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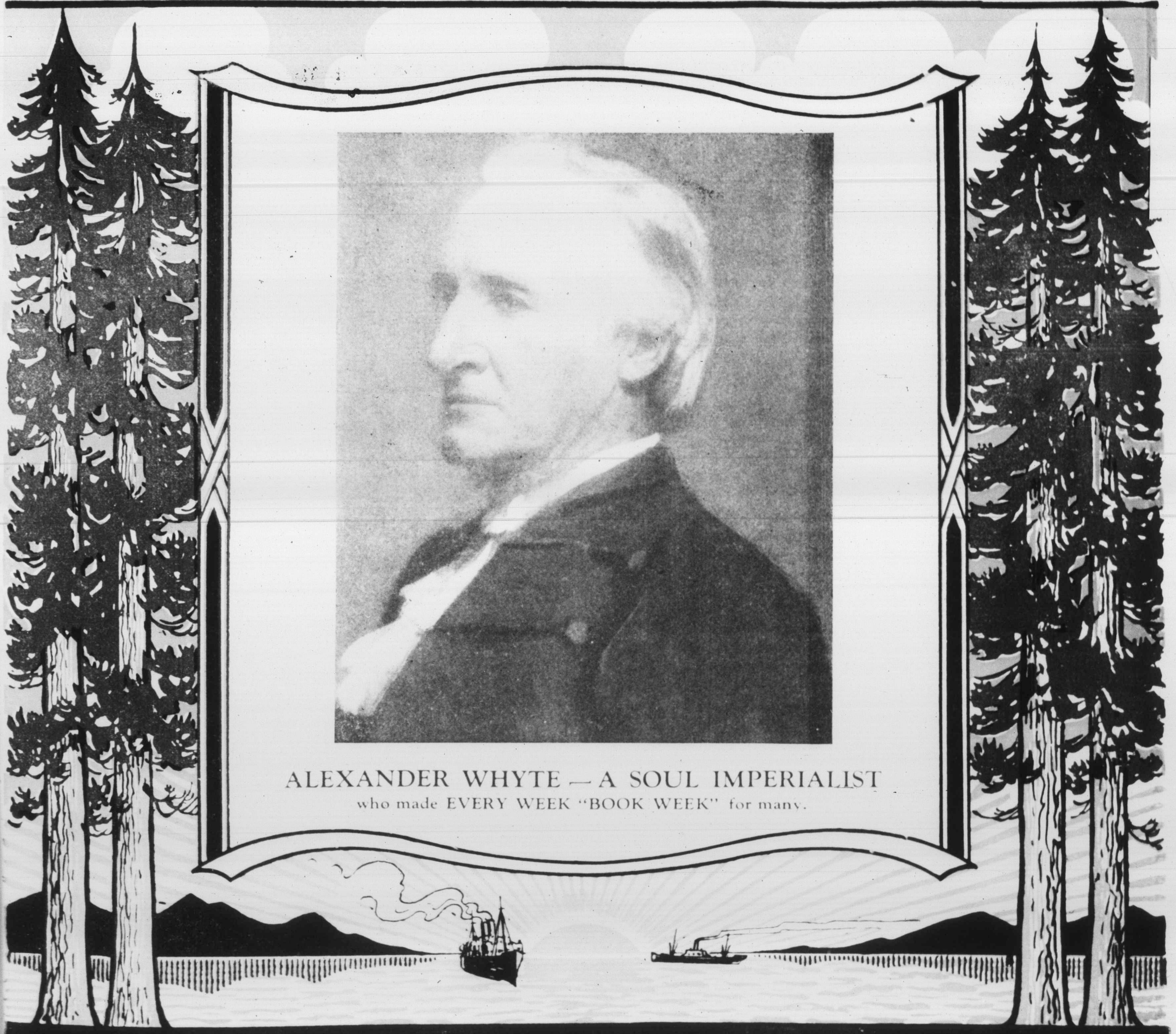
The Magazine of The Canadian West

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Volume XXIII

DECEMBER, 1924

No. 5



ALEXANDER WHYTE — A SOUL IMPERIALIST
who made EVERY WEEK "BOOK WEEK" for many.

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"BE BRITISH" COLUMBIANS!

VOL. XXIII.

DECEMBER, 1924

No. 5

EDITORIAL NOTES

A FIRST DUTY in December is to express the hope that the Christmas season may be a happy one for B. C. M. readers and homes, and that the year 1925 may bring satisfying progress and prosperity to them. It is also timely to record a word of sincere thanks to those who have in recent months shown more than an ordinary subscriber's interest in this magazine. Not a few have sent the Editor such letters of late that only crowding duties that had to be given precedence, have hitherto prevented him from publishing a column or page of comments from these members of the noble army of ENCOURAGERS. We may do so yet. But in ordinary course even an editor may seek to practise the kingly principle which Shakespeare makes Caesar utter: "What touches us ourself shall be last served."

THE TWILIGHT HOUR of a long summer day, the shortening days of the fall, and especially the approaching end of a year are suggestive times to all reflective minds. As the cartoonists often remind us, the New Year season is one for new resolutions—though the subject is not one of which sensible folk make light. The ambition to improve one's self or one's ways is surely linked to the highest in human nature, even if it be suggested by Tennyson and others that "a God must mingle with the game." But as folk ripen in experience they may cease to make "New Year resolutions," not because they do not approve of them and continually feel the need of reforming and advancing, but because their sense of proportion has become so developed that—without necessarily being old in years—they learn to LIVE A DAY AT A TIME.

EACH NEW DAY is a new era of opportunity. The recognition of that fact, and an enlightenment as to relative values, which teaches us to put first things first, are surely the prime essentials to progress in life. In one form or another the temptation seems to beset all to let material and transient things dominate our thinking—be it through the attractions of money-power, or so-called social position, or such like; and yet every soul, who seeks to be apart awhile to ponder, can hardly fail to recognize that the exercise and growth of mind and spirit in each human being are by far the most important phases of this preliminary adventure in life—assuming, of course, that tolerable living conditions are assured.

THE ABIDING MYSTERY IN LIFE is another thing that must come home to all. The reasoning expressed in Dr. Young's words—"Had there been naught, naught still had been; Eternal these must be"—is conclusive enough. But even if we are led to associate "Fatherhood"

with "the Eternal" (involving the "Brotherhood" of man), as Milton reminds us:—

"Enough is left besides to search and know."

Like Dr. Young again, we proceed to ask: "Whence earth and these bright orbs—eternal too?" And whatever else such questioning leads to, it should tend to make man humble, and to be ready to follow the highest he knows. No doubt such themes are congenial to many who, like the writer, find it difficult to get time to pursue them—in fuller reading or uninterrupted, quiet thought.

CERTAINLY THE SEASON IS A SUITABLE ONE in which to review personal ambitions. To get and to gain by honest effort those things essential to healthful life on earth is a legitimate aim for all. Not next, but reasonably associated with that, may be a desire to see more of the world in which we live. But what then? Is not the next wish that we might have time to learn more of the THOUGHT-LIFE of great souls as revealed in the book records they have left? But who, in or approaching mid-life, with a real job, is able to get time to read—or re-read—many of the masterpieces of literature, to say nothing of ephemeral books that are produced in this age? It may be questioned if the leading articles, editorial and other, in the leading "dailies" are perused regularly by more than a small percentage of readers—though these are probably more read by the thoughtful than any other matter published.

IN THAT CONNECTION we have no hesitation in saying quite frankly that we believe the questioning may be applied to magazine work too, and especially to those that (like the B.C.M.) give space to serious subjects. But let it be noted parenthetically that, apart from his notes and his work in other departments, the editor holds himself at best but the "hub" of this periodical, and is satisfied to provide in some measure a centre or medium through which other "builders" (such as those referred to on the cover of the November magazine) may, we trust increasingly throughout the years, serve the community of British Columbia and the Canadian West. Whatever the appeal of the "news"-paper, or the attraction of works of fiction, studied magazine articles bearing on community life are likely to share in the active interest of all loyal citizens and homes.

REFLECTION ON EXPERIENCE prompts these paragraphs, but that line of thought is strengthened by two things. First, as we go to press with this issue, Vancouver literary circles are being introduced to "ASSOCIATED READERS

OF CANADA, LIMITED," a new organization, "To encourage wider reading and the creative arts in Canada." Apart from the beautiful "bonds"—suggestive of "Victory Bonds"—which the organization, for its business basis no doubt, is issuing at five dollars each to subscribers, its object, as published, suggests that the organization only needs to be known to win a large measure of success. Owing to the necessity of putting this magazine to press somewhat earlier in the month, we have neither time nor space for a fuller notice at present; but it may be added that the "Associated Readers of Canada" has originated in Winnipeg and that that well known and happy-spirited literary reviewer, "W. T. A."—Professor W. T. Allison—is chairman of the advisory board, while the genial Mr. Hopkins Moorhouse, author of "Deep Furrows," etc., is the president and editorial director.

THE OTHER THING INFLUENCING previous paragraphs is that among review copies of books received by us in recent months was one of outstanding importance of which we had hoped to publish a first notice in this issue at latest. Biography is generally recognized as one of the finest and most beneficial forms of literature. The proverb which tells us that "Experience teaches fools" applies more or less to all mankind, but the less foolish, while not imitating others, will seek to profit by the experience of others as set forth in personal exposition or the authentic records of their lives. If we had space for no more than another sentence in these notes, we should add that "THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER WHYTE" is a book likely, if this old world lasts, to be in helpful evidence when many "novels of the year" and other books are as completely forgotten as any magazine of the month. Accordingly, any one who gives himself

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or others a gift of a copy of it, is enhancing the equipment for soul-growing.

* * * *

"A SOUL IMPERIALIST"—an Imperialist of the Empire of the Soul—is the phrase or designation which suggested itself to us in passing for the cover of this issue the portrait of Dr. Whyte. For if to many of the young men of Britain, and of Scotland and Edinburgh particularly, Lord Rosebery a generation ago proved himself an inspiration toward the expansion of an earthly empire, there is no question that in relation to those things that make for literature and lasting life, the Empire of the Soul, "Whyte of St. George's" was equally a "guide, philosopher and friend" to many men and women in varied social conditions. Dr. Whyte was indeed an apostle of that Empire which is the greatest of all.

* * * *

PERHAPS IT WAS LORD ROSEBERY'S HEAVIEST HANDICAP that he was born in affluent and aristocratic society—otherwise he might have become one of the epoch-making statesmen of last generation, as indeed he was and is a leading litterateur, and was an orator second to none, in stirring appeal and imperial review. On the other hand, Alexander Whyte, of the same generation, inherited different handicaps in social and material conditions, and not only "breasted the blows of circumstance," but, under God, so developed his personality that he became not only an intellectual power in the land, but A MAN who was loved and honoured by people of all ranks, and revered, we doubt not, by students of all professions and Churches—and of none.

* * * *

THAT TITLES ARE BUT TAGS, before or after a man's name to indicate the kind of JOB or the opportunity for service involved in his day's work in this world, is one of the strong impressions left in reflecting on such a "life": Be they social distinctions of Earl or Knight, or words like Principal, Professor, Builder, Premier, Doctor, Captain, Reverend, Merchant, Editor, or what not—matters little or not at all; though juniors in years or experience may strive and strain, and exercise push and pull to gain such superficial babbles. . . . For if the "job," whatever it be, does not develop THE MAN, and enlarge his vision of life and its possibilities in relation to his fellowmen and his community, it is likely to matter little at the end of the day what were the superficial and transient honours or emoluments associated with it.

* * * *

PRIMARILY A BOOK-LOVER, ALEXANDER WHYTE, like many another man whom love of the storied page lured from other pursuits in his youth, knew what it was to give his days to manual toil even while he longed to be more fully exercising and developing his mind; but, happily, circumstances evolved so that he was enabled to satisfy his mind and heart-hunger ere the task of tackling what may be called the preliminary defences was too strenuous. . . . But he never forgot his own early struggles, and as a consequence devised ways and means to help and encourage many students, who, while agreeing with him that such and such a book was worth having even if they had to "sell their beds to buy it"—did not happen to have beds to sell! And, like the rare-hearted gentleman that he was, he respected the independence of all alike, for while (if we remember aright) he invited those to contribute to the book fund who cared to do so, he also assured his Class mem-

bers that the names left by those who desired copies, would not be known to others.

