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# BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West  
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Volume XIX

April, 1922

No. 2

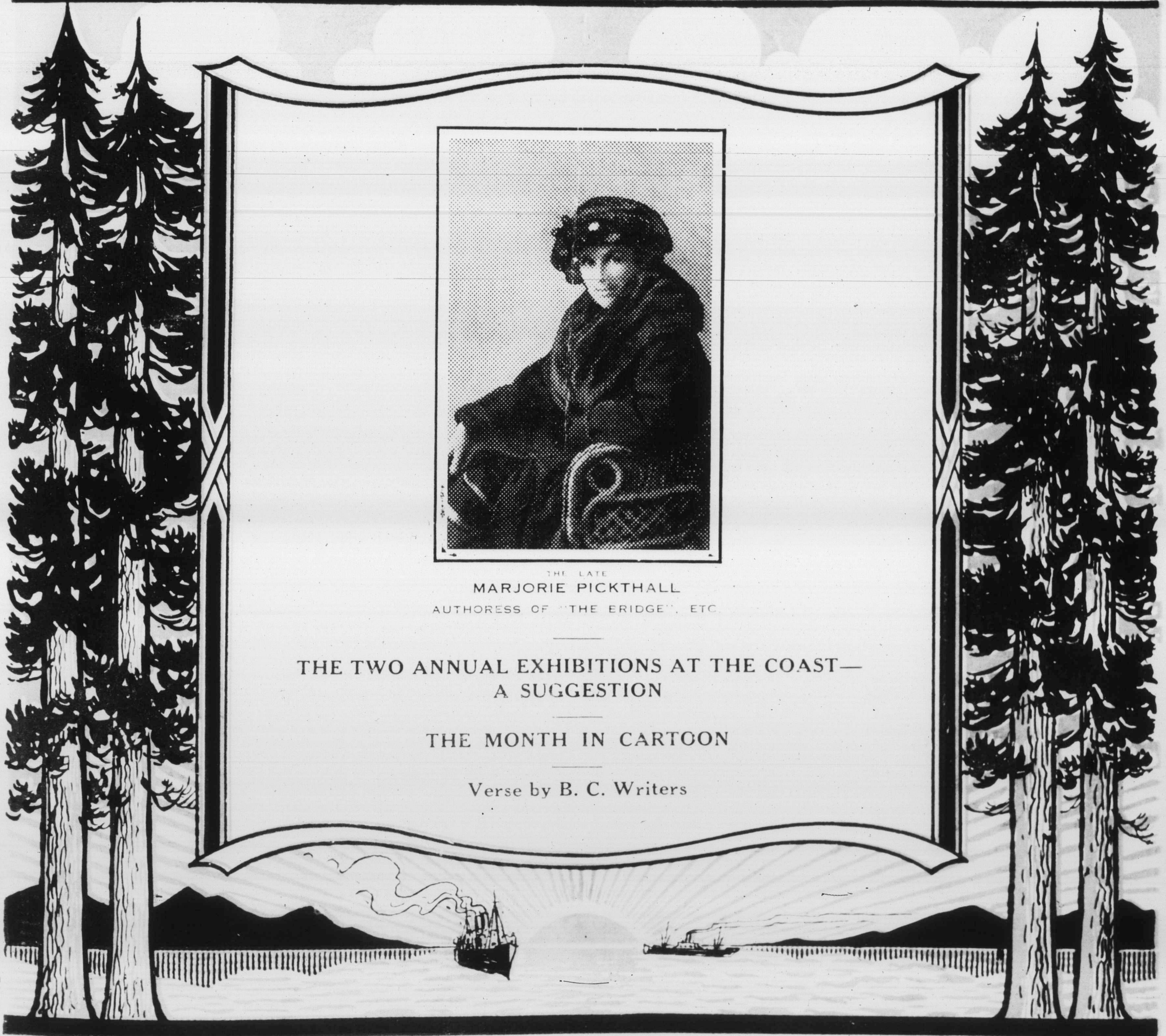


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A SUGGESTION

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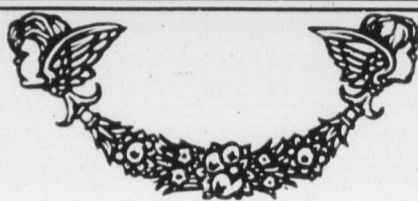
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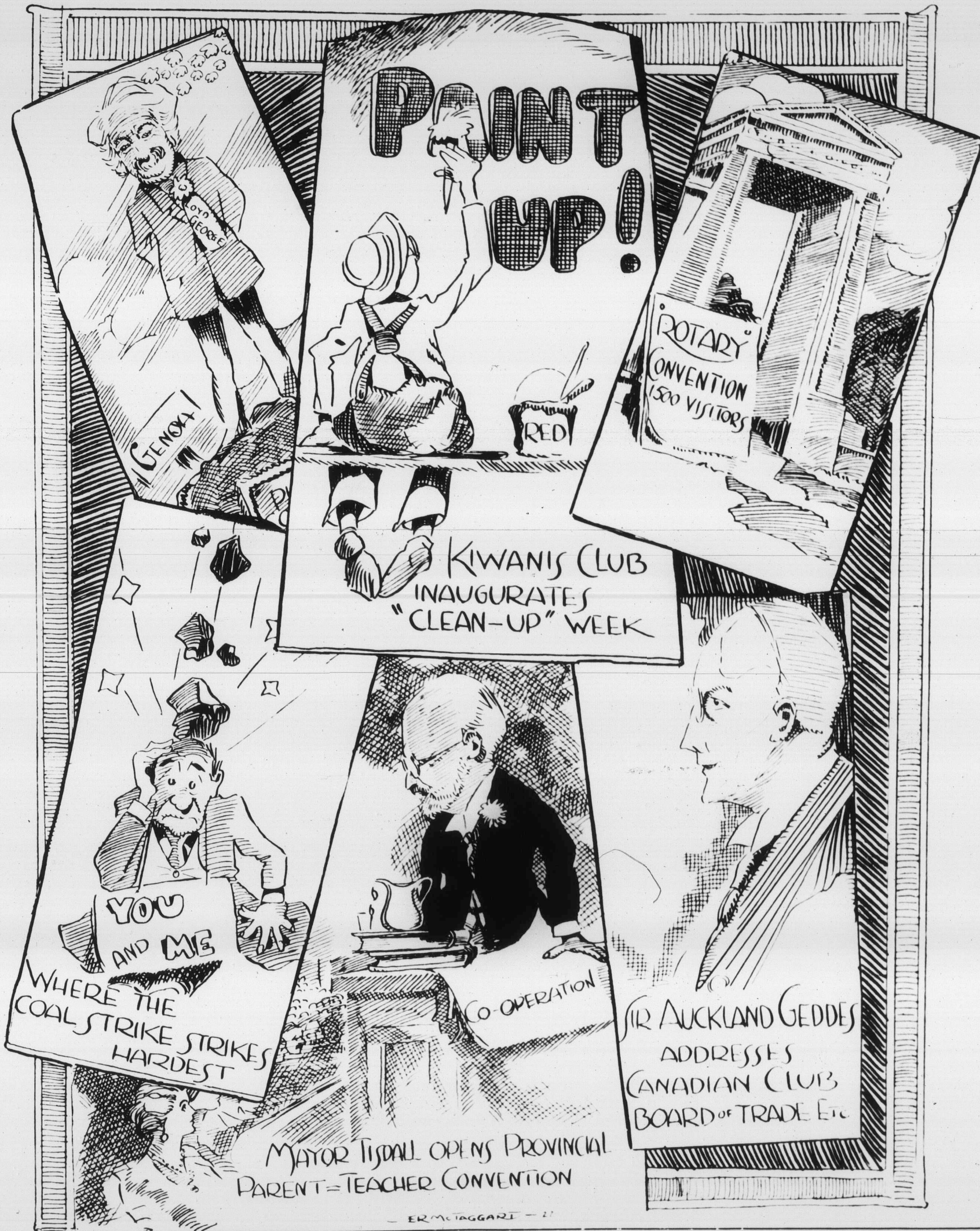
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# THE MONTH IN CARTOON



