
British Columbia Monthly

(Continuing "Westminster Review," Vancouver)

VOLUME XIII

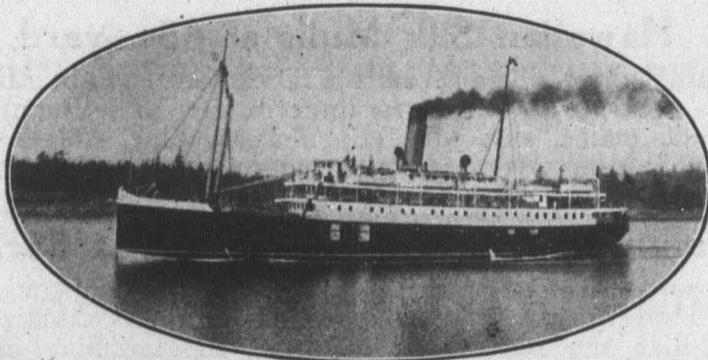
VANCOUVER, B. C., AUGUST, 1918

No. 5

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
OF THE CANADIAN WEST

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OLD AND NEW BOOKS WORTH READING

ABRACADABRA

The Wayside Philosopher

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 1317 HARO STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

TEN CENTS



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Hawaiian Silk Mulls at 65c. yard

These soft and dainty silk and cotton fabrics are gaining favor for many uses in ladies' wear, dresses, waists, lingerie, etc. They come in a full line of colors—pink, maize, sky, Nile, Copenhagen, lilac, old rose, pearl grey, peach, brown, reseda, myrtle, navy, garnet, white and black. 36 inches wide, 65c yard.

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The Hudson's Bay Company.


INCORPORATED 1675 HERBERT E. BURHIDGE, STORES COMMISSIONER

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We wish to help to build and extend "Businesses Worth While," businesses that, like this magazine, are being developed not for a month, or a year, but to last in real community service.

So we repeat, Is yours the leading firm in your line—is it even a leading firm? Then scan this issue and see if that line is fully represented in our advertising section. Perhaps it is not represented at all. Surely we can be of some use to you after seven years?

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Will you co-operate with us as we seek to give the Canadian West, and British Columbia particularly, a monthly magazine independent of "party, sect or faction," untied to any "Interests," Clubs, Corporations or Cabals, and set on

Community Service—Fearless, Fair and Free!

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PREPARE NOW
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VANCOUVER, B.C.

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Dealer



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For the Home and the Study

Its Aim and Your Opportunity

The BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY has for seven years sought to give British Columbia a worth-while monthly magazine for the home and the study—"not for one day a week, but for every day in the month"—in touch with the pulse of life and in sympathy with those things that recreate the mind and inspire the heart.

We invite subscribers to take advantage of the two-year rate. We also cordially invite new readers, who from this time may be purchasing copies at bookstalls—to send in such subscriptions, that the magazine may be mailed to them direct.

No trade and no wealth can guarantee health
Or "strength for the cares of tomorrow."
Ideals must last when all earthly is past;
How build you—for joy or for sorrow?

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Our rate is \$1.50 per year, in advance; \$2.50 for two years, in advance.

Address, 1317 Haro Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Let British Columbia Flourish under the Inspiration of Worthy Ideals!

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"SAVING" is the watchword of every Canadian home today. Are you saving yourself from unnecessary household labor? The new Sprustex Mop, with Sprustex Polish, is the sure way of cutting down your dusting trouble and saving your time and energy for more important matters of home management.

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

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VANCOUVER and VICTORIA, B. C.

TRY OUR Fresh Strawberry Sundaes

HOME-MADE CANDIES
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FAMOUS CHOCOLATES

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Vancouver, B. C.

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BECAUSE there is more body and flavor in whole milk, caused by the presence of a small percentage of fat. Likewise, volatile oils cause the difference in

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THERE are more of them than in any other brand, VACUUM packing preventing evaporation, with the resulting greatly improved flavor and aroma. Try it and see.

Kelly, Douglas & Co., Ltd.

Vancouver, B. C.

SABA BROS. Ltd.

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FIRST-CLASS HOTEL ACCOMMODATION

Fresh and salt-water fishing, boating, canoeing and tennis. Good bathing beach.

Fruit, vegetables, butter and eggs supplied from our own farm.

Rate per day, \$3.00; weekly, \$18.00.

For further particulars apply Manager, Bowen Island, or phone Seymour 6330.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

The TRAGEDY

OF THE

Unanswered Letter

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT

"Though he must have seemed careless, my husband appreciated your interest in advising him to make an investment and a family protection by Life Insurance. He did not mean to be indifferent, much less discourteous, in his treatment of your letter, only he was so much taken up with that business experiment that he just put off writing.

"After his sudden death last month, we found among his papers a pencilled note of a reply he evidently intended sending at the time, saying he wished to arrange for a policy for \$5,000.

"Good as his health then was, he recognized that auto and other accidents are happening every day, and he also meant to take advantage of that disability protection.

"Five thousand dollars, or even half of that sum, in cash, would have been such a help to me; but now I see nothing for it but to go home to mother with the children, and myself help to support and educate them by taking a position.

"It is all the more sad when I think of how near Dick came to making the reasonable provision and protection for his home you so earnestly advised. I do not like to blame him, but it is such a pity—for the children's sake, if not for mine—that he put off what was really a first duty."

READER, ARE YOU STILL "PUTTING OFF"?

If you wish information to be given you on this subject, privately and at your convenience,

Write Today

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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REV. R. G. MACBETH, M.A.; R. ALLISON HOOD, M.L.; TIM. WISE

Managing Editor: D. A. CHALMERS

Promoting Social Betterment, Educational Progress and Religious Life. Independent in Politics.
Published at 1317 Haro Street, Vancouver, B. C.

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The Coast Cure for Care

A HOLIDAY UNDER A BENEVOLENT AUTOCRACY

ALASKA AND NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

By D. A. Chalmers

"I believe that the real disease of Germany is that it has never learned to play. The bow is stretched all the time and the nation is afflicted with a dreadful seriousness that suggests the madhouse by its lack of humour and gaiety."

—Alpha of the Plough.

WHEN men and women are really interested in their work, it is difficult for them to forget it altogether under any circumstances. Yet it is equally true that the more earnestly people give themselves to the daily round and common task, the more needful is it that they should now and then arrange to have at least a few days in which the one thing strenuously avoided is their work and its associations.

The first difficulty that usually besets the aspirant after a rest or change under entirely new conditions is the selecting of a location or trip suited to the time and money available. Location itself often becomes a source of worry, which is supplemented by uncertainties regarding the accommodation, etc., en route or at the destination.

Readers and friends of this magazine who wish to avoid such experiences and who are set on having at least eight days of absolute comfort and freedom from anxiety, are strongly recommended to commit themselves to the care of the benevolent autocracy represented by Captain Locke of the good ship "Princess Sophia," sailing from Vancouver to Skagway, Alaska.

