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BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

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No. 5.



BLISS CARMAN
Canada's Poet Laureate

EDUCATE EASTERN CANADA & THE EMPIRE CONCERNING THE CANADIAN WEST: PASS ON THE B. C. M.

\$1.75 One Year; \$3.00 Two Years

Publishing Office:

[Single Copies.

To Holders of Five Year 5½ per cent Canada's Victory Bonds

Issued in 1917 and Maturing 1st December, 1922.

CONVERSION PROPOSALS

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers to holders of these bonds who desire to continue their investment in Dominion of Canada securities the privilege of exchanging the maturing bonds for new bonds bearing 5½ per cent interest, payable half yearly, of either of the following classes:—

- (a) Five year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1927.
- (b) Ten year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1932.

While the maturing bonds will carry interest to 1st December, 1922, the new bonds will commence to earn interest from 1st November, 1922, **GIVING A BONUS OF A FULL MONTH'S INTEREST TO THOSE AVAILING THEMSELVES OF THE CONVERSION PRIVILEGE.**

This offer is made to holders of the maturing bonds and is not open to other investors. The bonds to be issued under this proposal will be substantially of the same character as those which are maturing, except that the exemption from taxation does not apply to the new issue.

Dated at Ottawa, 8th August, 1922.

Holders of the maturing bonds who wish to avail themselves of this conversion privilege, should take their bonds **AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE, BUT NOT LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 30th**, to a Branch of any Chartered Bank in Canada and receive in exchange an official receipt for the bonds surrendered, containing an undertaking to deliver the corresponding bonds of the new issue.

Holders of maturing fully registered bonds, interest payable by cheque from Ottawa, will receive their December 1 interest cheque as usual. Holders of coupon bonds will detach and retain the last unmatured coupon before surrendering the bond itself for conversion purposes.

The surrendered bonds will be forwarded by banks to the Minister of Finance at Ottawa, where they will be exchanged for bonds of the new issue, in fully registered, or coupon registered or coupon bearer form carrying interest payable 1st May and 1st November of each year of the duration of the loan, the first interest payment accruing and payable 1st May, 1923. Bonds of the new issue will be sent to the banks for delivery immediately after the receipt of the surrendered bonds.

The bonds of the maturing issue which are not converted under this proposal will be paid off in cash on the 1st December, 1922.

W. S. FIELDING,
Minister of Finance.

CONSTRUCTIVE CHRISTIANITY: SHOULD VANCOUVER DO LIKEWISE?

Trinity Parish in Montreal to Build A Memorial Church to Honor the Canadians Who Died in the Great War.

An enterprise, unique among efforts to commemorate permanently the splendid courage and devotion of those who made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War, is now well under way in Montreal. A fine church will be built by Trinity Parish Corporation, in the growing suburb of Notre Dame de Grace, which, in addition to making provision for the needs of its own people, numbering many hundreds of families, will incorporate in its architecture, appointments, and arrangements for regular public services, every feature that can be adopted to make it a great Permanent Memorial to those who, in the Great War for the preservation of civilization, gave all that man can ever give, to the last full measure of devotion.

Before the war Trinity Church carried on its work in what was for old Montreal a good and strategic location, St. Denis Street and Place Viger Square. The traditions of "Old Trinity," built up during several decades of steadily increasing usefulness, embodied, as a first principle, the rule that public services, of an inspiring and uplifting character in the church should be followed by every form of public service outside of it, in which its clergy and lay workers had the opportunity to engage. All classes of the people came under the influence of the church, whose activities were probably more varied and widespread than those of any other in the city.

But the constant operation of the law that population in all great cities tends to move westward finally brought the authorities to the decision, regretfully reached however inevitable, that the work of the parish must be carried on from a centre in the west end of the city. A suitable site was selected in Notre Dame de Grace, on the south side of Sherbrooke Street, between Marlowe and Northcliffe Avenues.

As Trinity is one of the most important parishes of the Anglican Church in Canada, it was felt that the new building should be something more than a parish church. At the old headquarters the church had for many years included among its parishioners, from time to time, large numbers of people only temporarily located in Montreal, and representing in the aggregate practically all sections of Canada. So the rapid growth of the city within the past ten years, while it steadily increased the number of such adherents, plainly indicated that if this fine record for making provision for the temporary resident and casual visitor was to be maintained and strengthened, the regular congregation would have to widen their outlook, and establish the "New Trinity" on a much larger and more extensive scale.

It often happens that great ideas largely fail of realization because there is nobody with sufficient faith in the future of the cause which unites the workers to give them an adequate view of the possibilities of that future by what we commonly call "vision." In this case, however, the opportunity and the man with the degree of vision necessary to make it a reality are both at hand, and ready to be used. The rector of "Old Trinity," Rev. Canon John M. Almond, was, and continues to be in his present capacity as rector of the parish which will build Trinity Memorial Church, an unusual combination of initiative and energy, with the added faculty of being able to forecast the development of anything which interests him greatly, and see what it will be ten or fifty years hence. He knows men, their hopes and ways and ideals and temperaments, as few of our Canadian leaders can claim to do, partly as a result of his long and varied experience in his work in Canada's largest city, but chiefly from many years of army life, first as a chaplain to our forces during the South African War, and more recently as "Father John," Director

of Canadian Chaplain Services during the long period of strife which ended in 1918. Like all far-seeing men, he realized that the great Silence of the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of that year, and the subdued rejoicing which marked relief from tension, ushered in a new period of the world's history, a time when those who could not forget would have to learn how to remember. He believes that the church, as the world's greatest institution, should lead in encouraging the building of memorials which will be of great and constant use to the living. The idea entertained by his

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ENLARGING THE B. C. M. LIST OF "LEADERS IN THEIR LINE"

For various reasons the time available for consulting Business Leaders in any line in regard to publicity through this Magazine, is limited.

We are building rather than "boosting," and employ no dunning solicitors.

Because of the Magazine's steady progress and widening field of Community Service, however, we have arranged for assistance in the business department, and as soon as possible one of our representatives will meet the "Leaders" to whom marked Magazines have been sent.

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A CONCESSION TO HOME INVESTORS

In offering to renew the five and a-half per cent. Canadian Government bonds maturing December 1st at the same rate of interest as is carried by the maturing bonds, and allowing a bonus of one month's interest, the Minister of Finance is making a material concession to the Canadian investor, as this rate is higher than was paid on the recent Canadian loan in New York. The high class of the security, which is the very best than can be offered in Canada, and the liberal rate of interest should lead to large investment in these Dominion bonds. Attention is directed to the official advertisement giving details.

HENRY STEAD'S LAST ARTICLE

MEN OF MARK: ALEXANDER HUME FORD of HONOLULU

(From the Mid-Pacific Magazine.)

Some men are gifted with an energy so tremendous that they are able to achieve marvelous results in short time; to do the apparently impossible; to step in where others fear to tread. Such men are as a rule not honored by their own generation, nor do they secure recognition in their own day. Their methods are necessarily spectacular, crude often, and they are regarded as more or less mad in many cases. My father was a man of this type. He bubbled over with immense energy, and it drove him through life at a pace others found it impossible to maintain. "You will never be a leader," said Mr. Morley, now Lord Morley, to him after he had worked for some time as that statesman's assistant editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, "because you are around the corner before the crowd gets into the street!" Yet it is these men of energy who get things done, who bring about reforms, overthrow abuses. But it is only some time after they have done these things that people begin to realize their personal greatness, give credit where this is due.

Alexander Hume Ford is a man after my father's own heart. He is always out doing things. He may tilt at windmills occasionally, but only when these happen to be in the way. He has great ideals, and he runs ever after them, counting not the cost, caring not at all what happens those who get in the path. In Honolulu he is known as "the human dynamo," and for many years he was regarded more with tolerant affection by the leaders of that city than with proper appreciation for what he was doing. "Another of Ford's fads," they would say when he came out with some new

scheme. But now they have learned that "Ford's fads" are of the greatest importance, and realize that the strenuous work he has done for the past few years is likely to bear splendid fruit—may yet avert that cataclysm everyone is fearing will soon fall on the Pacific.

Many years ago, in 1907, when Mr. Ford first went to Honolulu, he took with him a great idea, and he has consistently worked on it ever since. This idea first of all found expression in the Hands-Around-the-Pacific Club, and later in the Pan-Pacific Union. Why, said Mr. Ford, should the nations of the Pacific not get together and be friends, instead of each sulking in its tent preparing for trouble? The first thing essential in the establishment of friendship is knowledge of each other, and this, Mr. Ford, by means of conferences, and visits, and articles, has endeavored to establish. He is located at Honolulu, because the place happens to be the centre of the Pacific, a cross-roads station, almost equidistant from all the Pacific nations. Mr. Ford was able to persuade the leading men of Honolulu that the Pan-Pacific Union was the right thing, and that it would achieve results. At any rate, he has secured their wholehearted support. When money is wanted for propaganda work, or for financing conferences, he asks for it—and gets it. Not in small quantities, but in large. Possibly the fact that he never asks, or expects, anything for his own labor, but gives that as his contribution to the great idea may have something to do with this.

