

**PAGES
MISSING**

British Columbia Monthly

(Continuing "Westminster Review," Vancouver)

VOLUME XIII

VANCOUVER, B. C., JULY, 1918.

No. 4

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
OF THE CANADIAN WEST

CONTENTS

VANCOUVER Y. M. C. A., CIVIC CENTRE, AND PUBLIC LIBRARY:

AN INDEPENDENT APPEAL BY OPEN LETTER TO DR. ANDREW CARNEGIE

EDITORIALS:

Criticism of B.C.E.R.
Co., Advertising, and
Bribery

Vancouver Y.M.C.A.
Campaign — and
"Strings" to Contri-
butions

The "Wherefore?" of
Degrees — Especially
"D.D.'s"

A Hint to Dominion
Governments re
Knighthoods



Photo of the noted Major and Inspector Sam B. (now Sir Samuel) Steele, as he appeared in 1885. He made a great record in the Boer War as Colonel of the Strathcona Horse. He is now in Britain, and was knighted lately for distinguished services to the Empire for over forty years.

REVIEW OF HARRY
LAUDER'S BOOK
(Part 1)

A WESTERN CANA-
DIAN AUTHOR
AND HIS LATEST
WORK

By D. A. Chalmers

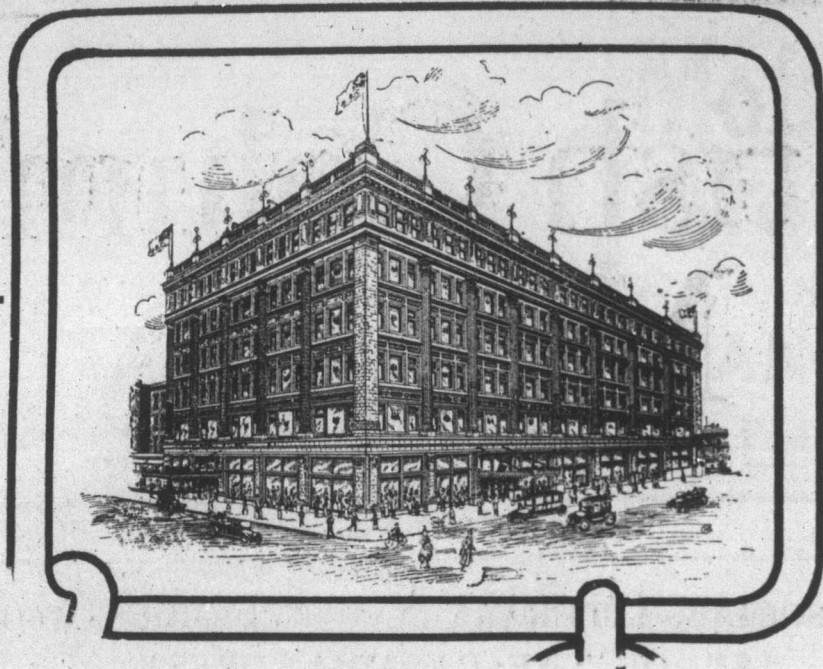
FARMERS AND CITY
MEN MEET
By R. A. H.

ABRACADABRA:

The Wayside Philoso-
pher

THE FAMOUS MOUNTED POLICE

By (former Lieut.) Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A.
(With Historic Photograph)



Our
July Clearance Sale
IS NOW ON

IT OFFERS
**Everything in the Store at
Greatly Reduced Prices**
(Except Contract Lines)

Buy Now and Save

Canada Food Board Licences	
Bakery 1482	Grocery 14590
Restaurant 4435	Confectionery 163

 **The Hudson's Bay Company.** 
INCORPORATED 1876 HENRY & BURRIDGE, STORES COMMISSIONERS



One-third of our lives is spent in bed

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING

ENSURES PROPER REST FOR TIRED BODIES

We manufacture in Vancouver the famous

OSTERMOOR and HEALTH MATTRESSES

ALSO THE

Banner and No-Sway Springs

THESE INSURE BED-TIME COMFORT

Ask your dealer about them.

The ALASKA B. C. BEDDING
COMPANY, LIMITED

VANCOUVER, B. C.

**"Ocean Falls"
Kraft
Wrapping Paper**

☐ KRAFT WRAPPING PAPER is now being manufactured in British Columbia. The mill at Ocean Falls, B. C., is turning out a paper of excellent, uniform quality, with great tensile strength. In all points it is the equal of any Kraft Wrapping Paper in the world.

Stipulate "Ocean Falls" Kraft

Smith, Davidson & Wright
Limited
VANCOUVER and VICTORIA, B. C.

TRY OUR
**Fresh Strawberry
Sundaes**

HOME-MADE CANDIES
and
FAMOUS CHOCOLATES

R. C. PURDY
LIMITED

675 Granville Street
Vancouver, B. C.

Now Is the Time to Patronize
HOME INDUSTRY

By buying Ramsay's Products you are not only supporting ourselves, but many other British Columbia factories from whom we purchase our supplies.

OUR BRANDS ARE:

Empire Cream Sodas	Empire Macaroni
Society Chocolates	Manilla Drips
D. & K. Molasses	Ramsay's Milk Chocolate and Nut Bar
Imperial Table Soup	Unicorn Peanut Butter

Ramsay Bros. & Co.,
LIMITED
VANCOUVER, B. C.

**Why You Prefer
Whole, to Skim Milk**

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

Nabob Coffee

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.

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.



Prepare for a Good Position

The demand for competent office help was never greater than today. So many men have enlisted, so many office men have been called to the colors under the conscription law, that business men find it impossible to secure competent help. Now is the time to prepare.

Success Business College, Ltd.

CORNER TENTH AND MAIN

E. SCOTT EATON, B.A., *Principal*

VANCOUVER, B. C.

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)

Subscription Terms \$1.50 per year in advance; \$2.50 for two years in advance

Advisory Editorial Committee:

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 1817 Haro Street, Vancouver, B. C.

VOL. XIII

VANCOUVER, B. C., JULY, 1918

No. 4

EDITORIAL

CRITICISM OF B. C. E. R. CO., ADVERTISING, AND BRIBERY?

ARE there publications in Western Canada that write *for* or *against* businesses or companies according as they get—or do not get—advertising from them? The question is prompted by a recent reference in the weekly hand-bill of the B. C. E. R. Company, freely distributed on the cars, in which the company's writer suggested that the absence of B. C. E. R. Co. advertising in a publication might usually be associated with criticism of that company.

This magazine had an independent editorial on the subject of the jitneys and the electric car service—which the writer was honoured to hear commended and attributed to the senior member of our editorial committee—but we do not assume that the reference had any application to us. At the same time, as a publication that has applied in the direct way of business and without any wire-pulling to be considered in connection with advertising by the B. C. E. R. Co., we think it well to note that if we cannot be used in that way without selling or in any way mortgaging our right of comment on public affairs, we shall cease to ask to be even considered.

Whether or not there are such publications as the B. C. E. R. Co. writer insinuated, the one question naturally suggests this other: Is it to be inferred that advertising can be used—and is given—by some businesses or corporations as a form of protection from criticism? That this is so in some cases was alleged in a different connection recently by a well-known Vancouver journalist, but we are reluctant to believe it.

If such procedure is practised it is on a par with the money-patronage business which, applied to political parties, makes for graft and corruption in any government, and against which we believe the best of Empire citizens of all shades of political opinions will stand more strongly than ever now that the world has suffered so much from the abuse of power in high places.

* * *

VANCOUVER Y. M. C. A. CAMPAIGN—AND “STRINGS” TO CONTRIBUTIONS

WHATEVER justification there may be for criticism of details of the working of the organization at the front or elsewhere, the main purposes of the Y. M. C. A. are excellent, and for that reason alone no doubt hundreds of citizens committed themselves as willing contributors in the recent campaign.

