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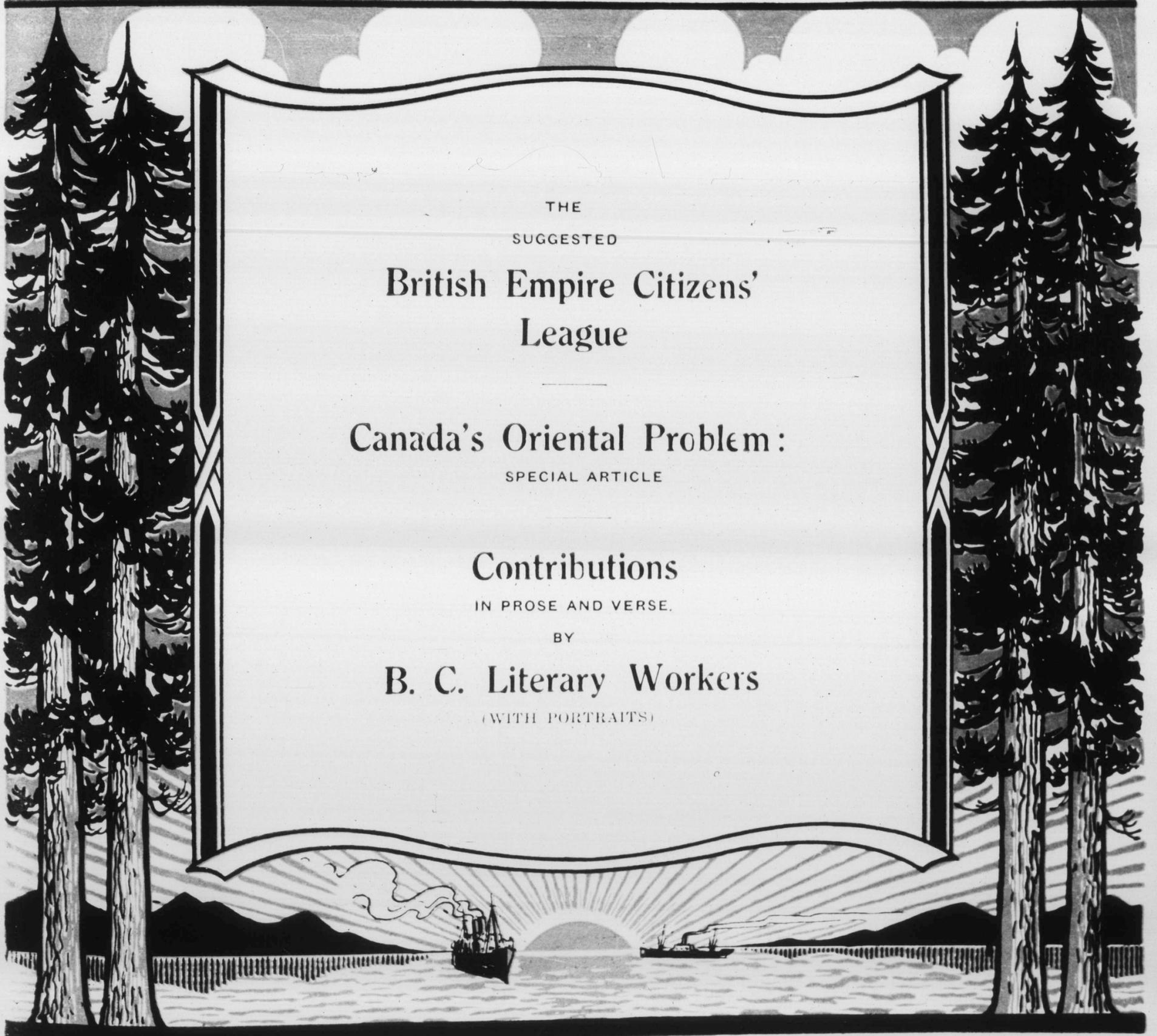
THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

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

Volume XVII

MARCH—APRIL 1921.

No. 5.



THE
SUGGESTED

British Empire Citizens'
League

Canada's Oriental Problem:
SPECIAL ARTICLE

Contributions
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

B. C. Literary Workers
(WITH PORTRAITS)

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The Pathway Of Dreams

By Edward Wm. Towler.

The body of the man had been placed reverently and gently upon the bed and the Provincial constable was busily engaged in going through the papers he had taken from a home made writing desk that lay open before him.

A bunch of envelopes tied very carefully, attracted his attention. He opened them thinking possibly therein lay the cause of the suicide of this lonely man who lived in a forgotten shack in the woods; which he had been called in to investigate. He read them at first in the perfunctory manner of the professional; but this was rapidly lost in the extraordinary character of the correspondence.

A few minutes later he handed them to me, because, as he said, he knew that occasionally I dabbled in print and they would be of more than passing interest as showing one of the most extraordinary phases of human nature it had been his lot to be connected with, officially or otherwise. The man upon the bed who had so rashly ended his own life, had suffered from a curvature of the spine, and this deformity had forever killed for him any possibility of marriage, and to me it was undoubtedly the cause of his taking his own life.

Below are excerpts from the letters. I have called them "The Pathway of Dreams," because to me he trod for a small space a few visioning days of happiness to the like of which his life had long been stranger.

Excerpt No. I.

"I met you!

Kings and Empires have their psychological moments, shall it be denied the humbler mortal to have his? Is not the heart the same whether it beat beneath a coronet or a cap. Shall not the humble cabin have its history and its loves equally with the palace? Is it not for all of us to rise above our sordid surroundings and lift ourselves into the higher and nobler altitudes of a cleaner life? When we have drained the wine cup of life to the last heart burning drop is not the aftermath of sorrow softened in its bitterness by some sweet memory of a bygone day? Therefore have I my day of days, the day when I met you.

So it is then with me, I dwell upon the golden memory of those hours when first your dear eyes looked unflinchingly into mine. When heart spoke to heart in that voiceless wonder that Time can never still. Later when you had left me and I was in my quiet home again in my beloved woods, was not your spirit self my constant comforter? How I dwelt upon your words. "Life is but a river." That is true, dearest, May we always look at Life as at a river; clear, refreshing and unalloyed. Let us remember so to live that we may always see our faces mirrored in its depths, clear and distinct. Let us remember we must never leave its waters unfit for another's use; never dam up its channel for our own selfish uses, for the River of Life is not to be confined in narrow channels. Because upon its broad bosom are carried the gentle crafts of kindness, generousness and high purpose. Therefore upon our voyage, short or long, we must smile a little, give a little and love much.

I wait with great expectations our next happy meeting."

Excerpt No. II.

"You have written!

Your letter lies before me a treasured memento of your dear self. You recall to my mind episodes that cause the forgotten past once more to stand before me. Scenes in which you and I were both actors are again projected by memory's lamp upon the screen of my mind. The future may hold

what it will; but the past is ours and no rude hand can drag from us this dearest treasure of our life.

Though the road may have been hard, rough and thorny and watered by many tears. Though we have traversed it bearing a cross that bowed us down, yet when we review it from the softened pages of memory's book we find we were not so hardly dealt with after all. That the stones were not so rough, nor the road so hard. Those were the days of the refiner's fire, necessary that in the passing we were purified from the dross that hides life's purer metal.

Memory is our Alladin's Lamp. I rub, summon my genii and bid you stand forth. I see every line of your dear face. the wave of your hair, and those sweet eyes that shine for me alone. Stand forth, I cry, and lo! I behold you. Thus does

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NOTICE

This issue is dated March—April, and is No. 5 of Vol. XVII.

A "double number" was made necessary by re-adjustment conditions, and special work in connection with our tenth year "Get-Acquainted" circulation campaign.

Many readers interested in the ideals and practical Community Service of this Magazine will be pleased to know that new subscribers are being listed by our representatives every day. "Into every Home" (worthy of the name) is our tenth year motto.

By the way, did YOU not mean to list a friend in the Prairie country, Eastern Canada, the States, the Old Country, or Elsewhere in the Empire? "DO IT NOW" for \$1.

(See "How Can We Do It at \$1.00?"—Page 8)

Memory's kindly hand unroll the long past scroll of Time for me. Why should I wander thus in writing you? Because I am egotistical enough to hope that possibly sometimes, or even now, you have summoned the genii forth to call me before you as I have done with you. You—you understand my ramblings as no one else has ever done; therefore do I know I am forgiven. Death may be a dreamless sleep as some picture it, but to me who sometimes long for the rest that knows no waking, I hope for dreams of Life's happiest hours. Write soon."

Excerpt No. III.

"How was it I did not hear from you today. There was no letter when I called at the post office. Then it was, I noticed the first breath of autumn, for to me the sun had lost his friendly touch of warmth and color and over flower and tree were creeping the first chills. How insensibly the one seems to become a part of the other and how necessary to well being each is to each.