In 1908 Mr. Ford began the systematic organization of the Pan-Pacific Union by making a trip to New Zealand and
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**BUSINESS-BUILDERS of B. C. and
BUSINESS MEN of the EAST
and Elsewhere, now awake
to the Value of the
CANADIAN WEST:- Greeting!**

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

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

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

**IN B. C. and THE CANADIAN WEST
BE A LEADER IN YOUR LINE**

**THE BRITISH COLUMBIA
MONTHLY**

1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Established 1911

The British Columbia Monthly

The Community Service Magazine of the Canadian West

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Canada's Poet Laureate — Bliss Carman

(By R. W. Douglas.)

PART II.

Some of the critics find it a difficult task to characterize Carman's poetry in comparison with other writers. One of them, Mr. J. G. Marquis, says that he is a sort of twentieth century blend of Omar Khayyam, Shelley and Robert Browning, with Tennyson's art thrown in to give delicate flavour to the whole. Is not this but another way of stating that Carman has an individuality of his own and is a great poet himself? It may be true that he has Omar's love of sensuous beauty, some of Shelley's lyrical power and sweetness, Browning's force and sometimes his elusiveness, a good deal of Tennyson's skill in concentrating an idea or scene into a single word or phrase. But that is far enough from saying that his writings imitate any of them. He would naturally possess the great poets' qualities or he would not be a great poet. His poems may show reflections of great works of other writers, but they are the distinctive product of Carman's own individuality. Marquis thinks that "The Pipes of Pan" is Carman's supreme effort in poetry. For myself, I think that his short lyrics are his greatest glory, but "The Pipes of Pan" is a splendid poem. It is Greek, pagan and true in its interpretation of nature. Carman has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the morning of the world in which every stream, grove, tree and mountain have their inhabitants. The colour, movement and thought make a harmonious whole. I shall take the liberty of quoting two of the stanzas, though it is unfair to the poem not to quote it all.

"This is something that I heard,
"Half a cry and half a word,
"On a magic day in June,
"In the ghostly azure noon,
"When the wind among the trees,
"Made mysterious melodies.
"Such as those which filled the earth,
"When the elder gods had birth.

"Ah, the world is growing old;
"O, the joys it used to hold!
"Love and beauty, naught have I
"But the fragrant memory.

"Once, ah once, (ye know the story),
"When the earth was in her glory,
"Ere man gave his heart to breed
"Iron hate and heartless greed.
"Near a meadow by a stream,
"Quiet as an ageless dream,
"As I watched from the green rim,
"Of a beech grove cool and dim,
"Musing in the pleasant shade,
"The soft, leafy sunlight made,
"What should gleam and move and quiver
"Down by the clear pebbly river,
"Where the tallest reeds were growing
"And the bluest iris blowing—
"Gleam a moment and then pass,
"(Ah, the dare-to-love she was,
"In her summer-fervid dress
"Of sheer love and loveliness!)
"Wayward, melting, shy and fond,
"Lissome as a bulrush wand,
"Fresh as meadow sweet new blown.
"Sandal lost, and loosened zone.
"Our own white Arcadian
"Touched with rose and creamy tan,

"Eyes the colour that might fleck
"The red meadow-lily's neck.
"Hair with the soft silky curl,
"Of some stray patrician girl,
"Beech-brown on the sun-lit throat,
"Cheek of tawny apricot,
"Parted lips and breast aglow,—
"Who but Syrinx, as yet know."

poem. Pan becomes the soul of the world, which in all things and through all things is ever endeavouring to give lovely colour to its desire for perfection. The spirit which lends music and colour to the life of nature is never forgetful of its colour:

"Think you Pan forgets the tune
"Learned beneath the slim new moon,
"When these throbbings all were blent
"To the dominant intent."

"There we have the explanation of the spell that nature casts over us, and a means offered whereby we may regain our heritage in her dominion of joy. Love, then, is the first and last word of creation. The pipes of the wood-god charm us because of the love that thrills through them, and it is only by attuning ourselves to their music and letting loose the love in our hearts in a like manner that happiness can be reached and beauty be brought to birth."

"Marsyas" which develops the theme of "Pipes of Pan," is every whit as beautiful. Such a splendid passage of classical description as that of the fourth stanza cannot be paralleled by any other writer since Shelley's time. Marsyas has heard the flute of the goddess:

"And he followed. Heart of wonder,
"How the keen blue smoke upcurled
"From the shepherd huts to heaven!
"How the dew lay silver-pearled
"Where sleek-sided cattle wandered
"Through the morning of the world."

"The Magic Flute" is a variation of the same subject, drawing its mythology from Egypt, rises, if possible, to a still higher level of beauty. The story is splendidly told and the passages which interpret it are full of poetic power.

A detached poem, "A Vision of Sappho," forms artistically the prelude to the Sappho lyrics. Whether or not as certain lines in it seem to suggest, the poet was at the time of its composition either meditating or working upon the project of restoring the lost songs of "Sappho," does not greatly matter; the "Vision" is in any case most interesting in itself, and well worth careful study.

I now come to the volume of poems called "Behind the Arras." This is quite different from all that Carman had previously published, and is a singular collection. The poet has forsaken the green world of nature for the gray world of men, and those harpies of civilization, doubt and despondency, appear to have struck their talons into his soul. Certainly no poet, Canadian or American on this continent, has ever sounded the dreadful depths which Carman's plummet reached in this book. Before I had read it, I always considered James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night" as the supreme conception or expression in modern literature of awful disillusionment with latter day civilization. But I no longer think so. A greater writer than James Thomson has

descended into the dark valley of the shadows, and has revealed what he has seen, in verse which has no parallel in these later days. I am quite convinced that the mood is not deliberately assumed for artistic purposes. Some day when Bliss Carman's biography comes to be written there may be revealed some particular and poignant reason for "Behind the Arras." I am going to quote a few stanzas for you to judge the poet's strange mood:

"There at the window many a time of year,
 "Strange faces peer.
 Solemn, though not unkind,
 "Their wits in search of something left behind
 "Time out of mind.

"As if they once had lived here, and stole back
 "To the window crack,
 "For a peep which seems to say:
 "Good fortune, brother, in your house of clay;
 "And then good day!

"I hear their footsteps on the gravel walk,
 "Their scraps of talk,
 "And hurrying after, reach
 "Only the crazy sea-drone of the beach
 "In endless speech.

* * * * *

"Degraded shapes and splendid seraph forms,
 "And teeming swarms
 "Of creatures gauzy dim,
 "That cloud the dusk, and painted fish that swim
 "As the weaver's whim;

"And wonderful birds that wheel and hang in the air;
 "And beings with hair,
 "And moving eyes in the face,
 "And white bone teeth and hideous grins, who race
 "From place to place.

"They build great temples to their John-a-Nod,
 "And fume and plod,
 "To deck themselves with gold,
 "And paint themselves like chattles to be sold,
 "And turn to mold.

* * * * *

"With the fall of the leaf comes the wolf, wolf, wolf,
 "The old red wolf at my door;
 "And my hateful yellow dwarf, with his hideous crooked
 laugh,
 "Cries, 'wolf, wolf, wolf' at my door.

* * * * *

"I curse him and he leers; I kick him and he whines;
 "But he never leaves the stone at my door.
 "Peep of day or set of sun, his croakings never done
 "Of the red wolf of despair at my door.

* * * * *

"I cannot guess nor tell; only it comes and comes,
 "As from a vaster world beyond my door,
 "From centuries of eld, the death of freedom knelled
 "A host of mortal fears at my door.

"Then I wake; and joy and youth and fame and love
 and bliss,

"And all the good that ever passed my door,
 "Grow dim, and faint and fade, with the whole world
 unmade,

"To perish as the summer at my door.

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The Flat Back of Fashion

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New modes call for a smartly tailored appearance of the back which is to be secured only by proper corseting.

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ANYMAN:

How His Landlord Gave Him Notice to Quit, and His Attempts and Failure to Obtain a Dwelling-place.
Set Out in the Manner of a Moral Play, Showing the Inevitable Outcome of the Housing Problem.
(Written and produced in Vancouver, December, 1920, during a great shortage of houses everywhere.)

(By Herbert Beeman.)

SCENE.

