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Established 1911

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West
Devoted to COMMUNITY · SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

Volume XX.

FEBRUARY, 1923

No. 3

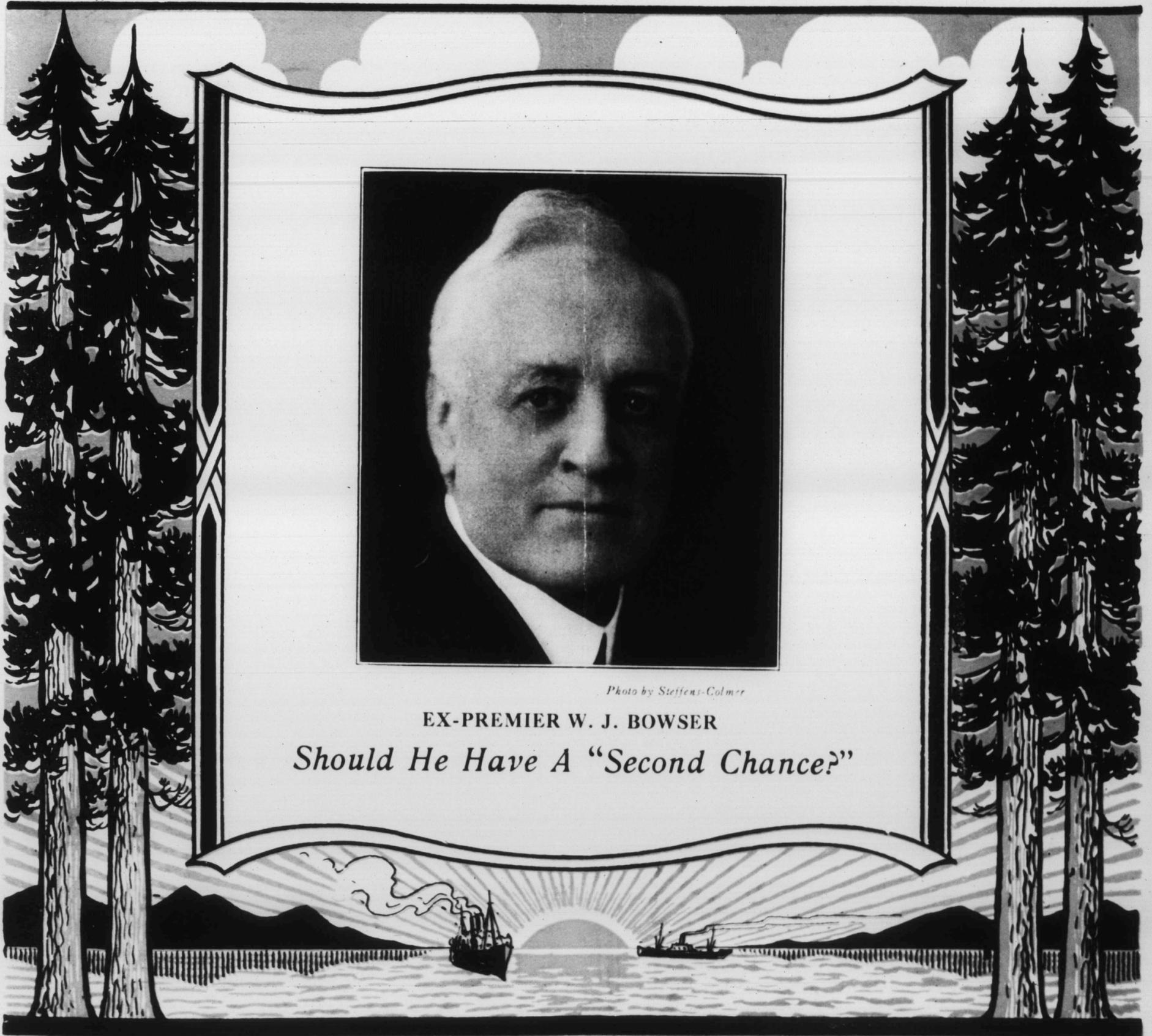


Photo by Steffens-Colmer

EX-PREMIER W. J. BOWSER

Should He Have A "Second Chance?"

EDUCATE EASTERN CANADA & THE EMPIRE CONCERNING THE CANADIAN WEST: PASS ON THE B. C. M.

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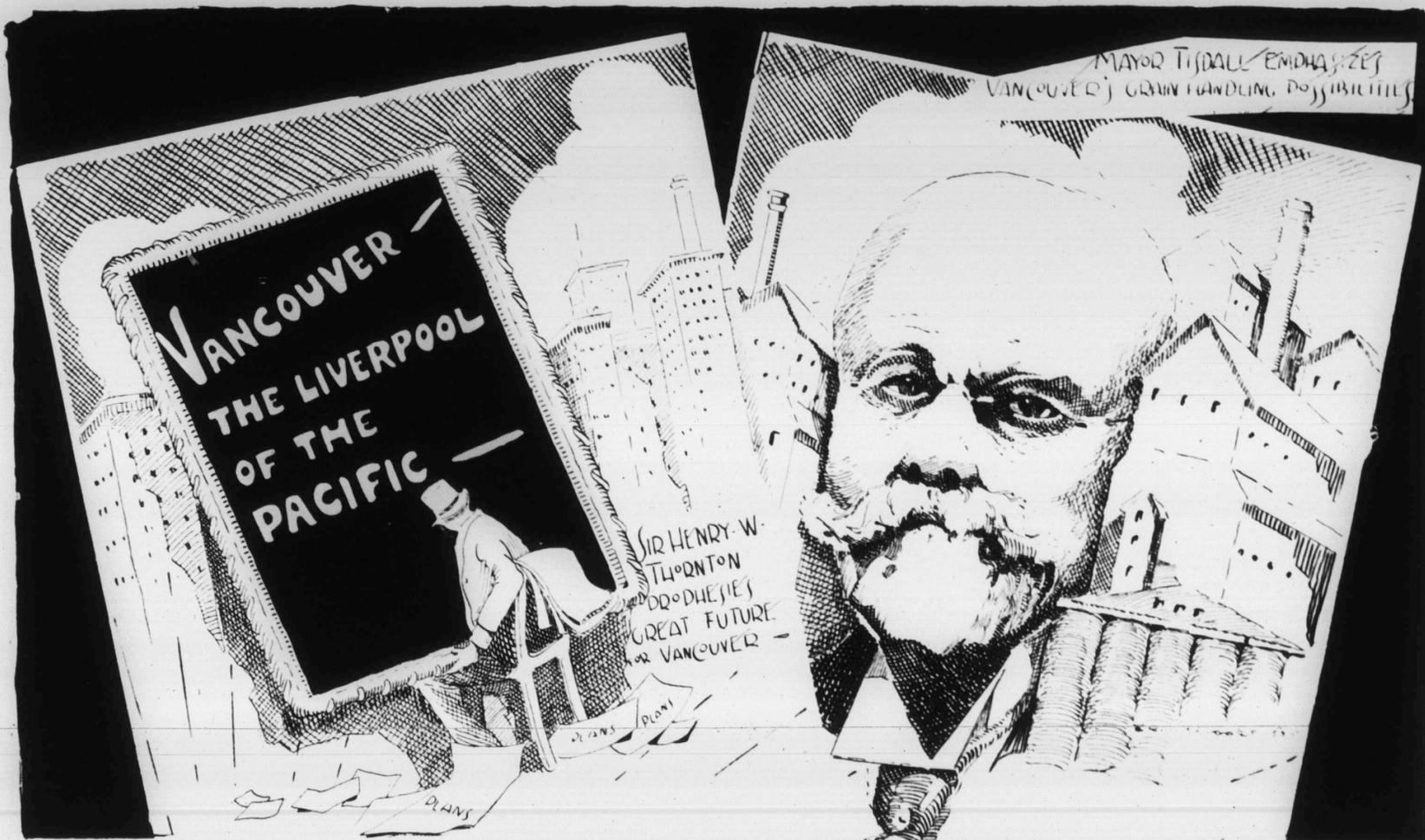
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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY and VANCOUVER, the DOMINION'S PERENNIAL PORT
Shall Bind the Canadian West.



WESTERN CANADIAN DEVELOPMENT BE A REAL PARTNER!

A word to all Citizens from the Mayors and Reeves to the latest
HOME-MAKERS in the West.

The use by our Cartoonist (Mr. E. R. McTaggart) of the phrase "Vancouver the Liverpool of the Pacific," is timely, perhaps more timely than ever before. Vancouver's growth means development for Victoria and Prince Rupert, too, and indeed of the whole of the Canadian West, including Alberta and Saskatchewan.

But citizens of the Western Provinces must awake to do their part in developing their heritage. Among other things that involves the exercise of practical interest in public questions, and their adequate exposition and review.

By giving space to writers on public questions—industrial, social, educational, literary and religious—the publishers of this Magazine seek to provide a really worth-while and representative medium for all phases of Community service work.

In doing so, the Magazine is subject to misrepresentation and misunderstanding in various ways because: (1) of our proximity to the United States, which makes Canada the happy dumping ground for surplus printed matter of all kinds at rates which would be impossible if production took place in this country for Canadians; and (2) because of the many ephemeral and experimental publications that have sought patronage of late years.

We HAD a "Get-acquainted" rate, but have had to suspend or change it entirely, as it meant supplying Magazines at less than cost. Our rate of \$1.75 for one year and \$3.00 for two years, is the lowest possible meantime.

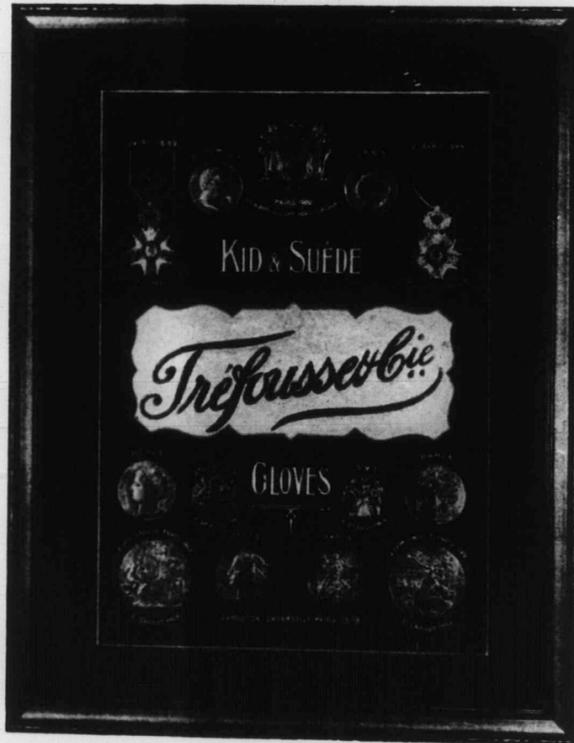
No one issue of the Magazine contains all the features which we hope to carry regularly as the B. C. M. is developed and enlarged. BUT WE ASK EVERY WESTERN CITIZEN AND HOME WORTHY OF THE NAME TO JOIN US IN THIS REAL COMMUNITY SERVICE—WHICH "BEGINS AT HOME!"

