
British Columbia Monthly

(Continuing "Westminster Review," Vancouver)

VOLUME XIV

VANCOUVER, B. C., FEBRUARY, 1919

No. 5

THE SOCIAL, EDUCATIONAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
MAGAZINE OF THE CANADIAN WEST

Promoting Social Betterment, Educational Progress and Religious Life. Independent in Politics.

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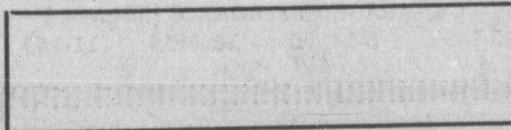
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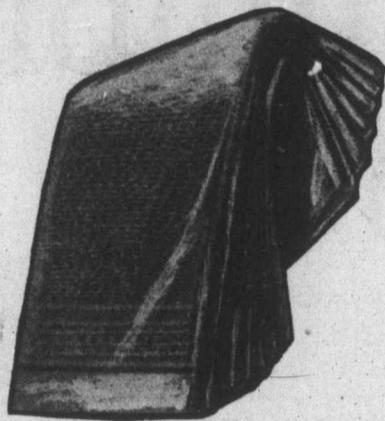
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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

(Continuing WESTMINSTER REVIEW, Vancouver)

Subscription Terms \$1.50 per year in advance; \$2.50 for two years in advance

Advisory Editorial Committee:

REV. R. G. MACBETH, M.A.; R. ALLISON HOOD, M.L.; TIM. WISE

Managing Editor: D. A. CHALMERS

Promoting Social Betterment, Educational Progress and Religious Life. Independent in Politics.

Published at 1817 Haro Street, Vancouver, B. C.

VOLUME XIV

VANCOUVER, B. C., FEBRUARY, 1919

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Notes of the Month

"From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us," is a prayer of the English Liturgy. Yet those who in the inscrutable providence of God are thus taken out of this mortal life escape the discomfort and weakness of a lingering illness, with its attendant anxieties for friends and relatives. Sir Wilfrid Laurier would have chosen that his life should be ended in this way. And it was decided that he should not go to church on Sunday morning, the 16th instant. There are many busy politicians who, if death overtook them on a Sunday, would not be preparing for the house of worship.

* * *

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was so much greater than his contemporaries that there seems to be nobody at present to step into his shoes. Part of his greatness depended on the fact that he was not absorbed in materialism. One who visited him many years ago in his very simple and plain law office in Arthabaskaville described him as one of the happiest men he ever met. His law business was not so onerous as to prevent his taste for literature finding free play. And though this was after he had entered politics, he displayed at the time none of the acerbities and restless ambition of the ordinary party man.

* * *

It seems to be the fate of men who are much in the public eye during their lives to fall into comparative obscurity when they die, and particularly is this the case with statesmen. Those of a past day whose names filled the newspapers are rapidly being forgotten. Their names are mentioned by reminiscent writers, but who reads Gladstone's or Bright's or Beaconsfield's speeches now? Yet during the lifetime of their contemporaries the influence of such men does not

immediately cease. Those who admired them endeavor to pass on the tradition of their greatness. And though Laurier is dead, his ideas will still rule his party followers.

* * *

In making the most repulsive character of his new novel, "Wild Youth and Another," a member of the Methodist persuasion, Sir Gilbert Parker has committed a tasteless blunder. His book is clever enough in its way, and will likely be a "best seller," and may even reach the distinction afforded by the moving picture theatre. But it is by no means equal in literary merit to Sir Gilbert's earlier stories. Perhaps, however, this effort is the working up of a youthful attempt, antedating the Quebec novels.

* * *

Clemenceau, the grand old man of France—or one of them—has been put to the test of the would-be assassin's bullet, and his behaviour is as courageous and brave as was to be expected. He thus earns the distinction of Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and many others who were big enough men to be shot at. For it is not the negligible and the half-hearted who become the targets of the cowardly assassin.

* * *

Germany, having been dominated by autocracy for many years, is now under the mastership of Spartacans and Bolshevism. The wild doctrines that are being preached at Sunday evening meetings in Vancouver are akin to those which are inspiring disorders in Central Europe. There is public opinion enough, even in Germany, to put the aggressors in their place, and there is a majority of law-abiding people in Vancouver who have no use for the vague and impractical vaporings of socialistic sedition.

It was to be expected that Mr. F. C. Wade would run up against some snags in his new appointment, but it is not by any means clear that he has committed any very grievous error with regard to advertising British Columbia. The public, therefore, will do well to wait awhile before pronouncing a verdict in the matter. It is rather a new thing for the Agent-General's office to take any step of a kind to arouse adverse criticism, and almost anything is better than somnolence in such a connection.

* * *

The Library Bill, which is to come before the B. C. Legislature shortly, has aroused some opposition on the part of ratepayers and property-owners who do not like the idea of even three-quarters of a mill on assessments being earmarked for the purposes of the distribution of literature. They also object to the centralization and standardization proposed. But the public library is the poor man's university, and the poor man will help to pay for it. Everybody who pays rent for a room or a small house bears a part of the general taxation. The listed ratepayers and property-owners

cannot say they are the only ones who will be called upon.

* * *

The united farmers and grain-growers seem to regard the manufacturers as their natural antagonists, and to forget that the manufacturers have their troubles as well as the agriculturists. When the manufacturers banded themselves together and strove to rope in political assistance, it was to be expected that the sons of the soil would follow suit. But there is no reason that they should imitate the Kilkenny cats.

* * *

Why do members of the B. C. Legislature descend so often to undignified personalities? There is no need for it, and the Premier of any province should be above it, as his example is sure to be followed by the lesser lights. Man is an imitative animal, and the endeavour to "go" the preceding speaker "one better" is the offspring of a natural tendency. But these things do not expedite business, and the legislative chamber is not a variety theatre.

—X.

Railway Reflections

I love a journey in a speeding train:

To see men working as it flashes past,
And feel that I, unknown to them, have cast
A glance into each life; they all remain
Tied to their tasks, while I speed on again,
Borne swifter than a leaf before the blast,
Stride over mountains, span the desert vast—
These things amuse and exercise my brain.

But more delightfully, with vacant mind,
I languidly through half-closed eyelids peer
Till objects all their harsh outlines assuage,
Fade into streaks of mingled hues combined
Unendingly; then I approach most near
The blest Nirvana of the eastern Sage.