From the evening you enter the ship till the morning of leaving it, it will be your own fault if you are worried about anything earthly. Catering to the care and comfort of passengers has become a fine art, and the officers in charge seem to vie with each other—but without fuss or ostentation—to ensure passengers having a good time. They seem to understand that many, if not all, of the travellers are there, not merely to enjoy the trip, but because they are in much need of physical and mental rest and recreation. That the Captain is professionally proficient goes without saying,

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when he holds such a position in the C. P. R. service, but he has other qualifications for his post not mentioned in his mariner's certificate, which go a long way to ensuring the well-being of the subject citizens in what is really, for the time being, a little travelling Island Empire. Keenly alert when his more serious duties claim attention at ports of call, or when the fog encircles the ship for a brief hour or two in the open sea, he is sympathetically active and cheerful—benevolent seems the best word—toward the varied specimens of humanity that come within his ken, and, consciously or unconsciously, under his sway, on a journey that in more ways than one reminds us that in this life we are as "ships that pass in the night."

THE WEALTH OF ISLANDS AND INLAND SEA

The writer has no thought of copying the illustrated, descriptive and detailed route or guide books of any company—which, no doubt, are the work of experts. Probably there are others who, like the writer, would rather read the technical or prominent topographical details before or after the time of the trip, and prefer—during the first return journey, at least—to enjoy quietly the natural beauties of the voyage without being much concerned about the height of this mountain or the distances between points or places, or exercised about knowing or seeing a particular viewpoint, when every day and every waking hour abound with mountain views and varying visions of snow-capped, or it may be cloud-capped, peaks, which speak as no guide-book can, of the Durability and Immensity of Nature, and the (seemingly) comparative insignificance of the flitting human race, till the soul learns to say with the poet Cowper: "My Father made them all!"

TWO WEEK-ENDS "AT SEA"—TRAVELLING OPTIONS AND OPPORTUNITIES

Most people, whether or not they have awakened to the wisdom of going, in ordinary circumstances for their own sake, to some church service at least once each Sunday, or are among the all-too numerous Old Homelands, who have their "church certificates in their box," or the still larger "continental Sunday" class who "care for none of these things," look forward to the week-end as a time of rest. With that association in mind, it is pleasant to find your comfortable cabin on the C. P. R. steamer on a Saturday evening and be able to look forward to a full week-end—and another week-end beyond that—of uninterrupted restfulness and real recreation of body and mind and heart. Leaving Vancouver on the Saturday evening, the steamer is not due back till the following Monday-week.

One of the advantages and attractions of a voyage holiday is that travellers may have as much or as little as they feel fit for of conversational intercourse, and, according to the breadth of their own sympathies, make acquaintance of people of different types. This itself is a part of education which self-centred and affectedly-superior folk most need and most often deny themselves, and which no well-advised travellers can excusably miss, unless, perchance, it be those who have just begun united life and are at the epithalamium stage of experience.

TYPES OF TRAVELLERS MET

As a trip to Alaska means entering U. S. territory—and the C. P. R. boats have a reputation well ahead of those of our southern allies—United

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States citizens may be met on board either going or returning. A strong-faced man, merging on middle life, may inform you that he is engaged in U. S. navy work near Seattle, and is returning to Juneau (the capital of Alaska) for his family and with the view of "fixing up" certain "fishing interests," and you are reminded of how, on this North American continent, folk are not afraid to have more than one "interest." Another man, with a hard face and an unqualified assurance, may be heard expounding his interpretation of the riddle of the universe, and suggesting a soul-less Force as the "Unknown God," so that one hardly needs to note on the passenger list that the name of the speaker is of German origin. Jovial and bejewelled elderly ladies from the Eastern States, who "travel nine months in the year," appeal to the lighter vein—of others besides the genial Autocrat. A man of pleasant mien and attractive personality is the Anglican clergyman, who has for years, on a considerable portion of this vast coastland, sought to carry the solace of the christian religion to settlers and aboriginal inhabitants alike; and our liking and respect for him are not lessened when he arranges to officiate at "Divine Worship" on Sunday, and incidentally reveals that he is a churchman of the Old School.

"See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type;"—

yes, such "a type," or such a creed or doctrine, or lack of any doctrine at all!

We had another clergyman on board—travelling in mufti—wisely sent on such a journey for his health's sake. Even in the twentieth century, there is a type of "American" citizen who markedly suggests the type we associate with the refined and puritan English gentleman. If you believe in Canada and the British Empire, it will be a genuine gratification to you to have the assurance of such a representative of the educated classes in the Great Republic that the mass of the enlightened citizens of the States are not—and have never been—anti-British, anti-Canadian, or anti—anything that is worth while! Practical interest in the war was linked up with this gentleman's home, for travelling with himself and wife was a young daughter, who had been only two weeks married when her husband was called (unexpectedly) to his country's service in the great campaign that is to help make this earth a fit stopping-place in God's universe.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA "M. P." AND THE ORIGINAL "SKY PILOT"

On the northward trip, a number of passengers joined the steamer at Prince Rupert. One who had visited the legislative assembly in Victoria might have recognized the member for Atlin, though, like a few of the not-less-wise seat-holders there, his voice is not often lifted in debate. From which it will be inferred that, while he has now the right to aspire to be a law-maker, he is not a practising lawyer. Perhaps no circumstances afford a better opportunity of getting a fair idea of a man's real character than those in which one meets him off duty and care-free for the time being. A

familiar chat with Mr. Mobley, while incidentally revealing something of the conditions under which he had become an M. P. P. (member of the Provincial Parliament) of British Columbia, and of his views of various matters of provincial interest, also gave the independent interpreter good reason for holding that the member for that northern district is a type of representative of which the West needs more in its ruling chambers at Victoria and elsewhere,—men who will not put party before principle, and who will honestly and earnestly seek the good of the country and community they represent. This is no cheap compliment to Mr. Mobley—who, no doubt, will be as much surprised as anyone to find his name mentioned here—but an independent impression which we shall look to him to more than justify in his parliamentary career and public service.

Those who were privileged to know the Rev. Hugh R. Grant, D.D., the original "Sky Pilot," when he was minister of St. Paul's, Vancouver, or previously, will understand that it was a pleasure to have him and Mrs. Grant visit the "Princess Sophia" and spend a holiday hour "over the teacups." As can be understood, Dr. Grant's services are in demand in connection with duties other than ministerial, and when the boat called at Prince Rupert on the up-journey, he was sitting as a Commissioner at an Exemption Tribunal. Prince Rupert, more, perhaps, than any other city in the West, was severely affected by the war, but it is satisfactory to know that conditions are now improving. Recent announcements in the press regarding that big dry dock and the building of ships there, should be welcome news to all who recognize that the welfare and prosperity of any city or portion of the west beneficially affects the whole country.

Someone had been asking, "What's wrong with the Church?" and attacking it, said Dr. Grant. Such people needed to learn that it was the easiest thing in the world to find fault and condemn, and what was most wanted was upbuilding work and the preaching of the unadulterated Gospel of Christ. Along such lines spoke the original "Sky Pilot," and no one can hear him privately or from the pulpit without being impressed and refreshed by the christian spirit and sincerity of the man.

