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No. 2

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and
THE CANADIAN WEST?

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The Industries of British Columbia: II--Fishing

(A. A. Milledge, Manager B. C. Products Bureau.)

Having dealt with Agriculture, we now turn to that other basic means of subsistence, the Fisheries of British Columbia.

The conformation of the coast of British Columbia is especially suitable for fisheries; the shore line is made irregular by many deep inlets and estuaries, and from the coast a feeding ground for fish in the shape of a sea ledge runs out from 50 to 100 miles before dropping away to ocean depths. The Pacific Ocean and the large rivers along its 7,000 miles of coastline abound in fish of all kinds, of which the most noted is salmon of various varieties, bred in British Columbia rivers, matured in the Pacific, and which regularly return after four years to the parent streams in immense numbers to spawn.

For the eleventh successive year, British Columbia has produced more fish than any other province in the Dominion of Canada; the fishery products last year having a total value of \$18,921,100 or 51% of the total fishery products of the Dominion. In 1903 these products were valued at \$4,748,365, so it will be seen that the industry has been steadily growing.

The total value of each principal species of fish taken in B. C. for the last year is as follows:—

Salmon	\$13,130,000	Pilchards	\$161,000
Halibut	3,918,000	Crabs	61,000
Herring	864,000	Clams	68,000
Cod	226,000	Oysters	33,000
Black Cod	121,000	Miscellaneous	395,000

Engaged in making the catch of this vast quantity of fish are 14 steam trawlers of 90 tons or over, 10 steam vessels of 30 to 125 tons, 172 sailing and gasoline boats 10 to 40 tons, 3271 sail and row boats and 3074 gasoline launches, making a total of 6631 fishing vessels representing an investment of \$4,857,373.

Tributary to the taking of fresh fish is the Canning Industry, which gives employment to thousands of workmen. Engaged in the canning and curing of British Columbia fish are 1 clam cannery, 56 salmon canneries, 4 fish oil plants and 42 fish curing plants. The capital invested in these plants amounts to \$13,607,000.

The first canning on a large scale took place in 1873, when two canneries on the Fraser River packed 8,580 cases of salmon. Since then the pack has risen until last year it totalled 1,290,326 cases, an increase of 686,778 cases over the previous year; but although this was the fourth largest pack in the history of the province it was far less valuable than in many other years, due to the fact that 840,183 cases or 60% consisted of pink and chum salmon. Nineteen twenty-three has seen an even greater increase in the amount of salmon packed, no less than 1,341,681 cases being produced; of these 858,991 cases were of pink and chum, so that the value of this year's pack will be relatively the same. Most of the gain in the catch was made on the Skeena and Naas Rivers.

About 1890 the fishery for halibut was begun, and from 6,877,640 pounds in 1899 the catch has risen to 25,500,950 pounds, practically all of which was shipped from Prince Rupert; no less than 900 box cars were required to transport this enormous catch to its markets.

The coast of British Columbia also bids fair to rival the North Sea in the catch of herring, one firm this year having caught in the neighborhood of 50,000 tons or about 400,000,000 fish.

Whaling also plays an important part in the fisheries, 187 of these mammals being killed last year with a yield of 283,314 gallons of oil valued at \$129,954. Among other by-

products obtained were 326 tons of whale-bone and meal valued at \$15,060 and 230 tons of fertilizer valued at \$13,800. This catch includes whales of many kinds, sulphur-bottom, finback, humpback and occasional sperms. This year the catch totalled 377 whales with a corresponding increase in value.

Unlike other industries, care has to be exercised in regulating the annual catch of fish in order to conserve the supply. This is accomplished by the Government curtailing the fishing season, restricting the number of licenses issued, and establishing hatcheries. One reason for this great need of conservation is the serious depletion of the sockeye salmon, due partly to overfishing by the United States operators in Puget Sound through which waters the salmon pass on their way to the Fraser River, and more so to the dumping of rock in the Fraser River during the construction of the Canadian Northern Railway.

These hatcheries are a very important factor in taking care of the industry, for they greatly augment the annual production. Last year the Government distributed 110,671,921 fish eggs in the upper reaches of the rivers of British Columbia. Of these 84,789,624 were sockeye salmon. This year has seen a record collection of salmon eggs, a total of 30,702,000 sockeye salmon eggs being collected in the Pemberton district of the Fraser River alone, and a sufficient number of fish left to seed the spawning grounds. About 50% of the eggs collected will be used for seeding the areas of the Fraser River above Hell's Gate, Anderson-Seton Lakes system, the Shuswap Lake system and the Stuart Lake system. As the other hatcheries throughout the province show similar record collections, it will be seen that the salmon production is being well taken care of, and with judicious regulations being made and enforced, the industry should in a very short time resume a normal state.

It will be seen from the few preceding remarks that British Columbia stands possessed of a vast natural wealth of fish the equal in quality of any in the world. To insure the proper development of this wonderful resource, should be the aim of every true citizen.

The fisheries of this province give employment to nearly 15,000 workers directly, and indirectly to thousands more in the production of tin containers, building materials, food stuffs for use in the canneries, whaling stations, curing plants, etc. In addition the fish being of such excellent quality, is of great food value, comparing most favorably with other forms of edibles.

For these, if for no other reasons, every person in this province should insist upon being supplied with BRITISH COLUMBIA fish. By so doing, citizens will expand the present industries, give employment to more workmen, consequently increasing the population and encouraging new settlers to provide the necessaries of life for the workers in the factories. It will thus be readily seen that by developing the fishing industry the other industries of the province will in turn receive added impetus, and the movement will result in general prosperity for all British-Columbia.

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Round About Windsor Castle

(By Arthur P. Woolacott)

The King's smile in happy moments is as engaging as that of his illustrious mother, Queen Alexandra, and many Canadians will recall occasions during the war when His Majesty seemed to take a boyish delight in talking to them like one of themselves.

The Canadian Forestry Corps was given the privilege of establishing one of its most important English Camps in Windsor Forest and His Majesty and various members of the Royal Family were frequent visitors.

On one occasion the mill-crew—for there was a regular B. C. saw-mill in the Forest—were delighted to be quizzed by the King regarding the timber resources of their province, the scale of wages and their occupations in civil life, for it was apparent that not all of them were lumbermen, and when he distributed cigarettes among the boys and discovered that he was without a light, it was the sight of a life-time to see the score of men digging down into their jeans for a match, and then contemplating with comic dismay the dirty stubs unearthed. Probably it was the humour of the situation that lighted up the King's countenance; at all events he cordially invited them all to avail themselves of the opportunity to become better acquainted with Windsor Castle and its environs during their sojourn in the Park.

The Forestry Corps was remarkable for its personnel. Among its twelve thousand members was a wide variety of types, from professors and clergymen of high standing to roustabouts of the wildest and woolliest kind. Consequently there was always a large quota passing through the camp to and from France who were capable of fully appreciating the historical associations of the neighborhood, so that in any party of a dozen men there was usually a sufficient fund of collective knowledge to satisfactorily illuminate a day's wanderings.

Westmacott's colossal equestrian statue of George III surmounts Snow Hill and was within sight of the Canadian Camp. From this point may be obtained a most magnificent view of Windsor Castle and the surrounding country. The great feature of the Park, the Long Walk, lies in full view leading in a straight line bordered by turf and double rows of elms direct from the observer's feet over a stretch of nearly three miles of lovely English landscape to the Grand Entrance to the castle. This is one of the few vistas in the world that will remain in the mind long after other impressions have faded away and those who obtained their first view of Windsor Castle from this point of vantage will have reason to count themselves fortunate indeed.

The elms were planted in 1680 by Charles II and the avenue completed under William III although the carriage road down the centre was not formed until the reign of Queen Anne.

In the pleasant summer weather the inhabitants of Windsor, Eton, Egham, Staines and other places near-by take the air in the shade of the venerable elms that border the avenue.

In these spacious grounds one observes hundreds of red and fallow deer, Welsh goats, and pheasants and rabbits in thousands. In the ghostly moonlight with a fog-like mist swathing a mile of the lowest part of the Walk, one recalls eerie legends associated with the grounds, and the strange noises of things moving in the grass or rushing by in the night resurrects a bookish memory of Herne the Hunter who was wont to career through these glades with his phantom followers.

Another splendid walk that is taken advantage of by pedestrians on their way to Ascot during the Race Week is

Queen Anne's Ride, which is somewhat similar to the Long Walk but with only a single row of elms on either side with turf in between.

The overseas visitor is reminded at every turn of things read long ago in a far-off land, in tiresome books that seemed to be an inextricable complication of dates, and those fragments of almost forgotten knowledge waylay him, and leap out at him with vigor and completeness that is startling; he realises very vividly that Windsor Great Park has been the playground of the Kings and Queens of England during long centuries, for it was William the Conqueror who made this a Royal Forest. Here our monarchs have witnessed contests with the bow, with the hawk, and with the horse; here England's soldiers have shown their prowess and their skill in their thousands, and both before and after the tumult and stress of battle have proudly marched before their sovereign.

