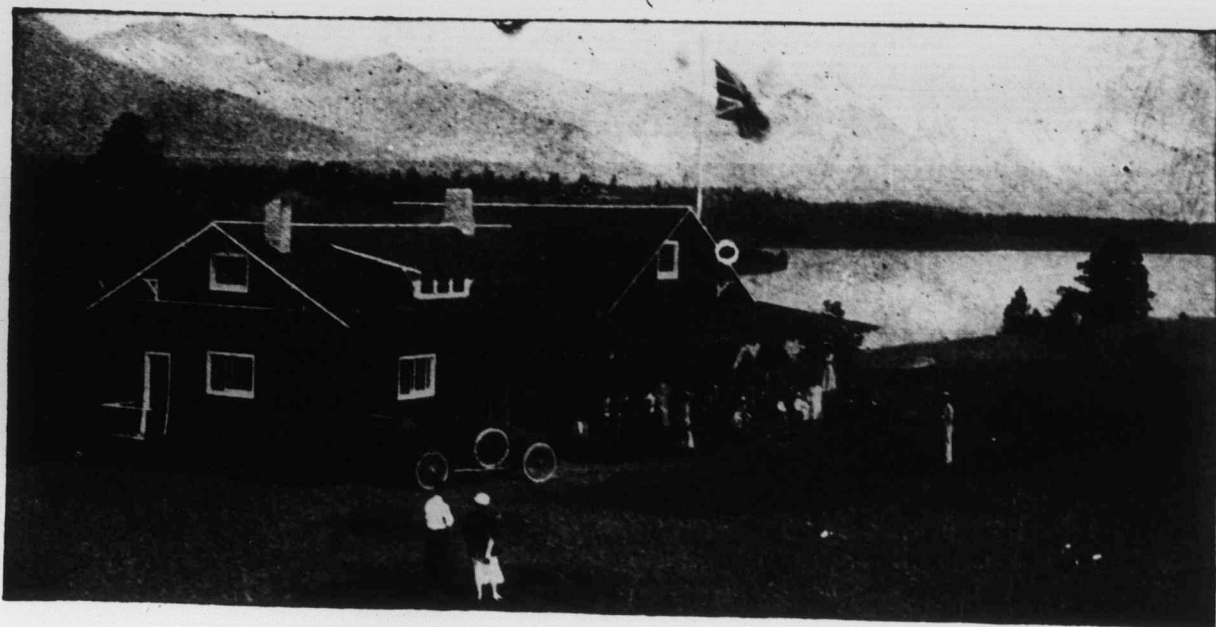


VISIT
LAKE WINDERMERE
IN 1923.

Many literary folk made the acquaintance of Lake Windermere in the Columbia Valley, B. C., at the end of August and beginning of September this year, when a celebration took place in connection with the completion of the fort erected in memory of David Thompson. Though a fuller reference to the occasion is unavoidably crowded out of this number, we would emphasize that, while hundreds of visitors attended Lake Windermere district this year, it is practically certain that thousands will plan their holidays so as to be in that neighbourhood about 1st July, 1923, when the new Banff-Windermere road will be formally opened.

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. Hence we are pleased to be privileged to reproduce on the cover of this issue a picture of Mr. R. Randolph Bruce, secured by us from a photo, obtained only by special request—not to say personal annexation.

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, and if we cannot yet do full justice to such cases, we shall at least revert to this subject.



LAKE WINDERMERE CAMP

TO VANCOUVER.

Vancouver! Sheltered by the massive walls
Of Nature's ramparts on thy northern shore
A hostess kind to those who seek thy door
At morn, or noon, or when the twilight falls.
Neptune, to join his games, thy children calls,
And gambols with them on his sand-strewn floor.
Unmoved thou hear'st the storm winds' threatening roar
As they assail in vain thy lofty halls.

Nature and man shall guard thee hand in hand
As in old time some castle's chatelaine,
But, in the place of drawbridge, let there stand
The strength of hearts that selfish ends disdain.
Long may peace bless thee in this favoured land,
And spread her pinions over hearth and fane!

Vancouver, B. C.

—Annie Margaret Pike.

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