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# All Hallows in the West

"SERVIRE DEO SAPERE"



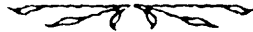
Canadian Number,  
MIDSUMMER, 1911.

PUBLISHED AT  
All Hallows' School, Yale, B. C.

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ARCHIVES

# All Hallows' Canadian School, Yale, B. C.

ESTABLISHED 1890.

**For Girls of the Church of England only.**

*(Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.)*

## **VISITOR - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER.**

Yale is healthily situated amongst the Cascade Mountains. The School buildings are most comfortable, and are surrounded by lawns and pretty gardens. In the Playing Fields there are two tennis courts, basketball, hockey and croquet grounds.

Games Mistress - - Miss Officer.

### **THE COURSE OF STUDY INCLUDES:**

Holy Scripture	Music
History and Geography	French, German, Latin
English Language and Literature	Natural Science
Arithmetic, Euclid and Algebra	Drawing
Class Singing and Musical Drill	

### **STAFF OF TEACHERS:**

Primary Class - Miss Homfray.

Junior and Senior Classes, English Subjects, Latin, French, German, Mathe- matics & Musical drill.	}	Miss Ramsay, Cambridge Higher Local: honours in History, three first class certs, University College, London, England, for English Lang., and Lit. Registered teach- er. Teachers' Registration Council (Eng.) Miss Maclean, 2nd. Class Professional, Grade A. (in five Provinces of Canada.) Honour Graduate.
Music, Violin and Harmony	}	Miss Messent, V.P.C., of Clavier Hall, Lon- don, and of Trinity College, London, Eng- land.
Music, Piano - - -	}	Miss Messent, Mrs. Dickson.
Drawing - - -	}	A Sister.

### **SCHOOL TERMS.**

Winter Term - - 8th Sept. to 15th Dec.

Summer Term - - 1st Feb. to 25th June.

School Hours : 9 to 12, 1 to 3      Study Hours : 7 to 8.30

Two private Examinations are held during the year. Prizes are awarded at Midsummer. Reports of Conduct and Progress are sent home at Christmas and Midsummer.

Pupils are prepared for the McGill University Matriculation Examination

Also for the Associated Board of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music Examinations.

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

### **ENTRANCE FEE \$5**

### **SCHOOL FEES (IN ADVANCE)**

Board and Education - - - - -	\$ 30.00 a month
Music, Piano - - - - -	5.00 a month
Violin - - - - -	5.00 a month
Painting - - - - -	5.00 a month

*Application for further particulars to be made to :-*

**THE SISTER SUPERIOR,**

**All Hallows' School, Yale, B.C.**

**Work undertaken and carried on in Yale, B.C. by the Sisters  
of All Hallows' Community, from Norfolk.**

Parochial Mission Work among the Indians,	-	Begun 1884.
Indian Mission School for Girls, 30 pupils,	-	" 1886.
Canadian Boarding School for Girls, 50 pupils,	-	" 1890.

**Staff of Workers:**

Four Sisters	Mrs. Dickson
Miss Ramsay	Miss McLean
Miss Messent	Miss Officer
Miss Smith	Miss Flower
Miss Homfray.	

**Chaplain:**

Rev. H. Underhill.

**Prayer for the Children of the Schools:**

*Antiphon*—All thy children shall be taught of the Lord,  
and great shall be the peace of thy children.

V. Take this child and nurse it for Me.

R. And I will give thee thy reward.

**Let us Pray.**

O Lord Jesus Christ, Child of Bethlehem, everlasting God, bless, we beseech Thee, Thy children whom we have taken to nurse and train for Thee, that they may be true, pure, obedient and ready to do their duty in that state of life to which it shall please Thee to call them. And grant us grace so to nurture them for Thee, that they may be received into Thy everlasting Love, Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God world without end. Amen.

**Commemoration of Those who have Gone Out from the Schools :**

*Antiphon*—They will go from strength to strength.

V. And unto the God of gods.

R. Appareth every one of them in Sion.

Remember, O gracious Lord, for good, all who have gone forth from us; pour out upon them, evermore, Thy Holy Spirit, to strengthen, deepen, chasten and purify them; that giving themselves up to thy service, they may do and suffer all that Thou wilt, and finally may reign with Thee in Life everlasting. Amen.

# All Hallows' in the West.

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MIDSUMMER, 1911.

No. 15.

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*"SERVIRE DEO SAPERE."*

*(To serve God is to be wise.)*

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## Summer Hymn.

