

Established 1911.

# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Devoted to COMMUNITY · SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

Volume XV.

DECEMBER 1919

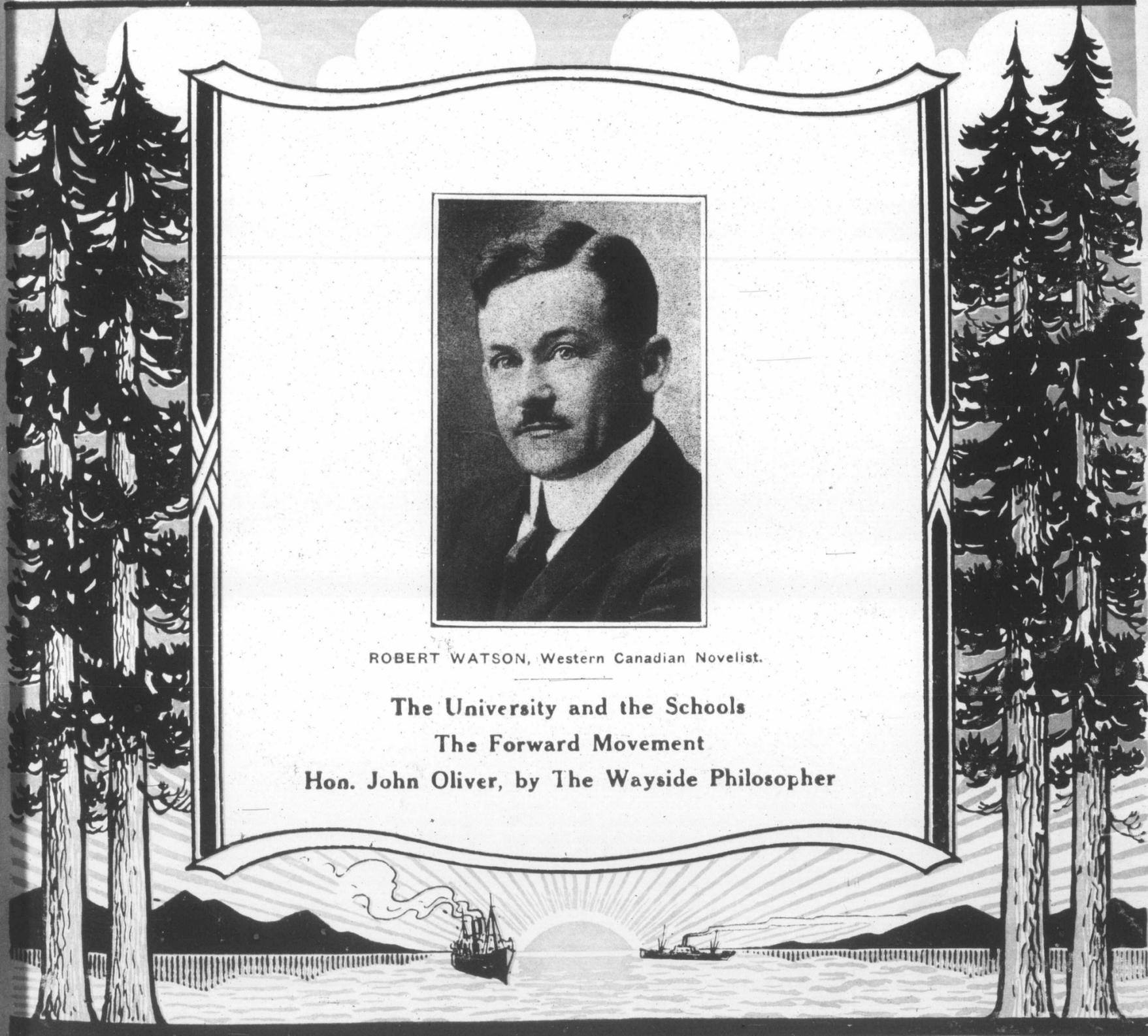
No. 3



ROBERT WATSON, Western Canadian Novelist.

The University and the Schools  
The Forward Movement

Hon. John Oliver, by The Wayside Philosopher



A PLEA FOR A HIGHER LITERARY STANDARD: By Robert Allison Hood

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

# The British Columbia Monthly

Publishing Office, 204 Winch Building, Vancouver, B.C.

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**COMMUNITY SERVICE, FEARLESS, FAIR AND FREE  
THE MAGAZINE OF THE CANADIAN WEST**

Promoting

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

**"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!**

Vol. XV.

DECEMBER, 1919

No. 3

## EDITORIAL NOTES

**The Season's Greetings to all, and may  
1920 find you experiencing a real Forward  
Movement in every department of life!**

"The battle of life" is an old phrase, but perhaps the simile remains applicable to the experience of most humans.

\* \* \*

"Fight and smile" is therefore a good motto, and, provided we fight in the right spirit, will carry us through to satisfying success.

### FACING NEW TIMES

At this time New Year resolutions form a subject of interest to the jesting and cynical, no less than to those conscious of shortcomings. Yet good resolutions and good intentions, notwithstanding their alleged association with an uncertain subterranean pathway, are often the beginning of marked progress in human lives.

As in the case of new laws for the national life, the main thing in connection with new resolutions is their effective enactment.

A sage and poet of a former century wrote: "All promise is poor dilatory man. . . . Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same."

But that was a poor pessimistic note to strike, and one not likely to help us far. A later poet of wider vision emphasized a greater truth when he said: "A god must mingle with the game."

Still another struck the rather bouncing note: "I am the Captain of my Soul, the Master of my Fate," but that is to go to the opposite extreme from the despairing analysis of Dr. Young.

Amid the buffetings of life it is a fine thing to feel braced to "come up smiling" by the exercise and uplift of an "unconquerable soul"; but all reflective persons hearing that stirring song, must be reminded that even a "Captain" needs a "Pilot" at times.

With increasing experience of life, men and women make less resolutions or none at all, dependent on a New Year as reckoned by the calendar. They learn to "live a day at a time," and try to do the work—or play—and follow the course Wisdom points for the day.

After all, it is a commonplace truth we need to remember, that we are sure of only a day at a time, and the date on the calendar, before or after 1st of January, should not prevent us seeking to follow the gleam each day.

The effective carrying out of good resolutions does not depend on the calendar, but on the individual will.

Let us greet each new day as a new year—a new era—as it is indeed for each of us; and so seek to live in it that we

shall be the better fitted for the following days that may be given us.

### GREATER COMMUNITY SERVICE FOR THE B.C.M.

Incidentally may we say that we hope that the year 1920 will be "the Best Yet" in service for the B. C. M., and may we hereby invite your active interest towards that end?

From our readers, comments will be welcomed and suggestions considered—bearing on the service this Magazine seeks to give and the field it aims to cover.

We all have our difficulties and problems, and at this time we might have enlarged on the effects of the "Paper Shortage," the high cost of printing, and also demonstrated to readers that "hold-ups" do not all wear masks and use guns.

But there are occasions in the experience of all when, instead of discussing the obstacles that beset our path, the wise course is to give time and energy to overcoming them.

Besides, most folk have enough to do to meet their own problems. In noting that we do not mean to encourage selfishness.

But, however, its size may vary in these strenuous times of high costs and readjustments, we do wish this magazine to be one of cheer and social interest to its readers.

Our ideal—"Community Service, independent of party, sect or faction"—is one which we hold may be second to none in lasting social influence.

But even when we do our utmost, much must depend on YOU who read this. If you are already a regular subscriber to the B. C. M. we believe we can count on your co-operation.

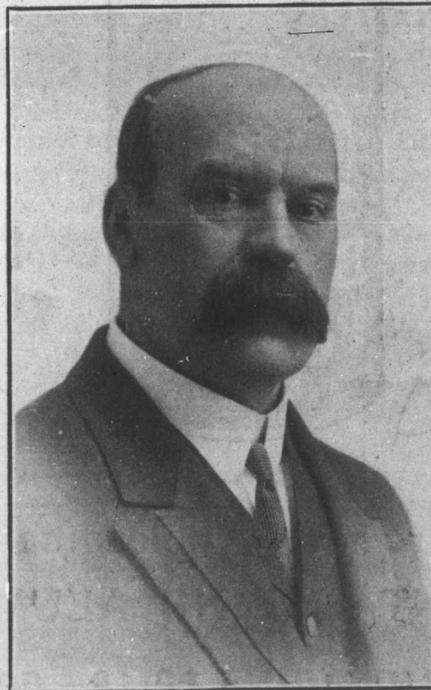
If you are a casual reader of this page, we ask you to begin 1920 by joining our list.

Other considerations besides

### PAPER SHORTAGE

make space specially valuable in these times, but we must find room for a line of reminder

**VOTE FOR PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION**



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

Author of "The Romance of Western Canada," etc., and Editor of "Scarlet and Gold." (See "Suggestion to Dominion Government" on page 4 of this issue.)

