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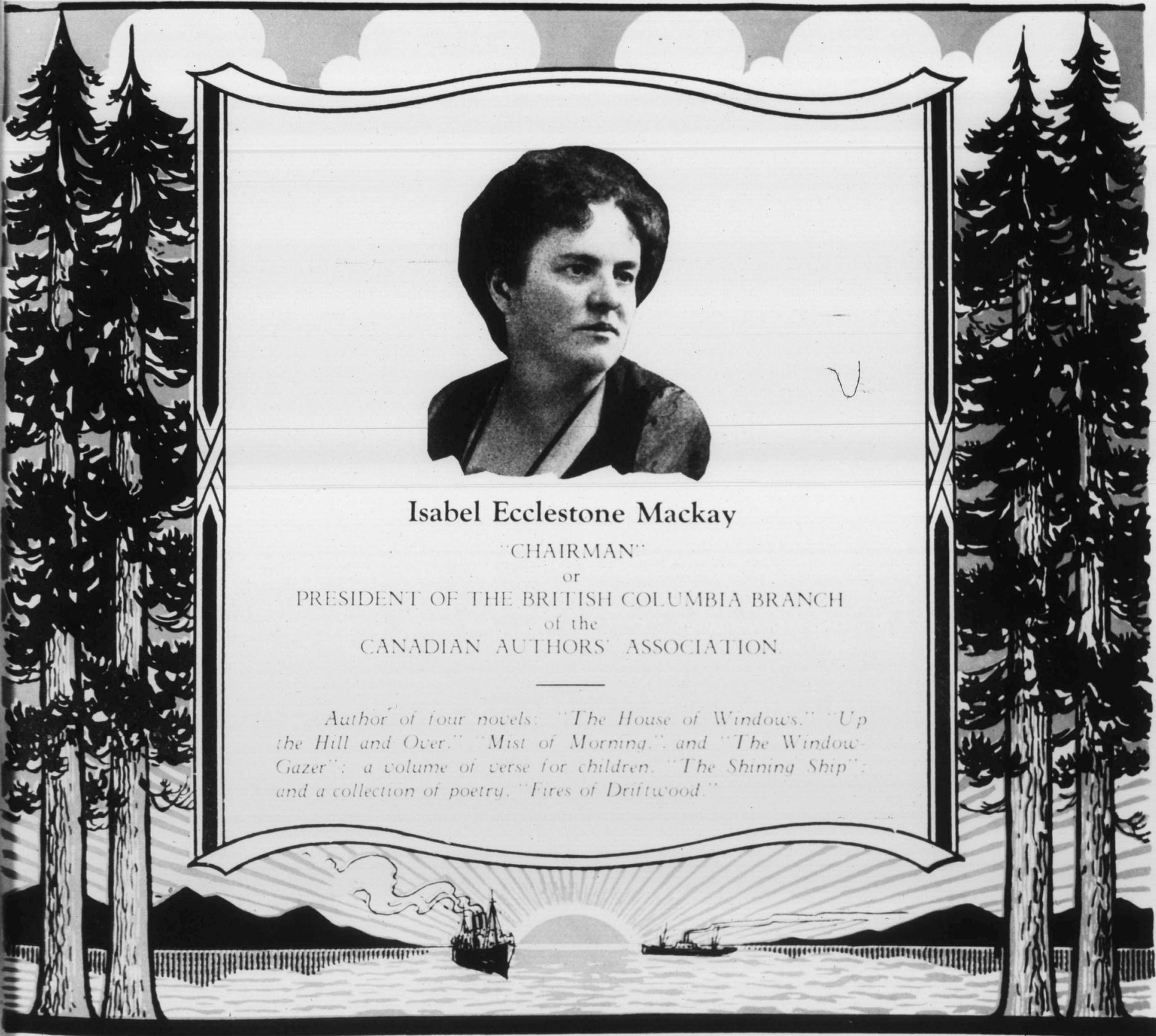
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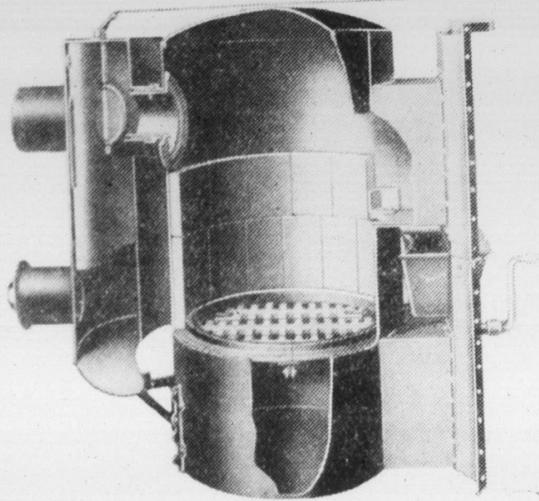
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"BE BRITISH" COLUMBIANS!

VOL. 24

APRIL, 1925

No.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A CRITICAL SUBSCRIBER writes: "Enclosed find \$3.00. I read your Magazine, but will say that some of your contributors are very partizan. The one with the long name is a dyed-in-the-wool Tory of the kind that can see no good in any government that is not of his particular stripe." . . . (That is evidently "another one" for "The Wayside Philosopher"—which we believe he will not object to our passing on in these notes, just as received. As before, we shall leave him to "speak for himself.")

THIS CRITIC CONTINUES: "YOUR MAGAZINE IS IMPERIALISTIC IN THE EXTREME. Why not get some real Canadian spirit in your system? Let us make this Canada of ours a nation, instead of an adjunct of some other country."

FIRST, LET US THANK THIS CRITIC for his candour, and at the same time express regret that space does not permit our answering his criticism with any fulness in this issue. It is a commonplace that we do not expect any reader to approve of ALL the articles published, or viewpoints outlined or advocated in this Magazine. But we always value LIVING INTEREST—and our critic EXERCISES THAT in two ways: (1) He PAYS his SUBSCRIPTION, and (2) he READS the Magazine; and these are the first practical essentials to co-operation with it in real community service.

IF ONLY EVERY OTHER OVERDUE SUBSCRIBER would follow his example in that matter of remittance! It is so easy to put off and to give little or no thought to THE OTHER SIDE and THE SIDE OF THE OTHER. Probably the records of most publishing offices could supply "copy" enough for a book on human pettiness and meanness as revealed in attempts to evade or avoid overdue payments, and that of small sums: exhibitions of selfishness of which it is reasonable to believe many of the guilty ones would be ashamed if they had more knowledge of the publisher's conditions of work or if they GAVE ONE THOUGHT to the OTHER FELLOW'S SIDE.

THIS MAGAZINE'S SUBSCRIPTION RATE (in advance) has now been reduced to the MINIMUM, and it is therefore all the more necessary that subscribers should not require even one mailed notice of renewal date. To any disposed to recall or glibly speak of HOW THEY DO IN THE "STATES," or of HOW "STATES" periodicals—DUTY-FREE into this CONVENIENT CANADIAN DUMPING GROUND—"cut them off" and otherwise treat them, we would say, PLEASE REMEMBER YOU ARE IN CANADA, and that, whatever be the fair

or unfair privileges in the publication field extended by Canada to the States, Canada has not been annexed by the United States—YET!

THE NECESSITIES OF THE CASE CONSTRAIN US to add that we trust that no subscriber whose subscription is due or overdue, will take exception, much less offence, at finding his or her attention called to the fact by a MARKING on the MAGAZINE. For fourteen years now the publishers of this periodical have striven—under many hindrances and handicaps, including printers' strike and other equally trying hold-up conditions due in part at least to Canada's proximity to the States—to do their part to provide an independent "Community Service" Magazine for Western Canada, and British Columbia particularly; but, IN CANADA, the subscription price at best does little more than pay for the POSTAGE and HANDLING of the Magazines. There is all the more need that EVERY SUBSCRIPTION should be paid without delay, and certainly without involving the outlay and work of mailed notices, of answering phone calls, or any kind of correspondence. Critics and friends, life is short and work is crowding, for we too are among CANADIAN PIONEERS!

CANADIANS ARE IN DANGER of being "spoilt" in this respect—and perhaps in some other ways!—by the conditions meantime pertaining to publications of all kinds shipped in by the ton or carload from the Republic to the South. But that is another subject—of which more anon.

WE VALUE THE COMPLIMENT TO THIS MAGAZINE and its editor in the report by the Chairman of the British Columbia branch of the Canadian Authors' Association (page ten), and, without vanity on the one hand or a pleading of poverty on the other, we are disposed to take this opportunity—in acknowledging the compliment—of emphasizing that we believe it is more than time that: (1) business men; (2) lovers of literature; (3) people of all denominations who believe in practical Christianity; (4) members of Service Clubs; and (5) all Western Canadian citizens who believe (as we do, notwithstanding our critic's comments), that for us in Western Canada THE SANEST IMPERIALISM begins with upbuilding and developing CANADA FIRST—joined more fully in the work of a magazine with such aims and ideals of community service as the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY—no matter who may happen to be its editor pro tem.

EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS MAY PASS, but so long as there is influence

in the printed word there will be need for magazine mediums that seek primarily to serve the community without selling themselves to "party, sect or faction" politically, religiously or socially.

"LET US MAKE THIS CANADA OF OURS A NATION instead of an adjunct to some other country." Our critic may be surprised to learn that we are quite at one with him in that ambition—assuming he means "a nation" in the commonwealth of nations known as the British Empire. Only we sometimes wonder how far some of the Canadian-born themselves are ready to recognize and PRACTISE SUCH AN INJUNCTION?

WE ARE NOT, AND DO NOT WISH TO BE, ANTI-U. S., or anti-any other nation. But so fully do we recognize CANADA'S INHERENT POTENTIALITIES, and believe in its NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT, that—let us say respectfully what we sometimes suggest in jest—one of our regrets is that we could not have arranged for OUR IMMIGRATION into Canada to have begun with our forefathers a few generations back! We do not believe that we would, in that event, have been less British. On the other hand, it may be that years of experience and some knowledge of conditions in Britain may have their use in ENLARGING THE VISION of those who are none the less Canadians by being CANADIANS BY CHOICE. At any rate, in the conditions of the world as it is TO-DAY we advocate the development of Imperial or INTER-EMPIRE RELATIONS because we believe that THEREIN LIES THE SOCIAL SALVATION OF THIS CANADA OF OURS.

BUT EVEN NOW THERE IS GOING ON IN CANADA—whether or not we Canadians choose to recognize it—A PROCESS OF PEACEFUL PENETRATION AND PERMEATION BY OTHERS, some of whose ideals do differ from the British.