SUMMER suns are glowing  
Over land and sea ;  
Happy light is flowing,  
Bountiful and free.  
Everything rejoices  
In the mellow rays ;  
All earth's thousand voices  
Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth  
Over all the world,  
And His banner gleameth,  
Everywhere unfurled.  
Broad and deep and glorious  
As the heaven above,  
Shines in might victorious  
His Eternal Love.

Lord, upon our blindness  
Thy pure radiance pour ;  
For Thy lovingkindness,  
Make us love Thee more,  
And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then, the veil uplifting,  
Father, be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee,  
Though Thou veil Thy light ;  
Life is dark without Thee,  
Death with Thee is bright.

Light of Light! shine o'er us  
 On our pilgrim way;  
 Go Thou still before us  
 To the endless day. Amen.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW.

### Thankfulness.

“In everything give thanks.”

THE Bible says a great deal about the spirit of thankfulness. No matter what our conditions are, or in what circumstances we may find ourselves, there is always something to be thankful for. We are apt to lose sight of the fact that the daily blessings we receive from God, such as our health, our strength, our food, our friends, and the many little joys that come into our lives, are gifts from Him—each one given us for a purpose, namely, that we should use them for His glory.

Now that you are all in your own homes, and work is laid aside for a time, do not forget that your holidays are to be given to Him just as much as your school hours. Always remember your daily prayers; ask God to bless for you the joys of each day. He loves to see His children happy, and we can only be really happy when we are trying to be good. The seeds of many lessons have been sown in our hearts as we have been keeping all the Festivals of last term, and now the fruit has to grow during the quiet season of Trinity.

St. Paul was always thanking God; though he had a great many troubles, yet his heart was full of gratitude, and this spirit makes us contented with whatever God sends us.

Let us thank God for our pleasures every day; one by one, think them over. He has given us so many beautiful things—the flowers, the animals we love, the pleasant drives and rides, the bright sunshine.

Each time we say “thank you,” we shall learn to say it to God also. You remember how much Jesus thought of gratitude when anyone thanked Him for His acts of love. He always noticed it, and gave that person some special further blessing; and now that He has gone back to heaven He is still planning for our future happiness, and He is hoping to see everyone of us one day in His glorious king-

dom, where we shall all join in that great anthem of praise and thanksgiving, the song of redeemed creatures, when He on His throne "shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

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### **The Coronation of King George.**

"DEI GRATIA" ("By the grace of God"). Thus do we acknowledge the hand of our heavenly Father in the succession of King George to the throne of England and all the great British Empire. Upon the death of King Edward he succeeded by the providence of God to the throne of his ancestors; and before his Coronation, and even supposing he is never crowned, he is still the lawful King of England during his lifetime. Wherefore, then, serves the Coronation? It serves two great purposes. It is first of all a public acknowledgment on the part of both King and people that the King is King by virtue of his succession, and therefore the first of the parts into which the Coronation Service is divided is called "The Recognition." The Archbishop of Canterbury turns to the east, south, west and north and proclaims the King, and presents him to all the people assembled, and the King shows himself to them. And later on in the Service, after the actual crowning, the people, through their representatives, do their homage to him.

But the second and more important part of the Service, of which the Coronation or crowning is the climax, is the public acknowledgment that none, not even kings nor any other, can rightly fulfil the duties of their office without the special grace of God. And therefore the grace of God is first sought in humble prayer, and then the blessing and grace of God are conferred by the anointing with the sacred oil and the solemn words of benediction. And the first public act of the newly-anointed and crowned King is the devout reception of the Holy Communion—that blessed Food which strengthens King and people alike to do their duty here in whatever state of life God shall be pleased to place them, and prepares them, as nothing else can, for the glorious eternal life in the kingdom that is yet to come.

Every part of the Coronation Service is of great interest, and the main part of it can be traced back to the 8th



century. The book that was prepared for the Coronation of Edward VII. is divided into nineteen parts, as follows:—

1. The Preparation ;
2. The Entrance into the Church (*i.e.*, Westminster Abbey) ;
3. The Recognition ;
4. The Litany ;
5. The Beginning of the Communion Service ;
6. The Sermon ;
7. The Oath ;
8. The Anointing ;
9. The Presenting of the Spurs and Sword, and the Girding and Oblation of the said Sword ;
10. The Investing with the Armilla and Imperial Mantle, and the Delivery of the Orb ;
11. The Investiture per Annulum et Baculum (*i.e.*, The Investing with the Ring and Sceptre) ;
12. The Putting on of the Crown (*i.e.*, the actual Coronation) ;
13. The Presenting of the Holy Bible ;
14. The Benediction and Te Deum ;
15. The Enthronisation ;
16. The Homage ;
17. The Queen's Coronation ;
18. The Communion ;
19. The Recess.

