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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Devoted to COMMUNITY · SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

Volume XXII

April, 1924

No. 4

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Our
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Note!
\$15,000

(See Page One)



EDUCATE EASTERN CANADA & THE EMPIRE CONCERNING THE CANADIAN WEST: PASS ON THE B.C.M.

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Single Copy
15 Cents

The British Columbia Monthly to Support the V.O.N. PRACTICAL COMMUNITY SERVICE AT HOME.

As the notice below will indicate, the BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE intends taking advantage of the opportunity given to it by the Dominion Government to address the thousands visiting Wembley, London, England. But in its aim to do some real "Community Service" in these past twelve years or more, this Magazine has emphasized that practical interest should "BEGIN AT HOME."

It is with satisfaction, therefore, that we use this space to acquaint our regular readers, and all others whom it may concern, that the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY has arranged with the V. O. N. (Victorian Order of Nurses) to co-operate toward securing their objective of \$15,000.

Arrangements are not completed as this Magazine goes to press, but we have good reason to believe that a large number will join us in the work.

Details will be published later, and we hope to be able to report that EMPLOYERS and EMPLOYEES alike have associated themselves with the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY in support of the invaluable service rendered by the Victorian Order of Nurses.

We are planning to give the co-operation of this Magazine in a way that will be above criticism, and we shall publish the names of those practically associated with us in this Community work. The pictures of the representatives, whether on or outside of their staffs, who are doing the work, or are responsible for its supervision, may also be published in the Magazine.

In this campaign the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY is arranging not only to reduce its regular rate—to give the public the fullest value possible—but also to award cash prizes or the option of a holiday trip to Alaska or California, to those who become associated in the enterprise.

For fuller particulars see Page Four of this issue.

Community Service Within the British Empire: *To British Empire Citizens Visiting Wembley, London, Greeting!*

Thanks to the enterprise of the Dominion Government Authorities at Ottawa, who have directed us to send a certain number of Magazines each month to the Canadian Commissioner's department at Wembley, London, England, the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY is likely to come under the eye of many thousands of visitors to the great Exhibition.

The editor of this Magazine personally takes this opportunity of advising all people of British stock who consider emigrating from the HOMELANDS or other EMPIRE DOMINIONS beyond the seas to INVESTIGATE and VERIFY the facts as to Canada: To be particular to find out about Western Canada, and especially this Farthest West Province of BRITISH COLUMBIA.

It is amazing to learn how limited, erroneous or indefinite the knowledge of other countries often is even in otherwise enlightened Communities. It is said that people make inquiry at the "British Columbia House" in London, as to "Whether Canada is in BRITISH COLUMBIA?" . . . Then we heard of United States citizens in California—which is on the Pacific coast too, but hundreds of miles south of British Columbia—who "thought we all spoke French here"; and of "New Yorkers" who were evidently surprised to find that—"Oh, you dress the same as we do!"

Even in the Twentieth Century it seems it is possible for people who consider themselves in the van of progress to yet retain crude notions concerning their fellows in other parts of the world.

The writer, as a Briton born, but a Western Canadian for years, wishes to emphasize that it is high time the people of our own British Empire stock, especially in the overcrowded Homelands, awoke to the conditions and possibilities affecting the different parts of the Empire, and not least of all this Dominion of Canada.

SUPPORT THE V.O.N., - *Canada's Own Institution*



NURSING STAFF OF V. O. N. — Greater Vancouver Branch.

The Victorian Order of Nurses came into existence in 1897 as a national memorial to the late Queen Victoria, a Royal Charter being granted in 1898, and was formed primarily to supply nurses thoroughly trained in hospital and district nursing, for the nursing of the sick who are otherwise unable to obtain trained nursing in their homes. The Order is Canada's own institution, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, at the call and service of all, irrespective of creed or nationality. Nursing service is available for seven days a week and twenty-four hours a day, the poor always receiving first attention.

A substantial portion of the work done by the Order is that of maternity. Pre-natal instruction, competent and well directed nursing care at the delivery of the mother means not only life saving to both, but prevents invalidism in after years. And this is not all. By virtue of the sequence of functions the Order does a great deal to assure healthy citizens. Through pre-natal care and instruction better motherhood and healthier babies are assured; through competent and well directed care at birth there is greater safety for mother and baby, and a vast amount of chronic invalidism is thus avoided; through child welfare and follow up work, and the sum total of the care bestowed, there is a reasonable assurance of a healthy baby, a physically well-balanced child, a normal healthy man or woman, and finally, a good citizen and producer. The influence of the V. O. nurse by intimate contact at birth with her follow up work plays an important part in the after life of the individual. "Save the baby and you save the nation."

Nurses attend only cases under the care of a legally qualified medical practitioner, but, although bedside nursing is the fundamental principle of the Order, its activities include phases of work connected with family and community welfare, together with preparation for, and assistance at operations and confinements, instruction to expectant mothers, and, in

some communities, its nurses act as school nurses, social service workers, etc. Nurses do not remain in the homes, but give a visiting service for the length of time required to render necessary nursing care.

Where persons are financially able to pay, a small charge is made, but in cases of destitution no fees are expected. "If all persons in Canada needing hospital care this year could afford to pay for it, there are only half enough hospital beds to care for them." Every sick person cared for at home by the V. O. N. releases a bed in the hospital for someone who cannot be nursed elsewhere.

The Order has been continuously in operation in Greater Vancouver for the past twenty-five years, its activities being made possible mainly through the generosity of the public. There are seventeen nurses at present employed on the local staff.

Last year free visits amounted to 15,099 out of a total of 28,137 visits paid to homes in Greater Vancouver, which included 1,709 pre-natal visits to expectant mothers; 551 maternity cases attended; 3,394 infant welfare visits. "One child in eight born in Greater Vancouver is a V. O. N. baby." The total cost of administration of the Greater Vancouver Branch for 1923 was \$29,923.04, whilst fees received only amounted to \$9,753.71, leaving a balance of \$20,169.33 to be provided from outside sources, such as Provincial and Municipal grants and contributions from the public totalling \$16,837.32. It will thus be seen that the operations for 1923 resulted in a deficit of \$3,332.21.

An appeal is now being made for contributions, and the Committee in charge hopes to raise \$15,000.00, which it is conservatively estimated will be required to "carry on" for another year.

What would happen to the sick poor of Vancouver if the Victorian Order could not answer their call? Yet to continue its phase of community service generous financial support must be accorded by the public.

FORWARD BRITISH COLUMBIA and THE CANADIAN WEST!

In planning and preparing for big expansion in Community Service in British Columbia and the Canadian West generally, this British Columbia Monthly Magazine invites the co-operation of its steadily-increasing number of readers in cities and rural districts alike.

To stimulate interest towards that end, we offer a Prize of \$5.00 for each of the two best short letters setting forth—

HOW THIS MAGAZINE MAY BEST HELP FORWARD B.C. and THE CANADIAN WEST

One prize shall be given to the writer of a letter "FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW," and one to the writer of a letter "FROM A MAN'S POINT OF VIEW."

Letters, (typewritten preferred), may be from 200 to 300 words (or less) in length. This Magazine may publish the Prize letters in whole or in part, and may also publish or quote from others.

Address Letters "FORWARD B. C."

British Columbia Monthly Office,

1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

ON WASHING DISHES*

(By M. E. Colman)

Give me a bowl of rare warm suds,
And set it by the casement there
That by the sun's sweet alchemy
It may be bathed in rainbows fair.

Now hand me all your pretty cups,
The plates and saucers, all that you
Have used, and don't forget
Pots, pans and porringers, too.

A sweet white cloth to gently rub
The soil; Thank you, my pretty dear.
Now, tell me, did you ever think
How like the task that I have here

Is all our life? Our souls are grimed
By little meannesses, by care,
Foolish resentments, needless fears, . . .
How many ugly stains they bear!

Now see how fair each dish is made,
Silver bright and crystal clear,
Every garland gleaming gay,
All that defiled they lost in here.

So in the floods of grief our souls
Must oft be dipped, that every stain
Be quite purged off, and so we may
All purified start life again.

Now here's the roasting pan, the last,
Now work and homily are done!
Hang up the towels, so. How kind
This kitchen looks by the setting sun!

April, 1924.

*In sending us these verses, our contributor M.E.C., to whose more serious verse and other writings B. C. M. readers were introduced a considerable time ago, mentions that a friend challenged her to write a poem about dish-washing, and that this is the result. (Ed. B. C. M.)

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Nootka—with the S.S. "Princess Maquinna."

(By W. R. Dunlop)

NOTE:—With the holiday season again approaching, it seems timely to publish this article by Mr. Dunlop on "Nootka." No doubt it will remind many of our readers of their own happy experience with Captain Gillam and the "Princess Maquinna" up the west coast of Vancouver Island. To others it should suggest one of the attractive coast trips — SEEING BRITISH COLUMBIA FIRST! (Ed. B. C. M.)

As I prepared to land again in beautiful Victoria after the perils and pleasures of a week's sailing along the West Coast of Vancouver Island I threw a benediction to the good ship "Princess Maquinna"

" A vessel
as goodly and strong and staunch
as ever weathered a wintry sea."

It was summery autumn and the wintry seas were yet in reserve, but I am told the doughty Captain has made the same trip thrice monthly for years—alike in sunshine, fog or contrary winds—and has never lost a life nor met with a serious mishap from jagged rocks or tortuous channels.