## PURDY'S MAY

## BE SCARCE

It is quite likely that there will be a shortage of candy for the New Year season.

### MR. PURDY SAYS

he cannot see any loosening of the sugar situation. Sugar has been promised and promised—still it is difficult to get.

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# The Canadianizing of Sam MacPhail

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act)

By ROBERT WATSON

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

## NO. 2—SAM ARRIVES IN THE WEST

Sam MacPhail arrived here in the west early one summer. Sam is a forty-second cousin to Jim, my companion, and he hails from Caithness.

Sam had been writing to Jim from the Old Country for about a year, with the final result that he landed among us.

We met him at the railway station. What an enormous size of a fellow we found him! We spotted him at once. It was impossible to miss him. He was wearing a Harris tweed suit. On top of the suit he had a heavy overcoat with a sprig of heather in the buttonhole.

We discovered later than Sam's underclothing was of the same heat-retaining qualities as his outer garments. In the matter of clothing, he seemed fully equipped for a Polar expedition.

It was a sweltering Saturday afternoon and he was in a positive lather of perspiration as he stood there, forlorn, on the platform, with stoutly-roped wooden box on one side of him and a heavy leather travelling bag on the other. An umbrella, and a walking-stick like a shepherd's crook, were stuck through the straps of his travelling bag.

Jim nudged me. "Bet you a dollar that's him!"

"Nothing doing," says I. "It looks too easy."

We went up to this big fellow and Jim accosted him.

"Is your name Sam MacPhail?"

Jim, of course, had never clapped eyes on his forty-second cousin before.

The poor, travel-tired individual jumped nervously and his left arm tightened as if his hand were closing over something in his overcoat pocket. It was, too for we found, when we got him to our rooms, that he had a fully-loaded, five-chambered revolver there, for purposes of self-defence.

A moment later the stranger's eyes brightened. But back, once more, came that cautious look into them.

"Tell me first what they ca' you, and then I'll tell you my name," he said determinedly.

Jim laughed. "I'm Jim McDougall."

Still the big fellow seemed uncertain.

"If you're Jim McDougall, as you say you are,—then where does Sam McPhail come frae?"

"Auchtertory, Caithness," said Jim, still laughing.

"I'm Sam McPhail, a' richt," replied the satisfied Scot, as if he were repeating the Lord Prayer before the minister, at the Bible examination in Auchter-what-you-may-call-it.

Jim introduced me, and, as the big, honest chap gripped our hands, his eyes became moist. That queered Jim and me at once from poking any fun out of him.

"My,—I'm richt glad to meet ye. I was feart ye hadna gotten my telegram. Eh! but it's a warm day. I'm hot as bleezes.

"A chap that came back frae Canada telt my faither that Canada was a gey cauld place to leeve in. That chap was leein',—and that's a' about it."

After this speech, Sam drew back into himself, shyly.

When we got him to our rooms, we saw to his bodily comforts. He then informed us that he had some money on him that he would like to get rid of, if there happened to be a bank handy.

As the banks in Western Canada opened then for a few hours on Saturday evenings, we volunteered to escort him down to the city to one of them.

What a time we had with him! He had to go into a corner of that great institution and take off half his clothing before he got at his hoard, which amounted to ten pounds in gold. Every sovereign was by itself,—stitched in a flannel bandage sewn tightly round his middle. We had to rip up the sewing of the bandage with a pen-knife, then pick out the stitches and extract the sovereigns, one by one.

On the Monday morning after his arrival, Sam was up and out of the house at six o'clock, to look for work. He came back at night, dirty and tired, but as happy as a king. He had been working all day on the city sewers and had the promise of regular employment at three dollars a day.

"It's gey hard work," he commented, "but it's three times as muckle pay as I ever got in my life, so I'm going to stick to it till I get something better."

Sam never would come out with us at nights. He would write letters and read Old Country newspapers instead.

We tried hard to find out where he got his meals, for the place we lodged at did not furnish board, and all our meals had to be partaken of outside at some restaurant or another. Sam always put off our questioning.

One night I came home a bit earlier than usual, and, for a change, I took the path up the lane, intending to get into the house by the back door. When in the lane, who should I stumble on, but Sam, sitting on an empty box and doing his best to get outside of half-a-dozen dry buns which he had purchased for ten cents. He blushed when he saw he was discovered, but he was not a bit ashamed. He acknowledged quite openly that since his first meal at our expense on his arrival, he had eaten nothing else but a plate of porridge in the mornings and dry buns in the evenings.

He explained that he was anxious to save as much as he could when there was plenty of work going, as a body never knew what was before him.

That night we gave Sam a heart to heart talk on the false economy of being unkind to one's stomach, and Sam promised, then and there, that he would dine with us in future so long as we did not insist on him indulging in the little extravagances we sometimes felt like having.

Just a week later we overheard Mrs. Sands, our landlady, giving Sam a piece of her mind in the bathroom.

Like the most of Canadian landladies, Mrs. Sands hails from the same country as Sam does.

"It's no' the thing, and I'm no' goin' to have it," she was exclaiming. "I stand a lot, and I'm no' an interferin' woman,—nor a fault-finder. I give my roomers a lot o' liberty in the hoose, but I'm goin' to draw the line at lettin' them wash their dirty sox in the bathroom."

"But where am I to wash them?" asked Sam, innocently.

She looked at him as if she were ashamed of him for his ignorance.

"You hav'na been here long an' I ken you're no' up to the ways o' this country. Chinamen do the washin' here—no' young Christian men."

We peeped round the doorway and enjoyed the scene. There was Sam, standing looking down sheepishly, while she laid down the law, with her head wagging at him in great fashion.

Poor Mrs. Sands would have had a number of different kinds of fits had she gone into Sam's room. When she found him in the bathroom he had just reached the end of his washing. He had four strings rigged up, from one end of his room to the other, with streamers of wet shirts, drawers,

## "SCARLET AND GOLD" AND ITS EDITOR

### A SUGGESTION FOR THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT

AS Rev. R. G. MacBeth has been a contributor to this magazine for years, and is a member of its Advisory Editorial Committee, it need hardly be noted that the following suggestion is published without his knowledge.

#### SAM MacPHAIL (Continued)

handkerchiefs and sox, suggestive of the drying room of a Chinese laundry.

Jim and I did not look upon these phases of Sam's career as serious. We had passed through this intensely economical stage. It is a kind of raw emigrant's distemper the result of having had for twenty years or so to look on both sides of a ha' penny before spending it.

Sam was industrious, honest and straight-forward; and he abhorred the very name of strong drink. With these attributes, he was sure to make good.

In a year's time, we knew that this same Sam would present a vastly different picture. Probably he would be making headway in some large mercantile house or running a real estate office on his own and talking glibly of Agreements for Sale, Assignments, Deeds, Mortgages and seven-per-cent. interests, as if he had been in the business all his life. He would then be wearing white boots, duck trousers and a panama hat; brushing his hair up in front, taking his own or some other fellow's best girl canoe rides and "blowing in" a dollar on candies for her, with less concern that he would have had a few short months before in spending his Saturday penny on a glass of ice-cream or a pomegranate.

As subsequent events will show, these prognostications did not fall very far short.

No doubt there are many writers in Canada, but perhaps there are few men living who have had such a wide acquaintance with those whose work and worth have gone far towards the making of Canada and the Canadian West, and at the same time have historic interests and literary capacity fitting them for the outstanding task of making records concerning the pioneering days and ways of Western Canada and the Dominion generally.

"Scarlet and Gold," which refers to the records of the N. W. M. P., has come to hand as we go to press.

Apart from any other question involved, however, it will be observed that this memorial publication, containing about 120 pages of a size approximating to that of the largest United States periodicals, has about 60 per cent. of advertising matter, no doubt readily given by big business firms because of the national claim and name and fame of the force. But it is obvious that the literary records published might have been comprised in ordinary book form of little more than 100 pages, much more convenient for record and reference.

This editorial work by the author of "The Romance of Western Canada" prompts us to express the opinion that the Dominion Government might, in the interests of the nation, seek to secure the services of such a man as Mr. MacBeth to compile and edit records bearing upon the country's early growth—much of which evidence may be in danger of being lost in these years of even more rapid development.

\$5,000 to \$10,000 a year would be a comparatively small sum for Canada to spend in securing such a trained and experienced recorder, and if Mr. MacBeth can be induced to undertake such work, we are confident no one would do it better and bring such experience in research and width of personal acquaintanceships throughout the Dominion to bear upon it successfully.

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## Educational Men and Matters

### THE UNIVERSITY AND THE SCHOOLS

By Thomas Allardyce Brough.

IN almost every civilized country a system of public education has been instituted, not primarily because the state can provide better educational training than private bodies, but because education is necessary to the well-being, if not to the very existence, of the state. Hence education is a matter of the greatest moment to every citizen—to rich and poor, to the childless man and to the happy parent of a numerous family.