We should all like to be present at Coronation, and to see and hear for ourselves ; but as that cannot be, we must make the best of the day where we are ; and the best we can do is not merely to have a holiday and be merry, but to remember how solemn an act is being performed at the Coronation, and to try and join in spirit in the Service, praying that God's blessing may indeed descend upon our gracious King George, that he may be a wise and good ruler, and that we and all his subjects may ever yield him our loyal obedience and service ; and thus we shall be able to sing with heart as well as with voice—

“GOD SAVE THE KING.”

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### Leaves from our Journal.

NOVEMBER.—We had to say farewell in our last number on the threshold of All Saints, which Festival we kept with our usual festivities and rejoicings in spite of a very wet week.

On the evening of All Saints' Day the Junior Fourth gave us the first part of the Hallowe'en entertainment in the shape of a play, “Beauty and the Beast,” an old friend to a good many of us. It was exceedingly well got up by Miss Flower, who must have spent many anxious thoughts and practices in drilling the characters. The dresses and scenery were

magnificent ; and these, added to the spirit with which the performers entered into the play, were much appreciated by the audience. It was the first play acted on our new stage, which, though much larger in size, is not wholly satisfactory, yet, as to its illuminating arrangements, the foot-lamps gave one a feeling of anxiety whenever the curtains were drawn, but we hope to rectify these drawbacks in time.

The second part of the entertainment took place the next evening, which we called Hallowe'en, when we all partook of a magnificent supper provided by the Junior Fourth. There was, first, the fun of the apple-bobbing, and an Indian witch distributed to each girl a packet of candy which had been kindly given by Mr. Bailey, the builder of our new wing. I am sure everyone enjoyed the many good things provided on that occasion. Another evening we had a fancy dress ball, always a delight both to big and little girls.

On Wednesday we moved into the new Schoolrooms into which all the desks had been taken from the cottage. We did so wish that they had been new desks instead of the much-inked and deeply-scored ones ; but this is one of our future hopes.

How many times this winter we have appreciated the fact of not being obliged to turn out into pouring rain several times a day to get to the Schoolrooms. Nothing is perfect, and though on the whole the rooms have been nicely warmed by the furnace, yet we have suffered sometimes from an overabundance of smoke rather than heat ; but that is likely to be more the fault of the Chinaman who looks after it, as, though he considers that he understands all things, we are quite sure that he does not !

The dormitories have certainly been much more comfortable as to temperature this winter ; we kept up the fire all through the holidays, and the pantry was also greatly benefitted. We had no frozen pipes there.

NOVEMBER 28th.—This is the wedding-day of Alice Teague, one of our very first Canadian pupils of years gone by ; she is now Mrs. Bailey. The time of the wedding had been kept so secret that only a very few people knew of it the night before. When it was announced at breakfast that the bride and bridegroom would be passing on the 8.15 train, a perfect clamour arose to be allowed to go out to see them. All ears were on the alert for the first sound of a whistle, and

when it came, behold, in one minute the dining-hall was empty and everyone ran to the gate. Alas! it was only the first section, so we all returned to our breakfasts, none too hot by this time, but we knew that twenty minutes were ours before we need expect a second call. There is the whistle! Again we all fled to the gate, and as the Pullman passed, loud were the cheers and many were the white handkerchiefs waving in the road. This ovation betrayed the presence of a bride and bridegroom on the train to the other passengers, together with the white bouquet of school flowers which we were so glad to present to the bride on such short notice. Alice Teague will be much missed in Yale, where she has been organist at the church for twelve years. We wish her all happiness in her future life.

NOVEMBER 29th.—To-day the first snow fell—very fine but steady. This is a little later than last year, when St. Hugh gave us our first white shower; and so we come to the end of the month of Saints, beginning with our own Festival. How much the thought of them ought to encourage us to persevere in our warfare here, knowing that we, assisted by their prayers, are running the same race to attain the same end of glory. Their names are scattered all through the months, that we may learn the lesson of each, for every festival brings a joy and refreshment into our lives and daily work. For is not the strength of their victory ours also?

