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# BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

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MAY, 1923

No. 6



ROBERT WATSON

Author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman," Etc., who has just published a Book of Verse entitled "The Mad Minstrel."



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## In the Windermere District: Glorious Golden

(By Winifred Philpot.)

Halt! Turn ye—  
Face thou thine own land—  
Enter in and possess it—  
And verily thou shalt be blessed.



Invermere Hotel

Few of us, of the Lower Mainland will ever forget the September of 1920. And mercifully the long continuing of the rains was hidden from the dwellers in the coast cities.

But September alone had been sufficient for us, and all plans were complete, with tents, and hammocks and muslins we were going to the south—to the sun and our friends smiled wistfully as they said "Good Bye."

Our plans were all complete, truly—and then at a moment's notice were all unmade—and it was merely with a desire to make the best of things that we turned our face to our mountains.

No joyous anticipations, no thrills at the moment of starting, it was not what we wanted, not what we had planned. Oh! blessed are we, though in our blindness we curse, when and if the Gods come down and straighten out our lives! I have since made my thanksgiving to my Gods, but their ways were strangely unattractive at the beginning.

Probably we have all passed through Golden—we may even have been moved to uncomplimentary remarks concerning man's handiwork there, but, have you ever lingered in Golden at the latter end of September? Then once again as in the days before the railway came in, nature dominates—the riot of gold foliage makes it abundantly clear at which season Golden was named.

Somehow the sky and mountains, the benches and even the firs catch the glamour of the gold—gold is supreme—above all and beyond all.

There is an amazingly ugly bridge in Golden, but from it, I saw a view that equalled easily, any color scheme I ever saw from the Rialto in Venice.

But then a thunderstorm helped the Golden scene. I am always so sorry for the folk who do not revel in thunderstorms. Storms rank to me with the stupendous things of a Wagner Opera—a great organ and a hundred strings—or High Mass in an Italian Cathedral.

This particular thunderstorm played many tricks before it burst, theatrical tricks of light and shade—now parts of the bare mountain tops were flaming like the golden foliage far below. Then the mountains were plunged into outer darkness, and the foliage took on an unearthly brilliancy and nearness. The river became purple and green—most absurd colors for a river, but those are just the tricks a really satisfactory thunderstorm does play.

The next day we motored eighty-two miles into the heart of the Windermere Valley. We can all remember

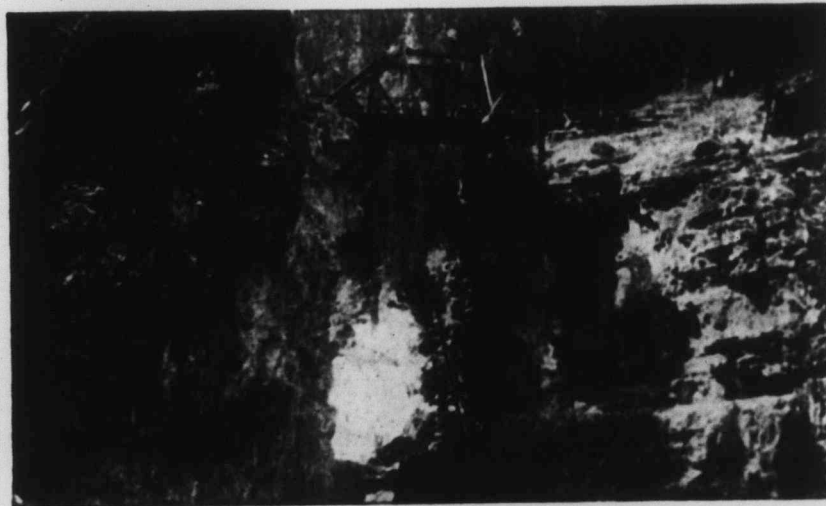
hearing of a Field of the Cloth of Gold. I know now of a whole land of the Cloth of Gold, and over it all a sky of Italian blue, and a sun of Italian warmth.

On for many miles, never far from the mountains, always near the Columbia River, creeping cautiously round the edge of the benches, running down into the ravines, and then up again. No flowers, no bird life, no trees, as we count trees at the Coast, but always the deep blue sky, the hot sun, and the golden glory of the autumn.

And so we entered into our land, and there we rested, and there finally we were blessed, that is, made supremely happy, but that of course is another story. But we did wander and rest, and were sunned in British Columbia in the closing three months of 1920—and during that period enjoyed but two half days of rain.

One glorious expedition was planned and taken—"Would we like to see the Blue Lakes?" Most certainly we would—in that yellow and grey land, something blue below the sky line sounded interesting.

Our feet were set in the narrow way, and a start made. The first few miles were so glorious. They were nearly the last. The trail was much like a miniature edition of the road to Golden, up and down and round endlessly—only now it no longer wound through a broad valley, but led ever up and into the foothills of the Rockies. The first miles were in open sunlight, then the lights were more subtle, and our feet were on a golden flame colored trail, for alas! the leaves were beginning to fall, but the sun was hot, the resting places alluring, and the vistas ever changing. But the blue lakes lured us on, and finally at midday we found them. There they were—a deep, clear royal blue, properly fringed with coarse green grass and rushes, backed by young firs—clear transparent blue waters. Oh, I hope no one will ever tell me what makes it thus—I never want to know—I want just to rejoice in the memory for ever and ever. Years ago we found a turquoise



The Bridge at Toby Creek Canyon

blue, snow water lake at a great altitude in the Dolomites—that was understandable. I do not want to understand the Blue Lakes above Windermere, but will just love them until death do us part.

The short autumnal days draw quickly to a close and we had to leave our newly found gems—just trusting to the grass and trees to take care of them until we came again.

Nature is very versatile, and we had a curious revelation of her many moods and whims on the way home. A sudden turn of the trail, and behold, a masterpiece presentation of the Scotch and French.





Lake of the Hanging Glaciers

Side by side—under the same blue sky—in the same rare atmosphere, the fir,—calm, austere, seemingly unmoved by the beauty around, unbending to the light breeze, unsoftened by the warmth of the sun—the cottonwood, a veritable French cocotte, every golden leaf dancing for the sheer joy of motion, careless whether there were spectators or not, intoxicated, mad in the sunshine. They made a wonderful study.

Later, in December, on quite the wrong day, for it was dull and cold with over 16 degrees of frost, we motored into the first canyon of the new Banff-Windermere road, and up to the stores and huts grouped about the Radium Hot Springs. Here we bathed in the open, lingeringly—hating to leave the waters.

It seemed an absolutely mad thing to do, with a return drive of twenty miles in the late afternoon, with the remembrance of how utterly inadequate leather coats and Scotch tweeds had proved on the outward journey, but natives, who were in the party, assured us no harm would come, and assuredly none did, only the most heavenly sense of exhilaration.

Hardly less attractive than the waters were the rocks. A few miles up the road, there is only space in the road and the stream—here the mountainous rocks on either side change to vivid yellow and flame colour. I was almost glad to see them for the first time on a dull day—with sunshine the effect must be stupendous.

Surely there is a wonderful future for this corner of British Columbia and the new Banff-Windermere road should hasten the day.



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Do we indeed desire the dead

Should still be near us at our side?

Is there no baseness we would hide?

No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,

I had such reverence for his blame,

See with clear eye some hidden shame

And I be lessen'd in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:

Shall love be blamed for want of faith?

There must be wisdom with great Death:

The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall:

Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours

With larger other eyes than ours,

To make allowance for us all.

Tennyson (I. M. Stanza LI.)



## The Place of the Engineer in Town Planning

(By Thomas Adams)

### The Functions of the Engineer in Social Construction

The engineer deals with the exploitation and control of natural resources. As engineer he harnesses the water powers that create new industries. He discovers the minerals and makes them available for human use. He invents and builds the machinery of the factory and the mill that creates cities and towns. As surveyor he measures and divides the farm and his divisions influence both the development of agriculture and the ultimate methods of sub-division in cities and towns. He looks upon his work and says it is good; for what is bad is not his fault.

The Engineer is thus concerned with the fundamental elements that enter into the creation of cities and towns—both in respect of the methods of laying out the land and the industrial and residential use to which it is put.

But it is also the engineer who has to plan the services that are necessary to make industry efficient and living conditions healthful in the city. While he has created the things that draw industries and homes together, he also builds the conveniences they need for purposes of communication, the railway and the highway. While with the aid of the capital and executive ability of others he has made the city to exist, he also has to instal the water supply, dispose of the wastes and transmit the light and energy needed for the social organization of the city. Thus his responsibilities for social construction are greater than those of any other class.