FOOD FOR BODY, MIND AND HEART

Any person who has the least fault to find with the food supplied on the C. P. R. boats (unless it be with its abundance and variety) deserves ten days or more in a German prison camp—which, from all accounts, is a kind of earthly purgatory. Even under war conditions, and assuming the traveller is "run down" in health, the provision for the nourishment of the physical frame leaves nothing to be desired, either as to quantity or choice of food. "You can rely on the C. P. R. to supply the best," was the kind of expression overheard on several occasions. In this connection it was interesting to find that the chief supervisor in the serving department was a returned soldier, who had formerly been at the same post.

It is not the purpose of this article to enter into any description of the scenery. Those who are acquainted with the beauties of the lochs in the western highlands of Scotland and of the "Lake District" in the Wordsworth country of England, may be asked to imagine those beauties magni-

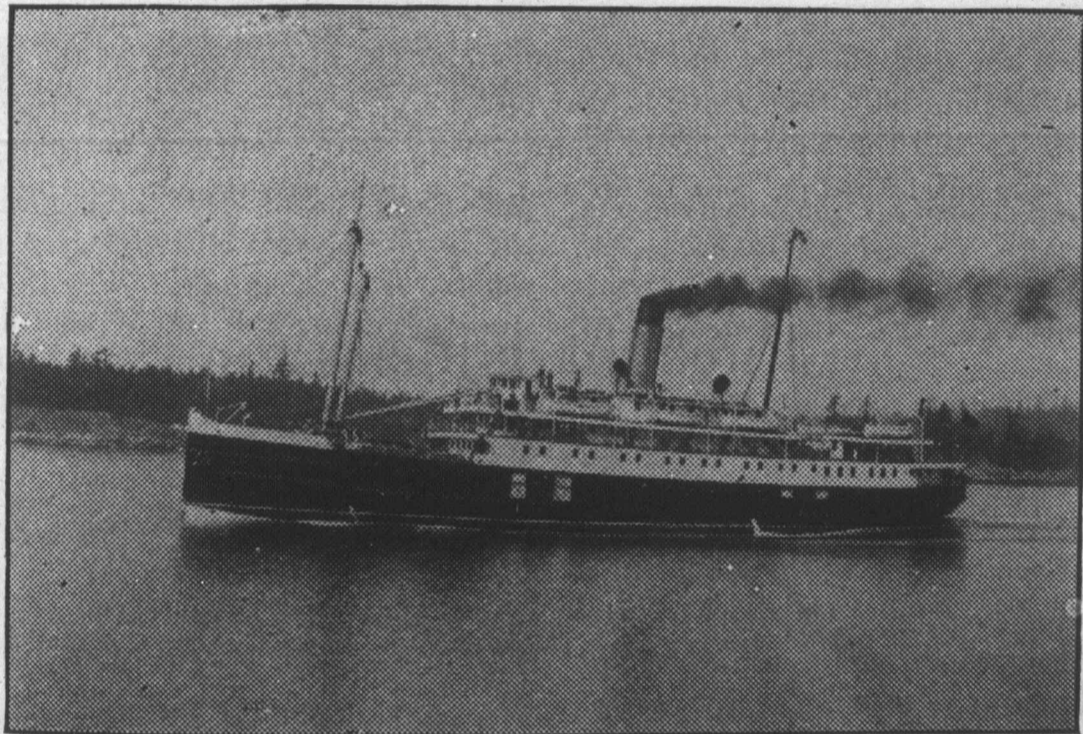
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fied (in size, at least) a hundredfold and extended in area a thousandfold. Those who have sailed up the St. Lawrence may be reminded that the western verge of empire has a water-way not less enthralling and entrancing, and more majestic in its wealth of mighty mountains.

The points of call, the stay in Skagway (or Skaguay), the trip to Bennett and White Horse, might each, in turn, justify a magazine article. No one should go as far as Skagway and fail to take the rail journey up to Bennett at least, and all the better if the traveller can go on to White Horse or farther. At White Horse it was the writer's good fortune to put up at the hotel owned by Mr. Johnston, a member of the Yukon Legislative Council, and an "old-timer" of that unassuming but mellowed gentleness which is more easily felt than described.



C. P. R. STEAMSHIP "PRINCESS SOPHIA"

THE TIME FOR THE TRIP—FOR TIRED FOLK

Officially, intending travellers may be advised to go north as nearly as possible to the "longest day," but if the height of the sun and the season have their attractions, nearer the beginning and the end of the holiday months may have compensating advantages. The "Sophia" was comfortably filled on the northward journey, and on the southward its accommodation was more taxed (though not overcrowded) with U. S. travellers—a democratic and social company—from the northern portions of Alaska, who also deserve an article to themselves.

THE BEST WAY TO GET RE-CREATION

But to those of our readers who have been harassed by the carking cares of life, who are absorbed to the limit of their energy in details of

work, no matter how worthy, we would say: If you would have eight days of thoroughly satisfying rest of nerve and brain, do not stand upon the order of your going, but telephone the C. P. R. steamship office, book a berth or cabin—get a deck one, if available, and you can stand abundance of fresh air—and we shall be surprised if, like the writer of these notes, you do not say on returning: “Everything considered, that was one of the cheapest and best trips and holidays I have had in this life, and, if it is possible for me to arrange it, I shall take that voyage at least once every year that may be left to me on this far Pacific coastland.”

To be able to talk of Loch Katrine, Scotland; song-famed Killarney, Ireland; English “Lake District;” the St. Lawrence in Eastern Canada; Norway, or anywhere else, and not to know better than all of these the beauties, the indescribable magnificence and majesty of this, our wonderful Western Homeland, is to make anew the crowning error of humanity in all ages, and miss the duty and the beauty and the opportunity at the door by worshipping only that which is afar off!

Alaska and the North should be an “every year” journey, not only to those “who can afford it,” but to all who, by a little saving, can arrange it.

Firelight Fancies

By Robert Allison Hood

Ethel sits in big armchair,
Lashes veiling gaze so dreamy;
Dark-red rosebud in the hair
Clustering round her forehead creamy
In the firelight's flickering glare.

Sure, she makes a picture fair,
Such as ne'er mine eyes would weary.
As she gazes unaware
Of the room's dark shadows eerie
In the firelight's flickering glare.

Not for me, I fear, a share
In the maiden fancies airy,
Lies behind the absent stare
Of this winsome, wistful fairy
With red rosebud in her hair.

P'raps some castle in the air
With its turrets tall and rosy
And its gardens quaint and rare,
Full of every kind of posy
And its Prince right debonair

Lies behind the dreamy stare
Of these nut-brown orbs so pretty—
Alas, for me, I have no share—
So I sit and write this ditty
While she dreams all unaware.

