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No. 5

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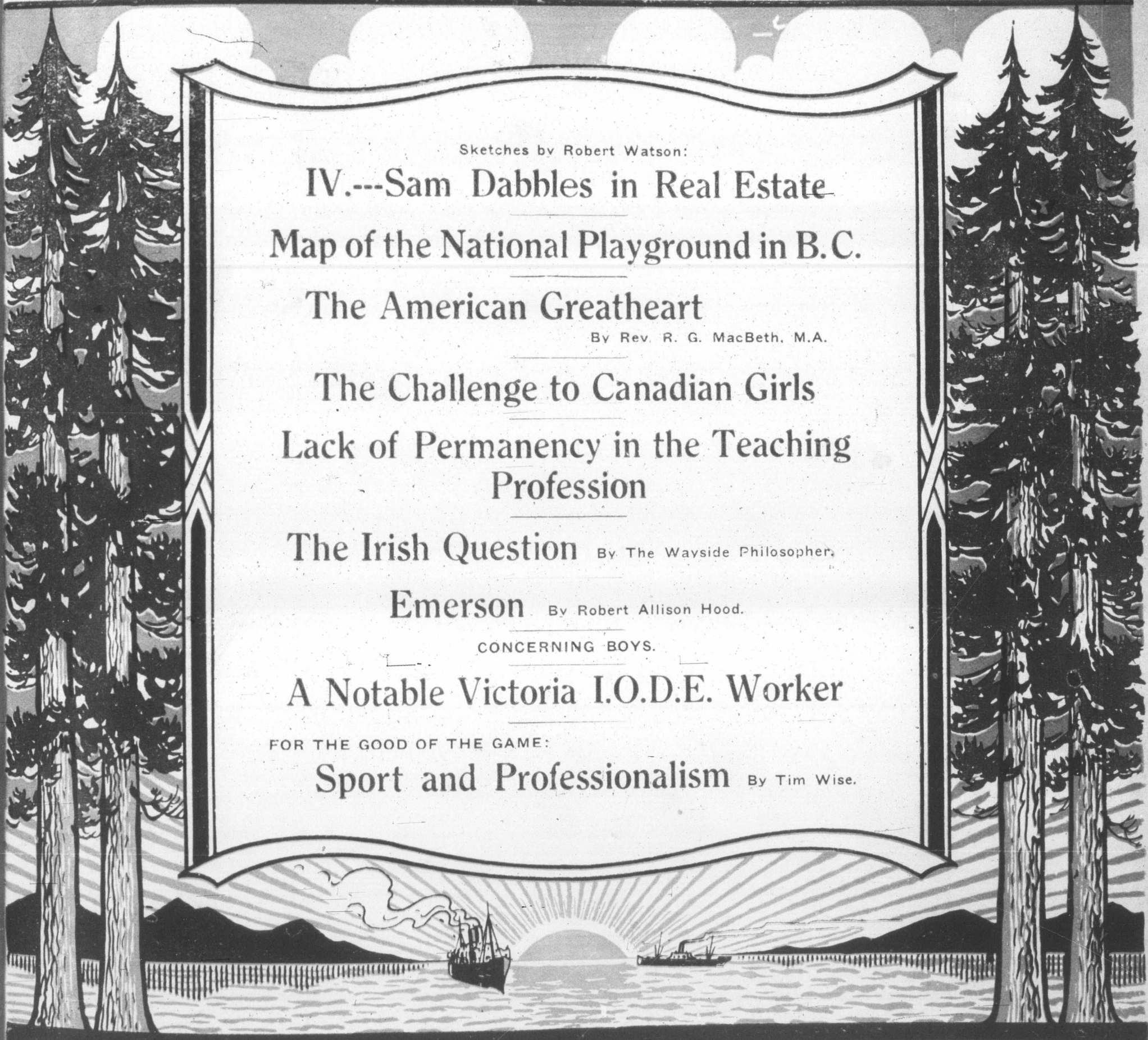
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A Notable Victoria I.O.D.E. Worker

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THE DOMINANT NOTE IN THE FORWARD MOVEMENT

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Promoting

Social Betterment, Educational Progress and Religious Life;
but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.

"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

Vol. XV.

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THE DOMINANT NOTE IN THE FORWARD MOVEMENT

Messages from Representative Western Canadian Churchmen

NOTE—In keeping with the interests and ideals which this Magazine for nearly nine years has sought to foster and support, and regardless of any business consideration which may be omitted or extended to it by Forward Movement Officials in the East or West, we ventured to invite the representative Churchmen—clergymen and laymen on the Inter-Church Executive Committee of B. C.—to give us short messages concerning what they thought should be the dominant note of the Forward Movement. The following replies were received before we went to press:

I. An Appeal to Loyalty, Humanity, Business Sense and Self-Interest.

1. The Forward Movement is an appeal to our loyalty. We have received as our greatest inheritance from the Motherland the Christian Faith. When put to the acid test, Canada has proved "no degenerate Son of the Mother;" she has kept the faith. Now we are called upon to do as the Motherland did in handing on to those that come after us this great inheritance, in giving to those in our own land, by our exertions, the torch of truth that the Mother passed on to us.
2. The Forward Movement is next an appeal to our common humanity. We are asked to take proper care of our aged and infirm Clergy, and the Widow and Orphan.
3. The Forward Movement makes a claim upon our business sense. We should show much ability and activity in organizing the affairs of the Church so that she may be an efficient agent, as we do in organizing the affairs of any Co-operative Society.
4. The Forward Movement makes an appeal to our true self interest and high sanctified self-interest, that Charity, which begins at home, is approved, both by God and man. "He, who would save his life, must lose it." "Who is on the Lord's side?" Sanctify yourselves today unto the Lord."

—BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER.....

II. The Only Power to Cure the World's Ills.

This is without doubt the greatest day of opportunity in the history of the Christian Church. Our time has arrived to convince the world and to convict ourselves that we mean business. We shall now adopt a programme somewhat commensurate with the origin, the history and the power of Christian faith.

The world war has taught us how to do big things in a big way. Too long have we deceived ourselves in thinking that we were carrying on a Christian warfare, while we have utterly failed in service to manifest the daring spirit and

self-sacrifice of the modern soldier. Now the opportunity has come to the rank and file of organized Christianity in Canada, to dedicate life and substance to the service of God in something like the spirit in which our brave lads dedicated themselves to the service of King and Country, thousands of them literally dying upon the field of battle, and tens of thousands of them in spirit, at least, paying the "supreme sacrifice" in their desperate struggle with the enemies of our civilization.

Only in this spirit shall we be able in this great day of the world's need to assume that leadership which shall bring order out of chaos and give rest to her troubled spirit, for, while the mutterings and groanings of the world are more or less incoherent, they are, nevertheless, real. She is indeed sick at heart and the only power calculated to cure her ills, not by a reformation only, but by the regeneration of her heart, is the power of organized Christianity. Let every last soldier of Jesus Christ in this great day prove his loyalty by the dedication of his all.

S. S. OSTERHOUT,

Organizer for the Methodist Church in British Columbia.

III.—Opportunity and Responsibility.

The two dominant words in this Forward Movement at this juncture are OPPORTUNITY and RESPONSIBILITY.

Never before was there such an opportunity given the Church to equip herself for the tremendous work committed to her to do.

For months God's people have been praying that a great spiritual awakening might come to the Church and that men and women might give themselves to His service. Do we believe that it is coming? Have we faith enough in God to give us these workers? If we have, we shall show it by providing an equipment that will enable them to do the work to which they give themselves. It is said of a Man of God on one occasion, when on a sailing vessel, he was asked to intercede with God that wind might be forthcoming to enable the becalmed vessel to proceed on her journey. "Yes," he said, "I will, but you must put up the sails first." After some reluctance they did, and the wind came. The responsibility of providing equipment rests on us.

Gladly did we contribute during the war, of our means, to put into the hands of Our Boys the best possible equipment to enable them to drive back the Huns; without stint we gave our boys, and 60,000 of them died to keep us free, and because of their sacrifice our soil has not been violated and our homes have not been ravaged. Are we willing to die to our little self, to our ignoble purposes, to set men free from superstition, from ignorance, from sin and from oppression?

This is our opportunity; may we seize it! This is our responsibility; may it be to us a privilege!

A. E. MITCHELL,

Organizer for the Presbyterian Church in B. C.

IV.—Co-operation; Applied Christianity; Call to Christian Work.

1. Denominations have been too far apart for many years in Canada. As our soldiers jumped the Denominational fences, so the Forward Movement is showing Canadian people that the several churches are willing to Co-operate in advancing not only Christianity, but Canadian peace and prosperity
2. To solve Home, Social, Industrial and national Problems, the principles of the Gospel are imperatively needed, and men in authority everywhere know it, and these men are expectantly looking to Christianity to lead on to a better day and better conditions; and to create a better spirit than we have now. Hence the need of the Forward Movement.

3. Standing still today is impossible. The Forward Movement is calling our young men and women to give their lives to Christian work. We can meet the larger programme at home and abroad, prompted by God's spirit, which is now brooding over Canada. Our young people are responding and this response means financial responsibility.
4. Too long have all denominations in Canada starved their preachers while in the active work, and then retired them on a pathetically small superannuation allowance. I feel sure that this Forward Movement will correct the above and prove that we "have a heart."
5. Our Church Educational Institutions have played a large part in forming our laws and ideals and the character of our citizens. Canada mourns today the loss of many of her best Sons, who, had they lived, would have been the leaders of tomorrow. Surely our colleges are more than ever needed to inspire and educate others to replace these physically removed heroes.
6. Finally and greatest of all the Forward Movement is needed to bring to the individual, the refining strengthening power of the Gospel.

