
British Columbia Monthly

(Continuing "Westminster Review," Vancouver)

VOLUME XIII

VANCOUVER, B. C., MAY, 1918

No. 3

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
OF THE CANADIAN WEST

CONTENTS

MESSAGES TO THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

From Representative Members at Victoria

III. FROM HON. T. D. PATTULLO

EDITORIAL:

German Colonies in
Canada — A Voice
from Alberta

SHALL VANCOUVER
HOLD A TAX
SALE?

REV. R. G. MACBETH'S
NOTES AND COM-
MENTS

PROVISION FOR THE
RETURNED
SOLDIER



Wadds, Photo.

REV. H. M. RAE
(See Page 19)

BRITISH COLUMBIA
GOVERNMENT DE-
PARTMENTS: I. The
Department of Public
Works

THE TRAIL TO HAP-
PINESS: A Recruit-
ing Story (Concluded)

CHURCH LIFE AND WORK

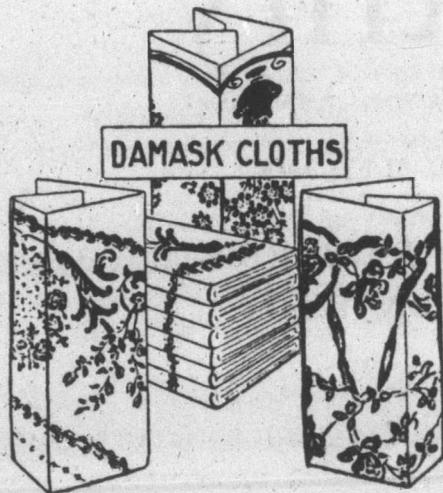
A Young Minister Gets a Big Opportunity

ABRACADABRA:

The Wayside Philosopher

There's Money to be Saved on all of These Staple Lines

—And brides-to-be will be well advised to take advantage of them to the fullest extent.



42-in. White Madapollam

Full bleached qualities, 42 inches wide, especially made for ladies' fine summer underwear; British manufacture.

Regular 40c yard, sale price.....**29c**
Regular 50c yard, sale price.....**35c**

Ready-to-use Bed Sheets

100 dozens of them; seconds, but with only slight imperfections. Some are plain hemmed, others nicely hemstitched.

Size 70x90, plain hemmed; regular \$3.25 per pair, for.....**\$2.69**
Size 70x90, hemstitched; regular \$3.75, for.....**\$2.98**
Size 80x90, hemstitched; regular \$5.50, for.....**\$4.29**
Size 80x90, plain hemmed; regular \$3.75, for.....**\$2.98**

25c Fancy Doylies for 5c

50 dozens Hand Crochet Doylies, 6 and 7 inches; assorted designs; regular value 25c each. Sale price.....**5c**

To 60c Pure Linen Doylies 10c

25 dozens only of pure Irish linen, nicely embroidered Doylies, 4 and 6 inches; values to 60c. Sale price.....**10c**

White Bedspread Bargains

500 of them, all good, serviceable qualities, in assorted patterns.

Crochet, size 60x80; regular \$3.50 each, for.....**\$2.79**
Grecian, size 70x90; regular \$4.50 each, for.....**\$3.49**
Marcella, size 74x96; regular \$5.75 each, for.....**\$3.98**
Marcella, size 80x100; regular \$7.00 each, for.....**\$5.49**
Marcella, size 99x100; regular \$9.00 each, for.....**\$6.49**
Marcella, size 90x108; regular \$15.00 each, for.....**\$10.49**

Linen Huckaback Hand Towels

Extra good, strong, serviceable qualities at these prices:

Plain hem, size 17x34; regular 50c. Sale price, three for.....**\$1.00**
Plain hem, size 20x36; regular 75c pair. Sale price.....**59c**
Hemstitched, size 20x38; regular \$1.00 pair. Sale price.....**69c**
Hemstitched, size 21x36; regular \$1.35 pair. Sale price.....**98c**

Turkish Bath Towel Bargains

3,600 of them, all good, stout qualities that will give splendid satisfaction.

Size 20x40, regular 65c per pair, for.....**49c**
Size 21x42, regular \$1.00 per pair, for.....**79c**
Size 20x40, regular 50c each, three for.....**\$1.00**
Size 21x42, regular \$1.35 per pair, for.....**89c**

Damask Napkins Reduced

300 dozens, full bleached; good, strong quality, in assorted patterns.

Size 22x22; regular \$4.00 per dozen. Sale price.....**\$3.29**
Size 22x22; regular \$4.50 per dozen. Sale price.....**\$3.79**
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Size 20x20; regular \$1.75 per dozen. Sale price.....**\$1.59**

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Banner and No-Sway Springs

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COMPANY, LIMITED

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FOR USEFUL, DURABLE, ATTRACTIVE GIFTS

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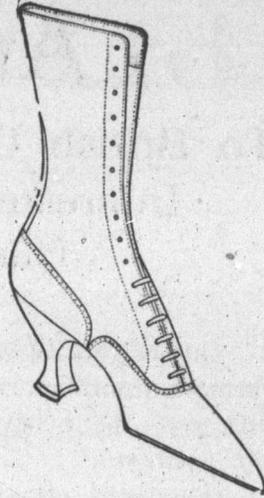
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Your feet have personality

Shoes have to be suited to your feet, as well as fitted to them.

Some feet look better in severe styles, others require the extreme of grace.



Our New Footwear for Summer

includes styles that are becoming to every foot, as well as suited to every occasion. We see to it that you are correctly fitted in the style you select.

THE INGLEDEW SHOE CO.

666 Granville Street

"Vancouver's Smartest Shoe Store"

Center & Hanna, Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1893

PERFECT FUNERAL SERVICE

Private Exchange Seymour 2425

New Location: 1049 Georgia St., Vancouver

P. S. to the "Open Letter" on Next Page

If YOU did not get a copy of the March magazine containing that letter it was because the number of spare copies was limited.

Perhaps you say you are interrupted daily by story-telling advertising men, and that one of the latest claimed, among other things, that "the minister sent him to you."

This magazine does not employ professional advertising agents to canvass for it. Consequently, after seven years' ceaseless work on its various departments, there are still leading firms at the coast, among whom may be yours, who have not yet been called upon or asked to have this monthly under consideration in a business way.

If you are fairly reckoned as among those to whom the letter is addressed, we shall welcome a note making an appointment.

An Open Letter

To British Columbia Business Men and Others Interested in British Columbia Business

(Particularly to those receiving marked magazines)

Our regrets at inability to call or write must be expressed. If you find your business absorbing, and believe it so well worth while that time passes quickly with you—the weeks like days, and the days like hours—you will understand our position.

