

Volume XI.

Number 2

PUBLISHED AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

Westminster Review

*The Social, Educational and Religious Monthly
of the Canadian West*



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the Upbuilding — in City and Church and State
— of Christian Government, and the Develop-
ment of Spiritual Life

APRIL, 1917

A Visit to British Columbia Legislature

The late Chief-Constable M. B. MacLennan

(With Portrait)

One Woman's Way: A Plea for Patriotism
and Prohibition

News from the Front

Prohibitionists Appeal to the Government

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- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Arrol, E. B. | 24. Thompson, A. B. |
| 2. Bowman, H. J. | 25. Wallace, Bryce H. |
| 3. Burch, Major A. L. | 26. Walkinshaw, Driver W. R. |
| 4. Clark, Chas. | 27. Waugh, Thomas |
| 5. Barton, Gordon | 28. Wickens, W. J. |
| 6. Crute, E. | 29. Goodfellow, John |
| 7. Duncan, R. G. | 30. Greenlee, Gunner J. J. |
| 8. Duncan, W. N. | 31. McLeod, Capt. Ronald (Chaplain) |
| 9. Dustan, Corpl. A. B. | 32. Smith, A. Crowther |
| 10. Fry, R. G. | 33. McNaught, R. D. |
| 11. Galbraith, S. T. | 34. Fiddes, Sergt. Herbert |
| 12. Henry, Lieut. H. D. | 35. McCree, W. T. (Rev.) |
| 13. Hilton, W. J. | 36. Hyde, Rev. Jas. |
| 14. McPherson, Lieut. G. A. | 37. Lister, Rev. D. |
| 15. McFarlane, Robt. T. | Howatt, Earle, (with 72nd) formerly |
| 16. Maraquin, Louis | assistant "Westminster Review." |
| 17. Maxwell, J. H. | |
| 18. McConnell, Capt. W. F. | |
| 19. Murray, Geo. | |
| 20. Ogilvie, Corpl. J. H. | |
| 21. Raynes, Walter (Rev.) | |
| 22. Smeeton, Lieut. J. T. | |
| 23. Smith, L. B. | |

CASUALTIES

Wounded and Prisoner:

Munro, Alex.

Killed in Action or Died of Wounds:
McLennan, Kenneth F., C. A. M. C.
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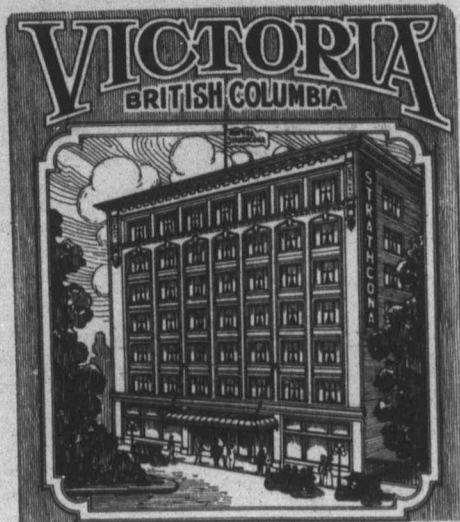
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WESTMINSTER REVIEW

D. A. CHALMERS, Managing Editor
Published at Vancouver, B. C.

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

VOL. XI.

APRIL, 1917

No. 2

A Visit to British Columbia Legislature

(By D. A. Chalmers.)

Imposing as the Provincial Parliament Buildings at Victoria are from the outside; the State Chamber itself, in which the British Columbia Legislature meets, may, in size, like the Assembly Hall of the Mother of Parliaments in London, England, somewhat disappoint visitors who go there with great expectations. The reference is to private citizens, not to politicians. Probably it would not be difficult to cite cities in the Old Land the Council Chambers of which compare favourably with this Hall in which the farthest west Parliamentarians of the British Empire consider and discuss provincial measures affecting the public weal.

As in the Upper—or Larger—Houses, the legislators at Victoria are well protected from intrusion. The visitor gives his name or card at the door to one attendant, who passes it to another, who in turn conveys it to the member. In such ways common people are reminded of the importance of the deliberations of the personages whom they have chosen to represent them. It is well so, though these impressions may soon be qualified by observation of the home-like manners and demeanors of members during a sitting of the House.

If one enters the House, as the writer did, while such a speaker as the ex-premier is addressing the Legislature, he is likely to gather from the sound penetrating into the passage-ways that there is no little argument on. Indeed, Mr. Bowser spoke on the Civil Service Bill with all the vim and fighting force of a political campaign. Whatever may be thought by political friends and opponents of the subject matter of his speech, its delivery revealed the keen debater who took the task in hand with something of passionate seriousness. His obvious intensity of feeling, together with the voluble expression, somehow at once reminded one of Browning's lines:

"I was ever a fighter, so one fight more."

There he stood, the man who spoke with such confidence in the Hotel Vancouver on the eve of the last election, and whose Party underwent a heavy defeat (as elections are still settled in these pre-proportional representation days), but it was fair to assume that if beaten he did not reckon himself humiliated; and if he is not "coming up smiling" he is at least coming up fighting, dauntless, determined. Political life generally may still need saving from trickery and chicanery, but the effort and earnestness displayed in the ex-Premier's address were worthy of a Servant of the State.

Unlike Westminster in London, the gallery has no grating or barrier from behind which alone ladies may gaze at the assembled Statesmen in debate. On the contrary if rumour is right—as it may be in this case—we may soon, in this farthest west part of the British Empire, have a lady seated on the floor of the House (in one of those comfortable arm-chairs, of course) on equal terms as a representative legislator.

