

Established 1911

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West
Devoted to COMMUNITY · SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

Volume XVI

SEPTEMBER, 1920.

No. 6.

Nature's Way

How wise a mother Nature is I learn
When from the first I see her children leave
Behind what they outgrow. They do not grieve
Each morn that yesterday will not return.
The human march would end did Age but yearn
For baggage left with Youth,—the little dolls
That girlhood mothered, and boys' bats and balls;
Play gracefully gives place to Duty's stern
Yet wise behest. Each day we bid good-bye
To something, so I oft have seen men die—
Leave the familiar moorings, push their prow,
With no misgivings, to the trackless deep,
Life's last leave-taking! Nature taught them how,
For each night-fall prepared for the long sleep.

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Halifax, N S

WOMEN AS JUDGES — By Emily Wright

\$1.75 One Year; \$3.00 Two Years]

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To Advertise Vancouver City? OF COURSE

YOU have done, or are doing your share in that commendable campaign organized by the Vancouver Rotary Club. But has it occurred to you that this Magazine has for ten years been tackling a much bigger job, and that it is making steady progress in overtaking it, namely—

ADVERTISING BY SERVICE

British Columbia and the Canadian West--

yes, by "Community Service," undertaken "independent of party, sect or faction," not only for one day, or month, or year, but all the year round all the years?

"INTO EVERY HOME IN THE FARTHEST WEST"

is our Tenth Year motto. As a CITIZEN of the West, you are, or should be, getting the Magazine in your home. If you are not, you may NOW take advantage of our "Get-acquainted" campaign. By it we undertake, though our regular rate is \$1.75, to mail twelve issues for ONE DOLLAR. Thus we leave Western Canadians no excuse for being ignorant of

The Magazine Which Represents BRITISH COLUMBIA

NEXT, HERE'S A WORD FOR YOU,

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As a BUSINESS MAN, manufacturer, wholesaler, or worth-while retailer, you are, or should be, using advertising space in this Magazine. If you are not, will you accept this invitation, and join us in the work of advertising and representing B. C.?

We wish "Leaders in every Line" to advertise with us, because we believe the work of this "Twentieth-Century Spectator of Britain's Farthest West" to be not only worth-while, but secondary to no kind of social service.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

Publishing Office, 1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B.C.

OUR ADVERTISERS ARE LEADERS IN THEIR LINES.

The Movie and the Legitimate Theatre

By W. R. Dunlop.

The Motion Picture is rapidly overspreading the world. Even now, almost every village with any claim to civilisation has its "Movie" with the usual accompanying loud placards of melodrama or farce; and still the tide keeps rolling in with something of the volume and speed of the Solway. It is questionable if the world is fully awake to the giant strides of this development in modern life—just as with the entry of the auto we hardly notice the exit of the horse. Perhaps a reason lies in the easy association of the Studio with the narrowed sense of the word as applied to the Fine Arts. Until the last few years the painter, musician and photographer have monopolised the term which has now been appropriated by the Film Industry; and when it is realised that one of these "Studios" in the suburbs of Los Angeles covers 1,500 acres, that at times it alone employs thousands of actors and is only one of many of varying size around the Southern city—chosen as a root centre for topographical and atmospheric reasons—one begins to grasp the idea of mighty Film corporations, of "million dollar pictures" and a potent influence which cannot be measured.

It is too obvious to need proof that the Screen has vast educational power and possibilities, not only of instruction but of dramatic interest and innocent amusement; the more cause, therefore to cherish the hope that the communal loyalty of producers and the perception and impartiality of censors will in time taboo all pictures of dubious appeal and shoddy scenario, which are still common enough. The danger is that, so long as they keep within the censor's veto, ill-finished scenarios of doubtful influence are the more likely to bring large profits, because of cheapness of production combined with appeal to the love of suggestive forms. For, while it is a sign of the essential soundness of human nature that, at any play, the greatest applause greets the approaching defeat of vice and the triumph of virtue—as for instance in the imminent capture of the villain by the pursuing hero who emerges galloping from out the dark wood—yet it must be admitted that the double entendre and the ambiguous or risqué situation find ready lodgment in the minds of thousands of young patrons who not only enjoy it but look for it. For this, thanks in great part to a laxity in home discipline, sometimes through temperamental lack of control and as often through a shirking of responsibility. The average good citizen in a community is neither licentious on the one hand nor over-prudish on the other; and it should be possible for any man to take wife, sister or sweetheart to any picture house—"West End or Water-front"—with every confidence, and without the lurking need of previous enquiry. That should be the censor's care. Though the prevailing tone is good it will not be pretended that the fear of offending a sensitive nature is absolutely groundless; and it is a pity that the occasional fly in the good ointment should oblige even a few to look askance at the pot. Apart, however, from a rigid control of motif one could wish that the censor's power extended to the artistic side of plays, so that—assuming him to have dramatic gifts and high standards—many an offering of poor construction and weak finish would be improved off the face of the screen altogether.

From an educative point of view—in the accepted use of the word—the motion picture is a vehicle which public agencies are only beginning to realise. Its power is untold because of the extent of its audience. As an incentive to the tourist trade in a Province like this and as a means of focusing attention on industrial progress and possibilities it should be invaluable if the films are judiciously spread; while, as in a recent movement in New York, it may exercise a benevolent influence on unrest by showing the salient features of inter-related problems which the two classes of Capital and Labour

have to face. It is too much, however, to expect that the ordinary play producer is an altruist or to overlook the fact that, in catering to heart interest, his main thought is of commercial gain, with a varying love of edification thrown in; and if the educative films referred to are to have anything like the requisite showing it may be necessary that the governments or public bodies who wish to further them should be prepared to pay subsidies.

A word on the nature of the play-houses themselves. In the finer ones—and the growing tendency in great centres is to outvie in sumptuous elegance—ventilation and physical comfort may have a relative first place; but in some of the poorer districts of cities, and often in country villages, the pressure of patronage seems sufficient to warrant "show" buildings little better than barns in which, as in a cul de sac, fetid air invites disease, while many in the crowded audiences will remain to a second performance, unconscious of anything but absorbing interest. Surely stricter byelaws should provide and enforce a remedy and incidentally a better protection against a pulmonary menace to the growing youth who form a national asset.

Through the comparative cheapness of prices and the spacious settings and sensational features of many of the plays, the motion picture makes an increasing challenge to the future of the Legitimate theatre, by reason of deep inroads into the spending power of the community. This, I think, is matter for more than professional alarm. In ethics the Theatre has been the subject of time-worn controversy. Both in association and work it has doubtless many blemishes, even without the aid of the spotlight; and it lies much in the power of dramatic critics to purge it of impurities, at least of plot and performance—for a fearless Press has the effective qual-

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ity of the cold douche; but it still remains that the great institution which suggests the name of Irving, Tree, Booth and a galaxy of distinguished men and women in this and other days is a fine educative force and, as an illustrator of great standard plays, is today—even more than the platform or the pulpit—one of the chief guardians of the grace and dignity of the English language. In the case of the platform, such powers of classic speech as inhere may often be spoiled by nervousness or by the moods of the moment; in that of the pulpit it is not ideally the chief aim; but the main function of the stage at its best is to add interpretive power to verbal accuracy in presenting the artistic product of cultured minds. The purity of the English language in this continent is threatened by a very unwelcome grafting. I do not refer to the impious blasphemy in speech which, in certain circles, disgraces this Western land or to the foul and repulsive modern swear words which put the frequent "Dem it" of Mr. Mantalini into a mild class. These are too gross to stick; but I mean the too common use of slang and hybrid expression which condemn the finger posts of syntax, jump all fences and trample the flowers of style with easy impunity for the questionable gain of a pseudo directness and the desire to be smart.

Apart from provincial idioms and dialects, which are hardly in the comparison, I do not know if in the Latin languages there is anything quite analogous to "Americanisms" in our own—unless perhaps by transplanting. Certainly in the Northern part of this Continent the easy habit is on the increase; like a persistent drip, drip it must eventually infect even those who dislike it most; and the point may well engage the attention of educationists, some of whom of the younger set are perhaps in a mild way rather complacent to the habit, themselves. Nor is the insidious influence confined to us here; and I have been rather surprised recently to notice it creeping into some of the standard old country newspapers and into one or two old country private letters where I looked least for it.

It appears to me, therefore, that a greater encouragement of the best that the Legitimate Theatre has to offer will do much to counteract a growing tendency which promises to leave to the coming generation the legacy of a mongrel speech; and if this term be thought too strong let anyone tabulate for himself a list of slang words and phrases which, by continued use, have already acquired passive recognition in his own polite little circle and yet have no right to be there.

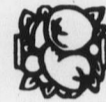
Never in our National history has the Stage been so singled out for Royal honours as in the last twenty years; and it seems ironical that these late honours coincide with a deepening rivalry which threatens its power to merit them in future. Perhaps this danger may be more apparent than real. With its living interest and the strength and attraction of the spoken word the "Legitimate" offers many competitive features to the Motion Picture; and while both require public censorship both are potential factors of great public good.

