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Volume XXIII.

OCTOBER, 1924

No. 3



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VOL. XXIII.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

"ANOTHER HOLD-UP AT THE CITY HALL." "Cheque for \$25.00 enclosed; but the quotation indicates the way we feel about it. Hope Mayor Owen and the powers-that-be will devise some more reasonable treatment in this matter before another year. Yours, at-the-pistol-point." That's the form of note one citizen sent with his cheque to License Inspector Jones, at Vancouver City Hall, and no doubt many other folks felt the same way about it. If "taxation without representation" is objectionable, the imposition of License Fees—to say nothing of the increase of the minimum from \$10 to \$25—without the least regard to the size of the turnover, or the profit and loss in a business, does not say much for the sense of the "fitness of things" held by the "imposers."

* * * * *

"THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE QUIET LIFE": Does he ever get it? When we learned of his return visit to the E. P. Ranch at the other side of the Rockies, we surmised that he had again come over to get away from all the functions and formalities more or less inseparable from his position; and as on a former occasion, we would be disposed to urge that he, as "Lord Renfrew" be allowed to taste the joys of that real restfulness in the country that some humans are thankful to have, even for a week-end at a time. But no, his lively Lordship—if one may dare, with due respect, to refer to him so—could not resist the lure of the Pacific Coastland! And hence we hear he had a happy, and we trust wholesome and healthful time in Vancouver, Victoria and vicinity. . . Hence also, such a contribution in verse—referring to him—as appears on page ten ("A Modern Oenone").

* * * * *

BRITISH COLUMBIANS, naturally would be gratified if it came to "Lord Renfrew" to secure an estate of some kind at the Pacific Coast; and that apart from the fact that some of us believe this country may one day become A CENTRE of the British Empire—if not THE centre!

* * * * *

In that latter connection we venture to suggest that the numerous "Community Service" Clubs, originating for the most part in the United States, but permeating Canada too, might do some really big community service—merging into World Service—if they got behind a movement that would make for fuller co-operation between the United States and Canada—as representing the British Empire, or as we would prefer to express it, the British or English-speaking Commonwealth of Nations.

"FANTASTIC IDEA!" some may exclaim; and yet, as interchange—in ideas, in business, in friendly and social relationships—becomes more and more common with the years, we see no reason why, instead

of hinting at, much less being anxious about, any kind of absorption of Canada by her neighbor to the south—who has got a big start in population of course—there should not come about an association or combination in government that would prove for the benefit of both countries. It would be an ideal "return" on the British and Canadian "investment" of citizens in the United States if, as one sequel to their so largely reported "peaceful penetration," a generation of "Americans" should arise, who would—without any loss of dignity or independence—acknowledge once more, in more than a figurative way, connection with "the Old Homestead," or, in other words, with a family difference forgotten—resume, for larger ends of world service, the position of "daughter in the Mother's House," while remaining as much as ever, and as each "nation" within the British Commonwealth must ultimately be—"Mistress in her own."

* * * * *

The STILL-UNSOLVED CASE OF JANET K. SMITH challenges further comment. It is not merely a question of "local gossip"—which, most people understand, is often based on foolish fancies or ill-founded assumptions. The finding of the jury at the second inquest would, itself, naturally keep the public asking—who did it, and how did it happen—and when?

* * * * *

THE THEORY OF UNINTENTIONAL KILLING suggested in this column the other month was, of course, influenced by the writer's unqualified acceptance of certain evidence given at that second inquest. Assuming Janet Smith met her death that Saturday forenoon, as the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Baker—and that of the Chinese servant and others—clearly

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indicated, the possible explanations of "how it happened" were narrowed. But curious and unsatisfactory features about the evidence must have recurred to those who heard it in court. How Chief Simpson should have been so positive that Constable Green spoke to the effect that he "had seen forty odd (number given), cases of suicide and that this was the clearest,"—while Constable Green himself said he had no recollection of saying that, or altogether denied it. Then it was also noticeable that the doctor who first examined the body was obviously agitated in the witness box at that second inquest. Doctors are human like the rest of us, and the excitement of the case—and the fact that it was a second inquest—probably explained the doctor's obvious nervousness. At any rate there can be no question as to the importance of his evidence. As for the men who had been working in the vicinity and who had referred to the deceased nursemaid as "the nightingale," because of her singing, it might be easy for them—if they were in the neighborhood several days—not to remember the particular day in which they last heard her sing. (The second inquest was held weeks after the time of death.)

THE VERY SUGGESTION THAT FACTS bearing on the case have been withheld or wilfully covered up by financial considerations, is repugnant to all used to British justice. Whatever the power of money may seem to be in some criminal cases south of the line, we believe that Canadians, wherever born, would strenuously resent even the suggestion that any immunity from crime can be secured by either wealth or position.

For our part, we suggest that if the circumstances of this case—and others—threaten to baffle local detectives the chief authorities might very well ask Scotland Yard, London, to loan the Province the use of one of their most experienced men.

After all what is the use of inter-Empire connection if, in such cases, there cannot be reciprocity? Besides such action would only be in keeping with an extension of the "Metropolitan" idea.

"UNLESS YOU HAVE IDEALISM you can do nothing with a newspaper." Those words were uttered at a recent meeting of Vancouver Journalists' Institute, whereat the publishers of the three Vancouver Dailies were all present in person, and in turn acknowledged the hospitality of the Institute in speeches as varied in type as the characters represented. The new members of the "Province" management made a happy impression, the "Sun" publisher cheerfully let daylight or at least a certain form of "Sun"-light—into a few quarters, while the managing director of Vancouver's latest Daily, by his remarks, made clear that the "Star" of the West was likely to be a rising one. But the quotation opening this paragraph was not taken from the address of any publisher. The reference to idealism fell from the lips of the senior member of the journalistic profession in the west—"Diogenes," who is usually so felicitous in public speech, even if the occasion be only that of moving a vote of thanks.

IN AN AGE AND A PART OF THE EMPIRE in which—Community Service Clubs and other organizations notwithstanding—such an expression as "Its a cold-blooded business proposition" is apt to become hackneyed by use by certain types of business men, who speak and act as if the whole business of this life were to make money, it is all the more essential that

a community have in it men of vision who are not afraid to remind their fellows, in effect, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth."

HOW EASILY A MISTAKE MAY BE MADE by an association of names has been brought to our attention by a reader who noted that in the Educational Notes of last issue, "Spectator" mentioned the name "Mrs. Rounsefell" in place of "Mrs. Ceperley"—in connection with the handsome gift of Playground equipment at Second Beach, Stanley Park. We venture to take this opportunity of directing the attention of those who may scan these notes to the "Spectator's" page. "Spectator" is one of a group of experienced writers, whose sustained, practical interest in the work of this magazine is one of the things that inspire its management towards the expansion of its service. For what "Spectator" has to say on any subject is always worthy of consideration.

STILL WE MIGHT NOT AGREE with all his views re education. For instance, influenced by the comparative method, we think it is questionable if "free education" is not carried too far. Questioning is prompted, not from the standpoint of taxation, but on the oft-demonstrated ground that what most human beings secure too lightly or easily, they value—in proportion. But this is a subject for an article, rather than a note.

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A Study in Canadian Citizenship

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

Canada and the Empire.

A great deal of abstract discussion on the problem of Canada's relation to Great Britain and to the British Empire has been carried on in recent years. The difficulty, however, with abstract discussion of this kind is that, being essentially aimless, it seldom leads anywhere in practical politics. The method of controversy, especially the method of partisan controversy, is perhaps the poorest of all methods of discovering truth of any kind. For fifteen hundred years the mediaeval schoolmen carried on the most learned, abstruse discussions on some of the simplest ideas of science, and yet scientific inquiry made little or no progress in the discovery of real truth until it turned away from the method of controversy and began to adopt the method of impartial observation and study. Personally I have felt for years past that the application of straight-forward, impartial, scientific methods to the study of political problems is one of the greatest needs of our time. What with the press, the platform and Parliament, the method

of contention and abstract discourse has been carried beyond all reasonable bounds in matters of public policy. We are living in a world of words which has become more complex and mountainous than the original world of realities it was meant to mean. We have so inflated our word coinage that no profitable exchange of ideas is any longer possible. The result is necessarily almost complete confusion. What is really needed is a great deal more careful study of the real facts and a good deal less aimless talking. It is only by first looking all the facts, all the evidence, all the significant surrounding circumstances of each problem full in the face that the human mind is able to detect the real truth or falsehood of things. A careful preliminary analysis of the existing facts of Canada's relation to the Motherland, therefore, becomes necessary. Until that is done no progress is possible.

The constitutional facts, the links then, which bind Canada and the Motherland together at present are six in number, viz.: (1) the Crown, (2) the Governor-General of Canada,

(3) the Judicial Committee of the King's Privy Council, usually called the Privy Council, (4) the Power of the Imperial Parliament to make laws for the whole Empire, (5) the Provisions contained in the British North America Act, by which The King acting upon the suggestion of the Colonial Office and the advice of his Imperial ministers at London may veto or disallow laws enacted by the Federal Parliament of Canada at Ottawa and (6) The Imperial Conferences. Let us look at each of these briefly in turn.

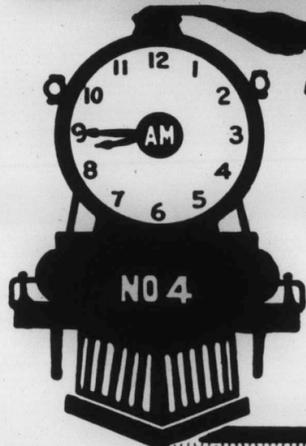
I.

The Crown.

