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JOHN MURRAY GIBBON
First President
Canadian Authors' Association
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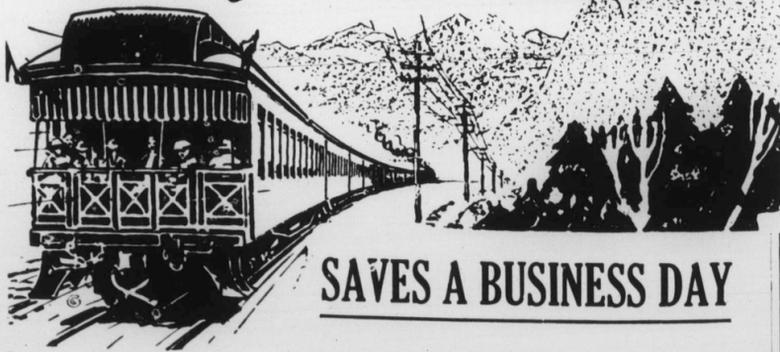
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BRITISH COLUMBIA'S AGENT GENERAL ON EMIGRATION TO CANADA: AN INTERPRETATION

(By E. B. Buchan, Reesor.)

NOTE: Canada is vitally concerned in Emigration and Immigration, and British Columbia, which contains the Dominion's Perennial Port, as we have christened Vancouver city, has a peculiar interest in what has been done, or may now be done, in these matters. Hence we welcome these contributions.

(Editor B. C. M.)

Does Great Britain want Canada?

Does Canada need Great Britain?

These questions were not asked, nor even hinted at, in the address made by Mr. F. C. Wade, British Columbia's Agent General in the United Kingdom, before the members of the Canadian Club, Vancouver, during the luncheon hour on June 23rd; but, standing in the hotel rotunda, walking in twos and threes along the business streets, or meeting in different offices during the afternoon, men and women of Vancouver put these questions plainly to one another as though, through the words spoken by Mr. Wade, their thoughts had been penetrated with the truth—"that to each one is given the power of decision as to whom Canada will belong in future, and what race of men will be responsible for her weal or woe."

Mr. Wade had talked about "Emigration from the British Isles to the Dominion of Canada."

"Unquestionably Canada must keep her place with the British Empire; it is unbelievable that Canada will tolerate a thought that would remove her one hair's breadth from the Mother Country!" everyone exclaimed in the heat of patriotism; but sentiment will not overcome selfishness, and it was to the undoing of selfishness that Mr. Wade's words winged their mark—seemingly unconsciously on his part.

How many British Columbians have expressed impatient uncharitableness, since the war years, when the matter of British emigration to the vast unsettled tracts of this province has been advocated publicly and discussed privately?

"Look at our own men and women out of work; why should we bring in others whom we may have to help?" And this sentiment expressed by all was backed by an individual case in the thoughts of each.

"We have managed to get along; let others do the same without hampering our pace."

"Orientals? Yes. But they don't bother us. We feel neither moral nor financial responsibility for them; more than that, they do their work and keep out of our way."

"Italians? Greeks? Russians? Germans? Turks? French? Swedes? and other people of many languages from as many foreign countries? Yes, we trade with them, employ them,

sentimentally aid them in their patriotic celebrations to their father- and mother-lands, but—they are not of us, so why consider them?

"English? Scotch? Irish? Yes, and if they come, then what? They are our own flesh and blood. They want to say what shall be done and what shall not be done. They force their ideas upon us and will take no back seat. They have a right to all that we, who have lived longer in Canada, have a right to—and we want none of them. We, individually, as older-timers, are sufficient unto ourselves. . . ."

Isn't that about it?

It is well that Mr. Wade has given us an opportunity to step to one side and look at ourselves, for, if we have hitherto neglected self-observation, we may be sure that others have not been so slow to see us as we really are, and that peoples from the Orient and from the many other lands have taken our measures and have adjusted their living to our fit.

"Canadians do not want their own kin," these foreigners say to each other in languages that Canadians do not understand. "They won't tolerate family interference and criticism. So? They like not-to-be-bothered; they like much to be waited upon; they feast themselves upon their thoughts of superiority to foreigners—Yes? When we so well understand, we give them what they want NOW. . . . Bye and bye? THEN will come our turn. Our children are benefiting well by their teaching, by the learning of their laws and giving obedience to them. . . . When they are grown and their children's children learn from them, who then shall make the laws? Who shall own and rule the land? Not the children of their own people whom they will not permit to enter Canada, their brothers and sisters with whom they refuse to share their Canadian birthright, but the children of the outsiders who now wait upon them but do not bother; who make them feel big without ourselves feeling small; we will be the Canadians, but not in a Canada that will be a part of the British Empire. . . . Oh, no!"

And that is the train of thought, and expressed speech, that Mr. Wade's words have awakened in Vancouver today.

SOME THOUGHTS ON IMMIGRATION

(By Rev. F. W. Cassillis-Kennedy, M.A.)

To be the possessors of a glorious heritage such as Canada is, entails a heavy responsibility. The population, at present, is about 8,769,489, and as the area approaches 3,620,000 square miles, we have only 2.4 people to every square mile in the Dominion. It has been through immigration, chiefly that Canada has been thus peopled, for the Minister of Immigration and Colonization tells us that during the last ten years, alone, 3,428,834 immigrants have come to our shores from other lands. The considerations which have influenced us in the past regarding immigration have been: Sympathy for those whose lot is less fortunate than ours; a generous desire to share with them the freedom and happiness we enjoy; and the great wish to develop as speedily as possible our great natural resources, and to become rapidly a prosperous people holding a foremost place among the nations in the world.

Canadians returning from Europe bring back the information that post-war conditions are proving so unbearable in many European countries that the prospect of migration

to Canada seems to offer even more advantages at the present than in previous years, and that millions would endeavour to enter Canada now if economic conditions made it possible.

Selective Immigration.

There are many aspects of immigration which present themselves for deliberation, but probably the most important is the one least taken into consideration, namely, its far-reaching biological effects on the character of our citizens as a whole. We ought to be more careful in the selection of the people we receive within our doors. We should desire to breed men and women of high standards; of strong bodies, sound minds and good morals. Since the Medical Act came into force, in 1902, out of 55,180 immigrants held for reception 13,221 were rejected for various reasons; this shows that the Government, through the agency of the Immigration Department, is trying to keep up the standard, as to efficiency, in health matters. The all-important thing for us to remem-

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The Origin of "O Canada"

(By Dumtries Brant.)

Brigadier General Lawrence Buchan, C.V.O., C.M.B., the writer of the version of "O Canada" which the Kiwanis Club of Vancouver has decided to adopt as the Canadian National Anthem, wrote the verse in Vancouver city, when staying with his brother, the late Ewing Buchan, in Barclay street, after he had crossed the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific for the first time—during the Fall of 1909.

It had taken centuries to gather the sentiments so briefly and loyally expressed in the few lines, for, from away back in the days of Bruce and Wallace of Scotland, Lawrence Buchan's forebears were patriots to the core, and down through the ages they fought for their country with tongue, with pen and with sword; and, quite as early in history on the Welsh side of the house, whence his Mother came, love-of-country was inbred for generations, and expressed in verse and song in the loved ballads of Wales. Born in Brant county, Ontario, of devotedly patriotic Scottish and Welsh parentage, Lawrence, the eleventh child in a large family, inherited the love-of-country strongly from both sides of the house, and cemented it in a real passion for his own land. family, inherited the love-of-country strongly from both sides of the house, and cemented it in a real passion for his own land.

Schooled at Upper Canada College, where the love of the Empire was impregnated in studies, sports and pastimes, young Buchan showed his fighting spirit (the first way in which his patriotism expressed itself) very early, and just as soon as he was of age to wear a uniform, he began his drilling. The Fenian Raid saw him a youth ready for the fray, and, for years after he was an officer of the Queen's Own Rifles in Toronto. In the year 1885, when he was in Manitoba, the Riel Rebellion broke out, and Lawrence Buchan leaped into it with heart and soul and real joy. He never gave up the soldiering afterwards, but joined the 90th battalion, Fort Osborne, Winnipeg, after Reil's capture, and took course after course in "the work of war," aiming towards the higher places. He was in London, Ontario (Colonel) when war with South Africa was declared, and, on his way home, while in England, he lunched and dined at Buckingham palace, with other Canadian officers, where, for the first time he met and spoke with Queen Victoria face to face. "Such a little, frail woman," he said afterwards, "to bear the weight of a country-at-war upon her shoulders," and he felt an intense admiration for and deep sympathy with the Head of the Empire, which seemed intensified when the news of her death reached him not very long after his return to Canada.

He loved the Royal family. He was twice on the Duke of Connaught's staff when at Aldershot, he chummed with the Duke of Teck on his way from Africa, and when the Duke of York and Princess May were in Montreal during the Fall of 1901 and General Buchan's name was announced, the Princess exclaimed: "I've heard my brother speak of you so often: you must sing for us." It was a love for the family which was at the head of the Empire he worshipped.

It was not until the year 1909 that General Buchan saw the whole breadth of Canada, and, when he had traversed it, the blood of the Welsh bards surged through him, and, with ready pen he wrote

"O Canada! our heritage, our love,"
and, with his mind, fast racing through the different parts of the Empire, the words came

"Thy worth we praise all other lands above."