God's saints are shining lights; who stays  
 Here long, must passe  
 O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways  
 As smooth as glasse;  
 But these all night  
 Like candles shed  
 Their beams, and light  
 Us unto bed.

They are indeed our pillar fires,  
 Seen as we go;  
 They are that citie's shining spires  
 We travel to.  
 A sword-like gleame  
 Kept man for sin  
 First out; this beame  
 Will guide him in.

DECEMBER 3rd.—This evening we had our Sale in the Dining Hall. Knowing that many gifts would be needed on Monday for the celebration of St. Nicholas, we anticipated good results. A very nice supply of small fancy articles, and a very attractive candy stall, for which Sister Althea had again made such tasteful and pretty boxes, both proved successful. We sold nearly everything, and were very glad at the end to add the sum of \$118 85c. towards the fund for our new schoolrooms.

DECEMBER 10th.—The Bishop paid his first visit to the school. He had preached in the village on Advent Sunday, but this time he came to see us especially, and we were very glad to welcome him. He talked to all the children assembled in the dining-hall, reminding them to make the most of this important time in their lives, and saying how he should depend on them for future work for God. He wanted very much to celebrate the event of his first visit by some treat, saying that if the school was nearer to New Westminster he would invite them all to tea.

DECEMBER 19th.—Another term ended, and once again came the bustle and excitement of getting our young charges off for the Christmas holidays, and we were busy with our preparations for the Festival.

DECEMBER 25th.—A larger party than usual sat down to the Christmas dinner, as we had several of the staff staying with us over Christmas ; but as our Canadian household had vanished, the doings of the Christmas holidays belong more to the Indian School Magazine. So far we had very mild weather ; very little snow, and no cold to speak of. In fact, we missed the outside whiteness of Christmas, and the mild weather still continued to the end of December.

JANUARY.—The time is speeding by very quickly, and we begin to hope that this year we are not going to suffer from any very severe attacks from Jack Frost.

JANUARY 8th.—Sunday, the 8th, was a mild day, a gentle snow falling in the afternoon, but suddenly, at about 3 p.m. on Monday, we woke to find a terrific blizzard blowing in full force from the north-east. This continued until Thursday afternoon. It did untold damage to our trees and the water-pipes outside. Another blizzard visited us during the last week of January. In fact, our troubles have numbered three blizzards, with intervening "floods" from water-pipes burst-

ing. I have no doubt that some of our neighbours suffered more severely than we did, but with these few exceptions we got through the winter very well indeed.

FEBRUARY 1ST saw our household assembled once more, not quite all here in time, as there are always some delayed for various reasons. About a fortnight after school opened we began to miss some faces from the table, and soon discovered that we had an unwelcome visitor in the shape of influenza.

Over this time I will draw a veil. We continued to play "Box and Cox" for pretty nearly four months. Some had only mild attacks, but I think the majority of us had at least a few days' rest in bed some time or other.

Miss Strong, who was called in for the most serious case, was a great comfort in the house, and we were quite sorry when she had no more patients to nurse.

So we entered into March, and there is not much variety to chronicle in this month. Archdeacon Pentreath came up on the 15th, and gave his usual interesting missionary address to the children at Evensong to stimulate their efforts for the missionary boxes during Lent.

On the 30th the Bishop came up for the Confirmation, which was held earlier this year, as his lordship was going to England. It was very nice to see our nine Canadian candidates going up to receive that sealing of the Holy Ghost, and we prayed that the strength then given them would keep them true to their life's end. The Bishop gave two addresses, and spoke forcibly of their membership in the Church. He described the picture of "The Angelus" as teaching them the lessons of love, work, and prayer, each important factors in their daily lives. Both Canadians and Indians much appreciated his stirring words to them.

APRIL (EASTER DAY).—How helpful it ought to be to the School to see our thirty-six communicants who knelt at the altar on this day of days—the newly confirmed—receiving for the first time. Such a body of communicants ought to be a real power for good. The services were bright and well sung, and the chapel was reported to have looked "lovely," so many beautiful flowers being sent by friends or given by the girls themselves.

Monday and Tuesday were holidays, and were spent in taking long walks, playing games, and dancing in the evening.

Archdeacon Pentreath paid us another visit on the 26th to open the missionary boxes. The Sale had been postponed, but we had it on the 29th, and the results of both sources of collection gave us the same result as last year, namely, \$130. We are particularly glad not to fall short this year, as the energy about making things for the sale has been at a low ebb owing to the illnesses and much-disturbed school routine. This noble sum would not, perhaps, have been realised but for the splendid efforts of the Indian children.

