

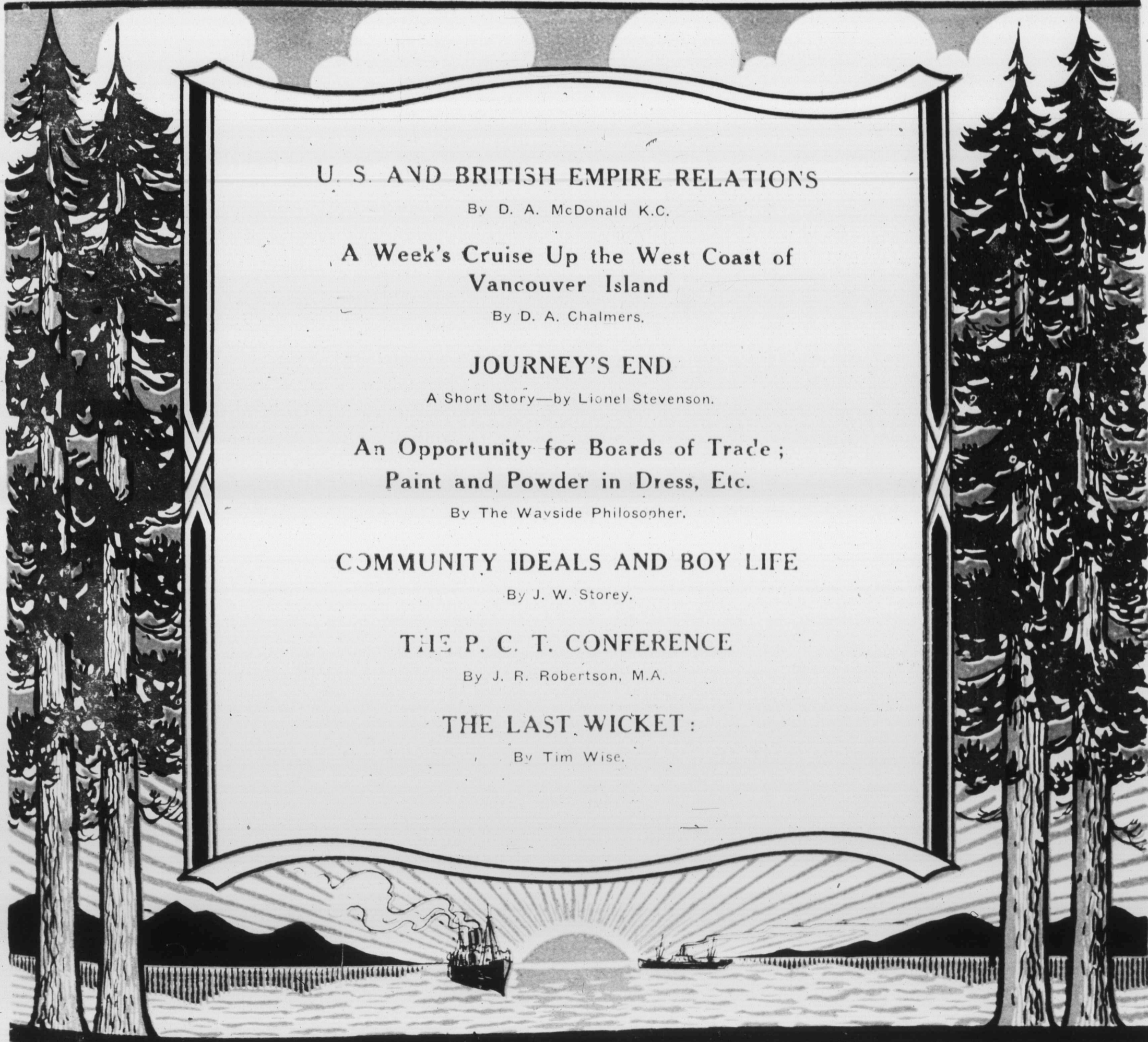
Established 1911

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West
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AUGUST 1920

No. 5



U. S. AND BRITISH EMPIRE RELATIONS

By D. A. McDonald K.C.

A Week's Cruise Up the West Coast of Vancouver Island

By D. A. Chalmers.

JOURNEY'S END

A Short Story—by Lionel Stevenson.

An Opportunity for Boards of Trade; Paint and Powder in Dress, Etc.

By The Wavside Philosopher.

COMMUNITY IDEALS AND BOY LIFE

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THE P. C. T. CONFERENCE

By J. R. Robertson, M.A.

THE LAST WICKET:

By Tim Wise.

THE WEALTH OF BRITISH COLUMBIA—BY THOMAS ALLARDYCE BROUGH

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OUR ADVERTISERS ARE LEADERS IN THEIR LINES.

United States and British Empire Relations

(By D. A. McDonald, K.C.)

Note: We are confident that regular readers of the B.C.M. and others, including various exchanges, will welcome the publication of this article. Apart from the omission of a few personal words of introduction by Mr. McDonald, the insertion of sub-headings, and such changes as "Scotchmen" to "Scotsmen" and (occasionally) "England" to "Britain," the address is reproduced practically as delivered before the Vancouver Kiwanis club.—(Ed. B.C.M.)

In dealing with the relations between the United States and the British Empire in so far as such relations might be affected for the better by the Kiwanis Clubs of North America. I wish to be very candid in anything I may say. I realize that I am among my friends where no offence will be taken even if our views may differ. I am speaking to Kiwanians, who are actuated by a very earnest desire to exert every effort for the good of the world and their country, and who are willing to make personal sacrifices to attain that end.

Canada's Composite Citizenship.

Some of you are American born—and, as such, come what may, no matter where you may be, if you are real men, actuated by the same passions and feelings as other normal men, you love the land of your birth, and resent every unkind word that may be said of her. Many of you were born in the British Isles, and, you too love and honor your native land and will jealously guard her fair name. But, I take it, that most of you, like myself, were born in Canada, taught from the cradle to love the Empire and her noble Queen. Each of us has his own individual conception of what is required of us in loyalty and service; but we are one in this, that now as never before in the world's history, we realize that loyalty in a large measure is required of each and every one of us.

The Danger of Rupture Between the States and Britain.

Now it would be folly to bother our heads about what Kiwanians may do to cement the friendship of United States and Great Britain, if there were no possible need for such service. So we must ask ourselves in the first place if there is any appreciable danger of a rupture between these two great nations. You may think not. For my part, I often fear that there is. This much you must admit—that many very powerful influences are working untiringly, day in and day out to create that very condition. It is so easy for us to adopt the policy of taking for granted that all is well, that we never ask of the watchman, "What of the night?" The people of Britain smiled for years at the ravings of Lord Roberts and other thoughtful men as to the German menace, and blandly refused to believe in any such danger or to vote the necessary funds for making preparations. But history has written in blood the story of their folly. And if the thinking people of North America are content to sit quietly and do nothing, while sinister influences by day and night sow the seeds of discord, then I say, there is cause to fear that the unhappy day may come.

The Anti-British Element in the States.

There is, in the first place, in the United States, a very large proportion of people of German and Austrian birth and affiliations. Do these people love Britain more or less, than they did six years ago? Put yourselves in their places! How would you feel? Make no mistake my friends.

To the German American, the name of "Perfidious Albion" is anathema—a name to be loathed—and will continue to be so for years to come, if not for all time; and no stone will be left unturned by these German-Americans in their efforts to create an unfriendly feeling between these two nations.

Then we have that burning Irish question. Have you not-

iced in how many cities of the United States, the alleged "President of the Irish Republic" has been received with open arms? How many American dollars have been contributed to the cause of Irish Freedom (whatever that may mean?) Do these things contribute toward amity between the two nations? or do they but tend toward widening the rift in the lute if there be a rift?

And we have the Japanese question. Great Britain has recently renewed her alliance with Japan, and we know fairly well what is the feeling between Japan and the United States. Is there any danger of ill-feeling being engendered in this quarter? I feel that it is quite within the bounds of possibility.

Hearst Syndicate Periodicals Propagate Discord.

And then we have the newspapers. I think I am not making too broad a statement when I say that the one outstanding aim and object of all those newspapers and periodicals controlled by the Hearst syndicate is to propagate and cultivate dissension and discord between these two great English speaking races. I hope I am not painting too gloomy a picture. I do not wish to do so, I realize as you do, that the great body of the people of that Great Republic are honest and sincere, in their respect and admiration for Great Britain, and in their desire to eliminate every cause of discord. I have met scores of such men, as you have, but remember, that they too fear the same things that we fear. In any event, I am sure that most of you, when you reflect, will realize that there is a real danger and that there is an extensive and intensive evil propaganda, which must be reckoned with; and particularly when we remember that such things are not by any means confined to American journalists. Many of you have no doubt read the bitter and acrimonious attack made by Horatio Bottomley, a member of the British House of Commons, mark you, upon the United States, in connection with the disclosures made by Admiral Sims.

The Question and the Answer.

