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If there ever was a time when a

PRINTERS' STRIKE

seemed inexcusable, surely it is now.

The publishers of the B. C. M. like those of other Periodicals, are seeking to arrange as best they can in the circumstances, and ask the indulgence of all concerned in the Community Service of this Magazine in that this issue is not only delayed in publication, but has to go to press in an abridged form and

WITHOUT THE COLOURED COVER

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A Real Canadian Pioneer

Back to George IV's Time With A Vancouver Citizen.

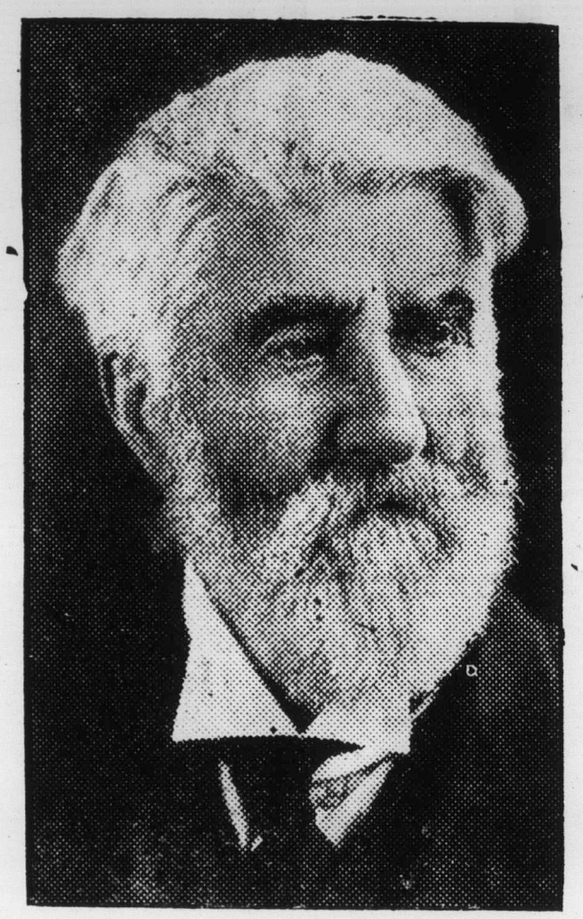
(By Noel Robinson)

"As one gets older I think one's childhood's memories get clearer, and I remember, as if I were there now, standing on the stone wall of the railings at Hyde Park the better to see the illuminations at the Coronation of King William IV. I was just a small child then."

Until he recorded this fact, very simply, I had not fully realized that in Mr. Frederick William Stevenson ("I should not have been christened Frederick William if I had happened to be born in these days", he had remarked, laughing) I was talking with a man who was born in the reign of George IV and who had therefore, lived through the reigns of five British monarchs, one of whom had occupied the throne for over sixty years.

There is, perhaps, a tendency to write a little extravagantly of men and women who have far overpast the allotted span of life and who still retain their faculties unimpaired—possibly it is because we live at such high pressure now that we do not expect the human machine to stand as much as it used to do in our grandfather's day. But in the presence of Mr. Stevenson it is difficult not to enthuse.

When I rang at the door of his home (he is staying for the winter with his son, Dr. R. G. Stevenson) an old gentleman, sturdily built, fresh-complexioned, blue-eyed, with white beard and a great mass of snow-white hair, opened the door briskly, shook hands and invited



MR. F. W. STEVENSON

me in. Could this be the man who had celebrated his 97th birthday the day before and who, with his wife—who is 87 years of age—hopes to celebrate the 68th anniversary of their wedding day next February? There proved to be no mistake about it. Later I found that they have over one hundred grandchildren and that the family was very well represented at the front in the Great War.

In a brief article one can only hint at the career of this grand old pioneer. The man himself and his outlook on life—a most optimistic outlook—is a more interesting study than his life, full of incident as that has been.

Though he has never been back to London since he was a child—he was born in Lambeth, London,—Mr. Stevenson talked of streets and places there which are household words as though he knew them intimately, and he believes he could easily find his way about in the world's great Metropolis if he should return. Next to those illuminations at the coronation of King William his most vivid childish recollection appears to be of Paddington Green, where he used to go and stay, and where there were some very big trees—elms or oaks, he supposes. "I suppose those trees will be gone long ago", he observed. As Paddington station stands there now they probably are gone.

Drifting To Death.

One of old Mr. Stevenson's daughters married Mr. Thomas Molson, one of the heads of the famous banking firm, and it was, perhaps, appropriate that Mr. Stevenson himself should travel from Quebec to Montreal aboard the John Molson, one of the first steamships of all time. He has very vivid-recollections of his journey from Montreal to Prescott—this also, would be in the reign of William the Fourth—how they were poled up the rapids at various places. The journey took 17 days. "At the time hundreds of people were dying along the shores, for it was the year–1832–of the great cholera in Europe. Before they got to the worst part of Long Sioux, four Frenchmen took them into a little bay in the forest and left the boat with the children and women in it. "We drifted out and travelled at a tremendous rate, but fortunately ran upon

an island where the soft mud saved us", he recollected. "I can see the women praying in the bottom of the boat as we drifted swiftly along as it seemed to death."

The family was in Toronto when it was known as Little York and its population was not 10,000 and the English Church which stood where now St. James' Cathedral stands "was a small, board, yellow painted building like a school house" and orchards figured where now is the corner of Yonge and Queen streets.

Sir William Mackenzie's Father.

After varying experiences, Mr. Stevenson's father settled about forty miles north of Guelph and there he and his children cleared in time about 200 acres of land, all big timber—beautiful hardwood.

Of course there was no railway connection with Guelph—there were no railways in the world at that time—and the journey to Guelph, a tiny township, occupied them three days. They had not a single neighbour. At one period of this early pioneer life Mr. Stevenson has a very happy memory of one John Mackenzie (afterwards the father of Sir William Mackenzie) who worked haying for his father when he himself was sixteen years of age.