Lovers of flowers cherish a pleasant memory of the Rhododendron walk which was formed about the time of the accession of Queen Victoria and extends about a mile from Bishopsgate. During the early summer months these plants present a mass of colouring that affords a picture of surpassing beauty.

One connoisseur who applied to aesthetics the strategy acquired at the front reconnoitered the Castle from every vantage before making the final assault. His second view was from the rushes in the Thames above Windsor Bridge, the favorite view of artists, affording as it does the most comprehensive and picturesque ensemble possible, with a foreground of shadowed water reflecting the soft lines and masses of foliage overhanging the banks, thus giving a setting to the picture that adds greatly to the effect;—a medieval pile, embowered in trees and mirrored in the tranquil waters below.

There is another favorite view from the river a little lower down and closer up, with a foreground of punts, people, straw hats, and dwellings, but this latter view is a present-day affair, a democratic photograph, as it were, of Royalty at the beck of Demos; whereas the upper view is artistic, chaste, and is really suggestive in its medieval remoteness of the divinity that hedges round the conception of kingship.

From the east the pile has a more formal, modern appearance, accentuated by the precisely laid out gardens of the East Terrace. From this angle one does not get the sense of historical perspective.

The North Front which houses the suite known as the State Apartments designed by Sir Christopher Wren, has a palatial aspect, but, as a learned member of the party said, lacks archaeological relief, except for the Round Tower, which breaks the sky-line, and thus redeems the front from the severely conventional. An old gentleman of antiquarian tastes said that the North Front as altered by Sir Christopher Wren, was absolutely stark and insipid, and that all traces of Wren's innovations were removed from the walls by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville in 1839 and that to him we owe the present day appearance of the major portion of the pile.

On another occasion our party dined at Staines in a very cosy dining-room overlooking the Thames with such accompaniments as a cheery fire in the grate, a magnificent Stilton cheese flanked by bottles of Bass's ale, set off by white napery and the sheen of silver when some chance remark elicited from the stately maid that Runnymede was just up the river yon.

There was some doubt regarding our right to trespass on land of such ancient lineage as that over which we were

bound to pass in following up the river's shore. But no one interfered with us though it must be admitted that in our inexperienced Canadian hearts we expected momentarily during our stay in England to be haled before a bewigged worthy to answer for some terrible breach of the laws of the land. That feeling of diffidence possibly accounted for the bravado of our boys who walking warily in a strange land whistled and swaggered to keep up their courage and impress the natives with their nonchalance.

We found an upturned punt on tressels and examined the sea-monster with interest and concluded that it was a heavy cumbersome contraption which did not justify the pages devoted to it in English literature. A Peterboro canoe we thought, was a much more providential arrangement. But Nemesis pursued us and almost caught up. While the people did not drive us from their land nevertheless when we were opposite "the little island in the river, where the aspens dusk and shiver" and were in a state bordering on ecstasy as we contemplated historic Runnymede, some one yelled,—“Take the fence boys.”—which we all very promptly did just in time to escape the rush of an enraged bull which had charged down like a runaway rhinoceros. But with true British fairness he did not pursue us beyond his private palings. That bull seemed the embodiment of something vaguely suggested by the event connected with this spot.

Having recovered ourselves we sat down on the grassy bank and endeavoured to visualise history, a process disturbed by the subconscious knowledge that an untamed force was there at our elbows chafing to hurl itself into our midst and shatter our ideals into bits.

For eight hundred years the Kings and Queens of England had made Windsor their favorite residence. It was undoubtedly of Norman origin for we are informed that William the Conqueror acquired the ground from the monks of Westminster and in 1086 there is an entry in Domesday Book referring to a fortress on the present site. It grew in importance and in the reign of Henry II had attained the proportions and magnificence of a royal palace. From thence King John rode daily to the conference held on the little island of Runnymede and there after exhausting every excuse for delay, at last gave unwilling consent to Magna Charta.

It was not a difficult feat of imagination to wish away the present day cottages and a few additional signs of man's occupation; and the result was rather surprising. Remove all the conifers from any one of a dozen spots in the lower Fraser valley and the little bushy island in the river would be a fair representation of Runnymede.

Something of the weird loneliness of the wilderness came over us as after obliterating modern England we translated ourselves in imagination to that far distant time when the keystone of English liberties was painfully put in place by those master-masons, the high-tempered barons who certainly wrought better than they knew.

In the course of many walks we developed an affection for the Forest of Windsor which, with the Parks, we were informed, at one time included the whole of Berkshire with a circumference of 120 miles. The present area of the Forest is about 10,000 acres, with 3,000 in the Great Park and 500 in the Home or Little Park.

After the magnificent distances and vast expanses of Canada it was always amusing to contemplate certain topographical features in England which, but for differences due to the human factor and a golden mist of historical association, would attract but scant attention. Virginia Water was a case in point. The streamlet anciently known as Virginia River was excavated and dammed in 1750 making an artificial lake of 130 acres two miles long. On its banks is a fishing cottage with a gallery extending the whole length of the building for the accommodation of Royal Anglers. The lake

which is full of pike, drains over an artificial waterfall near the Southampton High Road. We said amiable things about this man-made geography and turned our attention to the Ruins brought from Tripoli. The fragments included an altar dedicated to Jupiter Helios, but the odds and ends are promiscuously displayed and lack unity of effect. The trees however attracted our attention, among them being the Veteran, known as William the Conqueror's Oak. It is said to have been a favorite of the fiery Duke, who, it should be mentioned made this a Royal Forest and enacted laws for its preservation. The age of the tree is estimated at 1500 years, quite a venerable oak, having attained nearly half of its present age before William was born. It stands near Cranbourn, which by-the-way, is now used as a luncheon room when the Royal shooting parties visit the Park preserves.

Not far from the Veteran is the largest tree in the Park with a circumference of 35 feet and in the vicinity is one of the first oak plantations ever made in England, sown by order of Lord Burleigh at the time of the Spanish Armada, for it was feared that the Forest of Dean might fall into the hands of the Spaniards which would thus deprive England of her timber sources. That Lord Burleigh's foresight was correct appears from the discovery among the documents captured with the Spanish fleet, of instructions issued by the King Philip of Spain to his Admirals to cut down the Forest of Dean and thus effectually cripple the English Navy.

Large numbers of trees were planted by Queen Victoria and other sovereigns and princes.

Herne's Oak near Frogmore in the Home Park has been rendered famous by passages in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor." The story attached to this tree is generally supposed to owe its origin to Richard Herne, a Keeper of the Forest in the reign of Henry VIII, who having committed an offence, hanged himself from a branch, and has ever since haunted the neighborhood, appearing with antlers about his head to the terror of the former inhabitants of the Park.

During the last fifty years nothing of importance has been added to Windsor Castle, although liberal sums are annually expended in meeting modern requirements, while the whole is maintained in perfect repair. A sense of pride may well overtake the visitor as he takes a last look at the venerable buildings. The grandeur of the site, the stateliness of the walls, the long association with the chief events in English history, the comprehensiveness of its collection in art and literature, render Windsor Castle a home full worthy of that Sovereign to whose guidance has been entrusted the destinies of the British people.

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Canada's Island Playground

Where 1,000 Miles of Wonderland Await the Motorist

By FRANK GIOLMA

Four years ago barely 50,000 tourists came to Victoria during the spring, summer, fall and winter months, while during last summer alone more than 200,000 people made Victoria, the beautiful capital city of British Columbia, the Mecca of their summer holidays.

Yet Victoria is not a big city: with its beautiful suburbs of Oak Bay, Esquimalt and Saanich, it has a population of about 60,000, which is considerably less than the populations of some other cities of the Pacific Northwest. It is not its size that irresistibly attracts the travel in ever-increasing numbers. What is it then?

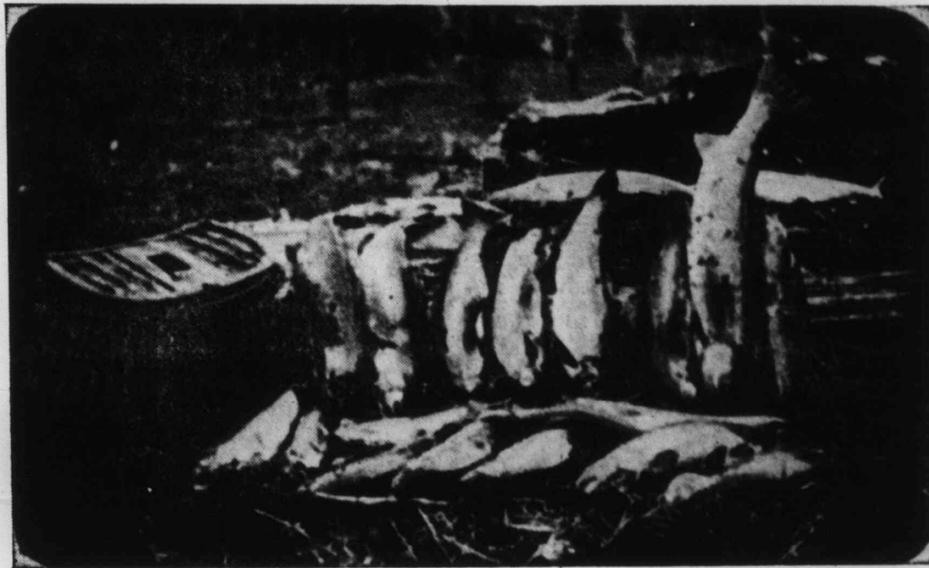
SEVERAL NOTABLE OPINIONS

Here is how Mr. H. L. Osborne of St. Paul, Minnesota, tries to picture Victoria's summer charm: "It would be difficult indeed to compress into a few words the many summer charms of Victoria—it's most romantic historic background—wonderful seaside location—the movements of shipping and sailings to and from the Orient and Australia, with the interesting people one sees in consequence—the beautiful homes and gardens—the wonderful atmosphere and temperature and the leisurely life, all of which and much more unite to make life there a joy. We have been annual visitors since 1915 and have been more and more enchanted every time."