As stated elsewhere, in every case, if possible, we seek “one chief, one meeting, one decision.” Why? Because there are so many real live business men to interview WHO WILL GIVE US THEIR ADVERTISING COPY JUST AS SOON AS WE FIND TIME TO SEE THEM AND SUBMIT THE FACTS.

That is a conviction AMPLY SUPPORTED BY EXPERIENCE, especially of late. The business contracts written with THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY in the past two months have not only confirmed us in the belief that the change of name was apt and timely, but that we can rely upon most British Columbia business men who have any “businesses worth while” to advertise, using our space.

We hope now to be of use not only to the patronage-free governments of Canada—Dominion and Provincial—but also to advertisers at a distance from British Columbia who have a business appeal to make to

THE BEST HOMES OF THE WEST

For a time war conditions reduced this magazine in size, but it is in its seventh year, and at no experimental stage.

Our aim is to give British Columbia an increasingly useful monthly devoted to Christian journalism, independent of party, sect or faction.

Yours for Service and Business in British Columbia,

THE MANAGING EDITOR.

P.S.—One business man telephoned to us last month to call for his contract and advertising copy. If YOU wish us to do so, or desire more information at an interview, call Seymour 6048 and make an appointment.

ADVERTISING IN AN AGE OF SPECIALISTS

To THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY Advertisers, Present and Prospective:

This is an age of specialists, and in keeping with our policy of seeking to make our business or advertising department more and more effective, we are arranging with a PRACTICAL EXPERT and university-trained COPY-WRITER now in business in Vancouver, that he will, by arrangement with us, call to consult with any advertiser, and if desired write advertisement copy for this monthly.

SABA BROS. Ltd.

have one of the best-selected stocks of Silk Hosiery
in Western Canada. Phoenix Pure Silk Stockings.

BLOUSES

KAYSER SILK GLOVES

Quality and Moderate Prices Unexcelled

THE SILK SPECIALISTS

652 Granville Street

Vancouver, B. C.



LARGEST SELECTION OF BABY CARS IN THE CITY
Shaw's cars have the name for quality and price

G. S. SHAW & CO.

Baby Car Manufacturers

We invite your inspection of our high-class Baby Cars, Toy Carriages, Go-carts,
Orioles and Sulkies.

REPAIRS AT LOW PRICES

904 Robson St.

Phone Sey. 6532

Vancouver, B.C.

A Friendly Injunction Worth Heeding

Month by month, if not day by day, men and women are, in a national, provincial, civic or neighborly way, reminded

ABOUT THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE

FRIEND TO FRIEND:

"I myself was exercised about not carrying any reasonable protection for my home circle in the event of sudden death or disability, and you know you have even more reason to make provision for others.

"Every married man OUGHT to set aside something every month in this way, just as surely as he pays the rent or household accounts.

"Surely it is worth while to plan NOW to INVEST a certain sum per month in life insurance, which will (1) protect your home in case of death or serious illness, and (2) also become a reserve fund for the future if you live.

"FOR YOUR OWN SAKE

AND FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR OWN,

CONSIDER IT WELL

now, before you are really old, and give me the genuine satisfaction of influencing you not to delay in taking a protective and investment step which you will never regret."

Reader, has a friend ever written in such a way to *you*? Or would such a message be timely *now*? If it be, and you wish information to be given you on the subject of life insurance *at your convenience*, phone Seymour 6048, making an appointment, or send a line of enquiry to

B. C. M. Department

Confederation Life Association

Bank of Ottawa Building, Hastings Street West

OR

C. L. A., Representative, 1317 Haro Street, Vancouver, B. C.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

(Continuing WESTMINSTER REVIEW, Vancouver)

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Promoting Social Betterment, Educational Progress and Religious Life. Independent in Politics.
Published at 1817 Haro Street, Vancouver, B. C.

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GERMAN COLONIES IN CANADA — A VOICE FROM ALBERTA

AFTER nearly four years of war with the Central Powers and the exhibition by their armies and peoples of a barbarism unparalleled in the records of the ages, are we in Canada in danger of still exercising towards those diabolic foes that excessive British trust and belief that they will "play the game" that have made possible not a few losses or disasters which otherwise might have been prevented?

The question is suggested by a report that has reached us at first-hand of conditions prevailing in certain parts of the neighbouring province of Alberta, where it is said there are colonies of Germans and Austrians who are not only being left unmolested on their homesteads, but are still allowed such freedom that they do not hesitate to allege that Germany will win the war, while they also look forward, as individuals and communities, to getting titles to the land for which they have entered.

The truly British do not hold that any undertaking—whether or not it is recorded on "a scrap of paper"—is to be treated lightly, but in the face of all that has happened in these four years it must surely be held that careful scrutiny should be exercised in *every* case before any titles to land in Canada are granted to German-born men or their children.

It is also unfortunate that in the past it was possible for such foreigners—or, indeed, any others—to settle in large *groups* in any part of the country. Such settlements naturally lead to a language other than English getting precedence in the community. The Dominion and Provincial Governments would do well to see that such groups are not only broken up now, but made impossible in the future. If within the next generation titles to quarter-sections of Canadian land are to be granted to *any* men of German or Austrian blood who may be at present doing homestead duties, one of the conditions ought to be that no two such citizens are on the same section and not more than a few in any one township, and a second condition should be that evidence must be given that English has become the language of the home.

We are reliably informed that in the cases where such foreigners have been permitted to settle in groups it has become very difficult, if not impossible, for Canadian and British-born farmers to "carry on." Not only is farm help difficult to procure, but the neighbouring and surrounding

foreigners can make conditions in the community such that the English-speaking rancher (unless he is a man with large home-help) has practically to leave the district. In this connection we are assured that the German carries into his homestead life and work the craft and cunning and also sharp practices so outstandingly revealed in the world-conflict.

If need be, the Dominion and Provincial Governments should see that legislation is passed to prevent undesirable aliens from getting land and even citizen rights in Canada for a generation to come.

In the meantime, whether or not a process of dispersion is applied to such foreigners, every group of German and Austrian-born on the prairie, as elsewhere, ought to be brought under thorough supervision by the Government during the period of the war.

* * *

SHALL VANCOUVER HOLD A TAX SALE?

By R. A. Hood, M.L.

THERE has been considerable agitation of late as to whether or not the city should hold a tax sale this year, and a recommendation has been passed to this effect by the Board of Trade and sent on to the Council. That there was a sizable minority opposed to the motion goes to show that the general opinion is by no means unanimous.