You can imagine what an emigrant family went through during those pioneering days and Mr. Stevenson has some great stories of spearing fish by torchlight and of the hunting of bear and mink and martin and other wild animals which abounded. It was in 1883 that he "went west" and finally settled in Manitoba. He remembers when he had settled down to farm that one day he took a strong telescope that he had and, climbing one of his hayricks, he could only see, with the aid of the glass, two or three shacks, the prairie stretching away as far as the eye could reach. "I think," he observed reflectively, "that the telephone in country districts is one of the greatest blessings we have, because women are left at home so much by themselves and it is these lonely lives that have done so much to fill our asylums." So you see he is quite up-to-date in his ideas. Eventually he became postmaster of Hill View, twelve miles north of Oak Lake, as well as a successful farmer. The last seven winters he has spent in Vancouver and some may remember that last winter he made a speech on the evening of one of the banquets to our prairie visitors, given at the Hotel Vancouver, and that it made quite a hit.

A Remarkable Memory.

This does not pretend to give more than a glimpse of the life of this remarkable old man—and his wife, I understand, is little less remarkable. The imaginative reader can fill in the gaps. He held a captain's commission during the Fenian trouble. "And were you in the Reil Rebellion also?" I asked him. "In '85, yes" he replied and then added "but that is only a little while ago." He did not add this as a joke, it really only seems a little while ago to him.

Mr. Stevenson had told me that he had had practically no schooling and I had been wondering at his excellent vocabulary and occasional literary allusion. I questioned him upon it. "Ah, my father is responsible," he responded. "He was an architect by profession and, despite our pioneering life out here, he always managed to carry with him a curious collection of books, and I read them every one from the first page to the last and more than once. There were the works of Dryden, Homer, Shakespeare, Milton and Byron, histories of Greece and Rome and England and America, Cook's voyages, a Napoleonic book called "In

Camp and Court," Scott's works and so on, and I happen to have a good memory."

By an accident I was able to gauge this memory. We were talking about Martin Harvey's recent visit to Vancouver and I mentioned that he had at one time impersonated Hamlet. That set the old pioneer going and he gave me the "To be or not to be" soliliquy, followed by an incident from the seige of Troy, in the course of which this ninety-seven year old boy got up and emphasised the lines by easy and correct action—then the vivid description of Pandemonium from Milton. I watched him and marvelled.

Suddenly coming to earth again we got talking about recent hockey (in which he takes a keen interest) and I discovered that he was the grandfather of that Alan Woodman who was, I am told, the only Canadian not of foreign extraction in the Canadian ice-hockey team which won the laurels from the Americans recently at the Olympic games at Antwerp.

And so it was that my final memory of this near-centenarian was a memory of him discussing sport with the enthusiasm of a boy.

THE MORALITY OF PLANTS

Part II.

(By J. Davidson, F.L.S., F.B.S.E.)
University of British Columbia.

Slide Twining Plants.

Another B. C. family—the Convolvulaceæ to which the Convolvulus and Sweet Potato belong,—shows degradation to the lowest depths, even to deliberate robbery and murder. The ancestral home of this family is in the tropics, but several members including our Convolvulus, have migrated to temperate climes both north and south where they have failed to keep up the traditions of their tropical relatives. This family occupies a much higher social position than the Ivy family, and though we might expect something better the higher we ascend, it seems to parallel what we occasionally find in human society, that members of a family in the highest social position may sink to the lowest possible depths.

The Convolvulus is not so degenerate as the Ivy—you will often find half a dozen or more Convolvulus plants contributing to each others support by the simple expedient of clinging together, like so many intoxicated individuals hanging to each other for support, illustrating the motto "United we stand divided we fail." But this twining habit, like the drinking habit, is a bad one; the Convolvulus may be able to twine around another plant without seriously affecting the latter, but this twining habit is believed by botanists to have led to further degeneracy on the part of weaker relatives of the Convolvulus; just as the example of a drinking man may lead weaker men to lower depths.

In the Convolvulus family we have a plant called Cuscuta,— better known as the Dodder. Cuscuta is a veritable vampire in whose embraces plants meet their death, and whose cunning and ingenuity almost suggests intelligence.

The seeds of this plant do not germinate till about a month later than the majority of other seeds on the same ground. It commences life—like the Convolvulus—in the soil and at an early stage takes to the climbing habit, seeking out some living plants which will finish both physical and material support. If it fails to come in contact with a host, it falls over—as if feigning death—but retains its vitality for four or five weeks, during which time something may turn up to which it can attach itself. It seems to show a preference for living parts of plants, as the growing point evidently rejects dead props.

Having secured a suitable host, it pushes suckers through the surface of the stem until they reach the system for the transportation of manufactured food. Then commences the robbery of its host. Branches will reach out and seize other plants, sometimes interwining and becoming entangled together to cover an ever increasing area with their network. The root of the Dodder, being of no further use, dies; its whole sustenance is obtained through its death-dealing suckers.

This mode of life has led to almost complete degeneracy, no leaves and no complex supporting structures are formed, it becomes absolutely incapable of obtaining its food honestly as its ancestors did, and as its relatives do at the present time.

But robbery so often leads on to murder, and the Dodder, encouraged by the success of previous crimes, prospers and flourishes like the wicked; its slender red branches with clusters of small flowers defiantly waving in the wind, like little red flags; while the host struggling in vain for a livelihood weakens, withers and dies, done to death by a criminal member of a reputable family.

If you have imagination, think of the horror of such a death, and the sight of this vegetable octopus triumphantly shedding its offspring from the dried up skeletons of plants which supplied its food. We may have to visit Russia, or search the underworld of our large cities to find a parallel in human society. The Dodder is but one of many parasites to be found in British Columbia.

Idleness is the Beginning of Vice.

That ideleness leads to degeneration is well exemplified by many plants belonging to high class families, amongst whom this type of degeneration occurs more frequently than amongst the lower classes of plants. It seems to be a natural law that degeneracy follows a life of ease.

In the vegetable kingdom we have a parallel to those members of human society whom the Hon. David Lloyd George—on introducing his Unearned Increment Tax—referred to as the "Idle Rich," meaning those individuals who obtained their position and wealth through the death of relatives, and who dissipate their wealth and talents in the pursuit of pleasure, ease and luxury.

One can scarcely imagine greater degeneracy than that resulting from the robbery and murder of innocent, well behaved individuals; but in the vegetable kingdom we find the same depths reached by members of the "Idle Rich" as by the most degraded specimens of the underworld.

