

Volume XII.

Seventh Year

No. 5

PUBLISHED AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

British Columbia

Monthly

(Continuing "Westminster Review," Vancouver)

The Social, Literary and Religious
Magazine of The Canadian West

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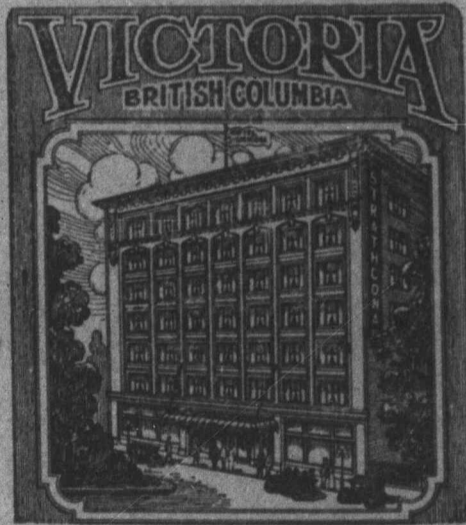
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The British Columbia Monthly

(Continuing Seventh Year of "Westminster Review.")

APOLOGISES

For having been unable to give them an opportunity of advertising in this first issue under the new name.

It was possible for us to meet only a few business chiefs, but the reception given (see new advertising) confirms us in the belief that the change of name commends itself.



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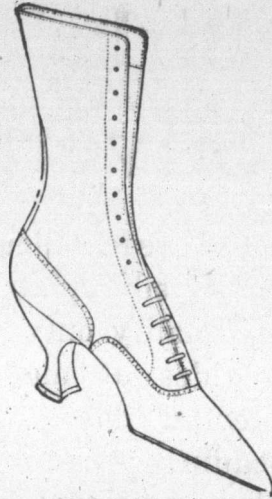
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BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

(CONTINUING "WESTMINSTER REVIEW," VANCOUVER)

Published at 1317 Haro Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Subscription Terms: \$1.50 per year in advance; \$2.50 for two years in advance.

Advisory Editorial Committee.

Rev. R. G. MacBETH, M.A.; R. ALLISON HOOD, M.L.; TIM. WISE

Managing Editor, D. A. CHALMERS.

PROMOTING SOCIAL BETTERMENT, EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS, & RELIGIOUS LIFE.
INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

Vol. XII.

JANUARY, 1918

No. 5

Editorial

A NEW NAME:

"BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY" INCORPORATES "WESTMINSTER REVIEW."

(By D. A. Chalmers).

Eighteen months ago, in the issue of this magazine for June, 1916, we set forth the evolution of its name, and commented on the limitations and possible misunderstandings that were inseparable from the use of the word "Westminster" in the title of a monthly published in Vancouver, and seeking to serve the Canadian West in general and British Columbia in particular.

We need not repeat the arguments in that editorial further than to say that even in recent months we have met people in Vancouver who associated with this Review and the name "Westminster" (1) the city of New Westminster; and (2) an **exclusively** Presbyterian Church connection.

Apart from these and other misconceptions, the management of the "Westminster Review" have, after careful consideration of the various matters involved, such as the field of service in this vast Pacific Province of Canada and the Empire, concluded that British Columbia is a big enough "world to conquer"—and to serve.

Changing the name will not change the nature of this monthly. It will indeed lead to more intensive cultivation of the territory we primarily seek to cover. By the help of qualified and experienced writers, men strong of heart and brain, and earnestly active in public welfare affecting City and Country, Church and State, we believe the work of this already well-established journal can be extended so as to make it more and more the representative "Social, Educational, Literary and Religious" medium for the best in independent British Columbia journalistic and literary life.

B. C. BUSINESS MEN'S SUPPORT.

As those who best know its history are aware, this Review has not been built up as any merely business proposition or speculation "on the side." It is a fact—and a paradox—that may not be readily understood by men who are mere money-makers, that this magazine's continuance in life, and progress through difficult times into its seventh year, have been due in no small measure to the management putting the Ideal before the dollar. Next to that, one of the main con-

tributory factors has been the unwavering support given this monthly by a number of Vancouver's leading business men and firms—to whom we may at this time at once fittingly express our sincere appreciation of their co-operation, and commend them to the more attentive consideration of our readers.