Whether we are materialists, setting our hearts only on money and the things money can buy, or idealists, regarding material things as merely the basis on which the higher life, the life of the mind and spirit, are conditioned, a few moments' reflection will suffice to convince any thoughtful person that the education of every individual ministers to the good of the community as a whole.

But unfortunately all persons are not seriously thoughtful; hence many who have no children of their own, or whose children have already passed through the schools, grudge every cent they are forced to contribute to schools of every class. Others, while conceding that the training furnished by the primary school may be a good thing for the community as a whole, consider secondary education, and university training especially, as matters of private advantage only, and therefore privileges to be enjoyed only by those who are able to bear their entire cost.

But if we admit that primary education is a good thing for the community as a whole, a public necessity, and therefore to be provided at public expense, we are tacitly admitting that secondary and also university training for a large number of persons is a matter of the greatest public concern. For, looking at the question in the narrowest possible way, we shall see that, if for nothing else, good high schools are needed at least for the training of teachers for our primary schools. And if high schools are needed to train teachers for our primary schools, then universities are needed to train efficient instructors for our secondary schools.

Having demonstrated the necessity for primary, secondary and university education, let us ask the question—At which stage shall we begin if we would bring about appreciable educational improvement? To many this answer comes at once: Give more efficient training in the primary schools, and thus provide better material for the secondary school instructor to work upon, this in turn ensuring a more capable student body in the university.

This reasoning, however plausible as it appears, would reverse the proper order of procedure, forgetful of the fact that quickening life comes from above, not from beneath. Improvement in education is most readily brought about if we begin at the fountain-head of educational life and inspiration, namely, the university. Let us improve the university, and we at once furnish a better class of instructors for our secondary schools. With better instruction in our secondary schools we are able to do more efficient work there, and thus furnish a more efficient body of teachers for our primary classes.

Thus, taking the narrowest possible view of public education, we see that the university is of supreme importance, and that secondary schools are just as necessary in their place as are the primary schools themselves. We see also that the work of the university affects in a vital manner the life of every child.

But to provide the teachers needed for our secondary and

primary schools is but a small part of the work of a modern university. The university trains teachers whose field is not the class-room. Every great ecclesiastical organization recognizes the importance of university training for its ministry. More and more the university man is sought for journalistic work: more and more we train in our universities the writers of books. More and more we depend on the university to advance our knowledge of pure science. More and more we look to the university to train those who shall lead us in sane thinking in economics, social science and politics. These are all educators, and through them directly or indirectly every member of society is influenced, and thus the university becomes an alma mater, a benign mother, to all.

Nor does the university here conclude its labors. It furnishes us also with physicians and surgeons, with legal experts, with men of business. It trains engineers, and thereby enables us to make the best of our natural resources, increasing many fold the material wealth of our country, and raising the standard of living for every man.

The prosperity of the university is thus every man's interest, and it should therefore be the concern of every man that the university be worthily housed, adequately equipped with the most modern appliances, and staffed with the ablest thinkers and leaders and the most inspiring teachers that can anywhere and at any cost be procured.

Vancouver is marvellously beautiful for situation. Its climate is as healthful and genial as that of any other city in the world. It possesses untold wealth potentially in the resources of its vast hinterland of mountain and valley and prairie. Its favored location in the world's main artery of trade gives promise that in a generation or two at latest it will have become one of the world's leading commercial centres. But it cannot expect to be truly great, to be a city of the sea, to be a community stamping its impress on the civilization of the world, unless it cherishes, develops and popularizes those institutions which are the source of our noblest aspirations and achievements.

### SONNET

The days of deep, unpenetrable gloom  
Have lighted to a hue of sober gray,  
But the tense lips, the tortured heart-strings stay  
Harsh and unsweetened; echoes of our doom  
Still tear the silence; life cannot resume  
Unchanged the tenor of its old calm way.  
Men meet as strangers—friendship lies in clay:  
They talk of faded things that had their bloom  
Ere the great tempest fell upon the world  
And stripped it of its beauty and the dew  
Of morning. I am grown old; and you, you too  
Are bruised and weary, though the wave that hurled  
Thee shoreward rests! All Nature waits the truth  
Unthought, which yet will wake this world to youth.

—DONALD GRAHAM.

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## *Things Current*

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

### THE DECLINE OF BOLSHEVISM

It is not many months since many quite respectable citizens hailed with approval the dawn of Bolshevism in Russia and expressed the hope that it would continue to rise and illumine the world until even our own benighted Canada would come under the effulgence of its rays. The people who took this attitude were, for the most part, pacifist in relation to the Great War, and acclaimed a movement which, with the minimum of force, displaced those in authority and climbed to power, as they said, in the name of the people. It should be granted that Russia, the home of the Bolsheviki, required some change from the age-long despotism which had repressed the masses and stunted the aspirations as well as the intelligence of millions. But it now becomes more apparent every day that the last state of Russia is even worse than the first, and that the new tyranny of violence and ignorance and irreligion is turning a country of enormous possibilities and vast resources into "confusion worse confounded."

Hence Bolshevism, whose dawn, we say, was acclaimed by many who did not understand it, has passed its zenith and is going down in the shadows of sunset: Men who openly espoused its cause now see that the regeneration of human society does not lie in that direction and that education and quickened intelligence must always be a condition precedent to improvement in social conditions. If Russia had gone more to school she might have become a model for many other nations. As it is she has become an example of how not to accomplish human betterment.

#### The New Day.

But that the world, warned by the failure and the frightfulness of Bolshevism, is moving to better things is evident enough. Bolshevism has done good by showing that delayed reformation always leads up to revolution, and the world is on the way to social reformation in order that expensive and deadly revolutions may be avoided. Co-operation between employer and employee is becoming the watchword of the new day. Their interests are manifestly in common, despite the views of some who seek to import catch phrases that have no application in a free land like Canada, where, generally speaking, there is wide equality of opportunity. Big employers, who were employees only yesterday, see perfectly well that every faithful worker must have his proper share of what his labor produces, and proper treatment of those who toil is shown not to be charity or benevolence simply but actually good business. Recently Lord Leverhulme of Sunlight fame has been preaching that gospel here. And the joint council in which both employers and employees sit together, mutually respectful of each other, is helping to deliver us from the class-conscious doctrine that dynamites a nation in two.

#### \* \* \* \* \*

#### OPPORTUNITY IN CANADA

To illustrate our view that there is equality of opportunity in Canada and that there is no such thing as a prescriptive ruling class in this land, we call attention to the passing the other day, in Winnipeg, of Mr. James Gordon, head of the great cattle business that was for years known as that of Gordon & Ironside. I happened to have known both these men with some intimacy, when they were living in two southern Manitoba hamlets and trucking in a little lumber, with some cattle-buying from the farmers on the homesteads

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

USE---

# Dominion Matches

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**The Wayside Philosopher**

ABRACADABRA

(All Legal Responsibility Assumed by the Author)

All things considered, it must be regretted that the funeral arrangements respecting the late F. L. Carter-Cotton prevented many of his fellow citizens from attending to pay him the last tokens of respect possible to give. Few held such a place as he in popular esteem.

Clean-lived, a clever writer, a keen thinker and debater, an able journalist, he had that true independence which never refused advice and never slavishly followed any. His breadth of view was not founded on indifference to issues, but on a keen appreciation of the many sides presented by all real questions. His interest in educational matters alone would warrant his memory remaining green in our provincial annals.

Some thought his efforts, especially his journalistic ones, were too self-centred. It may be. This can be said, that it was no matter of personal gain but his intense interest in the issues dealt with that circumscribed his fields of effort.

His greatest fault—especially in political matters—was his great diffidence and bashfulness. He preferred that sound principles, keen logic and absolute trustworthiness, combined with thorough independence, should be his advocates. As a result friends and supporters had often to compel him to break through his reserve lest his position be misunderstood and he be thought to lack in that appreciation and sympathy with which his heart was full but to which shyness prevented his giving expression.

His public career is too well known to need comment. From earth's misty light he has passed into the sunshine of eternity, carrying with him the honour, respect and esteem of many thousands.

It has been refreshing to hear two sermons of late in which the Love of God was painted in all its wonderful fullness and yet made consistent with a full punishment of sin. Let us get away from the tawdry, sentimental nonsense that insists that God—for the sake and by means of His love—saves anyone and everyone, somewhere, somehow, from the operation of His own laws. Let us have more of Ibsen's sane idea, as expressed in his "Harald" (I do not guarantee the name), where we have the destructive avalanche, but from it as it sweeps the hero and (shall I say) the heroine over the cliff, there comes the voice summing up its different lessons, "God is Love." It will be useful reading to those who cannot contemplate without a sickly sentimental terror the eternal punishment of sin.

All will be glad to learn from their owners what useful and elevating places our cabarets are. As from the origin and nature of a cabaret they could not possibly be so worthy, we have to decide whether our local institutions are really cabarets, and if so whether their proprietors are telling what is not true. The problem, reader, is yours.

