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Devoted to COMMUNITY SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

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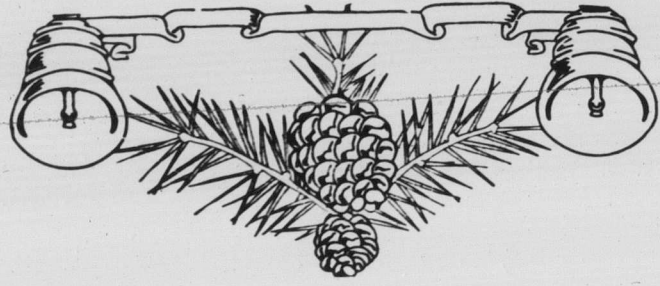
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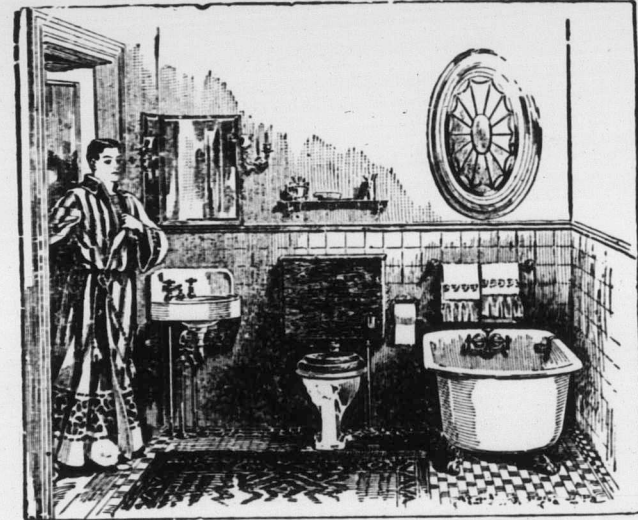
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With an Advisory Editorial
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Men and Women

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For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.
"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

VOLUME XXIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1924.

No. 2

Editorial Notes

IS THERE A "WIRELESS" COMMUNITY INFLUENCE that stimulates thought and leads to almost simultaneous expression of the same idea in various quarters? That reflection is prompted by the fact that the reference to excessive horse-racing programmes was scarcely published in the August British Columbia Monthly before we noticed exception being taken to racing by a number of public bodies, including Service Clubs, and likewise the daily press of Vancouver city. We are not suggesting that the criticism was begun by us—though we did not consciously get it from any other publication; but we are gratified to find each of the Vancouver "Dailies" come out in such plain language against this social evil. If it be suggested that in this case because of the lapse of time, the newspapers may have seemed to follow rather than to lead public opinion, we can only say that on not a few occasions, frequently indeed the editorial columns of the Dailies are expounding ideas and taking a stand which should commend their service to the community.

* * * * *

HERE'S TO THE B.C.E.R., AND ITS DIRECTORATE, MANAGEMENT AND SHAREHOLDERS! All of these alike should find lasting satisfaction in the Company's Capilano gift, just as, not Vancouver City only, but all the present municipalities—the future big "Metropolitan" area of the Terminal City—should have reasonable pride, in this action. Judging by what has appeared in the newspapers, and by Mayor Owen's letter of thanks, we think that Mr. George Kidd may well be proud of his Company.

* * * * *

MAYORS, REEVES, COUNCILLORS, CHIEF CONSTABLES, and others may differ in the opinions they express personally or through the press, as to the organization of a "Metropolitan" area for Water Supply, Police Supervision, etc., but surely it needs no superior vision to see that the inauguration of Boards of Supervision along these and other lines, is a natural and inevitable evolution inseparable from the healthy development of the great seaport of Vancouver and its neighbouring "hinterlands." When and How Best can it be done in this case and that, are the main questions that should fall to be considered in the not distant days in connection with the "County Council" unity in oversight and government that should be arranged.

* * * * *

CONSIDER THE TRAGIC DEATH OF JANET SMITH in this connection: Whether or not people generally accept as final the verdict given at the second inquest, even the man in the street must have concluded that the sequel to the death of that innocent and attractive nurse maid would likely have been altogether different had the matter been investigated at the outset by a trained and experienced detective—such as any "Metropolitan" district, worthy of the name, should have ready for dispatch at a moment's notice, by motor car or motor-cycle. (By the way, in view of the frequency of "hold-ups," and the continued difficulty and delays in tracing the criminals, it would be interesting to know how many such cars or motor cycles Vancouver City Police Force itself is equipped with?)



Mr. Vancouver: "These things certainly are a nuisance. I wish I knew (ahem!) where they are coming from."

BUT THE BUNGLING DISPLAYED in even elementary investigation, by the taking of things for granted on superficial evidence,—evidence which a schoolboy reader of detective stories would know a guilty person might provide,—without pausing long enough to find out if there was motive for suicide on the one hand, or cause for suspicion in any quarter on the other, reflects so badly on the community that the best justification for giving it the fullest publicity is that thereby anything similar in "police investigation" may be made practically impossible in town or country in all future time.

* * * * *

AFTER THE TWO INQUESTS it is not too much to say that the lack of reasonable caution in various procedure immediately following the report of the death of Janet Smith, not only obliterated what in these days of fingerprint and other tests might have been sources of positive evidence, but—assuming the gun were handled by someone who "did not know it was loaded,"—possibly prevented the fact being ascertained or acknowledged before the culprit had had time to get hardened to the temptation to adhere to another course, involving personal absence or silence as to what actually happened.

* * * * *

WITH ALL RESPECT TO THE VERDICT OF THE JURY at the second inquest, some folk who heard evidence in Court may still question if Janet Smith was either "wilfully murdered" or deliberately shot. That she did not commit suicide is certain. That it was almost if not altogether impossible for her to have shot herself accidentally, the carefully detailed evidence of experienced medical men practically proved. What other course may be conjectured?

* * * * *

MANY MINDS, MANY THEORIES, NO DOUBT: but in the absence of evidence—or confession—it may not be unreasonable to picture as possible that one not accustomed to

the use of such a deadly weapon, held it and playfully or with mock-seriousness approached Miss Smith to see how she would take the threat, "just for fun," etc.—and then!—was "scared" in more ways than one by the unexpected result. "I didn't know it was loaded" has been the remorseful cry of many a person, and that MAY have been what happened in this case.

* * * * *

LET US ASSUME FOR A MOMENT THAT ANY FRIEND of the young woman had looked into the laundry to examine the gun at her request: In the face of such an accident, how would he reason? If the circumstances would THEMSELVES suggest to others an ULTERIOR motive on his part, how should he explain the "accident" so as to satisfy the querulous and suspicious? Provided others knew of their open and unquestioned friendship, he might describe EXACTLY WHAT OCCURRED—and, overwhelmed with regret but unafraid, leave the judgment to the Powers-that-be, Divine and human. But if something similar happened with one who was practically a stranger—to say no more? . . .

(Readers will accept—and apply—that theory as they are minded.)

* * * * *

ONE OF THE MINOR BITS OF EVIDENCE was suggestive in this connection—though as far as we noted, it was not emphasized elsewhere. The doctor who performed the post mortem examination, mentioned that he found discoloration on the FOREFINGER of the LEFT hand, and he explained how he had sought or found means of taking it off. In explanation of the cause of that marking it was suggested that the deceased might have been touching the oil-charged wheels of the clothes washing or wringing machine. But what would be more natural than for a person who had a gun pointed to-

wards him or her to lift the arm or hand in self-protection, and say by word or action—"Don't!" Whether one lifted the right hand or the left would depend on the DIRECTION in which the other person approached, and also, of course, on whether only one hand was free. If Janet Smith was engaged ironing—and from the evidence that is the belief—may not the discoloration on the forefinger of her LEFT hand have been powder markings? The place and direction of the bullet wound also support the theory that the revolver was held in the RIGHT hand of another person.

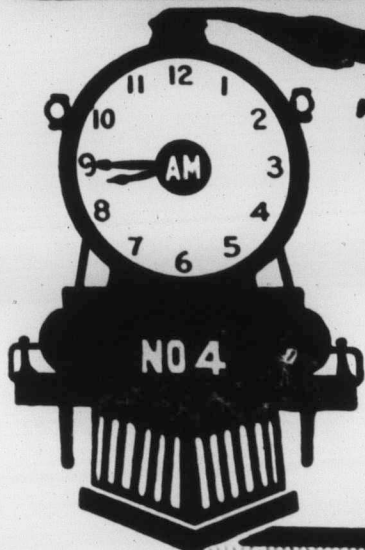
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WHATEVER ELSE FOLLOWS FROM THE DEATH of this nursemaid, who, while having a lightsomeness of disposition common to her years, was,—as the most searching evidence proved,—a young Scotswoman of blameless character, it may be assumed that it will lead to more care being exercised by "returned men" and others as to the use of firearms. Mr. F. L. Baker frankly explained how he had come to leave the revolver as he did, and in so far as he was blameworthy in that, he and his have undergone a good deal of trying publicity as a consequence.

* * * * *

APART FROM THE ACTUAL WORDING of the verdict at the second inquest, it will be generally recognized that the Scottish Societies of Vancouver are to be congratulated in that they were not content to let the case rest where the altogether unfortunate previous proceedings had left it. It is also matter for satisfaction that arrangements are being made to express in a practical way sympathy with the parents of the late Janet Smith—of whose dutiful disposition evidence was also forthcoming in her commendable mindfulness financially of her home folk.

Canadian Pacific Railway



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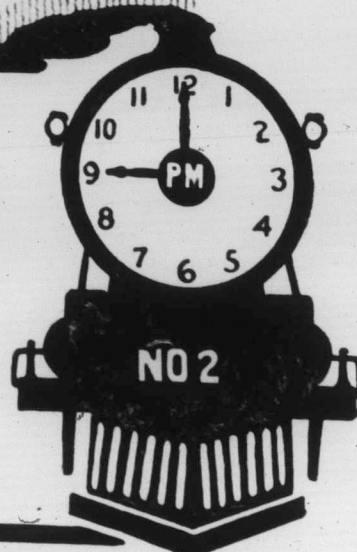
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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL NOTES	1
CARTOON (Re Racing)— By E. R. McTaggart	1
"THE GREAT TRAIL RIDERS'FEAST" By Robert Allison Hood	3
THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER: Abra- cadabra	5
EDUCATIONAL NOTES: By Spectator..	6
THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF GOOD- NESS: By Prin. W. H. Smith, D.D.,...	7
A PROMINENT PIONEER PASSES: The late Mr. James McQueen.....	8
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF VANCOU- VER INSTITUTE: Mr. W. R. Dunlop..	9
A POEM: By Edwin Enoch Kinney.....	9
SEPTEMBER EXHIBITION OF THE VANCOUVER SKETCH CLUB: By Alice M. Winlow	10
A NEW NOVEL BY ROBERT WAT- SON	11
RADIO: By Tykler Koyle.....	12
NEW FABLES BY SKOOKUM CHUCK: (R. D. Cumming)—VIII: Sinbad, the Husband	13

The Great Trail Riders' Feast

By Robert Allison Hood

Author of "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester," "The Quest of Alistair," Etc.

