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War's Aftermath

She speaks who should have been a bride:

"The tender, argent moon hath waked
Forgotten thoughts anew;
The shining hopes I counted dead
Dear one, since I lost you.

I saw a man enfold a maid
In loving, warm embrace,
And longed for one to hold me close
And kiss my upturned face.

I saw a mother's radiant gaze
Upon her infant rest,
And yearned to hold a little one
Against my yielding breast.

Ah, Love, you ask not this of me,
You ask me not to tread
In solitude the lengthening days,
My brave, beloved Dead?

Believe me, Dear, I'm loyal still,
But oh, the tide runs strong,
The tide of life, and love and youth,
And bears my soul along.

Pulse-of-my-Heart, you'll understand,
And you'll forgive me, too,
When to another I yield the lips
Whose sweets belong to you!

Ah, yes, you understand, who were
So tender, strong and wise;
And when he comes, who is to come,
Your love will light his eyes."

—M. E. COLMAN.

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AT THE CANDY COUNTER.

Attracted by a tasty-looking roll of sugary material, with inviting nut kernels surrounding it, I entered the shop.

The young lady was serving a customer who had bought a box of candy. He tendered her a five-dollar bill, a very dirty one. She took it in her left hand, straightened it out with the fingers of her right hand and placed it in the cash register. Then she took out two two-dollar bills, each dirtier than the bill she had accepted. These also she straightened by smoothing them with her fingers. She handed them to the customer and then turned to me.

"What is that nice looking roll in the window?" I asked.

"Mexican pecan roll."

"How much per pound?"

"One dollar."

"I'll take half a pound."

With fingers which she had used in smoothing the dirty bills the young lady took the roll, laid it on the counter and cut off a number of little pieces. She wore no cap, and in the midst of her labors she stopped to pat and pull the undulating waves of her hair. Then, still using her fingers, she picked up the pieces of confectionery one by one and placed them on the scales.

Next with one hand she grasped a paper bag. In order to open it she moistened the fingers of the other hand on her lips and was about to complete my order.

But my taste for Mexican pecan roll had vanished, and I asked the young lady if I might change my mind. She was displeased, but pretended otherwise.

"Yes, certainly!"

"Then I think I'll take a box of mixed chocolates."

So I did and went away with my purchase. But even for chocolates my taste had declined because I could not help thinking that perhaps the lily-white fingers which had packed them also had not been directed by a mind governed by the principles of hygiene.

The young lady in the shop seemed to be surprised and somewhat mystified and also displeased at my sudden change of mind. But if she happens to see and to read this she will learn the reason. F. D. in The Canadian Red Cross.

SELECTED VERSE.

Do not hurry,
Do not worry,
Grip your purpose and be true,
Days must measure
God's own pleasure,
When this truth is plain to you

Then be steady,
Always ready,
Never murmur, do your part,
Light each duty
With the beauty
Of a wholesome, happy heart.

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The Psychology of the Present Social Unrest

(By Dr. Lyle Telford)

NOTE: Because of the timeliness of the topic and the earnestness of the writer of this article, we have used it with as little alteration as possible. We do not necessarily endorse it.—(Ed. B. C. M.)

There is today a great seething unrest in the minds of the great mass of humanity. It is prevalent in all classes of society. It is abounding in every nation under the sun. It is a source of worry to the statesmen of all countries. On its account it may be truly said, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Our daily press is full of reports of startling events. At one time the reports bear upon occurrences in our own city, or province, or Dominion; at another they refer to events in some far-off clime. Whatever may be the cause of it all, a day seldom passes but we read of something that serves to keep constantly before our minds this great world-wide unrest.

The object of this article is to endeavor to show in a humble way, what might be considered the fundamental principles underlying this great discontent, so that we may the more intelligently deal with the cause.

The two primitive instincts of every living thing are, first, Self-Preservation; second, Race Preservation. That these instincts may be modified or even completely controlled is admitted. A man may so disregard the instinct of self-preservation that he may give up his life for his loved ones, his home, his country or for any principle that he may deem worthy of such a sacrifice. We unhesitatingly declare that such a sacrifice is the most conclusive proof of an honest and sincere attitude on the part of that individual, no matter whether or not we agree with the principle. "Greater Love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." So, though we may have gained complete control over this primitive instinct, we, nevertheless recognize in it one of the greatest forces in all our human experiences.

Of the second primitive instinct, that of Race Preservation, it may be truly said that we have in it a force and an influence upon our lives, second only to the influence of the instinct of self-preservation. For instance, a father will suffer untold agony, and even death itself, to save his child; to keep body and soul together.

a mother will work until the bones of her fingers are bare, so that her child may have enough of the necessities of life

These two instincts are often so intimately interwoven that it may be very hard to say just where the influence of the one begins, and that of the other leaves off. This second primitive instinct, that of race preservation, bears to society as a whole the same relationship that the first primitive instinct, that of self-preservation, does to each individual unit of society. It is only to be expected, then, that anything that prevents the fulfilling of that instinct on the part of society as a whole, will have an effect upon that society rather similar to the effects produced upon its individual units.

Granted that all this is so, we may ask, How are these instincts aroused in our modern society? Anything that in any way interferes with our being able to obtain the necessities of life will serve to arouse them. Anything that prevents our getting the necessary food to supply our bodily needs tends to arouse a spirit of antagonism on our part towards what we consider the obstacle in our way. That obstacle may be a person or persons, corporations or our own government, or the arrangement of our present social order as we find it today. Anything, too, that in any way interferes with our obtaining clothing and shelter sufficient for our needs—or what we consider our needs—also serves as an arousing factor.

The mildest and tamest of our domestic animals will put up the most ferocious struggle if you attempt to take from them, or even prevent their access to, the necessities of life.

Such an action on your part arouses within them the spirit of pugnacity which is present in all forms of animal life, human life included. The struggle so commenced may be the result from two apparently different sources, namely, that of offense and that of defense, yet both are the outcome of the instinct of self-preservation.

What I have said regarding the individual unit of society, man, is true of society as a whole. Anything that prevents society from obtaining the things necessary—or that it considers necessary—for the sustaining of its life, will arouse the spirit of pugnacity, with all the results so common to such a spirit. The one big result that still remains fresh in our memory, is that of the last great war. All the nations engaged in that gigantic struggle thought, at least, that they were engaged in a fight for their life, that their very existence depended on victory.

No one will dispute the fact that our great social unrest is due to the struggle for existence and varies in degree and intensity in relation thereto. In other words, our unrest is due to anything that in any way tends to hinder our unconscious endeavor to fulfil our primitive instincts.

What is there, then, about our present social order that in any way tends to obstruct the necessary fulfilment of these instincts? First and foremost, I would mention the present method of ownership of the means of production and distribution. Other causes include: Our present form of so-called representative government; the many and varied avenues through which our knowledge is derived, especially in connection with the daily press of our land; the pulpit and the movies.

Down through the ages there has gradually evolved a system of specialization within our social order. For us to specialize in any particular line of endeavor, which did not in itself actually produce the necessities of life, compelled us to make some working arrangement with our fellows, so that in return for our labor on their behalf we might receive from them the material which would enable us to continue our work in our chosen field. To carry out this co-operation on a large scale as we have it today, necessitated the formation of a medium of exchange. This medium of exchange is something I am willing to accept from someone else in return for my labors, something I know will be acceptable to others who are



"HE'S AN EXPERT ON SOME LINES, BUT HERE'S ONE BOOK HE NEEDS TO STUDY!"

engaged in the production of those things of which I am in need. With this, no matter what may be my occupation, I am able to provide myself with what are, to me, necessities.

This medium, in itself, had no real value. It was at first supposed to represent so much labor, so much work actually done by the possessor. This theory is no longer acceptable. Even the most ardent supporters of our present social system would hardly claim that the few who hold the purse strings of the world actually earned the money they control.

It is the control of this medium of exchange—money—that gives to one man control over his fellow men, or freedom from their control, as the case may be. Anyone, then, who has not under his or her control some of this medium of exchange cannot obtain the necessities of life. If this is so it may be truthfully said that anything that prevents any man or woman from obtaining control of this medium, prevents him from fulfilling his most primitive instincts. The result of any such procedure is obvious.

The present method of ownership of the means of production and of distribution makes it dependent upon the use of the medium of exchange referred to, by some man or body of men who have under their control sufficient of this medium. Further, the system is such that these men refuse to use the exchange under their control unless they feel assured that in so doing they can increase its amount. In other words, they must be assured of some profit before they will allow anything to be produced or distributed. The greater the need, whether for necessities or luxuries, the greater will be their profit. Our system of production and distribution is one for profit and not for use. It is not concerned as to its efficiency in fulfilling the demands of our primitive instincts of self and of race preservation. Its failure in that regard is only too obvious to all thinking people today. To this we can attribute much of our great unrest.

