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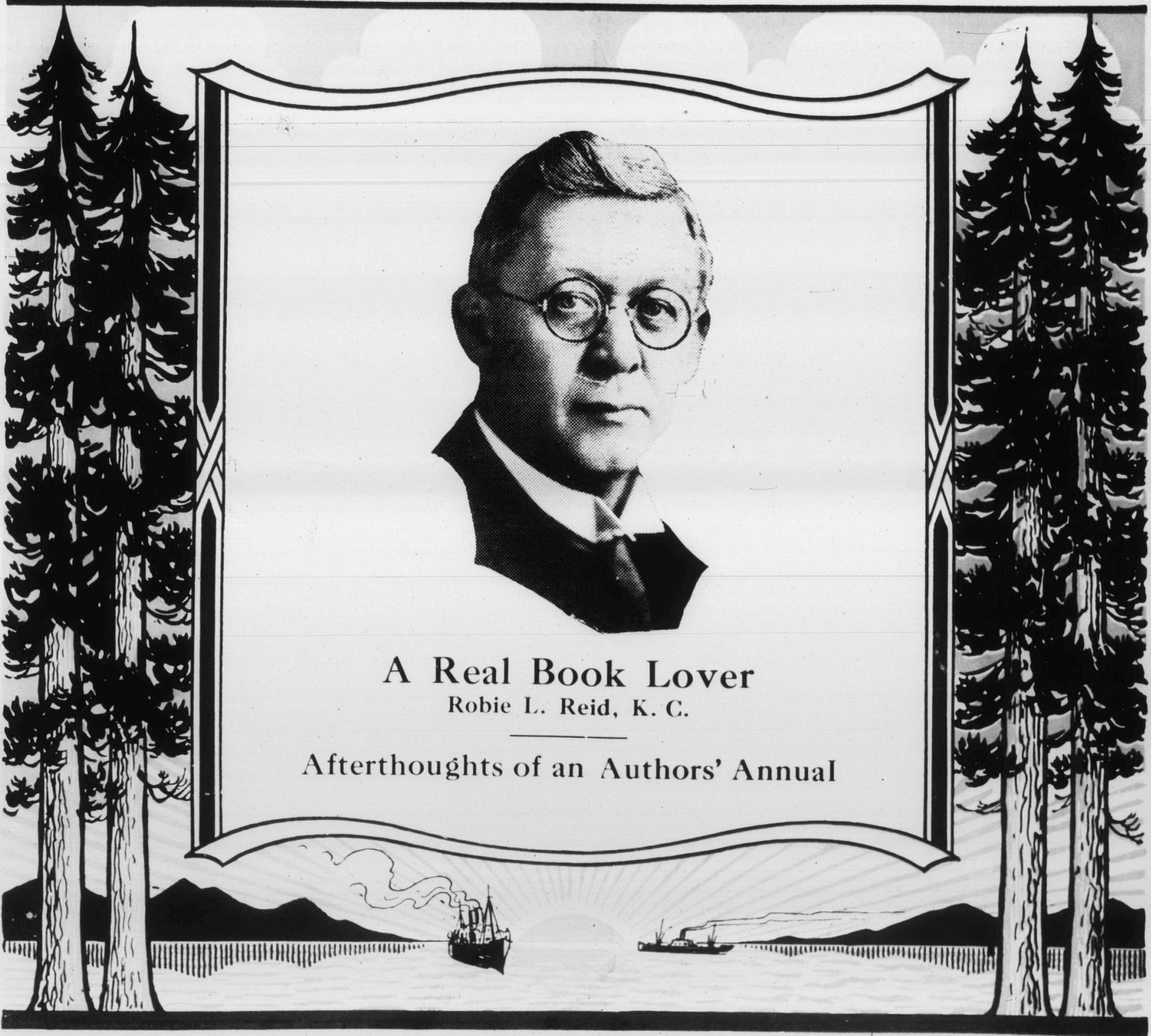
The Magazine of The Canadian West

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Volume XIX.

June, 1922

No. 3.



A Real Book Lover

Robie L. Reid, K. C.

Afterthoughts of an Authors' Annual

CANADIAN POETRY PART III

:::

B. C. TEACHERS' CONVENTION

:::

BOOK REVIEWS

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[See Page 9] Shall Bind the Canadian West.

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Businesses Worth While: INDEPENDENT IMPRESSIONS IV. R. C. PURDY'S, VANCOUVER

As a city grows, there are certain businesses in the retail, as well as wholesale sections of it that become institutions. In Vancouver, R. C. Purdy's, now at 675 Granville Street, is one of these.

According to their superficial or more intimate knowledge of this business man, citizens generally may have different impressions of him, but it may be stated without fear of contradiction that there is only one opinion of Purdy's chocolates and other candies, and that is that they bear the hall mark of Quality. They are the product of an establishment which the reputation of years has demonstrated to be not only a leader in its line, but THE leader.

It will readily be recognized that as the city expands there is room for several leaders in every line, but sensible folk, who learn to see life and work in truer proportion with the passing years, give due respect to the pioneers in progress.

It is wearing on for a score of years since Mr. Purdy began business at the Coast. For a few years his headquarters were in the city of New Westminster, but about fourteen years ago he opened a store in Robson Street, Vancouver, and "Purdy's" had already become a synonym for the very best in all kinds of candies when the business was moved to his present premises four years ago.



Last year the store accommodation was practically doubled, and extensive alterations were made which trans-

formed his establishment into one of the most commodious and attractive on the Pacific Coast—not excepting, we believe, the United States portion of it.

Because of their unquestioned quality, and the dainty way in which they are put up, a packet or box of chocolates, caramels, or other candies from this shop makes an always-acceptable gift for home and friends. But it would be a mistake to write as if the name "Purdy's" were associated only with such choice sweets. Light lunches and afternoon teas are also purveyed at the main store, and ice-cream refreshments are the order of the day and the evening all the year round, but particularly in the summer season.

Whatever other interests may attract or hold R. C. Purdy, he remains his own chief-of-staff, and so far as his manufacturing plant is concerned he may be found on duty in the factory when he is not supervising or otherwise taking part in the sales department. He is now ably seconded in the business management by Mr. Elder.

As in the case of many other businesses, Mr. Purdy's was seriously affected by war conditions. He not only "won through," however, but while the war was still running its course, unostentatiously earned for himself a commendable reputation among returned men for kindness demonstrated in a way which left no doubt of the genuineness of this purveyor's patriotism. The store's treatment of returned citizens was in keeping with the character of this business man who, whatever limitations or errors of judgment he may, in common with others, be subject to, is hearty, genial and responsive to "the other fellow's" viewpoint and position. So much is this the case, indeed, that the writer of this independent impression believes it is a reasonable assumption that the difficult times which beset most businesses during the war and since, must have been specially trying for such a business as Purdy's because of the natural generosity and goodwill of the principal of it. We do not doubt, however, that the unselfish exercise of these very qualities is now re-acting on the maintenance and development of this business.

For years Mr. Purdy has been a consistent advertiser in the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, but as this Magazine is being conducted on BRITISH EMPIRE principles and methods, no business man can buy such an impression as this—which, like its predecessors, is written as much in the interests of our readers as for the sake of freewill publicity

(Turn to Page 16)

Verse by B. C. Writers

HOUSES

Houses are living things, and so must die;
 Years heap up burdens on them; their dry bones
 Cry at dead midnight when their inmates lie
 Deafened with sleep. These stoop like withered crones
 Propped against age, bleary eyes upon the stones
 They stumble at; these, hand at mouth, stand shy;
 Those, gay with paint and gilded vanes, defy
 Like vulgar bullies Chance has raised to thrones.
 Each turns with beckoning eyefall towards the street
 The ancient mansions welcome weary hearts;
 The bowery cot to one its dream imparts;
 And base minds find the braggart house complete.
 So in this house of flesh our soul will find
 A home that grows to match the quickening mind.

A HOUSE DYING

As I passed through the sunburnt street today
 I heard the cry of Death, and turning saw
 A house, where late men lived, within his maw.
 Ere this the bones were white, flesh stripped away;
 Within the ribs the sun did shuddering play,
 Viewing those cruel rents so new and raw,
 For where he saw the Skeleton tear and gnaw
 Once he had heard Love singing young and gay.
 Not all the sounds of home were yet quite dead;
 Not yet forgot young feet upon the floors,
 Laughter and tears, sweet whisperings at the doors
 Kind hands upon the latch, dear lips once wed.
 These are the ghosts of life that Death will keep,
 And, having these, will he grow sad and weep?

THE DYING HOUSE SPEAKS

This is our second death; when first we came
 From the free forest, sore we wept our doom,
 To drink no more the dew, or see the loom
 Of Nature weaving beauty with the flame
 Of tempests, then the steadfast stars reclaim
 The trembling skies from such majestic gloom.
 Men hewed our limbs, and in this narrow room
 We nigh forgot our own wild music, tame
 And broken souled. At last to richer life
 We wakened, hearing voices seraph toned,
 To mightier kingdoms where Love sat enthroned
 By glorious titles, Father, Mother, Wife,
 Husband, or Child. Then trembles now my breath?
 'Tis that I pant to seek new gifts from Death.

DONALD GRAHAM.

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Owing to a change in printing service, this issue is No. 3 of Vol. XIX. Dates and space shall be checked accordingly.



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CANADIAN POETRY

By R. L. Reid, K.C.

Part III.