Why did you not meet me yesterday? Time is flying, creeping hours are transformed into the winging day; and yet what is it? Take a handful of sand, watch the grains idly pouring through your fingers. Where are they now? Lost in the countless billions of the beach you took them from. Thus are precious minutes falling from the lap of Time into the misty aeons of a past Eternity. Cyphers of a day back into everlasting night. Truly did the poet say,

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death."

Shall we be afraid, you and I? I venture to say no with unflinching tongue. In whatever lies behind the veil, there can be no dull regrets or biting stings of conscience, but let us hope only the peace which comes from a knowledge of duty done. Duty that extracts so bitter a price yet pays in peace.

Awaiting anxiously your next, and remember dearest, that though the armour rests upon the shelves of time; yet a lance may still be broken in a lady's honour."

Excerpt No. IV.

"At last your letter! Though you do not give me news in the accepted sense, or tell me that my heart most longs to know, yet I trace many a loving message in the lines your swift courier pen has sped. You ask me what is Love? How many in Ages past have tried to define that intangible something we call Love. I would liken it to the safety lamp of the miner which preserves him from perils that surround him. Through your love for me I am surrounded with an impenetrable armour of steel and there is no crevice whereby the wary shaft of passion can enter.

You say I have not known you long! What a charge that is. From the first time that I met you it seemed as if some answering soul spoke back to mine from distant ages. As if within some dim and long forgotten age I had broken a lance for you. That here in the flesh I beheld once more the one woman that could make me unsheath a sword again. Aye!

In this prosaic age of commercialism and forgotten honour, you step from the Pathway of Dreams, my love of bygone ages. Not known you long? You were mine when Belshazzer saw the "writing on the wall." When Boadicea spurred her scythe wheel chariots through the cohorts of Ceasar's legions, in the woods of ancient Britain. Mine when Antony wooed Cleopatra upon a golden Nile, or when Richard broke a lance for Christendom against the walls of Acre; then are you no less mine in this dull age of commercialism. The flame once lighted never dies.

Does there not for you come some recollection of those far off days? Can you not with me roll back the dusty pages of Time and live again the scenes of yesterday? If so, then will you say with me, I have known you long. In all else have we progressed, save in the Knowledge of Creation; Love and Death. Of this trinity we know no more than when the first man stood painfully upright from all fours. For of the first we know little, of the second we have no control, of the last nothing."

Excerpt No. V.

"So at last I touched a responsive chord in your heart. I read and re-read the message that you sent and I felt as one who had been living in the shadows, saw the sunlight at last.

Through every line I read Hope, Hope, here and hereafter. Did you not say, "although the trees are leafless now, summer shall bring the blowing rose again." Are not the seasons dealt from the same Hand? Is the care the less in winter than in the summer? No, it is but that we may appreciate Nature's beauty more when Winter steals her robe of living green away.

Winter and Summer, Sorrow and Joy, Tears and Smiles, Right and Wrong, Life and Death. Each the foil for the other.

While you are with me there can be but summer. Winter's fleshless hands can never chill a heart that suns itself through you."

Excerpt No. VI.

The light is falling fast, no word from you, no sign. Have you forgotten? I see no way in which I can bring you back to me, and one only by which I may join you.

They tell me you have passed through that dark barrier which we have discussed so often. Well so be it. A little while and I shall pass, as you have passed. The light is falling fast. Soon "the night cometh when no man can work." No man can work. Strange how after all these years the old lines of a childhood hymn come back to me again. When no man . . . Why it was a lie. You are there upon the threshold. Once more we meet, and this time there shall be no parting. Let us step out together, dearest."

The End of the Excerpts.

Later careful examination showed and enquiry elicited the strange fact that there was not and never had been a "Lady in the Case." That the man brooding, no doubt over his deformity, and the fact that he could never marry and craving a love; had set about the creation of an ideal and had written the letters himself. The lady was but the figment of his brain and he himself trod a "Pathway of Dreams."

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Canada's Oriental Problem and the Solution of It

NOTE:

Dr. S. S. Osterhout, who by request prepared the following article for the B. C. M., is well qualified to write on the subject. In 1910 he went to China and Japan for language study and to get acquainted with the social conditions of the Orient. He has been more or less intimately associated with Oriental affairs on the Pacific Coast since 1893. He worked as a missionary among the Indians in the North for ten years when at first Chinese were extensively employed and later when Japanese entered the arena as fishermen. He thus had opportunities of studying both races. His experience was afterwards enlarged as Superintendent of the Chinese Mission in Victoria and also when stationed at Kamloops and Vernon where he had opportunities of studying the Chinese and Japanese question from an agricultural point of view, many Orientals having settled in the Okanagan.

In 1911 Dr. Osterhout was appointed Superintendent of Oriental Missions for the Methodist Church. That work has

naturally given him more time and greater facilities for the study of this vexed question, which he finds to be the same throughout the Dominion.

It may be news to many of our readers to learn that such work of an organized character is carried on in twenty-five towns and cities in Canada, and that Dr. Osterhout visits many more than that number as his duties take him to other points where no organized work is established.

It is also in place to emphasize that Dr. Osterhout states that it would be easier to evangelize these people in their own country. It is anything but creditable to Canada to learn that Orientals are permitted to indulge in vices in this country which are not tolerated in the same open way in their own.

In the Doctor's opinion all immigration of Orientals should be stopped until "with a more virile type of Christianity or a more sensitive public conscience, we are able to solve the problem we already have in our present disproportionate population of Orientals in Canada, and especially in British Columbia."
(Editor, B. C. M.)

Three Assumptions.

Let us begin the study of this question with three assumptions in our mind as a background.

1. That God had the Oriental world upon his mind and heart when he planned the redemption of man. If in Asia there is found more than one half of the population of the globe then more than one half of the thought and concern of God in His world programme was bestowed upon that continent—"For God so loved the WORLD that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him need not perish but have everlasting life."

2. The supremacy of Christianity as a world religion. It is the only religion which settles adequately the question of sin, providing not only for salvation from sin but also from its power and comprehending the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me."

3. The future peace and safety of the world can never be assured so long as one great nation or race remains unchristian in its thinking and in its ideals. With these three assumptions in our minds let us proceed to look into the problem.

The Seriousness of the Problem.

1. The problem is relatively serious. This becomes apparent when we reflect that in our population we already have forty or fifty thousand representatives of two races which alone aggregate almost five hundred millions of thrifty, ambitious, patriotic people—the population of China is generally estimated at four hundred millions, while that of Japan, together with her dependencies, would bring the total almost to the figure suggested. It must have been with this thought of the immensity of China's population in his mind that Napoleon said, "When China moves she will move the world!" Napoleon also doubtless knew that the Oriental people are vigorous, virile, ambitious, patriotic, religious and intellectual. Concerning the latter it has been said that there is no task in education too difficult for the Oriental mind. Missionaries engaged in educational work among those people assure us that such is the case. The system of education in Japan already ranks high among the educational systems of the world, topped by the great Imperial Universities from which there goes out an army thousands strong of highly educated specialists every year. We read of one writing his thesis for his M.A. degree on the subject "The Origin and Uses of the Anglo-Saxon Word 'If,'" while another chose for his subject the "Bacteria of an Earth Worm."

A Menace to the World Unless—

These noble racial qualities above mentioned, together with this highly developed system of education, however, constitute the greater menace to the world, unless their education and culture are dominated by a strongly moral and religious sentiment. At the present time an overwhelming majority of the educated classes in Japan are dominated solely by a spirit of materialism. This army of highly educated men goes out from the universities, their hearts unmellowed by a gospel of love to God and man with no higher ideals in life than to achieve success either in professional, commercial or military life. Like Germany of old, their only God is a God of expediency, while education degenerates into a mere means for personal advantage and power. It is therefore highly essential that the impact of Christian nations upon the life of the Orient should be totally Christian and it is no less essential that our influence upon Oriental people in our own land should be of the same character.

The devil of militarism years ago led Japan, after her first military successes with other powers, to the pinnacle of her mount of temptation, but Japan very wisely resisted and set out upon an era of unprecedented accomplishment in the realm of science and commerce, hoping by this means to gain the respect of the other nations of the world. Failing to accomplish her purpose by peaceable means it is not altogether improbable that Japan may yet adopt the policy of some other nations and command their respect by the use of military power. Should that day arrive, without doubt the major por-

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President Roosevelt's Far-Sightedness.

That was a stroke of far-sighted diplomacy on the part of Roosevelt, when the indemnity due the United States by the agreement of the nations, was in a most Christian spirit declined, or deflected—to be expended upon the education of the young men of China in the universities of America, thereby creating a large body of enlightened public opinion in China in favor of the United States. On the other hand, as Canadians we are doing little more than heap up mountains of bitterness and animosity by our treatment of those who have come to our shores. Far better it seems to me to exclude the Chinese entirely than to mulct him of \$500 upon his admission, thus discriminating against him as a race. As if that were not enough, we increase his contempt for us by permitting him to ignore our laws and to practise harmful customs which are not tolerated even in many parts of his own land.