Or note the words of the world-famous Bishop Hills: "Victoria must be, I think, the most lovely and beautifully situated place in the world. I never saw anything before like it. In the Summer it must be exquisite. There is every sort of scenery, sublime mountains, placid sea, noble forest trees, undulating park-like glades interspersed with venerable oaks, inland lakes and rivers abounding with fish. The climate is



Typical Island Lake.



Two Hours' Catch of Real Island Trout.

thoroughly English, a little milder. The shops are excellent. There is nothing, no luxury or comfort which you cannot procure. Some things are dearer than in England, others cheaper."

If these two testimonials do not convince you, read what Mr. Rudyard Kipling writes: "To realize Victoria," he says, "You must take all that the eye admires most in Bournemouth, Torquay, the Isle of Wight, the Happy Valley at Hong Kong, the Doon, Sorrento, and Camps Bay; add reminiscences of the Thousand Islands and arrange the whole round the Bay of Naples, with some Himilayas for the background."

IF STILL UNDECIDED—READ ON

If you are still undecided to make Victoria your Mecca next summer, let me decide for you. Read on, and I'll tell you



Canoe Poling on the Cowichan River.

what you'll find here on Vancouver Island.

You will find a city of 60,000 people, a city of beautiful homes, gorgeous gardens and old-world peace. A city where business is made subservient to life and joy and happiness, a city where the flivver is made to minister to home life but has not in any way taken its place. A city washed on two sides by the turquoise Pacific and on the remaining two straggling out into an old-world landscape of orchards and farms, guarded by great timber-crowned hills and mountains in the far distance.

Just so soon as you step on board any of the palatial passenger steamers or auto ferries that ply through sheltered waters and among a thousand emerald islands between Victoria and the mainland ports of Anacortes, Bellingham, Port Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver, you will feel that you have left your cares behind, checked and left them on the Mainland, as one traveller aptly put it.

VICTORIA—"THE MAGIC PORTAL"

And when, after a week or two of leisurely sightseeing, you have feasted your eyes and senses on the beauties of the city gardens, the Marine Drive, the public parks, the massive Legislative Buildings, housing wonderful museums, libraries, archives and the unique charts of the discoverers of the Pacific Coast; when you have wandered along the winding hedge-guarded country roads of Saanich Peninsula, that re-



Island Waterfall in Strathcona,—Victoria's National Park.

plica of the heart of England. and lolled on the sunlit yet shaded beaches, and bathed in the life-giving waters of the great Pacific Ocean and fished and golfed and drunk in the real joy of life, and you turn to explore the rest of Vancouver Island, you will find that Victoria is the magic portal to a thousand miles of wonderland.

From the city scenic drives radiate North and West taking you through miles and miles of forest, the way winding among giant trees rising from mossy beds to a height of over two hundred feet, through deep valleys, verdure-clad and cool on the hottest day of summer; up towards the mountain-tops to more than 1200 feet above the sea. Now your way skirts a brawling, tumbling mountain stream, now you stop to gaze enraptured over a panorama of forest, mountain, sea and islands, with nothing to interrupt or break the view until the farthest ones melt into the horizon.



Scene in Mr. Butchart's Famous Sunken Gardens, Victoria.

"A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND"—AND MUCH MORE

Now you are surely passing through a bit of Old England. Here are farmsteads and creeper-clad cottages and dinky little irregular fields; also great big barns and weather-hued farm houses of many rooms and even more gables, and herds of Jerseys, second to none on the whole continent. And then, just round a bend in the ever-bending road, you come on a great mountain lake twenty or more miles in length and full of the gamest trout, tempting you to "Keep silence, praise God and go a-fishing" as old Walton has it!

Maybe if it is getting late, you will take old Isaac's advice and camp right there by the lakeside, broiling your catch over glowing alder embers. Or you will push on a bit, coming suddenly on an old-world inn where you will get food fit for a king, and can take your ease.

Just take your choice—the Island offers you all real inns,



Picturesque Glimpse of Victoria, the Capital City of British Columbia.

real camps, real fishing, real forests, real golf, real motoring, real bathing, real holidays.

I started by telling you what some present-day people think of Victoria and Her Island Kingdom, so I will finish by just reading to you the words of the first white man to see Victoria, Captain Vancouver of the British Navy, who anchored off the site of the present city of Victoria in 1792, then wrote in his journal: "To describe the beauties of the

region will, on some future occasion, be a very grateful task to the pen of a skilful panegyrist. The serenity of the climate, the innumerable pleasing landscapes, and the abundant fertility that unassisted Nature puts forth, require only to be nourished by the industry of man with villages, cottages and other buildings to render it the most lovely country that can be imagined."

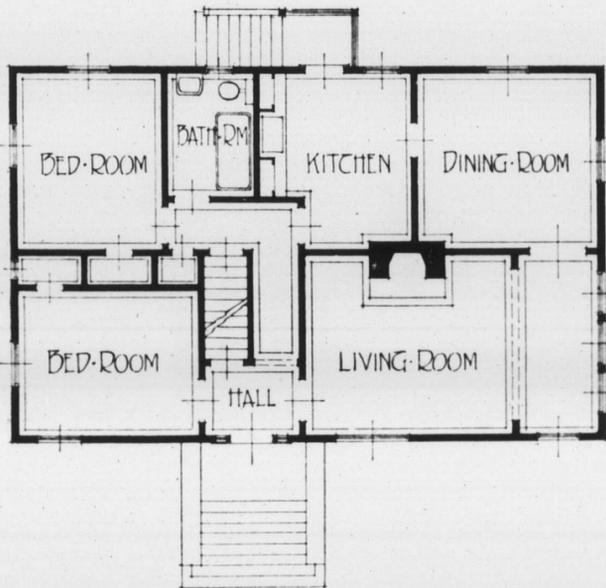
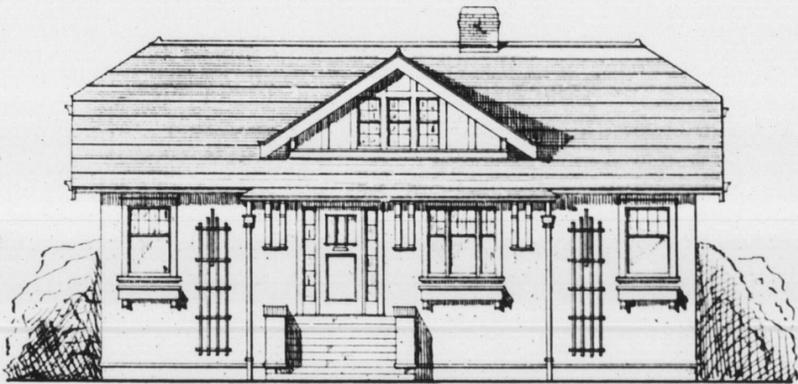
Victoria calls you,—Come!

Home Building and Equipment

A BUNGALOW HOME

(By Harold Cullerne)

Here is a five-room bungalow suitable to the requirements of a small family. It is planned to save labor for the housewife, an essential feature in the small house.



The accommodation comprises an entrance hall, living room, dining room, kitchen, two bed-rooms and bath-room on the one floor. In addition there is a sun room alcove off the living room, which makes the latter room appear much larger as well as giving abundance of light in the room. There is space in the attic for two extra bed-rooms, which could be finished later, if desired.

One chimney stack is sufficient for this house. The plumbing fixtures are located close together, and the building is rectangular in plan, with no projections or offsets, making for economy and simplicity in construction.

The house has an attractive exterior, the feature being the half timbered gable. The entrance and the living room window are so arranged under this gable to give balance to the elevation. The trellis work gives decoration. With cream stucco, a bright red roof, and the trim in black, this bungalow will look very attractive.

