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BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Volume 27

Vancouver, B. C., June, 1927

No. 1

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West
Devoted to COMMUNITY SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

The
Twentieth Century Spectator
of
Britain's Farthest West

Volume 27

Vancouver, B. C., June, 1927

No. 1

To Canadians in Vancouver, B.C., and Alberta

With your co-operation, the publishers of the "British Columbia Monthly" aim to make this publication increasingly representative. As "the Magazine of the Canadian West," it should serve at least these two Westmost Provinces.

In connection with a circulation extension campaign this message may be brought to your attention. We therefore note these points:

Imperial in outlook, but independent in politics, we believe in strong, clean government in the Provinces and Dominion.

The ideal of the Magazine is "Community Service,"

which, as we vision it, involves living concern in social, educational, literary and religious life and work, irrespective of party, sect or faction.

As space permits, we include articles on all phases of Community interest, and also book reviews, short stories, verse by Canadian writers, etc. Other features affecting the Home, Recreation, etc., will be carried as soon as expansion in the Circulation and Business departments make that possible.

The Magazine is mailed direct to the home and the subscription rate is the minimum one of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, or TWO DOLLARS FOR THREE YEARS.

Is America Recreant?

In ordinary circumstances, "Is America Recreant?" might be considered not only a daring, but an impertinent question for any journal of a neighboring country to ask. But we think it well-warranted by the direct and reliable information that has come to us from one who has just returned from China and from residence in the war zone there.

The failure of the United States to co-operate with Britain, Japan, France and Italy in the attitude and action taken after the Nanking outrage, has been the subject of international comment for some time. Had there been no Americans involved in the unspeakable barbarities perpetrated, the Government of the United States, while not justified in "bringing up the rear," might have had some little excuse for not speedily co-operating in a practical ultimatum to such powers as there be in China. But when we learn—as we do—that the Nanking outrage involved indescribably brutal maltreatment by Chinese soldiers of *American women*, we cannot avoid asking: Has the spirit of the original British stock—which we know made their great Republic possible!—become submerged and overwhelmed by the numerous mixtures of alien blood, and is America, as a result, becoming a recreant nation? It certainly seems so if her Nationals can be so attacked and grossly insulted with impunity.

It is easy to write arguments, more or less plausible, about the exigencies of political or international life. But, as with individuals, there are times in the history of nations when, in order to ensure respect for the decen-

cies of what we call civilization, to say nothing of democracy or religion, action must take precedence of oral exercise, or even of the most forcefully written protests.

As descendants of the same Anglo-Saxon stock, as Canadian neighbours of the United States people, we trust that, for the sake of human nature and common decency, the present Government of that country will awaken to the fact that a backboneless and vacillating attitude is worse than cowardly: for it leads the coward cult, who attack the defenseless, to believe they are dealing with greater cowards than themselves.

CAN IT BE, as is somewhat freely alleged in certain quarters, that the Government of the United States, just as it procrastinated from 1914 to 1917, —indulging in wordy warfare with a Power likened to "the mad dog of Europe"—its citizens meantime enjoying a "rich neutrality,"—so now it takes the craven course of sheltering itself behind British and other forces, that it may later, by its stand-offish methods, pose as the friend of the Chinese, or even of the Soviet?—hoping thereby to reap a rich harvest in goodwill and trade?

If that be, and be to continue, the attitude or intention of the United States, Britons of the Empire the world over will learn of it "more in sorrow than in anger" and yet with the keenest of disappointment and regret. For, in that event, the United States as a Nation, whatever it amass by its Mammon-worship, will be in danger of losing its soul!

Though this Magazine, published in

Vancouver, British Columbia, may be likened unto a voice crying from far away Western Canada, our homes, like many thousands of those of United States citizens, are situated by the portals of that Pacific Ocean whose waves wash many shores besides those of our common North America, and, being British, we would say, with neither presumption nor fear, but with all possible earnestness, to the President and people of our Republican neighbour:—

If you value your nationhood, if you value humanity, if you would not go down in history as craven cowards and hopeless Mammon-worshippers, wake up and take your stand among the peoples peace-loving, yet ready—not merely to talk—but to take action if need be, that human life shall be respected, and personal honour preserved inviolate on the earth!

Children of the Pilgrim Fathers, Kindred and Compatriots of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt, awake!

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Book Reviews

(By A. R. M.)

DREAMS AND DELIGHTS. By L. Adams Beck. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. (\$2.50.)

A happy title for eight interesting tales, enchanting pictures of China, Ceylon, India, Japan, wherein we glimpse much of hoary civilizations, of exotic beauty, of human aspiration.

"V. Lydiat," building in alluring fashion a bridge of mutual understanding from Victoria to the splendors of the Orient.

"The Hidden One," granddaughter of the lovely lady to whose memory the "Taj Mahal" was erected, the most notable in poetic luxuriance. This fragment so strongly resembling "The Hound of Heaven."

"I have no peace, the quarry I, a Hunter chases me,

It is Thy memory.

I turn to flee but fall: for over me He casts his snare,

His perfumed hair,

Who can escape Thy chain? No heart is free

From love of Thee."

In the "Marriage of the Princess," after listening to the wisdom of many Councillors on the step she is about to take, the daughter of the King of Kashmir thus sums up:

"This is the truth. Fate is fate and love is love, and what we do is our own, and not the deeds of another. For that Queen I do not weep, but for the King who was blind to her glory. It is the valour of men that sends them forth to war, and it is the valour of women that puts their hearts in the hand of their husbands. And to me, since I have seen this portrait all other things are empty, and if he slay me still will I love him. For it is the High God, who is worshipped by many names, who has made the woman for the man, and the man for the woman, and He abides unchanging in Unity and what He does is better than well."

"The Wisdom of the Orient" sparkles with satirical wit on the "Eternal Feminine," "Stately Julia," an English gem wherein the poet Herrick is charmingly tracked to his lair.

"The Man Without a Sword," a story of jujutsu, a Japanese Pilgrim's Progress.

