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No. 1



Wadds Photo

MR. LIONEL STEVENSON

One of the youngest literary men of promise in the Canadian West, who, in this issue reviews the latest work of Mr. Bernard McEvoy, British Columbia's Senior Journalist, Writer and Poet.



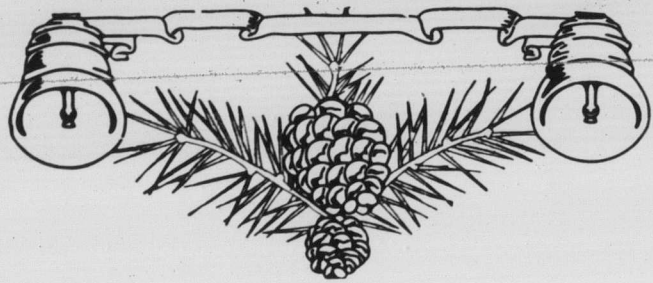
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VOLUME XXIII.

AUGUST, 1924.

No. 1

Editorial Notes

FOR VANCOUVER CITY IMPROVEMENTS in these days, observers need only be referred to Victory Square. If the principal proprietors of VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE never did anything else for Vancouver City, Victory Square, as now almost finished, would be a lasting testimonial to their public spirit. The attractiveness of the design and the beauty of the arrangement of flower plots, must appeal all the more to those who formerly took note of the eyesore the Old Court House site had become. We say again—may Messrs. Southam's example inspire others!

* * * * *

CRITICISM IS SELDOM WELCOME unless the criticised recognise that it is prompted by a spirit of helpfulness. Citizens will listen patiently to the remarks or suggestions of strangers—just as wiser visitors will give more time to observation than to criticism. Among numerous things in Vancouver in which it must be admitted that criticism is warranted is the system—or lack of system—in the marking of street names. To this defect, and the kindred one of insufficient lighting of many blocks—especially in the west end of the city—we have referred before. It is not surprising to find the subject a cause for letters by visitors to the daily press. Like the thinning of trees and attention to walkways, the matter is such a comparatively small one that it is surprising that any wide awake city council does not see that the improvement is made. In this connection the question may be raised as to whether electrically-lighted street-name plates could not be erected at least at the more important cross-sections? As for the thinning out of trees, that—and the introduction of fuller lighting—ought to be seen to before the season returns in which present conditions are an incentive to "hold-up" crimes.

* * * * *

WHILE NOT WISHING TO CRITICISE PERSONS, we heartily wish that the powers-that-be—no matter in what "little brief authority" they may be "dressed"—who sanction or tolerate the conditions leading to the prolongation of the fever of gambling, would either get fuller light on the folly of it, or be made to give place to others with more regard for the good of the community.

* * * * *

THE GAMBLING HABIT, no matter where or how it is encouraged, is an unhealthy one. It is alleged, with truth we suppose, that horse racing need not in itself be harmful; but if it be true that "by their fruits ye shall know them," it is equally true that some things cannot be fairly considered without regard to their associations, and also their effect on social and economic conditions.

* * * * *

"TO TAKE A CHANCE" may be a common human disposition, and there may be times and ways in which most folk feel they may do that. But to create and develop an attitude of mind that constantly and often feverishly seeks "something for nothing" is detrimental to healthy mental growth—to say nothing of other results bearing on the business or economic welfare of the individual and community.

WHETHER IT BE AT HORSE-RACING, at a "Potlatch" or on an Exhibition "Skidroad" then, it is well to vote against this public gambling; and we are among those who should be glad to be of service in helping to eliminate it. So far as Exhibitions and other Functions or Enterprises with worthy objects are concerned, some folk may be tempted to suggest that "the end justifies the means"; but surely there is no need to reason on that statement in this year of grace!

* * * * *

HOW FAR THE ACTIVE INTEREST of the daily press can help to advertise—freely!—men or movements was well illustrated by the references to the recent visit to Canada of several Old Country editors. From a Vancouver point of view this was the more notable because of the very limited time which was assigned—or somehow happened to be "left"—on the programme for the city and environs. Of course there may have been some imperative or unavoidable causes for the shortness of the days—or hours?—available here, but we would be neglecting a plain duty if we did not point out and emphasize for those "whom it may concern" that in future it would be well to see that journalists, and all others coming to Canada for first hand information about the country, have a reasonable portion of time allowed to get acquainted with the Pacific Coast province of British Columbia, and not only Vancouver city but Victoria the capital, and Vancouver Island as well.

* * * * *

VANCOUVER JOURNALISTS' INSTITUTE is to be congratulated on their arrangement for making the most of the short stay of their brethren from the Homeland, and especially for having been able to couple with the entertainment, an address by that doughty expounder and director of railway management, Sir Henry Thornton. The speech made by Sir Henry at the press function may have been somewhat shorter than the one made later before the Board of Trade and Canadian Club at the Hotel Vancouver, but it was in no way secondary in the impression it left of the masterly personality of the National Railway's chief. It may seem easy to write complimentary words of men in big positions, but there is a double satisfaction in recognizing that big positions are occupied by men really "big" in the best sense of the word.

Like President E. W. Beatty of the C.P.R., Sir Henry Thornton of the Canadian National gives the impression that he is a man who thinks more of his duty and task in relation to his Organization and his fellow-workers, and service to the nation, than he does of the PLACE of President or even of the "President" himself. In short he is a man and a loyal public servant first, and an official afterwards.

* * * * *

"Forceful, clear, determined," were some of the adjectives that were suggested by the man and his message—in his two speeches in Vancouver. To the journalists indeed he gave some points "not for publication"; but his spirit of cheerful and well-reasoned optimism with regard to the work of the

National Railway, his outline of what had been done and of progress already made, his declaration that the staff would be supported in every way in the discharge of their duty, and above all his unqualified assurance that "politics" would not be allowed to interfere with the management of this national undertaking, must have made all loyal Canadians rejoice that such a man had been selected as President.

* * * * *

PRESIDENT "CHARLIE" SUTHERLAND, and his colleagues, Messrs. Mahon and Butterfield among local journalists, were happy in their remarks on this important occasion, and their delivery in each case suggested men who were as much given to public speaking as they are experienced in summarising the speeches of others or commenting upon affairs of public interest. Following them, it was interesting to learn something of the impressions of Canada made on the Editor from Glasgow. But we cannot but repeat our regret that each and all of these so welcome visitors did not have more time to "size up" the West.

It may be permissible to record that the editor of this magazine was particularly gratified to meet the editor of the "People's Journal", Mr. George Glass, with whom, as younger men representing different journals, it was his lot to "report" not a few meetings and functions in other years.

* * * * *

PERHAPS EVEN SOME OF THOSE who wished to see a new government at Victoria will now be disposed to welcome the result of the bye-election at Nelson whereby Premier Oliver is once again assured of a seat; for many who were not enamoured of the government, and decidedly opposed to certain of its methods—and some of its men—may have retained a measure of appreciation for the hard-working Premier who, whatever his faults and failings, is generally admitted to be a good fighter and an honest man, and are not unwilling to see him occupy a comfortable "seat" as he grows older in community service.

Chastened a little possibly by his experience at Victoria, and then encouraged and re-inspired by Nelson's acceptance of him as its representative, Premier Oliver, provided he can retain power and fortify his government by men equally straightforward, may be able to hold on longer than the narrowness of the majority would suggest as likely.

The "Citizen" opposition at Nelson does not seem to have been cohesive or well enough organized; though the glamour of having the Premier of the Province as their representative—with all the added weight assured to consideration of local claims—would no doubt be an influence under all circumstances, especially with that not insignificant portion of the electorate who are not hide-bound partisans. Had Premier Oliver not been elected, the possibility of another election at an early date would have become almost a certainty.

As it is, all who, regardless of party affiliations, value clean democracy will look to the Premier to countenance such action in connection with investigation of the alleged irregularities in North Vancouver as will re-emphasize the application to him of the name "Honest John." If there has been any tampering with the ballot, a fearless exposure may lose the Premier's government one seat,—and yet at the same time help to prolong the life of the government.

Whatever happens, the people generally will look to the re-established government to make such changes re the "Absentee" vote as will prevent the recurrence of any procedure that can be questioned—much less create suspicion.

* * * * *

WANTED, A UNIFORM IMPERIAL POSTAGE SYSTEM! This is one of the things that ought to get early attention at any Empire Conferences. Why, for instance, the rate for carrying a post card from Britain to Canada should be three cents, while from Canada to Britain and also from Canada to the United States it is only two cents, is a

fair question. And pertinent to it is—How is it that many of the Old Country folk themselves seem to be under the impression that two cents is sufficient? This is proved by the constant receipt of understamped post cards at Vancouver Post Office.

* * * * *

THE POSTAL AUTHORITIES of Britain and the Empire's Dominions "beyond the seas" ought also to "get together" and systematize letter rates. The three-cent charge on post cards from Britain is offset by the fact that the ordinary letter rate from there is also three cents; whereas Canadians have to affix a four cent stamp. Surely "Postmasters-General" and postmasters generally in London, Ottawa and elsewhere throughout the Empire can arrange for uniformity in matters of such common and everyday imperial interest.

* * * * *

IT MAY ALSO BE OPPORTUNE to raise the question of imperial coinage. Canadian citizens need not be held less loyal to the Central Government at London when they suggest that the system of money division, by fives and tens, that obtains throughout the American continent has much to commend it—ahead of that of pounds, shillings and pence to which the central Homeland still clings—and which is thereby perpetuated in other parts of the Empire.

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A STUDY IN CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP

Being an Outline in Canadian Institutions of Government Written Out at the Suggestion of the Immigration Committee of the Kiwanis Club of Montreal, by Ira A. MacKay, M. A., LL.B., Ph. D., of McGill University.

(Published in the B. C. M., by courtesy of the Author and with acknowledgments to the Kiwanis Club of Montreal.)

THE MEANING OF POLITICS

There is a law in the Science of Language, or Philology, called the degradation of words. According to this law, while the form or spelling of the word remains unchanged, its meaning becomes degraded or debased by common use. Words are like coins. Language is but the currency by which men exchange ideas just as money is the currency by which they exchange commodities. It follows from this, that one of the very worst and most dangerous symptoms in the life of any people is the degradation of its coined words, especially words used in relation to matters of great public or national interest or importance. Now one of the words in our English language, originally derived from the Greek language, which has suffered most from the operation of this law is the word "Politics". The result of this degradation in meaning is clearly seen in the use, for example, of such expressions as the following: "Keep out of Politics"; "No honest man can enter Politics"; "Politics is a dirty business"; and such like expressions constantly heard at the present time. Even the most careful thinkers are apt now-a-days to use the word "Politics" as synonymous with "Party Politics," forgetting all the while that Party Politics properly understood is merely a device in parliamentary procedure and has very little indeed to do with Politics in the true, original sense of the word. Indeed, properly interpreted, the practice of party politics has no more to do with Politics as such than the contentions of advocates in a court of law have to do with the independent, impartial, scientific study of the pure science of law itself. Parliament is a court. The High Court of Parliament is its proper name, the highest, most dignified, oldest, noblest court of all; the party leaders are the advocates; the back-benchers their clerks and retainers, the plaintiff some proposed measure intended for the public good, the accused some threatened danger to the public welfare, the jurymen the electors of the country, who choose and employ the advocates in the first instance and who, just because they are jurymen, must, therefore, preserve constantly at least in some measure a critical, unselfish, independent unbiased attitude on all issues of public policy. So true, indeed, is this figure or conception of the place of the electors in politics, that it is quite safe to say that the success and safety of all forms of popular government depend upon its general recognition. Parties are for the politicians, not for the people. That should be our guiding principle.