—LIONEL STEVENSON.

Vancouver, B.C.

Editorial

TOO MANY MEETINGS — THE BLESSINGS OF THE BAN

PERHAPS only those whose business or duty it is to try to keep in touch with public affairs know how many meetings are being held from week to week, and how much they would trench on time and energy even had people no other work to do.

To such citizens the recent ban against public meetings, because of the spread of the influenza epidemic, was a blessing in disguise.

It may be questioned if there is not in these times too much talking, public speaking and "organizing." Probably better progress would be made in many directions in Church and State and Society alike, if more time were given to thought and action and less to excessive and prolonged oral exercises.

* * *

"SOCIAL WELFARE" AND SOCIAL SERVICE

In recent months a notable step was taken by the Social Service Council of Canada in arranging for the publication in Toronto of a monthly periodical to advocate its interests.

The editor-in-chief of "Social Welfare," as the new journal is called, is that strong and forceful personality, Rev. Dr. J. G. Shearer, and the first issues have given evidence that the social and moral questions and conditions, which are the main concern of this council of federated bodies, are to be dealt with trenchantly and fearlessly.

Dr. Shearer was in Vancouver the other week and addressed the "annual meeting" of the Provincial Social Service Council, which,

through some omission or misarrangement, was only called together hurriedly by telephone. It seems that the Provincial Social Service Council has been severely handicapped through lack of a salaried secretary. The extent of the Province must also be a difficulty when it comes to arranging for united action. But no difficulties or conditions should be permitted to allow Social Service Councils to lapse into a comatose state. For the credit of British Columbia we trust that the new Provincial Council will take steps to make the organization more than ever a living force for service in the community.

* * *

WHAT'S WRONG WITH VANCOUVER SOCIAL SERVICE COUNCIL?

Reference to the Dominion and Provincial Social Service Councils recalls the unsatisfactory state of Vancouver City Social Service Council as revealed at the last two annual meetings. As the annual meeting of that body must be about due again, some practical "social service" may be done by publishing the following notes, which were written but "held over" at the time. The information given of the attendance, etc., at the meetings may be the more useful inasmuch as newspaper reports of such meetings too often give nothing but the formal and sometimes it seems pre-arranged nominations and elections of officers.

The question, What's wrong with Vancouver Social Service Council? might have been suggested to anyone attending the "annual meetings" of 1917 and 1918. Undenominational in its religious connection, set on much in the way of social service,

this Council was formed some years ago, and, if we mistake not, flourished successively under Anglican, Methodist, Roman Catholic and Presbyterian presidents. Then a slackening occurred. Was it that the Prohibition movement absorbed all the corporate energy of this Council, or that the need of dealing thoroughly with the Drink traffic overshadowed all else?

Whatever the cause, a disappointing score or so of people attended the annual meeting called for February, 1918, and the meeting proper—for election of officers—was postponed a few weeks, till early in March, only, alas! to be attended by an even smaller number—a “baker’s dozen” or thereabout.

At the first meeting the retiring president, Mr. W. R. Trotter—who had been brought forward from the vice-presidency during the year—made some plain statements which, like the attendances, were not published in the daily press. Mr. Trotter alleged, among other things, that “the Church was asleep at the switch.”

When the date for the second meeting was under consideration, the Editor of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY ventured to suggest that there should be added to the motion fixing the date a clause that all the clergy of all the churches be communicated with by letter and asked to bring the work of Vancouver Social Service Council before their congregations—by special sermons on practical Christianity and social service work on the Sunday prior to the date of meeting, and at the same time earnestly invite their people to take an interest in the Council’s work. That suggestion was approved and added to the motion as passed

by the meeting—notwithstanding that one of the four or five clergymen then present advocated *alternatively* that the churches be asked to “send two delegates” only.

After such a motion had been passed it was surprising and disappointing to learn at the second or postponed meeting in March—at which, as stated, only about a dozen people were present—that no such notice, as regularly moved and approved, had been sent to the city ministers. In the circumstances it seemed somewhat curious, and was certainly a remarkable coincidence, that the minister who had advocated “delegates only” was himself the only nomination for the presidency. He was indeed the best choice from among the number present, who were, however, poorly representative. There was only one other settled pastor present at that second meeting, and he was elected secretary.

It is right to record in explanation that the acting-secretary of the retiring Social Service Council executive had sent out from 75 to 80 notices to ministers for the *first* meeting. The acting-secretary had had to leave the first meeting early, and it seems that the active members of the executive thought fit *not* to carry out that part of the motion which directed communication to be made with city ministers about the second meeting.

If the Vancouver Social Service Council is to mean anything in the life of the city, its strength must be drawn mainly from the churches inter-denominationally, and if the ministers of the churches do not heed the requests of the secretary (acting or regular), then there must either be some reason behind the allegation of ex-President Trotter that “the

churches are asleep at the switch," or—there must be something wrong with Vancouver Social Service Council organization.

Since these notes were written little or nothing has been heard of the Vancouver Social Service Council, but of course it does not follow that it has been altogether idle.

Meantime, consistently with the suggestion formerly made by the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY representative, and passed but not practised, it seems timely to advise "the powers that be" before they become the powers *that were*, to do something along the lines proposed by way of ensuring a larger and more representative attendance at the next "annual meeting." It would also be well to give ample notice of the meeting so that no banquet or other important function of any leading local organization may be fixed for the same evening and seriously affect the attendance.

* * *

SALVATION ARMY WAR FUNDS CAMPAIGN

The day has long gone by when the Salvation Army needs anyone to apologize for it. Different opinions may be held as to certain methods of appeal adopted under the direction of General Booth, that truly great man who, a generation ago, wrote "In Darkest England and the Way Out." There are certainly types and conditions of humanity which "the Army" alone has reached and served and saved—saved materially and socially and also put in the way of a higher "salvation"—however varying sects or Churches, from the Roman Catholic to the Unitarian, may respectively denominate, analyze or interpret it.

With the passing years the Army

has extended its scope and widened its work in every way. And so with its readiness for enterprise and fearlessness regarding original methods, it is not surprising to learn that when the great war was sprung upon the British Empire, the Salvation Army led the way in service to the soldiers in the field—even preceding such organizations as the Y.M.C.A.

