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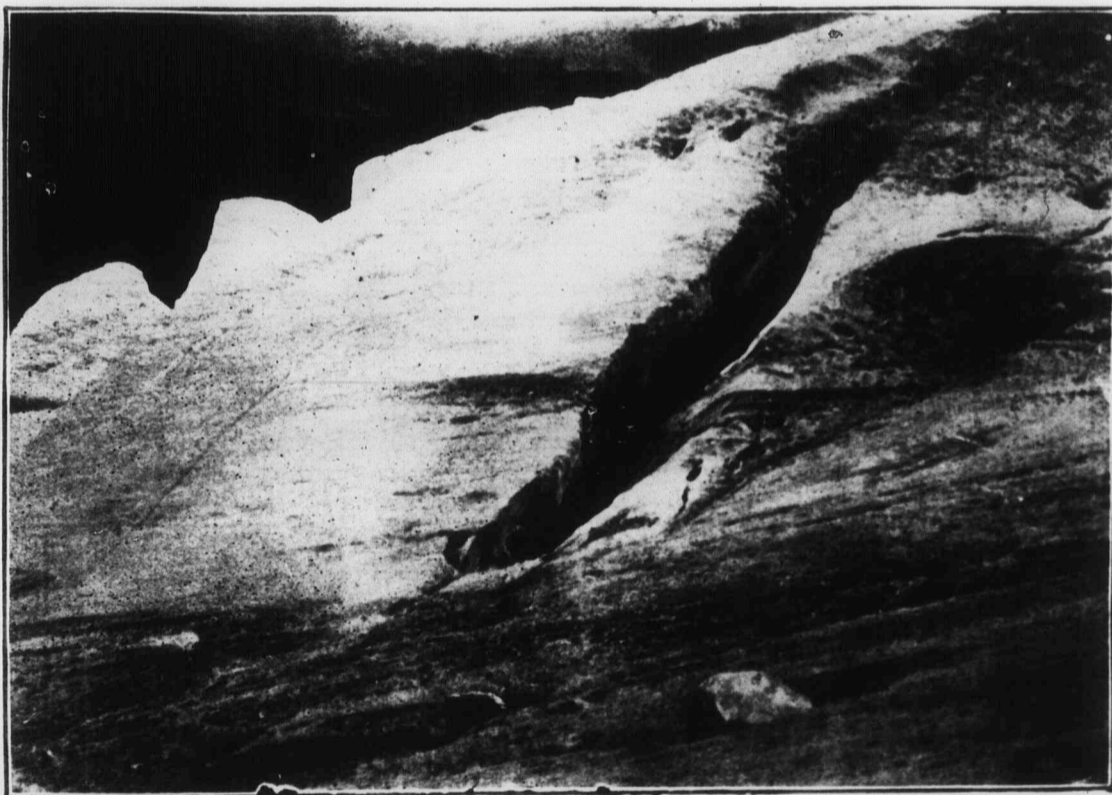
MONTHLY

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Volume XXII

July, 1924

No. 6



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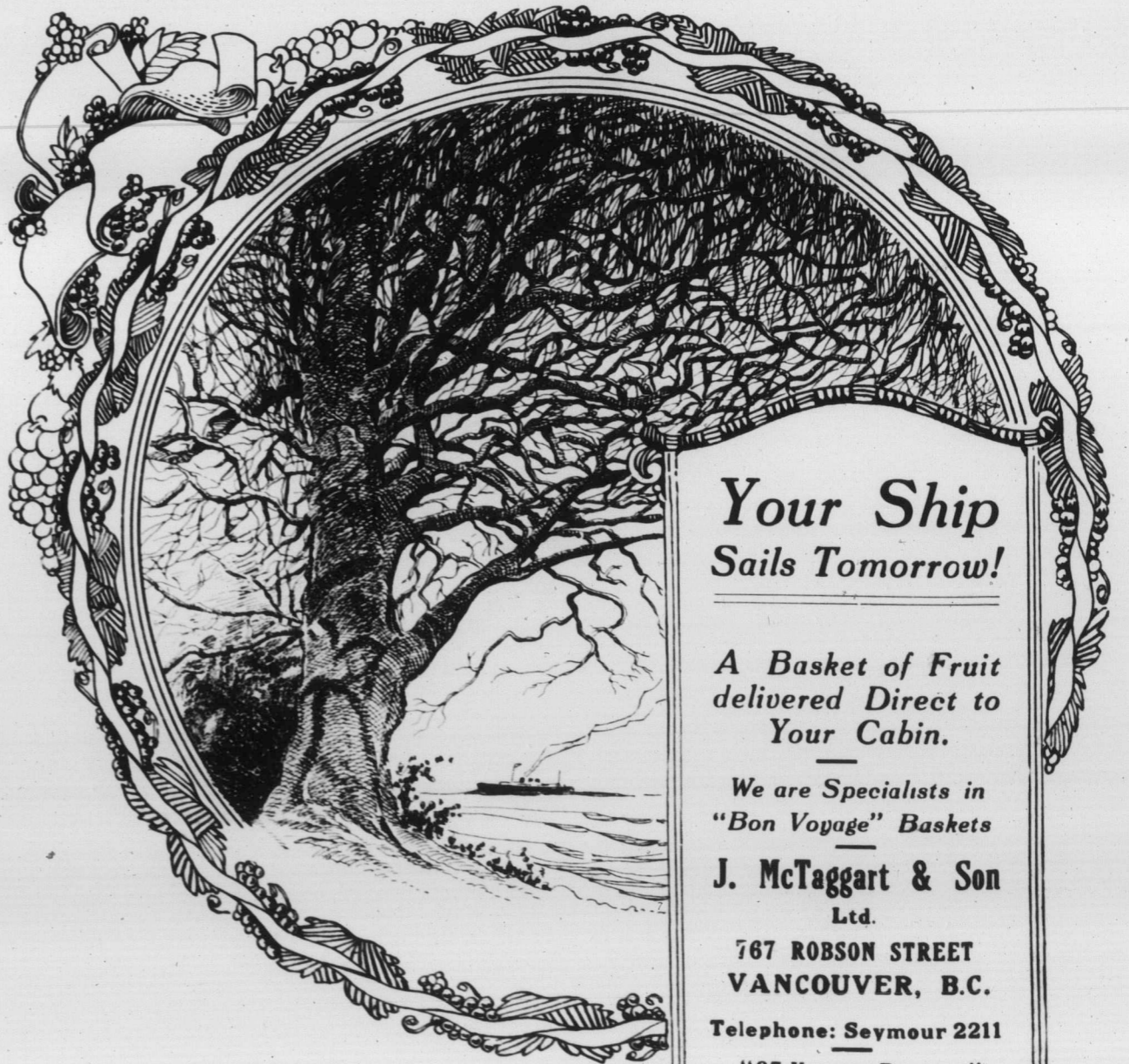
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VOLUME XXII.

JULY, 1924

No. 6

Educational Notes

(By Spectator)

A spirit of steadily rising optimism once more pervades the atmosphere of business life in Vancouver. The rapidly increasing commerce of the port, and the present very active preparations for still greater expansion in the immediate future, might of itself be sufficient to explain this optimism. But further grounds can easily be cited. The erection of new business blocks, the sight of apartment houses, large and small, in all stages of building progress, and the constant appearance of new individual dwelling-houses in every part of the city, proves that capitalists have faith that the wants of a largely increased population will soon have to be met.

* * * * *

It is the duty of public bodies to read these signs of the times, and to act accordingly. Hence the consideration given by the city council to street improvement, sewerage and water problems. Hence the forward movement of the B. C. Electric Company in regard to questions of transportation, lighting and heating. Hence the submission of money by-laws by the School Board to provide adequate accommodation for the present school population and the new battalions of boys and girls about to demand admission to our classrooms.

* * * * *

It is ten or twelve years since the ratepayers voted approval of any expenditure on school capital account, and during this time the enrollment of pupils has increased by fifty per cent. Fortunately, before the date mentioned, provision had been made in advance for increase in school population, and many vacant classrooms awaited the coming of new pupils and teachers. These vacant classrooms have all been filled; boys and girls have been crowded into attics and basements, regardless of the menace to health or the danger from fire: grounds needed for play have been cluttered up with temporary one-room buildings leading to class isolation and the overtaxing of sanitary accommodation; the half-time system has been adopted for classes of beginners, to the great detriment of their physical and mental progress.

* * * * *

Once more the school board has made appeal for a modest sum on capital account that it might begin to remedy the evils now existing, and prevent their aggravation in time to come. Every ratepayer, whether or not he has children of his own, might well have held it his duty and his privilege to vote in favor of the by-laws. The annual charge for sinking-fund and interest would scarcely have been felt in a day's expenditure by the ordinary taxpayer.

* * * * *

In casting the ballot no true man or woman should permit sectional or narrowly selfish interest to actuate him. Even had the by-laws passed, it is obvious that increased accommodation in every district of the city could not be provided in a single year. The various districts should have their needs attended to in turn, those most congested being first served.

* * * * *

It must be noted, to, that the school board had no thought of establishing a new high school. The new high school building, for which money was asked, is needed to house the pupils

of the King George high school, since the building on the Dawson school grounds, at present occupied by them, is required for the increasing numbers of primary pupils, and for the use of the Junior high school.

We hear a great deal on every side about the duty we owe to advertise the attractions of our city. No form of advertising is more effective than a sufficient number of proper buildings in which to educate the children of the people whom we are inviting to make their homes with us. We can only hope that before another vote is called for a larger number of the citizens will be awake to the conditions and the clamant need for action.

* * * * *

To influence the individual voter in the recent election the respective parties were dependent on organization, and made free use of publicity on the platform, in the press, and, not least, on the every voter canvass.