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### JUST A WORD

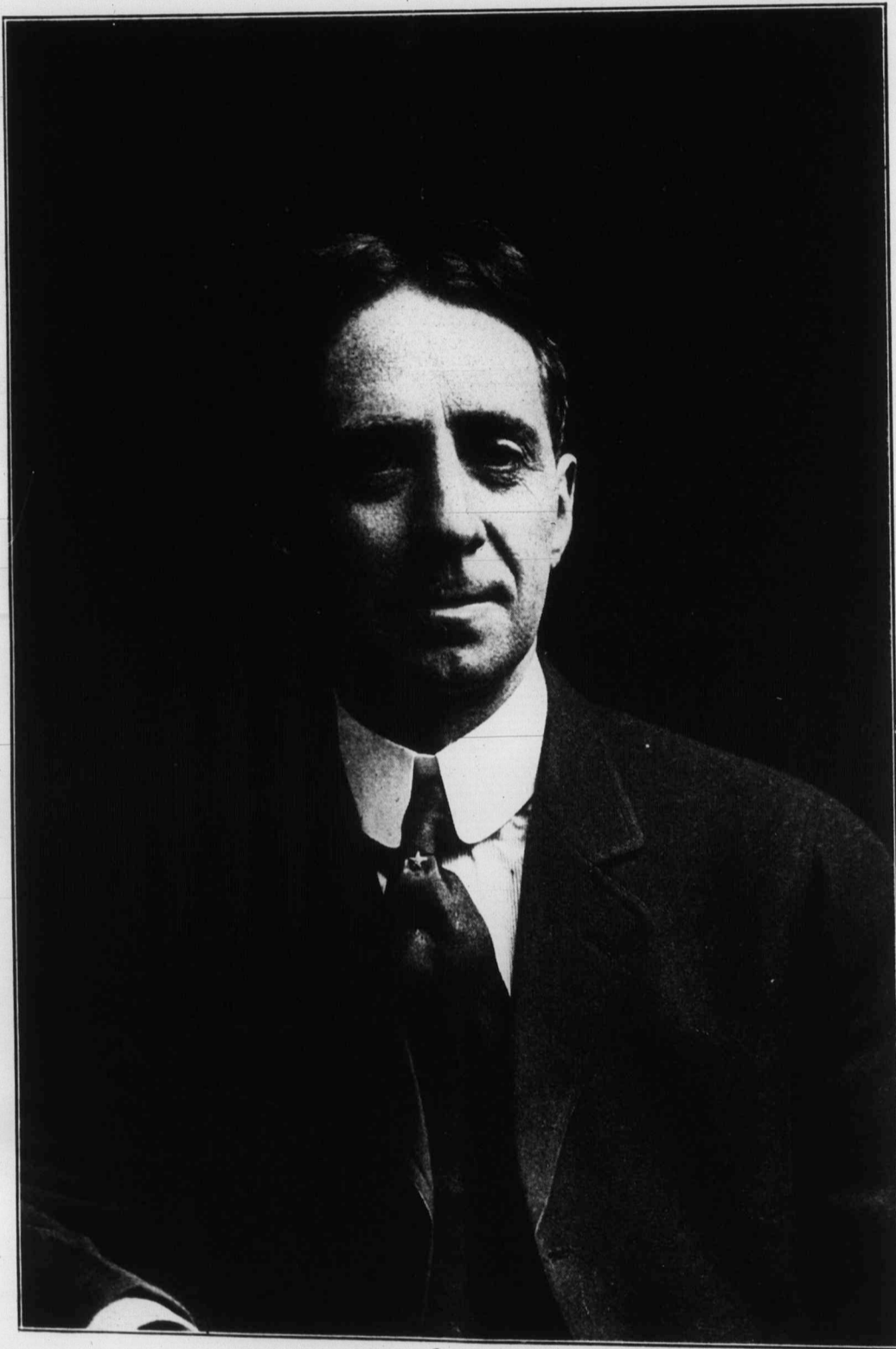
TO READERS NEW AND OLD. IF YOU VALUE THE WORK OF THIS MAGAZINE, PLEASE LET THE MESSAGE ON PAGE EIGHT HAVE YOUR PRACTICAL ATTENTION

## CONCERNING DEAN COLEMAN.

Dean Coleman (whose article on "The University Tradition" appears in this issue) is a graduate of the University of Toronto and of Columbia University, New York City. From the latter institution he received the degree of Philosophy, and from Teachers' College, associated with the university, we was granted the doctor's diploma in education.

His teaching experience covers work in elementary and secondary schools and in universities in both Canada and the United States.

After obtaining his degree from Columbia he was for a short time head of the department of Education in the University of Colorado, and State High School visitor. Upon the organization of the Faculty of Education in the University of Toronto in 1907 he was asked to return to his Alma Mater as a professor in that Faculty. After six years of service in Toronto he was offered the Deanship of the Faculty of Education in Queen's University, Kingston. He was associated with Queen's for some seven years, and came to the University of British Columbia as Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science and Professor of Philosophy in September 1920.



DEAN COLEMAN

Aside from his university work he has taken a special interest in religious education. Some years ago he was asked by the American Presbyterian Church to prepare a text book for use in the teachers' training course in that very influential and progressive body and for many years syndicated articles from his pen have appeared in the Sunday-School periodicals of various evangelical organizations in both Canada and the United States.

Professor Coleman is of Canadian birth and ancestry, and his interest in the wider problems of Canadian social life is shown by the fact that he is a member of the executive committee of the National Council of Education. He is also a member of the Kiwanis Club of Vancouver, and an active worker on the educational committee of that Club.

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# CANADIAN POETRY

By R. L. REID, K.C.

## PART II.

### POETS OF FRENCH CANADA

The French speaking poets of the Province of Quebec have received from their audience more respect and applause than has been the lot of their fellows in English speaking Canada. This accounts for the large contribution which that province has made to the literary activity of Canada. The delight which the people of Quebec have taken in the work of their own people is shown by the large number of Anthologies and collections which have been issued from time to time, gathering up not only the works of those poets who have published books of verse but also those whose work has appeared only in the newspapers of the province. The one best known is that edited by L. H. Tache, published at Ste. Hyacinthe, Quebec, in 1881. The latest and most complete is that edited by Jules Fournier, and published after his death, with a short but scholarly introduction by Oliver Asselin, by Granger Freres in Montreal in 1920. This Anthology gives selections from eighty-five French-Canadian poets with a biographical and bibliographical note on each. It is interesting to note the delightful egotism with which our French Canadian friends appropriate the term "Canadian", and use it as applying to French Canada only. M. Fournier's book is entitled "Anthologie des poetes Canadiens," but not a Canadian English speaking poet is mentioned therein.

The example given by our French Canadian friends is one which should not be followed by us. Whether a writer uses English or French, if he is Canadian, he must be considered. There are very few of us who have any real knowledge of the writers of Quebec, yet, even a superficial sketch such as this must necessarily be, would be incomplete without some mention of those who have added so much to Canadian literature; writers who bring to our attention the existence of a literature in Canada representing Latin Culture and Latin Ideals as contrasted with that which we call Anglo-Saxon; a literature which is well worthy of more consideration and study than has been given to it in the past.

Generally speaking the poetry of French Canada is inspired by the literature of France, in the same way as the literature of English speaking Canada is inspired by that of England and the United States. It, therefore, varies from time to time, as the French schools change. We may, therefore, conveniently divide the French-Canadian poets into three periods—the first from 1800 to 1850; the second from 1850 to 1900, and the third from 1900 to the present.

During the first period, from 1800 to 1850, the poets of French Canada followed in the footsteps of the poorest school of poetry which France ever possessed, viz.: the minor poets of the latter part of the eighteenth century. There is no breadth of inspiration; the style is full of mannerisms, affectations, etc., and what the French call "preciosite." The French poet, Abbe Delisle, is the best (or worst) exponent of this school. While there is charm in the vivacious and alert style of their productions, which are mostly little essays in prose, odes, satires, etc., there is little outstanding merit in the works of the early French Canadian poets. The best known are Mermet, Viger, Norbert Morin, Michel Bibaud, Bedard and Petitclair. They were, for the most part, journalists and politicians who dabbled in poetry as a pastime. There were a few patriotic songs by Morin, Mondelet and Napoleon Aubin, and

some verses in the epic style by F. X. Garneau, the historian.

The three authors of greatest merit during this period, Mermet, Quesnelle, and Aubin, were not Canadian born. The first two were natives of France, the third of Switzerland. Mermet was a native of Lyons. He was an officer in the French army, who came to Canada in 1813 and served with the British forces against the United States. His poem on the battle of Chateauguay is in point of chronology, the earliest epic in Canadian poetry. Joseph Quesnel was a naval officer who was captured by the British during the Revolutionary War, while engaged in taking arms and ammunition to the revolted Colonies. He was brought to Halifax and from there he came to Quebec, and died at Boucherville in 1809. He was the author of several comedies, and a number of epitres, epigrams, chansons, etc. Aubin was a Swiss journalist, who came to Canada in 1834. He was connected with various newspapers in Canada, in which his verses appeared from time to time. He died in Montreal in 1890.

The second period, from 1850 to 1900, shows a marked improvement over that which preceded it. Here we find the names of those who are best known of the French Canadian poets: Cremazie, Frechette, Pamphile Lemay and W. Chapman. The poets of this period were under the influence of the great revival of poetry in France during the years when Victor Hugo, De Musset, Lemartine and Chateaubriand were the pride of French literature. The lesser lights in Canada at this time were men of education and culture, barristers, judges and professional men generally who rhymed sonnets, ballads, satires, etc. Their work was considerable, and though all of it might not be worthy the name of poetry, it is yet a proof of great intellectual activity, and of interest to the student as an example of a literature flourishing thousands of miles from its source of inspiration.

Octave Cremazie, born in Quebec in 1827, is the first of the French Canadian writers who was a real poet. He

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was a thorough scholar, versed in the literature not only of France, but also of England, Germany, Spain and Italy. He tried also to be a business man at the same time. With his two brothers he attempted to carry on a book store at Quebec for some years. While the business lasted it was the centre of intellectual life in the City of Quebec. But his lack of knowledge of the practical things of life was his undoing, and one fine morning the city awoke to find that Cremazie had departed for parts unknown. He had gone to France to avoid his creditors, and there he died in exile in 1879. In 1882 his admirers published his poems through L'Institut Canadien de Quebec. He made popular in Quebec the works of the best French poets of his time, and thus gave a new impetus to French Canadian poetry. His own works, mostly in the epic and lyric style, are written in pure French, and are full of lofty and generous sentiment.

