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are willing liquor trafficking shall be prosecuted providing we do not have to furnish the funds to see to prohibition enforcement where—as in Vancouver—it is weak.

PRAISE BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In last issue we said this matter was one deserving of attention—a task to be performed carefully, thoughtfully, conservatively. Who is going to be the first to send us in an article not over 500 words in length on any feature of British Columbia? Will the industrial and commercial side score or will our wonderland of beauty be stamped in whole or part by some beauty loving soul? In a land so beautiful, so wonderful, so rich, surely some one has seen something to admire.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

In an inspiring address to the young people of his church one of the local clergymen called particular attention to the great challenge the world has now to our youth.

Discounting all the varied prophecies of sweeping changes that the war should bring it cannot be denied that a new era is about to dawn.

Unfortunately the real indices seem largely, to go unnoticed. A search for the unfindable great man who shall find a solution for our world problems goes on in this quarter. In that quarter some clever brain enumerates some plan of salvation only to find it is an age-old scheme discarded by some previous generation. Here we have success found in the most impossible places. Everywhere the press and the platform show visions of unrest, turmoil, doubt. Not every where. Now and again "with souls that cringe and plot" we find our Sinais. Here and there in the eddying maelstrom of surging tempest driven press messages of disorder, trouble, unrest, gleams—overlooked by the anxious many—a beacon

light of a higher order of things, a promise of things which endure.

Young men and young women, to calm the sea of unrest, to show a fretful and fretted world God's unchanging plans for man's peaceful enjoyment of His glories go serenely on to your great task. Unfaltering, immutable, silent as the grave, yet fearful as the storm to those not in accord with them, God's messengers are busy ringing out the false, ringing in the true. Are you to be His herald, rising above present disturbance in the divine assurance of yourself with Him, restful amid unrest, steady amid scenes of change, reliant and reliable, the God man reincarnated in miniature.

We do not require clever men. We have many. We do not require famous men. We have those. What we require most, and in numbers, are men who, squaring themselves by God's Will, keeping within the compass of His law will build themselves, by noble purposeful and commonplace lives, into the niches of that temple not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

Viscount Burnham's visit to Felix Penne was evidence at once of Burnham's gentility and the all-embracing fellowship of the Press.

The person who says, "Hello," when answering the telephone smiles very condescendingly when he hears some one else say, "Are you there?" He thinks such a question is silly.

What does the man who answers with, "Mr. Blank speaking," think of the person who says, "Hello?" Observing proper practice himself, he in his turn thinks the hello greeting is equally out of place.

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