* * * *

HIS OVERFLOWING LOVE OF LITERATURE, and masterly expositions of the works of various great writers, ancient and modern, were undoubtedly the bases of his attraction to many. But of course there was no getting away from his other dominant characteristics. Scholarly, he was also evangelical—as his books bear evidence—but above all he was broad-minded and large-hearted. It may surprise those who know or think of him only as a great evangelical expositor, to find that he was on the side of those who would have retained the Professor in the famous "Robertson-Smith" case, and indeed took no insignificant part in working for a decision on the charitable or what may be should be called the sanely-tolerant side. Often it seems as if one generation's "heterodoxy" may become the "orthodoxy" of another! That being so, it is indeed a pity that, with the record of the Life of the Founder of Christianity open to all, the dogmatism of creeds should be allowed so to divide "brethren." . . .

* * * *

BECAUSE WE BELIEVE THIS "LIFE" IS A LASTING BOOK, and not a mere passing compilation of pulp and printers' ink, we shall make no apology for returning to it more than once. Meantime it is perhaps permissible for the present Editor of this Magazine to record that he has found associated with the volume one of the most highly valued compliments that he as a writer or reviewer could be given. After Dr. Whyte's death, the Editor, who had been privileged to attend that great soul's classes in Edinburgh for at least seven years, ventured to publish a short appreciation under "A Cosmopolitan Christian Passes." The writer does not wish to use extravagant language, but he does not hesitate to say that had he been given the choice he would almost rather have had his name mentioned as it is in that "Life"—with a paragraph quoted from his tribute to that great-hearted man—than have written the novel of the year. For, for one thing, it is altogether probable that when many books of many years have passed into oblivion, this, and others, concerning "Whyte of Edinburgh" will be known and read. All the more because Principal Whyte was himself ever alert and anxious to garner for his classes wheat from the literary fields of great writers of all ages, churches and climes—and was indeed a greatly-serving and self-forgetting, or rather SELF-PUT-SECOND SOUL, his work will not soon die, and certainly the memory of his fatherly personality will linger long with many of his "young men"—who, whatever their churches or creeds, may look forward to meeting and greeting him again, and, it may be, hearing him expound anew in a larger life!

* * * *

TO HAVE ONE'S NAME MENTIONED in such a book, and a quotation given therein from one's tribute, is indeed a signal honour, and one all the more gratifying in that it was in no way sought or expected, and came entirely as a surprise. The writer is now prompted to add that, when visiting Scotland in 1913 he had the privilege of meeting Dr. Whyte again and that one of the valued possessions in his home is an autographed copy of the portrait reproduced on the cover of this magazine—received from Dr. and Mrs. Whyte at the time of his marriage (with other practical evidence of personal interest).

LATENESS IN RECEIPT of the "Life" led to an interesting experience affecting the question of: What are many Canadian ministers reading?—and, incidentally—How far does the practical interest of some ministerial readers extend? In this matter the writer may confess that he was disposed to practise the advice of Polonius: "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice," and the sequel so far has been a revelation calculated to inspire questioning in various directions. The writer believes he has come into friendly—not to say fraternal—touch with a fairly large circle of clerical men, and he resolved to note quietly how many of them would reveal intimacy with this work. The principal clerics who would, we fancied, be the first to speak of the book, did not mention it at all; the next in order was somewhat long in getting over his copy—if he has yet got over it. Others, including not a few from Scotland—but can it be that ministers, with salaries assured, are finding it as difficult as editors to get reading-of-choice done? Be that as it may, the first man to mention the "Life" and to comment on the honour done the editor of the B. C. M., was one not originally of the Presbyterian Church; the second was a reading layman, a Canadian born, who (after being transferred from Vancouver to Toronto) wrote congratulating the editor on the "good company" in which he found him; then another layman, was it?—But what matter? None: only this: If the ministers of the Presbyterian Church of Canada—called by that name or any other!—cannot or rather do not arrange their work and days so as to get time to read such books as this "Life of Alexander Whyte," it is more than time that a movement was set on foot to relieve them of other less important "duties."

* * * *

NOT ONLY AT THE CHRISTMAS SEASON, but at any time all the year round, readers may give any one or any home a copy of this "Life of Alexander Whyte" and rest confident that they have had a share in passing on a source of influence the benefits of which are likely to last and grow. We suggest that those who are able should make sure that their own minister has a copy—or give him one; and to the really rich men who get this Magazine regularly—and we know a number do—we make bold to suggest that they might supply copies to the ministers in smaller charges of their denomination.

* * * *

IN THUS COMMENDING THIS OUTSTANDING BOOK, we think it quite consistent—as it is also timely—to add that our readers, in looking for other book gifts, should let their interest begin at home—with Canadian books—and "with quality and price equal" (as the "B. C. Products" Bureau men say), remember that stories like those by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Robert Allison Hood, and others, can be sent to homes anywhere with the confidence that friends will find in them entertainment, involving healthful thrills and happy characterization.

* * * *

FORMER MAYOR L. D. TAYLOR has been elected Mayor of Vancouver for 1925. We congratulate him on his "come-back," and trust that, as civic head, he will surprise his friends and disappoint his foes. We wish him success in his honourable and onerous office.

Educational Notes

By "SPECTATOR."

"Mother Nature Stories," one of the latest books for boys and girls, has found its way a little tardily to the Christmas bookshelves in Vancouver and elsewhere. The author is Mr. R. S. Sherman, principal of the Admiral Seymour public school, Vancouver, and the illustrations are from the pencils of Maud Sherman and the author. If Santa Claus is wise his pack will be heavy with numerous copies; but the jolly little man had better not look inside until the Christmas rush is over, or there will be great danger that the reindeer bells will not jingle in time, for the dear old boy would be so fascinated that, with team straying on the green boulevards, he might be found, oblivious of all else, under the silvery rays of the December moon, or the most modern electric lamp, immovable until he had devoured the last sentence of the last page.

The book stands the acid test of a perfect book for boy or girl; while to these it is as engrossing as a fairy tale, it has at the same time an impelling attention for those who were boys and girls a generation ago. The statements will be found to be scientific facts, while the style exhibits literary gifts of a high order. The sketches have already appeared in "School Days"; but those who have delighted in them in these pages will hasten only the more quickly to enjoy them once more in their new dress. The book will prove brimful of interest from Alpha to Omega, from "Cheetwoot, the Black Bear," to "Skookum Charlie" and "Skunks I Have Met."

* * * *

The spacious days of Gladstone and Beaconsfield and Salisbury belong to the past almost as much as do the spacious days of "Good Queen Bess." Could these three worthies rise from their graves, one can fancy the exultant chuckle in the throats of the latter two at the woe-begone face of the great Victorian Commoner looking in vain for his political grandchildren. But a moment later his woe would be theirs, when they should find themselves in the midst of a Radical conclave in an erstwhile Conservative caucus room.

In a recent speech, delivered in Glasgow, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, foreign secretary in the Baldwin administration, uttered these pregnant words:

"I am profoundly impressed by the insufficiency of the service rendered by the better part to the poorer part in all communities. Those well-to-do classes, who expect the politicians to keep things straight, and who blame them if things go wrong, are living in a false paradise. I urge them to make their motto the old one of the territorial aristocracy—'noblesse oblige.'"

Just so. Wealth is a trust, as genius is a trust, as bone and sinew and muscle are a trust—for service, not for self-gratification. And in this connection Eton and Harrow and Rugby, and Christ Church and Baliol and Trinity College must again open their doors wide to the poor scholar of a new renaissance.

* * * *

Mr. G. H. Corsan, who has been directing the Toronto Star's free swimming campaign, says: "I have taught half a million people to swim. I have conducted free swimming campaigns in more than two hundred American cities, over a period of a quarter of a century.

"Since the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment, bringing in prohibition, there has been a wonderful improvement in the condition of the boys coming to me for instruction. You would think you were in a different country. Formerly many of them were dirty,

and my first day's work was getting them clean. For half an hour we would wash them, taking them in relays. One boy in Troy was so dirty that he had to stay for three washing periods. His father was a drunkard. The boy hadn't been washed for two years.

"It is simply astonishing the change that prohibition has made. The boys come cleaner and better nourished. Prohibition has been good for athletics. Look at the records that are being broken. The babies are healthier. The people are building good homes, and are giving up shacks and tenements."

True; and the speaker might have added:—The foe to be dreaded by the Commonwealth of Nations, the great British Empire, is not a Soviet Russia, or a rehabilitated Germany, or an Orient awakened from a sleep of centuries, but just Old King Alcohol, the Tamerlane of a new age, disguised in poisonous robes of laughter and mirth.

* * * *

In "Pilgrim's Progress" we have the picture of a fire issuing from behind a wall, and an attendant pouring on water to quench it; but in vain. For on the other side of the wall an equally diligent worker is feeding the flames with a continuous stream of oil.

The picture has its modern parallel. We are at special pains to educate our least-gifted children; we have our Child Welfare societies of altruistic men and women; we have our philanthropic and would-be regenerative Juvenile Courts. And yet the evil these agencies are meant to combat and overcome only grows apace.

And why? Mainly because we shut our eyes to the fact that our methods fail to attack the evil at its source and remove the main cause. We do nothing to restrain the mentally unfit from reproducing their kind.

Just recently a deputation waited on the provincial government to ask for the erection of a home for these unfortunates, in the midst of broad acres of arable land, where they could live happy and contented and withal useful lives; where they could be guarded from society, and where society could be guarded from them. These worthy petitioners have eyes to see.

The writer once remarked to the late Dr. Charles K. Clarke, Canada's leading alienist: "Morality is a costly thing." "Yes!" replied the doctor, "but immorality is more costly still."

The setting up of the institution asked for would be the first step in the right handling of a great social menace, and would prove an investment that would

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return even financial dividends that a miser might gloat over. To cure the evil by refusing marriage licenses to subnormal couples, as is gravely proposed in the legislature at Victoria, is just slightly suggestive of the naivete of Simple Simon.

* * * *

From time to time the educational critics stand on the housetops and proclaim the shortcomings of our present day schools. We are told that our secondary schools especially are an anachronism; that they were intended originally to be feeders to the universities, to prepare gentlemen's sons for the professions; and that, in the midst of changing ideas and a changing world, these institutions remain unchanged.

These assertions are very wide of the mark, as is patent to all who are as familiar with the inner life of the high schools and universities to-day as they were when boys and youths half a century ago. The changes have been revolutionary, even though revolution has been spelled without the "r."

But let us take a closer view of the situation, in Vancouver, for example. In the primary schools we have our classes in manual training and domestic science, subjects not specially required in the training of professional men and women, but, on the other hand, helpful introductions to industrial life. In the high schools these courses are continued and developed, and in addition we have hundreds of boys and girls taking up-to-date commercial courses, fitting them for the business office and the counting house. And on the industrial side we have those very excellent institutions, the Junior High School and the Technical School. These schools do not teach trades; but no better preparation for usefulness in the world of mechanics and manufacture can anywhere be found. And just as the demand increases, as these schools are crowded to the doors, the board of school trustees will be found ready to develop and expand the work so well begun.

A School of Arts and Crafts is now proposed; a Girls' Technical School has been talked of again and again. And here, also, as soon as the ratepayers show their willingness to provide the funds, just so soon will the board rejoice to provide the facilities asked for.

In Solitude

By Gordon Stace Smith.

