

Reid, R. L. (10-1921)
2nd Floor, Yorkshire Bldg.

Established 1911.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

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

Volume XVII

DECEMBER, 1920.

No. 3.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MINISTER — BY D. OGILVIE, M.A.

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(Is your house a HOME?)

"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

The Boy Scout Movement

Why B. C. Citizens Should Support It.

(By J. Lockington).

Ten years ago in the Liverpool Gymnasium, England, the writer had the privilege of hearing Lt. Gen. Sir Robert Baden Powell, K.C.B., outline his Boy Scout plan, which was briefly: A work and play scheme to interest boys, to develop character, to give self-reliance, to make good citizens and to do all this on the right principles of truth, honor and service.

As the plan of "B. P." became more generally known and tried, many parents, teachers and clergymen—who love boys and their enthusiasms, and who thus keep their own hearts young—began to see what a wonder-working plan it was and how successfully it gripped and maintained the interest of their boys. The home, the school the church had all had their schemes—partially successful or not wholly despairing—of controlling the boy at the age of his restless activities and they recognised in B. P. a leader who had seen a vision of possible world wide usefulness among boys.

His broad-minded, fresh and original plan appealed to their enthusiasm as it has appealed to many other thoughtful men ever since. They have been delighted to follow his vision, and to help him to realise his ideal. His plan, in little more than ten years, has developed into a system of world-wide success, attractive to boys everywhere, for it makes them manly and trains them in the practical adaptabilities and pursuits of life. It has become the greatest of all educative influences, welcomed by the boy.

The system catches the boy, grips him, holds him and uses all his superabundant energies in pleasing play-tasks and occupations such as he loves. It is continually and practically educative and brings out what is best in him, physically, mentally and morally, for he steadily improves his sports and games, he steadily strengthens his own character by his individual and team work and he unconsciously develops his innate power for unselfish good and right action, because his oath binds him to truth, honor and service for others.

After passing his preliminary scout tests—and qualifying as a second or first-class scout, he sets out with great joy to win one, four or more, proficiency badges. These coveted decorations make him rank as a King Scout and are worn on the right arm of the well-known uniform. They are awarded after examination and shew practical and versatile knowledge of handicraft subjects, chosen by the wearer, or by his Scoutmaster. The qualities necessary for the winning of these badges—perseverance, emulation, and self-education, inspire not only to successful life work, but prepare and train the student to accept in manhood the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

National greatness is the growth of national truth, honor and service—and it is because Canada has seen the vision during the War that it will support from coast to coast this work of good citizenship training. Read the Boy Scouts' Association's excellent manual, "Handbook for Canada" and learn all about the work, then send your yearly subscription, two or five dollars, to any one of the executive committee.

The local Executive Committee for Vancouver and District are: President, Brig.-Gen. V. W. Odlum, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., 474 Granville Street; vice-president, Mr. A. McCreery, 322 Richards street; District Commissioner, Lt. Col. W. D. S. Rorison, M.C., 207 Hastings W., assistant district commissioner Mr. F. W. Bates, Chesterfield, N. Vancouver; Committee, Mr. G. A. Campbell, 500 Beatty street; Mr. G. S. Harrison, Union Bank, Hastings and Seymour; Mr. J. Lockington, Vancouver Grammar School, 1409 Beach Avenue; Mr. C. G. Pennock, 597 Hastings W.; Mr. G. Rorie, C.A., 626 Pender W.; Rev. N. Sykes, M.A., Chesterfield School, N. Vancouver; Treasurer, Mr. H. C. Chiene, C.A., 626 Pender W.; Secretary, Mr. C. R. B. Parkinson, 411 Carter Cotton Bldg.

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“Christmas Suggestions”

(By Emily Wright).

What a good thing it is that Christmas comes at the end of the year! Had it been a month later all our good resolutions would too soon have gone for nought. Perhaps that does not apply to you, nor even to me, for probably neither you nor I ever make any resolutions good or otherwise. But think of the Prohibitionists and the Moderationists. These two great bodies of thinking people are the two most guilty of making resolutions, consequently they are the biggest breakers of them. What good Prohibitionist cannot be inveigled at Christmas time into partaking of a glass of his hostess' rhubarb wine, which is a highly "headyfyng" drink, to say the least of it? The Moderationist is, of course, entitled to one drink—stronger, if that is possible, than rhubarb—else what would be the good of being a Moderationist? If he be tempted to have two, then he becomes equally as bad as his friend of the rhubarb.

But why do they want to have a drink? If they don't want to, why do they? Why does the hostess insist? Simply because they are all glad and happy, and want everybody to have a good time.

Christmas is the period of relaxation, of forgetfulness of the hard knocks of the world; it is the great time of rejoicing because it commemorates the greatest event that ever took place in the world. No one can be happy unto themselves; they must give out, give out, give out. Hence the spirit of "giving" is so large and fine at this season of the year that it becomes contagious and infects Jew and Atheist, and even John Chinaman as well.

Fun and frivolity may be the order of the Great Day, but what ordeals harass our very existence in preparing for it. To the schoolboy there is always the bogey of the Christmas exams, the horrible feeling of uncertainty about them, but no one knows, whether consciously or unconsciously, how to treat the result of them more philosophically than he himself. Then, to be sure, there is always the blessed relief of the holidays to follow which makes up for all other discomforts. The delightful hints he can give about Christmas presents are decidedly illuminating. He shines in the innocent pastime. The number of things he has been content to do without during the past year is appalling. When you have just got to the pitch of wondering whether to buy him a set of Mark Twain or a set of boxing gloves, he upsets your ideas again by the brilliant remark that his best friend has just received a Ford runabout, to keep him from borrowing the family Hudson Super Six. Parents are the most credulous and most easily imposed upon people in the world at Christmas time. But we, you and I, like to lend ourselves to the pleasant deception, do we not?

The lot of the sales clerk is not an enviable one at all. Indeed, she is greatly to be sympathized with, as she endeavors to advise you what to buy for little Jimmy away over in England. Not having seen Jimmy yourself, you strain your brain to the fever point, as you try to recall through the long decades of years just what Jimmy's father was like at that age, and the kind of things for which he cared. Poor Jimmy! Personally, I have always found that method a mistaken one, especially as I invariably find that Jimmy's father was long past that age before I was born. That the sales clerk is not bored to extinction is no fault of her customers. But Christmas day comes and she is happy. She lies in bed half the day to recuperate, and then rises and works like a slave helping to cook the Christmas dinner and prepare for the evening party. The day passes only too quickly. The mistletoe has not witnessed half enough fun. The girl is not satiated with happiness but hungry for more. Ah, well!

Who can tell? Perhaps she will not be a sales clerk next Christmastide.

The theatres, particularly in the large cities, greatly contribute to the happiness of their patrons. Speaking about theatres, I might here digress to say how differently they are viewed in British Columbia compared with England. In the latter country there are numbers of people who regard them as vile places for which his Satanic majesty is directly responsible, and believe that the frequenters of such either are already his satellites or soon will be. Now, I am not saying a word against those people. I number and value too many of them amongst my friends to do that. But this is the funny part about it. Certain of these people have come out here, and they have immediately fallen into line and have gone "with the crowd" to the theatres. Their excuse is that things are different here. Everybody goes. There's no harm in it at all in Vancouver. I cannot for the life of me follow their reasoning. Surely, if it be wrong in England, it is wrong in Vancouver. I remember, shortly after my arrival here, being at a party at a minister's house. One of the games was that each gentleman should choose a lady for a partner. Then the whole party was to form a procession and parade, arm in arm, through the rooms on the ground floor and tell each other "fish" stories or "fishy" ones, I forget which. I fell to the lot of an elder of the church. It was just my luck. A kind of timidity fell upon me, too. I couldn't think of any suitable story to tell to a wiry, hard-headed, strict, Scotch Elder of the Presbyterian Church. I don't think he could think of one, either, suitable for so insignificant and shrinking a thing as myself. He looked down upon me, at last, from his great height and said: "Have you been to theatre this week, yet?" Ye gods! I was amazed, but was forced to answer, "No." "You should go, it's great," he said. There was a twinkle in his eye. I did my best to answer with one in mine. Doesn't a "twinkle" make a difference? Previously to this evening I had had the painful experience of listening to this man making speeches on the public platform, when he so wiggled and wriggled himself about that he reminded me of nothing on earth so much as an animated corkscrew. He might well have been the originator of the "shimmy." Had he been in kilts the effect would have been perfect. He was not in his element at all. But tonight, he was different. After a moment I impulsively said, "I didn't think Elders of the church went to theatres." He smiled a real superior smile and told me he made it a practice to go once every week. "This is a big country," he added, with a wave of his other arm, "we are a broad-minded people." So if any of you want an excuse for going to the theatre, I should think that of the Scotch Elder is as good as you could get. But don't look into it too closely.

