

Published at Vancouver, B. C.—Canada's Perennial Port

Established 1911

# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

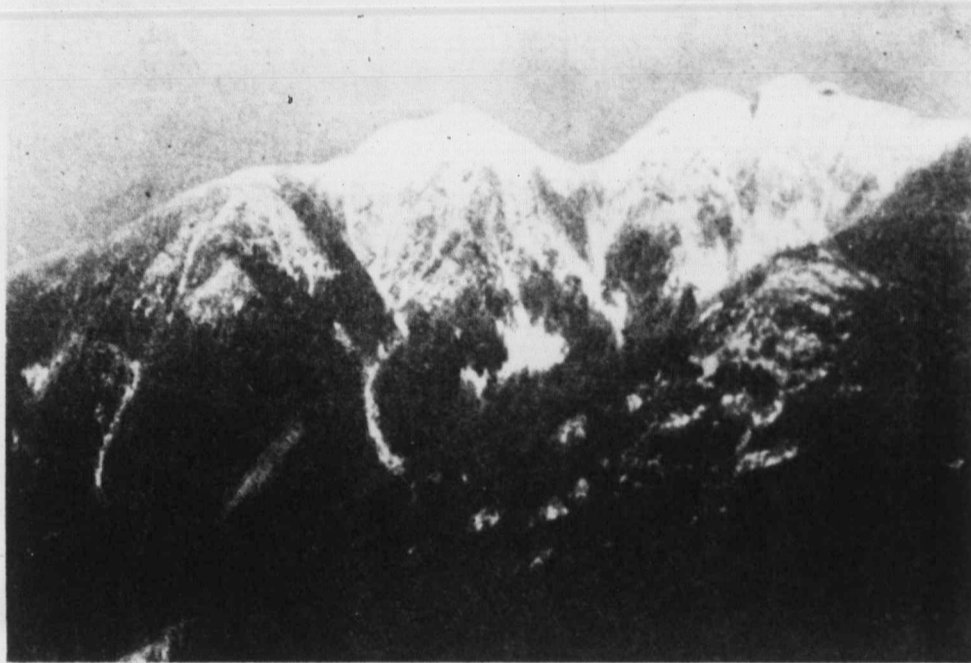
The Magazine of The Canadian West

Devoted to COMMUNITY · SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

Volume XXIII.

JANUARY, 1925

No. 6



“THE SLEEPING BEAUTY”

(See Page One.)

Established 1911.

The B. C. M. prepares for greater progress in 1925.

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Some of the "BIGGEST BUSIEST and BEST BUSINESS MEN IN B. C." to whom we addressed a message the other month, assured us that they hoped to include this Magazine in their 1925 advertising appropriation. We would remind others that this life is short and duties crowd all men really "on the job." Our representative is equipped to ECONOMIZE IN TIME—yours and his; but he will gladly answer any questions bearing on our work. WHEN YOU KNOW THE FACTS, we are confident you will wish to join us and believe in being

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# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Devoted to COMMUNITY · SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

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

*The Twentieth Century Spectator of Britain's Farthest West*  
For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction  
"BE BRITISH" COLUMBIANS!

VOL. XXIII.

JANUARY, 1925

No. 6

## The Sleeping Beauty

So has she lain for centuries unguessed,  
Her waiting face to waiting heaven turned,  
While winds have wooed and ardent suns have burned  
And stars have died to sentinel her rest.

Only the snow can reach her as she lies,  
Far and serene, and with cold finger-tips  
Seal soft the lovely quiet of her lips  
And lightly veil the shadow of her eyes.

Man has no part—his little, noisy years  
Rise to her silence thin and impotent—  
There are no echoes in that vast content,  
No doubts, no dreams, no laughter and no tears!

—ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AN ADDRESS BY THE HONOURABLE JUSTICE MURPHY to Vancouver Ministerial Association on the Geneva Protocol, was one of the ablest of not a few expositions we have had the privilege of hearing that orator give.

Then the present Attorney-General of British Columbia, who to some folk may often suggest a young man in a hurry, was responsible for a timely review of "The Legislation of Last Session," before Vancouver Board of Trade. He spoke informatively, but with characteristic insistence and self-confidence, and concluded with a clever reference to what he termed the non-partisan attitude of the Legislature.

For reasons which may be revealed later, we trust that the disposition to be "non-partisan" in consideration of af-

fairs, will manifest itself even in Provincial Government circles and ministerial departments.

\* \* \* \*

AT THE RISK OF SPOILING ANY CHANCE of such ("non-partisan") consideration being extended in a certain direction, we cannot but record that, if the Attorney-General acted towards Mayor Taylor in the grandiloquent manner recently alleged, we think he not only made a mistake but suggested that his (the Attorney-General's) sense of proportion needs adjusting. Like most other public men in office, Mayor Taylor may not be everybody's choice, and of course at the time of the incident in Victoria he was only a candidate again for the office of Chief Magistrate; but he HAD been Mayor in Vancouver in other

## Editorial Notes

ONE OF THE SYNDICATE WRITERS in the daily newspapers seems to be fond of repeating, in effect, that whatever man can imagine as possible, man can do. Though overmuch can be made of it, there is an encouraging and inspiring truth underlying that assertion. In the matter of comment, however, such a writer, with the whole world's daily news to tap for topics, should find his greatest trouble in an embarrassment of items. This British Columbia of ours, and the various happenings in Vancouver city itself, furnish so many subjects worthy of note week by week, and even day by day, that any review writer who has only very limited time and space for notes, may be excused if he seems to overlook many men and matters of outstanding interest.

years, and as a past Mayor of that city, apart from any personal considerations, he was entitled to that courtesy and consideration which even the busiest of business men or officials—who are gentlemen—never fail to extend to others.

\* \* \* \*

DR. L. D. CHOWN, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, was the latest speaker of note whom we have had the opportunity of hearing—before this issue goes to press. Like Judge Murphy, he also addressed the General Ministerial Association, but his subject was "The Real Attitude of the Methodist Church Towards Union."

\* \* \* \*

THAT THE METHODIST CHURCH "had played the game"; that "they had nothing to hide from the world at large," and that "the Methodist Church has never taken a controversial attitude to-

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The Government—(Presenting Donkey with Tail) "With my Compliments."

Note: Refunds to municipalities on booze sales must not lead us to obscure the fact that this money has originally been taken from our own substance.

wards Church Union," were among the opening words of this prominent churchman. One reason was—"they were perfectly sure of their motive, which was to discover and do the will of God, and to bless humanity in a larger way than they could in their separate estate."

Next, he said, they had been loyal to the General Conference of the Methodist Church, which, in their last gathering, dealt with the subject unanimously. Comment on the distinction between the "Entity" and the "Identity" of a Church was followed by a humorous reference to the fact that he had been referred to as "Pope" Chown, and also called a "Pirate."

\* \* \* \*

IN SERIOUS VEIN, Dr. Chown confessed he had written articles for the press and destroyed them. "Determining what the will of God is from the providence of God, we have gone forward." On the other hand, "they did not forget that Presbyterians had had to fight for their existence," and in this connection he referred to the story of the Covenanters . . . "Perhaps the Scottish people or people of Scottish ancestry"—(he used "Scotch," but he should have known better) — "had a peculiar difficulty of their own. They clothed their denomination with all the glory of Scotland's national life."

\* \* \* \*

DR. CHOWN WENT ON TO EXPLAIN that the real attitude of the Methodist Church had never been an aggressive one. In briefly reviewing the negotiations—from Principal Patrick's statement onwards—he said "Methodism never desired that the Presbyterian Church should come into union with any loss of power." Then he referred to the eighty per cent. (Presbyterians) who had been found in favour of it. . . . He added that "if the opponents of union would preach their creed every Sunday while the vote was being taken, he thought that would go far to settle the Church Union question."

\* \* \* \*

CONSIDERING ITS BEARING ON THE COMMUNITY LIFE, we make no apology for giving space here to this Church Union question—and may give more time and space to it. Frankly we believe in greater Christian unity, and, on general principles, have no hesitation in voting for Union. But it is quite consistent with that to say that many people who believe in Union may not believe in it (any more than in peace) "at any price."

In religion, as in politics however, one big trouble often is that each side wishes every one to take the "all or nothing" attitude; and those who have the fortune or misfortune to see on both sides points that appeal and repel, may find themselves in the most uncomfortable of positions and be tempted to exclaim with Mercutio, "A plague on both your sides!"; only duty must lead us in such a case to say "blessing" instead.

Meantime it is certain that this Union question bids fair to separate—so far as individual church attendance at least is concerned—friends and relatives, and even to divide families. At the time of this writing the number of Presbyterian "non-concurring" congregations reported is such as to make the onlooker, not carried away by the arguments of either side, question if the powers that be in the Presbyterian Church have not been over-hasty in bringing the matter to a head throughout the country as a whole,

and whether (apart from the prairies) some system of increasing co-operation for a further period of years might not have been preferable, and reduced feeling and friction to a minimum?

\* \* \* \*

AMONG PRESBYTERIANS, ADVOCATES ON EACH SIDE have included men prominent in the life of British Columbia. Dr. Clay, of Victoria, may not have been as conspicuous as Dr. R. G. McBeth, of Vancouver, but both are known as strong opponents of Union. Dr. E. D. McLaren, originally for Union, latterly adopted an attitude of "not yet" or "too soon." Principal W. H. Smith, of Westminster Hall, on the other hand, has been one of the most earnest and strenuous workers on the Union side. Indeed, it is not too much to suggest—what will certainly be said anyhow—that Dr. Smith's attitude and expositions have had not a little to do with the result just announced at St. John's Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, of which he was formerly the minister. Mr. A. D. McKenzie, the present minister, was late in definitely declaring himself, but Dr. Smith has been in evidence at different times, and will no doubt get blame or credit according to the strength of feeling held by one side or the other.

\* \* \* \*

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, VANCOUVER, has usually been reckoned the outstandingly representative church of that city, and perhaps also of the whole of British Columbia. On the occasion of the voting in 1911 and 1915 or 1916, it had a majority against Union. Out of a vote of 601 at this time it has given a majority of 89 in favour of Union. That is a good majority no doubt—especially considering that the majority was formerly on the other side—but it is none too big to satisfy those who wished to see substantial and preferably overwhelming majorities. Criticisms affecting workers on both sides are inevitable. In this connection readers will observe what "the Wayside Philosopher" has to say in this issue—of course in dealing with the subject in a general way, and without reference to any particular congregation.

\* \* \* \*

POINTS IN THE CREED or theological beliefs set forth by some opponents to Union, on the one hand, and the possibilities for so-called "political" development by ecclesiastical combinations on the other, equally merit comment. But space says this must be a case of "to be continued."

\* \* \* \*

GOOD LIGHTING AND CHEERFULNESS ARE ASSOCIATED, and, apart altogether from the question of Union, St. John's Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, has recently been improved outside and in. The congregation as a whole and all who have occasion to use the church building, may well pass votes of thanks to those who collected and to those who gave the extra funds required. In this connection it may be in place to note that ex-Alderman T. H. Kirk has been the enterprising treasurer of this congregation for quite a number of years, and no doubt those who value sustained practical interest in any worthy cause will join in wishing him and his family a pleasant and profitable time in their projected round-the-world trip.

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**OBJECT and AIM**—The preaching of the Gospel to every creature in China.