While the engineer has never been really mastered by the forces of nature he has been constantly mastered by the smaller forces of political art and his engineering purposes made subservient to political uses. Witness the way in which land has been planned and measured without regard to topography, or without design for the most economical use, but primarily to facilitate speculation. The surveyor has done this at the bidding of his political masters, but the time has come when science is being regarded with proper respect even in political circles. We need more engineering sense applied to our public policies, particularly in the development of our cities.

In regard to rural land settlement the provincial governments are beginning to promote organized settlement on sound lines. Old haphazard methods of placing settlers without preliminary investigation of the land are being slowly abandoned. Reconnaissance reports are being made showing the failure of rectangular plans based on the meridional system. The importance of having surveys made under charge of one surveyor for a whole district, instead of by many men working at cross purposes, is being recognized. Reconnaissance surveys should include soil surveys, to provide a satisfactory basis for settlement in rural territory.

### Neglect of Engineering in Cities

Waste and consequent high taxation in our cities are due to neglect and not to extravagant use of engineering. When cities are getting into financial difficulties they cut down the engineering service, whereas it is usually greater engineering service and efficiency that are needed. The last thing we seem to think of is to get rid of the causes of waste. We go on providing palliatives to remove effects. City councils do not employ engineers to plan the cities but keep them busy dealing with the evils that result from want of planning. It is time to apply the scientific and business principles that have made a success of industrial organization to the social organization of the city.

There is need for stock-taking of all engineering work periodically in all cities. Without this a city council cannot

tell what part of its city undertakings is paying and what is losing money. Plans of mileage of streets, sewers and watermains are often the result of a combination of partial records and guesses. Maps are not available showing distribution of population in relation to public services.

Mr. A. G. Dalzell has referred in an article to the proposal to investigate the sedimentation of the Fraser river for the purpose of directing harbor improvements and new industries and keeping navigation open, and has suggested that if it is important to study how atoms of sand are deposited in the mouth of a river, it is also necessary for engineers to study how atoms of humanity are building up communities for good and evil. He has shown how engineering skill is directed to improvement of physical conditions but lacks opportunity to apply the same skill to the improvement of social conditions.

### Surveying and Planning Vancouver

It is not too late to plan Vancouver. Its future growth will be greater than its past growth. Growth has two forms—development of new areas and re-development of areas already built upon. The geographical area for study should be the region comprising Vancouver, North Vancouver, Point Grey, South Vancouver, Burnaby and New Westminster. This should be surveyed by engineers to ascertain present conditions. This survey would deal with harbors, railway transportation, main arterial highways, classification of areas of land suitable for different purposes, etc. The regional survey and plan can only be prepared by the aid of the provincial government. It is merely a guide for the preparation of the plan for each city or other municipal unit. On its basis the plan of each city should be prepared.

Railways and waterways have to be studied in relation to selection of industrial areas. Consideration has to be given to the purposes of the arterial highway system; its effect on cost of transportation, safety and economy in street space and construction. The connection between width of streets and heights and densities of buildings and between narrower streets for residential areas and wider streets for industrial areas raises important problems.

Regional water supply and sewage disposal require study. Street and lot sub-division for residential purposes are unsuitable for industrial purposes, and both need different types of planning. Mr. A. G. Dalzell's report on Ward 8 was a revelation of the folly of letting a city grow without a plan. Ward 8 was sub-divided in 1885. The main highway, Fraser Avenue, was placed where it had to be carried over the steepest ridge, requiring a costly and wasteful cut necessary. About 80 acres, or a fifth of the whole, was reclaimed peat-bog. Some \$6,000 had to be spent in piling for sewers alone. The street on which the main branch sewer was laid settled 2½ feet during construction. The estate was developed by the provincial government and no provision was made for water supply, sewers or sanitation. The Saskatchewan Town Planning Act provides that no land of muskeg, marsh, or peat formation, or which is subject to flooding, shall hereafter be sub-divided or sold in lots for building purposes until such land is thoroughly drained at the expense of the owners; also that where any area cannot be economically provided with local improvements owing to character or levels of the land not more than two houses shall be erected to each acre. Under a proper town planning scheme Ward 8 would have been developed on economical principles and been an asset instead of a loss to the city.

Mr. Dalzell estimated that the cost of a 50 foot lot in this ward was about \$2,080, without proportion of cost of parks, firehalls, etc.



The cost of development at Shaughnessy Heights was shown to be about half that of Ward 8. In a site in an English housing scheme the land and improvements cost under \$500 for a 50 foot lot or less than a quarter of Ward 8. The chief causes of these high costs in Ward 8 are want of planning and classification of the land, causing scattered building and expensive construction. In 1917 there were 153 feet of street frontage per family and 38 per cent of the area was taken up with streets and lanes as against 31½ per cent in Shaughnessy Heights. There were only 11 persons to the acre. Undercrowding is as bad and as costly as overcrowding in cities.

It is not surprising that this kind of thing has led to excessive taxation in Vancouver. Instead of trying to get rid of the causes of this excess, efforts will be directed perhaps to increase revenues to meet new losses which must arise in the future from want of planning. Why should the engineer be made the scapegoat in all these administrative failures? Why are his resources and knowledge not employed to prevent instead of to cure bad development.

The employment of a competent engineer and architect to prepare a plan for Vancouver is essential as a basis for any reform or readjustment of taxation. There can be no equitable system of taxation unless it is based on a sound system of assessment, and there can be no sound system of assessment if the land is not planned and controlled in the interests of economical development and productive purposes.

#### Town Planning Areas Already Sub-divided

It is desirable to prepare town planning schemes before land is sub-divided for building. In Vancouver and other British Columbia cities most of the land likely to be built on in the near future is already sub-divided. It would pay both the cities and the owners to cancel many of these subdivisions, as is proposed to be done in the large cities in Alberta. The fact that such land is already sub-divided in Vancouver region will create difficulties in re-planning the street system, but it does not lessen the need for a plan nor limit its scope in any essential respect. A different kind of scheme is needed for an area already sub-divided. Perhaps the street and lot system may have to be accepted and the building development adjusted to that system, instead of the more logical course of planning the street system and development together. It is just as necessary and important, however, to plan the local improvements, and the use to which they are to be put, the height of buildings and the air space surrounding buildings, in respect of land already sub-divided as in respect of land still in acreage. Moreover even if the land is built upon, its building uses and densities for future purposes need to be regulated under a town planning scheme. There is no part of a city that can be safely left out of a town planning scheme, and none of which it can be said that it is more important than the other that it should be included.

#### Zoning and Engineering

That part of city planning that is called "zoning" should be dealt with as part of a comprehensive city plan. Under zoning we divide the city into zones for the combined and overlapping purposes of controlling, first, the use to which the land is put, such as residential, business or industrial use; second, the area of any lot that can be covered with building; and third, the height of building in relation to use and to area of lot covered and street width. All these matters have to be considered together. Economies in engineering services can be secured by zoning. For instance, construction of street surfaces can be adapted to the use, lighter surfaces and narrower streets for residence areas and heavier and wider streets for industrial areas. Water mains can be planned to suit the high buildings in the

business district and the low and scattered buildings in the residence district. Manufacturing plants that need large sewer capacity are not mixed up with detached houses that need only a small flow of waste, fire control is easier and assessment can be more just.

Engineering service will not be adequately appreciated till it is more fully employed in preventing, and less fully employed in trying to cure, the evils of bad forms of city development.

## VANCOUVER LITTLE THEATRE ASSOCIATION'S TENTH PRODUCTION

Are we what Fate or circumstances make us, or is there a something within us which determines our character in whatever conditions our choices force upon us?

Shakespeare's words,

"The fault, Dear Brutus, is not in our stars

But in ourselves, that we are underlings,"

supply the name of the play in which Sir James Barrie asks this question, and suggest his answer.

A group of dissatisfied people are given the opportunity, one Mid-Summer's Eve, of being, for an hour, what they might have been had they chosen the "other path" at the parting of the ways in their lives. Their circumstances are different, but they themselves are just the same. The pilfering butler is a highly successful financier, the philanderer flirts with the woman who is his wife in reality, neglecting the one he married in the "might-have-been," the woman who married the wrong man and spoilt his life made an even worse bargain; the aimable trifler never, as he used to think he might, did anything useful; only the artist was a happier and better man, his loveable weaknesses turned into innocent channels by the daughter he "might-have-had" instead of vicious ones by the woman he-should-not-have-married.

At the conclusion of their experience all the characters, sadder and wiser men and women, conclude that the fault is in themselves.

"There is a devil in us," says the philanderer, "which drives us to commit the same follies over and over again."