In British Columbia two important families of plants,—

the Orchid family occupying a very high position amongst the Monocotyledons, and the Indian Pipe family one of the higher Dicotyledons,—furnish examples for the study of this standard of morality. We shall select one from each family, viz. the Coral-root Orchid and the Indian Pipe. Both are termed Saprophytes because they derive their subsistence from decaying organic matter. Instead of absorbing raw materials and manufacturing their own food as their early predecessors did, they depend on what is left after the death of other plants.

We have several species of Coral-root Orchids in British Columbia, they have degenerated so far that they have lost their roots and leaves. Too lazy to absorb inorganic substances and manufacture food for themselves, the tangled, subterranean coral-like rhizome is called upon to perform the work of absorbing organic compounds from decaying matter in the soil. Such plants live underground until they have accumulated sufficient food to form flowers and fruits.

The Indian Pipe is somewhat similar but on a smaller scale. Having no green color, light is unnecessary for them; in fact they seem to thrive best in dark places, like wicked men who "love darkness because their deeds are evil." The gaudy colors of waxy white and red, which such plants usually display seem to serve no useful purpose in plant economy, and the fact that they are hidden for the greater part of their existence, seems to parallel those members of human society whose lavishly furnished homes are buried in the back woods of some large estate.

Hypocrisy.

We occasionally find in human society, individuals who assume a false appearance of virtue, and who are generally referred to as hypocrites or crooks. The practice of hypocrisy is not so prevalent among plants as in human society, but the tendency of the pretender towards further degradation until the stage of open crime is reached, seems to be the natural sequence in both cases.

The Foxglove and Pentstemon family, which has many representatives in this Province, occupies a fairly high position in the vegetable kingdom. Most of its members are honest, well behaved plants, contributing much towards the beauty of the drybelt and alpine regions.

There are however some members of the family, whose external appearance would lead one to suppose they obtained their livelihood by honest means, but when we study their life history and observe their habits we discover that they are secretly robbing the plants with whom they associate. I refer to such B. C. plants as the Lousewort, Yellow-rattle, Cow-wheat, and the Eastern Eye-bright. These plants pursue their nefarious work in broad daylight, and the fact that they are clad like other plants with green leaves and often beautiful flowers, diverts suspicion of their dishonesty, yet when the root system is examined we discover that instead of regular roots taking supplies from the soil they are furnished with numerous suckers which penetrate the roots of neighboring plants and appropriate the raw material which these plants absorb for their own use. With the misappropriated raw material these hypocritical plants manufacture their own food, and on this account they are classed as partial parasites which, as the tendency is to go from bad to worse, may yet become total parasites.

This is based on more than conjecture, as is evidenced by the fact that a whole family of plant robbers closely related to the Foxglove family is believed to have originated through this practice. It is very rare to find a whole family of plants resorting to such methods to secure a livelihood, but we have one at least, with several species, amongst the flowering plants of B. C.

If the Coral root Orchids represent the "Idle rich" the Broomrape family represents the underworld of the vegetable kingdom. The Broomrapes possess characteristics which indicate to us that they have degenerated from a respectable ancestry, but today they are total parasites, carrying on their depredations under-ground. They have become so accustomed to this kind of life that their roots and leaves are reduced to functionless structures incapable of performing the regular duties of such organs.

The cone parasite—Boschniakia—belonging to this family is frequently found near Vancouver. Its seeds,—like those of the Dodder—germinate in the soil, but, after germintion no more is seen of them for several years. The root of the seedling grows rapidly downwards feeling its way through the soil until it comes in contact with a root of Salal or Bearberry, to which it becomes closely attached. It grows into the bast region which conducts the manufactured food, and year after year it steals a certain amount and stores it up until there is sufficient to furnish its needs for flower and seed production. This may take three or four years. Then from its cache it sends up a strong shoot bearing a dense cluster of purplish flowers accompanied by brown scale-like leaves, the whole structure resembling the cone of Douglas Fir; hence the specific name strobilacea, and the popular name Cone parasite. Other species of Broomrapes are found in the dry belt of the Interior and on the sandy shores and rocky bluffs at the coast. Each particular species seems to show a preference for certain hosts, some confine their depredations to Artemisia (Sagebrush or Wormwood) others to Saxifrages, and so on.

Mistletoe.

Perhaps the best illustration of degeneracy of a native plant is to be seen in our Mistletoes. There are five different species in British Columbia, all choosing coniferous trees as their host; they may be found anywhere from the West Coast of Vancouver Island to the Rocky Mountains, and are not uncommon in the vicinity of Vancouver.

In the previous examples the seeds of saprophytic and parasitic plants retained the power of germinating in the soil but the mistletoe, having degenerated almost to the lowest possible depths, has adopted methods of seed dispersal and attack very similar to those adopted by certain fungi which in turn have degenerated from some of the lowest types in the vegetable kingdom.

As is well known, the mistletoe seeds do not germinate on the ground, they must land directly on the host and on a particular part of the host or they will perish.

Because the seeds do not germinate on the ground there are no roots, or parts doing the work of roots; and, in our

native species, there are no leaves such as are found in some less degenerate exotic species.

The Mistletoe plant lives in the bark of the host, or between the bark and the wood, and occasionally penetrates into the sapwood of young stems and branches. It may grow for years unnoticed except for a slight swelling of the affected twig, and only becomes conspicuous when it has accumulated sufficient food for reproduction purposes. It then sends out bunches of short branches bearing inconspicuous flowers which are followed by clusters of dark green or bluish berries. The seeds are distributed by two methods. Birds, such as thrushes devour the fruits; and the seeds, after passing through the bird's body unharmed, may be deposited on another tree of the same species. In this way new areas are infected, and this accounts for the fact that mistletoe is found in detached localities such as Capilano, Point Grey and Stanley Park .

When the berries are fully ripe, the thin elastic covering becomes distended by the internal pressure of viscid pulp which develops around the seed. This pressure becomes so great that a miniature explosion takes place, sending the berry about 50 or 60 feet into the air, the pulpy mass escapes through the base of the fruit and this, coming in contact with a suitable host, firmly cements the seed to the bark and results in a new infection. Thus the parasite spreads throughout infested areas.

Here we have a flowering plant adopting the habit of certain parasitic fungi by spending the vegetative part of its life under the bark of trees, only the reproductive parts appearing outside the host; and in seed dispersal adopting the method of other parasitic fungi whose spores—surrounded by a viscid substance—are shot into the air in the hope of finding a suitable host.

