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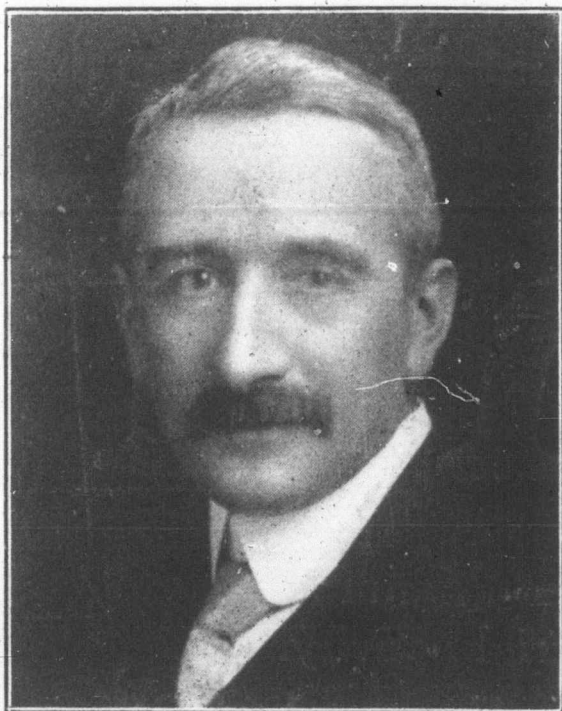
# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

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

Volume XV.

NOVEMBER 1919

No. 2

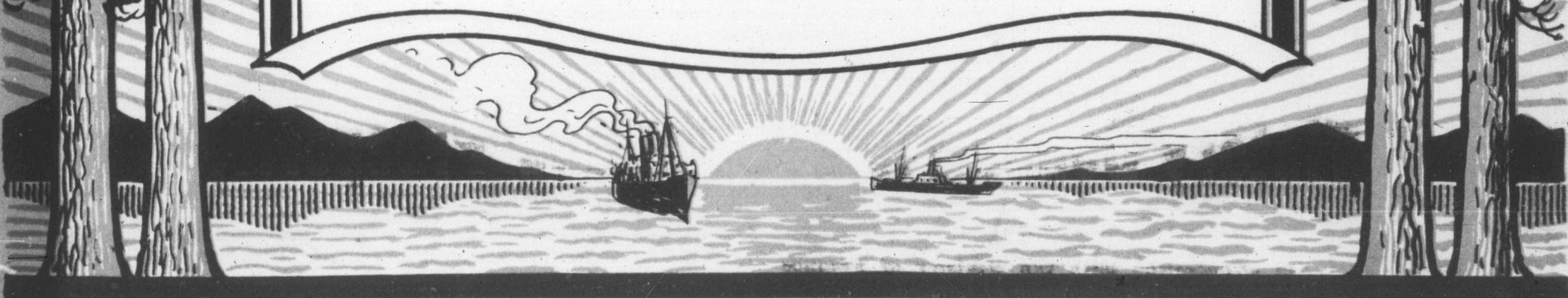


DR. A. P. PROCTER

## Should Citizens League?

How Henry Osborne "Came Back"

*A Story of Patriotic Purpose*



**The Canadianising of Sam MacPhail: by Robert Watson**

\$1.50 One Year; \$2.50 Two Years]

PUBLISHING OFFICE:  
204 Winch Building, Vancouver, B. C.

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—to the Clerk, "AND" means continued employment

—to every Citizen, "AND" means prosperity.

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*Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee  
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance  
of the Dominion of Canada.*

—AND BESIDES IT IS "THE PARAMOUNT DUTY" (See Page 16).

Yes, Subscribers, Friends, British Columbians, and Fellow Citizens:

**IN THESE DAYS THERE IS A PRIOR DUTY**

to reading your *BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY*, or even remitting your subscription. It is that of

**GRATEFULLY BUYING EVERY BOND YOU CAN**

May you not sleep well after reading these lines if you have not done, or do not

**Do Your Bond and Bounden Duty By the Boys Who Beat the Bosche!**

(See Editorial page 16)

Don't Grouch or Criticise the Government *MEANTIME*. "Count your Blessings" and your Dollars present and hoped for, then commit yourself *TO THE LIMIT*, thankful that you are British Born and live in *FREE CANADA*.

**PLEASE NOTE, SUBSCRIBERS,**  
present and prospective

As mentioned in the first issue of the enlarged size, with a multiplied cost of production, the Publishers of the *British Columbia Monthly* have had to reconsider the subscription rate. We further found that owing to the increased *WEIGHT* of the October Number, the charges for local mailing were doubled. Nevertheless we do not wish to advance to the \$2.00 rate if we can avoid it, so we have decided that from January, 1920, the one yearly subscription rate will be \$1.75, and the *TWO* yearly rate \$3.00—payable in advance.

Please therefore note that only during the remainder of 1919 shall the subscription rate be \$1.50 for one year, and \$2.50 for two years.

**A CHRISTMAS GIFT**  
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From the adjacent note you will observe that during the remainder of 1919 a two-year subscription may be covered by \$2.50.

If requested, we shall notify such friends at Christmas-time of the gift.

**BUSINESS MEN OF B. C. and MEN INTERESTED IN B. C. BUSINESS**

To those of you who, after seeing this Magazine, may regret that you, as leaders in your line, have not been given the option of advertising your businesses or products here, we would say that before going to press it was not possible for us to communicate with more than a few firms.

Those in other Canadian Provinces, the "States," or the British Isles—we invite to communicate with us directly, re rates, etc. With *British Columbia* as its Base, this Magazine means to justify increasingly the use of its unborrowed phrases:

THE MAGAZINE OF THE CANADIAN WEST—THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESS LEADERS IN EVERY LINE.

November P.S. for Business Leaders: Because we wish to do our bit in connection with the Victory Bond Campaign, the time and space for advertising in this issue have been restricted.

**PRACTISE THAT GOOD INTENTION:  
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To Office Heads and Home Heads on BOTH sides of the Home:

As new readers and friends, you may say "Yes, I appreciate this Monthly and its purpose of becoming increasingly the Canadian Magazine for the OFFICE, the STUDY, and the HOME, and I'll be a subscriber at least." That you too may "act in the living present," we shall give space here to

**A FORM TO SAVE YOU WRITING A LETTER.**

BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, 204 Winch Bldg., Vancouver, B. C.

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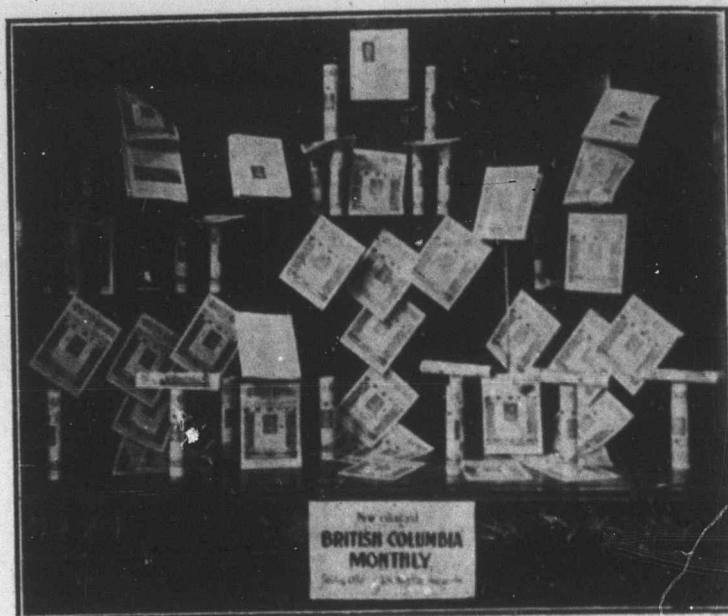


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- My Brave and Gallant Gentleman.** (By Robert Watson).
- The Girl of O. K. Valley.** (By the same author).
- Tsoqalem** (Verse). (By Lionel Haweis).

—shall (as noted below) be awarded in connection with EACH of the Literary and Advertising Departments of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY. Also for the best picture sent in each month. See page 8).

**COMPETITIONS FOR ALL READERS**

- (1) Prizes of \$2.50 cash or Books by B. C. Authors to the value of \$3.00 are offered for a note stating what you or your home-circle consider the best, that is,  
**THE MOST ARRESTING OR ATTRACTIVE ADVERTISEMENT IN THIS ISSUE—AND WHY.**  
The note should be short—preferably not more than 250 words.
- (2) SIMILAR PRIZES ARE OFFERED FOR  
**A WELL-EXPRESSED OPINION OF THE LITERARY SECTION OF THIS ISSUE.**  
For the best short review—preferably not more than 250 words—of each issue, or of any article in it, we shall give \$2.50 in cash or choice of books value \$3.00 as above noted.  
In their reviews writers may make comments, criticisms or suggestions re the work of the Magazine.
- (3) **B. C. BEAUTY SPOTS COMPETITION: FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.**  
Similar Prizes (See Page 8)

**LET THE WEST AWAKE MORE FULLY TO LITERARY WORK WORTH WHILE!**

THE WESTERN CANADIAN MAGAZINE FOR THE OFFICE, THE STUDY AND THE HOME.

## HOW HENRY OSBORNE "CAME BACK"

*Note: This timely story is, without any excision, given first position because it is charged with a patriotic purpose.—Ed. B. C. M.*

By Elizabeth C. Hazelton, Vancouver, B. C.

FOR three days Victory bells had been ringing on the principal street corners downtown, flags and banners waving across the streets, and posters flashing from the windows. Everywhere was the same appeal—"Buy Victory Bonds."

Those three days Henry Osborne had avoided the city as his wife avoided a bee hive. In fact, he seldom went downtown anyhow, so he intended to stay away for the next three weeks. The first and the second days his indomitable spirit had, as usual, pushed his scrawny legs and shrunken form along the path bordering the eight-mile boulevard surrounding Evergreen Park—a piece of woods preserved to the growing city contiguous to the Pacific Coast. The third day he had circled Evergreen Park twice instead of once. For all that, he was back at the three-room apartment in time to help his wife by preparing the evening meal according to a simple menu she had planned before she left that morning for Benton & Ludlow's store.

Alice Osborne, returning home in her accustomed cheerful temper, sensed a trace of irritability in her husband's mood. Ignoring it, she inquired interestedly about his daily walk. It appeared that more well-meaning people than common had stopped their cars (each bearing an invitation to "Buy Bonds") and offered him a ride. Just as though he cared to sit in an automobile when he had trod two miles of cement sidewalk on purpose to get a chance to walk a few miles on the earth!

Dinner over, the couple, who were approaching their china wedding, settled down for the evening. It was not easy to determine whether Alice was comparatively young or middle-aged, for a highly evolved or "old" soul imparts notable youthfulness to the body in which it dwells. Henry looked older than his years, because of impaired digestion and racked nerves. That there was a disparity of years between husband and wife was true, although it was actually less than might be supposed.

Throwing aside the backwoods story he had finished reading, Henry's eyes wandered to his wife, then to her sewing. It seemed to him that she was everlastingly doing something. Whenever he advised her to rest, she intimated that after eight hours of adjusting suits to the stout or slender forms of fastidious women, real work was a rest.

"I wish you could buy a Bond!" said Alice. Wistfully she regarded her husband, who dipped into a box of cigars such as she brought him periodically from town.

"A Bond! I can't buy a shoe-string. If I were working, of course I'd buy a Bond."

"I mean, I wish I could buy a Bond for you," corrected Alice. In ten years her husband had earned twenty-five cents, and that had been forced upon him. On the way to Evergreen Park a woman had hailed him and insisted that he help her carry a small trunk up some stairs. For this she had thrust a quarter into his hand. Alice had suggested that he buy a War Savings Stamp with that quarter. He preferred to keep it in his pocket.

"You always have to buy a Bond—it makes it hard."

"It has put us in a tight place each time," assented Alice, "But we've always crawled through."

"It's a mortgage on your future earnings," he declared.

"Anyway, it's a patriotic mortgage—and we have the Bonds." There was no half-heartedness in Alice's accents.

"If I'd had a show—" began Henry. His forehead got more puckered, his eyes grew duller, and his pleasure in his cigar appeared suddenly to decline.

Too often had Alice heard from Henry how he had helped the "old man" make a farm out of the New Brunswick woods under promise that at twenty-one he should receive a deed to eighty acres, and had finally come West to earn over again his eighty acres, because the "old man" had gone back on his word. Henry did not have to tell her, she knew, that in the working out of his karma in Western Canada he had won and lost several hundred acres, and had lost more—his health.

Alice hastened to describe the mad noonday dash of a hatless man along Main Street, with a policeman and a crowd at his heels. Twice she had seen the policeman catch him, but he got away. The third time the policeman caught him at the entrance of a department store. Again he struggled out of the policeman's grasp, jumped into a waiting car and shouted, "Here's where you buy your Victory Bonds!"

Henry smiled faintly at Alice's narration. "Everything's gone against me since I came West," he soliloquized.

"And before," suggested Alice smiling. "If you hadn't come West you wouldn't have married me," she added consolingly, with a side glance.

"Been better for you if I hadn't come West." He lifted his eyes to her in a deprecating way. "I've not been much good to you," he continued somewhat brokenly. Before she could reply, the words, "You're all that's made life worth living," came from twitching lips.

Alice went over to her husband and kissed him. He detained her, then almost pushed her away, saying, "You never sit on my knee now. I know," dejectedly, "even a hundred and fifteen pounds is too heavy—for my thin—" Another kiss and an arm wound lovingly around him prevented further re-pining.

At half-past eight Henry left his wife. To combat insomnia he must get to bed early.

Alice lived continuously in the future—a future containing her husband, herself, relatives, friends, and even people she did not know. Occasionally, Henry also lived in the future. His future was a world composed of two—his wife and himself. Its setting was back East—in that section of New Brunswick where there is no line except in imagination between the maple, spruce, beech, fir and cedar of New Brunswick and of Northern Maine, far from land booms, irrigation projects and oil exploitations. For awhile, however, after she was left alone Alice lived in the past, seeking illumination on the perpetual subject, her husband's health.

Henry fell asleep thinking of Alice. He was going to get well and work for her again. No one in the world was worth while except Alice.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next evening, husband and wife sat together as usual. Alice applied herself to sewing, Henry delved into a magazine. The article that caught his interest was about a man with a chronic stomach trouble who took himself in hand after many doctors had given him up, recovered health by means of exercise and dieting, and lived to the century mark. Having read aloud specially edifying paragraphs, Henry began his evening smoke in remarkably good humor.

"I wish you would come downtown and hear the community singing, Henry," coaxed his wife. "I wish you would come," she reiterated, "it would do you good."

"I can't sing."

"You can listen, and get inspiration—"

"Inspiration! That means they want one to hand out the coin—"

"I wonder, Henry, if you could not do something to help this drive!"

"I'm sure I don't know of anything. I'm no talker."

Alice turned to a topic always acceptable to Henry—his daily walk. Irrelevantly, as she thought, he stated his opinion that boys were "much more impudent now than when he was a boy." It leaked out, however, that he had in mind a couple of boys whom he had met in Evergreen Park. One of them had asked him if he was the game warden, the other boy exclaimed, "Oh, he just comes over here to show himself. Thinks he looks good, I guess."

The incident amused Alice. It annoyed Henry.

"Most likely the boys have often seen you. I suppose they thought you might be doing something more useful than walking around the Park every day." Alice paused to bite the end of her thread. "Really, they were not so very far out of the way, Henry, after all," she added in significant tones.

"What do you mean?" sharply.

"Well, dear, if you cannot work, there are things you could do."

"What things?"

"You could help others." Her voice hardened a little as she went on. "You are trying to regain health, but you're going the wrong way about it."

"I do everything I know of," plaintively. "It's strange—all the doctors have said that my heart and lungs are strong, yet I don't get well. Doctors don't know anything, anyhow."

"You began at the wrong end, Henry, and you're still on the wrong tack. A convalescent who goes back to his counter or desk sooner than his doctor advises is more successful in regaining health than you are."

"Why?"

She let fall her sewing, observed him intently, and emphasized each word as she uttered it, "Because he forgets himself."

Henry spread out his hands; Alice almost shivered at their thinness and transparency.

"I don't expect you to work—not yet—" Lightly placing a hand on his knee and looking him full in the face, Alice spoke earnestly: "You know what it is to be ill, you know what it is to be"—she was going to say "unhappy," but she checked herself and said, "discouraged. You could," she continued, "spend some of your time cheering others who are ill, and who have perhaps more to make them discouraged than you have."

"How could I? Whom could I cheer?"

"Lots of people," decisively. "If you don't know, perhaps I might be able to show you how to begin." Henry surveyed his wife blankly. Alice went on: "These are days for service. Can you expect to get well if you think only of yourself?" She drew back and resumed work. "Long walks and gymnastics are all very good, but they haven't got you anywhere yet—and," she gathered force with her words, "they never will unless you combine with them some of the vitalizing spirit of service."

A cloud other than cigar smoke came between husband and wife. In her anxiety to break the silence, and with a single conviction in mind, Alice told of two men she had passed near the public market—one, a cripple, propelling himself in a chair; the other, a partially paralyzed old man, dragging one foot and tugging at a flour sack full of food stuff. Both of them wore Victory Bond buttons.

Henry puffed slowly and wondered if she were trying to give him the blues. Somewhat before his regular time he disappeared for the night.

As soon as Alice noticed that the sleeping room was dark, she went in. The light that poured through the open door gave a clear outline of the face on the pillow.

"Henry," whispered Alice, bending over him, "you know I love you and try to help you." He turned his eyes upon her, pressed her hand, and answered, "If it hadn't been for you I'd have been dead long ago."

Alice opened the window and lingered. From the crest of the hill on which stood the four-story apartment building, countless lights danced ahead and each side in gradual descent, and dwindled in the far distance. Over the city was thrown the glow of the full moon. Stars dotted the dark blue canopy away to the cloud bank, which Alice would have mistaken for the mountain range had she not known the contour of that range so well that she could draw it from memory. All this she saw with her physical eye. Her spiritual eye saw a man's profile on a white background. For his recovery her soul created a prayer so fervent that a winged thought-form, more delicate in color and more beautiful in radiance than anything she could conceive, floated to and enfolded him in a mantle of peace throughout the night.

Yet Henry did not settle to sleep immediately. He was studying what Alice meant by service and the rest of her preaching. He did not altogether understand her; indeed, he never had understood her. Nevertheless she was the best, the dearest wife in the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning at a quarter to eight Alice began, with characteristic punctuality, her daily tramp downtown. Walking two miles to and from Benton & Ludlow's store was a habit which had originated as a little economy incidental to the previous Victory Loan campaign. From a hardship it had developed into a pleasure. In the morning it gave her a chance to meditate and start the day in harmony with the Creator and the universe: in the evening it rested her and crowned her day.

