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British Columbia Monthly

(Continuing "Westminster Review," Vancouver)

VOLUME XIV

VANCOUVER, B. C., OCTOBER, 1918

No. 1

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
OF THE CANADIAN WEST

CONTENTS

**WORLD BEAR-HUNTING RECORD MADE IN B. C.
FOUR BEARS IN THIRTY SECONDS: WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOFS
NEED THE CHURCHES BE CLOSED?**



No. 5—"CLOSE ENOUGH TO GET A PHOTOGRAPH"

OTHER CONTENTS INCLUDE:

THE LATE PROFESSOR R. E. MACNAGHTEN
AN APPRECIATION BY D. A. CHALMERS

THE NEW AGENT-GENERAL FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

A SECOND MEMBER OF THE B. C. M. EDITORIAL COMMITTEE, R. A. HOOD,
BECOMES AN AUTHOR: "THE CHIVALRY OF KEITH LEICESTER"

VANCOUVER PRESUMPTION OR VICTORIA PREJUDICE?

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This space donated by the
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See also foot-line notes.

—D. A. C.

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Page One

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Page Two

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Page Three

Leniency to the Huns is injustice to the race—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

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LOOSE LEAF WORK

ENGRAVING

EMBOSSING

Page Five

One million Britons dead: Enough said—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

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Page Six

Curse Kaiserism, but exterminate it, too—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

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VOLUME XIV

VANCOUVER, B. C., OCTOBER, 1918

No. 1

The Duty of the Hour

IT is imperative that Canada's 1918 Victory Loan should be well over-subscribed and even more successful than last year's. Firstly, because we cannot continue to do our part in the war without the required funds; secondly, because we cannot obtain these funds unless the national activities are maintained at high pressure; and thirdly, because that end cannot be accomplished unless we finance the national activities which have such a vital bearing on the international situation and the conclusion of the war.

It cannot be emphasized too frequently that the safety of our national structure and our participation in the war depend entirely upon the results of the 1918 Victory Loan.

Our prosperity during the past year was a direct result of the response to the Loan issued last fall. The continuance of our prosperity during the coming year will depend upon the degree of success achieved by the Victory Loan of 1918. Common foresight makes it imperative that everyone should buy Victory Bonds.

—Contributed: Charlesworth.

NOTES

History has been in the making since the beginning of the war four years ago. But the events that have happened since the last issue of the British Columbia Monthly will surely supply the future historian with material for most thrilling pages.

* * *

All the armies of the Allies have surpassed previous efforts with a sustained courage and determination that it is impossible for us, who dwell safely in this far corner of the Empire, to estimate. To single out any nation where all have done heroically would be invidious. Yet it may be legitimately emphasized that Belgium has been justified of her children. Among the despatches from the front, none were more welcome than those which told of Belgian valour.

* * *

President Wilson's speeches were always worth reading, though in former

days he sometimes irritated us by the coldness of his neutrality. Since the United States determined to escape the curse of Meroz, however, there has been nothing to complain of in the Presidential presentments. His speech in reply to the fatuous invitation of Austria to the belligerent nations left nothing to be desired.

* * *

The appointment of the solicitor-general at Washington, Mr. John W. Davis, to be ambassador to Britain, as successor to Dr. Page, is evidently not political, but one of those appointments which proceed from a personal knowledge of the man and his qualifications. Even in his own country Mr. Davis seems to be a stranger to popular acquaintance. Though he has not the literary prestige of those predecessors, John Hay or James Russell Lowell, he is probably more a man of affairs than

Page Seven

"Not a day without a line"—Not a page without the sign—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!

either. A lawyer of great ability, he is the president of the West Virginia Bar Association, and he has been in the State department at Washington for five years. * * *

The departure of Dr. Walter H. Page from London will be much regretted, and the hope that his health may be restored is very sincere. Since George III shook hands with John Adams, the first American ambassador, no representative of the Washington government has commended himself more deservedly to the warm appreciation of the Old Country than he. One of his aims is to delete from the school books of the United States those detrimental passages and half truths which have done so much to keep alive an anti-British feeling among the people of his native land. * * *

British Columbia is also sending a representative to England, and, like John W. Davis, Mr. F. C. Wade is a lawyer. While the appointment may in a measure be called political, it is far less objectionable than some of the government recognitions of party service. Mr. Wade now has an opportunity to distinguish himself. It cannot be said that his predecessors set the Thames on fire during their incumbency of the office he is going to fill. Mr. Wade, therefore, need not say, with the writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes: "What can the man do that cometh after the king?" He has before him the task of proving that the office of the Agent-General of British Columbia in Britain is worth keeping up. Mr. Wade knows Canada thoroughly, and is by no means unacquainted with England. That his public work has hitherto taken the direction of criticism rather than construction is no reason why he should not prove useful to British Columbia in his new capacity. * * *

The fact that some of the men who are going to Siberia as a Canadian unit

are being enlisted in Vancouver, reminds us of the vital connection that may one day exist between this port and Vladivostock. That there will be in the future a line of steamships between the two seaports can scarcely be doubted. There are so many similarities between the two countries, Siberia and Canada, that our enterprise might well find an outlet in the development of what has been, up till now, Asiatic Russia. But our young men will have a good deal to do before they have exhausted the possibilities of their own Dominion. * * *

It is highly desirable that the German Mennonites who are coming into Alberta should understand that they cannot teach German in their schools, even if they are in other respects desirable immigrants, and have brought a million dollars among them. They should be told that the prevailing opinions with regard to pro-Germans that exist in the United States, also exist here. If the Alberta Government is bent on laxity in this matter for the sake of either votes or lucre, the rest of Canada will, we may be sure, have something to say. * * *

The successful opening of the session of the Vancouver Night Schools is a gratifying event. It shows, among other things, that the workers who have thronged into the city to the new industries have among them those who are not content to spend all of their evenings in loafing or at the moving picture shows. It is a sign of the times, perhaps, that the classes in household economics do not appear to be so attractive to young women as those which fit pupils for commercial work. Does this mean that our girls are turning their backs on domesticity and family life in favor of what is called a career? If so, our young men will have to look for wives in other directions. X.

NEED THE CHURCHES BE CLOSED?

"Why should we, in the world's riper years,
Worship and adore only among the crowd,
And under roofs that our frail hands have raised?"

That memory quotation, with emphasis on the "only," is apt this month. The closing of the churches is an action in keeping with the wise precautions against the spread of an epidemic, and yet the protesting voices raised are not without reason. Without arguing on the basis of the "spiritual" being the dominant forces in the Universe, it may be maintained that churches, as assembly halls, are not ordinarily to be classed with theatres and such crowded meeting-places. Churches are open only one day in the seven, most of them are tolerably ventilated, and they are occupied for little more than an hour at a time, twice that day.

Officially, Vancouver city was rather slow—as compared with Victoria, for instance—in taking steps to counteract the threatened epidemic. But if the restraint is to be lifted soon, the churches are among the first places that should be allowed to reopen.

Page Eight

"Along the line the signal ran"—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

New World's Record in Killing of Grizzly Bear

British Columbia Hunters Kill Four Bears in Thirty Seconds — and Produce Photographic Proofs

By Francis J. Dickie

TRUTH is stranger than fiction. But bear stories, as told by every returned hunter, are stranger than both. Just why the killing of a bear, or bears, or even the mere going after them, though nothing be bagged, should force a man into the Ananias club, is something which none of the scientists have yet been able to establish, Doctors Freud and Jung included. The deplorable fact

the writer in a class by himself. Not only did he play an all-important part in making a new and particularly unique world's record in killing grizzly bears, but his companion was able to take a picture. The camera cannot lie. Perhaps that is the reason the author is sticking to the truth. If the camera hadn't been there, he might have made it eight bears instead of the number given.



No. 1—“A Suggestion of Infinity”

remains. It is not a new thing. From the time when Mr. Hairy Man of the neolithic period went out with rock and spear, or with whatever it was he used, down to the present day, when Mr. Millionaire goes with his retinue of servants, pack horses and high-power guns, the hunting of bears has resulted in more prevarication than any other sport or pastime known to man. That this story about to be told is the truth, naturally puts

Still, now that he is forced to tell the truth, the whole “bear” truth, and nothing but the truth, there is no reason why he shouldn't plume himself on this feat, for certainly no man ever before returning from a bear hunt did this. Thus the writer is really responsible for the making of two world's records!