POETS OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC (ENGLISH)

No distinction can be drawn between the English speaking poets of Quebec and those of Ontario. They are all members of the same community with a common language and subject to the same influences and ideals. While they have been to a great extent dominated by the great English writers of their time, there has been a slow but sure development of Canadian ideals and Canadian nationality and this has been particularly noticeable since the commencement of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Some give the credit for this to the work of Bliss Carman, and C. G. D. Roberts, of New Brunswick, but it would be fairer to say that both in Eastern and Central Canada there grew up in the latter part of the last century a school of poets who were distinctively Canadian, and who expressed Canadian ideas and Canadian life in their verse to a greater degree than had been done in the work of their predecessors. We will, therefore, divide the poets of this part of Canada into two classes—those prior to 1880 and those since that date.

The two earliest whom we shall name are W. T. Hawley, of Montreal, who published "Quebec, The Harp, and Other Poems" in 1829, and was so pleased with its reception by the public that he followed it with a second volume, "The Unknown, or The Lays of the Forest," in 1831; and Adam Kidd, of the same place, who published in 1830 his "Huron Chief and Other Poems." Both were dominated by the spirit of Byron, using Canadian and especially Indian tales for their settings.

Following these are four who are among the best known of Canadian poets, Charles Sangster, Charles Mair, Charles Heavyside and T. D'Arcy McGee.

Charles Sangster was born in 1822 at Point Frederick, Ontario. As a boy he took part in the troublous times of 1837. He was editor of the Amherstburg Courier; later was connected with the Kingston Whig, and died at Ottawa in 1893, a member of the Canadian Civil Service. He published "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," in 1856, and "Hesperus," in 1860. While his earlier work shows the influence of Byron and his later, that of Tennyson and Wordsworth, yet he has genuine independence of thought and form. In all his work he has the message of a true poet, a love of nature and an appreciation of Canadian national life. His lyric, "The Rapid," from "Hesperus," is, perhaps his best known poem, but space will only be taken to quote a few verses from

My Prayer

O God! forgive the erring thought,
The erring word and deed,
And in thy mercy hear the Christ
Who comes to intercede.
My sins, like mountain weights of lead,
Weigh heavy on my soul;
I'm bruised and broken in this strife
But Thou canst make me whole.

We walk in blindness and dark night,
Through half our earthly way;
Our clouds of weaknesses obscure
The glory of the day.

We are as pilgrims toiling on
Through all the weary hours;
And our poor hands are torn with thorns,
Plucking life's tempting flowers.

I ask not wisdom, such as that
To which the world is prone,
Nor knowledge ask, unless it come
Direct from God alone.

Send down then, God! in mercy send
Thy love and truth to me,
That I may henceforth walk in light
That comes direct from Thee.

Charles Mair, while a resident of British Columbia and lately a visitor to Vancouver, has not published any verse since "Dreamland" in 1868, and "Tecumseh" in 1886, and must, therefore, be placed among the earlier writers. His first book was a collection of fugitive poems of varying value. In it he foreshadows his later and greater work by a prologue to Tecumseh, showing that the great Indian Chieftain was even then occupying his thoughts. "Tecumseh" is a drama founded on the invasion of Canada by General Hull in 1812, the siege and surrender of Detroit, the death of Brock at Niagara, the retreat of Proctor and the death of Tecumseh at Moraviantown. Whether it would stage is doubtful. But whether it can be acted or not, it is a magnificent piece of stately verse and a trumpet call to Canadian patriotism.

Charles Heavyside was a Yorkshireman who emigrated to Canada and published "Saul," a tragedy, at Montreal, in 1857, followed by "Count Fellippo" in 1860; "Jephthah's Daughter," in 1865, and other works. Though counted among Canadian writers because he lived in Canada, his work has no distinctive Canadianism, and might just as well have been written in England or elsewhere, as in Canada. He was a genius, burdened by poverty and lacking education. "Saul" is worthless as a play, containing over ten thousand lines as finally revised. He has no power of selection—no feeling for suspense or climax. Still, it has many excellencies; great soliloquies; vivid description. It was received with favor in both England and the United States and no less than three editions were published.

Anyone who knows the history of the Confederation of the Dominion, has heard of T. D'Arcy McGee, the eloquent Irishman, whose speeches in favor of the scheme so greatly assisted in making it a success. His connection as a young man with the Young Ireland party in Ireland, necessitated his fleeing to the United States. He returned to Ireland, but was again forced to seek his former asylum. Finding, as William Lyon MacKenzie did before him, that Liberty in the United States was no greater than that under the flag he had spurned, he came to Canada, where he soon became prominent in public life. He was assassinated in Ottawa, in 1868, owing to his opposition to the Fenian Movement. His poems, the recreation of his leisure moments, were published in New York, in 1870. Most of them are truly Irish, and are in the style of Moore, but some of the later ones are truly Canadian. His ballad on Jacques Cartier is particularly fine. A part may be quoted:

"In the Seaport of Saint Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in
May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the Westward
sailed away.
In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were on there
knees—
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas,
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

Page Four

A year passed o'er Saint Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward
sail'd away.

But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent.
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts
with fear.

When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the
year.

But the Earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of Saint Malo was rejoicing in his pride,
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourned
his loss,

He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and Cross.
And when two months were over and added to the year
Saint Malo hailed him home again, cheer echoing on cheer.

The great representative of Scottish Canadian Poetry at this period was Alex McLachlan, a native of Renfrewshire in Scotland. His work plainly shows that admiration and imitation of the poetry of the great Scottish bard which is natural in a son of Scotland, and he has been aptly termed "The Burns of Canada." His first book, "Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," was published in 1856 and was followed by "Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems" in 1858. In 1861 he published "The Emigrant and Other Poems." In the poem which gives its name to this last book, as he says in his preface, he attempts "to sketch the history of a backwoods settlement," and the trials and experiences of an immigrant from the old land in his new home in what was then the West. In 1874, a volume of miscellaneous poems was published, containing a few of those published in the first volume, together with a great number of later ones. His poems are simple and sweet, melodious and clear and show the inspiration of a true poet. He has ever been a favorite of the Scotch and his work is broad enough to evoke the admiration of those who have not the good fortune to belong to that favored race. Among later poets who have carried on the Scottish traditions are Evan McColl, John Imrie, Dr. John Murdoch Harper, Andrew Wanless, Robert Reid and William Bannatyne.

A few more of the same era are Isadore Ascher, a Jewish barrister of Montreal (1863); Miss Pamela Vining (Mrs. J. C. Yule) of Ingersoll, Ont.; (published collection 1881); Miss R. E. Mullins, (Mrs. Leprohon) (published collection in 1881, after her death); Rev. H. F. Darnell, of St. Johns, Quebec (1862); Dr. J. Haynes, Quebec (1864), Harriet Anne Wilkins, of Hamilton (1870), and Rev. E. H. Dewart, of Ingersoll, Ont. (1869).

To deal adequately with the Poets of this part of Canada since 1850 is a task far beyond the limits of space available. During this period there have issued from the press many volumes of most creditable verse, and many of the writers are worthy of being included in any review of Canadian poetry. The greater part of these must necessarily be omitted, or merely mentioned in passing. Generally, it may be said, that while, of course, the influence of Great Britain and the United States is necessarily a potent influence, there is a growing tendency to independent thought and feeling, and a greater development of Canadian ideals and Canadian nationality than in their predecessors.

Most distinctly Canadian of all our poets is Dr. Drummond of Montreal, both for his popularity and for his absolute originality. He has worked out an entirely new theme—the French Canadian Habitant. He has written some English poems, few in number, but fine in flavor; some Irish dialect poems, few but racy; but in middle life he found his true vehicle, the English dialect of the Quebec Habitant. This latter class constitutes the principal and most charac-

teristic portion of his poems. While he uses the broken English of the Habitant, he does so in a way which does not offend. His sympathetic insight into true French Canadian feeling, and his respect for, and understanding of, the Habitant's ideas and ideals, give us a most vivid picture of the mind of our French Canadian fellow citizens. We have had the good fortune to have had in Vancouver Mr. A. Dunbar Taylor, K. C., a native of Montreal, and a personal friend of Dr. Drummond, and he has afforded us such a splendid interpretation of these poems that we are all familiar with the "Cure of Calumette," the good parish priest; Johnnie Courteau, the roving, ranting devil-may-care, who marries the school mistress and settles down, a quiet family man; Mon Frere Camille, who has been to the States and Mexico, and comes home to show his prowess to his home-keeping friends; and that exquisite gem of true poetic description, "Little Lac Grenier." The public never tired of Drummond's work, and when in 1909 he laid aside his pen forever, Canadian Literature lost her greatest poet. As Dr. O'Hagan says, "It requires little talent to set the foibles of a people to metre, but it calls for genius in touch with the lowly and divine to gather up the Spiritual facts in a people's lives and give these facts such artistic setting that both people and poems will live forever."

Many rank Archibald Lampman, of Ottawa, as one of the brightest stars in our literary firmament. Never physically strong, he went to rest in 1899, only 38 years of age. Three volumes of his poems have been published; "Among the Millet," in 1888; "Lyrics of Earth," in 1896, and "Alcyone," after his death in 1899. Never as splendid as Bliss Carman, or capable of using such varied themes as Roberts, he yet ranks high as a lover and interpreter of nature. He was an artist in words, and his delightful pictures of common things, together with his intense earnestness make his work altogether delightful to those who love beauty and art.

