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# British Columbia Monthly

(Continuing "Westminster Review," Vancouver)

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VOLUME XIV

VANCOUVER, B. C., NOVEMBER, 1918

No. 2

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THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE  
OF THE CANADIAN WEST

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# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

(Continuing WESTMINSTER REVIEW, Vancouver)

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*Advisory Editorial Committee:*

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

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## Notes of the Month

A self-righteous spirit either on the part of an individual or a nation is to be deprecated. But we should fail in observing the signs of the times if we did not perceive that the disintegration of the Central powers, which has culminated during the past month in a series of humiliating events, has been the natural result of a departure from the path of fealty to high principle. It has taken more than four years to vindicate the sacredness of the treaty with Belgium, but it has been done, and now the Germans no doubt wish that they had regarded it as something more than a "scrap of paper."

\* \* \*

One of the most important steps towards winning the war was taken when the Allied Council met at Versailles and gave the supreme command to Marshal Foch. The events that have happened since have formed a continuous chain of evidence that the choice was justified. Little did the young Foch of former years, perseveringly studying the theory of military operations, imagine that the day would come when his knowledge would be put to such world-stirring use.

\* \* \*

The council of Versailles made Foch an autocrat. The enemy also had their autocrat, but he was of another kind. His autocracy enabled him to break and ruin a nation that might have continued to stand fairly well in the world's estimation. The All Highest is now the All Lowest, for all the world now knows him as an abject coward and poltroon. His crimes have been so flagrant that even his deluded people are waking up to the recognition of their enormity. As an autocrat he cannot escape an autocrat's responsibility. Whether this will bring him to the scaffold or not seems at present uncertain. But his definite removal from the stage appears to be one of the necessary steps towards the world's security.

In the heart of the Empire and in the heart of the city of London the little Welshman from the Antipodes, Hon. W. M. Hughes, the Australian premier, recently said some cogent words. Justice for Germany was his demand, and in his mind justice can only be done to Germany by doing justice to a world which Germany has impoverished. Mr. Hughes pointed out that of all the belligerent nations, Germany is the best prepared—save for raw materials—to resume pre-war activities. She has ruined the French and Belgian plants, but her own are ready to start at the sound of the gong tomorrow.

\* \* \*

In the heroism of the nurses and doctors whose lives were sacrificed to duty during the recent epidemic we cannot help seeing the effect of the noble examples set by our soldiers on the field. It was noticeable that some whom their friends had thought rather frivolous and empty-headed were among the first to volunteer their services. That these should have taken their places among the more serious-minded shows that our estimates of human nature may sometimes be wrong. The desire that some permanent memorial shall be erected to the memory of those who have given their lives is one that will commend itself to all.

\* \* \*

The epidemic was a test in many ways. It tested our institutions as well as our human nature. Our provincial and municipal arrangements, and especially the capacity for resource that was displayed by our medical health officers and hospital officials, were things to be thankful for.

\* \* \*

The regulations forbidding assemblies during the existence of the plague were, with a few exceptions, loyally obeyed. This was sufficient evidence that, in the view of the great majority, they were

based on a due and sensible consideration of the circumstances. There were the usual few exceptions. One of the wisest addresses of counsel to worshippers was issued by Rev. Father O'Boyle of the Holy Rosary Pro-cathedral.

\* \* \*

Like other cities, Vancouver went wild on November 11, the day on which the armistice was signed. Primitive human nature declared itself in a pandemonium of noisy crowds. Though this made some of the more restrained and judicious grieve, there were many excuses for the outburst. It showed the state of tension under which people had unconsciously been living. The inventiveness that was displayed in making noises was rather remarkable.

\* \* \*

While reconstruction after the war is in the minds of all of us, it is well to recognize that this can only be accomplished by men of light and leading rising to meet the responsibilities of the situation. We need men who believe in themselves, but they must be of the kind that other men believe in too. It is satisfactory that some who fulfil both of these requirements are taking matters in hand.

\* \* \*

One thing that the results of the war should do for this Province is the decimating of the ranks of the "profiteers." For though this name has been brought prominently into notice during the great conflict, it denotes a class of men who have always existed and who have done British Columbia great harm in past days. They are the men who are always

on the look-out for "easy money," and who want to get rich without working for it.

\* \* \*

The enormous payrolls of the shipyards in British Columbia and the ships that are being built are sufficient to show that there is plenty of room here for bona-fide industries carried out in a sound and judicious way. And if the demands of labor are not too selfishly aggressive, solid industrial enterprises in this line may be built up.

\* \* \*

It is encouraging to find that such a large proportion of the returned soldiers are willing to go upon the land and cultivate it if proper arrangements can be made for them. Agriculture is the basic industry that must be back of industrial success. The shipyards of the Tyne and of Glasgow would not be what they are but for the farmers and gardeners who grow the food for the shipyard employees to eat.

\* \* \*

If in facing the problems of reconstruction we depend upon leaders, as we do, might not the talents and energies of the officers under whom our men have marched to victory in the field of battle be utilized in the new and pleasanter fields of peace? Organization and direction are in this matter of the very essence of success. The returned men have learned to respect and value the officers who have led them, and it seems likely that a selection might be made from these who would be of the greatest possible use to the government in their reconstruction plans.

—X.

## "How Judge Ye?"

He alone, whose hand is bounding  
Human power and human will,  
Looking through each soul's surrounding,  
Knows its good or ill.

For thyself, while wrong and sorrow  
Make to thee their strong appeal,  
Coward wert thou not to utter  
What the heart must feel.

Earnest words must needs be spoken  
When the warm heart bleeds or  
burns  
With its scorn of wrong, or pity  
For the wronged, by turns.

But, by all thy nature's weakness,  
Hidden faults and follies known,  
Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
Conscious of thine own.

—WHITTIER.

Editorial

SOME THINGS WE WOULD RATHER NOT CRITICIZE

OF publications, as of people, it may sometimes be said that it is easier, if not better, to follow the line of least resistance. Under all circumstances no self-respecting magazine would wish to be associated with that type of printed sheet which by its articles or comments infers that nothing can be virile or helpful that is not written in sensational, fault-finding or condemnatory form. Experiments in publicity along such lines usually justify the judgment of Gamaliel.