By "The Crown" we mean constitutionally the reigning sovereign, at present King George V., acting within the ambit of his office as chief magistrate. The Crown—I am now for the moment thinking of the physical object, the ornate headgear made of gold and precious jewels—is really, as you know, like the throne and sceptre only a symbol or title the possession of which is recognized as proof or evidence of the right to occupy the office of acting chief magistrate under the monarchical system. This figure of speech, then, this fiction, once clearly kept in mind, no further confusion need arise on this point. The real question is what powers do in fact fall within the ambit of the office of chief magistrate under a limited monarchy such as ours. What personal powers has the King to make or to influence the making of laws for the peace, order and good government of the people? How far is the personal will and pleasure of the King a factor in the government of the Kingdom? The answer to this question is really only to be found in a long story of human history, science and sentiment. Only a few simple facts can be indicated or pointed out in this outline.

The constitutional history of Great Britain, then, is little more or less than the long story by which an absolute monarchy under William the Norman became an almost absolutely limited monarchy under George the Fifth. Little by little, one by one, decade after decade, century after century, usually by methods of peaceful persuasion, once and again by force of arms, the personal powers of the reigning sovereign were taken from him by charter, by law and by custom, and finally vested now in his ministers, now in his judges, now in Parliament and now in the electoral people until at the present time only a few vanishing vestiges of his once despotic power remain within his power. It is only in a very few minor matters, such as the tentative choice of a Prime Minister in a crisis, that the King now exercises any real powers of government of his own personal will and pleasure. It is for this reason that we sometimes speak of the King as a mere figurehead. This epithet, however, is scarcely accurate. It is true no doubt, on the one hand, that the King's duties are almost exclusively merely formal and signatory, but, on

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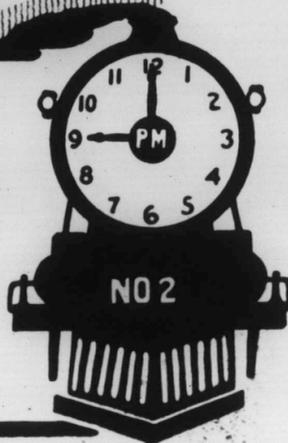
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the other he always has the right to advise and to warn his ministers and his people as his ministers and people ought in turn to respect and honour his advice and warning as they would respect and honour the advice and warning of any other person of equal experience and wisdom. It may be safely said, however, that the last vestige of arbitrary despotic kingly power has vanished under the British monarchy.

Possibly, however, the theory of principle of The Crown under British constitutional forms of government may be best explained by a scientific analogy, and this is clearly permissible since The Crown, as we all know, like any other office of state is merely a device in the science of applied government. The Crown, then, to state it briefly, is conceived as the centre of sovereign will in the body politic, just as the centre of gravity is conceived to be the centre of gravitational energy in physical bodies. Just as each atom in a physical body is endowed by nature with its modicum of gravitational energy, so each atom, each human unit, in the body politic is endowed by nature with its modicum of sovereign free-will. In order, however, that the vast mass of free human wills may be made to act in an orderly way, each in relation to its neighbour units and the whole in relation to other foreign bodies politic, it is necessary to conceive of the multitude of free units in each mass as focussed or centred at a single point. This point is The Crown. The Crown therefore is really a scientific hypothesis, a hypothetical centre of orderly action in the life of a free people. It is a curious fact indeed, which may be pointed out here, that Sir Isaac Newton published the first edition of his Principia, in which he first described the law of universal gravitational movement in the year 1688, the very year in which the Limited Monarchy became an accomplished fact in British history. So closely is our best scientific thinking and our best political thinking sometimes unconsciously associated together! In any case, this theory best explains the great outstanding difference between the Limited Monarchy and its great rival the Presidential or republican system of free government. Under the republican system, where the Chief Magistrate, the President, is elected to office by the full force of public opinion, too much real energy, some of us think, is thrown towards the centre of the body politic, so that the President is placed in a position where he may play the virtual despot during his fixed term of office, or where he may be burdened with responsibilities of state too heavy for any one man to bear. Furthermore, the Limited Hereditary Monarchy adds at least some slight element of scientific continuity and stability at the centre of the mass which is often wanting under the republican system with its constant, uncertain displacements at the centre at each recurring presidential election.

Finally, we must not altogether overlook the sentimental side of the Monarchy. Do what we will to be guided solely by pure cold reason, none of us, happily being human, can ever quite wholly refuse to recognize the claims of sentiment and fancy. Sentiment is the original source and spring of all things human. Indeed,

what we usually call our human plans and policies are, when rightly understood, only our native sentiments and instincts clothed in hopeful visions of the future our dreams made real. We can never quite escape the stories of Kings and Queens and Princes and Princesses which we learned on our grandmothers' knee. We can never quite escape from the influence of tradition and fond memory. We think in images and symbols, abstract complex ideas are usually quite beyond the wisest of us. Possibly the ornate symbolical habiliments of the Monarchy may sometimes be paraded over much in educated critical democratic communities, but their influence and significance are essential in the government of such subtle fanciful peoples as, for example, the people of India. For primitive people and for children, the citizens of the future, these forms and images are the only means we have of teaching them to think loyally at all. Even republics have their flags, and a real human person, a real king, must always be in the nature of things of much more intense human interest than a bit of cloth. It is safe to say, in any case, that the maintenance of the Monarchy is essential to the maintenance of the British Commonwealth. Clearly no President elected only by the voters of The United Kingdom would be long recognized by the voters of the self-governing dominions overseas. Let us now turn to the Monarchy in Canada.

Section 9 of the B. N. A. Act reads as follows: "The Executive Government and authority of and over Canada is hereby declared to continue and be vested in the Queen." And Section 17 reads: "There shall be one parliament for Canada consisting of the Queen, an Upper House, styled the Senate, and The House of Commons."

Notice en passant that the Governor-General is not mentioned in these sections. Indeed it is a curious fact that the office of Governor-General was not constituted by the Act. The framers of the Act seem to have assumed without question that the Governorship would continue to exist by practice in the future as it had existed by law in the past. But innocent as the section seems at first it may in the end have very far reaching results. If the section means what it says then Canada is and always has been a kingdom. By fiction of law the King is conceived to reside at Ottawa as he really resides in the flesh at Westminster. Doubtless the section was placed in the Act by the provision of Sir John MacDonal'd who, as we all know, wanted to call the Union, The Kingdom and not The Dominion of Canada. Finger prints of the incorrigible old dreamer like this are to be found everywhere in the Act. But note the consequences. Under the old colonial system Canada could not carry on diplomatic negotiations with foreign kingdoms or powers or send ambassadors or diplomatic representatives to foreign courts. But if Canada be a veritable self-contained kingdom this power is indubitable. But the matter does not end here.

We must not forget that the real King is not the King in person, but the King acting on the advice of his ministers. Now since there are two Kings, one real and the other constructive, the first at Westminster and the other at Ottawa it also follows

that he has two groups of ministers, one the Cabinet at Westminster and the other the Executive Privy Council or Cabinet at Ottawa. By which of these groups, then is His Majesty to be finally advised in case the two groups advise differently? That is the real problem. To this question I think the answer is clear, that he must in such cases be finally advised by his Imperial ministers, for he is advised primarily and originally by his Imperial ministers who reside where he really resides in person and only in a secondary or derived sense by the Ministers who reside where he merely resides by fiction of law. Obviously, however, this is a matter to be settled in each case by friendly negotiations between the two groups of ministers, and there is always abundance of room for friendly negotiation in any free, flexible system of government. It is impossible to settle all problems of policy by constitutional devices. In any case this clash between the two rival ministries seems to be the real question which came to the surface in the recent incident arising out of Pacific Halibut Treaty with the United States. The Hon. Mr. Lapointe insisted that he alone should sign the treaty on behalf of His Majesty the King advised solely by His Majesty's Canadian Ministers and Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador at Washington, insisted that he also should sign the treaty on behalf of His Majesty advised by His Majesty's Imperial Ministers. As a result of this incident—still I understand in official abeyance—and the published official statement of the recent imperial conference, it now seems clear that in future His Majesty will be advised solely and finally by his Canadian ministers on all questions, home and foreign, which chiefly affect Canada or only affect Great Britain and the other overseas dominions in a minor or remote way. If this be so, the incident referred to has certainly, whether for better or for worse I dare not say, marked a long step forward in the direction of Canadian autonomy. This brings us down to date on this question. The next office in line is

II.

The Governor-General.

Read again at this point section 9 of the B. N. A. Act cited above and ask yourselves the question what then in view of this section is the real constitutional position of the office of Governor-General of Canada. Clearly he is not a viceroy and none of the personal privileges and immunities of royalty, therefore, attach to his office. He is, apparently, the real presence of the King at the Capital of Canada where His Majesty resides as we have seen, in a spiritual sense only by fiction of law. Or less abstractly, the Governor-General is the agent, the long right arm, if you will, of His Majesty reached across the Atlantic down the St. Lawrence and up the Ottawa to perform for the King on Parliament Hill those formal and signatory duties which His Majesty would perform in person were he present in the flesh. The office of Governor-General, therefore, is purely formal and signatory and in this way the constitution of Canada has probably gone

one step further in the direction of an absolutely limited formal monarchy than the constitution of the Motherland. As a matter of fact, the Governor-Generalship is possibly the very best and latest device in the history of politics for obtaining a constitutional chief magistrate at once sufficiently competent and dignified and purely formal. A King may be an infant in arms, a President may be a despot and tyrant, but the Governor-General of Canada can be neither.

At present the Governor-General is appointed by His Majesty the King upon the advice of his Imperial ministers who in turn usually act, I am told, upon the suggestion of His Majesty's Canadian ministers. Sometimes the Canadian people are quietly consulted by mentioning two or three alternatives until one is found which meets with distinct popular approval in Canada. Curiously but significantly enough, the fourth estate, the Press, acts as the agent of communication between the King and his people in this case.