The immensity of his home land enthralled him. In view of the mighty mountains and of the great Pacific, seen from

Vancouver's heights came the words

"From sea to sea, throughout thy length,
"From pole to borderland—"

Then, with the remembrance of the greatness of the Empire, the picture of the brave, tired Queen—flashed

"At Britain's side, whate'er betide, unflinchingly we'll stand"

And the world must know it—
"With heart we sing."

while the feeling of devotion to all who were of the Royal House, the remembrance of King Edward's brother, and of his son George, found expression in the always loved words—

"God save the King"

while his heart throbbed back to the early upbringing of devout parents, and, attuned to the Very Highest, he ended with the prayer words for his Canada, as well as for his King—

"Guide Thou the Empire wide do we implore,
And prosper Canada from shore to shore." Amen.
Such was Lawrence Buchan's nunc dimittus.

Returning to Montreal he lived, en route, on the train's observation platform so that no possible part of Canada that could be seen would escape his vision. A heavy cold, which developed into pneumonia, was the result. One week from the day he left Vancouver and three days from the time of his arrival in Montreal, Brigadier General Lawrence Buchan passed quietly into his Next Life.

His brother, Ewing Buchan, who was then Manager of the Bank of Hamilton in Vancouver, sent the verse to Mr. Albert Ham—and thus we have the Kiwanis-accepted version of "O Canada!" for Canada's National Anthem.

Lawrence Buchan—Born January 29, 1846, at "Braeside," the family home, in Brant County, Ontario, between the towns of Paris and Galt. Died October 6, 1909, at Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

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CANADIAN AUTHORS' ASSOCIATION

Report of the British Columbia Delegates

(Mrs. George Black, Judge Howay and Mr. F. A. Hood) To the Second Annual Convention, Held at Ottawa
On 29th and 30th April, 1922.

The Convention opened promptly at nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, 29th April, in the lecture hall of the National Museum. President J. Murray Gibbon called the meeting to order and gave a short introductory address. The Treasurer then presented his financial report for the year which showed a balance in hand of some \$700.00, part of which, however, consisted of dues collected in advance for the coming year.

The Secretary, Mr. Sandwell, then gave his report covering the year's activities, and he also presented the report of the Special Committee on Copyright as regards the amendments to the Copyright Act of 1921 to be recommended to the Government. This report has been printed, and as copies are available for the use of members of our branch, it is not necessary for us to deal with it. The first four amendments are framed to bring the Canadian Act into conformity with the British Copyright Act of 1911.

As the Committee on Copyright is a very strong one, its personnel including Mr. Warwick F. Shipman, K.C., and Louvigny De Montigny, two of the best authorities on Copyright in Canada, the meeting was satisfied to accept the report as presented, and it was unanimously passed.

Arrangements had been made by the Executive for the Association to be received by the Honourable Mr. Robb, Minister of Trade and Commerce, at 11.30. At that time the whole meeting proceeded to the House of Commons by motor. Here on the steps of the building, moving picture operators were waiting our arrival and before entering the party was photographed by the Pathe Company, and again on leaving the building by the special service maintained by the Government for overseas propaganda.

The incident caused an interesting break in the business of the morning, and as an Ottawa paper humourously put it, "The delegates readily cast aside temporarily their roles as authors and authoresses and with apparently remarkable Protean skill took up that of motion picture actors." The delegates were introduced to the Minister by Senator Dandurand, as representing, he would not say, "the brains of the country," but, at least, "the refined brains of the country." On this introduction, President Murray Gibbon spoke forcefully on the objects and aims of the Association and the large influence exercised by its members throughout the country. He put forth a strong plea for the suggested amendments as contained in the report, and for an early action by the Government to put them into the Act. He laid stress upon the fact that the former Government had given its assurance that the Copyright Act of 1921 would not be proclaimed or put into force if it were found that it was not in conformity with the requirements of the Berne Convention. It has now been definitely ascertained that it was not, especially as regards the manufacturing clauses.

He cited the fact that the U. S. Government, which had also put in force an Act containing such manufacturing clauses, had found them to be undesirable, and even the printers themselves had joined with the authors in petitioning that they be repealed. He, therefore, submitted that it would be most unwise for Canada to incorporate in her Copyright Act something that had been found most unsatisfactory by a neighbouring country which had made the experiment.

Several others spoke in support. The Minister then briefly replied declaring his sympathy with the Association's recommendations, and stating that the present Government would adhere to the undertaking given by the former one. He said that he was afraid they could not be taken up this

Session, but he had no doubt that next Session, in view of the strong supporters that were behind them, they would be given favourable consideration.

In the afternoon session, reports were presented from the various branches, which gave an excellent idea of the scope of the work already being done by the Association. Those from the western delegates were especially interesting the Calgary branch giving a very complete account of the authors whom they claimed as belonging to their district. These included Robert J. C. Stead, Isabel Patterson, Sergeant Kendall, Hulert Footner, and Mrs. Winifred Reeve (Onoto Watanna), C. W. Stokes, Frank Houghton and Willard Mack. They also claimed a certain proprietorship in Ralph Connor Morley Roberts, General Steele, Rev. John McDougall, and Rev. R. G. MacBeth, all of whom had to some extent embodied scenes from the district around Calgary in their various works.

On motion of Mr. Lloyd Roberts, of Ottawa, a resolution was passed to make application to the Dominion Government for an annual grant of \$5 000.00 as an award for the most significant literary work by a Canadian domiciled and resident in Canada. It was thought that such a provision would have a great stimulus in encouraging literary talent, as so many Canadian writers had to devote a large part of their energies to work other than literature in order to make a living. It would also provide an agency for the discovery of all work of merit in the committee who would award the prize, as it would be their duty to review all the published work by Canadian writers.

The recent death of Miss Marjorie Pickthall in Vancouver, one of the most honoured members of the Association, cast a shade of gloom over the Convention. A very touching and appropriate reference was made to this in the report presented by the Vice-President for British Columbia, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay. A resolution of regret and sympathy to be forwarded to Mr. Pickthall in Toronto, framed in significant and eloquent language, was presented by Judge Howay, and seconded by Professor Pelham Edgar, who read a poem in memoriam written by Katherine Hale, which had been read at the grave in Toronto.

Professor Edgar made a report for the committee appointed last year to choose a version of "O Canada," which might be standardized as the National Anthem, the need for this arising out of the fact that several versions are in use in different sections of the country. The most popular of these, the one used mostly in the West and composed by Justice Weir, of Montreal, was read by the Professor, and also one written by Donald Fraser, of Victoria. Neither of these, however, was considered suitable by the committee, and Professor Edgar then read a version which was made up by combining parts of nine different versions that have been written. This effort, however, was received with considerable amusement by the meeting and voted unsatisfactory. He also read a letter from Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, who is a member of the committee, setting forth her views on the subject. Finally it was decided to lay the matter over for another year in the hope that by that time some poet might find the inspiration to write a version that would fit the need and be worthy of handing down to posterity.

The question of the continuance of "The Bookman" as the official organ of the Society came up for discussion. The opinion seemed general that the ideal to be arrived at was an authoritative journal free and clear of any possibility of conflicting publishers' interests; but that, nevertheless, the

Page Four

matter had to be considered as a practical undertaking and it was felt that such an ideal journal could not be launched at present with any prospect of sufficient financial support to secure its continued existence. In the end, after a lengthy discussion it was agreed to continue "The Bookman" as the official organ for a further period of one year.

When the matter of Book Week was brought up for discussion, Professor Pelham Edgar suggested that he thought it was advisable, in spite of the good results that had come from the movement last year, not to repeat the experiment for four years. On the Chair calling for discussion on the matter, a number spoke on the question and all in favour of the Book Week being repeated annually. The speakers all spoke enthusiastically of the good they believed had been done by it last year.

Turning to the social side of the Convention, for the Friday evening a conversazione had been arranged, to be held at the Daffodil Tea Rooms, a place down-town where the Ottawa branch has been in the habit of holding its meetings. Here there was a good-sized gathering, and the two large rooms of the place were well filled. Among those present was Mr. Alfred Buckley, formerly of Vancouver, and now living in Ottawa and a member of the Ottawa branch of the Association. Another British Columbian was Mr. R. E. Gosnell, who attended all the meetings of the Convention and took a prominent part.

Apart from some excellent music, the principal item of the program was an original one-act play by Mrs. Madge MacBeth, of the Ottawa branch, in which all the vocabulary used consisted of words of one letter. It was difficult to see how a convincing drama could be worked out under such limitations, but the authoress succeeded very well, and both the play itself and the acting were much appreciated. The old triangle motif was employed and the characters were the wife, the lover, the husband, and the butler. The letters employed in the play were principally o, g, l, t, c, p, r and u. In the end, virtue was triumphant.

After refreshments, a gentleman representing an institution which had been established at the Lakes of Muskoka, to perform in Canada the function that the Chautauqua Institute performs in the United States, explained, with the assistance of a series of slides of high quality, some of the beauties of Muskoka and the advantages which his institution offers. He cordially invited the Association to hold its next Convention there. This closed the evening's entertainment.

The banquet in the Hotel Laurier, which was to be the grand final function of the Convention, was set down for 7 o'clock on the Saturday night, and as it was between five and six before the delegates got away from the Museum, there was not much time to change from the ordinary garb of working authors to the festive garments which by the magic word "formal" in the syllabus were decreed. Nigh on to the time for assembling, one well-known novelist was scouring the hotel in desperation for a white tie, declaring that he would rather not dine at all than sit down wearing a black one, so determined was he to depart for once from all taint of Bohemianism, and a high official of the organization was seen rushing out at the last moment to buy an article even more essential still in completing the costume de ceremonie that formality required.