GEORGE BELL, M. L. A.

Victoria, B. C., Chairman Methodist Campaign.

V.—A Spiritual Note.

The dominant note of the Church Forward Movement should be a Spiritual Note. The movement aims on the one hand at intensifying the religious life of those who are already enlisted in the service of the church, and on the other hand at expending its influence by enrolling recruits throughout the world.

For both purposes money—itself the result of exercise of body and brain—is necessary. We can not, however, hope to obtain the financial objective unless we are thoroughly imbued with the deep spiritual import of the movement.

A. McC. CREERY (Anglican).

VI.—An Expression of Gratitude—No Fitter Memorial.

The Forward Movement, coming to its peak in the February Drive, is a most fitting expression of gratitude to God for the preservation of Freedom and Liberty and the consummation of an honorable peace. Inasmuch as it aims to give a great impulse to the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, by which alone the love of God and man can be implanted in the hearts of men and so bring harmony and peace where now discord and turmoil are fretting the whole world, no fitter memorial could be erected to our fallen men than this effort to forward the cause for which they fought, and in which they died.

G. F. GIBSON (Presbyterian).

VII.—The Heart Response; Know Better: Serve More.

The dominant note is a Forward Movement in the soul toward God because it is the heart response to the drawing of His mercies in Providence and His love through Jesus Christ.

The war won may result in pride and self-sufficiency, which ends in spiritual decline—a backward movement. But the war won ought to produce the result we aim at, namely, the recognition of, and thanksgiving for, a mercy, that we owe to Him, in which we hear His voice saying: "Know Me better that you may love more; serve more. Then will follow a Spiritual Movement in mind, heart and will that will energize us to intercede, work and give.

J. WILLARD LITCH (Baptist).

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VIII.—Clear Off Your Church Mortgages.

The name Forward Movement means, of course, "Forward." One aim should be to rid the churches of their mortgage charges. The time of the Management Committee could be better employed than having most of their time worrying about interest payments.

W. DALTON (Congregationalist).

IX.—Loyalty to the Living Christ.

Loyalty to the wishes of the living Christ who desires that each of His followers should be His witness and an instrument He can use in His redemptive work for the last man, woman and child in every country, that He may enrich, gladden and beautify their lives in every relationship.

REV. W. A. WILSON, D.D.

Formerly of Presbyterian Missions, India.

X.—The World a Community.

Our Canadian Forward Movement has been inspired from our Foreign Mission Fields. It would seem that the world is becoming conscious of itself as a community. When we consider the statement of scripture that God so loved the world as to send His only Son, or when we read the words of John Wesley, "The World is my Parish," we have been given the dominant tone for this, or any Forward Movement. A world view with its vastness will bring a deeper sense of God and His Fatherhood than can be realized in any smaller way. The idea of the community of nations carries in it the necessity of the communion of churches, co-operation among citizens and kindly affection in the home.

J. J. WESLEY MILLER (Methodist)
Armstrong, B. C.

XI.—The New Sense of Stewardship.

The dominant note of the Forward Movement has been the new sense of stewardship awakened in the children of God. God's gifts—such as time, talents, money—have been entrusted to us. We must be found faithful stewards. A young man returned to Winnipeg from the Des Moines Convention. "We decided," he said, "that the biggest thing in all the world for life-investment, was the foreign field. So we are going there—but if there is anything bigger we want to find it." Nothing less than the biggest is big enough for a

young man or woman, that holds abilities in trust for the "Master of all good workmen."

F. W. KERR.

(For some time Presbyterian Organizer for B.C., and now of Manitoba College, Winnipeg).

XII.—A Movement.—Not Merely a Campaign.

The Inter Church Forward Movement has indeed proved itself to be a Movement, and not a Campaign only. The splendid spirit shown by the different Communions co-operating, has meant very much to the step forward now being taken by the Church of the living God.

The large amount of money which has been entrusted to the Church to spend for the extension of the Kingdom of God has put responsibility upon the Churches taking part in the Movement. This responsibility will be cheerfully accepted, but with a grave sense of the utmost importance of wisdom and guidance needed as the Church moves forward.

It is a great spiritual movement, begun in answer to the call of God,



REV. A. E. ROBERTS.

and a great opportunity which will be continued in all the Churches throughout the year until it becomes a permanent factor in the spiritual activities of the whole Church—until the prayer so often prayed, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," becomes a reality.—A. E. Roberts (Secretary Inter-Church Forward Movement).

"FOR THE GOOD OF THE GAME:"

AMATEUR SPORT AND PROFESSIONAL MANAGEMENT.

By Tim Wise.

Because this magazine stands for community service in the widest sense of the term, and also because we believe that all good citizens are interested in whatever concerns the physical well-being of our young men, we feel justified in taking sides in a matter which is causing concern to those interested in amateur sport in the city of Vancouver.

Just now the progress of the fine and manly game of association football is handicapped by the fact that two distinct elements are fighting for control. It is impossible to deal in detail with the rights and wrongs of the case, but it is undoubtedly true that the long-drawn-out squabble has created chaos in the organization of the game, for the management of matches leaves much to be desired and discipline amongst the players is inclined to be slack.

We believe that the majority of those interested in the game hold the opinion that the trouble could be immediately and finally settled if Mr. Con Jones could be persuaded to refrain from interference with the affairs of this branch of amateur sport.

No doubt Mr. Jones has done real public service, even though by way of private enterprise, but we believe, that in

the public view, there is a great gulf fixed between amateur and professional sport and it is only natural that some people should hold the opinion that behind Mr. Jones' activities lie the possibilities of association Football as a public spectacle replacing the now less popular game of lacrosse.

It seems a very curious thing that Mr. Jones should have been accepted as the official representative of Amateur Association Football in British Columbia by the Dominion Association. It is also very strange that coupled with this decision comes the announcement that Mr. Jones had furnished a guarantee which makes it possible to bring out to this country one or two of the crack English Association Football teams.

In our opinion interest in the game will not be quickened one iota by the fact that a trip of this kind will be made, for even now, in spite of all handicaps, Association Football is the most popular outdoor sport in this Province. It needs no artificial stimulus and we would repeat that if Mr. Jones really has the interest of the game at heart, he will best serve and forward its affairs by leaving its control in the hands of those who are not interested in professional sport in any shape or form.

SOME THOUGHTS ON EMERSON.

(By Robert Allison Hood.)

Ralph Waldo Emerson, although not the founder of any definite system of philosophy, deserves to rank as one of the most important thinkers of modern times. A prince of optimists, he brought the world a message full of hope and encouragement, the stimulus of which is still active in the present day and bids fair to continue for many a long year to come. "It is the best sign of a great nature," he himself has said, "that it opens a foreground, and, like the breath of morning landscapes, invites us onward." This is what Emerson does for us in his writings. He cheers us by disclosing the noble and the beautiful in life and nature. While not ignoring the evil, he regards it as merely transitory and incidental, a perversion of the natural order of things and not inherent in the marrow of humanity. "The man with the muck-rake" is abhorrent to him. He is persuaded of a beneficent purpose pervading all things which always brings good out of evil, and so for himself at least, the mystery of pain and sorrow has no existence. "But the divine effort is never relaxed," as he has so beautifully put it in his essay on Swedenborg; "the carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers, and man, though in brothels, or gaols, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true." This was the keynote of the message that Emerson gave to the world.

As has been said already, Emerson had no cut-and-dried system of philosophy. His mind was of the type which is often called feminine, not analytical and logical, but rather brilliant and impulsive, reaching its conclusions by intuition rather than by step-by-step reasoning. In all speculation concerning the world and the rules that govern it, he claims, the reason that is seemingly most shadowy and unreal is the most certain to arrive at the real truth. The science that works by experiment tends to be blinded by the very closeness of its application; in poring over minutiae it misses the comprehensive view of the whole which is necessary for a true understanding.

Thus, he believed that the materialists with their belief that matter is the only real thing in the universe, to be utterly mistaken, because they ignore the existence of a force, intangible, outside the realm of matter, and yet controlling matter, which is Spirit. This Spirit, Emerson believed, pervades all things and man is merely a vessel through which it flows, or a stringed instrument, upon which it plays, the chords vibrating as the wind of the Spirit influences them. This of course is the transcendentalism of which Emerson was so earnest an apostle and which is but a modification of the mysticism of Plotinus and the teachings of the Hindu creed.

Visionary and extravagant as such a belief may appear to the average practical man, there is little or nothing that may be called so in the general tenour of Emerson's writings, in the rule of conduct which he there lays down. Rather, he has been called "the apostle of a glorified common sense." Emerson was no solitary hermit living apart in his books, but a man, who took a keen interest in all the affairs of the world. As a lecturer, he wielded a great influence in moulding the thought of his time and inspiring men to lofty ideals and a reverence and admiration for all that was pure and true. Indeed, so great was this influence in his own land that Dean Stanley declared that in his six weeks visit to America he heard thirty or forty sermons by ministers of different denominations, and that in every case, the sermon was by Mr. Emerson.

Unlike his friend Carlyle, Emerson did not think of mankind as of sheep following their bell-wether in blind obedience. Rather, he believed that every man was at least a potential

(Continued on page 10)

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The Canadianizing of Sam MacPhail

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By ROBERT WATSON

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

No. 4—Sam Dabbles in Real Estate.