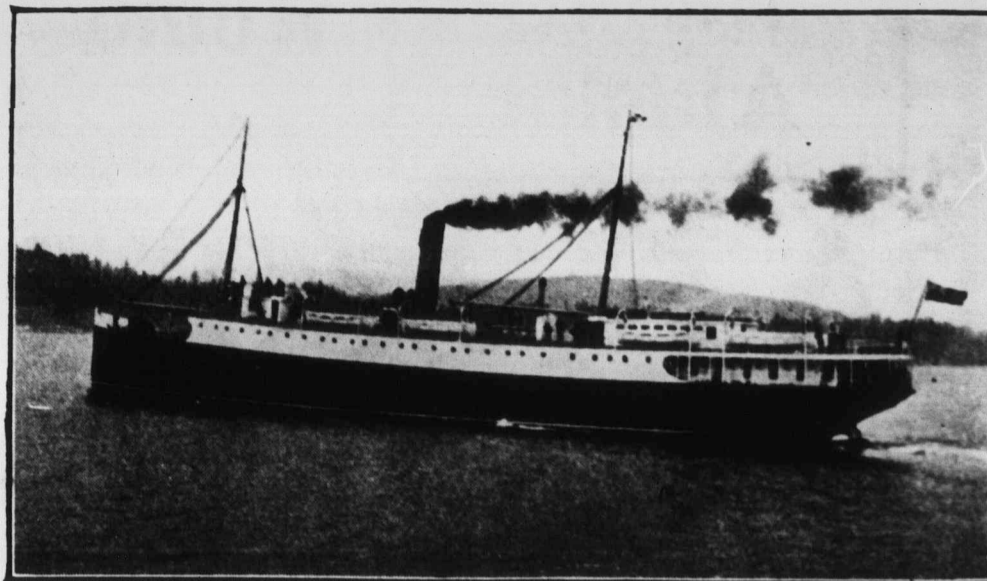
The look-out on many a ship labouring up from the South and rounding Cape Flattery on a thick night has kept his eye skinned for the triple light on Estevan Point to give him his bearings and guide him into Juan de Fuca Straits. If he misses that light he may be blown on to the treacherous island coast belt, "the graveyard of the Pacific"—a grim name warranted by numerous wrecks in recent decades; and, in passing, I thought of the olden days when Wireless was not even a dream, and these friendly beacons, few enough even now, were unknown. As we sailed through the foam of the surge on the Kyukot reefs I sampled the vagaries of thought in an apparent crisis—one moment visioning destruction, the next admiring a truly regal picture. A glance at the Captain shewed him in an easy pose, calmly watching from the window: doubtless the passage is well charted and as safe as Piccadilly, but as a landlubber I registered the wish to be elsewhere when the Pacific rollers are scudded by the sweeping force of winter winds.

Estevan Lighthouse marks the entrance to Nootka Sound, famous in song and story and incidentally the pivot of my trip. Every Canadian has sung of Nootka:—

"Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound."

While the "Princess" was doing business with the Cannery, the Captain took a party on a launch to Friendly Cove—one of the historic spots of America—set like a cosy little nest among thorny bushes. It was here in 1790 that Captain Vancouver met the Spanish Admiral Quadra and in friendly conference wrote a great page in Canadian history. The pretty little sheltered cove with its grassy swards could tell tales of another kind, grim and terrible; but on the day of our visit it was the Apotheosis of peace; a bright windless noon, the little Indian settlement deserted for the time, nothing heard but our voices and the gentle wash on the pebbly beach, whispering of passing ages, each in its turn woven into the woof of time. On that sunny day the weird Totem poles suggested less of terror than the pathos of belief—the Christian symbols on the quiet graves of Maquinnas in striking contrast.

On the return an ardent member with Mr. Winkle's hope of appearing a sportsman in the eyes of the ladies, stood on the tiny top deck of the launch and trolled a salmon spool. The leaping salmon in these waters are a constant diverting sight; but no one expects to catch fish from a throbbing speed-



S.S. PRINCESS MAQUINNA

er. Presently, however, a mild excitement. "I have one," he shouted. All eyes glued on the sportsman. "It's only kelp," we said. "But he's tugging, he's tugging!" And, there, behind the glinting spool appeared a fine twelve pounder which flobbered mightily into the boat. That night Mr. Winkle gave his distinctive name to Nootka salmon on the menu card. The idle dandy who thought to quiz Dr. Johnson by observing that fish was good for the brain got more change than he wished when the great Cham advised him to take a whale; and the relish of the rebuke may have come to mind as we put in to Kyukot whaling station. Practically the entire whaling industry of Canada is conducted off the West coast of Vancouver Island, humpback and finback predominating—the sperm variety having almost disappeared from Canadian waters. On the day preceding our visit they had brought in an eighty foot leviathan—weighing a ton to the foot—and we were in time to see some of the gruesome remains being garnered in; for modern methods use every ounce of the whale to feed the brain of "that young man." To the unaccustomed eye the littered wharf was not a pleasant sight; but it was a very good place to leave And so Northward, ho! through kaleidoscopic wonders—to Quatsino Sound and Port Alice, the latter busy in the process of pounding things to pulp. If one has a modicum of mental resources it is a delight to relax on deck in these inland waterways and drink in the beauty of Nature—as Keats says:

"An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink."

But one cannot feed on fine scenery all the time; and it was interesting to note predilections. By natural transition some of us drifted to a discussion on the winds and tides of human affairs and, like Simon Ingot, found occasion for a bit of "William"; others sucked scanty nourishment from small talk; a few had inevitable recourse to the dance. Of course the usual talented persons erupted from the passenger list. One recited, apropos, from "The Building of the Ship"; song and violin gave a touch of the drawing-room; and, on lower plane, the village choir of variable timbre informed us, inter alia, and with unnecessary emphasis, that they had no bananas on board, but, yes, other delectables. Requiescat in pacem!

I have read that Ruskin's love of harmony was offended by the white trailing smoke of a train cutting into a landscape. Away up there among queenly Sounds and enchanting islands these canneries and mills are blots, spoiling the contour and defiling the beauty of woods and water. So at least it seems on first impression, until you reflect that they are helping to work out a purpose for which both were made.

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In Co-operation with and in Support of the V.O.N.

Gives you the opportunity of a lifetime. You can spend your spare time in a fascinating, educative, and enjoyable competition and reap a rich reward. The Campaign ends on 31st May. During this period every subscription you secure for this popular Magazine will count as 10,000 votes, and the participant who has the largest number of votes when the contest closes wins the prize trip. You will find your friends only too anxious to help you to win the trip, while securing subscriptions for this Magazine is an easy and pleasant way to spend your spare time.

HOW YOU CAN PARTICIPATE

NOMINATION COUPON

Just fill in and sign the coupon on this page, tear it off, and mail or send to the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY Office, 1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.—and a representative will call and explain full particulars to you, and assist you in every way. If you live out of the city, complete information and instructions will be mailed to you. The B. C. M. will assist participants impartially throughout the campaign.

You Can Nominate a Friend

If you feel you cannot enter the campaign yourself, do not fail to nominate a friend whose popularity and ability you feel would ensure her or his successful participation. She or he will be grateful.

Anyone anywhere in British Columbia is entitled to enter this campaign—employees and others in any way connected with this magazine excepted.

All candidates must abide by the rules made or to be made by the management of the B. C. M.

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SPORTS AND GAMES

By Robert Bone

To make this subject one of general interest and at the same time not lose sight of its particular reference to the games and sports peculiarly Scottish, it seems advisable to treat it under the following heads:—

- (1).—The Psychology of Sport—or in other words, the reasons which, in the writer's opinion, make sport and athletics have such a hold upon the public.
- (2).—The Necessary Qualities to make an athlete a success in his particular game.
- (3).—How Far the Scot measures up to these qualities in a general way and some of the reasons why he makes for fair success in all forms of sport.
- (4).—A Short History of the characteristics of and the regulations governing Scottish sports and games.

The Psychology of Sport.

From the earliest history of the human race, the superman, whether he be endowed with mental vision above that of his fellows, or whether he be the possessor of a physique which enables him to excel his fellow men in feats of strength and endurance, has been the admiration and envy of his time. It is only within the last few centuries that the old saying "Might is Right" has been wholly discounted by the advance of civilization, and today "Might" has given place to Love and kindlier feelings. One does not require, in dealing with this topic to touch upon the superman of exceptional mental powers, although, to be a successful athlete a man has to be endowed with a clear and fast-thinking brain, but the nature of the subject compels us to consider the physical man.

Those who have made a study of the ancient classics will recall that even as early as the time when the Roman Empire was at the height of its power, the man of brawn and muscle was as much of a national hero as he who controlled the destinies of the Empire. In these early days of civilization, the physical development of man was one of his most important assets, and, coupling this with marked superiority in some form of athletics, his name became a household word. Even at this date, we are still prone to hero-worship, as witness, in the United States, where the names of baseball players are known to the smallest boys in the street.

The Scot has the enviable reputation of being a very industrious man, and, generally speaking, he appears to have made sport subservient to business progress—a very commendable and laudable course.

One of the best features of our present day civilization is the intelligent attention given to play and to all forms of outdoor sports and pursuits. We have learned that all work and no play is as bad as all play and no work, and that to mix work and play in proper proportions is the solution of a healthful and happy life. Authorities on the education of the child and young man are agreed upon the need of a certain amount of physical exercise in some form, and even in our schools the youngest have to go through some form of exercise. In the late War the soldier made remarks on "physical jerks" as he termed his daily exercise. To keep the fighting man in trim, a certain amount of bodily exercise was necessary. The healthful effect of legitimate exercise on the human body is recognised. It should be our endeavour to keep ourselves fit, both mentally and physically, by taking the steps necessary to develop our bodies.

When mentioning exercise, one need not necessarily mean athletics as, generally speaking, the nature of a man's play is more or less governed by that of his business. For instance to get the full enjoyment out of play, a man whose occupation is of a sedentary nature will most likely look for some form of game which will stir up his system and make a demand upon his physical energy to a more or less extent. Again, a man who is expending a lot of energy in his daily

work, will find his full enjoyment in a form of play which will be of a mental kind. Take, for instance, the miner, who is called upon, from the nature of his occupation, to expend his physical energy—he will find his chief enjoyment in such quiet amusement as quoits, chess, draughts, card playing, etc., showing that the nature of a man's play is usually distinctly opposite to that of his work. Of course, there are exceptional cases, but it stands to reason, that one cannot call upon his reserve of energy all the time, as nature will assert itself sooner or later.

It is generally held that this is the era of athletics, and while there may be excesses in this as well as in all other directions, no one can doubt that the general tendency is wholesome, and makes for physical, intellectual and moral improvement. We have come to see that play is a necessary and important part of life, and should be made to yield physical strength and grace and also moral stamina. Writers of travel, adventure, etc., often picture life as a battle, a fight, and so it is; but the fight is not only a moral one of good against evil, but a physical one of health against disease. Generally speaking, happiness and success in life are impossible without health. The fight for health is thus worth while, and exercise in some form or other is a necessary adjunct to human life. Exercise may take the form of walking, running, physical development, and even such an occupation as that of gardening when undertaken as a hobby; but behind all this is the necessity for the out-door life in one form or another. Think of the men and women whom you specially admire, and you will find that most of them were, or are, robust, healthy, clear-minded people with steady nerves and strong bodies.

