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OCTOBER, 1915

Vol. VIII.

No. 3

Three Notables:

Sir William Van Horne Kier Hardie Anthony Comstock

On Feeling Superior

Socrates and Christ: The Theology of Socrates

Westminster Hall Closing Exercises

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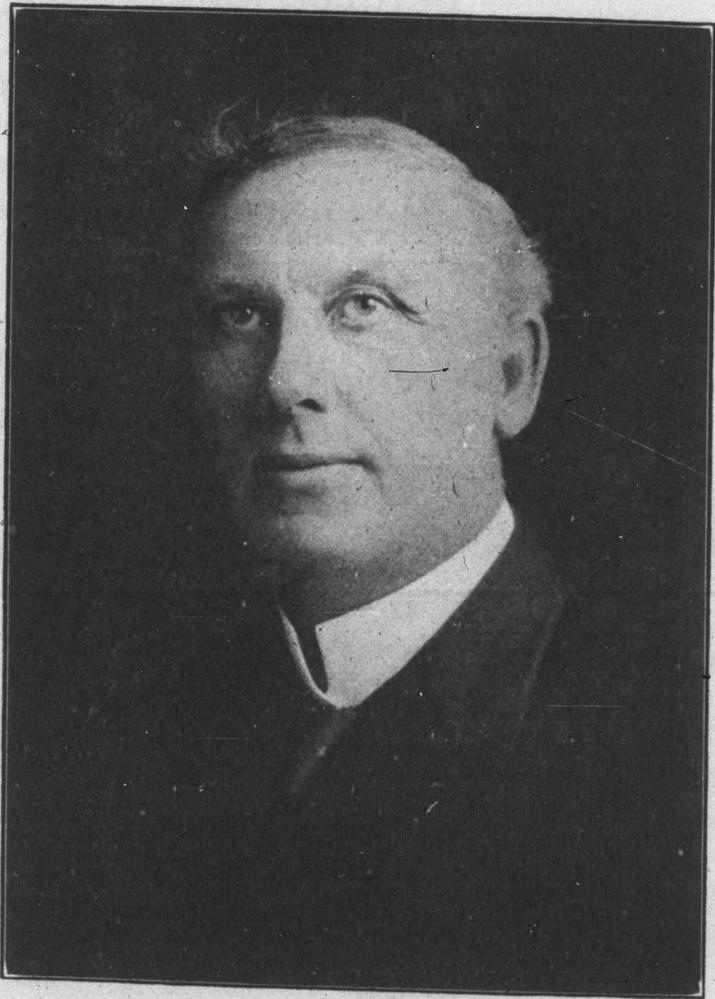
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The Magazine Manager, 1600 Barclay St., Vancouver, B. C.



HON. MAJOR REV. A. L. BURCH, B. A.

Mr. Burch has for the past five years acted as Bursar of Westminster Hall, Vancouver. His appointment as Chaplain to the 74th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force carries with it the rank of Honorary Major.

A chaplaincy is not a new experience for Mr. Burch, as he formerly held such an office for eleven years. In the middle of this month, (October), he was asked to report at Niagara Camp, and left on two or three days' notice. Before leaving he was entertained to lunch by members of the Board of Management of Westminster Hall.

WESTMINSTER Hall Magazine and Farthest West REVIEW

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

VOL. VIII

OCTOBER, 1915

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On Feeling Superior

[By Bernard McEvoy]

To feel superior is much easier than actually to *be* superior. The first, accordingly, is much more prevalent than the second. Where there is one man or woman who could pass the tests of an acknowledged superiority, there are a thousand who derive much gratification from a merely imaginary elevation above their neighbours.

It is evident, therefore, that there exists a large fund of this pleasant feeling without any solid foundation. It may be compared to the apparently large resources—on paper—of certain limited liability companies, the shareholders of which live in a fool's paradise of fancied riches.

It is well known to those who take the trouble to observe current human nature, that some people are born with a tendency to indulge this feeling of superiority; or if they are not born with it they soon develop it. Sometimes this tendency is sporadic in families—coming out only once or twice in half a century. In other cases it seems to be inbred and essential, as much to be expected as a certain shape of nose. Fathers and mothers possess it, and their children inherit it. It may be further observed that it is frequently introduced on the distaff side of the house. Alliance with an ambitious and conceited woman has been known to change the quality of a family for generations. A mother who believes in her own divine right of superiority, and has more than the normal amount of stiffness in her spinal column, is altogether likely to induce in her offspring a sort of conviction that they are not as other children. Almost from their birth they are differentiated in their own estimation from those around them, and their faith in their own supposed quality is sometimes comic, though oftener it is pathetic.

Where there is a tendency to self-exaltation, very small circumstances and considerations will serve as foundation and cause for its development. Those who have ancestors in any degree illustrious or noted, are in this regard, most favourably placed. There is no need for them to do more than judiciously introduce the fact on suitable

occasions. It is then generally recognized that they occupy a distinct and definite vantage ground as compared with others. As a rule, an aristocratic or distinguished connection will be effective, not only to the third and fourth generation, but to an ever widening circle of kinship and acquaintance.

It may be said without unfairness that women take especial comfort from relationship, however slight, with a name which is in any way distinguished. There are none who take a greater delight in keeping green the memory of the departed great, so long as they can link it with themselves. The connection may be one of considerable tenuity—a mere spider's web blown across the years. But thin indeed must be the thread over which gratified conceit will not safely travel and bring back spoil of ancestral respectability.

Instances of this kind are sometimes seen in the obituary columns of our newspapers. Advertisements in journals far removed from the place of demise, are sometimes paid for, in order that they may make known the kinship of a man of rank with some obscure person, in his or her own neighbourhood.