Louis-Frechette is, of all French Canadian poets, the one best known to English speaking Canada. In him we have the greatest of the "Classic" period of French Canadian poetry. He was born at Levis, P.Q., in 1839. He studied for the law, but drifted into journalism. He lived for some time in the United States, but returned to Canada in 1871, and entered politics. He died at Montreal in 1908. From his youth he wrote verse, his first book, "Mes loisirs" having been published in 1868. In 1880, he obtained a prize for poetry from the French Academy of Letters at Paris for his book, "Fleurs Boreales et oiseaux de Neiges"—the first instance of a Canadian writer receiving such a distinction. The action of the French Academy roused great enthusiasm in the Province of Quebec. In all his work Frechette clearly shows the influence of Victor Hugo. His "The Legend of a People," his greatest success, published in 1887, is clearly inspired by Hugo's famous epic, "The Legend of the Centuries."

Pamphile Lemay, born at Lotbiniere in 1837, was also inspired by the same group which so strongly influenced Frechette. Like Frechette, he also studied for the bar, but the lure of letters was too strong, and as librarian in the quiet Legislative Library at Quebec, he had opportunity to gratify his literary tastes. Although influenced to no small extent by the literary lights of France, his real inspiration came from his native land. His verse may not have the wide swing and noble accent of that of Frechette, but there is a deeper note of sincerity—Frechette, like Victor Hugo, is lofty, serene and impersonal; Lemay, with great tenderness, and in accents equally noble, has pictured the humble life of the Canadian farmer, his joys and sorrows and his naive legends. His first work, (published in 1863) was a translation of Longfellow's Evangeline into French verse.

The fourth of the great poets of the second era was Wm. Chapman, who, despite his English name, and his English father, was a true Frenchman in his ideals. He was born at St. Francois de Beauce in 1850. He also studied law, but became a journalist and, during his later years, was translator in the Canadian Senate at Ottawa. He died in 1917. His merit as a poet, readily recognized in France, was subject to much criticism in Quebec, especially by the younger writers. Yet he then stood, and stands now as the acknowledged rival of the great Louis Frechette.

Around these four central figures stands a number of lesser lights, who have contributed to our stock of Canadian Poetry, and whose work will repay investigation. We can only mention a few: Pierre Chaveau, the author of some fine epics; Louis Fiset, a poet of tender elegies; Alfred Garneau, whose sonnets are dainty pictures of Quebec landscapes; and Napoleon Legendre, the author of some pretty poems of home life.

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The third period covers the poets of today. No longer under the sway of Victor Hugo and the other romanticists, our modern writers are unmistakably influenced by the writers of modern French poetry; Beaudelaire, Verlaine, Heredia and others. They are the disciples of that school of Parnassus and Symbolism which has infused a wonderful new life into French verse in the later years of the nineteenth and the first part of the twentieth centuries.

These budding poets of Quebec show great promise. They have been apt pupils and have assimilated many of the qualities of their French masters. From their number we hope there may arise one or more that we can place in the ranks of the masters of verse. Their elders were content to remain at home and study French literature from afar; these spare no pains to gather inspiration at its source. They keep in touch with the latest development in French Literary circles. They travel. They spend years in France studying their art. Already we have more than a promise. They have already produced some fine work, and the names of Emile Nelligan, Paul Morin, Louis Dantin and Blanche Lamontagne are already known in literary circles far beyond the limits of the Province of Quebec.

There are few more interesting and pathetic figures in modern literature than Emile Nelligan. In him, it seemed, Quebec was to have her great poet, but fate decided otherwise. Born in 1882, at the age of eighteen he was compelled to retire to a sanitarium, his health irretrievably broken from overwork and nervous strain, and there he died in 1900. His father was Irish, his mother French-Canadian. In him blended the high-strung temperament of two Celtic races: the keen sharp intellect of the Gaul, the dreamy mysticism of the Erse. The result was a soul of flame that burned up the frail body which encased it. He was a blood-brother of the most delicate and sensitive of the French modern symbolists—Albert Samain, Vieile-Griffin, Henri de Regnier and the Countess de Noailles—and a spiritual son in the direct line of Verlaine. Like these writers, his aim has been to give to poetry the deep and subtle charm of music, uniting with it the gorgeous coloring of paints and enamels. His poems are mostly lyrics and elegies. Had age and study permitted him to develop his native talent, no doubt Canada could have boasted one of the great French poets of the age.

Paul Morin, born at Montreal in 1889, is still on the threshold of a great career. He was admitted to the Quebec bar in 1910. He then went to Paris and took his doctor's degree at the great university there. He has since travelled extensively in Europe, the Orient and Africa. While in Paris in 1911, he published a book of verse "Le Paon D'Email" (The Enamelled Peacock), which placed him at the front rank of modern poets. He is now in America.

Blanche Lamontagne is also entitled to special mention. She was born in the County of Saguenay in 1889. She has devoted her art to describing the joys of rural life and the beauties of the St. Laurence and the Saguenay. Her work is full of local and national inspiration, which is often lacking in that of others of the younger school, some of the most prominent of which are Charles Gill, Albert Lozeau, Louis Doucet and Albert Ferland. This detachment from local feeling no doubt in part arises from their desire to perfect themselves in their art by a close study of French poetry, and this study has resulted in their production showing greater skill than that of the former period. With them, French poetry in Quebec is closely approximating to the best of that of France itself, but naturally for a time at least, this severs them from local sources of inspiration.

M. Paul Morin concludes one of his most delightful poems with a promise that he, at least, will with maturity,

return to the themes connected with his homeland, and this promise has been thus translated by a friend:

"I shall wait until, ripened by sorrow and suffering,  
I feel equal some day to the task of uniting  
The words of Canada with the rhythms of France,  
Thus marrying the maple tree to the laurel."

It is to be hoped that many of his associates will follow his example.

## The Community Service Clubs:

### WHAT IS "KIWANIS?"

(By Dean Herbert Coleman)

**Kiwanis is, first of all, a brotherhood.** It is based upon the belief that it is possible for any group of intelligent and right-minded men to find an interest and a satisfaction in serving each other and the community. Its composition includes representatives from the various business and professional interests in our City.

Kiwanis has resolutely set its face against any conception of its function as that of assisting the business or professional advancement of any of its members in any other way than through helping him to be a better man and a better citizen.

Kiwanis insists every legitimate business and profession may be regarded in the light of a public service, and it is not adequately understood or defined until it is practised with that aim in view. The philanthropy which the world most needs at the present time is the philanthropy of the man who understands his job and who performs it with a clear view of its social possibilities.

**Kiwanis is, in the second place, an enterprise.** There is something radically unsatisfactory and repellent to the plain-thinking man of the present day in mere sentimentality. The feeling of brotherhood is not enough. There must also be the brotherly act. The feeling of neighborhood is not enough. One must also act in a neighborly way. As a consequence, the Club engages in a large variety of activities which are intended, partly to supplement the work of agencies already established, and partly to direct the attention of the public towards means of civic and social improvement which have hitherto been overlooked. Kiwanis aspires to lead only when leadership is imperative. It finds as real a satisfaction in following in the footsteps of other leadership whose initiative and judgment meet with the approval of its members, as it does in pioneering on its own behalf.

**Kiwanis is, in the last place, an ideal.** The term itself, unlike the names by which other similar clubs are designated, has no meaning which suggests the purpose of the organization. Kiwanis has a meaning as various as its membership, and yet, in spite of this variety which we believe is an evidence of vitality and a promise of future growth, Kiwanis has come to mean for all of its 50,000 or more members an application of the Golden Rule, "do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

Kiwanis is, therefore, in the last analysis, an attempt to find a ready and adequate application in the lives of each one of its members of this fundamental principle of good will, which is the only sure foundation for personal character, for civic welfare and for national greatness.

**GEO. T. WADDS**

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# MY GREAT ADVENTURE.

(Winifred Philpot)

Truly there seems little to link the luncheon table of an eminent professor of Moral Philosophy in Cambridge, with a wild cat gamble in oil in Vancouver, B. C., but my great adventure undoubtedly began when Dr. McTaggart told me, apropos of my approaching visit to Mexico that all his money was invested in the oil fields there. That comforted me many years later; responsible people and oil were sometimes—had been before I took the plunge—linked together.

Thus my mind became adjusted long ere the fateful time arrived. This preadjustment was really very important. Oh blessed open mind, else had I been prejudiced, and the great adventure had passed me by.

Now may I say at once what should have been said at first—only I was thinking of my dear Moral Philosopher. It was, and is absolutely wrong for a woman, in any place, at any time, to dabble in oil shares, unwomanly, un-natural, disturbing to her domesticity, and by reason of her circumscribed vision of men, money and affairs, quite certain to be unprofitable. (It will be realized that I possess in quite unusual degree the power to grasp the other man's point of view!)

Nevertheless, when the time came, everything that was illogical and generally untenable, I did, and thoroughly. Early in October, 1919, I bought by first Boundary Bay Oil Shares, and have been buying, and never selling ever since; and who dare protest against a woman's crowning glory—instinct.

Still I grant wonderful stage management was at work ere the great day came—a fireplace, a Scotchman, mutual reminiscences of Highland second sight, stories told in the glamour of the firelight that we had not dared to own to at any earlier hour of the day, for I, though English, lived for a time in the wild places of the Western Highlands, where the greatest success of my life was that my hosts forgot my despised nationality! And so, little by little, as the years were passing, first my professor, then my Highlander prepared the way.