"Mr. Speaker" occupies the dominant place on a dais below the Press Gallery, and around the steps of his throne a number of page-boys also serve not by standing and waiting, but by sitting alert to answer the beck and call of the members individually.

In this Assembly, unlike others of which there are records, the Un-elect are accommodated aloft in three tiers of separate seats in a gallery which extends on the four sides of the Chamber; while the Elect sit below in comfort and controversy.

On each side of the House are two rows of desks—ten and eleven respectively, 42 in all—with seats before them. The seat nearest the Speaker to the right is occupied by the Attorney-General, next to whom sits Premier Brewster. Opposite the Attorney-General is the desk of the leader of the opposition. Owing to the very unequal division of the present Parliament, members who entered with the government are (as in the case of the preceding parliament) also seated on the "opposition" side.

A healthy and fitting sign of the times is observed in that returned soldiers are on duty as Sergeant-at-arms, etc.

If there are restrictions and formalities applied to ordinary citizens visiting the Abode of Debate, the legislators when properly seated therein are (apart from the attention due to the Speaker and the rules of debate) evidently very much "at home" with themselves and each other. On this side one member is observed reading a newspaper, the independent journalistic member from Vancouver was seen with eyes closed in an attitude of "calm contemplation and poetic ease"—resting his eyes, no doubt, as many a listener does in church—and even Premier Brewster leaned back in his armchair and laughed outright good-naturedly as Mr. Bowser in the course of his speech was answered or corrected not altogether to his (Mr. Bowser's) liking.

It should not, however, be assumed that the legislators are not busy men—especially the Ministers. The House opens for debate in the afternoons only, and that from Mondays to Fridays, but the mornings are fully occupied with Committee business, deputations, correspondence, etc. Evidence of attention earlier in the day to departmental correspondence is observed as Premier Brewster, the Minister of Lands, and others check and sign letters brought to them. The desk of "Honest John" Oliver also indicates one who is careful and concerned about many things.

That familiarity breeds something of indifference if nothing else, is apparent in other ways. When the Leader of the Opposition finished his speech he was followed in debate by a comparatively young man (Mr. A. M. Manson of Omineca) who fluently and emphatically challenged the criticism made and attitude taken by Mr. Bowser. Mr. Manson emphasized that (in his opinion) much that the ex-Premier had said did not require to be dealt with, yet at the same time he sought to hit back effectively—by references to the election result; by stating that the Department of Lands and the Department of Public Works had been "notoriously administered" under the late Government; by saying that "no defence need be made of any man for dismissing the Deputies of either of these two Departments"; and by alleging that if Mr. Bowser had begun his address as he ended it (with a statement that he would support the Civil Service Bill) much of what Mr. Manson called "his political speech" might have been omitted.

Meantime, Mr. Bowser, with a suggestion in his manner of that relief which comes from duty done, sent a page-boy for an afternoon newspaper, examined it cursorily, then looked up a reference in some Parliamentary Report or Law Book and shortly afterwards left the Chamber—while Mr. Manson continued the debate till 5.45 p.m., when the Attorney-General moved the Adjournment of the House.

Mr. Manson's speech on the Civil Service Bill was notable for its admissions of the past faults and failings of partizanship in politics: "There are men in parties—in all parties—who think because they have served the party they have some preference in obtaining public position." He maintained that "under this new Act the Civil Service (in British Columbia) takes on all the aspects of a creditable profession."

On the resumption of the debate on the Monday, there were numbers of interested visitors in the gallery to hear the reply of the Hon. M. A. MacDonald to the speech of Mr. W. J. Bowser.

In dealing with specific appointments the Attorney-General stated that eighty per cent of the men appointed to positions were returned soldiers. At the same time he sought to defend or justify other appointments made, and his remark to the effect that the Government might, in regard to appointments, be tempted to treat the Opposition as mothers sometimes treated whining children—by "giving them something to whine about"—suggested the growing power of the new Government.

Naturally the Hon. M. A. MacDonald sought to give the retort vigorous, trenchant, and sarcastic to the Leader of the Opposition. Incidentally, he ran in a reference to the press which was unusual, and his condemnation of an up-country newspaper sounded severe—though the occasion for it is not likely to be generally known in the large Coast cities Victoria and Vancouver.

What was no doubt meant to be the most cutting point in the Attorney-General's speech was his allusion to Mr. Bowser as a "key-hole politician." This phrase was the outcome of the allegation of the other side that the Lieutenant-Governor had held up the resignation of the Deputy Minister of Lands. Possibly citizens and politicians who would not wish to interfere with the retiral of that Deputy, may question whether the query merited such a stinging rebuke.

To the independent observer the retort suggested how adroitly the political game may be played and how readily plain Mr. Brown, Jones or Robinson may come to feel the weight and honour of office. It was undoubtedly an astute move on the part of the representative of the present Government to raise the question as to "Who was in the confidence of the Lieutenant-Governor?" and to decline to answer the query about the alleged delay in acceptance of the resignation. The implication that the Leader of the Opposition had come at any (such) knowledge of the case by some unwarranted method, or through breach of confidence in another quarter, might be interpreted as at once a reflection on Mr. Bowser and a reminder that any Lieutenant-Governor must be careful regarding his counsel and his councillors—whatever the Party tag may be. The retort may also be taken as an intimation that the Elected of the People mean to rule and that any representative of our "Constitutional Monarchy" must "gang warily." With all of which most of us will agree so long as the Democracy *does* rule and the Government of the country is under the care of those who, jointly and severally, *adequately represent* the Electorate, and live and work and act—and enact—as answerable to it.

Editorial

Transportation Attractions to Victoria?