MAY DAY brought us lovely sunshine, and the children were able to have their Maypole dance, and to choose their May Queen, Perle Peterson. We were witnesses of the pretty spectacle of the dance and crowning of the Queen on the lawn—Eileen Morton, one of the elder girls, having taken great pains to instruct the young ones in this important ceremony, which was very prettily carried out.

May sunshine is apt to be somewhat as fitful here as it is in England, and we are really having a very late spring, as the temperature is still cold unless the sun shines.

Nearly everyone who knows of such matters, prophesies a very high rise of the river this year, in June; for the same conditions prevail as in 1894. So we may have some quite exciting news for the next Magazine. What will happen if the rise comes on the 20th, the date fixed for the Closing?

Our fruit trees have borne a very poor show of blossom this year, but as we had such an abundance of fruit last summer, we must be content with less this year, for I am sure we cannot have consumed more than half of the many pounds of jam and bottled fruit that we saw put away last July and August! The trees are going to take a rest, and if this is so, busy hands will find less work to do also, for jam making is not an easy occupation.

MAY 19th.—Mr. Underhill, on his return from the "Clericus" held this week in Vancouver, brought a visitor with him, and this was the Rev. Canon Deedes, of St. John's, Kennington, London, who has come out to start work in the Cariboo district with two other priests, though he himself is returning to England in August. He heard the Indian children sing some songs and rounds, and then he looked over the new schoolrooms in the Canadian wing, and joined us at Evensong in the Chapel at 6.30, and also at our Eucharist the next morning.

We will close with the Ascension Festival, with hearts lifted in thankfulness to Him Who has brought us safely through our troubles, restoring us all to health ; and this Holy Festival shall supply us with the key-note of our lives, "Sursum Corda." May our answer always be, "We lift them up unto the Lord."

**"Not to be Ministered unto but to Minister."**

WOULD'ST thou be blest? Ah, choose to be a blessing.  
 Would'st thou be loved? Nay, rather choose to love.  
 The cup which thou to other lips wert pressing  
     Thy solace sweet would prove.

Would'st thou be great? Oh, stoop to lift the lowly.  
 Would'st thou be heard? Learn first to listen well.  
 Dost thou aspire to service high and holy?  
     Some childish grief dispel.

Does fame attract thee to her temple hoary?  
 Learn for another's sake to stand aside;  
 Arise and crown a rival with the glory  
     To thine own brow denied.

Perchance thou tread'st a pathway dark and dreary,  
 And yearnest for a heart whereon to rest.  
 Prefer to let the head of one more weary  
     Be pillowed on thy breast.

Climb by the pathway of humiliation;  
 Stoop that thy trembling hands may grasp the prize;  
 Outpour thy heart's rich treasure as oblation,  
     Nor count it sacrifice.

For love of Christ, and not for pride or merit,  
 For love of Him account all "gain" but "loss,"  
 Who stooped that we His Kingdom might inherit,  
     Who triumphed by His Cross.

For He is worthy Who hath gone before thee;  
 Yes, He is worthy; follow Him to-day!  
 Take up thy cross, His banner floateth o'er thee;  
     He leads Himself the way.

### Pages from an "Old Timer's" Notebook.

On the 7th of April, 1911, in the historical village of Yale one of the principal old land-marks was destroyed by fire at midnight by some tramps who took possession of the building for their temporary quarters. The building was situated on the western portion of Front Street, and was once the most flourishing commercial business-place of the Hudson Bay Company in the Province of B.C., where an immense trade in Colonial days was carried on with Indian hunters in all kinds of furs, and then by the influx of goldminers from California in 1858.

The first outpost building of this noted Company was erected in nearly the same spot about the year 1835, and its material consisted of large pine logs. The building stood crossways, there being no streets in those days, and was protected on the river's edge by a wooden fort with four cannon (12-pounders). With the increase of trade by the rush of Argonauts this log structure was replaced by a substantial well-erected brick building in 1865, which was destroyed a few weeks ago, and was one of the best preserved buildings of the "early-day" recollections in the Province of B.C.