It may be alleged, of course, that if the *members* of the churches were fully awake—that if we had more active and practical Christianity there would be less need for such institutions as the Y. M. C. A., as the work it undertakes would be overtaken by the churches or congregations individually, as is already done in some cases.

At the risk of making an unpopular criticism of all concerned in organizing the June campaign, we must question the wisdom of the procedure whereby any executive or individual person says: "I'll give so much if you get or give so much." If the object is worthy, individual executives, like individual persons, should give according to their inclination and ability—and leave others to do the same. Sometimes it seems as if nothing can be done in the West without "boosting" and "booming" and fuss and excitement and mutual financial challenging.

Ibsen's "All or nothing" phrase is a good one, but ordinary men—who have learned the limitations of humanity and the fallibility of human nature—need to be careful about how they apply it. Surely it was a mistake to arrange for all the effort and work that were put into that campaign and at the same time make it a condition of subscription that if \$450,000 were not subscribed the hundreds of thousands promised short of that sum should not be collectable. In that connection some one—or more—blundered.

Nor was the organization of "business men" what it might have been. That churchmen should be called from their pews on a Sunday *in the midst of the campaign* to consider the question of individual churches contributing "\$100 for a brass plate," even to so excellent an institution as the Y.M.C.A., was hardly excusable, and still less so was any call on that day for men to join the campaign forces. Some men seem to think that all they have to do is to begin making a noise or publishing (repeatedly) a list of a few outstanding contributors, and rich and poor alike will vie with each other in adding to the list and committing themselves—sometimes to more than they can honestly pay! Many men want to "be just before they are generous," and in the past there has been too much competition in contributions—that did not get beyond the published lists.

If Vancouver is to have any more campaigns of this kind we suggest that organizations cease to mortgage the future, and if lists must be published to stimulate giving, it would be better to publish *only the sums actually paid*. That the business of the world is built on faith, and that we must all exercise faith daily and hourly, is a truism; but the exercise of such "faith" in an unreasonable or disproportionate way leads not merely to "stratagems and spoils," but to bankruptcies and deaths.

Let each man do his part according to his conscience and capacity. If men who have money want to demonstrate that they have it and know how to use it, let them give what they can—or care—without practically challenging others, who may not have had their inclinations, opportunities—or temptations—to make money, to do as they do.

Whatever may be suggested otherwise—or with regard to executives or individual persons at a distance—we suggest that all in Vancouver who committed themselves by card to contribute to the fund for the redemption

of the
the god
no matt
to arra
Septemb

TO
i
s
as "Do
the titl
numero
some m
his crec
research
practic
upon h
the deg

W

argue l
if given
of his c
Literat
The tit
and ser
nation

Ce
purchas
hoods a
real co

At
circulat
issue w

of the Y. M. C. A. building be asked to adhere to their undertaking, for the good of the Y. M. C. A. and the credit of the city and province—no matter who contributes otherwise—and that in every case they be asked to arrange (if possible) to give 50 per cent. of the promised sum by, say, September 1st, 1918, and the remainder before the end of the year.

* * *

THE "WHEREFORE?" OF DEGREES, ESPECIALLY "D.D.'s"

TO men who have been acquainted with "D.D.'s" in the Old Lands, it is rather amusing to find that many of our friends on the other side of the "line" (in the United States) refer to almost every minister as "Doctor"—often, of course, without the clergyman having claim to the title. It is gratifying to note that in Canada "D.D.'s" are not so numerous, and that the degree does not seem to be often conferred without some measure of outstanding merit in the recipient. Without having to his credit some special service to his denomination and generation, in research work or other service in the realm of exposition or literature, it is practically impossible for a minister in the Old Countries to have conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D., and the honour associated with the degree is correspondingly enhanced.

* * *

A HINT TO DOMINION GOVERNMENTS RE KNIGHTHOODS

WE noticed that in his "Notes and Comments" the other month Rev. R. G. MacBeth wrote against the indiscriminate conferring of titles. Notwithstanding Old-country upbringing, we care little and would argue less for *hereditary* titles. But knighthood—which is not hereditary—if given to a man without political wire-pulling and directly as a recognition of his outstanding public service in Church or State, in Law or Medicine, Literature, Art, Engineering or Manufacture, might serve a double purpose. The title might mark merit and proclaim to the world that a man's worth and service intellectually and socially have a value to the community and nation beyond the computation and attainment of the mere money-maker.

Certainly, let us continue to have knighthoods—not of the kind purchasable by the purse-proud through political patronage, but knighthoods awarded to men in all spheres of usefulness for outstanding worth and real community service.

NOTE

ADVANCING THE DATE OF PUBLICATION

At this time we are making certain changes in connection with the circulation of this magazine, and in advancing the date of publication this issue will be dated July, though consecutively it is No. 4 of Volume XIII.

The Famous Mounted Police

By Rev. R. G. MacBeth (formerly Lieutenant, No. 1 Coy., Winnipeg Light Infantry)

AT the outbreak of the Great War the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, the famous cavalry organization that had patrolled Western Canada for more than four decades and had kept its remotest frontiers singularly free from lawlessness, was anxious to get away to the front. But the Dominion Government did not think it wise to allow this remarkable body of men, whose very uniform had grown to be a power for law and order, to be removed from a vast settled area seething with a polyglot population, or from great stretches of frontier where the Indian and the freebooter may still at times require the check of constituted authority. Recently, however, suitable arrangements having been made in the meantime by the organization of something like provincial constabularies in the Middle West, the Government of Canada has issued permission to the Mounted Policemen to join cavalry corps for overseas service. Officers and men are now eagerly taking advantage of this permission to enlist, and though there may be reconstruction of the force after the war on the old lines, a chapter in Canadian history is being closed by the disappearance, even for a time, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police from patrol on the wide prairies of the West. This permitted disappearance, however, is the highest compliment to the way in which this extraordinary body of men has imprinted upon the whole country such a deep respect for law and order that it is safe now to leave the task of control in less experienced hands. It is on account of this situation that the time is opportune for

Page Twelve

some account of the origin and history of these magnificent riders of the plains.

For two centuries, beginning in 1670, the immense region of territory from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains, and even to the western coast, was under the sway of a fur-trading organization; for the free-handed and careless King Charles, at the request of the adventurer, Prince Rupert, had given him and a few associates charter rights thereto, under the name of the Hudson's Bay Company. The highly monopolistic nature of this charter was distinctly reprehensible, as was that of the East India Company in another land. But this Hudson's Bay Company proved in its long history that in the ultimate analysis of things even an absolutism may become practically beneficent through the efforts of the individuals that work it out in everyday life. The employees of the great fur-trading company were men of such remarkably high character, fair-minded, just and paternal, that in two hundred years there was never a revolt against its authority. But in 1867, Eastern Canada, having become a Confederated Dominion, desired to extend its power over the vast territories to the west, and so it came to pass that the Imperial Parliament, in view of a consideration paid to the Hudson's Bay Company, transferred the region which this company had controlled to the Dominion Government. Through some blundering (which is not part of this story) one Louis Riel, a French half-breed, led an armed rebellion of his plainsmen compatriots against the incoming of Dominion control;

but the
Garne
posse
eastern
was or
Provin
great
sand n
from t
were in
Hudso
longer
ment,
than r

PUR

Acco

Sir V
author
a bool
western
Ross r
of a r
this va
Indian
crimes
press
sellers
to gua
vent t
the bu
settlers
farm,
to evil
did we
and on
fill it.

And
Macedo
a keen
introdu
a bill
of just
police
tories.
this wa
not a
to th

but the rebellion was put down by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and Canada took possession in 1870. Only a small eastern portion of the new territory was organized, under the name of the Province of Manitoba, while the great plains stretching for a thousand miles westward, and northward from the boundary line to the Pole, were in a sense free from control, the Hudson's Bay Company being no longer responsible for its government, and Canada being little more than nominally at the helm.