WHAT HAS OUR CRITIC—RELATIVE OF A FORMER LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR—and others who may share his views, to say or suggest in that connection? We may have much more to say—"if we are spared." Meantime we assure our critic that we advocate Imperialism, involving INTER-EMPIRE RELATIONS, because we believe that the BEST BASIS FOR CANADA'S DEVELOPMENT lies in British stock and British ideals—BRITISH STOCK ACCELERATED IN ACTION, and BRITISH IDEALS EMPHASIZED IN PRACTICE.

A Winter with the Scottish Society of Vancouver

For nearly six months of the year winter occupies himself in playing practical jokes upon us. As we love the sun, and the sun is always willing to shine upon us for several hours every day, winter makes himself busily obnoxious to all by dragging thick clouds between us, and so reduces the free open world to a room with curtained windows. He shakes the clouds with the East Wind or a blast from the bitter North, and brings down the icy rain upon our heads till we take refuge in rubber shoes and waterproofs, and scud along the streaming streets for our friendly firesides. In his angrier moods he chases us with his whips of hail, and sleet and snow.

But he no longer has us at his mercy, as he once had when human invention was in its infancy. Our ancestors had to endure Winter's darkness unreprieved, drag their heavy feet through deep-mired roads, shiver in draughty stone rooms with unglazed windows, breathing airs, either of withering cold or a mildness acrid with wood smoke. They had few books to read, and only a few persons could read the books they had. And what had they to read by in the long dark hours when Winter puts his extinguisher on the sun about four o'clock in the afternoon? A feeble wick floating in oil or a guttering candle. The school boy was happiest when he lay on the hearthrug and read by the dancing light of the fire.

In our days Winter has had a sad overthrow. If he rain outside, and

he is doing it to-day, it may well be he is weeping his own misfortunes. He can no longer oppress us with darkness in the streets, while within our own homes and our halls of meeting we can make little summers for ourselves with hot pipes and electric lighting. The time was when for six dreary months men scarcely ever met more than a dozen of their neighbours at one time, except in church, where too often they must suffer chilblains for their soul's sake. Now our chief meeting time is the Winter, and when Spring comes round, our pleasant society life comes to an end. We scatter for the country and the seaside, while the city with its concerts, its stage plays, its operas, its lectures on the great world around, buries itself in a hermitage. I almost fear that one day Winter will come back, mild and mealy-mouthed, and make plea for favour with us on account of the chains with which we have bound him.

Three years ago we told of the Scottish Society of Vancouver, when it was only an infant in swaddling clothes. Every year since it has waxed larger and stronger, although its only fare has been high-thinking and sweet music, with one dance to liberate the superfluous energy of its members. Like many of the other societies it is now near the end of the active season of 1924-5. For the first time in its history the Scottish Society has had a settled home for the Winter, and in the Rotunda of Glencoe Lodge it has held two meetings in every month. Year by year the Society has made a satisfactory increase in its membership, and it is pleasant to see that the great majority of the members are regular in their attendance at these meetings. The programme for the past session has been exceedingly varied and attractive. In every society it happens once and again that a lecturer fails to fulfil his engagement through illness, but a capable substitute has always been available. For a star of the first magnitude in the lecture world it is necessary at times to make arrangements far ahead, and already a beginning has been made in the preparation of the programme for 1925-6.

In the present year, after the Society had elected its office-bearers last September, the season was opened in October with a concert, which was followed at an interval of a fortnight by a lecture from Professor F. G. C. Wood of the University on

his favourite subject, "Sir James Barrie and His Plays." On that occasion Mr. Robert Allison Hood and Miss Jessie Robertson gave a dramatic reading from one of Barrie's playlets, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." November brought a Hebridean concert from Dr. James Patterson and Mrs. Jean Houston, and Dr. Patterson very happily connected his songs with a story of Highland travel. If these pleasure-givers repeat their concert another year they must remember that half past nine o'clock is not a time to finish so delightful an entertainment.

Later in November Professor W. L. Macdonald gave a thoughtful appreciation of Robert Louis Stevenson, and one meeting in December concluded the year 1924. This was a social evening, when members and their friends made better acquaintance, a great deal of fine music was heard; the ladies of the society provided scones and cakes which they had baked, and brewed tea and coffee for the company.

In January Mr. D. M. Telford spoke of "Ian Maclaren," and the pathos of the Bonnie Briar Bush, while the honorary treasurer, Mr. James Inglis Reid, came next with the sterner side of Scottish life and told of the Covenanters. February first turned to Scottish humour, which was treated by the first vice-president, Mr. R. A. Hood, with whom was that skilful amateur actor Mr. Alan B. Stevenson, who acted the Tollbooth scene in Rob Roy, and impersonated Bailie Nicol Jarvie. A few days later the society held its annual dance, when the programme made a suitable compromise between the beautiful but sometimes intricate Scottish measures, and the lazy

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SALE OF BUILDING AND SITE.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed, "Tender for the purchase of Old Post Office Building and Site, Vancouver, B. C." will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon, Thursday, April 30, 1925, for the purchase of the building known as Old Post Office Building and the Site on which this building stands, which property is situated on the south-west corner of Granville and Pender Streets, Vancouver, having a frontage of seventy five feet on Granville Street by a depth of one hundred and thirty feet on Pender Street.

Building to be sold on the understanding the Department of Public Works to have occupation of same, rent free, until January 1st, 1926.

Each tender to be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank for the sum of Thirty Thousand Dollars, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to carry out his bid. The balance to be paid in equal instalments at yearly intervals, with interest at six per cent. per annum: the last instalment to be paid January 1st, 1928. Bonds of the Dominion of Canada and bonds of the Canadian National Railway Company will also be accepted as security.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

Any further information required may be obtained on application to the undersigned.

By order,
S. E. O'BRIEN,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa April 2, 1925.

The Port of Vancouver and Sailors' Welfare Work

(An Article of Interest to all Concerned in Vancouver's Growth—and in Social Service—Ed. B. C. M.)

What changes do the years bring about! In less than 40 years Vancouver has grown from a few be-draggled Indian and squatter settlements to a city of over 100,000 population. Burrard Inlet has been transformed from a forest containing a few scattered and unkempt villages to a waterfront lined with great and modern docks and warehouses, factories and mills, dry-docks and grain elevators. The harbour is admittedly one of the finest in the world.

Steamship lines regularly operating in and out of Vancouver have increased from twelve to forty-two since 1921. 18,387 ships passed under Prospect Signal Station into the harbour during 1924. The registered tonnage leaped from 5,605,015 tons in 1920, to 8,957,489 tons in 1924. It does not begin to dawn upon the mind of the average citizen what an asset the various shipping interests are to Vancouver.

Take away the marine offices and engineers, the sailors and firemen, the longshoremen and stevedores—with the wives and mothers, the children and other dependants, of those who have homes and are paying taxes—and Vancouver would suffer irretrievable loss. Remove those employed in connection with the ship-yards, the machine shops, the fishery fleets, the tow-boats, the brokerages, the shipping agencies, the insurance and government offices, the piers and docks, the harbour board, and the telegraph and wireless forces required by the business of the port, and the population of the city would be very appreciably affected. If it were not for the shipping, half of the citizens engaged in business, would go bankrupt in six months.

Not long after Captain George Vancouver discovered for the British in 1792, what has since become the modern city of Vancouver, the great Missionary Society known all over the world as THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY came into existence. It was founded by a band of earnest, God-fearing men in London, in the year 1818. In the period between the Battle of Trafalgar and the beginnings of this Society many good men were moved to compassion for the sailors whose lot was so unenviable both at sea and ashore. Nelson himself made it a cause of complaint, when he saw how sadly many of his messmates fared, that in time of war the sailor, as the soldier, was regarded as a hero, but that once the danger was passed he was forgotten.

In Vancouver, perhaps, we do not all fall under the same sweeping condemnation, as those to whom Nelson referred over a century ago, yet we constantly need to be reminded of our debt to the sufferers from the Great War who ventured their all, both on land and sea, for our security. Even in times of peace our obligation to the seaman is one which cannot be so readily discharged as many of us seem to think. His life is one of more than ordinary risks. Engaged in an endless fight against uncontrollable forces, he spends a large part of his time out of sight of his fellows, serving them in loneliness and hardship. His career on board ship is pleasanter than it once was and he is better paid, perhaps, but wherever he goes over the face of the world he wants "a home away from home" in his "wanderings on many a foreign strand." Yes, even in our home ports there are too many evil-disposed and under-world human jackals for whom the unsus-

pecting seaman is easy pickings. It was to help meet this need that the British and Foreign Sailors' Society was established and has laboured on throughout all these years. It considers itself as one of the chief agencies raised up by God through which the Empire may discharge a measure of its debt to the men who "go down to the sea in ships."

This Society is the mother of all the naval and mercantile organizations working for the physical and for the spiritual well-being of all seafarers. It has now some 120 Homes, Rests, Institutes and Naval Clubs in the principal ports of the world. The patronage and recent active interest of His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales is an evidence of the faith and long-continued thought which the Royal Family have shown on behalf of the work of the Society. It has a host of noble and self-sacrificing friends in every port, where it is represented, who lend it their patronage or who actively interest themselves as honorary workers. Its Chaplains, Port Missionaries and other agents everywhere—no small army of paid workers—carry on the more immediate and direct missionary activities in touch with the men themselves. It is interdenominational as well as international both in its scope and in its appeal. It has for its basis simple evangelical principles and thus provides a platform on which friends of all scriptural creeds can unite "in service for the sailor."

VANCOUVER SAILORS' HOME

Some eighteen years ago a branch of the work was started in Vancouver. At first it was carried on under the name of "The Vancouver Sailors' and Loggers' Society" in a rented building at the foot of what is now Main Street but which, at that time, was known as Westminster Avenue. It was thought that both these classes of men could be ministered to through the same agency. In 1916, however, it was felt that the work should be narrowed down so as to include the seamen only and early in that year steps were taken to have it incorporated under the name of "The Sailors' Home, Vancouver." In 1918-19 the Parent Society in London, England, purchased the now inadequate, but substantial and comfortable brick building at 500 Alexander Street for the sum of approximately \$20,000. This insured the Home more permanence and enabled the Management to keep the flag flying during the lean years which succeeded the war. In 1920 it was incorporated, finally, under the Societies' Act, as "The Vancouver Sailors' Home, British Columbia"—the charter under which it is now operating.

Mr. J. Wheeler was the Port Missionary and Superintendent of the Home from the beginning in 1907, until the middle of January, 1917. He, and those associated with him, amidst many ups and downs, carried on the work until the Great War was well on its way. At the request of and encouraged by the General Ministerial Association of Vancouver, in a way that the records do not make clear to the writer, the Society was started on its career and the Ministers of all City evangelical churches are still regarded as ex-officio vice-presidents. Its honorary Chaplain for many years has been Rev. Principal Walter Ellis, M.A.