And now we are to have a "dryer" act in B. C. Those of us who are Prohibitionists would not mind seeing how the present act properly enforced would work. We welcome any change that will tend to reduce the evils of the liquor habit. We would especially welcome the proper pursuit and punishment of offenders against the act.

Up to the close of the Clement inquiry the Vancouver situation, as painted by rumor, apparently more or less well founded, was this:

Brought in by the Tulks under their different names, say, 15 carloads.

Collected in fines from the Tulks for importing, \$5,000 (or was it \$7,000?).

Fines and imprisonment of Tulks for disposing of same: None—if we except the Gartshore sentence still in litigation.

Brought in by others, say 7 carloads.

Fines for importing: None.

Imprisonment for selling: None.

What would seem to be the present situation here now? For \$13.50 you can get the necessary prescription and two quarts of liquor for medicinal purposes only. Your pocket-book and your ability to absorb fix the limits.

The Daily Sun is asking, "What do you think about the future life?" Why not, "What do you know?"

**Thumb-Nail Sketches of B. C. Public Men**

By the Wayside Philosopher.

III.—JOHN OLIVER.

Last month William John Bowser, K.C., was the leading B. C. character sketched in this department. We now cross the floor, metaphorically, and devote our space to his leading opponent, Premier Oliver.

For Oliver's birth and parentage the reader can scan "Who's Who." We are only interested in the man, particularly since his advent into Provincial political affairs.

His rugged, virile, kindly face and typical well-to-do farmer appearance need no description here.

Like his opponent, he is a man of clean, wholesome, moral life and habits. Unlike his opponent, he is a member, not merely an adherent, of the church.

Forceful, energetic, able, he is the outstanding figure on the Government side, and his shrewd common-sense enables him to overcome the lack of university training and become a worthy antagonist of the Opposition leader.

Strong-willed, he is somewhat too insistent on having matters arranged his own particular way.

His other great weakness is his failure to recognize his own limitations. In agriculture and allied matters he has a right to speak with authority. He will assume, and has assumed, to speak with equal authority on finance and the other important phases of our Provincial political life, even giving his legal opinion on a matter under consideration by the local House.

The strain of the last couple of years have somewhat lessened the strong will, but they have not diminished the rugged virtues of that keen debater, forceful leader and outstanding Liberal warrior, "Honest John" Oliver, to whom, notwithstanding the temptation to follow the vicissitudes of his remarkable political career, we must bid adieu.

**FOR THE JUNIORS**

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Whatsoever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

He who ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city.

Do thy best, thy best will be none too good.

Be instant in season and out of season.

Character is life's great prize, and no one can give it to thee save thyself.

Great oaks from little acorns grow.

One thing well done is worth a hundred partly finished.

Pure thoughts give pure habits and pure characters.

## The Book World

### A PLEA FOR A HIGHER LITERARY STANDARD

By Robert Allison Hood

**A** REVIEWER in the October "Canadian Bookman" passes the remark and probably with some justice that at the present time the Canadian novel "is much better practiced by women than by men." As explanation of this, he states that the latter, following Ralph Connor, have specialized in the different sections while the former have devoted their efforts to portraying the characters and setting forth the customs as well as describing the scenery of certain rural districts and so have given a much more truthful and representative exposition of Canadian life and character.

The men, he declares, have sought out the West as their favourite field while the women have stayed by the older and more populous districts where customs and convention have a stronger hold and where the elemental passions are kept under better control than in those wilder sections where the average man is more adventurous in spirit and the conditions of life more primitive.

Under such conditions, the resort to fisticuffs or to brute force rather than to backbiting or lawsuits for the settlement of disputes is likely to be more frequent and natural and the novelist dealing with the West is hardly to be blamed if the former obtrude themselves oftener into his tales than the latter. He must deal with his milieu as it exists. The danger is that he should place too great an emphasis on such physical contest or on mere thrilling incident and forget that even in the novel of adventure, character must be convincing-

ly portrayed and should be made to interplay with action. We have as yet had no such interpreter for our frontier life as for instance, California possessed in Bret Harte whose miners and gamblers and mountain heroines live in our memories with the favorites of Thackeray and Dickens. So far our Western literature has produced few if any that show the signs of immortality such as M'liss or Jack Hamlin or the renowned Colonel Starbottle. Characters like these are the result of an artistry far more subtle and exacting than has usually been practised by the novel-writing exponents of our Canadian West.

We must require in our writers the cultivation of a stricter literary conscience and a capacity for taking pains such as Stevenson possessed when he would write a chapter seven times over in order to get it to his liking. But this is not all. Painstaking student of his art as he was, Stevenson was aware that the technique is the only groundwork of excellence and that to achieve the finished work it requires the copestone of artistic inspiration. His was not the realistic school. "Artistic sight," he says, in one of his letters, "is judicious blindness..... It is not by looking at the sea that you get

'the multitudinous seas incarnadine.'

nor by looking at Mont Blanc.

'And visited all night by troops of stars.'

A kind of ardour of the blood is the mother of all this and according as the ardour is swayed by knowledge and seconded by craft, the art of expression flows clear, and significance and charm, like a moon rising, are born above the barren juggle of mere symbols."

'Significance and charm,' truth and beauty, therefore, as well as greater diligence in the technique of their art, are what the Canadian reading public must demand of its writers if our literature is to be worth while. They must learn to wait on inspiration and refuse to proceed without it. The public must decline to be satisfied with the mere stirring story slipshod in expression and hurriedly thrown together that will pass away an hour or two pleasantly but is not deserving a permanent place on the shelves. A good book should give as great pleasure in the second reading—if not greater—than in the first, and this is one of the truest tests of literary quality.

Our poets must seek to strike a national note and to identify themselves with the genius of the country. They may use the old forms as their vehicle but the spirit should be genuinely Canadian and their work should celebrate all that is best and most distinctive in our own country. If the ardour of patriotism animates them, foreign gold will not tempt them to forego what is their privilege even although they may complain as Wilson MacDonald in a recent book of verse remarkable for its high quality and the ferventness of its Canadian appeal:

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"My land is a woman who knows  
Not the heart at her breast.  
All her quests  
Have been gold,  
All her joys, all her woes  
With the thin yellow leaf are enrolled;  
And here is my grief that no longer she cares  
For the tumult that crowds in a rune,  
When the white curving throat of a cataract bares  
In a song to the high floating moon.  
I am Caneo,  
The poet she loves not, grown bold."

In this country of ours, we have the essentials for a great literature, romantic scenery highly diversified and a population drawn from numerous nationalities presenting a veritable mine of picturesque material for the novelist or poet who is able to treat it with inspiration and informing power. Let the reading public, then see to it that they encourage their own writers and let these make the most of their heritage and beware lest they dissipate it wantonly by dallying with the harlotry of literary slovenliness and commercialism.

**ROBERT WATSON'S NEW BOOK. "The Girl of O.K. Valley"**

Certain reviewers have set a standard of their own by which to measure the work of Canadian writers and the present seems to be a timely occasion in which to suggest that after all there are various forms of the story telling art of which one is that simpler form of story which is written for mental relaxation and entertainment.

It hardly seems fair to examine such a book and discuss it from the standard of high intellectualism, neither is it quite just to establish certain boundaries within which an author because he is a Canadian, must work. One wonders why the business of entertaining Canadians should be left to strangers and nothing left to our national literary workers but the provision of literature to be buried in drab-covered magazines or left to lie gathering dust on a library shelf.

The foregoing is called forth by the reading of a review of the book we are now considering, in which the critic seems to disapprove of the work for the reasons aforementioned.

Now, if Mr. Watson were asked to reveal his purpose in writing this story he would probably say something very much like this:

"I wrote the 'Girl of O.K. Valley' to entertain those who look to books to furnish relief from life's hard lesson time. It is a playbook. A book for the fireside. I cannot pretend that it is a metaphysical puzzle miscalled a novel, nor a problem in psychology with a fiction wrapper on it. It pleased me to try and provide entertainment, for that great crowd of people who are not interested in 'literature' as prescribed for them by those who have the leisure and inclination to satisfy a finer taste."

This imaginary statement is based on the fact that the author has provided his readers with a straightforward romance after the style which interests the average reader. The scene is laid in our own Okanagan Valley but the characters are types which would fit into other surroundings and are reminiscent of other days.

The school teacher is as chivalrous and high-minded as any knight of old while the heroine is gentle, gracious and beautiful as any lady of the brave days. These two are the victims of slanderous tongues and suffer unjustly through the spiteful machinations of a passionate jealous woman who burdens her innocent relative with the shame of her own guilt. It is not our intention to spoil the narrative by revealing the nature of the plot or dealing with its many points of interest. Suffice it to say that here is fictional fare served in appetising style.

