

VERSE BY B.C. WRITERS

APRIL.

MY QUARREL.

I have a quarrel with the Realist!
As we two walked a-down a dusty street
He saw a slattern who nursed a noisy brat,
A ruby-nosed inebriate who maudlin sang, all out of tune,
A grimy child that quarreled with another;
I saw the motherhood of all the race,
As old as time, as strong as life,
I saw the age-long search for happiness,
And a politician of the morrow.
I have a quarrel with the Realist.

—M. E. Colman.

TO THE FRASER RIVER.

From where the glaciers in slumber lie,
Thou hast adventured forth upon thy quest,
Alert, expectant. What car'st thou for rest?
Thy breathless, panting haste, thy sole reply.
The thirsty timber wolf whose lair is nigh,
Envies the moonbeams glancing on thy breast,
And slinks into the woods with howl repressed,
As thou in thy young gladness leapest by.
Wilt thou not pause and linger for awhile?
All living things conspire to welcome thee;
And at thy coming, Nature with a smile
Re-clothes in vernal robes each bush and tree.
Will nothing stay thee? Nothing thee beguile,
Until thou find the all-engulfing sea?

—Annie Margaret Pike.

Helping Your Public Utility

Your electric light and power company can only serve you better when you give it better co-operation and encouragement to serve you. It is to the advantage of everyone that it should thrive and prosper.

The electric light and power company is the optic nerve centre of municipal life. Its healthy maintenance is a matter not only of civic pride, but also of sound business principle.

British Columbia Electric Railway Company

Sey. **THORPE'S** Sey.
1 **PALE DRY** 1
8 **GINGER ALE** 8
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KEEP THE TELEPHONE CORD STRAIGHT

Running through the telephone cord are a number of delicate flexible wires. "Kinks" are formed when this cord is allowed to become twisted, and some of these wires may be bent or broken.

This means a "noisy" telephone line. You cannot hear or be heard as well. In fact, a twisted cord may cause a complete interruption of your service.

Keeping the telephone cord straight will give you greater satisfaction in the use of your telephone.

British Columbia Telephone Company

Ae winter nicht, ae eerie nicht
The wind cried sabbin' past my door
Like a wee bairnie wild wi' fricht,
Heartsick to find a friendly floor;
Then tappin' on the winnock pane
There fell the fingers o' the rain.

The flickerin' fire had dwined awa'
An' danced upon the roof nae mair;
Frae every winnock in the wa'
The nicht cam' creepin' black wi' care;
Wi' face a' drawn and cold wi' fear
She cam' and whispered in my ear.

She lookit in my shrinkin' een,
She laid her frozen mou on mine,
An' a' the dool that she has seen
She set about my hairt to twine;
My lowe was quenched, my hoose was bare;
I sat and kent her name Despair.

An' still I heard the wind gae by,
An' still the heartbreak at my door
Keened like a tortured soul's reply
To the fierce pain its body bore.
Like sharp spur to a failin' steed
It roused me at my deidly need.

I took ae stride frae dungeon cell;
The steekit door flew open wide;
In lap the West Mind stark and fell,
A cruel lord and sair to bide;
But noo I lo'ed his blade sae bricht,
For frae my heart he chased the Nicht.

He grippit me about the waist,
An' cried "Be up, ye coward loon,
Nicht's thrall, before the grave a ghaist
That dazzles at the sun aboon;
Stand up and fecht a bout for braith,
Nor creep wi' hingin' heid to Daith."

Ower me he lookit thunner-browed,
An' shook me fiercely in his hands;
I frownit black 's a fechtin' cloud
When tempests lash the silenced lands.
Life swelled in me like stream in spate,
While he ran laughin' doon the gate.

But at my door he left a lass,
A whingin' lass wi' drookit claes;
Her hair was gowd, you couldna pass
The starns that sent their trembling rays
Atween the drappin' tears; the storm
Had left her dimpled cheeks still warm.

She was a bonnie lass in sooth;
A faither weel nicht haud her dear;
E'en I, I lookit on in ruth,
I took her up and dried her tear;
I dautit her till she was fain,
And laughter bubbled forth again.

Her dress was green, wi' glints o' blue,
Her dress was shot wi' strands o' licht;
Her hair was dim wi' frozen dew,
Wi' primroses half hid frae sicht
An' daffodils nae storms could fyle.
O, plain she said, "My name's Aprile."

April, 1922.

—Donald Graham.