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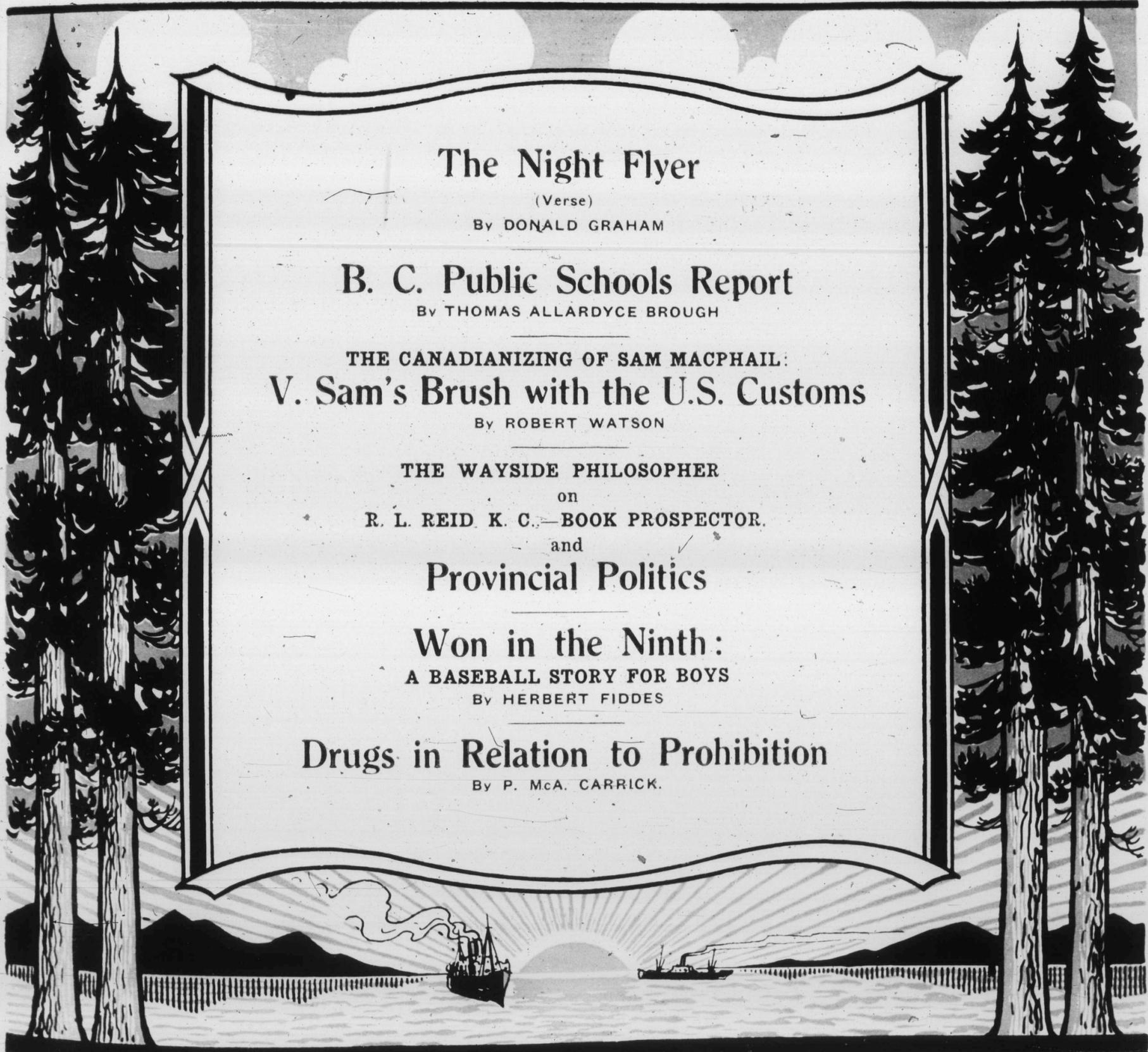
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THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF CANADIAN CITIZENS

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"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

Vol. XVI.

APRIL, 1920

No. 1

THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF RETURNED CITIZENS IN CANADA

By Leon J. Ladner.

NOTE—The following article from the notes of an address given by Mr. Ladner at a recent big Rotary Convention in Victoria attended by over 1,200 members, gives such an informative review of what has been done in the matter of re-establishment that we think it well worthy of a place in the literary records of the B. C. M.—Ed.

It is my privilege as spokesman of Vancouver Rotary Club to address you on the subject of the re-establishment of our returned citizens. I shall endeavour to explain what Canada has done for her noble sons who, from the first day of the terrible war until her boys entered Mons in Belgium on the 11th of November, 1918, carried the Flag of Canada and the Empire from one victory to another. You will recall that from August 1918 to the signing of the Armistice that four Canadian divisions met and defeated at different times no less than forty-nine German divisions, a feat unexcelled in the entire war. Their valor and fame were such that when the great French General, Marshall Foch, looked about to find the steel for his spear-head in the final drive from Amiens in September, 1918, he selected the soldiers of Canada, and to the everlasting credit of those heroes and to the glory of our fair country, the spear-head of Canadian soldiers drove swiftly and fatally into the heart of the famous Hindenburg line.

A Nation Among Nations.

By the blood and valor of those brave men, who died by the thousands for their country, Canada's name has been placed among the great nations of the world. Our country, composed of peace loving and industrious people, entered this terrible maelstrom of human destruction as a colony of unknown military value, and by the magnificent and victorious accomplishments of her Sons on the bloody field of battle she has emerged a nation among nations with a profound sense of appreciation of her men and a full understanding of her responsibilities to the world. Today Canada takes her seat at the Council Table of the League of Nations qualified in every sense of the word.

Canada's Record.

Let us recall some of the facts which have made it possible for Canada to accomplish these things and at the same time given to the country the problem of re-establishment. Out of a total male population under forty-five years of age of 3,700,000, 600,000 men took arms, of these nearly 500,000 were volunteers. Of these 56,000 were killed in action, almost one in every ten, and 150,000 were wounded or maimed

for life. In other words one-third of the entire enlistment were killed or wounded. Such have been the sacrifices and the foundation on which the World's standing of our country has been won. To care for, assimilate and re-establish half a million of sturdy citizens constitutes the problem which has faced the Dominion during the past year and a half, and it may be of interest to know that during the past winter throughout the entire country, only about 30,000 men were on the Government lists of unemployed, and, in order that the greatest generosity and consideration should be extended, the sum of \$40,000,000 was voted by Parliament to look after the unemployed and their wives and families during that time.

Two Aspects of the Problem.

The problem of re-establishment has two aspects. One is largely a question of psychology resulting from the half a million of men overseas being absent five years and coming back more mature in their judgment with a life's experience jammed into those five years and a somewhat different attitude of mind on the many social, economic and political questions of the country as compared with the civilian population, who during those five years have been engaged in the work of production and support of the men overseas. From these two divergent points of view I believe that Canada will emerge a better and finer country when time has provided an opportunity for contact, association, study and exchange of ideas between these two great bodies.

The other aspect of the question, which I shall call the "re-establishment of our returned citizens," has reference especially to bringing the man home from the war and placing him in some useful occupation, or, if wounded, providing him with a generous compensation and fitting him for something to engage his mind and attention. When I tell you that often within one hour from the time the train reaches the man's home town that he had been discharged and reached his home, you will understand the efficiency of our demobilization system.

Under our Constitution all questions of war, Militia and Defence, come under the jurisdiction of the Dominion or Federal authorities at Ottawa, but nevertheless the Provinces, Municipalities and Cities of Canada from East to West have consistently rendered a helping hand in the question of re-establishment.

Land Settlement in British Columbia.

In British Columbia the Province has purchased or otherwise acquired many acres of agricultural lands for soldiers desiring to engage in farming. Under a system of loaning through a competent board responsible to the Government, men are formed into what are known as "Community Area Settlements." Under a plan of co-operation great blocks of land are cleared, the men working on the same receiving a reasonable wage from the Government, and the total cost of clearing and preparing the land is charged up pro rata on the basis of acreage. When the land is ready for farming so that the soldier can make a living he is then allowed a certain number of acres, paying for the same over a number of years a sum of money based on the cost per acre to clear the land under this co-operative system.

A Housing Scheme Which Merits Commendation.

As in other countries, it was found when the men returned that there was a great scarcity of houses. The Dominion Government accordingly set aside \$25,000,000 for the construction of homes, the moneys being borrowed by the different Municipalities and Cities through the Provincial Government and loaned to widows and returned citizens repayable by monthly instalments over a period of twenty years. The Municipalities supervise the construction of the houses and wholesale dealers generously supply the material at the very lowest cost. The result is that little homes are being

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built for our widows and returned citizens in various parts of British Columbia and the amount of their payments on account of principal and interest monthly is less than what they would have to pay as rent in a rented house. After ten years of residence in their homes a rebate is made of \$300 which is in the nature of a gift.