By way of criticism, there is this one thing to say; the author does not seem to have dealt quite fairly by the unfortunate woman, Mrs. Jackson, the wife of the hard, sullen Colin Jackson.

—Tim Wise.



**ROBERT WATSON,**  
Western Canadian Novelist.

Robert Watson was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1882, his father and mother being natives of Inverurie, Aberdeenshire. The youngest of a family of fourteen, he spent the first twenty-four years of his life in and around "the dull, sea-girt city of the North." Educated in Pollok Academy and Shawland's Academy, Glasgow, he was a bursar of both schools.

Though not a big man physically, Mr. Watson was well known in Scotland as an athlete during the years 1900-5, and was a member of the famous West of Scotland Harriers. He has many trophies gained for shirt-distance running.

He is an accountant by profession and spent ten years in the shipping trade in Glasgow, emigrating to Vancouver early in 1908; he was ten years in the warehousing and distributing business in this city, and consequently is known to many business men. He left Vancouver in November, 1917, to fill an executive position with the Hudson's Bay Company at Vernon, B. C., and is still located there.

The novelist was married in 1911 to Anna McNaught Johnstone, a native daughter of Vancouver, and the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Johnstone, old-timers of that city. They have two children.

We understand that writing has been Mr. Watson's hobby since he could first hold a pen. "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman" was his first ambitious work, and it went into three editions in three months last year. Arrangements have now been made for a new edition of it in the United States of some twenty-five or thirty thousand copies.

As readers would gather from that first book of his, Mr. Watson is a lover of all athletic exercises and of the open air.

Optimistic in his outlook on life, brimful of literary lore, and fond of that fellowship of the spirit which comes from kindred interests, Robert Watson, story-writer and man, is one of those genial souls with whom it is a privilege and delight to spend an hour or an evening. (C.)

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## RELIGIOUS LIFE AND WORK

*Nisi Dominus Frustra*

### THE FORWARD MOVEMENT

By Rev. F. W. Kerr, B.A.

**W**E are living in the day of big things. Human life has swung into a larger orbit. Every institution is grouping its way toward new adjustments, but no institution has been so tremendously wrenched from its little old routine as has the Church of Christ. The Forward Movement is directing the church's programme and marshalling her forces under co-ordinated command for the larger life of the days ahead.

The Forward Movement was born out of the war. It is essentially a war-movement, and is furnishing the moral equivalent of war. It is militant in its spirit and in its form of organization; it has declared war against superstition and ignorance and injustice; it is calling for thousands of recruits; it is insisting that every church-member is of military age, and must put on the armor and enter into a covenant of loyalty; it offers for reward hardship and sacrifice, it may be, but also the chance of the most honorable and fruitful investment of life in behalf of our fellowmen. In short, the Forward Movement aims to perpetuate the spirit of self-forgetful service that was abroad during the war years.

All reports show that the reserves of the Divine Life are being reached by the united prayers of the church, and that to a marked degree unexpected wonders are being wrought in congregations and in individual lives. This is to be looked for. After any great apocalypse of raging sorrow and tumultuous joy, there inevitably comes a great unveiling showing new heights and depths, new ranges and horizons of life, and then God speaks with an urgency and authority unrecognized before. The Forward Movement has not only pointed to the things best worth living for, but it has been so spiritually dynamic as to impel men to choose these things.

In manifold, characteristic ways the Movement is finding expression. In some churches there have never been such Wednesday night prayer meetings in the memory of man. In most churches there is a greater readiness to serve in the organizations than ever before. Probably prayer and Bible-reading have never been so widespread or intense. Everywhere the sense of stewardship is deepening. Men no longer give to the church as to charity, but because the business of the church is too important to be neglected.

There is, indeed, a very important financial side to the Movement. This is because the church is not simply playing at piety. We are going to overtake the work for which we are responsible. There have been whole sections of Canada without religious services: part of the programme of the Forward Movement is to secure more men for these places, and, therefore, more money to support them. In the past our treatment of the outworn and disabled veterans in the ministry has been little less than merciless; after bearing the heat and burden of a long and faithful day of labor, toiling long after the evening shadows had fallen across the field, they have been left on the scrap-heap to shift for themselves. Part of the programme of the Forward Movement is to secure for them a moderate old-age pension. The Foreign Field is sending out the most urgent calls for expansion there, requiring new schools, mission homes, churches, hospitals. A careful estimate of the needs of the Presbyterian Church shows immediate requirement of four million dollars. A campaign to raise this amount will take place throughout Canada from February 9th to 16th, 1920, and those who are in closest touch with the work believe it will be over-subscribed.

There is the sound of a marching in the tops of the mulberry trees. It is the call of God to go forth to battle. If Christians are brave and united now, if they push their advantage dauntlessly and aggressively, they never had such an opportunity as to-day affords, to overwhelm in utter confusion the hosts of iniquity and to establish the Kingdom of God in every department of human life.

At a recent general Ministerial Association meeting a general survey of the city was made by three of the members. Rev. A. D. Archibald dealt with the "foreigner" in the city, and showed how the people of other races than our own had come in large numbers and now occupied the greater part of the centre of the city, from Carrall Street to Campbell Avenue, and from Burrard Inlet to False Creek. There were also large numbers scattered throughout the city in various sections.

Rev. A. E. Roberts gave some facts which had been gleaned from the office of License Inspector Jones. Five hundred and fifty licenses to sell soft drink were issued; 23 theatres were licensed, 2 of which dealt with regular drama, 3 with vaudeville, 16 moving pictures, and 2 were Chinese theatres; 75 billiard and pool-room licenses were issued, and there was a total of 463 tables in use in the city; there were three bowling alleys, with 23 alleys in all; 10 so-called "cabarets" were open to the public, and there were 13 dance halls. Rev. W. S. Snyder closed the survey with a summary of the religious activities, showing that there were 125 agencies for good, under the direction of the church, in and around Vancouver.

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## Welcoming Back British Columbia Soldiers

[These notes of an address delivered by Rev. Principal John Mackay, D.D., were secured by the B. C. M. representative, as we felt that the message might well be put on record to indicate the welcome of Vancouver and British Columbia to her returning men. The Regimental colors of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada were hung in St. John's Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, before the original unit (16th Battalion) left for the front. Principal Mackay was Chaplain to the 72nd before the war. It should be added that the service at which the address was delivered was closed fittingly, not by the music of the "Dead March," but by the resounding notes of the Hallelujah Chorus.—Ed. B.C.M.]

IN times when tremendous forces are shaking human society and tragedy is touching every home, no book in the Bible speaks with more ringing notes than the Apocalypse of St. John. It was written when the mighty Roman Empire was tottering to its fall; when lust and cruelty and utter selfishness were shaking it to its very foundations. In such a state of society the lot of the Christians was peculiarly hard. The Jews hated them because they had sprung from their own fold and claimed to be the full and free fruition of all that was highest and best in their faith. The Romans hated them because they could not join in their idolatrous rites, and their pure lives were a continual protest against Roman sensuality and cruel lust.

Great economic changes were sweeping over the world and discontent and unrest were everywhere. When there was a popular outburst of fury, the Christians were made the scapegoat. When a Roman emperor wanted to please the mob or show his own loyalty to the pagan cults of the times, he slaughtered the Christians until many thousands had been done to death by every fiendish device that pagan savagery could devise.

John the aged Apostle had seen multitudes of his own friends and of humble, godly men and women, whom he loved as his own little children, done to death. Men of weaker mould would have given up the unequal struggle in despair before the giant forces of tyranny and sin. But not so these Christians. They gloried in the opportunity and gladly died for the Christ they loved. But the hearts of those who lived were sad for the noble lives so dear to them, gone out in such terrible fashion.

And John in his lonely exile in the Island of Patmos, as he thought of the sufferings of the humble followers of his Master, of their cruel deaths, was lonely and sad. But to his enraptured gaze the panorama of eternal things was unfolded. He saw Pagan Rome, the heartless murderer of the saints of God, hurled to earth utterly defeated and broken. And looking up he saw Heaven opened and from the lips of countless throngs of white-robed martyrs burst the triumph song, "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." Then he understood. These men suffered to reign, they died to live. The world has a meaning, truth is eternal, its triumph is sure. "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

What but this should be the keynote of this service? We are met with sad hearts as we think of the brave lads who by their thousands passed through the Old Seventy-Second, and now lie sleeping on the battlefields of the world, or, like one of their brave chaplains, murdered on a hospital ship and sleeping in the deeps of ocean.

How splendidly they marched to the skirl of the pipes and the swing of the sporrans, and with what sore hearts we followed them out to their Gethsemane and Calvary. And the other day when the few broken survivors of the noble Seaforths came back, with what joy we cheered them home again, yet how black that very return made the cloud of

sorrow on the homes forever robbed of husband or father or son or lover, and how sore were the hearts whose hunger for loved faces will never know surcease in this world.

