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Devoted to COMMUNITY SERVICE FEARLESS FAIR & FREE

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June, 1924

No. 5



ROBERT ALLISON HOOD

*Author of "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester,"
"The Quest of Alistair," etc.
New Chairman of the British Columbia Branch of the
Canadian Authors' Association.*



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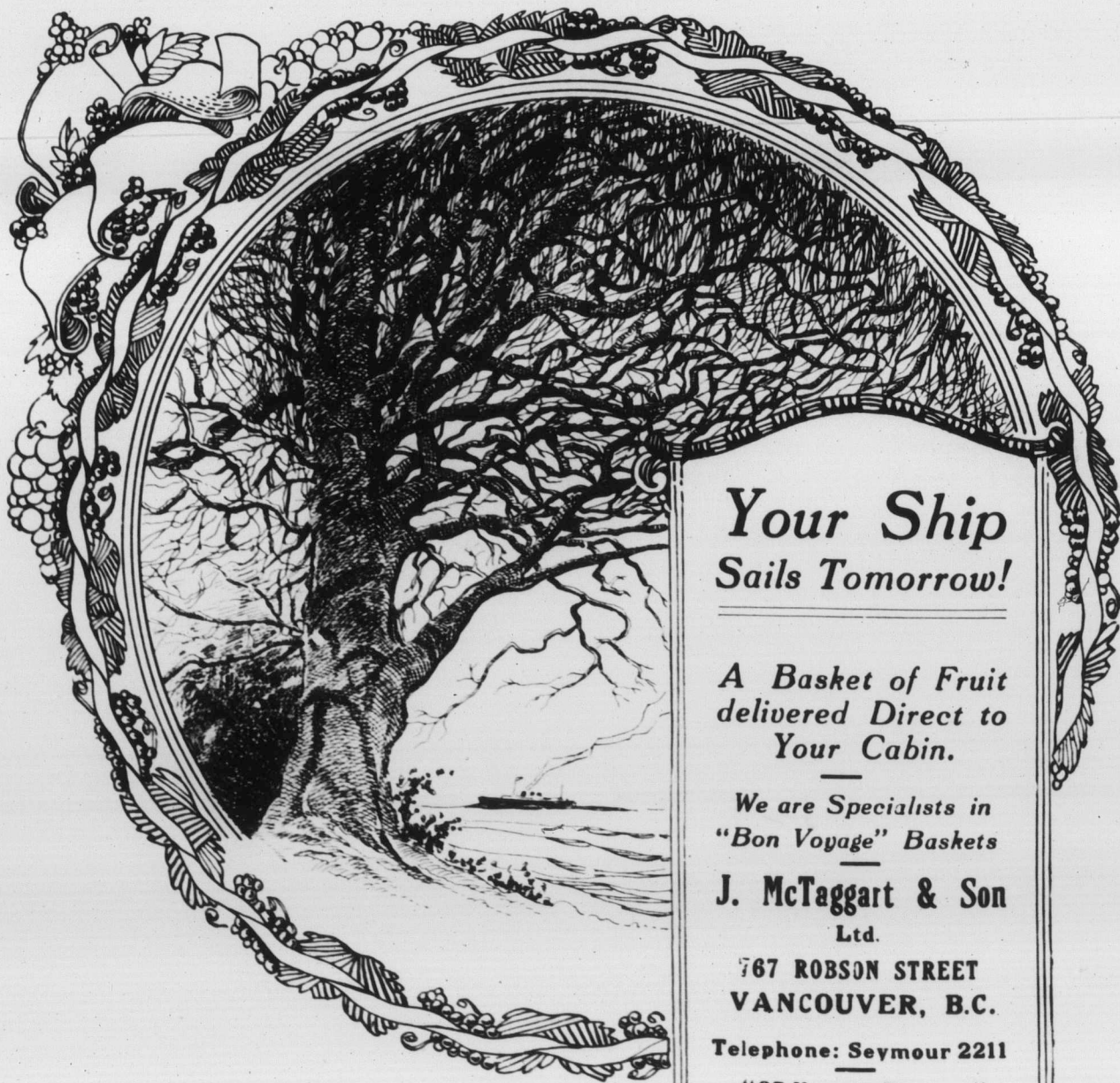
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MONTHLY
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D. A. CHALMERS
Managing Editor and Publisher
With an Advisory Editorial
Committee of Literary
Men and Women

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

VOLUME XXII.

JUNE, 1924

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Canadian Authors' Association

British Columbia Branch

Report by the Acting Chairman, Mr. R. A. Hood, as submitted to the Annual Meeting at Quebec City by one of the delegates from British Columbia.

In the absence of our Chairman, Mrs. Henshaw, it falls to me to present a report on her behalf for the activities of the members of our Branch in the year just past.

I consider that the record is a most gratifying one, not only for the amount of work that has been produced but also for its high quality and the wide range of literary effort which it covers.

First of all, I would speak of the splendid service Mrs. Henshaw herself has been giving in her lectures in London and other big centres of the Old Country. She has spoken before a number of the foremost literary and scientific societies on "Mountain Wild Flowers of British Columbia" and other subjects, and from the press reports that have come to us she has been most favourably received everywhere she has been.

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay has completed a new book of children's poems which will shortly be published and has written several one-act plays. She has been contributing short stories and poems to various magazines, "McLeans" among others, and has recently placed a novelette with one of the best United States publications.

In the field of the novel, Bertrand Sinclair has received high praise for his recent book, "The Inverted Pyramid," which is a story of Vancouver. Its plot has to do with the disastrous collapse of the Dominion Trust Company. His short stories, published in "McLeans" and elsewhere, celebrating the thrilling escapades of rumrunners on our own Pacific Coast, have gained a wide popularity.

Douglas Durkin, who is now carrying on his work at Columbia University, has achieved a notable success with "The Magpie," a powerful story of Canadian life. Apart from its fine story interest, it provides a serious study of the conditions in this Country after the war which should be of value to the historian of the future who may seek to understand the mental outlook of the various classes of the people at the time.

Francis Dickie's novel, "The Master Breed" has been published in three countries and has had a wide sale, and that writer has recently carried off the 100 pound prize in a short story contest in which the judges were Hugh Walpole, Christopher Morley and Sir Philip Gibbs. He has another novel to be published shortly in England.

The publication of Frederick Niven's two Western stories, "The Wolfers" and "Treasure Trove" has been followed by the republication in New York of "Justice of the Peace," a novel, the scene of which was laid in Scotland. This was published in London in 1914 and the new edition has introductions written by Hugh Walpole and Christopher Morley. "The Wolfers" and "Treasure Trove" are both adventure stories. The former is especially interesting as being the result of an experiment in which the writer has used the plot elements of the "penny dreadful" but has clothed them with all the embellishments at the resource of a finished literary stylist.

Harwood Steele's new novel of the Mounted Police, "Spirit of Iron" is a strong piece of work and received high commendation from the New York Times. The same number contained long and appreciative reviews of "The Inverted Pyramid" and "Justice of the Peace."

Mrs. Alice M. Winlow has been devoting herself principally to the short story field and her stories have appeared in "The Canadian Magazine" and other good mediums. Mrs. Hilda Glynn Ward (Mrs. Howard) has been writing many stories for the American magazines.

Along the line of poetry, two notable books have been produced, Mr. Bernard McEvoy's "Verses for My Friends" and Mrs. Annie C. Dalton's "Flame and Adventure," both of which have attracted wide and favourable comment from the reviewers. A new edition of Mrs. Lefevre's book of poems, "A Garden by the Sea," has been published this year.

Mrs. Jean Kilby Rorison, Miss M. E. Colman, Miss Rae Verrill, Mrs. Holt Murison, Lewis Wharton, Herbert Beeman are among our poet members who have been contributing to miscellaneous magazines and periodicals.

Mr. Frank Burnett's fine book of travel in the South Seas "Summer Isles of Eden" was brought out this year and is a notable addition to the literature of the subject.

Mr. John Nelson has published a series of articles in McLeans Magazine, "Problems of the Provinces," which have attracted wide comment and shall shortly be published in book form, under the title "The Canadian Provinces, Their Problems and Policies." The Hon. Arthur Meighen furnished the introduction.

Dr. R. G. MacBeth is now at work on a history of the Canadian Pacific Railway. His recent history of the North West Mounted Police, "Policing the Plains" is now being produced for the motion pictures.

In the publishing field Mrs. Edith Cuppage has launched out with a new ladies' publication, entitled "The Ladies Mirror," which is proving deservedly popular.

Mr. D. A. Chalmers with the British Columbia Monthly has advanced well on into the second decade of its publication. It is gratifying to learn that application has been made from the East to have this magazine on show with the British Columbia exhibit at the Empire Exhibition in London this summer, and a considerable number of copies monthly have been ordered by the Government for distribution to visitors.

Mention should be made of the part which this Branch took in the Book Week activities. Addresses were given in the Manufacturers' Building and in the Hotel Vancouver before the Women's Canadian Club by Mr. Douglas Durkin, one of our members, advocating the necessity for Canadians to read their own literature and encourage its proponents. At both meetings an exhibition of books by Canadian writers was arranged for through the efforts of Messrs. Ireland & Allen and

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Exhibition of the British Columbia Society of Fine Arts

AN IMPRESSION

(Alice M. Winlow)

"To think, to dream, to conceive beautiful works is a delicious occupation. It is like smoking enchanted cigars, like living the life of a courtesan as her fancy would have it. The work then appears in the charm of infancy, in the unbridled joy of generation, in the scented colours of the flower and the flowing juices of the fruit, already tasted. Such is conception and its pleasures. He who can draw his ideas in words passes already for an extraordinary man.