It is to be noticed also that these conditions are distributed through a multiplicity of grades. Thus Letitia, who is a deceased barrister's daughter, living in the calm and dignified atmosphere of a suburban home, feels in her spinsterly heart a sense of pious gratitude that she can reckon a judge among her forbears. But her quiet and strengthening gratification is no greater than that of her maid, who cherishes in her consciousness the memory that her grandfather, years ago, kept an hotel. Harry Magnum, that irrepressible and talkative nincompoop, never allows you to forget that his great uncle was a general—albeit an obscure one. But the milkman boasts just as often, in the company of his fellows, of his relative who was a well-known prize-fighter.

There are, however, numbers of people who have no advantages of this kind. They belong to the rank and file of humanity and have no ancestors to speak of. Nobody connected with them ever did anything particular. They can lay no claims to armorial bearings. They have not even a respectable epitaph in the family, let alone a crest. As they attempt to look back over their progenitors they see nothing from which a family tree can possibly be evolved. Those who went before them remind us of nothing so much as a long street of small houses in a cheap suburb—a prolonged exhibition of mediocrity in which there is no relieving elevation.

Under these painful circumstances two courses are open to them. One is to assert superiority without basis, and conscientiously to live up to it. The other is to attain superiority by actually doing something that will elevate them above their fellows. The first plan is usually

adopted by the class already mentioned, to whom a sense of superiority is native. Where this is inborn, it is astonishing to what small things it will cling and thereby grow, like the climbing ivy that rapidly covers a decaying tree. With the passing years the legendary becomes real, and is accepted as fact. Here for instance are two married men of worthy character, pursuing their daily business and anxious to get a living for their respective wives and families. Neither of them is more than one removal from the "operative" class, one of them being a tombstone cutter, and the other a third-rate civil service clerk. Both of them do fairly well and are able to give their children an education superior to that which they received themselves. By the time these children are of marriageable age, and enter into the bonds of matrimony, they are accustomed to refer to these respective parents as "papa the sculptor," and "father who was something in the government." The third generation gets a better education still, and, other things being equal, lives in a comfort and style that would greatly surprise the aforesaid stone-mason and small clerk if they could "revisit these glimpses of the moon." Still more would it surprise them to hear themselves referred to as "my grandfather the R. A.," and "my grandfather the governor of a colony, I forget which it was." Both references indicate the wish to feel superior, and show the small bases on which the feeling is maintained. And neither would occur were it not for the inborn consciousness of superiority which, somehow or other has been engendered. I have known a man to tell a tissue of circumstantial lies about his ancestry simply for the purpose of impressing those about him.

The second class of aspiring individuals is in some respects of a more creditable sort. They wish to elevate themselves above the rank and file, but they feel that in order to do this they must accomplish eminence in some direction or other. Hence much working at various studies for which the students have no special love or fitness. Hence much pounding of pianos, squeaking of violins, singing of vocal exercises. Hence much laborious drawing, daubing of paint, working at the latest artistic fad, whether in leather work, book-binding or the torturing of metal. If it were not for the passion for superiority there would not be room for a tithe of the professors and teachers who now earn an honest living. Nor would there be the occasional emergence of the few who in music and art ultimately prove that they were originally destined by nature to gain distinction.

And what can be said of the ever widening and enlarging crowd of those who seek prominence by means of the pen? What of the hordes of ambitious people of both sexes who fill editors' desks and sometimes their waste-paper baskets with their effusions? What of the cascade of small volumes of so-called poetry that is ever issuing from the industrious press at the sole expense of its writers?

But in summing up the advantages and disadvantages of the prevailing wish to feel superior, it must be allowed that the former greatly outweigh the latter. To feel superior is one of the greatest of life's pleasures. It has been said that a well-dressed woman feels a joy that even religion cannot give. And if this be true, how much more can be said of the personal satisfaction derived from the consciousness that we are not as other people are? For in these days the grace of humility is outclassed by the charms of the desire to shine. And the beauty of feeling superior is that it can exist in all circles of life; that it can build itself on the most airy and slight foundations, and that it extends even beyond the bounds of life. For when we feel that our days are becoming few, and the shadow of impending dissolution lies across our path, we can at least suggest that our funeral shall be conducted in such a manner as will make the undertaker's heart rejoice; and that a suitably ornate tombstone or mausoleum shall be placed over our mortal remains.

Addison in Westminster Abbey

When I am in a serious humour I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church yard, the cloisters and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended upon those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died.

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by the path of an arrow, which is immediately closed up and lost.

. . . . I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore, take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.—From a *Spectator* of 1711.

Socrates and Christ

The Theology of Socrates

[By Professor R. E. Macnaghten]

To state the theology of Socrates in definite terms is a difficult task, because it seems probable that on many points he himself had no positive or clearly defined belief. His main position is, on the other hand, I think, perfectly clear. Socrates believed implicitly in the existence of a supreme and benevolent deity, who took a direct interest in the lives and welfare of men, and to whom it was to be expected that the soul would after death return, provided that on leaving the body it had already been sufficiently purified, to permit the possibility of such association.

It is true that in the closing portion of his "Defence" he admitted there was a possible alternative to the continuation of our existence beyond the grave. "Death," he there argued, "must be one of two things, either a complete cessation of sensation, or a departure to another place." But the mere fact that he did not deny the logically possible alternative to continued human existence is in itself no proof that he did not believe that the existence of a supreme and benevolent deity was beyond argument; while there are many indications both in Plato and Xenophon that such was his clear belief. The conversation with Euthydemus, *at which Xenophon expressly states that he himself was present*, is in itself sufficient proof of this: while the argument in the latter part of that brief dialogue is so clear and concise that it seems worth quoting: "And that Supreme God, who built the universe, and who supports this great work, whose every part is accomplished in beauty and goodness; He, who is the cause that none of its parts grow old with time, and that they preserve themselves always in an immortal vigour, which is the cause, besides, that they inviolably obey His laws with a readiness which surpasses our imagination: He, I say, is visible enough in the so many wondrous works of which he is author, but our eyes cannot penetrate even into His throne to behold Him in these great occupations, and in that manner it is that He is always invisible. Do but consider that the sun, who seems to be exposed to the sight of all the world, does not suffer us to gaze fixedly upon him, and whoever has the temerity to undertake it is punished with sudden blindness. Besides, whatever *the gods* make use of, is invisible; the thunder is lanced from above, it shatters all it finds in its way, but we see it not fall, we see it not strike, we see it not return. The winds are invisible, though we see the desolations they daily make, and easily feel when they grow boisterous. If there be anything in man that partakes of the divine nature, it is his soul, which, beyond all dispute, guides and gov-