That considerable hardship will be brought upon a large body of the citizens should the Council take such action is readily admitted by those who favour a tax sale, but as they themselves are not delinquent, their attitude of mind in many cases may be expressed by the popular slang, "I should worry." Their contention that the city was never so prosperous as today is perfectly true, but they overlook the fact that the property-owners have been the last to be affected by its prosperity, and that they are the principal sufferers by the abnormal conditions prevailing. The system whereby practically all the expenses of running the city are placed upon the shoulders of the property-owners is admitted by Alderman Kirk, the chief protagonist of the tax sale, to be altogether unfair, and has resulted in a condition of things by which, in many cases, well-improved properties with suitable buildings do not bring in enough rent to pay the taxes. If this is the case with improved properties, what chance of getting off has the man with the vacant lot, who has just as high taxes to pay and yet who could not today put up a building that would pay him a return on the investment? Again, it is admitted that the system of taxing the greater part of the cost of street-paving on the property fronting on the paved streets works a hardship on the owners, as the general public reap the benefit. Apart from business property, the writer knows of many modern houses in residential districts the rentals of which for the last three years have been away below the taxes, and in the close-in districts, of course, the condition is very much worse. Such considerations as these have a bearing on the case and bespeak a certain leniency for tax-payers who have been unable to stand up under the burden.

The chief argument advanced by those who favour the tax sale is that they are afraid the city's credit may suffer if certain bonds are not paid at their maturity. Yet it is not maintained that there is likely to be

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any serious difficulty in renewing these bonds—only that a slightly higher rate of interest, perhaps half of one per cent., would have to be paid. This would entail a slight loss to the city over the interest that will eventually be paid by the delinquent tax-payers, and this is what Alderman Kirk and his supporters will not stand for. Those who pay their taxes must not be allowed to suffer on behalf of those who do not. What has, perhaps, not been considered is the much greater loss that will be entailed on the former by the depreciation in the value of all their holdings following on a tax sale under the present abnormal conditions. For it is a sure consequence that after its taking place, a serious demoralization of the property market would ensue, and the results of it would be much more far-reaching than at first glance one might suppose. After all, houses and lots compose perhaps the most important part of the wealth of the city, and any disturbance in the market concerning them is bound to have the widest effect amongst its citizens.

In view of these considerations, it is to be hoped that the Council will not be stampeded into any action in this matter by outside clamours, selfish or otherwise, but will rather give it the sympathetic judgment that it deserves in view of the large number of the citizens whose interests are vitally at stake.

Messages to the People of British Columbia

FROM REPRESENTATIVE MEMBERS AT VICTORIA

III. FROM HON. T. D. PATTULLO

MINISTER OF LANDS

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S Minister of Lands, Hon. T. D. Pattullo, is a son of Mr. George R. Pattullo, of Burnside, Woodstock, Ontario, Canada. Before coming to Western Canada, Mr. Pattullo was editor of the *Galt Reformer*. He went into the Yukon as secretary to the first Gold Commissioner, and after acting as Assistant Gold Commissioner for a time, he went into business on his own account. After some years' experience of Dawson City, he moved to Prince Rupert when the G. T. P. terminal was first placed on the map.

In reply to your request for a message to the people of British Columbia at this time, I would counsel calmness and deliberation of judgment.

In this time of unsettled convictions the public imagination is peculiarly sensitive to suggestion, and it is therefore particularly desirable that each of



HON. T. D. PATTULLO
Minister of Lands

us should refuse to be carried away by specious panaceas for the ails of the body politic. We should found our judgment only upon sound common-sense and reason.

If ever there was a time, when people should "keep their heads," it is today. Yet the very necessity for so doing renders the doing of it more difficult.

More hysterical nonsense is talked and written today than ever before.

In order to survive right, we must think right and act right. The only way to think and act right is to apply sound, logical thought, supplemented by supporting action.

And so I say: Be calm and deliberate and don't be afraid.

Notes and Comments

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

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS

THE desirability of having the Bible read in our public schools as a regular part of the curriculum is a subject that will not down. It is a curious and significant fact that organizations of women who have in view the matter of social uplift are particularly pressing in their demand that this should be done. And their opinion on a subject of this kind is of special value. They have more to do with the upbringing of children than men have, and they recognize with that clear feminine perception which is more conclusive on such issues than much masculine logic, that the child who misses even a literary study of the world's masterpiece in writing, goes through life reft of an incomparable source of strength. It seems in the highest degree absurd that our children should study Shakespeare and fail to even read the peerless drama of the Book of Job, and that they should mark the orations of Cicero and fail to find the incomparable eloquence of Judah pleading before Joseph for the freedom of Benjamin, or the matchless address of St. Paul on Mar's Hill. There are obvious difficulties in some of the provinces where separate schools exist, but in British Columbia, where we have one public school at the base of our educational system, there should be no insuper-

able obstacle to reading selected, non-controversial passages from the Bible, as our cousins do in the neighboring State of Washington and other parts of the great republic.

* * *

THE ORIENTAL PROBLEM

At the recent meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of British Columbia the perennial problem of the Oriental was up for consideration. The discussion took a wide range, and everyone seemed to realize the seriousness of the situation when our own boys are at the front and alien races bid fair to take an ever-increasing place in this province. The Chinese and Japanese are our allies in this war, while the East Indians are from a great land within our own empire. After due consideration it was resolved that steps should be taken to secure a commission representative of the Christian forces of British Columbia to study the whole question of Oriental immigration with a view to safeguarding the future economic and moral welfare of this country and at the same time do justice towards those of alien races who seek asylum here from wrong social conditions in their own lands. Such a commission will require great wisdom and great courage, for the whole problem is beset with difficulties. But it must be solved.

CHURCH TAXATION

Another subject of province-wide interest is that of the taxation of churches. Owing to the fact that certain religious orders, notably in the city of Montreal, have become owners of huge business blocks and other productive properties, all of which are exempt from taxation because they are owned by the Church, there has arisen a strong feeling in ultra-Protestant circles that such exemption is unfair. And it is unfair in a case of that kind. But the exemption of a property which is not commercially productive and which is used exclusively for public worship is quite a different matter. Under present conditions we find downtown churches, where the people are least able to bear the cost, being slowly but surely taxed out of existence. In other words, our downtown churches are being penalized for their unselfish efforts to keep those sections of the cities from becoming slums and Whitechapels, menacing alike the whole life and moral well-being of the citizens. These things ought not so to be, and if our legislators are men of vision they will see it in that true light.