There was the same protecting care on the part of my familiar spirit, when the scheme was first put to me, in all the glamour of oil visioned by second sight, for I was feeling rich that day. Needless to say, feeling rich has nothing to do with one's bank balance; it is a Godlike condition that descends and envelops the faithful at rare intervals, a becoming hat, a—, anything may induce it, but because it is purely spiritual and subtle, its price is above rubies, and mercifully, unlike the rain, it falls mostly on the poor.

I was feeling rich when first I heard of the Boundary Bay Oil Co. in 1919—I bought shares, but oh! so secretly—-hearing constantly of the mad scheme—smiling . . . saying nothing, but still buying. But in those days we never dared own up—it is not pleasant to be laughed to scorn—mais nous avons change 'tout cela. Now at last, big purposeful men applaud our foresight. When the world derided, it was mere second-sight; now foresight is the accepted word.

Verily things are changed. First, much faith, and a little hole. More faith, and a little oil, and then, because it has ever been written in the world's Book of Laws that no good thing must come too easily, then difficulties—and mistakes and more difficulties in so much that one director told me recently they had sweat great drops of blood in their councils. But faith conquered, and today, instead of a few men with much courage centred around a little hole, we have the eyes and ears of the world awaiting the final verdict from the oil well at Boundary Bay.

Just a few days ago I made the Pilgrimage and Pilgrimage should not be a triumphant progress. Our visit to Boundary Bay was not that; rain and sleet above; slush and mud and horrors under foot, with a bitter wind all embracing. But in spite of everything thus calculated to breed pessimism, all was forgotten when we were within the derrick. It was obviously no place for women. Realizing this, we asked very few questions, but with wide open eyes watched tremendous lengths of pipestem being lowered into the Hole, men and engines appearing to work with equal precision. A battered and worn Bit at our feet told its own story. Twice in every twenty-four hours this four thousand feet of pipe has to be raised and then lowered again that a fresh Bit may carry on its triumphant work of exploration. Ten hours' work in every twenty-four without result—how little the outside public realizes all that has to be done.

I was brought up in a land of machinery and early taught to appreciate the subtle purring in a large shop which tells to the experienced ear that all is well, but never did men, nor machinery thrill me as on the floor of that wind-swept, rain splashed derrick. It is written a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, but no one has greater faith in the final outcome of their work, than the workers themselves.

And so again the vision, as we watched the men changing the bit, the vision of oil for our Vancouver, increased prosperity, increased employment, increased revenue. Oh, yes — even women see these visions and dream these dreams!

And if, and when the day dawns that oil is found in commercial quantities in the Fraser Valley—aye and whatever the end of our great adventure—shall not this handful of men command forever our respect for their faith, grit, and upright dealing? And maybe, if so it is written, our overwhelming gratitude also.

(I forgot to say I fell hopelessly in love with the head driller, Miles Millman, but all his heart and soul were in his well and he barely answered my questions.)

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## The Printed Page

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THE RUIN OF THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION AND THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Hon. Lady Whitehead.

New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons

The history of the Empire that once had its centre in the city of the seven hills is perennially interesting, and during the past half century many books have been written on various periods of its rise, its glory and its decline. There is so much to be said about ancient Rome that a man in an average lifetime could not read all these volumes. Dr. Ferrero has performed good service in this as in other works in giving us the salient points of the period he treats of in an admirably clear manner. This summary covers the period between the death of the Emperor Severus in A.D. 235 and the close of the reign of Constantine in 340. He shows us that conditions in Europe in 1918 at the close of the great war were in many ways similar to that of the Roman world, eastern and western, at the close of the reign of Constantine.

This is a book that the reader of average intelligence may read with profit and pleasure. If he is not conversant with Roman history, it will probably lead him on to study other works. It may in fact enable him to find out whether he has any bent for historical studies at all.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF COOMBE. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

It is a treat to get hold of a novel by a novelist who knows his or her business. So many books of fiction are now written by unpractised pens that the reviewer is inclined to say of their characters, with Hamlet, "I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably." A page or two of this interesting novel is enough to prove that Mrs. Burnett is not in this category. The dramatis personae she gives us are some of them unusual, but they hold together and attract our attention. They do not do or say things that are quite "out of character" as is too often the way with the people that effusive beginners in novel-writing bring to our notice.

This new story deals with more sophisticated people than "Little Lord Fauntleroy" which had so much to do with making our author famous. It is a study of aristocratic and fashionable life, much of it in London. It brings before us a young woman with a very charming and seductive exterior and a very selfish and worldly heart. She marries a man with no money, but he is in the fashionable swim, and for a time the young couple go the pace. Then a little girl is born. He dies and the bailiffs come in and the servants go. She is left alone in the house and when she hears her child cry in the distant nursery she buries her head in the bed clothes. Then the "head of the house of Coombe," to wit, Lord Coombe, comes in, pays all bills and thereafter supports the household. It is to be said that he was distantly related to the lady's husband. He has been a bad man by all account, but his conduct henceforward in the story is unexceptionable. He provides for the education and bringing up of the child, and the story grows in interest as this young girl's character develops. Unexpected events happen, a villain appears and is suitably dealt with, and the book holds our attention to the end.

AMOS THE PROPHET. By Cuthbert McEvoy, M.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. One shilling.

Although this little book is intended for use in the secondary schools of Great Britain, it may well engage the attention of older students. Indeed the wealth of scholarship it displays and the amount of careful study that must have gone to its production sets it in the class of works that within their limits are exhaustive of their subject. Its author is classical master in Watford grammar school near London, and assistant examiner in classics of the London University. Accustomed to deal with boys, he has made the little-read prophet Amos an interesting character. While the latter's position in regard to the history of his country and the relation of the Palestine of his day to the empires of the past are clearly and attractively defined. To read this unassuming little book is to hope that at some future time the author may devote his literary and illuminating pen to a Biblical subject that will give more scope to his undoubted ability and masterly power of lucid explanation.

PAINTED WINDOWS. By "A Gentleman with a Duster." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A word must be said as to the attractive appearance of this book. The Messrs. Putnam have long been known for their adequacy in turning out superlatively finished books from a typographical and manufacturing point of view, and this volume with its artistic "jacket" is no exception to their general rule.

The sensation caused in the reading world by the 'Gentleman with a Duster' in his "Mirrors of Downing St.," has in no wise abated in interest, and his exposure of English smart society in "The Glass of Fashion" has given rise to much talk. The identity of the author has been much canvassed, some sleuth-like critics attributing these works to A. G. Gardiner, former editor of the London Daily News, and others to Harold Begbie, a well known and copious writer. His methods and attitude have excited diverse opinions, and in some readers he has aroused feelings of bitter distaste. But there is no doubt as to his literary ability and rather uncanny and Mephistophelean insight. In "Painted Windows" his effort is to reveal the comparative chaos of opinion which disturbs the modern church. In pursuit of this theme, he gives intimate character sketches of Bishop Gore, Dean Inge, Father Knox, Principal L. P. Jacks, Bishop Hensley Henson, Miss Maude Royden, Canon E. W. Barnes, General Bramwell Booth, Dr. W. E. Orchard, Bishop Temple, Principal W. B. Selbie and Archbishop Davidson. An introduction by Professor Kirsopp Lake, of Cambridge, U.S.A., gives the key to the volume. One sentence of this foreword is explanatory of the attitude of the book. "The Church, the Bible, and even the teaching of Jesus are no longer regarded as infallible." The graphic descriptions of the people described are very interesting, and their artistic portraits by Emille Verpilleux are extremely striking.

—(X)

CENTER & HANNA Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1893

PERFECT FUNERAL SERVICE  
PRIVATE EXCHANGE SEYMOUR 2425

1049 Georgia St., Vancouver

Publishing Office:  
1100 Bute St., Vancouver, B.C.

Telephone:  
Seymour 6048



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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!

Vol. XIX.

APRIL, 1922

No. 2

### A TIMELY MESSAGE

There are many topics concerning which we should like to write editorially—from the Scottish verdict of "Not proven" in the Baker inquiry to a Sunday of sensible rest and recreation and a civic auditorium. But while the total space available in the B. C. M. remains so limited, we prefer to give precedence to the numerous contributions on social, educational, literary and religious subjects—such articles themselves being the result of active community interest on the part of an increasing circle of capable writers who in the club phrase put social service before self.

In beginning in this issue the new feature "The Month in Cartoon," perhaps it is timely to make a pointed reference to the work of this magazine, and at the same time ask a few pertinent questions.

In the first place let it be noted that the new feature mentioned is only one of several that we hope to incorporate regularly in the B. C. M., which, because of its aims and ideals, is exercising a practical interest and helpful influence in all phases of life and work of the Canadian West.

The Advisory Editorial Committee of the B. C. M. has recently been enlarged by the addition of several members of outstanding ability and experience in their different spheres.

We cannot, however, increase the proportion of space given to the different departments until the proportion of leading business men and firms is considerably increased. The business firms with us are not yet nearly as numerous as they might be—and as they should and will be—but that is partly due to the fact that we are concerned with quality as much as quantity. It is also a curious fact that some business men who by their connections with Boards, Clubs and Associations, would naturally be expected to use a fair measure of advertising space in such a magazine, seem disposed to give precedence, if not exclusive consideration, to journals, excellent in themselves, but solely devoted to trade or business.

We would not be understood as grudging trade periodicals the fifty to seventy-five per cent. space of advertising matter with which some of them are favoured. In some cases at least that is the result of a policy of "supporting the trade" or organization. But we believe there is a wider appeal and a bigger service open to a community's Home Magazine and that all leaders in every line of business, wholesale and retail, should and will ultimately recognize that. As a consequence we anticipate what we hereby appeal for—increasing practical interest in the B.C.M. business or advertising section.