"But," wails the flirt "can we not conquer it?"

"The brave ones can," is the sturdily optimistic reply.

\* \* \* \*

Such, in substance, was the play offered by the Vancouver Little Theatre Association as their last performance for the season, and it was excellently produced and acted.

The settings were good, as usual. Throughout the whole season, indeed, distinctive and artistic settings have characterized the plays, but the fairy wood in the second act of "Dear Brutus" was perhaps the most beautiful and the one most successfully suggestive of atmosphere.

While all those taking part in the play acted uniformly well, even splendidly, Mr. Ernest Young and Miss Doris Betts scored real triumphs. The scene between Mr. Young, as the artist, and Miss Betts, as his dream daughter, remains a memory of beauty.

The actor-directors, the entire cast, and all those associated with them in the production of "Dear Brutus" deserve indeed the thanks and appreciation of the people of Vancouver for the pleasure they have given in this, the most ambitious and successful effort of the Little Theatre Association.

L. A.



# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## A Book of Verse by Robert Watson

Obviously Mr. Robert Watson, the Western Canadian novelist, is an admirer of "R. L. S." but the dedication of his book of verse just published ("The Mad Minstrel" from The Ryerson Press) may remind anyone who notes the forms of book titles and dedications of J. M. Barrie's not-to-be forgotten tribute to his Mother "Margaret Ogilvie". For Mr. Watson, in dedicating this book to the memory of his Mother has, like Barrie, used the maiden name.

It is always easy to raise questions, and it is open for readers to differ in opinion as to the choice of a title. The book is in two parts, part one containing "Weird Tales of the West", and part two "Songs of Everywhere". Those who have had some insight into the testing monotony of Prairie life under Homesteading conditions, will find in "The Frozen Cage" something to commend to the consideration of folk who are tempted to put wealth in land or grain or money before health of body and mind. "Moon-Mad" also has a lesson in it.

"For it wasn't the moon with its sallow light  
That laid God's creation low;  
Nor was it the doing of witch or sprite:  
'Twas the thinking that made it so."

"De Rochelle", one of the longer stories, justifies the word "weird", and may be rather too much so for some people. "The Pluck of Barney Binge" has also a little in it that tries the imagination, but the story illustrates well the truth in the injunction in the first verse:

"Don't reckon a man a coward, Dan,  
Till the grass grows o'er his grave,  
For the worst you've met may alter yet  
And die like an Indian brave."

A change mid the tales of the West will be found in the story of "The Madness of Glaucus". (There's 'Madness' in several pieces in the book, but there's some "method in all the madness"). "Glaucus" was "a noted general when Rome was in its fame". Like "Moon-Mad", this number emphasises the influence of what one believes on the condition of the mind. Of the remaining pieces in this section "Perpetual Pat" and "Tailless Pete" may make differing appeal to readers, but "A Yukon Bantam's Lay" should entertain all alike.

The second part of the book opens with "Come to the West, Dearie!" a short poem, which we believe appeared (as did a few others in the book) in the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY. Following the first, are the suggestive verses "To Life—And Death". These indicate that Mr. Watson is capable of producing bigger things.

"Ah, Life! is't true the partnership between us two  
Is half-way through?  
Half-way! And yet, it seems, I romped but yesterday  
Among the hay,  
A merry, red-cheeked, barefoot boy, without a care;  
—Free as the air—  
While stretched before me lay a world of joy and strife;  
And you—my Life."

This also from "Dawn":—

"The voice of the morning whispered  
Its lesson of love it taught;  
That life and peace are eternal;  
That evil on earth is nought  
But a sinful dream, and transient:  
The offspring of wrongful thought:

That every thought is a power  
Our freedom to speed or stay  
When not a murmur or discord  
Shall challenge the harmony;  
When man shall attain perfection.  
Like earth at the break of day."

Among other pieces that call for comment are "The Quick—and The Dead"; "My Creed"; the lines under "R. L. S." which close with these: "When'er I feel inflated by some trivial success, I just stand before that picture with the letters,—R. L. S."

Mr. Watson has evidently been unable to resist a disposition to descend—or rise?—to the use of his native Scots tongue, and "To an Old Chum" and one or two other pieces will have their own appeal to his compatriots who are now Canadians. "Agree, Bairn—Agree", though in English, will be included in this group because of the association of the words.

The verses "To Sleep" close with this happy thought:

"Loving so well the boons of your bestowing,  
Why should we dread your Elder Brother's strength?  
'Tis but to slumber while the soul is growing;  
To wake at length."

The value that may be put on the book from the point of view of literary or poetic power, will no doubt vary according to the standard of analysis of the critic. But in giving this impression of a first reading of Robert Watson's first book of verse, and in commending more what we can to consideration rather than to question, we do so trusting that, as Mr. Watson's "Scroll of Life is yet but part unrolled," he may, in what remains to him, surpass himself in both prose and verse.

D. A. C.

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No. 6

## WOMEN'S INSTITUTES AND B. C. PRODUCTS

Under the aegis of the Department of Agriculture, there is in British Columbia an organization known as the Women's Institutes of B. C. Few people realize the strength of this organization and the important part it is playing in community development.

According to Mrs. V. S. MacLachlan, provincial secretary, one hundred and five of these institutes with a membership of nearly 5,000 women have now been formed. They are located in every part of the province, from the remotest corner of Vancouver Island to the eastern limits of the Kootenays.

The aims and objects of the organization are to improve conditions of rural life so that settlement may be permanent and prosperous in the farming communities.

Last fall the B. C. Products Bureau of the Vancouver Board of Trade was invited to present a programme dealing with the industries of British Columbia and the part women could play in aiding in their development. The meeting was so successful that the Bureau was asked to co-operate in arranging a series of meetings throughout the province in order that the support of the Institutes could be obtained in furthering the work of the Buy B. C. Products Campaign.

Mrs. W. D. Todd, secretary of the Victoria Women's Institute and secretary of the Vancouver Island Board of Directors of the Women's Institutes, was invited to conduct these meetings and commenced her tour on Vancouver Island at the beginning of April.

The programme opens with a roll call answered by pithy paragraphs relating to the advantages to be gained by patronizing home products. This is followed by an address describing the industries of British Columbia and the need of co-operation between the rural and urban districts in patronizing each others products. Questions relating to the

subject matter of the address (previously distributed in the audience) are then answered from the chair, after which the meeting is thrown open for discussion.

At the conclusion of the programme, a questionnaire relating to B. C. Products is distributed with a view to obtaining constructive criticism.

Mrs. Todd reports an enthusiastic reception at all meetings she has attended to date. She has used every known means of transportation, with the exception of the air service, in visiting the outlying districts and scattered islands. In many cases she found women who had walked from seven to eight miles through the bush in order to attend the meetings. In some cases they had even packed blankets to darken the windows of the school house in order that they could enjoy the pictures of B. C. industries presented by Mr. A. D. Kean of this city. In one particular case a man who was building a garage constructed it larger than was necessary in order that the pictures could be presented in a part of the country where moving pictures had never been seen before. All the meetings were well attended and an intense interest was taken in the programme.

In every case the work of the Buy B. C. Products Campaign was endorsed and recognized as a solution to many of the problems facing British Columbia to-day.

The women throughout the rural districts are unanimously pledging themselves to support the industries of the Province, Dominion and Empire, and they are expressing the hope that their sisters in the cities will do their part in helping to build up the rural communities by patronizing the products of the farms.

Their slogan is "Wait for our fruit crops to do your preserving, just as we wait for the money from those crops to purchase other B. C. Products."

## New Fables by Skookum Chuck

### I. SKIN DEEP.

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The train stopped at "Canoe" flag station and a young woman entered carrying a rich bouquet of white and purple lilacs across one arm. She was closely followed by a rather bulky man with an infant in his arms carefully wrapped against the chill mountain air. It was nearly midnight.

The man had the appearance of one who was hopelessly out of patience with everything but the baby, for he handled the fragile bundle very carefully.

The lady threw the lilacs into the rack above her head as she approached a seat and then sat down facing me. I fancied she smiled modestly.

She motioned with a sort of haughty, deaf-mute sign to

the man to sit down on a vacant seat across the aisle.

The gentleman sat down as he had been directed and stretched the sleeping baby on the seat in front of him.

And again the train plunged into the darkness.

I moved over to the open window to enjoy the cool air, for although the temperature on the outside was chill, the confined space in the car was close, warm and stuffy.

I looked out into the night, and as I did so, the lady moved over on her seat and looked out also. We could see nothing beyond the range of the light from the windows.