* * *

INDUSTRIAL UNREST

The tremendous strike in Winnipeg, which called for the intervention of the Dominion Government, and the strikes on the west coast have called the attention of all thinking people to the dangers that menace industrial activity and progress. We are not now fixing the responsibility for these strikes, but it is a notable fact that *The Voice*, one of the oldest and most ably edited labor papers in Canada, published at Winnipeg, dissented strongly from the action of

the original strikers, who were employees of that city. *The Voice* took the ground that, as the workers had been for years advocating that public utilities should be owned by the people, they should not, as in the case of employees of the municipal waterworks, strike against their own city without first trying the process of arbitration over matters in dispute. This seems to be reasonable. There is such a thing as destroying the power of the employer to continue his business, and we have not yet discovered a way of carrying on great concerns at a losing rate. Workers have, generally speaking, the inherent right to organize, and labor unions have been of immense service in raising the general standard of living, but the leadership has to be very sane, just as the employers of labor ought to be fair and just to the men and women who, if reasonable, make the continuance of their business possible. As an almost invariable rule the side which declines arbitration loses the sympathy of the long-suffering public. In any event, war in the industrial world, like war anywhere else, should only be the last and most undesirable resort for all parties.

* * *

HOME RULE

Next to the war, the most prominent question abroad, perhaps, is the Home Rule agitation, which in various forms is felt in Ireland, India and South Africa. In South Africa it is probably only a passing phase, for there is no likelihood of the land of Botha and Smuts being foolishly disaffected in regard to British rule, which in a sense is only nominal. Ireland is offered Home Rule, but seems more anxious to insist on her rights than her duties. India, through

the commanding fairness of the British civil service, has been held loyal to the Crown, although she will doubtless by degrees, as the level of intelligence rises, be granted degrees of self-government. At present Mrs. Besant, High Priestess of Theosophy, is making India her place of abode, and though disclaiming disloyalty, is not by any means a "desir-

able citizen." She is not young enough to wait for India's normal development in the direction of Home Rule, but no doubt her disposition to crowd events forward is being carefully watched by the authorities. Meanwhile India as a whole is soundly loyal to the empire, but will require fair and careful handling as the years pass.

Provision for the Returned Soldier

Alexander Philip, North Vancouver

THE subject of doing justice to the returned soldier, and to the heirs of those who will not return, will continue to occupy many minds till adequate provision is made and the men are in possession of it. One of the first to give earnest and practical attention to it was Hon. A. C. Flumerfelt, and he very wisely urged action along the lines of a community system. Many of the men have entirely severed old business relations, and they will return with many new ideas and new friendships. Many of these friendships have been formed under conditions that can never be forgotten, and the friends will like to fight their battles over again when they meet in a social way. It will be difficult to form new ties among those who will not understand what they passed through. The formation of new community settlements in a way that would enable comrades to spend the remainder of their days near each other will mean a great deal of interest in life.

This province must reckon on having to make provision for 25,000 men or their heirs. Of these, some will be disabled for life, some partly disabled, some mechanics, some professional men, and possibly about

one-third will wish to go on the land. The community system, though based on the farming element, will to some extent help to make provision for all classes.

If we consider first the farming side we will readily perceive how work will open out for the mechanic and the professional man, and a sphere of interest will be created for the invalid.

Let us assume that the provincial government is willing to give every returned soldier who wishes to farm a free grant of 160 acres of land in some suitable neighbourhood, and that the Dominion government will augment this with a grant of \$1,500 and a loan of \$1,500 to each man. For 10,000 men this will mean a total area of 1,600,000 acres of land, a total bonus of \$15,000,000 and a total of loans of another \$15,000,000. It would also mean the formation of eight different communities, each occupying an area 18 miles square. To find these areas of really good farming land recourse would have to be had to the vast Peace River region, and access would have to be provided by a suitable system of railways.

Each community would necessarily take its own line of business and

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development, but all would have very much in common. Let us, therefore, take one of these, and in some detail map out a course for it.

The first step, necessarily, is to allot the sections to the individual members of the community. In doing so, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles square should be reserved in the centre of the 18-mile square area for a townsite and for community purposes. The community administration could consist of a government commissioner—expert in farming lines—and, say, five elected councillors. This council should consist of men above reproach, who would see to the wise outlay of the government grants, secure co-operation among the farmers in different departments of work, provide good roads and transportation facilities, and be a medium for sales and purchases by the farmer. In many ways they could be a centre of influence to further the success of the community.

The council could have control of the 1,440 acres of townsite area. In it they could dedicate, say, 40 acres for market purposes, 40 acres for recreation purposes, 40 acres for church, school and hospital purposes, 40 acres for public halls and exhibition grounds, and 40 acres for sites for some industries. This would leave 240 acres for streets and boulevards and 1,000 acres for home sites of, say, one acre each, or sites for stores and offices. These home sites should be given free to any returned soldier who came as a mechanic to assist in an industry or as a professional man to practise in the community. But all that are not taken up within, say, one year could be sold by the council to the highest bidder, subject to building restrictions.

The industries that could be

started in any one community would necessarily depend on the natural produce of the district. If minerals were near, attention could be concentrated on these to bring in revenue; if timber areas were at hand, saw mills would be a good line; a flour mill could be started to provide a ready market for the wheat; a factory for farm machinery might be profitable, or some other line. The great aim should be to meet local needs as completely as possible, and to have as large an export of community products as possible. A large co-operative department store would doubtless be found of considerable value, and it could not only sell to but also purchase from the farmers, and its delivery wagons would collect the farmers' milk, butter, eggs, etc.

The council would necessarily advise the farmers as to clearing and cultivating the land, and where expensive machinery is a necessity, provide it for community use. At the outset some government aid would be needed, particularly in opening out roads, but by-and-by taxes might be levied sufficient to maintain all community expenses. When the community became entirely self-sustaining then the government commissioner could be withdrawn and the entire council made elective.

In such a community would be a suitable place for homes for invalid soldiers, who will necessarily have to be pensioned to provide for all their needs. Partially invalided men might do light work on the farms or engage in other community work to eke out the allowances made for them.

Returned soldiers who are either professional men or mechanics should receive the money grant given the soldier farmer and an equivalent in money in lieu of the land, and every

chance possible should be given them of employment in their own particular line of business. Where large industries are established, such as ship-building yards, grants of one or two acres of land nearby might be possible to the mechanic, to give him a real interest in the success of the industry. After the war trained mechanics will be more in demand on this coast than ever before, and every encouragement should be held out to the younger men to devote themselves to some line of industrial work. If a first-class woollen mill could be established in the province that line would be a splendid one for those who may not be able to take hold of the heavy work in a shipyard or a machine shop.

LOVE'S COMEDY

I blew you a kiss,
 You tossed me a rose—
 No flower that blows
 Is sweeter than this!

And thus, dear, it is
 Love's comedy grows—
 I blew you a kiss,
 You tossed me a rose.

But no one, I wis,
 Could ever suppose
 My heart was in throes,
 Because, forsooth, miss,
 I blew you a kiss!

—L. HAWEIS.