When oppositions all my hopes confound;
When sometimes seeming wedded to all woe;
When ceaselessly the storms of ruin blow
And tumble my big castles to the ground:
And when I hear the curfew's solemn sound
Knell that a broken-hearted day doth go—
O yes! and when I think of long ago
How loveliness was smiling all around:—

Then in some solitary silent place
I hide away and sweetly meditate
On some lorn verse, admitting nothing base
Into the mind—and then, however great
The sorrows are, this heavenly solace brings
Such joy that I forget all earthly things.

GEO. T. WADDS

PHOTOGRAPHER

VANCOUVER BLOCK

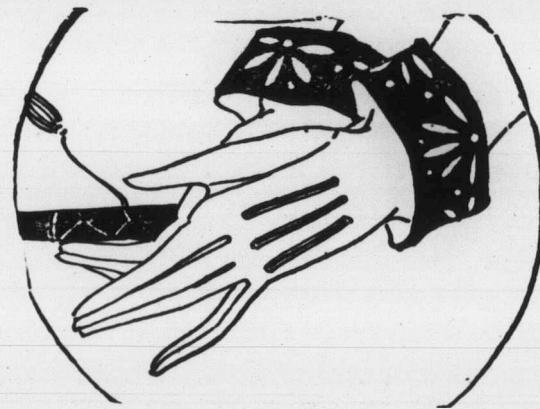
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Problem of Waste

By F. S. G.

While the leading nations of the world are encouraging the saving of time through the speeding up of flying machines, leading financiers of the world are calling for the elimination of waste and extravagance to avoid bankruptcy.

The greatest problem the world has to solve to-day is that of WASTE.

In England during the great World War, when the need of economy entered into everything, even to garbage, out of 42,000,000 garments thrown away as useless in ten months a commission was able to save £658,650 by treating them as rags, and of the soldiers' uniforms thrown away as waste, by making them over, using the good material, they were able to turn this waste into a saving of £340,502; thus together in ten months a saving of waste yielded upwards of £999,152.

In a book entitled "Waste in Industry," the report of a committee on elimination of waste in industry of the Federated American Engineering Societies, showed a waste of 50% in all industries, and of this nearly 25% was attributed to labor.

Among current magazines there are 18 varieties of widths and 76 different lengths. Among trade paper publications there are 33 varieties in widths and 65 in lengths. Among newspapers there are 66 different widths and 55 different lengths. These variations cost the public not less than \$100,000,000 yearly. The standardization of newspaper columns to one size would make possible an annual saving of \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 in composition alone.

The saving of so-called waste has proven a wonderfully good investment in large automobile and packing plants in America.

The necessity of saving waste is felt by the leading railroads in Canada, thus you read on a large billboard at a station not far from Vancouver:

"MATERIALS COST MONEY,
DON'T WASTE THEM."

Large stores not only in Europe, but in the United States and Canada, have for years past found it necessary to employ help, whose sole duty it is to save small pieces of pencil, string, waste-paper, cardboard, boxes, cloth samples, etc; this, too, has been most remunerative.

In a recent address a merchandise manager of a leading business house stated that "there was only one per cent. between success and failure in

business, and that success depended upon the sales force." While I do not belittle the need of a capable sales force, or the fact that success is only separated from failure by one per cent., I do wonder what rates of percentage could be debited to waste of time.

Time Is Money.

One million pounds sterling for a minute of time was offered on one occasion, with no results. We hear of people going into stores and finding clerks so busy talking together that they haven't found time to wait on their would-be customers. Other people say they see clerks loll-

ing around in their departments when they should be giving attention to stocks, or displays, etc.; and similar complaints are often heard in relation to porters, drivers, office people, elevator clerks, etc. What a tremendous waste of money is this waste of time. "WASTE" is a disease—it is contagious, and should be quarantined as are other contagious diseases.

On the 11th day of November, thousands of people in all parts of the world bowed their heads in front of cenotaphs, at the ruthless waste of 10,000,000 lives that were lost in the Great War.

As we close on the old year, and enter 1925, it seems to me that a fitting slogan for all workers would be **The Elimination of Waste**—waste material, waste effort, waste time.

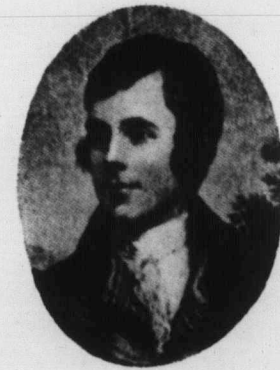
Vancouver Burns Fellowship

Contributed.

"Of the making of books there is no end," and the same is equally true where the formation of new societies and associations—particularly of a Scottish character—is concerned. The organization, recently, of the Vancouver Burns' Fellowship is a case in point. Feeling that they were not possessed of the educational opportunities offered by concerted study of the poems of Robert Burns, a number of local Burns' lovers laid their heads together in the early spring, and the result of their deliberations was the launching of the organization named. The Fellowship was designed, primarily, to foster a love for study of the life and work of Scotland's national poet.

At the organization meeting, held on February 8, seventeen devoted Burnsians pledged their devotion to the cause. An executive was chosen to complete the plans then tentatively presented, and the Vancouver Burns' Fellowship was safely launched in a field already prodigally represented by a wealth of Scottish societies. Mr. P. McA. Carrick, a talented Scottish reader and elocutionist, was honored with the position of president; the Fellowship were also fortunate in securing the services of Mr. A. Fraser Reid as secretary-treasurer. Mr. Reid's journalistic contributions to Burnsiana are exceedingly well known throughout British Columbia.

The objects of the Fellowship, as outlined in the syllabus of study, are, briefly, to encourage amongst members the study of the life and work of Burns; to encourage the study of his poems in the public schools, by



offering annual prizes for essays on this subject; to encourage the singing of Burns' songs and Scottish folk-songs generally; and to inaugurate a movement among the Scottish societies and the general public of Greater Vancouver with a view of erecting a statue of Burns in Stanley Park.

From the foundation thus laid has been built up a Fellowship which is fast taking shape as one of the most successful outside of Caledonia. At the first meeting, held in the St. Andrew's rooms on Dunsmuir Street, the poem chosen for study was "The Twa Dogs," given the honored place in the famous Kilmarnock edition of Burns. So keen was the interest shown that it was found difficult to seat all those who attended. A distinct forward step, and one which called for a good deal of courage on the part of the executive, was taken when the Fellowship then secured Glencoe Lodge as their permanent home. The success which has followed has amply vindicated the judgment then displayed. Membership has consistently grown until, at the second meeting for the winter session, the roster contained a list of 70 names, all of them admirers of the

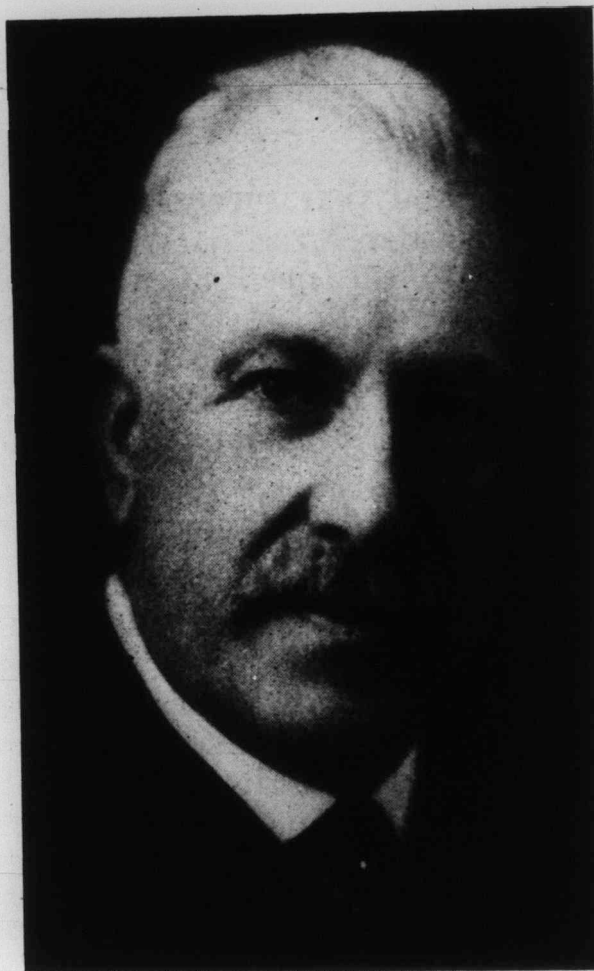
versatile pen of the ploughman bard.

At each monthly meeting a particular poem, or other subject, is selected for study; with this as the theme, a short paper is read and the meeting then thrown open for discussion. Music and elocution round out the evening, partiality naturally being shown to the beautiful songs written by Burns.

At the November meeting, something of an innovation was offered, when the leadership was handed over to one of the lady members of the Fellowship. Taking as her subject, "Women Celebrated in the Poems of Burns," Miss Kate Morrison gave this comprehensive theme a most sympathetic and thoughtful treatment, charming a large gathering by the excellence of her paper and the happy glint of humor which ran like a silver thread through the web of thought delightfully expressed. The discussion which followed, it is hoped, is a happy augury of what is in store for members of the Fellowship during the present winter session.

Evidence of activity along the lines laid down in the syllabus are seen also in the fact that the Fellowship have been successful in having a special class in Scottish folk song added to the syllabus of the British Columbia Music Festival, which takes place in Vancouver next summer. A gold and a silver medal have been donated to the Festival committee, who have gladly availed themselves of the suggestion made by the Fellowship. The songs chosen for competition in this special class are "Green Grow the Rashes O" and "Ye Banks and Braes."

The Fellowship were exceptionally fortunate, during the recent visit to Vancouver of ex-Premier Ramsay Macdonald's son, in entertaining the distinguished Oxford scholar as their guest. The meeting held in First Presbyterian Church—the first public assembly sponsored by the Fellowship—proved an interesting and enjoyable experiment and brought together a large gathering of Scottish people. Mr. Malcolm Macdonald contributed a rather delightful talk on "In Scotland To-Day," and the musical programme was of an unusually enjoyable nature, rendered by talented Scottish singers. A letter was read from the Burns' Federation, Kilmarnock, offering a warm welcome to the Fellowship and stating that affiliation with the world-famous Federation would be most willingly accorded. Commenting on the syllabus submitted for approval, the secretary of the Federation wrote that it was one of the finest which had ever come under his notice, and



PRESIDENT CARRICK

that it promised an exceptionally high standard of study. The syllabus as arranged for the winter session, 1924-1925, follows:—

- Oct. 20—"Burns, the Reformer" John MacInnes
 Nov. 18—"Women Celebrities of Burns" Miss Kate Morrison
 Dec. 16—"The Edinburgh of Burns and Scott" W. R. Dunlop
 Jan. 20—Annual Banquet. "The Immortal Memory" A. Fraser Reid
 Jan. 25—Special Burns' Service at First Unitarian Church
 Rev. Alex. Thomson
 Jan. 27—"Tam O' Shanter"
 P. McA. Carrick
 Feb. 17—"Intimate Friends of Burns" Rev. Alex. Thomson



A. FRASER REID, Secretary-Treasurer

- March 17—"Biographers of Burns" Alex. McRae
 April 21—"Burns' Highland Tours" Donald MacLeod
 "Highland Mary"
 John Macdonald
 May 19—"Scottish Poetry Prior to Burns" James Taylor
 Annual Meeting. Election of Officers.

The officers of the Fellowship are: President, P. McA. Carrick; vice-presidents, Alex. McRae, W. R. Dunlop; executive, James Taylor, John Macdonald, Rev. Alex. Thomson, John MacInnes, David Murray; Hon. secretary-treasurer, A. Fraser Reid, 1635 Napier St.

Membership in the Vancouver Burns' Fellowship is open to all who are interested. The fees (\$2.00 for gentlemen, \$1.00 for ladies) have been made so low as to offer no handicap to any who are genuinely interested in this phase of Scottish literature and song.

Anniversary of Poet's Birth.