However, in fairly good time the company assembled, and so correctly and beautifully arrayed that the local paper declared that, to judge by their apparel and the choiceness of the viands at the banquet, "if this were not the golden age in literature in Canada, it was obviously a very prosperous one."

President J. Murray Gibbon was toastmaster, and opened the banquet with a short and interesting address in which he gave some idea of the aims of the Association and the size

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Canada's Poet Laureate — Bliss Carman

(By R. W. Douglas.)

The eminent writer who some time ago was crowned and declared laureate of Canada visited Vancouver this year for a brief period. Some of us who had never seen him before had the privilege of making his personal acquaintance, and heard him read some of his beautiful lyrics in his own voice.

Two years or so ago there seemed little hope among his friends that Bliss Carman would be spared to make such a journey across Canada. As "Lucian" stated, he was at Saranac Lake, in the north woods, making a brave fight with disease for his life. With encouragement from a host of friends, near and far, he fought with a stout heart an ever-recurring battle over the weakness of the body. One thing made the sharp experience less oppressive to him than it would have been to most city dwellers. To Bliss Carman the outdoor life was the natural life. Tree, shrub and flower; bird, beast and other things that live in the open had been his society from his youth. He found at a time when he needed most to know it that "Nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her."

Perhaps it is good that Bliss Carman should learn at first hand in what high esteem he is held by his fellow-countrymen. I am afraid there have been times when he was rather more than half persuaded that he was forgotten in Canada.

It is my privilege on this occasion to attempt what can hardly be anything else but a rough and an altogether inadequate description of the poet and his works. When Charles G. D. Roberts occupied the chair of English in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, in the early nineties of the last century, Bliss Carman was one of the foreign examiners in his subject, and a frequent visitor at his home. Windsor is not far from Grand Pre, and he spent many happy vacations in the lovely Evangeline country. "Of all the places I have known," he says, "none is more enchanting in its peaceful and unspoiled serenity than Grand Pre was in those years. In that beautiful land of great tides and wide meadows and comfortable quiet homes among miles of orchards, there was always something magical and charming which touched one with content and gladness. Or perhaps it is only because we were young and happy that the place must seem forever blessed."

Some one has tried to give a sketch of one of these vacation gatherings at the Roberts' home at Windsor. The host, Charles G. D. Roberts, was a medium sized man with a blonde beard and brown-spectacled-eyes, giving him the appearance of a northern Frenchman. This man was muscular, an athlete who could wield paddle, or turn lightly on the horizontal bar. The easy swagger with which he carried himself was of one accustomed to the ways of the woods and wilds. His clothing was homespun or Norfolk knickers with a velvet coat. Then, there was Douglas Sladen, from the Antipodes, a writer of pleasing variety, staying hard by in the little town all one summer, holding converse with his friend the Professor, and who afterwards wrote an account of their doings.

Among others who were of the party were two other very noteworthy men. One was all vivacity, eager restlessness, always on the move. He had the long, olive-tinted, swarthy features of the southerner, with dancing, dark, liquid eyes. He was Bohemian in every rag that he had on, from his limp bow to his smudgy white trousers. He swore and raged at nothing at all, as sudden as a lake squall, and calmed as quickly. When life flowed placidly he played poker. This remarkable individual was Richard Hovey, the actor and poet, and Bliss Carman's associate in the *Vagabond* books.

The other man was the Professor's cousin, a tall fellow running over six feet, well proportioned, yet with such great long legs that one only remembered them and a diminutive cap and coat. He had a great mop of blonde hair that flopped backward and forward above his regular featured face. His lips guarded a perpetual pipe and seldom opened to do anything but blow a cloud of fragrant blue smoke, or chant in a deep monotone a fragment of verse. A chair was his throne wherein he could lie fully outstretched in the lazy content of one who never exerted himself at all. This man was Bliss Carman. Both men were poets, come to Windsor to visit another poet, and all three were men of distinction. When they foregathered there must have been a medley of dreams, a strange mixture of various intellectual delights in a world of art that the wilderness of the Maritime Provinces was never to see again. It was here that they planned and sketched poems and tales to be, discussed the intricate questions of art, of its form, colour and message. For Bliss Carman, who had unwonted leisure, it was not then a question of keeping the pot boiling. The land of Evangeline kindled him to his purest melody, and he responded splendidly and with all his powers. That was the time when he wrote "Low Tide on Grand Pre," which was published in the "Atlantic Monthly." "Lucian" states that when we read of "Tantramar Revisited" we have a true picture of the marshes at high and low tide, and we find it again in the introduction to his famous Shelley ode. We see what Roberts saw, with some gleam of the light that never was. But in Carman's "Low Tide in Grand Pre" what we see is the state of the tide in the soul of the poet. No one could tell by the record what **Grand Pre** looks like, but one may vaguely and deliciously yet half sadly, guess how the poet feels about it and other things.

Bliss Carman came of good United Empire Loyalist stock, like so many of the notable men bred in the Maritime Provinces. A splendid race with which to people a new colony! They had already made good in New England, had risen to positions of responsibility and influence in their previous home, and in coming to Canada some of them had sacrificed greatly to principle. They were loyal to British ideals, and they brought with them, too, a higher culture and a broader civilization than the new country possessed at that time. They were bound to impress their spirit deeply upon the Canadian people.

The poet was the son of William Carman, a well-known barrister, and Sophia Bliss, a sister of the mother of Charles G. D. Roberts. Both cousins were born in New Brunswick, Bliss Carman on April 16th, 1861. "Lucian" states that Sabine, who wrote a book on the Loyalists, tells of four Loyalists named Bliss, who left the revolted colonies and went to New Brunswick during or after the Revolution. Two, if not three, were Harvard graduates. Three, if not all, were lawyers, and these became members of the council. Two attained the dignity of Chief Justice, and another was senior Judge of the Supreme Court. Several members of the Bliss family, he asserts, wrote verse, of which fragments have been preserved. Several men and women of a later generation had a turn for letters and poetry. Third generation from the eldest Loyalist—still quoting "Lucian," who has carefully studied the matter—third generation of jurists also was G. P. Bliss, attorney-general. Two daughters of his married lawyers, and one a clergyman. The one who married a preacher was the mother of the Roberts' family. One who married a lawyer (afterwards judge of probate) was the mother of Barry Stratton, author of "Lays of Love, and Other Poems," as well as another volume of verse, and vari-

one prose writer. Sophia Mary (Mrs.) Carman was a man who became a Supreme Court Justice. He also was a Loyalist descended from one of the founders of St. John's City.

Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman's cousin, was born a year earlier, and one has but to glance through their books to see that they were much together as boys, and that in company as young men they explored the shores, streams and woods of their native province in birch canoe trips. Some of these expeditions must have been strenuous, according to the lyrical record. I know that Roberts had great physical strength and activity. Carman in his younger days looked like a Greek athlete.

Both cousins attended the same school, and both came under the remarkable influence of the same teacher, who, perhaps fortunately for them, happened to be a cultured man of letters, as well as an ardent lover of open-air life. There is practically no doubt, and this is supported by Bliss Carman himself, that it was the influence of this teacher who decided the future career of both boys. This teacher's name was Dr. George R. Parkin, and he will doubtless be remembered by scores of living New Brunswickers. Bliss Carman has gratefully acknowledged his debt to Dr. Parkin in an affectionate dedicatory preface to his brilliant volume of essays called "The Kinship of Nature." It is too long to quote entire, but the nature of their relationship is sufficiently revealed in the following: "Those were the days when we were all young together, whether at Greek or football, tramping for Mayflowers through the early spring woods, paddling in the river in intoxicating Junes, or snow-shoeing across bitter drifts in the perishing December wind—always under the leadership of your indomitable ardour. In that golden age we first realized the Kinship of Nature, whose help is forever unailing, and whose praise is never outsung."

In 1878 Bliss Carman won the school medal for Greek and Latin, and then he entered the University of New Brunswick, where he had a brilliant career—B.A. Gold Medalist, 1881; M.A., 1884; LL.D. Honorary, 1903. He had taken high honors in both Classics and Mathematics, and he pursued these subjects, together with Philosophy, in a post-graduate course at the University of Edinburgh. Returning to Canada he seemed to hesitate apparently in choosing a profession, as he successively taught school, studied law, and practised civil engineering, before he made up his mind to take post-graduate work at Harvard University, in English and Philosophy. He states that he cherished the idea of becoming a teacher of English literature, but the notion doesn't seem to have been strong enough to survive. As a matter of fact he did something quite different. An opening presented itself for editorial work in New York as literary editor of the New York independent, an influential weekly paper. He was later connected with the tiny magazine, the Chap Book, of Chicago, which he probably originated. He soon relinquished this, however, and engaged in literary work in Europe. His experience in old-world cities must have been vastly useful to him; it gave him a wider outlook on life and nature. As it was, his equipment was an ideal one for a writer. He was a fine scholar, he was widely travelled in the old world and the new; and he had studied deeply the philosophies and the sciences of civilization.

