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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

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

Volume 24

MAY, 1925

No. 4



Parliament Buildings at Victoria

The Capital City of British Columbia

Besides being recognized as one of the most stately architectural piles on the Continent of North America, these buildings house the best public library west of Winnipeg; Natural History Museum, containing specimens of all the fauna of British Columbia; mineral exhibits and archives. In these latter will be found relics of the aboriginal life of this province, which is so quickly passing away, and also many of the original logs and charts of the Discoverers not only of Vancouver Island, but of the whole Pacific Coast. These buildings are open to the public.



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WAS HE NOT RIGHT? What think you? In that connection we remind readers that, humanly speaking, such men and firms as use advertising space in this Magazine make its life and progress possible. All who value its work are therefore invited to take note of the firms—the number of which we trust will be considerably increased soon—who, by appealing to our readers for business patronage, at the same time prove themselves practical partners in the "Community Service" of this Magazine of the Canadian West.

*The
 British Columbia Monthly*

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The Twentieth Century Spectator of Britain's Farthest West
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"BE BRITISH" COLUMBIANS!

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EDITORIAL NOTES

A VISIT TO VICTORIA in May must impress any impartial person with the fact that the Capital City of British Columbia is one of which every Western Canadian may reasonably be proud. If the main thoroughfares are less congested with traffic than those of the mainland terminal city of Vancouver, one soon gathers that in Victoria, as elsewhere, crowded days and evenings of social and community interest need never be lacking to those actively concerned in life and work.

* * *

THE DISPOSITION IN BUSINESS CIRCLES to be in some measure insularly exclusive, which Victoria's history and location alike explain—does not obtain in other quarters. One evening recently the Victoria Kiwanis Club entertained—or rather were entertained by a contingent about seventy strong, from Vancouver Club, and Mr. Roy Long, Barrister, First President of the Vancouver Club, gave an address which was a credit to himself and an inspiration to the large Company representing both Clubs.

* * *

THE NEXT EVENING a meeting of non-concurring Presbyterians and a lecture on Wembley Exhibition vied in attractiveness. The "Star" speaker at the Anti-Union Meeting was the present Attorney General of British Columbia, Hon. Mr. Manson, and of his attitude to this question, or to the British Columbia Legislature's treatment thereof, more is sure to be heard. Messrs. Douglas and Thompson, Ministers, were the speakers from the Mainland. The meeting was held in St. Andrew's Church of which Dr. Leslie Clay is the pastor. The lecturer on Wembley had many fine slides to which however the lantern focussing did not do justice.

* * *

REV. DR. JOHN CAMPBELL, formerly of First Presbyterian Church, Victoria, is one of those picturesque pioneer figures who radiate geniality. Apart from a pleasant experience at this time with Dr. Campbell and his household, the editor of this Magazine welcomes an opportunity to pay tribute to this gallant and gracious gentleman; for not once or twice merely, but on many occasions throughout these fourteen years have we received kindly and encouraging letters from him, letters bearing on the work of this magazine of which he has been during that period an attentive subscriber and complimentary reviewer. Among other things it was interesting to meet a son of this relative of "Sir Colin," who had done well his part in the recent world war, as not a few military awards demonstrated.

Dr. Campbell carries his four score years well, and is blessed with the caretaking companionship of Mrs. Campbell.

THE PRESENT MINISTER of "First Church," Victoria, is Dr. Wilson, brother of Dr. R. J. Wilson, formerly of Vancouver, and it was notable that in these dividing days he ministers to a fairly large congregation.

* * *

TO DR. CLEM DAVIES of the "City Temple," (as the theatre used as a place of worship is called), however, there seems to have been given what—if it be continued—is no insignificant opportunity to influence the life, especially the young life, of the Capital City. It may be that the novelty and unconventionality of the meeting place attract some, but the crowd was there.

"What are you worth?" was the preacher's sermon topic on the evening of our attendance and for well-reasoned applications and happy illustrations, his discourse was in every way commendable. The congregational singing was hearty and the selection and arrangement of the music in Hymns, Psalter, etc., rather suggested the Anglican form—which, more wisely than other denominations perhaps, more frequently involves the Congregation with the choir.

From a reference of his own—to the years he had been preaching—Pastor Davies must be at least well on in the "thirties," but he looks younger. If he and those associated with him can arrange to secure a "City Temple Building" of their own in which to maintain and sustain such work, their church may well be a lasting influence.

* * *

OF ONE CABINET MINISTER (Hon. D. T. Pattullo) of whom we had more than a glimpse at this visit, and a copy of whose timely address on Timber values we had had satisfaction in passing for publication before we went to Victoria, we find the following was noted in this column over two years ago:

"THE MINISTER OF LANDS in the Provincial Cabinet had an opportunity at that Board of Trade function (in December, 1922), of which he took good advantage. If fuller light was given on the whole policy of his department, new light may also have been given on Hon. Mr. Pattullo himself. Probably the non-partizan and friendly attitude and atmosphere of the meeting had something to do with it, but at any rate the dapper little gentleman who for six years now has served British Columbia through its Lands Department, spoke for three-quarters of an hour in such a way as must have demonstrated to the open-minded that he had been "on the job" and was fairly well up-to-date in his knowledge of its problems and possibilities."

On this occasion we were interested to find that, when publicity business was mentioned to him, a scriptural quotation came readily from his lips. As we have attended to our part of the injunction, we trust that HE AND HIS COLLEAGUES IN ALL DEPARTMENTS will as plainly practise their part.

* * *

FOR WE NEED NOT HESITATE to publish that, after arranging for Victoria and Vancouver Island representatives, and making the acquaintance of a number of business leaders, one purpose of the editor in making calls on government officials at Victoria was to look the responsible men in the face and make clear to them that this Magazine is here TO SERVE BRITISH COLUMBIA. For fourteen years we have been working towards that end, and all along we have made no secret that this Magazine is for BRITISH COLUMBIA FIRST, and that it is ready to support men, regardless of party, who demonstrate that they have the common weal at heart.

* * *

BY THE PICTURE ON THE COVER of this issue we are pleased to pay tribute to the beauty and the grandeur of the Provincial Parliament Building, whether or not Vancouver Island is ever connected by rail with the Mainland of British Columbia, these Buildings are themselves an asset to the City of Victoria which should make it a port of call to all interested in the Canadian West.

As one admires the beauty of the frontage with the flower beds laid out so arrestingly, one need not be an ancient philosopher to ponder on the varied types of humanity who daily pass into and out of these spacious offices. First, no doubt, from the point of view of lasting utility, should be considered the members of the "permanent staff" of the Civil Service—men who compare provincially with those in the Imperial Government staffs whom such an eminent Statesman and Empire-builder as Lord Rosebery held would continue to run the British Empire not less effectively if all the Parliamentary "Heads" (however worthy and notable) were given such an Empire-touring holiday as we bespoke some months ago for Premier Baldwin and the members of his Cabinet.

* * *

AMPLE EVIDENCE THAT MANY PUBLIC SERVANTS and some Empire-builders of note have already come and gone in this British Farthest West is provided in the Parliament Buildings. The Provincial Library is itself a veritable

(Turn to Page 3)

Calling Community Attention to Timber Values

Notes from Address Read on Behalf of Hon. T. D. Pattullo, Minister of Lands in Legislature of British Columbia to the Members of the "Hoo Hoo" Organization at Vancouver, B. C.

April 22nd, 1925

First let me congratulate those concerned in the "Hoo Hoo" movement on the signs of new life in British Columbia. All such organizations as yours help men in the industry to become better acquainted and make for unity of effort. They are also valuable both in influencing and creating public opinion. More and more business men realize the necessity of informing the public and acquiring and holding the sympathy of the public.

Value of Education.

Education is one of the strongest forces in our social and economic life to-day. There are those who say that we are giving too much academic education; that we are weaning away too many people from manual labor to so-called "white collar" jobs. I do not find myself in sympathy with this viewpoint; rather do I think the truth of it is that we all have too little education, not too much. "A little learning is a dangerous thing." The great advantage of a University education is not the facts or information acquired by the student, but the training and disciplining of the student's whole personality, fitting him thereafter to continue the process of self-education along whatever lines he may select. The amount of actual knowledge and information which can be acquired by a student during a University Course is infinitesimal in comparison with the store of the world's knowledge and information; but the training which the student has gone through during the process of imbibing this knowledge and information is of inestimable value.

Contrary to the viewpoint that education is creating a disdain for menial work, education is gradually bringing about the viewpoint that there is no work that is menial and even the work that was formerly looked upon as menial and very disagreeable is now becoming so systematized through the application of scientific methods and modern machinery that labor generally is upon a higher plane than ever, all of which, I believe, is due to the higher general education of the people.

Last Great Stand of Timber in Empire.

This week we find ourselves in the middle of "Save the Forest" week. As far as British Columbia is concerned, I know of no line of endeavour in which the education and understanding of the people of British Columbia, in respect of our forest resources, is more important.

British Columbia, with its 350 billion feet of commercial timber, possesses the last great stand of soft woods, not only in Canada, but in the British Empire. This increasingly valuable forest area is a heritage which we should strive to hand down unimpaired to future generations. Our forests are not only a means of general revenue to the Province; not only a means for furnishing employment to thousands of people, but they are a vital factor in tempering our climate; conserving our water supply; preserving our game, lending cover to our fur-bearing animals; shelter to our bird life and enhancement to the beauty and magnificence of our scenery.

From every standpoint then, it is clear that we must conserve our forests to the utmost of our capacity. It is an individual, Provincial and National duty from which there can be no shirking.

Forest Protection.

The real protection of our forest wealth lies in the education, understanding and co-operation of the people of the Province.

We have in British Columbia a forest protection force recognized, I believe, as second to none on this continent. The most up-to-date methods of communication in fire fighting have been adopted, including motor trucks carrying motor pumps; seaplanes for reconnaissance work, and wireless telephone systems connecting our launches with headquarters and strategic points. It is 5 years since the forest service adopted the radio.

Fire Prevention More Necessary Than Fire Fighting.