erns him, and yet we cannot see it. Let all this, therefore, teach you not to neglect or disbelieve the Deity, because he is invisible; learn to honor his presence and power from the visible effects of it in the world around you; be persuaded of the universal care and providence of the all-surrounding Deity from the blessings He showers down upon all his creatures, and be sure to worship and serve this God in a becoming manner." (Memorabilia, Bk. iv., ch. 3., Bysshe's translation).

Though couched in such concise terms, this is probably as effective an argument for the existence of a deity as has ever been put forward on the grounds of pure reason; and it proves on the evidence of an ear-witness, what might also be abundantly proved from the pages of Plato—that Socrates entirely believed in the existence of a supreme and benevolent deity.

This special passage has a further interest because it incidentally raises a question of considerable importance in this particular connection, namely, to what extent did Socrates believe in the existence of more gods than one? The answer, I think, is not really uncertain, and the key is given to it in this passage. It will have been observed that Socrates, when speaking of the nature of the supreme deity, uses the words "the gods" as an alternative expression. This is no exceptional usage, but is entirely in accord with his reference to the deity in other parts of the Memorabilia. Thus in Book I, ch. iv., (the whole chapter being devoted to a proof of the existence of the deity, certain Greek words are used alternatively to express the deity, though one is used more frequently than the other alternative terms.

The explanation seems to be that by instinct Socrates was a monotheist, and this instinctive belief was confirmed and strengthened by the divine voice which he claimed to hear throughout his life, and which he calls in the Apology (40 b.) "the sign of the God." On the other hand, he was to some extent influenced, at least in his language, by the popular theology of the time, which professed to believe in the existence of a number of gods, each with a special characteristic. Thus it was that in deference to the popular belief Socrates on general occasions spoke almost indifferently of "God" or "the gods"; partly because his hearers would more easily understand the plural use of the word, partly because he himself had no definite or accurate knowledge on the point, and partly because the most generally accepted and accredited method of consulting the deity was to ask for guidance from the oracle, not of Zeus, but of the Pythian Apollo. But that Socrates himself inclined to a belief in one great and benevolent deity seems clear not only from the passage just quoted, and from other similar passages in the Memorabilia, but also from the fact that on the most solemn occasions he seems almost invariably to have spoken of the deity in the singular form. This is well

illustrated by the final words of the Apology: "But which of us goeth to the *better place*, is unknown to all excepting to the *godhead*" (lit. "to the god.")

It is also clear from other passages in the same record. And the point is brought out with emphatic clearness (Apology 35 d) where in answer to the accusation that he "does not believe in the existence of gods" he replies: "For I believe, O Athenians, in the existence of gods, as much as any of my accusers, and I leave it to you and to the godhead (lit. to *the god*) to decide in my regard as shall be best for me and for you." Here it will be observed that the accusation itself having been in the plural (namely that "Socrates does not believe in the existence of gods") he naturally replies in the same terms, but immediately afterwards he emphasizes his own belief in one supreme and benevolent deity by entrusting the decision to "the jurors and to God."

Such a view is really not very different from that of the orthodox Christian who believes in the existence of invisible angelic hosts. All these "ministering angels" might in general language be named "gods"; but the use of such a term would in no way alter the real belief in one "Almighty and Everlasting God."

To say then that Socrates believed in a supreme and beneficent Deity is to make a statement of which we have fairly convincing proof; and to this extent the belief of Socrates, though less definite in detail, really hardly differs from that of the professing Christian.

But while it is clear that Socrates believed in the existence of a supreme Divinity, who was the author and personification of Goodness, it seems almost equally clear that he had no conception of the existence of a supreme power of evil. He was a sincere monotheist, but he had no notion of the existence of two powers of good and evil, which is known as "Amphitheism," and which (notwithstanding the veiled sarcasm) is well stated by Haeckel in the "Riddle of the Universe," chapter xv.: "According to the *amphitheists*, the world is ruled by *two* different gods, a good and an evil principle, God and the devil. They are engaged in a perpetual struggle, like rival emperors, or pope and anti-pope. The condition of the world is the result of this conflict. The loving God, or good principle, is the source of all that is good and beautiful, of joy and of peace. The world would be perfect if his work were not continually thwarted by the evil principle, the devil; this being is the cause of all that is bad and hateful, of contradiction and of pain. **Amphitheism is undoubtedly the most rational of all forms of belief in God*, and the one which is least incompatible with a scientific view of the world. Hence we find it elaborated in many ancient peoples thousands of years before Christ. In ancient

* The italics are my own.

India Vishnu, the preserver, struggles with Shiva, the destroyer. In ancient Egypt the good Osiris is opposed by the wicked Typhon. The early Hebrews had a similar dualism of Aschera (or Keturah) the fertile mother earth, and Elion (Moloch or Sethos), the stern heavenly father. In the Zend religion of the ancient Persians, founded by Zoroaster 2,000 years before Christ, there is a perpetual struggle between Ormuzd, the good god of light, and Ahriman, the wicked god of darkness."

In the theology of Socrates there is no trace of "Amphitheism." This is partly no doubt due to the fact that Greek mythology knew nothing of such a system. Zeus, the leading figure in that mythology, though endowed with many human and even, on occasions, blame-worthy characteristics, is on the whole a god of righteousness; and the same thing may be said on the whole of the major gods who form the Olympic circle. At the very least it may be affirmed of all of them that none is generally or characteristically evil. Thus the religious beliefs current at Athens were in no way calculated to lead Socrates to a belief in a personal power of evil.