I mentioned our present form of government as being a source of some of our unrest. That this is so is growing more obvious every day. When one looks about the world and sees how unstable all the governments of the world are, one must believe there is a weakness somewhere in this connection. Our present form of government lends itself most admirably to the influence of the monied interests. Bribery has in the past been a recognized evil attendant upon our form of government. Many who form it often obtain their positions through the influence of money and not through their ability—unless it be their ability to be used as tools for the financial interests—who, through control of our exchange, control the urgent necessities of life itself. The powers of government are used rather in the interests of property protection than of human protection. Politics today are too often considered to be nothing more or less than a game, and as the game is played human interests count for little.

Frequently we are having brought to our notice in no uncertain manner the helplessness of our present government in dealing with the problem of unemployment. That the problem is one that demands a certain amount of ability on the part of those who attempt to deal with it is admitted. The lack of such ability among those who have the responsibility is glaringly obvious. To think that thousands must go in hunger and in rags, in a land of plenty, while others live in luxury is appalling. It need hardly be noted that those thousands going hungry are not doing so because they choose, nor because they cannot or will not work, but solely because they have not, nor can they get, the opportunity that is needed. Opportunity, at least, should be available to all. No form of government can expect to neglect their duty in that regard and survive for long.

Another factor that has been mentioned as bearing upon this great unrest is the avenue through which knowledge of the world happenings is given to the public. That avenue is represented by the press, the pulpit and the movies, and the

greatest of these is the press. No institution in this world so influences the minds of men and women as this one does. If it is corrupt, then we can hope for little advancement. That the press will sell itself to the highest bidder is believed by all intelligent readers. To offset such an influence is a gigantic task and one that will require the ablest minds.

There is no such thing as a free and untrammelled press and yet it is upon the press that we are dependent for the knowledge of world happenings from day to day. It is from this source of information that we form our opinions of men and women in public life, and of the various movements in the world. If at any time the press chooses to colour any of the reports passing through its columns, we have no means of finding out the extent to which that colouring has affected the original intent of the news, or the facts as they existed. We are at their mercy. If we disagree with anything that they may say and choose to reply, we are ignored or ridiculed in the eyes of the general public. We have no redress. No germ of thought not in accordance with the views of our editors is allowed to reach a fertile soil. Never is it allowed to develop to maturity and become an influence in the world according to its merit. If there ever was a power that should be free from all special interests and their influence, it is the avenue through which our information comes.

The press today is the tool of the monied interests which may take the form of the government in power, or of corporations and wealthy individuals who advertise in its columns. It is from these sources that our modern press obtains the means whereby it exists. It is to these that it must give every consideration—no matter whether it agrees with their principles or not—if it wishes to survive. The press, like individuals, is forced, by our present economic system, to do many unfortunate things that it, too, may be able to survive in the struggle for existence.

It is through this avenue for the distribution of knowledge—the press—that we must demonstrate the futility of force being used in an endeavor, or as a means of terminating the great economic struggle going on in society today. It is utter folly for us to think that the great mass of humanity can be made to obey some force contrary to their primitive instincts, and do it permanently. Unless the cause is removed, force solves nothing but, rather does it stir up within the human breast a spirit of determination and pugnacity which will never die while the breath of life remains. By no other means than that of thorough, honest and painstaking effort on our part can we come to a realization of the economic truth regarding the indispensable condition of life. It is through the press that we must hope for the diffusion of this knowledge to the great mass of humanity. This being so, just so long as our press is controlled and operated as it is today, just so long is the human race going to be hampered in its advancement mentally, morally and physically.

The pulpit, which has been mentioned, is no small factor in the life of our community. Its influence, I fear, is not as

(Turn to Page 16)

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THE LIBRARY TABLE

"Voices on the Wind, An Anthology of Today." Compiled by S. Fowler Wright, Editor of "Poetry." The Merton Press, London, England.

This Anthology of the works of living poets of the British Isles (the work of the Dominions is not included, but we are promised a companion volume containing selections from the best work of contemporary Dominion and Colonial writers) is of great interest to a book-loving mind.

Mr. Wright's uncompromising attitude to the dreary drivel that so often passes as poetry nowadays has resulted in a collection which contains many poems of merit and charm, a few which might almost be called great, and none of the products of those minds so warped or diseased that only what is hideous and disgusting attracts them.

It seems almost unfair to quote any one poem from such a collection as this, since none can be said to be typical, but there are, of necessity, those which appeal more strongly than others, and which one would wish to mention.

Of these, "Evidence," by Rupert Haywra, has the same theme as "Vestigia," by Bliss Carman. A world of suggestion and food for many a noble thought lie in the stanza by Norman H. Johnson, entitled "Finite and Infinite":

"Once as I lay unsleeping in the night,
The stars that form Orion's golden belt,
Within a window-pane of space shone bright,
And in this narrow shrine serenely dwelt."

"The Seed," by Frank Noble Wood; "The Passport," by Clarice M. Covell; and "Pain," by Dorothy M. Bunn, are very fine indeed. "The Sixth Day," by C. A. Dawson Scott, is full of dramatic power.

The exclusions are as interesting as the inclusions in this little volume. Here have we nothing from the pen of Mr. Hardy, nothing from Dr. Bridges, nothing from Kipling (one understands this omission), nothing from Yeats, and most surprising of all, nothing from Walter De la Mare. One may at least guess at the reason for the other exclusions, but why slight Walter De la Mare? Is he, one wonders, one of the prophets who are not without honour, save in their own country? Or is Mr. Wright solitary in his neglect of one whom some of us, in this Outpost of Empire, are inclined to rank, tentatively at least, with the Immortals?

Another interesting feature of the Anthology is the number of women represented; of approximately 100 contributors 36 at least are women. We say "at least" because in some cases the initials alone are given, and in one case where the Christian name is Welsh, a Canadian will not venture to guess whether it is masculine or feminine. While it is a fair question if a woman can ever be anything but a lesser poet, the offerings of the women whose work is included in "Voices on the Wind" are of a high standard, and have, almost without exception, a certain quality of wistfulness, a certain charm of elusiveness which is of necessity lacking in the more virile and powerful work of men.

In spite of what has been said about the unfairness of quoting from an Anthology, two poems must be given in full here. The first because it is of special interest to Canadians; the second because of its intense personal appeal to the reviewer.

To Canada.

"When the shade of night is stealing
Silent o'er the face of day,
Cometh to my heart a longing
For the backlands far away,
Where the forests softly quiver,
And the stars are shining clear,
By the swiftly flowing river
Nature calls, and God seems near.

"When the Western dawn is breaking,
Shall I seek the plains of light;
And perchance the wild life waking
From the dreamland of the night,
May restore the Peace I've followed
From the myriad homes of men
To the palaces of Nature,
And the silence of the glen."

Bangkok, 1922.

—Antoine Didier.

Slavery.

For thirty silver pieces every week,
I have my freedom sold;
My freedom that was more to me than gold,
And I'm a slave obedient and meek.

All through the days of April, May and June,
Within four walls I sit;
O wild despair and throbbing ache of it!
While all the earth with loveliness is strewn.

I watch white fleecy clouds across the sky,
The golden sun pours in
The little sordid room, above the din
Of countless wheels, and footsteps hurrying by.

I know that out beyond the city's strife
The meadows lie sun-kissed,
I know that bluebells spread their azure mist
In shady woods, teeming with awakened life.

But I have sold my freedom, and I give
My days in toil to spend;
The dreary days that seem to have no end;
O God! why must we sell our souls to live?

—Katherine C. Ford.

"Wanderer of the Wasteland." By Zane Grey. Hodder & Stoughton, \$2.00.

When it is said that this is a typical Zane Grey novel, it will be classified for all readers.

The action takes place in the desert of New Mexico, and there are many descriptions of that strange and wild country.

The hero becomes a wanderer in this great Wasteland after a quarrel in which he shoots his brother. The novel relates his adventures and probes his reactions to life in the desert during the next fourteen years.

An occasional blue-pencilling of adjectives, and a tightening up of some loosely constructed sentences would improve Mr. Grey's style.

—L. A.

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THE POEMS OF MARJORY PICKTHALL (By W. R. Dunlop)

Someone has said that, in the matter of personal and social charm, a woman is meritorious indeed when praised by a woman. If it be a cynicism it cannot obtain with equal force in literary comment, where naturally the motive of rivalry is rarer to find; and there are times when a woman's testimony to the work of one of her sex has a peculiar graciousness, as when Christina Rossetti spoke of Mrs. Browning as "our greatest poetess."