The writer has prepared a revised plan and elevation of this home, with a few modifications, such as combining the

living room and sun alcove in one large room, and the elevation differently treated. On enquiry, care of the Editor, an outline plan and elevation will be sent to anyone interested if a large envelope, self addressed and stamped is enclosed.

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NOTE FOR B. C. M. READERS WHO CONTEMPLATE BUILDING HOMES

We observe that the architect who is writing notes and supplying plans concerning Home-building makes a certain offer at the end of his notes in this issue.

We think it well to emphasise independently that that is just one of the several ways in which we hope this Magazine can be increasingly of service to citizens in our fastly-growing Western community.

—(Editor B. C. M.)

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SPECTATOR OF BRITAIN'S FARTHEST WEST
For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.
"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

VOLUME XXII.

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No. 2.

Editorial Notes

SHOULD CANADIAN CLUBS ENLARGE THEIR SCOPE of service and their sphere of influence? is another question that has been raised with us. Perhaps such a question is pertinent and inevitable in view of the formation and activities of several "Service" Clubs, most of which have originated in the United States.

That the Canadian Club should be the premier club in every Canadian Community many may hold, but—Is it so now? Meantime, the interests of such Clubs centre mainly, if not solely, in addresses from outstanding visitors. That is an important service, but IS IT ENOUGH?

If the answer be in the affirmative, we should be disposed to ask here, what we have questioned privately for long,—'Should there not be a place for a British Empire or Inter-Empire Club, having associated with it all the commendable features of the "Service" Clubs—and in addition perhaps some others that would make for the stronger binding of the bands of that Empire, or Commonwealth of Nations of which most of us, as Canadians, are proud to form part?

* * * * *

IN CONNECTION WITH THE ABOVE SUBJECT we noted with interest the plain remarks made by ex-President Tait of Vancouver Canadian Club, in the President's report for last year. No matter in what part of the British Empire citizens of this nation of Canada, and the British Columbia province of it in particular, happen to have been born, we believe it is quite consistent with the utmost loyalty to "B. C. Products" (human as well as material) to hold that opportunities should be open equally to every real home-maker who is here to do his share in building or developing the country. He would be a poor "native son" who would cast any reflection on the enterprise of his parents, and it is well to remember that but for the courage and faith exercised by their fathers in former years in venturing into this "new country," many of the "native sons" would not have had the privilege of being born in this favored land. After all to have an honourable "domicile" anywhere under the British flag is something for which to be thankful, and in the measure in which we inherit the spirit of our race, we shall be ready to respect the regard in which our fellow-citizens hold the particular spot of which they are "native sons,"—while rejoicing in the heritage of freedom common to us all.

* * * * *

THE RECENT DEATH BY DROWNING IN THE CAPILANO of Rev. Walter Agabob, was tragic in the extreme, and as Dr. E. D. McLaren so fittingly suggested in his address at the funeral service, the circumstances were peculiarly perplexing from several points of view. Mr. Agabob, after years of more or less strenuous preparation, had just been getting well under way in service in a settled district, where his undoubted gifts were telling on his work; he was still a young man—not out of his thirties; and, so far as human reckoning goes, his home certainly had need of his care. . . .

Those who remember when Mr. Agabob came to Westminster Hall, Vancouver, as a student will recall their first impressions of his personality—often so cheerful and happy,

and then at times subject, more so perhaps than his Anglo-Saxon brethren, to experiences of a different kind. Associated with him in his journey from Scotland were Messrs. J. R. Craig and H. M. Rae and they, especially the former, with his overflowing humour, had not a little to do with counter-acting the pre-dispositions which occasionally taxed their comrade.

Mr. Agabob was born of Armenian parentage—his father, if we mistake not, being Harbour Master in a big Far Eastern Port—but he had made good educational headway in Scotland before coming to Canada and ordinary school work had been supplemented by considerable training in Glasgow Technical Institute, which made him no mediocre draftsman before he came to Church work in Canada—through arrangement with Dr. E. D. McLaren, then General Superintendent of the Presbyterian Church, and now of our own Canadian West.

"Walter" is the first to "cross over" of a student group who gathered occasionally in what was then known at Westminster Hall, as "the Inferno,"—a large ground floor room, having an open fireplace.

In Theological Colleges, as in other conditions of this fast-fleeting lesson time of life, men tend to become more intimate in proportion to the prevalence of kindred-spiritedness or common experience in joy or sorrow, and in "breasting the blows of circumstance;" and the members of the small band who were wont to gather for a helpful social hour round that "Inferno" fire will be among those who will cherish a pleasant memory of "Walter" and real regret at his seemingly (from this side) untimely passing.

* * * * *

FROM TIME TO TIME we observe many details in connection with the work of contemporaries, especially our western newspapers, which we should like to quote or commend. As time and space—and B. C. M. development—permit, we hope to resume the section of quotation under "Contemporary Views and Reviews" which we carried some years ago. . . . At the "Buy B. C. Products" meeting the VANCOUVER SUN had in evidence one of its many recent pieces of practical publicity worthy of note. That was a neat card folder headed "The World's Granary" and showing Vancouver in relation to that "Granary" (of Alberta and Saskatchewan) as "Western Canada's Gateway to World Markets."

* * * * *

A RECURRING REMINDER OF THE COMMUNITY SERVICE of Vancouver Gyro Club may be found these days in the steady progress in the making of the Children's Recreation Grounds at the corner of Haro and Bute Streets in the West End. The preparation of the ground has involved the removal of four houses. Two were taken down, one—formerly the home of the Wesley Church pastor pro tem.—has been moved to the other side of Haro Street, and the fourth, the Westmore house, was transferred to the next lot west. An excellent Playground and a local improvement promise to be the result.

THE DAILY NEWSPAPER, like many notable things in modern life, is so easily taken as a matter of course that many people have little or no idea (beyond that given by the presses seen in operation) of the multifarious work that is involved in its production. To organizations wishing a short, attractive and informative lecture, for at least half an evening's programme, we venture (without permission) to suggest that they apply to Mr. Henderson, circulation manager of VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE, whose outline of the processes carried on behind the scenes should interest all citizens.

We understand Mr. Henderson originally prepared his lecture for the education of the Carrier Boys, but in his rapid review of the linotype and other work, preliminary to the production of every Daily, the PROVINCE representative gives information which will be enlightening to the folk of most homes not directly in touch with publishing work. Incidentally, people will be reminded of the big progress made in the past generation in typesetting and in other details of the really remarkable work that goes to make possible the modern "Dailies," delivered at the door morning and evening, with their up-to-the-hour news from all quarters of the world.

* * * * *

THE BUY BRITISH COLUMBIA PRODUCTS BUREAU of Vancouver Board of Trade at their Annual Meeting had as a speaker Mr. R. H. Gale, ex-Mayor of Vancouver City. The appeal of public men to the electorate may vary, and it is

always easy to criticise adversely even able and fluent speakers. But if Mr. Gale had done only a half or a quarter of the work reported in connection with additional Elevator Service at the world port of Vancouver, he would deserve much credit from British Columbia citizens. His address was one of the best we have heard him give, and whatever others may say of "Harry" in Civic or Provincial politics, we hold it would be cause for regret if so forceful a personality were not to be secured and retained for worth-while community service.

* * * * *

THE VANCOUVER KIWANIS CLUB also had Mr. Gale address them recently and his subject matter was, in part at least, similar to that of his preceding speech. As the Club had as guests the Captains of the many ships in the harbour at the time, it was a pity that the Club's schedule luncheon time was not extended a little to allow the ex-Mayor to round off his address, as he undoubtedly makes an excellent representative and "salesman" for Vancouver and Western Canada. Though the impression was given that the speaker had to "cut it short" he did so with good judgment and closed his address with a well-worded optimistic note forecasting the development which seems in all human probability inevitable now. If, as he said someone had suggested of himself, "Vancouver" might be his "middle name," there is certainly reason to suggest that "Harry, the Optimist" might be an alternative one.

Educational

(By Spectator)

A BRILLIANT CANADIAN PASSES

By the death recently of Charles Kirke Clarke, M.D., LL.D., Canada has lost her leading alienist and one of the most brilliant of her public men. Of him it might be truly said that he was born under a lucky star; but he was luckiest of all in this one circumstance, that in every turn of the wheel he measured up to the opportunity. In his case superior ability, favorable environment, happy opportunity and hard work joyously met and clasped willing hands. How rarely do our poor eyes rest on a picture like this!

Son of the late Honorable Charles Clarke, himself a gentleman of no mean parts,—merchant, magistrate, warden of his county, lieutenant-colonel in the militia, Speaker of the Ontario Legislative Assembly and afterwards its Clerk, enthusiastic lover of nature and keen student of her essential being and its infinite manifestations,—the subject of our notice was reared, not in the lap of luxury, but, better still, with a modest sufficiency of all things necessary to a full and effective life.