On the other hand, with publications, as with men, occasions will occur when, if they are to be worthy of their names and true to their principles and ideals, they must take a stand for or against a cause or an action—must say in plain language that this is right or that is wrong.

The BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY did not need anything of a challenge—such as may be referred to later—to make it put on record that it holds not only as questionable, but as indefensibly objectionable, two of the features associated with the recent highly creditable campaign in connection with the Victory Loan.

\* \* \*

THE NERVE AND FOLLY OF "THE HUMAN FLY."

We do not know at whose suggestion or under whose auspices the marvellously-daring building-climber came to Vancouver—though everybody knows he visited the city to "boost" Victory Bonds, and did so orally as he paused in his ascents. The gentleman's nerve and daring

were admirable, and some may have noted with appreciation the fitness of his advice about gentlemanliness to the lads who shouted remarks when the young lady mounted the fireman's ladder during the adventure at Tower Building. But for any man to practise such ascents of buildings without any protection of rope around the body, or even any outspread net below, is more foolhardy than courageous, and should not be permitted—much less encouraged or countenanced—by any responsible authorities. What will almost inevitably follow persistence in the practice need not be enlarged upon here. But it may be questioned if one Victory Bond was bought under the inspiration of that outdoor vaudeville exhibition.

\* \* \*

GAMBLING FOR VICTORY BONDS.

No fair-minded person will wish to be indifferent to the attitude of "the man in the street" who says in effect, "Be a sport, take your chance, risk a dollar in a good cause." But it is because the man in the street does not take the time or trouble to analyze the case beyond the "you've an equal chance—be a sport" stage that he is apt to say "It's quite fair," or "It's all right," and puts the opponents of gambling down as narrowminded or worse.

The same question arises at times in some of the biggest and best business offices when a "sweepstake" is arranged on "Derby Day," for instance. Then it sometimes happens that members of the staff who are

naturally as ready as others to be "sociable" under ordinary circumstances have to choose between principle and possible misinterpretation of their attitude.

Gambling is either right or wrong. If men believe that gambling in any form tends to foster the unhealthy desire to "get something for nothing," and to obtain money without *earning* it, at another's loss, then its sanction under *any* circumstances must be held detrimental to the public welfare.

To suggest—as some may do—that the end justified the means, and that because the cause was a national one for worthy purposes the wheel-whirling gambling on the streets of Vancouver was permissible, is jesuitical or worse.

The toleration of that action also by the civic or provincial authorities was regrettable, and reflected unhappily on what was otherwise a campaign of great credit to Vancouver and British Columbia and the business men of all grades who took part in it.

\* \* \*

#### THE SKID ROAD AND CIGAR STAND GAMBLING.

Our valued contributor, Mr. R. G. MacBeth, has commented upon the "skid road" more than once; and it is noteworthy that not only have readers of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY referred to his notes on the subject, but we understand a member of the Board of Trade thought fit to read Mr. MacBeth's comments in this magazine at a recent meeting of a bureau.

As was to be expected when this matter was raised, a certain gentleman readily cited the toleration of the wheel of fortune in the Victory

Bond campaign, and also the practice of gambling at the open-front cigar stores in the city. Of course the obvious answer is that "two blacks do not make a white," nor will a dozen "blacks." But why is such a practice permitted at cigar stores or stands? Here again the superficial argument may be heard, "What or where's the harm?" But surely it is high time that members of Boards of Trade and other city luminaries—who should be men of light and leading, whether or not they are called "councillors" or "counsellors," men who *believe in something* other than a policy of *laissez faire*—awoke to the situation and exercised such influence as they may or should have to make such practices matters of history.

If there is not lawful authority in Vancouver or Victoria to achieve that end let the authority be got, and let not legal "technicalities" stand in the way of commonsense interpretation and application of law and justice.

\* \* \*

#### A CITIZENS' WELFARE ASSOCIATION?

For various reasons it seems fitting to raise a question as to whether the time is not opportune for the organization of a Citizens' Welfare Association in Vancouver and throughout the Province. If it be urged that there are already numerous organizations, it may be rejoined that there are facts other than those commented upon above which emphasize that British Columbia has much need of effective bodies, other than its government for the time being, who will fairly represent and fearlessly set forth the facts affecting community conditions.

## The Relation of the Church to Capital and Labour

BY REV. JAMES CARRUTHERS

A CASUAL study of these terms, as popularly stated, plainly shows that there is something wrong. There is trouble in the human family, and for the peace of all concerned family troubles should, nay, must be settled. What is the trouble? What is the problem?

First Capital: Capital is something different from wealth. Wealth has been defined as that which satisfies the desire of men; Capital as the aggregation of the surplus wealth which has been saved from immediate use in satisfying men's desires and is now set to the purpose of employing and rewarding labour. A capitalist is described as a man who controls a large portion of the resources of nature and of the forces and enterprises and labour of the world.

Labour is the work-a-day labour—that is, the man whom the capitalist provides with the materials, the machinery and such like for the purpose of production and distribution, and who receives as his immediate reward a wage agreed upon.

The Church is more difficult of definition, not from a theological standpoint, but from the standpoint of this present strife. It may mean the body of people assembled, or it may mean the ministers. Judging from such charges as Labour brings forward, namely, that the Church has been subsidized by capital, it would mean the rich, influential people and the ministers whom these people support—said ministers loom-

ing high because they are the instruments best known.

### CHRISTIANITY NOT A PATRICIAN RELIGION

If you begin with these definitions and work them out you will discover before you are very far on the road that one of the great evils is that these children of the human family do not seem to understand one another, nor do they really have a correct knowledge of themselves. For example, you hear that there is a chasm between the Church and Labour, as evidenced by the masses of people who never enter a church. If this were true, it goes to show that there is something wrong, for the Christian religion was never a patrician religion. Jesus was a carpenter, several of his disciples were fishermen, and practically all of the early Christians were from among the toilers. But while it is true that there are the masses who never enter the church, we must remember that this has always been the case. Before ever the strife took place, at least in its present form, men followed the same course as they do today. As a matter of fact the larger proportion of the membership is from among the toilers, and the percentage of the workers in every department of the church is infinitely higher among those who toil than among those who may be supposed to be persons of leisure.

### INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY'S DEMANDS

Perhaps Ramsay Macdonald puts the matter in the briefest form. He says: "The two standard demands

of an industrial democracy, a living wage and a maximum of leisure, are primarily ethical demands." What he means by a living wage is not merely enough to keep body and soul together. There must be sufficient to live a decent and fairly comfortable, a cleanly and noble life.

We shudder at the coarse cunning faces that pass us, but what kind of a look would be on our faces if we had little children crying for bread, and for days together we knew not where to get it? John Wesley said that you could not convert a man when he had cold feet, and some very kind people think that you might change the attitude of labour if you put shoes and stockings on it, so to speak. But Labour resents this mode of the solution of poverty, that is, by keeping the poor alive. They say that it is not a solution; it is an aggravation of the difficulty. And to have men and women come to them to teach them thrift is grotesque and insulting. It is like advising a man who is starving to eat less. No man should be ready at any time to show that he can live like a badly fed animal.

Another instance of the ignorance of one branch concerning the other must satisfy. From the labour viewpoint, it is supposed that the clergy are a highly paid class. Whereas the U. S. Bureau gives us figures to show that for the fourteen leading denominations in the States the average wage of the ministers is \$736, while the average wage for fourteen industrial trades is \$1,421; practically double the wage paid the ministers who are said to be subsidized by wealth.

CAPITAL'S CHIEF DEFECT—IT HAS NO SOUL.

The chief evil of Capital is that

it has no soul. With the inflowing tide of materialism there came the increase of limited liability companies. Then followed Trusts and Combines. A man who was a member of a company, a trust or combine, would consent to the doing of things to which he would never consent as an individual. His soul was gone, and with it went honest and honorable service. For instance, the King and his counsellors agreed that we had enemies three, but the greatest enemy was the liquor traffic. But that capitalized traffic took the British Government by the throat and defied it to its face. It exerted its autocratic rule here on this continent. It has shown itself to be without a soul, without honour, without a rag of self-respect. It would make money out of the very life-blood of the men who are engaged in the present holy strife. Capital is blind; it has lost its reason. It does not see that those who at this hour (of writing) are engaged in beating back such a rule among nations will have learnt a lesson which must turn to their destruction.

#### THE TASK OF THE CHURCH.

Christianity—I prefer that word to "Church"—has a threefold task. It has a redemptive task; it has a comforting task—a task of healing; and it has a social task, in which it must strive to bring together in one all these warring factions in our present social order whose antagonisms are the greatest bar to the coming of the Kingdom. Her concern is with neither Labour alone nor Capital alone, but has to do with both. Her interest is in the man, whether he be rich or poor, employer or employee. It is hers to give to man a vision of the reality of brotherhood, of the satisfaction of mu-

tual confidence and mutual benefit, of the responsibility of Capital for just distribution, and of the responsibility of Labour to be just in its tasks and demands. The Church must stand between these arrayed forces, the partisan of neither, the friend and helper of both, and with a hand upon each persistently and confidently tell her vision of love.

The social task of Christianity is the answering of those insistent questions which Socialism propounds and for which Socialism has no answer, because, though they may not know it, these questions are really soul questions, and you cannot answer a soul question with a material answer.

#### NO SOCIAL EVIL IRREMIEDIABLE.

Our Christian religion must repudiate the idea that any social evil is irremediable. There is no such thing in the sight of God as an irremediable evil. Christianity must with greater power insist that at the great day of judgment reception or rejection will not be based upon theological, but on social questions. "I was hungry and ye gave me meat."

The Church must always stand for the support of established order as a principle in industrial affairs. With all her active deep sympathy for the oppressed, the Church can give no countenance to that form of rabid Socialism which seeks the destruction of order, which can see nothing but the devil's hoof in centralized financial power, great or small, and which would have us believe that all things should be in common. "Servants, obey your masters, and not with eye service only; masters, be kind to your servants." That is the basis of the Church relation.

#### THE CHURCH'S ATTITUDE DEFINED.

The Church must be the bitter opponent of the selfish form of capitalism which boasts accumulated wealth and disdains even to look at men and women who are struggling for a crust of bread. And yet let the Church be fair to capital when in moderate measure and in wise use, for the term Capital is often misrepresented. Is it not a singular fact that in seven cases out of ten the great stoppages of industry, with all the suffering they entail, even to the extent of imperilling national safety, are caused, not by Capital, but by leaders (sometimes unscrupulous leaders) of Labour organizations who for their own ends promote and prolong vast strikes with questionable cause, even in face of proposals of fair arbitration; and that that which was rightly meant as a just reform (Labour Union) has at times become a tyranny of the worst kind?

The Church can be no partisan; but, when need arises, both by pulpit effort and by united but co-ordinated resolutions of its Assemblies, it should seek to influence the individual and the Municipal and State authorities on these points:

1. Respect to order as a principle.
2. The duty of fair arbitration.
3. The principle that the servant is worthy of his hire, and that that should be a fair wage.
4. The burden of public expense should be proportioned to private wealth.
5. Profiteering (in the acquired sense) or exploiting the agony of a nation is treason in principle and should be subject to penal enactments.

(Note: In a subsequent issue we hope to publish some notes from a discussion on this subject.)

## The New Conception of Education

BY MISS MARGARET ROSS, BRAEMAR SCHOOL, VANCOUVER.

CHILDREN as well as adults are really interested only in what they do successfully. Tasks that make no appeal are sheer strain.

The most complex problem before the teacher is to see that work is progressively mixed with problems that require thought and effort without inducing the soggy habit of mind that goes with unattractive work whose purpose is not known. Interest exacts a motive.

The new education regards school as a duplicate of life outside, and works for modification of the present unsocial school room grouping where children "stay put". Many school rooms are now so arranged that children can work together in groups, may learn by doing. While a community spirit is encouraged, the child's individuality is safeguarded. Self-reliance cannot be secured by telling children to be independent. Initiative, selective judgment, self-direction, come through opportunity to practise—to learn as do all humans by trial and error.

In every activity of life there is a "floundering period." The floundering time in the process of self-direction no more points to failure than does floundering time in learning to walk or to swim.

One of the greatest contributions of educational psychology is the significance of individual differences in the general mental make-up of children—the child of action, the child who excels in dealing with the abstract, the one who excels in power of appreciation, the types of memory brought out: desultory, rote, logical, etc. The education that takes no account of these different types is

wasteful. The measurement of achievement by standard tests and scales instead of by examination enables the child to watch his own methods and progress, and enables the teacher to help where help is most needed. This has done much to obviate the injustices that characterize much of the grading in schools.