FOR THE PRESENT AND FUTURE BRITISH COLUMBIA

In giving this Magazine the name of "**British Columbia**" the present management are hopeful that this monthly may continue to serve the "Canadian West" not only in this generation but unto generations when the Pacific Coast shall have become as thickly populated as any part of the Atlantic Coast, and its people be wielding an influence in the councils of the British Empire not secondary to that of any other portion of its vast dominions.

THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE

In making the change the managing editor is gratified to be able to publish the names of the Advisory Editorial Committee, to which reference was made in September last. They are:

(1) Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M. A., "One of the best known public men in Western Canada. Trained first as a lawyer, he is known throughout the Dominion not only as a Western pioneer, but also as an author, traveller, and journalistic contributor and reviewer of the front rank. His interest in this Review has been sustained, and in most lines of service such 'staying power' is the trait that tells." It may be of interest to state that in addition to works already published by Mr. MacBeth, a Toronto publishing house will issue this spring an intimate history of the West which will be entitled "The Romance of Western Canada."

(2) R. Allison Hood, M.L.: "Outside the widening circle in the West having literary interests, the second member of the Committee may not be so well known at present. By education, inclination and choice he is a literary man, and the "Westminster Review" has been privileged to publish contributions from him in verse as well as prose. Though he has has experience and ability in business, we believe he will come to be more widely known in the West—and elsewhere—for outstanding literary work."

Had it not been held premature to do so, that reference to Mr. Allison Hood might have been supplemented in September by mention of the fact that a stirring story of British Columbia life, written by him, was in the hands of a leading Eastern Canadian publishing house, and is likely to be published this spring. The editor of this magazine was privileged to read the MSS. and is confident that all lovers of British Columbia—and many others—will welcome the book.

(3) "Tim. Wise." The third member of the committee, who will write under the pen-name of "Tim. Wise," is also a man of experience in literature, and actively interested in social and economic questions.

THE "BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY" IN EVERY HOME.

After seven years' service this magazine not only goes into a goodly number of the best homes in Vancouver and vicinity, but is subscribed for by a reasonable representation of readers in Victoria and throughout the interior of the Province. We may therefore reckon the foundation well and truly laid. But with the assistance of such an

editorial committee, supplemented by that of other active Associate Members, the managing editor now entertains the hope that the "**British Columbia Monthly**" shall ultimately enter every home in the Province where social, educational, literary and religious interests and ideals are cherished.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

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

CIVIC AFFAIRS.

The mayoralty election was not run on a very high level, but it resulted in a large majority for Mr. R. H. Gale, who has our best wishes for his success in an office that is no sinecure. He has tackled the situation with characteristic energy and has outlined an ambitious programme. The city is in rather rough waters owing to the shrinkage from boom values and the large amount of delinquent taxes. People should refrain from "rocking the boat" and give the new Mayor and Council a fair chance. It was gratifying to note in the Mayor's inaugural address that special stress is to be laid on the enforcement of laws connected with morality. There is no doubt that Mayor McBeath incurred the enmity of the laxer element by his zeal in this regard, but the people will not brook any toleration of immoral conditions, even though they dissent at times from methods used in its suppression.

Another gratifying innovation was the opening of this year's Council proceedings with prayer. This needs no apology, but the contrary, at a time when the leaders of the Empire are praying men. The retiring Mayor, Mr. McBeath, leaves a clean record of careful administration in perhaps the most difficult years in the history of the city and will, no doubt, be heard from later in public life. I met him first when he was a boy in the Portage La Prairie country struggling against adverse circumstances, but he held on and made good.

THE CHURCH AND THE LAITY.

Archbishop Matheson, Primate of the Anglican Church in Canada, an intense evangelical, and able scholar, and a keen observer, has recently been making some strong stirring addresses in Toronto. He called specially on the laity of the Church to take hold of the work in dead earnest. This is a somewhat new note to strike in the Episcopalian communion where there has always been a tendency to have the affairs of the Church run pretty exclusively by the clergy. The Church of England in the home land no doubt lost considerably by this characteristic and men like the Primate are evidently determined that this mistake must not be made in Canada. No Church has a more splendid record for missionary activity in the far west and north of Canada than has the Church of England, and it will be well for the wealthy and influential and consecrated laymen to support by direct and living touch, the work being undertaken in this country and the world. The Archbishop and the clergy generally in this country manifestly desire and expect their active endeavor in every parish.