And there are others. We are glad our fair neighbor has endeavored to fill the niche of Lafcadio Hearn and deferentially acknowledge her unique gifts for the achievement. The pilgrimage she guides is so lovingly, even reverently conducted that one returns with increase of loyalty to the faith

which is our refuge, the land which is our home.

A paragraph from "The Sea of Lilies" reads thus: "Shanghai concerns itself, I am told, with that ancient and universally respected Trinity of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. I know little of it myself and accept the testimony of friends, and especially of one who knew it well. 'I just think,' he said with conviction, 'that if nothing happens to Shanghai, Sodom and Gomorrah were very unfairly dealt with.'"

* * *

GRAIN: By Robert Stead. (Published by McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. \$2.)

When Robert Stead takes upon himself to inform the reader on this immense subject he does it very thoroughly, cramming into one's mental maw much information about farms and crops, threshers and elevators, yet never a spasm of bored nausea attacks us, for is it not pithily, often wittily, told?

We meet our hero on his advent into the world, enjoying with him many a boyish prank; never doubting he will make good in his own way and his own time, but he cannot be led, nor will he be forced.

When one has played Pom Pom Pull-away on a river rink and Prisoner's Base on a school playground, one thinks Mr. Stead has taken liberties with two noble games on his first day at school. But what a pretty medley is made of it, thus causing the threads of two lives to be tangled for many a long day.

How he wins the name of Gander is one of the most ludicrous episodes in the book.

The War ploughs a huge rent in the peaceful prairie district, changing the currents of many lives and intensifying all; womanly Jo Burge paying the highest penalty.

Gander, who masters all mechanism almost at sight, is slowly brought to understand the complexities of his own nature; helped somewhat by plucky "stenographer" Minnie and, not wholly gratuitous perhaps, Jerry Chansley. Since that great apostle of Realism, W. D. Howells, taught that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other in Euclid but not always in friendship, one is diffident in recommending a book, yet this has gripped us so forcibly that we close it with the query on our lips:

Breathes there a Canadian with soul so dead,

Who, reading Stead, has never said,
This is my own, my native land?

TRIBUTE TO MRS. A. M. WINLOW

Author of "The Miracle of Roses," etc.

As Vice-President of the British Columbia Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, Mrs. Alice M. Winlow is to attend the annual convention held at Ottawa this year, and she will afterwards spend some months overseas.

At a recent meeting of the Vancouver Poetry Society,—at which Dr. Lionel Stevenson and his mother, Mrs. Mabel Rose Stevenson (author of the one-act play published in this issue) were welcomed by many friends—Dr. Fewster, President of the Society, and others made fitting reference to Mrs. Winlow's trip, and the following rondel by May Percival Judge was read:

(Rondel. Written for Mrs. A. M. Winlow on her departure for Europe.)

"OH, TAKE MY WISH"

By May Percival Judge

North Vancouver, B. C.

Oh, take my wish that Joy may send
Her passport with you for each day,
That Health and Happiness can blend
Their double escort for your way;

Let Humour, Courage, also fend
Small irritations, or dismay:
Oh, take my wish that Joy may send
Her passport with you for each day.

Then, when you come to journey's end,
Your thoughts aglow with holiday,
Count still that passport as a friend,
And see fresh joy in work and play.
Oh, take my wish that Joy may send
Her passport with you for each day.

Mrs. Winlow has, for some years, taken active part in the work and expansion of the *British Columbia Monthly*, and her literary co-workers, in common with other friends, wish her "bon voyage" and a pleasant and profitable time in all the centres of the Old Lands she may visit.

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The Glamour and Care of the Office of Mayor

(By D. A. Chalmers)

CONSIDERING THE POSITION SUPERFICIALLY, who would not like to be Mayor of such a city as Vancouver, especially in these yet pioneer years? There are under way so many city improvements and developments that are making history; there are so many Notabilities to meet and greet and welcome, and then speed on their way; so many pleasant functions to attend! It is such an honourable post, keeping a man in the limelight, making him toastmaster at the festive board, and leader of all civic affairs. Who would not like to be Mayor? Thus, no doubt, reason many, from the "man on the street" to the unsatisfied or satiated men on commercial, financial or social "Heights."

But, considered from another viewpoint, who would care to be Mayor? Think of the numerous meetings, of one kind or another that a Mayor *must* attend. We will not dwell on the city council meetings, and meetings of civic committees, which themselves, we may be sure, are often, like much study, a weariness to the flesh, and a test of endurance in patience and hope, no less than in "well-doing"—by the avoidance of vexation of spirit, and by the saving grace of humour. But So-and-so is passing through, (reports the ever-alert secretary), and the Mayor must pay his respects to him, her, or them. There is this local entertainment, or that Organization's convention or visit: the city simply must not fail to give reasonable recognition—~~in~~ involving addresses of welcome and what not?—to this party of tourists or that group of Empire Dignitaries: for social, political, professional worthies and workers of all outstanding types come and go in this big and growing terminal city of the last best British West, this Canada of ours!

In short, the Mayor of Vancouver must often be willing to sit late and rise early in order to discharge the honourable duties and responsibilities of his office, and his secretary must equally call no hour of the day or night his own so long as there are representative strangers, illustrious or less well known, to be shown round, entertained, or enlightened, as the guests of the city.

Still it is curious how most of us humans are so attracted that we see the glamour about the *other* man's task or office!

Analytically considered, instead of having "a cinch of a job" in this perennial Canadian port, the Mayor



Vancouver's "Perpetual Mayor,"
"L. D." Taylor

and the Mayor's secretary alike have onerous posts that must often involve nerve-racking, temper-testing and brain-tiring experiences galore: And yet we have not even mentioned the class and claims of other members of the present or passing social order, worthy but workless, who, when other avenues of opportunity or income are closed to them, think they have some right—and maybe they have—to "call upon the Mayor"—or at the Mayor's office, and tax the ingenuity, sympathy and humanity of the civic servants or, as far as time permits, of the Secretary or of the Civic Head himself.