Notwithstanding that fact, we understand that hitherto the Army has not made any general appeal to the people for contributions or financial support on behalf of its work for the soldiers' welfare. That itself is a good reason for expressing the hope that the comparatively modest sum aimed at in Western Canada will be contributed by our citizens. But if other argument is needed, we invite our readers to scan, as noted below—

"THE PRINCIPLES OF THE SALVATION ARMY"

"The principles upon which the work of the Salvation Army is based may be classified as follows:

"1. However degraded, poor or sunken a person may be, he or she ought to be afforded an opportunity to lead a wholesome, clean, industrious life.

"2. Such people, whatever their class or creed, or their character, ought to be helped by being enabled to help themselves. They ought not to be pauperized, nor, being able to work, be provided with sustenance without it.

"3. Mere elevation in circumstances is of little avail unless the character, by the aid of religion and moral training, be elevated also.

"4. No one, however degraded or fallen, is irreclaimable, and the only qualifications for Salvation Army assistance are the need and a desire for improvement."

The Dominant Note in the New Era

Opinions of Representative Western Canadian Citizens

Second Selection

MR. LIONEL HAWEIS
Author of "Tsoqalem," etc.

I have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion the dominant note of British Columbia at this or any other season might reasonably sound for such a breed of public men as will honestly take the chores off her hands. She's lovely, and she's willing; but she might be cleaner, don't you think?

HON. JOHN OLIVER
Premier of British Columbia

. . . The dominant note for every person should be unselfish service in bringing about an economic and just stabilization of the conditions under which society exists.

SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER, K.C.

With all the vexed questions now confronting Canadians, we should never forget that the people govern. In times of peace, bullets are never required in a country where the ballots control.

MR. F. H. MOBLEY, M.P.P.

Encourage and promote the development of the natural resources of the province to the extent that they will not only meet the present demands for increased opportunities for labor, but will be productive of a large and permanent revenue to the country, and thereby lessen the burden of taxation.

In a covering letter to the Editor, Mr. Mobley adds that "it may be argued that this cannot be done owing to financial stress, but I still insist that much can be done along this line if a united effort is put forth."

Page Fourteen

MR. GEORGE RORIE
Chartered Accountant and Auditor

The dominant note most appropriate at this season should, in my opinion, be self-vivisection. If every person in our fair province were carefully to examine himself, cut out all dead and decaying mentality, thus leaving room for new growth, then combine scientific thinking with practical Christianity, educate his children along the lines of Boy Scout principles, the Y. M. C. A. and Speculative Masonry, thus would be evolved a public who would refuse for one moment to stand for political, civic or individual unrighteousness or uncleanness, and with whom the words "home" and "society" would no longer be prostituted.

MR. R. W. DOUGLAS
*Librarian, Carnegie Public Library,
Vancouver*

I think the dominant note should be one of thankfulness and joy that our country is out of danger and that its people should have contributed so wholeheartedly in its defence. The future should be confronted bravely by us all, working shoulder-to-shoulder for the common welfare. Nagging criticism of each other should cease and be replaced by mutual emulation towards worthy ideals.

MR. J. S. GORDON
Inspector of Schools

In my estimation the dominant note to be struck in this nominally Christian country should be, "Back to the simple teachings of Christ." In them is found the solution of all

individual, social, and even national problems.

J. MILTON PRICE, M.A., B.C.L.
Barrister-at-Law

The dominant note in the new era: Man's connection with his source, and how to realize the same so as to obtain the advantages forever intended for him. This applies to government, law, medicine, journalism, religion, education, amusement, manufacturing, farming, transportation, trade—to every phase of modern life.

MR. A. H. CASEY
Barrister and Solicitor

Better government and better citizenship in practical and essential matters—of social and moral as well as of economic welfare; better relations between Labour and Capital (as interdependent factors); better treatment—on just, yet manly, lines—of our returned soldiers; all tending to the promotion of civic well-being and unity, industrial peace, and the energetic development, on sound lines, of our natural resources and our industrial and commercial opportunities, should, in my opinion, be the dominant note for British Columbia at this epoch-making season.

MR. H. W. BRODIE
General Passenger Agent C. P. R.

We, the people of British Columbia, should make it our fixed purpose to prosecute our various occupations with thought and energy, striving always to increase our efficiency and production, thereby adding collectively a very great deal to the advancement, stability and worth of the province.

MR. R. F. GREEN, M.P.

In my opinion the dominant note for British Columbia is "Reconstruction." Now that the war is over, the

people of British Columbia should work in harmony together with as much energy as was exhibited during the war, towards reconstruction.

The question of reconstruction involves many serious and difficult problems, chief among which, it is admitted by everyone, is the making of provision for the returned man (soldier) to enter upon the duties of civil life under as favourable conditions as possible. Much of this particular work will devolve upon the Dominion and Provincial governments, but in addition to what the governments can do much will remain to be done, and this must be undertaken by the people. With its vast natural resources British Columbia has a great opportunity before it, and if the various problems requiring solution are taken up wholeheartedly and without delay and with well-directed energy, the result will be a better, a happier and a more prosperous province.

REV. W. LESLIE CLAY, D.D.
Minister of St. Andrew's Church, Victoria

Is it a "note" or a harmony that should dominate the new era? I think it the latter; and, therefore, venture to suggest that—a Daniel Webster sense of responsibility to God; a Pauline sense of the brotherhood of all men; a John A. Macdonald sense of devotion to Canada; a William E. Dodge sense of the stewardship of wealth; a "Chinese" Gordon sense of fidelity to the details of the day's work; a Jacob Riis concern for childhood; and a "Beloved Disciple" gentleness amid clamorous opposition and smirking apathy;—might blend in a harmony that would make British Columbia "beloved at home, revered abroad."

Notes and Comments

By Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A.

