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Mr. R. RANDOLPH BRUCE
of Invermere,
Windermere Lake, Columbia Valley, B.C.

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LORD NORTHCLIFFE

Some Reminiscences of the Early Life and Struggles of the Late Lord Northcliffe.
(By Stephen Golder.)

T. P. O'Connor, in recent articles on Lord Northcliffe, rightly said that the multi-millionaire newspaper proprietor had as many struggles as most men. This is quite true, and I think I know as much of his early struggles for existence as anyone else. Nearly all of his biographers start off with the production of "Answers." Before that time he had indeed a hard struggle. For a couple of years I was in constant touch with him, and had the pleasure and privilege of drawing out cheques for signature for the small sums he was earning by his literary efforts and depending on for his board and lodging, etc. My position at that time was that of private secretary to the then small printing and publishing house of Iliffe & Sturmey, Vicar Lane, Coventry, Warwickshire—now a large publishing house with a branch in London known as Iliffe & Sons, Limited.

The firm I speak of at that time published and owned the Cyclist, the leading cycling paper, and also printed nearly all the price lists and catalogues issued by the cycling firms for which Coventry was famous. To combat the opposition of Wheeling, a cycling paper started in London, by Harry Etherington, who acted as London agent for the Cyclist, Wheel Life was started, and it was then that Alfred Charles Harmsworth, a member of the Hampstead Bicycle Club, first came into prominence in the literary world by his contributions to Wheel Life, under the nom-de-plume of "Arthur Pendennis." His contributions at the start of Wheel Life netted him the princely sum of ten shillings and sixpence per week, evidently a good sum for him—so much so that he soon removed to Coventry, joined the permanent staff of Wheel Life, and later Bicycling News, the oldest cycling paper, owned by Benjamin Clegg, and edited by James Inwards, and which Iliffe & Sturmey purchased. Harmsworth rented a room in the Holyhead Road in a house kept by a Miss Mercer. George Lacy Hillier, amateur bicycle champion at all distances and a well-known member of the London Stock Exchange, and also joint editor with Lord Bury of the Badminton Volume on Cycling, was editor-in-chief, and Alfred was assistant editor.

To the inside members of the firm Harmsworth was always known as the Kid. He was at that time very girlish looking, with a mop of yellow hair, a long curl hanging over and covering up half of his forehead, which he was always brushing back. I noticed the same peculiarity during his visit to Vancouver last year, but his hair was shorter and black.

He soon made his presence felt in the cycling world, but try as he would he was not a brilliant success as a rider, although he was a constant attendant at all our club runs. He would borrow any bicycle he could get hold of—borrowing in those days was a knack he had—this I know to my sorrow, particularly where books were concerned. Dr. Gordon Stables, another member of our old staff, had the same weakness. During one of his periodical visits to Coventry he fell in love with the writer's collection of Carey and Paterson road books. He borrowed two, faithfully promising to return them. Months after, a gentle reminder was given him by post. His response was a presentation autographed copy of a book on "Cats," he had just published; not at all useful or interesting in place of road books to an enthusiastic road rider. I had in those days several volumes of valuable books which Harmsworth borrowed, but I was never able to get them back.

Hillier and Harmsworth were always quarrelling, the reason being that the boy on the spot used to carve and cut Hillier's copy as he thought fit. Hillier was quite an artist, and I had hundreds of clever pen and ink caricatures enclosed in his daily correspondence to me. They were usually on the same lines, and depicted G. L. H. with a murderous look, hold-

ing a formidable knife in his mouth and clasping a six-shooter in each hand, peeping round the door of Harmsworth's den, the latter being shown sitting on a table with a huge pair of shears, carving up Hillier's copy.

This went on for many months and then the "Kid" succeeded in making Bicycling News a good paying proposition. He evolved the brilliant idea of issuing a supplement with the paper on the lines of the Bazaar and Mart, and advertising all and sundry items connected with cycling, at the rate of three words for a penny. Iliffe & Sturmey gave in to him, much to Hillier's disgust, and thousands of postage stamps came in the mails.

During the time Harmsworth was trying all sorts of schemes to make money, and contributed several articles to other papers, which were nearly always accepted and paid for. One instance, I remember well. I was always a keen stamp collector, and had a good collection. One evening Harmsworth, dropping in to borrow something, spent a few hours in my diggings looking over my stamp albums and asking all kinds of questions re philately. As a result of the information gained an article soon appeared from his pen in Tit Bits, headed "Why Old Postage Stamps Are Worth Their Weight in Gold." Whilst in Coventry he, in conjunction with Edward Markwick, a young barrister of the Temple, brought out a shilling book with an attractive cover in colours, called "How to Win at Nap." The gaudy outside depicted a full nap hand of cards. It sold well and brought grist to the mill; but whether anyone learnt anything from it is a doubtful question.

Then he evolved the idea of his penny paper on the lines of Tit Bits, "Answers to Correspondents." The paper was first printed in Coventry and started with number three. I asked him: "Why start No. 3?" "Oh," he replied, "Number three will be so good that everyone will be asking about Nos. 1 and 2 and regretting they did not buy it; later on I can bring out the two first numbers." Funds not being forthcoming to pay the printing bill, Harmsworth moved to London, and since then everything in a commercial line has prospered with him.

I lunched with him in Coventry a few days after his marriage, later on saw him at Broadstairs, and upon my return from Rhodesia lunched with him at Simpson's in the Strand, and did not see him again until thirteen months ago when in Vancouver. We talked over old times, and his last words when he left me for his world's tour were: "Good-bye, Steve, I shall never see you again; I am not well. Oh, for the old days; they were strenuous, but very happy."

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THE CHURCH AND THE NEW DAY

(By Rev. A. E. Mitchell, D.D.)

Ours is a new day. Have we discerned it? While this new day has broken upon us with some dark and heavy clouds in the horizon, we do not feel there is any need for hysteria, but there is cause for the church and for all who love her to be fully awake to the responsibility that is thrust upon her. In a manifesto issued last year by a group of eminent religious leaders in Great Britain, these sentences occur: "Civilization itself seems to be on the wane, the nations are filled with distrust and antipathy for each other, the classes have rarely been so antagonistic, while the relation of individual to individual has seldom been so frankly selfish. It is becoming increasingly evident that the world has taken the wrong turn, which, if persisted in, may lead to the destruction of civilization."

If this new day is to ride on to its meridian, if civilization is to be saved from collapse, then there must be created among the people a new idealism, there must be developed an education into Christian ideals, the whole basis of life must be adjusted to the moral standard sanctioned by Christ. There is needed the recreative power of the Holy Spirit to remake men, remould society and re-establish the world in righteousness and peace—and the human instrument to bring this about is the church, the body of Christ, the members of which must assume the leadership in generating the spirit of brotherhood and goodwill which alone can save civilization from its threatened doom. Where else can we find a cure for a sick world?

Helpful replies may be given by diplomacy and international law and commerce. Education, science and philosophy will have something to say, and should be heeded; but the ultimate reply will need to strike a deeper note than any of these can sound. Where can that deeper note be found if not in the religion of Jesus Christ, which alone changes the hearts of men? And the church professes to be and has the right to be the exponent of this religious truth.

Herbert Spencer says: "An organism will live just as long as it can perfectly adapt itself to its environment. At the very moment an organism begins to get out of harmony with its environment by which it has been nurtured and nourished, that moment the organism begins to die."

Christianity is an organism, and as such has enough of heaven's wisdom and dynamic to solve our problems today, but it must adjust itself through its body to present conditions.

At the outset we are confronted with two criticisms:

First—The church is very freely criticized today. There are many who say that the church has not met the situation in the past in a very satisfactory way or Christianity would have even better credentials to present before the bar of public opinion than it has.

If we admit that Christianity as taught and lived by the Carpenter of Nazareth has never been tried, or that membership in a community of true believers in which there would be neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, has not been experienced or exemplified, then let us try to ascertain what is true Christianity and teach it, and, above all, let us live it.

Second—Along with the criticism of the church there is deep and widespread dissatisfaction with our existing social system. The driving power of our social and industrial system is today what it has been for years—mutual self-interest. The only power able to eradicate this is the Gospel.

