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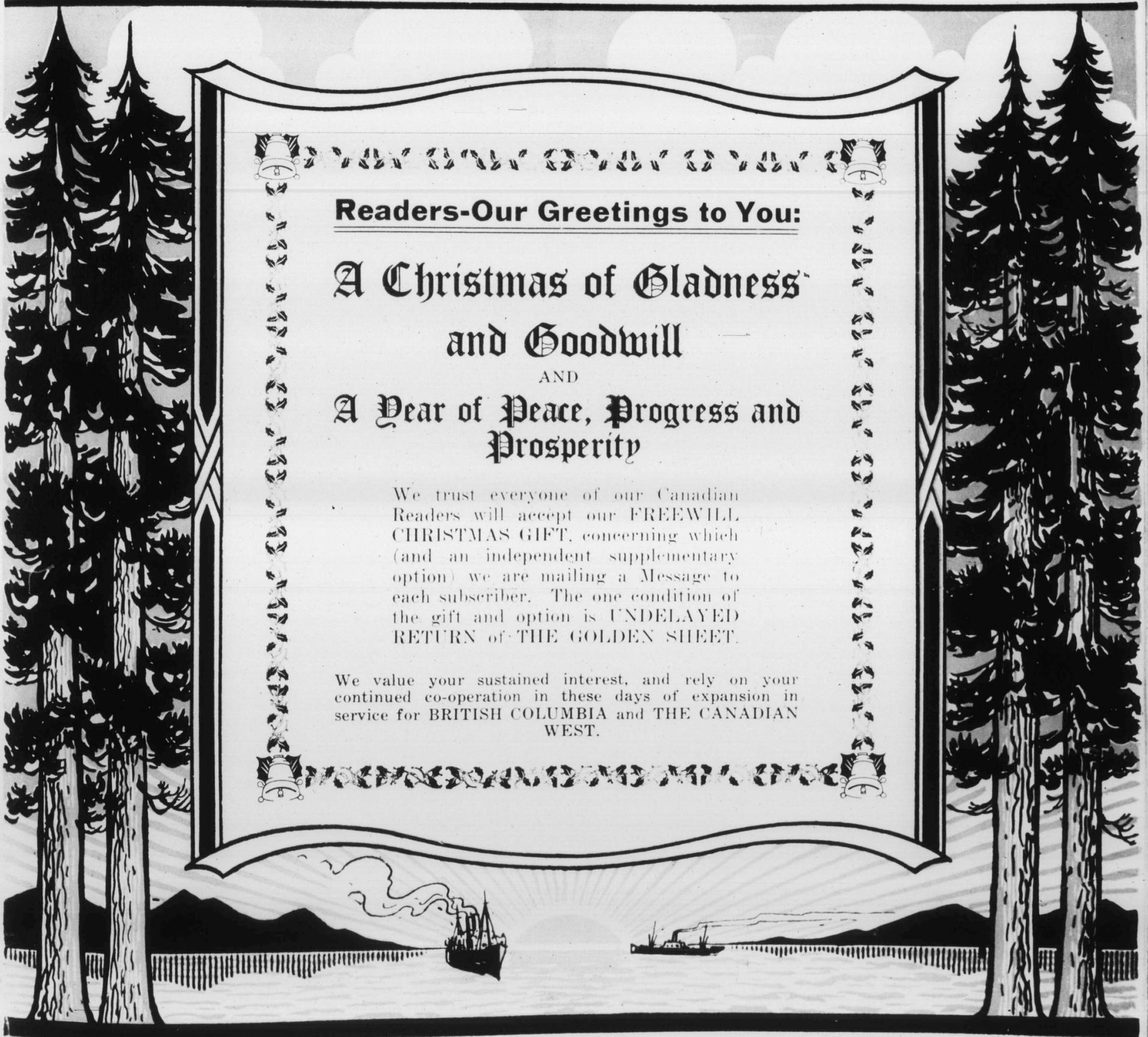
THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West
Devoted to COMMUNITY SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

Volume XVIII.

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 4



Readers-Our Greetings to You:

**A Christmas of Gladness
and Goodwill**

AND

**A Year of Peace, Progress and
Prosperity**

We trust everyone of our Canadian Readers will accept our FREEWILL CHRISTMAS GIFT, concerning which (and an independent supplementary option) we are mailing a Message to each subscriber. The one condition of the gift and option is UNDELAYED RETURN of THE GOLDEN SHEET.

We value your sustained interest, and rely on your continued co-operation in these days of expansion in service for BRITISH COLUMBIA and THE CANADIAN WEST.

Contains: "A Review of the Made-in-B.C." Campaign. Etc

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Though we are facing a second substantial increase of postal rates and arrangements for improved printing service, the REGULAR subscription price of the B. C. M. will remain \$1.75 for one year, and \$3 for two years.

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**PUBLISHING OFFICE, 1100 BUTE STREET,
VANCOUVER, B.C.**

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GARIBALDI PARK:

The New Canadian Playground in British Columbia—Part II.

By Rev. A. H. Sovereign, M.A., B.D., Member of Alpine Club of Canada.



(Photo by A. H. Sovereign)

(Enlargement by Camera & Arts)

MOUNT GARIBALDI THROUGH THE MISTS

We awake bright and early, breakfast is quickly prepared, packs are again adjusted and by six o'clock, we form in line and begin the real climb up the mountain trail. This is the real test, but slowly and surely we climb upward, passing first the rock-slide, then the lake-dotted plateau of the First Meadows, until noon finds us in the centre of the Park at our camping ground on the Black Tusk Meadows. What an undreamed panorama of mountain scenery surrounds us! As we look about us and above us, we unconsciously feel the vastness of our new surroundings and with it the realization of the smallness of all that is human. Little things become smaller and we wonder at the insignificance of the worries and cares of the valleys. The mind is touched with the spirit of infinity; the soul feels the presence of the Infinite. We are moved by a strange silence—the silence of the eternal hills. Yet in the silence there is music, for the mountain streams on every side form a deep-toned organ with a predominant minor note, broken only by the echoing thunder of the avalanches as they break away from their rocky fastnesses and hurl themselves down to the valleys far below. The soul expands in this new glory of the out-of-doors; dull care flees away; a truer perspective is given to life. Unconsciously in this new and vast cathedral, we bow in worship.

Then from our musings we turn to work. Packs are emptied, food collected, tents are pitched, a stove is built and soon the whole party is quite ready for the evening meal. Have you ever measured the appetites of mountaineers who have carried sixty pounds twelve miles up a trail which ends at an altitude of 5000 feet? One member who had run the gauntlet of the various courses and had received his sixth generous helping of dessert was heard to say, when some climber made a remark as to the wonderful capacity of the human frame—"Oh, do not worry,—you should see me eat

when I regain my health." But the shadows are deepening and the last rays of the setting sun are just touching the snow on the highest peaks; the camp-fire is lighted and in its glow and warmth, the little party relate stories of other journeys and sing the mountain songs—alone, among the great hills. Then slowly and reluctantly, one by one, we leave the glowing logs, away to our tents and fir-boughed beds—tents which answer to the suggestive names of "The Corral," "The Morgue," "The Belle-tent" and "The Kennel."

Day quickly succeeds day and every near-by peak is climbed and every valley explored.

What pictures unfold themselves on every side—a thousand pictures, and each so perfect in itself! To the north there rise the flower-carpeted slopes of the Black Tusk, then the ridge, and 800 feet above the ridge a peculiar black monolith. With an altitude of 7,350 feet, it is visible from every part of the compass, and on a clear day may even be seen from the north end of Bowen Island in Howe Sound. The "tusk" is composed of basalt with perpendicular columns which in places are quite isolated, but fast decomposing and falling to pieces. It is of volcanic origin, in fact the whole area is volcanic and is full of the most interesting phenomena, telling of a time of a comparatively recent date (geologically) when these peaks were wrapt in dark sulphurous clouds and streams of molten rock flowed down the slopes to the valleys below. At first glance it would seem impossible for any climber to scale its perpendicular sides, but on nearer view, deep fissures or alpine "chimneys" may be seen which offer a comparatively easy pathway, dangerous only because of falling stones. Mountain goats, ptarmigan and marmot are frequently seen on its ridges, and at times even a wolf or bear.