LAURIER

ENDOWED with a singularly attractive personality, a musical voice, a delightful ease of utterance, a lofty idealism and the rare grace of bearing so characteristic of many men of French extraction, it is small wonder that Sir Wilfrid Laurier for some four decades was one of the foremost figures in the public life of Canada and the Empire. When an eminent American once expressed a strong feeling of dislike for another man he was asked, "Do you know him?" He at once replied: "I don't know him and I don't wish to know him, for I cannot dislike a man I know." This rather peculiar view helps us to understand how Laurier so attracted men to him personally that even though they differed from him on matters of public policy, they found it impossible to dislike him. I have known many of his personal friends intimately, and, despite their feeling that he made some mistakes, they were absolutely and unreservedly devoted to him through thick and thin. A man who could so attract and hold the allegiance of strong men must have possessed some personal qualities of a rare type. He was singularly free from bitterness and seems never to have harboured any feeling of revenge. As a speaker he was unique in his perfect mastery of both French and English. He learned his English by the study of the great classics of the language, including the Bible, and had the all-too-rare distinction of never descending to slang in public address or in private conversation. Perhaps the high-water mark in his life was

reached when he represented Canada at the jubilee of Queen Victoria, winning immense popularity in London by his distinguished bearing and courtly speech as well as by the notable fact that a man of the race of Britain's ancient enemy was Premier of her greatest colony and devotedly attached to British institutions. Even those in this country who had to break with him on certain questions during his long public career profoundly admired his splendid personal character and his courageous devotion to what he considered his duty.

* * *

THE GRAIN-GROWERS

Perhaps one of the most remarkable incidents in the progress of Canada in recent years has been the sudden rise of the farmers in various provinces to a place of great influence in the councils of the country. Born and brought up on a farm, I have often taken occasion gently to chide farmers in various parts of Canada for their disposition to speak in a depreciating way of themselves and for their willingness to allow professional men from the cities to represent them in legislatures and parliament. Now the farmers, who realize that theirs is the foundation industry of the world, have organized in powerful groups and are making their voice heard through men of their own vocation. At present three out of four Premiers of the western provinces are practical agriculturists. We all date back to the "grand old gardener and his wife." We can boast of a long descent.

WAR TROPHIES

The War Trophies Exhibition will influence a good many thousands of our people to deeper thought on the terrible nature of modern warfare. It will stir men and women to a new sense of gratitude to our gallant men who won out against such gigantic material odds. And it will make all right-thinking people resolve to oppose with all their might the pitting of human beings against the most inhuman machinery of destruction that science can devise. The savagery of war will prove to be war's undoing. War has overreached itself and fallen by reason of its own madness.

* * *

PETER WRIGHT

The visit of Peter Wright was an event of unusual interest. He had all the ruggedness and courage of the typical seaman along with the consummate grasp of a statesman

whose vision had been widened by the illimitable horizon of the ocean blue. No body of men in the world has earned more definitely the right to be heard on after-the-war conditions in trade than the fearless men who policed the high seas and kept the ocean lanes open for travel during the most deadly and dishonourable submarine war the world could imagine. The close of Peter Wright's address at the Canadian Club had much of the fervor and high appeal of the prophet.

* * *

GENERAL PAU

The most wonderful thing in the address of the heroic one-armed General of France, Paul Pau, was his devout, Simeon-like thanksgiving that God had granted him life long enough to see the triumph of freedom and righteousness in the world-war. The tragedy of the old Franco-Prussian war had been reversed.

AFTER "CARMEL"

(I Kings xix: 4)

The hero of Mount Carmel's fiery test
 Alone against a multitude had stood,
 Till burned were altar, offering, and wood,
 And God's great power was on His foes impressed.
 A hero yesterday! Today distressed,
 Weary of life, despairing of all good,
 He prays for death; so hope-bereft his mood!
 By healing sleep God answers his request.

Who has not known some dread and awful hour,
 When darkness, python-like, with fold on fold,
 By slow degrees deprived the soul of power,
 And checked the upward breath with clogging cold?
 Elijah sought his God in that dark hour,
 And lo! the hideous blackness backward rolled.

—A. M. PIKE.

CINDERELLA

By E. Almond Withrow

WHY try to nationalize the legend of Cinderella, when ages before France or Germany existed as such, the origin of that charming tale, like that of "Blue-beard" and all the oldest fairy-tales, was lost in the mists of mythology?

They were, in intention, not nursery rhymes, nor skits to please a court, but verbal embodiments of great truths, to be known and understood by those seeking the spirit and not the letter. Practically every nation, aboriginal or civilized, has had some variant of the Cinderella story, which, in its simplest sense, symbolizes the phrase, "Let there be light." Out of darkness, latency or potentiality comes light, activity or manifestation; thus the black dress mentioned in some of the forms of this story, or the soot from the cinders, only hides for a time the potential brightness or spirituality which is later symbolized in the wonderful gold and silver robes in which Cinderella's great beauty was most manifest. Thus every part of every variation of the legend has its spiritual meaning.

Work, understanding and humility result in ability, intelligence and power. Consciousness of degradation implies consciousness of divinity, and knowledge brings understanding, or a regaining of the slipper—the golden light of intelligence upon the foot, foundation or fundamental principles. Sometimes the slipper is silver, sometimes crystal, but always, in every land where the idea has had expression, it is of the material deemed the most beautiful and worthy.

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The German version is not called Cinderella, which is a name originating in the Latin provinces, but it is Aschen-puttel or Aschen-brodel, the servant or scullion.

Grimm says nothing of a "coach and four," nor of a "fairy god-mother," but makes Aschen-puttel seek her own mother's grave, where in tears her earnest prayers are answered, and she is given all she desires by the dove who flies to her from the tree above her head.

The two sisters symbolize Pride and Selfishness, but Cinderella, the Celestial Spirit, gives her services for nothing and willingly performs the most menial of tasks with patience, humility, courage and grace. In another variation of the same story, a king has three daughters, each of whom he questions as to how much she loves him; Cinderella says she loves her father like Salt, which she is sometimes called, and which was anciently the symbol for wisdom.

The legends are all quaintly and in a most complicated manner identified with those of Mare, Maya, Mary, and the other variants of the Sea or Wisdom myths. Cinderella is known in some places as Maria Wood, as Maria Wainscot, as Lada, Preciosa, and again, as the Hearth-cat or as Lucrezia the housekeeper, as she serves others willingly and unselfishly, thus shedding Light, Order or Wisdom on all.

Bailey, in his "Lost Language of Symbolism," says: "The ancients conceived a primeval and self-existent Mother of all Wisdom, who figures in mythology as the Magna Mater, the Bona Dea, the All-

Mother of the Gods, and in Romance the Primal Mother appears as the Queen or fairy godmother."