Would any one argue that in presence of the social injustice everywhere manifest the church has no obligation to correct the abuses and to rectify the wrongs, or that she must

observe a complete neutrality, confining herself to the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints? Did not Jesus give his followers a social ideal—the kingdom of God—and a social law—the law of love? Surely then if the church is His body, existing in the world to express Him and to realize His will, it must exist for something more than even the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints—it must exist for the doing of His will, the establishing of His kingdom in the whole world.

For the church to remain content with the social system under which we are living means spiritual apostasy and practical disaster.

The church must either lead or lag in this new day. To cease from teaching doctrines concerning transcendental things and to devote herself to matters of social reform would be disastrous, for beneath all questions of social reconstruction lies the need for spiritual regeneration, whence comes the power to drive the programme through. This is the peculiar work of the church.

In what way, then, can the moral forces of the church, renewed by faith, be brought to bear upon the regeneration of society? By precept and example. She must teach the people the cohesive power of the Gospel in the unification of the races. This is her mission as the prophet of God, and then by her own example, in exhibiting vital brotherliness, a standard will be set as an ideal for the whole world.

Through her agency there must come about the unification of the peoples of the earth. Nations must be made to see more nearly eye to eye in matters that affect the welfare of the world. Lloyd George pins his faith on the League of Nations—so would I if that League of Nations were permeated with the Spirit of Christ. Nothing else will hold it together and constrain it to work for a common end—the peace of the world. Then there must be the unification of our heterogeneous population. Cohesion is one of our great national needs today if we are going to make a strong, united national life.

Many people have come to our shores with very crude conceptions of our laws, ideals, or institutions, and with little love for them. These must be welded into one. The church possesses the only force that can leaven these people, and if she cannot do it on her native soil, how can she hope to overtake the work when she has to transplant herself to a foreign shore?

It ill becomes members of the church to speak of those who come to us as:

Dago and Sheeney and Chink,
 And call them the vipers that swarm
 Up from the edge of Perdition's brink,
 To hurt and dishearten and harm.
 O shame! When their Roman forebears walked
 Where the first of the Caesars trod;
 O shame! When their Hebrew fathers talked
 With Moses, and he with God;
 These swarthy sons of Japhet and Shem
 Gave the goblet of life's sweet drink
 To the thirsty world which now gives them
 Dago and Sheeney and Chink.

A study of the New Testament reveals what the church has been very slow to learn: that Jesus included all races in the circle of His thought.

The Apostles experienced this expanding fellowship that knew no limits, while in the heart and mind of every truly great religious teacher or leader there has always been the profound consciousness—more or less clearly expressed—that God hath made of one blood all nations of men who

dwell on the face of the earth. "Made in His image" is the earliest message of the Old Testament. "Children of God" is the still clearer message of the New.

This ideal is a long way yet from being realized. Like real democracy, it waits the coming of the new and larger spirit in order to find realization in the life of humanity. Brotherhood must be given a religious basis. It must be based on the Fatherhood of God, or it will prove to be the most deceptive leaven that has ever touched the organized life of men.

In this brotherhood the central and controlling motive is love, which must be the binding force for religion and ethics alike. On this principle of love hang all the law and the prophets. This love is not simply an emotional attitude, but a desire that all men shall have the fulness of life that one desires for himself, and this it is that makes possible the human solidarity implied in the conception of brotherhood.

While it is true this Christian ideal has not been realized as yet, it is equally true that it CAN be or it would not be set before us as our goal, and it must be if we would present to the world the only practicable solution of the problems of our collective living.

This may involve for many a new conception of salvation. Instead of soul-saving merely, which has so long been held up as the fundamental purpose of the church, her members must realize that they are saved to serve; for while the individual is to be saved, society too must be Christianized and all its institutions.

The modern Good Samaritan must do more than give relief to the injured Jew—he must clean up the country between Jerusalem and Jericho and render it safe for all future travellers.

It is next to useless to convert men from their sins and then permit licensed vice to flaunt its red flag of challenge in their faces. Our faith must be exemplified in works. Sacrifice and service must be the pregnant words of the church's new vocabulary. This must be the church's chief vocation, and her ambition to excel should be not to sit on the right hand nor on the left, but to minister to human welfare.

As the prophet of God the message the church must bring will be a creative redeeming word, purged from bondage to outward tradition and centered on a kingdom whose door is faith, whose law is love, whose center is the cross, all translated into an evangel which will bid men go out to bind brethren together in true unity; with the same eagerness as in the past, it has bidden them to flee from the wrath to come.

When then the church takes up the cry of the race and pleads and strives for righteousness in all the relationships of every-day life, she will make her voice to be heard, and when within her own corporate life she manifests the kind of brotherhood her message would proclaim as the social ideal, her influence will be tenfold greater.

The mere denunciation of wrong will do little good unless there be exhibited in the companies of men and women worshipping in our churches, the power of Christianity to establish an earthly relationship reflecting a unity which transcends all social distinctions of class or wealth. A sentence in the Archbishop's third Committee of Inquiry expresses it very clearly: "Through such a Divine esprit de corps she will convince the world of the presence of Christ in His church, and will rebuke by life as well as by word, the social injustices unworthy of a Christian nation." And surely if the church would illustrate this great brotherhood, she must recognize her own unity and find ways to give it practical expression.

If human solidarity be the Christian goal, then the church must first of all incarnate this ideal in her own corporate life; unless she does, how can she bring this ideal of Jesus effectively to bear upon the conscience of the world?

This brotherhood will involve a recognition of mutual service and helpfulness as the Christian way of life.

In the family the spirit of competitive self-seeking has no place. Its members share a common life, the benefits of which each receives or contributes to according to need or ability. This spirit Jesus would have extended beyond the present limits of the home to the whole of the human family, for only by so doing can the purpose of God for human society be realized in the kingdom of God, in which all men conscious of their sonship to God will live with their fellows as brothers and seek the common good.

Is this relationship capable of application to the matter of fact world in which we live? It is not without faith in God and in humanity prompted by love, but when we see that this principle is a part of God's plan for the world we can see the possibility of its being realized. Whether or not we are agreed on the manner of its application, we surely are agreed that for this new day the Gospel of Jesus has a message, and that the new day challenges preachers and teachers to reveal to it its inner meaning and to interpret to it its spiritual significance. To refuse to adjust ourselves to the cherished expectations of the times is tantamount to writing Ichabod over our portals. This we shall never do.

This brotherhood, too, will mean universal peace. You recall how the people of Chili and the Argentine Republic decided after their bloody war that they would come together and take a solemn vow that they would never again enter into war, so they erected a great statue of the crucified Christ on the border line of the two nations, under the the shadow of which they swore international peace was to be eternally established.

So some day the nations of the earth will gather around the crucified Christ and swear that war will be no more.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That man to man the wide world o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that.

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With the view of advancing publication time, this issue has been made No. 6 of Vol. XIX. Dates and space are being checked accordingly.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

"This Freedom." By A. M. S. Hutchinson. McClelland & Stewart. \$2.00.

Undoubtedly Mr. A. M. S. Hutchinson's latest novel, "This Freedom," is a notable book. It is a book that achieves distinction in spite of the manner in which it is written, because it is a timely and forceful presentation of a vital problem: the problem of home life and of the responsibility of men and women toward the homes they found, and the children they bring into the world, children, as Doda reminds us, who did not ask to be born.

In "If Winter Comes" Mr. Hutchinson used a rather peculiar style of English with great effect, but in this later novel the peculiarity is more pronounced and the effect altogether deplorable. His constant use of unnecessary inversions, his frequent substitution of an exclamation for a sentence, are offensive to the lover of beautiful prose. The discriminating reader demands first a limpid clarity of expression, and no writer is to be pardoned who affects turgidity.

The plot, skillfully handled in the first part of the book, weakens at the end, and the climax cannot be said to be satisfactory; it partakes too much of the nightmare. Especially is there nothing to prepare us for the fate of Benjii, whose death seems unnecessary and illogical.

It is because his theme is so great, because he has penetrated with such force and sincerity to the heart of so great a problem, that it is difficult to forgive Mr. Hutchinson his stylistic offenses.