Bliss Carman's first poem to attract universal attention was "Low Tide on Grand Pre," written in Nova Scotia, and published in the "Atlantic Monthly." It was soon republished in Toronto in the Canadian series of booklets. The first volume of poems which obtained its title from this single poem was published in New York in 1893, and was immediately successful. It was reprinted in Cambridge and Chicago the following year.

Since 1894 Bliss Carman's literary activity has been constant and splendidly fruitful, amounting to some fourteen

volumes of verse and four or more volumes of prose, chiefly essays and criticism. In the bibliographical check-list of first editions of his works there are in all eighty-eight items, some of them are only broad sheets of single poems, a few of which seem never to have been reprinted. These last afford a splendid chance for the patient book-collector. They are rare, and some day will be extremely valuable. They may be found today; a few years hence they will be past praying for.

Carman's latest volume of lyrics, "April Airs," was published three years ago. The little volume contains some of his most beautiful and characteristic work, and the whole is a rich poetic achievement. "Low Tide on Grand Pre" was followed by three volumes of the Vagabondia series, and in 1895, "Behind the Arras"; in 1897, "Ballads of Lost Haven"; in 1902 was published the splendid "Ode on the Coronation of King Edward VII." The same year appeared "From the Book of Myths." In 1903 came "The Word of St. Kavins," and "A Vision of Sappho," and in 1904, "Songs of the Sea Children," the prose work, "The Kinship of Nature" and "Songs From a Northern Garden." In 1905 came "The Poetry of Life"; in 1909 "The Rough Rider and Other Poems." This does not include all of Carman's work down to 1916, the date of "April Airs," but the exceptions are of minor importance.

In 1920 he issued a privately printed and very beautiful "Open Letter" in verse, with quite a long preface in prose, dealing with his illness, dated from "the Adirondacks."

The poet has fully recovered from this serious illness which laid him low some two years ago, and is himself again. He is publishing this year, through a Toronto publisher, a very pretty volume made up of poems from his three latest books—"The Rough Rider," "Echoes From Vagabondia," and "April Airs"—together with a number of more recent poems which have not before been issued in book form. The poems

(Turn to Page 12)

Established 1911

The British Columbia Monthly

The Community Service Magazine of the Canadian West

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The First President of the C.A.A. -- John Murray Gibbon

(By D. A. Chalmers)

Ending, in *The Canadian Magazine* a few years ago, an informative and fine-spirited review of "A British Novelist in Canada" and his works, Mr. Bernard K. Sandwell, now editor of *The Canadian Bookman*, wrote this sentence:

"Perhaps it will be necessary to prohibit him from leaving the country for the next two or three years, in order to compel him to devote his talents to the work that we really want him to do, namely, to help in putting Canada on the map of literature."

We do not know whether the Canadian Authors' Association was anything of a dream or vision in 1918—though it may have existed in the imagination of Mr. Sandwell or Mr. Gibbon then—but probably no anticipation regarding a Canadian writer has been, or could be, more fully justified than that statement by Mr. Sandwell. For, from all reports from the local British Columbia branch, no less than from the national organization, it seems to be unquestionable that Mr. John Murray Gibbon has been the moving and directing force in connection with the formation of this Association, and the onerous work it has been engaged in affecting amendments to the Canadian Copyright Act.

The latter fact might indeed have been gathered, or inferred, but only incidentally, from the quietly-delivered luminous address ("not for publication") which Mr. Gibbon gave to the British Columbia branch this month, at the dinner arranged in his honor in Glencoe Lodge. "Only incidentally," for this man, well-grounded in learning, widely travelled, supervising work that surveys continents or the world at large, outstandingly able in expression in writing or speech, is typically British; and—notwithstanding our numerous and increasing club and other affiliations with our kindred in the southern portion of this continent—we hope he may be said to be also typically Canadian in his indisposition to magnify, or overuse the first personal pronoun.

It seems that diplomacy as well as brains had to be exercised in dealing with these trained politicians, and the experience of men and affairs common to the "Committee" and the president was all needed; and we are glad to gather that there is reason to believe that the work has not been in vain. The case for revision and amendment of the Canadian Copyright Act is certainly a strong one, which should have the unqualified support of the fair-minded men of all political parties and of none.

It was the good fortune of the editor of the *British Columbia Monthly* to meet Mr. Gibbon in Montreal in the fall of 1913—shortly after the latter entered upon his work at the C. P. R., and then to receive from him a copy of his first book, "Scots in Canada." Readers generally, who are interested in the development of our Canadian heritage, and members of Vancouver Scottish Society particularly, may be pleased to know that, because of the lasting value of the subject of that book, we recently raised the question of reproducing it in the *British Columbia Monthly*, and hope to be able to arrange to make it this Magazine's first serial story.

At the function in Vancouver this month, Mr. Gibbon remarked that he supposed he had been made president "because he was Scotch"; but nevertheless, because of his work as a Canadian literary man, and as the first presiding officer of that important organization, the Canadian Authors' Association, we take pleasure in putting on record in this representative literary "Magazine of the Canadian West" the following biographical notes, selected from Mr. Sandwell's article of 1918, already mentioned:—

"I am inclined to regard 'Scots in Canada,' 'Hearts and Faces,' and 'Drums Afar' as the three first volumes of 'Gibbon's British Empire.' Their author is only forty-three, and

has ample time to give us the fifteen or twenty additional volumes which would be needed to furnish a complete picture of the life of that vast entity at the present time, and the result, while not quite so voluminous as 'Gibbon's Roman Empire,' will be fully as instructive and have a great many more readers.

"Nobody is better qualified to give us a general view of the great Anglo-Celtic community which speaks the English language and pursues British ideals of communal and individual development. Look at the career of the author of 'Drums Afar' up to the present stage, and note its effect upon his successive writings. John Murray Gibbon was born in Ceylon, where the breezes are still spicy, but man is no longer considered so vile as he was in the days of Bishop Heber, a century ago. From earliest youth, distance was nothing to him; halfway round the world was merely halfway home again; the stupendous spread of the British Empire became as familiar to him as the features of his own country are to the average English novelist, or those of his own state to the average writer of American fiction. Bear in mind, though, that he was not a mere traveller, noting the externals of each country's life with a curious eye, and passing out from it as much a stranger as he came in. He found work to do wherever he sojourned, and it was work that threw him into the main current of life, never into its eddies and backwaters. He was educated at Aberdeen, both at school and for three years at the University; and, thus protected by a substantial Aberdonian integument from the unduly assimilative powers of an English university, he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford. . . ."

. . . . In London John Murray Gibbon became a newspaper man, but he compromised with his Paris art training by making it an illustrated newspaper. He joined the staff of 'Black and White,' and it is suggestive to note that the man whom he succeeded when he was promoted after a year of subordinate work to the important post of assistant editor, was Eden Philpotts, himself one of the most serious and industrious of the young English writers who were striving to make the novel a sort of history of our own time. Mr. Gibbon soon became the responsible editor, but his health broke down and he went to Algiers; when illness supplied so good an excuse, it would have been a shame not to go to the remotest possible place with the right kind of climate. When he came back he free-lanced for a time, and dwelt, but only as a friendly and comprehending visitor, in the realm of politics, doing a weekly letter on the political situation for 'The Illustrated London News.'

"About 1907 the orbits of Canada and John Murray Gibbon began to draw together. The Canadian Pacific Railway had decided on a lively propaganda in continental Europe. There was no young journalist in England with a better knowledge of continental Europe and a livelier conception of propaganda than Gibbon. Baron Shaughnessy is generally credited with having 'discovered' him, so far as Canada is concerned. It is consistent with the Baron's record for man-picking. At all events, John Murray Gibbon began to travel all over the ancient world, including Russia and Japan, preaching C. P. R. doctrine with the largest type but the smallest human voice that propagandist ever employed. Never was panther's footfall quieter than the voice of Gibbon enunciating some tremendous new idea, whether it be about the C. P. R., or the art of fiction, or Japanese colour-prints, or old French-Canadian songs. You know the French boulevardier's story beginning with the words, 'An empty cab drove up to the theatre and Sarah Bernhardt got out.' It has been rivalled by the Montreal writer, himself of Gallic extraction, who said:

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With an Advisory Editorial
Committee of Literary Men
and Women.

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

VOLUME XIX.

JULY

NO. 4.

NOTES QUESTIONS, STORIES AND SUGGESTIONS

FIRST, A WORD OF APPRECIATION AND THANKS to those who thought fit to congratulate us on "Notes and Questions." The title has been enlarged to include "Stories and Suggestions," and we hope the addition may be justified.

CONGRATULATIONS ARE DUE TO THE VANCOUVER GYRO CLUB on its big work for children's playgrounds. Too much cannot be said in acknowledgment of such unselfish service by the younger men of the community. No points of criticism should be allowed to detract from that fact—that here we have a body of worthily ambitious young men ready to spend time and energy to the limit in the interest of an object that makes for the health and well-being of the children.

DOES THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS? At the same time we would not be true to this Magazine's life-purpose and ideals of service if we did not record that in some respects we think the first "Tillicum Trail" raised that old question.

THE GAMBLING INSTINCT MAY BE INHERENT in humanity, but the development and encouragement of the desire to get something for nothing, or next to nothing, is generally recognized as bad for the individual and the community.

INSTEAD OF DWELLING ON GYRO MISJUDGMENTS, however, it would be well for us to remember that wheel-turning gambling devices were permitted even in connection with Victory Bond sales; and that of late several publications of one kind or another have been circulating thousands of dollars weekly in "prizes"—and, incidentally, no doubt thousands of dollars have been made (?) or at any rate secured by their producers on what, under any disguise, was little more or less than sheer gambling.