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Notes and Comments

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

WAR AS A LEVELLER

IN a hundred different ways this world-war has driven the steam roller over social hills and valleys and has done much to put the human family on a level plane where things are held in common. In ancient days the brilliant side of war seems to have been the peculiar possession of privileged and knightly classes. In our time the rich and the poor have been equally valiant, and the common man has won his spurs and taken his place amongst the aristocracy of the fighting line. At home there has been a remarkable recognition of the fact that the planner, whose strong brain maps out big undertakings, and the toiler, whose strong hand carries these plans into realization, are equally necessary and equally useful to the State. One result in the world of industry is the gradual elimination of the self-centred employer, on the one hand, and the chronically discontented employee on the other. The probability is that in some form there will be employer and employed till the end of time, and they are fundamentally interested in the same things and equally concerned to the end that their common country shall succeed both in peace and war. It may sound paradoxical, but there is a possibility that this war may call, between capitalists and laborers, a truce of God and give them an equal voice in the affairs of the nation. That will be the real age of the worker, because we are coming more and more to feel that every man who does anything that is useful to human society is a

worker, whether he toils with brain or with brawn. They are equally necessary and equally worthy of honor. And the wilful idler, whether rich or poor, is a tramp and should be so classed and so treated.

* * *

SOCIALISM

SOCIALISM enwraps many excellent ideas and its advocacy has served to call attention to abuses of privilege and power. But because the Socialist party in its propaganda seeks to end altogether the present economic system, it has been led into extravagances which can only be described as anarchistic. On this account Mr. Allan Benson, who was the presidential candidate in the United States for the Socialist party and polled over half a million of votes, has openly withdrawn from the party and has issued a statement giving his reasons. He does not reject a real Socialism, but he does reject the Socialist party, which he declares to be un-American and anarchistic in its tendency. He says the party is too much under the control of aliens who enunciate the doctrine that a working-man should have no country and no flag. The defection of men like Mr. Allan Benson and Mr. John Spargo may cause the Socialist party to think itself on to a sounder basis. In any case, more thinking of a constructive kind is badly needed. Recent events in Vancouver indicate that the honest working-men should have leaders who think before they act. Hasty action by thoughtless leaders puts the cause of labor backward and the probability

is that organized labor will need to disassociate itself from the taint of what Mr. Benson calls anarchistic socialism before it will come to its own.

* * *

THE GRANTS

HE has not the sonorous voice and the pronounced oratorical gift that distinguished his famous father, Principal Grant, of Queen's. But Major W. L. Grant in his address before the Canadian Club recently, gave ample evidence of possessing strong thinking qualities and the power to "stand fast," which his ancestors used to hear as a war cry in the lonely glen with its "grey frontlet of rock." Major Grant's address was a strong plea for co-operation between labor and capital under the Government. He is not afraid to be radical at times, and he has courage enough to tell any Government its duty, but he very carefully announced himself as a believer in the divine institution of government for the good of the State. All forms of government were not equally good, but some form we must have in the interests of order and the true progress of the people. Many who listened to Major Grant had known his father well in peace and war.

SILVER CUP OFFERED FOR THE BEST WHEAT

The Department of Colonization and Development of the Canadian Pacific Railway announces that it will award a silver cup, valued at five hundred dollars, for the best bushel of hard spring wheat exhibited at the International Soil-Products Exposition at Kansas City, Mo., October 16-26th, 1918. All farmers in Western Canada who have good hard spring wheat should be interested in this announcement, and it is hoped that among them will be found the successful competitor.

Page Sixteen

They were glad to feel that the Grants were still to the fore as a factor in shaping the destiny of the country.

* * *

THE RELIGIOUS BASIS

MAX MULLER'S famous saying that "man is incurably religious" furnishes another reason why a certain type of socialism is being discredited. Men who advocate socialism say that it is a theory of economics and that it has nothing to say one way or the other in regard to a man's attitude towards religion; but the fact remains that nine out of every ten socialist speakers we have heard denounce religion and ridicule the church. Any system that takes that position will not make much headway in a period in which the tremendous sorrows of war have forced even sceptical men into a realization of their need of the strength and the comfort of God.

* * *

RUDDERLESS RUSSIA

A GREAT people with many good qualities, the Russians are a standing notice to the world of the folly of allowing irresponsible adventurers to stampede a nation into confusion. But there are better days dawning.

Wheat has become a vital factor in the conduct of the war, and the Railway Company hopes in this way to encourage production of the best varieties. At the same time it is hoped this competition will focus attention upon the immense food-producing possibilities of Western Canada.

Particulars as to the exhibit may be had by addressing Robert J. C. Stead, Publicity Agent, Department of Colonization and Development, C. P. R., Calgary.

The Educational Page

THE NEW CONCEPTION OF EDUCATION

THE boys and girls of today are all too soon to be called on to face conditions and forces requiring powers of judgment and human understanding that, in the past, have been expected only from the mature and experienced. Our civilization is in the melting pot. It is a question if our national development is not going ahead of our educational practice.

Education is a public business. Every adult citizen—parent, educator, man in the street—is a trustee of our youth, and as such it is an imperative duty to examine, in their interests, all movements affecting them—to give counsels of moderation, if necessary; if necessary, to check or to aid.

If reform in education is needed it cannot come through the teaching body alone; the education of the past has created vested interests that would naturally come into focus in any question of radical change. Nor can reform come through parents alone; teaching is specialized service, whose results can be judged, but whose complexity cannot be estimated by the layman. The mass of uneducated opinion represented by the man in the street may be a dangerous force if used by the conservative to maintain at all costs the traditional in education, or by radical reformers to destroy existing systems.

Parent-teacher associations are stabilizers in the field of education, as they are today the most powerful agent of sane educational advance.

From Comenius to the beginning of this century a notable line of educational reformers have hammered

in vain at the fortress guarding theories of education evolved during the Reformation. If the conclusions of the psychological experimentation of the last eighteen years are accepted, the whole edifice falls like a house of cards, and with it much of our present-day education.

To make clear the position of the opposing camps, I take the pedagogue's liberty of reviewing and explaining.

In the middle ages Latin was the most useful study, as it was the medium of communication between the educated of all nations. As its practical value disappeared and knowledge of literature, mankind and nature increased, there arose the alternative of change in the traditional curriculum or of formulation of some theory to justify its retention. Gradually the doctrine of formal discipline took shape and rooted itself. Its ramifications in education today are myriad, and in every ramification it is challenged by the New Education.

As our educational system is largely built on this doctrine of formal discipline or transfer of training, and on the faculty psychology of the last century, this system of educational thought presents to us a question of tremendous import.

This creed sets forth that the mind is composed of a number of separate faculties—memory, judgment, reasoning, etc.—capable of being educated in their entirety: that these faculties are altered by the training or discipline they receive through study of certain well-chosen subjects of special disciplinary value: that the mental power thus generated is usable at will in all other directions.

If the doctrine that power gained in one sphere of mental activity can be transferred to another were all, there would be small ground for controversy. The gravity of the problem lies in the claim that certain subjects offer special gymnastic qualities, develop generalized habits; hence the prominence of Latin, algebra, geometry, formal grammar and allied subjects on the curriculum as special agents for developing certain faculties that put the mind in fighting trim to meet all situations in life in which these faculties are needed.