After this becoming display of modesty, the curtain may now be

Page Nine

The Hun cancer must be cured or “cut out”—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

raised upon the tale of making a new world's record in grizzly bears.

HARD TO HUNT — "BEST GRIZZLY GROUND IN THE WORLD"

Of all the varied species of bear, this one holds the most prominent place in North American literature. There have been more lies told about it than any other kind. It is the most ferocious, hardest to kill, and the most difficult to hunt of all. In earlier times, before the white man had succeeded in penetrating the Rockies with half a dozen railroads, the grizzly was found all along the Pacific slope to Alaska in plentiful numbers. Today their range has been vastly cut down. The best grizzly ground in the world today is in the lonely fastnesses of the Canadian Rockies. The very best place of all here to find them is along the line of the Pacific Great Eastern railroad in the Lillooet district. But far back from the railway have gone the bears. Shy and strange and wild, they roam along lonely mountain sides where lies the snow seven months in the year. Close up to the clouds, there, on the roof of the world, 'mid scenic grandeur desolately magnificent, they live out their primeval lives. Retiring, inoffensive—for truly inoffensive the big beast is if left alone—the grizzly goes his way, eating at times of the green grass on mountain sides with the same bovine simplicity of manner as bossy tied in the back lot.

THE KAISER'S TWO SONS IN CANADA
—AND TRUE HUNTERS

The grizzly is the one most desired bear by big-game hunters. Perhaps the very difficulty of the chase makes men the keener, for it is a trait peculiarly human to want the things

hardest to get. For many years now the Rocky Mountains, in the Canadian Province of British Columbia, have been the objective point of the big-game hunters from all over the world. American millionaires, British noblemen, German crown princes, have been the chief parties to chase the grizzly, for in most cases the going after the great brutes is a costly game. In connection with the above-mentioned people, five and ten thousand dollars have been spent by a single party. In many cases not one bear was taken. The case of the Kaiser's two sons is particularly interesting at this time. Quite a few years before the war the two crown princes travelled out to the Rockies near Banff. They had every variety of high-powered rifle known; they carried a retinue of servants and an outfit that was a standing evidence of German efficiency and preparedness. But they were not hunters. That is, not as the word is known among the Rockies. All their lives they had been used to going out to one of their estates and having the game actually chased past them by hundreds of gamekeepers and other servants acting specially for the occasion. This was a favorite form of sport with the Kaiser. One picture in 1912 showed him with twelve stags lying at his feet—one day's sport (?). At least, they call it sport on the continent, though against such easy slaughter the blood of every true hunter boils. Your true hunter is the man who matches wit, eyes, knowledge and skill in woodcraft with the game he hunts. Your true sportsman is a man who never shoots a sitting bird or pit-lamps a deer—in short, the man who gives the game every chance for its life. But to return to the

Page Ten

The Hun is on the "home run"—keep him running—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!

years in the Columbia point of view, over the mountain ranges, the crown parties in these cases is not with the prince and spent cases in the case of the articu- Quite the two to the every known; servants and unding y and e not word is their ng out having t them s and ly for favorite. One with t—one ey call hough r the boils. n who e and ame he r is a g bird rt, the chance to the

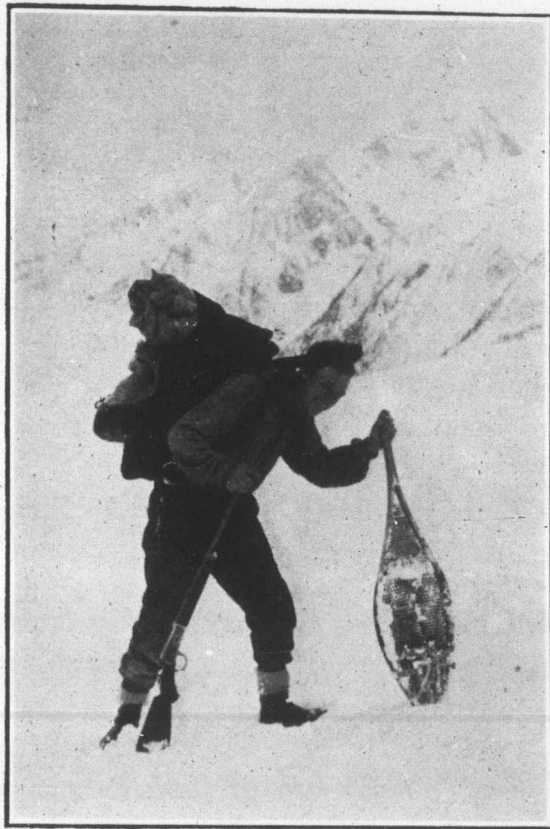
crown princes. Grizzly hunting called for tactics and exertion such as they had never been accustomed to. To hunt a grizzly successfully, a man has to be a combination of mountain goat, ptarmigan and snake, for he has to climb sheer rock faces, crawl long distances on his stomach, cross deep, soft snow, and do many other things if he would ever hope to get the big boys of the mountains. Space forbids a longer dwelling on the hunt of the German princes, for the writer has two much more interesting persons to tell about. No retinue of servants accompanied these two; no collection of high-power guns. Yet the princes got no game, and the writer and his companion got—(to be continued).

THE RECORD-MAKERS—F. J. DICKIE
AND JACK ROGNON

At a lonely siding of the Pacific Great Eastern on Anderson Lake one day late in May, the writer and his hunting companion, Jack Rognon, known from Alaska to Mexico as "bear" hunter extraordinary—indeed, this is the way his railroad pass reads over the P. G. E.—alighted from a passenger train just at dark.

THE TRIALS AND ATTRACTIONS OF A
MOUNTAIN TRAIL

The next morning at 9 o'clock we began our march inland and upward toward the grizzly country. Fifteen miles of this we had to go along a foot-wide path cut on the steep side of the mountains by a prospector many years before to a distant mine. We carried fifty pounds apiece. The trail was endlessly blocked by wind-fallen trees. As we mounted higher the blazing heat of the late May day died down. The riot growth of vegetation ended. The air became chill.



No. 2—"In places we had to take off our snowshoes"

Endless miles of towering, snow-covered peaks reared up before us, a suggestion of infinity in them as they filed forlorn on and on into the distance. At dark we struck snow—soft, treacherous, melting mountain snow, from five to thirty feet deep. Through this we floundered, sometimes to the ankle, sometimes to the hip, nearly always to the knee. Truly, it was a dread place. Three miles of this snow there was. Christian in his Slough of Despond never suffered a whit more than we. We struck the snow at half-past six, too dark to get a picture of the awful labor we had to go through, but one photograph—No. 1 in the series—gives a slight—very slight—idea for comparison. We reached our objective point at 11, four hours and a half to go a little less than three miles. Our objective point was a modern paradise in that part of the

Page Eleven

To enforce "Reparation, Restoration and Security"—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!

earth known as William's cabin, a roughly-built place of rocks some seven thousand feet up. When you have packed fifteen miles up a mountain, during which time you climb seven thousand feet, you do not need an Ostermoor to sleep on (however welcome they are on your return), or the cooking of an imported French chef to satisfy you. In fact, during all that trip I think both of us could have swallowed with gusto even a little boiled dog, or a platter of cold crow. But at last we had much better than that—bear steaks, marvellously juicy and tender.

“LEFT NEARLY TWO THOUSAND POUNDS OF MEAT”

Being a person of modest means, steak was some treat, for it was many a long day since my bank roll had permitted me to look upon that millionaire's luxury, the flesh of the ox. Indeed, I am firmly convinced that soon people will be writing odes, blank verse, free verse, and just plain poetry in honor of such things as a piece of steak, long passed into a class with the great auk and the dodo. Certain children of the wealthy soon will tell tales of how their father once had a whole pound of it at a meal, and will be universally disbelieved by their hearers. And yet, my companion and I, a humble author man, left nearly two thousand pounds of meat, more juicy, delicious and tender than that of any ox, on a lonely mountain side.