The position of the new education in the matter of discipline is that it should grow out of experience furnished by the school. Children who are trained under an external discipline of fixed standards, with opportunity for motive and choice at a minimum, make excellent subjects later on for the quack, the political boss, the ward heeler. The old relation between teacher and child is rapidly changing, and in a few more years the cartoonist will be deprived of the reality that has so long inspired his art—the standardized, rigid, spectacled female holding a stick over a cringing infant. And the pretty girl may now enter the teaching profession with less fear that the curse of a schoolma'am face may fall upon her.

Where the new education rules, external control is at a minimum, social control at a maximum. Emphasis is on constructive work rather than on external perfection. The school is increasingly an embryonic community life with occupations reflecting the larger life. Discipline comes through doing things in a social and co-operative way. The classroom in which a death-like silence reigns is regarded in a light that might horrify the good disciplinarian.

The danger of disorder and desultory activity is great; but can anyone in these days seriously claim that there is growth commensurate with the world's needs in the classroom where the teacher directs every act of the student, where the only sequence is the hearing and assignment of lessons, where the dominating mental activity is a memory process with the sole end in view of passing an examination?

In moral training the new education does not admit two ethical standards—one for the school, one for life. Morality is conduct; moral training is performance. High ideals, good impulses must be expressed in conduct. A good student is an efficient member of his small community, with his mind and body under control; a good citizen is the adult with the same characteristics. Direct ethical instruction has small place on the curriculum; every lesson is moral training. The material of ethical instruction is useful only in so far as it is expressed in terms of the student's own conduct. The child gains the power of judgment by judging.

Emphasis on future ends, such as promotion, the passing of examinations, tends to blur moral vision; the fact that the task is worth while in itself is apt to be lost sight of. Every child should be judged by his contribution, not solely as compared with others. What he has done may represent his very best effort, and as such it cannot be to him utterly bad; yet in the maelstrom of examination he goes to defeat and receives the stamp of inferiority. Who can estimate the tragic loss of power to timid children laboring under this sense of inferiority?

The new education does not elimi-

nate inhibition and punishment, but it regards the nagging teacher as a menace to childhood.

John Dewey in his "Moral Principles in Education" says: "Training is pathological when stress is laid upon correcting wrong-doing instead of upon forming habits of positive service. Too often the teacher's concern with the moral life of the pupils takes the form of alertness for failures to conform to school rules and routine. These regulations are more or less made in order that the existing modes of school work may go on, but the lack of inherent necessity in these school modes reflects itself in a feeling on the part of the child that the moral discipline of the school is arbitrary. Any conditions that compel the teacher to take note of failures rather than of healthy growth give false standards and result in perversion. Attending to wrong-doing ought to be an incident rather than a principle."

In physical education emphasis is on dancing and rhythmic movements to good music. The splendid work in interpretive, aesthetic and folk dancing has done much to change the character of modern social dancing, and is doing missionary work with the youth whose lack of training in appreciation has been largely responsible for the plague of rag-time that has swept over the land. Physical work is regarded neither as recreation nor as an agent for the development of muscle, strength and skill. Games, dancing, exercises are to gain control, ideals, clarity of thought. But games to the point of exhaustion are in the same category as the purposeless task—they are simply strain.

(To be continued.)

## The Book World

### A NEW POEM BY A BRITISH COLUMBIA WRITER

ALL lovers of good literature, but especially such as are firm in the faith that in British Columbia, with all its wealth of natural scenery and climatic amenities, we have the future home of a native literature that shall be unique and characteristic, will welcome with enthusiasm a new poem that has just been published in book form by Mr. Lionel Haweis, of the library staff of the University of British Columbia. Mr. Haweis is already well known as a poet of rare charm and originality, and those who admire his work will certainly not be disappointed in this, his latest venture.

"Tsoqalem: A Weird Indian Tale of the Cowichan Monster," as the poem is described on the title page, is written in the literary ballad form and is based on a real story of a member of the Cowichan tribe of Indians on Vancouver Island. This fact is brought out in the interestingly written foreword by Professor Hill-Tout, in which he gives some account of the customs and superstitions underlying the poem as well as its historic groundwork. That Professor Hill-Tout is the one authority on the customs and folklore of the native races of British Columbia lends weight to his assertion that Mr. Haweis "has been eminently successful in maintaining the true Indian atmosphere"; and the fact that the poem was accepted by the Royal Society of Canada as part of their proceedings of 1918 is further warrant of its ethnological soundness. A special local interest attaches to the inscription that the poem is from the archives of the Vancouver

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Vagabonds' Club, an organization that is doing much for the promotion of literary taste and talent.

The story, in common with most ballads, has a tragic ending. The youth, Tsoqalem, who is the hero, is the son of a chief and medicine-man. The boy grows up wild and headstrong, and his father, in order to work his regeneration, subjects him to an ordeal which is to bring this about. This consists in lashing him four times across the face and eyes with a branch of bramble thorn, at the same time uttering magic words to complete the charm. An Indian maiden, witnessing the punishment and pitying him, speaks words of cheer and kindles the spark of love in the youth's heart. The meeting of the two, after Tsoqalem has spent a season in fasting and meditation and the charm has begun to exercise its regenerative influence, is very beautifully told:

"For lo! surpassing all denial

Of all that only seems—

There stood the maiden of his Trial,

The Virgin of his Dreams!

"At half-a-cast she stared amazed

To find him where he stood,

Tracked down as though the trail  
were blazed

Athwart the tangled wood;

And lo! she knew, as well she gazed,

Tsoqalem was grown good.

"And he, Tsoqalem, dared not move

For awe of such a sight,

Which proved—if any sight could  
prove—

The world so full of light."

The tragic sequel of this love tale that begins so idyllically I shall leave the reader to discover for himself, but shall take time to quote only a few stanzas here and there, which for

lyric charm and exquisite richness of imagery are hardly to be surpassed:

"And now the Fisher of the Night  
Was trolling in the sky;  
His cloudy Craft was lapped in  
Light  
Who sailed and fished on high.

"There, where no earthly aspect mars  
The heavenly Seas, whose Tides  
Are flecked and decked with crest-  
ing Stars,  
The crafty Fisher rides.