Wandering a little to the east of the Meadows, we reach a fine cascade, 200 feet high, which drains a hang-

ing valley with ice-covered lakes. These lakes are fed by Helmet Glacier, which is divided into two parts by a ridge which at first sight looks like a glacial moraine, but which in reality is a volcanic crater, a tufa cone, 500 feet high. The crater at the summit is about 60 feet deep, and is generally filled with water and ice. On the south side, a stream from the glacier has left a section of the cone exposed, where the faulted layers of volcanic tufa may be clearly seen and easily examined.

Rising above Helmet Glacier to the south stands Panorama Ridge, and to the east Corrie Ridge. The view from the latter is most inspiring. Below is the perfect "V"-shaped valley, leading gradually up the slopes of Gentian Ridge, which lies at the foot of Castle Towers (8,000 feet), with a deeply crevassed glacier hanging on its side.

But we must not go too far afield. Returning to the Meadows we look southward, and there, 400 feet below us, is Garibaldi Lake. What a gem it is! Readers would probably smile if the writer should venture to compare it to Lake Louise or Loch Lomond or Derwentwater or Lake Lucerne, but no one who has ever seen Lake Garibaldi would smile at the comparison, for they well know that it is no mean rival to its better known sisters. It is about 3 1-2 miles long and 2 miles wide, fed chiefly by two extensive glaciers, the Sentinel and the Sphinx, which come to the water's edge. Like all glacial lakes, its color is its chief charm, ever changing from bright emerald green to a deep turquoise blue as the shadows from cloud and mountain-peak play upon its surface. When no wind disturbs its calm, it forms a perfect mirror in which is reflected the amphitheatre of hills, glaciers and snow-fields. I venture to predict that before twenty-five years pass it will be the chief scenic attraction of the lower mainland.

Rising from its southern shores is a wondrous panorama,—Castle Towers, Sphinx and Sentinel peaks, the Table, Red mountain, and above and beyond all, glorious Garibaldi. At one time an active volcano, but now peacefully clad in ice and snow, it stands as a majestic old giant. It has an altitude of 8,700 feet, which may seem rather small for a first-class peak, but it must be remembered that it rises practically from sea-level. If it were transferred to Lake Louise in the Rockies, it would tower above all the surrounding peaks; even Lefroy, Aberdeen and Hungabee would bow before it. Six splendid glaciers hang on its slopes—Lava, Pyramid, Garibaldi, Pitt, Sentinel and Warren glaciers. It may be climbed from the north side, though the approach from the south and east is much easier. I have often wondered if in reality the conquerors of Garibaldi do not deserve more credit than those who climb the higher peaks in the Alps. In Switzerland there are luxurious hotels, certified guides and porters, cables and chains in dangerous places and huts at convenient spots, but the pioneers of the Garibaldi district travel with their bed and kitchen on their backs and cautiously seek out a pathway up unexplored glaciers and across vast snowfields untouched by foot of man. Such has been the task of the enterprising members of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club and the Alpine Club of Canada. But it is not necessary to climb Garibaldi in order to admire it, for the view from any part of this natural park is inspiring.

These are only a few of the interesting features of the area. Space does not permit a description of Mt. Mamquam and its surroundings, nor of Rampart Lake with its great ice-wall twenty-five feet in height, nor

yet of that peculiar rock formation known as "The Table," with its flat top like the "mesas" of Arizona and Mexico, nor of Red Mountain with its two volcanic cones, one of them 200 feet deep and 300 feet in diameter, nor of Copper Peak with its rugged castellated crescent known as The Battlements. In years to come, many a traveller will find in these scenes a world of interest.

"The paths, the woods, the heavens, the hills,
Are not a world today,
But just a place God made for us
In which to play."

But we must not forget the flowers—the flowers that bloom above the clouds. To this park the botanist will come to find rare and beautiful treasures, for Nature has been very prodigal in her gifts. As the snow gradually recedes, the Caltha is usually the first to appear, and then follow a distinguished array—the cream-coned Anemone, the interesting little Claytonia Lanceolata, the Mimulus with its flashing yellows and scarlets, the red Indian Paintbrush, the blue Lupins, the rare Gentian with its peculiar greenish-blue flowers, the Alpine Phlox, the False Heather, the white Heather, the white Rhododendron, the tiny Saxifrage with its pink and white blossoms, the blue Jacob's Ladder, one of the rarest of Alpine gems, and a host of others which bloom "in the freedom of this Garden Wild." Splendid work of exploration in the area has been done by Professor J. Davidson of the University of British Columbia, and his enthusiastic assistants. In this Botanist's Paradise, the next generation of High School and University students will find a rich mine of flowery wealth.

The Geologist already has explored many parts of the section, and has found it full of the most fascinating problems. Professor Edward M. Burwash, Ph.D., of Toronto, visited the district in 1913, writing a most thoughtful article for the British Columbia Academy of Science, which has since been published. Here, as Professor Burwash points out, may be found strata of almost every geological period and volcanic phenomena of remarkable interest. A dozen glaciers give endless material for the study of these vast rivers of ice.

But the week soon passes and our happy excursions come to an end. The last day saw the whole party rising at 4:00 a.m., the tents are struck, packs filled and adjusted and soon we leave our meadow home. We quickly "pick up" the trail and begin the descent, arriving at Garibaldi Lodge at noon where a splendid lunch awaited us. The journey by train and boat completed our day and by nightfall we were in Vancouver again, in the busy rush of the great city of human souls; but often as we tread its streets, our minds return to the towering peaks, the wide snow-fields, the vast glaciers, the rolling alplands and the cliff-encircled meadows, veritable hanging gardens filled with flowers which for beauty and coloring vie with the choicest of earth's gardens.

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

A Review of the "Made-in-B.C." Campaign

(By Frank Parsons)

When I was elected chairman of the Manufacturers' Bureau of the Vancouver Board of Trade, I appreciated the fact that we had two manufacturers' associations doing excellent work for the manufacturers in B.C., and felt that any work that the Manufacturers' Bureau might take on along the same line would be a duplication of effort. As you no doubt recollect, a Made-in-B. C. Campaign was put on some considerable time ago by the B. C. Manufacturers' Association, which accomplished a great deal of good. About a year ago we found that for some reason or other, it was not being actively pushed.

Mr. Payne, the able secretary of the board, in an endeavour to get life into the Manufacturers' Bureau, suggested that a Made-in-B. C. campaign be put on and carried on continuously, and it was therefore decided to call a meeting of all the manufacturers and outline the proposal to them. This was done last year. An enthusiastic reception was given to the idea, and as a result Mr. B. A. McKelvie was appointed manager of the campaign. I would be remiss at this point if I did not take the opportunity afforded me of complimenting Mr. McKelvie upon the splendid work he has accomplished with the amount of funds at his disposal. All know of the Made-in-B. C. weeks and the Made-in-B. C. days which we have held, but a lot of work has been done that the average subscriber to this fund probably does not realize has been done. Pledge cards, pledging support to the campaign, were sent out to the schools in Vancouver, and taken by the children to their respective homes for signature. The return of pledge cards is most gratifying.

The box manufacturers drew to the executive's attention the fact that the fruit growers in the Okanagan were purchasing their box shooks from the United States. Mr. McKelvie was sent up to the Okanagan, and after going into the matter thoroughly with the fruit growers of B. C., came back with the box shook orders for the local manufacturers. He saved the fruit growers \$70,000 and kept about 1000 men in employment.

During the summer months we have been carrying on the campaign in the outlying districts of B. C., using the local newspapers and also the various Boards of Trade. The support and co-operation of the press is worthy of special mention, and I would suggest that a vote of thanks be given by this campaign to the press. While on this subject, I would ask you to bear in mind the value of the country press, and can assure you that it is not overlooked by outside manufacturers and mail order houses.