PURPOSES OF ITS ORGANIZATION

Accordingly, we find that men like Sir William Butler, the famous author of "The Great Lone Land," a book written as a result of his western trip, and Colonel Robertson Ross recommended the organization of a mobile armed force to patrol this vast area, in order to keep the Indian tribes in order, to prevent crimes like horse-stealing, to suppress the legion of bootleg whisky sellers who preyed upon the Indians, to guard against prairie fires, to prevent the untimely extermination of the buffalo, to protect any scattered settlers that might come to ranch or farm, and generally to be "a terror to evildoers and a praise to them that did well." This was a large order, and only men of the best stamp could fill it.

And so, in 1873 Sir John A. Macdonald, then Premier of Canada, a keen and diplomatic statesman, introduced in the House of Commons a bill respecting "the administration of justice and the establishment of a police force in the Northwest Territories." An interesting fact was that this was to be a civil force in uniform, not a military organization subject to the Queen's regulations, but



PHOTO SHOWING SON OF CHARLES DICKENS

This historic photograph was picked up in the ashes after the Indians had burned Fort Pitt, on the Saskatchewan, in the Riel Rebellion time. The figure in riding-boots is Inspector Dickens, who was in command of the Mounted Police at Fort Pitt at the time. He was a son of the world-famed novelist, and a gallant officer. The tall man beside him is Quinn, the government agent, who was shot by the Indians in the Frog Lake massacre. In the centre is James Simpson, the Hudson's Bay Company clerk and interpreter, while on the left, with the dog at his feet, stands Stanley Simpson, who was drowned in Lake Winnipeg when trying to save Chief Factor Horace Belanger. Inspector Dickens died a few years ago.

dependent for discipline upon the personality of the officers, the *esprit-de-corps* that would be generated, and the *noblesse oblige* idea that would emerge in the course of service. And all these things in course of time actually developed. The officers were never weaklings, but men of outstanding strength; a strong sense of loyalty to the organization grew up, and the fact of wearing the scarlet-and-gold of the force was enough to impel every Mounted Policeman to do his duty and thus live up to the unbroken traditions of the organization. They did not readily conform to rigid rules of war discipline, for

when some of them went out to the South African war in the Strathcona Horse, under the colonelcy of the redoubtable Sam (now Sir Samuel) Steele, they were deficient in saluting dandified officials, but they would, to the death, obey Steele, who had risen in their own ranks and had ridden with them on many a desperate errand on the western plains.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

An interesting section of the act under which the mounted police force was organized in 1873 reads as follows: "No person shall be appointed to the police force unless he be of sound constitution, able to ride, active and able-bodied, of good character, and between the ages of 18 and 40 years; nor unless he be able to read and write either the English or French language." These men were not going on a picnic. The Frontier says, in the words of Robert Service:

"Send not your foolish and feeble;
 send me your strong and your sane:
 Strong for the red rage of battle;
 sane, for I harry them sore.
 Send me men girt for the combat,
 men who are grit to the core.
 Them will I gild with my treasure;
 them will I feed with my meat;
 But the others—the misfits, the failures—
 I trample them under my feet."

During the second Riel rebellion of half-breeds and Indians in the Saskatchewan country I served in the same brigade with detachments of the Mounted Police, and can vouch for their splendid physical strength, their tremendous powers of endurance and their unflinching stamina. Referring to their physical qualities, I recall that on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, when every part of

the Empire and every branch of the service was represented in London, about a hundred picked men of the Mounted Police went over under Major (now Commissioner) A. B. Perry. Having campaigned with Perry I had word of their coming, and meeting them at Winnipeg, saw them fall in to the bugle call after a few hours' stop-over at that point. The men looked like models for the statue of Apollo, and with the clear eye, bronzed faces and alert movement born of their clean and healthful outdoor life on the plains, they were goodly to behold. As to their moral character, when a remark was made that it was generally looked on as rather a dangerous thing to let a body of men loose amid the temptations of a strange city, Perry replied: "That has no bearing on these men, even though there was a saloon on every corner. Every man feels that the honour and good name of the force depends on his individual conduct, and so he can be trusted." And when in London, the Mounted Police won golden opinions, not only for their splendid appearance, but for their gentlemanly conduct.

NO RESPECTERS OF PERSONS

In passing, as we have touched on a phase of public life it may be said here that the Mounted Policemen are strictly non-partisan in politics and that no interference with them by politicians of any party would be tolerated for a moment. These law-enforcers are absolutely independent of any local or other influences except the commands of their officers in the line of duty, and to this in large measure is due the remarkable reputation of the force for giving every man a square deal, regardless of race or creed or colour. Mounted Policemen are no respecters of per-

THE
 sons.
 north
 try, w
 opened
 bootleg
 tion g
 into t
 shack-
 in reg
 ance o
 being
 fluence
 officer
 withsta
 quiet.
 coated
 from
 away.
 short
 nobod
 genera
 the co
 and or
 day wa
 unifor
 one of
 A.
 Inci
 told of
 Police
 straigh
 has be
 when
 was b
 prairie
 chief r
 contra
 large
 lent In
 way c
 right-
 worked
 Pie-a-
 to mo
 their
 discha

sons. A short time ago I was up far north in the great Peace River country, which has only recently been opened up to the world. Traders, bootleggers, gamblers and construction gangs were working their way into the country, and where little shack-towns were growing up, laws in regard to gambling, the observance of Sunday, and such like, were being violated, and the local influences were so strong that a local officer would have had difficulty in withstanding efforts to keep him quiet. But suddenly a young scarlet-coated Mounted Policeman rode in from the nearest post, sixty miles away. He took in the situation in a short half-hour, and as he cared for nobody and for nothing except his general orders to enforce the laws of the country, he had that place quiet and orderly and repentant before the day was out! No one who knows the uniform ever disputed the orders of one of these men.

AN "INCIDENT" ON C. P. R.
CONSTRUCTION

Incidents without number could be told of the way in which the Mounted Police tradition for courage and straightforward devotion to duty has been upheld. In the early '80's, when the Canadian Pacific Railway was being constructed across the prairie toward the Rockies, a Cree chief named Pie-a-Pot left his reserve contrary to law, and gathering a large and well-armed band of turbulent Indians, undertook to stop railway construction by camping on the right-of-way. The railway men worked up towards the camp, but Pie-a-Pot laughed at their requests to move, and his young bucks raced their ponies around the engineers, discharging firearms and acting dan-

gerously. The engineers wired to Regina headquarters of the Mounted Police, and soon an order came to the nearest little post at Maple Creek: "Trouble on the railway; tell Indians to move on." There were only two policemen at the post, a sergeant and a constable, but they rode out at once, and when they reached the Indian camp Pie-a-Pot sat smoking before his tent and laughed defiantly. The policemen rode up to him and sat on their horses, the sergeant pulling out his telegram and telling Pie-a-Pot that the police headquarters said he was to move out of the way. All the time the sergeant was giving this order, scores of armed braves circled around, discharging their firearms and backing their ponies up against the policemen, who remained motionless. After a while the sergeant pulled out his watch and said to the defiant chief: "I will give you ten minutes to start moving, and if you do not I will help to get you going." The jeers and defiance on the part of the Indians continued till the sergeant said: "Time's up!" Dismounting quickly, he threw the reins to the constable, leaped over Pie-a-Pot's squatting figure, through the tepee door, and kicked out the centre pole, bringing the tent down on the chief and his squaws. Then he told the prostrate Pie-a-Pot to pack up and get out, which he and his outfit at once did. It was all in the day's work with the police, and the names of these two men are not even known to history.