Vancouver ratepayers have also been confronted with the submission to them of another issue, viz., the passing of by-laws to raise money to increase our present inadequate school accommodation. The result has been disappointing—to say the least. To secure the passage of these by-laws next time the promoters might well take a leaf from the book of the politicians. Organization is already to hand in the numerous Parent-Teachers' associations in the city. In past by-law campaigns they have labored with enthusiasm, but without the required measure of success. One means they have never tried,—the every voter canvass. With so many branch associations, and so many members in each branch, the task should be far from insuperable. The success of their efforts might well astonish even themselves.

* * * * *

The efforts of the Vancouver School Board and of many other bodies to induce the provincial government to arrange for an educational survey of the province have at last borne fruit. Through the Superintendent of Education the government announced that the survey would be carried out. No fair-minded person will seek to deny that our present educational system is a good one, or that our teachers are doing effective work. That is not the question. With people truly progressive "the good" must not be permitted to stand in the way of "the better."

* * * * *

The following passage, clipped from the "Argonaut," was recently published in the Vancouver "Province:"

"This is the only country in the world where men won't teach boys," declared Archbishop Hanna, speaking in New York. Here he touches a fundamental truth, and emphasizes a crying need. We have all but abandoned education, applied to the more formative years, to women. Men don't or won't teach boys. The need of boyhood is to be inspired by the qualities that imply manhood. Womanly ideals, fine as they are, are representative not of the spirit of manhood but the spirit of womanhood. Our country wants womanly spirit where it belongs: it ought not to raise up a race of femininely inspired men. Every thinking man knows this; few have had the judgment to see or the courage to declare it."

As a matter of truth men are not abandoning the teaching

profession from any inherent dislike of the work. Many good men,—men of worth and men of ability,—have in the past found the teaching of boys and girls a congenial occupation. At the present time there are men of worth and ability who cannot be driven out of the teaching profession by meagre remuneration, social neglect, cold civility, or patronizing airs. Nevertheless there is sad disproportion in the number of men giving their lives to the noblest work on earth, the work of moulding the character of boys and girls in so far as this is humanly possible. Some few men there always will be, joyously taking upon themselves this task, but their number will be tragically insufficient as long as the average man teacher is compelled to serve at an unskilled laborer's wage, and as long as men who are leaders in this profession are fortunate indeed if their monetary reward is half of that of the third-rate surgeon, barrister, or broker.

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JUNE EVENING

Deep in the orient glowing, pure is the moon's silver light,
Like a sublime water-lily afloat in a shadowless pool,
Almost the opening petals revealing her heart to the night,
Luminous, cool.

Ripples below on the ocean, gaily dispelling her beam,
Mirror a legion of footprints hasting away from our strife
Trodden by infinite armies in quest of the confines of dream,
Fleeing from life.

These are the traces remaining after the labors of men,
After their visions of beauty, after their hate and their love;

Still the divine water-lily, enfolding her secrets again,
Watches above.

—Lionel Stevenson.



INCIDENTS THAT DRAW A CROWD—1. Sign-Painting.

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Canadian Authors' Association Convention at Quebec City

ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT ROBERT J. C. STEAD,

Author of "Kitchener and Other Poems," "The Homesteaders," "The Empire Builders," Etc.

NOTE—At the third annual Convention of the Canadian Authors' Association, which was held in Quebec city on 19th and 20th May, 1924, British Columbia was represented by Judge Howay of New Westminster, Mr. Francis Dickie, author of "The Master Breed" etc., and D. A. Chalmers, editor of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY. Mr. Robert Watson, formerly of Vernon, B. C., author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentlemen," etc., was also present, but as he is now located in Winnipeg (editing "The Beaver") he must be held to represent another province.

We hope to publish additional references to this Convention. Meantime it is fitting to note that it is a reasonable assumption (though the retiring president himself does not hint at it) that Mr. Stead, as one of the leading "officers of the Association" had not a little to do with the official recognition of literature given by the Canadian Government in connection with its display at the Empire Exhibition at Wembley, London. The present government at Ottawa none the less also deserves credit for its thoughtfulness and enterprise in the matter. (Editor B. C. M.)

My first duty is to express the pleasure which I feel, and which I am sure all our visiting members feel, that we are today the guests of our friends and compatriots of the historic City of Quebec. Here, where the pioneers of Canada's physical explorations were wont to assemble in days gone by, it is appropriate that their successors, now engaged in the less strenuous but not less important business of pioneering the routes for a truly Canadian literature—a truly Canadian channel of self-expression—should gather in convention as we do today. I shall be surprised if this meeting representative of the creative literary arts, fails to give life to new impulses which will have far-reaching influences upon our national destiny.

We are particularly happy in sharing the hospitality of this ancient city with our friends of the Royal Society. We hope and confidently expect that their deliberations here this week will be upon that high plane of intellectual outlook for which their Society is so justly distinguished, and that their meeting will be blessed with rich accomplishments both on behalf of the Society and of Canada as a whole.

One regret I must express—a sincere regret that I am unable to deliver this address in that graceful tongue which would have been so much in keeping with the occasion and the place. It is the advantage of our French-speaking fellow-citizens—an advantage which I never cease to envy them—that they are able to tap the deep wells of culture of two historic languages, while we who were born to the English tongue must, in so many instances, be content with one.

Our annual meeting this year has been scheduled somewhat later in the season than on former occasions. A number of considerations led to this decision. Your Executive wished to select a date at which those members who are associated with University activities would be free to attend. They also hoped that by moving the annual meeting on into May more enjoyable weather might be experienced, so that the convention might combine the holiday spirit with its more serious purposes. And, in the present instance, they aimed to synchronize the meeting with that of the Royal Society for the convenience of a number who are members of both organizations. In making this change from past practices your Executive hope they have anticipated your wishes.

The present annual meeting marks the completion of three years of activity by the Canadian Authors Association. At the end of three years of life the Association may fairly be asked to produce evidence of its right to exist. For the first year or two any infant organization must be engaged mainly in finding its feet, but by the third year it should be getting into its stride. If it fails in that, either the organization itself was badly conceived, or it has been unfortunate in its leadership.

I shall not claim for the Canadian Authors Association any spectacular achievement, but that it has made substantial headway in its purpose I think there can be no difference of opinion. It has at least assisted in awakening Canada to a literary self-consciousness. We do not so often hear arguments today, as we did three years ago, as to whether or not there is such a thing as Canadian literature. The ground of debate has shifted. The question is no longer, "Have we a literature?" but, "What is the kind of literature which these Canadian authors are giving us?" And here perhaps I may voice a mild protest against that school of criticism which demands that we run before we walk. A few weeks ago, in an address delivered in Toronto, I made the claim that Canadian literature was, on the average, as good as the literature which is being imported into Canada. I felt that that was a reasonable claim, and that it was all that could be reasonably claimed or expected. But my remark was made the basis of a criticism which complained that Canadian literature must not be satisfied with being merely as good as the average of other lands; it must be better, before Canadians can be expected to accept it in competition with the foreign-made article. I am not aware of any other channel of endeavor in which it is demanded of a Canadian that he must produce something not merely as good as, but better than, the foreign article before he can hope for recognition in his own country. We must walk before we run, and how shall we learn to run if our critics will not let us walk? But I think this is not expressive of the attitude of Canadians generally toward their own literature. They are interested in it, and appreciative of it, and both their interest and their appreciation are rapidly increasing. I quote from one of our sanest and most constructive Canadian critics:

"I venture to say that more has been written about Canadian literature during the last three years than in the preceding thirty."

If that is so it can only mean that Canadians are awakening to the existence and the possibilities of a Canadian literature, and for this awakening I think the Canadian Authors Association may fairly claim some share of the credit.

For the three years of our existence we have been confronted with a struggle on copyright legislation. In this we have not been as successful as we could have hoped, but when we remember the power of opposing interests, and the peculiarly complicated nature of Canada's copyright problem owing to the fact that the United States has remained outside the Berne convention, our efforts have not been entirely disappointing.

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In the Wake of The Fleet

(By W. R. Dunlop)

Semper paratus! ("Always ready!") The old Latin maxim came to mind as the squadron rode at anchor in the Bay. Battlemented turrets, monster guns, intricate mechanisms clean as a pin and ready for action stirred a sense of pride and security; and the personnel in appearance and conduct suggested the kind of men who have read Nelson's signal and are ready to follow it.

It was the "Lady Alexandra's" maiden trip as we went to meet and welcome the great ships. Out in the open we were all a-tiptoe. The surroundings seemed just as usual—water, water everywhere. Suddenly, like a black shaft shot through the air, a dark object materialised, rushed furiously past us and was gone—the cut of the craft shewing the Destroyer "Patrician," like the pilot-engine of the Royal train. Gossip ceased as by magic; every eye glued on the sky-line and there at last it was unmistakable—a vague something gradually merging into vast shadowy forms, a thin thread of smoke disclosing their course. As they came nearer and the huge turrets and barbets appeared like moving fortresses we turned with the "Princess Patricia," each gay with bunting, and escorted the flagship to the mouth of the Narrows and within sound of the volleys of loud huzzahs from the crowds on shore-line and cliff. These gallant officers and men, accustomed as they are to the sights of the seven seas, must have been genuinely impressed by popular welcome and natural beauty as the giant ships wheeled gracefully round Brockton Point and into the inner harbour.