Exterior of Anyman's House, a very dilapidated dwelling.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The Showman (Prologue)

Anyman	Bank Balance
Cousin	Good Luck
Pal	Ease
Landlord	Comfort
Agent	Undertaker
Booster	Gravedigger

The Moral (Epilogue)

SHOWMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen, assembled here,
I beg of you to lend a list'ning ear
To what, I promise, is a moving tale
Of one whose sighs and tears could naught avail
Against his Landlord—of that callous breed
That knows no feeling but its own base need—
Driven from home (ah! here slow music, please)
Poor Anyman must leave his slipper'd ease,
His chimney corner, where the flames roar'd
high,
And have no roof above him but the sky,
Finding his kindred and his friends that seem
Nought but the baseless fabric of a dream;
See his Bank Balance fade and pine away
Of a disease that Booster cannot stay;
And Ease and Comfort but fair-weather folk,
His hitherto Good Luck a worn-out joke,
Who though he would his master's fortunes save,
Provides at last no shelter but the grave.

[Exit.]

[Enter Landlord and Agent.]

LANDLORD: You know one Anyman? Well, hasten you
And tell him to get out, and P. D. Q.

AGENT: He hasn't paid his rent?

LANDLORD: No, that's all right.

I've sold the house and he must quit tonight.

AGENT: But where's he going?

LANDLORD: Well, what's that to us?
Come, get you gone and make no further fuss.

[Exit Landlord.]

[Enter Anyman.]

ANYMAN: Ah! Mr. Agent, I must say, well met,
My roof is leaking and the rain is wet,
And widening stains upon the ceiling spread;
The plaster's like to fall upon my head.

AGENT: Oh! No, it won't. You have no cause to fear,
For when that happens—well—you won't be
here.

ANYMAN: I shan't be here! Nonsense, I'm quite content,
And monthly on the dot, I pay my rent.
I'll get some shingles and a bag of nails,
And fix the roof; meanwhile, I'll set some pails
To catch the drips.

AGENT: You tenants make me sick—
"Ah, here's the Agent, now's the time to kick."
But this time it won't work, you've got to go.
The house is sold; I came to tell you so.

ANYMAN: Sold! Who would buy this tumble-down old
shack?

Of decent dwellings there can be no lack.

AGENT: No, Mr. Croesus, if you want to buy,

But if you want to rent! Oh, my- Oh, my!

ANYMAN: Well, in a month I'll prove that I am right.

AGENT: A month, indeed! You get out now, tonight.

[Exit Agent.]

[Enter Pal.]

PAL: How now, Old Sport, you seem to have the hump
Don't say a word, but quickly take a jump
Aboard my car; I'll run you straight out home.

ANYMAN: Ah! Not that word! For me it is to roam,
A wandering Jew, homeless and roofless, I,
My house is sold!

PAL: Ah! then you'll want to buy.
I know a six-roomed house at Kerrisdale,
The very thing, a friend has got for sale;
Hot-water heating, hardwood floors, cement
Floor in the basement.

ANYMAN: No, I want to rent.

PAL: You can't do that; it isn't done these days.

ANYMAN: Ah! No! The Landlord sells, the tenant pays!
You find his taxes and his interest, too,
When times are hard, and everything looks blue
But comes the fresh'ning breeze, the favouring
tide,

The worn-out galley slave goes over-side.

PAL: Well, you **are** cheerful, come along, buck up,
Let's to the movies, then we'll go to sup,
Dutch treat, or else I'll toss you who's to part.

ANYMAN: Move me no movies! Pal, have you no heart?
[Exit Pal.]

[Enter Cousin.]

Ah! Cousin, truly in our hour of need
A seeming friend is but a broken reed
To lean on, and we turn with grateful sigh
To kith and kin, as gladly now do I.
You will remember when you lacked a roof
How that old saying found a ready proof.

COUSIN: Um, yes. I did stay with you for a while.
You seem'd so lonely, it was to beguile
Your empty hours, although of course no doubt
It was convenient; but you seem put out.

ANYMAN: I am, my house is sold, and now tonight
I should be in a truly parlous plight
Had I not met you and recalled to mind
Your spacious dwelling. Doubtless you can find
Sufficient space for all my humble need,
A bed, an ingle nook to write and read,
Room on the stove to cook a simple meal.

COUSIN: Oh! Anyman, you know for you I feel
A fond affection, and would gladly share
My humble dwelling with you if it were
As large and roomy as my loving heart,
But as I live, there's really not a part
That is not taken up and has its use,
Attic to cellar.

[Exit Cousin hastily.]

ANYMAN: Bah! A poor excuse.

What depths of meanness have I come to sound
In this brief time, what hollowness have found
In friendship's vows and kinsmen's protesta-
tions.

The devil take my friends and my relations!
 For nothing but my open'd eyes to thank
 The one of them have I. I know a Bank
 (Though not the one the Bard of Avon sings),
 And will betake me to material things,
 And haste to see my friend, Bank Balance, him
 Too long I have neglected—he looks slim!
 Hullo! hullo! I say—What, are you deal?

[Enter Bank Balance.]

BANK BALANCE: Deaf, blind, and like to die of N. S. F.
 Were there an S. P. C. B. B. you'd pay
 For this ill-treatment. Have you aught to say?

ANYMAN: I'm truly sorry, but the public fails
 To recognize true worth, and so the sales
 Of my poor writings barely serve to feed
 And clothe the writer.

BANK BALANCE: Well, you should take heed.
 Take off your coat and do some honest work,
 Something, methinks, you've always tried to
 shirk.

To reap and sow, to build, to buy and sell,
 Such doings are worth while. You'd rather tell
 A story no one wants to hear, or write
 Of golden summer morn or ebon night.

ANYMAN: I've heard all that before, it does not aid
 Me in my present need. My Landlord bade
 Me leave the house I had. I cannot rent,
 And so must build. Help me to the extent
 Of furnishing sufficient funds to raise
 A modest home, in which to end my days.

BANK BALANCE: Ha- Ha! Ho! Ho! If you should draw a
 cheque,

The two-cent stamp would leave a total wreck!

[Exit Bank Balance.]

ANYMAN: Bank Balance, Kinsman, Home, of all bereft,
 Houseless and friendless, moneyless, I'm left
 With none to turn to.

[Enter Good Luck.]

GOOD LUCK: Master I am here;
 With my assistance you have naught to fear.
 ANYMAN: Welcome! Good Luck, I crave your pardon for
 Forgetting you, but I've been troubl'd sore,
 And yet how comes it you were not with me,
 For surely if you had it would not be
 That I should wander homeless and distress?

GOOD LUCK: Oh! Master dear, I swear I did my best,
 But with the best intent I could not raise
 My trembling limbs. Misfortune seems to daze
 And muddle up my wits. But every cloud
 Will have a silver lining, and the proud
 And affluent fortunes of our house return.

ANYMAN: Such words are cheering, but I'd rather learn
 Of some material shelter from the rain
 Than of your airy castle built in Spain.
 Bank Balance, failing fast and like to die,
 Upbraids me sorely, claiming it is I
 That am to blame. Brew him a strengthening
 cup,

GOOD LUCK: A golden tonic that will build him up.
 I know one Booster, who can talk most fair
 Of wondrous schemes; methinks it's heated air,
 If I did hear aright, the motive power
 That will advance them; richer than the dower
 Of fam'd Aladdin's lamp, is his who learns
 An but an one of these, belike he earns
 Such fabulous amounts as would suffice
 To build a house, e'en at the present price.
 But soon he'll come himself; bid care begone,
 Now will we take the tide that leads us on

To fortune, and such comfort shall surround
 Your flow'r-strewn way as never did abound
 In all your life before. The best of health
 Bank Balance shall regain; such dreams of
 wealth,

ANYMAN: Dreams, dreams, Good Luck, must I recall again
 I'd rather have some shelter from the rain.
 [Looking off.]

But who comes here, some seedy, down-at-heel,
 Who thinks to touch our pockets for a meal?

GOOD LUCK: Good Master, hush. This is no needy tramp,
 'Tis the Magician who shall rub the lamp,
 'Twas told to me how once in London town
 One Dicky Thornton drew a million poun'
 In Bank of England notes to close some deal,
 And to be safe from those who rob and steal,
 Bore on a string as through the streets he went,
 Some bloaters, for to put them off the scent.

[Enter Booster.]

ANYMAN: Methinks there's an example in your tale
 Of one who draws a herring 'cross the trail.
 Enough of this. I do not like his looks.

GOOD LUCK: Good Master, stay! You do not judge your
 books

By their encovering, be it brave or mean,
 And so I pray you, do not vent your spleen
 Upon the outward man. Come, Master, come.
 Good Master Booster, here you see the sum
 And end of my existence. Anyman
 Is all in all to me, and naught could span
 My love for him, and any favours shown
 To his content, I hold them as my own.