THE TYPE OF "INSPECTOR"

Not long after this, Inspector Sam B. Steele, already mentioned as having risen from the ranks, was policing the railway construction camps through the Rockies, and

while he was suffering from an attack of mountain fever his eight constables were faced by a dangerous strike of several hundred navvies, many of whom were foreigners and quite reckless men. The strikers threatened the lives of the engineers and said they would burn up the company's property. Sergeant Fury, a grim, rather short, bulldog type of a man, who later on was one of the gallant fighters in our column against Chief Big Bear, was ordered by Steele to arrest a striker who had assaulted an engineer. Fury did so, but the man was rescued by the mob. Fury reported to Steele, who said: "Go and arrest him again, and if anyone interferes, shoot him." Fury carried out both orders, but as he and another constable were bringing the man over a bridge the mob of several hundreds followed, many of them being armed. Steele saw all this from his cabin, and rising from his bed, he grabbed a Winchester rifle and ran across the bridge, where he stood in front of his few police, saying that he would shoot the first striker who tried to cross. They were amazed to see the sick man on the bridge. Someone cried out: "Look at the man—even his deathbed does not scare him!" and they soon melted away. That was the end of the strike. Later on, I remember one day that Steele, who was commanding a body of scouts with our column, suggested to me, as I was sitting in a clearing while we were skirmishing under fire through a broken country, that I should take better cover; but he himself, oblivious of his own danger, was sitting on a horse of seventeen hands and with his own colossal figure clearly outlined against the sky. Steele served with great distinction

through the Boer war, and has been recently knighted for his services to the Empire.

YUKON INCIDENTS

The services of the Mounted Police in the Yukon gold rush time, when they kept order in Dawson City and on the creeks, is one of the periods where real history reads like romance. The police, serving for a pittance a day, were proof against all the gold that men could offer in order that law enforcement be relaxed. The police protected human life, allowed no "necktie socials," as lynchings used to be called in mining camps, convoyed thousands in gold nuggets in safety to the outside to be minted, and one of them on one occasion kept two millions in bills safely in his cabin till the bank erected a safe for it. Not less remarkable—perhaps even more so—were cases of a different kind where the service was of another sort. For instance, one Corporal Smith was alone in charge of a post at Norway House when virulent diphtheria and scarlet fever broke out one winter amongst the Indians and half-breeds. Smith was nurse and doctor and chaplain and friend to every one. He hardly took any rest. He nursed the sick, comforted the dying, buried the dead, disinfected the stricken houses, in the most unselfish and devoted way. He said nothing about it, but when it was all over the word got out somehow, and he was made a sergeant in recognition.

Extraordinary, too, were the frequent instances where cases of insanity were reported in the solitudes. In one instance a constable went miles alone for an insane man whom he had to bind on the dog-sled and bring back some hundred miles or more

TH
thro
place
ness
nigh
fincl
a bli
in st
with
brou
hap.
reaso
but
posso

TI
spicu
repor
posit
inten
stati
boun
poin
land
the l
proc
Here
pora
to q
room
Mon
carr
agai
Crim
Fina

LINI

All h
Of
In fr
Wh
Treki
Of
In se
Wh
Merc
In
Her
Poi
Sea

through terrible winter weather to a place of safety. It meant watchfulness all day and practically sleepless nights, but it was done without flinching. In another instance, where a blizzard had overtaken a constable in such a case, he had to struggle with the maniac all one night, but he brought him to a post without mishap. Then the constable's own reason gave way under the strain, but a short rest restored him to full possession of his powers.

MODEST REPORTERS

The desire for display was so conspicuously absent from some of the reports sent in by constables as to be positively humorous without being so intended. One Corporal Hogg was stationed at North Portal, near the boundary, on the Soo line. These points are often a kind of "no-man's land," where liberties are taken with the law. His report of an evening's proceedings is a gem of its kind. Here it is: "On the 17th inst. I, Corporal Hogg, was called to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. I found the room full of cowboys, and one Monaghan, or 'Cowboy Jack,' was carrying a gun, and pointed it at me, against Sections 105 and 109 of the Criminal Code. We struggled. Finally I got him handcuffed behind

and put him inside. His head being in bad shape, I had to engage the services of a doctor, who dressed his wound and pronounced it as nothing serious. To the doctor Monaghan said that if I hadn't grabbed his gun there would have been another death in Canadian history. All of which I have the honour to report. (Signed) C. Hogg, Corporal." There is a rich sequel in the report of the case by the superior officer, who says: "During the arrest of Monaghan the following government property was damaged: Door broken, screen smashed up, chair broken, field-jacket belonging to Corporal Hogg spoiled by being covered with blood, wall bespattered with blood." Monaghan seems to have put up a fight worthy of his Donnybrook ancestors, but he had never come across a Northwest Mounted Policeman before. He would probably know better the next time.

It may be possible that Western Canada is now at a stage where the stern but fair methods of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police are no longer a vital necessity, but the final disappearance of the force would remove a historic and picturesque element that would be greatly regretted by the old-timers.

LINES IN MEMORY OF MRS. ALEXANDER FORBES, PIONEER MISSIONARY IN GRANDE PRAIRIE, ALBERTA

All honor to the gallant host
Of those who led the Gospel van
In frontier town and lone outpost,
Where some fierce torrent heedless ran.
Trekking across the boundless waste
Of prairie, o'er some wind-swept trail,
In search of souls, as one in haste,
Who followed hard the "Holy Grail."
Mercy's sweet angel oft was she,
In shack and hospital afar,
Her life a ceaseless ministry,
Pointing to Christ like some fixed star.

Seaforth, Ontario, 1918.

The "Lady of the Lamp," indeed,
To Indian child by fever fanned;
A strength to others in their need,
Who craved the touch of her kind hand.
She journeyed many a toilsome mile,
A friend to all, the learned, the poor;
The stranger stopped to see her smile,
No traveller turned from her door.
Such, and far more, was she, who lies
In glorious grave by Grande Prairie,
Her life a willing sacrifice
To God for frail humanity.

—H. ISABEL GRAHAM.

✓ Vancouver Y. M. C. A., Civic Centre and Public Library

AN INDEPENDENT APPEAL BY OPEN LETTER TO DR. ANDREW CARNEGIE

By a Brother Scot

Sir:—It is some time since I observed any reference to you in the press, but I trust that with advancing years your health is maintained. Months ago I contemplated addressing you on the three subjects noted, but a public event in Vancouver the other week prompts me to write without further delay—and even hurriedly.

Whatever critics may say of you and your work, your ideals of service to humanity—and their far-reaching practical results—are known all over, and it would be an impertinence to dwell on these. In connection with these ideals, however, and your work for world-peace, it would not be surprising if you have often been reminded, and especially since the world-war began, of that verse of Burns' which runs:

“Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye;”

but, as you must know well, all men, in their degree and according to their lot, have to face and fight great difficulties in working towards the realization of their ideals, and the higher the ideals the greater the difficulties to be overcome.

“The public event in Vancouver” (elsewhere referred to in this magazine) was the campaign to raise \$350,000 to redeem and complete an unfinished Y. M. C. A. building. The \$100,000 (or thereby), of which the committals fell short, is a matter which in itself would hardly warrant this open letter to you, especially as the writer's original intention—before that campaign was thought of—was to ask you to consider undertaking the completion of the whole, together with the erection of the other buildings.

The suggestion that you consider making provision for a Civic Centre is prompted by the need for a passably decent city hall, and that, in turn, is connected with lectures at the library and elsewhere. The “city hall” of Vancouver would be held a reflection on a comparatively small town in Scotland. But, of course, this is “a new country,” etc. Parenthetically, it may be noted that payment of Mayor and councillors is in vogue here. Perhaps respectable civic buildings would help toward the time when men will accept civic service for the honour of it; otherwise, progress may be made by the appointment of a city manager or controller, in place of the present system of election of a debating body.