EVERYTHING CONSIDERED, who would care to be Mayor of Vancouver, or who, having had other secretarial experience, would be anxious to hold the post of secretary to such an official?

A Mayor's big task seems to be to follow the Scriptural injunction of "being all things to all men" and in the process exercising not only right and reason, but human interest, goodwill, gracious manners and civic dignity. In these respects, and in the use of fitting words, the office of Civic Chief provides a multiple test—for the best qualified of men. And with increasing knowledge of Mayor Taylor ("L. D." as he is familiarly known to Kiwanians and others), many citizens hold that he gives good promise of becoming a kind of Perpetual Mayor of the city.

Linking Scotland and Vancouver

Such reflections are inspired less by acquaintance with the Mayor as a "Come-back" fighting candidate or a journalist—though we may find much to admire in his spirit and staying-power in both connections—than by the attendance of the editor of this magazine at a social entertainment given (unavoidably at a somewhat

later hour than usual) to the visiting Scottish football players.

It happened that the Official in charge of the touring football players, Mr. Robert Campbell, president of the Scottish Football Association, (who, who, in the business world, is a lawyer in practice in Perth city, Scotland), was among the valued personal friends of the editor of the *British Columbia Monthly* in "Edinburgh years"—Mr. Campbell himself having been a prominent player even before then in the "St. Johnstone" team.

Considering the limited time available for the entertainment of the visitors, the programme arranged (beginning with an excellent dinner served in the new Hotel Georgia) revealed the experienced judgment of the Mayor's secretary, for the fine work in the singing of the "D.O.K.K." quartette was supplemented by clever drolleries from Mr. Darby, ventriloquist, and "sleight of hand" turns by Mr. Frank Fraser so remarkable in their way that even a sceptic might be led to admit that the days of miracles were not ended.

The speeches, from the Mayor's welcome to the closing words of appreciation (preceding "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem) by Mr. McIntosh, from Dundee, another official of the Scottish Association, were in keeping with the occasion, well-timed and well-wordsed.

In the Chair, Vancouver's present Mayor is always modest in address, but (without wishing to make comparisons with others to whom public utterance may have been an ordeal—to all concerned), it should be recorded that Mayor Taylor makes his points well. On this occasion he briefly outlined the history of Vancouver and anticipated its destiny within the Empire, and concluded with happy references not only to the game of football, but to "playing the game" of life. He preached the need for the elder citizens encouraging healthy sport, and, ere the evening closed, "practised what he preached" by undertaking to give a cup for competition—among the youth of the Fair City of Perth: Another practical form of Empire-linking and building!

In acknowledging the hospitality of Vancouver city, Mr. Campbell mentioned that in travelling westwards their company had been assured that their welcome would be only the warmer as they continued to near the Pacific Coast, and they had certainly

found it to be so. From his sight-seeing that afternoon, he could speak of Vancouver as largely a "garden city" and the British Gateway to the East. Though far from home, he and his companions felt much at home in Vancouver because the atmosphere was largely Scottish.

With good sportsmanship spirit, Mr. Campbell went on to congratulate the Vancouver team on their showing against the visitors, and made some comparative comments in keeping with that statement.

Mr. Thomas Fawkes, president of the Lower Mainland Football Association, also made a short speech in happy vein, and Capt. McDowell of the Vancouver players was made the recipient of suitable mementoes for his eleven.

Mr. Jack Russell, another Vancouver Scotsman with journalistic connection, he being an accountant on the *Province* staff, as president of the Dominion Football Association, happily voiced appreciation of the civic recognition given the game and the players, and a pleasant sporting and inter-Empire social gathering was closed by the announcement already mentioned, of Mayor Taylor's offer to give a cup for competition among the young folks of Perth city.

We congratulate Mayor Taylor on his fine spirit and imperial vision in this matter, and, as one who, in his 'teens, did reporting work on the *Perthshire Advertiser*, the editor of this Magazine congratulates Perth city on its thus being linked up in good sportsmanship interests with this Farthest West Mainland Port of the British Empire.

* * *

After visiting "Vancouver Island," the Scottish footballers returned to Vancouver City and played a second game before beginning their return journey via Edmonton, Alberta. As on the first occasion, the exhibition of "passing" was one of the finest features of the visitors' game, and the Vancouver players did well in not letting more than six goals be registered against them.

* * *

We did not ask permission to mention this fact, but in justice to "Puir Auld Scotland"—and perhaps to further the enlightenment of those other citizens of the Empire who know of Scotland only through the joke-stories against themselves that Scotsmen so freely fabricate and circulate—we think general recognition should be given to it, namely, that the arrangement for the Scottish players touring Canada was made without any stipulation for a percentage of the profits

that might accrue from the "gates" of the games played. Of course their ordinary expenses, travelling, hotel, etc., were assured them, but—*writing entirely on our own initiative*—we may express the hope that the net profits will be such that the Canadian authorities will feel warranted in otherwise acknowledging the generosity and goodwill of the Scottish Football Association.

Meantime, those who may be inclined to question how far any forms of sport should be professionalised, will be gratified to know that the Scottish Association has shown such practical interest in the advancement of the game in this Canadian Dominion of the Empire.

Visitors Otherwise Honoured

By the enterprise and enthusiasm of a number of former citizens of Perth, Scotland, a function was arranged in the Georgia Hotel, Vancouver, at which over forty Vancouver men, at one time resident in the "Fair City," entertained President Campbell and two of the players, Messrs. Swallow and Munro, of "St. Johnstone" football team. Mr. H. J. Baxter was chairman, and Mr. Knox secretary of the Perth organization. The chief toast of the evening, "the St. Johnstone Football Club" (St. John's Town, the original name for Perth city, was the capital of Scotland until Edinburgh superseded it in 1482), was given by Mr. Doig, himself a former player in that team. Mr. Doig sketched the history of the club over a period of forty years. Other speakers were also reminiscent, and Messrs. W. and J. Anderson contributed vocal and violin solos. Following his response, in equally reflective vein, Mr. Campbell presented Messrs. Baxter and Knox with souvenir badges, and he himself was made the recipient of one of the latest books of views of Vancouver. Altogether, the evening was one of pleasant reunion and happy memories.