Vancouver and his wife naturally gave first thought to the "Hood" because of its place among the superlatives, and whatever the impressions they will last. Many, no doubt, with the mechanical or engineering turn of mind would glean much from a close survey and from the informative talks given with such evident knowledge by the bluejackets; but to me the main impression was of the towering strength, grim and orderly, conjoined with the kindly features which spelt a time of peace. Looking from "aloft" at the wide foredeck it was not an expanse of naked iron that met the eye but a wood floor finely seamed, suggestive of a social gathering or a merry hornpipe. Here and there in a cosy corner a tar was spinning a yarn with his mate, while others were caring for the ship's pets. Happy groups of children, fearlessly astride mighty engines of war, seemed little harbingers of a day when the lion and the lamb will walk together and a little child lead them; and down in the depths the tiny Anglican church with its altar reminded us of the fine motto of the British Navy: "Fear God: honour the king." And those great searchlights at night—how they crossed and re-crossed like Titans at play and anon swooped down to the level, picking out the wharf lounge "to the last button!" I thought of Keats: "Prithee do not turn

The current of your heart from me so soon"

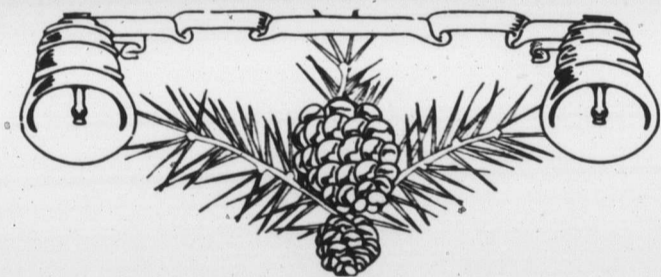
and wondered if certain amorous couples in pleasant attitudes along the waterfront felt in the same way of this sudden "current" of blaring publicity. With the aid of lively fancy, which, like humour, is of the saving salt, there was something of the war touch when, I made out the dark outline of the "Princess Charlotte" stealing quietly past the grim walls and guns of the cruiser, while those great piercing lights swept the heavens as if in search for bombing planes. And then something happened. In a moment the "Charlotte" was a phantom ship of light; in a moment all was darkness again and the ship passed on in safety, her presence and purpose signalled to the other units by those twinkling lights at the masthead that seemed to mean so little, yet meant so much. It seemed to indicate the British way: no needless destruction

of innocent vessels or again, in the hour of victory a chance of life to the fallen foe:

"Ye are brothers, ye are men
And we conquer but to save."

The mighty flagship, under whose nose I travelled daily, suggests its namesake; and it is an interesting coincidence that this year is the bicentenary of Admiral Viscount Hood's birth. It is interesting also that his main experience was in the West Indian and North American Stations, though he may have the more picturesque fame as Nelson's senior officer in the Mediterranean in 1793 around the days of the French "Terror." An old man of ninety-two when he died, he had already passed the fourscore mark—his active day's work done—when Nelson "sought out" Villeneuve in 1805, to use a characteristic British naval phrase in the recent war. Hood was of the group of "Admirals all," including Rodney, Howe and Boscawen, between the daring doughty commanders of Elizabethan times on the one hand and Nelson and his Captains on the other; while two other names in that wide span call for apt remembrance: Blake in the middle of the seventeenth century who effectively countered Van Tromp's broom with a whip, and Duncan of Camperdown in the closing years of the eighteenth who, when about to engage Admiral de Winter in battle, remarked with grim humour to his staff: "Gentlemen, you see a severe winter approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire." The temperamental quality of the naval tar which dubs him "the handy man" is reflected in this cool humour of commanders in critical hours—thus: Drake and his game of bowls on the Hoe (let us admit it, an example of folly condoned only by success); Blake and his emblematic whip in the English sea and the Zuyder Zee; Duncan and his warm winter fire; Nelson turning his blind eye to an inconvenient signal. —

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Historical association, kinship and pleasant social memories mingled in the valedictory we waved from Prospect Point in the early summer morn, while the battleships came sailing down the Narrows in perfect precision and alignment as coolly as if menaced by the guns of the Dardanelles instead of flanked in homage by Cathedral pines. Hearts were touched as the "Hood" with a fine grace rounded the Point, the marines and tars standing at attention, the band on the aft deck playing "Auld Lang Syne"; and as her flag stood out to the opening breeze from the Straits the parting thought of affectionate pride—in time of peace as in time of war—was that of a hundred years ago:

"Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze—
Your glorious standard launch again . . ."

* * * * *

EPILOGUE. The purpose in the visit of this fine squadron was not merely to give a spectacular feast or the occasion for a round of social pleasures. It was doubtless to some extent a gesture. There may have been the suggestion, though unstressed, that a great Navy, which has given us the protection under which we have the leisure to criticise, imposes a staggering burden on the Home taxpayer which ought to be

shared in ratio; but in any case there was direct import in the spoken word. With hundreds of others I was privileged to hear Admiral Field address the Canadian Club, and nothing could have been more tactful or less intrusive than the terms in which he asked Canada to look all round the question of her defence in view of the partial disarmament of the Imperial Navy. In local parlance, what are we going to do about it? If we follow the lead of a courteous critic and tell this distinguished friendly naval officer to "mind his own business" it can only mean one of two things: either that in self satisfaction we feel we have nothing to learn, or that if there be incipient danger now, or later, we would rather suffer from it than be told of it. Evidently, like the curate's egg, our code of courteous criticism is bad in spots, and the defect merits publicity, only that it may be refuted. We may assume from the courteous rejoinder that some among us delude themselves into the idea that peace has descended like dew upon the earth and that preparedness is an article in an old Order as dead as the Dodo. The visit of the fine cruiser "Adelaide"—on the way to England to be fitted with greater motive power—gave silent witness that a sister Dominion takes another view. We need not be alarmists or infuse bombast—in our case, irony—into the Kipling words "Count up your battleships"; but at least it is a wise old Latin maxim—*Semper paratus*—"Always ready!"

A Literary Tom-Tidler's-Ground

By Lionel Stevenson

The Canadian province with the greatest and most varied endowment of natural magnificence, with an individuality altogether its own, is the one which has almost entirely failed as yet to find expression in literature. While there are many people in British Columbia who can write with undeniable ability in poetry and prose, the majority of them have not attempted to interpret the distinctive scenes and conditions which abound on every hand. A setting composed of two mighty natural phenomena, the Rockies and the Pacific; industries which combine adventure and big administrative problems; a history not long but redolent of romance; a population including picturesque emissaries of many races; all these things, and more, are capable of being used with immense literary effectiveness, and British Columbia might occupy an enviable place not only in Canadian literature but in that of the world. Yet our British Columbia poets give us lyrics that might emanate from any country in which modern civilization thrives.

The province's two great boundaries, the mountains and the ocean, loom in the background of all the topics I have mentioned. The Rockies, cutting her off from the rest of Canada, have given British Columbia a history essentially different from that of Eastern provinces. All her early affairs depended on the Pacific: Vancouver's sailors replace Wolfe's soldiers, Spaniard and Russian replace Frenchman and Yankee. And her modern social and economic situation is controlled by the same factor: the Chinese and the Hindu form her chief immigration problem, her ocean traffic is extending into all the seven seas. In literature the historical theme is entirely untouched. What could be more fascinating than the little vessels venturing farther and farther into uncharted seas, sending reconnoitring parties into tortuous inlets, bursting upon virgin harbours? or the courtly interchange of challenges between British and Spanish commanders? Themes for poetry or romance crowd to the mind.

A later era in history brings grimmer scenes. The early settlers, after incredibly long and tedious sailing "around the horn" had to seek home-sites in the impenetrable forest that came down the hillsides to the rocky coastline. Through the

interior the Hudson's Bay Company traders, having explored the rivers and established the overland route, were planting their forts. Then came the gold rush, a season of vigorous exploits and unbridled passions. Successors to the miners in virility were the railway builders, and as well as the picturesque qualities in their life and work there is the larger drama in their achievement, which linked British Columbia to the East and consummated the Dominion. It is needless to dwell on the literary potentialities of every glimpse in the panorama. Yet the only books on the period are several almost forgotten novels of Sir Clive Phillips-Wolley, and a couple of volumes by D. W. Higgins in a transitional form between fiction and reminiscence which is not a great artistic success. As a curiosity may be included British Columbia's first poet, the famous Captain Jack Crawford, some of whose verses are dated from Barkerville in the sixties.

Coming to the more complex life of the present day one finds that the material for literature is more plentiful than ever. The mode of living is different from that of Eastern Canada. Establishing homesteads has never been the primary object of the inhabitants. Ever since gold-rush days, British Columbia has been the rallying-ground of those who feel the irresistible westward impulse, those roving spirits to whom settled life is intolerable. Self-confident, insouciant, they have adventured in many strange corners of the world and are still unsatiable. There is drama of another sort in the position of the new-comer. Countless families of the military and official classes have retired from lives of comparative luxury and come to the uncongenial toil of the ranch. Young Englishmen from an environment of tradition and culture, arrive to seek a competency from the land, and succeed or fail according to their natures. Apart from a few poems, such as Lloyd Roberts' "Fruit Rancher" and Phillips-Wolley's "Songs of an English Esau," these pathetic or humorous struggles, with their dramatic elements of contrast and irony, remain unrecorded.

The great industries of the province, mining, forestry and fisheries, suggest the same drama of conflict. Singly or in little bands, men match themselves against the elements or

assail the vastest fortresses of nature. The primitive terms of the contest and the primitive nomadic life entailed, reveal men's characters in the most vivid light, against a background with endless possibilities for irony or grandeur. And literature has scarcely invaded it: the mines appear in Ralph Connor's "Black Rock" and "The Prospector," the fishing and timber industries in Bertrand Sinclair's novels. The roster extends no farther.

The alert Japanese and the dignified Sikh, penetrating the industrial life of the province and adapting to it their oriental habits—always mysterious to the European—are an element in the population without a parallel elsewhere. The only book which has been devoted to them, H. Glynn-Ward's "The Writing on the Wall," being antagonistic in spirit, does not fully reveal the literary values of their anomalous presence.