This faculty all writers and artists possess. But to produce! to deliver! laboriously to bring up a child, to put him to bed, glutted with milk, every evening, to kiss him every morning with the unexhausted heart of a mother, to dress him a hundred times in the most beautiful coats which he unceasingly tears; yet not to be discouraged by the spasms of this mad life and to make of it that living masterpiece that speaks to every look in sculpture, to every intelligence in literature, to every memory in painting, to every heart in music—this is execution and its labours."

It was in the mood, induced by reading the foregoing excerpt from Balzac's "La Cousine Bette" that the writer visited the School Board Offices to see the pictures displayed by members of the British Columbia Society of Fine Arts.

In "Hope River" by J. Crease there are washes of color suggesting depths of foliage, a windy sky, purple mountains in the distance. In the shimmering water are deliciously cool reflections of the green foliage.

Among Mrs. H. Bulwer's collection, a miniature of a lady with black lace scarf over her shoulder is exquisite. A band of blue silk holding glistening brown hair in place, repeats the wonderful blue of the eyes.

Among Mrs. A. G. Hodgins' miniatures is the portrait of a child with starry blue eyes and golden curls, full of wonder and vitality.

"Jelf" is the portrait of an adoring dog posing for an understanding master. His eyes seem to say "What do you want? I know it must be all right, so I'll keep very still." The artist is Capt. D. H. Russell.

"At the Window" is by Frances Ashby. The child is in a contradictory mood. He is really unwilling to turn from his bunny and woolly dog, but since you wish to see his face, he will oblige.

Hon. Mrs. R. Bloomfield's "Hyperion" is a noble picture. Rays of supernatural light illuminate the three horses, showing their giant strength and their lightning speed. It would seem that the horses represent the winds. Hyperion is the Sun.

"When the might

Of Hyperion from his noon-tide throne

Unbends the languid pinions of the winds. . ."

"Breaking Weather" is by Stanley Tytler. Converging lines of furrows lead the eye to a blue lake. Beyond the lake are hills seen through shreds of mist, that lend poetry and atmosphere.

"Ross Peak Glacier" by Mrs. Brydon-Jack is rich in prismatic colors; purple, orange, and green. The sky seems filled with atoms of living color.

W. P. Weston's "Dingman's Cove, Gabriola" has brown trees in the distance with an intensely blue patch of sky showing through, a jewel-like stretch of water, sapphire and jade intermingling, the branch of a sunlit tree, and a sun-drenched floating wharf. All in holiday mood.

In C. H. Scott's "Study of a Head" the eyes are deeply thoughtful, the face has an intense expression, the mouth forceful but capable of warmth and understanding.

"Spring Morning, Stanley Park" by Duncan Davidson

shows misty mountains in the background. The water of the narrows is misted over with early morning vapors. An olive green foreground has suggestions of yellow flowers, while a faint breeze stirs the tree.

Theo. G. Adamson's "Harbor Lights" is done in a splendid purple key. There are tiny notes of yellow for illumination, and a red light on the masthead of a boat in the foreground.

"Old Wharf, Victoria," by W. Menelaws, shows a boat at the wharf. The reflections of white, purple and green and the wavering reflections of the wharf piles are wonderfully full of life. A misty blue sky adds to the glamorous beauty of the picture.

The whole essence of Mrs. Goodall's "Study of a Child" is expression. The child is the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Goodall. The flutter of a sudden stirring of love and utter trust is caught; the face is illuminated by this beautiful emotion, and the lovely blue-gray eyes are filled with it. A sturdy little tanned arm lies against the vivid red of the dress, and on the child's hair is a bow of the same vivid color. A picture to remember and dream of.

"Martha" by Dorothy Thompson is a thoughtful study. The eyes are very expressive and the mouth kindly. The shadows in the folds of the nurse's white cap and the delicacy of the muslin fichu are irresistibly expressed.

"La Penseur de Rodin" is by Kate A. Smith. One is grateful for this presentation of a masterpiece where the physical strength of man is subservient to the intellect.

Rodin "Shattered the Syntax of Stone" to tell of the deep truths he saw. In the picture, light is shown as filtered through the surrounding trees and casting a cool green radiance on the statue.

In "Fishing Boats, Grand Canal, Venice" by H. T. Ritherford, we have vermilion sails, purple shadows under the arch, rose, green, cobalt and yellow reflections in the water. A rich and satisfying color study.

Mr. C. A. Ferguson's "Plum Blossom in Japanese Garden" shows a pergola casting gray shadows, a delicate blue patch of sky and green trees with boughs laden with ivory-tinted plum blossoms.

"Dawn on Lake Moraine" by G. Williams Ogden suggests a well-loaded brush. The purple mountains are tipped with coral, and near the base are glacial drifts of snow reflected in the water. The coral of the crests is caught in the rippling water in the foreground with lovely effect.

"Laguna Grove" by Mrs. Schooley has a quietness, a solitariness that is restful. It is an andante of major melodies and chords.

"In Stanley Park" is by Stateira Frame. It is filled with sunlight, and motes of air seem sparkling with life. Nothing in nature is definitely outlined. Everything is suggested in color of purple, crimson, orange, green, yellow.

Mr. H. Hood's "Canadian National Railway Station" is done under the spell of commerce. The artist has invested the spirit of traffic with poetry; mauve mountains, in the distance, cobalt shadows filling the windows of the station, a tender twilight sky.

Mr. W. P. Weston has unusually lovely misty effects in blue and green in "A Camp, Grantham's." A canvas covered shack is in the foreground, suggesting restfulness and quiet.

In "Flowers of Spring" by Margaret Wake there are dewy tulips of mauve, rose, yellow, and full-blown delicate pink flowers. A mass of lovely color against a background so painted that the flowers stand out like living blooms.

Melita Aitken's study "Pink Chrysanthemums" shows dreamy loveliness of shadows, the contours of the petals are

lost in the purple background, and the green of the vase melts miraculously also into the purple. One leaf, soft and dewy as though seen for the first time at dawn, droops over the edge of the vase.

"In the Fall of the Year" by J. Christisen has lovely Autumn coloring. The details are done with loving care. Only an ardent lover of outdoors could give such delicate details. The morning sky is pale and misty. It is a frosty morning, for as bruin, a very lively fellow, stalks along, you can actually see his breath turning to a faint spiral of vapor.

Miss Conran's "Lost Lagoon" also has lovely autumn coloring. Vancouver Island shows dimly in the distance. The reds, browns, and yellows of the foliage on the bank of the lagoon are delicately reflected in the water.

"Deepening Shadows" by Mrs. Rankin is done in washes of delicate colors. The sense of distance is satisfying. Wavering reflections of mauve, brown and green in the pale shimmering water give poetry to the picture.

"A Study of Pansies" that rivets the attention is by Mrs. Verral. The Pansies are in a brass bowl. There are a few yellow pansies, and as one looks at them the eye also detects a vivid yellow streak down the side of the bowl, a glint of sunlight on the brass. There are white pansies with hearts of Palma violet shade. Curtains behind the flowers have no definite texture, but folds of contrasting color are suggested. The whole picture seems moist, the colors running still over the paper. The kindling energy of beauty culminates in this flash of living color that holds the essence of flower loveliness.

"Evening" is by Mrs. Elleston Tildesley. The sky is cool and a faint touch of coral is caught in the water. The sea-gulls give a sense of poise and restfulness.

Mrs. Harvey's Study in Still Life shows an upturned flower-pot filled with ivy. Tulips of red, white and yellow lie in artless abandon, their leaves lying so delicately soft and natural one feels like touching them.

There is an Indian with his squaw in a boat in S. P. Judges' "Waiting for the Tide." The Indian wears a tan shirt and the squaw has a red shawl over her shoulders. It is a blue-painted boat they are in and the sails are clewed up, with gray-blue shadows in their folds. A gull to the left on the wing gives friendly note while a saucy-looking crow, black and stodgy-looking, gives a humorous note.

"Snap" by Mrs. C. Cambie is the picture of a saucy, confident, obedient, little rough-haired terrier. The rich colors of the mat on the floor and a rose-colored scarf draped about the basket in which Snap is posed, add to the pleasure one gets in looking at the picture.

Miss Wrigley's "Breath of Spring" shows wall-flowers of velvety red-brown and orange, clustered with delicate blue forget-me-nots. The buds of the wall-flowers are richly purple. The flowers seem to stand out like radiant blooms from a background of rose and purple. It is like a haunting colorful phrase of music.

Mrs. Lois Gilpin shows a portrait of her father. The eyes are speaking, benevolent and understanding. The mouth shows the kindness and sympathy that win many friends. A picture one is glad to recall and revisualize again and again.

"Cormorant Cliffs" is by G. Thornton Sharp. Stern grey cliffs alive with bird life rise from water jewelled with green and blue color.

Miss H. B. Bruce's "Anemones" are rich purple and red emerging from a darker background.

"Gabirola" by Grace Judge shows a stretch of sand with cool purple shadows. A row of trees sparsely foliaged are silhouetted against a sky splashed with cobalt. There is the feeling of a wind rising up, a deliciously cool sensation comes to one in looking at the picture.