We have, however, already seen that though polytheism was the popular form of belief not only in Athens, but in the rest of Greece, Socrates was by conviction a monotheist. The mere fact then that his fellow-countrymen did not believe in a great Principle of Evil, is hardly sufficient to account for Socrates' attitude in this regard. The real reason seems rather to lie in the fact that Socrates himself was inclined to the opinion that the conduct of each individual was dependent on his own judgment, and on a proper understanding and application of the general principles of right and wrong. The one duty of man (Apology 28 b.) is solely to inquire whether his conduct is just or unjust, righteous or unrighteous on any particular occasion. This simple and noble philosophy of life is summarized in the following words (Apology 29 d.) "As long as I breathe and have the ability, I will not cease from teaching philosophy or from urging you and proving to whomsoever of you I may meet, in my customary language, namely, 'Are you, my good sir, who are an Athenian, a member of the city which is greatest and most glorious in respect to power and wisdom, not ashamed of your regard for money—in your effort to collect as much as possible—and of your regard for honor and glory, while you give neither regard nor heed to wisdom nor truth, nor to your soul, to see that it shall attain the highest perfection possible?'"

The same point is even more clearly brought out in the Memorabilia, Book III., ch. 9: "He said likewise **that justice and every other virtue is only a science*, because all the actions of justice and of the other virtues are good and honourable; and that all who know

* The italics are my own.

the beauty of these actions think nothing more charming; as, on the contrary, they who are ignorant of them cannot perform any one virtuous action, or, if they attempt to do it, are sure to perform it in a wrong manner."

Thus according to Socrates the individual character was to be formed by the acquirement of knowledge, and did not therefore depend on any other external influence. This being his view, it is clear that he would have no natural basis on which to found any conception of a supreme Power of Evil.

It remains to consider briefly what was the attitude of Socrates in regard to a possible future existence. On this point his views were necessarily vague and indistinct, seeing that the only revelation which he claimed was in regard to his own individual conduct for the moment. The divine voice guided his own personal actions on any particular occasion by the negative process of warning; but it gave him no positive information even in regard to this life, and much less therefore in regard to a future existence. So far then as a future state is concerned, Socrates was probably in reality a complete agnostic, that is to say, he did not pretend to know anything definite, though he personally inclined to the view that the soul continued to exist. All the rest was guess-work; and so far as this was concerned, he was content to follow the vague and shadowy beliefs which were held by his contemporaries. At the most his own belief was probably restricted to a belief in some state of reward and punishment. As he held that "no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death," so it was not unreasonable to hold that the wicked would meet with treatment in accordance with their wickedness. The description therefore given in the "Phaedo" of the future fate of the soul must be regarded rather as a synopsis of current opinion on the subject, than as any serious attempt on his own part to solve an insoluble mystery. In that dialogue Socrates describes the future state as follows: "For after death the genius of each individual to whom he belonged in life, leads him to a certain place in which the dead are gathered together for judgment, whence they go into the world below, following the guide who is appointed to conduct them from this world to the other." Then, giving play to his fancy, he suggests that mankind is really living in the hollows of the earth, though "we are deceived into the notion that we are dwelling above on the surface of the earth, which is just as if a creature who was at the bottom of the sea were to fancy that he was on the surface of the water Now this is exactly our case: for we are dwelling in a hollow of the earth, and fancy that we are on the surface; and the air we call the heaven, and in this we imagine that the stars move. But this is also owing to our feebleness and sluggishness, which prevent our reaching the surface of the air: for if any man

could arrive at the exterior limit, or take the wings of a bird and fly upward like a fish who puts his head out and sees this world, he would see a world beyond; and if the nature of man could sustain the sight, he would acknowledge that this was the place of the true heaven and the true light and the true stars." He then goes on to imagine that in these hollows of the earth whose existence he has suggested, there are numerous subterranean streams and rivers. "Now these rivers are many and mighty and diverse, and there are four principal ones, of which the greatest and outermost is that called Oceanus, which flows round the earth in a circle; and in the opposite direction flows Acheron, which passes under the earth through desert places, into the Acherusian Lake: this is the lake to the shores of which the souls of the many go when they are dead, and after waiting an appointed time, which is to some a longer and to some a shorter time, they are sent back to be born again as animals Such is the nature of the other world; and when the dead arrive at the place to which the genius of each severally conveys them, first of all they have sentence passed upon them, as they have lived well and piously or not Those also who are remarkable for having led holy lives are released from this earthly prison, and go to their pure home which is above, and dwell in the purer earth: and those who have duly purified themselves with philosophy live henceforth altogether without the body, in mansions fairer than these, which may not be described, and of which the time would fail me to tell. Wherefore, Simmias, seeing all these things, what ought not we to do in order to obtain virtue and wisdom in this life? Fair is the prize and the hope great.

I do not mean to affirm that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true—a man of sense ought hardly to say that. But I do say that, in as much as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true."

It will be noticed that Socrates does not make any claim to accuracy in regard to his theory. It is merely a "guess at truth," and he himself characterises his description of the earth as "a charming tale." All that we are justified in affirming is this, that Socrates believed that on the argument of analogy, the survival of the soul was by far the more probable of two possible alternatives; and that he also held that if the soul survived it was reasonable to believe that as the pure and just "would go to their pure home, which is above"; so the wicked would receive the due reward of their wickedness.

Manliness

To be a man, to give, not take;
 To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
 To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live.—Charles Kingsley.

Three Notables

Sir William Van Horne—Keir Hardie—Anthony Comstock

[By Rev. R. G. MacBeth]

Widely different in occupation and divergent in their social connections, three notable men, Sir William Van Horne, Mr. Keir Hardie, and Mr. Anthony Comstock, recently passed over to join the great majority. Beyond the fact that they were all intent and intense about their work, there was no special similarity between them. Hence this brief article is not an attempt to compare them, but to give an outline reminiscent impression of each.