We are planning to do our part, to which this message is in a measure preliminary. We are confident that even

in these strenuous times the sustained community service of this magazine will be considered by every business firm of standing in the West, so that our new directory list will soon require enlargement.

Our business appeal is double-based, being on the ground of the Magazine's Community Service, and also on that of business results. In that latter respect readers who, in an era of much ink-shedding in the form of eye-straining newsprint and inferior and even objectionable periodicals, believe in the work of a well-printed, home-serving Magazine, can co-operate with us by taking note of our advertisers and letting it be known directly or indirectly that they observe and value their interest in this "B. C. Product," which is being developed to serve NOT ONE Service Club, Board of Trade, Manufacturers' Association, Educational Interest or Religious Denomination, BUT ALL.

Indeed, one aim of the B. C. M. is to connect all these with the homes of the people and to that end we shall not only, as space permits, publish independent articles on "Businesses Worth While," but introduce a series of articles concerning different districts.

Many more business men, we are confident, only need to know the facts of B.C.M. service to be with us in this our second decade and more selected leaders in every line of business will be given the opportunity.

Meantime, of readers with different dominant interests we venture to ask these questions:

1. SOCIAL WORKERS and COMMUNITY MEN: You claim to believe in and practise "Community Service"; Are you exercising—or will you now exercise—practical interest by personal subscriptions and business advertisements, in the only home and Community Service Magazine of your own Western Homeland?

2. EDUCATIONALISTS: You wish to influence the home circles generally concerning the value of your work: Can any professional or other publication serve these ends as satisfactorily as a progressive journal, "independent of party, sect or faction?" Consider relative values.

3. LITERARY FOLK: In Eastern Canada a literary publication, recently given representative standing by the new Authors' Association, has been amalgamated with a Book trade journal. Though the Pacific Coast may seem far West and insignificant from some eastern cities, the B.C.M., now in its second decade of consistent and sustained interest in literature, hopes to live to prove that the West is second to no other place in its possibilities of development along literary lines.

While this magazine does not seek "endorsements" by this organization or that, it is none the less ready to serve all worthy interests and organizations—not by bargaining on a business basis, but by securing practical support from service given.

4. PEOPLE OF RELIGIOUS INTERESTS: Churchmen and women of all classes, professed, professional, and sincerely and earnestly aspiring: How long will ye be in waking fully to the fact that Western Canadian church interests and ideals cannot be satisfactorily represented by periodicals published in Eastern Canada?

In newspapers you usually get what you pay for: But the B. C. M. is **Here to Serve**, and our second decade

motto is: "Into Every Home." You ought, therefore, to be practically interested in its work. That means that you should not only be subscribers yourselves, but should see that amid the multiplicity of periodicals which find entrance into our homes and those of our friends, the B. C. M. is not overlooked. Encourage sensible discrimination, and then you will in your generation help to "Build B. C. British"—and progressive through healthful interest in social, educational, literary and religious life and work.

## THE TWO ANNUAL EXHIBITIONS AT THE COAST --- A SUGGESTION

Nowadays an exhibition may be held a necessity to every large community. It is an object lesson of the capabilities of the surrounding districts presented through "Eyegate"—a competitive display of art, science, machinery, agriculture, cattle and horticultural genius.

Whether an exhibition is a necessity to a large community or not is patent enough to everyone who is a student of human nature.

The desire to do something that no one else has done—or of doing something a little better than others have done it, would remain dormant if there was not an opportunity to demonstrate its developments, and where could it be better demonstrated to more advantage than through the medium of the Exhibition? But the form it should take, what it should comprise, and whether it should be an event for every city, are questions that must be decided by the communities concerned.

The Exhibition, as it is staged today, is a growth of the old-time fair, which was instituted or defined as a greater species of market, recurring at more distant intervals, and which has been described as a customary or legalized place for the sale of commodities (including labor).

An Exhibition as I see it, is a necessity to every large community, it being the eye-gate to learning. It can be condensed or expanded to suit the requirements of the district concerned. It is of such vital importance that it should be under government control, and get government support. It should be used for the exposition of raw and manufactured materials—Agricultural Products, Horticultural Products, Horses, Cattle—in fact, everything necessary to the comfort and labor saving in home, office, and on the farm. An Exhibition should be an annual object lesson of what is being done in a community for the benefit of the community. That an Exhibition falls short along these lines on many occasions is granted, but that is oftentimes because everyone wants an exhibition, but many are too lackadaisical to take active part to make it a success.

In the Exhibition such as Vancouver presents annually, the lack of interest on the part of the citizens and the merchants concerned is very manifest, and in many of the exhibits the real object of the exhibition is entirely lost sight of.

An exhibition might be termed a Graduation Class, in which the exhibitors are the pupils, and the public the examiners.

Many exhibitions fail because they make more of the directorate than the exhibits—as was the case in the first exhibition in England—others fail because of lack of organization, proper publicity, etc.

While an Exhibition should be a paying concern, no matter how much money it makes, unless it has exhibits that

has a tendency towards progress and the uplift of the community in which it is held, it has failed in its object.

The old saying, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," might be changed to "Too many Exhibitions become monotonous," and with this thought, might I not suggest that Westminster and Vancouver combine their resources and make one event that will be a credit to the directorate and community at large.

The out-door program of an exhibition is one that inevitably is decidedly weak, but nobody knows that better than the directors themselves, and these gentlemen are always on the lookout for something better, but unfortunately, they are not to be had, or at any rate, they can't find them, and would no doubt appreciate advice which would help to better this part of the Exhibition program.

Then there is the horse racing—no exhibition outside of an International Exhibition would be complete without this event. Indeed, in the olden days, the horses were the main attraction of an Exhibition; they were shown in pushing contests, pulling contests, and racing contests. In the large farming districts of South America pushing and pulling contests have an infatuation over the visitors to an even greater degree than do our racing contests here.

Horse racing is a part of the spirit of the Fair, the seasoning that gives it the taste to suit the individual. As to whether or not races are an asset to the show is, in my opinion, not the thing. They are a part of the Fair, just as much as the auto exhibit, cattle exhibit, etc.

Vancouver Exhibition Association has, I understand, several thousand dollars to its credit, and now, with buildings in better shape than for many years past, and while there is yet time, may I suggest that the Vancouver Association approach the Westminster Association with the idea of amalgamating and holding one Fair, so that the merging of enthusiasm and interest shown individually might make, when combined, for one really big event which practically every loyal citizen of British Columbia for miles around would feel they had to visit.

F. S. G.

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# THE BRIDGE

(By the late Marjorie L. C. Pickthall)

[A Review by Francis J. Dickie.]

Since the following review of "The Bridge" by Francis Dickie reached our hands, people of literary interests in British Columbia and throughout Canada have been shocked by the report of the death in Vancouver of Marjorie Pickthall.

Marjorie Pickthall heretofore seems to have been known to Canadians solely as a poetess. Her book of verse, "The Drift of Pinions," in 1913, and the later volume with additional titles, "The Lamp of Poor Souls," produced a stir in reading circles both in Canada and the United States. It was after the publication of these books that no less an authority than Professor MacMechan, of Dalhousie University, in the course of a public address on Canadian literature, made the arresting statement, "for over twenty years I have been a watcher of the skies for the appearing of new stars. In that time four only have appeared, the greatest of whom is a woman—Marjorie Pickthall." And yet in spite of the remarkable character of her work and the wide appreciation she has had, there is still a large percentage of the body politic who have not heard of Marjorie Pickthall. We venture to say that the appearance this spring of her second novel, "The Bridge," Canadian in setting and universal in appeal, will spread the fame of this gifted writer far, for Canadian literature has reached a high level indeed in her book.

Maclear, the young engineer has built a bridge—and skimped its foundations. It is something that other contractors do every day to save a few dollars, but the bridge has collapsed, and in its fall has taken all that is dearest to him—his only brother. His brother's wife comes to him in his agony after the accident, pitying him and branding him as a murderer. She calls him "Poor Cain." The cut of her accusation unnerves him, but he will not admit his guilt even to himself. He did not intend the disaster; he believed he had left a wide margin of safety, and he had loved Gordon better than anything else on earth. He looks at his picture, he almost crawls before it in his terrible grief and admits nothing but a mere accident. Finally he walks past the blinded and shuttered house of his brother.

"Maclear stopped. This was the house where she and Gordon had lived. He turned and went away. He wondered why his feet had led him here. Everywhere he went there was some thought of Gordon, his ugly sweet face under its reddish thatch, smiling from the night. Maclear began to talk with him, as, in the back of his brain, he had talked for days and days.

"'You know I didn't mean it?'"

"'I know.'"

"'You know I'd have died to save you anyway, Gordy?'"

Maclear waited with trembling insistence for the answer. The imagined face seemed to look on him pitifully too; he could not endure it. "You know where you are, I'd have died to save you?"

After this phase the scene centres upon the Great Lakes, and the book is divided into three poetic episodes by the writer's own headings, "The Sand," "The Mist," "The Snow."

The gist of the story is that Alan Maclear disappears. After unsuccessfully attempting suicide, he is carried by a trusted boatmaster in his employ to an overgrown island in the lake, where he is determined to thrash out in his own mind the question of his guilt or innocence, and to renew his weakening hold on life. At length he believes he has succeeded—until one morning in his walk across the sands, he finds tracings of the structure of the Berimis Bridge perfect in every detail—he has outlined it

upon the beach in his sleep. The struggle is immediately renewed, and that night in a raging storm he is driven, half mad, across the shaggy undergrowth of the island. Hurling against a figure which stands facing the sea, he is rescued from the elemental ferocity of the night by a young girl who takes him to shelter in a deserted old hotel, called "Morning House," and it is from this point on that the real theme of "The Bridge" takes its course.