HIS LIFE WORK

While still a boy a victim of insanity chanced to come under his notice, and instantly he saw his life-work. He distinguished himself as a student, and received his degree from the Toronto School of Medicine at the age of twenty-one, already rich in experience in the line of his special choice. As Medical Superintendent of Rockwood Asylum, Kingston, he introduced new methods, making the lives of the inmates as joyous as possible, facilitating thus the restoration of many. Later he was made Medical Superintendent of Toronto Insane Asylum, Medical Superintendent of Toronto General Hospital, and Principal of Toronto University Medical College. In his last years he served as head of the Mental Hygiene Commission that conducted surveys in several, if not all, of the provinces of Canada, British Columbia amongst the number. The perusal of the confidential reports furnish food for thought to every patriot and lover of his fellowman.

Dr. Clarke was every inch a gentleman, a man of culture and the most varied interests, a musician of no mean skill,

and like his father—a devoted lover of nature, a writer who wielded a facile pen. When shall our beloved country welcome his fellow?

ECONOMY THE ORDER OF THE DAY

In almost every country in the world economy is the order of the day. And wisely so; there never was a time when it was so important that for every dollar we should receive a hundred cents' value. But by the world's wisest and thriftiest of olden days we are thus admonished: "There is that scattereth, and increaseth yet more; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth only to want. There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great wealth. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

FRANCE AND GERMANY

In 1870 France awakened to a great truth for which she had paid an incalculable price:—"It was the German schoolmaster who crushed us at Sedan and at Gravelotte," and henceforward France cherished a settled determination that in his turn the French schoolmaster should more than match his German brother.

BRITAIN—TAXATION AND DEBT PAYMENT

Britain is staggering under a load of taxation that would crush the life out of any lesser breed. But Britain has seriously set herself the task of paying off a debt so great that we cannot realize its magnitude. Yet for education Britain is spending a much larger sum than ever before. She knows full well that only by the thorough general education of the masses, and the higher education of many thousands of the brightest boys and girls, can she hope to hold her own on the battlefields of peace, as she has already held her own in the dread arbitrament of war.

SCOTLAND SUPPLIES LEADERS

It is difficult to think of Scotland as a nation still under five millions of people when we remember Ramsay MacDonald,

Arthur Henderson, The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, of innumerable Scotsmen holding high posts in every part of the world. What has been accomplished by the Scottish peasant's passion for education? by centuries of education in Scottish parish schools?

DUTY TO THIS WAR-CRIPPLED GENERATION

In matters educational Vancouver has no mean record. But she cannot afford to turn her face backward. Every dollar should be made to count; but the necessary dollar can be withheld only at our peril. The youth of Vancouver have left a dreadful toll on the Empire's bloody fields. Shall we whose fortune it was to eat three full meals a day, and lie safe and warm and comfortable in our beds at night, deny to the children of this war-crippled generation their birthright of an education that will enable them to hold fast the sorely-won gains of the generations gone by?

BE FAIR TO THE CHILDREN

Vancouver schools are now crowded to the doors. The half-time system, nerve-racking alike to teacher and to pupil, is again uprearing its unwelcome head. Let every patriot, every good citizen with or without a happy band of children of his own, go to the polls at the time appointed, and determine by his vote that though the expenditure of every dollar be keenly watched, and every member and official of the school-board be held accountable for its proper expenditure, the boys and girls of our proud city shall nevertheless be housed in classrooms commodious and sanitary, and shall receive instruction that shall not only fit them for the battle of life, but shall also minister richly to the well-being and progress of the whole body of their compeers in after days.

HAMILTON'S ACTION SUGGESTS LESSON FOR VANCOUVER

Hamilton, Ontario, a city not as large as Vancouver, has recently opened the largest primary school-building in Canada, providing accommodation for two thousand children. Citizens who swell with pride at the contemplation of big-ness, even apart from goodness, may gloat over an institution taking first place among its own kind in all the land. But, after all, the circumstance is one to beget sadness rather than to call forth joy. Two or three different schools serving properly the different localities of this crowded district, would have been much more to the point.

It is quite likely that the Hamilton board realized all this. Hamiltonians are a hard-headed set of men and women. The explanation in all probability is that only one site was available, except at prohibitive prices, and that necessity, not choice, decreed the erection of this huge structure. The moral for Vancouver is plain. Let a sufficient number of school sites for all time be acquired now, when they are available, and available at moderate prices. The day of grace is being fast sinned away.

TAX-SALES AND SITES FOR SCHOOLS, PLAY- GROUND, ETC.

Through tax-sales Vancouver has had left on its hands a large number of vacant parcels of land, sometimes in complete blocks, sometimes in isolated lots. These may be sold when once more the real estate market looks up.

But it may be that a blessing lurks beneath the present situation, and that the city council should not too readily alienate the property into the possession of which she has unexpectedly come. Numerous civic buildings will be required as our population grows. Sites may cost us dear. At present they may be reserved at lowest cost. Blocks that are sufficiently large might be set aside for school buildings. Small parcels would serve as local playgrounds or for school gardens. A playground consisting of a single fifty-foot lot in every block of the residential area would be a boon indeed. And the school garden idea, at one time enthusiastically pursued by Vancouver teachers, should be taken up again. That the school garden idea has for years lain dormant, except in the case of one or two schools, is no fault of our teachers, or of those to whom they give account. The responsibility for neglect lies at other doors. To attach blame would be a waste of time and strength. The wiser policy is to forget the heartbreaks of the past, seizing firmly and decisively the present opportunity in order to realize the mightier achievements Fate is now pressing upon us as her golden gifts.

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New Fables by Skookum Chuck

V.—THE FIFTY-FIFTYS

For more than an hour I lay in that state of semi-stupor which sometimes follows profound sleep; then I sat up in bed in response to a sense of duty to myself, my family, and the whole world in general from which no normal man can escape with an undefiled conscience.

The first glance about, however, staggered me, for I found myself on a strange bed and in a strange room.

The stillness and silence of a King Tut tomb clung to the walls and ceiling, and rendered the atmosphere oppressive and eerie. Where was I? What did it all mean?

Before leaving the social appeal of the warm sheets, I looked about for Mrs. Bruce, but she was nowhere to be seen. She was not in bed with me as usual, nor was she in the room. She had disappeared as though abducted in the night. The children too had vanished.

Slipping my legs into a pair of trousers which were lying across a chair, and which I was relieved to recognize as my own, I hastened over to a window, pushed back the curtains and looked out.

The window commanded an elevated view of a deep city gorge lined with cliff-like sky-scrapers. Trams were passing along in the usual city way, and autos darted about crossing with daring confidence at the various intersections. The street was thronged with pedestrians surging along on the pavements, but not a sound reached my ears as a result of all the animated motion.

Was it a dream?

In the sky overhead could be seen a "flock" of airplanes "winging" their way or circling about playfully, some poising daringly over the canyon like birds that had numberless generations of back training to their credit. But the same uncanny stillness and silence attended their movements as accompanied the traffic in the street below. Although many things were in motion, there was apparently no sound as a result of the activity.

Was I deaf?

I dropped the curtain, dressed hurriedly and began a thorough examination of things. The walls and ceiling of the room were hygienic white, while mine, as I well remembered, were done in pink kalsomine. There was a rich carpet on the floor, and all the well-preserved furniture had been treated to a coating of white paint or enamel. The room resembled one of those efficient varieties which are maintained in all our first class hotels. I was no doubt a guest in one of the great Canadian chateaux.

Was I touring the country? But where was my wife? I called her name, but received no reply. What had become of her? Was I travelling alone?

I began to explore the premises with a peculiar fear gripping my heart, and in a frame of mind that was far from being comfortable. Although I surveyed every nook and corner, I could find no trace of a grip of any kind, nor yet a single article of clothing that might be the property of my wife. I had already clothed myself in all the wearing apparel that could be found.

If I was touring Canada all past movements were a total blank. Was it a case of lost memory?

The door leading out into the hall was closed but not locked; so, with a curiosity and alarm that were growing in proportion as the intensified moments went by, I determined to invade the sanctum of the head officials and seek an explanation if any were to be found.

Just as I was about to turn the handle, a footstep approached along the hall on the outside.

"My wife!" I enthused, with a mixture of delight and relief.

But fear still played queer pranks with my nervous system. I was in a strange fever, and just in that mood when a mouse would have frightened me had it scurried unexpectedly across the floor. The situation was so ghostly—so apparently unnatural that I hesitated and held my breath as though expecting almost any eventuality to befall me.

Still clutching the door knob, I studied the footstep as one might listen for normal motion in an engine. As it came nearer I realized that it was not my wife's footstep. I knew her walk too well to be deceived. It was the step of a very weighty person. It did not suggest itself as being a human step at all. I was satisfied of that, although it was plainly that of a biped. There was something about it, as I stood there in that strained condition of mind, that seemed tentative, aspiring, experimental, untrained, imitative. It had a tone that might associate it with the crude earth rather than with a polished floor.

How I put this wild interpretation on the footstep as it approached, I cannot tell unless it was that the strange environment had already saturated me with its infection.