He shows us two opposing types of homes, and shows with ruthless logic how inevitably the one grew out of the other. At the Rectory, where Rosalie was born the youngest of six children, everything revolved about the father, and after him around those slightly lesser lights, the boys, not because they were intelligent or capable, not because they had any qualities of leadership, beyond a rampant self-assertion and a monumental selfishness, but because they were "males." Men! Extraordinary and magnificent creatures.

The life of Rosalie's father was a tragedy, and well he knew it, and fondly he dwelt upon the thought, and confidently he expected and complacently accepted the admiration due to one who was a tragic figure. "But the life of Rosalie's mother was an infinitely deeper tragedy, because she never knew or suspected that it was a tragedy. Still, that is so often the difference between the tragedy of a woman and the tragedy of a man."

Rosalie, an intelligent and observant child, first admires and envies these wonderful creatures to whom the entire world belongs, who engage in such mysterious and entrancing occupations; then, as she grows older and thinks that she knows men and the world, she hates them, and characterizes them all a cats: "Tame cats, tabby cats, wild cats, Cheshire cats, tom cats and stray cats . . . on the whole the stray cats are the least objectionable, they are bearable: at the right time and for a short time." Still she admits that they are in some ways superior to women, especially in their methods of quarrelling: shouting and fighting, thinks Rosalie, are preferable to shrilling and nagging. And certainly men have many desirable things that are denied to women; they have careers, and offices, and desks, and weekly salaries which they spend as they choose. But of women she says: "They've never done anything, they've never meant to do anything, they've never tried to do anything but hang around some man. That's all. They've either caught him or they've missed him, and go on missing him. That's their lives. It's nearly any woman's life. It's not going to be mine." So Rosalie has a career, a business career, and a very successful one. But not "like a man," for the very idea of getting so near a man as to imitate him "makes her sick." This career is her own, unique, she lives her own life.

Then she falls in love, quite in the old-fashioned way, with Harry Occleve, and marries him. She stipulates, however, that she shall continue her business, and she does so. Children come, but they are not allowed to interfere with business; exceedingly capable nurses and governesses look after them. Marvellously efficient servants look after the household; "it runs itself," as Rosalie tells Harry during one of their discussions of the subject. For Harry is not content. Early in their married life Rosalie discovered that "men marry for a home," and over and over does Harry prove it. "I have a right to a home. The children have a right to a home," he says, over and over again. And "I have a right to live my own life," says Rosalie. "You do not speak of your responsibility to the children, only of mine." "I am a man," is Harry's reply. "And I," says Rosalie, wearily, "am a woman."

Nevertheless she tries to give up her business when she finds that Hugo is being taught that the Bible stories are fables, but after a long year, when the elder children are in boarding schools, and Benjii is starting school, too, she returns to her work.

The parents rarely see their children, they are at school most of the time, and they spend a good part of their holidays with friends whom their parents do not know. As they grow older, Rosalie knows less and less of her children, they never confide in her; when she would look into their hearts, and show them her's, they hold her at arm's length.

Now they are no longer children, but young men and women, and now tragedy stalks upon the heels of tragedy. Hugo marries a girl from the streets and deserts her; Doda dies from the effects of an illegal operation; and Benjii, his father's pride and joy, commits suicide after an unsuccessful attempt to murder the man whom he believes to have been responsible for his sister's death.

Whose fault was it? Who was to blame for the terrible failure of these two to build a home? Rosalie says: "This is not the children's tragedy. This is my tragedy. These were not the children's faults. These were my transgressions. Life is sacrifice. I never sacrificed."

But was Rosalie entirely to blame? Did not her father's home make her what she was? Was her mother a more successful home-maker than Rosalie?

Mr. Hutchinson has shown us two homes, both failures; he states a problem, he does not attempt its solution. His book is most thought-provoking, and should be read and pondered well.

"Huntingtower." By John Buchan. Hodder & Stoughton. \$2.00.

No old person should read this book, but no one who has a youthful heart should miss it, for it breathes the very spirit of youth. Here are modern knights-errant, in private life grocers, paper-makers and slum gamins; here is a fairy tale princess, as beautiful and charming as such princesses are; here is a whole crew of villains of the latest style, Bolshevik all; here is, in a word, Romance dressed in the latest fashion, with plenty of fighting and mystery. The stage is set in Scotland in the early spring; it could not have happened at any other season, or in any other country. "Huntingtower" has a fine flavour of Sir Walter about it, not that it resembles his work in any tangible way, but it has all his delightful romanticism; it is the kind of novel he would love to read.

A book to read aloud on winter evenings by a blazing fire, and then to lend to a friend who will be sure to return it for a chuckling second reading in bed, when you should be asleep.

Page Six

"Flowing Gold." By Rex Beach. The Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

This is a thrilling story of the Texas oil fields during the recent post-war boom, told in Rex Beach's characteristic style. It is not literature, but there is a thrill, a laugh and a sob in every page. It has a hero whose very faults endear him, a villain whose very virtues seem to make him more hateful, a foolish boy, a tragic girl, a pathetic old lady, a number of engaging crooks make the list complete. The author does not attempt to draw character, or to settle vexed problems, but to entertain by means of a swiftly moving plot full of action and fun, and in this he succeeds admirably, though some entirely unnecessary remarks about the Deity, which he seems to regard as humorous, rather cheapen the tone of the book.

"The Canadian Treasury Reciter." Edited by Anne Elizabeth Wilson. Hodder & Stoughton. 30 cents.

A good anthology for young folks, containing many old favourites and some new selections. A good feature is the section of Canadian verse and prose. This book should be useful to many a budding elocutionist, who, we hope, will include a recitation by a Canadian author in each programme.

"Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes." By Carol Cassidy Cole. Hodder & Stoughton. 75 cents.

This is a pleasing story for little folks, all about a boy who was changed into an elf, and had ever so many adventures with the wild folk of fur and feather in the Canadian woods. Eric learned to know and love the birds and beasts, and so will the boys and girls who read about him. Dudley Ward's fanciful illustrations in black and white are most delightful and add greatly to the pleasure of the reader.

"The Quill" (Canadian Short Story Magazine). "The Quill" Publishing Society, Toronto. \$3.00 a year.

We welcome into the literary life of Canada this new all-Canadian fiction magazine. The inaugural number sets a high standard, for the appearance of the magazine is both dignified and pleasing, while the stories are all good. "Of Common Type," by Stanley E. Gladwell, and "The Winking Eye," by Maurice Inskipp, are both unusually artistic in execution and original in plot. We recommend "The Quill" to all who would help to build up a real Canadian literature, and to all lovers of good fiction.

L. A.

(Turn to Page 13)

How Do You Phone?



A friend told the other day how he almost lost a good nurse. The girl was excellent in her position, but when she answered the telephone she spoke into it as if she was standing on the back step shouting across lots. It was pointed out to her that the telephone was a very responsive instrument and all that was necessary was to speak in an ordinary tone of voice.

"I guess I know how to answer the telephone," she replied with a little heat. And it took a couple of hours to pacify her.

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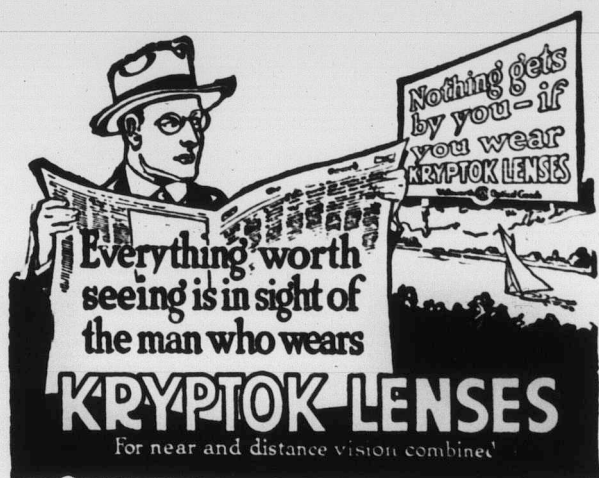
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Vancouver, B. C.