**EQUIPMENT** (Jan. 1, 1924)—Missionaries, 1,101; Paid Chinese helpers, 2,211; Voluntary Chinese helpers, 2,150; Stations, 258; Outstations, 1,764; Hospitals, 13; Dispensaries, 91; Native Schools, 545; Schools at Chefoo for missionaries' children.

**RESULTS IN THE FIELD**—Churches, 1,165; Baptized in 1923, 5,892; Communicants in fellowship, 64,350; others under regular instruction, 65,428; Baptized since commencement, 99,041.

Main Offices: Toronto, Philadelphia, London, Melbourne, Shanghai.

Pacific North-West District Secretary:—  
Rev. Charles Thomson, home and office,  
1464 Eleventh Ave. W., Vancouver, B. C.  
Phone: Bay, 1681.

## Semi-Annual Exhibition of the Vancouver Sketch Club

(By Bertha Lewis.)

British Columbia is in truth an artists' paradise. The pictures at the mid-winter exhibition reveal the fact that in this province the painter finds in nature a poetry of contrasts in tints and textures, studies and themes; the delicacy of flower petals in contrast to chilly glaciers hemmed in by rocky walls; space, light, color in marine views, in contrast to deep shadows and gleams of sunlight among the boles of giant trees; depth, mystery, emotion in the changing relationship of cloud and mountain, in calm or storm, upon a misty morning or after rain. And he who delights in rich emblazonry finds his desire fulfilled in the broad splashes of gorgeous color in broom-bordered field, meadows of Alpine flowers, and sunsets.

In British Columbia there are countless beautiful lakes. So capricious are some of these lakes, their moods changing so rapidly and flowing into each other with such dissolving effects, that it requires a nimble mind and an active brush to capture a portion of the loveliness before it fades into a dull and sullen mood.

There were nearly two hundred pictures on exhibition, groups of china painting, hand woven rugs, Batick work, decorative shades, rich embroideries, Aztec feather work, and modelling. The writer regrets that limited space permits special mention of only a few examples from each group.

There were a number of attractive flower studies—"Yellow Roses," by Mrs. A. M. Winlow, is a picture poem of subtle light, splendidly handled, and one of the best things at the exhibition.

"Peonies," by Mrs. Verral, is an exquisite composition of dewy flowers.

In the realm of still life there is a beautiful fruit study by Mrs. Maw. And a delightful interior by Mrs. M. Pollock.

Among a group of well-done animal pictures are: "Lo Hop Toy," by Miss D. Thompson; "Setters," by Mrs. F. Cox; "Champion," by Mr. G. Thorn.

Some ambitious compositions in figure-painting are: "Wood Nymphs," by Miss M. Peck; "Portrait," by Mr. J. Scott, A.B.W.S.; "Study of Bermuda Children," by Mrs. E. Peplar; and "Studies from Life," by Mrs. Creery.

In the larger realm of landscape subjects are: "Mount Babel, Moraine Lake," by Mr. T. Fripp—an artist who excels in interpreting the stormy aspects of nature, the wind-swept and cloud-draped wild glacial regions of British Columbia; "The Edge of Burnaby Lake," a restful picture, poetic in color and atmosphere, by Mr. R. S. Tytler; "A Breezy Day," by Major R. E. Leslie; "Queen's Beach, Jervis Inlet," full of atmosphere, by Mr. D. McEvoy; "Dawn of Day," a lovely picture, by Major Fowler; "June," by Miss M. Pollock, a picture with a fairy-like foreground of dandelion clocks; "View at Savary Island," by Miss M. Wake; "Douglas Fir," by Miss M. Shearman; "Northumberland Coast," by Mrs. A. J. Pilkington; "The Coming Storm," full of life, by Mrs. Gilpin; "Venetian Scenes," by Miss W. Ross; "The Lost Lagoon," by Miss Conran; "Early Spring," by Miss Wrigley; "Caulfeilds," by Miss Beldon—a harmonious composition; "Savary Island," by Miss H. Bachelor; "Beech Trees," by Mrs. Hartley; "Marble Head," by Mrs. Bissett; "Sister Marguerite," by Mrs. A. M. Stephen—a bust in plasticine, remarkable for the spir-

itual expression of the face, and the artistic handling of the robes of the order.

Artistic rugs and rich embroideries by Mrs. Hartley; Batick and hand-painted shades, by Mrs. C. B. Jones.

A special feature of the Vancouver Sketch Club is an exhibition of Japanese art. Mr. Kawhoo Ishii, a young and promising Japanese artist, is visiting this city. In the year 1917 he took a prize at the Royal Academy of Japan. For some time this artist has been travelling and painting in Canada. It is interesting to note the underlying principle of Japanese art. The Buddhist priests have taught the Japanese to realize the spiritual essence of things as the essential, and the outward and visible world as merely a temporary and changing phase. In their art the Japanese aim not at a literal transcription of nature, but at an expression of its inner significance. The pictures Mr. Kawhoo Ishii is showing are remarkable for their simplicity and breadth of composition and coloring.

The success of this exhibition is due to the splendid organizing ability of the Sketch Club's enthusiastic secretary, Mrs. Gilpin, and her assistants, and the hearty co-operation of the members in sending in their work.

The social gatherings at the Sketch Club this season have been the means of promoting a spirit of good fellowship among the devotees of art.

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## Verse by Western Writers

### LITTLE SON.

Three years ago

There winged to heaven a child all spirit-bright  
Across the flaming azure to Thy feet,  
And nightly I have waited for a light  
To flutter in my soul, a signal sweet  
And music-low.

Last night in sleep

I saw my child again, and from his eyes  
All tears were wiped. His lips like petals red  
Were parted in a smile, as angel-wise  
He listened to Thy voice; and I in bed  
Forgot to weep.

All comforted

I saw him with his hand tight clasped in Thine—  
Dear Jesu', he has learned to love Thee so—  
My love he hardly knew, but why repine,  
He walks with Thee, and O how sweet to know  
He is not dead!

Winds softly blow

And waken buttereups he scarcely knew,  
But now he stretches out his arms and calls,  
"Dear Brother Jesu', help me pluck a few  
To drop to earth," and as each blossom falls  
His joy I know.

He is not dead.

His blossoming thoughts fall softly on my heart,  
The flowers that are his playmates smile on me,  
And when I sew, no more the hot tears start,  
My child with Christ's sweet grace all radiantly  
Is garmented.

—Alice M. Winlow.

### LOOSE STRANDS.

To stand at ease for one brief moment;  
To view the daily happenings as one apart;  
To KNOW events, sorrows, contacts, joys, hearts'  
lessenings  
As Loose Strands.

Loose Strands! Yes, to be delicately woven,  
Woven with a grace and skill won from eternal con-  
flict of adjustments.

The pattern yielding to that Vision True  
Gained through a travail long and tortuous,  
Born of Renunciation, Faith and Love.

—Edith Fielding.

### THOUGHTS.

What are these queer thoughts,  
Silent as mice, creeping  
Into the silver cave  
Where my soul lies sleeping?

What are these gray phantoms  
Sketched upon the screens  
That hide my slumbering soul  
In a sea of opal dreams?

What are these stray gleams,  
Flash of flame, or flower,  
That change a human life  
In one brief golden hour?

Bohemian spirits:—Phoenix,  
Ishmael, angel, fay—  
Guardians of my soul  
To rout my apathy.

—Bertha Lewis.

*Gordon S. Sydsale*  
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# The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA.

## The Vancouver Civic Elections.

The annual civic election in Vancouver is now history. L. D. Taylor has had his ambitions gratified and is now Mayor-elect. We congratulate him personally on his successful ending to a long, hard fight extending back some years. He was not the candidate of this writer's choice, none the less we wish him and the city he will govern, all success. With a mandate to spend certain moneys in civic improvements, he will begin his term under auspicious circumstances. His progress will be keenly watched, and none will rejoice more than ourselves to see his administration a success.

## Police Commissionership.

One important matter now facing the Provincial Government is the selection of Police Commissioners for Vancouver, to sit with Mayor-elect Taylor on the Police Commission next year.

It should go without saying that Mr. Macpherson would be re-appointed. This leaves an alderman to be selected as his sitting mate. As none but Liberals need expect this honour, we have three eligibles in the new Council—the present incumbent, Scrivens, Garbutt and Worthington.

The present incumbent has proven his absolute unfitness for the position. Not even Mr. Macpherson's ability to take a firm stand could inoculate him with any courage. Either he did not wish law-enforcement or he was too weak to support and enforce his wishes even with such a firm coadjutor as Macpherson to aid him.

Garbutt is an excellent man, but his age renders him undesirable in a situation that will demand so much of any man who seriously undertakes to carry out his duties.

Worthington seems the real choice, but has not always behaved with that due obedience to party wishes that the present Government, and most other governments, demand. He is therefore, persona non grata with a large and influential element in Government circles.

The Attorney General of British Columbia made a wonderfully complete and spineless backdown in the Harnett matter. The celerity with which he swallowed himself stands unequalled in known B. C. political records. Even that most humiliating sacrifice of dignity on his part only gave Harnett a short lease of life ere he joined the "unwept and unsung" departed of officialdom.

May we hope that the Attorney General, if he never had a backbone of his own, has borrowed one or has possessed himself of a wooden stick or some such substitute, and has enough spinal column to enable him to choose a proper man in Worthington to support Macpherson.

With Macpherson and Worthington working in accord, our present situation may be improved. With either absent, we can look for as much improvement in our law-enforcement in Vancouver as you could expect in a leaky boat in boring new holes in her.

## The Present Session.

At the time of this writing, the legislative session draws to a close. In that it developed that on all sides there was a disposition to forget mere partizanship, its story has been quite pleasing. The result no doubt

will show in the legislation resulting from real co-operation in the work of representing the public.

Several important measures have been passed. The Motor Act has been increased greatly in its efficiency by having a speed limit, not as a rule which nobody obeyed, but as evidence in the question of driving to the common danger. It may be regretted that the licensing of drivers was not accompanied by an examination as to fitness, etc. At least the door is opened for such an amendment.

The most disappointing feature of the session was the handling of the Timber Royalty Bill. The blame for this falls on both Government and Opposition. Mr. Pooley, despite the lead given by General Macrae, followed blindly the Oliver Government in supporting one of the most farcical pieces of legislation ever introduced at Victoria.

Speculators have no doubt paid large sums gambling in B. C. timber licenses. Now the B. C. Government, in sorrow over their sad lot and losses, goes to their relief, splendidly indifferent to the interests of the public who own the timber. Why should a people with millions of dollars in timber resources begrudge a paltry 5 or 7 millions of dollars to these poor speculators whose zeal outran their discretion? If B. C. had not had such a fine lot of timber, and world conditions had not indicated that good money could be made from it, these poor business men would never have bought and lost. They are not getting along well, therefore we must help them. Every body of men who are not doing well, except the lawyers, have come to the Government for relief, and in many cases gotten it. Why leave these poor American speculators to a cruel fate? Macrae was governed by self-interest, Hinchcliffe was a professional man, not a business man. The Labourites were misled by their zeal for their fellow workers. The Provincials could be expected to follow Macrae. Woodward knew nothing of lumber. Their advice sounded well, but was of course actuated by the wrong idea, viz., that the people of British Columbia had a real interest in this question. So the measure was passed.