Various rebates, concessions and privileges are also extended to our returned citizens when engaged in the development of our natural resources such as prospecting for mines, certain mining operations, and in other matters relating to our natural resources.

In the Civil Service too, preference is given to the returned soldier, if he is qualified for the position.

Provincial Government and New Industries.

Perhaps the most unique and the most successful undertaking of the Provincial Government has been the establishment of a department of Industries. \$2,000,000 was set aside to be loaned out for the purpose of creating new manufacturing industries in the Province with the result that forty-seven new industries have been started by returned men, giving employment to many others. The practice has been to loan between 40 and 50 per cent of the total capital required for the industry, allowing re-payment to be made over a period up to 20 years with interest at 6 per cent per annum. Major Martyn, D.S.O., one of Canada's distinguished soldiers, who heads the Department as Industrial Commissioner, has contributed largely to the success of this department.

Dominion Government's Action Unrivalled.

Under our Constitution the Government of Canada must assume the main responsibility for the re-establishment of our returned citizens. Anyone who has studied the problem of re-establishment will agree that no Allied nation has dealt more generously or more efficiently with their returned men than has the Government of the Dominion of Canada. When the Armistice was signed on the 11th of November, 1918, over half a million men were in active service and today nearly all of these are back engaged in some business or another. On the 14th of November the Cabinet met and appointed a special Repatriation Committee to carry out the work under the Department known as the "Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment" which had been created in May, 1918. The growth of the munition industry, the expansion of business, the building up of a large army of war workers, the scarcity of labour and of raw materials, the shifting of markets, the rise in prices, and in exchanges, Government control of raw material and exports, the inflation of currency and the increase in our national debt, were each in themselves a great national problem which had to be worked out while 500,000 men were being re-established in Canada.

The War Service Gratuity.

In December 1918 it was thought necessary to provide moneys for men returning home to tide them over between the period of discharge and the time when they could find employment and for this purpose war service gratuities were given which totalled in all in the neighborhood of \$153,000,000.

An Unemployment Fund.

In addition a sum of \$40,000,000 was set aside for the help of men out of work during the past winter.

Free Government Employment Agencies.

In every important town and city of Canada free Government employment agencies totalling 165 in number, were established and these were most active in finding out vacancies and in locating our returned citizens. They have accomplished a splendid work and over 110,000 positions were found for returned men.

Dependents Overseas.

During the war many wives and other dependents of soldiers had taken up their residence overseas in England to



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be near their beloved ones. The Government paid the expense to bring these dependents back to their homes in different parts of Canada.

The Dominion Government and Land Settlement

The Dominion Government has embarked upon an extensive system of settling soldiers on agricultural lands throughout Canada, particularly in the Prairie provinces. Local boards for handling the moneys and inspecting the properties were established at various centres. Competent practical men inspected the land before purchase, title being placed in the name of the board. Buildings are constructed for the proposed farmer and he is assisted in the purchase of cattle, horses and agricultural machinery. The work is so vast and the purchases in such enormous quantities that the very cheapest prices prevail. The returned citizens repay the amount expended on his farm over a period of forty years with interest at the low rate of 4 per cent and during the first two years he has no payments to make either for principal or interest so that every opportunity is given for the man to make good. If the man is not already qualified as a farmer he is given a special training and a monthly allowance on which to live to enable him to secure the necessary qualifications.

To date over 41,000 settlers have qualified under the Act involving the expenditure on the part of the Government of \$57,000,000. In the western provinces settlers may secure free soldiers' grant entry for quarter sections of the Dominion Crown lands and in certain cases may secure an additional quarter section. Already over 6,000 soldiers have acquired lands in this way.

Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment.

This department carries out perhaps the most important work in the solution of the problem of re-establishment because its activities cover medical services to the men, both under treatment and in recurrences of all sorts of ailments. It has charge also of the vocational training of men to prepare them for new lines of work which are necessary owing to disabilities received overseas, and the Department further has, as a special work, the placing of these men in touch with opportunities for employment or for establishment in business. The magnitude of this work will be understood when it is noted that it requires a staff of over 8,000 members for administrations.

One hundred and four hospitals and sanatoria have been established in Canada to care for the blind, the insane, the tubercular, the cripple, the epileptic, feeble-minded and problem cases. The accomplishments along medical lines in this work have been marvellous and particularly the great care taken in preparing blinded heroes to face life by industrious pursuits. Medical services of every variety are provided by the Government at no expense to the man. If, after discharge from the army, there is a recurrence of the disability due to service, the man is treated free of charge. During treatment the men are allowed certain pay and allowances for their maintenance.

Vocational Training and Results.

Many of the men returning find it impossible to go back to their old positions either on account of disabilities or for other reasons. The result was that an elaborate organization was prepared to re-train men for other work either by giving them skilled trades such as carpenters, printers, machinists, etc., or else if they were already skilled in some occupations to build on that foundation. During the period of this re-training the returned man receives a sufficient payment monthly, usually for a period of six months, to maintain himself and his wife and family. Since the commencement of the work 55,000 men have received training and benefits in this splendid undertaking. The results have more than justified the heavy expenditure in carrying on this work. It is found that 68

per cent of the men who were trained in new occupations are now actually employed in those new occupations while the balance are either ill or went back to their old vocations. In January last 10,000 men had graduated while the number attending classes was 24,000.

A Notable "Follow Up" System.

Canada introduced and organized what is known as the "Following-up and after care section," a department not existing in any of the allied countries. Its duty was to receive a notification a month before a man was to graduate in order to secure him a position, to place him in the position and then to see that it was suited to him and that he was making a success of his work there. This department keeps track of the wages received, relationship of the men with their employers, fellow-workmen and trade unions and generally follows up the training which they have received to make them useful and happy citizens of the country. These men receive free medical treatment during their course of training.

Canada's Place in Pension Awards.

In regard to the matter of pensions—the most important duty which rests upon the Government of any country—it is gratifying to know that of all the countries in the world, the pensions allowances given by the Dominion of Canada stand the highest. This is not noted boastfully because we may hold that even these pensions are not sufficient for such a worthy body of returned citizens. Taking the basis of the private without wife and dependents, the total disability award in pensions per year for Canada, Australia, United States, France and Great Britain as at July 1919, are as follows:

France	\$240.00
Great Britain	351.00
United States	360.00
Australia	379.00
Canada	600.00

Since July last there have been further increases so that a private now receives \$720.00 a year and the widow \$690.00. Comparatively generous allowances are made for each additional child. In Canada the first child receives \$144.00; the second \$120; and subsequent children \$96 each. The latest returns show that 175,906 persons are in receipt of assistance under the Pensions now in force in Canada. Of these it is sad to note that over 10,000 are widows and 17,000 children. The expenditure for pensions in Canada amounts to approximately \$26,000,000 annually, the pensioners being in nearly every country under the globe; some 35,000 residing in the United States.

THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

I have been referring to the present and the past, but what of the future? What of our duty to those 56,000 Canadians and millions among the Allies whose illustrious souls watch over us for whom they gave their lives? They fought, suffered and died that justice, righteousness and democracy might live. Duty like death enters every abode and delivers its message; conscience, like reason and judgment is immortal. There is a spirit in men, there is a spirit in Canada and the British Empire. That spirit finds expression in the activities of Britishers throughout the world as they endeavor today, and have endeavored in past history, to evolve into a living force the basic principles of British statemanship on which the Empire is endeavoring to build the super-structure of service to its citizens and to the civilized world.

May God make us worthy and strengthen us in our duty to those immortal defenders of civilization who in the terrible War fought and died in the performance of that great Rotarian principal "Service, not Self."

THE NIGHT FLYER

When spirits first cast off the burden of flesh
And greet the new world looming wondrous and strange
On their dazzling eyes, when they see the torn mesh
Of the net, where all powerless to wander or change
Time held them his slaves, are those joys, are those fears
In their pulses that stab with a passion that sears?

But the calm, oh the balm that descends on the pain
When the cool, soft hand on the brow is laid,
When the tempest is stayed by the hush of the rain,
And the heart leaps up brave that's been cowering afraid!
Then we're snatched from the soil to a magic sky,
Where the shadows gleam and life's discords die.

The earth dipped into the dark last night;
The sun went out like a candle blown;
We watched it pause in its golden flight
And struggle and die where the gleam was thrown
Far down in the gulf, then the night's wings close
And fold us round like the leaves of a rose.