William's cabin is on the edge of the bear country. From here we took a light A-tent and a week's provisions to explore a certain portion of it seven miles beyond. The reaching of this necessitated the climbing of a couple of thousand feet higher,

Page Twelve

To secure the German navy—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

then dropping down again an equal distance into a deep and narrow valley. Everywhere was snow. The season was unusually late. Even on the creeks the snow still raised white grottoes. We had to scrape away the snow with our snowshoes to make camp. This in June! It took us eighteen hours to make seven miles. In places where the climb was too steep for snowshoes we had to take them off and flounder through as on the first day. Some of the very best of this going, the very, very best, is shown in photograph No. 2. This kind of travelling, where your feet break through the snow at every step from two to ten inches, is the most wearying thing to which a man can be subjected. A mile of it leaves you near exhaustion. But that hiking brought us into the real bear country, as shown in photograph No. 3. Here in a mountain valley on the bank of a creek we scraped the snow away and made camp, as shown in photograph No. 4. Morning found us on the trail loaded for bear in the fullest sense of the word. The sun shone with terrible brightness on the snow, forcing us to revert to the old Esquimau practice of blacking our eyes, by which means they have averted snow blindness for ages. In connection with this preventive, we rubbed charcoal all around our eyes and along the sides of the nose. The Esquimaux use soot from seal oil, scraped off the bottom of their kettles. This defracts the rays.

THE GAME IN SIGHT

A little after dinner we spied four grizzly bears feeding quietly on a slide high on the mountain side across the creek. As we watched, there came rumbling down the cry of one. It may have been a mere



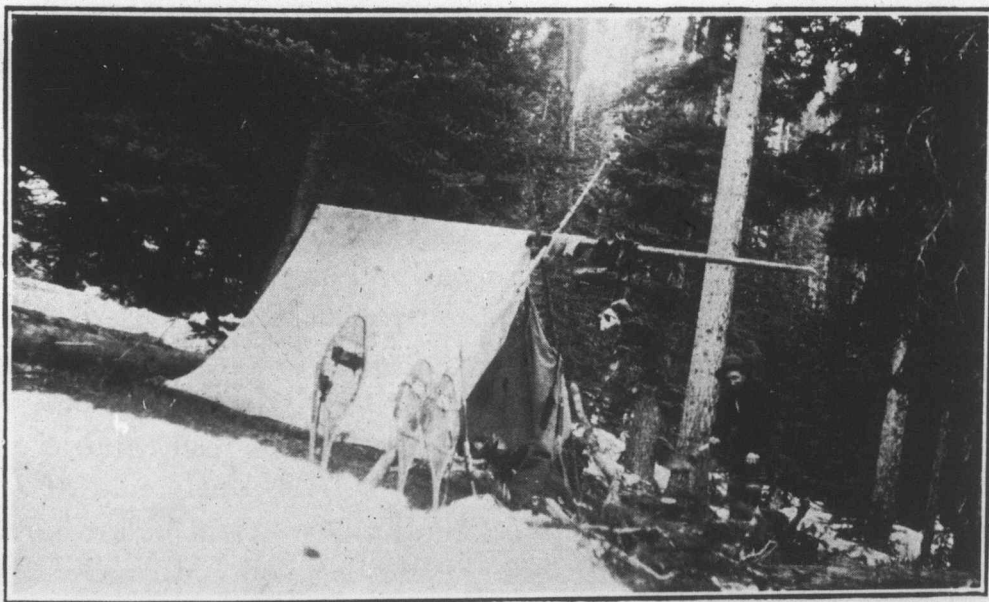
No. 3—"The real bear country"

pleasantry on his part; perhaps he was telling a joke to a friend; but of all the terror-striking sounds in the gamut of vibrations, this one was the most terror-striking I have ever heard. Words fail me and I grow dumb trying to describe it. The mutter of thunder, with an added deadly something beyond the pen of man to tell, is the grizzly's roar, and, as I say, this one had no reason to be in bad humor. On his part, doubt-

less, it was mere pleasantry, a friendly ejaculation to a brother bear.

"THAT CAUTION ABSOLUTE, GRIZZLY STALKING DEMANDS"

But we did not stand staring long, for here before us was big game to have delighted the eye of all the moneyed and unmoneyed hunters of all the world. With that caution absolute, grizzly stalking demands, we began our long, slow, and heart-



No. 4—"Here in a mountain valley . . . we made camp"

breaking climb. Now, the grizzly has not exceptional sight, but his nose and hearing are among the keenest on earth. Still, even a grizzly cannot smell against the wind, and we had the wind in our favor—that is, it was blowing from the bears to us. Ahead of us lay a long patch of snow, and above this again a small, boulder-strewn stretch, covered in spots with some dead stalks of some rank growth as thick as a large fern. Across both of these places we had to go. But, how to tell it? The cautious crawling, gasping for breath, up the steep ascent. Once, twice, most dreaded thing—my nailed shoe-pack's added leather sole grated on the stones. My companion was wearing rubbers, a saving thing in sound. Yet even he, for all his caution, stepped twice on those dead and rustling stalks. Then, though my nailed shoe-packs' bottoms were a source of danger in one way, his rubbers were in another: on steep places on the dry grass he slipped, where my nailed soles held firm. But on we went ever higher. For perhaps two hundred yards we lost sight of the quarry owing to a fold in the mountains, and again, for half that distance, lost track of them while we took advantage of the screening shelter of a clump of dwarf spruce. Our object was to get above them, for in these mountains the wind veers with peculiar freakishness and rapidity. Once above them, we were pretty safe against such happening.

GETTING TO CLOSE QUARTERS

At last we had to come out into the open. Lying on our stomachs, we stared at the slide where a few moments ago we had spotted the bears feeding. They were no longer

there, but were not lost. They had gone and lain down upon a shelf of rock near by, some dozen feet wide, jutting out of the mountain side, at this point covered with a light brown oversoil. Four magnificent creatures, there they lay. But we were still a good hundred yards from them, now well above them. So down still farther then we crawled, and that jutting ledge was our salvation and their doom. With a three-foot wall of mountain rising from the inside of the ledge, the reclining bears' view was cut off from above till we were almost upon them. We got within less than a hundred feet—a rare accomplishment in itself where grizzly bears are concerned. Then up we sprang, and both our guns spoke. One bear lay still as though still in sleep. Death had come before she awakened. A monster she proved to be, nine feet two inches from tip to tip. In the next moment all was leaping bears. One, a brave young male, his first frightened spring over, turned back, a madly courageous thing. Ah, that look he gave us as he stood for one brief second staring up the steep side hill! A mingled wonder and growing ferocity lit his grizzled features. Then, mouth open, up he came, heroic, charging. Even as I fired, my heart was exultant for that grand, dumb creature. Swift and strong to avenge, reckless of consequences, on to the very mouths of guns he came, brave, brave beast—yet only to die. The bullet caught him fair in the neck, and he crumpled up and fell silently and at once still on that mountain side where he had roamed so long. Meanwhile the third bear had fallen to my companion's gun. Suddenly all was still. A vast,

profound calm lay once more over the mountains. But there was no silence long upon us. Our blood was beating in our ears. The thrill of the kill, the age-old lust of slaughter, the thing atavic, was upon us. Yet, with three great beasts lying dead before us within a radius of a few yards, was I still unsatisfied. "Where

is the fourth?" I cried, and straightway ran across another little fold that hid the farther stretches from sight. And just beyond this fold I found the fourth. My first shot had got him, mortally, but not instantly to kill.

And now the hunt was ended. We had four grizzlies, the smallest of which was six feet six inches, the biggest nine feet two. And all these in the space of thirty seconds, one short half minute—a record kill, a new world mark, and a strikingly unique one. We dragged the great brutes with infinite hauling through the snow close enough to get a photograph, as shown in No. 5 (see front cover).

We skinned the bears and took the hides to camp. The next morning we began the ghastly, toilsome journey to civilization. Photo No. 6 shows this. In it is typified some of the loneliness of these solitudes. Incidentally, perhaps, there is the faintest bit of swagger in the moving man, for, after all, one does not make the world's record grizzly kill every day.



No. 6—"The toilsome journey to civilization."
(Note the cloud effect.)

From far Australia's shining sands,
From Canada's wide shores,
From India's coral-cruled sands,
To London's very doors—
One voice is heard, one call goes back,
Its echo sounding free:
We'll fly aloft the Union Jack
While Britain rules the sea.
—Ernest McGaffey ("While Britain Rules the Sea").

"Give a dog a bad name, you know," Keith quoted, with a smile. "Never mind, though; next time I hope that you will know me better. I have plenty of faults, but I really think that vindictiveness is not one of them."—*The Chivalry of Keith Leicester.*

Page Fifteen

"Be British" at the B. C. Coast—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

The Late Professor R. E. Macnaghten

AN APPRECIATION

By D. A. Chalmers

THERE is a time when to most pupils and learners the task is more than the teacher; when the zest for knowledge is such that the gratification of finding it growing from more to more, together with the common-school competition in capacity of acquirement or retention of ideas and facts, dominates the pupil's mind.

