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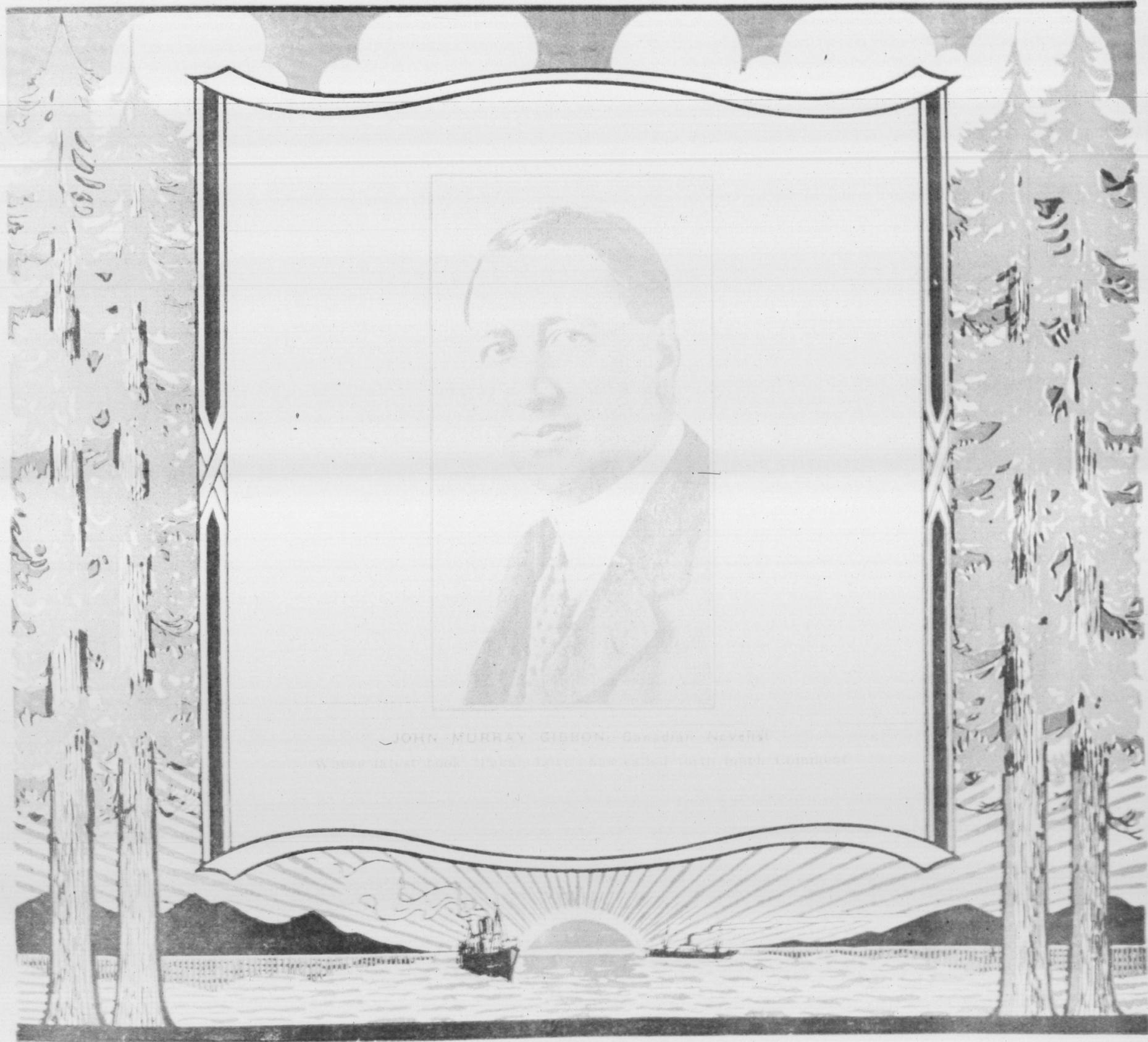
# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

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

Volume XX

APRIL, 1923

No. 5



JOHN MURRAY GIBBON, Canadian Novelist

W. M. GIBBON, Editor

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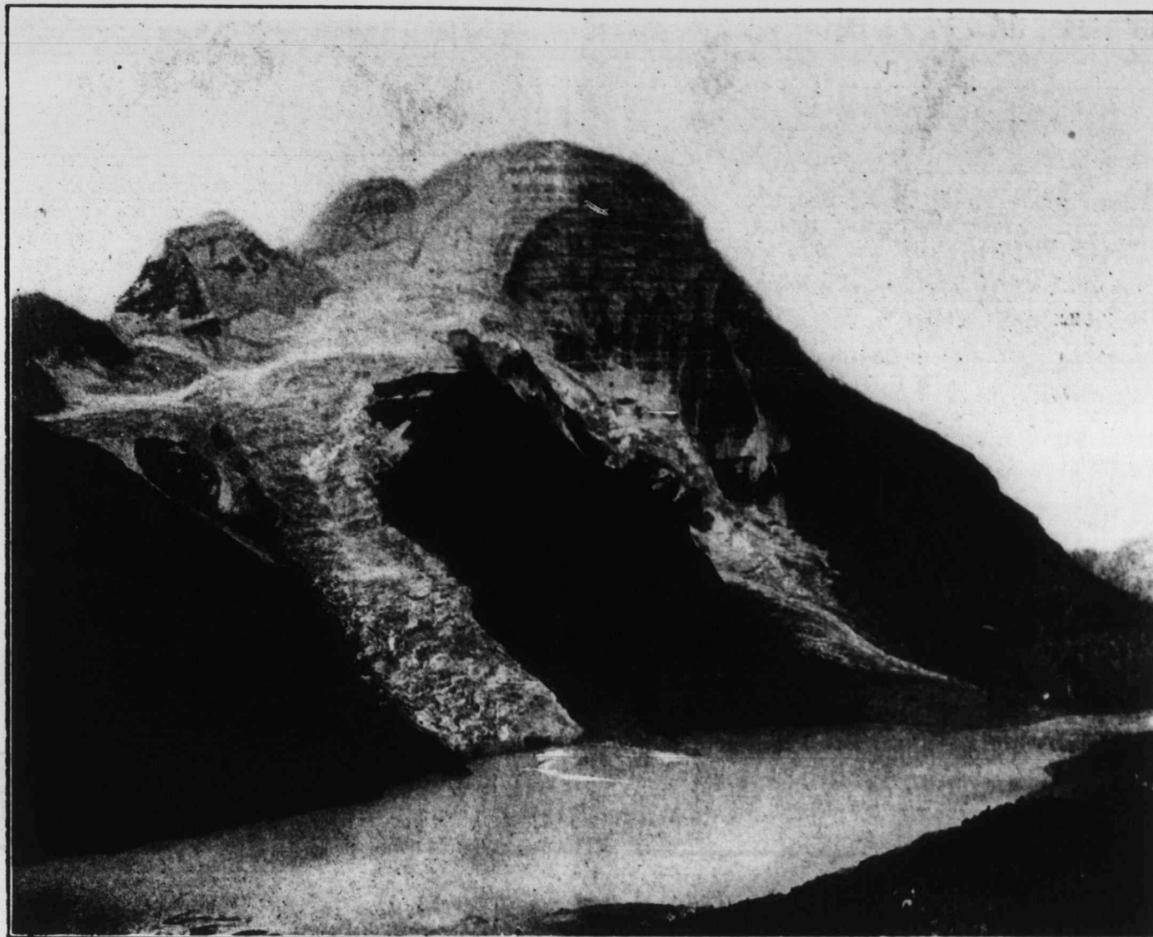
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MOUNT ROBSON, B. C.  
 "A SIGHT WHICH, ONCE SEEN, WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN"  
 (See article on Page Seven, Across Canada by the C.N.R.)

BUSINESS BUILDERS OF B. C. and  
 BUSINESS MEN of the EAST  
 and Elsewhere, now awake  
 to the Value of the  
 CANADIAN WEST:- Greeting!

Established 1911, this publication is the COMMUNITY SERVICE MAGAZINE of Western Canada, and wishes only the advertising messages of reliable leaders in every line of wholesale and retail business.

Because we are BUILDING FOR LASTING SERVICE, not for one day a month, but for every month in the year, our representative may not yet have called upon you, and a "marked copy" may be all the communication you have received—or can receive—whether or not your office is far distant, or at the Dominion's Perennial Port.

If you have a message for the homes and business men of the Canadian West, we invite you to communicate with us.

In B. C. and the Canadian West  
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The British Columbia Monthly  
 1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

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ADDRESS: BUSINESS BUILDING  
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## TO A ROBIN

How cam'st thou here, sweet Robin?  
 What demon of unrest  
 Hath lured so far from England's shores  
 Thy swelling crimson breast?  
 What fairy dreams and airy schemes  
 Came to thy humble nest  
 To send thee from thy gabled eave  
 A-wandering in the West?

Had I thy wings, sweet Robin,  
 This moment I would fly  
 From golden sunsets' Western glow  
 To England's colder sky,  
 Where chiming bells their mellow notes  
 Ring out from belfries high,  
 And floating o'er a hoary world  
 Through leafless glades do sigh.

But hearts are warm, sweet Robin,  
 Within the dear, old land,  
 They with true, honest impulse give  
 True grip of honest hand.  
 Across the seas dividing gulf  
 Love waves his magic wand,  
 And hearts at home reach hearts that beat  
 Upon this distant strand.