Hitherto the Governor-General has always been selected from among the number of outstanding statesmen in the British Isles. There is nothing, however, to prevent His Majesty's ministers from designating a Canadian or an Australian or any British subject living anywhere to fill the office. Possibly there may come a time in the near future when all officers representing The Crown overseas, whether within or without the British Commonwealth, and all their civil servants will be chosen from the whole Commonwealth or Empire, whichever you like to call it, and not as now from the British Isles. Personally and without wishing to prejudice the case in any person's mind, it seems to me that some distinct movement in this direction is now due. The whole commonwealth is fast becoming the paramount entity. I hesitate, however, to suggest that a Canadian should be selected for the office of Governor-General. We must not forget that this office—as I have so often said—is purely formal and signatory in character. Some colour of detachment is, therefore, essential as in the Kingly office itself. No office of chief magistrate or any purely judicial office or office of form under the British Crown can be moved ever so little by party or private sympathies of any kind, and any movement in that direction would clearly be a step in the direction of disturbing the office of Governor-General under the Canadian system.



DR. JOHN CAMPBELL, VICTORIA, B.C.

Veteran Western Canadian Churchman, who recently received the degree of D. D.

Industries of British Columbia: V. Manufacturing

By A. A. MILLEDGE, B. C. Products Bureau, Vancouver Board of Trade

Having reviewed the basic resources of British Columbia, it is now intended to deal with that industry the growth of which depends primarily and essentially on the proper development of those resources.

This province, as has been shown, occupies a position unrivalled in regard to the essentials of a great industrial area. With the exploitation of these essentials has come the establishment of manufacturing plants. First these factories which deal directly with

the raw products, and then an ever-increasing number of lesser industries.

British Columbia's expansion as an industrial province has begun only within the last few years, but the prodigious growth in manufacturing is shown by the fact that in 1910 there were 392 factories operating, with a production valued at \$19,447,778, while in 1922 there were 2,673 manufacturing plants the value of whose products was \$258,544,638. This province stands

third among the provinces of Canada in the value of production, number of plants, capital invested and variety of articles produced, as shown by the following table:

Province	No. of Plants.	Capital Invested.	Employees.	Value of Production.
Ontario	17,538	\$1,703,454,000	334,192	\$2,010,484,000
Quebec	11,518	1,030,570,000	205,107	1,120,263,000
Nova Scotia	2,440	148,194,000	28,342	163,059,000
British Columbia	2,673	224,423,000	40,892	258,545,000

The steady expansion of manufacturing which has been going on in this province during the last five years is scarcely realized by the average citizen. It conveys little to him to be told that there are 1200 manufacturing establishments in and around Vancouver until the amazing variety of articles now being made here is brought directly to his attention. It is not possible in the space available to give a detailed schedule of all these articles, but the following list is sufficient evidence on which to base the claim that British Columbia, and in particular the Lower Mainland, is an industrial centre of some importance. The following are a few of the manufactured articles turned out in British Columbia with the number of factories making them:

Automobile Bodies	19	Fish Oil	8
Boats and Launches	41	Flour	6
Boilers	20	Foundries	42
Book-Binders	13	Fruits, Canned	11
Boxes, Wooden	41	Furniture	10
Brass Foundries	14	Jams and Jellies	17
Bricks	17	Laths	32
Canvas Goods	12	Lumber	292
Castings, Iron	22	Machinery	64
Cigars	16	Paint	13
Chemicals	11	Pulp and Paper	7
Coal	16	Salmon, Canned	56
Confectionery	25	Sash and Doors	48
Creameries	27	Sheet Metal	53
Engines, Gas	14	Shingles	108
Fertilizer	16	Shipbuilding	12

That the industrial plants of British Columbia have a great bearing on the financial condition of the country is beyond doubt when it is found that they have distributed last year \$57,392,521 in wages, and purchased materials to the value of \$133,930,354. This is a valuable point which must not be overlooked when dealing with the manufacturing activities of this country.

Closely linked with the factories of British Columbia is the hydro-electric development. The industrial structure of this province depends to a great degree upon the utilization of its water power. The full extent of the resources in this direction are not definitely ascertained even now, but it is estimated that there is to be obtained more than five million horse-power, dependable for six months in the year, of which to date some 312,423 horse-power of hydro-electrical energy is developed, besides more in steam and internal combustion plants. The capital invested in central station plants alone is no less than forty million dollars, while allied electrical industries in British Columbia bring the total up to one hundred million dollars.

The influence of water power development on industrial undertaking is well illustrated by the growth of the pulp and paper industry throughout the Dominion. In 1890 Canada's exports of pulp and paper were valued at \$120,000; the value of the present production is around \$100,000,000, of which British Columbia contributes about one-seventh. How greatly hydro-electric development enters into this industry may be judged from the fact that it takes 100 horse-power to make one ton of paper per day. The future of British Columbia as a pulp and paper producing centre and the resulting

lesser industries rests very largely on the proper development of the abundant supply of water power.

As an industrial centre British Columbia has a direct and vital interest in the expansion of her own home markets and those in the prairies to the east. It is greatly to her interest that more settlers take up land and bring the millions of untilled acres under cultivation. The consequent increased population will widen the markets for her own manufactured goods, and greater production will increase the variety and volume of natural products available for the secondary processes of the factory and mill.

With the ever-widening domestic market and the vast possibilities of enormous trade with the Orient, British Columbia's industries may well look forward to better business conditions and a prosperous future.

There is no doubt that the economic foundations of the province are now resting upon bed-rock and that the continent-wide interest which is being taken in the Port of Vancouver will result in greatly increased prosperity in both commercial and industrial enterprises. A fairly accurate gauge of the economic progress of the province and the satisfactory manner in which the exploitation of her natural resources is taking place and industrial development expanding, is the list of companies incorporated for last year. No less than 254 companies with a combined capital of \$55,645,000 were incorporated.

It is interesting to note that of the capital invested in manufacturing industries in British Columbia about 59 per cent. is owned by Canadian investors, about 25 per cent. in the United States and 16 per cent. in the United Kingdom. It is hoped that British investors will recognize the great advantages to be gained by establishing plants in this province, as there is no doubt that the Western Canadian market to-day offers such possibilities that British manufacturers cannot afford to ignore it. But while the development of the latent riches of the province is constantly advocated, it cannot be expected that capital will seek industrial investment here if the citizens are not prepared to lend their support by making use of the products which follow the establishment of manufacturing plants.

Patronizing British Columbia products means nearly as much as the establishment of new industries, for it is the power that develops existing industries and attracts new ones.

While the problems facing the manufacturing industry are many and varied, the citizens of this province can help to a large extent in the work of establishing industries on a sound basis, and at the same time bring about their own prosperity by giving preference, where quality and price are equal, first to the products of British Columbia, second to those of Canada, and then to those of the British Empire. Be optimistic, and have confidence in British Columbia by helping to develop her internal trade. Then, and then only will our industries be able to expand, and the ultimate results will be reduced taxation, increased employment and consequently increased population, the key to British Columbia's future greatness.

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Educational Notes

By SPECTATOR

Under the Hon. Mr. Parr, Minister of Education in New Zealand, there is no danger of stagnation in the schools of that very interesting British community. A system of teacher exchange with other parts of the empire has been carefully planned and put into operation. An able school inspector has been sent to Great Britain to spend eighteen months in inspectorial work and investigation. Meantime Inspector N. R. McKenzie, recently returned from Canada, is officially employed in the widespread diffusion of ideas gathered in his two years' absence from home. One of his latest occupations has been the measurement of intelligence in all the secondary schools of the Dominion by means of the standardized tests in use in the United States and Canada. It is claimed that we have here the first nation-wide application of the principle. A record of the results will make interesting reading.

* * * *

There are in the United States five millions of people ten years of age or upwards who cannot read or write in any language. Under conditions such as these the great American republic is not "safe for democracy." Democracy and illiteracy cannot exist together: they are mutually destructive forces in the body politic. If, therefore, democracy finds no way of putting an end to illiteracy, illiteracy will surely undermine the foundations of democracy and ultimately destroy it. Semblance of government by an illiterate mob is anarchy but thinly disguised. In the years to come immigrants by the hundred thousand will pass into Canada. However it be with the parents, only at national peril can we neglect to educate and Canadianize every member of the rising generation, whatever be his national or racial origin. We must sedulously care for the stranger within our gates, if our own children are to be safe.

* * * *

Democracy in any community fails in so far as it does not provide equal opportunity for all. This principle is becoming apparent to many millions of thinking American people. Hence the growing demand for the establishment of a national department of education at Washington, to grapple with great educational evils such as the continued toleration of the sin of illiteracy. This movement has the warm approval of President Coolidge. Some states of the American republic are immensely wealthy; others are comparatively poor. It is the recognized duty of the strong to help the weak. Patriotic Americans are therefore looking forward to the time when Congress shall make large grants of money to assist popular education in the states least able to help themselves. Inequality of opportunity means social cleavage, simply another phase of the destructive tendency against which Lincoln waged incessant war, and which on his lips found expression in the pregnant words, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," the theme of speech after speech in the campaign which swept him into the presidency, set free millions of slaves, earned for him the crown of martyrdom, and gave him a sure place in the galaxy of the Immortals.

* * * *

From time to time the cry is heard that education is being overdone, that secondary education is engaging the attention of far too many of our boys and girls,

and that the closing of many university doors would be a distinct gain. For every teacher's position becoming vacant there are ten applicants; clergymen, forced out of the pulpit by the newer product of theological colleges, are jostling one another in eager attempts to enter other avenues of occupation; physicians and lawyers are starving for want of patients and clients; even engineers, in an undeveloped country like Canada, stand all the day idle in the market-places of labor, for no man has hired them.

There is apparently too much truth in some or all of these assertions regarding an overcrowded labor market. Nevertheless the conclusions of the critics may be wrong. Present world conditions are abnormal. We are still reaping the harvest of the Great War. We can hardly claim, as yet, that we are enjoying the blessings of peace. Economic well-being is conditioned on political well-being; and though progress in political settlement is being made, and the outlook is brightening, we have still far to go to reach the haven where we would fain be. Till that time unemployment in the ranks of professionals, skilled mechanics and unskilled laborers will be all too common.