The anniversary of that eventful day, 160 years ago, when a "blast o' Janwar' win" ushered Robin on to this terrestrial sphere, will be celebrated, or rather commemorated, in a rather unusual fashion. Preparations are well under way for the first annual banquet of the Fellowship, which will be held at Glencoe Lodge on the evening of Tuesday, January 20. Here the "Immortal Memory" will be pledged and other toasts incident to the occasion will be duly honored. The actual date of historic interest, however, the twenty-fifth, occurs on a Sunday, and cognisance of this fact is taken in the special service to be held in First Unitarian Church on that evening. A special sermon, in the Scottish vernacular, will be preached by Rev. Alexander Thomson, M.A.; the lessons will be read by President Carrick from an old Scottish Bible, also in the mother tongue; and the services of the Scottish Orchestra and special soloists have been secured for the occasion. The service should be a memorable one.

Celebration of the poet's birth will be brought to a close so far as the Burns' Fellowship are concerned, by a meeting on Tuesday evening, January 27, when the well-known descriptive poem, "Tam O' Shanter," will be the chief subject of discussion.

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A Study in Canadian Citizenship

By IRA A. MACKAY, M.A., LL.B., Ph. D. of McGill University

III.

THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE KING'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

This body is the final Court of Appeal in Law for the overseas dominions of the British Commonwealth. It is popularly called "The Privy Council," but this abbreviated nomenclature is exceedingly confusing to the student of British constitutional history and government. Lawyers usually much more aptly and correctly refer to it as "The Judicial Committee." Let me explain. There is another existing larger institution properly called "The Privy Council." It is true that this larger body never really meets in common council, and its existence is, therefore, seldom recognized, but it by no means follows that it never really functions. There are actually about seventy members of this larger body, although, since as I have said, it never really meets, it is exceedingly difficult to say just where its exact membership begins and ends. The following classes of persons, at any rate, are entitled to recognized membership at present, viz.: (a) All Imperial Cabinet Ministers; (b) all living ex-Imperial Cabinet Ministers; (c) several Jurists of great eminence and learning in the law selected from the Bench and the Bar of Great Britain; (d) a few Jurists, seldom present, selected from the higher courts of the overseas dominions; (e) several members of the

King's household; (f) a few parliamentary Undersecretaries of State, notably two from the Admiralty, and finally (g) a number of members, statesmen of great eminence at home and overseas, selected during recent years in order that they may wear the prefix of Right Honourable to their names as a title of honour, a curious example of how all ancient offices tend to fade out in the end into titles of nobility.

I know that you must think by now that the Privy Council is indeed a very strange mixture of noblemen, lawyers, lackeys, statesmen and executives, but whether you smile or not it matters not, for it is just for this reason that it illustrates perhaps better than any other institution that extraordinary, curious genius of the British people for being intensely, sometimes almost childishly human in all matters of organized government. The Privy Council, in a word, is a select loosely constituted body of the King's constitutional advisers and personal companions and attendants. It is at once a legislative, judicial, executive and purely private body privy to the King in person and assisting him in every human way in the government of a great people. Historically it is the lineal descendant, the apostolic successor to the old Wite-nagemot of Anglo-Saxon days and the *Curia Regis* of later Norman days which has never really ceased to exist from then until now.

In this way, too, the Privy Council illustrates, perhaps better than any other institution, that other well known custom of the British people never to wholly destroy any institution, once found useful, so long as it remains even remotely possible that it may yet prove useful in the future. Old institutions and offices need not be destroyed in order that new ones may take on their duties. They need only be reverently laid aside having served their day.

What, then, is the Judicial Committee? The answer is that the Judicial Committee is a committee of jurists carved out of the Privy Council to act as a final court of appeal in law for the overseas Dominions, just as the Imperial Cabinet is a committee carved out of the Privy Council to act as the King's executive council for the United Kingdom. The only real difference is that while the Cabinet is chosen from distinguished members of Parliament, Lords and Commons, the Judicial Committee is chosen from distinguished jurists on the Bench and at the Bar. In few words, its proper, full name, "The Judicial Committee of the King's Privy Council," exactly describes its real status and functions. The following figure will serve to visualize its position:—

THE PRIVY COUNCIL

The Cabinet

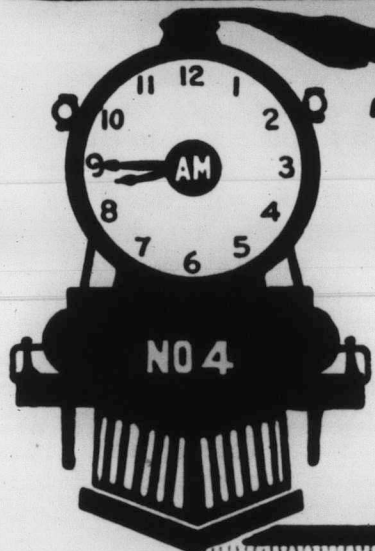
The Judicial Committee

Some important consequences which should be noted, follow, however, from this description of the Judicial Committee.

1. The members preside as a committee and not strictly as a court presides. The committee meets in a simple, small obscure parlour on Downing Street. There is no courtroom. There is no Bench or Bar. The members sit around a semi-circular table and the lawyers address them in a quiet, conversational, argumentative way from a small lectern in the middle. There are no rigid rules of procedure. Only a few cases are cited and the evidence is not always exhaustively read. There are really no visible evidences of a court of law except the gowns and wigs of learned counsel, and the first impression of a visitor is that these ancient habiliments of fictitious gravity seem singularly out of place in a court of common-sense, equity and real learning in the law. There are many interesting human things to be observed on a visit to the Judicial Committee.

2. Since the committee sits as a King's Council, it is always something more than a strict court of law and, therefore, is not bound as rigidly as other courts are bound by existing rules of law. It is not bound by the decisions of any other court of law. It is not bound even by its own previous decisions. As a King's Council it has admittedly in addition to its judicial power some slight background or reserve of legislative power. It may, if it think just and proper, arrive at its decisions on principles of policy rather than by strictly defined rules or law. It is not wholly confined to the interpretation and administration of existing law; it may upon occasion make new laws or at least adapt old rules and principles of law to new conditions overseas. In this way it is not unlike the old Court of Chancery or Equity in England which was originally designed to add some element of flexibility or humaneness to the rigid, technical rules of common law in cases of marked hardship or injustice. Perhaps it is this background of legislative or political power, this element of flexibility, and the consequent element of uncertainty in the decisions of the Committee which has brought upon its head so much sharp criticism by professional lawyers in Canada and

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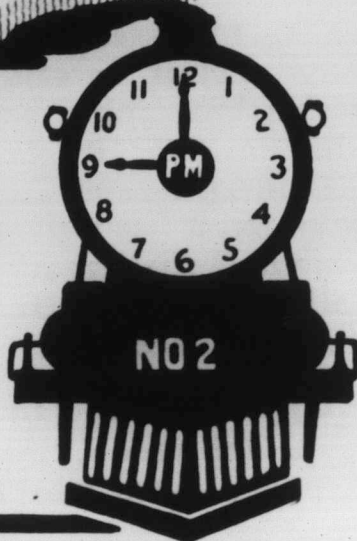
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in some of the other overseas Dominions. It would be quite unjust, however, to assume that this criticism is conclusive against the Committee as professional lawyers of great technical knowledge and skill have always made similar complaints against every new court of law which has ever been created in the history of jurisprudence.

What, then, shall be done? Shall the right of appeal from Canadian courts to the Judicial Committee be continued or shall it be abolished? We need scarcely point out that, as in all similar contentious matters, there is something to be said on both sides. Those who advocate that the right should be continued, point out that to abolish this right would virtually amount to a complete Canadian declaration of independence on all matters affecting the administration of justice in Canada, that it would sever all vital sympathy between the administration of justice in Canada and Westminster, the source and foundation of the whole law of England at home and overseas, and would forever deprive His Majesty's loyal subjects in Canada of carrying their just claims to the foot of the Throne and placing them before their recognized Sovereign for final settlement. The advocates of abolition, on the other hand, point out that the Canadian courts are quite capable of taking care of the administration of justice in this Dominion, that as a matter of fact, the members of the Judicial Committee know much less about peculiarly Canadian problems than the members of our own higher courts, and that carrying appeals to the Committee imposes a heavy unnecessary expense and burden upon suitors, especially suitors of small pecuniary resources. We need scarcely point out that it is not for us to decide this question. It may be pointed out, however, that there is a third alternative, viz., the enlarging the competence of the Committee by the appointment of a larger number of eminent jurists from all parts of the Empire who shall devote their whole time to the business of the Committee and by limiting the right of appeal to cases of an international and constitutional character or to cases of admittedly great importance and significance in the law.

IV.

THE LAW-MAKING POWERS OF THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT OVERSEAS.

One of the peculiarities of the Canadian constitution comes from the fact that its statute law is derived from three sovereign legislative sources—the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa, and the legislatures located at the capitals of the several constituent provinces in the union. No situation similar to this has ever arisen, hitherto, in the history of government. Let us, then, examine it carefully.

There are four outstanding constitutional formations of large fundamental, massive design in the history of government—the organic formation, the federal formation, the imperial formation, and the league formation.

Under the organic formation there is a single sovereign parliament or legislature for all purposes of organized government, as, for example, in Great Britain or France.

Under the federal formation there are two parliaments both equally sovereign and final, each within its own exclusive ambit of authority, as, for example, in the United States and to a lesser degree in Canada and Australia.

Under the Imperial formation there are two parliaments, one supreme and final and the other subordinate and limited in power, as, for example, in the Union of South Africa and, as we shall see, to some extent in the British Commonwealth itself.

Under the league formation two or more admittedly free sovereign and equal states enter into a constitutional contract by the provisions of which they solemnly agree to be

bound in the future. Most of these leagues in the past have been formed for purposes of war and are more commonly called alliances, but there is no reason in the world why they should not be formed for purposes of peace, affecting all matters of human interest and importance common to all the signatory states.

The constitution of Canada and the Empire, then, may perhaps be defined as a federation within an Empire moving, slowly but safely, and we hope peacefully, in the direction of a league. Until a few years or decades past, however, it was mainly a federation within an Empire, a framework composed of federal compartments within and Imperial buttresses without. Some of the buttresses still remaining may be burdens, some of them may be sound, some of them unsound, but even now we venture that no skilled architect of statecraft would advise that they be wholly destroyed until he had carefully inspected the whole original edifice in order to discover what effect their removal might have upon the rest of the building and the safety of the neighbourhood.

At the present time, however, there is no doubt that the Imperial Parliament, elected though it be by the voters of Great Britain, has by law unlimited reserve power to make laws for the peace, order and good government of the Canadian people both in external and internal affairs. The existence of this power by strict law has never indeed been seriously challenged. It is recognized for example, beyond all question by the terms of the Colonial Laws Validity Act of 1865 which provide that while statutes of the Imperial Parliament ordinarily speak only to the people of the United Kingdom, they may, nevertheless, be extended by express words or necessary intendment to any or all of His Majesty's overseas dominions, and that when so extended they overrule all conflicting or repugnant provisions in the statutes of the overseas parliaments. As a matter of fact there are a large number of statutes of Imperial origin of this class administered every

day in the courts of Canada. The B.N.A. Act itself is one of these acts and, therefore, this act cannot be repealed or amended in any way except by the Imperial Parliament. There are also, as every lawyer knows, a large number of other purely Imperial acts affecting constitutional questions, international relations, military service, naval bases, merchant shipping, the extradition of criminals, immigration and naturalization, evidence and many other branches of the law. As long, therefore, as this power is held in reserve by the Imperial Parliament, Canada still retains in strict law some colour at least of her colonial status in the Empire. It should be pointed out, however, that this power has never been seriously exercised in recent years without the consent of the Cabinet or the Parliament of Canada. Like some other superseded institutions already referred to in this outline, having served its day, it has been laid reverently away. Whether this last reserve of power to initiate legislation applicable to Canada should be wholly swept away by express abdication of the mother parliament is, I need hardly say, one of the two main issues in the case between Canada and the Motherland. The second main issue is now to follow.

V.