Sometimes, just before retiring to bed, when he wearied of reading Old Country newspapers, looking over old correspondence and photographs, and writing letters, Sam would knock timidly at our door and come in.

Though he seldom took part, he liked to listen to our arguments and discussions, apparently enjoying the words of profound wisdom regarding Canada and things Canadian that fell from the lips of old-timers such as Jim and I were.

Of course, at that particular period, we were talking, thinking, imbibing and dreaming,—Real Estate.

It was all Chinese to Sam for a while, but it was wonderful how quickly he assimilated the main idea:—"Buy at a price and sell quickly for a little more."

"It looks tae me just as bad and sinfu' as playin' cards for money," he ventured one night. "It's gamblin'."

We tried to explain to him that, if he drew such a hard and fast line everything under the sun could be condemned in the same way: eating and drinking on the chance that he would live for a few hours longer, would be gambling: working in a sewer at the risk of his life and limbs for the sake of making more money than he actually required for his immediate needs would be gambling: going to church and being good on chance of escaping eternal punishment: writing letters to Maggie despite the fact that steamers that carry mails sometimes go down, would be gambling. Everything was a gamble.

Sam drew back into himself thoughtfully and listened.

Soon after this Jim and I caught him figuring and figuring in a little notebook, leaning his head on his hand and looking speculatively into space. He began to make mysterious journeys to the outlying districts of the city.

We tried quietly to probe his secret, but he was the proverbial oyster; and, as it was really none of our business, we did not make further attempts to force his confidence.

One night, however, about eleven o'clock, he burst in on us and planted himself on the edge of my bed. He was flushed. His hands were everywhere at once and he seemed ill-at-ease. Once or twice he wiped his brow with his handkerchief.

"What's the mat—Sam?" shouted Jim. "You look as if Maggie had thrown you over?"

Sam rose and walked nervously up and down the room.

"My!—do you ken,—I've done it. It's the truth I'm tellin' you. I've done it,—I've done it," he repeated, with a very solemn face.

"Murder, robbery, marriage or suicide,—which?" I asked, laughing.

"I don't ken if I've done richt or wrang. I'm feart it's wrang, but I've done it and I'll ha'e tae abide by the consequences."

"Spit it out then, and you'll feel better," shouted Jim impatiently.

"I've bought a piece o' land:—a lot."

Jim and I yelled uproariously, causing Mrs. Sands to shout from her room below: "It's time all decent folks were in bed."

"Where is the lot, Sam?" we asked.

"In Tobermory Heights," he replied. "I bocht it there because the name soounded hame-like. At least, that was one o' the reasons. I thoct it micht bring me guid luck."

"But I'm no' just pleased I let that Real-estate Agent drag me intae the thing the way he did. He talked about his wife and bairns and hoo he would lose his job if he didna sell a

Tobermory Heights before the end o' the week. I just couldna refuse him."

"What did you pay for it?" asked the business-like Jim.

"A hundred dollars."

"And the terms?"

"Twenty-five dollars doon and the balance in six, twelve and eighteen months. I think hooever, I'll pay it richt oot noo and be done wi' it, for I hate owin' a man, even if it is in six twelve and eighteen months. It's ower long tae look ahead: a body micht be deid and buried."

"Pay fiddlesticks! Don't be a simp— Sam!" cried Jim. "Pay when you have to and keep the rest of your money in the bank until it's needed."

"Do you think I got a bargain?" asked Sam, his Scotch instinct for bargains getting the better of his conscience for a moment. "It looks real nice. There are fine trees on it, and ferns, and dockens, and yellow flo'ers."

"We'll tell you better about that when we see it," I said.

"Man!—it's terribly excitin' though," complained Sam. "I'm hot a' ower. My he'rt hasna stopped beatin' since I payed that Agent my twenty-five guid dollars and signed my name tae the Agreement for Sale,—or whatever they ca' that dagont document."

He started to walk the floor again.

"I hope I'll no' be up against it before the end o' the eighteen months."

Jim and I laughed at Sam's first Canadian expression.

He blushed. "You see, wi' buying real estate, I'm gettin' quite a Canadian," he remarked.

Nothing would please him but that we should go out the next evening, straight from business, and inspect his buy.

We found it an ordinary thirty-three feet by one hundred and twenty feet lot, sitting high and dry, and quite good value, as values went, for the hundred dollars Sam had contracted to pay for it.

While we were there, Sam seemed pleased as a kitten. He walked about his property and over it, pulling off dead ferns and brackens, picking up loose stones and throwing them aside.

"If you keep on doing that," said Jim, "You'll soon have no lot left."

"I like tae see things lookin' nice and tidy," answered Sam.

"You ought to bring out some soap and a pail of water,—and wash it," concluded Jim in sarcasm.

For weeks, in his spare time, Sam was hardly away from that property. One would almost have imagined that he was afraid it was going to run away or that someone was waiting a favorable opportunity to squat on it.

Sam used to go out and sit on it by the hour.

One evening, he brought home a pick and shovel.

"For the love of Mike!" exclaimed Jim. "What are you up to now?"

"Oh!—I'm just goin' to clear the trees and things off that bit land o' mine."

"You're fond of work," said Jim. "You will be building a house on it next and bringing Maggie out from Auchtertery to live in it."

Sam blushed. "Hang the fear," he replied. "Maggie kens whaur she's weel off. But clearin' up the place will make it look better."

"Yes!—and someone else will reap the benefit when you sell," said Jim.

We did not trouble any more about the matter for a while until one Saturday afternoon, our walk took us in the direction of Sam's property. We found quite a transformation. There was Sam, putting the finishing touches to a rough fence which he had built completely round the land; not content, evidently, with the usual corner stakes which marked each lot off. The ground was cleared and levelled off, and bore evidence of grass seed having been sown over it.

"What are you going to do next?" asked Jim.

"I don't ken," was Sam's answer. "That's just what's troublin' me."

With nothing more to do on the property in his spare time, Sam suddenly became uneasy. He began to worry as to whether or not he would be able to get his money out of it again. His conscience also began to trouble him, for he got the idea that no man had a right to hold up property untenanted, when it might be used to advantage by some other individual.

He went the length of offering his property to either Jim or me for eighty-five dollars. But we declined to buy, telling him that he had no right trying to get out of the sin of property owning by getting someone else into it.

As the days went by, Sam got worse and worse. The ruddiness in his cheeks faded somewhat and he hardly ever smiled. Just as we were beginning to get real anxious about him and were planning to take the property off his hands, he came home wreathed in smiles.

"I've sold it," he cried joyously. "The dagont thing! I've sold it; and may the deevil flee awa' wi' it and a' its kind."

He sat down on the edge of my bed,—his favorite place,—and sighed. "Man,—it's a relief. I feel as if somebody had lifted the Rock o' Gibraltar off my chest."

"Tell us about it," I asked.

"Weel,—I was sittin' on the sooth-west corner post, read-

ing the 'Gazette', when a man came up and asked me if the place was mine.

"'It is,' said I.

"'Will you sell it?' he asked.

"'Will I?' said I:—I would near gie it awa'.

"'How much do you want for it?'

"'Hoo much will you gie?' I asked.

"'Two hundred dollars,' said he.

"'It's no' worth it,' I answered. "Gie me a hundred and fifty and tak' it ower richt noo.'

"'We made the bargain on the spot.'

"'You sure are a dandy,'" put in Jim in disgust. "You sell property! You couldn't sell peanuts. Why in the name of thunder, didn't you ask three hundred for it? or at least take the two hundred he offered you?"

"'It wasna worth what he paid for it, Jim. And, besides, I was that glad tae get rid o' it. I couldna help sharin' my joys wi' him and lettin' him off cheaper than he expected. Even noo, my conscience is troublin' me.'

"'Oh!—why don't you can your conscience, Sam? Why man alive!—don't you know you have put more than fifty dollars worth of work on that property,—good, honest, hard work?'

All the shadows slipped away from Sam's face. He jumped up and caught Jim by the coat, looking straight into his face.

"'Jim,—Jim! Do you tell me that? Do you mean it? Do you really think I have put that much work on it?'

"'Think? I don't think,—I know it.'

Sam threw his head and his eyes sparkled.

"'Man!—I'm glad,— glad as a bairn. I've got oot o' it without gettin' money I didna work for.'

He heaved another great sigh and laughed good naturedly.

"'My!—but it's an awfu' thing a conscience!' he exclaimed.

"'It is,'" growled Jim.

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Educational Men and Matters

LACK OF PERMANENCY IN THE TEACHING PROFESSION

Thomas Allardyce Brough.

From the institution of public schools in Canada until the present time one of the most marked characteristics of the work of the teacher has been its lack of permanency. A generation or two ago almost every young man who entered the classroom as teacher apparently did so with the intention of making teaching a stepping-stone to some more lucrative occupation. In those days there were fewer women teachers, but, like the man, they were birds of passage, and, after teaching for a shorter or longer period, the great majority disappeared from the ranks to reign in other spheres—more attractive if not more lucrative.

By thoughtful fathers and mothers it was recognized that their children were being taught mainly by apprentices, and by apprentices, too, who had no intention of becoming journeymen. If this criticism now and then found a voice, it was probably answered by the argument that the country was poor and could not afford to pay for maturity and long experience in the persons of the instructors of the young.

But Canada is no longer a poor country. The standard of living has risen steadily during the last thirty years, and, if permanency in the teaching profession is desirable, the country is quite rich enough to pay for it.