HAROLD NELSON SHAW GIVES FAREWELL RECITAL

Harold Nelson Shaw needs no introduction to the people of Vancouver. He has resided in the city for eleven years, and during that time has endeared himself, not only to his numerous pupils, but also to the public at large. He has worked hard for his success, as those who know him are aware. As he is about to depart in order to make a tour of Australia and New Zealand, he this month met his many friends in farewell.

It was unfortunate that the recital was held in the small dining hall of the Hotel Vancouver, for this place is not suitable for such a purpose. The voice does not carry well, and one is continually straining to catch the words. The effort becomes almost too much, and one is apt, at last, to "let things drift."

Notwithstanding that drawback, Mr. Shaw performed admirably throughout a lengthy and entertaining programme. Before each selection, in a few concise sentences he gave interesting explanations which enabled his audience to understand and fully grasp the significance of each piece. There were eight numbers, of which the dramatic sketch, "A Set of Turquoise," in two scenes, by Aldrich, was especially well done, Mr. Shaw holding the people in enthralled attention. He "took" the several parts so realistically that both scenes were readily imagined. The two fine musical monologues, "The High Tide," by Ingelow, and "The Earl King," by Goethe, made the greatest appeal, Mr. Shaw being recalled until he complied with another selection. Miss Dorris Wilbers' brilliant performance at the piano was not a whit behind Mr. Shaw's rendering of these monologues. "Jim Wolfe and the Cats," by Mark Twain, was, as ever, amusing, and "Miss Murphy Studies Spiritualism" helped materially to lighten the programme and was much enjoyed by the audience.

During the evening Mr. Frank A. Hopkinson, a light tenor, rendered several songs in a pleasing style and with artistic phrasing. Of these songs, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," by Sargeant, might be singled out as being the finest piece of his entertainment.

Mr. Shaw's host of friends wish him a safe and successful journey, and are eagerly looking forward to the time when he will return, once more to delight them by the practice of his art.

(E. W.)

THE INDUSTRIAL SIDE OF THE B. C. MANUFACTURERS PANORAMA

The Impressions of a Mere Woman.

As we go to press the B. C. Panorama, under the auspices of the Manufacturers' Association and the Elks, is in full swing. With limited time and space available, we meantime choose to ignore the things that are open to question or criticism, and note only what we can commend.

Even to those somewhat acquainted with the resources and industries of the province, an exhibit of this sort is a revelation. Do you want to build a home? It can be built and equipped in the most modern fashion with made-in-B. C. products. You can buy it of B. C. lumber, cut, ready to put up; it can be painted or stained with B. C. paints. You will want beautiful B. C. hardwood flooring, and your wall paneling may be of Lamatco, while, of course, the fireplace will be made of B. C. brick and tile. British Columbia will supply you with a furnace and with laundry tubs, with impeccable bathroom fixtures, beautiful rugs and furniture, beds, mattresses, blankets; a cradle for the baby, toys for the youngsters, a car for mother, boots for the boys, sweaters for the girls, cigars for daddy, an easy chair for grandpa, a fleecy shawl for grandma, a phonograph and magazines for the whole family—all made in B. C.

And then good things to eat! Canned fruits, vegetables, and fish, sandwich pastes, jams, jellies, marmalade and pickles, soft drinks, evaporated milk, candies (the boxes are made in B. C. too), an endless list of goodies.

Then for milady's dressing table: perfumes, powders, beauty clays and creams.

For Armistice Day, poppies made by disabled soldiers of the Disabled Veterans' League (do make sure that your poppy is a "made-in-B. C." one). Blind veterans make also the most commodious wicker clothes baskets, hammocks, baskets and trays. One unusually beautiful tray of fir, stained mahogany, decorated with autumn colored maple leaves, was designed by the blind man who made it. Many beautiful objects are made by the disabled men—sofa cushions, bead bags and novelties, carved ornaments, neck-chains and other objects, artistic and useful.

These are only some of the "made-in-B. C." products to be seen: your garden railings and lamp-posts, seats, bird-baths, fountains and flower urns, the children's school supplies, your notepaper and Christmas greeting cards, your automobile tires and shock absorbers, food for the hens, the cow and the canary, your best-Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, your camping outfit or your stay-at-home comforts—they're all made in B. C. Buy them at home!

(In our next issue we shall publish a review of the exhibits in detail.)



(B. C. M. Space Contribution)

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For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.
"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

VOLUME XIX.

OCTOBER, 1922.

No. 6.

NOTES and QUESTIONS

"BUILD THE UNIVERSITY"—even if you have to get another B. C. government to do it!

* * * *

AT WESTMINSTER HALL, the B. C. Presbyterian Theological College, Vancouver, too many good things were crowded into the closing function, but Dr. A. E. Mitchell, with wisdom all too rare, refrained from delivering his address to a gathering already patience-taxed. We have all the more satisfaction in publishing it ("The Church and the New Day") in this issue.

* * * *

DR. R. G. MacBETH also shortened his address, but in his summary of it he "rose to the occasion." To anyone really interested in religious and other literature, the question that must have presented itself when it was announced that the honorary degree of "D.D." was to be conferred on Rev. R. G. MacBeth, by Westminster Hall, was not "Why?" but rather "Why have not other colleges with which Mr. MacBeth has been connected—Princeton, and especially Manitoba—conferred such a degree upon him years ago?"

* * * *

THOUGH HE HAS BEEN A FREQUENT CONTRIBUTOR to the pages of this Magazine, and is a literary friend of its editor, we hold no brief for Dr. MacBeth. But surely literary worth and service should have no secondary place in the educational and national life.

* * * *

AS AN INDEPENDENT CANADIAN MAGAZINE, therefore, with literary interests, we feel warranted in asking: "What is regulating or influencing the conferring of LL.D. degrees in the other 'Seats of Learning,' in the East and West, as well as D.D. degrees in the theological colleges in the central provinces—sometimes referred to as the 'Middle West'?"

* * * *

IF SUCH BOOKS AS DR. MacBETH'S "Our Task in Canada" left the religious institutions of his own church in Canada without excuse for delaying the degree, the spirit and the purpose and lasting service to the Dominion demonstrated through such a book as "The Romance of Western Canada" should have made any university proud to be the first to recognize the writer of it by enrolling his name on their honorary list of "Doctors."

* * * *

PARENTHETICALLY, IT SHOULD BE NOTED that, just because Dr. MacBeth's writings are so well known, it was regrettable that so much time was used in "presenting him" for the degree at the Westminster Hall function. Five minutes' time should have been long enough in which to "present" any man there, and, in a complimentary sense, even less might have served for a reference to him. Citizens generally and church people, and ministers particularly, with

any pretense to interest in our own country's life and literature, who are still unacquainted with "The Romance of Western Canada," simply ought to be ashamed of themselves.

* * * *

NOR WAS IT NECESSARY, candour compels us to add, for the oratorically-gifted gentleman who introduced or presented Mr. MacBeth, to make light comparatively of novel-writing work. Reviewing and compiling, or compiling into book form reviews of the work of others, may require different capacity from that involved in original literary work. But each case—and book—must be judged on its own merits. Even a novel may so portray human life and character as to influence a community or country in ways not secondary to that exercised through the work of other writers, teachers or preachers.

* * * *

TO INFLUENCE THE THOUGHT LIFE beneficially is the great end, and a newspaper or magazine article—to say nothing of a magazine containing contributions affecting various phases of the community life—may be of lasting service in that direction.

* * * *

REFERRING TO DEGREES, there is need to protest, on the other hand, against the practice, which is so common in the United States, of calling almost every clergyman "Doctor." In Canada, and the Canadian West particularly, we are in danger of taking questionable as well as good things from across the line, and that is one custom that we can well avoid.

* * * *

IN THE PROFESSION OF MEDICINE a similar confusion seems to be permitted by the habit of calling dentists (or "Doctors of Dental Surgery") "Doctor" too, so that the question is often necessary—Is the "Doctor" a medical man or a dentist? Of other "Doctor" practitioners (various) we need not write. But even the foot-dresser is dubbed a "doctor" here!