We wish THE MAGAZINE, with its articles by Western writers, to be value IN ITSELF, and of increasing interest to Western homes. Therefore we have no agents authorized to speak of "just paying postage," or appealing to be helped through this "course" or that. (The people who are REALLY working for a college course in vacations are not usually so ready in advertising the fact.)

This Magazine wishes the GOODWILL of subscribers no less than their practical financial interest. We are planning to increase our subscription list throughout the West. If YOU are interested in any feature in this issue, let us know, and also note and send us the names and addresses of friends to whom information concerning the B. C. M. may be sent.

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SEAWARD.

Whene'er my day of life has reached the sunset,
And my frail boat will from its mooring break,
Give me a still and starry night with moonlight
And that fair chart which hope and love will make.

I shall fare forth without a fear or murmur;
No need of lighthouse flash nor warning bell.
Beyond the headlands, I shall find the Ocean
In that calm trust—Forever all is well.
—Edwin E. Kinney.

ALONE.

Grey waves silver crowned,
Cathedral peaks,
The pale star of even drowned
In lucent twilight gold,
And high in the purple air a gull with gleaming wings—
Alone.

A curtain of velvet night,
A carpet of snow,
The leaping fires of heaven alight,
Cedars with drooping, shining arms,
And motionless, intent, a marauding coyote—
Alone.

A madly pulsing, wildly rushing,
Leaping, quivering,
Torrent stream, rainbows blushing
In its restless jewel spray,
And on a moss-clad rock an aged grey-green pine—
Alone.

Ah me, in bitterness, in all ecstatic joy,
In frequent pain,
In the clutch of the fears that destroy,
In hope Heaven-born, or despair from Hell,
On a mountain spire remote, my soul doth dwell—
Alone.

—By M. E. Colman.

CHOOSING.

Some people dotes on motor cars,
An' tears along their way
Devourin' up the dusty miles
By hundreds every day.
They takes a pride in burnin' oil—
They can't bear goin' slow;
But I likes walkin' through the world
An' lookin' as I go.

Some people gathers curios,
As misers gather cash;
Some puts their coin on racin' gees,
An' finish—in the hash.
Some must have everythin' in sight—
A greedy lot they be—
But me, the odds and ends of life
Are good enough for me.

Some people simply scorns the lot
Of us who saunter by.
They miss a lot, those foolish folk—
Storm clouds—the summer sky—
Trees—and the whisperin' of the sea—
The kindnesses you meet—

Stray cats an' dogs—an' mellowin' love
Of people in the street.
—Marjory M. Reynolds.

THE DEWDROP.

The Breeze blew over the field one day,
And kissed the Lily by the way;
She smiled so sweet and looked so fair,
That the Breeze went dancing through the air.
But back he came in the dead of night,
When the Lily had folded her petals white,
And he sighed, and sobbed, and whispered, too,
But she heard him not the whole night through.
So, off he flew with a wail forlorn,
And the Lily slept on till the call of Morn,
But found as her petals burst apart,
A crystal tear-drop next her heart.
—Donald A. Fraser.

A WISP OF SMOKE.

They wrote me they had tramped through Glenmalure
To music of the rain's soft lullaby;
They'd seen a wisp of turf-smoke rising high
Till, tempted by a breeze to make detour,
It sank, and vanished on the lonely moor
And missed the welcome of the waiting sky.
Reading the words, I thought perhaps that I
Missed the mark, too, because my aim was poor.

A tinkers' camp-fire 'd made the vanished smoke;
Deserted now, it met the travellers' need.
Rekindled embers! Courage in me woke.
I'd aim again, nor wayward impulse heed.
To link the earth and sky I'd Heav'n invoke,
And beg its music for my silent reed.

—Annie Margaret Pike.

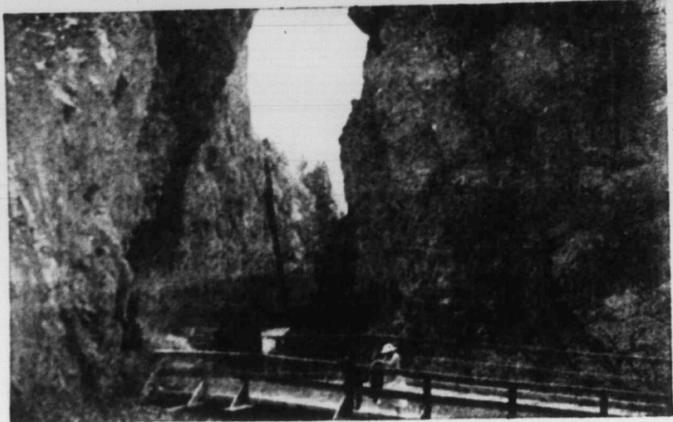
TO A DAFFODIL.

Dear golden bowl of crinkle rim,
With liquid sunshine filled to brim;
What secret magnet hast thou found
To coax such beauty from the ground?
Sweet Daffodil! a very shower
Of simple beauty is thy dower;
A queen with crown upon her brow,
Wears not more dignity than thou.

Perchance thou art not flower at all,
But some rare gem by love let fall
To cheer tired mortals who as we
Find joy in quiet reverie.
Perchance thou art a sacred urn
Where cloistered priests their incense burn?
Or taper lit by Druid sage,
A strange god's anger to assuage?

But why demur o'er race or name,
Since in my heart there burns a flame
For thee, fair creature—Springtime's guest—
Yet loved through all the seasons best;
Sweet Flower! Thou to my heart hast brought
A happiness I long have sought.
Supremely great the artist's skill
That moulded thee, sweet Daffodil.

—E. Jewel Robinson.



Gorge in Sinclair Canyon

The Banff-Windermere Road

Scenically and historically the Banff-Windermere Highway, which will be thrown open to the motoring public this year, is about as fine a road as can be found anywhere in the world. Mrs. Julia Henshaw, F.R.G.S., told a recent meeting of the Vancouver Automobile Club at the Hotel Vancouver in the course of a delightful address.

It is a road, she said, of which British Columbia should be proud. Not only does it open up a new country for the motorist to explore, but from the point of view of construction it compares favorably with many of the roads in the Italian and Swiss Alps and in the Spanish Pyrenees.

Following the Bow River, with its fine background of towering peaks, the road strikes south between Banff and Lake Louise to climb the Vermillion pass. Near the summit of this climb one of the most interesting spots in the Rockies is found, these are the ochre beds. They are masses of varicolored clay used by the ancient Indian tribes to smear their bodies with awe-inspiring pigments prior to going into battle. Many a brave Indian buck in some fierce fight passed on to the happy hunting ground bedaubed with the red, yellows and grays found in this paint box of nature.

Once over the Vermillion pass the road enters a veritable paradise of gigantic peaks and glaciers. Even in the hottest summer weather these masses of ice glisten in the sun throwing off a kaleidoscope of colors which make the finest opal pale into drabness.

Gleaming rivers, ice fed from the upper hills, dash down between clefts in the mountains with all the abandon of a school boy released from his studies. Giant evergreens overhang these streams and accentuate the cold blue of the waters below.

Everywhere there are flowers. "A veritable mantle of bloom" is the way Mrs. Henshaw describes it. The delicate mauve of the fire weed, the deep red of the Indian paint brush, these and many others are there to warm the heart of the botanist.

As the road drops down into the Windermere country the famous Radium Hot Springs, which have brought health to man and animals from time immemorial, are to be found. Long before the white man came into the country the fame of these curative waters had spread abroad and the rocks round the steaming spring were worn smooth by the bodies of Indians who slid into this nature-bath to recover the boon of health.

The road makes possible a 500 mile circle of motor travel which for variety of scene is almost without comparison in America. Starting from Banff it is possible to come back to the same town after visiting Windermere, Cranbrook, Fernie, MacLeod and Calgary. In this way one can view scenery that is conceded to be the finest in the

known world, a great industrial district in the making, the wheat fields of southern Alberta and an immense grazing country which still retains many of the picturesque features of the old frontier cattle towns.

The road is sure to be a very great attraction to tourists, especially those from south of the line, sated with the orderly landscape of more civilized areas.

—S. G.

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Should Ex-Premier Bowser Have A Second Chance?

(By an Independent.)

The question: Should ex-Premier Bowser have a "second chance"? has not been inspired by the recent formation of a third or new "Provincial Party" in British Columbia. The writer had in view to raise it, or have it raised, before that hybrid candidate for Government control was born. Without venturing an opinion at this stage as to the personnel or platform of that party, it is a reasonable assumption that a considerable "third party" might be formed at any time from the malcontents and the dissatisfied of any two dominant political parties.

To be blamed and condemned by opponents in politics is the common lot. But for a Leader to be the butt of sustained criticism from a following within his own party, may be due to either the strength or weakness of his personality. We suppose it is possible for a man to be too straight and strong to make a good politician, and yet to have capacity that would make him a valuable public servant and statesman.

Whatever be the causes behind the criticisms of Mr. Bowser, the writer has no intention of delving into the details of his political history. He simply wishes to ask the question with which this article opens, in the light of present conditions and probable changes in the not distant months. Independently, he is ready to accept without argument that Mr. Bowser may not only have made political mistakes in the past, but that some of them may have been of the kind unforgivable—by other politicians.

But who among politicians and other folk does not make mistakes? After all, the greater fault in life is not to make mistakes, but to fail to learn from them. Critics may call the writer a born optimist when he records it as his independent impression that Mr. Bowser is a man who will seek to benefit by his errors of the past. With that believed or accepted, the question naturally follows: Should Mr. Bowser not be given a "second chance" to utilize his experience in the service of the State?

Though hard hit, and that not only by opponents but in the house of his political friends, British Columbia's ex-Premier also impresses the onlooker as "a bonnie fighter." And so long as a man fights clean, whether he be called "Honest John" or let us say, Pugnacious Billy, Britishers generally—which term, of course, includes Canadians—not only believe in a fair field, but usually have a wholesome respect for one who never knows when he is beaten. On the other hand, let us remember that it is always easy for a certain type to hit at a man when others are at the job.

