



"DIOGENES"

Wadd's Photo

## TO BERNARD McEVOY

Verse read at British Columbia Authors' Association Complimentary Luncheon:

(By Jean Kilby Rorison.)

To-day, with greatest pleasure, nay, more with heartfelt joy,  
We honour, all together, our Bernard McEvoy;  
Nature, our old mother, must plot and scheme and plan  
Before she makes a replica of this true gentleman.  
Poet, Artist, Author, and Doyen of the Press,  
To countless ones by your kind words, have you brought happiness.

To those who live by brush and pen, your judgment and your praise  
Have made them tread more hopefully Life's rough and thorny ways;  
Diogenes beloved, may you live for many a year,  
To guide us with your wisdom, philosophy and cheer,  
Until at last a-weary, upon the green earth's breast,  
You go to sleep, contented to leave with God the rest.

tribute of the occasion and the heartiness of the applause which greeted his rising to his feet, in an address of considerable length charmed and delighted the company with a fund of racy reminiscence which started with an account of his earliest love affair at the age of ten, and, punctuated with wit and anecdote and happy illustration as it was, carried everyone with him till it closed.

It has been my privilege from time to time to drop in upon him in his office at his busy desk in the forenoon, when the Moloch jaws of the printing presses are clamoring for copy, but I never found him too pressed to lay aside his writing to spend a few minutes in easy chat about literary matters or the current topics of the hour. A man of wide interests and catholic tastes, he has breadth of view and an unselfishness of outlook denied to most. An idealist and an optimist at all times, he takes the highest view of the province of his profession and has sought by his pen to be helpful and to uplift and inspire as well as, at times, merely to instruct and amuse. Thus weekly in his column in his Sunday sermonettes there has been a more serious note, a more imperious gesture beyond the things of time and sense to fairer prospects, which in our purblindness, tend to fade upon our vision.

It is only a year or so since that collected edition of Mr. McEvoy's poems, entitled "Verses For My Friends," was published. In this, his gift of poesy shows wealth of fancy and grace of expression, as well as dignity of thought. The index of titles indicates his versatility in the range of subjects covered.

Mr. McEvoy is also an artist and, for some years, has been a regular exhibitor with the British Columbia Fine Arts Association, and was its efficient and hard-working secretary.

He is known as the oldest working journalist in Canada, and although his years now run over four score he is still eagerly sought in all circles where culture and art are honoured, and is still youthful in outlook and sympathies. May he long be spared to spread "sweetness and light" for his generation!

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