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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Westminster Hall Magazine and Farthest West Review



THE "SISTINE MADONNA"

CHANCE or the CHRIST?

Published at
1600 Barclay St.
Vancouver
British Columbia
Canada

JANUARY 1915						
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Devoted to Social, Literary and Religious Subjects

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Subscription Rate: \$1.00 per Year in advance; to Britain, &c., 4s. 6d. per annum.
D. A. CHALMERS - - - - - Managing Editor

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1914

Containing: CHANCE or THE CHRIST?

By Professor R. E. Macnaghten

FORENOTE

We consider ourselves fortunate in being able to publish for our Christmas Number this original work by Professor Macnaghten.

Those of our readers who made the acquaintance of his Drama of *Ruth*, published in the issues of this magazine for January, February and March, 1913, will agree that no word of introduction or commendation is necessary.

So far as we know, the idea of a cover-calendar is quite original. We shall consider ourselves recompensed for the additional cost of this issue if the combination serves to impress upon our subscribers that even in these war-testing times we wish to give as full value as possible.

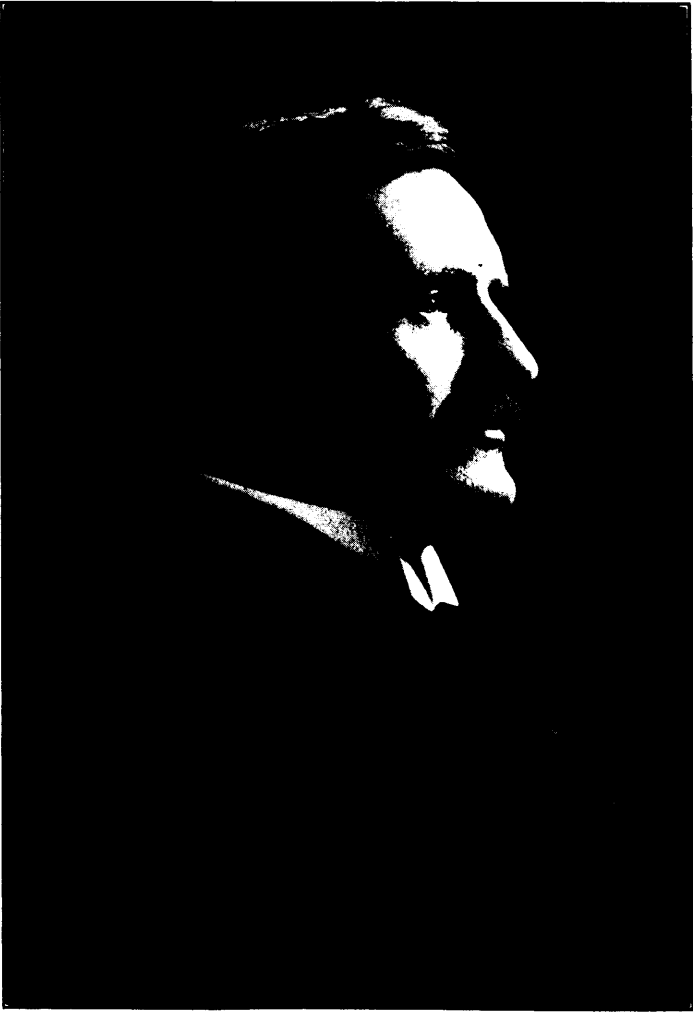
We have extra copies of this number, and these, as far as available, shall be given to new subscribers added at this time.

To all our readers alike we cordially extend Christmas and New Year Greetings.

In addition to original literary contributions our regular monthly issues contain articles on live topics and also the following:

Departments—Occasional or Concurrent

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| Social Service Series | Echoes of Life |
| The Book Shelf | Businesses Worth While |
| Church Life and Work | Selections from the Masterpieces |
| Contemporary Views and Reviews | In the Hour of Silence |
| The Woman's Page | Around the Hall: Notes of College |
| Ministerial Miniature: The Man and
His Message | Life
Verse |



Professor R. E. Macnaghten

CONCERNING THE AUTHOR OF CHANCE or THE CHRIST?

A Biographical Outline Note concerning Professor Macnaghten appeared in our issue of January, 1913. The information therein was obtained, along with a photograph for the accompanying engraving, only at the urgent request of the Managing Editor of the "Westminster Hall Magazine and Farthest West Review."

At this time it may suffice to add that besides having contributed special articles to the *Classical Review*, Professor Macnaghten has written in many of the leading British and American magazines, such as *The Nineteenth Century and After*; *The North American Review*; *MacMillan's Magazine*; *The National Review*; *The Badminton Magazine*, *The Pall Mall Magazine*, *The Canadian Magazine*, etc.



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VOL. VI.

CHRISTMAS, 1914

No. 5

CHANCE or THE CHRIST?

[Copyright, 1914, in the United States of America, by R. E. Macnaghten.]

CHANCE or THE CHRIST? This universal frame
From one or other into being came:
Chance linked the atoms from which life began,
Or Christ inspired them with His living flame.

When first this planet through the void was flung,
A molten mass of lurid heat it swung
For endless æons in primeval space,
And lifeless rolled its lifeless peers among.

A million years were but as yesterday
To bring new order to that wild array;
The cooling surface marked the gathering seas,
Yet still on lifeless matter dawned the day.

Then life was born. Did Chance together pose
The tiny atoms whence that life arose?
Was neither Thought nor Sense the guiding power
When Chaos travail'd in her mystic throes?

Or did a Mighty and a Master mind—
Though to His presence mortal eyes be blind—
First give the life which surges all around?
In one or other we the answer find.