Alice had learned that even slight variety of route is salutary, though there was one part of her course that she never changed. Always she passed and scanned admiringly a lofty-spired, sward-gird church reared on a slope, because she was conscious of a benign influence while within the radius of its vibrations. Frequently, she also passed a church set back from the street, but she had never given it a second glance until that particular morning, when she noted its open door. A hasty reference to her wrist watch, a moment's uncertainty, and she turned in toward the unpretentious frame building. On the announcement board at the end of the path was the invitation, "Always open." As if in a dream, Alice traced on the corridor wall the familiar words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Beyond the corridor she stepped into the sanctuary where she offered her morning sacrifice of worship, and in her meditations she included not only her husband but all humanity, all creation. Coming out, she paused to re-read the words; the rest of the way to town she pondered their meaning. Quickening her pace, she was able to punch Benton & Ludlow's time clock before it left the eight twenty-five mark.

There was to be a Victory Bond parade at noon. Quite early Alice managed to phone her husband and ask him to come downtown. He replied that he did not care to come to a parade unless he wore a button or felt prepared to own one. She suggested that he might meet her at half-past five and eat dinner with her in town, after which they might see some of the special screen showings for the Victory Loan. He was not, however, open to persuasion.

Arrived home at the usual hour, Alice produced her Victory Bond button and her Victory Bond window card. It was pay day, and she had made the first payment on her new Bond. Thus early in the campaign, Benton & Ludlow were able to report to the Pay-Roll Bond Division one hundred per cent. sales.

There was much to tell Henry about the handsome floats in the parade; the patriotic community singing; and the slacker who was hung in effigy and left dangling on a street corner telephone pole attached to a placard announcing that "He didn't buy Victory Bonds."



When Alice knelt that night beside her sleeping husband she asked for him knowledge of "the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Long before, there had come to her a glimmering of the existence of opportunities for service while asleep on a plane other than the physical. She resolved to live up to the ray of light which she possessed. Her last thought, therefore, was a deliberate intention to help her husband during the hours that her spirit would be out of the flesh and free to work for others under astral conditions. The results she must leave to faith. And who shall measure the extent of her usefulness!

\* \* \* \* \*

The second week of the campaign opened. Alice walked with brisk step, for it was nearly half-past eight and she had important business to attend to. Instead of going to Benton & Ludlow's, she went four blocks out of her way to the Victory Bond headquarters.

Alice knew nobody there. Indeed, the Osbornes knew very few people. So recently had they come from a distant town that their name was not to be found in the city directory. For years they had lived in an inland locality, but a doctor's prescription for Henry—change to the Pacific Coast—had promptly met with fulfilment. Because there was no betterment in his condition, Henry tabooed doctors of every school.

The machinery of the Victory Loan headquarters was in motion. Near a wicket stood the district chairman, who came forward to greet Alice.

"I understand you have a Shock Division."

"Yes. Our Shock Troops begin operations today. You know someone who needs a shock—someone who won't subscribe according to his financial rating?" inquired the chairman, pleasantly.

"I know someone who might—someone a shock might 'bring to'—but not in just the manner you mean. He can't buy even one Bond—he would if he could," she added quickly. "I thought you might—perhaps you might show him some way he could help this campaign—" with an appeal in her voice.

"Can he talk well, sing, write—"

"He can't do any of those things specially well," disappointedly. "He can walk," she ventured in a hopeless way.

The chairman's slight smile did not escape Alice. Intuitively, however, she knew that there was benignity behind the smile, and for the first time she confided fully, though at first hesitatingly, to a human being—and that human being a stranger—her viewpoint concerning her husband's condition. The chairman promised to respect her confidence except so far as necessary to make use of it in order to give the slight shock. In the course of the interview she mentioned the nature and place of her employment, and learned that the chairman and Mr. Farmin (Benton & Ludlow's manager) knew each other well.

Alice felt no compunction when she punched the time clock twenty-five minutes late. The first convenient opportunity she sought Mr. Farmin and explained that business regarding the Loan had detained her. With such kindness did he comment upon its being her first lateness, that before she realized she found herself reciting the details of her call at Victory Loan headquarters. Hitherto, the manager had known Alice only as an experienced saleswoman, an efficient employee. The few minutes' conversation showed her in a new aspect which in no wise detracted from her business value. Mr. Farmin offered to speak to the district chairman and urge that the shock treatment be given as promptly and as tenderly as possible. Believing that his interest would help matters, Alice gladly acquiesced.

Just as soon as Alice got home from work Henry began to unburden his mind.

"I knew those Victory Loan fellows were looking into some people's bank accounts, but I didn't know they were prying into everybody's business. It seems they are."

"How—how do you know?"

"Why, one of them was here this morning before I could get out. He talked half an hour—I could hardly get rid of him."

"What did he talk about?"

"Oh, a lot of stuff. Told about their methods of organization, how the province is divided and sub-divided into districts, and all that. He said they're short of helpers in the country—seemed to think I could help. He wanted to take me down to headquarters, tried to rush me—I shied off."

Alice merely expressed regret that he had not gone with the man, just to see how they were doing things.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following evening Henry had more news. The Victory Loan man had called again, a trifle earlier. He had represented that there was a David Irvine, a New Brunswick man, chairman of an adjoining district, in the city for a few days. Irvine was going to canvass part of the district in which he lived, and hearing about Henry and that he hailed from New Brunswick, wished to meet him. Henry had been whirled to headquarters in spite of himself. There he had been introduced to David Irvine. They had had a long chat and compared notes, when it transpired that in all probability they had fished in the same streams and pulled gum off the same spruce trees, only Irvine had come West years earlier than Henry.

Irvine owned two of the three shingle mills in the principal town of the smallest district in the province—the smallest in length, breadth and square miles, the biggest in its proportion of timber area. He was going after the lumberjacks in the interior of his district, and clean up all he could for the campaign. He had been looking for someone to go along, had heard of Henry in the nick of time. For the sake of their mutual liking for the New Brunswick woods, Irvine had invited Henry to join forces with him. Henry's reluctance had made no impression upon Irvine, who declared, "I guess you've got the time, and you look like you can walk, so you must come."

"How the deuce do you suppose they happened to light on me?" Henry asked his wife.

"Perhaps those boys in the Park told them," she speculated. "You will go." It was less a question than a command.

"Go? How can I? I have to help you—there's dinner to—"

Alice assured and reassured him that she could attend to her own wants. Repeatedly she urged that the change would be beneficial to him. At last, she insisted that it would be ungracious to refuse the New Brunswick man's invitation.

\* \* \* \* \*

That was how it happened that the third week of the Victory Loan campaign Alice returned each evening to a lonely apartment. Meanwhile, an apathetic guest motored with Irvine to the district that had less than a dozen postoffices, not more than a dozen and a half schools, and a population below four thousand. They struck the principal town when its four hundred souls were slumbering, and before all of them were awake Irvine and his partner were skimming toward the mountains. Between rows of immature pear, peach and cherry trees; herds of sheep and goats amidst underbrush; and a jumble of stumps on logged-off land, they sped for miles to the silver spruce, western red cedar, soft pine and western hemlock. Then they left the car and scoured the country afoot. It was not till then that Henry Osborne's interest awakened. Through the woods they trudged from one camp to another, where men were felling trees and working them into saw logs, shingle bolts, etc. At each camp Irvine talked Victory Bonds, but, as the walking was the big thing. While Irvine talked Victory he afterwards put it, "Talking was the least part of the job, Bonds, Henry talked logging. He was carried back to the winter days in New Brunswick when he shaved shingles, took out rift, and got out logs, to earn money for the clothes which the farm never provided. He talked faster and smiled oftener

than Alice had known him to for many a year.

First at one camp and then another the hikers devoured beans, bacon and flapjacks piled on long tables ranged between forest giants; and tumbled into bunks from which they glimpsed weird shapes in the nightfall. Henry began by dreaming that he was "falling" a tree in the New Brunswick woods, and he finished by actually falling one in the North-western forest. The lumberjacks discovered that "he knew more about falling trees and working them up than any city guy they had ever run up against," and at once they yielded him respect and cordiality. The trees, especially the older ones, recognized in him a friend, and responded with a welcome. In the distant city, a woman continually generated and sent out to him loving thoughts, thereby creating for him an atmosphere of protection.

Irvine gathered in the money so rapidly that his supply of buttons gave out. He knew that the men in the remaining camps would clamor for their buttons on the spot, therefore he must go to the second largest settlement in this district—a town of some three hundred inhabitants—and send a long distance emergency call for buttons. It was difficult to locate Henry that time, and when Irvine did find him he was sawing as though his life depended on it. Irvine advised that they would start immediately, and he became impatient at Henry's delay. Most regretfully the foreman relinquished his new helper. Into Henry's hand he jammed some crumpled paper, with the injunction to be sure to come and help out again, and Henry promised. Henry did not wait long to examine the crumpled paper—his earnings. Neither was he long deciding what to do with them.

"Send me more buttons—more subscribers than we anticipated," repeated Irvine slowly and distinctly. From his chair near the hotel window, Henry heard with indifference the fragment of telephone conversation. All at once he became interested, for Irvine was saying, "Fine! Fine! He's a great old scout. Mighty glad he came along, mighty glad. He's all right."

The last camp had been solicited, the last button handed over. At night two men picked their way along a ten-mile uneven mountain trail. Ahead tramped Henry, steering the course by means of a flashlight. Behind came Irvine, bringing out the results of the expedition—fifteen thousand dollars in currency.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice left home early on Saturday, the last morning of the campaign, and made straight for the church with the open door. The previous afternoon Mr. Farmin had called her into his office to tell her good news. He had heard from the district chairman that Irvine, who had phoned in for more buttons, had reported that "Osborne was a great old scout, and that he was mighty glad Osborne had come along." There was a link between Alice and the unobtrusive church, and within its walls her heart sang a song of thanksgiving.

A general half-holiday was proclaimed, for a parade, including those who had taken part in the drive, was to wind up the campaign in the afternoon. Upon phoning to the apartment building, Alice ascertained that her husband had returned, so she hurried home. On the small buffet lay an envelope on which was written, "Will be home to get dinner. Henry." Inside the window hung an additional Victory Bond card.

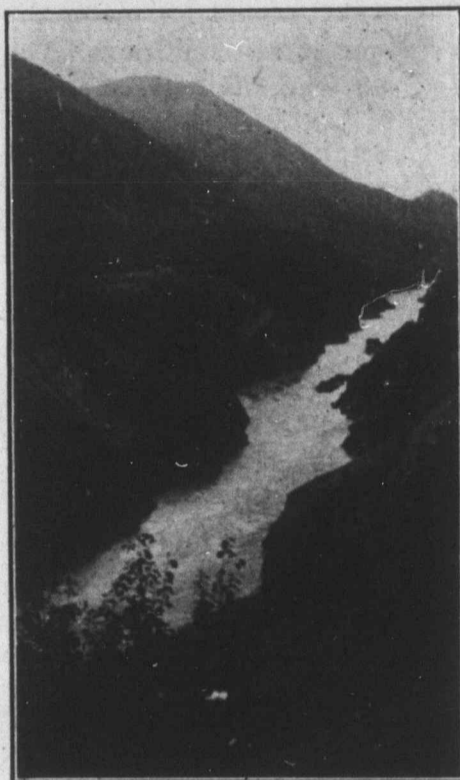
\* \* \* \* \*

In step with the sprightly music marched men and women, each wearing a Victory Bond button. Some of them represented places in the province that had gone "over the top." Many carried Union Jacks and banners.

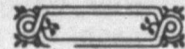
About the middle of the parade, a man of large frame but scant flesh bore a small banner different from any of the others. He was the "great old scout" of the logging camp

## THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

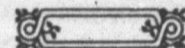
trail. Only two people beside himself understood the full significance of his banner: one was a participant, the other a spectator—the district chairman marching in the front ranks, and Henry's wife standing on the curb. The banner read, "Won by a Victory Bond."



### B. C. Beauty Spots



The First Prize Winner for this month is Miss M. H. Nicholson, 843 Cardero St., Vancouver, B. C., who sent in this picture of the Fraser River at Lillooet, B. C.



The BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY wishes to reproduce one or two original pictures each month of the unsurpassed scenery of our Western Homeland. Pictures sent in may be of any size, but they must be suitable for fine-screen engravings. Prints in black of photos taken in good light are preferable.

A prize of \$2.50 will be awarded each month for the photo which is considered the best, or the sender of the picture may have choice to the value of \$3.00, of the books by British Columbian authors, noted elsewhere. When two prizes are awarded, one of these books will be given as the second prize.

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## :: :: :: Educational Men and Matters :: :: ::

### IMPRESSIONS OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON MORAL EDUCATION

By J. S. Gordon, Vancouver, B. C.

TO the student of educational problems the National Conference on Moral Education in Relation to Citizenship, held in Winnipeg on October 20, 21 and 22, was a most impressive gathering. One could not but realize that it was no ordinary educational convention. Its whole atmosphere was different. It was something unique in the educational history of the land. For the first time, there seemed to be a national awakening to the fact that the education of children is not the business of the professional teacher alone but of all citizens. The fifteen hundred delegates assembled represented many creeds and races. They came from every province in the Dominion and from rural districts as well as from cities. Almost every walk in life was represented; and all, desirous of ascertaining how best to prepare the rising generation for worthy citizenship, seemed to be "of one mind" as well as "in one place."

A few words as to the inception and final carrying out of the idea of holding a national conference to emphasize the importance of moral education may be of interest. It was no impromptu gathering. For three whole years the educational soil from the Atlantic to the Pacific had been carefully tilled in anticipation of three days of sowing and a full harvest in due time.

It was in 1916 that the idea of holding this conference was conceived. The greater part of the civilized world was then engaged in a war that called for the exercise of the highest possible intelligence by all the belligerents. Never was the necessity for technical skill to provide the sinews of war and to make good the losses caused by war more apparent. Yet, notwithstanding these facts, the idea of laying greater stress on moral education as a matter of national concern was conceived, and the succeeding years of war witnessed an ever-widening, ever-deepening interest in the movement and an ever-growing expectancy as to its possible outcome.

Not less significant than the time in which the project for a National Conference on Moral Education was conceived is the fact that it was the idea, not of some visionary, or even of one whose special business is to safeguard the morals of the people, but of a practical business man. It is also very significant that the movement from its inception has received very general endorsement by and financial support from business men, and that, in the National Council of Fifty, appointed by the Conference to carry out its plans, the business world is well represented.

One may reasonably hope for a very decided forward movement in educational work in Canada if its business men seriously assume their fair share of responsibility in educational matters as the Conference has indicated that many of them are prepared to do. The work of education is in no way different from other great national undertakings in that its success or failure depends largely on the amount of capital put into it. With educationalists struggling single-handed to improve educational conditions, the task has always been difficult—and in many instances discouraging. They have had their conventions; they have pointed out wherein improvements were desirable or even absolutely essential; but too often no changes have been effected. Changes invariably mean additional expenditure, and these are largely beyond the control of the teaching profession. With the business world linked up with the educational in determined effort to give the children of this land the best possible in education, our fondest dreams should be realized.

The National Conference in Winnipeg, while differing in

many ways from ordinary educational conventions, resembled them all in the number of resolutions passed calling on educational and other bodies, ranging from school boards to the Federal Government, to take certain steps to improve educational conditions. There is this essential difference, however, so far as the work planned is concerned: the resolutions passed have the endorsement not only of representative educationists from every province of Canada but also of representatives of many of the most influential organizations of the land. If these organizations will endorse these resolutions as unanimously and as enthusiastically as their representatives have done, the fact that it will cost considerable to effect the suggested changes will prove no serious obstacle.

The programme for the Conference was carefully prepared. Provision was made for nine sessions, with speakers and leaders in discussions numbering thirty, besides the nine presiding officers—a different one for each session. Various topics were discussed, but most attention was given to the central theme, Moral Education in Relation to Citizenship.

It is impossible in this short article to attempt any summary of the various addresses. Only outstanding impressions can be touched upon.

In the opening address on The Spiritual Gains of the War, Dr. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), as if anticipating the obstacles that might be met with in carrying out any programme on moral education along national lines, made a strong plea for national unity. Many things had been clearly demonstrated, he said, by the war. Of these he regarded as chief, the reaffirmation of conscience as supreme in human conduct, the greatness of the individual, the common man, and the supreme worth of comradeship in the making of a nation. In speaking of the comradeship of war, he pointed out how it bound man to man in spite of differences of race and supposed differences of creeds. He deprecated the idea that true religion, the business of every man, should act as a wedge to separate one from his fellows instead of as a bond to make all one. To quote his words, "Wherein your religion separates you from your neighbor it is wrong; wherein it binds you to him it is right. If Canada is to emerge into something higher—reach the plane of peace and security with progress and plenty, she must catch this spirit of comradeship. If this Conference could evolve a nation-wide propaganda on this get-together spirit—which would be preached in every province to every individual, the solution of the unrest situation would be largely found. If that mysterious oneness which linked the boys in France together could be instilled into young Canada, our next generation would look upon a Canada greater than anything which we can now visualize."

Several of the speakers emphasized the close, if not absolute, connection between moral and religious teaching, but in no instance was the introduction into our schools of the Bible, that great library on faith and morals, definitely advocated. This, one may venture to suppose, was not so much because of a lack of appreciation of its value as a suitable text book for moral instruction, as of a realization that the brotherhood or comradeship of the battlefield is with us as yet only an ideal to be striven for in our civilian life.

If one were asked directly—What was accomplished at the National Conference on Moral Education to insure more satisfactory ethical instruction in our schools? he might have some difficulty in giving a satisfactory answer, if indeed he could answer at all. The need of inculcating high moral ideals was repeatedly emphasized; but the wisdom of making morals a

definite subject for formal instruction was questioned by various speakers. As first aids to the desired end, many recommendations and suggestions were made. Of these the following may be considered the chief: The organization of Boys' Brigades, Boy Scouts, Cadet Corps, groups for the Canadian Standard Efficiency Training, Little Mothers' Leagues and the Canadian Girls in Training to develop among children of school age physical fitness and the spirit of service and citizenship in the community. More attention to the conducting of organized games was urged as a means to inculcating a spirit of co-operation and a sense of fair play. The value of stories, biographies, history and literature as aids to moral teaching was also emphasized; and again and again the importance of the teacher as a living epistle on questions of morals was insisted upon.

Notwithstanding the above and numerous other aids suggested for the inculcation of high ideals, the Conference indicated that the ground had not been covered to its satisfaction by passing the following resolution:

"That this Conference puts itself on record as recognizing the necessity for the deepening and strengthening of the moral and spiritual factors in our national education alike in the school, the church and the home, and instructs the newly appointed National Council to make a consideration of the problems herein involved a first charge upon its deliberations."