The waterfront of the ports is another place of atmosphere which should provoke the imagination. The romance of trade and the far-flung contacts of the shabbiest "tramp" are in the very spirit of modern poetry. Cicely Fox-Smith recognised it during her sojourn, and Ronald Kenvyn has treated it humorously, but the true magician has not yet touched it with the wand which transmutes the neglected episodes of our daily life into the compelling glory of art. Both the waterfront theme and the oriental previously mentioned find their most adequate representations in the vivid sketches of Pollough Pogue, which merit more permanent form than the daily newspaper column.

Like everything else in the province, the Indians of British Columbia differ from those of the rest of the country. The forests and rivers, mountains and ocean, produce an entirely different mode of life from that of the plains, and as a consequence their legends and customs are peculiar to themselves. Pauline Johnson has proved the charm of these legends, and Lionel Haweis their literary power in his poem "Tsoqalem."

On the scenery of British Columbia as literary material I have not expatiated. Nature poetry flourishes in the province, but few poets have yet given us genuine pictures of Mount Robson or the Fraser canyon or the great Pacific breakers at Barkley Sound. In two or three poems Wilson MacDonald has caught something of it, and Bliss Carman's recent visits produced a series of vivid views. Otherwise, the celebration of British Columbia's natural majesty has been relegated to the railway publicity departments.

In the briefest possible space I have tried to suggest some of the splendid literary material which can be had for the asking, admirably fitted for the purposes of story, poem, or play. I can think of no other place where there is such a variety of picturesque and dramatic situations and settings, and so few literary representations of them. Mr. A. M. Stephen is preparing a collection of narrative poems of British Columbia, "The Land of Singing Waters." Let us hope that it marks the inception of an indigenous literature which will be worthy of the province and interpretative of its distinctive spirit.

The Midsummer Exhibit of the Vancouver Sketch Club

By Bertha Lewis

Self-expression is making visible the climax of each cycle of struggle as we climb the spiral leading from chaos to the stars, although during our early struggles the results may not equal the vision. That the Sketch Club is aiding many to express their vision more and more clearly is evident upon viewing the display of fine work assembled by its members.

The pictures at the Midsummer Exhibition presented an interesting study. Each picture had a message, and the writer wondered if the thoughts evoked in the mind while viewing them were similar to those the artist had as he or she painted.

"A Village in Florida," by Mrs. Bisset, is a delightful landscape in which the trees are alive with the joy of living in the sun.

"Silver Lining," by Mr. D. McEvoy, is a woodland idyl. The trout are about to jump in the stream, and there seems to be a delicious odor of leaves in the rain.

"Gates of the West," a charming bit of color beckoning us towards the setting sun, is painted by Miss Conran.

Miss Dorothy Thompson is ably represented by a portrait in oils, which is a speaking likeness of Miss E. M. Knox. This picture is most pleasing in the handling of color and texture.

"Deserted House," is the title of a sketch in oils by Miss Wake. In this picture the shadows are deep and cool, and suggestive of the desolation within.

Mrs. J. Wattie has contributed a picture of Prospect Point, a composition restful and alluring in its soft coloring. The artist has depicted a place for reverie.

Miss E. Wrigley has several compositions, one of them entitled "Spring" is a beautiful airy thing, quite exhilarating.

Mrs. Gilpin's picture, "Fishing," is a delightful study in contrasts. The seductive peace and calm of the river far back under shading trees, accentuates the mad rush of noisy waters in the foreground.

Mrs. Kayll, a colorful artist, exhibits a beautiful picture entitled, "Indian Village." It is a lovely bit of coloring ex-

pressing a delightful sense of evening.

"A Gray Day," Hatzic is by British Columbia's foremost painter of mountain scenery, Mr. T. Fripp. This composition

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shows an unusual and difficult color scheme, handled in masterly style. The landscape is swimming in a sea of violet mist, and is mirage-like in its delicacy.

A delightful and homey bit of barnyard, showing excellent drawing and coloring, is a composition by Mrs. D. McLellan. This artist also shows another adorable picture, "The Flower Garden."

Mr. Williamson's "Alpha Mountain," is typical of B.C. scenery, and is depicted with fidelity. There is a glimpse of rippling water in the foreground, reminiscent of the singing Lilloett.

A flower picture, much admired, is a composition of irises and lupins. A symphony in shades and tints of purple, in which a fascinating shaft of light gives radiance to the royal color. A group of pink roses, delicately done, is by the same artist, Mrs. Alice M. Winlow, who shows the same delicate sense of color and spiritual interpretation of Beauty in her music and lyric poems.

Mrs. I. Stephen has quite excelled her usually good work in "Youth," a composition in low relief. The salient characteristics of this excellently modelled poem are abandon and motion in the poise of the dancing figure, and the delicate rippling lines of the drapery giving the impression of transparency and motion.

Miss M. Shearman exhibits a pen and ink drawing that has a very human appeal, also a sketch entitled "Buttercups," which has individuality.

Miss J. Beldon's love of music is evident in her picture, "Sunset in Kitsilano." One feels the rhythm of the gusts of wind that are rippling the water and swaying the trees. The gulls homeward bound, suggest the storm about to break.

Miss Kirkpatrick's "Along the Shore," is a study of trees against blue water, daintily done.

A charming vista of red roofs, seen through an old world gateway, is the subject chosen by Mr. Meredith in "A Bit of Old France."

A pleasing picture with a sunny background, entitled "The Yard," is by Mrs. C. B. Jones.

Mr. John Scott has conceived a delightful composition of rain clouds wind-blown across the face of a mountain. It is called "Mountain Glory."

Miss Olander's "Road by the Sea," is delicately drawn and beautifully colored.

Miss Batiste is represented by an oil painting of Mt. Whistler as seen from Alta Lake. It is rather somber in tone, relieved where the sunlight catches a wisp of cloud.

Mrs. McKenna's sketch "On the Rideau," is an enticing river vista with a careful study of trees in the foreground.

"Fishing Village," by Mr. Mayne, is beautifully soft and cool; the neutral tints conveying the atmosphere of the seashore.

"Golden Sunset," by Major C. B. Fowler, is well named, and is a charming and realistic study of English Bay, at Sunset. There are some delicious blobs of color in it, giving the effect of sunlight skimming the tide ripples.

"Kitsilano Beach," by Mrs. Creery, is a delightful sketch in sea-opal coloring.

A picture with a bright, sunlit background, is Mrs. Schooler's "Landscape," in oils.

Mrs. Grimes shows a promising flower study of dewy pansies.

Mr. Cowper has contributed an oil painting full of life, called "The Clipper." It is a fine study of windy cloud, choppy sea, and a clever effect of light upon the sails.

"Grouse Mountain," by Mr. Read, is an effective bit of coloring—soft and hazy.

Mrs. Verral exhibits three sketches in a very broad style.

Mrs. Downie's offering is a misty sketch of sky and sea.

"Arcadian Interval" is the appropriate title of Dr. Gladwin's picture. White clouds rush upward from the horizon; and the daisy field is evidence of unlimited patience.

In all the varied mediums and subjects used as a means of self-expression, is it not the underlying impulse of emotion that most appeals to us? We know these artists like Shelley's poet, have watched

" from dawn to gloom
The Lake reflected-sun illumine
The Yellow bees in the ivy bloom;
Nor heed nor see what things they be,
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality."

A Day Up Jervis Inlet

Most people are familiar with the saying, attributed originally to a Scottish Judge, that when there are causes for complaint or grounds for blame, "a Corporation has neither a body to kick nor a soul to damn." On the other hand, in the life and work of big institutions, and the workers associated with them, there is often, from the public side, a corresponding ignorance of the individual men who are responsible for the inauguration of beneficial policies or pleasant programmes arranged "pro bono publico."

That such an outing as the "Jervis Inlet" one arranged by the C. P. R. Steamship department is "for the good of the public" is none the less true though (under our present economic system) it must be provided on some business basis. And it may be noted at once that that basis can hardly be held anything but modest as rates and charges go in this country, for it represents only two dollars per adult for the full day's sail.

Without having made any special investigation, official or otherwise, we think it in place to note that we have reason to believe that the idea of experimenting with the "Jervis Inlet" outing originated in the Pacific Coast office. Whether or not the name of the Company's officer who first voiced the suggestion is published, we have no doubt he already has the satisfaction—sometimes the only satisfaction assured public benefactors—of knowing that his idea was well worth while, and is repeatedly resulting in a whole clock's round of restful, happy hours to hundreds of citizens.

We have made no curious inquiries as to what the C. P. R. contemplate arranging next year, but we should not be surprised if Jervis Inlet soon becomes a regular scheduled outing once or twice every week throughout the summer season—just as we may also look for a regular "Round Vancouver Island" trip to supplement the present attractive one confined to the West Coast of Vancouver Island.

But whatever the powers-that-be of the "C. P." may think fit to plan, we can here, without qualification, assure all western citizens and visitors to Vancouver, that if their summer holidays, or stay in Vancouver, at all permit of their "taking in" the Jervis Inlet outing, they should on no account miss it.

Provisions for lunch and afternoon tea can be carried, and the refreshment department of the boat, while not supplying "dinners," undertake independently to provide light lunches or afternoon tea.

The outstanding attraction of this outing, next to the fresh air, grandeur of scenery, etc., is the COMPLETE RESTFULNESS that may be enjoyed. The probability is that most people will find acquaintances and friends on board. But of course, unless there has been something of pre-arrangement about the outing between or among such friends, no one expects to be under obligation to spend more than a short period with another, much less to share the pic-nic baskets that the fore-thoughted may have brought.