British Columbia Government Departments and Their Chiefs

I. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS

(NOTE: The BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, believing that some particulars as to work and outlook in the different departments of the Provincial Government should not only be of interest but of special value to people who wish to take intelligent part in discussing public affairs, got into touch recently with the Hon. Dr. King, Minister of Public Works. The following article is the result. Other articles on other departments may follow.—EDITOR.)

THE reorganization of the Department of Public Works for the Province of British Columbia, presided over by Hon. Dr. King as minister, which took place during the last fiscal year, 1917-1918, is accountable in large measure for the greatly increased efficiency and economy effected in the execution of the various undertakings of that department.

The plan adopted by Hon. Dr. King of dividing the province into sections, each of which comes under the direct supervision of a district engineer, was to ensure an intelligent administration of the Public Works Department, particularly in the maintenance and repairs of roads.

There seemed to be some apprehension on the part of the Opposition that road appropriations would be based on political favor. Hon. Dr. King, however, wishes to remind the general public that the district engineers are all men of honorable character and of a high type, possessing wide technical and practical experience and without any political interest, and reports submitted by them to the department from time to time have been based on the merits or otherwise of the various cases from a purely engineering and business standpoint. Personal and political factors are not and will not be

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JAMES H. KING, M.D., C.M., F.A.C.S.

OUTLINE OF HON. DR. KING'S CAREER.

Born at Chipman, N.B., January 18th, 1872, son of Hon. G. G. King and Esther Briggs King. Educated at St. Martin's Academy and McGill University. Practised at Andover and St. John, N.B., 1895-1898. Came to British Columbia in 1898, practising at Cranbrook, B. C. Vice-president Graduates' Society, McGill University, 1908. Attended Western Congress of Medicine and Surgery at Budapest, Hungary, in 1909. Represented Cranbrook in the British Columbia Legislature, 1903-1907; was candidate for Kootenay to the House of Commons in 1911; elected to British Columbia Parliament Sep-

tember 14th, 1916; accepted portfolio of Public Works in the new Government formed November 29th, 1916. One of the original founders and governors of the American College of Surgeons at Chicago, 1913.

In Cranbrook Dr. King was in partnership with Dr. Green; was president of King Lumber Mills, Limited; president of Cranbrook Electric Light Company, Limited; director of Kootenay Telephone Lines, Limited. All of which suggests that apart from his professional training he has had much experience which should prove useful in the work of the onerous office he now holds.

allowed to enter into the consideration of any appropriation.

With regard to proposed road plans and maintenance, trunk roads, etc., the engineers, through insufficient time, have been unable to complete plans showing roads, trails and mileage in their districts, but this work is progressing well and should be in the hands of the department within a short time. The mileage of roads and number of bridges in the province have been greatly increased in the last few years, and the Government must be prepared to expend a considerable sum of money to maintain the present system in order that they may protect the initial capital outlay. Last year the bridge vote was very small, and only such repairs and renewals were undertaken as were immediately necessary. This year, however, a great many of these bridges must be renewed, and the Government, therefore, will be called upon to provide for a considerably larger expenditure in this connection.

In the matter of trunk roads, the department has endeavored during the last year to undertake work in district municipalities on recognized roads only, and to have the authorities of such municipalities assist towards the cost of such construction or maintenance. Wherever the Government has given grants to municipalities the work thus undertaken has been directly under the supervision of the department's district engineer.

Increased motor traffic on main roads and others has created a situation which the Government will have to face in the near future. The only solution for a satisfactory road surface would seem to be the hard surface for roads contiguous to cities and thickly populated centres where a large volume of motor traffic

obtains. Owing to the expense, however, hard surfacing is out of the question for the present and will have to be considered at some stage of the province's prosperity in the future.

To cite an instance of economy practised by Hon. Dr. King's department, a test made in the Esquimalt district with a Knox tractor has shown that gravel can be handled onto the roads by this equipment for one-quarter to one-half of the cost by using teams. It is the purpose of the department to use a number of these tractors in the handling of road construction materials, which will greatly facilitate the work in hand and expedite its conclusion.

Hon. Dr. King's reorganization of his department was also brought about with the view of co-operating with the various other departments of the Government, such as mines, agriculture and lands, in which co-ordination would be effective. This working out has been demonstrated in many instances where the other branches of the service were able to work in conjunction with his staff, thus effecting large savings of the public funds. The department further desires to co-operate with such associations as farmers' institutes, boards of trade, and other societies throughout the province, soliciting their assistance and advice.

LIKE UNTO A GARDEN

When you come to think of it, each of us has a job that possesses characteristics of the garden. Just as the garden requires, the job demands the application of brains and work. Like the garden, it will respond to skilful treatment; if neglected, results will be minimum. In every garden there are weeds to be cleared away, so that air, sunshine and rain may do their work; similarly, in our jobs there are hampering methods that must be rooted out so that the influence of fresh thoughts and specialized insight may develop the best in the job. — *B. C. Telephone Talk.*

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Church Life and Work

A YOUNG MINISTER GETS A BIG OPPORTUNITY

By D. A. Chalmers

THE picture on the front page of this issue is published partly to emphasize that the interests of this magazine include the work of earnest, active and devoted ministers of the Gospel no less than that of capable ministers of the crown. Rev. H. M. Rae, who some months ago was inducted into the charge of the Union Church at East Chilliwack, which with Cheam and Rosedale form one appointment, has a task—and an opportunity—of no mean order for so young a man. Mr. Rae graduated from Westminster Hall last Fall. He is almost the last, if not the last, of the young men who grew up (in manhood) with the institution and had all their college and university training in British Columbia, and he has had practical experience of mission fields in various presbyteries in this province, including the Kootenay, Victoria and Westminster Presbyteries, and High River, Alberta.

Mr. Rae was born on a farm near Ayr, in Scotland, and after taking a business course in Ayr Academy, was engaged in the shipping business before the Fall of 1909, when he came to Canada in connection with the Presbyterian Church.

In times like these the question may naturally arise as to whether the services of a strong young man like Mr. Rae might not be better given elsewhere to the Cause of Empire and Righteousness. But ample evidence that he will be as ready as anyone else to go wherever duty calls, may be found in the fact that all his four brothers are in voluntary military service in France or different parts of the Empire.

Mr. Rae's bright and cheerful disposition and his lively sense of humor were revealed when, as the valedictorian of his year, he gave the farewell address at the college closing exercises. In such a speech the representative student of the graduating class has an opportunity of commenting on the staff and the conditions of college life generally. Last session's valedictorian emphasized that while several mistaken notions still clung to some people's minds about theological colleges and students, and they thought that the colleges were out of touch with the world and turned out a peculiar brand of saint who had no contact with ordinary life, the reverse was the case. The western college had men on its teaching staff fresh from the field of struggle and in touch with the concerns of practical life.