Last year the Forest Service had to deal with 2,174 fires, 1,549 of which were held to an area of less than 10 acres and 1,823 of which resulted in a loss of less than \$100.00 each, while 259 of the balance ranged from \$100.00 to \$1,000.00 loss each. Only 92 of the outbreaks showed a loss of over \$1,000.00 each.

From these figures you will gather that our fire fighting service is effective, but I want to emphasize the point that the future of our forests depends much more on fire prevention than on fire fighting. Once a fire gets a strong hold Providence alone can save the situation. In no case is the hackneyed phrase, "Prevention is better than cure" more true than in regard to forest protection.

Prevention of forest fires is largely in the hands of the public. Of the 2,174 fires in 1924, 307 were caused by lightning, the balance being traced to campers, travellers, smokers, brush burning, railway operation, etc. It is clear then that the great majority of fires are preventable if due precautions are taken.

Having in view these facts and figures, is it not imperative that the public shall come to a realization that the forests of British Columbia are their very life's blood.

More Timber Burned Than Exported.

Such associations as yours can do much good work in educating our own people and the tourists who visit our Province in forest fire prevention. The Forest Service has carried on a strong educational campaign and has provided cleared camp sites for tourists, but we must carry on until we have saturated the public mind with the idea of protecting the forest until every man, woman and child is a potential forest fire prevention agent.

We must never forget that fire loss is a capital loss. We may collect insurance on a burned building but still the amount is a capital loss to the nation. Prevention is our only insurance against forest fires.

We hear much talk about the export of logs to the United States. I wonder if people realize that the quantity of timber exported in the log and paid for is but a fraction of that burned up every year.

During the last five years we exported 744,598,025 feet of logs, 564 million feet of which were from exportable areas, but during the same period we had burned up 1,213,849,000 feet of merchantable timber, or nearly twice the quantity exported in the log, while 400,000,000 feet of logs, poles and piling also went up

(Concluded on Page Four)



Crossing the Glacier at the Foot of Mount Elkhorn (7240 feet high) in Strathcona National Park, Vancouver Island, IN JULY

As most people are aware, Vancouver Island is unsurpassed as a summer holiday playground, so far as fishing, hiking and driving are concerned, but probably many readers do not know that all the pleasures and thrills of an Alpine holiday can be enjoyed within 150

miles of Vancouver; and the interesting point is that, not only do good roads run right up to Victoria from the Park, but if you have not got a car of your own excellent public transportation is available at very reasonable rates.

EDITORIAL NOTES

From Page 1

Treasure House, not only of literature but of historic records, and other valuable collections such as could not well be mentioned in one article, much less in a note. The writer is free to confess that the one luxury he bestowed on himself at the end of a crowded week was a return visit for a quiet hour in the Provincial Library—the location and arrangement of which have about them that

combination of restfulness and comfort dear to the hearts of all folks with literary pre-dispositions and interests, and associated in the minds of book lovers with an Earthly Paradise.

THE FIRST VISIT TO THE LIBRARY on this occasion had also a happy experience connected with it, as the writer was privileged to have a lengthy interview with a leading member of the Library staff. To readers who, like our-

selves, may have only limited time in Victoria, or at the Parliament Buildings there, we would say—whatever you do, allow yourselves time to visit or re-visit the Provincial Library.

DID TIME AND SPACE PERMIT, we would like to refer to a controversy re Shakespeare and Burns which, by an obviously unstudied remark, the genial Dean Quainton of Victoria was respons-

Concluded on Page 16

in smoke and two and a half million dollars worth of logging equipment and other property was destroyed.

But this is not all—during the same period 393,974 acres of young growth was burned over. Estimating this at the conservative maturity figure of 15,000 feet to the acre, we lost an additional 1,281,925,000 board feet, or approximately half our total annual cut.

In all we had burned up nearly three billion feet in five years, or more than four times the quantity of logs exported. In other words, we are losing over one million dollars annually by forest fires; or roughly, 75 cents per thousand feet on our annual lumber production.

Birthright Must Be Protected.

With increased auto travel and increased woods operation our fire hazard is increasing rapidly and will continue to increase. We must, then, redouble our efforts towards the prevention of forest fires if we are to save the forests for posterity. Working for posterity is a thankless task, but a task that must be faced with a will.

Land that has been burned over several times has no seed bed for future forests and we must keep looking to the future if our children and grandchildren are not to be cheated of their birthright—the forests of British Columbia.

Verse by Western Canadian Writers

APPASSIONATA SONATA

(By Alice M. Winlow.)

Have you plumbed the depths of human love,
And from that bitter gulf of passion risen
Bearing a flower of light to help you prove
That man's desire is the only prison
That bars the soul? And from the fiery deeps
Have you heard a song rush to the stars,
While into one last flame of whiteness leaps
The flower your soul still wears to heal her scars?
Then you shall hear one day, with lightnings shod,
A mighty marching, and a rush of wings—
"A prince thou art and hast prevailed with God"—
A secret splendor for your journeyings.
In heaven or hell God's care is manifold,
His hand shall lead thee, His right hand shall hold.

DOWN DOGWOOD LANE

(By Jean Kilby Rorison.)

Down Dogwood Lane, where the cedars meet
And soft is the fall of mortal feet,
When the day is blue and gold and still,
Pan comes piping over the hill
Piping a lay so piercingly tender,
The lady-fern shakes, and the pale slender,
Sweet bells of the Linnea set all a-ringing
A-ringing and singing
To tell all the people the joy he is bringing.
Where tall firs grand like sentinels stand
Guarding the portals of Fairy-land.

Pan is piping by the river,
Oh the sheen and the shimmer:
How the sun-shafts start and quiver
As they catch the snow-white glimmer
Of the glowing dogwood tree.
Pan is piping by the hour,
Every insect, bird and flower
Thrills in rhythmic ecstasy,
Where the little river
Gurgling with glee,
Runs and stumbles, falls and tumbles
Down to the sea.
Pan is piping by the river
Magic's in his melody!
Pan is piping by the river
Melting out the heart of me!

"AFTER THE SHOWER"

(By Lois H. Gilpin.)

Glossy, green and a'shiver,
The wet leaves clap their hands;
For out on the rushing river
The sunbeams glide in strands,
And curl with the swirling waters
Over the golden sands.

The scent of sweet wild clover
Sifts on the gathering breeze;
The tonic balm of the Gilead palm,
Flutt'ring its silvery leaves;
And spices of resinous balsam and pine
Steal through the dripping trees.

Along the edge of the forest
The white mists wreathe and float,
And I hear the song of rejoicing
From many a feathered throat,
As rifts in the clouds grow brighter
With blue for the Dutchman's coat.

And down through the marshy meadows,
Knee deep in Iris blue,
To the sedgey edge of the river
Where I float my birch canoe;
And fling out my line in the shallows
And feel a nibble or two.

With graceful dart and circle
The beauties sweep and curve,
And nibble and nod and tug at my rod,
Till, with a sudden swerve,
I land my boy with a shout of joy,
For a jolly good breakfast he'll serve!

Home through the deepening evening,
Joyous and wet with spray,
I laugh at Old Sol, with his head, like a doll,
Tied with ribbons of cloud stuff so gay,
And heartily thank the old fellow,
At its close, for a perfect day.

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Bliss Carman and the Tribute of Youth

(By N. R.)

Any man, no matter how eminent, may take a pardonable pride in having elicited the spontaneous tribute of youth. The tribute may be in a greater degree of the heart rather than the head. That very fact renders it all the more worthwhile. Such was the tribute paid to Longfellow by the children of England when, in his old age, they subscribed their mites to the making, from the wood of the original "village chestnut tree," of an armchair in which the poet might rest in his declining years. Such was the tribute paid to our own Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, one afternoon recently, when three happy-faced little maidens in their early teens foregathered at the home of a well-known Vancouver doctor, himself a minor poet, and presented Canada's laureate with a handsome brass box of Chinese workmanship, richly chased, and inscribed, "To Bliss Carman, from Grade VIII, Lord Tennyson School, a token of appreciation." The presentation was a spontaneous tribute in recognition of a visit and readings by the poet a few days before, and to its consummation many nickels and dimes had been given.

Very prettily and very diffidently the eldest of the trio of maidens handed the present to Mr. Carman, and he—completely taken by surprise—unwound his six-foot some inches of length as he stood to receive the treasure. "Children," said he, "I do not need this handsome gift to keep green in my memory that very happy visit to your school, but it will help to do that all the same." Then, pausing to think, he added, "and now I must give you something to remember me by. Come upstairs." With long strides the poet disappeared, followed by the triumvirate, full of suppressed excitement. Twenty minutes elapsed; then the children trooped down again, each youngster bearing proudly in her hands a large autographed photograph, taken recently and showing the poet in the familiar stetson, standing on the edge of the Morjavian desert in California where he has been spending a holiday. "Now you must come up and be one of the children, too," he called from the top of the stairs to the writer down below, and a few minutes later the latter, also, was the possessor of a similar souvenir.

The spontaneity and simplicity of this little afternoon ceremony, at which there were only two or three friends present, was entirely in keeping with the simplicity of the distinguished guest who after a year's absence, has come so quietly among us this spring time and who has slipped away as quietly as he came. Those who have the privilege of knowing the author of "Low Tide on Grand Pre" intimately will appreciate my assertion that he is a man born for friendship rather than for fame. Such fame as comes to a poet of eminence is his, but it may be said that it is a small matter to him beside his passion for Nature and his love of friends.

A born nomad, and, in a restricted sense, a Bohemian, Bliss Carman has circles of chosen friends at widely separated places whom he loves to visit; in New Canaan, where he has made his home for so many years; in the Catskill Mountains—who that has read his prose volume, "The Friendship of Art" can for-



BLISS CARMAN

get those delightful memories etched in the "Introduction," wherein he makes every timber and stone of the old house in the mountains tell of the never-to-be-forgotten scenes of merriment and music which he and his friends have enjoyed there in the years of yore—amid the scenes of his childhood in Nova Scotia; in those friendly homes on the edge of the Morjavian desert; and now in Vancouver. In all of these, and several other places, he is assured of the warmest of warm welcomes from coteries of friends who love him for himself as well as for his poems.