In the next place let us consider for a moment whether it is worth while to preserve these good relations which have existed for more than a century. Is it desirable that these two great English speaking nations, with a common tongue, a common heritage in literature and law and learning and art, and with common ideals and traditions, should press on shoulder to shoulder in the onward march of civilization? or is it preferable that they should forget everything but bitterness and hate and discord, fly at each other's throats and proceed to tear down that fabric of civilization which after centuries of building has so recently been shattered and torn to its very foundations? To put the question is to answer it. Surely no sane man can argue that discord between these two countries, rather than harmony, can aid the nations of the world in working out their salvation.

Canada's Unique Position in the Triangle.

Now if there is a real danger, and if it is desirable that that danger should be combatted, what is the position of Canada in this International triangle? Is it not unique? Here she is, an integral part of the British Empire, a nation within a

nation, and with 3,000 miles of her territory touching the borders of the United States. We are in daily and hourly communication with our American friends and business associates, by telephone, and telegraph and mail and railway and steamboat. Sometimes we almost forget that we are not all one country. We in British Columbia particularly, have nearly as much trafficking, and visiting and communication in one way and another with Seattle and Portland and San Francisco, as we have with Montreal and Toronto. We are in touch all the time. And so it is all along the border. Does it not strike you that Canada is in a much more strategic position to impress her personality and her influence upon the United States than Great Britain can do, at so great a distance? Can not Canada, now, at least, that she has attained the respect and admiration of the Republic, help to create and foster whatever feeling she really desires to create and foster between her neighbor and the mother country. I think she can. I think it is her duty to do so.

Canada's Ultimate Destiny.

I am not stopping to argue the question of what is Canada's ultimate destiny. I am assuming that you all feel as I do. While I know that there is quite a considerable body of people, particularly in some of the prairie provinces, who openly talk of annexation, I am assuming that you think as I do, that such babblings are but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and that so far as we are concerned, we are content to adopt the slogan of an older and wiser man who said "A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die." And so it is, as British subjects and as Canadians that we ask ourselves what we as Kiwanians can do toward the consummation of those ends which we so devoutly desire.

Some of you may say "Oh well, it is no part of our business and anyway we can't do anything." Well in the first place if we are loyal to our international organization we must at least try to accomplish something and in the second place I am persuaded that there is much that we can do, although I find it very hard to express just what I think we can do. For one thing our training as Kiwanians from day to day ought to fit us to grapple with these larger problems. If we are true to our principle of doing daily service, then we are ready for the larger service. "In life's small things, be resolute and great, to keep thy muscle trained; know'st thou when Fate thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee, 'I find thee worthy, do this deed for me.'"

I have a feeling, which grows stronger every day that Fate has taken the measure of Kiwanis and will from time to time assign her larger tasks.

Practical Service Open to All.

Now I shall try to suggest in a homely and practical way some things that we can do and some that we can refrain from doing in order to help this work along.

We can aid in the education not only of our fellows, but of the Americans and Englishmen whom we meet from time to time. You know Englishmen and Americans are lamentably ignorant about each other. An American school boy stated recently in an examination paper that London was the capital of a small island off the coast of France; while an English schoolboy stated that in the United States people were put to death by elocution. School books in both countries have been written now and then by men of biased minds, and insular prejudices. Children in the United States for a hundred years and more have been taught to abhor the tyrannical conduct of England which led to the Revolution. No excuse or palliating circumstance has been sought for or proclaimed. And yet we all know that that rebellion was caused by the wicked and stubborn foreign king of England—King George III—who would not take advice from wiser and better men; and that the great statesman Pitt in that impassioned address in the British House of Commons, in speaking of the dispute which had arisen, said "If I were an American, as I



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am an Englishman, while a foreign army was landed on our soil I would never lay down my arms—never, never, never!" England was hopelessly and irrevocably wrong in precipitating that rebellion and she has paid the penalty. Now, can we not accomplish something, when talking with our American friends by reminding them of these real facts, and so helping to remove the rancour and bitterness caused by this ancient wrong? Can we not tell them at the same time that we in Canada had a very similar experience in 1837, when our grandsires had to shoulder their muskets to wrest from their rulers a fair measure of responsible government; but that we of today love England none the less for that, as evidenced by the fact that the leader of His Majesty's loyal opposition in the Canadian House of Commons is the grandson of the leader of the rebellion of 1837.

Misconception of States' Citizens.

A delegate from Savannah, Georgia, to the recent Kiwanis International Convention at Portland, asked Kiwanian Geo. Ross of Toronto in all seriousness how much tribute Canada paid annually to England, thinking of course that we were in a similar position to that of a vassal state of Rome's Imperial day. Canadian Kiwanians may imagine how George seized the opportunity to enlighten his friend, and to explain that the boot was very much upon the other foot. And so I say that countless opportunities will come to us from time to time to help in a quiet way along educational lines.

Canada—British, First, Last, and All the Time.

When speaking of Canada's relative position in the British Empire, let us never forget to impress upon our American cousins that we are BRITISH, first, last and all the time. You will be surprised if you study the question, how many Americans there are, good, sensible, thoughtful, well-meaning men, who openly say to us that they like Canada and Canadians but they can't abide England and Englishmen. If you meet such a man it is your duty to impress upon him, kindly but firmly, and in a manner which he will never forget, that he cannot lightly say to you that he likes you but despises your mother. Make him clearly understand that such things are not to be said and he will respect you for it.

A Story Illustration—With Two Points.

Again we can help by trying to get these two peoples to understand each other. You know it's a great thing to try to get the other fellow's point of view, for so often when we think we understand each other, our thoughts are as far apart as the poles. To give you an illustration—A young man went home one evening, and finding his two year-old son had been put to bed in his little cot, he went upstairs and was standing looking at the youngster, when his wife came in the room; and she tip-toed over and stood at the other side of the cot. The mother looked at her boy, her first-born and she pictured him in his progress through life; his first suit of clothes and the boy standing there with his hands in his pockets; his first day off to school with his little books under his arm; his life at college and all the prizes he would take; and then the sweetheart coming into his life, and somewhat supplanting the mother in his heart—but the mother would be brave and would not complain, for her boy's sake; and as the mother dreamed on, she looked up at her husband and fondly said: "What were you thinking of Fred?" And the husband answered: "I was wondering how on earth they can make a cot like that for \$3.50."

Meeting U. S. Objections to Englishmen.

So when you are talking with an American, try to get behind the curtain and learn what he is thinking. When he speaks unkindly of the Englishman—of his reserve and snobishness, and smug satisfaction, tell him that you don't like those qualities, if they do exist in some cases, any better than he does. But tell him also that that same smug Englishman is a gentleman always; and that while he has been criti-

cized even by his own countrymen—you will remember Kipling's violent attack some years ago on the "flannelled fools at the wicket; the muddled oafs at the goal"—yet thousands of his very type, if they survived so long, for four long weary years walked the parapet in the face of the enemy's fire, and walked it with the same nonchalance as they had walked in Picadilly or the Strand and so inspired their men by their utter bravery and fearlessness, to superhuman effort and endurance.

Dealing With the U. S. Welcome to Scotsmen.

Then you'll meet the American, and there are many of them, who will tell you that he is very fond of the Scotsman, and that in him he finds all that is good and nothing to criticize. To such an one you should point out that he is fairly safe in judging Great Britain and her policies by Scotsmen and their policies. Tell him what a large part Scots have always played in controlling the destinies of England. You are on safe ground. The Scotsmen will admit this themselves. A Glasgow merchant had occasion to visit London for the first time. On his return, some English friends of his who lived in Glasgow, were anxious to learn of his impressions of England and they asked him what he thought of the English. He said "I didna meet ony English. My business was entirely with the heids of depairtments."

"Who Won the War?"

Next we come to that very important question—Who won the war? Is it not ridiculous that so much time has been spent by otherwise sensible people in the discussion of this silly question? What's the difference who won the war, so long as Germany did not win it. Don't be drawn into any argument on this question by anybody. We have been just as much to blame as the Americans about this in that we have taken seriously the vapourings of a few irresponsibles. I have known many American soldiers intimately and well during the past two and a half years and I have never heard an American soldier speak in other than a very humble and manly tone, nor without the deepest respect and admiration for the soldiers of all the allied nations, and the deeds that they had done.

Modesty, Courtesy and Tact Should be Exercised.

Before closing this address I would like to leave this thought with you. Let us in all our conversations with our American friends, be modest but manly—loyal but not obstrusive—honest and true. And let us at all times be courteous and tactful. And on this subject of courtesy and tact, I cannot refrain from telling you a story. Two darkies worked in the same hotel. One day Rastus went to his employer and said: "Boss I'm going to quit. I do all the hard work and Mose gets all the tips, and I'm sick of the job," and the Boss said: "Well, Rastus, if you'd use a little of the courtesy and tact that Mose uses, you would make a greater success in your work—you had better get some advice from Mose." So Rastus went to Mose for advice and asked him what this cour-

(Continued on Page 14.)

Is Your House a Home?

Our Tenth Year Motto is:

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That is every home worthy of the name properly applied.

(see page 16.)

A Notable Verse Writer

Readers of Vancouver's morning newspaper (The Daily Sun) will have noticed that there is published therein a series of verses (copyright) by Edgar A. Guest, who seems often to combine fluency of expression with fineness of thought.

From a recent issue we quote the following four verses on "Difficulties." As it happens, no name or copyright line was printed with these verses, but we understand that that was an oversight, and that the contribution is one by the author mentioned.