By politics, then, we mean nothing more or less than the careful, impartial, orderly study of those forms of official organization usually called political institutions or institutions of government by which large numbers of individual human units living within the same geographical boundary lines, group themselves together for purposes of mutual maintenance and advancement. In this sense, as Aristotle says, politics is the highest employment of noble, cultivated minds. In this sense then, we shall use the word and its derivatives in this address. With Party Politics we are not concerned in any way. There is however great need at the present time in all democratic countries for some recognized agencies which will undertake the study and teaching of Politics in this truer sense. We need more real students of government and fewer party politicians. The obligation to meet this demand falls principally upon the colleges and universities, but the large number of public spirited clubs which have sprung up in recent years, of which the Kiwanis Club is one of the greatest, are indubitably destined to perform in the future a very

great and beneficent public service in this direction. With this aim in mind and with these words of introduction then, let us turn to our proposed outline study in Canadian Politics and first of all to:—

THE PRESENT POSITION OF CANADA IN WORLD POLITICS

For nearly half a century after the Act of Union, the British North America Act 1867, the Dominion of Canada or the Kingdom of Canada—for it may now quite properly be called a Kingdom—seemed to be making but slow progress towards any clear, distinctive goal. After the first fresh glow of enthusiasm, after the completion of the Union in 1873 from Cape North to Puget Sound and far into the frigid northern unknown, the completion of that quixotic impossible venture, the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885 and the inauguration, for better or for worse, we dare not say, of the national customs union of 1878, the vision began to fade away. Nothing greatly constructive seemed left to be done except to wait for settlers to come, and settlers did not come as fast as we had hoped, and too many unfortunately came and refused to stay. Hard times followed from 1883-1900. Followed this, next in order, the great migratory movement, perhaps the greatest and most mysterious nomadic movement of men in human history, between 1900 and 1918 and promised new hope for Canada. Canada's day, Canada's century had come. Immigrants came to settle in hundreds of thousands annually, the long discouraging exodus to the United States turned in the reverse direction, and business boomed or seemed to boom far and wide, east and west. During the war and after, however, we seemed to have fallen back under the old spell. Immigrants are few and the exodus to the United States has, during the last two years, assumed the dimensions of a stampede which must be checked at any cost. Canada cannot afford to become a tutor or schoolmaster in methods of free government for people from Europe, who afterwards, their lesson learned, seek out new opportunities of fortune and favour in the great commonwealth which lies south of her.

Sometimes we used to think, or at least some of us used to think in the dark days to which I have referred, that possibly our position of political dependency upon the Mother Country was in some way, perhaps unconsciously, undermining or debilitating any distinctive independent sense of destiny, which Canadians might otherwise hope to entertain. The problem arising out of our allegiance to Great Britain on the one hand and our affiliations with the United States on the other was never quite laid to rest. Was our status as a self-governing colony, but a colony, nevertheless, of Great Britain, preventing the people of Europe, including even the people of Great Britain herself, from coming to Canada with intent to make new homes here? If not, why did they settle so much more freely and hopefully in the United States? Was this because they wished to break finally away from all oppressive European traditions and memories? If so, what should Canada do? Should she remain loyal to Great Britain, or become an independent nation, and if she became an independent nation, would she not inevitably be soon drawn into complete political annexation with her friendly southern neighbor? These and many similar questions perplexed our minds then and were feely discussed among our people in all the provinces. Canada's ultimate destiny still remained a doubtful quantity.

At last, however, there came a day, perhaps the most significant, certainly the darkest day that ever dawned in human history, the morning of the fourth of August, 1914, and on that day the people of Canada, perhaps for the first time, began to dimly, half-consciously feelingly discover one of the deepest truths in political psychology. On that day Canadians everywhere began to recognize the human truth: that no country can always live by allegiance to itself alone, that geographical isolation is no sufficient reason for human isolation, that the claims of humanity are always paramount over those of any single, isolated, independent state, that international feuds and grudges and wars are relics of uncivilized unreasoning tribalism, that human intercourse, human intertrade and inter-marriage as a matter of fact pay precious little respect to arbitrary international boundary lines, that, phrase it how you will, my neighbor's rights are as real as my own rights and should be so regarded by me and defended by me, although my neighbor happen to live in South Africa, India or the Southern Seas. Why, then did Canada take the prompt action that she did in 1914? I am not now even saying that her action was justifiable. Why do so many of our people take the interest that they do in the Covenant of the League of Nations? I will even admit too, that this interest is misdirected and misplaced and that the future of the League is hopeless in its present form. Perhaps there were many reasons. But it has always seemed to me, that the attitude we took towards these two great events, one of war and the other of peace, was dominantly derived from that larger sense of world citizenship and responsibility resulting from our being a member nation in that great commonwealth of free nations, hitherto called The British Empire. Was that the deep-seated reason why we entered the war three years earlier than the completely self-governing federation of British colonies south of us? Is that the reason why we joined the League of Nations so hopefully and they did not? Was it really an echo, a tradition of 1775? I for one think it was. Traditions, allegiances have much to do with human policies. Human history is, after all, only an endless train of traditions. If there are ancient hates there are also ancient sympathies guiding the life of the nation.

And now, in consequence of what I have just said, when the war is over, or at least begins to show some symptoms of subsiding for the present, the people of Canada find themselves almost overwhelmed by a distinctive sense of destiny all their own. I need not recite to you what has so often been so well said by others, that Canada is the natural keystone in the long arch of Anglo-American friendship upon which the peace of the world must be chiefly made to depend in the future. Neither need I point out to you that Canada occupies the vast middle northern marches between a troubled Europe and a troubled Asia. What for example, would be our position should hostilities occur between Japan and the United States and we should be called upon to defend our neutrality on the Northern Pacific as Belgium was called upon so unexpectedly to defend her neutrality on land in 1914? You see the pressure of history meets us at every angle, and no proud people can escape from the pressure of history. That way lies shame and national dishonour, and that way we refuse to travel. Such then, seems to be our present position in world politics, so fraught with destiny for the future. Fundamentally our present position remains much the same as it was previous to the world war. We retain alike our affection for the Motherland, our allegiance to the British Commonwealth and our friendship for the United States. All three of these sentiments have however, been greatly intensified as a result of these years of tragedy and unrest, and certainly all three have taken on a vast new significance in relation to the future destiny of the Canadian Dominion. Most thinking Canadians will now wholly agree, I think, that complete political isolation from the Motherland and from the Empire on the one hand and annexation of the United States on

the other are both at last closed incidents in Canadian history. Most of them will also wholly agree, I suggest, that our future national destiny points at present clearly in the direction of increasing autonomy and fraternity within the British Commonwealth. Just by what constitutional devices these relations of autonomy and fraternity are effectuated is after all a question of mere practice and not of principle. Let us now turn to look at this question from a purely internal point of view.

Perhaps the present position of Canada in World Politics from an internal point of view may be best revealed by a concrete illustration. Every student of international relations knows that rivers have a very powerful influence in international affairs. Great rivers and river systems often form the boundary lines between separate states. They often also form great highways of international trade and commerce and determine the location of great commercial cities trading overseas. One of these great systems is the St. Lawrence River and Waterways System. No one, so far as I know, has yet written a really readable, authentic and full account of the splendid history of how Great Britain and Canada, acting in concert on the one hand and the United States on the other, settled by peaceful methods the boundary line and boundary privileges between these two great powers all the way by land and water from Cape Race to the Aleutian Islands. Here, then, for example, is a national service for some student to do which ought to be well done. Every free, educated, intelligent people should be familiar with the facts of its own history, and especially with facts of an international character such as this one, out of which grave problems may arise at any moment. But I wish more particularly at this point to refer to two other rivers very remote from each other on the map and very unlike in every way, but which may, nevertheless, serve to teach a very significant lesson in human history. I am thinking about the river Rhine and the river Ottawa. Across the blue peaceful waters of the Rhine, Mediterranean and Teutonic peoples, represented by modern France and Germany, have been carrying on cruel, destructive, barbarous war almost constantly ever since the earliest dawn of European history. Across the waters of the Ottawa, in many ways equal to the Rhine in natural beauty, these two same races, although profoundly influenced at the beginning by all the three great ancient grudges of Europe, based upon difference of race, language and creed, have nevertheless lived together in peace and happiness for now a century and a half past. What a lesson for the tribes of Europe! I regard the fact I have just mentioned as one of the greatest, certainly one of the most significant achievements in the political history of the world. It is an achievement which should make every Canadian, whether English or French, walk with a proud, high head wherever he may travel among the civilized nations of the world.

But we have no right to take more credit to ourselves than we really deserve. We must not forget that for the happy result to which I have referred we owe a great deal indeed to the considerate, kindly offices of the Motherland. Let me explain what I mean. Suppose Canada had become an independent nation, say one hundred years ago. Is it going too far in that event to imagine that these two great rival races and civilizations, the French and the English, might have fallen to fighting? Indeed, remembering their differences in

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race, language, and creed and their ancient enmity rooted in centuries of war, and the alacrity with which rival civilizations make war upon one another, as instanced by the late great war, may not the lurid suggestion I have just ventured be really made to look like a probability or even a certainty? Or let us take another example nearer home. Although the United States achieved its complete independence in 1783 and the friendly union of the separate states was finally consummated in 1789, yet this same friendly union seventy years later became the scene of the most cruel, murderous, internecine war in history. It is exceedingly difficult to explain the war of secession. It is exceedingly difficult, indeed, to explain why civilized peoples resort to war at all. The fact is however, that we are all living daily on the very verge of war. But whatever may be the solution of these larger questions, it is admitted too, by all students of political history that probably the greatest beneficent contribution made by Great Britain to the history of the world was made by repressing inter-racial civil wars overseas in India and Africa, for example, and I suspect also to some extent even in Canada and

in the other colonies. After all is said the British Commonwealth, hitherto known as the British Empire, is essentially a political organization of all races, nations, creeds and colours of men aiming ultimately at world peace. The British Empire is admittedly the boldest experiment in peaceful methods of political organization on a grand scale the world has ever known. Its destiny, whether consciously conceived or not, matters not, was ultimately to become a far-flung antidote to all ancient feuds and grudges, a league of peace within a league of peace. The idea of Canada, therefore, the idea of the British Empire and the idea of the League of Nations are essentially one and the same idea, the idea of world peace. For Canadians, Canada is the foreground, The British Commonwealth the middle distances, and the League of Nations the background of the political landscape. Our aim is peace, our allegiance is to The Empire and the Motherland, our chief business with the United States and our present duty here in our own Dominion. We have, in any case, during these tragic years, consciously become a very distinct, predestinated factor in the future history of the world.

