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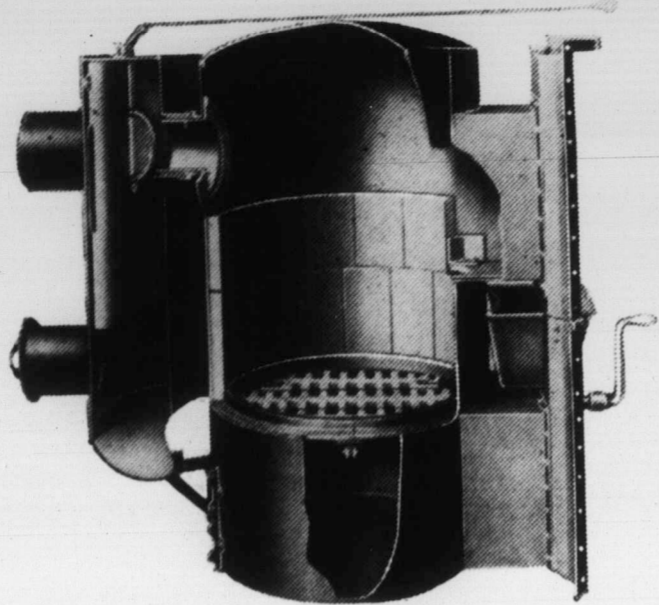
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VOL. 25

SEPTEMBER, 1925

No. 2

Educational Notes

(By Spectator)

The reopening of the schools for the work of the fall term again brings up the vexed question of school curricula. It is held by some critics that in our Canadian schools these are too rigid; that principals and teachers should be given much greater latitude in the selection of what is to be taught. Such a system might be the best possible in the hands of a teacher of ability and experience; but to the beginner a curriculum fairly definite is of very considerable value. And as the great majority of our teachers are unfortunately in the apprentice stage, or very little beyond it, the educational authorities and guides need not be regarded as altogether pigheaded and reactionary when for the sake of "safety first" in the instruction and training of pupils every teacher is not left free to map out a course of his own.

* * *

It is also argued by many that our curricula are overcrowded, although some of the really valuable studies have been dropped. In this contention there may seem to be a germ of truth. It is, for instance, a thousand pities that such a subject as English grammar has been crowded out of the general course in the British Columbia high schools. And yet, to make room for it, what subject of the present prescription could be omitted?

The remedy is probably not to be found in the leaving out of this subject or that, but first of all in the elimination of every unnecessary detail in the treatment of all subjects. The employment of skilled teachers furnished with time-saving equipment is also important. In this connection an abundant supply of supplementary reading matter would prove most helpful, especially when pupils through training in silent reading have become expert in getting the thought of a written or printed passage quickly and accurately. When they have reached this standard they may be safely left to themselves, to gain from books much of what is now imparted by the teacher in the regular recitation periods of the school day.

* * *

In the United States there are a number of universities or colleges exclusively devoted to the higher education of women. Among these Bryn Mawr holds an enviable place. In this institution it is possible to carry out an unusually satisfactory programme. The enrolment is limited; the professors are numerous and able; postgraduate work has been given a place of honor from the very foundation. In a recent year the students numbered four hundred and twenty, the professors a hundred. Every teacher must be competent to take part in the most advanced work: he or she must share in the teaching of the courses offered in the graduate school. With conditions such as these it is

impossible for the student to escape the personal touch of the professors, and the professor is almost sure to be one whom to know is a high privilege.

One thing more, to quote from a recent article: "The college refused at the outset to adopt the system then in vogue, of admitting students upon certificate from their preparatory school, a method only recently abandoned by some of the first-rank colleges for women and men."

* * *

At present in most parts of Canada the supply of teachers is greatly in excess of the demand. In recent appointments of inexperienced teachers it is presumed that fitness has been the one qualification demanded by boards of school trustees; that the interest of the pupils has alone been considered. To appoint the inefficient is to rob boys and girls of one of the most precious elements of their birthright. More than this, it discourages the efficient, and is an invitation to our ablest and worthiest young men and women to choose other callings, callings in which merit is likely to find a fair field and no favor.

* * *

"That juvenile delinquency decreases with the opening of playgrounds has been further verified by recent reports from Cincinnati, Ohio. In a period of three years since the opening of a playground in one neighborhood in that city the court records show a reduction in delinquency of sixty-seven per cent."

This conviction no doubt inspires the untiring efforts of the Vancouver Gyro Club in its determination to put participation in organized play within the reach of every boy and girl in our fair city. The Club has

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much to show for its labors of past years. May it go on to still greater achievements!

Much of the material presented by the movies, even although passed by the censor, often comes in for severe condemnation from those who have truly at heart the good of the boys and girls, who at no distant date must have in their keeping the weal or woe of our country, a land that preceding generations have bought at so great a price. The difficulty should not prove insoluble. The movies can be made an educational blessing: in several Vancouver schools they have already become such. But we could wish that some Carnegie of this generation might provide or subsidize motion-picture theatres where would be given to the public, both old and young, plays at once innocent, interesting and instructive, plays such as these, and none other. If plays of this sort are not provided, our theatre-goers will feel no compunction in patronizing

the common and garden variety now too often thrown upon the screen.

* * *

The question of Bible reading and Bible teaching in our public schools is a constantly recurring one. So far in our own province the problem presented has proved difficult of solution. The Education Department says in effect, "Let the various denominations agree upon a series of selections from the Old and New Testaments for use in our schools, and we shall authorize them." The offer seems eminently reasonable and fair, but as yet it has not been met by the churches interested. The possibility of agreement in the selection of suitable passages is an acid test of the value of the claim so often made that in spite of the apparent divisions in Christendom there is in the historic churches essential unity, the unity of the Spirit. The doubting Thomases would like to be shown.

Verse by Western Canadian Writers

THE WORD.

(By Bertha Lewis.)

The sun, the moon, and the myriad stars
Have spelled their word upon my life.
The cedar and the rose shall call,
Have graved their likenesses in me.
Cool shall I lie beneath the stars;
The grass shall sing my song of sleep;
The cedar and the rose shall call,
The beach-shell whisper a song to me.
"Lie softly, fly softly, body and soul,
We are a part of the Golden One.
The words we have spelled upon your heart
Shall be again a tree or a flame,
A fragrance, a voice, or a shower of rain.
Lie softly, fly softly, body and soul."

WINGS.

(By M. Stoddard.)

Amid the distant hills they fly,
The fancies of my mind:
They seek the spaces of the sky—
Nor dwell among mankind.

For these are airy, fairy things—
Unvexed by wordly din;
I send them forth on purple wings
To seek their kith and kin.

For while I sit at dreary work,
My fancies wander wide;
They show me where the fairies lurk,
And joys undreamed-of hide.

And you are all tied down, it seems,
By heavy, human things;
Oh, pray, good friends, unloose your dreams,
And fly on purple wings.

A LYRICAL LUNCH.

(By Alice M. Winlow.)

A Pomegranate.

The tongue curls back like an acanthus leaf
The crimson jewels taste so icy-sour,
They are like sword-points dipped in wine and gall,
Or rubies crushed in the juice of a bitter flower.

Salad.

Tomatoes, salted disks of glowing red,
And lettuce dreamy-hearted, the taste is mute;
But walnuts, oily, sweet, like 'cello tones,
And dressing that tastes of clarinet and flute.

Brown Bread and Honey.

Tasting of nuts crushed and moulded to bread
And spread with butter, salt and golden-sweet;
Honey! Essence of clover and morning dew
Thro' sunlight filtered for happy mortals to eat.

Wine.

So delicate the bouquet, the palate tastes
The music of a Chinese crystal gong
Swung by a fragrant breeze at twilight hour—
Was this a luncheon or a Mourssorgsky song?

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Simon The Cobbler

(By Laura Goodman Salverson, author of "The Viking Heart," "Wayside Gleams," "Flowers," etc.)

"I am so utterly dull, that I wish I were dead," sighed the little school teacher gloomily, as she handed Simon a pair of small brown boots, very frayed it is true, and run down at the heels. Simon's twinkling blue eyes made note of the necessary repairs, but also of the pretty face before him; a soft little face under silky locks of nut-brown hair, and he smiled into his graying beard.

"It is bad that . . . to be lonely," said he in his rich Scandinavian drawl. "As we said in my homeland, it is the bitter draught Nanna drank when Balder the beautiful fell upon death. It is sad to lose one's beloved."

"Poof!" sniffed the little teacher rudely, and flung herself upon the old man's cutting bench. But Simon, knowing that for two entire weeks Dr. Albert Ellis had detoured round the new green and white schoolhouse instead of resting his wicked-eyed mare in the sanctuary of its sacred precincts, wisely took no notice of the sniff and proceeded to stitch an ugly gash in a black riding boot.

While his young friend moped before the sun-bathed window, where the red-cheeked geraniums which she had given him rioted pleasantly, Simon fell to talking to himself in a way that he had.