The Racing Bill was another noteworthy feature of legislation. The season has been cut to 44 days. This is some relief, but it cannot be allowed to rest there. Thirty days is surely enough time to satisfy any gambler. No one pretends that racing in B. C. is conducted for any other purpose than gambling. There is a weakness for gambling in B. C. which feeds the racing associations, the race track riff-raff, such as horsemen, jockeys, touts, bookmakers, etc., who fatten on the public weakness. The Government gets a revenue from it. The unfortunate public puts up its money for its experience and gets nothing else.

Racing is all right when it is a sport. When it leads to better breeding, to properly managed contests, it has much to be said for it. No doubt even in British Columbia there is an odd person who is genuinely interested in it as a sport. Probably if all in B. C. of that kind were gathered together they would fill a small grandstand division in one of our parks. The rest are there mainly for the gambling. Churchmen or men with no church affiliation, women and men alike, they crowd in their greed to bet, and like fools the world over, swap substance for shadow,

realities for chimerical dreams, and reap the whirlwind of disappointment and regret.

The Beer Plebescite was still another feature. The Government had no policy but to let the House do its will. It gambled and won. The breweries get the prize, the Government gets the credit and some revenue, and the people get the experience. From the ensuing conditions one might pray for deliverance were it not somewhat certain that such measures will in time force the people to turn to prohibition for relief. Till then we can wait with such patience as may be.

Unimportant to the province directly but important as showing how vicious legislation may become, is the Co-operation Act. What its general effect may be it is impossible for us to state, but a bill or act that penalizes one for dealing with a contracted co-operator, if that be the proper description, is vicious in its provisions and most vicious in its tendencies. Nineteen members realized its import—twenty-three either did not realize or did not care.

Taken as a whole the important legislation shows indifference to public interests, a want of sound conception of public duty on the part of the vast majority of the legislators. With a commendable spirit of co-operation, irrespective of party, we have legislation—in its constitutional outlook and conservation of public interest—much below the average legislation of the past decade. All too evidently party considerations displace the greater ones. Self-interest dictates the policy of the legislation, and in many cases a petty self-interest at that.

Out of the general run here and there one or two have shown to advantage. Woodward has probably gained most in standing. He has more than once proven himself head and shoulders above his fellow legislators in business judgment and conception of duty. Others have shone more or less at times; they can be dealt with again. Let us all, irrespective of party, thank Woodward for the manner in which he has really represented the public, at least the thinking public.

#### **The Nanaimo Bank Robbery.**

Another successful bank robbery has been perpetrated in B. C. in the recent looting of the Royal Bank at Nanaimo. The case as reported in the press is very illuminative in respect to our police methods in B. C.

The robbery occurred just prior to 3 p.m., and the robbers left the scene in a motor car en route to the point where, we are informed, they embarked in a launch for the land of the free.

We are also informed that a police boat left Vancouver at 5 p.m., the "Patrician" left Victoria at 9 p.m. of the day of the robbery, and an aeroplane left Jericho Beach at 5 a.m. the next morning to catch the robbers.

This reads almost like a "take off" instead of a serious occurrence in life. Aeroplanes are of course very slow in preparation and flight, so the next morning was doubtless the earliest moment one could expect to see an aeroplane in action. How in these days when we are without telephone, telegraph or radio, the police accomplished the Herculean task of starting a launch from Vancouver, 40 miles away, only two hours after that other launch had left for Washington State, must have been a source of wonder. The "Patrician," being a Government boat, actually broke the speed limit by getting into action in six hours. So did the police, who so effectively organized a successful search in such a limited space of time.

Wonders will never cease! Perhaps next time the robbers will be considerate enough to notify the police 24 hours or 48 hours ahead, giving details of their pro-

posed plans. Then we will have the even more wonderful spectacle of a real police capture.

#### **The Union Question.**

Voting is now the order of the day in the Presbyterian churches. The result will not be known for some time. Present indications would show that the Union cause will receive very strong support from the church as a whole. Whatever the result of the vote may be, one cannot refrain from deploring the manner in which both sides have conducted their supposedly educational work.

The question was purely a religious one: "Would the Christian conscience, as expressed in the religious life of the denominations concerned, be more conscious of the essential unity of Christian work if those denominations were replaced by one?" was one phase of the matter. "Would the non-Christian men of good moral sympathies be more profoundly impressed by the spectacle of three churches getting together as one or by their remaining as they were?" that was the other phase.

Such issues should have been discussed on a high plane. The differences of opinion on these points were and are differences of principle. Such differences require the utmost consideration, the most careful courtesy and charitable Christian treatment.

Neither side elected so to deal with them. Speeches and literature were mostly of a political order, dealing with secondary and even irrelevant matters. Breadth of conception, deep religious conviction, seem almost totally wanting. Crimination and recrimination were all too evident. Undoubtedly the Christian sentiment of the Presbyterian Church, guided by prayer-sought leadership, will be guided to a right decision in the matter. Ultimately all will be well. If the cause of God requires the Union it will stand. If God be against it, man-made Union can never last. The issue will not be finally settled until the work of the United Church of Canada shall have proven or disproven the advisability of the movement.

There must necessarily be a certain amount of disadvantage in every earthly situation. Any question such as this will result in dislocation, difficult situations, serious differences of opinion, and serious problems. Howsoever wisely handled, they will leave much to regret, much to deplore. Whatever of these things are the absolutely essential result of the issue, we can accept unquestionably as an inevitable part of the law of human life, but who can strongly enough condemn, deeply enough deplore or fully enough atone for, where guilty of them, the needless bickering, the uncalled for appeals to pride, prejudice and the various human emotions that have marked in large measure this discussion.

Taken all in all, the spectacle has not tended to edification unless it be as an illustration of how selfishness and sin prevail in even the deepest matters of our religious life.

#### **A Pleasant Surprise.**

One of the most pleasing and startling surprises the writer ever recalls, was learning of the Hon. George P. Graham's speech to a New York audience, dealing with Canadian national aspirations. Not since the Hon. L. M. Pelletier told an American audience, "We like you when you are good, but you are not always good," has an expression of Canadian opinion been so frankly made, or courteously placed before an American assemblage.

That any outstanding Liberal should have grasped the Canadian viewpoint, with its Imperial setting, was pleasant enough, but to have its aspirations firmly



and frankly expressed as real convictions to an American audience, was an outstanding triumph.

No one can deny that the hearts of the rank and file of the Liberal party of Canada have been intrinsically sound in their Canadianism. The leaders of the Liberal party have not been so fortunately placed. Passing over such acts and disloyal speeches as Sir Wilfred Laurier's famous "Saskatchewan speech," we can at most say of him that he never became thoroughly seised of a sound British loyalty. He was at most a loyal "little Canadian"; true to Canada as such, but having no Imperial vision.

Mackenzie King and his coadjutors are either pro-Americans or what might justly be termed political opportunists, as far as patriotism is concerned, or like Sir Wilfred Laurier, "little Canadians."

Yet from a field so unpromising has sprung one who has a real and vital patriotism, a true national

message and ideal. We greet him with joy. May the spirit that filled the loyal men and women who won from the Canadian forests, amid mighty difficulties, a British Canada, keep and sustain him and give to his tongue such convincing eloquence as will shape and strengthen our national spirit in its true and proper form and channel!

It is probably too much to expect that Graham's influence and example should change Mackenzie King's patriotism into something worthy of an outstanding Canadian. Such would seem too great an accomplishment for our day. With Graham's case before us, however, we may even perhaps hope that such an unexpected thing might happen. Meanwhile, Graham, we hail you as a great Canadian, all the greater because you are great in patriotic vision in spite of the influences of those who surround you.

## A Study in Canadian Citizenship

By IRA A. MACKAY, M.A., LL.B., Ph. D. of McGill University

### CONCLUSION OF THE PROBLEM OF CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

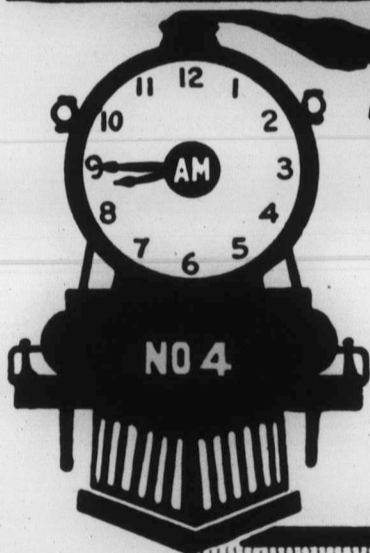
After the foregoing broken and very imperfect analysis, we are now at least in a position to answer the question of Canada's future relation to the Empire a little more intelligently. The question is, we are now in a position to recognize,

not one question, but a whole complex of questions. Should Canada take steps to have all references to the Crown deleted from the B. N. A. Act and so become an independent nation, monarchy or republic as the case may be? Are there ten people in Canada who would answer this question in the affirmative? If the people of Canada become independent,

would they be able to retain their independence for any length of time or would they soon be overwhelmed with the possibilities, real or imaginary, of complete political annexation to the United States? Or if they decide to retain the British monarchy as at present should they insist that the Governor-General be chosen by the King solely on the advice of his Canadian ministers? Should the right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the King's Privy Council be continued or discontinued, or should the Committee be enlarged into a really efficient Court capable of administering the numerous systems of law in the different parts of the Empire? Should the power of the Parliament at Westminster to make laws and extend them to Canada be abrogated and the Parliament of Canada made the sole, final, supreme legislative body on all Canadian matters home and foreign, including the power to amend her own constitution or to make a wholly new constitution should she so desire? What would the people of Quebec say to that? Is Canada in a financial position to maintain a foreign diplomatic service of her own and would it be profitable in an economic way for her to do so? Should sections 55, 56 and 57 be struck out of the B. N. A. Act forever and a day? Should the Imperial Conferences be continued or discontinued? These and many similar questions must be answered before any answer can be given to the larger question and until all these questions are carefully and candidly considered, all discussion on the general issue is always virtually futile and often mischievous.

Indeed, as we have already indicated, the method of abstract controversy, often prompted by merely selfish and partisan interests, has long prevailed far too widely in the study of political problems. A large number of these problems such, for example, as free trade and protection, capital and labour, private and public ownership, nationalism and internationalism, autonomy and empire, are really at bottom bookmen's puzzles and contain at best a very large element of a well-known logical fallacy, the fallacy known to the mediaeval philosophers as the fallacy of dichotomy or cutting the problem in two and to modern logicians as the "either-or" fallacy. The trouble is that we take to

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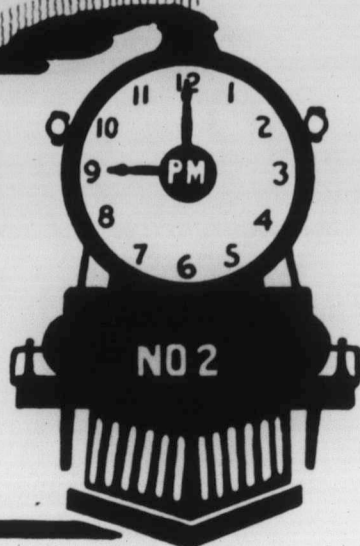
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complementary abstract propositions and set them down in contradictory attitudes, after the manner of a high-school debating society, and then proceed to set the whole body politic by the ears with whole campaigns of contentious rhetoric with the net result that the democracy substitutes one party oligarchy for another at irregular intervals. What is the use, for example, of discussing whether 4 is 3 or 1 since it is obviously the sum of both these numbers? What is the use of arguing whether water is hydrogen or oxygen when we know as a scientific fact that it is both of these elements, two molecules of hydrogen to one of oxygen? What is the use of contending whether light is red or green when it is in reality a composition of all the colours of the spectrum and the result the glorious light of day? The philosopher Spinoza tell a quaint story of two geometers who fell to fighting because one said a shield was concave and the other said it was convex. What is the use of asking the question whether a man should love his father or mother or wife or son or daughter, when he should obviously love them all, and all should work together in harmony for the good of the home? What we all need at present is more mutual trust, less mutual mistrust; more conference, less controversy; more consultation, less conflict; more co-operation, less competition; more peace, no war. If two forces meet in opposition the resultant is the difference; if they act together the resultant is the sum. Two men working together can do more than twice as much as one man working alone, and two men working in opposition do nothing at all. How long will it take us all to learn some of the simplest truths of the world we live in and apply them to our own lives?