It is rather surprising to find that—apart from the holding of Conventions of one kind or another—there are evidently no special transportation rates to induce ordinary citizens to visit Victoria when Parliament is in Session. During the sitting of Parliament and also during the summer months at least—from April to September—it might be expected that there would be an attractive short-term rate between Vancouver and other points on the mainland on the one side and Victoria on the other. "Week-end" rates might also be arranged to the mutual advantage of the Capital and the Terminal City. We make bold to recommend this matter to the consideration of the transportation powers that be.

Prohibitionists Appeal to the Government

The revelations made at the Prohibition Convention at Victoria and repeated in submitting their case to the Provincial Government there may be summed up in a sentence as indicating a condition of affairs regarding the taking of the soldier's vote which was a disgrace to the name British. In this case it was no one-sided story as the admissions quoted from evidence taken in London by examination of Polling Officers gave in themselves more than sufficient grounds for any tribunal or government declining to accept as reliable the record of votes from overseas. In the light of certain facts, argument on the subject becomes not only unnecessary and exasperating, but an insult to the intelligence of the community.

The Government of British Columbia will be amply justified and we believe supported by a majority of citizens of all shades of political opinion, in putting through this session an independent Prohibition Bill to take effect on 1st July next.

In the meantime a most searching investigation should be carried through by the Government regarding the voting procedure overseas. Thereafter, if need be, a soldier's vote can be arranged for under circumstances above suspicion, or voting can be deferred till the end of the war. In this case procrastination and compromise are the friends of the liquor interests and the foes of reform, and to dally with them may endanger—or shorten—the life of even such a strong and seemingly safely-seated government as that headed by Premier Brewster.

The Press, Boycotting and Prohibition

In addition to the place given the main subject under discussion thereat, the Prohibition Convention at Victoria was notable for the publicity given to an alleged case of boycotting by a big business-house of a Daily Newspaper which came out as the champion of the Prohibition Cause.

If the advocacy of Prohibition be the real cause of the action complained of, it is remarkable that the course was not taken by the Business House in question long ere this time—when many hold Prohibition practically assured.

If the statement made in Victoria and reproduced in the newspaper mentioned, be accurate, that it had foregone advertising business worth \$20,000 because of its adherence to the cause of Reform of the Liquor

Laws, that fact should not pass unnoticed by all who value sacrifice for higher interests and ideals.

On the other hand it has been alleged that the newspaper was of little value at its transition stage and that it has used the cause of Prohibition to build up its business. Certainly those who happened to be appealed to by its circulation agents during the first Convention in Hamilton Hall in August, 1915, would not suggest that enterprise was lacking in that department, or that the Prohibition-interest basis of appeal was overlooked. This monthly publication—which has been carried on over five years under the inspiration and influence of an "Ideal"—knows something of how hard it is to get some so-called "practical" men who preach "business is business" to recognize that Social and Moral Reform and Educational and Religious Interests need publicity through the press no less than from platform and pulpit.

To be consistent people who believe in social progress and Christian ideals ought to look for their expression in the whole "make-up" of publications, and to exercise their interest and support accordingly.

The B.C. Presbyterian Synod Follows Up

The Annual Synod of the Presbyterian Church in British Columbia assembled at New Westminster at the beginning of April discussed several important matters, and backed up the call for Prohibition. As was to be expected, the report of the evidence taken in London gave rise to scathing reflections on the procedure that had been tolerated in taking the so-called Soldiers' vote.

All British Columbia citizens worthy of the name will trust that any man or men, regardless of official position, who may, on investigation, be proved to have countenanced irregularities or practised or ignored dishonest methods in the taking (or making?) of that vote, will be dealt with as the seriousness of such offences warrants.

At home we need to be equally earnest in seeing to it that the recent alleged interference with the sanctity of the ballot box in British Columbia is thoroughly and impartially investigated and blame placed where it belongs.

The practice or toleration of any perfunctoriness or evasion in either case would result in a reflection on the public life and government of British Columbia which no "new country" or political expediency excuse would ever obliterate.

Reporting or Paraphrasing?

The allegation that the President of the Prohibition Movement in speaking at Victoria had stated that Revolution or Civil War would follow any attempt to withhold Prohibition at this time, may be cited as an instance in which the paraphrasing instead of reporting of a sentence may be important.

Occasionally it happens that verbatim reporting of a speaker is almost impossible because of ungrammatical expressions in words and phrases. But there are times when the importance of utterances on debatable questions calls for a record of expressions within quotation marks—even at the expense of an unflattering reflection on a speaker's use of the English language.

The comparison of parliamentary "Press Gallery" reports with the spoken speech of a prominent politician reveals no mean capacity on the part of the pressmen. But some people may question whether an excellent summary or synopsis—whether or not it is, as usually happens, coloured

by the partizanship of the newspaper—can altogether take the place of a verbatim report. The "Old Country" newspaper reporter may be more of a "stenographer" than the North American, but after all *the actual words* used by a speaker are often most important. It is also unquestionable that verbatim reporting capacity is not a very common acquirement, and in its short-hand writing ability is certainly not one to be bracketed with that of the average "stenographer" of ordinary office correspondence work.

The brain-strain on the official shorthand-writer in a Law Court or at a Government Inquiry, especially when "expert" witnesses are under *cross-examination*, is perhaps not secondary to that experienced by any other official—not excluding eminent counsel and learned judge.

Victoria, our readers may be interested to know, has for the *doyen* of its regular "Daily" Press Gallery men, a man of wide experience alike in shorthand and review work, who served for years in the Dominion House at Ottawa.

An Eyesore at English Bay.

Canadian citizens who hail originally from overseas are sometimes slow at making suggestions or criticisms, lest they be accused of a didactic attitude towards their new Homeland. "Easterners" on the other hand who forget that climate and conditions at the West Coast are more akin to those of Britain than to those of the East, sometimes speak and act as if citizens from other parts had to wait to be "Old-timers" (residents of 25 to 50 years?) before they take an active interest in the community life.