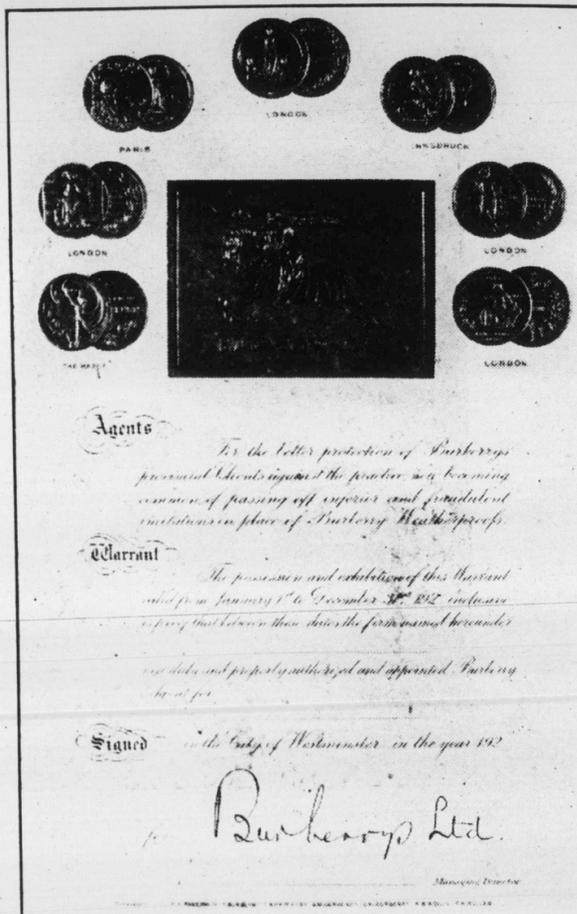
Why linger here, sweet Robin?  
 Oh, soon it will be Spring  
 When all the hedge-rows will be gay  
 With blue-bells blossoming.  
 Then primrose, daisy, violet sweet  
 Lurk where the lark doth spring  
 From lowly nest to sunlit skies  
 With dewdrops on his wing.

Alas, alas, poor Robin!  
 Perchance thy restless eye  
 Hath never seen those meadows green  
 Where drowsy cattle lie  
 Through summer days when purling streams  
 To whispering winds reply,  
 And countless birds and murmuring bees  
 Join in the lullaby.

Then fly away, sweet Robin,  
 Thy wings and crimson breast  
 In thought had borne me o'er the seas  
 To seek a moment's rest—  
 To dream again within my home.  
 Alas, a fruitless quest:  
 'Twere vain to dream—my heart returns—  
 My home is in the West.

Vancouver B. C.

—Annie C. Dalton.



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New Models Are Now on Display

Gordon S. Doyle  
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# The Race

(By W. L. W.)

And curiously enough they had no premonition of what was coming.

Psychically the preparations for the drama seemed woefully incomplete.

The sun-set of a calm benificent English country Sunday type was obviously past its best sometime before the boat reached the wharf of the little mining town.

The woman, no longer young, was racked with headache. The man was calm, placid with contented anticipations of a pleasant week-end, in an attractive country-house—with her.

No—to the casual observer—to the actors themselves, the conditions were not propitious.

The environment at the beginning was worse even.

A mining town, on a Saturday evening—lights and noise and foolish empty laughter—the purposeless loitering of men and women, workers who seemed hardly to know how to use the few leisure hours the approaching Sunday was bringing.

A sense of sordidness, a suggestion of latent evil made the woman more acutely conscious of the pain in her head, and with an involuntary sigh of relief she swung her car out of the streets of the town onto the long country road. Anything, even twenty miles of hazardous driving was better than the banal glare of the shops.

The man moved to her, an imperceptible movement save to the woman who loved him—an arm now lay along the back of her seat—but he did not speak—even his great strength was tired to the uttermost by her evident pain and weariness. But after all, she was to be the man's hostess—she must say something. "See, that wonderful shimmer of cream up there is all dogwood! Oh, but you ought to know it, it is the fleur de luxe of our Island." It was a pathetic attempt, and she never spoke again.

The wind of the earlier hours had dropped—the moving car seemed the only living thing.

Mile after mile was covered in silence, as strange as the sudden halt in Nature.

The man's strong dark face was often turned to her with an obvious question that was never spoken. Her small thin face with its folds of flat gold hair was strained and set.

Suddenly the dense bush on either side was swept aside by invisible hands. The Waters covered the earth—cold grey—blue against the rocky shore and islands, sinister or silhouette the firs loomed—there was no sense of growing—all life seemed suspended—cold and hard and inflexible the waters, menacing and unflinching the trees.

The sky still held some of the sunset lights, but had no effect on the coldness below, and very quickly gave up the unequal fight.

The man shuddered—and then was soothed momentarily by a glint of rose color that still refused to yield all to the domination of the cruel waters below.

On and on sped the car, sometimes the road was obvious, then down and down it rushed, heading straight for the waters, but always, at the last possible moment it seemed to the man, it was turned into safety by the woman.

For what tragedy was this stage set? Were the waters calling his love—why should they want her? She was his, his woman from the very beginning.

Suddenly a new menace, down again to the waters and now mountains backed them up—were they helping in this strange fight—did they want her too?

Now the road was at the edge of the cliff, and involuntarily the man's grasp tightened on the woman's steering arm—a faint smile showed for an instant—was it gratitude? On and on, now the difference between sky and waters was blotted out, but that only meant that a sense of waters was

above as well as beyond and around.

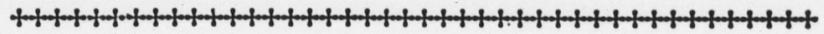
"How long, my woman, how long?"

"Soon the end," came the whisper.

The car swept over a raging river. Once the bridge was crossed a softer look came subtly over the woman's face.

"Thank God! the bush again." And a few minutes later the car swung through gates and pulled up before the house.

Slowly the woman turned, "Beloved, take me, tonight. We have fought the evil things of my life. I am yours forever, for we won, only—take me NOW."



## My Best Friend and Why:

### \$2.50 for the Best Short Letter on this Subject

Whether it arise through kindred or marriage relationship, or simply freewill choice, or through a combination of associations, FRIENDSHIP between human beings forms the main social bond that, in the ultimate analysis, makes this life tolerable or attractive.

In seeking to extend the Community Service of the British Columbia Monthly, therefore, we believe that the publication of short letters relating from personal experience the characteristics that have enabled the genuine friend to be a real help, comfort or inspiration for the journey or battle of life, as we know it here, might be of some little service.

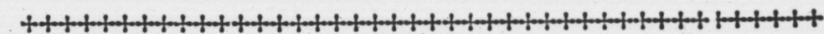
We accordingly invite, our readers to send us short letters—they may be any length up to, say, 500 words—setting forth as clearly and concisely as possible the dominant characteristics in their friend to which they attribute the mental, moral or spiritual helpfulness he or she has experienced. Of course such a "best friend" MAY happen to be a near relative also, as parent, sister, brother, etc.

By thus emphasizing the qualities that constitute the genuine friend, we believe our readers may do real service towards the development of friendship, the value of which is priceless.

Unless otherwise desired, we shall publish the initials (instead of the names) of the writers of the letters.

### Here's an Opportunity to acknowledge your Friend's value by furthering friendship

ADDRESS, "FRIENDSHIP," The British Columbia Monthly, Publishing Office, 1100 Bute St., Vancouver, B. C.





## VERSE BY CANADIAN WRITERS



## MY DREAM CAME TRUE

I roved in dreams a fairy land somewhere,  
 With violets and lilies blowing fair;  
 Where peace and happiness filled every grove,  
 And birds sang blithely up to skies of love;  
 But when God sent you like a beam of light  
 To make my earthly pathway bright,  
 Then in your eyes that fairy land came back to view;  
 My dream came true!

I dreamed an angel took me by the hand,  
 And led me into that delightful land,  
 And as with her all happily I strayed,  
 All care and sorrow seemed to wane and fade.  
 So when I clasped your loving hand in mine,  
 That same sweet flood of bliss divine  
 Swept o'er my soul, and in one look of love from you,  
 My dream came true.

Victoria, B. C.

—Donald A. Fraser.

## SPRING IN ONTARIO

Awake, thou that sleepest  
 In the warm brown earth,  
 Awake! for the Spring is here,  
 Don't you hear her voice calling  
 In the gentle rain drops falling?  
 The first gentle shower of the year?  
 Did you feel that rousing shake  
 As the thunder tried to wake  
 All those little brown sleepers in the Earth?  
 Tomorrow you will see a bud on every tree,  
 And little green heads in all the garden beds,  
 Sweet Spring, they have answered to thee.

—E. Batiste.

## CONSCIENCE

Within the secret precincts of my heart,  
 So deeply welled no other eyes may see,  
 Abides a friend who of myself seems part,  
 So oft he comes and speaks alone with me.  
  
 Full gentle are his words yet strangely strong,  
 No stern rebuke nor harshly pressed demand,  
 Corrects my wavering sense of right and wrong,  
 But wisely he discloses God's command.

In quiet hours, when vain thoughts are still,  
 I hear him best and from his wisdom glean  
 A richer grain than springs from blind self-will  
 That knows no life but that the eyes have seen.

This friend speaks not of ease, of place and power,  
 Nor of the gold which men seek in their greed,  
 But tells of man's supremely precious dower,  
 Of Life and Love providing every need.

O still small Voice! No more I seek to gain  
 What men deem wealth; may I not look within  
 And riches find, that dormant long have lain—  
 The priceless pearls of thought—these I would win.

Vancouver, B. C.

—E. Jewel Robinson.

## A VIGIL

When all things sleep, save I who vigil keep,  
 Who vigil keep, and dare not, will not weep,  
 Lest, blurred by tears, my watching eyes should fail  
 To trace the faintest tremor of the veil  
 Spread o'er closed lids by fever's fitful sleep.

The flushed young face, the chill dawn gray and pale,  
 And all the fears my aching heart assail  
 Bid me a tearless silent vigil keep  
 When all things sleep.