Knowing him for a confirmed optimist, I asked the poet whether he thought our civilization was breaking down under the complexities of modern life and the aftermath of the Great War. This is the reply of the man who loves beyond all else Nature and the woodlands, "It is our misconception of civilization that is to blame. When we fly to the woods to get away from civilization it is to get away from our own vulgar and rather stupid multiplication of effects. We need never tire of true civilization, because that is a state of growth. An appreciation of art is part of civilization, and all art is complex. A man may have at his command all the luxuries of the twentieth century and still lack the rudiments of civilization. It is folly to turn our backs on civilization." Later I turned to one of the poet's writings and found this, "Civilization does not reside in all those things we give our lives so breathlessly to obtain; it is to be found in the hearts of our friends, in the thought and science and art of the day."

"In the hearts of our friends." From that day when Bliss Carman first arrived in Vancouver and, in the midst of

a semi-blizzard, placed a wreath on the grave of Pauline Johnson in Stanley Park, and later read his poems quietly, as one friend to many others, rather than as an entertainer to an audience, some of us who had never seen him before realized at once that his sweet singing and personal simplicity is the cloak in which he wraps an exceptionally passionate love for all living things. And in his cosmogony the trees and the flowers themselves are living things, perhaps, who shall say, endowed with personality in differing degrees.

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Publishing Office: 1100 Bute Street,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA.

The Railway Situation.

We note in the columns of the daily press a statement by Sir Henry Thornton that the solution of our Canadian railway problem is a consolidation of the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways.

In this he has finally reached agreement with Lord Shaughnessy's ideas save that he, of course, does not suggest that the consolidation should be by way of giving the Canadian Pacific Railway control of the Canadian National Railway.

We, who are unversed in railway matters, can, perhaps, take it for granted that the opinions of Lord Shaughnessy and Sir Henry Thornton definitely settle the question that the solution of our railway problem is a consolidation of those lines.

This, however, is but an answer to part of the problem. It is now for the country to consider how that consolidation is to be effected and under what control.

Is it not possible that the practical railway men of Canada, who are to be found altogether within the personnel of these companies or their employees, can give to us either a solution, which will commend itself to the wisdom of the public, or alternative plans which can be enquired into and through such enquiry lead to the solution of what is one of the greatest of our problems.

Our Canadian Government Merchant Marine.

Once again estimates have been tabled at Ottawa and, with those estimates, we find that we have paid a tremendous figure for supporting our Canadian Government Merchant Marine.

We all realize that matters of more importance than finance caused the inception of our Merchant Marine and have continued it in operation.

Without raising any question as to the value received for the money it has cost us to this date, or, in any way, reflecting upon the conduct of the Government of the day in continuing to support it thus far, have we not reached a point where we can justly determine that its days of usefulness are over and that the cost of operating it from now on, coupled with the losses by depreciation from time to time, will be quite disproportionate to any services it can render.

Let us accept our losses as they now stand, cheerfully write them off as having been worthily incurred, forego all criticism as to any mistakes that have been made in the management of the enterprise so far, dispose of the ships we now own and say that we are satisfied with the proposition.

Conditions have continually settled and improved since the war ended. Building costs have decreased and will continue to decrease until the rock-bottom wage and material cost in ship construction have been reached.

When we consider that ships are now being built in the Old Country for \$20 per ton, one can understand the import to Canada of further construction or operation of a Canadian-built Merchant Marine.

Trade conditions have changed and are changing for the better. Ships are more readily available for charter—and it can, surely, now be left to private enterprise to determine how far development of any particular inter-Canadian or other trade is worth while.

We trust public attention will be drawn to the necessity of ridding ourselves of what, from now on, must be an unprofitable expenditure and unnecessary loss.

Church Union.

The time draws rapidly near for the merger of the Unionist Presbyterians, the Methodists and the Congregationalists, in the United Church of Canada.

Such a merger must have its problems but has also with them its opportunities and it would seem to the onlooker that the local situation offers a splendid opportunity for the re-adjustment of Church life in Vancouver.

In the West End of Vancouver one effect of the Union discussion has been to divide two Presbyterian congregations, St. Andrew's and St. John's—leaving, in each case, the remaining majority of the congregation to face a task which was only possible to the former united congregation and sending two large minorities out without a church home.

Similar conditions prevail in respect to the two leading Presbyterian churches south of False Creek, viz.: Chalmers and Mount Pleasant, although, in one of these cases, church quarters have been secured which are totally inadequate to the congregation's needs and the demands for its future expansion.

It might be expected that the West End situation could be readily settled by the simple expedient of giving St. Andrew's Church to the Unionists and St. John's Church to the Anti-Unionists, or vice versa.

No such expedient seems open South of False Creek.

In addition we have the very rapid development which is taking place within the boundaries of what will be the congregations of the United Church of

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Canada in the district south of the Creek. This has given rise to a demand for further church accommodation which will become more clamorous and insistent as this development continues and increases. This situation is further complicated by the developments now taking place, or easily recognizable as certain, in the Municipalities adjoining the City.

It will be conceded that the Church conditions in Vancouver as to the location of the buildings, the bounds of the congregational districts, etc., have been matters of historic chance determined by the circumstances of the moment, worked out in accordance with no settled plan and subject to the variations of fortune which all occasional things must share by virtue of their nature.

The lines of Vancouver's development are no longer uncertain and unsettled. We can now come to settled conclusions as to the permanence of certain features and certain progress in the City's development. The most pessimistic person must concede that Vancouver has an assured future, which, discounting all panegyrics and laudations that have been uttered concerning her, is sufficiently ample and substantial to secure her an assured position among the cities of Canada.

With the arrival of Vancouver at this stage of permanence and definite rounding into shape our Church situation has also been clearing.

Year by year the non-essential differences between our church bodies have become less and less esteemed, the appreciation of the unities existent in all churches has become more and more marked until it would seem that, history, tradition and hope, mighty forces in themselves, are the only barriers to a United Church of Canada which will, at no distant day, embrace all the Protestant Churches of Canada, or, at least, the major portion of their communicants, and, in the writer's opinion, will, before many have even thought it possible, have thrown bonds of indissoluble union around Protestant and Catholic, drawing them ever nearer and closer until in one glorious union the United Church of Canada shall comprise and embrace them both.

Whether this eventuates or proves to be the writer's unrealizable dream, there can be no question that such a spirit of co-operation and sympathy exists between the church body of Vancouver to-day as should give occasion to the performance of a great service to the Church.

The service that can be performed is this: A survey of the Church needs of the City of Vancouver

from the standpoint of the distribution of its population, at present, and, in the immediate future, say the next 10 years.

Based on this survey, and on the decision of the Church leaders as to the Church needs on a numerical or geographical basis, there can now be an allocation of present and future sites to the different denominations of the City which will meet the people's needs and give fair, adequate and proportionate representation to the present standing and reasonable aspirations of each of them.

Churches, now wrongly located, can be sold and other buildings erected in their places, on desirable locations, by the congregations in question or, in the case of the present contemplated United Church of Canada, the proceeds turned over to a Church Fund for the purpose of building in some satisfactory locality.

The gains to the Church of such a movement are too great to need much emphasis. The difficulties also are great, but surely not too great for the sanctified common sense of the Christian Churches of Vancouver actuated by a common desire to serve a common Master.

Let us hope that this phase of Church Union opportunity will neither be overlooked nor unimproved while opportunity is ripe.

Author's Note.

The writer wishes to call attention to the misspelled words occurring in his last notes. This is not the first occasion on which the printers have acted as a Court of Appeal and changed the spelling of words in the writer's column, to conform with their own ideas of spelling.

Even the Editor-in-Chief has not been able to protect the writer in this matter.

That such changes are annoying goes without saying, but it seems rather hopeless to expect a remedy until British Columbians are taught in their schools what they are not taught now, viz.: correct spelling.

Not only does American mis-spelling govern the practice among the local compositors but they often go further afield and spell according to methods which haven't even the distinction of being classified among the loose and incorrect American method of spelling.

HINDENBURG'S ELECTION.

There seems to be a world-wide pessimism, at least, in financial circles over Hindenburg's election as President of the German Republic. The daily press informs us that securities were adversely affected on all the Exchanges of the World. Plainly there was fear of the man who was such an outstanding advocate of the old German military power and such a true friend and supporter of Kaiser Wilhelm the Third.

Looking simply at the earnestness of his advocacy of Germany's war policy, remembering only his loyal offer to accept, personally, whatever punishment might be awarded to his Kaiser, knowing well what the education of the German people has been for years past, both on the question of Germany's place in the sun and along the lines that the end justifies the means, one would be inclined to fear greatly the man who, above all others, seems to have the confidence of the German people.

The teaching in German educational centres has been that there could be—nay more, should be, one particular nation which should stand at the head of the world's affairs, with undisputed sway or decision in all its matters. This is easily made to conform to the belief that there should be such a nation and that such nation should be Germany.

This was dangerous, albeit false, teaching and likely to lead a nation into conflict, for how else reach

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the leading place among nations except through struggle in which the doctrine of the survival of fittest pointed in their minds to Germany's ultimate triumph.

The dream of a supreme place among the nations of the world was, in itself, dangerous. Coupled with it was a yet more dangerous doctrine or rather attitude. This attitude was that anything was justifiable which gained the object dear to every German heart, of being foremost in the world. Bismarck and his conception of diplomacy, which could stoop to the forging of a telegram in order to cover the policy of forcing a neighbour (France) into war at a time when German arms would be surest of triumph, was, and is still, unreputed by the German nation. A national attitude that could approve such dishonourable action could not be trusted to honestly carry out any programme which did not lend itself to the furthering of the national conception of a Supreme Germany.

From sources impregnated with these ideals came Hindenburg.

With all his might Hindenburg threw himself into the conflict of 1914 and in his loyalty to these ideals he never wavered, adding to the general devotion of a German to his country, a personal attachment to his sovereign, which was both touching and highly creditable. Despite these disadvantages of perspective on his part we, in coming to proper conclusions as to Germany's position present and future, should not be too pessimistic in forecasting Hindenburg's line of action.

