

Volume XI.

Number 4

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Westminster Review

*The Social, Educational and Religious Monthly
of the Canadian West*



Our Ideal:

Social Betterment, Educational Enlightenment,
the Upbuilding — in City and Church and State
— of Christian Government, and the Develop-
ment of Spiritual Life

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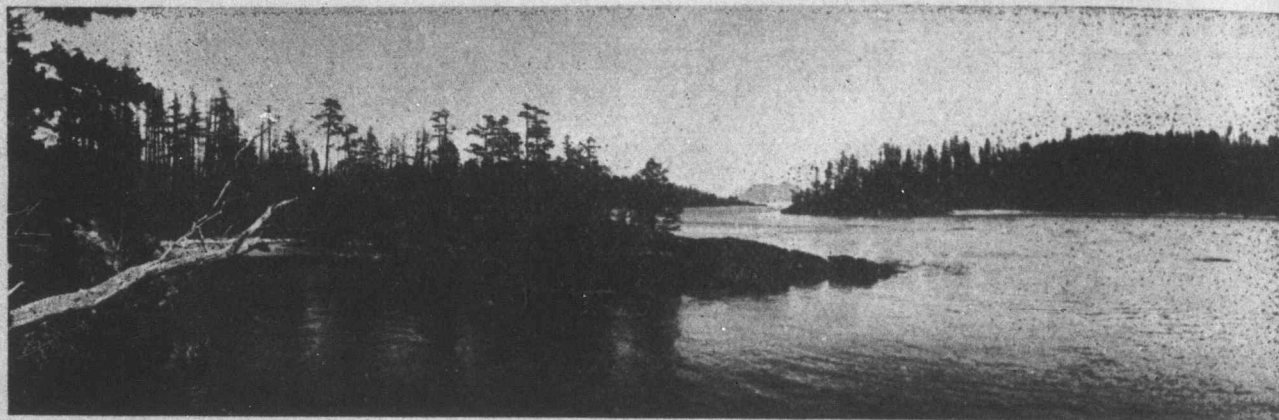
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Wishes to thank the many Home-makers who have made the gradual but steady development of its subscription list an incentive to its management to "fight through" these difficult days, and build up this journal as the "Social, Educational and Religious Monthly of the Canadian West."

With equal earnestness and sincerity we thank the business men and firms who have used our advertising space. We appeal for advertising on a Business Basis, but not on that alone.

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Much more might be said along this line, and may be said soon, as we believe the Home-makers who subscribe to this *Review* form an influential portion of the community.

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—Burns.

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speak of

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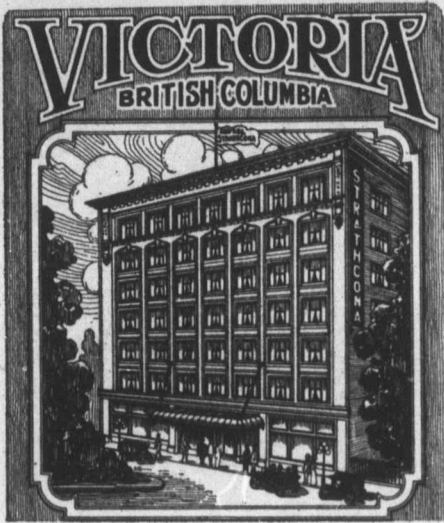
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WESTMINSTER REVIEW

D. A. CHALMERS, Managing Editor

Published at Vancouver, B. C.

SUPPORTING SOCIAL BETTERMENT, EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS,
AND RELIGIOUS LIFE.
INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

VOL. XI.

JUNE, 1917

No. 4

Editorial

The Question of the Hour—Canadian Conscription

In December last, under "What should be, if need be," the following passage appeared in this *Review*:

"The war is the Empire's first business. To that all else must be subordinated. No German experimental peace proposals should be necessary to drive that home to the heart of every Empire citizen. If, by the best brains, such steps are held to be necessary to win the war, we believe all British citizens worthy of the name will approve of:

1. Conscription.
2. The training of all males (who do not rank among the physically unfit) from 16 to 60 years of age for State SERVICE, somehow and somewhere, as Committees of the best-trained STATES-MEN may decide.
3. State ownership or supervision of food supplies, so that there shall be no waste and no want.
4. The conscription of all wealth and sources of wealth.
5. The supervision or nationalization of all business, so that all nationally-necessary manufactures and agencies shall be maintained and directed to State Service, and all (in the unusual circumstances) unnecessary work, suspended."

Now that Conscription is a live question, we think these suggestions, (with the exception of the early age limit, which might be raised to 20), may well be re-emphasized.

Anti-Conscriptionists Should Be Dis-Franchised

The question of whether, before Conscription was announced as a Dominion-wide policy, there was all the interchange and understanding there might have been between political leaders of both parties, is one about which there may be difference of opinion. But whatever sins of omission and commission there may have been on either side, this is the time for action and not for argument. Let Canada have a truly national Government in which:

"No one is for Party,
And all are for the State";

and in which there is called into service the "best brains," not of "politicians" merely, but business men, professional men, states-men, of all parties and of none.

A National Government should take decisive measures against anti-conscriptionists, whether their attitude is inspired by Religious or Labour influences. Dis-franchisement should follow as a matter of course. After all this is primarily a British country, and those who do not hold British Ideals worth fighting for, and if need be, dying for, have no just claim to continue to share in the benefits and blessings that follow from them.

To waste time in discussing National Service is to be recreant to our Trust and Heritage from the Ages, and to be unworthy of the hundreds of thousands who have already given their lives for the Empire and her righteous cause.

Civil Obligations Should Also Be Honoured

At the first big meeting in the Orpheum Theatre, Vancouver, in favour of Conscription, some strong remarks were made about certain men "hiding here in the King's uniform." It is to be hoped that that

allegation—made by a distinguished soldier—had not *much* foundation in fact.

On the other hand, we understand there have been cases in which men have “hidden in uniform” from obligations and responsibilities incurred in civil life. Such action should not be countenanced by those in authority. If there is need to look into the cases of men who, since the war began, may have married to delay, if not prevent, their being called into Service, there is also need to see that Service is not eagerly sought by others that they may escape from financial and other responsibilities which are, in their measure, as much debts of honour as the Call of the Empire.

Seattle as a Holiday Base

(By the Editor.)

Usually, to people resident in a city, the most attractive form of change for rest and recreation of body and mind is found in a quiet place in the country by river or lake or sea. A visit to other large cities, however, has also attractions in that connection in so far as the situation, extent, and conditions of life differ from those of one's home town. Western Canadian citizens, used to Eastern Canada or the Old Countries, may find the option at this coast rather limited, at least within a reasonable distance, and there is all the more need for learning to make the most of it.

Residents in Vancouver and the 12-mile distant ancient city of New Westminster naturally find the change to Victoria attractive, especially when they wish to combine the quiet of the country with the advantages of city life. And after they have “done” that Capital city, the next stage in extending experience is a visit to the nearest large city “across the line”—Seattle.