At last the sun's rays through the curtains peep;  
 The skulking shadows into daylight creep  
 And vanish wholly, and bright hopes prevail;  
 And I, night past, returning joy can hail,  
 And hailing her, for very gladness weep  
 When all things sleep.

—Annie Margaret Pike.

## THE LOVER BEREAVED

When autumn's radiant torches glowed,  
 And all the ghosts of lovely days  
 That died when faithless summer fled,  
 Made fragrant fair October's noon,  
 Was your dear spirit there, Beloved?

When palely shone the virgin moon  
 Cradling the evening star, when soft  
 The night-wind whispered in my ear  
 A strange and wordless melody,  
 Were you beside me then, my Love?

When Dawn, the chilly fingered minx,  
 Held all the hills in blue relief  
 Against her rosy palm, Dear Love  
 Did you stand there and speak to me,  
 My Lover, whom I lost too soon?

The sun is veiled, Beloved One,  
 The moon is drowned in misty tears,  
 And dawn has swooned with hopeless grief  
 Since you have left me here alone,  
 With bruised heart and empty arms.

—M. E. Colman.

## THE FIREWEEDS

The woodland scoured by cruel fire,  
 And cowering from the light of day,  
 Soon wakens from a state so dire,  
 When fireweeds come with blossoms gay.

Each with a cross of purple tint  
 In smiling beauty they appear,  
 With healing grace and loads of lint,  
 To bring the wounded woodlands cheer.

E. E. Kinney.

## Businesses Worth While: Independent Impressions

### V. A FIRST VISIT TO THE EMPRESS MANUFACTURING PLANT.

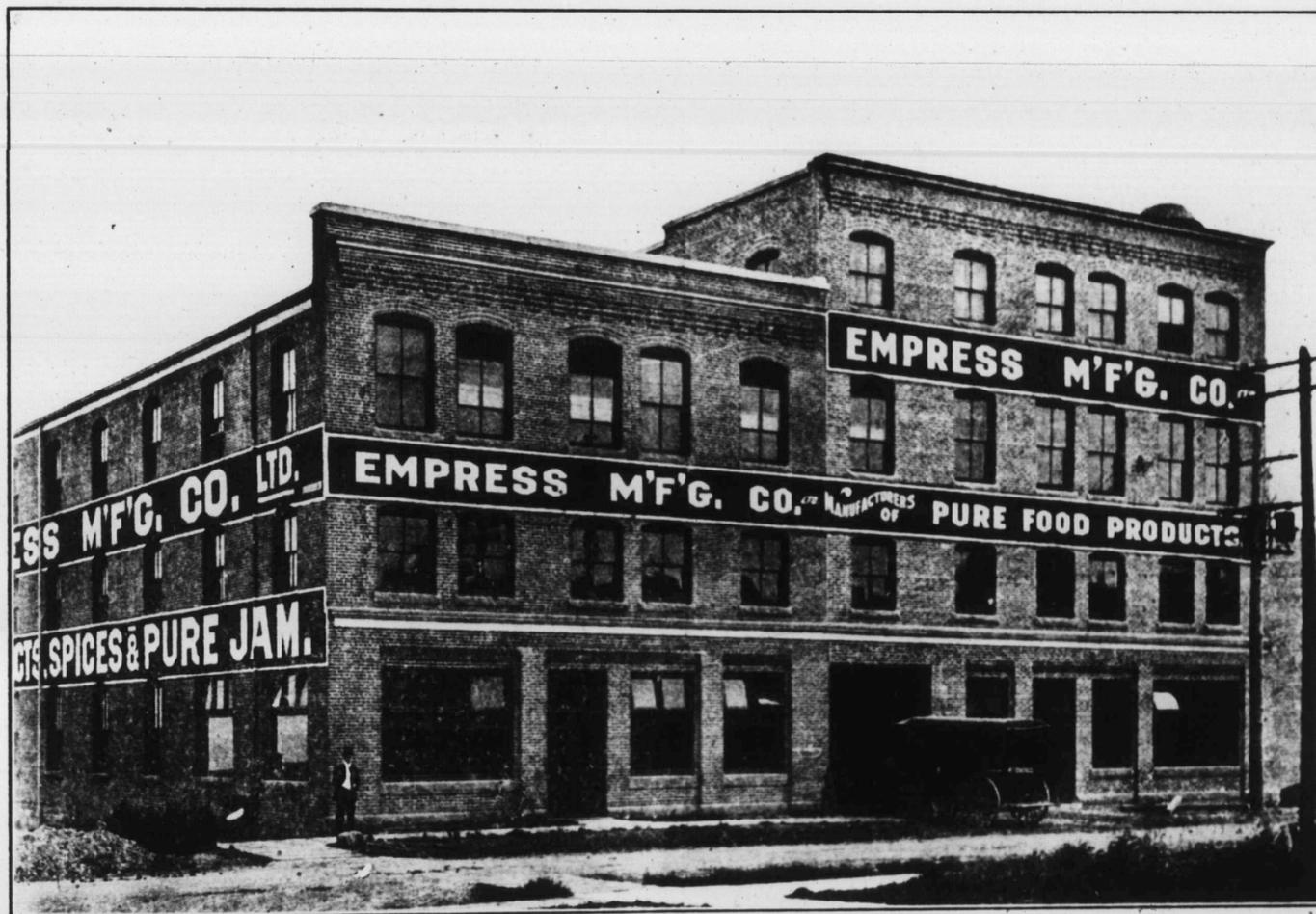
Notwithstanding the dictum or allegation about how the route to a certain region is "paved with good intentions," it must, in the final analysis, be well for most human beings that they have it in their minds or hearts to do many things,—even if, because of the fleeting days and years, they manage to overtake only a portion of them. Indeed, there is scriptural authority for that, for some one of old wrote concerning a great purpose unrealized by its originator, "it was well that it was in thine heart."

Among the numerous outstanding business firms with which this Magazine's twelve years of service has brought its management into some measure of connection and contact, there is none of which we have had a happier impression generally than that of the firm, the picture of whose Vancouver City buildings we have pleasure in here introducing to our readers. It is well when keenness about their own business does not prevent men occasionally exchanging ideas on other subjects.

rather to note a few details calculated to be of interest to all citizens actively concerned in the development of life and work in this part of the Empire.

Naturally, therefore, one of the first things we asked in a few minutes conversation held with one of the partners of the firm was how the name "Empress" came to be used. It seems that the company was incorporated in 1897, somewhere about the time that the Empress liners began to come into the port of Vancouver; hence the name. The firm originally started as tea and coffee merchants, and later went into the canning business, and development has been steady in all departments.

In examining the plant one may start at the shipping department—and see cars being loaded on the railway track—or on the basement or ground-floor of the two buildings that are now in use, and climb upward. Or one may take an elevator to the top and then descend leisurely by the stairways to the street level. The one difficulty is that,



Neither in a journalistic nor personal way do we believe in flattery; but it is quite consistent with that attitude of mind to hold that most of us have need to be more alert to say or write—as far as we honestly can—the duly complimentary thing. Courtesy of that kind needs to be cultivated and practised, not for a day or a week, but for all time.

If time and space permitted us to record only one impression, gleaned in an unaccompanied walk the other day through the Empress plant, we should say to all users of "Empress" stamped goods that the idea left with us was a reminder of the old proverb "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and that that was suggested, not only by the scrupulous attention given to the handling of the goods but to all the utensils and equipment in use.

As observing readers understand by this time, our aim in this series of impressions is not to publish any consecutive records—much less any so-called "write-ups"—but

if a person is of an enquiring turn of mind, and of a nature to be interested in the details of the work of his fellows, he will probably pause so long at one section that he will find a meal hour or a closing time has arrived before his tour of the premises is half completed.

Incidentally one learns that the American Can Company is responsible for the attractive and substantial lithographed cans used by the Empress firm. Every one who uses his eyes in a grocery store is of course familiar with the Jam cans with the "Empress" ship pictured upon them, and those, we gathered, contain the finer quality of goods. The second grade, not less wholesome and serviceable, but suited for the more moderately-placed consumer, is classed as the "Climax" brand, and on these, if we remember aright, the labels are not lithographed, but affixed. The writer in deed believes he made acquaintance of these blue-coloured cans in a few bachelor homes on the prairies years ago. But such goods must come as "a boon and a blessing" to

many others beside the plucky pre-emptors.

The variety and worth of the Empress Jams and jellies are so well known that it may be that some folk scarcely know that the same firm of manufacturers is engaged putting other goods, such as pickles of superior quality, on the market. The pickling bottling and canning department is a study by itself, and reflects well on the progress made in these modern days in connection with the preservation, handling and distribution of food stuffs. The various vegetables, all "B. C. Products", undergo a process of salting—there are Empress stations for this purpose at Steveston and Mission—and they are shipped to the Vancouver factory as required in barrels. The salt is extracted from the vegetables,—cucumber, cauliflower, onions, etc.—and, following careful cleansing washing and cutting, they are bottled, canned or preserved in containers of various sizes, holding from 30 to 128 oz.

The machinery in use in the Empress plant would itself merit a visit to the factory. There are mustard grinding machines; tea-blending and packing machines; mixing machines, and—what not? Besides there is cooerage of different kinds and sizes, all "made in Vancouver", as are also the labels, etc., used by the firm.

A walk through the Empress premises is itself something of an education as to how many and varied articles of food may be produced in one establishment. In discussing flavouring extracts—they produce almost everything one can think of in spices and in fruits—one learns that this firm have their own laboratory, where they do their own chemical analysis.

In passing one must pause and examine the big jam boilers, copper lined, with their automatic fillers. Of course in the berry season every boiler is kept going all the time, and between seasons there is the climax quality of goods to attend to, and orange marmalade, etc., to can.