Some years ago reference was made in this Review to the need for a "Dean of Guild Court" or a Local Authority who should exercise supervising functions in relation to city property. Since the fire destroyed the "rink" or Dance Hall at the corner of the English Bay triangle, the location has been a constant reminder of the need for such supervision. Last summer an ugly yellow-painted ice cream "stand" was erected on the ground facing the bathing station, as if to rival in unattractiveness the big building standing vacant at the northern corner—and now more conspicuous for its broken glass and appearance of general delapidation.

The present erection of a gasoline and motor car station on part of the site may be, if anything, an improvement on the former display of charred wood, but surely it is within the power and authority of Vancouver City Council to insist upon some cleaning up being done on such property. If not, the sooner the city Fathers secure such authority the better for the good name and residential and other amenity of Vancouver and its "English Bay."

Eastertide

The Season of Hope

As we waited, watching, praying,
 Ever hoping you would come,
 And with burdened hearts were saying
 Surely God will bring them home;
 Came a message clearly ringing
 From the boys across the sea:
 We are coming home and bringing
Peace with Victory!

—B. M. T.

NOTE:—The above lines, written as an Easter Greeting, seem almost to forecast the great Easter victory won by the British,—our own gallant Canadian troops contributing a glorious share to the achievement. Let us hope that the consequences will be so far-reaching as to result in "Peace with Victory!"

Malcolm Bruce MacLennan

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

Nothing perhaps in its history has so shocked, moved and grieved our city of Vancouver as the tragic and unexpected death of Chief Constable MacLennan. This sense of shock and grief is due not only to the circumstances under which he gave his life in the path of duty, but is principally owing to the universal esteem in which he was held. That any reputable man should have died in an effort to enforce the laws of the land is bad enough, but that one who was an outstanding and incorruptible champion of morality in the life of the city and who was looked upon by all good citizens as a superb exemplar of what he professed, is nothing short of a calamity. And it will remain as a calamity and nothing else throughout our history, unless we learn out of the tragedy the lessons it points with such startling accuracy.

It was well known that the gallant Chief had battled against conditions in the city in the face of the handicap of defective legislation through whose countless loopholes astute lawyers of a certain class extricated their underworld clients. It is right and proper in British countries for every accused person to have the advantage of counsel for defence; and it is right and proper for a lawyer to give his services to the end that his client may get justice and fair play; but no lawyer has the right to use his powers for the purpose of defeating justice nor should he ever be allowed to terrorise and browbeat the courts or the other administrative bodies of the community. The innocent man needs no counsel of that type because the function of the Crown is to see justice done and to refrain from persecution. No man ever lived who had a greater sense of justice and fair play than Chief MacLennan. His whole training and bent of mind inclined him to be absolutely fair even to the criminal. There was no danger of his ever degenerating into a law-enforcing machine without a human heart. In fact, the real fight within himself was to prevent his large hearted, kindly disposition from interfering with his sense of justice. But with wonderful poise of character, he like General Gordon, "held the balance level."

Lawyers of the type referred to above find their opportunity in defective legislation and so the responsibility for crime must be shared by legislators who lack the courage and the conviction to pass laws adequate for the moral well-being of the people. Gladstone's famous saying that laws existed in order to make it easy for people to do right and hard for them to do wrong has found no deep lodgment in the hearts of legislators who fear to offend some lawless people who have votes. And accordingly we find that our laws against gambling and social vice and such like are notoriously lacking in reach and definiteness. A tragedy such as we have witnessed in our city in the death of our Chief and of an innocent passer-by as well as the wounding of another brave officer should lead all good citizens to stand up for decent laws and their proper enforcement. If it has not that effect, then God help the city.

The career of Chief MacLennan stands to encourage every young man who has a desire to make something worthy out of life. He came to the West as a youth without any special influence or education. But he was steady, industrious, thorough and sincere and by the sheer force of these qualities he rose from the ranks to the summit of his calling. Whatever he did was done as well as he could do it and he was always ready and willing to learn how he could do it better.



THE LATE CHIEF-CONSTABLE M. B. MACLENNAN

In the annual convention of police officers in Canada he became from the outset a well-known and highly respected figure. And it is worthy of note that only a few months ago he gave at the convention an able paper which outlined a plan by which the police in all the municipalities and provinces might be a Dominion Force. This would obviate difficult questions that arise over conflict of jurisdiction, and would at the same time relieve police from the hampering influences of local appointment and control. The fame of the North-West Mounted Police as guardians of the peace rests largely on the working out of this plan, and there are many thoughtful men who believe the idea will gain ground steadily.

To understand the character of the Chief with its fine blending of strength and tenderness, courage and gentleness, splendid manliness and real childlikeness, a rare combination, one must know something of his home training and his early associations. He had the good fortune to be born in one of those humble Highland homes in Prince Edward Island where the best traditions of the Scottish fatherland were kept to the forefront. And so the Lord's Day and the Lord's Book and the Lord's House were honoured and the demands of conscience were looked on as supreme. To the end of his days the Chief treasured his early associations and the fact that within the last two years in Vancouver the Lord's Day Act was more honored than ever before, was due in great measure to the persistence of that splendid home and church training which has made the old provinces down by the Eastern sea such an influence for good all over Canada. It is easy for some whose principal aim in life is love of pleasure and self-indulgence and gain, to sneer at the memory of the Puritan and the Covenanter, but the history of an Empire saved and of freedom preserved to men is the vindication of the noble souls who dared to be true to God and righteousness in an age of moral and religious laxity. If ever the day should come when this great strain should perish out of the blood of our people, then "Ichabod" can be written on the gates of the Empire, for its glory will have departed for ever.