Let us now turn from external to internal affairs. If this outline is to be at all complete, something at least must be said about some institutions of government within Canada! for example, the Cabinet, the Senate, the House of Commons, the Dominion Provinces, and the Electorate.

**The Cabinet.**

The Cabinet is generally supposed to be the most characteristic creation of British political genius. Parliamentary government is not peculiar to British forms of government. All nations, even primitive tribes, have their public parliaments or assemblies, some of them based on the electoral or representative principle and many of them conducted with much more dignity and much less nonsense than the great parliament at Westminster. Some primitive tribes even elect their King or Chief and are, therefore, really republican in character. But the peculiar institution, properly called a Cabinet, is found only in constitutional formations of British origin. The constitution of France is really no exception to this statement, for the French Cabinet was copied from Great Britain by Thiers after 1870, and the reason which Thiers gave for doing so was that he expected that, after the storm subsided, France would return in peace again to the Limited Monarchy. The fact is that the Cabinet device worked so well in France that a return to the Monarchy became unnecessary, a signal proof, indeed, that it is neither the monarchy nor an elected parliament which constituted the peculiar potency of the British constitution. What then is the nature and function of the

Cabinet? Let us try to answer this question as briefly and as lucidly as we can.

The Cabinet is at once an executive advisory King's Council carved out of the Privy Council and a powerful standing committee of Parliament. As an executive council, it is composed of all the active heads of the chief administrative departments of state, and as a committee of Parliament of prominent members of both chambers of Parliament, i.e., Lords and Commons, in the ratio of about one to five, which represents pretty accurately the relative influence and power of these two chambers in the government of the state. The following figure may serve to visualize the position of the Cabinet.

The Privy Council	Cabinet	The Parliament
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Several important results follow from the peculiar position and functions of the Cabinet.

1. Since the Cabinet is a committee of advisers and councillors to the King, it must act as a unit. To burden the King with the responsibility of composing differences and settling disputes between his own ministers especially when these ministers are selected from the most powerful and influential members of a parliament elected by the people would be to set at defiance the whole mechanism of the Limited Monarchy. If, in other words, the King could choose between factions in his own Cabinet, this power would necessarily carry with it the right of the King to be guided by ministers of his own making and so to set at naught the whole principle of responsible, popular government. A united unanimous Cabinet is, therefore, a necessary adjunct to the Limited Monarchy. No Limited Monarchy can exist without it. Some person or group of persons must be in a position to say to the King, this is the final conclusive will of the people.

2. Since the Cabinet is also a committee of Parliament it must, therefore, like any other committee, report to Parliament. Since, however, it is created, as we have just seen, to report in each case the final concluded advice which it proposes to offer the King, it must report its proposals unanimously. No minority report is possible. For the Cabinet to make more than one report to Parliament would be to abdicate its duties. Dedicated to the special task of advising the King, it must be prepared to do so. The whole Cabinet must, therefore, stand or fall together. If any minority, great or small, should differ irreconcilably from the majority the only alternative is for the minority to resign or be retired by the Prime Minister.

3. Since the Cabinet advises the King on the one hand and reports to Parliament on the other, it cannot air its grievances in public. It must compose its own differences, settle its own disputes. It necessarily, therefore, sits in secret. No minutes are kept of its proceedings. It is strictly bad form for a minister even to make private notes on its proceedings for his own use. On a recent occasion in one of the Canadian provinces the Prime Minister made some personal notes of this kind and placed them in his desk. By some unknown channel the notes found their way to the

press. The laugh was really on the Prime Minister.

4. Since the Cabinet is at once an Executive Council composed of the responsible heads of the chief executive departments of state and a standing committee of Parliament elected by the people, it is, as Eagehot so clearly shows in his remarkable well-known book on "The English Constitution," the "link or buckle" which makes the executive responsible to Parliament as Parliament in turn is responsible to the people. The Cabinet is, therefore, the kingpin in the whole mechanism of responsible government under a Limited Monarchy or even under a limited republic like the Republic of France. The people propose, Parliament confers, the Cabinet consults and the Crown consents; that is the whole formula of free government. In theory, at least, the mechanism seems complete. In order, however, to make this point abundantly clear, let us compare again the Cabinet system with its only serious rival the Presidential system. The following diagram shows the difference at once.

**THE CABINET SYSTEM**

The People—Parliament—Cabinet—Crown.

**THE PRESIDENTIAL SYSTEM.**

The People—Congress Council—President

The simple way in which all the forces of public opinion are made after careful deliberation and criticism to converge in the end upon the Crown at the centre of the body politic is obvious under the Cabinet system. The element of deadlock at the centre, where President and Congress fail to agree, is equally obvious under the Presidential system. If any illustration be needed of how serious and far-reaching this deadlock at the centre may become we need only call to mind what happened to the League of Nations a short time ago in the United States.

**THE SENATE**

Why should there be two chambers in the legislature, two Houses of Parliament? This question is, perhaps, one of the most perplexing questions in political theory. And yet the two-chambered, the bicameral system, is almost universal. Only two or three of the smaller Europ-

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can states and a few of the Canadian provinces have ever attempted the unicameral formation. So universal a practice must surely rest, then, upon some fundamental principle in political philosophy! It is doubtful, too, I think, if the appeal to history alone can solve the problem. We must look deeper into the psychological motives which always underlie political history if we would find a solution.

The upper chamber, then, in England, the House of Lords, for example, was designed, in the first instance, to represent the interest—and I use that word in its true, full sense covering all legitimate human interests and not in the narrow, sordid, contemptuous sense covering merely the predatory financial and trading interests in the community. At first, however, the only interests recognized were the two prevailing interests, the land-owning and ecclesiastical interests, the Lords of the Land and the Lords Spiritual. In course of time, however, other multiplying interests, the interests, for example, of statecraft, legal learning, commerce, industry and philanthropy, began to be recognized. Even the interests of science, literature and art were grudgingly admitted. Suppose now that all these interests, including, for example, the interests of labour, had been freely and equitably recognized from time to time at their full human value, would the House of Lords have ever fallen into its present position of inferiority? Would there ever even have been a House of Commons at all? Or to come down to date, would there ever have been a labour government in England? These are interesting questions. The point, however, is that these new, multiplying interests to which we have referred were not recognized on any just scale of human values, with the inevitable result that the doctrine of interests was superseded by a doctrine of will. The arbitrary will of a majority of the electors was substituted for the numerous legitimate interests of all the people, clearly a backward step in political theory, if a forward step for the time being in political practice. Hence, the House of Commons, as we now know it, representing the will of a majority of

the voters, and a House of Lords representing in a very imperfect way a few of the more conservative prevailing interests in the community. The imperfections of this mechanism are, we are inclined to think, too obvious to call for extended treatment. From the very beginning, indeed, the various prevailing class interests in the community have attempted by bribery, gerrymandering, executive patronage and sometimes by open assault upon the constitution and the law, to defeat the will of the majority of voters. These classes feel, usually, I suggest, with more honesty than we are always willing to concede, that the arbitrary will of the majority is oppressive and unfair to them. Certainly the interests of more recent origin, always a small minority in any community, have very little more chance of success under the present system than under the old one. The democracy has become rapidly bigger in wealth and power and increasingly unrestful, turbulent and arrogant in recent years, but has it really become any richer in the higher human values? Why is it that so few men of fine taste, high learning, successful experience or marked ability of any kind refuse to play their part in the active public life of the community? Why the prevailing maxim: "Keep out of Politics"?

Now it so happens that the Senate of Canada was originally designed to become the very kind of parliamentary body which the House of Lords in England failed to become. The fathers of Confederation had the conspicuous failure of the English House of Lords and the equally conspicuous success of the Senate of the United States to guide them. They knew that the hereditary principle was chiefly responsible for the failure of the House of Lords and they also feared the danger of deadlock if they made the Senate an elected body as it is in the United States. They recognized clearly that under the Limited Monarchy a deadlock between the two chambers of the legislature would be incurable, since there is no third body like the President to settle the dispute and relieve the impasse. They also feared that an elected Senate might reduce the power and prestige of the House of Commons

as it had admittedly reduced the power and prestige of the House of Representatives in the United States. So they finally decided to take a middle course and create a Senate whose members should be appointed for life by the Governor-general in Council. Whether they took the best course or not I dare not say. I leave that task to those who think that they have canvassed all the possibilities of a perfect system of government in a very imperfect community. One thing, however, is clear and that is that the craftsmen of the Constitution of Canada tried to design an Upper Chamber which would fairly, impartially, judicially in open public assembly and subject to constant public criticism, represent and respect the interests of every class and community in the union and act as a balance wheel or check upon the too arbitrary, hasty, uncertain will of a mere majority of voters represented by the House of Commons. Sir John MacDonald described the Senate as "The sober second thought in legislation" and the Hon. Senator McDonald addressed its first session in the following words:—

"It seems to me that our functions may be exercised most usefully, not as referees of executive opinion on the one hand, not servile echoes of fleeting popular feeling on the other, but as the balance wheel of this government, guiding always, obstructing never."

The following words of the lamented martyr, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, may also be quoted here:—

"As to the Senate we have all the best constitutional authorities with us that a second chamber ought not to stand on the electoral basis of the first; and so long as our Senate continues to be a fair representation of all our real interests, so long it will be looked up to and obeyed. If it is to be undermined, it will be by the abuse of executive patronage and not by the substitution of the principle of selection for that of election as applied to that house."

The above words are both prophetic and pathetic. Will some philanthropist please offer a billion dollars for a prize for some one who will discover a cure for executive patronage that deadly disease in all forms of human government. The money would be well spent.

## Educational Notes

(By "Spectator.")

"One ship drives East and another West  
With the self-same winds that blow,  
'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales,  
Which decides the way to go.

"Like the winds of the sea and the ways of fate  
As we voyage along through life,  
'Tis the will of the soul that decides the goal,  
And not the calm or the strife."

\* \* \* \*

"Nineteen twenty-four" has gone the way of past millenniums, and "nineteen twenty-five" has come upon the stage with cheery countenance and friendly bow. "Nineteen twenty-four" has left behind him a heritage—a miscellaneous legacy of things good, bad and indifferent. Of these the consciousness of humanity will in time sort out the good, adding it to the world's accumulated working capital: the indifferent

and the bad will, in the lapse of years, come to forgetfulness. So the world moves.