I hope that what I have said about the immorality and degeneracy of Mistletoe will not detract from the interest associated its use around Christmas time.

This is by no means the only instance of degenerate plants being elevated to a high position in the affection of man—or mankind. Many of our decorative garden plants have so degenerated that they are incapable of reproducing their kind. Left to themselves they would have died out many years ago, but man has aided and encouraged them in their degeneracy; and they are entirely dependent on him for their propagation by cuttings and other artificial methods.

In many different kinds of plants with double flowers, the reproductive organs have disappeared or have reverted to petal-like or leaf-like structures.

Such plants placed in the garden find themselves in an unnatural environment, being so well fed and cared for by the gardener, they—as it were—live a life of luxury. The garden becomes an asylum for abnormal flowers.

You will remember that Lilies, and other plants of the highest moral standard make elaborate provision for the success of their offspring, and this at considerable cost and sacrifice to the parent. The greatest success comes to the family that makes the greatest sacrifice to give its offspring a good start in life. Let me illustrate this by two plants representing two different types of human society.

Orchids are regarded by most people as the aristocracy of flowering plants. In many respects this is true; they are rare, limited in their distribution, and expensive to keep.

Orchids devote so much attention to their personal appearance and spend so much on attractive dress, that little is left for the welfare of their offspring. But they are not without exaggerated ideas of the importance and greatness of their family and what they hope to be. Each flower starts out with the intention of producing thousands of seeds, but these are so impoverished and poorly developed that not one in a thousand survives to continue the species.

We occasionally read of an estate reverting to the Crown because there was no heir to inherit it. This may furnish another reason why orchids are regarded as aristocrats. Then you may remember that the Coral-root Orchid is one of the "idle rich." The orchid cannot attend bridge parties and dances and expect its offspring to compete successfullly with the offspring of parents who have sacrificed much luxury and pleasure in the interests of their family.

Another class is represented by the Dandelion, a plant regarded by most people as a detestable weed, because it succeeds where other plants fail. The Dandelion family—the Compositae—is the most highly developed family in the plant kingdom corresponding to the position occupied by man in the animal kingdom. The members of the Dandelion family are found on nearly all parts of the globe, from the tropics to the north and south polar regions. One tenth of the flowering plants of the world belong to the Compositae.

It would take a whole evening to describe the numerous ingenious devices and methods employed by different members to raise this family to its present position. It illustrates the most perfect organization and specialization. We find here, trades unions for economy, co-operation, and harmony between employers and employees. There are no strikes such

(Continued on page 10.)

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BRITAIN'S FARTHEST WEST.
For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious: but
Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.

"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

Vol. XVII. MAY 1921 No. 6.

The Lambeth Proposal for the Union of Christendom

A SUGGESTION FROM THE B. C. M.

The presentation by Bishop Doull to the Presbyterian Synod of British Columbia of the Lambeth Manifesto in regard to the re-union of Christendom was all that could be desired in fulness and frankness, coupled with the most genuine courtesy.

The Bishop brought to the Synod, not simply the decisions and appeal of the Lambeth Conference, but also the very atmosphere of devotion and emotion in which the whole question was considered. The Synod's response to this was evident in the deep hush of rapt attention. The challenge to penitence, humility and prayer was accepted. The occasion was one of solemnity and sweetness.

It may seem ungracious, if not presumptuous, to suggest that the final stage in the consideration of the matter has not been reached; and yet the positive statement by the Bishop that in the decision and appeal of the Lambeth Conference is set forth concensus of opinion and attitude of all sections of the Episcopal Group throughout the world, seems to warrant, if it does not invite, expression of estimate as to fairness, fulness, and finality.

If we understand it aright, the proposal of the Lambeth Conference in reference to Orders, is that the fact and form of ordination in any of the uniting groups shall be held valid and operative within the bounds of that group; but that to secure right and recognition throughout the Universal Church would involve and require repetition of ordination or additional authorization as many times as the number of groups claiming anything special or distinctive in their view of the matter.

This proposal, at first sight, may seem very simple, and the offer or acceptance of such an understanding by those who have been episcopally ordained may appear to be very generous on their part, and to place the whole burden of responsibility or blame upon non-episcopal groups which might demur or decline. But the fact must be as definitely stated, as it is absolutely true, that there is neither rejection nor restriction of Episcopal ordination in the thought or practice of other branches of the Protestant Church.

The door stands wide open to the Episcopally ordained Minister for preaching the Gospel, administering the sacraments, and exercising every function of the Christian ministry. Neglect or refusal to enter is determined by himself alone. On the other hand there is sealed exclusion as to Episcopal churches and pulpits against any and all who have been set apart to the Ministry and authorized by any other form of ordination.

All this being true the proposal of the Lambeth Conference seems to require that in order to full recognition and unrestricted commission as a minister of the re-united Church, Episcopal ordination must be imposed and accepted in addition to any and every other form.

Both conviction and conscience on the part of other groups must bar the way to their acceptance of such a proposal.

What then? Must the whole idea of a re-union of Christendom be abandoned? We do not think so, and would humbly suggest that there is a great fundamental principle vital to every form of Christian Church government, the full and candid consideration of which might lead to a solution of the whole problem. This principle is that right and power to ordain or consecrate to any office or dignity in the Church belong to and inhere in the body which elects, selects or approves.

It is matter of history that Episcopacy grew out of Presbytery by election and elevation, and not that Presbytery fell from Episcopacy by separation or degradation.

There can be no denial that in the early days of the Christian Church the terms episcopos and presbuteros were interchangeable in application to the Minister as such, and did not refer to any difference of rank or office.

Only in the third century was the one term elevated above the other and reserved to the Moderator who by the votes of his brethern came to hold a practically life-tenure of office.

Episcopacy in name, as well as in essence, grew out of Presbytery. It came into existence and recognition not by assumption or self-assertion on the part of the Moderator, but by election and consent of the body of Presbyters.

The participation by Presbyters through a representative in the consecration of a Bishop in the Episcopal Church to-day evidences that the fundamental principle to which we have referred is operative.

In the Roman Catholic Church the consecration of a new Pope pertains to the College of Cardinals out of whose ranks and by whose votes he was elected.

The recognition of this same fundamental principle is common to all branches of the Church which hold to and practice the Presbyterial form of ordination.