THE LAURIER CHARM.

One of the striking incidents in the late Dominion election was the sort of triumphal tour made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier through the western part of Canada which a few days later went solidly against his position in regard to the war. This unique tour with its attentive, respectful and cheering audiences on the one hand and the silvery-tongued master of assemblies on the other, was creditable to both. The West was chivalrous enough to keep its war convictions in the background until polling day, and in the meantime pay its tribute of respect to the age and high standing and ability of a statesman, while Sir Wilfrid Laurier bore himself in such a way above personalities and recrimination that he won fairly the high opinion even of those who differed from him on the issue of the best method for the prosecution of the war. The whole incident indicated the undiminishing influence of platform speaking in this age of the printing press.

BROTHERS ELECTED.

One of the somewhat striking occurrences in the Dominion contest in Ontario was the election of two brothers in the same city, one for the city itself and the other for the country round about it. The reference is to the Messrs. W. F. and Harry Cockshutt of the City of Brantford. Their election is not a reflection on the character or ability of the men who opposed them, but it is a fine tribute to the value of a good family record. These two gentlemen are sons of the late Ignatius Cockshutt, who was of English extraction, and who built up not only a large business in Brantford, but who was passionately devoted to religious and benevolent undertakings. His character was above reproach and his word was as good as his bond. He founded an independent congregation at Farringdon, beside Brantford, and in this congregation the men led the services. Out of the congregation came several able men who excelled in public speaking, amongst them the late Hon. William Patterson, Minister of Customs, who set a high standard in public life. The brothers Cockshutt above mentioned with other members of the family, have followed in the father's footsteps and are highly honored in their home city.

THE CITY SCHOOLS.

It is hoped that the schools investigation held by Principals Vance and Mackay will lead to some rational view of the place and value of examinations in an educational system. The general feeling amongst parents seems to be that examinations are over-emphasized as tests of achievement.

TIMELY TOPICS

(By Tim. Wise.)

A PROVINCIAL PROBLEM:

THE FUTURE OF THE B. C. ELECTRIC CO.

Three important provincial towns and many municipalities are concerned in the solution of the problems confronting the B.C. Electric Co., which is sufficient reason for discussing its affairs on this page. There is likely to be a tremendous controversy over the proposed readjustment of transportation charges by which the company hopes partially to solve its difficulties. We may expect the usual extravagant utterances from civic politicians to satisfy their constituents

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before they finally agree that the figures produced by the company really present a gloomy picture; and it may be presumed that the company will not underrate the gravity of the situation in their attempt to convince those who will be responsible for the settlement of the matter. Already an important element in the membership of the Board of Trade have accepted the idea that "jitneys must go," and that an increase of fares is imperative and unavoidable. And since "business is business" this will have to be done, so it is argued, although the burden of ensuring a "fair return" on the company's original investment must ultimately fall on those who are already struggling under a heavy load. In our opinion not even the abolition of jitney traffic and a moderate increase in fares will do this. On the other hand we must confess to having little sympathy with any outcry for a revision of lighting rates as a counter blast to the company's demands for increased fares.

The question is too big for political quibbling. This company holds the monopoly of a public utility on which depends to a large extent the industrial future of the Province. The enterprise now controlled by the B. C. E. Co. is too important to leave in the hands of a private corporation. We think the Provincial Government should expropriate the whole system and plant of the company, appoint a non-partisan Commission of Control to develop and extend the production of power. The distribution of power for light, heat, and industrial purposes would be left to the Commission of Control while the transportation section would be owned and controlled by the various cities and municipalities concerned. It is impossible to enlarge on the matter here, but we would urge that the question involves more than jitney traffic, increased car fares, or reduced lighting rates. With a bold scheme of power development, utilizing coal as well as water power, it becomes a matter of vast industrial expansion, of home comfort and convenience and of clean cities with an atmosphere free from smut, smoke and impure air.

This is a matter for more than "business men" to settle: it is a problem for scientists as well.

CARNIVAL REDIVIVUS.