In the East Indian legend, it is the Father, "of the race of the Sun," whose offspring or replica of himself is hidden in the dark, buried in the ashes or dirt until the Royalty of Intelligent Spirituality awakes and restores it to glory.

Thus is a provincial name given to a great truth, and the label, caus-

ing controversy, destroys the essence of the lesson. The fairy tales of our childhood are not the product of any one man's brain, but the crystallizing of a universal law, and presented in such guise or costume as the people receiving it will understand.

These legends are older than time and wider than space, and have no more nationality than have the winds in the cedars of Lebanon.

Messages from British Columbia Soldiers

AN ALLEGATION CONCERNING DEMobilIZATION

IN many cases, no doubt, the end of the war has been the beginning of romance. In other instances the men at the other side of the Atlantic, while not lacking in experiences there worth recording, are becoming impatient to be back at the life-work that awaits them.

"What are you folk over in Canada doing to get the soldiers demobilized?" asks one. "I hope you are not accepting as gospel all the statements of the government. They talk of 'speeding up' demobilization, but we actually believe they are wilfully retarding our return. When there was fighting to be done we did not mind, but inaction, and the consciousness that the years are slipping away, make us who are older, at any rate, feel deeply the injury those in authority are doing us. Politics, we believe, is the whole game—and let Mr. B. beware; the soldiers will not readily forget when the next election comes round."

In fairness to the authorities it should be added that less than three months had passed from the date of

the armistice at the time that correspondent wrote, and, viewed from this side, that does not seem a long time in which to arrange the demobilization of thousands of men. Besides, the British and other governments will naturally wish to be satisfied that sufficient soldiers are kept in training to deal with the situation as created by the unsettled and chronically-protesting German government.

A THEOLOG.'S PLAINT

"In my own case," continues this writer, "I made special application on account of age and necessity for an early return to my studies, but the reply is that no special arrangements are made for 'Theologs.' Only those who are of value to the country, or *words to that effect*, can be considered. Is the Church, then, become of no value to Canada? . . . I almost feel like saying, 'Farewell, Canada, there are other lands and other ways.' . . . This sounds like a long complaint, but I believe I have only stated the feelings of the men as a whole. We feel that those in office are serving their own ends, and it should not be so."

The Arrival of the British Soldiers

As Told by a Belgian Scholar

"An incident happened yesterday," writes a soldier friend of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, "which caused me to remember again my neglected duty—hence this note. The little Belgian girl at this house in Renaise where I am presently billeted came in yesterday to show me a badge she had won for an essay on '*The Arrival of the British Soldiers in Renaise.*' . . . The essay is written just as she speaks, and shows clearly the foreign touch—just enough of it to make it attractive. The essayist is 14 years of age, and has been studying English for about one year."

The essay, which we reproduce, may be commended, not only for its spirit, but as a tribute to the teachers of English, and also to the intelligence and diligence of the scholar. No doubt the presence of the Allied soldiers, British and Canadian born, has helped to foster facility in English expression, and all the more so among apt and careful students of the type of the writer. The essay follows:

"Already, the 8th November, the Germans blew up the bridges, railways and causeways. Every one was afraid and durst not go out. Each day for us became more and more critical. . . .

"Suddenly! Saturday morning we heard the snoring of an aeroplane. Quick we ran out to look if it was an Allie. What joy! it was a French. In a minute all the civilians were on the street and acclaimed it from far. We prepared very quickly the flags and ribbons to decorate our houses,

then we said: They may come, everything is ready. . . .

"A few hours after, the last Germans were not at the top of the town, and the Allies were there. We saw a few men running on the street and cried: 'The British soldiers are there!' Then thousand enthusiast voices answered. . . . We ran, stumbled against the passengers going, we did not know where, to the encounter of the British soldiers. It was the exuberant joy, the happiness that we could not enough express. In a same patriotic transport all the hearts struck up in concert and acclaimed the coming of the liberators of our dear old town. Farewell pains, sufferings and troubles, for us it was the joy, the happiness. . . . We forget so quick when we are glad! . . .

"The Monday, 11 November, another feast: at eleven o'clock the armistice was signed. The church bells that have been asleep such a long time were now ringing again. How beautiful it was! We shall never forget that! . . .

"Next Sunday all the British, French and Belgian officers were invited to go to the church. When they entered, the organ played the National Anthems, the clergy meet them in the middle of the church, and then in a *Te Deum* every one thanked God for all the favours that He had accorded to us.

"Hurrah for our dear King!

"Hurrah for our dear Allies!

"MARIETTE VANDAMME."

A Soldier's Pipe Dream

(Written "Somewhere in France" in August, 1918, by Bdr. A. Hazeldine)

ALL ready for parade, with thirty minutes before that all-persuasive, most obnoxious of all calls, "Fall in!" is sounded.

There is no rankling of thoughts as to the manner in which the intervening time may be "killed." Rest! Tommy's paradise, the moments always looked forward to—a few minutes' repose, and the proverbial pipe of tobacco.

Drooping! . . . Now deluged in a subconscious state of insomnia; memories flit to and fro over his mind's vision—a cinema, as it were. One fleeting glance of another world. The whole mind impressed; every detail exploited; images of some paramount ideal or factor of days that are gone.

The character of this natural facsimile appears to be attended more or less by the prevalent atmospheric conditions.

A glorious, sunshiny day draws forth a sigh of contentment, a smile passes over his war-worn face, visions of summers past. His beloved at home—his mistress, the children. What joyous rioting there was, going off on a day's outing—the occasion of the hurry and bustle, when they all but missed the train, and the good laugh after!

The visage breaks out into another smile at the recollection of the baby—innocent child of man (thank God it knows not the meaning of war!)—splashing those tiny hands, with joyous glee at the reflection in the clear waters of the bay.

Then the picnic, with the lily-white cloth spread, and presto! as if by magic it is set out with a delightful

repast, enviable of any table. Such fragrant memories that ne'er will be forgotten!

The youth, his mind roaming in a lighter vein, sees visions of the swimming-pool behind the old mill, where he was first taught that "fishy" art; football fields, parties, and all the gay, unrestrained, unlimited activities of youth flash by in successive panoramas, decorated in the beautiful colors of the summertime—tinted and toned as only Nature herself can embellish such things.