But is that the whole story? Is our service today to be a mournful dirge? I trow not. We, too, can have our apocalyptic vision in the new Heaven and the new earth they died to bring in.

The old spirit of Babylon that was the curse of Pagan Rome, the spirit of luxury and lust, of tyranny and brutality over right, of falsehood and treachery—the sordid, cruel, lying earth spirit never had a more complete incarnation than in modern Germany. For forty years with fiendish ingenuity her rulers set themselves to poison the soul of the whole people, to make them sensual and grasping, false and cruel, sordid and base. Every triumph of modern invention, every advance in science and philisosophy, was turned into an instrument of destruction and death, ready to be launched on "The Day." And the day came. Belgium and Serbia and Armenia and Poland were martyred. France was bleeding at every pore. The blood of countless million of murdered men and women, was crying up to heaven for vengeance, and there seemed no one to hear. How near we came, time after time, to the triumph of the Blonde Beast of Europe, only God knows. But it was not to be. Thank God for the Seaforths and the hundreds of thousands of other Canadians and the millions of the best free men of earth, who heard the call and went and fought and won.

We shall never forget August 4th and 5th, 1914, when every officer and man of the Old Seventy-Second volunteered to go to the front. Then came the 72nd Battalion and the 231st, and countless drafts who joined them and went from them to other units. They saw what it meant. They knew that all that made life fair and sweet was menaced. They knew it was the cause of the weak and helpless against the strong and brutal, of all that was high and holy against all that was sordid and vile—the Cause of God against Satan. They went and fought through long and bitter days and months and years, and thousands of them died. Who will ever forget Ypres, and Courcellette and Festubert and Vimy Ridge and Cambrai and a hundred other bloody fights, on whose fields some of the bravest officers and men of the Seaforths and kindred units lie sleeping?

They took the rich, full cup of young life and dashed it to the ground in one great act of sacrifice for God and for humanity. And Germany, the modern incarnation of the Babylon spirit, lies crushed and broken, more signally and dramatically than any power so great was ever broken. And what of those who stayed their cohorts and their lives, the heroes we honor today? Wherever they felt the call of right, and

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knew it as the call of God ever so dimly, and answered it with their lives, we believe they have received the "Well Done" of the Master.

They believed in justice and right, in liberty and love, and staked their lives on their triumph, and to-day we, too, by faith, may feel the doors of Heaven swing back and hear them sing, "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

They may not have won the Victoria Cross, but they each have won the little white cross that marks their altar of sacrifice, and that cross speaks home to loving hearts of another cross on the bleak hillside at Calvary, where the Incarnate Son of God died and dying entered into the full glory of life. That cross tuned the poet's heart to sing:

In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

And in its light we see the meaning of those other little white crosses that mark our brothers' graves. The cross of Christ is no longer an emblem of death and sorrow but of radiant life and undying joy. And those little crosses will bring courage and inspiration to untold generations yet to be. Through their crosses they have won their crowns; through death, eternal life.

But what do they mean to us? Think you these gallant lads who loved us here and lived with us in home and school, in church and busy mart, care nothing for us now? Surely not. Free from the limits of time and space they brood over us and call us to know the glory of their deaths and the fullness of the life they have won. The city and the nation they died to save are dear to them yet. We are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. When you marched down the street a silent host marched with you, and your loving thoughts made their hearts glad. They are here now. They lean from out the great unseen and call to us, if our spirits are only attuned by love and sympathy, to hear. This spot is holy ground. All the world is holier because they died.

Our living dead are ever with us, ever calling us to their own high sacrifice and glorious life. Are we going to be worthy of what they have done? The best memorial to our hero dead is a nation imbued with their spirit, a people who love purity and courage, and justice and liberty, who love the God revealed in Jesus Christ.

Our hearts yearn out to where they are, and the tears start for faces we cannot see, and voices we cannot hear, but we may know their fellowship and feel their presence in high heroic service and Christ-like living.

We are facing troublous days. We know not what new manifestation of the earth spirit may arise to threaten all that is dear to us. But these our hero dead, as we stand with bowed heads listening, bring us their shouts of triumph, their song of good cheer, "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

### The Forward Movement Convention in Vancouver

The Vancouver Convention, Inter-Church Forward Movement, held on December 4th and 5th, was a unique gathering in the history of British Columbia. For the first time, five Christian communions gathered together with one object in view, and were "of one mind and one heart." It was a truly apostolic assembly. Each of the uniting communions had large delegations present, the office record showing between five and six hundred accredited delegates. Wesley Church was filled for both the evening sessions, and the morning conference was marked by keenness, enthusiasm and devotion.

The speakers who were sent from headquarters proved

to be very acceptable to the large audiences. Dean Tucker of London, Ontario, and the Rev. T. R. B. Westgate, D.D., returned Anglican missionary from East Africa, were the Anglican representatives on the delegation, and their messages reached the high water mark of excellence. Rev. R. S. Laidlaw, B.A., of Knox Church, Winnipeg, and the Rev. G. M. Ross, of Honan, China, were from the Presbyterian Church, and their contribution to the programme placed the vision of the work to be accomplished clearly before the people. Rev. F. W. Patterson, D.D., Secretary of the Western Baptist Union, showed clear insight into the social and economic problems that are facing the country, and related the Forward Movement to the solving of these problems. Rev. R. J. D. Simpson of the Methodist Church touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the delegates when he clearly outlined the great programme set forth by the Inter-Church Forward Movement.

#### Points From the Speeches.

"Drop all the non-essentials," . . . "Concentrate on the things that count." . . . "Christianity is what Jesus Christ brings to the world. Do you believe in him?" . . . "Twelve months ago we rejoiced to welcome home our boys. Sixty thousand will never return, we stand between the living and the dead, and we have a duty to the dead as well as to the living." . . . "The choice is, now, for the Christian Church, Christ or Caesar."

#### Convention Luncheon.

Five hundred and sixty-three delegates attended the luncheon in the ballroom of the Hotel Vancouver. Brig-Gen. Victor W. Odum, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., made an excellent chairman, and Dr. Westgate's story of his experiences in a German prison camp in East Africa thrilled with its implied horrors, and simplicity of telling. Mayor Gale of Vancouver moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Westgate.

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## From a Woman's Point of View

### Women and the Modern Dramatist

(By Alice Brewer)

Mimi: "These flowers that I make,  
Alas! they have no perfume."

—La Boheme.

**P**OR Mimi's plaint is the cry from the heart of every woman of us, at some period, early or late. All that has given enjoyment and constant zest having vanished, what then?

Possessions and gratifications have singularly little to do with that which is the real joy of life; the hurt soul painfully realizing that happiness is not to be regarded as at all synonymous with pleasure.

Much spiritual enjoyment and uplift is to be found in Art, Music, Literature or the Drama, all these take us out of the intolerable prison of our narrow selves, and all deal faithfully, though quite differently, with the deeper aspirations, yearnings, doubts and stirrings of the human spirit.

Struggling against frightful odds, the modern dramatist has become the torch-bearer to those who weep in shackles. With the utmost good-humor and indifference he has borne the charge of encouraging an extremity of vice; of being immoral. He has been labelled "feministe," mountebank and other unpleasant names, but with unswerving truth to his self-imposed standard he has remained steadfast, fully conscious that through every day's experience runs the supernatural intervention which must be eventually recognized.

By the tender aid of such dramatists as Galworthy, Maeterlinck and Ibsen, women may gather the scalding tears of sorrow and change them into cool fountain of memory.

Knights armed cap-a-pie, each bearing weapons of his own choice, and all with their pens for lances, these men have entered the lists of the literary stage drama to fight for the freedom of the souls of women; the scoffers are the most cruel antagonists, and the Grundys, male and female, the most bitter. But observe Maeterlinck with his appealing tenderness; Bernard Shaw with his biting sarcasm and ridicule; Galworthy with his burning sincerity; Bennet with his confidence, fun and wit; and Ibsen with his ruthlessness; here is assembled a panoply of shining weapons equal to anything the opponents may offer, and wielded with the consummate mastery of certainty.

The battle is on, and as it is a progress from evil to good—it can have but one ending: the victory of Good. Heralded by his advance guard of Beauty, which is Truth, the modern dramatist is coming into his kingdom at last, though with no flourish of trumpets.

Here assembled for our delight and comfort are types of women that breathe and live. Galworthy, whose heroines all say, "Come with me to the Springs of Life, which arise in the sea of dreams"; listen to the naked sincerity in his "Ruth" in "Justice"—she whose glimpse of love inspires strength enough to drag her up from the depths.

Shorn of all conventional disguise is the tragedy of the dove-like "Clare" in "The Fugitive." Gentle and malleable as wax in all but the one thing, frenziedly casting away the unclean martial bond in its lovelessness, only to find the royal dower of her love to be as silken bands on the arms of the man from whom she can accept shelter. He writes powerless to earn bread in a Philistine place where money alone is king. She is driven in all her beauty to death, because there is nowhere in life for her to remain.