Mingled feelings of surprise, amusement, indignation, even a certain amount of admiration for the cool nerve of the gentleman who introduced the proposal, must have exercised the mind of the average citizen when he learned that it was desired to produce a similar affair to that sad event in city annals known as the "War Dance and Carnival"—which passed unmourned into history, particularly by those merchants who were held up in a good-natured way for donations of cash or goods to be used as premiums to lead the unwary to the "dance." It is still remembered that the joy which is supposed to be "unconfined" at carnivals was reserved on that occasion for concessionaries, of alien origin mostly, who offered a million to one chance of securing a Teddy Bear, which, as our Mayor sagely remarked the other day, were not even made in Vancouver! These transient traders had a hilarious time, and the city got the "morning after" taste. It is a pity that the merchants instead of passing a formal resolution did not get the opportunity of stating to the would-be "King of the Carnival" their plain unvarnished individual opinions of his suggestion. It is surprising that anyone connected with the management of the previous affair should have so misunderstood the feelings of the public regarding it as to expect the least consideration of a similar affair.

THE CIVIC ELECTION

While the candidates for the office of Chief Magistrate were exchanging personalities with affidavits attached it was good to see one who had been fortunate enough to be elected by acclamation displaying excellent public spirit. Alderman Kirk appeared at the various campaign meetings to give an account of his own stewardship as chairman of the finance committee, and to discuss the civic affairs. It was a good example to set, and if in future elections the same slang whanging methods are followed by candidates, let us hope that our Alderman Kirks will be there to intersperse business with the entertainment which the candidates provide.

RUDYARD KIPLING: A LECTURE

(Part II.: Concluded.)

By R. W. Douglas

The seven tales in the book called "Soldier's Three," are not all that deal with the famous trio; there are some that deal with them in several of the other books, and one, the masterpiece of them all, "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," which appears in "Life's Handicap" in the English edition, and "Mine Own People" in the first American edition. This story should be read first to serve as an introduction to the Mulvaney stories, as it contains a general description of the characteristics of the famous three, more clearly defined than elsewhere. First, then is Mulvaney himself, the Irish giant, who has been the grizzled, tender and very wise Ulysses to successive generations of young and foolish recruits. He is the father of the craft of arms to his associates; he has served with various regiments from Bermuda to Halifax, from Halifax by the all-red route to the hot plains of India; he is old in war, scarred, reckless, resourceful, and in his pious hours an unequalled soldier. Learoyd, the second of the friends is six and a half feet of slow-moving, heavy-footed Yorkshireman, born on the wolds, bred in the dales, and educated chiefly among the carriers' carts at the back of York railway station. The third is Ortheris, a little man as sharp as a needle, an inveterate poacher and dog stealer. These three strongly contrasted types live in Kipling's pages with absolute reality. They are probably studies from the life, and by an observer who goes deep down below the surface of everyday superficial conduct. How penetrating the study is, and how clear the diagnosis, may be seen in one or two stories which lie somewhat outside the popular group. It is no superficial idler among men who has taken down the strange notes on military hysteria which inspire "The Madness of Ortheris," and "In the Matter of a Private," while the skill with which the battered giant, Mulvaney, who has been a Corporal and then has been reduced for misconduct, who to the ordinary view and in the eyes of all but the wisest of his officers, is a dissipated blackguard, is made to display the rapidity, wit resource, and high moral feeling which he really possesses, is amazing.

Everybody who is familiar with Kipling's writings will give a favorable place to "The Brushwood Boy." Besides being a wonderful excursion into the realms of fantasy, it is sealed with his seal, and is eloquent with his gospel. Here we have for a hero the author's ideal of manhood; the clean-living, decisive, headlong, headstrong Englishman; and in a background of silence and poetry lurks the Brushwood Girl, singing in our ears the haunting refrain of the "City of Sleep."

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In "They," one of the most remarkable of Kipling's short stories, he has taken as a subject the souls of dead children. The idea of the story is explained in the versified prologue, "The Return of the Children," little mites who found Heaven too large and cold for their miniature souls, and who could not find any joy in the harps and crowns, nor the cherubs "dove-winged races." Eventually release is obtained through "Mary the Mother," and they return to earth. Such ghosts could not return to their parents, for ordinary people would not perceive them, and if they did, they would be too terrified at their reappearance in astral bodies to receive and cherish them once more.