What random action of unthinking Fate
Could teach the molecule to seek its mate?
Could shape the protoplasm's destiny,
And thus the germ of primal life create?

Or, if a God created, why did He
Leave no sure token of His deity?
We strive and strain to pierce the doubtful gloom:
Is there no voice to guide, nor light to see?

THERE IS AN ANCIENT CITY far away,
Where dawned the dawn of intellectual day—
Athens, whose golden wisdom gave the world
Such dower of wealth as man can ne'er repay.

Was ever earthly city fair as this?
That shrine of art, of beauty, and of bliss—
Poets and statesmen walked her wondering streets,
Or from her marble-crown'd Acropolis

Gazed on her glowing skies, her glittering seas,
And drew their lessons from such scenes as these:
Athens inspired them to inspire mankind.
And last, not least, the master Socrates

Midst those familiar streets habitual moved,
There taught and answered, question'd or approved,
And gave the world a new and nobler hope:
This was the city that the master loved.

This seer, with sight beyond our human ken,
Held that the soul must surely live again;
He based his plea on reason's sober laws,
And claimed no wisdom alien to men.

And yet he claimed from boyhood's days to hear
A voice divine, that sounding in his ear,
The sign and token of the deity,
Had warned and guided all his long career.

Was he deluded, he that seemed so sane,
That life so noble, was it lived in vain?
Who doubts the sanity of Socrates
Might fitly deem the whole wide world insane.

A FIG TREE grew outside a city wall,
A stately tree, with massive trunk and tall,
Whose noble branches spread athwart the road,
And gave their wealth of welcome shade to all.

Beneath that tree a goodly stranger strayed,
And on its kindly growth his curse he laid,
With awful ban he cursed each quivering limb,
His followers heard, astonied and dismayed.

Why should the Master curse that helpless tree
That grew beside the road to Calvary?
Why should the voice, so oft in blessing heard,
Pronounce so strange and ruthless a decree?

Did he, the Seer, foresee that lonely way
Thick with the Roman legion's stern array?
Mark, as they paused to fell the lifeless tree,
And shape the cross whereon in death he lay?

We know not, but we know that Jesus died,
And—claiming godhead—he was crucified:
Was it a man, who hanged on Calvary,
Or very God, whom doubting Jews denied?

And still across the distant years we see
The twilight garden of Gethsemane;
And still we hear that last pathetic cry
Of him who died upon the fatal tree.

The everlasting drama lives again;
The agony of more than human pain,
The sweat that fell in blood drops to the ground,
Are these the tale of some disordered brain?

I LITTLE RECK of that philosophy
Which would to Christ the name of God deny,
And yet would fain behold a Maker's hand
In all the wonders of the earth and sky.

If Christ was nothing more than mortal man,
In vain the world for God's design we scan;
Haeckel and Darwin preach a wiser creed,
And Chance shall end, what Chance alone began.

Relentless Time must shed its deadening blight
On Latin skill and Anglo-Saxon might;
Why strive we for a hopeless victory?
The fight was lost, ere we began to fight.

If Christ be not arisen from the dead,
Our hapless race, by vain illusion led,
Seeks for the godhead in a godless world
From which the glory and the hope have fled.

Put off, put off the follies of the past,
Faith and religion to the dust-heap cast;
This life our one poor hope which can not cheer,
This earth our one sad home which can not last.

The progress of the Christian centuries,
And all the name or faith of Christ implies,
Honor and love and gentle chivalry—
All these are little more than empty lies.

The clouds of doom on all creation lower,
The sun shall slowly lose his healing power,
And man shall fade away to nothingness,
The puny creature of a passing hour.

WITH EAGER GAZE the universe we scan
To seek some proof of how our race began:
A few poor bones, a few dull implements
Alone remain of Tertiary man.

What would we give if we could pierce the haze
That shrouds mankind in those primeval days
When the first dawnings of Intelligence
Guided his footsteps, and inspired his ways?

In bone, in body, and in outward shape
How closely man is allied to the ape;
In thought and speech how vast the gulf between—
A labyrinth, whence there is no escape,

Hems and besets us as we seek to trace
The first beginnings of the human race;
Though man and ape be sprung from common stock,
Whence come the power, the knowledge, and the grace

That, far as west is parted from the east,
Sever reflecting man from gibbering beast?
Did Chance alone divert our destinies,
Or was some higher power in man released?

SELF-PRESERVATION is the mighty law
From which the species progress seems to draw,
Which makes the fittest of the race survive,
And from the type removes the hidden flaw.

Yet all around another law I see—
The law which stays and saves humanity,
Which wars with Self an everlasting war,
And dares to combat nature's dour decree.

Whence comes this surging miracle of love?
Could Chance alone the protozoon move,
Blind Chance that strange initial force inspire?
Till, stronger grown, by gradual remove,

It sways and stirs and fills the hearts of men,
And to each lover gives the strength of ten.
Did Chance alone this mystery create?
Chance, or some power beyond our common ken?

And, highest, noblest, purest, sweetest, best,
 Whence comes the love that fills the mother's breast?
 Here, in supreme Devotion's perfect test,
 If God exists, that God is manifest.

Can love and hate spring from the self-same cause?
 Can these two mighty but divergent laws
 Alike from Chance derive their origin?
 This thought alone must give the Monist pause.

BY SLOW IMPROVEMENT through the myriad years,
 The ear, once formed, more delicately hears;
 When once the eye has caught the glimmering light,
 The larger vision tardily appears.