Another reason that influences the writer in asking the question in this article, may be termed by some simply a sentimental one based on natural human sympathy. But to an independent citizen who wishes to see men of character and capacity put before parties—and selected to make up parties, too—and at the same time is impressed by the fleeting nature of this life's opportunities for service, the suggestion that with all his mental vim and vigor, Mr. Bowser has special need to husband his physical strength, justifies the emphasizing of the question: Should he not be given his second chance while his strength remains, and he continues in his intellectual prime? Is it not reasonable and likely that Mr. Bowser, if returned to power again, would not only seek to benefit by the mistakes (his own and others) of the government with which he was formerly associated, but also by the mistakes and achievements of the estimable gentlemen at present in office?

But, lest a sentimental interest in personality, rather than practical interest in the country and its satisfactory oversight, be held to govern the question as raised by the writer, he would, in conclusion, note that he holds there is one consideration which should outweigh these reasons, and all oth-

ers, and it is this: Is there a better-qualified man fit or ready for government leadership? Doubtless there are numerous men eager for political office and honours, but assuming (as most prophets do) that a change of government is due at next provincial election, IS THERE ANY MAN AS WELL QUALIFIED?

If, apart from political differences, strong and clean personal character, together with knowledge and experience of a country, are outstanding qualifications for the Head of a government, the writer believes that, notwithstanding all the criticism aimed at Mr. Bowser—some of which has no doubt been earned and deserved—the ex-Premier should not be so easily superseded. And if the rank and file of independent voters, who in the main usually settle the "Outs" and the "Ins," consider the situation fairly, we shall not be surprised to find that Mr. W. J. Bowser is given a "second chance" to make history in this big west coast province with the "Perennial Port"—which we have held for years—may bye and bye be recognized as the Front Doorway of the Dominion, and ultimately become a rival Centre of the British Empire.



He's always fooling around with that dog!

Established 1911

The British Columbia Monthly

The Community Service Magazine of the Canadian West

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The Buy B. C. Products Campaign

A Shorter Catechism

(By W. B. Forster.)

Q. Should a B. C. article be purchased when a similar foreign made article, superior in quality and cheaper in price, can be bought?

A. Certainly not. All that we ask is: "Give preference, where quality and price are equal, first to the products of B. C., second to those of Canada, and third to those of the British Empire." There is little or no sentiment in the matter; well-to-do people, however, can afford to pay a little more for a good B. C. article, thereby helping to build up the community.

Q. Why is it that many B. C. goods are higher in price than the imported ones? It would appear that some manufacturers were taking advantage of the protective tariff.

A. That is not so. If the manufacturers were obtaining too great a profit on any particular articles, many others would be attracted to that industry, and the natural competition would keep prices down. It must be remembered that many industries in B. C. are struggling to establish themselves, and until that is accomplished by producing larger quantities, the overhead expense is naturally heavy. Cheapen the price of an article and it will be brought into an ever-widening area of buyers. As prices rise demand falls; as prices fall demand rises.

Q. Why is it the clerks in the stores are not trained to push the sale of B. C. products?

A. The public are the ones to do the training, by demanding the B. C. article. The retailer will supply what the public demands, and it is this demand that the Buy B. C. Products Campaign is trying to create. If every man, woman and child in B. C. were to demand B. C. products every time a purchase is made, they would be doing a great deal of good by establishing the fact that they intend to give them first preference. This would force the distributors to handle home products.

Q. Would it be sound economics if the people of British Columbia purchased B. C. products only?

A. No. There are many things not made or produced in B. C. Foreign trade is necessary for the development of the province and should be encouraged, but the imports to a large extent should be limited to what we are not producing, such as sugar, tea, coffee, oranges, grape fruit, oil, cotton goods, steel, automobiles, machinery, etc. In 1921 B. C. imported 56 million dollars' worth of agricultural products and manufactured articles in direct competition to those produced at home. It is with these imports that the Campaign is dealing.

Q. How will an increased demand provide more work?

A. A questionnaire was sent out from the Campaign Offices to a number of industries in B. C., asking them: "If the demand for their products were increased by 50%, how many more workers they would employ?" Fifty-seven firms replied assuring us they would give employment to 1,548 additional workers. As there are 2,000 industries in B. C., the result of such an increased demand can be imagined.

Q. If a B. C. article of poor quality is supplied, what can be done about it?

A. Call Seymour 6980, or write a letter to the B. C. Products Bureau, 300 Pender Street West, Vancouver, giving full particulars. All complaints are treated confidentially, and investigated for the ultimate benefit of all consumers.

Q. What about the fruit rotting on the ground in the fruit valleys? Would it not be better for the growers to ship it to the cities and let the public have the advantage of a cheap price?

A. The labourer is worthy of his hire. Organized labour demands a certain price for their work, so why not the fruit

growers? It costs the grower \$1.40 to grow, pick and pack a box of apples, and that is the net price he can accept without making any profit. To this must be added 25c freight, and, say, 50c to distributors, making a total of \$2.15 to the consumer. This, for the best grade of apples without any profit. The lower grades are always sold cheaply and at a loss to the grower, so the best possible price must be obtained for the better grades in order to offset their loss.

Q. Would it not be cheaper to buy the apples direct from the growers?

A. No, not as a general rule. The distributors have a knowledge of markets invaluable to the producers, and by handling in quantity they can sell cheaper. If a box of apples was purchased direct from the growers the freight would be 75c instead of 25c by the carload.

Q. How will an increased preference reduce taxes?

A. In the first place, of the ultimate selling price of an article produced in British Columbia, 18% goes as a direct contribution to the three forms of taxation, viz., Municipal, Provincial, and Federal. If the public had purchased those 56 million dollars' worth of imported products from B. C., our producers would have contributed 10 million dollars in taxes, which represents half the provincial budget for this year. Again, by creating a strong home market, existing industries will expand and new settlers and industries will be attracted, which will increase the population, thereby reducing the individual burden of taxation.

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THE CANADIAN MEMORIAL CHURCH

February, 1923, is seeing the formal beginning of a splendid experiment, and the dedication of a worthy memorial, in the consecration of the first unit of the Canadian Memorial Church in Vancouver.

This beautiful building, fully equipped for helping to develop four-square young Canadians—spiritually, mentally, socially and physically—has been financed entirely by the free-will offerings of Canadians—largely local people—and opens practically clear of debt, though the actual expenditure was \$20,000 over the original estimates.

The contractors, Grant, Smith & Co., and McDonnell, Ltd., did the work at cost, asking nothing for their services; and the cost of the building, \$80,000, represents real sacrifices made by thousands of men, women and children of Canada, and particularly of British Columbia, in memory of the 60,000 who died for us.

Around a reception hall are grouped rooms, each with its fireplace, musical instrument, and wall blackboard, to be used as class and club-rooms. A complete set of dressing-rooms and lockers for both men and women is a feature also, as well as a large and fully equipped kitchen.

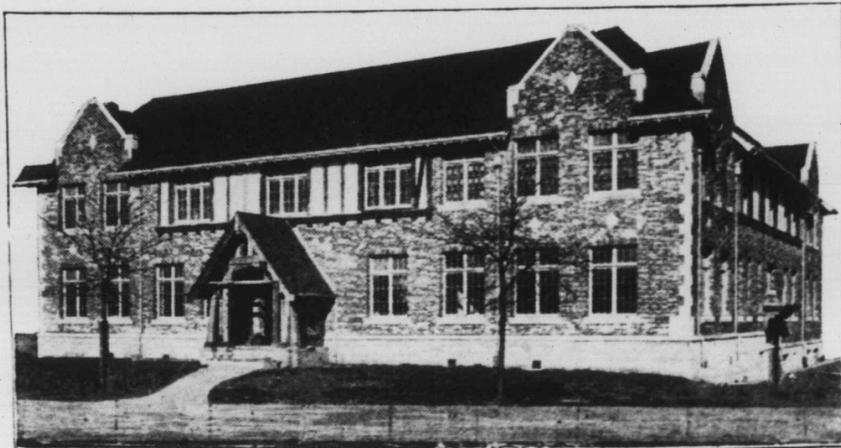
The gymnasium, which is being used as an auditorium until the second unit, the church proper, is built, seats 1,000 persons, and is large enough to accommodate two tennis courts, while the gallery provides a running track. Below the gym. is one of the finest and largest swimming tanks in Canada, finished in white tile and graduated in depth from three to eight feet.

Mr. Rendall, who is a graduate of the Y. M. C. A. College of Springfield, has been brought from New York to serve as physical director. He is on duty at the building during the whole week, and is assisted in the girls' department by Miss Grace Goddard, the well-known local teacher of physical culture.

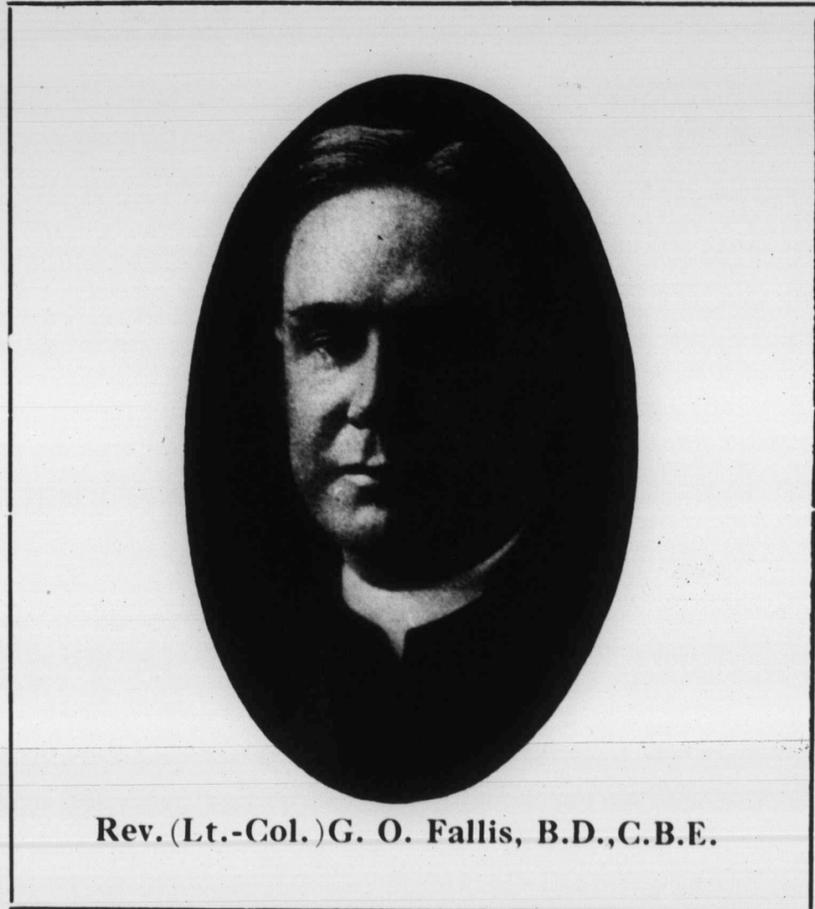
There is only one condition which boys and girls must fulfil to enjoy the advantages of the Community Building: they must be members of SOME Sunday School.