It is less than one short year since "the little streams of Duna" called Marjorie Pickthall "home"; and it was doubly pleasant, therefore, to hear Mrs. Holt Murison's informed artistic appreciation in St. John's Presbyterian schoolroom recently, under the auspices of the Women's Guild. It was both an appreciation of merit and the remembrance of a friend. Within the pressure of an hour it did not claim to be comprehensive or analytical; but the selective readings were well chosen and the salient points in a charming personality were sympathetically touched upon—her winsomeness, her filial love and her poet-quest for beauty of form and ideal. Of English birth and training, she spent her last two years in this province, while she was still entering the bright meridian of life, with affectionate thought of pastoral England, but with the growing impress of the West on a poet nature. In the case of some authors it seems almost permissible to estimate them, not alone by what they wrote, but by the presumptive product of the years that were not to be. Of such is John Keats. Miss Pickthall, in her own sphere is another and she is not without points of likeness to the young Endymion.

Interest in the address was increased by a reading from the original of one or two poems not yet published, including "Vision," a name suggestive of the gifted writer's forward look to the pleasant land of Beulah, while "Ebbtides" likewise has now a personal pathos of its own. Representative quotations were given from both of her volumes of poems, and the quality of her thought is well implied in the title of the latter of the two—"The Lamp of Poor Souls." Reference also was made incidentally to her novel "The Bridge," written in Victoria, and to her sonnet "Canada to England," which, like another by Bliss Carman, is of the silken threads which weave the web of Empire.

The lecturer was critical of the critic, at least of that class of the genus who were hesitant or negative in appraisal. It is part of the burden. Byron was naturally critical of Jeffrey, yet the latter was a prince of reviewers. Miss Corelli has a penchant for rapping the critics; and even the gentle Mrs. Browning in "Lady Geraldine's Wedding" makes her poet say:

"And because I was a poet and because the public praised me
With their critical deduction for the modern writer's fault."

Perhaps the best that can be said is that there are critics and critics. A brass plate does not make a physician. Yet even great doctors will differ. Whether Miss Pickthall deserves the tribute of one of her critics, who puts her in the chief place in Canadian poetry, can only be solved by the mellowed judgment of time; but those who have read into the soul of much of her writing will easily place her high among those who have given the fine quality of vision and idealism to Canadian verse.

The anniversary of her death is on the 19th of April, not unfitly associated with beds of primroses decking a poet's grave.

CANADIAN TRADE WITH ARGENTINA.

A Famous Exhibition.

Manufacturers of agricultural machinery, and seed merchants in Canada, would do well to pay attention to the growing commerce with Buenos Aires. And especially to observe

that there is one of the celebrated annual exhibitions being held there in May, from the 5th to the 13th. Specimens of threshing, milling, and bread-making machines, of seed-wheat, seeders and graders, will be interesting. All are in demand there and will be shown with instructions and literature from different countries. These exhibits are free of duty, and if manufacturers have no agent in Argentina, they may consign to the Department of Agriculture there. The exhibitions on the grounds of the Sociedad Rural Argentina have a world-wide fame, and participation would be of the utmost benefit to Canada.

DONALD DOWNIE,

Argentine Vice-Consul for Western Canada.

OPTOMETRY

The word "optometry" comes from two Greek words meaning "eye" and "measure." Therefore an optometrist is literally an "eye-measurer." The appropriateness of the name becomes apparent when one realizes that eye conditions with which optometrists have to deal require measurements of the utmost exactness to determine whether or not defects are present, and, if they are, the precise kind of lens grinding required to correct them. "Measuring," in this case, means determining the exact curvatures of each eye, the difference between its focal and linear length, and the tension of both internal and external ocular muscles.

The practice of optometry as it exists today may be said to date from the discovery that bad vision is not the only nor even the main symptom indicating the need of glasses. On the contrary, it has been found that keen vision often is associated with great ocular discomfort and with headaches, nausea and other distressing symptoms, due to a strained condition of the eyes, but admitting of unimpaired vision. Suitable lenses in such cases do not necessarily make the sight better—only more comfortable—but may add greatly to the endurance of the eyes.

Lenses aid sight by putting the eyes in correct optical adjustment for the work they have to do. During childhood and youth a single pair of glasses ordinarily suffice for both far and near vision. Later in life additional help is required to focus the eyes for near work, hence "reading glasses" become necessary.

Eyes otherwise perfect are almost certain to require help for reading and other near work between the ages of forty and forty-five and thereafter, owing to a hardening of the crystalline lens of the eye which interferes with focusing at near points. The necessity for holding a book or paper away in order to see the print clearly indicates this condition and an optometrist should be consulted.

The only way to know that your eyes or your child's eyes are functioning without strain and without waste of energy is to have them examined.

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YOUTH THROWS DOWN THE GAUNTLET

(By One of the Youngsters)

You middle-aged people have made a terrible mess of the world.

You made war for youths to fight, and ever since it was won have been concocting a further bitter brew you call "peace," which, when it is well seasoned and ripened will be another war in which we, and not you, will die.

You have reared a Monster of Industry which has changed the face of the world; we are what you and it have made us.

You point with pride to the Frankenstein of Industry, but when you view us, who are equally your creation, you lift up your hands in holy horror, and cry: "What is the world coming to?"

Undoubtedly Adam remarked to Eve, "The world is no longer what it was when we were young. The new generation is rapidly driving it to the dogs." There may have been some measure of truth in what he said, but who ate the apple? Adam was an expert at "passing the buck," and the memories of middle-aged people do not seem to have improved since his day.

The world may be going at a faster rate than it did when you were our age; but if it is, you set it spinning while we were in our cradles.

What is the count against us?

Foolish? Are you the people, and will wisdom die with you? Truly, Wisdom is justified of her children!

Visionary? Undoubtedly. But to what straits has your practicality reduced the world?

Thoughtless? Are we the ones who accept tradition and dogma, or do we advocate a policy of "laissez-faire?" True, we are not full of wise saws and modern instances, nor are we expert at those platitudinous moralities which pass current as the fruit of profound meditation among the middle-aged. We are disconcertingly apt to speak our minds, even if we have to change them overnight. This is because, unfortunately if you will, we have not yet attained our full stature; we are still growing, and growing things have a peculiar habit of changing, rapidly and often.

We are arrogant, presumptuous? Possibly. Are you always clothed with humility?

Pleasure-loving? Count the number of grey heads and bald pates at the next movie you attend. Do not all amusements cater to "the tired business man"?

Our "highly idealized and socialistic attitude toward capital and labour is dangerous" is it? Were it put into practice, could it possibly make things worse than they are?

We do not differ from the young men and women you were. We are as inarticulate, as eager and untried as you were before you sank into smug, self-satisfied materialism. Is it not because our generous enthusiasms twist the knife in old wounds that you decry them so?

You pretend to be shocked when we speak out the things you are afraid to think. You moan and say, "Civilization is cracking." Honestly, now, is it worth patching?

What is worth while is always preserved. Why deny us the privilege you abrogate to yourselves of purging the heritage of our fathers? Is it not because you are not willing to admit that you, in common with all those who went before, have added to the inheritance much of dross, and little of worth?

You would have us gaze with awe on all your achievements, and when we refuse you become peevish and contend that our standard of measurement is false. It may be. Are you so sure that yours is correct?

Youth must still be led. Your fathers guided you, but who is there in your generation who has the vision, the strength, and the courage to lead us?

We are inarticulate. Beneath the bombast and frivolity of the young men and women of today lies a surging need, an elemental passion for spiritual truth. It is too vast and vague a need to be expressed in the conventional symbols of your generation, therefore we cry in new and strange ways.

We challenge you to lead us, and you are afraid of us.

There is no appeal so high that we will not respond to it. The trouble is that you do not call us high enough. You approach us with half-measures and compromises which we hate as you hated them before materialism had paralyzed your souls. We asked you for bread, and you have given us a stone.

The affairs of men run in tides. Materialism is ebbing fast, the tide of the idealistic is setting in. There is much that indicates it. Is there in the history of the world a more romantic cataclysm than the Russian Revolution? Has time ever produced a greater dreamer than Gabrielle D'Annunzio, or a more fantastic scheme than his? When was there a more widespread interest in religion, (as apart from Christianity), or when were there more cults and "isms" catering to the curiosity of men concerning the future life?

We are prodigal of life. We held its crystal goblet lightly—once—and with a smile poured out its red and sparkling wine on the altar of a dream.

A dream, the dream of a new and happier world, which must come true. "The old order changeth . . ." You have brought the world to the verge of ruin; we could hardly blunder more disastrously.

After all, our faults are your faults, and our virtues are sincerity and courage; we only lack experience, and that you have. Why not lose the habit of abusing us, and consider whether there is not in us, who are what you have made us and live in the environment you created, stuff out of which may be carved the dream for which our lives were poured out like wine?

TAKEN FROM LIFE—(In Vancouver, B. C.)



Irate Grocer (after having watched almost a pound of grapes disappear down throat of young ruffian): "Now, my boy, you mustn't touch the fruit."

Modern Mother of Boy: "Tommy, How often have I to tell you that you must never eat fruit without it being washed?"