Scandalously Unhealthy Conditions Tolerated.

II. The problem is intrinsically serious. We have again sinned against the Chinese and also, I may add in this connection, against the Japanese by permitting them to settle in little colonies huddled together more unsanitarily than in their own land. Hence it is not surprising to read a report from the City Health Officer, stating that in Chinatown tuberculosis has increased one hundred per cent. in a comparatively short time. Has this not some connection with the somewhat alarming fact that British Columbia is the only province in the whole Dominion where the progress of this dread disease has not yet been arrested? At the present time in the City of Vancouver we have a population of approximately eight thousand people confined to a space three or four city blocks long and little more than a block wide; in Victoria a population of about five thousand in a similarly congested area. Already both Toronto and Montreal have a Chinatown of several thousands. One could not very well over emphasize the seriousness of this condition; serious not only to the Chinese themselves but serious to the public at large. Disease germs believe in and practise social unity, whether we do or not, and the least that we should do is to insist that the Chinese should observe the ordinary laws of sanitation and hygiene, adopting methods of life compatible with Canadian ideals and customs. This, by the way, would also help us to solve one of our modern economic problems, for the more the Chinese are compelled to adopt our standards of living the less likely they are to under-work or under-sell their Canadian fellow-citizens.

The Vending of Drugs.

The menace in regard to the vending of illicit drugs by the Chinese is well known in British Columbia and yet in notices in the press of the individual cases where mention is made of arrests and consequent fines, one would naturally think that we treated the whole pernicious system as a huge joke. In Vancouver we have probably eight hundred opium users and in Victoria five hundred, about 10% of the population, while there are hundreds of vendors of noxious drugs for profits, employing, so I am creditably informed, high-powered automobiles for their distribution to outside points. Still fresh in our memories is the loss of one of the finest police officers in the Dominion, Chief McLennan, who was shot dead by a drug-crazed negro in the city of Vancouver. Numberless other lives have gone out by the same agency and still the traffic continues.

Gambling and Gambling Syndicates.

Another serious menace to law and order is found in the fact that tens of thousands of our Chinese habitually gamble, in practically all our Chinese communities in stakes from a few cents up to hundreds of dollars. This evil also is very strongly entrenched. Rentals as high as five hundred dollars

per month are paid for a gambling joint and it is no uncommon thing to see a legitimate business closed out on our streets to be superseded by such a den. Dozens of them are running in our large Chinese communities in open violation of the law. In Hong Kong and Canton open gambling is a thing of the past, but Canada is still a Mecca for gambling syndicates, although we must know that violation of law by Chinese must create violators of law among Canadians. Again I insist that since these people are with us, apparently to stay, the least we can do is to inculcate into their minds a wholesome respect for Canadian laws, ideals and institutions, remembering that if we fail to Canadianize the Oriental, he will not fail to Orientalise us.

Suggestions Towards Solution.

III. The solution. In making suggestions in regard to the solution of this problem, I am fully aware that it is very difficult and complicated, with its economic, legal, national and international relationships. I realise that nothing but vigorous and fearless treatment of the whole problem will in any way prove adequate. Present conditions have developed through many years of partial indifference, on our part. We Britishers are so tolerant and so considerate of the customs and practises of other people that we have permitted the growth of conditions which will now require a most strenuous effort to correct. Briefly, my suggestions toward the solution are as follows:

1. Uniformly just and adequate immigration laws. (I would not exact five hundred dollars from a Chinaman while I admit other races free).
2. A less invidious discrimination in the matter of franchise (I would not enfranchise an ignorant and undesirable European who can scarcely read and write, while I deny the franchise to a Japanese who is a good citizen and a graduate from a Canadian University).
3. The appointment of executive and administrative officers who spurn bribes no matter how large, even in hundreds and thousands of dollars.
4. Vigorous and persistent law enforcement, not spasms of inconsequential fines, which so far as gambling is concerned are paid by a syndicate and not by the gambler!
5. An adequate constructive, social programme. At present we have none worthy of the name. In this connection our greatest need is, not more missions but outstanding social centres as a counter-attraction to gambling dens and haunts of vice.
6. A sane and fervent evangelism.

I am satisfied that by the adoption of such a programme our Oriental problem would soon be solved, our Oriental conditions wonderfully improved, and, since we rise or fall together, our standard of Canadian citizenship bettered accordingly.

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If people are to get more service from public utilities they must first make it possible for the utility to provide such service. It is impossible to furnish 1921 service at 1914 rates.

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British Columbia Electric Railway Company

The Quest For Gander Lake

(By Robert Watson).

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Where is Gander Lake? Why!—take any little town and go along its main street as far as you can till you come to two roads, one running off to the left and the other branching away to the right. Don't take the road to the left if you would get to Gander Lake, because Gander Lake is in another direction. Follow to the right, and go on, and on, and on, over a hard country road, with high, barren-looking, purply-tinted hills above you, while away below you on that right hand of yours, the little town you have just come from lies quietly and snugly in the Valley, smoking cheerily in happy contentment.

Beyond the town you can see the blue waters of a lake. But that is not Gander Lake. Gander Lake lies farther afield, farther out of the beaten track than any common, ordinary, easily-found lake. Keep on in your quest, for it is worth while

After a bit, you will come to an old workman, who is cleaning out a drain-pipe which runs under the roadway. He is muddy, that workman—like his drain-pipe—and his nose has a cold-drip at the point of it. Not that it is so awfully cold, but his cold-drip is evidently chronic. The old fellow is ready to stop and talk, if you so have a mind, for his work can be done tomorrow or the next day or even the day after that. Of course, he may not be there now, but he was there at one time, and he seemed to be in no hurry. Anyway the drain-pipe is still there, working smoothly, a tribute and a monument to the man's thoroughness, if not to his speed.

Farther along—maybe a mile further—and a noise will smite your ears. In the distance you will see little animals running everywhere, varying in size from a puppy dog to a sheep. Can we be nearing Gander Lake, I wonder? No, evidently, not yet!

But surely that noise is a familiar one. It grows louder and still more loud. It is not a bleat, nor is it a bark. What kind of animals can these be anyway? They have a well-known gait. Some of them look dirty-white, some dirty-brown, some muddy-black. Why, of course! only one specie of animal has a tail like that.

But this is not Gander Lake. It is a piggery we have struck. It is feeding time too. How interesting! No wonder they grunt, and slither and snort, and clop. There they are, hundreds of them—three hundred the Chinaman says—big and lit-

tle, fat and lean, nozzling in the slough of mud and wheat in a long line of troughing; pushing and blowing, snapping at one another, and ever changing places in their endeavour to find a spot where there is more wheat more easily got at. How like they are to us humans in this respect! Always fighting and struggling to get where the wheat is thickest. But who of us thinks so? What a shocking idea, to be sure!

And the little baby-pigs would have no chance there at all, so they have been wisely penned off by themselves; there to learn all the dirty habits of their elders and to become proficient in the art of gobbling more than their fellows in a certain given time. Then—the inevitable end of pigs and humans—grist for the mill! grist for the mill!

But what of Gander Lake all this time. Surely it must be up that road that leads cloudward over the hill there and nestling on the other side.

The road is ending and the narrow paths begin, so we must perforce take to the paths if we would reach Gander Lake before sundown.

Snowflakes are beginning to fall. It is hazy around. The high tops of the hills are growing whiter. The horses on the range are moving, seeking the leeward side of the hills. How quiet and awesome nature in its wild state is! Here and there are lonely-looking clumps of trees, bare and skeleton-like. Over there the trees are more dense. Maybe a bear will wander out. Maybe not, for they have long been cuddled up for the winter. Maybe a mountain goat will bound away from the crags and rocks, as it scents our approach.

But where is Gander Lake? Can it be a myth?

We are far from the little country town and it gets dark very suddenly away up here. Quite easily one could be lost, and long might one wander about on these high ranges if such a fate should so befall. Gander Lake will have to wait till some other day, for we must retrace our steps before the dark comes down.

So it is down the hill and over the dale, and down the hill to the low-lands; on to the road, the beaten road, the road to the weal-or-woe-lands; but hearts are stout and limbs are strong; the game is worth the fight; the morning sun will gild the hills and chase the night with light.

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To a meeting with Death at the edge of the day.
King Death, whom all must obey.

As he drives thro' the gloom of the black, sullen sea
He shouts down the wind to the spirits that flee
Thro' the darkness before him—"Go forth and declare
I am lord of the Earth and the Sea and the Air!
Hear my voice in the night and obey"

Then the demons of darkness that ride in the Gale
Like creatures in torment re-echo the wail
Of the wind,—and the breakers that crash on the shore
Fling back, ere they perish, their answering roar.
"We hear, we hear, and obey."