With a frigid, and I must say cowardly, chill running up and down my spine, I was conscious of a light rap from a soft knuckle on the door, and the next instant the lock knob slipped around in my fingers and the door opened.

"Did you call?" asked a deep, guttural voice.

The bulky form of what appeared to be a full-grown man-like or ape-like creature entered the room.

My lips refused a reply. If I was scared to death before, you can imagine my mental condition now. I could feel the blood curdling in my veins. A deathly palor spread itself across my face, and for a few moments, although the impulse was to flee, I remained standing, almost petrified with fright. My body assumed the rigidity of stone, for I was in the presence, and at the mercy of a powerful and ferocious wild man of the woods who had escaped from captivity. I might have prayed to God for deliverance, but that would have been hypocrisy.

The creature seemed to realize my discomfiture, for it laughed. That is, it opened its mouth and "haw-hawed" a very crude substitute for a laugh.

There was no attempt at violence or murder, and even the huge walking stick which it carried, lay harmless by the creature's side.

The thing stood so close to me that I could feel its warm breath when it spoke again:

"Did you call?" it repeated.

The apparent domesticity assured me somewhat, and the blood began to circulate more normally through my body.

"Yes—I—called," I stammered. "For my wife."

"Your wife is down in the parlor waiting for you," replied the creature.

"Down in the parlor waiting for me!" I mimicked.

The mystery was deepening. That wasn't like her. How did "he" know?

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"What hotel is this?" I asked, gaining some confidence.

"Chateau Neolithia. Did you not know? Just got that name recently from the Neolithic proprietor," was the astonishing reply.

"And the city?"

"Neandertholia," again replied the semi-human voice, sitting down on one of the chairs with human-like ease. "Re-named recently by our Neandertholian mayor."

With a daring that would have been impossible a few moments ago, I sat on a chair facing the creature; and, through eyes that I knew were deceiving me, studied "him" carefully.

The body was powerfully broad and very much out of proportion to the height according to the human standard. The arms were extremely long, reaching nearly to the knees, and the legs were short and dwarfish. I fancied from the movements of the body that the upright position would have been maintained with much difficulty had it not been for the aid of a thick cane which he carried in his right hand as a support in walking. It was not a monkey, nor was it a man; it was something that resembled neither, yet both. It seemed a link that might join the two together. It was a sort of fifty-fifty proposition. Taking the monkey as a standard, the face had perhaps receded fifty per cent. toward the almost perfect-angle profile of man. The features were not unpleasant when the creature "laughed," but they were somewhat crude when at rest. The skin of the face and hair of the head resembled man more than monkey. The voice, in giving form to words, seemed to come from the deep cavity of the throat rather than from the sensitive tips of the tongue and lips. My visitor was fully dressed, and his thick, almost bristly hair had been carefully trained in imitation of those whom he apparently was ambitious to emulate.

The "Fifty-Fifty" rose and began to groom my clothing with his long bony fingers. Then he produced a whisk from somewhere and brushed me down very carefully in that solicitous manner which has raised the business of tip grafting almost to that of a profession.

I gave him two-bits and took my departure, going along the hall, and down a long flight of stairs that seemed to have no ending, being too bewildered and perplexed to think of an elevator.

The stairway led into the general waiting room on the ground floor, and here I lingered for a few moments only before going out into the street. The matter of paying for the night's accommodation, or going in search of my wife in the parlor, did not occur to me at the time.

In the congestion of the street I was swept away with the human torrent; and, along the unblazed city canyon, was soon hopelessly lost.

The conditions in the city seemed to render me indifferent as to my own welfare in the immediate present. There appeared to be a sort of Utopian atmosphere about that was unbelievable as an attribute of this earth. There was little or none of that tramp, tramp, tramp of feet on pavement, nor noise of wheels on rails that I had been accustomed to in Vancouver or any other city which I had visited. The sole of the foot and the surface of the pavement, and the contact of wheels on rails, seemed to come together with the minimum of sound. I could scarcely hear my own footsteps as I walked along on the soft composition that the sidewalk was made of. I began to wonder if I had been mysteriously transplanted into another planet which far surpassed ours in scientific accomplishments.

Trams and autos swept past me, but I could scarcely hear a sound as a result of their motion. The voices of the people as they laughed and chatted seemed to carry me away with them, for no other disturbance awoke the general tranquility

which reigned supreme in apparent contradiction to the commotion that was all about. I could easily distinguish what the people were saying as we surged along, which is very unusual in a crowded city.

I saw numerous individuals, both male and female, of the same race as the one I had met in the bed-room of the hotel. And they seemed to be part of the human throng, and were apparently accepted on terms of equality by the real human portion of the crowd. I dare say over fifty per cent was "Neandertholian."

Their domestic standing was astonishing, and their presence in the city seemed to be accorded all that courtesy which any ordinary human being owes to another.

And then I recalled that the creatures were more than common domesticated animals. They had the power of speech. Their training had not stopped at usefulness in a dumb, automatic way, but had been extended to embrace human intelligence. They had been taught to think and speak, as well as to act at the command of a master. Could it be possible that a branch of the anthropoid apes, with the example of man before them, had civilized themselves by a process of natural or artificial evolution or selection so as to have attained a standard of intelligence approaching, if not equaling, that of man himself? And why not? The wonder does not appear to be that there are intelligent beings on this earth, but that there are not more than one kind.

The deeper I delved into the mystery the more bewildered I became. In the strained condition of mind I found myself hurrying along like an insane person and attracting the attention of pedestrians in the human surge. Reigning myself up, I began to move like one in a trance so soothing and hypnotizing the noiselessness of the city had become to my astonished senses.

But my presence was now exciting curiosity. People were beginning to stare at me as they passed by. Whether it was my mode of walking, or my apparently obsolete clothing, I was not able to say. Children stopped and stared at me in amazement. The publicity became agonizing.

To escape a heterogeneous group of youngsters who began to follow, I stepped into a waiting tram car, handed the conductor (a "Fifty-Fifty,") a coin which I found in my pocket, and was about to sit down when he called after me:

"Say, where did you get this old stuff? Been robbing a museum?" he said.

"It's all I've got," I replied with embarrassment.

Every eye in the car surveyed me with suspicion or curiosity; and, for a few moments the agony to my soul was indescribable.

The conductor pocketed the money with a grin at all the other passengers, receiving grins or smiles from the mixed

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crowd in reply at my expense. It was indeed misery for me to sit there and suffer mental torture without power to explain things.

I would scarcely have known that the car moved had it not been for the fact of the buildings passing on the outside. The quiet, effortless motions did not seem of the noisy earth to which I belonged; they seemed so out of harmony with things as I knew them. They were not earthly as I knew the earth. They were more like what one might expect to find in Heaven, but not in this world. There seemed an association of unfathomable evil attached to it all which frightened me even more than the curiosity of my fellow passengers.

I remained in the car, however, in a sort of stupid terror, with a sense of being regarded in the same manner as a curiosity will be at a circus, until we reached a terminal. There I left the car with all the others, looked about for a few perplexed moments, and then hailed a taxi which was about to pass, and apparently going cityward.

"Are you going down town?" I enquired.

"Yes sir."

"Is it a public conveyance?"

"Jump in."

I "jumped in" as the driver opened the door, still conscious of that scrutiny which had haunted me since my arrival in "Neandertholia."

On the way back the same eerie noiselessness trailed after us. Although the jitney travelled at rates varying from fifteen to thirty miles an hour, scarcely a sound reached my ear from the motor. The combustion appeared to be buried in an engine block that was absolutely sound-proof.

I congratulated the driver on the efficiency of the car and the comfort which must accrue from its silent motion.

There was no smell of gasoline, and scarcely any heat from the motor.

"Yes," replied the driver. "It's a swell little car, but the direct air-current power has revolutionized car building."

"Direct air-current power!" I cried out in astonishment.

He regarded me with more of that objectionable curiosity, as though such ignorance had puzzled him.

"What is your chief source of supply?" I enquired.

"Well, Niagara is the central power for Canada," he said.

From this I gathered that a sort of radio power had been established, where all energy was derived direct from the electrified atmosphere.

"I am a stranger here," I explained in justification for my lack of knowledge.

With the ground thus solidified I questioned the driver about the "Fifty-Fifty" creatures, numerous members of which we passed on our way.

"What, those fellows with the stick?" he said.

"Yes, those," I replied, pointing to one.

"Oh, those are Professor Agnew's new race of humans," he informed me, with the usual measure of curiosity.

"New race of humans!" I mimicked, looking at the man in astonishment.

"Yes. Did you not know?"

"You wouldn't call those creatures human?" I said evasively.

"Well, they claim to be; and why not?"

"It is one thing to claim the honor, and another to prove it," I continued to argue.

"They have proved it," he replied.

"In what way?"

"They can talk."

I gasped. Although this was an apparent fact, it was no less unbelievable.

"They are to be congratulated," continued the taxi driver.

"They have accomplished a great deal; and, if they aspire to

the distinction of being a new human race, I see no reason why they shouldn't be allowed to think so at least."

