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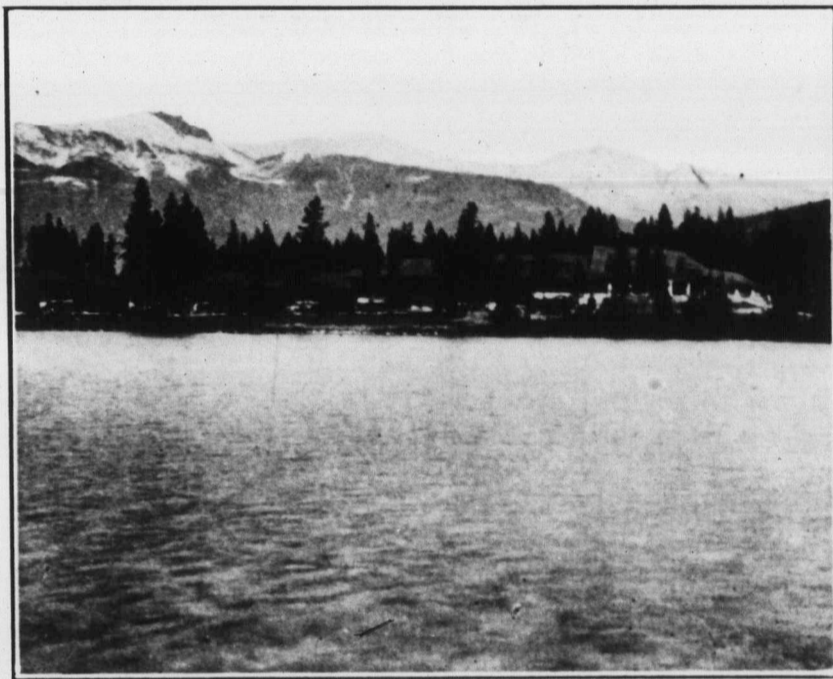
The Magazine of the Canadian West

DEVOTED TO COMMUNITY SERVICE — FEARLESS, FAIR AND FREE

Volume 25

AUGUST 1925

No. 1



JASPER PARK LODGE AND LAC BEAUVERT, JASPER NATIONAL PARK

Wanted — A Canadian National Flag

Verse by Western Canadian Writers

An "Act of God"

New Fables by Skookum Chuck

Victoria Notes

The Englishman in Canada

Rhythm

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2. To any subscribers disposed to suggest that this BRITISH COLUMBIA Magazine should, in every detail, follow the methods of U. S. publications, we would respectfully repeat the reminder that "THIS IS CANADA."

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4. The practical co-operation of subscribers by prompt payment of renewal dues is valued, and makes for success and continued progress in the work.

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VOL. 25

AUGUST, 1925

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Wanted — A Canadian National Flag

(By the Wayside Philosopher)

We see much in the press, we hear more or less discussion in other quarters of the desirability of a Canadian National Flag—or as some more properly put it—a New Flag.

We have, therefore, to ask ourselves seriously what the real position is regarding the Canadian Flag and, if a change is required, what that change should be?

It is understood, of course, that we have a Canadian Flag, which is a marine ensign used to designate ships of Canadian ownership or Canadian registry. Apart from that it seems to be taken for granted that we have no Canadian National Ensign.

It might serve some useful purpose to examine the different ways by which a flag or national ensign may become such, but instead let me suggest a question.

We have in Canada a history dating back to the beginning of the 17th century. Between that time and July 1st, 1867, we have the development and progress of those lands and dominions which were to become, and are to-day, Canada. On July 1st, 1867, we became a country—shall I say a Nation?—though our treaty-making powers—one of the attributes of a nation—were undoubtedly limited and curtailed. Since 1867 we have extended our boundaries, added new lands and occupied practically all the vacant territory open to occupation between the 49th parallel and the North Pole—which could be at all supposed to come within our hegemony. During part of this time an ensign has flown from our merchant marine as a Canadian Flag. Under what flag have the rest of our activities been carried on? What banner has waved over the years of achievement as colonists and pioneers, and, lastly, though for no more than the last few years, as a Nation in the Band or League of Nations known as the British Empire?

One further question at this point. How far have the Canadian people and the Canadian Parliament by their action appropriated the Union Jack as the Canadian National Ensign?

It will no doubt be pointed out, what the origin and history of the Union Jack have been. Some will, no doubt, endeavour to show that that origin and that history are inconsistent with its being flown as a Canadian Flag. It may, however, be well worth while to consider what leading Canadians of the past have thought and what the generations who made Canada thought and did in respect of this question.

It may also be pertinent to point out the course pursued by the other members of the British Empire in the matter of individual flags and to ask whether, or not, in their course of action, South Africa, Australia

and New Zealand have not conceded a certain standing to the claim advanced by some, at least, that the Union Jack is to-day the Canadian National Flag.

Leaving the question of what is Canada's National Flag to be determined from the fact that so far, apart from the Union Jack, the Merchant Marine Flag is the only ensign she claims as her own—let us turn to the question of why any change should be made.

One of our esteemed fellow-subjects, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, addressing the Native Sons of Canada is reported in the press to have stated, after referring to efforts made by himself to have a Canadian Flag for our Merchant Marine — that there was no good reason why we should not have a land, or other flag, as well.

We venture to think that Sir Charles, in taking this position, was only stating that it was permissible for Canada to adopt a national ensign, and that there existed no legal or constitutional reason why she should not do so—in that it is within her power to do so if she chooses—and we will agree with him.

This, however, is only one part of the question. However permissible or possible it may be, there is, in the last resort, but little question as to its desirability—unless we take the view that Canada's destiny is apart from that of the British Empire.

To any who believe in the union of Canada with the United States, or its intermediary step, Canadian independence, it is perfectly legitimate to ask for a

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distinctive Canadian National Ensign apart from those we now have.

Let us first ask: What would be the value of this new ensign to Canada?

It would be without any tradition or history; it would not have floated over the heroic struggles of those who hewed this Empire of the West out of the forest-covered slopes and plains of Canada; who linked our scattered lands with our transcontinental railways; who fought and won the tremendous political battles which made Confederation a fact.

It would not be associated with the creditable achievements of Canada since Confederation. It would have no associations with the struggles and triumph of the Canadian people in the Great War. It would not be associated with any step of Canada's progress from the scattered colonies of her early days upward through the stages of national evolution—until, to-day, she stands, beyond dispute, among nations with all the rights and powers of any nation.

Those who cannot find authority for her nationhood except on the written page, will say that Canada has not yet arrived at the glorious moment of nationhood, but one has only to read or recall statements by such men as Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, Andrew Bonar Law, Mr. Baldwin, the Premier of Great Britain, and other leading statesmen of the British Isles, the documents and treaties by which Ireland exchanged her status, to realize that, as Lord Shaw put it: "Changes made by the Great War and as yet unrecorded in text books" have made a nation of Canada. Nor can we think that representatives of the Irish Free State were ignorant of the status which they proposed to assume, when they placed themselves by treaty on an equality with Canada and the other nations of the British Empire.

Neither can we safely assume that the British Foreign Office was acting ignorantly when it advised the neighbouring republic on the question of British representation that the former self-governing colonies were nations entitled to representation in their own right. Other proofs could readily have been gathered, but, probably, enough has been given to make it clear that many and authoritative people recognize the full nationhood of Canada.

Any new flag, other than those under which Canadians have achieved what they have achieved, would be disassociated from any part of Canada's great achievement of nationhood.

Apart from this, it is worth while asking in what quarters we have the demand for a new Canadian Ensign. Does it arise from the spirit of a people made conscious of a new unity on its arrival at the glorious moment of nationhood? Does it not really arise from the wishes of those who are avowedly desirous of marking their freedom from British control—or a larger and more thoughtless group animated with the spirit of the big boy who with the size but not the sense of a man, wishes to assert his supposed manhood by independence of parental authority? These groups are anxious to give vent to their Canadianism by having Canada choose an ensign of its own for no other purpose than to show that it is capable of so doing.

Read closely the history of Canada—mark the attitude of those whose sacrifices made her possible, made her British and kept her British at all cost to them. Are their descendants behind the movement for a new Canadian Flag? Most decidedly not—save for a scattered few who can well be disregarded as representing their wishes or the ideals of these old patriots. What is the Canadianism that is behind this demand

for a new flag? Where it is not the result of agitation, it is, we venture to assert, the outcome of a very parochial Canadian viewpoint—the very epitome of little Canadianism, with nothing grand, nothing striking in its appeal, intensely provincial and thoroughly selfish.