In the second place, the surplus in some lines of labor may be more apparent than real. With better distribution the apparent surplus might disappear. From time immemorial population has gravitated from country to town. At present in some Canadian cities one might seek out scores of clergymen unemployed or engaged in purely secular labor. At the same time the fields in many a foreign land are white to the harvest. In the sparsely settled areas in our own country many a community has had no chance in years to listen to a gospel sermon. In our cities, large and small, and even in country places, educative and redemptive work could be found in plenty for the social worker. Consecrated wealth could find employment for all ministerial laborers worth their salt.

Similarly in the case of the physician. During an epidemic work may be found for every practitioner in a city; but in normal times genteel poverty is likely to be the lot of some. At the same time many unfortunates in remote places may die "without the aid of a physician." Such is the rule in those parts where the light of Christianity burns as yet but dimly.

In spite also of the terrible overcrowding of our normal schools, our educational authorities sometimes experience difficulty in finding a teacher ready to share the inconveniences and privations of pioneer life.

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It seems evident, then, that a spirit of altruism and noblesse oblige would go far towards solving the difficulty. Not that the self-sacrifice, if such it can be called, should fall on certain persons only, leaving to others the full enjoyment of the comparative ease and comfort of the city. By no means. The posts involving the greatest discomfort and hardship should be filled by the young and vigorous. After years of service many of these will merit promotion to the towns and cities, should inclination or family circumstances render the translation desirable.

In the last place, the notion that we are being over-educated arises from a widely spread misconception regarding the nature and aims of education. "Education is the development of personality." It is a training for living rather than a training for acquiring the means to live. If the latter were the true conception the name of Henry Ford would be more glorious than that of a Howard, a Wilberforce, a Nightingale, a Wesley, or perhaps even that of the carpenter of Nazareth. Character, industry and intelligence—on these three the world's progress is based. Where can these be better nourished and developed than in school and college?

But we must see to it that school and college do their duty, that in them these three cardinal qualities—character, industry, intelligence—are really nourished and developed. And there is one thing more—education must inculcate true respect for manual labor. It is not enough that the university graduate must respect manual labor in the person of his less highly schooled brother. He must learn to respect it in himself. He must be quite prepared, if need be, to earn his own living by the hardening of his palms and the sweat of his brow. It is a shame that he should stand all the day idle, waiting for a black-coated, kid-gloved position, when there is ground to be ploughed and ditches to be dug. University education is not lost on the scholar or man of science who readily reconciles himself to a lot like this. In the Golden Age of Greece the man of wealth and culture saw nothing derogatory or incongruous in his working at manual labor side by side with his slave, and at the same wages, when the work in hand tended to the betterment and glory of the state. In our day it is not the lowering of the educational standard, or the narrowing of the circle of the educationally privileged, that is needed, but a new point of view on the part of parents, educators and educated, or, rather, the bringing back of an old spirit once more into the clear light of noonday.

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The Greatest of These

By ROBERT WATSON

Manlike, we have responded to the call of it.
Perhaps we have not tasted all,
For some of the hectic draughts of life we have not
longed to touch.

Not that we've been afraid of them: not that!
But so far as living goes, they count not much.
We've sipped the brimming measure.
Travelled! I fancy so, with speed the boast!
Seized and cavorted by the thrall of it.
Found gold! Aye, and spent it!

Then fought for more.
Been the good fellow: played both guest and host,
All with a child's desire to watch the wheels
As they forever turn.

Adventure! That too!
The mountain peaks that pierce the very dome of
heaven:
Snow-shoes on the frozen barren-lands;
The hell-heat and the night-cries of the tropics:
Out on the ocean,
—Glorious as the bosom of a woman aflutter with emo-
tion—
Held in the shimmering tangle-net for long enough
To know the game.

Even Fame:
That siren jade in gaudy draperies
Who smiles, and lures with irresistible seduction
Those upon whom her sister, Wealth, makes vain
appeals.

Madly we seek this creature of bewitchment;
Catch up with her at last and clutch her garments,
To find, as others have,
That all that is of her are floating veils,
A laugh upon the wind, the strum of a guitar;
While through the scented haze,
She whom we seek still beckons from afar;
Then, by-and-bye,
Empty, with the hollow-ache after a sigh
Of a mother at the loss of her first-born.

But now we know
That all that counts
Of this weird shadow-dance and tawdry tinsel-show,
Is that lone virtue which we smother up within our-
selves,
Ashamed to own it, as a father the babe he dares not
name.

Love!
On earth, in hades and in heaven above,
There is nought else of any moment.

Love—of what? It matters not.
A good woman! Aye, or for one who may not be so
good.

Love—that brings the children running with welcome
cry:

Love for the mongrel cur upon the roadway,
If merely that he may enjoy the glow that emanates
As we go by.

Love for a brother man,
Fated as we, to grope along a path he did not choose,
Uncertain whence he travelled; where he may go;
Hoping his upward course may be less arduous than
the way he came;

Yet fearful as he mounts;
Love for that comrade worse equipped than we
To glimpse the vision of Eternity.
A helping hand, a word of cheer, a smile upon the way;
The long-remembered touch of fellow-sympathy.
The life-work of the faultless Nazarene.

Love—upon which both earth and heaven depend:
Love—the Eternal Fount;
All else, the wormwood and the gall:
Love! Love is all.

Verse by Western Canadian Writers

First Place in a Vancouver Poetry Club Competition

The "Vancouver Poetry Club" held a contest for unsigned poems to be submitted to the vote. The following poem by Mrs. Alice M. Winlow won the highest number of votes and received the prize, which was a beautiful water-color of "The Lions," the work of Miss M. P. Judge.

RECONCILIATION

(By Alice M. Winlow.)

O give me one white sea-gull on the wing,
The slender silver moon,
One red rose dew-impearled,
And I will leave the world
Asking no further boon
To light the grave with beauty's blossoming.

The sea-gull on her snow-curved wing shall hold
The opal light of dawn,
The silver light of eve,
And soaring aloft shall cleave
A pathway where have gone
The songs of earth, a company of gold.

The slender moon, a silken curving thread,
Shall loop my robe with light
And tender amethyst,
And for my sake I wist
Make delicately bright
The beauties of earth's twilight when I'm dead.

The crimson of the rose shall heal my heart.
Her cool deliciousness
Shall fill with fragrant breath
The shadowy aisles of death,
And petalled loveliness
Shall fold two hearts in one that were apart.

THE MOTHER

(By Gordon Stace Smith, Creston, B. C.)

Long since she left the Old Land for this place;
Here on the Frontier she has spent her years,
Seeing the bleak, blazed trail, with tiresome pace,
Change to this road that now so smooth appears.
And she can point where the first school house stood,
Built in the Bee-days by swart pioneers.

Well she remembers, in young womanhood,
How, with the One who was her world and all,
They found the Homestead in the solitude.

Remembers too the clearing—very small
At first, but soon a sunny patch of cheer—
And the log house beside the river fall.

And then the children came, with voices clear
Filling with mirth the house and the homestead—
Of all her life the gladdest time was here!—

Privations passed unnoted, unspied,
And life too, even in this wilderness,
The same as in the whole world far and wide.

Changes advance, like evolution does,
So unperceived! At first a scattered few
Then slowly from the out-world came the mass,

Bringing their alien creeds and customs too—
Utopia is discovered and destroyed
And the great days into the Past withdrew!

Her memory teems of freedom once enjoyed:—
"In the auld days, at scarce twa steps frae hame,
"The wild deer wi' the kine unstartled toyed;

"Wi' unco bags o' fish an' handsome game
"Jack held the muckle table weel supplied—
"Afore the cities an' the railroads came.

"An' in the evenin' he wad point wi' pride
"To pelts o' cougar, elk an' bear he slayed,
"That carpeted the floor o' the hearth-side—

"Whereon the halefu' weans sae romp'd an' played—"
The children now are men and women grown,
And the great hunter to his rest is laid.

She seems a sainted spirit left alone
Musing on how her busy life has rushed,
And almost fearful of our modern tone—
(For many old conventions we have crushed!)

With wild flowers and sweet thoughts she daily pays
Her homage to the grave where he is hushed:
Half happy there she sits alone and prays,
And dreams—I fancy—of the bygone days.

*MARBLE CANYON

(By Adrian C. Thrupp, Kamloops, B. C.)

There is a canyon on the way to Lillooet,
A wondrous work in marble—and its base is set
In iridescent blue-green waters deep,
E'er mirroring the mighty ramparts steep;
Our way, a road beribboning the base, we ply,
Above, an amber pinnacle against the sky,
Call'd Scarborough Castle—and a gory stain,
Where, saith tradition, many men were slain
In battle long ago. And opposite
The Devil's Pulpit—poorly named, for it
Pan's Pleasance really is, where he may play
His pipes and dance with Love the livelong day!
And serried ranks of trees close in below
But scatter as they climb the slopes as though
They were an army charging to the crest—
The cliffs and crags where maybe eagles nest,
Ave flecked with tiny specks of sombre green,
The daring trees that gnarled and torn are seen
Triumphant and serene, they've won the race,
And they alone have gain'd the hardest place!

When did a frozen river carve this mammoth chasm?
Or was it cleft by an aeonian spasm
As ragéd when the continents were changed?
But when the mightiest works of man are ranged
Beside these wonders, they are but a breath—
A little flurry on the winds of time—then death
Does overtake the form that man has built in vain—
The Life? It travails on through endless joys and pain.

*"Interest will all the more be taken in Marble Canyon when the Fraser Canyon highway is put through, for then it will be accessible to Vancouver."

THE INDIAN FIRE-WEED

(By M. E. Colman, Vancouver, B. C.)