Till the tall mountains tremble, the trees crouching low
At their feet, hear his voice with a shudder of woe.
And they toss their gaunt arms with a moan of despair
As they own him the lord of the Earth and the Air.
And he laughs as he speeds on his way.

But the long night is ending. He dare not delay.
And the grey light of dawn sees him speeding away
From the desolate shore to the sea's pallid rim,
Where a mightier monarch is waiting for him,
Even Death, whom all must obey.

For the Storm King is lord of the First of the year,
And Death is his ally; Destruction and Fear
Are his steeds, and the earth and the air and the sea
His dominions, who yield him in grim fealty
His toll, with the coming of day.

But his grim ally waits for the coming of light,
And he gloats o'er the spoil of the storm-ridden night.
On a grey tossing waste, 'neath a grey sullen sky,
Where the white sea-gulls wheel as a Shadow goes by—
A Shadow, passing away.

ELSPETH HONEYMAN.

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Bernard McEvoy, whose column "Street Corners" signed with the pen-name "Diogenes" in the "Province" has been for years a feature that has been widely read and enjoyed by British Columbians. He is the author of two books of poems as well as several prose works, the latest published being a "History of the Seventy Second Regiment" which has been most favorably received and reviewed. As secretary of "The B. C. Society of Fine Arts," he takes a warm interest in the artistic development of the Province and himself exhibits annually at the Society's exhibitions. He has also taken a prominent part in the formation of the new British Columbia Art League, of which he is First Vice President.



Drawn by C. H. Rawson

A Japanese Porcelain Bowl

One Jap woman, and eight Jap men—
Watching for spring to come again—
Encircling the Chinese Lily—
That grows in the midst of a tiny lake;
A tiny translucent, circular lake,
Surrounding the Chinese lily.

'Tis a bowl by a Japanese artist made;
In it will spring, and bloom and fade
The delicate Chinese lily;
But the one clay woman and eight clay men
Will be there long years beyond my ken;
Dead and gone the Chinese lily.

For into their clay was breathed the soul
Of the queer Jap artist who made the bowl
That holds the Chinese lily;
And the soul withstood the fires of hell,
So now they stand around and tell
How they will outlast the lily!

—Bernard McEvoy.

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Publishing Office, 1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

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"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

Vol. XVII.

MARCH—APRIL, 1921.

No. 5.

The Suggested British Empire Citizens' League

Shortly after a British Empire Citizens' League was suggested in this Magazine in November last, we observed from the newspapers that an organization using such a name had been formed in Ottawa, and we understand that a branch of that body has been—or is being—organized in Vancouver.

Because of the importance of the subject we reproduce the B. C. M. reference, together with a communication which was sent to us in December by Mr. R. W. Douglas, of Douglas Mackay & Co. Board of Trade Building, Vancouver.

A BRITISH EMPIRE CITIZENS' LEAGUE?

Vancouver as the largest city in British Columbia, lacks not for Societies and Organizations of various kinds. Indeed, while appreciating the spirit that prompts the maintenance of ties with other districts, it may be held that when "Shires" or Counties, as well as the national institutions of any Nation within the Empire, seek to form societies of their own, there is a danger of a multiplicity of minor organizations absorbing energy and interest that might be much more effective if centralised.

British Columbians, as citizens of this great Dominion, and dwellers in that part of it AS FAR SOUTH AS THE CHANNEL ISLANDS and with ports ice-free all the year round, may have no unimportant share in the spread of British Empire ideals throughout the world.

Hitherto, apart from the group organisations referred to above, we, as Canadians, may have been apt to take a good deal from "across the line"; and all honour to our cousins of the United States, who, with characteristic energy and enterprise give worth and weight to so many movements. But we venture to suggest that the time is ripe for the formation of a society or League, the first object of which would be the maintenance of the best in our British inheritance, and development thereupon.

The interests of an Empire Citizens' League would naturally begin at home, and as an organization it would concern itself not only with the type of men selected for civic life and work, but with policies put forward for social betterment. Ultimately, such a League of loyal citizens, independent of party sect or faction, could share in the work of world-permeation of those ideals for which thousands have been willing to die, and for which it sometimes seems many find it much harder to live.

"NO MORE URGENT NECESSITY."

Mr. Douglas wrote:—In your November issue you invited an expression of opinion on this subject, to which you make a passing reference. May one of your interested readers record his impression that there is no more urgent necessity than this and to neglect a duty so apparent and so needful is nothing less than unfaithfulness to a sacred trust committed to us.

It is not irrelevant in this connection to refer to sentiment. In our thousands we cheered and bade our youthful defenders God speed in those dark days, of 1914-15. We proudly read of their achievements and our hearts within us glowed at the glorious deeds of Empire, but what is the aftermath?

WAR MEMORIALS AND AMUSEMENTS.

We are endeavouring, with more or less success, to care for our living heroes, but what about our glorious dead? They sleep peacefully in the quiet "God's Acres" in France and loving hands see that those sacred spots are kept as befits our brave, but sir, we should have in every city and in every hamlet, a British Empire League which should so foster public opinion that in every city, village or municipality, some memorial be erected of a monumental character—not necessarily merely a marble pedestal—which will proclaim to all observers and for all time that as a Nation we realize the meaning of the sacrifice of our well-beloved.

No time to do it, and no money forthcoming! Too many other demands! Why, Mr. Editor, we spend each evening in Vancouver on amusements more than enough to build an everlasting memorial to those brave lads who will laugh and play no more.

SUGGESTS CANADIAN, ROTARY AND KIWANIS CLUBS COMBINE.

Too many Leagues and Societies now! Yes, but how many of them are helping to rear a great and enduring structure in Civic, Public, and Political life! Never was a time when true men and women of high ideals and with a vision more required to get together to combat the insidious influences which are creeping into every section of Society. A British Empire Citizen's League is needed and although we are surfeited with public meetings, I suggest that the Canadian Club, Rotary Club, Kiwanis Club and every other organization which stands for the best and highest ideals be bound together in a great effort to start this movement! Do, not let the suggestion drop. God speed you.

Meantime, we shall await with interest fuller particulars concerning the purposes and programme of the organization started in Ottawa and of the branch of it formed in Vancouver.

"HOW CAN WE DO IT AT \$1?"

The timely question and the notice at the beginning of this issue, and the letter on page ten, speak for themselves.

We are undertaking to mail twelve issues of the B. C. M. at the "Get-Acquainted" rate of \$1, because we have faith in the Home and Business service of such a magazine.

Though it is only about three years since the first novel by Robert Watson was published, this Scottish-born B. C. writer gives promise of becoming a prolific story-teller. Friendly critics will watch his work with interest and with the earnest hope that quantity may not be allowed to detract from quality.

Mr. Watson's first book, "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman," was followed in a year or so by "The Girl of O. K. Valley," and then, last Fall, by "Stronger Than His Sea," to which reference was made in the November B. C. M.

As in the case of not a few other writers, Mr. Watson's literary work is all the more noteworthy in that it has been done apart from the fact that a "daily round and common task" absorb the usual share of time and energy. (He is an accountant on the staff of the H. B. Company at Vernon, B. C.)

Crowded with work, as life must be for him, however, he found time to contribute a series of sketches to the B. C. M., under the general title of "The Canadianising of Sam MacPhail," and we have reason to know that the wit and humour displayed in these character sketches were appreciated by not a few of our readers, who may be interested to know that practically all the incidents related in these short stories were from actual happenings. "Sam" was true to life, and portrayed the transformation experiences of a Highland Scot in the land of his adoption.

Author of "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester," who for years has been a valued member of the Advisory Editorial Committee of this Magazine. Mr. Hood was recently elected a member of the Vancouver Library Board, and the appointment reflects credit on the responsible authorities.

No matter how opinions may differ as to methods of management of a public library, literary interest should be the first requisite in members of the Board of supervision; and when, as in Mr. Hood's case, that is supplemented by practical business experience; progressive results in community service should be assured.—Editor, B. C. M.



ROBERT WATSON



ROBERT ALLISON HOOD

A Parable of Simple Things

Now, when it was evening and I came home, my wife kissed me, and said: Look at our child!

And I watched awhile; for my child, tiring of his toys, was puffing about the floor on all-fours.

So I said to him: What are you doing, my boy? And he answered: I am playing at being a train.

And when he was tired of this he did something else, and I asked: What is it now? And he answered me: Now I am a horse.

Then I said to him: I should like to be a horse. But he replied: Not now. I am the horse; be a train first.

So with much troublesome amusement I got me down on all-fours and made puffing sounds, while he stood up and made noises like a horse.

Now, it came to this—while I was a train, he was a horse; neither could I become a horse until he had first become a cart.

And this went on till he grew tired and began to cry; and my wife put him to bed, not because he cried, but because he was tired.