So soon as either first began to be,
 Each was evolved by slow but sure degree;
 The riddle of Creation still remains,
 "How came these organs first to hear and see?"

Or how, if Use alone improve the race,
 Could Art or Music gain their gradual place?
 Nature, that makes the fit alone survive,
 Such useless gifts would ruthlessly displace.

OR HOW EXPLAIN the greater mystery
 Of all those stars that fleck the nightly sky,
 Ten thousand planets round their thousand suns—
 Is each the haunt of souls that live and die?

Midst countless systems mightier than our own,
 Can this poor earth be dower'd with life alone?
 If Christ was God, and lived and died for men,
 Did He, by death, for myriad worlds atone?

HOW PASSING STRANGE is man's inheritance,
 If all things that were made, were made by chance:
 How cribb'd his course, when by a happier fate,
 A thousand paths were open to advance.

Clad in the might and majesty of wings
Fancy depicts him, as he proudly flings
His eagle flight alike o'er land and sea,
Lord of the air, and king of flying things;

Or sees him dash, a centaur, to the fray,
And rule the plains with proud equestrian sway,
Fancy—if Chance had had her perfect way—
Beholds him panoplied in such array.

WHEN I CONSIDER our humanity,
How frail is man, and doomed from birth to die,
Scarce seems he better than the moth or fly,
That perish in the twinkling of an eye.

Yet this poor creature of a passing day,
To petty cares and miseries a prey,
Distraught by hunger, thirst, and weariness,
Hath brought all things created to his sway.

Towering by intellect above his fate,
Swift to control and mighty to create,
Despite the weakness of his mortal state,
Man is alone of earthly beings great;

Who cleaves the ravening tempest at his ease,
Girdles the land, and tames the tameless seas,
Shoots forth his words like lightning through the air,
And rides in cars of wonder on the breeze.

All these and other marvels he hath done,
And proved his birthright by dominion:
Man, that is indivisible and one,
If God exists, must surely be His Son.

HOW THICK THE VEIL that hides the origin
Of Good and Evil. Spring they from within?
Or from without come those mysterious powers
That guide to virtue or which prompt to sin?

One truth is sure, all lesser doubts among,
That Evil never yet from goodness sprung.
If God exists at all, His Sons were good;
No fallen angel could, as Milton sung,

Sprung from Eternal Love, have stoop'd to crime.
If Lucifer e'er fell from heaven sublime,
He fell an outcast and of alien race.—
There is a legend of the olden time

Which tells how giants warr'd with heavenly Jove,
And sought in impious rivalry to prove
His Sovran power, till He with levin bolt
Those demon hordes to fiery ruin drove.

Here rather, if a God exist at all,
Might lie the truth of Sin Original.—
*I saw a vision of high festival
To which there came the happy angels all*

*Each with the joy and glory on his face
That marked a being of celestial race,
Majestic forms instinct with radiant grace,
In whom nor Sin nor Sorrow found a place.*

*And thither from his vassal-held domain
Came Lucifer, with all his earth-born train,
A welcome guest, with smiles upon his lips,
But in his heart lurked murder and disdain.*

*And scarce that holy happy feast was done,
When led by mighty Gaia's treacherous son,
That impious host began the furious fray,
Seeking to spoil of his Dominion*

*The Maker of this universal frame:
Came all those giant hordes, in fury came
Headlong against the guileless sons of light,
And for a space heaven's peaceful halls became*

*A raging hell. The very firmament
In that terrific strife was torn and rent:
And all the astonished stars grew dim with fright,
While fiends and angels were in conflict blent.*

*Yet all in vain that crew Titanic strove
Eternal Wisdom's steadfast sons to move;
And Satan hurl'd in vain his legions' might
Against the Powers of Innocence and Love.*

*Pursued by bolts of fire unquenchable,
That impious crew in sudden panic fell,
Baffled and beaten to the depths of hell
By love that was, and is, invincible.*

LOVE WAS, AND IS, unconquered in the fray,
Whether it spring by chance from soulless clay,
Or from some higher sphere, where no decay
Can mar the bliss of heaven's eternal day.

Chance or The Christ through mind and matter move:
Was Chance or Christ the origin of love?
How hard to see a ray of glimmering light;
We doubt and question, where we yearn to prove.

SHE WALKED THROUGH LIFE irradiating light,
A human angel, more serenely bright
Than any star upon a summer's night,
Whom to have known is still a deep delight.

And she to earthly beauty joined a grace
That might betoken some celestial race;
Her very presence made a holy place,
And hidden peace shone from her perfect face.

When suddenly upon the cloudless sky
Of that dear life—so humble, yet so high
In all its service of humanity—
Gather'd the storms of mortal agony.

That fell disease—which baffles human aid
 And human skill—its deadly clasp had laid
 On her who seem'd so full of radiant life:
 She saw her doom, and faced it undismay'd.

Was it in vain she suffered? Not in vain,
 Even if all were false except the pain.
 That human souls such victories maintain
 Is still, methinks, immeasurable gain.

And, as the Christian martyrs went of old
 To fire or rack, fearful yet very bold,
 Because they seemed their Saviour to behold,
 So—for long months of anguish uncontrol'd—

She calmly, nay, but gladly, through the hell
 Of that grim torture passed: and all was well,
 And all is well, with her who could endure
 As seeing One who is invisible.

Is it indeed Delusion that controls
 The steadfast faith of these heroic souls?
 Or does a higher Wisdom guide their course,
 And lead them on to sure though hidden goals?