There are folk who love the mountains but are quite content to thread their way through the forest about their slopes or along the rocky trails that mark them higher up without burning to conquer with rope and ice axe high inaccessible peaks. There are folk, too, by whom the great out-of-doors cannot be enjoyed to the full without the companionship of man's best friend. To many of these the organization of The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies came as a piece of news that was almost too good to be true and it was a group of real enthusiasts who gathered on the 17th of July at Takkakaw Falls in the Yoho Valley to have their part in the first Pow Wow, which had been arranged by the capable secretary, Mr. J. Murray Gibbon. East from Ottawa and Montreal and London, England, North from Chicago, Washington and Philadelphia, South from Edmonton and West from Vancouver they came, bearing outfits of divers shapes and colours and duly equipped for the trail.

The writer was borne in ignominiously in an automobile by the fine road that has been made along by the Kicking Horse and up the Yoho ascending at one part by a switchback that is a fine piece of highway making. He had ordered his horse from Field with the idea of riding in as became a proper trail rider but it appeared the animal had been sent on to Takkakaw so there was nothing for it but to accept transportation on four wheels. There were some compensating circumstances, however, for the clouds were now lowering thick about the head of Cathedral Mountain and the rapids of the turbulent Yoho had taken on a sombre and sullen hue that promised ill. By the time that our car swung round into the camp, rain was coming down heavily, and fresh from the softness of the city, one may have had a sneaking relief that the twelve miles of the trip lay behind one rather than before.

The little wooden bungalows grouped in the wide clearing about the larger building which served as an eating lodge and general social centre were picturesque enough amid their green setting, but more so the cluster of white tepees which were to shelter the Trail Riders during their stay. As we drew up, the Secretary was on hand to meet us and quickly led us to the Sundance Lodge, a huge tent which had been gaily painted with divers animals and figures by the stalwart Indian who stood to welcome us by the doorway. From the rain which was now pouring outside, its pictured interior was warm and inviting and here we were duly enrolled in the membership, those of us who could show the required record of fifty miles or more traversed on horseback within the zone of the Rockies laid down in the Constitution, which is a formidable document framed so as to awe the tenderfoot into a state of mind properly humble.

The rest of the day until evening was spent in making the acquaintance of the

other trailrangers. Colonel Moore in a brilliant coat of many colours made a genial host and his efforts were well seconded by Mrs. Moore. Rain continued all afternoon but it did not dampen the good spirits of the gathering which was swelled continually by new arrivals on horseback dripping, indeed, but the reverse of downhearted. Dinner in the big eating tent was a jolly affair and at the big tables red man sat down with white and the dusky faces lent a picturesque touch

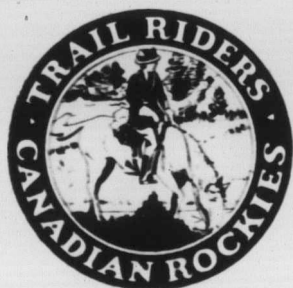
of contrast to the scene. After supper, solitary figures in the dusk could be observed furtively repairing from somewhere behind the eating tent to the tepees carrying big bundles in their arms. It was a weird enough sight but it was only the riders taking up their beds in the shape of downy piles of these red C. P. R. blankets, whose softness is like a benediction, to provide against the chill night air of the mountains.

The rain had somewhat abated when at eight o'clock we gathered in Sundance Lodge for the Pow Wow, a goodly company of over two hundred of all nationalities and ages. Some were ranged on benches encircling the tent, some on blocks of wood but the majority squatted Indian fashion on the carpet of spruce boughs, scorning aught that savoured of the luxuries of cities. After the distinguished President, Dr. Walcott, head of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, had given his opening address, the Secretary read the proposed constitution of the new order and the names of the executive put forward by the nominating committee, which were unanimously adopted. An amendment to the former was passed whereby the requirement of a record of having ridden fifty miles on horseback in the Rockies was modified to permit of the applicant for membership

qualifying by a mileage made on foot by the side of a horse. This it was explained, was to enable any guide who was not in the habit of riding while on the trails, to qualify but it occurs to me that it provides a convenient loophole for the tenderfoot who feels safer off the back of a horse than on to enter this society as a bona fide trail rider without doing violence either to his nerves or to his anatomy. Well, why not? We cannot all be Buffalo Bills and it must needs be a humanizing and ennobling experience for anyone even to lead a horse fifty miles in the mountains.

A song sheet specially prepared for the occasion had been handed round, and, led by Miss Frances James, of Montreal, everyone sang and the tent was soon filled with melody. The "Song of the Yoho," to the tune of the old Gaelic boatman's song, "Fhir a Bhata" was peculiarly appropriate as one heard in the pauses in the program the deep thunder of the waters of Takkakaw in their twelve hundred foot cataract:

"The Falls are roaring down to the river
The spray is drifting before the breeze:



My hands are upturned to greet the Giver,
 Who framed the mountains and forest trees.
 Takkakaw and the foaming Yoho,
 Where'er I roam I'll return to thee.

That the songs were not all as solemn as this is proved by the one about the moving-picture star, who when asked by the guide where she meant to start her fifty miles to qualify as a trail rider

"answered with a freezing air
 'I ride upon a rocking chair'
 And she said she went a-riding
 The livelong day!
 A-riding, a-riding, a-riding where the Rockies are,
 She said she went a-riding the livelong day."

There were many good speeches from famous people about which there is not space to tell. Mrs. Julia Henshaw, in a coat of buckskin, told how once out gathering rare specimens of the mountain wild flowers about which she writes and lectures so acceptably, she met a grizzly face to face but did not wait to improve the acquaintance; another lady told of having paid her first visit to the Rockies in 1889 and said she had been coming every year since. Captain Russell and Mr. R. S. Stronach as representatives of the national parks, made their contribution to the good cheer of the evening. Then Tom Wilson was called upon, Tom Wilson discoverer of the Yoho and pioneer of Rocky Mountain Guides of whom it has been written:

"when at night to camp he came, his ammunition spent
 He played black-jack and poker with the grizzlies in his tent."

Tom was evidently a man of deeds more than words and was brief though humorous and pithy in his remarks.

Not least of the enjoyable events of the evening was a war dance given by Chief Buffalo Child, Long Lance and Chief Walking in the Road, the former especially a most imposing figure as he must have measured seven feet to the tip of his head dress. As one listened to the awe-inspiring staccato cries with which the dancers accompanied their weird posturing one could conjure up some dim realization of the terror that must have been called forth by such sounds to white captives of the Red Man in pioneer times.

The rain was still coming down heavily as we took our way to the tepees after "Auld Lang Syne," humming the refrain:

"And deep in the Rockies our camp we shall pitch,
 A tent for our palace in happiness rich,
 And there round the fire in a jovial ring
 Our tales we shall tell and our songs we shall sing."

Unfortunately in our particular tent, we had not thought of collecting fuel for a fire so we had to do without one. Perhaps it was just as well, however, as there was always the possibility that our chimney at the top would not draw. It might well be that, to get the best out of it, life in a tepee required some experience. However, my tentmate, Frederick Niven and I lay awake for some time and in spite of the lack of a fire, snug under our blankets, swapped tales and experiences to the soft accompaniment of the rain pattering on the tent and the louder ceaseless booming of the Falls half a mile away.

In the morning we saw the snow had been falling on the slopes nearby though not in our valley and the sight whetted our appetite as we gathered in the big tent and discussed porridge, bacon and eggs and pancakes and syrup.

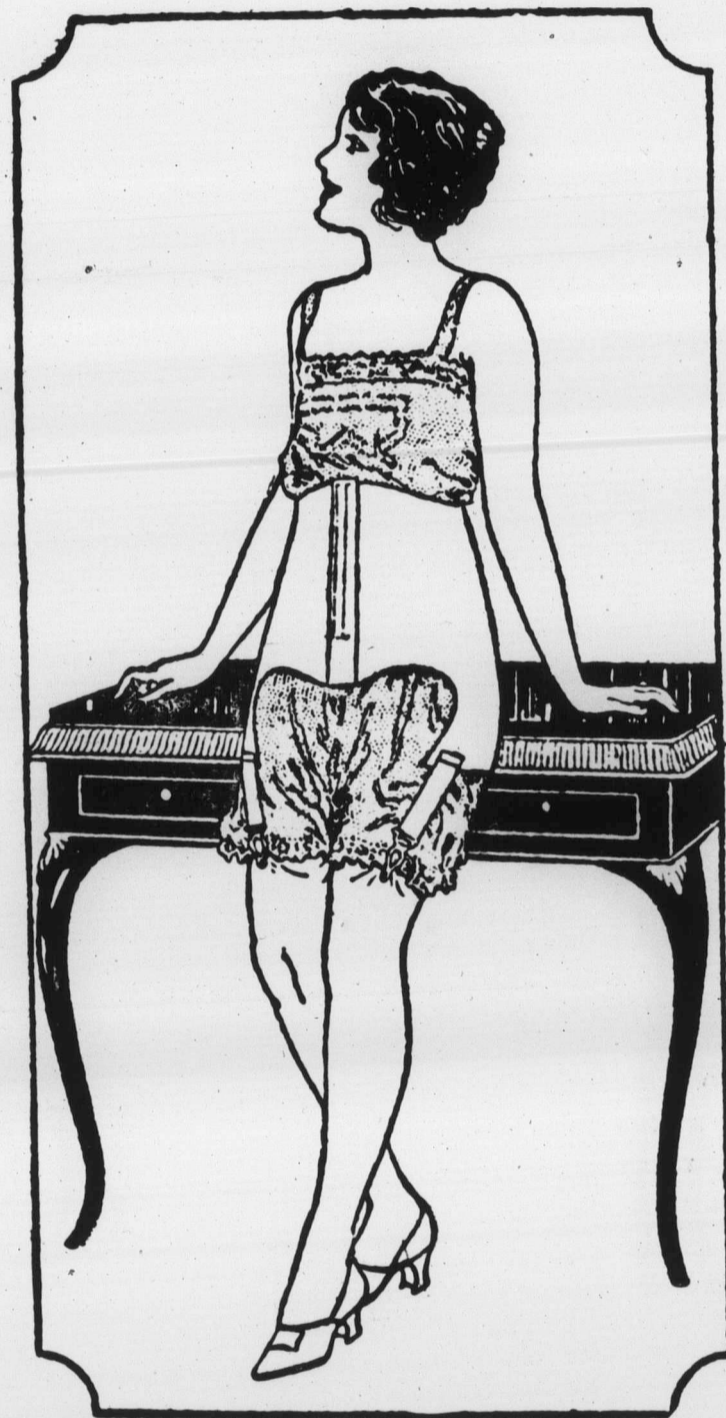
After breakfast we all gathered outside and with due ceremony a bronze tablet was unveiled bearing a bust of Tom Wilson who was duly photographed by the "movie men" in attendance. Then it was "boots and saddles to horse and away."