At a valedictory service in one of the Toronto churches on the second Sunday of January, 1917, Rev. D. J. Rowland who had received his parchment as a

Chaplain of the Society a few days previously, was set apart and wished God-speed as he left to take charge of the work in Vancouver. From then till now he has been Chaplain-Superintendent of the Home.

Many prominent and public-spirited citizens belonging to the principal religious denominations have acted as directors, officers and honorary workers of the Society for varying periods, during the eighteen years of its history in Vancouver, and some of them are still identified with all its activities. The officers for 1925 are: Captain F. L. Davison, President; Mr. A. S. Thompson and Captain R. A. Batchelor, Vice-Presidents; Mr. S. C. Binns, Treasurer. With these are associated on the directorate, Major (Rev.) C. C. Owen, Mr. T. H. Kirk, Mr. W. A. Clark, Alderman J. Bennett, Rev. (Col.) G. O. Fallis, Mrs. J. L. Turnbull, Mrs. J. T. Blowey, Mrs. (Capt.) S. Robinson, Mrs. L. Diether and Mrs. Wm. T. Kinley

WOMEN'S WORK NOTEWORTHY

The Ladies' Guild is an organization of women who have been the backbone of the work from its very inception. More than half of the income of the Society from year to year has been raised by this faithful Auxiliary of consecrated workers. Among its past Presidents whose names are often mentioned are: Mrs. A. Bethune, Mrs. C. S. Douglas, Mrs. W. A. Davison, Mrs. J. T. Blowey and Mrs. Woodward. Mrs. F. L. Davison has been the much loved and faithful President for three or four years past and still occupies the office and with her as Vice-Presidents for much of the same period have been associated, Mrs. S. Robinson, Mrs. J. T. Blowey, Mrs. W. A. Clark, Mrs. Wm. McQueen, and Mrs. L. H. Nicholson.

As the shipping of the port increases, the demands made upon the Vancouver Sailors' Home are correspondingly increased. The accommodation which was adequate for the men desiring to stay in the Home a few years ago, is no longer adequate. The number of men making use of the Home in 1920 was almost doubled in 1924. Forty or fifty beds would not be too many to meet the demands of the future where some twenty or less were sufficient in the past.

The income of the Society from all sources in 1924 was approximately \$6,500.00, and the expenditure \$5,000.00 in round figures. The surplus of last year, however, may become a deficit in the present year if the same efficiency is required. Free beds, cash help, meal-tickets and other forms of assistance given to sick, old, destitute and disabled seamen, to the amount of almost \$1,200.00 in 1924, may not be at our disposal for the same purposes during 1925. We are obliged to cut the suit according to the cloth.

A City Grant?—16th May, Tag Day.

Any expenditure to increase the accommodation of the Home and make it more efficient and useful is warranted only as we can secure special assistance from some extra or additional source or sources. A grant from the City for which we have made repeated application has been turned down, when in our judgment less deserving organizations secured thousands of dollars, but the privilege of arranging a Tag Day has been accorded us. During the years of the war this was our best source of income, but for the past two or three years has been gradually diminishing. Our Tag Day this year is to be held on Saturday, May 16th, and on that date we hope many citizens will contribute liberally.

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The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

Why We Have Compulsory Vaccination

Many of our readers have no doubt wondered what lay beneath the surface of the Vaccination Agitation in Vancouver. Most people had learned better than to dread smallpox with the terror it once held for all. Many, if not all, recognize that with reasonably proper care, the smallpox is less troublesome than many other ills to which we are more subject.

The writer had the smallpox under conditions which did not tend to give effect to the precautions and cares of nursing. In a mountain shack with a miner for a nurse, but competent medical attendance, it inflicted far less discomfort than the influenza, the measles or pneumonia—and left no weakness to combat as did one, at least, of the others.

Knowing then that the number of cases, if any, were limited, that doctors abounded and hospital attention was easy to secure, we, in our innocence, were perplexed as to why Dr. Underhill and Dr. Worthington should be so energetic in their vaccination propaganda.

We now know the reason. Dr. Worthington has unbosomed himself. It was not because the disease in itself was a menace. It was not because the people of Vancouver considered that it was a danger or might become one. The reason lies in State necessity. No less a body than the League of Nations is responsible, according to Dr. Worthington, for the circumstances which made vaccination a necessity where it otherwise was idiocy.

We have read with sympathy of the up-hill struggle of the League of Nations. We have read regretfully of the disinclination of this, or that, great nation to unite with the League and aid it in its programme for securing the peace of the world. We were inclined to think that some nations were too selfish, others too suspicious and some too ill-informed in their attitudes regarding the League of Nations and its programme.

As it turns out we were the ill-informed. No wonder the United States refrained from joining a body whose cares are so multifarious and so varied as to embrace not only the greater question of spheres of influence or mandates to this or that country, but such matters of world-wide importance as compulsory vaccination in Vancouver. The only comparison we have for such a varied set of duties is the British House of Commons which, we read, has this moment to consider a problem of primal international importance and the next moment, to vote money for some purely local undertaking such as a bridge, road or matter of that sort, in some of the districts of England, Scotland or Wales.

Well might a nation tremble to select representatives who, in addition to the wining, dining and social life of such a representative, have got to be at the instant prepared to say whether the refusal of a mandate by the United States in Western Asia should be met by a division of the proposed mandate among certain European powers or whether the Doukabours of British Columbia should be vaccinated as a means of aid to the general health of British Columbia.

Readers are kindly requested to note that the writer is not available for appointment to duties which, according to Dr. Worthington's announcement, must be almost illimitable.

Easter Tide

Easter Tide has come and gone bringing to the hurried rush of modern life those moments of contemplation, that detachment, for the time being, from commercial pursuits of which it stands so much in need.

We are altogether too hurried, too worried, too over-bustling, in this busy life of ours. Our sense of values becomes confused and we cease to see clearly the distinctions between right and wrong in many of the situations which confront us. To all this the Easter Tide is a welcome and much needed corrective.

While Easter Sunday has, perhaps, received more and more emphasis as time goes by, yet, after all, the outstanding picture of the Easter Tide is not the Resurrection but the Crucifixion.

There, amid the agonies of dissolution, we see the recognition of the eternal duration of life. The Resurrection is only the expression of that realization.

It may give our worldly-wise pause. It may cause those, who place too implicit confidence in the leadership of intellectuality, in the finality of religious environment, to think when they consider that, out of the great crowd that thronged around the Cross on that occasion, the recognition of the Saviour's kingship, of the finality of his mission and the certainty of his future rule, came, not from the leaders of the Jewish Church, not from learned and aristocratic Roman rulers and commanders, not from the scholars, savants, men of culture or commercial greatness, who, no doubt, constituted elements in the throng, not from the close disciples of the dying one, not even from the keenly interested—mother love of her who watched with the beloved John opposite the Cross—but from a dying thief concerning whose antecedents we are told nothing and about whom we can only weave theories derived from the imagination let loose to play upon the scene.

Was he a zealot? Perhaps. Had he an early religious education? We know not. It may have been. What type of ruffian was he? Of this we have no knowledge. We only know he was crucified as a thief. Yet he, alone, sees through the apparent failure which oppresses mother, kinsmen, friends and disciples of the crucified one, which deludes and deceives the onlooking throng, the glory and the kingship of one whom the Church was deriding or abandoning and whose only royal trappings consisted in the mocking adornments derisively allotted to him by his executioners.

When we look for great faith, when we look for the supremest confidence that man has yet shewn in the Mission of the Saviour, we thus find it, not in Church dignitary, not in Apostle or Disciple, but in the dying thief.

This subject and the lesson it teaches are well worth our consideration. Let this be the teaching of this Easter Tide.

A Criticism and An Offer

The Wayside Philosopher has been handed a letter addressed to the Editor of the B. C. Monthly in which exception is taken to certain remarks contained in the writer's article on Graham's wonderful speech in New York. We quote: "Abracadabra's patronizing remarks on the hearts of the rank and file of the Liberal Party cause resentment coming from an Old Country Tory and his uncalled for reflections upon the

patriotism of the Liberal leaders of our country, whilst it would be expected in some cheap country paper, it is not looked for in a family magazine and no other magazine would stultify itself by printing such cheap stuff."

Such is the viewpoint of a leading business man of the city concerning our remarks. They do credit to the loyalty which he feels to Canadian leaders whom he regards as having been chiefly criticized.

That they don't do so much credit to his knowledge of Canadian affairs may perhaps be proven and it may be shewn that he has rushed with more zeal than discretion to champion the cause of the criticized ones.

The writer is not an Old Country Conservative but a Canadian born, proud of his country, intensely interested in its welfare and a firm believer in the great destiny of that country and of the Empire of which it forms a part. He looks to see the British Empire under God play a most magnificent part in the creating of a world which shall give to men some faint conception of what Heaven may mean.

It is his dream that as a part of that Empire never to be riven from it, Canada shall take a part commensurate with her extent, her resources and her strategic position.

The Wayside Philosopher had no idea of anything approaching patronization when he spoke of the loyalty of the rank and file of the Liberals of Canada. Whatever he may think of the attitude of their leaders it is a matter of heartiest congratulation and pride to him that the great mass of Liberals in Canada have been just as loyal and just as devoted to Canada and the Empire as the writer. Of that there can be little doubt.

Coming now to the question of whether or not the writer's criticism of the attitude and political convictions of Canadian Liberals in respect to the relationship of Canada to the Empire was and is cheap or not, the Wayside Philosopher makes this offer to his critic. He invites his critic to give the readers of this magazine through these columns the day, occasion and speaker of every such speech as that made by Graham in New York—made by any Liberal leader of rank and standing from 1885 down to and including the present day.

In reply the Wayside Philosopher agrees to give a criticism of it and of all the speakers quoted, and lest it be thought he is writing from an unfriendly standpoint he will agree to select his criticism from Liberal journals only, and further, that the criticism shall not be taken from journals which might at the moment have some particular or peculiar objection to the party criticized but that the criticism shall be from journals of standing written at times when it should be evident they are expressing real convictions regarding the person discussed.

We trust our critic will take advantage of this offer and we will welcome his contribution at any time.

Another Communication

We have been also handed a letter signed by the Secretary of the Disabled Veterans' Association sent in response to the February invitation in these columns for replies to the question, "Who is a Canadian?"

The writer, who states he is British born and whose sentiments on the question of "Who is a Canadian" are very creditable to him, after referring to legal replies which might be given to the question, correctly states, "If the question is meant in its highest possible sense having in mind the real responsibilities which no true Canadian can escape, it is probably easier to define, 'Who is **not** a Canadian?'"

As it is only from the standpoint of the realization of the responsibilities referred to by the writer of the letter that we wish the question answered, we wonder how many there are in Canada who find themselves forced into the position that they find it easier to define "Who is **not** a Canadian?" than "Who **is** a Canadian?" yet it must be apparent to all that there must be a definition which shall clearly, concisely and exactly define those qualities, characteristics, abilities and aspirations which are to be recognized as distinctly and exclusively Canadian and to designate whenever used, a Canadian and a Canadian only.

