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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

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

Volume XVI

JULY, 1920

No. 4



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PUBLISHING OFFICE:
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BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY
COMMENDED
 FROM
THE BENCH



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

What Is Your Judgment ?

(An "Open Letter" from the Managing Editor)

Western Canadian business and professional men—working men, in all lines,—home-heads (either sex), and loyal citizens generally:—Greeting: In supplement of the "Cease-Firing" message we remind you that our "Get Acquainted" campaign is well under way, and there is a limit

to the number of subscriptions we can accept at that rate. Meantime new subscribers are guaranteed twelve issues of the B.C.M. (mailed to their homes) for **ONE DOLLAR**. In undertaking this, we are confident that all sensible citizens who wish to see

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In whatever way this message may come under your eye,—by the Magazine, the mail, or through an active sales-

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B. C. M. PUBLISHING OFFICE, 1100 Bute St., Vancouver, B. C.

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The Magazine of The Canadian West

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

D. A. CHALMERS
Managing Editor and Publisher.

With an Advisory Editorial Committee
of
Literary Men and Women.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SPECTATOR

of
BRITAIN'S FARTHEST WEST.

For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary
and Religious; but
Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.

"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

Vol. XVI

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EDITORIAL

The B. C. M. and Prohibition in B. C.

The contributions we have published on this subject may be left to speak for themselves.

In the case of the last two articles, as in that of the first one by Mr. Carrick, published in our March number, the passing by the editor of the articles as handed in does not mean that this Magazine endorses all the arguments set forth by either writer.

Like many others, we believed in liquor-selling reform, and in the abolition of the old form of "public-house" and bar system long before some ardent "prohibitionists" gave evidence of interest in the subject at all, and perhaps when a few of them were directly or indirectly allied with the old social-suicide system.

But without believing in any need for the sale or use of strong liquors as beverages, it may be open for reformers as earnest and sincere as "bone-dry" prohibitionists to question whether it would not be wise to consider the case for exceptions, say regarding some form of beer and light wines as beverages.

Next, provided there is justification, as many folks maintain, for having a bottle of brandy in a home for an emergency, we think it should not be necessary for citizens to secure a medical man's certificate to get such "medicine" say once a quarter or once a year, much less pay him a fee for one. If it must be made imperative for citizens to consult or call upon a doctor, the authorities, and not the citizen, should be responsible for the payment of such a professional official. Under the present system of private consultation and appeal, honest doctors must at times be perplexed to know what to do, while of course unscrupulous ones may make money easily.

In British Columbia, as elsewhere in the Empire, the public, to its shame, formerly tolerated conditions in the drink traffic that were a disgrace to elementary common sense, and as a consequence many people probably voted for prohibition with a feeling of—"Let's get rid of this damnable system anyway, and argue about it afterwards."

Perhaps there are now not a few who, though they may have believed in and practised prohibition personally all their lives, or long before any act was in force, are sincerely perplexed regarding the attitude they should take towards prohibition—in the light of certain conditions, that have somehow prevailed under the Act.

In closing a reference to this subject at this time, we have the two replies—on different sides—in last issue to speak for themselves. But so far as the British Columbia Monthly is concerned, we think it right to record that while we passed Mr. Carrick's first article completely as contributed, we cannot endorse the statements in it concerning the Great Master.

No matter what may be gleaned for argument's sake pro or con from phrases or stories in the Old Testament, or the New either, for that matter, it goes without saying that the Spirit of the Christianity of Christ teaches self-denial regarding anything that will cause one's fellowman to stumble.

Whatever the personal preferences or reasonable qualifications in our minds, if we take the spirit of that teaching or the teaching of that Spirit as the touchstone for our action, our real or fancied difficulties about decision may soon vanish.

Mr., Mrs., or Miss?

Reasonable exception may be taken to the continuance of the old-world affix of "Esq." for "Esquire" to a man's name on mailed matter, but surely even stronger objection should be made to the adoption of what we fear is an overdone "Democratic" or "American," (in the U.S. sense) method of addressing letters without any prefix.

Vancouver Canadian Club and Board of Trade address all members as "Esq." It may be argued that, strictly speaking,

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most men are not entitled either to "Esq." or "Mr." and that plain "John Brown" is all that a person of that name can expect in address—written or oral.

To drop the "Mr" entirely, as is the custom among members of certain social clubs, may be an evidence of friendliness and good fellowship. But as a matter of courtesy, in addressing correspondence in social communications generally, every man is equally due the "Mr."

In regard to mailed matter there is one sufficient reason for retaining the use of a prefix in every case. It often happens that initials only are known or used for the christian name, and not infrequently the same letters may represent not only the names of different members in a family (or an apartment block) but members of different sex.

Business By Telephone and Call

Most folk realize that the modern telephone, with all its convenience, is at times, not an unmixed blessing. It saves many a letter and call, no doubt, but a question may be raised as to how far business by 'phone should be allowed to take precedence of business by call, when a caller is present.

Much must depend on the individual's training in business and courtesy, but nowadays, when the phone is used so freely, it is only fair to ask a busy man if he is engaged with a caller before one enters into a detailed conversation by telephone.

On the other hand it is just as impolite to keep a caller in one's office waiting while a long impromptu conference takes place by telephone as it would be for the business man in the office to turn aside from a first to a second caller without excuse or apology.

Are You Helping to "Americanize" Canada?

We hope our readers have noticed the article in "MacLean's Magazine" entitled "Why Reverse a Patriotic Policy?" After referring in detail to the proposed increase in postal rates affecting Canadian publications, that well-reasoned article goes on to say:

Is there any reason why the Government should reverse the wise policy adopted years ago of encouraging distribution of Canadian reading matter? On the contrary, the need is greater than ever. Of late years the public of both Canada and the United States has become, in a sense, magazine mad. People read a dozen magazines today where formerly they read one or two. There are a score of magazines published in the United States today for every one put out when the Canadian Government set the present postal rate. They come over the line by the million—good, bad and indifferent—and the people of Canada are becoming literally imbued with American ideas and American information, because of their daily diet of American reading matter. Not only do we stand in danger of denationalization, because so much of our literary fare is imported, but we may become Americanized. This is not intended to mean that there is anything especially wrong or sinister or undesirable about American ideas, or that it is dangerous to acquire them. It is simply that we prefer to have an individuality of our own, to create our own ideals, to know most about our own country and people. We desire to remain Canadian.

So, the Government should recognize that the need is greater today than ever before. If it was wise to give Canadian publishers the advantage of a reasonable postal rate years ago, it is wiser still today to continue it. If the movement in trade and sentiment and thought is to be kept travelling East and West instead of following the lines of least resistance, and running North and South, the need for national publications must be recognized....

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National Defence

(By T. Proctor Hall, M.D.)

Six or seven years ago some of us cherished the delusion that war between two civilized nations was a thing of the past. The danger that war might begin through the insanity of a monarch or the cupidity of a ruling class would, we thought, be met and over-balanced by the growing strength of the international socialist movement, through which the workingman of the world

"Would brothers be, and a' that."

Today we face two facts: first, that Canada (or any other nation) is liable to a sudden attack by an overwhelming force aiming at the complete subjugation of the country; and second, that the development of aircraft has made most of the old lines of defense obsolete. If ten large airships, each carrying a few tons of poison gas, were to simultaneously attack ten Canadian cities—Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria, aided by several more carrying bombs to wreck important locks and bridges, how much power for organized resistance against the invaders would be left to us? Britannia may continue to rule the waves, but if she does not also rule the air she could be of little aid to us under such a condition. Dreadnaughts will continue to be useful for police purposes, but as decisive units in a war of the first magnitude they are already scrapped.

Against aerial attack Canada today stands defenseless. Dependent on herself alone, she would continue to be in a nearly helpless condition for many years to come. But as a member of the British Empire, as one of a family of nations whose hearts are set toward righteousness (though we still have a long road to travel), and who will stand together against all aggression, Canada is reasonably safe if each member of that family takes up at once its share in the defence of the Empire. Had Germany known that Britain would support France in 1914, she might have hesitated to attack. Any predatory power would also hesitate to attack Canada if it were considered certain that Canada would be instantly defended with all the might of the Empire.