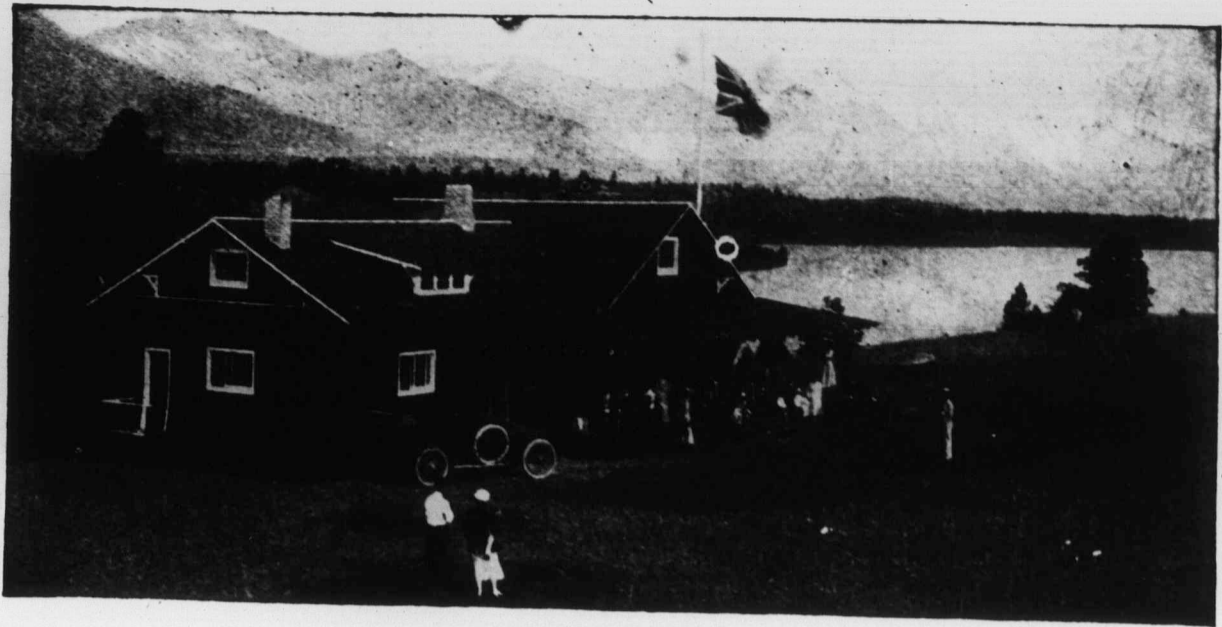
* * * *

REV. GABRIEL R. MAGUIRE, often called "Doctor," but an F. R. G. S., may impress some folk as something of a sensational preacher, who, like many others, may not get enough time for review preparation in his study; but when it comes to civic or national questions, Mr. Maguire, who is a clear and forceful speaker at any time, is also a fearless one. His address, given at the Kiwanis Club, and repeated in his own (First Baptist) church, on his experiences in Europe, and particularly in Germany, provided food for thought. At the Kiwanis luncheon address Mr. Maguire spoke strongly on the subject of the press, and, without circumlocution, roundly condemned newspapers which accepted Hearst-influenced or pur-

(Turn to Page 10)

VISIT
LAKE WINDERMERE
IN 1923.

Many literary folk made the acquaintance of Lake Windermere in the Columbia Valley, B. C., at the end of August and beginning of September this year, when a celebration took place in connection with the completion of the fort erected in memory of David Thompson. Though a fuller reference to the occasion is unavoidably crowded out of this number, we would emphasize that, while hundreds of visitors attended Lake Windermere district this year, it is practically certain that thousands will plan their holidays so as to be in that neighbourhood about 1st July, 1923, when the new Banff-Windermere road will be formally opened.



LAKE WINDERMERE CAMP

Commendable as it is for all to celebrate pioneers and Empire-builders who have passed, this magazine would like to be among those who are ready to recognize the work of living Empire-builders. Hence we are pleased to be privileged to reproduce on the cover of this issue a picture of Mr. R. Randolph Bruce, secured by us from a photo, obtained only by special request—not to say personal annexation.

Whatever his service and characteristics, Mr. Bruce is one of those men who, though serving the Empire in their generation faithfully and enterprisingly, are averse to anything that savors of personal publicity. Such men—like Windermere and the Columbia Valley—deserve a whole B. C. M. issue to themselves, and if we cannot yet do full justice to such cases, we shall at least revert to this subject.

TO VANCOUVER.

Vancouver! Sheltered by the massive walls
Of Nature's ramparts on thy northern shore
A hostess kind to those who seek thy door
At morn, or noon, or when the twilight falls,
Neptune, to join his games, thy children calls,
And gambols with them on his sand-strewn floor,
Unmoved thou hear'st the storm winds' threatening roar
As they assail in vain thy lofty halls.

Nature and man shall guard thee hand in hand
As in old time some castle's chatelaine,
But, in the place of drawbridge, let there stand
The strength of hearts that selfish ends disdain.
Long may peace bless thee in this favoured land,
And spread her pinions over hearth and fane!

Vancouver, B. C.

—Annie Margaret Pike.

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

NOTES and QUESTIONS
(From Page 8)

veyed "news" or articles having the studied purpose in them of damaging the British Empire. In this connection he made a statement reflecting on the Vancouver newspapers, which, we should like to believe, can not be justified.

AT ALL EVENTS, as Mr. Maguire said "the papers won't print what I am saying," the B. C. M. is disposed to issue a friendly challenge to Mr. Maguire to "state the facts" concerning the various points he made.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF CONDITIONS IN GERMANY as he found them was one of several noteworthy features of Mr. Maguire's address. Of Ireland, too, he spoke with feeling, and the interest and insight of one who is himself an Irishman. Whether or not his hearers agreed with his views, they could not well be other than interested in his impressions. We would not, however, like to think that his prophecy about Ireland would prove true, namely, that Britain would need to return ere long to restore order there.

THE VISIT OF LORD SHAW OF DUNFERMLINE to Western Canada was one of interest to others besides lawyers and Scotsmen—judging by the columns of space given by the local newspapers to his addresses. The attention of the dailies was at once a compliment to Lord Shaw's legal prominence in the Empire, and a demonstration that the Vancouver press is on the alert to help to link up inter-Empire interests.

"IF YOU WILL GO A LITTLE SLOWER, we will get on a little faster," said Lord Shaw (then a K. C. at the Scottish Supreme Court, "Court of Session," Edinburgh) to a garrulous witness, more rapid than clear in speech. Such incidents remain in the memory of one who in the late "nineties" was an official shorthand writer on duty there. As a counsel Lord Shaw was then one among not a few outstanding members of the Scottish Bar, several of whom have reached the Bench.

THE RECEPTION GIVEN THE EMINENT LAWYER at the public meeting of the Law Society, in the Hotel Vancouver, must have been gratifying to Scottish-born Canadians. It is regrettable, however, that in this Perennial Port of Canada we have as yet no better auditorium than the Ball Room of the Hotel. Lord Shaw was recognized as a clear and deliberate speaker, and even if his delivery be less strong in these later years, he should be well heard in any reasonably satisfactory hall.

AS A FELLOW COUNTRYMAN ventured to tell him, he was "gey lang" in that evening address, but doubtless, he faced a big task in making an address suitable at once for the general public and his brethren of the Canadian Bar. Though, as in the case of most legal men who rise in office, political preferment, following party work, has no doubt been a contributing cause of Lord Shaw's promotion. It was clear from various allusions in his address that he is a man with living literary, no less than legal, interests. Shakespeare, Burns, Tennyson, and Browning were each in turn suggested by phraseology or apt quotation.

LORD SHAW'S ADDRESS AT THE LUNCHEON given in his honour, in the Glencoe Lodge, by the Vancouver Scottish Society, was one wherein, perhaps, he was heard in his happiest and most characteristic vein. This speech, largely if not entirely extemporaneous, was of the type that tests reporting, and no local paper, in the paragraph mention made, did it justice.