Such a definition we purpose later to attempt. Meanwhile we welcome all further replies especially when the writers can show as much by the general tenor of their letters as by the facts set forth that they are, like the writer of the letter referred to, real Canadians.

More About the Vaccination Question

General Odium in his paper asks, "Why the fuss about Vaccination?" We would reply that the fuss is not over vaccination but over the needlessness of the vaccination agitation. Whether Dr. Underhill was desirous of proving his value as a public servant, or his zeal outran his discretion, he labored, in season and out of season, endeavoring to arouse the people to some line of action regarding smallpox.

Dr. Worthington, either because it meant a commercial profit to him by reason of the vaccine to be supplied or because he didn't take time to consider the situation, aided Dr. Underhill's efforts. The result has been inconvenience to a large number of citizens and a considerable unpleasant advertisement for the city in the neighboring republic, if not elsewhere.

What was the situation which caused all this to-do? A perfectly normal situation containing nothing of special importance to warrant any fuss.

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Whether one believes in vaccination or not, is not the question. People will determine that point for themselves in accordance with what seems to them good advice. Public debate for or against vaccination is not likely to be an effective factor in helping the public to make up its mind on the question of whether vaccination is useful or desirable. So far as that has been the feature of the case, the discussion has, probably, been largely, if not entirely, valueless.

What people desire to know is not whether vaccination is good or not, but why vaccination should be made compulsory when the number of cases reported are only at the most the ordinary number of cases to be expected in a city the size and population of Greater Vancouver? As cities grow, certain diseases become existent and, more or less, prevalent, of which diseases smallpox is one. Unless other conditions warrant it, there is no apprehension to be felt from the existence of a hundred or more cases of smallpox in a city the size of Vancouver. If there were such grounds of apprehension, other remedies are more desirable. Cleanliness of houses and people, proper ventilation of buildings, enforcement of proper sanitary rules and regulations throughout all sections of the city are far more sensible measures to adopt than compulsory vaccination.

We have no criticism to make of Drs. Underhill and Werthington as far as their motives are concerned.

We are prepared to allow that they have been guided in all they did by the most praiseworthy motives and by a proper desire to be of service to their city—but to give them this clean sheet from the standpoint of integrity of motive is but to stamp them as more egregious asses in their method of dealing with the smallpox situation in Vancouver. This is, probably, the kindest criticism that can be made of them.

A NEW ORDER

We trust we are not violating any confidence when we tell our readers that there will shortly appear in the local press announcements relating to the formation of a new and interesting Order, the Ancient Order of Hobbyists.

We are bound to admit that such references to its constitution and objects as have been communicated to us have aroused our interest and have gained our approval. They have caused us to look forward, with some interest, to the fuller explanations which will appear in the press.

For the present we are not at liberty to go further than to advise our readers to keep watch for the press announcements concerning this new and interesting venture.

The new order should appeal to a large section of the intellectually inclined among our citizens.

Verse by Western Writers

THE MINSTREL

(By Edward F. Miller, of Duncan, B. C.)

In writhing, twisting clouds of the rugged highlands,
In fog-haunted places,
In lake mists and mists of the river islands
I see wild faces.
Where winds blow over hills by the naked ocean
Bowling wind-stunted trees,
I hear the waves in all their wild commotion
And voices of the breeze.
I try to paint in words those fair cloud faces
Without an artist's skill,
And sing in words those songs of lonely places
That the wind sings on the hill.

IN BABY'S EYES

(By May P. Judge)

Shy smiles that hesitate
In Baby's eyes,
Then, understanding, wise,
Deep power that lies
Behind long questioning wait.
Do Angels whisper low
Through subtle ways,
In first year baby days—
When solemn gaze
Finds would-be friends are foe?
The quivering mouth that shows
A cry is near,
The slowly dropping tear;
Hands stretched in fear
To someone that she knows.
When safe in sheltering arm,
Dim eyes not dry,
She gives one long-drawn sigh—
The foe gone by—
Has left her free from harm.

MOONLIGHT ON BUTE INLET

(By Alice M. Winlow)

I lit my smoky lantern late and hung it from the pole,
And an orange light with shadows barred stole thro'
the canvas tent;
The heavens were blue, a nameless blue that beckoned
to my soul,
Beckoned thro' the open door, and I rose up and went
Down to the treacherous rocky shore be-devilled with
sea-weed slime,
Heard the boat to the water's edge and made the
oar-locks groan.
Oh! How it seemed to my soul alert, the birthday of
young Time.
The freshness of the sea-wind! The being all alone!
The mountains round about me were rimmed with
silver light,
And then uprose the yellow moon and made a path
for me;
Along that path of gold I rowed all thro' the crystal
night;
A laughing loon and croaking crane were all my com-
pany.
The moon was my old-time love I knew, my friends
the mountains dark,
The sky above with cool white stars was my roof of
singing blue;
I rowed till the dawn came glimmering up, and the
world lay shivering, stark,
In a ghastly light, in a drenching mist that racked me
thro' and thro'.
But I'd rather hark to the loon's weird cry than hear
the patter of men.
I'd rather a roof of heaven's blue than a palace of
glittering stone,
I'd rather travel the moonlight way with the stars
beyond my ken,
Than lose my godhead in yonder whirl, tho' I gained
the world for my own.

WHEN I AM OLD

(By M. E. Colman)

When I am very old and wise,
By the chimney-place I'll sit,
Remote from weary cares and ties,
And knit—

When I am old, and very wise.

I'll be content to sit and wait,
Serene, detached and still,
Leaving, of love and life to prate,
Who will—

I'll be content to sit and wait.

But now I would a-roving go,
And would great battles fight
Against some wicked, princely foe
Of might—

Ah me! I would a-roving go.

I would some wondrous treasure find—
A magic cloak, or shoon,
Or mystic gems by witches mined
I' the moon—
Some strange, rich treasure would I find.

And then I'll be content to rest
Sheltered and snug within,
Watching young souls the eternal quest
Begin—

Ah! Then, I'll be content to rest.

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(Please see notes on Page One)

Mountaineering in the Cheam Range

(By Don Munday, B. C. Mountaineering Club)

Controversy is an unfortunate element to introduce into the fine recreation of mountaineering, and therefore it is with particular satisfaction that the writer is able to dispose simply of the points raised with regard to whom credit is due for the first ascent of several peaks of the Cheam Range. Some time ago Mr. Ebe B. Knight, of Penticton, through these columns gave an interesting account of climbs he made in 1888.

Due, perhaps to lapse of time, there are inaccuracies in Mr. Knight's article. He mentions following a ridge "12 miles south" from the Eureka Mine to the mouth of Jones Creek; doubtless "west" was intended. His elevations as recorded by barometer require correction by subtracting about 1,000 feet—there is only one peak in the range definitely over-topping 8,000 feet to any degree, Mt. Wahleach or Welch. He leaves one with the impression that there are only four major peaks, including Cheam, whereas there are at least nine in the range deserving that description, and several of lesser importance. Mt. Cheam does not exceed 7,500 feet.

Now Mr. Knight claims first ascents of peaks up the west branch of Jones Creek, whereas the writer and his associates claim the same thing up the east valley, knowledge of whose existence Mr. Knight gives no hint. Our claims do not clash at all. His description of the little glacier fixes the area of his climbing with certainty to the west half of the range which is wholly unlike the glacier-belted eastern section where each of the peaks calls for ice-work;—in the case of the Welch and Stewart glaciers if one had to cut only 100 steps that would be getting off easily. Mr. Knight's lack of mountaineering equipment makes his feat highly creditable, but hardly gives a fair idea of the comparative difficulty of the glacier even when allowing for the advances which have been made in the standards of mountaineering since then.

From the mountaineering point of view the eastern section of the Cheam range is incomparably finer, besides possessing now the important advantage of a trail to the very base of Mt. Foley. That name and the others used by the writer are merely the ones current among the residents of the nearest section of the Fraser Valley, Laidlaw to Hope, and it would be somewhat arrogant to come along and try to change established nomenclature even though one might not wholly approve of it.

The writer feels certain that Mr. Knight will be glad to learn that his successes of so many years ago do not detract from the natural satisfaction felt by members of a younger generation at their own successes in the same form of endeavor. There is a keen pleasure in being the first to set foot on a fine peak—and there are some exceptionally fine peaks in the Cheam Range. The view from the Timberline Cabin of the Lucky Four Mine is striking even in a province abounding in magnificent mountain prospects. The great red tusks of rock tower mightily above the gleaming glaciers which unite along their bases in one defensive front from Mt. Foley to Mt. General Stewart. Mr. Knight's peaks numbered 1 to 4 all lie northward of Mt. General Stewart. This I know from personal knowledge and an aeroplane photograph of the Geodetic Survey confirms it.

Canadian Authors' Association

Report of Chairman Robert Allison Hood, of British Columbia Branch, as Submitted at the Annual Business Meeting, April 15th, 1925.

This is the only meeting of the year which we keep entirely to ourselves, shutting the door on the outside world and perhaps it might be as well for me to say a little again about our Association, its aims and the work that it is accomplishing. We have need to keep up our enthusiasm as best we can for the author's lot is one that has its full share of discouragements. The financial returns, as a rule, are small and entirely disproportionate to the time and thought and energy expended. Poetry brings hardly any at all. If, therefore, regarding our organization as a trades-union, it succeeds in improving the conditions under which we work in a pecuniary way it is worth while: Equitable treatment from the publishers, more adequate remuneration, better copyright laws and so forth; these things are vital to our welfare. The very opportunities which it makes for us of coming together periodically so that we can talk over our difficulties and compare notes, are invaluable. Again, the receptions to visiting writers and editors, often of wider experience than ourselves, are helpful. This is the practical side of our Association's work.

But there is also the inspirational side. As Canadians we have a patriotic duty to perform in holding up the torch of truth, as far as we are able, in this raw young country of ours where the voice of materialism from the very nature of things speaks so loudly. If we can hold this ideal steadfastly before us, if we can sense the need and ever strive to meet it, it will not only prove an influence for good in our country but it will also lend depth and permanence to the products of our art. Our books and our poetry will tend to lift life up rather than to drag it down. To my mind a literature that does not, in the main, breathe something of optimism and good cheer, or that is lacking in spiritual significance, is a literature that is decadent and fails of its office. It is worse than the salt that has lost its savour for it has a poisonous and destructive effect wherever it goes. The printed word in a book is likely to travel a long way and to last a long time. As it cannot be recalled, to utter it thus is to take a solemn responsibility. The patriotic instinct of the writer is well expressed in the lines of Burns:

"That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book might make,
Or sing a sang at least."
There were wrongs to be righted in his day as there are in ours.