"In this campaign of covering B. C., four trips were made to Vancouver Island by Mr. McKelvie, one trip to the Okanagan Valley, one trip to Nicola Valley, one to Prince Rupert and up coast points, and a trip to the Kootenay and boundary country. The chairman also made the Kootenay and boundary trip, at no expense to the Made-in-B. C. campaign. Mr. J. A. Cunningham, chairman of your Extension Committee, has been actively carrying on the good work, addressing various organizations, and particular mention should be made of his work at the Retail Merchants' convention at Duncan. All of this has been done at his own expense.

Mr. A. B. Weeks delivered a notable address at Chilliwack before the Chilliwack Board of Trade. Mr. W. A. Hunter and Mr. L. A. Walker spent an evening with the retail merchants at New Westminster. Your campaign manager and members of the executive have also addressed

meetings at Victoria, Port Moody, Langley, Port Coquitlam, etc. At the present time pledge cards are being sent to all the School Boards in B. C., and are being given distribution throughout the entire province. Your manager has circularized all the members of the Government and cabinet ministers. The C. P. R. and C. N. R. have been written to to show a preference towards B. C. products in B. C. purchases. The replies to the various communications have been most gratifying. Ministers of religion have been written to, and their replies show they have the cause at heart. The fraternal organizations in the city, clubs, hotels and restaurants have been written, asking them to support this movement. Manager McKelvie is addressing all the Ancient Foresters' organizations, and has from time to time addressed women's organizations, addressed the Kiwanis Club at New Westminster, also the New Westminster and Fraser Valley Boards of Trade at their big dinner. The Gyro Club has also been addressed, so that you will appreciate that this campaign is being carried on actively and intensively.

The Kootenay and Boundary Country Trip

"In this trip we found that the people of B. C. are with us. They realize that this is not only our campaign but their campaign. We pointed out that the provincial taxation per capita per year in B. C. was \$12.84, whereas we find in Quebec that this is \$1.86 and in Ontario \$3.47. These figures plainly show that one thing B. C. needs, and needs badly, is more population, and they emphasize that if the coast grows industrially, so that the population increases, it will relieve the taxation load of every citizen in B. C., or provide more money at the same rate of taxation, thus permitting the Government to carry on works which are necessary in this great province.

The people visited said: 'What is made in B. C., tell us?' 'How can you expect us to know if you do not tell us?' Therefore we must tell them. We also found them anxious to have visits from the heads of firms on the coast. They are anxious to meet you, and I would suggest that you give it your earnest consideration.

A "Display Train" Suggested

A number of times the suggestion was made that we should have a display train cover B. C., acquainting not only the merchants but the general public with what was being manufactured in this province. We found some com-

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British Columbia Electric Railway Company

plaints of quality, a few of prices and some of tardy shipment, but in the main B. C.-manufactured products are well received. While speaking about this trip, let me mention the splendid reception accorded Mr. McKelvie at the various meetings which we addressed. Meetings were held at Grand Forks, Trail, Rossland, Nelson, Fernie, Cranbrook and Windermere. Some of these meetings had over a hundred of the prominent citizens present, and Mr. McKelvie, in his capable manner, drove home the selling points of the Made-in-B. C. campaign, and impressed the gathering with the benefits to be derived from supporting this campaign, and on every occasion expression was given at the meetings to the fact that they regretted that the manager of the campaign had not been able to tell his message to the citizens of the community as a whole. They all promised that if Mr. McKelvie would return at a later date arrangements would be made to have practically every citizen turn out to their large public halls to hear his address. In the meantime they, as good members of the Boards of Trade, were going to act as apostles and preach the religion "Buy B. C. Products."

Now, when those on the outside enthuse and are willing to take hold of this campaign in this manner, do you not think we should get busy and create the same feeling at the coast?

Outside of Vancouver we found very little unemployment, and I think the conditions existing today are more a matter of the mind. In Nelson we find new industries, Fernie and Cranbrook concerns highly pleased with business, Grand Forks developing agriculturally, and so on down the line. Let the manufacturers get behind one another, and we can relieve conditions here. Remember it is not hard times we are up against; it is easy times we are leaving. In organized unity is strength, and in what better way can we organize for the advancement of this glorious

We want every one in B. C. to be partial to B. C. products. We say, drive this home by co-operative effort. Every B. C. manufacturer should boast his fellow manufacturer, and practice what he preaches. Let me give an incident: At one of the first meetings it was announced we were to have a certain speaker. One of the members complained to me that the speaker on 'Buy B. C. Products' was inconsistent, as the article used by the speaker was purchased in the old country, while the man complaining could give him just as good value here in Vancouver. I drew this matter to the attention of the speaker, and he informed me that he would rectify the matter immediately, and he proceeded to buy this article from the Vancouver man. While in this establishment he happened to mention that he was going out to buy another product manufactured in B. C. The man who had complained of inconsistency immediately informed the buyer that they could not make this article properly in B. C., and that he bought all of his in England. Now, consistency is a jewel!

What the Campaign is Doing and How to Help

Stand not upon the order of your buying—Practise this till you do it without trying:

BUY GOODS

- (1) Made in B. C.; (2) Made in Canada; (3) Made Elsewhere in British Empire; and Then Made by the U. S. and Others.

A Correction and A Challenge

TO CANADIAN (Including B.C.) MERCHANTS and MANUFACTURERS

The other week the question of Canadian taxation of U. S. Magazines was under discussion at Vancouver Board of Trade. A member of a firm doing business in Vancouver and Victoria, which firms happens to sell U. S. goods, alleged as an argument against the proposal of the Board's committee or bureau, that "CANADA COULD NOT PRODUCE SUCH MAGAZINES."

So far as mere BULK is concerned that may be true: but OTHERWISE we believe such a statement is not correct. Bulk itself is dependent mainly on the size of the population of a country, and the amount of National and Provincial business done.

If Canadian (including B. C.) Merchants and Manufacturers will awaken more fully to the value of discriminating and attractive advertising, and use Canadian periodicals, they will further their business interests and also foster Canadian Magazines and Canadian Homes. With increased business interest shown in it, the B. C. M. itself will undertake to get as good printing work done in B. C. as is done in any part of the American continent.

As for mere bulk, we'll undertake to give that too—ACCORDIN TO BUSINESS AND POPULATION, which latter we have for ten years been awakening to relative values. Because we believe in the order of buying noted above we believe such words are timely for B. C. Business men, as well as for those citizens and homes which profess to be interested in COMMUNITY SERVICE and the DEVELOPMENT OF B. C. and the Dominion.

In Listing

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BUY B. C.'s BIG THREE**

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"The Window Gazer," by Isabel Eccleston MacKay.
"The Spoilers of the Valley," by Robert Watson.

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tablets, etc. These are of the very highest qual-
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If you explain to the children why British Colum-
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will insist upon finding the S. D. & W. Keystone
monogram when they have occasion to buy school
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study or boudoir from **\$3.95 to \$28.50.**

THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER

ABRACADABRA

WELCOME BLISS CARMAN

One of our greatest Canadian Poets has honoured us with his presence, has read to us in open-hearted manner some of his poems. The Nature-love that lay half revealed, half concealed therein has been seen more clearly and will be admired more fervently.

Carman speaks to us with real Canadian ideals. Let us listen and understand to our profit and his honour.

MORE POPULATION

During the election we heard again from different sources the cry "More People." "Give us more people," said more than one candidate, "and we will solve your railway problem." "Give us more people," we answer, "under existing conditions and you solve no railway problem but create a greater problem than even the railway situation admittedly is."

What does this cry of more people mean practically?

First, it means that the present means of securing immigration are inadequate to meet our requirements. Therefore we must get in touch with more people. This presupposes more agencies; other methods of work; new devices and appeals. All this means more agents; more literature; more expense.