The Intelligence department of the British Empire is second to none. It is therefore not likely that we shall be attacked without at least a few days warning. But if we had today a month's warning of an aerial attack in force, we would be little better off for the information, for it would be impossible in that time to build the necessary machinery of defense. During the last war anti-aircraft guns proved to be of little value. The machinery of attack is at the present time so much more effective than the machinery of defense, that the only effective defense lies in counter attack. Heavily armed airships and swift armed airplanes in large numbers, are the only visible defense; and these are not yet built, though the Dominion parliament has, with commendable foresight, voted a substantial sum for a beginning.

Assume that we have become partially prepared to meet an aerial invasion, and that with only 24 hours' notice our airfleets can be armed and manned. Assume, too, that we destroy in the first battle all or nearly all of the invaders. Many of our own aircraft would also be destroyed or crippled. The invaders would receive hourly reinforcements; how are these to be met? Evidently it must be possible to immediately convert all our commercial aircraft to the uses of war. And where are we to get the new machines that must be produced, and the immense amounts of war material that are immediately required? If the first aerial invasion does not by its success become the end, it is only the beginning of the war. A few days, or at most a few weeks, of this destruction will see us with no more air defences, unless the whole industry of the

nation can be turned at once into war channels; and unless we have prepared beforehand all the necessary raw materials for this purpose, and the machinery for their conversion.

The Regimentation of Industry.

This entails nothing less than the regimentation of all industry. At present in Canada industry is controlled by the large property owners, in their own interest first. The fight is on for the control of industry in the interest of the workers by the workers, a fight which in the long run the workers are pretty sure to win. So long as the workers feel that the regimentation of industry is a move for the benefit of capitalists, essentially, so long will they oppose it violently as an attempt to enslave them. Our overgrown ideal of individualism leads the owners of property to imagine that they have an absolute right to its full control and leads the workers to think they have the absolute right to dispose or not dispose of their labour. Both are wrong. Each has a duty to the society of which he forms part. The splendid response to the call to arms when the nation was in danger is evidence that the workers are ready to undertake their full social duty, and that they will support regimentation when they see that it is a necessary part of social preservation and evolution. At its worst it would be less onerous than the present arrangement of labour.

All such preparations for defense have one essential aim—to put a wholesome fear into the heart of possible invaders. If we are overwhelmed, they in return will suffer the same fate from our allies. We are safe when we walk the city streets unarmed, because everyone knows that if we are murdered the might of the nation will avenge us, and the murderers will die. But very few, if any, of our fellow citizens have the slightest desire to molest us. By far the larger number would resent and resist any attack on us; and so far as these are concerned we are just as safe without the backing of the police and the military. A like condition is possible among the nations of the earth. The provinces of Canada do not require the presence of Imperial forces to keep them from attacking one another with fire and sword. Nor do the several states of the Union to the south of us evince any desire to fly at each other's throats. Why? Because under present conditions no state would be any better off if it were to attack any or all of its neighbours, and any state if it should attempt such a criminal action would inevitably be punished severely by the supreme power of the nation.

Democracy and Citizenship.

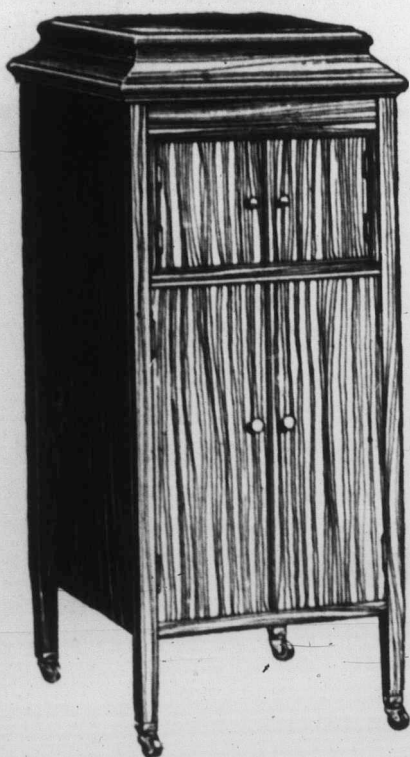
With such examples of successful federation before them it would be a simple thing for the nations of Europe to make such arrangements that peace would be clearly more profitable than war. Why is this not done? The common people are the ones who do the most of the fighting, and most of the suffering, in war; and no offensive war is worth to the common people what it costs them. Wars are waged for profit, or for anticipated profit, for those who plan them. So long as the common people are willing to let themselves be led by profiteers and robbers, whether of the legal or illegal variety, so long will wars be planned, and sometimes carried out. Genuine democracy, industrial as well as political, and a world federation, are the two conditions which must be brought about before we can hope that wars will cease; for then only will their principal cause be removed.

"Peace on earth; good will among men." Good will is the essential condition of peace. How can we secure it among Canadians? Does it make men loyal to keep them in an industrial system in which any man is liable to be deprived of his

whole income at any time at the will of another? If to this be added such indignities as a peremptory order to join a certain type of labour union, or perhaps no union, according to the whim of his employer, does his heart swell with pride and love of his Canadian citizenship? The only way to make men and women loyal Canadians is to make citizenship synonymous with justice, freedom and co-operation. Slave loyalty is no longer to be counted on in Canada. Flag-waving is good when the flag stands as the presentation of civic righteousness; but if it stands for oppression and contumely, the hypocrisy rouses resentment. Let Canada abolish spoliation in every form; let every citizen be (as far as possible) well born, well fed, well clothed and educated; with the right to earn his living, and the right to the living that he earns; and, and as the Old Roman boasted "I am a Roman" in like manner the citizen of this Dominion will be proud to say—"I am a Canadian." Such a nation might be overwhelmed, but never conquered, and in it traitors would be unknown.

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Prominent Publishers at the Pacific Coast

I.---John Nelson

Like other men in all lines of community service, journalists of all ranks may differ as to forms of procedure and in the order of their preference of men for office or honors. But probably most men connected in any way with the publishing business who have had opportunity of meeting masters and men at the Pacific Coast during the past decade, if requested to make nominations for the chief executive position of any organization of Western Canadian, not to mention Provincial, extent, would unhesitatingly nominate among the first half score or first half dozen from among employers, Mr. John Nelson, now managing director of the "Daily World," Vancouver City.

Learning that Mr. Nelson has just been paid the compliment by his fellow publishers in the Canadian Press Association of being invited to take charge of one of the two special trains which are to convey the Imperial Press Conference delegates across the continent, the *British Columbia Monthly* held it timely to secure a few notes of his career.

Born in Bruce County, Ontario, something over forty years ago, John Nelson was "brought up," or as it is put on this continent in speaking of human beings as well as of stock, "raised on a farm." His home was about two miles from the little town of Paisley, and his newspaper experience began with work on the weekly "Paisley Advocate," which was owned by his brother-in-law, Major McGraw. "Bruce County" is a part of Eastern Canada over which even Old Country born Canadians in the West soon gather that there is some glamour, as is perhaps befitting such a name as "Bruce." But, as his own not-less-famous name would indicate, Mr. Nelson is of English stock.

About twenty years ago he came to Victoria where he became a reporter on the "Times." Later he passed from head of the editorial staff to manager of that newspaper for the Company of which Senator Templeman was then nominally the chief.

About ten years ago when Mr. J. H. Matson purchased the "News-Advertiser" in Vancouver, Mr. Nelson came over to take charge of it and held that position for about five years when he entered upon his present position as managing director of the "World."