From the occasional brief glances one gets at the German situation, it would rather seem that the lessons of the war have been, in part at least, learnt by Hindenburg. Even if this be not so, we must look upon Hindenburg as a man of marked intelligence, completely in accord with the majority of the German people, and possessing their confidence. This gives him an ability to deal with the German situation with some warrant of finality. In the present German Republic he doubtless recognizes a Republican form of government which will not give expression to Germany's Governmental instincts and recognizes that there must be, not for the moment, but, in due course, a return to monarchy by that nation.

But the Monarchy to come will not be the absolute sway of the Hohenzollerns and one could assume that no Hohenzollern will head that monarchy. There are other Royal families in Germany towards whom there would be less antipathy, less resentment and less distrust than there would be with the Hohenzollerns. One, at least, of such families is of superior standing and rank to the Hohenzollerns in that ranking of aristocracy and royalty which has been recognized for centuries in Europe.

Who more capable of appreciating the exact attitude of the German people towards Monarchy than one who is himself a Monarchist? Who more able to restrain the ambitions of the Hohenzollerns to regain their throne than the man whose personal friendship to the ex-Kaiser has been so signally proven?

It would be rashness for the Hohenzollerns to disregard the advice of Hindenburg and it would be inconceivable that Hindenburg's contact with the German mind which has led to his receiving widespread German support would not have disclosed to him the hostility toward the Hohenzollern which found expression even when their power was most unquestioned in Germany.

We must, also, recall the strong opposition to the war and to Kaiserism which existed in Germany all through the recent conflict.

Again, Hindenburg's power will fall far short of that exerted by the monarchy in pre-war days. Opinions such as those of Harden, Brightman and others will find freer expression and have greater effect than could be the case in anyone else's Presidency. Communism and Bolshevism will be naturally checked as dangers by the strong arm of Hindenburg. His conception of Germany's position, re-enforced by the experience and results of the war, will be easily understood and accepted by the non-military sections of Germany, while the military leaders will accept his judgment, more or less, unquestioningly.

THE BRITISH BUDGET

To Churchill has been given the honour of announcing to the world the restoration to a gold basis of the Empire's coinage. Even the first effects of the announcement have been such as to indicate the wisdom of the policy announced. It is gratifying to know that conditions Empire-wide are such as to presage our coinage reaching a better-than-par position in a comparatively short space of time.

Coincident with the announcement of the return to a gold basis we have the re-imposition of the McKenna duties on luxuries and the re-imposition of an import duty on silk. We have further certain Imperial preferences provided.

Taken conjointly these things must of necessity stimulate trade and give a flip to Imperial development that is particularly needed at that time. When we consider the gold production of the Empire we can fairly well conclude that, with the gold situation alone in view, the return to a gold standard was near at hand. When, in addition, the trade balances are considered we see how wise the Empire's decision is in restoring the gold basis. This move in itself is most important.

The most important announcement made by Churchill consists in the Tariff announcements or set of pronouncements which shew definitely two things: First, that Great Britain is no longer wedded to Free Trade. And Secondly, that an Imperial policy and an Imperial viewpoint have become actualities in her finances.

One cannot doubt that the action of Great Britain in providing an Imperial preference will be reciprocated by every portion of the Empire. If so, there is only one logical and indisputable position, i.e., that all matters of financial and international policy in any part of the Empire must be governed by, and administered with due regard to the interests of the Empire as a whole. There must be no loosening of the bonds which unite us to each other and to that mother country who, for so many years, discharged a mother's duty to her overseas children uncomplainingly, despite the ingratitude and lack of appreciation which, from time to time, obtained expression in different parts of the Empire and, sometimes, threatened to break the bonds of Imperial attachment.

Sister nations beyond the seas will welcome the attitude of our sister nation Great Britain as outlined in Churchill's outstanding pronunciamento. May the sunshine of the sisterly love expressed in Great Britain's preference arrangements be warmly recognized, and generously responded to, by each and all of the self-governing nations overseas. As Canadians let us hope that, with this disclosure of British attitude, there will be banished from our midst those antagonisms to Britain, those discontented mutterings for Canadian Independence, this striving after a selfish and self-centred Canadian nation—which are not only disloyal but likewise essentially selfish and foolish.

The Significance of Canadian Literature

By Lionel Stevenson

Through heredity influenced by the traditions of Great Britain, through environment affected constantly by the conditions prevailing in the United States, the Dominion of Canada is intellectually, as well as economically, a country of interesting anomalies. Although for over a century Canadians have been producing literature in a quantity disproportionate to the sparse population, heretofore no effort has been made toward a scientific analysis of their literary output. The whole matter of "overseas literature"—the extension of literary production in the English language into all parts of the empire—is a neglected aspect of nineteenth-century English literature. Yet such an investigation ought to provide an illuminating commentary on contemporary culture, and in the case of Canada there are particularly interesting situations arising from the mingling of British and American elements. The selection of these elements and their adaptation to the circumstances of a new country provide material for the study of the migration of culture; moreover, such data might help toward the formulation of a standard by which to estimate the relative vitality of various current ideas.

Tested by the rigours of a country which is only now emerging from the pioneer stage, and where man and his works are still subordinate to the vastitudes of primeval nature, the institutions and fashions of civilization take on new semblances. Whether this reversion to the primitive is preferable to the involutions of a highly developed society has been a topic of debate since the days of Rousseau; but, setting aside theories of *les temps d'innocence et d'égalité*, there can be no doubt that the human imagination was acting in such an environment when it evolved some of its loftiest conceptions of the supernatural. And indeed, several of the greatest periods in the world's literature, such as those of the Hebraic scriptures, the Homeric epics, and the Elizabethan drama, were ages of pioneering, when man was pitting his strength against mighty natural obstacles. In the light of these truisms, if not for its intrinsic greatness, Canadian literature merits attention. As reflecting the reaction of the modern mind when placed in circumstances approximating those of the primitive myth-makers, and as indicating the attitude of such a mind toward contemporary movements in the world of 'civilization,' Canadian literature has a certain value to anyone interested in the history of culture.

At first glance, Canada's position seems to have produced something of a neutralizing effect. There is little of the characteristic swing and swagger of Australian literature, which may be for convenience labeled as typically 'colonial,' nor are there the bizarre contrasts of oriental and occidental conventions which give distinction to the literature of Anglo-India. So far as subject matter and 'local color' are concerned, Canada does not differ very essentially from the United States. The Indian, the prairie of cattle ranges and grain, the forests and mines—all these exist south of the forty-ninth parallel as well as north of it. Even so unusual a figure as the French-Canadian has his counterpart in Louisiana. There remains the climate, sufficiently distinctive to have earned for



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LIONEL STEVENSON, Ph.D.
(Probably one of the youngest "Doctors of Philosophy")

The editor of the **BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY** believes that many readers will be interested in Dr. Stevenson's article on "The Significance of Canadian Literature," which we reproduce from the "University of California Chronicle." This is one way in which we are glad to demonstrate interest in the work of this young Canadian and British Columbia University man of a literary promise, of which this review article itself is an earnest.

Generally speaking, youth may be held a handicap, if not a disqualification, in a literary critic or reviewer; but it is well to remember that, judged by the portion of time devoted to such studies, a person may, comparatively speaking, be considerably older than his years. The recognition of that fact influenced us when we last year asked Mr. Stevenson to contribute a review of "Verses for My Friends" by British Columbia's revered writer, Mr. Bernard McEvoy. How many of us—of riper years than Dr. Stevenson—long to be so situated that we may overtake more than the fraction of reading that the crowded days and nights allow us to do!

We quote from or supplement the outline of Dr. Stevenson's career previously published in this Magazine: Born in Edinburgh in 1902, he has lived in Canada since 1907. 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. He then became a teaching fellow on the staff of the University of California, where he received the degree of Ph.D. this spring and was appointed Instructor in English.

We understand he is continuing to make a special study of Canadian literature. One of his articles in the "Canadian Bookman" was reproduced in the English journal, "Public Opinion," and also in the French "Mercure de France." A later article was published in the "English Review." His poetry has appeared in various periodicals, and a one-act Play by him has been produced by the Playshop of Berkeley, California. He is a member of the California Writers' Club and the Canadian Authors' Association.

It is about seven years since the **BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY** welcomed his first contribution, and various verse and articles by him have appeared in these pages since. While in common with his other friends in British Columbia, we wish Dr. Stevenson increasing success in his literary work in California, or wherever his lot may be cast, we may express the hope that sooner or later he will become a member of the staff of the University of British Columbia.

Canada the title, "Our Lady of the Snows"; but this feature of the country has fallen into the hands of the popular fiction-mongers and scenario-concocters, who have reduced it to a convention utterly divorced from reality.

Indeed, Canadian fiction almost without exception has conformed to the formulae of popular magazine stories. Of all literary genres the novel is far the most susceptible to commercialization, owing to the wide public which responds to a certain type of narrative; so any Canadian novelist wishing to make a living by his writings is almost compelled to follow the conventions which the British and American stories with a so-called Canadian setting have taught the public to expect. The most considerable Canadian novelist, Sir Gilbert Parker, practiced the historical romance without making any important innovation, and the other 'best sellers' of the country, such as "Ralph Connor" and L. M. Montgomery, have been content with traditional styles of adventure and sentiment acceptable to numerous readers. Only one type of fiction can be definitely attributed to Canadian origins, and that is the animal story as developed by the two Canadians, Charles G. D. Roberts and Ernest Thompson-Seton, wherein credible episodes replace the discursive and ratiocinative personages of the "beast-epic."