Space forbids our entering into any review of the work upon the jelly powders and baking powders, the mincemeats and several other "household necessities." Meantime we content ourselves with assuring our readers that an unprejudiced inspection of this plant impresses us with the belief that the name "Empress" on canned or packed goods of any kind may be taken as a guarantee of quality and service in British Columbia products.

Apart from the working plant, one observed, on different floors of the two five or six storied buildings, stock in one form or another. But as an indication of the supply needed for the satisfaction of the demand for Empress goods, it was pleasant to see the thousands of cases—many of which were in process of being shipped into the railway cars.

As a revelation of similar ideas and ideals in business as in other things agreeably impresses us all, the British Columbia Monthly representative, who is more concerned about this Magazine doing its work well, than that it should advertise any individual person, naturally noted with interest a wish expressed by a member of the firm when a question was asked him about the partners or directors of it. Mr. W. A. Hunter made clear that they did not care for any references of a "personal" nature. While we respected his wishes in that connection, and asked for no particulars of that kind, the writer of these notes thinks it only fair to record independently that we have observed that, notwithstanding the constant claims of the many-featured "Empress" business, Mr. W. A. Hunter himself has been one of the active workers in connection with the development of the "B. C. Products" campaign. Mr. C. D. Hunter, who is (we assume) the senior member of the directorate, if less in evidence in the community, is none the less one of those business men—may their number increase in these overcrowded days of taxing business life

and work!—whom a time-harassed salesman can rely on finding always approachable and sympathetically considerate, whatever be the state of the business market.

It is therefore a reasonable assumption that the spirit revealed and exercised by the present chief directors of this firm, when applied to the management of the business and the supervision and consideration of employees, has not a little to do with the progressive success of this large manufacturing plant, and the reputation which has given its goods a front-rank place, not only in British Columbia and the Canadian West, but in an expanding trade in territory farther afield, and even overseas.

—D. A. C.

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## BURNS

O land of Burns!

The tempting cup that cheers,

That flows to honour Scotland's bard

Is mixed with blood and tears.

Burns, loving heart!

Thy erring spirit knew

The subtle snare which lurked for thee

Within that devil's brew.

Mary in Heaven

Could shed no purer tears,

Than those which marked thy manly cheek

And mourned thy wasted years.

Bitter thy lot,

More bitter still the wrong,

Which honours with thy name the cup

That quenched thy noble song.

Vancouver, B. C.

Annie C. Dalton.

## Across Canada by the C. N. R.

Some Impressions by the Way

"All aboard!" calls the black porter, "All aboard!". Hurried last good-byes are said, and last embraces and good wishes exchanged with the crowd of friends who have burst through the gates at the last moment and invaded our carriage. They all bundle out onto the platform, and stand watching and waving hands and handkerchiefs as our train steams slowly out to the tune of the engine bell. Before we have time to settle down, and dispose on the shelf reserved for the purpose the various tangible tokens of goodwill given to us by our good friends, we reach New Westminster, and as the train goes clackety-clang across the bridge, we peer out into the darkness to see twinkling lights of the Royal City, and the rising moon, looming red through the mist, all reflected in the waters of the river.

We settle down in the little house that is to be our home as far as Winnipeg. The beds having been made up, we lie down to rest, but not to sleep, for we are travelling through the Fraser Canyon, and the train goes rocking and bumping, and creaking and shrieking all night long. Morning finds us at Kamloops, where I am interested in noting progress and improvement, chiefly in the way of irrigation, since I resided there 10 years previously.

Our motto thenceforth is "Excelsior," and we go climbing up, up, by the side of the North Thompson River. Here is much fine grazing and arable land, and one gets many beautiful peeps of the river, with its turgid and often turbulent waters. We pass the place where the great fire wrought such a terrible havoc, and the conductor tells us harrowing tales of narrow escapes from death. One family had to stand for four hours in the icy waters of the river, and watch their house and all their belongings being destroyed before their eyes. It is only by passing through that region that one realized the great extent of the damage, and how nothing was left but blackened stumps and ground, and heaps of twisted machinery to tell the tale.

Higher and higher yet, and we reach the foothills of the Rockies, where the pines become sparse and stunted, and are interspersed with poplar and birch.

In the Rockies proper the scenery is not quite so grand as on the C.P.R., and there are not the wonderful feats of engineering skill, but the grade is much easier, and the route perhaps better chosen from a "strategical" point of view. The pass is wide and very beautiful, and looking down from the railway it is much like a Highland glen on a magnanimous scale. Lofty mountain tops, capped with snow, tower around, and new wonders appear at every turn. The most notable of these is Mount Robson, which reaches an elevation of 13,069 feet, and is solid rock from top to bottom, with hardly any foothold for vegetation, and several large glaciers near the top—a sight, which once seen, will never be forgotten. The train stops here for a few minutes, so that the fresh air cranks may have a breath of the fine mountain air, and the camera fiends a chance to "snap" the mountain.

Soon after, we reach the summit, and Red Pass, where the G.T.P. Railway from Prince Rupert joins the line. Here the two railways, the G.T.P. and the C.N.R. used to run parallel for many miles, but now there is only one line, the tracks of the other having been taken up—an example of the economy that may be practised by united action. It is twilight when we reach Jasper Park, but there is light enough still to examine the well preserved "Raven" totem pole which stands there, and to imagine the wealth of mountain scenery which lies around.

We are by this time more "acclimatized," and the line is smoother, therefore we sleep better, and awake in the

morning to find the mountains all gone, and flat country stretching in every direction. From here to Winnipeg, we pass through the wheat growing country, and it is a great interest to the coast dweller to see on both sides, far as the eye can reach, nothing but fields of grain—wheat, oats, barley, rye, millet—cut for the most part, and in some places threshed, but here and there are fields of standing grain, with busy "reaper and binder" whirring along, drawn by teams of fine horses.

It is a pleasure to see the gathering in of the harvest, but one tries to imagine the toil and sweat, the aching muscles and anxious hearts that have been involved in producing this result. Edmonton and Saskatoon are passed today, one in the morning and the other in the evening. They are typical prairie towns, and interesting as such, but not very beautiful.

Winnipeg is reached next morning, and is looking its best on a clear September day—the sort of day that made my uncle in Ontario fling up his hat and cry "Thank God I came to Canada." The few hours we have in Winnipeg are spent with a cousin we have never seen before (son of aforesaid uncle), and needless to say are much enjoyed. We are impressed by the broad streets of Winnipeg, but otherwise there is not much to note.

Then back to the train again (another train this time), and on through more prairie land to Cochrane.

Before reaching Cochrane, however, the scenery changes and the country becomes more rocky and not so interesting. It is near here that the great Cobalt mines are situated.

We cross the rivers Missinabie, Metagama and Kapuskasing, which flow into James Bay, and, by their fine Indian names, recall stories of hunters and fur traders which we read in our youth. At Kapuskasing is an old German internment camp, now being used under the Soldiers' Settlement Scheme.

We reach Cochrane in the evening, and change trains for Quebec. Cochrane is quite a busy station, with three or four platforms, which one hardly expected to find in this desolate region. East of Cochrane the land looks as if it were still in the making, and the waters had not yet been "gathered into one place." Rocks, stunted trees, lakes, swamps and mists, with a few saw-mills and lonely looking settlements, mostly occupied by "foreigners" from Europe, comprise the scene.

While it looks lonely and dreary enough, one cannot help thinking that it must mean emancipation to many of the settlers, and one realizes the need for education and enlightenment before they can become efficient citizens of the Empire.

We now enter the Province of Quebec—I suppose one of the oldest settled Provinces of the Dominion. Here are peaceful and well-stocked farms, prosperous villages, churches and convents, while the French architecture (if such a term can be applied to wooden houses) lends an old-world air to the scene.

Our fellow travellers today are of various nationalities, mostly French, the older people speaking no English. One family, in particular, attracts our attention—a mother, evidently a widow, with four small children, who sit as quiet as mice, and will not even smile back when we try to make friends. Their breakfast, produced out of a big bag from under the seat, consists of milk, bananas, oranges and tomatoes! I strongly suspect the woman of having Scottish blood in her (probably dating from the days of Bonnie

(Continued On Page Fourteen)

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"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

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No. 5

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION

The Annual Convention of the B. C. Teachers' Federation and that of the Parent-Teacher Federation of B. C. are events of real importance in the life and thought of our Province, and of definite significance to every thinking citizen. Here are the representatives of two great bodies working hand in hand in the interests of the most important people of British Columbia—the children.

Young teachers leave the training schools with high ideals and much enthusiasm, but, alas, it is so fatefully easy to lose these precious possessions in the routine of everyday work: so difficult to remember that one is not merely teaching wiggling Willie to spell "cachinnation", or chatter-box Bessie to refrain from disturbing the rest of the class, but training future citizens and potential leaders for their duties, building the character of the Canada that is to be.

The annual Teachers' Convention with its revivals of old friendships, its quickening of old faiths, its stimulating contacts and inspirational addresses does much to preserve and intensify the enthusiastic idealism which the teacher, more perhaps than any other social servant, needs if he is to give the highest and most efficient service.

Dr. Waldo, Principal of the State Normal College at Bellingham spoke to the Convention on the subject of "The Training of Teachers in the United States". Dr. Waldo emphasized most strongly the fact that longer training is needed for teachers. There cannot be, he claimed, a good two-year Normal course,—the time is too short. This statement from one who may well be considered an authority on the subject should strengthen the hands of the Teachers' Federation which has been working for some years now, to increase the length of the teacher-training course here. But British Columbia public opinion is not yet educated up to the two-year course the teachers are asking—not to speak of the three or four year course which would make for that high degree of efficiency in teaching which the future has a right to ask of the present.

Dr. Waldo touched on the vexed question of salaries in a very sane and constructive fashion. He said, in effect, that teachers should be paid enough to enable them to live comfortably, develop mentally and spiritually, care for dependents easily, give generously and retire decently.