Striking another note, he said: "In all our play and pleasure there has been a deep seriousness. We have always been conscious of the fact that we are living in a period of great disturbance, and whatever be our outfit of knowledge or depth of spiritual experience, it is safe to say that our education passes to its most important work, since we are about to meet men and women face to face and handle the real problems of spiritual life. . . . It has been impressed upon us that we are to safeguard the ideals of the people, to give attention to their higher liberties and rights, to arouse from indifference and neglect in a day when spiritual values are going up and gold coming down."

In referring to the men who had passed through the Hall the valedictorian recalled that there was in distant Korea "one of our brightest witnesses for the truth" (Rev. Wm. Scott, B.A.), and that on the battlefields of Europe about fifty men in one department or another of the service represented the Farthest West college, and at that date seven (since increased to eleven) had made the supreme sacrifice.

In these days the fact that so many young men—the best and brightest of the manhood of the empire—are literally dying for the freedom of the world and the welfare of the race, becomes a challenge to those who remain to live not for personal glory or aggrandisement, but for real "community service." Thus the careers of men who, like the subject of these notes, enter the Christian ministry, will be watched with special interest to see that they resist the temptation to "follow wandering fires," and rather continue to live and work so as to suggest that they mean to "follow the gleam,"

—"till one shall crown them king

Far in the spiritual city,"—

which, after all, may be nearer to the life that now is than poet or priest or preacher ever deemed.

THE PERIL OF PUBLICITY

By W. T. Ellis, LL.D., in the *Homiletic Monthly*

Because there is real power in publicity for the Church, and because this new and alluring agency is dazzling ministers not a few, there is need that some man acquainted with this new science of publicity should frankly point out its perils.

Every newspaper editor who has specialized upon religion can relate stories of men whose ministerial

usefulness has been ruined by an unwise use of that powerful drug, printer's ink. For that matter, any alert clergyman can point to conspicuous instances of ministers who, after a meteoric career across the newspaper heavens, have burned out as a cinder.

In almost every instance known to me the minister who depended for success upon the sort of sensationalism that would get his name into print has been obliged to move on after a few months or years. Such men measure success by the number and length of their press notices. In order to insure newspaper attention they will go to lengths that would have horrified them in the days of their youth.

All their ideas of achievement have become perverted. Dignity, self-respect, carefulness of speech, and reverence for the Church all vanish before the thirst for newspaper mention. So they are forced from one sensational expedient to another in order to draw crowds and to secure publicity, until soon they find that they have cheapened themselves beyond the consideration of either the itching-eared public or the newspaper editors. They have become "dead ones."

As every city churchman knows, there are men who get often into print who are really failures as preachers and pastors. The victims are themselves self-deceived. Their judgment becomes so warped that it is no unknown occurrence for the publicity-seeking preacher (we call them "space-grabbers" in newspaper offices, where we use but do not admire them) to violate, not only the canons of good taste, but also the standards of common fairness and truthfulness.

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The Trail to Happiness

(A RECRUITING STORY)—CONCLUDED

By Milo Milton

"NOW," began Dagg, "I want to tell you something. In this world every man is for himself. I'm for myself and you're for yourself—an' we're both strong for Edith Patterson. I think you guessed that right along. I've got just as much right to love that woman as you have. An' I'm like any normal, natural man—I want a fair show."

He paused a moment, still grinning happily, still stroking the ugly weapon, apparently held so carelessly in his right hand.

"It's an uneven race the way it stands now," he went on, "so I'm going to ask you to be kind enough to stay away from this lady for a little while. You've known her two weeks longer than me, an' you ain't let no grass grow under your feet since you first met her. Am I right?"

"I'm going over there today!" shouted McMann.

For the first time since their meeting Dagg permitted himself an expletive.

"The devil you are! Listen! I don't know any better place for a murder than this spot right here. We're hundreds of miles from anywhere. In ten seconds I could kill you, dump you over that cliff, an' six months from now if some husky found your body froze tight in the ice up there in the Arctic he wouldn't know whether you was McMann or one of a tribe of Eskimos. He wouldn't make no inquiries, either. An' me—I'd go free. I'd marry the girl an' live happy ever after. You don't want that to happen, do you?"

McMann did not answer.

"I want a fair show," pleaded Dagg. "I want you to give me a chance—a fighting chance. Keep away from the girl. Stay away from Patterson's only ten days. After that you an' me will be on an even footing. The best man wins."

With a perspiring hand, McMann brushed back a scattering forelock. He was thinking deeply. He realized that behind Dagg's evident good humor lurked a devil of passion which only awaited the moment of release. Dagg was a man of purpose, a thoroughly seasoned, uncompromising veteran of the trails, a person without fear or scruple—capable of anything.

"Dagg," he said quietly, "you're asking me to do something which any red-blooded, vigorous man would refuse to do. I must tell you that I cannot agree to any such arrangement."

The devil in Dagg still lay concealed. There was no wild outburst, no sudden or terrible demonstration. The smile remained as before.

"Then," said Dagg, lightly, "I guess we'll have to break the fifth commandment. I do hate to disturb a young life like yours, an' muss up this pretty landscape just to feed a few hungry fish down there in the Wolf. But what else can I do?"

McMann's heart was thumping in his breast, yet he was calm; he was cool; his mind was strangely clear and unperturbed, free from the blurring, panicky fear of death. He faced the burly prospector, wide-eyed, without a tremor.

"You spoke of fair play," he stated evenly, "and yet you don't know

what the words mean. I came here as a friend, and immediately you poke a gun in my face and threaten me. Is that fair play? You speak of taking my life in order to further your own selfish interests. Is that fair play? Dagg," he continued earnestly, "you're a brute; no whit better than the prowling, slinking timber beasts in these lonely mountains. Why don't you throw away your revolver and fight me with bare hands?"

Long and thoughtfully Dagg considered this. A momentary light breeze had sprung up. It was deliciously cool. It played over the moist, warm earth like a gentle caress.

"No," said Dagg, "I won't fight that way. I got another shooting-iron somewhere under my bunk. I'll go get that."

When the big prospector returned McMann was one hundred yards away up the slope. He paused, laughing, looking down at the astonished Dagg.

"I'm practising your principles of fair play," he called out, then turned and plunged headlong into the thicket and out on the narrow, winding trail which led away southward in the direction of Judgment Mountain.

II

Edith Patterson welcomed him with shining eyes. Warmly she shook his outstretched hand, then led him indoors to a cozy seat near an open window, overlooking the shimmering, snow-clad tops of a distant hill range. In the centre of these, towering high above them, stood Judgment Mountain, the white-crested, lofty giant of northern British Columbia. Its topmost pinnacles were shot with light. Clouds, collid-

Page Twenty-two

ing with its silver peaks, were broken into fragments, drifting away to join later through the action of scurrying air currents.