"Nineteen twenty-five" has come bearing gifts. Let us not squander these, nor hide them in a napkin. Let us trade with them, so that when the last of the three hundred and sixty-five golden days has paid out the last of its golden minutes, though weariness may overtake us, we shall wear the smile of the souls who have heard the whispered "Well done" from the celestial lips of the victorious spirits who have gone before.

\* \* \* \*

"Nineteen twenty-five" is, without peradventure, in educational circles in our good city of Vancouver, a year of grace. Here, "Hope springs eternal," and not without reason. Our institutions of learning have completed a good year's work, and bid fair to give us something even better in the year now with us. The

"surveyors," who month after month have labored incessantly, will present their report, pointing out how our great educational machinery can become more effective and yield results still more satisfactory. Our University will at last move out to its noble home at Point Grey. And, not least, after ten years of cramped activity, our School Board has received its long sought mandate, to go forward and provide worthy housing for those who are the hope of the future, the children in our public schools. Surely in our forward view we have the best of reasons to thank God and take courage.

\* \* \* \*

The other day the Canadian Club was addressed by two outstanding Canadians, Sir Campbell Stuart, managing director of the London Times, and one of his colleagues, Mr. Beverley Baxter, managing editor of the London Daily Express. Both are intimately associated with that other great Canadian publicist, Lord Beaverbrook.

That these three sons of Canada should have captured these intellectual citadels in the heart of the Empire, and should virtually control and guide the leading streams of public opinion in this Commonwealth of Nations, is matter for pride, and no less for satisfaction, on the part of every one of us. What better augury of unity and stability could be found? To such men as these, as well as to many illustrious contemporaries and predecessors, we are indebted not only for their direct contribution to the public life and welfare of the Mother Country, but even more perhaps for the yeoman service they are rendering by interpreting Canada and the colonies generally, to our brothers in the homeland. Inter-empire travel, inter-empire trade, inter-empire migration, inter-empire conferences, inter-empire exchange of teachers, from classroom instructors to distinguished publicists—these are agencies that powerfully tend to make us one, for our own advancement and the peaceful progress of the world.

\* \* \* \*

In a recent speech that eminent Canadian, Sir John Willison, stressed the importance of the teaching of French in the schools of Canada. He would make the study of French compulsory in our universities, in our high schools, and perhaps even in our public schools. He has his mind's eye fixed immovably on the fact that the mother tongue of one in every three of our Canadian-born is French.

A great French territory, with more than the area of an Old World empire, lies between the English-speaking Maritime Provinces on the Atlantic and the English-speaking provinces west of the Ottawa. Shall we treat its rapidly increasing millions as an element exercising a disintegrating influence on our national life, destined ultimately to rend and destroy it, or shall we regard these as brothers laboring with us to produce a new national type, with qualities superior to any that could possibly result from either element left to itself? This latter was a consummation for which men like Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfred Laurier, and many another noble and gifted Canadian lived and dreamed, and, amid good report and evil report, poured out the treasure of their minds and hearts.

Every educated French-Canadian speaks the English tongue. Should not every English-speaking Canadian, educated in university or high school, be able to converse freely in the language of La Belle France? If English poetry is the flower of linguistic production in modern times, French prose stands with it, glorious in its precision, lucidity and beauty. Every

patriot who aspires to do his part in his country's life should be ambitious to find himself a gentleman at large in either speech.

\* \* \* \*

Canada, we believe, has all but entered upon a period of expansion such as a generation ago we scarcely dreamed of. Our leaders are crying out that Canada needs population; that our waste places must be filled up; that immigration on a great scale must be set on foot. The Old World is, comparatively speaking, overcrowded. Multitudes of many races and of many tongues look with longing eyes to this land of promise, a land in which the ravages of war have been an experience unknown. When these multitudes seek our shores, shall we welcome them as brothers, or shall we regard them as economic pawns to be exploited, so that we may pile up for ourselves much goods in store, and bid our souls eat, drink and be merry?

To take any such course would be to tread the primrose path to national destruction. For a time we may treat these strangers as a lesser breed, to whom we owe no duty, for whose well-being we have no responsibility. This means the development in our midst of a vast community foreign to our national life, with no impelling reason to seek our good. But their presence will have become necessary to our economic existence: on them we shall have become really dependent. A blending of races will take place—after national leadership shall have passed to the stranger.

But, to revert to the alternative, we have no right to ask these strangers to make homes for themselves under our flag—we have no right to permit them to land on our shores—unless we are prepared to treat them as brothers, seeking their welfare and advancement equally with our own. If we embrace this alternative the national type will change perforce, but it should prove to be a type displaying the finest characteristics of all the blending races. Strongest and most important of the beneficent forces playing upon the various race elements to make them one, to make them Canadian in the truest and highest sense, should be found the Church and the School, and all the myriad agencies usually thought of as apart from these, but in reality born of these and deriving from these their inspiration and their ideals.

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## Literary Notes

(By S. G.)

### Celebrating "Book Week" in British Columbia.

"Book week" activities started in Vancouver by a lecture at the Carnegie Library by the President of the British Columbia Authors' Association, Mr. Robert Allison Hood, who spoke of the life and work of Marjorie Pickthall.

Short addresses were given on the life and work of Pauline Johnson, William Henry Drummond, Ralph Connor, R. G. Macbeth, Frank Bullen and Robert Stead, before the Junior High School Association. At the General Gordon School the Rev. R. G. Macbeth lectured on "Canadian Authors." At the Bayview Parent-Teachers' Association, Mr. A. M. Stephen spoke on "Canadian Poetry East and West." Other meetings were addressed by Mrs. Winlow, Percy Gomery, and Robert Allison Hood.

A short address on "Canadian Authors" was given by Mr. Bernard McEvoy at the Gyro Club luncheon.

Mr. Hopkins Moorhouse, vice-president of the Canadian Authors' Association, was the honoured guest of the local branch of the Association. Mr. Moorhouse addressed the Women's Press Club, the Parent-Teachers' Association and the Women's Canadian Club, and was the guest of the Association at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Dalton.

The bookstores of the city made special window and counter displays of Canadian books during the week, notably the Hudson's Bay Co. and David Spencer's; and the stores featured "Book Week" in their advertisements. The newspapers also devoted space and editorials to the subject.

#### Pauline Johnson.

The Indian poetess, Pauline Johnson, was the subject of an informative lecture given on the closing evening of Canada's "Book Week" at the Carnegie Library, under the auspices of the Vancouver branch of the Canadian Authors' Association. The lecturer, Mrs. Laura Rees Thomas, touched on the romantic history of the Indian race, and on the debt of gratitude that British Columbians owe to Pauline Johnson for the glamour of poetry and romance which she has thrown about their beautiful coast.

Mrs. Rees Thomas laid emphasis upon a point which is worthy of consideration. It seemed to her that one note the Indian singer struck

which would cause her poetry to live when much of the work of others, and in some respects perhaps greater poets, might be forgotten, was the fact that she was the only poet of outstanding ability whom the Dominion had so far produced who painted Canada in its natural state.

The story of Miss Johnson's life followed, with interesting sketches of the personalities and characteristics of her Indian father and English mother, and the unique training which they gave to their children. Miss Johnson's fine mentality was not due solely to heredity, but to a large extent to the insistent teachings of her mother.

The lecturer quoted Theodore Watts-Dunton (who had known Pauline Johnson and appreciated her writing greatly) as stating that the poets of new countries like Australia, Canada, and South Africa should be particularly strong in nature poetry because they knew nature uncoloured by that spirit of antiquity associated with almost every square yard of Europe, the historical associations of which were so difficult to get away from. Wordsworth tried all his life to get away from them.

Throughout the lecture the outstanding features of the work of the poetess were discussed, and the various points were illustrated and heightened by effective readings of selected poems.

The speaker explained that Miss Johnson's work would be more valued and read as the years passed, and when other poets were forgotten, not for its greatness, but because she alone had shown the Canada of the Red Man, and because it formed a strong and beautifully forged link with the past.

#### HOPKINS MOORHOUSE VISITS VANCOUVER.

"I think you have here in Vancouver one of the largest and fastest growing groups of Canadian writers in Canada, and that group will become a powerful influence in Canadian literary life, but the machinery is absolutely necessary to put across the national point of view that should be part of Canada's progress." This statement was made by Mr. Moorhouse in the course of an address to the Women's Canadian Club, in Vancouver.

Mr. Moorhouse declared there was undoubted talent in the coming generations, and also that the West was a decided place of inspiration for

these writers. A wonderful country Canada had three sections of country, and had as many problems, together with national difficulties, thus making it difficult to obtain a national viewpoint. But the present, added the speaker is the time to "assert" ourselves "if Canadians are to remain Canadians."

This he deemed necessary on account of the proximity of the United States with its multitudinous amusements and creative activities, flooding the country. Canada, he believed, was the only country that imported 80 per cent. of its reading matter.

"There is the beginning of a great literature in Canada, with its fourteen to sixteen professional writers at the present time," the speaker continued. "Yet there is no market for their wares, and they are forced to go to the United States to make a living. The copyright law in Canada militates against the welfare of the professional writer, and this difficulty the Canadian Authors' Association is endeavouring to overcome. On the other hand the publisher has many difficulties, and it has been estimated that less than one per cent.

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of the books sold in Canadian book-stores are Canadian books."

**"ANNALES RÉVOLUTIONNAIRES, OCTOBRE, 1923."**

(Bi-monthly review edited by Professor Albert Mathiez, Professor of History, in University of Paris.)

Nous avons grand plaisir à signaler le parallèle pénétrant et nuancé que Mack Eastman, professeur à l'Université de Vancouver, a consacré à la Révolution française et à la Révolution bolchévique.

Les ressemblances et les différences des deux grandes crises sont passées en revue avec un grand sens historique. C'est une excellente application de cette méthode comparative que le professeur Henri Pirenne recommandait avec tant de raison à ses auditeurs du dernier Congrès international de Bruxelles.

"Jacobinism and Bolshevism" — extrait de la "Queen's Quarterly, 1923. L'étude a fait l'objet d'une lecture devant la Royal Society of Canada, à Ottawa, en mai, 1923.

**LITERARY NOTES.**

(By Roderick Random.)

Apropos of Canadian Book Week, I have jotted down a few ideas along the line of the value of books in life and the pleasures and benefits to be derived from them. This is, of course, a very old subject, and I am not likely to say anything particularly new on it, but it is one that in these ultra modern days can hardly be too much emphasized.

I shall not dwell on the material advancement towards which reading may well prove a means, as the great gateway to knowledge. It was well said long ago that "knowledge is power," but as Lord Disraeli once pointed out in an address in Manchester "On the Value of Literature to Men of Business," Bacon has not only said that "knowledge is power," but, living one century after the discovery of the printing press, he has also announced to the world that "knowledge is pleasure."

"Knowledge," said Disraeli, "is like the mystic ladder in the patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the primeval earth, its crest is lost in the shadowy splendour of the empyrean; while the great authors who for traditionary ages have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the communication between man and heaven."

This is, indeed, a striking and illuminative simile, showing literature as a great spiritualizing influence in life, keeping man in touch with the highest and helping him to look up-

ward, away from the base and the mean and the transitory.

We have all experienced this uplifting power, this healing virtue. We have found it in the greatest degree, no doubt, in the sacred literature in the Bible, and more especially in some of those wonderful passages of tenderness and beauty, sayings of Jesus or the aspirations of the Psalmist that are apt, if we know them well enough, to come into our minds unbidden in moments of danger or difficulty or depression.

