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British Columbia

Monthly

The Magazine of the Canadian West

DEVOTED TO COMMUNITY SERVICE — FEARLESS, FAIR AND FREE

Volume 25

KIWANIS FEATURING NUMBER

4 & 5



DEAN COLEMAN

BUILDERS

(By Kiwanian Dean Coleman of British Columbia University)

A Former President of Vancouver Kiwanis Club

In the dim forgotten ages, in the valley of the Nile,
The Pyramids were builded by the Pharaohs in their pride,
And, that each in single splendor might have his funeral pile,
Their slaves in thousands labored, and their slaves in thousands died.

When Athens grown to greatness through the valor of her sons,
Recalled the patron goddess she had built her hopes upon,
Unto Athene, fairest of all the shining ones,
She reared that shrine of beauty, the matchless Parthenon.

When, with the passing centuries, the Roman legions came
And welded half a world in one, and ruled it in their might,
They built the roads which to this day retain their ancient name,
Though Caesar and his legions have marched into the night.

In that great age of faith when Heaven seemed nearer earth than now,
Men builded great cathedrals, and builded them with care,
And in their dim and shadowed aisles we modern folk may bow,
Beneath the soaring arches and the figured saints at prayer.

A monument, a temple, a road, a House of God,
How build we brethren to-day? In nobler form we trust
Than all the mighty builders who the paths of earth have trod,
Whose wondrous works must, soon or late, be mingled with the dust.

A monument of kindly deeds, a temple of good will,
A road of hope for youthful feet just entered on life's race.
A House of God built fair and broad upon the heavenly hill,
Where all mankind, in God's good time, may find the Father's face.

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are past us, but it is more than time that, as citizens
of British Columbia, we advertised more fully, to our
kin across the sea, our U. S. friends and others that
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(Ed. B. C. M.)

Should Canada Annex the United States?

"What's that?" you say. "Surely the British Columbia Monthly publisher has got his question turned round when he asks: 'Should Canada annex the United States?'"

A Last Word in the First Place

To Readers Generally

The title is appropriate, as this sheet supplements the eight-page insert, and is being printed after all else is through the press.

The publication of this issue has been unavoidably delayed. We believe that most people find that they have problems enough of their own. We value all the more the measure of interest shown by business men and readers generally in the welfare of this Magazine. We trust that the delay will be held atoned for by what is practically a double number.

To Kiwanians

First, we regret that, before going to press, it was impossible for us to see more Kiwanians regarding advertising. But we shall try to give those interested in magazine community service other opportunities of using this periodical.

Next, we know that, like all else, the "Kiwanis-featuring" will be open to criticism. In that connection we are reminded that Robert Burns expressed a great truth in lines like these:

"What's done we partly may compute,

But know not what's resisted."

To estimate fairly our attempt to feature Kiwanis, one would have to know the conditions—of which we have perhaps suggested enough under "Why Feature Kiwanis?"

The Daily Press and U. S. Periodicals

Anyone scanning the article in this issue on "A Canadian Magazine Publisher's Problem," will scarcely need to be told that we sincerely welcome the editorial attitude re U. S. publications recently taken by Vancouver "Daily Province." In the "Province" and elsewhere, too, we have read one or two pointed references—which only need to be followed up by the daily press to lead to something practical being done in the interests of Canadian periodicals. If they will, our Canadian newspapers can help Canadian magazines in more ways than one. After all, all we want is a fair field in our own country.

But no: We mean it, and in more ways than one. In this Magazine we have suggested before that something of a process of peaceful penetration and permeation of Canada by the United States, is going on—through Service Clubs and otherwise. Is not it time that we Canadians of British stock not only got into Canada, and the Canadian West particularly, more of our own stock direct from the Homelands, but that we began to turn the tables on our good friends to the south?

Why should not the United States consider some fuller direct and deliberate form of collaboration, if not of amalgamation, with the British Empire—preferably through Canadian connections and associations? If we as Britishers said that "we are willing to take them back," no doubt some folk on both sides of the border line would laugh at the very idea, and perhaps call it fantastic, British presumption—or worse. And yet it goes without saying that our Canadian and British Governments are as "free" as any government in the "Land of the Free"—and perhaps more so! . . .

So we venture to raise the question not merely as Western Canadians, but as Canadian and British Imperialists who believe that with British inter-Empire interests developed, our British Commonwealth of Nations can not only be economically independent of all others, but increasingly wield an influence in world affairs that will make for lasting peace and prosperity—if it be possible that these blessings can come permanently to this earth in this age, and with human nature as it is?

Canada for Canadians—and British Stock Preferred

Meantime, while not wishing to be indifferent to the fraternal associations so freely developed with our brethren to the south, we question whether the time is not ripe for the Canadian Clubs of Canada, and other organizations with aims in sympathy with **Canadian National Development**, to organize, advertise and extend

An All-British Organization,

or community of organizations, provincially and otherwise, which shall in no way interfere with the goodwill and good feeling engendered through the numerous United States affiliations with Canada, but will none the less put our own country and Empire first, and foster inter-Empire interests and affiliations.

The Alternative?

Otherwise, if nothing is done, it may not be amiss to raise the question—if a loyal Britisher may raise it academically—Does Canada face annexation by the United States? If, as a Canadian correspondent whose communication we published some time ago, alleged, the result would at once be a largely increased prosperity to Canada, with immense development of Canadian resources by larger influx of capital and population from the United States, then this may become a pertinent reflection: If British Imperial ties are not maintained and strengthened by inter-Empire development, economically and otherwise, who shall say what may happen in the not distant days?

**Throughout the Empire
Let Britons Awake,
Think and Act Imperially!**

B. C. M. Advertisers Past, Present and To Be: GREETING!

FIRST, to those who are in this issue: Are you not pleased to find yourself here—in such good company? Yes, we mean that; and we trust others feel THE SAME ABOUT YOU!

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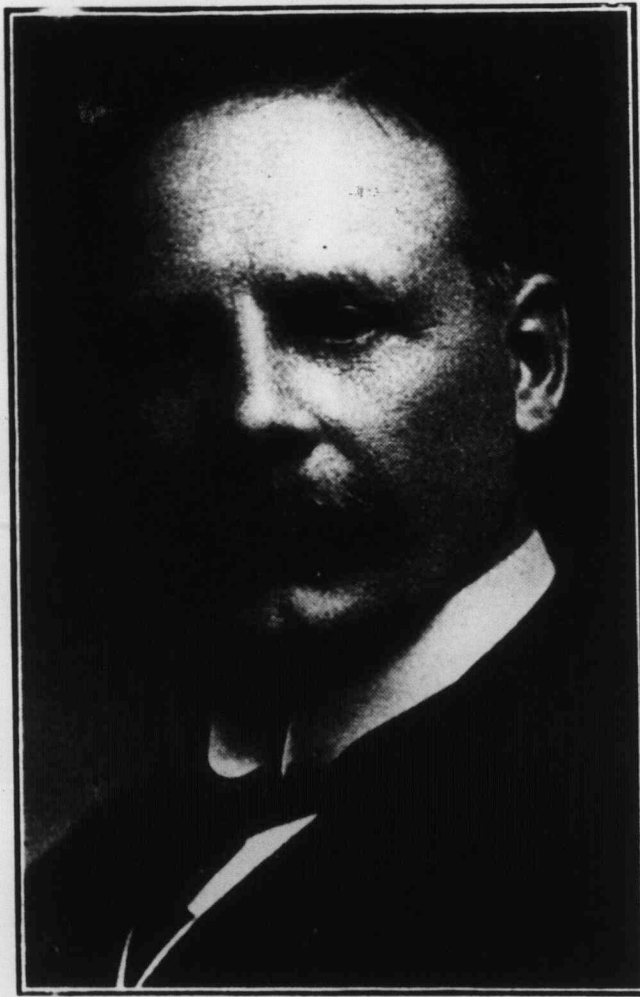
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WELCOME!



HON. R. RANDOLPH BRUCE

Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia

The above engraving was made for this Magazine in 1922, when we published a reference to the present Lieutenant-Governor as an "Empire Builder in the Canadian West."

When the appointment of Mr. Bruce was announced the other month, we had reasonable satisfaction in finding ourselves reminded in a complimentary way by a Vancouver reader that he had first learned of the new Lieutenant-Governor through this Magazine.

Our notice in 1922 followed a visit to Windermere by the editor (at the David Thompson memorial celebration). At that time we remarked: "Commendable as it is for all to celebrate pioneers and Empire-builders who have passed, this magazine would like to be among those who are ready to recognize the work of

living Empire-builders. . . Whatever his service and characteristics, Mr. Bruce is one of those men who, though serving the Empire in their generation faithfully and enterprisingly, are averse to anything that savors of personal publicity. Such men—like Windermere and the Columbia Valley—deserve a whole B. C. M. issue to themselves."

With pleasant recollections of a personal visit to Mr. Bruce's beautiful Windermere home, we can at this time all the more heartily join in congratulations on his appointment and good wishes for his term as Lieutenant-Governor—not forgetting his Associate in service, his niece, Miss Mackenzie, who has come all the way from "Modern Athens," or "Picturesque Edinburgh," to be Chatelaine at British Columbia's Government House.

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VOL. 25

Featuring KIWANIS Number

4 & 5

LAID ASIDE:

A Reflection for Crowded Workers and Hurrying Folk

In the hurly-burly of life, with duties crowding upon us, and a feeling of "So little done, so much to do" seldom absent from our minds, about the last thing the earnest worker dwells upon is the need for rest. "Absence of occupation is not rest," he may quote; and aptly, especially if his work has many avenues of effort and interest in it.

But even to those who gratefully glory in their strength—and a healthful constitution is one of the most valuable of inheritances and assets—accident or unexpected illness may come, so that the Irresistible Imperative says: "For the present thou shalt be laid aside and literally let the rest of the world go by."

Sensible folk should not need to wait for such a time to begin pondering as to life, death and immortality. But whatever an individual's pre-dispositions to such meditations in the ordinary routine of life and work, all alike may learn to reflect on such subjects when the experience of being "shut in" for any period comes upon them. If, in such a case we realize more fully that one of the constantly-needed lessons for all mortals is that which teaches us to see this life, and all that pertains to it, in clearer proportion—in the light of a larger life—then such an off-time may not only have its uses, but refresh the spirit, as well as rest the mind and strengthen the body.

To choose to spend a holiday time alone, or with one's favorite books, is one way to exercise that freedom which is in some measure inseparable from the growth of individual souls. But to be confined to one's room for a period without the strength or capacity to read, is a challenge to the reflective powers. Then our questionings or anxious concern regarding the future of this life or any other, must be met by what we have in our mental storehouse; whereby we may all learn that the way in which we exercise memory and ima-

gination in the former years inevitably affects what those wonderful faculties provide for us in the dark or doubtful days, or days apart.

As Milton wrote:—

"The mind is its own place, and of itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

The interruption of unexpected illness naturally makes every man ponder as to how far his "house is in order," and ask himself the question—Apart from my own interest in the Great Adventure, could I be content to leave conditions as they are? And if in almost every case there may be a desire that time be given for fuller service and the adjustment of various matters, that is more likely to be applicable to those in the mid years of life, when additional time or increased income may seem essential to ensure a minimum provision for home associates.

But if reflections along that line increase under one's feeling of responsibility, observation of what happens in other conditions and relationships, should at once tend to give the true sense of proportion that most humans alike have need to learn, and foster that humility of mind which comes from sane recognition of the comparative insignificance of the Unit. In other days and ways we may have laid to heart the truth in Tennyson's words:

We pass; the path that each
man trod

Is dim, or will be dim with
weeds:

What fame is left for human
deeds

In endless age? It rests with
God.

Without being cynical, some men may find comfort in the thought that "it rests with God," and not with man. For even a comparatively brief withdrawal from this world's affairs may re-impress any one with the insignificance of the

individual and the certainty of the continuance of the human procession—no matter who drops out or is laid aside. Not only is it suggested that "each one, as before, will chase his favorite phantom;" but in certain associations affecting mundane matters, evidence may be forthcoming of how readily, under certain circumstances, one or two members may act autoeratically and others demonstrate outstanding self-centredness.

To be laid aside need not necessarily have associated with it the Scottish use of a kindred phrase, "laid awa'", to lead any reflective person to ponder the passing of the years, and the inevitable parting with this present world. But even a few days of withdrawal should make any person recall the verse or prose passages with which he or she is likely to associate comfort or encouragement for what is usually referred to, from this side, as the Dark Hour, but what in many cases may indeed be an Hour of Dawn. "Forefancy your deathbed" urged a leading divine of other years; but what if Hope grows into Conviction that the death-day shall be—but another birthday—birth into a larger life!

At the same time, one need not lose all zest for life as we know it here; for the wealth awaiting us in literature alone might, for many years, keep any sane soul from saying seriously "How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world."

But the questioning of the Laid Aside naturally leads to the associations with that momentous hour which, in the ordinary course, confronts each traveller—the time when the words of Ruskin shall be supremely experienced, when "Every soul of us shall for himself do battle with the Untoward, and for himself discover the Unseen." In the days of strength it need not be amiss to ask ourselves to What shall we turn,

or in Whom shall we seek to rest—while consciousness remains on this side?

“Art thou afraid His power shall fail
When comes thy evil day?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?”