The great gold excitement, with the rush of Argonauts, awakened the echo in the quiet and peaceful valley of Yale, and civilisation penetrated the isolated solitudes in search of the golden treasures of mother-earth. Yale grew into prominence, and became the head of navigation on the Fraser River, where an immense trade was carried on, making it the principal market-place in British Columbia for quick cash sales. The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the year 1886 killed the commercial trade of the town and the place became almost depopulated; in consequence, the Hudson Bay Company had to remove with the new current to new commercial points, and closed their commercial pursuits at the historical town of Yale in the year 1892.

WILLIAM TEAGUE.





### A Faithful Friend.

"RUBBER, Rubber, come here! Wherever are you? You must be found, because here is my drawing all wrong and Sister is coming to look at it."

"Here I am; you are always using me, and I am tired out and need a rest," said the rubber.

"Oh! I am so glad I have found you; now I shall rub out all my mistakes, and try again."

"Now you have finished using me, and I going to take a rest in my box."

"No, no, I need you again; I shall always. It seems as though my pencil will not go where it ought."

"Whose fault is that?" replied the rubber. "You blame your tools, and I suppose you blame me when your paper gets thin; you forget that we have to go where we are put."

"I suppose you are right, but now this class is over, so I shall put you away."

"You just seemed to have put me away, and now you are wanting me again; what do you want me for?" said the poor tired rubber; "I just spilt my ink over my Latin exercise, and if I do not rub it off, I shall have to write it all over again, and most likely be late."

"At last I am put away for the night, and I think I have done a great deal of work for my size," whispered the rubber to itself.

"What would I do without that rubber! It is one of my best friends, and I am sure nearly everybody has a rubber for a friend, although they do not always realize it."

MURIEL HOOPER.

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### Going to a Bazaar in India.

WE are on our way to the Bazaar—close enough to hear the noise and to smell the peculiar odour that all oriental places have. We are in quite a respectable part of the Bazaar, but the thing that first strikes us is, "What are all the dogs doing there?" They are Pariah dogs and they always hang around the Bazaars and Indian railway stations trying to get something to eat.

There are a few decent shops; small, oh yes, but fairly

clean. We soon come to the cloth shop, where there are numbers of very brilliantly coloured cloths and silks. We ask the price. It is enormous; then we have to beat it down to something reasonable.

Now we come to the shop where they sell food. This is a very important shop; we see natives with baskets and brass bowls heaped up with rice and other evil-smelling foods, but they seem to relish it. Here are some sweetmeat-sellers; we should like to taste the sweetmeats, but they look so dirty and unappetizing that we must get our Ayah to make us some.

We wish to see the jewellers and get some Indian curios, so we then turn down a side alley—a very filthy place, and, oh! the smell! But if we wish to see the Bazaar we must put up with the smell. At last we come to the jeweller; he is sitting on his haunches and salaams us profusely. As we come up he asks in Hindustani what we require, and we give him a rupee to be made into a silver bracelet. We must watch him closely, or else he will put other metal with it.

As we go back we hear a terrible noise, and then we see a great crowd. It is a tomasha; the natives are banging tomtoms together, which makes a hollow sound. Then we see a figure of wood which is going to be burned. Afterwards the natives are going to have a feast; they dance and shout and rush around like mad people.

It is getting dark, so we think we had better leave the Bazaar, as it isn't very nice there after dark.

EILEEN MORTON (aged 15 years).

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### **A Trip up Howe Sound on a Summer's Day.**

WE get on the boat at Vancouver at 9.15. The lines are drawn in and we start on our trip.

We go through the Narrows, past Stanley Park, and out into Howe Sound. The first place we reach is Canfield's Landing, a very picturesque place, with its lovely mountains and waterfall.

After we leave there we travel for a little distance, and then we come to Eagle Harbour, where there is a fish cannery, which is very interesting to go through, and see how our canned salmon is put up. When we leave this place

we head for Bowen Island, this being a great summer resort. Many people get off at this place to spend the day.

From this place we go to Anvil Island, a very quiet-looking place, with hardly any houses to speak of. Then from there we travel a long while, seeing much beautiful scenery. At about 1 o'clock we reach Britannia Mines, a very busy place, where the mining of ore is carried on. We can see the buckets go back and forth on the lines (that are used for that purpose) carrying ore, which is a very interesting sight. We stay at this place for almost an hour, and then we leave for the last stopping-place on the route, which is called Squamish.

We arrive at this place, and the wharf is thronged with people to receive provisions and send out products. Here we see the most beautiful sight of all—a magnificent waterfall—which we find is called Fairy Falls, and we must say that this is none too nice a name. Here we can get off the boat and walk up a wharf, which is three-quarters of a mile long. There we see the small town with its few scattered houses, but which, perhaps, will some day be a large town. Then the boat whistles; that means we have to go back and get on board.