Some good people seriously contend that permanency in the calling of the teacher is not really desirable. A successful business man once remarked to me: "If I had my way I should forbid any man or woman to teach longer than seven years." I suppose he believed that it was impossible for the average teacher to retain his energy and enthusiasm for a more extended period.

But in what esteem should we hold the qualifications of the lawyers or medical men of a certain community if it were generally understood that they meant to practise these professions for only a few short years, and had quite other plans regarding their life work? I think we should go elsewhere for advice in cases of serious business difficulty or critical illness.

Some years ago a committee investigated the work of a hundred admittedly successful teachers of long experience. It was found that not one of the hundred had attained his maximum efficiency short of seven years' experience, whilst the average period required to reach this standard was about fourteen years. If the case of these hundred is typical, then it is clear that a very large number, in all likelihood the great majority of our teachers, drop out of the work before they are capable of doing their best.

This, surely is a state of things that demands at once the most earnest thought and the most decided action. In education nothing short of the best is good enough for our children or our nation. But the evil cannot be remedied in a day or in a year. Where, indeed, does the remedy lie? Clearly in inducing a very large number of our teachers to make teaching their life work.

But to try to induce any very large proportion of our women teachers to make this calling their life-work is as useless as it is undesirable. In every age of sanity the home must constitute the sphere of greatest usefulness and of highest honour to the great majority of women. If, therefore, for the sake of our boys and girls, the profession of teaching is to become in any measure a permanent profession, men in much larger numbers than at present, must be induced to enter upon the work and to remain in it. In the year 1909 only

about ten per cent of the students in the normal schools of Ontario were men; ten years later the percentage had fallen to four. Ten years ago about a third of the high school teachers of Ontario were women. At present the sexes are about equally represented in these schools.

The practical question remains—How can we induce a fair proportion of our brightest young men to take up teaching as a life-work? The answer is by making its rewards sufficiently attractive. The circumstances cited in the previous paragraph are the best proof that the present rewards are not proving sufficiently attractive, and that to make them sufficiently attractive they must be considerably enhanced. In short I should say that we must offer a young man who has finished his pedagogical training a salary sufficient to enable him to marry at say from twenty-five to twenty-eight years of age, and to bring up a family in decency and average comfort.

But we must do more than this. We must make the more distant outlook more attractive. A prudent young man may be content to put up with limited means in his earlier professional years, if the rewards promised him in middle and later life are sufficiently generous. He sees that the man who has had average success in law or medicine is comfortably off when he reaches middle life. Granted good health and freedom from unusual mischance such an one can look forward to old age without misgiving. He sees, on the other hand, that for the teacher who has had average success, and has reached middle life, the outlook is far less cheering. For him there is still the struggle to make ends meet: the balance at the bank is still painfully small: at sixty-five or seventy, of not long before, he will be deemed to have outlived his usefulness in the classroom, and his power and opportunity to earn even a scanty livelihood will then have become precarious.

The wise young man seeing all this may well be pardoned for deciding that he will run no such hazard, that his choice will be a more prudent one.

The inference is plain. If, I repeat, for the sake of our boys and girls, and for the sake of our nation, teaching is to be a permanent profession, we must in the first place offer such recompense as will induce a sufficiently large number of bright young men to take it up, and we must assure them of such income in middle life as will enable them to make provision for old age, and such as will not separate them too far socially from school and college friends of no greater ability who have been perhaps more worldly wise in visualizing the future.

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THE NEW CANADIAN NATIONAL PLAYGROUND IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By "Wildwood" — (See Note below).

Three men climbing into the mists that wreathed the mountains about Lake Garibaldi in the early dawn were emblematic of the spirit of adventure, the lure of the beautiful in alpine flora and the service of science. On a snow-bound ridge, leaning away from Castle Towers mountain, grows a flower rare in the world, unknown elsewhere in British Columbia, and longed-for by the floral authorities of Kew, the most representative of all gardens on earth.

To satisfy the desire of these great collectors, the Botanical Department of the University of British Columbia undertook to collect the seed of this unique plant, and Mr. F. Perry, accompanied by Mr. A. Hornby of the university botanical garden, and Mr. W. G. Barker of Fauld's Travel Bureau, set out on Friday to secure the treasure.

The little plant in demand is "Polemonum Confertium," a variety of "Jacob's Ladder," somewhat resembling a club moss—tiny leaves encircling the stem closely and ladder-like. The flowers are bells of lovely blue in appearance, not unlike the Gentian.

* * *

Of all the myriad alpine slopes in the province, Gentian Ridge is the one spot favored by this flower, and it is one of the many botanical mysteries that only this place should be so chosen. If the great volcanic convulsions that threw up the Black Tusk and other peaks in the district, scattering destruction in every direction, made some condition essential to its growth, science has not yet found the secret.

Plants brought down on the trip of discovery had not thriven, and this excursion was timed to catch it seedling.

The party went into the country on Friday, by way of Squamish, following the P.G.E. track to Stoney Creek, camping there in the evening.

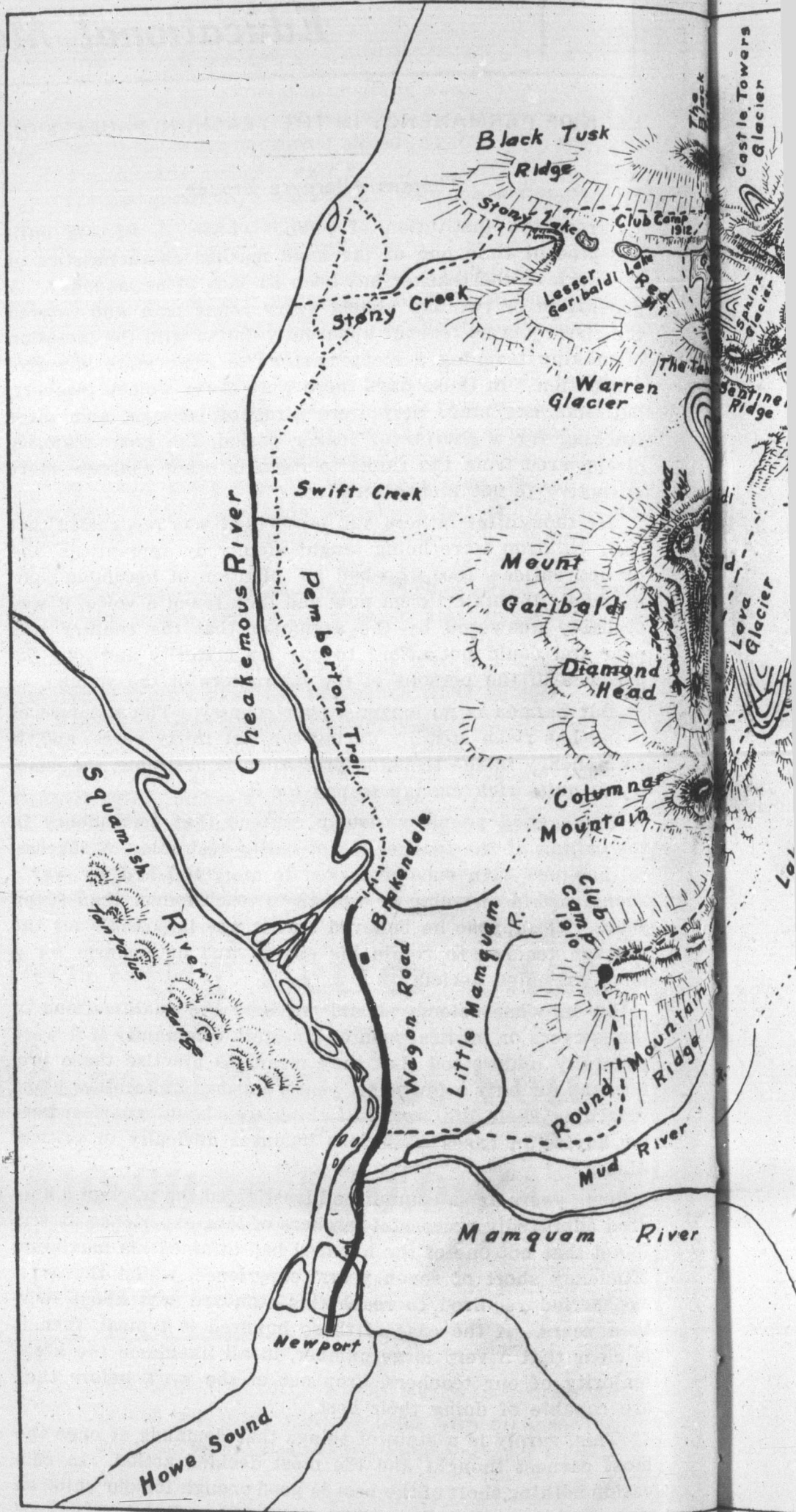
No creek was better named. For a width of two miles where it joins the Cheakamus, this river has spread a rocky bed. Not a leafy froud or mossy cushion softens its banks from the huge barrier under which it emerges, to the junction with the larger stream. Until some fifty years ago, a lake lay at the foot of the subterranean passage, and the creek fell in graceful falls to the Cheakamus, but the bursting of its bank under torrential pressure poured out desolation, the old Indian trail to Pemberton was swept away and a few Indian travellers with it, the larger Cheakamus was pushed out of its course, and the present Daisy Lake, now placid and slow, was created from the turmoil.