AT THE LAST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE VANCOUVER CANADIAN CLUB this matter was raised indirectly—though it may not have been mentioned in the newspapers. One member having the courage of his convictions, took exception to a gentleman being a member of the club executive because of his connection with the weekly then most in evidence in the football competition business. At that time one of the staff of a leading daily spoke in favour of the person attacked—instancing his war service, etc.

WE SHOULD ALL HAVE RESPECT FOR WAR SERVICE, and war-worn citizens, but it is hardly fair to mix things up in that way. For our own part, our one difficulty in discussing this subject is that we do not wish even remotely to be personal about it, but of course persons are engaged

in the scheme. We may tolerate folk, or even like them so far as we know them, and yet seriously question some of their methods.

THE CRITIC AT THE CANADIAN CLUB ANNUAL MEETING was a man of courage, and all the more so because the smallness of the attendance meant that there were few to support him in his objection; also because it was a case in which it might have seemed to be a matter of personality rather than principle.

THERE IS NO USE DENYING that the subscription contribution to the sporting competition sheets is just a cover to the gambling scheme, and that in so far as that is tolerated, it is not in the interests of reputable newspaperdom, to say nothing of "journalism."



LEGAL TECHNICALITIES AND QUIBBLING of course are mainly responsible for the temporary toleration of this system. It is well to learn from an official source that even in this respect the attention of the powers-that-be is being directed to changing the situation.

* * * *

THAT AGGRESSIVE PERSONALITY, Mr. F. W. Marsh, B. C. manager of one of the leading life insurance companies, gave an entertaining as well as interesting address to the Life Underwriters following his recent return from "Europe." The luncheon was at the Hudson's Bay rooms. The speaker was evidently considerably impressed by his contact with men and affairs in the present centre of Empire. At any rate, his address was a very creditable one. The sympathetic audience no doubt influenced the speaker.

* * * *

GOOD STORIES LIGHTENED AND BR'GHTENED Mr. Marsh's address, which was at no time dull. The records played on the steamer phonograph on the sea voyage during meal hours on an unsettling day, he said, seemed unconsciously to be timed to suit the occasion—and the dwindling company in the dining saloon. "I Hear You Calling Me" was one, and it was followed by "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles."

* * * *

LIFE INSURANCE AND THE CLIMAX OF ASSURANCE might be made the title of another story told by Mr. Marsh. An enterprising agent, who evidently believed that attendance at an entertainment should not interfere with work, was alleged to have submitted an application form to a companion in a theatre, and to have been so eager to get his signature that time and again his voice was heard between the pauses in the "patter" of an eminent entertainer who happened to be acquainted with the life insurance man. At last the patience of the entertainer became exhausted, and, stopping abruptly, he addressed the insurance agent by name from the stage and said: "When you have finished your business, Mr. Blank, I'll go on with mine!"

* * * *

AS MR. MARSH REMARKED, that would have silenced most men; but the agent in question, with fountain pen in hand, turned again to his "prospect" and exclaimed in a clear tone: "Come on, now, sign it; don't you see you are holding up the whole show!"

* * * *

"AND HE GOT THE SIGNATURE," we think Mr. Marsh added. At any rate, some may hold he deserved it. Next?

* * * *

IF MR. MARSH GOT—AND GAVE—NEW LIGHT on conditions and methods affecting insurance work in Britain, many of his fellow citizens in Vancouver got new light on him from what was a delightfully chatty after-luncheon speech.

* * * *

ENTHUSIASM, LIKE CHARITY, may cover a multitude of mistakes, and a man's very zeal may sometimes outrun his discretion. At any time we would rather compliment than adversely criticize, and believe it is better to laugh than to frown folk out of their foibles or failings. But we have all to learn in one way or another, that social or community interest—in home, club, city or country—is bigger than what concerns the individual viewpoint.

* * * *

HIS VERY EARNESTNESS no doubt led a Kiwanian to make a prolonged speech in place of an announcement, the other week. Following that, it was all the more gratifying to note that the group of workers that speaker represented, by their efforts in another direction, earned the silver cup for the best roses.

MR. ED. BROWN AND HIS ASSISTANT MR. PROCTER, worked with that garden and flower enthusiast, Mr. James Stables, with the result that the Vancouver Kiwanis Club has another "flower in its cap" and cup in its keeping. Congratulations, all!

* * * *

VANCOUVER CITY COUNCIL methods regarding the letting of contracts has come under severe criticism. According to statements made, there seems good ground for calling for an investigation.

* * * *

"CITY FATHERS" AND CITY OFFICIALS, like other folk, may jointly and severally officially and privately, make errors of judgment which may best be condoned or forgotten. But any deliberate manipulation of official figures for ulterior private purposes, or evasion of responsibility by any officer or representative should earn speedy retirement.

* * * *

CLEAN GOVERNMENT AT ALL COSTS must be the slogan in city and province if Western Canada is to flourish by natural products and British or other capital.

* * * *

"CALLED TO THE BAR" will apply to Vancouver City Council in December next, and what the public verdict may be then will depend on revelations or justifications in the meantime.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE C. A. A. — JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

(From Page 7)

'There was complete silence in the room until John Murray Gibbon ceased speaking.'

"He spent some six years in this apostolic mission of spreading the glad news about Canada 'in partibus infidelium'; but the 'infidels,' particularly in Mittel-Europa, for reasons which we now understand all too clearly, kept growing more and more unsympathetic to his preachings, and in 1913 he was asked to come to Canada as General Publicity Agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He had already visited the Dominion annually or oftener for six or seven years, and he was satisfied that Canada, and the C. P. R. had a future. His 'Scots in Canada,' a picturesque and vivacious narrative of Scottish settlements in this country, was published about the time of his arrival here as a resident, and speedily won him a place in literary circles in Montreal and Toronto. But it was his first novel, 'Hear's and Face' (John Lane), which drew the attention of the general Canadian public to the fact that they had, amongst them, not as yet a Canadian novelist, but a very important British novelist dwelling in Canada."

In reviewing Mr. Gibbon's later literary work, Mr. Sandwell points out that "Gibbon has gone on steadily adding to his portrait gallery of types and his sketches of social backgrounds ever since he came to this side of the Atlantic."

*"Men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."*

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Reflections Suggested by the Genoa Conference

By The Wayside Philosopher

Did the Genoa Conference fail? Not absolutely; for no honest attempt to solve any of our problems is ever a positive failure; but relatively. It did not realize the hopes of its well-wishers.

How far did it succeed? That question cannot be answered fully now. By another generation its influences will be more fully known and appraised.

For the time being Lloyd George is beaten! Like Gladstone with the Boer question, he struck a keynote, reached a level of statesmanship that proved too high for the current state of politics. May it not be, however, that in God's providence it may result in the world finding another Jan Smuts and in an awakened public mind praising the man whose only fault in the matter can be stated shortly—"he failed."

Why the failure? Was it because Lloyd George underestimated the problem he essayed to solve? Were boundary-line prejudices too strong for common sense solution? Were national and social impulses uncontrollable by, not amenable to reason?

Not in the difficulty of the problems, great as they were; not in international bigotry or social antipathies; lay the cause of the failure. International politics, as such, afford no answer to the question, "Why the failure?" The reason lies outside the path of international politics, strictly so-called. It lies in the economic realm. The spirit of financial greed and injustice is, alone, to blame. In short, the hostility or apathy of financial interests must bear the great burden of responsibility.

The Washington Conference was a success because financial circles appreciated the saving of wealth by eliminating the waste of too great naval expenditures. Enough would remain to serve its selfish purposes. They, therefore, could support—and selfishly, too—a programme for armament reduction which did not involve armament elimination.

Success at Genoa meant a different thing. It put matters more in the melting pot. There was the chance that Russia might prove too ably represented for the financial interests to dictate the policy and outcome of the Conference.

No doubt many an outstanding capitalist, especially that large group who have given practical evidence of their humanitarian interests by directing their businesses on the only safe lines of "a square deal to everybody, employee, public and employer," sympathized with Lloyd George, wished him success. These are, unfortunately, the "too few," the small, though important, minority.

A glance at one or two things will reveal what this article hints at:

The Canadian Patriotic Fund was a good thing. It was well organized. It was directed by Ames of Ames-Holden Co., Montreal, a wealthy man. "Pay till it hurts" was its watchword. But who did the paying? The small man, John Eaton (afterwards Sir John) donated largely. No one, however, heard of Ames or many others of his financial standing paying till it hurt.

Come down locally to the matter. Employees in most businesses, at least from office boy to foreman, gave a day's pay a month. Lists of all the givings were published. Employees of two companies, the writer has noted, appeared regularly in the lists month by month—the companies not at all. These are instances, but at present one cannot think of an exception in all our local business concerns of outstanding size and strength.

Again on much the same lines Point Grey municipality cuts the wages of the workmen—and appoints two additional well-salaried inspectors.

In savings on costs it is the small man who suffers—at first at any rate. When "sweeping reductions" were forecasted in "departmental expenses" at Ottawa, Miss McPhail, noting how the reductions grew less and less as the larger salaries were reached, and finally stayed their hand entirely when near the top, asked why this were so. The answer, honest, if jocular, that "to them that hath shall be given," was probably the one honest explanation to which Parliament Hill has ever listened when such matters were being discussed.