BOOSTER: Well, friends, you're just in time. A splendid
 scheme

Has come to me, in fact a perfect dream.

ANYMAN: Dreams, dreams! I want a shelter from the rain.

GOOD LUCK: Patience, good Master! Hark, he speaks again.

BOOSTER: You know the fire-weed, common to our lands,
 That have been ravish'd by the Fire-god's
 hands,

How from the red-hued flow'r there comes a pod
 The which contains a soft and springy wad
 Akin to cotton; this I would collect,
 Bring to a mill—that someone should erect,
 And manufacture cloth most excellent,
 With a machine—that someone should invent.

ANYMAN: This minds me of the "Essay on Roast Pork."
 Do you intend to bid the Fire-god stalk
 In wild destruction, to provide your weed?
 How comes it if the wardens should succeed
 In fire prevention?

BOOSTER: If you do not care
 To profit by my wit, I'll go elsewhere.

GOOD LUCK: O, now, good Booster, do not take offence.
 Your schemes are so amazing, so immense,
 Our little minds can't grasp them all at once.
 At least, not mine, so write me down a dunce.

BOOSTER: Ah, yes! I can remember what a time
 I had before my good friend Guggenheim
 Could be persuaded to invest a cent
 In a device that millions since has meant.
 And then Rockefeller, many months of toil
 Before he bought my scheme for finding oil.

GOOD LUCK: Oh! Guggenheim and Oh! Rockefeller, too!
 Could I have found a better man for you?
 I told you that the sun would shine again.

ANYMAN: Meanwhile, I lack a shelter from the rain.
 BOOSTER: Speaking of oil, an option now I hold

(Turn to Page 11)

Automobile Notes

(By Stephen Golder)

British Columbia the Mecca for Motorists

A remarkable increase in the volume of motor traffic into Canada in the past year is shown by the returns compiled by The Department of Customs. According to their registrations 617,285 automobiles entered Canada for touring purposes during the calendar year 1921. Of these, 615,074 remained for less than one month, and 2,211 for a period of more than one month and less than six months. The total number for 1920 was only 93,300, or an increase of 523,985 cars in one year. Allowing an average expenditure of \$25 per day, including gasoline and garage charges for the first-class of car and an average length of stay of seven days, this traffic represents an expenditure of over \$107,000,000, while the second-class of car on the basis of an estimated expenditure of \$20 per car for thirty days was worth approximately \$1,326,600. This means that the motor highways of Canada brought in a foreign revenue last year of \$108,326,000. Estimated on a five per cent. basis, it means that improved roads are worth over two billion dollars to this country.

* * * *

Car sales by many leading dealers and distributors throughout Canada for the first four months of the year exceeded the entire 1921 output.

* * * *

General Motors of Canada, Limited, at Oshawa, have enough orders on hand to keep the factory going full speed for several months. A train load of 60 flat cars, carrying cases containing 304 Chevrolets, Buicks, Oldsmobiles and Oaklands, weighing 504 tons, recently left the factory for the Atlantic seaboard to be transferred to the steamer "Canadian Conqueror," for shipment to foreign ports, including Constantinople, Cairo, and Wellington, New Zealand.

It is said to have been the largest single export shipment ever started from a Canadian automobile factory. "Made in Canada" appears on this firm's advertisements abroad.

* * * *

The recent membership campaign started by the Vancouver Automobile Club has been the means of increasing the club's membership considerably. Since the beginning of the year over 1,500 new members have signed up, and they are coming in all the time. Much has been written about the benefactions of the club. It has assisted actively and financially in public and national undertakings, ranging all the way from the Fresh Air Camp for Poor Children to the International Peace Arch.

* * * *

Last year the club placed 132 finger-board direction signs and many warning notices on roads within 40 miles of Vancouver. This year the club is labelling every village, river and point of interest in the same area. The club has committees at work on "City Streets" and "Country Roads," attending to complaints of members and needed improvements. Last summer a party was sent to explore across the Cascade Mountains, and thereby speeded up work on a trans-provincial road, for the credit of the province.

This year the club sent a representative party to explore the Hope-Princeton route across the Coqualla Mountains. The party were the guests of that energetic and flourishing body, the Princeton Board of Trade, who did everything pos-

sible to make the trip a success. As a result of the expedition the following resolution has been submitted to the Provincial Government:—

"Whereas, British Columbia is becoming the Mecca for tourists from the Pacific Coast States and the Prairie Provinces, which traffic is a source of great wealth to the citizens of British Columbia, and should be encouraged.

And Whereas, it is of great importance, financially, and for the development of the country, that such tourists should be induced to stay in British Columbia as long as possible, and to facilitate this that they should be able to motor from the Coast to the interior without being compelled to leave the province.

"And Whereas, a highway connecting the Coast with the Interior will encourage intercourse between the citizens of these two sections of British Columbia, and bring them into a closer bond of union and develop trade.

"And Whereas, by next year it will be possible to motor from Princeton, Ashcroft, and Kamloops to the Alberta boundary, Prince George, Hazelton, and practically all other developed sections of the province east and north of the Hope and Coast Ranges.

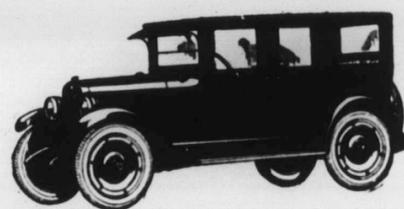
"And Whereas, the completion of this one link in the highway of British Columbia will give the large population on the Coast, and the tourists from the South access to the extensive road system of the Interior.

"And Whereas, the construction of the road will make accessible the natural resources of the district through which it passes.

"Be It Resolved: That the Vancouver Automobile Club urgently request construction of this link on the route that the Public Works Department considers the most feasible, and that construction be started next spring, and the work completed as speedily as possible."



THE GOOD MAXWELL



Everywhere the conviction is steadily growing that there is nothing to match the good Maxwell value, at anything like its price.

In comfort, stamina, and beauty, the good Maxwell more than answers all practical motoring requirements.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; Alemite lubrication; motor driven electric horn; unusually long springs.

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Established 1911

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West
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Managing Editor and Publisher
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For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.
"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

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NO. 5

NOTES QUESTIONS, STORIES AND SUGGESTIONS

"BRITONS ALL" was, in brief, the message of Canada's Governor-General to Vancouver Canadian Club. The address demonstrated that the Head of the Dominion is a man of insight and vision. Without disparaging any of his worthy predecessors, we believe Lord Byng's exposition proved him to be a Governor-General given to practical before ornamental service.

UNLESS THE MEANING OF THE NAME "BRITON" can be enlarged to include, not merely "a native of Britain," but a citizen of any portion of the British Empire, it might be well to have a new name introduced that would be all-inclusive. "Britisher," which is sometimes used in this connection, is not so euphonious.

"I AM A BRITON BORN" could well be held applicable to any one born in any part of the British Empire, every portion of which is likely, in this generation, to have an autonomous government of its own.

BRITISH EMPIRE CITIZENSHIP, federated with that of the United States and the other leading Allies, may well lead up to "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." Notwithstanding the big clouds on the horizon today, the Christian optimist must believe, that the trend of human life is progressive, and that even in this world—

"The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made."

VANCOUVER, "THE CONVENTION CITY" of the Dominion, the Empire, and the World: That may well become another name for Vancouver, B. C., second only to that of "CANADA'S PERENNIAL PORT."

REAL ESTATE MEN, Medical Men, Lawyers, Insurance Men, and—who not?—have chosen Vancouver for their Conventions this year.

THANKS TO THE THOUGHTFULNESS OF REV. CHAS. THOMSON,

of the C. I. M. Headquarters in Vancouver, a group of citizens had the privilege the other month of lunching at the Citizen's Club with Dr. Marshall Broomhall, son-in-law of the late Hudson Taylor, and learning not a little from his address of the conditions in China.

CHINA LEADS IN CHRISTIANITY might be a startling, but would hardly be too strong a conclusion to draw from what Dr. Broomhall reported of a conference of native Christians held there recently. That the Chinese should be awake to the folly of perpetuating among themselves the denominational divisions in the Christian church that their teachers from other lands have inherited, is a healthful and happy sign. One has only to have a little experience of the overlapping conditions that prevailed in the prairie provinces of Canada, some years ago, to hold that the denominational rivalry that exists among certain Christian churches is at once a reproach and an extravagance so far as business management is concerned.