ADVERTISING VANCOUVER CITY.

The value of advertising is a commonplace subject in these days, and every loyal citizen will be glad to see that the project initiated by the Vancouver Rotary Club to raise \$25,000 to advertise Vancouver City crowned with an overflowing success.

If at this time we may venture a comment at all it would be that such an excellent course of action should not be confined to advertising one city or even all the cities in British Columbia, but should be extended to embrace the Province as a whole. In that connection the British Columbia Monthly may have more to say and do. "Independent of party, sect or faction" it is more open for community service affecting British Columbia as a whole.

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For Coast climate wear, especially in fall, winter and early spring, the desirability of the tweed suit is readily admitted. Tweed suits such as we offer you here are of such quality as most women are glad to possess—the models are well tailored—smartly fashioned and most carefully finished. Add a tweed to your wardrobe for street wear, travel or sport service.

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—Model of pepper and salt tweed, pleated back, fancy slit pockets, belted and button trimmed. This model is fancy silk lined and has two-piece skirt—\$57.50.

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Phone Sey. 3540

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA.

All legal responsibility assumed by author.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY LOST.

Great men often err. Some of us small men can obtain a certain kind of comfort from this fact if we are of the nature that accepts such.

One of the latest illustrations of this mistake was Dr. Stewart's address before the Vancouver Canadian Club. A man of undeniable ability, qualified by descent education and wide acquaintanceship with world conditions, with a subject of primary importance, with an audience ready to listen and to learn, he turned what might have been a valuable lesson on the most important elements in our Canadian and Imperial life—the Scot—into a success of witty stories which, in the main, had only the quality of pleasing.

Perhaps the clan or family name was against him. The Stewarts made blunders much less serious than other royal families but made them under circumstances that caused them to be most costly to themselves. Despite sterling qualities that can never be forgotten they lost crowns and sometimes life itself. Dr. Stewart lost an opportunity of serving Britain and Canada. As a patriot who showed true Scottish devotion to duty in the recent war he will regret it more than we do when he realizes his missed opportunity.

OLD TRUTHS REINFORCED.

In sharp contrast was Mr. Davies' address to Vancouver Rotarians. In a brief review of Canadian matters as they stand he showed his appreciation of the strong and weak points in our present Canadian position and people. He had judged well the immense commercial possibilities that are open to our people but like every really true man he recognized that great resources do not make a great country. Greatness of character alone can do this.

In the closing part of an able and interesting address he impressed upon his audience the value of education and the supreme importance of our child life.

"Oh yes we all admit that," some one will say. Do we? Have a never-so-interesting speaker hold a meeting on the benefits of technical education or address us on howsoever vital an educational topic. Hold at the same time some meeting on harbour improvements or other well enough but not vital subject. Compare the attendances, the press notices, etc. and then ask yourselves Canadians in which we are more vitally interested—the commercial dollar-getting matters or that wealth which all the gold of the world cannot provide for any country.

Will the abundance of our natural resources with their outstanding money value corrupt us and cause us, having coined a curse from the golden arms of blessing, to stagger wealth-laden and money-blind into the decay that swept Rome and Greece from glorious vantage grounds into the list of ruined nations?

Would that it could be burned into Canadian hearts in undying words of fire that greatness lies not in the multitude and value of our possessions but in the extent of our capacity to be great. Happy the boy or girl, the man or woman, who learns that only in the cultivation of virtue comes real happiness. At peace with himself, or herself, such a person can see the most outstanding calamities befall one and, making sure alone that duty is always well and faithfully performed, be content—yea happy. When one has lifted oneself to the height where the sole duty is to guard against failure and selfishness in oneself, he can understand something of the great position taken by St. Paul, "I have learned in what ever position I am—therewith to be content."

EDUCATIONAL INTEREST.

Are we then to be really interested in education and our boys and girls? Are we going to leave them abler to be happy than we are? How many of us are planning to give them a start in life rather than to give them the ability to enjoy life? What outlook on life are we imparting? Are we stressing character or possessions, service giving or service getting? Richest treasures are in our hands to give a setting unto. Will they be pure when we have finished our labours, ready with light serene to shine in the ever increasing brilliance unto the perfect day, or tawdry tinsel things, whose chief value even to themselves, will be the trappings which surround them?

Will we hear Davies in a real sense? Shall we not gird our loins and battle to the utmost for a clean, healthy education based on a right estimate of values, temporal and eternal, and an open door thereto for every child?

Meanwhile hearty thanks to Mr. Davies.

PROHIBITION ECHOES.

Calgary's Chief of Police has been censured in some quarters for not "playing the game." On returning to Calgary from Vancouver he is reported to have said, "We bootleg by the bottle here, they do it by the case in Vancouver." The truth of his statement was not denied. He was criticized for commenting on Vancouver conditions. Juster criticism would have been against him for permitting bootlegging by the bottle in Calgary which he evidently admits, thereby admitting his own inefficiency.

As to Vancouver conditions, was he correct? Apparently those who criticise him, believe he was. Why then should he not state facts? Do his critics believe that inferentially he was saying that there was no excuse for such a condition in Vancouver? Well who on earth believes there is any excuse for such conditions prevailing here? Opinions may vary as to the validity of the different excuses made for Vancouver conditions or as to the blame-worthy ones. No excuse can be offered for the existence in Vancouver of such bootlegging as the courts have disclosed in the Plant, Canadian Pacific Wine Co. and other cases.

Anent this matter a further question arises. What of the Tulks? Have they been free of the sin of bootlegging? If not who has protected them and why?

The Attorney-General purposes to cope with city violations of Prohibition by taking over the police and centralizing police authority, municipal and otherwise in himself. Theoretically much can be said for this but is it the better way to handle this problem? Let us be frank with ourselves, those of us who are Prohibitionists, is the main trouble not this; we

Is Your House a Home?

Our Tenth Year Motto is:

"Into Every Home in the West"

That is every home worthy of the name properly applied.

(See page 2 of cover)

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

Would you appreciate TWO Sacks of Kindling

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With every ton of our best lump or nut

Coal

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"I Want My Kindling

Free"

Canadian Wood and Coal Yards Co.

Phones

Main Office Sey. 5290

Branch Office Fair. 3887

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 eddy 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.

B. C. TELEPHONE CO.

THE FIRE FIGHTERS

(By Herbert Fiddes).

"FIRE! FIRE!" Is there a word in our vocabulary that quickens the pulse so readily? The shriek of the siren, the clanging of bells, the roar of the Brigade as it dashes down the street, is the sign for work to be left aside for the moment, windows to be thrown open, and a rush made for the scene of the fire. Everyone—young and old alike—is fascinated by the spectacle of the Fire Fighters' wild rush to save.

The Demon "Fire" commands respect. It may be but the summons of a nervous old lady whose chimney smokes, or it may be a conflagration of immense proportions, where lives are at stake. It matters not which it is—with the right of way over all traffic—the Fire Fighters rush to lend their aid.

When a fireman jumps to his position on the engine, he knows not what adventure lies ahead. It may end in a pleasant run through the streets on a glittering engine, or it may result in hours of weary fighting with smoke and flame. It may be his last run.

Vancouver is blessed with one of the most finely equipped and efficient Fire Departments in the world. Citizens may go to sleep, satisfied that they are in the safe keeping of men who place duty first.

The system adopted in Vancouver is such as will commend itself to all citizens. A few facts and figures should prove of interest to readers of this magazine.

Distributed throughout the city are 304 street Fire Alarm Boxes (Gamewell system). These red boxes are familiar to all citizens. The system works well, as anyone who has had occasion to turn in a call will vouchsafe; the response from the various halls being remarkably smart.

It is interesting to know, however, that 75 per cent. of the alarms received by the Fire Department, are received over the 'phone.

In addition to the Gamewell system, a number of the leading firms have installed the May-Otway and Western Union systems with sprinklers. These are of great importance, and have been the means of great saving in lives and property.

When an alarm (other than Chemical calls) is turned in from a down-town locality, three Halls generally respond (9 engines and 3 chiefs) and in the case of outside districts,

two halls (with from three to four pieces of apparatus and two chiefs) answer the call.

Located to the best advantage in the various districts of city are eleven stations, with a total of 25 engines, consisting of three combination gasoline pumpers and hose-wagons, seven hose-wagons; three chemical engines; two aerial ladder trucks (75' and 85'); two City Service trucks (with chemical tanks, 55' ladders); three combination chemical and hose-wagons; four chief's automobiles and one mechanic's auto for repair work.

This equipment is manned by a staff of 191 men, consisting of one chief, one assistant-chief, three district chiefs, one secretary, one assistant-secretary, three mechanics, one blacksmith, seven fire-wardens and 173 captains, engineers, drivers, tillermen, firemen.

It is to the everlasting credit of the Vancouver Fire Department that of the 191 men on the staff, 93 served with the colours during the Great War. Sixty-five of that number saw actual service in France, while one was with the Overseas Navy. With such men on her engines Vancouver is justified in her pride of her Fire Fighters.