Some Mountaineering Memories

(By Ebe B. Knight, Penticton, B. C.)

As an old and enthusiastic mountain climber of the late eighties, I have read with a great deal of interest, in the Vancouver Daily Province, the other month, of the climbing of the 4th Cheam peak, by a Vancouver party, but I wish to correct the statement that they were the first to climb this mountain peak.

What the Vancouver party calls "Mount Foley" (an entirely new name to me) is known among old-timers as Peak No. 4. Cheam Peak being called No. 1; and the other three being numbered 2, 3, and 4.

As a matter of early mountaineering effort, the first climbing of these mountain peaks to my knowledge was as follows:

CHEAM PEAK—In September, 1888, by a party consisting of A. O. Campbell, hardware merchant of "New West," a Mr. Thompson, photographic artist, also of "New West," and the writer, of Knight Bros., Popcum Sawmill, and two Indian packers, going by way of the old Indian trail south of the peak, thence north along the ridge.

PEAK No. 2—The following year in September, 1889, by a party consisting of John R. Smith of "Snowshoe Creek, Cariboo," Isaac Henderson of Rosedale, and the writer, going in by way of our old trail to cabin on the West side of Jones Lake, thence south to divide between peaks No. 1 and 2; then east along ridge.

PEAK No. 3—In September, 1892, by a party consisting of David Walker, Isaac Henderson and the writer with two Indian packers. Henderson, becoming sick, remained behind with the Indians, Walker and I making the peak alone. We camped for four days in the vicinity. Shot my first goat on this trip.

PEAK No. 4—In September, 1894, by David Walker, the writer and two Indian packers. Walker and I alone making the summit. The Indians declined to go, saying it was (kultus mamok—"useless work") there being no game up on the peak.

I have been five times on Cheam Peak and my wife three times, and so far as I know she was the first woman to reach this peak. Have been only once on No. 2 Peak and once on No. 4, but three times on No. 3, that being my favorite hunting ground when after goats and blue and white grouse. In addition to the trips mentioned I was in the habit for some

years of making hunting trips to these mountains.

The elevations of the different peaks are as follows (Aneroïd readings): Cheam 8450 ft.; Peak No. 2, 8550 ft.; Peak No. 3, 8650 ft.; Peak No. 4, 8900 ft.

The first attempt to scale Cheam Peak was made by the late Mrs. Farr of Agassiz, in the early seventies, but she only reached the first ridge 6000 ft. elevation, when she was forced to return from nose bleeding. For genuine thrills I can recommend to the mountain climbers of Vancouver, the scaling of the glacier lying in a horseshoe depression on the north side of peaks No. 2 and 3, and of which a splendid view can be obtained from Jones Lake, or from our old cabin on the west side of lake. It is an even 1000 feet high, and for the last 200 feet steps had to be cut in the ice with an axe. I frankly confess, I would not repeat the climb again for all British Columbia.

Another interesting trip made by S. A. Cawley and Thos. Knight, sr., of Chilliwack, and the writer, was by team to Hope. From there we took the old pack trail to the abandoned "Eureka Silver Mine" (that never was lost) 6000 feet above sea level, from there we followed the mountain ridge south for twelve miles, descending to the Fraser river at the mouth of Jones creek. For a considerable distance there is a sheer descent of 2000 feet on the west side of this ridge. It is quite possible to stand on the edge and look down, or roll rocks over as my two companions were continually doing.

Of the men who tramped and hunted these mountains with me A. O. Campbell now lives in Seattle, Mr. Thompson, when last heard from, was in Vancouver, J. R. Smith was killed on his claim in Cariboo, Isaac Henderson died on his farm at Rosedale, David Walker was drowned at Harrison River, S. A. Cawley and Thos. Knight sr., both living at Chilliwack, and I am here. I spent three months in the mountains last year and I am going again this year. A man does not know that he is alive until he gets out in the hills!

GEO. T. WADDS

PHOTOGRAPHER

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Where did King Solomon Get the Gold for the Temple?

THE RUINS OF ZIMBABWE

(By W. R. Dunlop, Vancouver, B. C.)

The recent tense interest in the Valley of the Kings and the tomb of Tutenkhamen revives a kindred interest in the mysterious Ruins of Zimbabwe; for both are in the same vast Continent—North and South respectively—and both have a fascinating Biblical association, the one actual, the other presumptive.

Modern busy Rhodesia, in the heart of which stands Zimbabwe as a pathetic inscrutable witness to a remote past, owes its origin under that name to the energy of Rhodes in his aim to bring uncivilized lands under the influence of Anglo-Saxon rule, and his consuming desire to unite British and American efforts to that end. The sanction for the Rhodesian Charter, thirty years ago, may be defined as mainly the willingness, perhaps the desire, of the peaceful Mashonas to contribute to the advance of civilization, and the need of protecting them against the warlike incursive Matabeles. As a resident of over twenty years in South Africa, covering the period of the change, I have been deeply interested in Rhodesia in its modern evolution and its relation to antiquity.

It was in 1868 that a wandering hunter, on the quest for big game in the wilds of Mashonaland and alert for the spoor of the African lion, was suddenly confronted with vast ruins—awesome in themselves, the more so in contrast with the tense silence and the rank grasses and foliage in which they were partly hidden. They comprised a great oval building 290 feet long by 220 feet broad, the walls 35 feet high in places and 16 feet thick at the base, the whole constructed of small finely chiselled granite blocks fitted cleverly without any mortar; near this an ingeniously built hill-citadel or Acropolis of similar construction and, between the two, a variety of smaller ruins indicating a populous city at one time.

Theories of origin may be reduced to two: one, held by the "Modern" school, that these buildings were erected in mediaeval times, but not later than 600 years ago, by a super-native race naturally more advanced and skilled than the natives of today—the claim being based on indirect data and inference which to my mind are quite inconclusive; the other school, equally supported by scholarly research, holding that they were built in remote times by an alien race—probably Phoenician, Chaldean or Sabeian—who were employed by their distant masters to exploit and export the gold of the country. It is interesting to note that metallurgists and mining experts of today, including Mr. John Hays Hammond, estimate that the gold wrought from the ancient workings in Rhodesia must have approximated in value to Seventy-five million pounds sterling and that the processes were evidently the work of skilled miners. It is known that at one time immense quantities of gold were brought to Jerusalem and Babylon, nobody knows where from, and that similar quantities of the precious metal were exported from the country now known as Rhodesia, nobody knows where to. Hence the startling theory—fascinating yet not fantastic—that modern Rhodesia is identical with ancient Ophir, that the numerous small ruins found throughout the country were the remote mining outposts, and Zimbabwe the great central depot where the gold was stored under military protection until it could be transported by caravan to the East African port of Sofala—due East from Zimbabwe—thence to be shipped to the historic lands referred to. What are come of the pros and cons? It is generally accepted that in historical times, but before the advent of Europeans, Mashonaland was occupied for centuries by Bantu tribes who are traditionally of a pastoral nature; yet the "modern" theory has to assume that not later than

600 years ago the natives of the country were both skilled and aggressive in construction. No such buildings have been found anywhere else in Africa—South of the line—not even in Zululand, a fact worth noting in the evidence, for the Zulus, among whom I have mixed for years, have all the suggestion of a virile ancestry.

It is true that the Zimbabwe structures do not seem of a hoary age, for the chisel marks are almost fresh in appearance; but if the 600 years minimum allowed by the "modern" theorist have left no sign of such decay it is a fair assumption that in four or five times that period, and in a singularly preservative climate, the result in the case of granite would be practically the same. Incidentally many of us have seen frescoes in Roman ruins and in Pompeii just about as fresh and unblurred as when they were new, long before the Christian era.

It has been urged that the comparative plainness of construction does not suggest affinity with the ornate sumptuous architecture of Phoenician or Babylonian cities and that the buildings are without inscription; but it may be answered that in this case it would be the practical builders—not the sculptural architects—who would plan and erect these structures, primarily to suit industrial needs and uncertain tenure, but with sufficient social and religious features to minister to a large colony, while the absence of inscription in similar buildings in parts of Asia would seem to prove that in ancient times inscription was not a necessary adjunct of literacy. It may be added that some of the peculiar features of the Zimbabwe buildings, such as the parallel passage between the lofty walls of the Elliptical Temple and the shape of the conical tower therein, indicate a Semitic origin; while the discovery of many soapstone birds—in each case facing the East—suggest a race given to Sun and Star worship. Of such were the Phoenicians with their symbol of the Sacred hawk emblematic of Venus, but never the Bantus.

If it be asked why there are no records of survivors it can perhaps only be assumed that tropical diseases incidental to rank growths, combined with the lack of adequate sanitary provision may in time have decimated the colony and that the latter, a comparative handful among the teeming savage tribes in the "dark continent," may have been suddenly overcome and exterminated and the records lost.

Apart from all question of the Zimbabwe origin, some hold that the location of Ophir was most probably in South Arabia; and while this theory would bring it more within reach of Phoenician knowledge and adventure there are good arguments against it. For example we do not know of any extensive export of gold from South Arabia; but we do know that Arabian records of 900 years ago tell us that at Sofala on the East African coast a flourishing industry in gold export was then, and long had been, a known fact. A glance at the map will shew that Sofala is many hundreds of miles below South Arabia and, as already stated, is due East from Zimbabwe in the interior.

Biblical allusion, though not conclusive on the point, is of deep interest; and among many references I select one from Chronicles, dealing with King Solomon's cooperative relations with the shipping centres of Tyre and Sidon:

"And Hiram sent him by the hand of his servants ships and servants that had knowledge of the sea; and they went with the servants of Solomon to Ophir and took thence four hundred and fifty talents of gold and brought them to King Solomon."

(Continued on Page 10)

MUSICAL PROSE

(By Alice M. Winlow)

From language, the common basis of all interchange of thought, Walter Pater distilled a unique musical style. He uses words in which the juxtaposition of vowel and consonant is sheer music, the thought informs the sentence with its own color, the melody of utterance has its own inimitable curve, the nuances are ethereal in their delicacy.