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D. A. CHALMERS
Managing Editor and Publisher.
With an Advisory Editorial
Committee of Literary Men
and Women.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SPECTATOR OF BRITAIN'S FARTHEST WEST
For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.

"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

VOLUME XX.

MARCH, 1923

No. 4

NOTES and QUESTIONS

IN THESE DAYS WHEN THE MATERIAL PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY inseparable from a city with the location and natural advantages of Vancouver are being increasingly evidenced by arrangements for harbour improvements, additional elevator accommodation, bridge building, industrial development, etc., it has been outstandingly clear that in other ways—in matters affecting "social, educational, literary and religious," and also imperial affairs, this perennial port of the Dominion is to be so favored that if it suffers at all, it will be from an embarrassment of riches.

LEADERS IN EVERY LINE OF ACTIVITY pass through Vancouver or make it their turning point. The repeated opportunities which came practically together this month, of hearing such men as Sir Henry Newbolt, "distinguished English poet and scholar," and Dr. John R. Mott, general secretary of the International Committee of Y. M. C. A. of New York, one of the world leaders of thought, must have emphasized the privileges assured the residents of the terminal city and its neighbourhood.

DR. MOTT'S ADDRESS AT THE HOTEL VANCOUVER was most thought-provoking and masterly, and in effectiveness his delivery was in keeping with his subject. He spoke for over an hour, yet that address was followed by others on the same day—one to members and friends of the Ministerial Association and another in the Y. M. C. A. in the evening. Athrill with earnestness himself, and with wide vision and a dominant Christian spirit permeating all his addresses, Dr. Mott is an outstanding man among men, and his service to the cause of individual and social righteousness cannot well be overestimated. His visit to Vancouver was all too short, and we hope he may come again ere long.

"EVERYBODY KNOWS" THAT OF LATE BUSINESS HAS BEEN SLOW and money "tight," but we should be glad to see a revival of the attempt to secure and finish the Y. M. C. A. building on Georgia Street as one result following Dr. Mott's visit. It is an unhappy reflection on this community that the erection of such a building should have been abandoned. Are there not "moneyed men" enough in all the Church Denominations—or in none—with interest enough in the growing life and future citizenship of Vancouver to take up this interrupted project and invest money and business management sufficient to ensure its successful completion—even yet?

QUESTIONING THINGS MAY BE SAID ABOUT "DRIVES" GENERALLY, and perhaps about the supplementary management of one concerned with this institution, but such an unqualifiedly useful organization as the Y. M. C. A. should not be penalized for years for the mistake (if such there was) of any one man or board of men; or for the

failure of various people who may have been more ready to promise than able afterwards to perform.

IF ANY FRIENDS OF THE B. C. M. OR OF THE Y. M. C. A. can suggest any way in which this magazine could help towards a revival of interest and activity in connection with the new building, we shall be pleased to hear from them.

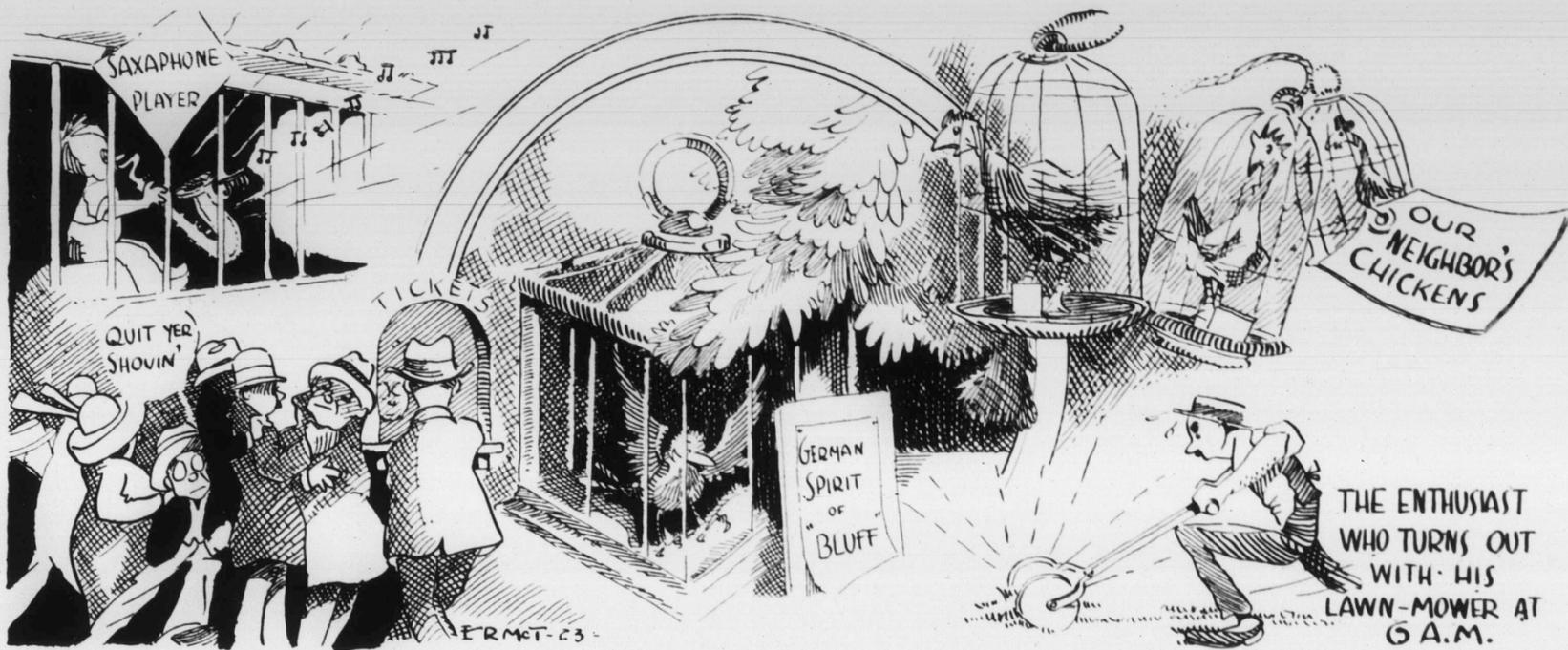
THERE ARE A FEW OTHER UNFINISHED BUILDINGS IN VANCOUVER—such as the large building on Burrard Street at Dunsmuir and the triangle at English Bay—which we should like to see completed or "cleaned up" in one way or another—for the credit and appearance of the city.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT'S ADDRESS, following the luncheon "under the auspices of the Local Committee of the National Council of Education, co-operating with the local organizations," was one of those imperially-flavored literary treats which cannot be other than an inspiration to members of the British race in the outlying parts of the Empire. In saying this, of course, we do not mean to imply that distance from the British Isles need involve less knowledge of, or interest in, our distinctive inheritance as British Empire Citizens.

WHAT CANADA GREATLY NEEDS IN THESE DAYS is an apostle of—or for—the Canadian Dominion who will present fairly to citizens of Britain itself the opportunities that Canada as a whole, and Western Canada particularly, offers to industrious, enterprising and adaptable "settlers" from the Homelands.

LORD ROSEBERY, AS AN OFFICIAL APOSTLE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, in former decades, by his addresses to students and others, has probably been a real influence in the lives of many Scotsmen who, remembering that "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wit," and inspired by the lure of adventuring into far-flung lands, already peopled, however sparsely, by pioneers of British and kindred stock, have gone forth to found homes, and perchance make their mark, or at least do their "day's work" in new "settlements" ultimately destined to rival the centre of Empire itself.

WE HOPE THERE ARE STILL AT WORK APOSTLES OF EMPIRE in Scotland with Rosebery-like literary and oratorical gifts, and that men like Sir Henry Newbolt, a clear-cut speaker of excellent taste and a gallant English gentleman, will carry news and views of Canada to the people in the big centres of Britain that will lead many of them to make intelligent investigation and practical preparation with a view to transferring their domicile to this Dominion.



NOW THAT THE "FLU" GERM HAS BEEN ISOLATED, WE SUGGEST SOME OTHER PESTS THAT SHOULD COME IN FOR IMMEDIATE ISOLATION

SIR HENRY'S SUNDAY ADDRESS ON THE READING OF THE BIBLE, delivered to a capacity audience in the Orpheum theatre, Vancouver, deserves an article to itself. His somewhat original exposition or interpretation of "inspiration" was such as should leave no churchman of any denomination an argument against the introduction in schools of selected readings from the Bible. In this connection it is a shame and disgrace that we are in danger of letting a generation grow up in some parts of Canada without even a tolerable acquaintance with the Bible as literature. If the churches do not get together and work and plan and pray for a way out of the present impasse, people who recognize that literature and life, as portrayed in the Bible are bigger than any denomination or church will be tempted to exclaim, "A plague on both (or all) your houses!" If this world continues, the principles of Christianity and the literary worth and beauty of the Bible may outlive all sectarian names and the claims of denominations, great or small.