In poetry the subordination of Canadian material to external conventions has been less complete than in fiction. It is true that during the early part of the nineteenth century formalism prevailed. One Oliver Goldsmith, grandson of the more famous bearer of the name, wrote "The Rising Village," in which Sweet Auburn was resuscitated in the western hemisphere; and the styles of Goldsmith and Moore—the latter visited Canada in person and wrote there his well-known "Boat Song"—for many years monopolized the poets of Canada, except in certain Scottish settlements, where Burns was the deity. In the last twenty years of the century, however, a group of poets began to produce work of greater significance. The chief names in this group were Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman, W. H. Drummond, and Pauline Johnson. The two latter may be considered first, as they stand apart somewhat from the others. Both depicted in verse the life of certain isolated elements in the Canadian population—Dr. Drummond the French-Canadian habitant and Pauline Johnson the Indian. They accordingly may be classed as objective poets, whereas the others of the group are primarily reflective. It is not unprofitable to compare the situation with the greater poetic revival in England a century before, where the objective type was represented by Scott and the reflective by the Lake School. Drummond and Pauline Johnson embody the picturesqueness of the habitant and the Indian as Scott embodied the picturesqueness of the Highlander; Lampman and Carman interpret nature through intimate communion with her, as Wordsworth did. The analogy between the two eras may be carried farther: as in the romantic revival a younger generation arose in the persons of Keats and Shelley, concerned with neither picturesqueness nor philosophizing but with quintes-

sentia beauty, so in Canada arose the younger poets, Marjorie Pickthall and Wilson MacDonald. One hesitates to protract an analogy too far, but the temptation is irresistible to discover a Canadian Byron in Robert Service. Not only in his chronological place in the movement; but in the nature and extent of his popular appeal, Service stands in Canadian poetry as Byron stood in the romantic revival.

To compare the Canadian poets with those of the romantic revival may appear impudent, but the result is valuable. As a conveniently isolated section of modern poetry, the work of the Canadians provides an epitome of the currents which produced, during the nineteenth century, a profound change in the character of poetry with respect to both form and outlook. The outstanding influence, one need hardly state, was Tennyson's, and so far as form was concerned he established a standard of metrical perfection and conscious artistry which was widely emulated. However, his manipulation of verbal music was eclipsed by Swinburne, who revealed the wholly unexpected capacity of the English language for luxurious sounds and entrancing rhythms. Toward the end of the century there was a reversion to simpler types, such as the swinging tunes of Kipling and the artless meters of Stevenson. Concurrently with these variations there was growing up the revolutionary movement which had its chief exponent in Whitman.

In Canadian poetry the effects of all these different forms can be traced. Probably the strongest single influence is that of Stevenson. There are intangible reminiscences of Tennyson in a certain conscious preciousness of diction, and of Swinburne in the effective use of feminine rhymes and fluent meters, but the Stevensonian freshness and directness interpenetrates them all. The preciousness preponderates in Duncan Campbell Scott, the fluency in Marjorie Pickthall, and the Stevensonian norm is exemplified by the Canadian poet who has enjoyed the widest popularity in the United States, Bliss Carman. It is significant that in matters of form the influence of Whitman has not been great. The Canadian poets have not attempted to interpret their country through poems as rugged and uncontrolled as the country itself. The chief success of Whitman's style was in the conveying of America's young civilization, with its diffuseness, its breathless hurry, its lack of poise. Canadian poets on the contrary are little concerned with human institutions; their country is still characterized by the dominance of nature, and to represent the effect of nature on the human mind a simple and regular metrical pattern seems to be more appropriate than more complex or irregular rhythms.

In the subject matter of Canadian poetry a closer kinship with Whitman can be perceived. As I have just said, there is no Canadian counterpart of Whitman's chants of American cities and industries and expansion. But of his hardy pantheistic creed, his joy in nature and sense of identification with her, there is a distinct echo in Canada. His gospel of brotherhood is there, too, especially in the work of Wilson MacDonald, Robert Norwood, and Albert Smythe. It is not to be assumed, however, that the direct influence of Whitman is responsible for all the resemblances to his creed which appear in Canadian poetry. Rather, both he and the Canadian poets are the product of the great movements of the human

mind which occurred during the nineteenth century. The chief of these movements were so closely correlated that they can scarcely be classified separately: the advances in scientific knowledge which found their synthesis in the theory of evolution, and the invasion of the fortress of religion by positivism, free-thinking, higher criticism, and other rationalistic doctrines, forced men to seek a new conception of existence.

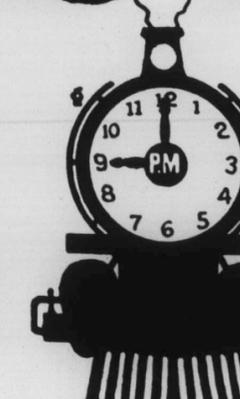
The effect of this intellectual revolution upon poetry was incalculable. The whole attitude of man toward the universe was affected. A complete reevaluation of poetic concepts and symbols was entailed, and it happened that the poets of the period were particularly impressed by the seriousness of their mission as spiritual advisors. Since physical science had challenged the authority of the Bible, and ethnology had advanced suggestions as to the origins of religion, all spiritual values seemed to be in the balance. On the one hand, certain poets set up the cult of pagan hedonism, of which the first manifesto was Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat," followed by the early work of Swinburne. Closely related to this development was a fresh vitalizing of classical mythology. If the Hellenic religion had sprung from

the same human instincts as the Hebraic, it was equally worthy of respect; so Swinburne and other poets hymned the Greek gods with a passion which would have seemed ludicrous to earlier generations. On the other hand, more conservative poets, led by Tennyson, undertook to reconcile the new scientific theories with the doctrines of Christianity. The same impulse caused the appearance of cults which interpreted the scientific concepts mystically, with the aid of oriental philosophies. Both the tendencies which I have outlined survived till the end of the century, the epicurean in Wilde and the decadents, the mystic in Yeats and the neo-Celts.

These developments in English poetry help to explain the outlook which characterizes the Canadian poets. The two tendencies become fused when brought into contact with primitive nature, but in the resulting compound the mystical element predominates. The epicurean element appears as a cheerful acceptance of man's insignificance in the physical universe. The revitalizing of classical mythology provides an appropriate symbolism for the powers of nature which play so important a rôle. The freshness imparted to these ancient symbols by their new contact with nature may be

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exemplified by Marjorie Pickthall's exquisite poem, "The Little Fawns to Prosperpine:

Browner than the hazel husk, swifter than the wind,
 Though you turn from heath and hill, we are hard behind,
 Singing, "Ere the sorrows rise, ere the gates unclose,
 Bind above your wistful eyes the memory of a rose."
 Dark Iacchus pipes the kine shivering from the whin,
 Wraps him in a she-goat's fell above the panther skin.
 Now we husk the corn for bread, turn the mill for hire,
 Hoof by hoof and head by head about the herdsman's fire.
 Ai, Adonis, where he gleams, slender and at rest,
 One has built a roof of dreams where the white doves nest;
 Ere they bring the wine-dark bowl, ere the gates unbar,
 Take, O take within your soul the shadow of a star.
 Now the vintage feast is done, now the melons glow
 Gold along the raftered thatch beneath a thread of snow.
 Dian's bugle bids the dawn sweep the upland clear
 Where we snared the silken fawn, where we ran the deer.
 Through the dark reeds wet with rain, past the singing foam,
 Went the light-foot Mysian maids, calling Hylas home.
 Syrinx felt the silver spell fold her at her need,
 Hear, ere yet you say farewell, the wind along the reed.
 Golden as the earliest leaf loosened from the spray,
 Grave Alcestis drank of grief for her lord's delay.
 Ere you choose the bitter part, learn the changeless wrong,
 Bind above your breaking heart the echo of a song.
 Now the chestnut burrs are down, aspenshaws are pale;
 Now across the plunging reef reels the last red sail.
 Ere the wild black horses cry, ere the night has birth,
 Take, ere yet you say goodbye, the love of all the earth.

But it is really impossible to dissociate the classical and hedonistic elements from the mystical ones. Pan to the Canadian poets represents the great spirit permeating all nature, and man's insignificance in the physical world merges into his metaphysical ecstasy of unity with that spirit. The essential change in poetic outlook during the nineteenth century was that man ceased to be the centre of a universal stage which had been prepared for his especial occupation, and became a mere product of the same forces which had shaped the rest of the cosmos. This concept, however, was capable of two diverse interpretations: it might mean that man was dragged down to the material level, and could not hope for any pleasure beyond the immediate gratification of the senses; but it might also mean that all material nature was raised to the level of the spiritual quality which man has always intuitively felt within him. There was no doubt as to which interpretation should be adopted in Canada. In such immediate and inevitable contact with natural forces at their mightiest, the hedonist cannot long survive; on the other hand, the human mind in such surroundings

almost invariably feels the presence of some unseen entity immanent in all natural phenomena. Such is the creed of the Canadian poets. Lampman always refers to Earth as the Mother from which all wisdom is drawn; Bliss Carman, following the same idea, calls the birds and the grasses his brethren, endowing the words of St. Francis with an added significance as he uses them. In such poems as "Overlord" Carman gives voice to the sense of unity with the natural forces:

Lord of the grass and hill,
 Lord of the rain,
 White Overlord of Will,
 Master of pain.
 I who am dust and air
 Blown through the halls of death
 Like a pale ghost of prayer,—
 I am thy breath.
 Lord of the blade and leaf,
 Lord of the bloom,
 Sheer Overlord of grief,
 Master of doom,
 Lonely as wind or snow,
 Through the vague world and dim,
 Vagrant and glad I go,
 I am thy whim.
 Lord of the storm and lull,
 Lord of the sea,
 I am thy broken gull
 Blown far alee.
 Lord of the harvest dew,

Lord of the dawn,
 Star of the paling blue
 Darkling and gone,
 Lost on the mountain height,
 Where the first winds are stirred,
 Out of the wells of night
 I am thy word.
 Lord of the haunted hush
 Where raptures throng,
 I am thy hermit thrush
 Ending no song.
 Lord of the frost and cold,
 Lord of the North,
 When the red sun grows old
 And day goes forth,
 I shall put off this girth,—
 Go glad and free,
 Earth to my mother earth,
 Spirit to thee.

In many other poems of Carman, and in those of his cousin, Charles Roberts, this feeling of communion with the immanent spirit of nature is rapturously expressed.