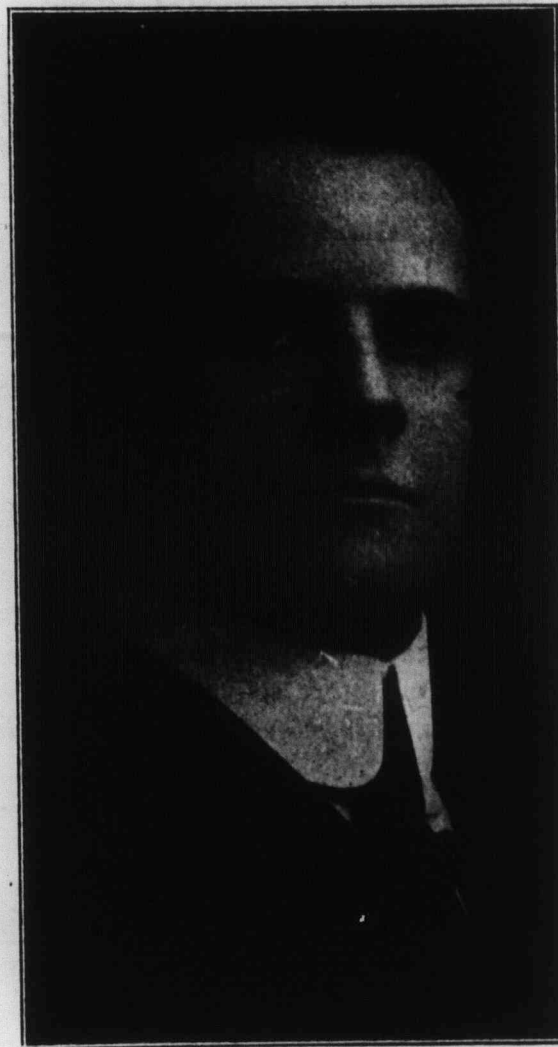
As one prominent journalist who has come much in contact with Mr. Nelson remarked to the B.C.M. representative, the Chief of Staff of the "World" has had the rather unusual combination of practical experience in both the editorial and business sides of a daily newspaper.

However opinions may differ about the policy of the paper, many besides Prohibitionists have no doubt recognized that the publisher of the "World" showed considerable courage when he championed the Prohibition Cause and committed the "World" to it at a time when it was by no means certain that that cause would triumph. The success which has so far been achieved by the Prohibitionists may in no small measure be attributed to the fact that that Cause had the support of one of the daily papers. Nor is the value of his work done lessened by the fact that the "World" happens to be the oldest among the daily newspapers of the mainland, and that it was generally recognized that a new lease of life and also a lease of new life were given to it when John Nelson became manager.

Having a broad vision of the news necessities of Canada and particularly of the West, Mr. Nelson became one of the Chief Promoters of the Canadian Press Association, which now operates leased wires from Halifax to Victoria on a con-

tinuous day and night service; and he has served several times as a director of the C. P. A.

It is interesting to know in connection with his present mission that this Vancouver publisher was one of the Canadian Representatives who went to London to attend the Imperial Press Conference held there before the War. In the circumstances Mr. Nelson is likely to find a good many old friends or former acquaintances among the contingent of Imperial Press men whom he has been commissioned to welcome at Sydney, Nova Scotia and escort from there all the way to the Terminal City at the Pacific Coast.



MR. JOHN NELSON.

Managing Director and publisher of the "Daily World," Vancouver, B.C., who has been commissioned by the Canadian Press Association to act as Press Escort of one of the two special trains conveying the Imperial Press Conference Delegates across the continent.

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

Original Verse---Selected

LIFE THE BETRAYER.

Thou withered heart, that long hast been confined
By prison walls as cruel as the North,
How still thou feel'st the fallen shackles bind,
And liberty unkind, that drags thee forth;
Thou wert content to mete Life's narrow round,
While aye her mills lulled thee with torpid sound.

What of thy dreams? Hadst thou a window there
On thy old world, where thou could'st stand at gaze
And see the hills unclimbed or cold and fair
The heavens austere, washed of their treacherous haze?
Did'st thou e'er, trembling, in thy sleep return
Where, still unquenched, the pyres of boyhood burn?

Those eyes thou hast did not by Nature grow;
Life whispered in thy ear; thou heeded not;
But still she stood, and still she bade thee go
And leave thy dreams and all thy simple lot.
She held for thee to view a glass untrue,
And with her diamond dross she cheated you.

She stripped thee, like a footpad, of thy wealth;
She plucked from thee thy eyes of crystal truth;
Disease and care she changed thee for thy health,
Before thy years she gave thee age for youth.
O cursed witch! thou cozenest so well
That saints for thee have bartered heaven for hell.

Perchance thou thinkest the forward road now clear,
Thy bonds all broken and the prisoner free;
But can'st thou flee thyself? Wilt thou not fear
More than thy tyrant, this dead soul of thee,
Thy own lost eyes, wrecked hopes, high dreams, that Earth
Choked with the clod and never waked to birth?

Donald Graham.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCKIES.

(By R. G. Dunbar)

I have wandered from east to west,
From the lap to the hem of the world,
I have sailed where the Pentland billow's crest
On the Orkney crag is curled;
I have loved Britannia's Isle,
Her rivers, and lakes, and woods,
But give me the land where the Rockies pile
To the sky their solitudes!

'Tis a land whose heart beats high
With the hopes of an ardent race,
Where Imperial-minded liberty
Has hewn her a dwelling-place;
What despot will dare ascend
The steps to her snow-white throne,
What pyramid, reared by slaves, pretend
To the glory she calls her own?

Ye sons of the deathless brave,
The generous and the true,
The haunts of the mountain-eagle crave
Communion with such as you!
Yon hills are bone of your bone,
Your intimate counter part,
And ye mirror yon peaks, erect, alone,
In a rising nation's heart.

Because the world is such a very big place and there are so many people busy with so many different things, life goes on as usual with little time for more than a brief pause of wonder at the experience of others. The metal which casts the page of today's events goes back into the melting-pot of the stereotyper to appear tomorrow with new announcements.—Hopkins Moorhouse in "Every Man for Himself."

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From a Woman's Point of View

Human Nature

By Emily Wright.

Human nature, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, is a composite, elusive, subtle thing. We are constantly brought into contact with people who do certain things, wholly unexpected of them, and we wonder what it is in their nature that prompted them to do them. Life is largely a conflict between desire and conscience. A woman may have a whim to follow the fad of the moment—tango teas, midnight cabarets—without unduly shocking her conscience. She might enquire into a new "ism" or a new "cult," in order to gratify a curious desire, without there being any particular or lasting harm in it, although her conscience may warn her to be wary. A man who deems he has been served shabbily by a capitalist, may find himself a leader of the labour party; and an Anglican whose Bishop has been impertinent, may become a Methodist. But conscience may not have had anything to do with the change.

However, when a Britisher—who has in all probability been reared in the Christian Faith—becomes a Mohammedan or a Buddhist, we naturally look for something deeper than petty spite or irresponsible desire, as the motive for so extraordinary a change. It appeals to us as a strange thing and one that must have conscience for its base.

Some years ago, in an English city, there was a certain lawyer of somewhat ill-repute. He was regarded with suspicion by the profession and with contempt by the public. He would handle any case, respectable or otherwise; but he seemed to specialize in the latter. It was not until one of his wives was objecting to their "plurality" that he announced himself—publicly—a Mohammedan. It came as a great surprise, but by it he at once justified his harem and preserved his respectability! Whether conscience played any part in the acceptance of this religion, he knows best; but the consensus of opinion was that the motive was already supplied, that he had used Mohammedanism to cloak his crime. Shortly afterwards, the Sultan, exceedingly pleased with his new convert, created him a great Potentate of Mohammedanism in England.

Now, within the month, there comes a report from Bombay that a Sheffield man has just been initiated in Ceylon as a Buddhist novice. It is an extremely rare case; few Englishmen have ever so embraced this religion. It is said that the "Cingalese Buddhists tried to persuade him from taking the step, as the life of a Buddhist monk is by no means an easy one."

Nevertheless, he was not deterred. So earnest is he that, after he has studied for three years, he intends returning to England to spread Buddhist doctrines.

That he would not depart from the heart of a Christian country and embrace another religion as a monk—involving as it does a severe asceticism—without earnest thought and serious motive seems evident. And one wonders what the motive power was that drove or persuaded him into his present belief. Therefore the last part of the meagre report is interesting, as possibly supplying the key to the situation. It is said to have been "a conscientious objector during the war, and to have been imprisoned for not performing military duties."

Should this be true, he may have thought that he received very scant justice and, becoming embittered with the lot thrust upon him, sought for something other than Christianity, which might satisfy his moral and spiritual needs. But malice should find no place in the heart of a Buddhist monk—

and probably there was none in his. To all appearance, at least, sincerity seems to have marked his actions; yet one wonders what it is he expects to gain by becoming a Buddhist that will be more satisfying to his conscience than Christianity.