Water is seldom used to extinguish a fire, unless found absolutely necessary. The reason for this is obvious, as water cannot be used without doing a certain amount of damage to property. Where the hose is brought into use it only takes on an average of 25 to 30 seconds from the time of arrival at the scene of the fire, to have the water playing on the flames.

In a city so largely built of wood, it is a matter of surprise that so few really large fires occur. This is in large measure due to the prompt and able manner in which the Fire Department responds to calls. Within the last ten years the most notable fires in Vancouver City, have been Coughlan's Shipyards, Kelly, Douglas Company, New England Fish Company, and Balmoral Apartments.

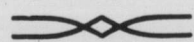
As evidence of the hazardous task our firemen undertake when they don the uniform, within the first six months of this year 30 casualties occurred in their ranks, and within the last 10 years eight gallant men answered their last call in performance of their duty. Their duty lay not in the glamour of the battle-field, but in the self-assumed duties at home. "They saved others, themselves they could not save."

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Readers of the B. C. M. will be agreeably surprised to know, on the other hand, that within the past ten years only 19 citizens have been killed or died as the result of burns sustained in fires. These figures speak for themselves.

To be able to tackle the heavy work fire fighting involves firemen must keep in the pink of condition. To this end compulsory drills are carried out for each crew, four times a week—each drill of from two to three hours duration. By this means the men are kept fit.

In any occupation where danger of life is involved, and where unquestioning and immediate response to commands is the very essence of efficiency, rigid discipline must be maintained. It would never do if slipshod methods were allowed. Among the rules laid down by the V. F.D.—rules as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—is one whereby any member reporting for duty after the bell (changing crews) has struck (8 a.m. or 6 p.m.) is fined as follows: 1st offence, \$1.00; 2nd offence (within 30 days) \$2.00; 3rd offence (within 30 days) \$5.00 or dismissal from the service, (at the discretion of the Fire-Chief). A man reporting over 30 minutes late is fined a day's pay, and dismissed on 2nd offence. No excuses for "Tardiness" are accepted.

It is worthy of note that Vancouver has the distinction of being the first city in Canada to adopt the Two-Platoon system, which has worked so successfully since October 1st, 1918. Also that the first motor apparatus was bought in 1908, and all apparatus motorized in 1917.

To write of Vancouver's Fire Department, without mentioning its "grand old chief," would be to miss the secret of its wonderful progress and efficiency. From a "one-horse brigade" to one of the most efficient and modern departments in the world, Fire Chief Carlisle has led his men. Through storm and stress for 35 years he has piloted his department. It is impossible for any man to hold a public office for any length of time, without meeting criticism, but in all the years Chief Carlisle has been at the head of affairs, adverse criticism has been such a negligible quantity, as to be overwhelmingly smothered by the splendid work he has accomplished. He has only to point to what his department was and is, to silence the would-be critic. Passing years have not dimmed his foresight, but steeled his endeavour to make Vancouver Fire Department second to none in the world.

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THE CITIZEN OFFICE

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ORIGINAL VERSE---Selected

THE VALLEY OF THE STARS.

Far from bustling city shoppers,
And the noisy clang of cars,
Gently flows the silent River,
Through the Valley of the Stars.

Velvet green is each embankment,
Richly set with flow'ry gems,
Cyclamen and snowy Orchis,
Lilies borne on graceful stems.

Thick as leaves upon the alder,
Are the trout within its deeps,
And above, in mighty circles,
O'er the cliff the eagle sweeps,

Lovely deer come with the evening,
When the blue grouse go to rest,
And the owl sounds out his welcome,
As he comes forth from his nest.

Round about this virgin meadow,
Giant pines uprear their heads,
And o'er all the peaceful valley,
Blue the vault of Heaven spreads.

O'er the souls of those who enter,
Steals a great serenity;
And there dawns a clearer meaning,
Of the Vast Eternity.

—George Hopping.

MY LOVE IS DEAD.

(By Robert Watson).

I dreamed.
How real it seemed!
I dreamed that she was dead.
I had not known till then how much I loved her
'Tis ever so!

I rose.
—Still in repose—
I hastened to her bed.
Her face, so pale; no pulsing life now moved her.
The light burned low.

I gazed.
With senses dazed
I sank beside her there.
Numbed by the agony of mortal doom,
I groaned and wept.

At last,
For all was past,
I roused me, touched her hair,
Her cheeks so fair from which had flown life's bloom
While I had slept.

Her eyes!
Ah! Love's surprise.
They opened wide. She smiled.
I crooned and caught her, living, to the fold.
And darkness sped.

* * * * *

'Tis dawn.
I wake and gaze upon
My love, in sleep exiled.
How still and calm she lies! Great God! how cold!
MY LOVE IS DEAD.

From a Woman's Point of View

WOMEN AS JUDGES

(By Emily Wright).

The Lord Chancellor (Lord Birkenhead) is appointing the women magistrates for England. It is interesting and somewhat amusing to note that this duty should be his, for a few years ago his attitude towards women did not suggest anything in the way of advancement, or emancipation for them.

When Lloyd George and Winston Churchill were being unmercifully heckled by the suffragettes, one often wondered whether A. J. Balfour, Austen Chamberlain and F. E. Smith (now Lord Chancellor) would have received similar treatment had they occupied the government benches, instead. Being on the opposition and in a hopeless minority, they did not need to declare themselves on the burning question of the Enfranchisement of Women. Therefore it was a tense moment when F. E. Smith was asked the question: "Would you give women the vote?" This happened when the familiarly and affectionately styled "F. E." came before his constituents at Liverpool for his second return to Parliament. He had delivered a masterful political address, had stirred and thrilled his audience with his oratory until even he must have been satisfied. The deafening applause had no sooner subsided than a man stood up and put the momentous question. We sat tight in our seats, men hoping that "he" would prove to be a man, women anxious for their political favourite's reply, almost praying that they would not have cause to be ashamed of him. Had the proverbial pin been dropped—but it wasn't, the pin became a bomb and "F. E." flung it. Deliberately he raised himself from his seat and into the painful silence he thundered just one word, "No!" and then resumed his seat. It was an uncompromising, an unqualified negative. Men received it with cheers, women with creepy chills in the region of the spine. Yet such is the contrariness of women that, admiring a strong man, they now gloried in the fact that he did not evade the question nor bolster up his answer with excuses and half-promises that meant nothing.

However, much water has flowed under the bridge since then. With the advancement of women in political, professional and social circles, men have had unusual duties to perform or favours to bestow.

In our own Province there is a woman judge of the Juvenile Court. Vague whisperings there were in the magisterial circles as to the wisdom of such an appointment—not with regard to the particular personality of the judge herself, but with the outrageous idea of having a woman at all. A preconceived doom seemed to be in store for the Court and all that that involves. In the circumstances, naturally the conduct of the Court has been watched closely and critically and so satisfactory has it proved that so far from anyone suggesting that the service of a woman judge be dispensed with, there is a project on foot for the establishment of a Woman's Court which will be a distinct step forward.

Judge Jean Norris is the first woman judge of the criminal court of the United States. She has a large jurisdiction in New York City, and presides both at the Women's Court and the Domestic Relations Court. Statistics prove the fallacy of those often quoted words: "Never set a woman to judge a woman," for eighty per cent. of the unfortunate women who appear before her rise from their degradation and become good, honest citizens again. "Woman's inhumanity to woman" has no place in the heart of Judge Norris. She administers justice well mixed with mercy, gentleness and patience, strong in her belief that the second chance means so much to them.

A woman juror recently said: "Women should always try women because of their clearer understanding of feminine wiles." This may be true, but it is a very poor reason. "Wiles" are rarely tried by one woman upon another for the simple reason that they are comprehended. They are reserved almost exclusively for the male sex.

Nevertheless, woman has a greater understanding of the mind of woman than a man. Her intellect is of a different kind. It bears the impress of her character, including whatever she possesses of those qualities peculiar to women, and thus her intellectual faculties may be modified by her emotions, sympathies, and moral qualities generally. But it is because of these qualities, together with her natural quickness of perception, that a woman judge will be better able to read the mind and influence the life of her less fortunate sister. Then, too, her point of view is altogether different, and if for no other reason than this, it is imperative that certain cases concerning women should be tried by women.

The responsibility of a woman judge is great, and naturally the selection of such judge should be made with care. Politics should be dismissed from the mind in making the appointment. A woman of intellectual powers—not what is generally termed a clever woman, which breathes too much of artificiality—with an innate charm of dignity and tenderness, whose very personality can inspire hope in the breast of the wayward, is necessary to success. She may be chosen from an environment of elegance and magnificence, as the Lord Chancellor has chosen the Duchess of Devonshire for Magistrate in Derbyshire, she may be untouched by poverty or sorrow; or she may have been disciplined by suffering and temptation to the ennobling of her character, she may be better able to understand the culprit than the culprit understands herself; but from whatever branch of society she is chosen she must have discriminating judgment, penetrating wisdom, a heart full of sympathy and patience for her whose errors are not so much the result of desire to do wrong, as from the possession of a vacillating nature, and a weak will unable to withstand the pressure of evil and adverse circumstances.