The trail from Stoney Creek to the orchid meadows of Black Tusk had been cut by Mr. Perry on earlier trips, and led to terraced parks of magnificent expanse. Clumps of hemlock and white cedar stud the landscape, their orchids white and scented, heaths purple and white, lupin and Valerian blues carpet the gentle slopes, while beds of red and yellow mimulus give the name to the chief of the small creeks that cut the green.

Beyond the meadows, wintry snow still lay in patches, and the climb of Panorama Ridge was a succession of snow banks and rocky bluffs, with slopes of green of gentler grade, where mountain daisies and alpine phlox starred the grasses, around whose eminence lay scenes of the wildest grandeur. Below was Garabaldi Lake, an emerald mirror reaching out arms into every valley about, to welcome the melting glaciers of cold blue ice pressed from the eternal snows above.

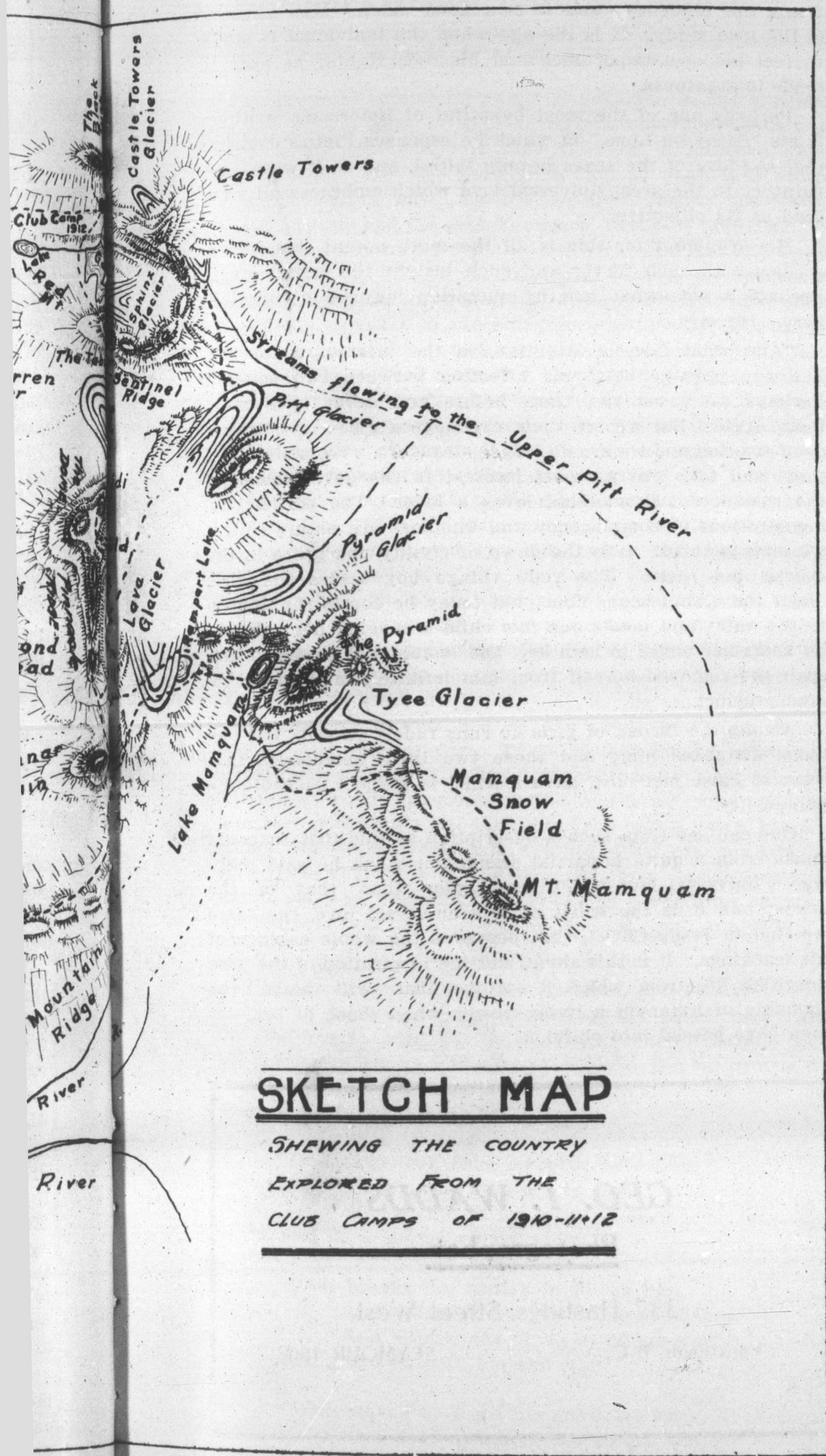
The lesser lake to the west received the shivering waters and passed them secretly under the barrier to Stoney Creek, now invisible. In the distance, a never ceasing stream of dust was rising like volcanic smoke from the sliding debris

(Continued at top of page 9)



The New Canadian National Playground in Colum

It was with great interest and delight that lovers of our mountain scenery learned this month that the Provincial Government has planned to set aside as a National Playground the Garibaldi section as shown in this map. The whole district was described with pictures in the October number of the B. C. Monthly and it is with pleasure that we are able to include a map this month through the kind permission of the B. C. Mountaineering Club. This map shows its relative position to Vancouver, Howe Sound and the Squamish Valley. The railroad now runs along the Pemberton Trail, passing through the mountains at the Stoney Creek. At the present time the Pemberton Trail is a narrow gauge railway. Last year the Pemberton Trail was closed by the way of the plant growth.



Playground Columbia.—By Rev. A. H. Sovereign, M.A.

at lovers runs along the Cheakemous River parallel to the old Pember-
 the Proton Trail, which can be seen here and there as the train
 a Nation passes quickly by. The dotted lines by the Mamquam and
 1 this m Stony Creek show the two ways of approach to the district
 ures in at the present time. The most interesting is possibly by
 it is w Stony Creek up to the Black Tusk meadows, the site of va-
 this mon rious camps of the B. C. Mountaineering Club.
 untaineer Last September, a party of three climbers went up by
 Vancouver way of the Stony Creek trail to secure a very rare flower and
 railroad no plant growing on Gentian Ridge at the base of Castle Towers

on the face of that barrier—2,500 feet of crushed rock pushed there by the ancient volcanic thrust.

The tawny head of Garibaldi rose high above his fellows, before him was the Table, square and shapely Castle Towers to the left, Tantalus away to the right, behind the ridge the Black Tusk stood dark and forbidding, Helmet Peak piercing the horizon to the north.

* * *

From Panorama the route lay down towards Desolation glacier head, and again up to Corrie Ridge, where snow and bluffs with shifting scree, made travelling slow and strenuous, but moss-pink patches and plots of saxifrage drew gasps of admiration and relieved the strain.

Down these slopes lay venerable woods of pine and hemlock, through which the mountaineers waded knee high! Age has taught these Alpine trees to lie close to earth if they would thrive and Arctic Willows even crept and among the low young trees ptarmigan hid, snow-flakes fluttered like lowly sparrows, and Canada jays scolded at this human intrusion. Camp was made under the lee of rocks honeycombed by whistling marmots, and from this base the coveted seeds were reached in a two hours' climb.

So far the trip was a joy, but now clouds scurried round the ranges, mists rose and fell in threatening shrouds, a gale called through the gorges. Nature would not allow her sanctuary to be rifted without protest.

To avoid the risky Corrie, attempt was made to cross over the Desolation glacier, and the high snow fields must be found while the strongest, coldest, wettest gale ever felt blew misery through the packs and clothing of the travellers. Roped for safety through the blinding sleet they crossed the head of the glacier to Panorama, now no longer panoramic, refusing even a sight of its own face, save for a few yards in advance.

Getting down to 5,000 feet and the sheltering timber was an immense relief, and a beaten trail gave security in direction which could not be had in the fogs above. The swirling clouds gave place to rain, and the drenched party kept steadily on the twelve-mile trail to comfort at Garibaldi Lodge, near Stony Creek.

The hardness of the task made the prizes the more precious. Besides the rarity, which was the object of the trip, other Alpine treasures, scarce, curious and lovely, were carried down, to the joy and wonder of rare rock gardens, plants and flowers that will be admired for their miniature beauty in artificial settings, but the glory of seeing them in their natural homes, girdled with snow and blasted with storms, is known only to those who have the hardihood to scale the intervening hills.

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which can be clearly seen on the map. The story of their journey as printed in the Daily Province of last September is so full of interest that I take the liberty of placing parts of it alongside the map.

SOME THOUGHTS ON EMERSON

(Continued from page 4)

hero, and had only to submit himself to his better nature or rather to the universal spirit working in him, to become a hero in actual fact. This is certainly the more hopeful belief as it is the more reasonable in view of the emergence of democracy and the universal franchise that has been so apparent of late years. Notwithstanding this and many other differences in creed between Emerson and Carlyle, however, there were a great many things in which they saw eye to eye, and the life-long friendship which existed between them, was one of the truest and most beautiful that ever was. No two men were ever so dissimilar in disposition; the one cheerful, buoyant and hopeful, endowed by nature, as some one has put it with the double prize of a sound mind and a healthy stomach; the other, sour, cynical and despondent, ground down by the pangs of poverty and the prey of a chronic dyspepsia. Each, however, recognized in the other the same consuming desire after truth, the same loftiness of purpose, the same contempt for mere worldly advancement; and this kinship of soul overpowering all lesser disparities brought them together. That Emerson was one of the first to appreciate Carlyle is a matter of common history and he stood sponsor for his "Sartor Resartus" in its introduction into America where it was enthusiastically received before it was read in England. Emerson's disinterested kindness in this was only in keeping with his general disposition.