It is worthy of note that one of the five commandments, which must be strictly observed by an aspiring Buddhist monk, is "to kill no living thing—not even a worm or an ant." Perhaps this appealed to his extremely sensitive conscience, together with the other conditions, which really resolve themselves into a course of self-punishment. He will become homeless, will have to beg for his food, will have to dress in anything he can get. He must remain celibate all his life. He must crush all evil and low desires, must put away the will to live as a sinful being by cultivating the opposite virtues, and striving to attain to that state of perfection and ineffable bliss—commonly known as "Nirvana"—when "transmigration" shall be no more, when all pain and suffering will have ceased, because there will be no more rebirths with their attendant miseries.

Buddha did not acknowledge a soul or a God. Indeed, Buddhism has been described as a system of philosophy rather than a religion. Though the generally accepted European theory of some years ago, that Buddhism taught that "all is perishable, all is miserable, all is void," may be a misconception, yet there is an emptiness in it which strikes the Christian forcibly. A late Bishop of Calcutta asked an apparently pious Buddhist, whom he happened to observe praying in a temple, for what he had just been praying. He replied, "I have been praying for nothing." "But," urged the bishop, "to whom have you been praying?" The man answered, "I have been praying to nobody." "What!" said the astonished bishop, "praying for nothing to nobody?"

There is much that is very beautiful, couched in exquisite poetic language, in their teaching, but it is no more beautiful nor more pregnant with meaning than that contained in the New Testament. It contains sublime precepts, the practice of which would undoubtedly tend to bring one to a state of perfection, but these in themselves are not sufficient. What mankind needs is the moral and spiritual power which is capable of making obedience to these precepts a reality. Buddha did not place this power in himself; Jesus Christ did. Buddhism lacks the living principle, the vital force, the incentive, which Christianity offers in the Person and Presence of Jesus Christ. And they who have seen the vision of the Christ and heard His voice, they who have felt His Presence and have knowledge of Him, know that the secret of His power lies not so much in His teaching as in His ideal character and unique example.

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Religious Life and Work

Nisi Dominus Frustra—"Except the Lord, it is in vain."

A Challenge to All the Churches in Western Canada

Last Fall this Magazine made a suggestion regarding the provision of a Rest Home for travellers connected with all the churches. We had reason to know that the idea commended itself to certain church people, if not also church organizations. But, as so often happens, the question arose—Let us consult Toronto, or let Toronto FIRST move in the matter. Thus definite action was indefinitely postponed.

That the **British Columbia Monthly** did not proceed further with the matter then was simply due to the fact that, while we were ready to co-operate with the **awakened churches**, the vital work of this Magazine did not permit its management to spend time seeking to arouse churchmen, lay and clerical, of all the churches, to the fact that a sterling opportunity for co-operative service was being offered to them. Besides to have taken any active part in impressing them officially at that time, just following the enlargement of this Magazine, might have been misunderstood.

A Site Was Offered.

As reported at that time, a site for such a Rest Home was offered to the B.C.M., but even with that assured, the management of this Magazine did not feel warranted in following the matter up **pending the awakening to co-operative action** of the people of the churches, or church organizations.

THE CLAMANT NEED FOR SUCH A HOSTEL.

As our Midsummer number emphasized, this Magazine is now in its tenth year of publication. Though we have made steady progress throughout the years and are making marked headway at this time, the management should be glad to supplement our advance in other directions by increased social and christian service.

Additions to our circulation and other conditions prevent us repeating the offer as formerly made. But the repeated changes of home forced upon one undenominational institution—with which it is scarcely necessary to note, we are in no way affiliated—have anew suggested to the editor of this Magazine the timeliness of making an offer amounting to a challenge to all the churches of the West through their clerical and other representatives to co-operate in the work of providing such a Terminal city hostel at the Pacific Coast.

We know there are many members of the public, and also business men, to whom a Magazine's appeal is qualified in the measure in which it gives space to anything "religious." But, nevertheless, we intend to retain this section.

THE DAY OF DECENTRALIZATION DAWNING.

Men and women of all the churches, clergymen and laymen alike, surely the day for denominational rivalry has passed, or is passing, and the day, if not for union, for closer co-operation is here? To that end we believe such Magazine service can help.

Also, with all respect to Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal or other centres of light and leading in the East of our great Dominion, surely the day is dawning for decentralization to be practised so far at least that this Pacific Coast Land may give publicity to its life and work in Church as well as State without waiting for supervisor, editor or printer in the East or elsewhere.

OUR "TENTH YEAR" NEW DIRECT OFFER

In connection with our expansion policy—and yet independently of it—we are led to make the following offer to each of the Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist Churches

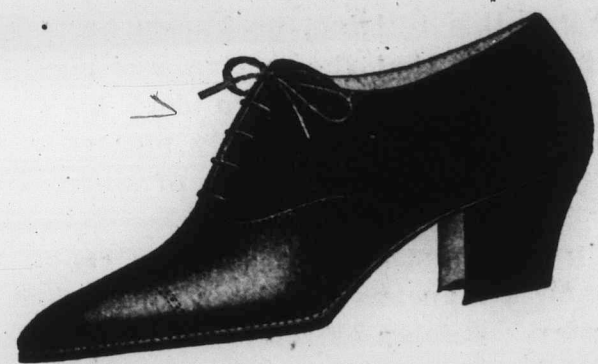
in the west, and equally to the Western Canadian representatives of the Roman Communion, if they are free and choose to be included. We shall undertake to supply each of these churches for a period of years with a certain number of Magazines and at the same time allow each church space (to be arranged) in this section for church news and literary notes to be contributed in each case by responsible representatives appointed by the Western Boards or Synods of each church.

We should make no charge for the space or publicity. On the contrary, subject only to the cost of production being covered, we should undertake to set aside for a period of years a percentage (to be agreed upon) of the regular subscription rate as a fund to be accumulated for the provision or maintenance of such an undenominational Pacific Coast Rest Home for travellers connected with the Missions of all the Churches. As previously suggested, the management would be under the supervision of a Committee or board on which all the Churches would be represented.

WHAT SHALL THE ANSWER BE?

For years this Magazine gave space to notes concerning the Churches. Consistently with that attitude, and in all sincerity, we now make this offer to co-operate with all the Churches and to be **AT THEIR SERVICE** for practical social and Christian work. Needless to note we shall await answers with interest.

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DEBORAH

By Alexander Louis Fraser

Note: In a reference the other month to "Canadian Singers and their Songs" we commented on the fact that included in the selected list was the Eastern Poet, Mr. Alexander Louis Fraser, and that the sonnet, an autographed copy of which appeared in that book, was one which Mr. Fraser had contributed to this magazine.

While the Midsummer number was on the press, the editor of the B.C.M. had the pleasure of receiving the following poem which we are pleased to be able to pass to our readers without delay.—Editor B.C.M.

"Alas! my country, Peace has fled thy fields.
Six score years have gone by since Joshua gave
His measured farewell, calling on the stone
Neath Shekem's oak, to hear his people's vows
That they their father's God would ne'er forsake.
Alas! their promise proved like morning dew
And records of the past—how Moses found
A sea-walled lane; how Amalek he smote;
How Jericho, encircled, fell as when
A dyke, before wind-lifted waves, falls flat.
Those records were unread; and for their sins
My people suffered hard and trying days
Oppression's foot oft made them cry for pain,
Deliverance was again, alas, forgot.
Then through the tanglewood of this new time
Unaided Might essayed to cut a way;
So Peace and War, for us alternating,
Have filled the record of these six score years!
What pleasure that with Lapidoth I live
While cross our land such evil shadows lie?
Heart-breaking stories hear I every day
As neath my palm-tree, seated, I confer
With people from my sorely-harassed realm.
How Jabin's terror falls on every one,
How Sisera's iron chariots sound our doom,
How pagan multitudes laugh us to scorn!
Though I am but a woman yet I feel
That God now bids me fan the fading fires
That die too soon within a people's heart.
Israel nor blossom yet nor fruit has borne,
And our eclipse can be but momentary.
Then, late our God who hears us when we cry
Gave me assurance that our time had come;
So I'll to Barak, son of Abinoam,
And bid him by the Kishon take his stand,
And call on Zebulun and Naphtali
Ten thousand men at once to mobilize,
For Sisera, by strategy misled,
Will muster all our forces by that stream;
But God will give them all into our hand,
And Kishon's wave ere night will crimson flow."