Ordinarily, travellers may journey to Seattle by train or steamer; but, apart from the question of rate, which we understand is in favor of the steamer, most people, when the weather is at all tolerable, will have no hesitation in preferring to go by water in the well-appointed steamers of the C. P. R. The comfort of these boats leaves nothing to be desired, and the men and women who enjoy that comfort in these times without thinking of “those in peril on the sea” elsewhere, scarcely deserve the good fortune that is still theirs. Considering the excellence of the service and the quality of the food supplied, the mid-day luncheon and afternoon tea served on the steamer are value beyond criticism. Of the beauty of the sailing course across the Sound and among the islands in travelling to Victoria and Seattle, no one acquainted with the west coast scenery, even if only from the mainland, will need to be reminded. Usually, the motion of the vessel only creates breeze enough to be bracing, while the mountains, whose snow-capped summits may be seen above the clouds, will, as ever, “to him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms,” speak “a various language.”

Hotel and Food.

The traveller's first concern in reaching the city is to secure congenial accommodation. In this respect, as in others, it is more than a convenience if people can experiment on a reliable recommendation. For young women and young men travelling alone there is the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A., respectively. The new building of the Young Women's Association on Fifth avenue is one of the most attractive of its kind, modern in every way, and a credit to the community. The majority of

visitors, in family or otherwise, are naturally interested to learn of a hotel which combines convenience of location to the centre of the city with reasonable chance of getting sleep.

There is no lack of first-class hotels, but unless visitors have been accustomed to considerable noise in the vicinity of their regular domicile, there are some hotels they had better avoid. The writer was recommended to a family hotel, and found the situation and service quite passable, but the noise of a combination of electric and cable cars was practically intolerable, especially as the cable (the heaviest noise-making machinery) was kept running till about 1:30 a.m. Following inquiry and investigation, we found a new modern hotel which, if visitors are to stay in the city at all, offers excellent accommodation in rooms facing on Marion street, between Third and Fourth avenues. In this hotel, the inner rooms were at once more modest in rent rates and more attractive (according to taste) in that the windows opened on a pleasant "court garden."

From experience, therefore, we have no hesitation in recommending readers to visit the Hotel Leamington—or better still, to write securing accommodation beforehand. That the latter course may often be very necessary may be inferred from the fact that again and again the Leamington has to direct would-be guests to other hotels.

Of cafes there is no lack of choice in the district. In this connection, the writer is glad to be able, from experience, to recommend readers of this *Review* and their friends to Meves' Cafeteria, 1415 Third avenue. Breakfast is served there, and luncheon and dinner are to be had under the "cafeteria" arrangement—which has much to commend it to visitors spending a week in rest and refreshment.

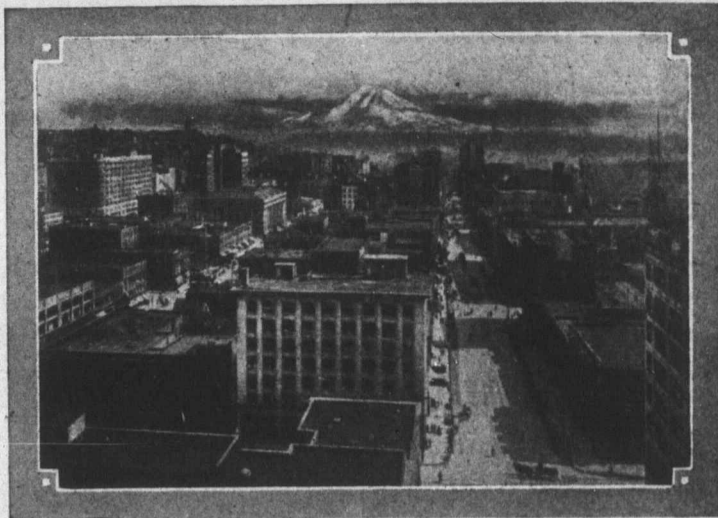
Lest the fact that advertisements of both these places now appear in this *Review* should be connected with the recommendation of them in this article, we may add that in no case were we under obligation to mention them, and as a matter of fact, it was only after considerable experience of Mr. Meves' place that the representative of the *Westminster Review* thought fit to ask him to notify British Columbia people of his cafeteria through the advertisement pages of this magazine. In the same way, the comparative quiet of the inner, court-view rooms of the Leamington Hotel made the first appeal.

We have noted these facts about sleeping quarters and food as, after all, however common-place these things may be, proper attention to them is among the first requirements of an enjoyable stay in a strange city.

Seattle a City of Hills.

As a city, one of the most valuable assets Seattle has is its situation. Visitors who have lived for years in the Scottish Capital, Edinburgh, set on seven hills and called the "modern Athens," will be reminded that here is another city by the western sea, set on hills. Fair in itself to look upon, and surrounded as it is with gleaming expanses of water—Puget Sound, salt, and Lake Washington, fresh—with islands over yonder, and snow-peaked mountains beyond, Seattle's beautiful location will make her appeal to her people grow stronger with the years. Here, too, like Edinburgh, is a city of terraced gardens, and it would, indeed, be difficult to rival, and much more to surpass her wealth of well-laid boulevards.

The cable cars (which supplement the electric in certain hilly routes) are another reminder of Edinburgh, but the continual bell-ringing noises of both may be a source of some surprise, if not distraction, to visitors from other cities. With cable cars on hills there may be great need to



Looking Southward

prevent accidents by loud warnings all the way, but why ordinary electric cars should make so much din at all times is a question which should be asked the City Fathers or the Traction Company.

Patriotic Fervour Stirred

It was the writer's good fortune to arrive in the city on the eve of registration, and to be there while subscription for "Liberty Bonds" was under way, also during "Flag Day" and the inauguration of a Red Cross campaign. "Brother Jonathan" has little to learn along lines of public appeal. Bands and banners were very much in evidence on the chief avenues on the night before registration, appeals to citizens to take part in the war loan were conspicuous not only in page advertisements in the newspapers, but in streamers and electric-lighted signs on the streets. As Red Cross week approached, electric red crosses were to be seen here and there throughout the city, and the street parade arranged for the opening night of the campaign was an evidence of practical enterprise which, exercised by a great people, may well become a valuable asset in the world struggle for democracy and righteousness. The United States is in the way not only of exercising its best brawn and brain in the battle, but of finding its soul and making the so-called "almighty dollar," whose lure aforesaid, may have been too much earthward, more mighty than ever by devoting it unstintedly to the service of a great ideal.