"It may be that high hearts and unselfish devotion are gone from the earth; on this point I cannot argue. I am old and memory tempts me more than speculation. But that such things have been, that I know—that I know" . . . reiterated the old man, and stooped to tighten the belt on his machine. Then to the accompaniment of softly whirring wheels he broke into chanting. And, as the rich throaty voice flowed on, an intangible something took possession of the place, and the heart of the little teacher repented its hardness. There was magic in Simon's chanting always, but this was greater than magic. It flowed on, this litany of his, in majesty and grace, a river of sound rising from the depths of human woe and leaping to heights of spiritual ecstasy.

To the young girl listening it seemed that all things material were melting away only to reveal a world of reality infinitely inspiring and beautiful. And the law of this world she understood to be love—a love selfless and beyond price. For these were the words that Simon chanted:

Great is the Lord,
And terrible in anger!

The seas are evenomed
And the mountains spue their fire.
The waters have lost their freshness,
And the winds their savor.
The days are full of sorrow
And the nights of anguish.

Great is the Lord,
Hear how we praise Him!

Not for the flesh do we cry
Nor the woes full upon us;
Famine and fever and death,
The offspring of Helia.
But for the spirit to see
In this gloom Thy great glory.

Great is the Lord,
Creator of beauty!

Once were these hillsides green
Where the small lambs gambled,
White as the thistle blow.
And the shining waters
Mirrored the laughing stars
To the young swan's gladness.

Great is the Lord,
Giver of gladness!

Once like the sweep of doves
Were the cloudbanks dreary;
While the skylark sang to the sun
And the thrush to his shadow;
And children gayer than these
Were crowned with the flowers.

Great is the Lord,
Fountain of plenty!

Yet while our hands were full
And our hearts not heavy,
Turned we our faces away
Forgetting His bounty.
For love and the fulness of earth
Forgetting to praise Him.

Great is the Lord,
Righteous in anger!

Out of the hidden deep
His fires have purged us,
Destroying the House of Life
And Pride its master;
Baring the bleeding souls
To The Heart Most Tender.

Great is the Lord,
Plenteous in mercy!

Release from the cindered clouds
The great sun to bless us;
To mellow the blackened earth
And the churning waters,
And to the dying heart
Reveal Thy glory!

Just how long she sat on in the poignant silence which followed the song she never knew. But out of it she arose breathless and taut like a swimmer from a deep plunge; and smiling through strange tears, mutely begged her question.

Simon returned the smile. "Hearts are of no nationality, they are of God, and, the language of the heart is Universal. Words are in themselves dead things until we endow them with spirit—to hurt or to enrich us. Even the greatest poet tells us no more than we have capacity to feel; and as for this song it is only the cry of a simple heart, unlearned and near unto death."

"Oh, Simon!" cried his pretty friend, "there is a story at the tip of your tongue. You must tell me it—otherwise I shan't sleep a wink the whole night through."

But Simon had a purpose in view whenever he told tales, and now he was thinking of the gloomy young Doctor who only that morning had brought in his riding boots to be mended. It had been obvious to Simon that much else needed mending about the poor young man.

So now Simon set the finished boot on the floor and picked up a child's sadly abused shoe. After measuring the sole, he selected a bit of stout leather and cut the desired quantity; then, quite coolly, he set to work again. "Nothing is too difficult for genuine affection," said he to the little shoe as he struck the first nail.

"Simon, if you tell me the story . . . that is, I THINK I know what YOU think you know, and it's NOT my fault . . . but, if you tell me the story I'LL forgive him . . . that is, if he'll admit he was wrong."

Simon struck another nail. "Well," he retorted, "a cobbler is often forced to strike a bad bargain. The story isn't very long, but a Saturday evening in a dingy office may well be . . . So then, young lady, the story begins on a little farm in the land of my fathers—back on the plains that circle a lofty mountain, which rises like a gigantic ice-encrusted pyramid from the midst of the Hinterland. There in the heyday of life lived one Njal and his wife Helga. They were very proud of their flourishing farm, and of the choice mutton they marketed in the Capitol once a year, and of the great bales of snowy wool, which won them much praise from the Factor. But prouder still were the foolish young

parents of their little son, who at two years dared to cling to the woolly flanks of his mother's ewes while she patiently milked them—for which display of courage he was soundly spanked and ever after lauded.

"It was on an Easter morning when sorrow first fell upon that happy household. Njal and Helga were making ready for church, and old Caroline, the 'charge' who had been farmed out to them that year by the government, was bundling the rebellious little boy into his Sunday best. All of a sudden a wave of darkness rolled across the sky, entirely blotting out the light of day and striking terror to every heart. Tobias, the stable boy, left his task of saddling the ponies and came tumbling into the house howling with fear. . . . The sun had been swallowed up in horrible vapor, so he said, and resented greatly their attempts to console him.

"'It's just an eclipse,' said his master, and wondered how it had come about that the almanac had omitted to record the event. But in her corner old Caroline crossed herself piously and fell to muttering dolefully as she rocked herself to and fro.

"Helga lost patience with her. 'Why this fear, old mother? Would you have us all terrorized over a little darkness?'

"'Aye in tears, husfru—that a contrite heart might be spared what I fear is about to engulf us!'

"This was not encouraging. The little boy cried and ran to his mother, for children are like some fine instrument upon which every wind may blow.

"'Good mother, suffer us your silence,' Njal implored her.

"But Tobias slipped to her side and in whispers begged to know the worst. He was far from respecting her opinions, though he knew that she was credited with the gift of second sight. But whatever sight she had or had not, her ghost stories were gruesome and her theories of things in general, marvelous, to say the least. He thought gleefully of the stir he would make among his companions could the old woman be made to betray her superstitions.

"But Caroline gave him a shove, and sent him flying before the fire in her old eyes. Then, turning to the wall, she held her peace as she had been commanded.

"Meanwhile, the darkness deepened until the entire countryside was enveloped in that peculiar sable mist. Then, like a ship in a sudden squall, the earth heaved and shivered and simultaneously a rumbling roar broke the appalling silence.

Fear, too deep for words, fell upon the little family, for now the truth was plain to them. The mountain in the distance—that ancient enemy, whom they had thought worn out with evil—was again making ready his destruction.

"Horror piled upon horror. Showers of liquid fire spurted with lightning rapidity from that yawning darkness and descended to earth in rivers of death. Pumicestone and slabs of rock came hurtling up in frightful volleys from the depths of that ill-omened mountain; while ashes and sand made the very air intolerable.

"Toward evening the darkness lifted a little and Njal set out for the next farm to take counsel with the men. They were old men and remembered other years of like violence; their opinions would be sane and helpful.

"They were certain that the eruption would not endanger them directly. The mountain was too far away and isolated in a self-created desert of lava and rock.

"'The real danger is secondary,' said Sigurd, a patriarch of seventy, 'if the eruption continues over a period of days the poisonous gases will destroy our pastures.'

"A simple statement, but one which struck an icy chill to Njal's young heart.

"His fear was soon justified. Weeks on end the nauseating gases were spewed out over the land, killing every green and growing thing at its very root.

"In desperation, the isolated community decided to send all its able-bodied men to the seaboard. If the volcanic pressure had not affected the sea itself, disturbing the waters and driving off the fish, salvation was assured.

"For a time conditions were not too wretched, and the remaining people were enheartened to see how well the threatened flocks held their own despite the meagre forage. It encouraged the hope that help might reach them in time to avert the annihilation of these flocks, represent-

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ing the sole wealth and general mainstay of the settlement.

"But as the slow weeks dragged on all this was changed until, finally, the ceaseless bleating of the hunger-stricken sheep seemed in itself the most maddening of trials. Then, following fast, came a day when nothing remained but to kill the gaunt creatures, for their starved carcasses were now almost the only available food.

"In all that grim period there was no wailing. Whenever possible the people assembled in the little church which, alone in all that desolation, seemed unchanged. There they chanted, or read aloud their beloved Passion Hymns; and no one made mention of personal suffering and, for the most part, their prayers were in behalf of the absent ones.

"But one day old Caroline spoke up boldly in the midst of a meeting. 'There may be some chance of life in the Capitol—I speak only for the children.'

"'Good mother, what have you in mind?' broke in one shuddering whisper from the tortured hearts of the women.

"'There was once a time when the children of this country were bound on the horses and, with their guide, were sent to the city.' Caroline's wrinkled face twitched painfully, and her claw-like hand caught at Helga, 'Mistress, why do we not likewise?'

"'Yes,' whispered poor Helga, embracing more closely her small son, doubly dear now that his baby face had lost its rosy roundness, 'let us do likewise.'

"With infinite care the desperate mothers made ready their little ones. Small garments were lovingly mended and washed and tucked into the saddle bags, together with whatever valuable the household might possess—whether silver buckle, breast pin or ancient tapestry, all must be sacrificed for the children. Moreover, despite their own extremity, the people agreed to include two pack-ponies in the caravan with a store of dried meat and fish. Lastly, it was the unanimous desire of the women that old Caroline, with Tobias to assist her, should accompany the little exiles.