Granted the new agencies, the new fields, the new appeals, the added expense; is that all? Apparently not. Costly as all this added machinery would prove to be, the advocates of the "more people" idea are evidently not confident of success in that alone. Two further steps must be considered. One is lowering the standard of immigration. The other "Aided Immigration."

Of the first of these alternatives little discussion is necessary. No sentiment in its favour exists in any section of Canada worthy the name. Everywhere the insistent call is heard to avoid the mistakes and evils we already know by reason of too great laxity in dealing with this problem. If there is any sentiment on this subject—and there is—it is in the shape of a demand for stricter supervision, higher standards, severer restrictions, selecter immigrants.

What then of "Aided Immigration?" How will the immigrants to be aided be selected? What aid will they receive? How will that aid be administered? Big questions these worthy careful attention. Let them be answered wisely in respect to the cost of our immigration services, will we then be able to say that the expense was justified? Can we then with assurance conclude that the money thus spent would not have brought much better results from a National standpoint if spent in other directions? Possibly, nay, probably, not.

What class or sort of immigrants do we need?

"Farmers," says one, "See the vast area of unsettled agricultural lands we now have idle on our hands." Arable areas we have in an unsettled state to a degree. We also have large numbers of farmers who are not settled on any of these lands. Why? We have also on many of our farms men who have no business there. Reasons for this exist. Our agricultural situation is in itself a great problem. Is there any difficulty in placing a real farmer now in our midst on a farm that will not apply in greater degree to an immigrant farmer? Will an unskilled immigrant-farmer be a better asset than a similar person Canadian born and familiar with

our language, institutions and ideals? If so, let us know it and at once.

"Industrial workers," says another. Yet the statistics to our hand show nearly one-half of our industrial establishments idle and thousands of our industrial employees out of work. Do we want to retain these people in our midst or do we ask for an immigrant class who with lower standards of living, lower values of life, will supply their places at a lower wage rate? Shall we replace Canadians by Asiatics of the type of thousands we have already received to our cost? Perhaps some would prefer Chinese to Scots, Japanese to English, but we think they are few.

Do we require unskilled labour? Surely no one will suggest adding to any of (1) Our cheap Oriental labour, (2) our cheap Southern-European labour, (3) those of our own race who handicapped by bad training, insufficient education, find themselves in competition with these.

What then? Whom shall we have? How shall we obtain them? What disposal shall we make of them?

Immigration problems we have now in plenty. We have zones that are Mormon, Galician, Doukhobor and what not. Shall we add to these in number, area, or density of population? Shall we add still other polyglot races to our present collection?

Are our sentiments strong enough to mould and fashion into real Canadians any appreciable increased number of immigrants?

What can we offer them? Are our own people so equably distributed, happily employed and pleasantly situated that we can easily and comfortably assimilate more? Is our moral fibre so strong that we can instil sound ideas of God, home and British institutions into those who may come among us?

What we need is not more people but a better people, better living conditions, higher moral and business standards, greater realization of the truth that it is by God we live, move and have our being. Then a contented land will irresistibly attract. Each home of a former stranger now thoroughly Canadianized will be an immigration centre and letters speaking of right conditions and happy homes will bring people to our shores as fast as we can assimilate them.

The signals of the traffic officer are obeyed instantly by the intelligent citizen, as he realizes that indifference means confusion and congestion.

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and Women.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SPECTATOR OF BRITAIN'S FARTHEST WEST
For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.

"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

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No. 5



ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

A REMINDER AND A REQUEST

Readers, the B. C. M. is planning progress in every department for 1922, and your continued interest will make it bigger. Meantime the following questions are pertinent:

(1) Have you, after attending to your own renewal, accepted our Christmas gift?

(2) Have you taken advantage of the supplementary option and listed **other** two or more?

(3) Will you please **close your list** of names as soon as possible after reading this and mail it to us? Remember we rely on **YOU** and wish to give **YOU** a representative magazine.

Do your part with us and we promise to make you proud of the B. C. M. during 1922—not because of the work or writings of one person connected with it, but because we are arranging to have not a few who will, we believe, appeal to you happily and helpfully.



ROBERT ALLISON HOOD

B. C. M. OFFERS PRIZES FOR THE BEST SHORT IMPRESSIONS OR REVIEWS OF BOOKS "MADE IN B. C."

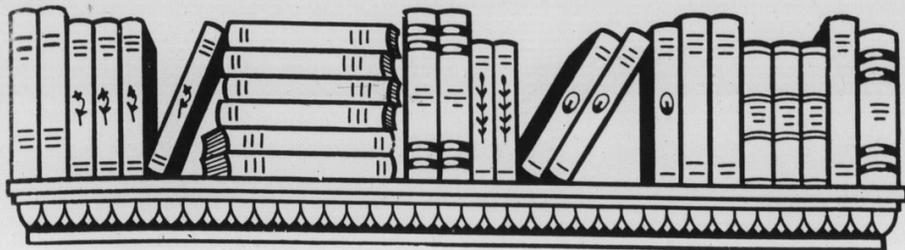
Among the season's gifts readers of this Magazine are likely to give and receive are the three novels recently published by British Columbia writers, namely, (1) "The Window Gazer," by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay; (2) "The Spoilers of the Valley," by Robert Watson, Vernon; and (3) "The Quest of Alistair," by Robert Allison Hood.

The **British Columbia Monthly** ventures to invite its readers to write short impressions or reviews of say from 300 to 600 words, of each of these books.

The writer of each of the first notices published shall be given an order on Ben Toon's Book Nook, 316 Richards St., Vancouver, for any one of the three books mentioned.



ROBERT WATSON



Concerning Books and Writers

Verse by B.C. Writers.

SERVE AND LEARN

A lantern where a sign-post gives direction;
 A torch beside a rugged boulder-stone;
 A wand of willow, stripped of bark and gleaming,
 To mark the pathway that is overgrown:
 These set, we shall find means for other service.
 The outcome, human eye may not discern.
 The world's acclaiming we would cease to covet,
 But keep as ours the motto, "Serve and Learn."
 Does this sound cold and soulless in the saying?
 Behind it stands a word of warming tone;
 With "Love" as guidance and as inspiration,
 There's heart-cheer in the work that's ours alone.
 The God of love and light and satisfaction,
 Will bless the task made ready to our hand;
 And should we fail or fall ere it is finished,
 His parent heart will surely understand.

—Annie Margaret Pike.

THE FANCIFUL GARDENER

Geranium, bright-turquoise, and verdure-green pleasant,
 I find on my canvas of twenty-foot sod
 That does not reprove me because I am buoyant
 And lean for a whisper of music abroad.
 But I am a gardener, and joy in and show it
 In moulding the plastic dear earth to my will;
 I dig in, and weed in, and rake on, and hoe it
 And up spring the flowerets to answer my skill.
 The Rain's a white maiden that, fallen from heaven,
 Flies straight to the earth and sinks gently to rest;
 She claims the first months and might speak for eleven . . .
 But clamours for April . . . our fairest and best.
 The Sun is a male that is strong beyond measure,
 Yet frail as a willow when seen behind showers;
 He smiles on my garden and fills it with treasure;
 Geranium, bright-turquoise, and many-shade flowers.

—Lyn Tallman.

THE CORAL REEF

The Coral Reef, guarding its island home,
 Its emerald-green lagoon and silver strands,
 Stronger than steel and concrete fort it stands
 'Gainst swell of sea and storm-king's rage and foam.
 Those countless coral workers never sleep;
 They toil, bequeath new life; they die, and all
 Their bodies underlie the living wall;
 The dead the living help the watch to keep.
 So seems it too with all the race of men:
 They toil, beget, and die; their strength is hurled
 Upon the levelling forces of the world.
 The fallen rise to give their strength again.
 Their souls a living wall must ever be
 'Gainst surge and storm of Time's relentless sea.

—Edwin E. Kinney.