In these and other respects Canadian poetry forms an interesting summary of the changes affecting English poetry during the nineteenth century. The fusion of those tendencies and the modifications imposed upon them by the circumstances of Canadian life render the reading of Canadian poetry particularly fascinating to the investigator. And if he becomes

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tired of exerting his faculty of research, he can always allow it to relax, leaving him free to enjoy the fresh charm and lyrical grace of the poems.

So much for the development of Canadian literature during the past thirty or forty years, and its relation to the general movements in thought during the period. In conclusion one may venture to define the present status of Canadian literature and prophesy its immediate future. There seems to be little doubt that at the present time literature in both England and the United States is entering a period of classicism. Outstanding characteristics of current books are the attention to problems of form, the cultivation of intellectual conceits and elaborate images, the avoidance of expressing deep emotion, the practice of satire, and the general subordination of feeling to cerebration. That these qualities are

manifested through free verse rather than through the heroic couplet is purely incidental: although the trappings are of the twentieth century, the spirit is as Augustan as when it trod the court of Queen Anne. These qualities, however, are the outcome of highly developed culture, which finds the focus of its interest in human institutions and the intricacies of social relations rather than in the emotional side of man which is primitive and irrational. In Canada the emotional qualities cannot be very successfully subdued. No artificial mechanism of society has yet been perfected to distract man's attention from his primitive reactions. So the Canadian poet is instinctively a romantic. Probably this is the reason that neither the novel nor the drama has taken root in that country: they are sophisticated forms, and Meredith's theory of comedy applies in a considerable degree to fiction as well. If a distinctive

form of fiction arises in Canada, it will probably follow the lines adumbrated by the two most effective novels which have appeared in Canada, one French and the other English—"Maria Chapdelaine" by Louis Hémon and "The Bridge" by Marjorie Pickthall. They are nearer to the epic or the folk-tale than to the English novel, depicting man's conflict with the natural forces—internal and external—rather than his relations with his fellows.

It is improbable that any sudden shift should occur in the proportion of natural and artificial elements in Canada. So one may venture to predict that, for some time to come, Canadian literature will provide a refreshing haven of genuine romanticism to which the reader may retreat when he seeks an antidote to the intellectual tension imposed by the future progeny of "The Waste Land" and "Spoon River."

Literary Notes

By Roderick Random

The appearance of a biography is often awaited with a certain amount of trepidation and disquiet by the friends of the subject of it. It is easy to shatter an idol. It is easier merely to tarnish its lustre and to dull all the glamour of its divinity. If the biographer lack sympathy and understanding, if he has little sense of proportion, or if his discretion is untrustworthy he may do irreparable harm to its reputation. Fulsome and undiscerning praise may offend as well as unmerited blame.

Friends of Marjorie Pickthall and admirers of her work will find no justification for their fears, in the "Book of Remembrance," just off the press, written by Dr. Lorne Pierce and published by the Ryerson Press of Toronto. It is, indeed, an admirable piece of work and presents to us in charming form, the portrait of a personality, modest and retiring yet as intellectually strong as it was appealing and lovable. Dr. Pierce writes with a certain steadfast glow of admiration for his subject and her work, yet he is never fulsome or extravagant in his praise. In the chapter, entitled "A Worker in Sandal wood," we have a carefully detailed critical estimate fortified by copious exemplification, which is scholarly and illuminating.

First, taking up the poet's qualities of thought, he sketches some of the influences that bore upon these and mentions as the writers who most kindled her admiration, Swinburne, Fiona MacLeod, Conrad, Scott, Dickens and Christina Rossetti. Although a woman herself, to the great woman writers of the world, she owed little. For inspiration she had resort to the realm of her imagination, where she possessed an elfin world of her own to which she could retire away from the sordid or humdrum realities of life.

"It is not necessary to make the claim for her that she was profound, for profound she was not, in the sense in which Browning, Wordsworth, Ibsen or Goethe were," says Dr. Pierce. "She believed that poetry or prose, no matter how realistic they both might be, should never be merely horrid or grubby. She was rather an Ariel, and remarkable chiefly for the elfin magic of her music, the wizardry of her fragile beauty, the sensitiveness of her spiritual insight, and for intangible beauty and subtle meanings she discovered hidden in all things."



MARJORIE PICKTHALL

As to her religious beliefs, her biographer asserts that these were by no means well defined. "She was a Christian of the most simple and unassuming type. . . . While a member of the Protestant faith, she was not such in the old sense. Protestantism in its emphasis upon theological and social values did not interest her. Indeed, she was too positive and independent to be a good Catholic, and too broadly Catholic to be a good Protestant. The fact is, that she was enamoured of the gospel story, chiefly with its utter simplicity, quiet beauty and tender humanity." He sums up the main ideas of her religious faith somewhat as follows:

"I believe in the supremacy of thought.
I believe in the immortality of beauty.
I believe in the final triumph of goodness.

I believe in the refining culture of suffering.

I believe in the saviorship of Love."

The poet's qualities of style are studied under the headings of Cadence, Colour, Contour, Favorite Words and Imagery, and full justice is done to the distinctive features. The quotations are most appropriately chosen to bring out

the careful analysis which is made. Her prose writings are treated, then, at some length, the excellence of her talent as a short story writer being contrasted with her indifferent success in the field of the novel.

The actual story of Miss Pickthall's not very eventful life is brought out very happily so as to give an intimate and pleasing picture of a charming personality that is faithfully reflected in the sincerity, tenderness and delicacy of her work. This is largely done by the inclusion of extracts from her diary as a schoolgirl in Toronto and by passages from her letters. The early flowering of her genius is avouched by the inclusion of the poem with which she won the prize given by The Mail and Empire at the age of seventeen, "O Keep the World for Ever at the Dawn," which for musical cadence and richness of diction and imagery is hardly surpassed by her later work. The first verse runs as follows:

O keep the world for ever at the dawn,
Ere yet the opals, cobweb strung, have dried;

Ere yet too bounteous gifts have marred the morn

Or fading stars have died.

O keep the Eastern gold no wider than
An angel's finger span,

And hush the increasing thunder of the sea

To murmuring melody,

In those fair coves where tempests ne'er should be.

There is a beautiful coloured reproduction of the cottage in Wiltshire where she stayed for some time when in England, and where she wrote "Little Hearts," on the cover, and the book contains a number of photos of Miss Pickthall as well as of scenes of places associated with her. Some of the latter are in British Columbia. On the whole, with its handsome binding, clear printing and fine paper, this is a most attractive volume. The edition is a limited one and I imagine will be soon snapped up by collectors. The author has performed a distinct service to Canadian literature and is to be congratulated on the success with which he has grappled with a difficult task, but it is plain that he has found it a labour of love.

* * *

Among those who will represent British Columbia at the annual convention of the Canadian Authors' Association to

be held at Winnipeg next month are Mrs. Julia Henshaw, Dr. R. G. McBeth and Mr. Frank Burnett. The Winnipeg Branch has arranged a most interesting programme, among the items on which is a reception to the delegates at Government House.

short time ago, was so taken with the charms of the Coast and the inspiration which it affords for literary workers, that he is coming back to spend a part of the summer here, before returning to England.

tor of "McLean's Magazine." He will be entertained by the local Branch of the Authors' Association at a reception to be given in the Pavilion in Stanley Park. Captain MacKenzie has been accused of giving more than their fair share of space in his magazine to the Western writers, and he has many friends out here amongst the literary fraternity.

Charles G. D. Roberts, the poet and novelist, who read and lectured here a

Another visitor who is expected soon is Captain J. Vernon MacKenzie, the edi-

Educational Notes

(By Spectator.)

There is in the world a widespread feeling that juvenile delinquency is vastly on the increase, and to what this may grow is a staggering thought to many a serious-minded man and woman. To propose remedies is of little moment until we discover the causes of this phase of social deterioration.

Of one thing we may be sure: juvenile delinquency has its roots in the general social conditions of the present time. And for these social conditions who are responsible? Not the children, surely. Who then? Who but the older members of society—fathers and mothers; young men and young women; ministers and teachers; professional men; business men; legislators and all in authority; all who are responsible for the very presence of boys and girls in the world, and who are responsible, also, for their training by precept and example, by wise and kindly guidance, by firm and sympathetic control.

For what is deplorable in modern life Dean Inge does not blame juvenile depravity, when he says: "The most important evils in England are betting and gambling, which have a more potent influence in ruining a man than alcohol."

He goes on: "The second greatest evil is immorality. Marriage has become nothing more than an institution which lasts only as long as a momentary passion."

This last sentence is an overstatement, but there is sufficient truth in it to give us pause. If our social system is pushing its roots into poisonous morasses and pools of slime like this, need we be surprised that boys and girls go astray?

Judge Ben Lindsey holds the foremost place on this continent among experts dealing with juvenile delinquency. He says: "I have been in the Juvenile Courts nearly ten years, and in that time I have had to deal with thousands of boys who have disgraced themselves and their parents, and brought sorrow and misery into their lives; and I do not know of any one habit that is more responsible for the troubles of these boys than the vile cigarette habit."

Is it owing to the example of these boys that captains of industry are encouraged to manufacture these narcotic flavored packages of tobacco with their enticing chromos? Is it owing to the example of the boys that cigarettes are smoked by fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, school teachers and college professors, saintly ministers of the everlasting gospel?

Blackstone, Washington, Lincoln, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Ramsay MacDonald and a host of others have extolled Sabbath observance as a chief pillar of civilization. Montizambert, the French statesman, says: "There is no freedom without religion; there is no religion without worship; there is no worship without a Sabbath."

Are boys and girls responsible for the desecration of the day by golf-playing, railway and steamboat excursions, and every other form of Sabbath neglect and Sabbath profanation?

The exclusion of the Bible from the schools is by many considered to be one of the chief causes of delinquency in the rising generation.

But have the boys and girls risen up in their might to banish the Book of Books from the teacher's desk and the school library shelves? Have they banished it from the home? Are they responsible for the difficulty one often experiences in his attempt to discover a Bible in a church pew?