So sweet it was that we could not think
Our brains were dulled with the joy that thrilled,
But our hearts were open and wide to drink;
Not a drop of the wine of life was spilled;
Our beaker of youth was full at the mouth,
Our hearts free at last from their burning drouth.

As we flew, as we flew, we could hear the song
That the Pleiads sang when the world was flame,
The music failed when the Dawn grew strong
And the earth lay grey with its burden of shame;
But the ether, that dances and shines in the sky,
Caught the notes as they fell and they could not die.

All the cares of the day fell away with the light,
All the rankling wounds and the hideous scars,
That torture the body and blast the sight,
All the prisons that stifle the soul with their bars;
They are all fled away on the cool night-stream
Like spectres that harry a fevered dream.

We have crossed the tired earth, we have spurned the wild sea
Neath our feet the hoarse billows that threaten the skies
And moan for each ship and its company
Till they speed like coursed hares for the haven that lies
Far away; and the dogs follow fierce on their scent
With the lust for hot blood when the heart is rent.

Not a murmur is here of the sea and its rage;
Its precipice gulfs and its mountain peaks
Fall away from the eye to a grey green page,
Next melt into cloud that the pale moon streaks;
Then below branch the mists like a forest fair,
As we scale the clear heights up the moon's white stair.

Then away, then away, in the arms of the night,
And a meteor bold from its golden mouth
Whispers a cheer as it crosses our flight;
Lo! Dian is winding her horn in the South
To the lingering stars; on his endless quest
Orion strikes home at his queen's behest.

Then away, then away: see, the dawn is near:
For half in its slumber the dreaming earth
Has turned and the laugh of the Sun rings clear
And loud from the east where the Dawn has birth.
O night is sweet and the end of strife,
But Day is the Lord of the land of life.

Donald Graham.

TO ROTARY, KIWANIS AND OTHER CLUBS:

"Community Service" is a nice mouthful. It is fine to tell one another, and the world in general the great need of "Community Service," but actions are much more valuable than words. Your clubs are composed of the Business Men of the Cities. What greater "Community Service" can

you engage in than promoting the Boys' Organizations of our Province. Don't talk, and applaud the work and say "Very Good"—"Very Laudable"—get busy and DO something. Get behind the Boys' Organizations and show active interest, and you will be making an investment worth while for the future.—Herbert Fiddes.

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By ROBERT WATSON

Author of 'My Brave and Gallant Gentleman,' 'The Girl of O. K. Valley.'

No.V.—Sam's Brush With the U. S. Customs.

It is true that Sam was quickly getting into the way of the country; but, every day, he was still running up against conditions that were new and puzzling to him. Jim, as had been his policy from the start, left him to work his way out of these, or round them, as he might consider best.

One evening we were sitting in our bedroom, lazily wiling away the time. I was tinkling on a mandoline; Jim was lying full length on top of his bed endeavoring to get underneath the allegorical 'clothes' of 'Sartor Resartus'; while Sam was dreamily whistling 'The Laird O' Cockpen.'

At last Jim tossed aside his book impatiently.

"Where are we going during the week-end holiday that is coming?" he asked.

My mandoline was laid aside and Sam stopped whistling.

After considerable discussion between Jim and me, we decided to take a trip to Seattle, Washington. At the mention of the name of that city, Sam perked up.

"Man," he asked, "is it a very expensive jaunt?"

Jim told him what it would probably cost.

"Do you ken—I think I'll gang wi' ye. There's a chap in Seattle o' the name o' Donald McTavish. He used to bide in Auchtertery. My mother's aunt's cousin was his grandfather . . ."

"Wait a minute, Sam," shouted Jim, sitting up and scratching his head, "wait till I dope out that relationship."

After an interval of deep thought, Jim lay back. "No," he exclaimed, "it's too much for me. Go on Sam."

"Weel—you see—we're kind o' distant relatives and it would be real nice to pay the chap an unexpected visit."

We made what little arrangements were necessary, then we started in to coach Sam on how to act when passing the American Customs Officer who would examine him on the Canadian side before he got aboard. But Sam treated our advice as more or less of a joke, having had his suspicions on previous occasions that we sometimes tried to poke fun at his expense.

"When a Britisher has been six months in Canada, Sam," said Jim, "he becomes a full-fledged Canadian. Now, U.S.A. Customs Officers are supposed to allow Canadians, with return tickets through on the nod. But they seem to be privileged to ask a bunch of tom-fool questions from people of any other nationality. So—don't forget—when he asks you, say you are a Canadian. Spit it out in the aggressive, determined way that a real, live, Western Canadian would; then, bite your tongue and remain dumb."

When our extended week-end holiday came round, we started out, cheerful and hilarious, with Sam tagging on as frisky as a young colt. At the city wharf we booked through tickets to Seattle, with stop-over privileges at Victoria.

The next afternoon, after a run round British Columbia's capital, when we presented ourselves at the gangway of the Seattle-bound steamer at the Victoria Wharf, we found ourselves among an unusually large number of intending passengers. Jim and I reached the U.S.A. official together. Sam, who had got separated from us in the crowd, was somewhere in the rear.

"Of what nationality are you?" was the question put to us.

"Canadian," we replied.

The officer glanced at our tickets, handed them back to us and passed us down the gangway.

"Let's wait for Sam," I said to Jim.

"Oh!—he'll be all right. He'll be down in a minute.

We went along the deck, checked our baggage with the baggage clerk below and were up on deck again ere we gave any serious thought to Sam.

By that time, it was too late. We searched everywhere but could find no trace of him, high and low on the boat, from gangway to engine-room, without success.

As time wore on, Jim began to call Sam, in the latter's absence, all the idiots and fools he could think of; but, for all that, I could see he was just a little anxious and had thoughts of going back ashore.

However, a few seconds before sailing time, we were greatly relieved to see Sam coming our way, but we were also astonished at his nervous and physical condition. He came shouldering along the alleyways, flushed, perspiring and speechless with a terrible rage. For a long time we could not get anything out of him. In fact, it was three or four weeks after the holiday was over that we managed to piece the whole story together.

When Sam was stopped at the gangway, the United States Customs Officer asked the usual question: "Of what nationality are you?"

"I'm a Canadian, of coorse," replied Sam in his most confident tones. The officer laughed. Sam looked at him indignantly.

"What! Canadian—with a brogue like that?" asked the officer.

"Ay—Canadian was what I said," answered Sam. And it says very little for your powers o' observation, when you don't ken the difference between a brogue and a guid Scotch accent."

"Where were you born?" asked the officer sourly.

"Where do you think?—Auchtertery, of coorse."

Sam, in his annoyance, had, for the moment, forgotten all Jim's instructions as to keeping as mum as possible.

"How long have you been in Canada?"

"Oh! a guid long while."

"How long?"

Six months come next Saturday," said Sam, getting more and more ruffled but scorning a lie.

"What is your name? What is your occupation? Why are you going to Seattle? How long do you intend remaining in the United States?" were the questions next showered on him.

"Look here, my mannie!" replied Sam angrily, "do you take me for an Autobiography or a Who's Who? You've no right to ask me such impudent questions. I'm a Scotch, Auchtertery-born Canadian subject, and I'm prood o' it. There's no a man on the boat there who can claim to be a truer Canadian than I am. I ha'e my return ticket for Seattle, and it's paid for. I'm workin' in Canada, and I wouldna bide awa' frae it for half-a-dozen United States. My twa frien's are on board. You passed them—and others forby—when they said they were Canadians. You got the same answer frae me and it's the truth I telt ye; yet you poke, poke at me wi' your questions as if you were takin' a census."

Sam, as he continued, began to remember part of Jim's coaching.

"That is a Canadian boat, and it is sittin' in Canadian waters. You are on Canadian land and you have no legal standin' in this country. Seattle is the place for you and your questions, my mannie—no' here in Canada. Let me by!"

Unfortunately for Sams argument and his intentions, this proved to be one of the oft-recurring occasions when legal aspects do not cut any figure: besides, legal machinery—which Sam had no thought of using—required a little more time to get into motion than Sam had at his disposal.

He was gently passed on to one side, with the advice that the best thing he could do, if not satisfied with his treatment, would be to go to the official in the ticket office at the top of the wharf who might feel inclined to initial his ticket.

Sam appealed to the purser at the gangway of the steamer, but that individual preferred to remain neutral. We were out of hail. The passengers behind Sam were all too anxious to pass themselves to worry about him. He had not a friend in sight. He had rubbed the U.S.A. Customs man the wrong way. The Customs man happened to be 'top dog'—and that was all there was to it.

The boat was due to throw off her ropes in fifteen minutes. Sam felt that his case was next to hopeless, but his native tenacity did not desert him. He hurried to the ticket office. He explained his plight quickly and as clearly as an excited native of Auchtertory could reasonably be expected to do; but the officer in charge there gave him no more satisfaction than his fellow at the gangway had done.