The Canadian Memorial Church is NOT an undenominational, or an interdenominational church; it is something better—a Methodist Church which extends the right hand of fellowship to the members and adherents of all other denominations.

The prime mover and central force of this undertaking is the Rev. (Lt.-Col.) G. O. Fallis, B.D., O.B.E., pastor of the church and one time overseas chaplain. It is largely owing to his forward vision, unflinching faith and devotion during the past five years, that this most fitting monument to the memory of our Canadian heroes has been erected to further the ideals for which they sacrificed everything, counting not the cost.



Community Building Canadian Memorial Church



Rev. (Lt.-Col.) G. O. Fallis, B.D., C.B.E.

WHAT MEAN THESE STONES?

(Notes from Mr. Sanford's Dedicatory Sermon, Canadian Memorial Church.)

"This is a symbol of the past, and a prophecy of better days."

* * * *

"The Great War vindicated Canada for all time and proved that there is here the material for a nation dedicated to the highest ideals."

* * * *

"We do not dim the glory of our men when we say that the God of Battles gave us the victory."

* * * *

"God intervened just as clearly at the Marne as He did at Jordan."

* * * *

"The ideals of Jesus Christ must sustain us. As 60,000 men gave their lives to a great task, we must hold back nothing, not life itself, to bring the world to Christ; to bring the day long foretold by prophet and sage, when the sound of war shall be heard no more, and the Kingdom of God shall be established on earth."

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF PEACE.

Where harbours Peace (you ask) this perilous day?
To what far desert has she fled forlorn
With weary feet and tattered robe of scorn,
Urged by the dripping sword aye mad to slay?
She sat, I mind me, where warm sunbeams play;
In her sweet throat Love's tenderest notes were born;
From her soft breast the lark awoke the morn,
The blackbird sang the westering sun her lay.
But all that happy world lies grey in dust
With Spring and Hope and the young lips of love,
And Night's ten thousand cruel eyes above
Wither men's hearts, till o'er earth's blazing crust
They see Peace armèd in the ranks of war
Drive headlong to its goal her heavenly car.

—Donald Graham.

Publishing Office:
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"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

VOLUME XX.

FEBRUARY, 1923

No. 3

NOTES and QUESTIONS

THE FIRST "HOUSE-WARMING" of Vancouver Board of Trade in its new quarters at the corner of Pender and Hamilton Streets, is not likely to be readily forgotten. In a way the occasion was historic. The passing of resolutions concerning the erection of another grain elevator in Vancouver was a matter of outstanding interest. But the clever way in which a pre-arranged argument leading to a "scene" was staged so as to be taken for the genuine thing by nearly all of those present, reflected well on all concerned. It certainly served the purpose of emphasizing that, when it comes to community interest in its relation to Provincial and National development, many men are ready (especially with elections out of sight) to act in unison, and to place the "common good" before any political party considerations.

"HARRY" GALE, FORMERLY MAYOR of Vancouver, may, like most public men, be open to criticism, but that he has oratorical ability no one can deny. And he led off the "discussion" in a way that left nothing to be desired in the way of make-believe. Leon Ladner, Fred Lucas, and others were also natural in their parts in a "piece" which for a time was anything but peaceful, and Mr. Ladner supplemented his bit by a neat and fitting little speech—when he became really serious. The upshot of this item on the evening's excellent programme was that for the time at least one might have been led to substitute "B. C. Britons" for "Romans" in such lines as—

"The Romans were like Brothers
In the Brave days of Old."

THE MINISTER OF LANDS in the Provincial (British Columbia) Cabinet had an opportunity at that Board of Trade function of which he took good advantage. If fuller light was given on the whole policy of his department, new light may also have been given on Hon. Mr. Pattullo himself. Probably the non-partizan and friendly attitude and atmosphere of the meeting had something to do with it, but at any rate the dapper little gentleman who for six years now has served British Columbia through its Lands Department, spoke for three-quarters of an hour in such a way as must have demonstrated to the open-minded that he had been "on the job" and was fairly well up-to-date in his knowledge of its problems and possibilities.

CONSIDERING HOW MANY ORGANIZATIONS there are now in this western community, it is the more remarkable that Vancouver Board of Trade retains such a flourishing position. Its growth and status reflect very creditably not only on the Presidents and Directorate of recent years, but on the service given by Secretary Payne and the staff associated with him.

THAT CHEERFUL PERSONALITY AND FLUENT ORATOR, Rev. Leslie Pidgeon (who though only in his forties is already a "Doctor"—thanks, we believe, to Manitoba College under Principal MacKay) outlined the case for Church Union in Vancouver, recently, in a way which could not but commend it to the open-minded.

ONE OF THE STRONGEST ARGUMENTS for union, as cited by Dr. Pidgeon, is the condition of the churches in the Prairie Provinces, and the large number of cases of practical union that have been consummated in recent years, many of which have been influenced, if not instigated, by the attitude endorsing union taken by the Presbyterian Assembly in— was it 1916?

OF COURSE THERE ARE "DIE-HARDS" to consider in almost every such "Forward" movement, and so long as discussions were continued within the camp, hope could be cherished that the minority would ultimately at least cease to oppose the judgment of the majority. But since the opponents to union in the Presbyterian Church organized for resistance to it, and were by that action and the propaganda involved, likely to increase their number, it is not surprising that the advocates of union have been led to take more educative action also. That the adherents to each side are equally sincere in their convictions need not be questioned, but that does not make any the less regrettable the prospect that there will be a dissenting body of Presbyterians who will not enter the union.

ANYONE WITH PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE of Prairie conditions, say, fifteen years ago, must learn with interest and appreciation the facts affecting present united charges as reviewed by Dr. Pidgeon. In former years the churches—Presbyterian, Methodist, and Anglican alike—brought students and others from the Centre of Empire to serve in these Prairie districts. And one of the surprises that awaited such pioneers was to find that each of the churches mentioned (not to mention others) was equally anxious to organize service points in the same territory, though the small Elevator towns and scattered communities of pre-emptors and others would often be taxed enough in numbers and finance to contribute to the maintenance of the representative of one denomination. On the Prairie at least church union was overdue, and it is satisfactory to know that so much practical progress has been made toward it there.

WHILE NOT INDIFFERENT TO THE DIFFICULTIES of the "Die-hards," who may hesitate or decline to accept changes in their forms of church government, etc., independent observers may hold it timely and pertinent to point out that world conditions suggest the desirability, not to say imperativeness, of the Christian churches generally exercising

themselves as to much larger "unions" or practical confederations for world influence and service.

* * * *

VARIETIES OF INTERPRETATION AND EXPOSITION, on the other hand, involving: (1) Emotionalism dominant; (2) Intellectual assent dominant; or (3) Submission to "the church" as the "authority," seem likely to keep the Christian "churches" in several great groups—until the Founder Himself returns—it may be to teach each group that no one has, or can have, the **whole** truth.

* * * *

IN THE AFFAIRS OF CHURCH AND STATE ALIKE, as most folk grow older in years, they are apt to be more tenacious of their creeds and doctrines. Like the child before the broken toy, adult humans may feel that, deprived of this proof, or with that prop denied or destroyed, Life's outlook must be vain and Death's encompassing certainty intolerable. Yet, for all our fretting, we pass quietly away with our generation, and this little world moves on in its destined round in the starry universe, for whatever WE think, believe, or question, the Master-Guide is surely watching over all. The years flit by—as 1922 has just done—and the children of men in all churches, and some in none, patiently facing life's tasks, find themselves learning, with some surety if slowly, that the first lesson in this life for each and all is—"HAVE FAITH IN GOD."

"We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God."

* * * *

FAITH IN A BENEFICENT POWER SUPREME may not be such a big "fundamental" to some folk, but it is not an insignificant beginning to the questioning and questing souls who find so many varieties of exposition and interpretation abroad, each type equally confident that his alone explains life and death, and solves "the Riddle of the Universe."

* * * *

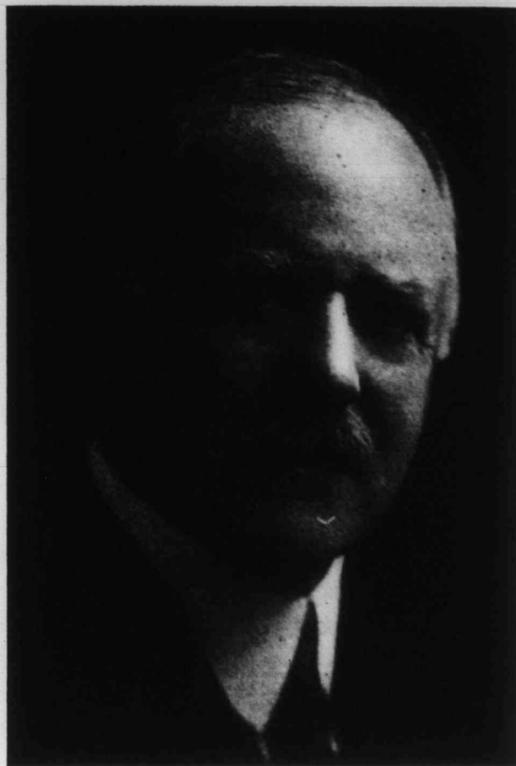
OFFICIAL AND PERSONAL AUSTERITY ALIKE were conspicuous by their absence at the Vancouver Canadian Club Luncheon at which His Honour Lieutenant Governor Walter C. Nichol was the guest, and the matter and manner of his address to the Club were in keeping with the occasion. His Honour good-naturedly informed the large company present that they might choose between hearing him read an address which had been prepared for that evening's paper (a "proof" of which he produced), or having him talk to them in an informal way; and he evidently preferred to trust to his memory in selecting the high points of his prepared speech.