"A GARDEN BY THE SEA" AND OTHER POEMS

"A Garden by the Sea and Other Poems" recently published in London by Arthur L. Humphreys, should be of special interest to British Columbians and to the people of Vancouver, in which city the poet, Mrs. L. A. Lefevre has been living and writing for many years. This tastefully bound volume contains the best of Mrs. Lefevre's work, and the Canadian edition that has just been published by Messrs. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, will afford an opportunity for British Columbians to possess her poems in pleasing and compact form.

The collection contains most of the pieces which celebrate British Columbia and Vancouver, including "The Lions' Gate" and "Hail and Farewell," both so widely known in this Province. Vancouver has been fortunate, indeed, in the short space of her existence as a city, to have had three such poets as Pauline Johnson, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay and Mrs. Lefevre to illumine with the magical glamour of their fancy the wonderful scenic beauties with which Nature has endowed her. It helps to a fuller appreciation of the Lions, for instance, when we have read in the first poem mentioned, the following lines so rich in pictorial suggestion:

"We calmly rise on the amber skies
 When the sun and the sea have kissed,
 And the glory fills all the circling hills
 That glow in a rainbow mist;
 When the radiance falls on our granite walls
 And the purple peaks unfold,
 We fling to the sky from our fortress on high
 Cloud banners of crimson and gold.

"And far below where the waters flow
 The stately ships sail through,
 For the fair surprise of a city lies
 Where the forest giants grew,
 She holds the key of an empire free
 Whose glory has just begun,
 The nations meet at Vancouver's feet,
 The East and West are one."

With its fine descriptive power and the majestic sweep of the verses, it is no wonder that this poem is a general favourite.

"Eagle Pass" describes how a sudden swerve in the flight of an eagle disclosed to Walter Moberley the pass through the Rocky Mountains by which he saw in dreams, which were later to be realized:

"A great imperial highway sweep
 Across the land from sea to sea."

The poet here has handled her subject with a fine realization of its dramatic value.

The collection, however, is by no means local in its range, and shows a wide variety of subject and style. Haunting lyric quality is to be found in many of the shorter poems. "Mavis" has been set to music and was sung by the Irish tenor, John McCormack. There is the same tuneful melody of line in "Gold and Grey":

"Gold is the sunset's heart of fire
 That rosy clouds enfold,

And gold the butterfly wings that drift
 O'er the lilies' chalice gold,
 Through a golden haze of rapture swings
 The earth to a joyful tune,
 And my love's gold tresses gleam and dance
 Through the golden days of June."

In a number of the poems in the collection, Mrs. Le-febvre has used certain of the old Continental forms of verse with very graceful and happy effect. In "The Villanelle," which tells how

"The woodnymph, Echo's fairy spell . . .
 First taught Villon the villanelle."

the refrain is most pleasingly handled in that complicated arrangement of lines from which the poem takes its name.

"My Roses Bloom," is a rondeau inspired by a fall of snow in Vancouver. The sonnet, to "The Muir Glacier, Alaska," is a strong piece of work marked by its fine word painting and the full-flowing sweep of its lines with their cumulative effect heightening the climax at the latter half of the sestet.

The relation of Canada to the Mother Country is the subject of "A Daughter's Voice," which strikes a strong Imperial note. Many of the poems treat of the deeper aspects of things and there is not space to deal with them here. Enough has perhaps been said of the collection as a whole, however, to tempt the reader to adventure into its pages himself with the sure knowledge of treasure to be found there.

—Robert Allison Hood.

The Family Affairs of the Freemans

I. PETER FREEMAN'S PREDICAMENT. By Ben Toon.

After spending all the years of his business life as a number in a department of a great store Peter Freeman was leaving the comparatively secure shelter of that blind alley and going West as fast as the Imperial Limited could carry him. Taking all the risks attendant on adventure he was eager and unafraid, for anticipation and hope supplied the sustenance which maintains the zest of the adventurer though disillusion wait on achievement.

Peter himself would have laughed at this point of view being so confident that he pursued no will o' th' wisp of fortune since before him lay the fulfilment of ambition. He was about to become the manager of the Drug Department in one of the leading stores at the Coast.

He had enjoyed every hour of his westward journey, even that unbroken stretch of desolation, the prairie after harvest—stubble as far as the eye could reach and overhead a sober sun following its monotonous round through a cold blue sky. The change had been an agreeable one, and by the time he reached Calgary he felt almost exuberant under the influence of the wine of the prairie air: a splendid provision of nature to compensate for her failings in other respects.

He was already feeling lonely before the train pulled out on its next stage of the journey, for a dear old lady who had been his only but constant train acquaintance since he left Toronto had broken her journey at the city of the Foothills. Many confidences had been exchanged during the short time they had known each other; perhaps their mutual need had drawn them to each other. She had shown a motherly interest in the Freeman family, encouraging Peter to talk of those he had left behind. He had illustrated his story with a picture of the family group of which he furnished the background, looking just what he was, a direct descendant of the 'Industrious Apprentice'; a wholesome sort of fellow and boyishly self-confident. Near him in the picture sat Mrs. Peter, placid, imperturbable, a touch of the inscrutable in her gaze. In her arms was tiny Baby Ruth and sitting near were David the six year old son, fatherlike, and even more serious of expression, and sister Mary, wide-eyed and eager.

Long talks had Peter with Mrs. Mercer about his home, and she had sound advice to offer concerning the care and training of a family. But there were others on the train anxious to pay court to this dear dainty old lady and Peter was none too popular as her favourite. One in particular who occasionally waited on her, always affable and kind, had nothing but dark looks for her companion, though Peter afterwards remembers that he had discovered the same

gentleman looking interestedly at the snapshot of the Freeman family group which had passed into the possession of Mrs. Mercer, and they were both talking very earnestly about it.

When the train finally pulled out Peter sat looking through the window, lost in thought. The book he had been trying to read slipped unregarded to the floor. A man in passing down the aisle came to a halt when he saw Peter and took a closer look at him.

Suddenly aware that he was under observation the dreamer looked up; then as one would expect of friends meeting after years of separation cordial greetings were exchanged between the two, sincere enough if not too elegantly expressed.

"Why—Peter Freeman—well I'll be—" exclaimed the stranger and was interrupted by Peter's joyous response: "Why-y hello Tod o'boy! How are you?"

"But what are you doing out here, Pete? I thought they had you chained to a log in the old store. Where are you heading for?"

"Huh! Thought you were the only guy who could make the break and do better, eh?" retorted Peter, then more serious. "Well, I'll tell you, Tod, I'd been waiting for a long time for a good chance and as soon as it came I took it. Of course, I might have taken a chance and got away long ago but, you know, a man with a family can't afford to take chances."

"You've just taken more chances than most men do, Pete," laughed the newcomer. "But now you've taken the chance where is it taking you?"

"I'm going out to the Coast to take charge of the Drug Department for the L. and C. Benton Company."

"Good enough. There isn't a better firm West of the Great Lakes than Bentons," said Tod Blount, warmly. "They're fine people. One of my best accounts. But I have other than business reasons for thinking well of them. One of the best friends I ever had is their General Manager. I tell you D. R.—Oh Steve, just a minute" and the rest of Tod's story went untold as he introduced Peter to the man he had just hailed.

A few minutes later Peter was made acquainted with another member of this party of travelling men.

"The elite of the fraternity of travelling salesmen," declared Tod Blount, as with a flourish, he mentioned the lines they carried. He himself, known to all and sundry of his friends and business acquaintances as Tod Blount, otherwise Edward Todhunter Blount—representing The Regent Shoe Company. Stephen Paterson travelling on behalf of the Fourx Men's Clothing.

"Ready to tear stuff," facetiously suggested Tod Blount. The third member of the party was John Milton—a veteran of the road, and senior partner of the firm he represented.

The younger men were in high feather as the result of a successful trip and the pride of achievement getting the better of their will to entertain him they poured comparative figures and percentages of increase into Peter's sympathetic ears. John Milton, hero of many such campaigns, eyed his juniors coldly, impatient with their chatter.