There were about seventy-five riders started on the ride up the valley to the Yoho Glacier. At first, we rode by fours while the trail was wide but soon we began to ascend and then

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it was in single file. The horses were a fine bunch and of a fair size and seemed to know their job, so that it was little trouble to guide them. The trail wound along, ever ascending, so that one could usually see a line of riders defiling above and, looking down, there was another below. Over mountain streams it went and rustic bridges and through timber. By noon we had reached Twin Falls (one of which has unfortunately gone dry) and we stopped for lunch in the valley opposite them in a clearing where had been erected some rough buildings. It was pleasant to stretch ones limbs on terra firma again and the horses, too, seemed to be glad of a rest after their journey. But the climbing we had done was as nothing to what was before us and we were soon off again winding in and out but for the most part ascending. The horse I rode was called Satan but he was not at all Satanic in disposition as we got along splendidly. So I remarked to Madge MacBeth, riding in front of me, who retorted unkindly that that was no proof as perhaps we might be two of a kind. When we got up out of the timber, however, there was no temptation to small talk as the grandeur of the prospects was awe-inspiring. At Lookout Point one gazed in wonder across a tremendous chasm to the Glacier shining on the other side. It was showering now but the sky was lit up in parts with shafts of light that relieved the sombreness of the scene.

Soon we began to descend and our horses threaded their careful way down the rocky slopes, often on narrow ledges about a foot in width where a slip would have meant a fall of perhaps a thousand feet with nothing to stop one. We crossed the rocky beds of glacial streams and saw the heather blooming cheerfully in these wastes of wilderness. Down and down and down by corkscrew curves on slopes precipitous until at last far below us we could see our tepees like white pebbles dotting the green clearing of the camp. Another fifteen minutes and we were down there, some a little stiff



Tom Wilson snapped with the President and Secretary.
Dr. Walcott (centre), J. Murray Gibbon (left)

perhaps, but safe and sound and hungry for supper and full of the joy of achievement. With which ended the inaugural feast of the new organization. Long may it flourish to tempt you city dwellers from your pavements and you whose lot lies in the plains to seek once a year the grandeurs of the mountains and "string your souls to silence for a space." To quote the last verse of the fine poem of greeting which Bliss Carman wrote and sent for this occasion:

May no foot want for a stirrup,
No prayer nor adventure fail
And the Master Guide go with you
Is the word from the Moccasin Trail.

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

THE PROPOSED SAW-OFF

The proposed "saw-off" reported in the Vancouver "Star" by the dropping of the petitions under the Controverted Election Act in the constituencies of North Vancouver and Mackenzie, is evidently not going to materialize. This is well.

At any time the practice is a vicious one. No elected member should be allowed to escape the consequences of an improper election simply because another member is equally guilty with him or more guilty than he. When every candidate knows that he will have to face the consequences of illegal practices without question, the political atmosphere will be purer. The history of Federal Election protests in Canada is a sufficient proof of the evils of the "saw-off" plan.

In addition to this principle there is another phase to be considered. In North Vancouver the charges mainly deal as the press reports give them, with the improper handling of the "absentee" vote. In Mackenzie the question is more one of failure of the election machinery to operate or an attempt to take advantage of the errors and deficiencies of the Returning Officer and his deputies, strange to say, by the Party who appointed them.

One contest aims to show no poll in certain districts, the other that proper ballots were improperly dealt with. Self evident no case for saw-off except on the low ground of party expediency.

* * * * *

NORTH OKANAGAN

A very interesting contest is being now staged in the North Okanagan Riding or Electoral District of British Columbia. K. C. Macdonald recently elected in the general election now seeks endorsement as Provincial Secretary.

Opposed to him is the Conservative candidate, Mr. Cochran, one of the older residents of the district and a prominent lawyer.

Both are good men. The interest in the contest arises from two things. First, that Macdonald though elected, polled just one third of the total poll in the General Election and has to figure on whether a Portfolio and Cabinet Representation is sufficient to turn a 33 1-3 per cent vote into a majority vote in a straight two-party contest. Secondly, as Mr. Macdonald's defeat would mean that the Liberal Government could not carry on, the result has a general interest which would not otherwise attach. Hence also Hon. J. D. McLean's umbrage at a contest.

It is quite unsafe to predict what will happen in by-elections where one does not know the electorate even if one might venture a prediction where he did know—a still dangerous task—but one wonders if Hon. J. D. McLean will have language sufficient and suitable for the occasion if the electors of North Okanagan should commit the further "umbrage" of defeating Mr. Macdonald.

By the way, does any politician get anywhere by denouncing the decision of any body of people to do what the constitution under which they live gives them full right to do.

Judged by his peevishness, Hon. J. D. McLean does not expect a victory.

* * * * *

JANET SMITH

If one accepts at par the medical evidence given at the second inquest as the jury evidently did, suicide is not a solution of the "mystery." All one hears now is about the

(Concluded on Page 16)

Educational Notes

(By Spectator)

Mr. James H. Packham, B. A., has resigned the mathematical mastership of the collegiate institute, Owen Sound, Ontario, after forty years' service. Mr. Packham was not only a teacher of ability in mathematics, but one whose qualities as a Christian gentleman endeared him to many hundreds of young men and women who had the good fortune to be educated in an institution which for many years held foremost place among the secondary schools of the premier province. As a citizen Mr. Packham was always ready to lend active aid in the furtherance of a good cause, and his faithfulness as church worker, and especially as Sunday School superintendent, proved an inspiring influence to young and old. In British Columbia, as in other parts of Canada, and also in the United States, he will long be held in affectionate remembrance. On his retirement the Owen Sound school board voted him a gratuity marking their sense of the value of his labors and influence, and his former pupils have under consideration plans to express their appreciation in tangible and substantial form.

* * * * *

To the economist who fain would transfer the burden of the cost of schools from the municipalities to the provincial government, Honest John has given a ready answer. The Prime Minister is sufficiently harassed by the burdens he is now staggering under, and is no mood to assume those heretofore borne legitimately and not unsuccessfully by others. Nor it is likely that he covets the administration of matters scholastic in every little district in the province, for he is shrewd enough to know that he who pays the piper calls the tune. With the passing away of local support there would also be the passing away of local management and control. The army of bureaucrats would be increased, and in all probability bureaucratic inefficiency would not be slow to show itself. And, after all, how much richer should we be? How much should we save by closing our eyes and extracting the money from the left pocket, instead of keeping them open and taking the money from the right. The Provincial Government has no miraculous means of turning a tap and causing an unending stream of golden dollars to issue forth. What it does not acquire by the sale of goodly portions of our heritage it directly or indirectly extracts from the pockets of the citizens. It may be more pleasant to be parted from one's money through an intermediary, rather than to produce it directly, but the effect is the same. Local support and local control, aided by the guiding hand and the financial contributions of the Educational department, have proved a very good system, one that has prevailed throughout Canada for generations past, one that is likely to prevail for centuries to come.

* * * * *

For many centuries the people of Tyre and Sidon were the world's carriers by sea and land. They enriched themselves by trade, and with their merchandise they distributed instruments of civilization to many a land. But their light went out, and they have left only a memory to point a moral or adorn a tale.

Not so some of their pupil states. The Jew, the keenest of traffickers, has bestowed on the world the priceless gift of the sacred scriptures and Christianity itself. The Greek, an adventurous trader and colonizer, has left us a literature, a philosophy, art and architecture that in many respects the modern world has not surpassed, or even measured up to.

With these nations commerce and manufacture have been, not an end, but a means. In our own day the rich civilization

of the British Isles has been conditioned on manufacture and trade.

Vancouver promises to become, in the not distant future, one of the world's greatest trading centres. Manufacture will follow quickly on the heels of trade. The riches of East and West will be found piled up in the capacious warehouses lining her docks. But will Vancouver be the child of Tyre, or rather the child of Palestine and Greece?

The omens are favorable. The current has begun to flow in the right direction. To Mrs. Rounsefell the children of Vancouver owe the gift of a splendid playground. The memory of the late Mr. Braid will be kept bright by his solicitude for the welfare of the blind. The bounty of the new proprietors of the "Province" newspaper has transformed Victory Square, changing it in two short months from an eyesore to a thing of beauty, refreshing alike to body and mind. Lieutenant Governor Nichol, formerly proprietor of the same paper, has given a large sum of money to provide scholarships to enable bright graduates of our Provincial university to proceed to France, to make a study of French speech, French literature, French institutions, with a view to cultivating a spirit of mutual understanding and friendship that shall make for the progress and peace of the world. And now comes the princely gift of the Capilano canyons and their romantic banks from the British Columbia Electric Railway Company to the people of Vancouver, in order that to the end of time the young and the old of the great city may feel the peace and beauty of romantic Nature, and experience their power of restoration to wearied body and jaded spirit. With such manifestations of altruism conditioned on business prosperity our rosy-fingered morning promises us in due time the fullest blaze of noonday.

* * * * *

Again the British Association for the Advancement of Science has met in Canada, and again the intellectual life of Canada has been brought into closest touch with the very latest scientific knowledge and achievement, and has felt the inspiration which comes from personal contact alone.

In the deliberations of this great society Canada was not a silent partner. Men like Dr. Banting, discoverer of insulin, came bearing gifts.

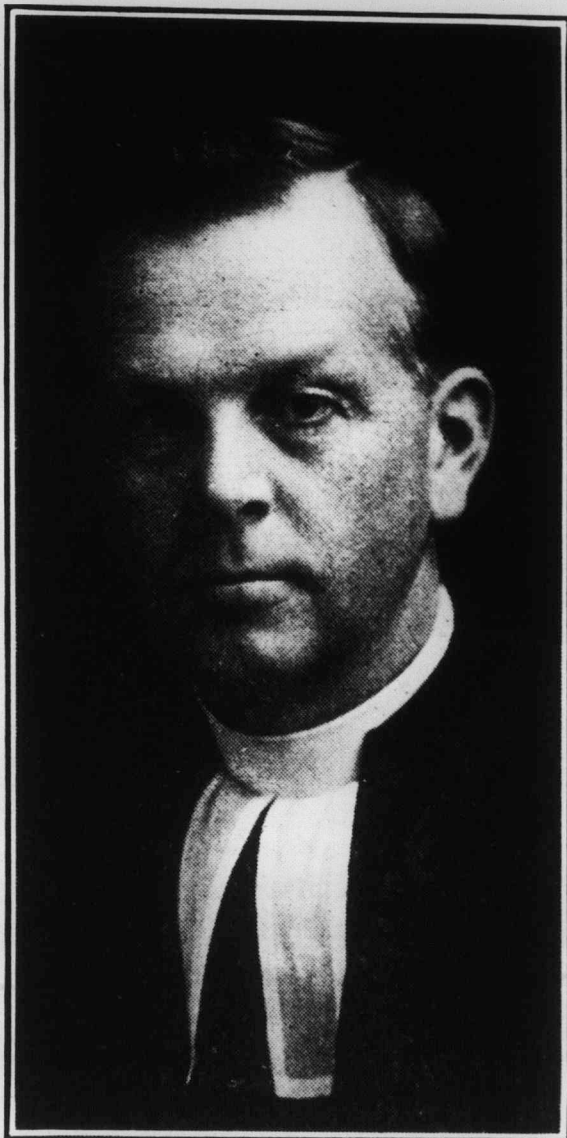
But even Homer nods. This will almost inevitably happen if Homer forgets himself, steps out of his own proper sphere, and there essays the oracle. Some members of the Association, even before reaching the Middle West, had arrived at the conclusion that the Fathers of Confederation were idle dreamers, that Confederation was a web of gossamer. Geography had decreed that the great Dominion, extending from Sea to Sea, and from the St. Lawrence to the Pole, must break up into a number of separate states more or less insignificant and impotent.