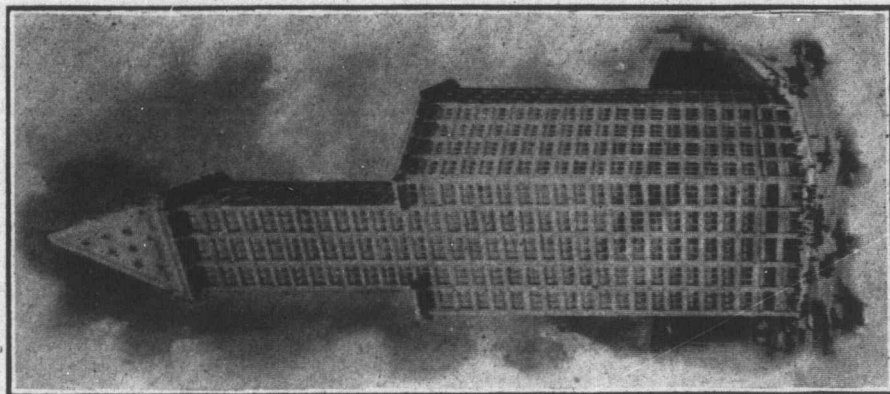
If it be alleged that in some parts States people are awaking slowly to the meaning and claims of the war, let it be remembered that they are scarcely into months of definite commitment, whereas we have had nearly three years of it. It is true on the other hand that in Seattle, as elsewhere, one may meet citizens who think the government should have been further ahead in its war preparations, and also men who say the country ought to have lined up with the Allies when the Lusitania was sunk. But from the spirit shown in Seattle—possibly the farthest west large city in the States—towards these first war calls, it may fairly be inferred that the citizens of America shall, not less than any of the Allies, display a spirit of determination, practical service and self-sacrifice that, together with the unshakeable assurance in the justice of the cause for which they fight, shall be no mean force in giving the death-blow to Militarism and Kaiserism.

Attractive Buildings and Parks.

After taking the two-hour sight-seeing trip round the city and boulevards, visitors may spend a day, or half a day, here and there making trips by electric car to such places as Alki Point—the "English Bay" of

Seattle. But whatever their interests in life may be, travellers should not fail to visit the University grounds, and especially the Forestry Building there. The cuttings from trees between 600 and 700 years old may, to the reflective mind, suggest that sense of proportion regarding this present life, and that ultimate utter reliance of each life upon the great Architect and Builder of the Universe which enables human beings to return to their tasks, not merely with resignation, but with a more earnest desire to make the most of the fleeting hours that are ours.

The writer is not concerned to make a detailed reference to the outstanding buildings of Seattle. These, indeed, are "too numerous to mention" here, but, if space permits, we may publish pictures of one or two. The L. C. Smith building, with its 42 storeys, is easily the most up-standing. If the visitor happens to take a tour round the city first, he will find himself on eminences apparently as high as, or higher than the Smith building, and for that reason may not be particular about visiting its observation tower. But the opportunity of visiting this unique view-point should not be missed. Not only is the 42-storey trip quite a journey up



The L. C. Smith Building

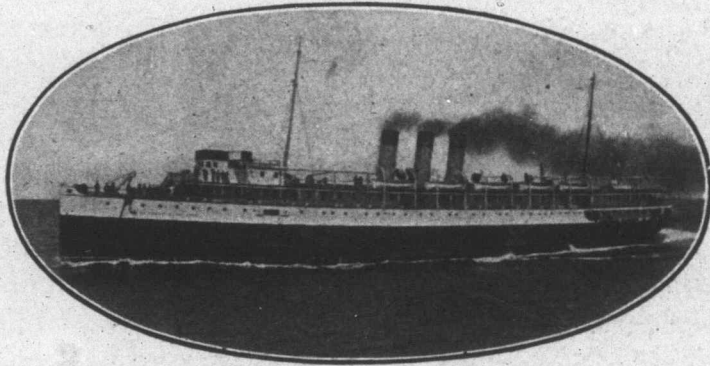
—by elevator, of course—but the room at the top is ornamented by Chinese designs and characters. The custodian of this outlook room is an elderly gentleman named Captain Worth, and it is no empty pun to say that he is a man well worth meeting. For many years he sailed the seas, and since the Smith building was opened, he cast anchor on its top, and from its wonderful outlook tower lives over again many of his voyages. It is possible, however, that he may be loosed from his moorings there, for as a pilot of experience, he is liable to be commandeered.

An Excellent Public Library.

To those who have travelled, the big public library at Seattle will recall public libraries in other large cities, and may well make the citizen of Vancouver exclaim, "Alas, when shall Vancouver have a library building approaching this in size or equipment?" Of course Seattle at present is much larger than Vancouver, and the name of "Carnegie" is on its library, too.

Many of the church buildings are equally worthy of attention. Dr. Matthews and the First Presbyterian church would require an article to themselves; also Rev. Hugh Ross and the Plymouth Congregational church, and several other ministers and churches. A visit to St. James' Roman Catholic cathedral will leave one impressed not only with the beauty of the interior, but by the worshipful spirit which seems to pervade the place, and the quiet reverence of the occasional worshippers who come and go, even on "week" days or evenings. The members of the different branches of the Christian church may learn something from each other worth emulating, and perhaps when they are all more alert in that direction they will find themselves drawn nearer together in the worship of a common Lord and Master.

There are many other things that might be noted did time and space permit. It was interesting to gather that prohibition is welcome and beneficial; to hear a citizen who said he "had liked his glass of beer," add that now that it was not there, he did not care and "they were better without it;" to visit the converted saloons and learn that the new business was proving satisfactory to vendor and public alike.



SS. Princess Charlotte

Between Ourselves and Victory—The Causes of Delay

(By W. H. Bridge.)

The Cause of the Allies is at this moment suffering a serious and dangerous delay. We have not seen from any of our leaders in thought and action a comprehensive and fearless analysis of the causes of this delay. Such an analysis would be a great service at this moment, for it would enable those in command to realize the forces and principles with which they are dealing and to be guided by universal, rather than by local, aspects.

The symptoms of the trouble are many and various. Revolution in Russia, anti-conscription agitation in Canada, labor trouble in England, intolerable slowness in America. But the underlying causes may be reduced to two. The world's democracies are doubting the issue. They doubt the issue first, because they have never had it defined and, second, because they are increasingly more suspicious of the whole social order.

The time has, therefore, come when the people must know definitely, not only why they went to war, but what they intend to accomplish. They are no longer satisfied with loose phrases about crushing the Hun, destroying Prussian militarism, etc., etc. That was all right during the first years of passionate indignation. *It is imperative that now we should define our objective.* If we allow a blind pacifism, born of weariness and languid from the absence of the very men who have suffered and died for an adamant righteousness, to take hold of the public mind and, by a concrete statement of terms, to captivate the national imagination, we shall be throwing away the laurels of the sons we have given. Therefore, *let the peoples of the Allies know now what they want and what they are prepared to fight for to the last gasp.*

Then the second and perhaps more fundamental cause of delay must be attacked. It would be well if people at large could be brought to grasp the fact that the war cannot be determined without a complete revolution of the social order. This is not saying anything more than can be demonstrated by reference to patent facts. We cannot win without Russia: the Russian people will not continue to fight unless the democracy itself is assured of the abolition of not only aristocratic but of plutocratic rule. We do not believe that the Russian folk will be willing to change Tzardom for Capitalism. If the ruling classes, not only in Russia, but every-

where, are to remain as ruling classes, they will have to adopt sincerely the principle of public ownership of all resources. We cannot blink the fact that the people of all nations at present are dominated by mighty and uncontrolled corporations. No one in Canada would challenge that fact: the experience is too bitter. In the meantime, strikes are the most ominous symptom, and strikes will not cease with the granting of demands. Some of the Russian workmen have carried the *strike* to its ultimate conclusion, i.e., they have demanded the *whole profit* of the company concerned! At present the demands of labor are, generally speaking, milder than this, but supposing!