Though this is the first time B. C. teachers have heard Dr. Waldo his practical common sense, his wide vision and engaging personality have so commended themselves that it is to be hoped that we may have the pleasure of welcoming him again to Vancouver and strengthening his conviction that he "need not go to Scotland since he has seen Vancouver."

The outstanding speaker of the Convention was Dr. Suzzalo the distinguished President of the University of Washington. At a public meeting in St. Andrew's church Dr. Suzzalo gave a masterly address to a large and appreci-

ative audience on "The Democratic Conception in Education." He defined democracy as "consideration for the individual", and warned his hearers that democracy, a structure of attitudes, might be lost in more ways than one; for as there is a tyranny of one, and a group tyranny, so there is a mob tyranny not less effective and more imminently dangerous in these days.

He stressed the fact that democracy does not mean equality. At its best it means equal opportunity for each to grow to his full spiritual height. He charged, and it is to be feared the charge is only too true, that our present form of democracy, as it is reflected in our government and in our schools, while just to the average man and child, and tender to the one who is less than average, is unfair to the brilliant in giving him only the same opportunity and the same burden as to the man of average capacity, when his greater talents demand that, if he is to have that individual consideration which is the very soul of democracy, he should have greater opportunities and bear heavier burdens than the average man.

Dr. Suzzalo reminded his hearers that as much as good leadership, we need good "followership", and sounded a note of warning against intellectuality without character.

There are three rungs, said Dr. Suzzalo, on the ladder of democracy: they stand on the highest rung who receive and welcome Truth from whatever source it comes; they on the second who respect, though they cannot embrace it, other men's conception of the Truth; and they on the third who tolerate all men's vision of Truth. The intolerant man is in no wise democratic, for tolerance is the very life and essence of democracy.

In speaking to teachers and parents in joint session on the following afternoon on "The Expert and the Layman in Education" Dr. Suzzalo made some very wise and pithy statements. He defined very clearly the limits of usefulness of the interested layman and those of the expert in education each of whom might be a great help or a great nuisance. The expert who adopts the attitude of "I know all about it, leave it to me", is as great a menace as the intelligent layman who tries to usurp the functions of the expert.

The public, said the speaker, has a right to decide general educational policy, to decide what groups in the community the community shall educate and how much money shall be spent; but what methods shall be adopted, what persons shall teach and how the money shall be apportioned, it is the function of the expert in education to determine.

Dr. Suzzalo reminded the audience that there is no such thing as "compulsory education", we can only have "compulsory-physical-attendance". He deprecated the idea that schools are not as good as they used to be. It is human nature, he said, to think that because things are different they are inferior: as a matter of proven historical fact

schools are much better and more efficient now than they were fifty years ago.

It is because of the great difference between the education of to-day and that of half-a-century ago, said the speaker, that teachers and parents, educationists and laymen have grown apart. In this age of specialization it is inevitable that in attaining an unusually high degree of proficiency in one branch of activity the worker should lose touch with other branches; the danger is that he lose sym-

pathy with them also, and thus allow himself to become narrow and arrogant. But the expert and the layman must co-operate in education, and that co-operation will be most effective, said Dr. Suzzalo in conclusion, in which layman and expert recognize their strength and their weakness, their knowledge and their limitations, and so educate public opinion that each shall be allowed full control of his own sphere and each shall work harmoniously as the complement of the other.

M. E. C.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA INDUSTRIES

(By W. B. Forster)

Before proceeding with a description of British Columbia Industries, I will place before you a bird's eye view of the Province in order that its history, position and importance in the Dominion of Canada and the British Empire may be realized.

British Columbia entered Confederation on July 20th 1871, and it is from that date that her growth can be traced by statistics. The Province had been constituted in 1866 by the union of the Colony of Vancouver Island and its dependencies (where a Government had been established in 1849) with that of British Columbia which dated from 1858.

The total area, including inland waters, is 355,855 square miles, which is equal to the combined areas of the British Isles, Denmark, Italy and Switzerland. Its agricultural lands are ten times greater than those of the Japanese Empire with its 50 million inhabitants; its timber stand could furnish a plank walk half a mile wide around the equator and leave enough over to build a ladder to the moon; its mineral resources are not yet measured and new discoveries are matters of daily occurrence; whilst its fisheries rank highest in the Dominion of Canada.

The population during the past fifty years has increased from 36,247 to 524,582; the percentage of increase being 1347. This is only exceeded by the Province of Manitoba, which has increased 2000 per cent. during the same period.

Turning to her industries, British Columbia is one of the most fortunate provinces in the Dominion owing to the wealth of her natural resources and the diversity of her industries, which include agriculture, forestry, fishing, mining and manufacturing. Each is developed in a different direction by a different set of workers, yet all are united in support of each other and the general prosperity and development of the Province as a whole.

**First there is Agriculture.** First because the initial industry of any new country is the wherewithal to sustain life; for as agriculture is developed, so will all other industries be developed.

The first known farmer in British Columbia was Daniel Williams Harmon, who settled in the Fraser Lake District in 1811 and cultivated potatoes, other vegetables and barley. From that time agriculture has grown, until to-day the total production is over \$60,000,000 annually.

British Columbia farm lands are the most valuable in the Dominion; the average value of occupied farm lands being \$122.00 per acre, which is nearly \$60.00 higher than in any other province. An idea of the great annual production can be gathered when it is realized that the small fruits produced last year were equal in tonnage to one of the great Empress liners; the apples equal to the combined tonnage of four of the same liners, and the dairy factory products equal in value to about half of the annual provincial expenditure.

Turning to **Forestry.** British Columbia has within her boundaries more than half the standing commercial timber in Canada, and fifty per cent. of this is on Vancouver Island.

Over one-third of the working population of the province either directly or indirectly owe their livelihood to the existence and development of the different branches of this industry, viz—logging, sawing and planing mills; shingle, box, paper and pulp mills. It is the leading industry in British Columbia at the present time; its production having grown during the past ten years from \$24,000,000 to \$65,000,000. The annual pay roll totals nearly \$20,000,000.

Last year the saw logs produced scaled 1,645,000,000 (one billion, 645 million) feet, which is sufficient to build a plank walk 35 feet wide from Vancouver to London, England.

There are now five pulp and paper mills in operation, the value of which can be gauged by the new one which is being erected at Elko at a cost of nearly \$14,000,000. These mills produce annually about 250,000 tons of pulp and 150,000 tons of paper.

Next there is **Mining.** An industry the development of which was greatly retarded during the war, but now, the debris of war has been cleared away, liquidation has been completed, costs reduced, and the prices of metals have reached a point where economic operations can be carried on successfully.

The industry gives employment to over 11,000 workers, and when working to capacity distributes \$25,000,000 annually in wages. The total production last year was over \$32,000,000; an increase of \$4,000,000 over the previous year.

British Columbia can boast of having the most wonderful smelter in the world, at Trail. It is equipped with facilities for handling silver, lead, zinc, gold and copper; the refining of copper and iron ore; and the manufacture of lead pipes, sheet lead, zinc and copper rods, etc.

Another new concentrator is being constructed at Kimberley, which will have a capacity of 1500 tons a day; while the copper concentrator at the Britannia Beach will be producing 2,000 tons a day this year.

The province also has the distinction of having the

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largest copper mine in the world at Britannia Beach, which has a monthly shipping capacity of 9,000 tons of concentrates.

The Premier Mine at Stewart, B. C., is one of the richest in the world; producing last year 170,000 oz. of gold and 5,000,000 ozs. of silver.

Of the mineral production in Canada, British Columbia provides twenty per cent. of the gold, twenty-five per cent of the silver, twenty per cent. of the coal, and sixty per cent. of the copper. Since 1850 she has produced over \$730,000,000 worth of minerals.

Turning to the Fishing Industry. British Columbia has for the tenth successive year produced more fish than any other province in the Dominion of Canada. The industry gives employment to over 15,000 workers directly or indirectly; it utilizes 6,000 boats, and supplies fish for over 90 canneries, curing houses, fish oil and fertilizer plants. The total annual production exceeds \$20,000,000.

An idea of this annual production can be gathered from the fact that over 900 carloads containing 25,000,000 pounds of halibut passed through Prince Rupert last year; whilst the value of the salmon pack alone exceeded \$11,000,000.

The production of the fishing industry, however, is limited, as care has to be taken to regulate the annual catch in order to conserve the supply. To accomplish this, the Government restricts the number of licenses, curtails the fishing season when necessary, and establishes hatcheries.

The last, but not least important of all the industries is Manufacturing. But without the four great basic industries manufacturing could not exist with any degree of success. Manufacturing is defined as "the operation of making wares from raw materials by the hand, by art, or by machinery." Thus adding, in the phraseology of the economist, new utility, and therefore additional value to the existing utilities and value of the raw materials.

In 1880 there were 415 manufacturing plants in British Columbia, producing \$3,000,000 worth of goods. Today, taking all manufacturing plants including those dependent on other industries, there are over 2,500, employing nearly 50,000 workers and producing \$260,000,000 worth of goods annually.

British Columbia stands third in the Dominion of Canada as regards the number, capital invested, production and variety of manufactured articles produced.

Another industry in which British Columbia stands third and one that should not be omitted is that of Hydro-Electric Development. The future of British Columbia will be measured in terms of horse power from Hydro-Electric Development; for while she is now producing over 300,000 horse power of electricity from her waterfalls, there are still many millions to be exploited.

Having thus briefly reviewed the industries of the Province, it is interesting to note how their production compares with the population:

Agriculture produces \$120.00. Forestry \$130.00. Mining \$70.00. Fishing \$40.00, and Manufacturing \$400.00 or a total of \$760.00 per capita for every man, woman and child in the Province.