William Wilfred Campbell, "The Poet of the Lakes," is another son of Ontario who has done work that bids fair to live. His first book was "Lake Lyrics," published in 1889—pictures of Nature on the Great Lakes, "The Dread Voyage," was published in 1893, and "Beyond the Hills of Dream," in 1900. A collected edition was issued in 1905. He is a lover of nature in all her moods, as was Lampman, but has a profundity of thought, a seriousness of purpose, and an intense patriotism that Lampman never knew. His mind, was virile, robust, dominating.

Robert K. Kernighan is another Canadian poet who is worthy of being better known than he is. An erratic newspaper man, known to the readers of the Canadian press in the nineties as "The Khan," he scattered through the columns of the journals of his time poems which deserved a more permanent setting. Some of these were homely tales of rural life; some boldly descriptive; in some a martial blast of patriotism sends the blood dancing in the veins; while in others there is a tender note which brings the tear. In 1896 the Hamilton Spectator, for whom his first work had been written, gave us his collected poems. This book is getting rare, but anyone who succeeds in procuring a copy will find himself well repaid for his trouble. The following is a verse from "The Men of the Northern Zone:"

Oh, we are the Men of the Northern Zone
Shall a bit be placed in our mouth?
If ever a Northman lost his throne,
Did the Conqueror come from the South?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
In chorus is Southward sent:
"Since when has a Southerner's conquering steel
Hewed out in the North a throne?
Since when has a Southerner placed his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone?"

(Turn to Page 13)

THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION

(By J. R. Sanderson, M. A. Ph.D., President High School Teachers' Association of the Lower Mainland)

Note—In last issue we published an article on the Teachers' Convention by a lady, Miss M. E. Colman. Because of the outstanding importance of the work of this profession and this magazine's interest in the Educational life of the community, we have satisfaction in publishing this second impression—like the first, written by request.—(Ed. B.C.M.)

"Obviously education is important. Everybody who has a child knows that the future of that child depends upon the way in which it is brought up. Is he to be competent for the business of life, or incompetent? a profitable member of the community, or a parasite? is he to be a burden, or self-supporting? cultured or ignorant, refined or brutal, social or anti-social, a citizen or an anarchist? and the answer to all these questions is to be found in education." So said the Rt. Hon. Fisher, Minister of Education in England, in his address on the educational estimates.

And at the Educational Convention held in Vancouver the latter part of April, under the auspices of the British Columbia Teachers' Federation, there was no lack of emphasis on the importance of this vital factor in the life of the community.

It was the Third Annual Convention of British Columbia teachers since the Teachers' Provincial Federation took over from the Government of the Province the holding of such a yearly gathering. The first convention held by the B. C. Teachers' Federation was at Victoria in 1920, and although the numbers were not large those who were present became enthusiastic enough to ensure a very promising future for the convention idea under its new management. The 1921 assembly was held in Vancouver, and to provide for as representative a gathering as possible arrangements were made for the pooling of expenses, and, as a result of this 500 teachers were in attendance. This year with about 700 in attendance, the convention was again held in Vancouver, but because of a legal technicality, the plan for the pooling of expenses had to be abandoned at a rather late date, and as an emergency measure the teachers were given the opportunity of contributing voluntarily. To this they responded in an exceedingly creditable manner with a total of \$3,480; creditable, because the bulk of this naturally came from the larger centres of population where the teachers stood to profit least by it.

The purpose of the convention was three-fold. Social, in the first place, for the work of the teachers means their distribution to every corner and crevice of the province, and a year's isolation is a long enough separation from the fellowship with others of a similar training which means so much in one's work. Secondly, inspirational, because brought into touch at the general meetings of the convention with the larger aspects of education as presented by educational experts. Here, too, the teacher meets the heads of the Education Department, and is able to get a grasp of the work of the Department as a whole, and in that way to relate his work to that of his fellows. And, in the third place, there are the sectional meetings, by attendance at which a teacher discusses with those engaged in the work of the same grade or of the same subject, the problems common to all, and it is in such meetings that he obtains the definite benefits of the convention.

As indicated at the beginning the teachers spared no pains in emphasizing the great importance of education, but the convention was not by any means a self-glorification meeting; in fact there was manifest throughout an attitude of very serious introspection, and in addresses one repeatedly heard the question, "What is wrong with education?" The

teachers themselves courted criticism—and got it, and they, in turn, offered some.

Here are some of the criticisms.

Many teachers are said to be poorly educated, and poorly trained. And yet, as was stated by the Minister of Education, British Columbia has the largest percentage (36%) of University-trained teachers of any province in Canada. Again it is said that the teachers do not pay enough attention to fundamental subjects, and do not work sufficiently for thoroughness and concentration. Further, that the pupil of the modern school is said to lack the ability or the desire for real hard work and intensive thinking. The suggestion was made here that perhaps too much is done for the pupils by the teachers in the larger centres, as we find that "in the ungraded schools of the country the pupils have formed habits of concentration and habits of work which enable them to overtake in a short time the pupils, that are very much better prepared than they." It is also claimed that the product of the schools is of too low a standard—due possibly to the demand of the public for the teaching of too many subjects—non-essential subjects—"frills." Teachers are criticized for not entering sufficiently into the life of their communities, and because of this are not understood by the public. One speaker, indeed, claimed that the chief thing wrong with our education was the apathy and general lack of knowledge on the part of the public regarding education—due to the fact that the teachers were not sufficiently enthusiastic about their own cause. He urged the teachers to get out and "sell" education. Many of the criticisms offered, however, were somewhat conflicting: for example, the criticism of those who complained of "frills" was offset by those who continually complain that the curriculum is not broad enough. Because of this it was suggested that the only possible way to reach any generally satisfactory conclusion was to engage the service of experts to conduct a survey into the educational system of the province. (It might be said here that this suggestion of a survey was but one of three such suggestions made during the convention week, one of the other two emanating from the high school section relative to the curriculum, and the other from the public school section for a general investigation into the work of the schools.)

Perhaps the most serious complaint made against the educational system was its cost. In answer to this criticism it was pointed out that British Columbia has very little grievance on this account, compared with the other three western provinces, the cost of education per pupil in British Columbia being \$10 less per year than in Saskatchewan, and \$6 less than in Alberta. It is higher than in Manitoba, but that is because the population in the latter province is more concentrated than in B. C. But why all this criticism in connection with the cost of education? it was asked. Largely because educational returns cannot be tabulated in rows of figures, but must be in terms of mental and moral values, as indicated so ably in the quotation which heads this article. If the effect were more closely and obviously connected with the cause there would probably be no criticism. It was suggested as well, in the matter of the cost, that education was made "the goat" for a great deal of the public dissatisfaction with the increase in taxation. A rather amusing incident was related of a real estate exchange which had been very active in its campaign for the reduction of educational expenditure while at the same time advertising some property which it had for sale and calling attention to the "excellent educational opportunities within two blocks for children

going to school." Likewise tourist agencies and city publicity bureaus spend money in order to bring prairie people to the coast at the same time that there is objection to providing the accommodation for the educating of the children of these people when they do come. Many statements emphasized the wisdom of educational expenditure, which the several following quotations from various speakers well illustrate. "There is no section of our country's activities where money economically spent will bring greater return than that spent on education." "Simply from a business standpoint, I want to say this: that we get just what we pay for in the teaching profession as anywhere else." "While education costs a great deal of money, ignorance costs much more."

Something might be said relative to the problems which confront the smooth working of the educational system in the province.

The statement was made that only 30% of those in our common schools enter high school, and that only about 50% of these complete the high school course. The problem of how to adapt the educational system to meet the needs of a large number of boys and girls so that they might remain longer at school received considerable attention, and the high school section suggestion of a survey of the present curriculum was an attempt to deal with this question.

The Education Department has some rather difficult situations to handle in the frequent change of teachers—particularly in the rural districts, and in the continued shortage of teachers. In connection with the latter problem it is not often realized how great, and increasingly so, are the demands being made upon the Department for educational facilities. In 57 new portions of the province new schools have been authorized within the year by the Council of Public Instruction. Within a little more than five years the number of high schools and superior schools has doubled, the present number of such schools being 79. There is a large number of schools in the province without teachers, and it is still necessary to issue temporary certificates, the number of such certificates last year totalling 129.

There is in existence now a Teachers' Employment Bureau, whose files include every teacher in the province, and the same Bureau will have some corresponding information regarding every school district in the province—so that the school teacher as well as the school board will have access to desired information before entering into any agreement.

In the matter of relations between teachers and boards of trustees, the Teachers' Federation stands for the utmost co-operation, and the convention address of Dr. A. W. Dennis, President of the B. C. School Trustees' Association, on the subject of "Co-operation between teachers and trustees," was very heartily appreciated. "If we can get a measure of co-operation between trustees and teachers in this great province," declared Dr. Dennis, "it will be the greatest asset we have ever possessed for the carrying on of the educational system."

The Convention programme was evidence of a very positive desire on the part of the teachers to relate themselves more definitely to the outside world. This was particularly shown in the two evening meetings held in St. Andrew's church.

On Tuesday evening four addresses were delivered on the topic, "Education as a means of strengthening the bonds of Empire and of fostering international friendship," the speakers being Mr. N. R. McKenzie, Mlle. Yvonne Doriot, Dean S. J. Miller, and Dean H. T. J. Coleman, of New Zealand, France, United States, and Canada, respectively.