Every young man or woman whose ambition it is to make his or her life count for something in the future, should see to it that he or she first builds up a strong healthy body. All wholesome play, instead of being time wasted, is health stored up, and everyone should learn thoroughly at least one form of outdoor sport. In later life, he may find his particular choice too strenuous, but, in such a case, it behooves him for health reasons, to take up some other line of a less exacting nature. One of the most healthful exercises, and one which can be enjoyed by the youngest and oldest alike, is walking, an exercise which can be taken to suit one's stamina. Better than walking, however, are the different kinds of recreation which call for some competition.

We never get too old for play, which is one of the best tonics in the world, and when there is the spirit of competition, greater interest and pleasure always attaches to a game. The highest medical authorities agree that we should regard exercise, if not as a pleasure, then as one of the important agents of health, and treat it with as much consideration as one would his ordinary physical needs. The hold which sport has upon the general public is accounted for by the fact that the competitive spirit enters more or less into every game; and such competition may be in individual battle or in that of team work.

QUALITIES NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

To make a success in any form of athletics, one must be in the best physical shape, and, to this end, it is absolutely necessary to avoid excesses in any form. Even in the ordinary routine of life, it is essential, if you are to give of your best, whether it be physical or mental work, that you be possessed of a healthy body. Even more so in the case of an athlete it is necessary that he lead a temperate life to keep up his strength and endurance to the highest. In other words, the athlete, besides avoiding excesses in eating and drinking, must lead a highly moral life, if he desires to excel in his special sport. Athletics and sports are not only the means

of developing and maintaining a healthy body, but they perform another important part in our lives. They overcome such bad habits and unfortunate tendencies as laziness, bashfulness, cowardice, fear and selfishness.

The man who counts for something in sport is strong, plucky, alert, thoughtful and even-tempered. He must be able to fight an uphill game and lose generously and in a good spirit; play to win but not fear to lose. He must be imbued with a strong desire to play fair and also demand fair play, and in all things be guided by friendliness and courtesy. Again, he must be unselfish to a degree, as in nearly every branch of sport, he is called upon to co-operate with others in team play, and, in this case, he will prove his highest worth when he sinks his individuality for the sake of his team. If a man measures up to the qualities necessary to make an outstanding athlete, he will be of a strong character and of a highly moral standard. The spirit of true sportsmanship counts for worthwhile success in the more serious pursuits of life, and this is a strong argument in favour of sport in some form being made a component part of a man's life.

SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTS

Referring to the Scot in this connection: From early history Scotland was continually warring against invaders. First, she attempted to stem the Roman Invasions, and the Romans could get no farther North than the Forth, where they were obliged to build bulwarks to protect themselves from the Northern people. Again, Scotland from time immemorial was engaged in almost constant warfare with England. This fighting tended to make the Scots a virile and brave race, and these qualities have been further nurtured by the character of the country itself.

It is well known that the Scot, in his native land, has to work hard to make a living for himself and family, and consequently an industrious spirit has been developed. Besides this, he has strong religious tendencies, which influence his every action. His home life is marked by sincerity, reverence and deep affection, and these same qualities are evident in his community life. His religious tendencies have contributed to a high moral standard of living, and helped to produce a nation of strong healthy and energetic people. In short, the Scot has all the qualities that make for success in athletics in every form, and the history of all games contains the names of Scotsmen who have made world records in sport.

One may try to give you a short history of the character of some of the sports which are peculiarly Scottish, either from the fact that it is claimed they originated or were fostered in the Land of Heather, or that the people there have shown a special aptitude for them.

"HIGHLAND GAMES"

Most people are no doubt familiar with the nature of the events held at Highland Games, which comprises quite a variety of sports, such as running, wrestling, weight-lifting, shot putting, tossing the caber and others, calling for much activity. Highland dancing is also quite a feature—and not the least attractive one—at such games. These games, which are usually held annually at various places in the North of Scotland, create more than local interest and bring together athletes of the highest standing in their respective lines.

QUOITS

This game is thought to have been originally played on the borderland of Scotland and England. There are references to it in the Midlands dating from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and it was one of the games prohibited in the reigns of Edward III and Richard II in favour of Archery. Aschaw, in his "Toxophilus" (1545) says that "quoiting be too vile for scholars" and in old times it was chiefly played by the working class, who often used horse shoes for want of quoits, which custom is prevalent in the country districts of

Scotland even at the present day. According to the rules, two iron or steel pins 18 yards apart, are driven in the ground, leaving 1 inch exposed, which pins are placed in the centre of a circle of clay 3 feet in diameter. Matches are played either between individuals or teams, the objects of the game being to throw the quoit as near to the pin as possible. A quoit actually surrounding the pin, termed a ringer, counts 2, and a quoit nearer to the pin than one's opponent's counts one. A match may be for any number of points, the team or player securing that number first, being declared the winner. In Scotland, the game is played by the curling clubs, and this is pretty much the case also in the United States of America and Canada.

BOWLS

This is said to be the oldest British outdoor pastime, next to Archery, and has been traced certainly to the thirteenth, and conjecturally to the twelfth century. This game came under the ban of the King and Parliament, both fearing it might jeopardise the practice of archery. Biased Bowls were introduced into England in the sixteenth century. The game was known in Scotland since the close of the sixteenth century, but the greens were few and far between. At the present time, it is considered just as much as golf, one of the Scottish National games. There is the record of a Club in Haddington in 1709, of one in Kilmarnock in 1740, of greens in Candle-riggs and Gallowgate, Glasgow, of one in Lanark in 1750, also in Edinburgh and Peebles. The earlier clubs did nothing towards organising the game.

In 1848 and 1849, however, when many clubs had come into existence in the West and South of Scotland (the Willowbank, dating from 1816 is the oldest club in Glasgow), meetings were held in Glasgow for the purpose of promoting a national association. One of the Earls of Eglinton, the thirteenth I think, who was himself a keen bowler, offered for competition in 1854 or thereabouts, a silver bowl, and in 1857 a gold bowl, and the Eglinton Cup, all to be played for annually. These trophies excited and still make for healthy rivalry in Ayrshire and Lanarkshire. Scottish emigrants introduced the game wherever they went. To show how popular the game became in Scotland and the United Kingdom, properly organised teams of bowlers from Australia and New Zealand visited the Old Country in 1901 and a Canadian team made a tour of Britain in 1904.

The Motherland showed its appreciation of the visit of the Canadians in that it returned the compliment by sending over a team to Canada in 1906. These visits created tremendous interest in their respective countries, and their influence was beyond all question, for the benefit of the game. In Scotland, we have in nearly every centre of any size, public bowling greens, which are self supporting, from a charge, which includes the use of bowls, of one penny an hour for each player.

In theory, the game of bowls is very simple, the aim of the player being to roll his bowl so as to cause it to rest nearer to the jack than his opponent's, or to protect a well-placed bowl, or to dislodge a better bowl than his own. In practice, however, there is opportunity for skill. The game is played in rinks of 4 a side, and ordinarily, a match team consists of four rinks of four players each. Again, in each rink there is a leader, called the skip or captain, and great responsibility rests upon this man in the order in which he sends forward his men who are selected for well defined reasons. A match usually consists of 21 points or 21 ends (or a few more by agreement). The method of scoring is three points if the bowl comes to rest within 1 ft. of the jack, two points if within 2 ft. and one point if within 3 ft.

(Curling, Football and Golf will be dealt with in concluding section.)

Industries of British Columbia

(By A. A. Milledge, Manager, B. C. Products Bureau,
Vancouver Board of Trade)

III.—FORESTRY

It is my intention to present in as concise a form as possible the growth and present conditions of the five great basic industries of British Columbia; those industries which, though each a separate entity in themselves, are of necessity blended together and dependent on each other, all working towards the one end, the general prosperity of the Province and the development of her natural resources.

VANCOUVER ISLAND'S PRE-EMINENCE.

Dealing first with Forestry, the leading industry of this Province, we find that British Columbia has within her borders more than half the standing merchantable timber of Canada, and fifty per cent of this is on Vancouver Island. This timber stand is now estimated at 350 billion feet and the approximate annual cut is two billion feet, bringing a revenue to the Government of over \$3,500,000. A wide variety of trees is found in British Columbia forests, the principal growths being of Western Yellow Pine, Western Hemlock, Douglas Fir, Sitka Spruce, Balsam, Western White Pine, Tamarack, Yellow and Red Cedar, Larch and Cottonwood.

During the last ten years the growth of this industry has been remarkable; the production having increased from \$30,000,000 in 1913 to \$59,477,000 in 1922. Of this production nearly half was lumber, the total timber cut and scaled last year amounting to 1,899,158,273 feet with a value of \$26,400,000. This cut was apportioned as follows among the different species: Douglas Fir 846,171,000 ft.; Red Cedar 461,265,000 ft.; Spruce 149,247,000 ft.; Hemlock 238,891,000 ft.; Balsam Fir 38,904,000 ft.; Yellow Pine 43,630,000 ft.; White Pine 34,405,000 ft.; Jack Pine 43,774,000 ft.; Cottonwood 2,869,000 ft. In the production of this vast quantity of lumber there are 2,652 logging operations being carried out and 292 saw mills operating with a daily capacity of 9,683,000 ft. There are also 108 shingle mills turning out the best grades of cedar shingles at the rate of 15,544,000 every 24 hours.

POSITION IN THE WORLD MARKETS.

British Columbia lumber holds an enviable position in the world's markets, no less than 273,146,800 ft. being shipped by water to foreign points last year. Of this quantity 83,856,504 ft. went to United States, 72,339,531 ft. to Japan, 55,945,129 ft. to Australia, 24,640,268 ft. to China and 12,698,383 ft. to United Kingdom. A total of 151,518,712 ft. of logs were also exported from British Columbia last year.

There are 887,980 acres of privately owned timber lands in British Columbia with an average value of \$11.99 per acre. These are but a small part of the vast areas which are patrolled by the staff of the Forest Fire Protection Department. This work is carried out under the greatest difficulties and at a great expense, no less than \$722,865 being spent on Fire Protection during the nine months ending Dec. 31st, 1922. To show the efficient manner in which this work is carried out, it is interesting to know that out of 2,591 fires fought during the 1922 season, only 6.4 per cent did damage over the \$1,000 mark.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S PLACE RE PULP AND PAPER

Turning to the Pulp and Paper branch of this industry, we find that British Columbia stands third in the Dominion of Canada for the production of newsprint. Last year the mills here produced 86,894 tons of sulphite, 9,674 tons of sulphate and 100,759 tons of ground wood. All the ground wood and 35,000 tons of the sulphite were manufactured into 124,639 tons of newsprint and 7,945 tons of other papers. Of the cords of pulpwood cut, 67% are consumed in Canada and the balance exported. At the present time there are six pulp and paper mills employing 2,872 workers with a capital in-

vestment of \$32,763,965, operating in this province, and there is still room for a much greater development, particularly in lesser plants for the manufacture of the finished products, tissue and kraft papers, testboard, etc.