If these ultra-Canadians are anxious to honour their country by giving it a distinctive place among nations, a revered name and an assured future—let them cease their petty, paltry cry for a new Canadian Flag—let them, each and all, resolve that, in every thought of their minds, in every act or deed that they perform, they will reveal the virtues and characteristics that should distinguish a great people; that their business integrity shall be accepted throughout the world as sound, sane and reliable; that their word given to a fellow-man shall be a sufficient assurance that it is true in the fullest and most complete sense; that their honour shall be as unquestioned as their patriotism, and their patriotism shown by a willingness to sacrifice everything, if need be, that their country shall stand before the world a nation founded in righteousness, established in truth and erected in the beauty of holiness. By such works, and by such works alone, can Canada be worthy of herself, her resources and her opportunities, and an ounce of achievement in this direction is worth tons of puerile talk about a new National Flag and a new Canadianism, which is in fact the embodiment of selfishness and a denial of every patriotic principle which animated our Canadian ancestors and which, in our opinion, still rules and governs Canada, and will rule and govern her when this sporadic appeal for a new Canadian Flag has been buried deep in oblivion.

What change, then, shall we have? None! If there be any Canadians who lack consciousness of possession as their ensign when they look upon the Union Jack and our Marine Ensign, if there be those who feel no thrill of nationality when they look upon the banner that has braved and achieved for centuries; if there be those who can picture no banner as the flag of those whose three centuries of achievement made Canada—let us, then, solemnly re-affirm by Act of Parliament that the Union Jack, carrying its crosses of St. Andrew, St. Patrick and St. George contained in one design, thereby typifying at once our descent and our unity—is, and shall remain, with our Marine Ensign, our own Canadian Flag.

Lest it be thought that we are selfishly overlooking the large French-Canadian element in Canada, we will remind our readers that the fleur-de-lis was not always the banner of France, and that French-Canadians in the past have found no difficulty in dying, as well as living, for the Union Jack.

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Verse by Western Canadian Writers

LILACS

Time that in the evanescent sows
The seeds of loveliness, O stay the year
At lilac-time! Let me forever hear
The song of thrush from lilac-scented close.
Let sun and dew conspire to fashion still
Their opals, sapphires, diamonds, gemmed triune,
To hold the flowers in dawn's perfection till
This tranced planet wheels to crescent moon.
And holding thus the world let stars prick through
The twilight till the purple hours are drenched
And steeped with lilac-essence, lilac-dew,
And mortal's thirst for loveliness is quenched.
O stay the year at lilac-time and hold
The world in bonds of amethyst and gold!

—Alice M. Winlow.

* THE MIST

Through the mist, where grey vague forms are passing,
Like silent ghosts who must go home and rest,
I go. There is no light;
No point that I can see and follow;
Oh, do not hold me so!
Why must I walk, and walk,
And reach no star, nor light that I may have to lead
me?

I walk on mist; I can no longer see
The stars, the moon, the dark blue velvet earth,
Which once were here, I know—
For I have seen them
On and on. Dark and close and quiet.
Forever, forever, forever.
Oh! The hill-top! I see, I see!
White diamonds sparkling on blue velvet!
The stars and moon have come,
And I am free!
There is no mist, no dark. I journey looking up.
The stars are glad. I hear them saying so.
No mist. . . . No dark. . . .

—Frances Lucas.

* The above poem was awarded the prize for the most imaginative production, Crofton House School, 1925.

"PEACE"

The storm has ceased its long unreasoning strife,
Its loud complainings rise and fall no more,
But heavy seas still run with sullen force
To break upon the lonely, patient shore.
The rain has washed the blackened giants clean
That forest fires had burned remorselessly,
Stifling the song birds, soiling the fresh green,
Filling with murk the sky o'er land and sea.
Lo! a bright rim is showing in the west,
Beneath a heavy cloud whose lowering brow
Scowls disapproval but is lost in light,
A glowing radiance floods the waters now.
Like tear-washed eyes discerning light and hope
Across the night of cruel oppression dawn,
Where trembling faith and trust in shadows grope,
Gathering new strength to meet the stainless dawn
Ray after ray bursts through the ragged gloom,
The gleam of golden crimson brighter grows,
Brave purple glories merged in softest pink,
And on the darkest cloud the rainbow shows.

O silent symbol! set in solitude,
Transcending all the glory of the sky,
Into a larger light of life we move,
And that which ever lived can never die.

Some vast great moments, silent Gratitude!
Above—the royal splendor of the sky,
Beneath—the dark green roll, the hurrying moan,
With glint of gold and purpling crimson dye.

Far out away, the threatening wind has ceased,
Cradling itself in troughs of roughened sea.
What hands has stayed its wild tempestuous mood?
It murmurs to the waters plaintively.

Now comes a listening sound within the wood
Where twilight shadows drape from solemn trees,
Drawing the curtains over Nature's brood,
Till morn shall stir with its fresh quickening
breeze.

Silence at last. So deep, so fraught with life,
Rests on the bosom of the Infinite.
Joy is interpreted with wondrous sounds,
But Peace in silence only can be felt.
—Lois H. Gilpin.

WHAT MAKES THE CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL?

What makes the children go to school
To study all the day?
"It is because they love it so,"
The optimistic say.

What makes the children go to school
To learn their P's and Q's?
"Because they fear the teacher's wrath,"
The pessimists excuse.

What makes the children go to school
With laughing lips and eyes?
"Because they love their teacher so,"
The little kiddie cries.

What makes the children go to school
When play is better fun?
"It is because they tire of sport,"
The unambitious pun.

What makes the children go to school
Through sun, and wind, and snow?
"Because their parents they obey,"
The loving mothers show.

What makes the children go to school
To spoil their health and eyes?
"It gets my goat. Gee whiz! B'gosh!"
The truant boy replies.

What makes the children go to school
To cultivate their ways?
"Because they are the country's hope,"
The austere State conveys.

Now, what makes children go to school?
Can any tell us why?
"A sense of duty to themselves,"
The reader may reply.

—R. D. Cumming.

New Fables by Skookum Chuck

(R. D. Cumming)

JOHNNY'S DIPLOMACY

Johnny Peter couldn't have recourse to the law, so he had recourse to his own strategy and invoked the aid of an exotic power to crush the one who had wrecked his home.

Johnny had no legal protection in the courts of the land because no legal strings bound him to the mother of his papooses. He had no claim other than that possession is nine-tenths of the law, and the affiliation of a small family that resulted from the loose union. So he called upon the Ko-cha Kookpi (God) to visit a curse on the bad Indian who had taken possession of his morally legal klootchman.

Johnny's agony was all the more intense owing to the great primitive love he had for the woman, and also owing to the assurance on which he rested that Minnie was true, would be true, and that she loved him with no less a passion.

But it came to pass, nevertheless, that Minnie had seen one she liked far better, or imagined she liked far better, no matter how much she may at one time or another have thought of Johnny. And it was perhaps not so much fickleness as a natural instinct over which human flesh has little or no control.

When Johnny Peter came home from the ranch after having driven some stock to the railway station, he found his cabin empty. One of the papooses was there, it is true, but Mrs. Johnny was nowhere to be found, and supper wasn't ready. The papoose told papa that Mosquito had been there and that mamma had gone away with him. All the kids had accompanied them to Mosquitoe's cabin, but one had returned to tell the tale.

Johnny's wrath equalled that of Achilles, but the sulks didn't render him inactive like Homer's hero.

There is a certain honor among Indians, but it does not reach the length of suffering in silence when you fall in love with another man's wife, or woman, or whatever the case may be. You simply go and take her if she is willing and still live in the same village. It was on such logic that Mosquito appropriated Minnie.

Johnny, indeed, thought of the rifle and the shot gun as a medium of revenge, but he had a cringing fear of the White Man's law and an icy dread of the hangman's noose. He remembered the fate of Paul Spint-

lum. There was just one other route by which he might reach Mosquito in his thirst for vengeance; so he went up to the summit of the highest mountain in the district, to be as near the Happy Hunting Grounds as possible, fired his rifle several times out into blank space to attract the Ko-cha's attention, and then yelled the appeal at the top of his voice in the awful bitterness of his tumult and the pain that gripped his soul.

And the Sachalie Tyee heard him.