Only once in the entire three days' deliberations did there seem the remotest possibility of a lack of unanimity in the matter of laying plans for the future. This was when the resolutions committee sent up to the Conference the following resolution for consideration:

"Resolved that this National Conference on Character Education expresses its approval of the organization of a Dominion Bureau of Education, whose duties shall be to collect such statistics and facts and general information as shall show the condition and progress of education in the several provinces and territories; and to diffuse such information respecting the organization and management of school systems and methods of teaching as shall aid the people of Canada in the establishment and maintenance of an efficient school system and otherwise promote the cause of education throughout the country."

An amendment to this resolution was offered changing the word "Bureau" to "Department." This was followed by an amendment to the amendment, providing:

"That for purposes of educational investigations and as a clearing house for educational data, a National Bureau be established under the direction of the National Council of the Conference, and that such Bureau be maintained by voluntary support and such financial assistance as may be given by provincial and Dominion governments without any restrictions as to policy."

In the early part of the discussion the original resolution was undoubtedly in high favor. It met, however, with very determined opposition from certain delegates who claimed to see in it the thin end of the wedge of Federal interference in provincial educational rights. The amendment to the resolution, to this group, was simply the same wedge driven deeper. For a time feeling ran high; but gradually sentiment took a decided turn in favor of the amendment to the amendment. By the time the vote was taken there was almost unanimity on the idea of having a National Bureau under the direction of the National Council as provided for in the amendment to the amendment. There can be little doubt, however, that the large vote in favor of the amendment to the amendment was due not to a change of mind as to the merits of the plan proposed in the original motion on the part of its supporters. It was the result rather of determination of many to have harmony in support of their second choice when it was found impossible to have it in support of their first. To the advocates of national unity the Conference must have seemed, by this

vote, to have practised what many of its speakers had so eloquently preached. The bond of comradeship that unites prevailed; the wedge that separates was discarded.

It will thus be seen that the National Council of Fifty appointed to carry out the plans of the Conference have important work to do in the near future. It may be pointed out, too, that they have a fund of over \$25,000 at their disposal to carry on their work—thanks to the generosity of Canadian Rotary Clubs. We may, therefore, confidently expect that, in the outcome of Canada's first National Conference on Moral Education in Relation to Citizenship, the hopes of its promoters will be realized.

## CITY AND UNIVERSITY

(By J. Lockington, Vancouver Grammar School)

President Klinck, at the invitation of the University Club, of Vancouver, gave an address to the members on the subject "The University of B. C. and Its Relation to the Province."

In lucid and earnest and forceful language, he described the many difficulties under which the teaching staff were doing their work in the conglomeration of buildings, which, by the grace of the hospital authorities, now form the temporary home of the University.

He amply proved the necessity for an immediate remove to the permanent site of its future activities at Point Grey—for he pictured in quick review the congested state of the inadequate classrooms in all departments of University work, and showed that "Usefulness, progress and efficiency" were hampered beyond remedy, till that remove was made possible. He said the Senate were doing their utmost with the funds available; so were the Professors, all of whom were living in the hope and "gratitude of financial favours to come." And he appealed to the monied classes of Vancouver and the Province to support and develop their greatest B. C. investment and asset. The Dominion Government then would take more notice and would do their promised part more quickly.

The writer had the privilege of being at the initiation of another modern University in Liverpool, England, where similar struggles to "carry on" were made for the first years on a limited endowment.

But the merchant princes of the city rallied around and vied with each other in endowments for professional Chairs for different subjects which were of practical utility to the district. Endowment for research work followed, then extension work was undertaken, and eventually commercial and academic interests became mutually united for the lasting benefit and the immediate betterment of City and University. So it will be here.

But may one suggest to the President and Senate of the University of British Columbia, that they drop for the present the research and extension work, and link up first on the Commercial and Practical Utilities. Nonne suum est?



This is a picture of the South Sea collection of Curios made by Mr. Frank Burnett, and to be presented by him to the University of British Columbia. (See article on page 18)

# The Canadianising of Sam MacPhail

SKETCH NO. I.—SOME CANADIAN LANDLADIES.

By Robert Watson

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

(Copyright)

We welcome, as we are confident readers of the British Columbia Monthly will, this first of a series of sketches to be contributed to this magazine by Mr. Robert Watson, the British Columbia novelist, at present at Vernon, B. C.

Mr. Watson's first book, "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman," which had a large sale, has just been followed by a second, "The Girl of O. K. Valley," a review of which we hope to publish in our next issue.—(Ed. B.C.M.)

Looking for lodgings for the first time in my life and in a city seven thousand miles from the land that gave me birth was to me like going out to a cemetery to choose my grave. But, after I had inspected sixty or seventy bedrooms and over half that number of landladies, I got as calloused to the job as if I had been at it from birth.

I can remember calling at one place named Lodge Something-or-other. The lady of the house much regretted that all the first and second floor bedrooms were already occupied; but, as I was looking for a room at a moderate charge, maybe I would not object to a cubby-hole in the garret which I could have for the very modest sum of fifty-five dollars a month, breakfast, supper and view of the Bay included;—and that, mark you, was quite a few years before we knew anything of the H. C. of L.

At that time I was earning—well, not much more than fifty-five per month, consequently I was unable to avail myself of such generous hospitality.

That landlady was quite nice about it, though. From the full distance of the hallway she instructed me on how to open the front door as I was going out.

Following this, a lady acquaintance recommended me to try a Mrs. Sorrell, who had been married only recently. Mrs. Sorrell's husband ran a lumber mill up the coast somewhere and he was away from home most of his time. Mrs. Sorrell did not really require to take in boarders, but, in exchange for my services as watchdog, she was willing to have me on trial, as a guest; with room, breakfast and supper for twenty-five dollars a month.

I knew instinctively that this was too good to be true, but, in a moment of rashness, I accepted the offer.

My first morning there, she entertained me at breakfast, expressing the hopes that I did not drink, that I kept good hours; that I would not mind if she happened to be out some evenings at supper-time so long as she left 'something cold' for me; that I would chop a little wood for her occasionally and start the fire in the mornings before she came down, as she had such a horror of cold.

She gave me her history. She had been the friend and confidante of duchesses and other titled ladies in the Old Land. She had come out here on a tour; had met her husband in the north and had married him simply because he had 'gone off his head' about her and had threatened to do away with himself if she refused him.

In the circumstances, what was there left for her to do?

At meal times, Mrs. Sorrell had a habit of yawning and rising to clear away the dishes before I had properly started.

The lady friend who was instrumental in my settling there called one day and was informed by Mrs. Sorrell that it looked as if I did not take any mid-day meal down town, as I ate more at one sitting that she and her husband did combined.

I did, too—but I contend that my appetite is very ordinary for a young man who is fond of exercise.

About this time, I was fortunate in falling in with one, Jim McDougall. He had just taken a room in a house in the suburbs. If I cared to join him and share with him, it would prove to our financial as well as to our mutual benefit.

I jumped at the offer, and Jim and I lodged with Mrs. Sands for the three years that immediately followed.

Mrs. Sands was small and round, voluble, tremendously energetic and, of course, a Scot. Despite her thirty years' residence in Canada, she still retained a firm grip of the Doric.

George—that was her husband—was a gaunt, easy-going, round-shouldered individual, who seemed to be forever striking matches in an endeavour to relight a pipe that was always going out on him. He coughed and wheezed all the time he was awake and half the time he was asleep.

It would have been hazardous to guess whether the cough would carry him off or he the cough. According to George, they had been 'bosom friends for twenty-eight years, so he hoped 'they would slip awa' together.'

As he had a nest-egg in the bank, George did not trouble himself about any outside occupation. He was slow, as Mrs. Sands was quick. His stock answer to all her questions was 'Ay,—ay.'

All day long she could be heard at him, rousing him and urging him to the completion of his duties.

"George—ha'e ye got the beds made?" she would shout up the stairs.

"Ay, ay," would come the laconic answer, as he sat on the edge of a bed behind a newspaper he had found in the room.

"Hae ye got the rooms sweepit oot?"

"Ay,—ay," he would answer again, without having the slightest notion what his wife was saying.

In a few moments more her head would pop round the corner of the doorway and George would scramble up, drop the paper and resume his chores.

"I kent it," she would nag. "Here ye are, eleven o'clock and no' a hand's turn done yet." She would put her knuckles against her haunches and look at him in scorn. "My! I'm richt glad I'm no' a man."

As soon as George showed face in the kitchen, she would be at him again from sheer habit.

"George,—ha'e ye cleaned oot the chicken hoose?"

"Ay, ay!" (George is evidently thinking of the time he did it the week previously).

"George,—bring up some coal and firewood."

"Ay,—ay!"

"George!—ha'e ye fixed the furnace?"

"Ay,—ay!" (George is now referring to his pipe).

But George simply kept along with an undisturbed, unhurried, calm.

"Och!—I don't mind her, ye ken," he confided to me, with a cough, one day when she was out of earshot. "I'm weel used to her by this time. (Interval for pipe lighting and sucking). "She canna help hersel', poor body." (cough). "She's worse i' the bark than she is i' the bite." (Strong pulling at pipe and prolonged coughing). "She's a smart yin though. That I'm tellin' you."

Mrs. Sands was tantalisingly clean. A speck of dirt on the bed-sheets and they were whipped off and new ones on in their place before you could think. She even went the length of furnishing Jim and me with a waste-paper basket and instructed us carefully on how to use it.

'The boys,' as she lovingly called us, occupied the star chamber. Our furnishings were simple, but useful; consist-

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ing of twin beds, a table, two chairs, three apple boxes (one on top of another, draped with cheap cretonne and serving the purpose of a book-case), also a noisy alarm clock belonging to Jim.

The room across the landing from us was occupied by Mr. Gobbins, an old, grey-whiskered, merry-eyed, grass-widower, who did little else but read and eat. He was an expert on cooking meals on an oil stove, on the sly, in spite of Mrs. Sands' notice in the hallway, 'Cooking in bedrooms not aloud.'

As we had no wall decorations in our room, I purchased an imitation oil painting of an artist's model in scanty garments. I hung it up over the apple-box book-case, then invited George up to inspect it. He declared it was great. He laughed. Now, every time George laughs, he coughs, and every time he coughs, Mrs. Sands is after him.

She landed in on us as we were gazing rapturously on the picture.

"What do you think of that, Mrs. Sands?" I asked, somewhat sheepishly.

She looked it over earnestly, then she gloomed at George over her spectacles.

"Go doon the stairs at once," she commanded sternly. George slunk out shamefaced.

She turned on Jim and me next, but surprised us by her placidity.

"That lassie in the picture has a braw face, I'm no' denyin' it,—but she lacks the virtue o' modesty," came her verdict. In conclusion, she shook her index finger at us.

"Let me tell you this. If I had ony young yins in the hoose, it wouldna be up there five meenutes. Forby, it's no' fair to be showin' the likes o' that to George. It just encourages his levity, and levity aye brings on his cough."

With the advent of the cold weather, Jim and I had difficulty the first winter in keeping warm at nights. Before getting between the sheets, we used to stand over the radiator to catch any little wafts of hot-air that might wander up from the furnace. We suffered in silence as long as we could, but at last we left a written complaint on our table for Mrs. Sands.

That evening, as soon as we got in, she wat rat-tat-tatting at the door.

She was terribly hurt at our having put our grievances in writing instead of telling her about it to her face.

"—and there's no a hoose in a' the toon that's better heated than this is," she continued.

She walked over to the window.

"See that!" she exclaimed, raising the blind. "What's the good o' me fillin' the room wi' good, expensive heat, when you keep the window doon at the top and let it a' oot again? I'm willin' to heat the room for what you pay me, but I've nae intention o' heatin' the whole o' Vancouver for ten dollars a month."

For some time, she had suspicions that Gobbins was cooking food in his bedroom, but for long, try as she liked, she failed to catch him at it, for the reason that he kept a locked cupboard and shoved everything in there out of sight. The moment he happened to hear her on the stairs. But, on account of him being a bit deaf, Mrs. Sands all but taught him a dozen times.

Once in particular, she was rapping on his door before he was aware of it. We could hear a tremendous scuffling, then Gobbin's smiling face appeared.

"Oh!—it's you, Mrs. Sands. Come right in! I didn't hear you."

"Mr. Gobbins," she asked stiffly, "are ye cookin' in my hoose?"

"Oh, no! Not at all, Mrs. Sands! I would not think of such a thing," put in the unperturbed Gobbins. "How could I, anyway?"

"Weel,—I don't know—but I smell the frizzle o' ham and eggs," she persisted.

"Oh, yes; ham and eggs! Yes, yes!—why, that's just my supper I brought in with me from the restaurant, ready cooked. It is in the press there."

Mrs. Sands turned and went out, very dissatisfied.

Gobbins got a fright and the next night he brought a whistle to us and asked us if we would be kind enough to blow a warning on it any time we happened to hear the landlady coming. Of course, we promised to oblige, and the new arrangement proved a wonderful help to the semi-deaf Gobbins.

It grew to be great fun signalling with the whistle to Gobbins whenever we heard Mrs. Sands' footsteps. It grew to be greater fun still signalling to him when we did not hear her.

A dozen times in the course of cooking a meal the whistle would blow and Gobbins would bundle stove, frying pan and everything else into the cupboard, only to find that each blast was a false alarm like its predecessor.

We whistled 'wolf' so often that he ceased to heed our warning, with the result that, when we signalled in earnest, Mrs. Sands was standing in the doorway surveying the scene of Gobbins cracking eggs into a frying pan over a smelly oil stove.

"You can't fool me this time with your whistling, you young scamps," Gobbins was muttering—his bent back to the door.

Something in the chilly stillness caused him to look round. Then Mrs. Sands' machine-gun tongue began to spit fire.

She gave him immediate notice to leave, but relented when he presented her with the oil stove and gave his promise not to repeat the offense again.

But, with all her little eccentricities, Mrs. Sands could not hide her heart of gold. She was ever ready to sacrifice herself for others.

One time, when I was confined to bed for three days with a severe chill, she attended me hand and foot, gruelling me and cooking for me as if I were her very own.

Night after night, in the winter time, when George's cough was troublesome, we could hear her up and moving about, getting hot water and hot drinks, in an effort to lessen the horrors of a sleepless night, and doing all she could to stave off the day of separation that would surely come, when George's worn body would be no longer able to contain his soul.

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## THE BOOK WORLD

"Mist of Morning," Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's new book, deals with that delightfully hazy and half real period of youth's experience when the world still wears its glamour and life's illusions have not been dissipated, and before experience, dear bought or otherwise, has brought a certain measure of clear-sightedness,

"When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen."

From this it takes its suggestive and alluring title.

The scene is laid in Eastern Canada. David Greig and Rosme Selwyn grow up in the same little town of Milhampton, whence they leave for the city, the one for the university and the other to make her living as an advertising expert. As children they are portrayed for us with a delightful naturalness and sympathy and we are given some insight into their childish characters in the early chapters of the book. In the case of the girl, it is brought out in her contact with her cruel and unloveable old aunt, whose dominating will has not the power to crush into subservience the plucky spirit of the child. In the boy's case, we are introduced to the inner workings of his mind through the crisis rising out of the disclosure to him by Angus Greig that the latter is not his real parent as he had always supposed him to be, but that his father, the news of whose death has just come to Angus, had been a bad man and had cruelly ill-treated the boy's mother. The keenness of David's mental suffering is skilfully depicted and one is impressed by the writer's grasp of the subtleties of child psychology. The fact of the extreme sensitiveness and mental acuteness of many children of highly-strung temperament is one of which adults too often are entirely ignorant, and the result of such ignorance is often of incalculable injury to child life. Fortunately for David, he has a sympathetic and discreet confidante in the person of Angus Greig's spinster housekeeper, Miss Mattie, who has taken the place of a mother to him and who now by her kindly tact gently rescues the boy from the slough of despair into which his foster-father's blunt disclosure had thrown him.

Angus Greig is a fine example of a certain old type of Scot, reserved and taciturn, full of warm kindness but slow to let the outside world know about it, a man of high principles and unbending honesty but strong in his hate as in his love. He conquers the former in the end, however.

His parting words, when David is leaving home to go to boarding school, are worth quoting: "Be master in your House of Life. The man with the courage of his best beliefs is the man the world is needing, David. Grapple with life and do not let it go except it bless you."

Miss Mattie is a delightful character consistently drawn throughout by many deft and enlightening touches. "Miss Mattie was not old," we are told. "For all her years, which might have been fifty, she had kept the eager heart of a girl. She hadn't meant to. If anyone had remonstrated with her she would have agreed that at her age it was most unsuitable. But there it was. She had kept her youth just as she had kept her waist." One of the qualities on which she prides herself is tact and the little scene in which she uses it in overcoming the prejudices of Mrs. Carr, the city boarding-house keeper, against David because of his tendency to "mess around" with experiments in his room, is one of the many choice little bits of quiet humor with which the book is replete, and which are apt to linger in the memory.

The various boarders at Mrs. Carr's eminently respectable establishment are an interesting company, cleverly sketched.

Miss Clara Sims, who inveigles David into an engagement against his will, is true to her type and makes an excellent foil for the heroine, Rosme; as does Mr. William Carter Fish, known in the house as "Silly Billy" or "Fresh Fish," for his chum, David. The transparent chivalrousness and honesty of the latter is rendered more striking as contrasted with the man of the world airs of the former, who is, by no means, however, an unpleasant or unlikeable character. Murray Willard, who turns out in the end to be David's brother, proves a foil of another kind and the conversations between the three youths are sprightly and natural and sparkle with the wit that is peculiar to college boys and youths of that age.

David becomes an inventor and upon his discovery of an engine for aeroplanes hangs the plot of the story, which works out through the ingenious but skilfully-conceived complications to a dramatic climax. The love interest never lags and highly romantic situations are not lacking as in the two lovers being snowbound in the train or in the meeting in the garden of the old house and its exploration by the lovers to recover one of the glass ornaments from the chandelier for Rosme to take home to Madame Rameses' little girl.

Madame Rameses (formerly Anna Plumber) with whom Rosme boards, the psychic and automatic writer, is an interesting minor character, as is also John Baird, the scientist, who is David's partner.

On the whole, the story is a charming one and carries the reader delightfully along with unflagging interest from beginning to end, the action growing faster and the tension more keen as the denouement is approached. It has the same sprightliness and piquancy of style as in "Up the Hill and Over," but shows a marked advance in plot and in general technique. Quaint little bits of philosophic comment appeal to the discerning reader and by their truthfulness and originality bear witness to the writer's powers of observation and to her fitness to rank as one of our most successful interpreters of Canadian life.

—Robert Allison Hood.

## "MR. STANDFAST"

Stories connected with the war have already become so numerous that it is not to be wondered at if additions to the list are scanned somewhat perfunctorily. But "Mr. Standfast" by John Buchan (Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.) is of that type that readers, whom a gripping narrative can hold, had better not open unless they have some hours of leisure, or are willing to steal hours from their sleep period to finish.

In the main "Mr. Standfast" is the record of plots and counter-plots and the adventures involved therein of a group of spies representing Germany and Britain respectively.