A most noticeable thing in Chief MacLennan was his love for children and his constant interest in all that made for their well-being. And this was because he never had suppressed the child-like element in his own heart. There is a vast difference between childish and childlike. No man had more thoroughly put away childish things than this giant of a man, but he never put away child-likeness and that was one of the sources of his power. For after all, it is the child that Jesus stated to be the standard of the Kingdom of God. One of the best functions in our city is the annual treat for poor children at Police Headquarters. The idea permeates the whole Force and the children of our city properly look upon these blue-coated stalwarts as their friends and protectors. Only the other day I saw four little children clinging joyously to a big policeman on point duty, to whom they had rushed amid the swirl of the city's traffic. It was probably this characteristic feature of child-likeness in MacLennan that made him able to go into any company and carry himself with that quiet confidence of manner which springs from an absence of self-consciousness and which is one of the truest marks of a real gentleman. That we have lost such a man out of our city is by itself nothing short of a calamitous fact as we have already said. But if we are true to the ideals for which he stood amongst us, and if we see that those who carry on his work are supported with an intense conviction which will fear nothing in the pursuit of righteousness, then his sacrifice to duty will not have been in vain and his early grave may become one of the bulwarks of the city.

One Woman's Way

(By Rev. David James, Vancouver)

NOTE:—An alternative title for this little story of contrast (in verse) might well be:

A Plea for Patriotism and Prohibition

In passing in the contribution, Mr. James made clear that he did not send it for its literary merit, but was rather influenced by the impression he found it made on a group of lads. The sentiment expressed, however, would itself justify us in publishing the lines in these times—after a majority of the people of British Columbia have voted for Prohibition, and when the need still remains for every man who can arrange to go, to exercise himself as to the Empire's call.

We sincerely wish that our kindred at the heart of the Empire had given or would give the same attention to the Liquor Traffic that has been directed to it throughout the Dominion of Canada; and that in this respect "License" would not be confused with "Liberty."—Editor.

In a beautiful home in the suburbs,
Toward the close of the day,
A woman sat silent and thoughtful,
And her hands unoccupied lay
On the arms of her chair, while the firelight
Made shadows on ceiling and wall,
And she thought of the boy who had left her
To answer the Empire's call.

Unannounced a neighbor had entered,
Whose face was livid and white,
As with trembling lips she murmured,
"I have come seeking comfort to-night,
For the boy whom I kept from enlisting
When the call came to Canada's men,
Has fallen a prey to the tempter,
And I never shall see him again!
For to-day condemned by the judges,
He lies in a felon's cell,
For a crime he committed unknowing
While under the wine cup's spell!

"He was fair, as you know, in his childhood,
And true as he grew with the years,
But the traps set for feet unwary
Often filled my poor heart with fears,
For I saw that his sunny good nature,
Which brought to him many a friend,
Might prove the weak spot in his armour
And lead to a tragic end;
So I tried to keep him beside me,
But my strength was no match for the foe,
Which lies hidden deep in the wine cup,
And lures to destruction and woe!

"So to-night my heart is bitter,
When I think of a nation that gives
A shelter and license to evils,
Which ruin such promising lives;
And while fighting the foe with her armies
She permits in her own land to dwell,
The cursed drink traffic that's driving
Her thousands of sons into hell!"

.

'Twas late when the neighbor departed
 To weep in her desolate home—
 But the woman sat on by the fireside,
 Till the embers had burned themselves done,
 And the dawn creeping in at the window,
 Threw its light on a picture that hung
 On the wall, where she lingered, for from it
 There looked out the eyes of her son.

And she smiled as a stray beam of sunlight
 Played over his fair young brow,
 Where the clustering hair fell in ringlets
 And his teeth, which outrivalled the snow,
 Shone white where his smiling lips parted,
 While his baby hands held to his breast
 The head of old "Rover" the house dog,
 Who had lain down beside him to rest—

And the mother who looked on the picture,
 And thought of the boy now in France,
 A man grown, and taking a man's part,
 In staying the foeman's advance,—
 While the tears filled her eyes as she stood there,
 And her heart with sorrow was torn—
 Cried, "Why did I let him go from me?
 And yet, is it right I should mourn?
 For I'd sooner he died in the trenches
 While fighting his country to save,
 Than at home be a victim of evil,
 And at last fill a drunkard's grave!
 I'd sooner he died like a soldier
 Good, noble and true at his post,
 Than keep him beside me, a victim
 Of sin and eternally lost!"

Winter

Freezing and snowing,
 Wintry winds blowing!
 'Tis altogether
 Very bad weather;
 Clouds darkly low'ring,
 Wind-torn and glow'ring—
 By turmoil are cleft,
 And then through the rift
 Comes brightly the sun
 For maybe just one
 Short moment, and then
 'Tis hidden again.
 Freezing and snowing,
 Stormy winds blowing,
 'Tis altogether
 Most bitter weather!

March, 1917.

And yet one must say
 There comes a day
 Just once in a while
 When Nature does smile;
 The air all alight
 With sunshine so bright!
 It, once in a while
 Seems Nature must smile!
 Though that smile be brief
 As the fall of a leaf;
 But on such a morn
 'Tis a joy to be born!
 Yet, altogether,
 'Tis bitter weather,
 Freezing and snowing,
 Wintry winds blowing!

—Leslie R. Pearse.

Monte Creek, B. C.