President Campbell Entertained

Obviously, Mr. Campbell, as President of the Scottish Football Association, was anxious about conscientious attention to his duties in connection with the touring team, and that, together with the fact that everything was done on a pre-arranged schedule, left little time for private calls or functions, however ready Perth friends were to welcome him. But besides visiting relatives, Mr. Campbell managed to fit in a call at the home of Mrs. (and Miss Mary) MacCallum, Burnaby Street, whose late son (and brother), Mr. Archie G. MacCallum, latterly Royal bank Manager at Drymen, Stirlingshire, had been president

of the Perthshire Football Association, and an intimate friend of Mr. Campbell's.

On the same afternoon, following a personal meeting with Mr. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Chalmers, Bute Street, arranged for a group of Scottish and Vancouver friends to meet him. Mr. Campbell himself being in the legal profession, Vancouver Law Agents were fairly represented, as well as friends with literary interests. Those present included: Mr. George Duncan, solicitor, and Mr. Walter Stevenson, solicitor, President and Secretary respectively, of Vancouver Scottish Society; Mr. R. A. Hood, author of "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester," etc., and Past-President of British Columbia Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association; Mr. C. N. Haney, solicitor; Miss Mary MacCallum; Mr. Hugh Campbell, solicitor, formerly of Perth, and Mrs. Campbell; Rev. J. Richmond Craig, of First Church, and Mrs. Craig; Mr. W. R. Dunlop, Past-President of Vancouver University Institute, and also of Vancouver Scottish Society; Mr. and Mrs. James Inglis Reid; Miss Chalmers; and Rev. Frank and Mrs. Dickie (sister of D. A. Chalmers), on furlough from the war zone in China.

Naturally the visitor's impressions of Canada were listened to with interest, and, in the all too short time available, a rapid friendly exchange of views took place.

On the Saturday evening when the party left for Edmonton, many groups gathered at the station, and while some circles sang "Auld Lang Syne," others, after bidding their friends Goodbye, saluted them as the train moved out, with the characteristically hearty Scottish valedictory—

"Haste ye back again!"

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The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

THE CONFERENCE AND OUR NATIONAL STATUS

It is not surprising, after all, that we are again being told by some, a local lawyer amid the number, of what the last Imperial Conference did in the way of determining our National Status. In the language of the street, "It sounds well, but, oh my!"

Those who seek to explain their failure to recognize the facts of history by basing their recognition of our National Status on what the Conference might be supposed to have done, have, so far, neglected to state what the nature of that Conference is.

Whatever it is, it has admittedly no legislative functions. This has been carefully laid down from time to time. Now, Downing Street affirmed this, fearful of a charge that it was seeking, through the Conference, to force its will on the Colonies. Again, some Colonial Representative, eager to reassure some section of his country that there had been no invasion of its rights of self-government, called attention to this fact. This has happened in Canada.

What can a body devoid of legislative powers do to affect, either favourably or unfavourably, the question of a Nation's Status? That it could do so effectively must be admitted to be absurd.

The Imperial Conference is a Conference, or Committee, to discuss Imperial concerns, to propose matters for the action of the legislatures of the constituent parts of the Empire. Only this and nothing more. To this function it has strictly adhered at all times.

The Conference proposes, the nations of the Empire dispose. In a nutshell that states the facts. Why, then, outrage common sense by telling us that the Conference established our National Status or did this or that towards it?

The Conference reported what, to it, were the facts. It did not invent the facts, thereby, did not make them. They were History when the Conference met and it said so. Only this and nothing more.

Let these vendors of propaganda stop juggling words and sentences and give truth and common sense a place in their findings.

OUR CANADIAN LITERATURE

One of the benefits of our present reflections, as a nation, on what sixty years of Confederation has meant in National accomplishment, is a realization of our assets and an endeavour to rightly value them.

Among these assets is a subject of much discussion—our Canadian Literature—an item of first importance to us all.

It is only natural that there should be divergent views expressed, and some angry discussions take place over this question, as it has more than one viewpoint from which to be judged.

Recently one of our local Professors, dealing with our Literature from the standpoint of literary art and of what a literature should be, was roundly condemned and criticized by others who, necessarily, had a different viewpoint and idealism.

While we do not agree with his exact expression, as reported, and would differ somewhat from some of his statements—not necessarily thereby stating him to be

proven wrong—we are bound to agree with the general tone of his criticism.

And why not?

"Art is long and time is fleeting" wrote one, who, himself, proved his incapacity for the real art of literature. Why, then, expect a Nation, not yet emerged from the days of pioneering; with its educational system not yet fully complete; with its time fully absorbed by the many problems of its daily life; to produce a literature that can only be produced by culture, taste, wide reading, deep study, educated self-expression, and a knowledge of the artistry of Literature impossible to the hard-working Pioneer or his, not less busy, son or grandson.

It can be no just cause of complaint that, at this stage of our development we have produced no Byron, no Shelley, no Bocaccio, no Goethe or no Shakespeare. When we have assimilated the vast stores of knowledge available to us through the abundance of printed records, we dare assert that Canada will contribute worthily and well to the world's best literature an expression of her wonderful natural beauty, tremendous vastness of territory, grand physical features of lofty mountain, sweeping plain and magnificent river with the breadth and clarity of vision, broad and tolerant charity of thought that such things naturally teach. At present, we must frankly say, "So far this has not been done."

If we have failed to express literary art, have we, therefore, failed in our Canadian Literature, or is it worthy of our race and circumstances?

Each one must answer this question for oneself. It would be presumption for us to assume that we were sufficiently acquainted with Canadian Life to say what its judgment in this matter is. For ourselves, we simply say that, judged by any proper standards, Canadian Literature justifies its existence, justifies our people in making every effort to know it better.