Johnny Peter had enough Indian philosophy in his constitution to know that he could get his klootchman back were Mosquito once dead. She would be another man's leavings, it is true; but then, an Indian is not so sensitive in this respect as a white man may be. Johnny wanted Minnie; he wanted her badly; he wanted her because he loved

her with all his aboriginal heart. No matter how bad, how unfaithful she might be, she was still the one klootchman in the whole rancherie for him, and he wanted her. Mosquito must die!

Mosquito had hypnotized Minnie, his wife and mother of his three children, or surely she never would have nibbled and grabbed at his bait. Was it his smooth tongue? His cheery voice? Or was it the material things he possessed—horses, saddles, bridles, new cabin? There was some medium for evil that must be removed, and so Johnny Peter called upon the Ko-cha Kookpi to strike Mosquito dead.

And the Sachalie Tyee heard him.

Johnny descended from the mountain with a guarantee written on his heart that his prayer would be fruitful of results, and sat down in his cabin to await developments.



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And he didn't have long to wait. Whether it was a direct intervention of Heaven or a mere act of providence through the medium of natural causes that had already began to take root, even Johnny wasn't wise enough to say, but ill luck began to shadow Mosquito from the very first day on which he stole Johnny's klootchman.

In the first place, the priest refused to marry them on the ground that both morally belonged to someone else. A few weeks later Mosquito's only son, a boy of about eighteen years of age, fell through the ice with his cayuse into the Fraser River and was seen no more. Some time after that his only daughter, still too young to marry, ran away with a cultus white man. And about the same time Mosquito himself was taken down suddenly with the flu and nearly died.

Johnny in the meantime remained quiet in his cabin watching the Divine wrath and smiling knowingly to himself. He had God with him, all was well, and the end was not yet.

The flu had taken all the pep out of Mosquito and left him a physical wreck for many moons. His resources ran dry in a short time, for his reserve, like most Siwash, was not too substantial. And Minnie and Johnny's papooses began to look about for the next meal, and the next pair of shoes, and the next shawl, and the next shirt. Johnny supplied the kiddies on the sly when they came about his cabin, but the klootchman he ignored—it was up to Minnie. Johnny was too squeeich (rabbit) hearted to see the woman suffer should she appeal to him; but, in the meantime while things were working his way, he could wait, and so could Minnie.

Minnie had some pride too, and refrained from appealing to her late husband. She knew the extent of her wickedness, and shame held her aloof from making an appeal that became hourly and daily more urgent.

The flu refused to let go the grip of Mosquito's vitals. He became weaker and weaker; and, although he rallied at times, on the aggregate he was losing ground little by little. He sank slowly until one day he breathed his last and was laid to rest with his ancestors.

Johnny saw all those things with his own eyes and he chuckled.

One day he came home from the hay field and found Minnie in the cabin cooking supper. If the two hearts went flippity-flap for a short time at the embarrassment of the

situation, there were no visible outward signs of emotion.

Minnie went on cooking with one glance at Johnny, but without a word of apology or explanation. Johnny went out to the yard, cut some wood and brought it in without a word of welcome. The papooses ran out and in through the doorway, taking everything for granted in their innocence. It had the appearance of a real happy, harmonious home. Johnny went down

to the creek and brought up a pail of water. When he came back supper was ready and they all sat down to eat.

Perhaps they had some words, and a conditional agreement of some kind may have been arranged, but the rancherie never heard a whisper about it. It was patched up in the usual Indian "come and go" sort of basis. Johnny never told Minnie how he had leagued himself with the Sachalie Tyee on his own behalf.

Victoria Notes

(By B.C.M. Victoria and Island Representative)



Two further events in the life of the Summer School for teachers were a song recital by Madame Fahey, "dramatic soprano," and a mixed recital with items representing three arts—music, speaking (dramatic and non-dramatic) and painting.

The programme of the first mentioned recital was an imposing one—in black and white. Madame Fahey gave evidence of an unusually powerful voice and was heard to greatest advantage in her operatic selections. In direct contrast to the Russian dramatic tenor, Rosing, who, as he himself not only stated but exemplified, does not **act** but **lives** the songs he sings, Madame Fahey **acts** hers; she does not **live** them. All her dramatic art, if art it be, creates the unmistakable impression of being superimposed. She attacks her theme from the outside, from the spectacular or spectator's point of view; Rosing, on the other hand, attacks every piece of work from the **inside**; he makes of it a living masterpiece by **living through** it. The other method of attack leads unquestionably not to art, but to artificiality. Facial expression is no longer vital expression; it has degenerated to grimacing; gestures and body movements are no longer spontaneous emotional expression; they have descended to the plane of mere antics. The result is disastrous. There was lacking that sincerity without which there is no

art. The impression remarkably created was that of a potentially fine singer who had lost touch with herself. The interpretation of most of the songs gave the impression of being not the singer's but that of some one else—possibly a master—adopted by the singer. In some the effect was merely ludicrous; in others it was open to the severest criticism from the point of view of art. Illustrative of the first was the dramatic (?) effect of almost **swooning** at the memory of the Kerry Dances, so compatible with the Irish spirit; and the second was the opportunity seized upon for the display of a few vocal gymnastics on two notes of the simple folk song, "Comin' Through the Rye." Comment is left to the reader. The voice being forced almost constantly throughout, often lacked resonance and rarely in the high notes hit the note in the **middle** of the note. As inevitably ensues when the voice is forced, there is a tendency for it either to sharpen or flatten. In this case the latter tendency was evident, a noticeable example in point being the final note in the "Wolf."

The preamble given to most of the numbers was so badly spoken as to leave no doubt in the minds of the hearers that the art of voice production had not been mastered, as the art of beautiful public speaking and of singing have one and the same basis.

Each item was vigorously applauded, and both Madame Fahey and her skilful accompanist, Mrs. A. F. Gibson, were the recipients of bouquets.

The artistes taking part in the second recital included such well known figures in the Victoria musical world as Mr. Drury Pryce (violin) and Mr. Harold Taylor (violincello). Mr. Ira Dilworth was pianist. Trios from "Samson et Delila" by Saint Saens, and Beethoven's Scherzo from the 7th Trio, were ably and artistically rendered, and in these, as also in the solo numbers given by Mr. Pryce and Mr. Taylor, accompanied by Mr. Dilworth, the artistes proved themselves lovers of their art. Here the personality of the player was lost—as it should be—in the message of the composer.

The art of elocution in its various branches, the dramatic (as in the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth"), the entertaining (humorous and lightly pathetic), and the educational (in the reading of Henry Tribner Bailey's appreciation of famous pictures) was well exemplified by Mrs. Wilfrid Ord, of London, England. Besides showing fine powers of dramatic interpretation in her representation of the tortured Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Ord displayed the truly wonderful musical range of the speaking voice when properly trained. Not all nor even the majority of public speakers can make themselves easily audible, and a truly rara avis is the public speaker who combines this ability with a pleasing quality of voice. Mrs. Ord is happy in the possession of both. We wish her all success in this field of work in Victoria.

Mr. Kyle, acting director this year of the Provincial Summer School for teachers, made interesting and enlightening comments on the lantern slide reproductions of paintings by such artists as Holman Hunt, Rossetti, Leighton, Velasquez, Constable, Reynolds and others.

The visit to Victoria of Jack Miner, famous bird-lover of Canada, was seized by friends of his and by bird-lovers as an unique opportunity for spreading the gospel of kindness to wild birds. In consequence of this Mr. Miner gave a talk in the Centennial Church on wild-bird life in Canada, illustrated by film reproductions of many interesting scenes at the now famous bird-sanctuary he has made at his home in Kingsville, Ontario. Mr. Miner is, as he told his audience, a man of no book education, but his address was permeated by a feeling of reverence for the works of God as revealed in nature,

and punctuated by sallies of native wit which kept his audience alert and happy in spite of hard, uncomfortable church pews. The story of his complete volte-face, from ruthless hunter to saviour of wild bird life was more fascinating than fiction. With a persistent courage that had to outlast years and the derision of his neighbours, Mr. Miner had pursued his plans of attracting the wild geese to his mud-pools, till now they come in their hundreds to the lakes that had to be made to accommodate their numbers. Mr. Miner has a system of tagging a certain proportion of the geese each year, so that information may be sent him as to the various loci of these birds. Not only is this used as a means of learning more of the ways and habits of these noble birds, but as a means of spreading the gospel, for on each tag a Bible text is stamped. No eulogy was too fine for the wild geese, a study of whose life, said Mr. Miner, could not but have an ennobling in-

fluence on the mind of any man undertaking it. The wild goose is a one-mate-for-life bird, and the courage of the male bird when protecting its mate on the eggs or the young is almost past belief.