Now, these are simple things; but it was as hard for me to know why he and I could not have been horses together, as for my boy to know the real reason for his being put to bed.

O Wise Men, resolve this mystery!

—LIONEL HAWEIS.

Ode to the Pioneers

Ye pioneers of yesterday,
Men of the rifle and the axe,
Through trackless woods ye led the way
Nor did your toilsome march relax
Till the blue Gulf before you lay!

Gentle in heart but hard of hand,
Men of the forest, field and flood!
Muscles of steel and faces tanned,
Spirit of heroes in your blood,
Yours are the lives that our love command!

No martial music nor bright display
Of banner and pennon your war to adorn
No wide-eyed nations to judge your fray
To honour the victors the vanquished to scorn—
But the joy of the struggle was all your pay!

And the scent of the pines and the sigh of the breeze
As the last streaks of day fade out into night;
The campfire so ruddy against the dark trees—
Their forms like grim ghosts in its flickering light—
And the couch of pine-needles gave tired limbs ease.

The view from the peak and the cliff's dizzy sheer,
The roar of the cataract, the murmur of brooks;
The whirr of the grouse and the bound of the deer,
The screech of the eagle, the cawing of rooks—
These, these, the delights of your hardy career!

Ye hero sires of yesterday!
Vanguard to thousands in your tracks
Bright as the morning sun in May,
Ever the fame of your deeds shall wax,
And reverent sons their homage pay!

Robert Allison Hood



Some Interesting Aerial Post Stamps.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PHILATELIC SOCIETY

(Stephen Golder, Hon. Secretary).

President, Mr. S. Gintzburger; vice-president, Mr. W. A. Pound; Directors, Messrs. J. Coulthard, A. J. Croker, Dr. Eden Walker, Canon G. d'Easum, Major T. B. Thomas, Hon. sec. Mr. Stephen Golder, Room 145 Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B. C.

The same year that witnessed the birth of the British Columbia Philatelic Society saw the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Royal Philatelic Society, which was formed on April 10th, 1869. This society by its work has achieved a splendid record of work on the study of stamps. It holds a record unparalleled in the history of philately. It has elevated stamp collecting to the plane of a scientific pastime and itself has been elevated to the status of a Royal Society. Few of the "philistines" realize how stable and permanent is the stamp collector's hobby. How few realize that for over fifty years men of brilliant talents and high positions have found recreation and stimulating occupation in the study of these little, but significant "scraps of paper."

Philately, what does it mean? is the question often asked by outsiders. The word from the Greek means "Love of things free from tax," the science of stamp collecting. This is a very different thing from the mere accumulation of postage stamps. It represents the development upon intellectual lines of the pastime of stamp collecting. It involves a study of the processes involved in the production of the stamps of the postal systems of the various countries and of the actual stamps themselves. Thus one issue of a set of the United States stamps was only discovered by Mr. J. N. Luff nearly sixteen years after it was issued, and the fact that it was in use was only proved by looking at the records of the then third assistant postmaster-general.

Stamp collecting has been a harmless amusement of the younger generation for nearly sixty years, but the scientific treatment of the subject dates from 1862 when the French started the movement in Paris. It gradually spread to England though its pioneers came in for a good deal of ridicule. The Royal Philatelic Society of London has its origin in the weekly meetings of a few enthusiasts who used to foregather in the rooms of the Rev. F. J. Stainforth, curate of the church of All Hallows, Staining. He himself was amongst the keenest students of the science and amongst other men of standing were Sir David Cooper, Judge Philbrick, Dr. Vinet, Mr. Mount Brown and E. L. Pemberton. Today such societies are legion and in London, Paris and Lyons, there are open-air exchanges at which all sorts and conditions of people jostle one another, including sometimes a member of the ministry.

The British Columbia Philatelic Society has been formed to give stamp collectors in the Province a chance to meet together, exhibiting their collections and exchanging duplicates. Already much good work has been accomplished and the membership roll includes the Swiss, French and Mexican

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

Consuls, Dr. De Wolf Smith and Dr. R. Eden Walker, New Westminster; Canon G. d'Easum, New Westminster; Brig.-Gen. Leckie; Major Thomas and many prominent Government officials from Victoria, Port Alberni, Trail, and Vancouver. Several ladies have also joined the society and are regular attendants at the society's fortnightly meetings which are held at the Blue Dragon Tea Rooms, Georgia Street. The membership fee is only \$2.00 and the honorary secretary-treasurer will be pleased to hear from collectors in the district.

The Forest

There falls no shadow here of ancient Death:
Time's morning has not lost its young delight
Nor bleared with evil dreams its eager sight;
This world lives yet the measure of its breath
Free and unharassed. Envy, scorn, and spite,
Diseases dwarfing oft ambitious men,
Whose boundless hearts they shrivel to a pen
Of bestial passions, fate forbids to blight
The gentle woodland. Hither sweet Content
Has fled mankind; but O, the heavy loss
That we should sell our finest gold for dross!
Yet from this younger age a message sent
May soothe our hearts outworn; there is no ease
More deep than springtide blown from murmuring trees.

—DONALD GRAHAM.

Sey.	THORPE'S	Sey.
1	PALE DRY	1
8	GINGER ALE	8
1		1

The Letter and One of the Replies:

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WHAT THE B. C. M. MANAGER SAID:

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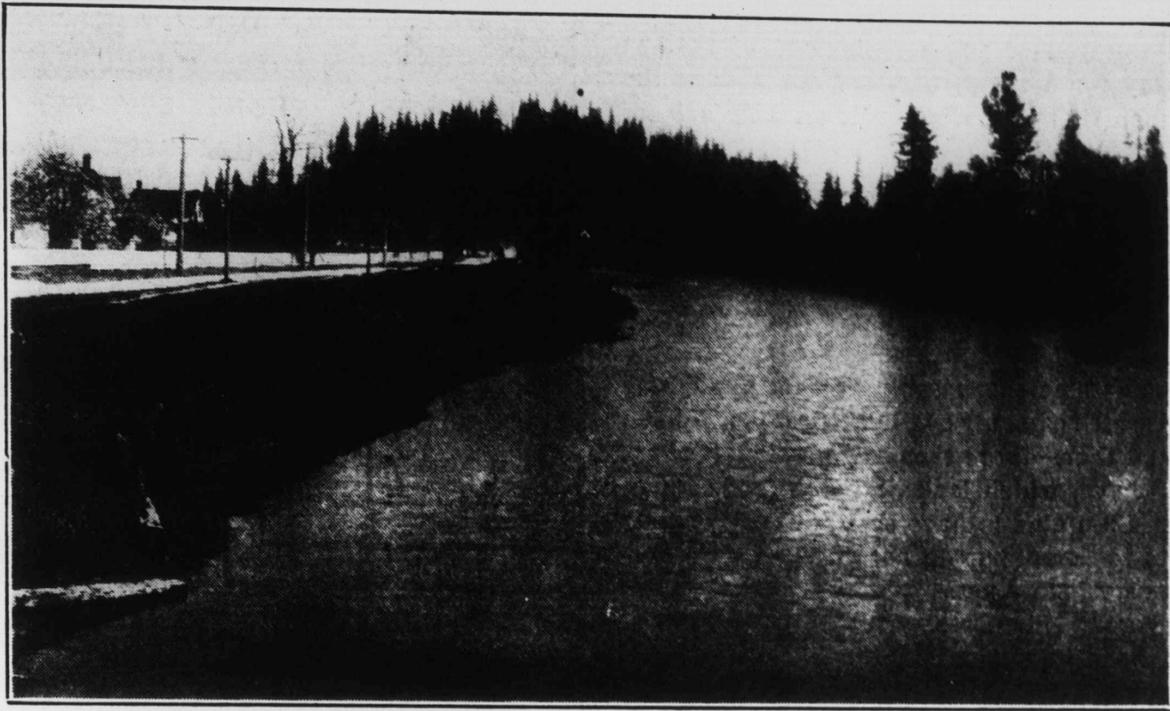
We believe when you KNOW of it, you will be interested in the work of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY. You will agree that the Canadian West should not depend on the East or Elsewhere for a Magazine devoted to SOCIAL, EDUCATIONAL, LITERARY and RELIGIOUS life and work, in one or all of which forms of COMMUNITY SERVICE every citizen and home is interested.

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The British Columbia Monthly

1100 BUTE ST. VANCOUVER, B. C.



Vancouver Island---The Island Beautiful

(Winifred Philpot).

An interesting stage of beginning to grow up is the discovery that many of the laboriously written copy-book precepts are all wrong. I shall never forget my fiendish glee when an ancient book of proverbs fell into my hands giving a most didactic sentence for both sides of the questions involved whereas my elders had ever quoted the one most suited to their point of view as final.

