

Established 1911

BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Volume 26

Canadian Authors' Convention Supplementary Number

2

"AS OTHERS SEE US"

The current number of the *British Columbia Monthly* appropriately celebrates the recent Convention of Canadian Authors, held in this city, by becoming a virtual anthology of the work of the Dominion writers. Among well known British Columbia poets who are represented are Annie Charlotte Dalton, Frances Ebbs-Canavan, Donald A. Fraser, Mary H. Rathom, Jean Kilby Rorison, R. D. Cumming, A. M. Stephen, Lionel Stevenson, Bernard McEvoy, Annie Margaret Pike, L. A. LeFevre, and Robert Allison Hood. These are not by any means all the poets on whose work contributions have been levied, but nevertheless there is room for several excellent short stories and the official reports of the Vancouver Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association. The number is one that should be filed for future reference.

From the editorial columns, *The Morning Star*, (Vancouver).

Now, CANADIANS, please read the ANNOUNCEMENT on page 1.

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BOOKS IN THE WILDERNESS.

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THE CANADIAN AUTHORS' ASSOCIATION CONVENTION:

1. President Allison's address.
2. Troubadours and Bards.
3. The Influence of Canadian Literature on American (U.S.) Literature.
4. "Roderick Random" on the Convention.

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Managing Editor



The
Twentieth Century Spectator
of
Britain's Farthest West

VOL. 26

Canadian Authors' Convention Supplementary Number

2

If you are a Canadian by Birth or Choice this Announcement is Specially for you.

AFTER fifteen years' experience, the publishers of the **BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY** are assured that the time is opportune for expansion of the sphere of service of this periodical—"the Magazine of the Canadian West."

WITHOUT in any way lowering the Magazine's standard, we wish to extend its popular appeal, and so increase its usefulness in the Canadian West that the Magazine shall be known and welcomed in practically every home.

TO REALIZE our ideal, we must increase our advertising clientele, and to that end, as far as possible, secure the co-operative interest of the entire business community. This also involves the enlistment of thousands of additional western subscribers.

HITHERTO, owing to the limitations of initial pioneer conditions, scarcely one issue has suggested ALL the features we have wished the Magazine to carry. But apart from editorial articles, these have included: Educational articles; Verse by Canadian Writers; Short Stories; Cartoons; Abracadabra (Topical comment); Book reviews and literary articles; A Woman's page; Home-building articles; A Children's Corner; Musical and Art Reviews; Illustrated articles concerning pioneers, etc.

AS SOON as possible, most of the departments named and others, will be carried regularly, in addition to entertaining fiction and attractive feature articles by outstanding Canadian Writers.

LEADING business and professional men, we believe, will appreciate our plans for producing a bigger and better Farthest West Monthly Magazine, and we are confident we can count on their active co-operation in the work.

The British Columbia Monthly Publishers, 1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B.C.

As will be observed, this issue is of the nature of a supplementary tribute number to the Canadian Authors' Convention held in Vancouver last month.

One feature of that Convention, the use of which we are disposed to question, was the introduction of a motion "just to raise discussion" regarding the taxation of United States publications. Treated in a political partizan way, such a topic might easily give rise to unhappy dissension; but reviewed and debated in relation to its bearing on the development of Canadian National spirit, it should worthily exercise the best brains in any literary organization. Neither the U.S. literary "market" nor the publishers or editors need be antagonized by a frank and fearless facing and stressing of the facts by Canadians. No one wishes to exclude the numerous worth-while magazines and journals from the south: And the U.S. publishing powers-that-be, insofar as they are fair-minded, would not think the less of any Canadian writers who stand for conditions that will give their own Homeland at least "equality of opportunity"—population predominance, etc., across the border reasonably considered. Action is overdue, and Canadian

writers with convictions on the subject should not hesitate to demand it "no matter whatsoever King may reign" at Ottawa.

ANOTHER REASON WHY WE ASK FOR TARIFF REFORM.

Lest readers who honoured us by scanning our reference to a Dominion Government Policy and the need for tariff protection regarding periodicals from the United States, should think that we were influenced only by experience affecting our own work, we may record the following:

The chief partner in one of the leading western dry goods houses said to us, in effect, the other month: "See these goods; about ninety per cent. are from across the line, and take this article for instance. Why is it that even Canadian housewives ask for this, and prefer it to the Canadian article? I'll tell you the reason: the women folk have become used to seeing this article and others displayed in fine picture form in prominent United States periodicals, and the psychological effect is such that they get the idea that these goods are the best."

ALL Canadians, and especially those of the West, who make acquaintance of the Magazine through the purchasing of single copies, through friends, by mail, or by direct call of representatives, are invited to become practical partners in the work by enrolling as subscribers. The rate is now One Dollar a year. The Magazine will be mailed to any part of the British Empire and also to the United States for that minimum sum.

IN THE Western Provinces we believe that most home folk, who have faith in the era of expansion now upon us, when they are assured that this Magazine is not an experiment, but after fifteen years, is here for sustained social and literary work, will not only enlist themselves among our subscribers, but by their interest and influence with friends and neighbors, will join in creating and extending healthy Canadian Community spirit through what is destined to be increasingly the representative Magazine of the Farthest Canadian West.

ON THE Canadian Pacific Coast we salute the leading Eastern metropolitan Centres, and also those of the Middle West. But whether or not all Canadians are enthusiastic about it, Vancouver City, in ordinary course, cannot help becoming outstandingly a "Front Door of Canada." Victoria, the Capital City of sunshine and flowers, with all Vancouver Island as its special hinterland, also has notable attractions of its own.

IN SHORT, the entire British Columbia Pacific Slope, with the Grainary of Sunny Alberta adjacent, in worth of natural resources and beauty of scenery, together constitute an Earthly Paradise.

WITH confidence, therefore, we call upon all Western Canadians to co-operate with us in our stand for more extended public service, social progress, and due development of this Last Best West in the British Dominions.

So it is not only in the publishing business that we need tariff revision.

HON. H. H. STEVENS WOULD TAX U. S. MAGAZINES—

So far as time permitted, the Editor of the *British Columbia Monthly* put to Candidates for the Dominion Parliament the question:

"Are you prepared to tax, in bulk and advertising matter, United States periodicals coming into Canada, so that Canadian publishers may have something like a fair field in their own country?—(to say nothing of the need for developing more fully a Canadian National consciousness through the work of Canadian writers in Canadian magazines)?"

In view of his position as "Minister of Customs and Excise" for the Dominion of Canada, we welcomed the written reply received from Mr. Stevens in which he says: . . . "I am in favour of taxing U.S. magazines. . . . Insofar as foreign advertising matter is concerned, there is no doubt whatever in my mind that it should be taxed, and it will be my endeavour to work out effective and adequate legislation to that end."

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA.

ON CLOSING PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Until the last few years public meetings in Canada were closed by the singing of the National Anthem. Today in Vancouver some replace the National Anthem with "The Maple Leaf Forever" (usually unknown to most of the audience); some with "O' Canada!" In the cases where the latter practice obtains two versions are used; the Native Sons of Canada and organizations dominated by it use one version; the Canadian Club and various Fraternal organizations another version. Such a hotch-potch as results from these varying usages is not effective in doing much, save to show the futility of the supposed improvement. Why not use our common sense, abandon this malpractice and close all our meetings with the National Anthem opening them, if any organization so chooses, with whatever particular song that body may desire.

DESERVED HONOURS.

We recently noted with pleasure, the conferring of Honours for Good Citizenship on Major C. C. Owen and Mr. Geo. R. Gordon. It would be a fine thing for Canada if all bestowed Honours were as well merited as is the case with these recipients of public acknowledgment of their civic virtues.

THE NEW PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN.

We welcome renewed activity on the part of the Prohibition forces. We were afraid that, in the anxiety to give the Liquor forces no cause to complain, Prohibitionists were captiously opposing Government Control of Liquor, (if such it may be called), the Prohibition Party would reach such a state of lassitude as would prevent their recrudescence as an effective political factor.

No one can complain that Liquor Control, so called, has not had a fair chance of proving its value. No one can, successfully, assert that it has been other than a rank failure. No one can "point with pride" to its enforcement, except the bootlegger who has amassed a considerable "bank-roll" at the expense of the health, moral and physical, of the public.

No sane, self-respecting citizen wishes a further continuance of present conditions. About the only thing that we, as a public, can truly say of the enforcement of our Liquor Laws is "that we have done the things we should not have done and left undone the things we should have done."

It is no secret that Bootlegging, which Liquor Control was to have abolished, has spread until it is everywhere in Vancouver. Not long ago a Bootlegger, in conversation with us, averred that he would, on payment of the price of a case of Whiskey, agree to procure a case on any Street, near the spot where our conversation occurred, and deliver it to us at any place outside of a church or the police station.

It is no longer a question as to whether, or not, Prohibition can be strictly enforced. It is now a question of whether Bone-Dry Prohibition, enforced as well as may be, is not better than Government Control of Liquor, equally unenforceable as proved by its entire history in British Columbia. To this there can be only one straight answer from any one not wrapped up in the interests of the Liquor Manufacturer and Vendor. This would be that no evils resulting from the unenforcement of Bone-Dry Prohibition could at all equal, in undesirability, conditions resulting from the unenforcement of Government Control of the sale of Liquor.

While this is true, Prohibitionists must not rely on the strength of their case argumentatively. It is in the personal and selfish interests of the Liquor Interests to provide for the sale of Beer and Liquor. They will be obliged to provide funds for the safeguarding of their chances to sell. They must be prepared to pay dearly as they know that morally they are badly in the wrong. There are hundreds of men who can be influenced by money or by appeals made possible by the use of money. To oppose these appeals there is only one safe way for the Prohibitionists. They must be prepared to provide a substantial fund for campaign purposes. They must enroll every possible worker for every available hour. They must unsparingly expose, and aid in the prosecution of, the graft, lawbreaking and other evils of Government Control. Above all they must forget all party affiliations and know no other politics except Prohibition, both within and without their ordinary political associations, until the battle is won and we have a Liquor Policy we need not be ashamed of, backed by an honest attempt at its enforcement. We have been without the latter so long that all classes would, perhaps, welcome that change.

THE PRESENT ELECTION.

Once AGAIN we are face to face with a Dominion Election Campaign. It is not our purpose to deal with its causes or issues. We are not, at the moment, concerned in the question of which side will, or should, win. To our way of thinking there is a more important aspect to be considered. The real question for Canadians today is, in our opinion, whether or not we are going to return a Government, of whatever stripe politically, that will be in real control of the nation's business?

We have had a condition of affairs at Ottawa for some time which was the unfortunate breeder of "Politics" in the worst acceptation of that term. National needs and issues were subordinated by all parties to political exigencies. Strategies to keep or gain control replaced old-time discussions on issues and principles. The session lately closed will, in the main, be the record session for waste of time and money running legislative machinery to little or no profit.