"That departure was a heartrending spectacle. Yet, somehow, each mother managed to smile her encouragement and hope upon the quaking and tearful adventurers.

"And now," finished Simon heavily, "there is very little left." Memory, freighted with bitter sweet emotion, claimed him for a moment; and he sat enthroned on his cobbler's

bench, like some Norse Buddah, dignifying toil with his grace of spirit.

To the girl, watching him through a mist of tears, he was, indeed, a prophet of The Greater Realities. "Oh, how could she have entertained such paltry resentments?" she wondered. What if Albert had made light of women's rights to "careers" in politics and finance? She understood now that the greatest of all careers—the divine prerogative to love and to serve—had never been and never would be closed to women.

"Not so much left," continued Simon, waking from his reverie, "but that little is tragic . . . and sublime. Assuredly, it was very terrible in that valley after the children had gone, and, when chill biting winds began blowing down from the north the people understood why help was forth-coming so slowly. Ice floes had descended upon the coastline, putting an end to the fishing season. With this crushing blow to their slender hopes, many took to their beds and in the fever of starvation they dreamed and chattered. . . .

"Then, when it seemed that reason itself must desert the tortured people, Helga devised the plan of caroling from farm to farm. Her singers were five bereaved young mothers like herself, and from the fullness of their aching hearts they sang to the suffering and the dying.

"When their repertoire was exhausted they resolved—those bright-eyed emaciated singers—to compose songs of their own, which they did to their everlasting honor.

"And that," said Simon abruptly, "concludes my tale . . . those verses which stirred your heart, my pretty friend, they are the song of Helga—remembered in that ill-fated district as the Beloved Singer . . . her simple verses, the last she had strength to sing."

"Oh, Simon," cried his young friend, in tearful pathos, "don't end it there! I couldn't bear it. There must be more!"

The old man discovered that a button on the little shoe he held needed tightening. Carefully, he waxed his thread before replying. "You are curious about the others . . . well, they didn't all perish. As for the children, most of them attained their former vigor in the city, and lived to a good, or bad, end, as the case may be. And true it is that the most lamentable part of the whole story lies in this—that a son of so high-hearted a singer should have taken to cobbling!"

An opinion which, doubtless, would have called forth staunch de-

nial from the little teacher had not, just then, a familiar and utterly beatific sound riveted the attention of her pretty pink ears. Indeed, as a rattle of wheels with an intermittent squeak drew nearer, she caught distinctly the joyous sound of a single bell that hung—well, she knew where it hung, having hung it there herself. . . .

"Simon," she panted in sudden rosy panic, "oh, Simon, it is he, and coming here!"

The old cobbler smiled at her indulgently, wise with the wisdom of years and a generous heart.

"And if he admits he was wrong," . . . began Simon, but failed to pursue the point, for his exultant friend suddenly swooped upon him with a kiss.

"You blessed humbug," she laughed, "you know better. Quick, give me his boots—to get them he'll have to take me too!"

END.

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What About the Canadian Drama?

(Lionel Stevenson.)

If statistics of actual publication are to be the only criterion, Canadian drama may justly be dismissed as a negligible factor in the literature of the country. Apart from the conventional poetic tragedies of Wilfred Campbell and Charles Mair, which under existing conditions belong to the category of poetry rather than to the practicable drama, the only published volume of plays is Merrill Denison's "The Unheroic North." And a solitary specimen, no matter how important in itself, must as a rule be considered an isolated phenomenon rather than a distinct species.

But on a wider basis of estimating dramatic possibilities in Canada, many indications must be admitted as evidence, although they have not reached the consummation of being crystallized between book covers. There is a considerable number of plays as yet unprinted which have proved themselves successful on the stage. There is probably a larger number awaiting a **premiere**, or still in the process of composition or merely incubating in the minds of authors. And even more important, there is rapidly being perfected a well-organized machinery for the production of plays in which individuality of treatment and significance of literary style preponderate—namely the little theatre movement. The most frequent function of the little theatre is to present good plays by prominent authors, particularly those of foreign countries, but it can very readily develop into an experimental laboratory in which original and far-reaching dramatic innovations can be evolved. At least, it provides an opportunity for writers to gain first-hand experience of stage conditions and possibilities. And at best, it provides an audience prepared to tolerate innovations and to criticize intelligently the merits of work confessedly experimental.

The essential part which such organizations must play in the development of dramatic literature is obvious. For the writing of poetry or fiction, the necessary study of technique is to be obtained through the medium of books, and the audience for the finished product is reached by the same channel. But for the writing of plays both functions must be fulfilled by the complex and living organism of the theatre. Only by direct observation and experience in the theatre can the author comprehend the methods which he is to em-

ploy, and only by the acted interpretation of his work can he estimate its strongest appeal to the public.

The practical demonstration of this fact is already to be perceived in the United States, where the few years of the little theatre movement have been marked by the first appearance of dramatic writing distinguished enough in literary quality, and distinctive enough in method and material, to claim a prominent place in the nation's literature. The fact that the object of little theatres is not primarily commercial, and that therefore the audience can be restricted to enthusiasts, enabled many writers to experiment with dramatic types which are now beginning to catch the fancy of the wider public and which may quite conceivably lead to far-reaching changes in the popular attitude toward art, since the theatre is so intimately connected with pictorial, musical, and elocutionary effects. So long as the moving-pictures continue to provide the chosen amusement for the vast majority of people who seek only ephemeral entertainment, with the attendant consequence of a decline in the legitimate theatre as a commercial venture, the faithful adherents of the spoken drama come to rely more and more on the various art-theatres, community playhouses, and the like.

This state of affairs prevails in Canada as well as in the United States, with the additional factor, apart from the competition of moving-pictures, that the great distances and expenses of transportation preclude the penetration of many good travelling companies into the remoter parts of the country—a phrase which covers all but the two or three largest centres of population. So Canadians would be wholly deprived of the enjoyment of good drama were it not that even the remotest localities can be counted upon to produce a certain number of people enthusiastic enough to undertake all the difficulties of producing plays on their own initiative. Thanks to the diversity of experience and cultural background which characterizes the Canadian population, there nearly always proves to be someone in such a group who has been associated in some capacity or other with the stage and its concerns. With this nucleus the organization develops into a cast which rapidly improves in ability and which finds sufficient recompense in the pleasure of artistic

creation. For the theatre is a form of art doubly suited to such conditions as those of present-day Canada—it offers inexpensive pleasure and relaxation to audiences lacking the leisure to cultivate tastes for paintings or poems or music, and it can be adequately practised by performers who have not undergone the long special training that those other artistic professions require.

Of course, amateur theatricals are no recent innovation in Canada: their history can be traced back for more than a century in the recreations of garrison officers and other social groups. But it is only in the last few years that a large number of suitable plays have been available for such performers—one-act plays which can be given intensive preparation by busy people whose handling of a full-length play would necessarily be cursory and inartistic. And the recognized existence of little theatres in so many places has produced a wide-spread semi-official organization of conferences, periodicals, and special advisors which has rendered accessible to the amateur producer an extensive knowledge of technical subtleties and practical devices.

Certain evidences of these activities in Canada are already to be found in literary form. Out of the most prominent pioneer group, which has now gained its established and highly adequate headquarters in Hart House Theatre of the University of Toronto, came Roy Mitchell's "Shakespeare for Community Players." The scope of this useful manual is very much wider than the title indicates, for the book contains all the practical information required for the organization of a dramatic unit and the amateur production of any plays, not exclusively Shakespeare's. Another Toronto group in which much dramatic experience has been gained, the Dickens Fellowship Players, is represented by the volume of "Scenes from Dickens," edited by J. Edmund Jones. The practical value of such books in preparing the way for more ambitious experiments gives them significance in any survey of the dramatic outlook in Canada.

Such evidence of interest and activity seems sufficient to justify the prediction that the literary output of Canada will soon begin to include plays which will be a part of the country's distinctive self-expression.

The few plays already available do much to support the prophecy. Merrill Denison's work contains some of the finest realistic presentation of Canadian material that has yet been made in any form. The title of the collection implies a definite intention to counteract the prevalent romantic misrepresentation of Canadian scenes. In this reaction from sentimental and artificial narratives, he has concentrated his attention upon one of the most barren of Canadian localities, which is naturally inhabited chiefly by people lacking the initiative to seek more prosperous opportunities. Accordingly his full-length drama, "Marsh Hay," is a depressing picture of baffled and impoverished existence, and the three one-act comedies handle similar themes in a more satiric but little less disillusioned vein.