Now, I have digressed so far from what I really set out to say about theatres that I am afraid I shall have to let it go altogether. I think, however, I ought to tell you of a letter written by a Frenchman some time ago in the Daily Mail. Not that it has any relation to my primary object, it hasn't. In it—the letter, that is—he said that he had been to England on business frequently, and had come to the conclusion that all Englishmen were fit for was business. They did not seem to have any fun nor want it, and were quite devoid of any sense of humor. They were stolid men and lead a dull, drab existence. But this particular time he was in England during Christmas week, and one evening he turned into Drury Lane Theatre to see the pantomime. The performance had not been started for more than five minutes when he changed his mind. He said he saw staid Englishmen rocking with

laughter at the ridiculously funny absurdities said and done. When George Robey, dressed as an old woman, came running on to the stage pursued by the villain, turned and shouted, "Oh, you cow-yard, you!" the Frenchman said that men and women laughed like children—they laughed until they wiped the tears from their eyes. He laughed, too, and enjoyed it as much as they. Many other instances he gave and little incidents he picked out from the performance to prove how mistaken he had been. I have often wondered at his erroneous idea of English people. The reason for it may be that the Englishman adheres more nearly than the Frenchman to the maxim that there is a time and place for everything.

I am afraid that it is time for me to bring this article to a close, but cannot do so without saying that all our real happiness comes from the Source of all Good. We must remember that the over-laden mails, the Christmas hampers, the anxiety that not one shall be forgotten, the family reunions, the overwhelming desire to give happiness, all have their origin in "Him" who "went about doing good." He spent His life doing good. And we? Well, some of us make one big effort because it is the custom, and then forget all about it until the time comes to make another, which is not doing all we might. Better that, however, than to be like old Scrooge and do nothing at all. If there be any Scrooges in British Columbia, may all the ghosts of the Dead Past haunt them until they pour out their wealth upon the needy, and may the Phantom of the lonely Future so affright them that they will call out in their extremity, as their soul is at last being born, for their neglected friends to take them into their hearts. Do I hear you say you would not open your heart to your particular Scrooge? Surely not, especially at this season of the year. The words "peace and goodwill" haunt you at this time as the ghost of the Dead Past haunted Scrooge. The spirit of the words fills your heart, brightens your countenance, permeates the very atmosphere. You would not, you could not, deny your hand, your heart, your home to your Scrooge, whatever his faults may have been, if he would only come.

Spend Christmas Day as you will. Go to church if the bells call you; go to the football if your thoughts be there; go to the theatre or the dance if they attract you; but wherever you go, take the big, broad spirit of the Son of Man with you. Be generous, not necessarily in presents, but always in love and sympathy, in kind thoughts and tender feelings. Eschew pride and selfishness, ill-will and harshness, and enter into the fuller meaning of what the birth of the Christ means. Arise on Christmas morning with that glorious, tingling sensation that tells you something grand has happened; arise, with that happy buoyant spirit that cries out:

"Christians, awake! Salute the happy morn
On which the Saviour of mankind was born."

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THE PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS.

With close results in two or three constituencies, so that the real standing of parties cannot be known until after the absentee vote is counted on December 22nd, it is not fitting that any analysis should be indulged in. From present indications the Oliver Government is sustained. Next month this matter will receive due attention.

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS ACT—ABSENTEE BALLOTS.

One thing may be noted in passing, and that is the proven excellence of the present Provincial Elections Act. The outstanding weakness would appear to be the lack of proper safe guards as to the absentee ballots. In some cases no scrutineers were allowed to the booth where these were polled. After the polls close on election day there is every chance for "switching" the ballots cast. Opponents of the Oliver Government will probably be both surprised and pleased if the counting of the absentee votes in the present election should suggest that there had been no manipulation of these ballots. Such a matter should be placed beyond all possibility of any crookedness affecting honestly voted ballots.

CIVIC ELECTIONS.

And now, ere the Provincial election has sped, come whispers of approaching civic and municipal elections. Vancouver citizens must not allow their civic nominees to be like weaklings to their Provincial nominees. If they do, the results will be unfortunate. We need a change in the person of our Mayor, but no "revision downwards" please.

STEADINESS WANTED.

We are passing through changing times and conditions. Some matters, such as the unemployment question, threaten the peace of mind of a number of our people. These are but superficial and external things. Everywhere matters are slowly settling down into brighter, better channels. Beneath the surface a slowly moving flood makes its way toward proper and inspiring future conditions. Let us be smilingly steadfast, confident in ourselves and in the great directing forces of the universe, and in Him who directs and controls even these.

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Impressions By The Way

(By Principal Smith of Westminster Hall, Vancouver, B. C.)

In response to a request for some impressions during my recent trip to the United States I may say that after such a trip one could easily fill a volume, but a few points of general interest must suffice.

MANY INSTITUTIONS VISITED.

As my purpose in going was educational I sought to get in touch with representative institutions. I visited Princeton University and Seminary, Rutgers, Columbia, Union Theological Seminary, The City College of New York, The University of New York, Yale University and Divinity School, McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago Theological Seminary, The University of Chicago, and Divinity School, Garrett Biblical Institute and North Western University. One was much impressed with the large number of students at the Universities, the magnificent provision made for educational purposes and the part these institutions are playing in the development of the country. It was frequently stated that the remedy for social disorder and tragedy was to be found in Christian character which demands an adequate system of education.

THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES AND STUDENTS.

The number of students in the theological colleges was disappointingly small. This is in part due to the sacrifices of the war and the general disturbance of courses of study in the preparatory grades. Whilst no spectacular increase is expected there is confidence that within a few years conditions will greatly improve. In the meantime the colleges feel the necessity of recruiting and have entered upon an educational campaign in which the ministry has its proper appeal. The power of the individual in educational opportunities was everywhere evident. Most of the theological colleges are endowed and are self-supporting. In many, individual buildings, in others individual chairs are maintained. The value of such investment is beyond question. If men and women saw how fruitful in the production of the best in national life these educational facilities are we would not lack similar bequests.

UNIVERSITIES AND THEOLOGICAL COURSE—A SUGGESTION.

On every hand I was impressed with the close connection between the universities and the theological colleges. Each regards the other as vital to its own interests and the general welfare. Every effort is being made to place the advantages of the one at the disposal of the other. President Butler declared that at Columbia the work is so arranged that the student can scarcely determine in which faculty he is working. Possibly there is some suggestion here for British Columbia. If in other great institutions it is admitted that the study of Hebrew or Greek or the English Bible has equal cultural value with Spanish or Italian or Latin there seems no good reason why a student in Arts could not take Biblical subject for his degree.

"MARK TWAIN'S" NAME HEADS LIST FOR "HALL OF FAME."

An interesting feature of my visit to the University of New York was a journey through the Hall of Fame. This splendid architectural design is so arranged as to receive the names of all those elected to occupy a place within the godly company of the great Americans. Each name occupies about ten feet of space and immediately over the name is a bust of the worthy. President Brown informed us that the election of the next worthies would take place by a board of all the universities the following day. It was something of a surprise to find that the man who headed the list of five was

Mark Twain. The others were J. B. Eads, engineer; Patrick Hamilton, patriot; W. T. G. Morton, physician; Roger Williams, preacher; Alice Freeman Palmer, teacher. Mark received seventy-two votes and it required fifty-one to elect. Among those voted down were Noah Webster, Thomas Paine, Walt Whitman, John Brown, Paul Jones, Samuel Adams, William Penn, James A. McNeill, and Joseph Jefferson. Evidently a humorist is so many sided that he has something common with all.

AFTER-THE-WAR READJUSTMENTS IN THE STATES.