The Consul, whose office was half a mile up town, was the only man now who could help him, he told Sam.

"But, goodness sake, man! I have only fourteen minutes left," he protested.

The official threw up his hands, shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows as if to say, that was merely Sam's misfortune and time was not the essence of the contract.

Exasperated to a white heat but still dour and determined, Sam threw down his handbag and overcoat and rushed off to the city office of the U.S.A. Consul. Sam could run like a greyhound, and it was not long ere he arrived at his objective, breathless and perspiring.

Somewhat unceremoniously, he pushed his way into the Consul's privacy. That gentleman happened to be in leisurely conversation with some tourists at the time and, naturally, the intrusion of this raw highlander annoyed him.

Sam apologised on the grounds of great urgency and besought the Consul to initial his ticket and let him off to catch the boat. But the latter was not at all inclined to stand for the ordinary routine of his business being interfered with and showed Sam that he meant to let him cool off until he was ready to go into his case. Fortunately, the tourists were more sympathetic and very graciously waived their prior claims, asking the Consul to give the recent arrival the preference.

The Consul shot two questions at Sam.

"Are you a Canadian? When do you intend returning?"

Sam answered them satisfactorily, evidently, for the representative of the U.S.A. Government put his precious initials to the steamboat ticket.

What Sam thought of the whole business must remain forever unexpressed. At the time he was in too great a hurry to say more than a curt "Thank-ye."

He ran back to the wharf, picked up his belongings and presented his initialled ticket, with himself behind it, to the surprised Customs Officers,—just thirty seconds before the hauling in of the gangway.

The Officer looked at the pasteboard disinterestedly and passed Sam through without comment—as if he had never had any previous dealings with him.

This was almost too much for Sam.

"I don't suppose ye ken who I am?" Sam commented sarcastically.

"Oh, yes!—you're the Auchtertory Canadian," said the officer.

Sam's anger was bubbling.

"Man," he cried, "for twa spoonful o' brose, I would grip ye in these hands o' mine, break ye ower my knee and fling

ye into the water beside the wee crabs, and wheelks, and chuckie-stanes."

The officer stepped back nervously.

Sam glared at him, slowly buttoned his coat across his broad chest and strode down the gangway and aboard.

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Educational Men and Matters

THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Thomas Allardyce Brough.

The Forty-Eighth Annual Report of the public schools of British Columbia, covering the school year of 1918-19, contains not a little interesting information. By it we learn that the total enrolment of pupils was 72,006, of teachers 2,332. Of this number 197 were employed in high schools, 967 in city graded schools and 1178 in ungraded schools.

There were 45 high schools, with an attendance of 5,806, a very creditable showing for a young and sparsely settled province, but if no boy or girl had left school before completing a high school course the number would have been four or five times as great. There is a demand in many quarters for compulsory education up to the age of 16 instead of the age of 14, as at present. If such a regulation were now in force in British Columbia it would mean an increase in attendance of more than 13,000, requiring at least 325 additional class-rooms and teachers.

Of the teachers 376 held Academic certificates, many of this class being university graduates; 453 held first-class certificates, 873 second-class, 388 third-class, 140 temporary and 102 special. Men teachers numbered 486, women teachers 1846.

One of the most interesting departments of the report deals with school and home gardens. In all there were 137 schools with gardens, cared for by 260 teachers and 7,367 pupils. In addition to this 24 teachers and 468 pupils interested themselves in home gardens. This feature of school work exemplifies one of the most hopeful movements in present day education. The future of the nation is in the hands of the tillers of the soil and their descendants; hence any movement that tends to popularize the tilling of the soil is one of great national moment, and should be a matter of the greatest possible concern to every patriot. Spain's decadence can be traced largely to the disdain for agriculture felt by the Spanish grandees; much of the stability that has characterized British society has been directly due to the fact that the British aristocrat is not only interested in every phase of country life, but is himself very frequently a practical farmer and stock-breeder. Waving the flag may have some value in our attempts to Canadianize foreigners, but teaching the boys and girls of our own flesh and blood to till the soil is a very real and substantial form of patriotism, and gets to the very root of the matter in more senses than one.

In manual training and domestic science more than 15,000 pupils received instruction from 97 trained teachers. In King Edward High School, Vancouver, the nucleus of a technical high school has been doing efficient work, and when it shall be found possible to house the pupils in a building of their own we may look for indefinite increase in the number of pupils and indefinite expansion in the number of courses offered.

Of the thirteen inspectorial reports nine deal more or less fully with the question of teachers' salaries. Emphasis is placed on the fact that if our schools are to be one hundred per cent efficient in teaching the children, then adequate salaries must be provided. In this connection I may be permitted to quote a single paragraph from the remarks of Inspector H. H. MacKenzie:

"The passing of the male teacher still continues to be the tragedy of the schools. And yet what is there under present conditions of living to induce any young, red-blooded man to stay by the rural schools? Solutions and suggestions have

been offered up and down the land by educationalists, but apparently these are but as a voice crying in the wilderness. Now in our larger centres of population we are compelled to witness many of our most capable women leaving the profession to which they brought not only charm and grace of manner, but that character which inspired the youth of the land to attain to noble and lofty ideals. These women are entering other professional and commercial fields where value is given for value received, where remuneration is commensurate with labor and energy expended and bears a reasonable ratio to the cost of living. The young man who would take up the teaching profession in the province need have no fear of falling by the sin through which fell the angels. He can fling away ambition. He has no use for it. For without a parallel, I believe, in any other walk of life he will find that if ultimately he should receive appointment to what would naturally be considered the higher positions in educational work, he must be prepared to accept a decrease and not an increase in remuneration."

A significant commentary on the foregoing is furnished by the circumstance that at the present moment Ontario, the premier province of the Dominion, is facing a shortage of two thousand men and women if its public schools are to be staffed by trained teachers. At the present time also in British Columbia one teacher out of five holds a certificate lower than Second Class. Are we to be content with this, or with an even worse state of affairs in the near future? Are we giving our children, our potential men and women, our future citizens, a fair chance? Or are we selling their birthright for a mess of pottage?

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Won in the Ninth

A Baseball Story for Boys.

(By Herbert Fiddes)

"Chickery-rig Chickery-rig
Chickery Rieky roo
We are the BOYS' BRIGADE
Who are you?"

Hurrah!!!

"Hic Hac, Hock

Oh don't talk
We are the HIGH SCHOOL
We are the Boys
We make the Noise
Can we lick you?
Well I guess!
We are the High School
YES! YES!! YES!!!"

Ferocious cheers greeted the rival calls of the Boys' Brigade and the High School. The occasion was the annual Baseball Match, and excitement was intense. Supporters from both camps were out in force, and the noise was only exceeded by the variety of yells.

It was a bright sunny day, and the grass was green and fresh. The players were having a "work-out" prior to starting the match which would decide the destiny of the Mayor's Cup for another season.

Both teams were in the Pacific Coast Junior League, and for years they had been keenest rivals. They were tied for the Championship, and the occasion was the deciding game. It was a gay scene, for both teams were very popular amongst all lovers of clean amateur sport.

A cheer went up, when the press photographer came on the scene and the two managers marshalled their teams to undergo the ordeal of being photographed.

Many sarcastic remarks were passed between the supporters in the Bleachers. "Better let him take their picture now, Tommy for there will be nothing left of them afterwards," shouted a B. B. supporter to Tom Langton. "How's he going to get their feet into that little box?" yelled some wit. The photographer went about his work trying to look unconcerned, but his composure was upset when on covering his head with the black cloth to adjust the focus, a high pitched voice cried "Peek-a-bo, daddy." This sally brought forth a roar of laughter, and so the fun went on fast and furious.

"Here comes the ump."

"Three cheers for the ump."

"How much did they give you?"

"Hope you have your glasses today."

"Remember this is baseball, not alleys."

But such remarks had no effect on the veteran "Stoker Miles" whose batting average had for many years stood as a record, and whose play was still commented upon by the old timers as being par excellence.

The two captains came together and tossed a coin. The High School batted first.

The Umpire came forward, took off his cap, but it was some time before he was able to make himself heard above the roar of about 2000 highly excited boys, not to speak of the many parents and older friends, who (although they might not have admitted it) wouldn't have missed the match for a great deal.

The batteries for today are BOYS' BRIGADE: Smithers

and Edwards, (loud cheers) HIGH SCHOOL, Jackson and Baxter. Thank you." (More cheering).

The players took the field, and the spectators settled down to enjoy the game.

Tommy Langdon, who was captain of the B. B. team, played centre field.

The first batter for the High School was Ainsley, a fine tall, handsome boy with a reputation as a hitter and an all round good sport.