Where all the land is desolate,
Where tortured trees lie black and dead,
In fields whence glory long has fled,
There Beauty reigns, unconquered yet.

For there the Indian Fire-Weed blooms,
Its petals wrought of amethyst,
All flushed with rosy morning mist,
And lightly poised as though for flight.

Thou Poet-flower—rapt, bemused,
I gaze into thy jewelled heart,
Thou Slave of Truth, here set apart
To conquer Death with Beauty's sword.

THE SPINNER

(By Bertha Lewis, Vancouver, B. C.)

Spinner of my fate am I
A silver bobbin in my hand.
Shall I heedless let it fall
And knot the threads about my feet,
Or shall I toss it up, and up,
Make the most of what's to be?
Each moment I'll unwind the thread,
Slowly when the day is sad
And little drops of water run
Grayly down the window pane,
Or swiftly when the sunbeams flare
I'll whirl the colored threads about
Until my heart is snared in joy,
And all my soul runs forth to glean
The shreds of happiness I missed
But yesterday.

A MODERN OENONE

(After a visit of Lord Renfrew to the shores of Lake Erie)

By Virginia MacDonald Cummings, Fernie, B. C.

(With Acknowledgments to Tennyson)

O mother Erie, many-caverned Erie,
Dear mother Erie hearken ere I die.
To thy surf-beaten shore one summer day
There came Britain's Ulysses. At his step,
I felt the whole earth vibrate, with a strange
New bliss. And golden-soft, from every side,
There glowed a brighter radiance on the world,
Gilding the noon-day sun. All nature then
Put on her gladdest garb of green and gold.
The blue waves danced with joy. It was as if,
Through all the countless aeons of her growth
Earth had but tended toward this perfect hour.

The young god stood full conscious of his power.
His locks' clung on his brow like shawdowed woods
Curling against a crystal twilight sky.
Like stars of midnight glowed the eyes that viewed
Earth's broad expanse—his realm and heritage—
Bowing in adulation.

O sunny Erie, hear me, ere I die.
He took my hand in his, and as we passed,
The little birds perched timidly near him,
And sang as they had never sung before.
But when he noticed not and went his way,
I alone heard a low, dazed, plaintive cry,
As if the new joy that had come—and gone,
Had robbed them of their former sweet content,
And left nothing in life worth living for,
Save straining for an echo's faint "Good-bye."

Oh restless Erie, hearken ere I die.
The very flowers loved him. In his path
They opened in more full perfection,
And lifted their fond faces up to him,
And offered like incense, their sweet perfume.
But when he passed—it was as if the strong
Bright light to which they turned being withdrawn,
Their former day seemed only chilly dark.
I saw them sadly droop their heads and die.
He heeded not. And now a gentle breeze
Had come, and cooling in its tender voice
Twined filmy fingers round and round his neck,
And softly kissed his brow. From far behind,
I heard it shriek and wail in wild despair,
For he had laughed, and waved a gay "Good-bye."

Great patient Erie, hear me—for I die,
Ere for my little playmates I could grieve,

He looked into my eyes and smiled. My soul
Awoke as from long slumber. I could feel
It grow—in that brief moment, ages long—
Expand, leaping from point to higher point
Of consciousness, till it attained undreamed
And most divine fulfillment. I was filled
With purest ecstasy, I knew not why.
And then as if to show me all his power,
He stood upon thy verge. Thy broad breast heaved
With one convulsive quiver, and from out
The farthest horizon each little wave,
With maddened feet came scrambling past his fellow
And fought to be the first to kiss his feet.
He hung above the foamy, fawning wave,
He clung upon the sheer and white-faced cliff
Charming the very laws of nature, so
They would not function lest they do him harm.
Exulting in his power, the young god raised
His eyes to mine and smiled. My wavering soul
As had the birds, the flowers, the dotting pines
And mighty lake, in sweet submission bowed.

One tranced moment—then our prince was gone—
A sudden darkness sunk upon the land;
A moaning wail rose from the restless pines;
Heart broken sobbing grieved the fettered lake;
For every echoing cave clung to his words
"Farewell! We'll meet no more! No more! No more!"

Sad, lonely Erie, hearken, for I die.
My fate is fixed and there is no reprieve.
Nor would I ask it, for my span is o'er.
For some the complete life takes years and years,
Some see it worked out in one swift, sweet hour.
'Tis but for brief the ivy lives to pine
For its lost oak in whom was all its strength.
But for one moment, ere it droops in death,
The flower of a day, to whom the sun
Is life itself, yearns passionately toward
The parting rays, that kiss so tenderly,
The while they say "Farewell! We'll meet no more!"

Weak as the ivy, stricken as the flower,
Dear mother Erie, take my life to thee.
I long to seek the unknown horizon
Upon thy kindly breast. I yearn to sink—
Sink ever down in thy heaven-cradling blue,
And feel its formless form encompass me.
For, always do I hear the hills, the shore,
Re-echoing, "Farewell! We'll meet no more."

The September Exhibit of the Vancouver Sketch Club

By BERTHA LEWIS

True Art is an explanation of Life through beauty. The real artist maintains a splendid ideal, and it is the spirit of this ideal that makes his work live. The artist, of all men, is sensitive and responsive; for he is forever receiving from life, and giving back to life. He needs an atmosphere of love and understanding that he may unfold and give to the world his highest concept of Spiritual Beauty. And so it is that we should encourage originality in Art. We do not want the painter to paint only that which we can see for ourselves; we want him to paint that which we sense, and long for, but have not yet attained. The sympathetic attitude toward all those who are trying to express themselves through art forms, is the atmosphere in which original thought will blossom.

The Vancouver Sketch Club has this atmosphere of sympathy and encouragement, and a study of the pictures exhibited there monthly, shows us the blossoms which it is nurturing.

The names of the artists showing pictures and sketches at the latest exhibit are as follows:

- | Artist. | Subject. | Medium. |
|----------------------------|--|-----------------------|
| 1. Mr. T. Fripp, | "The Glacier, D'Arcy." | \$125.00. Watercolor. |
| 2. Mr. S. Tytler, | "On the Edge of Burnaby Lake." | \$15.00. Oil. |
| 3. Mr. S. Tytler, | "Upper Mouth of Capilano Canyon." | \$15.00. Oil. |
| 4. Mr. S. Tytler, | "Old Bridge, Douglas Road." | \$15.00. Oil. |
| 5. Mrs. D. Downie, | "A Sketch." | Watercolor. |
| 6. Mrs. F. Naw, | "Franklin Road, Huronville, Tasmania," | Oil. |
| 7. Mrs. F. Naw, | Mount Black, Tasmania." | Watercolor. |
| 8. Mrs. F. Naw, | "Sleeping Beauty, Howe Valley, Tasmania." | Watercolor. |
| 9. Mrs. F. Naw, | "The Sheoak Tree, Tasmania." | Watercolor. |
| 10. Miss M. Sherman, | "Low Tide, Savary." | Watercolor. |
| 11. Miss M. Sherman, | "Ireen's Point Rocks." | Watercolor. |
| 12. Mrs. S. Frame, | "Landscape." | Oil. |
| 13. Mrs. S. Frame, | "The Cottage." | Oil. |
| 14. Mrs. F. B. Lewis, | "Vista in Stanley Park." | Watercolor. |
| 15. Mrs. F. B. Lewis, | "Fishing" (copy). | Oil. |
| 16. Mr. R. Leslie, | "Evening on the Lake." | \$15.00. Watercolor. |
| 17. Mr. R. Leslie, | "The Lions." | Watercolor. |
| 18. Mrs. F. Naw, | "Mt. Wellington Road, Hobart, Tasmania." | Oil. |
| 19. Miss L. Arnold, | "Chilliwack River Road." | Watercolor. |
| 20. Mrs. F. J. Winlow, | "Marigolds." | Watercolor. |
| 21. Mrs. M. Pollock, | "June." | Watercolor. |
| 22. Miss M. Wake, | "Shack, Savary Island." | Oil. |
| 23. Miss M. Wake, | "Marine." | Oil. |
| 24. Mrs. G. Gilpin, | "Capilano in Flood." | Watercolor. |
| 25. Mrs. G. Gilpin, | "View from Chuckanut Drive," | Watercolor. |
| 26. Mrs. G. Gilpin, | "Study from Life." | Watercolor. |
| 27. Mrs. G. Gilpin, | "Quick Sketch." | Watercolor. |
| 28. Miss J. Beldon, | "Near Caulfeilds." | Watercolor. |
| 29. Mrs. A. McKenna, | "Barnet." | Watercolor. |
| 30. Mr. J. W. Laing, | "Naples." | Watercolor. |
| 31. Mr. J. W. Laing, | "Landscape." | Watercolor. |
| 32. Miss D. Thompson, | "Portrait of Mr. J. L. Thompson." | Oil. |
| 33. Mrs. B. G. Hartley, | "Beech Trees." | \$75.00. Watercolor. |
| 34. Mrs. B. G. Hartley, | "A Rainy Morning." | \$15.00. Watercolor. |
| 35. Mrs. B. G. Hartley, | "Primroses." | \$10.00. Watercolor. |
| 36. Mrs. B. G. Hartley, | "Herbaceous Borders." | \$8.00. Watercolor. |
| 37. Mrs. B. G. Hartley, | "An Old Garden." | Watercolor. |
| 38. Mrs. B. G. Hartley, | "Alta Lake." | Watercolor. |
| 39. Mrs. B. G. Hartley, | "Green Lake." | \$10.00. Watercolor. |
| 40. Mrs. B. G. Hartley, | "The Fall at Green Lake." | \$10.00. Watercolor. |
| 41. Mrs. B. G. Hartley, | Worked Panel, Embroidery. | |
| 42-43. Mrs. B. G. Hartley, | Handmade Lampshade, Turkey Rugs, Handmade. | |
| 44. Mr. J. Scott, | "Portrait from Life." | Watercolor. |
| 45. Mr. J. Scott, | "Still Life." | Watercolor. |
| 46. Mr. J. Scott, | "Portrait from Life." | Pencil. |
| 47. Miss M. Wrigley, | "Autumn." | Watercolor. |
| 48. Mrs. A. J. Kayll, | "Beach Drive, Victoria." | Watercolor. |
| 49. Mrs. A. J. Kyall, | "Deep Cove, V.I." | Watercolor. |
| 50. Miss M. Conran, | "Off Willows Beach, Victoria." | Watercolor. |
| 51. Miss M. Conran, | "Sleeping Beauty, Vancouver." | Watercolor. |
| 52. Miss M. Conran, | "Cardero Channel, B. C." | Watercolor. |
| 53. Mrs. F. Schooley, | "Landscape." | Oil. |
| 54. Miss W. Rose, | "Church at Sechelt." | Watercolor. |
| 55. Miss G. Hope, | "Vanderbilt Island, Sproat Lake." | Watercolor. |
| 56. Mrs. G. B. Gordon, | "The Waterfall." | Watercolor. |
| 57. Mrs. G. B. Gordon, | "Flower Study." | Watercolor. |
| 58. Mr. G. H. Rawson, | "Lynn Creek." | Oil. |
| 59. Miss K. Grady, | "Study of a Head." | Watercolor. |
| 60. Miss K. Grady, | "Scene in Egypt." | Watercolor. |
| 61. Mrs. G. B. Jones, | "In California." | Watercolor. |
| 62. Mrs. G. B. Jones, | "Still Life." | Oil. |
| 63. Mrs. A. J. Wattie, | "Flower Study." | Watercolor. |
| 64. Mrs. E. Imrie, | "August in Ontario." | Oil. |
| 65. Mrs. E. Imrie, | "Mists on the Marshland." | Oil. |
| 66. Mrs. F. Cox, | "The Lost Lagoon." | Watercolor. |
| 67. Mrs. F. Cox, | "St. Bernard." | Watercolor. |
| 68. Mrs. F. Cox, | "Blue Fox." | Watercolor. |
| 69. Mr. G. Thorn, | "Indian Head." | Tempera. |
| 70. Mr. A. M. Reed, | "Brockton Point Lighthouse." | Watercolor. |
| 71. Mrs. H. Bissett, | "Kerrisdale Bungalow." | Watercolor. |
| 72. Mrs. H. Bissett, | "Boats, Coal Harbour." | Watercolor. |
| 73. Mrs. H. Bissett, | "Playgrounds." | Watercolor. |
| 74. Mrs. H. Bissett, | "Cottages, English Bay." | Watercolor. |
| 75. Miss A. Olander, | "Landscape." | Watercolor. |
| 76. Mrs. H. Baron, | "Sea Beach." | \$10.00. Oil. |

