

Volume XII.

Seventh Year

No. 6

PUBLISHED AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

# British Columbia

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# Monthly

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(Continuing "Westminster Review," Vancouver.)

The Social, Literary and Religious  
Magazine of The Canadian West

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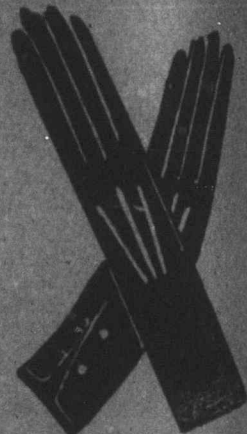
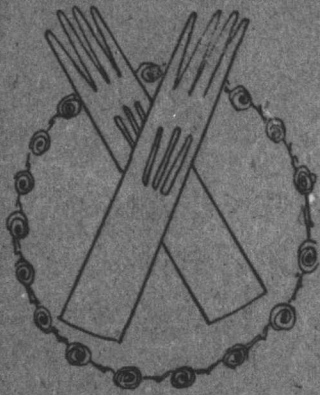
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## SPRING STYLE GLOVES FOR WOMEN

**That Are Correct  
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ably Priced**



FOREHANDED BUYING ON OUR PART ENABLES US TO OFFER IMMENSE STOCKS OF RELIABLE GLOVES AT PRICES SHOWING VERY LITTLE ADVANCE ON THOSE PREVAILING BEFORE THE WAR. INSTANCING:

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**Women's Silk Hose**—Serviceable quality, in black, white, grey, champagne and taupe. Pair ..... \$1.25  
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**Children's Ribbed Cashmere Hose**—In black, white, sky, pink and tan; sizes 5 to 6½. Pair, 50c; sizes 7 to 7½, pair, 60c; sizes 8 to 8½, pair ..... 75c  
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**The Hudson's Bay Company**  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

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# An Open Letter to British Columbia Business Men

AND PARTICULARLY TO

THOSE TO WHOM WE SENT "MARKED MAGAZINES."

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

As stated elsewhere, in every case if possible, we seek "one chief, one meeting, one decision." Why? Because there are so many **real live business men** to interview who **can and will give us their advertising copy** just as soon as we find time to see them and submit the facts.

That is a conviction—**amply supported by experience**, especially in these two months. The business contracts written with the "**British Columbia Monthly**" in January and February, have not only confirmed us in the belief that the change of name was apt and timely, but that we can rely upon most of the British Columbia business men, who have anything worth while to advertise, using our space.

War conditions reduced this magazine to the minimum size, but it is in its **Seventh Year** and at no experimental stage. We hope to increase the size of the next issue—which begins a new volume. If you put Quality before Quantity, join us now and have the satisfaction and credit of doing your part in a business way in giving British Columbia an increasingly useful monthly devoted to Christian journalism independent of "Party, sect or faction."

**P.S.—**One business man 'phoned us this month to call for his contract and advertising copy. Why should not **YOU** be the next to do so?

**N.B.—**The Alaska B. C. Bedding Co. who used this space last month, have not left: Like a well-known character in fiction, they are only "**SETTLING BACK FOR A SPRING,**" and will use a full page in next issue.

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## STIPULATE

### “Dominion” Matches

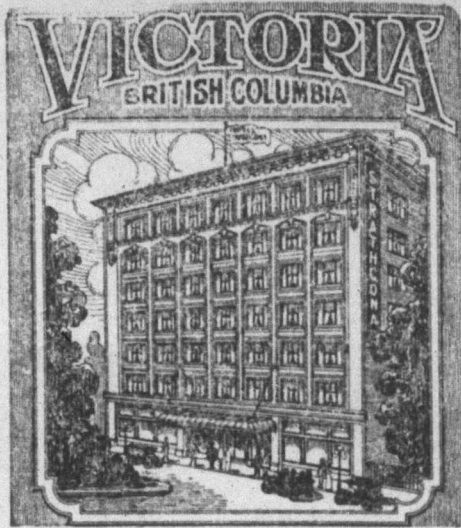
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Noted for its Good Dollar-a  
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stamp” but the

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**and TEAS**

**IS EMPRESS**

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Vancouver, B. C.