On a recent trip the "Princess Adelaide" was well filled, not to say fairly crowded, with at least two-thirds of a thousand

and passengers. In such a company it may seem that it would be difficult to have quiet, but that, after all, depends mainly on individual choice. In the saloon music may be indulged in the live-long day by those so inclined, but on the upper deck and elsewhere there are corners and spaces (between life-boats, etc.) where those inclined to undisturbed reading or "calm contemplation and poetic ease," may recreate body and mind and spirit.

The scenery up Jervis Inlet, like so much in this great farthest west province of the British Empire, is so majestic and inspiring that the writer is not even to attempt to select adjectives to describe it. Probably the best and most any one can do is to repeat the invitation, short and simple, yet with a wealth of personal conviction behind it—"Come and see!"

In addition to all the attractions of nature and the tranquility that may be inseparably associated with such an outing there may be unexpected and all-the-more happy incidents awaiting one. For instance it was the writer's lot to get into conversation with an acquaintance, one of the "Old-timers" of western Canada, who related not a few of his earlier experiences in this spacious country—before Vancouver city existed! . . . In imagination one could follow him in his narrative and, aided by some practical personal experience on "the

trail," fairly understand the interests and delights of those earlier years.

Incidentally we may note that the gentleman in question is just one of those Vancouver citizens to whose story of pioneering days in the city or throughout the West, we hope to give a place of record in this Magazine.

But while we pondered on the pictures of the past as portrayed by the imagination from the narrative of that modest sharer in Empire-building, we could not but reflect that such occasional trips as those of these years up Jervis Inlet will, in all probability, soon also pass into the historic. For as knowledge of Canada and the Canadian West particularly becomes more widely diffused, it is practically certain that such outings will not only be more frequent, but that hotels or summer resorts—if not also more "Watering-places"—will spring up at this point and that, to provide more quiet resting-places for the toilers of the towns and other travellers tired of the ceaseless noises of the city.

* * * * *

We had almost forgotten to note that among the voluntary exclamations of pleasure and appreciation unavoidably overheard, was one from a lady—evidently a stranger from South of "the Line"—who said: "I cannot get over the beautiful cleanliness of everything about this ship." (D. A. C.)

RADIO

By Tykler Koyle

Radio Broadcasting has already proved of considerable benefit to numerous municipal and Governmental Departments.

Our own British Columbia Forestry Branch makes excellent use of this means of instructing the public, a course of lectures having been given, describing the variety of work connected with the vast timber lands of British Columbia under their control. Warnings are also being broadcasted urging the great need for caution when lighting fires in the bush, and describing the disastrous results and appalling losses incurred by carelessness.

* * * * *

Many who listened to these talks remarked how much more entertaining and impressive it was to hear these instructive lectures given by radio by experts of the department, than to have read them. But of course both methods are of service.

A number of Police Departments on this continent are finding Radio a useful and up-to-date addition to their equipment for quickly getting on the track of auto thieves and other slick moving criminals. The numbers of stolen cars, description of criminals, and other details can be quickly broadcasted over a large area.

* * * * *

In Philadelphia, Police autos are fitted with receiving apparatus, which enable the occupant to keep in constant touch and be furnished with directions for their movements, from headquarters. The Traffic departments in our cities could do a service to the public by an educational course of Radio talks on Traffic Regulation. A large proportion of our population especially in the cities are able to drive an auto, therefore should be interested; but, comparatively few know much about the correct rules of the road.

We don't suggest that Radiophans are all in the class that don't know the rules, but there are pedestrians as well as auto users that should profit by some timely words from traffic experts.

"Listening in" has a fascination to most people, even burglars cannot escape its gripping clutches, and though the Radiophone is not yet sold as a burglar alarm, it has been known to act as an efficient man-trap, in a case where the thief was caught while in the act of listening in just before he timed to depart with the valuables he had collected from the home of the owner of the Radio set.

The following might not appeal to this burglar but should apply to most other listeners in:— When you hear an entertainment over the Radiophone, that you enjoy, don't neglect to let the performing artists know of your appreciation.

Remember they are mostly performing before a transmitter which is a perfectly solemn and silent instrument whose only redeeming feature as an audience is, its inability to throw rotten eggs!

If the entertainers deserve your applause don't leave them in doubt as to your appreciation by remaining silent.

* * * * *

AERIALS

Many beginners with Radio have difficulty in deciding the style of antennae to use.

Usually best results can be obtained by an outdoor aerial 100 to 150 feet long, including lead in. A single copper wire about No. 14, stretched tightly between insulators and kept about 35 feet high and clear of trees or buildings gives good results.

Don't run aerial parallel to electric wires.

If you cannot get required length in one straight run try an L shaped or use two or three parallel wires to make up the total length. In the latter case keep the wires 18 inches or two feet apart and stretched tightly.

Generally speaking a long high aerial gives louder signals, but is more susceptible to interference than the short low aerial which is more selective but has weaker signals.

* * * * *

BROADCASTING SONGS OF BRITAIN'S BIRDS

Broadcasting the songs of some of the wonderful singing birds of Britain has been tried with considerable success. The warblings of the Nightingale have been heard in many countries with the Broadcast by direct wire from the bird in its native bush, sent out by the 2LO station, London.

Psychic Developments: A "Wireless" Lecture

As Delivered by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Through the British Broadcasting Station on May 20th, 1924.

(NOTE:—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle visited Vancouver last year, and showed photographs, taken under test conditions, of ectoplasmic images, (sometimes rather loosely spoken of as spirit photographs).

In this "wireless" lecture by Sir Arthur he describes ectoplasm as the basis of psychic phenomena. Because of the increasing interest manifested in the subject, we gladly give space to this lecture, to which our attention has been specially called.)
(Editor B. C. M.)

"It is a very pleasant thing to talk about a subject in such a way that no one can contradict you. However, I do not intend to abuse my opportunity, but I will confine myself to what may be fairly called the scientific side of the subject. If there should be any demand for it I will on some later occasion touch on more vital matters.

I will talk tonight about that strange substance known as Ectoplasm, and I will venture upon a prophecy. It is that if the last fifty years have been largely devoted to protoplasm, the basis of animal life, the next fifty will be largely devoted to ectoplasm, the basis of psychic phenomena.

Many who have not experimented with it will even now deny its existence. As I have repeatedly seen it, and on one occasion had it in my hand, I am as sure of it as I am of anything. But the name ectoplasm was given to it by Charles Richet, the Professor of Physiology at the University of Paris, and one of the great thinkers of the world. Such a godfather does not give a name unless he is quite sure that there is a baby. I admit that the facts seem quite incredible, but they are not more incredible than this very wireless which we are now using would have seemed a few short years ago.

There are certain people in the world who have the power under proper conditions of throwing out from their bodies a whitish vapour which is capable of solidifying into a solid substance. That substance, whether vapour or solid, is ectoplasm.

We know now, after exhaustive experiments, certain definite facts about this substance.

The first serious experiments were carried out by a French lady, Madame Bisson, the widow of the well-known journalist, Adolph Bisson. Her subject, or medium, was called Eva Carriere, or Eva C. Madame Bisson took Eva C. completely under her charge, so that she could control her and safeguard herself against fraud. In the experiments which followed she was helped by a German man of science. Dr. Schrenck-Notzing, of Munich. These two worked together for five years, and their results are destined, I think, to be the basis, not of one, but of several new sciences.

Their method was to make Eva C. change all her garments under supervision. She was then taken into the experimental room, to which she had access at no other time. At one end of this room was a small space shut in by curtains at the back and sides and top, but open in front. This is called the cabinet, and the object of it is to concentrate the ectoplasmic vapour in one place and prevent it from diffusing itself all over the room. Eva was placed in a chair, where she went into a trance. The lights were then turned down, save for a small red light. The reason of this was that experience has

The cello was the instrument used to bring Mr. Nightingale up to concert pitch.

* * * * *

We suppose it would be a drum-stick that would be used to prod Mr. (or is it Mrs.?) Rattlesnake to give such a rattling good performance on a broadcasting station down south recently.

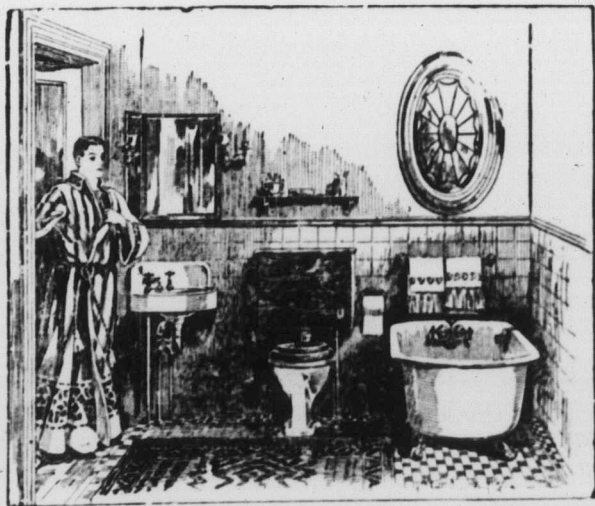
shown that white light dissolves ectoplasm. It is a purely chemical reason, like that which prevents a photograph from being developed in white light. Several photographic cameras were then trained upon the cabinet, and pictures were taken by flashlight without warning so as to show what was going on. A large number of scientific men were admitted to the experiments, that they might confirm the fact that all possible precautions were taken.

The results are shown in Madame Bisson's wonderful book which contains some two hundred photographs. First you see fleecy clouds of vapour. Then you see, incredible as it may sound, that these clouds take shape, that they form faces or limbs, sometimes very crude, sometimes perfectly formed. Finally that a whole body may be built up from the ectoplasm, and that this body may resemble someone who is dead—Mr. Bisson in one instance—and may have the power to move, to walk and even to speak. In my recent book I have told in detail how I have myself spoken with ectoplasmic images.