As pupil-age passes, however, the student, whatever his scholastic attainments or hall-marks, or his cleverness at memory work, learns the fundamental lesson that all the ages of earthly life involve unceasing learning, discipline and development. He then becomes, according to his insight and experience of men and affairs, not less interested in the task, but more concerned in the personalities of the teachers with whom circumstances and opportunities bring him into contact.

There are teachers and teachers, whether or not they are called "Professors." The teacher whose interest in his pupils is regulated mainly by their capacity (or opportunity) for so studying his particular subject as to promise to become in that line such mental gymnasts as he and such as he cannot help becoming after years of daily exercise at it, may be a very excellent man. He is liable, however, to be more an inspirer of "cram" and "pride of place" than of genuine culture or "education"—which one of the foremost English Men of Letters has reminded us may co-exist with knowledge of only one language and like limitations along other lines.

It was through attendance at a French class at McGill University College of British Columbia that the writer first met Professor Macnaghten, and if other duties prevented the student in gathering much more French than what had been previously forgotten, the reflection was not upon the Professor or other painstaking instructors then associated in the work. At such classes, incidental expositions of literature and of character and conduct counted for something in themselves, and certainly in the case of this Professor, as of others, the enrolled of former sessions are not to be envied if, with the passing years, they do not realize that personal contact with such men was in itself worth while.

A WORKER FOR TEMPERANCE REFORM AND SOCIAL PROGRESS

At the time of Professor Macnaghten's death the other month, mention was made in the press of his interest in the Gothenburg system. From that fact and the experiment (arranged before Prohibition) with which he was connected, and the recollection of his published letters on that and other subjects, general readers, and some literary folk too, may have given a passing thought to the deceased as one with a hobby in that direction—and remained unaware or unreminded otherwise of the Professor's rich mind and of his literary work.

Incidentally it may be added that the writer recalls that when a fairly full report of an exposition by Professor Macnaghten of the Gothenburg system appeared in the then morning daily, he said he had never been so

Page Sixteen

Fill German "military masters" with dire dismay—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!

correctly reported in all his experience of public life. When he learned that the writer of these notes, inspired by an interest in temperance progress or liquor traffic reform, which did not need the publicity of a "Prohibition Movement" to awaken it, had been responsible for the report, he spoke of it with characteristic candour and gentlemanly appreciation.

But if others were willing to do a little unadvertised work for social progress and Christian ideals, the late Professor was of those who would freely and largely spend and be spent for a Cause in which they believed. Happily, as most people think, Prohibition has now done away with the need for any mid-way experiments in liquor reform, but it should not be forgotten that almost any advocated system was worth trying compared with the senseless and shameful conditions in the sale and use and abuse of intoxicating liquors allowed by intelligent Anglo-Saxon communities to continue unchecked for years before the war. Undoubtedly license, as affecting individual citizens no less than makers and vendors of liquor, was confounded with liberty. Consequently, men, as really "sick" as any patient in a physical or mental hospital, were left to become financial, physical and social wrecks ere the overstretched law interfered. As sometimes happens in other connections, it was a case of "law without justice," and also without common-sense.

AN OUTSTANDING CLASSICAL SCHOLAR AND A POET

Shortly after Professor Macnaghten's death that ripe literary raconteur, "Lucian," of the *Vancouver Daily Province*, emphasized his classical knowledge and interests, and remarked on the Drama of "Ruth" that was published in the "Westminster Magazine," which readers of this publication at least would understand meant this "Westminster Review," now known as the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY.

Apart from that reference by one of the Professor's literary peers, the well-meant press notices might have made some of those who knew him with any degree of intimacy or insight quote Tennyson's line:

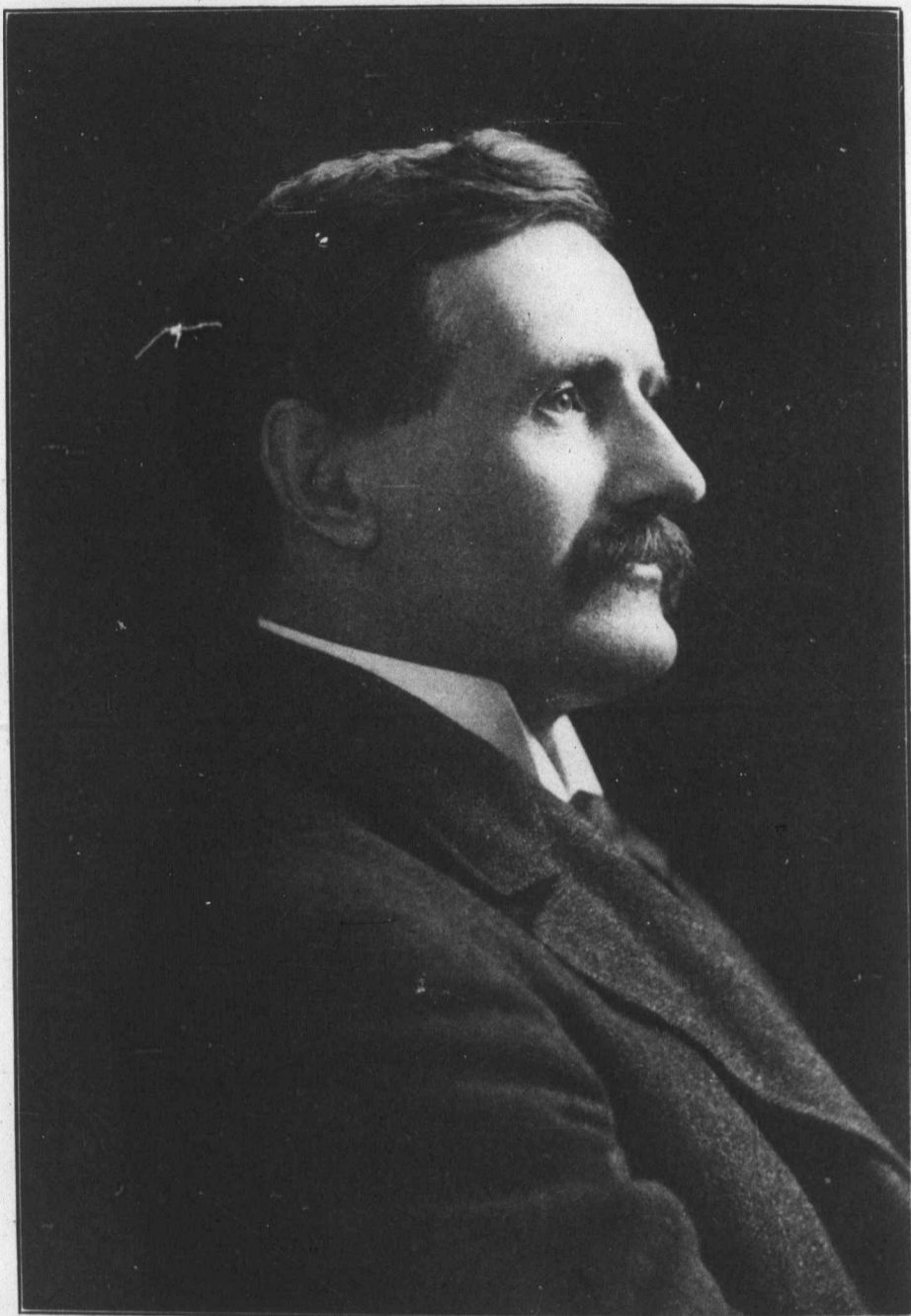
"Ye never knew the sacred dust."

Perhaps the same thing, but in different senses, might be said of many obituary notices in the press and elsewhere. If the writer may not supplement the poet's line with the other, "I do but sing because I must," he has at any rate felt that he might, and indeed ought, because of the measure of intimacy with the Professor with which he was privileged, to publish a respectful tribute to one whose friendship, especially along literary lines, was highly prized.

After his death it was noted publicly that the late Professor came of a titled British family. But no man of ordinary insight could have come into contact with him in a social or literary way, in his home or elsewhere, without realizing that beneath any seeming abruptness of expression there was at heart the undisguisable spirit (not confined to any class or grade of society) of the refined gentleman; thoughtful for the feelings of others, and alert to recognize and encourage the exercise in or by them of gifts and graces, however latent:

Page Seventeen

Prove there are no "pacifists" at the Pacific Coast—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!