77. Mrs. J. S. Rankin, "Ships in Harbour." Watercolor.
78. Mrs. J. S. Rankin, "The 'Amoy.'" Watercolor.
79. Mrs. H. Bissett, "Study from Life." Oil.
80. Mrs. W. Winning, "Violets." Pastel.
81. Mrs. W. Winning, "Harvest Moon." Pastel.
82. Mrs. W. Winning, "Autumn." Pastel.
83. Mrs. A. McC. Creery, "Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria." Pastel.
84. 84a, 84b, 84c. Mrs. Hartley, "Floral Studies." Watercolor.

Radio

(By Tykler Koyle)

Radiophans are advised to get their sets in good working order for the international broadcasting tests, which are to take place between November 24th and 30th inclusive, when most broadcasting stations throughout the continent have signified their intention to take part in the transmission tests, with the co-operation of the British Broadcasting Co. The majority of stations will remain silent certain hours during this period, and owners of comparatively small tube sets may have an opportunity of listening to concerts broadcasted from England. The English fans in their turn may listen in to special programmes broadcast for them from America. A similar test was made last year, but much better results are expected this year owing to improved apparatus being used both for sending and receiving. Look out for full information as to times, wave lengths, etc., in the local daily papers.

* * * * *

Railways companies all over the world are using radio to an ever-increasing extent. The Canadian National Railways have sixteen observation cars equipped with radio receiving apparatus for the benefit of passengers. The C. N. R. also have broadcasting stations from which regular programmes are given.

Express trains in England have been fitted with receiving and transmitting radio equipment which has been successfully operated even when the trains were travelling at a speed of over a mile a minute.

In Germany, trains are fitted with instruments which can be used for the transmission of wireless telegraphy or the reception of radio broadcasting programmes.

* * * * *

Several broadcasting stations in the States and Station CKY, Winnipeg, Canada, are asking their listeners in public to decide as to which of the two artificial languages, Ilo or Esperanto, is to be "the" international language. Station CKY broadcasts lessons in both Ilo and Esperanto, as well as English and French.

* * * * *

F. C. Mortimer (in the New York "Times"), says: "It has been noted as a curious fact that several minutes before more than a small part of the enormous crowd at Epsom Downs knew the name of the Derby winner, it had become old news to many people in such far away lands as India, South Africa, and South America. That, of course, was one of radios many miracles, for it took only a fraction of a second for the mysterious vibrations to reach the other side of the world. . . . Anybody could survive waiting a few minutes for the winner's name, and the episode may be taken as illustrating anew that fact that in respect

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to most of the material broadcast by the new device, of interest lies in its manner of transmission."

At a fashionable Long Island party recently, radio was brought into play and station CKAC, Montreal was tuned in. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was attending this party and was surprised and delighted to hear J. C. Smith's orchestra, to whose music he had had the pleasure of dancing on his previous visit to Canada. It was immediately decided that the Smith orchestra be summoned, and the Orchestra was sent for and attended a lawn party given in honor of the Prince by Mrs. Ambrose Clarke at her Westbury, Long Island residence.

Station CKAC is one of the most powerful stations in the world and has a total power of 7,500 watts now

in use, and, according to one writer, has been heard in Alaska, Denmark, France, England, and other European lands.

A famous singer writes:

"I am consumed with a great aspiration. Some day one voice will sing to the world. I want, above all things, that that voice shall be mine. I pray that when that day comes I may not have grown too old to sing a song which shall be heard in the back-blocks of Australia on the lonely sheep runs of New Zealand."

With these writers, geography does not appear to be a favorite subject like unto a friend of the writers whose only claim to a knowledge of geography is that he remembers the map of Italy is in the shape of a gum boot.

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

NOTE: Because we believe in giving regular contributors to this magazine the fullest freedom of expression, we pass, with other notes for this issue "The Wayside Philosopher's" reference to the Peace River Country. But this is a case in which we think that, while there is something to be said for his line of reasoning, his conclusions may be questioned.

(Editor, B.C.M.)

AN ALTERNATIVE ROUTE TO VANCOUVER

The Pacific Highway has now been completed and in operation, as far as its British Columbia section is concerned, several months. It has been greatly used during that time. Holidays and special occasions have found it overcrowded, with consequent long delays at the border.

It must be apparent that, with the natural increase in traffic and the dependence of Pacific Highway transportation on the New Westminster Bridge, subject, as all bridges are, to delays, accidents, etc., a further route must be furnished North-bound Motor Traffic if Vancouver is to get its share of this variety of tourist travel.

Why delay till accident at the bridge, or fire in New Westminster, blocks traffic to recognize the need of an alternative route? Why not provide one which would, also, be of use in opening up a further section of our hinterland to the blessings of a paved highway?

Suppose the B. C. Provincial Government paved a road which, crossing the border from Lynden, followed the Brown and Sperling Roads, say, to Fort Langley, a bridge to Haney on the North side of the Fraser and then the Dewdney Trunk Road through Port Moody and Barnet? Would that not give the desired route?

This road would have no city on its side to add to the risk of congestion. Its one weakness would be the bridge. Langley District would have a new and valuable outlet and Vancouver and Langley gain accordingly.

THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY

Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King has spoken! He has decreed that the Peace River Country shall receive "adequate transportation" whatever that may mean. He likens the results to flow from this blessing to the results that followed Sifton's policy in the Northwest and the more remote opening of the Northwest when the writer was a boy. This is picturesque and striking, if nothing more.

In the earlier days when the Northwest was opened, Government and C.P.R. waged a vigorous campaign of education. The quality of the land available, the promise of substantial rewards to the practical farmer, then possible, under the existing economic conditions, attracted men. Eastern Canada, the United States and Europe contributed their quotas to the tide of new settlers rushing westward and Canada reaped a lasting benefit.

Later, Sifton, one of the three, or four, men who really knew Western Canada, took advantage of good conditions in Canada to bring to the Northwest farmer settlers from certain parts of Europe. Knowing his land; knowing the advantages he offered his immigrants, he used his knowledge to advantage. When the history of Western Canada is finally written, his wisdom comprehended, his faults little remembered or forgotten with the passage of time, Sifton will stand with Dr. Robertson, MacDougall and one or two others who can well be called "the fathers of the Canadian Northwest."

The situation to-day is much altered. The Peace River country may be rich, indeed, but, granted this, what of the price to be paid to make it available to settlers? What of the cost of providing these settlers with the needful comforts and conveniences of modern life? Is it worth while?

It is primarily agricultural lands. To the farmer we must look for its development. What will be the compelling urge? In what section of Canada, to-day, is farming so remunerative that its votaries would welcome a chance to farm elsewhere? Not in B. C. certainly!

Take dairy farming in B. C., at present, 146 dairy farms, touched by the U. B. C. agricultural work are reported as making one half of 1 per cent. profit in 1923, with the expectation of "doing something better," "a slightly better percentage" in 1924. 300 of the better general and fruit farms tell a similar story. Add to these the hundreds of less fortunate ones, who have lost from some part to all, and B. C.'s quota to the Peace River can be described as consisting of speculators in oil, get-rich-quick schemers, tin-horn gamblers, broken business men, and the other poorer elements of the Yukon trail hunters of 1898. With these, of course, will go the political henchmen and place hunters.