Another allied industry is the manufacture of wall-board, principally of three-ply cottonwood and fir. British Columbia possesses a wealth of the raw material and the ever increasing demand for this product in the world markets is extending the capacity of the factories to the limit.

THE RECORD OF 1923.

The industry during the year 1923 has given fresh indications of strength. The period of deflation has been passed and this year has shown a steady increase in volume of business; the lumber cut during the six months ending June 30th last amounting to 1,206,936,927 ft. as compared with 878,026,789 ft. during the same period of 1922, and it is expected that the record set in the year 1920 will be nearly equalled. The industry has clearly demonstrated its ability to go out and secure a large percentage of the world's timber trade, as is shown by the fact that the off-shore business has increased 300% since 1919. This trade now equals 40% of the lumber produced. If this rate can be maintained it will have a stabilizing effect on conditions in the industry. In these foreign markets, British Columbia timber will come into keen competition with substitutes and lumber from other regions, so that the greatest care must be exercised to retain our existing markets.

It must be obvious to all that the greater the quantity of finished forest products made and bought here, or exported from British Columbia, the greater the number of workmen employed, and general prosperity will follow.

It is therefore incumbent on the citizens of the Province to patronize and support the many industries allied with or dependent upon Forestry, by giving a preference to the products of those industries before all others, so that the greatest of our natural resources, the untold timber wealth, may be developed to the fullest extent possible, thus strengthening the other basic industries and calling into existence other lesser industries, with the natural increase in population which is so essential to the proper advancement of this great province.

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VOLUME XXII.

APRIL, 1924.

No. 4.

Editorial Notes

REFERENCE TO CHANGE AFFECTING ONE VANCOUVER NEWSPAPER was scarcely published before we learned of the big purchase arranged by the proprietors of "Vancouver Daily Province." The "Province" has earned such an assured place in the community life of Vancouver and British Columbia, that further development affecting its service is a matter of general interest. Congratulations are due to the management on their securing two such substantial buildings and central sites as are represented by the Carter-Cotton and Edgett buildings on Victory Square. Should the "Civic Centre" idea be realised, as is probable, in not-distant years, the present value of that location will be greatly enhanced, and in the meantime the situation rivals that of the General Post Office—usually associated with the business centre of any large city.

* * * * *

MUCH AS THE CUTTING DOWN OF TREES in Vancouver West-end streets may be deplored, it is obvious that the responsible authorities will have to undertake more work of that kind. The fact is that many of the trees planted by the pioneers are too big for the size of the boulevards, and that in not a few streets, such as Barclay, it is desirable that every second tree should be cut.

* * * * *

THE WORK OF EXCAVATING TREE-ROOTS which have been upraising the concrete must have involved the city—or Parks Board—in hundreds of dollars of outlay in recent weeks. And it was very necessary work; for the effect of raised portions on the concrete footpaths is not only objectionable but dangerous to pedestrians, and has no doubt been the cause of many accidents to citizens and not a little expense to the city.

* * * * *

The latest inevitable tree-slaughter was at the corner of Nelson and Bute, but we understand Mr. Lighthart, who is building another apartment block there, intends to beautify the boulevard with shrubs, etc., after the building is completed.

* * * * *

TO THE MAN IN THE STREET and more so perhaps to the man on the pavement—who walks—the recent Automobile Show in Vancouver Arena must have been a revelation of the wealth that is involved in this big modern business. The

model of that Cadillac "Chassis" was one of the sights of the show for which the leading Pioneer Motor firm of Begg Bros. were responsible. The production of this specimen really represented a small fortune—the cost being almost \$22,000. The way in which the engineering experts had that "chassis" cut open for inspection and then fitted with lights to reveal the workings in detail was matter for remark, and the fineness of the work suggested watch-making handicraft on a large scale.

* * * * *

PRACTICAL EVIDENCE OF A CITY'S PROGRESS should give satisfaction to all its loyal citizens, and it is gratifying to see such apartment blocks as the Devonshire and St. Julien in Georgia Street nearing completion. If only some person or company would arrange to complete that erection—begun as a big hotel, was it?—on Burrard Street at Dunsmuir. Thousands of dollars must have been sunk in the foundation work on such a building, and leaving it in its present state for years must represent a loss of thousands more. We know nothing of the persons or interests involved, but it cannot be in their "interest" any more than in that of the Community to have a building begun and left in such an unsightly unfinished condition. It would indeed be well, and in the community interest at least, if after a certain period it were made compulsory for the responsible parties in such a case to complete the building SOMEHOW.

* * * * *

"BEAUTIFY BURRARD STREET" is a slogan to which we gave expression in this column a considerable time ago. If the expense is too heavy for the City or Parks Board at present, this improvement might provide an opportunity for some public-spirited citizen to expend a portion of a private surplus PRO BONO PUBLICO.

* * * * *

AS WE GO TO PRESS it is publicly announced that the Southams, who own a controlling interest in Vancouver Daily Province are donating Ten Thousand Dollars towards the beautifying of Victory Square, Vancouver. The "Province's" purchase of buildings there is no doubt an influence towards such action, but loyal citizens will none the less rejoice that some men or firms are thus beginning to set an example of what may be done in a private way for the public good. May their number increase!

Educational

(By Spectator)

THE BRITISH LABOR GOVERNMENT

If by any chance the spirit of the late Joseph Arch, farmer-laborer and parliamentarian of a former generation, can view from the Elysian fields the assembly of the Commons at Westminster, his loyal heart must throb with ineffable joy. Labor is at last in the saddle, and is commanding the admiration and even the sympathy of tens of thousands against the opposition of whom it has resolutely fought its way up.

With due regard to the peculiar difficulties of the situation it is going forward with all circumspection, yet not without courage. Almost everywhere economy is being enforced, and

estimates of expenditure are being slashed; yet there are exceptions. There is to be no reduction in the amount devoted to education. British Labor is much less concerned about the promotion of social equality by a process of levelling down than it is with the promotion of social equality by a process of levelling up. Hence there is to be no diminution in the outlay for educational purposes. The fortress so painfully won is not to suffer destruction from within.

Nor is the British Labor party in any doubt as to the path popular education should pursue. Some charitable friends of the workingmen know exactly what kind of education his boy

should have. The workingman's boy should be taught those things that will aid him in earning his living by the sweat of his brow, and, while doing so, earning incidentally handsome profits for his employer. But on this question Labor has its own ideas. Labor is not blind to the fact that life is more than the making of a living; hence the emphasis it places on the idealistic, rather than on the so-called practical, in education. It holds, and holds with truth, that the most important subjects are the directly inspirational ones, such, especially, as history, language and literature. Labor is determined that the workingman shall have his hours of leisure, and that he shall have been so trained that he may use his leisure for self-development and the enjoyment that cannot pall.

* * * * *

INTER-EMPIRE EXCHANGE OF SCHOOL-INSPECTORS

More than a quarter of a century ago the Minister of Education in Ontario repeatedly reminded an admiring public that their own province possessed the finest educational system in the world. Yet, while the words fell from his lips, the highest product of the Ontario system in a never-ending stream was faring forth to foreign lands to seek the advanced training denied them at home, while few, if any, foreigners returned the compliment by seeking postgraduate instruction in Canadian institutions.

The educational authorities of New Zealand are wiser in their day and generation. They maintain, with truth on their side, that their own educational system is an excellent one, yet they are determined that there shall be no halting in the process of development and progress. Hence the emphasis they place upon the principle of exchange. The exchange effected by Inspector N. R. McKenzie, of Auckland province, with a Vancouver inspector, and, later, with a Toronto inspector, was probably the first of its kind in the English-speaking world. Inspector McKenzie, since his return to his own country, has been employed in dispensing throughout the length and breadth of the land the good things he has brought from this side. And now, a brother inspector, Dr. McIlraith, has exchanged with an English inspector, and hopes to spend eighteen months reaping an educational harvest in the ripe fields of the Mother Country.

Nor is this all. About twenty-five New Zealand teachers are at present enjoying exchange with teachers overseas. Each is allowed a money grant of half the fare between terminals up to fifty pounds, together with full salary for a period not exceeding two months, and half salary for an additional period not exceeding one month, during the time the recipient

may be unemployed outside of New Zealand. In short, the exchange teacher is encouraged to go abroad not so much for his own particular advantage as for the profit of the Dominion at large.

* * * * *

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES IN CITY AND COUNTRY

From time immemorial students of sociology have deplored the migration from country to city. Yet this movement of population has been inevitable, and no effective preventive is likely to be discovered. As labor-saving machinery is perfected, fewer hands will be required to produce the food supplies demanded by the residents of cities and towns. It has been conceded, also, that a city population, if left to itself, would die out in a few generations, were it not constantly recruited by the red blood of the farm laborer and yeoman.

At the same time country life should be rendered as attractive as possible, and its advantages made the undoubted equivalent of those of the city. The country child should have educational opportunities equal to those enjoyed by his city cousin. But this is impossible in the little school with its handful of pupils in charge of a mere tyro in teaching. And even if a rural teacher here and there is qualified to give secondary school instruction, he or she has not the time to devote to this department of the work, and at the same time do justice to the children in the public school grades.

The remedy is the consolidated graded school, erected in some favorable central location, to which the pupils are conveyed from considerable distances in every direction. In such a school educational work in both primary and secondary grades may be carried on by an efficient principal and staff. Manual training and domestic science, with other extra subjects, can also receive careful attention. Wholesome school spirit can be developed, and invaluable training and discipline received on its playing fields. The school, too, may easily become the social centre for adult life, and even denominational differences may be smoothed down and forgotten in the Sunday and week-day religious services held in the central hall.

In the United States the establishment of the consolidated school goes on apace. Canada, too, has its own small quota. The province of British Columbia has made a beginning in this very desirable movement. But much more remains to be done, and every serious and thoughtful promoter of education in both country and city should do his or her utmost to extend the system and make it prevail.