Mr. Miner also told the story of David and Jonathan in terms of goose life—the story of a goose sound in wing and limb, that voluntarily renounced its freedom and power to migrate in order to stay with a chum whose damaged wing made flying impossible, and that ultimately laid down his life for his friend in a hard fight with a great horned owl. The whole neighbourhood had mourned the death of this noble bird. The greatest of all game laws, according to Mr. Miner, is that to be found in Deuteronomy 22: 6 and 7, "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee . . . and the dam sitting upon the young or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young, but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go."

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Educational Notes

(By Spectator.)

The long school vacation in summer is a boon to pupils and teachers alike, and to those parents, especially, who live in rural districts, and find use for the many hands, even little hands, that make light work. Separated as they are for a time, from textbooks, and living a primitive life near to Nature, the physical growth and development of many a boy and girl during these weeks of freedom is little less than marvellous. Many teachers, too, responding to the call of the wild, come back to their duties in September brown as berries, with muscles taut as the strings of a well tuned harp, with strength and vitality of body and mind renewed and toned up, feeling altogether, in presence of their eager pupils, like leaders of battalions ready to brush aside every opposing difficulty, or to pass through it as a rifle bullet pierces a target of pasteboard.

But for the ambitious teacher the long vacation need not be all play. The Education Department at Victoria and the British Columbia University in Vancouver have provided long lists of courses, under distinguished leaders, for ambitious and progressive teachers looking toward greater efficiency in the work of the classroom, or toward higher certificates and degrees, a guarantee, one may hope, of greater teaching skill and power, and at the same time leading to advancement in the noblest of professions.

This year, in addition to large classes in Victoria, some four hundred teachers, inspectors and others have been under instruction in university classes in Vancouver, a marked increase on the enrolment of previous years. So helpful and popular has this work become that there is now a persistent call for extramural courses and classes operative throughout the greater part of the year. About forty years ago Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, adopted the system in the teeth of much adverse criticism. Now it needs neither defence nor apology; its stoutest opponents have joined the ranks of its most ardent exponents. The late President Harper, of Chicago University, was enthusiastic in its praise.

Only lack of funds prevents British Columbia University from swinging into line at once. With the rising tide of economic prosperity correspondence courses will be conducted and local classes established. The university of to-day is not a cloister where privileged spirits may seclude themselves from the rude storms that agitate the outside world, but a great mother school to serve the needs of every member of the community and add cubit after cubit to its intellectual and moral stature.

A university does not consist of buildings, costly apparatus, platoons of instructors and battalions of students. The martyr President, James Abraham Garfield, declared that a certain professor on one end of a log and himself on the other, would constitute a university. The University of British Columbia, though born amid the storm and stress of war, and housed in shacks on hospital ground, has achieved a proud place in the sisterhood of Canadian institutions of higher learning.

But, though all this is true, the fact remains that beautiful and noble buildings on a worthy site have a value impossible to measure or even to estimate. In these respects British Columbia University is begin-

ning to come into its own. The autumn session will open at Point Grey, on surely the most commanding university site in the world, and with several buildings, at least, that would do credit to any university of the Old World. These must ever prove an inspiration to professors and students alike, and an ennobling influence in the inward development of the flower of our British Columbia youth and maidenhood, leaders of the coming generation in the great march of progress, carrying aloft the torch of enlightenment snatched from the wearied hands of such as sleep in Flanders fields.

In the Annual Report of the Vancouver Schools, for the year 1922, the Assistant Municipal Inspector gives expression to the following sentiment:

"These subjects (music and art) are not frills added to the curriculum to please dilettanti faddists. Widespread taste in art is essential to our industrial progress. The appearance of an article has often almost as much to do with its saleability as its strictly utilitarian value. Our manufacturers and mechanics must therefore have something of the art instinct if they are to keep abreast of the same classes in other countries. This is apart from the quiet though power-



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ful influence which the art of the pencil and brush has in common with music, in the development of that inward sense of beauty which can be made one of the most efficient handmaids to morality, touching the soul to finer issues, and stimulating the growth of all that is of highest worth to us."

* * *

In harmony with the ideas expressed in the preceding paragraph, the Vancouver School Board has decided to open, in October next, a school of "Applied Arts and Decorative Design." Mr. G. Thornton Sharp has been appointed principal, and he will be assisted by a corps of able teachers, each a specialist in his own particular subject. Vancouver would fail to achieve its destiny were it not to become a great manufacturing centre, as well as a world seaport. The new school will supply an element without which our industries cannot hope to meet the competition of those established or to be established in other parts of the manufacturing world. The British Columbia Art League, co-operating with the School Board in an advisory capacity, is to be congratulated on its efforts to bring about the blending of the cultural with the utilitarian, whilst the School Board on its part is to be congratulated on its clear-sightedness and its readiness to adapt the city's educational system to the present and future needs of an industrial community.

* * *

The reorganization of Sunday School classes follows close upon the reopening of the day schools in September. In this connection the leading idea of the following paragraphs is worthy of serious consideration.

A short time ago the Rev. Mr. Unger, missionary to the lepers in Korea, told in a Vancouver church hall the story of his work in that interesting country. While at home on furlough in the United States he presented an appeal in New York City for the opening, equipment and maintenance of a new centre of work in Southern Korea. His hearers generously voted him twenty-five thousand dollars, and then said: "Now, get out and get the money." Acting on their suggestion he got out and got twenty-seven thousand.

This is apropos of an account of a new form of Sunday School organization coming to us from the other side of the international boundary line, a system that has put Sunday School accommodation at a premium unheard of before.

The organizer in a particular district first enrolls his volunteer teachers, say, a hundred. Next, he canvasses his district to discover children not attending any Sunday School. He finds, let us say, a thousand of these. He notes their names, ages, addresses, and any other particular information. Then he groups these in classes of perhaps ten each. Finally, he assigns to each of his volunteer teachers a suitable class of boys or girls, saying at the same time: "Now, get out and get them." This sounds like business, like a modern rendering of "Go out into the highways and byways, and compel them to come in, that my wedding may be furnished with guests."

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AFRAID IN THE DARK.

It gives me a bit of chagrin
In making this candid remark:
I am now, as I always have been,
A little afraid in the dark.

I know 'tis an old haunting fear,
From a time long before Noah's ark,
When evil shapes often would leer
And make men afraid in the dark.

I have been there, as you have, as he,
A lad coming home from a lark:
If he whistled he surely must be
A little afraid in the dark.

What forms could the new-moon reveal
Of ghosts that were living or stark!
What a bush or a stump might conceal
To make us afraid in the dark!

When the shadows will gather me in,
As on my last trip I embark,
I shall be, as I always have been,
A little afraid in the dark.

Edwin E. Kinney.

FROM ALICE MOUNTAIN

By Gordon Stace Smith, Creston, B. C.

Tell me, what Pioneer
First ascended here,
And what was his aim?
Tell me whence he came
And how was he dressed?
Where does he now rest?

I can see the quiver
Where the Kootenay River
Merges from the hills—
From the cool, wild hills—
And her winding passes
Through the meadow grasses.

I can see the gates
Of the neighbor States,
And that glare of snow
Is in Idaho.

There's the borden-line:
'Wonder what hopes shine
For its future dates,
Or what malice waits?
Whisper, who shall know,
Freedom to and fro
Or a barricade?

Gazing from the shade
Of a summit tree,
All alone and free—
O what joy it is!
And to throw a kiss
From the topmost bough
To the towns below!

JASPER—AN IMPRESSION

(By W. R. DUNLOP)

JASPER—AN IMPRESSION

Like an Arab folding his tent and stealing away in the night, the Canadian National train glided off on time without jolt or sound—an odd beginning of a great transcontinental run, like the tiny stream that becomes the Amazon. An hour in the bright parlour car, listening in to a concert in 'Frisco, and then to bed and broken sleep.

The cycle of a day almost gone; train running late; darkness dropping down, and the anxious query passed from lip to lip: "Would we be in time for that great view of Mount Robson, monarch of the Rockies?" We saw it—just ere the sable curtains shut it off; and it had the forbidding grandeur of the hour, the hanging mists from its 13,000 feet summit merging into the gloomy dusk.