Ivery, the arch-spy of Germany, is well off-set by Hannay, the writer of the story, but there are other characters who arouse sympathy and hold the interest of the reader throughout.

Again and again one may be tempted to say that the marvellous sequence of incidents was next to impossible, but on the other hand it is to be remembered that the (reasonably) "impossible" occurred and was achieved repeatedly in every phase of the Great War. The truth in the phrase frequently used in this book about the price to be paid—"The best of us" has, as we all know, come home to myriads of homes and hearts in the past five years. As we progress with the story interest grows in speculating which men of the outstanding characters are to pay the price, and perhaps at the end many will find sad satisfaction in learning that their assumptions have coincided with the record.

The treatment meted out to the crafty "Ivery," who is represented as one of the big-brained Germans who planned the war, is of the nature of that retributive justice of which the children of men, whether they be reckoned Kings, Kaisers or common units of society, may all have to make the acquaintance, in some form or other in this life or another.

"Mr. Ivery," I said, "last night, when I was in your power, you indulged your vanity by gloating over me. I expected it, for your class does not breed gentlemen. We treat our prisoners differently, but it is fair that you should know your fate. You are going to France, and I will see that you are taken to the British front. There with my old Division you will learn something of the meaning of war. Understand that by no conceivable chance can you escape. Men will be detailed to watch you by day and night, and to see that you undergo the full rigour of the battlefield. You will have the same experience as other people, no more, no less. I believe in a righteous God and I know that sooner or later you will find death—death at the hands of your own people—an honourable death which is far beyond your deserts. But before it comes you will have understood the hell to which you have condemned honest men."

—(D. A. C.)

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

The Girl of O. K. Valley. By Robert Watson. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto.

The Touch of Abner. By H. A. Cody. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto.

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# From a Woman's Point of View

## *Women as the Inspiration to the Masters of Music*

(By Alice Brewer)

THERE is an exquisite legend which tells how the philosophers of ancient Greece were wont to take a dead rose and place it in the bowl of a heated crucible. As the heat trembled through its shrinking petals a white vapor was seen to ascend and then hang above the vessel suspended and still.

After a little while there grew out of this cloud a phantom stalk, and on the stalk leaves budded, and finally, the pale spirit of the flower unfolded itself. From the burning ashes had arisen the spirit of the faded rose.

Thus it is that expression is always the aftermath of emotion; while the soul is obsessed by it no expression is possible in art. There have been cool-blooded bachelors like Handel, Schubert and Brahms; but such passionate pilgrims as Chopin, Tschaikowsky and Wagner, gave the world their best only after the heart's intense suffering, the spirit of lost love arising in the form of living music.

To such men as Grieg, Schuman and Massenet, love brought a quiet sense of illumination to their work, a beaming source of inspiration was unveiled and the spirit of immortal music floated over their lives. To Chopin, Wagner and Tschaikowsky, as well as many more of the giants of music, it came only in the wake of disaster.

All genius seems to possess the inborn faculty of attracting disaster and extraordinary events about itself, but in Chopin this faculty was abnormally developed. Reserved and passionate, he would never show by the slightest sign the existence of emotion before those who were not of his heart's kindred. The thoughtlessness of a friend, implying a lack of love, affected him like a calamity.

Producing all his music from the interior sphere of intuition, external observation was strangely limited in him, his music of this early period being well exemplified by the Nocturne in B major with its entirely new use of extended chords, lovely as star clusters.

Suddenly, from this inner preoccupation, his eyes were opened on to the enchantress, Madame Sand, and life took on an entirely new meaning; at the pinnacle of his happiness the Nocturne in D flat was composed; the joy of the fervent lover, and the figure of his own soul is fully expressed in this work.

From Chopin love was a gift to be treasured, from George Sand, a corrosive to be avoided, and there is little or no advocacy possible for her; but, however good or however bad, the fact remains that it was a woman only who turned, by some subtle alchemy, all Chopin's emotion to living music.

Just as earth's burning and imprisoned heart in its throes raised the mountains to heaven, so catastrophe lifted Chopin's music to a white and shining crown. Not until he reached the stage of hopelessness, when life stretching empty before him, he must decide between moral greatness and moral death, did Chopin, choosing the better part, produce the greatest music of his life.

There may be little indication of a man's character in the person of his love, but there is no greater indication than the manner in which he loves her, his soul is shown in the ideas with which he garlands her. In the C minor Nocturne is depicted the terrible sorrow of departed love; shaken as with anguish and suffering, the piano sings with tongues of brass and iron to drown the voice within the sufferer's heart that ever calls to the past.

Who can hear the strange undersongs of dirge and elegy unmoved? Who will not admit that here is tribute indeed to love and to a woman?

Edward Grieg followed tamely and with cold correctness in the footsteps of Schumann and Mendelssohn until his happy marriage, when he began to fling aside the superabundant clothing and "the heavy draperies of ready-made wisdom" with which he had been hampered. He knew then that the secret of every work of art lies in the soul of the artist, and its message must not be presented in terms of the school, but in those of the spirit. And what perfection of expression is the one great Nocturne of Grieg which he openly admitted to be inspired by the thought of his wife's love.

Standing alone, the lovely expression of enchanted darkness, it has no beginning, but seems to awaken out of the silence that preceded it, here is the atmosphere of the dove-encircled Melisande wooed by Pelleas, here it must be that Rapunzel let down her silken locks that the Prince might climb to her casement.

Before love came to Grieg, his music was as the precise thought of a fanciful man; after—well, genius arrives at truth in a strange way, and having arrived, it cannot well describe the road that led thereto.

With Richard Wagner it was two women that influenced him through love to work that is immortal. "Tristan," the embodiment of man's love for woman, is the most humanly passionate music that was ever inspired. Always finding vision in extremity, sorrow brought Wagner the nobility, and never the sterility of misery.

To this sorely tried man, the beautiful Frau Wesendonck was as a living fountain of inspiration. Gracious, lovely and refined, a most ardent worshipper at his shrine, she bosomed his fainting spirit to the warmth of life again. It was the loss of this noble and generous woman, that, driving him into the crucible of sorrow, delivered his soul of its glistening drop of metal, which in this case was the gold of "Tristan," perhaps the greatest love epic the world may ever know; pulsating and throbbing in every bar with melting emotion, Wagner in this time of stress caused the orchestra to utter the almost unspeakable.

At one period, writing to his great friend, Liszt, he said, "Give me a heart, a mind, a woman's soul into which I can plunge my whole self, which can grasp me entirely—how little would I then require from this world."

After great suffering and hardship, Fate was at last kind to this man. By his marriage in 1870 to Cosima von Bulow he obtained the one woman that was born to foster his genius and of whom he had written to his great friend, Frau Wille, "Into my asylum has since fled the one who was to testify that there was indeed help for me, and that the axiom of so many of my friends—that I could not be helped—was wrong. She knew she could help me; she defied all calumny, and accepted every condemnation."

On the morning of Cosima's thirtieth birthday, a small, but well equipped band trained by Herr Richter (who himself was trumpeter) greeted the birth of Wagner's son by playing on the steps of the house bordering on the lake, a work which Mr. Finck has described as not merely a cradle song, but also the embodiment of paternal and conjugal love. It was the birth of his son which called forth one of Wagner's most glorious and glowing works, the "Siegfried Idyll."

This wonderfully gifted daughter of Liszt rounded out the years with happiness, and without her Wagner could not have pursued his one aim so faithfully and with such results. Since his death, her life has been devoted to carrying on his ideals,

(Turn to page 32)

## The British Columbia Monthly

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**"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!**

Vol. XV.

NOVEMBER, 1919.

No. 2

### EDITORIAL

#### THE PARAMOUNT DUTY.

**L**AST year, in its donated space, the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, after noting that "Victory is in sight—make it a finish fight!" counselled its Canadian readers to "Buy Bonds to brighten the Boys in the Battle-line" and also to "Buy Bands to bind the butchering burglars of Berlin."

The duty of the hour was clear then; it is equally clear now in November, 1919.

As on former occasions, some of the best brains acquainted with publicity work have been exercised in studying to produce appeals to the nation in the most telling form that word and picture may portray, and these are now being scattered broadcast daily by newspapers and other periodicals throughout the country.

Without in the least disparaging that work and its undoubted use, we venture to believe that all thoughtful Canadian Citizens worthy of the name, who can muster from fifty dollars upwards for investment, should need only one line of argument to lead them to pinch themselves if necessary, to buy a bond or many bonds, according to their capacity, present or prospective.

To readers who may not have had—or have given—time to the perusal of the periodical pages of excellent argument provided on behalf of the Dominion Government, we would say: Gratitude that the war is well won ought to be ours in the first place; next, that it is to the Freewill "Bonds of Victory," not to bonds of servitude or servility (such as German war blondes would have hastened to impose, had they by any devilish device been victors, even temporarily) that we are asked to give place; and thirdly, that as the money is needed in great part for the due and just—it cannot even at best be generous—treatment of the disabled men who returned, and the widows and children of others who fighting, fell, citizens who have been privileged to retain health and work and a reasonable prospect of saving from fifty dollars upwards, ought to GIVE ALL THEY CAN GLADLY to the Government of the country.

The Victory Bond Investment has the nation behind it, and is safer than any Bank, and if the interest assured be not exactly in keeping with the lines of that otherwise commendable hymn which records somewhat ridiculously:—

"Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,  
Repaid a thousand fold will be;  
Then gladly will we give to Thee"—

it is nevertheless a yearly rate of return which, in older communities in pre-war times, would have been considered not only an excellent one but almost dangerously high.

Investing in Victory Bonds therefore, simply means that citizens are committing themselves to saving money not only with the Nation's life as security, but with a good return in interest assured, and at the same time sharing in the credit

of doing something towards meeting the obligations involved through the war to those who gave unsparingly.

In these circumstances they would be ungrateful churls, unworthy of the privilege of British Empire Citizenship, who would decline or evade the opportunity of doing all in their power to make the Victory Bond sales a surpassing success.

Following investment in Victory bonds, one other duty will remain—or soon follow, namely, the duty of seeing that the citizens sent to Ottawa to form or support the Government empowered to spend or allocate the money, are men who, whatever their party or non-party claims and affiliations, are unswervingly honorable, outstandingly capable and characteristically worthy to be entrusted with so great a task.

#### THE BEST NONE TOO GOOD FOR THE WEST.

Perhaps it is only fitting that the present Editor of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY should put on record in this page the reasonable gratitude of all concerned in the publication of our first enlarged issue, in the fact that it has been so well received by the Western Canadian community. Compliments not a few have come to us from subscribers, business men and others, orally, by telephone and in writing. We appreciate such general appreciation and encouragement, and shall endeavor not only to maintain the standard set in that number, but (as time and business permit) to excel it.

As we believe in well printed books, so we hold that, if a magazine is to be worth while at all, it also should be printed attractively. Our readers are no doubt acquainted with the best in magazine printing work that is produced in the larger cities of the United States. We do not consider that the best that can be done in printing is too good for Western Canada, and certainly it is not ahead of what we wish to have associated with the work of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY.

Of course the bulk of a magazine must be influenced to some extent by the size of the population, but that we assume will be steadily increased with the years.

We sincerely thank those who have not been too absorbed in their own work to write or phone or speak commendingly to the staff at the publishing office about the new number.

We are thankful to have reason to believe that No. 1 (A) of Vol. XV in its general make-up has more fully indicated the nature and quality of the publication which we have in mind to produce. At the same time, readers, including our Literary and Business friends, may rest assured that we are not likely to suffer from any undue sense of "having attained." So far, in these eight years, we have seldom been more than tolerably satisfied with the best issues of the magazine, but we mean to "press forward toward the mark" of increased service in every department, and so bring the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY not at, but nearer to "perfection's sacred height" of what the magazine may hope to be in the present generation.

Without detracting from the departments already established, we may note that as one of the first improvements we hope to be able to add at least one good short story monthly and by and by we may arrange to publish a serial. Meantime, owing to some unavoidable delay in publication and general distribution of the first number of the larger size, and the need for hurrying this issue to press, we believe that many criticisms and suggestions inspired by the October number will not reach us in time to be dealt with here.

Will our Western Canadian and British Columbian readers particularly, please remember that we wish this to be in a very real sense THEIR magazine for the home, not for one hurried scanning, but as a source of inspiration during the evening recreation hour, the week-end rest time, and the Sunday quiet period?

## SHOULD CITIZENS LEAGUE?

A Talk with President A. P. Procter on a Question of Vital Interest to all Western Canadian Cities.

By the Editor.

In Vancouver some months ago there was no question that Citizens should League. The one question was: How quickly and how best can they league for mutual protection and community well-being? The comfort of homes, the health of children, and indeed of the whole city, and the uninterrupted working of the social system generally, were threatened.

With a large section of the citizens it was not a question of taking sides. It was a question of how far the innocent and neutral were to be made to suffer while opposing factions exercised themselves in an economic tug-of-war which common sense and common fairness ought to make unnecessary in this twentieth century.

There are those who hold that industrial councils, composed of representatives of employers and employed, ought to be able to settle all questions arising in the industrial world; and that if that is not done as a matter of course To-day, it must somehow come about on an early To-morrow.

### *The Irritant of a Domineering Autocracy.*

We may blame "the system," and no doubt there are many things that ought to be remedied or improved; but class warfare is just as senseless in its nature, and may become about as brutal as other forms of war; for even when conflicts are inspired by undeniable injustice on one side or the other, the same savage spirit of a would-be-dominant autocracy, which in military matters has given the world, in this generation, a lesson for all time, is liable to come into play on either side, or on both.

The "middleman," who, in this case, happens to be the citizen who cannot claim to be either a "Capitalist" or "Labour" man, in the ordinary application of these terms, but who, in many instances, probably works as much with his brains and his hands as either of the other two, may be forgiven if he feels like exclaiming with that dying punster in Shakespeare—"A plague on both your houses!"—or camps! if you do not seek to settle your differences by "reasoning together," and bringing into exercise a spirit of practical brotherhood.

### *President Procter's Views.*

In the course of conversation with Dr. Procter, who is still president of the existing League, he pointed out that this country had been threatened with revolution. For months prior to the strike the utterances of some men in moving picture houses of Vancouver during the time of the Empire's Great Sacrifice, had outraged all decency. He believed an attempt had been made to overthrow all constitutional government and set up soviet government; to get what they conceived to be reforms by any means at all, and by violence if necessary. That was finally recognized by the people at large, and they did not confuse the aims of these men with the just claims of Labour. He held that organized labour for the most part was fair minded. The question one asked was: Why was it that a spirit of unrest in the country should enable a group of blasphemous men to stampede some of the best men in the country?

### *The Causes of the Crisis: Inadequate Representation.*

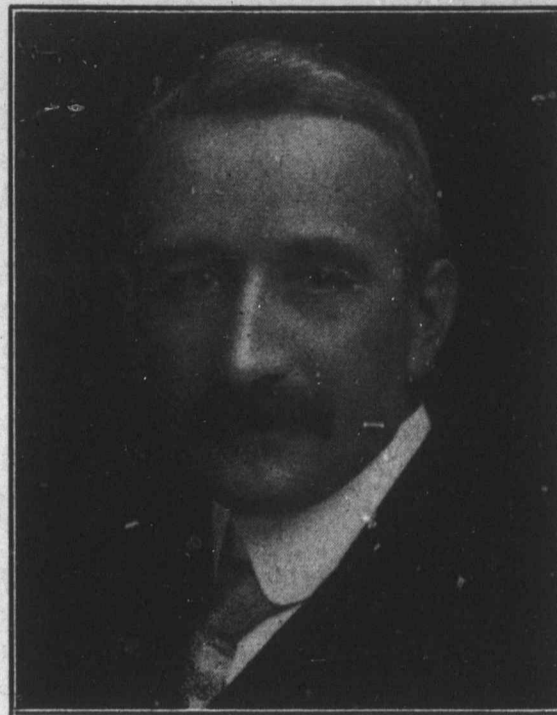
One of the causes of trouble was that for years we had been face to face in this country with great social evils, and unjust conditions, towards which the bulk of our people had been absolutely indifferent. He instanced the claims of organized Labour itself, which represented an important element in the nation's life. We said in this country that we have "Government for the people, by the people," but if that was true Labour ought to have adequate representation, and it would, in his opinion, have gone a long way towards meeting the situation, if that state of affairs had been rectified.

### *Neglect of Social Conditions Criminal.*

The League president went on to say that while of late years the wages paid labour had improved considerably, the conditions under which a great many of our working people had to live and labour—perhaps particularly in the Old Country, but not only in the older land—were of such a kind as should not be tolerated in a nation that claimed to be great. The physical condition of many of our men, women, and children provided the strongest possible evidence of neglect of big social questions.

### *Condemns Government Tolerance of Profiteering.*

In referring to matters with which the Government should have dealt, and had neglected, Dr. Procter touched on the



DR. A. P. PROCTER Wadds Photo.

As proof that Dr. A. P. Procter is one of the most widely known and highly respected citizens of Vancouver, it need only be noted that, after being elected President of the Loyal Citizens' League, he was later, following the amalgamation with the Citizens' Protective League, unanimously chosen for the Presidency of the united organization, known as "The Citizens' League."

A medical man with a notable humanitarian interest in his work, Dr. Procter's professional duties and citizen interests have led him to take part in many progressive projects for the health and well-being of the people.

Like many other doctors, too, he did "his bit" in the epoch-making struggle, and from August, 1915, served for a year or more in England, and at Saloniki with the 5th Canadian General Hospital, holding the rank of Major.

When one of the original Citizens' Leagues in Vancouver recently reconsidered development plans, Dr. Procter was urged to retain the Presidency, and those who know the man will be glad to learn that a motion was passed by that body, not only declining to accept his resignation, but looking towards the formation, under his chairmanship, of a strong group of citizens likely to appeal to the community at large as representative men and women having at heart the best interests of the Commonwealth.

subject of profiteering. He thought it a lasting disgrace to the nation that during a period of unparalleled sacrifice by the people generally, it should have been possible for a certain section of our population to make unfair profits, and for some even to amass huge fortunes in the midst of, if not indirectly as a result of, the sufferings and sacrifices of their fellows. He did not know of any one question that had more inflamed the public mind as the belief in such profiteering. If that belief was not justified, steps should be taken to make that clear; if it was justified, the criminals should be punished.

### *The Citizens' League: A Big Work to be Done.*

Speaking more particularly of the Citizens' League, President Procter said it had sprung into being to deal with a great emergency, an emergency which was more serious than was realized by the average citizen accustomed to lead a comfortable daily life. The League had been well organized and the management had made a good machine. There are many people who believe that, although the strike has passed, the conditions that caused it are still with us, and that, as a consequence, there is a big work remaining to be done by the right kind of citizenship.

### *A Questionable Act by the T. & L. Council: "All Workers Here."*

In this connection Dr. Procter commented on the feeling known to exist between certain sections of Organized Labor and Employers. In some way or other a common ground must be found for these people to get together. They must learn that the success of both is bound up in the success of each.