THE DARKNESS GATHERS round my waning years,
 And, as I gaze across the vale of tears,
 Behold! the sun is sinking to the West,
 And, presently, the dusk of death appears.

Are all things finish't with that setting sun?
 The longing ended, and the labor done?
 Crumbles the soul away to nothingness,
 Or is a newer, nobler, life begun?

Who is it stands beyond the Great Divide
 With myriad angels gather'd at his side?
 Across the barrier of approaching fate,
 As in a dream, I see the Crucified,

Not, as when hanging on that fated tree,
The type of sorrow and humility:
No longer clad in poor mortality,
But compass'd with celestial majesty,

There comes a vision of that Holy One:
His countenance is shining like the sun,
His voice is sweeter than the harmony
When many waters roll in unison.

Faintly I see: with vision blurr'd and dim
I scarce do catch one fleeting glimpse of Him:
But, clear and radiant as the noontday sun,
Others have seen Him at the river's brim,

Have seen, and, seeing, passed in utter faith
Across the narrow boundary of death;
Have seen the vision, and have heard the voice,
And named His presence with their dying breath.

Dimly to me, to others He hath been
In all the fulness of his glory seen;
When I, like them, must pass the Dark Between,
May I, like them, behold that self-same scene.

AND SO, though either choice be hard to choose,
Using those powers, which Thou hast given to use,
(Though many a question still remain to prove,
And though a thousand doubts the way confuse),

I choose the surer part, and I believe,
Because thy words impel me to receive,
Because thy life compels me to belief,
To Thee, O Christ, Thou Son of God, I cleave.

In Thee I trust, for Thou inspirest trust,
In Thee believe—believe, because I must—
I, the unholy, feel Thy holiness,
I, the unjust, acknowledge Thee, the just:

Because Thou spakest, as man never spake:
Because Thou only hast the power to break
The bonds of sin and misery, and make
The human soul of Thine Own Soul partake:

Because my very heart is fain for Thee:
Because, though darkling, I perceive, and see,
And know the truth of Thy Divinity—
Because, O LOVE, thy love constraineth me.

—*R. E. Macnaghten.*



Contents of Part II.

Businesses Worth While: Independent Notices Continued:

- III. Kelly Douglas & Co., Ltd., Water Street, Vancouver.
- IV. More & Wilson, 556 Granville Street, Vancouver.
- V. Royal Nurseries, Ltd., 2410 Granville Street, Vancouver.
- VI. R. C. Purdy, Ltd., 750 Robson Street, and 715 Georgia Street, Vancouver.
- IX. McLean & Johnston, 44 Cordova Street West, Vancouver.
- VIII. The Work of the Women's Employment League.

Editor's Page:

By Contrast—The Dominion Trust Collapse: An opportunity for the Heroic in Civil Life.
What's in a Name?

Businesses Worth While

NOTE:—This department was opened primarily for the interest and benefit of our readers and is given special attention at this time because of the season's interests. We make no stipulation or arrangement with any business firms that they shall be mentioned in this section, and the notices given are independent.

III.—Kelly Douglas & Co., Water Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Gifts suitable for every home

For Christmas and all the year round.

It was just a happy co-incidence that, in selecting several of the leading firms for attention in this department at this time, we sent a request for permission to see through their premises to Kelly Douglas & Co., in what proved to be "Nabob week," December 7th to 12th. In a prompt, business-like, courteous way—the value of which some professional and business people out West have yet to learn—came the reply and the invitation to visit all departments.

When people have been amazed by company collapses, tired of real estate booming, and the larger than "South Sea Bubbles" which seemed to arise from the peddling of oil stocks,—the main evidence of the existence of many of whose "wells" might be found in the lubricated volubility of the vendors—it is a real refreshment to visit an establishment where effort is being directed towards the preparation of the healthful *necessaries* of life, and a contribution being made to the community welfare, and indeed to the world's work.

To many who, like ourselves, have lived in Vancouver for years, we believe the visit to this nine-storeyed warehouse, with its spacious and well-equipped offices, would be a revelation; and if it was not also something of an education in matters of everyday concern to every household, the fault would be the visitor's and not the firm's or their representatives. It was certainly with genuine satisfaction that we learned that here, in our own city of Vancouver, there is not only one of the largest wholesale houses of its kind on the continent, but that it is apparently in first-class working order, and turning out large quantities of goods, forming daily foods, in methods and qualities unexcelled.

It is not our business to attempt to note here any detailed account of the various departments—which indeed are “too numerous to mention.” But if all the “Nabob” goods correspond in quality in their respective classes to some of the samples which were freely offered to all visitors for consumption on the premises on “Nabob week,” it is no wonder if the name “Nabob” is associated with that settled satisfaction with an article which leads buyers to say to their grocers: “Send me ‘Nabob’ or no other!”

Sensible people who do not believe in strong drinks other than the tea-table type, like to have these of the finest quality, and, with beverages as, with other things, do not hold them of the “best” merely because they are marked so. But “Nabob” coffee needs no “best” mark to an independent taster. As served in the sample room, “Nabob” satisfies superlatively.