Take his paragraphs on Da Vinci's Mona Lisa. The words come muted like a cry across thin open spaces; the music of the writing is like the ethereal music of the flutes in an orchestra. "Hers is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come, and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions."

Walter Pater's dictum "All art constantly aspires to the condition of music" is supported in substance by his own art of prose-writing. In reading his essay on Leonardo Da Vinci one realizes how supremely he has attained his own artistic ideal, the perfect identification of form with matter. The sentences are exotic, luscious, fragrant, with silvery nuances, ethereal lights, as of some deeper spiritual meaning ever on the point of discovering itself to one.

Compare a sentence in this essay, "Through Leonardo's strange veil of sight things reach him so; in no ordinary night or day, but as in faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water," to the opening phrase of Chopin's nocturne in B flat minor, repeated twice with exquisite translucency and poignant beauty. Both prose and music give the impression of curves of light threading green depths of water with silver.

In the essay on the Poetry of Michelangelo occurs the sentence, ". . . at last far off, thin and vague, the new body—a paling light, a mere intangible external effect, over those too rigid or too formless faces; a dream that lingers a moment, retreating in the dawn, incomplete, aimless, helpless; a thing with faint hearing, faint memory, faint power of touch; a breath, a flame in the doorway, a feather in the wind." In these phrases is a diminuendo of tenuousness, a thinning of the very sound of the consonants, so that each consonant becomes a more ethereal stop in the music of the vowels. It reminds one of Chopin's Mazurka in A minor with its incredible decrescendos and pianissimos.

In writing of the cadaverous color of a picture of Botticelli's, of Venus rising from the sea, he says, "All color is no mere delightful quality of natural things, but a spirit upon them by which they become expressive to the spirit." What vowel music is in this sequence of words! How the music of the language follows the deep and spiritual meaning of the words! He gets a similar effect, in a minor key, in "He paints the story of the goddess of pleasure in other episodes besides that of her birth from the sea, but never without some shadow of death in the grey flesh and wan flowers."

A modern authority on singing, Dora Duty Jones, has said, "As the angle of inclination of the tongue and palate or mouth varies with every vowel, the vowel resonances undergo exquisite and elusive changes which we liken to color." Walter Pater intuitively realized this for his words seem chosen with a sense of the color values of the vowels.

How the essayist's subject and expression "inhere and completely saturate each other" can be traced in innumerable outstanding sentences. "Michelangelo is always pressing forward from the outward beauty to apprehend the unseen beauty . . . And this gives the impression in him of something flitting and unfixd, of the houseless and complaining spirit, almost clairvoyant through the frail and yielding flesh." In this sentence a spiritual sense of pressing forward is gained by the use of the letter "f" almost to the point of alliteration.

The vowel "i" with the short sound is used in the following passage to show suddenness and momentary effect. "A sudden light transfigures a trivial thing, a weather-vane, a windmill, a winnowing flash, the dust in the barn door: a moment—and the thing has vanished, because it was pure effect."

One cannot fail to notice the alliteration of the consonants "s," "c," "r" in the following beautiful passage. "To Da Vinci philosophy was to be something giving strange swiftness and double sight, divining the sources of springs beneath the earth or of expression beneath the human countenance clairvoyant of occult gifts in common or uncommon things, in the reed at the brook-side, or the star which draws near to us but once in a century."

He uses the bell-like consonant "l" to write a sentence of sheer music. "As for Leonarde, he came not as an artist at all, or careful of the fame of one; but as a player on the harp, a strange harp of silver of his own construction, shaped in some curious likeness to a horse's skull."

At times Pater's writing becomes almost spectral, occult and mysterious. To him Da Vinci's women are but the vehicles for the acting of subtle invisible forces, and his prose in the passage where he describes them takes on an ethereal quality; the vowels are the spirit, the consonants the flesh and bones, and their union produces a clairvoyant effect. There is a sense of a receding, as of something vanishing into the distance. An effect often gained by music.

In reading Walter Pater's essays on sculpture one senses most deeply the identification of form with matter. "That spirituality which only lurks about architecture as a volatile effect, in sculpture takes up the whole given material, and penetrates it with an imaginative motive . . . The limitation of its resources is part of its pride: it has no backgrounds, no sky or atmosphere, to suggest and interpret a train of feeling; a little of suggested motion, and much of pure light on its gleaming surfaces, with pure form—only these. And it gains more than it loses by this limitation to its own distinguishing motives; it unveils man in the repose of his unchanging characteristics. Its white light, purged from the angry stains of action and passion, reveals, not what is accidental in man, but the god in him . . ."

Fiona Macleod, whose prose is one of the glories of English Literature, is spiritually akin to Walter Pater, but his prose is filled with starlight, dawn, the winds of the sea, the fragrance of grasses, while Walter Pater's prose is filled with the strange green light seen through water, the faint thin light of desire losing its hold on the things of the world, the wan twilight of clairvoyant vision, the odor of the asphodel, but withal a sudden glory that transfigures what he writes of.

"Brahms dreams of pure white stair-cases that scale the infinite." Walter Pater dreams of stair-cases flooded with colored light from stained-glass windows, and leading to corridors filled with exotic fragrances. But again, his dreams too are flooded with pure white light, and he shows the province of Sculpture is to reveal the god in man.

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“Provincial Failure to Prohibit”

(By James Lockington, Vancouver Grammar School)

The following notes and observations on the evil results in B. C. of Provincial failure to prohibit—may help towards the solution of the question asked by the December, 1923, writer in the New York Times. “Why this alarming preponderance of Crime in America over that in Britain?”

Every reader of these notes will agree to the truth of the premises.

1. That as neglect of Health Laws, brings disease, and that unchecked means Death, so slackness in enforcement of law, results in crime, and that unchecked means anarchy.
2. That one Law increasingly violated, not only intensifies the crime that Law forbids, but also endangers obedience to all Laws and cheapens and deadens the authority of Law itself.

Will every reader now consider the question.

What virtue or force have the Prohibition Laws in B. C.?

The writer considers, that enforcement being lax, they neither prohibit nor control, they induce daily deceit, suspicion or crime, and illicit manufacture or distribution.

This has led to fraudulent trading of INFERIOR LIQUORS at exorbitant prices, making it possible for ADVENTUROUS BOOTLEGGERS to get rich quick—either by successful profiteering, taking all risks in defiance of Law; or by connivance with lax or hoodwinked executive agents, arranging to defeat the Law. Now substitute “DELETERIOUS DRUGS” for “inferior liquors”; and “DOPE SMUGGLERS” for “adventurous bootleggers,” and read the above paragraph over again; and again ask ‘Why is this lawlessness permitted in B. C.’

What responsibility for deterioration of character, for moral depravity, for crimes of violence, do you think, is due to legislators, who neither wish nor will to control the existing Law, nor to provide and enforce effectual law? And how much of this guilt is shared by each and all of us as individuals and societies? — Is it true in B. C. that justice is corrupt at its source, that so-called Government Control brings funds to the Government—too ample to be too lightly esteemed politically?—and that like other bootleggers, their occupation and profit would be gone, if there were no dry areas?

The Law has one obviously simple remedy as regards Beer—“Insist on the manufacture of a good pure Ale or Beer made of malt and hops; and give it open sale without restric-

tion, at so much per dozen bottles, like other soft drinks; and take Ale and Beer from under the Licensing Act altogether.” People in whatever station of life are mostly moderate, rational, responsible, and self-controlled. Trust them! No need at all to rob the poor man, or rich man of his Beer!—The Government which will make this reform, will be a Government trusted and approved by a large standing majority of sensible citizens, who will aid in the enforcement of crime-restraining laws, whether against under-proof or over-proof spirits in Licensing Act, or against adulteration in Food Acts.

Our Local Papers tell us, that people in B. C. and U. S. A. have been suffering in an unprecedented manner, from Bootlegging and Drug Smuggling, from Trade and Bank and lesser Hold-ups, from profiteer graft in Trading, and from political graft in Governing. And one knows that this lax morality of right and wrong is induced by the pursuit of material prosperity only, in a youthful land ignoring spiritual traditions almost entirely; and neglecting those innate honest principles of character-forming, which make for nobility of soul.

Everything in the social scheme of things nowadays, shews a total disregard of the true bonds of society intercourse, “love and honour to God, and love and honour among ourselves.” Everything is subservient to the question, What do I get out of it? And indicates a standard of morality, of which this Continent ought not to be proud. When the highest wisdom of mortals, or the fear of God, is gone—then restraints and self-control are gone—and crime must increase.

One wonders whether Government Lax Law Methods of a free and easy kind, support or encourage Lax Trade Methods, in certain Banking, and Trust, and Natural Resources, and Trading Companies, where liberty to trade has been interpreted as license to plunder. Many public enquiries during the last decade, resulting only in immunity from punishment, makes our wonderment give place to probability.

Students of the question, raised by the New York Times writer, of the “causes of the wide differences of percentages of crime in different countries in the world”—will certainly find their answer in a percentage classification under National Honour.

And a modifying factor will be found for a greater or less percentage,—as Protective, Trust, and Monopoly Methods, dominate over Fair, Open and Free Trade Methods.

ON THE PACIFIC

Beyond the moonset rolls the sea
To where pagodas are,
Beyond the clouds whose riven wrack
Reveals a single star;
For it is day in green Cathay,
Noon in strange lands afar.

From north to south the marshalled waves
In discipline austere
March endlessly with foam-plumed crests,
Epauettes greenly clear,
To break no more on any shore
For half a hemisphere.

But when a thread of timid light
In the dark east will dare
To stitch the low hem of the sky
Before the high clouds flare,
A hard black row of hills will show
Their sullen presence there.

—LIONEL STEVENSON

Concerning Lionel Stevenson

(Whose picture appears on the cover of this issue)

Lionel Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1902 and has lived in Canada since 1907, spending the first eleven years of the period in the Cowichan district, Vancouver Island. He graduated from the University of British Columbia in 1922 and received a fellowship at the University of Toronto, taking the degree of M. A. there in 1923. Since then he has been a teaching fellow on the staff of the University of California, where he hopes to receive the degree of Ph. D. next spring. However, he has no desire to sever his affiliation with Canada, but on the contrary is continuing to make a special study of Canadian literature. His articles in the Canadian Bookman and elsewhere are an effort to define the distinctive qualities of Canadian literature and its relation to the general thought of the age. One of these articles was reproduced in the English journal, Public Opinion. His poetry also has appeared in various periodicals. It is six years since his first contribution to the British Columbia Monthly was published, and its pages have since contained short stories, critical articles and verse from his pen.

"VERSES FOR MY FRIENDS"

*Mr. Bernard McEvoy's Latest Work
Reviewed by Mr. Lionel Stevenson.*

Excellent produced by Vancouver publishers, the collected poems of Bernard McEvoy have a particular appeal to his fellow-citizens who have long known and appreciated him. The unassuming title "Verses for My Friends" is appropriate to this extent that his host of friends in both Eastern and Western Canada will recognize with pleasure the characteristics which they have learned to love in "Diogenes"—his benevolence, his eclectic interests, and not least, his humour. Seldom has a man been so faithfully mirrored in his work, and when this work is the gathered fruit of a long life of varied interests, friendships and experiences, it is worthy of respect.