Van Horne was a railroader from his boyhood up and he began railroading at the bottom of the ladder. Hence in after days when he was head of that giant in the railroad family of the world, the Canadian Pacific, he could, when occasion required, put his hand upon weak places in the most unexpected way.

It was in 1885 that Van Horne became an outstanding national figure. There had been stormy times in British Columbia in the '70s and it had taken all the diplomacy of that brilliant Governor-General Lord Dufferin to prevent this hustling Western province from breaking out of Confederation. One of the anxieties of the Pacific Coast people was for railway communication with the East, and it was finally agreed that if East and West were linked up by 1890 or thereabouts, all would be well. But Van Horne drove the iron horses through the mountains five years ahead of time. And when he stood in that famous group near Craigellachie, when Donald A. Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona) hammered in the last spike in September, 1885, the famous railroader was not only a conspicuous figure in the group, but he in that hour took his place as one of the makers of Canada.

It was at Lord Strathcona's house in Montreal that I last saw Sir William (for Van Horne had been Knighted) and that is some ten years ago. The occasion was a dinner given by Strathcona to the magnates in the country's financial realm on the eve of his leaving for London after one of his visits home. I was very much outside the financial magnate class, but happening to be in Montreal at a Y. M. C. A. convention, had an invitation from His Lordship, whose gentle simplicity of manner and delightful hospitality always made everybody feel at home at his table. After dinner, Strathcona himself took us up to his famous picture gallery, passing through the library where he called attention to the shelves of theological books which he said a Scotch Presbyterian could not do without. It was my good fortune to go around the gallery with Van Horne, who was an artist as well as railroader, and I specially remember the kindly and gracious

way in which he discussed and explained the pictures with all the readiness of a connoisseur. He dwelt often upon the tender and the pathetic and the sentimental in the artist's work and one could hardly believe that he was the gigantic force that had thrust the steel across a continent in a way that had surprised even the world of business. But there is always a side to a man's nature which reminds us that he is more than a business machine, and doubtless this mighty railroader had large elements of the childlike and the human in his makeup. The cultivation of his artistic tastes is to be remembered to the credit of this indomitable builder of the world's greatest railway, for that, along with his home life, kept him human in a world of tremendous business pressure.

It was in Toronto that I first met Mr. Keir Hardie, flamingly earnest Socialist and the very incarnation of Scottish independence run to an extreme. He was to address the Canadian Club there and two of us clergymen were introduced to him beforehand. He was very cordial and amongst other things said in his decided way that he was glad we were not wearing the clerical uniform as we could get closer to the common man without it. He himself was not elaborately clad, but his broad shouldered, erect, and strongly knit figure, grizzled beard and hair, and his flashing eyes made him a striking personality. In loose negligee shirt, with red necktie, no vest, and girded with a leather belt, he stood before the distinguished company at the table and told us much of the misery and poverty of the old world cities from which he claimed that Socialism would emancipate the race. I particularly recall how at the close of his exposition of Socialism, he uttered the unexpected sentence, "I admit that Socialism for its outworking in practical life needs a higher, general level of character than we have in the world at the present stage." Was Keir Hardie thinking of what he said later on in London, that if he had his life over again he would devote it to the proclamation of that Gospel which alone can touch the secret springs of human conduct? In the closing period of his career it is evident that Hardie's impatient desire to see some larger manifestation of human brotherhood made him a man without a country, but we can forgive much that is extreme in a man who is in earnest about improving the condition of the great masses of humanity, even if we dissent from his methods.

Anthony Comstock, too, was a crusader, but in another direction, for he spent his life fighting against impure publications either in paper, book or picture. And no crusader ever showed a braver front to an enemy than this valiant fighter for decency.

In the Civil War days he had a brother killed in the Northern army, and, brave lad that he was, Anthony Comstock enlisted to uphold the principles for which his brother had laid down his life. At

the close of the war Comstock came back to New York and began work as a clerk. While there he found an obscene book in the hands of one of his fellow clerks, and did not rest till in company with a policeman, he found the man who had sold the book and saw him punished. From that time on, with the backing of some of the best men in the United States, Comstock waged war on vice, and every year he had the satisfaction of seeing tons of unclean literature and pictures consigned to the flames. He, of course, incurred the enmity of the baser elements and his life was repeatedly in danger.

I met Comstock and heard him address a thousand students in Princeton, New Jersey, while I was attending the Seminary there. He was a man of powerful frame, erect and soldierly in bearing, and absolutely fearless in his vitriolic denunciation of all the corrupters of youth. On his face, clearly visible as he spoke to us, was a livid scar which he explained to us he had received from a knife in the hands of "some lewd fellow of the baser sort," who had waylaid the purity crusader and attempted to kill him, and Comstock said, "They shall not kill me—that scar you see means that God said to my enemies, 'Thus far shalt thou come and no farther!'" The students, Arts men and Theologues, cheered him to the echo, for when did young men ever fail to appreciate courage and devotion to duty? And the enemies of Comstock did not kill him, for the other day, past the allotted span, he was gathered to his fathers in peace. He no doubt may have done and said imprudent things during his long battle against unscrupulous opponents, but one wonders how much we fail to do our share by supporting to the uttermost the men and women who battle for the purity of human society.

Think of Your Life

With every rising of the sun
 Think of your life as just begun.
 The past has shrivelled and buried deep
 All yesterdays. There let them sleep.
 Nor seek to summon back one ghost
 Of that innumerable host.
 Concern yourself with but to-day,
 Woo it, and teach it to obey
 Your will and wish. Since time began,
 To-day has been the friend of man:
 But in his blindness and his sorrow
 He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.
 You and to-day! A soul sublime,
 And the great pregnant hour of time,
 With God Himself to bind the twain!
 Go forth, I say, attain! attain!