In my youth the good gods hurled me into Italy. The night before I left London, a tediously wise friend pointed out how wrong it was to wander afar before I knew my own land. He was quite mistaken. . . although at the time he sounded very logical. A hundred chances came later to see Brighton; that was the one glorious opportunity to live in Rome. Imagine an old age without the knowledge of Florence and Venice and Pisa, and all that wonder land of sound and color, books, music, pictures in their right setting for all the years to come; imagine all this lost, because forsooth, one had not previously seen the Welsh mountains. And ever after for my own part, I have gone where I could, when I could, and have taken to myself what I could and thus have added the local colour and glamour of many strange lands to my life.

And none must be confused nor compared with another. All are vital, all are beautiful to the God-given understanding eye. This is why I deprecate the oft seen comparison of British Columbia mountains, lakes and forests with those of Switzerland, Italy or Southern Austria. The former are here—about and above—take them, use them, but do not abuse them by comparisons. And so it is with my beloved Island. I cannot see that it matters whether or no it is more beautiful than the mainland, but what does matter is whether we are deliberately or idly leaving out much that will appeal give rest and joy, enrich.

I am just going to tell of what we have on the Island, not boasting, knowing full well there are greater glories elsewhere—not beseeching, our treasures are too royal for that. I am not going to be coherent nor will there be any continuity nor can I tell you all, for such a simple reason, I know very little, but that which I write of I love, which surely is the best of all reasons for writing.

Architecture—you did not know we had wonderful exam-

ples on the Island? Drive through the forest at the far end of Cameron Lake—did you ever see more glorious specimens of Early English and then the pure Norman—I grant you the periods are rather mixed, the Norman should rather blend into the later period, but what matters that, the glory and strength of the one, the lofty beauty and detail of the other are all there, giving, whether we want it or not, an immediate sense of the holy, the illimitable, the mysterious, and should the Gods be good to you as in their wonder working they have been to me, and you be given the revelation of that forest by midday, by midnight, by winter, by summer, then blessed are ye.

If you are already of the faithful come in the early summer—being of the faithful you will be willing to potter, find our orchids, lie down under our dogwood, kiss, an you will, our linnoe borealis lift up your eyes to our mountains, throw pebbles idly into our brooks—listen for, and then hunt out our water falls, talk with the natives and explore the crossroads.

Don't leave the other things undone, God forbid that you should return without the thrills of the Malahat; should not fish the waters of Sproat Lake, nor tremble at the majesty of the Campbell River Falls. . . but there are many other things to be added unto them. . . if you will. Camp out if you can, listen to this—a tent on the shore, backed by a cedar forest facing the sea and the islands and the west—trout fried in butter straight from frying pan to the plate—away with hotels!

Shall I tell you of one of my secret places?, really mine, and it is real, although you will not find it in any guide books. Now you are in a civilized community, twenty minutes in a car and you have reached the last farm; a trail through the forest, up and down and over, then the sound of many waters, (yes, we have music, classical, not ragtime, as well as architecture) finally you are on the banks of a wide calm river—but why the roar, the pull of falling water, the suggestion of tragedy near by?. To the left the river takes an abrupt right angle turn, and without a moment's warning that great volume of water has fallen headlong to the rocks far below—fallen down a chasm so narrow that a log carried from above cannot fall too, but has lodged between the banks lengthways, and far below the river rushes on to the sea, no longer calm; turquoise blue and green in its turbulence. The

natives call it Hell's Gates. Where is it? Ah, but it is my find—you can find others for yourself.

Repenting, I will tell you of another—instead of rushing by Cameron Lake, stay for a night, find the outlet from the lake, find the trail, then find the falls and loiter and laze for the day—it is worth it.

A year ago I discovered where our children's children will loiter and laze—far away up the West Coast, there are countless harbours and inlets where one can lie in the bottom of a small boat and drift and dream and smoke and tan to one's heart's content, and then with a sudden spurt of energy, pull to the banks and following trails through the forest. (yes there are bears, but such nice shy bears!) soon one can hear the thunderous sound which can only spell Pacific rollers, down down, down we go—and then—there they are, beating, tearing, roaring into beautiful bays, which look as if the foot of man had never come. Yes, I am glad to have seen the playgrounds of the generations yet to come, but do not go if you are nervous for that land is very lonely yet.

Tell you where to go? N'importe.—

Beautiful men, in beautiful offices in the big cities, with beautiful maps and folders, will tell you of the various centres. They do not know much about the secret places, but you will seek and find. Only do not try to cover the whole island on one trip. It would really be very unsatisfactory to read the whole Bible in one afternoon.

W. LAWRENCE SMITH

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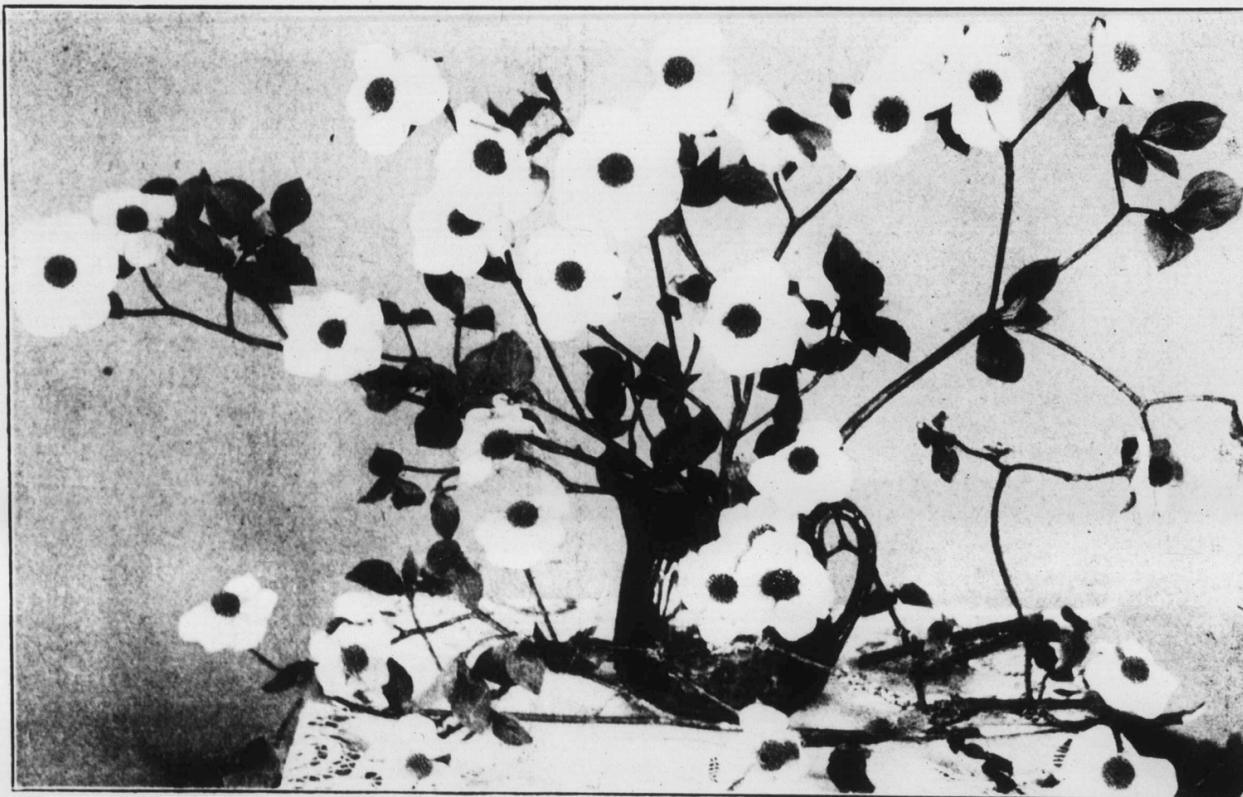
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Vancouver, B.C.

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Dogwood—which Professor Davidson of the University of British Columbia recommends as a beautifier of Vancouver City.

The second part of Professor Davidson's article on "The Morality of Plants" is held over till next issue.

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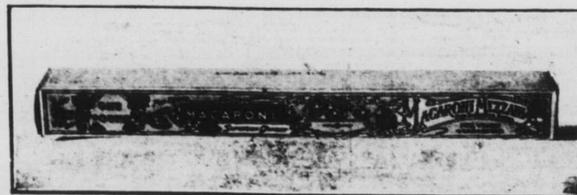
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"The Song of the Harassed Housewife"

(Laura Rees-Thomas).

I have op'ed my kitchen window, to greet the soft Spring breeze,
That has set the grasses nodding, and is whispering to the trees;
While the sweet perfume of the lilac bush brings messages of you.

The birds are singing
On branches a'swinging:

But what is the scent of lilac blue—'gainst the odorous odour of Irish stew?

I gaze beyond where meadows cool slope to the murmuring stream,
And long, soft, tree-thrown shadows fall across its sunlit gleam,
And a sudden longing holds my heart that I might care-free rove;

Like the brook's laughing rill,
Through valley, o'er hill:

But how can I stray so far away, when I must put wood on the kitchen stove?