These wise men have evidently forgotten for the moment that matter is subordinate to mind, that apart from mind it has no existence, that it is merely a manifestation of mind. The dominating mind of Canada has already gone far to conquer Geography. East and West are bound together by bands of steel. The steamship, the airship, the automobile, the telephone, the telegraph, wireless telegraphy, the radio,—each contributes to the tightening of the bond. Greatest of all is the directly human contribution,—commerce, religion, the ties of blood, the peopling of the great waste places. If the distant and diverse parts of Canada cannot be knit together by bonds like these, then farewell to the British Empire itself.

The Final Triumph of Goodness

(By Principal W. H. Smith, D. D.)

The Apostle Paul in one of his great messages to the Church at Rome, when dealing with the conflict raging in the world and the human heart assured the Children of God that ALL THINGS work together for good to them that love God. He states this on the ground of personal conviction, "We know." But to many weak Christians this great saying has seemed a hard saying, too good to become the guiding star of their lives. It would have been easier to believe if Paul had said SOME THINGS, or even MANY THINGS.



Had he gone so far as to say MOST THINGS it would be regarded as reasonable, for there is so much in the world and life which promises success to goodness, that, if some things were not clear, they would be regarded as within the realm of probability. But when he declares that "all things work together for good," instantly we think of many things which worked disaster without a single redeeming feature as far as we can see. Illustrations abound on every hand. The real difficulty arises from the fact that the ordinary idea of good and Paul's idea of good are not the same, and, instead of trying to see things from his view-point, we persist in thinking our definition is the proper one to consider. Before we disagree with the message, we must understand what it is.

Take that word "good": In what sense does Paul use it? If we were asked to define the word we would be inclined to say that it means several things which minister to our enjoyment, success or power in this world. The good is whatever helps us to get what we want. But we cannot read Paul's works without feeling that he is not thinking of these things at all. As a matter of fact in one place he tells us he counts all these worldly things as dross in the presence of one great reality, the personal knowledge of Christ. Paul does not despise earthly possessions or privileges, but he evaluates them.

Take wealth: Many regard this as the one good of life. They seek it at any cost and when they get it the question remains, Is it a good for them? Some find wealth a great blessing but some find it a great curse. In itself it is non-moral. What it will mean to any individual depends upon the ideal and spirit of the individual. In itself it is not a good, or blessing. One may have it without any real gain or help.

The same is true of pleasure: Many seek this as if it were the one good of life. To some, enjoyment of life and gifts is a blessing, but to others pleasure is a step toward ruin. And so with all that belongs to this world.

What does Paul mean by good? It has almost a technical meaning and reminds us of its use in Greek Philosophy. It is something ultimate, eternal, spiritual, which remains when all lower values fail. If it is regarded as Christian character,

Christian experience, the knowledge of God, perfection of life and fellowship, the message is clear. It is that reality which everyone that seeks, finds, and when he finds he is aware that it is unique. It never ruins or destroys any life nor does its pursuit or enjoyment ever weaken, debauch or destroy real happiness or efficiency. There are no disappointments or reactions. It brings no discounts, failures or tragedies. The good in Paul's sense is that possession of Christian life which brings eternal values and hence heavenly riches. The good may be an abiding reality if all earthly possessions, pleasures or honors be swept away. It is not conditioned by earthly facts or lost in earthly disasters. The poorest may have it, and all may know its abiding reality.

Paul assures us that all things work together for good to them that love God. It is not a universal but a conditioned promise. To have this promise fulfilled, demands that we love God.

Turn to that word love, for here many go astray in their thinking. There are two Greek words for love in the New Testament, a lower and a higher; one belonging to the realms of the affections and emotions, the other including the Will.

We are often told that we cannot make ourselves love others, Love cannot be commanded. And yet it is commanded both in the Old Testament and the New. We are commanded to love one another. It is the will of God that we love. We cannot command ourselves to love in the lower sense where emotions respond to something which appeals to these emotions and feelings. But we can love in the higher sense of will, that is we can bring our lives into right relations with God, can serve others, can see that the right things are done, can fulfil the conditions which result in love and obedience.

This is Paul's position: Those who love God are those who are striving to bring themselves into right relations to God, to do His will in the world. They are co-workers with God. As the chief good of life is to be like Christ, those who are seeking to do His will are those to whom this great promise is given. Paul could say that all the things which come to those who are making Christ the object of their life work together toward this goal. Everything which befalls the Christian will contribute to his Christian destiny. This is Paul's message. It is universal to the Christian. Things which confuse the worlding, which result in disappointment, which turn the selfish into atheists and paralyze faith and hope in the doubter, bring the Christian on his way toward God.

How does it work out in experience? There are two things to be said. First, It is a matter of history and testimony that hardships, sorrows, losses, bereavements are found to make the real Christian more like Christ. He endures; but more, he overcomes, and feels that God is working out a richer experience. The Christian man may not be able to realize his ambitions in service, but he feels it is good that high ideals are in his heart, and he is the better for these ideals even if he cannot attain them here. He wages an unceasing warfare with evil, and may not see the day of victory,

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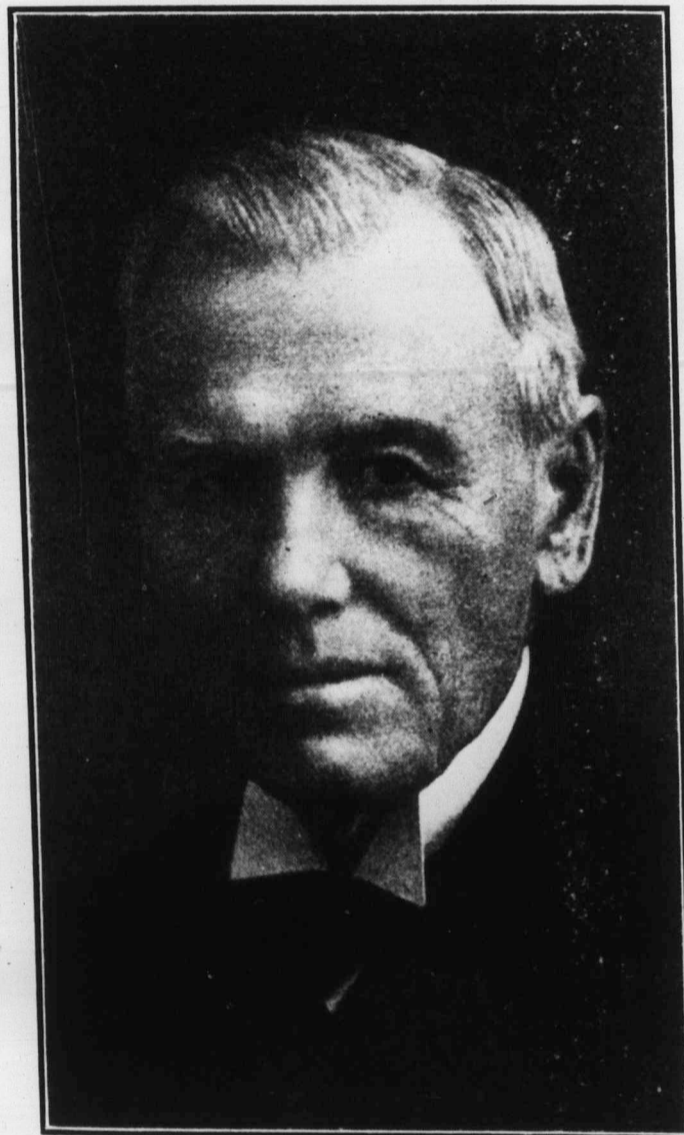
but the very fight welded him to the brotherhood of the conquering spirit, and he is the better for the fight.

Second, there are several things which bear directly upon the life of the spirit, and as such are not matters of observation. When a man is instantly killed, we may regard it as a calamity from our point of view, but so far as he is concerned it is a forward step toward the goal of Christian idealism. Many of the tragedies of the world are of this type. Again many of the wider, cosmic upheavals, such as plagues, natural calamities, have a much wider bearing than individual relations. It is evident that anything even in its horror which arouses society to eliminate the causes of pain, suffering, war, accident or avoidable trouble in the long run work out the ideal, which is the heart of Christian experience. Many things can only be viewed in this wider range, and may well be left in the realm of faith rather than of observation.

This great message alone provides a working philosophy

of life. Any other view inevitably means defeat and disaster for the best. This is the guarantee that in the end goodness will triumph. Paul does not imply that everything in itself is good. He claims all things work together for good. The sum total of nature yields a system in which life and beauty abound. Many of the individual things are very trying. So in grace. The sum total of experience yields a system favourable to the development of Christian character. Many of the experiences are very trying, but the true Christian has experience enough to believe that these are part of a great plan, working out the eternal purpose of God. There may be many things we cannot understand, but we believe that the Eternal mind and purpose of God are higher than human attainment; and further, that any plan, working toward perfection, will necessarily have elements beyond our present knowledge. In this higher realm faith brings both assurance and abiding peace. One day Hope will issue in Knowledge.

A Prominent Pioneer Passes



For a city Vancouver is very young, being only 38 years old. But as that period forms a large portion of the adult years of even long-lived folk, it is inevitable that the passing of pioneers should become a fairly common occurrence in these years of grace.

Among pioneers of Vancouver city, well-known and highly respected for their personal worth and for their works' sake, perhaps

none was more outstanding than the late Mr. James McQueen, formerly of Haro Street, and latterly of Laurier Avenue. A man of ripened experience when he came to Vancouver, he put in over a quarter of a century of active service in connection with various social, educational, and other institutions, including the City Council itself, the Hospital Board, Westminster Hall (the Presbyterian College), and St. Andrew's church, etc.

Of strong convictions and an able speaker, he was an uncompromising opponent of all that was detrimental to public or private welfare, and it may fairly be said that he was a stalwart, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. Born in Eastern Canada of a sturdy stock, Mr. McQueen was not without interest in the former place of origin of the McQueens, in Lanarkshire, Scotland.