Suddenly there was a sound of coarse, croaking voices radiating through the outside atmosphere. They came up



with the approach of the train and then died away as we receded.

I looked at the woman. Her eyes met mine for a second.

"Are they toads?" I questioned.

"Yes."

The face of the young lady as she spoke underwent a remarkable change. Before, there had been a dreary barrenness and a pitiful sadness attached to it. Now it was like the sun peeping through a rift in a very dark cloud. The calm of the face was either the imprint of great sorrow, or it was an error on the part of Nature on a work otherwise nearly perfect.

She had no sooner spoken than the sky became clouded again. I never knew eyes, lips, cheeks and mouth pass so rapidly and radically from one extreme to the other. There was strange reading between the lines.

Indeed the contrast between the features at rest and the features in motion was the difference between the dark of a dungeon and the light of sunshine.

Nothing more was said for some time, and then the woman continued:

"It is so wearisome waiting for a train."

There was that in her voice to convince me that my companion was the very impersonation of weariness. That was no doubt what ailed her face—it was tired of its outlook. Was she weary of her home, of her life, of her husband, of her baby.

"Yes," I replied. "Especially at night. Do you live in Canoe?"

"No. I live in Salmon Arm."

And then, as often happens with those who meet on trains, we discovered that we had mutual friends in that city. After that we spoke much more freely.

And while we talked the door between the dungeon and the daylight of the woman's face continued to open and close as the occasion warranted.

I began almost to dread the calm of her features while its illuminated surface was like a drink to my thirsting soul. I sought a channel of escape from the dead, motionless, barrenness of the inactive lips, cheeks and eyes. I found it in an effort to make the woman smile and to keep her smiling. The face required light that it might function to please me. I supplied that light by engaging all the genius that I possessed to incite her sense of humor. I threw out my life line and she seemed to grasp it eagerly.

But across the aisle a storm was gathering. I began to notice to my shame and horror that the new situation had rendered the husband more impatient than he appeared when I first saw him. Although this phase was so embarrassing to me, however, it did not effect my companion in the least. Then, why should I worry? I had not created the situation. It had been created by the man's wife herself. I argued myself innocent, but I could not escape a guilty conscience.

From that moment forward I permitted the lady to take the initiative in our perhaps too friendly conversation. I even fell down in the desire to furnish light for the gloom of her dungeon.

"I am going East," I said in reply to her inquiry.

"Oh, what a long way! I am just going to Revelstoke," she said with more weariness that spoke between the lines again.

Was there a tragedy in this woman's life from which she was eager to escape?

"How far East are you going?" was her next inquiry.

"I may visit all the cities before returning. Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Win\_\_\_\_\_."

"Oh, lucky you!"

The storm across the aisle became more threatening. There was a volcano within the husband which might burst forth at any moment. He cast wicked glances across at the two of us at alarmingly short intervals. I longed for Revelstoke as Wellington longed for Blucher.

I was still innocent, but the woman was rendering me more guilty in the eyes of her husband and in my own conscience as the intensified moments went by. My magic had deserted me, and the face of the woman reverted more and more to resemble the dismal surface of a desert.

I was about to rise and excuse myself that I might escape a danger that I had been dragged into, for I had no desire to be the means of widening any breach which might already exist between the husband and wife.

But just at that moment the infuriated husband jumped to his feet, hastened down the aisle and disappeared from the car.

In all this there was apparently nothing of an alarming nature to the young woman. She did not see, or pretended not to see the departure of her husband; nor did she once look over to where the baby, most luckily, still slept motionless on the seat.

The storm having passed I regained composure and the old association was renewed again for a time. The young wife seemed anxious to be happy, and I encouraged the sunshine. An hour or more went by.

Suddenly in the midst of the freedom I looked down the aisle and saw the bulky form of the still enraged husband filling the doorway leading into the car. His face betrayed signs of ungovernable temper, and I feared the pent-up storm was about to break over our heads.

Just then the approach to Revelstoke was announced by the trainman.

I maintained a quiet exterior, although inwardly I was none too happy.

"Your husband!" I exclaimed under my breath, for the wife was sitting with her back to him.

"Oh, never mind him."

The husband stood guard until the train stopped at Revelstoke, and then he came savagely forward.

The wife rose from her seat and reached for the lilacs.

"Take the baby," ordered the man with a growl.

Having failed to reach the flowers, the lady turned on him sharply:

"What is the matter with you?" she snapped.

The man picked up the baby meekly. She was no doubt his master.

The wife again reached for the lilacs and the man passed from the car with his fragile bundle.

"Permit me," I said.

The lips blossomed forth for a few moments into the usual rich smile as she accepted the gallantry:

"Thank you."

"The pleasure is all mine," I said.

"I wish I was going east," she continued boldly, as I handed her the flowers.

"Hush."

There was something of resignation and regret in the tone of her voice as the face lapsed back to its desert gloom.

She put out her hand:

"Good by."

"Good by."

In a short time the train again plunged into the night.

For many miles I was haunted by that face. What was beneath that smile? What was behind that cloud?



## The Fundamental Traits of French Character

(By H. Chodat)

"All concord's born of contraries."—(B. Jonson).

There are two ways of judging a foreign people; two distinct views may be taken of the same nation, each from an entirely different standpoint. The more usual is the outside view, the one generally adopted by the foreigners who, passing through the country the inhabitants of which he is about to describe, judge their ways and customs at first-sight, impressionistically, notes them down, compares them with the ways and customs of his own land, and finally drawing his own conclusions, forms his opinions and spreads them broadcast. This is the method which, from time immemorial, foreigners have applied in their endeavor to form a true conception of the French and their character. Judging from the results, this method can hardly be said to have obtained its object. It has failed to probe below the surface, to explain the contradictions of which French life and character are full, and the picture presented has been marked in most cases by the sharp suggestiveness of a caricature. It is as a result of such procedure that the epithets of degenerate, immoral and frivolous have so often been hurled at France by writers who were deficient in true critical acumen or in psychological imagination.

The other method of investigation is the scientific method. It is practiced all the more rarely as it demands of the foreign student a radical setting aside of his national and racial prejudices, an absolute impartiality of his critical faculty. Few people are capable of such mental effort, least of all the casual traveller who goes to Paris bent on pleasure-seeking. This method, moreover, to be practiced successfully, necessitates a deep and accurate knowledge of the life and history of the people under consideration, such a knowledge as can only be acquired after a prolonged residence in the foreign country and intimate intercourse with its people. It requires most of all real critical power, the gift of discrimination when selecting the essential elements from the bewildering richness of the material at hand, the faculty of tracing back to their primary cause with unerring certainty mental or social phenomena that often seem in contradiction with one another. If applied rigidly and with absolute intellectual honesty, this method will enable the foreign student to discover the fundamental psychological traits which lie at the root of a people's mentality and shed a flood of light on its social manifestations.

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The task of elucidating the character of a people is not an easy one. In the case of the French it is beset with more than ordinary difficulties, the principal of which spring from some strange faults of the French themselves.

This people apparently so gay and debonair on the surface, wearing as it were, their hearts on their sleeves, are in reality hard to penetrate. However frank they are concerning many details to which Anglo-Saxons would never dream of alluding, they will never discuss their intimate, personal, or family affairs before strangers. In all essentials they are most reserved and keep to themselves, a truth which finds confirmation in the old French proverb: "Il faut laver son linge sale en famille."

Another of the many peculiarities of the French, one that has been the cause of a great deal of misunderstanding, is the curious, strange shyness with which they conceal their inmost feelings, especially their virtues, and the delight they take in appearing light-hearted and shallow, in boldly exhibiting their vices, often in a most exaggerated form even boasting of defects they do not possess. They have what has been aptly called "la fanfaronade du vice." The English on the other hand cannot reconcile flippancy with profundity.

They do not object to flippancy and they wallow in profundity, but they will not have them mixed. The French attitude puzzles and shocks them. Being the exact opposite of their own, it has naturally led them to judge their neighbors as far more wicked and frivolous a race than they really are.

In pursuing his research the student will of necessity have to choose a suitable field of observation. In doing so let him beware of confining his efforts to a study of Parisian social life. The latter is not representative of French life in general. The so-called Parisians are for the most part too cosmopolitan. Parisian society is largely made up of foreigners who have been attracted to the French capital by its reputation as the music-hall of the world or by the fame of its academic institutions. The University alone, shortly before the war, had as many as sixteen thousand students and there were also very large colonies of wealthy Englishmen, Americans, Germans, Russians and South Americans. There is of course a small proportion of real French people prominent in the social life of the great city, but their purely French characteristics have not escaped the deteriorating influence of intermarriage with aliens, of the imitation of foreign customs and manners, of the hot-house atmosphere of fashionable life.