THE POWER OF THE IMPERIAL CABINET TO VETO OR DISALLOW CANADIAN LEGISLATION.

Read again Sections 55, 56 and 57 of the B.N.A. Act. Briefly these sections provide that an authentic copy of every Act of the Parliament of Canada must be sent by the first convenient opportunity to the Colonial Office at Downing Street when His Majesty upon the suggestion of the Colonial Secretary and by and with the consent of His Imperial ministers, may either allow or disallow the Act within a period of two years after its arrival. This sounds ominous. We must remember here again, however, that these sections were quietly, although this time not so reverently, sent to the archives about thirty years ago and have not since seen the light of day. Indeed it is now quite safe to say, the spirit and practice of British government being what it always has been, that these sections will never be acted on again in the future unless the Parliament of Canada should attempt to enact legislation clearly calculated to put in peril the interests and just rights of other parts of the Empire. Whether these sections should be struck out of the Act altogether and this last reserve of veto power taken away from the authorities at Downing Street forever and a day is, as I have just said, the second and most acute main issue in the case between Canada and Great Britain. Let us now turn to the sixth and last link or buckle which binds Canada to Great Britain and Great Britain to Canada.

VI.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

We shall say but little about this Imperial institution. Of recent date the nature of the conference is at present admittedly wholly experimental and its future highly problematical. It has no real established constitutional status. It is neither Cabinet, Parliament, Court of Law nor any other known type of constitutional entity. Whether it will ever take on any measure of legal authority or even any great measure of advisory authority having by common consent the force of law, only the future can tell. There are a great many Canadians, however, who sincerely hope that it may in time mature into an institution or organ of real effective imperial unity. It is not the plan of this author, however, to advocate what institutions ought to be, but only to present an analysis of actually existing institutions with touches of appreciation here and there wherever appreciation may serve to illuminate the subject.

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The Song of Songs

By Alice M. Winlow.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Shulamite Maid sits at her window and gazes out through the lattice. A song is heard in the distance.

The maid speaks:

"The voice of my Beloved!
He comes to me leaping upon the mountains,
My Beloved is fleet of foot as the hart,
Swift as an arrow of light."

The rustic lover, approaching the lattice window:

"Come, my love, my fair one,
Arise and come with me,
The winter is past and the rain is over and
gone,

The birds are singing,
The voice of the turtle is heard in the land,
All the earth is lovely and fair to look upon.
Green figs are on the fig tree,
And the vines with the tender grape give a
good smell.

Arise, my love, and come with me.
O my Dove! in thy sweet shelter
Guarded from all harm and evil,
Speak, let me hear thy voice."

The maid (singing the vineyard song):

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes,
They spoil the vines and our vines have ten-
der grapes."

(She reaches out her arms and clasps her lover's hands.)

"My Beloved is mine and I am his.
Your garments are fragrant of the lilies;
Down among the lilies you have eaten,
Your garments have the sweet smell of the
fields.

But night comes, O my Beloved,
Like an arrow of light from yonder sinking
sun,

O turn, my Beloved, and leave me;
But when the shadows flee and the day breaks,
Wait for me in the garden,
You shall look on my face, O my Beloved."

SCENE II.

The Shulamite Maid is in the garden in the early morning. She watches her lover approach from a distance. Her hair is twined with leaves and tendrils of the vine. She dances the Dance of the Vineyard and sings:

"My Beloved is mine and I am his,
He feedeth among the lilies."

Suddenly the sound of chariots is heard and loud laughter. The maid turns to flee.

Voice: "Return, return, O Shulamite,
The King bids thee return."

The maid stands still. King Solomon and attendants appear.

The Maid: "What will ye see in the Shulamite maid?"

Solomon: "I see in thee the beauty of the angel
hosts

As they danced at Mahanaim,
Thy dancing is as the dancing of the
angels,

The form of beauty not less fair."

He turns to the attendants and gives an order to seize the maid. The attendants seize her and carry her

to the chariot. The rustic lover follows after the chariots, distracted.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The royal harem. Beautiful women recline, they are gorgeously arrayed, and prattle of their desire to win the favor of Solomon.

First Beauty:

"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth."

Second Beauty (stretching out her arms):

"Thy love is better than wine!"

Chorus of Women:

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth,
Therefore do the virgins love thee!"

Third Beauty:

"Invite me into thy presence!"

Chorus:

"We will obey thy kingly word."

In the midst of song and jest the Shulamite maid is brought in. She is very dark, but splendid and beautiful as a night of stars.

The Maid (amazed at the fair beauty of the women):

"I am black."

Chorus of Women:

"But thou art comely."

Maid:

"O ye Daughters of Jerusalem,
I am black as those that dwell in the tents of
Kedar."

Chorus:

"Thou art beautiful as the curtains of Solomon."

Maid (turning away):

"Gaze not upon me,
I am black because the sun hath looked upon me,
My mother's children hated me,
They made me the keeper of the vineyard,
My own vineyard have I not kept."

The maid is led to a divan, gazing out of the window she murmurs:

"O thou whom my soul loveth,
Where are thy flocks resting?
Why should I be as one veiled?
My heart is with thee where thou feedest among
the lilies."

Chorus of Women (deriding her):

"Go away, then, thou fairest among women,
And find out where thy shepherd is;
Feed thy kids beside the shepherd's tent."

Solomon enters; he approaches the maid, who makes obeisance.

"O my love, thou art like a sleek black mare,
Thy cheeks shall be comely with jewels,
Thy neck adorned with chains of gold,
These braids of hair shall be splendid with gold
and silver."

The Maid (repulsing him):

"My Beloved is a bundle of myrrh to me,
All night shall he be in my heart,
He is a cluster of henna-flowers,
His garments smell of their fragrance."

Solomon:

"Behold, thou art fair, my love,
Thou hast dove's eyes."

Maid (turning from him and stretching her arms toward the vineyard):

"Behold, Thou art fair, my Beloved;
In our bower of beauty,

Thy beams are cedars,
Thy rafters are fir."

(Turning to the King):

"I am nothing but the rose of sharon,
I am but the lily of the valley."

Solomon:

"As the lily among thorns,
So art thou among the daughters of Zion."

Maid (turning aside):

"As the apple-trees in blossom among the trees
of the wood,

So is my Beloved among the sons of Zion.
How we sat under the shadow of the tree!
How sweet the fruit to my taste!
He brought me to his vineyard,
He spread over my heart his love.

O, my heart faints for my Beloved!"

She turns to the women of the harem and cries passionately to them:

"I charge ye, Daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes and by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up nor awaken love
Until love itself fills your heart."

ACT II.

SCENE II.

The Maid's Dream.

Sleeping apartment. The Shulamite maid, awaking from sleep:

"All night I dreamed of my Beloved,
I sought him, but I found him not;
Then I dreamed I went about the streets of the
city,

The watchmen found me,
I said, 'Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?'
Then I found him.

I held him. I would not let him go."

(Sinking back): "Ah! Ah! (stretching out her arms)

"I charge ye, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes and by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up nor awaken love
Till love comes of himself to fill your heart."

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A group of people stand watching a stately procession that passes in pomp and grandeur.

First Bystander:

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness
Like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and
frankincense?"

Second Bystander:

"Behold the car of the king,
His bodyguard are threescore of the valiant of
Israel!"

Third Bystander:

"King Solomon arrays himself as a bridegroom!
He will wed the beautiful Shulamite maid,
He will give her a place among his threescore
queens."

First Bystander:

"The pillars of his bed are of silver,
The bottom of gold,
The canopies are of purple."

Second Bystander:

"Come forth, O ye Daughters of Zion,
And behold King Solomon with the crown
Wherewith his mother crowned him
In the day of his espousals."

ACT III.

SCENE II.

In the King's garden. Solomon and the Shulamite maid are seated.

Solomon:

"Behold thou art fair, my love,
Thou hast dove's eyes,
Thy hair is as a flock of goats,
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even
shorn.

Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet,
Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate.
The coins on thy neck are like the round shields
Hung on the tower of David.
Thou art all fair, my love, there is no blemish
in thee."

Maid (turning from him):

"When the day breaks and the shadows flee,
I will go to the mountain of myrrh to await my
Beloved."

Solomon (rising):

"Turn away thine eyes from me,
For they have overcome me,
Let me bring thee myrrh and crimson lilies to
waken thy love."

Solomon leaves the garden.

The rustic lover stealthily enters the garden and approaches the maid.

"Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse,
Come with me from the lion's dens,
Thou hast ravished my heart,
Thou art beauteous in thy gold chains,
The smell of thine ointment is better than all
spices,
Thy lips drop sweetness as the honeycomb,
The smell of thy garments is as the smell of
Lebanon,

Thou art pure as a sealed fountain,
Thou art a pure well of living waters,
Thou art a stream from Lebanon,
Thou art a garden enclosed."

Maid:

"Awake, O North wind, and come thou South,
Blow upon my garden that the spices thereof
may flow out."

Lover (embracing her):

"Thou art my garden, my spouse,
(kissing her) "I gather my myrrh and my spice,
I drink my wine and milk."

Solomon is seen approaching.

Maid:

"Flee from the king's wrath,
Sleep thou in the garden and wait till I come."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Afternoon in the harem. Ladies resting.

The Shulamite Maid (waking out of troubled sleep)

"I sleep, but my heart waketh,
My Beloved knocketh and I hear his voice,
'Open to me, my love, my dove, my undefiled.'
His head is filled with dew,
His locks are wet with the drops of the night:
I rose to open the door to my Beloved,
My hands dropped with myrrh,
And my fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh
Upon the handles of the locks, where his fingers
pressed.

I opened to my Beloved, but he was gone!"

(To the women):

"I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
If ye find my Beloved in the garden,
Tell him I am sick with love!"

Women:

"What is thy Beloved more than any other Be-
loved?"

Maid:

"My Beloved is white and ruddy,
A standard-bearer among ten thousand,
His hair is black as the raven,
His eyes are as the dove's in the water-brooks,
His cheeks as sweet flowers,
His lips as lilies, as sweet-smelling myrrh,
His skin is as ivory and sapphire;
Yea, he is altogether lovely!
He is my Beloved and my friend!"

Women:

"Where is thy Beloved?
We will seek him with thee."

Maid:

"My Beloved gathers lilies in the garden,
I am my Beloved's and he is mine."

Solomon (entering and approaching the maid):

"Thou art beautiful, O my love,
Thou art beautiful as Tirzah,
Comely as Jerusalem,
Terrible as an army with banners.
Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have
overcome me.
There are threescore queens and fourscore con-
cubines,
And virgins without number;
But thou my dove, my undefiled, art but one!"

First Woman (indignantly):

"Who is this maid that looketh forth as the
morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
Terrible as an army with banners?"

Maid:

"I was in the garden ere yet the sun was up,
To see the nuts, the vine, and the pomegranates;
Or ever I was aware, my soul bade me to fly.
Then did the king pass in his chariot,
Then did his attendants call,
'Return, return, O Shulamite.'
They saw in my dancing the hosts of angels that
attended Jacob."

Chorus of Women:

"Dance for us the dance that is like the angelic
host."

Solomon:

"O my love, dance again as thou didst in the
garden
Among the vines and pomegranates."

The maid dances the Dance of the Vineyard.

First Woman:

"How beautiful are thy feet, O Prince's daugh-
ter!"

Second Woman:

"The joints of thy thighs are like jewels!"

Third Woman:

"Thy skin shines as a heap of wheat!"

Fourth Woman:

"Thy neck is a tower of ivory,
Thine eyes are dark pools!"

First Woman (overcome):

"Thine head is like Carmel,
Thy locks of purple hold the king captive!"

Solomon:

"How fair, how pleasant art thou,
O love for delights!

Thy stature is like to a palm-tree.

(seizing her) "I will take hold of the boughs of the
palm-tree,

The smell of thy nose shall be as apples,

Thy breasts as clusters of the vine,

Thy mouth like the best of wine

Maid (freeing herself):

. . . . "For my Beloved!