Miss Lilian Faithful, to whom Vancouver is indebted for some of the most searching and most telling addresses heard recently in the city, blames the rush that characterizes modern life, the substitution of corporate action for individual effort, the decadence of home life, the relentless starving and crushing out of individuality.

But are children primarily responsible for these evils? Are not adults the guilty persons, and, if guilty, are not they the persons on whose shoulders must fall the task of finding the remedy?

"Men at some time are masters of their fate," and cannot the strong man determine that at all times he shall be master of the citadel of his own soul? Let him determine to stand aside from the rush of these modern days; to free himself from the slavery of corporate thinking and corporate action; to look, without blinking, into the very face of the noonday sun; to cherish his own lofty ideals, to be himself now and forever.

The family is the social unit, and the home is the stronghold of civilization. This father and this mother have it in their power to let the great world go its way, and to preserve or restore the home life so as to justify the estimate of the Shah of Persia, when asked,

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after his return from travel in the European world, this question: "What was the most wonderful thing you observed in your travels?" Without hesitation he answered, "An English home."

* * *

The school and the church doubtless suffer from neglect of the Book of Books. But the home need not suffer, within its own walls, the neglect of this treasure worthy to be printed on leaves of gold. Cannot fathers and mothers, on week evenings and on Sundays, gather the family together for prayer and praise, and for the study of the words of this inimitable book?

Cannot the family keep the Sabbath as a Day of Days? Cannot the family make the Sabbath a delight

to all its members, old and young? Cannot father and mother make the Sabbath home a haven of rest for overburdened body and soul, a place of unique joy to which their children in after years will look back with gratitude and pride?

* * *

Realization of responsibility on the part of individuals and parents, the cherishing of noble ideals, the restoration of home and family to more than their glory in other days—to these we must surely look as first steps in the noble adventure by which we seek to purge away some of the greatest of the evils that are eating into the very vitals of modern civilization.

New Fables by Skookum Chuck

(R. D. Cumming)

XIII. ANTHROPOIDEA, CHAPTER V. OF THE FIFTY-FIFTIES.

Mr. and Mrs. Agnew were the first to dare the storm. I followed, leading Florence by the hand, much to the annoyance of friend Umlah, whom I harbored a secret and villainous desire to torment or torture in revenge for the insulting attentions to Miss Agnew. That gentleman followed, and in due course we were all under cover although more or less wet even with the short dash across the street.

The store was conducted by a young girl of Fifty-Fifty species of human being, and Florence introduced me to her.

The young lady's name was Liliana, and she was no doubt pretty from a Neolithic standard. Her smile was certainly more congenial than the Umlah variety, and her voice did not labor so much in giving vent to words, nor was there so much of the jerky, guttural, painful efforts which had not been overcome by the lay preacher.

She gripped my hand with real feminine modesty, and I was captivated with the truly human manner in which her slim fingers encircled mine.

It is needless to say, however, that I was astonished to note a remarkable manner on the part of Liliana when Umlah came in and stood facing her at the counter. It required no Sherlock Holmes to analyze the emotion as one of the most relentless affections. The tragedy was apparent in the fact that the little creature was knocking at a door that would not open, and was surely beating her head against a stone wall.

Liliana was a Neanderthal female. She was not far removed from the status of an animal, but she was human for she had developed human love. She was not ashamed of her love for it was a new thing with her race and was not defiled with the wiles and deceptions which corrupt the affection of the One-Hundred-Per-Cent-Perfects. She made no efforts to conceal the fact either from Umlah or her friends. Liliana loved and her instinct was to prove it, show it, lavish it.

It was this same semi-human rule that influenced Umlah in his love for Flor-

ence Agnew, for his blazoned and persistent attentions to the girl even in public were absolutely uncalled for according to my standard of judgment. Even in the presence of Liliana, whom he undoubtedly knew was a victim to whatever charm he may have possessed, he pestered Florence with his spoony attentions. The agony with which I followed and tolerated the pantomime can only be imagined.

There was a crackling peal of thunder like the exploding of many cannon simultaneously. This was followed by an increased downpour of rain until it resembled the volume of a water fall.

Florence left us and began to walk about the store picking up and examining little articles which attracted her attention. The Lay Preacher followed her in his usual adhesive manner, and I became so interested in a conversation that was going on between the Professor, Mrs. Agnew and Liliana, as well as being absorbed in the human problem which Liliana presented, that I failed to watch the movements of the enemy for some time. The engaging manner of the girl held me, as well as her attractive, truly feminine mode of dress, and the unconventional manner in which she carried on her part of the conversation.

When I looked around again Florence was no where to be seen. Umlah also had disappeared. It had ceased raining just as suddenly as it began. I hastened out to the pavement with a strange prompting—it could not be jealousy? No, it was more out of a natural curiosity.

About a block away, under the shadow of a huge elm the two were standing facing each other. They had wandered away thus far together. Florence was looking in my direction; Umlah was facing away, and they were quarrelling. Miss Agnew did not see me as I stepped from the store so absorbed she was in the words of her companion. The street was practically vacant owing to the recent rain, and the water was dripping from the laden branches of the tree upon the heads and shoulders of the excited couple. By thus detaining Flor-

ence in the street the Fifty-Fifty had no doubt assumed prerogatives that were purely imaginary.

He was scolding the girl unmercifully, and she appeared to be speechless with astonishment if not fright. His long arms were gesticulating wildly above his head, and his huge cane, which was a constant companion, was whizzing in mid-air like a threatening flail. The animal impulses in the man had surely conquered all intellectual training of recent generations. The collie stood quietly at his feet.

I was not able to distinguish words, but it was clear that something had aroused the ire of the Reeve and that he was relieving the pent-up emotions on the innocent and unsuspecting Miss Agnew.

The face of the girl, which I saw quite distinctly, betrayed not only an expression of astonishment but fear and indignation as well. She made an attempt to break away, but he detained her. She stepped backwards several times in an effort to escape his crowding. But, as she retreated the animal advanced, and his words became so loud and menacing that I was able to distinguish snatches of his argument. People began to gather, but, in the irresponsible blindness of his brute impulses, Umlah failed to see them or to take warning. The affair was an agonizing one to Miss Agnew, and she began to scold and admonish strenuously but without avail. Resistance seemed futile in the present mood of the infuriated Neolithic. Florence was about to cry.

It was a scene of more than ordinary importance; it was not a mere quarrel between two lovers, it was one between a franchised woman and the unbridled authority of a cave man. In my capacity as a gentleman I realized that the time was ripe for action. As though I were an officially appointed guardian of the fair one, and was acting with vested authority, I hastened to the rescue, even were I not a match for the brute strength of my rival did an interference lead to a fight.

When she saw me coming, the girl's face lost much of its agony, and an aspect of confidence not unmixed with defiance colored her features. I fancied I could read an appeal to me in her sweet face, and the hereditary gallantry welled up within my soul like a hot geyser from the heated interior of the earth. The appeal gave wings to my feet as I hurried to the girl's relief.

Whether Uumlah sensed my approach from the change in the face of Miss Agnew, I could not tell; but, before I reached them, the creature stretched out his long arm, snatched from the palpitating bosom the rose which I had pinned there only a short time before, threw it on the pavement and crushed it angrily under the sole of his foot. I knew then that the rose was the innocent cause of the feud.

Florence screamed.

"How dare you!" she shouted, with anger, indignation and defiance, evidently gaining courage at my approach.

"I'll fix him!" replied the creature, chuckling savagely.

At this point Florence broke away and came running towards me with outstretched arms.

"Oh, Mr. ———, Mr. ———!" she gasped.

"Bruce," I prompted, not knowing just what to say in the embarrassment of the moment.

A crowd of Fifty-Fifties gathered around Uumlah, spoke to him, argued with him until he lost his heat and became calm. Whatever argument was used I could not say, for I was more interested in the distress of Miss Agnew than in the fate of her tormentor.

"Oh, Mr. Bruce, he destroyed your rose!" the girl continued.

For one heavenly moment, unmindful of the publicity, Florence lay in my arms and snuggled her face on my breast like a child seeking protection from an impending danger.

A few stray ends of her shining hair touched my face, and, with a strange exultation I tightened her to me while I could feel her timid heart beating wildly against my no less erratic one.

The next moment the girl withdrew as though suddenly realizing the indiscretion.

"Your hair is all wet," I said, and I patted it.

"Yes, it dripped so from the tree," she complained.

She looked down at the bloomless stem which still clung faithfully to her breast.

"Don't worry," I comforted her, "I can get you another."

Just then Uumlah came up, elbowing himself through the crowd that had gathered.

"Forgive me," he pleaded, extending a hand to Florence. "No doubt I was too hasty. I can't tell you how sorry I am."

Florence looked at me as though seeking advice.

"Accept it," I advised her.

Under my assumed authority the girl clasped the long fingers in a spirit of forgiveness. The Reeve then offered his hand to me.

"What a fool you must think I am!" he apologized to me.

Being a friend of mine hosts, I had no other alternative than to accept the offer of friendship. Then, I was not Miss Agnew's guardian angel. I was not certain even yet, however, if his appeal was real repentance or mere camouflage.

At this moment the Professor and Mrs. Agnew came along; and, being told of what had happened by no less a person than Uumlah himself, who made the matter appear as trivial as possible, they both laughed as though the affair were more of a joke than otherwise.

All the soft peddle stuff, however, did not put me on easy street. I was positive I saw behind the harmony a discord and menace that was intended to prove unhealthy for myself.

When we first met I suspected that Uumlah and I were to be bad friends, but I had not looked for action quite so early. The Lay Preacher was evidently a man who would not harbor long in silence any act on the part of another who would appear to thwart him in his wild ambitious instincts. His recent animal ancestry would uphold such a tradition, and no matter how superficially cultivated he may have been there was no doubt a lingering wild impulse in his make-up over which he had no control. I feared the worst, and congratulated myself that it was but a dream.