"And as he rides he softly sings  
The magic Song of Sleep,  
The while he deftly baits and flings  
His Tackle in the Deep."

Such lines as these fairly sing themselves. The admirable technique and melodious qualities, combined with the high order of poetic vision as exhibited in the thought, make for verse that fairly haunts the memory like a fine strain of music.

One is struck, too, by the felicity with which the poet has been able to use the simplest of language and yet to secure withal just the right effect to accord with the thought, as, for instance, where he describes with eerie, mystic power the spiritual presences of the forest:

"Oh! many little spirits primed  
To mischief of their moods  
Beset his way, and minced and mimed  
And muttered in their hoods;  
For many little spirits climbed  
And beckoned in the woods.

"A throng of elfin-shadows spread  
Their nets from side to side;  
And all the Spirits of the Dead  
Muffled their arms about his head,  
And clogged him in his stride."

The ability of the poet to convey the Indian viewpoint and produce the Indian atmosphere is apparent, and is partly due to his excellent bits of realistic description that by their



LIONEL HAWEIS

From a Drawing by Norman H. Hawkins.

concrete suggestiveness make us feel the environment. One senses the real Indian nature in the characters, and there is no impression of these being but white folk painted up and dressed to play the parts of Indians. While there is a certain amount of idealization, no doubt, which lifts the poem to a high level as a work of literature and supplies a large part of its charm, we are conscious all the time of the artistic truth of the characters.

Altogether, here is a poem that should live; and all British Columbians who love good literature should hasten to secure a copy of the first edition and should be proud that a poem of such charm and originality should have been produced within our own province.

It is worthy of note that the quaint and original cover design of the book is the work of a local artist, Mr. N. H. Hawkins, a former president of the B. C. Society of Fine Arts.

—ROBERT ALLISON HOOD.

“Deep Furrows”

*The Epic Book of the Canadian West*

(NOTE.—We welcome this review by Mr. F. J. Dickie, himself a writer of real capacity, resident in Vancouver. We hope, however, that his statement that “practically every Canadian writer . . . had first to turn to the United States to have his ability recognized” has been, or is now becoming, subject to considerable modification.—Editor, BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY.)

LONG have the self-appointed high priests of Canadian literature, those academic and pedantic pompous ones of literary circles, chiefly clustering around Toronto, with an added few in Montreal and Ottawa, denied the merit of any literary production produced west of the Great Lakes. Though many worthy works have emanated from various minds west of the Great Lakes, still have these high priests denied. But at last a book has appeared, one westy of the West, so strong, so epic of the lives of the pioneers, so caustic, so fearless and so true—else never would it have dared the light of print—at last a book has appeared of so outstanding worth that not even those pedants of the East will dare to deny it; rather, one and all must give it the full acclaim its worth deserves. The book is “Deep Furrows”; the author, Hopkins Moorhouse. Like practically every other Canadian writer of note today, Mr. Moorhouse had first to turn to the United States to have his ability as a writer recognized. *Red Book Magazine*, *Munsey’s*, and a long line of the other leading periodicals for years featured his work. And now in “Deep Furrows” he has come home to his native soil, and given the Canadian people a book that will bring home to them as never before the romance that lies in their own country. The before-mentioned pedants, academic persons, masquerading in dear old Toronto as the only real, simon-pure authorities on things literary from Homer down, may, and

this with an appearance of justice, claim that, after all, the author of “Deep Furrows” is of the East. True—and giving credit where credit is due, Mr. Moorhouse no doubt owes much to the good old East—for it is a *good* old East; and when all’s said and done, even the high priests before mentioned are really not bad fellows—merely suffering from overweening appreciation of themselves and the particular part of the East they have so long upheld. But Mr. Moorhouse has been a long time in the West; only one who had been could have produced “Deep Furrows.”

What Frank Norris, that immortal among the few immortal writers of the United States, wrote of California wheat-growers in his “Octopus,” and what he portrayed of that same grain’s marketing in his “Pit”—this Mr. Moorhouse has done with the Canadian West for subject.

It is history as few people even in this land know it, but history in the form of a novel, a book pulsing with the life of the West, as ten thousand sturdy farmers in the grim pioneering years did live it. Here in the pages of “Deep Furrows” we find the old, old struggle of civilized men for the almighty dollar—the hard-toiling farmer on the one hand, the railway and all its varied allies on the other. As portrayed by Mr. Moorhouse, the average reader, doubtless for the first time, will come to know how bitter and how desperate was this war that has been going on there upon the wide bosoms of the three western

prairie provinces—a titanic struggle, the odds all against the farmer; and how, still, the pigmy won. Coming at this time of commercial and industrial readjustments, when the great mass of men are waking to their power, and the Money Masters are granting concessions as never before, the book is doubly significant. It took a brave man to write "Deep Furrows." But Mr. Moorhouse is not only a brave man, he is a humorist—a humorist with an aptness of phrase so rare as to make his humor unique; and humor is so rare, so very, very rare, that if only for his quaint phrasing, his delicious little word paintings of various western things, the work would be of outstanding merit. "Deep Furrows" represents the toil of two years of closest personal investigation, and this, coupled with the writer's long residence and his close personal touch with things political, industrial and financial, has combined to make it one of the momentous volumes of many years.

A typical example of the rare humoristic style which runs a glorious vein throughout the whole book is the following:

"Apparently a farmer was a pair of pants, a shirt and a slouch hat, who sat on a wagon-load of wheat, drove it up the incline into the elevator and rattled away again for another load. As soon as his grain was dumped each of him went back to the land among the dumb animals where the pomp and the vanity of this wicked world would not interfere with preparations for next year's crop."

For its historic value, if for nothing else, "Deep Furrows" should have a place in every public and school library in Canada; as a novel, and a work brimful of rare humoristic touches, no more interesting volume could adorn the reading table in the Canadian home.

"Deep Furrows" is brought out by the George J. McLeod Publishing Company, of Toronto and Winnipeg.

—FRANCIS J. DICKIE.

## "Then Came the War"

(Dedicated to the last practitioner of the Eternal Feminine)

By W. H. Bridge

THE phrase is classic. It is the great copulative of history. There is the bridge between the ancient history of 1913—and modern history commencing in 1914. It marks the innings of the prophets—from Jex Blake to A. C. Townley. To begin thinking over the differences is like falling out of an aeroplane, or trying to catch up with H. G. Wells. Shaw is monotonous compared with this epoch.