There will, no doubt, be issues raised on both sides of the contest (for the crumpling of the Progressive party leaves it except perhaps for Alberta and Saskatchewan a two-party contest) which will have their appeal to large numbers of the Canadian electors. Let these not be ignored, but let them be settled by the electorate as related to the outstanding need for a real Government, with real ability to pass its measures. Then, whether the result be satisfactory or disappointing to our political hopes, we will be assured that the election has not been held in vain. The experiences of the last few months have not been inspiring.

"THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG."

Under this caption Mr. J. W. DeB. Farris published an article in the Daily Press. We feel that there was, perhaps, an unintentional mixture in the articles and the author's thought of "Ministry" or "Cabinet" and "Council." We cannot accept either the arguments or the conclusions it contained. We mention it, however, not for that reason. We wish to rather express our appreciation of the spirit in which the article was written. We believe that Mr. Farris was prompted to write the article with the view of diverting the fight of any relationship to the Governor-General as such. For this we thank him.

Verse—By Canadian Writers

Vancouver

By JENNIE STORK HILL, *Edmonton, Alberta.*

In misty robes, and flower-adorned, she stands,
A bride receiving gifts. The rivers bring
Full-handed tribute, while the forests ring
With steely blows and lumbermen's commands:
The mountains break for her their long-locked bands
Of treasure and the golden prairies fling
A welcome boon: the Sea, her bridegroom King,
Comes constantly with riches in his hands.

With doors set wide in greeting, now she rules
A spacious, splendid home: here buoyant life
Repeats each impulse that has had its birth
Where'er man dwells, yet raging passion cools
In that calm air—'tis but a peaceful strife
That sends her fame to all the ends of earth.

Sea Call

By LOIS H. GILPIN, *Vancouver, B.C.*

A soft wind, a moist wind
Whitening the billows' crest;
A soft sky, a grey sky
Like the sheen on a sea gull's breast;
And the sails of our boat curve outward
Towards the silvering mist in the West.

Wild the scent of the sea weed
Strewn on the pebbled sand,
Shrill the cry of the sea fowl
Circling, a white-breasted band,—
Shimmering like snowflakes about us
As they fly with us from the land.

Now for the joys of freedom
Now for the tossing of care
Into the deep-sea locker,
And deep let it settle there.—
Breathing our fill of the salt breeze
We care not whither or where,
For we are the comrades of Nature,
And the largess of Nature we share.

Exultation

By DONALD A. FRASER, *Victoria, B.C.*

I stood in sunshine on a breezy hill,
And watched the clouds float landward from the sea,
While vibrant gladness set the air a-thrill,
And surged and sang through every nerve of me.
I soared as on an angel's golden wing
To heights my heart had never touched before,
Where wide I saw the door of Heaven swing,
And Joys celestial throned the threshold o'er.

That moment purged me free of fleshly dross,
And my rapt Soul, forgetting Sin and Strife;
Forgetting too, all sordid gain or loss,
Sang her high pæan to the Lord of Life;
Down gleaming stairs God led His choiring train,
And my exulting heart sang glad refrain.

—From New York "Churchman."

Truth

By JOSEPH SCHULL, *Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.*

We take the shining sand of Wisdom, gold
Unto its miners—take it, wield it, hold,
Cherish it well within us, labouring
To add to it that elemental thing,
Our essence, which alone will make it gold,
And, so succeeding, when an age has rolled,
Taking our hard-wrought Treasure in our hand,
We pass it on to others—shining sand.

Seventy-Seven

By BERTHA LEWIS, *Vancouver, B.C.*

Dear little lady old and frail,
Scattering sunshine along the trail.
Today she said "I'm seventy-seven
Seems I'm almost due in heaven."
But friends and neighbors far and wide
Send greetings across the country side.
'Tis some achievement to look so fine,
We thought you scarcely fifty-nine.
Saints indeed! they have lots in heaven:
We need you here on earth to leaven
The discord made by the jarring throng
That hustle and bustle our lives along.
We need your clear and restful eyes
To give us faith in a Paradise.
The cheery word and the helping hand
Of seventy-seven like a magic wand
Chases away the gloom and the pain
And makes us fit to fight again.
So, dear little lady, frail and old,
Know that your hours are cherished gold
To those that want you here today,
And many years on earth to stay.
'Tho you are old and a little frail
You are scattering sunshine along the trail.

In Memoriam

By EDWIN E. KINNEY.

The dear departed ones we knew
And all the nameless ones of yore,
Each passing year, their claims renew—
To be remembered evermore.
Their garnered lives are ours to bless,
And we shall keep their records clean;
Our lives would be a wilderness
Could we not keep their memory green.
Time's river bears them from us far,
Time's river wears its channel deep;
Yet love can reach them where they are,
And Love will aye her vigil keep.
White Rock, B. C., August, 1926.

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The moon, like some great rose, drooped from on high,
 And all her white rays fell from earth and ceased.
 Then from the heart of the eternal sky
 With moan of rising wind and sea increased,
 Came murmurings, and peace for those who die,
 And stars were veiled from greatest unto least.
 Then out of all the world went forth a sigh,
 And Dawn's faint gardens blossomed in the East.

—From *Fireweed*, by Muriel F. Watson,
North Vancouver.

Avatar

By JENNIE STORK HILL, *Edmonton, Alberta.*

Once, long ago, she bloomed
 Upon a far-off isle,
 Where none but sea-birds ever saw
 Her flowering beauty smile.

Then, when the aeons passed,
 A song-bird she became;
 In wilds untrod by listening man,
 Her music had no name.

Now, in a humble home,
 Remote from cities' throng,
 She lavishes on smiling babes
 Her beauty and her song.

Educational Notes

(By *Spectator.*)

"Progress depends upon tendencies and forces in a community; but of these tendencies and forces the organs and representatives must plainly be found in the men and women of the community, and cannot possibly be found anywhere else. Progress is not automatic, in the sense that if we were all cast into a deep slumber for the space of a generation, we should awake and find ourselves in a greatly improved social state. The world only grows better, even in the moderate degree in which it does grow better, because people wish that it should, and take steps to make it better."—*John Morley.*

* * *

A few weeks ago, according to press report, a member of the House of Commons of Canada charged the city of Chicago with "stealing" water from Lake Michigan to supply the immense drainage canal connecting the lake with the head waters of the Mississippi. In drawing off a greater volume of water than is granted them by their own government the city is acting in a high-handed and illegal way. But for a Canadian member of parliament to use the word "stealing" to characterize the action of some millions of citizens of a friendly nation is neither good manners nor good politics. The safety of a nation from foreign aggression depends infinitely less on immense armament than it does on the cultivation of friendly relations. It is hard to cultivate friendly relations with people we accuse of "stealing." American lake ports other than Chicago suffer as severely as do Canadian lake ports from any artificial lowering of lake levels, and their co-operation should be earnestly sought by the Canadian government in effecting a settlement of the difficulty.

It is refreshing to note that in late years there has been a growing tendency in the United States itself to re-write American history in an impartial spirit, and to urge the settlement of differences with other nations in the same impartial spirit. Far be it from Canada and Canadians to say or do anything to check the development and spread of tendencies so fraught with blessing to this weary and war-worn old world of ours.

* * *

In the Goodwill Day programme for May 18, prepared for use in the Calgary schools, this sentiment is expressed,—
 "What the world needs is more *friendships*, not *warships*." The folly of believing that preparedness for war tends to avert war, was surely exploded by the fact that Germany, the nation best prepared for war, precipitated the Great War, the greatest of all the ages. When will the nations of the

world open their eyes to see the simple truth that such influences as promote peace and friendship between neighbours in the same city block, are just such influences as extended will promote peace and friendship between classes within the nations, and between nations within the world. Let us, one and all, if we cannot agree to waste less time in speculating about the coming of the millenium, at least agree to spend more time in earnest effort to make possible the coming of this great age, the Golden Age of which from time immemorial the world's sages and seers have dreamed.

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"Remember that gold is not the goal, but that it should be your aim to serve the world. The greatest thing in life is love."—*Chancellor R. E. McKechnie.*

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. I am Jehovah."

"If a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not do him wrong: thou shalt love him as thyself."

"Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the sojourner as for the home-born: for I am Jehovah your God."

"Thou shalt love Jehovah thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."

"Jehovah thy God loveth the sojourner, in giving him food and raiment. Love ye therefore the sojourner."

"If thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again. If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, thou shalt forbear to leave him, thou shalt surely release it with him."

"I say unto you, Love your enemies, that ye may be sons of your Father who is in heaven: for he maketh his sun

to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust."

"Perfect love casteth out fear."

* * *

Love is too often regarded as a sentiment or a feeling, that in some spontaneous, intuitive or miraculous way should fill our hearts in our attitude to others. To cherish any such thoughts is to reverse a reasonable process, to try to get an effect apart from a cause. The love that is required of us is made plain in several of the foregoing passages. It finds expression in action; in giving concrete help to our neighbours; to the strangers within our gates; to our enemies. This love exercised as individuals towards individuals, and as nations toward nations, is the fulfilling of the law, and will transform the world. Chesterton well says,—"Christianity has not failed: Christianity has never been tried."

* * *

Books in the Wilderness

By Gladys Georgeson, (Mrs. G. G. Ballantyne), Victoria, B.C.

When the last box of books had been unpacked, and the contents old and new, grave and gay stretched in double rows and tiers on the rough board shelves, the hilltop shack was furnished. Altogether, it measured ten by twenty feet, and it held two rooms, under the slanting cedar shake roof. True, the sewing machine, topped by an enormous dictionary, and an atlas, stood in the kitchen, with a magazine stand beside the china shelves. No one could have believed that the mahogany desk, once used in Scotland by the great-great grandfather of the family, would look so much at home backed by grey building paper, but perhaps the rows of familiar names that faced it, robbed the atmosphere of strangeness. Even an ancestral desk with hand wrought brass, and secret cubby holes might well feel its grandeur pale beside the towering Douglas firs, whose branches all but swept the windows in the winter winds.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Malory had scarcely been set side by side, jostled by Chaucer, when, in the midst of a downpour, a knock sounded on the new board door.

It opened on a figure drenched through the regulation rainy day outfit of "Quixote" Island—the legs and shoulders wrapped in gunny sacks, with one worn monkwise, in a cowl pulled over the face. Though the costume was the costume of "Quixote," the voice that issued from the improvised garments, was, surprisingly, the voice of Oxford.

Apologetically, the visitor explained that he had heard that she had arrived with many boxes of books, and being a poet, as well as a returned soldier-pre-emptor in need of a book of reference, he had tramped seven miles over the mountain trail and logging skid road, to ask, if she had, by any chance, Dante's "In-

ferno." Now, her own illuminated vellum Dante having gone, in a moment of war-time sacrifice, to swell a Prisoners-of-War fund, the hostess shook her head.

"Since we haven't the "Inferno," will "Paradise Lost" do instead?" called the young daughter of the house dreamily from her place near the door, and then

in the laugh that broke the ice, the visitor was welcomed into the shack, and a seat by the stove.