The ways in which death may come to men, individually and in the mass, are so numerous, and calls are sometimes so sudden and unforeseen, that none of us can be assured that any lengthy period for reflection will precede our experience of “transition.” But if we have sized up this life fairly, we shall not be unduly depressed with the thought of passing into another and, we may trust, a higher school for education and experience. We may follow the faith and reasoning of such a gentle soul as John Greenleaf Whittier who, in contemplating the end, wrote lines likely to remain in the memory; and well worth repeating to oneself in the quiet or introspective hour—



“Do you feel at home?” “I am not sure.” Question and answer in some such form were probably not uncommon at the recent first district conference of the United Church of Canada held in Wesley Church, Vancouver. So far as general impressions go, the former Presbyterian members seemed rather few and far between among their former Methodist brethren, but no doubt the feeling of unity will grow with time.

The outstanding addresses delivered in connection with the conference included several from Rev. Dr. George C. Pidgeon, the Moderator of the United Church, whom we should now perhaps designate as the Right Reverend. By the conference members formerly of the Methodist and Congregational churches, Dr. Pidgeon would naturally be heard with more than the ordinary Presbyterian interest. But all who knew him during his years as Professor at Westminster Hall, Vancouver, and heard him preach frequently during that period, would not need to be reminded that he is a pulpit expositor never lacking in appeal.

Through introducing a matter which, we gathered, was not officially “on the programme,” Rev. Dr. J. S. Henderson, of St. Andrew’s

which the hurry and flurry of the crowded days almost deny us. To every one scanning these notes we commend perusal of the poem entitled “At Last,” beginning “When on my day of life the night is falling.” It is one of those pieces that may easily be memorized without set purpose, because of its appeal, its humility and its strong, yet (toward the Eternal) child-like, faith. Whittier’s words:

“I have but Thee, my Father,
let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and
uphold,”

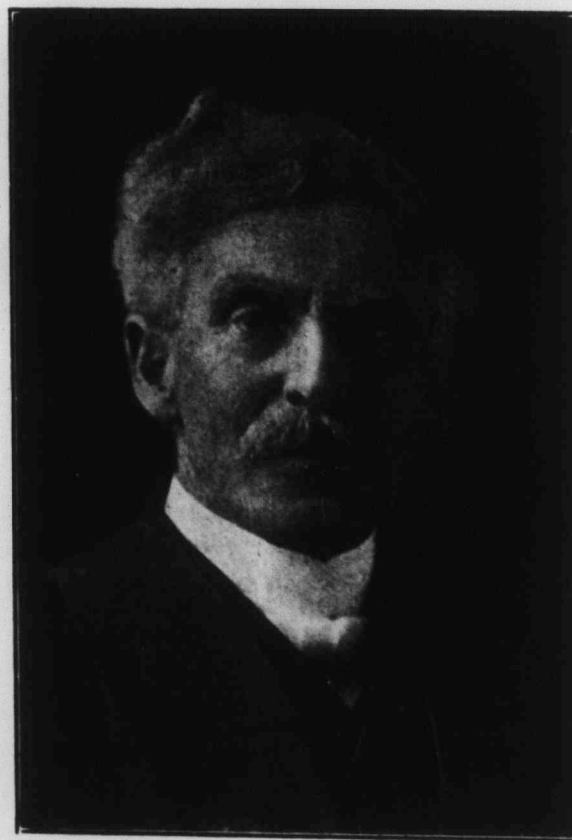
reveal a reliance on the Divine which all children of men have need to learn “then”—and some may add “and now.”

To be laid aside may let us look at life as from the balcony—looking upon it as if not of it. We repeat, it is well for everyone to see how insignificant he is in the scheme of things here. But the experience of being laid aside has another use:

it enables one to realize better how far, and in some cases perhaps it may be how little, friendly interest can be allowed to interfere with the daily round and common task in the lives of most of us. When laid aside it is well to know that this one called and that one phoned, and that not a few have otherwise made kindly inquiry as to one’s progress healthward. But ordinarily, we are all so busy, so crowded with affairs, that if folk happen to be of the type who are averse to personal publicity, or any action that savors of seeking sympathy, they or theirs may have passed beyond this Kindergarten School of life ere many of their circle of friends or acquaintances are even aware that they have been laid aside.

So, whether or not we have any “Church connection,” each growing soul alike does well to learn to make his or her own the prayer of a Seer of old: “So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto Wisdom.”

Kiwanian Dr. J. S. Henderson Conspicuous at First United Church Western Conference



REV. J. S. HENDERSON, D.D.

Church, Vancouver, came to the front at that first conference in a way that some folk may hold was second in historical importance to nothing else that came before the gathering.

In a brief speech Dr. Henderson related how a group of representatives of the Uniting and Non-uniting Presbyterians had come together unofficially and sought to find a way out of the present difficulties re-

property adjustment that would make unnecessary further legal action on either side.

Dr. Henderson asked the conference to approve of the course taken extra-murally, and, with very little discussion, the members welcomed and commended what had been done, and then gave it formal endorsement.

* * * * *

Since conference Dr. Henderson has resigned as senior pastor of St. Andrew’s Church, and, by the counsel of his medical advisor, will rest for six or nine months—as far, we suppose, as a man of his temperament can.

The doctor is recognized as one of the brightest among the senior members of Vancouver Kiwanis Club, of which, if we remember aright, he was formerly a director. It is, therefore, doubly fitting that we should find space for his picture in this issue, though the photograph was taken some years ago, when the cut was made for this magazine.

Dr. Henderson’s many friends will wish him refreshment in his holiday season and trust that he may yet do much more “community service” in Church or State, or in connection with both.

Educational Notes

(By Spectator.)

The report of Inspector Putman and Professor Weir, on educational conditions in British Columbia, has called forth a measure of adverse criticism from various sources. It would be strange if such were not the case. It would be stranger still if the report should prove an infallible summing up, and if no exception could be taken to any of the recommendations made. In fairness, however, we must assume that the report is an honest expression of opinion on the part of two prominent Canadian educationists, and that many highly useful suggestions for the betterment and advancement of public education in the province have been set forth. The wisest course must be for all educational officials and leaders—school trustees, inspectors and teachers—to study the report carefully and impartially; and cheerfully carry out, to the best of their ability, those policies that appeal to them as unmistakably worth while.

* * *

In the elementary schools of the Irish Free State there is, it would seem, even at this early date, a marked decline in the enthusiasm for the teaching and study of the native tongue. With the victory in the age-long struggle for autonomy there appeared, on the part of numbers of idealistic intellectuals, a determination to return to the speech of the scholars and saints who gave Christianity and learning to the half of Europe. But though the strongest sentiment attaches to certain forms of human speech, language is at bottom a utilitarian instrument for the expression of thought. Beauty of form and sound may serve to make it doubly precious to all artistic souls; but these characteristics by themselves cannot preserve it from decay and death, when its utilitarian value comes to be a negligible quantity in comparison with that of a sister tongue.

An amusing illustration of this truth was responsible for a piquant flurry in a meeting of the Toronto Separate School Board a number of years ago. One of the members advocated the teaching of French or German to the pupils in the elementary classes of the schools under this Board, whereupon a facetious Hibernian moved that a committee be appointed to bring in a report on the desirability of making the study of French, German, Irish, Chinese and other foreign languages part of the curriculum, at the same time remarking: "English is good enough for me."

Economic causes demand the teaching of English in all the schools of the Irish Free State. In those parts of the country where Erse is still the mother tongue, there is excellent reason for giving it a place in the elementary schools. In other parts of the country it may survive in some of the secondary schools; while in the universities it would be treason unpardonable to discourage its study or use. None the less the truest Irish patriotism may find adequate expression even in the speech of the Sassenach. Grattan and Emmet, Moore and D'Arcy McGee, and hundreds of other patriots, realized this right well.

* * *

A Vancouver journal, discussing the result of the recent Dominion election, gave utterance to this unfortunate sentiment: "If this contest has emphasized one thing more than another, it is that Ontario is at Quebec's throat." This was intended to explain the

circumstance that Ontario had returned sixty-nine Conservative members out of a total of eighty-two, while Quebec chose as its representatives fifty-nine Liberals out of a total of sixty-five.

The writer, one would judge, must be a very young man, with the slightest possible knowledge of political conditions in Canada some fifty years ago. Had he scanned the files of the Toronto "Globe" of the seventies of last century, when it was managed and edited by that stalwart protagonist of Liberalism, the Honorable George Brown, he could hardly have failed to note the oft-recurring phrase, "French domination." In those days, leaving out one brief interval, the majority of the voters in both the great provinces, Ontario and Quebec, consistently supported the policy of Sir John A. Macdonald, the great Conservative leader and Ontario statesman.

The Ontario majority of that day, Conservatives, and numerous Liberals as well, could plead "Not guilty," to the charge of being at Quebec's throat. And for many years now the cry of "French domination" has been forgotten in the neighbouring province. Instead, there has been a well conducted campaign in which leading patriots of both provinces have united to promote and cement an "entente cordiale" between the French and English-speaking people of the Dominion.

Ontario, since 1878, has been strongly Conservative and protectionist. This, and not hatred of the French Canadians, explains the overwhelming Conservative majority in that province. The swinging over of Quebec from the Conservative to the Liberal side, dates from the election of the illustrious Sir Wilfred Laurier to the leadership of the Dominion Liberal party. The fact is, that though the beloved chief has passed from this earthly scene, his spirit "goes marching on." The London "Daily Telegraph" understands the situation, when it says: "The old Laurier tradition has not been really shaken."

* * *

Friendship between Ontario and Quebec, between English-speaking and French-speaking Canada, in spite of the feeling aroused by some unpardonable tactics during the early part of the Great War, is, with the thoughtful and responsible element in all the provinces, a growing force. The work of the schools, especially of the institutions of secondary and higher education, is contributing its aid. Teachers and professors are no longer content to impart a reading knowledge of French. The Direct Method of teaching the language prevails more and more, and students of English-speaking Canada now are graduated with some facility in speaking the mother tongue of their French Canadian brothers. This is all to the good. Nor must we forget the large number of books and magazines in English, in which the heroic exploits of the Old Regime, and the attractive character and winning disposition of the habitant of the present day, capture the love and admiration of old and young of every racial element in our country. Let us hear no more of old misunderstandings and enmities. Let us remember that whatever be our speech, our religion, our racial origins—we are first, last, and for all time, true yoke-fellows and Canadians all.

Verse by Western Canadian Writers

THE WORD.

(Reprinted from Sept. B.C.M.: see note below)
(By Bertha Lewis.)

The sun, the moon, and the myriad stars
Have spelled their word upon my life.
The cedar, rose, and white beach-shell
Have graven their likenesses in me.
Cool shall I lie beneath the stars;
The grass shall sing my song of sleep;
The cedar and the rose shall call,
The beach-shell whisper a song to me.
"Lie softly, fly softly, body and soul,
We are a part of the Golden One.
The words we have spelled upon your heart
Shall be again a tree or a flame,
A fragrance, a voice, or a shower of rain.
Lie softly, fly softly, body and soul."

NEARING JUNEAU, ALASKA, AT SUNSET.

(By Alice M. Winlow.)

Through narrow straits, between grey barren rocks,
We travelled, and the gloomy mountains frowned,
Majestic, awful. Upon their brows were bound
The aegis of the northern land that mocks
At craven hearts. Then slowly all the night
Seemed veiled by iceberg-green, and shimmering
through
The colors of a frozen rainbow! Blue,
And dust of amethyst. A jewelled light!
Upon the sea the colors fell in bars,
And growing deeper all the splendor rimmed
The world in sapphired loveliness undimmed;
The lights of Juneau, mountain-girt, like stars.
The glory of the sunset filled my heart,
A glory that with space nor time has part.

WHY "THE WORD" IS REPRINTED

No matter with what care printers' proofs are checked, editors and publishers must always be to some extent at the mercy of the typesetter or "make-up" man. This was well illustrated when this sonnet, "The Word" was passed for our September issue. In the galley proof of that issue (not destroyed) we find the third line was set correctly by the typesetter—as it appears in this issue. But the seventh line (which happens to have the first two words the same as the third line), had a typographical slip in it, which was duly marked for correction on the galley proof.

When the final page-proof was checked (by comparison with the galley proof) the seventh line was found to be corrected. But of course there was nothing to call the proof-checker's attention to the fact that someone somehow—whether typesetter or make-up operator?—had deleted the unmarked third line and replaced it by a duplicate of the seventh line.

This explanation or "horrible example" is noted voluntarily by the editor because: (1) Verse is specially dependent on correctness, and we know that others beside the author of that sonnet may wonder HOW it is possible that such an error COULD get passed; and (2) we have frequently had compliments passed on to us on the comparative freedom of this Magazine from typographical errors.

In the latter connection we value the co-operation of all engaged in any way in this Magazine's production.
—Editor, B. C. M.

GRANNY.

(By Elizabeth Watson.)

We boys are off with Granny,
This lovely summer day,
To gather flowers and berries,
And watch the May lambs play.
We'll chase the birds and squirrels,
Maybe a big black bear,
A lion or a tiger—
If any should be there.
O Granny, dearest Granny,
We love to shout and play,
And pick the raisins from the cake
You made us yesterday.

We'll not leave Gran. behind,
We know of something dandy—
She has a basket full
Of cakes and tarts and candy.
We'll run and skip and jump,
And tumble down the hill—
Gran. never saw the like,
We never do keep still.

O Granny, dearest Granny,
We love to shout and play,
And pick the raisins from the cake
You made us yesterday.