I am my Beloved's and his desire is toward me."

ACT V.

Rustic lover and Maid in the early morning on the road.

Lover:

"Come, my Beloved, let us go into the field,
Let us go early to the vineyards,
Let us see if the tender grape appear."

Maid:

"I have laid up for thee all manner of pleasant
fruits,

O my Beloved.

O that thou wert my brother,

I would bring thee into my mother's house,

I would give thee drink of spiced wine and the
juice of the pomegranate.

O that the daughters of Jerusalem would listen
to my words,

That they stir not up nor awaken love,

Till love himself enter their hearts!

The neighbors will cry,

'Who is this that cometh from the wilderness

Leaning upon her Beloved?'"

(embracing her lover) "Set me as a seal upon thine
heart,

For love is strong as death."

Lover:

"Jealousy is cruel as the grave."

Maid:

"Love is as the lightning of Jehovah."

Lover:

"Love is as a vehement flame."

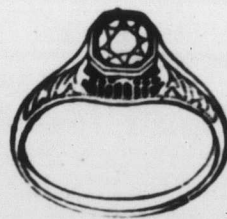
Maid (bidding her lover farewell at her mother's
door, to which they have been approaching):

"Make haste for the wedding, my Beloved!

Be thou like a roe or a young hart

Upon the mountains of spice!"

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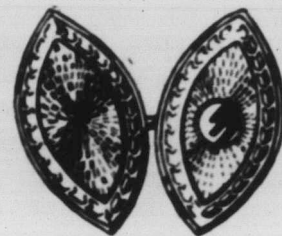
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(R. D. Cumming)

X. William and Mary

William sat down at a small table:

"I'll have plain ice cream," he said to the girl who came forward.

"Plain ice cream," she mimicked. "Yes."

The maid vanished, and in a few moments returned with the service.

As she approached, William placed a hand over his mouth and made some frantic efforts to suppress a cough that began to irritate his throat. Failing to control the eruption he gave way to a violent convulsion that shook his whole frame and seemed to come from the very roots of his vitals. He expectorated in a handkerchief which he drew from his coat pocket.

"You have a bad cold," sympathized the girl setting down the ice cream before her customer.

"Gassed," he informed her.

"Gassed!"

"Yes."

It was a word that covered the situation in a breath—in one syllable. It gave the girl immediate vision of the great war as she had pictured it in imagination; or, as she had read or heard about the horrors of it. There was that phase of the victims of gas, some of whom had perished in their tracks, while others had endured living deaths for longer or shorter periods.

William looked up at the girl as he spoke, and their eyes met for the fraction of a second.

The young lady smiled. William might have smiled in response, but he had trained his features to shun emotion of this kind, until his soul seemed barren of any of that mirth-balm which seemed to effervesce profusely from the inner springs of the young woman.

Bill nibbled at the cold ice cream and the girl retired to serve other customers. The brief conversation might have created thrills in a normal man, but it did not fizzle on William. He observed, however, in a sort of mechanical way, that the young person who had served him could boast of a beautiful wealth of dark brown hair, crowning features that were improved by the tasteful manner in which it had been dressed, and that the skin of the face lacked that rich tone usually found in healthy young girls, but that the expression was most pleasant, especially when illuminated with a smile such as she had given him.

In due course Bill found himself wandering aimlessly along a beach from which the tide had recently receded, his feet keeping pace with the stagnation of his mind. He moved slowly out towards the ebbing tide and stood at the very edge as though defying the water to touch his sadly neglected shoes.

Out in the water were mermaids, mermen, and merchildren disporting themselves in the full bloom of their natural health and vigor. Bill sneered; it was all so annoying to him. He lived here only in search of that health which he knew would not come. They had laughter, animal emotions, health, all things that made life what it should be. He had none of them. He should worry!

He ran away from it all—turned his back to it, and withdrew over the smooth,

damp sand a hundred yards or more and threw himself down high and dry with a large drift log for a head support. Here he could still see them, it was true, but he could not hear the annoying shouts of laughter.

From his position on the sand he could see the hazy, horizon hills with the masses of white cloud voluming high above their summits, and the restless swell of the ocean stretching like a rolling prairie between. All nature seemed to rejoice or rest in repose, and not one item rebelled against the general order of things save he alone.

He saw the amphibians splashing in the water and he could hear their human calls of gladness. It would have purified stagnant water, but it failed to create a single thrill in the juiceless protoplasm of which Bill was composed.

He would not permit himself to absorb even the second-hand joy as it came floating free of charge towards him.

Briefly he recalled the girl in the ice cream parlor. Did his heart rebel against the fixed purpose of his mind? Something about the girl touched a strange chord in his soul. What could it be? She had sympathized with him. Unasked she had sounded a note of pity for him in his misfortune. She may have meant more, but she had gone as far as possible under the circumstances of their present intimacy. Had he responded? No. Well, he should worry!

A group of full-blooded bathers walked past him laughing and jostling each other. At that very illogical moment he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. The bathers ceased their play, surveyed him for a second and then went on their way in silence.

The usual interpretation of their attitude pinned his heart again to the cross of his sorrow. He was to be shunned as one might shun a plague. The girl in the ice cream parlor was not one of these, however, and his soul seemed to cling to her as one might cling to a rescuer.

He rose hurriedly and began to walk rapidly towards the water's edge again as though moving about gave certain relief both to his mind and lungs. He chose a portion of the beach this time that was more or less private and stood gazing seaward like one in a trance.

Suddenly there was a patter of hurrying bare feet on the wet sand and a wild little human cry of joy behind him, and a girl dressed in a navy blue bathing suit with a rubber cap to match, flew past him and ran into the sea splashing the salt water up about her enchanting young person.

The nymph ran into the water a hundred yards or more and then plunged headlong into the ocean, where, for a few moments she was completely submerged. Anon she appeared on the surface swimming shoreward, and a few seconds later stood on the floor of the sea up to the waist coughing violently.

"She has swallowed some of the salt chuck," commented William.

The fit of coughing over, she plunged into the water again, and for half an hour or more she was half fish, half human in the antics which she performed. Bill stood like one transfixed and watched

her swimming, floating, and diving, and commented on the sportsman-like manner of her performances.

In due course the bather ran from the water in the same manner as she had entered it. She took the same course towards the shore; and, as she passed Bill, to his great surprise, he recognized the pleasant features of his friend in the ice cream parlor. The hitherto pale countenance was now rosy-red with the exercise.

The swimmer recognized him as well, for she glanced at his face for a second in passing while her lips curled in a rich smile that could not be mistaken.

Bill observed again in the same mechanical way a peculiarity about the young woman. The limbs, he thought, did not possess that plump, round fullness one would expect to find in a girl so young, and that they were streaked with dints and depressions that shouldn't have been there.

Our hero, recovering somewhat from his trance, turned on his axis immediately and watched the lithe form racing across the beach towards the dry sand. When he saw her drop on the hot ground, he followed with a fervor that he made no effort to explain.

Arriving at the spot he found the mermaid half buried in the sand and enjoying a sun bath after the dip in the ocean.

William stood before the girl, and was about to speak when she began to cough, covering her mouth with a handkerchief. In the midst of the convulsion she sprang to her feet and the sand that had covered her to the knees, flew in all directions. "What! Have you been gassed too?" inquired William, when the fit had subsided.

"Oh no, a mere cold, that's all," she explained. "Then, I think I swallowed some water the wrong way."

"Oh." And William smiled.

After a brief and awkward silence, William moved on.

The following day and the day after, and in fact every day after that, William found himself in the same ice cream parlor, at the same small table and asking the same waiter for the same service. In due course of time they became more or less fully acquainted.

He discovered that the girl's name was Mary. What her surname was he did not trouble to inquire. Someone in the shop had addressed her as Mary, and she became Mary to him and nothing more. Why worry further?

One day Mary said:

"You don't cough so much as you used to, Mr."

"My name is William," he supplied.

"The lovely weather will help some, Mr. William," she continued.

He did not correct her.

"The sea breeze, the salt water and the daily bath will work wonders. I believe you are getting better," she added when Bill did not reply.

"I don't swim," he replied.

"You should," she advised him. "It will cure you. It does me."

"No, I'm incurable. How is your own cold?"

"Oh, mine is all right. But you shouldn't talk like that," she cautioned him. "If you THINK you are well, you will BE well. That's my medicine."

"Nonsense! You can't cure a half-decayed apple with any such imaginary dope as that," he replied with stubborn pessimism.

Pressure called Mary off, and Bill watched her as she threaded her agile way among the tables with this and that service. And notwithstanding the mental and physical stagnation, there was a strange joy in his heart that he had not experienced since before the war.

Mary's "cold" didn't appear to mend, notwithstanding her own prescription, any more than William's did. And Bill noted that her complexion did not improve in color as the days and weeks went by. He began to suspect that the young lady's ailment was something that went far beyond the diagnosis of a mere cold. He became interested—even alarmed—which was unique with Bill since Armistice Day.

The girl's apparent optimism; her sweet, unconcerned smile, rare good humor and pleasing manner, seemed to give the lie to such a dismal conclusion; but then, it appeared to be the young lady's diplomacy—her religion—to maintain a cheerful exterior. This seemed to be her policy on the basis that, what the mind ignored, the body would not know.

William's "cold" apparently annoyed Mary more than her own did. She continued to introduce the subject of it to him, and to persist that he was on the road to recovery. If he would only swim!

The optimism over his health at last annoyed Bill and he became ill-tempered with the girl over it.

One bright Sunday afternoon they met on the beach by accident or by private arrangement. The tide was in and the water lapped away at their very feet as they lay chatting. The sun was hot, the sand was warm and the air was still.

"I feel so tired," said William at last.

"And I so sleepy," complained Mary.

So they stretched themselves out at full length and slept together side by side for more than an hour lulled to sleep by the gentle lullaby of the wave-song on the shore.

They woke up at about the same time in the throes of a violent lung convulsion.

When it had passed off, Mary laughed and Bill growled.

"Do you ever swear at it?" Mary inquired, mischievously.

"No, indeed," he replied, which may or may not have been the truth.

Mary's face lit up again.

"I often think of Hamlet's soliloquy, however," groaned William.

"What has that to do with it?" asked Mary, looking at him curiously.

"To be or not to be, you know," he replied, without looking at his companion.

"Oh, forget it!" exclaimed Mary, with no attempt to conceal her disgust, "We'll soon get better. We're all right. We're young yet."

"Say!" broke in the pessimist blankly, "I believe you have T. B. as badly as I have."

"Don't you ever think it," she replied, heatedly. "What makes you think so?"

"I know it."

"Nonsense. You make a mountain out of a mole hill. If I have, I will cure myself. I will laugh it out of existence. What's the use of getting the dumps?" And she burst forth into a wild peel of health-giving laughter that embarrassed Bill and attracted the attention of some bathers, who were lounging near by.

Bill began to recognize the girl's

strength as opposed to his weakness.

"The more you nurse a snake the better and quicker it will grow," she told him, after she had stopped laughing.

Bill looked at Mary more or less sheepishly. Had this fragile girl more will-power than he, a man? Had she got the matter of disease down to a science? Man that he was, William could find no weapon with which to combat the theory.

"Have you ever been in love, Mr. William?" inquired the girl breaking into a more savory subject.

"I once was," William confessed, as though mesmerized by the girl's strange power over him.

"Was it real, honest-to-goodness love and no fooling?"

"It certainly was. It broke my heart."

"What?"

"It broke my heart."

"You have been so unfortunate in all things, it seems?"

"I have."

"But your heart still beats or you could not live," she persisted with the usual nourishing food.

"Yes, it does in a kind of a way."

"Tell me all about it." Eagerly.

"No, it would be too long. Then it would recall past agony. The present is bad enough—all I can bear."

"You poor thing!" she sympathized with him wickedly.

"Yes, indeed." Seriously.

"Do you know what I would do if I were you?" Mary said after a few moments' pause.

"I don't."

"I would laugh at it—now. She wasn't worth one hair of your head."