The outcome of war reaction was everywhere evident. The American people made a magnificent effort during the war and prepared to meet the after war conditions with great commercial enterprise. But the results were disappointing. The banks advanced large sums of money for manufacturing at speculative prices, the cost increased, Britain rallied with wonderful rapidity, the exchange threw the weight against the manufacturer and the mad race for wages and profits met in conflict and both lost their balance and the slump was inevitable. Prices were falling rapidly and a hard winter anticipated. It is confidently believed that within a few months the necessary readjustment shall have taken place and an era of prosperity dawn.

"DAMAGE THIS GENERATION CANNOT REPAIR."

I was present during the presidential election. A good way to study psychology and detect the undercurrents is to travel, say nothing and keep awake. It was evident that those leaders who stood for the great things in the war were sadly disappointed at the failure of both parties to unite on some basis of world co-operation in reference to the Peace Covenant. Many believe that the United States will yet take her place in the League, but it was somewhat humiliating to feel that world responsibility and opportunity should be sacrificed to party ends. Even if only a bit of party politics, it has done a moral damage this generation cannot repair. The state of Europe today and for some time will bear the marks of the failure of the United States to ratify the Peace Treaty in some form.

PROHIBITION IN CHICAGO.

Prohibition was a live issue in Chicago. The violators of the law could find no rest for their weary feet. The day I left Chicago the hotels suspected of selling alcoholic liquors in defiance of the law were notified that if convicted they would be closed under Federal law. There seemed to be no fooling on the part of the Federal Officers. The fooling was done by the police as many of them later discovered.

A "TIMELESS" PREACHER FOR THE TIMES.

I was deeply interested in the work of the churches and delighted to see the place these held in the thought and life of the people associated with them. Fourth Presbyterian Church near Lincoln Park, with Dr. Timothy Stone as pastor, is an illustration of what plain Gospel preaching can do in the heart of a modern city. I was told that of the eight men who gathered the offerings six were millionaires. The church was crowded, the service impressive in its spiritual power and beauty and the sermon such as would delight the most orthodox in interpretation, the most modern in vision and the most practical in application. The preacher stood as an ambassador of the Master and declared the message without more regard to the types of hearers in social or commercial relations than if they were dead and yet with all the tenderness and strength due to the fact they were human and needed a Saviour. The same was true of Central Church worship-

ping in Orchestra Hall, which seats over 3000. Half an hour before the time for service the place was crowded and the doors shut. The preacher was announced to give a message on the Christian life. No sensationalism, no trick in elocution, no attempt to entertain, but the preaching of the Gospel. I felt that no other theme could so inspire and continue to inspire year after year. The better it is understood the greater the response.

SOCIAL SERVICE SETTLEMENTS.

I also visited four Social Service Settlements, Hull House, Chicago Commons, Christopher House and Olivet Institute. Words fail to adequately describe the extent and quality of the work done. Even a hurried visit shows that there is no doubt concerning the value of these or the service they are rendering. Olivet has the most extensive work and plans a new building, which will be the last word in building in America. A friend is so interested he bought a city block and presented it to the Institute. Even in the heart of a community almost entirely foreign, this Institute has built up a strong Christian Church and has left its impress for righteousness and godly living on the whole settlement. Beginning our work in Vancouver, I would say it deserves all the encouragement and support the whole church can give. If we handle the Social Settlement properly there can be no slums in the city.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH WHILE.

One impression is indelible. If men and women of means, seeking investment with guaranteed returns and abiding satisfaction could be induced to do for our colleges what others have done for the American colleges, I have no hesitation in saying that this new country could lay the foundations so firmly that our growth would be sanctified by high ideals, permeated by Christian principles and become the nursery of men and women whose life and character would be our greatest national asset.

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THE MORNIN' GLORY GIRL.

By Alice M. Winlow and Kathryn Pockington; McClelland & Stewart, Toronto.

"The Mornin' Glory Girl" is a study of child life, very fresh and charming in the spontaneity of its humour and the naturalness of its characters and incidents. It deals with the everyday happenings in the lives of the Wopp family on a farm on the prairies and these are bound together by a thread of romance in the love story of the school ma'am who boards with the Wopps and a neighbouring young farmer.

Mrs. Wopp is a Canadian "Mrs. Wiggs" with all that lady's kindness and humour, but with an individuality peculiarly her own. If her intellect is not as large as her heart, still she has the gift of common sense and rules her little household, including Mr. Wopp, with a tongue that is somewhat caustic, but always with benevolent intent. Much of her philosophy of life is summed up in her unintentional paraphrase of a verse of scripture which she is fond of quoting to her son, Moses, and sometimes in connection with a dose of castor oil, "The Lord loveth a cheerful liver." Moses is a real boy with a real boy's dislike to running the washing machine and churning the butter. He is very fond of his foster-sister, Betty "the mornin'-glory girl" and the descriptions of their play together, their little dialogues and pranks, are good reading for grown-ups as well as children. Jethro, the dog, Nancy, the cat and a one-eyed turkey are important members of the Wopp family and have their part in the tale. Even the cow is pressed into service when the children play circus and with an improvised hump is ridden around the ring in the role of "the ship of the desert." She seems to submit more gently than most cows that the writer has known, but gentleness appears to be a virtue pervading the whole household of the Wopps, the animals as well as the human members.

"The Mornin'-Glory Girl" herself is a delightful picture of happy, wholesome girlhood. Possessed of a lively imagination and an appreciation of things beautiful, she is able to cast a glamour over the commonplace and to surprise the fairies in their haunts. Her whimsical and sprightly sayings sparkle here and there over the pages of the book.

The other characters, Mr. Wopp, kindly and unassuming, the school ma'am and her lover, the friends and neighbours in the community are all convincingly portrayed and with occasional humorous touches, that add spice and colour but are never overdrawn. The writers are to be congratulated on their ability to treat of the common, everyday life of ordinary people with illuminating power suggesting, underneath the fun and brightness, something of the pathos that is so intermingled in the scheme of human society.

Canadians, but British Columbians especially, should welcome this book by two British Columbian writers for it is truly Canadian in its setting and is of a high literary quality which should ensure it a permanent place among Canadian books dealing with child life.

R. A. H.

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NAZARETH

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
The world is like a dying dream,
Where shadows cross a fading gleam:
Dead centuries rise to die again,
This present's but the past's Amen,
The very dust is dust of men,
That blows the streets of Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
You cannot hear the children play;
Age peers from out the new born clay;
Dead years are prisoned in their eyes,
Dead hopes are tortured in their sighs,
Their steps are slow and sadly wise
Those children born at Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
There is a little child today,
Too young to laugh, too young to play;
His eyes are like a sleeping lake,
Which from the hidden sun must take
A flash before the waves awake
And day is bright at Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
A mother watches o'er her child;
Her lily face is pure and mild,
She sings, but tears are in her voice,
She weeps, but soon repents her choice,
For baby's eyes bid her rejoice
And sorrow fly from Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
There is one little prattler more
Upon that new discovered shore,
Where care may come, but never grief
Shall wring the heart beyond relief;
Woe's me that Time, relentless thief,
Must steal this gleam from Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
The happy years are short and fast;
How mad they run into the past.
The land they leave is fair, so fair,
That many a happy mother there
Forbids their flight with anxious prayer;
Time hears no prayers at Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
A little boy grows straight and tall;
His lips are shaped to April's call;
The hearts of stranger passers-by
Leap up to hear his radiant cry;
Their feet fall light, they know not why;
The spring is come to Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
There is a rush of happy wings;
O children, list, a glad bird sings;
He brings you hope, he brings you joy;
His music must all fear destroy
And harsh rebuke; each happy boy
Is born to love at Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
Across the fields of fallow brown
Spring finds her way to clerk and clown;
With tender green she fires the trees;
Warm grows beneath her kiss the breeze,
And when she smiles, the Winter flees
To deserts far from Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
The hills are dyed in greenest hues;
The skies have never held such blues,
And these have crept far down the hills,
And spread in pools and dazzling rills
To paint the iris tide that spills
Through all the glades of Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
White shines the little town at dawn,
As if a windflower had withdrawn
Its eyelids clasped against the night,
And felt the very sea of light
Drown all night's fears with truest sight;
So fair is morn at Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
Then was the gift supreme of Love,
That earth beneath and heaven above
Should be no more by sin beguiled
To mutual hate, though oft defiled,
Still man might come, a trusting child,
To drink Love's Well at Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
There are two roads, the one to Rome,
The other leads the people home
To David's City; by the first
Men go and they return not; curst
By lust of power unquenched, they thirst,
And long in dreams for Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
The others wait the quickening leaven,
The ripening hour, the call of heaven;
For some it brings a little fire,
Whose flames leap up, but soon expire;
For one a deathless glory, higher
Than clouds that float o'er Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
He may not stay for Mary's fears,
Her clinging arms, her slow, hot, tears;
She loves him best, because the doom
Of power foretold o'erloads with gloom
His fair, bright face, his spring-like bloom,
Heaven's gift to her and Nazareth.