It is thirty-five years since Mr. McEvoy, already an experienced writer, became associated with Canadian journalism. In Toronto his name still evokes expressions of warm regard, although it is many years since he migrated westward. As literary editor of the "Province" he has won the gratitude of many younger writers in the double capacity of critic and sponsor.

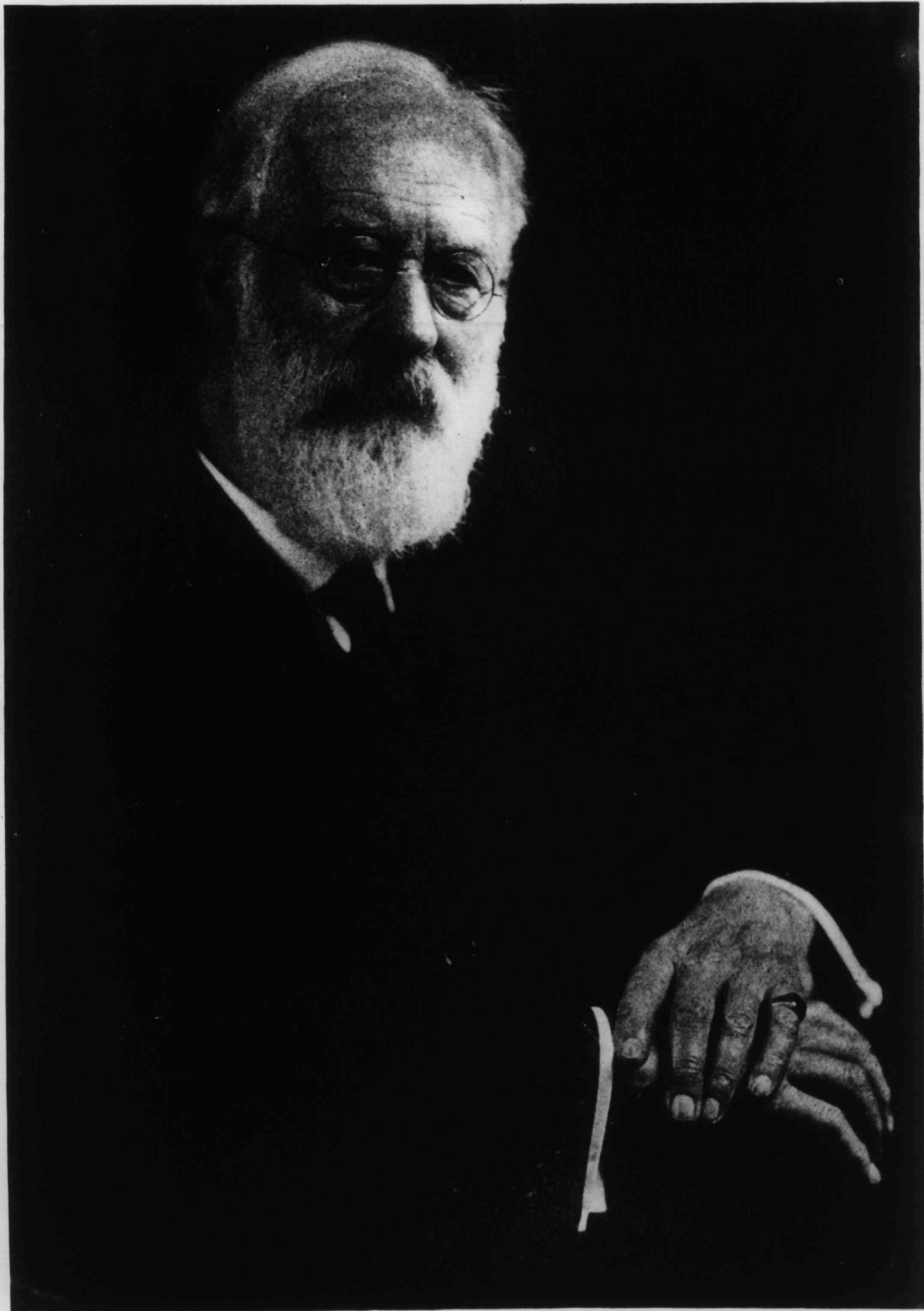
The present collection contains the poems which he has written during the past twenty-five years, as well as those which were published in 1898 under the title "Away from Newspaperdom." That title-poem is one of his distinguished achievements, a charming and realistic description of village life in Ontario. In reading this and other of his poems, one remembers that Mr. McEvoy is a painter as well as a poet, for he sees his subject with the clearness and "Composition" of the artist.

Following the example of Wordsworth, the poet divides his collection into sections appropriately designated, and this emphasises the versatility that is one of his gifts. With a sublimation of the journalist's alertness, he can speak at will in many forms and moods, with mastery of them all. Many of his poems almost set themselves to music, from his whimsical negro rhymes to the haunting "Bells of St. Ives." In more measured forms he is equally at home, his handling of the sonnet being matched by his handling of the form which is for some reason seldom practised in Canada, namely blank verse. Again, he practices a rare art in his "vers de societe," challenging comparison with Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson in "The British Museum Revisited," "The Egotist," "A Japanese Porcelain Bowl," and others. He shows tact, too, in his occasional adapting of metres used by other poets: "The Feast of the Dead" effectively uses the music of Brown-

ing's "Grammarians' Funeral" and Tennyson is recalled in several poems—"Clara" is in the spirit of "Locksley Hall" and "Alas, alas for mortal change" recalls sections of "In Memoriam." But a catalogue of forms and manners is unnecessary: his versatility will be obvious to anyone who reads the book.

Coming to a general survey of his theme, it may be affirmed that Mr. McEvoy is a poet of the heart. That is to say, he expresses the every-day emotions and impulses which we all share. As he says in his prelude:

Not for the few but for the crowd I write;
For those who, like myself, have weary trod
The road mired by the feet of multitudes.



Wadds Photo

MR. BERNARD McEVOY
"Diogenes" of Vancouver Daily Province.

His poems treat of real people, such as we know and like in life. His love poems are not addressed to idealised figures, and are usually touched with the whimsical humour which does not mean ridicule but a more intimate and unaffected sentiment. In his elegiac and reflective poems there is a similar element of what can only be called "common sense," keeping them in touch with our sublunary sorrows and problems, and producing again the impression of wholly genuine and honest feeling.

He is essentially a humanitarian. "Twenty knots an hour" and "The Song of the Factory Worker" are in the tradition of Ebenezer Elliot and Tom Hood—one recalls that Mr. McEvoy hails from an English industrial city. The sympathy for his fellows which flames out in ironic vigor in these poems is inherent in his outlook. Through narrative and pictorial themes, in humorous mood as well as serious, he does not depart from his kindly and straightforward gospel of brotherhood, tolerance, and faith in the potentialities of man.

The dignity to be attained by perfect simplicity is well exemplified in "Lilies":

There's not a lily grows from this brown earth,
But blooms immortal in the changeless skies;
There's not a life begun by human birth,
But shall to nobler heights of being rise;
The things we see show but their earthly guise,
Are but the symbols of a heavenly life;
Only their mortal sheathing fades and dies,
The faith that conquers in the battle strife
Belongs to regions where no war is rife.

Here is a love lyric of true Elizabethan grace and spontaneity:

When the dawn shyly breaks
Over the hill,
And night her mantle takes,
And all is still;
The day comes but to fade,
The night will soon return,
The sun is only made
A little while to burn!

But when my love for thee
Dawned in my breast,
And in thy constancy
I found my rest;
'Twas for eternal skies
The sun arose;
The love-light in thine eyes
No sunset knows!

As an example of his satire may be cited "The Egotist," of which a few stanzas follow:

Prince-like is his solemn gait,
Chamberlains might on him wait;
But his thoughts are all within,
They are bounded by his skin.
Prouder king does not exist
Than my friend the Egotist.

How he looks and how he feels
Are to him great Nature's wheels
Let the planets roll in air,
That is nothing—he's not there;
His world is within his fists,
My good friend, the Egotist's.

See the tearful funeral pass:
He a moment says "Alas!"
But his thoughts a quick turn take;
What a funeral he would make!
How in town he would be missed,
Thinks my friend, the Egotist.

One of the abiding joys of literature is that it brings one new friends as satisfying and dependable as any in actual life. So the title of Bernard McEvoy's book is applicable in a wide sense: anyone who reads it will find in it a friend to know and cherish.

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WHERE DID KING SOLOMON GET THE GOLD?

(Concluded from Page 6)

The expression "servants that had knowledge of the sea" is the quaint equivalent of "skilled mariners"; and I suggest that ships and skilled mariners would not be required if the reference were to South Arabia, for the reason that gold could be transported thence along the Arabian and Syrian coasts to the points of destination. Four hundred and fifty talents of gold would represent in modern currency many thousands of pounds sterling, a fact of small importance except that it predicates a rich field; and the enormous output from the neighboring Transvaal today bears the presumption that South Africa, in the broad sense, has long been a gold basin and that the ancients knew it well, within limits.

I am aware that the case is incomplete and that contra theories demand respect. Archaeologists and students of history—individually and collectively and I think the British Association in one of its annual gatherings—have pondered over these Ruins in past decades and have been unable to make incontestable data as to their origin and intent; but, as one who has weighed written arguments and has lived many years in the atmosphere of South African tradition I have stressed and, I hope, supported the theory which appeals to me with reasonableness and with much the greater force.

The Valley of the Kings is an open book; but here in the secluded hills and valleys of ancient Mashonaland the hand of Time still holds a page of History half closed, and he who would know its content must read athwart as best he may. On the deserted floors of that great temple strange religious rites may once have been observed; within that ruined citadel a Semitic garrison may have guarded treasures of gold while the caravans and their escorts were in preparation; and nearby, in the social hour, slave-girls brought from distant Tyre and Sidon may have danced for the pleasure of their masters. Yet—we do not know.

"Into the darkness whence they came
They passed, their country knoweth none;
They and their God without a name
Partake the same oblivion.
Their work they did, their work is done,
Their gold, it maybe shone like fire
About the brows of Solomon,
And in the house of God's desire.

The pestilence, the desert spear
Smote them, they passed with none to tell
The names of those who laboured there;
Stark walls and crumbling crucible,
Straight gates and graves, and ruined well,
Abide dumb monuments of old,
We know but that men fought and fell
Like us, like us, for love of Gold."