Financial interests are not ready for a square deal for every one. The game of finance as played on national prejudices, boundary-line disputes, and what not, they know and are prepared for. The game of peace, more or less permanent peace, wherein men might turn attention to social, domestic, and economic matters, they fear. What a peace of that kind might do with Russia as an evolving figure they cannot rightly determine. No chance can be taken. Lloyd George can throttle national animosities, but he cannot create what is essential to his success, a spirit of fair play to all. He fails, but the world will, doubtless, crown him with immortal fame for his noble effort—after he is dead. A future generation shall recognize the full merit of his attempt.

* * * * *

The writer of these lines is no Socialist—in the ordinary acceptance of the term. The explanation it is hoped is not an alarmist one. It is meant to be but a hint that class and individual selfishness, a failure to act on the square, general in all countries, prevalent in all walks of life, was sufficient to arrest the forces that worked for the world's well being.

For this condition, if admitted, there is but one remedy—religion. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy might and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself." How the remedy is to be applied is not the province of the writer to suggest. Whatever the cause, whether as above suggested or otherwise, there can be no question but that the remedy is to be found in religion properly applied.

Lloyd George in his attempt did his plain duty to his Master. How long before the world will likewise awake to its need and follow Lloyd George's lead toward the only sure peace?

Educate Eastern Canada and upper portions of the Empire concerning British Columbia and the Canadian West. Pass this magazine to your friends.

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Verse by B. C. Writers

"OUR GLORIOUS DEAD AND WE."

The wind and waves sing drearily
A matchless threnody of woe
For those untimely dead whose graves
Are scattered far by land and sea.

Some lie in stricken fields of France
Where the weary peasant rears
His home anew, and patient builds
His hearth where warm war's ashes lie.

Some sleep beneath a tropic shore
Where simple children of the sun
Take up their toilsome lives again,
Free from war and hunger's dread.

And some nursed deep in ocean's breast,
Await the last long trumpet call,
While o'er them endlessly the waves
In solemn dirge their voices sound.

And we the cause they loved forswear!
For drunk with pride and love of ease,
With lustful hands we pleasure snatch,
Nor pay its price in honest toil.

Weep not for them, the glorious dead,
O wind and waves, O earth and heaven!
But weep for us who dare forget
And prostitute our liberty.

—M. E. Colman.

Sept. 1920.

"AND YET THE DEAD MAY LIVE AGAIN."

I saw the house in the verdant spring,
A tree in bloom caressed the door;
The farmer, a stern hard man, and proud
Stood smoking his pipe;
His wife sat knitting,
Knitting with strong brown hands;
A smile on her placid face;
Their daughter sang within the house.

I came to the house when the year was old,
The naked tree moaned by the door;
The farmer stood by the fire,
His pipe unheeded in his hand;
His wife sat stilly beside him,
Only her hands, like sick things, apart from her,
Writhed and twisted.

"On a summer night she left us,
"And on that night, to us she died."
His voice seemed to come from places remote,
Dark and wind-swept.
The mother gazed with dry, dull eyes,
At the road Only her hands,
Like tortured things, writhed and twisted.

The father took a candle from the hearth,
With slow and measured step he went
And set the light on the window-sill,
"And yet the dead may live again."
His voice seemed to come from places remote,
The very abodes of light.

I looked at his wife,
The hands in her lap were still.

Jan., 1922.

—M. E. Colman.

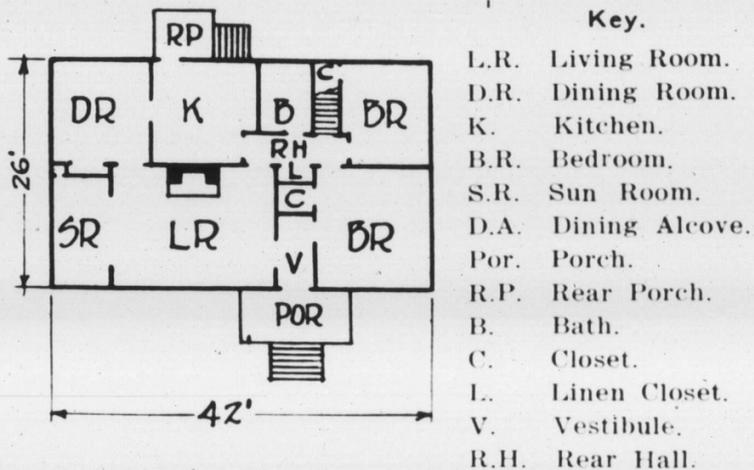
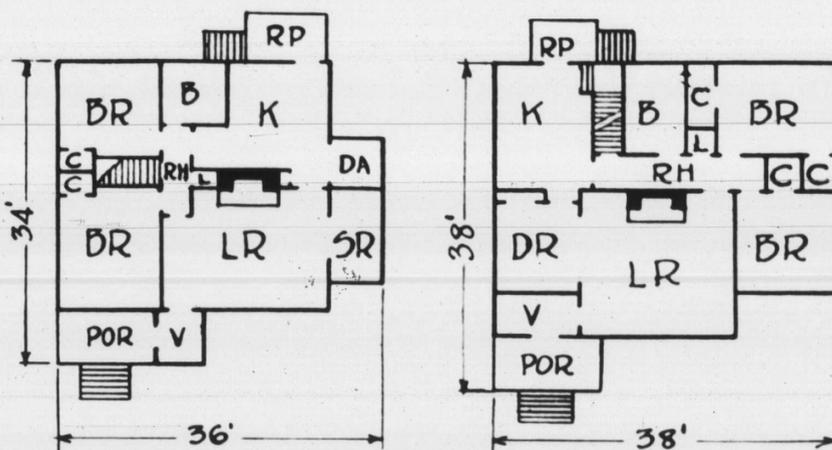
Hints for Home-Builders

PLAN STUDIES FOR BUNGALOWS.

(By Harold Cullerne, Architect)

The plan is the fundamental thing that determines the success or non-success of any building. It is the most important thing regardless of size, and many conveniences that should be in every modern bungalow are often missing for want of plan study. It is only by careful study of the floor plan that an owner gets a correct idea of the room arrangement, and whether the bungalow is planned exactly as he desires it to be.

The bungalow "plan studies" shown include three arrangements of bungalow plan, comprising one four- and two five-room bungalows. They are modest in size and are planned along similar and economical lines.



Key.

- L.R. Living Room.
- D.R. Dining Room.
- K. Kitchen.
- B.R. Bedroom.
- S.R. Sun Room.
- D.A. Dining Alcove.
- Por. Porch.
- R.P. Rear Porch.
- B. Bath.
- C. Closet.
- L. Linen Closet.
- V. Vestibule.
- R.H. Rear Hall.

Entrance to each is made through a vestibule from a front porch. Each living room has a fireplace, and the dining room a built-in buffet. A built-in bookcase is also provided in the living room. All bedrooms have privacy, access to same being from a rear hall. A linen closet and clothes closets are also included. The kitchen in each instance is fitted with all modern conveniences, including ironing board, broom cupboard, cooler and built-in china cupboards, and is planned to reduce housework in the kitchen to a minimum. The fireplace and chimney-stack are in each case centrally located, making for economy, all flues being built in one stack; also the furnace or boiler flue is located in the most practical and economical place to get the best results from the heating plant. The plumbing fixtures are likewise economically arranged. The laundry is located in the basement, as well as fuel, vegetable, and store-rooms.

The four-room bungalow has the added feature of a dining alcove adjoining the kitchen. In the first of the five-room bungalow plans extra bedroom accommodation can be obtained in the attic space under the roof, stairs up to which are provided.

CANADA'S POET LAUREATE.
BLISS CARMAN.

(From Page 6)

in this remarkable volume, which by the way possesses the high honor of being the first regular edition of his work ever published in Canada, are of a very high order indeed. In them, he is chiefly concerned with the wonder and beauty of this world of ours, and next, the mystery, as Mr. Hathaway asserts, of the earthly pilgrimage of the human soul out of eternity and back into it again. Some of them hold many a paraphrase and allegory, as "Lucian" declares, with illusive suggestions and hints of spiritual meanings, which are not for the careless multitude.

The only critical book on Carman's poetry is by a Dr. Lee, who declares that his works, considered as a record of the evolution of his thought, falls naturally into three periods. The early poems show the poet at one with nature, a living piece of the great organism of the world, conscious of his own rejoicing life as part of the mightier life which includes him and all things. The poems of "Behind the Arras" mark a temporary rupture of this close intimacy with nature and a period of gloom, despondency and doubt supervenes. He finally seems to emerge from this depression and then proceeds to build up a more cheerful philosophy of life, and to analyze his former experiences. The succeeding volumes of his works appear to indicate that the new philosophy has stood the test and the crisis is ended. All this, however, will not stand a careful analysis. Carman has a song for every mood, and easily passes from the grim, ghastly, super-human force of the "Red Wolf" to the rich beauty and lovely sprightliness of "The Pipes of Pan," or the exquisitely suggestive longing plaintiveness of "Exit Anima." Like his brother poet Shelley, he is a pantheist, and when he communes with Nature, the voices of the birds and beasts that come to his ears, the colours that flash before his eyes from meadow, forest and hillside, have deeper meanings for him than for others. He finds peace in the companionship of the dwellers of the forest and the meadow; he lives with them, interprets them, feels like them. "He goes beyond the outward aspect of things and interprets or translates for us with less keen senses as only a poet whose feeling for nature is of the deepest and profoundest can do, and who has gone to her whole-heartedly, and been taken close to her warm bosom." In the Pagan's Prayer we have the following:—

"When I have lifted up my heart to thee,
"Thou hast ever hearkened and drawn near,
"And bowed thy shining face close over me,
"Till I could hear thee as the hill-flowers hear.