* * * *

CHURCH UNION IS STILL A TIMELY TOPIC, and the other side in the form of the Presbyterian opposition was in evidence in Vancouver while our former reference awaited publication. Of course the "Stay-with-its" in the Presbyterian church can make out a good case for themselves, and against anything that savours of coercion. Perhaps if the individual congregations were given an opportunity to vote for or against BEFORE the Union takes place formally (and not afterwards as suggested) the allegation of coercion would be nullified.

* * * *

THE UNION DISCUSSION AT THE B. C. PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD was comparatively mild, and the vote was fairly decisive in favour of Union.

* * * *

THE REV. A. E. COOKE, WHO FOLLOWED WITH AN ADDRESS ON PROHIBITION certainly made out a strong case against Government Control conditions. The minister of First Congregational Church, Vancouver, is one of the most criticized preachers and reformers in the West, but he has all the typical Irishman's fluency and pugnacity. People who may not agree with Mr. Cooke's utterances in every particular, cannot but admire his fearlessness and his obvious desire to get at the facts in any matter he takes up.

As an expositor he is insistent and impressive and drives home his points in a telling way.

* * * *

ON THE WHOLE MR. COOKE'S QUALIFICATIONS are such that if we had anything to do with the prohibition campaign, we should say to the Executive—If you wish to ensure the Cause success, or the fullest possible measure of success, secure A. E. Cooke as the organizer, or campaign manager and speaker—IF YOU CAN.

"ARE YOU UP-TO-DATE?"

Did You get such a letter?

Please accept our sincere thanks for your attention the other month to the bank draft.

It is right to record that before using the bank we TWICE used valuable BACK COVER space to emphasize arrears. Considering the amounts involved, we simply COULD NOT AFFORD to continue sending notifications by letter—to be overlooked repeatedly in many cases.

In issuing bank drafts we allowed the lower two years "in advance" rate of \$3, to apply to subscriptions in arrears—an option now withdrawn.

Until last year, when, for the first time in twelve years, we had a collector call for some arrears, we left payment to the convenience of subscribers. "Hold-up" conditions connected with the printers' strike, however, followed by increased cost of production—plus an actual increase of 600 per cent in postal rates—made it imperative that we take steps to keep our subscription lists up to date.

Nevertheless, we value the personal interest and goodwill of subscribers not less than their dollars, and we shall welcome suggestions for the improvement of the B. C. M.—which we wish to make increasingly "The Community Service Magazine of the Canadian West."

THE CHURCH AS A VOCATION

Excepting, perhaps, the service open to the editor of a social and religious journal like the British Weekly, which enters many homes and, through these, stimulates world progress in numerous departments of activity, the opportunities of the twentieth century churchman at home and abroad for far-reaching influence on other lives are likely to be unsurpassed. But, as usual, great opportunities involve correspondingly heavy responsibilities, and make imperative the exercise of diligence and care on his part, and the part of all concerned, towards securing for him the fullest measure of equipment in training and knowledge.

Assured of his partnership with the Almighty is no vain-glorious Kaiser-Wilhelm way, the Christian pastor of the twentieth century should undertake his task confident that the world war has opened the eyes and minds of men of all grades and shades of belief to the dominance in the universe of eternal principles, and to a clearer realization of relative values affecting this preliminary life on earth.

Service a Dominant Watchword

Though human nature remains the same, after-the-war re-adjustments are likely to alter social views and values concerning the accumulation of wealth, and at no distant date make impossible the extremes of the fabulously rich and the miserably poor. More men individually, and then governments will recognize that there is social injustice in such conditions, just as there is, or was, social suicide in treating "first offenders" as habitual criminals and meting out to them punitive instead of remedial treatment.

Service will become more and more a dominant watchword in public and private life, and as social conditions are ameliorated and knowledge increased, it will be more generally recognized that those who, by sweat of brain and exercise of the potent sympathies of mind and heart "labour for the souls of men," are spending their day of life in the highest form of service. As the mass of men learn that real work, especially work that strains and tries and tires nerve and heart and brain, is more wearing than the labour that depends upon muscular effort, they will esteem more wisely the work, and respect more highly the messengers of the Great Evangel.

More than "Preacher": Social Secretaries Essential

In countries such as Canada it will be more than ever necessary that the parson be more than a "preacher." In no flippant way he will be the Christian "guide, philosopher and friend" of his people, and his work, at least in the larger congregations and communities, will come to be supplemented and supported, not merely by deaconesses as at present, but by lay-helpers or "social secretaries," whose service in congregational life and church districts will lighten, but not necessarily lessen the labours of such a specialized spiritual leader as the trend of the times will more and more tend to make the minister. This system of social secretaries is likely to obtain more generally in cities, but some equivalent development may be looked for in the rural districts also.

Appointments of such secretaries in congregations will give no excuse for anyone but the personally prejudiced looking for arguments alleging that experiences with assistant ministers are not successful in practice. While it may be that difficulties sometimes arise where there are two ministers, colleagues of equal standing, the practice of years in the older countries of the Empire has been to have young ministers as assistants, and we believe it has been found that in most cases such arrangements have proved advantageous to the ministers and people alike.

Much will depend on the type of social secretary appointed. Whatever their other qualification smay be, they should be

men of practical Christian experience, with social qualities, literary capacity and spiritual interests.

Preaching the "Simple Gospel" Involves Interest in Earthly Conditions

Essays and literary exercises and expositions concerning attractive but debateable theological themes may, on occasion, be helpful and profitable, but they can never take the place of the "simple Gospel," which at the same time is the perennially wonderful Evangel of Jesus Christ, proclaiming the love of God to man and containing an invitation to the human family to become His children "in spirit and in truth." But more stress will have to be put on the fact that while the "simple Gospel" is the message of the Heavenly Father to His creatures who may become His children, He is a Heavenly Father who is concerned in their welfare and progress while they are on earth, and wishes them to enjoy this life wisely, and to learn progress by service. That does not mean the all-too-common, vulgar phrase "enjoying oneself," but the joy of giving rather than getting, and of individual development through social utility.

The churchman by vocation of the twentieth century will not encourage his fellows or his flock to think of this world so much as "a vale of tears," or to sing however sweetly "Oh, Paradise, Oh, Paradise, 'Tis Weary Waiting Here," but rather stimulate them to be so worthily busy that in some senses "Paradise" will begin on earth by gradually making the burden of "so little done, so much to do," give place to the satisfying contentment that comes from "something attempted, something done." In this way he and they alike will learn to hold this life the vestibule to a higher life wherein life and death together are viewed "with larger, other eyes than ours."

Voicing Social Righteousness

Without neglecting his primary duties and obligations associated with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the minister should have an enlarged opportunity of exercising influence towards social righteousness.

While he must, as always, avoid being a meddler or busy-body as regards men's characters and public affairs, he must needs, if the Christian church is to maintain its position and fittingly enhance its prestige in the world, stand up strongly and come out fearlessly as the implacable foe of bribery and corruption and all forms of "graft" wherever they are evidenced or revealed in governments or parties, in corporations, city councils—anywhere, indeed, in church or state or society.

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Whatever his personal leanings regarding public questions, the preacher must, at all times, put Christian patriotism before political partisanship, and so prove that while vocationally he preaches Christian brotherhood, his practice, in public and private life, furthers that brotherhood of man which is inseparably linked with belief in the Fatherhood of God.

Only One Sermon a Week?

Though to some good church people it may partake of the nature of heresy to suggest change in the number of sermons, the continued multiplicity of the minister's duties and his congregational responsibilities to families and individuals, the numerous organizations with which he must keep in touch in his own congregation and denomination and in the social and patriotic life of his community, tend to make the preparation of sermons such a tax on his time and strength that it is likely to become next to impossible for any man to prepare three, or even two, fresh addresses each week. There may be a revolution or evolution in the arrangements of the churches which will result in the minister not being expected to prepare more than one sermon weekly.

That suggestion does not imply that the minister will do less work; but, rather, that more of his time and attention will be given to other duties, including congregational visitation and personal service that may influence the homes and lives of his people more than under the present conditions, which, in most city charges, exact from the minister the preparation of two sermons and a mid-week address each week.

Human Nature the Same: "Sin"

Recognizing that, notwithstanding the progress of the world's life, with all its labour-saving inventions and scientific achievements, human nature is much the same, and still retains in itself capacity for a mysterious kinship with "nature red in tooth and claw," whether or not men call it "sin," and that, however men accept or explain it, ere any earthly life "gain its Heavenly best a God must mingle with the game," the churchman will find lasting inspiration in the settled conviction that he is working not only in harmony with the highest laws of the universe, but in tune with the Infinite, whose beneficent Spirit broods over the restless, longing and yearning hearts of men, and, through the agency of consecrated fellow-mortals, leads such souls to "rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him."