DR. MACBETH'S "ROMANCE OF WESTERN CANADA" evidently appealed to Lord Shaw. With enterprising thoughtfulness and a capacity for publicity which would have made him a leader in that line had the law and then the prophets not claimed him professionally, Mr. MacBeth presented Lord Shaw with a copy of his book. The result was not only an appreciative letter of acknowledgment (a copy of which we may publish), but Lord Shaw was evidently so pleased with the work that in his supplementary address to the Vancouver Canadian Club he introduced a complimentary reference to Mr. MacBeth and his work.

SUCH SPEEDY RECOGNITION and favourable judgment of the work of one of our senior Western writers, especially by one who may be something of a judge in literature, as well as an authority in law, are welcome. At the same time it is well to emphasize, as Lord Shaw himself, indeed did, that the Canadian West is rich in writers whose work should receive increased attention at home and more publicity abroad—throughout the Empire at least.

TOWARDS THAT SERVICE, circulation and commendation of the "Romance" should help, not merely for its own worth, but because of the light and reflection it casts on the development of life and literature in Western Canada.

PERHAPS THE WRITER OF THESE NOTES can make such comment without being misunderstood, when he adds that, because of his own valuation of "The Romance of Western Canada," he believes he has probably circulated throughout the Empire more autographed copies of that work than any other person—except the author.

BECAUSE OF SPACE LIMITATIONS, and for other reasons, meantime, these notes have to be cut off abruptly; but it is timely to close with a Lloyd George story this month.

LLOYD GEORGE was once interrupted by a vehement lady in the gallery, who pointing a scornful finger at him, exclaimed: "If I were your wife, I'd give you poison!"

The speaker of the evening paused a moment, looked up at the lady, and quietly replied: "Madame, if I were your husband, I'd take it!"

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ON THE REDUCTION OF THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE ABOLITION OF THE CANADIAN ARMY AND NAVY

* NOTE.—The B. C. M. does not necessarily endorse the sentiments in these verses, but holds that the viewpoint expressed is one worthy of presentation and consideration.—(Ed. B. C. M.)

Eight years ago we dreamed a dream
By day, and Peace was all its theme;
E'en midnight answered to the gleam
 And shone like day;
Life whispered like a pebbled stream
 Where children play.

We looked for years of calm repose,
Unirksome labour, love that flows
With even current to a close,
 And at the end,
When o'er us Time spread all his snows,
 A weeping friend.

We shut our eyes and closed our ears
'Gainst those that vexed us with their fears;
They clipt our comforts with their shears.
 And broke our dream;
Our rest was troubled with their jeers
 And raucous scream.

Far from such frantic rage and heat,
Where passions warp the sense and cheat,
We sought the slumbrous music sweet,
 The untaxed peace,
Which steal the suffrage of the street
 And votes increase.

"We hate your wars," the tricksters cry,
"And all the greeds that make men die;
"A victory won's not worth a sigh,
 "An orphan's groan";
They sent their miser prayers on high
 To God's own throne.

Our armies dwindled, navies shrank,
We heaped the balance at the bank,
The storm-clouds gathered rank on rank,
 Black overhead;
As at the Flood, they laughed and drank,
 Tomorrow's dead.

The tempest on our puzzled sight
Leaped with a torrent's dizzying might;
Ten thousand cannon rent the night,
 And we awoke,
Cast headlong from our airy height,
 Our bubble broke.

For us poor, foolish, weak, and blind,
Kind Heaven a miracle designed,
That we, dead wood, new spring should find,
 Send forth a shoot,
And fruitful from the sun and wind
 Bear saving fruit.

Out of the depths, O Lord, we cried
For help, and heard our foes deride;
But Thou stood'st with us, side by side,
 A Man of War,

Our hope and strength thine arm supplied
 And led us far.

For years Heaven taught us in its school
Of pain and sorrow this hard rule,
Oft cheapness makes the dearest tool
 For mortal needs;
O'er Wisdom if you set the Fool,
 How Ruin speeds.

Then on our knees we fondly swore
Such foolish sins we'd sin no more,
No drowsy eyes would guard the door
 Of Freedom's shrine,
Or armour rusting as of yore
 Give foes the sign.

Eight years of iron and of blood
Swept by like a devouring flood;
Then in the refuse and the mud
 Our visions failed;
Chill midnight nips the glowing bud
 Which morning hailed.

From faith new found our eyes are turned;
Dear, blood-bought lessons all we've spurned;
Hearts that with love and triumph burned
 But yestereve,
Are cold as dust that lies inurned
 Where spiders weave.

Men whisper peace, but War cries loud;
Love sickens; Murder shakes his shroud;
Hatred and Fear have vengeance vowed
 For blood self-spilt;
Pale Russia calls a ghostly crowd
 To crown her guilt.

We sleep once more by soothing streams
Where no rough sounds may break our dreams,
No world that to the waking seems
 Can reach us there;
Tropic nor Pole with curst extremes,
 Shall work us care.

Our armour rusts upon the wall;
From nerveless hands our keen swords fall;
And purged of powder and of ball
 Our guns are dumb;
No tall ships, though at death we call,
 With wings shall come.

All round the laughing foemen wait;
Wide and defenceless stands our gate
Though still the oracles of Fate
 Sound in the air,
And nearer crawls the Hour of Hate,
 That will not spare.

—Donald Graham.

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**THE BRITISH COLUMBIA
MONTHLY**

1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

(Continued from Page 6)

COOKERY

By Mary Duke Gordon and Eleanor Sinclair Rohde
London, Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.

Since the days when Pepys wrote his Diary and told the world among other things the sort of meals old fashioned English people were in the habit of eating, the cookery book has been an established institution and many a house-wife has kept one almost next to her Bible. Various volumes of the kind have from time to time swayed the feminine mind. But these antique books did not treat of food values, vitamins and the rest of modern improvements in the terminology of the table. Here is a book which unites the old with the new. It has all the old-fashioned English dishes, and a number of modern ones. A glance at its pages makes the reader hungry if he is in a healthy condition.

THE JOURNAL OF PERSONNEL RESEARCH

Baltimore Md., Williams & Wilkins Co.

This is the first number of an important magazine having for its object the furtherance of the aims and objects of the new Federation of Personnel Research which has been established partly by funds supplied by the Carnegie Foundations and partly by the subscriptions of wealthy and public-spirited men. Looking round on the industrial and social world, these gentlemen are convinced that there is much avoidable loss and wastage not only of money but of human effort because a large number of people are holding positions for which their abilities and qualifications were never intended. They therefore propose to do what they can to prevent square men from occupying round holes.

THE CORNISH PENNY

By Coulson Cade

New York, Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This is a story of English life told with considerable skill, and in a somewhat leisurely fashion. The author apparently is of the opinion that his reader will take the preliminary trouble of mastering a number of genealogical particulars with which the tale opens, in view of the entertainment he will derive afterwards. Some books are of enthralling interest from the first page. This novel is all right, if the reader masters the first thirty or forty pages. There is in it a mystery to be unravelled, and in the course of the unravelling we are brought into contact with the comings and goings of a family in the higher circles of the Old Country.

ARIUS THE LIBYAN

By Nathan G. Kouns.

New York: Appleton & Co.

This is a new edition of a story that was first published forty years ago. It was reprinted in 1911 and 1914. It refers to the early Christian Church and to the controversies that arose after the time of Constantine. It stresses the communistic tendency of the early church and contains many well drawn if somewhat enlarged portraits. There is an introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler.

CONFLICT

By Clarence Buddington Kellard

New York: Harper & Company.

This is a clever and well written story of a girl whose pocket-money was \$5000 a year, a fact which speaks for itself. The reader is apt to think, after a few pages, that this amount is too much for a girl to have, particularly if she is rather self-willed and curious as to life. But she is not a bad sort of young lady and we cannot help following her adventures with much interest. We come pretty close to murder, and towards the end we get into quite a moving picture atmosphere. Not literature perhaps, but a good book for a railway journey.

—(X)

OLD CUSTOM REVIVED.