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"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

Vol. XVI

SEPTEMBER 1920.

No. 6.

WHO WANTS POLITICAL PUBLICANS?

We did not expect our recent comments on prohibition to commend themselves to all our readers; but we had a right to expect that those who differed from us would note the conclusion of the article.

The criticism of one subscriber (Fort William, Ontario) was more than offset by that of the others. One layman of influence in the West commended the B. C. M. on its courage in stating that there was difficulty about decision. "He too, had voted for prohibition, but was perplexed by the conditions resulting. . . ." As an example he mentioned the case of two elevator boys who were known to have secured motor cars as the result of their agency in the nefarious traffic.

If the unsatisfactoriness in the carrying out of the act is due not only to the surviving craving for strong liquors—which may not be extinguished in a day or a year—but also to laxity in the matter of government supervision, the question whether, as an alternative to prohibition people should support so-called government control is answered before it is put. For, if under present conditions, the government is incapable of "controlling" the traffic, it would be bad business and poor policy to pass into the hands of any group of politicians the right to carry on a traffic in strong drink.

Consistently with the conclusion in our former reference, we hope readers of the B. C. M., whatever their doubts and questionings, will vote for prohibition as a movement making for "the greatest good of the greatest number," and real social and Christian progress.

EXHIBITIONS AS "COMMUNITY SERVICE."

Vancouver 1920 Exhibition has passed into history. The all-round excellence of the exhibits as indications of the work and development of the city and Province must have been a source of satisfaction to the Directorate, even though the financial returns were seriously lessened by the record-making inclement weather.

Because of the unquestionable value of such exhibitions in "Community Service" the B. C. M. ventures to suggest that the Civic and Provincial Powers—that should be asked to guarantee the expenses. If, as we understand, the Directors give their time and business experience in an honorary way it is not unreasonable to hold that they should be assured against loss.

Such a guarantee might have the additional advantage of doing away with the "skid-road" criticisms by making the primary consideration the securing of an abundance of wholesome recreation and entertainment.

B. C.'S VERSATILE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Of politicians many hard things are said, and perhaps not a few are justified. When a man enters the political arena the tendency in the community is to think of him solely as a politician, and usually as a party man. It is refreshing to find a member of parliament who in public addresses gives evidence that his interests are wider than party or politics.

The present Attorney General, Mr. Farris, naturally a fluent and ready speaker, gives promise of becoming known as something better than a mere lawyer or politician, one of whose usual qualifications professionally in each case is a capacity to "talk." Once or twice recently Mr. Farris has spoken at the Kiwanis Club; he made a short speech at the Board of Trade function the other week; and he followed that up the other day by a stimulating address to the Life Under-

The Fallacy of Government Control

By Ernest Thomas.

NOTE: The following article reached our hands after this Magazine had been made up for the press; but rather than miss the opportunity of being of further "Community service" in connection with the important question soon to be submitted to the people of B. C., the issue was delayed and re-arranged so as to give space to Mr. Thomas's thought-provoking and enlightening contribution.—Ed. B. C. M.

The most significant feature of the present discussion concerning the prohibition plebiscite is the studied confusion of terms. People are often heard saying that they are going to vote for "government control." Well, all one can say is that they will not find a place on the ballot paper for their vote. "Government control" is not an issue and is not before the electors. The only alternative to the prohibition act is "Government control and sale" of liquor by the bottle, a radically different thing. The opposition find it wise to refrain from the full title.

Were I their publicity agent the same tactics would occur to me as the only safe ones. "Government sale of liquor" would not get more than a corporal's guard of confirmed old-world dwellers. The public has made up its mind that booze ought to go. And in so making up its mind the theological questions about sin and the biblical questions of what certain sacred personalities said or did have very little influence. For the question arises whether those persons ever had the issue set before them on the basis of ascertained fact as we have it today.

Every word about temperance as opposed to prohibition is wasted energy. The thing has been tried out for thirty years and always fails to do more than serve as an excuse to those who evade the issue. The intelligent prohibitionist absolutely denies the first axiom of the other fellow—that alcohol is all right consumed regularly in small quantities. We agree with him that alcohol is all right in its place but that that place is not in the human system. In taking this stand we have the now unanimous agreement of every first class reputable scientist.

Alcohol, Not Drunkenness, the Issue.

The three British Commissions on Birth Rate, Venereal Disease, and Alcohol have all agreed that alcohol, not drunkenness is the supreme factor in each of the three investigations. Alcohol and still births, alcohol and venereal disease, alcohol and reduced vitality, all confront us as the indissoluble groups.

The British government has adopted the plan of those who on this continent sowed the minds of two generations with the facts as ascertained by science. Our task was difficult because the facts had not been adequately ascertained; but the recent British Commissions are so emphatic and of such unimpeachable authority that the British case is simpler. They

(Continued on Page 14.)

Vancouver Board of Trade in a New Light: Extending Its Community Service Functions

By D. A. Chalmers.

First there was the arrangement of the banquetting hall—the ballroom of the Hotel Vancouver. The seating of the guests of honour beside the chairman and other outstanding officials of the board, representatives of such Community Service Clubs as Rotary and Kiwanis, the ever-ready orator and effervescent mayor, the city members of the Dominion Parliament, and others, necessitated the chief table being placed lengthwise of the hall.

The dinner, if not an elaborate one, was at least a dainty one, well-served, and a pleasant contrast to the too-often-cold luncheons with which the Canadian Club and others have to be content. But we must not grumble for the accommodation and conveniences are the best, and in these days, when "tipping" may become illegal, who knows what troubles hotel managers may have with that honorable body of men who not "only stand and wait" but "also serve."

A Genial Chairman—of Words Few but Fit.

Chairman Blake Wilson rose to the occasion as some other non-speechmaking presidents—his predecessor for instance—have also done admirably when put to the test.

In his opening remarks and in his introductions of speakers, Mr. Wilson's words were few but fitting, and even his naive allusion to Mrs. Wilson in the gallery was in keeping with the fellowship spirit and unpretentious social tone of the meeting.

As all who have had occasion to come into contact with him must recognise, there is something actively human and unaffectedly sincere in the personality of the president. A man with heavy responsibilities and of no end of work, involving the constant exercise of judgment and supervision affecting a big concern, whatever his attitude to a business proposition, Mr. Blake Wilson is always the same pleasant, unassuming, good-natured gentleman, whose conversation on current topics suggests "the larger heart, the kindlier hand."

Mr. Tisdale—A Layman!—Says Grace.

It was in keeping with the "human touch" to find president Wilson calling upon "Mr. Tisdale, one of the oldest members of the Board" to say grace.

Why do we not have more of this at the public functions of our Clubs and Community organizations in the West? Surely no man, of whatever race or creed, should need to study any to express in one sentence or two common thanks to the Almighty, the working of Whose beneficent laws should teach us all to ask—"What have we that we have not received?"

Yet at the Canadian Club and other luncheons it often seems as if a member with a clerical collar was an indispensable mouthpiece, though recently President Somerville (journalist by profession) of the Canadian Club himself gracefully expressed the vocal thanksgiving for the assembly.

It is well to "honour the cloth," but it is no less worth while remembering that "Thank you" to the Common Father can be said sincerely in any garb.

In this connection we are reminded of the varied comments that follow a certain clergyman's unusual but repeated expression for "Grace" at public functions, and reflect that the poet's line "For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight," might be adapted to read:

In forms of Grace, let zealous parsons vie,—

The layman says: "Accepted thankfully."

Mr. Tisdale's expression was exemplary in its naturalness, and such that while all good conservatives could not but join him in it, the most earnestly liberal could also follow with "Amen."

Mr. Tisdale is well-known in Vancouver as a business man and also as a former member of the British Columbia legislature. But perhaps his community service is not secondary, and certainly he does not appear in anything but a friendly and non-partisan guise, as Chairman of the Civic Bureau of the Vancouver Board of Trade. Business-like, yet patient and considerate towards the members, he expedites procedure, un-hasting, yet unwasting of time. May his cheerful presence long "grace" the Board!

"Mr. Phil" to the Fore.

While in the course of the evening marked compliments, which must have been gratifying to Vancouver citizens and of interest to British Columbia people generally, were paid to the work of Mr. W. H. Malkin in connection with the Victory Loan Campaign in this province. Mr. Phil, as the present vice-president of the Board, was at the outset, called to express some words of welcome to the guests. In doing so, he made pertinent reference to the functions and scope of the Board, emphasizing:

1. Such an organization must not look upon questions from one side only; and therefore he pleaded with all members to obey orders and act on the committees to which they were appointed. Also he counselled committees to consider all resolutions that came before them from every angle—always remembering that it was the duty of the Board of Trade to sink sectional and private interests, and always view questions from the civic, provincial or Dominion viewpoint, as the case may be.