"Mary! Miss!"

She looked at him fixedly.

"Laugh!" she commanded.

"Does a dying man laugh?" he cried out bitterly.

"Had he laughed more, he would not have died," she philosophized.

Bill studied the girl in amazement for a few seconds.

"I think you have laughing on the brain," he complimented her.

"Well, it's better than water on the brain. I'll make you laugh too," she threatened, "before I am done with you."

In silence they studied each other's features, Mary's beaming a blaze of healthy sunshine, Bill's dimly lighted with a sickly smile.

"Have you ever been in love," inquired William as an avenue of escape.

"Yes, oodles of times. I'm in love now," Mary confessed through her human warmth.

"Indeed, who is the lucky dog?" With a note of disappointment.

"Oh, that's a secret. I mustn't tell you," the girl replied with an overflow of mischief.

A new agony seemed to take possession of Bill's soul.

There was another silence interrupted only at intervals by a cough from one or the other.

"Oh, well, it really doesn't matter," Bill broke in at last interrupting the stillness.

"What doesn't matter?" smiled Mary.

"Whether we loved or not; whether we live or not. It will be all the same in one hundred years," he growled in reply.

"You don't catch me dying until I have to," said Mary, cheerily. "When I do, I'll die laughing."

"Yes, I'm sure it will kill you one day," was Bill's gloomy prophecy.

"Gee, but you're hopeless!" chided Mary. "I'm going for a swim."

She vanished from his side as an apparition might, and in about fifteen minutes returned arrayed in the little navy mermaid suit that revealed so much of her physical defects, ran past the dour pessimist with a wild little human-heart cry of glee and plunged into the ocean without any ado as to preliminary initiation.

"Gosh!" commented William. "I believe a woman looks fifty per cent. better dressed up."

William's bedroom window faced the ocean; and, when the doctor had retired, the sick man stood at this window trance-like, looking bleakly out across an appealing expanse of water.

"In five minutes it would be over," he muttered beneath his breath with diabolical contemplation.

But he changed his tactics. Instead, he left the room and went direct, magnetic-like, to the usual rendezvous.

Mary was there as usual.

"I'll have plain ice cream," he ordered. Mary smiled her usual sweetness, and brought the service.

"I'm going away," William told her when she returned.

"Going away!" And she gave a slight tremor of her body.

"Yes, to a Sanatorium to die," he added.

Mary gasped. It was an eventuality that was possible, but one from which the girl shrank as one might shrink from a rattlesnake.

"No!" she exclaimed.

"His Nobs ordered it," continued William.

"Then, say rather that you are going there to seek certain cure," Mary attempted to cheer.

"No such luck!"

Other customers demanded Mary's attention, and she disappeared to serve them.

"Good-by," said William a few moments later, extending a hand to meet her's.

"Good-by, I hope you get well," was Mary's reply.

Bill disappeared hurriedly and failed to notice the little arms reaching out a moment, timidly but impulsively, towards him as he vanished through the doorway.

"She is in love now; has been in love oodles of times," muttered William, with a strange pain tearing at his heart strings. "Who is the lucky dog?"

Streamers of artificial light poured from the numerous windows of the mountain Sanatorium when William arrived late one evening, as though the building were broadcasting pure beams of its vast knowledge and cleanliness into the outside darkness of the world.

There seemed encouragement and hope for the sick there in the silent appeal of welcome. There was health in every window, and in every room disease was being mastered by the most efficient scientific methods known to man, and through the accumulated knowledge of centuries.

Bill's bedroom window faced a wide and carefully groomed lawn which circled the building, and whose breath purified and glorified the atmosphere in the environs of the Sanatorium. On the lawn, during the day and early evenings, when the weather was friendly, groups of convalescing patients lounged or wandered about seeking that invigoration which was contained in the pure mountain air.

This lawn became William's daily rendezvous; and there he drank in the life-

giving, tissue-building oxygen, but refused to give thanks or credit to a prescription which endeavored to save him from a plague that had gripped one of the most vital of the vital organs of his body.

But Bill seemed to be one of those who was to be forever tossed about by the racquet of misfortune. A new agony arose. He was no sooner housed in the cleanly, comfortable, germless, sanitary room of the Sanatorium where disease-infection dared not enter for fear of its life, than he began to suffer the slings and arrows of separation from the little girl in the ice cream parlor at the sea-side resort. He hungered for the sound of her voice, for the ring of her merry laughter, for the smile that refused to lapse into silence or to permit a cloud. He craved for a touch of that friendship which had been handed to him on a platter to eat of it as he pleased.

The agony of the new situation undid all that was being done by the scientific courses of treatment, by the kind nurses, and by the rich ozone of the mountains.

He could not write, for he didn't even know the girl's name. A curtain of obscurity had dropped between them that might never be lifted, the fluttering light of his life being so uncertain. Was Mary's life any more certain? Might it be possible that they would never meet again on this earth? The tragedy of the thing shook William's frame from the soles of his feet up.

William derived a great deal of melancholy amusement watching the daily arrivals of patients seeking admittance to the institution, and wondering just how long it would be before this one or that one would be carried back and planted in the bone yard of the Sanatorium.

One day he was in the large main entrance when the ambulance arrived and a young lady, very pale, but cheerful looking, stepped from the vehicle. Something gripped William's heart and held it motionless for a second, then it flew off in a wild race for freedom. He stood still for a few moments as though petrified, and then dashed forward to meet the girl.

"Mary!" he almost shrieked.

"Oh, Mr. William!" cried the girl, gripping the hand that he held out to her.

It was she—Mary—Oh joy!

Oh, how he had longed for her, wished for her, craved for her; could he believe his eyes?

Tears began to well from Mary's orbs.

"You are not crying, are you," pleaded William.

"They are tears of joy," she replied, applying a handkerchief.

"But what are you doing here?" queried William.

"His Nobs ordered it," she replied, humorously.

"What! Did he send you up here to die too?" he cheered her.

"Not on your life. I came here to get health, to get well. I feel better already." She replied with the characteristic optimism.

If William did not feel better too, he certainly looked better. His cheeks glowed with a rush of blood that had hitherto been dangerously sluggish. It was the first dose of real medicine Bill had tasted in years.

Mary was hurried away to her own quarters, but the following day they met on the grounds and William introduced his sweetheart to all the familiar spots in the environments where he had spent

so many lonely hours before her arrival.

The very first day of their mutual wanderings found them in the vicinity of the well-filled cemetery—the dumping ground of the Sanatorium.

Speechless for a time they stood looking through among the tombstones reading the inscriptions here and there.

"Come away," ordered Mary. "I don't like this place."

But Bill was obstinate and stood in silence, his gaze fixed among the crosses. He seemed to have lapsed into a sort of trance with eyes riveted on the graveyard, for he made no response to the girl's entreaties.

"What is it?" she cried, catching and dragging at his arm.

But William appeared to have died standing on his feet. For a full moment he stood thus like a pillar of salt, then, suddenly, he recovered with a start.

"Oh, how you frightened me," cried Mary.

"But I had such a beautiful dream," Bill enthused, looking at her and seizing one white, soft hand. "I saw two graves and two head stones side by side. On one was chiseled the name Mary, and on the other the name William. And a creeper had wound itself around and around the stones making them as one."

"Oh, what a horrible dream!" exclaimed Mary. "Come away from here; I hate this place." And she dragged him away through among the tall trees with all the strength and force of her feeble frame back to the cheery lawn.

"You have no right to think along such lines," complained Mary, throwing herself on the grass and pulling him down beside her. "The people will think you are crazy."

"But it was so real," he persevered.

"It wasn't real; it was a lie! I won't stand it. I'm going to be boss from now on, and you will do just as I say. I am not going to die, neither are you. Don't you ever thing it. We're going to get well. If nothing else can, our love will cure us," she cried with real authority, which made William sit up and take notice.

Oh, the rich optimism of the girl against the mildewed pessimism of the man!

"Then we should marry," ventured William, "since we have so much future before us."

The girl colored, but continued to assert her authority.

"No, nothing doing until we are cured and well," she replied. "You are not good enough for me in your present condition. You must be well, healthy, vigorous; full of vim, strength, courage. You must be a real man."

"Is that right?"

Yes! it's right, and no fooling. I'm going to make you all that. I'm going to build you over again to suit myself." And she made the walls of the Sanatorium echo with the merry peals of her loud laughter. "Laugh!" she commanded.

And William laughed the first real, honest-to-goodness one he had enjoyed in years.

"You're going to be a real nice little boy and do as I tell you. See?"

Bill looked and he saw.

"You're going to cheer up," she continued. "That's my prescription, to be taken a hundred times a day before and after meals, and between meals, and well shaken before taken. Do you get me?"

Oh the glory of such a sunshine? It began to thaw the frozen tissues of

friend William, coming from Mary, as nothing before had ever done.

After that William seemed to catch the contagion. He experimented and found that a good laugh carried as much stimulant as a good meal, and gave as much pleasure.

Mary's medicine acted like magic on his constitution. It even began to benefit Mary indirectly. Bill acknowledged with surprise that he was on the highway to recovery after having taken only a few doses. Mary was right; she had won.

William actually developed the habit of singing and whistling, as well as laughing and smiling, in response to Mary's merriment. He found that it cost no more to laugh and sing than it did to grunt and groan; and besides, every time he laughed he felt better. The more he whistled the less he coughed. He discovered that his ailment was more psychological than physical after all. And after a while he stopped coughing altogether. The sallow skin of his face became rich in color.

The pink of roses began to mount on Mary's cheeks too. Bill spruced up and actually got younger every day. Rich blood gushed through their veins like purifying streams, and filtered and cleansed all stagnating tissue.

It became needless for them to speak of their love, for it beamed hourly from their lips, cheeks, eyes and actions. It was unconsciously in every word they spoke.

The day came when there was no more coughing and spitting. Love and laughter had won, and the health of the mind had conquered the disease of the body.

One day after the wedding, William asked Mary what she had meant when she said, "I'm in love now," down on the beach.

Her head fell on his breast.

"I was in love with you, stupid," she replied.

Next Story—"Vamping," another sequel to the "Fifty-fifties."

"CROWDED OUT!"

Our Own Message to

"B. C. Products" Firms

and others:

Yes, crowded out of cover position by B. C. Products firms (see cover, page two), and by the need for early closing of this December issue.

Re our recent message to Business Men, we repeat:

**"WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY
and
WE SAY WHAT WE MEAN"**

Time did not permit our visiting more than a small number of Business Houses. This is the reason why—even with several additions in the advertising section of this issue, a large number of businesses are not yet represented. Is YOUR LINE HERE? Whether or not—

If you are a "LEADER IN YOUR LINE" we invite your consideration, and EARNESTLY REQUEST a place in your 1925 advertising appropriation, even if we have to be

CROWDED IN!

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA.

A Balanced Budget.

The Hon. John Oliver and his colleagues are to be heartily congratulated upon the fact that they have laid before the House a Budget that will show a slight surplus.

Whatever might be said in criticism of the tremendous salary list the Government carries, and the possibility of greatly increasing the surplus by reducing the number of useless employees now at Victoria, the heartiest congratulations are due Dr. McLean on his first Budget, and all men, of whatever party, will gladly support the Government in its evidently serious attempt to avert financial disaster to the province.

Rum-Running.

While it is unfortunate for the persons involved, that they should suffer fines and imprisonment, or both, all right thinking Canadians will rejoice at the indictment of those Canadians and others, in British Columbia, who have been engaged in rum-running.

Those who suffer will pay only the just penalty for their greed and immorality. They reap what they have sown and may, in time, become convinced that lawful pursuits are the wisest and the safest, if not, at all times, the most lucrative.

The community will be the richer for being rid, for a time, at least, of some of its undesirables, and a law breaker is undesirable no matter what his social, political or financial standing may be, or whether he is by profession, or occupation, a lawyer, a barber, a banker, a teacher, an artisan or what not.