The late Professor R. E. Macnaghten

For who can always act? But he
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less, but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be.

Professor Macnaghten contributed a series of articles on "Socrates and Christ" to this magazine. The last time the writer met him in that connection, we had lunch together in the city, and one who valued highly his genuine literary interest and genial personality could not but be impressed by the tired and wistful expression he then had, which at once inspired in his companion a feeling of sad concern and something of presentiment of impending loss, and prompted the farewell words, "Take care of yourself, Professor." Men who have inclination for and give time to literary interests and pursuits and who have that inborn and unpurchas-

Page Eighteen

To cheer and comfort "the Dear Homeland"—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

able camaraderie affecting them—*which is of the spirit*—are not so numerous in Western Canada that it can be a light matter for the remaining pioneers in such work to see them passing away.

Prior to its publication in the *Westminster Review*, it was the writer's privilege to make the acquaintance of the Drama of "Ruth" after dinner one evening in the Professor's refined home in North Vancouver. As the subject of the story and the harmony of the verse alike appealed to him, it was a genuine gratification to find that his sympathetic reading or interpretation of the Professor's lines gave their author a pleasure which he acknowledged in no unstinted way.

In this place it need only be added that the Drama of "Ruth" was published in 1913 in three issues of this magazine, and an "Independent Appreciation" of it by the Editor appeared along with the concluding part.

Full of poetic and dramatic power as Professor Macnaghten's "Ruth" is, however, we believe his poem entitled "Chance or the Christ?" (of which we made a special Christmas number in 1914) contained lines and verses which would themselves give their author no insignificant claim to consideration among inspired literary men. Again and again while the Professor was still with us, some readers may, like the writer of this notice, have been reminded of such verses as these, which the writer specially recalled when last parting with their author, the expression on whose face then impressed him:

The Darkness gathers round my waning years,
And, as I gaze across the vale of tears,
Behold! the sun is sinking to the West,
And, presently, the dusk of death appears.

Are all things finish't with that setting sun?
The longing ended and the labour done?
Crumbles the soul away to nothingness,
Or is a newer, nobler life begun?

Who is it stands beyond the Great Divide
With myriad angels gather'd at his side?
Across the barrier of approaching fate,
As in a dream, I see the Crucified.

Not as when hanging on that fated tree,
The type of sorrow and humility:
No longer clad in poor mortality,
But compass'd with celestial majesty,

There comes a vision of that Holy One:
His countenance is shining like the sun,
His voice is sweeter than the harmony
When many waters roll in unison.

Faintly I see: with vision blurr'd and dim
I scarce do catch one fleeting glimpse of Him:
But, clear and radiant as the noonday sun,
Others have seen Him at the river's brim,

Have seen, and, seeing, passed in utter faith
Across the narrow boundary of death;
Have seen the vision, and have heard the voice,
And named His presence with their dying breath.

Dimly to me, to others He hath been
In all the fulness of His glory seen;
When I, like them, must pass the Dark Between,
May I, like them, behold the selfsame scene.

Even under the divine revelation of Christianity, as so far understood and interpreted in this twentieth century, human imagination and speculation may legitimately be exercised concerning the life beyond. Yet, as the child is never afraid to go where the mother is, so, to souls troubled by "defects of doubt" and other hindrances or handicaps inseparable from the inherited life that now is, such fearless and faith-ful facing of the Future by one who was primarily a man of highly trained and talented intellect, of exercised heart and of poetic spirit, may well strengthen other souls for the fateful hour that comes to each in turn. For, whatever follows, we believe this life may become the basis of a greater life to be by choice and acquirement and bound by kindred interests and affinities towards other souls and the Infinite One Himself.

Elsewhere^e in that poem, which might be called one of quest and conquest, before the verses quoted above, Professor Macnaghten wrote a tribute to one who "walked through life irradiating light" and who "to earthly beauty joined a grace that might betoken some celestial race";

"Her very presence made a holy place,
And hidden peace shone from her perfect face."

He tells how "that fell disease—which baffles human aid and human skill—its deadly clasp had laid on her who seem'd so full of radiant life," and, after asking, "Was it in vain she suffered?" he concludes with the question which the writer ventures to quote with the Professor himself in mind:

Is it indeed Delusion that controls
The steadfast faith of these heroic souls?
Or does a higher Wisdom guide their course
And lead them on to sure though hidden goals?

The personality of Professor R. E. Macnaghten, like that of many another human being, was in itself an assurance, if not indeed a proof, of the immortality of the soul, and the fuller development of what constitutes the heart and spirit of Literature and Life as so far revealed. As he himself put it:

"Love was, and is, unconquered in the fray."

Only, then, through what is personal, only through what is like ourselves, only through what is moral, can God reveal Himself to us. Not by marvellous displays of power that suddenly awe us, but by goodness that the human conscience can apprehend and gradually admire, does God reveal Himself to us. If we doubt God's existence; if we doubt whether there is a Spirit of goodness upholding all things, wielding all things, and triumphant in all things, let us look to Christ. It is in Him we distinctly see upon our own earth, and in circumstances we can examine and understand, *goodness*; goodness tried by every test conceivable, goodness carried to its highest pitch, goodness triumphant. This goodness, though in human forms and circumstances, is yet the goodness of One who comes among men from a higher sphere, teaching, forgiving, commanding, assuring, saving, as One sent to deal with men rather than springing from them. If this is not God, what is God? What higher conception of God has anyone ever had? What worthy conception of God is there that is not satisfied here? What do we need in God, or suppose to be in God, which we have not in Christ?—*Marcus Dods* ("The Incarnation").

Page Twenty

Buy Bonds to brighten the boys in the battle-line—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!

Notes and Comments

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

THE AGENT-GENERAL

A PUBLICATION like ours, which bears the name of British Columbia, cannot fail to note the fact that Mr. Fred C. Wade, K.C., is just going overseas as Agent-General for this province at the heart-city of the Empire. To a good many who have known him for a long time it would seem that Mr. Wade has definitely found his real niche. He has done many things concerning which people have variant opinions, but he has unmistakable qualifications for his present position. A brilliant university man, a widely-read student of affairs, a good speaker, an intense Imperialist, and above all a passionately loyal Canadian, he will bring to his new office potentialities that will have far-reaching influence on the trend of events.

* * *

A GOVERNMENT INFLUX

In recent days the importance of this western part of Canada has been well attested by the visit of a large number of the members of the Dominion Government. Time was, in the recollection of some of us, when the West had to be satisfied with administration by officials through whom the inhabitants had to approach the Ottawa rulers at long range. A western rebellion or two demonstrated the failure of such a policy, and the fact that Ministers of the Crown themselves now visit the various parts of the country shows that they learned the lesson of history. The next step forward for these men in high places will be taken

when they seek opportunities to address a larger number of popular gatherings and pay less attention to exclusive organizations. This is a democratic country, and the common people must be kept well posted on affairs if democracy is going to be a safe thing for the world.

* * *

RETURNING SOLDIERS

As the American forces have been pouring in mighty volume into France, more of our war-worn and battered Canadian men can be released from the service to which they have clung unflinchingly from the beginning of the war. These returning men are worthy of all the attention that a grateful country can bestow upon them. For years they dared and did the apparently impossible, and in proportion to their numbers no soldiers in the history of the world probably ever accomplished so much. They should find here at home an appreciation so deep and true that it will have permanent practical results for the good of these gallant men and their dependents.

* * *

THE SKID ROAD AGAIN

With some money to spare for Victory Bonds, the Exhibition Directors of Vancouver have recently reasserted their satisfaction with the indecent infamies of the Skid Road, which no doubt fleeced so many unwary boys and girls that it made money for the Directors and the vagrant concessionaires as well. But if the Directors persist in perpetrating this insult to a decent and

Page Twenty-one

Buy Bonds to bind the butchering burglars of Berlin—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!

intelligent constituency, they will find themselves up against a decided boycott of the whole affair. There are abundant clean amusements and entertainments that could be provided, with some degree of elevation

about them, and the decent element in this province will have to protect itself by absence if the wretched character of the Skid Road is not going to be rectified by the men in charge of the Exhibition.