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Provides Teachers for Schools.  
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Telephone:

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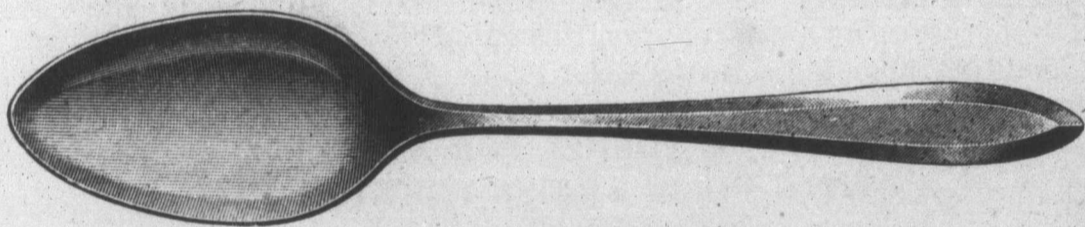
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"S" stands for "Saba and Silks"

# Saba Brothers

SILK SPECIALISTS

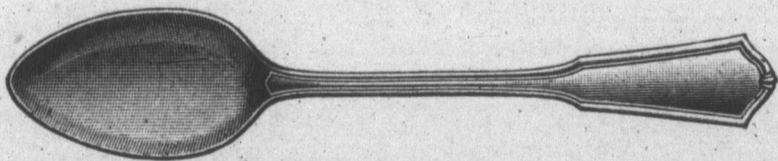
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Vancouver, B. C.

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# THE VALUE OF LIFE INSURANCE

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"If I were not a preacher, I would be an Insurance agent."—Rev. J. L. Gordon, D.D., Winnipeg.

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

**Protection** by Life Insurance is **Patriotism** beginning at home. Many people need no argument in favour of life insurance as involving both protection and investment. They recognize that premiums paid are better than money banked.

Neither a preacher nor a special salesman, therefore, should need to impress the value of life insurance nowadays. "All life" policies, and policies of "20 or 25 Payment Life," have much to commend them. An "Endowment Policy" for 20 or 25 years, carries a guaranteed payment of \$1,000, in case of death at any time after payment of the first premium, or the repayment at maturity of \$1,000, or more to the person insured.

Thus, from a personal point of view, a Life Insurance Policy is a **good investment**, but it is also a **sensible and unselfish provision** for one's nearest and dearest. Accordingly, we believe that the **British Columbia Monthly** may, in this respect as in others, do good work. We therefore purpose making this monthly extend its usefulness by promoting among its readers the prudent and unselfish course of life insurance.

## A POLICY FOR \$1,000 WITH FIRST YEAR'S PREMIUM PAID

We are prepared to encourage life insurance among readers, young and old, and at the same time further our aim to have the "**British Columbia Monthly**" in every home in the Province where ideals are cherished. The subscription rates for the Magazine are \$1.50 for one year in advance, and \$2.50 for two years in advance. To each reader who enlists a certain number of one-year subscribers at \$1.50, or two-year subscribers at \$2.50, the "**British Columbia Monthly**" offers a Life Insurance Policy on his or her life for \$1,000, with payment of the first year's premium—the policy to be arranged through us with the Confederation Life Association, one of the leading Canadian Companies.

Perhaps **you**, reader, have the character and capacity for such work. By inducing neighbours and friends to subscribe for the "**British Columbia Monthly**" you are surely doing a service to them, no less than to yourself and us.

Any reader, young or old, interested in this publication's work, and in the enterprise we are putting into its development, is invited to write the Managing Editor at the publishing office, 1317 Haro Street, Vancouver, B. C., stating age, if experienced in interviewing work, and church connection.