Literary

The first ladies' dinner since the war was held recently by the British Authors' Club at the Hotel Cecil in London and one of the subjects under discussion was the place of women in the writing craft. Sir A. Conan Doyle in speaking to the toast of "Ladies and Literature" said that he always thought that he could tell whether a man or a woman wrote the novel, "Mary Lee," until he wrote the lady a letter of congratulations upon it and got a reply back from a captain of infantry.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, the Sussex authoress, who was one of the three special guests of the occasion, in replying spoke of the prominent place held by the women writers at the present time. Speaking generally, she found that the women were making as good a show as the men. She attributed this to the fact that the younger men, who had taken their part in the war had suffered physically and mentally with the result that promising men of 1914 had not been heard from.

Sheila Kaye-Smith is one of the foremost women novelists in Britain today. Her recent book, "The Fall of the House of Alard," is not only a most interesting story, moving in plot and vivid in characterization, but is a study that will be valuable to the historian of the future for its accurate and sympathetic presentment of what is taking place today in England in the breaking up of the big estates and the passing of certain outworn standards of the aristocracy.

Conan Doyle might very well remark on the difficulty in

these days of distinguishing between the writing of men and women. He might have said truthfully enough that the position today is somewhat reversed from what it used to be, in that, while the trend of present day fiction is all towards a frankness and freedom from restraint unknown a decade ago, it is the women who have ventured by far the farthest in this direction while the men follow timidly and at a distance.

Lovers of the "kailyard school" as represented by Barrie, Crockett and Ian MacLaren will be interested in the appearance of a new writer following in their footsteps. This is John Innes with his book boasting the suggestive title, "Till a' The Seas Gang Dry." The New York Times finds it worthy of a full column review and commends it for its sincerity and the charm of its atmosphere. In the hero, there is apparently another "sticket minister" who kills the villain by his own hand with a coulter hook.

Canadian literature is to be represented at the British Empire Exhibition this summer by an exhibit of five hundred volumes. The choice is being made by Dr. George Locke, the Toronto librarian assisted by Robert Stead, the President of The Canadian Authors' Association. It is well that the product of Canadian brains should have a place amongst exhibits representative of our useful crafts and our natural resources. Magazine literature will also be represented and we are gratified to learn that a request has come from the East for copies of the British Columbia Monthly for this purpose.

Flame and Adventure

By A. C. Dalton

(An appreciation by Alice M. Winlow)

In the poem "Flame and Adventure" life is shown to be a gradual evolution from "primal ooze" to the "Blossoming of Love's immortal flower."

The poem is deeply emotional, but at the same time it satisfies the demand of the intellect to feel itself intensely alive. In reading some of the stanzas one recalls Leonardo Da Vinci who played on a harp of silver made in the shape of an animal's skull.

"We were the men-abortions of young Time,
Spewed from th' abhorred, the world's ensanguined slime,
Hated, and hunted forth from bog and pen,
Naked and homeless—God! and we were men.

What old and monstrous god reigned there, supine?
Stamped earth his winepress, quaffed her blood for wine,
Brutish with drunken orgy, senseless play,
Flung hearts and bodies like squeezed grapes away?

But the music is still from a harp of silver. It contains the questionings, cries of revolt, tumultuous rushing of wings, and the shouts of victory of Beethoven's "Apassionata" Sonata.

"Why, why, and why this blood forever flowing?
Is it Thy hell for us, and we unknowing,
Earning Thy price for heaven ere yet we own
The power to frame Thee on Thy awful throne?"

The fish the reptile and the mammal formed
The bridge o'er which our youth and ardor stormed,
With many a fearful slip or flying leap,
To blunder up Life's cold and treacherous steep.

We ask Thee not for quietness and rest,
But for the ecstasy of endless quest,
That chief adventure, questing for the truth,
That radiant wholesomeness, immortal youth.

Journeying with Thee—what height we dare not dare?
Tramps inescapable, fearless, we fare!
On fin, on foot, on wing, Creation goes,
And where? Comrades with Thee, who cares? Who knows."

In the poem "God's Spies" Life is conceived of as an evolution from fire-mist to soul-triumph.

"at His urgent sovereign call
The flame-rent sun revolved, His willing thrall:
And planets in their terrifying orbits spun
Around the organ-thunder of the sun; . . .

"We go with Thee, discovering as we go
Our royal progress through the seeming void,
The pageantry, the minstrelsy, the masque,
The merriment and laughter, and withal,
Merriest of all, the laughing Christ."

In reading "The Robin's Egg" one lingers among the lines for the musical phrase, the hint of fragrance, the flutter of some exquisite color.

"Fallen, fallen amongst the daffodils,
A robin's egg half-crushed—
Bluer than any sky could be,
Blue with a tense divinity
As if some god had brushed,
Impatiently, a jewel from his hand—"

In the garden poems come honey-colored phrases and verses like music in the sunlit key of D major.

"I look into the face
Of this wild larkspur,
And see a vision
A holy place.

I hear in color, curve and petal,
All songs that ever were,
With nought of sweet precision,
Or rote of chorister;
Nor string, nor reed, nor metal
Could weave such gossamer.
Not to be told, or tempted
To strangling theme or form,
This flower-music, law-exempted,
Doth take my heart by storm;
And, hearing thus Thy melody,
O God, I am possessed with Thee!"

Throughout the whole volume of poems there are profoundly significant lines; salutations to the stars, the color of a flower, the fragrance of the drenched earth, the infinitesimal atom.

The spirit is startled into a keener perception of earth's loveliness and one catches breathlessly at these exquisite moments.

Walter Pater says, "Some spend life in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest in art and song. Art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass." But the poems in this little volume do more than this. They also make visible for an instant the viewless tip of the spirit's azure flame.

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to "teach the young idea how to shoot," or to cheer and inspire the grown-up relative or friend who loves the fireside or the library corner?

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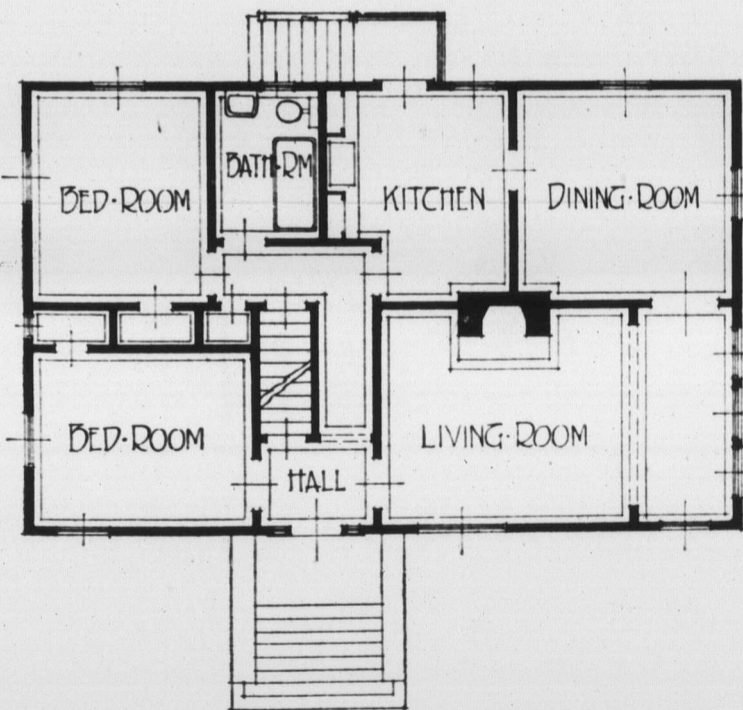
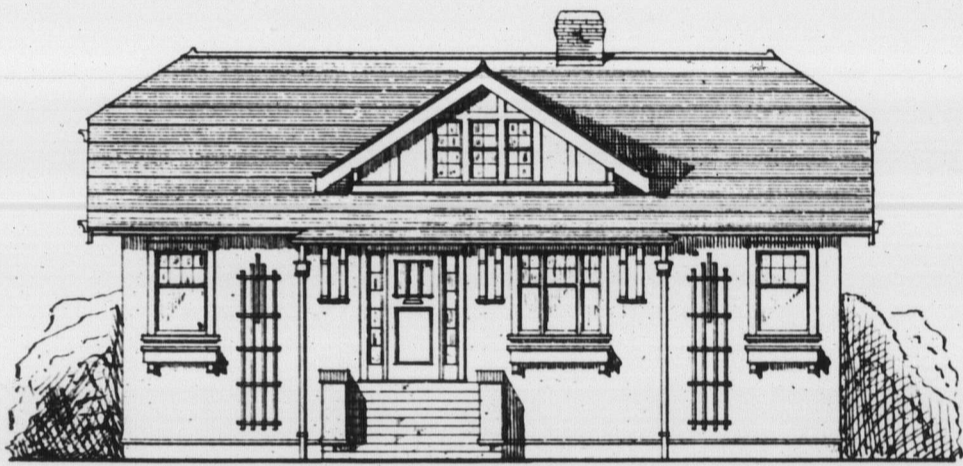
Home Building and Equipment

NOTE: In response to the offer made to supply reprints, the number of requests for plans received THE FIRST MONTH was such that we find it necessary to make this note.

Mr. Cullerne, Architect, has designed for the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY a series of houses of which that shown this month is one. Upon request through this Magazine Office, and by enclosing a nominal fee of one dollar, any subscriber may obtain a reprint of the plan and elevation, with working figures, which may be developed into complete working drawings by any architect. Address Home Building Editor, B.C.M. Magazine Office, 1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

A BUNGALOW HOME (By Harold Cullerne)

Because of the popularity of the five-room bungalow plan published in the February issue, and the number of requests received for copies of it, we think it well to reproduce that plan and the note pertaining to it.



This five-room bungalow is suitable to the requirements of a small family. It is planned to save labor for the housewife, an essential feature in the small house.

The accommodation comprises an entrance hall, living room, dining room, kitchen, two bed-rooms and bath-room on the one floor. In addition there is a sun room alcove off the living room, which makes the latter room appear much larger as well as giving abundance of light in the room. There is space in the attic for two extra bed-rooms, which could be finished later, if desired.

One chimney stack is sufficient for this house. The plumbing fixtures are located close together, and the building is rectangular in plan, with no projections or offsets, making for economy and simplicity in construction.