✓ The New Agent-General for British Columbia

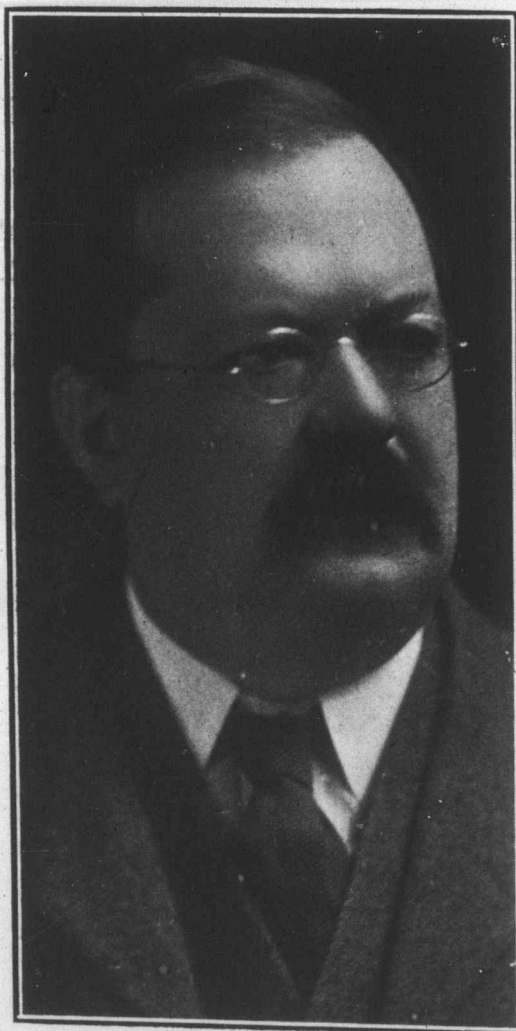
EVEN among supporters of the political party to which he belonged; no doubt there are men who may criticise the appointment of Mr. F. C. Wade as Agent-General in London for British Columbia. On the other hand, as was suggested by

the attendance at the farewell function in the Hotel Vancouver, political opponents may be found commending his capacity for the position.

The BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, which is attached to "no party, sect or faction," and which aims to put *British Columbia first*, is interested in Mr. Wade as a servant of the State. Now that he is the representative of this Province in London, he should get the undivided support which it is the British custom to give to men of all parties who accept government positions, or who become in any way ambassadors of Empire.

No matter how opinions may differ politically, we are also interested in Mr. Wade as a literary man. Perhaps at this time it is permissible to mention here (as an indication of his literary interests and thoughtfulness) that when, in connection with a circulation campaign early in this magazine's career, a form was sent to him, as to others, intimating its field of service, he not only joined the subscription list himself, but directed us to add to the list (at his expense) several local institutions.

Mr. Wade's action in seeking to have Mr. Blair, late secretary of the Vancouver Board of Trade, appointed as his secretary in London, must also commend itself as one of happy choice, for the post was eminently one in which experience



[Wadds, Photo.]

F. C. Wade, K.C., who leaves this month to take up the duties of Agent-General in London for British Columbia.

Page Twenty-two

Prove the farther away the stronger the ties of Empire—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!

deserved precedence of every other consideration. Mr. Blair's previous connection with the Customs department, and his years of work with the Vancouver Board of Trade, suggest that it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to get one better qualified to be the right-hand man of the representative of British Columbia in London.

At the farewell meeting mentioned, which was presided over by Mayor Gale, a silver flower-vase was presented to the Agent-General from representative citizens of Vancouver.

The speech of the evening was made by the departing guest, and his review of provincial conditions, with the incidental revelation of the facts and figures he, by personal travel and otherwise, had gathered concerning the trade and resources and possible development of British Columbia, might have gone far to convince any who had questioned his appointment that there is every reason to believe that the Province will be adequately represented in the centre of Empire in the great reconstruction days ahead.

—D. A. C.

Vancouver Presumption or Victoria Prejudice?

Should "Vancouver Island" Name be Changed?

By the Editor

WE have good authority for recording that the suggestion that the name of Vancouver Island should be changed had its origin in a jesting story at a Victoria club, and that, as sometimes happens outside of Scotland, some otherwise sensible people took the jest seriously and so passed it on. Like many another jest, however, it is founded on a basis of fact or reality which citizens will ponder or pooh-pooh according to their viewpoint, but to which it might be well that all good British Columbians whose patriotism "begins at home" in their own province (though not stopping there) should give heed.

As if to accentuate the alleged grounds for complaint regarding the confusion of Victoria, or the name "Vancouver Island," with Vancouver city, a motor magazine issued in Eastern Canada recently published a fine picture of the Victoria waterfront above the caption, "Vancouver Harbour." Though Vancouver citi-

zens may hold such carelessness no less unjust to Vancouver than to Victoria, it is unfortunate that such mistakes should be possible by the wise, or otherwise, men of the East and elsewhere. About the same date, according to the *Victoria Times*, an Old-Country newspaper capped that error by referring to Victoria as in "Ontario."

As one result of such misinformation it might be in place to suggest that, next to attention to the English language, it would be well that within the schools under the Union Jack particular emphasis be put upon geographical and topographical subjects, especially as affecting British Empire territory.

Conversation with a few leading Victoria business men impresses on the impartial visitor the fact that there is a feeling abroad in the capital city that Vancouver and the Mainland are "after" all the institutions, and Dominion or Provincial or other public "centres" or bases,

Page Twenty-three

Reinforce the guns of Canada's sons—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

that are or may be organized or established.

With the C. P. R. terminal in Vancouver, and the connection with Victoria and the Island still one by steamer only, it may be natural that the location of Vancouver should commend itself as more convenient in some ways. But whether or not the project of uniting the Island and Mainland by rail is carried out in this generation, there is ample scope for Victoria with the Vancouver Island portion, and Vancouver with the Mainland portion of British Columbia, jointly and severally, developing to the mutual benefit of all.

It may be that the citizens of both city centres alike will continue to indulge in hits at and jests about each other, but unless competitive methods are to be eliminated from life and work, healthy and honestly-conducted rivalry should harm no one.

In the interest of the fuller development of the whole of Canada, no less than for the sake of more fully working and exploiting the resources and wealth of Vancouver Island, it would be well worth while to have it linked to the Mainland by rail. Notwithstanding what may be alleged to the contrary, we believe that such an enterprise would help rather than hinder the development of Vancouver city and the Mainland.

The whole Province of British Columbia will benefit by the progress and prosperity of any of its parts.

Not merely as policy, but on principle, therefore—and because of the need for fostering the best provincial spirit—we advocate the elimination of all petty jealousy between the two cities—Capital and Terminal—and between Island and Mainland. In that connection it would be well if in any advertising campaign organized or supervised from Vancouver or Victoria, or with any relation to British Columbia, care be taken to do justice to every city and portion and product of the Province.

Apart from any other consideration, the location of Vancouver city and the priceless asset it inherits in its harbour, guarantee it no secondary place among the cities of Canada and the Empire. It would, therefore, betray poor policy and a poorer spirit if the powers that be in Vancouver or elsewhere should give any just cause for complaint of the treatment of the Capital City.

Because of its being dependent at present on a ferry service between Seattle and Vancouver respectively, Victoria may seem somewhat isolated; but it is not only a fine residential city of beautiful homes, but a city with associations extending back to the beginnings of British pioneering in this Farthest West.

OBSERVATION POINT, STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

"They were looking out over English Bay from a height of about two hundred and fifty feet above the water. Across the mouth of the Narrows lay the little suburbs of Hollyburn and Dunderave, the houses and the tents along the shore standing out clear in the afternoon sunlight.

"This has been called the Sunset Doorway of the Dominion," said Keith. "I have seen the Golden Gate at San Francisco, and it is no more beautiful. The best time to come here, though, is in the early morning or just at sunset. In the morning everything is so fresh and clear, and in the evening the tints on the sea and the mountains are so beautiful, and there is usually a restful hush upon the whole scene."—*The Chivalry of Keith Leicester.*"

Page Twenty-four

Let British Columbia lead the Canadian British—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!

“The Chivalry of Keith Leicester” ✓

AND ITS AUTHOR, ROBERT ALLISON HOOD



[Photo by F. L. Hacking

ROBERT ALLISON HOOD

author of “The Chivalry of Keith Leicester,” was born in Cupar-Fife, Scotland. He went to California early in life, and is a graduate of Berkeley University there. He has been in business in Vancouver as a property agent for about twelve years. Innately modest, he has not taken part in the public life of the city, but he is well and favourably known among those who have literary interests. His lectures in the series arranged by the city librarian have been second to none in their revelation of literary knowledge, insight and expository power.