Another type of one-act play appears in Isabel Ecclestone MacKay's

"Matches" and "The Second Lie." The former of these is a comedy, the latter a tragedy, but both show a firm grasp of dramatic principles; in structure and suspense they are stronger than Merrill Denison's plays, since his are in the modern realistic method that seeks truth to life by reproducing the flatness and inconclusiveness of actual events. Mrs. MacKay's plays contain the very pleasant character observation of her novels, and the severe formal restrictions to which she successfully adheres give her plays compression and force, thereby making them more outstanding achievements than her novels have been.

A wholly different category is represented by "The Woodcarver's Wife," Marjorie Pickthall's poetic one-act tragedy. Its beauty and simplicity give it a grave conventional effect, like that of a pre-

Raphaelite painting, but it has enough dramatic force to be successful in the genuine tragic tradition.

Recent competitions conducted by little theatre groups have produced a large number of creditable plays, some by writers already known in other literary fields, many under unfamiliar names. From the published particulars it would seem that all of the three types already exemplified are represented by these latest contributions, which will probably soon be available in published form. Meanwhile the various manifestations of dramatic activity throughout Canada are encouraging testimonies to the development of a suitable environment in which the infant drama may grow and learn under ideal conditions. It has every opportunity to overtake in importance the senior branches of Canadian literature.

The Wayside Philosopher

CONDITIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

In the B. C. M. last issue "E. K. K." takes the Wayside Philosopher to task for a quoted paragraph in the June Article on the K. K. K.

Let us first express our thanks for the kindly reference to our usual work. Appreciation is always grateful to humanity, and in that respect we are most exceedingly human. This alone will indicate the measure of our gratitude.

Let us next express our appreciation of the spirit of the criticism, the spirit of one who seeks loyally to defend a friend.

Further, let us record our pride in the fact that it is a Canadian who thus takes up the cudgels for our United States cousins. May we ever have Canadians large-souled enough to rebuke any unmerited criticism of our neighbours in any country, and kindly enough in soul to be interested in those who differ from us in nationality, race, etc.

And further, let us add that there is a sense in which the words used in the June article would be illiberal and incorrect, but, in the sense of a comprehensive view of a national mind, we must urge their exactness and truth. Let us examine them more in detail.

"Where home has lost a large part of its meaning." This could be carried into many fields and much said of changed home conditions everywhere; of the Apartment House life, the altered ideals of women regarding their home relationships; the conflict between home and luxury in such form as the motor car, etc., but let us found it on something more general, the maxim "that the religious life and consciousness of a nation derive their effectiveness and vitality from its homes and are rooted and grounded in the home truths lived by its peoples." We take that as correct. Now one fact and we have finished this point: The United States Government census returns show 60,000,000 out of a total of 115,000,000 odd with no religious affiliations. Churches, cults, creeds, enroll less than

half of its peoples. If our maxim be true, has not home lost a very real part of its meaning.

"Where human life has lost some of its greatness," plain living and high thinking in the United States produced its Lincolns, Garfields, etc. Where are the Lincolns of to-day? Who, for example, would compare Bryan, good man and ardent champion of right, as he saw it, though he be, with the clear, sane, sweet-souled goodness and high principle of Lincoln.

Human life has lost some of its greatness as evidenced by its great men. Our public men are but an index of the national behind them; where is the greatness of human life in the United States people such as appreciated Lincoln, Seward, Baker, Benjamin, Davis, Breckenridge, Webster, Douglas and others of the great past of the United States, and sustained them in their fights for the principles they avowed. Not gone by any means! It flourishes in thousands, yes millions, of U. S. homes, but not in the great majority of them.

Need we refer in this regard to the cheapening of human life in the scales of Justice in the courts or in contrast to gain in the great U. S. commercial world!

"Where marriage is a matter of convenience not of principle." Not, of course, in all cases. Millions of United States citizens still regard marriage as a God-ordained ceremony, its vows as binding until death, not the Divorce Court parts the wedded ones. Not in a single state of the 48, however, do these control the marriage laws.

The best that can be said of the restrictions on divorce, in any state, is that in the minority of cases they do not insult the solemnity of marriage by making "incompatibility of temper" in all its looseness, its master to dissolve it at its own sweet will. Few! few! indeed, are the states which limit the freedom of divorce to two or three outstanding causes.

Once you admit divorce as a possibility, you take marriage from its rightful throne, and it becomes a matter of convenience, not principle. When you open

(Continued on Page 10)

Western Need of Justice

Equality of Rates Means No

Give Their

By G. G. McGeer, K. C.

Liberal Candidate, Vancouver Centre.



WE HAVE aroused the people of West to a knowledge of the injustice that they have been submitted to. We have secured from the Prime Minister a declaration that he will give us equal treatment and impartial justice. We have now the opportunity to either accept his word or repudiate his promise.

There are wrongs to be adjusted.

There are rights to be declared and while we may go on appealing to the Board of Railway Commissioners and

to all our other courts there is one court where we can secure lasting and final justice and that is the Great court of public opinion, the Parliament of Canada. There and there alone can be established our right to economic freedom and it is to that Court that your case must now be taken.

What does Mr. Meighen mean when he says that equalization in the West rivets the high freight rates charges in the maritimes?

Just in passing there is this to be said about the International Railway in the Maritimes:

Mr. Meighen apparently does not know that the very policy of paying out of the general revenue of the country for Railway service in the Maritime Provinces has been in effect ever since they entered Confederation. But worse than that the low rates charged in Eastern Canada has been the direct cause of our high rates in the West.

The Dominion Government has spent out of consolidated revenue for the construction and operation of the Inter-Colonial Railway and other Railways in the Maritimes upwards of two hundreds of millions of dollars.

That railway has been deliberately operated at a loss throughout its entire history. It has never returned one dollar of capital, nor has it ever paid one dollar of interest. The taxpayer of this province has paid his full share of that expense.

From Montreal to St. John the distance is about 500 miles, almost as far away as Calgary is from Vancouver.

The rate is one cent per 100 lbs. as compared with 21 cents from Calgary to Vancouver.

From Halifax to Winnipeg the distance is 2280 miles. The rate on sugar is 128 cents from Vancouver. From Vancouver the distance is 800 miles less yet the rate is 160 cents, 32 cents more for 800 miles less haul.

Isn't this enough to make the freight rates question the biggest political issue the West has ever faced?

Meighen says, "Equalized Rates are indefensible": King has already ordered equalization. One of these men will control this matter during the next four years. Your vote will help to decide.

By R. P. McLennan

Liberal Candidate, Burrard

IN OFFERING myself as a candidate to represent the constituency of Burrard in the House Commons at Ottawa, I do so because

I believe the interests and issues confronting Western Canada today are so vital that I feel it my duty to sacrifice personal interests for the public welfare.

The question of freight rates alone is one of the most important issues that the people of Western Canada have been called upon to solve since Confederation. I have been in the freight rates fight for twenty years, but not until the present government actually committed itself to the solving of this problem, has hope of relief come.

I am not concerned with the argument whether this question is a political issue. I do know that Premier King has pledged his government to impartial justice, while Mr. Meighen has stated that the amount of relief granted already is "utterly indefensible." This promise of Premier King has placed me solidly behind him and his policies and I ask you, as a loyal Vancouver citizen, to support his policies and help to obtain that measure of relief that we are justly entitled to.



Our opponents wish to make the tariff an issue in this election. It is not an issue, and both say it is best to establish a Board to correct any existing injustice.

If anything were wrong with Canada would our dollar have risen from 17 per cent. discount to above par, during four years of Liberal government?

Would our manufactured exports have jumped from seven hundred and fifty-four millions to one thousand and eighty-one millions, while our imports have risen less than fifty millions?

Would we actually be importing six millions less from the United States than four years ago?

Would Roger Babson, the great international trade expert, declare that Canadian business has rounded the corner and is on a better footing than at any time during the past four years?

Vancouver has been sending three men to Ottawa who were unfriendly to the government. Should we not show our appreciation of the things that the Mackenzie King government has done for our port in the past four years and send men to Ottawa who stand on a platform of western advancement?

I leave with you the decision on these issues, confident in the soundness of your judgment, and appeal to you for that generous measure of support that will give the Premier one more follower to assist him in fulfilling his pledge of just, fair and impartial treatment for the whole of the Dominion of Canada.

City Surpasses Mere Party

New Empire — Four Candidates

Views on Issues

By R. G. MacPherson

Liberal Candidate, Vancouver South

I AM A CANDIDATE because I love British Columbia and desire to see this province flourish.

Because I believe Greater Vancouver, if treated fairly, will become the greatest city in this Dominion.

I live in South Vancouver, have brought up my family there, and all that I own in the world is in Greater Vancouver. I desire, therefore, in my lifetime to contribute whatever I can to the building up of this community.

I appeal to the electors, as a western man to western men and women, to forget party and vote for the western programme. On the sunny southern slope we are enjoying today a measure of prosperity resulting from the development of this port. Ours is a community of gardens and homes, boulevards and parks. Every time a new elevator is built upon Burrard Inlet or the Fraser River; new people come into our community and build new homes. The stumps and snags are removed and gardens are made where once was waste. Building up the trade of this port brings to our community men interested in grain, in the milling industry, in lumber, and in world commerce generally. They are good judges and desire to raise their families under the most favorable conditions, therefore they come to our community on the sunny southern slope which looks out upon the Fraser, and every one benefits from this growth in population, from this increased buying power, and from the new wealth and the new energy and vitality.