This doctrine has for eighteen years been subjected to increasingly broad and careful scientific experiment in European and American psychological laboratories, and while the conclusions drawn from investigation differ in some phases of the problem, the main contention, that transfer of training is direct and general, is entirely discredited. The computation of Sleight, the English psychologist, is that direct training is worth on an average 144 times indirect training. The implication in education is obvious. If Latin is studied for its own sake, for the high ideals and the inspiration to be derived from its literature, a healthy educational process has taken place. If it is studied to discipline the mind for some other subject or for situations in life, there is, according to contemporary psychology, great waste in learning. If, then, the conclusions of psychology are received, it becomes evident that there is no place on the curriculum for any subject whose sole recommendation is its disciplinary value.

Many notable thinkers and educators are hotly defending traditional

curricula from the menace of this experimentation, and accusing the protagonists of the new education of deliberately substituting the purely utilitarian for the cultural. I have read and listened to both sides; I have taken the theory and observed the practice to a limited extent. I know of no recognized leader in the movement for reform who condemns any subject in the curriculum except in so far as disciplinary value above other subjects is claimed for it. The standard of worth in making a curriculum is the intrinsic value of the material to be learned; denying the superiority of one subject over another as a mental discipline, it excludes none arbitrarily.

Both camps accept the definition of education as social efficiency, but the new education exacts the spirit at every step, while there is small doubt that the letter has largely ruled in the conventional camp. A socially efficient person is one who pulls his own weight, either by producing or by inspiring, directing, helping others. He does not interfere with the efforts of others. He consciously and persistently helps social progress. He develops as an individual in co-operating with others, not by telling and being told. The training that produces a cultural aloofness and indifference, that tends to perpetuate social stratification and disregard for the general welfare, is, from the point of view of the new education, as non-social as is the training received in lower walks of our national life—a life-training that has brought out in our society that other group of non-producers, lately the subject of federal legislation.

(To be continued)

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Trade Alliance Within the Empire

SOUTH AFRICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND — FURTHER OPPORTUNITIES BY WHICH CANADA CAN ADD \$20,000,000 TO ITS ANNUAL EXPORTS — SOME FINAL OBSERVATIONS IN INTER-COLONIAL TRADE FIGURES

By Guy Cathcart Pelton

NEWFOUNDLAND is so closely connected to Canada that in many respects it is regarded as a part of Canada. The taking in of Newfoundland as a part of Canada has been frequently discussed, and there seems to be a fairly strong sentiment in favor of such a union both in Newfoundland and in Canada. Newfoundland is, of course, comparatively small in population, the total population of Newfoundland and Labrador combined being less than 240,000, or somewhat smaller than the population of any one of the nine provinces of Canada.

The industry of Newfoundland has been chiefly in products of the sea and of the forest. There has been a fairly large timber production and the fisheries have been very productive. But even in the trade with Newfoundland there are some surprising comparisons. The most surprising comparison to my mind was the discovery that the aggregate trade of the United States with Newfoundland is as large as, and indeed slightly larger than, the aggregate trade of Canada with Newfoundland. This seems almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true.

The aggregate trade of Canada with Newfoundland in normal years is about \$5,700,000, of which over \$4,400,000 is in exports from Canada and around \$1,245,000 in imports to Canada. The aggregate trade of the United States with Newfound-

land is approximately \$6,600,000 annually, of which over \$5,300,000 is in exports from the United States and the balance in imports to the United States. It is surprising that, despite the close tie between Canada and the United States, and despite also the close geographical position, the exports from the United States to Newfoundland are about one million dollars larger every year than are the exports from Canada.

Of course, in comparison with the \$90,000,000 United States exports to India, or the \$48,000,000 United States exports to New Zealand and Australia, this Newfoundland total is small, but the figures are startling enough to show the need in Canada of getting after the trade which it is hoped will result from "Inter-Colonial Preferences." Practically all of Newfoundland's imports should come from Canada. At present more than 50 per cent. are from the United States.

The Union of South Africa, with a population of nearly 6,000,000 people, offers a trade market which should be especially attractive to Canadian exporters. South Africa is the newest of the British Dominions and it has already proved itself one of the most loyal. The total trade of South Africa with Canada amounts to about \$5,000,000, while the trade of South Africa with the United States amounts to approximately \$19,000,000.

South Africa spends nearly \$15,000,000 for the exported products of the United States and about \$5,000,000 annually for the exported products of Canada. While this is an expenditure every year in the United States three times as large as the expenditure in Canada, the difference is not so large as in some of the other British Dominions. United States in return spends a little less than \$5,000,000 for imports from British South Africa, while Canada spends about \$315,000 for imports from British South Africa.

The total imports to South Africa from both Canada and the United States amount to about \$20,000,000 annually, and, considering its population of nearly 6,000,000, this is comparatively small. This may be attributed to the fact that a large amount of the manufactured products to South Africa have heretofore been imported from Great Britain, France, and also from Germany. It may of course be taken for granted that the imports from Germany have been eliminated, and this means a new market open for the exporters of Canada.

In considering the fostering of the markets of the various British Dominions, these articles have not given consideration to the possibility of capturing the trade in manufactured products which these Dominions have had with Great Britain and with France. The possibilities of capturing a share of this business is of course great, but it seems more fair in the present spirit of patriotism to consider the capturing of markets which have heretofore been held by the United States and by Germany. It would, of course, naturally follow that in getting a better footing in

these markets by getting a bigger share of the exports from this continent, Canada would in time work into a connection which would frequently bring to Canada orders which would otherwise go to Great Britain, France and other countries, which are now our allies in the European struggle. However, the possibilities of increasing Canada's foreign markets without seriously affecting the markets of such countries already covered by the producers of Great Britain and France, are promising enough.

Canadian producers and exporters are not likely to ask that importers of South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, Newfoundland, India and the other Dominions, give Canada the preference to any trade which they might have had with Great Britain, but they do expect the preference to trade with America which has heretofore been given to the United States. For years and years the Dominions will all have a heavy war burden to bear, which will mean taxes of various descriptions. Even the advent of the United States into the war at the eleventh hour will not give the big Republic anything like the per capita war debt that all the British Dominions will be carrying. Tariff preferences between the Dominions and a strong "Inter-Colonial Trade Alliance" will be the easiest way of solving the problems of business financing and business expansion after the war.

South Africa is rich in minerals and is fairly rich in agricultural production. The imports of South Africa include cotton and woollen textiles, iron and steel manufactures and numerous other manufactured products. The encouraging feature

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about all the imports of these various British Dominions from the United States is this, that the products which they import from the United States are the very products which Canada does or can produce. As previously stated in these series of articles, Canada produces everything that United States produces for export trade, with the exception of raw cotton, and Canada can get all the raw cotton it needs from the United States or from British India.