In dealing with the theme of Education as a means of fostering international friendship, Mlle. Yvonne Doriot was of especial interest. Her sketch of the French system of

education was full of information, and well justified by her statement that to understand the national soul of another people it was necessary to understand their educational system. Hereafter follow some of the more important statements in her address: "The French government controls the entire educational system." The French child is almost a slave of the schools, play and athletics, until very recently, being practically ignored. In connection with this, Miss Doriot suggested that the English schools might be criticized for going to the other extreme in the matter of play. Continuing, she stated that the time of the French teachers is exclusively devoted to the bright pupils. The purity of the language, in the teaching of French grammar, amounts to almost a passion. Again, the child, from the beginning, is taught to express clearly and frankly all his thoughts, which is probably why the French nation is so essentially demonstrative and spontaneous—in contrast to which she observed that the English system tended to cultivate self-restraint and self-control. The French system, on the whole, the speaker concluded, is more theoretical than practical.

Dean Coleman, dealing with the same topic, spoke of education as the conscious evolution of the human race. "Natural science knows no international boundary"; there is no particular geographical location or racial affiliation about the principle of the multiplication table," and, in keeping with these, "we are beginning to realize that every element in our national education, history, geography, and culture," has an international bearing. In such a subject as history, then, "we in Canada, and our friends and cousins to the south" instead of "exploiting trivialities and arguing about little skirmishes which took place along the St. Lawrence River," "are beginning to realize our common heritage in the great world of social culture and tradition we have in the British people."

In similar vein, N. R. McKenzie of New Zealand urged that "we expunge from the books in our schools all reference to ancient quarrels," and that "we might as well get rid of our jingoistic songs, and teach our children to understand the songs of other peoples in order that we might understand the souls of other peoples, because, as understanding is the beginning of wisdom, it is also the beginning of peace."

(Turn to Page 12)

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AFTERTHOUGHTS OF AN AUTHORS' ANNUAL

(An Editor's Viewpoint)

Following the complimentary dinner to several Canadian authors, and the inauguration last year in the Hotel Vancouver of the British Columbia Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, the Society was particularly fortunate in the places selected for its first meetings.

The first gathering took place at the beautiful Point Grey home of Mrs. L. A. Lefevre, who is herself an author in the fullest sense of the word, and a poetess of real charm. Those members who were privileged to be present on that occasion will remember her reading of "A Garden by the Sea" and "Eagle Pass," not only because the verses were her own, but because of the fine spirit revealed in the first poem, and the dramatic interest in the story of the second. It need scarcely be added that the pieces were read with a sympathetic interpretation which left nothing lacking in elocutionary power.

The second meeting of the Association was the first annual one, and it was convened at the home of Mr. Robie L. Reid, in Beach Avenue, Vancouver. Whether or not interested observers get time to note impressions of meetings and events, most of us carry away distinctive memories of functions attended, and perhaps the outstanding one in the minds of many of those present at that gathering would be the address given by the host of the evening on one of his favourite authors. We say one, advisedly, for anyone with literary interests, whose lot it has been to visit the book-enriched home of Mr. Reid and to make even a hasty review of his library, and to hear some of his spontaneous references thereto, could not come away without feeling that here is a man who, whatever else he is in public or private life, is a real book-lover. And fully understood, and rightly applied, perhaps no higher certificate of character can be given to any man. For to love books truly is to have a mind and heart which seek not only to be acquainted with the thought and work of the master minds of humanity who have gone before, and the messages and records they have left, but to aspire to that increasing knowledge of the Source of Life Himself that we may learn even in this preliminary "gleam of existence between two eternities" to live more and more "in tune with the Infinite."

The business part of the annual meeting, as is sometimes unavoidable with new organizations, seemed to be in large measure pre-arranged. In a new society it is well that the Executive, or at least the executive heads, should not be too readily retired; and it seemed wise, as well as fitting, that the first year's committee should be re-appointed. Perhaps it was on the principle that the chief nominal honour should "go round" that the president's position alone was vacated, and Mr. MacBeth succeeded Judge Howay. Also, considering years, as well as experience, it was timely that the author of "The Romance of Western Canada" should be nominated for the Chair in the second year. Nor should it lessen the honour conferred upon Mr. MacBeth to point out that the West is rich in members—women as well as men—not less qualified for the position through literary experience and work than the two gentlemen already associated with the presidency.

The authors responsible for the formation of the parent organization have been liberal and enterprising in the scope they have allowed for its work, and the various classes of workers who are thereby open to become members or associate members. In many cases no doubt the section chosen would be largely a matter of individual choice, and probably the original membership lists will become an interesting subject for review in later years.

Authors themselves may be divided into several classes. The top position may be given to writers of original work which, in fiction may mean those responsible for the 10 per cent. of novels published, which one authority asserts is about all that is worth reading in these days of big production. Writers responsible for the other 90 per cent. of fiction may get present standing in the same class, for who shall say "Ye shall not pass" while they await the recognition or judgment of posterity? Compilers, commentators, biographers and others who publish books based on or dependent upon other men's works or lives, must also be given place, for the time being, as authors. But whether or not many have been entered as full members who might have done well to enter as associates and wait for the invitation "Friend, come up higher," we have observed in the lists of the latter the names of a few who might fairly have been entered in the upper circle.

The bookmakers have been thoughtful in their treatment of kindred workers. The inclusion of librarians and booksellers as associate members need not be put down merely to commercial interest. Librarians are usually—and should always be—men and women primarily of literary interests, and here and there we find booksellers who are book readers and book lovers. Then, apart from any question of official representation through publications, it is noteworthy that editors of newspapers and magazines have been held eligible for associate membership. That is pertinent, for in not a few cases editors reach their position or take up their work because of dominant journalistic or literary interests and ideals, which often may not be secondary to those of the best writers; and sometimes any literary work they aspire to do may be limited by the unceasing demands of other duties, including reviewing, selecting, and "editing" the copy of others.

In this connection it was notable that a lady member of the B. C. association raised a question at the annual meeting as to whether newspaper editors, not in evidence there, should be retained on the executive. It should at once be added that another lady member of outstanding position among Canadian writers of fiction and verse, afterwards assured the meeting that, though the newspaper editors had not been active in attendance, they had been of real help to the organization in other ways.

In suggesting that the editors be relieved of office, the first lady thought fit to make some remarks about editors generally which clearly revealed that, whatever her personal experience of writing, or of submitting copy to editors, she had little or no idea of what editing work involves.

It is a commonplace to say that editors are glad to get good copy—whatever the rates of payment possible to their publications. Even the casual observer must note that the Dailies are overcrowded with articles of one kind or another, until some of them have replaced larger with smaller type with the view of getting more reading matter into the space available. On the other hand, fortunately for those publications that put literary and social service before money making, it happens that some of the more capable literary workers write primarily from interest in or love of their subject, or inspired by community welfare, and not for the fee which may or may not, be involved.

Some would-be professional writers reveal that they have little groundwork of literary or other experience, or are given to "re-hashing" and passing as original matter, selections from newspapers and periodicals. Such "writers,"

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JUNE, 1922

No. 3

NOTES and QUESTIONS

VANCOUVER BOARD OF TRADE is to be congratulated on the recent function arranged in connection with Premier Oliver's return from Ottawa. Citizens of all parties and of none who heard the Premier's speech on the freight rates case, would agree that "Honest John" surpassed himself, and that by his one hour's address that night he won the supplementary name of "Fighting John," with which Mr. Chris. Spencer christened him. We understand Mr. Oliver is a prohibitionist, but if only he would recognize that he is a young enough man to learn not to mix these singulars and plurals!

THE NEED FOR A NEW SOCIAL ORDER was suggested by the revelation at a church Synod the other month that some South Vancouver official had actually granted a permit for begging to one or more members of the unemployed.

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT OCCURRED AT THAT CHURCH COURT when an "Unemployed" deputation mentioned that permit, and a woman representative revealed the destitution of her family. Different types of character were at once evidenced in the ministry. A Peter-like preacher exclaimed to the effect: "We have been hearing about brotherly love; here's an opportunity of practising it. I'll give this woman \$5.00. Now, who will do likewise?" Another member "prepared a resolution" to submit to the meeting, and still others suggested that things be done "decently and in order."

The practical man was maybe a bit hasty, but it was an occasion for practical christianity. The only criticism that might be offered is that it is seldom right, and almost never wise, to say to any neighbor, "I'll give this; will you do the same?" Under present social conditions men's incomes vary so much that what means heavy sacrifice in one case, may be like a drop from a stream to another.

THE TREATMENT OF THE B. C. E. R. COMPANY is a matter of vital interest to this Province. The public conscience and big corporations would make a good subject for discussion or debate. It is amazing how righteously indignant some people become about a suggestion that a corporation be allowed to make 6%, though the same persons would probably hold themselves ill-treated if they did not get a full 8% on any first mortgages they hold. As usual, there may be arguments on both sides; but citizens generally would do well to remember that the prosperity of the West is largely bound up with our treatment of British capital.

MORE OPEN OR DOUBLE-DECKED CARS would be welcome, but all improvements mean more capital, and it is necessary that the powers-that-be (pro tem) and the people as a whole should treat this public-service company at least as fairly as they would an individual person or private firm.

THE KIWANIS CLUB DID WELL to start the rose garden in Stanley Park, but we believe that some members who contributed to the original fund would rather have seen the scheme of "beautification" begun in one of the West-end streets.

BEAUTIFY BURRARD would have made a good slogan. Can it be true, as alleged, that the property owners in that street were the real objectors to that thoroughfare having shrubs and flowers put in its central boulevard—on the ground that it would interfere with the street becoming a business one? If so, it was clearly a case of short-sightedness. In the interests of the city as a whole the oversight should be remedied.