Some of the lines may sound familiar, and others may recall to memory such words as those of R. L. Stevenson: "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour."—(Ed. B. C. M.)

Difficulties

What if the road be long, the goal
Is richer for the struggle you have made.
Great joys which truly compensate the soul
Obtain their splendor from the price you paid;
There is no victory on earth so fair
As that which conquers danger and despair.

What if the task be hard, the pride
Is greater when at last the thing is done.
He who stands fast when he is sorely tried,
Knows happiness the day his battle's won;
Within the struggle all the glory lies—
Greater the odds, the greater is the prize.

The easy roads the multitude may fare,
The simple tasks a thousand hands can do,
Yet glory waits for men to do and dare.
While danger's challenged only by the few.
True victories take faith and strength and time,
High mountains always have been hard to climb.

Against the odds and obstacles of life
With heart undaunted fight unto the last.
You shall rejoice in every hour of strife
And thrill with pride when once the danger's past.
Within the difficulties which you meet,
Lies all which makes an honest victory sweet.

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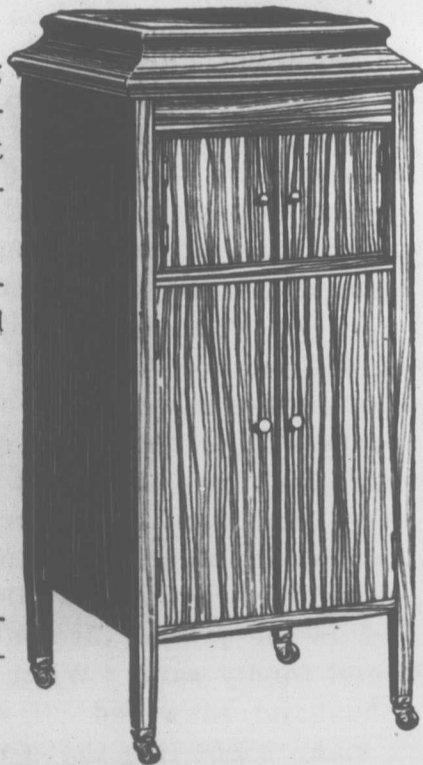
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The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA.

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PAINT AND POWDER IN DRESS

With the decrease in dress area, so noticeable these days, comes a decided increase in the paint and powder area in the feminine make-up. The "neckline" division between the powdered and unpowdered has become a "waistline." No longer does a "restricted area" of cheek "sicklied o'er" with powder add sufficient lustre (?) to Nature's charms. A wide waste of powdered surface—tinged here with rose into a "mantling" cheek—there pencilled into shadow, or prolonged sweep of eyebrow, or lash—now "enamelled" with all the deftness of the expert who defies rather than assists Nature—here and there glitters an ornament, necklace or what-not—and then you have a death mask out of which the eyes rendered unnatural by their setting look at you as if appealing for some sanely poised friend of the really beautiful to help rid them of their surrounding trumpery and give them some chance to be themselves.

What a relief it is to stand on Vancouver's streets and see, among the tawdry, tinselled, bepowdered, bepainted, death heads that roll along smugly content and complacently self satisfied with their beautiful (?) adornment, here and there a woman sometimes comely, sometimes plain, sometimes beautiful, content to be her own self as an expression of God's handiwork, unconsciously contrasting herself with the many, and gaining much thereby, an oasis of sweet naturalness in a desert of dreadful unnatural phantoms.

Will the present sickening custom grow and increase, its votaries deluding themselves—aided by "beauty ads" and the vaunting self-adulation of so called artists—into the vain belief they are rendering themselves more acceptable to mankind, but reaping the sure reward in corrugated, wrinkled, unhealthy diseased skins and premature ageing in looks? A devil's work they do and their reward in mid-life is to hear as the last traces of their natural charm vanish in untimely decay, the devilish, ghoulish laugh of the devil Folly—Ha, ha my pretty bird, it is thy wish not mine,—and such it will be.

TEACHERS UNIVERSITY SUMMER SCHOOL.

Every congratulation should be extended to our B.C.

teachers on the summer school held in the University this season. It is a tribute to both the teachers and the staff that this should have come about. Whatever use may be made of the University generally, the teachers are evidently and rightly determined that their teaching shall be done with some concrete idea of the educational principles sought to be inculcated by our premier educational institution.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE BOARD OF TRADE

Recently discussing the not far off Provincial election and the apparently practical impossibility of securing anything like a suitable selection of candidates by the party primary-convention method, a Vancouver business man suggested that the Board of Trade could in part overcome the difficulties of the situation by nominating "business" tickets.

This is an apparently feasible solution of some of our difficulties. Will the good sense and patriotism of our Board of Trade turn opportunity into accomplishment?

DEATH.

Recently one of Vancouver's ablest divines preached from the text in which Paul claims for Christ that he had abolished death.

In absence of corresponding words in English this Divine felt obliged to express the thought of his text as a de-energizing of death. He then spoke of Christ's attitude to Death and remarking on His use of the term in reference to Lazarus, thence by argument and illustration followed up his theme and developed the methods and effectiveness in which Christ had de-energized death. The sermon dealt with death as it is ordinarily recognized; but is that death? Is it not universally spoken of in the Bible in language which means either sleep or a change to better things?

How only can Death exist? Only by separation of the dead thing from the source of life. This can be illustrated and proven in many different fields. Probably in the field of science it is best capable of demonstration.

This is real death; the doom pronounced on the soul that

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by its sin should cut itself off from God. This is the fate that the sinner secures for himself by his sin. That it is the natural, scientific result of his own conduct can be readily proven. No contact with life, a darksome death which might well draw a shudder from the doomed soul.

Humanity grasps at the idea of purgatory, probation, anything with an ultimate hope, but sin allows of no such remedy. Its effect is final, conclusive, fatal, death in the real meaning of the term.

Is it not this death that Christ abolished? From this dark fate he opened a door of escape. With him as Mediator, Intercessor, Saviour, there can be no real death to the soul that earnestly seeks His aid; nothing but the shadow we so often call death, but which is that change of life form referred to in the Bible as sleep or the change to better things.

Only for the soul that turns its back on the extended hand and loving heart of the Saviour Christ can death any more remain. Infinite Love can open a way of escape, but the acceptance lies only in God's plan and can lie only with the individual.

Let us rejoice in the double blessing that the death commonly called such has been as the divine above referred to ably proved de-energized and robbed of its terrors, but the death penalty of sin, that stark, cold, pitiless fate, has been abolished and it has been made possible for us to bask throughout eternity in that radiance which emanates from the God of light and love.

WHY NOT SOUND B. C.'S PRAISES.

As a B. C. monthly why not aim each month to interest readers in our wonderful land? Not in the spirit of self praise; nor in that so-called "booster" spirit which is, in the end, a cheap note of excited cackle calculated to repel and disgust the class of people we need to interest in us. Let it be sane, conservative and convincing.

With a climate so glorious; a scenery that oft times beggars description; with resources so great, one had almost said so boundless, surely we can say much of B.C. that will attract and interest our own people as well as draw outsiders.

Much has been done already. Rev A. H. Sovereign in his article on Garibaldi set a fine example. None who loved nature could fail to enthuse over a theme so lovingly and beautifully developed.

We have many such beauty spots—some known—some awaiting discovery at the hand of the fortunate traveller, prospector or who not.

This department invites lovers of beauty to send in articles descriptive of any B.C. scene that has captured the admiration or captivated the imagination of the writer. Let them be brief presentments of the scene crammed with information and filled with appreciative descriptive art.

THE SALE OF FIRE ARMS.

Has the Wendt case driven forcibly enough home to the hearts and brains of those in authority the fact that fire arms are all too easily had and held in our community? Granted the situation is not at all as bad as it was, there is still very, very much to be accomplished.

ARE YOU OLD-FASHIONED ?

The chances are you are one of the people who say "Hello!" when answering the telephone? You don't wear the hat or the clothes that fashion has relegated into the discard, yet you stick to a telephone custom that was the fashion years ago. Be up to date. Adopt the modern style of announcing who is speaking.

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The Wealth of British Columbia

Thomas Allardyce Brough.

In extent and resources British Columbia is not a province but an empire. Its potential wealth is incalculable; but to realize this wealth the merest beginnings have been made. Most of it is untouched, in forest and field and mine. Much of what we do produce is exported in the raw state, or in the simplest manufactured form. Our most ambitious manufacture, the building of steel ships, would almost immediately suffer the severest strain if anything should interrupt the steady movement of steel plates from rolling mills three thousand miles away.

Vancouver is served by one of the finest natural harbors in the world. Three or four transcontinental railway lines reach tide-water here. The city occupies a strategic position on one of the world's greatest highways of travel and trade. The Orient, with its fabulous wealth, developed and undeveloped, looks across the broad Pacific, inviting us to come over and share in her rich banquet. Surely it is our part to be up and doing.

Our wealth in coal is undisputed. It is high time we assured ourselves of the extent of our iron deposits. If these are found to be adequate we should not rest until the output of smelters and rolling mills puts our shipbuilding industry on a sure foundation. Then, not individual ships, but great fleets, registered in Vancouver, should make the Seven Seas their familiar highways. Ships cannot sail without cargoes, and every form of industry that our natural resources invite, should be developed here, until amongst all our Canadian provinces British Columbia takes the foremost place in manufacture and trade.