2. With all due deference to their guests, the real work of

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the Board of Trade was not done at such meetings as that, or at Board meetings. It was a business institution, and the work of the Board was carried on at the Bureaus. In this connection he proceeded to advise members to join the Bureau connected with their own business, and if they were not satisfied, to "raise Cain" and then they would find that their efforts were duly appreciated.

3. There was a sense in which the Board was a miniature Parliament, but the Board knew no party and had no politics.

4. He commended the kindly consideration received in the past at the Vancouver City Hall and at Victoria; and Board members should remember that the fact that these authorities looked to them for advice laid great responsibility upon the board members.

5. One thing above all others the Vancouver Board of Trade stood for and that was a united British Columbia. In this connection he mentioned the size of the Province as approximately 700 miles long by 400 broad and representing about 395,000 square miles, with a sparse population as yet.

6. Following a reference to the danger there was of mere geographical barriers leading to psychological barriers as well, he said "it was the work of all the Boards of Trade in this country to act as mental telephones and mental railways in order that they might all get together in a mental way as they got together in a social way. During the past eighteen months representatives of the Vancouver Board had visited the whole of this province, and on the morrow a party was leaving for the Peace River district, the last section of the west to be visited this season.

7. There was no doubt that they had succeeded in spreading the gospel of community spirit, and that spirit they hoped to foster further during the coming winter by a conference of all the Boards of Trade in B. C., when it would be the business of the Vancouver Board not only to extend a welcome to the others, but to reciprocate their hospitality and show their

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members that it was not an empty boast that the Vancouver Board of Trade really stood for a united British Columbia.

82 New Members Admitted.

As a fitting supplement to the speech of Mr. Phil. Malkin, the names of 82 gentlemen were submitted by Secretary W. E. Payne, and they were regularly passed as new members of the board.

Speeches by the Guests of Honour.

In calling upon Sir Henry Drayton to address the meeting, President Wilson referred to him as a young man on a new job who needed all the support that could be given him from Canada, and at the same time assured the Minister of Finance that he would get that from the Vancouver Board of Trade.

None of the three speakers seemed to have prepared a special address for the occasion, but they were perhaps none the less interesting on that account. Their speeches partook more of a friendly informal talk, and all were of that too-often-rare but ever-to-be-commended type—not-too-long. No one man spoke as if he had the evening to himself and none failed to strike responsive chords in the minds or hearts of the audience.

As independent "Community Service" is the keynote of this magazine's life, and the occasion was a unique one in the history of B. C., we may quote such portions of each of the speeches as space permits us to select from the verbatim notes taken by our own representative.

Personal Impressions.

Earnest without oratorical brilliancy, Sir Henry Drayton readily won the goodwill of the company by his unaffected style of address. An opening sentence suggested the latter: "Well, gentlemen, you have got a great job ahead of you, and you are going to do it!"

Then after some explanation of the situation, with due

emphasis on the changed conditions of the times, he said in Canadian home-like phrase: "It is a real chore that we have before us."

But if the Minister of Finance spoke plainly and pointedly of the weight of Canada's responsibility, he did not fail to emphasize also the opportunities for development and service which lie before her at the Gateway of the Orient.

At the outset, especially, the delivery of Senator Robertson, the Minister of Labour, was scarcely strong enough for the size of the hall, but he struck something more than a happy patriotic note and sympathetic chord as he spoke of the "dark shadows that were hanging over many of the nations, and how we in Canada had great reason to feel thankful to a kind Providence," and proceeded to quote, with application to Canada, lines used by Montgomery in regard to his return to England after visiting other countries.

A remark by the way revealed the fact that Senator Robertson is among those who in the Great War gave a son to the Empire and the reflection was suggested of how many homes had been darkened by the seemingly untimely taking away of brothers or sons. In the chairman, Mr. Blake-Wilson, Mr. Crowe, M.P., and many others Senator Robertson's personal reference must have stirred a poignant memory, for their homes, like so many out west as elsewhere in the Empire, gave a life or lives in the Great Cause.

Ample Doses of "Scotch."

Bright and breezy in his manner, with a wholesome suggestion of the great out-of-doors in his fresh and healthy personality, Dr. Tolmie, Minister of Agriculture and a B. C. representative in the Dominion Cabinet, addressed the meeting. A reference by Mr. Malkin to a "full board" had created some amusement earlier in the evening, and Dr. Tolmie remarked that there was no reason why they should not be "full," as they had had "ample doses of Scotch."

Sir Harry Lauder's "Scotch."

Perhaps it was by way of something new to the Board, that it was arranged that the musical interludes included the rendering of a notable selection of Sir Harry Lauder's songs. The one written at the end of the war was welcomed with enthusiasm, as indeed were they all. But Scotsmen, who, like Irishmen, have so much to answer for—especially in the manufacture of stories about their race for the entertainment of the English-speaking peoples—would hardly have been so "select" in the selection.

Lest that remark is interpreted by anyone as a qualification of the attractions of Sir Harry Lauder's songs, we may here take credit on behalf of British Columbia for the fact that months before Sir Harry was knighted, the suggestion that he should be so honoured was made in this Magazine, and, for all we know to the contrary, may have led to the idea being discussed in the present centre of Empire. The suggestion was made in connection with a review of the Scottish entertainer's book "A Minstrel in France," which, let it be repeated, revealed the heroic in exercise in "Harry's" work for the Boys after he had, through the War, been separated by death from his only boy.

The "Predestination" of Vancouver

The phrase "the present centre of Empire" is also not new. For long before any recent sojourner dropped the suggestion by the way in Vancouver, this Magazine was bold enough to suggest that this portion of the Pacific may one day rival, if not excel, in central authority or importance, New York or even Old London itself.

Canada's Outstanding Need.

In his racy and attractive speech, the Minister of Agriculture found time not only to commend the Vancouver Exhibition and all such exhibitions, for their valuable work, but to give much enlightening information concerning mixed farming, which he advised should be stimulated in this country in

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every possible way. Then, with such sentences as the following, he drove home a big truth: "Our resources are immense; what we want is good, sound common sense government; government carried on for the great mass of the people and not for the satisfaction of the individual. If we can get such government—and I think we have a government of that kind at the present time—a government that is trying to do the right thing—the prosperity of this country is assured."

"The great Canadian spirit" Dr. Tolmie characterized as the greatest asset we have in this country.

Attorney-General Farris and Mayor Gale, in respectively moving and seconding a vote of thanks, made short speeches befitting the occasion. Mr. Farris embraced the opportunity to refer to the University of British Columbia and also to the work of development of good roads in the province.

Mayor Gale, with characteristic fluency and impressiveness, told of his experiences with the Minister of Finance at Ottawa. It goes without saying, of course, that if the Mayor of Vancouver needed confidence in address, the position of Vancouver City and the claims of B. C. might well supply it.

Time to Popularize "O Canada."

The altogether well-planned programme was closed at a really reasonable hour by the chairman calling for "O Canada." While some seemed uncertain as to which verse was intended, most of the audience sang the verse common at the Canadian Club luncheons, which, it is surely time, should by itself or with another verse become the regularly recognized National selection from that many versed National song.

"O Canada."

O Canada, our heritage, our love,
Thy worth we praise all other lands above.
From sea to sea, throughout thy length, from pole to borderland,
At Britain's side, whate'er betide, unflinchingly we'll stand.
With heart we sing, "God Save the King,"
"Guide Thou the Empire wide," do we implore,
"And prosper Canada from shore to shore."

JUST A WORD

ERE YOU PASS

To how many of your friends, near and far, should you send the B. C. M.? (See cover, page 2).

O You Overwhelmedly Busy Man!

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PIERRE OF THE NORTH WOODS: ^A Romance

(By Robert B. Forsyth, Cranbrook and Victoria, B.C.)

Beneath the hunter's snow-shoes the snow flattened out into web-like tracks. All about him was the deep silence of the North Land. The thrust of the wind sweeping through pine and fir was keen and sure as the bite of the serpent, and Pierre flung his arms smartly across his body to quicken the blood flow.

He came over the hill with the easy swinging stride of the chasseur of the forest, his huge sinewy form swaying now to one side, now to the other with the rhythm of the movement. Little jets of powdery snow caught in the grasp of the netted framework were tossed outward and fell in miniature drifts on either side.

The eye greens brushed him slightly as he passed with the familiarity of friendliness. From his lips the snatch of an old French river song came gaily, under the spell of a bracing atmosphere and the exhilaration of tingling muscles in regular movement.

A slight jar interrupted the rhythm of his walk as when one encounters an obstacle unseen—and a vague sense of falling and of snow dashed quickly into his face as he lurched earthward. Then a rabbit white as the snow around him, surprised and frightened went flying down the trail. Yet as he stooped to tighten the lacings of the snow-shoe he was conscious of danger, the lurking spirit of Fear that hides in the silent places of the North.