Emerson, like Carlyle, was a firm believer in the dignity of labor. He would have every man learn to work with his hands and considers that all men, who cannot, are uneducated. In one of his essays, he even seems to regret the general adoption of division of labor in the world because of the discipline each man loses in not having to make his own pots and pans, sow his own crops and grind his own corn. He admits somewhat grudgingly that the scholar may have to dispense with manual labor if he would have time to achieve success in his work, but he adds after all that he would rather have him the better man and the worse scholar.

Emerson has a very exalted idea of the function of the scholar. Division of labor, he says, has deformed the normal man by developing only one limb of him to the impoverishment of all the rest. Now, the scholar's special function, he says, is to think; he is the brain of man if he thinks aright. It is his duty to cheer, elevate and guide him and to point out, amid a world full of shams, the real facts of life.

Emerson, like Carlyle, believes greatly in silence and meditation for the scholar. Let him draw himself apart from men that he may have a chance to think; and then when he feels he has a message for the world, let him testify, no matter what opposition he may encounter, or what shame he may endure. This line of action he prescribes was one which he followed faithfully in his own career and he endured much criticism for his fearless expression of his views. He even had to leave the ministry of the Unitarian Church for promulgating ideas that were too heterodox for even that most broadminded of all denominations.

While the grim "seer of Chelsea," ever groping in "Cymmerian darkness," saw but little in the world about him that was healthy or hopeful, the Concord philosopher on the contrary while recognizing much that was evil remaining, already saw the gleam of the millenium afar off and was glad. In his serene trust in the power of the spirit to redeem mankind, he looked askance on the reforms and reformers of his day because of the incompleteness of the one and the selfishness of the other. There was too much envy, self-interest and strife exhibited among the reformers for him to be in complete sympathy with them. He approves, however, the inclination of the age towards introspection and self-knowledge. This is a time, he says, when men are prying into

the inner meaning of common things and literature itself reflects the tendency; and it is a good omen. Man himself, is the true study. It is the age when the individual is made to feel his own importance and his own rights; as such it tends to greatness.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful of Emerson's writings is his "Essay on Love," in which he espouses Plato's doctrine that the love of the sexes is only initial, and as it were, preparatory to the great universal love which embraces all mankind as its objective.

His argument for this is all the more potent that he describes with such fervor and such insight the initial stage. Perhaps a somewhat lengthy quotation may be permissible here. He says:

"And what fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance or betray a deep emotion and we are no longer strangers. We understand them and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. All mankind loves a lover. The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school house door; but today he comes running into the entry and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct.

Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him; and these two little neighbours that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality."

One can see from such a description as this that Emerson spoke from a quite impartial standpoint when he said there was a universal love which was higher than that of the sexes; and it is the spirit of this universal love, the same we find in Jesus Christ, that pervades the whole essence of his teachings. It is this alone, and the inspiration of the pure unselfish life from which it springs, that will make the thoughts of Emerson a living power when those of brainier men have passed into oblivion.

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The American Greatheart.

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

No properly conducted monthly magazine in any civilized country should miss in its February number some notice of the birthday anniversary of that American Greatheart, Abraham Lincoln. He was born in a famous year the "annus mirabilis" during which those other great figures, the statesman Gladstone and the poet Tennyson, first saw the light. The two latter were more "to the manor born" and had less struggle to make their way in the world. But it is difficult to apportion credit in these matters. Young lads who have some reasonable expectation of competency without their own exertion, do not always exert themselves and hence both Gladstone and Tennyson, especially the former, deserve high respect because they refused to become victims of the truth contained in the saying that "the prosperity of the parents is the destruction of their children." On the other hand one can hardly conceive of circumstances giving less promise of producing a great man than the poverty and the almost hopelessness into which Lincoln came in that half-faced camp in the backwoods of Kentucky. His mother died when he was only nine but she gave him the sound advice and religious impetus which he felt all through his years "All that I am," he said in the great days that came later, "all that I am I owe under God to my sainted mother." Silver and gold she had none but such as she had she gave to her little son who crying like to break his heart, knelt on the mud floor of that cabin beside her deathbed as she commended him to the keeping and care of God. There is tremendous efficacy in a real mother's prayer. Could this mother have foreseen the future she would have beheld that half-faced camp widening into the splendors of the Capitol; she would have heard a million prayers converging on the life of her son, and mingled with these the voice of the bondmen and bondwomen he was to set free, sweeping around him in a wondrous chorus of gratefulness and blessing as the ages of time unfolded.

Tennyson's Prophecy.

Not concerning Lincoln but another, did Tennyson write in his "In Memoriam," the outline of his dream concerning the rise to greatness, but the very year when Tennyson gave his peerless poem as a whole to the world, the backwoods boy in America was fulfilling these famous lines as no mere man ever did before or since.

"Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life on low estate began
And on a simple village green;

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

"Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's shining slope
The pillar of a people's hope
The centre of a world's desire."

Study and Work.

It is rather startling to us to realize in this day when so much education is being heaped upon young people, that Abraham Lincoln was not in school for a year all told during his life-

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time. Yet he became the greatest statesman and the most consummate orator of his time. This is not saying that we should have less education but it is saying that it is the individual use of education that counts in the last analysis of things. When a lad, clerking in a store, would walk nine miles to get a book and then come home and study it in the flickering light of a chimney fire as Lincoln did, he can be safely counted on as one bound to succeed. And when he would work after hours on the store counter at geometry till the light would grow dim and then go out of doors and draw figures with a stick on the ground till the darkness would make further work impossible we can readily understand that he would win in the end. For manual work in those early days he had equal perseverance. He took any kind of work that offered even at thirty cents a day, from splitting rails to helping as a boat hand on the Mississippi and everywhere his prodigious strength and energy told a tale of success. His engagement as a boat hand is memorable for it was while thus employed that he went down as far as New Orleans and saw for the first time a human being sold as a slave from an auctioneer's block. The whole nature of Lincoln rose in protest against such an enormity and he said to his companion with terrible emphasis "If I ever get a chance to hit slavery, I'll hit it hard." And when he got the chance he hit it so hard that he killed it. For he used to say that "No man had a right to claim to own another man unless he could show a bill of sale from the Almighty."

True Culture.

People who have not studied the life of Abraham Lincoln wonder at the remarkable power he gained in the use of pure and undefiled English in his public as well as private speech. His short address at Gettysburg, one of the great battlefields of the war, remains as one of the greatest classics in our Anglo-Saxon tongue. The secret lies in the fact that Lincoln was a great reader of a few of the world's greatest books. And he thought loftily on great themes. And when men think loftily on great themes their language will never be commonplace and they will find slang impossible. It is of supreme interest to recall the fact that Lincoln was a diligent reader of the Bible and used it with the usual wonderful effects in public address. Nothing lights up common speech like the gleam of a quotation from Scripture and nothing is so unanswerable. Herndon, the law-partner of Lincoln, says it was a quotation from the Gospel of Mark in one of Lincoln's addresses that revealed the real condition of things to the country and swept the whole north with an enthusiasm for his election. Lincoln, seeing that slavery was being forced northward into free States, said in that famous speech "A house divided against itself cannot stand. This nation cannot enquire half-slave and half-free—it must be all one or all the other," and the country highly resolved that it should continue and that it would become all-free. The alternative, as presented in Lincoln's quotation, was terribly clear and unanswerable.

The Triumphant End.

The assassination of Lincoln was in reality his coronation. He departed in the glory of an accomplished purpose. He had done his great day's work and had no need to linger longer. He had carried a burden such as few men had borne on this side of the Day of the Cross and the hour of his promotion had come. The manner of his death sealed the lessons of his life indelibly on his country and on the world. And in these days when the fabric of civilization rests so distinctly on the two great English-speaking nations, let both remember the mighty men whom God has given us in hours of crisis, amongst the mightiest of whom was this American Great-heart in our modern day.

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THE IRISH QUESTION.

British Columbia has been visited by the delegation sent out by the Ulster Protestants. Home Rule has been the theme. Some, like the writer, who are proud to have Irish blood mixing with Scottish to make a whole which is thoroughly Canadian, hoped much good would result from the visit.

What did, or will result? Who can tell? What happened? Instead of a calm, judicial review of the situation we had an exhibition of "playing politics." The ever present curse of the Irish Problem could not be absent. No spell, no incantation, can banish this evil spirit of the Irish Question.

There were few better opportunities to be found than presented itself to the delegation to show to advantage the natural generosity of the Irish nature and the consequent assurance that Ireland need only be left alone to settle amicably and happily for all time the vexed Irish issue.

Instead we had a purely political appeal or presentation. Those who, for political or personal motives, seek to keep the present distrustful unrest prevalent, must have secretly rejoiced. Lovers of Irish liberty, Protestant or Catholic, Orange or Nationalist or Sinn Feiner, can only feel the deepest sorrow at the shut gate of opportunity lost.

One hears so much nonsense talked about Ireland and the Irish that it would have been refreshing to have had a clean cut statement, frank, open, and, as given by an Irishman, official.