The combined imports of Newfoundland, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and British India from North America amount to approximately \$170,000,000, and of these imports, less than \$20,000,000 are from Canada and more than \$150,000,000 are from the United States. Thus, if an "Inter-Empire Trade Alliance" resulted in Canada getting even fifty per cent. of the trade with the British Dominions which has

heretofore been enjoyed by the United States, we would increase our exports by \$75,000,000 annually, or amounting to approximately \$10 per head for every man, woman and child in Canada.

United States exports last year were over \$3,000,000,000 (three billion dollars), while Canadian exports were something around \$600,000,000. These United States exports were to British Dominions and to our war allies, such as Russia, Italy, France, and Great Britain. Both Canadian and United States exports were above normal, due to war orders. Normal conditions show figures more favorable to the United States. What will after-the-war exports show? That all depends on the success of the efforts to make TRADE ALLIES of OUR WAR ALLIES, and to the success, also, of increasing the trade within the Empire.

Harry Lauder's Book, "A Minstrel in France"

PART II

MR. LAUDER AND THE IMMORTAL HOPE

WITH scarcely a home in the Empire—and in this Farthest West Canada as elsewhere—unaffected by the war, and with so many mourning the seemingly untimely passing of relatives, we would not be fair to this notable book and its writer, and to the ideals of this magazine, if we did not emphasize the author's attitude towards the (to reflective minds) ever-present question of life after death. Forget for a moment, if you will, that the author is a public entertainer of whom everybody has heard, and think of him only as a strong and manly man—as this book very fully reveals him—who has undergone a sore and heart-breaking bereavement, and the story of how he faced the dark hour and fought through—was led through—is one that may well bring comfort to war-shadowed homes or death-harrowed hearts at this time of world-wide anguish. The passages are fairly long, but we believe their quotation here will need no excusing:

"I have lived through much since his death. . . . In my heart, in those early days of grief and sorrow, there was rebellion often and often. There were moments when in my anguish I cried out, aloud: 'Why? Why? Why did they have to take John, my boy—my only child?' But God came to me, and slowly His peace entered my soul. And He made me see, as in a vision, that some things that I had said and that I had believed, were not so. He made me

know, and I learned, straight from Him, that our boy had not been taken from us forever, as I had said to myself so often since that telegram had come.

"He is gone from this life, but he is waiting for us beyond this life. He is waiting beyond this life and this world of wicked war and wanton cruelty and slaughter. And we shall come, some day, his mother and I, to the place where he is waiting for us, and we shall all be as happy there as we were on this earth in the happy days before the war.

"My eyes will rest again upon his face. I will hear his fresh young voice again as he sees me and cries out his greeting. I know what he will say. He will spy me, and his voice will ring out as it used to do. 'Hello, Dad!' he will call as he sees me. And I will feel the grip of his young, strong arms about me, just as in the happy days before that day that is of all the days of my life the most terrible and the most hateful in my memory—the day when they told me that he had been killed.

"That is my belief. That is the comfort that God has given me in my grief and my sorrow. There is a God. Ah, yes, there is a God! Times there are, I know, when some of those who look upon the horrid slaughter of this war that is going on, hour by hour, feel that their faith is being shaken by doubts. They think of the sacrifices, of the blood that is being poured out, of the sufferings of women and children. And they see the cause that is wrong and foul prospering for a little time, and they cannot understand.

"'If there is a God,' they whisper to themselves, 'why does He permit a thing so wicked to go on?'

"But there is a God—there is! I have seen the stark horror of war. I know, as none can know until he has seen it at close quarters, what a thing war is as it is fought today. And I believe as I do believe, and as I shall believe until the end, because I know God's comfort and His grace. I know that my boy is surely waiting for me. In America now there are mothers and fathers by the scores of thousands who have bidden their sons good-bye; who water their letters from France with their tears—who turn white at the sight of a telegram and tremble at the sudden clamor of a telephone. Ah, I know—I know! I suffered as they are suffering! And I have this to tell them and to beg them: They must believe as I believe—then shall they find the peace and the comfort that I have found."

SCOTLAND'S PART IN THE WAR

We leave our readers to learn at first hand from this attractive book how the writer of it came to be reconciled to returning to his work, as he was urged to do. He has this to say of "my puir brave Scotland—my bonnie little Scotland!"

"No part of all the United Kingdom, and, for that matter, no part of the world, has played a greater part, in proportion to its size and its ability, than has Scotland in this war for humanity against the black force that has attacked it. Nearly a million men has Scotland sent to the army—out of a total population of five million! One in five of all her people have gone. No country in the world has ever matched that record. Ah; there were no slackers in Scotland! And they are still going—they are still going! As fast as they are old enough, as fast as restrictions are removed, so that men are taken who were turned back at first by the recruiting officers, as fast as men see to it that some provision is made for those they must leave behind them, they are putting on the King's uniform and going out against the Hun. My country, my ain Scotland is not great in area. It is not a rich country in worldly goods or money. But it is big with a bigness beyond measurement, it is rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice in patriotism, in love of country, and in bravery.

"... I do not claim that Scotland takes the war more seriously than the rest of Britain. But I do think that she has set an example by the way she has flung herself, tooth and nail, into the mighty task that confronts us all—all of us Allies who are leagued against the Hun and his plan to conquer the world and make it bow its neck in submission under his iron heel."

AT THE FRONT

How Harry Lauder gave himself unreservedly to lighten and brighten the lot of the soldiers at the front—and at the back, too,—the wounded

in the hospitals, and thousands of others resting or working by the way, as he toured behind and within the British lines in France, is related in entertaining detail. Where the regular programme was followed, "Hogge opened proceedings by talking to the men about pensions, the subject in which he was so vitally interested, and in which he had done and was doing such magnificent work." Adam would follow:

"He was a splendid speaker, was Adam. He had all the eloquence of the fine preacher that he was, but he did not preach to the lads in the trenches—not he! He told them about the war, and about the way the folks at home in Britain were backing them up. He talked about war loans and food conservation, and made them understand that it was not they alone who were doing the fighting. It was a cheering and an inspiring talk he gave them, and he got good, round applause wherever he spoke."

FOND OF THE CANADIAN SOLDIERS

Harry makes this, among other references to the Canadians:

"I was sorry to be leaving the Canadians. And I was glad to see that they seemed as sorry to have me go as I was to be going. I have a very great fondness for the Canadian soldier. He is certainly one of the most picturesque and interesting of all the men who are fighting under the flags of the Allies, and it is certain that the world can never forget the record he has made in this war—a record of courage and heroism unexcelled by any and equalled by few."

The references to Vimy Ridge equally merit quoting, but we must forbear. When we gather how hardly Harry and his company worked—giving as many as seven concerts in a day and that he sung as often as thirty-five times—it is pleasant to find this noted:

"My voice was standing the strain of singing under such novel and difficult conditions much better than I had thought it could. And I saw that I must be at heart and by nature a minstrel! I know I got more pleasure from those concerts I gave as a minstrel wandering in France than did the soldiers or any of those who heard me!"