The prairie shows no more hopeful promise. With schools closed in many districts because the farmers cannot pay their taxes; with loan companies, etc., withdrawing from Alberta and elsewhere because loans

to farmers are too risky; picture the wild delight of the farmer in the Northwest at the new opening. How uncontrollably impatient he will be to enter the new Paradise, there to weary heart and soul and physical being in an unequal struggle against adverse conditions, pioneering and waiting, waiting, waiting, for Canadian development to bring him relief.

Nor can we hope for any more enthusiasm from the farmers, or would-be farmers, of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

Whence then, will the new settlers come? From the British Isles and Europe? Will they be men who know the conditions and requirements, or men who have to learn them by bitter experience? Will they be homogenous or a mixed horde of foreigners with no common ideals and owning no common tie save that of location? Will their advent mean a prosperous developing country, or a pitiable fight of willing men and women against irksome conditions, marked, from time to time, by the surrender of those unable to hold out longer, who lose all to the advantage of the later comer who may, or may not, end in profiting by his bargain.

Let us keep the Peace River Country in reserve and settle our vacant land contiguous to growing urban markets. Give our farmers, now breaking with the unequal conflict, good roads, conveniences, comforts, accessibility and save our nation the waste, losses, burdens and disappointment of opening and organizing the Peace River country and at the same time save the proposed settlers many heartbreaks.

THE VANCOUVER CLEANUP

Just now the City of Vancouver is seeing an apparent renewal of an old political game. A "clean-up" of the City has been ordered. The Mayor is reported, in the press, as having gone in person into Chinatown to see that it is made properly law-obedient.

Two phases of the situation are well worn accompaniments of similar enterprises. First, an extravagant zeal, following a long period of lethargy, supineness and indifference. Second, the principal energy of the movement is directed against the Chinese.

For eight months we have had the usual, sleepy, monotony of ordinary routine at the Police Commission; the same usual lack of perception of crime conditions in the City; the same paltry efforts to "bluff" the average citizen into thinking that our laws are being enforced. Everyone, apparently, happy except the poor bootlegger, or dopester, who had to be punished to show that efforts to suppress crime were being made.

Now all is changed. A moral crusade is on. Vancouver must be clean! Do you doubt it? Ask the Mayor! With all the emphasis of a prospective candidate, seeking reelection and feeling that he must make a good showing here, or be beaten, he will assure you "Yes, sir! Vancouver must be clean."

And, with the worldly wisdom that has guided Police Commissioners for years past in Vancouver, the drive is against that section of the community most easily got atable, least defensible—the Chinese.

May we not ask the Vancouver Police Commission a few questions. First! Why the sudden activity? Why this new-born zeal for purity, law enforcement, and civic virtue? What new element of outstanding peril to our moral well being has, lately, entered our civic life?

Secondly, how many of the people of Vancouver does the Commission expect to hoodwink into believing

that any real, true, betterment will be achieved, or is, really, intended? Does the Commission, really, believe that any great percentage of the people in Vancouver have any confidence in, either, their intentions, or their ability to enforce our laws? If they do, self-deception is much easier with the Commissioners than it is with the man on the street.

Thirdly, why drive on the Chinese? Does it not look cowardly to hit where the least resistance is assured? Even here, are they sincere or has the really dangerous Chinese operator been warned that civic lightning might hit? Even this, will, doubtless, be suspected by those, who will see, in this latest move, only a political dodge.

Again, are the Chinese so bad that they, only, should suffer? No doubt they contribute, in certain degree, to our local crime. Taking them as a whole, however, and remembering how many hundreds we have here, without wives, family ties, home interests, are they not to be credited greatly with real virtue that their contribution to our criminal life is so small?

Again! what of the crime and lawbreaking outside of our Chinese section? Is our bootlegging so confined in its scope that an occasional arrest, accompanied by the seizure of a few dozen bottles of beer, constitutes a clean up?

Will the Police Commission point out one law that they have had uniformly, and rigidly enforced since January 1st, 1924?

Does the Police Commission of Vancouver deceive itself into thinking that conditions of law enforcement in Vancouver are as good—to say nothing of being better—as they were when the Commissioners took office in January last?

Is the Commission satisfied that our Police Force is properly constituted as it stands? Are the Commissioners convinced that it is an efficient crime-preventing, crime-punishing, organization? Yet the Police force is not to blame for the lack of law enforcement! They have things to contend with which renders their position difficult. Trenchant criticism of our Police under present conditions would be most unfair to them!

One obstacle and a big one to law enforcement, is a Police Commission, which, for eight months of its life, has been a blind, insensate thing, crawling around amid a tangle of the seaweed of the waters of lawlessness, incompetent, and incapable, and which, now, betrays its utter incapacity to grasp the real difficulties of the situation by "staging" the present drive. We need no spectacular byplay, but real, hard, earnest work; a complete severance of the Commission's efforts from all political and financial influences. We need a hard-headed effort that will hit and spare not whether politics or finance says "hold."

Meanwhile, we await the progress of the clean up, sincerely hoping we have, later, to admit ourselves mistaken and have to acknowledge the clean up was not wholly a farce.

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Literary Notes

By Roderick Random

It is comforting and reassuring to many readers of the old school to mark the return to popularity of the historical romance. The stories of Sabatini I suppose, will to-day hold their own from a sales standpoint with the most morbid of the sex novels, which to-day enjoy such a vogue with the public. Most people in their hearts still love a real story with plenty of action and some intricacy of plot. They find it a real recreation to look upon life in fiction through slightly rose-tinted glasses and rejoice to escape from the commonplace of their own environment.

* * * *

Isabel Paterson, who was for a considerable time a resident of Vancouver, has recently written her third novel, a Continental story of adventure belonging to this class and has secured quite a hit with it. It is called "The Singing Season," and the scene is laid in Spain in mediaeval times. Her first novel "The Shadow Riders," is a Calgary story and this was followed by "The Magpie's Nest." For several years she has been engaged in literary work in New York.

* * * *

Sherwood Anderson, who is one of the most modern of the novelists has recently published his own experiences of a writer's career in a work which he calls "A Story Teller's Story." In this, besides its interesting autobiographical material, we have an earnest attempt to enquire into the spiritual ideals underlying American life and character. The result, however, is somewhat saddening to the writer, for he finds that the materialism of the age and its passionate desire for quantity and bigness and efficiency of organization, have tended to choke out the love of the finer things of life.

* * * *

A friend of mine, the other day, was deploring the frivolity and lack of seriousness of the young people in our own province. He said they were never satisfied unless they were on the move, had little love for music or art, and preferred to run the gramophone rather than to exercise their own gifts by voice or instrument. If this is true, as no doubt it is of a part at least of our young people, it were well for us to try and counteract the tendency. The motor car is perhaps responsible for a good part of the restlessness of the present generation and the movies, too, have had their share in bringing it on. The latter has become a sort of disease with many people and they are not happy unless they attend several performances a week. The home and home life suffers accordingly. Publishers claim that the book business has been deplorably bad for several years.

* * * *

Yet W. B. Maxwell, writing in The Author, claims that rates of remuneration for writers are going up. He suggests that that magazine should publish in some corner of every issue a word of encouragement for beginners so that they will not be completely cast down by the contemplation of the snares and pitfalls that beset the steps of the beginners in

the craft. Here are the reminders he suggests:

DON'T FORGET:—

1. That there is nothing in the universe so fine in itself and so certain to make you happy as writing a good book, composing a splendid piece of music, or neatly constructing an actable play.

2. That some editors return manuscripts.

3. That the adjective "bogus" does not apply to all theatrical managers.

4. That rates of remuneration are going up, not down.

5. That there are good publishers as well as bad ones.

* * * *

These are cheering words from one who has made good in the profession and are well worth repeating for the benefit of Canadians who are ambitious along literary lines, and for whom there are the same lions in the path as lie in wait across the Atlantic.

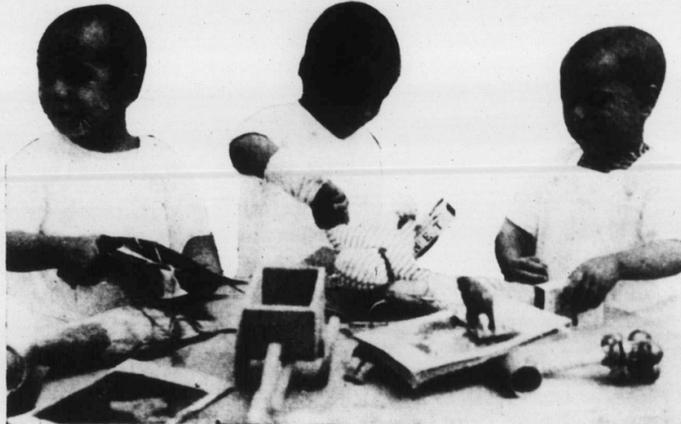
The New Macedonian Call

by E. Guy Talbot

Long centuries ago, the famous interpreter of Christianity, the Apostle Paul, heard and answered a compelling cry of human need: "Come over into Macedonia and help us!" It was the appeal for help that found an

claim on the Greek government than they have on Canada. They are people without a country — without homes, without bread.

In their woe and want they stretch out hands of pleading to Christian



answering response in the Apostle's heart.

To-day, from that same land of Macedonia, comes another tragic cry for help from a half million people in dire distress and want. These people are the Christian refugees, Greek and Armenian, who were driven from their ancestral homes in Asia Minor. The ruthless Turk has finally settled the vexing problem of Christian minorities by the simple expedient of exterminating, by death or deportation, all Christians in Turkey.