"On the Swale, Yorkshire," is by Mrs. Ogden. There is a blue hazy bend in the river. The silver-surfaced water is

barred with green reflections, while a sun-drenched bank is in the foreground.

"Tom" by Mr. Jas. Amess is the study of a boy, one is sure to like. What wide-open, frank, earnest eyes! The face is full of eagerness and life.

In Mr. Fripp's "Glacier" there is a delicate cobalt sky, gray clouds, ice-clad mountains piercing the clouds, a glacier-blue mist, cold so cold, blue reflections in the water and reflections of snow, purple scarred rocks. The beauty of nature reaches Mr. Fripp through opalescent mists, through indescribable blues volatilized into shimmering vapor, through a luminous greenness that makes one shiver, so icy is its jewelled loveliness. "The Glacier" was painted in an exquisite mood, when beauty, which is spiritual energy, was at its supreme height.

A COLOR RHAPSODY

(By Bertha Lewis)

I am many colored. The prism of life breaks up the pure white light from which I sprang. Emotions thrill me, sway me, destroy me with their gorgeous colors. I am a design in color harmonies: freakish, bright, beautiful, even-toned, dim indistinct; mere browns, duns, and grey of ashes: the whole scale of colors splashed with pure white light—and abysmal black.

There are painters in mauve who rise to mauve mornings, eat mauve fruit, love mauve flowers, think mauve thoughts. Now and then one is found who plucks a bit of saffron, to daub on the mauve sunsets. They swathe themselves in mauve and saffron, and marry mauve with a band of crepe upon her arm.

I love mauve only in the color harmonies. Do I not love in rose, envy in verdure, dally with golden honey, pray to the blue, tread now and then the primrose path, and repent in mauve and grey of ashes?

Colors, colors, colors! Life is a riot of colors, wound on a rainbow bobbin, which I will unravel little by little, and weave into a design of my own liking. The design shall be harmonious, and a blending of the gay and the sad, a twisting and twining of gold and rose bent into an arch to touch the blue. From the top of this arch I may safely look on the snarled pool of primrose and green which so nearly sucked me down, and, lying on the rim of the pool—the robe of mauve.

* * * * *

The foregoing poem was read with color effects and music as one of the modern compositions used to illustrate Mrs. Alice M. Winlow's paper on "The Relationship Between Modern Poetry and Modern Music," given before the Vancouver Poetry Club on May 17th.

The ordinary way to measure distance is by miles. You think any place you have in mind is so many miles away. It seems a long way off. Look at it another way. Measure the distance by minutes. Say to yourself, "Such or such a place is so many minutes away," meaning, of course, that if the telephone is used distance does not need to be considered.

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The Y's Men's Club and U.S. and Canadian Relations

(By W. K. Cain)

We hear much these days about how nations should get along together and not infrequently is the good neighborliness of Canada and the United States pointed to by way of example. Our many service clubs are doing much to foster this good feeling between neighbors. For instance great international conventions of these clubs have just closed and one of the most outstanding results of these conventions was the decision of the Kiwanis Clubs to construct a \$20,000 memorial at Stanley Park to the late President Warren G. Harding on the spot where he made his last public address which was an expression of the hope that a still closer friendship and spirit of co-operation would prevail between the United States and Canada than heretofore.

In Y's Men's Club circles right near and within our doors there has also been expressions along similar lines by leaders of that movement. On Saturday, June 7, the Vancouver Y'S Men's Club had about thirty of its members go to Bellingham with their orchestra to repay a previous visit by some of the Bellingham Y'S Men and also to participate in the presentation of the international charter by international president, Paul Alexander, to the club of the Washington city.

In his speech of welcome to the Vancouver men, President Ed. Gruber of the Bellingham Club, said he did not like to think of their being any particular necessity for Canadians and Americans to remind each other of the friendly relations existing between their respective countries. Doing so was only reciting a truth already heartily accepted and believed in by the people of both nations. He felt there was no indication of anything but a continued growth of this Canadian-American friendship. The membership of both the Bellingham and Vancouver bodies have emphatically stated it as their intention to see a continuance of these joint gatherings. One of the objects of the Y'S Men's international constitution is "to cultivate good fellowship among Y's Men and Young Men's Christian Association members everywhere and the Y's Men believe that in carrying out that objective alone they are doing a truly large part towards the internationalism which Sir George Foster said in Buffalo lately was necessary to solve the world's problems. Weight is given to this belief of the Y's Men when it is remembered that their clubs are growing in number rapidly on both sides of the line and all with the same aims in view.

After performing his duties in Bellingham, the international president came to Vancouver and on the following Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Alexander were the guests of honor of the local Y's Men at a largely attended meeting in Stanley Park Pavilion. On this occasion too, international relations figured prominently in the remarks of the speakers. "Bob" Hunt, an ex-president of the Vancouver Y's Men's Club, and now an international vice-president, drew attention to the close interdependent business relations existing. He quoted that "approximately half a billion dollars of American money have found their way into Canadian enterprises. The majority of this money is based on Canadian trade, protected by Canadian tariffs and competitive with American capital at home." He showed the fusion of our populations when he said that "more than a million Canadian born have found homes and profitable occupations in the United States within hailing distance of their native land, while at least half a million people live in Canada who were born in our neighboring country." He also gave interesting information when he said "the ties between five-sevenths of the people of Canada and the people of Great Britain are those of tradition, sentiment and blood, while the same ties of the other two-sevenths are to France and the United States. The ties between Canada and the United States are ties of geographic and economic

likeness; reciprocity of needs and markets, natural routes for trade and transportation, and sympathetic financial exchanges."

Mr. Alexander said that he has also visited Eastern Canada and what impressed him most on all his visits to this country was the fine clean type of Canadian young men and young women. He praised the Canadian altruism and good sportsmanship. President Paul's opinion of our international relations was summed up in the following quotation: "One thousand miles up the mighty St. Lawrence; one thousand miles along the Great Lakes; one thousand miles across the open prairies; one thousand miles over the world's mightiest mountain ranges—four thousand miles where nation meets nation, where sovereignty greets sovereignty, where flag salutes flag, and never a fortress, never a battleship, never a gun. Four thousand miles of civilized and Christianized internationalism—that is North America's greatest achievement."

ALL ON A RAINY DAY

By M. E. Colman

Under the sky so palely grey
Tulips, a bannered army gay,
And daffodils in bright array,
Nod Cherrily.

Blossoms for honey-hungry bees
Are brimming over on the breeze,
Buds big with leaves on the maple trees
Hold life in fee.

And there, among the tender green
New grass, what is that golden sheen?
A dandelion gay, I ween,
Laughing at me!

An emerald veil, frail as a dream
Enwraps the birch; a jewel stream
Of rain-drops decks with opal gleam
The willow tree.

Have angels flung these fragrant showers
From Heaven, like dewy-petaled flowers
That in these perfumed morning hours
Fall mistily?

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“New Canadians”

(A Message from a Quebec Immigration Worker)

The success of any project is development and expansion on proper lines, eliminating all possible friction in the process: The future of Our Canada is dependent on development through the incoming of more men and women of the right type. If we depend on the natural increase our future will be hampered, so we must turn to Immigration and get the right kind of people to come and live with us.

The time has passed when we look askance at new-comers. It is not so long since our own folk were newcomers here; but we may well take a proud look at the Canada they have developed for us.

Today thousands of men, women and children are coming to our country. They have left old associations, old friends, old customs behind. They land here full of expectation for the future. We must not forget that first impressions last, and we must do our best to give all new-comers the right reception.

Several welfare organizations are working at our Ports to assist the Immigration Authorities with this problem of properly receiving New Canadians. Among these is the Y.M.C.A., whose representative meets all New Canadians as they get through medical and civil inspection. He answers innumerable questions, gives advice re luggage, railway tickets, cashing Bonus vouchers, changing money, food for the train journey, etc.

At one time incoming strangers were preyed upon by heartless grafters, who, knowing that they did not know the value of our money, charged exorbitant prices for goods, often times short-changing them.

Now everything is different. Conditions are made as comfortable as possible for all. Unaccompanied parties are conducted to their destination by special Immigration Officials, who look after their every comfort.

The Y.M.C.A. assists materially, the “Y” representative being a busy man while the New Canadians are getting transferred from Ship to Train. He gives information, finds lost luggage, assists women with small children, and in more ways than one can mention makes the strangers’ first hour on Canadian soil pleasant. Smiles and cheerful words also go a long way in smoothing out the rough.

The writer may mention one case as a sample of many: Four young Danes, only one of whom could speak English, and that very brokenly, went to the “Y” man, and the spokesman said, “We know no one in Canada; we want to come to your good land; so we come to you, we know you will tell us right. We are farmers; want to work on the land, will you send us to a job?” A colonization representative in the Immigration Building was delighted to get these men, as he had many calls for this particular type of man. All were readily placed in jobs, and are happy, according to letters received.

Such Immigration reception work is indeed well worth while.