THE ARGUMENT ABOUT RESEMBLING DIFFERENT REGIMENTS IN THE SAME ARMY, so frequently used by one of the staunchest Western Canadian opponents to church union, is all very well—so far as it goes. But it should be remembered that one of the BIGGEST and most FAR-REACHING LESSONS learned by the Allies in the great war was the need for ALL WORKING TOGETHER under one general.



"THE DYING GLADIATOR."

THE CLOSER UNION OF CHRISTENDOM seems to be about as necessary as a working Federation of the so-called "Civilized" nations, if world progress is to be assured, and the world (humanly speaking) is not to be in danger of lapsing into barbarism or an earthly perdition—hastened by the very inventions and works of science that, rightly directed, should lighten the duties and multiply the joys of this life for all.

CONCERNING DOGMAS AND DOCTRINES.

etc., no doubt there are some folk connected with most "Churches" and "Denominations" who hold that their interpretations (in this so limited life) contain "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and that lacking acceptance of these by others, the latter's admittance to some Region Beyond is hopeless. May be. But we rather think that many such will wake to find that their viewpoint here, at best, was narrow, and that all may be born to a wider, grander vision Beyond.

* * * *

UNLESS THAT WERE TO BE SO, and we were all subject to fuller light on life when we pass from this sphere, it is reasonable to infer that many people would be lonely THERE—no matter by what name the Region or State is called.

* * * *

THOUGH THE COMMISSIONER'S REPORT ON THE RECENT CIVIC ENQUIRY has not been published at the time of this writing, we have no difficulty in supplementing our former reference to the meeting and criticism that led to the suspension of the Vancouver city solicitor by Mayor Tisdall, and to the enquiry itself.

* * * *

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT THE MAYOR felt he had some cause for his action, else he would not have taken it. But many who attended that "Ratepayers'" meeting in the Hotel Vancouver may hold that it would have been better and fairer to the city solicitor had the enquiry come before any such action was taken.

* * * *

THE FIRST SPEAKER AT THAT MEETING was both tedious and tiresome, as, apart from anything else, his manner and tone of delivery were such as prevented a large portion of the audience hearing him consecutively. Even then he seemed more concerned about drawing conclusions than capable of clearly stating facts. But the evidence he afterwards gave at the enquiry as to what he held "copies" of cheques, was in itself sufficient to make even "the man on the street" understand that, however well, or even "nobly" intentioned he might be, he had a woeful idea of what constituted "a copy," and a deplorable disregard of the opinions or evidence of other men.

* * * *

THE CHAIRMAN OF THAT MEETING may congratulate himself on one thing, namely, that he was responsible for the opening speaker not making public the names of the ALLEGED officers of the new contracting company. But perhaps they were made public enough to make some folk wonder, question, or express regret, according to individual knowledge or experience of the men whose names were given.

* * * *

WE ARE SINCERELY THANKFUL that certain names given were evidently, like much else, based on HEARSAY OR ASSUMPTION. At the same time we hope one result of this enquiry will be that more care concerning facts will be exercised by any citizens or associations in making charges against our public servants, whether they be City Council officers or civic officials.

* * * *

BY ITS VERY NATURE, public office lays men open to criticism, and all the more so if a salary of some kind is attached to the office. But how can we expect men of experience and tried capacity in business to enter for such service, if it is generally understood that they may be made the object of underhand attacks?

Verse by Canadian Writers

HOME'S INFLUENCE.

Dear, plain old Home, I bare my head to you,
And thank the Lord for what I took away
From your kind hand that unforgotten day
I sought the world. I took no wealth, 'tis true,
For luxury your children never knew.
Glad, curly heads that rose around your board,
But there the noblest virtues were adored,
Whose influence fell on our young hearts like dew.

I took a faith in God I never lost,
And well I know how it has often been
An anchor when life's sea was tempest-tossed;
And if at Wrong's appeal I e'er was seen
To hesitate—that time the touch was felt
Which I received when 'neath your roof I knelt.
—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Halifax, N. S.

JUSTICE.

O Justice, dweller in the stars' domain,
Thou fair Astraea of the Golden Age,
Will e'er it be, what fervent souls presage,
That thou wilt live among mankind again?
Without thy presence, Liberty is vain,
And Love doth languish, failing to assuage
The lust of power and gold, whose heritage
Of ancient wrongs still follows in their train.

O Justice, come, that with a glad surprise
Men may behold thee radiant as thou art.

Trans-Canada Limited

Leaves Vancouver 3.00 P.M. Daily

Ready for Business



SAVES A BUSINESS DAY

REACHES

Calgary, 25 hours	Edmonton, 36 hours
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SUMMER TOURIST RATES IN EFFECT

Make Your Reservations Now.

To Purchase Sleeping Car Space, Apply to Any Agent of the

Canadian Pacific Railway

General Passenger Department Vancouver, B.C.

Not visitant, but in a queenly guise,
 To reign and thy deep wisdom to impart.
 At thine advent, humanity will rise
 And walk the upland ways with joyful heart.
 —Edwin E. Kinney.

SUMMER NIGHT.

The moon hath set
 A golden path
 Across the stilly sea;
 The sky is star besprint;
 And soft the breeze
 Doth bring to me
 A haunting melody.
 So faint, so sweet
 Upon the ear
 Do fall those fairy strains
 Like dear, sad memories
 Of days gone by;
 The fragrance faint
 Of flowers, long crushed and dead.
 And so I sit
 My love and dream,
 Dream of the dear brave days
 When you and I were young,
 And with high hearts
 Began to tread
 The path that's been so long.

—M. E. Colman.

British Columbia.

PIONEERS.

All must be pioneers who would be free!
 Trails of old thoughts but backward lead the soul;
 Follow them not; but forward turn thy face!
 Grasp axe in hand; enter the forest dim.
 Is brushwood thick? Make for thyself a path.
 Dost fear the thorns? He heedless grows and slack
 Who treads the well-worn ways. Do muscles ache?
 Better an ache than atrophy. Reward?
 The stars shall smile to thee through parting boughs,
 Birds sing for thee. Thou'lt hear the low-toned hum
 Of lesser life. The aromatic pine
 And pungent herb shall blend their scents for thee.
 Then be a pioneer! Think the new thought!
 Weigh it awhile, and act with courage firm,
 All must be pioneers who would be free!

Vancouver, B. C.

—Annie Margaret Pike.

CONSTRUCTIVE CHRISTIANITY: SHOULD VANCOUVER
DO LIKEWISE?

(From Page 1)

workers and colleagues on his Parish Corporation that Trinity Church would be of more helpful service to those who come and go if built in a new and commanding location, was widened by him into a plan to erect a church which would express in stone the gratitude felt by all Canadians for the devotion of those who died that we might live. Other memorials of different kinds have been erected, many of them of some real use to the living, but nobody else has definitely outlined a plan to build a Memorial Church, which will provide, in our great commercial metropolis, regularly visited by people from all parts of Canada a centre where all Canadians, who lost their lives in the Great War will be remembered, without regard to creed or race.

As Colonel Almond, the officer commanding in all religious activity undertaken for men in Canadian Overseas Forces, the Canon occupied a position which eminently fitted him for the great task he now has in hand. In common with other men of constructive thought, he believes that, with the perspective which we are already beginning to get, the war can best be understood as a struggle to maintain certain principles which

were fundamentally religious. An institution intended, by its very nature, to direct, expand and carry forward all kinds of practical religious work is, therefore, the best form of memorial in which to express our thankfulness and pride in what our men did, making by tens of thousands the supreme sacrifice in order to do it. We know that no soldiers took a nobler part than ours. Appreciation of such splendid devotion can best be indicated by a permanent structure, to be used as a headquarters for a variety of helpful activity on behalf of those who live in these difficult days of peace and readjustment, and of those who will follow them, inherit their hopes and carry forward their problems somewhat nearer to solution in a country which has only begun to make its contribution to the world's life. The number of people who are convinced that the atmosphere of religion and worship solves more problems than any other is steadily increasing in Canada. Canon Almond believes that it will solve them all. He will provide in the new church daily services for the worship of Almighty God, on the broadest and most liberal lines. Trinity Memorial Church will stand from the first for Constructive Christianity.