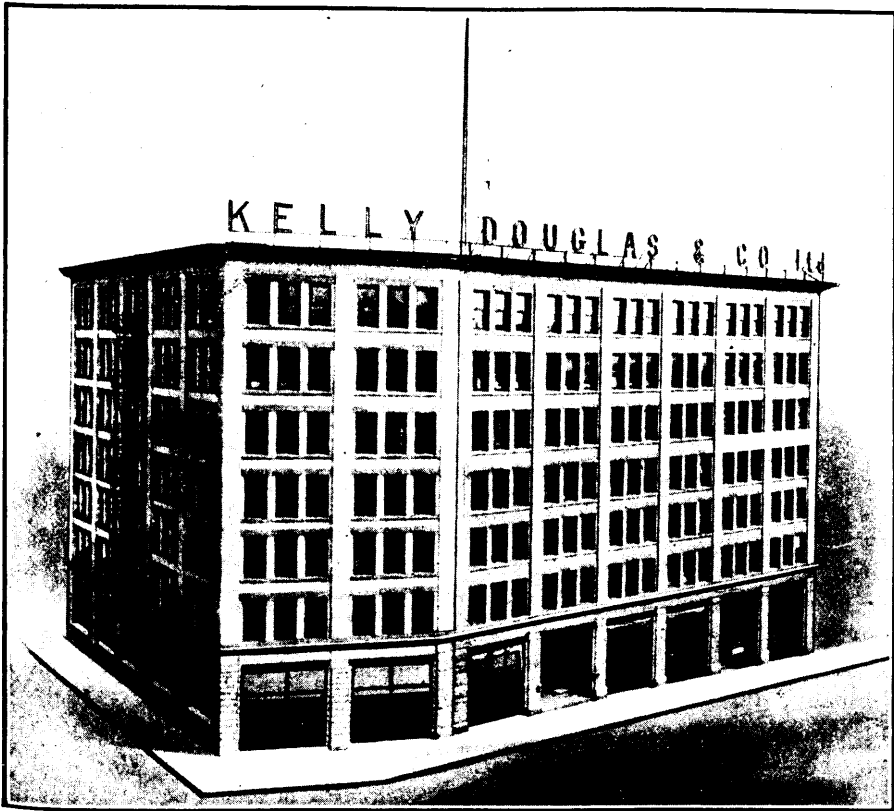
Somewhat similar impressions of excellence were received concerning other beverages—and extracts—prepared on the premises

To give a record of the hundreds of pounds per hour, or thousands of pounds per day that this machine or that is turning out, might please those specially interested in statistics, and these figures may be had on application. But for an independent impression of the “Businesses worth while” in the West, it may be sufficient to note that we came away reflecting that Vancouver is rich in having such a business and plant in its wholesale district; and that the knowledge of its existence should help to make all honest workers more optimistic.

In our ignorance of the size of the warehouse and its work, we had fancied that half an hour would give ample time to see through the premises, but an hour had passed in transit from the ninth floor back to the street level, and the workers on the underground floors had ceased operations for the night. This led to a return visit on the Saturday evening when we found the place jammed full and the public waiting in a crowd to be divided into groups. The “Nabob week” callers must have increased from hundreds to thousands by Saturday night.

A short visit to the subterranean regions gave further insight into methods of working and modern dispatch. A machine, electrically worked, turns out many single pounds of butter at one operation; with others, currants and raisins are thoroughly cleaned, and bottles for extracts are washed; and various other work is carried on very expeditiously. For instance, in a wholesale house that must handle so many hundred dozens of eggs, it is interesting to find that every egg is examined individually before a specially-adapted light—“passed by the censor”—so to speak.

To seek to do business at a reasonable profit is the duty of every man or firm; but in the last issue, in all lines of service, the spirit put



into the work and the standard of quality set are of primary importance to the character of the business as well as to the character of those engaged in it, from the chief of staff to the humblest assistant. Those who have had occasion to do any business at the offices of this company know how methodically all arrangements are made; and in walking through the different floors and departments, one finds evidence not only of care and cleanliness in the working of the many machines, but that order and neatness are exercised in the prosaic work of placing cases and sacks of raw material or finished products.

The offices and warehouse of the Kelly Douglas Company are now the more conspicuous because of the clearing round the new C. P. R. station. All who have pleasure in the development and success of genuine work in any department of human endeavour will wish that, as the Kelly Douglas building heads the wholesale district (beginning at that stately new C. P. R. structure) the company may long continue, under capable management, to lead in such wholesome as well as wholesale production.

IV.—More & Wilson

Ladies' Wear—556 Granville Street

Among the outstanding firms in every large city, individual businesses come to have distinctive reputations. One class of firm is recognized as a leader in turning over goods, which are first of all low in price; others earn the name for business enterprise; a third has a "quality first" standing. All alike may be of commendable service to the community, at large, but there are some classes of goods in purchasing which people of experience and foresight never fail to seek the *Quality First* store.

Even people with a very superficial knowledge of business in Vancouver city might know from observation of windows that the business of More & Wilson at 556 Granville Street, belongs to the class of quality first.

More & Wilson's store is centrally situated in one of the best retail districts of the city. Certain alterations and improvements have been recently carried out, and one incentive to that end was the desire to avoid the necessity of taking children on the elevator. The back portion of the ground floor has now been assigned to the children's department. The two upper floors are more spacious, and contain millinery, furs, corsets and hosiery departments. There are also several fitting-on rooms, and special dust-free rooms for supplies of ready-to-wear dresses.

This firm is the sole Vancouver agents for *Musing-Wear* goods, and they also stock large supplies of Holeproof Hosiery and the well known Pen-Angle goods, from Paris (Ontario). The business is devoted solely to children's and ladies' ready-to-wear apparel, and the accessories that go with it. We believe that many of our readers may be in the habit of doing business at this store, but to those who have not yet made its acquaintance we would say: "If you do business at More & Wilson's once, you will do it more and more."

V.—Royal Nurseries, Ltd.

Nurseries at Royal: Store, 2410 Granville Street.

Office: 710 Dominion Building.