We pull out on our return trip to Vancouver, arriving there at about 8.30 at night.

DORIS GALBRAITH.

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### Autobiography of a Doll.

I FIRST found myself in a place which people call a shop-window in all my fine clothes. Sad to say, my dress was sewn to my skin, which was very painful, and sometimes I could hardly keep from crying out, but, as we are not allowed to grumble, I tried my best to be cheerful.

In a little while I felt something tug at me, and before I had time to look around a pair of eager little eyes were looking at me, and very soon I heard someone say with a cheerful voice, "Here is the five dollars."

As soon as I heard the man say "five dollars," someone took me who did not care whether he hurt me or not. He nearly rattled my toes off when he was pushing me about, trying to tie me up in a parcel.

For two or three days I was in a dark, ghostly place, and then one day I found myself hanging on something bright and green—a beautiful Christmas tree. In a few minutes a pair of wee little hands lifted me down.

I was very happy for two months with my little mistress. I was washed every morning and evening, put to bed carefully, and well looked after. But then one day I was left on the floor, and a nasty old fox-terrier came with a snarl and grabbed me up by the arm. He took me to a big meadow where the cows were kept. I lay there for three long days, forgotten by my mistress and trodden on by cows.

One day my mistress was playing in the meadow with the other girls. They were playing hide-and-seek, when she happened to hide where I was. She saw me and, with a big surprise, picked me up and rushed home. She tried to clean me up, but I never got over my trouble and always looked sad, for I was no longer the favourite doll. My beauty was all a thing of the past, and so I have to be contented here on the top shelf, most of my time lonely and sad.

VIOLET PLUMM (aged 13).

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### **A Welcome Day in Yale, B.C.**

THE first day of spring is very welcome after the long winter of snow and ice. When the sun comes out in its full glory and warms the earth, the dear little snowdrops peep their tiny white heads above the thick blanket of snow and look straight up at the lovely sun as if to say, "How nice to wake up from our long winter sleep and see you shining there!"

All the little early flowers come out in turn and the trees are soon in bud, but the dear little snowdrop is always the first of the flowers. The snow melts off the mountains and rushes down in torrents to the Frazer river, making it rise, and sometimes overflow. Everything looks so beautiful—the mountains and trees in all shades of green.

The days get longer as summer approaches, and it makes the old people feel young again as it brings back to them the joyous time of their childhood, when they see the young

people playing games and arranging picnics for some favourite place in the lovely mountains.

MURIEL THORNE (aged 11 years).

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### **“A Picnic We Had with a Pet Dog.”**

ONCE upon a time we had a picnic, and there was a lot of people. One brought a dog; it was very fond of children, so it meant we had lots of fun. We threw sticks into the water and he ran after them. When he came back he shook himself and the water splashed all over us. When we went in bathing he used to play some tricks and tease us; he wanted to catch hold of our toes with his mouth and such-like. We had more fun than enough with him; it was the nicest picnic I ever had. The dog's master was trying to teach us to swim, and the dog would not leave us alone. When we ran to shore he would insist on running after us; we didn't know what to do with such a playful romp.

WINNIE MATHIAS (11 years old).

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### **The Summer Holidays.**

LAST summer holidays I went to a place called Sechelt. It is a country place; it is by the ocean and has a bay called Porpoise Bay. We used to go out fishing every day and get salmon. There was a barn there, and a man called Jack; he was a very nice man and used to give me rides on Jack and Billie—they were his horses—and there was a cow called Molly who let them do what they liked to her. I used to milk her. I forgot to tell you that we lived in a cottage, called “Green Cottage.” It was a very nice cottage. It had five rooms; they were very large indeed. One of the large bedrooms was big enough for four little rooms, and the others were large, too. I am going there again this summer, and I know I shall have such lots of fun.

MABEL PEARSON (aged 9 years).



## School Register.

MIDSUMMER, 1911.