There is the spirit of brilliant wit and fun incarnate in the delightful "Flora" of Arnold Bennet's "Honeymoon." She is ready to relinquish bridegroom and assume the awkward-

ness of becoming unmarried again rather than have her queenship in love unacknowledged.

The high-hearted "Ariane" of Maeterlinck, whose love for her sisters is so remarkable, is shown to us, valiantly going to the rescue of the wives in the cellar, placing herself in imminent danger of the stern shadow of ancient dominion, firmly withstanding the insidious temptation of the jewelled atmosphere. She encourages and passionately loves the imprisoned ones, exerting a supreme effort to thaw the frozen spirit of inaction in them; symbolical of those who for ever weep and wring their hands, yet make no effort towards release. She reveals to their tear be-dimmed eyes their own hidden treasure of beauty, swathed in conventional veils disguised with the commonplace cloaking of custom.

At the announcement of conquest, with the last barrier split and cast aside, and widely opened portals of freedom before them, one glimpse of their injured lord and jailer calls forth suppressed sobs and the sad refusal to accept their hardly-won deliverance. It has come too early for the unripe spirit, and too late for the broken one.

"Melisande" with the mystery of her shadowed pools, over whose world spreads a mist of shifting light; and "Monna Vanna," whose story is pure spray from the sea of glass itself, changing to crystal that which was opaque. These are women who enter the inner courts, where the foundations are.

Ibsen's "Nora" in "A Doll's House" speaks for all the women of the earth with the completeness of finality. The bright-eyed throng of George Bernard Shaw's stage heroines form a brilliant gallery. "Candida," wisest of lovely women, with her sweetly maternal domesticity; "Lesbia," cool and fragrant, a chalice of lost rapture; "Ann" with her bewitching subtlety; "Mrs. Warren" standing on the city rostrum to proclaim her tidings; the wonderful "Mrs. George," sparkling with the delicate beauty of the purple and gold flowers of the bella-donna, her education being that of life itself, submerging you with her refreshing vitality. Of her, Shaw himself says that if she were placed in a historical museum, she would do much towards explaining Edward the Fourth's taste for shop-keepers' wives.

All these heroines are regal in lineage and issue their commands, yet are fully as erring in action, as impulsive in thought, as warm of heart, as perverse in attitude as sacrificing unselfish, yet self-willed, as the veriest human among us. We also are engaged in making roses and lilies for pastime, to find, with breaking heart, that fashioned flowers have no perfume.

Earlier in the century Pinero did pioneer work, making a brave fight with his Tanqueray and Ebbsmith studies. But he lacked the investiture of joyfulness and succeeded only in presenting "Paula Tanqueray" as a frightened woman, always in terror of a figure that ever stood by. No merry laugh comes from this figure of memory—only a dull insistent chime from the muffled bells which weighed down her gray draperies.

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Holmes), with fine brevity, characterizes "Mrs Ebbsmith" as "an intensely religious woman without a religion!"

By these sad-toned pictures Pinero succeeded in arresting the hasty and unsympathetic judgment. His work is a living portrayal of the woman's heart crying for other and more spiritual fare than the hard bread of reality; giving pause to the most implacably narrow-minded by her plea to all mankind—Remember that I, too, am mortal.

It is Ibsen that best shows the souls of women weary of bondage. Their pleasure, comfort or convenience, nay, even happiness, he shows, itself depends to a tragical degree upon the actions of other people.

The astounded attitude of the worldly-wise parent in "Fanny's First Play," is closely allied to that of the general ruck of humanity.

So little has been expected of women by a past generation that the shortcomings of the usual stage heroine of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were hardly noticed; feminine caddishness and inane sentimentality being the outstanding qualities of those of the popular Sheridan comedies.

Bernard Shaw has told us how a critic of the standing of George Gissing was required to point out the glaring fact that of the Dickens' studies of nineteenth century women, the most convincingly real ones were either "vilely unamiable, or comically contemptible."

Today, however, after the women of the modern dramatist have been presented for study, no longer may we be labelled and docted as of this type or that, as altogether bad or angelically good; as hopelessly foolish or inhumanly clever. Marah has lost its bitterness; we are understood.

Not only toleration for the imperfect is advocated, but love for the bitter as well as the sweet heart; the bitter one usually being in the stage of trying to make friends of its infelicities—of trying to say "If I do not learn my lesson out of the trial I encounter this year, why, I must encounter it again." After all, there is much to be said for failures that lead to a general renovation.

To many women fainting by the way, even a superficial study of modern drama would be as a strong tonic, a "revelation of ourselves to our own conscience." Full of wise encouragement, gentle warning, loving toleration, and best of all, a whole hearted admiration.

We are taught that no one is free until Sorrow has found its expression: that from any fruition of success shall come forth a something to make a greater struggle necessary. To sit down with folded hands and dull inactive minds, is not a token of willingness to submit to higher power.

We must learn well that he or she who lacks all confidence in others has no fidelity in them; to refine our inner vision to recognise and hold on to sincerity with every fibre of our being. Generosity and tenderness, we are quick to know by the stirrings of the spirit within us.

Let us not, then, because of our womanhood, maintain an attitude of dyspeptic hostility to great and free literature and fresh thought, which is like loathing the real life out of which living art must continually grow.

#### THINGS CURRENT

(Continued from Page Six)

around on the prairie. They were Ontario men with good common school education and a great fund of perseverance and energy. These were their only possessions. They had no friends in high places. But they pooled their resources, went together and made their way steadily from poverty to a position that touched world markets. Personally they were

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both honest men who made good use of their wealth. Our point, however, is not that the business under our present system was necessarily the best possible for all concerned, but that these men proved that Canada does not impose a handicap to prevent the rise of any man who has energy, persistence and reasonable intelligence. The man who talks most about a ruling class here is simply using an expression that he has imported from some old-world conditions, and the sooner he drops it and gets to work the better it will be for himself and everyone else.

#### A LIBERTY-LEAGUER'S OPINION

Recently in Toronto, where a Liberty League is loose with a belted knight at the head of it, a member of said League expressed great dissatisfaction because in the person of Mr. Drury: "A Sunday-school superintendent had become Premier of Ontario." Well, we are afraid that this horrified Liberty Leaguer will have to make the best of it, as the vast majority of that great Province are backing the "Sunday-school superintendent," one of the sturdy farmers who has had time in the country for plain living and high thinking. The Liberty Leaguer would prefer a brewer or some whiskey-soaked individual who would bring back the liquor traffic and continue the making of drunkards as a legalized industry, but somehow the people of Ontario held the contrary view so strongly that, despite the belted knight, they buried the Liberty League under such an avalanche of ballots that it will never get up again. Nor will it fare better in other Provinces. People have grown tired of men who thrive on the weaknesses of others, who debauch the rising generation, and destroy countless homes for gain; and Liberty Leaguers who ridicule the church and pour contempt on the Sunday school have had their day. A few of these Leaguers survive from the habits of earlier years, but they are rapidly becoming extinct. And the people who think are helping to extinguish them with a heartiness that is unmistakable.

#### ROOSEVELT LITERATURE

Books in large numbers relating to the life and work of that great American, Theodore Roosevelt, are being issued in the country he loved so well and to which he gave such whole-souled and energetic service. But perhaps there is nothing finer amongst them than Roosevelt's own "Letters to His Children." No literature reveals us so truly and intimately as our personal letters. Roosevelt was essentially a lover of his children. He shared all their play and all their fun as well as all their serious work. During his regime the White House lost some of its stiffness and doubtless some of its varnish, because the Roosevelt boys romped and played and smashed into each other with all the glad energy of stirring boyhood. Their father encouraged every good quality, and when the Great War broke over the world the sons of the fighting and playing Roosevelt, who himself chafing at his country's slowness, offered to go across the seas, went abroad amongst the first of the Americans. One returned sore wounded and another lies in Flanders Fields, where his father and mother were content that he should rest in the land consecrated by sacrifice and valor. Much new light is thrown on the life of Roosevelt by his great letters to his children. He had profound moral convictions and an inflexible courage, but to those who knew him he was very tender and very human.

## Concerning Girls

By Daisy Walker

A good deal is being said these days concerning boys, why not something about girls? What a dull old world it would be without them!

**W**OMANHOOD is a wonderful and beautiful thing and always will be such through the honor God conferred on her—Jesus Christ was born of a woman.

Is it not a duty and privilege to set before our growing girls the highest ideal of womanhood, to help them to realize what a precious gift it is? What an asset for any community, province of country the growing girlhood with a high ideal before them, girls sweet and pure and true, with a vision of their own power for good and the need of others.

Was it not the Germans' treatment of women and children that filled our brothers and friends with such anger and horror that they were willing even to die rather than see womanhood in their own country dragged in the dust.

Surely, it is up to us as girls who have these memories, to remember the ideals for which they died and to do our best to uphold them.