As illustrating the length to which the feeling of antagonism could be carried, he mentioned that some months ago certain citizens had inaugurated luncheons to which were invited representatives of Employers and Employees in order that they might get down to a round table conference and know each other better, and thus help towards settlement of questions in dispute. No movement was more worthy of support, and yet it was hardly begun before certain members of the Trades and Labor Council moved that no member in good standing should break bread with the representatives of the Employers' class. Such a thing is pitiable, and if continued, would make hopeless any idea of decent relationships and representative dealings between Employers and Employees. Whether we are members of the so-called Employers or Em-

(Continued on page 31)

## Frank Burnett, South Sea Collector, Figure of Business Romance and Adventure

(By Francis Dickie).

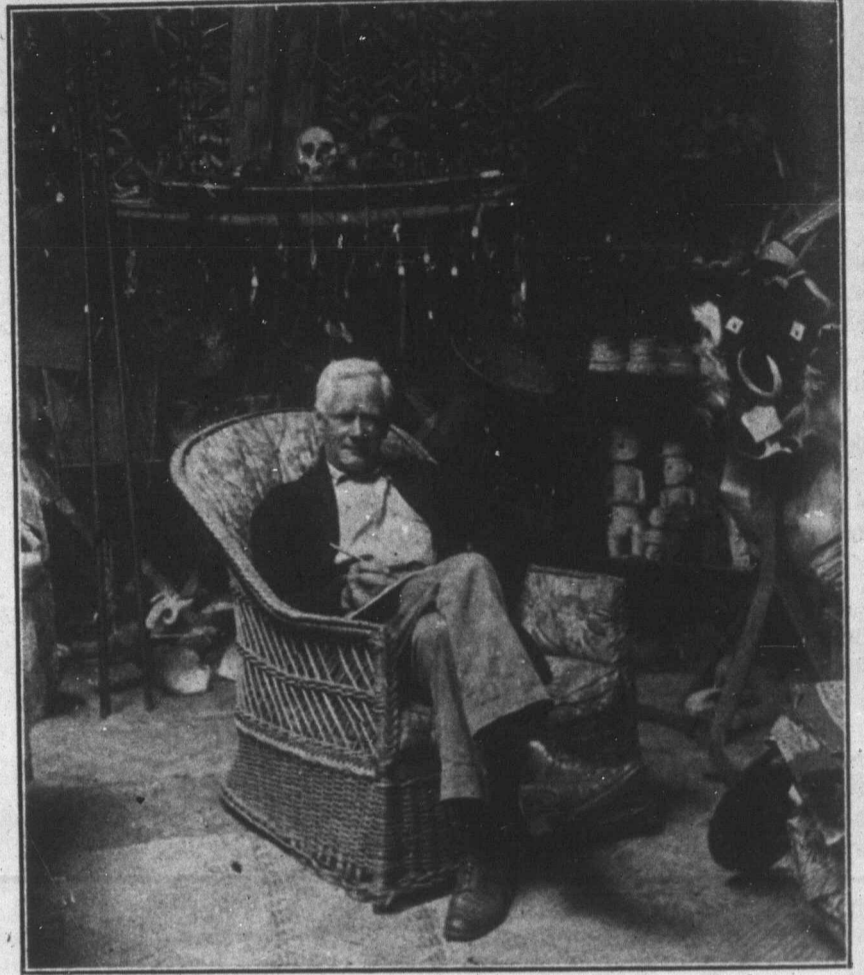
HE looks a little of all the things he is, and was, this man, gray-haired and sturdy whose picture accompanies the following tale of his varied adventures, his strenuous strivings, his failures and successes, his dreamings and his roamings and his achievements, chief of which latter is perhaps his gathering together of the greatest individually-owned and personally-procured collection in the world to-day of objects representative of the life on the varied and widely scattered islands which dot the south Pacific.

His collection stands unique and different from those seen in museums because Frank Burnett has specialized. Knowing these many "summer isles of Eden" as few men known them he toiled throughout a period of a quarter of a century to find all the things the Polynesians and the Papuans of the past had used in war and peace: their canoes, their spears and clubs, ornaments of dress, their matting and their tapa cloth; their gods of coral and of stone; their cannibal forks, plates and special meat hooks used only for human flesh. Thus today, in a vast room in his spacious home in Vancouver, Canada, on a brow of West Point Grey hill, overlooking the calm arm of the Pacific, here called Burrard Inlet, there are gathered things no longer to be found in the lands where they originated and in which they once were plentiful. Like the great auk and the dodo many of the relics in this collection have passed from the face of the earth, never again to be produced.

With the eye and heart peculiar to and possessed only by the collector born, this man, who, by long years travelling and much arduous ferreting out, made them his own, now gazes upon them and feels the work was worthy and worth while. Money values seldom are taken into account by the true collector, so there is no price upon this collection. At a low estimate perhaps ninety thousand dollars would cover the countless objects of varied kind which fill his private museum to overflowing. To their owner they are not things to be thought of in terms of coin. They represent to him the outcome of a labor lovingly done, a labor that came by way of recompense for thirty years of bitter toiling in less pleasant fields.

Sailor on an old windjammer at fourteen, and traveller many times across the world before he reached his eighteenth year, Frank Burnett learned the hard game of the sea in days when the sea was hard. But his father had been a Scottish skipper before him, and in the place of his birth, Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, that famous port from which sailed the whalers of the olden days, the sea was most boys' heritage. And it lured and called Frank Burnett as it had his brothers three before him.

Adventure seemed to be his appointed lot. Each voyage was exciting, more so even than was common in those days so filled with momentous happenings no longer allotted to the seaman in these days of monster steam freighters and passenger liners palatial. To recount them all would fill a fair sized book. One at least—as thrilling as ever found upon a page by Conrad written—of these may here be told. In a three hundred and fifty ton schooner, the Iron Gem by name, Frank Burnett, one day when he was nearing eighteen years of age, sailed unto that treacherous stretch of water, the dangerous Bay of Biscay. Alas, the Iron Gem, was a poor craft; never had ship a greater misnomer. It leaked badly. The storm which struck it almost in the very hour it began attempting the crossing of the Bay further broached its poor seams. But worse still the baffling winds for which the Bay of Biscay is famous, now seemed in a mood more perverse than usual. One long, terrible month the Iron Gem



MR. FRANK BURNETT

drifted back and forth a prey to the varying airs, and unable to escape this awful stretch of storm-tossed water. And every day of that month the crew spent all their waking hours at the pumps. Life became a dreary rhythm of rising and falling shoulders moved to the tune of gushing water. To add to the horrors of the laboring, the cook's galley was carried away when half the month was gone. From that time forward the men worked without the warming aid of hot food and coffee, things which go so far to counteract the ordinary hardships of a seaman's lot. The crew at last jettisoned most of the cargo, and the Iron Gem, so lightened, and aided by an at last favoring blow, slipped from the clutches of the Bay.

When twenty years of age, in the year 1871, Frank Burnett, as so many of his pioneering Scottish countrymen before him had done, came to Canada, land of promise in adventure and eventual prosperity. Still clinging to the water, he served for a time as purser on an Ottawa river steamboat. Finally, however, after a few months of this he deserted ships for the time being and went to Montreal. Nine years of the battling for existence in a great city, found Frank Burnett a fairly successful broker, a position attained to only by long hours of work, a strict attending to that stern mistress, "Business." But in this man's blood was the uneasy strain of the Scottish adventurer; that strain which has put the Scots among the foremost of world pioneers. Yielding to its urge, he decided on what his friends deemed the action of a madman; he threw up his position and all the hard-earned business connections and went west to the Canadian prairie provinces a land in that time, 1880, deemed fit home by most men for only the native Indians. But Frank Burnett was restless. He also had that innate vision, that prescient, unconscious knowledge which is given to the pioneer.

One mournful day in April 1880 found him trekking westward from the then little settlement of Winnipeg. He drove a team of slow-going oxen pulling a creaking, jolting lumber waggon. Yet inside it was his wife, as brave and game in this last of his adventures as he was himself. Despite all his

(Turn to page 30)

# RELIGIOUS LIFE AND WORK

*Nisi Dominus Frustra*

## *A Man with a Message For All Time: Gipsy Smith*

IT IS NOT the intention or desire of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY at any time to trespass into the field of the daily newspapers, which, thanks directly to the unique personal work and worth of Evangelist Gipsy Smith, gave especial publicity to the meetings addressed by him in Vancouver. It would, however, be an oversight if we did not put on record in this section of the Magazine a note of appreciation concerning the man and his visit.

The BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY representative was privileged to hear various addresses by him, including those given before the Canadian Club, the Ministerial Association, Rotary Club, etc., and in common with others interested in



Evangelist Gipsy Smith.

that natural oratory, which is heart-inspired, we were impressed by the transparent sincerity, dramatic, yet seemingly unstudied power of appeal in the man, and withal, his intimate knowledge of human nature, as revealed in his method of giving ever-recurring home-thrusts at the hearts of his hearers, as well as in the incidents he related from his experiences among the "boys" at the front and the people of five continents.

A discerning observer might characterize Gipsy Smith as a man with his heart continually open to the divine influence and love on one side, and on the other, ever ready to exercise his overflowing sympathy towards his fellow humans; earnest and anxious always to help and never to hinder, even when he condemns the weakness and follies of average folk; fearless and scathing in his denunciation of unrepentant Kaiserism which does not seek to obey the scriptural injunction to turn or atone, but "flees to Holland"; yet a man who would woo to win the confessedly worst; one who, following his Master, possesses much of that inspiring and understanding spirit of comradeship which constrains and almost compels the confidence of men; a preacher purveying the milk of human kindness Christianized, and radiating that sane optimism which comes from practising in the life the belief that God is Father and the Christ Spirit Lord and Master: in short, a man who is strengthened and sustained by continual reliance on the Source of Life.

These impressions were confirmed in a personal conversation we were privileged to have with Gipsy Smith in his room

at the Hotel Vancouver. His reference in public to lack of schooling, etc., and his words, "If I had had your chances I might have made my way in the world," led to a few questions in that connection. The application of the quotation, of course, may fairly be questioned. In his case, as in others, heredity and environment have influenced his development

(Continued on page 20)

### Has Your Church a Standing Supply Committee?

IN certain circles it is the custom for congregational "calls" to clergymen to have incorporated in them an undertaking that the pastor shall have a summer holiday, and it goes without saying that every earnest minister needs a rest and change at least as much as any member of his congregation. No, that is not written with a "sense of humor."

But, in supplement of the summer holiday arrangement, there might be recommended to church boards, sessions and managing officials generally, the example of a west-end congregation in Vancouver. In the church in question there is a standing supply committee, whose business it is not only to arrange for supply during the absence of the pastor at the summer vacation time, but at any other season or occasion when the "preacher" is away, or it may be present in his family pew.

The idea inspiring the formation of this committee was that ministers, no less than other eager and earnest church workers, may at times be overtaxed with other congregational duties to such an extent that it would be an act of common consideration to relieve them for a Sunday or a service.

The criticisms of the ignorant or prejudiced, who think that a "cure of souls" has an easy job, do not need to be met in this page. But how many good church people, who may remember and repeat that "the pastor has visited our home only once since he came," give due thought to the multiplicity of duties that claim their minister's attention from week to week and day to day?

In addition to church and other correspondence to be attended to, there are aged, infirm and sick to be visited, marriages and funerals at which the clergyman must officiate, meetings in connection with his own church and meetings related to social and philanthropic work, to say nothing of others in which he is interested as an ordinary citizen.

These and other duties so often break into the study hours and preparation time for preaching work, that it is no wonder if the average minister is often fagged on other days besides Monday.

Every self-respecting congregation therefore might well have such a standing supply committee, the convener of which should be authorized to keep in touch with the pastor and be at liberty to arrange, in conjunction with him, for the engagement of a substitute occasionally for a Sunday or a service.

Such an arrangement would not only afford valued relief to the earnest "preacher," but should foster the family feeling, the suggestion of true homelikeness in a congregation, by having their own minister and his family together in the manse pew once in a while. What think you?

and had he had other scholastic opportunities in his early years, he might have developed in another direction, or even have drifted into academic or professional mediocrity.

Sometimes there seems to be a providential law of compensations working even in those things that appear to handicap men most. Certainly there is a sense of satisfaction in successfully "doing battle with the Untoward," even though in this kindergarten school of life some may, compared with others, but slowly and always questioningly, "discover the Unseen."

Especially to those who (like the writer) have made a practice of keeping up an intimate acquaintance with the English dictionary, it will be of interest to note that, next to the Bible, the dictionary has had much to do with Gipsy Smith's education. Intimacy with both books has of course been supplemented by those genuine cultural experiences that come from meeting and mixing with people of refined tastes, literary likings, Christian ethics and gracious hospitality.

This evangelist's knowledge of English is enhanced by a powerful but pleasing voice and (whether or not he has taken lessons in elocution) one has only to hear him once to recognize that he knows well, how and where in his reading or address, to put that natural emphasis which earnestness and enthusiasm help to supply, but which some practised public speakers, including preachers, sometimes study in vain to acquire.

For a man who acknowledges such limitations in his earlier days and claims such a measure of restriction in his reading, Gipsy Smith's addresses contain a remarkable wealth of suggestiveness—that suggestiveness which has always a charm to people who, through love and not by rote, have memories stored with literary treasures. Gipsy Smith did not quote Addison and yet on two occasions we heard him all but paraphrase these lines:

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

and the same applies to this quotation from Milton, which his words brought to mind:

"And I shall place within them as a guide,  
My Umpire Conscience; whom, if they will hear,  
Light after light, well used, they shall attain,  
And to the end persisting, safe arrive."

What is the explanation? Is this an indirect proof of how far Milton and Addison and all others are "indebted to the Bible, and is the inference that Gipsy Smith has been getting his inspiration, so far as language is concerned, direct from the Headquarters of English undefiled, the Bible and the English dictionary?

A genial soul, a great heart, a gifted man, a magnetic personality! May he come this way again ere long to tell us his stories in his inimitable way; to cheer us; and to do good to all who hear him with an open mind.

#### Words of Criticism.

Apart from a question as to the applicability of the card used to certain types of church workers, we heard criticism of Gipsy Smith from only two people. One was, we fear, something of a chronic "groucher" of the type whose mind is "made up," and continues so, though the conclusions are based on prejudice and ignorance. Naturally, we advised that man to go and hear Gipsy Smith before he judged him.

The second case was that of a business man who, we regretted to find, had been influenced, not without reason, by a

statement reported to him as made at one meeting (or more) that "no nickles" were wanted.

The writer himself must admit that he heard Gipsy Smith supplement the local secretary's appeal in connection with the collection at a meeting in the arena, and though the Evangelist made clear that he was independent of the congregation, there may be room for difference of opinion as to whether it is well or wise for him to ask "men who will give five dollars or a dollar to stand up." And certainly the well-meant injunction of any official that "we don't want any nickels" may fairly be held objectionable.

In the case in question, the writer sought to excuse, if not to justify that appeal, but the business man was not reconciled, and though urged to do so, was not disposed to carry out his original intention of going to hear Gipsy Smith.

It is right to add, in supplement of the foregoing, that evidently because of the generous givings of the Vancouver public, the management of the campaign decided to take no collections at the final Sunday meetings at least.

#### Statement of Accounts Published in Newspapers.

It was a happy thought to publish, as Mr. H. J. Gardiner, the campaign treasurer, did, a statement of income and expenditure, and leave critics to ask questions about items as they may be disposed. No doubt it was unavoidable that there should be big outlays against the big income, but, when all were met, a substantial balance of over \$700 remained to be handed over to the Vancouver Ministerial Association. Perhaps it would be in place to suggest that in checking such accounts it would be well to employ as auditor a regular accountant, and preferably a C. A.



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# ∴ The Suggested Pacific Coast Rest Home ∴

## WHAT DID YOU SAY OR WRITE ABOUT IT?

How many of our readers, may we ask, took the reference in the October BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY fairly and seriously? How many approved of the idea and agreed it was worth considering and, if possible, putting it into practice?

Were YOU of the number? Or did you, "religious" reader of some "denomination" or of none, pass the matter over with a perfunctory expression of a "pious opinion," or with something more critical?

Probably a number of readers, like one very worthy person practically interested in missionary work, of whom we happened to hear, recognized that the suggestion was commendable and straightway sought to cap it in one way or another. It is curious how some good folk never seem to be able to accept graciously an idea originating with another without trying to supplement or supersede it by one of their own. "The idea is a good one, but—," and they have some appendix that will perfect it—maybe!

Or were you of those who thought or said that such a hostel is very necessary, but it would not have to be built in SUCH a way? And why not, friend? If the method offered is workable, why should not a magazine devoted to "Social betterment, Educational Progress and Religious Life" without reference to "Party, sect or faction" be associated with it? Do you doubt that "applied Christianity" can be set forth and expounded as thoroughly in a monthly journal as from a pulpit? Or that "Community Service" along church lines may be rendered as effectively through a magazine office as through a church organization or any number of committees or boards?

### A SITE OFFERED—SHALL WE ACCEPT IT?

At any rate, we are sincerely gratified to be able to record that, although distribution of the enlarged October issue was unavoidably delayed, there came to us, quite independently, before the end of the month, an offer of a good site for the proposed building. While we do not mean to do anything hastily in the matter, we welcome this immediate outcome, in as much that it gives the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY an opportunity of demonstrating that its proposal was not (as the unsympathetic might readily insinuate), a selfish circulation scheme. As a matter of fact, our circulation is being steadily increased in the direct business way to which we referred and there is no necessity upon us to adopt the plan suggested as applicable to the Rest Home.

Nevertheless, we are quite prepared to do as we said—provided the Church people of all denominations and other earnest citizens who recognize the need for a Rest Home, waken up and join us practically in the work; but in the interests of the proposed institution itself we do not think it right to accept ANY site offered—without regard to location, etc.; for we believe, in this connection as in others, the BEST is none too good for the West, and for the purpose in view.

Well-warranted consideration of location, however, need not lessen our appreciation of this or other offers made in the matter.

The offer has been made to the B.C.M. by a person hitherto unknown to us and into whose hands the Magazine went not as a former subscriber. In the circumstances, whatever may be decided about the site, we accept the offer itself as Providential. Perhaps it is meant to waken or challenge others to offer, who, so far, have only THOUGHT of doing so.

Meantime, we purpose, on our part, consulting a small committee of representative men, likely to be interested in such work, that we may have the benefit of their judgment.

The formation of such a committee would naturally be a first step in the practical realization of the plan anyhow.

### AN OPPORTUNITY OF SERVICE FOR "PRACTICAL CHRISTIANS."

Assuming that the site offered is found to be suitable, or that a more suitable one is offered, the B.C.M. shall adhere to the plan outlined in the October Magazine and undertake to set aside for the Rest Home Fund FIFTY CENTS on every yearly subscription and ONE DOLLAR out of every Two-Yearly subscription received, addressed, or handed in to the Publishing Office as under the "Rest Home Department."