More than a year ago Mr. Hood became a member of the editorial committee of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, whose managing editor then noted of him: “Outside the widening circle in the West having literary interests, the second member of the committee may not be so well known at present. By education, inclination and choice he is a literary man, and this magazine has been privileged to publish contributions from him in verse as well as prose. Though he has experience and ability in business, we believe he will come to be more widely known in the West—and elsewhere—for outstanding literary work.”

NATURALLY, it is with unaffected gratification that, as this issue goes to press, we learn of the reception already given to the first book by Mr. Robert Allison Hood, a member of the Editorial Committee of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY.

By reviews and other notices the daily press has warmly welcomed and commended the book, an independent appreciation of which, by the Managing Editor of this magazine, appeared in the *Province*.

The story reflects credit on British Columbia no less than on the author. It demonstrates that Mr. Hood is a real student of human nature, gifted with powers of characterization. In weaving fact and fancy into a romance, the writer of “The Chivalry of Keith Leicester” has put abundant “life” into the story. At the same time a quiet humour and a happy spirit permeate the book and make it a real literary refreshment.

Like Mr. MacBeth’s work, “The Romance of Western Canada,” Mr. Hood’s novel is published at a time likely to make it doubly welcome as a gift for friends, and particularly for soldiers overseas. As “The Romance of Western Canada” should be read by every Canadian, young or old, it may be said in the same sentence that Mr. Hood’s “Chivalry” can be gifted to the men at the front, and to any member of a family, near or far, with the assurance that the reading of the story will leave lastingly agreeable impressions and

Page Twenty-five

The sooner to relieve the tortured Allied prisoners in Germany—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!

recollections not only of British Columbia, but of the giver and his or her capacity to choose.

All his characters are well drawn and most of them stir the imagination or touch the heart. Mr. Hood may in future books surpass in plot or portrayal his work in this story, but it is hardly possible for him to excel the spirit and tone revealed in this first novel.

When is British Columbia to have a Publishing House of its own? "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester" is published by the well-known Toronto firm, Messrs. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. There is an attractive, artistic cover design, the work of

Mr. Harry Hood, the artist brother of the author. The picture indicates the main setting of the story, but it should be added that some exciting events occur in the Hotel Vancouver and elsewhere in Vancouver city and vicinity. The charms of English Bay, Stanley Park and neighbourhood are associated with the experiences of the chief characters, Marjorie and Keith.

The author's "Foreword," in verse, is in itself ample proof that his power of expression in English undefiled is not confined to prose.

After intimate acquaintance with the story, we envy those who have yet to do their first reading of "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester."

—D. A. C.

Abracadabra

The Wayside Philosopher

(All Legal Responsibility Assumed by the Author)

PERHAPS, after all, it was better that Hon. F. B. Carvell did not enter upon a discussion of the "war activities" with which he was not in agreement. Regrettable as they are, they are yet unimportant compared with the vital issues that face us on every hand.

It is decidedly a hopeful feature in our public life when we get frank, candid, unafraid men like Carvell in our governments.

With next issue a further departure will be made in this column, when each issue will contain a reference to some man whom the writer finds interesting.

BOOKS AND POETRY

War Books: "The Conscript" and "Waterloo."

General: "Sense and Sensibilities" (Austen).

Religious: "Imitation of Christ" (A-Kempis).

"Oh, don't worry about that," said Keith. "I have my own cranky moods, and I know how to make allowance for those of others."
—*The Chivalry of Keith Leicester.*

Page Twenty-six

To destroy Kaiserism and its hold-up gunmen—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

"Now there was made, fast by the towris wall,

A garden fair; and in the corners set
An arbor green, with wandis long and small

Railed about"

"Do not lift him from the bracken,
Leave him lying where he fell.

Better bier ye cannot fashion:
None beseems him half so well."

"Their hearts were yearning for the land
They ne'er might see again—

For Scotland's high and heathered hills,
For mountain, loch and glen."

QUERIES

What are you doing to help out the Victory Loan canvass?

Are you insured to an amount sufficient to pay all your debts if you were to die tomorrow? If not, why not?

Are you giving your child an education to make him a better "wage-earner," or to give him a glimpse of life in its true meaning—which?

Have you learned why British Columbia need fear no "slump" in the reconstruction period after the war?

The Message of the Voices ✓

(Suggested by the Victory Loan Campaign, 1918)

By Robert Allison Hood

Listen! Listen! Can you hear them—hear the voices in the air—
Voices calling in the night-winds from the regions "over there,"
Yearning, pleading and insistent with a message we must hear—
Weird and solemn is the medley—that should pierce the deafest ear?
Are we busy with our trifles? Are we centred all in self?
Are our minds engrossed with pleasure? Are our hearts bound up in self?
Are our souls so dead to pity that we cannot now give heed
To those myriad airy voices that are calling in their need?

Listen, listen to the mothers, French and Belgian, weeping sore
For their children sent to slavery—they may never see them more!
They are calling, they are praying, and their hopes depend on you:
"Will you get us back our darlings, will you crush their captors, too?
You have sent your boys to help us; they have bled and they have died—
But the Hun has turned in terror—they have tamed him in his pride.
Now, at last, when Victory beckons, the All-Highest stands aghast:
Will you hesitate or falter—will you fail them at the last?"

Listen! Listen to the soldiers in the trenches under fire—
Blood and death are all around them, and beneath them filth and mire—
They are calling, "Brothers, hear us: we have borne the brunt for you;
We are worn and sad and weary, and yet we are conquerors, too.
We have dared the hell of battle, we have slept among the slain;
And our souls are sick with horror, but we've kept them free from stain!
Oh, we beg you, don't forget us: pay your share of Victory's price.
Search your coffers, send your treasures, or in vain our sacrifice!"

Listen! Listen to the voices calling from a hundred seas:
"Brothers, we have watched and waited, scorned delight and hated ease.
We have kept the sea-lanes open, we have swept the deadly mine,
We have dared the dread torpedo, we have starved the Hun, in fine!
We have hemmed him in his harbours, we have penned him at his base;
But we're weary of our vigils—won't you help us end the chase?
Won't you make one final effort, put your stakes upon our game?
And we'll show them that Britannia still is worthy of her name."

Listen! Listen, they are calling, 'tis the voices of our dead,
Of our noble lads—our heroes—from their gory battle-bed
Or the restless, heaving billow, where sleep their long, last sleep
Those our brave and gallant seamen who have perished in the deep.
"Brothers, brothers, do not fail us: 'twas a privilege to die
In the cause of Right and Freedom, and we would not waste a sigh
On the lusty life we're leaving, if we have not fall'n in vain—
If we know that Right shall triumph, and true peace shall come again!"

Listen! Listen to the voices; heed their urgent, earnest call,
By your pity, by your manhood, by your honour and by all
That your soul should hold most sacred! If you do not quick respond,
Lending gladly, freely, proudly, then your spirit is in bond
To a slavery much more deadly than the Belgian people bear.
You shall lose the golden moment, you shall forfeit all your share
In that grand and glorious victory that we trust will soon be won,
Which the hand of God has written in the feast-hall of the Hun!

Page Twenty-seven

To overpower finally the Prussian bully—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

The Educational Page

THE NEW CONCEPTION OF EDUCATION

By Miss Margaret Ross, Braemar School
(Continued from August issue)

THIS standard of social efficiency is applied rigorously to the school, which must fit the child for the community, for an immediate future, and for the leisure that is the inalienable right of all in a democracy. It applies the standard to the teacher, who must view his work from the standpoint of scientific education, common-sense and community need.

The traditional curriculum, with its emphasis on formal discipline, takes small account of the child's inborn tendencies. The new education regards native capacities and instincts as the capital with which education works. The child is neither good nor bad through these, but may be either through the habits growing out of them. His eventual nature is built from his original nature, and is built most truly on his interests.

Inattention does not exist in the normal child — he is attending to what interests him throughout his waking hours. Free attention is given when the object of attention interests, satisfies a need—when the child feels that he is accomplishing. Forced attention is given where there is no feeling of need, no sense of accomplishment. The new education regards as fallacious the theory that the student is prepared for the hard facts of life by dealing with the hard facts of the curriculum through effort. When the child is engaged on work that appeals to him only as a task, he is acquiring the habit of divided attention; his external, me-

chanical attention is accompanied by mind-wandering. With the traditional good disciplinarian in charge, he acquires marvellous facility in judging the exact amount of attention that will produce the work necessary to satisfy the teacher, while he sets his thoughts free to ramble over what is of real interest to him. The well-disciplined exterior is no criterion of his inner life.