Jasper Station has the touch of the tourist centre—a broad lengthy

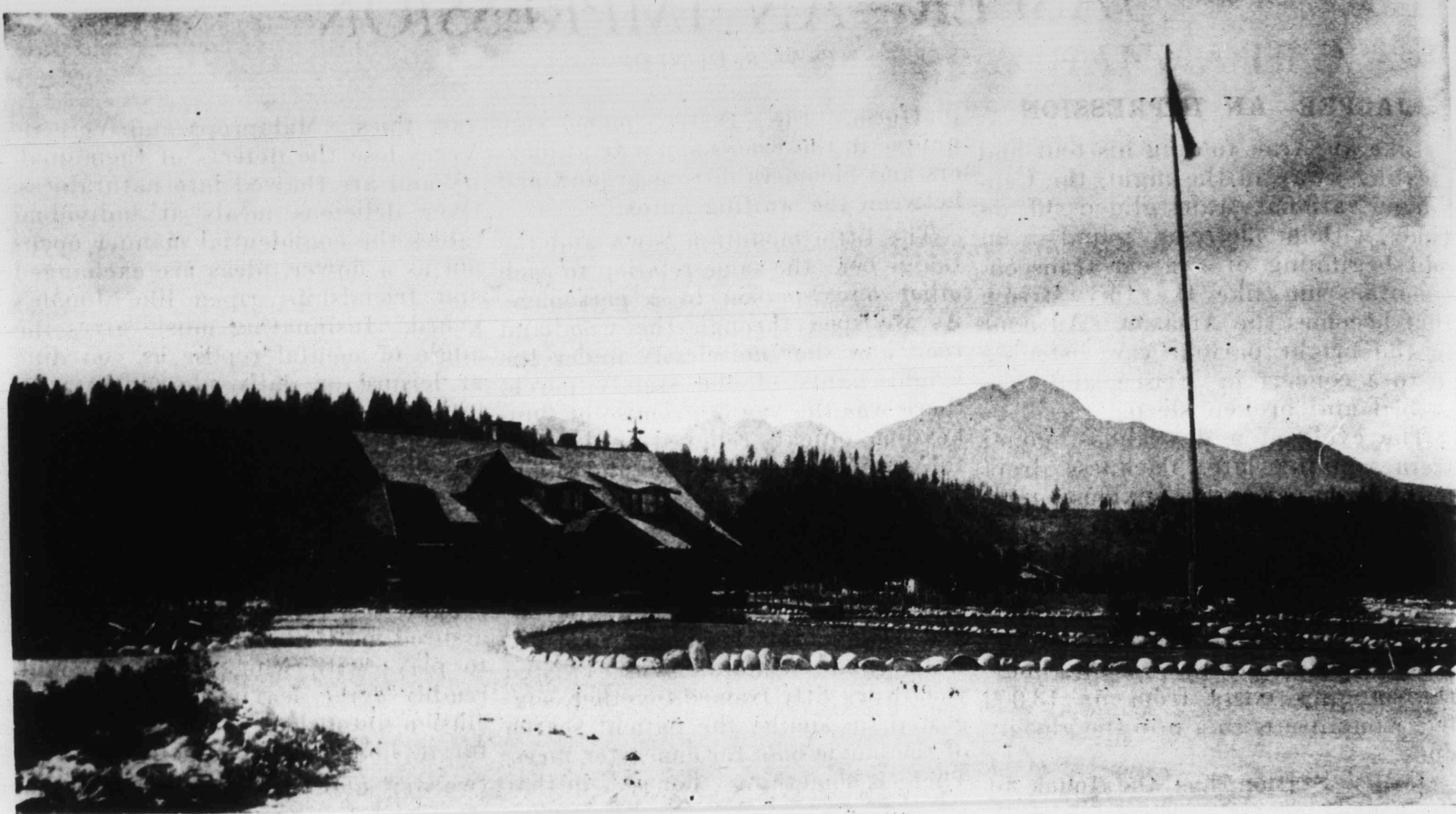
platform, the rustic name-sign unique in the woodsman's art, knickers and bloomers fitting around and between the waiting autos.

The little mountain town and the Lodge bear the same relation to each other as a person to a personage. As we sped through the woodland road and shot noiselessly under the bright lights of the stately porch, there was the vague promise of flunkeydom, quickly relieved by the restful combination of simple and sumptuous features in the great lounge, in the Alpine bungalow mode. A huge baronial log fire was burning, and the old-fashioned "settle" invited ease. The rustic curved roof and the subtle harmony in rural walls and windows with twisted woodwork fitly framed together, suggested, in simile, the patient search of the movie man for character faces. There is something "homey" in that bungalow plan, even if framed on

vast lines. Malaprops and Vere de Veres lose the defects of their quality and are thawed into naturalness. Over delicious meals at individual tables the confidential manner opens out as a flower, ideas are exchanged and friendships ripen like Jonah's gourd. Insinuating music gives the angle of mental repose as you dine at leisure or dally pleasantly with my Lady Nicotine. Music, of course—like the lady—has various moods. In odd moments in the late evening I amused myself with observations and found that the tyrannous vogue of jazz has its grip on polite society. In extenuation and in mild amiable rebuke the leader of the orchestra assured me that it was very difficult to play; with which I felt I could readily agree, leaving my main conclusion untouched. If I did not care for it, however, I could do my own two-step and in two minutes be in the blissful quietude and comfort of



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL, JASPER NATIONAL PARK



CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, JASPER NATIONAL PARK

the little bungalow cottages with no sound but the ripple of the lake waters at my feet.

Jasper Park is an illusory term. It is a "country" of 4400 square miles, but with a name that has the domestic touch and suggests an intimate proprietary interest. From the top of a modest climb I took in a patch of the "Park": the wide, lovely Athabasca Valley iridescent as a dream of Paradise; the swift-flowing Athabasca, caressing the islets it forms; the dotted gem lakes; the forests and the majesty and mystery of the mountains. In this great National preserve the sound of the woodsman's axe is not heard and animal life is safe from the hand of man; of which I had one interesting illustration. Returning from an auto drive, the chauffeur made a detour in the half hope of finding a black bear by a garbage dump; and there, sure enough, he was nosing about peaceably, while presently a cinnamon ambled mightily through the near woods and joined him, both giving us casual looks at an unprotected distance of fifty feet—an odd experience when one's acquaintance with bruin has usually been through good iron bars. With crudish wisdom someone threw a stone at the cinnamon to brisken him for a camera snap. He looked up, and with a querulous, ambiguous interest. Tableau! When I told this incident to

a friend he said: "That is nothing; once I was close up to five of them"—the same generic friend who is always spoiling to break in on your choice story at the crucial point in order to tell of a more wonderful happening to himself or near relation.

I was told that these bears are quite harmless if they are not hungry and if you don't come between them and their cubs; which seemed entirely reassuring, provided you can guarantee both points to suit and can leave native instincts out of the reckoning. As a matter of fact, however, and to allay imaginative fears, they are not very often seen—and then, as a rule, only when sought—while some innate sense of protection seems to make them recognize, perhaps even return, the friendliness of man within this new Eden. But don't throw stones at them; for, lest you forget it, they have teeth and claws and huge shoulders that made me think of a little line, "No maiden's grasp is round thee thrown."

It is a happy circumstance that Jasper Park Lodge is within easy driving distance of Mount Edith Cavell (11,033 feet), and that the drive is among the star attractions; for apart from scenic interest, the daily mention of the name in this cosmopolitan centre of touristy helps to keep in cherished remembrance the

altruism and heroic self-sacrifice of a noble woman. "This also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." The approach is made by a good auto road of a dozen miles or so over easy grades and in corkscrew fashion, incidentally giving some mild thrills in rounding the bends, with glorious views of the Athabasca and Astoria Valleys beneath; and as it brings the modern auto to practically the foot of the winged Ghost Glacier and the soaring heights above, few visitors will wish to miss the memorable drive with its double attraction of scenic grandeur and sentimental homage. Geikie, Erebus, Kerkislin, Hardisty, Pyramid—the last named rich in the wealth of changing lights and colours on its rugged terraces—each has its ready meed of admiration; but Cavell retains her crown.

I know a mountain thrilling to the stars,

Peerless and pure, and pinnaled with snow."

One more look at majestic Mount Robson—again from the saddle of the iron horse—then on by the Bulkley Gate, that strange, eerie phenomenon of Nature, and so to the wonderful Skeena, which companied us to the Northern city by the sea. But that is another story. For the present I speak of Jasper—this precious stone set in the Rockies.