While he was a man whom it was a satisfaction and pleasure to come into contact with in a public way, it was more of a privilege to be among those who knew him in an intimate friendly way. It happens that personal acquaintance of former years was, in the case of the editor of this magazine, supplemented by a cousinly relationship (through marriage); and so for years he was among those happy in

the exchange of social meetings with this strong soul and his home circle.

Like most folk beyond the allotted span, Mr. McQueen had reminiscences of various kinds, and one of his stories of special interest—especially to Scottish-born Canadians—had to do with his notes and recollections of a trip to the south of Scotland in 1867 when he visited the McQueens of Midlock, whose farm had on one occasion been visited by King Edward when he was the guest of Lord Colebrooke in the hunting season. Mr. McQueen's personal impressions of the Old Country and of conditions as he found them, supplemented by a record made at the time, were naturally of particular interest to those whose relatives were still resident there.

Of this pioneer's living and up-to-date concern in all that effected the social, political and Christian life of Vancouver and British Columbia, there is no need to write. It is enough to say that he was of that strong-minded and healthy type who retain wholesome interest in the continued progress of this world's affairs, while earnestly alert to the viewpoints and visions that are sanely associated with citizenship in that restful "Beulah-land," experience in which many believe with John Bunyan, is the most fitting prelude to entrance into that Fuller Life to which what we call death is but "the Gate."

At the funeral service Rev. Dr. E. D. McLaren, formerly minister of St. Andrew's church, Vancouver, gave the short address, and Rev. Dr. R. G. MacBeth, and Rev. Principal Smith also took part. Compliments are unbecoming about such a service, but it is a simple fact to say that in fluent and fitting expression on such occasions, Dr. McLaren is unexcelled. In choice language he can outline a character or career and at the same time, in his survey, lead the minds of the friends assembled to thoughts of death that are at once comforting and inspiring. On this occasion Dr. McLaren did indeed touch on a question of interpretation which is of general interest as to the condition of the personality immediately following death and of which more might be welcomed from him and others. . . . Then, in closing his address the doctor, who is himself among the prominent pioneers of Vancouver city, recalled the beautiful injunction at the end of W. C. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" or "View of Death",—lines which may well linger in the memories of those who value fine thought, finely expressed:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.



Rev. Dr. David G. McQueen, of Edmonton, the youngest and only surviving brother of Mr. McQueen, was also present at the funeral. In connection with Mr. James McQueen's passing, it is worth while recalling that as late as 1912 there were four brothers of the family present as Elders or minister at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church held at Edmonton. They formed a notable group. Dr. D. G. McQueen, who was Moderator of the General Assembly that year, as noted above, is the only one of the four brothers now surviving. It happened that the editor of this Magazine attended that Assembly—even then we foresaw that in

many ways the interests of the great grain-growing Province of "Sunny Alberta" and those of the Province of British Columbia, would become inseparable—and at the time we had a picture made of Dr. McQueen in his Moderator's robes, which picture it seems opportune to reproduce here. Dr. McQueen is well known throughout the province of Alberta, and indeed in the whole Canadian West, as one of the Western Canadian Presbyterian pioneers.

Having been the youngest of a family of ten, Dr. McQueen is considerably the junior of the brother regard for whom brought him back to Vancouver for the funeral within a fortnight after his return to Edmonton from the Coast.

—D. A. C.

A POEM

A Poem should be like a spring
 With a pellucid beauty fraught,
 Where to the mind's eye words may bring
 The depth and clearness of the thought;
 Or like a clear on-flowing stream,
 Its pebbled banks with moss o'ergrown,
 With shady pools and moonlight gleam,
 And with music of its own.

—EDWIN ENOCH KINNEY

The New President of Vancouver Institute

The Vancouver Institute, organized some years ago, is now one of the leading institutions in the city under the auspices of which lectures on various literary, scientific and other subjects, have been given on Thursday evenings during the winter months in the Physics Room of the buildings at present used by the University.

The lectures are usually of a popular as well as educational kind, and the attendance has often so crowded the available accommodation that it has sometimes been cause for regret that it was not possible to arrange to have them given in a larger and more central hall.

Mr. W. R. Dunlop, who is the president of the Institute for the 1924-25 season, is well known in Vancouver literary circles. Like many other men prominent in the life of Western Canada, Mr. Dunlop was born in Scotland, his father having been a minister of the Presbyterian Church there.

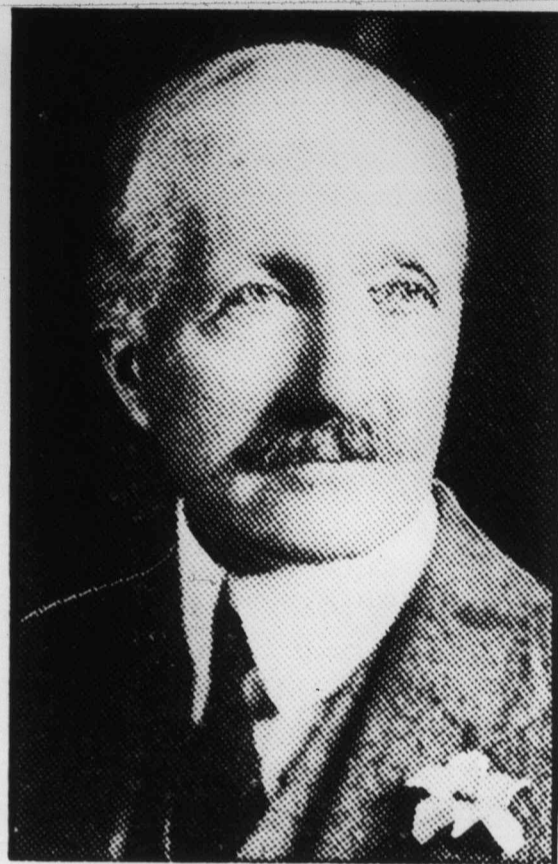
Before he came to Canada the new president was twenty-one years in Natal, South Africa, and in Durban took an active interest in the changes and developments preceding and following the war of 1899-1902. In view of his activities in recent years in connection with Vancouver Debating League, of which he was latterly president for several years, it is not surprising to learn that he was for two years honorary secretary of "Durban Political Association," and that he took part there in the pre-Union agitation in 1909-1910, and saw Union established. His travelling experiences in that part of the world include the circling of the African continent several times—going out by the West coast and homeward by the East.

He came to Vancouver city in 1912, and, following his appearance in debating circles, he has earned a position for himself as a lecturer on literary and historical themes. He was one of the many litterateurs whom Mr. R. W. Douglas, until recently Librarian at the Carnegie Public Library, invited to contribute to the Saturday evening lecture programmes; and he has also lectured with much acceptance before Vancouver Scottish Society, Shakespeare Society, Women's Educational Clubs, Vancouver Institute, etc. Naturally he is frequently in demand at Burns banquets to propose the "Immortal Memory" of Robert Burns.

Mr. Dunlop's own lectures reveal wide reading on his part and a pains-taking research affecting his subject, and his expository gifts are supplemented by the rare ability to sing as well as lecture, and, as a consequence, he himself sometimes gives appropriate illustrations in song in the course of his lectures.

As BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY readers must have observed, he has occasionally been a valued contributor to this magazine, and such an article as that under "The Old Academy" must have had a general as well as a particular appeal to all who cherish memories of school days.

A well-practised speaker and a cultured gentleman, Mr. Dunlop may be relied upon to keep up the status of Chair-



MR. W. R. DUNLOP,

GEO. T. WADDS
 PHOTOGRAPHER
VANCOUVER BLOCK
 736 Granville Street
 VANCOUVER, B. C. SEYMOUR 1002

man of the Vancouver Institute, and his many friends will wish him increasing success in the honorable position to which

he has been called at this time in connection with the educational life of the community. (C.)

September Exhibition of the Vancouver Sketch Club

(An impression by Alice M. Winlow)

Beatrice Irwin writing on the New Science of Color says that man is actually a living battery of mobile color, and that, like the sun, he rays forth, shines, or is obscured according to his condition and development. If he rays forth his own color vibrations with sufficient intensity he can amalgamate them with nature's universal reservoirs, thereby augmenting his vitality. If he projects color only in a limited degree he enjoys only a limited vitality.

"From these statements it is obvious that the condition of raying forth is the most desirable one. But how can one attain to this condition, and what does it imply?"

"It implies that we are expressing ourselves adequately, consequently that we are happy, and that we are spreading happiness around us.

"This state is achieved unconsciously, when we find ourselves in a sympathetic color environment.

"If certain colors can induce certain states, is it not reasonable to suppose that certain states can induce certain colors?"

"Yes. The tones of our voices, and the trend of our thoughts and feelings, create waves of color in which we move encircled as in an aureole, and through which we react upon the atmosphere and upon the people around us."

So much for modern thought on the interplay of color and emotion. The Vancouver Sketch Club does much to foster a love for art and color, and in encouraging its members to self-expression adds to the richness of life.

In the September exhibition of work Mr. D. McEvoy shows "End of a City Street" in oil. A dusty path leads through pale-foliaged trees to a cool secluded spot. Not what the picture says definitely but what it suggests is its charm.

Miss Conran's "Capilano River" has a coloring and singing quality that are unique. We are all so familiar with just this spot, that it is a delightful surprise to find a mood of cool grey-blues and purple and not too tempestuous water.

Mr. S. Tytler's "Thistles on the Spit" is rugged in the foreground, but what soft rolling clouds over the farther shore.

"Ley Hop Toy" is a study in charcoal by Miss D. Thompson. An alert, pampered, be-ribboned dog. Very engaging.

Water of indigo, purple, blue, green. Darkened here with shadow, and filled there with a ghostly light. Crested with foam. The romance of a sailing ship. Mr. Cowper's Marine Views are always an attraction in the exhibit.

Mrs. Schooley exhibits a still life in oil. The subject is the homely carrot, a bunch of them beside a jardiniere. That lowly vegetable was surely never before invested with such poetry as in this picture. The color of the carrots merges into the terra cotta of the jar, and all melt and mingle into a background of indescribable red-brown. The leaves are a soft green of ferny texture. An exquisite color study.

"Looking up North Arm" is an exhibit by Miss A. Olander. There is a lovely stretch of mauve and silver water. The sky is mauve, rose and primrose.

Mr. A. B. Williamson's "Chakamus River" shows a shack built by the side of the green swiftly-flowing Chakamus.

Mrs. Imrie's "Mist on the Marshland" is full of poetry. An illumined cloud finds answer in a pool of water. It is just a shimmer of light, but it is the soul of the picture.

"Sunset on Texada Island" is the work of Mrs. Maw. It is a rejoicing canvas of purple, green, brown, and gold.

Mrs. Grimes shows a study of pansies, purple, red-brown and bronze in a bowl of a lovely glowing blue.

"Poppies" in water-color is shown by Mrs. J. Wattie. There are purple, red, blue and white poppies of transparent colors and delicate texture.

Mr. J. Scott's "Lynn Creek" is in pencil. One marvels at the exquisite economy of the pencil work. Poetry is entangled in a few swift strokes.