After tea, and an excited forage through the shelves he went off with a kitbag full of old friends, to try his luck at a log cabin down the road. There, the hostess had seen the big green book

Changes in C. P. R. Train Service

The Canadian Pacific Railway announces that effective Sunday, September 12, their train, Trans-Canada Limited, will be withdrawn. Last train this season will leave Vancouver at 6:30 p.m., Saturday, September 11.

Effective Thursday, September 16, The Mountaineer (through train to Chicago) will be withdrawn. Last train for this season will leave Vancouver at 7:45 p.m., Wednesday, September 15.

Effective September 26, The Imperial, through Vancouver-Montreal train, will leave at 9:00 p.m. daily, as at present. Toronto Express at 8:30 a.m. daily, as at present. Coast-Kootenay Express, Vancouver-Nelson, will leave at 7:30 daily, instead of 6:50 p.m. Fraser Valley Local will leave at 5:15 p.m. daily, instead of 5:00 p.m. Vancouver-Huntingdon will leave at 7:30 a.m. daily except Sunday.

Further information on request.

that a Winnipeg auctioneer of the palmy days had once held temptingly forth, as "Dant by Door," and she shared the Poet's hope that it would be—as it was—gladly lent, and carried across the island.

So, it was at once apparent that if one could not carry away doubloons and pieces of eight from this Spanish island of romance in the North Pacific, one had brought still better treasure there. From the borrowings that went on, from homestead to homestead that winter, grew the Community library work.

The Provincial Government having a travelling library service, it was decided to ask for regular shipments of books, and these were promptly and gladly supplied. The range in these libraries is wide, from fairy tales to the newest technical works, and an effort always made to meet the needs of each rural community sharing in the free service. When Quixotians, by their eager lists of wanted books, stood revealed as enthusiastic readers, the cases arrived marked "Special," surprising even the most childlike acceptor of Government supplies, by the quality as well as the large proportion of requested books.

The voluntary librarians take turns in work, on mail days. In winter, the fire in the church-hall is kept up, and a kettle boiling, so that visitors can be regaled with needed refreshment, while choosing from these books, and the Presbyterian Coast mission list. This last, chiefly fiction of the popular sort, is warranted to appeal to the "tired business man" of the adjacent logging camps.

Nominally, one sits over the card catalogue two hours, but who could be too particular as to time on "Quixote," where after all clocks are vague? As long as one is sure that it is morning or afternoon, as the case may be, the mere name of the hour does not matter. Of course, if the semi weekly ship to civilization must be caught (she being a craft with a well-known indifference to schedules) it is a good plan—perhaps—to keep one's timepiece wound in accord with the postmaster's clock, but as a general thing the librarian's two o'clock may be your one; or my "half past" either, so she waits till all likely patrons are served.

First, one day, dashes up the owner of the Dante, in his light wagon, with the new box of books, which he has hauled voluntarily, from the wharf. Someone else has thoughtfully come provided with a screw driver, and in a few minutes the case has been unpacked, and the books, many new, and in fascinating jackets, on the shelves, ready for all comers.

First comes a lady with a basket full of "Presbyterians" to return. One son had not been so pleased with Sabbattini's latest, and another wanted to renew "The Man from Glengarry." The father

of the family was of that same stock, and the boy wanted him to read the book on his return from the salmon fishing, next week. Her daughter would like a book on peony culture, her hopes having been stirred by a recent magazine article, so that she felt something more ethereal than poultry raising might be made to pay for her annual visit to "town," a hundred miles away. She herself had been thrilled by Tichnor-Edwards' "Lore of the Honey Bee," and felt that her part of the rancherie demanded bees.

The Poet's wife arrives. Genius is burning on the Pre-emption, and the poet cannot leave his typewriter, but he'd like some Conrad, having discovered that his nearest neighbor had sailed the seven seas with Conrad, but had never read his books. She herself would like a practical book on baking, these Canadian stoves having ways of their own, and her Mrs. Beeton being much too lavish for wilderness conditions. But American measurements, which prevailed in the only cook book sent, this time, being beyond her, she accepted a neighbor's offer for a worn but trusty "Ladies' Aid" compilation.

A young girl returns an Ethel Dell with reluctance, extracting a promise that it shall not go out until her friend at the other side of the island, who snatched at a thrilling chapter with her, the other day, comes or sends someone for it. She departs with "The White Flag," and "Poor Man's Rock" and an armful of gorgeous picture books for the tinies of their family, who are too young to tackle the long rough trail to school. But the choice of children's books is hard to make, so fascinating are they all. Hans Andersen, Stevenson, Field Rose Fyleman, and all their goodly company, in handsome bindings, illustrated by Dulac, Rackman, and their peers, are giving to these babies in the wilderness all that the darlings of the most luxurious nurseries can have.

A small girl goes happily home with a brand new "Peter and Wendy," carefully folded into a clean sugar sack. An ex-missionary to India is delighted to find a much-reviewed book on that country. Her companion wants "Somepin light. We're busy folks," she explains "An' we ain't got time for no heavy stuff. What's this here "Rudyard," by Kiplin? It's big print. I'll take that." "Maria Chapdelaine" is returned as "too bloomin true" by a lady who has earned a right to say so.

An elderly man eases the heavy pack of groceries from his shoulders, and takes a cup of tea, with gratitude. He had rowed for an hour from his distant inlet to a trail trudging that for two miles before striking the main road, and then he has had three more miles, though easier

going, before reaching the post office. Now, after stocking up with mail and provisions, he is on his way back. With luck, he can sail home in this breeze, and reach his inlet before dark, where a solitary point of light, high up on the hillside, will mark his lonely wife's vigil. The only woman for miles, she fills her spare time with reading, so her husband adds double the regulation quota to his load. But his pleasure at finding "I can remember R. L. Stevenson" (for he can, too) is reward enough for the extra weight he carries.

The large and exuberant cook from a logging camp on the next island hurries in, and sinks into a protesting chair, with relief, plumping down upon the table a heavy book wrapped in paper.

"Say, that was the finest thing I ever read," she declared, emphatically. "I've kept it long overdue, but you oughta-a seen me an' two or three o' the boys at the camp! Couldn't get enough of them yarns. Say, an' I got it kinda mussed, lettin' it git damp, when I put it into the ole cedar at our cross roads fer Mrs. Neill to have a read of. If it's spiled, why, I'll pay, and be jest as glad, fer though me an' them fellers I was tellin' you of, has sent down to town to see can we git us some copies, it's doubtful if they'll have 'em in stock. It was wrote, you see, back in the ole days—in them historic times—but say, the guy that wrote it, he sure knew folks." She opens the parcel, and the intrigued librarian pokes forward to read the title of this marvelous thriller. "When Knighthood was in Flower," or some such thing she thinks. But—"There," exclaims the cook, "Works of W. Shakespeare" and *some Works*, believe you me!"

Everyone is not always pleased, however. Sometimes the supply of novels does not go around, and sometimes those that do go round are complained about. Comments range from the frank "Got no use for that heavy stuff" to the plaintive regret of the lady that found modern writers far too true to life. She and her sort were out for glamour, and somehow, could not see it, in the place in which she lived, though to some of her neighbours, it was "paradise enow."

As might not be expected, the settlers who haughtily declare that they have no time to read, are the people, who, as the years go by, get the least accomplished on their homesteads.

Magazines are carried miles, and exchanged in the library, and gradually Women's Institute meetings, and farmers' friendly confabs over the bookcase, are bringing a closer knowledge of neighbours, book friends, and the outside world to this community. And all because, one day, a poet wandered forth in search of Dante.

The Canadian Authors' Association

—President W. T. Allison's address at Annual Convention, Vancouver, B. C.

This has been rather an uneventful year in the history of the Canadian Authors' Association, so that I can promise you at the outset of this presidential address that you will not hear any sensational deliverance. It is with much pleasure I report that we have a membership of 661, so that in this respect we are slightly ahead of last year. You will also be gratified to learn that with \$1600 in the treasury we are in very easy circumstances. Our spending department has not been very active this year, for the very good reason that our treasurer, Mr. Robert Watson, in spite of the fact that he is a voluminous and aggressive Canadian author, was born in Scotland.

The outstanding work of the Association during the year was the celebration of Canada's Book Week during the last week of November. As the reports of the branches will show, a large number of addresses were given by our members in various cities to remind the public of the fact that the reading of books is a joy that is easily come by, and is more lasting and more profitable to mind and soul than almost any other human activity. The attention of the Canadian people was also called once more to the fact that we have a national literature which must not be neglected, if unity of spirit and high ideals are to be fostered in this Dominion. I regret that many Canadians have criticised our organization because they have conceived the erroneous idea that our book week educational campaign is commercial propaganda to sell works by Canadian authors. I need scarcely say that this is a misinterpretation of our aim. We are not concerned so much with the books of the season as with our literature as a whole. We feel that only a small fraction of our book-reading public could mention the titles of half a dozen Canadian books which have achieved international fame. I question very much whether one-half of one per cent. of the population of Vancouver, Winnipeg, Montreal, or Toronto, could give the names of ten of our Canadian writers of yesterday or today. There is great need, therefore, for one week a year to be set aside for our missionary labours to reach this benighted Macedonia. And in doing this work we are toiling not so much to raise up support for authors of today as to guarantee that appreciation shall be enjoyed by writers in future years.

The unselfish character of the efforts of the Canadian Authors' Association during Canada's Book Week is proved, I am inclined to think, by the fact that nearly all the addresses delivered have been made, not by our novelists whose wares have been on the book-counters,

but by members whose literary efforts have been of an academic nature or in fields where commercial success has not been sought by them or by their publishers.

And in this connection, as we look forward to the activities of another year, I trust that a book week committee will be set up to work out better plans than ever for this educational service. We are going to have heartier co-operation from the publishers than in previous years, especially from their new organization, the Canadian Bookmen's Association, which, I might say in passing, would never have sprung into being had it not been for the publicity campaign inaugurated by the Canadian Authors' Association.

Another body which could give us invaluable assistance, is the Canadian Teachers' Federation. This organization, which, like the Canadian Authors' Association, is a fellowship of recent origin, has now over 20,000 members. Its annual meeting is being held at this very time in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. On the suggestion of a couple of Winnipeg teachers, one of them a member of our own Association, and both founders and officers of the federation, I sent the following letter to the teachers in convention:

Mr. G. J. Elliot,

Secretary,

Canadian Teachers' Federation,
Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Elliot:—

As President of the Canadian Authors' Association, I am writing to you and your organization in the hope of gaining your support in the work of popularizing our national literature. During the last five years, that is to say since the Canadian Authors' Association was founded, we have celebrated each Autumn what we have called "Canada's Book Week." Our branches in leading Canadian cities have endeavored during this period to arouse the interest of the people of this country in the reading of good books in general and of Canadian literature in particular. In this annual campaign of enlightenment we have received hearty assistance from teachers and ministers in many of our centres of population, but we feel that we should make a direct appeal to your federation to assist us in enlarging the scope of our activity by awakening the interest of your members in every province in the Dominion.