AN "ACT OF GOD"

By Noel Robinson

The forces of nature in violent disturbance constituted a memorable and majestic spectacle. The storm was punctuated by alternate vivid flash and terrific reverberation high over mountain, river and lake. There was little rain and for long periods at a stretch we stood in the darkness in front of the log house in its isolated and impressive setting upon the bank of the Harrison River watching the play of sheet, forked and chain lightning above and between the mountain peaks and ridges and listening to the cataclysmic crashes and rumblings, which suggested nothing so much as the thunder of the guns in France.

Eight hundred feet up the side of the thickly wooded mountain across the river two magnificent cedars had been selected by the gods of the lightning for sacrifice upon the altar of their fury. There must have been a fearful rending, for, when seen next day, the great trees stood torn clean from pinnacle to base. Above them a faint preliminary curl of smoke told of the incipient fire threatening an extensive area of forest monarchs and smaller brush. Imagination could almost sense the

inarticulate cry of those splendid trees for protection against their fiery enemy:

Oh, can it be that last fled
roseate light

I'll see no more—no more will
signal morn

With my high coronet; laugh at
the blight

Of Autumn or of winters yet
unborn;

Feel the dark smother of the
misty rains;

Hear cool nocturnal sylphs sing
soft refrains?

Led by a particularly conscientious and efficient fire-warden we blazed a way to the scene of operations, which proved to be more or less of a hollow on the mountain side. And there we fought the fire for the better part of a week, ultimately clearing with axe and spade and mattock a swathe right round it and removing every trace of vegetation from the ground covered by that swathe. Though a summer of almost uninterrupted sunshine had rendered the bush dry as tinder there was no wind and the sparks did not fly far. Magnificently the flames wreathed themselves about the lower bulk of the

great trees and licked up the brush. Seething, crackling, hissing, they made their own wind, and there were times when it seemed that nothing could stop them spreading. But the magic circle held good.

As tree after tree was attacked—despite the intense heat—with masses of earth heaved against its sizzling, blazing sides the flames leapt to other victims. But none leaped the magic circle. The fight resolved itself into a war of attrition. Subtly insidious the fire pushed its way under the surface during the night, flameless but persistent, smouldering yet impotent when it reached the barrier of cleared earth which hemmed it in.

It was a quite ordinary experience in the fire-warden's life, but it was some years since the writer had taken part in fire-fighting and he was not sorry that this "Act of God" had afforded an opportunity for once again realizing the devastating possibilities latent in the bush during every dry summer.



"PYTHIAN"



MALIGNE CANYON, JASPER NATIONAL PARK



1. Deer, wondering what so many men want.



3. Mountain Goats, interested in a camping party.



2. Bear visiting at kitchen door for dainties.



4. Mr. A. L. Withers with fawns four months old.

TAME "WILD ANIMALS" AT JASPER NATIONAL PARK

Conditions in the United States

THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER TAKEN TO TASK

A correspondent, E.E.K., writes to the editor of the British Columbia Monthly:

In the June number of the B. C. Monthly the "Wayside Philosopher", usually so right and interesting, has fallen into error in his criticism of our neighbours south of the Boundary Line.

Allow me to quote his most caustic paragraph. Speaking of the United States he says:

"Where home has lost a large part of its meaning; where human life has lost some of its greatness; where marriage is a matter of convenience, not of principle; where graft and corruption flourish and money is God and King—even the Klu Klux Klan might be of some use."

The writer of this brief reply, a Canadian, who lived in the United States for thirty years, thus having had some opportunity to learn something of the life and manners of Americans can, in all sincerity, express a different opinion.

In the first place, we must bear in mind that all the newspaper reports of happenings in the United States

are apt to be magnified in our minds, as they cover a vast population, twelve times that of Canada.

According to my observation, Americans have a high ideal of what constitutes a home, in both a material and a spiritual sense. It is true that divorce is prevalent among Americans, which goes to prove that they are enlightened on that subject. They see the injustice and folly of keeping married couples together when there is unfaithfulness, cruelty, or other unendurable wrongs, existing between them. They have learned that under such conditions a legal severing of the marriage tie with the privilege of re-marriage contributes to clean living and happy homes. A good thing about American divorce is that it is available to the poor as well as to the rich, which, I think, cannot be said of either Great Britain or Canada. Another thing, under the laws of United States a man and woman cannot live together outside wedlock without being subject to criminal prosecution. Can that be said of Britain or Canada?

According to my observation and experience, the people of Canada are no more honest and virtuous than

Americans.

I deny that graft and corruption flourish in United States. There are instances of it there, to be sure, just as you will find to be the case in Canada, but it does not flourish in either country, because of the large number of high-minded men and women who are constantly fighting those evils.

If it may be said that in United States "money is God and King," the same may be said of all Capitalistic Countries where large individual fortunes are made.

We Canadians ought to hold ourselves free from any smugness and provincialism that would rate ourselves as a little better than our American cousins.

It is true that the Hearst press of United States has often shown great injustice towards the British people, and our press has retaliated. It would be better, though, for them on both sides to quit their nagging and strive to establish the most friendly relations between the two countries. It behooves the English-speaking people everywhere to stand together as brothers, shoulder-to-shoulder, looking into the future.

"Thy People Shall Be My People"

The Englishman in Canada

By C. C. Fuller, Victoria, B. C.

In that inimitable book, "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.," Flurry Knox is described as looking like a groom when amongst gentlemen, and like a gentleman when amongst grooms. An Englishman born and brought up in England, who comes to Canada, is in somewhat similar case, he looks and feels like an Englishman when in Canada, and like a Canadian when in England—an Ishmaelitic position, which is the price he has to pay for the adventurous quality of his temperament. He can be divided roughly into two types, that which says, as he straddles in front of the fire, while his wife shivers on an antimacassar bedecked chair, "I am an Englishman, I'm proud of it, I want to be nothing more or less." And when he dies "Grief of a day may fill a day." He has his virtues, he may have his uses, peace to his ashes.

The other type, which is the one that chiefly concerns us, is the kind of Englishman who has some imagination, who comes to Canada, informed with an honest intention to try and be a good Canadian citizen;

who does his best to learn and understand the traditions, the aspirations, ideals and ambitions of Canada, whose loyalty to Canada is of almost a more passionate nature, than that of the native born, and is comparable to the infatuation of an elderly Benedict for a young wife; he wants to lavish high-souled devotion on her, while what she really wants is chocolate cream. There is something rather wistful, rather tragic, about the position, even though one smiles at it.

A native born Canadian can never love his country in the same way that an Englishman can; I don't say that he cannot love it, perhaps, in a deeper, truer and more Catholic sense, but his love is like the placid stream of family affection, while the Englishman's is like that of a sentimental adventurer, who, having spent his youth amongst a society of conservative ladies of charming manners and uncertain age, suddenly finds in his embrace, some lusty nymph, just bursting into womanhood, and breathing the very spirit of the woods and mountains. Pas-

sion may merge with ago into a more placid form of affection, and the rhapsodies of young love give place to community of taste and interest and of memory, but the Englishman is somewhat in the position of the bigamist, or at all events, of the widower who married again—he finds himself walking in the pleasure of Memory, with a different lady.

I took part in a discussion, some time ago, about the appointment of a school teacher. The community was almost entirely one of English-born people, and a general wish was felt for an English-born woman. I ventured to say, that, purity of English and general efficiency being equal, I should be inclined to give preference to a Canadian born, on the grounds that whatever our own personal prejudices and predilections might be, our children would undoubtedly grow up Canadians, and that though one would be sorry if they learned to talk through their noses, one would rather they did that, than the best Oxford English through the top of their hats. My

argument failed of its objective, an English-born lady was appointed, who, on arrival, proved to have come from Manchester and to have brought, amongst other funny luggage, an accent you could cut with a knife!