Blooms to Brighten the Home

Many people who do not believe in giving gifts regardless of their utility and intrinsic attraction, have difficulty when Christmas and New Year approach, in selecting something suitable. It is sometimes hard to know what will be sure to commend itself to a friend.

In many such cases we believe a gift of flowers or plants in bloom would give unfeigned pleasure.

In British Columbia we are fortunate in having the last roses of summer blooming outside well into December, if not into January, but a visit to the Nurseries at "Royal," near Vancouver, gives one an insight into the number and variety of beautiful flowers that can be had to brighten the home in these shortening winter days.

The office of the Royal Nurseries Ltd., is at 710 Dominion Building, and the store at 2410 Granville Street, but for a fair idea of the extent of the industry of this company, one requires to visit the Nursery grounds. These are forty acres in extent, and have many buildings specially suited for the various departments of the work. The hot-houses are divided into different departments, the carnation house for example being two hundred feet by twenty-eight.

While the collection of plants and flowers at the Nurseries at Royal is naturally of the first importance, and in extent and variety second to none in the West, one remarkable feature of the Nurseries is the well, which yields 25,000 gallons of water per day. We gathered from the practical man in charge that the water supply is one of the best assets of the nursery. By this we would not suggest that the Nurseries are "watered stock," but rather that, even in British Columbia in winter, stock (under cover) needs watering. Then with our attractive dry summer climate the utility of an excellent water supply on the spot needs no comment.

Those of our readers who think of selecting potted plants or flowers for gifts might do well to visit the nurseries, but if they think fit to give directions by phone as to the selection of flowers or plants, we are confident they can rely on a thoroughly satisfying service. We understand that at this time roses and azaleas in varied shades may be ordered, and that attractive Christmas pans have been prepared made up of tulips and ferns, mixed. Flower lovers know, of course, that chrysanthemums and carnations can also be had to beautify the home during the festive season.



VI.—R. C. Purdy, Ltd,
750 Robson Street and 715 Georgia Street.
Gifts that please and satisfy.

While many people are liable to purchase gifts for their relatives and friends that are neither useful nor ornamental, others are alert to give gifts that may be none the less acceptable though they are "perishable."

With so much cheap confectionery in the market, it is sometimes difficult to know when "candies" are really good, and perhaps there is no class of goods in this line more difficult to judge than chocolates. After a visit to one of Purdy's shops and a sampling of their stock of home-made sweetmeats, people who put purity and quality first will not expect to find better fare anywhere. If chocolate, covering nuts, cream, dates, ginger, etc., etc.—all made with the utmost cleanliness and with the purest ingredients, forms a staple article of these stores, it is not the only form of dainty and attractive sweetmeats available, as a glance into any of the windows will reveal.

Young men readers and others who wish to give gifts that will satisfy in the present and please for the future may have the confectionery put up in silk-lined boxes or baskets which are certainly things of beauty and which should be a joy for all the year round at least.

Such sweetmeats have the advantage, too, of being among the best foods, and if they are also something of a luxury to many, they form all the more suitable a gift for the home folks—and others.

VII.—Rae the Shoe Man
139—141 Hastings Street West.

Leather for All Weather—Footwear for Everywhere.

There may be many RAES, but there is only one "Rae the Shoe Man." Because of his form of advertising his business in various publications we had had that fact impressed upon us previously, but it was impressed in a totally different way when we called on him with the view of getting information in connection with this department.

This department concerning "Businesses Worth While" would not exist if it were not independent, and as it is primarily for our readers, we may take them into our confidence. It happened that when calling by arrangement, our representative had in his hand an instrument for the printer, and this incidentally led to a discussion of the whole question of advertising and the kinds of advertising which should be accepted by reputable publications. The subject itself is a debatable one, and from the publishers' point of view is not free from difficulties. We imagine, however, that that applies to the conducting of all businesses worth while.

Conscience and character may be sought and shown in every line of work, yet men and firms need not in the advertising or publicity business, any more than in shoe-selling, be expected to judge "without knowledge, without necessity, without charity." For instance, we believe no one need ask what the attitude of this publication would be to advertisements bearing upon intoxicating liquors—certainly no honest inquirer would be left long in doubt about the views of the present management. But what about tobacco? Many people whose goodness of heart and purpose is unquestioned—among whom may be numbered many preachers and teachers—hold tobacco a neutral thing for adults, and simply a stimulant or drug, the use of which is on a par with tea or coffee drinking. Shall we accept tobacco advertisements? We have been asked the question *in a business way* ere this. Perhaps some of our readers will favour us with their views?

But to return to *The Shoe Man*. Mr. Rae is one of Vancouver's old timers, and one gathered that he has "made good" in business because he has been content to "stay with it" and continue seeking to give good value in leather, while some others were giving time and energy to speculation. We believe it may fairly be said that his extensive advertising has done much to *make* the block on Hastings Street West in which he now does business.

In seeking to develop his business by giving good values in all kinds of foot-wear, Mr. Rae has stocked goods from many makers in the East and elsewhere, though of course Leckie's Boots, made in Vancouver, British Columbia, are among the leather for all weather which he sells. The store seems to have goods likely to attract all classes, though Mr. Rae himself might suggest that his business is "for the masses, rather than for the classes." Notwithstanding that statement, he is agent for Dr. Reed's boots, which seem to be specially adapted to give the maximum of comfort to tender feet and "tender-foots." Another boot deserving of special mention for the winter weather at the Coast is the *Regal*. It has a strong welt, closely fitted in between the sole and the upper in such a way as to keep rain or melting snow from oozing inwards. In short, it is certain that if the humblest members of the masses may visit this store and get satisfaction at low rates, the people from the West End and elsewhere with more to spend on footwear, who seek more in style and the very best in quality, may also have ample choice, and count on getting satisfaction.