* * * *

BUT FOR HIS HONOUR'S COMMENDABLE CANDOUR, outsiders who were not present at the luncheon and who afterwards read his address as published in his own paper (The Province), might have held that he was liable to earn a reputation like that of an American politician—who said that he became famous through delivering as extemporaneous addresses, speeches that he (or others) had carefully prepared. Some of the parts of the Lieutenant Governor's speech that read best in the paper were not spoken to the Club at all, but therein was exercised the newspaper publisher's privilege. This outstanding instance suggests the question of how far newspaper reports in this country form an accurate and reliable record of (1) what is said, or (2) what was intended to be said.

* * * *

THE SETTING OF THAT CANADIAN CLUB LUNCHEON, however, might have suggested to an independent observer how Lieutenant Governors come to be nominated or



Lt. Gov. W. C. Nichol

chosen. It was obvious, as His Honour himself indeed remarked, that he was, as he felt, among many old friends. Present that day were the cream of the "Oldest Timers," and the less-old, too, among Vancouver's citizens, and one felt that they largely represented that Public Opinion which goes far—or should go far—to influence the selection from the people of any representative of the Crown. The present Lieutenant Governor himself may have appeared in a new light that day to some citizens—to whom he may at times have seemed surrounded by an undue halo of austerity.

* * *

THE REPORTS OF THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR'S SPEECH which appeared in the other dailies were comparatively meagre. Considering the general community interest of the address, proofs of it might well have been asked for by them on the one side, and supplied to them on the other.

* * * *

HIS HONOUR'S PLAIN-SPOKEN REFERENCE to the United States was noteworthy. He said: "One thing is clear in my mind, and I feel myself forced to say it with a good deal of regret, and that is that the refusal of our neighbours to the south of us to discuss the debts of the Allies in connection with the reparations has had the effect of making the reparation problem virtually an insoluble one, and has really forced France into the drastic action which she has taken with regard to Germany."

* * * *

EQUALLY TRENCHANT WAS ANOTHER PASSAGE, referring to Europe. "The situation in Europe is generally regarded by thoughtful people as due very largely to misgovernment. There is a strong feeling in many quarters that if the whole matter of readjusting the world were in the hands of a group of unprejudiced business men, without a personal axe to grind, it would be straightened out, but it seems impossible to make headway in that direction. Those who have tried it find themselves blocked at every turn."

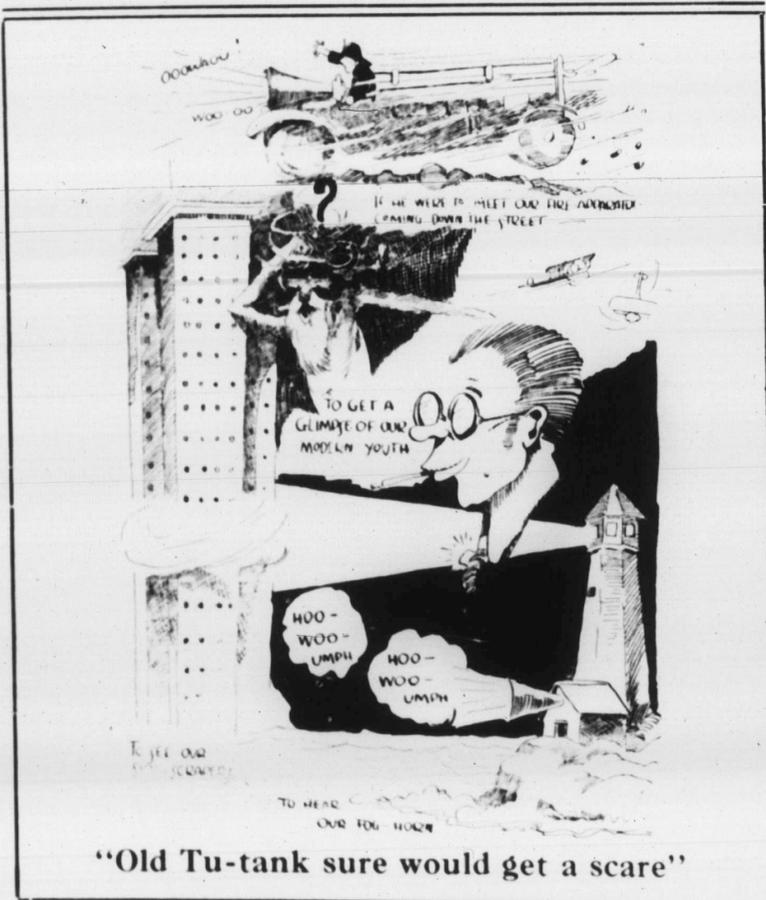
* * * *

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" BECAUSE ONE OF THE pieces put on by Vancouver Little Theatre Association with the name "Possession," was supposed to portray conditions in life beyond, some supercritical folk wrote to the papers taking exception to it. Had such folk attended the theatre they might have learned from that piece—well staged and

impressively acted, as it was—a lesson concerning life's continuity such as the best churchmen are most anxious to enforce.

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."
is a quotation as familiar as the character of Milton's Satan himself. The idea underlying "Possession," however, is quite in keeping with other expressions of Milton's, particularly passages that occur in the conversation between Adam and Raphael in Paradise:

How, last, unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good
This is dispensed; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best—though what if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like more than on Earth is thought!"



CONCERNING ADVERTISING

(By Morgan Eastman.)

A short time ago, goods were sold. Today, goods are bought. There is a vast difference. Since the selling era has come, a lot of you B. C. manufacturers have one-stepped—a few of you have two-stepped—and a great many of you have "shimmied." In other words, you have made little progress, or none at all. A very few of you have followed the straight line offered by consumer advertising to a larger volume of sales.

A big volume of sales is what every B. C. manufacturer WISHES for. But "wishing" won't get it for you. If "wishes" were Packards, beggars would drive them. So you must make some definite and practical effort if you are to achieve a larger volume in 1923.

I notice that a great many B. C. manufacturers don't go "all-the-way" in their plans to secure sales. They only go to the junction. By that, I mean, to the retailer. Their battle-cry to the retailer is: "Push my goods." This battle-cry of business is antiquated. The retail merchant of today has from 1,000 to 5,000 lines of merchandise. He hasn't time to devote his efforts to your particular line. Furthermore, he

hasn't the inclination. The wide-awake retailer knows that his profits depend upon a quick turnover. He wants a customer to name his wants—the clerk to wrap it up quickly—and to put the money into the cash-drawer. In other words, he wants the manufacturer to have the consumer PULL the manufacturer's goods off his shelves. Thousands of consumers pulling is more effective than a few retailers pushing.

A prominent local retailer put it up to me this way: "Yes, I prefer to sell B. C. goods, providing they're equal in quality and price, and providing the public wants them. One of the first things I learned in merchandising was never to attempt to force something upon my customers. In the first place, myself or my clerks have not the time. And, secondly, I find that it is bad business to attempt to switch a customer from the line called for, for something 'just as good,' whether it is made in B. C. or not. It is now a fact, that practically all buyers have been sold by the manufacturer through advertising before entering the store. They are willing to accept a well-known product, whether it be a Stetson hat or Palm Olive soap. If the B. C. manufacturer is willing to create this consumer acceptance for his merchandise through advertising, I will be only too glad to stock his goods. But, today, I find that I am investing in advertising more than three times the amount that the B. C. Manufacturers' Association collectively are investing in their associated campaign. I believe that I, a retailer, am investing more in advertising than any individual manufacturer in B. C. I find the most profitable advertising I can do is to link up with the manufacturers' advertising. Certainly, I cannot afford to advertise manufacturer's goods for him when he has not the faith nor the courage to do so himself."

It seems to me this retailer's remarks present an unanswerable argument. He states frankly that he is willing to co-operate with the B. C. manufacturer, but he does not propose to devote his time, his energy, nor his money in helping the manufacturer who will not help himself.

Every manufacturer's advertising campaign must, of course, be governed by the particular problems which each manufacturer must face. However, there are certain fundamentals which are essential to the success of all advertising campaigns.

The first essential is that the manufacturer must be sure that his goods are fully equal in quality to those of his competitors, and that the price is right. It is then necessary to present these goods in a way that will make them look as good to the consumer as mother's apple pie. Then tell the consumers about it in a way that they will understand. "Tell it to Sweeney," because the "Sweeneys" represent about ninety per cent. of the total buyers. Never mind the Kerr-Houlgates, the Tupperts, or the Malkins. They'll understand, and if they don't, it doesn't make much difference, as they represent only ten per cent. of the buying power.

You will probably say, this is fine—but who pays for this advertising? That has long been a mystery. But, now we know. We know that the manufacturer doesn't pay for the advertising, because the increased volume of sales resulting from a properly directed advertising campaign lowers the selling costs and in many instances the manufacturing costs. The consumer doesn't pay, because the increased volume permits the manufacturer through lowered overhead to reduce his prices more than enough to absorb the cost of advertising. Who does pay? The non-advertising manufacturer. He is the one that pays for his competitor's advertising. His increased cost of doing business gradually eats him up, with the result that his original capital is absorbed in the lowered selling and manufacturing costs of his competitor.

It is not necessary for me to present any proof that advertising does accomplish these things. All the B. C. manufacturer needs to do is to look over the successful manufacturer in his own line of business. He will find without

(Turn to Page 16)

Vancouver Little Theatre Association—Eighth Production

"First-nights" are always something of an occasion, especially when the performance is an amateur one; there is a tenseness and expectancy in the air which even the audience shares. The first night of the eighth production of the Vancouver Little Theatre Association was no exception to the rule. Templeton Hall was chilly as usual. Bliss Carman's journalistic understudy, gracefully draped upon a radiator, may have been warm, but the rest of us were glad to keep on heavy wraps, while the members of the orchestra looked positively frozen. When will Vancouver have an auditorium in keeping with the dignity of Canada's Pacific port?

However, when the curtain went up on the scene of "Augustus in Search of a Father" the cold was forgotten. The scene of this "episode" was laid in London, where, when there is a street repairing job, the Powers-that-Be erect a little shelter for the night watchman. To the watchman's little fire come many strange waifs and strays. Here, too, comes the "cop" on the beat, for a "warm and a chat." Hunter and hunted alike are welcomed by the watchman, and many a thrilling chase reaches its climax in the glow of his little fire.

It is on a bitter night that the "dead game sport" from America, suffering from "non-manageritis" on account of being "stony-broke," has a talk with the watchman. He has come back to find his father and mother, he says, but he is not sure that they will be glad to see him, for he is "down on his luck." "Gamblin' or drink?" asks the watchman. "Business depression," is the dignified reply.