* * * * *

So going unto Barak thus she spoke:
"Rise! Barak, son of Abinoam, rise!
The hour has struck; the gates of Destiny
Will open swing, and our ill-fated land
Will come at last unto its heritage
Speed thou to Tabor's Mount, nor slack thy pace,
Thy bugle blow among the circling hills,
The call is God's, and He will lead you on
While Sisera will meet discomfiture.

Barak! dost thou stand hesitant? Can'st thou
Survey the land's distress unmoved? Ah, would
That I a man's habiliments might wear;
That this weak frame could feel a little while
A great man's strength, then I at once would pass
Across these aching hills, and, summon loud
The forces that depend on leadership.
Thy going is conditioned, dost thou say
Upon my going, too? Then God forbid
That I keep thee from meeting this great hour;
This day is big with issues, but know thou
The honor of this victory falls from thee,
A woman's hand shall slay fell Sisera."
So saying, they passed on and Barak called
The sons of Zebulun and Naphtali,
Ten thousand men, the flower of those two tribes.

* * * * *

Then Sisera was ware how Israel
Had gathered forces for his overthrow;
So, summoning his chariots, he repaired
To Kishon's bank whither now Deborah
With urgency bade Barak lead his men;
And Barak, feeling God had gone before,
Marched unafraid to meet the enemy.
What blows were dealt upon that fated field!
And Israel hewed as some strong woodsman does
When trees fall prone before his swinging axe,
And lanes were cleared through Jabin's vaunted ranks;
Chariots were driverless like vehicles
One seas by city livery stands at noon
In some great centre of the western world.
Then God unstopped the bottles of the sky,
And soon the Kishon swelled up to the brim,
And Canaanites were floating down the stream
Like logs that sometimes choke the river's way
As they are rafted down to feed the mill,
And Sisera, when he saw the day was lost,
Alighted on his feet, pursued by Fear,
And sought the tent of Heber on the plain
Zaanaim, as when a frightened hare
Takes the first opening when a hound pursues.
Now Heber's father had in former time
Gone up and bade adieu to nomad life,
So Heber now was friend to Sisera,
But Jael, Heber's wife, was sore displeased,
That Heber's house and Jabin's house were friends,
And oft she watched the conquerors go down,
And oft she watched the conquerors return
With maids and needle-work and gold as prize.
So all this day when sore the battle ran,
She paced her tent floor, and in secret wished
That victory might come to Deborah;
And oft so anxious grew her thoughts that she
The tent forsook to see if tidings came,
And then it was that broken Sisera,
Reeling from blows that Israel dealt to him,
Came, as when some lone shipwrecked mariner
Tells breathless how his mates shall ne'er tread land
Again,—so Sisera seemed. Then Jael bade
Him share her offered home, "Let fear not come
Beyond my threshold; all is safe within."
So routed was he, and so prone the forts

That erstwhile were his spirit's citadel,
 He bade her watch the door and say to those
 Who sought him that she knew not where he was;
 And then this humbled man whose brandished spear
 Oft struck dread to the heart of Israel,
 Tired, thirsty, craved a drink! Thus fortune oft
 Will pluck us from the place we fain would keep;
 And when the vessel to his mouth he raised—
 His eyes erect—she saw her time and grasped
 A hammer, and with rapid strokes she smote
 The foe she long had hated in her heart;
 So he fell down as the stalled ox that falls
 Before the deadly blow of some strong swain.
 Thus Sisera died, and when proud Barak came,
 Seeking alive the man they all had feared,
 Jael exultant, cried: "Lo, there he lies!"
 So God subdued the foe of Israel,
 And it was meet within the ridded land
 That Deborah should smite her lyre again,
 And so we have the rich and deathless song:

* * * * *

"Praise ye the Lord, for victory He wrought,
 Sing for the yoke of years is broken quite.
 Thank Him that when upon our borders late
 The boastful enemy deemed us their prey.
 Our men left flock and field and routed them,
 As when sere leaves are scattered by the blast.
 Hear, all ye rulers of the neighboring realms,
 This was the God of Hosts our fathers knew
 In stress of war, or when from Sinai's height
 His will was read, and He has come once more
 Back to the needy world and shown Himself.
 'Tis like the break of day when the long night
 Encouraged harmful things to leave their dens.
 Alas! dark days were ours in Israel—
 Order and Peace had fled our common ways,
 Terror and Anarchy held carnival
 Where erstwhile meek Content sat by the fire.
 At all our gates the shout of War was heard.
 But in our hands nor spear nor shield was seen.
 Strange gods usurped the place that Yahveh held.
 But that is changed! and now my heart is warmed
 To those brave men who jeopardated their lives;
 And all those folk who company with Peace,
 And maidens fair who gather at the well,
 Will hear men who wrought Sisera's overthrow
 Rehearse their tales of the great days of war.
 My heart is moved and Passion bids me shame
 Those who of Reuben so unstable proved,
 Who held a shepherd's crook when the day called
 For spears, and roamed at ease the dreamy hills!
 Dan, Asher, Gilead, wedded to their ships
 And gain, recked not that others risked their lives.
 Time puts a mark against those thewless tribes
 No tears of after years shall wash away.
 But words fail me to tell of Zebulun,
 Of Naphtali and Issacher, the men
 Who braved the danger in the harried North;

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Of Benjamin and Ephraim, in the South.
 The patriot souls who put their armour on
 When Barak blew his trumpet; ah, that shout
 Will linger everlastingly, yea it
 Will be a rallying cry in far off times
 Whenever Freedom asks heroic things!
 Their re-inforcements were the very heavens,
 The horses broke their hoofs in sheer retreat.
 A lasting curse to Meroz must belong.
 For he stood neutral in this trying time.
 But lasting glory shall to Jael cling;
 Her death-fraught hammer Destiny will hang
 Within that wondrous armoury where bide
 Weak things by which God oft confounds the strong.
 Ah! war has tragedies, for there remain
 At home those who the loneliest vigils keep
 And in Harosheth, behind lattices
 Sisera's mother and her ladies wait,
 Counting beforehand the rich spoils they deem
 That he again will wrest from Israel;
 But the day wanes, and up the long white road
 No dust of victor's chariot wheels appears.
 Hear them forecast the fate of Israel's maids.
 Hear them count o'er the toll of needlework;
 But they will learn that Evil has an end.
 And Sisera's hands hold nothing in them now!
 While Jael's blows have earned her deathless fame.
 So may Thine enemies all perish, Lord,
 But ever may the cause of Righteousness
 Grow into glory like a summer's morn.

* * * * *

And now the land had rest for forty years.

Alexander Louis Fraser

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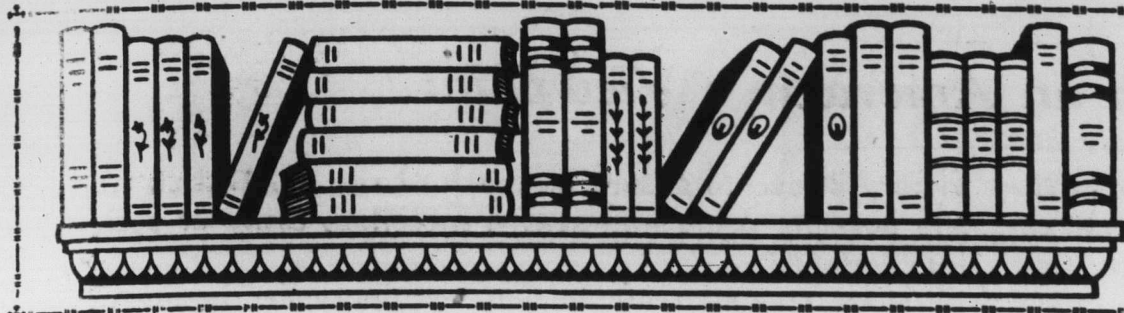
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New and Old

But granting that we have both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited for most is the sphere of choice! . . . Meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long,—kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it!—in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!—Ruskin.