During the conversation Peter happened to look about him and caught his unfriendly train acquaintance standing not far away, looking very interestedly in his direction. Peter began to wonder why this man was paying him so much attention. Why should he follow him about and watch him like this? It was getting to be a regular nuisance! His look of annoyance simply evoked a sardonic smile from the intruder as he walked away.

The incident had not gone unnoticed for John Milton, observing Peter's quick frown, turned to seek its cause and forthwith discovered an antidote for boredom since he became instantly alert and attentive. With a smile, which had a suggestion of pity in it, he left his companions still recounting their business triumphs while he went out to add another page to his own successful commercial history.

He found the man for whom he was looking in the Pullman and soon they were deep in conversation. The stranger, heavy browed and rather saturnine in appearance, was by no means as formidable as he looked. The twinkle was never very far from his eye and a winning smile often swept the cloud from his brow. During the conversation he asked a few questions about Peter Freeman and in turn imparted information which afforded both of them a good deal of amusement.

"Gosh—that's funny, Darcy!" said John Milton, chuckling. "But how did it start? What's he got against you?"

"Search me!" was the laconic reply. "Took a sudden dislike to me, maybe—"

"It's going to make it awkward for him when he finds out who you are."

"Oh, well, that's a bridge he won't cross until he comes to it," was the good-natured answer.

During a short stop at a wayside station Tod Blount and Stephen Paterson came hurrying up to John Milton and his new found acquaintance. It was evident that in their opinion the latter was a person of some importance, for the warmth of their greeting was nicely spiced with deference.

"A friend of mine who is on the train with us will be glad to meet you I think, Mr. Darcy," said Blount, looking around for Peter, who to the speaker's dismay passed by at that moment with a hostile eye on Mr. Darcy. John Milton intercepted Tod's attempt to recall his friend.

"Oh that can wait, Blount," he said calmly. "And anyhow your friend doesn't seem very anxious to meet Mr. Darcy." He winked ponderously at Mr. Darcy who smiling a little grimly said:

"Just as I told you, John, that fellow never did like me."

"But, Mr. Darcy, he doesn't know you," protested Blount. "I'm sure he doesn't know who you are."

"And doesn't it look as if he would rather not know me. Now doesn't it?" he added with smiling persistence.

When Blount was enlightened regarding the trivial ground for Peter's hostility he could not enjoy the humor of the situation as did the others.

"Freeman's an old friend of mine, Mr. Darcy," he said earnestly. "I don't like the idea of him getting in wrong with you."

"Oh, that's all right, Blount. That's all right! You needn't worry about it. That's nothing against him."

"Why no, of course not," declared John Milton. "And look you here, Tod, don't you put him wise and make him and all the rest of us miserable for the rest of the trip. He'll find out soon enough."

When the journey was resumed the party split up again and now it was Peter who held forth to Blount and Paterson confidently reciting the business wonders which he expected might be wrought by a man with Eastern experience and enterprise.

"Now don't you run away with the wrong idea, Pete," warned Blount. "The people out here are not so far behind. In fact I think you'll find Benton's some distance ahead of the old store—up-to-date and all as you think it is."

"That's so," said Peter casually, implying doubt. Then more positively, "I hope they will give me a free hand. If they do I'll deliver the goods: but of course that is up to the L. and C. Benton Company."

Peter spoke very emphatically and Blount looked uneasily in the direction of Mr. Darcy, who sat well within earshot.

"Gosh, Pete! I believe he's heard every word you've been saying," he declared in an anxious whisper.

"And suppose he has," was the sharp reply. "It's none of his business, is it?"

Blount's embarrassment was not relieved by his friend Paterson's open appreciation of the situation. He made a quick attempt to turn the conversation.

"Were you living on the East side before you left, Pete?" asked Blount.

"Yes—same house! Same street!"

"And I suppose the same church at which to work your head off?"

"And the same church," said Peter. "Look at this, Tod." He drew his watch from his pocket and passed it over for inspection.

"That's no Friday Bargain timepiece, Pete," said Blount.

"No, sir!" declared Peter, proudly displaying the inscription it bore. "It was given to me by the folks at the People's Church. A lot of nickels and dimes paid for it. That's why I'm so proud of it. People who couldn't afford very much wanted to give their little share. I prize it most highly on that account."

Then as if a little ashamed of his outburst of feeling he added: "The boys at the store gave me a silver-mounted umbrella. Useful sort of present—eh?"

"One of the necessaries of life at the Coast," said Paterson, gravely.

Peter smiled.

"Yes, I'm told there's a lot of rain out there, but I suppose the people get used to it. Just a fine drizzle most of the time they say.

"Fine drizzle, eh! Well you enquired at the wrong Information Bureau that time," scoffed Blount. "Huh—fine drizzle! Last spring I got a perfectly good drenching after walking just three blocks in your Pacific Coast drizzle."

John Milton was with them now.

"For more than twenty years I've made this trip," he began in his deliberate manner, "And never yet—"

"Yes, for more than twenty years you've been coming out here," mocked the irreverent Paterson, "and the moss on the roofs grows thicker all the time. Freeman—you are going to a place where moss and rust doth corrupt."

"What a glorious day we've had," said Peter, by way of diversion. "When I left Toronto last Monday it was raining and the wind was cold and raw."

"That's right—start right in knocking the old home town," said Blount. "I'll tell you, though, it won't be long before you will appreciate Toronto more than when you lived there. Rain—raw wind—huh! From now on you'll get all you want of that sort of thing and then some."

"Yes, you take a good look at Old Sol, Mr. Freeman,"

advised Paterson. "You won't see very much of him after this."

From the first trifling remark the conversation went on until it developed into a conspiracy to persuade Peter that he was doomed to live in a land of gray skies and unfailling rains, and it succeeded well enough to send him to his last sleep on the train feeling unusually depressed.

Yet when they came to the end of the journey it was the mock-pessimists who took him to the window of the depot waiting room to show him the glory of earth and sea and sky by morning light.

The rose flush of early morning tinged the mountain peaks and made luminous the innocent white clouds drifting carelessly to diffusion. Blue-black shadows lay hiding on the lower slopes until the sun should conquering rise and banish their mournful hues.

It was Peter's first glimpse of the sea and never before had he seen nature in such an entrancing mood. He stood like one enchanted and his smiling companions bent to catch the tribute which escaped his parted lips.

"Gosh!" said Peter Freeman.

Later that morning, after entering the L. and C. Benton Company's store he suddenly felt more humble and less positive of his ability to measure up to the high standard of that establishment. From every point of view—stock, fixtures, display and convenience—it was equal to the best he had known in the East and far above what he had expected to find.

"Mr. Beamish went to Victoria yesterday and will not return until next week," he was told when he went to report to the Superintendent. "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked his informant—an alert young lady who acted as stenographer for Mr. Beamish. "Oh, so you are Mr. Freeman. Mr. Beamish told me that you might be here this week-end." She went to the telephone in the inner office, and on her return said to him: "Please go up to the General Office. Mr. Benton is home again. He told me to send you up to him."

"Mr. Benton is very busy. He has only just come back this morning from his trip East," said the young lady who came to ask his business. "Perhaps—"

"I was told to come up here to see Mr. Benton. I think he expects me," said Peter, a touch of importance in his tone.

"Oh, pardon me," said the young lady. "I'll tell him that you are waiting. What name shall I give?" She came out of the private office again and beckoning to Peter ushered him in, closing the door after him.

As Peter stood within the threshold of the office he saw bending over a desk in the centre of the room a figure which looked vaguely familiar. A moment later the surmise became a certainty for Peter confronted the steady gaze of Mr. "Darcy." A very long second of silence followed.

"Good morning, Mr. Freeman—right on the job—eh! That's the stuff." The keen eyes under the shaggy brows looked with disconcerting steadiness at Peter whose self-possession was further disturbed by a rapid-fire volley of questions. At the end of the interview he was in a chastened frame of mind.