The next question that arises in order of importance is the distribution of the population and its effect on these industries. According to the latest Dominion Census the population of British Columbia is distributed as follows:

Agricultural Industries .....	12.7
Forestry, Fishing and Mining .....	16.8
Manufacturing .....	16.7
Transportation .....	15.4
Building Trades .....	12.7
Traders and Merchants .....	10.9
Government Officials .....	5.6
Professional .....	3.4
Domestic Service .....	5.8

100:

The above shows that nearly 50 per cent. of the population is engaged in the four basic industries, whilst the other 50 per cent. is dependent on them to a great extent for their livelihood. The population is further divided equally between the rural and urban districts, which means that the interests of the people in the country are the interests of the people in the cities and vice versa. It means that each must patronize the other's products for their individual and mutual advantage. Let us see how this reasoning works out in actual example:

Take the Canned Fruit Industry. A portion of the profit on the sale of a tin of fruit goes to pay the clerk who sells it. A man was employed to deliver it to the store from the warehouse or factory, and others were paid to compile, check and handle it there. A printer obtained his share for printing the label. Men obtained a livelihood in the factory where the can was produced. The sugar refinery employed numerous workers in refining the sugar. The farmer who cultivated the fruit gave work to men and girls to pick it, while the packing plant claimed the activities of others. The nails came from ores mined from the soil, and the box in which the fruit was packed was produced by the worker in a box factory, and this box was cut from lumber logged and milled by those engaged in that industry. Thus it will be seen that hundreds of workers in all industries took part in this production.

On the other hand, take the imported canned fruit. The only people that benefit are the distributors and transportation companies, who obtain practically the same profit they would on the article produced at home. Yet numbers of B. C. workmen sustain a direct loss, as well as there being a direct loss to the community and province by the money leaving the country to assist in the development of foreign industries.

Co-operation between the industries, by the producers, distributors, and consumers, in patronizing each other's products is the key that will unlock the door to prosperity.

British Columbia, as I have shown, is blessed with a great abundance of natural resources, in fact more than any other section of the American Continent. We are constantly advocating the development of these latent riches, but can it be expected that capital will seek industrial investments here if the citizens are not prepared to lend their support by making use of the products which follow the establishment of industry? Patronizing Home Products means nearly as much as the establishment of new industries, for it is the power that develops existing industries and attracts new

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No industry or business can be operated at the lowest possible cost unless the greatest possible production from the plant as planned and laid out is obtained. This is an inexorable law of industrial economics. To endeavour to secure for the product the highest possible price, taking advantage of import duty protection and freight charges, without regard to being able to secure the disposal of the full production, is fatal to economic production. Without continuous production and without economical production, goods cannot be sold at a reasonable price.

Agriculture and other industries are linked together in such a manner that the development of agriculture must be encouraged and sustained in order to aid in the development of other industries, for in no country can manufactured articles be produced cheaper than in one that produces sufficient food for its requirements.

Before the foreign market can be successfully invaded, the residents of British Columbia must see to it that the goods produced in the country receive the fullest support in the home market. The individual in doing this is not only aiding in the development of the Province, but is either directly or indirectly benefitting himself or herself.

The greatest need of British Columbia today is increased population. During the past ten years the population has only increased 30 per cent. whilst in the preceding ten years it increased nearly 120 per cent. During the years 1911-2-3 the average immigration into the Province was 50,000. During the war this decreased as low as 2,000. Whilst today it is only around 15,000.

As each settler attracted to British Columbia spends an average of \$660.00 annually on the necessities of life, the loss of these 35,000 settlers means a reduction in the annual spending power of over \$23,000,000.

Again, the Provincial Debt is \$94.19 and the Expenditure \$29.08 per capita of population, the highest of any province in the Dominion. That it is out of proportion with other provinces can be gathered from the fact that the average Provincial Debt and Expenditure for the whole of Canada is only \$52.74 and \$14.00 respectively.

The average Weekly Food Budget in British Columbia is also the highest in the Dominion; being \$11.60 against an average of \$10.00 in other provinces.

Taking all these things into consideration, and also the millions of dollars worth of imported goods consumed, it must be realized that a concerted effort must be made to develop the industries of the province.

As previously stated, the solution lies in giving preference to HOME PRODUCTS, which will expand existing industries and attract new settlers and industries by the need of their productive power. Every new settler of the right kind means another shoulder to bear the burden of taxation, which will lighten that of the individual here at present. If the population is not increasing at the same rate as taxation there must naturally be a far heavier individual burden to bear.

Realizing these things, and realizing that unless something was done there would be greater problems to face in the future, the Vancouver Board of Trade inaugurated the Buy B.C. Products Campaign. It is not only Vancouver's Campaign. It is the campaign of the whole population for by living up to its policy citizens will benefit themselves as well as the Province.

The Campaign is now laying the foundation of successful development by an intensive educational programme, applicable to old and young, which it is hoped will produce as the years roll by, a constant stream of young men and women taking their places in the business world realizing that their first duty in all things is to the Province in which

they live and make a living, and next, Canada generally and then the Empire.

This Campaign has been formed for the purpose of educating the producers, distributors, and consumers to the immense advantages to be gained by giving preference to Home Products where quality and price are equal. It is realized that the producers have as great a duty to perform in providing quality and price equal to, if not better than, the imported articles, as the purchasing public has in giving preference to those products. With this in view, complaints are encouraged, treated confidentially and investigated for the ultimate benefit of all consumers.

The Women of British Columbia hold the greater portion of the purchasing power, and if they will lend their aid and support to this movement, a very great deal can be accomplished. Again, they can teach the children why it is to their advantage to buy the Home Product in preference to the imported article, so that as they grow up their first thought will be for the Province in which they live.

To prove that this policy is not a selfish one, devoted to the development of any individual interest or any one branch of industry: only the other day it was stated in the French House of Parliament that the reason there was less unemployment in Germany than in any other country was due entirely to the fact that she was being forced to patronize her own products owing to the depreciation of her currency in foreign countries. This had also forced her to establish industries to produce articles which she had formerly purchased abroad.

The agricultural workers today are actively engaged in forming co-operative associations for the successful marketing of their products, but in doing this they must also educate the public to consume those products.

This Campaign is the greatest co-operative movement that can be carried out within the Province, and if each individual will lend aid and support, I have no hesitation in predicting that the future development will be unlimited.

In conclusion, let me ask: Is it better to purchase a foreign article, paying foreign wages and foreign taxes, or is it better to secure present employment, provide lucrative employment for the coming generation, build up your community and obtain steady and lasting prices by giving preference, where quality and price are equal, first to the products of British Columbia, second to those of Canada and third to those of the British Empire?

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## SECOND BEST

(By M. E. Colman)

Neva was at the telephone:

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Beeman, but it's quite impossible . . . My sister? I'll ask her . . ."

"Joy-oo, oh, Joyce!"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Beeman would like you to sing at the Club luncheon on Tuesday."

"You mean she asked you to sing, and since you have another engagement she asks me."

"Well, yes, that's it."

"Then you can just tell her I won't."

"Oh, Joyce please . . ."

"I don't care how it sounds, I simply won't. I'm sick and tired of being forever 'second best.' Folks want you to sing, or play, or grace a dinner-party, and if you can't go, 'Joyce will do.' Even your beaux try to court me when you give them the mitten. I tell you I won't stand it another day."

Neva made a polite excuse to the worried Mrs. Beeman and stood looking in amazement at her usually gracious sister.

"Why, Joyce, whatever has got into you?"

Joyce tossed her head with a wilful air,

"You don't need to go into a fit and forty fevers, Miss Neva, just because I say I'm not merely a pocket edition of you. I'm going to . . . There's that telephone again. You go, its probably some one wanting you to sing, and if you can't go I won't so you can save your breath asking me."

"It's for you," called Neva and Joyce came forward reluctantly.

"Yes . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"This afternoon? . . . at three? all right."

"No, no, it's a pleasure."

She hung up the receiver.

"That's the one place in all the world where I'm wanted for myself and not as a substitute for 'your brilliant sister,'" she announced.

"Yes . . ." murmured Neva tentatively. This new mood of Joyce's was so unexpected and incomprehensible that she hardly knew just how to take it. But Joyce was all her sunny self again, and at the sound of that dubious "Yes," turned impulsively to her sister, all sweet contrition.

"You poor old darling, did I scare the wits out of you? Never mind, old Dame, with all your faults, I mean my faults, I love you still. I know you can't help being so clever and charming, but oh, I am so sick of being told in word and deed 'Be good, sweet child, and let who can be clever.' You've no idea, Neva dear, how trying it is to one's soul to be 'the brilliant Miss Carr's younger sister!' Only that, and nothing more! The Orphanage is the only place where I'm me, where I'm wanted for something I can do, and not as a poor makeshift for you. They do love my stories, the blessed little tads."

Her face glowed and a tender smile curved her lips as she spoke.

"There's the Children's Hospital, Joy, and the Settlement Kindergarten and the Children's Orthopedic, I don't know what they'd do without you."

"So there are, you darling. I'm a perfect pig, nothing but a jealous pig, I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself. I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll telephone Mrs. Beeman, and tell her I'll sing for her."

But the rebellious mood was upon her again as she trudged home from the Orphanage in the spring twilight.

"Telling stories to kids, that's absolutely the only thing I can do that Neva can't do infinitely better. It's my one talent. If only I could turn it to account."

She looked aimlessly about as though she expected inspiration to drop down at her feet. And so it did, or rather it jumped up and fairly hit her in the eye. There it was, a great, glaring, red and green road-sign:

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

Joyce gasped.

"You bet it does," she exclaimed with forceful if slangy emphasis. She continued her way with a suddenly purposeful air, and stopped to leave an order at the engraver's on her way home.