Looked at from the writer's standpoint, the Irish problem presents the following elements: First, a national Irish character and disposition, volatile, emotional, chameleon-like in its changes, in which the highest idealism is mingled with incongruous personal characteristics. Thus is constituted a whole, only to be understood by a kindred nature, wholly incomprehensible to the steady, unimaginative, beef-eating John Bull. Secondly: we have a sentiment based on a history where unfortunate circumstances constitute the rule. Into this none-too-happy situation has, from time to time, been thrust the discord-spreading demon of misrule. Thirdly: we have had the whole already bad mess, made a political football by parties and persons until the bewildered Irishman knew not who was friend and who foe. Perhaps, the safest line was to count them all foes. Here we have the essential cause of the Sinn Fein movement. Fourthly: we had the secondary issues raised by the religious and the commercial situations. Fifthly: the still less important phases resulting from the general political methods of administration of the English parliament.

The first second and third elements demand that the Irish and the Irish alone settle the problem for themselves, and by themselves.

Does the fourth forbid this? Frankly, No! As a Protestant, born of an Orangeman and for some years a member of that order, let me say that I have no fear of any unhappy results from a Home Rule Ireland predominantly Catholic, even though that majority element be priest-ruled to the fullest extent set forth in ultra-Protestant declamations.

All Ireland needs is to be left to govern herself as she likes under some such conditions as obtain in Canada. Ireland must remain within the Empire. Her inclination to do so will be unquestionable if we can only stop the playing of politics in relation to the Irish and the Irish Question.

Leave the Irish to settle the Irish Question as in the end they must. Meantime in all discussions and addresses to the outside public let us have the frankest and fullest candour. Statistics half explained, half truths that are the worst of lies; personal or political angling will not do. We must not anticipate that any settlement of a question rooted in racial and social distinctions embittered by tyranny and political deceptions, will be solved without a large measure of unpleasant experience. If we sow the wind we shall reap the whirlwind. By stern repression of lawlessness and crime, together with a wise leaving of smoldering passions to die out in a new atmosphere of frank friendliness is all that is needed to reduce the evil to a minimum. If, however, the Ulster Church is no more frank, cordial and sympathetic, than its political delegate, Mr. Coote, there is much to be amended in that Church to make it safe for Protestantism and Ireland.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.

Our Canadian Church is now engaged in a Forward Movement. Whatever may be the results, it has already succeeded. The spiritual end may not be achieved; the financial goal may not be attained; but the people of Canada have had a brief glimpse of the fact that we have a Canadian Church, a Christian Church.

Heretofore, we have presented to the world a Methodist Church, an Anglican Church, a Presbyterian Church, and so on, keeping aloof from the other branches of the Christian church, seeking—and failing—to create a kingdom of God on earth based on a narrow concept of Christ's Church.

Momentarily, there has been a recognition of the inherent union of the Christian Church in all its branches. Momentarily, the vision of a drifting, unbelieving world in which God's agencies were ever growing more and more largely non-church in constitution and government, has compelled the church to seek unitedly to acknowledge God's sovereignty and love by the spiritual and financial offering of the Forward Movement. For a second of Time the church has known God. Let us sing with Tennyson:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

Then the Forward Movement will be a glorious precursor of a United Church, which, having sunk the small things in the great, shall win the world for Christ sooner, it may be, than the wildest enthusiast could believe to be the case.

Amid the unrest, the turmoil, the strain and stress of body, soul, and spirit, that enwraps the world today, a luminous shadow is appearing. With ever-increasing clearness it falls on brain and heart and soul soothing the troubled weariness into profoundest peace. It is the shadow of a God whose visibly real and acknowledged presence in mundane affairs stands more definitely before men's vision than ever before in the world's history.

Plain living and high thinking should be the only rule entertained by Canadians.

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Concerning Girls

By Daisy Walker.

THE CHALLENGE TO CANADIAN GIRLS

One of the tragedies of history is the fact that individuals and even nations may pass through times of world-crisis without realizing either the greatness or the importance or the far-reaching character of the eventful days.—The Man of Nazareth looking over the city of Jerusalem in the sadness of His Heart cried out: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day!" It is possible that even in this day of crisis and of judgment (the Greek word "crisis" means judgment), individuals and perhaps nations may exist without realizing what these days mean for us and for generations to come. Surely no Canadian girl could live today without being stirred and inspired by the call and the challenge which rings forth throughout the land.

What is this challenge?

First, it comes to Canadian girls in the new position which women occupy in the world's life and the activities. When we think of the position of women in past centuries or even in non-Christian lands of today—thought of as part of a man's possessions along with his tents, his camels and his goats—we would feel that life would not hold much of an inspiration to noble deeds. But now, in this new day, no profession, no work, no opportunity, is closed to women. They are found as barristers in the courts of justice; they have their place as doctors in the healing of the human body; Miss Maud Royden, an Anglican in the pulpit of the City Temple in Old London, preaches the Gospel of good news to sin-stricken souls. Our Legislative Halls have opened their doors to a woman, and in Victoria today we do not feel that the mind of our woman legislator suffers greatly in comparison with the intellectual equipment of the "lords of creation," among whom she is allowed to have a place. The lament, "only a girl" must now give place to "only a boy." A girl who is not stirred to the depths by the challenge of endless opportunity today is asleep.

A second challenge comes to girls through the bravery of their sisters in the world's Great War. The call was answered by British Women the world over. The greatest discovery of the war was the discovery of woman. Would that in our own land the work and sacrifice of women of the Old Land were better known! It is interesting to note that 322,000 worked on the farms, ploughing, seeding, harvesting, milking the cows and caring for the stables. One girl, for instance, had full charge of ten heavy draught horses, their stalls, their harness, their grooming. One million worked in munition factories. In one factory out of 25,000 laborers, 22,000 were women, while in some factories, the whole work was done by women and girls; not a man could be found on the premises. They worked as stokers in the furnace rooms; they moulded the shells and filled them with powder and gas; they carved the fuses and fitted them with an accuracy gauged to one ten thousandth of an inch; they loaded the lorries and drove them to the stations. One woman at the Fulham factory was a widow, 74 years of age with six sons at the front. It is not generally known, yet it is true, that scores died from the poisonous fumes of T.N.T. and gas. They as truly gave their lives for freedom as those men who died at Ypres and Vimy and Bourlon Wood. There were 216,000 W.A.A.C's., innumerable W.R.E.N's. and W.R.A.F's. half a million nurses and thousands of helpers in canteens and booths. Over 2,500,000 women and girls were engaged in war work in the Old Land. They were called from the highest to the lowest. Princess Mary worked as a "probationer" in the Hospital

on Great Alban St. Yes, many gave their lives. At Etaples cemetery where over 10,000 brave men sleep their last sleep there is one long row of "Sisters" who were slain by the Hun bombing planes. They did not run for shelter, but moved among the wounded men, calming them and helping them to places of greater safety. Girls of Canada—those "Sisters" died for you! Can you ever be selfish and self-centred and shallow in aim or action again? A "society girl" driving an ambulance in France, said to me: "Oh, you know, I cannot go back to that empty, useless life again!" There is no call on earth more persuasive than the call which comes from life laid down in sacrifice.

The third call is that which comes from the Future. Mark Twain said: "Why should I do anything for posterity? Posterity never did anything for me." Perhaps not, yet the challenge is there. A nation's character can never rise above the level of its women. If war is to be no more—women, with one voice must say "Nay!" In war those who suffer most are the women. "They also serve who only stand and wait," and it is harder to "stand and wait" than to plunge into action. If we are to have pure and holy homes—real Homes—women must mould them. The girls of today will be the mothers in those homes. Mothers of men! One man in admiring the Canadian divisions in France was heard to say: "What wonderful mothers they must have had!" The thoughts which a girl thinks as a girl will be impressed upon the mind and soul of her child when she becomes a woman. For a better world, girls must live and work and build.

These three calls constitute a challenge to Canadian girls in a new Land in a new Age. What shall the answer be?

(Contributed by Rev. A. H. Sovereign, being a synopsis of the address given at the Girls' Conferences last autumn. The "Answer" will be given next month).



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FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

A NOTABLE VICTORIA I. O. D. E. WORKER

By Edith M. Cuppage.

An interesting personality in the large and influential organization, the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, is Mrs. C. D. Neroutsos of Victoria, educational secretary for the Provincial branch. Not only has Mrs. Neroutsos given much time and energy to the work of enlarging the activities of the educational work of the order, but she has contributed to the wider scope of the organization through her association with the Navy League of Canada in her duties as former honorary organizing secretary for British Columbia.

The I. O. D. E. has for a long time supported the Navy League as part of its work in promoting Imperialism in a practical way, and in Mrs. Neroutsos the Provincial Chapter has a secretary well qualified to cement the bond between the two patriotic organizations working for greater Imperial unity. On a tour of the province a short time ago, Mrs. Neroutsos was successful in promoting a number of branches in the settled districts throughout British Columbia, and inspiring an interest which might otherwise have been confined to the port cities. With a retiring disposition, little liking publicity, she carried on the work unostentatiously, but none the less effectively.

The educational work of the I. O. D. E. having assumed larger proportions this year than ever before, provides a wide field for the energies of British Columbia's indefatigable secretary, for in it is incorporated the big war memorial scheme of the order, for which \$200,000 is to be raised in Canada to be spent in educational work as a memorial to the men and women who died gloriously in the great war. British Columbia has decided to contribute \$50,000 to this fund.

The memorial scheme has been worked out in details, which have already been given to the public. Briefly, educational facilities for Canadian school children, with particular provision for the families of veterans, will be increased with a view to promoting Imperialism out of a better knowledge of the Empire's ideals and traditions. The various chapters of the order in this province have already embarked on the work of raising their contribution to this important undertaking.