But the influence of a nation's literature may pass far beyond its shores and boundaries. Here is an item taken from last night's "Province":

"TORONTO, April 14th.—'Intellectually, the British Empire has annexed the United States,' declared H. B. Meyers, president of the Library Association of Washington, speaking at the annual meeting of the Ontario Library Association here Monday night. The literature that the people of the United States were reading was written by British authors, Mr. Meyers said. He described the public library as a gate through which democracy may enter a higher and a better world."

This is a striking statement coming from such an authoritative source, yet the business man and the politician often



Robert Allison Hood

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

look down on the mere man of letters as one cloistered and visionary and impractical, a negligible quantity in the world's economy. Let them read their histories and realize the truth that O'Shaughnessy has crystalized so exquisitely:

We are the music-makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.
With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.
We in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is an age that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

Now it has been my pleasant duty in preparing this report to put before you to the best of my ability our efforts and achievements of the past year in fulfilling the high functions of the art we practice in this Province of ours—this outpost of empire as we sometimes call it—so large in area and yet so small by population. No doubt, there will be omissions, which I trust you will pardon.

To take first, the field of the novel, I am glad to report that Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay has recently completed a new story which will be published this fall. The title is "Blencarrow," and the scene is laid in old Ontario. This will

complete a trilogy of tales of this Province which Mrs. Mackay has written and which crystallizes to us a style of living which has already passed away in the rush of modern life. During the year, besides several short stories in "McLean's," this writer has published a serial mystery story in "Everybody's," of engrossing interest which, no doubt, will later appear within boards.

Bertrand Sinclair has just completed a novel dealing with the early ranching days of the United States. Francis Dickie, who has recently to our sorrow but, no doubt, to his own satisfaction, gone back to wander by his "lone sea-breakers" at Heriot Bay, has also a MSS ready for the publisher.

E. Barrington, who, I understand, is Mrs. L. Adams Beck of Victoria has entered the ranks of the best sellers in the United States with her book, "The Divine Lady," the motive of which is the story of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Other novels published by this prolific and versatile writer during the year are "The Treasure of Ho," an Oriental story, and "The Perfume of the Rainbow."

Douglas Durkin has published a number of novelettes serially during the year but recently has been concentrating principally on short stories which have been appearing in standard New York magazines.

A new Vancouver novelist has appeared in Miss Muriel Watson with a creditable first book entitled, "Fireweed." The story has its scene laid partly in England and partly in British Columbia and deals with the drug evil in this Province.

Isabel Paterson's romance of old Spain, "The Singing Season," recently published, may be mentioned here as Miss Paterson formerly lived in Vancouver.

Frederick Niven's new novel, not yet published, strikes out on a new line from his other books, following in its trend along the line of certain modern philosophic theories. It was hoped that Mr. Niven would have visited us this winter, but owing to trouble with his eyes, he was unable to follow out this intention.

In the realm of poetry, we may look forward to receiving soon, Bliss Carman's new book, "Poems of the West," which will be dated from Vancouver. It will contain a number of poems that have been published locally from time to time celebrating in verse many well-known places in British Columbia.

Under the auspices of the Poetry Society of Vancouver, a volume of fugitive verse is likely to be published before long. Among the contributors to this we understand will be Dr. A. M. Fewster, Mrs. A. M. Winlow, Mrs. A. C. Dalton, Carroll Aikens, A. M. Stephen (who, by the way, has another book of poems himself on hand), and Mrs. Jean Kilby Rorison. Mrs. Blanche Holt Murison, Miss M. E. Colman, Mrs. Winlow, W. H. Wharton, Miss Rae Verrill and others have been contributing fugitive verse in various well-known periodicals and magazines.

Mrs. Annie C. Dalton has material in hand for another book of poems.

In the short story field, Mrs. Winlow has been active and a new member, Miss Mary Shannon makes a specialty of this class of work contributing to such magazines as the "Popular," the "Red Book," and "Everybody's."

Percy Gomery has been celebrating the beauties of British Columbia and other places in fiction travel articles in "Outdoor Recreation," "Canadian Motorist" and "Journeys Beautiful." He has also been contributing regularly to certain professional journals.

Stephen Golder has begun a series of special feature articles in the "Province," the first of which dealt with the Stamps of British Columbia, and the second with the Indian Village now being erected as a model of the Past, in Stanley Park. Reference should also be made to the booklet by the Rev. John C. Goodfellow on the Totem Poles in the Park, which has had a good circulation. A. M. Pound has an article on "Charles G. D. Roberts" in the magazine supplement of the "Sun."

Lionel Stevenson, now on the staff of the University of California in the "University Chronicle" of that institution deals with "The Significance of Canadian Literature."

To the *British Columbia Monthly* R. D. Cumming has contributed a series of short stories, "New Fables, by Skookum Chuck. In this magazine appears contributions by other members, the latest number including articles by R. L. Reid on "Charles G. D. Roberts, Poet and Novelist," and by Judge Howay on "The Origin of the Canadian Pacific Railway: A Political Retrospect."

Various verse by Western writers has also been given prominence by this representative western monthly which is now in its fourteenth year. I believe that for a purely literary publication this is a remarkable record for the West and Mr. D. A. Chalmers, its optimistic and enterprising editor, deserves great credit for the faith and idealism, which have enabled him so consistently to maintain not only its standard of quality but also the constructive outlook and impartial standing of its editorials on social and educational questions.

Along the line of history and biography, some excellent work has been done in the past year by certain of our own members, as well as others outside the Association. Judge Howay, the first president of our branch, delivered before the Royal Society of Canada as his presidential address, a monograph, "The Early Literature of the North West Coast," which has been published by the Society. Dr. McBeth has lately produced his "Romance of the Canadian Pacific Railway." The Ryerson Press of Toronto are bringing out a book containing a number of biographical accounts of the pioneers of this Province. Among those who are contributing to this work are Judge Howay, D. A. McGregor and R. L. Reid. This publication will be a distinct contribution to the historical literature of the Province and as it will be used for reading in the schools, it will have its due influence on the younger generation. Noel Robinson has been writing a series of articles on the pioneers appearing in McLean's Magazine. John Nelson had an article in Blackwood's Magazine on Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and has been invited to become a regular contributor.

A work of great value dealing with the history of the Pacific Coast has just been published by Mr. L. V. Denton, of Victoria, entitled "The Far West Coast."

Mention should be made of the biography of Marjorie Pickthall just published by Dr. Lorne Pierce of the Ryerson Press. This will have a special interest for us here in Vancouver.

In the line of humorous verse, Mr. Herbert Beeman's "F.O.B." has had considerable popularity and Captain Eassie has

ready for the press a book of humorous Western verse which deals principally with the men of the logging camps in this Province, and has a distinct British Columbia flavor.

A number of interesting books for juveniles will shortly see the light, one by Mr. B. A. McKelvie, to be published by The Ryerson Press, and one by R. S. Sherman entitled, "Mother Nature Stories." Mrs. Winlow's talent for this class of writing has not been idle and she has been writing short stories for children's publications.

In the field of drama, Captain Eassie, Sam Wellwood and other local playwrights have produced one-act plays at the Little Theatre. Mrs. Mackay has written a play and Mrs. Winlow received honorable mention and high commendation for a one-act piece submitted in a competition set by the Dramatic Group of the Authors' Association of Montreal.

On the whole, the outlook for literature in this Province appears to be very promising.

In concluding my report, I have to thank the members for their willing co-operation throughout the year and also the members of the Executive, especially Mr. Herbert Beeman, the Treasurer, whose duties are by no means light, and Mr. Stephen Golder, our efficient secretary, on whom has fallen the main burden of the Association's work and to whom is largely due the measure of success that has been attained.

Secretary's Report

Mr. Stephen Golder, secretary, in submitting his report, mentioned the activities of the Association during the past season. Twelve receptions or entertainments had been held during the term, and four executive meetings, or just double the number in the previous year. The report continued:

In conjunction with the Scottish Society we tendered a farewell dinner and presentation to Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Douglas, the retiring librarian and an officer of our Association.

We had the honor of entertaining our National President, Mr. Lawrence Burpee, at the home of Mrs. L. A. Lefevre, and Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Amy, of London, at the home of Mrs. Julia Henshaw.

Professor A. F. B. Clark, of the University of British Columbia, lectured for us at Glencoe Lodge, his subject being "Beneditto Croce and the New Criticism."

Dr. R. G. Macbeth lectured under our auspices at the Vancouver Institute on the "Romance of the Royal North West Mounted Police."

Our president, Mr. Robert Allison Hood, lectured at the Carnegie Library during Book Week on the works of Marjorie Pickthall. Mrs. Laura Rees-Thomas also lectured during Book Week at the Library on Pauline Johnson. During the same week Mr. Hopkins Moorhouse lectured before the Women's Canadian Club, and the Women's Press Club. The Association entertained Mr. Moorhouse at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Dalton.

We were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burnett at their residence, Mr. Burnett exhibited his wonderful collection of South Sea curios and gave a very interesting talk.

Dr. Lorne Pierce was also entertained at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Reid.

Book Week was a great success. The president arranged with the Hudson's Bay Company and David Spencer Limited for a special display of Canadian books and the other book stores in the

city gave prominence. During the week addresses were given in the various city schools by our president, Mrs. Winlow, Percy Gomery, A. M. Stephen and Dr. R. G. Macbeth, and our new member, the librarian at Carnegie Library, put on view at the library a collection of books by Canadian authors.

During the season the following new members have been elected: A. M. Stephen, Lionel Stevenson, E. S. Robinson, R. S. Sherman and Miss Shannon. Mrs. Hamer Jackson and Mrs. Mary H. T. Alexander, from the Edmonton branch, having taken up residence in the city, have affiliated with our branch.

We have lost one member in the death of Mr. Donald Downie.

I wish personally to express my thanks to our retiring president who has at all times been ready to give much of his valuable time in assisting me to make the necessary arrangements for receptions, etc.

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Educational Notes

(By Spectator)

"Does education cost too much?" is a question thoughtful Americans have lately been asking themselves.

The following should suggest an answer:

(a) The average yearly income of the republic is sixty-five billions of dollars.

(b) In 1920 seventeen billions was spent on luxuries.

(c) In 1920 seventeen billions was deposited in savings banks.

(d) In 1922 the cost of public elementary and secondary education was less than one billion six hundred millions.

* * *

The necessity for the giving of an elementary education to every child is a matter now happily no longer open to question. But is further education worth while?

From investigation in 1923 it was discovered that of those who had achieved notable success in the United States eight and a half per cent. had received only a common school training; slightly over fourteen per cent. had attended high schools; over seventy-two per cent. were college bred.

Granted that, as these figures prove, higher education is eminently worth while to the fortunate recipients, is it fair that any large proportion of the cost should be borne by the state? This may be answered by another question: To whom does the benefit chiefly accrue—to the individual or to the community? A little consideration will enable every fair-minded person to answer for himself. Nearly two thousand years ago one of the wisest men the world has known gave utterance to these simple but pregnant words: "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself."