But in value far above that of sea and forest, mine and soil, stand our resources of blood and muscle, nerve and brain,—our human resources, our men and women and children. And of these the last are first, since in these will be realized the advance of a generation beyond those of us who have passed life's keystone year. Individually and collectively, as members of families and as wards of the state, they are worth all the sacrifice we can make on their behalf.

By philosopher and religionist the human individual is properly regarded as an end in himself. In this article I choose for a time to regard him not as an end, but rather as a means, as a resource, the greatest of those resources by means of which our potential wealth is converted into the actual wealth on which our natural human life is conditioned, and through which the glories of our civilization are possible.

For the training of our children and our youth we are doing much, and even in the form of material gain no investment will yield greater returns. At the age of fourteen our boys and girls are graduated from our primary schools with trained intelligence, and in the main with a commendable sense of moral values. As wealth producers and homemakers every experienced and impartial observer will give them a place far above that accorded to the masses in those countries where illiteracy is the rule, not the exception.

Then we have our academic department in high school and university, where emphasis is still laid on the training of the intelligence, the teaching of our young people to think, to think clearly, to think rightly. To this class we instinctively turn for leadership, and we choose Sir Byron Walker, Sir Thomas White, Mr. Edward Beatty, Mr. Arthur Meighen.

We have our professional departments in the university, our nurses' training classes, our private business colleges, our night schools. We have done much; but we have left much undone. We have very properly provided higher education first of all for those graduates of our primary schools who have been most strongly drawn to things intellectual.

For this class we should in the future do not less, but more; not for their own sakes, but because as a nation and as lesser communities we reap from them a return many times in value the cost of our investment in them.

But, granted all this, we have too long neglected the more numerous class of young people who have little taste for the world of pure thought, the world of the abstract, the world of books,—those whose development must come in the main through the concrete, if it comes at all. For these, it is true, we have begun to make provision in such departments as the technical classes of the King Edward high school. But we have made only a beginning, and we should not rest satisfied until we have a fully equipped technical high school, training the eye and the hand, imparting a knowledge of the principles of the natural sciences, and the application of these principles to modern industry with a vocational outlook, so that its graduates may become the skilled craftsmen of our factories, the foremen and managers, our captains of industry, in a city which should, largely through their efforts, become one of the greatest industrial centres of the world.

Between our boards of education, our technical and vocational schools, and our industrial and commercial concerns there should be the most intimate and hearty co-operation, so that every boy should be enabled to choose the life-work for which he is best fitted, in which he has the best chance to succeed; and so that he may be at stated times excused from his duties in the workshop or counting-house to attend classes that will make him more proficient in the line of activity he has chosen, such training being compulsory until the age of eighteen at least.

There should also be a determined effort to enroll in night classes every illiterate adult, and every foreigner who has not learned to read and write English, and who is ignorant of the main facts of our history and the leading principles of our local, provincial and Dominion government. Every stranger within our gates that we do not absorb into our national life, and truly Canadianize, is a menace to our social stability and our national existence.

But still more should we require of ourselves. Every day, if we choose to observe, we may see hundreds of men walking the streets aimlessly, standing on street corners, lounging in saloons. At times these are multiplied into the thousands. Is it not a pity that we have no educational classes for just such as these, suited to their various tastes and capacities, and the leisure time at their disposal, so that the periods of enforced idleness that come to so many may not be desert wastes to look back upon in after years with regret and bitterness, perhaps—but periods rather that have spelled opportunity, with successive harvests of gain in all the time to come?

Again let me say that our resources of flesh and blood, muscle and nerve and brain, mind and heart, are of all our resources infinitely the greatest, and that to train and develop these resources to the utmost is a task worthy of our most strenuous and unceasing effort, worthy of the most generous private and public expenditure and sacrifice—is an investment that will yield returns the magnitude of which we do not now even dream.

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"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

Vol. XVI

AUGUST, 1920.

No. 5.

A Week's Cruise Up the West Coast of Vancouver Island

As we approach the "dog-days" (in July and August) each year all sensible folk who can possibly arrange to do so, plan to have an off-time, when life's responsibilities are left behind, and the cares and concerns that ordinarily absorb attention are, as far as possible, forgotten. At such times happy are they who, in these days of excessive city noises, can find rest at sea, whether or not it be a "Pacific" one, and whose outlook on boarding a ship has nothing unsettling or

A MOTLEY CROWD—WITH ONE CHIEF END

It is curious to note the motley crowd that, in many cases all previously unknown to each other, gathers on board a Canadian West Coast cruising steamer at the holiday season; and even more curious to observe how, as the voyage is prolonged, the general acquaintance tends to ripen into a more intimate one as groups are formed.

The chief end of all holiday-makers is to think of anything and everything but the dominant duties or assigned tasks in the work-a-day world lot of each; and while that may naturally lead to avocations not only unusual, but akin to children's play, kindred interests and affinity of outlook may be revealed in the form of fun to which place is given.

Even in trips as yet little beyond the experimental stage on these western Pacific coasts, a fair variety of humans may be found on the more or less isolated community centre or travelling island, as the steamer in a real sense becomes. Probably each of the so-called "learned-professions" will be found represented. These units, like other members of the community, are out to forget their work. The shopman and the manufacturer may find they have similar recreational interests in books or music; the nurse and the social worker more in common than tired nerves; the teacher may to observers reveal something of that aggressive rule or responsible oversight inseparable from his or her professional work; and the poet and the journalist, however far away they may wish to be from the serious side of writing, may find it difficult in casual conversations to avoid excursions into the realms of literature and life that for ever appeal to them and prompt or tempt exchange of views and recollections. In like manner an editor who sought to make the trip a rest, and went without thought of writing about it, may afterwards find difficulty only in his selection from the varied impressions of the experience that crowd upon him.

A TONIC OF TEN DAYS AT SEA FOR EVERY CITIZEN.

Whatever the social evolution of the future may hold for us, the hope may be expressed that the time will come when the conditions of life affecting workers in all ranks will ensure an option being given to everyone to have not less than

a week, and all the better if it can be extended to ten days or more, each summer, if not entirely at sea, at least away from the mainland and among the islands of such a land as this in-scenery-unexcelled one of British Columbia. The western Canadian born in Britain may be accused of conceit or excused (according to the reader's knowledge or disposition) if he ventures to suggest that topographical arrangements in much of British Columbia's mainland and also in our extensive but still too-little-known "Vancouver Island," (itself nearly as large as one of the Homelands), seem to have been formed on a pattern akin to that of some portions of North Britain, but material being more abundant—on a much larger or grander scale.

But whatever be the comparisons that travellers may make, all who have the privilege of visiting in the summer season the hundreds of miles of island waterways and majestic wooded mountain lands that comprise so much of the British Pacific Coast, will agree that he would be a prejudiced person or a pitiable soul who could pass these ways even once without ever afterwards testifying freely to the attractions of the trip.

JUST THE BEGINNING—BIG DEVELOPMENTS AHEAD

Independent references to the trip to Skagway have appeared in other years in this Magazine. With regard to the cruise up the west coast of Vancouver Island, it is a reasonable assumption that ere long there will be a steamer or steamers devoted mainly, if not entirely, to passenger traffic, circling Vancouver Island, in trips extending from seven to ten days. Meantime the C. P. R. have one steamer in commission which combines passenger service with the handling of freight and makes the best of the route in six to eight days. The fact that freight is carried, and is liable to be loaded or unloaded at all hours of the day and night at various ports of call, must, under present conditions, be recognised as something of a qualification to the attractions of the outing; but, on the other hand, the company are no doubt keeping that in mind in the moderate fare charged.

Without wishing to be in any way a carping critic, one or two suggestions would likely occur to every observant traveller who makes the trip, especially for mental rest or nerve recreation. We understand that certain additions to the steamer fittings are under consideration by the responsible officials, including the provision of an awning and a bath room; the supply of deck chairs might, with advantage be still further enlarged, and certain other details of service might be improved.

EVEN PRESENT SERVICE MORE THAN COMMENDABLE

But when all points of criticism are noted, it would, even now be in place for the independent critic to supplement the hope expressed that all earnest workers should have an option of such a rest period, with the further hope that the "social evolution" that brings about such a consummation

may be able also to ensure similar comfort, general care, and such satisfying catering as distinguish the C.P.R. service. In such a case no one need be accused of epicureanism (in the wrong sense) in emphasizing the company's attention to matters of cuisinerie. For, under the present conditions of life at any rate, many, if not all, of the people who arrange for such a trip, are seeking not only mental rest and refreshment, but the upbuilding of bodily health, which alike come from the absence of worry and nerve-racking noises, together with abundance of good food, sound sleep, and lung life in an ocean of ozone.

BATHING, FISHING, ETC. BY THE WAY.