SPEED!

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Established 1893

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Vancouver, B. C.

The Transfer Of Gordon Drysdale's Business: An Acknowledgment

It just happened that as the writer passed Gordon Drysdale's vacant store the other day he overheard one lady remark to another—"Isn't it peculiar not to have Drysdale's!"

That was open evidence that, however good the reasons may have been which led to the change, many members of the public regret the passing of a firm the name of which has been synonymous with fine quality goods and satisfying business service.

Apart from that, the editor and publisher of the "British Columbia Monthly" holds it only consistent with due appreciation of practical business co-operation in "community service" work, to record that, in these fifteen years of hard, initial building of this magazine, no firm in the West has exercised a more sustained interest in this periodical than Gordon Drysdale's.

Accordingly, without the knowledge of the head of that firm, or any of his associates, we venture to state here that years ago we found Mr. Gordon Drysdale a considerate and genial Business Chief, who, when satisfied with the nature and purpose of this magazine's service, unhesitatingly supported its work by directing that his firm use considerable advertising space regularly; and that that practical interest was maintained throughout years of varying business conditions.

Reflecting on occasional conversations with Mr. Drysdale and other well known Western business leaders, one questions—What is the impression most worth emphasizing in relation to these bigger business men generally? Considerable experience in interviewing and other work has demonstrated to the writer that the Big Business Heads in the community are not given to fussiness or pride of place on the one hand, or perfunctoriness towards their fellows on the other. The small man, to whom business success has come perhaps through some fortuitous circumstance—such as a beginning or expansion of business at a time when the market in his line was specially favorable, or when rents and "overhead" were low in proportion to profits—may become big so far as a bank account is concerned, and yet himself remain small. That usually follows, for instance, if a man gives evidence that he thinks only of himself and his monetary success—often at best, whether in war or peace times, but the result of careful craftiness in buying and selling—and fails to get a vision of the worth of the work of others whose service may be more concerned with ideals than dollars.

It is a pleasant reflection to the publisher of this magazine, which he believes it is not impertinent to note at this time, that in these fifteen years, he has found many Vancouver business men really outstanding in their lines of service, wholesale and retail, men of wide interests, of sympathetic insight, and, as a matter of course, courteous and considerate, and from time to time ready to demonstrate practical business interest in a community service magazine.

Meantime, with a fair sense of the meaning of words, we gratefully and publicly acknowledge Mr. Gordon Drysdale's freewill co-operation in the work of this magazine; and in doing so, we cannot do other than commend his example of sustained practical "community service" interest to the consideration of other Business Leaders or decision-making Managers.

Retiral Of Mr. H. T. Lockyer: Hudson's Bay Co.—Another Steady "Standby" of the B.C.M.

About the same season that Mr. Gordon Drysdale transferred his business, Mr. H. T. Lockyer resigned from the management of Vancouver Hudson's Bay Company. While we have not had as many opportunities for exchange of views with Mr. Lockyer as with Mr. Drysdale and others like them, of the more outstanding wholesale and retail business leaders in our community, we have to record, also with sincere appreciation, that Mr. Lockyer, as General Manager at Vancouver for the Hudson's Bay Company, years ago directed that advertising space be used in the "British Columbia Monthly," and the big Pioneer Company has been another valued patron of this periodical uninteruptedly ever since.

The Hudson's Bay Company, like Shakespeare, seems to be not for a day or a generation, but for all time. It goes without saying, therefore, that in establishing this magazine for enduring social service in the Canadian West, we trust that, no matter what changes take place in the management or policies of the company at headquarters in London or throughout the provinces of this vast Canada of ours, "the powers that be" in Western Canada will so value the "community service" of this "magazine of the Canadian West" as to continue, and if possible enlarge, the measure of the company's business interest in our work.

The change at the "Bay" has reminded us that it was the writer who, as editor of this "British Columbia Monthly," suggested to his valued literary and personal friend, Mr. Robert Allison Hood, one of our British Columbia authors, that the 250th anniversary of the Hudson's Bay Company was a suitable theme to celebrate, with the result that there was published in this magazine at that time (1920) an "Ode to the Governor and Company," etc., which closes with this stanza:

"It's well that we honour the Past in our story,
Play it in pageant and sing it in song;
That we cherish its mem'ries and ponder its glory,
To help us to 'quit us like men and be strong.'
Our task is a great one; our young growing nation
Must gird up its loins in the pride of its strength;
Now purging the follies of youth, take its station
In the vanguard of freedom and progress at
length!"

For the same issue in 1920 we welcomed a review article concerning the Hudson's Bay Company written by Mr. F. S. Garner, a department manager in Vancouver, who has occasionally contributed other literary articles to this magazine.

We ask our readers to note—in more ways than one—if the Hudson's Bay Company continues to use space in this "British Columbia Monthly," and if so, to give particular attention to their advertisements, as well as to those of other advertising patrons, who are all, in a real sense, practical partners with the publishers in their aim to give community service.

In acknowledging the Hudson's Bay Company's interest hitherto, we join others in wishing that peace and prosperity—in the best and fullest meaning of these words—may increasingly enter into the experience of the two Business Leaders whose retiral from one line of activity has occasioned these notes.

A Piano Recital by Kenneth Ross

AN IMPRESSION

(By Alice M. Winlow, L.A.B.)

Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, Bach-Busoni. In this opening number the pianist showed his power of spiritual interpretation. Through mighty rushing of water, glittering cataracts of sound, silver tracery of melody over rich harmonies, came a melody that told of the things of eternity. From the music unfolded the shining and orderly procession of stars and planets in the universe. . . . Joy overflowing. One had the impression of witnessing the creation of worlds.

Triple forte, then piano subito. A profound hush. "And God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light." Then the music told of the green grass and bird song and the rush of earth's joy, moving profoundly to the closing chords of triumph.

MacDowell's "Sonata Eroica" opened with a gorgeous crescendo. Then followed the romance of the tournament, scarlet and silver, fluttering of bright banners, the thunder of hoof and drum . . . double forte, presto . . . fainter . . . fainter . . . heard from afar off.

Then came the romance of love with its lovely melody. But above and beyond all other romance, like a star of purest light, could be felt the inner vision, the eternal romance of the quest of the Grail.

Chopin's Fantasy in F Minor . . . After human love and sorrow, divine love and peace. That passage in B Major is a clear voice from another world. It falls on the listener like a final note of utter assurance. But what tempests, what conflicts, what victories await the soul that has the illumination!

In the modern group Griffes' Barcarolle in B Flat conjured up the vision of golden sands under green water. At times one felt the composer was seeking the inner meaning of life—and finding it to be beauty. The triple forte close was amazing.

In Debussy's Arabesque in E, the pianist evoked the mood of Fiona Macleod's exquisite prose, which was given us on the printed program—"In the hollows of quiet places we may meet, the quiet places where is neither moon nor sun, but only the light as of amber and pale gold, that comes from the Hills of the Heart. There, listen at times: There you will call, and I hear: there will I whisper, and that whisper will come to you as dew is gathered into the grass, at the rising of the moon."

Grovez's "Kobolds," with its breathless speed and eerie sequence of chords, ended in a climax of astonishing forte. One wondered if the effect might be more goblinous if the music melted away to an invisible thread of tone.

Liszt's "Ricordanza" was given a delicate interpretation that was delightful. The melody was sweet but not cloying.

"Eroica" was notable for its gorgeous opening.

MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," as an encore, was a musical poem lyrically interpreted.

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William Heughan—An Ambassador of Empire

(By the Editor.)

In the daily press of Vancouver city the musical critics have told of the outstanding ability of William Heughan, the singer, and of his correspondingly capable colleagues, Gladys Sayer (Mrs. Heughan), and Hyman Lenzer. But an article might well be written at this time of Mr. Heughan's first visit to Vancouver on the impression left by Heughan the man.

In Vancouver the final concert especially gave evidence that within the short space of ten days his worth had been heralded abroad, and before "Auld Lang Syne" was sung that night a member of the audience interrupted Mr. Heughan to request that all present be allowed to sing to him a verse of "Will Ye No' Come Back Again!" Then the spontaneous and hearty utterance given by the audience to that stirring Jacobite song demonstrated that many were disposed (like the writer of these lines) to exclaim: "Of course he'll come back again: He is a credit not only to Scotland, but to the British Empire: Long may his strength be maintained, and may his influence increase with the years!"

Here's a man of whom all alike who met him are ready to say—as one of Vancouver's judges did verbatim to the writer: "He's such a fine fellow, too; so unassuming and friendly," etc. It is no wonder if he sets the heather on fire. Some lowland or midland Scots (now Canadians) may have feared that the highland bonnet shown in the newspaper advertisement and other pictures, and the kilted dress he wears on the platform, would be handicaps in publicity by suggesting a limited repertoire. But by his regular wearing of the garb of the Gael, William Heughan has, for all time, associated with the tartan a personality with a power of interpretation in song and a superbness of dramatic suggestion in story and action which should go far to demonstrate that Scotsmen can be cosmopolitan not merely in their pioneering work, and in their ideals in relation to humanitarian principles and practices, but can, to say the least, rival any other Nationals in intellectual treatment of musical and dramatic numbers. For we say without hesitation, though we know little of this William Heughan's "clan" or the district it inhabits in the dear Homeland, that if the author of "A Minstrel in France" (Harry Lauder) was, for that book and the war-work behind

it, worthy of Knighthood—and this notemaker remembers he for one suggested that in a review of the "Minstrel" published in this magazine long before that honour was conferred on "Harry"—then, we believe, William Heughan might not unreasonably be offered a seat in the House of Lords! Indeed, occasion offering at a luncheon given in the Hotel Grosvenor by Vancouver Scottish Society at which Mr. Heughan was the guest of honour, the writer of these lines expressed that opinion; whereupon the soul-stirring singer at once naively rejoined that "He would not be able to sing then!" Which in turn drew forth the reply, "Well, you might reform them—if they still need it." But, since the war, may be even the House of Lords does not so badly need reforming—let us hope!

But this **British Columbia Magazine** would be neglectful of its duty to the Empire of which Canada forms part if it did not join in commending this Captivating Captain of Song to all whom it may concern in this province and elsewhere—wherever a copy of this magazine is seen, and quite a few copies do go overseas. With such a man to expound the story and sing the songs of Burns around the world, the Burns Federation, London, under whose auspices we learn Mr. Heughan and his company are travelling, will not only help to bring about a better and wider understanding of Burns—the true Burns, of analytic insight, big heart, and brilliant genius—but with arresting and thrilling appeals in song in English, Irish, Scots, Gaelic, French—not to mention Italian and Russian—will tend to bind the different nations of the British Commonwealth as with hoops of steel.

It happened that Mr. Heughan and party were in Vancouver the same week as (among other notable attractions) the pictures of the tour of the Prince of Wales were shown. Though by those who have not heard Heughan—and to estimate his work fairly one should hear at least one complete programme—we may be accused of putting it strongly, we believe it is no disrespect to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to say that it would be well in future to see that, if possible, the dates of the two do not clash. For each, in different ways, is an ambassador of Empire. The Prince (Heaven bless him!) we may be apt to take as such as a matter of course; but such a

man as William Heughan, with his unaffected smile, his stalwart form, and winning ways, is no less a representative of the British Commonwealth, and is himself a "wealth" which we are happy to think of as shared in "common" by the different portions of the Empire. Notable, indeed, is his power of stirring the emotions, the memory and the imagination, not only by clearly-suggested impersonations, but by recalling, through sympathetic expression, such pathetic heroisms of history as the clansmen's loyalty to the death, "five deep," on the dark day of Culloden, or the not less memorable words of Bruce and attitude of his army at Bannockburn as Burns' song, rightly rendered, reveals them; the quaint naturalness, so happily amusing, of the rustic in "Zummerzetzhire"; the jovial, beloved "Father O'Flynn"; and—literally dozens of others, including such talent-testing pieces from Faust as Mephistophles in "The Calf of Gold"; "The Song of the Flea" (Russian); the several characters in "Widdicombe Fair," etc., etc.

All the more because of the larger success which crowned the last concert, it was particularly gratifying to note at the outset that William Heughan's capacity to "come up smiling" was not dependent on the size of the audience. At the earlier concerts, owing to other attractions and because knowledge of him and his ability had not yet permeated the Vancouver community, the attendance was comparatively small. Then indeed he seemed to the writer the more worthy of his British race, and showed a measure of real heroism in the way in which he none the less put heart and soul into his singing. Naturally it was afterwards more than pleasing to find the attendance at the earlier concerts offset by the crowd at the last one, and the warmth of the reception given this leader and his associates culminate, as already mentioned, in the request by an unknown admirer that the audience be allowed to sing "Will Ye No' Come Back Again."

Of course, if he is "spared" (as all sensible Scotsmen say), he will come back; and it is gratifying indeed to think that he will be welcomed, not merely in any clannish way, however warm and worthy that may be, but as a Briton from the Homeland Isles of whom, and of whose service, citizens in every part alike of the British Empire may well

be proud; for physically, socially and intellectually, as well as vocally, William Heughan is (in the best sense of the words) a Prince and "Prime Minister" of and to the people—risen from the people's ranks by virtue of hard work, natural gifts, ver-

satility of powers, and the cultivation of a genial manly personality.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd (gold) for a
that!"