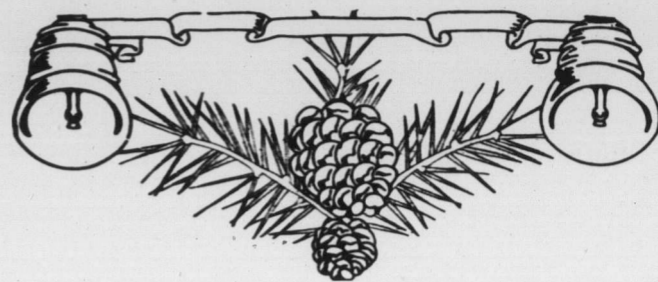
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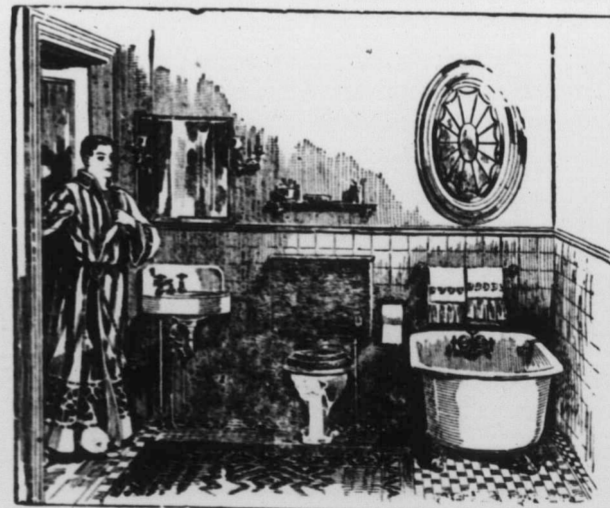
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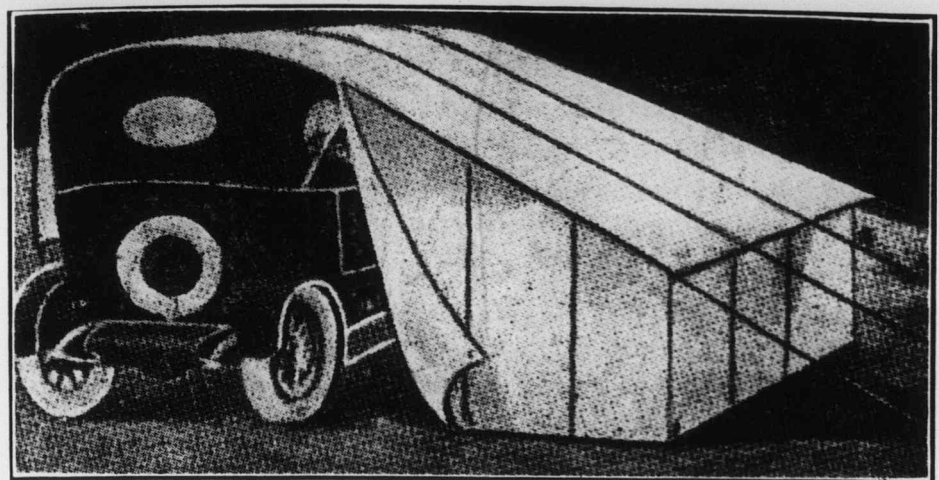
MITCHELL BROTHERS

Plumbing, Heating & Sheet Metal Co., Ltd.

564 RICHARDS STREET VANCOUVER, B.C.

Outings with Autos and Tents:

An Attractive Way of Spending the Summer Vacation



THE "BAKER" TYPE OF TENT

With the advent of the long summer days, the great out-of-doors has an unending attraction. Many folk who have autos naturally think of travelling by road, and there are not a few alluring circuits open to them in this Farthest West. Such a holiday, if well planned, may be second to none in rest and refreshment.

If it is desired to combine economy with comfort and quiet restfulness, perhaps no better arrangement can be made than to carry with the car and other equipment one of the several well-arranged and reliable tents put on the market by Messrs. C. H. Jones & Sons, Limited, 23 Water St., Vancouver.

The picture illustrates what is known as the "Baker" type of auto tent. It has an awning extension and open front. During the day the awning extension can be kept open while the tent is used in protection from the heat of the sun; while at night complete privacy is assured by lowering the awning extension, and so closing the tent.

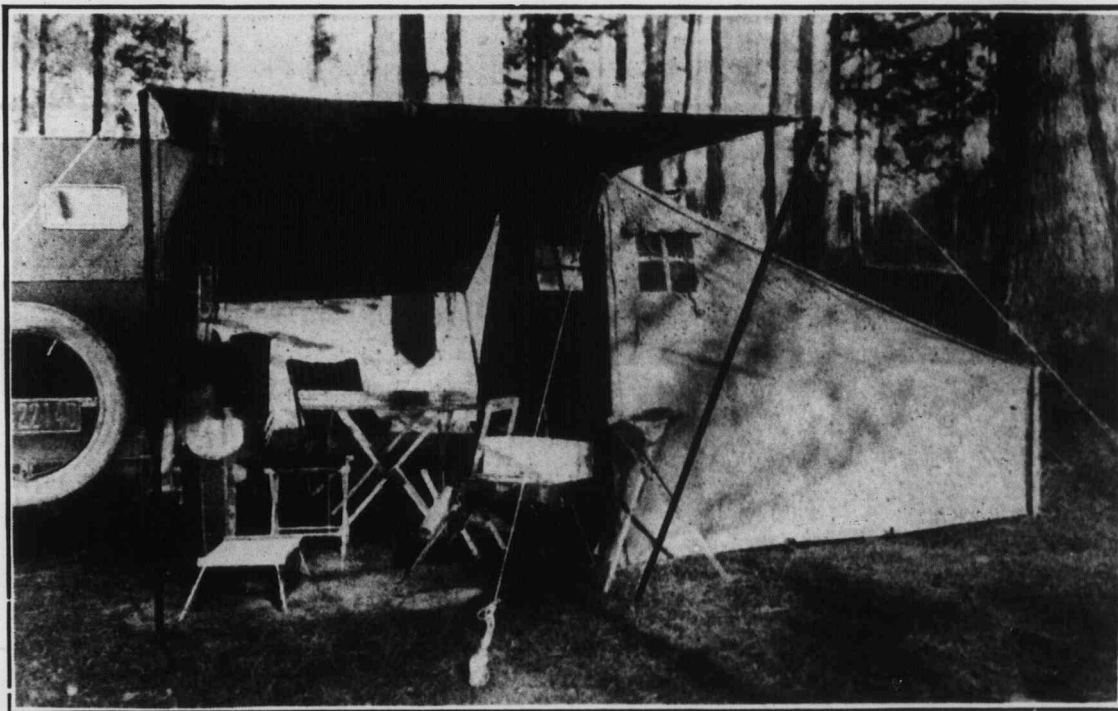
Though made of good quality material, these tents are produced to suit the financially modest class of tourists, so that no one planning to go on a camping tour this summer need hesitate to call and price them.

If a somewhat roomier tent is desired, and one that will lend itself more fully to extension, the intending holiday-

makers might do well to examine the "Pioneer" Auto tent, which is shown set up and attached to the auto in the picture below.

From Messrs. Jones circulars and catalogues, detailed particulars regarding the construction and adaptability of these tents may be had, but in this short article we are concerned chiefly to outline the convenience and utility of such tents for service in such a camping-out holiday as we surmise many readers of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY will now have under consideration.

Those who have been "on the trail" in the summer time know how delightful such a method of travelling can be, provided care has been exercised to carry variety in food supplies—home-made and other, without any of that so-called "Government controlled." And if only the equipment is such as to ensure restful shade from the sun heat, or certain protection from the rare shower or thunder storm, trail conditions, with



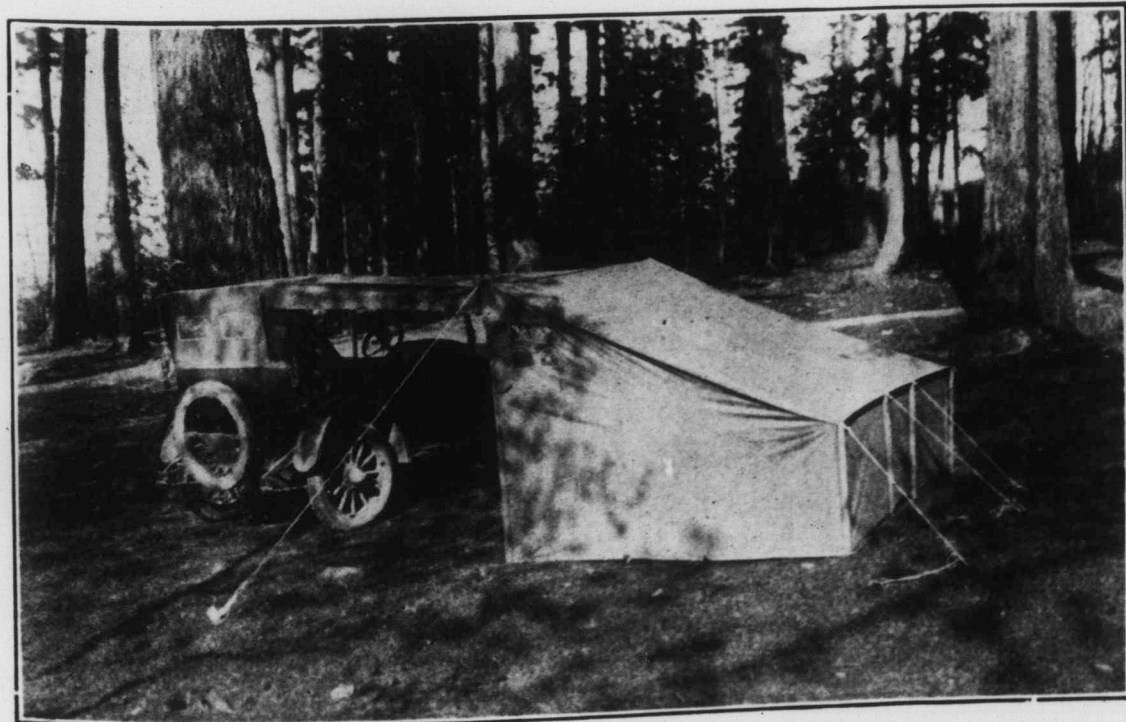
"PIONEER" AUTO TENT, WITH CURTAINS (OPEN)
AND OTHER CAMP EQUIPMENT SHOWING

congenial company for talks on themes of all kinds, afford one of the most enjoyable forms of holiday recreation that any tired city or city-tired man can experience.