When we can see the lawbreakers, who abound in our own province, brought before the bar of justice and properly punished, we will have taken one step, and a long one, toward restoration of honour, honesty and clean business, social and political, conditions among ourselves. Speed the day!

The Vancouver Police Situation.

Mr. Robert G. Macpherson, as Police Commissioner, has given to the press an interview describing law enforcement conditions in Vancouver as revealed to him from confidential reports made to him as Commissioner.

In the press reports read by the writer, Mr. Macpherson made very conservative statements of the case and seemed quite anxious to avoid any improper reflections on the police force of the city.

Mayor Owen, whether moved to try and justify the present state of affairs in policedom and his administration as Mayor, or not, at once took the unnecessary step of calling a meeting for a "show-down," as he expressed it.

The "show-down" consisted in Chief Long stating he was doing his best, and Mr. Macpherson simply restating his position. A few errors in one press report were stated to be such. Apart from this unimportant fact, the "show-down" was a nullity reflecting neither credit on the Mayor's judgment nor contributing renown to his skill as a tactician.

Does Mayor Owen not consider it a farce to call a meeting to discuss what is a well known fact, viz., that law enforcement is in a very bad way in Vancouver?

It is not the intention of the writer to lay the blame of this situation wholly on the shoulders of Chief Long and his force. No fair minded man but must realize that permeating the whole situation are

elements that handicap the Vancouver police force and rob it of much of its efficiency. At the same time, it seems highly improbable that the force is not in a quite large measure to blame. Where the blame lies is not for the writer to say.

Of the major crimes in Vancouver two or three are admittedly unsolved. Several others, such as the City Hall, Capitol and one Bank hold-up, have been solved, not by the activities of the local police, but by the arrest of the wanted men in other cities for other crimes. The reported arrests and descriptions accompanying them went to identify the arrested ones with Vancouver crimes. Are the police of Vancouver to get credit for the arrest of these men? Assuredly not. Yet Chief Long points out that the majority of major crimes in Vancouver have been solved—yes, but by other forces.

Take the liquor situation. Can Mayor Owen be so ignorant of our conditions to-day as not to know that they are worse than they were in the old days of the open bar? Is there a city alderman, official, police or otherwise, who does not know this? Can Mayor Owen name any section of the business portion of Vancouver that is not alive with bootleggers of greater or lesser moment?

Why, then, this nonsensical "show-down"? Does Mayor Owen believe that any man moving around the city and at all cognizant of conditions, can be bluffed into believing himself mistaken as to what he sees and hears and knows by a City Hall love feast calculated to show that Chief Long and Mayor Owen think they are all right?

Say It With Flowers

CUT FLOWERS. FUNERAL DESIGNS. WEDDING BOUQUETS.
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Why not a surprise visit
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Ordinarily—letters. But sometimes, on a birthday or at Christmas or perhaps regularly once a month or oftener—a long-distance conversation. Congratulations mean more, greetings are richer, that way. Don't forget. Once in awhile between friends—long distance.

British Columbia Telephone Company

Chief Long, in the writer's opinion, is a good, clean, well intentioned, man. He has a hard problem to face, and requires encouragement and assistance from every good citizen. That, first, should come in a suggestion that the force he controls needs reorganization or better leadership. It is not functioning to advantage to-day. That seems unquestioned and unquestionable.

Chief Long and a reorganized police force will not do all that needs to be done. Such a factor will only show other weaknesses. Much more is required.

One thing necessary is that Mayor Owen, if re-elected, should drop this childish "show-down" business, get solidly behind Mr. Macpherson and, if he has the courage, support Mr. Macpherson to the last ditch.

Mr. Macpherson has been known to the writer many years. In politics there can be no agreement between the writer and Mr. Macpherson. That, however, does not prevent one recognizing Mr. Macpherson as an honest, candid and sincere man, who can be relied on to discharge his duty to the citizens of Vancouver faithfully. Let Mr. Owen show that he has the sense of duty and moral courage to be equally worthy of public confidence!

What About Prohibition?

Now that the Moderationists have seen something of what Government control means in police paralysis, bootlegging, hi-jacking, etc., are they prepared to admit they were—the sincere ones—grossly mistaken in the harm to which it led?

It may be that the Reverend Gentlemen, and others, who value their personal liberty and looked upon the restraint of Prohibition as crime-begetting, have discovered that the personal liberty they contended for is not the right liberty at all and is more crime-begetting than the restraint they deplored.

The writer lived for years in prohibition territory under various shades and degrees of enforcement, and knows well the devices and evasions, political schemes and what not that were and are used to render it ineffective. There is, however, and can be no question, that conditions at the worst in any prohibition territory of which the writer has any knowledge, were much better than the conditions obtaining in Vancouver at any time since prohibition was repealed here.

Even in British Columbia, where the Government, through its Attorney-General, deliberately sought to make a failure of prohibition that the revenues of Government control might be available, there can be doubt about many matters.

Under prohibition there was bootlegging in Vancouver. No real attempt was made to eliminate it. But the bootlegging of that day was child's play to what goes on to-day under the Act that we were told, by those who didn't know, would eliminate it.

The people of British Columbia were handed a system already tried and proven to be a failure under gilt covered gold bricks such as "personal liberty," "the destruction of self-respect by prohibition," "the creation of a community of law breakers" (by prohibition).

Is it not about time we, as a people, asked for the only real safeguard in the liquor question—Prohibition—and refused to be happy until we got it, not tied hand and foot by political humbuggery, but, fairly enforced by a really sympathetic Government?

Perhaps, it is too much to ask the deceived ones to admit they are sold. They may be too angry at themselves. They may not really, yet, know how matters stand, or they may be guileless enough to still look for better things than prohibition can give.

Let us hope it will not be long before we get where we never have been—but should be—under prohibition.

The Beryl G. Case.

What liquor means to a community or province is quite well illustrated by the murder of Captain Gillis and his son.

While they were engaged in an unlawful, and indefensible, practice and trade, the story of the crime is a shocking proof of what greed and liquor combined mean in moral degeneracy.

Now, that the facts are known, let there be no hesitation. Even such a spineless thing as our present administration of justice should be moved to spare neither effort nor expense in placing the five or six men guilty of this murder on the scaffold.

It may be urged that such a toll is too large to take. Not at all. Every man, who was in that incident, was there willingly. None of them prevented the act. All, apparently, knew that arms were being carried. No one has, until now, taken steps to disclose what happened. All are, therefore, equally guilty both before and after the crime. Let all suffer a like penalty, the penalty of the murder done.

Such action would not only be just, but would have a deterrent value if speedily done.

This done, some one might be inspired to go further and clear up, in part, anyway, our present unsatisfactory situation in respect to crime, especially liquor evils.

Lantern Slides For Sale

1. History of Bible, 56 Slides, with MSS. and Carrying Case.
2. Japan Slides (Colored) 36.
3. Miscellaneous Slides of India, 38.
4. New Zealand Slides, over 100, 18 coloured.

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

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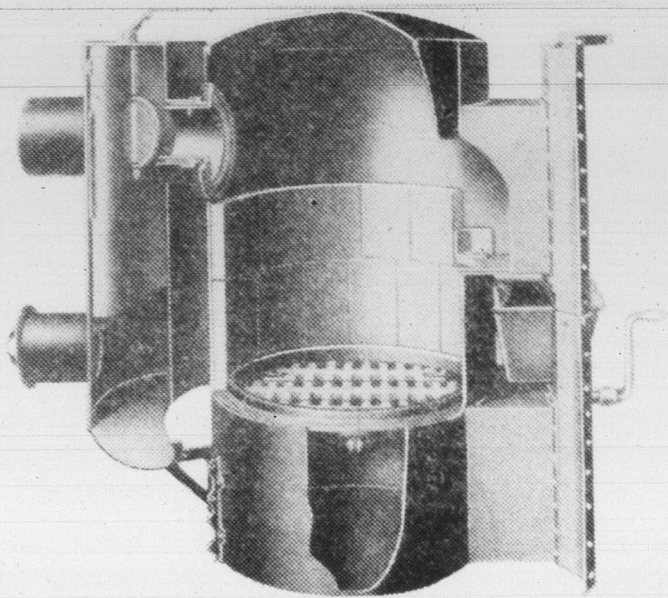
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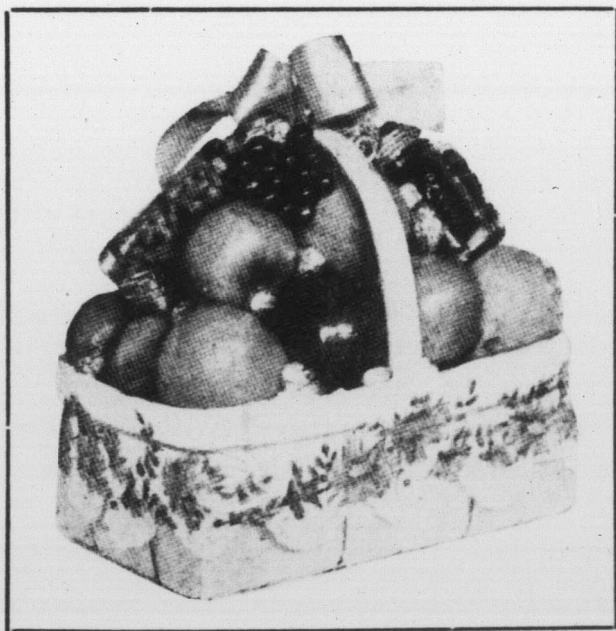


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Pass On Your Copy!

As noted elsewhere, we are seeking to expand the usefulness of this Magazine. If you appreciate its attitude towards the British Empire, Canadian and "Community" affairs; its articles on, or criticisms of, Social Educational, Literary and other questions, will you please mention it and them among your friends, and pass on your copy? Or, better still.

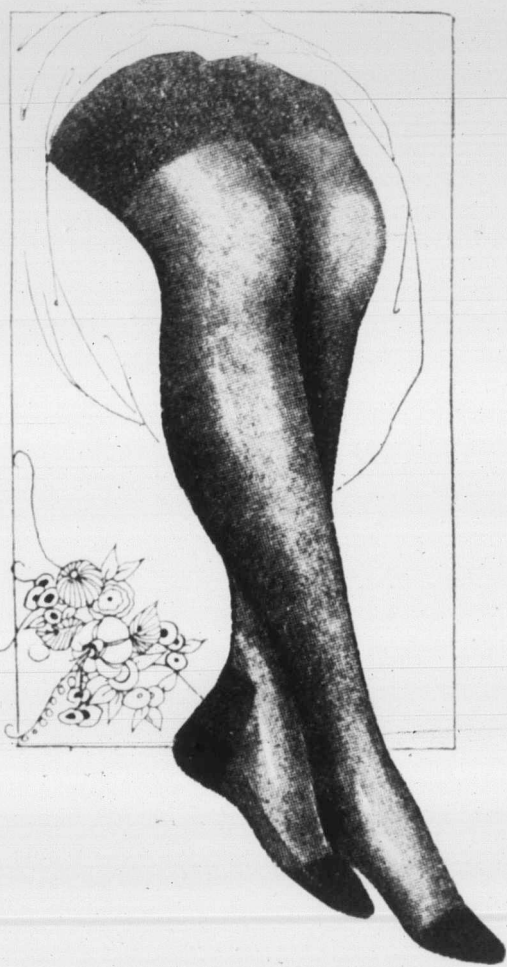
List your Friends—

in Canada, the United States, or anywhere in the British Empire. By our direct-by-mail option, you may at this time have TWELVE ISSUES MAILED FOR ONE DOLLAR. Even if you are sending other gifts, is it not well worth while to have the BRITISH COLUMBIA Monthly Magazine sent to them direct.

You do well to let your Magazine interest begin at Home, but—it need not stop there! Co-operate with us as we seek to do our bit to—

*Make British Columbia
Better Known!*

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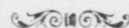
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*Subscriber—Are you an
"Asset" or a "Liability"?*

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

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

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

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

Remit your renewal to-day!