We intend this year to celebrate Canada's Book Week during the last week in October. At such a date Christmas examinations are still far distant, and we earnestly request that your executive take this matter in hand and recommend your

provincial executives to make use of circulars and school journals in commending this educational and patriotic project to the teachers of Canada.

Canada has a literature of which her people may well be proud, and we believe that Canadian boys and girls would show keen interest if the teachers would devote some time during Book Week in acquainting them with the work of such poets as Carman, Roberts, Frechette, Drummond, Campbell, and Pauline Johnson, and prose writers like Haliburton, Richardson, Susanna Moodie, Balantyne, Duncan, Rivard, and Heming. Occasionally an extract or two from Canadian writers is to be found in school textbooks, but these are all too few, and generation after generation of boys and girls grow up in almost total ignorance of our national literature.

We think you will agree with us that this is patriotic work of the highest character. Upon teachers and writers more than any other classes depends the shaping of our national consciousness, for nothing is more powerful than ideas. Therefore, we sincerely trust that a firm alliance may be formed between our organizations, the only two Canadian professional bodies of national extent which are primarily interested in things of the spirit. We know neither sectarian, political, nor sectional divisions and are vitally interested in ministering to the Canadian ideal.

Trusting that our request for your co-operation will receive your favourable consideration.

I have enlarged upon Book Week today because I am persuaded that this educational feature of our work as an association has amply justified our existence, and the more energy we can put into it year after year the greater will be our contribution to the general weal. This annual meeting marks the conclusion of our fifth year of corporate life, and, as we look back over the years, we can see that owing to our efforts there has been a distinct improvement in the attitude of the Canadian reading public towards Canadian letters. While it must be admitted that we have to face much indifference to native books and expressed hostility in certain quarters where nothing is judged to be worth while unless it is English or American, there has been a decided change for the better within the last generation.

Perhaps I can best illustrate the change for the better in the literary life of this country by sketching briefly the career of one of our own members who on the new year upon which our organization enters today will put up his thirtieth milestone as a novelist. It was in 1897,

a generation ago, that Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon, known the world over as Ralph Conner, wrote his first story, "Black Rock." At that time he still recalled vividly his own experiences as a young missionary preacher in the Canadian Rockies and took to fiction in order to stir up interest among church people in the east. He peddled his manuscript round to the two or three publishers in Toronto and to many in New York, but each and all failed to see any popular appeal in a story about a sky-pilot in a Rocky Mountain mining camp. Ultimately "Black Rock" was published by a little Toronto group made up of Dr. Gordon's personal friends, who were no doubt as surprised as he was when it became an immediate success. In fact so large a sale was achieved in Canada, and so favourable were the reviews far and wide, that the New York publishers awoke to the fact that they had made a decided mistake in judgment. Within a year some fifteen pirated editions of the story were published in the United States and Ralph Conner had become famous. Since then he has produced a story every other year, and, as every one knows, his books have sold by the million. No writer on this continent has had such a large or steady sale for his books. In England, Australia, South Africa and India his stories are to be found on every book-stall and many of his books have been translated into foreign languages, including Russian and Icelandic.

Now the significance of Ralph Conner as far as Canadian literature is concerned is two-fold: First, he opened up a new field in world fiction, the Canadian west, the broad land of prairie and mountain, where a young and vigorous people is building an inland empire; in the second place he opened a new era in Canadian authorship. Until the publication of "Black Rock" in 1897, no work of fiction by any Canadian writer attained a circulation of three thousand copies. And even after Ralph Connor had started on his meteoric career, there was little activity in the publishing business in Canada. The Canadian people were sceptical as to the quality of home-made fiction and there were comparatively few who were prepared to spend their money for poetry or history or any kind of book of the heavier sort if it came from the pen of a native-born. From the year 1885, when Charles G. D. Roberts published his first volume of verse, "Orion and other Poems," Canada has never been without poets who have sung melodiously of her romantic past and of her glories of lake and forest and stream. Some of these poets, Bliss Carman, William Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman, for example, have won international fame, but it is doubtful whether any of them ever sold more than one thousand copies of

any volume of his verse in his own country. Until within recent years a Canadian publisher would not dream of issuing a book of verse unless the cost was advanced by the poet.

About eighteen years ago, however, a new day dawned for Canadian authors. Several enterprising publishing firms sprang up in Toronto, a new interest seemed to have awakened in some sections of Canada in the work of our own makers of fiction and writers were pleasantly surprised to find that it was no longer necessary to bow down in the house of Rimmon, the Publisher, and beg him to accept a manuscript. A period of healthy rivalry had now set in and publishers found it necessary to approach the author of the reputation.

Many of Canada's ablest writers would have starved had it not been for the fact that they found a market abroad, either going to live in New York or London, or mailing their contributions to publishers. One of our most distinguished members, Sir Gilbert Parker, whose career as a maker of fiction has been almost coterminous with that of Ralph Connor, established himself in London, England, where, for some years, he was a member of the House of Commons. Charles G. D. Roberts remained for years in New York, but since the war has been living

in London. Such writers as Bliss Carman, Basil King, Arthur Stringer and Harvey O'Higgins have long been residents of the United States where they first made their mark. And every year Canada loses two or three able sons who find it to their financial advantage to go south to live under the eaves of the editors of the big American magazines. But the exodus is not nearly so great as it was even ten years ago, and during the last decade Canada has seen the rise of numerous writers, some of whom have been big sellers at home and abroad.

The activity of this Association has made the last five years very productive in a literary way. Both publishers and authors have taken heart of grace. A new interest in Canadiana has led to the publication of several anthologies of prose and verse. A most useful series of hand books entitled, "Makers of Canadian Literature," edited by Dr. Lorne Pierce, is in course of publication. The initial volumes of another very fine series of reprints of prose and poetry, "Masterworks of Canadian Authors," edited by Mr. J. W. Garvin, have also been recently published. While poetry has held its own in the publishing lists, there has been a notable increase during the last five years in general works and in novels by Canadian authors. Last fall, for ex-



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ample, twenty-seven Canadian novels were published, an increase of over twenty-eight per cent. over the previous year. Publishers would be apt to smile at the spectacle of an Authors' Association requesting them to put on the brakes, but I feel bound to say that when we consider the limited market for new books in Canada, even granting that it is much better than ever it has been before, the total number of native books published each year is altogether too large. When the lists are crowded, it is a foregone conclusion that the majority of the

authors will have but a poor financial return for their hard work. It would be better for both publishers and authors if a self-denying ordinance were accepted, so that not more than eight or ten new novels would be brought out in any one season. A higher standard of composition and a satisfactory sale would be the result. As things are at present the market is being flooded each fall with Canadian fiction and the new writer is apt to perish in the deluge.

In conclusion I wish to say that through our affiliation with the British

Authors' Association, and by reason of its good offices in support of our representations, it has been decided that a Canadian author, whose works are published in London, is no longer required to pay twenty-two and one half per cent. of his royalties under British Income Tax law. If a Canadian author employs a London literary agent to look after his interests, he is absolved from income tax because his agent pays a percentage of his profits into the coffers of the British Government.

Troubadours and Bards

ANNIE CHARLOTTE DALTON.

Read at the reception given by the Vancouver Poetry Society to members of the Canadian Authors' Convention, August, 1926.

Duncan Campbell Scott has said that poetic friends take fire from one another, and how true that is all of us know, therefore without fear, one may prophesy that the future alone will reveal to us the full extent of our present privilege in having with us tonight so many of our well-known poets, for what greater service can we render to each other than to hasten the golden moments of divine inspiration?

If the sole purpose of the Authors' Association were to bridge the gulf between Eastern and Western Canada, its value would still be incalculable. The subtle intimacy of the small country is denied to us, and until science has made us closer neighbours, the strongest bond between us must be that of literature, and by far the most important strand in that bond is poetry.

It requires some courage to speak of the vastness of Canada, for the wide separations and isolations of our country have become a truism. Yet, these facts have such a strong bearing upon our poets and our poetry, that we can hardly speak of one matter without mentioning the other also.

For a parallel case, we must go back to the dark ages, when Arabia was developing a poetry which stands alone in the magnificent growth attained under almost insuperable difficulties. The laws of this poetry were touchingly simple, but in power and grandeur it became supreme at a time when all the rest of the world was in darkness.

We can think with honourable envy of the great song-contests which were held at Mecca and at Okad. There the tribes met periodically, to give such encouragement to their local bards as must be the despair of modern singers.

As time passed on, civil dissensions caused a disturbance of these delightful conditions, but contact with Persia and Greece, the Crusaders, the Troubadours and Moors of Spain, more than made up for the loss of the original advantages,

and resulted in a new school of poetry remarkable for its brilliance.

We ourselves seem to have reversed the order of these things. Close touch with European, and in lesser degree, with Oriental schools of poetry, has resulted in the dominating influence of these upon our literature.

Our most crying need at the present time is to adopt the primitive methods of the Arabs, and to found a poetical Mecca of our own. It may be a long time before any of us have our names inscribed on scrolls of gold, as was the happy fortune of the successful Arabian aspirants, yet the noble idealism and generosity of Dr. Lorne Pierce has already given to us an earnest of gracious things to come.

It is a paradox that the lonely Arab of ancient times set out for distant places with less hesitation than that with which we take train for the verge of the Dominion. It is not that we are less adventurous than they, but because our interests in life, the very best things which increase our comfort, have become our spiritual fetters, so that with increasing facilities for moving from place to place, our personal energy shows no corresponding advances. With a multiplicity of amusements, a surfeit of pleasures, which entail no long and wearisome journey, it is doubtful if many of us would make the effort to reach Ottawa or Montreal, even if those cities were endowed with all the glamour of ancient Mecca or old Okad.

And yet, the advantages of such a pilgrimage would be enormous, for with the public recognition and encouragement of song, the vitality of our national life would be assured. This fierce, this gentle, this beautiful, this terrible flame of poetry is smouldering in hundreds of undiscovered places, and it is for us to search for, and to transmit its splendour to its rightful home, the holy altar of our national honour.

Those widely separated and smouldering fires of the Arabian desert lived, per-

haps, in the hearts of the people and warmed them also, but what irreparable loss to the world had no embers been carried to sacred Mecca! All that beauty and inspiration would, sooner or later, have been engulfed by the eternal sands, were it not for those divinely-inspired song-celebrations.

It is obvious that art suffers frequently from the advantages of civilization. The medieval system of patronage had much to recommend it. Whatever happened to the artist, his art at least was nourished and preserved in its perfection, and he himself made secure of immortality.