—E. W. Wilcox.

A Glimpse at Great Britain during War Time

[By C. N. Haney, M. A., Barrister, Vancouver, B. C.]

(Part III.)

Shall I speak of wealth? In a city where one can find poverty, such as we know nothing of in this happy land, one unused to wealth was amazed at the sight of it so openly and, to a Canadian, lavishly displayed. H. Samuels, of Argyle Street, is of the lesser order of goldsmiths and silversmiths, jewelers, we would call them. He is only purveyor to the Duke of York, a privilege or title secured some years ago. Yet daily and nightly in his windows, with no iron bars to protect or no wires to interfere with the vision, and only a frail protection of glass between it and the passing throng, is a display of many gems and precious stones. Jewellery of the better order of all kinds such as throws Tiffany's of New York (in itself no mean establishment as we all know) into the back ground. How many of our best Vancouver business blocks could be purchased by an amount equal in value to that of his daily display, I would not dare to say lest it be thought I was playing the American game, "piling it on." Let any one who can go and see for himself or herself.

The Allurement of Scottish Mountains

Leaving Glasgow, I travelled by rail to Oban, passing through two distinct varieties of Scottish scenery. My Vancouver readers will be no doubt most interested in the mountain or highland portion of this trip. The Scottish mountains, compared with our own are much smaller and more hut shaped or semi-conical in form, with rounding top. They are largely, almost entirely, treeless. The peaks of the highest hills were at that time snow covered. Below the snow the heather for the most part covered the sides of the hills down to the very edges of the glens. "How bald and bare and unlovely they must have been!" I hear one of my British Columbia readers exclaim. On the contrary, they were beautiful, pleasing and attractive, and one felt them call, with an almost irresistible call, to come out and share their loveliness, their freedom, and the sunshiny atmosphere that clothed them with additional beauty.

Had I been told I would have looked on treeless mountains and felt an admiration for them that I could not express, I would have laughed, thought with scorn, yet so it proved. I cannot describe the magic beauty of the Scottish mountains. I know no Canadian section to which I can refer you for a proper interpretation of them. I can only say that they are beyond measure beautiful and to quote one who lived in their shadows and sunlight "Meet nurse for a poetic child." Their ruggedness, their gentleness, their sternness and their

luring beauty have no doubt been tremendous factors in the formation of the martial race and character which has ever sprung from amidst their fastnesses. Only the bagpipes (and they only to those who have seen and know) can ever give any real interpretation or vision of the different aspects of the Scottish mountains and glens.

There are many other matters which press for consideration, but I am aware there are limits to the capacity of magazine articles, and I must hurry to close. Therefore, the remaining contrasts will be more statements than anything else.

Sabbath Observance

Sabbath keeping here and in Scotland are widely different. We in Vancouver are by no means the worst on the American Continent in our observance of the Sabbath Day. Yet a Vancouverite would indeed marvel should we suddenly have Sabbath observance here such as is prevalent in Scotland.

In Glasgow I went to sleep on Saturday with a roar of a tremendous traffic in my ears. The absolute silence of the morning woke me before my accustomed hour. The wonderful stream of drays and vehicles of all kinds had ceased. The foot-falls of the few who were stirring about echoed on the stone pavement and the tramp of a battalion of soldiers marching out preparatory to church service came to me as an absolute relief.

Churches were everywhere to be seen and the church bells and the hush told unmistakably that this was a day set apart from business, a day of rest, and, as the street travel to the different churches indicated, a day of worship.

In Inverness the museum and reading rooms and all other places of public resort were closed; also the castle. The Sabbath is truly observed in Scotland. The canny Scot gives you evidence of putting first things first in this as well as other phases of his life.

Old Country Impressions Summarised

In its view of life the Old Country is most interesting. I can only summarize it, "To live is to work." "We can only obtain what we work for." "We want nothing that is not really and rightfully our own." "We like to succeed ourselves, but we like you also to succeed."

I would like to picture the utter absence of feverish speculation of the get-rich-quick idea, of nothing but the most unselfish satisfaction in the other fellow's success which characterizes the British social system.

The British manner of looking on the hardships and difficulties of life is also interesting. They are to be expected and must be patiently borne and must be overcome if patient, persistent endurance and toil can overcome them. They are part of the game, must be taken as such and must not be allowed to discourage or defeat one.

A British Tar's Philosophy

In saying they are "part of the game," I am but quoting. In a railway carriage coming from the North of Scotland to Dundee I had the pleasure of associating with a number of the "lads in navy blue." It was cold, to me uncomfortably so. In addition to two suits of underwear, I was wearing an overcoat and a raincoat, and Lieutenant Morrison had kindly loaned me his fatigue coat, so that I might have warmth and comfort while I attempted to sleep. Yet I was unable to rest, and was obliged every now and then to try and restore warmth by rising to walk, etc.

At Inverness, or just below Inverness, the navy lads came in my car just in their deck uniform. They had been riding since two o'clock in the morning in cattle cars amidst the snow, yet they were cheerful and lively, and the only word of complaint I heard was in reference to the cattle car ride. "This was the way England treated its sailor lads," and that was said more as a philosophic reflection than a kick.

Speaking of the North Sea and their experiences there, I was surprised to hear them speaking of men dying in the North Sea knowing escape to be hopeless, yet discussing the matters connected with their daily duty and how it had or had not been done. Why certain guns had or had not done certain things, joking at the bombs dropping from the hostile aeroplanes and jollying one another about it being a long way to Tipperary, meaning their English home. This had not been by way of bravado. It was part of their nature and training.

I remarked on the hardships suffered on those occasions and on the fact that those sailor men seemed glad to get back to the scene of action. (I had seen a British war vessel's crew depart, cheering, for the North Sea). A little Cockney sitting two or three seats from me in the compartment, answered my remark by exclaiming, "Oh, that's part of the game!"