B. C. MANUFACTURERS and the B. C. ART LEAGUE are to be congratulated on the recent opening of the fine building in Granville Street.

IF THE PURVEYORS' DEPARTMENT in the B. C. Manufacturers' Building undertake to supply luncheons according to the sample given to Vancouver Kiwanis Club, the place will soon get a reputation second to none. With so many club luncheons held every week, it should be possible to provide satisfying luncheons for business men at from 50c to 75c.

THE BOX OF SAMPLES GIVEN AWAY was an extra which reflected well on the enterprise of the firms involved, but we believe the Kiwanis attendance was bigger than the supply of boxes.

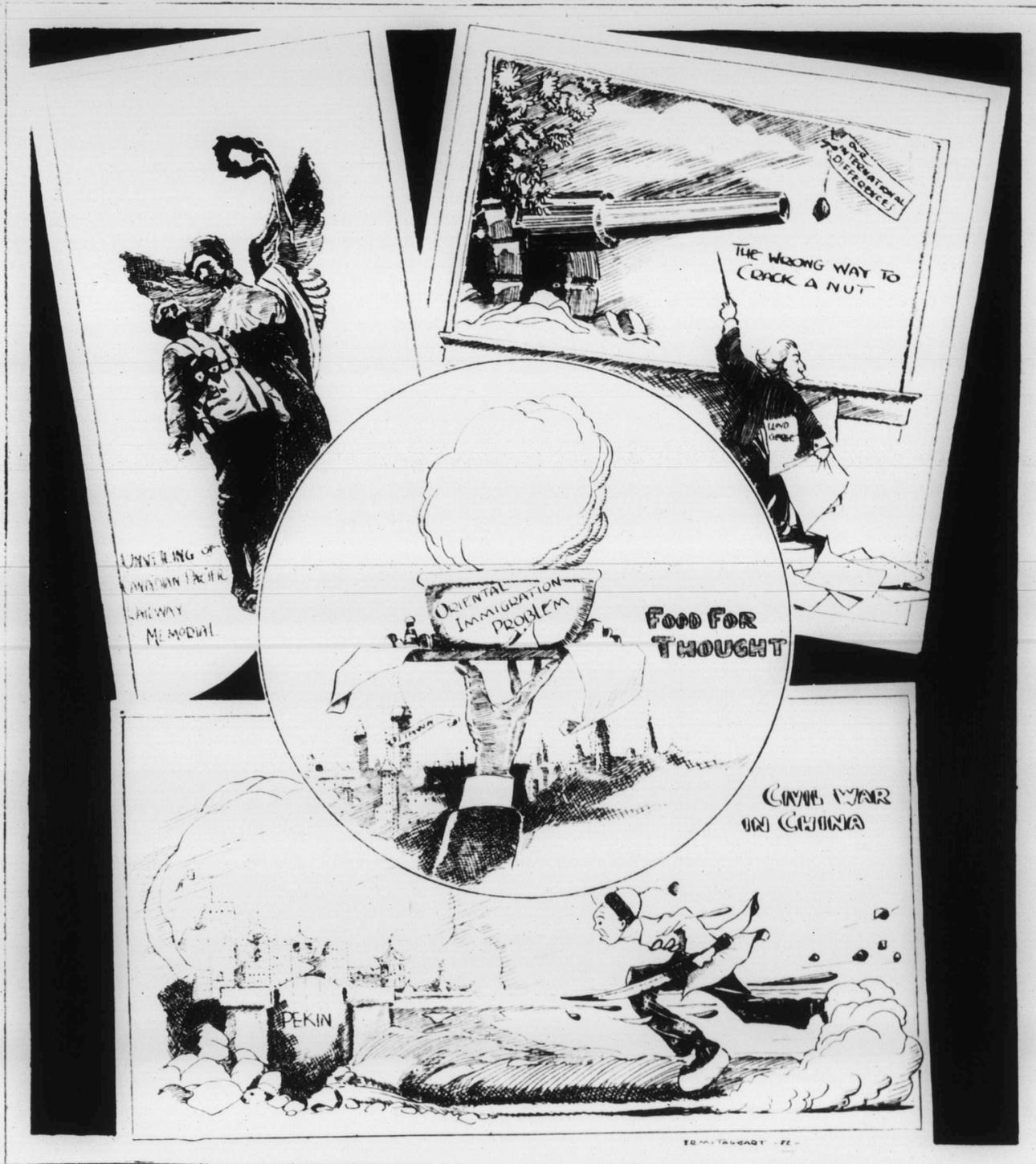
UNHAPPILY THE PURPOSE OF INSPECTION of the Manufacturers' Building by the Kiwanians was thwarted through the programme being unusually prolonged—instead of shortened, as originally intended. One man took twenty-two minutes for one announcement, which might better have been put into five minutes. The speaker of the day (President Cunningham of the Manufacturers' Association) set a good example in a short speech. Kiwanian President George Cunningham and Secretary Harry Nobbs were absent at the International Convention, and the vice-president was too tolerant. In addition to an excellent lunch, the inspection gives another reason for an early return visit.

THE B. C. BRANCH OF THE CANADIAN AUTHORS' association missed an opportunity of entertaining when "Ralph Connor" (Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Winnipeg), and President Falconer were in Vancouver. We understand Dr. Gordon made clear at the Presbyterian Synod that he was a minister first and a novelist "on the side." Some folk may allege that one or more of his later books suggest that.

DR. GORDON'S ADDRESSES AT THE SYNOD MEETINGS in Vancouver were worthy of the Moderator of a big Church. He also spoke effectively at the Canadian Club, but at rather extended length for a luncheon address. It was unfortunate that the company at that function was kept waiting about fifteen minutes at the start. Shall "the minister" or "the novelist" be called "the late So-and-so?"

VANCOUVER CANADIAN CLUB does not lose its premier position in the community, no matter how many community service clubs are formed—and there seems to be no end to them. It is a reasonable assumption that the prestige of the Canadian Club is partly due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Dunlop, the secretary. Club presidents come and go, but Mr. Dunlop gives the impression that he is "always on the job."

THE MONTH IN CARTOON



THE LUNCHEON TO MISS MONTIZAMBERT arranged by the local branch of the Authors' Association was a pleasant function. The guest of the day gave an impressive address on the need for sympathetic interpretation of the position of France. She pointed out that, in the light of that country's experience in being twice attacked by a ruthless enemy in less than fifty years, France could not be blamed for being sensitive regarding the settlement now. The desire for a "buffer state" between France and Germany seems reasonable. . . Incidentally, it should be noted that the vice-president (Mrs. Henshaw) presided, and Glencoe Lodge set a luncheon standard.

VANCOUVER DRY DOCK MUST BE A REALITY in the not distant future. If there be Eastern Canadians of any political stripe so narrow in their vision as to seek to withhold or delay that necessity in the natural growth of Vancouver, they had better get wakened up to the fact that for any portion of this Dominion to be jealous of another is foolish. They should rather rejoice with the West in that Canada has in Vancouver the **DOMINION'S PERENNIAL PORT**.

A BRIDGE OVER THE SECOND NARROWS AT VANCOUVER is also overdue. We note the latest news in this connection. While we shall give credit to United States enterprise if the capital is provided from that quarter, we

must say frankly that we would much rather see the money procured from the Dominion or the Centre of Empire.

THAT EMINENT BIBLE EXPOSITOR, DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN, again attracted large crowds to hear him in Vancouver. The freshness and reasonableness of many of his interpretations cannot be gainsaid. Next to his emphatic delivery, obviously due in some measure to the strength of his convictions, his appeal depends to some extent on his use of antithesis in expression. After all, perhaps there is nothing that will attract as well as amuse an audience more than to have familiar views or expressions shown to be erroneous or subject to revision. Dr. Morgan's opinions regarding the power of evil—or of the Evil One—were arresting.

IN A REFERENCE TO SPIRITUALISM by Dr. Morgan it was the more surprising to find him practically attributing present-day manifestations to the (lower) powers-that-be, or connection with them. And possibly some hearers were disappointed to notice that the audience applauded that remark. When that attitude of mind is analysed does it not suggest that even in our day some good church people are in danger of taking a position similar to that taken by the Roman church towards Galileo? Where any revelation—or it may be fuller light—seems to conflict with accepted views, no matter what the evidence, they either say "It cannot be," or "It must be by delusion from the Evil One."

WE MAY NOT BE READY TO ACCEPT all that men like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle or Sir Oliver Lodge accept—or we may wish to have an opportunity of examining the evidence before judging—but it is presumptuous folly for men in other professions to say BECAUSE WE DO NOT KNOW, therefore these alleged revelations are of Evil. Whether or not the two scientists mentioned (Conan Doyle studied medicine in Edinburgh before he became famous in literature) are guilty of errors of judgment, their sincerity can hardly be questioned. And, for our part, we venture to believe that in this world or any other sincerity of purpose—which does not condone recognized evil—will go far, if not to cover a multitude of mistakes, at least to prevent a passport being denied any soul to higher or more enlightene^d service.

IN AN AGE OF WIRELESS COMMUNICATION, is it not foolish to set limits dogmatically to the possibilities of inter-communication between "spheres" of any kind? Progress seems to be the law of life even on earth, and to men concerned in the pursuit of knowledge, or in ideals of service and character development, the span of this life appears all too short.

As Terzson wrote:

We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster.