But, it may be said, have we not our printing presses? We have, and therein lies our weakness. Books of poetry fall

Poetry Contest

\$25.00 Cash and Book Prizes

The **British Columbia Monthly** announces that a first prize of \$25 in cash, and other prizes in books will be awarded for the best poems appearing in forthcoming issues of the Magazine.

The books will be those of Canadian Authors.

The result of the Contest will be published in the December issue.

Poems may be from sonnet length to seventy-two lines. Only one poem may be sent in by each contestant, and only subscribers, or those sending in new subscriptions, to the **British Columbia Monthly**, may enter. The Editor cannot undertake to return poems.

Address poems to: Editor of the Poetry Page, B.C. Monthly, 1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B.C., and mark on the envelope "Poetry Contest."

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on us like autumn leaves, and like autumn leaves are they disregarded by an indifferent world.

It is possible that at no distant date, the modern government may take the place of the ducal patron, an event to be wished for by all lovers of art. Paternalism in government can be, and often is, carried to intolerable extremes, but apart from concern with our health, our morals, and our vote, a really paternal government is a rare thing, although there is no reason why this should be so. Quebec is, I believe, the only Provincial government in Canada to show any interest in poetry.

What then are the measures which we may take towards giving heart and countenance to our poets? Well, we might first proceed to found a band of troubadours. Katherine Hale, A. M. Stephen, Chas. G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, and Wilson Macdonald, have all emulated the wandering bard with great and varying success, and there are probably others of whom I have not heard.

Until this dream of National Bards or Troubadours can become true—and my meaning has no affinity with the modern and effete Laureate-ship, which a poet accepts only on the understanding that he assumes no duties, and forfeits no personal liberties—I would like to see everyone of our Provinces elect a poet to travel, wherever possible, throughout his own Province, singing and reciting not only his own songs, but those of his fellow-poets also.

Such a scheme need not be prohibitive by reason of the financial cost. A reasonable sum provided by the Government, with the additional aid of passes for the railways, would be all that would be required. In some reciprocation, recitals for the schools, and publicity for the railway companies, could easily be arranged.

Then the diligent exercise of individual generosity, in which virtue our wholehearted President and Mrs. Fewster have for so many years set us a noble example, would not only lighten the financial burden, but, what is of much more importance, would give the travellers rare opportunities of studying the life of our people which could be acquired in no other way.

The unparalleled success of John Wesley was in no small measure due to the courage with which he explored remote and savage places, and although he was a priest, and not a poet in the strictest sense of the word, his experiences would be invaluable to any poet who possessed courage and a true love for his art.

The troubadours and minnesingers of the middle ages set out on their adventures with a fine disregard of the essentials of life, and it is on record that this optimism was rarely unjustified. Alas! in these well-ordered days, they would be summarily denounced as unde-

sirable vagabonds—their journey would be ended ere it had well begun.

Tom Moore, as we all know, was a great singer and reciter of his own songs. It is interesting to note that his tour through Canada and the United States was productive of many of his best poems.

The Arab went on his tremendous journeys assured that he would find at intervals in the desert green places of refreshment, cool wells and shady palm-trees, but our wandering troubadours must have assurances of spiritual hospitality also. To provide this, there should be an oasis in every town, a caravanserai in every country district—to wit, a chain of poetry societies, all independent, and yet mutually interested in each other. This is, I know, a daring thing to suggest, but it is in my mind that affiliation proves, as often as not, a source of weakness rather than of strength. Each group should be at liberty to develop in its own way. Mutual help is another matter.

After a time, when each Provincial Bard had traversed well his own Province, there might be constant interchange between the other Provinces. Folk-song everywhere, no matter what its origin, should be cherished and interwoven with our own ballads and songs. The Canadian Handicrafts' Guild, at Montreal, is doing its utmost to develop all purely native industries, and to rouse the interest of Canadians in whatever art belongs to and enters the country. It should be the object of all poetry societies to do the same thing for folk-song—that pure out-pouring of human souls which is beyond any consideration of colour or creed.

English literature was first built up from the folk-song of Jutes, Angles and Saxons, and when these peoples were driven by stress, or love of adventure, to the shores of Britain, the literature of the conquered country was absorbed into their own. Christianity, and later, the Danes and the Normans as well, invaded England and were likewise absorbed by her literature. Old songs of every race were translated and so given a new life, for even when the foreigner was driven out, his poetry remained.

In later times, French romance became paramount before gleams of nationality appeared in the middle of the fourteenth century. Then Chaucer, fresh from Italian influences, began his inimitable Canterbury Tales. This is no time in which to trace the long evolution of any literature, however noble, but the few facts which I have ventured to enumerate, embolden me to say that all the foreign influences which are daily being brought into our country, are, if rightly used, the very things which we need for the enrichment of our literature.

Mining industries are rapidly coming to the fore, but at the present time,

Canada is above all things an agricultural country. The earliest lyrics of Old Greece were agricultural songs—the song of Linus, sung at the grape-picking, and the song of Bormus, sung at the corn-cutting. Now, from the Highlands of Cape Breton to the rugged and evergreen coasts of the Pacific, there is no handicraft, no art, which is not somewhere worthily represented, or in some way symbolized by song—labour songs, sowing and reaping songs, birth, death, and marriage songs—simple songs which bubble up from the depths of the heart, and whose beauty is lost to us because they are not translated. How many of the grandest hymns of our language are simply translations from the Latin, Greek, German and Hebrew, and why should not all the folk-song in Canada be so translated for our common joy? Here is a new and noble task awaiting the literary men in our Universities, for even the beautiful French folk-songs, in the original, are unhappily quite unknown to many of us.

There are misguided people who clamour for the abolition of the French language in our schools. It is a matter for regret that every Canadian child is not compelled to know equally well the French and English languages before leaving school.

With all the infinite variety of life to be found within our borders, what splendours, what opportunities, are before us! Courage alone is required to take and to use them, courage to sink all petty differences and prejudice.

Then might we reasonably dream of a glorious Mecca of our own, in which should be gathered and treasured the songs of the people from East to West, from North to South, and these songs would be sung, not for the joy alone of the happy pilgrims, but for the joy of the whole world, for, golden voice and golden song alike, would pass through the air to the ultimate ends of the earth.

*The East is whispering to the West, her mouth
Close to his ear—they see each others' faces,
The North has told my secret to the South—
There shall be no more silent, songless places.*

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Syrinx ~ A Fantasy

By Lloyd Roberts

Sun-filled forest glade at noon-day. A low, pulsing music, like distant rapids, pervades the air. SYRINX, her slim white figure scantily touched with vines and berries, dances airily into the glade. She pauses to listen, becomes frightened and is gone. A moment later a stalwart youth, bare-limbed and barebeaded, a scarlet kerchief about his neck, crashes into view. He stops in the centre of the glade and stares about him, panting.

DON. I saw her. I saw her. The leaves were trembling behind her. Which way did she go? I saw her. (*He moves toward trees, peering eagerly.*) How fast she runs. But I will run faster. I will overtake her.

(*PETE strides in. He is a typical old backwoodsman, flannel shirt, grey homespun trousers stuffed into shoe packs, battered felt hat. There are two packs on his back, one dangling from his axe. He flings the latter to the ground.*)

PETE. Here, darn yer, take yer pesky pack! The next time yer drops it, yer can fetch it yerself.

DON. I saw her, Pete, plain as I see you. She was standing beyond the stream in a patch of sunlight. She was—

PETE. Yer grandma!

DON. The leaves were still shaking in the covert there as I broke through. Look, look, there's her footprint.

PETE. Don't yer know a deer-track yet?

(*Draws out a plug of tobacco and gnaws off a chew.*)

DON. It was not a deer. No, no, it was she.

PETE. Never you mind, sonny; these here woods'll settle yer narves quicker'n a hundred doctors.

DON. Pete have you never seen her in all these years now?

PETE. I 'low I've seen some pretty queer things one way an' another, but never a lady tearin' 'round with next ter nothin' on.

DON. But you've never been so far north as this.

PETE. North or south, or east or west these here woods are pretty nigh all the same: cedar and popel in the bottoms, hemlock an' spruce on the rises.

DON. At night now? Have you never heard anything strange?

PETE. I won't go so far as ter say I ain't. But if it weren't a porkypine or a whiskey jack, it were likely something else.

DON. Oh, it was she, singing lonely to the cold stars.

PETE. Say, sonny, yer must have kicked up awful hard down there in the city to git ter hearin' an' seein' things this away.

DON. Why shouldn't there be nymphs and satyrs in Canada as well as in Acadia?

PETE. And what sort o' varmints might they be?

DON. The spirits of the woods and waters.

PETE. Never set eyes on no ghosts of that kind myself.

DON. They are shy creatures when humans are around.

PETE. Have yer ever known a feller who's seen one?

DON. Ah, I've seen one, this very minute.

PETE. I clean forgot. And what did this nymph look like?

DON. Like? Like? Listen: I'll try and tell you. She's like the moonlight tangled in an iris bed; she's like mist of the morning among the scarlet maples; she's night rain through the spruces; she's willows in bloom—

PETE. Whoa-back. She's all outdoors. I git yer. But describe her so a feller would know her when he saw her.

DON. She is slim and pale, like—like a paper birch.

PETE. Sickly lookin', eh? This runnin' 'round half dressed—

DON. No, no, she's goldy brown as a forest pool.

PETE. Sounds like a breed ter me.

DON. Her eyes are green as young fir-cones; her lips as red as partridge berries; her hair, her glorious hair flickers like a strange flame behind her as she runs—

PETE. Redheaded, yer mean. Has she freckles?

DON. Who can describe her beauty? It is whimsical, tantalizing, maddening. It is the mystery and magic of this great green wilderness. Once you have heard her calling, calling, calling—Hark? Do you hear her now?

PETE. Only a rain-bird, sonny, only a rain-bird.

DON. One grows weary of the empty, sordid ways of men; he turns his back on the sham and hypocrisy of civilization; he takes the wings of the morning and dwells in the uttermost parts of the sea or land. Have you never heard the call?

PETE. Is it anything like a cow moose in the ruttin' season?

DON. It used to come to me in the heart of the big city, across the teeming rivers, over the iron roofs, down into the dark and clammy streets, finding me out. I would drop my pen anad listen, would press my hot face to the window, would see only wide tree filled valleys and wind-tossed lakes, would sniff leafmold and wet fern and dried spruce, would feel my birch blade whip the currents and hear

the bow rasp on the shingle. I would try and write poetry. One day I wrote this:

*Did you ever meet Miss Pixie of the Spruces?
Did you ever glimpse her mocking elfin face?
Did you ever hear her calling while the whip-poorwills were calling.
And slipped your pack and taken up the chase?*

*Her feet are clad in moccasins and beads.
Her Dress? Oh, next to nothing.
Though undressed,
Her slender arms are circled round with vine,
And dusky locks cling close about her breast.*

*Red berries droop below each pointed ear;
Her nut-brown legs are criss-crossed white with scratches;
Her merry laughter sifts among the pines;
Her eager face gleams pale from milkweed patches.*

*And though I never yet have reached her hand—
God knows I've tried with all my heart's desire!—*

*One morning just at dawn she caught me sleeping
And with her soft lips touched my soul with fire.*

*And once when camping near a foaming rip,
Lying wide-eyed beneath the milky stars,
Sudden I heard her voice ring sweet and clear,
Calling my soul beyond the river bars.*

*Dear, dancing Pixie of the wind and weather,
Aglow with love and merriment and sun,
I chase thee down my dreams, but catch thee never—
God grant I catch thee ere the trail is done!*

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PETE. You were sure taken bad, sonny.