To attempt any such review of either our poetry or our prose, in the short space of a magazine article, as would prove our contention, would be to become ridiculous. Fortunately it is unnecessary even to name a few of that large number of Canadian Poets, who, lacking the polish, finish, culture, reference value and other features, in part or in whole, have shown that they needed only more fortunate circumstances and surroundings to write real poetry in the true and artistic sense of that term. We only wish to express our dissent, as others have done, to the local Professor's criticism of Service. We do not ask him to place Service higher in classification as a Poet than he has done. We ask him to revise his reported statement, "that he had never read a poem of his worth while." To us that could only mean either that he had not read all of Service's poetry or that his "worth while" was too restricted in meaning to be at all valuable to us as a people.

Nor is our prose less unworthy than our poetry. It could not be so widely read and appreciated beyond our borders, more particularly, in the older lands of Europe, were it valueless and inefficient.

No! we have a literature much as should be expected from our history, position and circumstances; a literature worth our people's knowledge and support, defective, as needs must be the case, from what we have time, money, leisure and opportunity to do, but, in the end, expressing in our uncouth, pioneer, semi-developed way, the life we, as a people of that class, are living. Its defects are the defects of our life, the virtues the virtues of our character and habits, both of expression and otherwise.

We cannot hope to judge it as the world will ultimately judge it, we are too near to it to see clearly its virtues and defects as they will ultimately be seen. If it expresses those sound ideas and ideals that should be inculcated by the heroism, self-sacrifice, loyalty and patriotism of our immediate forefathers we can, unfearingly, leave its final adjudication to fate.

We make only one plea and one prediction. Our plea that Canadians will interest themselves more in Canadian literature as it is and will be. Our prediction that when another fifty years have rolled away no literary critic will be able truthfully to say that, from the standpoint of literary art as it is expressed in our best British and Continental writers, we will, then, have no real Canadian Literature.

What Is Your Religion?

THE CONTINUITY OF LAW

(By L. B. Whitney)

We shall never reach the understanding of "The Law of the Spirit Life" until we learn to keep the mind "staid" on that realm of consciousness which we recognize as that which functions according to law.

Professor Henry Drummond in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" says, that one of the most striking generalizations of recent science is that even Laws have their Law; and he goes on to say that the great Law, the Law of Continuity, is the Law for Laws. He says, that it is reserved for the Law of Continuity to put the finishing touch to the harmony of the Universe; and in order to give ourselves a just appreciation of the Principle of Continuity to try to conceive of the universe without it. Just here I would like to say that this book of Professor Drummond's, if read and assimilated, would, I feel sure, hasten the time when the new race shall appear. We are so apt to endeavor to become spiritual by evolution or involution, instead of by Cause in itself, and this Cause, the new birth, which Professor Drummond explains, in no unmistakable terms.

God has been called the Changeless One, the Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent One. We, if true to type and acknowledging that our life is begotten of His Life, James 1:18, must manifest these potentialities as being the law of our being also, when we know the Truth which shall make us free.

The interest in spiritual healing is tremendous today and much help has been given, but is it caused by a birth into a new consciousness, or is it by the power of suggestion? The first takes one into the Kingdom of Consciousness, where the law of one's being is changeless good, the experiences and manifestations are infinite and comprise all that is lovely, the other, being from that law which is not permanent and cannot be relied upon to operate at all times, is *not* the Law of Life.

How many students of the Bible have made the finding of this law their great quest? And yet, is there any statement, any promise in the whole Bible, which carries with it such momentous meaning for every human being? "Free from sin and death!"

Swedenborg tells us that the law is one of correspondence and that the Bible holds the key. Drummond also shows us that according to the environment which we correspond with do we live and that God is the environment of the Spiritual being.

It may be that at some transcendent moment God has revealed himself to us in a limited degree. We should hold on to this revelation desperately, until it has imprinted itself on our consciousness sufficiently to be brought back again. The Continuity of law has been broken of course, but the vision has been given and we

will some day learn just how to attain the receptivity necessary for its continuance.

Jesus gave us three rules for the attainment of that union with the Father which brings about the birth into sonship (which sonship means redemption). These rules are:

"Dwell in the Secret Place."

"Abide under the Shadow of the Almighty."

"Continue ye in my love" (which is life).

THE JOY CONSCIOUSNESS

(By A. B. Armstrong)

Cheerfulness is to the soul what sunshine is to the flowers. You lay a weight over the grass or cover the flowers from the sun, the result, a frail and delicate plant. Whenever you allow depression to overshadow the true-self you hinder your progress.

Joy is not in things; it is in you. When every atom of your being is quickened with that pulsating spirit of joy, that which you *are* bursts forth by virtue of the living principle.

"He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast" (Proverbs). All our lives should be a marriage feast with the exhilarating wine of the Spirit of Joy.

Songs in the night are like unto the joy we express or assume under very trying conditions. Holding steadfast to the true, with the right attitude, we rise to a higher degree of consciousness and eventually all unreal conditions are eliminated from our experience. You may say, how can one be joyful under such and such conditions? I want to say, joy is a Divine quality, born of the Spirit, the unconditioned, above all that is unlike it. What must I do to gain it? Assume it, cultivate it, act as though you were and you shall be. Associate yourself with all ideas relating to love, and joy and harmony, weave it into the very fabric of your being, and that which is your true nature, responds to the likeness. Then will you recognize the union and be conscious of your oneness with Divine joy.

As we awaken to our real joy, we allow no thing, no condition, to overshadow; our view is ever upward, and we recognize our principle only. Joy being a character of Divine love, one must have joy before he can begin to perpetuate.

Living in beauty of thought and deed,

Knowing the beauty of God, is seed.

To be ever conscious they all are mine

Brings forth rapture of bliss Divine.

Looking ever to the one Divine Principle is the only true life; cultivating the presence and beauty in all that you vision. With that continued recognition comes realization: with realization comes the glory. Continued glorification,—then purification; and when purified, brought to the pure essence, you are illuminated, and you have then entered into the Kingdom not made with hands, eternal in harmony.