At Nazareth, at Nazareth,
Ah, who can tell the waiting throes,
The last embrace, before he goes?
Ah, what to Joseph or to them,
His brothers, meant Jerusalem?
She saw behind the diadem
The cross, when he left Nazareth.

Vancouver, November, 1920.

Donald Graham.

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Vol. XVII.

DECEMBER, 1920.

No. 3.

PROVINCIAL ELECTION RESULTS.

The day is past, and the die is cast. Just as the representatives of both political parties made confident forecasts of what the results would be, so they respectively (publicly) find cause for satisfaction in what has actually occurred. The leader and members of the Opposition are gratified that the Oliver Government majority has been so far reduced, while the latter hold that they have been vindicated at the polls in being given a majority at all.

Independents, in turn, may find comfort in the thought that each side will be interested in them and in their attitude at critical division times. All the more will this be the case if the election of a new speaker (a likely sequel), and other changes and opportunities that inevitably come with the lapse of time, should reduce the none-too-big Government majority over Opposition and Independents together.

THE B. C. M. ANTICIPATIONS.

As to his forecast, the Wayside Philosopher may be left to speak for himself. So far as the six anticipations given in this column are concerned, as there were twenty-eight candidates for the six positions, it is not unworthy of notice that four (if not five) of those suggested as likely to be elected were really so, though not in the order given. The leader of the Opposition obtained, not first, but the sixth place, whereas the "lady candidate" led in the person of Mrs. Smith. Members Farris, Ramsay and Macdonald were three of the other names on our list, and though Colonel Warden did not get "a place," he was well up.

A THIRD PARTY?—"THE PEOPLE'S"

It looks as if, till proportional representation is in vogue, Independents, in order to have a chance of securing two or more places, would need to form a third party. In such a case they could count on getting a number of the Vancouver seats, as with six, instead of sixteen (outside the old parties) in the field, the likelihood of two or three Independents being elected would be much greater.

Perhaps if Labour and other organizations, which seem set on putting forward candidates of their very own, could agree on candidates who could be relied upon to represent their respective interests and put principle before party, a group might be sent to Victoria which would be a real influence in progressive legislation, no matter what party was in power.

Pending the introduction of the Proportional Representation method of voting—or even with it introduced, as it is likely to be sooner or later,—the time may be ripe for the formation of a third party, which, as "The People's" might well give satisfactory representation to Labour and other organizations which stress one form or another of community service.

A TOO DRASTIC REPORT.

"Counsels of perfection" are often much more easy to give than commonsense advice, and the temptation, when outlining or advocating improvements, to suggest the renewal of "lock, stock, and barrel," is one before which good and sincere practical men, no less than mere theorists, may succumb.

We do not wish to doubt the sincerity of the Library men from Seattle whose report of Vancouver Public Library has caused some stir, but we should, in the first place, like to know why it should have been thought necessary to go across the line at all for an independent opinion. Did the proximity of Seattle and the cheapness of the fare influence the course taken? Has Canada not Library men enough, who are also real literary men, who can be consulted in such a case?

How far a public library should pander to the popular taste or seek to educate it, may be a debatable question, concerning which much might be said on both sides. But surely none but a prig or snob in the book-shelving business—

Wise in mien, but meanly wise,

Whose learning's sought in others' eyes,

would suggest that the qualifications of first importance in the chief of a large library have to do with an intimate knowledge of a filing system, or involve a capacity to sit an examination on technical details affecting records that any one could learn in a few weeks or months.

We believe that in the opinion of many, a librarian should be first and foremost a literary man, with human interests and wide sympathies, who, if he has not had an opportunity of acquainting himself with the most up-to-date methods of tabulating records and keeping files, should speedily remove that disability by after-hours study, and, if need be, a short course at any college including library work in its curriculum.

But for any man or men to write a report as if certain defects in filing, or even occasional misjudgments in the numbers of particular books stocked for an uncertain and fickle public, formed a sufficient reason for not only questioning the fitness, but suggesting the dismissal of a public servant of years' standing and of unquestioned worth in local literary circles, must make independent inquirers question the bases of the judgment or report, and even wonder whether it was consciously or unconsciously inspired in any measure by previously prejudiced persons?

The B. C. M. holds no brief for Vancouver City Librarian, but as a publication with a living interest in all real literary workers, it has no hesitation in condemning the report from the Seattle gentlemen as altogether too drastic in its terms and unwarranted in some of its suggestions. In a "survey" it is well that the shortcomings of the institution, and incidentally of the staff should be pointed out to the supervising Board, at least, if not also to the public, but surely it was a little presumptuous in the "surveyors" (however experienced they may be in Library work) practically to advise the removal of the chief.

Municipal Problems In Western Canada

(By A. G. Dalzell, A. M. E. I. C.)

Nearly all the municipalities in Western Canada are concerned with the problems of municipal taxation. A few years ago the so-called "Single Tax" was welcomed by many municipalities as the salvation of municipal finance, and cities like Vancouver and Edmonton attributed their wonderful growth and apparent prosperity to the adoption of this fiscal reform. A very short experience of this method of taxation was sufficient to prove that, whatever its merits when the value of land was rising, it was hopelessly inadequate when the market was satisfied and land was not in demand, and most cities have had to return to the taxation of improvements, and are also seeking for other sources of income apart from real estate.

Municipalities which still adhere to the exemption of improvements from taxation notwithstanding the depression in values, have by no means solved the problem of municipal finance and show no sign of any interest in public ownership of land, but resort to extensive advertising in the press, and by sandwich men on the streets in the endeavor to sell land that has come into their possession because the taxes have not been paid.

Assessment Comparisons.

It is rather a striking refutation of the theory that single tax would secure cheap building land that in the city of Edmonton, which since its inception had based its taxation solely on land value (with the exception of an insignificant business assessment discontinued in 1911), the assessed land value spread over the whole city area of some 43 square miles, averaged in 1914, \$6920 per acre. But as 40 per cent. of the area at least was not taxable land, the actual average was over \$11,000 per acre, or an average of at least \$1000 for a 33 foot lot. Outside the city limits, and beyond the influence of the real estate speculator for prospective city property, farm lands sold readily at \$100 an acre, including all improvements on the ground.

It must not be inferred that Edmonton was exceptional; cities like Regina and Victoria, with a smaller area, had a still higher average assessed land value.

It is population that gives true value to urban land. And yet in New York, with its population of nearly 6,000,000, the value of taxable land within the city was at its highest in 1911, at \$915 per capita, and is now somewhere about \$750, whereas the value of Edmonton in 1914, was equal to \$2638 per capita, and is to day over \$1000, while Victoria at the same time stood at \$1620, and is at the present time over \$1000 per capita.

Burrard Peninsula Land Values.

The Burrard Peninsula comprises the cities of Vancouver and New Westminster, the municipalities of Point Grey, South Vancouver and Burnaby, and contains approximately 57,000 acres. The land values at the end of 1918 averaged \$3427 per acre, spread over the whole area, with a per capita value based on a population of 188,980, of \$1033. In the Borough of Queens, a section of New York city with an area of 75,000 acres and a population of 386,331, the average land value spread over the whole area was \$3903 per acre, and the per capita value, \$758. It must, however, be remembered that the 200,000 persons or so in the Burrard Peninsula stand by themselves, and comprise nearly half of the total population of a vast province, whereas the 386,000 in the Borough of Queens are closely surrounded by over 6,000,000 people. These figures ought to show that municipalities in Western Canada cannot look to an increase in land values to secure further revenue for municipal taxation. Those who think otherwise, and expect to see a return of boom

time prices in real estate, will do well to remember that in the city of Chicago, the assessment of real estate in 1913 was based on values that prevailed in 1889, notwithstanding that the population of the city had about trebled. It is very doubtful whether in 1940, or at any time in the near future the average assessment of any western Canadian city will equal those that prevailed in 1912 and 1913. There will, of course, be isolated cases of great increase in value, but the general city average is bound to remain about present figures, with a tendency in many cases to still further decline. The fact must be faced that borrowing powers have been secured and money obtained on an assessment which cannot be sustained. The large areas of land sold for taxes is surely absolute proof of this contention.