"Play ball."

The players, alert and eager, bent forward. Smithers swung his arm three times, and then there was a sharp report as the ball landed in the catcher's mitt. "Strike one." "Atta boy, Jack!" "You can do it old kid." "You know where to put them." "Never mind that one, Sid." "That was a lucky one." "That's the only one he has got." "BALL ONE." How the High School boys cheered. "He's up in the air." Slowly and deliberately Smithers started his wind-up, "Strike TWO." "Oh, he's easy, Jack." "You've got him swinging like a rusty gate."

Ainsley's face was grim. "Strike Two, Ball one" did not sound nice to him. He stood swaying his bat, waiting for the next one. It came, he swung at it, there was a sharp click, and away the ball sailed, but not far enough, for Johnson made a beautiful pick-up, and before Ainsley could reach first

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base, the ball was returned, and he heard the Umpire's curt "You're out."

It was the fifth innings before any scoring was done. Ballantyne for the High School made a beautiful three-bagger bringing in two men. Again and again the High School yell "Hic hac hock" could be heard, with special emphasis on the

"Can we lick them?
Well I guess—
We are the High School.
YES! YES! YES!"

Then they took up the disconcerting cry of "One, Two, THREE." The B. B. boys tried to look cheerful, and found solace in good natured chaff.

No further scoring took place until the seventh, when Edwards crossed the plate for the B. B. This raised the spirits of their supporters who gave vent to their feelings by cat-yells, and telling Edwards he was the prince of sports.

But the eighth innings brought further trouble to the B. B., for two High School men crossed the plate, while only one B. B. man was able to make home.

There were no bounds to the exuberance of the High School boys. They could not contain themselves. Five to two and only one more innings.

It was the crucial innings. The strain upon players and spectators alike was intense. Could the B. B. rally? Would the H. S. hold them? Pleadings and entreaties went out to players from both sides. Supporters shouted their encouragement in almost tearful anxiety.

The High School was at bat. Could Smithers hold them? He had had very hard luck before. Could he tighten up? Slowly and deliberately he walked to the box. His face was expressionless. He gave no indication of the excitement that was almost bursting in his heart. Deathly silence fell upon the field. Once again he started to wind-up. "Strike One." No one cheered. They could not. The situation was too tense. "Strike Two." A burst of cheering went up from the B. B. benches. "Strike three—you're out." The boys almost went frantic. One man down. There was still hope. Elmsley took his place at the plate, but his stay was short, for he bunted the ball into Smithers' waiting mitt. "Hurrah, hurrah!"

Chickery rig Chickery rig—
Chickery Rickery roo
We are the BOYS' BRIGADE,
Who are you?

Two men down. Oh boys—Could Smithers white wash them? It was Ainsley who came to bat. He had a batting average to maintain, and moreover had not fared well at this game, and was determined to make amends this time. There was no smile on his face. He meant business. Once again the crowd settled down. Everyone held his breath. Smithers appeared as cool as ice. His arm swung around three times then shot out. "Click." "Strike One." Smithers smiled, bent down and pulled a blade of grass and put it in his mouth. He knew Ainsley never saw that ball. Once again he swung his arm, this time it was a beautiful drop, which completely fooled the batter. "Strike Two." Shrieks of joy came from the B. B. bleachers. Now or never! Could he do the same thing again? If he could there was a chance of winning; if not, the game was all over bar shouting.

Once, twice, thrice his arm swung round. The ball shot from his hand—a straight ball with terrific speed. Ainsley struck with all his strength, but was a fraction too late. "Strike Three." The High School team were out.

Everyone was on his feet, and in pleading tones the supporters of both sides exhorted their players to buck up. The nerve strain on the players was great, but clean, healthy living and outdoor athletics had given them nerves of steel.

Harry Cruickshanks went to the plate, pulled his cap over

his eyes and stood waiting. With most irritating deliberation the High School pitcher walked into the box, looked around his field, passed a signal to his catcher, and then started his wind-up. The ball flew from his hand "BALL ONE." Ferocious cheers from the B. B. boys. "Strike One"—mixed groans and cheers. "Strike TWO"—Harry had swung on a beautiful "Out." Breathless the crowd waited for the next ball. Just as it left the pitcher's hand something flashed in the batter's eyes, blinding him for the moment. "STRIKE THREE—you're out." Bitterly disappointed, Harry walked to the bench. "Say, Harry, what happened?" "I don't know, but just as I was about to swing on that last ball something flashed in my eyes, and blinded me."

The next man up, made first base. Alexander, on a sacrifice, pushed him to second. The prospect was none too bright for the B. B. boys with two men down and one on second.

However the next man walked, and then on an error Simpson made first base. The air was rent by the uncontrolled yells of the B. B. boys. The last innings, two men down, and bases full, and three runs to tie, and one more to win. "Oh for a home run." The High School boys were equally excited for their visions of the walk-over they anticipated were vanishing. "Good old Tommy." "You're the boy, Tom," were the shouts that greeted Tommy Langton as he walked up to the plate.

Among the crowd of clean boyhood however there was one black-sheep. However clean sport may be, it is impossible to prevent it being contaminated by outsiders, and on the bleachers there sat a white-faced youth. His face was haggard and his eyes sunken. His dress indicated that he was of the would-be sporty class, who considered it smart and manly to "act tough." As he watched the game he wrung his hands, perspiration was on his brow, and his face was the picture of terror. As he watched Tommy Langton step to the plate his fingers went to his vest pocket, and he brought out a small

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mirror. As Tommy was about to strike a streak of light crossed the green, and flashed on his face, blinding him for an instant. "STRIKE ONE." But the act of the youth was seen this time. With a yell of indignation the boys near the lad seized him, and it is hard to say what would have happened had not the Captain of the Company and the Principal of the High School intervened. They took the lad away, but it was an angry and indignant crowd of boys that watched the remainder of the game, and not the least indignant were the High School boys, who felt that this unsportsmanlike act was a reflection upon them. True, they wanted to win, but they wanted to win a clean game, and they valued honour more than trophies.

Peace was at last restored, and the crowd settled down again. The incident however had unnerved the pitcher and his next two throws were "BALLS."

In the excitement of the moment the incident was forgotten. It was now or never. Oh for a home run! Tommy's face was stern. As he poised for the next ball his eye caught a smiling face on the stand. It was his old mother. She was waving her handkerchief, and her eyes said more clearly than words, "You can do it my boy—I'm proud of you." A smile lit the lad's face. The pitcher took his wind-up, and into that ball he put every ounce of strength and cunning he possessed, but it was Greek against Greek, and Tommy could still see his mother's face. He opened his shoulders and struck as he had never struck before. There was a click—a breathless pause, and then a roar and scene of mad delight as the ball was seen to sail over the fence. A HOME RUN and the game won. The crowd did not wait for more, but rushed on the field and lifted Tommy shoulder high. As they passed the grandstand they stopped and Tommy greeted his mother. As he kissed her, he whispered in her ear "It was you who won the game Mother dear—It was your smile."

Next to the great topic of having won the cup, the conversation in the dressing room was confined largely to the mean cowardly act of the unknown lad, who had tried by foul means to make the B. B. lose the game. The High School boys, of course, knew nothing of him, and it was difficult to know his motive. As they were dressing the Captain strode in, and asked Tommy to come with him.

He took him to another room and there Tommy saw the youth who had earned the wrath of the crowd. The lad had his head on his hands, and was crying bitterly. He was only about 17 years of age, but his face was aged with the life he had been leading and the shame of his present position.

"Tommy," said the Captain, "Jack wants to apologise to you. His is a sad case."

Tommy looked at the lad, and said "Sure, here's my hand, but what was the idea, Captain?" It was a sad and sordid story. The lad had got among a wrong set of companions. It had started with gambling on billiards, and then to drink and general fast living. His nights had been spent in the Dance Halls and Cabarets. His home had been a happy one, and his mother was broken hearted. Unable to stand the expense of the fast life, he had "borrowed" some money from his employer's till, intending to pay it back. In a few days the shortage would be discovered. It would kill his mother. In desperation he had taken more, and bet on the game, in the hope of winning and so being able to rectify the mistake. That was why he had tried to make the B. B. lose as he had put the money on the High School.

Tommy looked at the lad in pity. It was plain that he was more sinned against than sinning, and the lad's heart went out to the poor wretch.

The Captain said he intended giving the boy another chance and was to refund the money, and hoped Tommy would take charge of the lad.

"You see, Tommy, it's the companions that count. He has good in him, and his heart is in the right place, but he got a

wrong conception of manliness at the start, and when a lad starts going down, all roads to hell are greased for the occasion."