DON. But I couldn't drown the call. Day or night, it was all the same, except that it ever grew clearer and more persistent. I got to walking the avenues at night, when people were few and the timid stars were near. When the snows and rains invaded the city, I would sally out to meet them and find in their company a little peace.

PETE. Crazier than a coot. Mighty strange yer weren't run in. Time we had a snack o' grub, eh?

(PETE takes a fry-pan and other things out of the pack, collects sticks and starts the fire. He fetches water from a spring off in the glade and suspends the billy. DON continues his impassioned talk.)

DON. Each season her voice stung me like sweet pain. But springtime—ah, those terrible springs, with the northland winds drifting in still damp with thaw, still smelling of arbutus; with the dancing jonquils bursting into the squares shouting of woodland meadows and brimming ponds; with the robins and orioles, butterflies and bees adventuring over the chimney-stacks with news of their gypsy cohorts beyond the city gates. Then I not only heard her, but I saw her. I saw her where the racing tides of traffic crashed together, in the spume and thunder of human waters—only a wisp of hair, an ankle, a flash of green eyes, like some frail petal that rolls up for an instant in the turgid eddies and is gone. It would leave me mute, shaken—oh, don't you understand?

PETE. I reckon it's erbout the way old Sammy Smith's wild gander with the bust wing feels when the geese go over honkin' an' talkin' 'mong the stars. It'd be a sight better if they ate him, if yer asks me.

DON. At last I could stand it no longer—

PETE. And yer quit.

DON. And I came back north and asked you to help me find her, somewhere where the foot of man has never been—such a place as this.

PETE. As likely a lookin' spot as any. An' if she's not here—

DON. Ah, but she is here, I have seen her. She is hiding, listening to us this very instant.

PETE. Like all the rest of the women-folk, blamed curious, eh?

DON. She is shy, shy as the white-throat or the trailing arbutus.

PETE. I like a gal wiith some spunk meself. Here, hoe in, sonny. Nothin' sets like bacon on a empty belly.

(Offers him bard-tack holding bacon. Youth takes it and sets it on the moss, listening.)

DON. No, no, I can't eat; I can't think even, except of her. Her delicious presence is everywhere, pervading the air.

PETE. It's bacon yer smellin',
(Faint music is heard.)

DON. Listen. What's that?

Pete. A couple of limbs rubbin' ter-gether.

DON. It was a voice—the voice I've heard so often calling, calling—

(Rises and steals toward the right.)

PETE. Come back an' sit down.

DON. Listen, listen.

(He begins to sway and step awkwardly in time to music. PETE watches him anxiously.)

PETE. If I couldn't do better'n that, I'd soak my head.

DON. It fires my veins. I must dance.

PETE. Wait till yer git back ter the settlements. McGinnis is holdin' a barn dance. There'll be a fiddle and a 'cordian—

DON. I'm not going back Pete—never. You'll return, but I'll stay here, always—with her.

PETE. Set up housekeepin', eh? Land'll take a lot o' clearin'.

DON. I am going to run with her down the green trails of time—happy, happy, happy.

PETE. Supposin' fer the sake of argy-ment she won't have nothin' to do with yer?

DON. She is waiting and calling for me always—winter, spring, summer, autumn; and I have come at last. Look, don't you see her there behind that clump of maples?

PETE. Shut up and lie down. It don't do to get yerself all het up after eatin'.

(He lies on his back, pulling his hat well over his eyes. Youth hesitates but presently follows suit. Music grows louder. SYRINX steals cautiously from the right and commences to dance about the clearing, drawing nearer and nearer to the men. Finally she pauses, bending on tip-toe over DON. But just as she is about to press her lips to his, PETE rises on an elbow, stretches out his hand, and grabs her by the ankle.)

PETE. So you're the hussy that's causin' all the mischief, eh? (He rises, transferring his hold to her wrist.) What do yer mean by it?

SYRINX. Let me go—let me go.

PETE. Not on yer life. Ain't yer ashamed of yerself?

SYRINX. I love him. I love him.

PETE. Mighty queer way yer shows it. The poor fool has been off his feed fer a month; raves erbout yer like a lunatic. Yer got ter quit it, do yer hear, Miss?

SYRINX. He has come to me at last, He is mine.

PETE. Blamed sure he ain't.

SYRINX. Yes, yes, he is mine. I will kiss him and then—

PETE. He'll wake up.

SYRINX. He will straightway forget his mortality and become my immortal lover, my wood-god, my satyr.

PETE. Now look a-here, Miss, that wold be a derved shabby trick ter play on the kid. An' think of his poor mother.

SYRINX. How beautiful he is; how strong and brown.

PETE. There's lots handsomer folks than him if yer've a mind ter look.

SYRINX. I have waited so long, so long for my beautiful boy.

PETE. He's awful green for a gal like you, Miss.

SYRINX. He is Orpheus, Adonis, a human with the heart of Pan; he alone had ears that could hear, and eyes that could see and feet that could pursue.

PETE. Come now, Miss, he's not the only one's been seein' and hearin' things, not by a dern sight.

SYRINX. He will seize me at last in his furious arms and kiss me; and I will make him a god, and he will make me—his Syrinx.

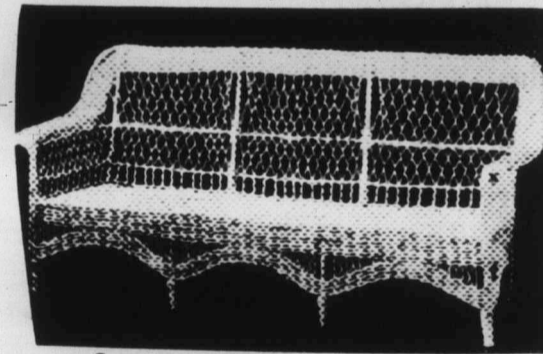
PETE. I'm damned if he will.

SYRINX (frightened). You'll what—?

PETE. I'll save the poor kid's life if I have ter—have ter—(Seizes her in his arms, crushing her to him.) if I have ter kis yer myself.

(Kisses her many times. When he lifts his face again, there's a goatee on his chin, his eyebrows are arched. He flings off his hat and exposes two small horns. He breaks into peals of sardonic laughter. The two clasp hands and dance wildly about the glade in an abandon of joy. The music is tumultuous. The race off among the trees.)

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The Influence of Canadian Literature on American [United States] Literature

By Dr. George H. Locke, Librarian, Toronto

An address delivered to Vancouver Canadian Club in connection with Canadian Authors' Convention, August, 1926

A friend of mine asked me what was to be the subject of my address today. When I told him, he said, "Surely I did not hear you aright. You mean the influence of American literature upon Canadian literature." And well he might think this, for we hear so much today of the so-called dangers to us from the flood of printed matter which comes across the border and is distributed in such an efficient and wide-spread manner throughout our country.

PROTECT CANADIAN NATIONALITY

I think if I had the power, one of the things I should like best to do would be to apply protection to the individual Canadian, or rather protection to Canadian nationality—if there be such a thing—by denying the right of certain kinds of literature to enter this country. And if I could exercise this power, perhaps I might be allowed to exercise its correlative power, namely to make possible a preference rate for literature which at present is handicapped by distance. The great trouble in such a task is that it must be performed intelligently and fearlessly, two great difficulties, I believe, in the operation of any law. By intelligently, I mean with discrimination, and by fearlessly, I mean without regard to so-called "influences."

THE DEADLY SUNDAY ISSUES AND PEACEFUL PENETRATION

And when you are considering these matters please include not only books and periodicals but printed matter—newspapers, especially the deadly Sunday issues. But as Kipling says "that is another story," and frankly let me say it is a story I should like much to dwell upon some day and tell you of the insidiousness of this kind of peaceful penetration and the difficulties some of us have to contend with, who are trying to develop an interest in literature, which we think is more worth while and yet of a popular nature. I am not talking to you today as an academic high-brow, but as a business man running an effective business institution whose object is to promote the intelligence of the community and give an intelligent background to citizenship with its obligations and its privileges.

"TAKING THE WAR INTO EGYPT"

I am "taking the war into Egypt" as it were, and my thesis is that I believe this little nation of ours which is popularly thought to have hardly any literature—some say even none—has in some measure influenced the trend of literature in the great country to the south, instead of being overwhelmed by it.

FOUNDATION LAID BY EARLY EMIGRANTS

First, let us go back to our memory—or imagination if you have no memory of it—to the war of the American Revolution when some thirty thousand men and women embarked upon ships—some voluntarily, some because they were banished—and left comfortable homes in Massachusetts Bay Colony and New York City for the bleak shores and unsettled lands in what are known to us as the Maritime Provinces. It was the most wonderful immigration any country ever received—the noblesse of the American colonies—four out of the five chief justices of Massachusetts, over two hundred Harvard graduates and perhaps three hundred from other colleges banished because of an ideal, a belief. It matters little whether it was a right belief or not—it was a belief and one wonders now, if today there could be found an equal willingness to sacrifice comfort and wordly happiness. What was New England's loss was our gain and Canada owes much to this marvellous intellectually and morally strong colony down by the sea. They developed a life of their own, not without its difficulties and its sorrows, and many times no doubt many of them felt like hanging their harps on the willows and complaining of the difficulties of singing the songs of Zion in a strange land.

HOWE AND HALIBURTON: ORIGIN OF "SAM SLICK"

The life centred around Halifax and in that quaint old town a number of young men interested in law and journalism—always allied professions—used to meet. Two members of this club were Joseph Howe, who was running a newspaper and was a power in politics, and Thomas Haliburton, a young struggling lawyer who was helping along a struggling practise by contributing to newspapers, a by no means uncommon combination.

Haliburton went on circuit to various courts throughout the province and was a genial and thoroughly interesting companion. The lives of the people and their reactions to current events had a fascination for him and he commenced a series of sketches, and to give them human interest and continuity, he invented a character who was the central figure. This person he called Sam Slick and his occupation was an itinerant clockmaker or peddler. Just here may I pause to ask you to notice how the name is made up. "Sam" indicates his origin from the U.S. A. and "Slick" indicates his method. Does that suggest to you the method by which his great contemporary Dickens some-

times gives us a clue to the character peculiarities?