"When I have cried to thee in lonely need,
"Being but a child of thine bereft and wrung,
"Then all the rivers in the hills gave heed;
"And the great hill-winds in thy holy tongue.

"That ancient incommunicable speech—
"The April stars and autumn sunsets know—
"Soothed me and calmed with solace beyond reach
"Of human ken, mysterious and low."

Who can read or listen to these moving lines, says Hathaway, without feeling that Carman is in very truth Nature's own poet? And again, what heart will not stir to the vibrant music of his immortal "Spring Song"?

"Make me over, Mother April,
"When the sap begins to stir;
"When thy flowery hand delivers
"All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
"And thy great heart beats and quivers
"To revive the days that were.

"Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

"Take my dust and all my dreaming,
"Count my heart-beats one by one,
"Send them where the winters perish;
"Then some golden noon recherish,
"And restore them in the sun,
"Flower and scent and dust and dreaming
"With their heart-beats every one!"

Could there be anything more beautiful than this lyric, called "Under the April Moon"?

"Oh, well the world is dreaming
"Under the April moon;
"Her soul in love with beauty,
"Her senses all a-swoon.

"Pure hangs the silver crescent
"Above the twilight wood;
"And pure the silver music
"Wakes from the marshy flood.

"O earth! with all thy transport,
"How comes it life should seem
"A shadow in the moonlight,
"A murmur in a dream?"

In another lyric he speaks of man as being a "pensioner of spring," meaning that at the spring season man receives from the gods their donation of being and inspiration. Then we should—

"Forget we are not where old joys
"Return when dawns and dreams retire;
"Make grief a phantom of regret,
"And fate the henchman of desire.

"Divorce unreason from delight;
"Learn how despair is uncontrol,
"Failure the shadow of remorse,
"And death a shudder of the soul."

(to be concluded in next issue.)

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THE PEACE PROGRAMME OF THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

In the popular mind, apparently, there is a certain amount of wonder that the Red Cross is still active—four years after the conclusion of the world war!

It is true that Red Cross Societies have, after previous campaigns, wound up their affairs and gone into retirement; but the League of Nations quickly saw that for this precedent to be followed upon the declaration of peace would amount to an international catastrophe. By Article 25 of its covenants, therefore, the League agreed to "encourage and promote the establishment and co-operation of duly authorized voluntary national Red Cross organizations having as purposes, the improvement of health, the prevention of disease, and the mitigation of suffering throughout the world."

Not only had the cream of the manhood of every nation been largely depleted by death or permanent injury; but in the course of the war it had become apparent that even in the most favored lands the standard of national health was far below what it had been imagined. Even in Canada, nearly one-half of the total number of men examined were found unfit for full military service. It seemed that the health of the world was threatened; and to those best qualified to judge, the Red Cross appeared not only the most efficient organization to combat the impending evil, but actually the only one possessed of the necessary equipment and machinery.

In most of the countries of Europe the necessity for continued efforts on the part of the Red Cross was recognized at once by the general public, and every section of the community has given its active co-operation.

In Canada, where, fortunately, the ravages of the war are felt less severely, the necessity for Red Cross work in times of peace is not so easily apparent, so that it may be wise to enumerate a few of the conditions which the Society has set itself to combat.

One of the most important is the lack of provision for the needs of mothers and children in thinly settled districts. In one Canadian province it was reported that out of more than 5,000 births in such districts during one year, only one case in 12 received medical attention, while, in the same province during the year 1919, out of every thousand babies born, 110 died during the following twelve months. Most of these deaths were due to lack of care at birth, and to ignorance on the part of the mothers, so that they might have been prevented.

There is much to be done, too, in the matter of fighting tuberculosis, and venereal diseases, both of which have spread alarmingly during the years of war. Dental clinics for children are needed in the larger centres. Sanitation needs reform in many provinces—so far as regards the outlying districts: provision must be made for the health and welfare of soldier and civilian settlers, and a number of similar problems must be considered and solved.

In British Columbia the peace work of the Red Cross has gone steadily ahead, and though little of the activities of the Society is known generally, much has been accomplished outside the cities. Nursing centres have been established in various localities, and the Red Cross nurses in charge of these have been able to do a most valuable work in ameliorating the lot of those who would otherwise have been without skilled attention during sickness, as well as in improving the tone of the communities generally.

Home nursing classes have been established in newly settled districts, and have been attended by women who, in many cases, have come from a considerable distance to obtain the benefits of the teaching. Although a nominal fee is supposed to be charged for this tuition, it not infrequently happens that the nurse in charge finds that her scholars are not in a position to pay, and in such cases she has full power to

carry on the classes gratis. No woman is ever denied participation in this aid to self-help simply because she lacks financial means. In the space of a short article it is not possible to deal fully with this section of the Red Cross programme; but it has already proved a tremendous success, and is spoken of enthusiastically by those for whom it has been designed. Mrs. Anna M. Stabler, Directress of Nursing to the Society, has a number of very human stories which have been brought to her notice through this phase of her duties.

In the larger cities the Red Cross endeavours to assist existing bodies in fighting disease and improving the general welfare, and if it happens that none such have been organized, gladly undertakes to inaugurate the work.

A few years ago the Provincial Division of the Red Cross endowed a chair of Public Health at the University of B. C., at the same time offering a prize of \$100 for the nurse taking the highest honors in her course. The prize this year was won by Miss J. Johnstone, and this young lady immediately entered the service of the Society, as did also four other of the year's graduates. This shows the thoroughness with which the Red Cross endeavours to ensure that its nurses shall be of the highest possible degree of efficiency.

Very briefly this is the peace programme of the Provincial Red Cross; but there still remains the after-care of returned and disabled soldiers, particularly those who are still in hospitals or nursing institutions. There are many in Tranquille Sanatorium, in Essondale, and in Shaughnessy Hospital, and these are the direct charges of the Red Cross, all their clothing and comforts being looked after by the Society.

As giving some idea of the work done in this direction, it may be mentioned that during the months of February, March and April, 698 parcels of candies, fruit, tobacco, etc., were distributed among the military patients at Essondale alone, beside which there were given out 276 other parcels filled according to individual requirements. The ladies who had charge of this work gratefully acknowledge that they were helped greatly by those members of the public who were kind enough to contribute magazines, etc.

With a knowledge of the foregoing facts, it is not difficult to see that so far from its work being finished with the cessation of the war, the Red Cross actually had only commenced its real task.

—H. R. F.

GEO. T. WADDS

PHOTOGRAPHER

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CANADIAN AUTHORS' ASSOCIATION.

(From Page 4)

and constitution of its membership, which he said now included about five hundred working authors and four hundred associate members doing more or less writing also. At the close of his remarks and following the toast of "the King," he read telegrams from the authors' associations of France and the United States, conveying their good wishes.

Paul Emile Naggiar, Consul General for France, upon being called upon to speak for his country, spoke in French and expressed his appreciation of the objects of the Canadian Authors' Association. He represented a country, he said, that in the last thousand years or so had done not a little in the cause of literature. We did not all understand what he said, but he was very generally applauded all the same, as from his expression and intonation it was evident that he was saying something pleasant and complimentary.

Sir George Foster, after a veiled threat to speak for an hour or so on the tariff, branched off pleasantly on the wonderful development of radio-telephony and the possible effects that it might have on the profession of authorship. He suggested that, ere long, authors would be reading their works aloud to millions of listeners-in, and sounded a note of warning to the publishers present that this might have a very serious effect on their end of the game.

Turning from jest to earnest, he then made a strong plea for a distinctive Canadian literature imbued with a high idealism. He spoke in strong deprecation of the unpleasant and decadent tone to be found in much of the modern fiction. Canada, he claimed, offered a great wealth of subject matter for the writer, and, with great eloquence and minute detail, he went on to describe the romance to be found in the titanic struggle involved in the passage of the seasons, the retreat of summer before the winter's snow and ice, and then again the triumphant return of spring and summer. Although the chairman had suggested ten or twelve minutes in his opening remarks as the maximum of time allowed to each speaker, Sir George had used up about forty-five when he sat down, but the time was excellently spent.

The Vancouver branch was well represented on the toast list by Judge Howay and Mrs. George Black. The former spoke eloquently on the opportunities presented by the West as a field for literary endeavour, and gave an interesting and racy account of the literary work that was being done in British Columbia, making special mention, among others, of the poetry and novels of Mrs. MacKay, Mr. MacBeth's "History of the Mounted Police," and the poems of Mrs. Lefevre. He also referred in very fitting and appropriate terms to Miss Marjorie Pickthall and her connection with British Columbia, where she had made her home. He seemed to strike a responsive note and light up reminiscent gleams in the eyes of many by his reference to our Secretary, Mr. Bertrand Sinclair's recent story in "McLean's Magazine," "Yeo, ho, ho, and a Bottle of Rum." (The banquet, of course, was a strictly teetotal one.)