The French peasant, on the other hand, would offer a better field of observation, were it not that he is too peculiar a type. The narrowness of his life, his want of opportunity for normal mental development, and the particular character of his environment have abnormally developed certain sides of his personality while dwarfing others almost to the vanishing point.

It must be remembered, however, that the several grades of French society are not separated by such deep divergences of caste and traditional discipline as are found in England. For instance, on the contrary, the homogeneity of the French social fabric is almost a national characteristic, and the democratic ideals which have pervaded the nation since the Revolution have still further increased this uniformity of thought and action, therefore, general statements concerning French ways and customs and character, if based on observation of the large class which stands midway between the foundation and the pinnacle of the social structure, that is to say the bourgeoisie, have a far greater chance of being conclusive.

The French bourgeois has changed very little in the course of time. He is still essentially the same as he was in the seventeenth century when Moliere portrayed him in the Chrysale of his Femmes Lavantes. He still possesses the same conservatism, the same dislike of novelty, the same tenacious clinging to traditions and forms. This trait is indeed the chief characteristic of the French people as a whole.

The love of the French for ceremonial and formalism, their use of symbols and conventions, their faith in tradition and established customs strike the foreigner very forcibly from the moment he comes in contact with them. As a matter of fact this fondness for symbolism permeates French life, whether social, political or artistic. It has brought about a codification of manners so strict, so rigid as almost to amount to a ritual. Every social situation has its appropriate gestures, its almost fixed vocabulary, and the least deviation from established procedure instantly creates the possibility of its being construed as an insult.

This uniformity of expression might lead the foreign observer to regard the French as a race totally devoid of originality. He might argue that the levelling of all individuality and personal idiosyncracies under the pressure of



precedent bespeaks a lack of vitality and staying power in the race. Such an inference, however, would not stand the test of confrontation with facts.

French life is like a closely woven texture of conventions holding in check elemental forces which occasionally burst forth through the meshes of the social fabric and reveal deep-rooted racial traits which cannot be eradicated. The manifestations of these forces often stand in sharp contrast with social customs and the opposition of such antagonistic principles is what gives French life its enigmatic character.

No civilized race has ever displayed such dauntless curiosity, such intellectual fearlessness as the French; yet none has been more enslaved by social conventions and petty observances. No nation has ever risen to such height of collective magnanimity; yet none has ever revealed more individual pettiness and hardness in matters of small moment. No people is more capable as a whole of fearless decision and intrepidity in the face of overwhelming odds; yet more distrustful of risk and adventure, more afraid of the least initiative in the pursuits of daily life. No race is more passionate, more unashamed of instinct, none drinks more deeply at the sources of natural enjoyment; yet none is more stoic, more industrious and laborious. They display an exquisite sense of sociability; their politeness is the expression of extreme refinement and forbearance; yet no other people have ever displayed such utter indifference to the rights of others. They are irritable and nervous, impatient of restraint; yet capable of endless patience and dauntless calm. Such is the kaleidoscopic view that French life offers. Is it then to be wondered that France should be now reviled as a degenerate and depraved nation, now exalted as the champion of enlightenment, generosity and freedom?

A close study of the many sharp contrasts presented by the character of the French compels one to assume that it is the result of the interaction of two antagonistic forces, the one, social instinct, inherited from their Celtic and Roman ancestors, the other, fierce individualism, derived from their Frankish conquerors. No other hypothesis will offer a solution of sufficient scope.

While individualism triumphed in the Anglo-Saxon race, the social instinct, strengthened by environment as constituted by geographical position and historical development, has in France more and more reduced its activities and encroached upon its field of action. The spectacle of a fearless, life-loving race, so ardently individual and so frankly realistic, struggling against the ever increasing pressure of environment is one of the most tragic that the history of human societies has ever offered.

France has had to fight for her existence ever since she became conscious of her entity as a nation. Waves of savage hordes, all the violent upheavals of a world in the making swept over earliest France and almost annihilated her. Again and again she has seen her monuments destroyed, her institutions shattered. The ground on which the destiny of the world has just been fought for is the same as those Catalaunian plains on which Attila tried to throttle her. Then, for nearly a thousand years, she had to maintain herself in the teeth of an aggressive Europe. That her people went on living, "Surviving Catalaunians offering dogged resistance to invasion, clinging to the same valley, the same river-cliff", speaks for the vitality of the race. Life under such continual menace of death has produced in an intelligent race two strong passions,—pious love of the soil, and an intense dread of all internal innovations which might weaken the social structure and open the door to the enemy. As a consequence of such unrelenting struggle there is at the very root of the French character "a reflex of negation, an in-

stinctive recoil from the new, the untested," which makes the French the most conservative of the Western races.

To resist victoriously, the nation has required a strong centralized government and a deep sense of social discipline and solidarity. Her great kings, from Louis Capet to Louis the Fourteenth were ever strengthening her by their resistance to the disintegrating forces of feudalism. Richelieu finally broke this opposition and left France united against Europe, but deprived of the sense of individual freedom. Hence, as a result of historical evolution, the original ardent individualism of the French with its anarchistic tendencies has been counteracted by a spirit of conservatism, and the iconoclastic instinct of the freest minds in the world has found an inevitable check in the creation of a strong social instinct.

France has incarnated this instinct of human nature with unbroken continuity throughout the ages. This directing principle gives her history a deep-seated unity. Inpate in the Gaul, it has developed, after fusion with Roman institutions, a disposition of interdependence and solidarity whereby the individual has been subordinated to the supremacy of society. Its development may be traced from its earliest political manifestation. It begins with the struggle of the Gallo-Roman spirit against the barbaric Frankish personality, continues with the twelfth century communal movement for equality, the anti-ecclesiastical policy of Philippe-le-Bel, the national condensation of Louis XI, the Renaissance reversion to social as well as artistic ideals, to attain its maturity in the splendid efflorescence of the seventeenth century.

The "Grand Siecle", politically, socially and artistically, represents the culminating point in the evolution of the French genius. Left internally unified by Richelieu's suppression of the last vestige of feudalism and his destruction of Protestant separatist tendencies, France now stood as the most powerful political unit of Europe. Deprived of the sense of individual freedom, the nation found in artistic expression and social intercourse an outlet for its imagination, its intellectual energy and every form of creative activity. From this impulse arose the organization of polite society with the almost ritualistic etiquette of its court, the elaborateness and refinement of its manners, its salons its academies, etc. The ideal of every individual, bourgeois and aristocrat, was to be "un honnete homme" and to possess "le bel air."

The eighteenth century witnessed the slow recession of France from her position of political pre-eminence, and the gradual exhaustion of her artistic power, but the social instinct, immeasurably strengthened by historical conditions, had become the dominating trait of the French character, a trait so deeply inwrought, that not even the Revolution could permanently eradicate it.

It appears, then that historical conditions explain very largely the intensity of the social instinct among the French. A full explanation demands, however, that we take into consideration another factor just as powerful, the influence of the Catholic Church.

The chief effect of the Reformation was to strengthen the sense of personal responsibility by awakening the conscience, of all psychological forces the most powerful to originate and direct human energy. In countries where the reformation had full sway man assumed entire control of his life, his character was fortified, his personality intensified. Where the Reformation partially or totally failed, the individual entrusted the Church with the direction of his spiritual life. The consequence of this continued submission to authority was to weaken his individuality, his sense of personal responsibility, and to make more sensible his relations to his fellow-men. The bond of union between men is thus infinitely stronger in Catholic communities than in



Protestant, the sense of social interdependence is keener and individual characteristics are weaker. The Church has added the full weight of its influence to the action of historical causes in further strengthening the social sense of the French. Society has thereby been unified and made organic. That has been the direct contribution of the Catholic Church to the moulding of modern France.

Its indirect influence has not been less real. To maintain the prestige that sole control of society's spiritual life conferred upon itself, the Church was forced to separate itself from the world and to claim the exclusive possession of the higher Christian virtues, renunciation and asceticism. While doing so, it has always shown an astonishing indulgence to society in general and society has, of course improved its opportunity and taken full advantage of such indulgence. In France this tendency to break away from moral restraint has been checked somewhat by the talent of the people for sobriety and moderation, but their outlook upon life has nevertheless been deeply affected by the toleration of the Church. Renunciation and asceticism are among the most treasured virtues of the Catholic Church, but Catholic societies, France among them, are possessed of the epicurean rather than the ascetic ideal in morals.