* * *

In the preceding paragraphs the writer suggests that the cost of education—elementary, secondary and higher—is borne mainly by the public at large, because to the public at large accrues the chief benefit. The primary benefit, nevertheless, accrues to the individual, and the thoughtless or selfish individual may tend to forget at whose expense the invaluable gift has come to him. The debt due the community from those attending our institutions of learning should be assiduously stressed. Boys and girls should have it unalterably engrained on the tablets of their hearts that to whom much is given of them shall much be required, and that only to those who give themselves unreservedly to promoting the good of others can come the true joy of living.

* * *

From time to time we are warned that we are educating far too many for the black-coated ranks of society, and that we already have an army of professional men and women almost on the verge of want. To these critics the remedy lies in reducing materially the number of students in our colleges and universities.

There is a more satisfactory remedy. The college student should early in his career grasp the truth that no amount of schooling should serve to unfit him for any occupation, even such as may be esteemed the most menial, and that, if work fails in his chosen field, it is obviously his duty and privilege to offer himself and his services in some department that is really crying out for faithful and efficient laborers. So every worker should aim to be adaptable in the midst of

changing conditions, and a college education should greatly increase a worker's adaptability. It should extend, rather than restrict, his fitness for service, and with service as the ideal we cannot have too many highly educated men and women.

* * *

The commission on town-planning, recently appointed in Vancouver, is not idle. Much good work of a preliminary nature has already been done. From the very beginning there has been the most friendly co-operation with similar organizations in the adjoining municipalities. Were this not the case the efforts of the commission would be hampered at every turn. No area smaller than the whole lower mainland must come within the purview of the commission. And the members of the commission should be men and women of vision. What is now done will affect Greater Vancouver for generations and centuries to come.

* * *

The union of the municipalities comprising Greater Vancouver would facilitate to a degree the labors of the commission. The vote on the question of the merger of South Vancouver with Vancouver proper may possibly be taken before these words appear in print. No petty considerations should influence the action of a single ratepayer. The benefits of such a union are so many, so great and so obvious, that an almost unanimous favorable decision should be registered.

No time should be lost in bringing Point Grey and Burnaby into the scheme, and, later on, municipalities farther afield should find it to their advantage to follow the example of districts nearer the centre.

The withdrawal of the University lands from control by the municipality of Point Grey will make it easier for that district to fall in with the general plan. This step on the part of the Government, too, is almost certain to prove advantageous in other respects.

* * *

When at the opening of the century the Australian colonies organized themselves into a single Commonwealth they wisely followed the American example in choosing a virgin site for the future capital. "Canberra" was the name chosen for this child yet unborn, this child of promise.

In the meantime Melbourne has served as the *pro tempore* capital; but in 1926, after years of preparation, Canberra is to come into its own.

It is to be a model city. There will be no alienation of town lots in fee simple, so the unearned increment will become the property of the community, not the melon ripened for the maws of speculators. Private interest will be subordinated to public good. But under the ninety-nine year leasehold system private interest will suffer no injustice.

* * *

The "powers that be" in British Columbia may well learn a lesson from the government of Australia. The withdrawal of the Provincial-owned area from the municipality of Point Grey will lend itself admirably to the organization of a model university borough. As "Spectator" has before insisted, not a single lot in that area should be disposed of in fee simple. A leasehold system, fair to the Government, fair to the University, and fair to the lessee, can easily be devised, affording also the opportunity for a very interesting experiment in municipal government, and, best of all,

yielding a revenue that will at once be of appreciable assistance in financing the University, a revenue that may be trusted to keep pace also with the institution's expansion and increasing needs.

"Our young people are being continually told to play, and not to look on. There is real irony in this when we think of the tens of thousands of young people who have no grounds to play on. We very strongly urge the ministry of health to give much closer attention to this matter. We all suggest the formation of a national organization to provide adequate recreation grounds."

The foregoing is an extract from an appeal to the British public, signed by such personages as Lord Asquith, Lloyd George, Ramsay MacDonald, Lady Astor, Margaret Bondfield, Earl Haig and the Bishop of London.

The force of the appeal should at once strike the good people of Vancouver, and the town-planning commission should give the matter an important place in the scheme that will later be presented for public endorsement and realization. There is no time like the present. The day of grace should in no sense be sinned away.

Copyright and Common Sense

(By J. Murray Gibbon in "The Listening Post," Montreal)

So much dust is raised whenever the question of Copyright comes up in Parliament that the man in the street or the more august Member of Parliament, or even the still more august Senator may be pardoned for being rather confused as to the issues. A brief statement clear of technicalities may therefore be of assistance. The chief question at issue between the authors and the printers lies in Section 13 of the present Act, which permits a Canadian printer to apply to a Government department for a license to print a Canadian edition of a book written by an American or Canadian author and printed in the United States, even if there is an existing Canadian edition—provided that this Canadian edition has not been printed, although it may have been published, in Canada. The licensee has to pay the author a royalty, but the author cannot forbid the licensee to interfere with his existing arrangements with a Canadian publisher.

To understand the authors' point of view, take the case of a Canadian novelist. The established popular novelist will deal either direct or through a literary agent with an American publisher, for his American edition, but the usual practice of the average Canadian author of fiction is to submit his manuscript to a Canadian book publisher who is in most cases located in Toronto, and who, if he likes the manuscript, will enter into negotiation for the publication. Except in the case of a very popular author, the Canadian market rarely exceeds 2,000 copies, and the cost of setting up and printing in Canada is so high that an average work of fiction could not be profitably set up, printed and marketed at the standard price for new works of fiction, namely, \$2.00.

The Canadian book publisher, who is in almost every case affiliated with a friendly American publisher, then suggests going to his American affli-

ation and says that if he can persuade the American house to take up this book and to print an edition for the United States as well, he could probably purchase from that American book publisher his 2,000 copies, with the imprint of his own name as Canadian publisher, at a price which would enable him to publish in Canada at the \$2.00 rate, and out of that pay the Canadian author a reasonable royalty. The American book publisher would also give a royalty on his American edition, which in view of the larger book reading public in the United States, would amount to a larger sum. In this way a large number of Canadian authors can secure Canadian publication with an average royalty of 10%, whereas if the American market had not been opened to them in this way, they would not secure publication at all, except at their own expense, or on an insignificant royalty. Very few American publishers of good standing will publish a work of fiction unless they see a market of 5,000 copies, but if they have a sure sale of 2,000 to a Canadian house, they will take a chance on the balance of 3,000 for the United States, knowing that the Canadian order of 2,000 copies covers their initial printing costs, although not their publishing costs. There are no doubt cases of authors who do not get equal royalties from both Canadian and American editions, but this is because they have poor contracts. The fault lies not in the system but in the individual contract. An additional advantage of having an American edition is that the American publisher is a heavy advertiser, and this advertising frequently reacts favourably on the Canadian edition, as American book review publications are widely read in Canada. I do not believe that any Canadian printer or publisher would apply for a license, unless he felt sure that there was a

market in Canada for the book in question for at least 5,000 copies of the edition issued under that license. There are very few cases where more than 5,000 copies of a new work of fiction are published in Canada. To my mind, therefore, so far as fiction is concerned, the licensing clauses in the Act of 1923 will remain a dead letter, but of course there is always the possibility of a phenomenal success tempting some printer to take a chance with a license.

From my many conversations with Canadian publishers, I have come to the conclusion that if they could print the Canadian editions in Canada at a cost sufficiently low to enable them to publish at the standard price, instead of importing their copies from the United States, they would do so, but they have to work on so small a margin owing to the cost of distribution in Canada, that they naturally continue to import in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred.

It should be realized that the so-called Canadian publisher is in most cases rather a jobber than a manufacturer. Even those houses which do have a printing plant import books with their imprint if the market is too small to justify Canadian manufacture. No doubt when the Canadian reading public increases the Canadian publisher will be more of a manufacturer than he is to-day. The publishing business in Canada as at present constituted, is quite new, dating, if I am not mistaken, from about the year 1908. Previous to that time most Canadian books were published at the author's expense. Then when some of the younger men in the publishing houses saw the opportunity of affiliating themselves with the American market, the business developed in the present fashion, and for the first time the Canadian author got the chance of finding his books published and obtaining some profit.

What Section 13 does is to threaten the very practical and mutually beneficial arrangements between American and Canadian book publishing houses, by allowing unknown Canadian printers to disturb existing contracts. The Publishers' Section of the Toronto Board of Trade, which is the most representative body of Canadian book publishers, sent an official delegate to appear before the Committee of the House on the new Copyright Bill and support the repeal of this offending Section 13.

The present Copyright Act with its licensing clauses has been in effect since January, 1924, and a fair number of works of fiction by Canadian and American authors, with a circulation of over 5,000 copies in Canada and therefore liable to the intervention of a marauding licensee printer, have been published simultaneously in the United States and Canada. No license has been applied for because no Canadian book publisher has thought fit to make use of such a method of obtaining business. The only application made was in connection with an American cook book, and the printer who applied for that license did not get the business.

Forty works of fiction written by Canadian authors were published during 1924. Of these six were manufactured in Canada, in each case because there was no market for the book in the United States. Six were manufactured in Great Britain and imported by Canadian publishers who are affiliated with London houses. Twenty-eight were manufactured in the United States under arrangements for simultaneous publication such as have already been described. Had it not been for the lower cost of production permitted by this method of joint publication, most of these twenty-eight books would never have been published at all. One of these books had a spectacular success—"The Divine Lady," by E. Barrington. This was imported by a Canadian book publisher and might have been subjected to application for a license by a rival Canadian book publisher, but such action was not taken as these book publishers are honorable men. It is a question whether any Canadian printer of the type that would apply for a license has sufficient education to appreciate the charm of "The Divine Lady." An American cook book is more in his line.

Serial publication in magazines and newspapers is in a different situation. The publishers of Canadian magazines are not affiliated

with the publishers of American magazines, and the American magazine publishers have been very much less friendly to the Canadian magazine publishers than they might be. In fact the American attitude has inclined to be one of insisting that the Canadian market is part of the American market, whereas the American book publisher, in most cases, recognizes the separate standing of the Canadian book publisher and the Canadian book market. Certain powerful American magazine publishers, such as the Curtis Publishing Company, who publish the "Saturday Evening Post" and the

"Ladies' Home Journal," have insisted on holding the entire serial rights for North America, whether the author is a citizen of Canada or the United States, on the ground that the extent of their circulation in Canada makes it necessary for them to hold these Canadian rights. The "Ladies' Home Journal," for instance, has a circulation in Canada of over 100,000, which is larger than that of any Canadian magazine. The Curtis Publishing Company also claims that owing to the high prices it pays for serial rights it should have a monopoly of these rights, and it forbids the authors to sell what are called "second serial rights" to newspaper syndicates. The Curtis Publishing Company pays exceptionally high prices for its serial rights, but other American magazine publishers are less generous and still claim that "American Serial Rights" includes Canada as well as the United States. Owing to this attitude, Canadian authors, such as Frank Packard, who wish from patriotic reasons, to have their stories printed in Canadian magazines, have till recently found themselves prohibited from doing so, and there has been, in my opinion, more reason in the case of the magazine publishers to invoke some kind of Government protection which would not hold in the case of book publication.