He raised his rifle as the furry arched Thing sprang through the air, hissing its hate. Caught in mid-air by the answering bullet it rolled at his feet, its claws clenched to tear and its jaws gaping wide with the cry of battle.

"Sacre!" he exclaimed as he brushed from his hunting coat the snow which had clung to it. "Pierre ol' friend, that was close, by gar."

The lynx gave one last convulsive struggle and lay still.

"Fine, mon ami," a voice exclaimed at his side. He felt the warm slap of a friendly hand on his shoulder. Turning, he looked into the face of His Majesty's mail-carrier smiling into his own.

"Mebbee, if he haf struck one beeg blow, Pierre would not now be speaking to yourself, my fren'."

"For which I mus' tank the bon Dieu," the other exclaimed earnestly. "For in that case I should not haf met you, my comrade, and hees Majesty's mail, she would be returned."

Pierre grasped the hand of Jacques. "You do me one service in two, my fren', and now you shall be my guest. Tres bien."

"At any rate it is the Yule-tide," returned the other, "and two is more happy than one."

Together they passed over the trail to Pierre's cabin.

The fireplace, rudely constructed and patterned, soon sent forth its glow of welcome to the guest. The appetizing odor of bear-steak as it sizzled over the fire and the pungent aroma of black coffee added their note of welcome and good cheer.

For Pierre it was a festive occasion. The pledge to each other's health after the meal, the spirals of tobacco smoke thick as a coast fog that floated lazily to the unhewn logs above, and more than all the opportunity for "man talk" so often denied the voyageur of the woods knit together these rugged souls of strength closer than even the soul of David to Jonathan. Little by little Pierre resumed the role of narrator while Jacques listened.

There were tales of the logging-camps of the Ottawa that he told and of the big log-boom in the spring, and he the rider of the King log and not least the shooting of the rapids that made Jacques of New Brunswick tremble with excitement and

envy, the recitation ending in one significant "Bravo" from the listener. But always, like the scent which the questing hound pursues, the trail led back to the little French village where Father La Joie and Madeline, the daughter of the notary, lived.

"Madeline," interrupted Jacques, in the spirit of badinage, "that is the French for baggage."

"Pooh," replied Pierre, not in the least ruffled. "Your French is none too good, I fear, mon ami. You have only the—what the English call—the patois."

At this sally they both laughed, and for a moment Jacques affected great indignation. But Jacques would know more of Madeline remarking that as a subject she did not seem to lack interest to his friend.

Then Pierre painted for him in his picturesque language an oval face of olive tint framed in masses of reddish brown hair, lips as red as the ripe cherry in her father's garden, her lustrous brown-black eye, the lithe girlish figure and above all the half-demure, half-coy manner of her people. This was Madeline.

"Just lak the apple bloom," Jacques commented when Pierre had finished.

"And did you leave her for—for thees?" he asked, pointing with dramatic force to the four corners of the cabin.

"Non, non, mon Jacques," Pierre replied. "It was on account of my half-brother, Prosper, and Madeline."

"She like him too much?" Jacques asked.

"Oui, oui, mon ami, she like him too much. Mais oui, oui he was mechant—my half-brother, but she—she trust him," Pierre faltered.

"For why?" Jacques asked, eager to hear the story meanwhile lighting a taper to replenish the coals in his pipe-bowl.

Then little by little the whole tale of Pierre's flight from his native village became clear as the simply told narrative proceeded.

They had grown up together in the little Quebec village, Madeline, Prosper and Pierre, and because Pierre was the stronger in body had assumed the care of his younger half-brother. Always they had played together, they three, and as Pierre grew older he set himself to making snares for rabbit and mink, for he would be a hunter, and once he had donned his father's rigging, belt, leggings, hunting coat and all, and marched across the meadow to play house under the elms where Madeline had laid out her shelves of broken delf and surprised her at play with her cups and saucers.

"You are almost a man," she had said, surveying him proudly, and he walked home with head erect and with all the glory of the real hunter.

Then had come the First Communion and the long row of white-robed youth who knelt to receive the Bishop's benediction, but only Prosper had come late. He remembered Madeline as she knelt with prayer book and missal all in white, sweet as the opening apple-blossom, and her responses to the priest, low and mild as the west wind. Once he had dared as they knelt side by side to touch her hand and Madeline had smiled shyly and something in the manner of Father La Joie, a slight inclination of the head perhaps, but something had seemed to motion assent.

And just then Prosper, tardy and over-clumsy with haste, wedged himself between them and they had given him space; but the incident had not passed from mind.

"He will do you some harm," Gran'mere La Pointe had commented on the following day, when Pierre had brought her a mess of game. "It is the bad luck he bring you, no doubt," and Gran'mere knew.

How well Pierre remembered that evening, the last one, with Father La Joie.

"I am so worried, mon enfant," he had confided. "Some one has twice stolen the offerings from the church."

It was little comfort that Pierre could extend the worthy Father but returning home through the meadow he had heard the faint noise as of the boring of an augur or the gnawing of mice through wood. It came from the chapel. At once the words of the priest had come back to him. He stood still. Should he call the priest? Non—it was a mere nothing. He vaulted the fence and rushed into the vestibule and there—there stood Prosper the offering box wide open. He was the thief.

"It was too much for me, mon Jacques, that he, my half-brother should be an ordinary thief and worse and I struck him grabbing from his hands the box as he fell lest any harm should come to it. But here too was my luck. Gran'mere La Pointe had spoken truth.

For through the door of the vestry walked Madeline very white of face. She looked at me with the box in my hand to Prosper half-stunned on the floor beside her. It was an ugly moment for me."

"Who—who has done this?" she asked trembling.

"Le Diable," Prosper recovering himself laughed wickedly.

"Ni moi, ni toi-toi," he added. "Only the rabble are the cowards."

Madeline looked at me, Pierre, with the box still in my hands.

"Surely this is a joke—a bad joke—you do not mean to steal?"

She looked at me questioningly as if it were I—I Pierre—who was guilty and not Prosper himself. Almost I felt her tremble in the twilight.

"You trust your friend too much," Prosper said, slipping his arm about her as if to protect her. She was no longer the little playmate, but the woman.

"My uncle, the priest has always trusted you so—so—much!" she faltered. "I did not expect this of—you," her voice breaking with disappointment.

I was angry that Madeline should seem to trust Prosper before myself. He was no true mate for her, the frivolous, fickle fellow—but she trusted him—that was enough for me. She had the right to be happy with Prosper—if she chose.

You have seen the wounded pigeon that flutters to its nest in the loft then you will see Madeline turn to Prosper.

"Take me away, Prosper. He has always been so strong but—we are ashamed of him, are we not?"

"Let us go," Prosper said, speaking to Madeline alone.

For myself I felt that she loved Prosper and that I could bear alone the burden of Prosper's wrong if she were happy.

"You will take good care of her," I pleaded as I told them goodbye at the notary's the following day. "For myself I am going to the North Woods but you—you will be happy."

But Prosper was as thoughtless as ever. "You are taking it too hard, mon voyageur," he said laughingly. "You will find you a mate in the North."

And Pierre gritting hard his teeth had allowed him to go unharmed.

* * * * *

The fire had burned to embers in the fireplace and in the scanty light of the cabin it seemed to Jacques that the face of Pierre, always sober, was somewhat drawn as with pain. Outside the low undertone of the wind among the pines whispered the sadness of distant lonely places.

Glancing toward the uncurtained window Jacques perceived the face of a stranger pressed closely against the pane and staring into his own.

"V'la," he cried excitedly, pointing at the same time toward the window, but already the face had vanished from sight.

"Did you not see it, mon ami?" he asked. Pierre laughed.

"I am sure of it," he persisted as he flung open the door.

There was no one in sight, only the footprints to and from the window in the snow.

But the stranger, whoever he was, did not reappear that evening and when the evening had passed Jacques was about to bid his host farewell.

"Cette lettre," he exclaimed, "mais oui, I had almost forgotten it," as he passed it to his host. Then bidding the latter bon soir he passed out into the forest and was gone. Turning again to his cabin after the form of Jacques had vanished Pierre studied the superscription of the letter:

M'sieur Pierre Gauvain,

Fort Du Cheyne.

Then apparently satisfied, he broke the seal and read: "Mon cher Pierre,

Somewhere in the Great North Land this letter will reach you. You will then know that I have not forgotten you and that I would not choose to do so, mon fils. Nor am I alone. Pierre what a bungler thou art. Hast thou forgotten Madeline, non? non? and she? Only today when I asked her for news of you she blushed and quickly replied: "Why should I know, Father? He is nothing to me." The old story, mon fils Rien, I asked, Pas du tout. Her blushes gave the lie twice over to her words. She seemed about to speak. I waited. She would ask a favor of me. She had worried much of late for Prosper had boasted of his deception and so I write. You should not have deceived her so. You were not her friend. But she begs your forgiveness and I tell her that maybe when you have become a wealthy trapper that you will come back to the old village of Ste. Anne Du Lac. You will find us still your friends.