I remember staying in a country town hotel a year or two ago, and taking up the Bible with which the room was supplied. I found that it had been placed there by the Christian Association of Commercial Travellers — or some such name — as a guide and a help to the craft. Pasted in the inside of the front cover there was a little printed sheet of paper which directed the reader to passages that would be suitable and appropriate for the mood or circumstances in which he might find himself. I copied them down at the time and have them somewhere, but the captions were something like these: When Trade is Bad; When Trade is Good and Everything Goes Well; When Perplexed and Anxious; and so forth. I looked up the selections and noted how splendidly they were fitted for comfort and encouragement and guidance for the various circumstances that might affect the reader, and I thought what a fine thing this was. A country hotel can be about the most dismal place on earth for a man who is down on his luck; but here was this message of cheer in the little black book for anyone who would look for it.

Now in a different and a lesser degree is there a healing influence in good literature. We hear a great deal about chiropractics in these days, and not so very long ago there were some lively tilts in the courts between them and the medical doctors. Then there are the sanipractics and other professors with high sounding names. I sometimes think with all those healing cults that we might have one of bookipractic, where the doctor might prescribe for the mind diseased, such books as would provide the remedy desired. I throw out the suggestion without charge for the benefit of anyone who is looking for a vocation. I hardly think the Medical Association would put you in gaol either if you took it up. However, I would only warn you this, that while I believe it takes but a year or so for a chiropractic to graduate, I fear it would be about twenty-five before the bookipractic

would be fit to practise his profession.

I remember as a small boy finding Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward," one of the great romances, to be a most effective antidote for the toothache. I am not, of course, citing this as a mental disease, but it usually has a decided mental reaction, as you may find in Burns' famous "Address to the Toothache" where the poet places this as the worst of all the diseases that plague mankind and denounces it in most emphatic language:

"My curse upon thy venom'd stang,  
That shoots my tortured gums  
amang;  
An' through my lugs gies mony a  
twang;  
Wi' gnawing vengeance;  
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang;  
Like rackin' engines!"

It is easy, however, to mention famous instances where books have been a great resource in cases of mental stress when the strain had become almost too great for human endurance. There is that of Carlyle, when the MSS. of "The French Revolution," that great work on which he had lavished almost incredible pains and labour, was destroyed by accident. We are told that for about a month after it happened he found distraction and relief in reading the novels of Captain Marryat. Or there is the instance, of General Gordon at Khartoum, how in those last dreadful hours in which he waited for the end, he was able to find some measure of forgetfulness of the grim tragedy of which he was the centre, in reading a book of fiction.

Of course, in these cases, the prescription was analagous to the physician's opiate or morphia injection for the relief of terrible pain. In less desperate cases, the wise bookipractic would prescribe remedies of more tonic and constructive properties. Besides fiction, what an inexhaustible pharmacopia of history, biography, philosophy and religion he would have to draw upon!

I am a great believer in every man owning his own library, not to confine himself to it at all, but to have a treasure chest all his own, a treasure chest containing the best — or some of the best books that have been written from Homer's time until to-day. I have called it a treasure chest. Another man, Alfred H. Miles, in a very beautiful sonnet, which I shall quote to you, has called it a gallery:—

"I have a golden gallery where wait  
The royalty of ages, at my will  
The feast to spread, the goblet to  
fulfil,

That I may banquet with the gods in state.  
 'Tis but a little chamber, bare and strait,  
 But when I enter, ready, calm and still,  
 In ordered retinue they stand, until  
 I take them by the hand, and then, elate,  
 I see the scene dissolve: Homer lays bare  
 Olympian heights, and bids the gods descend;  
 Virgil throws wide the view, and vineyards rare  
 Outstrip the eye; then Horace joins his friend  
 And I, Augustus like, between them fare,  
 While old Silenus laughs, and Sappho's songs ascend."

Now we may not all take the same delight in Homer and Virgil and Horace as did the writer of that son-

net, but we can have some of the best classics of our own language, and we shall not banquet meanly. We can have Shakespeare and Milton and Dickens and Stevenson and a great many others.

The book-acquiring habit is a good one to cultivate from youth. The great books, strange to say, are often the cheapest. By the expenditure of fifty cents here and a dollar there, in a few years one may accumulate a very respectable library, hardly noticing the expense. I am rather inclined to be a prowler round the second-hand bookstores myself, and have picked up some very good bargains at times. There is one shop especially—but I am not going to tell where it is. Unselfishness is all very well, but there are many rabid collectors around, and perhaps I should never have a chance any more, if I did.

I confess that some of the volumes

on my shelves have their pages uncut. A youthful friend of mine — also a book-lover — takes a malicious delight in drawing my attention to them and deriding me. But I am not in the least ashamed. Even if one may not have read them, it is a distinction of a sort to have them for one's own and a pleasure to turn over the pages or to look at the backs of them. It is as if one might say: Yes, I have met Mr. Lloyd George or Lord Balfour, as the case might be. I don't know him intimately, you know, but we used to see each other at the White Lunch sometimes.

Of course, there is a subtler way of owning a book than by mere possession—that is by the faculty of appreciation and the power to enter into the writer's thoughts sympathetically. That is, after all, what most we have to strive for, what calls for our most sedulous application.

—Roderick Random.

## New Fables by Skookum Chuck

R. D. CUMMING

### XI. The Dream Girl

Chapter Four of the Fifty-Fifties

The room had all the appearance of a public art gallery. It was draped with beautiful and costly tapestries, hung with rare paintings, and ornamented with odd articles of artificial workmanship of exceptional skill.

That the array was a private collection however, was evident by the size of the room and the personal nature of a number of the collection. Some of them seemed to be priceless in value, preserved from bygone days, and heirlooms of an estate of long lineage.

One of the paintings touched a sympathetic chord in my heart, for I recognized a picture of the Canadian struggle and victory at Ypres. "A scene from the last great war," was the title printed at the bottom; and, near the lower right-hand corner, was a name which was not known to me as the artist.

On another wall was a painting of the Agnew mansion and grounds which I readily recognized. It pictured a few of the large, wide-spreading trees and the entire dwelling. The initials "F.A." in one corner claimed authorship, and I had no hesitation in concluding that the artist was my new friend Miss Agnew.

Simultaneous with this discovery the door to the gallery from the hall opened, and that young lady herself tripped in gaily, but with some embarrassment when she saw me standing in the centre of the room.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, with an unsteady tone of voice. "I—I hope you slept well?"

"Who would sleep otherwise in a home like this," I replied, with as much tremor in my voice as had been in hers.

"Shall I retire?" she hesitated.

"Retire nothing," I objected. "Sit down. I was just admiring your art gallery. I congratulate you on the rare collection."

She smiled modestly.

"It is not so much," was her reply in that tone of voice that meant the opposite.

"It is a great deal," I differed. "I am particularly interested in Ypres; (pointing to the picture), I remember it so well."

She looked at me in astonishment.

"Yes, history gives such a clear description of the battle, does it not?"

This startled me, for I just then remembered that I was again in the land of dreams and simply on another visit to the Agnew home.

To arrest any suspicions, however, which might be gathering in the girl's mind with regard to my sanity, I laughed heartily, saying:

"Of course my knowledge was really derived from reading. I was joking. Forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive," she smiled. "To err is human."

"And to forgive is thine," I vamped.

She colored slightly, turned away from me, and began to arrange some of the art treasures which had become displaced. As the various articles were handled she would explain them to me.

We came to a large album. She dusted this, placed it on a small table, and began to turn the pages. The album contained photographs of the Fifty-Fifties, several in each generation, from the very early time of their history to the present day, showing the various stages of development. The contrast between the first and last, even physically, was remarkable, and I could scarcely believe that such a metamorphosis could have taken place to an organic being.

"But I think this is the most remarkable paintings and work of art in the entire collection," I vamped again, when we were once more admiring the canvases on the walls, and were standing before the one which she had painted.

"Do you really think so?" she said eagerly.

"Indeed I do. I think it is wonderful and beautiful."

It was not flattery, for the painting, to my unprofessional eyes, was certainly more than one would expect from an amateur such as Miss Agnew was represented to be by her father.

The girl was silent, apparently enjoying the compliment. She appeared extremely modest over a work which had the appearance of a masterpiece to me.

"You are an artist without doubt," I again complimented her. "Where did you acquire the art?"

"It was born with me."

"Naturally, for no human mill could turn out such a workman. Do you commercialize your work?"

"What do you mean?" And she sat down on a settee.

"Well, do you make it pay?" And I followed suit, sitting close to her.

"No, I paint privately only. I have given some away. In fact I give most of my work away to friends," she said, looking around at me as though suddenly aware that she had valued her genius too cheaply.

"Will you teach me?" I asked. "Then I will have a dignified as well as a lucrative profession."

"Certainly." And she shifted a little nervously on the settee beside me.

"When shall we begin?"

"Now."

The girl rose, took me by the hand and pulled me to my feet. Like children we hastened from the "art gallery," out to the wide hall, and then to the spacious porch. In our flight down the stone steps I seized one of the girl's hands, following her precedent notwithstanding the indiscretion, and playfully detained her when she had gained on me slightly in the childish game.

Across the lawn she dragged me girlishly to the spot where the tripod and canvas stood; then threw herself on the grass all out of breath with the abnormal exercise, and a face flushed crimson with the healthful excitement.

"Take a seat," she panted, pointing to the camp stool.

"Thank you. I prefer to sit on the grass." And I dropped down by her side.

Her merry laughter rang echoing from tree to tree throughout the length and breadth of the grounds.

Having gained breath the girl rose hastily from the grass and sat on the camp stool, at the same time picking up palette and brush and beginning to paint. "Stand up and take your first lesson," she ordered.

I jumped to my feet in obedience to the command and stood behind the artist in deep and silent admiration.

"But first you must learn to mix colours," she reminded, stooping for a collection which lay at her feet.

The work on the canvas was a half-finished one of another portion of the grounds, and by the manner in which the girl applied the brush bringing out essential details which I could not see until they were revealed by the delicate touch, I knew that Miss Agnew was a poet who expressed her thoughts and emotions in pictures and not in words.

"To make brown you mix red and black," she informed me demonstrating on a portion of the palette.

"Yes, I understand."

"And to make yellow you mix white and brown." And she demonstrated again. "You can get any shade or color desired by this method."

"Is it not wonderful?" I exclaimed.

"Not when you understand the principle," she replied. "Now watch."

She began to paint again, using some of the color just formulated. She brought out a limb of one tree, so real that it might almost have been picked up in the hand. In fact the perspective was so perfect that fancy could lead one into the picture, as in reality one could walk into the grounds.

"This will be yours when it is finished," the girl offered, pausing in her work for a second and looking around at me.

This put a haze on a hitherto transparent situation. Alas, I would not dare take the picture home!

Before I could reply, accepting or refusing the gift, she continued:

"You can hang it up in your office."

Ah, this was a loop hole out of the difficulty. It was a safety-first suggestion. Yes, I might do that. But, how did she know I had an office?

"Bright idea," I replied. "But it will be too good to hang up in an office."

"Not if it's a nice office,—which yours must be," she vamped in her turn, although a little nervously.

"But if it is not?"

"At any rate you have my consent to hang it there,—if you have no other place to hang it," she replied speculatively.