Yearly Changing of Aldermen Questioned.

There is a favorite saying amongst Canadians that the 19th century belonged to America, but that the 20th century will be Canada's. It is more likely to be so if lessons are learned from the experience of American cities in urban development, whereas the tendency has been to follow America and copy her mistakes instead of profiting by them. The truth is, that urban development has not been properly studied or understood. Our governments have employed experts to assist in agricultural and mining development, but very little has been done in the way of systematic research and study of urban development. Even in our routine municipal government, we have come to think that the best results can be secured by changing most of our councillors and aldermen every year, and such study as they are able to give is nullified by the frequent change; indeed, it is questionable whether the little knowledge they secure in the short period they take an interest in municipal affairs is not on the whole more harmful than beneficial.

Town-Planning.

The "Saturday Evening Post" once stated: "Big cities merely happen. The world is getting into the way of questioning mere happenings that produce ill results and of forethinking and planning on a scale and with a daring hitherto unknown. Time is coming when cities will conform to a plan as comprehensive and intelligent as the plan of a modern factory, to get light, ventilation, open spaces, and at the same time save haulage."

It does not appear as if any Canadian city had reached that stage, though some American cities are striving hard to get there.

Considerations Affecting Taxation.

In Western Canada the concern at the present time seems to be stressed on, "Broaden the base of taxation," but the question as to why the base needs to be so wide is neglected.

There is an insistent demand that taxation on land must be reduced. There is much to be said for this demand under the existing conditions, but unless carefully studied the relief of land taxation is only going to increase land monopoly and aggravate the trouble instead of relieving it.

If instead of spending so much time seeking some other shoulders to put our burden upon, we seek to ascertain why we carry such a burden, the very first fact that we shall ascertain is that we have greatly overestimated the growth of the population, and made provision in our urban development for a population that will not materialize for many years.

Study the growth of population in the Dominion, compare it with the growth of the United States, and especially bearing in mind the change in immigration policy created by

the war, and it will be very difficult to justify what has happened in the area directly tributary to Vancouver alone, where building sub-divisions have been planned, and streets dedicated, that would serve for a population equal to half the present population of the entire Dominion.

Calgary and Edmonton.

Calgary and Edmonton are fully subdivided into building lots that would serve ten times their present population. In 1914, Calgary had 26,763 vacant lots served with water and sewers, so that it could treble its existing population on those utilities, and yet working men were driven far out onto the prairie in the endeavor to obtain a homesite on reasonable terms. In all western cities, streets are still being planned, subdivisions registered, sewers and watermains extended, and even the street car lines lengthened so that the people can be placed beyond the reach of either watermains or sewers.

The Housing Problem and The Land Problem.

The nation faces a housing problem; everywhere there is complaint of either the shortage of houses, or the exorbitant rents, or the poor quality of existing houses and the lack of the elementary essentials of sanitation. The housing problem is intimately bound up with the land problem, and will never be settled unless studied in conjunction therewith.

B. C. University Neighbourhood.

A member of the Provincial Government of British Columbia recently stated that it was the intention of the government to finance the building of the University of British Columbia by selling lands adjoining the University site as a choice residential section. He stated that \$2000 an acre would be spent on the provision of roads and public utilities, but that they expected to make a profit of \$5,000,000 by selling the land at the rate of \$7000 an acre.

Homes of Poor on Highly Assessed Land.

The last district annexed to the city of Vancouver had an area of 415 acres, and though it was essentially a working class district, its assessed value when it was annexed to the city, before any utilities such as watermains and sewers had been installed or the roads improved, was over \$10,000 for every building acre. For each acre of building land, \$3500 has already been spent in street development, and before the work is complete to ordinary city standards, over \$4000 an acre will have to be spent. At the end of 1917, out

of 2373 lots in the area, only 901 were improved, so that there were 1472 lots available for building served with watermains and sewers, and yet morning and night street cars packed to the steps carry their passengers through the area into districts miles beyond where there are no sewers and not likely to be any for many years to come. In the so-called "German town" at Regina, a district inhabited by foreigners living in one, or one and a half storey shacks or small cheap houses, the assessed value of the land in 1919 was over \$12,000 an acre, so that it is unfortunately too true that the poorest of our working people are living on land assessed and taxed much higher than the land forming the homesites of the wealthiest.

Ignorance of the Ordinary Citizen.

The reader may be in danger of being wearied by the reiteration of these facts, and the pride and love he has for his country may be hurt by their presentation, but they must be faced and one of the greatest problems of urban development is the absolute ignorance of the ordinary citizen of most essential facts.

Stock-Taking Necessary.

Stock taking and auditing are recognized as the first essentials for the reconstruction and re-establishment of any defective business or industrial undertaking. Stock taking must likewise take place in every urban and rural community by a proper survey of the development so that plans may be prepared for the correction of the mistakes of the past and a better development in the future. Complete plans of a city must be made showing the extent of the existing development, the districts served with utilities, the nature of the development, whether industrial, business or residential, and the assessed land values.

Very much may be learned about the city simply by the undertaking of a complete survey, but this should only be the starting point.

Much time will be saved and valuable help given at this stage by expert advice. Canada is fortunate in that the Commission of Conservation of the Dominion Government has provided for such assistance. It is unfortunate that so few cities have cared to avail themselves of the service offered.

Surveying and Zoning Valuable.

Cities that have undertaken the survey and studied their conditions find that one solution of many of the problems lies in zoning, or districting, dividing the city into areas

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suitable for business, industry or residence. Such zoning immediately effects a proper balance of land values. It ensures that future development proceeds in an orderly manner, industries do not intrude into residential areas, shacks and slums have to give place for industry, business is centralized and haulage charges lessened.

When zoning has been accomplished attention can then be given to bringing into use vacant lots and making the most of the vast expenditures incurred in the provision of public utilities, both municipal and commercial.

Profiteering and Land Speculation.

There has recently been a great outcry about profiteering, whereas only a few years ago the men who made vast fortunes by speculating in land were heralded as "Empire Builders," and "the leaders of the Great West." The small profiteer emulated the millionaire, and as the game was open to every immigrant, be he Galitian, Chinaman or Hindoo, there were few who did not participate.

It is a hard doctrine to preach that profiteering in land is as injurious as profiteering in any essential article of food, but if we are to have a safe and sane development of either rural or urban lands—profiteering in land must cease.

Real Estate and Taxation Revision.

If under the stress of the present situation too great relief is given to real estate by the revision of taxation, there is great danger of further great profits being taken out of land, and urban development will be hampered by the withholding of land for legitimate use. It takes time to show that the policy is suicidal, and much loss will be incurred before this is discovered.

Canon Barnett said years ago, after studying conditions in England: "This 'holding up' of a necessity of existence must be in some way prevented."

If relief in taxation is to be granted to holders of real estate, it ought to be made clear that land must not be withheld when required for legitimate use.

Community Welfare Before Individual.

During the war courts had to be established which decided whether it was just and right that a man's service should be conscripted for the protection of the country from the enemy. We need similar courts to decide whether a man's rights in a vital essential of communal life should be almost absolute and injurious, or whether after a fair hearing, and fair compensation, his prescriptive right would not have to be waived for the general welfare.

Sensible Building Regulations Necessary.