Some Observations at United Church "Courts" and Reflections Suggested Thereby

By D. A. CHALMERS

May month was rich, almost over-rich, in meetings of Ministerial Bodies. There were two days of "Presbytery," in successive weeks, before the several days of "Conference," which a Presbyterian has to translate into the "Synod" of other years.

Re-Pressing the Press

Even a journalistic reviewer, wishing to be altogether friendly to Vancouver Presbytery of the United Church, could not but be amused by some of the procedure followed, or suggested, by a few of the "fathers and brethren" who seek to sway or arrange things. For instance, at the end of a discussion concerning a question about the disposal of which there was some decided difference of opinion, reference was made to the newspaper reports of a former discussion on the same subject, and the Court thereupon passed a motion that the matter in question be not reported to the press. The word "officially" may have been used to qualify the action, but one of the "official" committee of newspaper reporters—both of whom happen to be former Methodist ministers—suggested that the Court had better appoint a press committee, and he was promptly told that there was one, and that he was a member of it. Whereupon he readily, and quite naturally, rejoined that "they had better appoint some one else." Of course, as the brethren may need reminding, reporters are not always responsible for the "heads" given to their reports or news items.

An "Open Court" or—What?

It can be readily understood that it is not always in the interests of a Church Court that certain of its actions be enlarged upon in the press, especially if such action emphasizes difference of opinion. And yet why should not the laity of any Church be allowed to learn through the press of the attitude taken on this question or that when it comes before the open Court? Independence of thought is surely not a sin in a Protestant Church in the twentieth century! In rare and special cases there may be good reason to avoid publicity; but officially prepared and supplied reports do not make for development of the democratic spirit.

At any rate, one has only to ask the question—What would be thought of the Judge of a Law Court who *after* the evidence had been taken in an open Court tried to rule that it be held as taken *in camera*?

Prolonged Discussions—and Evening Sederunts

At a recent evening session of the Presbytery ample indications were given that the Chairman and Secretary of the Court, and at least one other member, (Mr. H-b-n) had done noteworthy service towards the settlement of a difficult case. It need not therefore be taken as a reflection on President Braden or Secretary Archibald that discussion of comparatively minor matters is often unduly prolonged and leads, as on the day in question, to evening meetings, which, after a morning and afternoon of discussion, become a weariness to mind and spirit—of those members who are courageous or dutiful enough to continue attendance. At that evening sederunt many were conspicuous by their absence.

After considerable oral reviewing and questioning by various members, one gathered that the difficult case in question—one of differences in a congregation—was in some respects such as hardly justified its being brought before the Court, and yet a very large portion of the evening meeting time was given to its details, and, considering whether further action should be encouraged or sanctioned.

In the course of the review of that case it is safe to say that one prominent member of the Court was on his feet at least a dozen times, and probably nearer a score.

Rules of Debate—and Exceptions

An impartial observer could not but notice the ease with which some volubly outstanding members of the Court "get off" with repeated risings, or seat-holding interjections, when there is prolonged discussion of any subject. Not that one would suggest that the chairman means to be deliberately lax or unalert. Only some members seem, —like Shakespeare's Ann Hathaway, to "have a way with them," so that, after having spoken more than once on a topic, they interject conversational comments or supplementary remarks, often prolonged into short speeches, in a way that may at times be useful, but that certainly prolongs the meetings.

In contrast, one could not but observe the ready way in which some heavyweight will rise to "a point of order," or otherwise question the procedure, when a less-known ministerial member, or perhaps a mere "layman," ventures a preliminary remark or two, or makes bold to stand up for some

course or movement unpopular among the brethren in general.

An "Order of Business" Needed

At times it may be next to impossible to prepare an order of business beforehand, but it is in place to suggest to the Presbytery that if this can be done it would be a convenience to all concerned, and especially to visitors from congregations, and also to "lay" representatives who may attend from a sense of duty, but who, unlike the clerical members of the Court, have no salary running on with the clock, and so have to depend on their attention to other "business" to meet this world's material requirements.

Pre-arrangement of the items to come before the Court—as was done for the "Conference" meetings—would also prevent even the suspicion of delay or special planning as to time in dealing with any question likely to arouse debate or sharp difference of opinion.

Financial Allowance for Lay Members Suggested

Whether ministers are at work or play—and not a little of their "Court-ing"—sometimes seems like play, comparatively!—their salaries run on with the calendar. So far as laymen are concerned, it might not be out of place for the Presbytery to consider making a financial allowance for time in attendance by lay representatives. No doubt some ministers and other dignitaries and officials of one kind or another, may have got into the way of thinking that lay members should consider it an honour to be associated with them in the work;—and with the right spirit dominant, the honour should be common and mutual. But many laymen actively interested in church affairs are no more able than ministers themselves to give a day or days, of time entirely detached from the duties whereby they earn their daily bread.

As for the rate of allowance, it may be suggested that the total salaries of the clergy be taken and an average struck on that basis. That would mean that not only the minimum salaries, now \$1800 or thereby, would be included, but the larger salaries up to \$4000, or over, given to the select few or more prominent figures, not figure-heads, would also be reckoned in before the average rate for a layman's daily allowance were struck.

An "Attendance" Fee for "Court" Work

As evidence that the placing of such value on mere laymen's time would not be unreasonable, it may be permissible in this writer to note that, as a young man in his twenties—before he came to Canada twenty years ago—he was engaged at Court work, at which the daily "Attendance" charge alone was "three guineas," or approximately fifteen dollars, and that was apart from the fees paid for the onerous and responsible work when done, which itself represented many more "guineas."

That was, of course, a very different kind of "Court,"—it was indeed a Court of Justice, a Supreme Court, in which "fair and reasonable" value was put on the independent exercise of brains and experience.

Do Ideals Dominate—"Power" or "Light?"