"IS IT NOT REMARKABLE that there are some people who think it is only about God that we are never to learn anything new?" That sentence might naturally be connected with the subject of fuller light on life, here and beyond. It was not asked by Dr. Morgan but by another able theologian, Professor Kent (of Halifax) who officiated in a West-end church the other Sunday. From the same pulpit the minister in charge has said that for his part he "thanked God for such men as Sir Oliver Lodge." So that there is reason to hope that Science and Religion may be reconciled. The writer remembers that in an early paper in the HIBBERT JOURNAL, Sir Oliver Lodge said "The region of Religion and the region of a completer science are one."

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AFTERTHOUGHTS OF AN AUTHORS' ANNUAL

(From Page 7)

whatever their financial expectations from their compositions, waste their own time, and—when they get the opportunity—that of editors, too.

There is still another type of writer, not without capacity, but with commercial instincts well developed, who seems to think that an editor is a man who sits in an office all day reading copy, and who can be called upon at any hour without pre-arrangement, and who may be expected, if found in his office, to read, review, and pronounce judgment immediately on any article submitted, if not indeed to supplement that course by writing a cheque for it without delay.

Apart from the luring advertisements of some "earn while you learn" journalistic or literary bureaux, it is a fact that the ease with which much experimental writing can be done "on the side" by people who have assured incomes from other sources, leads to there being no lack of writers, original and otherwise, whose dominant purpose seems to be to turn an itch for writing into a money making business, regardless of much else than the filling of space.

Without much of the best original writing in fiction, and concerning social, scientific and religious subjects, in prose, and a good deal on all subjects in verse, human life today would be the poorer. On the other hand, as every editor of any experience knows, there is a great deal of irresponsible and experimental writing done by people with delusions as to the market and other value of their ideas, reviews or opinions. Such folk need to learn that, in order to ensure the life of publications, from the local weeklys to the most useful and influential Dailies, Weeklys or Monthly Magazines, factors more weighty than the production of articles have to be considered, and in other departments there must be careful management and strenuous and steady work done compared with which the supplying of many literary contributions is little more than a form of mental recreation.

It might surprise some experimental writers, who readily aspire to monetary returns for articles submitted "at the usual rate," to learn that, so far from making money out of their contributors, some editors and managers may often continue at their work, not induced by monetary gain, but because of their love of literature and belief in its far-reaching influence on individual and community life.

The idea of establishing a bureau of information and statistics is a good one. But some editors may suggest that, while there need be no difficulty in giving rates, it would be well if such a bureau could reciprocally provide writers with certificates of capacity in one direction or another.

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THE FOOLISH LOVERS. By St. John G. Ervine.
New York: The Macmillan Company.

A story of an Ulsterman who, young and forcible, went to London to seek his literary fortune. The opening of the book is laid in a small town in Ulster, reputedly the home of the proudest people in Ireland. The author describes the lower middle class Ulster people very well. He makes his hero fall in love at different periods, and does it with a facile pen. He also becomes interesting when he tells us about what the young man met with in London. "The Foolish Lovers" is very true to life in this regard. But there is no doubt about the lovers being foolish.

THE ISLE OF THE SEVEN MOONS. By Robert Gordon Anderson. New York G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The seeking of buried treasure is, in this novel, ostensibly of secondary interest, but all the same it adds greatly to the thrills of the volume, which come upon us with a pleasing frequency. Mr. Anderson has the films beaten by a mile. The best painted character in the book is Carlotta, the vulgar but forcible cabaret-dancer of New York. In fact she is so much alive as to be very entertaining. There are several first-class villains, and as a matter of course the mystic island of the Southern Seas. Romantic and impossible as the story is, in places, it adheres to reality in others, and affords good entertainment for a railway journey.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC Geographical and Social Studies. By J. C. Sutherland, B.A. Montreal. Renouf Publishing Co.

The author of this book is the Inspector-General of the Protestant schools of the Province of Quebec, and a special official of the Department of Public Instruction. The work is designed for the general reader, though of undoubted value to teachers and high school pupils. It is the first work of the kind on any Canadian province along the lines of modern geographical thought. During the last thirty years geographical literature has been developing along new lines of scientific, historical and human interest, and this compact volume is in line with this trend.

It was said of a certain Scottish divine that his sermons always began with the flood, by which the epigramist who made the remark meant to say that the reverend gentleman was in favor of going back to fundamentals. In like manner Mr. Sutherland begins with the geology of the province he writes about, and his sketch on this subject is illuminating and readable. He goes on to tell us a good many things we wanted to know about Quebec, and we can highly commend his work. It would appear from what he says that Protestant schools in Quebec do not suffer any lack of freedom and advantage, and as Inspector General Mr. Sutherland ought to know.

DIES HEROICA. War Poems 1914-18. By J. L. Crommelin Brown. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The author of this book is a scholarly Cambridge man who went to the war, and looked at the tragedy straight and with unflinching eyes. But there are a few sonnets and minor poems of earlier date which show us that when he

answered the call he was already a poet. Take for instance the following beautiful sonnet on the writer's experiences of life:

They talk and move about me as a show
Where all are adequate and none sincere,
And everything correct and nothing clear,
Studiously cloaking what is hid below.
Yet do I know that underneath there lies
A separate soul, a striving pulsing heart,
A spark of the eternal fires, a part
Of God Himself, that looks with mortal eyes.

O human thought beyond all human speech.
O human heart beneath the fashioned pose.
O human love that craves for the divine.
Would that my yearning deep desire could reach
The secret springs from which all being flows,
And touch and talk with that white soul of thine.

LLOYD GEORGE by Mr. Punch. (Canadian edition published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.)

A biography in caricature—such is this delightful volume, compiled from the pages of Punch. Here is the most prominent statesman of the time presented by almost a generation of artists in various roles, guises—and disguises—from the time he was a mere "back-bencher" in the Commons, to the present day when he is known as the greatest convener of International Conferences that ever lived. Punch is always impartial!—in the end. In this gallery of cartoons Mr. Lloyd George is not always the conquering hero, but is "put through it" by the mentor of Bouverie Street. It is interesting to observe how he emerged from the Parliamentary background, getting an occasional "show" in a cartoon in company with some other politician, until in 1906 he attained the dignity of "a one-man" performance. Since then he has many times occupied the position of honour in Punch's "big cut," and in one or two special years he has "almost" held the field there.

It is a book of compelling interest—artistically as well as politically. There are nearly 200 drawings reproduced, extending from 1903-21, and the artists represented include Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. L. Raven Hill, Mr. George Morrow, Mr. E. T. Reed, Mr. A. W. Lloyd, Linley Sambourne, and F. H. Townsend. Mr. W. A. Locker has written an introduction to the book, and Mr. Alfred Leet has designed a special cover for it.

LOVERS AND FRIENDS. By E. F. Benson. Toronto. Thomas Allen.

This is a story of love and intrigue in high society. As a consequence it is somewhat sophisticated, and brings before us the frequent insincerity of the fashionable. But Mr. Benson's early training as the son of an Anglican archbishop, probably saves him from many extravagances. A clever writer, he does not let his pen run away with him as so many of our younger novelists—especially of the American school—too often do. It goes without saying that this novel is very entertaining, and many of the characters are well-drawn and original. We are introduced to Bernard, Lord Matcham, a meritorious government official who in former days of travel picked up an ancient Greek bust of a beautiful girl which in his eyes seemed like idealized perfection, and roused in him the hope that some day he might meet a living young woman like it. This he does, and falls in love with his imagined ideal in life as he formerly had in marble. Their courtship, marriage, and what they did afterwards are the central things on which the story revolves. —X

THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION

(Continued from Page 6)

On Wednesday evening there was an earnest endeavour to find out in what way the schools might better express the needs of the community. Six speakers dealt with the subject, three representing the community, namely, Dr. Chas. H. Vrooman, Mrs. C. Spofford, and Mr. James H. Beatty; and three representing the schools—Mr. G. A. Fergusson, Miss H. R. Anderson, and Dr. G. G. Sedgwick.

Dr. Vrooman in setting forth what the community expects of its teachers in the matter of health, pointed out that teachers were in a very favourable position to build up the health of the nation, since "the child teaches in the home a great many things he is taught in the school," and in this way healthy-living and healthy-thinking teachers were a great asset to the State.

Miss Anderson dwelt on the necessity for co-operation between the teachers and the home—"co-operation, physical, mental, and moral, and the greatest of these is physical." Miss Anderson taught for six years in Whitechapel, London, and rather startled her hearers by the statement that "physically, the children of Vancouver are not one scrap better than the children that I taught in the East end of London, notwithstanding all their superior advantages." "Will you," she asked, appealing to the parents, "send your children to us at six years of age, not having been everywhere and seen everything, and done everything?" "You know, and I know that the crying need of the children of Vancouver today is Rest, spelled with a capital R."

This "digest" of the convention is lengthening out more than was intended, so but brief mention will be made of some of the many other important matters dealt with.

Credit for pupils who have put in one, two, or three years in an educational course, but who have not graduated.

Bible Reading in the schools, with the suggestion that the religious denominations get together to agree on thirty or forty Bible passages that might be used without offence to any creed.

The new Entrance requirements, and the Junior High School in Vancouver.

Uniformity in text books in the four western provinces. School Libraries.

"The expert quality of the service rendered by the teacher."