A dimness overshadows all these frivolities. A mist rolls over; out of this the phantom of his mother and of his dad appear—the great sacrifices and sorrows they have made and borne for him, their son—living pictures, as it were, flit to and fro in playfulness, now tantalizing, now sympathizing.

That indelible impression of the morning he bade farewell, many months previous; his mother wiping the tears from those kindly eyes; that fond, loving embrace; his father's powerful grasp as he bids him "Godspeed and a safe return," and the lump in his own throat. Beautiful, nay, most glorious of sacred memories!

Ah, the trumpet calls! A gasp of surprise; a blank look of interrogation covers his face. Is it reality?

The bugle calls again, more harshly. The trampling of feet, mingled with the jargon of voices, is only a too unpleasant reminder.

Yes, that is all it was—a soldier's pipe-dream.

A Family Affair

THE anxious parents waited fretfully for the tie-up in the street car system to be untangled.

The father, already worn by the strain of a slack, unprofitable day at the office, now writhed under the monotonous reiteration of "whys" and "whens" which proceeded out of the mouth of a restless child who balanced herself uncomfortably on his knee.

Let that be the excuse for the fatuous course he now pursued.

"I can see," he said, in that irritating sort of semi-public aside, "I can see where the chap who is paid to write excuses for the C. B. Traction Company will have to work up something new this time."

He was addressing his remarks to the mother, and, of course, talking to his fellow-passengers.

"Just look at that, now. Cars running on the line to the right of us and even in front of us, and here we are stuck fast and not even a trolley break to excuse the hold-up. I suppose the 'Weekly Car Tract' will call it an 'act of God.'"

As a public satirist he was a weak amateur. He wilted under the glances of disapproval of those about him, even getting the impression that one youth with long hair and a fishy eye was making him a subject of pitiful regard, if not of silent intercession.

The mother had not even listened to him. She had heard him often before saying things of that sort, and just now was not in the mood for heavy trifling. She sighed.

"If only I knew where that boy is, and what he is doing," she said. "He has had two hours already in which to get into trouble."

She sighed again, and indulged in the feminine luxury of meeting trouble at its starting point. She just knew, she told herself, that Andrew was sitting in the house, his feet wet and cold, or else playing outside, such a bleak January day as it was, and after all her watchful care during the epidemic. Oh, those stupid old cars and that careless little wretch! Now her feelings were beginning to get the better of her.

"Here we are at last," said the father. They dismounted from the car, the father carrying the little daughter so that they might hurry faster.

The welcome sign of light in the front room could be seen as they reached the top of the hill. "He's at home, thank goodness," said the mother, with a sigh of relief. "At least, you won't have to go hunting for him."

The boy looked up with quiet indifference from the book he was reading as they entered the house. He bore quite patiently the boisterous attentions of his little sister. The mother casually conducted a swift investigation. Apparently all was well—suspiciously so. His coat and hat were hung up, his boots carefully put away. The boots were not very dirty and quite dry. And, wonder of wonders, there was an ample supply of kindling wood in the box. She looked searchingly at him. Her gaze was met by a baffling, far-away look.

Soon they were all sitting down to a hastily prepared meal. The boy's appetite for soup had never been ravenous. Tonight he seemed to have accepted the oft-spoken dictum that it "was good for him," for

he absorbed the lukewarm broth with Prussian ardor.

"Andrew," said the little sister, not even troubling to raise her eyes from her own plate, "Andrew, you eat like a pig." He endured the insult with touching resignation. They had come to blows at other times with less provocation. Later on he scraped the plate at the end of the first serving of the second course.

"Golly, that was good!" he said. "Can I have some more, please?" The father, who had been eating without enthusiasm the warmed-up left-overs, looked up in surprise. He nodded knowingly as he intercepted a significant glance from the mother.

The boy did not overlook these signs. He walked softly thereafter, and the sidelong look which he directed fatherward was not the shy expression of comradeship which passed between them in their intimate moments.

At last the dinner was over.

Little sister listened sleepily to the bedtime story, while the boy, with dutiful promptness, went to his kitchen-table desk to work at his home lessons.

There was perfect quiet in the house. It was the time of rest and contentment to the father, who settled himself comfortably in his chair. The newspaper lay unheeded at his elbow as he sat musing. He was thinking of the boy. There had been a discussion that day in his office on the subject of child-training. One superior sort of fellow had talked highbrow stuff about psychology. The father had admitted that things of that sort were over his head. He agreed with the practical-minded that it was all a matter of will and patience and method.

The old folks at home had never heard of this "psychology" stuff, but they had managed pretty well. They had been a bit rough and ready, perhaps, but they "got there." "By golly," he had said in the discussion, "when he was a boy children had more respect for their elders, and conducted themselves properly. Not like the present generation. . . ."

Yet, after all, the boy, for instance—he was not too bad. Of course, he had his ill-mannerisms and boyish failings. He was a long way below the Washingtonian standard, too, for he could not only tell a lie, but, once committed, he would never budge though faced by irrefutable evidence against his story.

So the father mused. . . . A bit spotty in his moods was the boy. How curiously he had acted tonight! He hoped that it meant that the boy was developing a sense of responsibility. He would have him more helpful about the house and less trouble to his mother. Not that he wanted him to become "too bright and good." These angel children were a bit tiresome, and a sort of standing rebuke to their parents.

A fancy to retrace the boy's career led the father into a softer mood. He dwelt on that anxious time just after the operation. The boy had been very plucky and patient, but so weak and helpless. He smiled at the recollection of the night when the boy asked him to sing a foolish old song which he favoured, and the mother had mustered up enough spirit to poke fun at the singer. How keenly resentful the boy had been until pacified by a handsome apology tendered to the singer by the offender!

Once, as the father looked down at the boy as he lay limp and heavy

in his arms, he had felt the chill clutch of fear, and then, as the boy had known, he opened his eyes, and, smiling wistfully, snuggled closer.

How thankful they had been when the boy began to display his old, impatient, domineering spirit! Both mother and father had laughed immoderately when the boy first grumbled about his food. It was the infallible sign of convalescence.

The low murmur of voices broke across his reverie. Mother and the boy were talking to each other. A sudden impulse to share their confidences seized him. He accused himself now of lack of fatherly interest. He arose from the chair and was

walking across the room when he heard the sound of footsteps on the path leading to the house. A knock at the door. . . . He switched on the porch light. There was a lady standing outside—a stranger.