Assuming, for instance, that a zoning ordinance has been adopted and a district of the city set aside as a residential district for the erection of single family dwelling houses, these should be erected under proper building regulations to ensure the proper placing of the building on the lot, making it impossible for a man to build up to the lot line and so forever darken his neighbor's property. In this district there are a certain number of vacant lots, all served with the essential public utilities and ready for development. If land value is still the essential base of taxation a fair assessment of values will be made. It ought to be possible for any one to purchase a lot at a given percentage above assessed value, and if the owner refused to sell, the assessment ought to be raised and a percentage of the increment value given to the community which created it. If on the other hand the owner says the assessment is excessive, the land might be put up for sale at the upset price determined by the owner and if no buyer could be secured the values would be adjusted. True land values would soon be created by some such procedure and the growth of cities would be more compact and more economical in every way.

Street Areas and Space Round Houses.

Any fear of undue congestion of population may be overcome by the adoption of proper building regulations that will specify the area of the lot that buildings of different classes may occupy. There are cities in Canada which though the street area is 45 per cent. of the total area yet the house-roofs touch one another, and windows depend for light on narrow side yards where no direct sunlight ever reaches, or from still narrower air bound and depressing courts. With proper regulation the street area may be safely reduced by one-half, to the great relief of municipal taxation, and each building would have ample space around it, so that the children could play in their own yards or on playgrounds saved from the waste street area, instead of on the dirty deadly roadways. In the twelve months ending September 30th, 1920, thirty-one persons seventeen years of age or under met death within the city limits of Toronto through motor accidents.

Regard for Districts—Residential and Other.

It would be obviously unfair to compel the sale of land without regulation as to the use to which the land can be put. At the present time if expense is no object no one is safe except on such protected areas as are reserved for the wealthiest. Under the system proposed, the man in the cottage knows that if the vacant lot is sold another cottage will be built, not a glue factory or a foundry, so there is no reason why he should oppose the sale of the lot. The manufacturer seeking an industrial site will be able to secure a site at a reasonable price, or know the reason why, and he will not be tempted to quietly buy up a few residences so that he can establish an industry in a residential district, where land values are not so high. Business will be consolidated in appropriate districts, facilitating the interchange of commodities and thus reducing overhead charges.

Time Ripe for Wider Vision of City Problems.

The time is ripe for a wider vision of our city problems. We must appreciate the fact that the city is a permanent thing and an agency of social welfare. We must give less sanction to private property and more power to the community.

For years we have been legislating and studying for the outcomes of the disease, but not attacking the disease itself.

As far as British Columbia is concerned, the demand that the Provincial Government assist the municipalities with their burdens simply means that provincial taxation will have to be raised to meet the increased demands. The great bulk of the people live in organized municipalities and if the burden is taken off one shoulder it simply goes onto the other.

Much further headway will be gained by the municipalities studying their own individual problems, ascertaining their errors and seeking powers to correct them. At the present time what many seem to be living for is a return of boom time values in real estate which will eventually lead to an increase in the difficulties that confront us, and in the ultimate issue great social discontent and serious disabilities.

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The Twentieth Century Minister

By D. Ogilvie, M.A.

It is altogether in accordance with the new spirit of unity and co-operation abroad amongst men that the rank and file of the church should be invited at this crisis to join in the anxious deliberations of their spiritual leaders. The voice of the people has been the voice of God at all times and certainly not more so in past ages than now, when the general advancement in education and culture has so far reduced the gap between layman and professional as in many respects to obliterate the distinction. In the face, therefore, of a common crisis, we ought boldly to grasp at this opportunity of exchanging views, however conscious we may be of the grave responsibility we are now assuming.

Any such undertaking as this is fraught with many dangers; in political and in religious matters, every one regards himself as an authority whose opinion must be worthy of immediate consideration. At all times and from many quarters the church has had reason to expect harsh criticism, and yet contributions of a constructive character at this time may be conspicuous by their absence.

Re-Statement of Ideals Would Advance Religion.

Nor need this absence of constructive criticism and suggestion occasion serious discouragement or dismay. The church at least, whatever else, must in the very nature of things, be conservative and, while keen to lead, must exercise a prudent judgment in setting a medium pace. A restatement of the old ideals and functions of the Christian minister, therefore, would very much advance the cause of true religion at this time. Such a cataclysm as the Great War is apt to upset our judgment and lead us to believe that the past was entirely wrong. The war, we are told, and the attitude of the nations as a whole leave the church no other alternative but an advanced position at the head of the moving army. There is a profound awakening in education throughout the world. All ranks, all professions are organizing their forces. Why not the church? Nay, why not the church in especial, since all else is subsidiary to the spiritual?

True indeed, but already the columns of the press groan with new schemes and forward movements that upon closer inspection are found to be both old and retrograde, betraying nothing more clearly than the great need of vision and statesmanship that the Church will require to exercise in the years to come. Where, then, are those leaders to come from and how is this vision and statesmanship to be acquired? That may best be answered by a direct consideration of the ideals and functions of the Christian minister.

The Qualities That Make for Success.

The qualities that make for success in the church are baffling in their complexity; on the practical, intellectual and emotional side of his nature the minister must indeed be well equipped. After all, while the Word of God is inspired, its execution can only be accomplished through the human medium, frail and unreliable at the best. It must be interpreted by the minister and applied by the congregation, and the reaction of the former upon the latter depends upon personality, intellectual equipment and practical experience, of which the greatest is personality, since while enriched by the others, it is independent of them.

As to personality, we note that the young probationer must have an avocation, must be prepared to sacrifice everything for that, must be distinguished by sincerity, probity, forcefulness, humility in act and speech, must give abun-

dant proof of a capacity to impress himself upon others by spontaneous suggestion. In a word, there must be ever present an innate aptitude for leadership.

In regard to intellectual equipment, the theological student should, in addition to a competent training in his own more limited field, be well versed in history, economics, educational theory, even medicine, and as many branches of science as he cares to study. He cannot know too much.

Experience With Nature and God.

Then, with a strong personality, supported by an intellectual equipment of no mean order, he will go forth to test his strength, to gain his practical experience, in the open, in Northern Ontario, the prairies of the Northwest, the valleys of British Columbia, or the distant regions of the Yukon. Here conditions are severe and the elemental is oftentimes nearer the surface than in the more highly developed civilization of our large towns and cities. Like the prophets of old—our most powerful preacher will be he who has met his God in lonely sojourn by field and flood, where in those exquisite moments of which every leader of men must be capable, he has dreamed dreams and in virgin purity of heart seen visions of God manifested in sea and sky, wavelet and cloudlet, in the lonely bird at sunset or the tiny flower at the dawn of the rosy fingered morn. His must be the inspiration that will make us tremble to the very core of our being, that will elevate us to the heights of sublime action.

Much to be Learned Among the Pioneers.

Nor in his lonely sojourn will the elements of a rich human experience be wanting. Through the fiery furnace of sin, sorrow, humiliation, the sordid in every form known to mortal man he may have to go. There, and there alone will he learn fully to appreciate the depths of infamy and heights of self-sacrifice, of which the human being (I might almost say the same human being), is capable. It is there that his preconceived notions of self-righteousness, the doctrine of sin and the damnation attendant thereon, the necessity or even possibility of a profession of faith leading to salvation, all that, I say, will be there put to the tremendous test of practical experience amongst men, the pioneers of their race, spending their lives in making the rough places smooth for the generations to come; men whose urgent necessity is instruction in how to live, not how to die.

We are reminded of one such in the Okanagan Valley who, some five years ago, on his deathbed was asked by a Presbyterian minister if he would care for a prayer of intercession. "Don't bother," he said, "I have lived my life in my own way without considering God; why should I torment him now?" and yet, these same men can be as tender as children, whom they love with the most unselfish devotion, and in a moment of crisis they will surrender all, life itself, that others may survive.

Restored at last to the city, our minister will have to remember times without number that—

"— tasks in hours of insight willed

"Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

Here, the enemies of the church claim, is the scene of past failure, present heart burning and future testing; here they say, was consummated that coalition with reactionary forces which has alienated untold thousands from the benefits of church worship. Of that more anon; suffice it for the

present to say that timidity, cowardice, betrayal of the people's interests on the part of their natural leaders, the ministers of the Gospel, leading to a desertion of the church, isolation, despair, desperation, the acceptance of false doctrines preached by wily tongues and finally their application in many distorted forms to the detriment of church and state, all this, I repeat, is brought against the churches and must be reckoned with by those who are responsible for the framing of their policy in the coming era.

"Crises Arise in Every Epoch."