* * * *

A Canadian Magazine Publisher's Problem

In the midst of the make-up of an issue featuring Kiwanis, the editor has been given information which, together with other conditions at this time, seems to warrant our publishing a few facts about the problem of magazine production.

The problem arises partly as the result of the proximity of our province to the United States, and the present conditions of free import of periodicals of all kinds into Canada, and the fact that publishers in the U. S., producing for a population of about 120 millions, can supply copies, singly and at yearly rates, with which Canada, with her still so limited population cannot begin to compete.

Apart from what may—or should?—be done in tariff reform, no objection would perhaps be taken to the remarkable values given by U.S. publishers, did not the cheapness of their periodicals lead Canadian readers to expect rates and METHODS OF TREATMENT in circulation common—and it may be necessary in the publisher's protection—in that crowded country, to be equally applicable to Canadian magazines in Canada.

That the publisher has the legal right and power to collect subscription arrears does not in itself satisfy those who value goodwill no less than dollars. But the difficulty is to get some folk to see that, while a U. S. periodical like the "Saturday Evening Post," for example, with millions of copies sold, may find it economical, if not imperative, to cut off subscriptions exactly at the expiry date, other publications, in Canada and the U. S. alike, BECAUSE OF THE DIFFERENT CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THEY HAVE TO OPERATE, may treat subscribers in a different way, and yet wish none the less, to retain their goodwill.

As BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY readers review this matter we ask them to remember these points:

1. We are Canadians in Canada, and, with all our varied (UN-

ED) imports from the U. S., still citizens of the British Empire.

2. Canada is a "new country," with a comparatively small population.

3. In seeking to do "community service" in a business way, Canadian publishers especially, are dependent on community spirit, and certainly cannot always, AS A MATTER OF COURSE, follow methods common in another country of large population.

4. Even when paid on time (without mailed notices) a dollar a year for any periodical does little more than pay for mailing and handling it and its circulation records.

5. So far as the first year's subscription is concerned, everything considered, it INVOLVES OUTLAY by the publisher to acquaint the citizens with the Magazine's work.

6. Other Canadian periodicals can speak for themselves, but the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY has never offered "premiums" when asking for subscriptions, but appeals to the COMMUNITY INTEREST of citizens.

7. The label on EVERY ISSUE of the B.C.M. carries the renewal date. Though appealed to regularly for years by Publishers' Protective firms—in U.S. and eastern Canada alike—we have only once in fifteen years used bank draft and collection agency methods, and these were used only after magazines had been marked REPEATEDLY, and notes and accounts sent, without effect.

9. Printers' and P.O. accounts have to be met regularly, whether or not publishers are paid, or have any surplus.

10. Considering cost of production in Canada—and printers have "Unions" (with U.S. affiliations) and irreducible scales of payment, if editors and publishers have not!—the DOLLAR rate to which we reduced this Magazine a year ago, DOES NOT WARRANT our writing letters about arrears; and, indeed, hardly justifies the work and outlay of mailed accounts. Relying on the SUSTAINED INTEREST of sub-

scribers, therefore, we ask them to be kind enough to attend to renewals when due.

ATTENTIVE "REGULAR SUBSCRIBERS" CO-WORKERS

In supplement of the foregoing it seems timely to remind readers who renew their subscriptions regularly that they are in a real sense co-workers with the publisher and his associates.

Such subscribers, and also those who list and pay for subscriptions for a few friends—at home or abroad—are the backbone of such a magazine's circulation department, just as leading business firms like those advertising in this issue—PLEASE NOTE THEM ALL—are the staying power of the business department. We have mentioned before that a business man of some prominence, has, for years (we believe) listed his employees. Perhaps his example has only to be known to be followed.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF ENCOURAGERS

Having said so much of our "problem," we would be remiss not to mention that from time to time we receive letters at once kindly and encouraging, from subscribers, some of whom have been on our list for years. Sometimes we think of giving a page to quotations from these commentators, but on the principle of "what touches us ourself shall be last served," the pleasant duty of selection is again and again postponed. Nevertheless, we sincerely value these letters of review, comment, compliment and constructive criticism; and assure their writers and all our readers that all honest interest is welcomed as evidence that this magazine's efforts in "community service" are not in vain.

It has been and continues practically impossible for us to acknowledge such letters individually; but to the Noble army of Encouragers, "jointly and severally" we again say "Think You!"

Another Phase of the Problem: Experimental Publications

Another phase of the publishers' problem which, for reasons that will be obvious, we have a delicacy in writing much about, is the number of publications that may, without prejudice, be called experimental. The number of these that have lived and died in Western Canada within the past fifteen to twenty years must be well into double figures.

Whatever the origin of such periodicals, they tend to make advertising discrimination difficult for business men, and, incidentally, the work of publications with a purpose more difficult—if only by making appeals for advertising seem out of all proportion to the service given. Then "donation advertising" appeals, while including some which are reasonable and well-based, often number some that are questionable—or worse: as for instance, the type that merely pander to human vanity, and publish "write-ups" that are nothing more nor less than the cheapest of cheap flattery—for which "the woman in the case" may, however, collect—as one tried to do from the editor of this magazine not so long ago—anything from \$100 up, or down.

Then there are various men, and men behind movements, who seem to think that they or their movement should have a periodical of their own. Probably most of our readers can recall cases of men who, secure in another position, yet lured by the power of print or desire for personal publicity, try experiments in the journalistic field "on the side." However good may be the intentions of such people, or however questionable be such action—especially when the men involved are being salaried by Organizations for giving their whole time to other work—it is difficult for another publication to comment upon, much less complain about such experiments and experimenters. So that the public and business men alike must be left to discriminate.

In that connection we recognize that every School of thought is at liberty to appeal to its own adherents. But we venture to suggest to all social workers and institutions, all indeed "whom it may concern," that this BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY is open—as it has demonstrated in these fifteen years—to take an interest in, and give a Magazine's measure of publicity to, the menace of the drug traffic, the dangers and evils of any so-called Liquor Control system, etc.—with-

out necessarily doing so EXCLUSIVELY for any organization, or selling its independence of comment in such matters affecting social, educational, and other community interests.

HOW ABOUT THE CHURCHES IN THE WEST?

Similarly—as we demonstrated for years, by having a contributing representative from each of four denominations—this Magazine was ready to give space gratuitously to the different denominations or "Communities" of the Christian Church in our Province, but,—to put it plainly—we found the churches generally rather slow in co-operation, and perhaps, as separate "Denominations," somewhat hide-bound by their connections of one kind or another in Eastern Canada or elsewhere. Yet we believe our readers

will agree that, without the East, the West must in large measure develop its own life in Church affairs no less than in State.

Accordingly, to Churchmen, to Clubmen, and all others actively and earnestly concerned in the life and progress of our western Canadian community, we repeat **This British Columbia Monthly Magazine is here to serve British Columbia and the Canadian West.**

"WHAT ABOUT PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING?"

The other day a somewhat prominent public man asked us why this Magazine does not carry any British Columbia Provincial Government advertising. That is a subject by itself, upon which we may have something of interest to publish soon.

WHY FEATURE KIWANIS?

"Why feature Kiwanis?" will be a question natural to any reader of this magazine not acquainted with the "Community Service" Clubs of this continent.

Before any of these Community Service Clubs had been organized in British Columbia this publication was devoted to such work in the Canadian West. In considering the work in Vancouver of such Clubs, the editor at first thought of giving the local "Rotary" precedence. But, on reflection, it seemed right to "begin at home" and give the Kiwanis Club of which he happens to be a "Charter Member," such measure of voluntary "Service" in publicity as the pages of a modest "Magazine of the Canadian West" provided.

In doing so, he was not unmindful of the fact that Kiwanis, having in common with other Service Clubs, originated in the United States, had in connection with its policy or propaganda methods, a "Kiwanis Magazine" of its own, published, of course, in the United States,—to which subscription by the whole membership was not optional but obligatory. Notwithstanding that fact, and indeed partly because of it, he ventured to believe that, assuming any unalloyed spirit of Community Service was developing, provincially no less than nationally or internationally, an opportunity would be welcomed for placing on record in magazine form, the history, service, outlook and aims of Vancouver Kiwanis Club at least.

When submitted, the offer was officially approved by the then Board of Directors, who were not of course asked to face any financial obliga-

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tion. Later, the secretary sought to assist by suggesting that certain members be invited to co-operate; but these men, on being interviewed, betrayed the fact that, whatever the personal prominence they had received through the Club, and whatever their interest in wider district publicity may have been, they look upon such a local request as involving more of an obligation than an opportunity. And perhaps we DO NEED TO NOTE that besides having active and able associates in the literary department, so that the difficulty usually is not to get but to select copy—the present editor of this magazine has to be too much engaged in other departments of the magazine work to be able to give much time to lukewarm or comatose collaborators.

Of other experiences in connection with the offered service an article might be written,—did we believe it would be of use. We must, however, without any unkind references to the mending of metaphorical roadways to subterranean regions, credit one or two members with "good intentions" so far as certain review articles are concerned. Please understand — readers and those "whom it may concern"—that that is not written in sarcasm. For we

recognize that it will be a bad business for some of us humans if we do not get credit on one side of the ledger for our "good intentions."

At the same time we have pleasure in recording that the man who is perhaps one of the REALLY BUSIEST in the whole membership was among the first to respond to our request; and may be "it is well that it was in our heart" to publish a Kiwanis-featuring number, even if the result had only been to give prominence to "Builders" by Dean Coleman. Dr. Roy Sanderson's article is also more than readable, while the notes struck by "Happy Sam" and other contributors should interest by their variety.

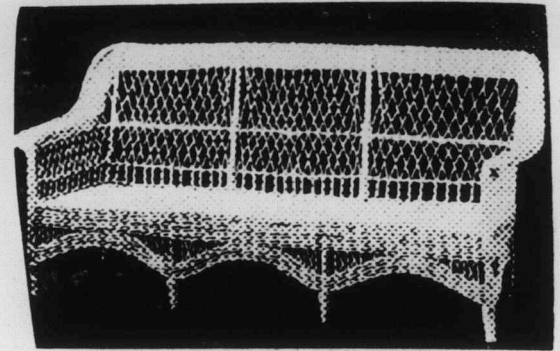
Westward and Other Poems

By Edwin Enoch Kinney

This book of varied verse "for all ages and stages of life" is a "B. C. Product" and is sold in the bookstores at \$1.50.

It was published by the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY Office. In view of the change of subscription rate of the Magazine, a copy of this book will be mailed at once, and the B.C.M. for a year to any address in North America or the British Empire for Two Dollars.

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The Presidential Procession

Though time and space alike are limited for publication work, we cannot publish a Kiwanis-featuring issue without finding room for a brief reference to the presidential procession.

As will be understood by all, the man who had not a little to do with the initial success of the Organization was its first President, and the club was fortunate in the selection for that office of Mr. Roy Long, who happens to be a Vancouver barrister. Those who have heard Mr. Long must have been impressed by his sprightliness of personality, his wealth of literary allusions, and that confidence in address that comes in some measure from oratorical practise in the legal-profession. Without reference to Party ties, and long before "Roy's" name was mentioned in any political connection, the writer expressed the opinion that the first president of the Kiwanis Club gave promise of proving a man who,



should he enter public life, might ultimately find open to him any position in the Provincial Government. We adhere to that view and advise those interested to "wait and see!" Kiwanians of the first year paid Roy the compliment of insisting on his retaining office for a second term, and in doing so he did notable work towards consolidating the organization.

As president, Mr. Long set a standard that ordinary business men

might be excused for finding it hard to follow. Yet in Messrs. Archie Teetzel, George Cunningham, and Alf. Foreman, the club found capable successors. Dean Coleman, because of his outstanding scholastic and literary ability, was perhaps in a class by himself; and then Dr. Will Burnett, who was selected for the so important "Harding Memorial" year, will go down in the history of the club as one of its best chairmen.

The Present President

It can be said without flattery that the 1926 president is an attractive subject for comment. When it is mentioned that his name is "Bruce" no one should need to ask of what stock he comes; but it is one of the interesting features of "Charlie's" personal history that he is able to claim to be a native of England, as his parents happened to be resident in the Southern part of the Island when he was born.

Like many other Scots from home—and yet very much at home as Canadians in Canada—"Charlie," though still a young man in the "forties," has already had a varied experience. He has gone "through the mill" in connection with his own line of business, and has made head-



"CHARLIE"

way from salesman or assistant, first with the firm of David Spencer, Ltd., and afterwards with Messrs. Clubb & Stewart. As a "clerk" he was prominent in the Employees' Association, and did his bit towards securing the weekly half-holiday.

From what we have gathered from an independent source, Mr. Bruce has, in the course of the last five years, "wrestled through" a situation affecting business conditions in such a way as augurs well for his work in the Kiwanis presidency. Changing markets in these years following the war have tested the

courage as well as the capital of many men and firms. Some may simply have been more fortunate than others. But in other cases the "weathering of the storm" has been due to honesty of purpose, self-denial, and the fact that other men and firms have been ready to recognize sterling worth of character, and been satisfied that, given reasonable consideration and a fair field, certain men would not only "breast the blows of circumstance" but probably "come up smiling," capped by Success. Personal impressions gained over a period of years, no less than what one may call inside information from the outside, inclines the writer to prophesy that "Charlie" will be found in the latter class. At any rate, whatever may be the future of Kiwanis, we believe the Vancouver club is assured a safe and sensible Captaincy during the year 1926.