But the Vancouver “Carnegie Public Library” might itself justify this letter. Having in former years been used with Edinburgh, the writer may be less easily satisfied, but in his opinion the library building in Vancouver does not reflect well on the name “Carnegie” nor on the name “library.” Because of the growth of the city since its erection, it is inconveniently

Y

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

situated and it is in a noisy district, and its reference room, though tolerable in some ways, is not adapted for lectures such as the librarian arranged during the past winter—with credit to himself and the other lecturers, and to the satisfaction and enjoyment of an increasing number in this far-western community whose interests include literature.

As a Scotsman whose home is in this far-west coast city of the British Empire, I make bold to ask you to have under consideration the coupling of your name with the provision of worth-while buildings for the three purposes mentioned. Lest anyone should prompt the question, "What do you want?" let me add that I do not estimate in figures, lest I should name too small a sum.

In writing thus, I have no idea how the publishing of this open letter may be received by those interested here; but I am mainly concerned in how it will be received by you. "Begging letters" are not in my line, but I have seen it reported that you hold that no man should die rich, and of course I hope the cases noted may be given consideration by you.

P. S. — As evidence of the writer's interests, etc., it might be in place to mention that, when quite a young man, he had an experience with which you were indirectly associated. The eminent Edinburgh literary man who acted as your agent in securing a secretary, not only placed him on a "short leet" from among many candidates for the post, but ultimately honoured him with second place; and as the gentleman who was given precedence was about ten years his senior, he had no complaint to make of the decision then, and he has no regrets to record now. At the time, though he held a good position at the Supreme Court, he did regret missing the opportunities of travel which the appointment promised.

It may also be permissible to add that the writer has for some years worked—not without success in the best sense—towards his ideal of service, which he reckons in its way not less important than any Y. M. C. A. building, Civic Centre, or Public Library.

Lastly, neither "clannishness" nor presumption prompts the pen-name of "A Brother Scot," but (coupled with a disinclination for self-advertisement and the feeling that the all-important thing is to *get the work done*) the belief that there are times and ways in which Scotsmen can best understand Scotsmen, and the varied ideals that are common to most of them.

A POET'S GRACE

O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For ev'ry creature's want!
We bless the God of Nature wide
For all Thy goodness lent;
And if it please Thee, heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content.

—ROBERT BURNS

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

"The days are long, the nights are drear,
The anguish breaks my heart;
But oh! I'm proud my one and only
Laddie played his part."

THE most enthusiastic of the admirers of Harry Lauder would not claim that he is a poet, and would admit that his homely lines and simple rhymes often depend for their effect on the personal emphasis of the author. But the war and the death in action of his only son have affected the world-renowned entertainer's character and career in ways that, like so much in other people's lives, could not possibly have been foreseen, and with the publication of his book, "A Minstrel in France" (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart), "Harry" is now among the authors, and among writers of war books at that.

Perhaps the best compliment that can be paid the author is to say that from the lines (four of which we have quoted) dedicating the book to the memory of his gallant son, Captain John Lauder, his writing throughout on all subjects gives unmistakable evidence of himself—his homely, hearty, genial, plain-spoken, fair-minded, quietly humorous, sensible, and now sorrow-marked self. This is all the more noteworthy because his tour included "two travelling companions of distinction and fame, one James Hogge, M.P. for East Edinburgh," . . . and the other "Rev. George Adam, which combination led to the party being named the Reverend Harry Lauder M.P. Tour."

Though Mr. Lauder does not reveal the fact, there was even more justification for the title, for, if we mistake not, the "M.P." in the case was also entitled to the prefix "Rev." The writer of this notice happens to have been one of the organizing members of the first "Young Scots Society" in Edinburgh, of which Mr. J. M. Hogge, then a divinity student or probationer there, was first president. From press reports, Mr. Hogge seems to have developed into an aggressively questioning member of the Imperial Parliament, but we gather incidentally from "A Minstrel in France" that the "member for East Edinburgh" has done good work for the soldiers.

Many people will think of Harry Lauder only as an entertainer, but he reveals himself as much more in this book.

"I'd worked in the mines before I was John's age. There'd been no Cambridge for me—no trip around the world as a part of my education. And I thanked God that He was letting me do so much for my boy."

But the father was worthy of the son:

"Well, son, I said, 'you're going home to be a soldier. You will soon be commanding men. Remember that you can never ask a man to do something you would no dare to do yourself!'"

"And, oh! the braw look in the eyes of the bonnie laddie as he tilted his chin up to me! 'I will remember, Dad!' he said."

"HAD THEY BEEN READY?"

In the third chapter Mr. Lauder makes reference to the unreadiness of Britain at the beginning of the war, the service of the fleet then, and

the work of the first expeditionary force. His question, "How many of the old British army still survive?" is followed by this due tribute and pathetic reflection:

"They gave themselves utterly. They were the pick and the flower of our trained manhood. They should have trained the millions who were to rise at Kitchener's call. But they could not be held back. They are gone. Others have risen up to take their places—ten for one—a hundred for one! But had they been ready at the start! The bonnie laddies who would be living now, instead of lying in an unmarked grave in France or Flanders! The women whose eyes would never have been reddened by their weeping as they mourned a son or a brother or a husband!"

HARRY LAUDER'S PERSONAL SERVICE

Those who know nothing of the conditions of life which make "Scottish thrift" inevitable, and whose idea of Scottish character is based on joke-column stories, may learn here how under the inspiration of noble ideals one born to poverty, who by personal effort and enterprise had amassed something of a fortune, gave, not in mere generous spasms, but unstintedly, to the Empire's cause. As he had freely and unhesitatingly given his only son to his country's service at the outset of the war, so later he counted no cash cost in seeking to call the men to the colours.

"And so I organized my recruiting band, that was to be famous all over Britain before so very long. I gathered fourteen of the best pipers and drummers I could find in all Scotland. I equipped them, gave them the Highland uniform, and sent them out, to travel over Britain, skirling and drumming the wail of war through the length and breadth of the land. They were to go everywhere, carrying the shrieking of the pipes into the highways and the byways. And so they did. And I paid the bills. That was the first of many recruiting bands that toured Britain."

But "Harry" practised his own injunction to his son. He, too, went recruiting:

"I thought, and there were those who agreed with me, that I could, it might be, reach audiences another speaker, better trained than I, no doubt, in this sort of work, would not touch."

In this connection, in mentioning that he preached the Cause of Empire in Canada later, the author quotes "a bit of verse that a Canadian sergeant sent me." From the lines, "One of the Boys Who Went," Mr. Lauder quoted effectively in closing one of his addresses the other month in the Hotel Vancouver, but we must refer readers to his book for the words.

AN IDEAL RELATIONSHIP

The fact that Captain Lauder was an only son and an only child has no doubt deepened the sympathy for, as it intensified the suffering of, his parents. But in writing this story, the father has revealed more. It seems that the relationship between father and son was ideal in every way:

"Soon he was my constant companion. He was my business confidant. More—he was my most intimate friend. There were no secrets between us. I think that John and I talked of things that few fathers and sons have the courage to discuss. He never feared to ask my advice on any subject, and I never feared to give it to him. I wish you could have known my son as he was to me. I wish all fathers could know their sons as I knew John."

THE UNVOICED QUESTION AT PARTING—AND PRAYER

"A Minstrel in France" can be recommended because of the simple faith of the author. In the seventh chapter he writes of "seeing him off,"

and suggests how the question, "Was it for the last time?" oppressed mind and heart, while outwardly a brave front was maintained:

"Aweel, we could not be telling that. We could only hope and pray! And we had learned again to pray, long since. I have wondered often, and Mrs. Lauder has wondered with me, what the fathers and mothers of Britain would do in these black days without prayer to guide them and sustain them. So we could but stand there keeping back our tears and our fears, and hoping for the best. One thing was sure: we might not let the laddie see how close we were to greeting. It was for us to be so brave as God would let us be."