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Vol. XII.

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# BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

(CONTINUING "WESTMINSTER REVIEW," VANCOUVER)

Published at 1317 Haro Street, Vancouver, B. C.

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Advisory Editorial Committee.

Rev. R. G. MacBETH, M.A.; R. ALLISON HOOD, M.L.; TIM. WISE

Managing Editor, D. A. CHALMERS.

PROMOTING SOCIAL BETTERMENT, EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS, & RELIGIOUS LIFE.  
INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

Vol. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1918.

No. 6

## A Grave in Flanders

The following beautiful lines were written by a mother in this Province whose son fell at the front. Like many, she "pondered these things in her heart" and wrote the poem, which came into our possession through a friend. We print it that it may comfort others.

A lowly grave in Flanders,  
A youthful life laid down  
Amid the roar of shot and shell,  
The cannon's murderous frown.

A grave in far-off Flanders,  
A boyish heart at rest,  
High hopes, and aims, all set aside,  
But still, God knoweth best.

A grave in war-scarred Flanders,  
A soldier's duty done,  
The strife, and din of battle o'er,  
For him the crown is won.

A grave in distant Flanders—  
A Home beyond the grave,  
A welcome from his Risen Lord  
Who died the world to save.

On that far grave in Flanders,  
Lit by a Hand Divine,  
The pure, bright light of Heaven, will e'er  
In radiant beauty shine.

So, from that grave in Flanders,  
We lift our hearts, and pray  
That Love, and Truth will pierce the gloom,  
And Peace once more hold sway.

So many graves in Flanders—  
So many hearts at rest—  
So many precious lives laid down—  
Yet still—God knoweth best.

—E. A. G.

### Is Canadian Literature Encouraged?

It was a very timely and interesting controversy which Mr. Douglas started by his remarks in a recent lecture at the Carnegie Library on the lack of appreciation—financial and otherwise—which the Canadian reading public have shown to their own native authors in the past. Mr. Douglas is one of the best posted men in Canada on everything that pertains to the world of books, and has had a wide experience both from the standpoint of the bookbuyer and the publisher. Consequently his strictures on the lack of patriotism along this line shown by our reading public may well require our consideration and recur to our mind each time that we visit the bookstore, so that we may not always look outside our own country for our literary pabulum. It is a mild but pernicious form of artistic snobbery that brands everything local or native as necessarily amateurish or inferior.

Mr. Douglas' remarks were warmly called in question by "Lucian" in the Province, who took up the cudgels for the other side, and it was interesting to hear what could be said in the defence.

Strangely enough, in the February number of "The Canadian Magazine" the same subject is dealt with in an article by J. M. Gibbon, the author of "Hearts and Faces," entitled "Where is Canadian Literature?" The first answer that suggested itself to his own question the writer declares, was "On the road to New York," when he reviewed the lengthy list of those who had left Canada for the more profitable field in the United States. He had questioned the young lady in charge at one of the largest stores in Toronto as to the demand for Canadian literature, and was told that the public had no desire to read books by native authors; rather it was necessary to conceal the fact that a good book was by a Canadian or people would refuse to buy it. "Oh, give me something English or American," the customer would say, "I want something really good." This, of course, is exactly the attitude of mind that Mr. Douglas deplored in his incidental remarks at the library.

Mr. Gibbon's article, on the whole, however, took an optimistic tone as regards the future for Canadian literature, in view of the great influence which the war has exercised towards the promotion of a real national spirit, and the inevitable reaction that this would produce in the field of literature. He already sees signs of this renaissance in the crop of recent publications by native writers inspired by the war; and quotes from letters received from three Canadian publishers to show the greater interest that is being taken by the trade in native talent. One of these, Mr. McClelland, of McClelland, Goodchild and Stuart, which firm has specialized on works by Canadian writers, declared that in all their experience they had yet to lose a dollar on any Canadian book that they had ever published.