Thus the way to the re-union of Christendom in the matter of Orders seems to lead through conservation rather than compromise, and through confluence rather than conflict of convictions.

The existence and elevation of Bishops themselves depend upon election, concurrence and consecration on the part of the great body of Presbyters. Why bar and ban the ordination of Presbyters by one another?

Our suggestion is that, in the re-union of the Church, there be **first of all** acceptance and recognition without limitation, modification, or restriction, of all existing Ministers who have been set apart to the Christian Ministry and are in good standing in all the uniting groups; and that, for the future, there be adopted form and standard of Ordination to the Christian Ministry which will unite all that is essential to both Episcopal and Presbyterial tradition and practice.

We have no thought of controversy or conflict in writing this article, but simply ask for a consideration which may stretch out a little wider and go a little deeper down.

Special Message to Our Readers

And Especially To The

Hundreds of New Subscribers

who have taken advantage of our $1 "Get-acquainted rate," and whose names have been added to our mailing list at this time. We regret that the Printers' strike has delayed this issue, and that it has had to be published in an abridged form.

The experimental publications which have lived and died recently after appealing to the public on one basis or another—PATRIOTISM, PRIZES, PREMIUMS or SPECULATIVE INDUCEMENTS—and securing "YEARLY" subscriptions without any guarantee that they would live MONTHS, make it the more timely that we say a few words about the life and work of this magazine

THE B. C. M. NOW IN ITS TENTH YEAR,

offers no inducements in the way of camouflaged bait in lotteries or lands to secure "paid"(?) "circulation". It is being built up on the basis of giving the fullest possible value in Community Service. The aim of the publishers—and the representative editorial committee—is to issue a periodical that will exercise an interest and an influence in all that makes for human happiness.

Our tenth year motto "Into Every HOME" (worthy of the name) is therefore well chosen: for surely there is no home that is not concerned in "Social Educational, Literary or Religious" life.

MEMBERS OF COMMUNITY SERVICE CLUBS, —TEACHERS

and professional educators should find an unrestricted medium in it. Men and women interested in literature and in Western Canadian writers particularly, should find something to attract in most issues. Churchmen in the pulpit and the pew—the earnest and alert men of all denominations—who are awake to the fact that the Canadian West

CANNOT BE "RUN" FROM TORONTO

or Montreal, should know that the B. C. M. is ready to serve them in the measure in which they are alive to relative values, and practical "social service".

"NATURE AND THE NEW EDUCATION"

is the title of a contribution by Mr. R. S. Sherman, the first portion of which we hope to publish in our next issue. This article should be of special interest to all engaged in educational work.

Articles on hand concerning other departments are "too numerous to mention", but we are confident that not a few of them will commend themselves and the B. C. M. to our readers.

IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST

as well as in the interest of publications and publishers themselves, we think it is time that something was said and done in conection with the obtaining of "yearly subscriptions" under conditions whch practically amount to false pretences. As in the case of some other things, it may be quite "legal" for publications or publishers to depend upon (or exploit) organizations, and also to accept "Yearly" subscriptions, and then treat the public as if no obligation had been undertaken; in short, to give delivery of only a few issues—or even none. But such conduct, no matter what its initial basis of oral confidence or assured capital, is not "fair-play" to the Community;—to say nothing of those periodicals which are seeking to serve that community legitimately, with due regard to obligations incurred.

The Letter and One of the Replies:

What of YOUR Reply?

"Yes, indeed I wish to become a subscriber to your excellent journal. "Please find enclosed cheque for $3.00, two years' subscription." Yours etc.

P.S.—I will try to get others to subscribe also.

WHAT THE B. C. M. MANAGER SAID:

This is NOT a circular letter, but a personal one for you and your home.

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.

For TEN YEARS this Magazine has been serving these interests independently of party, sect or faction; and we are now planning to do so even more fully. We invite you to join us in maintaining a representative B. C. Magazine—by sending in at least one subscription for yourself or your home, if not also one for a friend.

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The British Columbia Monthly

1100 BUTE ST. VANCOUVER, B. C.

THE MORALITY OF PLANTS. —

(Continued from page 7.)

as take place among plants of a lower type of civilization.

Only plants of a high moral standard could attain such an outstanding position in the vegetable Kingdom, in open competition with hundreds of older families; and success is chiefly due to the care and attention bestowed, and sacrifices made, on behalf of their offspring.

The Dandelion is not so extravagant as the Orchid in the production of showy flowers. The individual flowers are beautiful, though inconspicuous on account of their small size, but by grouping themselves together they form a kind of benevolent society, each contributing a little towards the benefit of the others, and ensuring the visits of bees and other insects, who in turn approve of this economical organization, as it means a saving of time in being able to obtain nectar and pollen from a number of flowers at one visit, instead of having to fly from one flower to another.

The Dandelion's Sacrifice for its Offspring.

The Dandelion is as modest as the Daisy, immortalised by Burns. Each flower sets out to produce no more than four seeds, but before it develops very far, this number is reduced to one. A whole flower is therefore sacrificed for the production of one seed, containing a well developed embryo Dandelion. Such sacrifice would be in vain if the seeds were allowed to fall to the ground around the parent. If this happened, the area would become over populated with young dandelions, resulting in strife, struggle, starvation, and the death of a large percentage of the population, corresponding to what we occasionally find in the human race when a city or country becomes overpopulated.

But the dandelion has overcome this danger by providing each of its offspring with equipment for emigration in the form of modern aircraft of the heavier than air type. This is accomplished without extra expenditure. The bracts, which in most other plants are vestigial structures and more or less functionless, have been called to perform the work of the sepals, while the latter in each flower, are sacrificed to provide the apparatus for the transportation of one seed.

The dandelion therefore represents such members of modern society as are honest, industrious, progressive, persevering, and unselfish, ready at anytime to sacrifice their own personal pleasure and comfort to ensure the future welfare of their offspring.

Anyone whose moral character is of the dandelion or compositae standard need not be afraid of being classed as a weed in social circles.

To some people, the dandelion is nothing but a common wayside weed; to others it is a much valued plant and is eagerly sought after. The value of the root for medicinal purposes has been known for hundreds of years; it is still collected and sold for this purpose. The leaves cut in the spring, cooked, and used like spinach are recommended as a blood purifier. The flowers, during the past few years, have been extremely popular and much in demand for the relief of those seriously affected by the Prohibition Act, and who need "a little wine for their stomach's sake."