As noted above, our circulation is steadily increasing in the ordinary way. At present, because of the cost of production, we cannot undertake to accept more than 3,000 "Rest Home" subscriptions; but, if we find it possible, we shall increase the number so as to make possible the accumulation of a fund of at least \$5,000.

Does that sound ambitious? Ponder this: Staid members of some religious denominations, while respecting more emotional Christians and voluble believers, may be slow to proclaim that the Almighty has an intimate interest in their personal work or worth. But, without making a fuss about it, we long ago learned to look out on the beauties of nature and say with a poet of other days, "My father made them all!" In the same way we believe that the Eternal who works through love and law, can use or "work through" any human soul or organization that he chooses. Therefore, while some men seek money as bloodhounds follow the scent—with their noses to the ground—we hold that even money is only a means to an end, and surely the Eternal can easily ordain or direct its accumulation for a given purpose. But He works through human agency—and perhaps yours and ours—AS WE WILL.

What say you now, friend or critic? Are YOU to be honored by taking part, not in a "Drive," but in a deliberate building towards a building—a building whose chief purpose shall be to rest tired bodies, and brains and hearts, home from the Mission field, or to strengthen others before they leave this "Jumping-off place" for the Far East?

### WHO WILL LEAD?

In inviting earnest workers and active secretaries of Church organizations of all denominations, who believe in the B.C.M. and in this suggested plan of practical service, to "get busy," we would repeat what we said in the October Magazine, that we should not wish new subscribers to be added "JUST to help the Rest Home Fund." Let them see the Magazine, and acquaint them with its ideals of Service. For, as we added in outlining the plan, "we are satisfied that when all earnest citizens KNOW of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY and its field of service, they will, in any case, have the Magazine in their homes."

What independent worker or Church organization will be the first to report that they approve of the work, in which we are now willing to share, and that they will actively cooperate NOW? "Act, act in the living present!"

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# Impressions of Pacific Coast Presbytery

By D. A. Chalmers

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

In the department of "Religious Life and Work" this magazine purposes giving space to matters concerning all branches of the Christian Church. The following impressions were noted shortly after the meeting of the Presbyterian Court to which they refer. It is believed that, whether or not Presbyterian readers approve of the opinions expressed or the suggestions made, they will, if they have attended meetings of Presbytery, agree that improvements in procedure are desirable.

With regard to one subject upon which there is admittedly a difference of opinion, the writer holds that people may differ as to methods adopted without lessening their respect for the men nominated. He believes there are many people in the Presbyterian church who, like himself, hold in high esteem both the talented churchmen originally nominated for the Principalship of Westminster Hall, and who would prefer to see the services of both retained for the College and for British Columbia. At the same time, with equal friendliness towards the retiring Principal, Dr. MacKay, regret may be expressed that he did not see fit to keep himself entirely free from any connection with the question of his successor in office.

## WHY NOT ADD-VANCE?

Principal Vance, Vancouver, is given to punning in public. At one Canadian Club luncheon he said he would rename (it was not re-christen?) the chairman, Mr. Chris. Spencer, Mr. "Dispenser." Speaking at a Kiwanis Club luncheon, when a report on the Hospital Drive was made, he again punned with a name or initials ("A.Z."). As the Kiwanis Club had also before it a movement for membership increase, and Mr. Vance said he was neither a Rotarian nor a Kiwanian, one man asked in an undertone—"Why not Add-Vance?"

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THE regular "press correspondent" of the Lower British Columbia Mainland Presbytery may consider himself fortunate that he was absent from the city at a recent meeting. It proved one of the most tedious and tiresome that has been held for a considerable time, and any conscientious press correspondent would have earned a rest if he had had to review in detail the business before the sederunt.

To men with newspaper experience in other parts of the Empire as well as in Canada it may at times be a matter for regret that space does not seem to permit of reported decisions being supplemented by an indication of the discussions preceding them. But no young reporter could be blamed for having difficulty in following the procedure at this meeting, or for carrying away an impression of Presbytery methods the reverse of complimentary to ministers.

## Time-Table Desirable

We believe helpful hints may be reciprocated between Canada and the Old Country, and also between Canada and the United States. The programme of the Presbyterian Synod of our neighbouring State of Washington, a copy of which has come to hand, contains one feature which might well be followed, namely: the methodical timing of business to be dealt with, and the assignment of certain periods to the discussion of each topic.

The procedure at this recent meeting in Vancouver justified emphasis being put on such a suggestion. The clerk had evidently been at pains to arrange an agenda, and typed copies of it were to be had; but the opening services were just over when the whole programme was revised. Perhaps such rearrangements of items might in the main be avoided if the order and time of each item were communicated beforehand to the parties interested in the details.

## The Presbytery's Name and Extent

"The Presbytery of Westminster," while retaining the name of the more ancient city (or district?) of New Westminster, includes within its "bounds" Vancouver city and vicinity, Fraser Valley district, Prince Rupert and the Yukon territory. Possibly it would sound like sacrilege to Presbyterian old-timers for anyone to suggest that the name might with advantage be changed to "Vancouver and District," "Fraser Valley," "Pacific Coast and Yukon Territory," or some other name more indicative of the main field covered.

## Should Consider Men From Outer Points

In recent years difficulty about transportation and places of meeting, together with impressions current that undue precedence was being given to men and matters related to the Terminal City, created acute feeling in the Presbytery and bade fair to lead to its division into two. Vancouver City is naturally the most convenient location for Presbytery meetings, but although the hour of opening is set at 10.30 a.m. it may be difficult for members from outlying parts to be in attendance at that hour unless they come to the city the previous day. Accordingly, it may be in place to suggest that the Presbytery or Church as a whole should give more consideration to men at those farther points so that they may not only be assured of equalization in travelling fund, but have some allowance made them for hotel expenses. Friendly hospitality even if that could be arranged in every case, is not an unmixed blessing to men engaged for many hours of the day in conference or discussion.

## Moderators, Blue Books, and Rules of Debate

Without reflecting unkindly on any recent Moderator or on the present one (Rev. E. A. Henry), it may be in place to suggest that, as Moderators are appointed by rotation, the Presbytery might do well to introduce a practice involving



the presentation, at least six months ahead, of a copy of rules of procedure to prospective Moderators. Such a course would give each presiding officer the feeling that he is expected to be equipped in a reasonable measure for the duties of office, so that Presbytery business may be expedited and tedious interruptions avoided.

**A Boat For Coast Camp Work**

At the morning sederunt an important item was transferred to the afternoon and a report on Home Mission work introduced in its place. Under the latter head a suggestion was made which led to a lengthy discussion with regard to the purchase of a boat for coast mission work. Probably like some of those at Presbytery, many Church people may have had the impression that camp work on the coast had fallen into abeyance since Rev. Mr. Macaulay ceased his arduous and valuable services some years ago.

**Westminster Hall Principalship**

Because of its far-reaching importance to Church and College, one of the most important items to come before Presbytery followed the announcement of Principal Mackay's resignation of Westminster Hall Principalship and acceptance of the Headship of Manitoba College. Regret at Dr. Mackay's departure from Vancouver is qualified by recognition of the fact that he had been asked three times to go to Winnipeg, and if a transfer had to be made it could not well take place at a more suitable time when changing conditions call for new men and new methods.

**Rev. W. H. Smith Nominated**

The nomination for the Principalship of Rev. W. H. Smith, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, was put before the Presbytery in a way which warranted the weightiest consideration being given to it. All the more because of what followed in the revelation of divided interests, through a double nomination being before the Presbytery, it was regrettable that, following the speeches by Rev. R. G. McBeth, Rev. Dr. J. S. Henderson, and Rev. Dr. J. Carruthers, the Moderator abruptly announced that they must pass from that subject, and also that he did so without putting the postponement to Presbytery for decision. It was true that the time (on the docket) had passed for hearing the call to Edmonton to Rev. F. W. Kerr. This was only another instance of the need of system in carrying on the business of Presbytery, as such a disjointed way of dealing with important subjects can not well be satisfactory to any parties concerned, and in this case probably had an important effect on the decision regarding the nominations, the time for which was much delayed.

No doubt it was just an oversight on the part of the Moderator that he did not, as is usual, ask the Presbytery whether it was their wish that they should take up a new subject while that of the Principalship was before them. At the same time the fact that the Moderator himself, as he frankly told the meeting, had a speech to make in nomination of a gentleman other than the one then before them, suggested that it would have been more satisfactory had the Presbytery been asked to decide about the interruption. Less than half an hour over the time set for hearing the call to Rev. Mr. Kerr was a short period compared with the time spent by people interested in the Kitsilano case. Besides, the interruption was hardly fair to the Moderator himself.

**Call to Rev. F. W. Kerr: A Hint Re Appreciation**

The call extended to Rev. F. W. Kerr, B.A., of St. Andrew's Church, New Westminster, by Westminster Church, Edmonton, was decided to the satisfaction of the British Columbia congregation, who are fortunate in still retaining his services. Incidentally Mr. Kerr in giving his decision to remain in New Westminster, made a remark of which others besides Presbyterian congregations might do well to take note. He said the

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good people of St. Andrew's in the past five years refrained from expressing their sentiments of appreciation in any such way as they had done that day, and added good-naturedly that he was going to punish them by remaining with them. It is a pity that it is often only after men have passed, or are about to pass, from the present sphere of usefulness in this life, that many of their associates in the community venture to speak in appreciation of their work.

From what Mr. Kerr said in giving his decision it was a reasonable deduction that before the representatives of St. Andrew's Church made their appeal to the Presbytery for his retention in the New Westminster Church, Mr. Kerr had been inclined to accept the Edmonton call.

**"Speak for Yourself, John"**

It was notable that Dr. Mackay, who is himself leaving this Presbytery, should have coupled with a motion that the call be placed in Mr. Kerr's hands, a recommendation to the effect that he be advised seriously to consider remaining in his present position. Had Mr. Kerr decided to go, Edmonton's gain would certainly have been a loss to New Westminster and British Columbia; but there may be those who question whether any man should be too much influenced by appeals made in public under such circumstances. It was stated that Edmonton congregation had been after Mr. Kerr before, and it might be a safe surmise that if that congregation had followed up its call and the able support given it by local ministers, by strong appeals from direct representatives from the congregation itself, Mr. Kerr's decision might have been different. It goes without saying that even at its best the presentation of claims by proxy can hardly equal appeals made by people practically and personally interested. In other cases besides that one of happy literary memory, the advice may be apt—"Speak for yourself, John."

**Another Untimely Interruption**

Before Presbytery got back to nominations for the Principship another interrupting discussion occurred. The question was raised as to why there should be any nominations at all at this meeting. Why this hurry? was asked; Manitoba had waited years for their new Principal, and the resigning Principal of Westminster Hall had not yet left for his new post. This question, which might have been pertinently put before any nomination was made, was hardly timely after the questioners had allowed one nomination to be made without raising the point.

**A Protester and Previous Nominations**

Another member prolonged the interruption by raising a question to the effect that no notice had been received that nominations would be in order at that meeting of Presbytery. This speaker continued to "protest too much," as an official of Westminster Hall created laughter at his expense by mentioning that that gentleman himself had been associated with other nominations sent in two or three weeks previously.

Discussion of this point led the Clerk of Presbytery to point out that he was under no obligation to state specifically all the matters that were to come before the meeting. Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Eburne, as secretary to the Board of the College, on the other hand, stated that he had written to the Clerk of Presbytery, and mentioned that nominations would be in order at that meeting. The clerk said he had received the letter when in Toronto.

Perhaps it is only fair to those who nominated Dr. Smith to add that another gentleman's name had previously been before the Board of Management of the College, and was submitted following Dr. Mackay's resignation. That fact could only make those independently interested in the business of the Presbytery question what purpose any member of Presbytery, who was also connected with the Board of Management of Westminster Hall, could have in pleading ignorance of nominations coming before that meeting.

**Dr. Henry Nominates Mr. Sharrard**

Dr. E. A. Henry left the chair to nominate Mr. Sharrard. Dr. Henry made a strong speech in favour of his nominee, who is known as a ripe scholar and excellent gentleman of attractive personality and wide and varied experience. As Dr. Henry stated, and those familiar with his nominee can confirm, in comparing the qualities of the two men before Presbytery, both must be credited with strong powers of appeal so far as the individual is concerned. Any bias exercised in judgment of them depends mainly on how far that personal appeal can be intensified in its application to men and the community in the mass.

In seconding the nomination of Mr. Sharrard (who without the name of professor has been doing the work at the College for some years past) Mr. F. W. Kerr was candid enough to tell the meeting that his action was prompted from behind by Mr. Craig. By his remarks Mr. Kerr implied that he was equally in favour of Dr. Smith's appointment. Mr. Rae, a recent graduate of the college, had evidently been prepared to support Mr. Sharrard, as he got through a fairly long speech when the meeting was visibly tired of the long-drawn-out proceedings. Mr. Craig, who had modestly allowed Mr. Kerr to take his place in seconding the nomination, followed Mr. Rae in support of Mr. Sharrard.

**Close Voting at Late Hour**

It was considerably after six o'clock when the Presbytery took a vote, and as a consequence a number of the members had left the meeting. Dr. Logan made a motion, and Mr. Gibson, without exception being taken, seconded it, that both names be submitted to the Board by the Presbytery, and on a vote being taken the Clerk announced the figures as 17 to 16, but did not mention on which side the majority lay. One member of Presbytery pointed out that two elders representing one Church were voting, and Mr. Gibson, chairman of Westminster Hall Board, at once stated that he must be the second

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man, but that a motion had been passed that he should "sit and correspond." This was the case, as Rev. Mr. Craig had early in the meeting made that suggestion (or motion?), which was passed in the usual matter of course way. As there were other elders present, however, it may be a fair question to ask why only one elder, not representing his congregation, should be invited to "sit and correspond," especially when a matter was coming before the Presbytery in which he was otherwise officially interested. After some challenging of votes the Clerk called for a standing vote and made the voters call their own muster roll, with the result that the vote was then declared as standing 19 to 18 in favour of both names being passed to the Board of Management of the College.

**Elders' Rights and Privileges**

It was notable that Mr. Gibson seemed to assume that Mr. Craig's proposal that he should "sit and correspond" not only conferred the right to vote, on the first occasion at least, on this important question, but also the privilege of making a motion in connection with another matter—which he did unchallenged. Perhaps it was just his practical and commendable interest in church business which led to that action.

Apart from any difference of opinion as to men and methods it might be in place to suggest that, whether or not Elders are to be eligible for the General Assembly Moderatorship, all "Elders" of the church who may attend Presbytery meetings should be asked to "sit and correspond." It goes without saying that there are men in the eldership, as there are laymen and churchmen connected with most churches, whose interest in church work and experience of men and affairs are not secondary to that of fully trained ministers.

**Who Dare Ask for a Receipt?**

The Presbytery clerk is a gentleman genuinely respected and liked for his gracious manners and unaffected kindness but it is reasonable to assume that he unintentionally viewed

the request for a receipt for a congregational petition in a one-sided way when he questioned the right of anyone to ask for "a receipt" for a document handed to him as clerk. The Moderator supplemented the clerk's statement by expressing the hope that "it would not occur again," and capped his remarks by saying that he wondered what Dr. Robert Campbell, clerk of General Assembly, would say to such a request.

Anyone who has met and conversed with that stalwart Canadian Assembly veteran (as the writer was privileged to do at the Edmonton Assembly of 1912) will hold that he would wish things done in due form—"decently and in order."

**A Slight?—or Commendable Care?**

Apart from the fact that the Kitsilano session clerk afterwards took an opportunity of explaining that in asking for a receipt for the document no disrespect was intended towards the Presbytery or its officials, it might be pointed out that such an attitude on the part of the Presbytery's representatives may inadvertently give excuse for criticisms made about ministers and business. After all, if any clerk received any official document by mail, even though it were much less important than a congregational petition, he would (or should), as a matter of elementary courtesy, acknowledge receipt of it in that way. That would be practically giving a receipt for it, and as documents, no less than men, are liable to go astray, objection can hardly be taken to any official wishing to have evidence that he has handed a document over to another.

**Business Training Valuable**

All genuine experience counts for service, and perhaps if business training in the way of giving receipts and being otherwise methodical, were valued as they should be as part of a man's equipment for congregational supervision and ministerial work, less criticisms would be heard of ministers as business men, and it would not be possible for a convener to report, as we heard Mr. Woodside do at a Presbytery meeting some years ago, that, as convener, he had written six or seven times to some of the brethren before he received replies.

**College's First Foreign Missionary**

Especially to those who know him, it must have been pleasing to hear mention made in public of the high opinion of the church authorities concerning Rev. William Scott, B.A., of Korea, a Westminster Hall graduate of 1913, who might, we believe, be listed with Rev. A. O. Paterson (one of the first graduates in 1910), as the brightest students who have passed through the Hall—and remained in the ministry.

**Addresses by Returned Members**

One feature of the meeting which should call for special attention was the warm welcome given to Messrs. Alver Mackay and Petrie, who had recently returned from service overseas. Those acquainted with Rev. A. Mackay, who formerly officiated at West Vancouver, must have been agreeably impressed by the manner as well as the matter of his address. He spoke with freedom as well as with force. Rev. Mr. Petrie, who was formerly in charge at New Westminster, also spoke in a purposeful way. The hope may be expressed that both these gentlemen shall be retained in service in British Columbia, and, if possible, in the Coast Presbytery.

**An Evening Sederunt**

The Presbytery met again at eight o'clock. The writer was engaged at another meeting between eight and ten, but on passing the church at ten o'clock he found the Presbytery still sitting, although the number in attendance had dwindled to a mere handful. These continued in session for another half hour, and, with less than "a baker's dozen" present, the Presbytery discussed such important questions as religious education and literature, and "heard from" two gentlemen welcomed into the Presbytery that day from other churches. By the way, was a Presbyterian "Blue Book" reception not necessary?

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### An Adjourned Meeting

If further reason were needed for maintaining that the Presbytery programme needs attention, and also that two days' meetings may at times be necessary to do justice to the business of the church, it need only be noted that at the adjourned meeting fixed for the Kitsilano case a few days later, other subjects awaited conference and decision.

"Reports of Assembly Commissioners," though down for reception, were still unheard, as no "Assembly Commissioners" were in attendance at the adjourned meeting.

### The Kitsilano Case

To sensible folk of all shades of religious belief, open differences among church members are always a source of sorrow. That being so, there was good cause to be gratified at the final wording of the recommendation of the "Commission" appointed to deal with the conditions which had arisen at Kitsilano. That recommendation or motion, which was passed unanimously, revealed a spirit which was at once creditable to the work of the Commission and to all the parties concerned, including the pastor, Rev. Dr. McKinnon.