After the war, Mr. Gibbon looks for a far greater exploitation of the resources of our country for imaginative writing and sets forth with enthusiasm the richness of these along the line of distinctive character types, natural beauty of the scenery, and social and racial problems that furnish abundant material for drama and romance. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the reading public will do their share in fostering a national literature by taking a genuine pride in whatever is good that native writers may bring forth, and that it will not be necessary for them to seek in foreign lands that appreciation that has sometimes been denied them in their own.

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Mr. Gibbon has pointed out that wealth and popularity are often a hindrance rather than a help to an author, and that greatness in literary men has more often been rewarded by poverty than easy circumstances. At the same time, the mind cannot do its best work when harassed by monetary cares; and while such may have been the case in the past before literature came into its own, surely now we have advanced enough to see that those who minister to our pleasure in this way, should at least have sufficient monetary reward to put them beyond the reach of such destitution as fell to the lot of Major Richardson, whose case formed the occasion for Mr. Douglas' trenchant remarks.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS

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

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### THE RAILWAYS.

Extravagant expenditure on some of the railways, the use on outside enterprises of money that should have gone into the roads for which it was intended, together with the shutting down of the great money-to-lend markets of the world on account of the war, have conspired together to throw a number of Canadian railways either into something like bankruptcy or into the hands of the Government of the country. The one solution of the difficulty would seem, to the ordinary man, to be the taking over of all the roads by the Government and the using of the immense profits on Canada's greatest railway to pay the deficits on the others till conditions improve. There would be no injustice in this because there would be no robbery of any man's holdings which would be taken proper account of by a duly qualified Commission. This control and operation of the railways might be for the period of the war or it might be for all time if the rights of all parties are duly conserved. But men might as well make up their minds that the practice of allowing railways to run in order that a few men and their descendants may be made millionaires by exploiting the resources of the country will not be tolerated much longer. When the profits of railways in the early days was almost wholly problematical and it was stated by public men that the first transcontinental "would not make enough to pay for axle grease," there was some excuse for handing over to the builders, extensive land grants and such like. But never again. Canada is an immense country with a comparatively small population. At the present time it has rather more railroad than required, especially in view of the fact that some of the lines parallel one another to too large an extent. The building of these roads involved heavy expenditure but they, and more, will be needed bye and bye. Canada is only in the making. But in the meantime the railways as a whole should not be draining the country if there is any way of preventing it. To take over all the roads that are practically bankrupt and leave the one which is producing a big surplus is not fair to the taxpaying people. And the people are thinking hard these days.

### ROOSEVELT.

The present serious illness of the redoubtable man who has been called "the battle him of the Republic" to the south of us, attracts the attention of the world to a remarkable personality. A composite of Netherlands stability and American impetuosity, Roosevelt was one of

the very few city-born men who rose to the highest office in the gift of the whole people. And there can be little doubt that his steady progress arose out of characteristics which might have enabled him to say like the old battle-axe, "I either find a way or make one." His fame was made when, as Commissioner of Police in the city of New York, he demonstrated the hitherto incredible fact that laws could be enforced even in Gotham. A man of his intense energy is likely to make a mistake here and there as he did in allowing the "Bull-Moose" campaign for the third term as President. But he has filled a large place in the life of a great people and bears a record for pronounced integrity and absolute fearlessness. As a smashing doer of things he overshadows Woodrow Wilson, but it seems clear that the deep-thinking and patient Wilson in the midst of a country seething with an alien enemy population took an ultimately better course in the present war than the impetuous rough-rider. It is hoped that, recovering from his present illness, Roosevelt may yet contribute much to the welfare of the land he loves so passionately. He is one of the big men of his generation.

#### THE OVERSEAS UNIVERSITY.

University extensions has taken a world-wide swing when we find our Canadian forces of learning largely under the leadership of President Tory of Alberta, establishing lectures and even examinations up towards the trenches in Flanders and France. There are hosts of undergraduates who became "students-in-arms" and to make arrangements that will enable them to "carry on" while at the front, will not only be of advantage scholastically but it will furnish cerebral stimulus and true recreation in the midst of the materialistic surroundings of war.