God's Kindergarten School

For even when human life is rightly directed, and the summit of its ambitions seems reached in home or church or society, and in community or public service, the Christian minister rather more than other teachers and directors of thought must again and again remind his fellows not to become too much attached to the things of time and sense, and must emphasize that "here we have no continuing city"; that while it is the duty of the human family to work and strive strenuously for the establishment of an "earthly paradise," this life, at best is but God's kindergarten school for the souls of men.

Thus shall the minister, through devotion to his divinely-appointed task "allure to brighter worlds and lead the way."

Avoiding Self-Advertising and Vaudeville Texts

The twentieth century preacher who is well-trained and well-advised, will avoid cheapening himself and his work by courting that newspaper and other publicity that comes from taking sensational subjects, such as picture show and political arena topics, for his "sermons." He will remember that, in a nominally "Christian" country even preaching work may be secondary in its lasting results to those which follow from the exercise of that quiet, persistent influence which radiates from forceful and congenial personalities and gradually permeates lives and homes.

Dominant Notes: "Whither?"

This is an age in which accelerated social progress is inevitable, and as human life becomes more healthful and refined in its general conditions, and the means and interchange of knowledge embraces investigation and conquest of earth and sea and air, the thought of the race will naturally rise more readily towards the age-old questions "Whence?" "Wherefore?" "Whither?" with increased emphasis on the "Whither?"

"Respectable" Christians: Attitude to Missions

This will result in several features of Christianity being emphasized and certain dominant notes being struck, perhaps as never before. For instance, merely "respectable" or formal Christians will come to be looked at askance in the Christian church at home, just as "rice Christians" are belittled in certain foreign lands. Also the absurd anomaly of people professing themselves Christians, and even holding office in the churches, and yet questioning the work or wisdom of the church devoting men and money to "Missions," will be criticized freely and condemned fearlessly. For to speak of a "Christian" who does not believe in foreign missions, is a contradiction in terms; as such a view involves an unchristian spirit of selfishness which says, in effect, "I have the best light and teaching for this world and for life beyond, but I do not believe in passing them to fellow mortals."

The Gospel of the Resurrection

One of the dominant notes of the new era will almost certainly be the sounding of the Gospel of the Resurrection. As people advance in years they may less readily be thought of as growing old, and more pertinently as growing up in life, ripening for a higher standard and a senior class of service, in which personality shall persist and "eternal form shall still divide the eternal soul from all beside."

BUSINESS-BUILDERS of B. C. and BUSINESS MEN of the EAST and Elsewhere, now awake to the Value of the CANADIAN WEST:- Greeting!

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If you have a message for the homes and business men of the Canadian West, we invite you to communicate with us.

IN B. C. and THE CANADIAN WEST BE A LEADER IN YOUR LINE

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

This belief in the continued evolution of higher life may become so dominant that much of the dread of the transition we call "death" may pass. The body of flesh will more and more come to be recognized as the first garment of the soul, and while something of mystery may remain associated with the change in dying, the truth of Scripture may be revealed and realized more fully than ever that "when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

Ministerial Temptations

Without being a minister, anyone with kindred interests and ideals, and in touch with the practical work of the churches, must recognize that the temptations of the ministry in Canada are the reverse of the kind against which an eminent Edinburgh divine, famous not only as a preacher, but as a nauthor, was wont to warn the divinity students of former decades.

That talented teacher pictured the young minister spending Monday at ease with a novel, and following days, instead of being given to study and preparation for Sunday's sermons and services, frittered away by him, till toward the end of the week his purposed plans were interrupted by the death of some member of his congregation; resulting in the preacher entering the pulpit on Sunday with an old or ill-prepared message for his people.

No doubt some young ministers in the older lands, and especially in churches with assured fixity of tenure had to face and fight such temptations. Even now there may be, in Canada as well as in the homelands, a few congregational charges in which, if a minister is disposed to be indolent or to do other work "on the side" he may "take life easy" so far as his church "charge" is concerned, while regularly drawing its income. But in the large majority of cases the conditions are probably such that the difficulty of the pastor is not to avoid temptations to leisured life, but rather how to find necessary recreation.

Hours for Study: A Clarion Call

It is essential that the pastor who would appeal to his people effectively should, to ensure freshness and force in his preaching, have some hours set apart daily for study, and his general reading should embrace reviews bearing upon current conditions and the application thereto of Christian principles. Even the worthy war-cry applied to the "Foreign Field," "the evangelization of the world in this generation," should be supplemented by a clarion call for fuller christianization at home, of the practically "heathen" masses submerged in "Christendom."

A "Minister's Sabbath" Essential

In connection with the minister's Day of Rest there is room for progress. For instance, it ought to become a well-recognized "unwritten law" that, unless it is practically unavoidable, the minister should not be asked to do ministerial work of any kind on Mondays. "Six days shalt thou labour" should apply to clergymen as well as to other men; and, if the "Lord's Day Alliance" or any other authorities' powers extended far enough to analyze and differentiate, many ministers might be accused each week of "breaking their Sabbath."

Funeral services may unavoidably interfere with the minister's Day of Rest, but if the pastorate is to become more fully a "cure of souls," and the minister to be the fit and strong supervisor of the spiritual life of a congregation, it will be necessary for the various organizations of the church to cease to expect him to take part in their weekly meetings as a matter of course. That does NOT mean that the minister will not be actively interested in the welfare and earnest in the oversight of all departments of congregational life and work; but it does mean that organizations and officials will learn to make more allowance for the manifold claims and

calls on the time and energy of their spiritual leader. They will keep in mind, too, that he must have time for meditation and reflection, as well as for study, if he is to continue to be able to bring them messages of inspiration and upbuilding in his sermons on the Sabbath; that he has the sick to visit and the bereaved to comfort; and at least a selection of meetings connected with the community life to attend—not to mention his part in the work of the church at large and attendance at its various courts.

Ministers the Genuine "I. W. W.'s"

The ignorant and ill-informed who assume that clergymen work only one day a week, may now have demonstrated to them that many ministers do not get or take anything like the one full day's rest a week which comes as a matter of course to most so-called "working men." Indeed, if there be any genuine "Independent Workers of the World," who, when they put conscience into their work, need encouragement and consolation, they are Christian ministers of all denominations. But by worthy work well-maintained, as in other ways, men "rise on stepping stones . . . to higher things."

"Ho! ye upon whose fevered cheeks the hectic glow
is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day and half the
weary night;
Who labour for the souls of men, champions of truth
and right;—
Although ye feel your toil is hard, even with this
glorious view,
Remember, it is harder still to have no work to do!"

Fellow-workers With God Himself

True as that is, it is also true that among mental workers many a man may be thought to be having "an easy time" when, if the facts were known, his strength is being constantly overtaxed, and so much so that he becomes possessed at times of a desire to be at rest away from the ceaseless throb and incessant strain of the world's work. Such workers need not so much to be reminded that "it is harder still to have no work to do," as that they are fellow-workers with the Lord of Life and Love Himself, whose chief work in this world is "growing souls." In this connection, with allowances for fuller light and clearer vision as to relative values, we may well ask with Milton:

" . . . What if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like more than on Earth is thought!"

So it may be that the work of the earnest churchman, while carrying much of its own reward on earth, may also be equipping those heartily engaged in it for more divine tasks in shepherding souls Beyond—in the "Father's House of Many Mansions," or "resting places," of which the Master Himself spoke.

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A Honeymoon In Nature's Fairyland -- Bermuda

By CARMETA HOPE MOOREHOUSE

SEAWARD BOUND!

As on the departure for our "First Honeymoon" trip—(for this was to be our second)—we stood on the deck of the S.S. 'FORT VICTORIA' of the Furness Bermuda Line and waved a fond farewell to Manhattan Isle. The sun shone in all its splendour and save for the breaking of a handle on one piece of our luggage, we had a perfect departure.

The morning of the second day saw the wan faces of many voyageurs at their respective tables. It was the Sabbath Day and in due observance everyone seemed willing to leave excitement and turmoil behind them and settle down quietly. The day, however, was not to pass without certain experiences more exciting than seeing flying-fishes or encountering the Gulf Stream. Just as tea was being served on deck we came within sight of a passing cyclone. There were jet black clouds accompanied by a whirling funnel which whisked up the water into the air, and as we watched the course of it we thought of what "might have been" had we actually been in the path of this freak of Nature. The storm travelled with great velocity and we watched it sweep across the trail of white foam in our ship's wake.

On the third day land was sighted, and interesting it surely was as we neared these coral isles. At a goodly distance out from shore a native pilot was taken on board to direct the ship's course through the extremely intricate channels of approach.