Perhaps it would have been better had the acting-Moderator (Dr. Mackay) closed the matter with the exercise of thankfulness in prayer which Dr. Carruthers suggested as appropriate, and to which he, in common with Rev. A. O. Paterson (at the Moderator's request) gave voice. Allowance must be made for the feeling of relief and satisfaction at settlement, common to all, which no doubt prompted Dr. McKinnon to ask to be heard thereafter. The granting of the request by the Moderator was also in harmony with the gracious spirit then dominating the Presbytery.

Dr. McKinnon's remarks had a beautiful ending, quoted from the New Testament. Possibilities of the future no doubt occurred to the impartial friends and well-wishers of both sides. Having been led to show such an excellent spirit, Kitsilano may within the year give the community a further object lesson in what the exercise of Christian spirit can do to weld together people of different viewpoints but with Christian ideals. Meantime, it will probably make for the progress in the social and Christian life of all concerned if they live in the expectation that the separation that Dr. McKinnon has now decided upon shall take place. The fact that he voluntarily agreed upon such a course suggests that there is likely to be awaiting the strong personality and fighting spirit of Dr. McKinnon a greater work than his present circumstances supply. The Christian minister serves a Master Whose field for service is the world, and, given the right spirit, there are undoubtedly tasks for all types of workers.

### "Bronco-Breaker" for Powell River

The people of Powell River are to be congratulated on the prospect of their getting Rev. D. R. McLean, B.A., sometime of Hazelton and latterly of Quesnel, as their pastor. Like Rev. A. O. Paterson, "D. R." is one of the first graduates of Westminster Hall (1910). We understand he has done good work in the north country, and those who like to see strong men who have helped to "open up the country" religiously, transferred within measurable distance of the larger cities, so that they may, occasionally at least, share in influencing crowded lives, will be glad if this "Call" goes through and is accepted.

At College Mr. McLean was sometimes referred to as "the Bronco-breaker," and it may be said with confidence that if knowledge of veterinary science makes him a valuable friend to horses, it does not make him less a minister for men. Under the present system influencing the church democracy, ministers with less equipment sometimes get called to city churches and to churches in the neighbourhood of the cities.

Should Mr. McLean, who must now have done a fair share of the rough pioneering work, accept this call, he will be a valuable addition to the Presbytery of Westminster.

## THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

### REPETITION OF NOMINATIONS AT SEPTEMBER MEETING

Publication of the foregoing impressions has awaited final re-arrangements in connection with the changes in this magazine. In the meantime the matter of the Principalship of the Coast College was held up in such a way as to lead to the request being officially repeated for nominations by the Presbyteries within the Synod of British Columbia. Before the end of August it was reported that the Presbyteries of Victoria, Kamloops and Kootenay had each in turn, and presumably by majorities at least, nominated, or re-nominated, the Rev. W. H. Smith.

The Westminster Presbytery was the last Presbytery in the Synod to have the matter of nominations under re-consideration. At its meeting on 2nd September, that Presbytery, following a memorable discussion on the subject, in the course of which four men were nominated, decided by a considerable majority to submit to the Management of the College only one name for the Principalship—that of Rev. W. H. Smith, M.A., B.D., Ph.D.

### An Appreciation of Rev W. H. Smith

IN conformity with the Presbyterian custom, Rev. James Carruthers, D.D., who was appointed by the Presbytery as interim Moderator of Session, occupied St. John's pulpit on the second of November and declared the charge vacant. In connection with that duty, Dr. Carruthers made the following reference to the retiring pastor:

In my position as Interim-moderator of the Session of this congregation, and as the life-long friend of your late minister, it is but fitting that I should speak a word of appreciation. I have known Dr. Smith as a student and followed him in his work throughout his different charges, and watched success following success, until he became the minister of St. John's church. St. John's church has had a succession of great preachers, each distinguished in his own way. But it seems to me that Dr. Smith has won his way into the hearts of a large circle by his gifts and graces as a man and a preacher. He came among you at a time—the very hardest for both minister and people. We were in the midst of the war. Already many hearts were bleeding, many homes desolated. The hardest of all things is for one to breathe his sorrows into the ears of a stranger, and doubly hard it is for the minister to say the right word to one but slightly known to him.

But Dr. Smith is a great HUMAN. You found him such. His words consoled you, his prayers carried you to the Throne, and his life appealed to you as a great friendship. He was indeed called of God to minister to you in your joys and sorrows, guide you in all your congregational work, leading you fearlessly on the side of truth and righteousness, ever keeping before you great ideals. I feel sure that I am expressing the mind of every one of you when I say that he was a faithful minister to all, from the humblest home to the highest. All were his people, all were equally dear to him.

You are giving him to the wider work of a College Principal. His removal is an occasion of rejoicing at what Westminster Hall shall gain. Yet I cannot help feeling that as you bid him "God-Speed," the sting of regret is in your heart.

### PRINCIPAL SMITH HONOURED WITH D.D. DEGREE

Information has been received that a special meeting of the Senate of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, was called on October 29th, to confer the degree of D.D. upon Rev. W. H. Smith, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., the recently appointed Principal of Westminster Hall, Vancouver.

Halifax College, which is entering upon its ninety-ninth

∴ THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER ∴

**ABRACADABRA**

(All Legal Responsibility Assumed by the Author)

One of the most impressive lessons of present political conditions in Canada has been afforded by the recent Ontario elections. There are many phases of this matter which at this distance seem inexplicable but which, no doubt, can be fully explained by a more complete knowledge of the local conditions obtaining in Ontario. There are many lessons to be drawn from the results which obtained in that contest. To the most superficial class, it is a warning to present Governments and Politicians in Canada that the day of machine politics, the day of hide-bound party affiliations in Can-

ada is passing away. From east to west, whether federal or provincial, there does not seem to be one Government securely enough seated to face with any degree of confidence the results of an election. What lessons the political parties of Canada will take, what efforts will be made by Government and individuals to rehabilitate themselves in the public confidence will be the most interesting study of the next few months. Meanwhile an experiment of absorbing interest will be taking place in Ontario in the endeavour to create a stable Government in the conditions obtaining there.

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**COAL**

**BEST IN THE WEST**

**"Ask the Woman Who Burns It"**

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**PRINCIPAL SMITH**  
(Continued from page 26)

session, is the oldest Presbyterian College in the Dominion of Canada, and Dr. Smith graduated there in 1896. At that period the Staff included such men as Principal Pollock, the Historian; Dr. Currie, in Hebrew and Old Testament; Professor Falconer, now President of Toronto University, in New Testament Literature, and Dr. Gordon, Principal of Queen's, in Systematic Theology.

Throughout his course in Theology Dr. Smith led his class, and as the result of his high standing he took his B.D. degree the same year, and although there were a number of graduates of former years taking the B.D. examination at the same time, Dr. Smith headed that list also—Vancouver Daily Province, Nov. 7th, 1919.

It is commendable to see any body of public men seeking to get the fullest information regarding matters with which it is bound to deal, but there are reasonable limits to the steps which should be taken by such a body. It is gratifying to see the Vancouver Harbour Board wishing to obtain the views of different associations on the harbour question. It is decidedly fitting that the Shipping Federation should have been heard by them. Likewise, transportation interests set forth by experienced men in that line should be obtained by them. But an invitation on behalf of the harbour board to the Ratepayers' Association and other bodies, whose knowledge of harbour work is a negligible, if not minus quantity, seems rather absurd. A public invitation by such a board to the different associations in Vancouver, no discrimination being suggested by the notice, seems not a business-like step, but the very reverse. Let us hope that future invitations will be either properly safeguarded in this respect, or will be given in a private rather than in a public manner, so that only those who have a right to be heard in such questions will be heard or invited.

**THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES OF  
B. C. PUBLIC MEN**

By the Wayside Philosopher.

II.—WILLIAM JOHN BOWSER

One of the outstanding figures in British Columbia political life is the present Opposition Leader and former Premier, W. J. Bowser, K.C.

Born in Rexton, New Brunswick, of a quite well-to-do and very progressive family, he is one of that noted quintette (which includes Andrew Bonar Law in its number) who have justly brought distinction to that little Kentish village.

His personal appearance need not be described to British Columbians. For others his nickname "Napoleon," will indicate his facial conformation, if Bonaparte's brow is replaced with one broader, higher and more refined in appearance and his eyes with a pair of kindlier grey ones. Fighting strength there is in plenty in Bowser's face, but none of the heavy, selfish cruelty that stamps that of Napoleon Bonaparte.

A home-loving man of chaste and temperate habits, his career has been unmarked by those escapades which cloud some political careers or the debauchery that mars others. The personal life has been clean and wholesome.

Yet with all that in his favour, few have been such storm centres; have caused such strong, often bitter, antagonisms;

## PURDY'S MAY BE SCARCE

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been subject to more severe criticism than W. J. Bowser.

In fairness to him we must ask why?

One answer is readily apparent. It is usually the strong, the purposeful who arouse the greatest opposition.

Another reason lies in those failings which are inseparable in one form or another, from humanity. A stranger to that suavity of manner so often used to dissemble one's real feelings, Bowser's natural frankness of character and speech is apt to be quick, stern and even harsh in its expression. His scorn of "botchery", of ill-thought-out plans and suggestions; of simulation, hypocrisy and deceit is too likely to be poured forth in stinging rebuke—the more stinging because deserved.

One illustration will suffice.

At one time when Bowser was Acting-Premier, Acting-Minister of Finance and Attorney-General (then his special Department) the writer met a well known Conservative coming from Bowser's office in no amiable mood. He expressed to the writer his opinion as to the necessity of Bowser being driven from the regions of political activity and in explanation said, "Why he asked me why I was not home at work instead of over here belly-aching." I never asked Bowser if he were correctly quoted, but when I learned the facts I would not have condemned a much harsher expression.

No Conservative need venture on a purely party consideration to waste Bowser's time over measures or projects which have not been put in some decent and intelligible order. Sympathy any supporter or friend may expect to receive, but he must not expect to have inefficiency pardoned on account of party allegiance or personal friendship.

Beyond doubt, further, Bowser was guilty of nepotism. Relatives were placed in positions by a regime in which his say was powerful—at one time all powerful. This was, perhaps, his greatest political sin. A kindly critic might venture a defence of some of these appointments. It is rather

my purpose to sketch him as I believe him to be.

Another cause of trouble was his unyielding pertinacity. In his younger days in 1896 this characteristic created in the federal election of that year a situation which had ill-effects on his own career and upon his party for years.

I have no personal knowledge of this matter, but I have been told by those in whose judgment I place confidence, that his inability to brook delay created the difficulties that less dogged determinedness might have obviated.

Humanity generally is forgiving to the frailties and faults of kindred humanity. No doubt, therefore, the opposition to him which was aroused by his real faults would and did, die out in the recognition of the virtues accompanying them.

There is one large class of opposition due to ignorance of men and affairs; to personal rancour; to careless habits of speech on the part of those who should be most careful in their references to public men and matters; to an infernal suspicion and distrust—deemed by many to be a sign of wisdom—which leaves "neither Lancelot clean nor Galahad pure."

Of this latter class of opposition Bowser has had much to endure. Men, ignorant of the fact that for over 20 years ago he was enjoying a lucrative law practice—one which continued to develop for many years and in which he is still a fortunate partner—ignorant of the wisdom and caution used by him in different successful commercial ventures, ignorant of accessions to his private fortune by bequests from deceased relatives, saw only a comfortably circumstanced politician. Distrustful of all politicians as "grafters," without knowledge; without investigation, they carelessly accepted even absurd rumours of his having profited in different speculations in provincial natural resources or of his having exploited his official connection with the government to increase his private fortune.

Some of these I did not trouble to investigate. Three or four which came from quarters that indicated a probability of their being founded in fact I enquired into as fully as might be. In every case I found that a careless attention to facts or an inexcusably coloured personal interpretation of situations was the cause of the complaint and not any wrong doing on Bowser's part. Let me illustrate.

A very well known lawyer was arraigning Bowser for undue favours to friends and mentioned a certain land-holding syndicate as an example. As I recall the facts they proved on enquiry to be these. Certain persons—all Liberals in politics save one former Conservative, then claiming to be a Socialist—had gotten a number of irrevocable (so-called) powers-of-attorney and by means of these had staked, surveyed and made a first payment upon, a large area of land—some few thousand acres in extent. This they were at the time the complaint was made still holding. I do not remember that any sales had been made by them.

Whatever one may think of legislation which permits—as it still does—the holding of large areas by speculators through such means, the simple question in that particular matter resolved itself thus: Should the government—on advice of the Attorney-General—grant persons holdings in regard to which they had duly fulfilled the requisite statutory provisions necessary to acquisition, or, should it say to them "You have done all we required, but you cannot have those lands? How would my readers answer the question? Was Bowser as Attorney-General, helping friends, or, was he seeing that the laws were properly observed? Let each person take the statutes in force in B. C. in 1912-13, and answer these queries for himself.

An interesting figure, fighting along in face of constitutional weakness; an indomitable worker; a true fighting man; may I trust that I have aroused some interest in and given a fair picture of the strongest individual force in Provincial politics today.

# Vancouver Rotary and Community Service

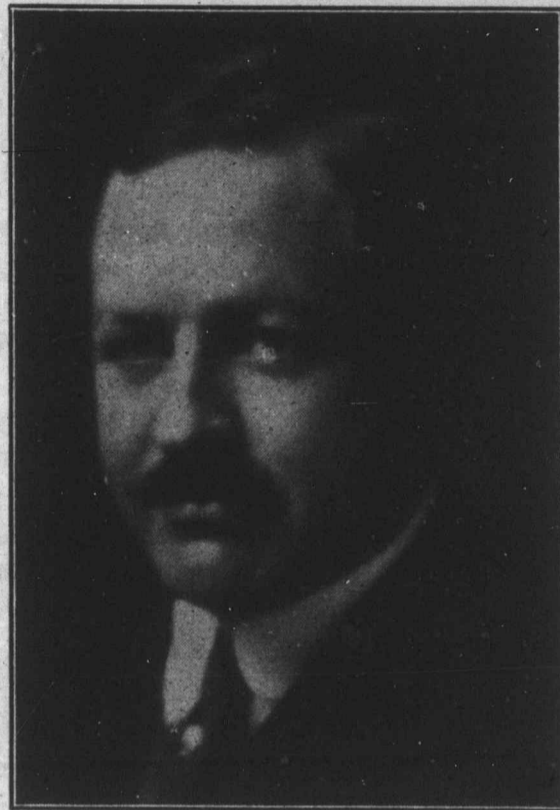
By President John D. Kearns.

**"SERVICE, NOT SELF,"** is the motto of Rotary. Could an objective be more simple or more worthy of attainment! Rotary now is universal. Its membership includes clubs in the United States, Canada, Hawaii, Cuba, Ireland, Scotland and England. It is rapidly growing and no one is attempting to fix the limit of its extension. Just so long as men desire to serve, so will Rotary expand. The basis of membership in Rotary is that only one member in each classification of business or the professions is eligible for election and that person must be an owner or executive in his calling. Furthermore, price of membership is whole-hearted participation in the Club's activities and no membership can be retained unless it is earned by honest effort. Picture, then, the potential strength of the Vancouver Rotary Club with two hundred members of this type working in unison for the elevation of business methods to the highest ethical plane and for the development of an intensified public spirit within the community. Rotary is not a "boosting" organization, neither is it deliberative. Its purpose as indicated above is to do good, no matter in what direction duty calls. Many lines of public welfare have in the past been assisted by the organization, and the club is now pledged to an uncompromising campaign against Tuberculosis. Its first work of this nature consisted in providing relief in the way of food, clothing and medical attention to families afflicted by the white plague, and, in many cases, included the provision of better housing conditions. In one instance, a family was transported free of charge to another locality, which resulted in a complete recovery for the afflicted party. It is recognized by those who observed the work that this slight effort, spread over two years, on the part of Rotary actually preserved for the community several lives which otherwise might not have been saved. Its particular result, however, was the light it gave to Rotary in opening the wider and more essential field for the prevention and cure of Tuberculosis. Everyone must know that proper preventative measures against chest trouble, taken in time, are bound to lessen the danger from that condition and to effectively check the spread of chest diseases.

Our sanatoria and isolation hospitals are populated at this very time with unfortunate men, women and children who most certainly would not be in that condition had there been available for them facilities for scientific and humane treatment during the time when preventive measures were needed. This is positively true and its startling significance inspired Vancouver Rotarians to inaugurate a movement by which this appalling loss of life and suffering could be averted, the result of which movement was the erection and operation of the Rotary Institute for Chest Diseases, in 1918-1919. The building with equipment represents an expenditure of approximately \$60,000. This money was raised in May, 1919, by public subscription from the citizens of Vancouver and environs, after Rotary, as an organization, subscribed over \$15,000 in excess of the building requirements, for maintenance purposes. The Institute is commonly known as the Clinic and its one purpose is for the benefit of the public. Its services are free and the trustees urge that its facilities be taken full advantage of by those whom it can serve.

The specific objects of the Clinic are as follows:—

1. To give an opportunity of thorough expert examination in all diseases of the chest. Especial attention is paid to the



**JOHN D. KEARNS**  
Present President, Vancouver Rotary Club.

discovery of Tuberculosis in its early stages. A modern and up-to-date X-Ray apparatus has been installed, also a well equipped laboratory.

2. To keep under observation and treatment such cases of Tuberculosis as are not being otherwise cared for.
3. By means of an open-air school to give children who might otherwise become crippled with Tuberculosis an opportunity to become not only strong and well, but to continue their education.
4. By lectures, demonstrations, distribution of literature and such other means as may be suggested, to educate the public in the prevention and cure of Tuberculosis.

The principal features of the Institute are the Rest Rooms, Examination Rooms, Laboratory, X-Ray equipment, School Room where twenty children are now receiving absolutely free expert medical treatment, together with the standard school curriculum; a visiting nurse whose duty is to see that patients' home conditions are in harmony with preventive treatment, and above all, a medical director in the person of Dr. C. H. Vrooman, regarded throughout Canada as one of the most eminent specialists in chest diseases.

The Clinic was open for treatment of patients in January, 1919. Up to October 1, 1919, 1007 consultations were held and 425 cases had been treated absolutely free of charge. The practical results from this treatment are not in statistical form as yet, but those responsible are satisfied that it has already been the means of arresting the spread of the dread disease in many cases.

The Institute is rapidly gaining in popularity and importance. When patients realize that this is an honest attempt to provide adequate service, free of cost, and help to those in trouble, its facilities are sure to be fully taxed. Then will the initiative of Vancouver Rotary in this field be fully justified and all those good citizens of Greater Vancouver who shared in the realization of this splendid public service shall enjoy most who serves best."

the fruits of their generous contributions, because "he profits

## FRANK BURNETT, SOUTH SEA COLLECTOR.

(Forward from page 18)

urgings and entreaties that she stay in Montreal, his staunch partner in life's lot had absolutely refused; and insisted on staying by his side, a feat doubly courageous, for she had two babies to take care of, aged only eight and twenty-two months old.