"Coal Harbor" by Mrs. Rankin is a familiar scene. The picture is in water-colors of purple, sepia and browns, with a score of boats reflected in the silver water.

Mr. Blake Hunt's "Color Note" in oil should be named "Color Chord." It is a bold chord of blue, black, green, orange, red and white.

Mrs. F. B. Lewis shows a study of peaches in oil. There is a soft velvet bloom on the fruit and a living quality that is remarkable. The peaches are on a plate of red-brown that add to the color scheme. In the background is a curtain of dark crimson falling in soft shadowy folds.

The same artist shows "A Bit of Old England" in water-colors. An Elizabethan castle stands by a moat. There is a luminous quality about the water and reflections. Patches of blossoming moss add vivid touches of color to the picture. The colors are clear and jewel-like.

Miss Wakes "Broom at Savary Island" shows blue mountains in the background, purple and green near the base. Through groups of trees can be seen a stretch of lovely sapphire water. The broom in the foreground is a gorgeous mass of color.

Miss M. Sherman shows a study of fir-trees. There are three tall trees standing against a pale sky. The picture hints of the dark loneliness of the forest.

Mrs. Hartley's "Old English Garden" is filled with larkspur, verbenas and rhododendrons, while at the end of a sun-flecked path is a rose-covered pergola.

Mrs. J. Gladwin's "McDonald Lake" shows a stretch of water that has gathered the silver rays out of the twilight. The sky is a sparkling silver.

Mr. Fripp's "Edge of Lake Anderson" shows a jewelled bit of water between the trees. There is an exquisite intangible quality about the trees, as though it is not trees we see, but their very spirits.

In "Ocean Park" by Mrs. Baron there are two trees, swayed by the wind, against a gray and silver sky.

Mrs. Creery's "Home in June" is covered with a mass of wistaria blossoms. Trellis-work, climbing roses, grass and shrubs are beautiful, but it is the wistaria that is the spirit of loveliness there.

Miss L. Arnold shows a view from Mt. Baker Road. Through two great tree-trunks can be seen blue mountains and a pale blue sky. But the eye rests most lovingly on the little maples between the trees, with their fiery-tipped leaves.

Mrs. Downie shows a two-toned picture in water-color. Three poplar trees deliciously reflected in cool water.

Mr. J. Scott shows a seascape from a phantom palette. He has Japanese lavenders, greys, sepia, and browns. They are etherealized colors.

Mrs. Gilpin's "View from Sechelt" is in deep glowing tones of bronze, green, blue, cobalt, jade and turquoise. The water is exquisitely clear and crystalline, emerald, jade and turquoise, reflecting red and brown foliage and rocks. To one who responds to vivid and passionate colors it is a most stimulating picture.

A New Novel by Robert Watson



Though Mr. Robert Watson is now stationed at Winnipeg in "the Middle West," there is no reason why it should be forgotten that initial literary success came to him as a resident of British Columbia. He has at different times during the past dozen years been among the valued contributors—in prose and verse—to the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, and for that and other reasons we are among his friends in the farthest West who have an interest in anything published in his name.

"GORDON OF THE LOST LAGOON" is the title of his latest novel, just put on the market by Thomas Allen, Toronto. The least that should be said about it is that it is quite a readable story; and a good deal more might fairly be said. Written in autobiographical form, it is a record of a young soul breasting the blows of circumstance, and so facing life's responsibilities in untoward conditions as to "make good."

From the narrative many inferences might be drawn about Mr. Watson himself. That he himself is fond of out-of-door exercises, a strong swimmer, a keen fisher, a good boatman, and a man with an inborn love of the sea, are altogether reasonable assumptions—which friendly knowledge of him will confirm. But "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon" suggests, or rather proves, that the novelist has also been a student of the Waterfront of Vancouver city, and always of course interested in the different types of character to be met there and elsewhere.

Of this novel, as of all others read or reviewed, no doubt various opinions will be expressed, according to the condition or disposition of the reader. But if a first basis of attraction and recommendation in any Romance, read for mental relaxation, is its capacity to arrest the reader's attention and quietly arouse his interest, so that he is well-nigh finished with the book before he realises that he is much more than begun, then this reviewer at least has no hesitation in commending "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon."

As is usual in all Mr. Watson's stories, this record includes some fighting, and one fight in particular "to a finish." In connection with the "finish" there is something peculiar though not unreasonable, in a certain action by the "heroine" towards the "hero" of the story. As may be assumed however, even that indirectly contributes to the satisfying climax.

From the novelist's detailed descriptions of pugilistic encounters it is a safe assumption that Mr. Watson has himself been something more than a bit of a boxer, as, like R.L.S., he seems rather to love a bonnie fight as well as "a bonnie fighter." On the other hand the narrative contains many incidents and experiences relating to the quiet restful life that many folk live in the hope of enjoying more fully before they pass beyond this pilgrimage; and of course throughout the story there is the unfolding—wholesome and happy in spite of dangers and interruptions—of a relationship between a winsome woman and "Gordon," which, with other details in the book, will make its appeal as the author intended "to those who are not too young to have felt the glow of Romance, or too old to have forgotten it."

It is not usual for a reviewer to quote from novels, but we shall venture to reproduce a paragraph from about the middle of the book that specially arrested our attention. While it has no bearing on the attractive side of the Romance, it reveals the author of "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon" as a man of enlarging experience and reflective mind in a soliloquizing mood. The comparison he makes and the suggestion that comes to him from it, may not appeal with the same force to all readers alike; but some may hold, with the present reviewer, that this Scottish-born Canadian writer, still intellectually young or at least not yet in his intellectual prime, and not so old in years either,—is giving evidence that with all his fondness for "fechtung" and ability in stirring narrative, he has in him or is acquiring, what the old divines called "the root of the matter."

The paragraph follows:—

"I stood for a long time, bewitched, as I watched the wonderful night picture. Then I thought of the busy freight sheds, the piles of sordid but necessary merchandise, the rumbling trucks, the creaking of winches and the jingle of chains; I thought of the glare of artificial lights strung from the rafters, of the coarse jests of rough men, the sweat and grime, the everlasting grind of the mills of gods and men in the chase for money, power, clothing, bread, even life itself; and though I loved most of these if only for the zest of the fight, I was filled with an immeasurable content in my present surroundings and I knew that I had chosen aright in breaking away, if it were merely to take stock of myself by myself, without rush, without coercion, without bias; if merely to fill up and renew from the great life-giving reservoir of God's glorious open. If I could have had my way that night, I would have made it possible, ay compulsory, for all city-bred and city-living men to spend at least one year in every five away from the suicidal shadow-ghosts of goods, fevered finance, exchange, barter and shady trickery, cent-per-cent and legalized robbery; for, after all, a hundred years hence and what matter these material things!"

Yes, we agree with the novelist, what matter these things THEN?—to the growing soul and still developing personality?

We believe this story will, in different ways, please young and old, and also those who may reckon themselves in between; and that those who welcome the book because of their interest in the author, will be glad to commend it for its own sake.

—D. A. C.

WHEN THE OPERATOR REPEATS THE NUMBER

The telephone operator repeats the number being called in order to be sure that she has heard it aright. If the subscriber does not answer immediately with an acknowledgment, the operator, under her instructions, must repeat again. These precautions are taken to reduce errors and give better service, and subscribers will assist themselves by promptly acknowledging the repetition by the operator, saying, "Yes, please," if the number is correct, and correcting the operator if there is any mistake.

British Columbia Telephone Company

RADIO

By Tykler Koyle

The Radiophone or wireless telephone is a development of wireless telegraphy. Wireless telegraphy or "wireless," as it is commonly called, has been in commercial use for over twenty years. By the way, it is just twenty years since Marconi first succeeded in bridging the Atlantic Ocean, by keeping in continuous telegraphic communication with land, during a voyage from England to America.

Wireless telegraphy, being intelligible only to those persons versed in the mysteries of dots and dashes, did not appeal to the popular fancy, as did the more recent development the wireless telephone, which carries sounds understandable by all.

For many years experiments were conducted with the idea of transmitting sounds without the use of wires, and these ultimately ended in success, so that, during the Great War, a system was completed whereby pilots of airplanes could be communicated with while they were flying.

After the armistice a number of far-sighted and enterprising firms, visualizing the possibilities of this new invention, commenced broadcasting stations in England and America. The venture proved an immediate success, and from this small beginning, and within the space of four years, a tremendous business has resulted.

The first audience to listen in, was mainly composed of amateur wireless telegraphists. Imagine the thrill these amateurs would receive when first listening to the sound of voice and music over their instruments, from which they had previously only been accustomed to hear the monotonous tick tick or buzz buzz of the unmusical Morse code.

Even if there were in the first Radio audiences those who considered music as "Of all noises the least objectionable," they must have appreciated the change.

That small band of listeners in has grown until today Radiophans are counted by their hundreds of thousands, and the numbers are increasing rapidly.

One of the chief factors in accounting for this remarkable growth with its attendant tremendous business, is the regular service given by Broadcasting stations, approximately 700 sending out stations being located in U.S.A. and Canada alone. Nearly all countries of the world now have their own stations broadcasting entertainment and instruction, including concerts, dance music, lectures, church services, market, stock and weather reports, news items, description of games, etc. All this may be received by the owner of a Radiophone by simply turning a couple of knobs on the outside of a simple looking box, and on a good evening, he may pick up say twenty stations up to 1000 miles or more away.

Such results may be obtained in any home, if one is so blessed, almost wherever people are located on this planet.

Enthusiasts particularly interested in long distance reception, are recommended to join the many Radiophans who have been straining their organs of hearing recently in an effort to be first to obtain "A Message from Mars."

Maybe "Mars" as "the God of War" will first communicate to a mortal in his own profession. Mr. Grundley-Mathews, the inventor of the Death Rays, should keep his Radio set in good order, so that he will not be found with run down batteries when the "Message" comes!

PORTABLE SETS

Holidaymakers, this year, more than at any previous time, have been fortunate in being able to add to the delights of a vacation by including a Portable Radiophone with their camping outfit.

Receiving sets, made to resemble a small suit case, which are self-contained, and immediately ready for use are a great source of enjoyment for those taking boating or motoring trips far away from home, and unlike many holiday things which have to be discarded on completion of the trip, this

type of Radiophone can be used as a permanent piece of apparatus all the year round. The owner will also find many ways in which a set of this handy type can be made use of, such as entertaining a party down on the beach, taking music to the room of a sick friend, etc.

RADIO PLAYS

The British Broadcasting Co., through The London Play Co., 51 Piccadilly, London, N. 1., offers a prize of \$220 for the best play written especially for Radio Broadcasting purposes. The writer is to surrender all Broadcasting rights to the B. B. Co. for one year. If at the end of that time the play is still being broadcast from any one of the B. B. Co.'s stations the author will receive a royalty of \$10 per performance until it stops.

The contest is open to all.