The house has an attractive exterior, the feature being

the half timbered gable. The entrance and the living room window are so arranged under this gable to give balance to the elevation. The trellis work gives decoration. With cream stucco, a bright red roof, and the trim in black, this bungalow will look very attractive.

The writer has prepared a revised plan and elevation of this home, with a few modifications, such as combining the living room and sun alcove in one large room, and the elevation differently treated. By attending to the directions in the "Note" above, any reader of this Magazine may obtain a copy.

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Off the Coast of Ireland: A Memory.

By Bernard McEvoy

All through that summer Sunday afternoon
We saw the outline of the Irish coast—
A charming landscape Ireland well may boast;
Whether by daylight seen or when the moon
Walks o'er the hillsides with her silvery shoon.
And as our ship sailed with its migrant host,
We watched it fade, like some pale errant ghost
That craves effacement as a last sad boon.

Yet still there stood, in rugged silhouette,
Three rocky headlands of more massive mien,
Which when all else had faded still remained.
So when with Memory's tears our eyes are wet,
The dearest objects of our love are seen;
Those regnant souls who glory have attained.

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The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

LIBERAL LEGISLATION

When the present Provincial Government Leaders were seeking to obtain power, one heard much of the need of "Liberal legislation." In the event of their achieving victory at the Polls, we were to have this boon conferred on our—to them—long-suffering body politic.

It is to be presumed that they have carried out their promise and that their legislation has been the much vaunted "Liberal Legislation." Let us see in what it has varied from preceding Legislation.

First; It has thrown a reserve over our Mineral resources. Granted the best of intention viz;—the conservation of our mineral resources, has it paid?

Mining has been good in British Columbia. The output has largely increased. A further large increase is predicted for the current year. Has this brought the measure of prosperity it should have done? Undeniably no! Why? Because the increase has been that of the output of a few highly developed properties worked by a small force of men. The small Miner, the vast army of prospectors that should swarm our mountainsides when mining quotations are favorable, where are they? Practically vanished, done away with by "Liberal Legislation."

Second; It has provided an ever-increasing authority in the hands of Ministers and their appointees.

One of the marked propensities of legislation under the Oliver regime has been this steady acquisition of Ministerial authority. One need only refer to the Land Act and the Taxation Act as examples. The Land Act was enough of a weapon in Ministerial hands under former Governments but their already too great powers have been added to by the various acts and amendments of the present administration dealing with Government Lands.

For the powers assumed in the Land Acts etc., let us give the greatest allowance. What then of the Taxation Act with its broad scope of authority to the Minister "OR SUCH PERSON AS HE MAY APPOINT." Such appointee may be—probably would be—some mere party hack with no expert knowledge of Taxation. Yet, so great is his authority, under the Act, that an injury done by him must be of some financial moment to warrant the expensive remedy provided by the Act for appealing his decision being invoked. Any less injury must go unredressed.

This arrogant assumption of authority is probably capped in the recent Insurance Act. Here authority is given whereby a Government employee, without any proof of wrong-doing, without having to arm himself with affidavits showing it probable that wrong-doing has occurred, can enter an Insurance office, seize the private papers there, inspect them at will, and, if his suspicion prove groundless, leave the injured party no right of redress.

Surely "Liberal Legislation" can go little further and still pay any respect to the constitutional rights and privileges of a citizen! It might carry the principles of its Insurance legislation into all fields of commercial activity. Do we want this? Is this what the Provincial Party propose in promising us "more Liberal Legislation?"

THE POLITICAL "CLAN MACRAE"—A LOST OPPORTUNITY

It is not only the political "Clan Macrae," the leaderless Provincial Party, that loses by the unwisdom that wrecked that Party's political chances and shut a door that might have led to better things politically in the judgment of some very thoughtful men.

Unquestionably the people were—and are—tired of the snapping and snarling, the crimination and recrimination that have occupied, too greatly, the time of our Legislators to the exclusion of much that might have been beneficial in the way of Legislative action on our Provincial problems.

People who remembered the days before the advent of the late Joseph Martin, when political discussions were carried on upon a much higher level than they are today, were disposed to welcome any party which would restore the former conditions, an event unlikely to ensue from the political discussions of recent years taking place either within or without the Legislature.

There were those within the Provincial Party, good, sane, sober-minded men, who felt that this might, and could be, accomplished. They desired unproductive debate abandoned and the problems of advancing our different business interests more closely and successfully studied. They, perhaps, overlooked, or underestimated, the effect on the public mind of the influence of the years of partizan Government that have intervened since Semlin's time. It is to be seriously questioned if this dream was more than a dream, incapable of realization. Be that as it may, it was, at any rate, a noble dream and many good men felt it could come true. These were the real strength of the "Clan Macrae."

Unfortunately these idealists were not to control. In spite of the well-known weariness of the public at the controversial bickerings of Conservative and Liberal; in spite of the fact that they were adopting the very policy they decried; in spite of the known risks they were running; we have the Provincial Party launching charges. The spleen of some of its leaders, the rash inconsequentiality and stupidity of others led it thus to the slaughter.

Even with the Rossiter charges there was lack of judgment in the manner in which the Provincial "Clan Macrae" prepared itself for the Commission. In its preparation for the personal charges the stupidity shown was almost incredible. The disappointment of those who sought better things, in being thus sacrificed, must have been intense.

With the Commission fiasco the Provincial Party's chances of success went a-glimmering. A large number of the dreamers may remain faithful, wise selection of candidates may help them; money and oratory may aid; but, with it all, this Party can count on but a few seats and those in Vancouver and on the Island. A golden gate of promise has closed with a decisiveness that foretells final and irretrievable defeat.

THE CONSERVATIVE SITUATION

With the Liberal Government an admitted failure; its legislation autocratic and despotic in its tendencies; its financial programme a farce; its Law enforcement a tragedy; with the Provincial Party's prospect blasted; what of the remaining Party, the Conservatives and its Leader Hon. W. J. Bowser?

At first blush it promises nothing better than the others. Its Leader a man of undoubted force, keen intellect and indomitable will has to face great, though fast diminishing, hostility to himself in his own ranks and, with the public, the results of some of his blunders.

When, as Leader of the Opposition, speaking at Langley, or Surrey, about the time when a Committee of the House was inquiring into P.G.E. affairs, he said, in reference to the summons directed to himself to appear before that Committee and tell all he knew of these matters, "I am not going to go before the Committee and tell them all I know and I have a good friend John Oliver who will see that I do not have to go."

This challenge Oliver dared not take up. It may have been good politics thus to expose Oliver's weakness and inability to use his authority and compell Bowser to give his evidence in full. Oliver failed and, since then, respect for law, that a premier dared not enforce, has dwindled until, today, it is hard to name a law that is properly and rigidly enforced in

British Columbia while the Liquor Law situation is an open farce.

Bowser proved John Oliver a failure but at what cost? Did he not forget that whether John Oliver had virility enough to make him appear and give full evidence, or not, he owed it to the People of British Columbia to tell them what he knew of transactions in which their money had been spent, largely because of the acts of a Government of which he was a member—a duty, by the way, not yet discharged. Was it not his duty to forget political advantage and discharge this duty to the electorate? For this error he has suffered much in the loss of confidence of the public at large and caused many Conservatives to seek better leadership in another Party. That they have not found it is his good fortune, not his merit.

Again his waste of time in continual attacks on Oliver and his followers, sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing, occasionally of value but, in the main, useless tributes to his fighting instincts, have seriously handicapped him. People have tired of the constant bickerings, and have hoped to hear more of what he and his party could do to offset the inefficiency of his opponents in power. Policies, not politicians, is what people wish discussed. Even Oliver's strongest supporters must admit that, for months, the Government has been so weak among the electorate that only the Provincial Party's errors combined with the division in the Conservative ranks gave it any real chance of succeeding itself in Legislative life.

Yet Bowser promises at this date, most to the political life of the Province. He is clean, able, energetic, clean-cut and decisive. His strongest opponent must admit that as Attorney-General he left a record for law enforcement never since approached—much less equalled. Macdonald, Farris, Manson, the first two, at any rate, men of ability have proven failures, when compared to him, in their administration of this office. His business ability is of no mean order and his political knowledge exceptional.

The Provincial Party having, so gratefully to him, eliminated itself and, in doing so, given to Bowser the means of convincing some thousands of Conservatives that they had been most unwise in listening to the many insidious rumours by which Bowser's authority in the Party was sought to be undermined, has greatly enhanced Bowser's already good chances of becoming our next Premier. To this must be added the increased effectiveness of a solidly united—if smaller—party. To this must be, again added a "better than usual" offering of good men as supporting Candidates. Let Bowser drop his tactics of baiting the Liberals and devote all his attention to proposed Legislative reforms and policies, and he will find himself securely seated in power with a majority whose size may be only too great.

"Canada to England"

An interested reader of this Magazine has brought under our attention verses written sixty years ago, but held to be appropriate now as well as then.

The verses, by "J. C. Patterson, Ottawa," were re-published last year in the "Ottawa Citizen." In an accompanying note it is stated that: "The sentiment certainly holds good. The local references at the time were to the death of the Prince Consort; the agitation by the Manchester school of politicians 'Let the Colonies Go,' and the Trent affair, when the Federals seized the Confederate ambassadors, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, on board the English steamer, but subsequently surrendered them on the demand of Lord Palmerston, the then Prime Minister of England."

In re-publishing the verses in this British Columbia Monthly, we need hardly point out that it might, then as now, have been better to use the name "Britain" instead of England, though we recognize that there is a sense in which "England"

is used, not merely for the British Isles, but to represent the supreme power of the British Empire.

(Ed. B. C.M.)

Mother of many prosperous lands,
Thy daughter in this bounteous West
Hath learnt that vague and undefined
A cloud comes up to mar thy rest;
That Little Englanders have arisen
Who call thine Empire's folds a prison,
And fain would lop with felon stroke
Live branches from Old England's Oak.
We are not builded thus—she stands
With loving heart and outstretched hands
To greet thee leal and kind.

Though many thousand stormy miles
Of boisterous waters wildly flow
Between us and the favored Isles,
The "Inviolable Isles" that boast thy sway,
No time or distance can divide
What gentlest links have firmest tied,
And this we would the world should know
That come what may of weal or woe
Our hearts are one this day.