"Well I suppose you want to begin right away? Want to find out how many mistakes the other man made, eh? Well, I think you can afford to put off all that until next week. Spend the rest of the week getting settled." A smile flickered over Mr. Benton's face as he observed Peter's meek expression. "You'll get on here all right, Freeman. I know you'll do your best. I'll back you up."

"Thank you, sir," said Peter quietly. "Good morning."

He was on his way out of the office when he heard Mr. Benton speaking again. He turned about and waited.

"Oh—Freeman—I saw that picture—you remember—on the train. Better hurry up and get those youngsters out here. This is a great country for children. Bring them out and get settled down. You'll work all the better when they are here with you. I want to meet your wife and tell her what a ladies' man you are."

Peter had not recovered his self-confidence and he looked doubtfully at his new employer.

"I think I can forgive you though for taking full possession of Mrs. Mercer on the way out. She was a dear old soul and I was very pleased to see how attentive you were to her. Well have a good look round the city during the week end and report to me here on Monday morning. Good morning."

The smile with which Peter was dismissed carried full assurance that all was well. Peter was himself again. He nodded and smiled at the young lady who had answered his enquiry then suddenly remembering something he turned and spoke to her.

"Mr. Benton," he began—"Mr. Benton—I thought I heard someone call him Mr. Darcy. I-I met him on the train."

"Mr. Benton's initials are D. R. C. and most of his friends call him Darcy for short," she said, smiling.

"Oh, I see," said Peter thoughtfully. "Thank you."

Peter was himself again. On his way out of the store he passed through the department which was soon to be given up to his supervision. On second thoughts he felt that there was considerable room for improvement. Yes—in that corner two cases silent enough—but not salesmen. He would attend to that the very first thing on Monday morning after he had reported to Mr. D. R. C. Benton.

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THE MOST EXPENSIVE GLASS IN THE WORLD.

WHERE THE \$70,000 PANELS COME FROM.

(By A. M. Cowan, Perth, Scotland)

Much has been written concerning stained glass; but whether from the solemnity of the wonderful pictures, or the haunting stillness of the Gothic aisles, or both, the literature of the subject certainly does not exhibit that lightness and freshness of touch which modern readers demand. Consequently it remains for the most part on the shelf, suffering most undeserved neglect. Too technical; so runs the popular verdict in an age of "movies." But that fatal objection for a popular audience can be got over very simply with the aid of the hammer of plain English and the cold chisel of Anglo-Saxon, which work wonders even with the hardest of technical surfaces. This article is an effort in that direction, and the reader will at any rate have little reason to complain of obscurity in style.

Seven or eight hundred years ago a band of nameless geniuses travelled up and down Western Europe, decorating the new Gothic windows with wonderful bits of coloured glass that today are more precious than the gems they imitated. These unknown craftsmen were the old masters of stained glass. They seem to have been few in number, a sort of Guild, of which the best workman was the master by general consent and was succeeded in turn by his best pupil. So the little society went on with its work, the value of which it could never have realised; it developed a new school of art, turning out for perhaps seven dollars pictures that today would fetch 70,000, as one did not long ago in New York.

Modern stained glass manufacture is a highly specialised industry, carried on with every device that science can bring to the assistance of art; but when all is said, the work of the old glaziers stands supreme in the opinion of many competent judges besides Ruskin. Here is Ruskin's view about it in his own words:

"The attempt to turn painted windows into pretty pictures is one of the most gross and ridiculous barbarisms of this pre-eminently barbarous century. The true perfection of a painted window is to be serene, intense, brilliant, like flaming jewellery, full of easily legible and quaint subjects and exquisitely subtle, yet simple in its harmonies. In a word this perfection has been consummated in the designs, never to be surpassed, if ever again to be approached, of the French windows of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries."

Public attention in Great Britain has been directed to the subject by unwelcome discoveries regarding the condition of the stained glass in some of her old cathedrals, York Minster and Peterborough, for example. Whether the State should make itself responsible for the preservation of treasures that belong to the nation as much as to deans and chapters, is a question that need not be discussed here. The plain fact is that only private benevolence has saved some of the finest stained glass windows in the world from destruction.

An appeal for funds was made by the Archbishop of York to repair the beautiful windows of his cathedral, the very stonework of which is decaying. These windows number over a hundred and include examples of the three great periods of stained glass. In any list showing the cathedrals which possess specimens of Early, Middle, and Late Gothic, there is a single British name that would figure in all three categories; that is only one of the distinctions of York Minster.

The earliest fragments of stained glass still existing in Europe are mostly to be found in France; they suggest Byzantine cloisonne enamel as the source of their inspiration, thus affording a slender and beautiful link with the gold-

smiths of the Roman Empire. A few of these fragments date back to the eleventh century; the choicest remains belong to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the golden age of Gothic art, glass included.

The makers of the Gothic windows mixed their colours in with the glass by a method of their own; it was wonderfully rich "pot-metal." Sheets of glass were of course unknown in those early days; the glaziers worked with little pieces or panes of sapphire, emerald, or ruby, which they put together like a puzzle. Having selected the particular pieces they required, they arranged each in its place in the picture, not according to any elaborate plan, but guided by their own artistic sense and skill, which in these men almost amounted to an instinct. When the glowing mosaic was complete, the panes were made fast with ribands of grooved lead. This is no imaginary description; the panes and the ribands are there still.

Generally the design of the picture was the figure of a saint with a purely decorative background, the sort of picture, in fact, that has been copied all the world over and is familiar to every one who has been inside the old cathedrals of Europe. There is the red drapery with green ground and blue sky, the yellow crown, the white scroll, the brownish pink of the flesh. All this was glazier's work; when it came to filling in the details, the lettering on the scroll, the folds of the drapery, the features of the human face, then the painter had to be called in. He filled in the details on an opaque brown enamel which was fired in a kiln till it fused on. The painter was really a later development and of doubtful value. Called in to assist, he ended by squeezing



In seeking
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out the glazier and reigned in his stead. But he had little of the other's genius, and with his arrival the glory began to depart.

So far cathedral windows had been entirely composed of coloured glass, but after a time the artists began to look about for variety in the form of grey and silvery effects; these they obtained by introducing bits of opaque glass amongst the coloured panes. The combination became known as grisaille and it had a rapid development. Very fine examples are to be seen in the east window of the cathedral at Gloucester, and the Five Sisters of York.

A word concerning the three great periods of stained glass. The early Gothic is characterised by colour harmonies of extraordinary depth and richness of design that gloriously illuminate the most simple of designs. In the Middle Period a change begins to appear. A lighter touch has crept into the picture; the effect is to soften and relieve the solemnity, partly perhaps through a tendency to rather more elaborate design. In the Late Gothic this idea is carried farther and the splendours of the early colouring are replaced by something with less depth but greater brilliancy. You realise as you contemplate it that the work of the unknown band of the early days is passing into other hands; it is a new world, and you are not sure that you like it. But it is all very beautiful.

These developments in the art of stained glass might suggest a parallel with human society itself. To take Rome, for example. First of all we have the early Romans under their kings with their simplicity of manners, and force of character. It corresponds in a way with the purity and richness of Early Gothic and its simplicity of design. Next comes the Republic when life was become fuller and more complex, but also brighter, seeking relaxation after the day's labour as a necessary part of the day's programme: one can read all this in the lighter touch and more ambitious design of the Middle Gothic. Last of all the Empire, all sparkle and dazzle, opulent, shallow, a riot of colour against a background of gathering storm. So it was with Late Gothic when the old glaziers had departed, taking their secret with them. What was it after all but the genuine love of their art for its own sake, and a proper pride in their work? We could do with men like these today in some parts of the world. The painters had the field to themselves eventually, but they made little progress. For one thing their enamel had not the lasting qualities of the old pot-metal. Gradually the wonderful lights began to pale and grow dim to fade and flicker out at last, leaving behind them the afterglow of that long twilight which succeeded the Gothic age. The three centuries that followed were the Dark Ages of stained glass. With the nineteenth century came the Renaissance. The craftsmen of the new age retained much of the old tradition of simplicity and subdued splendour, while endeavoring to make their art give expression to modern ideas. Such at least were the aims of most British art under Burne Jones and the men of his school. In the United States brilliant colourings became the fashion aided by the use of opalescent glass, a modern revival of grisaille that achieved wide popularity. But when all is said for the admitted excellence of much modern work, there is nothing yet produced that can vie with the "dim, religious light" of the old cathedrals, nothing perhaps in the world to equal the hundred windows of York Minster. Time of course is on the side of the old masters and Milton's famous description of stained glass is not for our day. The "storied windows richly dight" belong to the Gothic age alone.