"Part of the game," and an expected part. The thousands, yes millions of Germans may find in that attitude the reason why, despite years of preparation, despite the recognized genius of German commanding officers, it is impossible that Germany and her allies can ever win the present conflict.

When the Canadians were so severely handled at Ypres the question naturally arose: Would they the next time face the Germans unhesitatingly? I felt they would, and they have since proved that that confidence in them was justified. But had they been British troops (after learning their view point) I should never have doubted but that they would. That duty means discomfort, yes death, is no deterrent to a British soldier or sailor. He expects to fight and be fought, to kill and be killed and the safeguarding of his own person and his own life is a last consideration with him. Such sinking of self can never be successfully triumphed over.

Hospitality

We in Canada are an agricultural people. Slowly we are becoming a manufacturing one as well, and we have here and there industries to the size and magnitude of which we can point with pride; but the older land has naturally travelled further along this track.

The absence of large agricultural areas has increased the attention paid to manufacturing and our largest industries, our best apparatus are naturally not to be compared with those of the old land.

What would we think in Vancouver of a single industrial establishment which employed 48,000 piece-workers? What a source of wonder and pride it would be! Can we picture to ourselves adequately a ship-yard comprised of five docks, shall I call them, in one of which alone seven ships are in the course of construction? Can we comprehend the size and force of a crane capable of lifting literally hundreds of tons?

On the Admiralty dock in Dundee are five cranes. The third largest or smallest, which ever you prefer, is a crane capable of lifting 95 tons. On the Clyde I saw the largest crane in the world, or, at least, the one having the greatest lifting capacity. It resembled a part of two arches in a great bridge more than anything else I can think of. I was told its lifting capacity, but have mislaid my note of the figure, but it is, as I have said, literally hundreds of tons.

Industrial Establishments

This is something that cannot be well contrasted, and both here and in the Old Country I think such a thing as inhospitality is largely, if not absolutely, unknown. In any case I cannot but pay tribute to the magnificent hospitality of the Old Country as I met it in Glasgow, Renfrew, in Skye, in Inverness, in Dundee and, in short, everywhere I went in Scotland, and likewise in those parts of England I happened to visit. In Skye it almost seemed one might give offence by refusing the hospitality offered, even though one was incapable, by reason of former indulgence, of undertaking even a formal acceptance of it.

Social Introduction

A peculiar feature of British life is the lack of freedom apparently felt by those in the lower circles in regard to introducing a stranger to those socially above them. This was seen even in those in whom one was quite surprised to meet it.

My business made it desirable that I should meet MacLeod of MacLeod, as he is called, owner of Dunvegan Castle, Skye. Though different ones recognized the desirability of it, no one seemed willing to break the bonds of custom and cause the meeting. Finally I wrote him myself and received an answer one would expect from a Scottish gentleman, and that letter was followed up by a splendid giving of such aid as he could render. After that I always took the direct method in meeting persons of similar positions during my Scottish stay.

There are other points of interest which could be touched on, Glasgow section to our average Canadian; the fine physique, simplicity and daring of the Highlanders; the beauty of Scottish home relationships; the pride of Scottish character, its daring; the clan system and the method in which English education of Scottish chiefs proved in many cases a sad blow to Scottish organized society; the educational opportunities and educational system of Britain; the historic scenes one visited; the castles and dwellings—each of these is worthy in itself of detailed attention.

I can only say, however, that whether or not I have enabled any of my readers to obtain a better idea of British people and British conditions, I found the trip in the highest degree educative. I owe sincere thanks to those whom I met. I am prouder to-day than ever that in my veins there flows the blood of the MacRaes of Kintail and the MacDonnells or MacDonalds of Glencoe and The Isles.

Westminster Hall Closing Exercises

The closing exercises of the 1915 Theological Session took place in St. John's Church, Vancouver, on Tuesday evening, 28th September. There was a good attendance. Six new graduates received their Testamurs. Rev. Mr. Mitchell of Mount Pleasant Church took the devotional part of the service. The presentations to the Principal of the students who were awarded scholarships were made by the following: Rev. Messrs. E. L. Pidgeon, E. A. Henry, J. S. Henderson, J. H. Millar, J. S. Muldrew, and Dr. J. A. Logan.

The scholarships were awarded as follows: Third Year: The James Sinclair MacDougall, No. 1, \$50, to Philip Duncan, B. A.; The David Morrice, No. 2, \$25, to Wilfrid S. Brookes and John Hunter Buchanan, jointly. Second Year: The James Sinclair MacDougall, No. 2, \$50, to T. S. Watson, M. A.; The David Morrice, No. 3, \$25, to David A. Smith. First Year: The David Morrice, No. 1, \$50, to John Y. McGookin; The Leila Mackay, \$25, to Walter J. Agabob.

A feature of the evening was the announcement by Principal Mackay that an arrangement had just been made whereby Rev. Principal Sharrard, late of Indore College, India, would join the permanent teaching staff of Westminster Hall. Dr. Sharrard in an address to the new graduates, gave a strong presentation of the needs of the foreign mission field, and emphasized the characteristics essential to all offering for such work.

Mr. Wm. McNeill, present Chairman of Westminster Hall Board of Management, in a short address referred in terms of high appreciation to the services rendered the College by Principal Mackay. He also expressed the satisfaction and thankfulness felt by all interested in the College that Principal Mackay was still in the chair that night, notwithstanding the pressure recently brought to bear on him to enter the political arena in British Columbia, and also to accept the principalship of Manitoba College, Winnipeg.

Principal Mackay afterwards made a statement in the course of which he reviewed the work done and indicated the effect on College life and work of the world war. He mentioned that fifteen of the students who had been at one stage or another of preparatory work had gone to the front, and one of the theological students of this year had left the classroom to join the army.

Further references were also made by the various speakers to the loss sustained in August by the College and by the social and moral forces of Western Canada through Dr. George C. Pidgeon's recall to pastoral work in Toronto.