The fact is beyond dispute. It has been confirmed since by Schrenck-Notzing in the case of the medium Stanislaw, the medium Willy S., and several others. Dr. Geley, of Paris,

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obtained a series of similar results with Eva, which have been published, with photographs. Afterwards he got even more wonderful results with Franek Kluski, a Polish gentleman, where the ectoplasmic figures were so solid that he was able to take a mould of their hands in paraffin. These paraffin gloves, which I have seen and handled, are so small at the wrist opening that the hand could not possibly have been withdrawn without breaking the brittle mould. It could only have been done by dematerialisation—no other way is possible. These experiments were conducted by Geley, Richet and Count Grammont, three very competent men. In the course of these experiments the stuff was examined chemically and microscopically. The former examination gave roughly the constituents of the human body. The latter showed a mucoid substance. It was already known that it was from the mucoid surfaces of the body that it is largely drawn, as is shown in the photographs.

Another series of experiments were carried out by Dr. Crawford, of Belfast, whose name, will live in the science of the future. He got his ectoplasm from a medium named Kathleen Goligher. In this case the stuff did not take the form of faces, but rather of rods and lines of energy, so that Crawford, a skilful engineer, could work out the laws which govern such phenomena. He took three years over his research, and has published it in two volumes which will, I think, be classic. He showed that all the curious physical sounds and effects of the seance room depend upon this substance. What the intelligence is which directs the substance is, of course, another matter. He conducted his experiments with his medium and occasionally his circle, all seated on weighing chairs with dials. In this way he showed two remarkable facts. One, that the medium as she extruded ectoplasm lost in weight, even to the extent of twenty or thirty pounds, which returned when the stuff was reabsorbed. The other was that everyone else in the circle also lost weight, showing that all contributed ectoplasm and that a physical medium is only a person who has more than others.

Since then ectoplasm has been demonstrated in solid form

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to one hundred picked men, including twenty-six professors, by Dr. Schrenck-Notzing, and to forty representative men by Geley, all being quite satisfied. We can say then that there is no doubt of its existence. It cannot, however, be produced to order. It is a delicate operation which may fail. Thus several experimenters, notably a small Committee of the Sorbonne, did fail. We have learned that it needs the right men and the right conditions, which conditions are mental and spiritual, rather than chemical. Thus a harmonious atmosphere will help, while a carping, antagonistic atmosphere will hinder or totally prevent its appearance. In this it shows its spiritual affinities and that it differs from a purely physical product.

What is it? It takes shapes. Who determines the shape? Is it the mind of the entranced medium? Is it the mind of the observer? Is it some independent mind? Among the experimenters we have a material school who urge that we are finding some extraordinary latent property of the normal body, and we have another school, of which I am a humble member, who believe that we have come upon a link which may be part of a chain leading to some new order of life. It should be added that there is nothing concerning it which has not been known in a general way, and stated innumerable times, by those derided folk called Spiritualists. The causes are still under debate, but as to the phenomena themselves, and their dependence upon a curious plastic substance which solidifies from a vapour, this has been known by them for at least sixty years, and they have been the pioneers of an important branch of the world's science. It is true that such substance is not spiritual in itself. Neither is a pen spiritual. But a pen may give the thoughts of a Shakespeare, and this stuff also may be an instrument for high purposes. When Spirit descends into Matter it has to use material or semi-material means, otherwise it cannot impress our material senses. Ectoplasm is, we hold, the one substance which is ethereal enough to receive an ethereal impression and yet material enough for us to register it. That, however, opens up a field which we may explore at some later time."

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The Wayside Philosopher on the Election

(Contributed before the Counting of the "Absentee" Vote.)

THE ELECTION—TWO NEEDED CHANGES

With several seats so close that the "Absentee" vote becomes the decisive, and unknown, factor in them, little can be said of the election results. On the decisive seats the Government have a majority with, at least, even chances that the final results in the doubtful seats will leave them still ahead, with, perhaps, an increased majority over the Conservative group of Oppositionists.

One of the most interesting elections for some years, many excellent lessons could be learned from it. The part played by the Provincial Party is especially educational. Of this nothing need now be said but that the Government owes its renewed lease of life to the Provincial Party. It, alone, saved the Hon. John Oliver from decisive defeat.

Whatever the party situation is, and may be, two lessons are to be learned. One is the need for an "Advance Poll," the other the desirability of eliminating the "Absentee" vote.

The "Advance Poll" question may be a small one but it is important. In these days of electoral indifference it is surely wise to give all those really interested in their franchise a chance to exercise it. For instance, on the C.P.R. daily trains leaving Vancouver on the days immediately prior to the election, at least 60 men went out as "crews" who could get no opportunity to vote because there was no advance poll. This must have been also true, in a degree, of the Canada National "crews" and others in the transportation business, to say nothing of those, in ordinary walks of life, who were obliged to leave on the eve of the election without voting.

That the "Absentee" vote should be abolished seems very clear. It serves a legitimate purpose in few cases. We have, for instance, 100 votes polled in Vancouver City for Point Grey candidates. What could prevent one able to reach a poll in Vancouver from reaching one in Point Grey? Men and women, too lazy to see that their votes are transferred to their present place of residence get the privilege. Of the "Absentee" voters known to the writer, there is not one who could not, by proper diligence, have been on the list where he or she now is—and has been for months.

Again, the burden of scrutineering the "absentee" poll for each party is too great for the results obtained. Take Ward 2—or District 2—Vancouver City. Six "Absentee" ballot boxes without a scrutineer. A candidate's attention was called to this and the matter promised attention. Three hours later the condition was unchanged.

Again, where it was scrutineered, as in Division 11, Vancouver City, the provisions of the act were not complied with, although, in one instance, a Lawyer-Scrutineer sought to have this done. The other scrutineers, weary of their stay, opposed the necessary delay and the majority ruled—the Act was not complied with.

Under these circumstances is it any wonder that the counting of the "Absentee" vote is a matter of distrust and suspicion? That it can be manipulated there is no doubt. Unless the results are, apparently, reasonable, there will be every conviction that it has been. Few Conservatives, at least, will have confidence in thinking that they can expect it to be fairly and honestly dealt with. When the Liberal Members-elect in Vancouver find it necessary to take immediate steps in one direction, and the Government finds it equally imperative to do so in another, to clean up matters in quarters where the public eye has been on them for months, what is likely to result where the whole control is in one hand unchecked? Already we hear it said, on every side, that in Vancouver Mrs. Mary Ellen Smith is to be counted in—and many add Farris as well. There have been Liberal Governments in British Columbia which their opponents would have trusted in such a matter as the "Absentee" vote,—but the Present Government is not such—more's the pity!

But this question is not a party one. No doubt there have been other Governments, besides the present, in whom the public would not have had confidence in the matter of the "Absentee" vote had it then existed.

Serving no really useful purpose; affording, at least, grounds for suspicion and unrest in its handling, let us abolish it! The really interested elector will not suffer; the parties will be rid of a burden in arranging for this vote, and party suspicion and prejudice, always too ready to reach conclusions adverse to its opponents, will be deprived of its strongest recruiting ground as conditions now are. Let us then be rid of this cumbersome and useless election appendage.

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The Woodcutter and the Lady

(By Robert Deas)

"Oh, by the way, Hil, forgot to tell you, I found out yesterday afternoon, where that woodcutter lives, blessed nuisance he hasn't a telephone. Walked about two miles from the end of the car line, no sidewalk, no road, just a trail through the woods, inches deep in wet soggy leaves, fog coming up in patches, but a grand sunset, just like the one we saw in the—yes, thanks, I'll have another cup—Well his shack is in a lovely situation, open glade in the woods with a view of the sea and the mountains over on Vancouver Island. He came along as I got there, a giant of a man with great shoulders and huge feet, and a beard like a door mat. He carries a smell around with him about a foot thick: stale tobacco smoke and old, old clothes. He and his old mother live up there on the hillside in a dirty old two-room shack—they both look as if they never took their clothes off, just like that old gardener Robinson, that came to your father's place in Epsom once a week. They speak the same quaint dialect as he did too. How on earth they got out here I can't imagine. There must have been a sudden eruption of restlessness in some hidden valley of old England, which heaved them out and dropped them down here. It hasn't changed them a bit."

"Well everything inside seemed brown, even the smell, and she was cooking onions for his supper. I was nearly suffocated. He is going to bring us some bark and wood which is the main thing, so that's that—. No, thanks, I must run for the ferry, didn't know it was so late. I missed the clearing house yesterday and the manager said if I did it again we'd have to live on the south side of the inlet."

"Oh, Bertie, you must take one peep at the new rug in the drawing room, it's just the finishing touch. There! isn't that a lovely room. That sunset you saw yesterday came in here through the curtains and overlaid everything with a rosy light—just heavenly. Oh! bother the old Bank—all right, I'll come to the gate with you."

Hilarie St. Clair stood at the gate for a long minute, watching the rise and fall of her husband's boot soles and his braced elbows, as he ran down the hill to the short cut through the park. A quick half turn as he paused at the corner, a hasty flourish of his hat and he had gone for another day.

Late in the afternoon, when the mellowing sun filtered through the curtains and enveloped the elegant tapestries of Hilarie's drawing room with an added richness of colour, Emma, the youthful half breed from the Indian Reservation, who came to help by the day, closed the windows against the damp of nightfall.

Happy with the new clothes that are the fortune of the not long wedded, Hilarie concluded a prolonged session before her mirror, but lingered to rejoice in the daintiness of the delicate fabric of an evening gown which her husband had not yet seen—a present from her mother in England, given with the injunction not to let herself get slack, even if she found the country rough and uncouth.