It is natural that "They" should be attracted by the blind woman. Her empty spinster life, her great love for children, and the wonderful second sight with which all blind people are blessed, are things which have taught this mystical woman to understand; so God sends the souls of dead children who wanted to come homeward, to her. A man who has lost a very dearly loved one, for whom he is always fretting, during a motor car run discovers a weather-worn Elizabethan house at the end of a side-road, which at first appeared to lead nowhere in particular. Here he meets the owner of the "House Beautiful," a childless woman who has gathered about her the souls of dead children.

The garden seems to be haunted by many vague, little melancholy things, and the stranger only dimly comprehending that he is tampering with some of the hidden laws of nature, tries to allure these spirit children. Moreover—a most pitiable twilight scene—the man finds his own child. Then he knows that he must not ever return again, for the bloodbond would only tend to break the communion between the blind woman and "They." It was only through her perfect and unhuman love that the lost children were permitted to return.

This wonderful mystical story is regarded by some as a solace for the mourning. At all events it is very beautiful, and if you would seek for more, you must ask of those who mourn little children, or yearn for them. It means, as much or as little, as you have the capacity to understand, and it is a test of your purity of thought.

The great long story "Kim," marks in every way the fullest expression of Kipling's maturity. It is greater than the Jungle Books, and perhaps it was written as a triumphant answer to a challenge that Kipling could not write a great long story. It was hinted by the critics that the preacher who wrote the "Recessional," the dreamer of dreams with a genius for guessing the true meanings of them, could not produce a great novel; that he was unable to combine things seen and could not give a long story that inevitable continuity and vital rotundity which turns a succession of episodes into the "whole of life." A great story of plot, "Kim" assuredly is not, but the same can be truthfully averred of "David Copperfield," and many other masterpieces of literature. Kipling himself, it is said, considers it his master work. At all events it is distinguished enough, with complete justification for the world to regard it as his vindication.

As a poet Kipling appeals strongly to men in all parts of the world who love the live of action and adventure. The range of his verse is very wide, and whether this verse is in plain English or in dialect it is superior to his prose, because verse is more exacting than prose. It is a paradox of poetry that it permits of no synonyms. The poet is in perpetual quest of the inevitable word and only the true poet can find it. In Kipling's poetry the right word emerges at the

right moment, and no one can doubt that it is the right word.

The technical difficulties of poetry have no terrors for him. His command of rhythm and metre is absolute. No measure is too intricate for him to master, and some of the pleasure with which his verse is read is due to the apparent facility with which he handles a complicated scheme of versification. His highest flights are high indeed, and it is true of his best work, as of all the world's greatest poetry, that it can be read and re-read without losing its charm or freshness. New beauties are ever to be discovered, and the old ones shine with brighter lustre.

Kipling's record as a poet has been one of steady and rapid progress from the beginning. His very earliest efforts are perhaps scarcely superior to the best verse in some of the magazines. Among all the "Departmental Ditties" there is but one—"Possibilities"—whose original flavour and half pathetic, half cynical humour indicate something transcending extreme cleverness. "The Ballad of East and West," was the first plain manifestation of genius, while in his subsequent volumes—in "The Barrack Room Ballads," and in "The Seven Seas"—there are poems whose authorship not even the greatest of England's singers need be eager to disavow. "The Flag of England," "A Song of the English," "The Last Chantey," "McAndrew's Hymn"—these are strains that dwell in the memory and stir the blood. They have a richness and fulness of note very different from the shrill and ready utterance of many who have attempted to tune their pipe to the pitch of courage and of patriotism. Yet even they are far beneath the lofty standard of that solemn hymn "The Recessional," which took the Anglo-Saxon world by storm, and which seemed to concentrate in itself the glowing patriotism, the solemn piety, and the measured stateliness of the greatest of the world's poets. You doubtless all know it by heart, but here it is again:

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Far-called, our Navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

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For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word—
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

No poet, not even Swinburne, has sung of the sea, and of man's strife with the sea, more splendidly than has Kipling. Swinburne has praised the sea as his "fair green girdled mother—mother and lover of men," but Swinburne has little or nothing to say of the fierce and ceaseless struggle which man and his creatures of wood and steel wage with the sea. Even in Swinburne's wonderful tale of the rout of the "Armada" one is given the impression that the sea harms only England's foes and not her sons. Kipling knew better, and is not afraid to say what he knows, that,—

"We have fed our sea for a thousand years
 And she calls us, still unfed,
 And there's never a wave of all her waves
 But marks our English dead."