For particulars of the route of the West Coast trip we refer our readers to the published folders and pamphlets, as well as the advertisements of the C. P. R. Company. As usual, the officers and crew, from the genial captain down, suggest kindness, courtesy, and service as they go about their duties, or take part (as one or two of the officers do with marked histrionic ability) in the concerts arranged for the passengers' entertainment even in the warmest evenings. We do not know if it is mentioned in the company's prints that some fishing and bathing may be got by the way; but travellers inclined to such recreations should take the wherewithal with them; otherwise they may be tempted, as one enthusiastic Victorian was, to improvise an outfit to let him in fit to the water, and then be in doubt as to whether it is adequate to let him out fit to appear before the mixed throng who (Captain-led) gathered to view the lake. At Port Alice there is likely to be time for a walk of two to three miles to a fresh water lake; and at Nootka bathers may have the uncommon experience of bathing in the Pacific ocean and then walking a few hundred yards to a fresh water lake to enjoy the same exercise. It should be noted that that option, with other sight-seeing features of interest, come in the way of the passengers through (we understand) the thoughtful co-operation of the packing company at Nootka which provides a large launch to convey the visitors on the big ship to the village situated on the famous "Friendly Cove." The Indian burying ground at that place, with its evidences of pagan as well as Christian beliefs, is a study in itself.

SHOULD THE NAME "VANCOUVER" BE CHANGED IN ONE CASE?

As this "Magazine of the Canadian West" and of British Columbia in particular, has maintained on former occasions, there is ample scope for the development of both the Island and Mainland portions of this Farthest West Province; and a trip up the west Coast of Vancouver Island must anew impress the observer with the wealth of national playground the Dominion possesses in these "Isles of the Western Sea," and especially in the immense "Vancouver Island" itself.

Without going into the question of how Vancouver Island and Vancouver city came to be given the same name, it may be allowed a writer actively interested in the welfare and development of both to ask if the name might not even now be changed with advantage in ONE case? When "Which?" is asked, the matter of priority of right will naturally arise. But though the "Island" may have the stronger claim to preference in the retention of the name "Vancouver," perhaps it would be the real gainer by giving up the name, or agreeing to change. Conservative Victorians (citizens of Victoria, not of course, adherents to Victorian-Age life and manners) may be angry at the very mention of such an idea. Yet, with the interest and development of the Island and Mainland portions of British Columbia EQUALLY in view, and equally our concern, we venture to make the suggestion here. As to a new or alternative name, suggestions would likely be numerous. But with some distinctive title such as "Dominion Island" or "Empire Isle," we believe that "Vancouver Island" (on which our beautiful capital

city, Victoria, is situated) would not only be freed from all danger of confusion with the city of the same name, but the sooner become, what it is likely ultimately to be more and more—the alluring playground not merely of the Dominion of Canada but of the whole British Empire.

EDUCATE BRITISH IMPERIALISTS IN BRITISH "COLUMBIANA."

But with or without changes in nomenclature, the sooner the world at large, and the British Empire particularly is more fully educated in the knowledge of British Columbia—Island and Mainland—of which Victoria and Vancouver cities respectively are but the largest centres, the better it will be not only for the Pacific province and the Dominion of Canada, but for the whole Empire. For the western coasts of British Columbia, Island and Mainland alike, need no "write-ups" in highly coloured advertisement forms or camouflaged "story." Of them the truth alone need be told, suggested or portrayed, and citizens from other countries and other shores and from every part of the British Empire will say with the writer of these notes: For the unsurpassed in British scenery and the second-to-none in Columbia's land, let me see more of the mountains and ports of Canada's Pacific coasts!

* * * * *

The end of the voyage, with the inevitable breaking-up of groups, came all too soon. Who among eager workers, almost unceasingly on active service, has not known that end-of-a-holiday feeling? The heart-sinking that comes at such times at the thought of returning to the "daily round and common task" seems to justify (with added weight) the phrase "the burden of life," no matter how attractive or congenial the duties may be.

Thus it happens that even that end-of-a-holiday feeling may preach a better-than-pulpit sermon to the average human being. For just as changes in prospect attract and separations try all congenial human associates, so the unsatisfied heart of humanity, in its units as in the mass, ever yearns after a higher height, a more lasting good, and a continuity of life in uninterrupted harmony.

Analysed, what is it but the dream of youth, which surely lasts this short life through?

D.A.C.

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Pacific Coast Theological Conference

NOTE: Our own representative having been prevented by other duties from attending many of the meetings of the P.C.T.C., the secretary of the Conference, Rev. J. R. Robertson, has been good enough to supply us with these notes.

All the more because of their source, it is right to record the fact (which, naturally, is not mentioned by Mr. Robertson) that the president of the Conference for this year, Rev. W.H. Vance, at the opening meeting, stated very clearly that the revival of the Conference (after war-time interruption) was due to the work of one man, namely, the secretary, Mr. J. R. Robertson.—(Ed. B.C.M.)

The Pacific Coast Theological has awakened to new life. After an interregnum of four years, brought about by war conditions, it is now seen that the Conference has not been dead but only sleeping, with the many casualties of war it was thought by many that the life of the conference had expired but it is now seen to be alive with vigorous health and rigorous strength.

The Conference held in St. Andrew's church the other week was from the standpoint of the executive officers very gratifying in every particular. The lecturers had responded with great readiness to the requests for programme papers. The subjects dealt with vital themes in masterly manner, bringing honor to the speakers and help to the hearers. There was also a new readiness to sign the register and pay the membership fee which greatly aided the treasurer in meeting accounts. The 90 paid members and the 15 other honored visitors making a signed register of 105 is statistical evidence of the 1920 Conference being one of the best, if not really the best, in its history. It was also very gratifying to note the attendance by the public at the three night sessions. On the first night there was a fine gathering to hear Dr. J. B. Silcox of Seattle who opened the Conference with a lecture of great interest and power on "The Place of Personality in Moral Reform and Social Progress." This lecture raised the Conference to an high altitude which was maintained through all the sessions. On the second night the attendance was larger when Prof. Chas Bieler, D.D., of Montreal lectured with great interest on "The Evolution of Religious Life in France During the Last Fifty Years." The audience listened with keen interest and appreciation to the lecturer who from his birthright inheritance and personal knowledge proved that "France is not a godless nation." The third and closing night was the largest session of the Conference and Prof. Howard, D.D., of Montreal delivered the lecture on "The Essentials of Christianity in the Light of Modern Thought." It was a great subject, a masterly lecture, and a worthy conclusion to a Theological Conference.

There are in the main three ideals which give character and purpose to the Pacific Coast Theological Conference. These ideals make it quite unique among the various religious gatherings of the west. First, is the ideal of "open forum" in its theological point of view. It belongs to no special school of theology. In spirit it is absolutely loyal to Christ, in teaching it is earnestly seeking after truth, but in manner and matter it is open and free. It is neither orthodox nor heterodox, liberal, nor conservative, revolutionary, nor evolutionary, nor reactionary in theology. Each one, whether in lecture or discussion, speaks for himself alone. No motions are passed approving or condemning any man's lecture on theology. As freedom of speech is the safety valve of British democracy and as this freedom, conditioned only by loyalty and love to King and country, has given British democracy world leadership, so in theology the ideal of freedom of speech and open discussion conditioned only by loyalty to Christ and love of truth, must help to make Christian theology the queen of sciences in the world of thought.

The second ideal is international friendship. The Conference constituency is the "Pacific Coast" on both sides of the line and while its membership is drawn chiefly from the

Province of British Columbia and the State of Washington there are always some who come from Eastern Canada and the Southern States. This year outside of B.C. they came from Alberta, Saskatchewan, Montreal, Toronto, and also from Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Walla Walla, and San Francisco. These all meeting together on equal terms and on friendly grounds in the common pursuit of the queenly science of theology must be productive of international good-will. If the U.S. Senate could have met in some such Conference with the Allied Peace Makers probably the League of Nations would have been signed, sealed and delivered long before this.

The third ideal is interdenominational fellowship. A glance at the programme does not indicate what communions are represented in the Conference but it is of great interest to glean the following facts. The President of the Conference, Rev. W. H. Vance is Principal of the Anglican Theological College in Vancouver; Dr. O. W. Howard of Montreal is Professor in the Anglican Diocesan College there while Rev. E. A. McIntyre is professor in Wycliffe College, Toronto; Dr. Silcox, the first lecturer, is Congregational from Seattle; Dr. Penrose of Walla Walla, is President of Whitman College, Congregational; and Dr. Dyer of Tacoma is Minister of the First Congregational Church there; Dr. Landen of Seattle is Methodist Episcopal Superintendent; Dr. Harper Coates is a Methodist Bishop from Japan and Dr. Sanford is Principal of Columbian College, Methodist, of New Westminster; Dr. Kennedy of Tacoma, Principal Smith of Westminster Hall, Rev. A. F. Munroe of Duncan, and Rev. J. R. Robertson, Secretary of the Conference, are all Presbyterians. Rev. W. S. Ryder is a Baptist; Rev. M. R. Ely is of the Christian Church; Rev. Chas. Bieler of French blood, is Professor in the Presbyterian College, Montreal. The register also shows that the Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian Chinese missionaries in Vancouver—three splendid Christian Chinese, signed the roll and paid the fee.

It is enough to say in conclusion that the Conference members and officers believe that these ideals are not only worthy but are being in some degree attained and that the success of this seventh Conference warrants the executive in making large and hopeful preparations for the Conference of 1921, to be held in Tacoma.