Section 14 of the present Act, which has given to the Canadian magazine publisher the right to apply for serial license, while not completely effective, has been used in particular by "MacLean's Magazine" in such a way that some of the American magazine publishers have come to release Canadian serial publication rights to Canadian magazine publishers of standing rather than submit to the annoyance and expense of fighting the matter.

Thus, if the Editor of "MacLean's Magazine" knows of a story being written for serial publication by Canadians like Frank Packard, Arthur Stringer or Basil King, all popular serial writers who sell largely in the United States, and to the best magazines, he communicates with the Editor of the magazine to whom the manuscript is being offered, and suggests simultaneous publication, stating that under the licensing Clause 14, he could insist upon this, but that he would prefer to make an arrangement in a friendly way. In this manner "MacLean's Magazine" has been able to secure for a Canadian publication, authors who until recently have been forced to sell only to American magazine publishers. It is claimed by the



J. Murray Gibbon

In publishing this article "The Listening Post" says:

"Nobody is better fitted to deal with the vexed question of 'copyright,' which is now before Parliament, than Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, Director of Publicity of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"His duties with the Canadian Pacific Railway bring him into touch with every section of the community and every phase of our national life, while he is also au fait with the laws that affect copyright in other countries.

"Himself an author, he is one of the mainstays of the Canadian Authors' Association, while he is recognized both in Great Britain and on this Continent as a keen student of literature."

Editor of "MacLean's Magazine" that this has meant added revenues to the Canadian author. This might be subject to dispute, as the American magazine publisher may have lessened his price. However, this action has helped to create greater interest in Canadian writers in Canada, as the Canadian magazine publisher will advertise the fact that Frank Packard is a Canadian, whereas the American magazine publisher will not.

This distinction between the problems of the book publisher and the magazine publisher in Canada has not been fully realized till recently, and the supporters of the principle

of licensing have taken full advantage of the fact and have used the word "publisher" in a loose sense so as to include printers, magazine publishers and book publishers, so as to create the impression that the prosperity of a vast industry involving millions of dollars is at stake. The facts I have quoted show that Section 13 of the present Act, which is the section condemned by all Canadian authors I know who have studied the subject, has been ignored in practise by the book publishing industry. What it has done has been to handicap the Canadian book publisher and the Canadian author in making a bargain with the American book publisher. It has introduced

an element of uncertainty into a business which is not so well established that it can afford any such hazard. The principle of this licensing clause is against the whole principle of copyright, which is that the author who has created a work of literature has the right to dispose of that work as he pleases. It does seem monstrous that an author who may have spent two years on a manuscript should find his contract with a responsible publisher subject to the greedy intervention of an unknown Canadian printer who would not intervene or take any risks unless he saw that the book was, or was likely to be, a popular success.

New Fables by Skookum Chuck

(R. D. Cumming)

XIII, Anthropeida, Chapter V of the Fifty-Fifties.

Uumlah extended a glad neolithic hand to Florence; then, after some unwarranted delay, to the Professor and Mrs. Agnew. But his soft smile hardened when he saw a strange man step from the car and courteously escort Miss Agnew.

"Ah," said the Professor, "I forgot. Mr. Uumlah, meet Mr. Bruce."

The half man deigned to neglect Miss Agnew for a second and extended to me a paw with fingers so long that they completely encircled mine when our extremities met.

"Mr. Bruce," added the Professor, "has been many years abroad, and is sizing up developments since his departure."

"Indeed," absently replied the Fifty-Fifty.

"Mr. Uumlah," Agnew added further, addressing me, "is Reeve of the municipality and a noted lay preacher."

We were glad to meet each other, and the deep half-trained voice of the Reeve expressed what appeared on the surface to be real delight. His hard smile softened a moment later when he seized Florence by the hand and dragged her playfully up the few steps to the door of his home, while the Professor and Mrs. Agnew laughed heartily.

The Mayor had the bad grace to lead Florence into the home in advance of the others, who followed unconventionally in the rear.

This first personal touch with the Fifty-Fifties was not one that might lead to amicable relations. It was rather one that filled me with disgust and no little irritation of jealousy.

The Lay Preacher was a man of the new race about my own age. Our height was nearly the same, but he was much broader, and in weight he would far ex-

ceed me. According to my standard, based on the human make-up, he was unproportionately built, the width being far out of keeping with the height. He had the appearance of one who was gifted with marvellous strength.

The interior of the home harmonized with the exterior in its richness of design and finish. The furniture and fittings were of the most expensive and rare varieties, and they had been most carefully and judiciously placed as though by the magic touch of some prim, female hand.

The room in which we were entertained was carpeted with the most elaborately designed and richly woven covering into which the feet sank with a comfort that was warm and inviting. On each wall was a large gold-framed painting mostly of woodland scenes, and one of the first things that my critical eye observed was the initials "F.A." painted on the right hand lower corner of each picture. It did not require any of the science of deduction to know that the initials were those of my fair friend Florence Agnew, that she was the artist, and that she had presented the paintings to Uumlah in a spirit of friendship—perhaps love. Was Uumlah more than a friend?

The home was not one that would be readily associated with the raw exterior of the inmate, so that the mental cultivation of the Fifty-Fifties was remarkable. The appearance of the home bespoke a taste on the part of the new race which was either a normal standard of living with the idle rich, or an extravagant rivalry with members of the old race. A beautiful Collie lay asleep on a very rare rug.

Here, as in the Agnew home, lights were burning in extravagant profusion, wastefully, although it was broad day-

light. On one wall was a plate-like instrument or fixture resembling a horn, and pearly in its composition. I suspected that it was a radiograph, but I was not prepared for the delightful and almost super-human music which came from it when Florence went up and turned the gold switch which controlled it.

"My!" I called out in astonishment and rapture.

"Yes, from Mars," said Florence, teasingly, through a bewitching smile.

"You mean from Heaven," I corrected. "Is it not divine?"

They all laughed, even to friend Uumlah although it came rebelliously from the crude face.

Refreshments were brought in by an elderly lady who was introduced to me as Mrs. Uumlah, mother of our mutual friend, and a widow of many years standing. In build she had the characteristic broadness of the race, but the features were somewhat haggish, seeming to point out a reversion to type as the individuals advanced in age. In my estimation she resembled a monkey more than she did a human being. Her speech, however, was remarkably well preserved and refined.

The radio music continued to charm us as we sat about chatting and "eating." At times Florence would step up and set the machine to other wave lengths and new varieties of music were introduced. Miss Agnew assumed a familiarity with things in the home of the Reeve as though she had been brought up there, or was on most remarkably cordial relations with the inmates.

There was that in her manner too, as well as in that of the Lay Preacher which awakened in my heart an agony of resentment. Especially did the Fifty-Fifty expose an attachment for Miss Agnew, which, if not love, was a passion akin to it.

Ye gods! Did the animal love Florence?

The objections were not based so much on any imaginary claim I had to the girl myself, but more owing to the great gap in the social scale which lay between the two. Still, it was none of my funeral, especially since I recognized the astonishing fact that the father and mother countenanced the thing as though it were a most ordinary occurrence.

Although I had no legitimate cause to complain only on the ground of my responsibility as a man to protect a woman, I schemed to hound the couple, for I was satisfied in my own mind that Florence Agnew would one day require protection from the creature in whom she appeared to place implicit faith. There was little doubt that the Neanderthal man had aspirations covering the person of the fair Florence which could only end in disaster either for one or both of them. The Reeve of the municipality behaved like one who, were he not in love with the girl, had an attachment for her which could only be regarded as a desire for a beautiful female.

Miss Agnew's deference in accepting the unnatural attentions and encouraging them, was like a knife entering the quick of my soul; and whether she received them in a spirit of female adventure or girlish flattery, or through a real devotion, I was not in a position to say. Was this the event in the life of the girl that was of far greater value to her than any wealth of heart I could ever hope to offer?

Florence adjusted the radio again, and a woman's voice filled the atmosphere of the room with those rare tones of human melody which appear only once in a generation.

The Professor and our host began to converse on some private topics which lacked interest for the others. Mrs. Agnew retired to some other part of the house with Mrs. Uumlah, and I engaged Miss Agnew in conversation to pass the time.

Florence told me of the wonderful merits of the Collie dog. He was gifted with almost human intelligence, she told me. When he was told to go outside, he went outside; when told to lie down, he lay down; when told to bark, he barked; when told to sit up, he sat up; when told to fetch an article, he went and fetched it. He would carry packages home and deposit them according to instructions. He understood practically everything that was said to him. He knew the English language like a book. But, like a deaf mute, he would receive thoughts, but could not speak replies. Mr. Uumlah had educated the dog up to its present efficiency. But his ambition was to go further. What Professor Newman had done for the Neolithic, he would do for the dog. If a dog could under-

stand sounds and act intelligently upon given words, there was no reason why, given time, opportunity and training, he could not be educated to talk as well, he argued. This was one great humane task which Mr. Uumlah had set for himself to do.

While Florence was addressing me on the matter, I looked at the dog lying on the mat so cosily, and almost expected him to raise his head and speak to me in his new dog English.

But the rawness of the Neolithic voice across the room rose even above the pleasant voice of my companion and began to jar my nerves in the same manner as might the efforts of a novice on a violin. The guttural tones of his voice seemed to come with such painful efforts that the words appeared almost to strangle him in their struggle to leave the mouth. The discordant syllables escaped from the deep cavity of his throat rather than from the smooth and sensitive tips of the tongue and lips.

I was more than pleased, therefore, when Florence suggested an excursion through the town. I rose eagerly and accompanied her while the father and Uumlah were deeply engaged in some matter with which I had absolutely no sympathy.

In a few moments we were walking playfully hand in hand along the quaint street, she pointing out things of interest as we came across them.

But the most astonishing thing of all to me was the swarms of "children" that littered the street. They were in the trees, on the pavements, in yards and on lawns in countless numbers. They were in all stages of development, and in all conditions of dress.

When I realized that the school must be in session at the time of day, I was overwhelmed with wonder at their numbers.

"Where do all the kids come from?" I questioned Florence.

"Oh, they belong here; the new, rising generation, you know," she replied.

"Gosh!" I cried.

"Families run from about five to fifteen," the girl volunteered. "Some have more than fifteen, but few have less than five."