And, in his program for the usefulness of the new church, something else will be provided. At some suitable early morning hour every day there will be a Celebration of the Holy Communion. In that service, which is the most important of all in the Anglican Church, occurs the noble "Prayer for the Whole State of Christ's Church Militant here in Earth," which, as all Anglicans, and many who belong to other churches, are aware ends with the sentence beginning, "And we also bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear." At that point in the prayer will be inserted the words, "especially those who on this day of the year gave their lives in the Great War for the preservation of freedom and civilization." This will afford an opportunity for people in all parts of Canada who know the days on which their friends and relatives were killed in action, or died of wounds or disease, or were lost at sea, to have them remembered by name in the concluding words of the "Prayer for the Church Militant," which is intended to establish the truth that, whether nations are at war or not, the church is always in conflict with everything that tends to debase and degrade mankind, and always mindful of the sacrifice and service of those who have given of their best to uplift their fellows, and promote peace and happiness among them. Those who would like to have their own glorious dead permanently remembered in this way, on their own particular anniversaries, should send names, regimental numbers, army units and other necessary information to be recorded in the "Memorial Church Book of Remembrance," accompanied by whatever subscription to the building fund they can afford to give, to Rev. Canon John M. Almond, D.C.L., C.M.G., Trinity Memorial Church, Claremont Avenue, Notre Dame de Grace, Montreal.—(Con.)

SAFETY FIRST

"Safety First" is a good maxim in most things, but particularly so in relation to the investment of money. The rich may afford to speculate and to take the risks attendant on high rates of interest. Those whose means are moderate must be careful to see that there is absolute security in their investments. For such people there is no other form of investment which takes such a high rank, combining absolute security with liberal interest, as the bonds of the Dominion of Canada. Holders of Dominion bonds bearing five and a-half per cent., maturing December 1, 1922, can re-invest their money at the same rate of interest by exchanging the old bonds for new ones running for either five years or ten years, as the bondholder may prefer. Arrangements for carrying out this exchange can be made through all the chartered banks.

ANYMAN.

(Continued from Page 6)

On lands not far from here, and there the fold
Taken in contact with the anti-cline
Proves sure results. Arrangements to refine
Can be proceeded with before a hole
Has been put down. At least, you would find
coal,

Nor would you need to drive a tunnel far;
The rocks crustaceous in formation are.

ANYMAN: Ah! Mr. Booster, there you catch a crab.
I must acknowledge you've a gift of gab.
But still, the word cretaceous is more fit
To indicate the certain rocks where sit
The minerals you describe. Now, for your sake,
Good Luck, I'm sorry to declare a fake
This creature; that you, in your wish to aid
My fallen fortunes, have most rashly made
A boon companion. Fellow, get you hence.

BOOSTER: Oh! come now, Master, lend me fifty cents.
You've had some moments of my precious time.

ANYMAN: No, not a cent.

BOOSTER: Oh! come now, just a dime.

[Exit Booster.]

ANYMAN: Good Luck, Good Luck, you're efforts all are
vain—

No place to sleep, no shelter from the rain.

GOOD LUCK: Oh, Master, Master, give me one more chance
And I will strive your comfort to enhance.
Ah! happy thought! Why build above the
ground?

Below I do believe it would be found
Winter and summer, that the temperature
Would be more even, and there's one thing sure,
No chilly draughts would blow beneath the door,
No rent, no taxes, no electric light,
No telephone to wake the peaceful night.

[Enter Undertaker, followed by Gravedigger.]

UNDERTAKER: The latest thing in caskets, quite unique,
In oak, or cedar, or in toughest teak,
With silver handles of a chaste design.

GRAVEDIGGER: A very nifty job I make o' mine.
I trim the edges with the greatest care,
And make the corners to a perfect square.

ANYMAN: Friends, you're most kind to give me of your
skill.

I grieve that I've no pay save my good-will.

UNDERTAKER
and

GRAVEDIGGER: No pay, indeed! We do not work for naught.

GOOD LUCK: Wait, Master, now I have a happy thought.

[To Gravedigger.]

Good Hamlet's friend, I have a dollar, see,
Take it and lend your pick and spade to me.
My Master has been driv'n from his home
By a cruel Landlord, and he's forc'd to roam.
There's not a hovel, house or tenement
Throughout this realm that he can find to rent.

[Rents tools.]

With these good tools a shelter he will find;
Then you can fetch—what he will leave behind!

[Exit Undertaker and Gravedigger.]

[Enter Ease.]

ANYMAN: Ah! Now my Ease, we'll stretch us out at
length.

Refreshing sleep shall give us back our strength.

EASE: I'll not go with you to this earthy bed.

I like a downy pillow for my head.

[Exit Ease.]

[Enter Comfort.]

ANYMAN: Ah! Comfort, you I know will come again,
And now we'll find a shelter from the rain.

COMFORT: Oh! Do not look to me your home to share.
I'm sure it would be far too stuffy there!

[Exit Comfort.]

ANYMAN: Come on, Good Luck, old comrade tried and
true.

GOOD LUCK: Oh! Master dear,—I—cannot—follow—you.
[Dies.]

[Sounds of pick and shovel, during
which speaks.]

THE MORAL: If an abuse or evil you would state,
To make it plain, you must exaggerate.
So is this case so rudely brought to mind
With the fond hope an answer you will find.
For 'tis a question that doth sorely press
And calls for instant and complete redress.
Whether the State enhousement should provide
You can yourself by pow'r of vote decide.
The man who rents goes ever here and there,
Until at last he can't get anywhere.
Happy house-owners, don't let others roam
And never know the joys of "Home, Sweet
Home."

[Sound of a heavy body falling. Gravedigger
crosses stage, scraping pick and shovel.]

[Curtain.]

Telephone Signs On The Highway



Convenience in vacation days is made possible by the telephone. The telephone shield sign along the highways means that anxieties can be eliminated, changed plans made known, emergencies more quickly relieved. It is symbol of assurance to the motorist, and he may rely on it day and night. In our rural offices, a telephone booth has been placed outside so that it is always convenient for people travelling to put in a call.

BRITISH COLUMBIA TELEPHONE CO.

Sow Now

Wallflowers, Canterbury Bells, Hollyhocks,
Gaillardias, Sweet Williams.
Pkt. 10c and 25c
(These will flower next year)

RITCHIE BROS. & CO.

872 Granville Street VANCOUVER, B. C.



(B. C. M. Space Contribution)

HENRY STEAD'S LAST ARTICLE—MEN OF MARK. (From Page 2)

Australia, where he interested leading men in the idea. In 1914 he again toured the Pacific, and completed his previous work. He then organized branches of the Union in all Pacific lands. In 1920 he persuaded a party of Congressmen to visit the Orient, and establish points of contact with the leading men in Japan, China and the Phillipines.

Mr. Ford has managed to secure the heads of all the Pacific Governments as honorary presidents of the Union. All admit that such a Union is a potent force for peace in the Pacific. There can be no doubt about that. The business of bringing about a state of friendship, instead of a state of distrust, is a job which ought to be undertaken by the Governments who would suffer severely the moment peace was broken. Yet, whilst all the Pacific nations are busily engaged in voting great amounts for defence and armament purposes, not one of them has set aside a single penny to be spent in fostering that friendship and mutual understanding which would altogether obviate the need of squandering huge sums on navies and armies. Every Pacific Government has a war organization. Ministers of War, and of the Navy, direct the activities of these fleets and forces, which will only be required should unfortunate misunderstanding occur between their various peoples. But there is no Minister of Friendship. No one thinks of urging that the spending of money on bringing about mutual understanding by means of reciprocal visits of workers, and leading men of different countries, the dissemination of correct information, and the hunting down of lies and rumors which inflame public passion, would be well worth while. A thousand pounds spent on explaining the true attitude of Australia towards Japan, in informing Australians about the considered views of Japanese, might easily make unnecessary the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds for war material and equipment. Mr. Ford is endeavoring to do by means of the Pan-Pacific Union what the Governments ought to be doing themselves. He is doing it, too, without any assistance whatever from these said Governments, beyond, of course, their general blessing, which is not translatable into £ s. d. Already, however, he has achieved results.

Conferences have been held in Honolulu, where representatives of different Pacific nations have met, and got to know each other. A Scientific Conference was held last year, when some hundred scientists met, and organized themselves to discuss the scientific problems of the Pacific. Early this year, Mr. Ford sent out a call for the first Pan-Pacific Educational Conference. Many representative educationalists gathered together, and under the presidency of David Starr Jordan, did splendid work. The Conference laid down an extensive and costly programme to cover the next few years. A special executive secretary has been engaged to see the programme through.

A Press Conference has just met in Honolulu. In his message to that gathering, President Harding urged the press of the world to abandon propaganda "Which aims rather at shutting up the mind," and to take up instead "its real task—that of opening the minds of the people to the truth, and educating them in it." He continued, "If your deliberations shall inspire a larger, better, or more humane view of the elements which enter into the problem of peace, and at least a measurable disarmament—if you can encourage the ideal of a world permanently at peace—then you will have given a vast impetus to the efforts of the statesmen, who are presently to consider these problems in Washington." There is no doubt that the Conference has done its best to give the men who meet at Washington on November 12th a strong lead; but it is doubtful if press men will be able to do much more. They will be quickly scattered to their homes

again, and will leave behind them no organization to carry out the pious resolutions they carried.