But he knows, too, the irresistible call of the "White Horses" of the sea, and the joy that the men of the sea feel in their strife with their mighty adversary. Sea-pictures abound in all his poems, and when he wishes to tell how keenly hill-men desire their hills, he can find no better way of expressing their longing save in terms of the sea. In his sea pictures, as in all of his descriptions, Kipling's method is suggestive and not detailed. Often he gives, it may be, no more than a single word or phrase, but he makes that one expression so striking and vivid that the reader's mind at once supplies the details and realizes the scene better than it could have done after a page of uninspired detail. Here are a few examples:

"Here leaps ashore the full sou' west
 Blue-empty 'neath the sun."

"The wreck that lies on the spouting reef
 Where the ghastly blue-lights flare"—

"Here leaps ashore the full sou' west
 All heavy-winged with brine."

"Christmas in India" is a revelation of the intensity of an exile's longing for home. Another poem, not very well known, is the exquisite "Song of the Wise Children." As "Christmas in India" depicts the yearning of the exile for his English home, so the "Song of the Wise Children" gives us the Anglo-Indian's recollections of the happy days he spent in the land of his birth as he looks back upon them after time has blotted out the memory of discomfort and homesickness. There are few passages in modern English poetry to surpass as "pure poetry" these two stanzas:

"We shall go back by boltless doors
 To the life unaltered our childhood knew,
 To the naked feet on the cool, dark floors,
 And the high-ceiled rooms that the trade blows
 though."

"To the Trumpet-flowers and the moon beyond,
 And the tree-toad's chorus drowning all,

And the lisp of the split-banana frond
That talked us to sleep when we were small"

There is magic in such verse, and he can do more than express the exile's desire for his home-land; he can put into flaming words a man's love for the land in which he dwells, no matter where that land may be. "The Native Born" is an early and rather crude example of this power of his, but in "The Flowers" we have the same idea in a much more restrained and artistic form. It shows the wonderful scope of the man that he can interpret the home-love of the Canadian, the South African, the Australian, or the New Zealander with as much force as he can that of the Old Englander. And his having found a home that he loves in Sussex has not destroyed his power to appreciate the homes of others. The beauty of this fair county has inspired him to write a lovely piece of work which has been described as a masterpiece among descriptive poems. It is called "Sussex" and like the stories and poems of the "Puck" books, reflects the author's genuine love for this goodly land.

"God gave all men all earth to love,
But, since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all"

While Kipling surveys mankind the world over he does so not from the dubious point of view of the cosmopolitan, but from the firm vantage-point of the patriotic son of the British Empire. It is merely his due to attribute to him the chief share among men of letters in that revival of the Imperial sentiment, both in Great Britain, and in the Dominions, which has been so striking a phenomenon for several years before the present war. But for his great work during those critical times, what might have happened to us when we were tried in the fire. To have re-awakened a great people to a sense of its duties and responsibilities, to have fanned the drooping flame of an enlightened but fervent patriotism—these are achievements of which few indeed can boast. And in according to Kipling our gratitude it is not necessary to disclaim any intention of disparaging the good work performed by other great men in years past, when the Empire seemed plunged in a fatal lethargy, and men appeared to have grown indifferent or insensible to Britain's mission and destiny. Lord Tennyson, for example, has no stronger claim upon the reverence and affection of all generations of his countrymen than the fact that from time to time he set the trumpet to his lips and blew a strain whose echoes will never cease to encourage and inspire the loyalty of a nation to its higher ideals. But old and neglected truths need to be presented in a fresh garb; and abstract principles constantly need to be driven home by concrete illustrations. It has been Kipling's enviable task to bring down patriotism from the closet to the street, and to diffuse its influence among millions of his fellowmen, who had hitherto remained unimpressed. Richard Le Gallienne, in the course of an extremely unsympathetic book on Mr. Kipling's work as an artist, states that the author wallows in technical terms until he becomes veritably debauched in them. "No Engineer," he says, "was ever so technical as Mr. Kipling." "To write thus," he goes on "is as though a man should undertake to translate a Greek poem and leave three-quarters of it in Greek. I venture to think," he says, "that a ragbag of Greek or German poets and philosophers would be

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a much more truly valuable tool basket than these details of evanescent engineering which have covered so much of his recent pages."