There are wonderful opportunities before us—girls waiting and willing to be helped and often having to wait because of the lack of leadership.

Let us be faithful to our trust.

### A Chat with a Leader of Girls.

There are two decided types of young womanhood today, as there probably have been since the world was begun. The girl who is very temperamental, generous, impulsive, sympathetic, soaring to the skies and attempting any height in her enthusiasm; and the girl who is practical, slower to act but more capable of unbiased reasoning.

Both types are needed in life, one to balance the other. Christ valued equally and needed both Martha and Mary. Why do we not as leaders realize this and work toward a broader understanding of our opposite type? Too often, we, through lack of understanding, kill the very essence of personality and naturalness in our girls in our blind attempt to re-create them. A so-called "happy medium" might be ideal, but do we realize the subjective or objective must be dominated from the very nature of life?

Control and stick-to-it-iveness must be taught the "Martha" girl; for although she enters realms unknown to the even-tempered, she also sinks just that far at times into depression. From these she must learn patience and develop the power to rally with a smile.

Girls of the "Mary" type have to be steered carefully or they fall into too well oiled ruts, running slowly, smoothly, uneventfully with self as the centripetal point. They need training in precision and alertness to help others and a general speeding up in thought and action to grab the opportunity as it rushes by.

Though so unlike in many ways, the embryo spirit of every girl entering womanhood is like the imprisoned odor of the bud. May we learn to counsel her as Tagore does in this lovely translation:—

"The odor cries in the bud, "Ah me, the day departs, the happy day of spring, and I am a prisoner in petals!"  
Do not lose heart, timid thing!  
Your bonds will burst, the bud will open into flower, and when you die in the fulness of life, even then the spring will live on.

The odor pants and flutters within the bud, crying, "Ah me, the hours pass by, yet I do not know where I go, or what it is I seek!"

Do not lose heart, timid thing!

The spring breeze has overheard your desire, the day will not end before you have fulfilled your being.

Dark is the future to her, and the odor cries in despair, "Ah me, through whose fault is my life so unmeaning?"

"Who can tell me, why I am at all?"

Do not lose heart, timid thing!

The perfect dawn is near when you will mingle your life with all life and know at last your purpose."

—Esther Mae Keeley.

### What is Being Done for Girls.

The writers was surprised to find what a large number of people do not even know what C.G.I.T. stands for—Canadian Girls in Training. This is a branch of girls' work which is worthy of the interest of every thinking woman. The work is interdenominational including the Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational and the Christian Church together with the Y.W.C.A. Representatives of these bodies have drawn up the C.G.I.T. programme, which is a splendid all-round training: Physical, Intellectual, Religious and Service, specially adapted to 'teen age girls. By this means,—along with the home-training,—the young Canadian girl of today has an opportunity of developing herself in every way. Small clubs are formed, each with a competent leader, the girls themselves taking the offices and carrying on the meeting. The opportunities and possibilities of this work are absolutely unlimited and it brings its own reward,—the joy of service rendered.

Provision is being made in the near future for girls willing to train as leaders to receive the necessary help and instruction.

There are now forty organized clubs in Vancouver alone.

Will lovers of girls think this over and if possible, answer the call.

N.B.—The Editor will be glad to hear from any who are interested and to do everything in her power to help them.

### I Wonder!

Are we, as professing Christians, attracting our girls to religion, or are we making it a thing for them to keep clear of and to shun?

Should not the love of God in us bring out all the love and joy, making religion a thing of beauty and happiness, shining ever in our faces?

Does not the love of God mean peace and happiness, not sadness and gloom? Let us show it as such to our girls—as something which makes possible the smile in spite of the heartache, and the hiding of our own personal sorrow for the sake of others.

Solomon tells us "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." Why not try and cultivate the merry heart and be a medicine to those sick with sorrow and cares? Never was this kind of medicine more needed than at the present time—the whole world suffering. Try being a joy doctor!

### THE RAGGED PHILOSOPHER

I met a ragged lad one day,  
And asked him why he smiled.  
His coat was torn, and dusted grey,  
And yet his countenance was gay;  
And, singing, he pursued his way,  
As happy as a child.

"Why do I smile?" he answered me,  
And waved his hand around.  
The sunshine sparkled on the sea,  
A chaffinch chuckled in a tree,  
The hedges glowed contentedly,  
By autumn's magic browned.

"I smile because I seek the best!"  
"The best will pass," said I.  
"Nay sir," quoth he, "'Tis here impressed,  
I carry it within my breast.  
Seek blessings, and ye shall be blest!"  
And, smiling, he passed by. —J. J. F.

## Concerning Boys

By Captain Herbert Fiddes

### THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO EACH AND EVERYONE.

Hello Boys,

With the approach of the New Year "resolutions" will be the order of the day, and it might be timely to give a hint to boys not to make too many, but to make sure of what you do make.

A story is told of a young Naval Officer, who in the Sudan War led his troops across the trackless desert by the help of the stars. The move was an important one and gave our troops an advantage, and they attacked at dawn. In the first rush the young officer was wounded and taken to the rear. When the storm of the attack was calmed the Officer Commanding went back to see the lad, and found him dying. At the approach of his superior officer the little hero smiled, and said "Didn't I lead them straight, Sir?" "Aye, my lad, You led them straight," and the lad who had led them straight passed into the Great Beyond. Make that your resolution for 1920 "I'll lead them (my companions) straight," and you won't go far wrong.

### RE CHARTING.

The paragraph re Charting boys in last month's issue has brought many comments, the majority of which are strongly in favor of this method, which we said "If it can be worked successfully deserves every encouragement." In view of the evidence brought forth, we commend it to others.

Anent our "Catechism for Preachers" a bright and breezy personality came into our office the other day and told us about a certain prominent minister in Vancouver who had camped with his boys. He shared the boys' tent, and instead of being a kill-joy was the life of the tent. One mother asked her boy—"How did you like sleeping in the same tent as Mr. ———?" "Oh, fine, mother, he's as bad as the rest of us." What an influence Preachers would exert if they would drop the camouflage of severity, and show themselves human.

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### WHAT CANADA NEEDS :

Canada's greatest need to-day is "More Home Life." With the attractions of Picture Shows, the Home Life in Canada is in danger of becoming a minor factor, instead of the vital factor it should be. In many cases many of the responsibilities incumbent on parenthood are relegated to others. Amusements, many boys have to find outside the home. Religious education is left to Sunday School Teachers, Boys' Leaders and others, and the picture depicted by Burns in "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is seldom seen in these days of rush. This neglect is eating the very foundations of our National Life. Many men find it easier to pay \$5 to the Y. M.C.A. or other worthy institution than to be bothered taking the trouble to teach the boys the truths of the Bible, and other things every boy should know.

Responsibility is one thing we may shirk, but cannot shift. Mr. Father, are you giving your boy the chance that he should have to make "good" not merely in the commercial world?

### A BOY'S MOST VALUABLE ASSET

If there is anything a boy should be careful about it is his friends, and above all his chum. Chums are scarce—very scarce. A chum is more valuable than gold. In our opinion he is one in whom you have implicit confidence, and to whom you tell freely, without reserve or restraint, the most secret things of your heart, knowing he will not "split" or laugh, but help. He is your friend, in all the true meaning of the word. He is part of yourself, and would give his last drop of blood for you. He considers you before himself, and you consider him first always. If you have a chum tried and proven, "bind him to your heart with hoops of steel." Acquaintances you may have many, friends (true ones) a few, but chums you may have one, very seldom two. Choose well your friendships, because while you make friends, your friends ultimately make you.

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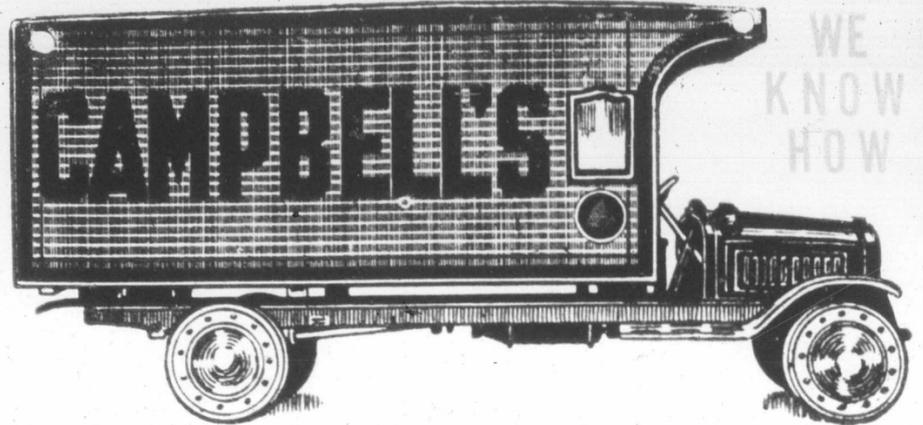
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