Looking from her window over the golden sunlit sea, the mist laden flats along the shore, the blue smoke rising like that of Abel's offering, in the breathless air, from many a household altar, the distant islands of the Gulf of Georgia and the nearer headland of Stanley Park, she felt that here was happiness, peace, security and with her whole being given up to dreams she drifted down stairs.

Dreaming still, she entered the drawing room in whose artistic beauty she had tried to express her love of home.

With sudden movement and sound of scrambling feet a huge dark shape heaved itself upward from her frail Chipendale settee, blotting out the sunlight, like the hand of war

on a peaceful countryside, scattering her dreams like splintered glass. The heavy odour of autumn forests, the reek of stale tobacco smoke and the staler reek of toil worn clothes swirled around her and battled with the light perfume of her exquisite person.

The chill of terror stilled the beating of her heart; she hardly breathed. Instinct called for more light and frantically she pressed the electric switch.

With a gasp of relief she recognized at once the towering bearded bulk of "Jarge" the woodcutter, as described by her husband. The great gnarled hands fumbled nervously with the rim of a battered hat, pieces of bark dripped from the wrinkled homespun as he swayed uncertainly, the restless hob-nailed boots scraped and tapped distressingly on the new carpet.

A deep rumbling voice with slow and halting speech unfolded the purpose of this untimely visit.

"I come about them loads o' bark, mum. The gentleman 'e said I c'd bring five cards, but bein' as it were a-gettin' laate o' the season like, I thowt mebbe ye'd like s'more an' I got twenty—yes now, I do think I c'd maake it twenty for t' same price by the card, mūm."

Hilarie was too busy with conflicting emotions to derive more than a very sketchy idea of the proposal embodied in this speech, quite a long one for "Jarge."

The mud and leaves on the carpet and a stain of charcoal on the silk tapestry of the settee were signs that pointed towards a vigorous scolding of Emma for letting such a man into the house.

The echo of old England in the quaint accent and the man's obvious embarrassment however awakened her natural kindness and sympathy. Again she heard her mother's voice warning her of the roughness of the country and its ways.

"Wont you sit down?"

"Thankee kindly, mum."

And again she became anxiously aware of the silk tapestry.

"Now, what was it you wanted, Mr. Beden, oh, yes, some bark, twenty cords did you say? Mercy on us, that seems a lot. How big is a cord anyway? Oh, well send it along, yes, yes, that will be all right."

"Thankee kindly, mum."

The big restless hands pulled at the rim of the battered hat. He did not know how to go and she wondered why he stayed.

"It be gran' weather, fur the time o' year, mum."

"Yes, lovely weather."

And she wondered if he expected afternoon tea. He dropped the hat and as he scrambled after it, his pipe fell out of his pocket and scattered fine ashes over the carpet, foreboding more sackcloth and ashes for Emma.

"Would you like to take some flowers home to your wife? Come out into the garden."

"I ain't married, mum."

Another awkward pause in this animated conversation.

"Me an' mother, mum, we lives together."

"Oh, yes, I remember, well, come on out, come along. We will cut some chrysanthemums for her."

"Thankee kindly, mum."

The great coarse red hands crushed a generous bunch of big yellow "mums" and the cavernous voice rumbled once more.

"Thankee kindly, mum, an' good night."

And for a long minute Hilarie stood at the gate watching the slow lift and swing of heavy feet, and wondering greatly.

The Passing Librarian

SOME of our best known citizens leave us and would be much mortified if they knew how quickly and silently the gap, which their absence makes, will close up behind them. Their place may not be unimportant in the scheme of society, but a hundred other persons as competent are ready and willing to step into the vacant shoes and fulfil the duties. We shall not fill Mr. Douglas's room as easily as that. At the Carnegie Library he has presided for more years than I have known Vancouver, and all that time it has delighted him to give freely of his time and energy to keep the lamp of literature trimmed and burning in the West.

It has been no mercenary task, for the majority would probably have valued his services as librarian more, if he had loved books less, and given a mere dry, technical knowledge to his work. Sometimes he has had understanding and appreciative associates on the Library Board; as often these have been pushed aside in the election by more aggressive vote-hunters, who know as much of books as the later Pharaohs knew of Joseph. And over the library has brooded the usual doom of literature, a light appraisal, neglect, and the financial starvation, which in former days was supposed to be the most efficient nurse of genius.

If we think of all that a public library might be for a great city, and look on the actual accomplishments, we see much undone, many hopes unfulfilled; and when we consider the miserly appropriations of money made by the City Council for the Carnegie Library, it is plain that in faithless times their faith is not strong enough to move mountains, and that the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes is less easy to perform on Burrard Inlet than it was by the Lake of Galilee. Yet with all the beggarly means at his disposal, Mr. Douglas has had a wonderful measure of success. The Reference Library, inadequate as it is, covers a surprisingly large field of knowledge, and the lending library, although patched and threadbare, presents a decent appearance to the public gaze, if not too closely scrutinized. Now that Mr. Douglas has resigned, the City Council has tardily allowed the library an increase in its resources, and his successor will find their inadequacy less stringent than it has been in recent years. They say too that a ruthless cutting down of the library staff and the dismissal of servants, who have grown grey in the public service, will add to these funds; but too often we find that we have hardened our hearts without our pockets being better filled, and the reduction of today is only a step to the increase of tomorrow.

Friendships at least are not to be made in a day, and we shall miss the ready welcome, which we were sure to meet at the Librarian's room in days past. There we could find at any time an intelligent interest in whatever subject held our attention for the moment, a comprehensive knowledge of his bookshelves, and an eagerness to assist, which stretched the powers of the Reference Library to their furthest limit. Al-Mr. Douglas is a devoted worshipper of the spirit of letters, he has perhaps as keen an admiration for the vessels of the altar. The format of the book, its paper, its printing, the fair white margins, the engravings, the bindings, calf, cloth or morocco, these all speak to him more keenly than to the most of us. My feelings towards a first edition are almost as stunted as those of Peter Bell when he looked on the primrose; but to Mr. Douglas a first edition is a delight, an inspiration, wakening interests to which I am for ever a stranger. His favorite potentates of poetry, Shelley or Fitzgerald, excite in him an enthusiasm and reverence, which we seldom meet in these days, when any whippersnapper in criticism has the audacity to pass infallible judgments on the greatest names.

It was therefore not with any intention of picking out the faults or weaknesses in authors, and examining them under a magnifying glass that the Librarian took up the work of

giving literary lectures in the Reference Room. He had enjoyed reading their books himself, and he wished to share his pleasure with others. To readers, who had not met those writers before he wished to point the way towards where they lived in their books. Books make up a great part of his world, and he feels that when he is making us acquainted with his books he is introducing us to his best friends. Just as we seldom talk about the faults of our friends or wish to think about these, he draws a kindly veil over the failures and delinquencies of his authors, and tells of them only what is best. A very just and reasonable course to take in these introductions, for it is not a man's faults that win our friendship, although their humanity may sometimes endear their owner to us when once friendship has been established.

Love of literature is wider and deeper in Vancouver than it was a dozen years ago, and in commencing his lectures Mr. Douglas was more adventurous than we can now easily imagine. When the talk of the street corner was chiefly "cash down, so many dollars a month," Shakespeare stayed his full three centuries away from us, and poetry whispered too low to be heard of the people. I did not know Mr. Douglas in his pioneer attempts to arouse the spirit of letters in such surroundings, but I can well believe that there were many vacant chairs at the first lectures in the Library. As time passed, he achieved the success at which he aimed, for his audience grew in numbers until the seats were latterly too few to accommodate his hearers. Outside his own circle he established a literary fashion, which has made literature of better repute in Vancouver and lectures a popular means of breaking for an evening the tyranny of the picture show.

Mr. Douglas has always been a man avoiding publicity, and probably did not realize how many friends he had made in Vancouver, until the hour came when he was to leave it—at least for a time. Many who knew him did not suspect that he was an author, with several publications to his credit. That he never obtrudes upon his acquaintances, but it happens that this year he is the Vice-Chairman of the British Columbia section of the Canadian Authors Society. He is a Canadian, never so happy as in supporting the literature of Canada and its writers; he is an Imperialist, never losing touch with the greatness of the whole in his love for a part; and he draws one of his great interests in life from his Scottish descent, which is shown by the fact that this year he also holds the office of Vice-President in the Scottish Society of Vancouver. It was therefore a natural course for the Authors Society and the Scottish Society to be active in promoting the banquet, which was recently given to Mr. Douglas by his friends in the Hotel Vancouver. Mr. Robert Allison Hood, the President of the Authors Society was the Chairman and the toast drunk to the guest of the evening gave many of those present the opportunity of telling Mr. Douglas how much they had valued his friendship and the notable public work, which he had done as Librarian of the Carnegie Library. Mr. Douglas in his visit to California will have leisure for special work which his duties in Vancouver have prevented him from completing, but we are not without hope that the lure of the North ere long will be strong enough to draw him back to British Columbia. —D. G.

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Development of Forest Policy in Canada---Forest Protection

James R. Dickson, Forestry Branch, Ottawa, Ont.

One of the most important and striking phases of development in policy in the handling of forest protective work in this country, has been the notable tendency of recent years, to put relatively less dependence and effort on fighting RESULTS and more on fighting CAUSES. Until very recent years, practically all the money voted for forest purposes by our federal and provincial legislatures was expended either in actually fighting fires or preparing to fight them. Then it was found by a study of statistics that some 90 per cent. of our forest fires were caused by human carelessness, and since then increasingly large amounts have been expended on fire PREVENTION propaganda in response to the enlightened conviction that the real root of forest protection lies in the education of public opinion. Good instances of this administrative progress in protection methods may be seen in the extensive newspaper "Save the Forest" campaign that is now staged in Canada each spring and in the vast children's forest essay competition now held at frequent intervals under provincial and even federal auspices.