But to return to the Englishman: he is apt to find that despite his honest devotion, his young bride in all honesty and impartiality, seems to smile more often and more sweetly on the young fellows of her childhood's days, than she does on him, and that is the time which puts to the test the true quality of his regard for the country of his adoption. If he is a wise man, he will realize the limitations of the situation, and find consolation in the thought that to have enjoyed the gift of youth anywhere is a great experience, and that though the incidence of his may hamper him in one direction, it at all events gives him a wider range in Memory and in experience; and that the full spirit of citizenship which he may fail to win for himself, he can enjoy, vicariously, through his children, has he had sufficient sense and vision to bring them up along Canadian lines. If, on the other hand, he is not a wise man—and all men who come out of the East are not wise men; if, so far from "weathering Cape Turk" he has not even "rounded Seraglio Point" and he betray the bitterness of his heart, by trying to browbeat his young bride, to deride her follies and weaknesses, to ridicule unkindly her youthful crudities, to sneer at her ardours, because they are not for him; then she is apt to turn and scorn him with a thoroughness and unrestraint, which would certainly shock the sensibilities of the elderly ladies amongst whom he spent his youth.

The Englishman is a curious study, he is naturally law abiding, he is domestic, he certainly has a gift for good citizenship, his love of country and sense of Patriotism is a very real thing, even if it does at times find its expression in deriding his own country, and yet he seems to have an urge towards spending his energies and gifts on other lands. That the love he bears the country of his adoption, however real and honest it be, and I don't question that, is not the one love of his life, as in the case of the native born, is evidenced by the number of returned exiles in England, where the Anglo-Indian in his thousands, makes life one "glad and sparkling dream" for all his fellow members at the Club. The Anglo-Canadian rancher sighs, as, bowing to the dictates of fashion, he

has his boots cleaned regularly every month; while the retired tea planter from Ceylon, grows side whiskers and beef cattle in a Devon valley, to prove his good old John Bull nature, what time he spends his days in demonstrating how energy, industry and scientific methods in farming can always be relied on, sooner or later, to lead to that goal of the sanguine agriculturalist, the old man's home.

I think there is wisdom, there is certainly fairness to our Canadian-

born fellows, in recognizing that this condition is in the nature of things, and is not a matter of will or malice or prejudice. To pretend that it was a universal rule would be ridiculous, or to deny that there are thousands of exceptions to it. But that it has its influence with the more thoughtful of the controllers of the country's destiny, one cannot doubt, and the force and value of it is such, that it should be accepted without bitterness.

RHYTHM

(By "Rhoma", Victoria, B. C.)

"In the beginning was rhythm." These words of Walt Whitman were quoted by Dr. Jas. Lyon at the recent Musical Festival held in Vancouver apropos of the rhythm in music, to change or break which results inevitably in the marring and distorting of the picture the musician had in mind when composing the piece, Rhythm—a magic word whose cosmic applicability we are but beginning to realize in the twentieth century. The ancients knew the motor and crystallizing value of it in a way but vaguely apprehended by a few of the eminent scientists of to-day. Such experiments as that of causing grains of sand scattered on the surface of a drum to run together into quite different but perfect forms of flower-like or mathematical design according to the rhythm of the melody played on a violin are known to the Western world to-day. The results are recognized and marvelled at; the laws operating to produce the results have yet to be discovered. The results are acknowledged to be the crystallized outcome of certain rhythmic vibrations. To a great soul (not a brain) like that of Walt Whitman the secret of the universe revealed itself, hence the simple yet cryptic pronouncement:—"In the beginning was rhythm,"—the rest followed. The cosmic rhythm is elsewhere styled the breath of God—rather should it be the breathing of God, for the outgoing is always followed by the in-taking breath, causing the rhythm.

Tides are rhythmic; rhythmic also the following of night upon day, season upon season, flower upon bud, death upon life. Rhythmic the flow of the blood in our veins. Let us but experience some physical shock, such as a blow, or some emotional shock as fear, instantly the song of our blood is changed, its rhythm broken. Our moments of highest bliss are

moments of rhythmic union, with nature in the great out-of-doors, with the life of the loved one in moments of silent communion when soul speaks to soul on the wave of some fine ether.

Probably if we studied this matter of rhythm sufficiently we would find each continent with a rhythm of its own, and within it, cities with their rhythm, some synchronizing, and within these again communities, individuals, with their particular rhythm, and of these likewise some synchronizing.

Keen to perceive these variant rhythms of life are our poets and musicians. Unmistakably has Kipling caught the swing of the marching soldier, the dogged persistence of the khaki-clad private who goes about his duty, sweating and swearing but unflinchingly loyal to comrades and the land that gave him birth. The song of a ship's engines is one of Kipling's unique accomplishments. Down in the engine-room of the "Mary Gloster" the pulsing and throbbing of the polished, gliding steel-rods, the rhythmic contacts and revolving of the separate parts that go to make up the complete mechanism for the ship's motor power, these in their rhythm, order, harmony, spell out the code of the spiritual law of the universe to the listening ears of McAndrew, the old Scottish engineer, thus:—"Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline." In his beloved machinery the old man, who had seen and tasted life in many climes, sees with the clearing vision of one who fearlessly apprehends the coming of death, an epitome of the whole scheme of life, its parts beautifully designed to work out their appointed task for the whole.

The rhythm dream of lazy, water-lapped shores enmeshes the reader in some of Tennyson's poems as in some of Yeats. The rhythm of sturdy

powerful, steady in a "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" or tumultuous and defiant in a "Marseillaise." The slow serene rhythm of the free, open spaces where in the caress of sun and wind on his face man feels the presence of the Unseen, where the gently swaying grasses of the moors tinkle their silver music to the listening ear, such a rhythm is embodied here and there in George Borrow's prose, as for instance in "Lavengro" when the Romany Chal, that ardent lover of the out-of-doors who would fain live for ever, speaks in these words to his Gorgio brother: "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother, who would wish to die?"

The pervading languor of an Indian night, heavy with the "clinging scent of sandal incense and musk and withering jasmín flowers" steals through our limbs in the rhythm of Laurence Hope's poems. Again the inexorable, Asiatic calm of the inscrutable desert is brought home to us, as some age-long, inescapable rhythm on which, as on a back ground, all other rhythms, however light or heavy, are stamped out as lesser measures. Thus in his remarkable poem "Les Elephants" where he pictures the return march of the elephants across the desert to their natal haunts as with steaming bellies, upcurled trunks, and ears outcurved fan-wise they follow their patriarch leader, the author, Leconte de Lisle, sets the ponderous measure of the marching elephants against the inexorable, pulsating of the myriad sands of the blazing, changeless desert. Thus too, at times, does the rhythm of human life beat itself out against the changeless background of a relentless, ticking clock.

Rhythm is all pervading; there is nowhere where it is not though the ear of man may be deaf to it. "In the beginning was rhythm" and we might add, evermore shall be.

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Corner for Junior Readers

Some of Denny's Out-of-School Doings

[By Annie Margaret Pike]

CHAPTER XI.

The Farm

That Denny should lose his appetite was so unusual that, having unmistakably done so, he at once became the centre of interest in the family, and when on the Saturday evening Bridget made known to her mistress that Denny had positively refused the most tempting of "oven-testers," Mrs. Donnelly decided that something must be done.

On Monday she took him into town to see Dr. Mason.

"Is this the same young man I attended for measles last year?" asked he.

"Yes, Doctor, but he has grown much taller since then," said Denny's mother, as she watched the doctor and his stethoscope.

Denny took very little interest in the proceedings, listlessly obeying the instructions to take a deep breath, say "Ah", and so on.

"Well, Mrs. Donnelly," said the doctor at last, "your boy is as sound as a bell. The trouble is, he has been growing too fast. Send him into the country on a farm if possible. No, not to the sea. He would be overdoing his strength with boating or getting chilled after bathing. Country air and country diet on a farm will set him right in a very short time, do you observe?"

All of which explains the presence of Denis Donnelly as a summer lodger on the Widow O'Leary's small but prosperous farm in the county of Galway before the week was out.

It was within two miles of a railway station. On most days of the week produce of many kinds might be seen on the platform in readiness for the Midland Great Western goods trains.

Bunches of dead rabbits lay limply in piles; there were numbers of pheasants too, and crates of live chickens, all to be conveyed to the Dublin markets.

Denis noticed these things as he bestowed his new Gladstone bag on the clean straw in the donkey cart that was there to meet him, and took his place beside the widow, who handled the reins herself.

"Sure, to be beforehand wid the Widow O'Leary, it's risin' long before the lark you'd have to be," the neighbours used to say, and perhaps it was her promptitude and punctuality added to a fine endowment of common-sense, that made her the national resistance surges deep,

successful farmeress and road-contractor she was.

If you asked her what made her take up with road-contracting, she would tell you that O'Leary, rest his soul, when he was dying bid her thry for it.