I watch the wreathing opal mist creep up the mountain side,
And veil its face from the sun's fierce gaze, like some lovely Eastern bride;

I think of the storms that have raged o'er its head, and passing left no sign;

Dream age-old romances,
Mid a riot of fancies;

But what romance can ever enhance—rows of stockings on the line?

And now my thoughts have sped away to a rock-strewn, sea-girt strand,
Where billowing waves with wind-tossed spray dash on the golden sand;

And scurrying clouds race by o'erhead, and gulls wing lazily;
A ship passes by,
I wildly cry

Oh! take my cans, and my pots and pans, and bury them in the sea.

The spirit of night leans softly down with sable wings unfurled,

And lulls to rest in her ample breast, a tired work-worn world.
Mr dreams are filled with splendour,—till I hear the milkman shout,

'Twixt the night and the morn,
At the first hour of dawn.

Hey! missus, awake! for goodness sake!—you've not put your bottle out!



MRS. LAURA REES-THOMAS

an artist of no mean ability, and a well known contributor to the Press. Several of her poems have appeared in this magazine. Mrs. Rees-Thomas is a sister of A. C. Michael, the well known Black and White artist. She is an accomplished elocutionist and recently gave a very interesting lecture at the Aberdeen School on the Dances and Music of Shakespeare's time.

When Mrs. Laura Rees-Thomas took over the duties of Honorary secretary to the Vancouver Shakespeare Society a few months ago the Society was at a low ebb, and in fact it was on the point of disbanding. Through her energies however, the Society is now in a very flourishing condition.

Mrs. Rees-Thomas, better known perhaps as "L.R.T." was for several years musical critic for the Vancouver World. She is an accomplished musician

Have you read "A Timely Question" on Page 2 of cover and "The Letter" on Page 10?

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HERBERT BEEMAN

Mr. Herbert Beeman, who is responsible for the accompanying address "To Felix" (which Mr. Harold Nelson Shaw declaimed with masterly ability) is perhaps as well known to the business men of the Terminal City as he is to folk with literary interests.

Mr. Beeman is a valued member of the staff at the Vancouver Board of Trade Office. Like some others whose lot in life involves their being diligent in business, he is fervent in literary spirit, though innately modest in disposition.

Without asking for any documentary evidence, anyone would gather from his speech that Mr. Beeman is British born, and originally from the Southern portion of the Island, though we presume he is now, like most sensible citizens satisfied to be a Canadian, and especially a British Columbian.

—(Ed. B. C. M.)

To Felix---A Tribute

By H. Beeman.

Spoken by Harold Nelson Shaw at the Midnight Matinee Benefit at the Allen Theatre, Vancouver,

It was the custom in a courtlier age,
When a fair lady left the mimic stage,
To hire a varlet with some skill in rhyme
To tell the triumphs of the well-lov'd mime,
Describe her beauty and surpassing wit
In language flatt'ring and in measures fit;
Or when a Hero whose all conq'ring sword
Had brought destruction on some Paynim horde
And sav'd his country from an evil fate;
And then again, perhaps some Man of State
Had earn'd the homage of his fellow-men;
But not for one of these we take the pen,
Nor do we write for hire, but out of love
For one whose wit and lore are far above
The efforts of our feeble quill to tell—
As feeble as our efforts are to quell
The flood of reminiscence that will drown
The mightiest thwacks a Chairman may bring down
Upon his desk. There is a story told
About a monk, one Felix, who of old
Listen'd enthral'd unto a bird's sweet song
One hundred years; to him but one hour long
It seem'd. We doubt our Felix would, but then
We know he's talked for three score years and ten.

Enough of banter, though it's writ in fun,
We're glad to know it's but a paper Sun
He went to, when he left a paper World,
Long may he live to wave his flag unfurl'd,
And wield the weapon mightier than the sword!

It happ'd last summer that he went to board
(Batter'd and bruised by evil fortune's kicks)
At a fine Hostel, built hard by the Styx,
Before he sought for what the tired soul yearns,

The bourn from which no traveller returns;
But chang'd his mind as he lay resting there,
And so it chanced that Charon lost a fare.
And now this nasty fellow makes a charge
For board and room, and passage on his barge
Which was reserved, but happily not used.

It comes our Pal, by fortune so abus'd,
Is hardly put, as doubtless you've inferr'd,
To meet a charge not willingly incur'd.
And thus we find what often is made plain—
That one's misfortunes are another's gain,
And hail this chance to help the best of men,
J. FRANCIS BURSILL, or our FELIX PENNE.

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A Word of Counsel



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THE BLACK BOOK OF TAYMOUTH

(By A. M. Cowan, Perth, Scotland.)

The Breadalbane Campbells have not been collectors of rare and curious prints like the Grenvilles of Stow, but the books, manuscripts and charters at Taymouth Castle form a collection of historic importance. Prominent amongst these is the Black Book of Taymouth, than which probably no book has more belied its title. For it quite naturally suggests at least some connection with dark deeds and the founder of the family, that Black Duncan of the Cowl who played the grim trick of the black bull's head on Rob Roy's ancestors. According to one version of the story, the Macgregors got wind of what was coming and escaped, but another account has it that Black Duncan exterminated his enemies, and that ever afterwards a bull is heard roaring on the hill when a Breadalbane is going out with the tide. Besides Black Duncan, there is the mysterious Lady of Lawers, of whom more presently. Is it any wonder that highly coloured romances have been woven round a book with such a title and such relations?

Yet the Black Book was never intended to be anything more than a plain statement of facts. It was compiled about the middle of the seventeenth century under the direction of the eighth Laird of Glenorchy, who supplied the materials from which it was written to his notary, a lawyer named Bowie. What the book actually contains is a record of the family history with all the facts and incidents that have been gathered together from time to time. It is a strange, eventful history of course, stranger in parts than most fiction, but it has no connection with the black art.

A volume of that sort, and a bulky one at that, could be produced without much difficulty from the legends and traditions that cluster round Loch Tay like the mists on the hills. Some of these have reference to the strange gift of the second sight which was possessed by at least one old woman who died only a few years ago. A remarkable instance which occurred at the close of the last century is described in the late Marquis of Lorne's "Adventures in Legend," and there are other instances known to persons still living in Perthshire which have never been published.

To give one or two examples of what is contained in the Black Book, it is related that the first Laird was a Knight of Rhodes and was "three sundrie tymes in Rome." The sixth Sir Colin was "ane great justiciar" and incurred the deadly enmity of the Clan Gregor. "He caused execute to the death meny notable lymarris," amongst them the chief of the Macgregors who was beheaded at Kenmore in the presence of the Earl of Athol and other magnates. His successor was the first who tried to civilise the clansmen by turning their attention to agriculture. One of his regulations throws a lurid light on the social habits of the times. "No man," so it ran, "shall in any public house drink more than a chopin of ale with his neighbour's wife in the absence of her husband, upon the penalty of ten pounds and sitting twenty-four hours in the stocks."

A notable passage records how "the Laird of Glenorchy his whole landis and estate, were burnt and destroyit by James Graham sometime Erle of Montrose." This happened in 1644 through Glenorchy having joined the Covenanters.

There is an entry in the Black Book that Sir Duncan Campbell built the great hall and chapel in the isle of Loch Tay in 1480. Centuries previously there was a priory on the island founded by Alexander I. whose wife Sybil, daughter of Henry I. of England, lies buried there. Far earlier still there is a misty tradition that a King of Scotland was drowned in the loch in the seventh century. This was Donald IV. who, as an old chronicle says, went there "at fishing with his servants." The ruins of the priory are briefly described by Sir Walter Scott in his notes to "The Fair Maid of Perth."

Among the manuscripts at Taymouth there is one in the form of a diary written by a Roman Catholic priest in the sixteenth century, which makes frequent mention of bloody feuds and murders among the people. Another old manuscript deals with the coins of all periods, including the Roman, which have been found at various times in the district round Loch Tay. A literary curiosity is preserved in a rare copy of John Knox's dispute with the Abbot of Crossraguel. The Boswells of Auchinleck were at one time supposed to possess the only copy in existence. Both copies are imperfect.

The accusation about the black art might be levelled with at least some show of reason against another remarkable volume of the Taymouth collection, the Red Book of Balloch, which contains the prophecies of the Lady of Lawers. Balloch, it should be explained, was the name of the feudal fortress that stood originally on the Taymouth site. It was associated with centuries of clan feuds and desperate deeds. With the building of Taymouth the whole atmosphere of the place was changed. There is nothing now to suggest the days when the Campbells marched into Caithness to seize the lands of its Earl for debt, the amazing incident, even for those times, that is said to have been the origin of the song, "The Campbells are coming."