In the atmosphere surrounding "Morning House" the epitome of mysticism has been achieved. The old wooden building has sagged and sunken throughout the length and breadth of its many corridors, rooms and landings, until the dusty sand had penetrated its every cranny. Its inmates are Sombra, the woman, her brother Sal, and a blind periodically insane old-man cousin. Behind the drama which is enacted under the spell of that old place, looms the inevitable force of heredity, ancient hate and thwarted passion, a fiery Spanish sea-roving descent, and the intense elemental simplicity of homely unpolished lives; while out of the whole of it has been evolved the most inspiring and vital beauty. For the keynote of this novel, outside of its human purport, is its compelling beauty, unretouched beauty.

The tracing out of the psychology of the story is accomplished with ease and demonstrated by scenes that are thrilling and (oh, grateful find to the jaded reviewer) absolutely new. The action of the story laid upon the water and the beaches of the Great Lakes is appealingly real and in many cases almost overpoweringly touching. Nor is there a shade of affectation or overdoing of pathos or sacrifice. The extreme simplicity of nature of the people whom Alan finds to be inhabiting the island with him, the force of the things they do, the deep meaning that everything has for them, seems to reflect the influences of wind and water which have governed their lives and produced the vehement strength of their desires, loves and conscience. In the development of the character of the girl Sombra, for instance, there is forced upon the reader a realization that here is emotion in its purest form, here is an outlook that the ways of the life of today would make impossible, a sincerity that could not flourish outside of the natural isolation of the girl's existence. There are many incidents that would enhance this description, but I cannot help but feel that it would be unfair to sacrifice their freshness in mere reviewing. They must be enjoyed by everybody as his own discovery.

The conclusion of "The Bridge" is not obvious, and yet it is inevitable. Not until he has gone through every pang of loss and unreasonable circumstance, does Alan admit to himself and the woman he loves, his responsibility for his brother's death and his real guilt. After that, comes peace.

I have quite unconsciously, and without seeking them out, come across passages at random in this book which are comparable only to Stevenson at his best—bits of poetry of concept, felicity of expression that make reading an experience. There are dramatic incidents that are positively heart-gripping, and there are one or two pages of the most exquisitely turned humor. These are strong phrases, perhaps, but we urge "Read the book and see them borne out." It is in truth a rare piece of fiction, more, a rare piece of prose. Its appearance is an event of which any country

might be proud, and we in Canada should welcome this addition to our creditable literature.

I have recently read a letter from a well-known Toronto bookseller, in which he says that after the book was recommended highly to him, he picked it up in a critical spirit and proceeded to read. He recounts his sensations

as he was borne along the entire length of it, and before he had reached the conclusion was "trying to pull himself together." That was my experience, and I am of the belief that it will shortly be the response of every book-reader in Canada, for this is, unquestionably a literary event for all of us.

## THE UNIVERSITY TRADITION

(By Dean Coleman)

The subject I have chosen is a very large one indeed, for the history of the university as an institution goes back nearly a thousand years and any adequate survey of its activity and growth would cover not only the chief countries of western Europe, but also the two Americas and those countries of the Orient to which the spirit of Western learning has penetrated. As a factor in contemporary life the university has a prominent, if not a pre-eminent place, and it is fortunate (almost uniquely so) in the possession of wide-spread esteem and goodwill. What I wish to do on the present occasion is to direct your attention to certain aspects of the development of the modern university, and certain features of contemporary university life which seem to me to demand a place in any discussion, however brief, which attempts to touch the heart of the question at all.

One would feel like adding in this connection the further remark that in this age of multiplied educational interests and activities, there is need that we occasionally detach ourselves from details and centre our attention on the more permanent aspects of our educational problems.

The university had its birth, as we know, in one of the great social movements of the later Middle Ages. If I were to speak of this movement as spiritual in its character, I would be, I think, strictly within the limits of the truth, but such a characterization is, after all, really unnecessary since all great social movements whatever their age, are in their essence spiritual.

At the time just mentioned, Western Europe was awakening from the stupor and despair, the chaos and anarchy, of the two centuries which followed immediately upon the collapse of the Roman power and the submergence of the ancient learning under the wreckage of war and invasion. Newer forms of political organization were arising which later were to take shape in the nations of the modern European world. The western mind could not remain satisfied with the limited intellectual horizons of the semi-barbarism into which society had been plunged by the collapse of the old order and all which the old order had stood for in the way of political stability and spiritual culture. The spirit of inquiry which is always the spirit of hope, was reborn in the heart of mankind, and so, beginning with the tenth century, we witness the Rise of the Universities. In using the term "rise" historians have, I think, been guided, unconsciously, perhaps, by a fine sense of fitness, for I can think of no other word more suitable. As we follow the movement of which the universities were the most conspicuous feature, we witness a phenomenon akin to the gradual brightening of the Eastern horizon at the approach of day, or to the increasing tide of life in the veins of nature with the advent of spring.

Just as on a summer morning we may watch the paling of the Eastern sky until the moment arrives when we say to ourselves, "Now it is day!"; or as we may patiently note the relaxing of winter's bonds until we say with full assurance, "Spring is here!", so, in reading the history of the

centuries from the tenth to the thirteenth, we watch the dawn of a new era in the history of human thought, the coming of another springtime in the life of the race.

The beginnings of the study of medicine at Salerno, of civil and canon law at Bologna, of logic and the newer dialectic at Paris; the organization of bodies of students and teachers under various corporate names; the presence of foreign students in increasing numbers at such centres as those I have just mentioned; the growth of a body of subject-matter; the creation of academic degrees with the "jus ubique docendi"; all these are phases in the development of the university which the historians of modern civilization describe in detail and which are merely mentioned here in order that we may recall to our minds how firmly rooted the university tradition is in our Western civilization.

As I have said already, it is of the university tradition alone that I desire to write and in the interest of the brevity to which I am pledged, I will deal in a very summary manner with four aspects of this tradition.

**First**, I would mention the explicit recognition in the university of the debt of the modern to the ancient world—that world which was overwhelmed but not destroyed by the barbarian invasions. Consider first the subject-matter of the early universities, a subject-matter of which we of the present day are the direct inheritors. The Arts course was essentially the curriculum of the Roman and Greek schools—the trivium—grammar, rhetoric, logic; the quadrivium—arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy. Consider also the vitalizing influence upon certain of these studies of those fragments of Aristotle which reached the Western peoples by the devious channel of the Arab culture of Southern Spain. Consider also the results which ensued when in the time of the Renaissance the wisdom of Ancient Greece had free admission to Western seats of learning. You will understand that I am not pleading here for any specific program of instruction in the classics in our modern universities, I am asking merely that we recognize our debt to the ancient world, and that we teach our sons and daughters to recognize the debt also. Among the Romans one of the most highly regarded of the virtues was that of "pietas"—piety, if you please, but with them it meant, outwardly at least, something different from what it means to us. It meant essentially respect for one's parents and one's ancestors, and reverence for the household gods. Has the need for this ancient virtue entirely disappeared in modern times? And have we not ancestors in the spirit as well as ancestors in the flesh?

I would mention in the **Second Place** as an essential element in the university tradition, **The Spirit of Free Inquiry**. Let us concede that freedom of teaching and learning may, like all other forms of freedom, lead at times to extravagance and excess. But the difference between these forms of freedom and their opposites is worth noting. For while these **may** at times produce unfortunate results, those others inevitably **must**, everywhere and always. Sometimes I wish that the over-fearful ones in this and in other university centres who shake their heads over the heterodoxy of

university professors, and who prophesy grave peril to church and state from the wide-ranging curiosity and impulsive enthusiasms which give to youth both its charm and its promise, would turn to the writings of the noblest Englishman of the seventeenth century, if not of all time, and ponder the following: (This is from a petition addressed by John Milton to the Parliament of his day.)

"Ye cannot make us now lesse capable, lesse knowing, lesse eagerly pursuing of the truth, unlesse ye first make yourselves that made us so, lesse the lovers, lesse the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have free'd us. That our hearts are more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your owne vertu propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that unlesse ye reinforce an abrogated and mercilesse law, that fathers may dispatch at will their own children. And who shall then sticke closest to ye, and excite others? Not he who takes up armes for cote and conduct and his four nobles of Danegelt. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties."

I would mention as a **Third** element in the university tradition—**Conservatism**.

This may surprise you somewhat, but I state it not as a paradox and not as an ideal, but as a plain truth which may be verified again and again by reference to the facts of history—remote and recent.

To weigh the past, carefully, dispassionately, adequately, is to value the past; and the university, ideally at least, is the watch-tower from which one sees unrolled before him the vast panorama of human life from the cave-man to the League of Nations.

The university professor is one of the most conservative of mortals. For instance: During the war while nine men out of ten were urging and securing greater return for their services on account of the continued rise in the cost of living, the professor said nothing, or at most asked for and remained content with an increase which other working men would have scorned at patently inadequate. Later, when he asks for consideration, he is of course told that the need for that consideration has largely disappeared. And even if he does give expression to ideas, social, economic, religious, which some men regard as unsound, he states them, not as unsupported dogma, but as legitimate conclusions from premises whose validity may be tested by all who take the trouble to investigate. If he is called a radical, it is ordinarily due to the fact that, not having any vested interest in re-action, and being, as a rule, a lover of his fellow-men, he has every motive for speaking his mind and no motive, other than of sheer cowardice, for remaining silent.