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- JOURNEY'S END -

A SHORT STORY BY LIONEL STEVESON, VANCOUVER.

I.

Walter Marbury was glad that his train made its forty-three second stop in Slanter Station before five o'clock in the morning: there was no crowd of old acquaintances on the platform to give him a greeting in which surprise would probably exceed delight.

Despite his habitual carelessness he felt some reproaches of conscience for never having written to his good friends in Slanter during his whole five years of overseas service. It had seemed so dim and far away when he was in the trenches, like another world which could have no possible interest in him—which was almost inaccessible to his communication. But now that following one of his extraordinary whims, or perhaps drawn by some intangible lure of the West—now that he stepped onto the deserted platform in the golden sunrise light he felt memories of the old life flooding vividly back, giving new brilliance and perspective to all his thoughts, just as the returning sun transmuted the scene on which he gazed.

He recalled the old rancher Joe Dorgan for whom he had held the anomalous position of pupil, or in the local parlance, "mud-pup," synonymous with unpaid "hired-man." He recalled loquacious Mrs. Dorgan, and the private but hearty merriment which her inopportune remarks had often provided for him. But the pictures of the old couple were softened in his memory and their many imperfections smoothed away. More vividly than all he recollected their little niece Marjorie, who had smuggled a dozen ruddy apples into his kit-bag, and had blushed so prettily when he very naturally kissed her on saying good-bye. It was the lingering impression of her friendship which had led him to forget a certain ungracious coldness in the farewell of his erstwhile employer.

Walter looked about the familiar scene of the village as it lay with its main street leading directly to the station. "Not a thing is changed," he thought, "every building the same—no, there's something new!"

He had espied in the centre of the triangle of green sward adjoining the depot a grey granite column fenced in with a chain, and bearing a bronze plate. In idle curiosity he wandered over to make a closer inspection.

"Dulce at decorum—h'm, Latin phrase printed in old English script—Roll of Honor—killed in action—pretty good number for this little hamlet—probably I knew some of these fellows: J. R. Hending, good lad; Philip Gross, Walter Mar—eh—what the—!"

He tilted his hat with a lazy movement, a quizzical look in his eyes. Then he read the inscription again that there might be no error, and found his own name still correct and unmistakable. He swore in a few phrases that need not be repeated, for they are the private copyrighted possession of the soldier, and brook no trespass from the civilian tongue.

"Well, this adds dramatic value to my projected call on the Dorgan estate." He turned abruptly and strode up the familiar street, the sun casting before him an attenuated shadow of his long legs.

II

Joseph Dorgan was milking the eleventh cow when a figure obscured the light which had been streaming in upon him through the open byre door.

"Does old Rusty still give her thirty pounds?" queried a languid voice.

"Aye, and still kicks when she's finished her mash," returned old Joe, rather testily, for the cow shifted her foot in an ominous manner. But there was no interruption in the steady rhythm of the twin lacteal streams. "D'ye think ye

could manage her again if I let you finish her off? I want to give the calf some fresh hay."

So without another word Walter Marbury took his seat on the stool, and Dorgan stumped off with his pitchfork. Some quarter hour later he met Walter bearing two full pails of milk and remarked. "We'll come into the house now. Th' old woman should have breakfast ready by this time."

Walter grinned appreciatively, with a rueful wish in the back of his mind that the women-folk might accept his coming in the same impassive manner.

As he had anticipated, Mrs. Dorgan greeted him with a full-throated bay of astonishment, and laid two heavy, floury hands on his shoulders while intently regarding him up and down. Then a door opened softly, and a ghost of a scream attracted Walter's attention much more effectively than Mother Dorgan's bellow had done. He spun around, and took some seconds to realize that the fair girl of nineteen who was hastily curling a golden strand of hair back from her brows was the same mischievous Marjorie whom he had lifted bodily between his hands at their parting.

"It's great to be back on the old place after all," he exclaimed, trying to hold by the tenacity of his steady gaze a light which he had surprised in Marjorie's eyes. He failed, of course, and her expression had become a quiet and entirely meaningless smile before Mrs. Dorgan said with her usual brusqueness, "So you didn't get killed after all; think of that now, and we subscribed to have your name on the monument."

"Very sorry I can't oblige you with the news that I'm a revenant," said Walter, but his remark was ignored, and Marjorie put in softly, "I suppose then you must have been seriously wounded. You scarcely look strong and well again yet."

"No," replied Walter, regretfully, for he saw her first tender glance vanishing farther and farther beyond recall. "I went through the lot without a scratch, not even trench feet. Some people were lucky like that."

"There, now," declared Mr. Dorgan, whose tactlessness was not a natural gift like his wife's, but was aggravated by being intentional, "there, you've went and spoiled the on'y reel romance in the village. It's just the idear of your heroic death against fearful odds that's kept Marjie for a year past from encouragin' poor Tom Larris, and him just mad about her."

This time Walter was not quick enough. He only caught the flutter of a skirt above a hasty heel as the door closed upon the wearer's precipitate retreat.

"Oh," he said, with polite interest, "and who is Tom Larris when he is at home?"

"Don't you remember him, the postmaster's son? He got badly wounded."

"He hadn't enlisted in my time, had he?"

"Oh, no, he couldn't go till 1917. He was on work of national importance."

It was Mrs. Dorgan who sustained this conversation. Her husband was deep in discourse with a plate of hot-cakes. The lady took her turn at the assault.

"We thought you sure was dead, for that you never wrote when I sent you that passel of socks, back in 1917."

"Socks?—I did not get any parcel from you, or anybody else."

"We heard the next month you was killed, so I thought that was why you didn't write."

"Oh, well I was transferred to another unit about that time and I suppose they couldn't trace me."

"Funny the postmaster didn't know. When we moved here right from the prairie they sent everything on to us. Never

missed anything," Mrs. Dorgan sniffed her superiority to such excuses.

Walter did not press the point. He enquired, "How did you come to hear that I was killed?"

"Oh, your name was in a list the Saturday Sun copied off'n a daily paper from the city."

"I suppose all the red tape often led to such errors."

"Funny you never got hurt a bit an' poor Larris was all shot up the first month he was in," remarked Mr. Dorgan, in an unpleasant tone.

"Looks like you didn't fight so hard," said Mrs. Dorgan, putting bald words to her husband's insinuation, and failing to cover the sting of them with a forced laugh.

Walter, acutely conscious that Marjorie was washing dishes within easy hearing, contrived to say quietly, "Oh you met lots of those queer chances in the course of the war."

"Mebbe so," was the laconic response from the master of the house, then, "how'd ye like to help me break up some noo ground today. -I want somebody spry to touch off the blasts under a few ole roots."

III.

Walter rapidly settled down at the Dorgan homestead. It seemed to have been tacitly agreed that he should be the guest of the ranch, in return doing all the most arduous and distasteful tasks for the owner. He worked cheerfully, enjoying every moment of the healthy, strenuous life that during his previous sojourn there had seemed so hateful to him. "I have undoubtedly learned a lot, somehow," he thought to himself, realizing his keen delight in his labors.

The atmosphere in the household, however, was anything but conducive to gaiety. The suspicion that had been aroused by that one ill-natured remark of Dorgan's not only survived but flourished and expanded. It passed beyond the walls of the house, borne on the industrious tongue of Mrs. Dorgan, who received loyal co-operation in the village from several kindred spirits. Soon one might meet those inevitable best-informed people who knew the name of the non-combatant unit to which Walter had belonged, and the base well behind the line which had been the scene of his service. Tom Larris said that he had passed through that base on his way to the front.

Whenever this cheerful veteran arrived on his crutches for one of his frequent visits to the Dorgans, and set them all laughing by his irresistible horseplay, or holding their breath to hear him recount an experience at the war, it was an opportunity for the family to emphasize their contempt for Walter Marbury.

Marjorie was certainly no longer cold to the advances of her maimed suitor. It was obvious to everyone how "well they got on together," and it was generally felt that the maiden's sympathy and capability were just what was needed to help Larris through life. The village soon accepted the intelligence of his successful courtship. "He's a lucky fellow," was the concensus of opinion, "that Marbury turned up again the way he did. If he'd stayed away the girl might have been pining over his grave yet. Them fillies is hard to understand."

Walter knew well what was being said, and the pangs of disappointment could not efface a deeper-seated exultation that the whim which had led him back was resulting in Marjorie's happiness.

He understood clearly that she was not in love with Larris. No tyro in the moods of the sex, he comprehended something of the intricate influences which moulded her conduct. There was admiration for Larris, of course, and a sort of glamor his personality produced; there was annoyance at being made feel ridiculous by her groundless mourning for Walter; and the increased irritation caused by his presence drove her on, in a futile effort to pierce his air of placid indifference.

Under circumstances more quixotic—or perhaps less?—men might have tried to influence the course of affairs, but

Walter had a sort of cynicism which he considered common sense, and which advised him that Marjorie was acting for the best. Larris was fond of her, seemed a good fellow, and had excellent prospects. It was common knowledge that he would soon succeed his father as postmaster and he was beginning to influence the public affairs of Slanter. "Marjorie would waste all her chances if she married for love," was Walter's conclusion.