News From the Front

News was received this month that Mr. Earle Howatt, whose home is at Tryon, P. E. I., and who before enlisting in the 72nd Battalion, was on the staff of Gault Bros., Vancouver, and also for two or three years gave valuable assistance with the clerical work of the "Westminster Review," has been wounded. We are glad to learn from later reports that Mr. Howatt's wound is not serious. It is said to be a gunshot wound in the leg.

We also welcome this month a letter from Mr. Wingate R. Walkinshaw, one of the students in theology at Westminster Hall. News of the death of "W. Kennedy of St. John's" mentioned in Mr. Walkinshaw's letter has recently been received in Vancouver, where much sympathy is felt for his parents. We quote the following passages from Mr. Walkinshaw's letter:—

"We left England on the 11th July, and since arriving in France our division has been continuously in action. We were first at Ypres, then Kemmel, next the Somme, where we remained almost eight weeks and had our fill of mud and warfare. We did think when we were at Ypres that things were fairly lively but the Somme fighting caused us to rate our first experience as something like play. You have no doubt seen the Somme pictures and so have been able to form some idea—more or less accurate—of what the situation there was like. I am not permitted to say much about the fighting there, but Albert, Courcellette, Poziers, and the other familiar names were real places to us. We were not sorry when we were moved to our present position, I can assure you. Fritz took toll of our best." (Portion of letter here deleted by the censor.)

"While on the Somme, I had the pleasure of meeting Bryce Wallace (Western Scots), Major Burch and also Andrew Thomson. The 102nd were also in the vicinity, but I could not locate Robbie Duncan, though since coming up here I have had the great pleasure of meeting him and having a talk over old days at 'The Hall.'"

"Two other Vancouver friends I met were W. Aird and Wm. Kennedy of St. John's. They are in the 13th A. M. B., and I got into touch with them first at Westoutre and later on the Somme. Maurice Menzies I learned from R. Duncan is with the 12th A. M. B., but so far I have failed to find him."

"Charlie Clark's letter from the front was extremely good. What company is he attached to? I should very much like to meet him again. R. G. Fry and Geo. Murray are at the Base Hospital (Queen's), E. B. Arrol and R. G. McNaught are at Shorncliffe. So also are Goodfellow and Smith. Galbraith and Crute I believe, are at Le Havre, but of A. B. Dustan I can find no trace.

"Many thanks for the Magazine. They come like a wee bit o' hame and provide not only interesting reading but also set my thoughts busy around the old scenes and haunts in Vancouver."

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE

It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long, an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.

A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.

Western Canadian Church Notes

(By Rev. A. E. Roberts)

Noted Visitors

The General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, Rev. Dr. Chown, will be in British Columbia this month and is expected to visit Vancouver and Victoria in the interest of the Church. Dr. Chown has recently been calling the attention of Methodists to the provisions made for the establishment of Local Union Churches, as it seems, particularly in the Prairie Provinces, that the people are not waiting for the consummation of Organic Union, but are getting together immediately in places where Union seems desirable. British Columbia, Kelowna and West Vancouver are working under local arrangements with the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches.

Rev. Jas. Allen, M. A., Home Mission Secretary, will be in Vancouver soon to meet the Standing Committee on Home Missions of the British Columbia Conference. The meeting will be held in Wesley Church. While here Mr. Allen will also meet the Committee that has charge of the work of the S. S. "Thomas Crosby," the missionary boat that does such good work on the western shore line of the Province.

Closing the Church Year

The Programme Committee of Conference, consisting of the President and Secretary of Conference, Rev. S. S. Osterhout, Ph.D., and Rev. R. J. McIntyre, with the pastors of the churches in Victoria, met last week to discuss plans for the meeting in May. This reminds us that April 30th sees the closing of the year's books, and the next few weeks will be busy ones in many of the churches of the Province. Methodism is preparing for its annual "moving day" for pastors, though the tendency this year is to allow matters to remain as they are and there will not be a very general change of pastors. Conference meets on May 18th in Metropolitan Church, Victoria, and the Stationing Committee will hold its first sessions a few days before, in order to prepare its first draft for the opening of Conference.

(By Rev. J. Richmond Craig)

Rev. W. A. Wilson, D. D., of Indore, India, arrived home the other day and was welcomed by the Presbytery of New Westminster. Dr. Wilson has completed 33 years of missionary service in India, and with the exception of Rev. J. Fraser Campbell, D. D., of Rutlam, India, was the oldest missionary in active service in the Church.

"The great mass of the people of India are thoroughly loyal," was Dr. Wilson's answer to a question regarding the present situation there. "A few agitators, who come chiefly from government colleges, have an idea that India can govern herself, but the common people generally are convinced that India's well-being lies in line with Britain's policy. By remaining in the Empire and assisting with all their resources, they believe a larger measure of self-government will ultimately be obtained." Coming from one so well qualified to speak upon the Indian situation, these words are assuring, and should stimulate our confidence in the people of that great Empire.

The resignation of Rev. J. J. Hastie, M. A., from the Ladner Pastoral charge, after several years faithful and fruitful service in a difficult field, was accepted with regret at the last meeting of Presbytery.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastie sail for Australia at the end of the month, and the good wishes of the brethren go with them. A safe voyage and a speedy return to British Columbia.

Can the members of Presbytery not get together earlier than 11.15 a. m.? This is a very pertinent question when we realize that the morning sederunt at every meeting is entirely taken up with the question of "arranging docket of business." At last meeting the most important matters were kept until the last moment and then hurriedly discussed by a few remaining members. An earlier start would facilitate matters.