Anyhow, it must be recognized by the Allied Governments that between themselves and victory there lies this bar, viz., that Labor, with which victory rests, withholds its hand unless there is some inviolable guarantee that the end will ensure the elimination of uncontrolled capitalism. On the other hand, it will be well for Labor to recognize that Capital, which often represents the fruit of inventive genius, of great organizing faculties, of the strenuous efforts of highly educated heads, must be compensated not only with a living wage but with such respect and amenities as conduce to the development of their necessary functions.

There will be no room for the capitalism which finds expression in speculation, food gambling and "high finance" generally.

The fact that a few unscrupulous agitators appear as the causes of trouble at the various centres, does not really account for the trouble. Unless there were other and deeper reasons these men would not be able to accomplish what they appear to. They are merely flies which irritate the fester. It is folly to imagine that by removing them you can heal the fester. In the same way the violent pacifism of large elements of Labor is less pacifism than Prussianism. It is indeed far removed from the gentle spirit of the Quaker; it is entirely illogical. When the cloak of falsity is removed it stands out plainly as a revolt, not against war but against capitalism and the injustice which labor associates therewith.

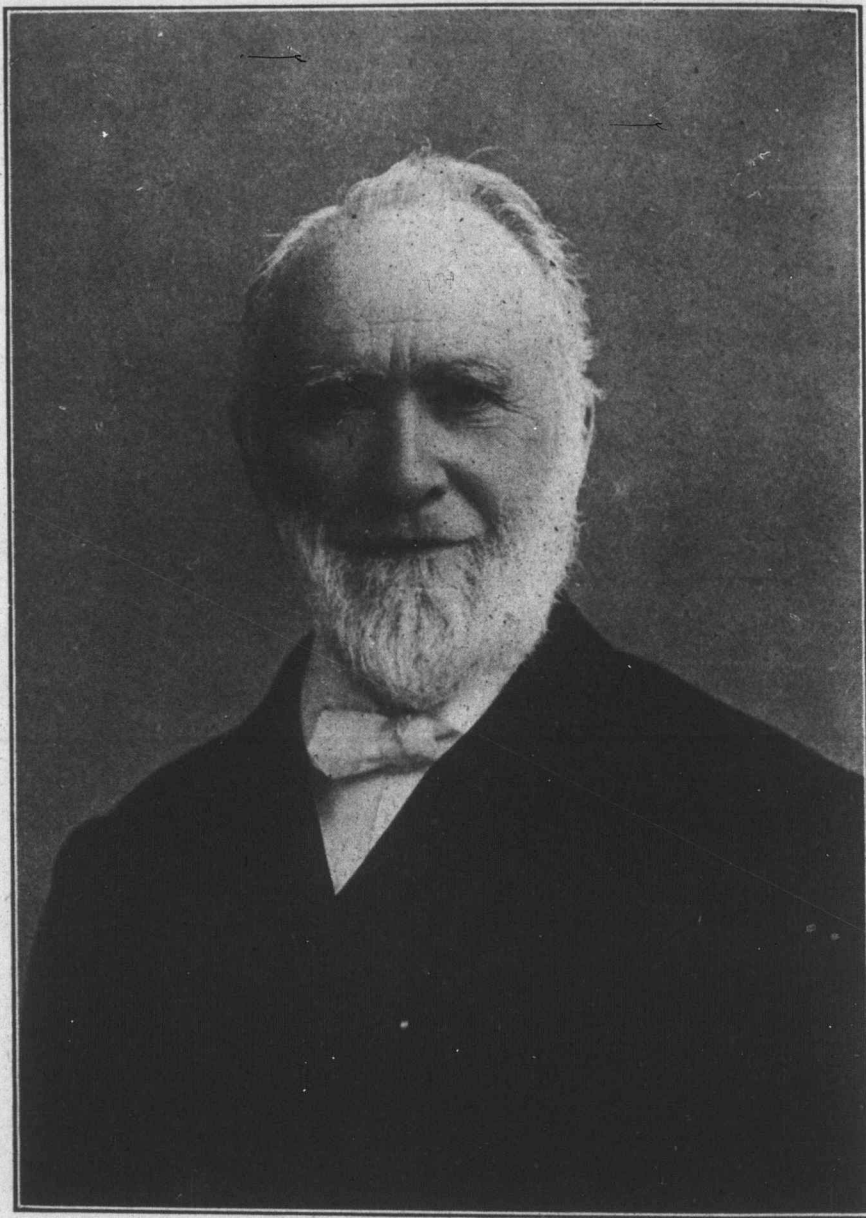
The truth is that the war is forcing the race to a more just conception of the inherent rights of the individual, and that only as each nation recognizes such rights and adjusts its mechanism thereto, can it continue its struggle. These inherent rights are not only the right to work and be fed; but the right to share to the extent of individuals need the resources of God's earth. The right and the need will, of course, be measurable in terms of the duty performed but such terms will be determined by the resources at hand and will not bear any relation to our present wages scale.

Of Good Cheer.

What does the Master ask of me?
 Kind words and deeds and more:
 That I shall strong and cheerful be,
 E'en when my heart is sore;
 That I shall never once despair,
 Nor falter by the way,
 But keep my vision full and fair,
 However dark the day.

—Edwin E. Kinney.

Cedar Cottage.



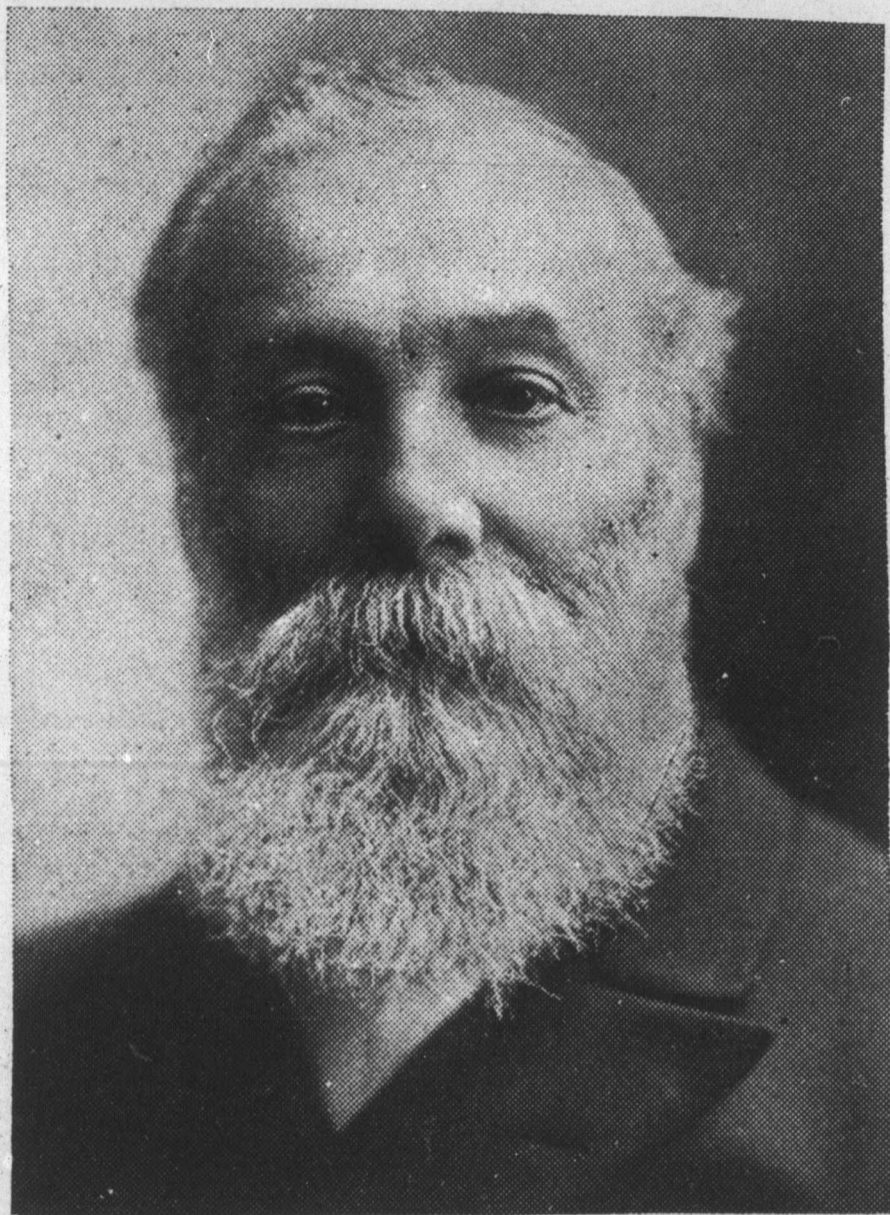
Rev. John O. Foster, D. D.