Bien tout a vous,

Pere La Joie."

From the letter there fell the postscript, a little unmounted photograph of Madeline taken in the orchard of her father, a sunbonnet dangling by its strings from her hand, her face pensive and sweet at the apple tree in snow. "Pour toi-meme," she had written underneath.

Then to Pierre, the big-souled hunter, came in the distant North Land, the great moment of loneliness for he realized that his sacrifice had been in vain and that Madeline had not been made happy.

(Concluded in next issue.)

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THE FALLACY OF "GOVERNMENT CONTROL."

Continued from page 8.

will now raise a generation which will be incapable of talking the drivel which is heard on our streets and platforms about the "good creatures of God." Dynamite is a good creature of God but we do not let everyone handle it for private ends. Opium is certainly a good creature of God but we do not sanction its indiscriminate use. Alcohol is a good creature of God; but scientific knowledge is now absolute that alcohol is a narcotic incapable of stimulating under any conditions whatever any organ or activity of the body. Like opium it may deaden the sensibilities to unpleasant circumstances and thus served its purpose in the ghastly scenes of war. But it gave no courage and no strength and no increased power of resistance. It deadened discomfort and lowered sensibility in the presence of revolting tasks.

No man talks better or thinks better or plays better as the result of alcohol. Alcohol does not even stimulate conversation; it simply removes the power of self criticism which checks conservation by caution or by self respect. This is not the opinion of some fanatic but the unanimous agreement of the best experts of Britain.

The question confronts everyone whether the state finds it compatible with its highest interests to sanction the commercialising of the impulse to escape complete manhood by deadening the sense of responsibility. It is futile to talk about "stopping when one has had enough." The commission is unanimous that one glass of whiskey is enough to impair very measurably the power of co-ordination of activities. As Dr. Gordon Bell, the provincial health officer of Manitoba, said at the National Health Congress lately when a normal man has consumed a glass or two of whiskey he is no longer fully normal. He is temporarily mentally defective in just the element of self criticism which marks the fully responsible person.

Conscription for Killing or Saving.

Should the state sanction the systematic tampering with its manhood and womanhood? The vitality of the race is not a private possession. The human organism which is to play a part in the life history of the race is not a private commodity. It is essentially a function of society. The very gentlemen who clamour most about personal liberty insisted during the war on the right of the state to utilise each personal organism for the social welfare even to the point of using it to kill or be killed, to conserve the life of the race. It is a small thing to demand that men shall live clean and free from deliberate tampering with the racial blood. The only difference is that the conscription of manhood in the war was in a cause which we believed without full knowledge to be just, and the other is a case in which with the full knowledge of the best scientists of the empire we affirm to be essential to the vitality of the race. The present writer was associated with the chief opponents of prohibition in the fight for conscription and he insists that the principle which expropriates manhood for social functions makes intolerable the pure egoism that denies social control over a purely capricious taste for perverted forms of life.

May one remark that there is something approaching the nauseous in the utilisation—one might say the exploitation—by certain persons, of the most sacred names for purely controversial ends. No prohibitionist is discussing prohibition as a means of enforcing religion. Character is a most complex product but every adult character is a social product. It is as much the creation of the society in which one lives as it is a creation of the man who is the member of society. The institutions which exist as a means of self-realization are not external to us but out very life-stuff, the stuff of our spiritual existence. We exist only as sons and brothers, citizens and

churchmen, comrades in work or profession or play. The only liberty available is the liberty to function freely in one's social relations including as this does one's place in the transmission of life.

The state now takes cognizance of the traffic in every other narcotic and no serious man challenges the act. It is only those dwellers in the nether world of the past who are dead to the living world of thought, who speak of alcohol as a stimulant well enough while taken in moderation.

Temperance Not in Issue.

Temperance, like chastity and kindness, are virtues of the spirit and the result of spiritual discipline. Now the state is not concerned with these things in its use of its power of compulsion. But the state, unless we reduce it to a sordid machine, is responsible to see that no hindrance be encouraged which would hinder the expression of the highest manhood and womanhood. Trade in womanhood is forbidden, though unchastity is not the concern of the state. Loving kindness is no concern of the state but old age pensions may be. Pensions and workmen's compensation are not based on Christian charity but on the idea of simple equity.

Temperance, therefore, is as distinct from prohibition as workmen's compensation is from Christian charity. True the ideal of Christian charity would involve the compensation. But this is incidental and the church will welcome the compensation act not in order to enforce kindness but because it is just. So the church, by increasing majorities, is insisting on prohibition not to enforce temperance or self control, but to establish the social organization on a sound scientific basis.

To introduce talk about temperance is a shocking impertinence. You might as well say, when parliament was discussing the age of consent for girls, that you cannot make men moral by act of parliament. True, but utterly irrelevant. Yet the act of parliament and the customs which it tends to promote while it will not make immoral men into moral ones, will tend to make moral men in the future.

Government Sale vs. Government Control.

Government sale, whatever its disguise, is an attempt to commercialize a custom derived from the age when, as Vance Thompson has said, Society was organized on the basis of booze. Social life centred in booze and the day is gone when this can be tolerated. The morality of that age is passing before the impact of a richer humanity.

Government sale is the tragedy of the past. Of the peoples who have adopted it only one, Sweden, still retains it and even Sweden has just resolved in its legislature, to end the traffic in liquors over 2.8 per cent. spirit, and to refer the remainder to the popular vote. No more impertinent and ignorant appeal was ever made to people than the effort to prejudice the case by saying that the people of British Columbia need no light from outside. Are we aliens to the world of culture? Are we aliens to civilization? Let that kind of talk cease while we discuss the issue.

Government sale versus government control is the issue before us. The two are incompatible, and have ever proved so. Government control can come only as the province is vested with the powers offered under the new Federal law which deals with making and importing liquor. The distillers view of this law is seen in the fact that Gooderhams announced their abandonment of the manufacture of whiskey, while Corbys have already turned attention to industrial alcohol. Yet this province, alone in Canada, is denied the right to speak on the matter. The legislature pledged its word that it would give this right if the people support the present act. The prime minister took the initiative in the pledge. That pledged word of honor is violated if the premier advises the dissolution of the house so as to prevent the implementing of the pledge which he himself initiated. To postpone the fulfilment to another house is no fulfilment. Government control stands or falls with opposition to government sale.

Community Ideals and Boy Life

(By J. W. Storey).

Part III.

Of the primary institutions that are co-operating in the life of the boy today, without a doubt the public school is the most efficient and most serviceable. The public school is the prominent socializing institution of our modern democracy. It is, potentially, probably the most powerful institution for the ushering in of Democracy. "The new conception of education is to so organize the schools, as to reach all the people who need inspiration and assistance to surmount the high and difficult places in life, and thereby extend to them the real blessings of a democratic government." (Foght).

It is not a charity shaken out of the gold sacks of rich taxpayers, but an atmospheric, inalienable right, a blessing to be shared alike by the sons of poverty and the sons of plenty.

Because of its varied and continuous contact with boys during the habit-forming years, it is the most potent factor, aside from the home, in the institutional character building of boys.

The school itself, the teacher, the pupils, the studies, and voluntary activities, are all important factors in moulding the boy. It may be worth while to enumerate some of the character-making influences that the modern school is emphasizing. Among them are: the beauty of the building and its surroundings, the care of the growing plants by the scholars, and the supervision of the play hour by the teachers, celebration of patriotic days and the birthdays of heroes. The new curriculum, with all its "fads and frills," makes more distinctly for character than did the old one. Manual training, physical training, literature, science and nature study are especially valuable. In pursuing such studies, the spirit of wonder,

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reverence and humility, the love of accuracy, truth, enthusiasm, honour, and self-mastery are inculcated.

In most schools the type of ethical teaching is much loftier than that of the street and indeed of many homes. The heroes exalted are the poets, the seers and those who lived and died for others. The teaching is also more wise than in the Sunday school, for it is done not by sermonizing, but by making each child discover moral truth for himself.

It is a commonplace to say that the teacher is the greatest moral force in the school. From the standpoint of the needs of adolescent boys there is considerable cause for alarm because the lure of commercial success and the competition of women have produced a feminization and lowering of masculine quality of the teaching profession. The danger is that our boys shall be taught, as one writer suggests, only "by young girls and weak men."

The teacher today in Canada has little to remind him that he is working under the eye of the nation and for the nation's good. When Germany's leaders set themselves to Prussianize German education, and to drill into the mentality of the whole people that the state is supreme and that each individual must regard himself as a cog in a vast machine, they did not trust to chance. They forged a system and the result was seen when the whole nation responded to the call of its masters and plunged the world into blood and desolation. Germany has given to the world a clear and unmistakable illustration of the power of a coherent national system of education having a single aim, and consistently maintained through a series of years. It has been demonstrated that ideals for a nation can be wrought out by national leaders and then made universally effective within the nation by means of an educational system. The outlook, ideals and ambitions of a great nation can be transformed and made both distinctive and dynamic inside of two generations, through a national educational system. No wonder then that Von Moltke in 1871, riding at

the head of the victorious German army as they marched through Paris, said: "It is the Prussian schoolmasters who must be given credit for this." The Proverb is true. "What you want put into the life of a nation you must first put into its schools."