Had I been in competition with an ordinary man I would have stood firmer on my feet, and would have been better equipped physically and mentally to cope with the situation. Under the circumstances, however, the ground on which I was to walk was extremely shakey, being as I was, totally at a loss what line of defence to put up, as well as the uncertainty as to what shape the offensive might take. Nevertheless, I had no intention of terminating any friendship with Miss Agnew no matter how menacing the opposition might be or might become; provided always, that my dreams should endure long enough to see a finish.

In the final summing up, I dared to conclude that I need have no fear for my own safety, at least in the immediate future. The danger lay with Miss Agnew, I fancied, more than with myself; for, who could tell just what mad ambition might find root in the half animal mind and which might lead to horrible results? I must stand guard over Florence even were it necessary to protect her with my life, for the fate in store for her at the

hands of this semi-civilized creature might be worse even than death itself.

We wandered back to the Uumlah home in a body and entered the Professor's car for a further inspection of the Fifty-Fifty property. But, much to my disgust, the Lay Preacher was to accompany us. The faithful collie was told to stay at home and he obeyed orders.

In the rear seat was Florence crushed in between the wide form of the half man on the one side and my comparatively slim body on the other. But she laughed and chatted gaily with us, and especially with Uumlah, nevertheless, and notwithstanding the recent encounter with him in the street.

We went about the town for some time and passed several times up and down the long street. It was similar to other towns and with the main street reserved for business, and the outskirts being devoted to and built up with very beautiful and substantial residential homes.

As a sort of compensation for the recent thunder storm, the sky was now beautifully clear, and not a cloud was to be seen in the entire heavens.

During an otherwise pleasant experience the rudeness of Uumlah became like a thorn in my sensitive flesh. His ready repartee, however, and his flow of good humor created a mirth that could not be ignored.

A mother, whom mine hosts appeared to know intimately, came along the street with a group of "children" whom I was to learn were all her own. The Professor stopped his car to greet her and as he did so I counted thirteen. Florence and her mother stepped out and the daughter picked up one of the children for a moment. The elder ones walked upright with the aid of a cane, but the younger members crept on all fours. Florence relieved the mother of one that was perhaps the baby and kissed the long animal mouth, but the infant gave vent to a coarse objectionable cry, plainly indicating that the human kindness was not appreciated. The mother apologized in a crude tone of voice, and, with an untutored laugh and a few difficult words, went on her way.

We left the town and were soon out on the rich benches. Every available acre of those terraces appeared to be revenue producing in grains or vegetables. There was a vast scheme of irrigation, and I was informed by Uumlah that the entire supply of water for the crops was pumped from the river by electric power. A huge plant, situated at the river's edge, which we would visit, supplied the power for the immense scheme.

In due course we went down a very steep hill and stopped at a very massive building near the water. This was the building which housed the pumping plant. It was of red brick and reminded

me of those large factories which are so common in our industrial cities. It appeared out of place, however, in the barren environs, for not another structure of any kind was to be seen elsewhere to break the monotony of the gray sand and gravel which was the formation of the huge banks leading up from the river.

Uumlah led us into the building, admitted by his authority as chief magistrate of the municipality, and we went from one compartment to the other admiring like true novices the wonderful and complicated machinery and the immensity of the plant. When I realized that thousands and thousands of acres of farm lands with their half ripe crops were depending on this sole source of supply for their very life, the risk awed me for I began to fancy what an appalling disaster would result were the plant to be put out of commission. There appeared to be no auxiliary substitute to step into the breach.

The machinery, although in rapid motion, and pumping one hundred per cent. efficient, was almost noiseless in its powerful efforts. It was as though the building or the air were non-conductors of sound, or as though some huge muffler had been attached to reduce the effects of combustion to a minimum. The engine suggested itself to me as being gifted with the undiscovered force of perpetual motion, for it had no visible source of power. Of course, as I understood, it derived its energy from the electrified air by some delicate adjustment of magnetism, and through the medium of a transmission of power from the great hydro-electric station of Niagara and other great water falls combined. What surprised me a great deal was the compactness of the machinery. It seemed to produce the maximum of power with the minimum of dimensions.

We spoke to a number of the engineers as they passed to and fro in their work, and they were all members of the Fifty-Fifty group.

Florence, with her sweet smile and agreeable manner fascinated the men, and they seemed to grovel in her presence in efforts to please and accommodate her. The suspicious manner in which I was regarded was an agonizing contrast to the treatment accorded Miss Agnew. They acted, without exception, as though I were a spy of some kind, or one who might contemplate injury to the plant.

Having been shown all the works, we were escorted out of the building by one or two of the grovelling engineers, and in due course we were ascending the hill to the bench above where the townsite was located.

We had no sooner reached the top of the hill than there was a terrific explosion of some kind behind us. The earth

seemed to tremble with the impact. It was like many great peals of thunder all rolled into one. But it could not be thunder, for the sky was absolutely cloudless. The explosion was so sudden and so unexpected that we all jumped in our seats, and the Professor, whether through fright or curiosity, stopped his car with a jerk almost within its own length. I was the first to reach the ground, and the sight which met my eyes I shall never forget so long as I live on this earth. At the edge of the river, where the power house had been was a huge mass of black smoke, and high in the air were tons and tons of twisted and broken materials. All flew skyward. The next moment a wild flame of fire broke out from the ruins on the ground. The power plant, buildings, engineers and everything on the premises had been blown to atoms through some mysterious agency and without a moment's notice. And thousands and thousands of acres of half-matured crops would be left to perish for want of irrigation.

The Professor and Uumlah were next on the ground.

"My God!" exclaimed Agnew.

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Agnew, who, with Florence, was now standing beside us.

Florence fainted and her mother led her back to the car and laid her gently on the seat. Uumlah was the only one to remain ostensibly calm. Without a word he sprang forward and ran to the scene of the catastrophe as fast as his heavy body and clumsy gait would permit him.

Particles of debris began to fall upon us like rain. For protection Mrs. Agnew went into the car, the Professor and myself stood as though petrified with the awful realization of the appalling disaster. Missiles from the exploded plant fell all about us but we escaped injury as though by a miracle.

Up out of the still burning ruins, Phoenix-like, as I watched in an almost dead trance, a woman and two children arose. They came towards us, climbing the steep hill, a child clinging to each of the woman's hands. They met Uumlah when about half-way up. He paused and surveyed them for a moment in his wild flight, but the strangers kept on as though they were not aware of his presence. Heavens! As they came nearer I began to recognize them.

My God! They were my wife and children!

"Who are they?" asked the Professor. "You seem to recognize them."

They reached us like phantoms out of the earth, stood still for a moment, and then the children began to tug at my trousers. My wife caught me by the arm.

"Come home with me," she ordered. "What are you doing here?"

"Certainly I'll go home with you," I replied. "Do I not love you?"

Just before the illusion faded from my eyes, I heard the Professor say:

"Sir, who are they? Did they destroy our powerhouse?"

When I awoke it was broad daylight, the children were amusing themselves springing back and forth across my chest, and Mrs. Bruce was tugging at my shirt sleeve.

"My, but you are hard to wake this morning! What's the matter?" she was saying.

"How you frightened me," I replied. "Where was the explosion?"

"Explosion! There was no explosion. It was Willie falling out of his bed. You must have been dreaming," she laughed.

"Dreaming? I should say I was!" And I told her of the awful nightmare.

The dream was fast framing itself into a real continued story. In many respects it was not one that had much fascination for the hero; but oh, how I did long for succeeding chapters that I might again meet the beautiful Florence!

(To be continued.)

Editorial Notes from Page 3

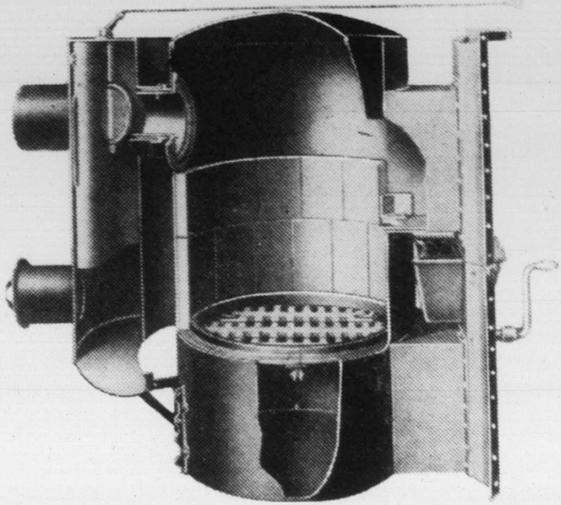
ible for starting recently, and which led to a number of interesting letters appearing in the "Colonist."

* * *

WE HOPE SPACE IS LEFT in which we can acknowledge the fraternal interest in the work of this Magazine shown by the leading members of the staffs of the TIMES and COLONIST, respectively, and also by several officials with journalistic experience who are now in somewhat onerous Government positions. Commissioner George Warren and his literary colleague, Mr. Frank Giolma are also men whom it is a pleasure to meet. In our aim to make this Magazine more fully represent the whole of British Columbia we are confident we can count on the cooperation of these workers and others who, while active for Victoria and Vancouver Island, have some vision of the developing Western Empire of which Island and Mainland alike must form part.

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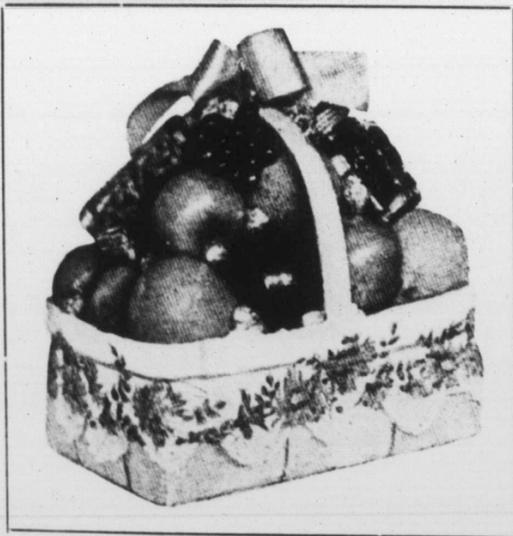
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