"NOT EXPECTED TO LOVE HIS ENEMIES"

How Mr. Lauder suggests Arras "should be preserved for all time as a monument to the wanton wickedness of the Hun"—and much else—we must pass over, but at this season of special prayer in connection with the war, the conclusion of the story of the meeting with an "old French nun" is timely:

"She hated the Germans, that old French nun. She was religious; she knew the teachings of her church. She knew that God says we must love our enemies. But He could not expect us to love His enemies."

"THE TEMPORARY BIVOUAC OF MY BOY"

Harry Lauder's visit to his son's grave—"the final, the ultimate object of my journey"—is related in a way that shows how fittingly the feelings of the father were respected, and that at the same time indicates how he came through the terrible ordeal and rose above it, knowing, as he says in the above fine phrase, that "that dark grave, so sad and lonely and forlorn, was but the temporary bivouac of my boy."

Yet after that the heroism of Harry enabled him to steel his heart and lift his voice in song to cheer the men. "When a man is killed, or a battalion is killed, or a regiment is killed, the war goes on, just the same. And if it is possible for you to fight with broken ranks, I'll try to sing for you with a broken heart."

HARRY LAUDER'S MESSAGE TO MOURNERS

Towards the end of the book Mr. Lauder speaks of his return home and of the message he bore to his wife:

"I felt—and I still feel—that I could tell her that all was well with him, and with all the other soldiers of Britain who sleep, like him, in the land of the bleeding lily. They died for humanity, and God will not forget."

And we must find space for these closing paragraphs:

"And I think there is something for me to say to all those who are to know a grief such as I knew. Every mother and father who loves a son in this war must have a strong, unbreakable faith in the future life, in the world beyond, where you will see your son again. Do not give way to grief. Instead, keep your gaze and your faith firmly fixed on the world beyond, and regard your boy's absence as though he were but on a journey. By keeping your faith you will help to win this war. For if you lose it, the war and your personal self are lost.

"My whole perspective was changed by my visit to the front. Never again shall I know those moments of black despair that used to come to me. In my thoughts I shall never be far away from the little cemetery hard by the Bapaume road. And life would not be worth the living for me did I not believe that each day brings me nearer to seeing him again."

This book of "A Minstrel in France" not only gives a graphic record of a unique tour, and incidentally depicts conditions at and near the front, but reveals the unselfish and chivalrous manliness of the minstrel—who might well be made a knight in name, too—and also witnesses to the truth that

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Were all Harry Lauder's songs to be lost or forgotten, this narrative of his sojourn among the fighting men in France would itself give him a place in literature among writers whom the war has discovered and whose work will not readily die. The minstrel's story is a success as a book for the same reason—but on a different level—that his lesser writings and his personal work in song have been so wide in their appeal—because Harry puts his heart into all he does; and it is the big heart of a true man.

—D. A. C.

PARAPHRASE

(Phil. 4: 8)

Whatsoever is honest
And true as the heavens above,
Whether it be in labor, in pleasure or rest or love;
Whatsoever of justice
Dealt out by faithful hand,
To the rich and the poor alike and the stranger within the land;
Whatsoever is lovely
In retrospect or dream,
Gleaned from the past and present or what in the future seems;
And purity wheresoever
And whatsoever it be,
Whether in Art or Nature or a life that is pure and free;
With all that is well reported
And virtuous, worthy of praise;
My brethren, think on these things in the light of God's holy ways.

G. B. W.

Old and New Books Worth Reading

"PEBBLES ON THE SHORE"

"ALPHA of the Plough" is the pen-name of a writer (one of a constellation of four "formed in the early days of the war") whose short essays or "papers" on many subjects have been published in book form with the title "Pebbles on the Shore."

Five or ten minutes' time is all that is needed for the reading of one of these articles. No matter how commonplace or prosaic the subject of his comment may seem, the writer has the divine power of putting his happy spirit into what he writes, and his work has that literary fragrance and winsomeness which will attract and hold all who have within their minds and hearts that bond of sympathy which binds lovers of real literature.

"THE ROMANCE OF WESTERN CANADA"

Is it the case, as a leading bookseller alleges, that if many of the reading public cannot get a book when it is called to their attention by press notices, they are apt to forget all about it? We question that. It may apply in some measure to the people who buy and read books for amusement *only*, but those who have learned—or are learning—that life is too short for the reading of inferior books, surely make some mental note of what is emphasized as worthy of their attention, and, with the appearance of the book in the book-stores, are reminded to get their copy of the "first edition."

The delivery by shipments apart from the mail of Mr. R. G. MacBeth's book, of which there have already been several notices in the press, has been delayed—though we observe from newspaper advertisements copies are now to be had at Forsyth's and the Hudson's Bay stores.

As indicated in our previous issue and elsewhere, "The Romance of Western Canada" is a book which should be in every Canadian home—especially in the West—which would be reckoned among those having an interest in our Canadian Homeland, or Literature and Life.

"MY UNKNOWN CHUM"

We note that one of our esteemed literary *raconteurs* who brighten Vancouver's dailies had an experience the other week similar to that which happened to the editor of this magazine last summer—a thoughtful literary friend introduced him to a remarkable old book, published under a new title, "My Unknown Chum." Often we are reminded that there *is* something in a name, and it may be questioned if the new name, any more than the old one (of "Aguecheek"), does justice to the contents of this volume.

That the book is the product of a previous generation may be a strong recommendation, not on any assumption that all former times meant "good old days," but because life was a little less hurried then, literature was sifted a little more, and printers' ink was not so much abused.

"Henry Garrity," who is responsible for the reprint, in an otherwise attractive "Foreword" mentions that "Charles B. Fairbanks is the reputed author, but the records show that he died in 1859, when but thirty-two

years old—an age that the text repeatedly discredits. Whether written by Mr. Fairbanks or not, the modest author hid his identity in an obscure pen-name that he might thus be free to make his book “his heart in other men’s hands.”

The book is in two sections: “Sketches of Foreign Travel” and “Essays,” and from both alike the lover of literature can be promised refreshment.

Perhaps the best way to indicate the nature and trend of the book is to quote a few of the passages marked at first reading:

ART AND IMMORTALITY

The galleries of art need another volume and an abler pen than mine. Free to the people as the sunlight and the shade of the public gardens, they make an American blush to think of the niggardly spirit that prevails in the country which he would fain persuade himself is the most favoured of all earthly abodes. The pencil of Beato Angelico has consecrated that dead plastering, and given to it a divine life. The rapt devotion and holy tranquillity of those faces reflect the glory of the eternal world. I ask no more convincing proof of the immortality of the soul, than the fact that those forms of beauty and holiness were conceived and executed by a mortal.

(Genoa and Florence)

BEAUTY IN CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS

. . . . Religion has no need, it is true, of these visible splendours, any more than of set forms and modes of speech. For it is the heart that believes and loves and prays. But we, poor mortals, so enslaved by our senses, so susceptible to external appearances, need everything that can inspire in us a respect for something higher than ourselves, or remind us of the glories of the invisible, eternal world. I care not how simple our private houses may be, but I advocate liberality and splendour in our public buildings of all kinds, for the sake of preserving a due respect for the institutions they enshrine.