Three or four days later a small parcel was delivered for her, and she shut herself in her room with it for the afternoon. When it was darkling she left the house furtively, pockets bulging, and sped to the nearest post-box. Into its capacious maw she dropped a hundred elegant, square envelopes, each addressed in her pretty, sloping hand to some wealthy resident of her own or the adjoining town. One thing all the women so honored had in common, they were all mothers.

Her letters posted Joyce stood for a moment beside the box, hands clasped, earnestly murmuring,

"Do, do!"

For the next few days Joyce was a puzzle to her family. She watched eagerly for the postman and examined all the letters before allowing anyone else to see them; she was willing, nay, anxious to answer the telephone, even when it was Neva's turn. Peter accused her of having written a story, and Neva thought she was in love. At last she received a letter in a strange handwriting which seemed to give her great satisfaction. She was out the next afternoon, and came in late to dinner.

All the family were at the table when she came in eager and glowing, still in her street clothes.

"Look!" she exclaimed dramatically, waving a five-dollar bill rather the worse for wear.

"What have you been doing? Robbing the bank?" asked her father quizzically.

"No, sir! I earned it, telling stories."

"Telling stories!" it was a family chorus.

"Yes," explained Joyce eagerly, "It's the one thing I can do. So I had cards engraved like this," she held one up to view.

GEO. T. WADDS

PHOTOGRAPHER

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"and today I had my first engagement: Mrs. Croyden was giving a party for Lydia. And what's more Mrs. Philips, Dr. Philips' wife, you know, has engaged me three months ahead!"

She paused, breathless. The reactions were varied. Her father leaned back in his chair laughing so heartily that his wife looked anxious, for Mr. Carr had a tendency to apoplexy. Neva beamed her approval.

"Good, for you Joyce, you're a wonder!"

Young brother Peter looked his profound contempt, and mother, who knew perfectly well that all her children were most unusually gifted, just smiled without surprise.

The flush of this first success carried Joyce over the next few days, but when day after day, week after week went by without bringing any further response to her announcements, her courage began to droop and dwindle.

The days were crowded with small activities; she swept and dusted and Neva arranged the new draperies. Neva's taste was infallible in such matters; she cleaned the silver and Neva set the table, Neva's ideas for table decoration were so novel and pleasing; she peeled the vegetables, while Neva made the salad and dessert; she made a fourth at bridge, and a last minute twelfth at dinner-parties, sang and played for people not fortunate enough to secure her sister's services, and entertained Neva's Tuesday beau when he came unexpectedly on Friday evening, and so nearly clashed with the fortunate youth to whom that evening rightly belonged.

"It's perfectly maddening, she wailed, "I might just as well make up my mind to marry Mr. Metcalfe at once and be a 'second best' for life."

"Joyce!" Neva was shocked.

"Mr. Metcalfe is a most estimable young man, and the fact that he has already been married once would only make him a more considerate husband."

"Well," retorted Joyce pertly, "why don't you marry him yourself, then? He'd rather have you than me any day."

She was just setting out for Mrs. Philips' children's party, and the keeping of this engagement arranged three months before brought vividly to her mind the high and shining hopes she had entertained when she had posted those hundred engraved announcements.

Mrs. Philips' party was a great success. Seated on the porch with twenty boys and girls around her, all agape while she led them down fairy paths and into witching dells, Joyce forgot her little world and its disappointments and entered with the children those gates of ivory and gold whose gates are forever barred to those whose hearts have grown old.

Dr. Philips stood surveying the group with kindly eyes.

"My dear," he said when Joyce had finally and firmly refused to tell 'just one more.'

"My dear, won't you come some day to my 'Home of Joy' and tell your wonderful tales to my little cripples and shut-ins?"

"Why, I'd love to, Doctor. Just tell me when you'd like me to come, and I'll bring Neva too. She'll sing little wee songs for them, they'll love her too."

"Dr. Philips rubbed his hands and nodded his white head delightedly.

"Well, well well, if that isn't fine! Mother, do you hear this? Not only is this young lady going to tell stories to our 'Home of Joy' lads and lassies, but she'll bring her sister, a sister who sings! Now what do you think of that?"

Can you come next Thursday," turning to Joyce, "Yes?"

Thursday was a glorious day, one of those days that well I'll call for you with the car, at three? Good."

seem dropped out of Heaven into the lap of Spring. All the little patients were out of doors and Joyce sat under a blossoming apple-tree. Straightway the lawn became a magic carpet of Bagdad, and all the eager, pathetic little ones were carried away to the land where the animals talk, where dryads live in every tree, and fairies in every flower, where no child can go a dozen steps without meeting a splendid adventure, and where all boys and girls are strong and well.

Between the stories Neva sang as well as she could for the lump of pity in her throat, and as Joyce had predicted, they loved her to, but after every song they turned to her again with the plea, "Tell just one more, please, please, just one little weeny one more...." So she told on and on till pleasant starchy nurses came to gather all the children in to tea.

"Yes, yes, I'll come again. I promise, truly, honest Injun, cross my heart and hope to die. Yes, it'll be soon. I shan't say when, then it will be such a surprise, you know...."

And with that the children had perforce to be content. As the last of the wheel-chairs turned the corner of the path, and the last shrill 'good-bye' was said, Dr. Philips came forward, accompanied by a broad-shouldered, clever-looking young man.

"This is Dr. Stewart, Miss Carr," he said, "Dr. Stewart is one of our rising young children's specialists, and this," turning to Neva, "is Miss Carr's elder sister."

The young man murmured politely as Neva greeted him, and turned eagerly to Joyce.

"I've been watching you, and listening to you half the afternoon, Miss Carr. Jove! I wish I was a painter!"

"A painter, why?"

"The blue sky, the apple-tree in bloom, those pathetic little kids, their pallid faces all a-glow, and you!...."

They moved down the path together, and Neva brought up the rear with Dr. Philips.

"Your sister is a remarkable and charming young woman," observed the Doctor.

"Yes, indeed!" Neva smiled demurely as she looked at the eager young faces before her, the young doctor's so openly admiring, Joyce's so becomingly flushed.

"Yes, indeed," she laughed softly, "Joyce has bravely got over being 'second best', methinks."

"Eh, what's that?" asked Dr. Philips, but Neva only smiled and changed the subject.

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## EYESIGHT AND ITS RELATION TO HEALTH AND EFFICIENCY

(By B. B. Clark)

Comparatively few have realized the tremendous importance of caring properly for the eyes, and to be of lasting benefit to the nation, the majority must be educated.

Until the child reaches the age of understanding and judgment, it is the duty of those in authority to know the condition of a child's eyes. The first attention should, of course, be given at birth by the physician and nurse and their advice followed. According to the Committee for Prevention of Blindness, 10,000 persons in the United States today are totally blind because their eyes were neglected during the first few days of life.

An examination of the eyes of a child at an early age will determine whether they are in a normal condition. Every child is entitled to a fair start in life, and this cannot be had with defective vision.

A child has little means of comparing his vision with standard vision. He has no means whatever of knowing whether his eyes are right.

Many times one sees as much as he is supposed to see, yet an eye defect may be present which makes him use tremendously more nervous energy to get that sight than he should use. The immediate result of eye strain is seen not in the eyes, but in some other part of the body, often quite remote from the eyes.

Carefully conducted vision surveys show that 62 per cent. of all children between the ages of six and sixteen have defective eyes. Most of these children are being forced to do school work under the handicap of a constant nervous strain caused by neglect of eyes that need help. And the pitiful part is that the parents' ignorance of these conditions does not save the child from the penalty he is constantly paying.

It is foolish to lose time in supposing that the child will "grow out of it." The suitable time to put out a fire is before it amounts to anything. The sensible time to stop eye strain is before it saps nervous energy. Nothing but trouble is gained by waiting until the point is reached at which some school examiner sends the child home for the attention his parents should have given him long before.

Many contend that there is too much paternalism on the part of our public schools, without realizing that teachers, in order to obtain satisfactory results from their efforts, must at least have a normal child with whom to work.

An instance is related of an indignant mother who remarked to a teacher: "The idea of a chit of a girl like you advising a mother who has buried five children as to how to care for them."

The children of today are the citizens of the future. Expert advice and attention are usually worth all they cost, and in no instance is this more true than in the care and attention given to the eyes of a child.

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## ACROSS CANADA BY THE C. N. R.

(Continued From Page Seven)

Prince Charlie), for, while they are all travelling in dark and useful clothes, when they near their destination, she takes them one by one into the ladies' room, and they emerge bright and shining, with white dresses and clean faces (tomato and orange stains all gone) ready to greet grand-pere or grand-mere, or whoever it is they are going to see.

Quebec, that wonderful old city, and scene of much of the early history of Canada, is reached in the evening, just five days' journey from Vancouver. It is raining, and the bright lights from the electric lamps are reflected in the wet streets, as we go climbing up the hill in a funny little phaeton affair, drawn by a sturdy and sure footed little pony. The hotel is very full, for the "Empress of Britain" came in today, and the "Empress of France" goes out tomorrow, but we have been fore-sighted enough to secure rooms in advance, and while hundreds are being turned away, we are glad that we are to have a steady bed for one night.

Morning brings sunshine and a fine view down to the old town, with its narrow steep streets, and away across the river, with little ferries crossing and recrossing, a larger craft passing up and down, and the biggest ships of all lying in dock. We were disappointed that we could not see the famous bridge of which we had heard so much.

The morning is spent in exploring the narrow streets of the old town and in buying souvenirs, but the stores are small and poorly stocked, and shopping is disappointing.

A drive round the city is interesting, the old fortifications and the "Heights of Abraham" recalling again the glories of British tradition.