"Yes, it's really no one's business," I agreed.

"But their course is not paved with rubber, nor their car equipped with pneumatic tires," he continued to inform me. "They have embraced Christianity, and all kinds of religious denominations are after them."

I told him that I had never taken a great deal of interest in religious controversies.

"But this is different," he informed me with all seriousness. "It is a religious battle between the old and new human races."

I gasped again.

"When a school of fanatics claim for themselves a monopoly in the soul business, trouble can't be sidetracked," he continued.

"But then, it surely wouldn't come to that?" I said, trying to appear wise.

"Nevertheless there are some who would revive the Inquisition in order to exterminate them. Thank goodness they are in the minority. The new race is here to stay," the taxi man continued to explain as he pulled up at a signal from an automatic sign at a congested crossing.

I agreed that appearances would seem to bear out that theory.

"What do you think of the Gilfoil-Uumlah deadlock," he went on when the sign had permitted his passage.

This was another snag to overcome. In my profound ignorance I had no opinion to offer.

"I at at a loss to know what to think about it," I said by way of escape.

This loosened the man's tongue, and he began to tell me what HE thought about it.

He became very talkative, and I permitted him to ramble on while I listened and absorbed much valuable information with regard to the singular creatures which I had classified in my own mind as a Fifty-Fifty standard as between man and monkey.

He told me that one Gilfoil, a true-man and religious fanatic; and one Uumlah, (pronounced U-um'-lah), a monkey-man, had locked horns on religious questions, chiefly touching matters of the soul and the Hereafter. Gilfoil denied the new race any of those blessed privileges, while Uumlah emphatically defended his people in their rights as human beings to such high honors.

"I have attended meetings of both of those men," he said, "and their fanatic opinions certainly make me weary. I don't believe either of them knows what he is talking about."

"A question if they do," I agreed.

"Such questions have grown too big for the human brain," he philosophized.

I smiled:

"Fools still rush in where angels fear to tread," I quoted.

I was told that this Gilfoil did not by any means voice the sentiments of the great majority. He was leader of a very noisy minority band which would have been dangerous to the new race had it been successful in interesting the world generally in its doctrine. But the great mass was willing to concede a soul as well as a hereafter to the aspiring contemporaries so long as it in no wise jeopardized their own prospects.

He added that the new human had been elevated to its present standard in the scale of organic beings through the sole instrumentality of this Professor Agnew whom he had already mentioned, and by the Professor's ancestors back through many generations. In fact, this family of remarkable men had accomplished for the anthropoid in a few cent-

uries, that which it had required Nature millions of years to accomplish for man.

This astonishing piece of knowledge I could scarcely credit, although I was compelled to believe what I had already seen with my own eyes. I determined to pay Agnew a visit and glean some first-hand information from him with regard to the strange creatures which had so excited my curiosity. On my inquiry, the driver gave me some vague directions which would lead me to the home of the remarkable man.

Just then the car stopped and I alighted after handing the driver a fifty-cent piece which I found in my pocket.

He looked at the coin carefully, and then called after me:

"Say, how do you get that way? This is no good."

"Why, what's wrong with it?"

"It's an old twentieth century coin. Look, 1919 on it."

"It's all I have. What are you going to do about it?"

He put the money in his pocket and was about to drive off, but he leaned over the door and called out to me suddenly:

"Say, there he is now!"

"Who?" I inquired.

"Uumlah," he replied.

"Uumlah!"

"Yes, Gilfoil's trade competitor."

The taxi man disappeared into the surge and I saw him no more.

I followed the strange creature that had been pointed out to me until he turned a sharp corner and vanished from view. He was well dressed in the prevailing mode, although the clothing did not set him off so well as it might have done had he been more graceful in form. Like the one I had met in the Chateau bed room, he was extremely low and thick set, and carried a huge walking stick which enabled him to maintain the erect position while walking. The long arms reached nearly to the knees, and the legs were short and unproportionate to the body. In walking the gait seemed to lack elasticity, the sole and heel of the foot coming in contact with the pavement at the same time. The face was clean shaven, but was dark in color. The ears stuck out animal-like, the nose was very short, and the mouth long and wide. The features might resemble Neolithic man who inhabited this earth at what is known geologically as the stone age, together with many extinct animals. The hands were hairless with abnormally long fingers. Whether the naked hand was due to shaving, or a matter of proper selection back through the generations, I was not in a position to say at the time.

But personal matters were beginning to concern me more than new races of men. I was a stranger in a strange city. I was lost, strayed, stolen. A hungry sensation began to gnaw at my stomach. I must find something to eat.

Suddenly I remembered the "Chateau Neolithia," the place where I had slept, and the place where my wife was still no doubt waiting for me. How rude I had been to Mrs. Bruce! What must she think of me? An apology was due to her.

Then, a curiosity seized me to talk to one of the new humans. The one who had frightened me so might yet prove a friend. Within the past hour I had developed a high respect for the strange creature which had evolved itself from a low to a very high scale in physical and mental perfection. I was prepared to meet members of the new race on equal footing.

Looking about for some familiar object, I realized with agony of mind that I had completely lost all knowledge of locality. The hotel was nowhere to be seen. Neither the street nor the number were known to me. I asked a pedestrian where the "Chateau Neolithia" was, but he had never heard of such a place. Inquiry made of others was no more successful, and I became nearly frantic. I had lost my wife, my family, my home, myself. I had lost everything.

By this time I was just on the point of tears. Had I been a woman I would have cried as a source of relief, or as a

means of summoning assistance. Being a man such strategy was out of the question.

In this predicament I found myself standing in the most congested section of the city. The throng surged all about me, and I was in danger of being swept away by the human current. I was terrified that the children might gather and crowd again, but the congestion no doubt saved me from this agony. I looked about for a shop where I might purchase some food, and in whose friendly shelter I might eat and escape the curiosity of the living stream, but no such welcome service-station opened its inviting arms to me.

The strenuousness of the situation made me grasp at straws that might suggest assistance or relief. Professor Agnew occurred to me as a possible refuge. There, in exchange for any interest I might prove in the new race of men, I might find food, shelter and sympathy.

After making further inquiry in a shop, I made my way in the direction that would lead to the Professor's home, which was a mansion to which no words could well do justice.

For some time progress was slow because it was necessary to move only with speed permitted by the throng. But, as the business section of the city was left behind, walking became more a matter of individual taste.

I had not walked far, however, when I became aware that someone or something gripped me violently by the shoulder from behind. An icy fear gripped my heart, for I fancied it was a member of the new race seeking my life. I was about to turn around to challenge the rudeness, when the street, and the buildings, and the people, and all things as I had seen them vanished in an instant, and at that moment a voice from somewhere called my name.

"Dave, wake up!" it called.

It was my wife's voice, but for a moment I could not see her.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she again called.

This brought me back to earth. I awoke and found her tugging at my shoulder, and the children crawling over the top of me.

At the breakfast table I told Mrs. Bruce of my remarkable dream.

"New human beings!" she screamed with laughter.

"Why not?" I objected, mortally wounded.

"It's that crazy evolution stuff you are always reading about," she sympathized with me further, still laughing at the thing.

"Nevertheless," I replied, "I regret waking up before having an opportunity of meeting the demigod, Professor Agnew. Then I might have had more wonderful things to tell."

"I guess nit," she continued with more of her womanly sympathy.

"And I'll never be satisfied until I dream again and meet him," I added in defiance.

More feminine laughter.

Nevertheless, my dream must have carried me thousands and thousands of years into the future. For days and weeks it was impossible for me to banish the nightmare from my mind.

I am a firm believer now that the lower animals require emancipation, and I can see no legitimate reason why an animal with a brain to function and a tongue to talk, cannot be taught to think and speak, given time and opportunity.

It raises the question as to whether man's intelligence can be attained by lower forms of life; and whether it is not up to man, having arrived first, to work out their salvation and save them from the tragedy of their clouded, hampered and untrained brains—to arouse them from their long state of dormancy.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Jonah and Poincare

The book of Jonah has had a tragic history. The motive of it has been largely lost sight of and it has become the occasion for a war of words, as though it were written to prove that a fish was capable of swallowing a man whole and disgorging him again unhurt, or failing that, that God could make a fish for the occasion, without ancestry or descendants to give free transportation for a luckless seafarer cast out into the deep. Is it not true that the average man knows the book of Jonah more by facetious remarks cast in varied form about Jonah and the whale than from an acquaintance with the point of the story as intended by the writer? Whether the original whale—was it not a fish?—swallowed Jonah or not, beyond doubt, in a literary sense, the whale has swallowed Jonah, and the senseless battle between an unimaginative science and crass slave-to-the-letter theology, has sent the world in pursuit of the whale and its credentials, while Jonah seems lost inside, forgotten, and the message the author of the book would teach through him is ignored, if it is thought of as teaching any other message than that of the capacity of the throats and jaw bones of fish or whales.