Yet some of us stand immobile—clothed about in the atmosphere of

our own breath, accumulated and stale, and seeing nothing through the fog of it.

Perhaps it's good we should. Some would suffocate if we knew the speed we are moving at. The tegument of dullness and habit will temper the wind to the shorn lambs—cynicism would have written "asses" and marred the metaphor!

Leaving the main current to the more intrepid swimmers, may we venture a paddle in some more or less

insignificant backwater of these big changes?

CLOTHES, FOR INSTANCE

Three clothing shops are in the throes of shutting up, in a small town near by, and the times are phenomenally prosperous.

I am wearing pre-war clothes; my wife is temporarily in the "dyeing" and remaking business: the family is in overalls.

Does anyone grasp what it means when the women of a small town cease to vie with New York in matters of dress? Sit down, please, and think!

Talk of the emancipation of womanhood!

The things which truly enslave us never let us know. When we *hear* the rattle of chains we are free.

Emanating from the secret depths of an industrial sanctuary, untrod- den by any but its own high priests, there issued heretofore a subtle divinity called *Fashion*. In his seasonal perambulations, unobserved he cast a spell over womankind, and clothed her in fabrics of his art—yea, forced her to untold sacrifice to himself. Comfort and health, decency and beauty, wealth and comeliness from season to season were sacrificed . . . High heels, tight lacing, skimp-skirt, cut-skirt, and little-skirt-at-all: colors that howled, lines that burlesqued! What tho'—!

It pleased the high God Fashion—hitherto. It brought wealth to the sanctuary. It necessitated the constant discarding of good and expensive clothing. If shoes this season are pink, next they must be green—and manufacturers will be kept busy. If skirts this season are full, next they must be short—it was good business!

It was good business when we pro-

duced solely for profit: it is bad business now we produce for use.

Yet women protesting against the laws, fighting for the vote, struggling against masculine enslavement, submitted humbly to this appalling god of waste who caricatured their figures, injured their health and emptied their purses!

It's true, isn't it?

H. G. Wells says so; he generally knows.

There is a true art in dress. Clothes are emblematical, as Carlyle once taught us in one of the greatest of modern (unread) books. But dress, like architecture and churches, had become commercialized. No one attempted to dress himself—still less herself. The "mode" came from on high, and had no connection with character and figure. We are not belittling the high art of dressing the God-made human body beautifully. We are rejoicing in the steps that are being made in the re-discovery of the art. Here is the first step:

Says H. G. Wells: "British women have begun to go dowdy. The mass of women in Great Britain are wearing the clothes of 1914.

"In 1913 every girl and woman one saw in the streets of London had an air of doing her best to keep in the fashion. Now they are for the most part as carelessly dressed as a busy business man or a clever young student might have been. They are none the less pretty for that, and far more beautiful. But the fashions have floated away to absurdity. Every now and then through the austere bustle of London in war-time drifts a last practitioner of the 'eternal feminine'—with the air of a foreign visitor, with the air of devotion to a peculiar cult."

I cannot omit his description of

this survival: "She has very high-heeled shoes, she shows a leg, she has a skimpy skirt with a peculiar hang, due, no doubt, to mysteries about the waist. She wears a comic little hat over one brow; there is something of Columbine about her, something of a Watteau shepherdess, something of a vivandiere, something of every age but the present age. Her face, subject to the strange dictates of the mode, is smooth like the back of a spoon, with small features and little whisker-like curls before the ears, such as butcher boys used to wear half a century ago."

The description is impressive: the result, apparently, more painful. The vulgar street boy, that fearless spokesman of the proprieties, has evolved or learned a phrase which he

ill-manneredly chants to our Watteau shepherdess—not necessarily in her private ear:

"She's the army contractor's only daughter,

Spending it now";

or simply:

"Spending it now."

So Wells dramatically concludes: "She makes her stilted passage across the arena upon which the new womanhood of Western Europe shows its worth. It is an exit."

It may only be the exit of a "super" in this world-drama, but it indicates a change of scene. It is part of the general emancipation. It may prepare the way to a truer sense of bodily value, a truer appreciation of physical beauty and well-being, a more sincere self-expression.

## One of God's Good Men

A FRIENDLY TRIBUTE TO THE LATE  
LIEUTENANT HOUSTON

By D. A. Chalmers

LIKE many another true Canadian who went overseas to take part in the world-war, William Houston was a Scotsman born; and in his case also, as in that of many another fallen hero of these later days, the tragic phrase, "killed in action," completes the as yet available record of the end.

From the honourable but unpretentious home of a British workingman in the ancient and "Fair City" of Perth he came. Trained there clerically in the office of the General Accident Insurance Company, Mr. Houston came to this continent under engagement with the widely-known firm of Messrs. Balfour, Guthrie & Co., and prior to being transferred to the Vancouver office, around six years ago, he was for a short time in the Portland (Oregon) office of the company.



Wadds Photo

A young man of Christian principles and ideals, the training and discipline involved in Boys' Brigade and soldiering, as represented by the "Volunteers," made a strong appeal to him. Before the war he had done no inconsiderable service in training a Boys' Brigade in North Vancouver; while, after it had started, he had stories to tell of thrilling letters received from young Scottish soldiers at the front who had been boys in his Brigade Bible class or connected with his other work in the homeland.

The words in the title to this tribute were used by a business associate of Mr. Houston's when the report of his death reached Vancouver, and others who had friendly intimacy with him would unhesitatingly endorse the characterization.

The late Lieutenant Houston was by nature one of the mildest-mannered and most kindly of men, but at the same time he was a soldier of the very best type—a soldier of the soul. Recognizing the eternal principles involved in the great struggle, and feeling strongly his own fitness by training and years for service overseas, he, from the outset of the war, chafed to be free to go; and even after the tenderest of homely ties linked him to Western Canada, his ardent patriotism constrained him to suggest in deed—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more";

and in a way and under circumstances that may have seemed open to question by those who did not understand that the inspiration of his action lay in the high ideals of the man, he volunteered for service overseas.