The western programme is bigger than party; is bigger than any individual or candidate. I ask the people to vote for that programme and to send to the House of Commons only those candidates pledged to support it.

Laying aside any party consideration for the moment, I am whole-souled behind the western programme. You and I know that by supporting it we can gain the prosperity which is our right throughout Greater Vancouver. If we have a measure of building activity at the present time, it is chiefly due to the fact that reduced freight rates and port development have created a new day for Greater Vancouver.

Throughout my career I have supported organized labor. During my service in the Postoffice at Vancouver, during the postmen's strike, you had a glimpse of my record with regard to my respects for the rights of labor.

In my campaign I am making a feature of the old age pensions, and pledge to carry the fight to establish such to the floor of the House of Commons. To raise the money to finance old age pensions for the Dominion of Canada, I propose that help be asked from the holders of millions of dollars' worth of tax free Victory Bonds, who today escape taxation.

I am asking the people of Vancouver South to forget party and vote for the Western Programme, with the sincere belief in my heart that such action will be in the interests of every home holder in Point Grey and South Vancouver municipalities.

By Dugald Donaghy

Liberal Candidate, Vancouver North

THE SUBJECT of railways and railway development is a matter of prime importance to the people of North Vancouver. You have just completed the construction of a bridge at a cost of approximately two million dollars, with the primary object of bringing the transcontinental railways of this country into your city. You are now on the threshold of the development which comes with the advent of great transcontinental railway lines.

Our interests are opposed to the policy announced by the leader of the opposition, that not another dollar shall be spent in railway extensions. Such a policy will hold back the development of this port. We want to see the Canadian National Railway extended from Port Mann to the City of North Vancouver; we want to see its railway shops and yards constructed on the great tideflat areas on the North Shore, and we expect to see many grain elevators constructed along our waterfront. We want this port made the outlet for the great Peace River country, as this is its natural outlet to the sea. We want to see the P. G. E. Railway continued from Squamish to this great harbor.

North Vancouver development has been throttled on account of having no railroads. We have paid a large price to make railway development a possibility on the North Shore. Our future depends upon the continuation of that policy of railway development. In the past we have received great assistance and encouragement from the Hon. Dr. King, as minister of public works of Canada; he has been a friend of the North Shore. When an attempt was made to prevent the construction of the Second Narrows bridge by several powerful interests in Greater Vancouver, Dr. King took off his coat and fought our battles. Through his efforts large sums of money have been advanced by the Dominion Government and the Harbor Board to ensure the construction of the bridge. The first advance was \$100,000, the next was \$170,000, and the last was \$100,000 by the Harbor Board. The advancing of this total of \$370,000 was entirely due to the exceedingly friendly efforts of our friend, Dr. King. I am glad to be a friendly friendly efforts of our friend, Dr. King. I am glad to be a of North Shore development.

When I first ran for mayor of this city, three years ago, I stated I would not play politics from the mayor's chair. I have endeavored to conscientiously carry that out. I stated three years ago that I had no aspirations for parliamentary honors. I am free to admit that I have changed my mind in that respect.

I am a candidate in this election for three reasons. Firstly, because at a meeting attended by my fellow citizens, I was requested to become a candidate. Secondly, because my friend, Dr. King, has expressed a wish to have my assistance in carrying out his programme for the development of the North Shore side of the harbor. Thirdly, because the development of our port is now at a stage where I believe my work and experience will be of value in carrying forward the further interests of the port.



THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER

(Continued from page seven)

wide the gates of divorce to "incompatibility of temper," and the dozen other frivolous excuses which obtain so largely in the United States, you have made marriage, more or less, a mockery or mock-ceremonial.

"Where graft and corruptness flourish." Need we prove the self-evident in all phases of U. S. life. What state is there where the moneyed interests cannot do just as they please, both in the courts, and outside, so long as they maintain some semblance of decency? In what state will a millionaire and an ordinary poor citizen get equal punishment for wrong doing? Why the enormous cost of enforcing prohibition in the United States? Why the increasing unpunished murder roll? Is Chicago the only U. S. city where the gangster, the politician and the immoral moneyed, so-called, "higher ups" block justice and law enforcement? By no means, though it is, perhaps, the worst!

Let us listen to the question of a thoughtful U. S. student of affairs addressing a large and important gathering of his fellow countrymen in one of its larger cities: "How far is our moral consciousness being weakened by the insidiousness of graft, not the venial money graft, by which souls are bargained for a mess of pottage, but the more specious kind, wherein principle is surrendered in compromise with duty?"

"How far, I ask you again, has duty given way to inclination, to advantage, to the securing of ease for a season, to attempts to ignore the unpleasant reminders of conscience that all is not as we would like it to be in matters we have endorsed, or are now supporting?" . . . "Frankly, I tell you that morally we are not putting our best foot forward."

Before closing let us disclaim any vaunting of superiority over our neighbours. Whatever may obtain in other parts of Canada, British Columbia cannot say to the United States, "I am holier than thou." However all is not evil with us. Beneath the apparent rule of wrong, the yeast of truth is ever fermenting, and we will see in B. C., as the U. S. will see, throughout its wide expanse, Law, Order, and Justice acting rightly and properly, backed by a sane and vigorous morality in the home, the church and the states.

We have not attempted nor do we wish to raise any discussion with "E. K. K." We unite, evidently, in thanking God that the fibre of the two peoples has been well woven, and that the ills of to-day will disappear in their joint march upward and onward. We only sought to avoid the proper application of the word "caustic" in our criticism.

OUR DOMINION ELECTION

Once again we are in the throes of a Dominion Election. Nominations are being rapidly arranged for. Next month the battle will have been won, and lost by one or other of the greater parties.

The present election is unique in that it lacks any new general issues. In B. C. we have a local attempt to make an issue of the Freight Rates case, but it is not apt to last out the campaign.

In one or two other provinces there are one or two local questions. Apart from these, the campaign is on the Conservative side, a second appeal on the Protective Imperialistic Policy and platform of the last election. On the Liberal side it is an appeal to pause and see what we have done and what we are to do. What we are to do whilst waiting is not suggested.

Such a position does not cover either side with too much glory. With a railway problem that is crying for solution, with loud calls for a satisfactory immigration policy and a proper disposition of our Merchant Marine question, we have practically a one-issue campaign, and that the Tariff, a question decided by the Canadian people on former occasions in no uncertain manner.

It is also unique in that it presents the spectacle of a minority of 50 members in a house of 235 (now 245) seriously contending for control of that house, with excellent chances of success.

Ordinarily for such a body to add some 25 to 38 to its numbers would be its possibility of achievement. To win it must gain 83 seats. This feat ordinarily impossible, is quite possible, and is confidently predicted by some who are not mere vapourizers.

It is further unique in the fact that one leader openly seeks to become independent of another party whose aid he has accepted throughout the lifetime of the late house.

It is further unique in that it sees an attempt in one province—Quebec—to found an old-time party, the Bleus with an old-time policy. Perhaps this will be the critical and outstanding problem of the election. Certainly it will be watched with deepening interest by all if it should at all meet with its leader's hope of success.

Thus though lacking in new issues as compared with other elections, it will be interesting, and as affecting the Tariff issue, probably finally decisive.

IMPORTANT POINTS

for

B. C. M. READERS

1. From reports occasionally received, we learn that copies of this Magazine go amissing in the mail. Please notify us when the Magazine is not delivered; and also of any change of address.
2. To any subscribers disposed to suggest that this BRITISH COLUMBIA Magazine should, in every detail, follow the methods of U. S. publications, we would respectfully repeat the reminder that "THIS IS CANADA."
3. This Magazine—published for "Community Service" in Western Canada—is now mailed direct at the minimum rate of One dollar. Mailing alone means one cent each copy each month—which charges, like printing bills, have to be met monthly.
4. The practical co-operation of subscribers by prompt payment of renewal dues is valued, and makes for success and continued progress in the work.
5. The BRITISH COLUMBIA Monthly — whose editor has associated with him a group of literary workers of experience and ability—aims to give the WEST a Magazine that shall fairly represent it, and help to give British Columbia its due place in the

British Commonwealth of Nations

New Fables By Skookum Chuck

(R. D. Cumming.)

THE GETTING OF GUS.

The little log school house stood back from the highway some fifty feet or more and was sentineled by a number of giant and stately firs on all sides but that facing the road, as though the space had been gouged out for its convenience.

A Union Jack topped a dwarf flag pole and responded to the mountain breeze with as much pride as though it were guarding a city graded school of much larger dimensions.

In the school room, Eva, the teacher, sat at her desk prompting, while the prescribed class-room discipline reigned with the hush of children in more or less deep study.