"HARRY" THE "HUB" OF THE CLUB

And the Power Behind the President (See picture on Page 16)

(D. A. C.)

As secretary of Vancouver Kiwanis Club, Harry Nobbs no doubt was at an advantage in having been one of the club's organizers, for, as some of us remember well, he and Al. Struthers were the active agents who secured the "Charter" members. But, as everyone knows, who has

had experience of secretarial and kindred duties, much more than initial knowledge of an institution is necessary if a man is to continue for years the successful direction and oversight of the multifarious details involved in the work of various committees drawn from a mem-

bership of over 200, whose meetings alone mean a business conclave at lunch time daily. Whatever Harry's limitations may be, perhaps the best testimonial to his work as secretary is to be found in the fact that every president of the club from "Roy I." (who reigned for two years), has

made complimentary reference to him in language that left no doubt of each president's value of Harry's personal work and worth. It is inevitable indeed that, with the passing years, an alert and capable secretary of such an organization should become in some measure the power behind the president.

Holding it fitting and timely to record in this issue a few facts concerning the personal history of Harry, the editor has extracted the following for the information of Kiwanis brethren. In ancient hackneyed phrase, Harry "first saw the light" and no doubt, like the rest of us, made a noise in the world, in Hagersville, Ontario — which we learn is over twenty miles south of Hamilton. His birth certificate we did not ask to see, but he was born of Canadian parents, and (as all the Vancouver Club knows) he still retains that ruddy and bright complexion, which suggests good health, love of the open air, and right-living; and which usually carries a wisely-youthful spirit into mid-life and later years—and Harry is not yet in middle life!

After early schooling at Hagersville, Harry's training was continued at Galt Collegiate Institute, where he graduated. Then "his father being one of the earliest den-

tal practitioners in Ontario," he was (in the minds of others) destined for similar work. But (one gathers) over-exercise at dental application in his teens, involving work after school hours, on Saturday and holidays, wherein, we may be confident, Harry did not altogether exercise "freewill," led the future Scribe of Kiwanis to conclude in early manhood that "anything else was better than dentistry, so he tried several office positions in Toronto."

But the slogan, "Go West," which many British Empire born Kiwanians practised to the limit by coming to Vancouver, inspired Harry too, and we later find him in Winnipeg in the sheet metal business, and branch manager of the Metallic Roofing Co. and the Galt Art Metal Co. respectively.

In 1917 the war conditions so affected the raw iron market in Canada that a change of occupation faced Harry, and the continued exercise of the wisdom of the East led him farther West, and this time he came to the Pacific Coast.

Vancouver Rotary Club, as Harry himself reminded us, had in 1918 brought glory to itself by the establishing of the Rotary Clinic. Kiwanis was just then entering the service club field (in Canada), and some encouragement in that direc-

tion being received, he and Al. Struthers began the work of organizing a Vancouver club. The "flu" epidemic, and economic conditions at that time interfered seriously with the work and increased its difficulty. But once it was really under way, Kiwanis grew rapidly, and, though Harry did not say so, it is reasonable to assume that after seven years' service as secretary, "the Hub of the Club" (as the writer makes bold to dub him) does not find time hang heavily on his hands. With the secretaryship he carries on an office appliance business, and when he is not on duty at the Northwest Building, at committee or club functions, or in other representative capacities, Harry has a happy home to keep him from wearying, and (in his own words) is "now getting the greatest kick out of raising a boy and girl"; which, being fully interpreted, of course, does not mean that the children are being "kicked up," but rather that their father is finding life's best zest in the worthy task of fostering growth in them, just as he, in his workaday world, continues to strive to maintain in Kiwanis that standard of "efficiency" which (it should not be forgotten) recently won the Vancouver club first place in competition among the hundreds of clubs on this continent.

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How and Why I Became a Kiwanian



By
HAROLD M.
CRIBB

I am glad to have your enquiry, "How and why I became a Kiwanian." We seem to accept all good things without much thought or appreciation, but your question forces me to **consider** Kiwanis.

"How?" Upon returning home from overseas in 1918, my employers advised me to join a new organization called Kiwanis. Kiwanis even seven years ago had made a favorable impression among the business men in the east, and the firm concluded that a man would be more valuable to them if he were a student of and practised Kiwanis ideals. In due course I was accepted to membership.

"Why?" Seven years ago I would have answered: I simply wish to know more congenial men around town, and Kiwanis is recommended as the club in which I should be most at home. Now I answer: I am happy in being a Kiwanian and wish to be a growing one, for I find in the club all that a man can appropriate in building character, and also an unlimited opportunity to express in service any native ability or achieved power he may be blessed with. Think of it—250 of the better men of Vancouver, all glad to be friendly with you and who name you as the folks do at home; 250 men ready to spend time, give money, offer ability and experience and smilingly cooperate either as a big family of brothers or quietly in small committee groups to do some useful, kindly service **for others** in this city.

Kiwanis is organizing the better men of our towns and cities to practice frankly and professedly the Christian virtues which are all wrapped up in the Greatest Command, that we "Love one another," and on this alone rests not only the success of Kiwanis but the hope for a happier, healthier, safer, saner civilization.

Yes, I am happy indeed to carry the responsibility of being a Kiwanian, and to thus belong to the Aristocracy of Kindness.



By
BEN M.
CLARKE

One of the world's most powerful forces is without doubt **EXAMPLE**. It is frequently the example of another which inspires one to emulate or urges to refrain.

One whom I knew as a somewhat retiring, reserved, self- and home-centred man, became a Kiwanian. After three years intermingling with those who strive to practice "The six objects of Kiwanis international," he admits he is a different and better man, having a happier view of life and a wider vision of humanity's doings; he can now find "sermons in stones and good in everything." He says the change has been brought about through seeing things as a Kiwanian.

This friend urged me to join Kiwanis, and, with his example before me, I had no hesitation in filling out an application form the first time the opportunity presented itself.

* * *



By
H. C.
DUFFUS

The Kiwanis Club and its activities were first brought to my notice through hearing so many of the boys I knew talking "Kiwanis." I felt that any objective causing such enthusiasm among its members must surely be worth while.

Having always been engaged in educational work myself, I was naturally interested in the objects of a service organization such as I found the Kiwanis Club to be. As my classification was filled at the time, my application was held over for a short time, when finally I was elected to membership.

On account of the many opportunities for public service afforded and the many valued friendships fostered through its various activities, I consider the highest compliment that can be paid any business man in Vancouver is to be called a "Kiwanian," and I value my membership accordingly.



By
FRANK
HARRIS

I joined Kiwanis for two reasons, the first, a personal viewpoint; the second, an altruistic viewpoint.

From the personal side I joined because of the opportunity it offered of contact and association with a select circle of business men, selected for membership because of their business standing and their sympathy with the conduct of their business along high ethical lines.

From the altruistic viewpoint I joined because it gave me an opportunity, through organized effort, to do my small part in community and public service work along lines and in a manner which, as an individual, I could not hope to do.

As one of the charter members of Vancouver Kiwanis, I had, at the outset, a very imperfect understanding of the work of public service clubs. I have found, however, that the reasons which led me to join are sound and that in Kiwanis they are attained. I have further found that to the greater degree a member is active in its work, to the greater degree does he enjoy benefits from the organization, whether personal or from the broader viewpoint of public service.

* * *



By
H.
LEWIS

In the course of calling in a business way on a well known retailer in Vancouver, I was struck by his enthusiasm for this (at that time) new movement called Kiwanis. Showing an interest in his remarks I was invited by him to a Kiwanis luncheon, and right away I found out the reason for his enthusiasm. Kiwanis had me sold right from then on, and I never bought a better thing in my life. That is the **how** of it, and the reason **why** I am a Kiwanian is that Kiwanis is the finest medium for a business man to try help his fellow man, his community, his country, and himself. In the ordinary run of business life one does not get many chances to do up-

lift work in any line, and through an organization like Kiwanis there is a wonderful opportunity to do collectively what it seems impossible to do singly. If a man does absorb the Kiwanis spirit there is no reason to ask why he still remains a Kiwanian.

—H. LEWIS.

* * *



By
JOSEPH F.
MORRIS

"How" I became a Kiwanian was through the courtesy and friendship of one of the best friends that I have ever had, namely, Kiwanian Archie Teetzel.

"Why" I became a Kiwanian was because of the fact that I thought it would give me further opportunity to be of some service to those less fortunate than myself, and render that service successfully through co-operation with many of the best citizens of Vancouver. The combined efforts of the many I felt sure would bring real results.



By
HARRY
NOBBS

In 1918 when I first noticed the activity of Kiwanis, I was impressed with the opportunity which such an organization provided for being of service to the community. I also realized how handicapped an individual is in any lone hand effort. Also at that particular time the spirit of service was beginning to be a real factor in all human relationships. The formation of the Vancouver Kiwanis Club in the fall of 1918 provided the avenue for putting the foregoing into practice. Therefore the "How and why I became a Kiwanian."

* * * *



By
The Late
JIM
STABLES

Some few years ago when Kiwanis was less well known and defined than it is to-day, I had read a little

about it, and heard something of its aims and purposes from some of the Vancouver Club charter members.

As I read, and listened, I began to wonder if this organization with the peculiar name was going to become something I had been longing for, if it was to be the open doorway to that time spoken of by the beloved poet of my native land, when he said:

"Then let us pray, that come it may; as come it will for a' that.

When sense and worth o'er a' the earth, will bear the gree and a' that;

For a' that and a' that, its coming yet for a' that,

When man to man the world o'er shall brothers be and a' that."

While I was pondering over these things, my good wife and I had the good fortune to be invited to attend a Kiwanis Club installation ceremony and social evening. While at that function I had the pleasure of listening to my old friend "Roy," the Club's first president, outline in his masterly fashion the aims and objects of Kiwanis, and I am free to admit that although I had been a somewhat active church member and worker for many, many years, and had listened to many great sermons, that address and the true friendship

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who has advertised in this magazine for years, is generally recognized as one of the leaders, if not indeed

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and fellowship of that meeting thrilled me as I had never been thrilled before. The whole atmosphere of that meeting seemed so charged with truth, and right, and honesty of purpose, that I remember saying to my wife: "It is good for us to be here."

Before the meeting was over the thought that was uppermost in my mind was this: If well-educated, level-headed business and professional men all over this North American continent are banding together under the name Kiwanis, for no selfish reason, but for the express purpose of putting into action in their daily lives the aims and objects I had just heard outlined, they would accomplish more for humanity, for practical Christianity, and for world peace, than any other organization I knew or had ever heard of.

Knowing personally, as I did, many of the members present on that occasion, and having no reason to doubt their absolute sincerity, I had no hesitation in answering **Yes** when asked if I would like to join the Club.

Have I ever regretted becoming a Kiwanian? **Absolutely no.** Kiwanis, what is it, I don't really know, But it always reminds me wherever I go To treat all my pals in this world-wide school, By the standard set forth in the old Golden Rule.

* * * *



By
D. A.
CHALMERS

Before noting what led him to become a Kiwanian, the writer cannot refrain from saying that it was a surprise to find that some of the selected Kiwanians asked by letter to reply to the question of "How and Why I Became a Kiwanian," seemed to have difficulty in doing so. Just as it may fairly be assumed that every one should be able to give "a reason for the faith that is in him," so also should one be able to give a reason for any such action. Even those of us continually beset by intellectual questionings affecting Christianity, may justify commitment to connection with some Church on the ground of "It is the Highest I know."

When the Rotary Club was being formed in Vancouver, the writer was asked if he would join such an or-

ganization. From the information given him he inferred that, whatever Rotary's social service aspirations and membership privileges, it was likely to be looked upon as something of an "Exclusive" club; and as it was an innovation from the United States, he hesitated to commit himself. Wisely or otherwise, he had cherished the idea that no organization so much as that One—The Church—supposed to be the special exponent of the Golden Rule, should bring people into social and friendly contact: How far that idea comes to be qualified is another story.

When Organizer Al. Struthers, towards the end of 1918, called upon the writer and invited him to become a Charter Member of another "Service Club" with the peculiar name of "Kiwanis," he again hesitated; for he gathered that it was "another of the same," only going one better than Rotary by being open to practise "two are better than one" so far as its classifications were concerned—as Kiwanis may have TWO members from each business or profession.

The speaker at the first luncheon, however, told a story of how, in another city, Kiwanians had taken action to make "plugging" at an election practically impossible. So, influenced by certain allegations affecting the purity of elections in this part of the Empire, the writer decided that if this new club was to be active in "community service," of that and similar kinds, he would join it, at least experimentally.

The experimental experience has continued seven years. Candour constrains one to add that in most of that time crowding duties and personal pre-dispositions alike have tended to place him among the backward-in-coming-forward or more passive than active members. On the other hand, while one has observed and experienced much to commend in the Club—especially in relation to mental recreation and good fellowship—he must confess that the main thing that seems to him today to justify the continued separate existence of Kiwanis as a Social Organization is—not the numerous "talks," of which some of us may think we have more than enough in proportion to action, and time for action;—not the local or other publicity, of which we have recently had an outstanding example in the North West District Conference held in Vancouver; not the vim and vigour or fun and frivolity of luncheon-time sing-songs,—useful as these

may be as an interlude and relief mid the bustle and tension of modern business life;—not the Club's Stanley Park "Rose Plot" or Pacific Highway "Tree-planting" work;—not even such work as the internationally-arranged Harding Memorial in Stanley Park, Vancouver, however worthy all these may be in their way;—but rather the PRACTICAL INTEREST the Club's membership is exercising IN THE "UNDER PRIVILEGED CHILD" movement.