That Lieutenant Houston was respected and valued by the management and company of standing in whose service he was an accountant goes without saying. His initial engagement with them involved a break in three years, and the writer has the best of reason to know that some time after coming to Vancouver, Mr. Houston seriously considered taking steps that would enable him to enter upon training for the Christian ministry as soon as his business obligations would permit. As it was, he was one of the youngest elders in the Presbyterian Church, and for some time he acted as Session Clerk in St. Andrew's Church, North Vancouver. He was in the early thirties. Though, like many thousands more, he has passed from this sphere of initial training and discipline in manhood's morning, it may be said of him, as of one of old:

His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might  
stand up  
And say to all the world, "*This was  
a man!*"

FIGHT ON!

Fight to the last!  
Until the scene has shifted,  
And the black veil is lifted  
From battles overcast.

Fight on! Fight on!  
We are but just awaking,  
Already day is breaking.  
Look! Yonder shines the dawn!

—Ernest McGaffey.

## The "Gold Stripe" and Its Editor

(CONTRIBUTED)

"FELIX PENNE," of Vancouver, is compiling and editing a Christmas book called the "Gold Stripe." This will be a book unique in many respects. It will be a "made in Vancouver" book. The articles, poems and stories are chiefly by Vancouver or other British Columbian authors. The illustrations are also by British Columbia artists still resident within the Province, with one exception—Mr. Noel F. Bursill, who was in Vancouver a few years ago.

The "Gold Stripe" is not a book written "by soldiers for soldiers," but is a tribute to soldiers—to the men who have been wounded, maimed or crippled in the Great War. The title is a happy one. The gold stripe is by military authority listed as a "decoration." It is a vertical stripe of gold braid worn on the left sleeve, and indicates that the wearer has been wounded in combat with the enemy. Some wounds have involved the loss of limbs, hence the "Amputation Club of B. C.," the headquarters of which is in Vancouver. It is for the benefit of this club the book is produced.

The book is on the press, and it will be out by December 10th. Among the contributors are Aubrey St. John Mildmay, R. G. MacBeth, Donald Downie, Harry Shaw (the Policeman Poet), "Felix Penne," A. C. Cummings, Tom McInnis, Elspeth Honeyman, Aubrey Goodall and many others. The illustrations are by "Hal" Laidlaw, Norman Hawkins, Janet Eaves, Josiah Smith, Ivor Williams and others.

It is for the credit of Vancouver to have this local production. There



is no reason why Vancouver should not become a publishing centre for the Province. There is plenty of literary and artistic talent here, and books by such authors as R. A. Hood, Mrs. Ecclestone McKay, Miss Elspeth Honeyman, Mr. R. G. MacBeth, published here and illustrated by local artists, would give encouragement to several rising young artists who promise to attain fame in this line.

"Felix Penne," or Mr. J. Francis Bursill, to give him his proper name, is having no new experience as compiler of a Christmas book. Thirty odd years ago he was associated with the Christmas Annuals produced by John Camden Hotten, and was literary assistant to Samuel Carter Hall, whose delightful books, "An Old Story" and "Trial of Sir Jasper," were produced under Mr. Bursill's direction, and attained an enormous sale.

## Abracadabra

*The Wayside Philosopher*

(All Legal Responsibility Assumed by the Author)

WE can all unite with Gibbs in thanking God that his war correspondence is at an end.

For some months we can look, listen and learn. It will be interesting, educative and inspiring to watch the work of reconstruction.

Once again in the conflict of Ideals the higher has won. Once again it has been proven that God, not Satan, is supreme in the world.

And now let us pray that in victory the Allies will be as chivalrous and merciful as they have been brave and determined in the conflict.

### THUMBNAIL SKETCHES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA MEN

#### I. DAVID GORDON MARSHALL, K.C.

The man on the street, if asked to name the half-dozen leading lawyers of Vancouver, would very probably not include in his list David Gordon Marshall, K.C. Yet none has a better right to be noted in such a list. To a natural ability probably unequalled, certainly unexcelled, he adds mnemonic powers the wonder of all who really know him, and that large-souled sympathy and tact which characterize the truly refined. A sensitive shrinking from even semi-publicity has restrained him from active court practice, preventing the general public from learning of his merit. The leaders of the bar and those practitioners who have been students with his firm know alike of his legal attainments and his outstanding greatness of character.

### BOOKS AND POETRY

#### BOOKS WORTH READING

"The Lowland Scots Regiments," Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. Publishers: Maclehose & Sons.

All lovers of military history will welcome this book, particularly the Lowland Scot, who, no doubt, thinks the Highlander gets too large a share of the praise due Scottish troops for their work in the war.

The Royal Scots, Scots Guards, King's Own Scottish Borderers, and Cameronians form, perhaps, the leading figures in this chronicle.

"The Herring: Its Effect on the History of Britain." Arthur Michael Samuel. Publisher: Murray.

Despite a few errors (in most cases very apparent slips), this is a notable book, or more properly, compendium of data on its subject. With the careful reading it deserves it should prove interesting and useful reading to our fish-canners and others.

Attention is here called to "The British Empire," an article by one C. H. Frith in the *United Empire* for April, 1918.

Can you place these quotations:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

"The heights, by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."

"How happy is he born and taught  
Whose armour is his honest thought  
And simple truth his utmost skill!"

"That time of year thou mayest in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

### PERSONALIA

Felicitations to Mrs. J. H. McGill.

T. R. E. McInnis is again an author, if reports are true. After these years of silence, are we to have a new garland of verse added to those earlier ones which stamped him a Canadian poet?

R. Allison Hood having acquitted himself so well in verse and fiction must not cease from his labours. We hope and expect that further literary work is already engaging his talents.

Blanche E. Holt Murison will please accept congratulations on her productions. We trust she is a lover of Browning's "Grammarians' Funeral," and a student of Horace.

QUERIES

Having done your duty to your country by buying Victory Bonds, have you done your duty to your family by placing sufficient insurance on your life?

Are you going to be a saver or a wastrel, a producer or a slacker, during the next two years?

What did you do last month to make living worth while?

Is there not danger of ill-feeling arising from these useless discussions as to which element in British national life was the most loyal, or which did or did not all it should? Why not ask each one his own self if his conscience tells him he did all he could, and forget the other fellow?

When will our newspapers cease calling a milliard or a thousand million a billion?

Are you doing the duty that lies nearest you so that the next may be the clearer?

Have you hitched your wagon to a star?