Educational Notes

(By Spectator)

Tuesday, September 2, will see a vast army of Canadian boys and girls, refreshed in body and mind, pour through the reopened doors of our schools to enter upon another year's precious training for the great battle of life. Thousands of raw recruits, of infinite potentiality and promise, will be enrolled for the first time. With eye of faith we look forward to the day when these shall carry the banner of civilization triumphantly forward a stage farther into the shrinking confines of No Man's land. Surely on our part no sacrifice is too costly, that they may go forth, armed and equipped, cap-a-pie, for this great adventure of peace and progress.

* * * * *

The long talked-of educational survey in British Columbia has at last blossomed into actuality. It would be idle, and also bad form, to anticipate the findings of the commission. Its personnel, however, is such as should give satisfaction to the great majority of sober-minded citizens. Dr. Putman is one of the most thoughtful and progressive of Canadian school inspectors, and the varied experience and well-earned reputation of Dr. Weir makes him an eminently safe worker in a field that demands sanity and common sense no less than an extensive grasp of the theories and practice of others. The help of additional experts will be enlisted as required. In the meantime opinion and testimony from every source receives patient hearing and careful attention, and, whatever the outcome may be, there is no reason to expect hasty or ill-considered conclusions. The fact that the commissioners are Canadians, conversant with Canadian conditions and imbued with the Canadian spirit, should not lessen our estimate of the value of their work.

* * * * *

Within a year building operations at the Point Grey university site will be sufficiently advanced to admit of the removal of the institution to its permanent home on surely one of the most noble sites in the wide world. To every generous soul this should be a day of optimism and joy. But to some minds the associations cannot fail to bring at the same time a shade of sadness and disappointment. It appears to be taken for granted that financial conditions demand the gradual alienation to private ownership of the broad acres that constitute the site of the future university town. It is a thousand pities that the lots cannot remain a public heritage forever, to be let out by leasehold, to provide an annual revenue for the carrying on of the university work, and to afford an opportunity for an experiment in civic government by a commission of experts in political science. In Plato's ideal state the philosopher was to be compelled to leave, from time to time, the bright sunlight of pure speculation, to instruct and govern the inhabitants of the darkened confines of the cave. In this twentieth century of the Christian era we should not hesitate to put the principle to the test.

* * * * *

To invest the study of history with interest in the earlier stages of our high school course was formerly a task of no little difficulty even for the teacher of skill and enthusiasm. It was hard, indeed, to arouse the interest of pupils in retreading the well beaten paths of the public school course in the story of Britain and Canada. Only in the pupil's last year of high school was he allowed to travel the King's highway of world progress. Now, however, the high school entrant will be at once introduced to the fresh green fields of the world at large, and under the guidance of the teacher will trace, from primitive beginnings, the advancement

achieved by successive generations, until he finds himself face to face with present day problems and conditions. British and Canadian history have now a meaning and an interest for him they could not otherwise have had, and even though it should never be his good fortune to tread college halls, he should, in some slight degree at least, have become a citizen of the world. To the education department of the province our thanks are due for the introduction of the course, nor must we forget that the efficient labor of Professor Mack Eastman has rendered its adoption possible.

* * * * *

The education department of the province and the university of British Columbia are to be commended for the courses of instruction offered at annual summer sessions in Victoria and Vancouver. To ambitious teachers the classes are especially helpful, and hundreds of these avail themselves of the opportunity offered to improve their professional training and standing. Extra-mural courses are now asked for. Such courses, undertaken by Queen's University, Kingston, some forty years ago, and long subjected to the severest criticism by other institutions claiming that study and investigation of university quality and standard could not be carried on outside of professional class-rooms, have now won their way to a position of respect and honour in the minds of the foremost educators of our land. No thoughtful person will seek to deny the value of actual contact with professors and fellow students, but there is a substantial value, also, though it be of a somewhat different sort, in a course of study pursued with success by the more independent effort of the extra-mural student. The authorities of the provincial university, who have already done so much to extend its advantages to as wide a circle as possible, doubtless sympathize with the movement, and can be depended on to forward it by every means in their power.



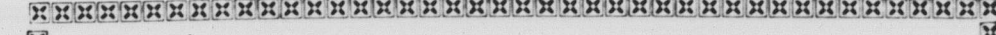
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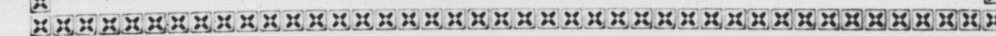
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Concerning British-American Relations

Quotations from an Address by Mr. Otto H. Kahn, American Banker, and a Vice-President of the American Branch of the English-Speaking Union, New York City.

"I am one of those Americans—there are many millions of us—who do not spring from British stock. But in assuming the duties, responsibilities and privileges of American citizenship, we have fallen heir not only to the greatness and the opportunities of our adopted country, but also, as members of an English-speaking nation, to the immortal legacy of the cultural achievements of the British stock, and we value that legacy no less than if it had come to us as a birth-right. And many of us belong to the fortunately steadily increasing number of Americans who look upon sincere co-operation, genuine understanding and active friendship between Great Britain and the United States as the very sheet anchor of the world's peace and welfare and as transcending in importance and in power for good every other international relationship."

"I shall not speak about the European situation in general except only to refer to the fact that the conceptions of England and America as to what could and should be done to adjust the most acute and menacing of the problems which confront Europe, are largely identical, and to express the ardent hope that counsels of enlightened moderation may yet prevail before it is too late.

"I should like to add, in reference to the European situation, that I know of no finer act of resolute fulfillment of a difficult and dangerous national duty than what was done by England some time ago in throwing herself singlehanded into the breach at the Dardanelles, taking upon herself the risk and burden of facing what she then faced and standing inflexible and alone to stem the onrushing tide of the victorious hordes of Turkey.

"Nor will I speak at any length, on this occasion, about the financial indebtedness of the Allied nations to America. My views on the subject I expressed publicly a few weeks ago. I have been criticized and attacked because of them, as I knew I should be before I uttered them, but they have not changed. However, at this particular time, I think it is just as well not to enter into a public discussion of this question. The matter is in the hands of eminently qualified commissioners from England and from the United States. I am entirely certain that England will ask nothing but what is fair, honourable, reasonable and businesslike, and I am equally certain that America can do no less and will do no less than grant what is fair, honourable, reasonable and businesslike. (Applause.)

"It seems fitting, before this gathering, to say a few words on the subject of trade relationship between England and America. Of course, it is needless to point out to you that England is our best customer. The maintenance of the purchasing and consuming power and of the prosperity of England is of very direct concern to us. The prosperity of England is next in importance, from the commercial point of view—and indeed from other points of view also—to our own prosperity. True, we should have and we shall have competition—fair, active, vigorous competition. That is good for nations as it is good for individuals. But it should be natural competition. It should not be anything that is artificially stimulated by undue means or to an undue extent. It should be on the basis of "live and let live."

"There are certain lines, certain activities in which England necessarily must be able to serve or produce more cheaply or more effectively than we can. There are other lines and activities as to which the reverse is true. We must always bear in mind that for England a vast export trade is an absolute vital necessity; she cannot exist without it. A small, unfertile country, treated by nature in a rather step-

motherly way, except for her iron and coal, she has developed her world commerce and finance under the stimulus of compelling national necessity. To continue as a great and populous nation, she is dependent upon the constant exercise and exertion of those great racial qualities and traditional characteristics, which have made her what she is. She lives upon what she exchanges with other nations in the way of goods and services. Adequate trade along those lines is absolutely vital to her; without it she would starve, because for much the larger part of the food and raw materials which she needs, she is dependent upon importations from abroad.

"That is not so in our case. America, however desirable and important the cultivation of her export trade, is not vitally dependent upon it in the same sense as England—being given our immense home market, our vast natural resources, actual and latent, our immense territory still offering a-bounding scope for development, and our capacity to take care of a far larger population than we now have.

"It is to our mutual interest to accommodate one another and avail ourselves of one another's effectiveness. We should aim to supplement, not to supplant, one another.

"We Americans should also bear in mind that having become a creditor nation, we have got to fit ourselves into the role of a creditor nation. That means a logical and inevitable development along certain lines, as it did in the case of England. One of these developments is that we shall have to make up our minds to be hospitable to imports. That does not mean that we must or shall permit ourselves to be unprotected and swamped by imports, but that we shall have to gradually outgrow certain inherited and no longer applicable views and preconceptions, and adapt our economic policies to the wholly changed position which has resulted from the late war.

"Another of these consequences of our position, as a creditor nation, is that we shall have to use a portion of our funds—again as England did (and there has never been a wiser and more effective use of the position of a creditor nation than that exemplified in the economic history of England)—we must use a portion of our funds to aid the development of other countries. It is both our interest and our duty to see that some of the funds accumulated here are used in a broad and wise manner for the commercial and economic furtherance of other nations. Wherever we help a nation to develop,

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there our trade will develop, too. The growth of other nations, so far from harming us, will always be a benefit to us as long as we properly understand and fulfill the part which a creditor nation should play in the world, and the duty and the responsibility which are imposed upon us by our position.

"In that way there is a great field for common effort between England and ourselves. I am quite certain, from all that I have seen in England, from the disposition of many influential men with whom I have talked on the subject, that there is every desire to work hand in hand with America in such financial and commercial enterprises as we can handle in common. There is much that we can learn from England, who has gone through the school of experience—a very costly school it always is—for generations, and in many ways we can do jointly far more effective work and at much less cost to ourselves than if we determine upon "going it alone." We went forth alone somewhat impetuously in 1920, and the lesson has been a pretty expensive one, as some of us know.

"England has faced and faces the problems confronting her—and Heaven knows they are many, and they are difficult and they are trying—with magnificent courage, with resolution, wisdom and resourcefulness. For many years now, it has been somewhat the fashion to predict that England is on the decline, that poor old John Bull is going to the dogs. Even among Englishmen, with the tendency to self-deprecation which is inherent in the race, quite a number were to be found who joined in that gloomy chorus. For thirty years past, whenever I crossed the ocean, I have had pointed out

to me how England was going to the dogs. Either it was those dreadfully efficient Germans who were ruining England's trade, or it was the Japs or the Yankees, but somebody was always ruining England. And all that time she was to be found at the old stand doing business in her old, wise, honorable way. In despite of dire predictions in pre-war days, throughout the dreadful strain of an appalling war, beset with trials, tribulations and problems since its close, she has stood four-square to all the winds that blow. And so she stands today, the same old England still, warranting unabated faith in her future, gladdening her friends and disappointing her ill-wishers, the truest of democracies, disciplined in the use of liberty and tempering it by wise tradition and by self restraint.

* * * * *

"From what I have said, some of you may get the impression that I am a profound admirer and warm well-wisher of England. If so, you have guessed right. I am. I plead guilty to that charge and I don't evoke any mitigating circumstances whatever.