Right here and now we must make mention of the various transitions in color of the sea water, between New York and Bermuda. After leaving the well churned waters of New York harbor, where color can scarcely be determined, we found the undisturbed waters of the Atlantic to be of a greyish blue tint; but when our course led us into the Golf Stream the waters were a beautiful, rich dark blue. On the third day the tints were opalescent, wonderful, everchanging greens and blues. The clarity of the water was astounding, and as we approached St. George we could look down at the ship's side and see innumerable fishes at remarkable depths. We were told that the reason for these ever-changing tints and colors is the coral bottoms of the many bays, coves and inlets, together with the refraction of the brilliant sunshine on the waves, the sky, the clouds and the surface movements. Such is the setting for the Bermuda Archipelago of one hundred odd islands, which are linked together by causeways or small bridges. The Archipelago takes the form of a shepherd's crook, and the course into the harbor of Hamilton is an intricate one indeed for coral reefs protect this little group of islands from the encroaching seas.

Softly undulating hills covered with green trees, principally juniper, form an artistic background for the immaculately clean white houses of Hamilton. We were told that the white slabs on the hillsides were "water-catchers" where rain-water was caught and kept in tanks for the use of the inhabitants throughout the island, there being absolutely no other water available. All rain falling on the roof-tops is carefully retained and runs down through channels to tanks. It is on this account that we may enjoy the sight of immaculate cleanliness, for each householder is required by the Government to whitewash his roof every three months,—the lime in the whitewash acting, they say, as a purifier of the water.

Carriages filled every available spot on the length and breadth of Front street and first thing we knew we were on our way to an hotel along the shores of beautiful Hamilton Harbor to the adjacent section known as Paget. The roadway was in places balustraded and overhung with the bloom of oleander trees, some of which were twenty feet tall and literally a mass of bloom. Chinese hibiscus with its wonderfully attractive red blossoms was there in profusion, too.

Banana trees, palm trees, and paw-paws lent tropical atmosphere as we went leisurely on our way, for you are defied to hurry in Bermuda—"When in Rome do as the Romans"—and that means you must drive or cycle wherever you go, as there are no railroads, trolleys, or automobiles.

The first evening after our arrival a splendid reception was given the "new arrivals" on the concrete pier of the Hotel Inverurie, and it truly was a beautiful sight to see the pier decorated with palms and in the background sailing boats plying to and fro in the moonlight.

Some of our friends proceeded the next day to go to the coral reefs and the sea gardens, but we didn't wish to make a business of the sight-seeing so decided we would rather laze around that day and leave the trip for a future time. That day was my post-card day and I wrote postals to my near and dear.

By the day following, curiosity was mounting and we took the day trip to St. George, the oldest settlement on the Bermuda Islands, dating back to 1612, and named for tis founder, Sir George Somers. The start was made early in the morning 'mid blossoming roadways dressed in gala array with morning glories of the deepest colorings, the size of a saucer, and other beautiful flowers such as hibiscus and oleanders. On the way we passed the splendid new hospital which has been dedicated to King Edward VII, and the Government farm where is grown every species of flowers and plant which can be cultivated in that climate. We first saw the brilliantly colored Bouganvillia on this trip. Flowers have a way of growing up amongst the trees in these tropical countries and they seem to have an eye for beauty, for they select such a pleasing background against which to lay their blooms.

We saw also what is known as "The Devil's Hole," a natural phenomenon which was probably a cavern at one time. The roof has long since fallen in and what remains is really a natural aquarian with countless species of fishes wonderfully colored. Curiously enough this habitat of thousands of fish is formed, not by the waters of Harrington Sound, which comes into view at this spot, but by the Ocean which lies a full quarter of a mile away. The tide rises and falls in this natural grotto, and the water gurgling in through a small aperture makes a strange sound which was in olden times attributed to the presence of His Satanic Majesty; hence the name.

At the crystal caves a treat was in store for us. After paying our admission fee we descended along a gradual incline until we were ninety feet below the surface, when we had our first view of these wonderful limestone formations. The

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illumination by electricity is a wonderful help in bringing out the iridescence of the pendant icicles, for such they seem to be. In some places the drippings which make the stalagmites have mounted up, joining their respective stalactites and solid columns are the result. We were told that it took one hundred years to add one inch to the height of these formations. At that rate the astounding age of the caves is apparent. In some places there is limpid water forty feet deep in the caves, and it is by means of little bridges that one crosses over and under the calcite formations to view these enchanted grottos. In some places the ceiling is forty feet high and the reflections in the water below are entrancing. It was interesting to learn that the tide rises and falls three feet daily in the caves. Had it not been for two little native boys who saw these shining phantoms in the dark while seeking for a lost ball, these marvelous sea caves might not yet have been discovered.

Early one morning during our stay a tropical storm burst upon us, winds blowing, trees swaying, rain from all directions being swirled into regular fountains. Oleander trees were stripped of their flowers and leaves from the top branches were whipped off by the fury of the winds. All electric current was cut off and as it was very dark at the breakfast hour an ancient kerosene lamp was pressed into service. However, except a broken down fence, little damage seemed to have been done.

Suddenly, without warning, the winds abated, the rain stopped and the sun shone. How strange, we thought, the storm is over. But a representative of the Carnegie Institute in Washington, D.C., had a barometer with him, and though he did not disclose his knowledge, he was well aware that all was not over yet. These tropical hurricanes travel circle within circle over a given area, and then they are sucked back by the lower atmospheric pressure in their wake, so that the most dangerous part of the storm is the last in coming. That was what occurred this time. As suddenly as the storm had abated its terrible return trip was upon us. Those were never to be forgotten hours! Wind, rain in torrents, wind! Crash! Plaster had fallen in the hall—a hole made in the stone roof was the cause of this. We were ordered to the kitchen, the oldest part of the building. The air was filled with bits of stone from roofs, branches of trees were held in mid air, all of the fence was laid low, trees were uprooted in our sight. Fortunately it was not until the worst was over that I recognized the posts in the back yard to be those of the front verandah, which had actually been carried over the roof-top, the force of the landing planting two of the pillars upright in the ground. The roof was afterwards found hundreds of feet away from the house, in pieces of all sizes and shapes. Bits of the roof of the main part of the house were also taken off by the wind. Words fail to describe our feelings: it was the most harrowing experience I ever had. Fortunately no one was injured (it is a peculiar thing about these storms that there is very rarely loss of life) but the devastation was terrific. Newspapers record this as one of the worst hurricanes in the history of the Bermuda Islands: a real tropical storm, while usually Bermuda has but the tail-end of those which visit Cuba. In retrospect it is consoling to reflect that we had really the "worst" storm! Telephone communication was lacking for days throughout the islands as all wires were down and the roads were obstructed with uprooted trees which had to be cleared away.

When it was possible to go out without being in too much danger from fallen wires, we walked down the hill to the Hotel Inverurie to see the damage done there. To our surprise we found that they had suffered much more than we had up on the hill. Water had been standing in the first floor rooms to the height of three feet, and the waves from the harbour dashed up to the second floor smashing the windows and flooding the rooms. Even the massive concrete pier had

been demolished and the ferry boats that plied between Paget and Hamilton had been dashed to atoms against the rocks. The instrument for gauging the wind velocity at Prospect Observatory recorded a range of speed between 90 and 150 miles an hour during this storm.

After a few days reports came from St. George and other parts of the island relative to the damage done, and in each case it was unprecedented. It was claimed that it would be years before the general appearance of the islands would be as before the storm. Banana groves were entirely laid low, and much of the planting which had been done was uprooted, or entirely spoiled by the salt spray which was mixed with the rain. To such fury had the ocean waves been whipped that there was a tidal wave of twelve feet. Many home owners found their water tanks filled with salt water, and of course this was a serious situation, for as previously stated the rainfall forms the total water supply, there being no water on the islands which are entirely of coral formation.

We had left the excursion by boat to the coral reefs for a treat on the day before our departure for home, and this certainly is a trip to be included in everybody's itinerary. We went about five miles by steamer, twisting in and out between a multitude of tiny isles. We towed two glass-bottomed boats and changed to them after we had arrived at the reefs, which are entirely submerged. We sat around a sort of well in which was a glass bottom and were able to watch the marine life to a depth of thirty feet as natives slowly propelled the boat over the reefs. We saw fish of all colors of the rainbow, marine ferns, coral, sponges—a veritable fairyland under the water.

Early on the following morning we started on our return journey. Even the elements seemed to regret our leaving, for a gentle shower came up as we loosed from the moorings. Everybody was on deck having a last look as the steamer wended its way through the maze of tiny islands: again we saw the white stone houses nestled in the dark green junipers on the shore, then the islands faded in the distance and Bermuda, Nature's Fairyland, was just an exquisite memory.

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

A Corner for Mother and the Girls.