What Germa did in a bad way and for bad ends may be at least measurably done in a good way for the good end of evolving a citizenship whose goal shall be altruism, not selfishness, co-operation, not arrogance and aggrandisement. This is the spiritual goal that can be made the operative principle of Canadian citizenship through the medium of the schools. When Denmark, in 1846 lay prostrate and impoverished, her teachers, preachers and philosophers remade her schools and revitalized the nation's entire national life. Canada of the future calls on her teachers for no less a task.

It is gratifying to note that of late years there has been an earnest attempt on the part of many to aid the school in adapting itself to the changing social and economic conditions. For these purposes the people have shown a greater willingness to be taxed (except in Vancouver), which is in itself a recognition on the part of the people of the importance of the school, and the possibility of its broader use by the Community.

Community Relationships: When we consider the amount of money invested in our educational system in the way of buildings and equipment, we must feel that it might return much greater dividends than it does now. Very little planning and extra expense would equip our schools for community uses, by having such equipment as movable desks, hardwood floors, platform, etc. In putting up new buildings no extra expense would be entailed—only a little careful planning. Some recent evidences of the way the public school is invading personal and home life are suggesting that the life of the community, both social and moral, is to centre more and more in the school house. We already have reception days to parents, parents' conferences, Parent-Teachers' Associations, school dances and excursions. Now efforts are being made to use schoolhouses in great cities for workingmen's clubs, as they are already being opened in New York City for clubs for street boys. Baths in schoolhouses are sometimes opened to adults outside school hours. Home and school could be brought closer together in their mutual task of character training through frequent meetings of teachers and parents to discuss common problems, such as truancy, punctuality, child nature, study of the adolescent boy and girl, etc. All of these avenues of service would open the way for the teacher to his highest place of service in the community in the capacity of Community Teacher.

In the Community programme the school is recognized as one of the fundamental institutions, and therefore the Community Club endeavours to co-operate with the members of the school board and school faculty, in aiding them to create sentiment which will bring to fruition the greatest possibilities of the school for the scholars as well as the community. Here are some of the ways in which this has been accomplished:

1. Wider use of the school plant as a social and recreational centre.
2. A Parent Teacher Association.
3. Development of the "Canadian Standard Efficiency Training" programme for the boys of the community.

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4. Demonstration of school yard games, and development of interest in them.
 5. Development of organized and supervised play in recess period.
 6. Interschool league, etc.
 7. Evening school for working boys and adults.
 8. A series of vocational talks for student body.
 9. A series of municipal lectures followed by composition prepared by students.
 10. A vocational survey of students and a vocational bureau.
 11. Reception to faculty and freshmen through High School students at opening of schools, when an effort should be made to set high standards in athletics and morals among the student body for the ensuing year.
 12. Organization of High School Clubs, the purpose being to create, maintain and extend throughout the school life high standards of Christian character.
 13. Various tournaments.
 14. "Why go to High School" talks to graduating classes of grade school boys.
 15. "Why Go to College" talks to graduating classes of High School boys.
 16. Council Fire for grade and High School boys at the end of the school term, to suggest various ways of spending vacation: how to get the most out of it: where to go, etc. This might be done through popular presentation by men who have had actual experience.
- "Let's Get Together."

(The next article will deal with the Church and Sunday School).

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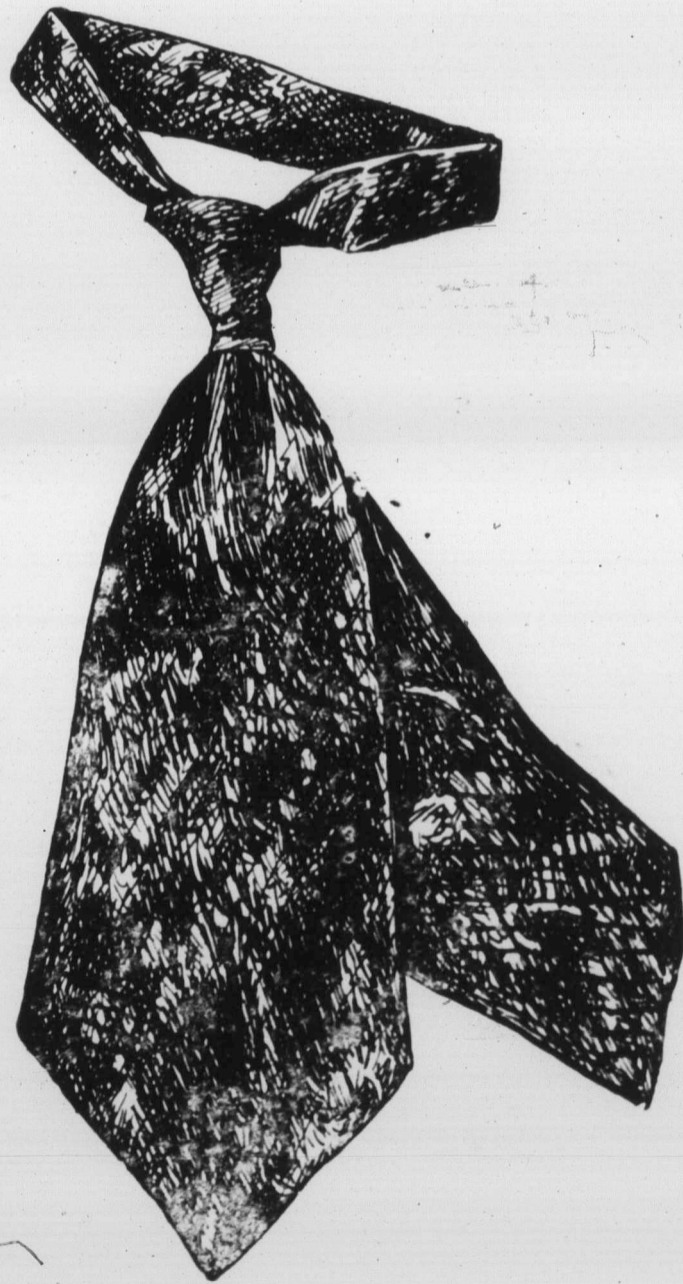
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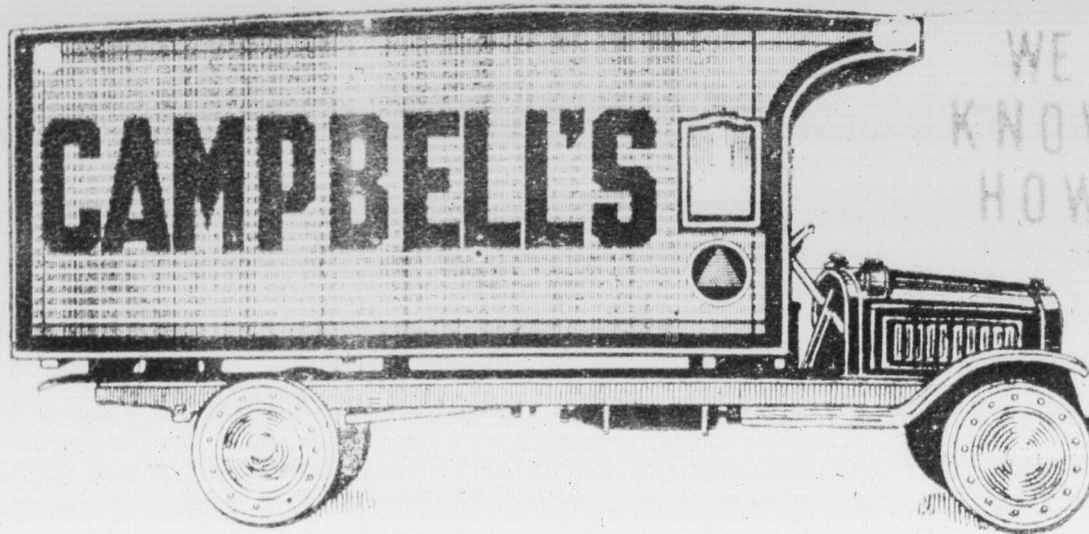
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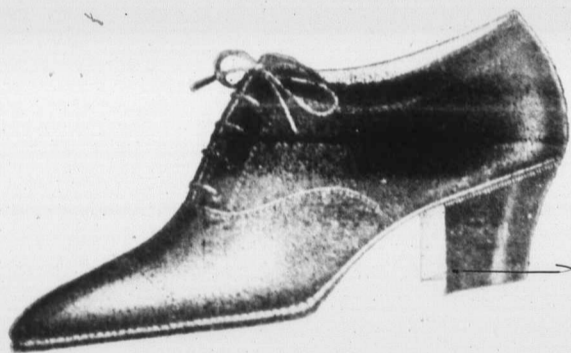
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