

assail the vastest fortresses of nature. The primitive terms of the contest and the primitive nomadic life entailed, reveal men's characters in the most vivid light, against a background with endless possibilities for irony or grandeur. And literature has scarcely invaded it: the mines appear in Ralph Connor's "Black Rock" and "The Prospector," the fishing and timber industries in Bertrand Sinclair's novels. The roster extends no farther.

The alert Japanese and the dignified Sikh, penetrating the industrial life of the province and adapting to it their oriental habits—always mysterious to the European—are an element in the population without a parallel elsewhere. The only book which has been devoted to them, H. Glynn-Ward's "The Writing on the Wall," being antagonistic in spirit, does not fully reveal the literary values of their anomalous presence.

The waterfront of the ports is another place of atmosphere which should provoke the imagination. The romance of trade and the far-flung contacts of the shabbiest "tramp" are in the very spirit of modern poetry. Cicely Fox-Smith recognised it during her sojourn, and Ronald Kenvyn has treated it humorously, but the true magician has not yet touched it with the wand which transmutes the neglected episodes of our daily life into the compelling glory of art. Both the waterfront theme and the oriental previously mentioned find their most adequate representations in the vivid sketches of Pollough Pogue, which merit more permanent form than the daily newspaper column.

Like everything else in the province, the Indians of British Columbia differ from those of the rest of the country. The forests and rivers, mountains and ocean, produce an entirely different mode of life from that of the plains, and as a consequence their legends and customs are peculiar to themselves. Pauline Johnson has proved the charm of these legends, and Lionel Haweis their literary power in his poem "Tsoqalem."

On the scenery of British Columbia as literary material I have not expatiated. Nature poetry flourishes in the province, but few poets have yet given us genuine pictures of Mount Robson or the Fraser canyon or the great Pacific breakers at Barkley Sound. In two or three poems Wilson MacDonald has caught something of it, and Bliss Carman's recent visits produced a series of vivid views. Otherwise, the celebration of British Columbia's natural majesty has been relegated to the railway publicity departments.

In the briefest possible space I have tried to suggest some of the splendid literary material which can be had for the asking, admirably fitted for the purposes of story, poem, or play. I can think of no other place where there is such a variety of picturesque and dramatic situations and settings, and so few literary representations of them. Mr. A. M. Stephen is preparing a collection of narrative poems of British Columbia, "The Land of Singing Waters." Let us hope that it marks the inception of an indigenous literature which will be worthy of the province and interpretative of its distinctive spirit.

The Midsummer Exhibit of the Vancouver Sketch Club

By Bertha Lewis

Self-expression is making visible the climax of each cycle of struggle as we climb the spiral leading from chaos to the stars, although during our early struggles the results may not equal the vision. That the Sketch Club is aiding many to express their vision more and more clearly is evident upon viewing the display of fine work assembled by its members.

The pictures at the Midsummer Exhibition presented an interesting study. Each picture had a message, and the writer wondered if the thoughts evoked in the mind while viewing them were similar to those the artist had as he or she painted.

"A Village in Florida," by Mrs. Bisset, is a delightful landscape in which the trees are alive with the joy of living in the sun.

"Silver Lining," by Mr. D. McEvoy, is a woodland idyl. The trout are about to jump in the stream, and there seems to be a delicious odor of leaves in the rain.

"Gates of the West," a charming bit of color beckoning us towards the setting sun, is painted by Miss Conran.

Miss Dorothy Thompson is ably represented by a portrait in oils, which is a speaking likeness of Miss E. M. Knox. This picture is most pleasing in the handling of color and texture.

"Deserted House," is the title of a sketch in oils by Miss Wake. In this picture the shadows are deep and cool, and suggestive of the desolation within.

Mrs. J. Wattie has contributed a picture of Prospect Point, a composition restful and alluring in its soft coloring. The artist has depicted a place for reverie.

Miss E. Wrigley has several compositions, one of them entitled "Spring" is a beautiful airy thing, quite exhilarating.

Mrs. Gilpin's picture, "Fishing," is a delightful study in contrasts. The seductive peace and calm of the river far back under shading trees, accentuates the mad rush of noisy waters in the foreground.

Mrs. Kayll, a colorful artist, exhibits a beautiful picture entitled, "Indian Village." It is a lovely bit of coloring ex-

pressing a delightful sense of evening.

"A Gray Day," Hatzic is by British Columbia's foremost painter of mountain scenery, Mr. T. Fripp. This composition

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