The watchman has a son in America too, but he is honest. He is a plumber, undoubtedly he has a large business now. To be sure he has been away for nine years, and in all that time he has written but once—to his sweetheart when he landed—but that proves he must be doing well. No, his sweetheart never married; "marryin's none too easy in England these days." No, he can't suppose even for the sake of argument that Augustus Arthur Henry could come back broke, sick, discouraged, disgraced. He was honest, and honesty tells. "Specially in plumbing," says the "Sport."

Perhaps the "dead game sport" was the man wanted at the Station, but he didn't stay to inquire, though the cop's powers of persuasion were great. He stopped just long enough to hear that Augustus' mother hadn't waited for her boy to come back, then slipped away in the dark, whispering hoarsely:

"You're a white man, Old Chap—Old Chap—Father!"
But the watchman didn't hear.

The setting of "The Sweetmeat Game" was very effective. It represented a room in the home of a wealthy Chinese merchant of San Francisco, and every piece of carved teakwood furniture, every bit of colorful embroidery, was placed where its decorative value was most useful, making of the whole scene a beautiful picture.

Woo-Liu-Mai, the Beautiful Flower, second wife of Yiong-Yueng, a Chinese chemist, has charge of San-Chi, the Beautiful Bird, his blind, half-wit son. Contrary to her august lord's commands, Beautiful Flower has taken the blind boy into the streets, among the common, vulgar folk. Even on New Year's night she has taken him, and now that they are at home again the boy is fretful and dissatisfied.

"Soul-of-a-Toad, I will go down, I will go down," he cries.

But his step-mother is firm; tomorrow she will take him down again, but not today. Does he not know that his august Sire is abroad, and that he would kill Beautiful Flower if he knew that she had disobeyed his commands and taken her amiable step-son into the streets? Today they will play the "sweetmeat game." So Beautiful Flower puts a sweet on the table, and to her singing of a little rhyme the blind child gropes about the room, and

"On a hill so high,
Against the purple sky,"

he finds the dainty and eats it in triumph.

Soon Yiong-Yueng, majestic in a purple robe, comes in, and after greeting his wife lovingly, commands her to serve his meal. After he has finished, he admonishes her to meditate on the five vices common to her sex: "Scandal, jealousy, discontent, indocility and silliness. Eight out of ten female minds are afflicted with these maladies; that is why they are inferior to men." He then proceeds to read to her from the words of the Sage, Confucius, a description of a perfectly virtuous woman, whose reward is that in another life she may be born a man.

(A heavy basso "hear, hear," from the audience, punctuating the profound remarks of the merchant on the duties and position of women, caused some of his wisdom to be lost to other auditors. There are some people who, were they on the executioner's list, "wouldn't be missed.")

His wife's sweet docility so pleases the merchant that he makes passionate love to her and kisses her again and again. Whether the author, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, or the players, were at fault here, one does not know, but the fact is that Orientals do not kiss each other. They consider kissing a very objectionable Western barbarian's habit. It is only fair to say, that with this exception, the Oriental atmosphere was excellently sustained throughout the play, even chop-sticks being used correctly.

The merchant is greatly ashamed of his son's infirmities. "The devils," he says, "have stolen his sight, and half his wits. While he lives the gods will not give me another son. Would he were dead! But in vain I give him sharp knives to play with, in vain I leave him alone on the roof, grovelling about, his life is charmed. Have you," turning to his wife, "have you taught him that death is beautiful and to be desired?"

"Yes, my lord, I have," answers his trembling wife.

Before he leaves, the merchant forbids his wife to go near the windows, for there are foreign devils abroad, who peek and peer, therefore she must keep well within the shadow of the room. But Beautiful Bird has awakened from a sleep, and soon tires of his step-mother's stories and songs, tires of playing horse and beating her with a slender cane till his blows make her tears flow, and he demands that she go to the window and tell him what she sees, for they can hear the sound of music and revelry.

Woo-Liu-Mai refuses, reminding him of his father's commands, but he is insistent. He reminds her that he is a "man-child," and threatens her with a knife he has concealed in his blouse; so she obeys him.

While she is at the open window, a drunken white man comes near, and grabbing her hands through the bars, kisses her, and boasts to his unseen companions that the "cute little Chink peach" has given him a New Year's kiss.

Poor Beautiful Flower sinks moaning and fainting to the floor, and with a great banging of doors in rushes her husband, full of blind and furious rage. The blind child slips out of the room in terror. The merchant is about to shoot his wife, but cannot bring himself to "shatter flesh he has kissed," so he puts a tablet of a powerful poison on the table and orders her to take it, it will cause her to sleep her life away. In five minutes he will return, and if she is still in the land of the living he will call the hatchet-men.

The unfortunate woman, whose attempted explanations he refuses to hear, with tears and cries attempts to obey his command, but she cannot bring herself to touch the poison. She kneels before an image of the goddess of Mercy and prays that her husband may relent, that the hidden truth may be revealed to him. Then, overcome with emotion, she falls unconscious to the floor.

Beautiful Bird, who has stepped softly into the room again, hears the word "hidden." "Oh," he cries, "it is the sweetest name." And as he softly repeats the rhyme

There is a mountain high,
Against the purple sky.

his groping fingers find the poison, and with a sigh of satisfaction he eats it and lays him down to sleep.

Now, in a wild turmoil of remorse, returns Yiong-Yueng.

"It was that drunken White Devil, I saw him! Oh, my Flower, my Beautiful Blossom, I cannot live without you. I will follow you."

Tenderly he leans over the unconscious woman and gathers her in his arms.

"Am I in the heavenly regions with my beloved lord?" she inquires faintly, as she recovers.

"Yes, yes. Pass over in peace in my arms, fragrant broken Blossom, and I will follow you in an hour, I swear it."

"But," cries she, fully conscious now, "I did not eat, my lord, I swooned."

The merchant springs to his feet.

"But the tablet is gone!"

Beautiful Flower goes to the other side of the room where the third boy lies asleep, and taking his head in her hands she whispers

"The Beautiful Bird has flown."

In this tragedy, Mrs. Brewer, as Beautiful Flower, gives a characterization full of power and sincerity. The part is a difficult one, giving opportunity for fine emotional acting, and Mrs. Brewer rises to it splendidly.

To say that the scene of "Possession" is laid in Heaven is something of an exaggeration. The characters, however, are in the next life, not in this. The timely thought, well emphasized in the play, is that we, by our actions and our attitude, may make life for ourselves and others, a heaven, or a hell.

"Possession" must have been a very difficult play to stage; people and things appear and disappear, now are here, and now gone. Mr. Wellwood and his assistants are to be congratulated on the way the illusion was maintained and on the smoothness and ghostliness of the appearance and disappearance of the characters.

Miss Marjorie M. Reynolds' presentation of Laura James, the waspish widow who has just arrived in the beyond, and hopes to run things there as she did on earth, was a fine piece of acting.

If there is one criticism which might be made of the performance of all the plays, it is that the voices of the actors did not always carry with perfect distinctness, so that sentences, or parts of sentences, were occasionally lost to the audience, while at times it was a strain to catch the words spoken.

The music by the McIntyre quartette was most enjoyable. Altogether the Eighth Production of the Vancouver Little Theatre Association was a decided success, and reflects well on all concerned.

—L. A.

THE B. C. M. AS
The Magazine of the Canadian West
Is appointing representatives throughout B. C.,
Alberta and Saskatchewan.
Address: Manager, B. C. M., 1100 Bute Street
Vancouver, B. C.

THE SALESMAN'S LAMENT.

(Dedicated to the Man Who Has No Time to See Salesmen.)

Cooped in the pen beyond the pale,
On the outer side of the office rail;
Patronized by a switchboard queen
Or a gilded youth of seventeen;
Met by a condescending stare
From a third-rate clerk in a swivel-chair—
The SALESMAN stands with a friendly grin
And asks if the BOSS perchance is in.

The office boy, with protesting air,
Stirs himself from his tilted chair,
Shifts his gum to the other cheek,
And loftily, languidly deigns to speak.

"Didja have a date with the high Main-Squeeze?
Then yer outa luck, for he only sees
The guys he's pers'n'ly told to come—
Ain't got no time for a peddlin' bum.
Take in yer name? For the luvva Pete,
Dja know it's six floors down to the street?
'N I ain't too anxious to take the drop
Just for the sake of you, old top.
Important? Gwan; they all say that.
Good-bye! Don't trip on the rubber mat."

Well, you and I know many a place
Where they bang the door in the salesman's face,
Where he's shown the gate by a sassy kid
Who acts like the one we've mentioned did.

But I keep wonderin' now and then,
As to what the guy in the Inner Den
Must think when the chaps that sell H'S stuff
Are met with the clammy, chill rebuff
That he decrees in his manner grim
For all who try to sell goods to him.

Perhaps some day it will be his fate
To stand outside of a bigger Gate,
And see a lot of us Salesmen guys
(The sort that he and his kind despise)
Getting the sign from old St. Pete
And passing by to the Judgment Seat,
While he, with his power and pomp and pride,
Is firmly told to remain outside.

I know there's times when the busy man
Can't lend his ear to the selling clan,
But still and all, I can't but think
There's something wrong with the up-stage gink
Who guards his precious self, aloof,
In an armored shelter—salesman-proof,
Either too proud or too AFRAID
To meet his man in the game of trade.

For over and over again 'twill hap
That the bravely-smiling, earnest chap
They turned away from the gate unheeded
Had just the thing that the business needed.

But that aside, can a he-man live
A life all "take," with nothing of "give"?
Is there anything in a living-plan
That holds no place for the Other Man?

Mayhap my thought's not well expressed,
But it's something more than an idle jest,
And should it happen to meet the eye
Of that particular kind of guy
That this poor effort in verse has panned,
I hope he'll read it—and understand.

—W. F. Steedman.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

CANADIAN LITERATURE AND CANADIAN YOUNG PEOPLE.

That there is a sure way of interesting young people in Canadian books and magazines was shown at a meeting of C. G. I. T. girls in a Methodist church recently. The speaker of the evening had three lately published Canadian books before her—"The Bells of St. Stephen's," by Marian Keith; "Openway," by Archie P. McKishnie; and "The Woodcarver's Wife," by Marjorie L. Pickthall. After telling something about the authors, she read aloud extracts from each of these books. The reading was greatly appreciated, and several expressed a desire to buy the books, while all the girls were eager to read them.