The university student is often too conservative. He has not been made to think for the very reason that he has never felt sufficiently the compulsion to find a reason for those beliefs and attitudes which he has acquired by sheer imitation and habit from his environment. The business of the university, as I conceive it, is in this connection, to substitute a genuine conservatism for a conservatism of sheer inertia; to inculcate a regard for that part of the past which is the life of the present and the hope of the future, to emancipate from outworn habits of thought; to inspire a contempt for the life of thoughtless ease and of selfish absorption in material interests. The callous and cynical mind may sneer at the impossible aspirations of the young graduate, but the student who leaves the university

without the ideal of making the world a better place for all mankind, has failed, and his failure is to that extent, the failure of the university as well; but he must learn if he has not learned already, that he can make the world better only by understanding and using the world as it is. This is the sort of conservatism which one would wish to see become an effective element in the university life of the present day.

A **Fourth** element in the university tradition is the principle of service to church and state.

Early universities, of which we have been speaking, began, in the main, spontaneously. They existed, in fact, before they were recognized in any formal way. But their growth was fostered and their prestige enhanced by personal and official support from the secular and ecclesiastical authorities of their day, and they gave abundantly and cheerfully in return. The universities of modern time warrant, in the main, I think, the same confidence, since their contribution to the religious and political life of their time is no less conspicuous than was that of their predecessors. It is more than an accident that so many leaders in the professions and in politics at the present time are university graduates with wider qualifications than the purely technical ones demanded by their respective callings. And perhaps it is more than a coincidence that the present Premier of Canada and the present Leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament, are both graduates of the same university within three years of each other.

Times have, of course, changed, especially in the matter of the relation of the university to the church. It is no longer thought that every university head must be an ordained minister of the Gospel, and the university has no longer (except in very rare cases) a faculty of Theology. Theology may be still "the queen of the sciences," but if so, she has lost much of the retinue which once attended her. But the old bond still survives. And it is still suggested by our formal acts and ceremonies. Our own British Columbia procedure at Congregation is deeply dyed with ecclesiastical tradition. And such terms as "Convocation," "Chancellor," and "Dean" more than suggest their ecclesiastical origin. But I would speak also of a more genuine recognition on the part of the modern university, of its relationship, historical and otherwise, to the church. If the university no longer teaches theology, it may and, I believe, does inculcate certain virtues without which the study of theology is a mere intellectual gymnastic, and the practice of religion a mere form. Love of truth—the open mind—the sense of duty—loyalty to the higher ideals of our civilization—one sees more of these in the halls of our universities, I fancy, than our critics, or even we ourselves, realize.

## THE EASY CHAIR

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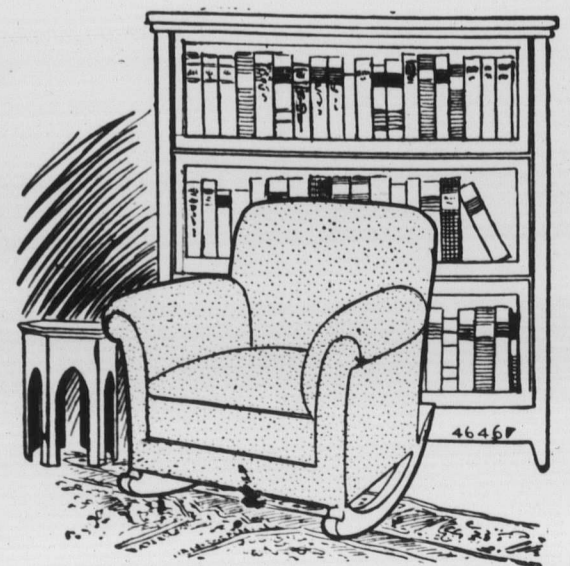
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## THE IMMORTAL HOPE

Second, there is the havoc wrought by the testimony of the senses. Early in life we are confronted with an inrush of sensations and at first we are inclined to give these the determining voice in life. Many reject the reasonableness of immortality because all the appearances are against it. We are reminded of the ordinary history of the individual. We must wait until the brain develops before we can do competent thinking. In the full strength of brain and body we reach our highest attainments. Then a change comes. The body declines. The strong man weakens physically, mentally, spiritually. Sight grows dim, hearing dull, taste fades until bankruptcy comes and with the last atom of strength the last ray of intelligence vanishes. Nothing that the senses can detect remains in life or death to suggest that there is a personality entering into a life beyond. The testimony of the senses is overwhelming. Many reason thus and become materialists and deny immortality.

Before accepting such a verdict it is well to linger awhile and ask whether in the affairs of this life we attach any such finality to the testimony of the senses. It may perhaps shock our easy-going confidence to be told that our senses very frequently deceive us and that we early learn to discount their seeming validity and always subject their testimony to a critical examination. Our senses tell us that the sun moves through the heavens and the earth is standing still. For ages people believed this, but we now know that the whole race was deceived. Our senses tell us that the sun and stars disappear during the day, and that, too, is false. The senses tell us that a straight stick placed in water is crooked, which of course is false. Our senses tell us that when we look through green glass that everything is green. Personal peculiarities and the medium of communication are unconsciously transferred to objective reality and the senses may report errors as facts. Superstition is the child of the unregulated, uncriticised senses, of the power of the mind to project mental images with the appearance of reality. All scientific progress is due to the effort of reason, verified by experiment to get behind the testimony of the senses to the permanent principle in nature which alone is valid. Truth is demonstrated, not by sense impressions but by its relation to certain fundamental laws and principles already accepted as universal. The fact that the testimony of the senses makes immortality seem unreasonable is nothing to cause the slightest alarm or even surprise. The facts of the decay of the body issuing in death mightily affect the feelings. The senses take in all such impressions with almost abnormal intensity, and at first, imagination is a slave of sense. To be reasonable we must subject these impressions to the test of all sense impressions. We must bring reason and experiment to the problem of interpretation. The facts on the spiritual side are not obvious to the senses in the very nature of things. The facts of consciousness, man's capacity for God, and his personal yearnings are not matters for the physical senses but for thought. In reality the old solid world of the senses has long since disappeared. The senses tell of real, solid matter. Mill, with his keen intellect, made matter but the permanent possibility of sensation, Spencer made it the Unknowable Power, Berkeley made it Infinite Spirit, others make it the Infinite, the Eternal and Absolute. Matter, then force, then will, then Universal Will, such is the testimony given by those who have sought to find out just what the testimony given by the senses means when pushed into the region of intelligent principle. The tendency of reputable science is to see in matter but the garment of the Spirit. The passing from the material to the spiritual, from the seen to the unseen must be the supreme moment in the

birth of the soul into the larger life of reality. Bonar has beautifully balanced the testimony of the senses with the permanent reality of the unseen, spiritual kingdom yet to be revealed in its fulness:—

The river is not lost when o'er the rock  
It pours its flood into the abyss below;  
Its scattering force regathering from the shock,  
It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.

The lily dies not when both flower and leaf  
Fade, and are strewed upon the chill, sad ground;  
Gone for shelter to its mother earth,  
'Twill rise, re-bloom, and shed its fragrance round.

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live—  
Star, stream, sun, flower, the dew drop, and the gold;  
Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant hope,  
Hastes to put on its purer, finer mould.

Short death and darkness, endless life and light,  
Short dimming, endless shining in yon sphere,  
Where all is incorruptible and pure,  
The joy without the pain, the smile without the tear.

Third, there is the difficulty felt by many thoughtful people occasioned by certain conclusions arising in connection with the doctrine of evolution. This is the modern problem. The doctrine of evolution swept away many of the old landmarks in philosophy and theology. It gave a new psychology and a new history of the origin and development of human life in all its powers. Traditional positions were assailed and the doctrine of innate ideas received a severe shock. Newer voices claimed a hearing and once admitted and established within the inner courts of the soul they gave their testimony to the lowly origin of all things human. Dealing particularly with immortality the theory is to the effect that instead of it being an innate idea planted by God in the soul it is the result of the misreading of the dreams of primitive man. The theory tells us that primitive man in his dreams imagined he went forth to distant lands to war or the chase, and that on the strength of these dreams he assumed that he had a soul separate from the body. When he slept this soul went forth from his body. In the superstition which overshadowed primitive man he believed that at death this soul went out from the body to some far distant land to live anew. Such is the theory of the origin of the immortal hope. Modern Psychology gives an adequate explanation of the phenomena of dreams but it is universally admitted that the earliest forms of belief in the life beyond had a very lowly origin. Many claim that this admission is fatal to validity and reasonableness of the immortal hope.

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# THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION

(M. E. Colman)

Conventions are at once delightful and dreadful affairs, and the Teachers' Convention held in Vancouver during the Easter holidays was no exception. There was so much to see and hear that one was in great danger of a serious attack of mental indigestion. But those of us who were, as one might say, 'convention hardened,' adopted the policy of attending just as many lectures as we could assimilate, and no more. Of course we missed some good things, but on the other hand we had the advantage of bringing fresh and rested minds and bodies to what each of us deemed the cream of the Convention.