In connection with this latter topic it was shown that within recent years specialists had come into existence in various phases of the field of education—administrative specialists, teaching specialists, and scientific specialists. "The world is coming to listen to the teacher as an expert," stated the speaker on this topic, while another speaker, touching on the same subject remarked that "assistance can be given the schools by the citizen if he will give to the members of the teaching profession their due, as experts in their particular line of work."

To conclude! There was a time, not so long ago, when teaching, in comparison with such professions as theology, medicine, or law, was not seriously considered—by men, at any rate—as a life vocation, but was either passed by altogether, or used, for a few years, as a means to something else. Today the beginning of a change in this attitude seems to have set in. There are several reasons. In the first place, the older professions are relatively overcrowded. Then, as indicated in the preceding paragraph, the "science" of education has arrived, offering ample scope for the most highly trained intellects, and one may look forward to the time in the not-distant future when education will rank among the foremost of the professions. And again, since the teachers have formed their own organizations there has come among them a strong desire to improve their status in the commu-

ity, and they realize that there is only one way to do it—by raising the standard of their service to the community. Requests by the teachers themselves, during the convention, for surveys for the purpose of placing education in this province on the best possible basis, is evidence of this desire. Further, the urging, during the past couple of years, of a longer term at the normal school; and, in the recent convention, the appointment of a committee in the high school section to enquire into the professional requirements of other places in the matter of qualifications for high school teaching furnish additional evidence of the new spirit.

One cannot but express a most devout hope that the teaching profession will develop rapidly, as seems to be the tendency, and that the best manhood and womanhood of the nation will be more and more attracted to the profession, for so much of the mental stability and moral integrity of the next generation depends upon the teachers of this generation.

GEO. T. WADDS

PHOTOGRAPHER

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CANADIAN POETRY

(From Page 4)

But space is limited and so we can only give a passing mention to John Reade, the author of "The Prophecy of Merlin;" Arthur Weir; the two Scotts, Duncan G. and Frederick G., both real poets; Isabella Valency Crawford; S. Francis Harrison (Seranus); Agnes Maule Machar, the poet of the Thousand Islands; Marjorie Pickthall, who died lately in Vancouver, deeply lamented by all lovers of Canadian literature; William Wye Smith and many others too numerous to mention. Many of these are still alive and doing good work. We look to get even better as Canada increases, acquires national consciousness, and our writers feel the sympathy and obtain the support of their auditors. A sonnet which lately appeared in the Canadian Bookman, by F. O. Call, is particularly fine.

The Cathedral Builders.

"Above dark portals rise two lofty spires
That pierce into the blue. The sunlight falls
Across the gorgeous gloom, on oaken stalls
Worn smooth by praying hands of monks and friars.
Tall windows gleam with many colored fires,
As in the magic caves and mystic halls
Of ancient tales, and from the carven walls
Echo the wailing songs of vanished choirs.
And through the gloom the ghostly builders pass
Who carved their dreams of beauty on the stone,—
The nameless ones who wrought and died unknown;
Their lifeblood glows upon the painted glass,
And from each spire dead hands that held the hod
Stretch upward, clinging to the robes of God."

The Prairies.

The Poets of this portion of Canada will not detain us long. The Great North West has been too busy developing its immense material resources to afford much time for the Muses. We look, however, to the future, and to the culture arising from the three great Universities now functioning there, to produce abundantly in the future. Yet the Prairies have not been without some poets who are worthy of consideration. First and foremost was that great Irishman, Nicholas Flood Davin, for many years a leading figure in political life in Regina, a man, who, as he said, was "afraid of nothing but God and wrong doing; and held it cowardice to shrink from endeavor thro' fear of failure." In 1889 he published, at Regina, his "Eos, an Epic of the Dawn, and other Poems," the first purely literary work printed and published in the North West Territories. The product of stray moments in a busy and somewhat turbulent life, it is in many places rough and very uneven, but there are striking passages here and there which are excellent—forcible and strong—a token of what he might have done had he given that attention to literature which he did to law and politics. The book is exceedingly rare. The writer has never seen it offered for sale, but was fortunate enough to receive a gift of a copy from a generous friend.

It is difficult to decide whether to class Wilson McDonald as a poet of Ontario, the Prairies, or the Pacific. He has lived in all and written of all. We prefer, however, to class him with the Prairie writers. A wandering artist, lecturer and poet, he published in 1918 his "Songs of the Prairie Land," which contains some really good work. He is at home in the older verse forms as in what is known as free verse, and while his theological ideas may not please everyone, we must admire his beauty, his purity and his truth. Many will remember his noble sonnet on Pauline Johnson, written in Vancouver, at the time of her death:

"She sleeps betwixt the mountains and the sea
In that great Abbey of the setting sun;
A princess, poet, woman, three in one;
And fine in every measure of the three.

And when we needed most her tragic plea
Against ignoble summits we had won,
While yet her muse was warm, her lyric young,
She passed to realms of purer poesy.
Tonight she walks a trail past Lilloet:
Past wood and stream; yea, past the Dawn's white
fire.

And now the craft on Shadow River fret
For one small blade that led their mystic choir.
But nevermore will Night's responsive strings
Awaken to the "Song her Paddle Sings."

The third and last of the Prairie Poets to be mentioned is Robert J. C. Stead of Calgary, who has published several volumes of verse, "The Homesteaders"; "Prairie Born"; "The Empire Builders"; "Songs of the Prairie"; and "Kitchener." Like many of our writers of today he has been strongly influenced by Kipling. Indeed, he has been often called the "Kipling of the Prairies." Some people seem to regard this as a reproach. It is in reality a compliment, for the Kipling cult is a virile, clean, patriotic influence, full of color and romance, and intensely readable.

The Pacific Coast.

We claim Pauline Johnson as one of the poets of the Pacific Coast. True she was born in Ontario where her earliest work appeared. But she spent so much time among us, and, as many think, did her best work here, that we cannot help classing her as one of our own people. So much has been written about her, and she was so well known to so many personally and especially to all readers of Canadian literature, that we shall do little more than mention her. Her position in Canadian letters is assured. One can only deplore the fact that she was taken from us at a time when she was in the prime of her power and when her work had reached its full maturity. What she could have given us had she been spared can only be guessed from those noble poems she

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wrote in the last few years of her life. Dr. J. D. Logan, of Halifax, N.S., himself a true poet, says:

"My point of view is that Miss Johnson is the first Canadian woman, who indubitably was born a poetess; and that her development has been one not of artistic craftsmanship, but of vision."

The next, of course, is Robert W. Service, the "poet of the Yukon." A student in Vancouver, bank clerk in the Yukon, he has made vivid the Klondyke excitement, and the life in the far Northland, so that it will never be forgotten. Like Stead, his earlier works are reminiscent of Kipling, and no other influence would so suitably fit in with the colorful life of the North. Not that Service has been a slavish imitator of the great Anglo-Indian. He has his own ideas; his own graphic description; and as he has matured he has more and more developed a style and expression of his own. He has, as Donald G. French says:

"poetized the Northland for us as none other has done. His descriptive passages, presenting the vastness of the great cold silent North . . . stand alone in Canadian poetry for their forcible, vivid picturing of that Arctic Wild."

In his later books, "The Rhymes of a Red-Cross Man," and "Ballads of a Bohemian," he has come under the influence of the Great War, in which he took a part. Why the last was so severely criticized, it is difficult to see. What better has he written than "Julot, the Apache"; "The Joy of Little Things"; "The Joy of Being Poor"; "A Song of Sixty-five"; "Finistere"? Can anything he has written excel for rhythm or swing the last named?

Hurrah! I'm off to Finistere, to Finistere, to Finistere,
My satchel's swinging on my back, my staff is in my hand.
I've twenty Louis in my purse, I know the sun and sea
are there,
And so I'm starting out today to tramp the golden land.
I'll go alone and glorying, with on my lips a song of joy;
I'll leave behind the city with its canker and its care;
I'll swing along so sturdily—Oh, won't I be the happy boy
A-singing on the rocky road, the roads of Finistere.

Oh, have you been to Finistere, and do you know a whin
gray town
That echoes to the clatter of a thousand wooden shoes?
And have you seen the fisher girls go gallivanting up and
down,
And watch the tawny boats go out, and heard the roaring
crews?
Oh, would you sit with pipe and bowl, and dream upon
some sunny quay,
Or would you walk the windy heath and drink the cooler
air;
Oh, would you seek a cradled cove, and tussle with the
topaz sea!
Pack up your kit tomorrow, lad, and haste to Finistere.

Clive Phillips-Wooley, the big, black-bearded Englishman of Victoria, who "went West" a short time ago, in his "Songs of an English Esau," and "Songs from a Young Man's Land"; R. M. Eassie, of Vancouver, in his "Odes to Trifles," published in 1917; and Will Harvey (The Ballads of the West," 1920, have given us good work that shows, together with that of others of lesser moment, the Kipling influence to a greater or less extent.

To say anything about Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone McKay to residents of British Columbia would be superfluous—not to mention her would be quite unfair. Of course, she is best known as a novelist, but as a poet she has done—in my opinion—her best work. Her first volume, "Between the

Lights," published in 1904, while not, in any sense, her best work, is well worthy of more than a passing glance. But her "Shining Ship," verses written for children, and, like Kipling's stories for children, most readable for grown-ups, remind us of Stevenson's poems of child life. While many of us are no longer to be classed among the children, Stevenson, Riley and "The Shining Ship" appeal to us as if we had not entirely outgrown our youth.