Picture number three reveals the double-sized tent with the awnings or curtains, which can be closed, shown open, and various camp equipment in sight.

It is almost unnecessary to note that Messrs. Jones, who are well known as the "PIONEER" firm in their line in Vancouver,—having been established in the second year of the city, (1887),—have a full assortment of camping utensils and furnishings, including convenient "tent-o-beds," cots, etc., camp cooking stoves, and cooking outfits of various kinds.

Readers who contemplate spending time anywhere on the trail, either for occasional weekends or the more prolonged summer vacation, would do well to call and inspect the big variety of goods made or stocked by this firm. From experience in buying from them—which has indeed suggested the timeliness of this contribution to this Magazine—the writer can vouch for it that customers will find dependable quality and reasonable rates so far as the goods are concerned, and unending courtesy and patient exposition in service from the firm's principals or staff. (C)



THE "PIONEER" AUTO TENT

New Fables by Skookum Chuck

(R. D. Cumming)

No. VII—Professor Agnew: (A Sequel to the Fifty-Fifties.)

The sun was shining down almost vertically through unobstructed space into the city canyon with an intensity that appealed to me as being more than one hundred per cent. efficient.

Overhead, across the narrow strip of blue, airplanes glided criss-cross commercially or playfully. They could be seen but not heard, for the same solemn silence which accompanied all moving things on earth, had reached flying things in the air. The planes, although in rapid motion, suggested the same assurance, and maintained the same silence as might an eagle poised in mid-air.

Up and down the street and all about me the frantic surge of a heterogeneous people, and the mad rush of industry, continued to pour as though perpetual in their motion. I stood like one bewildered, as indeed I was. Children began to crowd my apparently odd person again, reminding me painfully of the singular circumstances attached to my visit there. This time the Fifty-Fifty children were in the majority. Indeed, the population was more than fifty per cent. anthropoid.

Suddenly I recalled that I was on my way to interview the god-like Professor Agnew, the creator of the new race of mankind.

The person or thing which had gripped me so roughly by the shoulder had disappeared, and I was unmolested save by the curiosity of the children. But, at the auto-suggestion of the professor, an exulting joy filled my heart that I had been permitted to return to seek an interview with him.

With a somewhat wild dash for freedom, I hastened along the street, half running, half walking in my eagerness, in the direction that would lead to the home of the super-man who rivaled even Nature in her great works in the development of a new race of human beings from the dumb creatures of the earth.

The sky-scrapers were left behind, and the street was now lined with beautiful cottages nestling in rich lawns and green foliage trimmed with a wealth of luxurious flower-growth. Trams and autos still swept by with their effortless service, but the throng of people had been thinned down to a very lean line.

In less than an hour the cottages had disappeared, and the road was now separated from the orchards and fields on either side by a low stone wall capped with an iron railing, the combined height of which would be about six feet.

I moved on dreamily now, for I ceased to be regarded with suspicion by the pedestrians whom I met at intervals.

About two-thirds of those whom I met were members of the Professor's creatures. I nodded to one, and was honored with a response which was most humanly returned. I met a male and female, arm in arm; lovers, no doubt, or ones just recently on the sea of matrimony. A car passed me going in the same direction in which sat at the steering wheel no less a personage than our mutual friend Uumlah, the enlightened member of the new race who had been pointed out to me by my late friend the taxi driver.

So astonishing this reality was to me that I could scarcely refrain from stopping some of them as we met and asking questions that no doubt would have placed me in a very embarrassing position with them.

Without exception, this curious race of people carried a cane or large stick in the right hand, as though such support were essential were they to retain the upright position which they endeavored to acquire in imitation of that grace of form which had been reached by the older branch of humanity.

I began to compliment the wonderful creatures on their attainments. Through some, undoubtedly artificial medium, at least with efforts that had hurried along tardy Nature, they had stepped out of that darkness which had overwhelmed their ancestors for countless centuries. From an apparent hope-

less dormancy they had awakened by outside suggestion or by self-will, to a standard of physical and moral perfection which approached, if it did not equal that of man himself.

Attempts were made in my mind to link them up with some of the anthropoids which I knew, such as the orang-outang, gorilla, gibbon, chimpanzee, but I failed utterly. The features approached nearer the human profile and expression than they did the blank lookout of their cousins in the forests. They had developed into beings that were more or less prepossessing, and in no way repulsive. Could they be the descendants of a distinct species that had been discovered and brought out of their inanimate condition by private effort—a missing link?

Apparently they had not entirely overcome that swagger which must follow first efforts to walk on two feet instead of four, and I was satisfied that many of them only remained erect with great difficulty. In other ways, however, there were redeeming features that attached them closer to their cousins in the city than with those of the forest. The mouth was longer than the human mouth, but did not appear too much out of proportion. The lips were no larger than those of the negro. The teeth were large and shiny, the nose small and flat with the nostrils visible more than in the human being. In walking they placed the whole of the foot on the ground, which gave them the appearance of being club-footed. The whole form seemed to have been modified upward through some method of selection or survival of the most perfect during the years of their experimental development.

The gait struck me as being painfully awkward, and it occurred to me that if the brain had been developed to such a level as to rival that of man, the body was yet many years behind the times. In regarding the new race from our point of view, it seemed impossible to rank them as other than human beings who had been a little belated in their arrival. It was proof to me at least that man's intelligence could be reached by lower forms of life.

With a mental appetite that would not be satisfied I hurried along towards the home of the great Professor Agnew who, I understood, was to give me all the information I desired about the emancipation and growth of the new human.

When I reached the premises I found an estate and mansion that I could scarcely presume to enter. The home was a palace that would have satisfied the high ideals of a king. The grounds were beautiful enough for a national preserve.

The large iron gate at the entrance stood open when I arrived there, and I entered with a boldness that did not seem to be natural with me and walked calmly up the wide, paved drive that led to the mansion.

The home was surrounded by beautiful, grass-carpeted grounds with large, wide-spreading elm and chestnut trees standing here and there and casting their inviting shades across the velvety lawn. Many curiously shaped flower beds added their attractive beauty to the grounds. The estate had all the appearance and wealth of a public park in the care of which no expense had been spared by a city or municipality. Much of the outside wall of the mansion was covered with a thick creeping vine of some rare variety. On the grounds rustic seats were arranged at convenient spots, and it occurred to me that to live in such a spot among such wealth and beauty would be the very essence of happiness.

When I think of that lawn, those flowers and the huge elm and chestnut trees now, a soothing warmth overcomes me for their association, for they stand out so vivid in my imagination with all they meant to me, all they offered me, all they gave me, all they might have been, that no other experience in my whole life can compare with them in their combined harmony, either physically, morally or socially.

When within a dozen paces from the mansion I was surprised to see our mutual friend Uumlah descending the wide

steps which led up to the entrance. When we met he bowed with ostensible politeness but with an annoying measure of curiosity not unmixed with resentment, as I thought. Did he object to my presence at the home of Professor Agnew?

I bowed in return; and, just as I did so, the new man seemed to make a special effort to pull himself up to the full height that his half trained body would permit. It was as though the one important effort of his life, when in society at least, was to walk perfectly upright in imitation of the enviable grace of those human beings whom he aspired to equal.

After he had passed I turned and surveyed him, notwithstanding the breach of good manners, and observed that he sank down again into a more natural and comfortable position in all the tragedy of his lofty ambition. I began to pity him from the bottom of my heart in his painful efforts to reach that stage of physical perfection which only posterity, perhaps in many, many years or generations would be able to attain. I felt that this poor creature was laying the foundation of a pride in body grace for others, which he himself would never be permitted to enjoy. His ambitious efforts to walk perfectly erect would be visited upon generations still unborn and down the ages yet to come.

I stood watching the evidence of an almost unbelievable truth, so buried in thought in the depth of my sympathy, interest and curiosity, that I seemed to have lost the power to move away. Had a new and intelligent being been born to the civilized world?

I saw him mount his car just outside the large gate where, for some reason, he had parked it, and drive off in the direction away from the city.

No one else was in sight. The mansion and estate seemed to be deserted. While I stood listening and undecided, however, I could hear the sound of a mower sheering the grass in the distance. Birds were warbling in the branches of the admirable shade trees.

I walked up the wide, stone steps and stood on the porch under the high veranda. And I may say that a strange awe took possession of me in the presence of such massiveness and opulence.

Above the door and in the four corners of the veranda clusters of electric light globes were sending forth their artificial efforts although it was broad daylight, and I fancied the inmates had carelessly forgotten to switch them off.