A tribute to the valuable co-operation between the Navy League in British Columbia, and the National Chapter of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire was paid at the last annual meeting of the latter. The Navy League purchased from the I. O. D. E. four hundred and thirty pictures depicting great naval events in the history of the Empire, as well as a number of gift and prize books dealing with the history of the Empire. The Navy League, wherever organized, recognizes the local chapters of the I. O. D. E. by making their officers ex-officio members. Mrs. Gooderham, president of the National Chapter, I. O. D. E., is first vice-president of the Dominion Navy League. The continuance of the harmonious relations of the two great organizations, whose aims are identical, is urged by the Navy League committee of the I. O. D. E.

Under the direction of the educational secretaries for the province, school libraries have been established in the country districts, where suitable reading matter is comparatively scarce. In places where a large foreign element prevails, these libraries are doing excellent work in Canadianizing the alien born, or children of alien parentage. Sets of historical pictures have also been placed in the Normal schools of the province.

Mrs. Neroutsos believes in the good influence of women in public life for the betterment of humanity. She advocates that the I. O. D. E. should support at least one woman can-

didate for school board or city council. Just this month at a meeting of the Provincial Chapter, I. O. D. E., she sounded a clarion call to women to come forward and take their part in the affairs of the country. There was never a time, she declared, when there was so much work for women to do as in these reconstruction days. The rehabilitation of soldiers on the land and the care of their families, some of whom are new to this country, is a subject in which Mrs. Neroutsos is especially interesting herself.

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Concerning Boys

By Herbert Fiddes

C. S. E. T. NEWS.

In Vancouver on 28th January a conference of Boys' Leaders was held in the Y. M. C. A. The conference was a sequel to that held last year. The work done during the interval was reviewed.

Mr. J. W. Storey, the Boys' Community Secretary, presented a very interesting report, which was enthusiastically received. Owing to the refusal of MOST OF THE CHURCHES in the City to give returns it was found quite impossible to give exact data, and most of what was to hand was gathered by personal investigation. Many clergymen entirely ignored the request for a statement.

Mr. Melvin Bell for Kitsilano, reported the District had 20 groups, six Registered Mentors, and 298 boys. One Church (St. Mark's), had excellent equipment for carrying on Boys' Work. The other three carried on in a Community Building.

Fairview, by the report of Mr. W. R. Morrow, showed progress for No. 2 District. They had 8 groups, 5 Registered Mentors and 118 boys.

The Grandview report (Mr. H. Ratcliffe), showed a woeful lack of equipment. In spite of great handicaps, however, the District had 20 groups, 16 Registered Mentors, and 247 boys. This was a clear demonstration of what energy and enthusiasm can do in face of apathy, and indifferent facilities.

Numerous other reports were submitted, and considerable business transacted, and a most enthusiastic and inspiring meeting was brought to a close on the motion of Mr. Storey.

—(H. R.)

C. C. C.

BOYS' BRIGADE.

The latest in the field in the Boys' Brigade world is a very healthy, and enthusiastic Company lately organized at Marpole. The captain is Mr. W. Leverette, and with some 35 boys (many of whom travel many miles through mud to attend), he is looking forward to a most successful season.

First West Vancouver Company have now the use of a large hall, where they are drilling feverishly for the J. R. Seymour Cup. West Vancouver is justly proud of her boys.

Fifth Vancouver Company has just completed a census of the District in aid of the "Forward Movement."

C. C. C.

UNSEEN WORKERS—SNAP-SHOT No. 1.

In many districts throughout the Province are men working vigorously and faithfully for the young boyhood of our nation, but whose efforts are unknown beyond the limits of their immediate district. They do not seek—nay, rather avoid publicity—and are in the work for the work's sake. Such an one is MR. WALTER LEVERETTE of Point Grey (Marpole Methodist Church). Against big obstacles, handicapped by very limited accommodation for many years he has been working for the "Good of the Boys." At much personal expense he has organized a Company of the Boys' Brigade, and equipped it. A man of unbounded energy, his enthusiasm is in-

fectious, and one feels that "when he starts something"—"Something will have to go." His spirit has been instilled in the boys and a deep and lasting influence is being sown, which will be reaped in future years in a fine strong, healthy manhood, which is righteous, loving and God fearing. Every good wish to Mr. Leverette. People of Point Grey play the game—don't pass by on the other side—but give punch to this work by your liberal support.

C. C. C.

BOYS AND BOOKS.

There are Books and Books. There are few things a boy desires more than a REAL BOOK—a book replete in adventure and stirring incidents, where heroes fight for right and scorn anything savouring of the underhand. But there are many books on the market that are merely sensational, impossible imaginary narratives, which, when one gets older, become too absurdly foolish to look at. Such literature, if it does no immediate harm (and that is a matter of opinion), at least does no good, and boys are urged to read Books by reliable writers. There is no better companion than a good book. Human friends may fail and falter, but a book "never speaks back," and is always to be relied upon.

Canada has few National Books for Boys, such as the older countries have, and it is of general interest, therefore, to learn that Rev. R. G. MacBeth, has at the request of a large Publishing House in the East, consented to be Editor of a Canadian Boys' Annual, which will bear the name of the SCARLET and GOLD BOYS' ANNUAL. Here Canadian national characteristics and environment will predominate, and the boys of Canada will have an Annual of their very own.

THE VALUE OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

During recent labor troubles in the Province, men by their oratory swayed audiences to decisions that were regretted by the public afterwards. Many men, as was well said by a prominent public speaker, did not agree with the views expressed, and had very decided opinions of their own, but had not the courage to get on their feet, and speak their minds. The result was the Community was the loser by a very great deal. The time to start public speaking is when a boy is young. Every Boys' Leader should make a point of encouraging the boys to lead their classes; to express their opinions, and develop the habit of public speaking. Many an invaluable thought has been lost to the world because men lacked confidence to "get on their feet."

Incidentally it might be added that it would not be amiss to teach boys the value of brevity. One orator said: "If you have anything to say—say it and sit down." Many a painful hour would be spared innocent sufferers if this rule was more rigidly observed.

A FOUNTAIN PEN GIVEN AWAY.

Boys! Do you want a real fountain pen? Well, write the Editor of this Page a short story (not more than 300 words), about anything you like, humorous or otherwise, and to the boy who writes the best story the B. C. M. will present a pen. Give your age, name and address, and have your teacher certify that it is original, and written by yourself. Stories must be in this office (204 Winch Building), not later than March 20. Come on boys — all together. Swamp us out with stories. The best story, and perhaps some of the others, will be published. Address your communications to the Editor Boys' Column, B.C.M.

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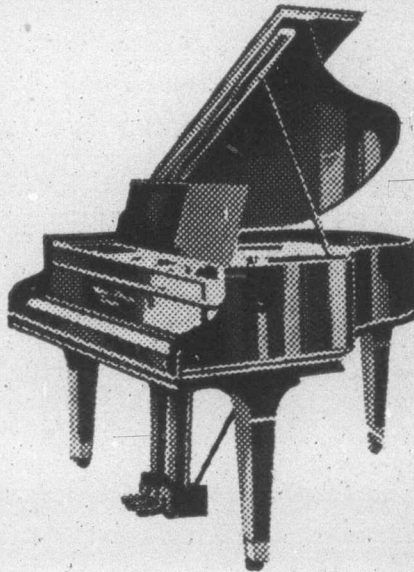
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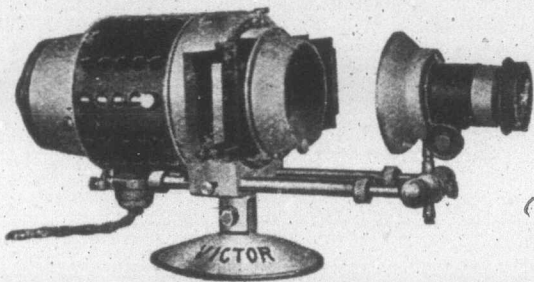
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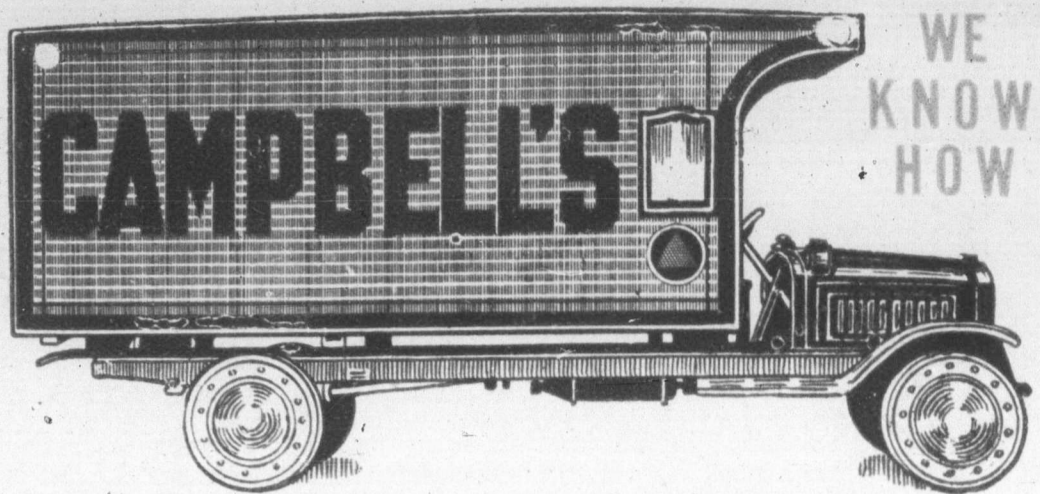
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