Those who know Combe Martin in North Devon, England, can call to mind one of the most beautiful villages in the old land. Its main street runs down to the Bristol Channel, and there, on sandy flats uncovered at low tide, the fishermen's boats make a marine picture which has attracted many an artist. But the village itself, half a mile from the beach, is enclosed by fields and gardens of surprising productiveness, while giant elms add to the beauty of the landscape. In the old grey church on the hillside there are monuments of antiquity, for it was built in the fourteenth century. Yet this home of antique conservatism seems to have felt the thrill of modern movements, since, as we find by an extract from a North Devon newspaper, several denominations of Christians have joined together in reviving the celebrations of Rogation week in the Church of England—the week of preparation for the commemoration of the Ascension. The extract is as follows:—

"On Rogation Sunday a service of unique character was revived in this parish. From very ancient days it was the custom of the clergy of the Church to walk round the limits of the parish, and assemble the people in the fields to recite appropriate litanies and invoke the mercy of God for His blessing upon the crops, and to give them in due season the fruits of the earth. Adapting this service to modern conditions, a united body of worshippers, representing Church of England, Wesleyan, and Baptist Churches, assembled at the Parade, with their respective choirs, Sunday Schools and Girl Guides, and ably led by the Town Band, under the conductorship of Bandmaster H. Down, marched in procession through the streets to a field above the Church, overlooking the whole beautiful valley of Combe Martin. There, on the slopes of the hillside, under the most favourable conditions of weather, several hundred people took part in a simple and impressive intercession service conducted by the Rector, Rev. R. Seymour, assisted by the Rev. H. Babb, of the Wesleyan Church, offering the prayer, and by Mr. W. J. Delve, representing the Baptist Church, reading the lesson. The hymns, 'O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea,' 'To Thee, O God, We Fly,' and 'All People that on Earth do Dwell,' were splendidly led by the united choirs, and heartily joined in by the assembled people."

LAND O' LOVE.

There is a land, O weary heart,
Where tears are wiped away,
Where sorrows flee, and darksome night
Is turned to radiant day.

Its portals rise, O best beloved,
Just beyond tomorrow!

There hope doth blossom into sight,
There cherished dreams come true;
No one is ever lonesome there,
And friends are always true.

It lies, dear heart, not far from here,
Just beyond tomorrow!

There is a land of pure deight,
Where all are young and strong,
And all may work, nor weary be,
With lips attuned to song.

O, land of love, so near, so far,
Just beyond tomorrow!

—M. E. Colman.

British Columbia.

A Quiet Sunday Afternoon

(By M. E. Colman.)

Jennie's idea of a quiet Sunday afternoon and mine hardly agree. We found that out last Sunday afternoon, when in response to a telephonic S. O. S. I went to stay with her while Jack and Mable went to Bellingham.

The Van Jones have a lovely verandah, always cool and shady, and Jennie and I were soon installed in great, deep wicker chairs, with the pleasant tinkle of the ice in the lemonade pitcher a pleasing accompaniment to our cosy chat. We had hardly begun an intimate discussion of the implications of the Spencerian theory of the discipline of natural consequences as applied to the training of children of pre-scholastic age, when a dismal wail sounded from the fastnesses behind us.

"My goodness gracious," I cried. "what's that?"

"Why, that's only Baby. Mable left him with me for the day," replied Jennie, pouring herself another glass of lemonade with heartless precision.

The wails became howls.

"How can you sit there so coolly, with that helpless infant probably on its dying bed?" I asked in horror.

"Dying bed, nothing," retorted the cruel aunt. "He's in the carriage, and all he wants is to be picked up. He'd stop crying at once if you took him in your arms. Just leave him alone, crying won't hurt him."

"For pity's sake!" I gasped, and made one bound for the carriage. In two minutes the angelic infant was cooing and gooing upon my lap, and we fell into a spirited discussion concerning the Mendelian theory and its practical bearing upon the metaphysics of the adherents of the Pragmatical Philosophy.

A series of weird bumps and thumps, punctuated by agonized yelps, brought us both to our feet with startled exclamations.

"That bl—essed pup!" gasped Jennie. We ran into the house. Round and round the drawing-room ran a mad thing, tearing at a sort of cape upon its head. The floor was strewn with magazine leaves as a boulevard after an autumn wind. Mable's most precious possession, a Ming vase, lay in atoms on the floor. As we stood aghast, the whirling mass that was Topsy, the pup, was catapulted against the fern-stand, and the pride of Jennie's heart lay in a thousand pitiful pieces among the wreckage of the music-stand. Jennie made a flying leap for the pup, stumbled against a rocker, knocked over a table, and collapsed in a bruised heap on the floor just in time to receive in her lap the contents of the gold-fish bowl, and Topsy.

Topsy was encased in sticky fly-paper, and still making frantic efforts to be free, which of course only succeeded in gluing her more firmly to the "warranted" paper. To free her we had to resort to a tub of hot water, and as two of us were none too many for the job, Baby had perforce to exercise his lungs once more. In point of volume and persistency that child could give hints to Galli-Curci. He shrieked till we hesitated to answer the telephone for fear one of the neighbours might be inquiring who we were murdering. When Topsy had subsided, free but panting, into a towel, Jennie glanced at the clock. "My patience!" she cried, "no wonder the infant shrieks blue murder; it's nearly an hour past his bottle time." The bottle prepared and administered, a semblance of peace reigned again, and we turned our attention to gathering up the remains from the scene of conflict. It took us 79 minutes 4¾ seconds, then by common consent we collapsed into opposite chairs and wept.

After we had dried our tears, Jennie went to the pantry to forage for an evening snack. Just as I assured her that bread and cheese would be as ambrosia to me, the door-bell rang. I opened the door and ushered in a large and smiling man, followed by five large and smiling females.

They left the car at the curb.

"We were out for a drive," said the largest of the party with a dazzling smile, "and we thought we would drop in." Whereat the five others smiled similar smiles and chorused: "Thought we'd drop in!"

"Delighted, I'm sure," said Jennie; "won't you take off your things and stay for tea?"

(Whether she were merely temporarily insane, or whether it was but a symptom of a chronic condition we have not yet decided.)

"Why, yes, we'd love to," came the smiling chorus.

Oh, yes, they would excuse us while we set the table; they could entertain themselves, and they proceeded to do so with thoroughness and dispatch. One of the young ladies played, and another sang; she had been trained, "years, under the best masters, frightfully expensive, but quite worth while, don't you think so?"

The infant protested loudly and long. It is not easy to carry a howling, squirming baby and a brimming bowl of preserves at one and the same time, but, as Jennie said, one spill more or less no longer mattered.

At last we sat down. Jennie took the tea-pot and I took the baby. Our guests were radiant.

"There is nothing, after all, so pleasant as a quiet Sunday evening spent in congenial company," said one of them.

"Nothing," agreed the smiling chorus.

The infant took his thumb out of his mouth and howled.

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Automobile Notes

(By Stephen Golder)

Meeting the Growing Danger of the Road

The growing danger of the road due to increased motor traffic is puzzling other cities beside Vancouver. The matter is being discussed in virtually every state across the line. Many suggestions of drastic changes have been made from time to time. One of these suggestions comes from Massachusetts, where Sunday motoring has so crowded the highways that it has been proposed that a regulatory licensing system be adopted which would permit motoring only on certain days of the week.

* * * *

Although the State of Massachusetts was one of the first of the states to put into effect an elaborate programme of highway improvement, it seems from recent reports that the growing number of automobiles has already over-crowded the highways there, especially on Sundays in the summer season. The number of automobiles in the New England States has nearly trebled in the past five years, and there has been little increase in the mileage of improved highways.

* * * *

California has more automobiles than Massachusetts, and the number of cars is increasing more rapidly than in any other state, yet it is not likely that this state will have to limit the use of automobiles to certain days, because it has greater highway mileage and good prospects of adding to that mileage. Californian highways leading to the beaches are terribly crowded, so much so that additional outlets from the centres of population are necessary, and the plan adopted by the railway companies of providing certain portions of the highways for rapidly moving vehicles has been taken up.

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So far as crowded highways on Sundays are concerned, California has some notable advantages over the Eastern States. Here motorists do not need to concentrate their pleasure riding in a few summer months, for every month is a motoring month.