One of Washington's Grand Old Men

A familiar and venerable figure in Seattle and Tacoma is the Rev. John O. Foster, D. D. Though now in his 84th year, Dr. Foster not only retains all his faculties, but continues his lecturing duties as the active and valued Head of the Department of Religion in the University of Puget Sound, Tacoma. His body may be growing old, but his mind remains as vigorous as ever, and his up-to-date interests, together with his store of recollections, make him a companion with whom it is a genuine pleasure and privilege to spend an hour or an evening.

At a Theological Conference at Bellingham several years ago, the writer enjoyed a day's sail with Dr. Foster on the lake. His reminiscences were more interesting than fine fiction and fairy tales, and his ripe reflections on life as he has known it for nearly three generations, were supplemented by thoughts and anticipations bearing upon the probable conditions of life on the "Other Side," where the Doctor has now more friends than on this.

We hope to publish in later issues of this *Review* several contributions by Dr. Foster, whose power of expression on thought-provoking themes is often exercised as readily in verse as in prose.



David Spencer, Sr.

One of B.C.'s Grand Old Men

The celebration of a golden wedding anniversary is a happy occasion in the history of any family, but in the case of Mr. and Mrs. David Spencer, Seniors, who are pioneer citizens of British Columbia, it is surely a matter of public interest also, and affords a suitable opportunity to pay a tribute to them.

It is a sign of high quality in the character of husband and wife when they live a tranquil life together for fifty years under the strain of modern conditions, braving varied circumstances, sharing the burden of providing for and training a large family, yet not evading the general claims of citizenship.

The members of the Spencer family may well speak with affectionate pride of the harmonious relations which have existed in that home for the past half century. Their own loyal and devoted attitude to their parents is the natural result of the fine example set before them. And while the home life is on a very simple scale, there is an atmosphere of serenity and a spirit of sincere hospitableness which combine to make a visit a time of unending delight. The sane normal life begun a half century ago has been continued throughout in the steady grind towards success and in the time of its achievement.

Mr. David Spencer, Sr., himself is known generally as the founder of the business in Vancouver, Victoria and Nanaimo which bears his name. He has not taken an active part in public affairs and has avoided civic and provincial politics, but he has contributed in many ways to the welfare of the community. He and his sons together have built up the business which has made his name a household word in the province, and their success has been due to qualities which they possess in common—self-reliance, a capacity for work, attention to detail, and patience.

Those who have had personal dealings with Mr. Spencer find him simple, sincere and unaffected. Only a few workers in the Vancouver branch of the business knew him personally, but the affectionate respect shown by the members of the family on his rather infrequent visits to Vancouver has always been the subject of favorable comment by those who witnessed it. It was his custom to seek out those whom he knew and spend a few minutes with them, and his interest in them was not confined to business relations. An example of his kindly spirit may be cited. During late years he has not taken an active part in the management of the business, but was in the habit of spending a portion of his time in the home store at Victoria. One day a newly-appointed department manager resented the advice he offered and spoke very discourteously to him. On Mr. Spencer's next visit to Vancouver he went to the friend of the offender and asked him to take the matter up with the young man for 'his own good!' He was really hurt, but revealed no bitterness, simply a desire to adjust the matter and avoid misunderstanding.

The best tribute one can pay is to state the simple truth that Mr. Spencer, throughout a long and busy life, has met his obligations as husband, parent, and citizen, which surely compasses all that a man can hope to accomplish.

It is a fitting climax to a useful life that the last great landmark of life finds this devoted couple amongst their children, who have gathered to give renewed evidence of their love and loyalty, while friends and fellow-citizens send their greetings. As they stand together in the light of life's afterglow, it is the wish of all who know them that peace and contentment may still be their portion in the days that remain to them here.

Notes and Comments

(By Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M. A.)

The United States at War

Few men have ever occupied so difficult a position as President Woodrow Wilson consequent on the outbreak of war in Europe, and few have ever emerged from a difficult position with such triumphant success. This Christian scholar in politics has proven his ability and patience and courage in handling an unprecedented situation, and he has had the unique honor of having his written statements quoted everywhere with admiration and approval. Not since the two great inaugural addresses of the immortal Lincoln has the world had such a message as the one which accompanied the launching of the American Republic into the world war and the fight for democracy. Washington, the "Father of his country," warned his fellow-citizens against becoming entangled in European quarrels, and the advice has been followed for a hundred years, although the Schomberg line and Manilla Bay nearly swung the Americans into war. But the present is not a European quarrel—it is a conflict for humanity and for the purpose of deciding what kind of an ideal is to dominate the world.

Follow the Flag.

The United States people have made more display of their flag than we have. We have until recently almost wholly confined our flag to public occasions and public institutions. The Americans have had the Star-Spangled Banner everywhere, and their National Anthem has fed the fire of their devotion to "Old Glory." We do not sing enough about our flag—in fact, we need a good swinging flag-song that our boys and girls can sing. We could deal better with the problem of the foreigner if we taught his children at school to have enthusiasm for the flag which has marked the change from tyranny to freedom for our foreign immigrants from across the sea.

Confederation.