Whether or not I have succeeded in convincing you that there are different moral standards amongst plants, I hope that I have at least interested you in the presentation of a botanical topic from a new point of view.

If some fairy transferred us from the animal kingdom to our corresponding social position in the vegetable kingdom, which of the plants discussed herein would our moral standard be best suited for? Let us seek to emulate the upright character, usefulness, and beauty of the lily, for "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The Vendor of Dreams

By Lionel Stevenson.

Prologue.

In silence he sits between twilight and dawn
Where the souls, all released in sleep,
To the foot of his ivory throne are drawn,
And forget they must wake to weep.

Imploring with arms upward raised to his knees
They beg for his solace supreme;
He wisely apportions the various keys
That open the chambers of dream.

Therein they may wander till morning returns,
Find healing and rest from their strife;
And there some most furtunate one perhaps learns
The clue to his problem of life.

His shoulder had been crushed by a falling spar at Trafalgar, so that his left arm hung straight and stiff at his side. Nobody knew what had brought him strolling one day into quiet Roseboro'. Perhaps he had wandered about England till he found a place that thoroughly pleased him, and quietly came to anchor there. It seemed as if he had chanced upon Roseboro' in the course of a morning ramble, and forgot to go away again. After a while, to the general astonishment, he produced a comfortable roll of prize money and purchased the moribund little book shop at the corner of Higham Terrace.

In his quiet way he brought new life to the business. His most surprising innovation was a lending library, which before long was the most important branch of his work. Higham Terrace and the neighboring streets were largely inhabited by maiden ladies of advancing years, by widows with small annuities, and by retired officers who maintained their gentility and their families upon a limited pension. Such lives are among the most tragic in existence: with no work to occupy them, and consequently with no aspirations, hopes and achievments, they live from day to day in the effort to appear on equal footing with one another in breeding, possessions, and inactivity. To anyone who brought imagination to this life in would be intolerable: and indeed, who can tell what bitter disappointment, what fiery though indefinable longing may have lived behind the placid faces of Higham Terrace? Little did any of them realize, and old Peter Newton least of all, that he provided the most beneficent influence to all these lives. For their minds found a more healthy pasture in the books from his library than in the dismal record of their own futile past and eventless future.

They could always rely on his judgment. He was never so indiscreet as to send the Major a volume dealing with missionary enterprise, or Miss Millie a recent work of fiction translated from the French. An astonishing memory and a natural shrewdness in character-reading were what fitted him for his task, although he was little better than illiterate. Words did not come easily to him: much humoring was necessary before he would talk about his sea adventures, which the few boys of the town often assembled at his shop to hear, preferring these narratives to the printed ones in which he dealt.

One day old Peter was sitting in his little shop, as usual very busy spelling out the despatches in the latest newspaper. The news was exciting enough, for Napoleon, newly bursting forth from Elba with his thousand devoted guards had swept on to Paris, and all France, it seemed, was rising to join his standard. Exciting news indeed, entire Europe found it, but Peter Newton showed no annoyance when he was interrupted by the entrance of a customer. He looked up with his wide smile, and pulled his forelock to the girl whose light blue dress and golden hair seemed to have brought in some of the spring sunshine among the folds of the one and the curls of the other.

"Good morning, Mr. Newton," she said rather gravely. "I feel in the mood for a romance this morning—something ridiculous and happy, to cheer me up."

Peter turned to his shelves. "Here is 'The Warrior Lover,' Miss Mason was quite wild about it." The girl wrinkled her nose in a manner sugesting that she had some secret reason for considering herself a more sophisticated person than Miss Mason. She tossed a mass of curls that made only the faintest pretence of being confined 'en coiffure;' for Miss Felicity Waters was not yet nineteen, and appeared still a child to sedate Roseboro'.

She glanced over the book that Newton offered her, paying particular attention to the closing paragraphs. Then she threw it down petulantly. "All full of sensibility and—and love," she exclaimed, blushing a little as the unmaidenly word passed her lips; "it pretends to base lasting happiness on these. What folly!" Peter's great smile always gave the impression of sympathy, even when he didn't understand one-half of the conversation. He now reinforced it with inarticulate murmurs of assent, and the girl continued:

"What I want is something tragic and horrible. I shall find melancholy pleasure in seeing how true it is

to life. Have you nothing by Mrs. Radcliffe?''

Peter gave no sign of having observed her inconsistency. He handed her out a volume, with the remark that Mrs. Major Corrigan had wept over it so that her tear stains were still to be traced on the pages. With abstracted gaze Felicity put it in her basket, and then suddenly pulled it out again and thrust it into Peter's startled hands. ''I couldn't read it: I should weep too much,'' and indeed she seemed on the point of doing so at the moment. ''All the wickedness and sorrow of the world, that is what I am trying to escape from. But I fear I can never forget it.'' She shuddered. ''It is the return of the awful war that depresses me. So much bloodshed and suffering. Think of the sorrowing widows, and the mothers who see their sons depart. Oh-h, to think that not so long ago I admired the officers! I clapped to see the red coats, I thought bravery the highest virtue'' She clenched her little fists. ''Why, I believe men only go to war because of their thoughtlessness and vanity. Just like savages.''

''Them's not healthy nat'ral sentiments for a young miss to carry under her pretty bonnet,'' growled Peter into the back of a row of books. Felicity could not distinguish the words, but the growl sounded comforting. She succeeded in summoning a weak little smile to deprecate her outburst, and turned to go. When Peter slipped a book into her hand, saying ''this is the very latest,'' she scarcely glanced at it, and dropped it absently into her basket. On her way down the street, biting her lip she whispered, ''men are brutes,'' but she made a mental reservation in favor of the old sea-dog librarian.

In the afternoon Harry Bayfield, flushed with excitement, burst into the shop. ''There's something I want to ask you, Mr. Newton,'' he cried. The old man picked up his years at the formality. Usually ''Peter old cock'' was the more familiar term employed by this merry youth, who was entangling his important question in a skein of words: ''I thought I'd ask you 'cause you were a sailor and that's nearly the same thing, and you always say something sensible about things like this—does a soldier feel frightened when he is going to war?'' Breathless and round-eyed with the momentousness of his problem, he waited while Peter deliberately revolved the idea in his mind. At last the old sailor spoke, slowly and in a colorless tone. ''I wouldn't ventur' to say he's actually frightened; leastways except for a spasm now an' then maybe; but he do keep thinkin' and thinkin' on things that have nothing at all to do with what's goin' on.''