So now that her affairs seemed to tend prosperously he began to feel the other aspects of the situation becoming intolerable, even to his irresponsible disposition. He began to lay his own plans, and one evening announced: "I've arranged to take up some land under the settlement board."

"Hereabouts?" queried Dorgan.

"No—up North."

This was the ordinary form of their conversation of late, and Walter smiled inwardly during the remainder of the evening to see a new expansiveness bred of relief in the family's manner. He thought "I expect they feel that Slanter is well rid of a worthless character like me."

IV.

It was the day before his departure and Marjorie's engagement, while not officially announced, was tangible enough to permit of private discussion as to the wedding, when Slanter turned out en fete for one of her pet heroes, Major James Conaghy, who had made a famous record at the front and had later filled an executive post in England, so that this was his first return to his home town.

Joe Dorgan, who had once been on the municipal council with Conaghy, was one of the first to greet him. The latter, who was noted for a keen eye and memory where the fair sex was concerned, soon contrived to remark to his old friend, "that pretty little girl of yours must be getting on for a woman, Joe; lots of sweethearts, eh?"

"Aye, she's got a young feller runnin' after her pretty strong."

"Oh, who's that?"

"Tom Larris, Know him?"

A peculiar expression crossed the Major's face. "He was wounded, wasn't he?"

Dorgan, anything but obtuse, realized that his friend knew something that bore significantly on the subject. He replied, "At the battle of Cambrae, he says; what's your side of the story?"

The Major hesitated: "Well, I don't know; I think on the whole I ought to warn you. I had quite a fancy for that little kiddie, and I don't like the idea of any nasty tricks being played on her. I'll tell you straight. It was well-known over there that Larris went half off his head with funk—wounded himself purposely so that he wouldn't be any more use. It was generally expected that he would be court-martialled, but by some fluke he got off."

Dorgan, long schooled in taciturnity, did not betray how serious had been the affair between Larris and his niece. He merely expressed his feelings in a short whistle, saying: "That wasn't a nice thing to do. You're a good fellow to let me know, Jimmie. That's even a worse record than Marbury's eh?"

Conaghy was at a loss. "Remember, I'm used to your sarcasm, Joe," he said.

"Sarcasm, how d'ye mean?"

"Well, you don't seriously compare Larris with Walter Marbury? Surely you know that he got his commission for valor on the field, and later was awarded the D.S.O."

V.

It became known the next day that Tom Larris had accepted a civil service position in the Maritime provinces, for which married men were ineligible. And in about a week Walter Marbury had arranged with the authorities to exchange his holding in the North for a comfortable little farm in the Slanter district.

Community Ideals and Boy Life

(By J. W. Storey.)

Part II.

Three institutions are responsible for the education of the adolescent boy. By "education" is meant not merely the acquisition of certain forms of related knowledge, but the symmetrical adaptation of the life to the community in which it lives. The three institutions that co-operate in the community for this purpose are: the home, the school and the Church. There are many organizations and orders that have a large place in the life of the growing boy, but these must be viewed solely in the light of auxiliaries to the home, school and church in the production of efficient boyhood and trained manhood.

The greatest of the three institutions affecting boy life, from the very fact that it is the primary one, is the HOME. In the forefront of all institutions stands the home. No other can compare with it in opportunity for character development. Other organizations are needed to supplement its work in specialized ways, but the home is the unit of and is central in all community work. It has the primary responsibility of direction and control of all other means of character development and community welfare. The home is the basis of the community, the community merely being the aggregation of a large number of well-organized or ill-organized homes.

"At the centre of community life the world over, among all races of men, there stands the Family. It determines the character of community life. The Hebrew nation developing out of the family of Abraham, is a summary of social development. The human family grows out of smaller families. Scattered in lonely regions, in solitary mountain huts and forest cabins, crowded together on Chinese river boats,

or in New York tenements; living in the primitive condition of African jungles or in the high development of an American suburb, all families have in them the possibility of contributing to world life. Those who would Christianize the communities of the world must raise family life to its highest terms."*

The first impressions the boy receives are through his home life, and the best of his whole career is often determined by the home relationships. As the home is, the individual will be on the one hand, and the community will be on the other. The ideals of the city, the state, the nation, the school and the church will never rise higher than the ideals of the home, for the home is the foundation of society as well as the most ancient of all God-ordained institutions.

The great problem demanding a satisfactory solution is the problem of maintaining the wholesome home ideals which will make the Canadian home the nation's bulwark. The home is the citadel, the hope or despair of it all. As the home goes, so goes the battle. Theodore Roosevelt was right when he said—"Our civil life in the long run will rise or sink as the average family is a success or a failure," also Jacob Riis—"Upon the home rests our moral character: our civic and political liberties are grounded there. We forget it to our peril."

In dealing then with the home we touch the spot of the most serious weakness and the finest possibilities in the whole range of the boy problem. Other things are important; this is all important. Other influences are mighty; but the strong, splendid home is normally invincible in the making of character. If the club or gang is evil, something is lost; if the Y. M. C. A. is missing or the public school defective, much is lost; if the church is weak and impotent, because not virile, still more is lost; but if the home is wrong,

*"Christianizing Community Life"—Ward-Edwards.

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the boy is lost. No need for Juvenile Court work if the home did its duty. The best Juvenile Court is a boy's home, the best judge, the boy's father, and a boy's best advocate is his mother!

I am heartily in agreement with the writer of the following: "We need today, not more work in the church for children, more infant classes, catechetical classes and Junior Endeavour societies, but more work for the homes of our people. We need a deeper, holier, sublimer conception of the family, its relationships, duties and opportunities. We need more faithful parents. In this respect we are growing worse rather than better. And it is to be feared that our church organizations for children are helping this downward movement. More and more the home is handing over its function as a school for the child to outside institutions which are absolutely incapable of doing the work as it should be done. These institutions are better than none for children who come from unchristian homes, but they never can fill the place which the father and mother should fill in training their children for Christ. I know of no weightier problem for the Church to solve than that of restoring to the home, in the face of the materialism of the age and the industrial system under which we live the religious life which belongs to the home and which alone can keep it sacred."

While it is doubtful whether any home can fully express all of a boy's vitality and interests beyond a certain age, many boys could be carried through the age of unrest without resort to outside agencies. When the "gang" spirit appears, the parent can co-operate with it, rather than obstruct it. Unfortunately, we have today a new kind of home. The pioneer home was the abiding-place of the whole family and a microcosm of the world. Father and mother were always present and always in active discharge of their various functions. They were priests, teachers, industrial instructors, judges and executives of justice. Today the father in the city, and to a considerable degree in the country, is absent all day from the home. Woman has been emancipated and one of the things the mother is emancipated from is the house. The teaching, the industrial training, the discipline of faults and the moral and religious education of children have been turned over to the school, the state and the church. Clubs, lodges, flat-life, moving, the lack of neighbours and dooryards, divorce—these are some of the disintegrating influences that are at work upon the home. The boy has little loyalty to a place or to people, no opportunity to do useful work, few social ties to his parents and little real attention from them. Rich or poor, he is really, as one writer has pointed out, too often the victim, in private boarding-school and orphanage alike, of a "placing-out system." Society owes every baby a good home, and a good home is the beginning of religion.

To this end the Community programme endeavours to reinforce the home through a programme of service. Here are some of the things which might well be promoted by the committee on co-operation with the home:

- 1.—Home visitation systematically worked out by all churches.
- 2.—Sending Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners to poor families. Entire district organized so no family will be overlooked, and no duplication occur. Opportunities here for churches and charitable organizations to do real team work.
- 3.—The promotion of group socials in the homes of the community or district, thus affording an opportunity for some boys to see real home life.
- 4.—Parents' Conferences for consideration of boys' rooms, boys' vacations, etc.
- 5.—The formation of a Library of useful books on boy life, and encouraging the reading of books on sex education, home training of boys, etc., by parents.
- 6.—Encouraging thrift among boys by systematically promoting a programme for money saving. Local banks will co-operate in this.

7.—Parents' Meetings e.g. (a) Fathers' Conferences. (b) Mothers' Conferences. (c) Joint Conferences of Mothers and Fathers. (d) Mass meeting of parents followed by series of group conferences.

8.—Father and son banquets.

9.—Mother and daughter banquets.

10.—Home garden growing contest.

11.—The furnishing by school officials of a class room in the school building as a **typical boys' room**, open to the public for inspection. A series of talks might be given in connection with the plan.

12.—Promoting neighbourhood entertainments consisting of songs, motion pictures, illustrated talks, games, amateur dramatics, etc. Plans should be to encourage families of the neighbourhood to participate in these social gatherings.

13.—Home game tournaments, such as chess, checkers, etc.

(Next article will deal with the school.)

UNITED STATES AND BRITISH EMPIRE RELATIONS.

(Concluded from Page 3)

tesy and tact was and Mose said: "Oh, that's easy. If a man comes in and you know he's a lootenant, say 'Good mawnin' Captain,—if you know he's a Captain say 'Good mawnin' Majah' and so on—that's curtesy and it gets you big money. Then if you're wukking around the hotel and you walk into a room by mistake and find a lady in the bath-tub, you say 'Excuse me, Suh!' that's tact."

The American Legion's Message to Sir Douglas Haig.