Sectional meetings are a part of every Convention of which the public never hears; they are not attended by the ubiquitous reporter, they are held in odd nooks and corners for the benefit of earnest souls interested in special phases of school-work. Often the addresses are most interesting and helpful. The discussion which is supposed to follow would be more interesting if the teachers would say out loud what they say among themselves as soon as the speaker sits down, or if those appointed to lead the discussion did not take up all the time with a supplementary address. Each of these conditions prevailed several times at the Convention.

One of the most original addresses of the week was given at one of these little meetings by Mr. Hare, who spoke about 'The Hand.' Anatomically, artistically, sentimentally said Mr. Hare, the hand is of absorbing interest. Its structure differentiates man from the brutes; it is the artist's finest tool; it is the most subtle means of communication between men; it is a sure revealer of character. It is a tattle-tale, too, according to Mr. Hare, and tells what we would fain keep secret.

Of course every one went to hear Mr. MacLean speak of the writing system he has so ably adapted to school use, and so carefully graded. All sorts of supplies for use with the system were on exhibition, as well as samples of writing. Mr. MacLean has forgotten nothing, as one teacher remarked, but a special cigarette-holder for persons using forearm muscular movement writing, and a special eraser to clean off the black-board after the writing lesson; but no doubt these defects will soon be remedied. All teachers fervently hope that Mr. MacLean will make a fortune out of his system, it would add the final touch of glory to this wonderful century if a teacher were to become a millionaire in the exercise of his profession.

At another of the sectional meetings a perfectly wonderful teacher with a perfectly wonderful class demonstrated perfectly wonderful mechanical arithmetic. Columns of figures to add these children love as they love pie, their little tongues cannot work as fast as their minds! Only a teacher can appropriate the time and patience required to bring a class to such a pitch of speed and accuracy.

Speaking of speed reminds one of the demonstration of rapid typewriting given one morning by Mr. Jarett, the champion typist of Canada. The perfectly marvellous way in which he handled his machine reduced such of us as have tried to tame a typewriter to utter despair. He wrote at a speed of 125 words a minute, then he wrote at varying speeds, asking us to note the difference in the sound. By the time he got down to 25 words a minute, we began to recognize the sound.

Mr. Charlesworth, president of the Canadian Teachers' Federation, and General Secretary of the British Columbia Teachers' Federation, gave a most illuminating address on

the subject, 'What is Wrong with Education?' It took the form of replies to some of the criticisms continually levelled at our present system. It is only to be regretted that more laymen did not hear Mr. Charlesworth. Particularly would one like the following broadcasted all over the land: "As long as we spend as much as we do for luxuries, let us not complain of the cost of education." One hears so much about the cost of education nowadays, and so little about its worth; so little about the cost of amusements and luxuries of all sorts and so much about our need of them. Education, contended the speaker, must prepare the future citizens for work and leisure; there is no one so dangerous to the community as the man who has not learned to spend his leisure in a right way; on the other hand it might well be said that the citizen who is most useful to his fellows is the one who has learned to put his leisure to noble uses. Those subjects which have been added to the curriculum in recent years, and which the layman is apt to call 'fads and frills,' are an acknowledgment on the part of educationists of these facts, and an effort to meet the need they recognize.

It is always delightful to listen to Dean Coleman, his limpid style, his informal delivery, and above all the thoughtful reasonableness of what he says make every address he gives an intellectual treat. His paper on 'The Expert Quality in Teaching,' was no exception to this rule. It is only to be regretted that the incurable tardiness of the members of the Convention made his time so short. One point that he made seems particularly apt in this day of specialists and experts, that is, that broad training should

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always precede any attempt at specialization. There are too many nowadays like the frog of fairy fame who devoted himself so entirely to his profession of music that he had no time to acquire miscellaneous information.

But perhaps the very finest address given at the Convention was that of Miss Helen Stewart, of the Victoria Public Library, on "Children's Reading, and the formation of Reading Clubs." The title sounds rather formal and technical, but Miss Stewart knows what a title is for, it is never her master, but always a most obedient and efficient servant. Not one thing that she said stepped out of that title, yet her address was an indictment of our thoughtless, mechanical civilization, and a plea for better things. She made the well-founded charge that we no longer know how to think, that we are afraid, we dare not think a thing through. We live in a mechanical age and we are a mechanical generation. Just as conservative as our fathers, just as suspicious of change, just as jealous of tradition, we have made of our educational system a machine for turning out young people carefully inoculated with a set of selected facts, guaranteed all alike, certified incapable of an original thought. Any originality a child may display is carefully pared off to make him fit our system before we allow him to leave the Procrustian bed of our schools.

As one remedy for this distressing condition Miss Stewart advocated giving the child a greater background of the experience of the race against which to rear his little personal experience. In order to do this she would acquaint him by means of books with the culture of past ages, and other lands. The fables, the poetry, the fairy-tales of all races and all times, are the heritage of all children. Miss Stewart would have them enter into their inheritance.


Miss Stewart was not the only speaker who charged our present system of education of fostering mechanical responses instead of thought. Over and over again was the point made in a variety of ways that we must demand, not a parrot-like repetition of facts learned, but a thoughtful statement of principles.

Reforms or radical changes in education can not come from without, no matter how interested the general public may be, the leadership must come from within the profession. It is indeed a matter for discreet rejoicing that the teachers of British Columbia are alive to the faults of our present-day education, and ready and anxious to see them corrected. This seemed to be the keynote of the Convention, struck softly but firmly; we are ready for a decided forward step in educational matters; where is the strong, wise man who will lead us?

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 As we two walked a-down a dusty street  
 He saw a slattern who nursed a noisy brat,  
 A ruby-nosed inebriate who maudlin sang, all out of tune,  
 A grimy child that quarreled with another;  
 I saw the motherhood of all the race,  
 As old as time, as strong as life,  
 I saw the age-long search for happiness,  
 And a politician of the morrow.  
 I have a quarrel with the Realist.

—M. E. Colman.

## TO THE FRASER RIVER.

From where the glaciers in slumber lie,  
 Thou hast adventured forth upon thy quest,  
 Alert, expectant. What car'st thou for rest?  
 Thy breathless, panting haste, thy sole reply.  
 The thirsty timber wolf whose lair is nigh,  
 Envies the moonbeams glancing on thy breast,  
 And slinks into the woods with howl repressed,  
 As thou in thy young gladness leapest by.  
 Wilt thou not pause and linger for awhile?  
 All living things conspire to welcome thee;  
 And at thy coming, Nature with a smile  
 Re-clothes in vernal robes each bush and tree.  
 Will nothing stay thee? Nothing thee beguile,  
 Until thou find the all-engulfing sea?

—Annie Margaret Pike.

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Ae winter nicht, ae eerie nicht  
 The wind cried sabbin' past my door  
 Like a wee bairnie wild wi' fricht,  
 Heartsick to find a friendly floor;  
 Then tappin' on the winnock pane  
 There fell the fingers o' the rain.

The flickerin' fire had dwined awa'  
 An' danced upon the roof nae mair;  
 Frae every winnock in the wa'  
 The nicht cam' creepin' black wi' care;  
 Wi' face a' drawn and cold wi' fear  
 She cam' and whispered in my ear.

She lookit in my shrinkin' een,  
 She laid her frozen mou on mine,  
 An' a' the dool that she has seen  
 She set about my hairt to twine;  
 My lowe was quenched, my hoose was bare;  
 I sat and kent her name Despair.

An' still I heard the wind gae by,  
 An' still the heartbreak at my door  
 Keened like a tortured soul's reply  
 To the fierce pain its body bore.  
 Like sharp spur to a failin' steed  
 It roused me at my deidly need.

I took ae stride frae dungeon cell;  
 The steekit door flew open wide;  
 In lap the West Mind stark and fell,  
 A cruel lord and sair to bide;  
 But noo I lo'ed his blade sae bricht,  
 For frae my heart he chased the Nicht.

He grippit me about the waist,  
 An' cried "Be up, ye coward loon,  
 Nicht's thrall, before the grave a ghaist  
 That dazzles at the sun aboon;  
 Stand up and fecht a bout for braith,  
 Nor creep wi' hingin' heid to Daith."

Ower me he lookit thunner-browed,  
 An' shook me fiercely in his hands;  
 I frownit black 's a fechtin' cloud  
 When tempests lash the silenced lands.  
 Life swelled in me like stream in spate,  
 While he ran laughin' doon the gate.

But at my door he left a lass,  
 A whingin' lass wi' drookit claes;  
 Her hair was gowd, you couldna pass  
 The starns that sent their trembling rays  
 Atween the drappin' tears; the storm  
 Had left her dimpled cheeks still warm.

She was a bonnie lass in sooth;  
 A faither weel nicht haud her dear;  
 E'en I, I lookit on in ruth,  
 I took her up and dried her tear;  
 I dautit her till she was fain,  
 And laughter bubbled forth again.

Her dress was green, wi' glints o' blue,  
 Her dress was shot wi' strands o' licht;  
 Her hair was dim wi' frozen dew,  
 Wi' primroses half hid frae sicht  
 An' daffodils nae storms could fyle.  
 O, plain she said, "My name's Aprile."

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—Donald Graham.

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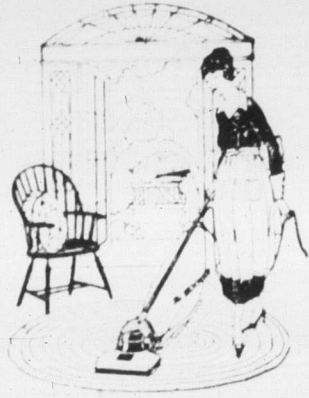
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