#### SOLDIERS OF THE SOIL.

The wide use of the slogan "Farm or Fight" is making soldiers out of everybody whether at home or abroad, and it is not unfitting that we should speak of those at home who add to the food stores of the Allies as Soldiers of the Soil. And more people will go on the land when it is found that farming instead of being a hit-and-miss business is a highly scientific and learned occupation. Within the last few weeks several of our British Columbia professors have attracted overflowing audiences of city people who wished to learn how to garden and farm to the best advantage. This is a good sign of improving conditions, and it is well to know that the University has a large tract of land at Point Grey, not very fertile, where agriculture will be developed as a regular branch of University work. Years ago we heard the famous Talmage say from his pulpit in Brooklyn that the world would not be right in that regard till instead of having ten men in the city trying to sell apples nine of them would go out to the country and grow them. That may not be the correct proportion but it is on the right track and we seem to be making progress in that direction.

#### WON HIS SPURS.

Speaking of farming, we are reminded that we have not yet in the state sufficiently recognized the basic character of the vast agricultural industry, though this war is opening the eyes of the world to the fact. If knighthood is really to be made a badge of merit there are some farmers that have manifestly won the spurs. Take, for instance, Mr. Seager Wheeler, of Rosthern, in Saskatchewan, a man who has won fame not only for his Province, but for all Canada by his re-

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markable achievements as a wheat grower. For years this unassuming man has worked through summer's heat and winter's cold, with a sublime patience and perseverance that entitle him to the highest respect. His farm is not large and he has never become rich as some have done by huge operations that have spread over large acreages. But he has by careful handpicking and intensive experimentation, practically revolutionized the wheat growing business until larger productivity and greater immunity from frost have been won. A man of that kind should be at least pensioned so that he could, without the cares incident to making a living, carry on his beneficent work. Perhaps that recognition would be better than the somewhat empty and meaningless honor of knighthood in a democratic country. But our point is that he ought to be recognized as a builder of empire.

#### IN FLANDER'S FIELDS.

The passing of Colonel Jack McCrae at Boulogne Hospital, in France, has caused profound grief throughout Canada and elsewhere. Brought up on a farm in a home where right principles and a fine conception of life's duty would be constantly taught him, young McCrae went on to the study of medicine, and became one of the brightest ornaments of that devoted profession. He belonged to a race that can fight as well as pray, and when the war broke out he dropped his brilliant work in Canada to go abroad on service as a physician. His intense efforts at the front no doubt left him unable to resist the attack of pneumonia. So he fell like a true soldier at his post. He was a born poet with an afflatus of soul that would have lifted his name high in literature had he followed in that direction. But while not following letters he wrote from time to time, pieces of great beauty. To most people he will be best known as the author of that remarkable utterance of the anxious dead, "In Flanders Fields." It contains only fifteen lines, but it shook Canada from end to end and did more to make this Dominion persevere in the duty of fighting for the world's ultimate peace than all the political speeches of the recent campaign. For that we must recognize the enduring impress he has made for good upon this country and the world. For Canada's failure would have enormously reinforced the power of a materialistic enemy.

#### The Prince

Our gallant Prince came o'er the main  
To claim the crown that was his ain,  
But lang on feckless brows had lain  
Sin' Jamie gaed awa';  
Our Prince was young; his een were bright,  
Wi' gracious mou' and heart as light  
As summer deer's that tops the height  
Ere even 'gins to fa'.

When first the earth was buskit braw  
Wi' flowery lea and greenwood shaw,  
Our stubborn hearts he stole awa'  
And aye he hauds them still.  
Through winter's snow, through summer's sun,  
From dawn of day till day was done  
Hanover's rats he set to run;  
We followed with a will.