An Unsolicited Contribution

(Given for insertion in this issue)

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The Meaning of Kiwanis Membership

Notes of an Address of Welcome by J. Roy Sanderson, Ph.D.
(Vice-President, 1926)

Many different phases of the meaning of Kiwanis have been given. This is quite natural, as that which the word Kiwanis stands for is, like white light, composed of many parts, and these parts become apparent only under analysis. All are beautiful.

Our motto is service.

Our slogan—we build.

Our objective, a square deal for the underprivileged child, our future citizen.

Service can mean only one thing—value rendered to others.

There was a time when the horse and the mountain stream ran wild; there was activity, but not service. The horse and the mountain stream, however, were harnessed, and for many centuries have been of value. Horsepower has resulted in a great advance in our material civilization. So valuable, indeed, has been the service of the horse, that horsepower today has become a standard for measuring many other kinds of power.

As we look out upon society today we cannot but observe many men, running wild; there is activity, but no service. Today, however, service clubs are doing something towards harnessing these wild men, and directing their energies into the channels of service. And, what horsepower has meant in our material civilization, manpower will mean to our spiritual civilization.

What limitless power for good there is in the aggregate of human beings—so much of which is now going to waste, waiting to be harnessed and utilized for community good!

Kiwanis is a community service club, and that means an association of men harnessed for social service. In Vancouver this means that owing to the interest of some 250 men, an almost incredible amount of useful work has been done for underprivileged boys in this city, building them up into wholesome men, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the communities of the next generation, instead of allowing them to rot and to spread disease in those communities of the future.

The community life of Vancouver has been aided by Kiwanis in various other ways, to which it is not necessary here to call attention.

The Vancouver Kiwanis Club, therefore, as a community service club, looks to its members to give a portion of their time, and possibly something of their substance, and a great deal of their interest, to community building. This is good for them, and good for the community, too.

Compared with ordinary standards, the rendering of such service may appear almost generous. But that is only because we are living in an age which is accustomed to the misplacing of values. Twenty-five hundred years ago in Athens the situation was the reverse: "No full Athenian citizen had any business, or work of money-getting to do. Yet the Athenian citizen worked, and usually was a very busy man. But all his work was for the city, and for it he got no pay." We seem to have gone to the other extreme, and from first to last strive to make all our work count for individual material advancement. A mean between these two extremes is provided by the Kiwanis, and other community service clubs. Kiwanis takes men from their individual aims at certain times during the week, and uses their energies and abilities in social aims.

When individuals thus give up to community good, time that otherwise might be used for selfish ends, do they deserve any credit for so doing? Not a bit—except that of exercising good judgment. Altruistic service is a man's salvation. Without it his soul becomes ingrown; it shrivels to ever smaller proportions until the time comes for the reading of his will. Life demands expansion, not contraction, and one often wonders if we, as men, realize that unless we expand from the seed of the individual man to the fruit of the social man we cannot attain to full growth. Would it not be a pity to die before reaching full growth? Community service provides the opportunity for such development to maturity. In such an organization as Kiwanis one may learn the art of expansion, so that if the Kiwanis spirit be properly assimilated, even one's otherwise selfish pursuits become avenues for social expansion.

In the Vancouver Kiwanis Club are representatives of nearly two hundred vocations. Think for a mo-

ment what this means! Instead of 250 remaining within their individual compartments, they come out to weekly luncheons and to committee meetings, and plan to carry out Kiwanis work for the benefit of the community. In Kiwanis they all have an interest in common, however different their daily occupations may be. On these occasions the accountant meets the barrister, the druggist meets the insurance man, the hardware merchant meets the clothier, the musician the physician. The retired man comes out of his retirement and shakes hands with the publisher; the sculptor converses with the transportation man; the physical director associates with the University Dean. Each man learns to work with and to know all the others.

Again, think what a broadening influence this has upon each. The barrister, for example, gets an opportunity to see the real human brotherliness which exists in all our hearts, especially under the influence of the social atmosphere of the club. The lumberman learns, as he sits at table with the artist, that there is more in trees than wood. The legislator can forget men in the mass, for whom he devises legislation, and think of them as George, Roy, or Frank, each with his separate individuality. Those who feed, clothe, and shelter our bodies, as they gather at our tables, see that we have minds as well as bodies. And those who have to do with the training of the mind, come to realize that body and mind are so closely related that what affects the one affects the other, too.

In short, association within a Kiwanis club brings home to each of us that none is sufficient unto himself, that each one contributes his part to a community of interests. As Kiwanians thus associate they experience a broadening in their outlook upon life, a broadening from the individual to the community point of view. When we attain to the community point of view, then and then only do we rise to the status of full citizenship. In this way, Kiwanians become builders, of the welfare of the community, that larger organism in which each man is but as a cell, and for the glory of which he lives.

One reason a man enjoys his home is that there he receives more charity of treatment than he does any place else. One likes to think of Kiwanis in that way. Usually in one's daily occupation he is given credit for self-seeking only, and more often than not his weaknesses alone are stressed. In Kiwanis it is somewhat like home. Here a man is looked upon as a human being with a real heart and human affections, and here his good points are emphasized at the expense of his bad ones.

THE KIWANIS GLEE CLUB

(By a modest member—who wished his name withheld.)

The Kiwanis Glee Club was organized in 1919 under the leadership of J. C. Welch, with the intention of supplying Club functions with a little music. It was not long, however, before the Kiwanis Club realized that in the Glee Club they had an organization capable of raising funds for some of the objectives which were then being undertaken.

In the fall of 1920 the first minstrel show was given in the Empress Theatre at midnight, for two nights, and every seat was sold, and the sum of \$1200 realized. This amount was used to supply milk for underprivileged children in the city schools under the jurisdiction of the School Board Medical Health Officer. The satisfying reports which we received from the School Board as to the actual gain in weight reported by some of the children, proved to the Kiwanis Club that a real objective had been found.

The main idea behind Kiwanis is, however, to find a real objective, and after it has been proven that

the need for such an objective exists, then endeavour to have the proper authorities continue the work. In the matter of supplying milk to the underprivileged children, we found that, when there was a Parent - Teachers' organization, the children in such schools were taken care of, and we are glad to say that in a very short time after we started the work, that other schools established Parent-Teachers' organizations and undertook this objective.

In 1921 a second minstrel show was given in the Empress Theatre, and the net proceeds amounted to \$1400.

In February, 1923, the third annual show was given in the Orpheum Theatre and, notwithstanding the heavy expense involved, we realized a sum of \$900. Then, in December, 1923, a one-night midnight matinee was given in the Allen Theatre, with the result that an additional \$700 was realized. The proceeds from the

two latter shows was devoted to Kiwanis work amongst underprivileged children.

In 1924 our most successful show (to that date) was given for three nights in the Orpheum Theatre. So great was the demand for seats that hundreds were disappointed. The receipts, \$2400, were again applied to work for underprivileged boys.

The Glee Club is composed solely of members of the Kiwanis Club who have freely given of their time to maintain the Kiwanis ideal of "We build."

* * *

Since the above was written, the Glee Club excelled all its previous work by the production of "Pickles" a musical comedy, brimful of happy numbers and clean fun. The scenery, setting and the colorful costumes were all in keeping with the high standard of the entertainment, which in every way reflected well on all concerned, and particularly so on those taking outstanding parts.



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Note also by B. C. M. Long before the Kiwanis Club was formed, INGLEDEW'S were among the valued Business Patrons of B. C.'s Community Service Magazine



A "Welcome" Address to New Members

The Golden Rule:

Five Minutes Examination By a Younger Member Named Sam.

Mr. President and Members of Kiwanis:—In introducing to you these new members, I pray you one and all to be very considerate towards one another.

You will wonder why I, so young, am entrusted with this task. The Education Committee have a way with them of placing a very backward member on the Committee—to bring him forward and to instruct him in Kiwanis; then they give him five minutes to say "Tell all you've learnt."

Once upon a time there was a man who, if asked "Vancouver beautiful?" would growl "You can't live on scenery." Asked about the legislature, would reply "Grafters, country going to the dogs." City Council? "Boneheads, a child could make better decisions." Kiwanis? "Waste of time." Underprivileged Child Movement? "Sentimentality." If you murmured "Golden Rule" in connection therewith, he would say "There isn't any Golden Rule in the world; it's everyone for himself."

At length, why or how, there's not time to say, he joined Kiwanis. In Committees he met the very government men he had once vilified and found them gentle, simple, kindly and wise with all.

He met with members of the City Council on such problems as the Civic Research Bureau, etc. He found that these problems were not child's play, but were so difficult, due to contending interests, that they needed a Solomon for judgment, and a Solomon who knew the inside meaning of the "Golden Rule": not tit for tat, not order for an order, but to think of others as we all hope they will think of us when we are in a tight corner, make excuses for apparent errors in others as we make excuses for ourselves.

And then he found in Committee and in the Clubs kindness, cheerfulness, consideration and tolerance.

My once-upon-a-time man took stock, became a changed man, and from some further reading and observation he discovered the very things he had found in Kiwanis—kindness, cheerfulness, consideration, Golden Rule—were held up by the great philosophers, scholars and

statesmen, as the *summum bonum* of human endeavour.

Yes, my once-upon-a-time man learnt in Kiwanis what great statesmen sometime discover, only after ruling kingdoms with the weight of vast responsibility and years of experience. Do you not believe these things do constitute the highest form of education. I will convince you from right within this club. You all know Dean Coleman—do you know he is a Ph. D. (Doctor of Philosophy)? And yet day by day we see him on Committee mixing with Tom, Dick, Harry and Sam, listening to their crude statements, as he is listening to mine today, yet never have we seen him impatient or contemptuous; no, but as now, while listening to my uninformed remarks, wearing that benignant, benevolent smile of tolerance.

A Curiosity in Community Service

We have said before that not merely an article but a book could be written on the revelations of human nature through experiences with a publication's subscription list. There's the type of self-satisfiedly "smart" businessman who knows no more of British business courtesy than to answer a note mailed to him in a closed envelope by using the phone and through it saying things he would not, in cold reason, write—such as "When I subscribe to the Saturday Evening Post"—Without offense to our brethren of the United States, or belittlement of their most remarkable (untaxed) values in printers' ink, may we remind any B. C. M. readers tempted to reason from that basis that—we are Canadians in Canada, of the British Empire yet.

That's not our present story; the man who is to us something of a curiosity is one who will welcome not merely membership but prominence in a community service club, Kiwanis or other, subscribe without a murmur or word of dissent to the club's periodical—printed and published in **another** country—and then when he is asked to join, or continue connection with, the subscription

Such will Kiwanis do for you.

I met my "once-upon-a-time man" yesterday and asked him "Is it everyone for himself in this world?" "No," he said, "I know well the world would fly asunder in two weeks if such was the case—brother murder brother—all would be wild beasts again." How do you like Vancouver scenery? He replied "Ah, that needs a poet's tongue, but as I have it not, I can only copy Rudyard Kipling:

"God gave to men all Earth to love
But since man's heart is small
Ordained to each one spot should
prove beloved over all.
Each to his choice, but I rejoice the
lot has fallen me
In a fair ground, yea, a fair ground,
Vancouver by the Sea. . . ."

list of the COMMUNITY SERVICE MAGAZINE IN HIS OWN HOME CITY OR PROVINCE, will hesitate, delay, or somehow excuse himself from doing so, even though the "Community Service" publishers (as in the case of the B. C. M.), reduce the rate to the minimum one of a dollar a year, which, literally does little more than pay for the mailing and handling of any periodical.

Vancouver Kiwanis Club Outlook for 1926



By George S. Gamble
1926 Vice-president

Scattered sunshine may be bright and pleasantly warm. Still, when we know the heat and power of three feet of concentrated sunshine, how it will melt through steel plate as easily as we burn through paper with a red hot point, then I vision the power within our club if our energies are concentrated for definite service during 1926—a Kiwanis club building a city where the citizens place service above self, practice good fellowship, extending friendship to the underprivileged.

Businesses Worth While: Independent Impressions

Brown Bros. & Co., Ltd., Florists, etc.

In other years we have had pleasure at different times in calling attention to a few of the Businesses Worth While which use, or have used, advertising space in this Magazine; and we hope to find time and space for more of such "independent impressions."