"Yes sir, and isn't it too bad that a few irresponsibles should contaminate clean sport. Billiards, pool, dancing and almost any recreation we have can be spoiled, and in many cases are spoiled by a few. Its not the games that are wrong, sir, but the companionships."

Tommy took the lad home. He did not tell the story to his mother, but merely told her that the lad was in trouble, and being a discreet woman, his mother never asked, but took the lad to her breast. Clean athletics and companionship with the lads of the Boys' Brigade, soon made a new man of the boy who had slipped. His home was re-created, and the mother who once waited with wet eyes for the return of her boy, now wore a smile—the smile of a mother who is proud of the child she bore, and no visitor is more welcome in the home than the unassuming "Tommy Langton."

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PROVINCIAL POLITICS.

With an election not more than a year away it might be useful to look at the situation now obtaining at Victoria. From a party standpoint we have a preponderating Liberal party (showing persistent signs of dissolution) a small Conservative opposition (made up of four good men and a following of voters), and a soldier party that is only a party in the sense that it is made up of one element (returned soldiers) and has a recognized leader.

There are two outstanding figures in the Parliament, W. J. Bowser and John Oliver. Bowser's star is waxing, John's is waning. The impossible task of harmonizing the views of his followers has been too much for the old hard headed Farmer-Premier. He needs a rest and it will soon be forthcoming. But who will succeed him? Bowser is splendidly qualified by his personal and parliamentary ability. It may be doubted though whether he has that psychological gift sufficient to enable him to get his finger directly on the public pulse. With good advisers his chances are good. With the past ones his case is hopeless. No other one capable of the work to be done by a leader is in view. What will happen? Quien sabe?

Let us now see what the Government has accomplished.

It had two great appeals—or say three. There was need of relief from the burden of taxation. We have had it. Every tax then in existence is still imposed and we have several new ones and some increases.

We were to have clean administration. The result has proved that the old administration was clean and that the new had its own task uncovering the wrongs of its friends and supporters. So frightened of what may be is the present administration that it dare not give Hanes a properly appointed Commission to inquire into the campaign contributions of the P. G. E. outfit. We have had looseness in administration resulting in Findlay's fall and Cook's escapade and trouble in the Vancouver Assessment Office. We have had looseness of administration in the matter of Prohibition so that as matters stand now the people will be called upon

in the Fall to choose between a practically unenforced Prohibition Act and Government control. This choice they will in the main make without realizing that the chance of a real choice was denied them by the very Government that submits the plebiscite to them.

We have had just the sort of thing one would expect from a Government composed of inharmonious elements, whose principal work was to find somehow, somewhere, a common ground on which to stand while the outstandingly needful legislation was enacted.

We have had some other things—a Dolly Varden Act and a Sumas Reclamation scheme. These are not as yet ended. They are filled with promises—of trouble to the Government responsible for them.

What is to happen? Who can tell? With the present Government doomed, with no certainty that Bowser can form a sufficiently strong following to take over the reins of Government, and no one else in sight capable of so doing, are we to have a rump Parliament in B.C., or is some outside party at present not in the public mind to come in and be our next Premier? Query!

BRITISH COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

We are informed by the press that the removal of the University to its permanent home in Point Grey is foreshadowed by the Minister of Education's recent utterance in the House. Let us hope so. No one has attempted seriously to defend the waste of letting it remain in its present quarters last year. A solution was offered. Mr. Sweeney went to Victoria and presented a bond plan. It is quite generally understood that he was in a position to assure the Government that he could place the bonds he asked it to issue. It had the security in the University lands. But the Solons who decided the issue in their wisdom arrogated to themselves the financial ability to decide that Mr. Sweeney's plan was not in the best interests of all concerned. So the University stayed where it was. Will this error be remedied? We hope so.

PROHIBITION.

Welcome to Carrick's article on this subject in last issue. Let us hear more from "the man in the street" particularly if he be as readable as Mr. Carrick.

Any Junior who wishes to answer any question asked, or find out about any quotation given, or to send in any he or she likes, is invited to do so by dropping a card or letter to The Wayside Philosopher, c-o B. C. M., 204 Winch Building, Vancouver, B. C.

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RANDOM RAMBLES.

What is the matter with McKenzie's suggestion in the House that the Government use some of its assets to benefit our public school system?

"A little wine maketh the stomach glad." Will Mr. Car- rick be satisfied with the wine referred to in this passage or does he wish to substitute "Scotch" for "wine."

At length we have a promised solution of the University problem. At first blush it seems quite satisfactory. Further details, please!

With the revival of Mining and a general interest therein comes the question "What are our schools doing to give the scholars a real idea of our mineral resources?" and the fur- ther one "Why not have as regular items in our school taxa- tion say one mill for building purposes and one mill for li- brary, cabinets (mineral and wood) and laboratory establish- ment?"

What proportion of our children are reaching our Sabbath Schools these days?

Will the Federal Government have the courage to take the control of the fishing business out of the Canners' hands and make it free and open to all, with no licences to Cannerymen or their nominees?

Will Ottawa please note that it is not merely population we need. Quality, not quantity, is required. Let us assimilate or expel the foreigners now in our midst ere we open the gates to more.



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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY
THE EIGHTEEN-NINETIES.

The eighteen-nineties were my years,
They effervesced with priceless things;
They bred no sorrow, shed no tears,
They stood that I might mount their wings.

The eighteen-nineties were my years,
They held unvalued wealth for me;
They said, "We have a store of cheers,
Go gather, they are yours, and free."

For in their pastures I awoke;
They showed me facts; they were the bin,
The iron vault, the chest of oak,
I could have stored great treasures in.

They were my early babbling streams;
A land with honey overflown;
They offered; did I drink their creams,
And lay my concrete, corner stone?

No other years disbursed the art
Such as they squandered for my use;
None stood so much for me apart—
Stood, with such patience, my abuse.

I had them in my hands; their gift,
Than laughter was to me no more;
I let them through my fingers sift
To an unfathomed ocean floor.

—Skookum Chuck.

Ashcroft, B. C.

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Drugs in Relation to Prohibition

(By P. McA. Carrick.)

NOTE: In view of the overwhelming importance of the subject of drugs, and its relation to the application of Prohibition and also of the proposed action by the Vancouver Kiwanis Club, the B. C. M. welcomes Mr. Carrick's statement of the case as a contribution towards practical consideration of this social problem.

As with the preceding article on "The Prohibition Muddle in British Columbia," this magazine does not necessarily endorse the article as a whole. In questions of such public interest we believe in letting writers state their cases in their own way. For when there are points of difference regarding the forms and methods of progress or reformation, good alone should follow from keeping an open mind and giving a fair field to those with whom we may differ, provided we believe they are sincere in their interest in the common weal. —(Ed. B. C. M.)

The general public are inclined to look upon the use of alcoholic stimulants and the use of narcotic drugs for other than medicinal purposes as two separate and distinct problems.

Only since the advent of prohibition has it come to be suggested that the two questions are related, in that possibly prohibition of the use of alcohol as a beverage has caused or may cause an increase in the use of habit-forming drugs.

In reality the two questions are one and indivisible and should be so considered and treated.

When we come to consider even a few of the many substances that are used by the various peoples of the world as stimulants or narcotics and take into account the fact that substances that are used by one race of people simply as stimulants, when used by other races are indisputably dangerous narcotics, we see that the two questions are so intermixed as to be inseparable.

It is an indisputable fact that the great majority of human beings of all races show an instinctive desire for some form of stimulation over and above natural sustenance.

There seems to be an almost universal desire for something that will enable the human body to carry on during periods of stress or exhaustion, or at other times to produce a feeling of physical and mental well-being. It is also undeniable that nature seems to provide for this want in nearly all lands and climates, and where the form of stimulant naturally provided is adhered to little or no evil arises from its use. It is only when we find exotic stimulants or what, for want of a better term we might call unnatural stimulants come into use that great evil arises.

Southern Europe is made up very largely of countries where the grape is native and grows luxuriantly, and where the making of wine has been the universal custom from time immemorial.

We do not hear of much evil arising in France or Italy from the use of the native wines, but when a Frenchman becomes addicted to the use of absinthe he becomes a dangerous and generally a useless citizen.

The natives of some of the South American states use the leaves of the *Erythroxylon* Coca very extensively. They can cover long distances on foot and can go for many hours without food with little loss of physical energy if they have a plentiful supply of Coca leaves and they suffer no harm from their use, nor is there any marked reaction or depression when the stimulating effect of the Coca has passed.

On the other hand if a member of any of the European races uses the alkaloid obtained from the same Coca leaves or its salts regularly, the result is after a time almost invariably insanity and death.

Some of the races of Eastern Europe and many of the

Asiatic races use opium freely in the same manner yet they suffer no harm from its use nor do they experience any depression when deprived of the drug.