In 1922 and 1923, a million and three quarters of Christians from Turkey sought and found a haven of refuge in Greece. At least a quarter of a million have died of starvation and disease since they came to Greece. A million have been more or less permanently absorbed in the economic and social structure of Greece. A half million to-day still eke out a miserable existence on the malaria-cursed plains of Macedonia. This number is being augmented, even now, by almost two hundred thousand additional refugees who are being deported from Constantinople.

Among these hundreds of thousands of ragged refugees in Macedonia there are many thousand of orphan children. These little ones, without fathers or mothers, live like animals, bage, or chewing grass and roots to keep life in their frail bodies. The fighting with dogs for scraps of garment-dole of black bread from the Greek government is totally inadequate to keep these children from starvation. These thousands of refugees in Macedonia have no more

nations, and from the depths of their squalor and misery and want they cry: "Come over to Macedonia and help us." They cried for mercy in Asia Minor, but the Turk had no mercy, and their piteous plea fell on deaf ears in the chancelleries of mighty European powers. Now, in despair and almost without hope, they look to the land of promise across the seas, and cry to us to help them before it is too late.

Will the new Macedonian cry fall on deaf ears in our land of bounteous plenty? The Master of men long ago said, "It is not the will of the Father in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Yet with our own eyes, we have seen them die by the score and the hundred in the crowded refugee camps along the Black Sea.

The brother of Jesus, the Apostle James, describes religion in these significant words, "Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." Is our religion only a formula or a ceremony? According to the Saviour of men, the supreme test of religion is not in the test of creed, but the test of deed. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

As we hear again the Macedonian cry for help from countless thousands of fatherless and widows in their affliction, will we respond as did the Apostle Paul? Or will we, with another biblical character, turn aside from the appeal for help and

flippantly say, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The English speaking countries Bible lands. To-day, a hundred thousand have saved more than a million people from starvation and death in the and orphan children fed, clothed, and trained by the relief organizations are the bulwark of a new civilization in the ancient East. But our work is not yet finished. The children already within the orphanages have to be kept there until they are of an age at which they can support themselves. The children still in refugee camps must be taken in . . . or permitted to die. That is the sad and certain fate in store for many thousands of children this winter unless our help comes quickly.

What is your answer to their cry? Will you not relieve one of them of suffering this winter? The Canadian Armenian Near East Relief (223 Winch Building, Vancouver), will send your help on to them.

Corner for Junior Readers

SOME OF DENNY'S OUT-OF-SCHOOL DOINGS

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW STYLE OF BANSHEE

Many of the houses on the Juniper Road West were built in pairs. They were "semi-detached residences," according to the grandiloquent descriptions in advertisements.

The Donnellys and the Flynns were next door neighbours in this fashion.

At the back of the houses there were long gardens separated by a rough stone wall, which should have been about three feet high for its whole length; but in one place in particular the young people had climbed over it so often that the top stones were loosened and had fallen to the ground, and left it so low that it was easy to step over it.

A hand-bell was kept on the shed-roof close by to use when a young Donnelly wanted a young Flynn to come over and chat, or vice versa.

Edmund Flynn and Robert Donnelly were music pupils of the organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and were bosom friends, and many an hour's confabulation took place as they sat together on the wall. When Robert was away from home, as sometimes happened, Denis would be found there instead.

Commodious though the houses were in many respects, neither of them was supplied with a bathroom, and bathing operations were carried out in the kitchens. A large portable bath-tub was placed, as needed, near the fire and filled with hot water from the range boiler.

One Saturday evening Mr. Flynn, having locked himself into the kitchen to take a bath, the rest of the family assembled in the dining room with the exception of Edmund, who was sitting out in the dark on the garden wall with Denis.

Edmund had had a hard day. His father had determined that a certain amount of the organ-building must be finished in a given time, and the close application had tried the tempers of both.

Denis was a sympathetic listener while Edmund told his troubles.

"Where's your father now, Ed?" he asked when the recital ended.

"In the kitchen, bathing," was the reply.

"Then you could slip upstairs and get one of the big organ-pipes without his knowing," said Denny, "and we can make a banshee."

Perhaps Denny did not quite realize that many people really believe that a banshee comes and wails around a house to give warning that some member of the family will soon die.

Edmund hesitated, temporised, and at last yielded; and soon the two conspirators crept to the front of the house and, holding the big pipe carefully, blew a blast into it that went wailing dismally in at the dining-room window.

Mollie, the maid, being exiled from her kitchen, was there with the children.

She was of an excitable temperament.

"The saints preserve us, Miss Beatrice, an what's that?" they heard her say to Edmund's elder sister.

Then someone opened the hall-door cautiously and looked out.

Naturally there was nothing to be seen.

Edmund and Denis and the organ-pipe had retired.

Hardly had the gallant investigator gone back, than a wail, even dismaller than the first again broke the silence.

After two or three more, the courage of the occupants of the dining-room gave way. They stampeded in a body and only stopped when the kitchen door was reached.

Edmund and Denis had by this time arrived at the back door which was close to it; and they could hear Beatrice begging her father to dress at once and come out and defend his family.

With much grumbling, Mr. Flynn agreed, and a thorough search of the house and garden followed; Edmund and Denis, from the safe shelter of the Donnelly's shed, observed the proceedings with interest and with hardly to be suppressed merriment.

No cause for the disturbance having been found, the crestfallen group returned to the house and Mr. Flynn once more locked himself into the kitchen after making scathing remarks about "Some people's imaginations," and utterly ignoring Mollie's timid suggestion that:

"Maybe now 'twas a banshee."

Then Denny whispered to Edmund, "You stay where you are," and taking the pipe close under the kitchen window, he blew with all his might; and such a wail resulted as to make no demand whatever on anyone's imagination, so horribly real was it.

Of course by the time Mr. Flynn appeared at the door all was quiet again.

Later in the evening the organ-pipe was returned to its place, and for many months the whole affair was wrapped in mystery.

At last one day a favorable opportunity occurred and Denny confessed about it with due apologies, which were graciously accepted by Mr. Flynn.

United in Death

An aged couple, living in the North of Scotland, gave their three sons to the war; one after the other their three bonny lads made the supreme sacrifice for King and Country. The parents, stricken with grief, decided to leave the old home, so full of memories which filled them with sadness, and came to a Southern town to reside in quiet enjoyment near the sea. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle visited the town. These two broken-hearted people attended the lecture, and decided to seek further information, so they approached the secretary of the local Spiritualist society, who did what he could to help and comfort them. About this time Mrs. Ella Wriedt paid a private visit to a family resident in the town, and the secretary received an invitation to be present at one of the circles. Feeling that it would be selfish to accept this invitation for himself, while others were torn with grief, he asked permission for either one or both of these aged parents to go in his stead. This permission was refused on the plea that it was not convenient to entertain complete strangers. The secretary, finding that he would be unable to attend on the appointed day, made a further appeal for the aged couple, without effect. At one of the seances, the voice of the father (in spirit) of the host, addressing his son, said, "There are three lads here, they want to talk to their parents (giving their name); we are anxious to secure this meeting for them; please arrange."

The old father was too ill to attend the summons, so the mother went alone, and, to her astonishment and abiding joy, held a most convincing and tender conversation with her boys.

That is the plain story; what does it reveal? Three lads killed in the war, their last memory of parents and home centred in Scotland, yet they could keep in such close touch with their parents as to be aware of their removal to the South of England? Further, so close was their association with their loved ones on earth, that they were able to follow intelligently the effort that was being made to bring them into communication; and when the effort failed they appealed to their companions in Spirit-life, with complete success. It reveals also the tender felicity of the comradeship of that other realm, indicated by the prompt action of the host's father in securing the appointment. Conventionality breaks down completely in face of an earnest appeal from behind the veil.

Mr. Frank T. Blake
In Bournemouth Spiritualist Magazine

In closing~

A Word of Thanks

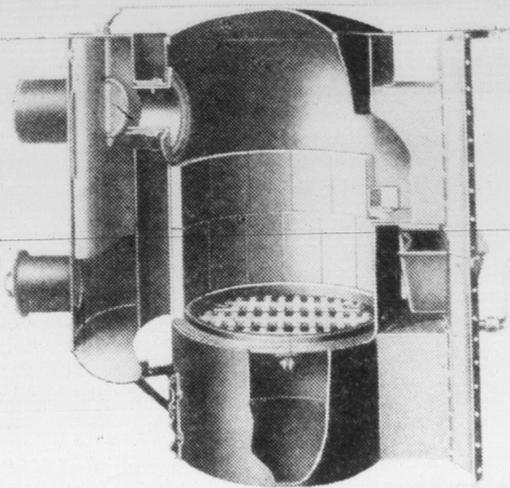
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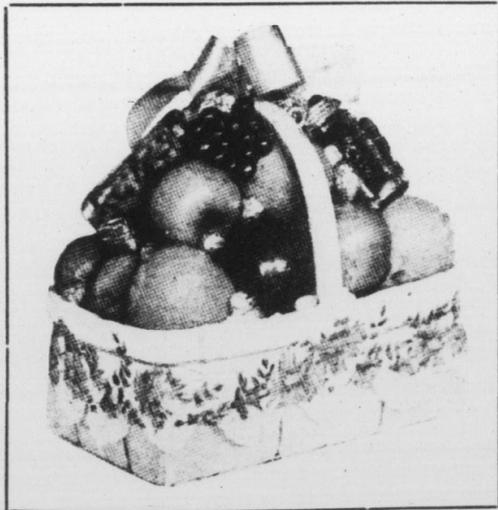
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We wish at least ONE LEADER IN EVERY LINE OF BUSINESS, and the question is—Are YOU to

Be Among the Leaders!

Our representative will call upon you before next issue, if time permits. But, if you are awake to the work of this BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY Magazine, why not write to us with your copy mentioning space desired? Read the note on "BUILDERS" and be a Business and British Columbia Builder with

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BUILDERS

Nisi Dominus frustra
(By D. A. C.)

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

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

With such Associates, this Magazine may well—

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