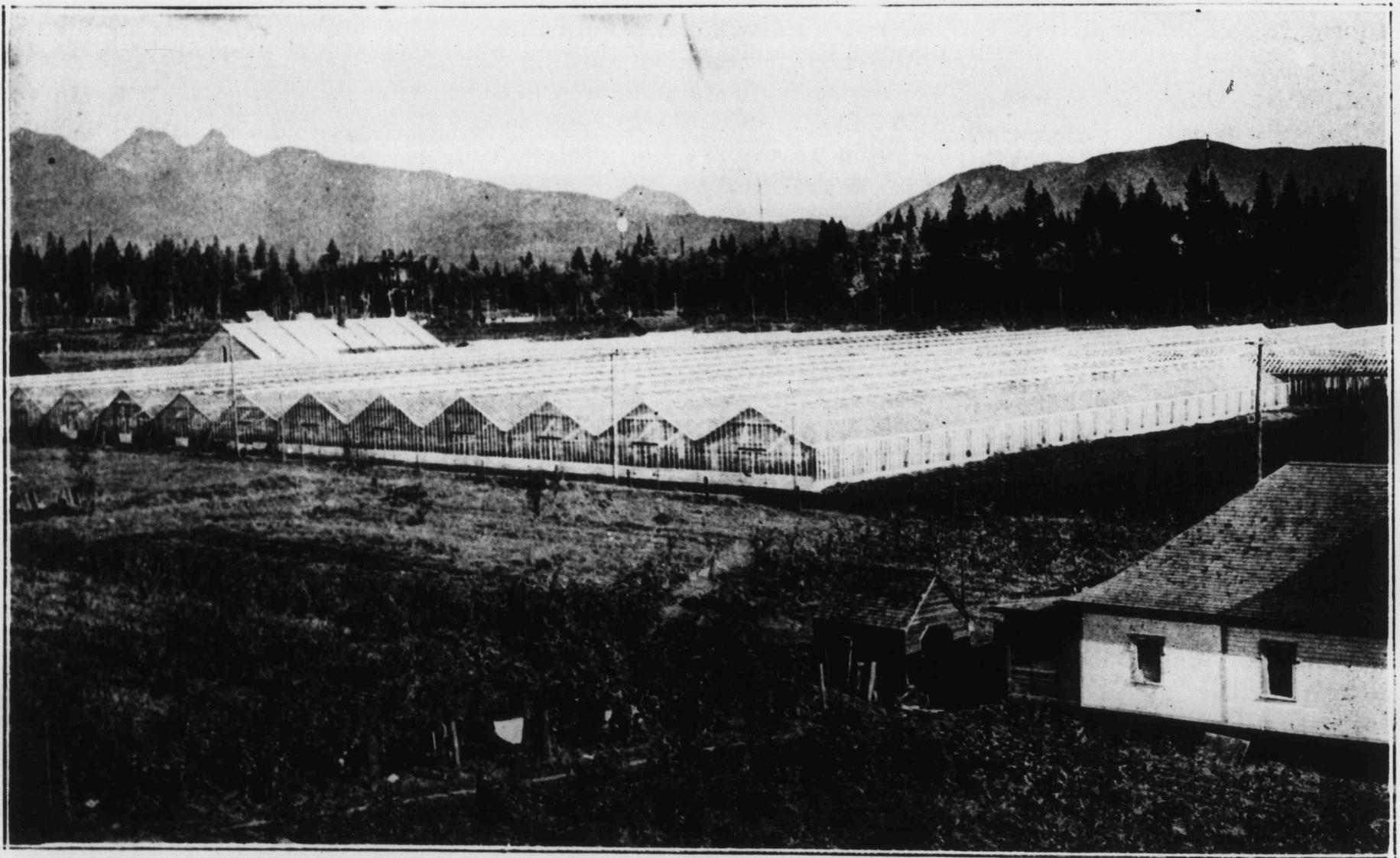
If worth-whileness is to be measured by disposition to serve you to the best of their ability, and by the evidence given of a friendly and obliging staff of workers, the writer

substantial payroll, it will be understood that this firm is equipped not only to serve British Columbia, but also its extensive and expanding connections beyond the limits of the province.

People who like to ask questions as to origins and developments, may care to know that the firm was founded by Mr. Joseph Brown, senior, who, as a young man, had training in his father's nursery in the ancient city of Deal, Kent, England. While

the firm secured forty-two acres at Port Hammond, B. C., where, we are informed, there is now a range of greenhouses with nearly five acres under glass—the remaining portions of the land being planted with every kind of high-grade nursery stock and bulbs adapted to the climate of British Columbia. The daffodils alone reach the three million figure.

But even these expansions did not cover the requirements of this enterprising firm, and the other year they



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can say in all sincerity that no firm among the numerous firms that have been sustained business patrons of this periodical is more worth while, and worthy of the attention of all in any way interested in horticulture, than Brown Bros. & Co., Ltd.

In any line of business we know that what the public is chiefly concerned about are reliable goods, reasonable rates, and satisfying service. To ensure these in certain industries it is essential that a firm have abundant plant, experienced employees, and capable management. When it is stated that Brown Bros. have the better part of a hundred acres under cultivation, using over three hundred thousand feet of glass, and that the number of their employees approaches four score, involving a very

still in the twenties, Mr. Brown left the Homeland, and after some years of experience in Chicago and elsewhere in the United States, put in eleven years in Winnipeg before he came to Vancouver in 1898. In getting his business under way, Mr. Brown undertook the task of clearing two blocks of land in what is now Twenty-first Avenue, where now stands what has been described as "one of the most modern and complete ranges of greenhouses, with garage, machine shop, wire-work factory," etc.—including over one hundred thousand feet of glass and an up-to-date heating system.

Within little more than ten years from the start, that plant was found to be too small, and, land values in the vicinity having largely increased,

leased about twenty acres of the C. P. R. gardens at Kerrisdale, so that they might increase their supply of small fruit, ornamental plants, and outdoor flowers. In that connection it may be noted that the supply includes about half a million hyacinths, tulips, daffodils and other bulbs.

To further ensure sufficient supplies, the firm also purchased about fifty acres in the Hastings townsite, nearly half of which is now cleared, in preparation for more greenhouses, etc.

To the firm's large shipping trade—north, south, and east—reference might be made, only we assume that what will be best worth remembering by most of the readers of this Magazine is the fact that BROWN BROS. & CO., as leaders in their

line, have now **THREE STORES** for the service of the Vancouver public, and that at the big exhibitions they have frequently been awarded first prizes for their bouquet and design work. In that connection we venture to remind readers that orders can with confidence be given to this leading local horticultural house for delivery, not merely in Vancouver and vicinity, but also in the large cities of the East, and even in the central Homelands.



MR. EDWARD BROWN

As president of the company Mr. Brown, senior, still exercises an active interest in and oversight of all its affairs. His son, Mr. Joseph Brown, supervises the estate at Hammond, while in connection with the Vancouver stores we infer that a Joseph Brown of the third generation is proving himself the right-hand man of his uncle, Mr. Edward Brown, who is known to Kiwanians and others as "Ed." It may be said—as is being done here without his knowledge—that "Ed." is one of those quiet business men, never fussy or effusive, but always courteous and kindly in his manner. No matter how busy he may be with a "rush order," this man among flowers, and (it comes naturally) flower among men, seems to be one of those serene

souls who can always find time to greet the caller with a friendly word and unaffected smile. We write of him, as we try to do of all men—as we find them—fairly, and without flattery. And that is just as we have found Mr. Edward Brown throughout many years.

If someone suggests that this is a "bouquet," we reply that if by bouquet is meant a due compliment, well earned by independent impressions of character given over a lengthy period, while we are still earthly wayfarers, then it is true—and we are sending "the flowers" while the recipient, "Ed.," is here to receive them, and his associates in home, club, and business life with us to value them.

—D. A. C.

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA.

What Is My Religion?

Formerly we referred to the series of articles appearing in the Vancouver "Star," on Saturdays, under this caption. At this time we do not intend to refer to any one of them individually. When any person, upon proper request, discloses his or her innermost thoughts, or beliefs, to advantage those who read, it is surely most fitting that we pay the respect to those expressions we would ask for our own in similar instance. Debate on, or criticism of, the individual contribution would be unworthy. We have not read them all, but it seems proper to comment on such as we have read taken as a whole.

We would first express our opinion that they evidence the confusion existing, in regard to what is religion, in many quarters to-day. We find in them from our viewpoint, in the main, expositions of religious philosophies, theological propositions, Creed bases with explanations, but not religion as we deem it to be.

Subject to correction, we assume that the only real definition of religion is to be found in Holy Writ: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy might and thy neighbour as thyself." The "works" or expression of religion is defined elsewhere in the Bible, and the introduction of the latter definition in the King James version, "pure and undefiled religion is, etc.," may cause some minds to confuse religion and its indices. Our first definition gives us religion as we view it.

To our mind, then, religion is not a matter of creed or philosophy or theology, but a pure matter of experience. In our view we can only show our religion by our lives, our practical exposition in daily conduct of our definition. One can more truly say what one's religion means to oneself, than what it is.

Therefore, we dismiss, as foreign to religion, such questions as the correctness or incorrectness of the story of Virgin Birth of Christ; the actuality of the Garden of Eden; and all matters which are not and cannot be expressed by a life conformable to religion as we use the term. Such matters may sometimes be of value, and often are. Sometimes they may give a

key to an otherwise unreadable experience. But they are not religion and partake not of its character.

Shall Canada Join the United States?

We had thought this question settled forever. In fact we believe it to be so. When we think of our past history in Canada, the ideals generally held in Canada in contrast with those generally held in the United States, we cannot but conclude that the paths of these two nations lie eternally apart, save for the possibility of the British Empire being some day widened by the inclusion of the United States.

It was no shock, however, to see in a recent issue of a local journal two views of this question, one by an American whose source of information was an evidently uninformed Canadian; the other by an Englishman of twenty-odd years' residence in Canada. While the latter had, apparently, missed much of the Canadian mind and viewpoint, he had read it aright to a certain extent. Had he known it more fully and understood its undercurrents, he would have translated its voice on this subject not "bide a wee," but "never."

It is not our purpose to discuss a dead issue. Earlier in our national life this matter was a real live question. Even among our Federal representatives there were those who believed Canada was destined to unite with the neighboring Republic; and that Republic felt certain Canada would one day be hers.

To-day we know of no responsible public man who holds such a view. A certain United States element in the Prairie Provinces may cherish such a dream; but it is only a dream. Canadians in the States would most naturally dream of this, were there any real hope of its becoming a fact. No class is freer from its delusions than these same Canadians, who realize fully that a gulf as impassable as any the world knows separates these two nations, bound so closely in friendship and mutual obligation.

The embodied spirit of a written constitution will always live side by side in friendship with the embodied spirit of our unwritten constitution on this side of the line. Realization of a certain community of ideals and aims will disarm suspicion and allow real understanding of each other. Eternal friendship as

neighbours will, therefore, be ever the happy lot of these two nations. One thing, only, can ever mar that for either or both. That thing would be the unwise attempt, either by dissatisfied spirits within Canada, or over-zealous United States politicians, to stir up a sentiment in favour of Canada joining the States. Such a course could only unsettle matters to no good. While both sides understand what the relationship is to be, viz., that of kind, loving, sympathetic neighbours; but with neighbourliness only we will enjoy — what we have long since attained, a spirit of the utmost good will on both sides.

The only question to be raised is that of the meaning to be attached to the journal's own comment, "that the question would be one of interest to its readers." Taken as a matter of speculation of the idlest kind, or as an illustration of interesting, but futile, attempts


by outsiders to interpret our soul, the articles were of interest. In using "outsiders" we mean no disrespect or unkindly criticism of our English Canadian who has, in part at least, understood the sentiment of his adopted fellow-countryman; but who could not be expected to realize, except in a general way, what our history means to us who are the product of several generations of Canadians.

As serious attempts at settling our national destiny, such articles could have no final value and were of interest only as showing how the writers would have settled a question long since decided beyond peradventure by Canada choosing, rightly or wrongly, to be one of that glorious sisterhood of nations comprising the British Empire till time, in its onward march, shall efface that Empire. Whether Canada as a nation will then exist is a pure matter of speculation.

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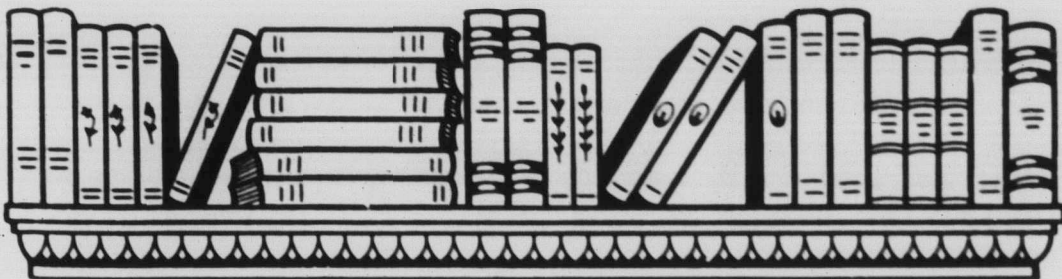


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converse with, printed for you. . . These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing

history;—all these books of the hour are a peculiar possession of the present age. . . But we make the worst possible use (of them) if we allow them to usurp the place of true books.

—Ruskin.

The Golden Dog

Thanks to the thoughtfulness of that book-lover and friend of all sorts and conditions of literary folk, Mr. A. M. Pound, Vancouver, the writer some time ago, following the Kirby exposition by Dr. Lorne Pierce, Toronto, before British Columbia Authors' Association, made the acquaintance of “The Golden Dog.”

It is a Canadian historical novel, and therefore one of those with which every good Canadian should be familiar. But there is reason to question if in these days it is as widely read as we would expect. At any rate we have met a number of Canadian born, not without interest in Literature, who have **not** read it yet. The lure of the story is not unlike that exercised by Scott's works, and, once begun, it is of that type and length (over 600 pages), which may easily lead readers to trespass upon the hours for sleep. Notwithstanding its length there are probably few passages suitable for separate quotations, as almost all are inwoven into the narrative or relate to its characters. But, well on in the story, one comes across the following paragraph—all the more worthy of quotation because of advancement of ideas concerning life's continuity:

“On the secret tablets of our memory, which is the book of our life, every thought, word, and deed, good or evil, is written down indelibly and forever; and the invisible pen goes on writing day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute, every thought, even the idlest, every fancy the most evanescent: nothing is left out of our book of life which will be our record in judgment! When that book is opened and no secrets are hid, what son or daughter of Adam is there who will not need to say, “God be merciful?”