The selection of subjects independent of their interest, with the expectation that the teacher will "make them interesting," leads to a process painfully familiar to many of us—the dressing up in artificial externals of a subject intrinsically uninteresting.

The real principle of interest is the identity of the thing to be learned with the learner's growing self. Any subject, no matter how unattractive, may be of interest to a student when it relates its material to a larger thing in his life—when it is taught as a means, not as an end. A child goes through the technique of fingering willingly when the end—to play well—commands his attention. As arithmetic is brought into relation with the facts of the child's life, he attends to its drill features without strain. The bearing of new material is brought into consciousness. Interest means unity — self-activity; drudgery means separation.

There are extremes of each type of teaching, called by one writer the "soup kitchen" type and the "penitentiary" type. What passes for interest at times is mere temporary fooling; there is no enduring activity without concentration, as there is neither activity nor assimilation without interest and satisfaction.

Page Twenty-eight

(To be continued)

Make Vancouver and Victoria the "pass-ports" of the Pacific—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!

Seven Years' Magazine Pioneering

THE EDITOR AND HIS TRAINING FOR THE TASK

As the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY begins its fourteenth volume with this number, the following outline may be of interest to its readers.

THE clerical career of the Editor of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY began more than twenty-five years ago in the law office of Sir James (then Mr.) Urquhart, recently Lord Provost of Dundee, Scotland.

Following two years' newspaper experience on the *Perthshire Advertiser*, he went early to Edinburgh, where he was successively on the staff of Messrs. Davidson & Syme, W.S., a leading legal firm there, in legal government offices, and latterly an official shorthand writer at the Supreme Court.

Some years of private study, with occasional secretarial, interviewing, and literary

Nearly twelve years ago the then General Superintendent of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, visiting Britain for men to undertake Church work on the prairies, was interviewed on the subject by the Editor, who explained his theological attitude. The Superintendent replied that, if he chose to come, a position as student-missionary in the West was open to him. Some months later he decided to accept the option given, and on first coming to Canada he made the acquaintance of a prairie appointment.

In 1909 he came to Westminster Hall, Vancouver, and before entering heart-wholly into the work of this magazine, as he was invited to do in 1911, he had considerably supplemented his already varied experience. He did secretarial and librarian's duties at the Hall; for some months, when the treasurer was absent in Britain, he acted as treasurer. Within two days of reaching Vancouver he had become a member of the *News-Advertiser* staff, while attending theological lectures in the forenoons. Because of his interest in what the Hall represented, he freely used his connection with the press to obtain increased publicity for the College and those visiting Vancouver on its behalf. Before taking up the magazine work he also had a season's experience of pioneering work on behalf of the Presbyterian Church among the settlers around the Fraser Lake country in British Columbia.

Some time after the Editor came to Westminster Hall, the General Superintendent of the Presbyterian Church, when visiting the city, advised him to make application to the General Assembly for admission to the ministry; but the influence of "obstinate questionings," and a disposition to take pastoral work very seriously, have hitherto prevented his taking that course. Nevertheless, he has been privileged to hear lectures not only by the regular staff of Westminster Hall, but by most of the outstanding visitors from Eastern Canada and Great Britain who have given courses there.

As has been emphasized again and again in this magazine during the past seven years, he holds the service, in Western Canada and British Columbia particularly, open to such a magazine as "not secondary to any kind of social or ministerial work."



D. A. CHALMERS

work, followed. During these years he was privileged to hear lectures by many men prominent in literary and theological circles in Edinburgh, chief among whom was the scholarly, evangelical, broadminded, book-loving preacher and author, Dr. Alexander Whyte. The seven or eight sessions he attended Dr. Whyte's "Men's Class" he associates with the happiest and most inspiring of memories.

Page Twenty-nine

To bring relief to bleeding Belgium—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

More "Between Vancouver and Victoria"

At the tea-table on the C. P. R. boat two officers, who had seen service overseas, were discussing some of the "rich things" that had come under their notice, and were good enough (without at first knowing him) to acquaint the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY representative with the following skit and hit at the "O. B. E."—"Order of the British Empire"—an order of which we have heard in Western Canada, and which seems to have been awarded somewhat too freely:

THE BEST THING ABOUT THE "O. B. E."

I knew a man of industry
Who made big bombs for the R. F. C.,
And pocketed lots of L. S. D.,
And he—by jove!—is an O. B. E.

I knew a woman of pedigree,
Who asked some soldiers out to tea,
And said "Dear me!" and "Yes, I see!"
And she—by jove!—is an O. B. E.

I knew a fellow of twenty-three
Who got a job with a fat M.P.—
Not caring much for the infantry—
And he—by jove!—is an O. B. E.

I had a friend, a friend, and he
Just held the line for you and me,
And kept the Germans from the sea,
And died—without the O. B. E.
Yes—thanks be!—
He died without the O. B. E.

ANOTHER "ORDER"—A TRUE "FISHING" STORY

Item two is evidence of a commendable effort made by a secretary of an officers' mess to get a change from the using of the frozen fish supplied by the Army Service Corps to the forces. The following copy letter and reply came from a General whose name we need not note:

Copy letter sent from Secretary of Officers' Mess

October 16, 1917.

To Messrs. the Grimsby Fish Trawling Co., Ltd.,
Grimsby.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find postal order, value 2/- (half a dollar). Kindly send me a basket of fish, as per advertisement in *Daily Mail*. Do not send me cod, hake, or plaice flukes, but send me some middle-cut salmon, a few lobsters, and make the weight up in oysters.

Yours truly,

(Signed) SECRETARY, OFFICERS' MESS.

Copy Reply Received

Dear Sir,—Your P.O. to hand. It's a pity you had not sent *another* tanner (twelve cents); you could have had the bally trawler.

Yours, etc.,

THE GRIMSBY FISH CO. LTD.

A POLITICIAN WHO SPOKE THE TRUTH

"In a case under my own observation, a newly-elected member, whose sudden elevation had induced the too free use of stimulants, was making himself so obnoxious that he had to be sharply called to order by the Speaker, with threats of expulsion from the precincts. The member, unabashed, told the Speaker, in effect, that he ought to remember the primitive condition of things in the country; and, desiring to impress the Speaker with the fact that though he (the member) was not a finished statesman, he was fairly representative of, if not superior to, his constituents in attainments, said: 'You may think I am a fool, Mr. Speaker, but I am not such a fool as the people who sent me here'—in which saying the member builded better than he knew, and aptly described what has been witnessed frequently enough in political life."—*R. G. MacBeth, in "The Romance of Western Canada."*

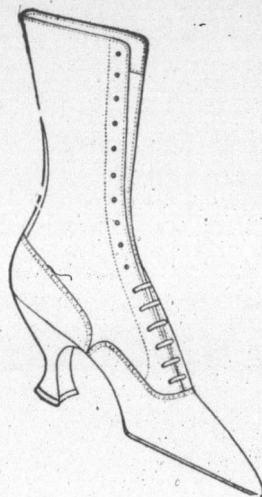
Page Thirty

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Shoes have to be suited to your feet, as well as fitted to them.

Some feet look better in severe styles, others require the extreme of grace.



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Page Thirty-one

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Page Thirty-two

To cheer the men who have returned—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

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OUR CAUSE is the Cause of Humanity.

OUR RESOLVE that it shall prevail is writ in flaming letters of blood against the high Heavens. Since time began no loftier motives have led soldiers in battle than those which give courage and fortitude to our soldier-sons in France.

Cruelty and lust, injustice by the strong to the weak, shall stop!

Those who invoke the name of God, yet burn and ravage; those who prate of a Divine partnership, yet spoil and torture, shall soon be called to stern account.

No need to recall how well and with what courage our soldiers fight—the world rings with their heroism.

To us AT HOME—duty plainly points the way. Confronting us—demanding our effort to the point of sacrifice—comes Canada's call for money to "carry on."

Let no consideration whatsoever deflect your minds from this—the Victory Bonds you buy through sacrifice are your offerings on the altar of Humanity.

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada

"Sacred is our cause"—for divine and human laws—
BUY VICTORY BONDS!