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One cause of congestion experienced in the Vancouver district during the past season has been caused through enforced detours during highway construction along the Pacific Highway, and it is feared that we shall have the same trouble again during the early part of 1923. Assurance has been given that the "missing link" at the end of the present paving will be paved as soon as the roadbed will permit—early next year—but the rest of the highway between Cloverdale and Blaine, some six or seven miles, will take many months to complete, and it is feared that we shall have to put up with another detour for the best part of the year—always providing that the Government can see their way to continue the much needed work.

* * * *

How will the advance in radio engineering affect motoring? This is a question often asked at the present time, and I know of one member of the Vancouver Automobile Club, and a college professor, too, who has been experimenting in this line for some time. It does not require a great tax on the imagination to forecast a day when communication will be as simple a matter as transportation and when the two will go hand in hand. The time is fast approaching when touring motorists will take along with them a suitcase full of

radio apparatus that will provide a pleasing recreation for the motor camp. Radio sets have been put into use already on motor cars for both sending and receiving, and soon a means will be developed to keep the motorist, no matter how far from home or into how solitary a wilderness he essays to drive, constantly in touch with the progress of the world and in touch with business or home affairs.

* * * *

Certain it is that eventually the radio will be as common a part of the equipment of an automobile as the electric starting and lighting systems. What a change has been made in our modern life since the advent of the automobile. The automotive industry covers almost the whole field of achievement in the line of modern invention.

* * * *

"The Elimination of Traffic Hazards in Highway Improvement" was recently dealt with by Arthur H. Blanchard, President, National Highway Traffic Association, and Professor of Highway Engineering and Highway Transport, University of Michigan, in an address before the Congress of the National Safety Council at Detroit.

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In his remarks Mr. Blanchard said that an intimate relationship exists between the elimination of traffic hazards and the efficient design, construction and maintenance of highways. A momentous responsibility rests on federal, state, county and municipality engineers to realize constantly the public duty which is imposed upon them to safeguard, to the maximum extent, the life and property of persons using the highways.

* * * *

In the field of municipal highways' improvement, more attention should be concentrated on methods to relieve congestion of traffic on city streets. The construction of ample widths of roadways, or arterial diagonal streets and circum-

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ferential streets, will materially assist in the relief of congestion of main traffic and business streets in many cities. State and municipal highways' officials should co-operate in the routing of through traffic around the business sections of large cities, and even outside the limits of small municipalities. Marked relief from traffic congestion has resulted wherever this fundamental principle of city and town planning has been adopted.

* * * *

How to make the highways safe both for pedestrians and automobilists is the topic of the hour in automobile circles. It is assumed that no decent person will purposely drive recklessly or deliberately cast aside common prudence. If drivers would always bear in mind that to prevent accidents you not only have to be prudent yourself, but have your car so far under control as to offset as far as possible the imprudence of others, whether motorists or pedestrians. Experienced motorists all agree that what they have most to fear is "the other fellow."

* * * *

Don't be an indifferent, inconsiderate, or even discourteous driver. It creates resentment and prejudice against all motorists on the part of pedestrians and local officials, and the result is that all motorists suffer for the sins of the few.

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Don't think because you are a skillful driver in small communities, or even small cities, that you can as easily operate in large, congested communities. Accustom yourself, if possible, gradually, and at all events, cautiously, to new conditions.

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Don't ignore weather conditions, such as wind, rain, fog, mist, snow and sleet. These affect both the vision and the condition of the road, and the worse they are the greater the care necessary. Try to keep your windshield clear.

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Don't neglect to report flagrant violations on the part of other drivers. Most such violations occur beyond the view of the police or other law enforcement officers. If you do not see fit to cause the arrest or summoning of the defendant to court, you can at least notify your automobile club, giving the car number and other identifying facts, as well as describing the occurrence. The club secretary will do all that is needful. If all decent motorists did this, it would make the "road hog" and chronic violator a rarity.

* * * *

Don't, on the other hand, become a busybody and report trifling offenses, or yourself be guilty of a more serious one, such as speeding, in order to catch a lesser offender. It doesn't pay.

* * * *

Don't forget that human judgment in the matter of speed is very unreliable, even among the most experienced. Appearances are deceptive and conditions misleading. Consequently have a speedometer, keep it reasonably tested, and, lastly, look at it at reasonable intervals. The motorcycle officer is constantly testing his speedometer, and this is why, with his attention concentrated on his observations, he enjoys such an advantage over you when testifying in court.

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OCTOBER DAYS

(By Eleanor A. Postill.)

October is here! Come, let us walk in the fields and woods. This is no time for crowded city streets, with their noise and bustle and hurry.

Through the shady avenues we go, past beautiful homes, and gardens ablaze with autumn flowers—nasturtiums and asters, chrysanthemums and dahlias. Then along the country road and through the fields, passing orchards whose trees are laden with rosy-cheeked apples — and so on into the wood.

What a wealth of color greets us! Dark green firs and pines, silvery birches, and maples glowing with crimson and gold. Many leaves are falling, and here and there a tree stands bare and desolate among its fellows. Dead? Nay, see, on every branch are little buds, a promise of the spring, and a new dress of living green.

Here is a squirrel, busily engaged in gathering his store of nuts for the winter. So busy is he that he scarcely heeds our coming, and only when we approach too near his hiding-place does a shrill chattering tell us of his anxiety and fear. Why is he so busy? What instinct tells him that the cold, dark winter that is coming is not the end of all things, but on the other side are re-awakened life and love and joy and beauty?

Look! Through the trees we catch a glimpse of the sea, with the sunlight playing on its waters, and the blue sky above flecked with fleecy clouds—and over all that indescribable autumn haze, that, like a misty veil, softens, but does not obscure its beauty.

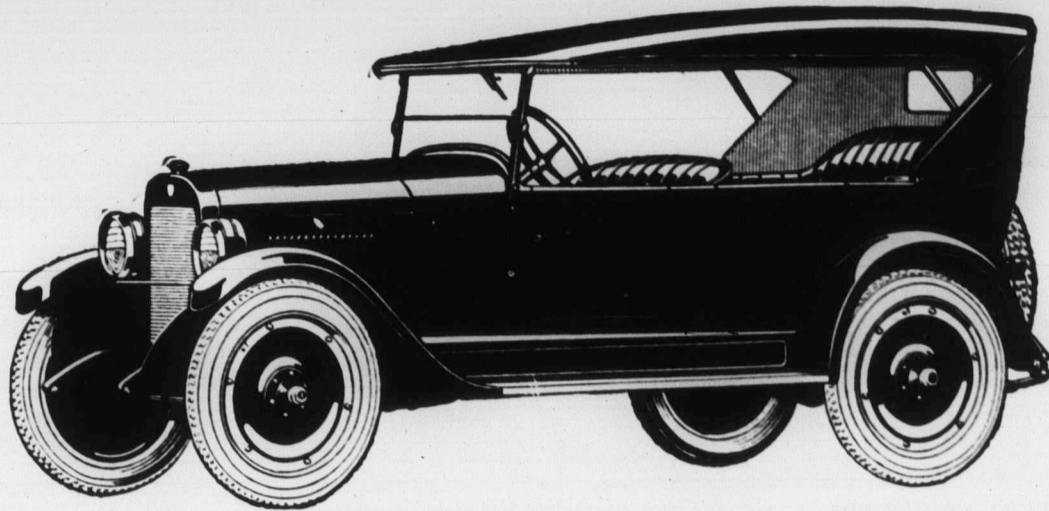
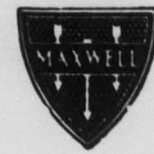
We find a fallen log, and sit and gaze upon the beauty of the scene—and as we gaze it sinks into our hearts, and we rise at last rested and refreshed in spirit as well as body. The evening shadows are falling, the air has become chill, the dead leaves crackle under our feet. But why be sad? Surely if June, with its sunshine and roses, is a picture of youth in its beauty and promise, October, with its garnered fruit and fallen leaves, is no less a picture of age, in its glory of achievement, and hope of a life beyond the grave.

So, as we leave the wood behind, traverse the fields, and enter again the lighted city streets, there is a song in our hearts—not a sigh; and we say, with Browning:—

"The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be
afraid."



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