The question of the "Cost of Administration" will doubtless be discussed at next Assembly. Several overtures have already been sent up from Presbyteries regarding this matter, and while each may have a different solution of the problem to offer, all are agreed that the Church has too many salaried superintendents, secretaries and college professors. Last year the travelling expenses and salaries of the Home Mission and Social Service Department amounted to over \$73,000. At least one-half of this expense could be saved, without much inconvenience to anyone. When we recognize that large tracts of country such as the Cariboo, are without a minister of the gospel, while last year in travelling expenses for committees of Home Mission and Social Service alone the Church had to pay \$3,754, we feel that a thorough investigation into the administration and finance of the Church is warranted.

The co-operative institutes on religious education have been better attended this season. The interest in this work is growing steadily, and great credit is due to the committee having charge of the arrangements. By dispensing with the afternoon meetings and holding more evening sessions, better results might be obtained. The weekly prayer meeting could be utilized for some of this educative work.

On the first Sunday of April Rev. R. A. MacConnell concluded a pastorate of about seven years at St. Columba Presbyterian Church; Oak Bay, Victoria. Though that Victoria suburb, like other communities, has been affected by population depletion, due to war conditions, notable progress has been made during Mr. MacConnell's pastorate, and a handsome and commodious new church has been erected. We understand Mr. MacConnell is in the meantime to take a well-earned holiday.

Wonder

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."—Wordsworth.

Her home by city walls was bound,
 A little child of seven was she,
 Echoes her fireside heard—like sound
 Of shells that tell of the great sea.
 One morning in the summer-tide,
 When aye the sun the cold earth warms,
 Her father took her for a ride
 To where begin the peace-filled farms.
 Upon a knoll together they,
 A moment, stretching fields surveyed—
 And though she's dead now many a day,
 He hears her yet speak half-afraid,
 As up she looks, her eyes ablaze,
 Set 'neath brown locks, by Nature curled,
 "Daddy!" she said, in deep amaze—
 "O, Daddy, say, is that the world?"

Smiths Falls, Ontario.

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

The Bookman Says

We were pleased to have a very pronounced commendation of this page as re-opened last month. We now (as promised) quote from "Owd Bob" the description of the final fight between "Red Wull" and the other dogs. To liken "Red Wull" to Germany or the German Emperor seems peculiarly appropriate in parts, but in other parts it seems rather uncomplimentary—to "Red Wull":—

He saw them coming, knew their errand, as who should better than the Terror of the Border, and was glad. Death it might be, and such an one as he would wish to die; at least distraction from that long-drawn, haunting pain. And he grinned as he looked at the approaching crowd and saw there was not one there but he had humbled in his time.

He ceased his restless pacing, and awaited them. His great head was high as he scanned them contemptuously, daring them to come on.

And on they came, marching slow and silent like soldiers at a funeral: young and old; bob-tailed and bull; terrier and collie, flocking like vultures to the dead. And the Venus, heavy with years, rolled after them on her bandy legs, panting in her hurry lest she should be late: for had she not the blood of her blood to avenge?

So they came about him, slow, certain, murderous, opening out to cut him off on every side.

There was no need. He never thought to move. Long odds 'twould be—crushingly heavy; yet he loved them for it, and was trembling already with the glory of the coming fight.

They were up to him now; the sheep-dogs walking round him on their toes, stiff and short like cats on coals; their backs a little humped, heads averted, yet eyeing him askance.

And he remained stock still, nor looked at them. His great chin was cocked, his muzzle wrinkled in a dreadful grin. As he stood there, shivering a little, eyes rolling back, breath grating in his throat to set every bristle on edge, he looked infernal.

The Venus ranged alongside him. No preliminary stage for her: she never walked where she could stand or stood where she could lie. But stand she must now, breathing hard through her nose, never taking her eyes off that pad she had marked for her own. Close beside her were crop-eared Grip and Grapple, looking up at the line above them where hairy neck and shoulder joined. Behind was big Rasper, and close to him, Lassie. Of the others each had marked his place, each taken up his post.

Last of all, old Shep took his stand full in front of his enemy, their shoulders almost rubbing, head past head.

So the two stood a moment, as though whispering; each diabolical, each rolling back red eyes to watch the other; while from the little mob there rose a snarling, bubbling snore, like giants wheezing in their sleep.

Then like lightning each struck. Rearing high, they wrestled with striving paws and the expression of fiends incarnate. Down they went, Shep underneath, and the great dog with a dozen of these wolves of hell upon him. Rasper, devilish, was riding on his back; the Venus—well for him—had struck and missed; but Grip and Grapple had their hold; and the others, like leaping demoniacs, were plunging into the whirlpool vortex of the fight.

And there, where a fortnight before he had fought and lost the battle of the Cup, Red Wull now battled for his life.

Long odds: but what cared he? The long-drawn agony of the night was drowned in that glorious delirium; the hate of years came bubbling forth. In that supreme moment he would avenge his wrongs on humanity. And he went in to fight, revelling like a giant in the red lust of killing.

Long odds. Never before had he faced such a galaxy of foes. His one chance lay in quickness: to prevent the swarming crew getting their hold till at least he had diminished them.

Then it was a sight to see the great brute, huge as a bull-calf, strong as a bull, rolling over and over and up again quick as a kitten; leaping here, striking there; shaking himself free; swinging his quarters; fighting with feet and body and teeth—every inch of him at war. More than once he broke through the ruck; only to turn again. No flight for him, nor thought of it.

Up and down the slope the dark mass tossed, like some hulk the sport of waves. Black and white, sable and grey, worrying at that great centrepiece; up and down, roaming wide, leaving everywhere a trail of red.

Gyp he had pinned and hurled across his shoulder. Grip followed: he shook her till she rattled, then flung her afar; and she fell with a horrible thud, not to rise; while Grapple, the death to avenge, hung tighter. In a scarlet soaking patch of the ground lay Kirby's lurcher, doubled up in a dreadful ball. And Hoppin's young dog, who three hours before had been playing tenderly with the children, now fiendish to look on, dragged after the huddle up the hill. Back the mob rolled on her. When it was passed she lay quite still, grinning, a handful of tawny hair and flesh in her dead mouth.