Mr. Ford was quick to see this, and he took advantage of the presence of the delegates from all Pacific lands to summon a Pan-Pacific Press Conference, the main object of which was to devise some machinery whereby the press of the countries washed by the great ocean should be organized to disseminate truth, and hunt down the wild and malicious rumors which cause so much of the misunderstandings which occur between peoples. I learn that he has successfully established this, but have no details. I imagine, though, that the Pan-Pacific has once again been called on to lend its assistance toward organization, and to supply finance. Obviously the Union ought to be able to summon a Conference of press men when the situation in the Pacific demanded it, and it might well be the body to charge itself with the distribution of news about one Pacific country in another. As far as Australia is concerned, the shocking mail service, and the high cable rates, will make it very difficult to get hold of topical stuff, but there is much we should like to know about Japan, and this we might well get through the trusted representatives of the Pan-Pacific Union in that country.

To show how poor is the mail service I mention that, although I left Sydney on September 6th, no Australian mail will reach me until October 27th. That is due to the fact that the two lines of steamers which ply between the Commonwealth and America are rivals, and, instead, of arranging to give fortnightly mail service, run their vessels once a month, within a few days of each other. High cable rates are maintained by the cable companies, who are able to prevent wireless entering the field as a competitor. That is how monopolies and stupid rivalries prevent news from circulating freely around the Pacific. In Honolulu the papers enjoy

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a good and cheap news service. They have cut away from the cable companies altogether, and are supplied by the American naval wireless system.

Mr. Ford is one of the best known figures in Honolulu. Wiry, short, hatless, he dashes about from one leading man to another, from steamer to his office. Everywhere welcome; a cyclone of a man who sweeps you away with him. He is not one of those who promise to do things. That is mere waste of time. He just does them for you, and every member of the Press Congress will recall with the keenest gratitude the unselfish manner in which he placed the service of himself and his car at their disposal. The car must have come with him to Honolulu, so old and ramshackled it is. He gives it not the slightest attention. It does its job, and that is enough for him. It seems to have caught some of his own whirlwind energy. At any rate, it is to be seen everywhere—sandwiched between a Cadillac and a Pierce-Arrow, before the Governor's official residence, standing outside the printer's, flying helter-skelter over the dug-up roads on the way to Waikiki Beach, meeting visitors at the wharf. Like its owner, this Ford will attempt anything, and rarely does it fail in achievement.

When Mr. Ford first came to Honolulu he spent a year looking around before he got seriously to work. But such a man could not remain inactive, and during the first twelve months he organized the Outrigger Canoe Club, with the object of reviving surfboard riding. The old timers ridiculed him. White men could never ride these surf-boards, they said; only native Hawaiians were able to do so. Undismayed, he managed to get together 100 enthusiasts. From this nucleus the club has grown until it has a membership of 2000 men, women and children. On Waikiki Beach you may see white men ride the waves any day, white women sometimes, and you may see some of the world's champion swimmers disporting themselves in the waves. He next organized the Trail and Mountain Club for trampers, which is still going strong. There are few new things in Honolulu Mr. Ford has not had a hand in starting. But he does not care to take a leading part once the organization is on its feet. He organizes important dinners, but usually refuses to attend them. He started the custom of doing without chairmen on these occasions, arranging for the first speaker to introduce the second and so on. A chairman is usually a nuisance, and a waste of time, in Mr. Ford's opinion.

Ford, who is a bachelor, is unable to work at night, but he makes up for that by being at his office every morning between four and five. In the midst of his innumerable activities he manages to bring out *The Mid-Pacific Magazine* every month. It is a wonderful production. It relies upon its pictures to catch the interest of the reader, and the captions below these pay eloquent tribute to Ford's skill as a journalist. Printed on fine paper, with its many illustrations, this magazine is indeed a remarkable publication to come out of Honolulu. The blocks are made in the town, and the whole of the printing is done there. To bring out this periodical would keep most men fully employed, but Ford has so many other important things to do that he almost forgets he is editing it, and has to see it through in the early hours before the city is astir.

Alexander Hume Ford was born in Charleston, South Carolina, 53 years ago. His ancestors were amongst the earliest settlers there. On his mother's side he is descended from the Earls of Marchmont in Scotland. One of his forebears signed the Declaration of Independence, and was a close friend of George Washington in tent and in council chamber. Becoming first Governor of South Carolina, it was through his efforts that the Colony broke away from the British Empire, and threw in its lot with those in the North. Educated at the Porter Academy in Charleston, Ford early joined the staff of *The News and Courier* of that city. After

the famous earthquake he moved to New York, where he wrote plays in the spare time his newspaper allowed him. After travelling around for awhile, he settled in Chicago, joining the staff of *The Daily News*.

Whilst there he performed one of the first of what people regarded as his Quixotic acts. It was that, however, which laid the foundation for the work he has since done in the Pacific. He believed that the Rev. John Rusk, a Congregationalist minister, had been treated unjustly by his congregation because of his views and he therefore organized a militant church in Chicago. On the Board of Directors were Protestant clergymen, a Jewish Rabbi, a Catholic priest, and an Episcopalian Bishop. Agnostics were represented by Robert Ingersoll. The largest theatre in Chicago, the Columbia, was used for the church services, and it was here that Ingersoll preached his only sermon: "How to Reform Mankind." No one was asked to give any donation in money, but every member had to give two hours of his time at the call of the pastor for the good of humanity. The Church's motto was, "Deeds, not Creeds. Act in this world, theorise in the next." A hundred women pledged themselves to visit the police stations daily, and rescue any woman who expressed a desire to reform. Doctors gave free services in the police stations, and a hospital was organized in connection with the Church to care for alcohol and morphine addicts. There was a chorus of 200 voices and an orchestra of 50 in connection with the Church. Everyone gave his or her service free.

It was this experience which caused Mr. Ford to ask when he came to Honolulu why, if it were possible in Chicago to get men of all and no creeds to run an institutional Church, should not men of all races and religions be banded together to bring the nations of the Pacific into real cooperative effort for the advancement of the interests of all. The result of his work we see today in the Pan-Pacific Union, with its polyglot membership, its influential directorate, and its immense power for good.

In memory of Henry Stead an order known as the "Ministry of Friendship" has been organized by the Pan-Pacific Union. The first Minister of Friendship has been appointed, and every year that some genius of the Pacific rises above his fellows as a man who is deserving of the title—he will be created a Minister of Friendship.

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CANADA'S POET LAUREATE.

BLISS CARMAN.

(From Page 4)

"The crouching heart within me quails like a shuddering thing,

"As I turn on my pillow to the door;

"There in the chill-white dawn, when life is half withdrawn,

"Comes the dream-curdling wolf at my door."

I think that these verses plainly show that Carman's soul was tormented with no slight depression of spirits during the period of writing of "Behind the Arras." Whatever it was it laid hold of him with terrible, malignant tenacity, very difficult to shake off. Like Shakespeare after "King Lear," he finally rids himself of his dark mood, together with its cause with not a word of personal explanation, save this: "Once a life is fully conscious of that pulse which yearns and goads, doubt, fear and failure take their flight and cease to trouble. The physical side of personality is the only soil and substance through which the spiritual and intellectual life are reinforced. We are not wholly animal, but we are fundamentally so; and our spiritual strain which we so cherish and seek to cultivate, can never be made to grow away from its physical base and source. . . . There can be no saving the soul alive, either for men or nations, if the body be allowed to sicken in ignorance or neglect."

After passing through this period of storm and stress, the poet is oppressed by the overcrowded city and longs for the wilderness again. "I am too sick at heart," he says, "to war with failure any more," and he bursts out as follows:—

"Give me freedom, give me space,

"Give me open air and sky,

"With the clean wind in my face

"Where the quiet mountains lie.

"I am sick of roofs and floors,

"Naught will heal me but to roam;

"Open me the forest doors,

"Let the green world take me home.

"I am sick of streets and noise,

"Narrow ways and cramping creeds;

"Give me back the simpler joys;

"Nothing else my spirit needs.

"Give me three days' solitude,

"Sea or hill or open plain;

"And with all the earth renewed,

"I grow strong and glad and sane."

He must have obtained his desire, for henceforth we hear no more of the "Wolf, wolf, wolf," but on the other hand, he begins to publish a series of short exquisite lyrics, which raised his fame to a very high pinnacle. His recovered peace of mind can be shown vividly by quoting his "Morning in the Hills." I make no excuse for quoting this poem in full, for I do not know, in the whole range of North American literature, a more beautiful, or a more perfect example of verse:—

"How quiet is the morning in the hills:

"The stealthy shadows of the summer clouds

"Trail through the canyon, and the mountain stream

"Sounds his sonorous music far below,

"In the deep wooded wind enchanted clove.