When we selected this advertiser for attention here, we believed we could fairly commend the business of Rae *the Shoe Man* to our readers. After further conversation with him, mostly on other subjects than shoes, we can with increased confidence commend the business and the goods of "Rae the Shoe Man" at 139 Hastings Street West, because of the independent impression left with us, not only of his business, but of the *Shoe Man*, Rae.

VIII.—McLean & Johnston

44 Cordova Street West.

Everything For Men

In seeking to notice a selection of varied businesses for our readers, it may be observed that we have not been influenced by the amount of advertisement space used or by the locality of the business. On the other hand it might be in place to note that just because of the appearance of these independent notices we do not choose to raise in any way at this time the question of the amount of advertising space used by the firms referred to. That we hold a matter for each business man or firm, and while we hope, because of increasing circulation and enterprise, to enlarge our business department, surely, if slowly, in the coming days among Businesses Worth While in the West and elsewhere, we wish, as far as knowledge and judgment go, to seek "Quality first" in all lines.

It is curious to find how much business districts in a city change. It is not so long since Cordova Street was practically the only business centre in Vancouver. Then Hastings Street led the way, and now Granville Street promises to become, if it has not already become the leading thoroughfare for shopping. Meantime, each of all three streets has its share of retail business, with Robson Street making a good fourth, though in many lines the business done may be different in the different streets.

The changes of business centres however, do not mean that all the good businesses have left the older centres. On the contrary, as the cost of continuance in the older districts is lessened there should be the greater opportunity for good quality being combined with reasonable rates. McLean & Johnston's business is a case in point. They do not carry a large stock of suitings, but they are the Vancouver agents for "Fit and Fashion Ltd.," of Toronto, and as good clothes as any man need wear may be had through them on short notice at prices ranging from \$20 to \$40.

In underwear of all kinds, linen shirts, socks, collars, ties, studs, hats, etc., this firm stocks a very fair variety. Courtesy is expected everywhere in business as a matter of course, but it may be said without the slightest suggestion of flattery that cheerfulness is an outstanding characteristic of those who run this store. That itself is an asset and attraction "worth while," and more—in these days.

Our men readers who have not hitherto made the acquaintance of 44 Cordova Street West, may be recommended to call to sample the service and the stock. Ample choice and modest rates may be assured in practically *everything for men*.

IX.--The Work of the Women's Employment League

[By Mrs. J. K. Unsworth, President.]

NOTE:—The following significant and suggestive article was given by special request. The persistency and resourcefulness of those who have given themselves to the solving of the problem of unemployed women in Vancouver calls forth not admiration only, but creates a desire to aid such a commendable enterprise. Most of our readers, we believe, will appreciate the spirit that prompted us to secure this contribution for insertion among our notices of "Businesses Worth While."

A merry little toy shop with a varied collection of dolls representing almost everything from golliwogs to British commanders of all sorts and sizes, many-hued war toys, Christmas boxes, French flowers and fancy work, sweeties and plum puddings for sale, and with the King and the Kaiser having a constant wrestling match in the window, is the visible result of the opening of a miniature toy factory on November 7th, by a committee of women who "saw visions and dreamed dreams."

Nearly 900 girls have registered here as out of employment. For two hundred and fifty positions have been found of different sorts, mostly domestic; 150 have been employed at one time in the factory, and more than that in numbers, as the work is spread out to cover the many girls who plead for "just one day's work," for which 15 cents an hour has been paid, and the girls taken for the most part who needed it most, regardless of ability. In the order department dressmaking has been done, dolls have been repaired, 1200 holdalls and housewives have been made and delivered at Hastings Park. badges for clubs, underwear and knitting, forage caps, and with great pride, the big flag from the Court House repaired.

A business man would be inclined to smile, or scoff, at the temerity of the combination of business and philanthropy, of co-operative policy with the unskilled and incompetent, and truly some of the products have cost many times over their selling price to produce. Then, too, an occasional girl is ungrateful or careless or unwilling. An offer of a home may turn out to be selfish instead of unselfish, but the atmosphere of helpfulness is the predominating one, and girls asking for work will say, "Mary needs it more than I do," or, knowing that there is not enough work to go round, will tell of a girl friend who is down to her last dollar.

Among women, too, this and all the numerous plans for amelioration the war has made necessary, have laid bare qualities hitherto perhaps dormant, and those whose minds are absorbed by the higher responsibilities of life, overlook personal gratification and give themselves unstintedly to the needs of their fellow women, because we have now a common cause, and have returned to the elemental woman, and my lady and the salesgirl work side by side on a

common plane to serve and love and protect not our own only, but every sister woman.

It has been one thing to turn out in four weeks a few hundred war dolls and toys, with the stamp of unskilled hands upon them, at a time of year when the sale of them is secure, but to continue to give employment—marketable employment of slower sale, to girls unfortunately not of the enviable Canadian type who can turn their hand to anything, requires premeditation and considerable capital. One week the wage list was \$750, and when the goods are all sold and the financial statement published, it will be shown how much—I mean how little—that week's work sold for!

So, with the New Year must come plans more deep laid; samples must be produced, submitted to "the trade," and orders secured, and everything produced up to sample, and all this must be financed, and with it all must be brought along the individual girl for whom the work is being done. So every woman is asked to co-operate and to report work and to make known unsatisfactory happenings to the committee, or to the Secretary of the reorganized employment bureau.