Thus late when Death's white wings were spread,
And when the nation's eyes were dim,
We also bowed the reverent head
And echoed back that funeral hymn,
Responsive o'er the untimely "dead,"
We seeing clearer from afar,
Apprized his value while he stayed,
Needing not loss to teach his worth.
So seeing that another star
Was quenched we checked our Christmas mirth,
Bethought us of our Queen and prayed.
A people's heart was in our prayer,
That He who brings the widow aid
Might comfort her despair.

When recent danger threatened near
We nerved each heart to play our part
Nor making boast, nor feeling fear,
Were none to dally or to lag,
For all the grand old Island Spirit
Which Britain's chivalrous sons inherit
Was roused, and with one head, one heart,
We rallied 'round the Flag.
But Grandsire Palmerston awoke,
Part seriously and part in joke,
He showed our cousins the where and when
Our England draws the line—and then
Sagacious, practical Uncle Sam
Just doffed his cap to "Plucky Pam."

And now, as then, unchanged the same,
Though filling each our separate spheres,
Thy joys, thy griefs and thy good name
Are ours, and, or in good, or ill,
Our pride of race we have not lost,
And hence it is our loftiest boast
That we are Britons still.
And in the gradual lapse of years
We look that 'neath these Western skies
Another Britain should arise,
A worthy scion of the old.
Still to herself and lineage true
And prizing honor more than gold,
This is our hope,
And as for you,
Be just as you are, generous Mother,
And let not those who rashly speak
Things that they know not, render weak
The ties that bind us to each other.

New Fables by Skookum Chuck

VI.—Jim's Domestic Economy.

In Jim's domestic economy one and one always made two, and two from two always left nothing. A dollar's worth of any commodity always cost him one dollar. In short, Jim was never lucky enough, or wise enough, or fortunate enough to get away with any thing in this world. There were certain things to be picked up for nothing every day in every way, but he never got next to them. Life to Jim was nothing but straight brass tacks. His path through life, however, (and he was now about fifty), was no doubt spiced with some of the good things that accrue, but that path had never led him anywhere in particular. He seemed rivetted to the one monotonous spot. Occasionally he would make encouraging spurts ahead, but, in due course, sooner or later, he would fall back again to the point of commencement. And he found that life was an uphill pull even when he was going down grade.

When Jim began life he had harbored a sort of foolish ambition for a lazy future. He had nursed mental pictures of grey days full of ease and idle comforts. He was to devote his time in the interests of some pet hobby. Those Utopian future years of his were to be barren of the least suspicion of worry, woe or weariness. His next meal was to arrive as a matter of course and with the regularity of sunrise and sunset, because he was to provide in his prime years sufficient motive and material power to carry him on the down grade at the far end of life's journey.

At the age of twenty Jim had his future mapped out in a business-like way. There was to be a thirty-year period of strict attention to business, a machine-like grind, during which his bank balance was to grow by leaps and bounds, month after month, year after year until it assumed the visionary proportions. For thirty years he was to harvest fruit, and after that he was to eat it, and drink and make merry. He was to accumulate wealth while the going was good, and at the tail end of life was to enjoy it. The Utopia was to be reached at the age of fifty. At that distant time he was to build him a home on Easy Street and reside there in soft comfort for the balance of his natural life. After that—well.

But now, as we have said, Jim was fifty, and apparently he had not advanced one step. What had happened to Jim and his flighty ideas and plans? He hadn't made good, that's all.

But it wasn't always like that. There was a time before marriage when prospects were bright and he ran along according to schedule. He enjoyed much his own way in those days, and had the shaping of his own ends. For five years he went along on high, there were few stops, and the future loomed up like a promised land.

But when Jim embarked on the sea of matrimony with a wife weighing down the bow of the boat, the rowing became more difficult, for the price of two seats was certainly more than the price of one. There was a home to buy and equip, besides a thousand and one other necessary evils that are part and parcel of home building, and the settling down process. All this set Jim back years and years. But he was far from throwing up the sponge or getting cold feet, for he had still twenty-five good, strong, healthy, vigorous years ahead of him. And it was feasible to crush the work of thirty years into the space of twenty-five with a little extra effort. The first year of married life was expected to be an expensive one owing to the high cost of its ingredients.

Then, had he not won the most beautifully tempered and sweetest woman in the whole creation? She was worth it. Oh the joy of her! She was compensation for a thousand times greater initial expenditure.

Mrs. Jim soon realized the situation. She saw Jim puffing and sweating, apparently for the sole purpose of making her happy and comfortable. She looked at it with feminine di-

plomacy for some time. Jim never complained so long as she continued to greet him with a smile. After a while she took one of the oars and assisted him against the current, and her sweet voice and merry encouraging laughter at the task, made him forget his toil, filled his heart with a rare gladness at his great fortune, and acted like an antidote to any opposing evil emotion that might be welling up within him, even although the struggle seemed to be leading him nowhere in particular.

The first twenty years of married life were the worst for Jim, because the family increased with the years, the boat sank deeper and deeper into the water, and the rowing became more and more difficult. It just seemed to Jim that he would never reach the shore. At times he feared his muscles would give way under the strain. But, when he realized that his wife was holding up her end uncomplainingly, he bent to the oar with renewed vigor and even with pleasure. Superhuman spurts would send him away ahead for a spell, but in time the weary arms would relax and he would fall back again. This continued year after year with relentless mockery, and his efforts were barren of results barring the arrival of children at almost scheduled intervals.

But Mrs. Jim, who, perhaps, had the heaviest end to carry, possibly to shame him, continued to smile and laugh and brighten the home atmosphere. Oh the rare beauty of her! Jim and the children were her one great joy, her one happiness, her one concern. There was nothing else in the world for Mrs. Jim but them. And this kept Jim's heart floating buoyantly even when the powerful under-tow threatened to drag him beneath the surface. Jim's one weakness was gain. If he was not stepping ahead financially, he was doing nothing; and, during the first twenty years of married life, this seemed to be Jim's fate. There was never an end to the sickening drain. He seemed to be everlastingly penalized.

There was the periodical penalty in the shape of huge doctor's fees, huge hospital charges, domestic help, and dozens of other unavoidable expenses—fees against which there was no protection—in connection with each and every addition to the family. It was like a head tax to keep them out of the country, a restriction against natural increase. It was too much. One man's wage couldn't meet it and provide a sinking fund at the same time. When the fifth arrived Jim's patriotism was exhausted, and he concluded that it was time for him to draw the line. They had no more. It was impossible, for the expense was too great. The government didn't seem to want native born population for it taxed them and bonused exotics. It permitted restrictive measures to exist which made it impossible to keep up the birth rate.

Jim had often mentioned the cast-iron facts to his wife, but she didn't care. She only laughed at his distress:

"I guess we'll live through it," she said.

Mrs. Jim didn't want a fortune—in money. Jim and the children were her fortune. What more did she want? She was happy:

"Do we not get three square meals a day and plenty of clothes to wear?" she reminded him. "Money ain't everything."

"But it takes money to keep the mill going," growled Jim.

"Well, we've got money. At least, the mill has never stopped running," she replied cheerily.

And thus Mrs. Jim kept her sun shining in a home that might otherwise have been very dark and dreary.

Jim had found, however, that the marriage job was more than he could handle with a one-man wage and profit to himself. At the end of twenty years he hadn't advanced one step and the happy horizon seemed as far off as ever it had been.

He realized that, were he to make good, some gigantic efforts must be made during the coming ten years.

He reviewed the example of his friend Jack, a man of about his own age who had married about the same time. Jack had been fortunate, or he had been wise. His wife had presented him with only one child in all those twenty years. Jack had a similar job to Jim's in the same mill, and they received the same salary. But there the comparison between them ended, for Jack had accumulated wealth from his never-failing monthly pay envelope. Mr. and Mrs. Jack enjoyed life, and housed many of its luxuries. They had travelled much, and had gone abroad on several occasions during holidays when Jim was compelled to stay at home for want of means. The truth was apparent: Jim had been penalized for doing his duty to the country, while Jack had been bonused for neglecting it. Was Jack justified? Well, he lived on the best and got away with it. What was Jim going to do about it? What COULD be done about it? Nothing. Jim had sown; he must reap. The condition was there and it must be reckoned with. Jack seemed to enjoy as much credit for his one as Jim did for his five. Did the social system not require amending?

Jim's first job on earth, and it was his last, was a "hand" in one of the large city saw mills. He was a common laborer. But the laborer at the beginning of the twentieth century was better off than the university man. At that time there were beginning to be too many professional men and too few artizans. The balance of power was beginning to accrue in favor of honest-to-goodness labor. Jim earned good wages; but then, it required it all to meet current expenses. The end of each month found him hungry for his pay envelope to meet bills that were to eat it all up at sight. He was continually paying out his last dollar.

Jim had investigated those realms in whose soft arms some were able to rock in ease and comfort with no apparent source of motive power. But he was never brainy enough to get the inside track on any of the easy money which made such a life possible. In rare instances it was a matter of interest on invested capital, but in a great many it was personality, gaul, cheek, graft. The speculation led Jim nowhere but back to the soil. It seemed to him that the moment his wage would stop, down would come baby and cradle and all. His monthly pay was always a guardian angel standing between him and immediate ruin, starvation, nakedness. Without it his whole domestic fabric would fall about his ears. It was like a lone pillar supporting a beautiful structure, without which the whole magnificent pile would crumble to bits. Out of each dollar of his wage, moreover, he was never able to squeeze more than one hundred cents. In Jim's psychology there was only one way to get by, and that was by the tortuous channel of an everlasting grind.

Jim had been attached to the milling concern so long that he had become part and parcel to it—a cog in one of the small pinions—a bolt that held certain parts together. He had become to that part of the machinery which he handled, what a governor is to an engine. Like the governor, did he break down, the broken part would be replaced by a new. Jim was a mere unit in the great industrial world.

But then, Jim had an asset at home that more than compensated him for the drudgery and the tread-mill existence at the works—the priceless love of his wife, and his five healthy and valuable children. Notwithstanding the cost, they were worth it, and more to him than all other things in the world could possibly be.

Wending his way home one afternoon Jim made another discovery about the social system which augmented rather than weakened his injuries and prejudices. It was the summer of 1915 when conscription was first threatened in connection with the great war. It was a regiment of soldiers training for active service. He recognized a few young fellows whom he knew personally in the ranks. His eldest son

Joe, was just a few years younger than some of those who had enlisted. He was just sixteen.