Reference was made above to the panel of old stained glass which fetched 70,000 dollars in New York. It is an example of Early Gothic of the thirteenth century, depicting the tree of Jesse and Our Lord's descent from the stem of

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David. There is a well known window of the same kind at Chartres, while Le Mans boasts the finest of all in a panel of the Virgin and the Twelve Apostles.

Canterbury had originally many beautiful examples of Ruskin's 13th and 14th century stained glass, but the Puritans did not regard such things from the point of view of art, and they made an end of all the beautiful glass as if it had been so much old metal. For this they have incurred the odium of posterity, but one may venture to say this for the iconoclasts: to them the representation of Our Lord amid all the flaming colours suggested only blasphemy and all the things that they were up against. Devil's work, they called it, and the words fairly express their point of view. "In the name of the Lord, I will destroy them." So they hewed Agag in pieces, as they firmly believed; the solemn strains of the old psalms rose up to heaven as the priceless gems of Gothic art were dashed to the ground. The cathedral at that time had been placed in charge of a Cromwellian known as "Blue Dick," who was so proud of his achievement that he wrote down an account of it for future generations. With a sort of honest pride he recounts in simple words how he stood on a high ladder, pike in hand, and "rattled down proud Beckett's glassie bones." We can leave it at that.

In Scotland the same sort of thing was happening. It is known that French glaziers were brought to Scotland in the 12th and 13th centuries probably some of the famous band already referred to, as the number of such craftsmen was strictly limited. They travelled all over Scotland just as they had done in France, and their work adorned most of the famous Scottish abbeys, Holyrood, Scone, Dundrennan, Melrose, and the rest. The destruction that began in St. John's Kirk in Perth extended to every monastery in the

north country; everywhere the "glassie bones" were ruthlessly destroyed. The glass was sold later for what it would fetch. This trade in "old glass" continued at least as late as the eighteenth century when Gothic panels from Salisbury Cathedral were hawked about the streets and sold for the price of the lead.

Until the beginning of the present century the importance of preserving what remains of these priceless treasures, was scarcely realised outside the small circle of experts. Public interest, tardily awakening, received a powerful stimulus by the sale of the New York panel at a price that caused a flutter of delighted surprise in the deaneries and chapterhouses of Europe. For the first time a definite idea was obtained of what the real old glass is worth today, and steps are now being taken to safeguard the "storied windows" of the cathedrals that are lucky enough to possess them in spite of all the Blue Dicks and other enemies of the "glassie bones."

There is a twelfth century rose window at Chartres with a figure of the Virgin known as "Notre Dame de la Belle Verriere," which was actually worshipped by the people in bygone days, and even yet an occasional wax candle is devoted to her service. A day is surely coming when visitors from Canada and the States will want to know more about the most expensive and beautiful glass in the world; to see for themselves and study with understanding eyes those treasure houses where the 70,000 dollar panels come from.

Personally I could not imagine a more delightful way of spending a holiday than to join some "Old Cathedrals Tour" of France and Britain. Whatever other impressions you might bring away with you, the most vivid and lasting would probably be a vision of Aladdin's Cave in a Gothic setting, lit by hundreds of gems, each worth a king's ransom.

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When mischief moves Titania's naughty fairies,
They pelt the royal swans, in elvish glee,
With any flowers that suit their wild vagaries—
And that's about the way you're teasing me.

Yet while some marigolds have nubby centres,
And thorns may hedge a straight-flung rose or two,
The stately birds ignore their bad tormentors—
And that's about the way I do with you.

The swans don't match complaints with one another,
Nor flap beruffled wings and make a fuss;
For swans and fairies understand each other—
And that's about the way it is with us.

—Arthur Guiterman in "The Delineator."

Two tramps were discussing their personal appearance.
One was smooth-faced and the other had a huge beard.

The first one remarked: "I useter have a beard like that
till I saw meself in the glass. Then I cut it off."

"Better have left it on, mate," returned the bearded one
mildly. "I useter have a face like yours till I saw it in the
glass. Then I growed this 'ere beard."

—"Ladies' Home Journal."

Of course, scientists can explain the echo fully. They
say it is merely a matter of air vibration, confined in a
sounding pocket where it reverberates back and forth.

But that is not the echo at all. The echo is the voice of
Providence.

The sailor cannot see, cannot feel, cannot smell or taste
his way along. All about him is heavy, wet, sea fog. So
he pulls a cord, releases his whistle and the sound, piercing
through the mist, asks for him "Where am I?"

Then the voice of Almighty God, speaking from the hills,
or a mill or a big rock, or the North Vancouver ferry,
answers back and tells the sailor just where he is heading.

Men should take an echo sometimes, too.

They should send out a call against the hills, or among
their fellow men and enquire where they are bound.

There would be less moral and physical wrecks if men
would do that. For most people do not ruin themselves
consciously. It is just that they don't know where they
stand.—From an Editorial in "The Vancouver Sun."

Letter From Customer in Texas

Send me your catalog of tombstones. I am going to be
in the market for several tombstones this year, and say,
could you enclose one No. 4 buckshot in with the catalog
for a sample, as I have a rifle that looks to be that size and
I will send you an order for six pounds of round bullets.

Time for several to duck.—"Everybody's."

Always after having establishd—or re established—this
picture of Fanny Hurst, I read a new Fanny Hurst story.

And then invariably, I begin to ask myself questions.

Where in that cool forest mind comes that crowd of old
Jewish fathers and mothers whose sorrows wring our hearts?
Surely this child eyed girl was in her early twenties when
she began to tell us of old age. Whence comes that intimate
knowledge of the poor; their pathetic makeshifts, their tragic

compromises? Surely this sumptuous girl has never shaken
hands with poverty. Whence comes that understanding of
the criminal mind—violent impulse—quaking regret? Surely
this calm-faced girl has never gazed on vice. And above
all, whence comes that extraordinary fecundity of detail?

Are there hidden in the green heart of the forest-mind,
invincible cities, teeming with life? If so—when did this
girl-architect build them? Are there hidden away in in-
numerable caverns, bales and boxes and bushels of data?
If so, when did this girl-pirate scuttle the ship of life and
loot it of its cargo?—Inez Hayes Irwin in "The Bookman."

One difficulty about choosing a husband is that now most
men are clean shaven. This is much more of a disguise than
all the rouge and powder women use to enhance their
beauty. Very few women would marry some of the men
they do marry if they had seen them with faces untrimmed
and unshaven. Their beards tell the truth about them. This
is why they have become slaves to the razor. They are not
good-looking, not a single one of them born into this world;
quite the contrary.

Take courage from Nature's sweet and boastful candor,
and believe in your face as she does. It helps.

—"Ladies' Home Journal."

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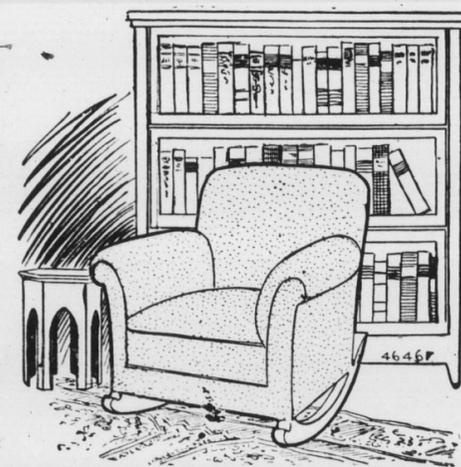
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