To be candid, I feel sorry so much time has been spent on proving by research in the fish world, that there have been actually discovered time and again fish equal to the task, especially when that does not silence opposition. There is the unsilenceable objector whose religion is affronted by the suggestion that there ever was a duplicate of the fish of the story—that it was anything but a miracle fish. It were better to take the story as it stands, without refusing to learn the lesson of it till unanimity has been reached as to whether it is history or allegory. One thinks of hungry children entering first on a war of words as to the name of the dish in which free broth was handed them—Is it bowl, or plate, or basin? till worse than a war of words ensues and the broth is spilled and the name of the dish is still undecided. Better get the broth and banish hunger, and leave the naming of the dish meantime. Let us treat the book of Jonah in the same way.

Let us try and get the lesson its author felt impelled to teach through it, for manifestly his biggest interest was not in proving to an unbelieving world God's resourcefulness in rescuing runaway prophets. Till that is done we can afford to leave undecided the class of literature to which it belongs, beyond that it is didactic. When we have gotten the message we may find it so pregnant with application to our own day that the decision about the fish detail will lose interest in the presence of the challenge of its way of dealing with international complications, the offspring of an out-of-date patriotism.

The book bears the marks of a late date among the Old Testament writings. Over these we need not delay. It makes no profession of having been written by Jonah—only about him. Jonah himself is referred to in the Book of Kings as having lived in the days of the Kings of Israel previous to the Exile, when on the Northern frontiers the observant eye could see the menace of Assyria, the future conqueror of Israel, and its capital city Nineveh. The story of Jonah probably lived in written form, or as tradition, down to the days after the Exile, when it received the form in which it now survives.

The motive of the writer determined the form of the story as we have it. He would make the selection of what material he found to hand, to point the moral he had in mind, just as a preacher of today can retell the story of Abraham, David or Elijah in a variety of ways, all consistent with each other, but yet different because the motive is different in each. Without necessarily questioning the historicity of his hero, or his adventure, the author of our canonical book of Jonah saw in the history of his hero a parallel in individual experience to what had taken place in the large in the nation. Let us trace that parallel.

The nation of Israel was called to be a messenger to the nations of a higher type of religion and ethical life as epitomized in the promise to Abraham: "I will bless you and thou shalt be a blessing, and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Israel hoarded her blessing and failed to function. Like Jonah she ran away to enjoy herself and she was thrust out into exile as he into the great deep. But God rescued both and gave a second chance. The story tells Jonah's use of the second chance. The book shows up in its picture of Jonah what post-exilic Judah was doing with its second chance. The prophet of the later day who wrote the book of Jonah saw in his own nation's smug self-esteem, 'holier than thou' attitude and vindictive pride, the prophecy of national failure; and to that type of mind he sought to teach a lesson.

What better foil to their vindictive exclusiveness than the story of Jonah, the pre-exilic Israelite patriot, in the light of the nobler spirit of his God? If there ever was excuse for hate the nation that cowered before the menace of Nineveh had it, and an excuse to put the heathen city beyond the pale of God's interest. There dwelt the Assyrian that "came down like the wolf on the fold."

Yet to that Nineveh, Jonah's message is go and preach. True enough it is not a pleasant story he is to tell. It is destruction for wrong doing; but its motive is rescue, and Jonah knows it. He says so later on. But Jonah runs away. Why? Is it fear of Nineveh? One might find it in one's heart to excuse him for that; but it isn't. He tells toward the close of the book that he had a lurking suspicion that they might repent and God would give them a reprieve. And his righteous patriotism thinks such a reversal of justice intolerable.

However his effort to flee is a failure, and he accepts the commission the second time; but his temper has not changed. He feels still justified in righteous hate, God notwithstanding. Have you seen his frenzy of hate as depicted by G. F. Watts in his "Jonah"? What a preacher! "Gott Strafe England" in another age. He half hopes his prophecy will come true, and yet he is not sure, for his God has such an uncanny way of not measuring up to one's patriotic ideal as a destroyer.

The city repents and doom is like to be averted, but the preacher has a lingering hope that there is some imperfection in the repentance, and waits to see what will happen. He finds shelter from the blistering heat and the exhausting wind from the desert, under the shelter of a gourd. A sort of friendship grows up between himself and the plant. It is the only thing on the horizon that draws from him a kindly interest. The tender feeling almost relieves the ugliness of his present mood, just as the friendship for a cat or dog redeems a misanthrope from repulsiveness. But a disappointment comes. A grub eats into the shrub and it withers.

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Jonah's sense of justice is outraged. He is pained at the wrong done to the only attractive object on the scene. God speaks. "Is it right for you to be angry?" "Yes, it is. I like the plant. I feel it as a personal hurt to me." God replies: "Is it reasonable for you to feel outraged by the destruction of a shrub and to expect Me to be unconcerned at the wiping out of a city and a people? Don't you think it reasonable I should welcome a reprieve for a quarter million little innocent children and even the cattle?"

Jonah does not answer. The question is unanswerable and the writer of the story makes his silence eloquent in driving home to his Jonah-hearted contemporaries that their narrow, provincial, bigoted, spiteful, patriotism, is not a sign of health, is not the normal functioning of a healthy nation. He would have them learn a lesson from the unpleasant features of their countryman of other days; that there is a nobler sentiment than exclusiveness and hate. He would have them learn that a nation that will make no sacrifice to cultivate brotherhood and peace is not healthy tissue in the larger organism that is in the making; and like a malignant growth will be excised to save the whole.

AN OBJECT LESSON TO A MODERN WORLD

But Jonah, rebuked, silent, contemplative, is an object lesson to a modern world torn by strife and tragically nursing its legacy of hate and fear and exclusiveness. The book is worth a present day study, not to study the anatomy of fish but the anatomy of the spirit that can swallow war forever. The book in its own way presses on our attention the method of the Gallilean in a world where a Poincare can more easily set the fashion in dealing with national discord. Jonah sobered, reflective, would send Poincare and folk of his ilk, in whatever nation they are found, to learn the lesson of active goodwill, taking risks in turning the other cheek, as a method of slaying the spectre of fear behind national frontiers. Jonah, speaking by his silence, would plead with us all to reckon with the fact of God who is not interested in one nation alone, and as universal Father has all nations in the sphere of His interest and has so ordered things that forgiveness is a mightier factor than retaliation in breaking the vicious circle of international fratricide. It is the message of one who called Himself the Son of Man and Who in the Cross, with His own Blood, has written His signature to His confidence in His method. It is the message in its own way of him who wrote the book of Jonah. Let Christendom allow the whale to give up Jonah the second time and let the whale go its own way while we ask Jonah himself what he has to say to us in our passion for thinking nationally as opposed to what is international, instead of nationally as contributory to a healthy internationalism. —A. D. M.

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Some of Denny's Out-of-School Doings

(By Annie Margaret Pike)

Chapter II.

CABBAGE STALKS.

The Donnellys lived on the Juniper Road West. The Juniper Road West was not so long or so fashionable a road as the Juniper Road itself. The two were parallel for a short distance, and then, as if it were lonely, the Juniper Road West took a sudden turn and ran to join its namesake instead of continuing on a straight and independent course down the Berry Road as one would expect.

If you passed along the Berry Road in daylight in those days, you might notice a very small and very neat brass plate on one of the doors.

It bore the inscription:—

"Miss Mc Entee, Teacher of Piano."

Denis and Kathleen Donnelly were two of her pupils.

She was small of stature, and Denis would have said she was very old indeed, if you had asked his opinion, but then Denis was no judge in such matters.

However, whether she were really very old or only middle-aged, she had spent many years of her life in New Zealand, and she could do many things besides playing a piano.

One day, her little maid-servant, coming suddenly into the room, stopped open-mouthed to see her pick up a glowing coal in her fingers and drop it carefully back into the open fire; and the girl's remark,

"Lor' Ma'am, ye're not a human crature, at all, at all!" was meant in all seriousness as a compliment to her skill.

Denis was not musical like his brother Robert. Poor Denny's fingers were all thumbs.

Miss Mc Entee was very patient with his clumsiness.

"Take your time. Take your time!" she would say kindly, and a crash of discords did not disturb her in the least.

Kathleen was anxious that Denny should learn the bass of a duet, so that they two could play one at the neighborhood parties in the Christmas holidays.

Miss Mc Entee, though doubtful of Denny's ability, gave way to Kathleen's pleadings and chose an arrangement of airs from Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl," for, she said, "It's well for Irish children to know something of the music of an Irish composer."

With careful practising at home, aided by much very agreeable, if not altogether well-deserved, praise from Bridget, and relying on Kathleen's steady encouragement, Denny did not play his part so badly after all when the time came. The duet was the first "piece" on the programme of the Donnelly's Christmas party.

Miss McEntee, by way of ensuring his "sang froid" on the great occasion, had told him repeatedly, and with evident success as the result showed, that he should think of the audience in the terms of a vegetable garden.

"Say to yourself that the people on these chairs are cabbage stalks!"

That was her injunction, given over and over again many times and you see Denny was wise enough to profit by it.

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