Suddenly there was a clatter of a galloping horse's feet on the outside and the rasping of hoofs on the hard ground as the animal was characteristically jerked up to a standstill.

The text-book fell from Eva's hands to the desk as though her fingers had been seized with paralysis.

Eva knew it was Gus, for there was that about the interruption that could not be mistaken.

Teacher sprang to the door, a little weak in diplomacy before the children, stepped outside, and was just in time to greet a huge cowboy dismounting from a small panting and reeking cayuse, and with the jingle of spurs that seemed to be rich music to his ear.

Eva's heart thumped beyond normal and Gus appeared to be no less flabbergasted when the two met.

"My, but your horse is warm!" exclaimed Eva, touching the animal's neck with her soft fingers, and at the same time laboring privately to control her heart action.

"Serves her right for getting so excited," replied the rough rider. "You'd think it was her was going to see you and not me."

"But isn't it cruel?" objected the girl.

"Cruel? Why, she likes it." And the cowboy patted the mare's neck beneath the moist mane with such force that the slap echoed through the big timber. "Look how she paws the ground. Wants to be off again."

For a few moments they exchanged confidential greetings—raw on the part of Gus, and refined on the part of Eva, and then the cowboy said:

"Look here; haven't time now; but I'll be down to see you tonight. Watch for me."

"I'll expect you. What time?"

"Tween seven and eight."

"Goodie!" And the girl lifted her foot up the one step leading into the class-room.

Gus mounted the impatient little grey mare, gave her the rein, and disappeared around a bend in the road, lost in a cloud of alluvial dust.

Gus was one of those happy-go-lucky fellows who go galloping down through the shades and sunshines of this life just as fast as their cayuse will carry them. He was rough hewn in his manner, but he carried some highly refined metal under the raw ore of his exterior. Gus had a long future before him and was at a loss what to do with it. Time, the most valuable of all assets, was a cheap commodity with him at the age of twenty-five. For years he could not make up his mind whether he would be a cowboy or a chauffeur. At last, however, he followed the course of least resistance and went on the ranges.

Not until the color of her cheeks had got back to normal did teacher, with mock dignity, resume her seat at the desk.

During the remainder of the afternoon it seemed impossible for Eva to stake her mind down to the monotony of teaching the young idea how to grasp things. Before her mind's eye—on the blackboard, on every page of the speller, reader, arithmetic, geography, nature study—in fact everywhere, there was a mental picture of the rough and ready cow puncher galloping hither and thither to the music of jingling spurs, rattling and squeaking leather, flapping of sheepskin chaps, and the popping of blacksnake. The big giant, who would easily make two of herself, was everywhere she looked; for oh, how she loved the huge lump of raw humanity in the full bloom of his joyous and virile masculinity!

He was a real fellow—strong, healthy, fearless—the kind that forced a woman to love him with all the passion that was in her prehistoric soul. And this was Eva's beau ideal of a man—a husband. He was such as she had pictured in her fancy ever since the animal man became a factor in her young life. And Eva was now twenty-one—old enough to know better; at least, to be careful.

Old enough to know better and be careful? Yes, indeed, but not old enough to distinguish between the things that Nature compels us to do

and the things the conventions of civilization order that we must do.

Eva, without love, might have exercised caution, but Eva, with love, threw all discretion to the discard. She was no longer her own property to do as she liked with. Nature had taken charge of her whole being as a medium for the furthering of its own great and mysterious ends.

Eva had been born, bred and educated in a large city, where life was hopelessly removed from the soil. Nature seemed to have abandoned the men and women of the city to their fate. Men were not men in the original sense of the word in the city. They were weak, effeminate, tame, unchivalrous.

Life in the country was like being born again to Eva. Here she found man (incorporated in Gus, of course) with all his true aboriginal instincts—in all the glory of his great big, strong, genuine, physical proportions—such as her clinging woman's heart loved to bow down before.

Gus was too big physically for Eva; but this carried no weight with Juliet; for, where Romeo fell down in proportions, he tipped the scales in other admirable ways too numerous to mention.

Eva also overlooked the body defects of bow legs from constant riding, and a slight stoop of the shoulders owing to much bending forward on horseback.

Gus was the first unofficial man Eva had met who carried the qualifications after her arrival to take charge of the little country school house, and she fell in love with him right off the bat; and Gus knew it. After that she overlooked the arch-ives of her hero's past, present or future dimensions, and refused to give berth space to the fact that it is wiser and safer to pick and choose among men diplomatically rather than to associate with them indiscriminately.

Gus called the girl "Eva" after the first meeting, and the familiarity was accepted with tragical lack of grace. But the charm of being in love with Gus had intoxicated Eva to that extent that his vices became virtues.

Gus didn't love Eva, at least at first. Perhaps he could not love, so lavish had been his past. He was flattered, however, that the fair Eva had fallen for whatever charms he may have possessed. Moreover, at this time of his life, he cared nothing for a heart or the damage that might

accrue so long as it supplied him with those thrills that are the spice of a man's life in its association with woman.

In short, Gus was the makings of a bad man when Eva first met him. But Eva didn't see it in that way, and refused to believe any such rot when it was pointed out to her by the more circumspect half of local society.

Very often a woman prides herself that she has the shaping of a man in her own hands, and Eva meant to mould Gus to suit her own taste.

Gus noised into the hall of the farm home where Eva roomed and boarded, like a wild cayuse "tween seven and eight" that evening, his sharp spurs scratching and ripping up the congoleum on the passage floor.

"Hello, Eva!" he shouted. "Here I am." And he banged the door behind him as though it were the gate to a corral.

"Say!" yelled Eva's landlady, coming forward from the kitchen. "What's the big-idea? Go outside and take off them spurs!"

"Oh, keep quiet!" defied Gus. "I won't either. Where's Eva?" And he stampeded like a range steer.

"You won't, eh!" yelled the mistress of the house again. "I'll call Dave, then."

This worked Gus' system like magic. He turned around as though he had been shot from the rear, hauled open the door and withdrew to the front porch. There was something about "Dave" that hovered over Gus like a death sentence.

Eva, who had been sitting in the parlor in eager anticipation of his arrival, rushed out after the raw material and apologized for the "rudeness" of the landlady.

"Don't mention it," Gus courtied. "She'll get over it. Her bark's worse nor her bite, anyway."

"I'm sorry," Eva sympathized, creeping up close to the great refuge. "You're not angry, are you?"

"Angry? Me? Don't you ever think it, little one. We'll not go in there again, though."

The faithful, and perhaps more or less abused little bay mare, stood facing them, the bridle lines hanging from her mouth to the ground in lieu of hitching. She rubbed her nose on Gus' arm, and Eva touched her forehead with caressing fingers. Beside the mare was a small sorrell cayuse saddled and bridled.

"I fetched you a pony for a moonlight ride," said Gus, pointing to the pony.

"Oh, how good of you!"

"Yes, I thought you'd like it," replied the diplomatic Gus. "Go in and get your 'ikties on, for it may be cold up the creek."

Eva disappeared and returned in a few moments dressed for outdoors, and with a comfy little maroon toque drawn snugly down over her ears.

She smiled up into the cowboy's big face:

"How do you like me now?" she cooed.

"My, but you're skookum!" exclaimed the frank range rider.

"Where shall we go?" evaded Eva.

"I'll take you up the creek where they're branding cattle," Gus replied, tentatively.

"Oh, that will be great!" enthused the girl. "I have so often wished to see them branding."

"Yes, but we're not branding to-night," said Gus. "We do that by daylight."

"Oh, of course!"

The landlady, perhaps satisfied to see the last of Eva's wild guest, did not appear on the scene to give her motherly-mature advice. Perhaps the society of that lady was not such that would lay claim to Eva's consideration before that of the worshipful Gus, and she may not have been of that delicate brand of matron who might have been expected to oppose rides on moonlight nights by young ladies with strange young men.

Eva sprang to the saddle with remarkable skill for a novice, and in a few moments the riders were cantering along the road at a slow gallop.

They followed the highway for a mile or more and then turned sharply to the right along a well-worn trail leading into the mountains, and following a creek through the timber. At times they would ride abreast when the trail-width would permit, but often they were forced to fall one behind the other, tandem fashion, when the trail was narrow, or where the bush crushed in on either side.

There was a musky odor of droves of cattle in the woods, but no stock was to be seen, and not a sound disturbed the tranquility of nature save the tramp of the horses' feet on the hard trail and the merry voices of the riders.

It was one of those early-fall, moonlight nights when the air is cool but not frosty. The almost vertical moonshine came down through unobstructed space and lit up the timber to such a degree that objects were just as visible as though it were

broad daylight. The stillness, the peace, the harmony, and the weird moon shadows only augmented the thrill and romance that had entered Eva's soul.