The possibility of Joe enlisting or being conscripted in time occurred to Jim for the first time in all its gruesomeness. And it started Jim thinking, thinking, thinking. His thoughts this time ran amuck along a new channel, but he reached home before all evidence for the prosecution had been heard.

No sooner had he lifted the latch of the gate leading to his cottage than the door flew open and out rushed Mrs. Jim followed by two of the children. Immediately Jim's gloom vanished and his very feet seemed to develop wings.

The weight of twenty years married life had not left many dinges on Mrs. Jim. She was still fresh and fair, and firm in her love. Her affection for Jim was as true as it was yesterday, as true as it was on the day of their wedding. That was the husband's compensation for the great sacrifice he imagined he had made, and for many things that didn't seem to be according to Hoile.

Mrs. Jim caught him by the arm and dragged him playfully up the few steps to the door, while the two children clung to them, one to the mother and the other to the father.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried, "you can never guess."

Jim's whole being at once flew out to his wife:

"Guess? Guess what?"

"Try," eagerly.

"Apple dumplings?"

"No," in raptures.

"Sweetened oat cake?"

"No, nothing to eat. Try again."

"Cat got kittens?"

She screamed with laughter and delight.

"Wrong. Try again."

"Some one left us a fortune."

"No such luck."

"I thought not," he moaned, with the usual pessimism.

By this time they were in the dining room where the table was set for seven and the other three children were already placed.

Try again," repeated Mrs. Jim, as they entered the room.

"Give it up. What is it?"

"Stupid! Joe's got a job. Could you not guess?" enthused the wife, looking at the boy who was beaming with as much delight as the mother.

"Got a job! Joe? Where?"

"In the postoffice."

"Goodie."

Jim realized in a moment why his son had "got a job" in the postoffice. He recalled the draft of soldiers—recruits—mere boys many of them—passing down Granville street. It was some relief that his boy had been called to help fill the ranks in civil service rather than those of war.

Jim was not permitted to dwell on the tragedy of war or the happy manner in which it affected his own family, for the children began to crowd him; and, at the risk of picturing something that did not exist in 1915, much less in 1923, they all, with the exception of Joe, who was a man now with his postoffice job, kissed father before he sat down to the table. This was more of that wealthy compensation which Jim received in exchange for things which did not appear to be altogether right.

Every time Jim saw his home, and his wife, and his children, his heart swelled with gladness at his great fortune. What a blessing Mrs. Jim had been to him! What a joy she was with her sunshine smile, her kind sympathy, and her uncomplaining constancy!

But Jim had made a new discovery in social psychology. For nearly twenty years he had been bringing up children for the State at his own expense. Was it not Jim's time to speak his mind, to lay a complaint? By what right morally, socially, politically or otherwise had a burden that belonged

to British Columbia in general been placed on his individual shoulders? Why had he been selected? Was it any of his affair the fate of the country or the wars it might get mixed up in? No, it was nothing of the kind. He did not mind assisting in a general way, but to assume more than his share was rubbing it in. The province wanted population, let it finance the scheme. Let it encourage large families with bonuses or otherwise.

What an expense a family had been to Jim—what a sacrifice! It had been an endless slavery that had led him nowhere. They had bled him almost to death. The government wanted native population, yet it put every conceivable obstacle in the way of natural increase—the head tax at birth, the head tax at death in the form of enormous funeral expenses to get them out of the country did they chance to die. Where did the father of a large family get off at?

And, above all this, there was the call to arms in times of war when the government might at will conscript all fit members of a family that had been reared at the sole expense of one father with one wage. Where was the justice of the thing? Should the State not bonus parents instead of penalizing them?

He thought of his friend Jack again. He had only one child—a girl. Jack had done practically nothing for the country; Jim had done a great deal—for nothing. Jack had escaped the expenses of births and funerals. He had avoided the expense of raising a family, and he would contribute nothing towards the protection of the country in the event of war. By his piker methods he had become rich. Was it not penalizing the desirable and bonusing the undesirable? Could you beat it?

Jim wondered now how birth control could be censured even should it lead to race suicide. No, for the cost of raising children under present methods was too great, especially under the risk of their being taken away to be food for cannon by a State which had contributed nothing towards their support.

For many years Jim had suspected that all was not well with the human social system. He realized now that it was creepy with flaws.

There was the cry for more population, for larger families. But the families were getting smaller and smaller as the years went by, because they were being legislated out of existence. A habit was being formed that might never be overcome.

What a fool Jim had been! Common sense and simple sums in mathematics should have told him that a family was impossible from many viewpoints. That night in bed he turned the thing over and over in his fevered brain, and fell asleep having arrived nowhere.

In the morning he told his wife of the wonderful discovery he had made in connection with the Empire's social system, and he was greeted with the same warm sympathy:

"We should worry!" she said.

"But fancy us squandering all our substance all those years raising children for the use of the State, and perhaps for cannon fodder," he continued to rave. "It was a job for the government, not for us. It owes us thousands and thousands of dollars."

"Yes, and a fat chance you have of getting any of it," she sympathized.

"It's not right," Jim continued to complain.

"I wouldn't have any old government raising MY family," replied the wife, indignantly peeved.

"And why not?"

"They might take them all away from us. Then what?"

"They may take them anyway," he persisted, "if the war lasts much longer."

"Yes, but let's hope it don't."

"If I had known as much as I know now," Jim warned, "we wouldn't have had so many."

"JIM!"

Just at that critical moment two of the children came in and saved the situation for a time.

When they had gone again, Mrs. Jim returned to the attack:

"Jim," she said, "I want you to take that back."

"All right, dear; just as you say. But it won't adjust the thing."

"You should be the happiest man," Mrs. Jim led on. "You have a large family—such a family!—you have done your duty; you are rich!"

"Rich!" with something like a sneer. "At our own expense; our own expense! Fancy!"

Nevertheless Jim laughed.

(Next story, "Professor Agnew," a sequel to "The Fifty-Fiftys.")

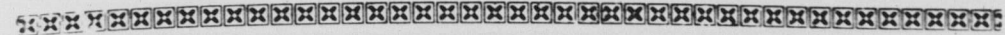
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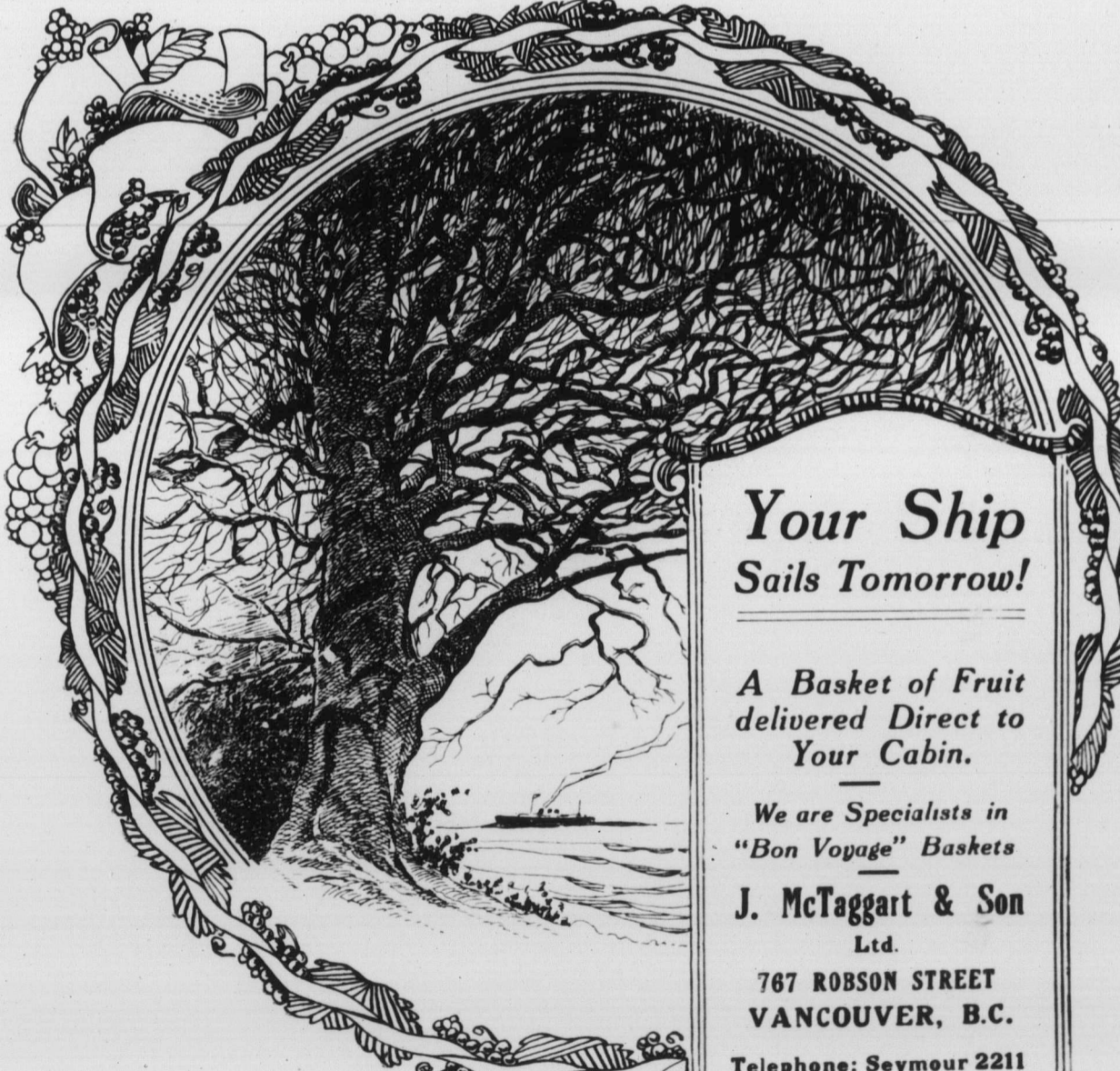
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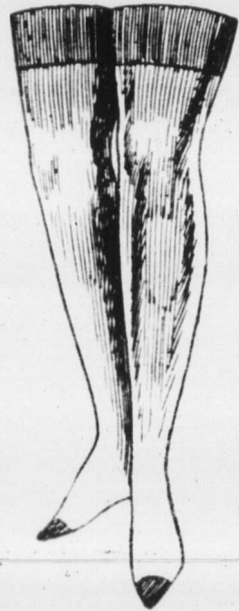


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