"I have not," I lied. "When will it be finished?"

"Oh, in a few days. I can facilitate the work under the circumstances," was her eager and obliging reply.

Ah, this would be a channel through which I could crawl to safety. I would awake before the final essential touches had been given the canvas. I might awake at any moment and the risk would come to an end.

Miss Agnew did not know that she was a mere dream girl, and not one of flesh and blood and bone. In the morning when I would wake to the agony of material things, she would cease to exist, and any pain I might cause her at the present moment would then be null and void.

This trend of thought was agony to me as well as the singularity of the situation in which I found myself. The reality that

I might awake at any moment and lose Miss Agnew for all time was a prospect which I dreaded worse than I did death itself. The pain which it created in my soul must have been plainly written on my face, for Miss Agnew ceased painting suddenly, turned around and surveyed me in apparent astonishment and even fright.

"A penny for your thoughts?" she almost gasped.

"They are not worth that much," I replied, evasively.

"They are worth more," she contradicted, without hesitation. "You think I am a mere dream girl; but I'm not. I am more. I am the real thing. I will show you."

"Ye gods!" I cried. "How did you know?"

"Telepathy," she replied calmly.

"Telepathy!" I echoed.

The girl rose from the camp stool and seized my hand in one of her's.

"Do you feel the warmth of my hand?" she asked eagerly, looking me in the eyes with a penetration that reminded me of her father.

"I do. It is tender and warm."

She pressed my fingers surprisingly cruel for her frail appearance.

"Do you feel that?" she questioned again, penetrating me with her eyes.

"Yes! Yes! Let go!" I cried out, laughing, although the grip certainly hurt me.

"Now am I a mere dream girl?" she asked in triumph.

"Well, you don't feel like it," I was forced to confess.

"And I'm not either. I am the real thing."

Somehow the knowledge that Florence was the "real thing" put me on "Easy Street," and gladdened my heart as it had never been gladdened in my life before. Oh, the glory of the thing! My conscience would not permit me to dwell further on the dream idea. No, Florence must be the real thing based on her physical warmth and strength, as well as on the material joy that filled my soul in the beauty of her society.

"I can give you more proof. Come," she continued, still holding my hand and leading the way in her eagerness to prove something that appeared all too apparent. She dragged me towards the garage that was at some little distance.

She stopped at a small shed which covered the spreading wings of a diminutive airplane. Here she left me, went into the shed and pushed the plane out on to the drive-way with a strength which was most decidedly in her favor as a real human being. The power which was stored inside of an apparently fragile exterior was something I could not account for.

"Mount!" was her next order. At the same time she climbed into the pilot seat herself and began to manipulate various levers and devices. There was a refined hum from the engine and the propeller circled tentatively.

I stood on the ground motionless. She surely did not imagine I was going to risk my life in the thing with an inefficient female pilot. Then, I had never been in a flying machine in my life before, and had no desire for the excitement.

"Are you afraid?" the girl called down to me, with the sweetest and most taunting smile I had ever seen on the face of a woman.

"Afraid nothing!" And, outwardly brave although inwardly a coward, I climbed into the seat behind her.

To this day I cannot tell whether it was the smile and its ingredients that subdued me, or a sense of wounded pride at being taken for a coward by a frail woman.

I was no sooner seated than the machine began to move forward with a silent and almost effortless motion which reminded me of a living thing. The velocity increased as we advanced along the drive-way; and, just before we reached the large iron gate, the machine "hopped" from the ground, "folded" its feet, and glided like a huge bird into the resistless air.

For some time we circled over the grounds above the tree-tops. We saw the Professor and Mrs. Agnew come out of the palace, and Florence waved to them. Suddenly we began to spiral up like an auger; and then, without warning, the pilot pointed the beak of the machine heavenward and we shot up into the sky like a rocket and mounted up, up, up.

We pierced a dense cloud like an arrow and emerged above into open space, and the atmosphere became thinner and thinner as we ascended towards Heaven. I began to have difficulty with my breathing apparatus. We might have been a comet flying through unlimited space in an aimless and endless cycle, for not a material thing could be seen up nor down, north, south, east or west.

At this altitude, I believed miles and miles above the level of the sea, Miss Agnew produced two masks from somewhere in the body of the machine, handed me one and then donned the other herself.

"Put that on," she ordered.

Thinking of the awful drop behind me should I fall out, or should the machine "go on the hummer" I got into the gas mask as quickly as possible. I would have spoken, but it is needless to say that I was dumb with fright. I was speechless, moreover with admiration and astonishment at the nerve and energy which must have been stored up in the little body of the pilot.

I had no sooner donned the mask than my mouth and nostrils were flooded with a fresh breeze of pure oxygen, no doubt from a compressed supply tanked somewhere about the machine and attached to the mask by a strong, flexible rubber tube.

The further we mounted the more I began to dread the possibility of accident. Supposing the engine or motor, or whatever supplied the motive power, were to cease to function? Where would we be at? How far down was the ground? I could almost sense the thud with which I would strike terra firma.

I began to feel intensely cold, but I could not convey any complaint to the pilot owing to the incumbrance of the mask. I began to pray for the moment when we would turn and "nose" downward. But we still climbed, and I began to wonder if the girl was actually in her right mind, and if she was not taking me on a trip to moon or one of the nearest planets.

Just as I began to think I would die with cold and fright, the machine suddenly turned turtle and began to nose-dive back to earth with perhaps greater speed, being assisted by gravitation, than it had climbed up in the direction of the stars.

In due course we discarded the masks, and I was able to see the smile of calm assurance which played on the beautiful features of my pilot. This gave me more confidence in the immediate future, and I smiled feebly in return.



On the way home we pierced the same dense cloud and came out on the other side in full view of the beautiful green world which I was never before so glad to see. Nevertheless the velocity at which we descended nearly relieved me of my entire insides by way of the mouth. But the friendly warmth of the earth was coming nearer and nearer.

When still some hundreds of yards above the tree tops, the plane swerved suddenly and volplaned outward with the speed of a cannon ball. It then spiraled until directly over the Agnew grounds. Here the machine seemed to poise for a few seconds and then it augured downward, touching some of the tree-branches on the way. A few moments later the living thing stretched its feet and hopped on to the ground on the very spot from which we had taken our departure. We had been gone not more than fifteen minutes.

Miss Agnew sprang from the machine the moment it came to a standstill, and I followed immediately with such a feeling of relief that my face must have betrayed the emotion. I think my features were as pale as those of a corpse. The brave and fearless mite of a pilot, however, was as rosy-cheeked as a healthy school girl, and as cool as a captain on the high seas in a dead calm.

"NOW, am I a dream girl?" she asked me defiantly, before I had time to gather my truant senses.

In the heat of the strange emotions (could I be blamed?) I seized the girl in my arms, crushed her to me, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Agnew, how wonderful you are! You are indeed the real thing."

Heavens, could my wife but see me now.

I think I would have kissed her lips as she lay in my breast, motionless and unresenting, for those few heavenly seconds. I would have kissed her forehead at least, but just at the critical moment we heard the voices of Mr. and Mrs. Agnew close at hand, and we withdrew hastily.

The unexpected experience restored color to my cheeks for I could feel the warm blood racing like a torrent into my features. Miss Agnew's face was now more rosy, if that were possible.

The voices of the Professor and Mrs. Agnew brought me back to practical things again, and I questioned my pilot:

"Say, supposing that engine had stopped when we were up so close to the stars."

"Impossible. Don't be silly!" was her assuring reply.

"There is nothing impossible. I have known such things to happen," I said with less confidence.

"Not while Niagara and Zambezi and the other great power stations continue to generate electricity," she informed me with more of her calm assurance.

I looked at her in astonishment, although I remembered what the Professor had told me about the combined powers of those great water falls.

"Even were one to stop, which is next to impossible, the others would keep our motor supplied with juice," the girl continued.

"But supposing something about the machine were to give way, the propeller, for instance?" I kept on arguing.

"Of course there is always that slim possibility. But things are not made now-a-days to break," she said with some impatience.

I assisted in housing the wonderful little machine which could not make a mistake, and just as we had accomplish-

ed this, the Professor and Mrs. Agnew came along.

The Professor reminded me of our proposed visit to Anthropeida, and said we would go immediately after lunch.

The "lunch," although I had dared to hope for a square meal of real food, consisted of the "ordinary" pellets and the usual beverages.

"Those brown ones are meat pellets," the Professor informed me, helping himself to one from a frail cut glass container which stood in the centre of a small table around which we had circled like a card party. "They are the concentrates of beef, mutton, and pork, I think." And he consulted Mrs. Agnew with a glance from his penetrating eyes as though seeking her endorsement.

"Yes," corroborated that lady, without looking at either one of us, and at the same time picking up a very delicately colored pink pill from another container.

And the pink ones are angel food," broke in Miss Agnew. "will you not try one? They are delicious."

I thanked her, saying I would be too pleased when I had finished the meat diet. I was yet to learn that one or two pills of each course contained the properties of an ordinary meal.

But for the embarrassment and disgust it might have created with mine hosts, I would have bitten into one of the pellets just to satisfy my animal sense of taste. But, being in Rome, I found it wise to do as Rome was doing. The pills were thrown into the mouth and hosed down with a drink from one of the various beverages.

"But, do you have no REAL food?" I ventured to ask.

"Real food!" echoed Miss Agnew, with what I thought was a reproachful smile.

"Real food would require to be chewed," broke in the Professor, daintily picking up one of the pink pill desserts and washing it down with a sip of a very brown wine of some kind," and that would never do. The unrefined practice was prohibited by act of parliament years and years ago."

I smiled at his ignorance of the fact that he was a mere dream man, and that the "unrefined practice" was still in vogue.

"Nature's repugnant mistakes are gradually being rectified," he continued before I could reply.

"Yes, and think of the emancipation from the kitchen," commented Mrs. Agnew. "I often pity our poor grandmothers of past centuries."

"I am so glad that the sloppy habit of chewing food is a thing of the past," Miss Agnew said, sipping a very transparent liquid from a glass.

Nevertheless, in my own mind, I still determined to champion the chewing habit.

A few moments later we were out on the porch awaiting the arrival of the car from the garage. This appeared in due course piloted by the chauffeur, who, however, was not to take us to the colony, the professor having arranged to take charge of the machine in person.

I was more than pleased to find that the seating arrangement in the car had been planned as though made to my own order. The Professor and Mrs. Agnew occupied the front seat, while Florence and I were permitted the privacy of the rear. There was a wind shield between the two seats which rendered the privacy more complete, and the exclusiveness of the retreat filled both our rebel hearts with a sort of run-away joy. It would be impossible to determine which of us

appreciated the situation more. Florence beamed with the delight of overflowing youth when I assisted her into the machine. She seized my hand and vamped me with her eyes when I climbed in and took a seat beside her.

It is needless to say that such friendship and confidence were puzzling to me as coming from the hands of strangers. One explanation only suggested itself. Had I been selected from the man market of the world as a prospective suitor of the fair Florence? What was the attraction in that event? Was it my interest in the Fifty-Fifties? Was the Professor in quest of a son and fancied that I might qualify?

They had asked no questions; neither had they troubled to go into any of my past with me. They had no doubt been deceived by appearances, and were being carried away by a blind faith that I was still a stock-in-trade that might be handed over to any customer for a consideration.