They had penetrated into the woods perhaps two miles when they heard in the distance the lowing of many cows that had been separated from their calves during the process of branding, and the baby, sheep-like cries of the calves in response. It was the call of herds of stock in and around the branding and collecting corrals away up the creek. As they advanced the uproar of the cows and the pleading of the calves became more and more distinct, and more and more real the process and operation of branding became apparent to Eva.

They came to an Indian camp where a few fires were still burning and the siwashes and klootchmen were gathered about the embers seeking warmth from the cool air of the evening.

Gus dismounted at a fire and beckoned Eva to do likewise. The cowboy began to chat familiarly with the Indians in a jargon that Eva did not understand, but which she knew had the ingredients of English, Chinook and Indian in its makeup.

The girl stood close to her human bulwark as though in fear of the natives, but she mimicked Gus' laugh when something funny had apparently been said.

Just then a young klootchman appeared from somewhere in the shadows and fronted up to Eva angrily:

"Ikta mika ticky kapswallow nuka man?" ("Why do you want to steal my man?") she said, looking into Eva's face in a crude and threatening manner, and standing so close that her hot breath fanned the white girl's features.

Eva clung still closer to the colossal protection of Gus, almost trembling with fear.

"What did she say?" she questioned up into his ear in an awed whisper.

"Oh, don't mind her, she's crazy," was the cowboy's undiplomatic advice.

The two rivals looked at each other for a few uncertain moments as though each contemplated springing at the other's hair, while it would have been difficult to tell which one was the most aboriginal.

"Me clazy!" shouted the Indian girl at the top of her voice, and facing up to Gus suddenly as she spoke. "Me show you!" And she turned to poor Eva again who was beginning to tremble in real earnest

notwithstanding the strength of the Gus forces.

How pretty the little klootchman was even in her anger! Eva saw it notwithstanding the affront to herself. She was extremely wealthy in her native charms, with a rich bundle of beautiful hair hanging loose down over her shoulders. She was about Eva's own build and size, and in the throes of her aboriginal temper was exceptionally attractive. She was one whom even a white man might love and woo without discredit to himself.

Could it be possible that the Indian girl too was in love with Gus, and that he had held out promise to her as well? The alternatives ran through Eva's mind, as she stood facing her rival, like a thought born out of the air about her person.

The infuriated klootchman was about to speak, but Gus clapped his hand across her mouth in the usual blunt fashion; and, just at that moment a number of siwashes came forward hurriedly and, with their traditional reverence for a white woman, seized the pretty Indian girl, who struggled furiously, and dragged her away.

In an instant Gus was in the saddle. Eva followed suit, and they rode away in the direction of the branding corrals and the lowing of cows and calves.

"What struck the girl?" Eva asked at some distance from the camp.

"Oh, don't talk about it," replied Gus, impatiently. "It makes me sick."

And then they went forward in silence.

They spoke less and rode faster on the way out than they did on the way in. And they passed the Indian camp on a tight gallop. Eva could not banish from her mind the curious behavior of the Indian girl. There could be but one explanation. The klootchman was in love with Gus, and Gus was trying to shake her off.

When they reached home Gus left the girl standing on the porch before a closed door, and galloped away leading the sorrel, before making sure that she had been admitted.

The custom in the interior, and especially on the ranches, is to leave doors closed but unlocked at night for the accommodation of late arrivals, go to bed and worry about nothing and nobody. So Eva found the usual cold welcome, crept up stairs as cat-like as possible, and was soon tucked away snugly in bed, where sleep refused to come to the relief of her tortured mind.

After the questionable night ride with its accompanying adventure the

temperature of Eva's love went up several degrees. The arrival of competition seemed to add fuel to her already unbridled flame. The infatuation was augmented too by the apparent drop in the mercury of the Gus thermometer. As the days and weeks went by that gentleman seemed to cease effervescing entirely. His relays at the school house tapered down until at last they stopped altogether. As a consequence, Eva became more and more a Juliet, and less and less a teacher.

Rumors began to circulate that she was about to be "canned" by the trustees owing to a lack of confidence in her teaching methods.

Eva developed a very real human jealousy for the pretty "Minnehaha" who had stepped upon the stage so suddenly and so unexpectedly. How beautiful a person this "Laughing Water" was! How like a queen of the tribe! And she fancied the little klootchman had more than her share of the advantages as a woman in the battle for Gus. She was of the Gus breed—rough, ready, raw, a child of the earth, a child of the ranges, where they both lived dramatically near to the soil.

One afternoon a few months after the adventure with the Indian girl, Eva and Gus had a real little row in the home of Mrs. "Dave."

Gus had dropped in for some unspecified reason, and the trap sprung on him before he had time to withdraw.

During preliminaries, Eva went so far as to suggest marriage. She said this in cunning repartee, but Gus seemed to accept it as an honest-to-goodness proposal. With Eva it was experimental.

"But it's not leap year," Gus joshed with her.

"No, but business is business," emphasized the girl, leading him on by the halter.

Gus laughed like a crowd in the movies.

"Hold your horses," he roared, "I haven't even a home to put a wife into."

"No?"

This was new ground for Eva. She had never considered this essential in connection with the getting married "business." She had never been able to penetrate beyond the present of the Gus proposition.

"The only house I have is a barn loft, and that's not skookum enough for a lady. Besides, it isn't mine," he finished.

This seemed to lower Eva's argument down to the absolute zero. She couldn't live in a hay mow. Besides Gus, according to the usual order of

human social things, she must have a home—a roof to protect her from the rain.

"It would do for a klootchman, though," she supplied, angrily.

"Lots of them haven't that much."

"I dare say. What have you done with all your life?" she added with irony.

"Chased steers and busted broncos, I guess," he replied with pride.

"With your money, I mean?" she prompted.

"Never had much. Some of it went on booze, perhaps."

Eva surveyed the huge hulk with the eyes of one who had suddenly traced a disease in him that called for drastic quarantine.

"Well!" she exclaimed.

Gus stretched his great person and seemed to get bigger. Eva collapsed into a chair and seemed to get smaller.

Some weeks after this the total absence of Gus created a blank in Eva's life, and she imagined all sorts of wild things about the cowpuncher and "Minnehaha."

One day she saw him galloping by the school house in pursuit of some steers and accompanied by a number of siwashes. Minne was with him, too, riding close at the bay mare's heels on the very sorrel which Eva had rode on that memorable night.

This was like pouring gasoline on Eva's fire. It seemed the last straw that ruptured the back-bone of her hope, and rendered her future a total blank. Evidently Gus, after all, wasn't trying to shake the Indian girl.

One day Gus disappeared altogether from the ranges, and it was said that he had gone to the front, for the great war had recently broken out. Shortly afterwards it became known for a fact that he had actually joined up with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, and was already in England under training for the trenches.

Although Gus was perhaps not all he might have been, and had tossed Eva and Minne about hither and thither for the mere thrill of the sport, yet he had responded to the call to arms when the honor of his country was at stake. However much he may have erred, his joining up was a balance on the right side of his life's ledger.

Eva didn't lack healthy appreciation, and her heart swelled for the great big cowboy who had at last done something noble. And she prayed for his welfare and safe return.

At the close of the term, Eva's resignation was accepted by the board

of trustees and she returned to her home in the city and secured an opening in one of the larger schools there. She still underestimated the qualifications of city masculine man; but then, the day had arrived when she wasn't interested in men generally.

She never gave up hope and faith that somehow, somewhere, sometime, the big lump of raw material would return from the battle fields a finished article, having been through the mill of human moulding, and claim her for his wife. Away in the trenches in France, if he was away from her, he was at least separated from Minne as well. On his return he would surely choose the least of the two evils.

* * *

The war was over. The enemy had been defeated, and the soldiers began to return by the hundreds and thousands—what was left of them. Wives, mothers, sweethearts, sisters, crowded the wharfs and stations in eager anticipation watching and waiting for their loved ones to return to them. Eva watched and waited in blind mockery with the others for something that must surely be impossible—Gus returning to her.

He would surely return. But would he return to Eva? No word of his death had ever reached her home via the newspapers or the ranges. Could she meet him as a sweetheart? At least she could welcome him.

* * *

From a train one day when Eva was there again without fail, with

hundreds of others, hoping for something she dared not expect, a huge form stepped to the platform handsomely dressed in khaki. He was a commissioned officer of some kind, as was plainly seen by the straps on his shoulders. It was Gus. He had made good in France. Even physically he had improved. His bandy legs had been straightened out, and he seemed taller than ever as a consequence. His shoulders had lost their roundness.

He was no longer a hulk, for he stood on his pins just as straight as a Statute of Liberty. He approached Eva, but she didn't recognize him at first, so great was the metamorphosis.

When he placed a huge hand on her shoulder, she knew him instantly.

"Gus!" she almost screamed.

"Eva!"

She hid her small face in his great broad chest.

"Then you're not angry?" said the officer.

But Eva had forgiven everything.