''That's it exactly,'' agreed Harry, apparently not needing to have the ''things'' any further defined. And in response to Newton's enquiring glance he declared dramatically, ''Peter, the tyrant has escaped from Elba, and I'm going to fight him.''

''So you've listed, Master Harry. Well, you've my blessing with it. But—aren't you too young?''

''Oh, Peter, I didn't think YOU would say that

too," replied the boy in mingled reproach and disgust. "Why, that's what all Auntie's friends say when they hear the news. Don't you think twenty is old enough to be a soldier, Peter?"

The query was not directly answered. The old man was looking very serious with the effort of seeking unaccustomed words. Knowing the nature of Harry's upbringing by his maiden aunt, Peter felt some responsibility toward him, perhaps realizing that his own reminiscences and quaint philosophy had done much to mould the boy's ideas of the world. He resumed in his flat tone: "Think well, lad. Remember that war is not a game of play. Don't believe that it just means carrying a sword and having all the lasses smile at you."

"Hang it, Peter, I'm not that kind of a fool," broke in Harry, bitterness in his tone. "Why should I think about the women? Heavens, they don't understand anything about real life. I don't know whether it is natural foolishness, or whether they just refuse to listen to reason. . . ..If you try to tell them anything serious, they behave like children, or else bring up some ridiculous argument that— —that has no sense at all." After this impetuous outburst he paused sheepishly, suddenly aware that old Peter could see what was beneath these generalizations about the sex. A little more hastily than usual, Peter inquired, "When will you be leaving us?"

"Oh, I wont be able to go for a week or more. I was over at Market Barton yesterday to enlist, and everything was in a most awful muddle. The authorities are so taken by surprise that goodness knows when things will be straightened out. I'll have to kick my heels about here and have everybody stare at me, and whisper and ask silly questions—ugh! Why, oh why have I got to live in a town full of old women?"

Peter ventured on a mild expostulation, "I think you've always had a pretty jolly time, haven't you, Master Harry?"

"Oh, yes," impatiently, "when I was a child and did not think about Life. But they only made much of me as long as it amused them. Now that I start to think for myself, they have no use for me. They all look stiff and superior; I know they are trying to make me feel ashamed. But I don't care, I'll show them." Again he paused, annoyed at the recurrence of the plural pronoun which had proved so ineffectual to conceal the real state of his feelings. "If I have to stand a week of it, I fear I'll give way," he concluded, pathetically.

"Why not try a book," said Peter, in his most colourless manner. The young man burst out laughing. "What an idea, Peter! Would you trust me with one, since I don't subscribe to your library?" He grew suddenly serious and continued, "all the same, you know, it's not a bad notion. Maybe it will keep my mind occupied. And besides, I'd rather like to see what sort of stuff it is that she—that everybody here is so fond of. Choose something for me."

Peter rummaged among his books and produced one. Harry looked at it curiously. " 'Pride and Pre—prejudice'—it sounds like a sermon. Are you sure it's worth reading?"

Peter knew his man. "If you can't read a book through, Master Harry, when you set your mind to it" he said, "I dunno how you'll fight a war through, that's a good deal harder.'

That was enough for Harry. "I'll read every blessed word of it, and inside of a week at that," he vowed I'll bring it back this day week," and he marched out of the shop, half his worries forgotten in the interest of this unwonted enterprise. Old Peter shook his head after him and muttered, "He's another that's too young to be thinkin' sour thoughts about the world. I wonder what bee is stinging the youngsters all at once"

. . . . . .

All this happened on a Wednesday, and on the following Tuesday Peter made one of his infrequent visits to the county town. Before starting he had put a note on his door, "Will be back on Wednesday at half past two." Punctual in his return, he came jogging down the street in his little donkey cart, and there he was spied by Harry Bayfield, who with a shout of welcome ran to meet him and clambered into the seat beside him. "I've just got an official letter," he said. "They say I can start training next week, and be ready for service about the first of July." The idea was so serious to him that, boy-like, he no longer wanted to talk about it, so he hurried on. "I say, Peter, that was a queer book. I read it, and, you know, I was interested in a sort of way. It's given me a new light, if you know what I mean, into the ways of women. It was a woman wrote it you see, and it seems to clear up a lot of things that puzzled me. Not that it shows them much wiser than I found them to be, but it makes them really human. It took away all my annoyance, somehow." And he looked as pompous as a judge. Then he found that they were passing his own home, and he dismounted. "I'll be along in a few minutes, and bring back the book," was his parting announcement. This time, as Peter watched him go, he did not shake his head, but nodded once, and smiled over his donkey's ears into infinity.

HAVE YOU READ
THE MESSAGE
ON
PAGE NINE?

When he had stabled his animal and opened his shop, it was not long till Felicity Waters came smiling in. "I brought this book back yesterday afternoon, but you weren't her," she explained. She was quite radiant with a strange excitement, caused by the desire to express feelings more enthusiastic than her usual neat diction provided for. "This wonderful book—I've never read anything like it—once I was well commenced I couldn't lay it down. At first I was quite disappointed, for there was nothing strange or extraordinary in it; not like a novel at all and just like real life. But when I got used to that, it—it stirred me!"

She was waving the book about to emphasise her remarks. "Such brave men, such courtesy, such splendid fights. It made me dream that I dressed as a soldier and went and fought a battle. I almost wish I could."

"Life is a battle," murmured Peter.

"Yes, and think of the courage and patience some people bring to it. . .Oh! You mean that I should—"

There was a shadow in the doorway, and turning, she saw Harry Bayfield. He had paused on catching sight of her, and was nervously fingering the embroidery on his cuffs. She gave a formal little curtsey, but her uneasiness was betrayed when the book slipped from her fingers and fell to the floor. Harry came forward to pick it up, and when he had done so, found himself close to her. They were both aware that Peter had melted away into the shadows, and was no longer in the shop.

To relieve the tension, Harry turned his eyes to the book he had lifted. "Waverley," he read.