Let me close by reading to you a portion of the message which was sent on the 4th of August, 1920, by the American Legion to Sir Douglas Haig and Earl Beatty, and by voicing the wish that the hopes therein expressed may reach their full fruition. Speaking of Britain's decision to enter the war the message said:

"Honor to the statesmen who had the courage to assume the responsibility of that decision. Honor to the British millions, who with their valor unsurpassed and hearts of oak executed that decision on Britain's many fronts. When we contemplate what would have been the state of affairs in the world today had not Britian acted as she did, the trials and difficulties of the present hour, however vexatious they may seem now to be, sink into comparative insignificance.

"United States' forces have had the privilege of service on land and sea under British high command. The memories of the association of those great days will never perish. They will perpetuate themselves in our hearts and thus serve to perpetuate the indissoluble friendship of the British and American peoples."

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THE LAST WICKET

(By Tim Wise).

The promise of a keen contest was broken when the opposing team suddenly collapsed bringing the game to a spiritless conclusion: yet for all that a few players dallied around and later regretfully left the ground and with reluctant step strolled homewards.

The game in the adjoining enclosure was still in progress and as these enthusiasts walked round the path which encircled the field they came upon another group, members of the batting eleven, whose eager anxious attitude betrayed the unsatisfactory course which the game was taking, before a jerky sentence or so revealed the actual state of affairs to the newcomers.

"Our side eighty one for eight wickets. . . . ten minutes to go. . . . a hundred and sixty odd against us. . . . can't win and we'll be lucky to play out time."

Even as the enthusiasts ranged themselves along the fence to watch the outcome they heard a sharp, triumphant yell from the field—

"Ah!—well caught, Birrell!"

and a disappointed sigh from their gloomy neighbours as their fellow player walker from the wicket.

Nine for ninety-two. Spectators and players alike are at high tension now. There is an occasional manifestation of ill-feeling. It is fortunate that the chief control of the game is in the hands of an old-timer of the game, an acknowledged leader, whose fairmindedness neither team would question.

Now the last man goes out to bat. Whoever in any game has confidence in the last man? How then can he be expected to have faith in himself? And what could this man do? To win is a physical impossibility, and a draw is almost as unlikely, for according to agreement the game must go on until time is called: and twilight is here with the air thick with bush fire smoke. Even yet there is time for several overs; the bowling is good and the fielders as keen as mustard.

Yet none of these things trouble the last man as he goes to the pitch. He exchanges lively banter with a friendly rival before taking his guard. Just his luck, of course, that he must take an over from the bowler at the top end, a lefthander, who is in deadly form today. Here he comes now towards the wicket with that uneven jogtrot, and a tantalizing hesitant delivery as though he takes aim before delivering the ball.

"Watch your off-stump, Mr. Last Man! Ward's ball may pitch well to the off but remember it comes in a line from his arm which is wide of the wicket and may come across enough to just hit your stumps!"

The batsman plays forward and smothers the ball. Ball after ball he meets with the same easy confidence. Encouraging shouts arise from his fellow players who are all hoping that he can so manoeuvre the running as to get the bowling at both ends. Such is their faith in him from the first over.

His captain restlessly paces the cinder track which borders the field, nervously kicking bits of cinder about, his eyes fixed on the ground, and talking to himself loud enough for the last man to hear.

"Oh, I wouldn't call that blocking the ball, old man!" he calls, for the batsman, meeting a half-volley from Ward, smites it high and afar so that the ball hits the distant boundary fence with a sharp bang.

The fielding team changes over on the run, saving precious moments. There is an over from the bottom end in which a hard chance is given and lost. As the fielders cross again the senior umpire strides over from square leg to the wicket and the crowd hears him call to his colleague:

"Last Over, Mr. Umpire."

The last over and it is at such a moment as this that a small boy comes rushing up to one of the enthusiasts, as breathless with suspense, he hangs over the fence.

"Dad! Da-ad! mother is way off down near the car with the baby. We're waiting on you!"

There and then the infatuated soul voluntarily bankrupts himself of these precious possessions. His offspring shrinks beneath the glowering look which greets his ill-timed interruption.

The Last Over.

Even yet there is a chance of victory for the fielding team for it is Ward's turn with the ball. He has kept his length and is always dangerous. But it is the last man who faces him again and patiently, confidently, skillfully as ever, he guards his wicket. His captain, who has been anxiously counting each ball as it is delivered, suddenly looks up from his prolonged inspection of the track and stands at the edge of the turf.

"Last ball, old man," he calls. "Last ball. Hold it now!"

Leaning forward the spectators strain their eyes as the bowler comes down. All that the keenest sight can discern is the swing of the arm of the bowler and then the swaying figure of the batsman as he meets the ball.

"Oh, well played Fletcher!"

Now the players hurry from the field but the spectators wait long enough to applause generously the man whose gallant stand has furnished them with the thrill of a glorious moment of sport and saved his side from defeat.

At the fence that prodigal father—the enthusiast comes to himself and penitently taking his son by the hand he makes haste to seek forgiveness from one who sits afar off waiting—not very patiently—for his coming.

At Harvest Time.

(By Ellice Biggam, San Francisco, California.)

Murmurs the summer so wistfully
Over the restless wheat—
"Where are the reapers?" No more the earth
Sounds to their noisy feet.
Old days were full with the toil they spent
But many a lazy noon
Echoed a song from the maple's shade
A mouth-organ's sobbing tune.

"My bonnie lies over the ocean;

"My bonnie lies over the sea;

"My bonnie lies over the ocean;

"Oh bring back my bonnie to me."

Strong—from the camps of the timber belts
Young—from the homestead farms
In the time when Achievement lay asleep,
Locked in the earth's great arms.
Yearly they flocked where the golden plains
Tendered their hard-won pay.
They were the sons of the pioneers—
(Brothers of mine were they).

The sun to the southward was creeping;

The fair days no longer might be—

My bonnie came home from the reaping

My bonnie went over the sea—

Where are the reapers? The season calls.
Nations are wanting bread—
Faithfully under the noonday sun
The maple's shade is spread—
Over the harvest a wind of dawn
Sighs for their homing again;
While far in alien fields they sleep
Beside the whitening grain.

My bonnie lies over the ocean

My bonnie lies over the sea.

The care, and the yield of the harvest

My bonnie has left them to me.

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Said a British Columbia Judge in Court recently,—in effect, but more strongly: It is well to know that we have such publications as **THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE** and **THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY**, when there is so much objectionable red-covered matter in circulation.

What Is Your Judgment ?

(An "Open Letter" from the Managing Editor)

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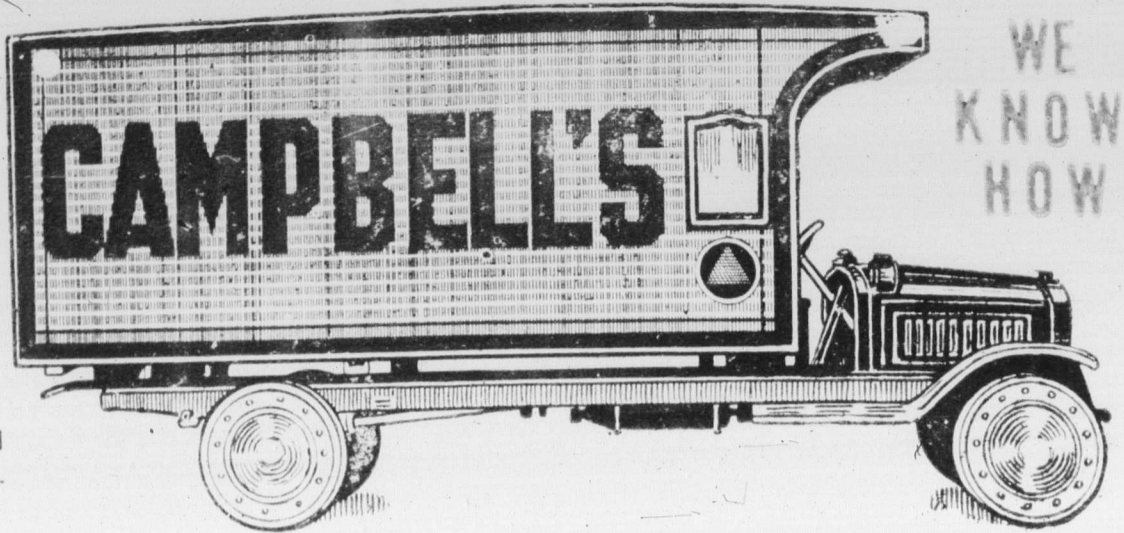
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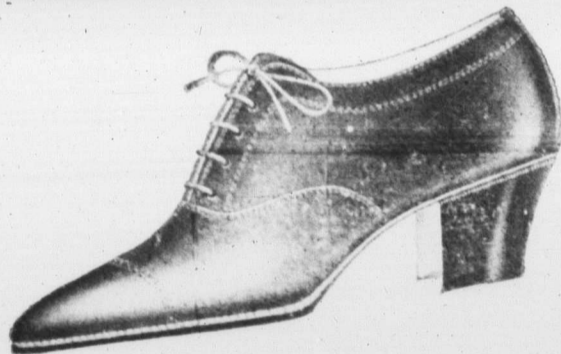
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