I have, I think, read in some "Review" that Shakespeare was accustomed to handle with astounding felicity and correctness the technical phraseology of the law, of venery, and many other departments of human activity. It being of course impossible that a man whom we know to have been but imperfectly educated could have acquired so minute a knowledge of so many complicated and out of the way subjects, a sapient school of critics has not hesitated to assure us that the author of the Shakespearean plays was not one but many—was a lawyer, a Jehu, a Nimrod, a Papist, a Protestant, a Jesuit, a Puritan—was anything you please, except what he was—a man with an unequalled share of imagination, a great creator. Let us apply this singular criticism to Kipling and see to what conclusion it leads us.

It is plain to begin with that Mr Kipling must have studied long and ardently at all the best schools and universities in the world. How else could he have acquired his thorough acquaintance with zoology,—see the *Jungle Books*—with geography, including the use of the globes—see "The Flag of England"—and the "The Children of the Zodiac," with archæology—see "The Story of Ung," and with botany—see "The Flowers." It is equally beyond dispute that he served a long apprenticeship on the sea; and it seems likely that he first gratified his passion for that element by taking service in a Greek galley, and afterwards in that of a Viking. He must then have occupied a post on the following vessels in succession—a Chinese pig-boat, a Bilbao tramp, a New England fishing-smack, a British man-of-war, and an American liner. It was certainly in the engine-room of the last named vessel that he learned those details about machinery which he reproduces so faithfully in some of his stories. We infer that Mr. Kipling next withdrew for a few years complete rest to the solitude of the jungle. He there added materially to his knowledge of natural history, and familiarized himself thoroughly with the manners and customs of bird, beast and reptile. (If he did not, how on earth could he have written the "Jungle Books"?) It is also quite evident that he has held a large number of appointments in the Indian Civil Service; and that he served for a considerable period in the ranks of the army. No sane man can doubt that he took part in several hot engagements and fought in at least one Soudan campaign. A good many years must also have been passed by Mr. Kipling in disguise among the natives. By no other means could he have become conversant with their habits of thought and ways of life. It is further beyond dispute that he must have slummed in London; that at one time he must have had a studio of his own; and that the inside of a newspaper office must have been during a certain period of his life a place of almost daily resort.

And all this without doing violence to the facts. According to these critics, no man can acquire a knowledge of the terminology of soldiering, or sailing, or tinkering, or tailoring, unless he has been a soldier, a sailor, a tinker, or a tailor. But human life is too short for a man to have been all four, and for a man to follow fifty occupations. It follows, therefore, that Kipling is but the name for an amanuensis or hack, through whose pen certain eminent soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, &c., have chosen for some undisclosed reason, to tell their story to the world, which is surely a "reductio ad absurdum."

Much has been written of Kipling's capacity of gleaning knowledge from technical experts; nothing at all of the lessons those

experts learned from him. He has renewed the workman's pride in his work and restored their mystery to the crafts. His influence was everywhere for good. It permeated all classes; doctors, clerics, joiners, clerks, engineers, all speak of this man's work with commendation. They find beauty in it, they find magic and strangeness, and hints of inscrutable forces and mysterious powers, and constant reminders of something unimaginable beyond. Its action is always to excite their zest for real life, to send them back into reality more exultantly, simply because it names and uses the actual trite tools of each man's trade. Kipling knew his public well, and knew how to write for it, with the result that certainly no living writer in England is regarded with such wide-spread and spontaneous veneration. It is good to think that in all human probability he will be long with us to continue his work and to enhance his fame. Much as he has accomplished in the past, there remains much for him to accomplish in the future. His influence during these times of stress and peril has been admirable and worthy of the Bard of Empire. And it is with the exquisite and solemn "Hymn Before Action" that we leave the author who has so strangely moved and fascinated us, and who has enlarged our horizon on one wholly neglected side:

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek Thy mercy now!
The sinner that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die!

Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that comes to-morrow—
Before the God that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman—
Madonna intercede!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou did'st help our fathers,
Help Thou our host today!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear!

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