"I do earnestly hope and pray that as England and America stood together in 1917 and 1918, as they stand together now for peace and for enlightened moderation in dealing with the troubled affairs of the world and in pointing the way, and the only way, out of the turmoil, strife and wretchedness which oppresses the nations of Europe, so I trust England and America will stand together always for their own good and for the good of all the world!"

Industries of British Columbia---IV Mining

(By A. A. Milledge, Manager, B. C. Products Bureau,
Vancouver Board of Trade)

For the subject of the fourth article I have taken that industry of which the average citizen has perhaps less knowledge than of any other line of activity in this province, the mining industry.

British Columbia is endowed with untold mineral wealth. She possesses a known reserve valued at \$75,000,000,000 and the unknown undeveloped wealth is probably many times greater. The mining industry in this province is still in its infancy. New discoveries are matters of almost daily occurrence. Development was greatly retarded during the war, but now the debris of war has been cleared-away, the costs have been reduced and prices of metals have reached a point where operations can be carried on successfully.

The gross value of the mineral production for 1923 was \$39,699,758, an increase of \$4,540,915 over the total for 1922. It is gratifying to note that this total has only been exceeded twice in the history of mining in this province, and these occasions were during the Great War and the result of wartime stimulus of output and wartime prices of metals.

Since the year 1852 British Columbia has produced minerals to the value of \$809,118,220. Of this the total production of coal is valued at \$250,568,970; of copper at \$178,510,042; of lode gold at \$113,244,241; and of placer gold at \$76,942,303.

Dealing with each of the chief minerals in turn it is found that the recovery of placer gold for 1923 was \$400,100, practically all of which was obtained in the North East and North West districts. This increase of 1760 ozs. over the total for 1922 is regarded as encouraging. There are two reasons for this advance in the production of placer gold. One is greater activity on the extensive placer grounds of the Cassiar region in Northern British Columbia, and the other the continued favorable development of the Cedar Creek section of the Cariboo district.

The value of lode gold produced last year was \$3,596,580, of which Portland Canal division produced 123,527 ozs., worth \$2,553,303.

The quantity of silver produced was 6,708,000 ozs., worth

\$4,236,773; the average price obtained being 67.91 cents per ounce.

These two metals show a decrease from 1922 totals owing principally to the smaller output of the Premier Mine.

The amount of copper produced last year was 54,359,896 pounds, valued at \$7,786,800, an increase of \$3,457,046 over the previous year. The explanation for this increase lies in the fact that the Britannia Mine did not ship in 1922, being without a concentrator. The average price obtained was 14.35 cents per pound, only 1c more than in 1922, so that the showing is very satisfactory.

74,447,985 pounds of lead valued at \$4,810,000, were produced from British Columbia mines last year, the greater portion from the Fort Steele mining division, due to the great output of the Sullivan Mines owned by the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co., Ltd. The average market price was 6.46 cents per pound.

British Columbia produces almost the whole of the zinc mined in Canada; no less than 62,146,548 pounds being produced last year, with a value of \$3,484,400. About 90% of this was mined in the Fort Steele division and treated at the electrolytic refinery at Trail.

This enormous production of lead and zinc is most encouraging and augers well for the future of the industry.

So far there has been no metallic iron produced in this province, but it would now seem that conditions are favorable to the establishment of an iron smelting plant. There is an adequate supply of magnetite iron ore quite sufficiently free from impurities as to bring it within the "Bessemer Limit" to supply ore for such a plant.

Other minerals of which there are deposits of considerable value and which are attracting a great deal of attention are: Platinum, Molybdenite, Chromite, Manganese, Flourspar, Sodium Carbonate, Hydro Magnesite, Arsenic, Talc and Iron Pyrites.

Turning to Coal, British Columbia ranks second among the provinces of Canada in wealth of coal deposits, and Canada has, next to the United States, the world's greatest reserva-

tion of coal. Last year the production amounted to 2,543,875 long tons valued at \$12,279,205. This is a decrease of 37,245 tons from the previous year, due principally to the decrease in output of the Vancouver Island mines. The greater part of the coal production is still being mined by three companies, viz—Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., of East Kootenay, the Canadian Collieries and Western Fuel Corporation of Vancouver Island, which mine collectively 72% of the gross output. The coal mines of British Columbia give employment to 6,644 persons, and coal is mined at the rate of 547 tons per year per underground employee. Of the coal mined in the province 1,397,918 tons are sold for consumption in Canada and 762,118 tons are exported to the United States.

Besides the chief minerals before dealt with, British Columbia is very rich in practically every industrial and structural mineral known to mankind the output of structural materials amounting to \$2,682,126. Approximately 90% of this comes from the coast districts, and the larger part finds its markets in the coast cities. Public works and large buildings have caused the quarrying of a good deal of building stone; the production of this last year being valued at \$165,700. Excellent building stone of various sorts is found in abundance in almost every part of the province; but the fact of its widespread distribution has been against the establishment of large quarrying industries. The principal stones quarried are granite, sandstone, and andesite. Red brick and fire brick are also produced to a considerable extent, the principal deposits of the latter being at Sumas Mountain. Manufacture of lime is also carried on, the largest plant being on Texada Island, where limestone of exceptional purity is used. Portland cement is the most important item in the production of building material the output last year being valued at over \$1,000,000.

It may be interesting to know that British Columbia mines possess some of the finest equipment known. At Trail is operated the most wonderful smelter in the world. It is equipped with the largest electrotype zinc plant in the world. It provides facilities for the treatment of silver, lead, zinc, gold, copper, the refining of copper, the treatment of iron ore, manufacture of lead pipes, sheet lead and zinc and copper rods. It handled 407,620 tons of ore last year. Three large concentrators, each with a capacity of 2500 tons of copper ore per day, are to be found at Britannia Beach, Anyox and Allenby.

Europe is the world's metal market, to which practically all export metals find their way. As Europe is the consumer, the industrial conditions there regulate the consumption of and demand for the metals. Notwithstanding the fact that Europe is still in a decidedly unsettled condition, the consumption of metals seems to have increased and the overstocked markets of this continent have been relieved, with the result that metal prices are gradually increasing. Costs of mining, including wages and supplies, have materially decreased, so that the outlook is now somewhat brighter and this year should see a greater development of the mineral bearing properties of the Province of British Columbia.

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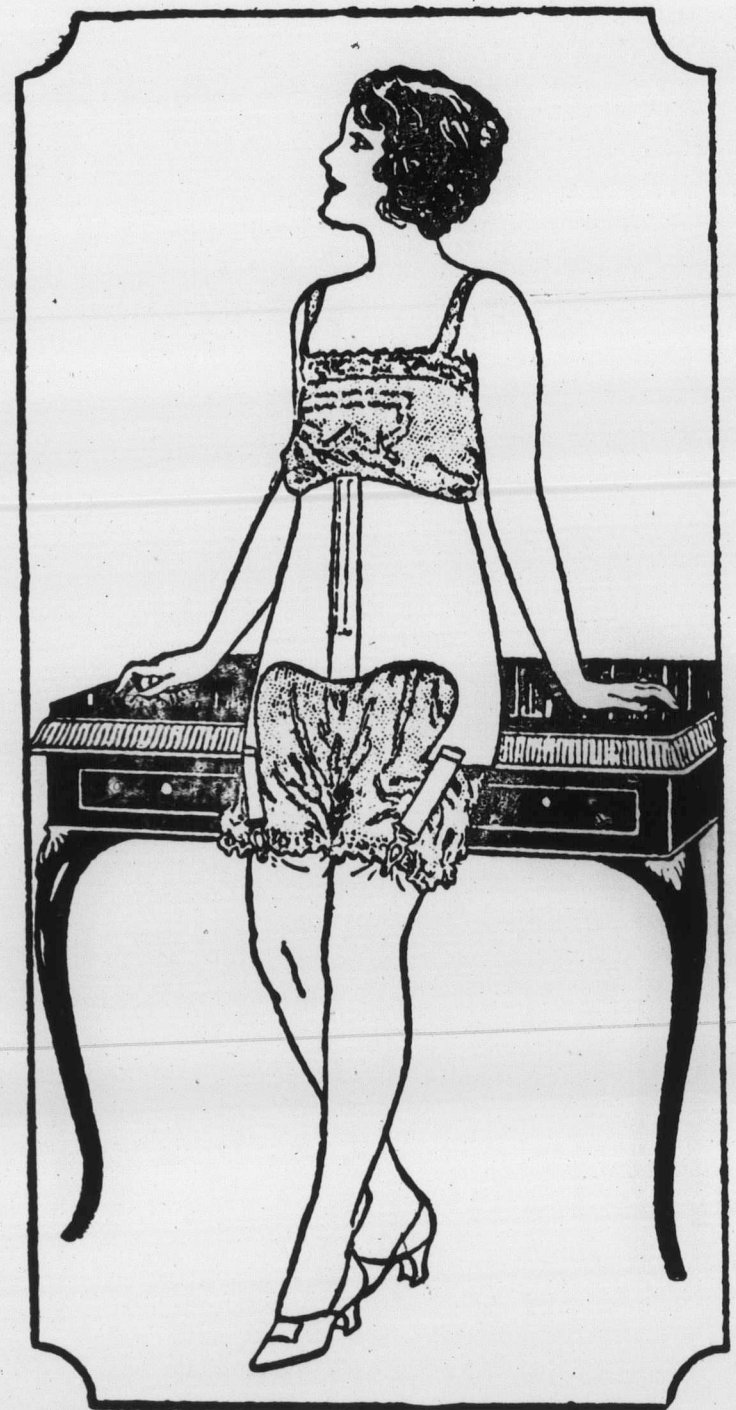
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ABRACADABRA

THE VANCOUVER "STAR"

It is interesting to note that the Vancouver "Star" has become the property of Victor W. Odlum, whose position and standing require no comment.

That a cheap pictorial paper of the style of the "Star" heretofore, can be made to pay in Vancouver will, perhaps, be conceded. The question will be, can such a paper pay when controlled by the ideals people will expect from the present owner? If not, will the paper or the ideals perish? Mr. Odlum's conduct of the "Star" will be of more than passing interest.

The "Star" is dedicated to the purpose of making Vancouver a clean city,—a Herculean and hydra-headed task. For the "Star" it means conflict with almost the whole of the Provincial and Municipal machinery. Not captious criticism or sensational charge and attack but intelligent, judicious and persistent warfare.

With the present flagrant violation of law on every hand, with an Attorney General and Government incapable or unwilling to enforce the law, with a municipal administration of law no whit better, the "Star's" task will be of the utmost difficulty, and will require not only intelligent and strong leadership by the "Star" but a strong support of the "Star" by the public.

Public support will doubtless go unstintedly to the man who can convince the public that he is in earnest, terribly, whole heartedly in earnest, in the question of restoring public confidence in our laws and their administration, but the task of convincing the public he is in earnest will be no easy one.