Perhaps in that case one was working for money before ideals—unless we hold any service to "Justice" as ideal; but with increasing experience of some men who, whatever their assured salaries, are supposed to be working primarily for ideals, one has need of more than an ordinary measure of faith to retain belief that ideals are, or remain, the dominant influence in this initial stage of human life. Even a Church Court meeting may send the mind back to Milton's "Lycidas" as expounded by John Ruskin:

"Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep hook,"

Ruskin notes: "Milton means what he says, and means it with his might, too—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false Bishops, he was a lover of true ones. . . ."

A "Bishop" means "a person who sees." A "Pastor" means "a person who feeds." The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind. The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,—to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses, and you have "blind mouths." Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from Bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook.

(Interested readers are referred to "Sesame and Lilies": "Of King's Treasuries.")

Wit(s) and Humour at Church Courts

As we are happily reminded now and then, even the sombre heaviness of atmosphere formerly thought to be the only one in keeping with Churches and Church Courts may be changed and charged in these days by flashes of wit and humour. When such a member as Dr. J. S. Henderson is waxing

eloquent while evidently "thinking on in Church and State and Society, is his feet," and impulsively drawing from not stressed?

his rich store of experience, sometimes a jest will be interjected about the passing of resolutions. For the brethren do pass many resolutions at times—whether or not they themselves afterwards do more than "pass."

Fun-loving J. Richmond Craig of First Church, sprung a good one, which the dignified and time-pressed President, at the recent Conference, did not deign to notice. There had been some discussion about the difficulty of "billetting" the brethren who were visiting delegates, and on the same day a report was made of remarkable enterprise and progress displayed at the Central City Mission.

During the moments of flurry associated with "next business," Mr. Craig, with mock seriousness, interjected "a motion" to the effect that in view of the success of the Central City Mission as revealed in the report, accommodation for the visiting delegates should hereafter be arranged at that institution! We are not sure about the "hereafter," but it is just like J. R. C. to be ready to arrange for decent berths for his brethren meantime.

Himself a man of wide experience of life,—it is not too much to say that his unconventional evangelical work in the logging camps of British Columbia was the successful preliminary to the not less commendable career, Mr. Craig has since had as minister, first of a suburban Vancouver church, and then of the big downtown "Church of the open door." Like some others, he has learned to meet all sorts and conditions of men, first on an equal footing as men, afterwards using his knowledge of human nature, his overflowing humour, and his experience of "Divine grace," to arouse and stimulate them.

"Salacious Literature"

At Presbytery and Conference alike there was a long list of "Resolutions" submitted and, after more or less discussion "passed;" and a working journalist who has had years of experience of the indifference of many "good church people," including ministers of all denominations, may be excused for expressing some impatience with the way in which speech exceeds action.

"To smoke or not to smoke," is a subject by itself, but what is the use of passing resolutions about "Salacious literature," or otherwise indulging in negative criticisms and condemnation of much printed matter from the other side of the international boundary line appearing on Canadian bookstalls, if action towards practical interest in publications that make not only for cleanliness and upbuilding in literature and life, but for positive healthfulness

The *British Columbia Monthly* representative could write a story that might not be without interest or enlightenment from the records of this magazine's varied and often surprising experiences with Churchmen and others outwardly professing interest in its ideals of "Social, educational, literary, and religious," community service; but this is not the time.

"The New Outlook"

But the fact came out, or at least the statement was made, in connection with the selection of two ministerial agents for the "New Outlook" that that weekly periodical of the United Church has only something like 800 subscribers in British Columbia. Assuming that a weekly published in Toronto can serve the whole of the Dominion, we think that that statement involves a big reflection on the people of the United Church, and that the "Confederation Special" train of the "New Outlook" is not running across the continent any too soon. Can it be that good church people are among the purchasers of the millions of United States publications sold in Canada?

Another line of reasoning has been previously stressed in this magazine. We think it is open to question whether any journal—religious or other—published in Toronto, can satisfactorily serve the whole of this Dominion, or, in proportion, give adequate space to the life and work of this Farthest West. We have ventured to suggest ere this to the men and ministers of all denominations that the social, literary and religious interests of Vancouver, Victoria and the two Westmost Provinces of Canada can not be "run" from Toronto, Montreal, or elsewhere in the East.

"The Western Recorder"

We are not unmindful either that a Methodist Journalist, Mr. Hicks, has for years exercised commendable enterprise and practical interest in ideals of Church Service by giving himself to the carrying on of the "Western (Methodist) Recorder," published in Victoria, with "Methodist" omitted, now, of course.

We understand the "Recorder" is primarily devoted to the service of the Church in the West; and, as such a journal, it should be given loyal support by all churchmen, who have the minimum official interest of "a dollar a year" in their church publicity. We say that independently and without reserve because we believe that interest in serviceable publications, as in other things, should "begin at home." We say it the more readily, too, as we understand the publisher of the "Recorder," beyond getting a kind of

"pious opinion" endorsement from the clergy or local courts of the new Church, carries on his publication service on a basis similar in the main to that of the management of this Magazine, namely,—of practical "Faith and Works,"—learning to "Have faith in God" rather than man, and involving "work" in all departments, not restricted by any "eight hour" regulations, or lightened by a guaranteed income, even of a ministerial "minimum,"—after payment of printing, postage and other incidental expenses.

*Resolutions That "Pass in the Night,"
—and Serviceable Periodicals*

We think it timely to respectfully remind the ministerial brethren of all the Western Canadian Churches—Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Baptist, United, and others—that, whatever they do in "passing resolutions" about "salacious literature," there is, in that connection, a line of service and influence open to them that is unquestionable, namely, by word and example encouraging the people to subscribe to the Canadian periodicals that, whatever their limitations or independence in service, are honestly aiming to upbuild and extend healthful religious and community spirit in the churches as well as in the homes of the people.