She answered defiantly. "I suppose you are going to laugh at me again for finding pleasure in stories."

But he raised troubled eyes to her face and replied apologetically, "No, I would not laugh at anything you do."

"Why so serious, sir?" she asked, trying to assume a careless tone. "Are you not the adamant soldier, that does not give a fig for sensibility?'

He was stung by some memory that the words called up. "I should not have said that," he declared. "I was excited and heedless. It hurt me when you said that men are faithless to everything but their own conceit."

"Did I say that?" cried Felicity, who knew very well that she had said that and more. "I was not thinking of my words." She paused, and added faintly, "I was speaking to conceal the pain that was in my heart.'

"Because I was going away—Oh, Felicity!" He took a step nearer.

"Goose. . . But really, Harry, I don't want you to have a wrong opinion of me. Truly, I could never admire a man whose first thought was not for his country's honour."

"I begin training next week.'

"You brave boy! I shall pray for you."

"Darling girl!"

She was in his arms.

A few minutes later, as they wandered down the street, the burden of their chatter was, "How lucky we cooled down and saw reason after that ridiculous quarrel of ours."

And Harry, "When I began to think about Life seriously, I soon saw how petty my annoyance had been."

And Felicity. "I wept myself to sleep for two nights, and then I understood that I—liked you better for going."

To both of them, old Peter and his wares were absolutely non-existent. He had passed out of their thoughts along with all the rest of the ordinary things that were outside the range of their Elysium. . . .

How often, on waking, we forget all the varied pageant of our dreams! And yet, wise men tell us that they determine much of the actions which guide this whimsical life of ours.

Patriotism in War and Peace.

WHY BUY "MADE IN B. C." GOODS?

There are two brands of patriotism; one the demonstrative and necessary patriotism of war; the other, the silent exacting patriotism of peace. During the world struggle no nation proved to have greater love for country and the principles of humanity and justice than Canada. Since the armistice, however, there appears to be a certain lack of the esential thought for the welfare of the nation's up-building.

The proof? It is to be found in the trade returns, which show that we, the citizens of Canada purchased in the United States alone last year over $900,000,000 worth of merchandise, of which total $274,000,000 could have been secured from our own industries.

What would the result have been if Canadians had given preference to their own industries wherever possible? It would have meant a saving of $41,000,000 in exchange, and a distribution of $50,000,000 towards the municipal, provincial and dominion treasuries of Canada, for every dollar of merchandise in its turn over from producer to consumer pays eighteen per cent in taxes. It would have meant the distribution of more than $100,000,000 in wages to the workers of this country—and Canada has 200,000 unemployed.

In our own province we paid out $9,950,000 in exchange last year—a sum sufficient to have maintained 8,290 families in comfort for twelve months. There are 2,000 veterans of the great war out of employment in and about Vancouver. These are the same gallant

fellows who risked their lives for you and for me on the battle fields of Europe. They were praised and promised our undying remembrance when they were in uniform—in the days of "demonstrative patriotism." Now they seek employment, and employment is refused by their fellow citizens. It is not the factory superintendents who keep the doors shut to them, it is the people of British Columbia who give preference in their buying to goods manufactured in a foreign country.

In reply to questions, 57 firms, large and small, in Vancouver stated that if the local market, which could consume an average of four hundred per cent. more local products than at present, would only give an additional preference of fifty per cent., employment would be provided for 1598 workers—and there are about 800 firms doing a manufacturing business in the vicinity of Vancouver. It is safe to assume that if the people of the lower mainland alone will consume only half as much again of the products they themselves produce, that work can be provided for between 5,000 and 6,000 men and women.

The "Made in B. C." campaign does not ask that an unfair preference shall be given to B. C. products. It simply asks that where quality and price will compare favorably with the imported goods that the preference be given to the local goods.

A preference of but 25 cents a day in the daily buying of the people of British Columbia would mean an addition to the pay rolls of this province of $21,000,000 annually.

It takes no super-imagination to picture what that would mean to this country and to Canada. It is up to the individual, he can buy prosperity for himself and his province; can give employment to his friends who are today without work by simply giving his preference to the commodities produced in his own province. (B.C.M. space contribution.)

WHERE SHALL WE BUILD OUR HOME?

By Harold Cullerne.

"Where shall we build our home?" is a question often asked by intending homebuilders. Where the salaried man or wage-earner may live will be determined largely by local circumstance, and freedom of choice in this matter will be governed by the extent of one's income. For the city worker, when any choice can be exercised, the question whether he may live in a city or suburban home will be answered on the ground of individual preference.

The following points should be considered when choosing a homesite:

(1) Transportation facilities between the district in which the proposed site is located and one's place of business or work.

(2) General character of the neighborhood.

(3) Character of the traffic passing or near the site

(4) Condition of the street or highway on which the lot fronts.

(5) Physical condition of the ground on which the home is to be erected; noting at the same time that of the adjoining lots.

The extreme limit the suburban dweller can afford to spend in going to and from his office or place of work is 45 minutes; 30 minutes is far more reasonable and should be regarded as the allowable mean. The distance from the house to the car should not be too far as the trip to and fro will have to be made every day in the week.

Whether the proposed homesite is a desirable one or not will be determined by the general character of the neighborhood; this being of the first importance. Well-kept grounds and homes however modest in size and well kept streets should be considered indispensable suroundings for the new home.

When inspecting the lot itself the following points should be considered: Avoid a lot which is lower than the street level or the adjoining lots. If lower than the adjacent property the surface soil from it will be washed upon the lot in heavy rain storms, also it may indicate the presence of underground streams which may dampen or even overflow the basement.

Residential districts which are low lying are less agreeable and healthful than those occupying higher ground. They are hotter in summer, though less bleak in the winter months, but are certain to be damp at all periods of the year. Houses on or near hill tops are not to be recommended as winter residences on account of extreme exposure, but if well shaded with trees, they will be cooler in summer, spring and fall than lower lying sites.

Sites for houses in the city are subject to more limited consideration than those in suburban localities. Perhaps the most important element to be considered in making a choice of a site in a city is the following: Vital statistics show that houses on the north side of east-west streets are more healthful than those located on the south side; that houses on north-south streets, taken as a whole, have fewer cases of sickness than those on east-west streets; and that homes located near street corners have a better health record than those situated in the middle of the block.