Here is an opportunity for leaders of young people's societies to spread the work of Canadian Book Week throughout the year and build up an appreciation of Canadian literature among coming Canadian citizens.

"TILlicUMS OF THE TRAIL." By Rev. George C. F. Pringle. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto; \$2.00.

Mr. Pringle, who is in charge of the Presbyterian Coast Mission, which ministers to the settlers, fishermen and loggers on the lonely British Columbia coast, has achieved a most interesting piece of work in this book, "Tillicums of the Trail."

While these tales lack climax and plot, as is almost inevitably the case with "true stories," they derive a twofold interest from the setting in which they occurred and that in which they were told. Adventures in the Yukon, told to soldiers at the Front, in dug-out, rest-billet and trench!

This book should do something to help explode the idea that "man" and "minister" can not be synonymous.

"THE THREE KINGS" and Other Verses for Children. By Donald A. Fraser. Cusack Printing Co., Victoria, B. C.; 50 cents.

Boys and girls, and their elders, too, will be glad to know that Mr. Fraser has published a little volume of verse for children. Here are many charming nonsense rhymes and some more serious verse.

Mr. Fraser is a teacher and knows what young folk like. He writes about birds and beasts, and boys, having afternoon tea, about work and play and the happy Christmas time, about trees and flowers, and such queer creatures as Tinkle and Tankle, and the Raggerwitch that lived in Zimbashee (you will be glad to hear that Mr. Fraser has "squinched" this "awful, borgous Raggerwitch").

In more serious vein is the sonnet entitled:

In God's Cathedral.

In God's Cathedral there is naught but praise;
The columned firs uprising in stately trust,
And bear the azure dome with quiet thrust,
Their plummy capitals in light ablaze;
Below in shade the younger hemlocks raise
A pale green mist like incense-smoke that must
Bear upward from repentant, yearning dust
Some prayer for pardon and for hope that stays.
The faithful ferns have spread their pleading palms,
And listen as the organ-wind resounds,
While choral birds chant sweet their holy psalms;
All passion flees, and peace alone abounds.
To God's Cathedral bring no jarring tone;
Heart of my soul, bow thou before the throne!

Many of the rhymes are illustrated by amusing little pictures, and the book is one that should give pleasure to many.

"NEIGHBOURS." By Robert Stead. Musson Book Co.; \$1.75.

"Neighbours" is a pleasant story and has a real value as picturing pioneer conditions which are rapidly passing into the realm of history. The wheat prairies of the Canadian West form the background for a tale of the struggles and love affairs of a group of young people from one of the Eastern Provinces. The plot is somewhat improbable, and the characterization not of the strongest; but there are many beautiful descriptive passages and a saving vein of humour runs through the story, while the style is often vigorous and always clear and readable.

"The Key of Dreams." By L. Adams Beck. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. \$2.00.

There is surely only one offence more heinous than offering sugar-coated poison to children—that of offering a book, well, even excellently written, subversive not only to recognized Christian ideals, but to common morality.

One would not ask of any author that he deny, evade, or fail to deal with the sad and sordid phases of the life of his characters, but there are ways and ways of treating every subject, and one cannot but deplore and condemn the way Mr. Beck has chosen. With every subtlety at his command—and he is a master of the silver pen—he has sought to make vice seem attractive, and the yielding to sensuous passion inevitable.

The book abounds in descriptive passages of rare and poetic beauty, a glamour of mysticism overhangs the plot, the character work is carefully done; why should all this excellence be marred and undone by a moral atmosphere comparable only to a malarial swamp?

The exaltation of Buddhism is to anyone having even an elementary knowledge of the actual facts, not only objectionable, but ridiculous; while Mr. Beck's indictment of Western civilization cannot possibly be taken seriously if he has no further grounds on which to base it than those he puts forward in this book.

Mr. Beck is evidently a dreamer; one could wish that he would either dream better dreams, or else wake up.

"The Bells of St. Stephen." By Marion Keith. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto.

Readers of Mrs. Donald McGregor's (Marion Keith) previous books will welcome this happy and wholesome little tale, the scene of which is laid in a fashionable church in a country town.

The story is interestingly written. As one reads it, one has a feeling that it must really have happened. The gentle compromising old minister, the self-satisfied mill owner, the socially ambitious Helen; eager, sympathetic Mary the second; lively young Peter, their brother; the girls of the church with their fun and their festivals; Mrs. McCann, the charwoman; dear old Johnny Petatie, with his garden and his beautiful faith—surely we've met them all! And certainly we are glad to meet them again.

There are many delightful touches of humour running all through the story; the incident of the rummage sale is particularly happy.

While it must be said that the action is at times a little jerky, "The Bells of St. Stephen's" is a truly charming story and will bring pleasure to many.

—L. A.

Owing to the need for special revision of our lists at this time, and unavoidable delays affecting other departments, this issue is No. 3 of Vol. XX. of the B. C. M. Space and dates are being checked accordingly.

MINING PROSPECTS 1923

(Mr. Val. Quinn's Address to Vancouver Board of Trade)

It always seems to me that gatherings such as this exercise a vitalizing influence on the community, and are in truth civic sacraments in that they reflect the outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual graces—enterprise—initiative and business prescience.

When invited to address you on Mining Prospects for 1923, and while fully conscious of the honor, I felt the difficulties of reviewing anticipated activities with a sufficiently far-flung perspective and yet not soar too far above the tangible realities amid the more colorful atmosphere of speculative imagination.

Realizing, however, that the members of the Board of Trade are essentially the practical as well as the successful devotees of commerce and industry, I sought the constant factors of present achievement, projecting the radii of probability from the more familiar base of what was already known.

How interesting it would have been to review specifically all the mining construction work planned for the new year, but alas some of this information is taboo at this time, except in the most general way.

To those of you, however, who are engaged in the particular activities on which the construction phase of the mining industry depends, I have no hesitation in saying that many thousands of dollars will be spent for your products in carrying out the new year's construction plans.

To the larger number of you who serve the needs of those whose livelihood is derived from the mining industry, I also bring a message of good cheer and inspiring optimism.

For it is now apparent beyond all the confines of credulity, that the coming season will prove to be a year of unexampled prosperity and development throughout the vast areas of this Empire Province, whose foundations rest solidly in metalliferous and coal depositions, out of whose hills they dig brass, and whose roof bears as a cornice what promises to be one of the greatest gold and silver properties in the world.

The good time is not coming, it is already here, today, yes today when we may reasonably say that the incubus of post-war depression is dissipating in an ever-increasing ratio—when courage is replacing timidity, hope, as ever, rising phoenix-like from despair, and enterprise succeeding over-cautiousness.

For, throughout the Imperial domain embraced by our provincial boundaries spreading from the eastern gateway of the Yellowhead to the headlands of Port Alberni, and from the old city of Feruie in the south, to our new wonder town of Premier in the north, mining is multiplying in importance, not only as a provincial and national asset, but as an international factor in the metal markets of the world.

Just what competition means in the metal markets may be briefly indicated by a few facts about copper.

A great big chunk of South America has proven to be low grade copper ore—let us say—several hundred million tons.

By shoving in enough money to represent a fair sized national debt, some very clever engineers have established an operation permitting them to produce, transport several thousand miles, and land copper in New York at an operating cost of .06 cents per lb., or, including all costs, .08 cents per lb.

These ingenious artisans of industry are slipping over about 14,000,000 lbs. of this low priced copper every month, or about one-half the total output at Anyox this year.

But like that active little song "Every little movement has a meaning all its own," so every little metal has a

trouble all its own, for coal has a fluid nightmare in its American cousin, fuel oil, and even the Premier mine has to hoise its ag product to market over the provisions of the Pitman Act.

The latter is self adjusting by statutory limitation, its provisions automatically dissolving when the definite amount of ag coinage has been replaced.

Regarding fuel oil, there appears to be room for remedial legislation, although it seems to be the opinion that when the general industrial expansion begins to reassert itself with its old time virility throughout America, our own home-grown coal product will regain its former predominant position as the most economical and important fuel factor in the industrial life of the province.

In closing let me leave these facts with you:

That from Fernie's coal fields; from Trail, with its 2500 men and 13 million dollar yearly output; from the picturesque and important Nelson district; from Hedley; from Princeton; from Britannia Beach which tunes up its new mill in January to resume operations February 1st, with expenditures of \$150,000 per month, and producing 35,000,000 lbs. copper per annum; from the romantic reaches of the Cariboo, and from the great coal fields of Vancouver Island that spread from Comox to Cassidy, employing from five to six thousand men, with annual expenditures for wages and supplies in excess of nine million dollars, and producing almost two million tons of coal per year; from Surf Inlet with its 250 men, three-quarter of a million expenditure and million dollar output; from the new mining areas tributary to the Canadian National; from Anyox with its yearly expenditures exceeding three million dollars for wages and supplies, and its diversified products of cu. au. ag. coke, benzol, sulphate and tar; from Premier, the Potosi of the north, with its annual expenditure of \$1,250,000, and the adjacent territory, and in fact from practically every individual mining operation in the province, from lordly platinum to humble limerock, come reports of CONTINUATION, RESUMPTION or EXPANSION of their operations.

These are dynamic indices, and are all eloquent ambassadors of better times, lusty heralds of greater achievements. We are about to enter a year when—

1. Larger quantities of supplies will be required.
2. More men will be engaged; and
3. More extensive construction operations carried on in

the mining industry in this province than for a long time past, and I think it quite within the bounds of propriety to felicitate both the Board of Trade and the mining industry on this very happy state of affairs.

Phone Sey. 3054

HARVEY & GORRIE

Auctioneers & Appraisers

519 Pender St. West
Vancouver, B. C.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

A Corner for Mother and the Girls.

We are just entering into those months of the year when the most intelligent care is needed to keep ourselves at top-notch physically. The damp, depressing weather, the difficulty of obtaining a well-balanced diet, on account of the scarcity of fresh, green vegetables, are dangers to our efficiency that it is only sensible to recognize, and guard against as best we may.

* * * *

Colds are very prevalent just now, and we may as well remind ourselves that getting chilled, or wet, does not give one "a cold." The various infections which we lump together under the name of "colds" are all caused by germs; but—and this is the important thing to remember—being wet, or cold, or over-tired, lowers the bodily resistance and renders us much more liable to catch any disease the germs of which may be floating around, seeking whom they may devour.