Before making up my mind as to what would be my next move, something prompted me and I turned my head in the direction of the drive-way over which I had just passed. To my astonishment, a beautiful car, sparkling from its highly polished body in the sunshine, stood at the foot of the wide, stone steps. It had arrived from somewhere with the usual fearsome noiselessness which seemed to possess all mechanical things in action in this far-advanced mysterious land.

There were four persons in the machine. In the front seat sat an elderly gentleman, and beside him the chauffeur at the wheel. In the rear reclined a middle-aged lady, and a girl perhaps about twenty years of age.

The manner in which the car had approached so near to me without being seen or heard appealed to me as a marvel in scientific and mechanical engineering.

The elderly man stepped hastily from the car and came up the steps to greet me with an eagerness that was puzzling:

"Welcome," he said, grasping my hand, and at the same time piercing my countenance with his eyes in a manner that almost compelled me to recoil from him. He made no comment whatever with regard to my personal appearance. His manner was that of one who was receiving a messenger whom he had long expected.

I saw no reason why I should be welcome to him at such an early stage of the game, but I accepted the cordiality and said:

"Thank you. I am looking for Professor Agnew."

"I am flattered," he replied, shaking me vigorously by the hand again. "What can I do for you?" And he smiled in what I fancied was a business-like sort of way.

"I crave knowledge of your new human race," I told him, coming immediately to that subject that was nearest to my heart.

"I am flattered again. Be seated." And he pointed to a beautifully upholstered rocking chair in a corner of the porch.

As I sat down the Professor motioned to the ladies and they came forward, the elderly lady in the lead.

"Mr. ——— What is your name, sir?" inquired the gentleman.

"Bruce," I informed him. "David Bruce." And I rose anticipating an introduction.

"Mr. Bruce, meet my wife and daughter," said the Professor with the same business-like smile.

There was a great deal of encouragement attached to the manner in which the ladies gripped my hand, and what embarrassment existed on my part seemed to vanish in an instant. There was nothing in the hand-shake which did not bespeak unreserved friendship.

"Mr. Bruce is seeking information about our new people," said the husband and father, addressing the ladies.

"Yes," I broke in, at a loss to know just what might be expected of me at the moment. "I am told that the Professor can supply me with all the details I desire."

"Which is quite correct," he replied. "For they are my children."

Of course I knew he meant this more as a guardian and protector than as a parent, and I smiled.

As though they understood the trend of my thoughts, the mother and daughter laughed also. In them, however, I could detect nothing of the commercial variety of mirth which seemed to poison that of the Professor.

"I trust I am not intruding," I apologized. "I can call again when it will be more convenient."

"Not at all. You are just as welcome now as at any other time. Be seated." And he motioned to the chauffeur who immediately drove the car away and into the garage a little distance from the mansion.

I sat down again only too eager to accept the invitation, for I was tired from walking and weak for want of food. As I sat down the ladies retired into the house.

"You come from a far country?" inquired the Professor, bringing over another chair and sitting down close to me.

"I do," was my reply; which, indeed, was perhaps true. I did not know just at that moment where I came from, nor where I was.

"I thought so, because, far and wide, my people are known as one of the wonders of the age. Where do you come from, may I ask?"

The abruptness of the question startled me. I had no more idea where I came from than I had as to my present whereabouts. I looked up at the electric lights burning so

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wastefully in the broad daylight, as I thought, and pretended I did not hear him.

"Have you not forgotten to switch off the lights?" I enquired with sham concern.

"Yes, we did, but then, it's all right. We often do that."

It surprised me that, the neglect having been pointed out to him, he did not get up immediately and extinguish the lights. Instead he continued to address me in the most embarrassing manner.

"You speak English too well for a foreigner," he said, looking at me in a most annoying way.

"I am not a foreigner," I replied. "I was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and brought up in the province of British Columbia, Dominion of Canada."

"State of British Columbia," he corrected, looking at me with a most annoying interest and curiosity.

"No. Province," I persisted.

"You are at least old-fashioned," he said. "Of course it don't matter. But you have been a long time away from home?"

I was becoming more and more uneasy; but, to humor him, I agreed.

"Will you not come inside?" the Professor said suddenly. "You have had a long walk, and you look tired and hungry."

"I shall be delighted."

We rose and went into a beautifully furnished parlor. The ladies were already there, Mrs. Agnew knitting and her daughter crocheting. They rose when we entered and stood facing us for a few seconds.

Miss Agnew smiled sweetly; and, during those few moments when she stood facing me, I thought she was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. There was a rareness about her feminine attractiveness which I could not explain, but which appealed to me as something distinct from the ordinary. Her features were perfectly chisled, and her complexion seemed to me to leave nothing to be desired. The color of her cheeks I would say, was entirely her own; and, if artificial methods had been brought to her assistance they had been applied with extreme modesty and caution. At this first meeting some strange irresistible emotion seemed to draw me towards Miss Agnew even as a magnet will attract steel.

Mrs. Agnew was a rather stout person, and had been very beautiful in her younger days. Nature had gifted her with very pleasing and attractive features. She had most decidedly transmitted her face and manners to her daughter, for the resemblance between the two in those respects was remarkable.

The Professor was a man of medium height and build. Indeed, he was a man much about my own size in many respects. He was not in the least pompous, and he had more of that disposition that must be discovered than one that will deliberately give itself away. It was easily seen that the smile was not the one that Nature had intended to bestow on him; it was not natural, and I suspected that it had been artificially acquired for a purpose. It could come and go entirely at the Professor's will. I was satisfied from the first time I saw him that the smile was only used for purposes of propaganda, and illuminated the dungeon of his face only when occasion warranted. It certainly was not a smile that would be likely to encourage friendship or create fellow feeling.

In the parlor as well as on the outside electric lights were burning carelessly, and apart from the infinite beauty of Miss Agnew, this was among the first things to attract my attention on entering.

I was invited to be seated again; and, as I did so the ladies retired. The Professor sat down near to me.

"You must be extremely wealthy," I complimented the strange man, "when the matter of electric light cost does not worry you?" And I looked up and around at the apparent waste of money and the needless illumination.

"Wealth has nothing to do with it," replied the Professor. "Electricity costs us nothing."

"Costs nothing!"

"The initial expense of installation is the total outlay. We derive light and power direct from the air," continued the remarkable man.

"Direct from the air!"

My astonishment puzzled him.

"You must indeed have been many years in the back woods," he said staring at me as though I were a curiosity rarely seen.

"No, but I must be dreaming," I replied, by way of escape.

"Dreaming? You are nothing of the kind. This is the real thing," he said.

I had often heard suggestions that power might be derived direct from the air, and I knew experiments had been made along that line, but I never dreamed that the experiments had developed into actual scientific fact.

"You see," continued the Professor, "power is captured from the electricity in the atmosphere that we breathe by a little instrument called an "electric antenna" stationed on a little tower above the roof. The power is transmitted to a generator and exciter located in the basement, and from there distributed by wireless electro-magnetism throughout the premises in the form of power or light whichever is desired. Each little globe of light contains an individual motor which derives its energy from the electric-laden atmosphere, and the light can be extinguished only at the source of supply, the electric antenna. You will understand, therefore, why we are so neglectful and leave them burning continuously."

"Wonderful!" I cried out in astonishment.

"The harnessing of Niagara and other great water falls of the world, and the electrifying of the air became an accomplished fact about the year 2000," added the professor. "And, since those extremely early times,——"

Just at that moment the ladies entered the room again with trays each containing bottles of beverage of some kind, and little glass preserve dishes filled with little tablets of various colors.

Miss Agnew, with much pleasing courtesy, offered me a bottle of the beverage and a tumbler, and then said:

"Try some of the pellets; you must be hungry."

I was indeed hungry, but I did not imagine that a pill would go far towards filling the vacancy. But perhaps they were mere appetizers.

I helped myself to one from each preserve dish.

"Perhaps you will not care for those," said the girl, referring to some pink ones. "They are just out."

I was at a loss just what to do, but I watched the others, and mimicked them. The custom was to throw a pill into the mouth and then wash it down with a drink of the beverage. And I had no sooner swallowed one of each color than my hunger was appeased.

They were tablets of concentrated food, but I did not dare ask any foolish questions lest I might create suspicions or betray ignorance in things which were common knowledge and ordinary practice.

When we had finished "eating," the process of which did not occupy more than five minutes, Mrs. Agnew relieved us of the empty bottles and glasses, and Miss Agnew rose and turned a switch in the wall at the side of a plate-like instrument. Immediately the air was filled with the sweetest of instrumental music as though it came from the masonry of which the wall was composed.

The young lady sang with a voice that seemed to me even sweeter than the music which was so mysteriously produced. The rivalry between the two was most decidedly in favor of Miss Agnew, according to my judgment, which I would not permit myself to believe was biased.

For fifteen minutes or more I sat in a sort of trance listen-

ing to the infinite sweetness of the singer in beautiful harmony with the instrumental music.

And then, with a rude interruption, the professor asked me to accompany him up stairs to his office where we might go into the matter which had been the means of bringing me to the premises.

He led the way out of the parlor into the hall, up a carpeted stairway which had one right-angle turn about half way up, along a wide second-story hall with a very high ceiling, and into a large room that at once revealed itself as a business retreat for men only.

"Take a seat." And he moved an easy chair facing a very wide window which commanded a view of the beautiful grounds.

"Thank you." And I sat down.

The Professor sat on another similar chair beside a low table on which lay closed a book of enormous size.