"Hemlock and aspen, chestnut, beech and fir,

"Go tiering down from storm-worn crest and ledge.

"While in the hollows of the dark ravine

"See the red road emerge, then disappear

"Towards the wide plain and fertile valley lands.

"My forest cabin half-way up the glen
"Is solitary, save for one wise thrush,
"The sound of falling water, and the wind
"Mysteriously conversing with the leaves.

"Here I abide, unvisited by doubt,
"Dreaming of far-off turmoil and despair,
"The race of men and love and fleeting time,
"What life may be, or beauty, caught and held
"For a brief moment at eternal poise.

"What impulse now shall quicken and made live
"This outward semblance and this inward self?
"One breath of being fills the bubble world,
"Coloured and frail, with fleeting change on change.

"Surely some God contrived so fair a thing
"In a vast leisure of uncounted days,
"And touched it with the breath of living joy,
"Wondrous and fair and wise! It must be so.

In another beautiful lyric, "In the Heart of the Hills," the theme is much the same:—

"Then twilight falls with a touch
"Of a hand that soothes and stills,
"And a swamp robin sings into light
"The lone white star of the hills.

"Alone in the dusk he sings,
"And the joy of another day
"Is folded in peace and borne
"On the drift of the years away.

"But there in the heart of the hills,
"My beautiful weary one,
"Sleeps where he laid him down,
"And the large sweet night is begun."

From these beautiful and perfect nature poems Carman can turn at will to a passionate and sensuous love lyric, rarely if ever surpassed in recent literature.

"I loved you when the tide of prayer
"Swept over you, and kneeling there
"In the pale summer of the stars,
"You laid your cheek to mine.

"I loved you when the auroral fire
"Like the world's veriest desire,
"Burnt up, and as it touched the sea,
"You laid your limbs to mine.

"I loved you when you stood tip-toe
"To say farewell, and let me go
"Into the night from your laced arms,
"And laid your mouth to mine."

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Someone says that one would need to be both blind and deaf to all that poetry implies and means, to be insensible to the appeal of such verses. Their tenderness, as well as their perfect form, carry their appeal to the heart, and the poet achieves his purpose in writing them.

The love of nature, the love of women, and the poet only needs to add the love of country, to round off the great subjects of inspiration. Carman is equal to the occasion, and he takes another step, and the great patriotic "Ode on the Coronation of King Edward"—one of the really splendid works of his genius—gives its clarion call for all sons of Empire. I shall quote a few stanzas:—

"By prairie, swale and barren, by jungle and lagoon,
 "Where endless palm trees rustle and the creamy breakers croon,
 "By canon, ford and pass,
 "By desert and morass
 "In snows that stung like lashes, on seas like burning glass;
 "By every land and water beneath the great lone moon;
 * * * * *
 "Our fathers died for England at the outposts of the world;
 "Our mothers toiled for England where the settlers' smoke upcurled;
 "By packet, steam and rail,
 By portage, trek, and trail,
 "They bore a thing called honour in hearts that did not quail,
 "Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw their scarlet sign unfurled.
 "And little did they leave us of fame or land, or gold;
 "Yet they gave us great possessions in a heritage untold;
 "For they said, 'Ye shall be clean,
 "Nor ever false nor mean,
 "For God and for your country, and the honour of your Queen,
 "Till you meet the death that waits you with your plighted faith unsold.'
 "We have fought the long great battle of the liberty of man,
 "And only asked a goodly death uncraven in the van;
 "We have journeyed travel-worn, through envy and through scorn,
 "But the faith that was within us we have stubbornly upborne,
 "For we saw the perfect structure behind the rough-hewn plan.
 "We have toiled by land and river, we have laboured on the sea;
 "If our blindness made us blunder, our courage made us free.
 "We suffered or we throve, we delved and fought and strove;
 "But born to the ideals of order, law and love,
 "To our birthright we were ever loyal, and loyal shall ye be!
 * * * * *
 "By sea and plain and mountain will spread the larger creed—
 "The love that knows no border, the bond that knows no breed;
 "For the little world of right, must grow with truth and might,
 "Till monster-hearted Mammon and his sycophants take flight,
 "And vex the world no longer with rapine and with greed.

"O England, little mother by the sleepless northern tide,
 "Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust and pride,
 "Very tenderly we turn, with willing hearts that yearn,
 "Still to fence you, and defend you, let the sons of men discern,
 "Wherein our right and title, might, and majesty, reside.
 * * * * *
 "When you hear the princely concourse take up the word and sing,
 "And the Abbey of our fathers with their acclamations ring,
 "Knew well that, true and free,
 "By the changeless hearts decree,
 "On all the winds of heaven, and the currents of the sea,
 "From the verges of the Empire, will come 'God Save the King.'"

Mr. Hathaway says that this poem—the very existence of which is hardly known among us—ought to be put in the hands of every child and youth who speaks the English tongue for no other I dare maintain—nothing by Kipling, or Newbold, or any other of our Imperial singers, expresses more truly and more movingly the deep feeling of love and reverence which the very thought of England evokes in every son of hers, even though it may never have been his lot to see her white cliffs rise, or to tread her storied ground.

Some of the finest of Carman's work is contained in his memorial poems in which he commemorates Keats, Shelley,

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William Blake, Stevenson, and others for whom he has a kindred feeling, and also friends whom he has loved and lost. In the "White Gull," written for the centenary of the birth of Shelley, he thus apostrophizes that clear and shining spirit:

"O captain of the rebel host,
 "Lead forth and far;
 "Thy toiling troopers of the night
 "Press on the unavailing fight;
 "The sombre field is not yet lost,
 "With thee for star.
 "Thy lips have set the hail and haste
 "Of clarions free,
 "To huddle down the wintry verge
 "Of time forever, where the surge
 "Thunders and trembles on a waste,
 "And open sea."

I suppose it is, generally speaking, quite true that no great poet has been fully appreciated in his lifetime, nor ever will be. Even Keats and Shelley never knew the sweets of public approbation. Those writers who have been extravagantly and generally praised by their living contemporaries did not, as a rule, survive the succeeding generation. It is enough, therefore, if a few voices be uplifted to tell what they know. Dr. Lee, in his study of Canadian poetry written for a foreign university, ranks Carman's work unhesitatingly with the lyric utterances of the great immortals.

Perhaps, on the whole, Carman's chief distinction as a writer will lie with his nature poems. His title to consideration, however, does not lie solely in his having written "Morning in the Hills," and "In the Heart of the Hills," perfect as these poems are; it lies also in his having given birth to such powerful pieces of grim emotion as "In the Wings," such charming phantasies as "The Dustman," such weird northern ballads as the "Yule Guest," such exquisite light verse as "The Paper Moon," such passionate love songs as "I Loved You When the Tide of Prayer," such rollicking, happy-go-lucky snatches as "In the House of Idie-daily," such finely polished gems as sundry pieces in "The Sappho," and such impressive philosophical poems as "On Ponus Ridge."

Carman's technical mastery of his art reaches a high plane of perfection. He makes use of nearly all kinds of verse with almost equal facility. The imagination of the poet which would be extremely sensitive to the influence of his environment is wide reaching and full of colour; his fancy is fine and delicate; his diction is cultured and of wide range; and he possesses a gift of melodious versification, unequalled on this continent, save the work of Edgar Allan Poe. So much for the artist.

As for the man himself, we know that he is modest, reticent, and no literary log-roller. We know little of his likes or dislikes, and nothing of his inner life, except what he has revealed in his artistic work. The wealth of biographical detail about authors that Sir Robertson Nicholl is so fond of giving in the Bookman is altogether lacking in Carman's case. He has succeeded well, I think, in that was his design, in keeping his personality out of the limelight. There is much respecting him that we should be glad to know. He is a voluminous writer of both prose and verse, but he has had little to say about himself. Some of the short, finely polished dainty lyrics are probably autobiographical, reflecting transient moods; some are merry and joyful, others are infinitely sad; but all are beautiful.

What awful despair caused its author to pen the "Red Wolf," we probably shall never know, nor perhaps, is it any of our business, but notwithstanding our curiosity is not lightly to be ignored. The impression that Bliss Carman's

works makes upon his readers cannot be expressed in more appropriate words than those he himself makes use of in speaking of a rain-bird's song: "It is a strain that pierces to the heart and plays upon the soul. The world is renewed for us. We pass backward a thousand years to the morning of the world before care and sorrow were begotten, before ever we bethought ourselves of retrospect or inquiry."

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