The Valedictory Address

The valedictorian of the Graduating Class of 1915 was Mr. Angus M. MacIver, whose address follows:

Mr. Principal, members of the Senate, fellow students, and friends: It has fallen to my lot to voice the farewell sentiments of the graduating class of 1915. This task I undertake fully conscious of the difficulty of doing ample justice to this occasion which marks the fulfilment of our hopes and early dreams. To-night we stand, as it were, at the parting of the ways. We have finished our course, but it still remains to be proved whether or not we have kept the Faith.

No body of men is more generally misunderstood than the class to which we belong, namely, divinity students. The student of theology is popularly conceived of as a man who takes very little, if any, interest in the ordinary affairs of life, and whose chief concern is to appear as if he belonged to a different world. He is interested only in far off things of long ago, or fixes his thoughts on some dim mysterious world that is yet to be. You will, I think, agree with me that this estimate of the theological student is entirely a false one. Theology, as it is taught in our colleges to-day, is intensely interested in everything that relates to the business and bosoms of men. It strives to study at first hand the great problems of life and seeks to give a spiritual interpretation to the vexing problems which confront the race. There is, in short, nothing that concerns mankind in which theology is not supremely interested. Hence the student of Theology must be an all-round man. He must take a live and practical interest in everything that concerns the good of humanity. He must not go about blindfolded but must study to keep himself abreast of the times. If, in any degree, we have failed in this, the fault, we must frankly admit, is in ourselves and not in our training.

As a class we have been exceedingly fortunate in the calibre of the men who have been our teachers. Unfortunately, however, two members of the regular staff have severed their connection with the College. Dr. Taylor, the bug-bear of the lazy student, went to Toronto University last year; but we shall always esteem it an honor to have sat for two years under one who, because of his intense spirituality, drove home with force the message he was so qualified by his scholarship to convey. Nor are we likely ever to forget Dr. Pidgeon, whose sweet reasonableness and kindly interest cheer us on our way. By the removal of Dr. Taylor and Dr. Pidgeon the College has sustained a great loss, but all is not lost: Our beloved Principal is still with us. I say "beloved" advisedly. We have heard a great deal about Grant of Queen's; but we have known Mackay of Westminster Hall. I venture to say that the Principal who wins the hearts of his students deserves to be canonised as a saint. Of all men, students are the most difficult to please. It has been my privilege to have spent six years in the Hall, and I know whereof I speak when I say that Dr. Mackay has won not only the respect but the love of his students in a very remarkable manner. Last spring it seemed to many that we came perilously near losing him. We knew that what would be our loss would have been the Province's gain; but even then we were loth to let him go. No sooner were our fears allayed than the sister college of Manitoba began to cast longing eyes on him. According to newspaper reports from Winnipeg he had been offered the Principalship of Manitoba College and had accepted it. There were, however, quite a few of the students who refused to believe these reports, knowing well, as they did, how Dr. Mackay loved the Hall. The course of events proved them to have been in the right.

Not only have we been fortunate in our Principal and the regular staff; we had also a very unique opportunity in having with us from time to time visiting professors of outstanding ability. We had Dr. Moffat, who is perhaps the most outstanding figure in New Testament scholarship in the English speaking world to-day. We had also with us Dr. Welsh and Dr. Fraser of Montreal. These men need no introduction in any part of Canada. Last year we had with us Professor Morton, and Dr. Wicher. This year Dr. Kent of Halifax delighted us by his wit and learning. We would not omit to mention our own young professor, J. T. MacNeill, who is the connecting link between the students and the Faculty, and Dr. Sharrard, who inspires his students with missionary enthusiasm.

At such a time as this the memory fondly clings to the past. Those of us who have been at the Hall for the last six years find it extremely hard to tear ourselves away from our Alma Mater whose very stones to us are dear.

The student who can leave our College at the end of his course without loving her should not receive a license from the Presbytery. In addition to the ordinary formula I would humbly suggest that this question should also be added: "Do you love the Hall?" Failure on the part of the student to give a satisfactory answer to this question should be construed as a sure sign that that student lacks the pastor's heart. And what likelihood is there that the student who is devoid of that most essential qualification will succeed in the work of the Christian ministry?

To-night we think with admiration of the men who have once been with us and who in answer to their country's call have gone forth to fight and perhaps to die for their king and country.

To the First and Second Year students we must also say farewell. We trust that the remainder of their course will be as pleasant as the past session. To-night's proceedings breaks the goodly fellowship we have had one with the other. There is a sadness in the end of everything and we feel its power.

In leaving the Hall we feel that we are just beginning our life's work for which our study has been but a preparation. At no time in the history of the world has the demand for a strong and efficient ministry been so insistent as it is to-day. We are filled with hope and enthusiasm when we think of the splendid opportunities afforded us by being privileged to go forth to declare the glad message of salvation to men and women who are heavy laden and pressed down by the weight of many cares. If we fail to lighten the "burthen of the mystery" any academic success that may have crowned our efforts in the past will be all in vain, and we shall prove ourselves to be numbered among God's most miserable failures. But we are not going to fail. We shall follow the gleam in the sure confidence that victory is to the strong.

We have heard the call: we have seen the vision, and by God's grace we shall prove worthy of our professors, of our college, of our fellow students, and of Christ our King. Long may our college flourish. May her record of the past be but the stepping stone to a greater future.

"Oh, who will sing this song with me
Of old Westminster Hall.
Long may she stand in years to be,
To give her clarion call.
The men gone through; the coming seers;
Those leaving in the Fall;
All join in giving rousing cheers,
Good old Westminster Hall—
All join in giving rousing cheers,
Good old Westminster Hall!"

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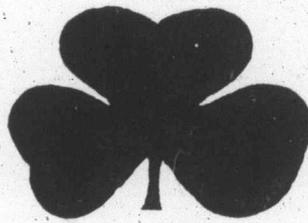
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