So they fought on. And ever and anon a great figure rose up from the inferno all around, rearing to his full height, his head all ragged and bleeding, the red foam dripping from his jaws. Thus he would appear momentarily, like some dark rock amidst a raging sea; and down he would go again.

Silent now they fought, dumb and determined. Only you might have heard the rend and rip of tearing flesh; a hoarse gurgle as some dog went down; the panting of dry throats; and now and then a sob from that central figure. He was fighting for his life. The Terror of the Border was at bay.

All who meant it were on him now. The Venus had her hold at last; and never but once in a long life of battles had she let go; Rasper, his breath coming in dreadful rattles, clipped him horribly by the loins; while a dozen other devils with hot eyes and wrinkled nostrils clung still.

Long odds. And down he went, smothered beneath the weight of numbers, yet struggled up again; his great head torn and dripping, eyes a gleam of rolling red and white, the little tail stern and stiff like the stump of a flag-staff shot away. He was desperate but indomitable; and he sobbed as he fought doggedly on.

Long odds: it could not last. And down he went at length, silent still—never a cry should they wring from him in his agony: the Venus glued to that mangled pad; Rasper beneath him now; three at his throat; two at his ears; a crowd on flanks and body.

The Terror of the Border was overwhelmed at last.

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BOOKS FOR LOAN

The following books are in the Archibald Library at Westminster Hall, 1600 Barclay Street, Vancouver, B. C., and may be had on loan by ministers of the Synod of British Columbia:

Life and Times of Rev. John Wesley—three vols., by Rev. L. Tyerman.

Spurgeons's Sermons, 18 vols.

Modern Sermons by World Scholars, 10 vols.

Life of Dr. Geddie, by Dr. Geo. Patterson.

The Conversion of India (Smith).

India's Problems, (Jones).

Brief History of the Indian People (Hunter).

The Great Religions of India, (Mitchell).

India and Christian Opportunity, (Beach).

Missions in State and Church, (Dr. Forsythe).

Men and Missions, (Ellis).

Twenty-five Years in Honan, (Murdo MacKenzie).

In the Heart of India, (Taylor).

The Pastor and Modern Missions, (Mott).

David Livingstone, (Horne).

Hudson Taylor, (Dr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor).

Thinking Black, (Crawford).

World's Missionary Conference, 1910, 9 vols.

The Church and the Changing Order, (Shailer Matthews).

Modern Problems, (Sir Oliver Lodge).

The Working Man and Social Problems, (Stezle).

Rural Life in Canada, (John MacDougal).

Housing Reform, (Lawrence Veiller).

Men and Religious Messages, 7 vols., (Congress Addresses).

A Living Wage, (John A. Ryan).

The Temperance Problem and Social Reform, (Rowantree and Sherwell).

Address the Librarian, at the Hall, (Rev. John A. Logan, D. D.)

The Crisis in Party Politics—and the Way Out

Being an Exposition of the Methods and Advantages of Proportional Representation

(Reprinted from the "Westminster Review.")

The Rt. Hon. Earl Grey, ex-Governor General of Canada, in a holograph letter to the Editor of the "Westminster Review," says:

" I am in full and hearty sympathy with the aims, objects and ideals of the "Westminster Review," and heartily wish you success in your endeavour to create a strong public opinion in support of such electoral reforms as will secure for your country the blessings of absolute freedom to both voter and representative alike."

Price Five Cents per copy ; \$3.50 per 100

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In Which Class Are You?

Wanted—A Conscience in Correspondence

The other day we heard a Vancouver Church official report that after mailing 500 letters with return envelopes for replies, only about 30% of the recipients had complied with the request to answer at once. The official was evidently disappointed at the result, notwithstanding the fact that because of the purpose of the request, many might excusably have reckoned that they had till the end of December to respond.

Judging by what we have learned—and experienced—in this connection of the habits of people “out west,” we think a 30% reply—for *one* letter—should be held encouraging, even in Church affairs. A year or two ago we heard a member of a British Columbia Ministerial Court complain that so many letters—we hesitate to put in the figures lest ordinary laymen should be scandalized—had had to be sent to some members ere a reply was elicited. The report was made in scathing terms, but that did not lessen the shame of its being justified.

Some people much need to learn that perfunctory or indifferent treatment of correspondence—especially where there is an obligation involved—suggests an absence of common honesty, not to mention moral or Christian principle.

Words and Acts that Hearten

A subscriber writes to the Editor of this “Review”:

“I have your letter of recent date re my subscription to ‘Westminster Review.’ If you have not raised the rates you should have done so. My opinion is the magazine is worth \$1.50, and I do not see how you can publish it under present conditions for less.

“To assure you that I am sincere in this belief, I am sending you \$1.50 as renewal subscription for the year. I hope many others may follow my example.

“I greatly appreciate your efforts in ‘Westminster Review,’ and would not be without it for very much more than it costs. You should have hearty support of all who recognize the value of a first-class current magazine.

“I think in times like these the subscribers should stand behind you. It means so little to each of us to raise our subscription 50 cents and it would mean so much to you in the problem of publishing it, under the present cost of paper and material.”

Another subscriber, who had not received the “November” letter, but who had evidently been influenced by the reference in a previous issue to the “Paper scarcity affecting publication,” writes encouragingly and—with a demonstration of practical interest in the work of this “Review” as welcome and heartening as it was unexpected,—sends us \$10 towards his subscription and “towards a continuance of the ‘Review.’”

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