Sam Slick was an original creation—he peddled clocks throughout the province and he spoke in a dialect—presumably a Yankee dialect. He was full of "wise saws and modern instances"—he was a homely philosopher with a readiness of wit and a keenness of observation that made him a welcome guest. It was the sort of humor that, while it grows, as it were, out of local surroundings, is so general that it is extremely wide in its application.

A MODERN INSTANCE OF "APPLICATION"

Let me illustrate what I mean by a modern instance. I suppose everybody here has read Stephen Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," to my mind perhaps the greatest of his works. You will remember the characters in it, Smith, the hotel keeper; Dean Drone, the clergyman, the banker, the judge, etc. At once people who knew that Leacock spent his summers near Orillia, thought that he was describing that town—and the description seemed to fit. But one day a man came into my office and in the course of conversation said, "I suppose you know where Leacock's little town is situated." I professed my ignorance and he said: "Why, Morrisburg," and proceeded to tell me just how it fitted in almost every respect. Well, that isn't all the story for at another time a man confidentially informed me that the town was Owen Sound and he seemed able to prove it.

HALIBURTON'S SKETCHES POPULAR

That is what I mean by the wideness of application. This was specially true of Sam Slick and all through New England and New York these sketches of Haliburton's appeared and were extremely popular. Soon others began to write similar sketches imitating at least the form and homely philosophy, and stories in dialect became popular. James Russell Lowell, you may remember, wrote poetry as well as prose, and in a series of poems known to us as the Biglow Papers, treated of local happenings and questions of the day in just such a dialect form. Such lines occur to me as:

"In order we might our principles swallow"

and

"But John P. Robinson, he says they didn't do this way down in Judee."

The fashion of homely philosophy in dialect form was taken up in the United States in prose by Bill Nye and Artemus Ward, who delighted great audiences and

set a style of writing that was extremely popular.

HUMOR OF MARK TWAIN

But to my mind much nearer to Haliburton in many ways was the humor of Mark Twain. The time prevents me from going into details as I would like, but let me commend to your attention that famous story of his, "Puddin' Head Wilson," full of aphorisms which bring to my mind at once the clock peddler of Nova Scotia.

You may recall such sayings as these:

"Nothing so much needs reforming as other people's habits."

"Fewer things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example."

"When angry, count four. When very angry, count seven."

These were not merely epigrams, but they were the homely summing up of characteristics of his surroundings and gathered from his experience.

Similarly Sam Slick says: Politics are like pea soup. They are all very well and very good when they are kept stirred, but as soon as the stir is over the rich and the thick settles down for them at the bottom of things."

"A man who quits his church in a temper would have you believe he has scruples of conscience which he requires you to respect, and he who rebels in the hope of amendng his fortune ascribes his conduct to an ardent love of country and a devotion to the cause of freedom."

"Nothing improves a man's manners so much as running for office."

"SAM SLICK" LED AMERICAN PROCESSION

And so there is no dispute but that in point of time and in extensive circulation the homely reflections of Sam Slick the Clockmaker, in form and in substance, led the procession and must have influenced the great leaders of this type of humor—which is now considered to be American—James Russell Lowell, Bill Nye, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain and sometimes Stephen Leacock, the great humorist of today..

Let me leave you a picture of Haliburton in another aspect of life. He became chief justice of Nova Scotia and afterwards a member of the British House of Commons. He was the first man in a British assembly to carry forward to a successful conclusion a motion to remove the disabilities from Roman Catholics which prevented them from holding public office, and he was the first person to advocate imperial federation. Let me leave you with the picture in your minds of an evnig before the fire in the exclusive Athenaeum Club in London, when three men were seated in appropriate surroundings, discussing literature, and when one of them said that he was so interested in the sketches of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," especially as his sketches were

then appearing weekly under the title of "Pickwick papers." The men were Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray and Thomas Haliburton.

ROBERTS LED IN NATURE STORIES

And now let us return to the same part of the country, to the sister province of New Brunswick, the land of forest and its many inhabitants. In the little town of Fredericton there was an interesting settlement of old Loyalists, and among them was the Roberts and Carman clan which have given us a claim to poetic excellence. But it is not of this I want to speak. I want you to know that back in the nineties Charles G. D. Roberts wrote an animal story "They Seek Their Meat from God," which, I think, was the first of the modern animal stories, the so-called nature stories which are now numbered among the thousands and are so deservedly popular among boys, and men too, whose hearts are young and who love the open.

I think Roberts is right in his statement that he made before the Canadian Club in Toronto in 1903 that he antedated Kipling and Seton Thompson in this type of literature.

SETON THOMPSON'S WORK

Seton Thompson was a naturalist and was officially connected with the government of Manitoba in that capacity. He saw the possibilities of this type of literature and he put his scientific knowledge to popular use, and to him certainly is attributed the popularity this type of story has achieved..

But even if we have to say that Seton Thompson gave it the great push onward, we have the pleasure of remembering that he, too, was a Canadian and the scenes are laid in Canada. This swept the continent and John Burroughs, the great naturalist, and William J. Long, the great storyteller, followed closely in the train of these Canadians. It wasn't a passing fancy. It has kept up and has such a fascination for children that nature stories are "syndicated" in most of our newspapers and the famous Burgess series of Johnny Muskrat and Peter Rabbit and his many friends of the "green meadow," delight hundreds of thousands of boys and girls each year, and develop in them a feeling for nature and a love and respect for animal creation that does untold good.

CANADA—THE COUNTRY OF OPEN DOORS AND GREAT DISTANCES

It was natural, or seems natural, that a country like ours of open doors and great distances should produce the men who would just show the world to the south of us the possibilities of such a life away from the confines of man-made communities.

And now for a third and last example, for the exigencies of time are ever before me.

POPULARITY OF THE CANADIAN WEST

There is today no such popular work of fiction or indeed no such popular production of the moving-picture department of life and amusement as that which deals with what we call the West, the Great West, and sometimes the Northwest. These are not books of travel, nor are they altogether books of scenes of mere adventure. In order that they be popular, in order that they appeal to the imagination of the people, there must be some "human interest stuff," as the movie man calls it. There must be a story with the hero and the heroine; there is the inevitable villain and there is the ultimate triumph of virtue.

It is the world of unconventionality, the land of freedom. It is the state in which all of us would like to be—those of us who remain young—where we can dispense with conventional manners, conventional clothing and even conventional food, where time means little, and where individuality is uppermost. It is really a never-never land, but then that is the only land worth while—the land of the imagination. It is "the land beyond the ranges" which Kipling tells us about in that wonderful poem, "The Explorer."

HOW "RALPH CONNOR" BECAME A NOVELIST

Now cast your thoughts back and tell me when the stories of this great West, 'the far-flung fenceless prairie where the long cloud shadows trail,' came into popularity, the progenitors of these books which now today thrill hundreds of thousands. Let me give you another picture: A man named J. A. Macdonald, one of Canada's greatest orators, once a Presbyterian minister and once the editor of The Globe, was in the early nineties the editor of a newly founded monthly paper called 'The Westminster.' Seated one day in his office wondering where he could get copy that would help to make his paper more popular he heard a voice, a cheery, familiar voice, calling 'Hello!' He turned and saw Charlie Gordon his classmate in college and a clergyman in the great West. Gordon was clearly in bad humor, which he explained was caused by the dumb stupidity of the mission board of the church which could not or would not see the necessity of giving him additional help in his great work.

INFLUENCE OF DR. J. A. MACDONALD'S ADVICE

Macdonald said to him: "You can hardly blame them; they do not know. They never saw the West. When you talk of plains and mountains and all that wild life it is nothing to them for it is not real. And what they need is not facts. Give me a sketch, a history, a thing of life rather than a report. Make it true to the life as you know it, rather than to mere facts. Put in the local col-

our. That would touch the imagination and give a basis for your appeal for help.

When the first article reached Macdonald, it was full of matter crammed with possibilities, but was not good copy, and was sent back for recasting. When it came back it was in the form in which the first chapter now appears in "Black Rock," a tale of the Selkirks, and like so many other books of note, it grew under its author's hand, was contributed serially and was not at first in book form. It did not create a great sensation at first. It was a venture into a new field. In fact, it went begging in the markets of United States and Mr. Hodder, of Hodder & Stoughton, who brought it out in England and Canada, had many qualms about it. It is interesting in the light of today to know that the American publishers rejected it because there was too much religion and temperance and fighting in it. It seems incredible now to think that they did not see to what a great constituency this would appeal, but conservatism is ever the characteristic of the publisher. It was followed by the "Sky Pilot" and these books really set the pace and gave the start to that vast literature about the life in the great plains and among the mountain fastnesses of the North West.

FROM RALPH CONNOR TO ZANE GREY

From Ralph Connor to Zane Grey would make an interesting study. By the way, the pseudonym under which Dr. Gordon wrote has an interesting history. It was felt that he would have a freer hand to write and say what he really thought if it were under an assumed name. Macdonald telegraphed him to suggest a name. He wired back Connor. Macdonald thought it was a mistake for "Connor," adopted that name, and that it might look more complete, prefaced it with "Ralph." Gordon was not altogether pleased. He said: "I meant 'Cannon.' 'Ralph Connor' isn't bad—rather Irish for me, but I guess I can stand it. I'll try to live up to it."

But he took a sly revenge out of Macdonald. In the fight in Slavin's saloon, Connor says, "What's up?" "Mr. Connor," said Sandy solemnly, "It is a gentleman you are, though your name is against you."

In these early books he had the healthy tone of the wind-swept country, and was far from the emotional trick of the English novelists of that time—even the Kail-yard school.

GORDON GAVE A DISTINCT TYPE

He gave us a distinct type of literature in fiction and he has had hundreds of imitators (including himself). I know it is the fashion among some of my friends today to sneer at this type of fiction, but I cannot accept their judgment. One must look at these things

from a larger standpoint than the preference of the few dilettantes to whom the crude is vulgar, or those who prefer the sex complexes of the modern society novel or the rattle of the garbage cans on Main Street. I think it was a wholesome change in literature and it has justified its origin in the now great city of the Western plains.

LITERATURE'S LURE AND GLORY

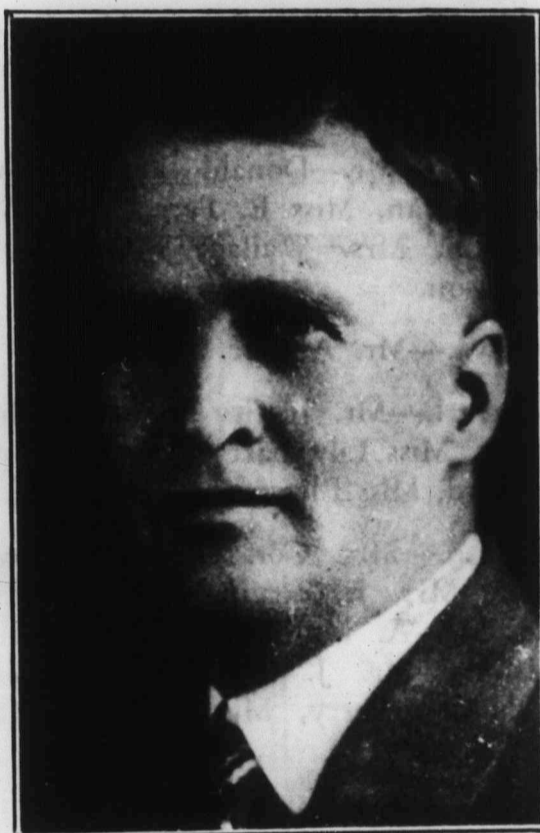
And now I hope that whether you think I have proved my case or not, there have been some facts in this little and hasty survey that will be new and interesting and make you feel that it is not out of place in a club that calls itself Canadian.