The young minister of the 20th Century, entering upon an important city charge, would do well to keep these facts in mind and act accordingly; not, however, in any spirit of haste or despair. Far more efficacious for his weighty purpose is an absolute stability, calm and repose. This is no occasion for sudden changes of policy, heroic confessions of past failure or, least of all, melo-dramatic protestations and promises of future good conduct. There is no need for depression; crises arise in every epoch and must be met by a fresh enunciation of Christ's teaching, by a steady perseverance, that is, in the assertion of unpopular doctrines and unpalatable truths. At all costs, there must be a scrupulous avoidance of occasional outbursts of religious paroxysm, the evanescence, I mean, of so-called Revivals, the cheap popularity obtained by sensational discourse.

The machinery of church work being long since firmly established, he must aim to maintain and confirm it. House to house visitation with the aid of a motor car will put him in close touch with his parishioners and thus enable him to determine and from time to time prudently modify his line of action in the Sunday school, Young People's Guilds, and the regular church services.

Work Among the Young Most Important of All.

The work amongst the children, to consider it first, is the most important of all. "Give us the first six years of a child's life," is the doctrine of one well known sect, "and we care not who gets the rest." The refining influence of God-fearing parents and failing these, of noble and unselfish men and women in the Sunday school, brought to bear upon our children's most impressionable years, must always be of inestimable value.

Not less urgent is the attention to be paid to our adolescents. Ringing through the Scriptures from page to page are those warnings which they need now as never before. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy Youth," and "Honor thy father and thy mother," these two, to mention these only, are enough to remind them of their duty to the church, of the deference they owe to their parents, of the sanctity of the home, and of the paramount necessity for a steady continuance of their education throughout the whole period of their youth.

What Alone Determines Limits of Gospel.

The attitude of the preacher in the pulpit I have already alluded to briefly on several occasions. He should remember that the new era will not create, but merely intensify the rate of evolution, religious as well as secular. The Gospel of Christ is a magnificent prophecy, advancing slowly to its fulfillment—the content of any one of Christ's sayings, in other words, is capable of a manifold interpretation, determined in its limits only by the age in which we live and by the intellectual and spiritual insight of the student. The lessons of Christ's Life and Teaching, therefore, may well be regarded as affording a perfect background for his weekly discourse, enriched as it must necessarily be, by illustrations from the wonderful drama that is destined to unfold itself around us in future years.

One Sermon Per Sunday—And an Open Pulpit.

And to the end that the preacher may be physically and mentally able to deliver a powerful sermon calculated to

arrest the attention of high-souled men and women, I would strongly advocate not indeed one service, but one sermon per Sunday. What of the other service and the other sermon? Let the other service take place in the evening, in the churches, under the guidance and auspices of the Christian ministers; let it partake largely, if not entirely, of devotional exercises, but presenting at least one novelty, viz., an open pulpit or platform, to be occupied by lay speakers selected or admitted by the vote of the church managers.

By this arrangement the ministers would once again establish connection and eventually intimate relationship with great masses of devout and thoughtful people, educated and otherwise, whose sympathies with organized Christianity have been chilled by the apparent somnolence or the more dogmatic assertions of the church. It is this refusal, be it noted, to enter the pulpit and the pew in recent decades that has caused the present dearth of ministers and the distressing paucity of or apathy amongst church members.

Criticisms of the Ministry of Today.

Pressing such people closely, as the present writer has had occasion recently to do, we learn that the church to them is at a standstill, has been so for a hundred years, void of a policy on social reform, clinging timidly to the skirts of an effete aristocracy as in Britain or a bloated plutocracy, as on this continent. They miss the bitter and passionate invective against economic slavery which with the countless woes incident thereto, has held sway in the industrial world for so long. Why, they ask, have the ministers of Britain left it to one outside of their ranks to inform them and humanity at large that "You cannot have an A1 Empire with a C3 population," the A1 condition being not merely physical, but moral also in the widest sense of the word? Nay, they continue, even the Lollards of the Fourteenth Century, with their uncompromising opposition to the abuses of the age, would be a shame and a reproach to the ministry of the present day.

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What would you? we have asked. Well, was the reply, "we know that the guilty conscience of an astute government can always stimulate foreign war to distract attention from internal disorder and injustice; so, also, the churches too often blind us to their almost total neglect of national and domestic interests by a strange enthusiasm for missionary work in the foreign field. Let their charity begin at home, let them face the issues here, or their days as the source of inspiration, spiritual thought and leadership are gone forever.

The Present Outlook—An Opportunity For All.

The present temper of the world points to a complete reconstruction of the social fabric. The fever of unrest has taken possession of the nations and the ideal and function of the Christian church here in Canada, as elsewhere, is to work for its gradual alleviation and ultimate cure by a re-statement of the Scriptures in the light of modern experience. "We desire," say the people, we have recently questioned, "a world, an Empire, a country, in which moral forces shall prevail over material; in which, in all dealings between nation and nation and between man and man, the Golden Rule shall be observed; in which all shall have their opportunity to enjoy a share of the gracious and happy things of life."

Gospel of Unselfishness Needed.

Luckily, the free open spaces of Canada have hitherto released us from the more pressing industrial problems that loom so large upon the horizon of European nations. Here the Christian minister will find his chief difficulty in breaking free from tradition, as for instance, the notion held by so many individuals that—"When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," must be there, whatever happens to my neighbor. In other words, he must preach the Gospel of unselfishness, self-surrender, tolerance, forgiveness, unity in the home, the church, the community, in national and international affairs of religious and secular concern, as in, for example, these all-powerful organizations, the Roman Empire and the Roman Catholic Church, and preach that unity ad nauseam.

A True Moral Basis For the Industrial World.

To enforce the arguments delivered in the pulpit, let him not hesitate to assume his historic and rightful position on the public platform at the head of his followers, zealous in the pursuit of all lawful enterprises that have for their object the denunciation of wickedness wherever it may be found. For the present, let his immediate object be the readjustment of social and spiritual conditions, the quest, if I may so express it, of a true moral basis for the industrial world.

Nor need they consider that quest a hopeless or interminable one. Christ's own assertion of the sacredness of human life is sufficient sanction for any and every effort they may make to establish the claim for liberty of development and for equality of opportunity and consideration and, though this is somewhat of a digression, the duty of mutual help and corporate service. This latter, the creation of a spirit of good citizenship, is surely one of their most important functions in the coming era in this country of Canada and can be best accomplished by an insistence upon the vital connection between the community and the individuals who go to compose it. What the private home is today, that will the City Hall be tomorrow

Human value, in short, and human comradeship may well be the text for countless sermons.

It may be that this brief discussion of the theoretical and practical training of the Twentieth Century ministers, during which it has been implied that a true conception of their ideals and functions would gradually dawn upon their own consciousness, will be found altogether fragmentary and inadequate. The failure, if such it be, lies to a considerable extent in the subject, in the permanent, yet apparently ever changing character of moral problems, in the necessity of repeating the seemingly old, stale and unprofitable in order to attain to anything new and valuable.

While it is true, therefore, that the ministers of the 20th Century must expect to meet old friends with new faces, it is impossible for us of this year and day to foresee every necessity in detail. We can only urge them in all earnestness to meet and overcome their difficulties when and where they occur and, as a necessary prelude, to auspicate all their undertakings with the old warnings of the church—Sursum Corda.

"Knowest thou not, O man, howsoever discouraged and vexed of soul, howsoever overborne by the anxieties, discomforts and perturbing visions of the hour thou mayest be, that to live is in itself a great thing, since life persists while the accidents of the hour, though dread, vanish away."

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A Beauty Spot in British Columbia

(By Isabel B. Macdonald.)

The wise man has something stored up for the dull, chill days of winter besides his household supply of coal. What is it, you ask? Why the memory of that glorious mid summer holiday spent in the shade of the mountain pines maybe, or perhaps by a soft, still lake loved by the twilight shadows and kissed by the moonbeams, or out on a wide-sweeping crescent of golden sand encircling a silver sea.