India is said to be the brightest jewel in the British crown, and I should feel inclined to put Canada second. A trip like this only serves to make one realize more fully the boundless resources of the country. Her material wealth alone, which as yet is only beginning to be touched, is enough to make of her a great nation, but after all, the true wealth of a country is in her people, and the problem seems to me to be how to weld the different races and nationalities, which we have here gathered together, into one whole, and produce a people, who by their ideals, aspirations, and aims will carry on the traditions of our great Empire, on which the sun never sets, "For God and the King."

—H. P. T.

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# THE WORLDS BEYOND

(By Guy Cathcart Pelton)

Wireless telephone messages have been passed across the ocean. Wireless telegraphy travels thousands of miles, and if thousands, why not millions? Space as measured in mileage means nothing to the electric wave. Marconi has expressed the hope that some day we shall communicate with the other planets.

At the rate a wireless wave travels it would take a little over four minutes for a message to reach earth from Mars, and nine minutes to receive a message from the Sun. If a ray of electric light can travel from the Sun to the Earth in less than ten minutes, then a wireless telegraph message could reach us in the same time.

But we must first convince ourselves that the Sun is not a burning sphere as we have been taught—and that the Sun's rays are not heat rays. On earth heavy falls of snow lie on the ground for weeks with the Sun unable to make any impression on it, though it is four million miles nearer than in summer. And when snow does melt, it commences with the layers in contact with the earth, and not on the upper surface exposed to the Sun. If the Sun's rays possessed heat there could be no clouds in the atmosphere, because the great heat at the cloud altitudes would prevent their formation. Heat does not radiate downward, and if heat rays reached us from the Sun all the laws of nature would be violated. In tropical regions there is an arctic climate 12,000 to 15,000 feet nearer the Sun. The Sun is not hot, because heat destroys so-called gravitation and cohesion. Heat destroys magnetism and dissolves all solid substances and if the Sun were hot it could not attract and contract the planets of the solar system.

Scripture tells that God made the Sun as a great light to rule the day and not as a burning globe or furnace to heat the earth or the frigid ether of space.

The electrical theory of the planets is winning many converts. The Sun is the huge electrical centre of the planets. It may even be the promised heaven of the Solar System, while all the planets are beautiful worlds, controlled by electricity, the working force of Deity. The Sun's photosphere is a brilliant encircling aurora borealis created by its surplus electricity.

If the genius of man can invent a simple instrument like the spectroscope and the wireless receiver and transmitter, will not that same genius in time catch the whispering of the spheres and the language of the Divines of Heaven? May not a whisper be heard to the bounds of the universe if the ear is properly attuned? If Marconi has carried the human voice across the ocean, may he not in time give us a message from another world?

We are so narrow, so little, so bigoted in our conceits, that we accept the orthodox and discredit the new. The scientists tell us that the Sun is a burning sphere and that all the planets are waste worlds—and we weakly believe them. Does Scripture tell us of any waste worlds created by God? Is not that time-worn claim just as much an insult to the Creator of our own wonderful planet as is the accusation that makes a God of Love the Creator of a hell of torture?

Did my reader ever stop to consider the beauty and happiness of the thought that perhaps the Suns are the self-luminous perfected worlds of the universe, the personal residence of Deity, and the future abode of man and that housed in the heavenly mansions and the beautiful cities of the Sun are the former citizens of the Solar Planets, including earth's mighty Host of departed spirits?

Who knows but in time wireless messages may reach us from other worlds from those who once lived here? Who knows but that the time may come when so-called death will

be welcomed with as much joy as we now welcome a trip across the continent or across the seas! If a ray of light can reach the earth from the Sun in nine minutes, an electrical message could do the same, and could not the soul of man, released from the physical body and its limitations, ascend into the Sun with equal speed?

John was carried up into the Celestial City—and he saw wonders that no human mind could conceive. Christ was lifted up in the Ascension before the eyes of his astonished Disciples. For one brief moment the heavens opened and men of earth got a glimpse of heaven. Is it not a fact that no man can look at the Sun with the naked eye?

Let us view calmly the conceptions of scientists: That practically all the planets save two are uninhabited and that they in turn will be dead worlds. That all creation is in time going to ruin. That the universe is a great failure—only a mass of waste, burning and dying spheres. What conception can the scientists have of God?

Let us as reasonable men and as thinking men and as Christian men, pay a little higher compliment to the Divine Creator. We admit we have made a hell of this earth, because we had to carry out the conception of the storied God-created hell. But because we have with lust and greed and selfishness and pride made the God-created Garden of Eden into a man-created "place of skulls," let us not add to the defaming of God by declaring that He made a miserable failure of His universal system, when out of millions of planets and worlds he could only make one or two fit for human beings to live on, and that one frequently bleeding with wars and tumults, and ruled by passion and lust and hate.

The spacious, firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

## THE DANGER OF KEEPING A CAT IN THE HOUSE

Should people who have babies keep cats?

This was the interesting point raised by Mr. Whitehouse, the Coroner, at a Rotherhithe inquest on the four months old daughter of a London carman. The mother, said that she left the baby asleep in a perambulator in charge of her little son. Upon her return 20 minutes later she was told that the child was dead.

The son referred to, said that he left the baby asleep in the kitchen, and went out to play with an elder brother. Upon returning he found the cat lying across the baby's face. He picked his little sister up, and found that she was dead. The surgeon stated that the cause of death was suffocation.

The Coroner, in recording a verdict of accidental death, said that people who had babies should not keep cats. This was not the first case of the kind, and cats brought disease.

## THE LIE

A lie that is half of a lie—  
How it slips through the dubious gloom.  
It never was born, and it never can die  
For it knows not hte grave, as the womb  
It slithers in slime round the dove—  
What weapon can crimson a side,  
Whose length is a festering silver thereof,  
And headless and tail-less can glide?

## JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

A CORNER FOR MOTHER AND THE GIRLS.

There used to be a book, much read and enjoyed by the strange creatures children were twenty years ago, entitled "The Giant Killers". Beginning with the giant Despair of whom Bunyan speaks in Pilgrim's Progress, it went on to describe other giants one should overcome, from such homely ogres as "Ill Temper" and "Greediness" to spectacular monsters like "Drunkenness"; but there was one evil-genie who was not mentioned, his name is "HURRY", and he is the foe of happiness, and a bitter enemy to efficiency.

"HURRY!" how hateful is the very sound of the word! It smacks of the slave-driver, and reeks of the whip. "HURRY!", there is no time to gather flowers along the road, smiles are a waste of precious time, laughter is folly, "HURRY!" there is so much to do, and so little time to do it in! "HURRY!" Time flies, minutes are money, time lost can never be found again, "HURRY, HURRY, HURRY!"

STOP! Halt for a moment you father who tell the children you will take them for a walk, but "You must HURRY and get ready"; you mother who arise in the morning saying, "I must HURRY and get the washing ready"; you teacher who assign a lesson to be done "As quickly as you can, HURRY!" Stop, all you who assign tasks to yourselves and others and from sheer force of habit add "HURRY" to every command, stop and think for a moment, is it really worth while?

We have all Eternity to live in, but the opportunities for kindness and joy that meet us to-day will never be repeated. Poise, repose, these are the great gifts. We hurrying bustling creatures must be as ridiculous in the sight of the Ages as the ant who, living in a warehouse filled with wheat, feared that she would starve to death. We do too much and thing too little. We need to learn to do nothing and do it gracefully. We need to learn to meditate and to ponder, to see what we do, and what we are in true proportion.

### SEASONABLE RECIPES

This is the betwixt and between time for vegetables and one is often hard put to it to obtain variety. Carrots are a good old standby, and here is a way of cooking them which may be a change.

#### FRIED CARROTS.

Cut the carrots in long strips, boil in salted water for a few minutes, drain and finish cooking in the frying pan in hot oil or bacon fat. Have the fat very hot, and after tossing the carrots over till they are a delicate golden brown, draw the pan to the back of the stove, cover closely and cook slowly till they are tender.

#### SWISS CHARD

Swiss chard is one of the first local vegetables to be on the market. It is a head of large, dark-green, crinkly leaves with wide white ribs. To prepare pull the head apart, wash in salted water, and with a sharp knife separ-

ate the rib and the green. Leave no trace of green on the rib. The green part is to be cooked and eaten like spinach. Cut the ribs into pieces about an inch wide and two inches long. Drop them into boiling, salted water and cook till tender: about ten or fifteen minutes. Do not cook too long or it will lose its crispness and become discoloured. Serve with a cream sauce. This is a very delicious and delicate dish, and compares favorably with asparagus.

#### BAK T'SOI OR CHINESE CABBAGE.

This is a head of pale green leaves rather like lettuce, the shape and size of Cos lettuce. It may be cooked like spinach, or else in the following fashion:

Wash the leaves, chop coarsely. Have a frying-pan ready with very hot oil or butter, put in the chopped leaves, toss for a few minutes, then add a little boiling water, cover the pan closely and cook slowly till done.

#### SPINACH SOUP.

This is wholesome and delicious.

Cook spinach with very little water, what clings after it is washed is sufficient. Rub through a sieve into its own liquor. Prepare a thin white sauce in sufficient quantity and pour into the spinach puree, stirring constantly. Re-heat and serve with cubes of bread fried golden, or with cheese straws.

A rather thrilling dessert to top a plain dinner is

#### ORANGES EN SURPRISE.

For six persons cut three oranges in halves across the middle, press out the juice carefully, without spoiling the rinds. With the juice to which you have added the juice of a lemon, make jelly, using your favorite brand of gelatine, and sweetening to taste. Mold it in cups, filling the cup about one-third full. Take the pulp out of the orange halves, and when the jelly is set slip it into the orange cases. Make a stiff meringue with the white of two eggs, flavor with vanilla, pile it on top of the orange jellies and brown in a quick oven. Serve at once with sponge cake or lady-fingers.

—Winnogene.

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