LITERARY NOTES

By RODERICK RANDOM.

The Convention of the Canadian Authors' Association has passed and gone leaving behind some very pleasant memories to those who attended it. The weather was all that could be desired and

the programme arranged by the local members passed off practically without a hitch. The business proceedings were on the whole harmonious and, if there were certain moments that were not devoid of tension, these only testified to the earnestness and practical interest which marked the various sessions.



Wadds Photo

Mr. Percy Gomery

Mr. Gomery, the present Chairman of the British Columbia branch of the Canadian Authors' Association came into prominence a year or two ago as the writer of "A Scamper 'Cross Canada," the story of the adventures of himself and the not less noteworthy "Skipper" (Mrs. Gomery), in a journey by auto from Eastern Canada to Vancouver, made as far as possible on Canadian soil, and frequently over ground that would have been held impassable for a car. That travel-record is racy written, and, like the author of it, has a humour all its own. The chapter on the impression made on the writer in the heart of the Rocky Mountains is a vivid one, and in itself likely to hold the reader.

A banker by profession, Mr. Gomery finds relaxation in contributing special articles to various periodicals. As Chairman, he has a manner all his own, and, as he demonstrated when presiding at the C. A. A. function at the Wigwam Inn, he is apt to say the expected thing in an unexpected and usually happy and arresting way.

Experiences were related by prominent writers, Arthur Heming, Philip Grove and others, which showed forth both the prosperous and seamy sides of the literary profession from the standpoint of financial gain and from these it was borne in upon the listeners with greater force than ever that success, from a practical standpoint depends as much on a knowledge of how to market one's output as upon its quality and extent. Craftsmanship and diligence alone will hardly win adequate recognition.

The discussion on "A Theory of Book Reviewing" was introduced by an excellent paper by William Arthur Deacon, author of "Pens and Pirates," and literary editor of the Toronto Saturday Night, who was unfortunately unable to be present in person. Mr. Deacon, in an illuminating and arresting manner, explained the proper province of the book-reviewer, as he regarded it, and made an earnest plea for greater sincerity and more constructiveness. Mr. Deacon's paper was followed by an eloquent address from John Elson also of Toronto, author of "The Scarlet Sash," who treated the subject from the newspaper man's standpoint.

The sail to Indian River and the dinner afterwards at Wigwam Inn was a halcyon occasion not to be forgotten by those who were there. The keynote for the programme was set by the singing by Mrs. H. R. N. Clyne of Agassiz's beautiful setting of Kipling's idealistic poem, "L'Envoi," to "The Light That Failed."

When earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried;
When the oldest colours have faded,
And the youngest critic has died;
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it,
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen
Shall set us to work anew.

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;
But each in the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it,
For the God of things as they are.

It is a poem full of a lofty idealism and has its message of comfort and consolation to the literary worker, whose aspirations, like the artist's are so often smothered under the limitations of this finite life.

There were addresses from the Chairman, Percy Gomery, Donald Fraser of Victoria, and Judge Surveyer of Montreal, who also sang an original song in French. D. A. MacGregor, read an interesting and partly humorous paper on the newspaperman's attitude towards fiction and P. W. Luce put forward to the company's great amusement the claims of the dandelion to be chosen as Vancouver's official flower. The chairman read a witty and mirth-provoking letter of regret from Bernard McEvoy in which he propounded a questionnaire to be put before aspirants to membership in the Authors' Association. Herbert Beaman in an original poem celebrated Vancouver as the "Halfway House" of the Empire, while the programme ended with the singing of a new national anthem for Canada, the words by Mrs. Charlotte Annie Dalton.

Mrs. Lefevre's garden party the following afternoon with its wonderful setting of green lawns, flowered terraces and vistas of the sea with the music floating down from the balcony above was a delightful affair. The company had just come from the brilliant luncheon tendered the delegates by the Women's Canadian Club and had heard Katherine Hale discourse eloquently on "Colour. Contrasts in Canadian Poetry" and Dr. John McLean on the influence of environment in producing literature. No doubt, in regarding the delights of Langaravine and its surroundings, the contentions of the speakers came home to the company with added force.

As regards the banquet in the evening of the same day, the happy idea of toasting the readers and writers of the various provinces was in line with the good work that the Association is doing in binding together in national unity various parts of our farflung Dominion. John W. Garvin spoke to the tribute toast to Charles Mair, whose career sets a great example of achievement. As speaker after speaker spoke on the literary past of

his province, one felt that Canadian literature, short though its history, as such histories go, may be, is something that every Canadian has a right to be proud of. Moreover, every Canadian should see that he knows something about it by reading it at first hand.

Through the kindness of the Directors of the Grouse Mountain Scenic Highway Company, the last event of the Convention was a trip up to the top by the new road which certainly was a unique experience for the delegates and one which was greatly enjoyed.

Among the guests at the Authors' Banquet were:

Winnipeg.—Prof. W. T. Allison and Mrs. Allison, Rev. Dr. MacLean and Mrs. MacLean, Prof. A. W. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford, Prof. Watson Kirkconnel; Mr. Robt. Watson and Mrs. Watson, Mr. Hopkins Morehouse, Prof. Phelps.

Calgary.—Mrs. E. Price, Mrs. Floss Jewell Williams, Mrs. Charlotte Gordon.

Regina.—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Macleod, Rev. D. H. and Mrs. Ranns, Mr. G. A. Palmer, Mrs. W. G. Ross, Mrs. Acheson, Mrs. W. T. Creighton.

Victoria.—Mr. Donald Fraser, Mrs. Ebbs-Canovan, Miss E. Perry, Mrs. W. Henderson, Mrs. Wallace Fraser, Mrs. Hutchinson.

Ottawa.—Mr. Arthur Heming.

Montreal.—Mr. Justice Surveyer, Miss Surveyer, Miss Lily Barry, Mr. and Mrs. L. Bernard, Miss Elizabeth Church.

Toronto.—Mrs. Constance Woodrow, Mr. and Mrs. J. Garvin, Dr. and Mrs. Locke, Mr. A. McKishnie, Miss Phyllis McKishnie, Mr. J. Elson, Mr. Napier Moore, Mrs. Perry, Miss Leonora McNeely.

Northern or Interior B.C.—Dr. Wade, Mrs. V. Cummings, Mrs. E. McKowan, Mr. R. D. Cumming.

California.—Dr. Lionel Stevenson, Mrs. Mabel Rose Stevenson.

Vancouver invited guests included: Mrs. Ralph Smith, Mrs. Geo. Gilpin, Mrs. W. Winning, Mrs. McGregor, Miss Kate Eastman, Mrs. Herchmer, Mr. and Mrs. Fyfe-Smith, Mrs. Irene Moody, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Chesman, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Leckie, Mrs. D. Shouldice, Mrs. D. D. Murdoch, Mrs. Alice Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Malkin, Mrs. M. Cone, Venice, Cal., Miss Margery Wade, Miss E. Camp, Mrs. W. J. Curry, Mrs. H. Buckley, Mrs. C. A. Chambers, Pen and Brush Club, N.Y., Major Scudamore, Miss Read, Miss V. Blank, Mrs. Christopher Ford, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sage, Mrs. Rowley Cruit, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Schooley, Count Rob-

ert Keyserling, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. T. Grady, Mrs. Edith Clark, Mrs. W. A. Clark, Mr. D. W. Reeve, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Darling, Miss Cave-Brown-Cave, Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. deB. Farris, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gordon, Mr. Kenneth Ross, Mrs. J. L. Dunn, Mr. Stanley Bligh, Miss Mary Hood, Mrs. Olive Dundas, Mr. Donald Hyslop, Miss J. Belden, Mr. A. Goodall.

B.C. Branch Members: Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gomery, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. P. Mackay, Mrs. Alice M. Winlow, Mr. Herbert Beeman, Mrs. H. Beeman, Mr. R. A. Hood, Mr. S. Golder, Mr. A. M. Pound, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Chalmers, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dalton, Mrs. Alice Townley, Miss R. Norcross, Miss M. Maltby, Miss Rae Verrill, Mrs. R. S. Day, Mrs. Holt Murison, Miss E. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Garland Foster, Dean R. W. Brock, Prof. A. F. B. Clark and Mrs. Clark, Mrs. L. A. Lefevre, Mr. D. A. Macgregor, Miss Mary Shannon, His Honor Judge Howay, Miss M. E. Coleman, Rev. Dr. R. G. Macbeth.

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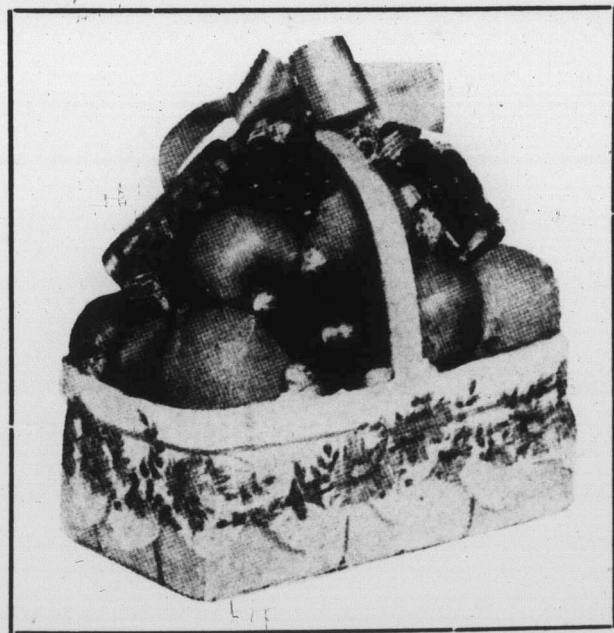
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Contributors to this Issue

include writers whose home addresses are as far apart as Montreal (Quebec), and Victoria (British Columbia). Think of it, Britons of the Homelands, — a distance practically as far by land as Briton is by sea from Canada (Eastern), and yet
ALL CANADIANS!

What a Country of size, promise and possibilities Canada is! (Come over and help us develop it.)

Exigencies of time and space prevent our tabulating the "Contents" here in the usual way, but we believe every page of this number will be found worthy of review by all readers.

At the same time we note with regret, that quite a number of valued contributions must be unavoidably held over. These will appear later.

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