Some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.—Bacon.

There is always a selection in writers, and then a selection from the selection. . . In comparing the number of good books with the shortness of life, many might well be read by proxy, if we had good proxies; . . . Each shall give us his grains of gold, after the washing; and every other shall then decide whether this is a book indispensable to him also.—Emerson.

“Every Man for Himself”

Hopkins Moorhouse is already somewhat known to literary fame through the publication the other year of “Deep Furrows,” of which a timely notice was contributed to this magazine by Mr. Francis Dickie, one of our own Farthest West story-writers.

This second book is of a very different type. Avowedly a story “purely fictitious,” and “with characters therein not even composite portraits,” it is none the less a record of exciting events which should hold the interest of the reader to the end.

The thread of the story is connected with a contribution to a political party fund, with the disappearance of which in transit are involved good and bad characters alike. The inevitable hero and heroine are well-drawn and attractive types, and both undergo more than an ordinary share of adventure jointly and severally before the climax.

Though “Every Man for Himself” is from first to last a novel, the author has one or two serious passages worthy of more than passing notice. Below we quote a few and leave them to speak for themselves and Mr. Moorhouse.

“Just a Beginning.”

Only of late had he begun to analyse things for himself, and it had been something of a shock to discover that a college education was just a beginning—that beyond the campus of his alma mater spread a workaday world which scoffed at dead languages and went in for a living wage, which turned from isosceles triangles and algebraic conundrums to solve the essential problems of food and clothing and shingled roofs. It was a new viewpoint which planted doubts where what he had supposed to be certainties had been wont to blossom.

“Successful Politicians.”

Phil Kendrick had begun to think for himself, and his study of political history had awakened him to the knowledge that there was a very “practical” side to politics as they existed throughout the country just then—that successful politicians too often were men who regarded the whole thing as a game wherein the end justified the means, the end being to carry elections.

The Weight of Public Office.

When you ever accept a public office in later life, try to look upon it as a sacred trust to be fulfilled according to the dictates of conscience. Then you will begin to understand what is meant by ‘burden of effort’ and ‘the heat of the day.’

The Tendency to Discredit Politics.

It is no sinecure to hold public office and administer a pub-

lic trust, and I am moved to protest most earnestly against the public tendency to discredit politics and the men who are devoting their energies—frequently at great personal inconvenience and loss—to the government of the country. There are those who cannot seem to admit that it is possible for a man to enter the political arena and remain as honest and sincere in public life as he has been as a private citizen. Such a condition of the public mind is to be deplored, even as the past events upon which the condition is based, are to be deplored. If the people look upon government as a joke, the joke is on them; for their government is what they make of it or permit it to be.

The People's Responsibility.

It is my belief that below all government, like the sure-rock foundation of a worth-while edifice, must lie the spirit of fair dealing and a law-abiding citizenship. Let the people determine that corruption in politics will spell political ruin instead of personal aggrandizement and see how swiftly every political yacht will trim its sails. The cry that politics are so rotten that the men who count most in their communities will have nothing to do with active participation in government will then cease and we will have genuine public service. . . .

As long as party success and corporation support dictate our political standards, so long will we have men like Nickleby there attempting corruption, so long will political leadership be forced to dance for its balance upon shifting platforms.

All reading Canadians, and particularly Western Canadians, should include this book among their holiday season stories. The price is \$1.75, and the publishers The Musson Book Company, Limited, Toronto. (C)

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"A STRAIGHT DEAL OR THE ANCIENT GRUDGE"

The British From an American's Viewpoint

Mr. Owen Wister, the author of that inspired piece of writing "The Pentecost of Calamity," here tells the world, and especially his own people, in the most-barefaced fashion, that although a good American he sees many commendable things about the British. He is frank and unashamed about it. One therefore ventures the assertion that Mr. Owen Wister may abandon all hope of ever becoming the President of the United States.

Even Mr. Roosevelt, a hundred per cent American beyond question, found it expedient to disguise the goodwill he cherished towards the British, while his disciple from California, Senator Johnson goes so far in dissembling his love as to be willing to kick everything British downstairs. That sort of thing is good politics in the United States when elections are so near and the German-Irish vote at stake.

But Mr. Owen Wister is only in the background of politics and as a private citizen with pronounced views he comes to the public forum to confute the wild ravings of the partisan politicians and to counteract the crafty propaganda—the cardinal red propaganda—which pollutes the stream of public opinion.

What Mr. Wister has to say about Ireland is very good, much too good to bear quotation by the editor of Current Opinion although that digest of public opinion uses excerpts from the Roman Catholic Weekly 'America' in rebuttal of Mr. Wister's case.

"America' does not take kindly to Mr. Wister's arguments as the following paragraph, as quoted by Current Opinion, will show.

"To awaken a proper gratitude in the hearts of his readers Mr. Wister devotes considerable space to summarizing England's achievements in the Great War, but he seems strangely unaware that it is England's doings since the war ended that now make her exceedingly unpopular with large classes of Americans. The author should have written a few pages to explain away the detestable hypocrisy of a selfish power that protested when her back was to the wall, that the war was being waged for the freedom of small nations, and then after

victory strove to absorb as much of the non-British world as she possibly could and sent a merciless army of occupation into Ireland."

There is some truth in that last sentence, as much of the truth as a priestly politician thought fit to tell. The British have an army of occupation in Ireland but it was there long before the war ended and soon after it began. It was sent to save Great Britain from being stabbed in the back by the 'Strong Right Arm of the Church of Rome' as she contended with her foe in Flanders.

The rest of 'America's' statements are best controverted by Mr. Wister himself when he says:

"I have not sought to persuade the reader that Great Britain is a charitable institution. What nation is, or could be, given the nature of man? Her good treatment of us has been to her own interests. She is wise, farseeing, less of an opportunist in her statesmanship than any other nation. She has seen clearly and ever more clearly that our good-will was to her advantage. And beneath her wisdom, at the bottom of all, is her sense of kinship, through liberty defined and assured by law. If we were so farseeing as she is, we also should know that her goodwill is equally important to us, not alone for material reasons, or for the sake of safety, but also for those few deep, ultimate ideals of law, liberty, life, manhood and womanhood, which we share with her, which we got from her, because she is our nearest relation in this many peopled world."

Mr. Wister's work is well worthy of attentive study.—T.W

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PRESBYTERY PRACTICE AND PROCEDURE

Having been told that the procedure in Presbyterian Assemblies and Presbyteries was so exact that Judges had visited them to observe the practices there followed the writer held high opinion of these proceedings.

Some time ago he happened to be in a local Presbytery meeting. Kitsilano Presbyterian Church matters came up for discussion. One clergyman remarked that this had been dealt with in a technical manner and must therefore be so handled then. A few minutes later a Corresponding Elder with only honorary privileges on the floor, made a motion in this matter and with this dictum still in their ears it was voted on without question by the meeting.

At another meeting Rev. G. A. Wilson moved a very proper resolution. A member of Presbytery, without even the courtesy of rising to address the chair, interjected a remark. Another member, also without rising, replied to the interjection and in a few minutes a tangled situation of resolution and interjection resulted.

Again on an important committee of Presbytery a party not regularly a member of Presbytery was appointed to act.

Is this mere looseness which can and should be immediately rectified or is it true that "politics" have become a large and important factor in Presbyterian church circles?

THE "AMERICA" CUP RACES.

As these lines are being penned the last of the American Cup races for 1920 is probably being sailed. The result is, therefore, still undetermined but all Canadians will wish the "Shamrock IV" success.

Whatever the result there must be dissatisfaction for all true lovers of pure sport at the action of the Regatta Committee in calling off the race of Saturday, July 24th when the only sailing breeze available for the contest was blowing.

Looking only at the brighter side we have two yachts costing thousands of dollars to build and rig with waterline dimensions which should carry them around the world unable to face a breeze in which a fishing boat 14 feet in waterline 16 feet over all can carry full sail. If those yachts built at such enormous cost cannot gain any speed after 15 knots (roughly speaking 17 miles per hour) has been reached by the wind they are of all sailing craft the most useless and have no lesson for builders or sailors. The expense lavished on them becomes criminal waste.