The war had done it, Gus told Eva. The shot and shell; the wholesale slaughter; the roar of cannon; the murder of women and children; the tears of wives, mothers, sweethearts; the men giving their lives for their country when their families needed them more. As the years went by, he continued to relate, and he escaped the fate of many who fell on the battle field, Gus began to burn more and more with remorse, and the fire threatened to consume him. Eva, af-

ter all, had a moral, legal and sympathetic claim on him, for every man must support and protect one woman. He at length recognized a responsibility to the girl which not only masculine gallantry demanded, but from which he, as a man, could not conscientiously escape.

"But how about Minne?" questioned Eva, eagerly.

"Oh, did you not know? She's married."

"How could I know?" with a tingle of the old jealousy.

It was not until he found himself hopelessly isolated from Eva that Gus realized their human relations, he went on to explain, and the possibility that he might never return to see her again or claim her. Eva was his legitimate burden. She was more than that; for, long before the war was over, the tramp, tramp of love's footsteps became audible in his heart, and he wondered that he had not heard them before. It was perhaps the birth of a new soul that had been lying dormant coming face to face with those principles that all men owe to all women.

"It just seemed to me that I couldn't resist the tugging no longer," Gus said one day shortly after the wedding. "It seemed as though you had me lassoed and were dragging my carcass over the salt chuck and across the bald-headed prairie to British Columbia. And here I am."

"Yes, and here I am too," replied Eva. "And I've got you hitched so's you'll never get away again."

Books Worthy of Note

Every artizan must have tools for making and moulding his specific art, so must every mind and spirit have tools and keep them keen and burnished for the greatest of all art, that of moulding and beautifying character; and surely everyone will admit that the reading of well-chosen books is one of the essentials toward perfecting that process.

* * *

How many of our readers have read "The Unseen Leadership" by Herbert Stead? Every leader, no matter in what sphere his leadership, would be well repaid by perusal of this arresting witness to the reality of The Unseen Leadership.

* * *

Then in those days when growing attention is being given to things psychic, some minds would be the better able to deal with this subtle subject by reading "The Road to

En-Dor" by E. H. Jones, published by John Lane Ltd., London.

It may be said with some truth that this is not a creative period of outstandingly great literature—though to the listening ear there seems to be "a stirring in the tops of the mulberry trees"—rather is it a time for the examination, interpretation and evaluation of great literature already created. Trevor H. Davies, in a series of lectures now published in book form by G. H. Doran & Co., New York, entitled, "Spiritual Voices in Modern Literature," is eminently a book serving the above purpose. In Masfield's "The Everlasting Mercy," Ruskin's "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven," Browning's "Saul," Morley's "Life of Gladstone," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Wordsworth's "The Ode to

Duty," Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Letters of James Smetham," Davies, finds high inspiration for this series of spiritual interpretations of literary masterpieces. "These delightful studies exhibit in unusual measure a sympathetic insight into human nature and its spiritual problems and a finely discriminating appreciation of literary values."

* * *

Many thoughtful parents are on the outlook for books suitable for their teen-age girls. "Because of Jean" and "Wait-still Baxter" make delightful and refreshing reading and "Emily Climbs," a recent book by L. M. Montgomery—a sequel to "Emily of New Moon"—in which the writer undoubtedly bestows on her readers riches drawn from her own experience—is a book full of charm. The characters in it live and

laugh and talk and enjoy and suffer and grow before you, and Emily, who vowed that "I will climb the Alpine Path and write my name on the scroll of fame"—and must sustain "the Murray tradition" on her mother's side of the family while climbing—inspires the reader to climb the heights with her, where glimpses of realms needful for the development of each new stage of life may be seen, glimpses which allure and fortify the eager spirit. Emily finds herself in many ludicrous, difficult, and delicate situations from which her sense of humour, her wit, and her uncanny insight find a way out. Her response to nature in its ever varying moods may not be appreciated fully by the average adolescent, but such response has educative value.

Even in the teen-age, thoughts of marriage intrude themselves and must be faced. "I don't know which is worse—to have somebody you don't like ask you to marry him or not have some one you do like. Both are rather unpleasant." "Well, one must be a slave to something in this

kind of a world," he said. "No one is free. Perhaps after all, love is the easiest master—easier than hate, or fear, or necessity, or ambition, or pride." Throughout the story there are scattered such seed thoughts as the above that will stir receptive minds. Publishers, McClelland & Stewart Ltd.

* * * *

Lorne Pierce, of the Ryerson Press, Toronto, has made all lovers of Canadian literature his debtor by his production of "A Book of Remembrance" of Marjorie Pickthall. In his preface he sets forth the aim and purpose of this book—"to tell the story of her life simply, and where possible, let Marjorie, through her writings, speak for herself. . . . to set the work of the mature artist in the continuity of her mental and spiritual development, that we may see the actual elements of her genius taking shape under our eyes." He has culled from her childhood verses up through the ever-maturing self-expression of her mind and spirit, gems of beauty, both in poetry and

prose, that will make all lovers of literature seek for themselves in the atmosphere in which Marjorie Pickthall lived the "true, the beautiful, and the good." In the last chapter of this artistic volume—artistic both in its outward binding and in its inner revelation—Lorne Pierce has given an exhaustive analysis of the entire writings of Marjorie Pickthall.

In his summing up he writes: "The quality of her beauty is timeless. The total effect is a purifying and ennobling of the whole nature, and yet this is not produced by any doctrinal system of ideas, nor by reasoning of any kind, but whatever it is, it is produced through the imagination alone, an imaginative experience through which we are identified with the beautiful, which is not only felicitous but also loving and true. Through this lies her real interpretation of life. She, too, like Keats, 'had loved the principle of beauty in all things,' which, in a world of decay and disillusionment, defies death and constitutes the one living reality."

Mine Eyes Unto the Hills

(By C. C. Fuller, Victoria, B. C.)

It is an illustration of the working of the law of universal compensation, that that period of the year which marks the smallest intellectual output, should find expression for that output through media characterized by size. Thus the slack season in England is given over to discussion of the giant gooseberry and the sea serpent, both phenomena being almost as remarkable for their size as are the mendacities related about them.

But the exasperated reader, fleeing from an effete and decadent atmosphere, to the vigorous air of the western world, is met, as he steps ashore, with the same ubiquitous vegetable, served up in a different guise.

There is something integral about this annual period, for there is no escaping it; it would almost seem that there is something integral also about the practice of compensating smallness of subject, by largeness of object; for though the emigrant, as he leaves his native shores, may escape his gooseberry tinted and dyspeptic dreams, he finds himself confronted on arrival with that local edition, the Rocky Mountains.

A photo of Mount Robson, a vignette of Lake Louise, a few ecstatic literary murmurs, and he has before him the intellectual bill of fare for Canada's slack season.

In despair his thoughts turn to the older civilizations of the orient, where silly seasons are unknown, and where the stream of exaggeration and untruth flows evenly all the year round. He repacks his bag, and starts for the East by a West-bound train, and as he steps aboard, Canada marks him for her own, for the East lies beyond the West, and to reach it, the pilgrim has to pass through that sacred region, that backbone of a continent, that inspiration of a people, with its mystic power of healing for the harassed mind—the Rocky Mountains.

As he enters their magic gates, despair and dyspepsia alike fall away from him, and he finds himself in a rarer atmosphere, attuned to simpler thoughts and needs, and forgetting his Eastern goal, he bows his head in submission, and receives the accolade of Canadian knight-hood.

As he drowns remembrance of his old petty troubles and discontents in the Lethian waters of some moun-

tain lake, he suffers an orientation of mind, he learns that there are majestic presences before whom literature finds its truest expression in brevity, art in silence.

For as surely as the wild animals find their sanctuary there, so do the sons of men; and not only safety, but strength and rejuvenation; for the mind which stands humble and silent in the royal presence, bears with it, when it leaves, something of the King's frank, and its subsequent reactions must be stamped with that august superscription.

It is curious how the presence of the mountains does seem to have a silencing effect, not only on writers, but on everyone; even the boring bagman of the smoking compartment has been known to feel it, and the writer whose article consists largely of photographs, is only breathing the true spirit of the place in limiting his remarks to the scantiest, and in leaving the indescribable to the imagination of the reader.

The rivers, with the sound of their mighty waters, are conceived in the silence of the snows, and it is meet and right that the sojourner among the peaks, should accept his inspiration in the same quality.

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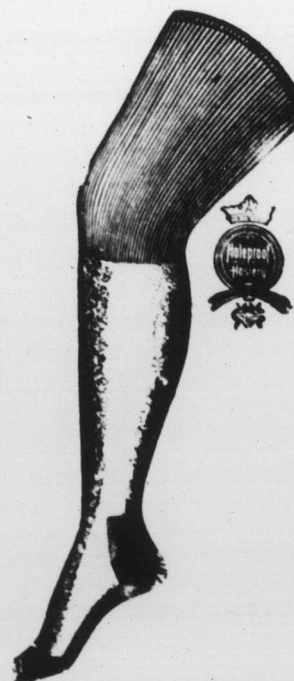
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