If YOU, as a Canadian, have not yet read “The Golden Dog,” better mark it down for reading at your next holiday season—or sooner.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL: A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

This finely-finished volume has already been referred to in this magazine, and may be again. Meantime, we quote the tributes included in it from Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay and Mr. Robert Allison Hood, of Vancouver:

Marjorie Pickthall: In Memoriam

Softly the Lord trod “down his starry stairs”

And took her for his own;
Our loved and lost, the incense of whose prayers
Had Heavenward flown.

Hers was the tender, understanding heart,

Touched with the fire divine,
That to our earthly phases could impart
A something big and fine.

She saw the beauty in the commonplace,

In simple folk could sift
The golden colour from the dull and base,
And to the sun uplift.

Old Pieter Marinus, that sinner grim,

Who prays the sea may lave
His soul all white again, e'en him
The Lord may, pitying, save.

All the unhappy folk that sigh and fret—

Fearful and fond and frail—
For them His fostering care endureth yet,
His love shall aye prevail.

The little birds that nightly fold their wings

Under the evening sky,
And all the silly beasts and creeping things—
His pity heeds their cry.

This was the interwoven thought illumines

The texture of her song:
Love, laughter, tears, her every tale assumes

A Power above all wrong.

Now has she passed beyond our mortal ken

To seek a kindlier shore,
Where joy awaits the souls of suffering men

And sorrow is no more.
—Robert Allison Hood.

FOR ONE WHO WENT IN SPRING

She did not go as others do,
With backward look or beckoning,

With no farewell for anything
She passed the open doorway through.

The little things she left behind
Lie where they fell from hands content—

Fame a forgotten incident
And life a season out of mind.

The spring will find her footsteps gone,

But spring is kind to vanished things,
Cannas and buttereups she brings

With green that tears have brightened on.

And I, who walked with her last year

While April in the lilacs stirred,
Will turn with sudden look or word—

Forgetting that she is not here.
—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

MARKED PASSAGES FROM BOOK FRIENDS

So long as men do their duty, even if it be greatly in a misapprehension, they will be leading pattern lives; and whether or not they come to lie beside a martyrs' monument, we may be sure they will find a safe haven somewhere, in the providence of God.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A great author is not one who merely has a copia verborum, whether in prose or verse, can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and

swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of Expression.

—John Henry Newman (Cardinal)

Accustom yourself, therefore, to think upon nothing but what you could freely reveal, if the question were put to you; so that if your soul were thus laid open, there would nothing appear but what was sincere, good-natured, and public-spirited—not so much as one voluptuous or luxurious fancy, nothing of hatred, envy, or unreasonable suspicion, nor aught else which you could not bring to the light without blushing. A man thus qualified, who does not delay to assume the first rank among mortals, is a sort of priest and minister of the gods, and makes a right use of the Deity within him.

—Marcus Aurelius.

Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height,
 What even are kings, when balanced in the scale
 Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty God!
 Thou, the dread author of these wondrous works!
 Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
 One look of kind benevolence?—
 Thou canst:
 For thou art full of universal love,
 And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
 Thy beams as well to me, as to the proud,
 The pageant insects, of a glittering hour.

—Henry Kirke White.

Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

Dr. Edward Young.

As the lamp shines, so life glitters for an hour; but the soul's light is the star that burns forever, in the heart of illimitable space.

—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

He was a Unitarian, but that is a very wide term, including a vast variety of persons thinking very differently on essentials. I can only say that I should be very glad if half of those who recognise the hereditary claims of the Son of God to worship, bowed down before His moral dignity with an adoration half as profound, or a love half as enthusiastic, as Dr. Channing's. I wish I, a Trinitarian, loved and adored Him, and the Divine goodness in Him, anything near the way in which that Unitarian felt.

—Frederick W. Robertson
 (of Brighton)

—Though what if Earth
 Be but the shadow of Heaven, and
 things therein
 Each to other like more than on
 Earth is thought!

—Milton.

“Every sphere of spiritual life, even the lowest, is interpenetrated by influences and ministries of good flowing into it from higher spheres. Consequently, from the lower spheres there is a constant emigration of spirits who are responsive to the good, and these pass to higher planes of life and thought.”

—Rev. Arthur Chambers
 (“Man and the Spiritual World.”)

For death is not fearful, nor pain, but the fear of pain or death. And thus we praise him who said: “Fear not to die, but fear a coward's death.”

It is right, then, that we should turn our boldness against death, and our fearfulness against the fear of death. But now we do the contrary: death we flee from, but as to the state of our opinion about death we are negligent, heedless, indifferent. These things Socrates did well to call bugbears. For as to children, through their inexperience, ugly masks appear terrible and fearful.

—Epictetus.

There is no death! What seems so is transition!

This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian
 Whose portal we call death.

—Longfellow.

If there is such a Being as we mean by the term God, the ordinary intelligence of a serious mind will be quite enough to see that it must be a melancholy thing to pass through life, and quit it, just as if there were not.

—John Foster.

If Christ taught us one lesson more constantly than another—He, the denouncer of priests and Pharisees; He, the friend of publicans and sinners—it was that even the seemingly lost in this world as not wholly lost; that though they may waste and desecrate, they can never quite lose the grace of God's Holy Spirit within them. . . . Yes, and “though there be an ocean of death and darkness around us, there is also an infinite ocean of light and love which everywhere flows over it.”

—F. W. Farrar,
 Dean of Canterbury.

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SEALED tenders, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed “Tender for dredging, False Creek, B. C.” will be received until **12 o'clock noon, Friday, March 19, 1926.**

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied by the Department and according to the conditions set forth therein.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application to the undersigned, also at the office of the District Engineer, Post Office Building, New Westminster, B. C.

Tenders must include the towing of the plant to and from the work.

The dredges and other plant which are intended to be used on the work shall have been duly registered in Canada at the time of the filing of the tender with the Department or shall have been built in Canada after the filing of the tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for 5 per cent. of the contract price, but no cheque to be for less than fifteen hundred dollars. Bonds of the Dominion of Canada and bonds of the Canadian National Railway Company will also be accepted as security, or bonds and a cheque if required to make up an odd amount.

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 S. E. O'BRIEN,
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Department of Public Works,
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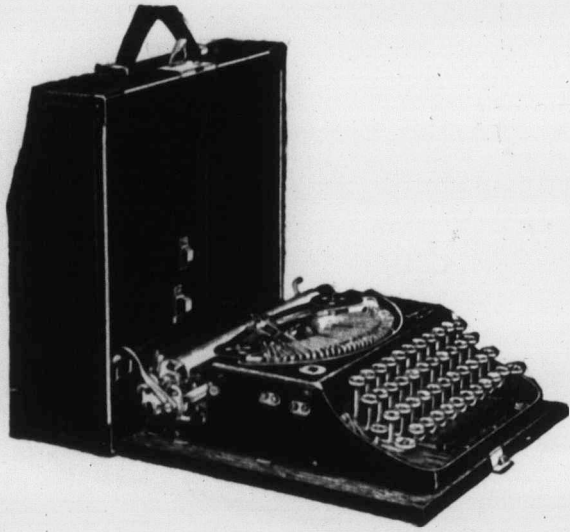
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Wallpaper and Paints to suit all requirements.

1127 GRANVILLE ST. VANCOUVER, B. C.
(Just opp. B. C. Electric Showroom)

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Continental Marble Company

LIMITED
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1404 Dominion Building Vancouver, B. C.

Phone Sey. 3672

Gardiner & Mercer, M.M.R.A.I.C. ARCHITECTS

Suite 826-8, Birks Building VANCOUVER, B. C.
FRANK G. GARDINER

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for

BUSINESS REFERENCE BY B. C. M. READERS

In closing the supplementary pages of this issue we have ventured to reserve space for pictures of Kiwanians who, by advertising in this Magazine, have demonstrated that THEY HAVE PRACTICAL INTEREST IN COMMUNITY SERVICE THROUGH MAGAZINE PUBLICITY IN THEIR OWN CITY AND PROVINCE.



MR. F. H. BOGART



MR. W. G. BREEZE



MR. B. S. BROWN



MR. C. D. BRUCE



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MR. W. H. D'ARCY, Jr.



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MR. WALTER LEEK



MR. BEN. STEELE



MR. JACK STEVENSON



MR. J. E. THOMPSON



MR. GEO. WADDS



MR. W. J. WORTHEN

(For other pictures see advertisements)

When Buying

BUTTER

Do not accept substitutes
insist on

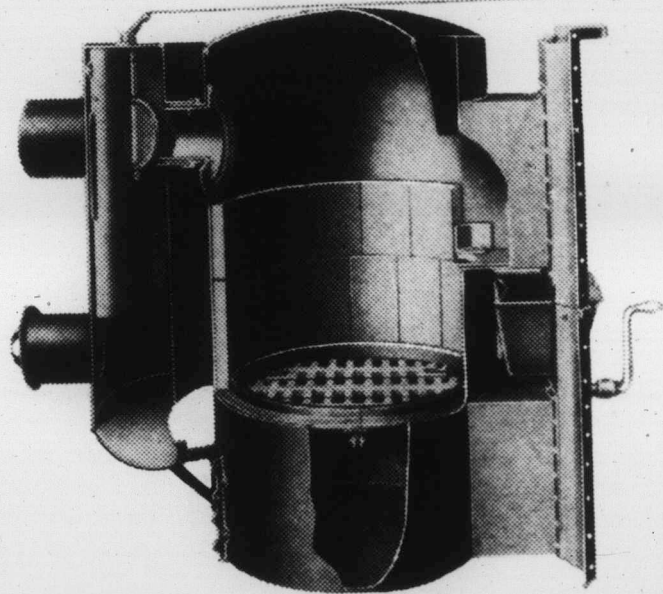
THE BRAND



Vancouver Creamery

—
FINEST QUALITY
—

VANCOUVER, B. C.



We are Agents for

**Waterman Waterbury Steel
Seamless Furnaces**

(See Illustration)

also Gurney, Sunbeam and Fawcett
All Cast Furnaces

—
Mitchell Bros.

Plumbing, Heating and Sheet Metal Co. Ltd.

564 Richards Street Seymour 1784

"Lyle for Style"

JAMES LYLE & SONS TAILORS

Suits made to measure from imported Scotch Tweeds,
Indigo Blue Serges and Grey Worsteds

All Our Work Guaranteed

Prices as moderate as genuine quality and
satisfying workmanship will allow.

Before selecting your Fall Outfit, call and
examine our goods.

601 Robson Street

Cor. Seymour

ARE YOU CO-OPERATING?

THIS MAGAZINE'S subscription rate is now
the minimum one of \$1.00 a year—in advance.

SUBSCRIBERS THEMSELVES are therefore
asked to check their renewal dates (on their address
slips) and to forward dues . . . Won't you list a
friend?

THE B. C. M. PUBLISHERS aim to give the
Canadian West a Representative Magazine OF ITS
OWN; and welcome practical co-operation to that
end—in subscriptions and business advertising.

The Power Behind the Publisher

SAID a prominent Vancouver citizen whom we met the other day in a central City store—"DOES THIS MAN NOT advertise in the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY? A firm like this, obviously doing well from the patronage of Vancouver people, OUGHT to show practical interest in such institutions,—built or published to serve the community which has made their success possible."

WAS HE NOT RIGHT? What think you? In that connection we remind readers that, humanly speaking, such men and firms as use advertising space in this Magazine make its life and progress possible. All who value its work are therefore invited to take note of the firms—the number of which we trust will be considerably increased soon—who, by appealing to our readers for business patronage at the same time prove themselves practical partners in the "Community Service" of this "Magazine of the Canadian West."

**The
British Columbia Monthly**

In Which Class Are You?

B. C. M. subscribers are divided (nearly) into three classes:

(1) Those who question why we have reduced the subscription rate from \$1.75 to One Dollar, and who continue to send us \$2.00 or \$3.00 at one time.

(2) Those who, HAVING OVERLOOKED their renewal dates (appearing beside their names on EACH ISSUE), have promptly sent in a remittance, following their receipt of accounts the other month.

(3) Others, of good intentions no doubt, who have so far omitted to remit, and who are hereby respectfully requested to "DO IT NOW!"

Please also see article:

"A CANADIAN MAGAZINE PUBLISHER'S PROBLEM"

(Page Ten)

Hudson's Bay Company

Don't be Disappointed!

Place your order now for

"The Hoover"

at our special terms of only

4.50 the **5.00**
cash balance monthly

—THE DEMAND for Hoovers during the past few days has far exceeded our expectations. It is a question with us now whether we will long be able to fill orders promptly.

—CERTAINLY, you don't want to be disappointed. You have waited for the day to come when you could buy a Hoover on terms like these. NOW IT'S HERE! DON'T LET IT SLIP BY!

—BRING in your \$4.50 now and let us deliver to your home this world's greatest electric cleaner—and combined carpet beater, carpet sweeper and suction cleaner that does all your hard work electrically.

—FOR a limited time only at these terms.

\$4.50 CASH—BALANCE \$5.00 PER MONTH.