The British Government are at present building a large Radio station at Rugby, England, and purpose attempting a regular two-way telephone service with New York. This station will be the largest in the world. The aerial is one and one half miles long and is supported on twelve tremendous steel towers, each one over 800 feet high, and weighing over 300 tons. Inside these enormous masts, elevators will run, to carry materials and men required for the repairs and maintenance of these great structures.

The French Government have appropriated a large sum to commence courses of "Radio Construction and Theory" in the public schools.

"Dry News from Across the Herring Pond"

A program was being broadcast from New York and a couple of English fans trying hard to hear it. Only one song got through, it was "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

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VIII.—Sinbad the Husband

Sinbad the Husband lived in a charming little bungalow in one of the choice residential sections of the city of Vancouver. He had just recently purchased the property at a valuation of three thousand dollars, on terms of one thousand cash down, (his total bank balance at the time), and the remainder secured by interest-bearing, monthly notes spread over more than three years of his natural life.

In the bungalow, besides himself, he housed a beautiful young flapper named Bootsy who arrived shortly after the liability of the home had been assumed, and was therefore his wife of a few weeks' standing only. Bootsy was a plump, bob-haired, clear-complected, smiling, and almost squatty, young female person, (Sinbad was slightly taller than she), who in the past had been more than an ordinary masculine attraction in the neighborhood. All things considered at the time, Sinbad had himself to congratulate when he carried Bootsy off in triumph to the privacy of his sweet little, partially owned bungalow.

Bootsy wasn't the girl's real name, but it was one that had clung to her from the baby carriage up, and the one by which she was universally well known in the vicinity of the home haunts.

In the interior of the mortgaged bungalow Sinbad had gathered about him a rare collection of articles of virtu both useful and ornamental, but Bootsy was the most beautiful ornament among the lot, for it transpired after marriage that she could neither cook, sew, mend, knit, wash nor scrub. The first few months of her married life, therefore, she basked in a paradise of idleness under the glory of Sinbad's tolerance, love, endurance, and, all those dangerous things that man will so naturally lavish on a woman. During this time the couple lived on canned meats, vegetables, fruit, fish, etc., and only escaped ptomaine poisoning by the providence of a miracle.

Bootsy was a bear, however, when it came to crocheting and making things that she never found use for, or that she gave away to friends; or at arranging the parlor spick and span in order to create envy in the hearts of those same friends. In fact Bootsy trailed behind none in the matter of things that were non-revenue producing.

Sinbad's monthly life-saver threw a fit when it faced the current account accumulated for extras and things in connection with "opening up," as well as for articles purchased from time to time to meet Bootsy's high-flying, and for the pink teas which she donated to the neighborhood without profit and with an extravagance that went far beyond the resources of the monthly pay cheque. In fact expense was the one thing that never occurred to Bootsy when it was a matter of her own thrills and the entertainment of her girl chums, so the overhead began to get miles and miles ahead of the available assets before the honeymoon was quite cold. And Bootsy's clinging weight across Sinbad's shoulders became heavier and heavier as the weeks and months went by.

Sinbad had less intelligence and independence than a wild horse; a horse would have bucked.

Sinbad's breath was taken away for the first time at the end of the first month of married life when he came home with his first cheque.

The month's living expenses had been abnormally high, but he had attributed this to the settling down process and the initial expenses attached to house-keeping.

"This'll clean things up a bit," he said, waving the cheque in Bootsy's face.

"What things?" she asked him.

"Why, our store bills of course."

"What, you're not going to spend all that good money to

pay old store bills when I need a new dress so badly, are you?" she complained.

For a few moments Sinbad was speechless.

"It's all we have between us and starvation," he warned her.

"Oh, we're not going to starve. Don't you ever think it," she replied.

"Well, it will be some relief to get those bills off our chest," Sinbad persisted.

"I haven't had a new dress for ages," she continued to wail.

"You wouldn't buy clothes and let the storekeepers wait, would you?"

"Certainly! They are rich; let them wait; they can stand it. Look out for Number One, I say, every time. That's me."

Sinbad's laugh was really pitiful.

"How about a suit for yourself?" continued Bootsy. "Goodness knows you need one bad enough. Don't think I'm going down town with you in overalls."

The result was that Bootsy got her new dress, and the balance of the cheque went to make a payment on account at the local stores.

Bootsy had a way of getting just what she wanted from her blubbery husband just at the right time. She could speak one language fluently—English—and every time she opened her mouth to speak she would put something over on Sinbad.

Sin's monthly revenue was one hundred dollars, but he found that this was a mere trifle in Bootsy's financing and went between her fingers like water through a sieve. Pressure soon forced him to seek a raise in salary. This appeal was made on the ground of matrimony and not on that of a standard of living that used up dollars when only cents were available. The increase was granted on the basis of past services rendered rather than on the plea put forward, and Sinbad went home with his temperature of optimism several degrees higher than it had been for many weeks.

But there was always a limit in speed to what a hundred dollars and the bonus would do, and Bootsy month after month never failed to exceed that speed limit. The irony of it was that, the more he gave in to Bootsy the more she wanted and the more dissatisfied she became, even when she must have known that each and every one of her silly and selfish flings was adding pounds avoirdupois to her own weight clinging to his shoulders.

Sinbad began to have ghostly visions of unpaid interest and principal on payments maturing on the home—all that they had to shelter them from the cold world. Without a dollar in sight to retire notes when the due date would arrive, he began to quake at the knees and to realize that Bootsy was perhaps a load that he could not long carry on his pins.

"You know, Bootsy," he remarked one day in all seriousness, "we must economize a bit."

"Why?"

Sinbad groaned:

"Well, we're running along on high when we should be creeping on low: can't you see?"

"See? See nothing! We haven't anything we don't need, have we?"

"Perhaps not, but we might deny ourselves many things in order that we may provide funds to lift the mortgage on the house."

"Oh forget it! I've heard enough of that! You're not going to get me to live on crackers and cheese. If the job you have isn't big enough and don't pay, give it up and get another better one," she sympathized with him.

Sinbad laughed in the usual tragic way, and Bootsy laughed in the usual giggle of contempt for anything that savored of

the serious, and the breach between them was bridged over once more in the manner that always follows where both are master and none is boss.

"Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow," she philosophized in great glee.

This added unrecorded weight to the Bootsy burden on the man's shoulders.

All this took place in the honeymoon period of their married life, and was simply a matter of those bumps that all newly-wedded people experience during the first few rounds of the new life; and Sinbad nursed a certain sympathy for his young and inexperienced mate in her extravagant whims and notions, no matter how wasteful and cruel they may have been.

But Bootsy wasn't altogether too bad. She had in store a measure of sunshine which is essential to the health of a home both physically and socially. She played the piano artfully, and sometimes with much feeling and emotion; and she laughed, and sang, and played, and giggled with her friends and her husband, all of which lit up the soul of the overloaded Sinbad with light that was purer and more valuable to him than bank balances could have been. Into all this sunshine he would not be guilty of casting the shadow of a cloud—not if HE could help it!

Bootsy's beams were real human sunshine too; but even sunshine becomes depressing when you get too much of it, or when it is applied beyond the resources of the consolidated fund. Sinbad began to look upon the glory of it with the view of one getting money under false pretences.

Sinbad failed even the interest on the first maturity, and by dint of much embarrassing diplomacy, stood the mortgagee off with a promise that he knew could be nothing but mere fiction.

That evening they had their first sham battle. Sinbad began the charge, going on the offensive immediately after the "canned supper."

"Look here," he began, with real force, "we've got to change our tactics." And he related his experience in the real estate office.

"Well, it's not my fault," she defended.

"But it is."

"But it isn't!"

"I tell you it is!"

"And I tell you it isn't!"

There was a moment's silence during which each combatant reloaded.

"We can't stand it," persevered Sinbad.

"Well, do you want me to take in washing?" she fired back.

"It's all up to you," was Sinbad's advice.

"To me! Where do you get that old stuff at?" she replied angrily. Don't you eat as much as I do? There's nothing wasted except the cans. We couldn't eat them, could we?"

"I wouldn't care were it not the home," replied Sinbad, with the usual masculine composure. "I'd hate to lose that."

"Don't worry; they won't take it."

"They won't, eh?"

Bootsy was always optimistic to a fault.

"I don't think so," she said innocently.

"A lot you know about it," persisted Sinbad, with his ripe knowledge of finance. "Business is about the coldest-hearted thing there is."

"Oh, well, if they're so mean, let them take it; they'll be the first to suffer," she said resignedly.

"Just like a woman," continued Sinbad. "A woman never realizes nor honors the responsibility of a debt, does she?"

"Oh, I don't know. There's just as many honest women as men in the world, I'll say."

"Perhaps, but you don't appreciate the seriousness of a thing."

"That's right; jump on the poor woman again. We suffer a thousand times more than you men do at that!" she cried, defending her sex against the aggressor man.

"A lot you have suffered," he threw back.

Bootsy flared up like a tigress about to spring on its prey.

"Come, come," said Sinbad. "Can we not argue the point diplomatically? You know we have the future to look forward to. Expenses are likely to get greater rather than less, and we must practice economy against such possibilities. What are we going to do when the family increases?"

"The family ain't going to increase."

"No?"

"No."

"Well!"

"Well yourself! What do you take me for?"

"Oh I don't know; I never thought."

"Do you ever think?" And she laughed through her anger in a spirit of defiance.

Sinbad laughed too, but it savored more of the tragic than the sunshine variety.

Time flew by on its relentless wing and Sinbad sank deeper and deeper in the mud through which he was struggling. And the quagmire extended just as far as his eye could reach and away beyond for aught he knew. But he plodded along with the Bootsy problem still clinging to his shoulders like a dead thing while his knees wobbled and his course became more uncertain at every step.

About this time Bootsy discovered that she was tired of "cooking" and hankered after a change.

"Say, kid," she said one day, clinging to him like a lover, "let's go boarding. This mussin' about the kitchen is taking the life out of me. See how thin I am getting." And she stroked her plump cheeks.

"But it would be too expensive, Boots," objected Sinbad.

"That's right, think about the expense again. You think of nothing but dollars and cents."

"Mine Gott, I've got to!"

"Think about something pleasant," she encouraged.

"Show it to me." And he looked around the room.

"Me for instance," And she smiled her sweetest.

"You are indeed beautiful!" he complimented. And he held her to his bosom for a few seconds as one might a real sweetheart.

"You are such a comfort to me—sometimes, he cried out.

"Well, I want you to forget all this gloom stuff. Reflect my sunshine. Let's board out for luck. I believe it would be cheaper anyway."

Sinbad studied the situation for a few seconds. He recalled the enormous store bills for the numerous canned goods purchased; the waste in serving it up on the part of his "cook"; the can after can that was only half consumed; and the frightful stack of empties that was growing daily in the back yard:

"It might be cheaper at that," he agreed.

Bootsy danced with childish delight, not because of the saving that would accrue, but owing to the novelty of boarding out and the victory over Sinbad.

It was worth an experiment at any rate; it couldn't very well be worse; so it was arranged that they should "board out."