Unhasting, unresting, are you keeping the even tenor of your way?

Have you learned to spell out "God" in the life around you?

Have you learned that evil ensures its own defeat?

Is "honest labour" getting to be a name only?

Does winter or spring form the background of your vision of autumn?

Had the capture of Mons by the Canadians as the last flames of war died out no deep meaning for you? Why not?

Reconstruction and Proportional Representation

BY GARFIELD A. KING.

THE word "camouflage" has apparently had its day, and its successor is "reconstruction." The world, we are told a million times, is "facing the problems of reconstruction." We have our "Reconstruction League," and "Reconstruction Committees" in every sort of public and semi-public body. The relations between Capital and Labour are to be "reconstructed" in many ways by proposals for "co-operation," etc., although we do not recognize any serious effort to deal with this problem in Canada in the way that the "Whitley Committee" has done in England. But of that, more anon. We note, however, a great deal of confusion in connection with the word "reconstruction," as if elaborate schemes of "constructing" harbour improvements, "constructing" houses and railways and ships had any vital relation to the social and political and economic reconstruction which is always implied when referring to the great work of making

democracy safe for the world, now that the world has been made safe for democracy.

Huge spending schemes may allay our dissatisfaction with the present social and political structure, but they can only postpone the day when the old machinery must be replaced. In England they propose to escape revolution by adequate reform.

In British Columbia—and indeed throughout Canada—the political situation was never more obscure, and never more ominous. There is every prospect of the country being divided, not into two great parties as in the past, but into three, four or five groups—Liberal, Conservative, Returned-Soldier, Labour, Soldier-Labour, United Farmers and Women. Just at present the returned soldiers seem to be, politically, "top-hole," as witness Private Giolma's victory over Government and Opposition candidates in the contest for the late Premier Brewster's seat in Victoria! There is no

more consolation for Mr. Bowser in this result than there is for Mr. Oliver.

It is obvious that there are new and growing political forces in the Province. The addition of women to the voters' lists only emphasizes the possibilities of surprise. Now if a minority group in a three-cornered contest in Vancouver could capture 5 out of 6 seats, as in the last provincial general election, what may not happen in a five-cornered contest? With the constituency divided into 5 groups, the strongest group, which may be only one of several minority groups, may capture the entire representation. The present system of elections is archaic and dangerous. The remedy lies in "P. R."

"Proportional Representation" is

a part of the movement throughout the world for making democracy triumphant in the world. It is a contribution of vital importance towards the much-needed improvement of democratic institutions.

It is desirable, in the best interests of the City and of the Province, that the principles of "P. R." should be applied as soon as possible to our election machinery. There is absolutely no legal obstacle in the way of the City Council adopting the "Municipal P. R. Act" by resolution. There is likewise no good reason why the Provincial Government should not make at least a limited application of P. R. by making Vancouver, Victoria and possibly some portions of the lower mainland into multiple constituencies under the P. R. plan.

### Tell the Truth—and Shame the Public

Says a local bookseller: "If a stranger comes into my shop and begins to praise my wares I am grateful, but at once begin to look around for a real customer, for I know that there is little chance of selling anything to the flatterer. That is the way with these people who attend lectures and deplore the lack of encouragement of Canadian literature. They laud the works of their countrymen and leave them on the shelves of the bookshop."

And then he told a story which may throw light on another aspect of the same question: "A farmer in the middle west invested part of his savings in the purchase of a bookstore. Taking the store as a going concern, he found himself in difficulties, for his knowledge was slight. To his relief an old friend, representative of a publishing house, came along and endeavored to help him

with advice as to the purchase of stock. He said: 'You see, Bill, you got to be careful in this business. For instance, take this book,' and he produced a copy of one of Thomas Hardy's works. 'Now, this is literature—go light on that. Never more than two or three copies. But when you get a new one by \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_, go to it! Order up a hundred at a crack.'

The public ignores national boundaries in literature and declines to have any standard set for it. Last season in Vancouver a collection of poems by a well-known British Columbia writer received extensive press notices, which included enthusiastic editorials. Large stocks of this book are left on the hands of the booksellers, who, on the other hand, report an extraordinary sale of a third-rate novel by a "popular" writer.

—T. W.

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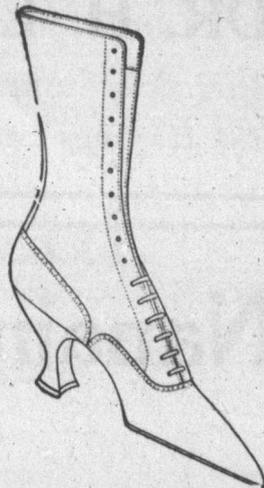
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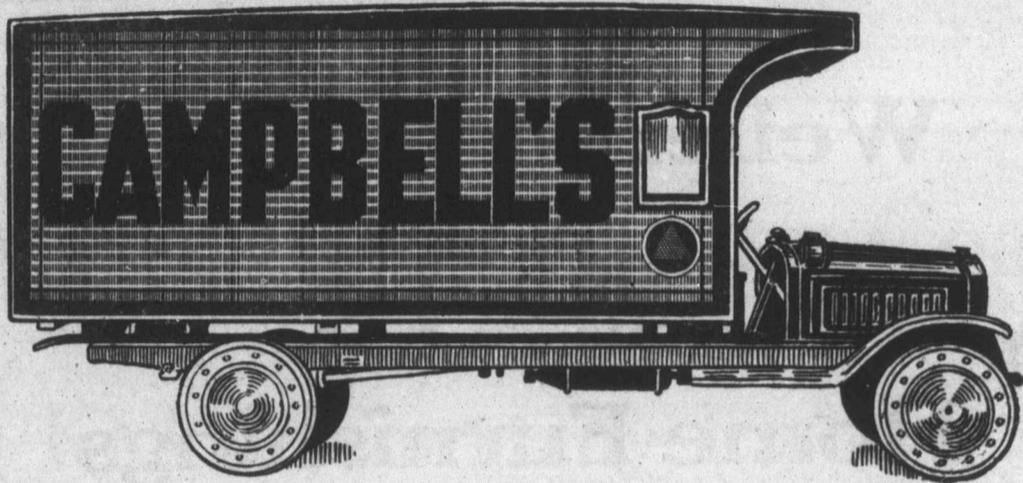
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