So out of the needs of the girls has risen the beginning of a possible great industry which will utilize the waste from tin and wood and paper, and turn them into clever articles that children will cry for.

What do you think of our Cover Calendar?

A Bit of Printing Work Worth While.

After handing to the printer the copy for "Businesses Worth While" it occurred to us that it might be in place to ask our readers how they like the cover-calendar of this issue?

As we believe in giving credit to whom credit is due, we may note that, in putting our idea into execution, we told the practical men, and especially the foreman machineman at our printers that they, and he particularly, had an opportunity of going down to posterity for the work on that cover. Perhaps that was putting it a little strongly, but we believe most of our readers will agree with us that the cover is really a fine piece of work, and that the colours blue and gold blend beautifully. We have enough experience of practical printing to understand that the satisfactory working of these colours on a white surface requires unusual care and attention, and we think it right—in the same free and independent way that the foregoing notices have been given—to note our appreciation of the work done by the staffs of the different departments of the printers who have given us good service from February last—Evans & Hastings Limited, 570 Seymour Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Editor's Page

By Contrast—The Dominion Trust Collapse

An Opportunity for the Heroic in Civil Life.

In writing of some "Businesses Worth While" in a magazine published in Vancouver which circulates to some extent in the other Canadian provinces, and has a considerable number of readers in Britain interested in Canada, and especially in Farthest West Canada, it might seem strange if no notice should be taken editorially or otherwise at this time, of a business which, after being conducted—or bolstered up—has collapsed in such a way as to bring distressing discredit to the community and the country.

If the first step towards betterment of bad conditions is to know the worst, the Vancouver daily papers and those authorising the publication of the official report are to be commended for the unsparing publicity given to the statement of the interim liquidator concerning the condition of the company so far as ascertained.

Some business men may question if it was necessary to publish so complete a report to others than those directly interested; but as the reflection of the company's failure falls upon the whole community, it is perhaps well that the facts should, as far as possible, be published unreservedly.

It is to be hoped that the Dominion Trust collapse will prove unique in the history of Western Canada. It is an outstanding illustration of the temptations in a new country to build business or character mainly on make-believe and audacious assurance; and a startling revelation of how far even staid and sedate business men of experience in one line or another may, once in a while, be simply led, or misled, when they should be "directing." The blow to the Board of Directors is perhaps second only to that falling on the trusting "depositors" in this concern, which was evidently upheld by a big frontispiece building and an unlimited amount of tall talk, and dare-devil dealing.

The unlimited opportunities of this fair land of Canada carry with them dangers and temptations. The farmer's boy, the grocer's clerk, and the coal carrier's assistant may, with little cash and large assurance, turn real estate dealers, "financial agents," or speculators, and become rich suddenly or soon. But stability in business as well as stability in character is usually of slow growth, influenced by inheritance. In business it often involves the readiness of some "capitalists"—in cash, enterprise, initiative, or ability, or in all together—to let their money or their minds work for considerable periods or even permanently for small cash returns.

Training is needed in every line of service, and in every "Business Worth While" something of an apprenticeship must be served. West-

ern Canada, like other parts, must learn that it takes more than tall talk and great assurance to direct or manage large concerns; and that no amount of patronage, wire-pulling, daring or hall-marks in any line can fit men for positions in the business and work-a-day world which in other communities are won and maintained only as the result of years of careful training, patient endeavour, prolonged experience, and faithful service.

No doubt there are cases here and there where men who—so far as brains and initiative are concerned—might have been hod-men all their days, now ride in motor cars as the result of fortunate (or directed) speculation in lands or lots which have become valuable through no effort of theirs. But without adopting any unreasonable socialistic attitude, we may, in most cases, fairly question how far the competition is open, or the means fair, when men with little training or short service obtain positions of prominence or security and become "well fixed" in manhood's earlier years.

For the sake of the reputation of Canada and British Columbia, no less than for the sake of the depositors, directors and shareholders, it is to be hoped that the condition of the Dominion Trust Company and its assets may ultimately be found to be much better than the interim liquidator's report would indicate. The Board of Directors includes men whose personal integrity and business capacity "goes without saying" in this community; and while that fact engenders sympathy towards them, it also increases the responsibility attached to their connection with the company, which in some parts of the Empire might have placed them in a very awkward position.

On the other hand, it is even suggested in some quarters that, with time given, the affairs of the company might be so adjusted, and the assets realized, as to enable payment to be made of a hundred cents to the dollar. For the credit and comfort of all concerned we should all be happy to find that true—if the realization took place in our time.

It has also been alleged that both the Dominion and the British Columbia Provincial Governments were remiss. Whatever be the division of blame, is it not possible that there are men in the Governments or among the directorate who could jointly salve the company for their own and the country's sake? No one can have anything but praise for the men who "seek the bubble, reputation, even at the cannon's mouth" in such a war as is now being waged by our Empire and her allies. But there is opportunity for the heroic in other fields of service, too. Who among the moneyed men, directly or indirectly concerned, will volunteer for a "Dominion Trust" redemption corps?

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

As we go to press this question has been raised by the notice of suspension of payment on the part of the Bank of Vancouver. This is one of the smaller banks which has never been very strong, and which was understood to be in difficulties before the Dominion Trust revelation. At the worst it is believed that the assets of the Bank of Vancouver will meet liabilities. It is unfortunate, however, that this institution should have had the name "Vancouver," as the report of its suspension is likely thereby to suggest much more that is detrimental than the size of the institution warrants.