I began to wonder if Florence was in on the game, as the car sped along almost noiselessly on a straight and level course across country, or if she was simply nibbling at a bait that had been placed for her. I remembered the Professor's words with regard to his daughter's flexibility and obedience. Would she even love, or attempt to love, subject to her father's orders?

Whether Miss Agnew was a party to the scheme or not did not matter to me at the moment. She continued to prove a most agreeable companion. I could not escape the exclusiveness of her charm; and, were I playing with fire, I was willing to take the risk of being burned. I was sure also that Florence was walking on equally dangerous ground. She seemed to absorb my society with as much pride and feeling as I did her own. There was an eagerness in her conversation, whether the strain was serious or vampish, which had a strange appeal attached to it; and, married though I was, I found it impossible to resist the enchantment of her manner. I remarked also the exact fit of every inch of her to my own mental curves and alignments.

In the security of an irresponsible dream I began to nibble at the bait with true masculine weakness; so the vampish went on unmindful of what future results would bring. Without worrying much about my own heart, I flattered myself that the eagerness of Miss Agnew in her more serious moods carried her far beyond the flimsy realms of silly flirtation. And, although she had substantiated the fact that she was the "real thing," I continued to accept and give bouquets which must necessarily perish with the dawn of the coming day.

Her smile and laugh, indeed, pleased and charmed my soul as it had never been pleased and charmed before. I was convinced that the sunshine of her lips, cheeks, and eyes when she spoke and laughed, was the most beautiful I had ever seen coming from the face of a woman. I had never known a smile just so satisfying—a voice just so charming. When she laughed her features lit up the rear space of the car like morning sunshine reaching across a beautiful landscape. There was something about it that thrilled me through and through, and also about her merriment when it vibrated in my ears. Her voice had the power of a hypnotist, and I fancied I could have sat there motionless all the

days of my life only to have the privilege of listening to it.

It was one of those sunshiny, cloudless days and the heat was most intense. The motion of the car, however, ameliorated this to a great extent; and, as we sped along there appeared to be something in the air that gave warning of an approaching storm. I mentioned this to Florence. And just as I spoke we could see a great dark volume of cloud rearing a threatening head above the summit of a mountain directly ahead.

My knowledge of the dry belt warned me that we might run into a cloud burst before we had gone many more miles.

"How far is it to the colony?" I asked my companion.

"About twenty miles," she replied.

"We may get wet," I cautioned her.

"I am more afraid of the roads," she replied.

Suddenly we began to climb a steep mountain road which had been hewed out of solid rock; and in time we began to spiral upwards until we had gained a great height above the level bench from which we had started. When we had reached an elevation of perhaps about five hundred feet the road ceased to climb, went off to the left at a right angle and crept daringly along the face of an almost perpendicular bluff of solid rock. Below could be seen the thread-like contortions of a great river worming its way to the sea.

The road, at this dangerous spot, had been walled along the outer edge with a four-foot parapet of solid concrete for the protection of travellers. And this rendered the eeriness of the situation less proportionate than it might otherwise have been.

The Professor stopped his car at what appeared to be the most precarious and most awe-inspiring portion of the road, and we all got out, leaned over the parapet at the almost bottomless pit directly under our feet. The roar of the river was not audible at that elevation, but the motion of the water reached the eye as it pushed along with its irresistible force.

"What a grand opportunity for a suicide," I commented, looking down speculatively.

"Jump, then," laughed Florence.

"You," I retaliated.

Such dreadful things are often said in the most trivial manner!

Having satisfied our spirit of adventure and curiosity, we climbed into the car again and were soon hastening along with a speed that was not in keeping with the apparent dangerous nature of the overhanging cliff road.

Having passed this breath-gripping portion of the highway with its thrilling experience, we descended again to a lower level and emerged into a narrow valley thickly wooded with heavy timber. The road skirted a beautiful emerald lake a mile or two in length and not more than half a mile in width.

I was told by Florence that the lake was a favorite spot for fishermen in Summer and hunters in the Fall. As we passed along we saw a party trolling from a canoe some distance from the shore.

"On our way home we may fish," said the Professor.

Just as he spoke there was a tentative clap of thunder almost directly overhead.

"Florence will teach you how to catch fish," Mrs. Agnew broke in.

Miss Agnew smiled:

"Don't flatter me too much," she objected, "lest you spoil my luck."

"It will take more than that to spoil it," complimented her father.

"One could scarcely blame a fish for nibbling your bait at least," I vamped.

"They do more than that," she replied, coloring slightly.

"Yet you have never caught one," I reminded her.

"No?"

"No."

"Who told you?"

The rebuke, although only half serious, came when least expected. I had been presuming things. What did I know about Miss Agnew's past, or even present? There was a slight tremor of jealousy. What lucky dog had perhaps a mortgage on such a priceless piece of human property?

It was a mere partial eclipse, however, for I came back in a few seconds.

"Oh, I was just joking. You did seem so lonely when I came, though."

There was a flash of lightning followed in a few moments by a peal of thunder that might have been the result of mountains tumbling into the valleys.

"Oh!" Florence cried out.

"Does one who can defy gravitation fear the thunder?" I objected.

Florence remained silent and my mind reverted to the dreadful possibility that, in the life of Miss Agnew, there might be an event of far greater value to her than any wealth of heart I could ever hope to offer.

The road emerged from the valley and timber and in due course the car was rolling along the smooth surface of a wide bench covered with a rich growth of half matured grain crop of some kind. Immediately I recognized the benches of the drybelt which were so familiar to me.

But there was one vast and surprising difference. Every square yard of this terrace, and all others which could be seen up as well as across the river, was clothed with a rich green carpet of vegetation. This contrasted with the anaemic sage brush and the gray alluvial silt such as I was accustomed to in reality, was not only a relief to the eye, but a surprise for which I had been thoroughly unprepared. It was similar to one of the unlikely changes that might have been brought about by Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

But, if man had changed and had converted the drybelt into a land flowing with milk and honey; if a new race of human beings had been evolved from a dumb creature; if noise and been reduced to a minimum; if wheels could be put into motion without friction; if it were no longer necessary to chew food; if the practice and the thought of chewing had become loathsome; if electricity cost little or nothing; if telepathy had been added to the five senses; if all power and artificial light were derived direct from the air, electrified by hydraulic power; if, as I say, all those things had taken place, the face of nature had remained the same. There were the same mountains and valleys; the same rivers and streams; the same sun, sky, clouds; the same wind, rain, thunder and lightning.

Poor Florence! She was but a dream girl after all, for the metamorphosis to the drybelt could not be! It was unsafe to even think this, however, for, through the medium of the sixth sense, the girl might "hear" me.

We passed over several benches and through a number of farm homes at which we did not stop. All of the farms seemed to be occupied by members of the Fifty-Fifties, and "men," "women" and "children" came out to greet us as we passed by. And, what a swarm of children there appeared to be!

We turned a sharp curve leading from one terrace to another of a much lower elevation.

"Anthropoidea!" cried Florence, pointing down like one might from an airplane.

"Anthropoidea!" I mimicked.

On a bench one hundred feet or more below were the fat shining roofs of a collection of buildings with walls almost dazzling white in the sunshine, and the whole standing out in unspeakable contrast to the surrounding green fields and pastures.

There was no smoke as is usual from a village. And, furthermore, there were no chimneys. There was not a single telegraph or telephone pole leading wire-connection with the outside world.

The terrace on which the town stood was no more than twenty-five feet above the river, and the village itself comprised two long rows of buildings facing, on either side, a long, wide street.

The car descended a rather steep hill graded out of the sandy slope; and, with a sharp swing to the left at the foot, we glided noiselessly across the flat towards the entrance to the village.

Before a very picturesque dwelling at this outskirts of the town the Professor stopped his machine. On looking out I saw our mutual friend Uumlah coming down a few stone steps, his somewhat uncouth neolithic features beaming a warm welcome.

But, just as the Professor was about to step from the car, oh horror! the scene came suddenly to an end as though by magic. I made a vain effort to cling to Florence as a means of escape from some awful impending fate, but even her infinite personality could not save me. It was as though I had been shot in the temple by a rifle bullet.

I awoke.

I found myself in bed. My wife was beside me. She jabbed an elbow into my ribs:

"What are you jumping about?" she complained.

"Did I jump?"

"You certainly did. You woke me up."

"Oh, I am sorry."

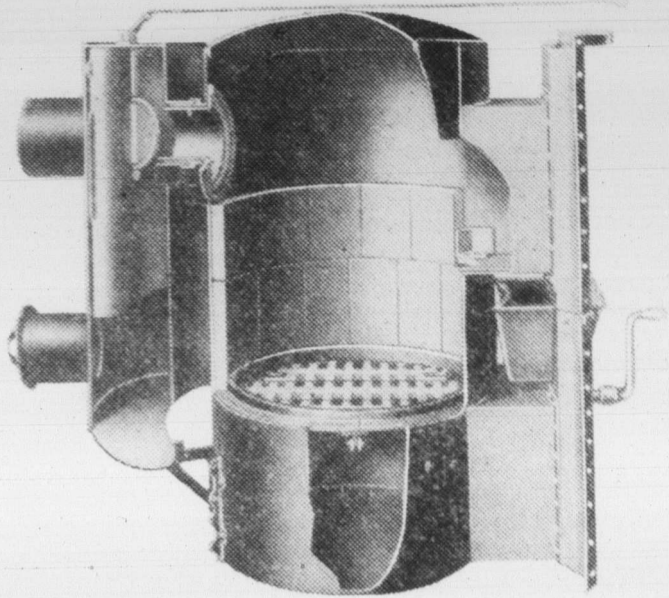
"She sprang from bed and I followed lastly. I had a sickening fear that I might have betrayed myself again in such a beautiful dream. But I could not detect the slightest trace of suspicion in my wife's eyes or manners. I was safe, but not free from a conscience that was painful in its guilt.

What a treasure my wife was! How beautifully true! How she slaved uncomplainingly for the home, the children and me!

But oh Florence, Florence, you beautiful dream girl!

(Next Story, "John and Johnny")

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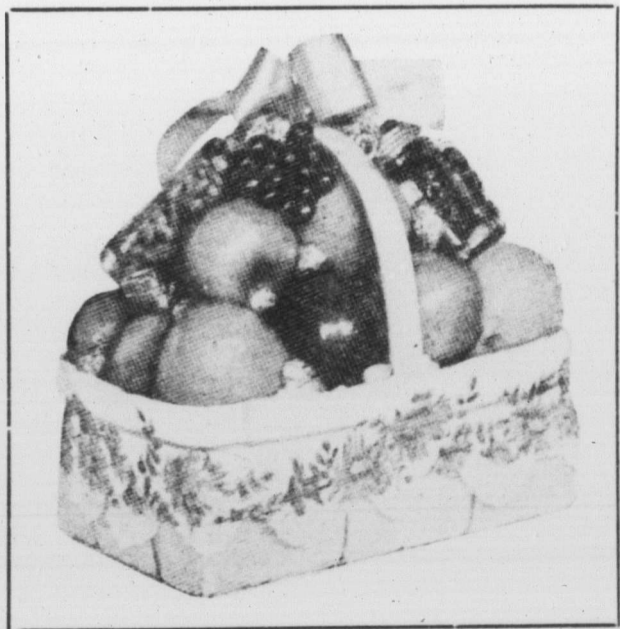
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