The other excuse as to losing men was even more absurd, if possible. If such an event as men going overboard were anticipated there would be no difficulty in taking proper steps to safeguard their lives. Leaving loss of life out of the question the crew are exceptionally poor sailors if they couldn't handle yachts of that size satisfactorily in a heavy wind after losing a full quarter of the crew overboard, a situation almost beyond the bounds of possibility.

There is another explanation of the Regatta Committee's action, a darker one, yet, probably, a truer one. It is this. In such a breeze there was, in theory, a good chance that the cup would be lost to America for the time being. The stakes placed would be lost. This was an even greater consideration. No chances must be taken. The race had to be postponed.

Lipton should have followed Dunraven's example and refused to race any more. His protest took too mild a form. It raises the question, an ugly one in respect to a British

sporting man, as to whether he was not hampered in his action by commercial considerations.

Whatever Lipton's success or course of action the Regatta Committee's behaviour has removed the American Cup contest definitely from the list of sporting events. Led by commercial motives built around the advertisement of his teas, etc., Lipton may keep up the farce by challenging again if he loses the present series but the interest will be from a gambling, not a sporting, point of view. The committee's evident intention to save the cup to America at any sacrifice of sporting honour will dissipate the heretofore sporting interest in these races.

We welcome the newest journalistic baby "The Western Idea." Success to the venture. But why the Western "Idea?" Is it to represent the Western idea that seeks to gull tenderfeet out of their coin? Surely not! Is it then to represent the more common Western idea that hot air and breezy confidence can supply the place of value and merit in "making things go?" Assuredly not! We have no Western type of character—except in so far as we are rough and undeveloped. We have no Western type of thought—unless it be in the imagination of green sprouts, or sprigs, or humanity, who have not yet learned to see and weigh things. The Western "Gazette," Western "Critic," Western "World," Western "What-not?" Any number of names must occur to the publishers. Let us hope for a change of name. Be that as it may here's to wishing the new journal "the best of everything."



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The Diary of Diana

As Edited by Candida

I have just returned from my first visit to Uncle James and his wife. Never before have I so realized what poor, crawling, helpless worms of the dust, we women are. He is calculated to squash thoroughly any latent vanity which may be found in womankind.

I had always longed to meet Uncle James for it had been impressed upon me, that although his physical make-up was rather indifferent, his bump of intelligence was prodigious. He is a small but effectual pillar of the church and business world, besides being the most worshipful Grand Big Bug of the Independent Order of Polywogs or some such society.

With a desire to make a good impression upon my relatives, I labored two hours over my toilet trying to acquire that freshly sponged and creased look which is supposed to be the sign of the successful business woman. Then I spent another painful hour practising "Take Your Girlie to the Movies," and "The Maiden's Prayer," not knowing which would be the more appropriate.

The visit started very auspiciously with the High Cost of Living and the state of the weather to add spice to the dinner table. After dinner I settled down to talk with my Aunt Anne. Uncle James was busy with the sporting news somewhere in the background. I have not said much yet about Aunt Anne. She is a very worthy person and a most dutiful wife.

We warmly discussed the price of eggs, my cousin's latest suitor and the life giving properties of "Lack of Tan." It was at this point that my evil genius awoke from slumber. Some remote train of thought led my mind from Lack of Tan to Prohibition and that started it. I merely stated that I was anxious to register in time to vote on the above question.

It was then that Uncle James came to attention and proceeded to give his unvarnished opinion of a woman who so little valued her womanhood as to wish to dabble in filthy politics. He said politics would either lower and debase the pure minds of women or politics would become such an effeminate sickly sort of thing that men would no longer care for it. Plague on the women anyway! Didn't they try to run everything else. Why couldn't they leave this Man's game alone?

A woman's place was clearly intended by nature to be in the home looking after her husband and children. When I mildly suggested that I, with many other women, didn't possess either, he said he didn't wonder. He hoped I never talked that way to younger men. It would ruin my matrimonial chances for ever and an old maid in the family was clearly against the Jones traditions.

Of course, it was unthinkable that I should fail the family in this way but on suggesting that Leap Year was far from ended, I was told very haughtily that my levity was extremely ill-timed and out of place.

Uncle James then hunted out the family Bible and endeavored to show me my womanly place from the scriptural point of view. For a short while I cordially detested St. Paul but remembered in time that he wrote for the conditions of his day and age. When I contended that some of his writings did not hold good for the present day woman, Uncle was shocked and said that if we were going to do away with the "keep silence" and "obey" verses, we might as well throw away the whole Bible as lacking inspiration. He is very much like the great Dante, inasmuch as he arranges Heaven, Earth, Hell and Purgatory to suit his own tastes.

At this point my Aunt tried to change the conversation but was silenced by a look from her lord and master. He was at a loss to know where I got my Pankhurst, Carrie Nation,

Bolshevick ideas. Certainly not from my mother. She was never allowed to have any of these crazy notions.

Into my heart was born at that moment a newer and deeper understanding of my little mother. She has certain periodical outbursts against the established order of things which seem inconsistent with her gentle placid character. The divine fire of discontent is still there although smothered by years of repression. She occasionally suffers from what a modern novelist has called "the cabin fever."

When I came out of this reverie, Uncle James was still holding forth on the subject of women. He declared that three-fourths of them never looked at a newspaper or if they did were interested only in the births, deaths, marriages and agony column.

As for their interest in legislation, why it was nothing but their meddling curiosity which loved intrigue and could smell a scandal a mile off. Each fresh tirade ended with "and you say women should vote." It smacked a little of Mark Antony's funeral oration for Caesar.

At this point I decided to return home while I had the strength left. I have met an Uncle James in all walks of life but I had never hoped to have one in my family. All I ask is to be safely cremated before he crops out too strongly in me.

A half truth is the worst kind of falsehood.

Who never made a mistake made not anything.

All the artillery of Europe cannot enforce a lie.

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COMMUNITY IDEALS AND BOY LIFE

I.—UNDERLYING PRINCIPLES.

By J. W. Storey.

The world war made it necessary for people, churches, organizations and governments to work together for a common purpose, and it has forced back upon the Canadian people the persistent question: "If a co-operative programme is essential in the time of war, why is it not essential in the time of peace, if we are to bring about a better world and a better community in which to live, work and play?"

The war has awakened a spirit of unselfishness, and organizations are determined to undertake concrete and definite tasks which will hasten the day when the world will indeed be safe for democracy. They want to make a "motor reaction to the world challenge."

Individuals as well as organizations have discovered the futility of each organization in the community building up its own organization and programme, unrelated and without a joint comprehensive conception of the community wide needs. The lack of this in the past has meant duplication and overlapping, as well as entirely overlooking certain community needs.

There is also an increasing conviction on the part of character-building organizations that a programme of activities is not sufficient, that along with that programme there must be a consistent as well as persistent effort to remove the causes of evil affecting character, individually and collectively. For too long a time have organizations been salving their consciences by promoting a multiplicity of activities which have been good in themselves but could not, by themselves, entirely eliminate the causes of evil which handicapped the larger development of character. In other words, we have been planting seeds of activity only to see them dwarfed by the weeds and poison vines we have failed to tear up. Therefore, all true community work should include in its programme such practical steps towards the elimination of causes of evil as may be in harmony with its other objects and not merely involve the alleviation of results of evil.

The community programme recognizes that the social, economic and religious problems of the day are intricately involved in the boy problem, and that any attempt to lay siege to the citadel of boyhood in a statesmanlike way must take cognizance of these factors. To give ideals and spiritual impetus to individual boys is good; to help direct and spiritualize the social forces in addition is better. Any community promoting community work is under obligation to conduct a programme of activities which is comprehensive enough to provide for the physical, educational, social and spiritual needs of the boy. It is likewise under obligation to discover the causes of misery and wrong as they affect the boy, and help call into existence such forces as will hasten their elimination. The causes are many and cannot be considered here. One characteristic is common to them all. Much if not most of the evil and suffering involved is preventable.