She had the same section of road to keep in good repair that he had had for many years.

Across the low-lying bog country could be seen the farm and outbuildings, as white and clean as if the whitewash had only been put on that very day.

As the cart came to the gate, Denis jumped down and opened it. Already he was feeling the bracing effect of the country air.

On the following morning he went out with Andy, the widow's general factotum and right-hand man.

They took a gun and brought back a good supply of rabbits from the warren. Andy was a good shot and seldom missed.

Denis had the run of the farm, and from long experience at home, he knew how to establish his footing in the farm kitchen without getting in the way.

There was no stove of any sort or description in it. The fire was built of turf sods piled on a stone hearth under the wide chimney in which hams and sides of bacon were hung for home-curing.

The oven was a strong iron pan of sufficient depth, with a close fitting lid. It was circular and was placed amongst the glowing sods and covered with them.

Denny thought no bread he had ever tasted was so good as soda-bread baked in it. Chickens with strips of bacon on their breasts could be done to a turn in it too.

An immense three-legged pot, such as gypsies use, held the potatoes which were always cooked in their jackets, and a portly kettle hung on a swinging bracket above the flames.

Water was brought into the house by Andy from a well the length of a field away.

He had a wooden yoke with two buckets hung to it for the purpose. It had been sent to him from England by a brother who worked for a dairyman near London.

CHAPTER XII

Old Sarah

"An' there's Andy not back yet, an' I that promised a can of butter-milk to Mrs. Rafferty by three o'clock without fail," said Mrs. O'Leary ruefully one afternoon when

the Grandfather clock struck the half hour.

She went to the door and looked out but there was no sign of any living thing moving across the bogland.

As she expressed it, she had looked every airt and no track nor trace of him cud she see.

"Let me take the can," said Denny.

"Well now, but I do hate to be troubling the likes of you, Master Denny," said she, but for all that she went for the buttermilk and Denny willingly set off with it.

Rafferty was head gamekeeper to the nobleman who owned the greater part of the countryside.

His neat house was separated from Mrs. O'Leary's farm by one of the very few bits of woodland thereabouts.

Denny had often passed through this wood after dark, and had noticed the pheasants roosting in the branches, dark objects in the moonlight, and he knew that Rafferty had a name all over that part of Galway for his skill in rearing them.

Denny had also seen from a distance the rows of coops where motherly hens fostered the young pheasants, and he hoped the good-natured keeper would let him go and look at them more closely, and in this he was not disappointed, for when he duly handed the can of buttermilk to Mrs. Rafferty a few minutes before the time promised, her good man was leaving the house and was glad of Denny's company. He liked to have such an intelligent listener.

Mrs. Rafferty insisted on the boy's coming back to tea, for as she said, after he'd brought her the buttermilk it was only reasonable that he should have a taste of the scones she was going to make with it, and very good they were.

"Old Sarah hasn't been here these two weeks come Monday," remarked she as she put a liberal helping of butter between the halves of Denny's third hot scone, "but she has been at the farm maybe?"

"Not the last week," said Denny, "but I saw her at the cross roads on Sunday."

"I have an old cloak that I was intending to give her," went on Mrs. Rafferty, "but I do be going to Westport in the morning for a month, so I'll be apt to miss her."

"I'll take it over to the farm for her if you like, Mrs. Rafferty," said Denis.

"An' I'd take it kindly of you to do that same," said she.

"What now would she be doing at the cross roads?" asked the gamekeeper.

"Oh, just squatting on her heels and smoking a dureen," said Denny.

"An' I'll be bound she wasn't above looking for coppers from free-handed young gentlemen like yourself, or from people wid more cloaks than they want, like Matty here," said he with a sly glance at his wife.

As a matter of fact Denny had given the old beggar-woman a few coppers on the occasion named, and had received a rich and rare assortment of blessings in return.

Half an hour later, hearing steps on the gravel outside, Mrs. O'Leary went to the door, and saw Old Sarah approaching in the dusk.

The poor old creature was leaning heavily on a rough stick. A long hooded-cloak covered her from head to feet, and she appeared footsore and somewhat out of breath.

"Ah! Indade thin I won't come in on yous, but I saw th'ould goat stravaiging over beyant, and she'll likely be makin' a supper on the sheets that do be out bleachin' on the grass, an' meself that's no match for her at all at all to be drivin' her off," said she.

But Mrs. O'Leary's kind heartedness would not let Old Sarah go unfed.

"Step inside, woman," said she, "an' as soon as I've chased the goat, I'll be back wid you."

At that she hurried off and Old Sarah went into the house.

On her return Mrs. O'Leary went to the cupboard for some cold bacon and bread and while she was getting it, asked if Old Sarah had seen the young boy from Dublin anywheres, an' her trampin' the len'th of the road.

But at that precise moment the farm man appeared. The beggar-woman was sitting in a dark corner and Andy did not see her.

"Av ye plase, Ma'am," said he to Mrs. O'Leary, "there's Ould Sarah at the yard dure, an' she says the young gentleman's fut and her fut is about the wan size, an' would he be having a pair of boots to bestow at all at all?"

"An' what quare way are ye lookin' wid your eyes that ye don't see herself sitting square forninst ye?" asked the widow.

Thus admonished Andy turned in the right direction, and sure enough there to all appearance, sat Old Sarah in the dark corner.

"St. Patrick stand between us and harm," gasped he, devoutly crossing himself, "but it's her ghost that's in it," and he backed away.

Whereupon the ghost, if ghost it were, jumped up, and, throwing aside cloak and stick, revealed none other

than the young boy from Dublin himself.

Quite ready at all times to enter into a joke, even when it was against herself, Mrs. O'Leary sank into the nearest chair and rocked with laughter, assuring Denis that if ever there was a "caution" he was one.

When his stay in the country was over and Denny arrived at home, his appearance and appetite were all that his fond family could desire.

The End.

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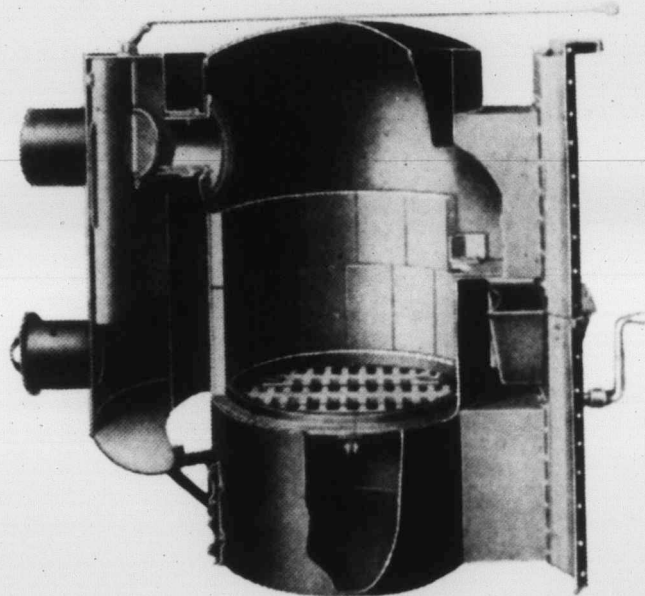
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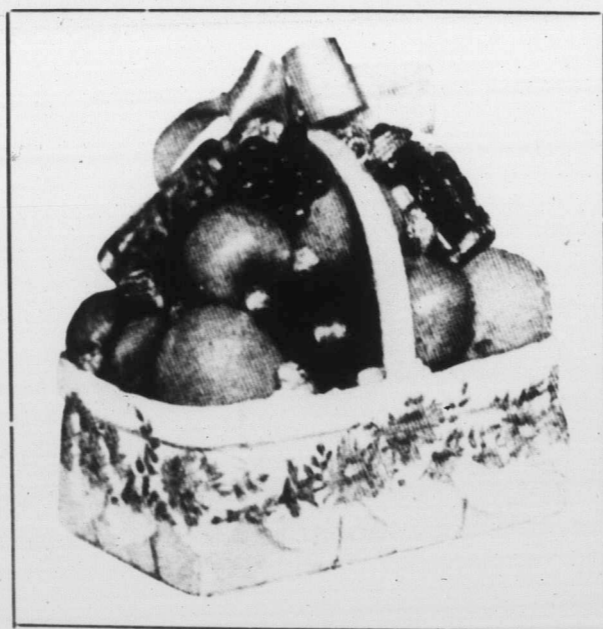
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