(Modern Rome)

Western Impressions

By Rev. W. Harvey Jellie, D. Lit.

NOTE: Dr. W. Harvey Jellie is a well-known writer and preacher of Montreal, and he is also connected with College and University work. Prior to proceeding to New York, Dr. Jellie is occupying the pulpit of First Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, for a few Sundays. At our request he has, on short notice, contributed these “Impressions”.—EDITOR.

THERE is something about this marvellous Western land that seems to defy all power of description. As one journeys from East to West the impression deepens of the extraordinary difference between the provinces, and yet of the deep, underlying unity. But it must appear unduly presumptuous for a casual visitor, however observant he may be,

to attempt to do more than record some of the impressions that have been made upon him in the course of a few weeks’ wanderings.

From Montreal to Vancouver is a far cry; but I have everywhere met the same ardent Imperialism, which makes it evident that the Great War, with its call for service and sacrifice in the name of the Empire and

humanity, is fusing all Canada into one, and forging another link of free loyalty between the Dominion and the Mother Country. Yet there are at the same time problems which give one seriously to think in Quebec's priest-fed, passive resistance to true British sentiment and in the unmistakable and unfettered disloyalty of aliens in the West.

But, having said this, I would like to add that in journeying westward one seems to be continually progressing toward freedom from the stereotyped methods and conventionalities of an older order of civilization towards a newer and more democratic type. That very sense of liberty, which one feels first of all on arriving in Montreal from the Old Country, seems to make itself felt again and in a vastly greater degree as one proceeds from Montreal to Vancouver. Vancouver strikes one as a freer, a more hopeful, a more aggressive Montreal. And even a very brief acquaintance with the premier city of the West convinces one that true democracy breathes a congenial air in British Columbia. The cliquishness of class seems gone, and a man is evidently valued for his own genuine worth. Here, if anywhere, it should be possible for everyone, who has an ounce of grit in him, to make a way for himself and to play his part in a splendid community.

But if I am to express an opinion about public matters as well as personal, I must say that I discern a menace to Vancouver's greatness in imperial life in a type of Socialism which is so evidently alien in origin and in sentiment that it belies every noble quality of the genuine Christian Socialism. This opinion may be possibly erroneous, but it is certainly

due to first impressions of British Columbia and is given here for what it is worth.

Moreover, a first contact with Western life serves to intensify one's appreciation of the difficulty of the problems which Canada will have to face after the war—problems concerned with the development of democracy along imperial lines; the formation of a unifying sentiment amidst vastly differing elements of population; the cleansing of political and social life, and the development of unequalled resources. And the facing of these problems will certainly call for the energy, the intelligence and the devotion of politicians, educationalists and churchmen alike. It seems as though the coming days will make the old demand with a new urgency that every man must do his duty. Hence arises the unparalleled opportunity for the churches of the West to labour in the propagation of that reasonable, mighty Evangel, which has always been the main force in the creation of citizens of worthy character.

The lure of the West is, indeed, an almost irresistible thing; and its strength apparently lies in the vast possibilities of the coming days, together with its urgent need for men.

Principal Robert Sparling, one of the best-known authorities on educational matters amongst us, has spent the month of August in attending lectures at the summer session of the University of Washington in Seattle. Mr. Sparling will write a special article on his observations there for our next month's issue. It is sure to be of great interest and value, as he is a keen observer and a student of affairs.

Abracadabra

The Wayside Philosopher

(All legal responsibility assumed by author)

THOSE who attended the annual meeting of the Returned Soldiers' Club of Vancouver could not but be surprised and pleased at the report of the year's work, particularly that portion of it dealing with employment for returned soldiers.

What a pity that a man of Adam Shortt's standing should have allowed himself to be a party to such a proceeding as the B. C. Electric Railway Commission.

Gale has tried to be a useful mayor, but to this date of writing he seems to have made a failure of the B. C. Electric question. Cheap light and power can be well afforded now by the company. The manner in which the company was allowed to achieve its ends is the feature which reflects most on Gale and others. The company was no doubt entitled to a certain increase—to what extent will now never be rightly known.

What shall be said of the Ottawa Government in connection with the postal strike? Its dilatory methods were fully equalled, if not surpassed, in their effect on the situation by the manner in which the question was dealt with after the strike had eventuated. Undoubtedly the confidence of the western people in the business ability and statesmanship of the Union Government was badly shaken.

Do we appreciate the greatness of the present age?

It will be interesting to note whether increased wages will be followed by increased efficiency in shipbuilding production.

"Felix Penne" still labours faithfully in the interests of History and Art. He seems to be more successfully arousing interest in the former than in the latter. One never can tell, however, where the good seeds fall.

Despite superior initiative in Generalship; the advantage of long preparation; central and compact territory; transportation facilities designed to aid Military manoeuvres; entire unity of command backed by a system of absolute unlimited control; Germany is rapidly reaching the point where the dullest brain can recognize her defeat. With decreasing morale and material she can still make a great show of strength, but can

one doubt that daily defeat is becoming a more maddening reality to those who seek, as they have sought heretofore, to avert sore disaster by ruthlessness?

Whenever and however the war may end, all Britons will feel proud that no violation of women or mutilation of children will have stained the records of our soldiers. The higher type of courage, that which is chivalrous as well as brave, will have won another victory—additional proof of the fact that idealism has a value all its own and will prevail!

Whatever the baneful effects of war, its stimulus to literature must be admitted.

Some of us have not yet realized that a long head is never headlong.

It is encouraging to have Vancouver singled out as a shining example of increased food production and food economy. Let us all see if we cannot do better yet!

When attention to waste eradicates the duplication and reduplication of deliveries to the same district of various stores of the same variety, the consumer will get another advantage of the H. C. L.!

QUERIES

Will those who believe a German submarine to be operating in the North Pacific please state whether it is attempting to cut off B. C.'s run of sockeye salmon or tapping the cable to find out when we all think the war will end?

If you were in the ring and could, at will, hit your opponent a blow that would make him sick and dizzy, knowing well that such would not, after all, win the fight, wouldn't you pretty well know how Hindenburg feels about the war?

When did British Columbia suffer a greater loss than in the death of Clive Phillips-Wolley?

What useful purposes are you serving:
(a) To the Empire; (b) To the Church;
(c) To the Community?

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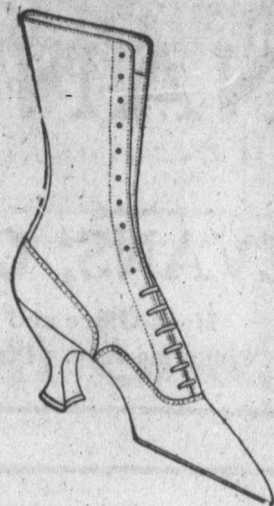
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