We were followed almost immediately by Miss Agnew, who, somewhat modestly, entered with several bottles of beverages and two glasses. Those she placed on the low table at her father's elbow, courtesied politely and then retired without speaking.

Around all four walls of the office, except where broken to accommodate the door and two windows, was a great law library four-tiers deep from the floor up.

The great display of books in a private home was unique, as legal men usually maintain places of business in the city. The Professor no doubt read my thoughts as I gazed around at the library in surprise before sitting down, for he said:

My dear sir, I am a licensed attorney, but I have never practiced law as a matter of business. I am interested in legal matters for a private, most important and very serious purpose only."

He fumbled with the leaves of the immense book which he had opened while addressing me. It seemed to me that the volume might have contained a synopsis of the entire law library.

We could still hear Miss Agnew's footsteps descending the stairs, when he turned to me suddenly and said:

"But I understand you wish to consult me, sir. Perhaps I am wasting your time?"

"No," I replied. "My visit is quite informal, and time is no object. I have no legal questions to consult you about. I simply came out of curiosity to get first-hand information about the new human race."

"Oh, of course, certainly; how stupid of me!"

His features lit up slightly as though I had introduced a subject that had a first and only mortgage on his heart.

"My dear sir, I shall be highly delighted to go into details with you from the very beginning to the present day. Have some sherry?" And he handed me a bottle and glass from the low table.

I thanked him and accepted the invitation. We both drank of the same beverage, and I must confess it was the primest I had ever tasted in my life.

"My family discovered and raised the new race," he informed me between drinks.

Out of the window I could see Miss Agnew idling about on the smooth grass. She moved about within view for a short time and then sat down on one of the rustic seats beneath a beautiful elm in full view of my window. Did she sit there facing me on purpose? I dared to believe this; and, a few moments later I fancied she lifted her eyes for a second and looked directly at the window at which I sat. I was foolish enough to smile although I knew that she could not see me as plainly as I could see her. The Professor detected my movements, for he leaned over slightly to where he might see his daughter as plainly as I did myself. He smiled:

"Florence is such a dear girl," he complimented her.

"I have not the least doubt," I corroborated.

"But it is the new race of humans you are interested in," he said, regarding me with an air that was not free from suspicion.

I am sure I blushed, for I could detect the hot blood rushing into my face.

The professor laughed in the usual artificial way:

"My people raised the new race of human beings," he continued, coming back to the subject that had more interest for him.

I turned and looked at him in astonishment:

"Your family raised them!" I gasped.

"Precisely."

He studied my face as though he were becoming suspicious that there might be some ulterior motive attached to my visit. Suddenly his face brightened, however, so far as that were possible, and he said hurriedly, but with apparent relief:

"Ah, you want to write a book about my people?"

"Sir, I have no intention of writing a book about the new human race. My interest is simply a desire to know more on a subject which should be of interest to everyone. I am highly complimented, however, that you think I might write books."

He regarded me for a few seconds as though uncertain, and then said:

"My dear man it is I who should feel complimented, for you are the first person to come to me for such information. How can I reward you?"

"I am not looking for reward, sir. I am already rewarded by the manner in which the ladies and yourself have welcomed and entertained me, and if I can be of any service to you, I shall give it gladly."

His face brightened in such a mysterious way that I regretted having spoken so openly to him.

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"And it shall be gladly accepted," he replied. "The time may come when your services will be welcome. In such an event you shall be handsomely rewarded."

Miss Agnew still sat facing our window and in full view. During all our conversation I had scarcely taken my eyes from the girl.

"Florence has such a lovely disposition," again complimented the father.

Once more I expressed appreciation of the fatherly devotion.

"She is so obedient—so self-sacrificing to the will of others; so daring, so eager to please," he continued.

"Which may, or may not, be a virtue," I ventured.

He looked at me for a second with eyes that seemed to pierce my very soul, and remained silent for a time.

In the mean time Florence rose and disappeared from view. A moment later we could hear her singing in the parlor to a piano accompaniment, during which, in the office, there was a grave silence as though in deference.

"I could not hope to be of much value to you," I said during an interval in the singing. "I know nothing of law."

"You can learn; and, besides, I might make it worth your while," said my strange host.

The singing continued again. It came nearer and nearer, and became sweeter and sweeter. The voice came from above me now, all around me; it was everywhere. I could have taken oath that it came from Heaven, it was so sweet, so delicate, so rich. It seemed too pure, too refined to be of this earth. It was not a human voice at all, it was that of an angel.

I turned to the Professor as though for explanation, but, to my horror, he had disappeared. Everything on earth seemed to have disappeared. There was a total darkness about. I could not see, but I could still hear the divine song from the divine lips. Had I been dreaming? Where was Florence? I called her name frantically—a foolish thing to do in a dream—but received no reply. Where was the Professor and his unfinished story? Where were the mansion and the beautiful grounds?

I awoke with a nervous convulsion of the body like one finding relief from a horrible nightmare, and found myself alone in bed. In an adjoining room my wife was singing and thrumming on the piano. It was her sweet voice I had heard in my dream. Oh the rare beauty of my wife!

I called and she came smiling.

"Lazybones!" she complimented me.

"Why did you not wake me?" I complained.

"You were dreaming such a beautiful dream," she replied, curtly.

"Oh, yes, I met the Professor!" I called out in triumph.

"And Florence."

"Florence!"

"Yes, Florence! Who is Florence? Tell me that. I'm sure that's not MY name."

I blushed, because I could feel the hot blood rushing to my face. My smile was to drown suspicion.

"Nonsense," I said. "I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Agnew, and got some of his story. You are not jealous, surely?"

"Oh, well, you never can tell. Divorces have been granted on less grounds," she pouted.

"Well, that is a compliment," I assured her. "I wouldn't have a wife that couldn't be jealous—sometimes."

(Next Story—"Sinbad the Husband.")

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Meantime, we wish to refer to several cases of practical intimidation that have come to our knowledge. Several Business Managers who have previously done advertising with us, and who recognise this Magazine's "Community Service" etc., have said: "If we advertise with you, we shall then be besieged by so-and-so," mentioning periodicals which evidently seek advertising business, not on their own merits, but on the basis of "You advertise THERE, therefore you ought to advertise HERE!"

No doubt ventures and experiments in print are numerous and recurring. But should responsible Business Managers let such intimidation prevent them from exercising discrimination?

Surely to do so is not fair to themselves, and to their business and Community interests.

In doing our bit in Western Community Service through this Magazine, we respectfully invite these Business Managers, and others like them, to HAVE THE COURAGE OF THEIR CONVICTIONS.

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SPORTS AND GAMES

By ROBERT BONE

CURLING

This game has been very popular in Scotland for the last three centuries at least, and, for that reason, it is looked upon as a distinctly Scottish game, although it is not known definitely where the game originated. Some writers trace, through the name and technical terms of the game, its invention to Holland, and still others think that possibly the Flemish merchants who settled in Scotland towards the end of the sixteenth century, may have brought the game to the country. However, no mention is made of it in the literature of the continent, while we are informed that one writer, when describing the Orkeney Islands in 1607, tells us that one of these islands supplies "plenty of excellent stones for the game called curling." If the game does not owe its origin to Scotland, it certainly owes its development to that land, with the result that it is now a national sport.

On 15th November, 1838, the "Grand Caledonian Curling Club" came into existence, which under its present title of "The Royal Caledonian Curling Club" is regarded everywhere as the parent-club and legislative body, even in Canada today. It was under the sponsoring of the Royal Caledonian Club that Scottish Curlers visited Canada and the United States in the Winter 1902-3, and this visit did much to bring together the lovers of the game on both sides of the Atlantic. It might be interesting to acquaint you with the incident which gave rise to the assumption of the title "Royal" instead of the original one "Grand." Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were visiting Scotland in 1842, on which occasion they were initiated into the game on the polished floor of the drawing room in the Palace of Scone, and the Prince Consort, who was presented with a pair of curling stones, consented to become Patron of the Club. The annual match between clubs north of the Forth and those South of it, is under the direction of the "Royal Caledonian Curling Club." In the first of these matches, played in 1847, only twelve rinks were played, in 1903 there were no fewer than 286. Curlers claim to be a united brotherhood within which nobleman and peasant are equal on the ice. A formal freemasonry exists among curlers, and it is well for one who aspires to become a devotee of the game, to be well versed in the mysteries, password, etc. as he may at any moment be examined in these essentials and fined for lapse of memory.

The sight at a Curling match is a familiar one. Every player carries a broom to keep the ice swept, and one's ears will soon get attuned to the old familiar cry "Soop her up" which means that the player sweeps the ice in front of a running stone to increase the run. Curling is akin to bowls, played on the ice, and, like the latter, it has its skip or captain, whose every word is law in the way of the conduct of the game. The curler aims his stone at a fixed mark which is called the tee, and every stone that finishes nearer than any of the opposing stones, counts a point or shot. As each side has four players each playing two stones, it is possible for one side to score eight points at a head. When all sixteen stones have been played, the players cross over, the scores are counted and the game proceeds from the other end of the rink, which means the space in which the game is played. All matches are for a certain number of heads or of points, or for all that can be made within a certain time limit, as may be agreed.

On good ice, he would not be human who did not get enthused with the excitement attaching to a rink at the "roaring game," as it is affectionately called by its devotees.

FOOTBALL—"ASSOCIATION."