He opened the door and looked enquiringly at the visitor. She broke the news rather ungently:

“Your boy threw a stone through my dining-room window this afternoon and smashed several pieces of my china tea set. It was a gift and I valued it very highly. Really, I—”

“One moment, madam,” said the father, quietly, but his next words sounded like pistol shots: “*Andrew, come here!*” —T. W.

The Book World

“THREE TIMES AND OUT”

“**T**OLD by Private Simmons, written by Nellie McClung,” a Canadian Soldier “Boy’s” book—and a book likely to lure young folk as well as men and women—is one of the most graphic stories yet published of prison and other experiences in Germany.

Because of their two attempts at escape, Private Simmons and his companions underwent treatment the record of which at times suggests that they were in an earthly purgatory run by Huns of Hades. So realistically are the experiences related that not only will the interrupted reader be impatient to learn more, but after perusal of the book he will, if possessed with any imagination, find himself picturing the prisoners in their narrow escapes from discovery during the day, and in their nightly adventures by hill

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and dale and river—as they take farmers’ field gates as rafts for their clothes in crossing rivers, and occasionally get milk “straight from the cow” in the fields.

In these days, when a dominant idea in the minds of many is that it would not be right to let Germany and the German people escape some form of atonement for their unspeakable crimes, it is gratifying to get evidence at first hand that even in that commonsense-forsaken land there are still some men who, while under the heel of brutal militarism, exercised humanitarian feelings, and were ready to “do good by stealth” even at the risk of “blushing to find it” not “fame,” but infamy in the eyes of their autocratic superiors.

Private Simmons tells of a conversation he had with one German

guard who, in his human sympathy, brought prisoners extra food:

"But I don't believe in nationalities any more; nationalities are a curse, and as long as we have them the ruling class will play us off, one against the other, to gain their own ends. There is only one race—the human race—and only two divisions of it: there are those who represent money rights and special privileges, and those who stand for human rights. The more you think of it, the more you see the whole fabric of society resolving itself into these two classes. The whole military system is built on the sacrifice of human rights."

I looked at him in astonishment. "Who are you?" I asked.

"I am just a bridge-builder," he answered, "but I'm a follower of Liebknecht. . . . We can't do much until the Prussian system is defeated. There are just a few of us here—the guard who got you the blanket is one of us. We do what we can for prisoners; sometimes we are caught and strafed. . . . There is no place for kindness in our army," he added, sadly.

There are many other passages in "Three Times and Out" that would bear quotation did space permit. Whether or not readers agree with Private Simmons' views on various subjects that are touched upon incidentally in the book, his personality as revealed in this collaboration with Mrs. McClung is an attractive one. For instance, he may not be reckoned orthodox in certain references to the Old Testament, but his comments, as suggested by the war and the Ger-

mans, are arresting. He is certainly not alone in finding difficulty in portions of the record which thrusts the burden of questionable deeds on "the Lord's command." Nor is he alone in the conclusion: "I don't think the Germans have ever got past the Old Testament in their reading."

Space must be found for a reference to the dark-cell punishment. In this, as in other ways, the German authorities tried by cowardly brutality to break the spirits of prisoners who repeatedly sought freedom. It is good to read of such souls as Simmons, who came through, worn out physically, as was inevitable, but sane in mind and undaunted in heart. Many of his comments by the way should be noted by "authorities." These, for instance: "If the authorities in our prisons could once feel the horror of the dark cell when the overwrought nerves bring in the distorted messages, and the whole body writhes in the grip of fear—choking, unreasoning, panicky fear—they would abolish it for ever."

" . . . The starving man is a brute, with no more moral sense than the gutter cat. His mind follows the same track—he wants food. . . .

"Why do our authorities think they can reform a man by throwing him into a dark cell and starving him?"

In his "Conclusion" this writer notes: "There is no doubt that the war was precipitated by the military class in Germany because the people were growing too powerful."

"Three Times and Out" is published by Thomas Allen, Toronto.

—D. A. C.

Abracadabra

(All Legal Responsibility Assumed by the Author)

The Wayside Philosopher

IN Sir Wilfrid Laurier's death Canada, more especially the French portion of its population, has suffered a severe loss. An orator, a great political leader, a loyal Canadian, his memory will be long cherished. Regret that he lacked devotion to Imperial ideas; that he had no grand conception of Canada's destiny as an integral portion of the British Empire, will be felt by many Canadians who otherwise honoured his name. The French-Canadians will not long lack a distinguished leader. Let us hope that to Laurier's gifts and graces his successor will add a due sense of the glorious Imperialistic future of Canada.

Apropos of his death comes the question of the general attitude of the clergy to Death and the "future" Life—to speak of the latter in usual phrase. How strangely uncertain and gloomy the ordinary funeral discourse when touching on this future life! How many preachers in their lack of clear, definite convictions remind one of Whittier's somewhat attractive but utterly mistaken lines:

"When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,
I hear far voices, out of darkness, calling
My feet to paths unknown."

What is wrong? Not their Christianity! In most cases that is as undoubted as Whittier's own. Can the error lie otherwise, then, than in their Science and Philosophy?

I remember hearing a prominent preacher, Rev. Leslie Pidgeon, asserting that you could not by Science prove the existence of a future life. Many others would, no doubt, make similar statements. With such a view in the pulpit can we expect to find cheery assurance in the pew as to what awaits us when for us
"The veil is parted and we look on God"?

Since then I have been a decided supporter of the view that all clergymen should be compelled to take several years' Science and Philosophy before ordination.

As it is, the pulpit "halting on palsied feet" before a mysterious unknown, joins with Whittier in painting the cold, gray hour of earliest dawn mist-enshrouded and, almost, mist-embedded—this short, fleeting, human hour wherein we "see through a glass darkly," as the "day" of life.

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Eternity, God illumined, God permeated, where we see "face to face" painted as "unsunned spaces," a "darkness" threaded by "paths unknown," is the companion picture we are asked to gaze upon.

Are such pictures calculated to make one enthusiastic for the hour of departure from this vale of tears? Hardly! Let us have a healthier viewpoint; delivery from "the body of this death" as it now hangs before our eyes. Let us be reminded that God is near—

"Closer is He than breathing
And nearer than hands and feet";

that

"Heaven is all around."

