and a rising tide that works its way up the shore with little lapping noises that you can hardly hear.

There were none of these things in the water-wagon.

Tosh soon felt chilly, for though it was, as you know, the month of September, there had been rain unexpectedly in the night, and no sunshine that morning.

"I'll get out and run home now," thought Tosh.



I'm telling it to you as nearly as I can in the way he told it to me a few months later.

He stood under the opening and jumped up, meaning to catch the edge with his good hand, but he could not reach it, try as he would, and of course he got well splashed each time.

He called out, hoping someone would hear and come to help him, but nobody was near.

His mother was canning fruit in the basement, and Jennie and Malcolm and Bruce were at afternoon school and even afterwards they were not likely to come out into the back lane, and they didn't, and Tosh had to stay in that dark cold place for hours until the man came to take the wagon away.

He was a cross man and he scolded Tosh well as he lifted him out.

That is how and where Tosh caught his "frightfully bad cold" and it explains why he had to stay in bed for three whole days, when his mother made an exception to the rule about dogs and cats and allowed Tatters to keep him company.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### The Jaw-Bone Walk

Tatters curled himself up on the bed and was as quiet as the quietest mice are when they have that funny feeling in the tips of their whiskers that tells them a cat is hiding around the corner; but he was not asleep.

You could see that he was awake if you looked long enough at his face to find his eyes in the tangle of hair that almost hid them.

Those same bright eyes were lovingly watching his little master. Tosh was far kinder to him than many of the other boys were to their dogs; in fact Tosh was perfectly nice to him ninety-nine times out of every hundred.

"Tatters," creaked Tosh in that kind of rusty-hinge-voice people use when they have colds, "I will tell you some of the things I remember."

"I remember a great big grassy place where I used to play when I was a very little boy, it was as big as four fields put together with no fences between them.

I had a hoop to roll, and a stick to roll it with. Jennie showed me how to do it.

"I liked rolling it under a queer old arch that was across one of the paths.

"It was a high arch, so high that my father could walk underneath it with me sitting on his shoulder, and even when I put my hand up as high as high I couldn't touch the top of it.

"Now, what do you think it was made of, Tatters?"

Tatters thumped his tail down a couple of times by way of saying, "I can't even guess what it was made of."

After a pause the little boy went on solemnly, "It was made of things you like very much, but you never get one of them as big as it was. Of course you don't; and you couldn't either, for it was made of the jaw-bones of a whale, Tatters."

Another pause followed this startling announcement, and then Tosh, having sorted out in his mind his further recollections, went on,—

"My father told me that the whale that once had those bones was caught near the Shetland Islands, they are near the top of Scotland you know, Tatters, and the Shetland people sent them to an exhibition in Edinburgh, and after it was over they were set up in the West Meadows where Jennie used to take me to roll my hoop."

"That's what my father told me, and he said he could remember the time when there wasn't an arch there."

Tosh had a fit of sneezing just then and his mother brought him a drink of hot lemonade. She wrapped a shawl

around his shoulders while he sat up to drink it, and she tucked him up carefully afterwards, and he thinks he went to sleep then, for the next thing he remembered was that the room was dark, and he had to wiggle his toes to find out if Tatters had stayed with him or not.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### The Forth Bridge

Well, Tatters wasn't there when Tosh wiggled his toes. Malcolm had fetched him to give him his food in the usual place in the yard at the side of the kennel, and by the time Tatters was ready to go back the kitchen door was shut and so of course he had to stay outside.

However, next day Mrs. Ballantyne called him in, and he jumped up joyfully and lay on Tosh's feet again, and Tosh told him all he could remember about the Forth Bridge.

"Father took only Bruce and me to see it, because Mother, and Jennie, and Malcolm had seen it before; and besides, they had gone to buy clothes that day, a dress and a jacket, and a hat, for Jessie, and a new suit for Malcolm."

Tosh's cold was so much better that he was able to say Malcolm and not Balcolm as he had been obliged to do the day before.

"Father used to be at home in the daytime then," he continued, "helping Mother to pack boxes, and I used to hold the hammer and the nails for him when he nailed the lids down."

Just then a fly buzzed very close to Tatters' nose, and he snapped at it and Tosh was vexed and said he did not deserve to have things told him if he could not listen better than that.

But very soon Tosh was good-humoured again and went on with the story.

"The Forth Bridge was very big, Tatters. It was heaps bigger than the Jaw-Bone Arch, thirty hundred times bigger, I guess. When Bruce saw it he looked about, up the road, and all round.

"Father said, 'What are you looking for, Brucie boy?'

Bruce said if this was the Forth Bridge, where were the other three, and Father laughed and laughed, and when he could speak he said it was not fourth the next after third as Bruce thought it was; it was called Forth Bridge because it was the bridge across the Firth of Forth and that was the name of the wide water in front of us.

"Bruce got very red in the face when Father laughed, for he hates to be laughed at, but soon he began to laugh himself.

"Then a train ran onto the bridge from the far side, and we both said it looked as little as the caterpillars we saw on the apple-tree in Grandmother Ballantyne's garden.

"We stood underneath our end of the bridge and heard the rattle of the train, and when it was over our heads you'd have thought it was thunder, Tatters, it was so loud.

"And Father had gingerbread cookies in a bag in his pocket, and a bottle of milk in his other pocket, and a tin cup made of three rings that could be pushed up inside each other when you wanted to put it away, and we sat on the shore and had a feast before we went home.

"It was dark when we got home and Malcolm's new suit had had to be left to be altered to make it fit him, and so the things Mother bought would not come until the next day. When I am a man, Tatters, I shall build a bridge bigger and finer than the Forth Bridge, and I think I shall build it here at the Second Narrows, and I will let you and all my other friends ride on the trains that will go over it without paying anything, but you would have to be careful and not lean too far out of the windows for if you did you might drop down and down into the water and never be heard of any more."

(To be Continued)



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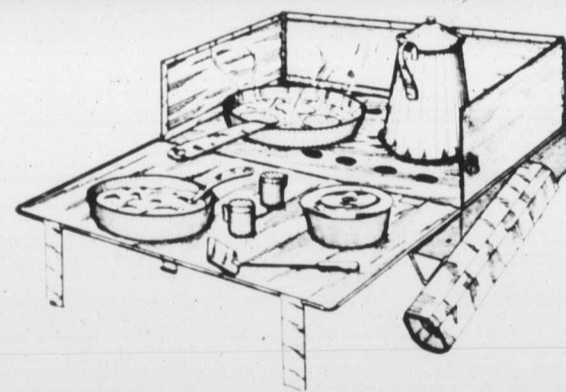
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