The Jubilee of Confederation in Canada is the theme of countless addresses and articles. And this is well. Especially proper is it that the schools throughout the Dominion have held celebrations and given the subject a place in the course of study. Some of us were not too late to meet many of the Fathers of Confederation, and in this city it is impressive to recall that the last survivor of that remarkable body of men was one of our residents for some years. We refer, of course, to Sir Charles Tupper, the "Northumberland war-horse," who brought Nova Scotia into Confederation and who was the dynamo at the back of the movement for building that great first link between the provinces, the Canadian Pacific Railway. Sir John A. Macdonald is generally looked on as the leader in the movement for confederating the scattered provinces, but the imposing figure of George Brown must be in the forefront of any group which recalls to us the events of fifty years ago. Brown was an incurable democrat and declined titles more than once, yet not only on the platform and in the Legislature was he a tremendous force but through his great paper he became a sort of prophet amongst the plain people in the country. Possessed of a deeper, more severe nature, it cost him more than it did John A. Macdonald when these two shook hands to accomplish Confederation, though for years before and after they were not on ordinary speaking terms. And yet, perhaps no one but Macdonald, with his amazing tact and geniality as well as ability, could have piloted the Quebec conference through the shoals and rapids of 1864 into the Confederation of 1867. It is ours to keep this Jubilee with glad hearts, remembering the great men of the past and looking into the future unafraid and expectant, with faith in God, "our help in ages past, our hope for years to come."

Canadian Titles.

It is quite possible that Dominion Day will see another shower of titles falling on Canadians. We would be glad to find some man strong enough to refuse to take an exotic title in this free country of common people where "a man's a man for a' that." Men like Edward Blake, Alexander McKenzie, George Brown did refuse titles, as did John Ross Robertson, of the Toronto Telegram, recently. We are getting a lot of knights who are not at all like the Knights of the Round Table, and we are getting a few lords and baronets in a land where we have no place to put them. Meanwhile the Empire has to go ahead under the Premiership of a commoner.

Conscription.

At a recent meeting of the Vancouver Ministerial Association, the ministers, by unanimous vote, declined to accept exemption from military service under the Militia Service Act. As a matter of fact, ministers have been enlisting under the voluntary system ever since the war began,

and they were not likely to draw back when the fate of the nation is in the balance. Ministers are citizens, and a selective conscription would judge where a man could do the best service for the Empire. Few places afford larger opportunity than a pulpit, but men are not going to hide behind it and urge others to their duty. The Canadian people have put their hand to the plow and, without looking back, are going straight on to the end of the furrow.

Passing of Dr. Fraser.

In the sudden, but not wholly unexpected passing of Rev. Dr. H. W. Fraser, whose once rugged strength had been failing for some time, a large circle feels a keen sense of bereavement. He entered on the study for the ministry somewhat late in life, but by travel and extensive reading became a man of unusually wide information. He possessed a distinctive personality and was a preacher of remarkable power. By choice, he was in the best sense of the word, an evangelist, though he felt compelled at times to take up many kinds of subjects to meet the needs of some special situations. Towards the close of his ministry he became more and more evangelistic, and, though he was much interested in social questions, he never gave way before the demands of some who seem to think they can have the Kingdom of God with God left outside. Dr. Fraser died after only a month's ministry in the splendid Knox Church of Calgary, a call to which was a fitting crown to his ministry. Knox Church congregation had become greatly attached to him, and nothing could be finer than the generous and considerate way in which they looked after everything connected with the bringing back of the mortal body of their pastor to Vancouver, where he had served so long and so well.

The Attractions of Seabeck, Washington

(By D. A. Chalmers)

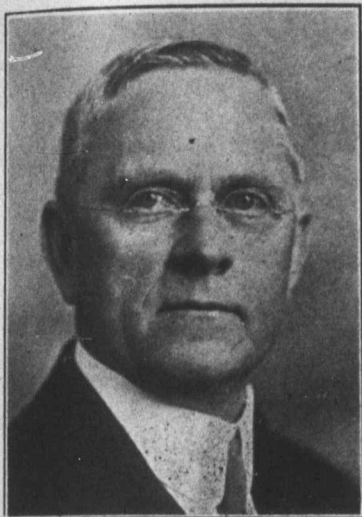
Ideally, the Conference that combines addresses and discussions during a portion of each day with a large measure of seasonable recreation for body and mind amid inspiring natural surroundings, should need few words to commend it. But the lasting success and attraction of such meetings may largely depend on the attention given by those on the ground, and responsible for the arrangements there, to the conditions affecting the physical comfort and well-being of those drawn to attend.

In former years this Pacific Coast has had some experience of Conferences (Theological), held at the other side of the line, in which accommodation arrangements made by those locally responsible left much to be desired. "Bainbridge Island" and "Bellingham" left memories of "how not to do it."

It is all the more satisfactory to be assured that the conditions at Seabeck are well suited for the purpose of the Conference, and still more gratifying to have written testimonies from many of those who attended the first Conference at Seabeck in 1916 deliberately recording and emphasizing the various benefits received from the ten days spent there.

At an interview the other week with the genial chairman of the Movement, Rev. John H. Matthews, in his office at Plymouth Church, Sixth Avenue and University Street, Seattle, the editor of this *Review* was given some insight into the practical organization and publicity work undertaken even for such a self-commending Movement.

Mr. Matthews occupies the position of district superintendent of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society for Washington and Northern Idaho, but he has given unsparingly of his time to



ensure that by the successful continuance of this Conference "Seabeck" shall be placed on the map as a centre at once of the "Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada," and an ideal Coast holiday location. By request we obtained from him the use of the engravings appearing with this notice and in the cover advertisement, and the writer was afterwards fortunate in securing from another Seattle office the small cut of Mr. Matthews himself.

By another year we may be able to give impressions of the Conference received at first hand. Meantime, for the information and consideration of readers who may be open to enjoy such a trip, we shall quote a few "Echoes" extracted from letters written by a number of those who attended the first Seabeck Conference, in 1916.

"Seabeck! The centre of a wealth of wildwood, and faced by an expanse of saltwater, with a background of majestic mountains. Seabeck! A combination of serious-minded study and red-blooded recreation. Seabeck! The perfect balance between the intensely human touch and the enriching divine presence. Seabeck is to me synonym for the summer's best."—A. M. W.

"Not being robust, the physical comforts at Seabeck made a lasting impression on me, as they surpass those of any other conference grounds I know either on the Pacific or the Atlantic Coast or at Lake Geneva."—M. A. D.

"The Conference was an education and an inspiration, as well as a delightful place to spend a vacation. Regardless of denominational differences, we studied for ten days in a united effort to learn how best to further the Kingdom of God in the whole earth."—J. M. J.

"The Seabeck Conference was truly a physical, mental and spiritual uplift, and gave us new strength for the tasks of the year."—K. B.

"The ten days which I spent at the M. E. M. Conference, Seabeck, Washington, was one of the most delightful vacations I have ever had. It was restful, helpful and inspirational, and I would heartily recommend a M. E. M. Conference to any one wanting to spend a vacation where they could rest their body, and feed their mind and soul at the same time."—M. H.

These are only a few quotations selected from a large number of communications. It may be inferred that Seabeck attracts "pastors, teachers, parents, and workers in all departments of the Church."

As we understand all accommodations are reserved in the order of application, we advise readers of this *Review* who can plan to spend a ten days' vacation (or even a few days of the ten) at Seabeck between July 30th and August 8th, to write without delay to make their reservations.

"Killed in Action"

In Memoriam

Many parades, with promotions and presentation of decorations have taken place, and will yet take place, but when the victors who survive, maimed or lamed as many of them may be, appear to get their well-won honours, let us give a thought to the gallant dead of all ranks, who return not to share in such greetings and glory.