We have thus in France, as a result of environment, a highly organized nation whose social and mutual activities are carried to an extent and refined to a degree of which it is difficult to form an adequate idea. We have also, in the French, a people intensely organic and solidaire whose moral epicureanism sharply contrasts with Anglo-Saxon puritanism.

The moment we realize that in the character of the French people it is the social rather than the individual instinct which predominates, we are in a position to understand their conception of morality. French morality is a derivative of the social instinct. The abnormal development of the latter has made of morality a social rather than an individual force, and the key to its nature is to be found in the substitution of honour for duty as a principle of action.

The French view might be stated as follows:—In all matters falling within the jurisdiction of conscience the question is whether conscience decides aright, whether it is infallible. This question can only be answered in the negative. Experience tells us that conscience is often confused, often in need of enlightenment. Implicit reliance upon it often is the cause of self-deception. So the French come naturally to think little of conscience. They rely instead upon an impersonal standard, the voice of society in general, the lessons of education, the promptings of culture. Their appeal in cases of disputed decision is to posterity, to time, to public opinion: "vox populi, vox dei".

The substitution of public opinion, of the sense of honor, for conscience and duty as a moral standard has far-reaching consequences. It gives use to that dual system of morals which so shocks the Puritan sense of propriety. The French, and we might add all the Latin peoples, distinguish implicitly, if not outspokenly, between the wrong which involves a breach of the social order, a sin against the public conscience, and the one which injures only one or two individuals, or perhaps only the moral sense of the offender. Compare, for instance, the indulgence shown by Dante in his *Divine Comedy* to those illustrious transgressors of private morality, Paolo and Francesca, with the terrible punishments meted out to the traitors to the state or the family, to Count Ugolino, Archbishop Ruggieri, to Cassius and Brutus, all of them consigned to the lower regions of Hell. Nothing could be more significant, in fact, the whole economy of Dante's *Inferno* illustrates the sharp distinction which the Latin mind makes between offences of a private and those of a public or social character.

Whatever we may think of the French conception of morality, their system has, generally speaking, one immense advantage. It simplifies life wonderfully. Honor's behests are clear; society knows what it esteems and what it despises. The dictates of duty are often obscure, because conscience is often confused. Therefore, in the moral sphere, the French escape that vacillation so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxons, whose life is often a struggle in comparison with which the Frenchman's is serene. He does not fear temptation, believing with Labengue that "everything is temptation to him who fears temptation." Nor does he seek to overcome it by the discipline of self-restraint. He substitutes philosophy for the latter, a philosophy generally impregnated with epicureanism, now and then stoic, but never ascetic. The Christian belief that there is in every one of us a higher nature that must be obeyed and a lower nature that must be sternly controlled does not appeal to him. He appears, in fact, to have, morally speaking, no higher or lower nature, but simply a nature. That explains why France has ever refused to accept the more ascetic forms of Christianity, that is Jansenism and Protestantism.

The slight importance the French attach to the individual conscience, and their taking temptation so lightly, have an important bearing on their actual conduct. They yield to temptation more easily and more readily than the timorous Anglo Saxons, but their yielding is of far less consequence. It does not involve "sinning against the light". It is a specific, temporary trival lapse, which is productive of no moral abasement, and is never followed by the general depressing effect which defeat after a struggle, in which conscience has been intensely engaged, does not fail to have. The French have a moral bouyancy unknown to the Anglo-Saxons.

Society in consequence is far less given to stern reprobation of moral errors than is the case in Anglo-Saxon communities. This moral epicureanism can be quite easily observed in French life, and French literature offers striking examples of it. As has been rightly remarked, "that favorite incident in modern romance, round which the story of Adam Bede centres, is minus the infanticide of course, in French literature and French life, almost never taken grimly, but gently; not tragically, but simply; not as a monstrous, but as a natural error; in short, it is still in France considered as remediable as it was in Gallilee 'twenty ages since.' George Eliot could never have written there. And the same is true of other yieldings to temptation.

What precedes is meant, of course, of mere peccadillos, or at the most, of such faults as affect only one or two persons. Of those offenses which have a social bearing and meet with general condemnation, the French commit as few as any other people. But in matters of small moment French society shows what must appear to the eyes of the stern moralist a laxity, a complaisance nothing short of scandalous. Take for instance, the question of veracity. A Frenchman expects his neighbor to display courtesy, consideration, sociability in his relations with him, and also sincerity in essentials, but he does not expect him to tell the exact truth if he has any motive for concealing it. Truth he does not blindly worship. Not only does he think that it must not be boldly spoken at all times, but also that it may be now and then attenuated or enlarged upon, either from a desire to spare the sensitiveness of the hearer or with the intention of appearing in a better light and thereby win the approbation of society. We may consider this an excess, but it nevertheless is the logical outcome of extreme social development. It has been said that civilization makes hypocrites of us. That is of course an exaggeration; yet it must be admitted that candor and courtesy, the desire to please and perfect openness are mutually antagonistic. The French lack in



fact that blunt frankness which makes the average Englishman so concrete a personality.

Yielding easily to temptation means, of course, to the Anglo-Saxon lack of personal discipline, of renunciation, of character. It certainly is no calumny to affirm that the French have no genius for renouncement. The latter is opposed to their social ideal of expansion, an ideal whereby a man's greatness is measured. The success one has achieved in life is what counts with them, not the character one has built oneself. Therefore self-sacrifice with a view to spiritual perfection, a principle in which Anglo-Saxons have the deepest faith, however little it may be met with in actual practice, seems to the French an ambition of vague significance. It is not an aim of the social instinct, and they regard it as a sort of hiding of one's light under a bushel. In short, moral discipline is, in the Anglo-Saxon mind, intimately connected with self-denial and curtailment of one's aspirations and ambitions. To the French it is synonymous with the fullest development of one's mental attributes, the greatest improvement of one's opportunities, the daring projection of one's personality into the social environment. No other conception of character could yield a more striking proof of the all-permeating influence of the social instinct.

A study of the diffusion of the social spirit throughout the fabric of French society would show how completely it has moulded manners, education, literature and art; how, in a highly organized social body where individuals "per se" are of less import than their social standing, where every field of human endeavor is sharply defined and circumscribed, and where competition is keen, character and moral discipline are decidedly less valued than capacity and intelligence, the corner-stones of social achievement and political success. Such a study would carry us, however, beyond the limits of a mere sketch. On the other hand, the few traits we have considered do not warrant us in drawing a conclusion that would be sufficiently comprehensive. The deductions which the foreign observer makes from French life are often so contradictory that it would probably take the deeper insight of blood relationship to combine them into a harmonious interpretation of French character. All that we can do is to point to the results, to French History, to French culture. In the world of ideas, in the domain of pure thought, in the sphere of artistic creation, France stands foremost. Her superiority must be admitted, in spite of her moral epicureanism, so repellent to Anglo-Saxon austerity. No amount of puritanical dogmatism can alter the facts. As Bishop Butler says: "Things are as they are and will be as they will be."

## THE IMMORTAL HOPE

(By Principal W. H. Smith, D.D.)

Let the evolutionary theory be admitted. The question is whether it is fatal to immortality. The first observation is that this theory, if true in the above inference, not only strikes a fatal blow at immortality but also at every intellectual and moral achievement. Before considering this statement there is one aspect of the case that must not be overlooked. Fiske states it thus:—"The all-important fact is that this dreaming savage has somehow acquired a mental attitude toward death which is totally different from that of all other animals, and is therefore peculiarly human." In the development of humanity as such the starting point will be found in the moment, when it dawned upon the individual that death was a mystery which he had in his turn to meet. Before primitive man could interpret his dreams in support of the idea of life after death he must have had an intelligence already alive to moral ends. His dreaming was not the dreaming of an animal but the dreaming of a man. The important thing is that the earliest traces of the immortal hope arose in connection with some kind of intellectual philosophy of the universe and man's moral relation to it.

With this in mind consider that all great and worthy activities of life have had a very lowly origin, just as lowly as belief in immortality. Begin with the origin of thought either in the race or the individual. Instantly we are plunged into a world of fairy tales concerning fairy land. Both alike are real and both implicitly accepted as true. Superstition abounds. The imagination runs riot and creates and peoples worlds which in later years are rejected as unscientific and imaginary. It is pretty clearly understood that as the baby sits propped among his pillows and turns his eyes hither and thither in following his mother's movements to and fro in the room, she seems in coming toward him to enlarge and in going away to diminish in size, like Alice in Wonderland. Yet from this lowly, earth born origin all our mature thought, our scientific world and finest flights of imagination come.