Marian Antle	...	...	...	...	Vancouver, B.C.
May Armstrong	...	...	...	...	Merritt, B.C.
Vera Armstrong	...	...	...	...	Merritt, B.C.
Louise Bickle	...	...	...	...	Cumberland, B.C.
Olive Baker	...	...	...	...	Cranbrook, B.C.
Agnes Barnet	...	...	...	...	Vancouver, B.C.
Lily Barnet	...	...	...	...	Vancouver, B.C.
Ruth Clinton	...	...	...	...	Cumberland, B.C.
Isabel Clark	...	...	...	...	Victoria, B.C.
Grace Denison	...	...	...	...	Vernon, B.C.
Totie Day	...	...	...	...	Victoria, B.C.
Doris Edwards	...	...	...	...	Nakusp, B.C.
Frances Ferguson	...	...	...	...	Vancouver, B.C.
Doris Galbraith	...	...	...	...	Squamish, B.C.
Jean Galbraith	...	...	...	...	Squamish, B.C.
Hilda Hogbin	...	...	...	...	Banff, Alta.
Muriel Hooper	...	...	...	...	Vancouver, B.C.
Dadie Hope	...	...	...	...	Langley, B.C.
Susie Hunter	...	...	...	...	Seattle, Washington, U.S.
Irene Inkman	...	...	...	...	Agassiz, B.C.
Gladys Inkman	...	...	...	...	Agassiz, B.C.
Katharine Johnstone	...	...	...	...	Nelson, B.C.
Florence Jordan	...	...	...	...	Nakusp, B.C.
Dorothy Lucas	...	...	...	...	Chilliwack, B.C.
Eileen Morton	...	...	...	...	Victoria, B.C.
Winnifred Mathias	...	...	...	...	Penticton, B.C.
Marjorie Moberly	...	...	...	...	Armstrong, B.C.
Helen McDaniel	...	...	...	...	Carstairs, Alta.
Vera McMynn	...	...	...	...	Lulu Island, B.C.
Gertrude Peake	...	...	...	...	Vancouver, B.C.
Edyth Peake	...	...	...	...	Vancouver, B.C.
Vivian Peele	...	...	...	...	New Westminster, B.C.
Gwendoline Pearson	...	...	...	...	Vancouver, B.C.
Mabel Pearson	...	...	...	...	Vancouver, B.C.
Perle Peterson	...	...	...	...	Calgary, B.C.
Lesley Proud	...	...	...	...	Cardston, Alta.
Violet Plumm	...	...	...	...	Ducks, B.C.
Toy Plumm	...	...	...	...	Ducks, B.C.

Sybil Parke ... ..	Ashcroft, B.C.
Elizabeth Rorison ... ..	Eburne, B.C.
Marion Ross ... ..	Vancouver, B.C.
Gertrude Rich ... ..	Ladner, B.C.
Helen Spicer ... ..	Chilliwack, B.C.
Charlotte Spicer ... ..	Chilliwack, B.C.
Mary Stewart ... ..	... Ducks, B.C.
Muriel Thorne ... ..	Vancouver, B.C.
Margaret Thorne ... ..	Vancouver, B.C.

### Dames Registered for Future Vacancies.

Dorothy Jackson ... ..	Vancouver, B.C.
Marjorie Lucas ... ..	... Sardis, B.C.
Monica Plummer ... ..	Vancouver, B.C.
Rhoda McGregor ... ..	... Nelson, B.C.
A. Maude ... ..	... Mayne Island, B.C.
Dulcie Power ... ..	Thrum, B.C.
Elma Beck ... ..	Vancouver, B.C.

### Little Brown Seed.

LITTLE brown seed ! Oh, little brown brother !

Are you awake in the dark ?

Here we lie cosily, close to each other ;

Wake ! there's the song of the lark.

Waken ! the lark says ; waken and dress you !

Put on your green coats and gay ;

Blue skies will shine on you, sunshine caress you ;

Waken ! 'tis Summer ! 'tis May !

Little brown seed ! Oh, little brown brother !

What kind of flower will you be ?

I'll be a poppy, all white like my mother ;

Do be a poppy like me.

Oh ! you're a sunflower. Oh ! how I shall miss you

When you're grown golden and high ;

But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you ;

Little brown brother, Good-bye.

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## NOTICE.

This Magazine will be published twice a year. All the pupils in the School will be encouraged to write for it. Copies will be sent to parents and charged for at the rate of 25c. a copy, in the quarterly stationery accounts.

More Subscribers to the Magazine will be gladly welcomed. The subscription is 50c. a year (2/- English Money); 2c. or 1d. stamps will be accepted.

The Canadian School Summer Term will close D.V., June 29th. The Winter Term will begin D.V. September 8th, 1911.

Parents wishing to withdraw their children from the Canadian School are requested to notify the Sister in Charge to that effect not later than July 30th.

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