"We can eat a little while here and a little while there," enthused Bootsy. "We can patronize a different place every day. Oh it'll be lots of fun!" she boiled over.

"But it would cost double that way," explained Sinbad.

"No fear. You just pay for what you eat, you know."

"Yes, and we're some eaters too!" laughed the husband.

Nevertheless he determined that there wouldn't be much variety in the matter of eating places.

The first meal was heavenly until the time to pay for it. Even then it was a joy to Bootsy.

"Pay the man," she commanded.

"Give me time. I'm always paying," groused Sinbad.

"But he's waiting."

Bootsy loved to see money going out.

"Let him wait. I often have to wait," continued the grouch. "I'll pay at the counter anyway. Keep the money longer, so to speak, you know."

"Bootsy laughed:

"Gosh you're stingy!" she complimented.

"Suffering cats, I've got to be!"

"One would think you were the only person to owe money," Bootsy complained. "Quit thinking about it. Let the other fellow worry."

Sinbad looked at his wife in a sort of mystified way that had lately developed, and then laughed at her stupidity or his own fear of consequences.

Sinbad had certainly made the supreme sacrifice when he took unto himself his wife Bootsy, for she was the exact opposite to him in every conceivable way. Bootsy was either densely ignorant or indifferent as to their welfare, or she refused to permit the present to be sacrificed no matter how rosy a future such a sacrifice might promise. With a strange defiance that was unfathomable to Sinbad, she continued to ride comfortable in the saddle even when she must have known the wobbly condition of the knees beneath.

Things went on in this uncertain manner until the maturity date of the second payment on the home arrived. There was no money, but the situation must be faced. Sinbad had managed by a strength that did not appear to be his own, to rule the domestic roost to the extent that they had boarded exclusively at a very moderate restaurant, even although the efforts created much discord, and on more than one occasion nearly severed diplomatic relations. The cost at the end of the month aggregated much the same as during the canned food regime.

It was during those spats that Sinbad discovered that it was all up to Sinbad. Bootsy was more or less docile when handled with gloves on, and the husband regretted that he hadn't got wise long since. He discovered that when he set his foot down in a real masculine way, Bootsy sat up and took notice. The advantage he had of being a man as opposed to a woman, surprised him a bit at first, but after a while he got used to it and began to apply the lever more and more. He might buck her off. It was the first time he ever thought of taking such a mean advantage in order to shake the girl from her high perch.

When the notice soliciting payment arrived, Sinbad didn't even have the interest.

"Well," said the mortgagee a few days later, "it's all up to you, you know."

They were simple words, but they conveyed a complex meaning. It was the icy voice of cold business, and Sinbad began to have visions of a beautiful home flying away on an ironclad mortgage and carrying away with it the initial payment of one thousand dollars hard earned cash.

An appeal was made again to the impossible and unsympathetic Bootsy. There was no other court to which the case could be carried for adjustment, and there wasn't much daylight shining from that one. Bootsy was the local Privy Council and her decision would necessarily be final.

"Quit worrying," was the legal advice. "They won't take our home."

"They won't, eh?"

"What! And make you lose all that first payment? Nothing doing!"

Certainly! All the more for them."

"Don't you ever think it," said the High Council.

"Bootsy, don't be foolish. They will in a second."

"Oh, the mean things!"

"Mean or no mean, it's business. I'd do the same thing myself," he warned.

"Oh forget it!"

"We can't forget it. It's there, and you can't shake it."

"I don't believe it." Bootsy persisted.

"Notwithstanding all your optimism, we are going to lose our home unless some unforeseen miracle saves us," Sinbad groaned.

"And notwithstanding all your pessimism, I don't believe it," said Bootsy.

"Something must be done—at once."

"Perhaps after all I'd better take in washing!"

"It may come to that."

"When it does I look out for number one," she threatened.

"So do I," warned Sinbad.

They looked at each other across the table of the restaurant like two dogs that might spring at each other's throats at any moment. But neither sprang. And Sinbad, remembering his hereditary masculine advantage over a woman, continued to stare until the magnetism of his eyes broke the Bootsy defence and she dropped hers.

"Is that right?" she said, humbly, nibbling at some crumbs.

"It certainly is. The time has arrived when we must get down to honest-to-goodness housekeeping and no nonsense, with honest-to-goodness economy—brass tacks, I mean."

She surveyed him for a moment as though looking for a loop hole; and then, finding none, she said:

"Well, if you say so, I guess it must be done."

"Bravo! It sure must. Come."

They went out into the city and bought the necessaries for a beginning, all the purchases being charged against the guarantee of a future pay cheque.

The first morning of honest-to-goodness cooking resembled a novice navigating a ship in dangerous waters. The new plan promised to be as much of a success as all former ones. "What'll we have for breakfast?" cried Bootsy, with surprising enthusiasm.

"Pancakes," suggested Sinbad.

"Oh yes, pancakes," enthused Bootsy. "Why didn't I think of that?"

She secured the necessary pots and pans and material and began to break eggs into a white enamel bowl until five or six had been added:

"Say, have mercy on the eggs," he protested.

"Who's doing this?" she objected. "You or I?"

"We are. And you don't need so many eggs."

"Well the book said so."

"Look it up again to make sure," advised Sinbad.

"Haven't time." And she threw in some sugar, salt, and a quart of milk.

Sinbad laughed.

"'Pon my word!" he exclaimed. "You're cooking enough for a railway camp."

"Mind your own business!"

Sinbad realized the tragedy of the thing; but then, he had a certain husbandly compassion for Bootsy, who no doubt was doing the best she could, or at least, as well as she knew how.

There was as much humor attached to the cooking process as to the mixing, for the stack assumed huge proportions, and still she cooked, and cooked, and cooked.

"They're good, aren't they?" Bootsy complimented herself when they began to eat.

"They certainly are," Sinbad agreed, "But what are we going to do with the balance?"

Bootsy looked at her husband blankly for a second, seeming to realize her error in the tone of his humor. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She did neither.

"I tell you," suggested Sinbad. "We'll have pancakes every morning for a month until they are done. What do you think?"

"What, eat stale food! Nothing doing!" she protested.

THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER

(Continued from Page 5)

“Chick! chick! chick,” she called, at the same time throwing the entire lot into the yard among a bunch of hungry chickens which flew to the feast.

“There!” she shouted.

“Say!” yelled Sinbad, dashing after her. “What are you doing? Have you gone crazy?”

“Crazy nothing. You won’t make a scavenger out of me. See how the chickens like them.” she said laughing at the scramble.

“I won’t, eh! Say, get down there and pick every one of them up and bring them back!” And he pushed her through the door, down the few steps and into the yard.

Sinbad shooed the chickens and began to salvage the best and least damaged of the food with the assistance of Bootsy who had recognized the authority, and was picking and driving off chickens at the same time as though her very life depended on the success of the operation.

“There,” said Sinbad, when they had salvaged the most of the stack, “You waste any more good food like that and see what happens.”

Bootsy was silent. But she assisted him into the kitchen with the loaded platter.

From that day forward, although Bootsy did not descend entirely from her husband’s shoulders, she didn’t sit quite so heavily. It required an emergency to bring her down from her high horse.

The new method of housekeeping, although perhaps a little less expensive didn’t come up to expectations under the old management, nor did it serve materially to prop up to any degree of safety the tottering domestic situation that had overtaken them. They began the house-cleaning process when it was too late, and no amount of economy or plugging up of leaks could prevent the ship from foundering. In due course the inevitable took place and the ax fell. Business, as Sinbad had philosophized, proved the coldest-hearted thing that was. The mortgage was foreclosed, and even the beautiful furniture, ornamental and useful, was seized to meet back payment of interest.

It was consolation to Sinbad that they left him Bootsy. She was a negligible asset when it came to paying off mortgages. And he seemed to love her more now under the conditions of their mutual misfortune.

When they found themselves in the street there were a few heated words of blame here and blame there. None would assume sole responsibility. When the word-war was over, however, they threw themselves into each others arms and remained silent. They still had each other.

Bootsy shed wet tears, and Sinbad shed dry ones in the deep recesses of his soul.

Besides Bootsy, Sinbad still had his job, and that was an asset to which he clung for dear life. The outcome was that the husband went back to work in the morning as usual. The couple engaged a room in a private home and fed out where the food could be bought the cheapest. In the mean time they picked up stray bits of cheap furniture as finances permitted; and, in due course, rented a home of their own where they lived more or less happily.

And when we last saw Bootsy she was about the most economical thing that ever lived.

Next story, “Pedigreed Stock,” a sequel to the “Fifty-Fifties.”

“murder.” Why exclude an accidental death which the author is afraid to disclose.

Some of the medical evidence, i. e., that as to the impossibility of the wound being self inflicted (apart from that given as to the absence of powder burns) my well be received with skepticism. The deceased’s ability to have so shot herself might rather be taken for granted. Absence of powder marks seems alone the deciding element against suicide coupled with lack of motive.

Murder seems from the reported evidence equally motiveless and people do not indulge in homicide without an urge under British law. Several pertinent queries or lines of investigation were overlooked in the second inquest as reported. It was a “murder” centred inquest even as the first one was a “suicide” centred one.

It is to be questioned whether either inquest in any sense solved the problem. It may be that the second will prove as misleading as the first now appears to have been.

Meanwhile every effort and energy should be bent on a solution.

* * * * *

THE NIELSEN MATTER

We now have an arrest in connection with the use of Government seals on liquors not in Government stocks. This is well, but why pick on Nielsen unless the Government actually intend to really clean up the liquor situation.

It is all right to punish Nielsen and the Chinese apparently implicated with him but does any one suppose for a moment that Nielsen and a few Chinamen have created the conditions existing in Vancouver for months past.

Is this move a bluff to be ended by the Attorney General’s Department letting Nielsen ultimately escape? Are Nielsen and his associates alone to be punished? Has Victoria found out that there is and has been much radically wrong in the liquor situation in Vancouver and been forced to seek a solution to save its reputation? The public will watch how events answer these queries.

* * * * *

CAMPAIGN SPEAKERS

With both parties rushing speakers into the Okanagan—Mr. Woodward has been requisitioned and all the available men seem in demand—we have seen no call for Mr. Bryan from Liberal Headquarters. Surely the man who was strong enough to defeat the triple array against him including Hanes, is a warrior to be proud of and his advice to North Okanagan of how he won North Vancouver against such odds, should be of value. Can it be that the absence of an absentee vote explains his absence from the Liberal Campaign List.

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

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

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

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

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

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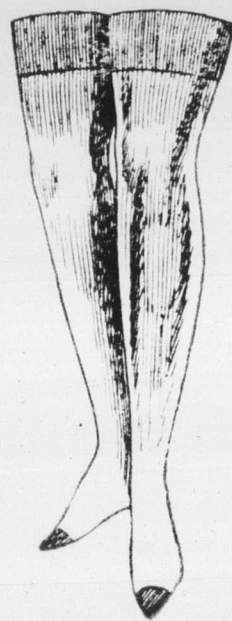
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