It need not be held as detracting from the honours earned if every presentation (or even every picture of one) recalls to the imagination of relatives and friends many to whom no such measure of acknowledgment comes in this life: also the thousands of kindred of the dead—mothers and widows, and others—to whom no such joyous hour is given; but to whom are left on earth only the sad memories of the parting and the perpetual pall on life that follows the dark hour that brought the message of death.

But who shall say that to those who remain there may not yet be disclosed records of how the achievements of their gallant "dead" have been welcomed Elsewhere by greetings and honours no less real to them than medals here, and a "Well done!" that wins recognition and promotion "Behind the veil, behind the veil?"

Corporal James R. Thomson

If a man seeks, or has sought, to do his duty according to light and direction, the position or rank he holds in the army is of little moment. In many cases the death of a private or lieutenant may cause as great a trial to a family circle as that of a General.

Though, so far as the writer knows, they never met, and were not related, the two Thomson "boys" are linked in memory because they had this in common,—that each was tall, six feet or more, and in his character suggested above all else clean, strong, young Christian manhood.

"Jamie" came to Canada before he was out of his 'teens, and, with the ministry in view, was in turn a student at Theological colleges in Vancouver and Edmonton, and had made good progress at the University of Alberta before the call of the Motherland found him ready and eager. From a picturesque village, Bankfoot, at the foothills in far away Perthshire, Scotland, he came, a stalwart son of the Forge, for his father was the village blacksmith. For a young man under or little more than twenty, he had notable fluency of speech in college discussions, though at times it at once pleased and amused some of his hearers to recognize that some minister of the Established Church of Scotland had evidently unconsciously influenced Jamie's form of expression. To know Jamie Thomson was to like him, for he had that good-natured disposition, born, not merely of a desire to please, but of a good heart,—"a heart at leisure from itself."

Shortly after receiving the news of his death, we published a picture of Corporal Thomson, and this notice has been delayed through a desire to review certain letters written by him from France. In other years it was the privilege of the writer to know Jamie's home and kindred in Scotland, and he can well understand that the death of the eldest son of such promise is as great a blow to them as a similar loss to families famed throughout the land.

We were privileged to peruse several letters written by Corporal Thomson to one of the Edmonton Professors. Apart from the personal references in these letters, they reveal the trench conditions of which most people have now heard, and in his case, as in others, the heroic soul which makes light of the difficulties and discomforts experienced.

Pte. Andrew Thomson

Private Andrew Thomson, who died instantaneously at Vimy Ridge, aged 20, was one whose brightness attracted no less than his fine physique. Like the other, he was manfully winsome, and represented the best type of students who have had connection with the colleges at the Coast.

Andrew was a son of the Manse in the Mission Field, his parents being Rev. Charles and Mrs. Thomson, now in charge of the Mission Home recently opened in Burrard Street, Vancouver, by the China Inland Mission.

The Duke of Connaught, formerly Governor-General of Canada, when reviewing the troops at Ottawa last year, was attracted by Andrew's appearance, and asked him where he was born. "China," was the unexpected reply. "Are your parents English?" continued the Duke, using "English" presumably in the nominal way which allows it to represent all the Homelands. "No, sir; Scottish," was Andrew's equally correct rejoinder, which brought a smile to the face of the Governor-General.

Friends of Andrew's parents have been privileged to learn something (gleaned from letters received by them) of how he faced on the field the possibilities of war, and it is cheering to know that he wrote in a way which was at once a comfort and joy to them. On the day before his death he wrote: "'Don't worry' is a soldier's motto. Why worry if you are going to be killed; you are not needed here any longer. They can only kill the body. 'I' will live on in new surroundings, a new and everlasting life. Such thoughts are a help to me these few days before we go into the line again. Some go up for the last time, and some go up to be carried out. One can but do one's best and leave the issue to God, and all will be well. . . . I am feeling well, and am peaceful in the fact that Jesus is with me. . . ."

With words such as these, and reminders to his loved ones that he was "resting on the eternal promises of God in Christ," this brave young soul went forward into that maelstrom of modern shot and shell. He crossed to Higher Service in earthly manhood's morning, but left his dearest asking, "O Death, where is thy sting?" Happy they who are early taught, or early learn, so to live and so to face that Borderline we call Death!

Pte. Gordon Barton

Pte. Gordon Barton, whose home was in Clinton, B. C., was in some ways a different type from the other boys, but his name also merits mention on the Roll of Honour. He was not long at College in Vancouver, and probably not many there became acquainted with him; but to those who had his confidence he revealed characteristics of real worth, and we may rest assured that nothing of worth in life is allowed to be lost by the Great Master Builder.

Lieut. J. Galloway Russell, Royal Scots

"He was the first of four officers to be recommended for the Military Cross, but it had not time to go through before this happened."

As the war is prolonged, every day brings the message of the Angel of Death into hundreds of homes, but perhaps it is only in the measure in which people are related to or intimate with those who are called hence that they can enter into the fellowship of the trial or sufferings of those who remain. Who knows but that ere the war is over, or at least as the result of the "promotion" from earthly life of so many souls, mankind may be fitted for a fuller revelation of Christian truth, and something of communication in the Realm of Spirit or Personality be permitted or revealed akin to the wondrous powers of Wireless in this earthly life?

"Killed in Action"

Couched in kindly phrase the Message, but these three words loom alone,
Bringing Darkness felt, unuttered; stagg'ring Reason on her throne;
"Dead! *my* husband, brother, father; gone before *my* only son!"
And Head and Heart question apart: "O God, is his life undone?"

But the Wireless of Heav'n makes answer, as Spirit speaks to Soul:
"Fear not for your Loved and Longed-for; his life, more complete and
whole,

Is near you in saintlier service; evolves in larger sphere;
Shall watch and wait your coming, with companions equally dear;
For the Lord of Life has a Purpose beneath this earth-life's pain,
Which no Kaiser's pride can hinder, no human folly make vain:

"When the mists have cleared from your vision, and Earth-Day life is
done,

Soon or late, you shall reach that State which reckons not time by th' sun;
Where life is in Loving Service, and growth in knowledge is bliss;
(Alas for sons and daughters of Earth were there no life but this!)
For the 'Line' called 'Death' on your 'Side' is of Higher Life the verge,
Where like to like doth gravitate, and Soul-Affinities merge;
Where Head and Heart are satisfied, and Spirit fears naught of strife;
Earth may not mar, and no 'Hell' can bar: *We serve the Lord of Life.*"

—D. A. C.

After Reading the Casualty Lists

"Beyond the unfathomable sorrow, there lies the inexpressible sublimity of 'laying down one's life for one's friends.' In ordinary times, we magnify our 'crosses' and let them worry us, when they are no crosses at all. Christ suffered His Cross, not for Himself, but for others, and His is the true example."

—C. F.

"It is said that 'the heart knoweth its own sorrow, and a stranger intermeddleth not therewith;' but, though the sympathy of your friends cannot feel as you do, still they can in prayer commit you to One who does know and feel exactly as you do, who bears your grief and carries your sorrow. . . . As every morning we hear of another stricken home, the sadness of these times is so overwhelming that it really is past speaking about, and we feel inclined just to sit and sorrow as a fellow-mourner. Perhaps Job got more help when his comforters sat with him seven days and seven nights without saying a word, than from all their speeches after. But now that your turn has come to make the sacrifice, let me say how much I admired and valued him that is gone. His was, indeed, a valuable life, which one sorely grudges, for it is the best that are taken. He had just those qualities that ensured a highly useful and honorable career; so that his death is not your loss alone; it is the loss of the community and the church. You have great reason to be proud of his life, for he showed his Christianity by his deeds; and great reason to be proud of his death, for he has met his end in the path of duty and righteousness, which he ever followed. And with all these happy memories you have the well-merited hope that the end to him is only the beginning of everlasting life."