Further on we learn the son in turn exercised the same spirit:

"He let no hint of discouragement creep into anything he wrote to us. He thought of others first, always and all the time; of his men and of us at home."

"THE MOST GLORIOUS DEATH"

The tragedy of Captain Lauder's death was intensified by these facts: He had been wounded previously and returned to the front. He was afterwards expected home on leave for the New Year holidays, and "his mother went home to make things ready, for John was to be married when he got his leave." His father also had his plans all made and meant to build "a wee hoose for the two of them near our own hoose at Dunoon." And on December 28th Captain John Lauder was killed in action!

That his parents rose above the profound sorrow which overwhelmed them is evidenced by such passages as the following:

"John died in the most glorious cause, and he died the most glorious death, it may be given to a man to die. He died for humanity. He died for liberty, and that this world, in which life must go on, no matter how many die, may be a better world to live in. He died in a struggle against the blackest force and the direst threat that has appeared against liberty and humanity within the memory of man. And were he alive now, and were he called again today to go out for the same cause, knowing that he must meet death—as he did meet it—he would go as smilingly and as willingly as he went then. He would go as a British soldier and a British gentleman, to fight and die for his King and his country. And I would bid him go."

(REVIEW TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE)

—D. A. C.

SUNSET AT SHUSHARTIE BAY

(VANCOUVER ISLAND)

A yellow evening light pervading all:	The winds of all the seas, should now
The rain-drenched verdure of the sea-	be furled,
girt isles	Till joyous morning break upon the
Smiles forth (as only springtime	world.
smiles)	In tuneful notes and clear the bugle
One moment ere the islets sink to	sounds;
rest,	The colors from aloft come fluttering
Pillowed in banks of mist rolled from	low,
the west.	Are gathered in, and lights the sea-
Along the channels to the open sea	men show
The sun's last level beams across the	In these far seas where war's alarms
waves	are few,
Give warning that the British flag,	Since Britain to her trust stands
that braves	nobly true.

—G. B. W.

A Western Canadian Author and His Latest Work

REV. R. G. MACBETH AND "THE ROMANCE OF WESTERN CANADA"

By D. A. Chalmers

AS "The Romance of Western Canada" will probably be in the book-stores before this magazine is in circulation, the time seems opportune not only for a reference to the book, but to the author, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A., who for two or three years has been a valued contributor to this publication and is now the senior member of its Advisory Editorial Committee.

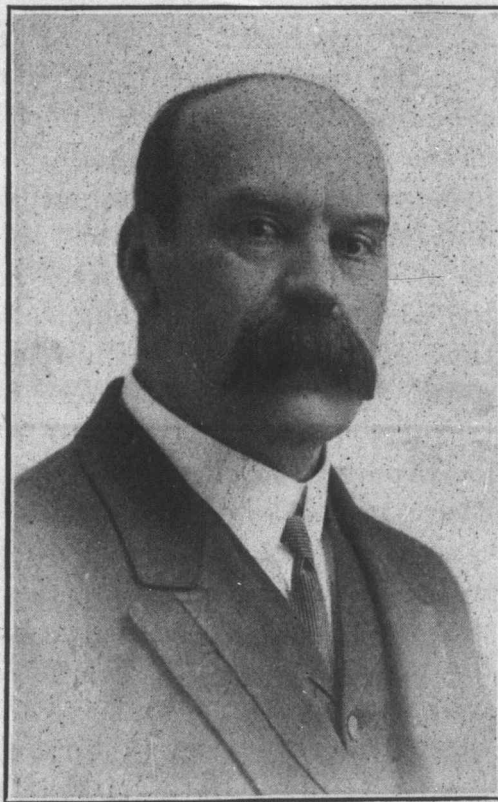
Though this magazine is now a hardy and healthy seven-year-old, and has reached a stage of development in which it is subject only to *growing* pains, the management never made any secret of the fact that the publication had had to fight for its life. For a long time many western business men were gracious towards but slow to use a periodical that aimed to serve "Social, Educational and Religious" interests, independent of "Party, sect or faction."

Many did not reflect sufficiently that if business itself is to be lastingly successful, or in any measure protected from such tragic failures as the Dominion Trust case colossally exemplified, it is necessary that sane sentiment and worthy ideals permeate a community. Even to the far western verge of Empire, however, the war is now helping to waken all but the hopelessly materialistic to a different standard of values.

But whatever be the present progressive position and future prospects of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, no one who has taken a practical concern in its journalistic and literary efforts to create or maintain in Western Canada an interest in Christian ideals, has revealed more reliability in character and conduct than the author of "The Romance of Western Canada." Therefore we gladly and gratefully make voluntary acknowledgment now of the spirit of practical co-operation exercised by Mr. MacBeth at a time when "the ideal" had so often and so long been put "before the dollar" in the publishing of this magazine, that "a business proposition" was then outside the sphere of practical journalism.

KNOWN BY HIS WORK BEFORE KNOWN PERSONALLY

The writer made the acquaintance of a former work of Mr. MacBeth's—"Our Task in Canada"—(a review of which was published in this magazine



Wadds, Photo.

REV. R. G. MACBETH, M.A.

in December, 1912)—before he met Mr. MacBeth, and the perusal of that book itself might well suggest to anyone interested in the application of brains to church problems—How does it happen that there is no honorary “D.D.” or “LL.D.” after his name? Is it possible that such honours in any of the colleges or churches of Canada are dependent—as titles have been alleged to be in the State—on the amount of “pull” and patronage that is exercised by some one or more?

WIDELY KNOWN PERSONALLY—AND READY TO SERVE

One remarkable thing about Mr. MacBeth is the wide circle of his acquaintance of men and matters affecting the life and work and development of Western Canada. There seem to be few men who have been prominent in the opening up of the country with whom Mr. MacBeth has not had contact. Of this the writer has been frequently reminded, and an incident of the other week may serve for an illustration. In a coast trip the writer met an Anglican clergyman from Philadelphia, and it happened that at the Canadian Club luncheon at which Dr. Bruce Taylor was the guest an opportunity presented itself to introduce Mr. MacBeth to the traveller from the United States. After a few minutes’ conversation the gentleman from Philadelphia mentioned the names of several friends elsewhere in Canada—and Mr. MacBeth knew them!

Partly as the result of this wide experience, Mr. MacBeth is liable to be appealed to under varied circumstances, and as those will understand who know him best, he is always ready to be of service. Recently a missionary for the Orient, got as far as Vancouver and then found he was without a passport necessary to leave the country. There was little time to see to the matter, and the western official representative of the Foreign Mission Board was out of the city. In the difficulty, the services of Mr. MacBeth were enlisted, and thanks to his knowledge of the officials—and to their knowledge of him—a passport was issued, and the missionary was saved vexatious delay and enabled to continue his journey.

As Moderator of the Chinese Presbyterian Session—which includes representatives of the city churches and Chinese associate members—Mr. MacBeth months ago did good though quiet work in connection with bringing the condition of Vancouver’s Chinatown before the authorities—without courting or providing big headlines for the press.

OUTLINE OF MR. MACBETH’S CAREER

Roderick George MacBeth was born in the famous Lord Selkirk Colony of the Red River, in what is now Manitoba, and his parents were both from the Highlands of Scotland. Educated in Manitoba College and University, Mr. MacBeth was an Honour Graduate (and medallist) in Classics. He afterwards took the full course in law and was admitted as barrister and solicitor in Winnipeg, where he was in practice for about a year before he heard the call of the ministry. During his student days he served as lieutenant in the Riel Rebellion campaign, for which he has the medal and clasp for action. He took his first year in theology at Princeton, New Jersey, under some of the most noted teachers of that outstanding institution, but returned to Winnipeg to finish his course.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

After mission field experience he was called to the important charge of Augustine Church, Winnipeg, where he had a most successful pastorate, leaving the church free of debt and a large contributor to missions. From Augustine he came to First Church, Vancouver, and here also he did specially good work.