At first mention, one would say that this game originated in Scotland, but, from enquiries, one finds it hard to determine whether it was first played in England or in Scotland. Aside from that question, however, it is impossible to say when the game was first played, although in one form or another, it has existed for very many centuries, in spite of opposition that would have completely extinguished a less attractive form of exercise. The Greeks and the Romans played a game akin to football, the only difference being that they struck the ball with their hands.

Probably no game has ever been able to count upon so much popularity as this one. No trace of the game as at present played, has been discovered beyond the limits of Britain, where it has flourished for centuries. In the fourteenth century, attempts were made to legislate against football, owing to its being played with a boisterous vigour that very closely resembled brutality. During the next few centuries, it began to wane in popularity, but it came to life again with renewed vigour and enthusiasm in the 19th century, since when it may be considered one of the national games of Scotland. Some people look upon this game as rather rough, pointing out that it is associated with a large number of accidents. It certainly cannot be argued that the large majority of mishaps on the field occur through non-observance of the rules, which have been drawn up by the recognized governing bodies to eliminate the rough element. As proof of the popularity of football, one may mention that it is no uncommon event nowadays to have over 100,000 people view a game in the Old Country between first-class teams. The annual international game between England and Scotland usually records a attendance of 100,000 or over. In fact within the last fifteen years at one of these games, the attendance bordered on 130,000 people.

Nearly everyone, in his youth, has played this game, but, as the playing of it makes a big demand upon the nervous system through the very vigour required to do one's part, it is a game in which one cannot actively participate after the age of 30 or thereabouts. It, of course, holds much attraction for its devotees after that age, in that a great deal of pleasure is experienced in watching a good game of football.

GOLF

This game has from old times been known in Scotland as "The Royal and Ancient Game of Golf." Though no doubt Scottish monarchs handled the club before him, James IV is the first who figures formally in the records of the game. James V was also very partial to the game, and it has been said that there is some evidence that his daughter Mary Queen of Scots was a golfer. Her son, James VI,—afterwards James I of England—was a golfer, according to tradition, and as evidence of the interest he took in the game, we find in history an enactment of his which prohibited the importation of golf balls from Holland, except under certain restrictions. Holland is supposed by some writers to have been the country from which the game of golf was imported, and this claim is based upon the derivation of the word—some maintain that the name golf is derived from the Dutch *Holf*, a club—and upon pictures showing Dutchmen participating in the game. There is, however, this peculiarity in these pictures, they portray the game as played upon ice, the putting being at a stake. It is scarcely to be doubted that the game is of Dutch origin, and that it has been in favor since very early

days. Further than that, our knowledge does not go. Wherever the first home of this game may have been, it is certain that any existence it now has in Holland is only as a consequence of recent re-introduction, that Scotland kept the traditions and practice of the game alive, and that she gave it to all the Anglo-Saxon peoples which is as much as to say that it is played all over the world.

It is not known with any certainty when the game was introduced into Scotland, but as far back as 1457 it had become so popular as to seriously interfere with the more important pursuit of Archery. The game was legislated against by the Scottish Parliament, and in 1491 a final and evidently angry threat was issued with pains and penalties annexed. It ran thus:—"Futtsball and golfe forbidden. Herein, it is stated and ordained that in no place of the realme there be usit futtsball, golfe, or other sik unprofitabill sportes." This, be it noted, is an edict of James IV, and it is not a little surprising to find the King himself setting an ill example to his people, by practising this unprofitable sport. In the year 1592—100 years later—the game had again become so popular that the Town Council of Edinburgh issued the following proclamation—"No inhabitants of this borough be seen at any pastimes within or without the town upon the Sabbath day, such as Golf, etc." In the following year, the edict was re-announced, with this modification, that prohibition was "In time of sermons."

Aside from the question as to where the game originated, there is no doubt that it was fostered in Scotland, and through the fact that it was played as far back as the fifteenth century—and how long before that is unknown—it is looked upon as essentially a Scottish pastime. Golf was played in Scotland for many generations before it became at all a favourite in England. It was well past the middle of the nineteenth century before the game made any headway in England, although curiously enough, Blackheath in England, has older records than are preserved by any Scottish Club. The Royal Blackheath Club was founded in 1608 by James I, and the dates when other Clubs were instituted are:

| | |
|--|------|
| Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society..... | 1735 |
| Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers | 1746 |
| Royal & Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews | 1754 |
| Bruntsfield Links, Edinburgh | 1764 |
| Royal Musselburgh Golf Club | 1771 |

Observe that subsequent to the forming of the Royal Blackheath Club, the only other Clubs organised in the eighteenth century are all Scottish,—5 in number. The Royal & Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, is the leading Club in Britain, and all the regulations covering the game are passed by that Club. Another interesting fact is that before the game was at all popular in England, it was played in India and in Pau, France. It is said that the game was introduced in Calcutta in 1829 by some Scottish business men, who were located there, and again, that its introduction to Pau was due to that place being frequented by tourists from Scotland.

In 1864, golf as a popular pastime invaded England first at Westward Ho in Devonshire, and later at Hoylake. It was imported into Montreal in 1873, and in 1890 found a footing in New York. The American has made the most of his opportunity to learn the game, and at the present time, there are golfers in the States who are the equal to the best Britain can produce. Golf has become, perhaps, a greater factor in the life of the upper and middle classes in the United States than it ever has been in England or Scotland. Golf to the Briton meant only one among several of the sports and pastimes that take men into the country and the fresh air. The Americans have taken up golf in the spirit of a sumptuous and opulent people, spending money on magnificent club houses beyond the finest dreams of the Englishman or the Scot.

The game may be briefly defined as consisting in hitting the ball over a great extent of country, preferably of that sandy nature which is found by the seaside, and finally, "putting" it—as the golfing phrase has it—into a little hole about $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter cut in the turf. This hole is commonly marked by a flag. Eighteen holes are the recognised number for a full course, and they vary in distance from one hundred yards or so up to between 500 and 600 yards. The game has this charm, that after the ball is hit from the starting point, (tee) of each hole, it has to be played where it lies, until it is finally put into the hole. You can readily understand that the ball may be in such a position that it is necessary to lift it into the air quickly, and this necessitates the use of different clubs for different shots. Each player plays his own ball and the object is to hit the ball from the starting point into each successive hole in the fewest strokes. The player, who at the end of the round of 18 holes, has won the majority of the holes, is the winner. However, the decision may be reached before the end of the round, by one side gaining more holes than there remain to play. For instance, if one player be three holes to the good, and only two holes remain to be played, it is evident that he must be the winner, for even if his opponent win every remaining hole, he would still be one to the bad at the finish.

The game was first played on links, but as it spread and the demand for links extended, inland greens or courses became a necessity. The term links and courses are often looked upon as synonymous, but there is a distinction. Links is the name given to the land of a sandy nature adjacent to the seaside, while the name course applies where the game is played over fields and meadow land away from the seaside.

The game requires long practice, and, generally speaking, must be learned in youth to allow one to excel at it. Of course the average man can learn in a year or so to play tolerably well, so as to get pleasure, and for all who have once entered upon it, it possesses no ordinary fascination. It has this advantage over many other games, in that it is suited for both old and young. The strong and energetic find scope for their energy in driving long balls—and it is certainly a great sensation to hit a ball and observe its flight in the air for about 200 yards or so. But the more important points of the game—an exact eye, a steady and measured stroke for the short distances, and skill in avoiding hazards—are called forth in all cases. Along with the muscular exercise required by the actual play, there is a measure of walking which particularly suits those whose pursuits are sedentary—walking too, on a breezy common, and under circumstances which make it far more beneficial than an ordinary "constitutional."

This is the game which the writer follows, and one could at some considerable length expatiate upon its merits. But perhaps enough has been noted of its history and the regulations governing the playing of it. In closing, one cannot do better than quote a toast on the game of golf which toast was given by a Scotsman named David Forgan, and which will give some idea of the virtues attaching to the game.

"It is a science—the study of a lifetime in which you may exhaust yourself but never your subject. It is a contest, a duel, or a melee calling for courage, skill, strategy and self control. It is a test of temper, a trial of honour, a revealer of character. It affords a chance to play the man and act the gentleman. It means going into God's out-of-doors, getting close to nature, fresh air exercise, a sweeping away of the mental cobwebs, genuine recreation of the tired tissues.

"It is a cure for care, an antidote to worry. It includes companionship with friends, social intercourse, opportunities for courtesy, kindness and generosity to an opponent. It promotes not only physical health, but moral force."

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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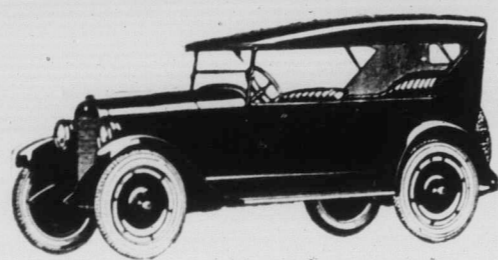


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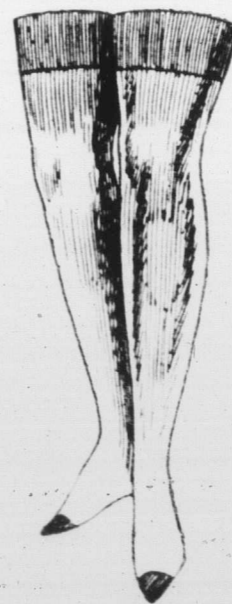
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