Or, take conscience. At first there is no conscience in childhood as we understand that word. It appears later in life, first finding its sanction in a law without and then in a law within the soul. It is a study of wonderful interest and affording many surprises to trace the evolution of conscience

in the individual and the race. Yet from this lowly earth born origin is developed that moral light and power which have overturned unworthy empires and institutions and become the foundation of abiding civilization in its ideal and method.

Or, take the sciences. The first astronomers believed the gods made a new sun every day. Modern astronomy is the logical development of this primitive astronomy. Primitive man built his first hut of grass, mud or bark. Our Palaces and cathedrals are the logical outcome of that hut. The first musician struck two sea shells together. The great organ and the magnificent orchestra are the logical growth of the first crude harmony. So throughout life's varied activity. Everything worth while sprang from a lowly, primitive, childish, earth born impulse and capacity, so lowly that no one ever dreamed of the latent possibilities. Today we ask, Is it worth while? If so we gladly accept it at its value and live by it. Its lowly origin is not against its value in our practical judgment. The proper viewpoint here is absolutely necessary. Fiske well says, nothing very lofty could be expected from the kind of brain that was encased in the Neanderthal skull. Yet it is of great significance that in the earliest times belief rose to a great hope and faith in Egypt, in India and among the Greeks as well as the Hebrew. The question of its lowly origin carries no prejudice. We ask is immortality worth while? Is it reasonable? Is it the logical outcome of human life as such? Does it increase in value as life unfolds its latent powers? Is it a necessary accompaniment of spirit? Is it in keeping with and necessary to the highest achievements of human life? If so, we must face the question of its inner reality.

We need not in this connection enter into a discussion of the philosophical principles involved in this question of origins. The unanimous judgment of the race indicates with sufficient clearness what applies to life and ought to dispose of unreasonable criticism concerning life hereafter. The development of human life shows that the original nature or essence contained the power and capacity equal to actual achievement. May we not safely claim that this



original power has not yet been fully realized and that the unfulfilled aspirations are yet to be fully accomplished? Who can say that humanity has come to its destiny along the line of development? Life comes first. Its origin in time is necessarily lowly, helpless, undeveloped. The theories concerning life come last. In its origin life is so weak as to be helpless and for years must be nourished and trained. But amid the helplessness of these early days arises a new tendency which soon masters the helplessness and sends the individual forth as a conqueror. The dawning of this new intelligence, spiritual idealism and moral energy, strongly indicate that man's true life and real destiny are found in the realm of the spirit rather than in the realm of the flesh. Here is found a striking contrast. In this life man is unable to fully and completely express the deepest meaning of his being. This lack of finality and maturity becomes a strong warrant for the belief that there is another sphere in which adequate expression can be experienced. Of this new world our individual life at its best is a glimpse, a fragment or a hint, we may say a visible beginning. We cannot feel that our life is limited to time because already it overflows into the spiritual, eternal world of perfect ideal and fellowship. Already our spirits feel at home in the anticipation of abiding fulness in the life beyond death.

One aspect of the case needs to be emphasised namely how, if the lowly origin of the immortal hope necessarily implies that it has no permanent foundation, it attained such magnificent proportions. The early superstitions and fancies of primitive man in other realms of interest have been promptly discarded and openly repudiated but belief in immortality has not only held its sway in human life but it has been growing in purity and inspiration, and commands the personal acceptance of the most advanced thinkers in every department of human activity. It is easy for the evolutionist to claim that belief in immortality originated in the dreams of the primitive savage. It is now a serious problem for the evolutionist to show why it is that this false, crude raving occasioned by certain physical states of the brain instead of being rejected by modern scientific research is increasingly finding support as the tide of noblest thinking and living flows into life. The claim as to the origin and the facts as to development are absolutely inconsistent. The facts can be scientifically demonstrated. The theory is at least so badly damaged that repair seems impossible.

But the claim of the materialistic evolutionists that all mental states are the result of certain arrangement or condition of the brain particles demands a passing notice. This logically compels us to admit that all our convictions and intellectual propositions, as for example mathematics, are the direct, unerring result of the motion of certain brain particles. The plain statement of this theory makes its acceptance absurd. It destroys thought. It is a matter of experience that the thinking self can so concentrate the will as to dwell with intensity upon any theme or in practical affairs achieve any result within the range of human ability. No doubt during the thinking process the brain particles or substance is very profoundly exercised and certain chemical and physical and nervous consequences inevitably follow. But to say that these changes are the cause of the thinking is just as reasonable as to say that any effect is the real cause of that effect. It is unpardonable confusion both in experience and interpretation.

Professor James takes the view that the whole universe is but a surface veil of phenomena. The infinite mind he likens to the "Mother sea." The human brain is like a prism which catches up the streams of divine light and transmits them to the world of human thought. These rays are, no doubt, distorted somewhat by the coarseness of the conducting medium, ourselves, in varying degree. Sometimes when

the mind or soul is transparent and well fitted for transmitting divine truth, remarkable experiences are enjoyed. In this way James accounts for those remarkable facts so often witnessed of raptures near death, spiritual glory in conversion and exaltation in revival power. As he says, the "mother-sea" may at times pour over the dam and give unusual streams of glory. With such an interpretation of experience he would be a bold man who would reject immortality on account of its lowly origin.

Yearning for heaven, halting tongue,  
The muffled music of thy spirit,  
The thought unvoiced, the songs unsung,  
Are hints of what thou shalt inherit.

But the evolutionary philosophy goes even farther than in challenging the lowly origin of the immortal hope. It steps out boldly and claims that the mind itself, humanity itself is of lowly origin, earth-born, animal. It unfolds before the imagination the boundless fathomless, infinite universe in time and space, so vast that no mind can even dare to compass it. It then shows man so small, so insignificant, so identified with the animal world as such, that he has no more reason to expect immortality than the monkey, the dog, or the horse. He is an animal in kind, differing only in the degree of evolution. In looking at this stupendous claim the first consideration is that the evolutionary process is repeated in every individual. Man begins life in purely animal form, starts from a single cell. At first there is no mental, moral or spiritual factor apparent, just a little animal seemingly differing only in degree suggesting finest possibilities of development. But linger awhile. He grows, he shows powers the other animals do not. He begins to climb the ladder that reaches up to heaven, while they remain quite satisfied upon the earth. He ascends until a Socrates, a Shakespeare, a Kelvin, a Milton, a Scott or a Luther burst upon their ages, peering into the beauty and power of the unseen world, and then pouring the light of God and eternal truth upon humanity. The evolutionist says man had a lowly origin. Granted, but what about his development? The lowly tent of his physical origin and upbringing are left behind and man marches up the everlasting hills of God never to return to the place of his birth. The main problem of philosophy and theology is not the origin but the achievement and destiny of humanity. In the nature of things man's physical beginning in time is lowly, surrounded by all the material conditions necessary for protection, nourishment, education. All this is at once admitted. But whence the life thus planted in this lowly human mould? Whither is man going? What is the course he is steering over the tempestuous billows of time? Is the light by which he is steering but the fitful flashes of earth-born, animal desires, or the gleams radiating from the land where the Lord God is the light thereof? Which is to be given the determining word, origin or accomplishment? If physical origin settles destiny, then all is of the earth, earthy, and must perish when the body dies. If attainment determines destiny, then humanity alone of all creation is marching upward to the world of perfection. It is true man comes out of the dust, but it is equally true he possesses a nature which is not explained by the dust. He is free, spiritual, moral, social, in a sense not true of any animal. He thinks according to ideals not determined by molecules in his brain.

Know, man hath all that Nature hath but more,  
And in that More lie all his hopes of good.

The relation of mind to body is confessedly mysterious. The fact is that we know them as they exist together. One conditions the other. The ultimate relation of the one to the other is the crux of the whole question. The position of the evolutionary tendency already referred to is to make the mind the product of the brain and therefore absolutely



dependent upon it, so that when the brain ails the mind ceases to be. The position of idealism and all Christian philosophy is that the mind is an independent reality, using the brain for its present manifestation, but still retaining its existence when the brain fails. The whole question is now the subject of careful scrutiny in physiological psychology. Kant claimed that the death of the body may be the end of the sensational use of our mind but only the beginning of the intellectual use. The body would thus be, not the cause of our thinking but merely a condition restrictive thereof, and, although essential to our sensuous and animal consciousness, it may be regarded as an impediment of our pure spiritual life. This comes quite near to present day theory.