* * * *

Fresh green vegetables and fruits whose acids and salts tone the system are never more necessary to our diet than in these late winter months. Salads should not be merely a summer dish; there are many combinations which are very seasonable now. In dealing with recipes calling for lettuce we may remember that the tender, white leaves of the winter cabbage, chopped very fine, are a splendid substitute for a luxury which must come from foreign greenhouses. It will be found, too, that persons who cannot digest cabbage when it is cooked, will sometimes have no trouble with it raw.

* * * *

Cabbage, celery and nuts is a time-honored combination which is always acceptable. One part of onion to three parts of apple, chopped very fine indeed, and seasoned with salt, pepper and vinegar or lemon juice, is a delightful change.

* * * *

In the early part of next month the dandelion will be sending up its brave and succulent shoots. It makes a most acceptable salad. Choose the most tender leaves, wash carefully, cut into small pieces with the scissors, and serve with boiled or French dressing, garnishing with slices of hard-boiled egg.

* * * *

So women may now be jurymen, or should we say "jury-women"? Well, at any rate, women may now be called upon to serve on juries. It is not a privilege to which I would have aspired, but on the other hand, it is a duty which no right-minded woman should shirk if called upon to perform it.

* * * *

It is surely a mistake to have incorporated in that Act the provision that a woman may, if she see fit, refuse to act on a jury. It is no more fair to give women special privileges than to deny them equal rights with men.

* * * *

Of the many women's organizations in Vancouver none is more deserving of support than the Kwannon Club. This club has no connection whatever with the Kiwanis; its name is that of the Japanese goddess of Mercy, who is always represented as having a thousand arms. The members of the Kwannon Club make it their business to visit regularly the tubercular patients at the General Hospital, to entertain them, and to supply the invalids with whatever they fancy. This is not always pleasant or easy service; it must be at times heart-breaking indeed, but these noble women never falter or draw back. Surely they will some time hear the sweet commendation, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

* * * *

The field of service involved in hospital visiting need not be restricted to city folk; there is opportunity for such work in many a small town or country district.

The first requisite for one who would undertake hospital visiting, or the visiting of sick people in their own homes, is cheerfulness. The writer remembers having, during an illness, a caller who spent the best part of an evening telling her in minute detail of the last illnesses and deaths of all her (the caller's) friends and relatives. Such conversation is not, to say the least, helpful to an invalid.

* * * *

On the other hand, a boistrous "Clap you on the back, you'll be all right tomorrow" sort of manner is just as bad. A low voice, a placid manner, a sunny smile, an earnest word of sympathy, a gentle, humourous flow of talk, and, last but by no means least, a SHORT VISIT, are ideal.

* * * *

Heavily scented flowers, food the patient may not be allowed to eat, controversial subjects, and the visitor's troubles have no place in the sick-room.

* * * *

A growing plant, of delicate perfume or odorless, a cheery letter, a helpful little poem mounted on a card, an amusing cartoon, a small reproduction of a beautiful picture, an unusually good, not too emotional, short story—all these are most welcome gifts to an invalid, and will help, not retard recovery.

—WINNOGENE.

Long Distance Calls



Long distance telephone service will contact you with any desired city within hundreds of miles. This fact of getting into personal touch with the distant party is worthy of your serious consideration. Your own telephone is a potential hub from which, at will, you may radiate business both incoming and outgoing to numberless distant areas.

Call "Rate Clerk" for information desired on charges to distant points.

Your telephone entitles you to a courteous, efficient service by carefully trained operators, and it is our pleasure to provide you with the many benefits of this service.

BRITISH COLUMBIA TELEPHONE CO.

RITCHIE'S Gold Medal Sweet Peas

Twelve Exhibition varieties, 30 seeds in each packet, separate, mailed free for.....\$1.00

Illustrated Catalogue and Garden Guide Free.

Ritchie Bros. & Co.

872 Granville Street
VANCOUVER, B. C.

CONCERNING ADVERTISING.

(From Page 10)

exception that the leader in his particular line invests a large amount of money in advertising, and has been doing so for many years. I will just mention one instance. That of a company which manufactures a soft drink. About two years ago this company sold its interests to a syndicate for \$25,000,000. The tangible assets were but \$5,000,000. The syndicate paid \$20,000,000 for the consumer goodwill which advertising created. It is significant that this syndicate was made up entirely of large banking interests.

In closing, I want to go on record with the statement that I believe that the campaign conducted by the B. C. Products Bureau during the past year was the most successful campaign in British Columbia. This in spite of a very limited appropriation. The men in charge of this campaign are to be congratulated. Each and every B. C. manufacturer who contributed, should congratulate himself, because I believe he received \$10 in return for every dollar he invested. I have records at my office—the result of an investigation which absolutely prove these statements to be true. For the year 1923 I would recommend that you support this campaign in a more liberal manner. But, that in itself is not enough. You must also quit "pushing" and start some "pulling" for your product yourself, if you are to reach the desired sales volume in the year 1923.

(By James Lightbody, B. C. E. R.)

We might as well be frank with ourselves, at the start, and probe our reactions to the made-in-B. C. idea. I take it we are all thoroughly agreed on the advantage buying made-in-B. C. goods is to our province. But when we go to buy anything, does that sentiment alone make us choose a B. C. made product? Very seldom. Very likely we take whatever is handed to us. If we ask for a particular brand, we do so because the name of that particular brand has been repeatedly kept before our minds by advertising. But the chances are that of two brands, one nationally known and the other made locally but not so well known, we will choose the nationally known brand for another reason—namely because the widespread advertising gives us confidence in the manufacturer. In this respect the nationally advertised product has a tremendous advantage over the local product, and only advertising that is as good as your competitor's will offset it.

First of all, see that your advertising is done by someone who knows how. This does not mean that you cannot do it yourself. All the better if you can do it. But give as much study to it as you do to the other branches of your business.

Having gained some knowledge of advertising, take time to plan and write your advertising. There are more advertisements spoiled because they are dashed off in a hurry than because the men writing them haven't the brains.

Adopt a trade name or a trade signature, and use this in all your advertising.

If possible, use a cut or illustration in ALL advertising. Don't waste your money on wild-cat publications.

(By Harry Duker, of Duker & Shaw.)

From the standpoint of the sales department, poster advertising is especially useful, because it can be so accurately controlled. The old-fashioned advertising campaign was often laid out with little or no regard to distribution—the actual placing of the product in the consumer's hands after his desire for it had been aroused.

It was easy to wind up an advertisement with the grand claim, "For Sale Everywhere." But, as a matter of fact, few products enjoyed really universal distribution then, nor do they now. The average article is subject to conditions which determine the localities where it is, or ought to be most thoroughly distributed.

Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of almost every great advertising success you can name. Take any of the famous products which have survived and flourished over any considerable period of time, and you will find that their story as told to the public is surprisingly simple.

Scores of giant advertisers hold to the same policy of expressing the essence of their idea in tabloid form.

There must be some sound basis for this policy or it wouldn't work. The basis is the fundamental law that people don't reason at all, or only in very simple terms.

Now the poster takes advantage of this underlying trait, which in varying degree is present in us all, to take a suggestion and respond to a command. Stevenson once made the profound observation that people are governed by catchwords. The poster is the exponent of the short, sharp, hard-hitting, easily remembered and oft-quoted phrase, or slogan.

Theoretically, people ought not to be swayed by an appeal so simple and summary. They ought to weigh evidence, compare claims, and finally make their purchase deliberately on the basis of a judicial decision. Practically, however, people don't do any such thing. I don't suppose they ever will.

So we may summarize the second salient point of posters by noting that they lend themselves to that brevity which is the soul both of wit and successful advertising.

The third big feature of poster advertising is its characteristic pictorial treatment. If there is one thing which people absorb more easily than a catch phrase, it is a picture.

The universal and deep-rooted appeal of pictures is confirmed by the enormous growth of the moving picture industry. The person who doesn't respond to a picture more instinctively than to cold type, is abnormal. Success in advertising depends on reaching the normal man or woman.

Normal people are interested in posters because primarily posters are pictures. They are peculiarly compelling pictures because printed in colors.

The fourth basis of the poster's power is that it requires little, if any, voluntary attention. The eye cannot escape it. Its message is flashed at a glance. The eye cannot avoid a poster—even should it be so disposed. A single look, and the story is told. Tomorrow, perhaps, a new picture engages its fleeting attention, almost unconsciously—and the same story is repeated, with sufficient variety to compel renewed attention and interest.

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Say it with Flowers

Cut Flowers, Funeral Designs, Wedding
Bouquets
Plants, Shrubs, Trees,
Bulbs, Seeds, and Fertilizers

Brown Bros. & Co., Ltd.
Florists, Nurserymen and Seedsmen

Two Stores:
48 Hastings Street East
665 Granville Street
Vancouver, B. C.

GOOD NEWS *for* **DIABETICS**

Another large shipment of the famous
BRUSSON JUENE
GLUTEN BREAD

Just arrived

Diabetics will find in this bread a long felt want,
it is the best of its kind on the market,
containing 35% protein.

Constant supply
Guaranteed.

Special price
for quantities.

Sole agents for B.C.

J. McTaggart & Son
LIMITED

767 Robson Street Vancouver, B. C.

Burn- KIRK'S COAL

Best In The West

By

Our Customers' Test

KIRK & CO.

929 Main Street

Phone Sey. 465 : 1441 and 9075

Vancouver, B.C.

Reid R.L. (11-12)
2nd. Floor
Yorkshire Bldg.

CANADA PERMANENT

Protection and Service

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE
CORPORATION
Established 1855
Paid up Capital and Reserve, \$14,250,000

THE CANADA PERMANENT TRUST COMPANY.
Paid-up Capital and Reserve, \$1,140,000
Established 1914.

Our Dominion-wide experience and organization, extending over 67 years, with our reliability and strength, ensure safety and efficiency in the administration of Estates or Investments. Enquiries solicited.

Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent.

GEO. I. LEGATE
Manager.

C. H. WARREN
Estates Mgr.

CANADA PERMANENT BUILDING,

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Don't let housework be a burden to you ---

BUY A HOOVER

In doing so, you are buying the greatest help and comfort the household ever had. You are buying freedom for all time from the drudgery and physical work of house-cleaning.

THE HOOVER

is a lifetime help and servant to those who houseclean. Thousands of people are using them and wouldn't be without them.

THE HOOVER IS DOWN TO THE LOW PRICE LEVEL NOW

See it demonstrated in the Carpet Section, 4th floor

You can buy it for \$60.00.

You may buy it on easy terms if desired.

 **Hudson's Bay Company.** 
INCORPORATED 1870

Magazine Interest Should "Begin at Home!" Pass on the Good Word with the B. C. M.