He left Vancouver to take up work in Paris, Ontario, and his record there was one of unqualified progress. During his pastorate considerable improvements were made in the church property, nearly all the debt was cleared off, and the givings to missions quadrupled.

Over three years ago Mr. MacBeth came west in connection with the Church's new programme of Evangelism. He made a trip to the Peace River country, and his letters upon that experience—published throughout Canada—attracted wide attention. Later he was called to St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, the pastorate of which he still retains.

Mr. MacBeth has written much for the papers and the magazines, but he has previously published several books, including "The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life," "The Making of the Canadian West," and "Our Task in Canada."

NOTABLE WORDS BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

With our knowledge of Mr. MacBeth, and our experience of his readiness to serve ideals unconditionally, and when there was no prospect of a monetary value being attached to the work, it was with more than ordinary satisfaction that we recently read the introduction for Mr. MacBeth's latest work, "The Romance of Western Canada," written by Sir John Willison, Canadian Editor, London *Times*. The following paragraphs from that introduction will indicate how strongly the book should appeal to all interested in their native or adopted country:

For this story of Western Canada posterity will be grateful, and we of this generation will read and praise, and perhaps realize more fully that there is heroic romance in the far past of our history. It is written with vigour and decision, and carries the authority of research and knowledge. For such a task Rev. R. G. MacBeth has peculiar qualifications. As he tells us, his father came out with Lord Selkirk's third group of settlers in 1815, and he was born in the Selkirk Colony before Confederation. Nowhere else have we such an intimate story of the long conflict between the rival fur companies or such a clear revelation of the characteristics of those brave and enduring Adventurers who held the West for the British Crown and laid the foundations of a commonwealth in loneliness and sacrifice, in sweat and blood.

THE SCOT IN HISTORY

As we read the story of the Selkirk Colony and the Hudson's Bay Company, and think of Prince Rupert and his Adventurers, we realize how much of Scottish spirit and Scottish energy were inwoven in the beginnings of Western Canada. So indeed it was in Ontario, and even in Quebec, where so many Scottish names are borne by those who speak the French tongue. Lord Rosebery once said that "if Scotland were not great the Empire of all the Britons would not stand where it does," and a writer in one of the leading English journals, dealing with Lord Rosebery's statement, said: "The peculiar point about Wallace and all the Scotch heroes is that the most English of us are all on the Scotch side when their names are mentioned. For them we are as aggressively patriotic as though we belonged to the smaller nationality. In reading their history we become traitors to the English cause. We are caught by the glamour of the romance. It is a reversion of sentiment probably unique in history. Our sympathies all go astray directly we touch the Scottish story. From childhood our romance is Scotch, and it is all the doing of the great Scotch writers that our patriotism is perverted." The writer goes on to speak of the Scotch as "a separate and

distinct people, so small, yet so full of character, so valuable in the history of the whole Empire and the world."

This is very true of Scotland. In a wider sense this is true also of Britain. Britain's dead heroes become the objects of the world's veneration. Britain's living heroes are too often the objects of the world's suspicion. As England fought Scotland and Scotland did not yield, so the world has fought Britain and Britain has not faltered. Hence, as the English take the great ones of Scotland to the heart, so the great ones of Britain lie close to the heart of mankind. In the history of the West, Prince Rupert has no significance. In so far as he has any relation to Canada he is only an Adventurer. That he and his associates once had a potential sovereignty over all that wide land we take as legend rather than as fact. One feels, too, that sober of spirit and stern of heart as were the Scottish puritans of the Selkirk Colony, like all the race, deny it as they may, they had a vagrant love for the Stuarts.

* * * * *

THE ROMANTIC BEGINNINGS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

At least as interesting and romantic as those chapters which trace the growth of settlement and development in the prairie provinces is that which goes back to the early explorers of the Pacific and the romantic beginnings of British Columbia. Here again the story is Scottish. Over all is the glory of Scottish adventure and Scottish endurance. Mackenzie, Fraser, Thompson, Douglas and Campbell all savor of Scotland, and we think again of Lord Rosebery's fancy and Scotland's genius. A portrait of singular interest is that of Sir Matthew Begbie, who amid unsettled and sometimes turbulent conditions gave to British law on the Pacific an authority which no one dared defy and a practical equity which no one could dispute.

Valuable chapters describe the religious and educational institutions of the West and the processes by which they have developed. Here, too, are names which had the respect of their own generation and will command the reverence of posterity. All through his book Mr. MacBeth is tolerant and judicial. He seeks no ground of quarrel and rarely imputes doubtful motives. The book is by no means colourless, but the writer thinks of what has been achieved, and is grateful. He refuses to stir the ashes of old controversies or to obscure the achievements of great men by too much grieving about faults which are common to us all.

EAST AND WEST—AND VALUE OF VISITING THE MOTHERLAND

But it is not my purpose to follow Mr. MacBeth's vivid story of the birth and growth of Western Canada. There is life in the book, and balance and authority. It is as vital that we of the East should know Western Canada as that our history and our spirit should be rightly understood in the West and truly interpreted to its people. That East is East and West is West would be unwise teaching for the commonwealth. As no one can fully comprehend the dignity and the responsibility of British citizenship until he has visited the Mother Islands, stood in the Abbey and in St. Paul's, touched hands with Britain's mighty past, and felt the very presence of the infinite forces which beat and throb in the marvellous life of old London or in such great industrial communities as Manchester and Birmingham and Glasgow, so one cannot know the significance of Canada and Canadian citizenship until he has crossed the wide plains of the West and has seen the pioneers of many tongues and races setting ever outward the landmarks of British civilization.

A vast new land half-wakened to the wonder
Of mighty strength; great level plains that hold
Unmeasured wealth and the prophetic thunder
Of triumphs yet untold.

A land of eager hearts and kindly faces,
Lit by the glory of a new-born day;
Where every eye seeks the far distant places
Of an untravelled way.

Oh, generous land! Oh, mighty inspiration
That floods the morning of the world to be!
Thy people are the builders of a nation
Lofty, benignant, free.

Farmers and City Men Meet

By R. A. H.

THE recent convention of the farmers of the lower mainland in Vancouver in response to an invitation from the Board of Trade of that city to confer with it on matters of mutual benefit, may well mark the beginning of a new era for agriculture in British Columbia, wherein will be found a new spirit of co-operation and helpfulness between city and country. The addresses and discussion that took place at the luncheon in the Hotel Vancouver and at the adjourned meeting in the Board of Trade rooms the same evening were not only most interesting and helpful, but showed a real desire on the part of both entertained and entertainers to get together on a common ground of mutual interest.

Provincial governments in the past, it would seem, have never fairly recognized the fact that in Vancouver Island and the lower mainland of British Columbia the settler on the land is faced with peculiar difficulties which are not common to the prairie farmers. The greatest, of course, is the extraordinary growth of timber and underbrush, which makes clearing the land a labour of years unless this is done in a wholesale fashion and with proper machinery. Many and many a good settler has tackled the problem and had to give up in despair, who might have been saved to the productive energy of the province if he had been given a little of the right kind of assistance at the start — if, for instance, he might have had a certain proportion of his land completely cleared by a government clearing outfit equipped

with the very best machinery. The net cost could have been made a charge upon his land, payable, say, in twenty yearly payments, at a reasonable rate of interest. The money borrowed on the credit of the government would have been safe enough, and the province would have benefited as well as the settler. It is to be hoped that as soon as war conditions permit, the mistakes of the past may be rectified and a more vigorous and enlightened policy may be followed along these lines. There are hundreds of abortive farms along the Fraser Valley on which now it is impossible for the owners to make a living, but which if they had a few more acres each cleared up on them, would produce at least a competence if properly worked.