Let us hear more of "Before the world was I am," and "from everlasting unto everlasting I am God."

When we lie down to sleep, not to "die," let us, at least, be able to comfort ourselves with the thought that the Eternal Love, that has made earth and earth ties so bright and beautiful, has not shown us its richest splendour, but has something better in store, and at once, freed from disability and pain, removed from human limitations, finite existence, let us expect to pass "from glory unto glory" upon the eternal hills whereto our God alone is sun.

Many will recall that beautiful description of Life wherein man is pictured as lying asleep in a beautiful temple of perfect proportions, adorned in purest taste with truest art in every portion. Throughout its vastness peals in its all-embracing charms the perfect music of a perfect world. Through slumber's encompassing folds it thrills the sleeper and he smiles. . . . All at once a radiant figure kisses the sleeper's lips and he awakes to the glory, beauty and melody around him. That is Death.

For once a poet has failed. Whittier's picture must be veiled in the presence of the one painted by the prose poet whose beautiful lines I have been compelled to abbreviate, thus robbing them in a measure, but not, I trust, altogether, of their beauty and their wonderful meaning.

In closing these notes, let me thank the author of "The Golden Road to Nowhere" for the pleasure his lines have given.

Satisfy yourself---does this mean you?

Citizens of Canada, Loyal British Columbians, and Heads of Homes—in city, suburbs and country—in which ideals are cherished, are asked to co-operate in giving the Canadian West an increasingly useful Monthly Magazine.

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“A good magazine should be the next best thing to a good book.”

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Let British Columbia Flourish Under the Inspiration of Worthy Ideals!

The ideals of service of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY affect Literature and Life—“Social, Educational, Literary and Religious”—and involve independence of “Party, Sect or Faction.” For over seven years the publishers have sought to give British Columbia a worth-while Monthly Magazine for the Home, in sympathy with those things that recreate the mind and inspire the heart.

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The British Columbia Monthly

The Social, Educational, Literary and Religious Magazine
of the Canadian West

To the Manager, British Columbia Monthly,
1317 Haro Street, Vancouver, B. C.

In response to the above invitation, I authorize you to enter my name as a subscriber to the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, beginning from this month, and (unless I mail cheque or money order herewith) I undertake to pay the subscription rate of \$1.50 for one year, or \$2.50 for two years in advance, within three months from this date.

Date..... Name.....

Address.....

OPINIONS

OF

Public and Private Citizens

Concerning the Field and Work of the
BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

In planning to place this Magazine—independent of party, sect or faction, and devoted to Community Service, fearless, fair and free—in every home in city, suburb and country in which ideals are cherished affecting "Social, Educational, Literary and Religious" life and work, we sincerely and thankfully welcome expressions of opinion regarding its field and service.

After seven years' foundation building, we are convinced that the opportunities of usefulness open to such a monthly magazine are not secondary to any in Church or State.

*The war has emphasized that whatever our country's resources and industrial progress may be, there is need to publish and practise the precept: **LET BRITISH COLUMBIA FLOURISH under the Inspiration of Worthy Ideals.***

—Editor, B. C. M.

BY LIBRARIAN R. W. DOUGLAS

"I am glad to know that you are planning to place the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY independent of party, sect or faction and devoted to Community Service. That is a highly desirable ideal, and it should receive the support of the whole people. Under your splendid guidance it has already proved a noteworthy addition to Canadian periodicals. I think you should strive to improve Canadian literature through its medium. We have plenty of writers, plenty of talent, but there is some lack of interest among the readers. These should be stimulated, and the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY should be the instrument to effect this."

Page Twenty-eight

MR. S. J. CROWE, M.P.

"We need such independent publications as the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY to mould the thoughts of readers towards worthy ideals and a truer citizenship."

BY MR. R. R. MAITLAND

Ex-president Vancouver Canadian Club

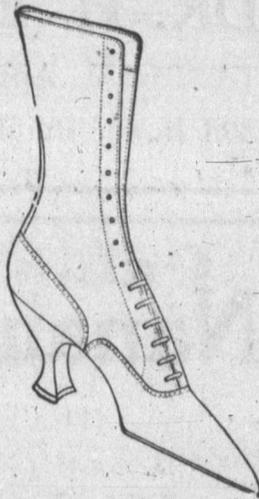
"I wish the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY very great success. A journal such as you are publishing ought to commend itself to all searchers after truth in regard to current topics. Unbiased, clean-cut, independent discussion of public questions, with a full recognition of lofty ideals in the background, cannot fail to contribute to the general uplift of the community."

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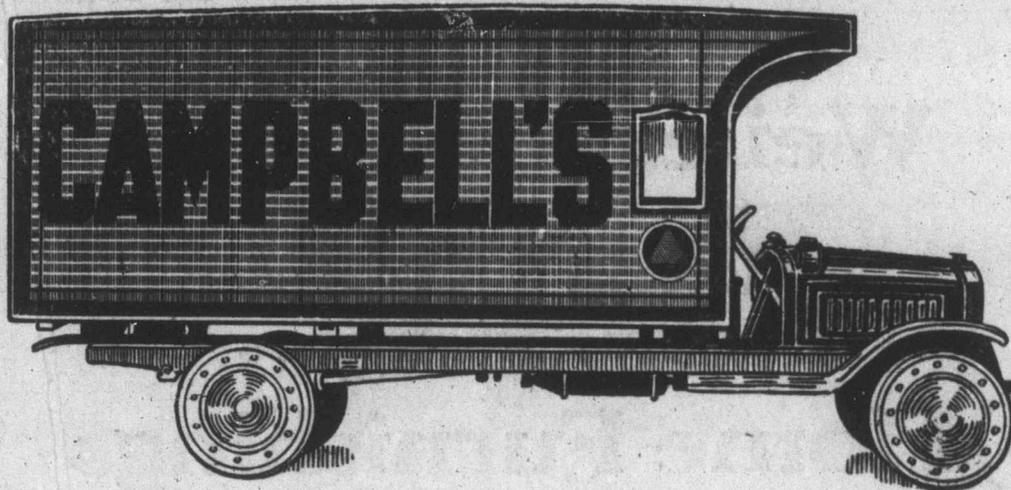
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