A newspaper, not long ago, gave an account of a suit against a railroad Company in which a person who had sustained an injury which prevented him from smiling claimed \$10,000 damages. The Court awarded the claim. If the ability to smile, when it is lost, is worth \$10,000, what is it worth while we still have it?

* * * *

There's magic in a smile. "Folks who don't believe in magic miss a great deal!" Just try it on the clerk who waits on you during the rush hour in a shop—watch the tired face light up, the weary back straighten. Try it on the grumpy man who sits beside you in a crowded hall, on the fretty woman who pushes you aside and climbs on the street-car ahead of you, on the nagging youngster pulling at his tired mother's skirts as they pass you on the street, try it on all the weary, unhappy-looking folk you meet, whether you know them or not,—it always works. Frowns smooth out, lines disappear, expressions soften, harsh voices take on musical tones when they meet the magic of a smile.

* * * *

A smile is the best stimulant I know. You simply can't turn up the corners of your mouth and not feel a glow of hope and happiness. Its a queer quirk of our minds, if you like, or you may call it "a strange psychological reaction" if that suits you better, but it's good sound sense, not common sense, but quite "uncommon" sense.

* * * *

There's magic in words of appreciation, too. We take so much and give so little! Last Sunday as I left church several people were speaking of the sermon as "helpful," "inspirational," "splendid," "best sermon I've heard for a long time"; how many, one wonders, voiced this feeling to their pastor? Those who wish to complain to him are rarely reticent about it!

* * * *

But the minister is only one of many from whom we receive inspiration, fresh courage, pleasure. The singer whose golden voice lifted you, for an instant, beyond all cares, the woman whose garden delights your eyes as you pass by, the writer who gave you "the best laugh you had for a dog's age," the clerk whose courtesy made your shopping a pleasure, the friend whose cheery word or welcome letter came just when you needed it most, the nurse or deaconess whose sacrificial ministry among the sick or the poor excites your admiration and inspires you, the home-maker whose sweeping and scrubbing, dusting and baking makes of a "house" a "home," have you ever told her how you appreciate her?

Lets—

SAY IT WITH A SMILE

and

SEND THE FLOWERS NOW

This is the season for tonics. For "that tired feeling," yours or the other fellow's, try this prescription:

O Jupiter aid us!

Take of appreciation an abundance,

Of praise a liberal amount,

Sprinkle plentifully with smiles and apply with sincerity and sympathy, NOW.

* * * *

Here is the recipe for some delicious buns, the shape and size of crumpets, that we used to get piping hot from the baker's (the very baker who gave the recipe) in the recess between two examinations when I was a little girl in Switzerland. The tender meltingness of them, the crisp butter and sugary richness of the tops of them, the wholesome tooth-someness of them, is sure to find favour with mother and youngsters alike, not to mention father.

SWEET SALEES

Make a dough using 1 qt. flour, ¼ lb. butter, ¼ pint milk, ½ cake yeast.

Let the dough rise ¾ hour in a warm place. Roll out ½ inch thick, cut in rounds the size of a saucer. Put in small pie plates and let rise ½ hour. Brush with the yoke of an egg well beaten, sprinkle with sugar and two or three little pieces of butter. Bake a few minutes (till nicely brown) in a very hot oven.

WINNOGENE

MAKE IT WIDE.

It's best to keep a smilin',

For a smile's a kind o' net

That catches by beguillin'

Just the thing it wants to get.

So keep your smile a spreadin',

Crack a jolly joke or two,

And you'll find that things come headin'

Straight for smilin' folks like you.

—The Kiwanis Magazine.

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VANCOUVER LITTLE THEATRE ASSOCIATION
(Ninth Production)

The Little Theatre Association again presented a varied programme for the enjoyment of lovers of the drama. In "Sicilian Limes" the actors were severely handicapped by the poor construction of the play which was highly artificial and lacked action. The idea of two contrasted scenes being acted simultaneously, a banquet in the background and a conversation between a Sicilian peasant and the mother of the famous singer who owes him her chance of a career, was very effective and well carried out.

In great contrast to "Sicilian Limes" was the second play of the evening, a tragedy entitled "Trifles." Here was a most excellent vehicle, highly emotional and so well written and acted that it seemed as though the fourth wall of the New England Farmhouse which formed its setting had been removed to allow us to witness an actual occurrence. Mr. Wright, a farmer, has been murdered and suspicion attaches to his wife who has been arrested. Mrs. Hale, a farmer's wife, and Mrs. Peters, the Sheriff's wife, sitting together in Mrs. Wright's kitchen while the men gather "evidence," bring out in their conversation, and in the trifles they notice about the room, the fact that Wright was a hard, cruel man who made life unbearable for his wife, who had been so bright and pretty as a girl, so cowed and faded as a childless wife. The inevitableness of the dialogue and the finish and sincerity of the acting made this play quite THE success of the evening. Miss Sterling, as Mrs. Peters, gave a faithful characterization of a kindly woman torn between her essential sense of justice and her respect for the law; while Miss Nowlan as Mrs. Hale presented a powerful study in repressed emotion. Though she is silent for several minutes after her entrance her personality commands immediate attention and dominates the play from the first.

The delightful and highly satirical humor of "The Angel Intrudes," was a welcome relief after the tension of "Trifles." Mr. Shearman made a most handsome angel, and one could hardly blame Annabelle for falling in love with him even on such short notice. Mr. Goodall as James Pendleton, about to elope with a flapper, and wishing he wasn't, unable to get out of it with decency, yet most ungrateful to his guardian angel who comes to his rescue in a most original and unconventional manner, was very convincing. Miss Hamilton gave a vivid and most amusing characterization of Annabelle, an abandoned little flirt. Miss Hamilton's clear and vibrant voice, and her careful enunciation are not the least of her assets. The play was a clever one, and the dialogue refreshingly witty.

The McIntyre Quartette again gave a most excellent musical programme. The stage settings were all very effective, and the rapidity and quietness with which the scenes were changed speaks well for the efficiency of the stage directors.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PRESENT SOCIAL UNREST
(Continued from Page 4)

great as it might have been had it given a little more attention to the things of this life rather than to the life hereafter. That the church is losing its grip on the great mass of humanity is beyond all question. When one listens to the average sermon one is struck with the hopelessness and helplessness of the whole thing. They say war clouds are hovering upon every horizon, the prospect of our witnessing one of the worst and most horrible and unthinkable catastrophes is not a remote possibility. Great seething social unrest is prevalent in every land. A black and dreary outlook indeed! But worst of all is, that they have no solution save one and that is that you turn to Christ. No thought do they give to the great economic problems that are confronting us today. A people that starves is a people that thinks only of material things, of food. Before the church can command the attention of the laboring class she will have to show an earnest desire to aid them in the solution of their economic difficulties. When she has done this, then the laboring class will be free to think of the grander, nobler, more spiritual things of life and not until then. Prayer without food avails nothing unless it give the individual the necessary self-control to starve to death while his fellow men survive amid the most luxurious surroundings, without raising their voices in protest.

Selfishness, recognized as one of the greatest evils in the world, is, after all, the outcome of our endeavor to fulfil our most primitive instinct, that of self-preservation. The harder it becomes to preserve ourselves and our families then the more selfish we will naturally become. I say naturally advisedly, for it is surely only natural that we should endeavor to survive. If we were truly unselfish, I fear that our sojourn on this earthly sphere would be but a short one indeed.

The great social and labor movements occurring the world over are the outcome of an endeavor on the part of the human race—at least that portion of it which finds the struggle becoming really hard—to devise ways and means of making existence healthier, happier and easier. It is an endeavor to make the fulfilling of our primitive instincts an activity that does not mean the killing or starving of our fellow men. Though force may hinder, nothing less than death can prevent the ultimate satisfaction of these instincts. The sooner we recognize at the basis of all our unrest the great primitive instincts struggling for fulfilment, the sooner we recognize the futility of any force being used to prevent this fulfilment, and the sooner we set ourselves about the task of making fulfilment possible without undue struggling on the part of individuals, the sooner we will have "Peace on Earth and Good Will Towards Men."

That economic considerations should not dominate life is true, but that they will dominate it if we fail to study and intelligently consider the great economic truths is, to any thinking mind, obvious. It therefore becomes the bounden duty of us, each and all, to do our part, intelligently, to make this life a glorious and happy experience for struggling humanity, rather than one which makes them pray that death might come to free them from all their trials and sufferings. Only when we do this are we doing our duty towards our fellow men, as the Creator intended that we should. To abuse those who are struggling to lessen the burden should and will be, recognized as one of the greatest crimes man can commit against his fellow man.

The crying need of our day is for men and women with vision broad and far-reaching enough to see a new order emerging out of the present chaos, with earnestness of purpose to follow a line of endeavor that will lead to the desired goal, regardless of personal abuse and suffering, and with a knowledge that will serve to guide them at all times in the pathway of righteousness that they may be true and faithful guides to their less enlightened fellow men.

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