We stormed the mountain for his sake;  
 For him we plunged through pathless brake,  
 And wounds and death did gladly take  
 In battle for our king.  
 We roused the redcoats on Gladsmuir  
 At grey o' morn wi' cut and clour;  
 They skelpit aff wi' meikle stour  
 As gusty days in spring.

Ne'er were the clans in battle slack,  
 Fierce Falkirk hurled the yelling pack  
 Of Hawley's coward hell hounds back,  
 They quailed at Clifton Moss.  
 'Twas traitor Scots and English knaves  
 No hired swords of German slaves  
 That turned the clans and broke the waves  
 Which beat on Derby's cross.

Fair blossoms of the white Cockade,  
 Sweet lips have kissed you, kind hearts prayed  
 For friends and you, who now are laid  
 Beneath the grass together.  
 And yet more happy you than we,  
 To 'scape the shame that we maun dree,  
 Nor see the blight of loyaltie  
 Like flowers in wintry weather.

The Butcher and the Butcher's men  
 Have harried hamlet, hill and glen;  
 The crimson snow up many a ben  
 Tells of a leal man's death.  
 To rank nor age is mercy given;  
 The mother from her child is riven;  
 The Butcher's poleaxe points to heaven  
 And stops their sobbing breath.

The trees despoiled and withered  
 Proclaim the summer's glory fled;  
 The shamrock and the rose are dead;  
 The thistle sere and brown;  
 The gods return but what we gave,  
 A coward fills a coward's grave,  
 And valour may avail to save  
 No more than honour's crown.

—DONALD GRAHAM

#### ONE STEP ONLY

We need never be impatient to know our future; it is better that we be content to see just the next step and to take that, to know the next duty and do it. This is the way God makes known his will to us.  
 —J. R. Miller.

We ask for heroic duties, but the duties that lie to our hand are heroic. The so-called heroic occurrences are, after all, often easier and therefore less heroic than the commonplace trials that daily test the stuff of which we are made.—H. Blane.

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### A Nest of His Own\*

(By Milo Milton.)

The woman with the baby carriage essayed to cross the street at the very moment Officer Baxter was engaged in a wordy dispute with an insolent truck driver. He did not see the accident—he sensed it. An intuitive instinct told him that something had happened, and he wheeled abruptly just in time to behold the gruesome finale. Gentle hands lifted the woman and carried her to a waiting ambulance. There was first a crowd, then a dense throng, and suddenly all traffic had ceased. He heard the sharp, shrill oath of a man and the subdued murmur of many awed voices. A sort of tense under-current of emotion swept the whole of a city block.

Twenty minutes later the incident was forgotten. Street cars moved forward, automobiles whisked away to the accompanying tune of purring cylinders, pedestrians elbowed and jostled each other in the haste and hurry of a busy afternoon. But in the mind of Officer Baxter, whose fourteen years on the city police force should have inured him to such occurrences, persisted the tragic picture. He wondered who the woman was. A strange interest pricked him. Time and time again, standing there with hand raised and eyes strained to every exigence, there reverted the unhappy vision of the limp, helpless form and the white troubled faces of many onlookers.

Baxter was relieved at six o'clock. He reported at the police station, lingering a few moments to gather a few resulting details of the tragedy.

"A strange case," the Chief informed him. "Woman dead; the child practically uninjured."

"What's her name?" inquired Baxter, his face grave and troubled, "or haven't you found out yet?"

The Chief reached for a paperweight and sat for a moment thoughtfully fingering it.

"I don't know," he admitted. "There were no identifying papers; no inquiries. I have three men working on the case right now."

Baxter squared his broad shoulders and half-turned in readiness to depart.

"Where is the baby?" he asked.

"At the general hospital," the Chief answered. Then immediately his eyes became soft and luminous.

"You ought to see that kid," he confided. "Just a small scratch right here across the left cheek and a slight bruise over one eye. Don't seem to mind it at all. And not a whimper—not a whimper! Reminded me of my own little boy."