He caught a casual view of this before settling back to the soft and spacious comfort of the rustic chair to which he had just been escorted. The girl herself sat down opposite, first summoning her father with the words: "Travers McMann is here, Daddy," then turning to him with eager and questioning gaze.

"How did you do it?" she cried, clapping her hands in girlish approval, scanning his face critically. "You look so different. Why, you're only a young man!"

The prospector's modesty forbade a reply; nevertheless, he was secretly pleased with the implied compliment.

"I was hoping you'd come today," she stated. "It's nearly a week now, isn't it?"

"I've been busy," lied McMann.

Somehow, it seemed to him that there was little that he could say. His conversational powers apparently had forsaken him, leaving him mentally sterile and confused. But his eyes feasted on her. He regarded her silently, his gaze shifting from the velvety contour of her throat and arms to the soft, full cheeks, glowing with color.

Her father entered and he rose respectfully, advancing to meet him.

"I just now came to call," he said, somewhat embarrassed, as if offering an explanation of his presence.

"You are always welcome, McMann," came the cordial answer, accompanied by a handshake equally cordial and sincere. "Our visitors are few, but we appreciate them very much."

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before we were up," said Edith. "We didn't expect him so soon."

"Our mail man," supplemented her father, "a half-breed whom I hired to bring our mail from Rocky Portage, about eighty miles from here. He never fails to come, and by utilizing his services we seem not entirely cut off from the world."

A few minutes later Edith and McMann left the cabin, walking leisurely along the footpath, which led them straight up to the level of a small plateau. It was partially clear of forest growth, green with grass and radiant with sun. In its exact centre lay Kokinol Lake, a blue-green body of water, over which now hung the hush of late afternoon.

They walked in comparative silence. In his mind the prospector was searching vainly for words to epitomize his love of her, a love of which he previously had never spoken. He was goading himself to the effort, lashing his weakening will to the trying ordeal of a proposal. He knew that he must tell her. He had reached the breaking point. It was a thing which fairly shrieked for expression, imploring, beseeching utterance.

"It seems incomprehensible to me," she exclaimed, suddenly, "that there can be in this world anything but peace and love and quiet. Peace and love are the guardians of this earth, yet one man has trampled them into the mud of France and Flanders."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I was thinking of the war," she replied. "Today I read the papers. Events are moving swiftly. Uncounted millions of men and money are being thrown into the maelstrom in an effort to bring about an early peace."

"The war was young when I left Edmonton two years ago," he observed. "The people said it would be over in six months. I haven't kept much track of it since then."

"The war is a long way from ended," she sighed. "They're holding the Germans on the west front, but Russia has practically surrendered."

His face became suddenly grave.

"That's serious," he stated. "Funny, I haven't kept better posted, but, somehow, I'm always living in these out-of-the-way wilderness places, remote from newspaper and telegraph. Now and again I catch fragments of war talk. One time a factor at a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company loaned me a copy of a magazine, which told about the United States being at war with Germany."

"The whole world is in it now," she declared.

McMann's interest was aroused.

"It must take a lot of men," he mused, "so many killed, so many wounded every day, and new fellows coming up to fill the ranks. I suppose, though, they don't have any difficulty in getting all they want. When I was in Edmonton men simply clamored to enlist. They had to turn hundreds away."

She regarded him with kindly tolerance.

"It's different now," she explained. "The available man-power in France and England is rapidly being used up. Canada has conscripted all young unmarried men between twenty and thirty years of age."

McMann stopped dead in his tracks.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "I've been like Rip Van Winkle—asleep."

Standing there, a terrible realization came to him. It appeared with smothering suddenness, bearing him down as if under a great weight. For a moment his brain seemed strangely light; his eyes shut out the suggestion of that pleasant, sunny landscape, seeing instead a distorted, nebulous picture of straining, weary-faced men in fighting garb, pushing forward through a swelter of smoke and heat.

Deeply concerned, she caught his arm.

"Tell me," she cried, "what has happened?"

With an effort he pulled himself together.

"Nothing," he answered, "except that I am twenty-eight years of age, in perfectly good health, and—and—"

"Do you mean that you'll go?" she interrupted, her face grave and troubled. "I didn't think—"

He tried to laugh. With difficulty he resisted an impulse to take her in his arms. A sob came to his throat. He turned slightly away from her to brush away a suspicious moisture from his eyes.

"I'm going tomorrow," he gulped. "Tomorrow!"

He smiled again. He took her arm gently, guiding her to the path in front of him.

"It's a beautiful day," he pointed out. "Let's go on to Kokinol Lake."

* * * * *

Dusk came as slowly as a limping beggar to a gate. In the incomparable loveliness of early twilight, McMann turned his steps homeward, a strange exultation in his heart. Over the distant tree tops the west flamed red and golden, streaked with the multifarious colors of sunset. The light breeze had subsided. A deep

and quivering silence lay over the land.

Making his way slowly along that dim and shadowy path, suddenly his mood changed. Sadness tinged his heart. Ahead of him he saw unnumbered days and weeks of loneliness. The happiness which he had sought was still far away. His feet were on the trail again. He would be compelled to go on and on and on, through new scenes, among new people. Ever the trail stretched, a long, weary distance, seemingly without end.

Suddenly his muscles tightened. He sprang back, but not soon enough to evade the impact of the heavy body hurtling against him. Falling, he hit out wildly at the weight bearing him down, his left hand coming in contact with a soft, moist, fibrous substance, which he clutched convulsively. His head and shoulders struck the hard ground, the resulting jar shaking the breath out of him. For a moment he lay still, dazed and weak, his breast heaving violently. He felt a hot breath on his cheek and he heard dimly the smothered oaths of his assailant.

"Let go my hair!" raged Dagg. "Let go my hair, I tell you!"

The voice spurred McMann to greater effort. He squirmed and twisted and fought with the energy of desperation. He turned on his side; he battled to his knees; immediately he was afoot, blood trickling from many wounds.

Ten minutes later the struggle was over. Dagg half lay, half reclined against a huge, moss-covered rock, his face beaten beyond recognition. Panting, McMann stumbled to a nearby pool, bathing his face and hands, returning soon after to administer to the fallen prospector.

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"I'm sorry, Dagg," he heard himself saying. "This fight was unnecessary. I'm going away—into the army." He paused, tearing away a strip of his own shirt, with which to bind up the other's wounds.

"You see," he explained, "Canada needs more men. Lots of the boys have been killed, and they simply must have more fellows to fill the ranks. She told me all about it today: how Russia had quit cold, and about this country conscripting all unmarried men under thirty. I come in that class," he stated cheerfully.

With his one unclosed eye, Dagg scrutinized the dark form kneeling in front of him.