T. R. E. McInnes, sometimes of Vancouver, sometimes of China, has published several volumes of verse; the latest of which, "The Fool of Joy," was published in 1918. He loves the more artificial forms of verse, the ballade, the villanelle, the mirelle, but fills them so full of his own rollicking whims and humors that they seem like ballet dancers dressed up as dowagers. His "Chinatown Chant" with its wonderful chorus, is a gem. Here is a verse:

"I go down to Dupont Street
See my very good friend:
I have something good to eat
With my very good friend:
Feel damblue and want some fun,
Play fantan with Wun Fat Bun,
He think me just Number One,
He my very good friend.

Yim poi—I no care!
Yim poi—you no care!
Sometime good time alla time maybe!
We no care—yim poi!

There are many others who are worthy of more than a passing word, were there space: Mrs. Lefevre, with her dainty lyrics, just published; Lionel Haweis, of the U.B.C. ("Tsoqalem," 1918); E. A. Jenns, of the Vancouver Law Library, whose first volume was published in 1880, and his second, "Orpheus and Eurydice," in 1910; Donald A. Fraser, of Victoria ("Pebbles and Shells," 1909); our good friend, Bernard McEvoy, of the "Province" ("Away from Newspaperdom," Toronto, 1897); T. Herrick McGregor, of Victoria, B.C., who was killed in the Great War ("The Wisdom of Walooipi," privately printed about 1912): these and many others show that British Columbia is doing her share in building up a truly Canadian literature.

The University is also a factor. A number of the professors have courted the Muse in their youth, but as they have not persevered in their riper years, it might be unfair to mention names. Some of the students have written very creditable verse, which has appeared in the Ubysey, the University journal, from time to time: A. G. Bruun, whose "Magic Casements" has just been issued in booklet form; Lionel Stevenson and Miss Sallee Murphy. A poem by the latter "Tahea," which appeared in the Ubysey a short time ago, is especially good. These, with some other students, lately published a little volume called "A Chapbook," which contains some clever work.

It will be seen from this cursory glance at but a few of our poets, that that part of our literature is in no sense negligible. When we consider our small population spread over an immense area, the lack of interest taken in our writers, and the slow growth of our national consciousness, I feel sure that we have reason to be proud. I only wish that our budding authors might feel that, in the words of Hallam, literary attainments will produce emoluments and distinctions, and that they will have a reward in the general respect and applause of our Canadian people. With this cheering incitement, the genial sunshine of our interest and approbation, I have no doubt as to what Canadian literature will be, whether poetry or prose.

THE SCOTTISH SOCIETY

The Scottish Society of Vancouver closed its first winter session in April, and has now leisure to look back with some satisfaction on its earliest infancy. Four months are a trifling period in the life of a Society which may be expected to grow in size and usefulness with the passing decades, but it is in some respects its most important period; for if the child is then fed with drowsy soothing syrup or indigestible food, its constitution may turn permanently rickety, while if its parents are over-anxious for a too quickly developed boy, which will outweigh its competitors on the scales, they will often find that the brain has been sacrificed to the body.

The Society began well with a board of management, which represented various and yet the best elements in the Scottish life of Vancouver. Literature, the University, law, finance, commerce, all gave their contribution, and another board of strength could easily have been nominated from more recent additions to the membership. From the start the Executive Committee has had in view that the first need of the Society is members who will actively help in its work, or help it more passively but still with stimulative result, by the interest which they take in the subjects treated or discussed. A merely paying membership is not without its uses, for it may help to provide the sinews of war needed for the conquest of larger fields than itself dreams of, but, whether desirable or not, it needs not to be sought for. It will come inevitably as surely as the Society establishes itself in its due position in the life of the City.

Both in quality and numbers the Society has progressed since its formation, and next autumn when its second winter session begins, Scotsmen, whether Canadian or of home growth, will find a Society established here, already considerable in its numbers, and congenial in its membership to thinking men and women, which will endeavour to represent to them what is best in Scottish life and thought, and recall during its hours of meeting the atmosphere of mysterious and poetic romance which glorify Scotland for many of its children and all its exiles.

The Society's program for last session was necessarily a short one as its life did not commence till after the New Year had arrived. In February an opening concert was held in the Vancouver Citizens' Club. There was a large gathering of members and many of them brought their friends with them to enjoy an excellent evening of Scottish music, when several singers and instrumentalists delighted the company. The President and Vice-Presidents all gave Scottish speeches, although in their compassion towards English guests they used the more commonplace English language for conveying their ideas. All did their best to express adequately their sense of the excellencies of the Scottish character and the virtues of the Scottish race, and succeeded astonishingly well considering that speech itself is hopelessly insufficient to compass these miraculous qualities.

The interest felt in the Society was shown by the large attendance at the March meeting, when the Secretary read a paper on "Poetry written in Scots after the death of Robert Burns." Here was shown the vigour and pathos which the Scottish language has found in lyric song, and the new life which in recent years has been poured into the old measures. Interest in the lecture was increased by the vocal illustrations of Miss Wardhaugh, Mr. T. D. Macdonald, and Mr. W. R. Dunlop, who gave songs from the poets described in the lecture. Members who do not like lectures—and it is not reasonable to anticipate that all are of that mind—will always be encouraged to attend the Society's meetings by

the musical program, which it is intended should always illustrate, or at least accompany the speeches or written papers, while members who do not care for music may tolerate it for the sake of the lecture, which after all is the staple food of the evening. Members who like neither music nor lectures (if there be any such) are likely to have uneasy seats at the Society's meetings, but for their relief may forward written suggestions to the Secretary bearing on next year's program.

A famous Scotsman was celebrated at the meeting in April, when the Society had "an Evening with Robert Louis Stevenson." Professor Henderson, Mr. W. R. Dunlop and Mr. R. A. Hood addressed the members on the subject of that great writer or gave readings from his poems, novels, and essays. Mr. D. A. Chalmers read a fine description of Lord Braxfield, "the hanging Judge" of French Revolution days, while the Treasurer of the Society, Mr. A. Y. Tullis deeply interested his hearers with his personal reminiscences of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom he had known in Edinburgh before illhealth banished him from his own country to seek health in the South Seas. Once, Mr. Tullis told the Society, he had sat with Stevenson in Colinton Church to hear the future novelist's grandfather, Dr. Balfour, preach to his parishioners. The speaker gave a graphic description of the foreign, almost Italian appearance which Stevenson presented at that time, and added some particulars of the friends with whom he was most closely associated in Auld Reekie. Miss McDougall appropriately sang Stevenson's Requiem, and Miss Macrae and Mr. Donald Macrae added to the enjoyment of the evening with several Scottish songs. As this was to be the last regular meeting of the season, the Society, after singing the National Anthem, closed the proceedings with "Auld Lang Syne."

Notwithstanding that the regular winter session has finished, it is intended that the Society should meet during the summer on special and incidental occasions. Dr. Macmillan of Toronto is expected to lecture before the Society on some subject of Scottish interest, while that well known Scottish lawyer, Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, has accepted the Society's invitation to dinner on a day early in August. As the Canadian Bar Association is the special host of Lord Shaw it will be necessary to arrange the exact date with that Association.

A Committee has already been appointed to arrange the preliminary program for the 1922-23 Session, and the Society looks forward with confidence to the development of its work on the foundation which has been laid during the past six months.

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NOTES and QUESTIONS

(From Page 8)

VANCOUVER POST OFFICE AUTHORITIES may fairly be asked Why is the plate giving the hour of "Next collection" not now affixed to the collection boxes—so that citizens may know whether or not the boxes have been "cleared"? To mail a letter in the West-end at night about collection time without knowing if the collector has emptied the box may involve city letters being delayed a full day in delivery, as there is no morning collection from these boxes.

PRINTERS' PRICES, or WHY WESTERN PRINTING HAS GONE TO EASTERN CANADA, would be an interesting study: Some time ago we learned that the estimates taken in locally for a piece of work done by one of our big Companies were actually 500% higher than the price charged for the same work two or three years previously. The corporation was well able to pay, but as its representatives felt that it was being "held up," the work was sent East. Reasonable proportion, fair profit, and relative values in work, are slowly learned by some people.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS will pass. No matter how carefully corrected proofs may be, it happens now and then that (to ensure publication by a certain date) some final checking MUST be left to the foreman of the composing room. In the April issue of the B. C. M. a poem on "April" had a line reading 'In lap the West Wind stark and fell,' and in the setting an "M" was substituted for the "W." Though clearly marked for correction, this mistake was overlooked. In this case the writer of the verse had also a copy of the corrected proof, and naturally he was more than amused to find that on publication "West Wind" had been left to read "West Mind." We regret the slip. In printing work it is peculiarly needful that each man do "his bit." In the same issue Dr. Smith's name was omitted from a heading, though it was a "standing title." In such matters every publication is to some extent dependent on the care exercised by the printer.

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(From Page 1)

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Almost needless to note, Purdy's use B. C. products, though there are naturally many ingredients in his goods which B. C. cannot supply. The nuts, for instance, are not a product of this province, but come from the southern portion of this continent, and also from South America. The sugar, of course, comes through the B. C. Sugar Refinery and the cream is also supplied locally. Care and cleanliness are exercised in the manufacture of the "hand-dipped" goods and machinery of various kinds is used in the factory.

With these notes we hope to find space for an engraving of the outside of the store, the inside of which is no doubt familiar to thousands who are in the habit of meeting there for lunch, afternoon tea or other seasonable refreshments, or who at least make periodical calls for supplies of confectionery so wholesome in its richness that it combines a little luxury with much healthful food.

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