Mrs. Black spoke most pleasingly of the bigness and freedom of the West, and tendered to those present an invitation to come to the Yukon, closing with a quotation from Service's poem, "The Call of the Wild," which she delivered with telling effect.

One of the most interesting features of the banquet was the reading by Mrs. Winifred Reeve, of Calgary (Onoto Watanna), of a story out of her own experiences as a young girl breaking into the writing game in New York.

Mr. Hugh Eayrs, President of the MacMillan Company, Toronto, spoke as representing the publishers, and J. Vernon MacKenzie, editor of "MacLean's," spoke for the editors. The latter gave some interesting particulars in regard to his own magazine.

Miss de Lisle, of Montreal, addressed the gathering in

French in regard to what was being done in a literary way by the French-speaking people of Canada, and concluded with the reading of a French poem, but as it was not read very loudly, and your delegates were all at the extreme other end of the room, all we can say about it was that it was rich and sonorous in its tonal qualities and pleasingly rhythmical in its cadence.

A pleasant ceremony marked the close of the banquet, when Mr. Sandwell was presented with a handsome travelling bag in consideration of his good work as Secretary of the Association. Dr. W. T. Allison, of Winnipeg, made the presentation in a humorous strain, and the recipient replied in a similar vein. The possibility of the bag being used for illicit purposes seemed to cause Dr. Allison some anxiety, which, however, Mr. Sandwell did his best to allay. Yet the fact that he lived in Quebec, but had frequently to make journeys into Ontario, appeared to offer temptations which even he himself seemed to feel might possess some power.

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INJUNCTION TO OUR READERS



SOME THOUGHTS ON IMMIGRATION.

(From Page 1)

ber is that it is not wealth nor power that determines our future, but the character of the citizens we create. How are we facing this biological problem involved in immigration? We admit within the boundaries of our land peoples from every nation under the sun, and at first we erect barriers between them and ourselves, but sooner or later these disappear and we find that, in spite of antipathies to racial mixtures the newcomers have become naturalized, then land-owners, and finally have taken our children or our children's children in marriage. An American writer on this subject says: "From the amalgamation of good races, good results may be expected, but fusion with inferior races, while it may help to raise the lower race, will pull the higher one down." Now, no race has a monopoly of good qualities so we have no right to assume that in all respects we are superior to other races, but we have the privilege of determining who shall be admitted to our country, and how many allowed to share it with us. In the face of the foreign invasion which is likely to sweep over our land, in the very near future, selective immigration is the most important problem to be dealt with by those of us who look to the future welfare of our country. President Roosevelt, when strongly advocating a great movement for the conservation of the natural resources of the United States maintained that selective immigration was second only to conservation in its importance for the well-being and prosperity of future generations.

Restrictive Measures.

Experience has taught us here, as it did the people of the neighboring republic, the necessity of placing restrictions on immigration. The present Immigration Act prohibits the entry into the country of all persons mentally or physically defective, criminals, prostitutes and anyone suffering from a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease. This is as it should be, but do we show wisdom in the choice of persons otherwise eligible? Statistics show that in New York, in crimes of violence kidnapping and blackmailing, the Italians lead. In crimes such as robbery, larceny and receiving stolen goods, the Russians and Poles are conspicuous. And in white slavery and prostitution the Hebrews are prominent. I wonder if other large cities would show similar conditions. Of course, cities on the Pacific coast are troubled with illicit drug selling and gambling, but these crimes are laid at the door of the Chinese.

Canadian Immigration "Facts and Figures" show that the largest number of immigrants come to Canada from the very countries of the peoples mentioned above. Italians, 121,507; Russians 97,264; Hebrews, 76,114; Chinese, 37,913; and Poles, 35,265. It is impossible to say to what extent these particular crimes in these races can be regarded as due to bad heredity, and to what degree it is the result of bad education and environment. No race can lay claim to perfection. We produce our own criminals as well as import them.

Must Select Carefully.

But the statistics given above prove the necessity of greater carefulness in the selection of aliens presenting themselves at our portals for admission, and the necessity of excluding more effectively those who are likely to cause a deterioration in the future citizens of this land.

Japanese Good Record.

During an interview with the authorities in Vancouver, the question, "Which alien countries provided us with the least criminals? Which are the most advanced from the standpoint of cleanliness? Which are the most law-abiding and make the best citizens?" brought the answers, "Japan and the Japanese." Surely there are some countries in the West from which we could attract immigrants whose reputation would equal that of those who come from the Far Eastern Island Empire! It will be remembered that after the war

broke out, England received into her bosom, with a generous lack of discrimination, a large number of refugees, amongst whom were many criminals. Mr. Harry Wilson, a well-known lawyer, who has appeared in many of the most remarkable trials of the past generation, made the following statement: "I do not wish to particularize the countries which enjoy the unenviable distinction of being the birthplaces of these human pests, but I should like to say that during thirty years' experience in criminal courts I have never yet seen a Japanese in the criminal dock." The Japanese population in England is never at any time very great, but nearly 20,000 have been admitted into Canada, and we find that they have here, too, practically the same admirable record. How many of us really know why the Japanese have desired to emigrate to Canada? It is an attractive, healthful and beautiful country, the climate in British Columbia is not unlike their own. Many Japanese who came in the early days have made good homes and the relatives now seek admission. But these are only minor reasons.

Land Monopoly and Land Hunger.

The real one is found in the question of "Land monopoly and land hunger," or the question of the distribution of the world's habitable surface among the nations or races. As the art of navigation developed into a high degree of efficiency, the ends of the earth were brought together, and Europeans, through exploitation and conquest, took to themselves the continents and islands of the world. Today almost nine-tenths of the land area of the world is occupied or controlled by the Caucasian race. They number about 625,000,000, but they have under their control no less than 46,000,000 square miles of territory. Asia has a population of over 918,000,000, and yet they control only a little less than 7,000,000 square miles, because India, Tonking, Cochin China, Cambodia, Annam, Tibet, Hongkong, Macao and other Asiatic territories have passed under the sway of Caucasian peoples. Of course Asiatics continue to occupy the places mentioned, but the European controllers, by reason of their priority and their wealth, have so firmly entrenched themselves that non-Caucasian outsiders have small chance of competing with them in commercial enterprises.

Leaving colonies out of the question, the most densely populated colonial nations are Belgium with 659 inhabitants to the square mile, Holland with 474, England with 370, Japan with 356, Italy with 316, Germany with 310, and France with 193. But these European countries have extensive colonies with vast unoccupied areas to receive their surplus population, which also contain abundant natural resources to be utilized for the benefit of the mother lands. Whilst Japan shelters 356 people per square mile in a land, the geological formation of which is such that only 16 per cent. of the total area is fit for cultivation and over 70 per cent. is mountain and forest.

A Serious Problem.

It is true that Japan recently acquired 95,700 square miles of colonial territory, but these lands are already thickly pop-

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Page Sixteen

ulated. Thus the problem facing the Island Empire of the Far East of finding a place in the sun for her overplus sons and daughters is a serious one. Within the last fifty years her population has nearly doubled, and, at the present time, is increasing at the rate of nearly 700,000 per annum. The whole of Manchuria is now open to her immigrants, but the Manchurian farmer is one of the best intensive farmers in the world, and he can do more work and live more cheaply than any Japanese immigrant who may be induced to brave the rigours of the Manchurian climate. Australia has always kept her doors closed tight against the Japanese, and Californians are erecting insurmountable walls around themselves, and adopting a hide-bound policy of exclusion against them, and we, who are clamouring for more and more immigrants to fill the unoccupied places in our Dominion, bring in Mennonites and Doukhobors and other peoples from Europe who cause us trouble and anxiety, and we try to keep out those who are spoken of in the highest terms by the authorities as being a polite, thrifty and law-abiding people.

Some Suggestions.

As aliens arrive, before admitting them to the country, we take necessary precautions to exclude the maimed, the halt and the blind, lunatics, people with contagious diseases, and moral lepers. But are the Canadian men and women, who secure these immigrants for us, well versed in all matters pertaining to their own homeland? And are they familiar with the language, customs, habits, institutions and religions of the people they send to us as future citizens? Unless they are proficient in all the issues of the question, how are they able to judge whether the applicants for entry will make the best or the worst citizens?

Then, again, after these immigrants are permitted to enter Canada, is our present system of dealing with them the best possible? Canadians in comparison with other peoples, enjoy a wonderful freedom, and we offer it in its entirety to the newly arrived, who are not familiar with liberty of this kind.

Formation of Isolated Groups Objectionable.

Most of them have been accustomed to strict oversight by officials in their own land, but we leave them to their own resources, with the result that they form little Italies, Hungaries, Russias, Japans and Chinas right in our midst, where they live, speaking their own language, following their own customs and not in any way attempting to become proper citizens of Canada.

We have a right to insist on immigrant aliens measuring up to a certain standard of education, habits and cleanliness. And they should not only be persuaded to conform to the customs of our country, but be obliged to do away with those of their own, which are objectionable and offensive to the citizens who do live up to the required standard.

If Canada could take a more personal interest in the peoples she receives from other lands, and adopt a more motherly attitude in her dealings with them, teaching, guiding and advising them, holding them by the hand, as it were, until they are able to walk alone, the immigration problem would become less of a nightmare to us. If only we have the wisdom to exclude henceforth all immigrants of inferior calibre, and to nourish properly those we do admit within our boundaries, Canada may be the scene of the greatest human evolution which the modern world has witnessed.

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