Thinking deeply, Baxter walked slowly into the open air. Dusk lay over the city, a darkness pierced by a million man-made stars. The streets fairly palpitated with life. Life swayed and billowed and pushed its course heedlessly and thoughtlessly on. Life smiled in the faces of the passers-by, and scowled in the dark corners of the alleyways. Everywhere was life, activity, color, action.

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\*Note.—By a curious coincidence the name used for the police officer by the writer of this story, was found, on inquiry, to be not only that of a member of Vancouver Force, but of an officer at present on point duty in the city. We have, therefore, changed the name.—Editor.

But the "traffic cop" did not notice. He was still pondering deeply. His brain mechanism had settled into a certain deep-rutted groove. His mind was busy, and, in its slow, ponderous way gradually nearing a certain definite decision.

It came at length. With an exclamation he paused and then turned back, quickly retracing his steps to headquarters. Two minutes later he stood again in front of the Chief's desk.

"I got one of my own," he explained breathlessly, "but just the same Chief, if the woman ain't identified, I'll take that child myself."

For a full second the Chief regarded him. First a smile, then a frown settled over the grizzled features. The eyes narrowed perceptibly. A note of irritation sounded in the deep, resonant voice.

"Go home," he said, brusquely, "and forget it. You're way, way too slow, Baxter. At least two hours ago I made up my mind concerning the destination and probably prospects of that kid. He's mine!"

Baxter bowed meekly and for a second time went out into the street. Twenty minutes later he turned the corner which led straight to his own humble domicile. He was nearing home. For the first time that day he was conscious of weariness; but he was sustained by the thought of a warm meal and slippers and his evening newspaper. In a brief mental survey he visualized the cozy, well-kept rooms, the laden dinner table, the white lace curtains which draped the two front windows.

"Got my own little nest," he told himself gladly. "Why should I worry about one more chick to feather it?"

And then he observed that the house was dark. It was dark and lonely-looking; it was strange and unfamiliar; it was unearthly, deathly quiet. For a moment he stood dizzily regarding it. A hoarse sob rattled in his throat. Choking, weak and sick at heart, his legs barely carried him up the steps and into the shadowy, close interior.

"My God!" he breathed, and straightway across his line of vision flashed the awful replica of the scene in the street.

The baby with the scratched face was his own. With an effort he switched on the electric light. Stumbling, he made his way to the telephone. He had left just strength enough to call up the Chief of Police.

Before his hand touched the receiver, the bell rang. Dazed, he answered the call.

"That you, John?" anxiously inquired a sweet, familiar voice. "I'm at mother's. Please don't worry. She's had another of those dreadful attacks of hers."

#### BE STEADFAST

Nay, never falter: no great deed is done,  
By falterers, who ask for certainty.  
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,  
The undivided mind to seek the good;  
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings  
A human music from the indifferent air.  
The greatest gift a hero leaves his race  
Is to have been a hero.

—G. Elliot.

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**Timely Topics.**

(By Tim. Wise.)

**THE VANCOUVER HIGH SCHOOL ENQUIRY.**

The political division on the Vancouver School Board is no secret, but when the matter of enquiring into the situation at the King Edward School came up a compromise was made in the appointment of Dr. Mackay and Principal Vance as investigators. Confronted by a very difficult task, the commissioners wisely decided to discard such material as had been furnished by the School Board and conducted the investigation independently. Their report and subsequent discussion of the conditions they found at the school in question show that they endeavored to deal fairly with all parties concerned, but after all the report seems to have had a confusing effect on the public. Evidently the investigators found a curious state of affairs not only at the High School, but in the whole system. While they found many things to condemn, it appears to have been a difficult task to apportion the blame. The Municipal Inspector shares most of the blame with the principal of the school. A lot of the trouble was evidently due to a lack of understanding as to the powers of the Inspector, and one gets the impression that the principal was handicapped by undue interference. It is interesting to note that the pupils have not let that part of the report which concerns them pass without protest. It seems strange that little has been heard from the Parent Teachers Association.