One of the first questions that will arise will be the attitude of Mr. Odlum towards the Provincial Government in his columns and public life. The strongest partisan cannot claim that in the matter of law and law enforcement the Oliver Government has been anything but bad. None can deny that disrespect for the law, dilatoriness and uncertainty in its enforcement, personal and political influence in determining how, when and on whom the penalties of the law shall fall, are almost everywhere in evidence and of increasing importance. What laws are enforced? What laws dare be enforced? are questions that apparently even Premier Oliver and his Attorney General cannot answer. What will the "Star" have to tell a Government which is in this position. People will look to see what answer the "Star" gives to this question.

Meanwhile congratulations to Mr. Odlum on his acquisition of the "Star" and return to journalism and congratulations to the public on his having done these things.

PROFESSOR ODLUM

Before leaving the subject of the "Star", one must note the associate owner, Prof. Odlum, who conducts his own column therein. A man of parts, education, and versatility, he is a picturesque character. Whatever one may think of some of his theories such as British-Israel, for example, it must be admitted that he is an impressive speaker and writer. From a wide field of knowledge, varied fields of reading, a long and valuable personal experience, he gives profusely if not profoundly. One very often cannot accept his explanations or agree with his conclusions, but seldom, if ever, is he uninteresting, perhaps never. His column should prove of much interest to many readers and of great value to the "Star."

JANET SMITH

From receiving too little attention this matter bids fair to receive too much. Now that there is to be an exhumation of the body and a further inquest, there should be no trouble in ascertaining all the important facts concerning the manner

of her death. The inquiry should be exhaustive. Nothing less will satisfy.

Because of her position, her comparative friendlessness, and her general circumstances, the public must be shown that her death was as well inquired into as if she had been one of Vancouver's wealthiest or most popular ladies.

It is our glory that all persons should have equal treatment and equal regard, equal protection at the hands of the law. If the further inquest should reveal that her death was other than accidental, the matter will no doubt be justly and promptly dealt with.

PUBLIC MORALITY

What is our present state of public morality? Are we advancing or retrograding? These are hard questions but some things indicate that we are not quite up to some standards of the past.

In North Vancouver, for example, we have Mr. Bryan elected by the Absentee Vote. From statements now public, there can be no doubt that with or without Bryan's knowledge and connivance some trickery was accomplished in the handling of this vote.

Does Mr. Bryan resign and seek re-election rather than sit where there could be any question of the cleanness of the situation? No. He prefers to be ousted by a protest or confirmed in his seat on the plea that sufficient irregularities have not been proven to defeat him.

Mr. Bryan may be a Liberal, but he evidently is ignorant of Liberal history, if he considers such conduct to be good Liberalism.

Commenting on the same situation the valued "Star" arises to remark that, "giving due allowance to all these claims—Mr. Bryan is still elected." Does this Independent Journal consider that crime is to be gauged by its success or non-success? That if there are sixty or seventy proven wrongs, there are a number not proven? Will it justify Mr. Bryan in accepting a tainted and doubtful election?

If our public men and public press do not insist on a clean public morality, what are we to become?

SONG OF HOPE

Oh, there are bright days yet, dear,
Behind the eastern hills,
And we shall soon forget, dear,
All present cares and ills;
For every night of sorrow
There is a bright to-morrow.

What joys may be revealed, dear,
Within that coming day;
What sweet flowers long concealed, dear,
Will blossom by the way;
What clouds with golden lining,
And stars of hope are shining!

Then love will be the same, dear,
And friendship warmer grow,
And with a brighter flame, dear,
Our aspirations grow.
New spirit-birth attaining,
E'en through the heart's deep paining.

Oh, there are bright days yet, dear,
Behind the eastern hills,
And we shall soon forget, dear,
All present cares and ills;
For every night of sorrow
There is a bright to-morrow.

—EDWIN ENOCH KINNEY

Corner for Junior Readers

SOME OF DENNY'S OUT-OF-SCHOOL DOINGS

(By Annie Margaret Pike)

CHAPTER III.

Unintentional, and Notes on Neighbors.

Bridget had a good memory, well stored with ballads and rhymes of many sorts which Kathleen and Denis liked to hear. When she was in a compliant mood Denny always asked for "Brian O'Linn" and he soon knew it by heart.

Here are a few of the verses he repeated the oftenest.

"Brian O'Linn had an old grey mare,
Her legs were long and her sides were bare.
They galloped along through thick and thin:—
'Sure she's fit for a Prince!' said Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn was hard up for a coat,
So he borrowed the skin of a neighboring goat.
He stuck up the horns right under the skin,—
'They'll answer for pistols,' said Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no watch to put on,
So he got him a turnip to make him a one,
He put in a cricket just under the skin,
'They'll think she's a' tickin,' says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn and his wife and his mother,
They all went over a bridge together.
The bridge it broke—and they all fell in!
'We'll find ground at the bottom,' said Brian O'Linn.

It was with no intention of following Brian's example, as described in the last verse, that Denny set off by himself for a bicycle ride one day.

Not having yet arrived at a marriageable age, he had no wife to take with him, and his machine being a bicycle and not either a sociable tricycle or a tandem, he could not expect his mother to accompany him.

Brian therefore had the advantage in that HE had company.

A picture shows Mrs. O'Linn, Senior, on one side of a jaunting car, Mrs. O'Linn, Junior, on the other, both women of fine proportions. Brian himself occupied the dickey in front.

This illustration precedes the line "The bridge it broke."

By some means or other, at a period unknown or forgotten, one of the old bone-shaking high bicycles had come into the Donnelly family.

There were very few rules in that household, and no one thought of forbidding the use of it to Denny.

After many tumbles he had taught himself to mount and with care could ride on smooth roads with approximate comfort.

The towing path beside the Grand Canal was one of his favorite haunts when on foot. The roadway was a few feet above the path, and the slope between the two was rough with the gnarled and knotted roots of fine shade trees.

Well, as I said, Denis set out for a bicycle ride one day on the "bone-shaker."

He had kept to the roadway above the towing-path, and was feeling easy and confident, perhaps a little over-confident if the truth were known.

Suddenly his wheel skidded and before he could say "Jack Robinson" not to mention "Brian O'Linn," he found himself taking a header into the canal.

As in the case of the optimistic Brian, there was ground at the bottom, and the boy easily scrambled out again.

He waited just long enough to wash off the green weeds that clung to his face and garments before wheeling the

bicycle home. It was so badly twisted in the fall that it was never fit for riding afterwards.

As he came near the house, he slackened his pace to avoid overtaking Edmund and Alf. Flynn, lads who lived next door, and who were leading their grey pony around to its stable in the rear of their house.

It was a much finer specimen of horseflesh than the old grey mare aforesaid.

Denny reflected that "May," the pony, would not have played him the trick of tossing him into the canal if he had been on her back; but he also remembered that there were many rules in the Flynn family, and that Mr. Flynn had strictly forbidden Edmund and Alf. to ride the pony. Their duty was to feed and groom and generally care for it, and to have pony and trap ready for him when, as a relaxation from business cares he drove himself out into the country for an hour or two. His wife was an invalid at that time and could not go out, but sometimes Kathleen and Denis were invited to make up a party of four with Ethel Flynn and her father for these drives.

Although Mr. Flynn might appear to be a martinet in his own family, he knew how to be very entertaining, and he told many amusing stories on these occasions that kept Kathleen and Denis in ripples of laughter. Ethel was often in a state of indecision. If she spoke, her father might turn on her with some sarcasm. A favourite saying with him was:—

"Look, Kathleen! Ethel never opens her mouth but she puts her foot in it."

If she was silent he would ask her whether she was suffering from toothache.

His hobby was music. He had a good tenor voice, and he enjoyed having informal musical evenings when his friends visited him.

At this time he and Edmund were building a pipe-organ in the back drawing-room. It was being done with great accuracy from a treatise on the subject, and already many rows of pipes of different sizes were finished and ranged against the wall to be fitted into their respective positions when the framework was completely ready.

BLUE WINDS

(By Alice M. Winlow)

In opal-shadowed sunset
The dandelion seeds
(Their silken veils scarce spun yet)
Seem tipped with crystal beads;
And from the sea a blue wind softly calls,
And from the sky a rose-barred twilight falls.

The sea-gulls westward winging
Grow rosy in the light,
And all my heart goes singing
Following their flight,
Till all the sky is filled with plumes of fire
And azure winds pluck music from heaven's lyre.

The green, wind-sifted moonlight
Startles the cherry-tree,
And flowers tremble noon-bright;
While from the singing sea
The azure wind to keep a timeless tryst
Steals inland to the fragrant blossoming mist.

The sea-gulls winging till viewless,
Meadow and cherry-tree,
The winds trailing their blueness
Over a sunset sea—
My heart shall hold, though loveliness be gone,
And earth's blue winds shall fill the spirit's dawn.

Community Service Within the British Empire:

To British Empire Citizens Visiting Wembley, London, Greeting!

Thanks to the enterprise of the Dominion Government Authorities at Ottawa, who have directed us to send a certain number of Magazines each month to the Canadian Commissioner's department at Wembley, London, England, the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY is likely to come under the eye of many thousands of visitors to the great Exhibition.

The editor of this Magazine personally takes this opportunity of advising all people of British stock who consider emigrating from the HOMELANDS or other EMPIRE DOMINIONS beyond the seas to INVESTIGATE and VERIFY the facts as to Canada: To be particular to find out about Western Canada, and especially this Farthest West Province of BRITISH COLUMBIA.

It is amazing to learn how limited, erroneous or indefinite the knowledge of other countries often is even in otherwise enlightened Communities. It is said that people make inquiry at the "British Columbia House" in London, as to "Whether Canada is in BRITISH COLUMBIA?" . . . Then we heard of United States citizens in California—which is on the Pacific coast too, but hundreds of miles south of British Columbia—who "thought we all spoke French here"; and of "New Yorkers" who were evidently surprised to find that—"Oh, you dress the same as we do!"

Even in the Twentieth Century it seems it is possible for people who consider themselves in the van of progress to yet retain crude notions concerning their fellows in other parts of the world.

The writer, as a Briton born, but a Western Canadian for years, wishes to emphasize that it is high time the people of our own British Empire stock, especially in the overcrowded Homelands, awoke to the conditions and possibilities affecting the different parts of the Empire, and not least of all this Dominion of Canada.

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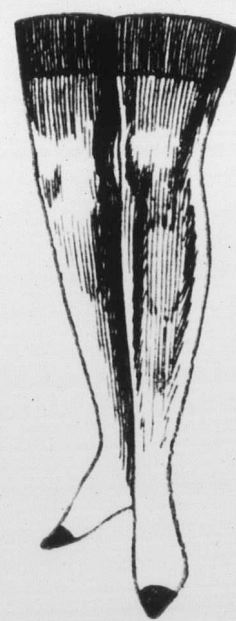
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