If you put your hand to the boy and girl problem in a constructive, comprehensive manner, you at once touch the centre from which radiate the threads that are woven and interwoven into the very woof and warp of the social fabric; for the adolescent boy is not an isolated individual, but an inseparable part of the family and society. You cannot in any large way help or harm one without helping or harming the other. Infancy, childhood, parenthood, have all contributed to the physical, intellectual and spiritual life. To disregard

these factors is a serious error, for they are the foundation upon which character is built.

Without relaxing our efforts in dealing directly with the adolescent boy we soon discover that we have become vitally concerned and interested in his parents and his home, his school and church, his play and recreation, his mental and physical endowment, and the preparation he is now receiving for the critical stages that are ahead of him. We want, if possible, to improve our chances of helping him actively when he is at the susceptible period of life. We wish to touch the stream of life more nearly at its source.

Community work, in other words, is teaching us to look upon the life of the community as a whole. It asks us to become intelligent concerning the conditions surrounding child life and the laws governing its development. We are obliged to become students of the social problems of our own time.

After all is said and done, the home, church, school and municipality are the agencies which eventually must meet the needs of the boy life of given communities, if they are to be met in a constructive and comprehensive way.

(Next article will deal with the above agencies).

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A Vision of Suns, or A "Light" Reflection

A Short Story by M. E. Shipman

It was mid-August and 5:30 a.m. Mrs. Roscoe sat near the east window of her trim new bungalow enjoying the tang of the salt sea air from the Pacific, the fragrance of roses, honeysuckle and clover, but possibly, most of all, the hush of early morning.

Every morning at this hour, she was to be found in the same place, as she belonged to the work-a-day world and rose early to have breakfast ready for Mr. Roscoe who went to work at 5 a.m. Then her eldest son went to work at 6 o'clock; then the younger Roscoes were called promptly at 7 o'clock, breakfasted and despatched punctually to school.

Among her neighbours there were those who laughed at Mrs. Roscoe for being so painstaking in waiting on the different members of her family. But Mrs. Roscoe believed it was her duty and made a joy of that duty. Those who told her that their husbands cooked their own breakfasts, and that it was all nonsense to make a slave of herself, were promptly told that she knew some men who cooked their own breakfast and that they found it necessary, in order to satisfy the inner man, to step into a saloon on their way to work and have a glass of beer or something stronger. She vowed that she preferred to run opposition to the saloons, and that her John never thought of having a glass after one of her breakfasts.

Then, when John took his leave, she had a whole hour of solitude, broken only by the twitter of birds in the not far distant giant pines. Some women would have plunged into the day's work but Mrs. Roscoe regarded this hour as sacred. She reveled in her own undisturbed thoughts. Sometimes backward they would turn, over her years even to childhood; more often she would anxiously scan the future. What did this great western coast hold for her boys and girls; this great booming, boosting atmosphere of ambition and opportunity?

She would be alone again when Alfred went to his work but the great outside world would have awakened. The pavements would clang with traffic; the street-cars would have begun their daily routine; the miners would be coming and going, changing shifts. There would be no more quietness.

The evenings were always spent by the Roscoes, at this time of year, on the west side of the bungalow, where they could see the glorious sunset. Seated under fruit-trees, which bent low with ripening fruit, the little ones weary of play, the older boys deep in tales of trout and salmon, would recount the adventures and successes of the day, while the sun shot arrows of gold across the blue of the Pacific.

Thus passed the days, all alike as the strands of a rope, which made up Mrs. Roscoe's life.

But on this bright August morning, as she watched the sun rise above the distant mountain, she was awed by the strange mellow light around it. Already the sun had climbed to some distance but she was sure the sun had never looked as it did now. She watched. She could not believe her eyes. She went to the door and as she watched, she could discern other suns coming from behind the original one. Her heart grew sick. Her mother had talked a great deal about what is recorded in the Bible about signs in the heavens. Was the end of the world drawing near? She believed it was. Somehow, she could not recall the exact words. She had a Bible of her own, of course, but she could not remember what she, herself had read; but her memory went back to what her mother had read and talked of. She remembered distinctly of her mother repeating and remarking on the passage: "There are to be signs and wonders in the sky," or at least she thought she did.

More distinct they grew, suns red, blue and green coming out from behind the real sun and floating away. They came nearer and nearer. Now they were hovering close to the bungalow. Was the end to be immediately? Would she ever see John again? Her limbs trembled. She sank into a chair.

At last, she decided that she must call Alfred and the children. The end must not come on them as a thief in the night.

"Alfred, Alfred," she called almost hysterically.

Alfred, alarmed at the tone of his mother's voice, awoke more quickly than usual, and called "Is it time to rise?"

"No, not quite, but I am afraid something is going to happen. Look at the sky." She trembled expecting in another instant her boy would be in a panic of fear.

Alfred looked out of his chamber window and coolly replied: "I don't see anything wrong with the sky."

"You don't; don't you see all those colored suns floating away? Some coming right to the house. See that one going down through the branches of that pear tree. And you don't see them?" questioned Mrs. Roscoe incredulously.

Alfred laughed: "You've been looking at the sun too long, that's all. All those colored suns are in your eyes only. As for the sky, it often has that mellow shade in the hot weather."

Mrs. Roscoe was puzzled, stupified. She rubbed her eyes and closed them for a minute, and lo, the colored suns were all gone.

MY GARDEN.

I have a garden all my own,
To which I oft retreat;
And though I always go alone
My dearest there I meet:
'Tis filled with sights that charm the eye
And perfumes haunt the air;
'Tis always summer 'neath its sky—
There's beauty everywhere!

The birds make music with their song
Within its leafy shade;
The gurgling brooklets run along
Like silver through the glade;
And cataracts that fume and foam
Leap down their rocky dell—
A haunt where Pan would love to roam
Or wood-nymphs deign to dwell!

This blest idyllic Eden fair,
You ask where one may find.
It has no being anywhere
But only in my mind:
Alone I seek its magic gate,
My fancy turns the key;
And all the friends I want, await
To bear me company!

And Oh, the sprightly things I say,
The kindly things I do!
And there is none to say me nay,
No cares my steps pursue:
I lead in deeds of high emprise,
In beauty's eyes I shine—
Oh, 'tis a very Paradise
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Robert Allison Hood.

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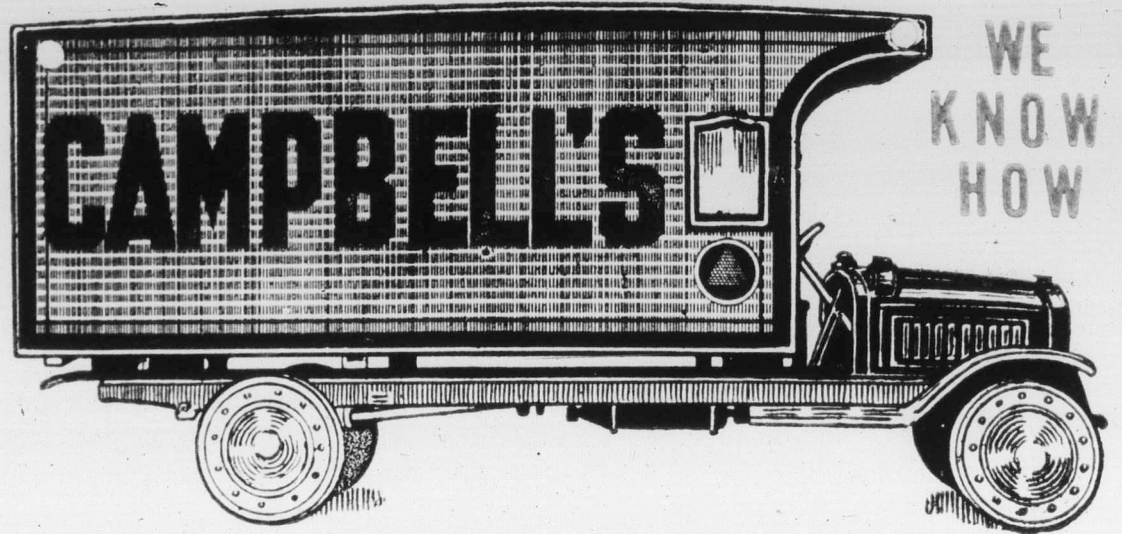
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