"What about the girl?" he mumbled.

McMann straightened up. Above the pines, myriads of stars dotted the

great arch of the sky, making the heavens radiant with light. In the east, over dim and misty mountain ranges, glimmered a crimson moon.

"Really, I don't know," he answered. "I guess you can have her, if she wants you."

"What time are you going away?" inquired Dagg.

"Tomorrow."

"Well," invited the big prospector, "come over and spend the night with me. It's kind of lonesome, ain't it? In the morning we'll get up for an early start."

"We!" exclaimed McMann, wondering. "Do you mean to say you're going along, too?"

In the darkness, Dagg nodded his head emphatically.

"I've got lots of fight left in me yet," he declared.

Abracadabra

The Wayside Philosopher

NOW that the university is to be settled, however circumscribed, on its own premises, comes the question, Which and how many of our institutions are going to co-operate with it to aid it to dominate all circles of thought and influence in British Columbia?

Cowichan Bay licence has been cancelled. Congratulations, Ottawa! Now go one step further and cancel all "special area" licences, and let all net licences be good anywhere in British Columbia waters, and give them to any respectable person who knows fishing or is willing to learn. Canada and the real fishermen will profit.

Pauline secured an unexpected ally in "Lucian." As was to be expected,

the viewpoints are widely different, and the agreement more apparent than real, except in a circumscribed sector.

"Lucian," as one of his education could be expected to do, frankly refuses to forbear certain usage of Latin, however "pedantic" such may be.

He further admits unsatisfactoriness in some of his own translations. The admission might be made to cover others which he has not specifically named.

It is not to be expected that one of "Lucian's" scholarship and ability would ever occupy a wholly indefensible position, so that in a limited way his wishes could no doubt be met.

There are other considerations than those he urges.

As to pedantry, if it be pedantry to use what is most harmonious, expressive and complete, let us be pedants, by all means. Latin "slang," if we can concede such a classification to "Lucian," is much preferable to English "slang," all things considered.

The historical phase counts. Let us not bow in humility and worship to the "cant" that regards veneration for historical value as "fetish worship." More of reticence, more of reverence, is not the less needed, but the more in these days of flux and evolution.

Also, shall we say that our lawyers know too much of any language, or shall we say that pity demands that their overtaxed brains shall not be required to struggle with the difficulties of Latin?

The lawyers themselves would doubtless be the first to object to having their professional standing lowered by any serious application of "Lucian's" policy.

How also would "Lucian" meet the difficulty of the poor lawyer who, trained in his "unless before" system of books and teaching, found himself face to face with "Nisi Prius" quotations and references in the law publications issued through many years? Would there be an official interpreter in each library, or how else do it? The blessings "Lucian" and "Pauline" would receive from those educated along their lines would not add to the future comfort of their souls, though "Lucian" would, no doubt, take it in good part.

Page Twenty-six

QUERIES

From the golden hand of blessing have you coined yourself a curse?

How were you impressed with Laurier's statesmanship in blaming the Quebec riots on the police?

When are we to distinguish between real, even-handed justice and the nauseating requisitions of sickly sentimentalism?

Are there not those in Canada who would forgive Kaiserism all its banalities if its blighting terrorism only did not touch them or theirs?

Why not overhaul our banking system, with many objects in view, one of which would be the limiting of "dividends" obtainable for doing the nation's business?

Why not recognize where we are, what we are and why we are, and be happy?

When are we going to interest men like B. T. Rogers, William McNeill and R. P. Butchart in city business?

How much do you know of British Columbia's industries and their histories?

Can you name fifty of them?

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Page Twenty-seven

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The Value of Life Insurance

"If I were not a preacher I would be an insurance agent."

—REV. J. L. GORDON, D.D., Winnipeg.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY agrees with Dr. Gordon in so far that, next in importance to ideal public service through the production and dissemination of helpful and inspiring literature and the influence on life of Christian journalism independent of party, sect or faction, we might bracket preaching and life insurance work. Both alike promote prudence and unselfishness concerning the life that now is for the individual, and that which is to come for his or her relatives who remain.

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Thus, from a personal point of view, a life insurance policy is a GOOD INVESTMENT, but it is also a SENSIBLE AND UNSELFISH PROVISION for one's nearest and dearest. Accordingly, we believe that THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY may, in this respect as in others, do good work. We therefore purpose making this monthly extend its usefulness by promoting among its readers the prudent and unselfish course of life insurance.

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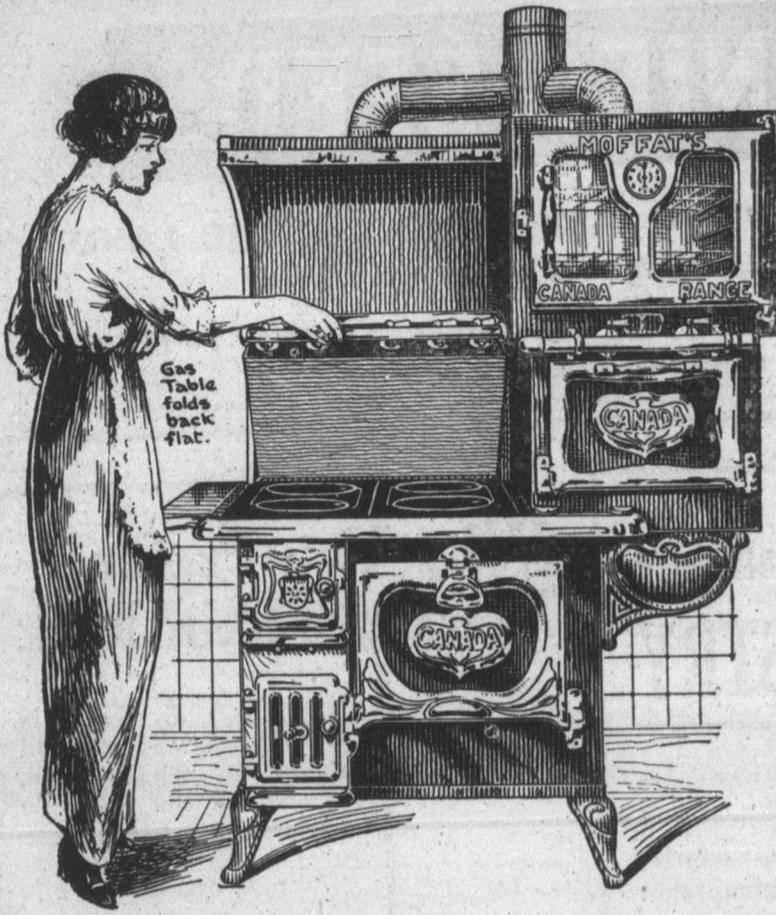
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