One observation only need be made in this connection. Whilst all our thinking is conditioned by the gray matter of the brain there is good reason for holding that the gray matter does not produce the thinking person. The amount of the gray matter does not determine the amount of the thinking person. Many of the world's great thinkers have had brains of less than the medium weight and size. There is not thus an identity between gray matter and mind. Again, only one hemisphere is necessary for thinking, for if one be destroyed the man can think as clearly without it. The gray matter is not the person. A man cannot see without the eye, but the eye is not the person. He cannot speak without the tongue but the tongue is not the person. He cannot think without the brain but the brain is not the person. The inter-relation and correspondence is established but not the identity. If a man is shut up in a house, the transparency of the windows is an essential condition of his seeing the sky. But it would not be a correct inference to say that if he walked out of the house he could not see the sky because there was no longer any window through which he might see it. It seems definitely established that the mind uses the brain as its organ of expression. There is no more reason to suppose that the mind ceases with physical death than to suppose that the mind ceases with the temporary suspension of consciousness in sleep. Outstanding thinkers in philosophy, medicine and psychology, as well as in theology, take this position of the independence of the mind, and claim that there are no barriers in the way of holding that the way to immortality is still open, and that the tides, full-flooded, are setting toward the shores of the Unseen World. They even go further. Evolution gives new strength to hope. The cosmic process aims at improvement. Where failure marks one stage, success crowns another. There is nothing to forbid the hope that in another world humanity will undergo its rejuvenation with happier results than in its earlier stages. Either the world is moral or it is not. If it is moral the Creator's redeeming interest must last forever and the ultimate goal be reached. With the full hope that when death comes the soul abides Tennyson thus rises to the clear vision of what this means when the hour of the soul's departure approaches:—

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me;  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.  
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark;  
For though from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

The striking thing is that the objections urged against the immortal hope can be urged with equal force against every aspect of the moral and spiritual life here. These objections are not urged for the simple reason that people would consider it an absurd thing to pay any attention to them. They see that the objection and the needs of actual living clash. One is false and the other true. They cling to the results of actual experience and reject the objections as idle speculations. Why should we reject the objections dealing with life in this world and then give them a determining place in dealing with this same life beyond death? It is not consistent nor is it worthy of a sane attitude toward the fundamental principles of living. We must take our stand somewhere, and it is surely in keeping with the highest intelligence to stand with our faces toward the eastern sky, from which light has been streaming over the mountain tops, rolling the mists and fogs of materialism backward. The denial of immortality does great violence to feelings and hopes inexpressibly dear. This in itself should arouse suspicion that such denial is not based upon the nature of things. The cry of the soul for a sure resting place is answered by the nature of things that the immortal hope not only does no violence to our reason, instincts or affections, but is in keeping with the principles of science found valid in this life. The way is now open to enter the temple of spiritual experience. In this Holy of Holies we ask. Is the Immortal Hope guaranteed to mortals?

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I should like to give to every woman in the land a card on which, in letters of gold, I would write:

"Be Beautiful".

"If you can't be beautiful,

Be as beautiful as you can."

Everything that lives and grows is beautiful. The other day I saw, silhouetted against the "Eternal Hills" a peach-tree in bloom, like a bride adorned for her bridegroom; the beauty of it was like to make one's heart ache for joy. In the outline of a leafless tree against the sky, the fronds of a tiny fern, a snowflake beneath the magnifying glass, the noble proportions of a horse, the colors on a butterfly's wing, or on a snake's scales, the sheer loveliness of a flower-dotted meadow, the grave beauty of a forest tree, or the wild glory of the sea, Beauty surrounds and pursues us: should we not be in harmony with it all?

We cannot all be good-looking, for good-looks, after all depend upon our features, and they are thrust upon us, for good or ill. But beauty is every woman's heritage, and she may grasp it—if she will work for it, and not be weary in well-doing.

Every woman who will, may have beautiful hair, a flawless complexion, a good figure, a graceful carriage, and a pleasant expression. Without these no one can be beautiful, and with them, no one can be ill-looking.

The first essential, of course, is freedom from organic disease. A yearly "overhauling" by your family physician is the part of wisdom. Perhaps, though you may have no definite illness, you have a "delicate nervous system." It's the best kind to have. Make up your mind to that at first. A delicately balanced machine, though it is easily put out of order, is capable of work that a coarser, sturdier one can never do. A finely constructed nervous system is a precious possession, not a disease.

Beauty, like everything else in this world, must be bought and paid for in advance, by persistent, intelligent effort, but the price is well within our means.

You ask, "What must I do to be beautiful?"

It would not be possible, in the short space of this Corner, to lay down a full and authoritative beauty programme which would apply in all cases, but there are a few simple rules which we are the more likely to forget because of their very simplicity.

Use plenty of water, inside and out. Drink eight glasses of water every day.

Take plenty of exercise in the open air. Housework, done with doors and windows open, is unexcelled.

Make friends with your mirror; it will help you to attain an erect and graceful carriage.

Rest. Sleep at least eight hours every night, longer if you need to, with open windows, or, better still, out-doors. Relax in bed. Relax at your work. You don't need to use every nerve and muscle in your body for each task you undertake. Watch yourself, and when you find yourself sitting with nerves tense and taut relax deliberately. Make yourself heavy, see how little effort you can exert and still work rapidly and efficiently. When you feel tired, stop, lift up your eyes, just for an instant 'unto the hills', and hum a little tune, or repeat a favorite poem. You will hardly believe, until you try it for yourself, how it will rest and 'compose' you.

Eat moderately of plain food at regular hours in leisurely fashion. Watch your weight. The man, (it must have been a man) who said, "Beauty is only skin deep" was a pompous ass. If he had said it was 'stomach-deep' he would have been nearer the mark.

See to it that the poisons that are generated by the work of that machine, your body, are thoroughly eliminated daily. Do this not by medicines, but by intelligent variety in diet and sensible exercise.

Use cosmetics sparingly. At best they are but crutches, at the worst a confession.

DON'T WORRY. I'd like to print that in two-inch 'scare' headlines. You don't have to worry. You can trust. "The promises of God are sure" and they say "Whosoever" and "Whatsoever". That means YOU and YOUR problems.

Cultivate beautiful thoughts and an interest in other people: there is no surer road to beauty. We all know homely folks whose lack of beauty is forgotten in the sweetness of their expression.

A low and well-modulated voice is a great help too. A pretty way of speaking is infinitely more attractive than a pretty face, and a pleasant voice more to be desired than fine clothes.

Finally, sisters, be Happy. I don't say 'be joyful', for joy is a gift, and not the portion of all. But we may all be happy, for happiness is not dependent on any outward circumstance but is a conscious, attainable attitude of mind. I think its secret lies in three little words, "Faith, Hope, Love."

Childhood, youth, maturity, old-age, all may be beautiful. Beautiful indeed is the unconscious grace of childhood, the fire and fervor of youth, the poise of maturity; not less beautiful the lines thought and suffering have etched on the face of age.

Let me share with you this quotation from Madame Swetchine, clipped from some forgotten magazine years ago, and treasured ever since:

"Shall we make no account of the slackened but surer pace, the dignity, the calm, which make old age what God intended it to be—a sublime halt between a conquered world and eternity? I collect myself, O my God! at the close of life, as at the close of day, and bring to Thee my thoughts and my love. The last thoughts of a heart that loves Thee are like those last, deepest, ruddiest rays of the setting sun. Thou hast willed O my God! that life should be beautiful even to the end. Make me to grow and keep me green, make me to climb like the plant which lifts its head to Thee for the last time before it drops its seed and dies."

Don't put it off. Start being beautiful right this very minute.

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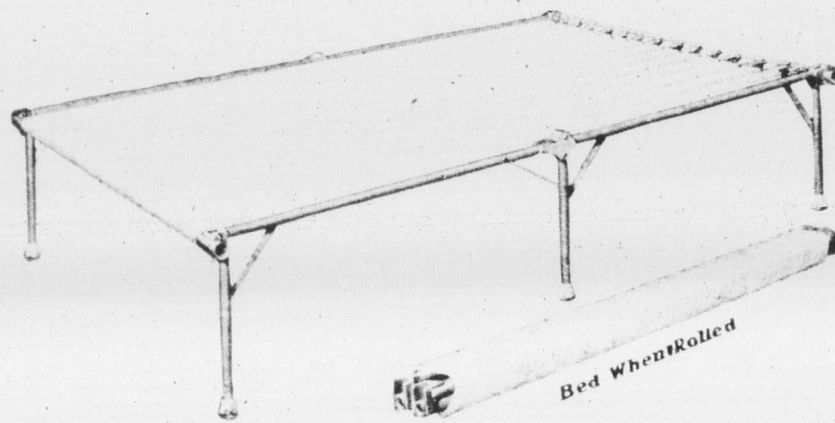
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