I remained silent thinking about the new human tide that was about to sweep across the surface of the earth and perhaps swallow up every other living thing in its mad, irresistible rush. What was to become of the more cultured races of men?

The sun was shining with great warmth although some dark and threatening clouds hung like a pall almost directly overhead, as though they would pour down their contents at any moment.

"Do you know, I don't like your friend," I said to Florence candidly as we walked along.

"No? And why not?" she enquired looking around curiously.

"I think he is awful," I replied.

"Awful!" she echoed. "You mean thing! He is so good to me!"

"Yes. I notice that," I replied.

"We have known him so long," evaded the girl.

"But I'm afraid of him."

"You silly person! He's as harmless as a lamb. You must get over that."

"Impossible! I believe the beast loves you," I said, facing her suddenly as though to demand an explanation.

"Beast!" she echoed again. "Sir, you insult him!" she added angrily.

"Oh, I beg pardon," I hastened to apologize, for I was not there to offend one so beautiful and who had been so kind to me. "But, does he really and truly love you?"

"Of course he loves me," she admitted frankly.

"You must feel flattered," I replied with more sarcasm than the occasion perhaps warranted.

"Surely you're not jealous?" she retaliated.

"Jealous? Me?" And I laughed in real mockery.

The frank confession, however, that the Neolithic loved her staggered me. I stood still on the pavement for a few seconds. Could it be possible? The refined and gentle manners of the girl and the apparent pride of her in the love of a creature hopelessly distinct, could not be made to harmonize. I was speechless.

She had gained a few steps while I hesitated in a sort of physical inertia with my brain working overtime. She stamped her foot in mock anger, and I believe I never saw her feminine beauty shine forth as it did at that moment.

"Come!" she called to me. "What are you standing there for?"

"Are you not mistaken?" I inquired, stepping forward.

"Mistaken nothing! It is straight goods. You should see him sometimes."

"And do you love him?"

This was a bird of a different color. It made Florence blush. But my curiosity was not to be satisfied, for the elements came to the girl's rescue.

"Oh, rain!" she cried, placing both hands over her wealth of hair as though to protect its delicacy. "Let's beat it!"

They were the first warning drops of a great thunder storm. We hastened forward and dashed under the sheltering branches of a huge elm which was one of a grove that lined the street. Here for a time we would be protected.

We leaned against a picket fence dividing the pavement from the garden grounds of a home some distance back. Roses and other flowers were blooming beautifully near to us. Playfully I pilfered a pink rose, and, with nervous fing-

ers pinned it to the fragile blouse over a heaving breast. Oh, how the pink of the rose blended with the pink of the fair cheeks!

"There!" I said, stepping back in admiration. "That augments the beauty of the rose. How lovely! Oh, you fair queen!" The scheme was to vamp her away from Uumlah.

Florence blushed crimson, bent her head until the soft rose touched the soft chin, and then she looked at me with appreciation and pride beaming from every feature, while our eyes met for a brief second.

"How dare you!" she scolded, playfully, leaning over and kissing the rose while she pressed it to her lips with her fingers.

In the enchantment of the moment we had not been aware of the approach of the Professor and Mrs. Agnew and our mutual friend Uumlah who hurried for the shelter of the tree under which we stood. I knew by the complexion of the Fifty-Fifty features that he had seen the romantic episode of the rose, and there was a warning there to the girl and a menace to myself. The frown seemed to carry with it a mixture of human strategy and animal cunning. He bowed and smiled gallantly, nevertheless, when he came up. The faithful collie accompanied him.

"A typical cloudburst," remarked the Professor when we met.

"Yes, and the tree will not shelter us long from it," said Mrs. Agnew.

Suddenly there was a strange chattering among the branches overhead. I looked up in astonishment.

"What's that?" I cried.

"Children," said Florence.

"Getting wet and scampering for home," defined Mrs. Agnew.

"Children!" I echoed. "Up a tree?"

Among the branches a group of half naked, hairy-bodied creatures were disporting themselves like real monkeys in a forest. They were evidently attempting to descend in efforts to escape the wet as Mrs. Agnew had suggested. They were the boys and girls of the Fifty-Fifties.

"How happy they are!" said Florence. "How they laugh!"

I could hear no laughter such as one might expect from children. There were grunts and rude calls, but nothing that approached a laugh according to my human judgment and knowledge. It was not even a substitute.

From the lower limbs of the tree they dropped one by one and scampered off in all directions half running, half creeping, towards their various homes.

Some of the "children" were completely naked with their bodies hairy like real monkeys; others were partially or wholly dressed; and their language as they chatted to each other, if it could be dig-

nified by the name of language, was completely unintelligible.

My friends laughed as the youngsters scampered away to get in out of the wet.

"How cute they are!" commented Mrs. Agnew.

"That depends altogether on taste," I differed.

"Then you are not fond of children?" Florence broke in disappointedly.

"On the contrary, I am very fond of children. I have two——"

"Two!" echoed Florence.

"Yes, a little niece and nephew to whom I am devoutly attached," I lied to shield my identity. For diplomatic reasons I did not wish Florence to know that I was a married man with two children of my own.

I was still to learn that the children of the Fifty-Fifties could not speak articulate language until they had attained the age of about fifteen years. At about ten their education began, and in five years they could speak "fluently." Speaking with the new race was not a natural gift as it was with us. Language with them was an acquired art, and was accomplished only at the expense of much difficulty, patience and perseverance. The education of the young began in the schools after they had mastered the rudiments in the early 'teen years. At about this age the wool was shed from the bodies, the skin became clear like our own, and there was a natural desire to cover themselves with artificial clothing both through a sense of modesty and for protection.

In scampering away some of them ran on all fours, while others walked nearly erect. In communicating with each other numerous signs and gesticulations were made with the arms, hands, face, eyes and lips.

In sizing up the situation it was evident that the variations in type and the sliding degrees in physical and mental development from the young up through the various generations of the Fifty-Fifties marked the progress of the race back through the ages to the very earliest times of their history.

I had a natural desire to go more into details with mine hosts, but I was compelled to strangle the desire for knowledge because my good friends refused to believe that the whole strange affair was a mere dream. I had to content myself with a personal study of the singular people whom I was meeting face to face for the first time, and drink in eagerly any gems of knowledge which accidentally fell from the mouths of my companions.

Mrs. Agnew's prediction that the tree would not protect us long from the abnormal rain storm, came true. Large drops began to sieve through the branches and we would have been drenched in a few moments had we re-

mained. Beyond the protection of the elm the water came down in torrents. For deliverance it was suggested that we make a dash across the street to the store of a friend.

(To be concluded)

The Scottish Society

[Concluded from Page 2]

and ugly dances of the passing hour.

The society was called back to the days of the early Celtic Church in Scotland, and the religious settlement of St. Columba at Iona, when the Rev. A. F. Munro spoke at the next meeting. In the month of March two professors of the University filled the leading places on the programme. At the first Professor John Davidson gave an address on the "Flora of Scotland," and compared it with the Flora of British Columbia. His lecture was illustrated with many fine views of scenery in both regions and the native plants growing there, while the actual plants themselves dried and mounted in portfolios were present and added their veracious testimony. At the later meeting Dr. G. G. Sedgewick delivered a panegyric on the lyrical poetry of Sir Walter Scott, which pleased every patriotic Scot. In April the Scottish Landscape came in for its share of attention, when Miss Jessie Robertson, Mr. Walter Stevenson and the secretary dealt with that noble subject, and read poetry and prose from great writers in celebration of its beauties and its terrors. To the regret of all the president, Professor Henderson, who was to have spoken on the south of Scotland, allowed himself to be crowded out of the limelight on account of want of time.

Another April meeting, probably postponed into May, will end the regular program of a highly successful session. Professor Henderson has again been a most efficient and ready chairman, and the Musical Committee has provided excellent musical fare at the various meetings. The society will find it hard to improve upon the list of lecturers, who have so willingly and successfully given their help in the present year, but no doubt the Executive Committee in each year will strive hard to surpass its predecessors, and present to the members a comprehensive and vivid picture of Scottish life as it was and now is, with the ablest lecturers and the best musicians to draw the pictures.

This is how they keep Winter at bay in the Scottish Society of Vancouver.

D. G.

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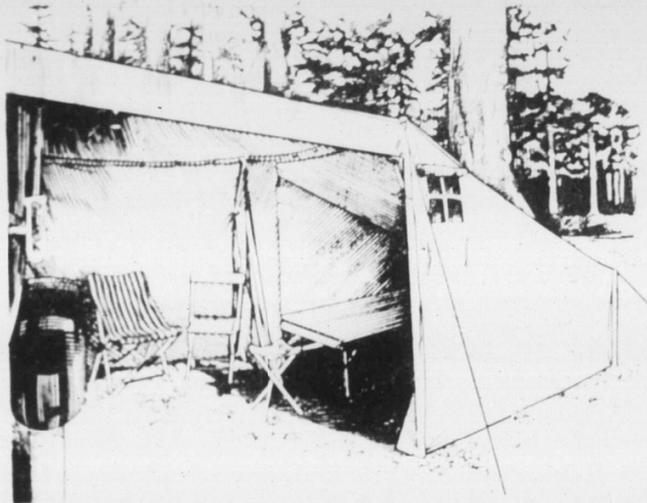
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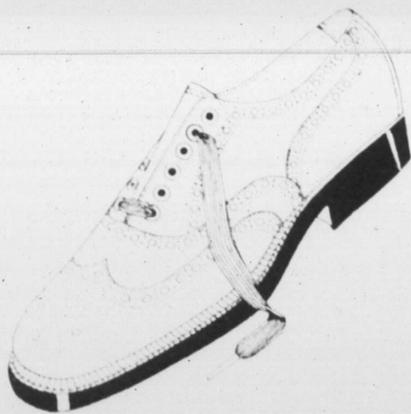
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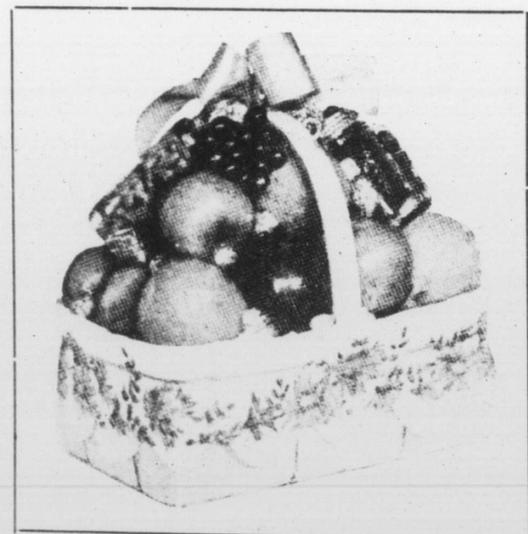


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