In the bustle and toil of the city office or the drab monotony of the kitchen what a tonic it is to the soul to steal back into that inner chamber where are stored all our precious pictures—the pictures, the music and the perfume of days that passed so blissfully and yet are with us still. Why should they ever go while memory lasts—memory the cunning artist that adds a tint here and there of her own? And who can have more tender reminiscences than he who has wandered at will through that lovely maritime province of the west, where the great dark pines stand forth against a sky of purest blue, and sparkling waters flow in sun-kissed ripples from the base of a wonderful range of blue and purple mountains, whose snow-capped peaks fade away into eternity itself?

It is thus that my mind harks back to a dear little place nestling on the eastern shores of Vancouver Island—the garden of North America. No Alpine village or sunny spot in Italy can hold my heart as does the memory of one of those jewels in my own dear land.

It was one of the gentle whims of chance that guided me to the little town. Many people have heard of Comox Cream but few of the pleasure-loving multitude know Comox; the former being by a strange paradox associated with Courtenay, the terminus of the E. & N. Railway. The little place nestles in primitive seclusion, sidetracked some two or three miles off the Island Highway, in a peace that is not stillness, but nature's own tranquility. There have been some hotels in the town but they now languish in vacancy and neglect, suffering from a mysterious ailment to which many of their kind have lately succumbed. Once there was a movie theatre too—in the days when the 102nd were encamped at the Spit—but only the ghost of it remains and the old town hall, now in disuse, bears the scars of the farewell ovation given it by the soldiers upon their departure from the community.

But the little town has lived a long time in the history of the Island. It is as old as its queenly sister to the south. Over half a century ago the first settler anchored himself on the shores of the beautiful inlet with the great glacier looking down upon him in Sphinx-like majesty from afar. The town is now passing into a new phase of life—a life of healthy reformation in which the centre of gravity is the post office. It is a fine new building and no one is more proud of it than the post master himself; and it has a beautiful flag that catches the eye from a distant bend of the road—the most majestic flag that floats. How lovely its great broad crosses look as we glimpse them through the dark foliage of the pines—the sacred emblems of Crusader, Covenanter and Pilgrim.

The manner of my coming was somewhat unexpected but none the less interesting. I had aimed at a point farther up the Island, but I found myself dumped down at Courtenay, terminus of the railway, with a much too slender purse to venture upon the long drive up country to the Campbell River, which at this late season was more inaccessible than during the summer months. The hotelkeeper obligingly hailed a passing "flivver" and a reckless youth whirled me over the sandy road, through the Indian village and beyond the woods down into Comox.

My Jehu shyly refused my proffered remuneration but I

insisted upon at least a donation. His face lit up as I complimented him upon his good driving, inwardly thanking my stars, the while, that I had miraculously escaped the fate I saw staring me at each corner of the road.

The two young ladies in "The Chalet" were preparing for their afternoon swim when I arrived and getting into my bathing suit I followed them down the long pier to the wharf and with my heart in my mouth flopped off into the deep water. Coming out to sun myself I gossiped a few minutes with an old man whose occupation, whatever it might be, seemed to tether him to the wharf. Forty years ago he had come to the place, he told me, indicating with pride the surrounding points of beauty—Denman, Hornby and Texada Islands, the Spit, Mt. Arrowsmith, the Comox Glacier, the boom camps across the water and Union Bay, coaling station for the great trans-Pacific steamships. Stopping to rest on my way home I leaned over the pier and watched the salmon—myriads of them in shallow water circling round as though chasing each other's tails. Sitting close to the shore one might see them to better advantage. I found hundreds of fins cutting the water, with sometimes a rounded nose, a hump back and then a tail visible. Now and then there would be a splash and one would look up to see the flash of a white belly and a shimmering tail a foot or two above the surface.

When any undue excitement seemed to manifest itself among the salmon one might safely count upon finding the cause of it. Something like the head of a big black dog could be seen cautiously looking from side to side. Suddenly the old seal would dip down again, the point of his nose being

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the last thing visible, and be gone for two or three minutes, having covered a good stretch of submarine territory in the interval and presumably found his dinner on the way.

It was my ambition one afternoon when bathing to get in amongst a school of salmon. They were so thick it seemed as if one couldn't escape them; but after several vain attempts I waded out on the beach again and confined my biological research to the little green, red and mottled crabs that scuttle about like magnified ants amongst the wet sand. Peculiar little creatures they are, with their sidelong gait, their sharp eyes that detect danger and their wonderful instinct of self-protection. I forced one little fellow into a pitched battle with me. He believed in fighting with his back to the wall. Having taken shelter under a large sized pebble, he prepared to fight me with two ferocious looking claws. After a few hard nips on my finger I left him to enjoy his victory and boast of it in Crabland if he chose.

Distances are deceptive in the clear atmosphere, as we realized one afternoon when we rowed over to the Spit—a long narrow stretch of sand almost closing in the Bay, once used as a naval station and later occupied by the 102nd. Memories of the camp remain in the ingenious pipeline walks covered with broken sea shells dropped there by that feathered scientist, the crow, who thereupon comes down after the contents. The fenced-in rifle range is a mute reminder of war time when the great grey battle ships lay out in the harbour—a strange thought indeed in this placid atmosphere where all nature bespeaks the sublimity of God's own handiwork. And yet no! for the wreckage of war is here in plenty—those little farm houses nestling under the pines, each sheltering a wounded hero whose life task is now to tend his plot of ground, and care for his chickens and his vegetable garden. And surely it is the gentlest haven he could find—this land of soft air and lovely colorings with the low rumble from distant boom camps, the punt, punt of busy tugboats and the tinkle of a cowbell as the evening shadows gather down and the opal hue on the mountain peaks changes to deepest purple.

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Have You Read Page One?

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The following quotations will indicate the quality of the author's work:

"The Great Divide."

"Oft times by restlessness oppressed
I long to see that lonely crest
And once again to dream beside
The arch that's lettered "Great Divide."

"Winter Sunset in the Cascade Range."

"Would I could frame the language
Worthy those sunset tints
Hued from saffron to coral
Aflame where the sunlight glints."

"Then light melted softly to shadow
And the blue of the sky turned grey
While a veil of deepening twilight
Warned us to hasten away."

"Paolo's Virginia", designed to have a musical setting, displays a touch of dramatic talent and a certain sense of rhythm which, developed by proper study and reading, might yet earn the author a niche in the temple of permanent Canadian literature.—C.N.H.

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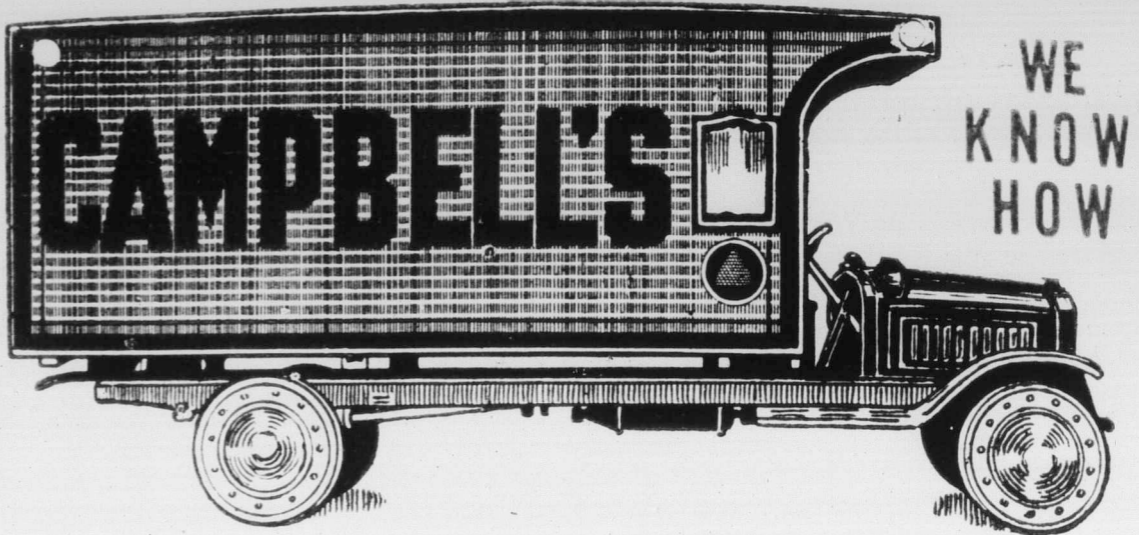
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