On the other hand the Western European who becomes addicted to the use of opium or morphine becomes an absolute wreck physically and mentally if the habit is persisted in.

Other Oriental races use Hashish or Indian Hemp and seem to suffer no evil effects. Some time ago an article was published in the *British Pharmaceutical Journal* describing the effects of Indian hemp. It was written by an English chemist who had experimented with the drug on himself. The result, as described, was to make him practically insane while the effect of the drug lasted and its continual use would, in his opinion, have made him permanently so.

Some of the peoples of North-western Europe use sulphuric ether alone or mixed with alcohol. Whether it is due to racial idiosyncrasy or to climatic conditions, we cannot tell, but they do not seem to suffer any great damage even from such a terrible habit. About twenty years ago ether-drinking became common in the North of Ireland and the results were so appalling that special legislation had to be passed in the parliament of Great Britain to deal with the evil and ever since ether is classed so far as Ireland is concerned as one of the most dangerous poisons known.

Such instances which go to show that so far as stimulants or narcotics are concerned, what is "one man's meat is another man's poison," might be multiplied indefinitely.

About fifteen years ago a strong effort was made in Great Britain to bring about what would have been one of the greatest temperance reforms in history. It was proposed to prohibit the sale for beverage purposes of any whiskey other than that distilled in a pot still from whole malted barley. This reform was killed because, being a real temperance movement, the extreme teetotal party refused to support it and besides the whole weight of the enormously wealthy raw-grain spirit industry was pitted against it.

So far as the mixture of races which goes to make up the non-Oriental population of Canada is concerned it would be found that if the use of alcohol was confined to sound, genuine wines, pot still malt whiskey and liquors brewed from malt and hops, only very little evil would ensue.

In Scotland the use of whiskey and malt liquors is almost universal and has been so for centuries. Would any sane man say that the population of the rural districts of Scotland is a decadent race. In the highlands of Scotland, and in the agricultural and pastoral sections of the lowlands, the use of alcohol is confined almost entirely to native ales and malt whiskey. Where this is the case the evils of drinking are practically non-existent.

In the great industrial centres there is no questioning the fact that the evil is a great menace to the well-being of the people but there the conditions are different. What is most largely used is so-called blended whiskey which consists for the most part of raw-grain whiskey distilled in the Coffey apparatus or still more deleterious Berlin potatoe spirit. During the anti-prohibition period in British Columbia there is no questioning the fact that a great deal of evil arose from the use of alcohol, but this was largely to be accounted for by the disgraceful quality of the drink sold over the bars. In fact even in the wine stores it was almost impossible to procure a fine malt whiskey.

To any practical person the idea of absolutely prohibiting the use of stimulants is a chimera. The proposed bone-dry conditions would require one half of the population to be employed watching the other half. There is no doubt that if it were attempted to impose a bone-dry condition in this province, it is not the harmless and healthful form of stimulants that would be offered for sale clandestinely. One ounce of cocaine, or morphine or their salts would go farther

than ten gallons of whiskey, and it can be readily understood how much easier it will be to smuggle one ounce than sixteen hundred ounces.

Even under present conditions the increase in the use of these dangerous narcotics is more than alarming; it is appalling. In recent times it has been no uncommon thing for legitimate dealers in drugs to be offered profits running into three and four hundred per cent if they would consent to supply morphine and cocaine in huge quantities and it is greatly to the credit of many of these that they have refused large sums of money that could have been easily earned in this way.

As it is, the manufacturers of extracts and fictitious medicinal preparations, the bootleggers with their poisonous rot-gut, and the Chinamen and wastrels from the other side of the international boundary with their illicit cocaine and morphine, are piling up fortunes while the prohibition ostrich sticks his head in the sand and rejoices over the fact that he has made such magnificent progress—absolutely refusing to recognize the fact that we are worse off than before.

What will happen if the proposed bone-dry condition is brought about only the gods can tell!

THE BIG PAGEANT IN MAY

"The Romance of Progress" as the 250th anniversary celebration in connection with the Hudson's Bay Company might be called, is creating interest in all directions. It will be the biggest thing of its kind ever attempted in Canada. Citizens generally are invited to ally themselves with it to further the success of the movement. To date besides the 31 numbers of the "Great Company" which will revive the history of Canada from A.D. 1670 to 1870 when the territory was handed over to the British Government, there will be included in the pageant more than 60 floats from the municipalities surrounding Vancouver City.

Practically every outstanding Society and organization in and adjacent to the city is likely to take part.

The procession will be over two miles long, and will depict in one long panorama the history of the Dominion, unfolding in its progress Canada's great natural resources, advantages to emigrants, and investment opportunities.

Films of the parade will be taken and afterwards shown on the screen in every civilized country in the world. The British Government was the instigator of the idea, and already contracts are assured for the pictures to be shown to many millions of people. The pageant should be a commendable advertisement for Canada, and every patriotic citizen may therefore be expected to show interest in it.

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FOR EVERY NORMAL PERSON.

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2. Choose work well, and, by earnest attention and unflagging zeal, seek to advance it, and in it—knowing this life, longest, is but a little while.
3. Remember that wealth of character is more important than any kind of social or material progress.
4. Read at least one good book each month, and one periodical calculated to foster healthful interest in literature and life.
5. Spend less than you earn, and mortgage the future as little as possible.
6. Save by life insurance, so that, whether death comes soon or late, the trials of separation to relatives may not be supplemented by the discovery that liabilities exceed assets.
7. Exercise faith in God, and doubt not that this "gleam of existence between two eternities" is a kindergarten school to fit for fuller service.—(C)

Concerning Boys

By Herbert Fiddes

RESULT OF STORY COMPETITION

In response to our request for stories from boys we are pleased to note that a number of compositions have been received. The majority are exceedingly well written and delightfully original, revealing an amount of literary talent amongst the school boys of the province. One prize of a fountain pen was offered, but in addition to this the management are so gratified with the stories sent in that they are giving two additional book prizes. The first prize story, which is published in this issue, was written by James Thomson, (age 16) attending class 6, King Edward High School, and we congratulate him on his effort.

Eric Johnson, class 6, King Edward High School, Vancouver, who wrote "The Result of the Elopement" (based on Scott's poem "Jock o' Hazeldean") and A. McGugan, also of King Edward High School, whose "Imaginary Correspondence between Wm. Wordsworth and Charles Lamb" will be published later, are given the choice of either of the following books by British Columbia authors:

"The Chivalry of Keith Leicester" by R. A. Hood, or
"My Brave and Gallant Gentleman" by Robert Watson.
Each book will bear the autograph of the author.

ARIOSTO AND THE BANDITS.

(By James Thomson, Age 16)

(Based on a few lines found in Britannica Encyclopaedia.)

Silvenus strode into the room with his head in the clouds, (clouds of tobacco smoke) and his chest out far enough to act as a fender for the rest of his ungraceful body. Nodding his head in the stiffest manner possible in our direction, he swaggered across the room to the bar and in a seemingly offhand manner ordered drinks for the house. He then looked around hoping to see someone refusing his invitation so that he could display his skill with the rapier, but as there was no one, careless enough of his life to cross him, he satisfied himself with catching hold of Laverni's rather voluminous beard and cutting it off near the chin, at the same time, as a word of explanation, telling him that it needed trimming. Laverni outwardly took all this in good humor but inwardly raging over the loss of a beard which had taken him years to grow. He, too, had learnt the fatality of appearing angry at anything that Silvenus might choose to do.

All this was highly amusing to me for I knew that Silvenus' bark was worse than his bite and that he was just playing the part of the bravo with his more ignorant countrymen. I knew Silvenus perfectly from my long acquaintance with him, and he had not been in the room more than ten minutes when I was fairly sure that he had just made a single handed capture, a feat of which he was inordinately vain. Wishing to ascertain if I was right, and if so who the unfortunate one was, I suggested, as it was a long way to the camp and it was now fairly late, that he stay with us all night. This, in a very patronizing manner he consented to do, and going outside he brought in his baggage, which consisted of a prisoner trussed up like a fowl and to all appearances very harmless indeed, but after once looking at his face one knew that he was no mean enemy to deal with, and I decided that Silvenus must have caught him while he was off his guard. As I later found out, Silvenus had found him unconscious from a fall, and recognizing him as the Governor who had been giving them quite a bit of trouble lately, had tied him up before he had time to regain consciousness; but you may be sure this is not the story that Silvenus told us.

