

## The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

(All Legal Responsibility Assumed by the Author)

All things considered, it must be regretted that the funeral arrangements respecting the late F. L. Carter-Cotton prevented many of his fellow citizens from attending to pay him the last tokens of respect possible to give. Few held such a place as he in popular esteem.

Clean-lived, a clever writer, a keen thinker and debater, an able journalist, he had that true independence which never refused advice and never slavishly followed any. His breadth of view was not founded on indifference to issues, but on a keen appreciation of the many sides presented by all real questions. His interest in educational matters alone would warrant his memory remaining green in our provincial annals.

Some thought his efforts, especially his journalistic ones, were too self-centred. It may be. This can be said, that it was no matter of personal gain but his intense interest in the issues dealt with that circumscribed his fields of effort.

His greatest fault—especially in political matters—was his great diffidence and bashfulness. He preferred that sound principles, keen logic and absolute trustworthiness, combined with thorough independence, should be his advocates. As a result friends and supporters had often to compel him to break through his reserve lest his position be misunderstood and he be thought to lack in that appreciation and sympathy with which his heart was full but to which shyness prevented his giving expression.

His public career is too well known to need comment. From earth's misty light he has passed into the sunshine of eternity, carrying with him the honour, respect and esteem of many thousands.

It has been refreshing to hear two sermons of late in which the Love of God was painted in all its wonderful fullness and yet made consistent with a full punishment of sin. Let us get away from the tawdry, sentimental nonsense that insists that God—for the sake and by means of His love—saves anyone and everyone, somewhere, somehow, from the operation of His own laws. Let us have more of Ibsen's sane idea, as expressed in his "Harald" (I do not guarantee the name), where we have the destructive avalanche, but from it as it sweeps the hero and (shall I say) the heroine over the cliff, there comes the voice summing up its different lessons, "God is Love." It will be useful reading to those who cannot contemplate without a sickly sentimental terror the eternal punishment of sin.

All will be glad to learn from their owners what useful and elevating places our cabarets are. As from the origin and nature of a cabaret they could not possibly be so worthy, we have to decide whether our local institutions are really cabarets, and if so whether their proprietors are telling what is not true. The problem, reader, is yours.

And now we are to have a "dryer" act in B. C. Those of us who are Prohibitionists would not mind seeing how the present act properly enforced would work. We welcome any change that will tend to reduce the evils of the liquor habit. We would especially welcome the proper pursuit and punishment of offenders against the act.

Up to the close of the Clement inquiry the Vancouver situation, as painted by rumor, apparently more or less well founded, was this:

Brought in by the Tulks under their different names, say, 15 carloads.

Collected in fines from the Tulks for importing, \$5,000 (or was it \$7,000?).

Fines and imprisonment of Tulks for disposing of same: None—if we except the Gartshore sentence still in litigation.

Brought in by others, say 7 carloads.

Fines for importing: None.

Imprisonment for selling: None.

What would seem to be the present situation here now? For \$13.50 you can get the necessary prescription and two quarts of liquor for medicinal purposes only. Your pocket-book and your ability to absorb fix the limits.

The Daily Sun is asking, "What do you think about the future life?" Why not, "What do you know?"

## Thumb-Nail Sketches of B. C. Public Men

By the Wayside Philosopher.

III.—JOHN OLIVER.

Last month William John Bowser, K.C., was the leading B. C. character sketched in this department. We now cross the floor, metaphorically, and devote our space to his leading opponent, Premier Oliver.

For Oliver's birth and parentage the reader can scan "Who's Who." We are only interested in the man, particularly since his advent into Provincial political affairs.

His rugged, virile, kindly face and typical well-to-do farmer appearance need no description here.

Like his opponent, he is a man of clean, wholesome, moral life and habits. Unlike his opponent, he is a member, not merely an adherent, of the church.

Forceful, energetic, able, he is the outstanding figure on the Government side, and his shrewd common-sense enables him to overcome the lack of university training and become a worthy antagonist of the Opposition leader.

Strong-willed, he is somewhat too insistent on having matters arranged his own particular way.

His other great weakness is his failure to recognize his own limitations. In agriculture and allied matters he has a right to speak with authority. He will assume, and has assumed, to speak with equal authority on finance and the other important phases of our Provincial political life, even giving his legal opinion on a matter under consideration by the local House.

The strain of the last couple of years have somewhat lessened the strong will, but they have not diminished the rugged virtues of that keen debater, forceful leader and outstanding Liberal warrior, "Honest John" Oliver, to whom, notwithstanding the temptation to follow the vicissitudes of his remarkable political career, we must bid adieu.

## FOR THE JUNIORS

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Whatsoever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

He who ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city.

Do thy best, thy best will be none too good.

Be instant in season and out of season.

Character is life's great prize, and no one can give it to thee save thyself.

Great oaks from little acorns grow.

One thing well done is worth a hundred partly finished.

Pure thoughts give pure habits and pure characters.