—A. I.

"Far away as we may have *seemed*, we Western Canadians—and especially those of us whose early homes were, and dearest ties are, in the Homeland—are very much awake to the war; and I believe it is the

common feeling that every man, regardless of age, who is physically fit, is or should be ready to 'fall in' to whatever rank or work or lot he is best fitted. Meantime you, and thousands of others like you, are bearing your share—your big share—in the world's great burden of trial and grief that surely, if a just God lives and loves, is to help our race, aye, and the individual lives of those who remain or who follow us here, towards a truly better life. The mystery of pain cannot be explained away here, but it may be that the heroic souls who have given their bodies in the strife, and those others to whom such giving by their dearest has brought unspeakable suffering, shall alike and together awake to find that they have been and are *co-workers* with the great Eternal God and loving Christ in uplifting, unselfish service."

—C.—

"But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy that dies in blooming years;
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far
For having perished in the front of War."

—From W. P.

The Methodist Conference

(By A. E. Roberts.)

The principal event in Methodist circles during the month past was the meeting of the Thirty-first Annual Conference, in Victoria. In May, 1887, the first conference was organized, with the well-beloved Ebenezer Robson in the president's chair, in the same church and city. Since that time the Methodist Church has continued to grow until this year the attendance of ministers and laymen was well up to the 150 mark, in spite of the fact that thirty-three ministers and probationers (about 30 per cent.) were on overseas service.

The Rev. Robert Wilkinson, pastor of Collingwood East Methodist Church, was elected president of the conference. Mr. Wilkinson has been twenty-five years in the ministry, all of which have been spent in British Columbia. He is an Englishman by birth, a miner of Cumberland, and came to this province to engage in his chosen work, but the call of God came to him, and he has been a faithful and consistent pastor through all these years. He well deserved the honor that his brethren gave him in the election to the highest office in the conference.

Rev. R. J. McIntyre, of New Westminster, was re-elected secretary of the conference, and appointed Rev. C. F. Connor, of Kerrisdale, and Rev. J. Wesley Miller, of Grace Church, Vancouver, assistants. Rev. W. R. Welch, of Sardis, made a very efficient statistical secretary.

The total membership in British Columbia was reported to be 14,894, an addition of only 89 during the year. This was accounted for by the fact that while the total additions to the membership had been 1582, no less than 1442 were removed from the church rolls for some reason or other, such as removals, death, etc. The total givings to the General Missionary Society were \$15,920, an increase of \$627; to the Woman's Missionary Society, \$7,816, an increase of \$429. The grand total raised for all purposes during the year was \$238,650, an increase of \$6,851.

Loyalty to the Empire and renewed consecration to the work of God marked the conference throughout its sessions, a feeling of optimism prevailing that the cause of righteousness must and will succeed, victory lying just "on the other side of self," and will certainly come when all have done their part.

Book Notes

The Book of the Month.

"UP THE HILL AND OVER."—*Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.*

"A book by a local writer" was the comment which accompanied the review copy of this book. The first impulse was to say a few kind things about it after a glance through its contents, thus avoiding the terrors which lurk in the book by a "local writer." But even a reviewer has a conscience, and finally the decision was made to read the book and deal fairly with it. This confession we make in order to show that any opinion hereafter expressed is made solely on the merits of the book and is not an appeal to the spirit of local patriotism in our readers. Therefore, be it understood that in our opinion "Up the Hill and Over" is a very enjoyable story, with one or two weak spots in the plot, one rather improbable and very disagreeable character amongst a host of human and mostly lovable figures. The workmanship is good. There is no lapse from the high standard of good English, the interest is sustained throughout, the characterization (except, in our opinion, in the case of Mary Coombes) is uncommonly good, and the element of humor, used in good measure throughout the book, is in keeping with the quality of the whole. The spirit of Old Ontario breathes in its pages and those who speak of some corner of that great province as "back home" will find old friends and recall old times while reading—"Up the Hill and Over."

Other Books Received

GREENMANTLE.—*John Buchan.*

Colonel Buchan is in charge of a very important department of the British Government, yet has found time during the war to write two or three thrilling romances and edit also an excellent History of the war. "Greenmantle" is a secret service yarn of great interest, and its atmosphere of realism holds the reader from the beginning to the end of the story. It is a story of the war and deals with the adventures of three Britishers and one American on a secret mission in Germany and Turkey.

THE CINDERELLA MAN.—*E. C. Carpenter.*

A most delightful modern fairy-love story.

THE RED PLANET.—*W. J. Locke.*

There are many who look forward to the publication of a Locke book as a literary event. Here is a new book which justifies their faith in this delightful writer.

HIS FAMILY.—*Ernest Poole.*

A new book by the author of "The Harbor."

DABNEY TODD.—*F. N. Westcott.*

GRAPES OF WRATH.—*Boyd Cable.*

SONIA—BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.—*Stephen McKenna.*

NOTE: We have added a few pages to the Literary Section this month; but notwithstanding that, we are obliged to hold over Church Notes, "The Immortal Hope," and the first of a series of articles on Canadian Poetry. Publication of a very welcome contribution from the Front is also unavoidably delayed.—Editor.

Fifth Annual Union Summer School at Ocean Park, B.C.

By some oversight on the part of the responsible officials of this Summer School, no contribution or other notice concerning this annual meeting has been sent to this *Review*.

Lest we should (while carrying a business advertisement and an independent notice of the Conference at Seabeck), seem indifferent to those nearer home, we made a point, before going to press, of calling for the Secretary, and from him have received a copy of the programme, which has many interesting features in it.

As we gathered that it is lack of ability and not of will, that has prevented a business advertisement being placed in this Magazine, we take pleasure in giving this advertising space—(which would otherwise be used for matters concerning our own office) to remind readers whom it may concern that that Summer School will be held this year from

July 13th to 23rd

For copies of programme and information, write or phone the Secretary, MR. W. J. HOGG, 2037 Third Avenue West, Vancouver, B. C.

From a circular letter received some weeks ago, we were notified that the

Seventh Annual Gathering of the Pacific Coast Theological Conference

will be held in

VICTORIA, B.C., on JULY 24th to 26th

Up to the date of going to press with this number no detailed programme has been published, but the circular letter mentions that "The significance of the Spiritual Movements of the Present' will thread the papers and addresses of the Conference with special application to the present world situation."

Though nothing beyond the printed circular letter has reached this *Review* concerning this Conference, we think it well to give this advertising space to bring the Conference before readers who may be interested and find it possible to visit Victoria on the date noted.

Prominent ministers from both sides of the Boundary line will contribute to the programme.

The Secretary is: REV. J. R. ROBERTSON, 827 Thirty-fourth Avenue East, Vancouver, B. C.

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