I was called out of the room for a few minutes and on returning I beheld all the inmates of the house gathered round Silvenus and his victim, the governor. Wondering what rascality the bully was up to now, I pushed my way into the centre of the crowd and there beheld Silvenus trying to pour a glass of whisky down the throat of his prisoner who was still tied up. I said to myself that there was going to be trouble between Silvenus and I if he continued to treat his captive in this manner. But even as I arrived on the scene, Ludovico, the warrior-poet as I now recognized him to be, by a superhuman effort broke his bonds and grasping the glass of liquor threw it in Silvenus' face crying out that everyone might hear "I only drink in the company of gentlemen." Then before his tormentor could recover himself he wrenched his sword from his hand and keeping us at bay made for the door, but at the threshold by an unlucky stumble he slipped and fell and before he could regain his feet the men were upon him and soon had him once more bound and this time also gagged so as to maintain peace between him and Silvenus.

The next morning we were up and off before daylight so as to get the journey over before the heat of the afternoon sun. I say, "we", for I had decided to accompany them to the camp and see for myself what the outcome of this affair would be. Our journey was unavoidably delayed and we did not arrive in camp until night-fall. As we neared the camp we perceived a great fire glowing and in the firelight the captain was reading out of a book to his men who were gathered around him. We silently drew near and sat down as quietly as possible for we knew better than to interrupt the captain when he was reading. I noticed that most of the captain's followers were listening spellbound and as the story proceeded I myself became deeply interested and seemed to be loosed from this life and living with Orlando and sharing all his adventures with him. The story eventually came to an end and a dramatic pause ensued. I glanced at our prisoner who was by my side. He was leaning forward eagerly and a bright light shone in his eyes. Under some mysterious influence, I know not what, I cut his bonds. He immediately arose and walked into the firelight, up to the readers' side and pausing there asked him what he thought of the book?

"What do I think of the book!" exclaimed the captain. "Why I think 'Orlando Furioso' is one of the most remarkable works I have yet had the pleasure of reading. I would give one-half of all I possess to see the genius who wrote this book, and be able to talk to him even though it be only for a short space of time.

"You flatter me" said our one-time prisoner, "What!" cried Boiardo, "why what can you mean?" "What I mean is this, I am the very person to whom you were referring," "Name of a Saint!" exclaimed Boiardo. "Surely you are not the great Ariosto. But to be sure and how did you get here? I have not noticed you before," "Well," said Ariosto, "I was taken captive by one of your men." "Taken captive by one of my men, let the vile rascal stand forth who dared lay hand on this gentleman."

"Aha," said I to myself, "so Ludovico and Ariosto are one and the same person. Well who would have thought that that stern and war-like man could have written such a piece as 'Orlando Furioso'. As the captain was calling for the captor of Ariosto I looked over to where Silvenus had been sitting to see what effect this turn of affairs would have on him but to my surprise he was not there. I learnt from the man on my left that when it was known who the prisoner was, Silvenus, scenting danger, had descreetly withdrawn.

Boiardo and Ariosto talked with one another about 'Orlando Furioso' far into the night, Boiardo eagerly asking questions and Ariosto explaining some of the obscure parts. On the following morning Ariosto was escorted in all possible comfort to the foot of the hills from where it was a comparatively short distance to his house.

Is Your House A "Home"?

By D. A. CHALMERS.

This is the true nature of home — it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of Home.

—Sesame and Lilies.

The question is asked with reference to the real meaning of the word "Home".

The **British Columbia Monthly** seeks to be "the Magazine of the Canadian West" for the Homes of the People. Its interests concern the Social, Educational, Literary and Religious life, and it also believes in wholesome entertainment and recreation.

For nearly nine years the Managing Editor convinced that this Farthest West part of the Empire should not need to wait on the East, the Old Country, the United States or anywhere else for a leading monthly Magazine devoted to the less ephemeral phases of journalism and the best in Literature and Life, and yet untied to party, sect or faction,—has sought to publish and develop such a periodical.

Some of the leading business men and firms in the West have given practical evidence, by advertising, that they believe in such ideals of service; and we are confident many more will be with us when we arrange, as we are now doing, for assistants, to acquaint them with the publication. We are also planning to make the B. C. M. a Magazine in which Eastern Canada — which may one day become B. C.'s "hinterland"—and other parts, may meet the West in business service.

A Challenge to All Loyal Western HOMES

We have needed no question of exorbitant "exchange" to prompt us to advocate a "Begin at Home" or "Buy in B.C. and Canada" campaign. For years we have sought to impress upon our readers the common sense and common fairness of practising such precepts.

Sometimes we hear it alleged that the bulk of the population of Western Canada is so much absorbed in mere dollar-hunting or dollar-accumulating by buying and selling, that they are hopeless heathen in regard to literary values affecting social and personal progress.

"Big" or "Little" Business Men?

We do, indeed, occasionally meet keen business men who may be "big" or "little" according to the viewpoint or the standard of values applied—whose attitude suggests that they will have to cross the boundary line to the Beyond before they will realize, as all must sooner or later that what counts **most** in **life** is not the bigness of a man's business, or his buildings or his

bank account, but his soul-growth through community service and absorption of the "Great Thoughts" of greater souls, and kinship and harmony with the "Over-soul" Himself.

Be Loyal to the West.

It is our desire to make the B. C. M. a Magazine of "Community Service" in every phase of life, but it cannot as fully represent BRITISH COLUMBIA as it should without the loyal co-operation of the people of the Province and of our neighbouring "hinterland."

Let Us Get Acquainted.

As the population increases we hope ultimately to produce a Magazine of the Canadian West that will compare favourably in bulk and letterpress—as it may already in quality—with periodicals published anywhere on this Continent. But with our present Western population, we can only make headway towards that end if our BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN, and particularly THE HOMES OF OUR CITIZENS, ARE LOYAL TO THEIR OWN COMMUNITY.

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Our regular subscription rate is \$1.75 for one year or \$3.00 for two years. But to leave the office of EVERY BUSINESS and PROFESSIONAL MAN, and especially every HOME in British Columbia worthy of the name, without excuse for ignorance of this Magazine, we have decided that during April, May, and June, 1920, any resident in the West may enter as a subscriber for ONE YEAR ONLY, at a "Get-Acquainted" rate of ONE DOLLAR.

Please Welcome Our Boys.

In that connection, we are at the same time planning to train and use in such B.C.M. Community Service, a group of enterprising boys. These lads, while being impressed with the ideals of service of this Magazine, will also be given the fullest possible return for their work.

We ask present readers on whom these representatives may call to welcome and assist them in any way in their power.

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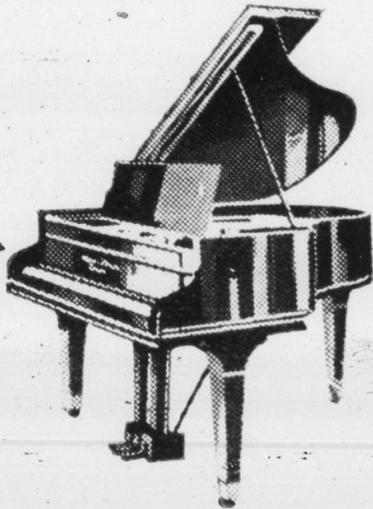
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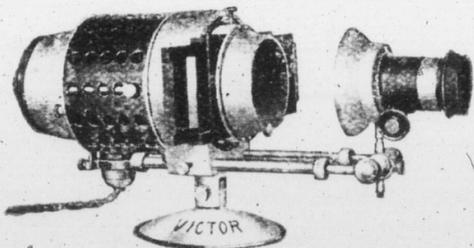
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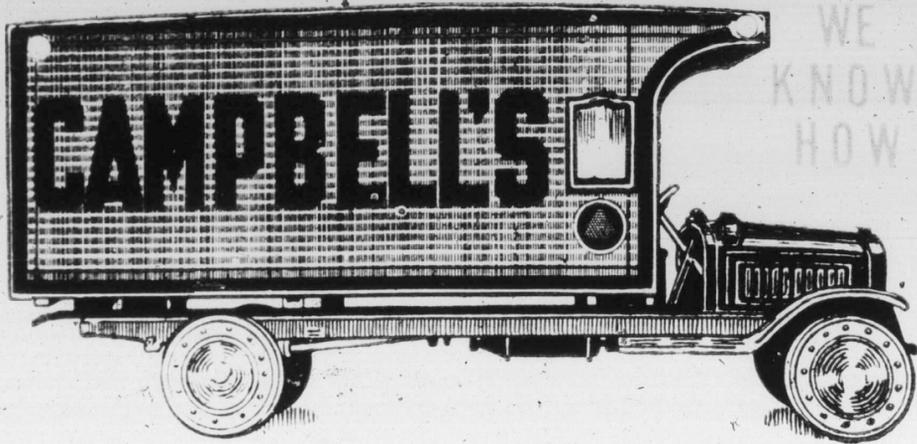
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