The prairie province of Manitoba in the year 1880 was not an inviting land. No railroads served the sparsely scattered settlers. Yet here, a hundred odd miles west of Winnipeg, Frank Burnett became a farmer. Today this region is one of the most fertile and bountiful yielding in Canada. But in 1880, like most lands before much breaking up has been done, its prairie stretches were subject to unexpected and blighting frosts descending in the very days when the farmers' wheat was first sprouting, and again just when it was maturing; hail storms and flattening winds too beset the early adventurers of the plough. Frank Burnett suffered with the others of his scattered companions who had taken upon themselves the taming of this titan frontier. Frost one year killed his grain in the spring; hail battered down the headed crop in another; and again frost nipped it just ahead of his binders' beginning. Still he fought grimly on. Gifted with a splendid ability for organization, and by experience an able boatman, knowing both the ocean and the river, Frank Burnett saw a way to overcome the lack of transportation that was hampering the farmers from getting their crops to a wider market. He became a grain buyer. He stored fifty thousand bushels in his own elevator erected on the banks of the river. The grain was autumn bought of course; had to be held for shipping in the spring. To make this enterprise possible he had invested all his lifetime's savings. But this had not been enough, so he had borrowed from the only bank in the region as much again as he had invested. The banker, a shrewd business man and judge of character, took a chance, giving the money without security, a thing not uncommon in the good old days of the Canadian west when men partook more of the nature of the free and open land in which they lived than do men today in this same land now so civilized.

It looked to Frank Burnett that after so many years of striving he was at last to be rewarded with a little of the world's goods for his labors. But he had not reckoned on old Dame Nature. She sent a flood in the following spring and swept his elevator and his wheat to an irreparable destruction.

But Frank Burnett was Scottish, a word synonymous with doggedness, determination, a stubborn refusal to be beaten. Worse than "broke", he still saw a future in the grain business. He could quite easily have shirked his debt to the banker. Instead he paid it back out of the next four years of his earnings. Then prosperity swept the western province with a tremendous wave: that hysterical bountifulness of boom times. And at last, after fifteen years struggling, Frank Burnett was fairly successful.

With a little wealth in his possession, he again felt the urge to journey on, see new lands and places. He came first to the still farther western province of British Columbia, that of all Canada the most balmy in climate. He became a dealer in land; but shortly after reaching Vancouver, he took a trip to the south seas, visiting Honolulu and adjoining islands. In that trip was fostered a desire to see more of this wonderful part of the world; not merely the regular haunts of travelers, where the ways of civilization had encroached on the ancient native customs and mode of living. At the same time there cropped out in him a thing atavic, the love for collecting rare things. His father had had it, and on his many voyages

in far corners of the world had picked up countless unique things. But for thirty years, ever since he was a boy of fourteen, Frank Burnett had been too busy battling with life for this atavic impulse to make itself felt. But once in the south seas—so perfect an environment for a collector—he was seized strongly with a desire to do as his father had done before him.

After a few months at Honolulu he came back to Vancouver filled with ideas and plans for the future. But grim-visaged "Business," so stern a mistress, held him to her rule for another five years.

In 1901 he at last found himself free to devote what time he liked to roaming and adventuring in the southern seas, and to begin in earnest the collecting of what in the following eighteen years probably grew to be the most representative collection of south sea objects ever by one man collected. After a year of cruising, in which many islands thousands of miles apart were visited, and in which time he began to get really acquainted with the wondrous region of the south Pacific ocean, where across five thousand miles of way coral atoll and larger groups of firmer territory present spice and variety of different races and customs, Frank Burnett returned to Vancouver and placed countless treasures in his first small room that served as a museum. During the next few years the south seas called him often, till in latter days half his time is spent among one or other of the groups of islands.

The Tongan, the Fijian, the Marquesas, the Carolines, the Gilberts, and a score of other groups he knows intimately. He has rubbed shoulders with head hunters, and risked his life to gain implements they use in all the acts of life. Spears and clubs, gods, tapa cloth, a wonderful assortment of canoe models, cannibal plates, forks and human meat hooks so rare and difficult of obtaining, he finally ran to earth and brought home to his museum, after travelling tens of thousands of miles on trading schooners and small canoes, and walking into the very remotest corners of the islands. Today at sixty-seven years of age he is as sturdy as most men half his years, and continues adding to his collection.

Sitting in his museum of today, one that is as large as the feasting hall of a baronial castle, which he built in later years to replace the first small one, and which of course requires a huge house in keeping—seated here among all these rare and odd things he has gathered, he looks a little of all the things he has been and is—deep sea sailor, farmer, business man, author of three books that do justice to the southern seas, a subject so difficult to do justice to, and one often unsuccessfully essayed; keen collector given to selecting with that rare knowledge possessed only by the born collector.

This is Frank Burnett at sixty-seven years of age, a real life figure in the romance of actual adventure which most of us seek in the pages of a book. But besides all these things Frank Burnett thinks of others, for just recently he bequeathed his entire magnificent collection to the University of British Columbia, to be one of the finest institutions of its kind on the Pacific coast when it reaches completion.

The University of British Columbia is to be built on one of the most beautiful sites in the world, overlooking the Pacific at Point Grey on the outskirts of the city of Vancouver. A hundred thousand dollars would not buy this great South Sea collection, which in the years to come will be an object of interest and instruction to countless students who will throng to this hall of learning. Thus the labor of Frank Burnett for a quarter of a century will bring pleasure and instruction to many just as it did to the collector himself in the years of gathering.



# CONCERNING BOYS

(By H. Fiddes, Captain 5th Vancouver Coy. Boys' Brigade)

What is a boy? A mine of undiscovered possibilities.

## A WORD TO BUSINESS MEN.

How many boys do you employ on your staff? Have you ever thought it worth while to interview these lads to ascertain what their ambition in life is? If not, do so NOW, and you will be amazed to find how few boys have the remotest notion of what they intend to follow when they grow up. They are like ships without a rudder. Why not study the lads, and give them some sound advice. IT COSTS NOTHING, and may have far reaching effects. Try to direct the lads' thoughts along definite lines. It will help to raise the standard of Canada; save much wasted energy, and will add to the esprit de corps between yourself and your employees, resulting in better work and more satisfaction.

## A CATECHISM FOR PREACHERS.

What are YOU doing for the boys in your congregation? We do not mean what are your WORKERS doing, but what are YOU doing? Do you realize that if you hold the youth and the boy, you grip the man?

How many boys in your community attend YOUR services voluntarily?

How often have you PREACHED to them? How often have you PLAYED with them?

When the boys see you, do they run TO you or FROM you?

How often have they heard you LAUGH?

Do the boys know you for a MAN or a PREACHER merely?

Is your knowledge of boys gained from your STUDY or from the football field?

Don't you think the misconceived, but much too prevalent idea of preachers being "kill-joys" could be eliminated by more personal contact with the rising generation?

Do you address the boys, "My dear young lads," or "I say, Fellows?"

Try both and watch the difference in the attention of the boys.

## A QUESTION OF RELATIVE VALUES.

Which is the more valuable: A hall nice and clean, with rows upon rows of nicely varnished chairs, plus TWENTY boys on the streets, or a dusty hall, with scratched and perhaps partially disabled chairs, plus TWENTY boys INSIDE the church hall, shouting and laughing and enjoying an evening's clean healthy fun? Consider the value of each of the TWENTY boys at the value of YOUR OWN boy.

## IS CHARTING PRACTICABLE?

While heartily endorsing the very excellent work of the C. S. E. T. Movement, which has for its aim the four-side development of boys, we are inclined to question the value of "charting" boys. To make a chart genuine, a leader must have the implicit confidence of a boy, and must learn the WHOLE TRUTH about his life, spiritually and morally, as well as physically and intellectually. If the WHOLE TRUTH is not told the chart is worthless. How many boys are prepared to tell EVERYTHING. We believe the per centage very low, as a boy is naturally reticent on such matters. If the scheme can be worked out successfully, it deserves every encouragement. It would be interesting to hear reports of leaders on this question.

## HOW TO HOLD THE BOY

The problem of how to maintain the interest of young lads is one that taxes the ingenuity of many leaders, more especially where the accommodation is limited, and equipment and funds conspicuous by their absence. With a view to being of practical service to such organizations, the following indoor games are suggested:

## Parlour Football.

Divide your class into groups of from sixteen to twenty boys. Arrange them on chairs in two rows, facing each other. Secure a toy balloon for each squad. (Balloons may be had for 10 or 15 cents from any toy shop). Throw the balloon in the air in the centre of the boys. No boy must leave his seat, but as the balloon falls he tries to strike it over the heads of the opposing side, making it land beyond their reach. Goals are reckoned by the number of times the balloon passes over the opponents' heads and lands on the floor behind them.

## Blow Football.

The equipment required for this game is a large table, four books, a ping-pong ball, and a number of wildly enthusiastic boys. Select two teams large enough to surround the table. Place them, kneeling, around the table, boys from opposing sides being placed alternately. Arrange a goal, with the books flat on the table, about 12 to 18 inches apart. Place the ball in the centre of the table and on the word "Blow" each side tries to blow the ball through their opponents' goal. It is advisable to place the boy with the best lungs in goal. Hands must at all times be kept off the table. A free kick is given for an infringement of this rule. There are few games which create so much laughter, and form such healthy exercise for the lungs, as this simple game. Try it.

## Boys Have You Initiative?

Do you ask, "What's that?" Well, here is a chance to learn and also use it—then you'll know!

The B. C. M. is ready to enlist reliable boys, with other workers, in its circulation-extension campaign. Liberal commission will be paid to the right type of boys.

Remember, this is "B. C.'s" own magazine, and should be in every home. It will make a splendid "All-the-year-round" Christmas gift.

This is a genuine opportunity for boys to serve the community and incidentally add substantially to their Christmas savings. Indeed a group of the right type may be kept among our representatives permanently.

If you are in the country write to, and if in Vancouver or neighbourhood, call upon THE BUSINESS MANAGER, 204 Winch Bldg., Vancouver, B. C.

## Should Citizens League?

(Continued from page 17)

ployees class, it seemed to him that *we are all workers here*. What we needed was a belief in each other's honesty, and a genuine desire to settle fairly difficulties or differences that might arise.

### *Not a Strike-Breaking Body.*

Dr. Procter held that it could not be too strongly emphasized that the Citizens' League was not a strike-breaking association. It was a League composed of citizens who had not the slightest desire to interfere with the legitimate aspirations of Organized Labor.

It was full time for the average citizen, who belonged to no particular class, to wake up and get busy in the interests of our common community life. The average citizen had been far too long asleep so far as such questions were concerned.

It will thus be inferred that President Procter is in favor not only of the continuance of the Citizens' League, but that he believes the time is ripe for development of an organization which shall be of real and lasting influence in connection with local and national government, and social progress generally.

## THINGS CURRENT

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

### FARMERS TO THE FORE

IT WAS rather a good coincidence that, at the very time when our review in the last issue of the monthly, of a book by that well-known farmer, Mr. W. C. Good, was on the press, the farmers for whom he spoke were on the way to power in the province of Ontario. They had evidently been making up their minds individually that those who had been feeding the world for some thousands of years should have a more definite share in governing it. We say individually, because while they had organized as the United Farmers of Ontario, shortened in the papers to the U.F.O., they were too new in their history to have the compactness in party framework that characterized the old line organizations. Hence their victory was somewhat of a surprise to themselves. One man who was elected in a constituency I know well, gave so little heed to the possibility of his return that he pulled weeds on his farm up to noon, when he hitched up and went over to vote. Yet, when the reports were all in from the various polls, he was shown to be elected by over twelve hundred of a majority. The candidates for the old-line parties were snowed under and have not yet recovered from the shock.

#### A New Record

It is the first time in history that a farmers' party, pure and simple, has been lifted into the governmental saddle. But there is no reason to fear their failure in this case. They are not riding for a fall. They have done a lot of hard thinking in regard to life's problems and have come to some fairly definite conclusions. It is to be hoped, however, and confidently expected, that the farmers will see that government by a class for a class cannot endure even if attempted. When any class in any land has tried that dangerous experiment they have generally succeeded in dragging the nation down and have found their own grave in the ruins. The world is getting more and more in a dim way to expect wider brotherhood. There will always be vocational classes but these can be knit together in a human organization which will have no password but the interests of the whole family.

#### Bone Dry

The man who first applied that vivid expression to the question of prohibiting liquor had a fine sense of the fitness of things. We have seen buffalo skeletons lying white and parched on the plains where these lordly animals once roamed and have distinct recollections of the dryness of these picturesque bones. And the weather indications on the legislative barometer seems to point clearly to that state of things in regard to strong drink. Despite the efforts of an alleged "Liberty" League in Ontario, headed by a doughty capitalistic knight, the people let loose the avalanche of ballots and John Barleycorn was buried beyond the possibility of resuscitation. And although President Wilson, on a legal point, vetoed Prohibition in the States, the people, through Senate and Congress, would have none of it, even for the brief period that the President's veto would have made possible. The picture on a recent publication of a thoroughbred Kentucky Colonel making disgusted faces over a glass with a soft drink is an index to the situation. The generation that now makes the enforcement of prohibition difficult because of their life-long habits is becoming extinct, and the new generation growing up without the old Colonel's convivial recollections will keep the arch-enemy of prosperity and happiness black-listed. And the bone-dry area is extending. Dr. John H. Jowett the other day said Scotland would go dry next year. When the Scottish folk make up their minds to banish the "mountain

dew," they will do it with emphasis. And many a home in every nationality the world o'er will get a fighting chance to live as never before.

#### The Strike Fever

An epidemic of strikes is again abroad in the world, especially on this continent. And it is just as costly and as deadly for the body politic as any other type of epidemic. Or to change the figure, there is civil war in the world of industry and civil war is the most expensive and heart-rending of all conflicts. The attitude taken by some that they will have no conference with the other side on the subject is fundamentally inhuman, but it will be forced out of life by the power of public opinion eventually. Then we shall be at the dawn of a better day.

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#### FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

(Continued from page 15)

which she has done for a generation in such a manner that only love could inspire.

To the temperament capable of tragedy the consolation of music is given. It is said that "Tragedy is the decision of the soul," but Peter Tschaikowsky was born to tragedy. It is told by Fanny Durbach, his French governess, that he opened an atlas at the map of the world, kissed Russia, and smeared the rest with the inky blot of oblivion, but because of the love that he bore her, he saved her country from the avenging wave by a protecting thumb. That unstudied act of a moment revealed the main points of Tschaikowsky's character—impulse and love. Loving, losing and suffering, his exaltation was not in attainment, but in passionate desire.

More than almost any other composer, Tschaikowsky strove to register the depths of a despair that was unfathomable. His grief was occasioned not so much by what he had lost as by what he could not attain. He deliberately turned aside from a source of inspiration that he persistently refused to recognize as such. The strange "white" marriage of 1877 being the final sin in this respect.

A truly great craftsman, his mistaken idea would permit nothing to interfere with the purity of that craftsmanship, he could and did see that the smile of the moon among the boughs was a beautiful thing, like a veiled bride, but he could not see that the smile of a woman was a more beautiful and vital thing.

It is not until a man has loved in a greater way that he produces his noblest art, and so we have in Tschaikowsky great planes of tone meeting in uncompromising angles and deliberate angles; he is elemental to the point of Paganism.

Eagerly regarding the great forest and tracing the evolution of its historical groupings, he refused to see the flutter of a bird in its nest among the branches, or the shadow of a flower that is cast. It is always the emotion of masses that he interprets; the warm spirit of the earth loved by the sun and answering by banks of perfume. By thrusting love into a secondary place this great Russian has just missed immortality.

Music has always been, and must always continue to be, the special language of emotion interpreting humanity in terms of the present. Let every woman hold to her faint heart the warming knowledge that the undying and appealing beauty of the few great masterpieces of music have as their root source just—a woman.

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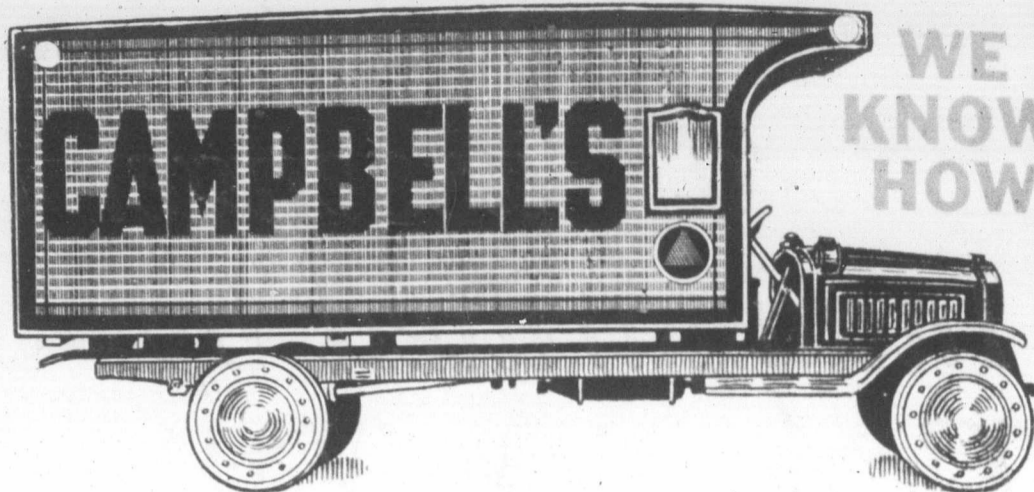
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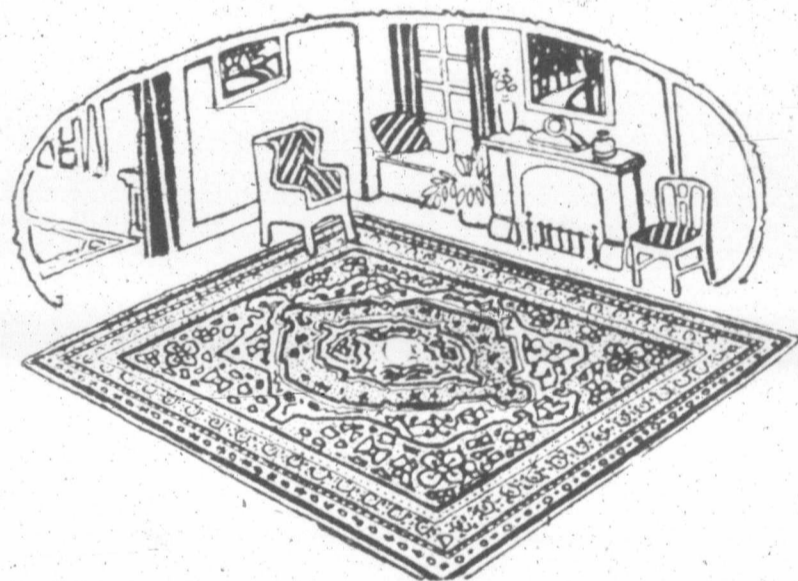
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