The Red Book is a bulky volume, barrel-shaped and bound with twelve iron hoops or clasps. The prophecies relate to the house and lands of Breadalbane; the Lady of Lawers was the wife of Campbell of Lawers and she lived in a house by the lochside three hundred years ago. Some of her "sooth words" actually came to pass, so that her reputation was firmly established throughout the country-side. Instances are recorded of people who disregarded her warnings suffering the penalties that she had foretold, like the farmer who uprooted her ash-tree and was gored to death by his own bull.

One of her prophecies was that an old white horse would carry all the heirs of Taymouth across Tyndrum cairn. There were thirty in the family at the time but soon after in a clan battle near Killin twenty-five of them were slain.

A stranger instance of her gift referred to the kirk. She is said to have declared that when the red cairn on Ben Lawers fell, the Church would split in two. The saying could not have had any meaning for her own time. The cairn was erected by a company of sappers and miners and collapsed in the year of the Disruption in the Church of Scotland.

Some of the prophecies are still unfulfilled. The huge boulder known as the Boar Stone, standing in a meadow near the loch, is to topple over on the day when a strange heir shall come to the castle. When the face of a certain rock shall be concealed by wood, the house of Breadalbane will be at the height of its glory.

There is an element of mystery connected with these twin volumes of the Taymouth library that has always appealed strongly to the popular imagination. If they should ever come into the market like the castle, they will assuredly cause some stir among collectors.

A reference to the inn at Kenmore in the Black Book, recalls the visits of Burns and Scott to the Perthshire highlands. Taymouth with its fine setting among the Grampians inspired the lines pencilled over the inn mantelpiece at Kenmore, "Admiring nature in her wildest grace." "The Birks of Aberfeldy" is another classic memento of the poet's tour. The bard got into trouble with the critics over this poem, for there are no birches at Aberfeldy. The explanation is that he borrowed from an older poem referring to Abergeldie where birches are numerous. But what Burns has

written, he has written; for most of us there will be birks at Aberfeldy to the end of the chapter.

Scott's case was rather different, but the critics took him to task also. He had been interested in the ruined feudal fortress of Finlarig on Loch Tay. Perhaps it recalled to his mind memories of Threave or some of the Border strongholds. At any rate, when he came to describe the death of the chief of the Clan Quhele in "The Fair Maid of Perth," he laid the scene at Finlarig and was straightway convicted of anachronism, for the combat on the North Inch took place before Finlarig was built. Of more literary importance was the visit to Grandtully which gave the world Tullyveolan.

The Wayside Philosopher.

ABRACADABRA

J. M. REEVE, K.C.

A few months ago there ended at Vancouver a unique life history when all that was mortal of James M. Reeve, K.C., was laid to rest at Ocean View cemetery.

Born in Ontario in 1846, he was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman who is still living at an age of about 97 years.

He studied law while his other brother became a medical man. Both brothers were men of excellent parts, and reached outstanding positions in their respective professions. R. A. became a noted specialist and Dean of the Medical Faculty at Toronto University; J. M. became a Dominion K.C. whose extensive practice led him often to the Privy Council and head of the firm of Reeve, Fullerton and MacPherson, of Toronto.

While his standing in law was unquestioned and while he with Dalton McCarthy, and others formed a galaxy of legal stars such as Ontario will not gather again in many years, he had an exceptional literary standing. Not only did he know books and have ability to discuss them with that fine discriminating taste that marks the scholar, but during his many holidays and business trips to England, he had met and knew with more or less intimacy the leading literary lights of the later Victorian days. Fortunate he or she who could induce him to discuss literature or literary personages. With the instincts of the true gentleman he emphasized virtue and left faults and failures in the truest and best light.

Taken altogether he was a striking example of the grand old professional gentleman of a day that is nearly gone. Their virtues of dignity, high professional ethics, uniform gentlemanlike conduct, strict adherence to duty, he had as well as their vices. In his greatest moments of weakness he was still infinitely above many who in their smug self satisfied complacency could see the fault, but whose cramped and narrow souls, living in a little selfish round of life, realized not that real greatness was before them.

His life history with its outstanding successes, its failures, its many odd turns, would be an interesting study. Some day we may get it with its wonderful lessons, from his own pen. Till then we leave him "still loftier than the world suspects, living and dying."

STANFORD VISIT.

We welcome such events as the visit of the Stanford Rugby team. We are cheered to learn that so large a crowd assembled at the first two games, that the last game's receipts were profits. That is as it should be. Apart from all other aspects it shows, we trust, that clean sport is appreciated. Let us rally around football, golf and cricket till baseball and ice hockey have become clean wholesome games again played for sport and not gate receipts, and till lacrosse has been put again where it once was as a sport for gentlemen played for the honour of town and team to the enjoyment of the spectators.

WHY BE DOWNCAST?—CHEERIO!

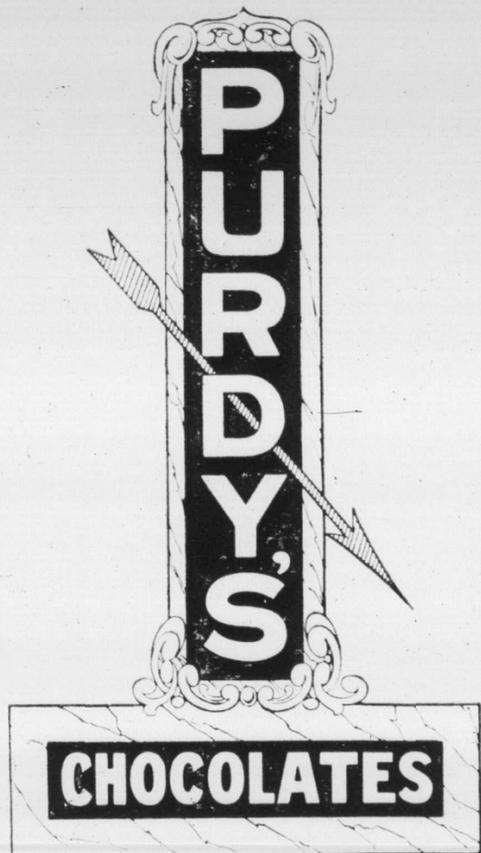
All things are not fortunate. We have locally a certain unemployment problem. Here and there, matters are otherwise than we could wish them. But why the discouragement, the pessimism, the dark mutterings of future woes? If we but take a grip of ourselves, and sanely look at things, we should rejoice that the dark clouds can be but temporary shadows. Basically we are well situated. Our evils are minor ones compared to other situations. Our weather has been unsatisfactory, but this is Spring and summer is at hand. With good health, in a land of richest resources, enjoying a peace denied many thousands; with assured prosperity in our mineral, timber, agricultural and fishing output; enjoying for the most part, luxury, such as thirty years ago would be called sinful waste; let us thank God for His benefits, and by cheerful settling of ourselves to hard, necessary work prove at once our gratitude and our worth.

Quite Simple

(By Marjory M. Reynolds)

Some people say it's difficult to
write a moving tale about the
things one comes across
a-passing through
this vale; but
bless you,
it's an
easy job, you
just sit down and
think and you get a
soft lead pencil if
you don't like
pen and ink;
and the thoughts
just come a-
flocking, you have
to keep them out,—
in fact, there's
hardly anything
you cannot
write
about.
Your neigh-
bours give
material enough
for fifty
books, and
stories sprout
like cabbages
whichever
way one
looks; so
don't
believe
the
pessimists
who raise
a weary wail
about the
task of
writing,—
why, I
can
write
a
tail.

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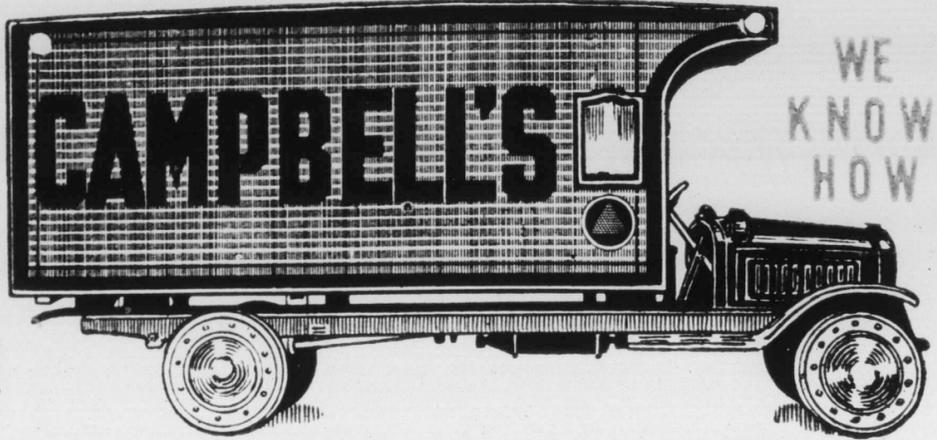
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