It would seem that the principal of the school has not had a fair chance, and it may certainly be said in all fairness, that the Inspector is burdened with work which might well be left to the care of others.

The public would like to have the matter cleared up and it seems possible to do so satisfactorily without finding a scapegoat, but simply by adjusting conditions and rightly apportioning authority.

There is one part of the report which cannot be overlooked. If it be the case, as alleged in the report, that trustees have turned their public positions to private advantage, such conduct would justify all that the Commissioners said about it. To overlook action of that kind would be to tolerate the degradation of public office. It is hard enough already to induce men of the right type to enter the field of civic, social or political service, and any conduct which lowers the dignity of public office and reflects on the integrity of servants of the community or State deserves the widest publicity which in itself is the severest form of condemnation.

While on the subject of schools it might be opportune to point out that the folly of splitting up Greater Vancouver into municipalities has multiplied school systems to the disadvantage of all concerned. Some time there will be an amalgamation of these sections and a reorganization of the school system in Vancouver and district. It ought to come quickly.

**THE BOLSHEVIKI.**

The visionaries who thought to match their wits against the armed strength of Germany have been completely disillusioned. At the same time it is difficult to understand why the press has wasted so much ink over the question of Bolsheviki motives. Surely it is possible to reject the theories of the Bolsheviki without coming to the conclusion that its leaders and rank and file are agents of Germany.

It is strange to read in the editorial columns of the press the assertion that the Reds have tricked the Russians into abject surrender, and in the news columns a report that the invaders from Germany are treating their "agents" as outlaws and shooting them. After all this stupendous incident in the world war, the total eclipse of Russia as a world power ought to arouse the people of the Empire to a sense of the gravity of the present situation. The press would better serve their own country by treating their readers as intellectually grown men and women capable of hearing and bearing the truth instead of continuing to provide the unsatisfying course of war comments which are sometimes readable but rarely reasonable. The morale of the public can be supported without recourse to the sloppy optimism which exaggerates our own efforts and discredits all the works of our enemies.

#### WAR AND GLORY.

It was a Frenchman who in his intense hatred for the despotic monarch and designing prelate declared that he hoped to see "the last priest throttled in the bowels of the last king," and there are many who would just as gladly see the lovers of "glory" blown from the mouths of the cannon they deify. Patriotism like religion is most discredited by those who talk too lightly about it. There are men still sound of limb and whole of skin who talked very easily about the purifying influence of war, yet are satisfied to let others go "over the top" for them. Poison gas, high explosive shells, bombs and other machinery of death have stripped the purple robe of romance from the sinister figure of war, and men who heroically endure all manner of discomfort and misery in the shadow of death—these men do not cant about glory. They long for a time when honourable peace shall come to a weary, hungry world and bring their own release. Until that time comes they will remain steadfast, but in the end their chief desire will be not for a triumphant march as heroes, but to find the nearest way home.

---

A kindly word and a tender tone,  
Only to God is their virtue known,  
They can lift from the dust the abject head,  
They can turn a foe to a friend instead.

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#### BEING—AND SEEMING

True worth is in being, not seeming—  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good—not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by;  
For whatever men say in their blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

---

Go forth to work, to serve, to love!  
This little life passes quickly away,  
Its shadows and sorrows are for a moment,  
Its virtue, its victory, its peace, are of the eternal.  
—G. Merriman.

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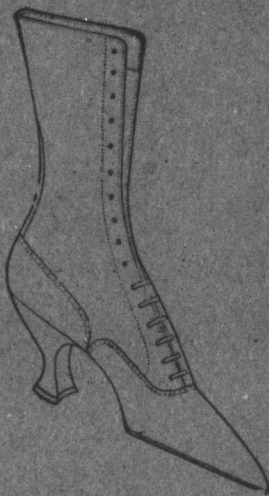
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