

Never were seen such spotless floors,  
 Never such shining rows of tin,  
 While the roseleaf odors that came thro' the doors  
 Told of the peaceful life within.

Here is the room where the children slept,  
 Grandmother's children tired with play,  
 And the famous drawer where the cakes were kept,  
 Shrewsbury cookies and caraway.

The garden walks where the children ran  
 To smell the flowers and learn their names  
 The children thought, since the world began  
 Were never such garden walks for games.

There were tulips and asters in regular lines,  
 Sweet Williams and marigolds on their stalks,  
 Bachelors button and sweet pea vines,  
 And box that bordered the narrow walks.

Many a year has passed since then,  
 Grandmother's house is empty and still,  
 Grandmother's babies have grown to be men,  
 And roses grow wild o'er the window sill."

We must also mention Dr. John D. Logan, whose work at Acadia, together with his generous gift to that college, has raised Canadian literature, and especially Canadian poetry, to the height of a University Course, and Geo. Frederic Cameron, of New Glasgow.

Prince Edward's Island has not contributed much to the poetic wealth of Canada—not so much as one would expect from the record of her sons and daughters in other lines of endeavor. The earliest one is "Wild Brier," by Miss E. N. Lockerby, printed in Charlottetown in 1866, a volume of pretty poems, but of no outstanding merit. L. M. Montgomery (Mrs. McDonald) has followed her fiction with a volume of poems, "The Watchman," as interesting in their way as her stories of Anne of Green Gables. The poetic dramas of John Hunter Duvar have attracted considerable attention, and William Critchlow Harris, who died in 1913, has left us some lyrics which are worthy of remembrance, one of which, written in Winnipeg, will particularly appeal to every one who claims the fair Island of the Gulf as his birthplace.

"No more for us the seaward breeze at eve  
 And surging wave shall sigh along the twilight shores  
 Of fair Prince Edward, in the billowy gulf.

No more at eve for us the seagull wild,  
 Drifting on idle pinions in the balmy air,  
 Shall landward come from the far rolling wave.

No more for us shall the great sun descend  
 In gorgeous splendor to his ocean bath,  
 Beyond the far horizon slowly dipping down.

No more at eve for us to wander far  
 In quiet meditation o'er the gleaming sands,  
 Toward the distant headland's hoary base.

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell, dear Island home! Thy wandering sons  
 Here, in the centre of a glorious continent  
 Shall ever cherish in their loyal hearts  
 The sweetest memories of thine and thee.

—("Sea Memories," p. 20)

Of New Brunswick poets I need say little. Owing to the enterprise of the Women's University Club of Vancouver City, we have become personally acquainted with Bliss Carman and his beautiful poems, and every reader has long since appreciated and admired the works of C. G. D. Roberts, both in fiction and in poetry. There are also other talented members of the Roberts family, Theodore Goodrich Roberts, and Elizabeth Roberts, (Mrs. McDon-

ald) whose writings are a credit to their Province and to themselves.

The large Scottish population of the Maritime Provinces was also vocal in song. The oldest outpouring of Scottish verse was Gaelic and in great part, like the Loyalist verse, is full of the longing of the exile for the land of his birth.

"From the lone sheiling of the Misty Island  
 Mountains divide us and a waste of seas  
 Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
 And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Later, the Burns cult developed as in Ontario. The leading member of this class in the Maritime Provinces is William Murdoch, of New Brunswick, who in 1860 published at St. John, N.B., his "Poems and Songs"—afterwards enlarged and re-published in 1872. His works have been popular in the Maritime Provinces and have been widely circulated. As Ray Palmer Baker says, referring to the Burns School in Canada generally, "The Scotch Lyrists sang with full hearts. That they lacked culture and the power of self criticism did not affect their popularity among the Masses. Their love of nature and humanity and their hatred of political and religious hypocrisy counterbalanced their defective technique."

(End of Part One)

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