In the year 1900, forest protection efforts in Canada could boast nothing more than the crude beginnings of ranger patrol services, largely manned by temporary and frequently poorly selected appointees. There was no control over settlers' fires the railways were heavy offenders and the only equipment furnished to fire fighters was an axe or a shovel, a green bough or a wet sack. In the past 20 years, however, the changes effected in the facilities for detecting and extinguishing fires, and in the matter of fire laws and regulations, have been kaleidoscopic.

All the Provinces have now adopted a closed season for brush burning, under a fire permit system, in order to minimize the fire hazard during the danger period of the year, that is in general from April to October. In Ontario this Act is very complete in its Province-wide application to any settler, railway, lumber concern or individual who desires to burn brush. A radical development of policy regarding settlers' clearing fires was effected last year in New Brunswick. In all past years it had been the general practice to burn in the Spring, but in 1923, fall burning was insisted on and some 600 safe burns were effected. The result was that in this Spring of 1924, no burning permits were issued.

In order to instill greater care into all who enter Crown forests in seasons of fire hazard, Quebec and New Brunswick began the issuance of "Travel Permits" in 1922, Ontario adopted the scheme in 1924, and our other forest authorities seem likely to follow. Today some 97% of all the railways in Canada are under the very able control of the Dominion Railway Board and railway fires have happily become one of the minor factors in our forest fire losses. Again, the construction of roads, trails, telephone lines, lookouts and fireguards, together with the provision of motor cars, power boats, fire pumps, railway speeders, aeroplanes and wireless equipment has revolutionized the conditions of 1900, both in communication and transportation. Finally, the science of weather forecasting gives promise of enabling the forester to know fairly well in advance when temperature, relative humidity and wind conditions are combining to produce a critical fire hazard in the woods. The Dominion authorities are now evolving a system of directly basing the incurred protection cost per acre in any given region on an appraisal of the timber values and fire risk involved. In Eastern Canada there is good promise of standardization in slash disposal requirements which should tremendously reduce what has been well termed "the visible fire hazard."

In actual fire fighting, the most effective and useful piece of equipment today is undoubtedly the portable fire pump, of minimum weight and maximum power. Ontario has about

one hundred and forty fire pumps in use, with British Columbia a close second.

Aircraft use as yet is generally limited to purposes of detection although during at least one recent season in Manitoba, the sea planes were largely depended on for the transportation of fire-fighters as well. In Manitoba and Alberta, the Dominion Forest Service, in co-operation with the Air Board, has been decidedly successful in systematic use of aircraft and radio in forest protection. Ontario has been using aeroplanes for the past two years through contract with a private company, and the experience has been so gratifying that recently a fleet of fourteen planes was purchased, and hereafter the Province intends to conduct its own air patrol service. These machines are being equipped with radio which will save valuable time in reporting location of fires to the chief ranger. The great drawback to the use of aeroplanes in Canada has been the high cost of purchase and operation, but a new type of machine is now being designed that is expected to be very economical of fuel and especially adapted to forest patrol and survey work.

Quebec has a well-equipped aeroplane base at Roberval and intends to make a large use of aircraft in the future both for conducting forest surveys and in fire detection. No air patrols have as yet been established in the Maritime Provinces. As the result of experience based on several years experiments in flying, the Chief Forester of British Columbia decided last year that aeroplane patrol was too expensive for general fire detection purposes in B. C. in view of the restricted use possible in a mountainous country, but that 'planes would none the less continue to furnish essential service for purposes of observation and control in actual fire fighting campaigns.

Nevertheless, despite every advance in policy and practice from year to year, the fire-swept area with accompanying loss, has not proportionately declined. In fact it seems to be generally increasing. What is the explanation of such disquieting phenomena? May it not be found perhaps very largely in our past policy of fighting results instead of causes? In our neglect of the "invisible" fire hazard? Of course it is true that slash accumulation, extension of settlement, growth of tourist traffic, construction of roads and railways and the growing use of motor transport, have from year to year increased the fire danger. But after all is said, the explanation would seem to centre in one chief cause,—the indifference and carelessness of the average citizen who has not yet realized the hundred reasons of self interest that really link the welfare of himself and his country to the continuous existence of green forests.

The whole administration of forest protection methods in Canada has been the story of gradual progress from ineffective CURE to effective PREVENTION, and yet we still have a long way to go before reaching the practical immunity from fire loss that countries like France or Sweden enjoy. In the past, the profound ignorance of the average citizen regarding not merely our mature timber and young growth losses from fire, but still more the incomparably greater intangible losses involved in the destruction of soil fertility and natural water control, engendered an indifference that is only now beginning to yield to the urging of forest-conservation publicity. It is true that the modern forest fire pump, the aeroplane and radio have today given forest administrators wonderful powers for detecting and extinguishing the careless camper's fire, but vastly greater immunity is destined to result from changing that same careless camper into a fire protector himself, as a result of applied psychology—the latest and most hopeful development in protective administration.

Community Service Within the British Empire:

To British Empire Citizens Visiting Wembley, London, Greeting!

Thanks to the enterprise of the Dominion Government Authorities at Ottawa, who have directed us to send a certain number of Magazines each month to the Canadian Commissioner's department at Wembley, London, England, the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY is likely to come under the eye of many thousands of visitors to the great Exhibition.

The editor of this Magazine personally takes this opportunity of advising all people of British stock who consider emigrating from the HOMELANDS or other EMPIRE DOMINIONS beyond the seas to INVESTIGATE and VERIFY the facts as to Canada: To be particular to find out about Western Canada, and especially this Farthest West Province of BRITISH COLUMBIA.

It is amazing to learn how limited, erroneous or indefinite the knowledge of other countries often is even in otherwise enlightened Communities. It is said that people make inquiry at the "British Columbia House" in London, as to "Whether Canada is in BRITISH COLUMBIA?" . . . Then we heard of United States citizens in California—which is on the Pacific coast too, but hundreds of miles south of British Columbia—who "thought we all spoke French here"; and of "New Yorkers" who were evidently surprised to find that—"Oh, you dress the same as we do!"

Even in the Twentieth Century it seems it is possible for people who consider themselves in the van of progress to yet retain crude notions concerning their fellows in other parts of the world.

The writer, as a Briton born, but a Western Canadian for years, wishes to emphasize that it is high time the people of our own British Empire stock, especially in the overcrowded Homelands, awoke to the conditions and possibilities affecting the different parts of the Empire, and not least of all this Dominion of Canada.

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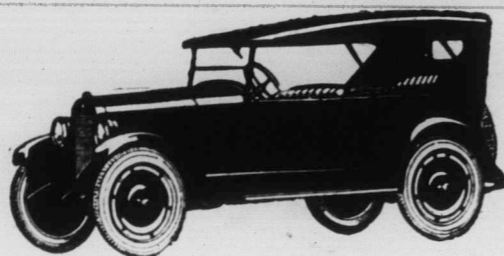


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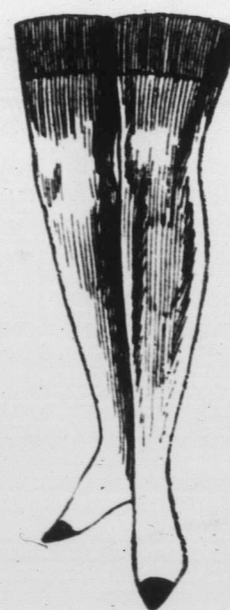
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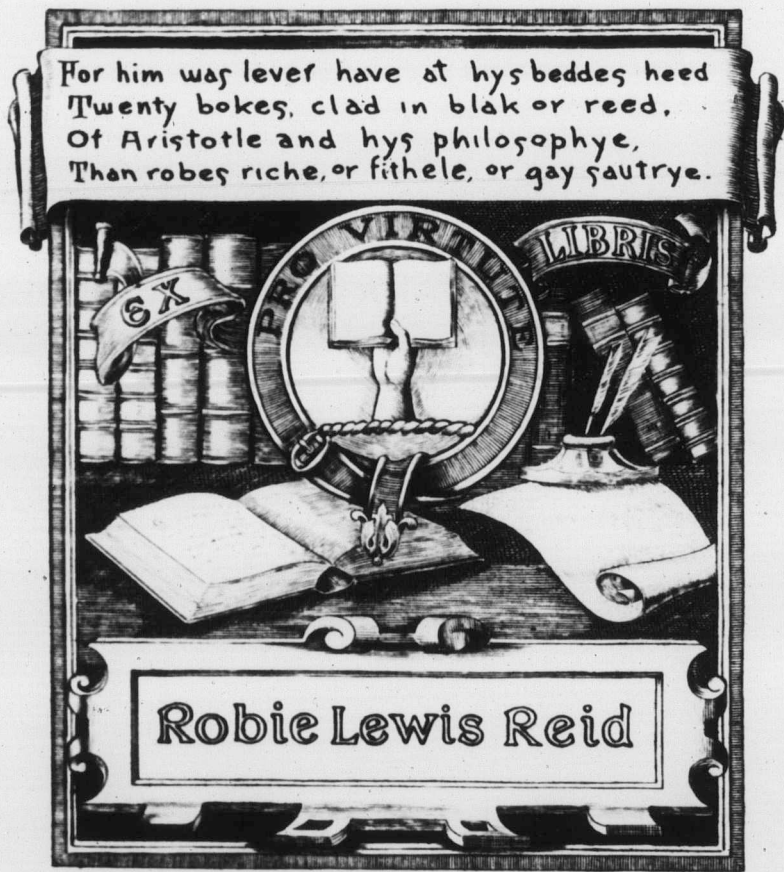
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