The use of sheep for clearing the lands on which the timber has been logged off was also brought up, and a resolution passed urging the business men to arrange for the sale of sheep to the settlers on security of lien notes. If the government could also assist in clearing up these logged-off lands sufficiently to make them useful as pasture and to supply free range for stock, it would be a regular boon to the settlers as well as a source of wealth to the province in the increase of the livestock industry which it would promote.

The sooner it is realized that in connection with our agricultural development a cheese-paring policy is the poorest economy, the better it will be for us all, whether country folk or city people.

Abracadabra

The Wayside Philosopher

THE Vancouver Bar Association has been infected with the "get-together" spirit and several very interesting meetings in the nature of informal banquets held. The result of these conferences in simplified procedure under the "War Relief Act" and other useful suggestions to Legislature and Benchers foretell great future service to the Bar and the public.

Those of us who felt that Ottawa was mis-handling the Quebec situation will have to acknowledge cheerfully that the Federal Authorities have at length succeeded in enthusing the French Canadians with that war spirit which is so befitting such a gallant and chivalrous race.

Ottawa's success with the Quebec situation gives hope that even at this late date there may be an effective handling of the "Alien" and "Alien Enemy" situations. So far as the latter has been touched only weakness, irresolution and a maudlin fear of doing something "Un-British" has left our enemies in Canada free to assist our enemies abroad and hinder our efforts to win the war—all in a manner very discouraging to most people.

To conscript all Aliens of German, Austrian, Turkish or other enemy-origin and put them to work wherever required at \$1.10 per day and keep, paying them from this sum the 25 cents per day paid to the British people held by Germany and retaining the balance to meet the costs of the war as far as it may, would seem the very lightest treatment that could be meted out to them. Proper work could be ensured by sufficient punishments without at all emulating those cruelties that have disgraced the German name for all time.

There seems no reason why all Aliens of these origins naturalized since 1875 should not be included in the number of conscripts. In some quarters there has been a mawkish fear of taking any measures such as internment, etc. with a naturalized British subject. Even our good friend H. H. Stevens was, at one time, guilty of sympathy with such a view.

Whatever one may think of the American people and their general attitude toward the war since it began, it cannot be denied that they are in a measure, at least, atoning for their lack of an early response to a World-appeal by active and comprehensive

measures to ensure the performance of their share of the Allied work in the future.

While such measures as the new Vancouver "Fish Market" may assist somewhat in alleviating our meat situation, Ottawa could quite simply remedy the matter by limiting the profits of Cattle-Kings. When any man gets more out of each pound of beef sold than the producer and retailer together (when he does not act in the latter capacity himself) "there is something rotten in the State of Denmark." The gift of an occasional aeroplane should not blind the Government to its duty.

Willison is not the only Canadian Journalist who might write of public men and matters as he knew them. Vancouver could furnish, at least, one whom many think would be not less than Willison's equal. No doubt our historical knowledge of our own land could be greatly increased by such work as these and others might and should do.

No one will begrudge R. G. MacBeth his new literary honours, least of all a Vancouverite.

QUERIES

What greater sense of self-respect could any public board show than did the School Board in its recent apology to the teachers concerned for the trouble caused them?

Why not abolish those secret Reports?

Does "The Buzzer" consider it is doing the B. C. E. R. Company a service by constant complaints over the Company's ills?

"Have you strung your soul to silence" these wonder days of nature?

Has the war blinded you to the fact "that the All-great is the All-loving too?"

Shall we not be proud of a University Principal with Bruce Taylor's viewpoint of a University's proper attitude toward the war?

What Canadian poet have you read since our last issue?

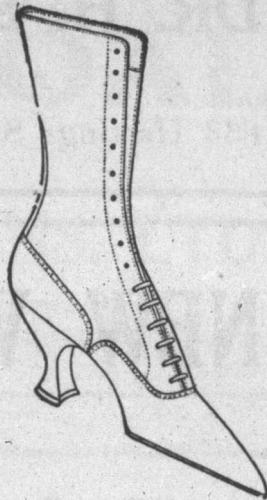
Are we one and all "daily climbing Sinais" without recognizing the fact?

Are you certain you view Ireland's troubles with the same kindly sympathy you give other matters?

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"

Pure Silk Stockings for Women

Fine Quality Pure Thread Silk Hose, made with lisle sole and lisle garter top, in black, \$2.25.

Also a heavier grade similar to above, \$2.50.

Fine Grade Pure Silk Hose, reinforced toes and heels, double garter top, in black, \$3.50.

Gordon Drysdale
LIMITED

575 Granville Street

The Telephone Every Time

Summer days are business days. With longer daylight one wishes to do as much as possible. Have recourse to the telephone. With its assistance, you can crowd much work into few hours. It will save you money as well as time.

Or, perhaps, you have recreation in view and want to get through with the day's duties. Again, the telephone is the one great assister. Long calls or short calls, it's conversation—action every time.

**B. C. Telephone Company
Limited**

DR. H. E. THOMAS - DENTIST

Appointments by phoning Seymour 3848

633 Hastings Street West

Vancouver, B. C.

NEW WELLINGTON COAL

BEST BY TEST

Kirk & Company, Limited

929 Main St., Vancouver

Phone Sey. 1441 and 465

A. P. Slade & Company

Wholesale Fruit and Produce Merchants

We Solicit Your Consignments of Fruit and Vegetables

VANCOUVER

ABBOTSFORD

SARDIS

VICTORIA

PRINTING—CATALOG, BOOKLET AND COLOR WORK BOOKBINDING

THE SUN JOB PRESSES



"Printing up to a Standard"

137 Pender St. West Vancouver, B. C.



LOOSE LEAF WORK

ENGRAVING

EMBOSSING

Center & Hanna, Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1893

PERFECT FUNERAL SERVICE

Private Exchange Seymour 2425

New Location: 1049 Georgia St., Vancouver

THE
NANAIMO COAL

"IT'S THE QUALITY"

EVANS, COLEMAN & EVANS, LTD.

Head Office and Wharf,
Ft. Columbia Ave. Phone Sey. 2988

Up-town Office,
407 Granville St. Phone Sey. 226

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

Carried by

MORE & WILSON

LIMITED

Suits, Coats, Hosiery,
Sweaters, Dresses,
Blouses and Whitewear,
Corsets, Neckwear,
Underwear, Furs, Millinery,
Infants' and Children's Goods

556 GRANVILLE STREET

Phone Seymour 5126
Connecting all Departments

EMPRESS

THE STAMP OF QUALITY

AND THE

GUARANTEE

OF

SATISFACTION

IN

COFFEES

TEAS

JAMS and

PICKLES

ASK YOUR GROCER

EMPRESS MFG. CO. LTD.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

LEATHER GOODS STORE

FOR USEFUL, DURABLE, ATTRACTIVE GIFTS

Ladies' Hand Bags a Specialty.

Large Selection of all kinds of Travelling Goods

J. F. BURNS

519 Granville Street Phone Seymour 2114 Vancouver, B. C.

To MR. HEAVILY OVERTAXED BUSINESS MAN,
VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER, B. C.

— and —

MR. ASPIRANT ELSEWHERE FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA
BUSINESS:

Is Yours the Leading Firm in Your Line?

We do not employ "story-telling" advertising agents whose one concern is to "get all the advertising you can—never mind how you get it or what it's like."

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?

As soon as increased advertising business permits, we shall publish a larger magazine and also re-open our department of "Independent Impressions" of "Businesses Worth While."

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!

TERMINAL HOTEL - Bowen Island

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