*"What Touches Us Ourselves, Shall
Be Last Served"*

Having said so much of other periodicals, the *British Columbia Monthly* representative may be excused for noting that among the other "blows of circumstance" the management of this magazine had to face and fight throughout the years was the erroneous assumption—affecting circulation and business departments—that because of a "Westminster Hall" College connection or association in its origin, this was an exclusively church journal: whereas the fact was—and is—that it has never had a dollar assigned from any church fund, has never sought official recognition from any Church Court, and, so far as the Churches are concerned, has, in the main, fought a lone fight for ideals of service along "social, educational, literary and religious" lines.

Two Big Former Methodists

Dr. Endicott, who has spoken more than once in Vancouver, is one of the best speakers and widely experienced men of the former Methodist Church, but Dr. Chown is also a stalwart, physically and otherwise.

At a meeting later than the Conference, we understand he, following the habit of the Court, also made certain

remarks "not for publication," but the addresses Dr. Chown gave at the Conference were not of a kind to support allegations of any disposition to assume pontifical powers. The tenor of his expositions and the spirit of the man as revealed thereby were impressive and altogether happy and helpful. In opening one address he referred in some detail to his own early career, and that outline was not calculated to lessen interest in this strong and attractive personality, whose figure and manner may in some measure remind men with experience of Old Country Leaders of Professor Marcus Dods,—whom it was usually an intellectual treat to listen to, and often a soul-stirring one as well.

The former Methodists may well be proud of their contribution to the Union in the personalities of Drs. Endicott and Chown. For the United Church certainly needs such men, and more of such men, if it is to be carried on with balance and unity.



REV. E. D. BRADEN
New President of British Columbia
Conference of the United Church

Though born in Toronto, the recent Chairman of Vancouver Presbytery of the United Church, now new President of the larger "Court," the British Columbia Conference, Mr. E. D. Braden is from childhood, educationally, "a B. C. product." His father was in Vancouver before the "Vancouver Fire" (1886), and the President himself, though just entered on the "for-

ties," is a member of Vancouver Pioneers' Association.

Mr. Braden was elected to the honourable office of President of the 1927 Conference by a substantial majority over the united vote given to two formerly Methodist D.D.'s also nominated for the position. Later, when the report on Columbian College was presented, the new President made fitting and complimentary reference to that College, (Methodist, at New Westminster) as having been his only Alma Mater. He also referred in a good-natured way to the fact that while few of its graduates had received degrees, and might not be considered worthy of them, they were not envious, but comforted their souls with the statement of Scripture (Psalm 62:9) that "men of low degree were vanity and men of high degree were a lie" and "laid in the balance altogether lighter than vanity."

To all of which this reviewer would only venture the reminder that some one has said—was it not Shakespeare?—that "the kernel of a jest lies not in the mouth of the speaker but in the ear of the hearer."

At the same time, from a personal impression of President Braden, received some months ago, when the writer happened to be his neighbour at the ministerial luncheon addressed by Dr. Carruthers, we believe that, notwithstanding that pleasantries of his, it is right to assume that Mr. Braden would not deliberately belittle the value of "degrees" earned by real intellectual work or practical community or literary service.

On the other hand,—as a matter of interpretation indeed,—we would be inclined to infer that his jest, by use of a scriptural text, was inspired by an innate recognition that, with ministers as with others, the first and most important "degree" anyone can obtain from his fellows is that of genuine gentle—"M.A.N."

The churl in spirit, up or down
Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale:

For who can always act? but he
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seemed to be.

—TENNYSON.

Canadian Pacific Railway Com

(By E.

On May 23rd of this year the Canadian Pacific Railway Company celebrated the fortieth year of trans-continental service over its railway lines into Vancouver and the fortieth year also of an unbroken record of globe encircling by its steamers operating into and out of this port. This momentous event in the history of our city was celebrated at a luncheon on that day at noon at the Hotel Vancouver when the chief speaker and guest of honor was Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to the United States. Other honor guests were old-time employees and present and past officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. This year is also the forty-seventh year of the signing of the contract between the Dominion Government and the original Canadian Pacific syndicate which called for the carrying of the existing lines in the East to the Coast within the period of ten years.

Famous Syndicate Astounds the World

It is common history now how this famous syndicate, which consisted amongst others of Lord Mount Stephen, Donald A. Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, and Richard B. Angus, reinforced by the master brain, Van Horne, completed the task in five years instead of ten, and how the first passenger train ran into Port Moody July 4th, 1886, and into Vancouver 40 years ago this May.

Although the Canadian Pacific did not operate its own boats to the Orient

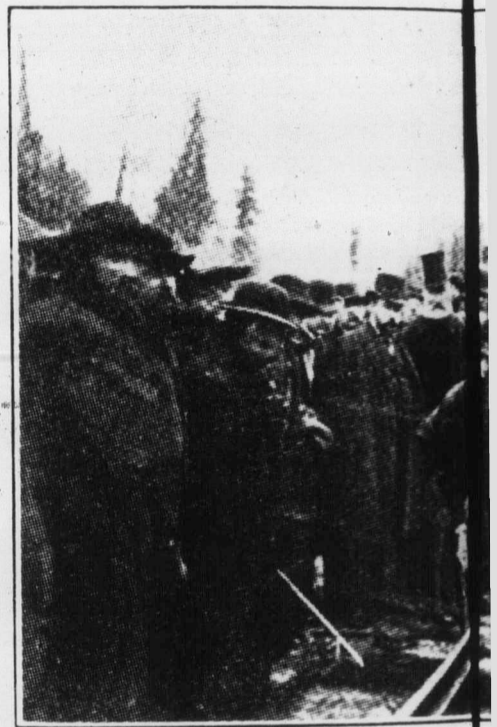
from Vancouver until 1891, when the famous three Empresses, the India, the China and the Japan, were placed on the sailing list, the company chartered the Abyssinia, Parthia, and Batavia in 1887, and during the following year, 1888, made no fewer than 14 full voyages to and from China and Japan, carrying in all that year 7,274 passengers.

Forty years ago, when the first passenger train arrived, Vancouver, barely recovered from the disastrous

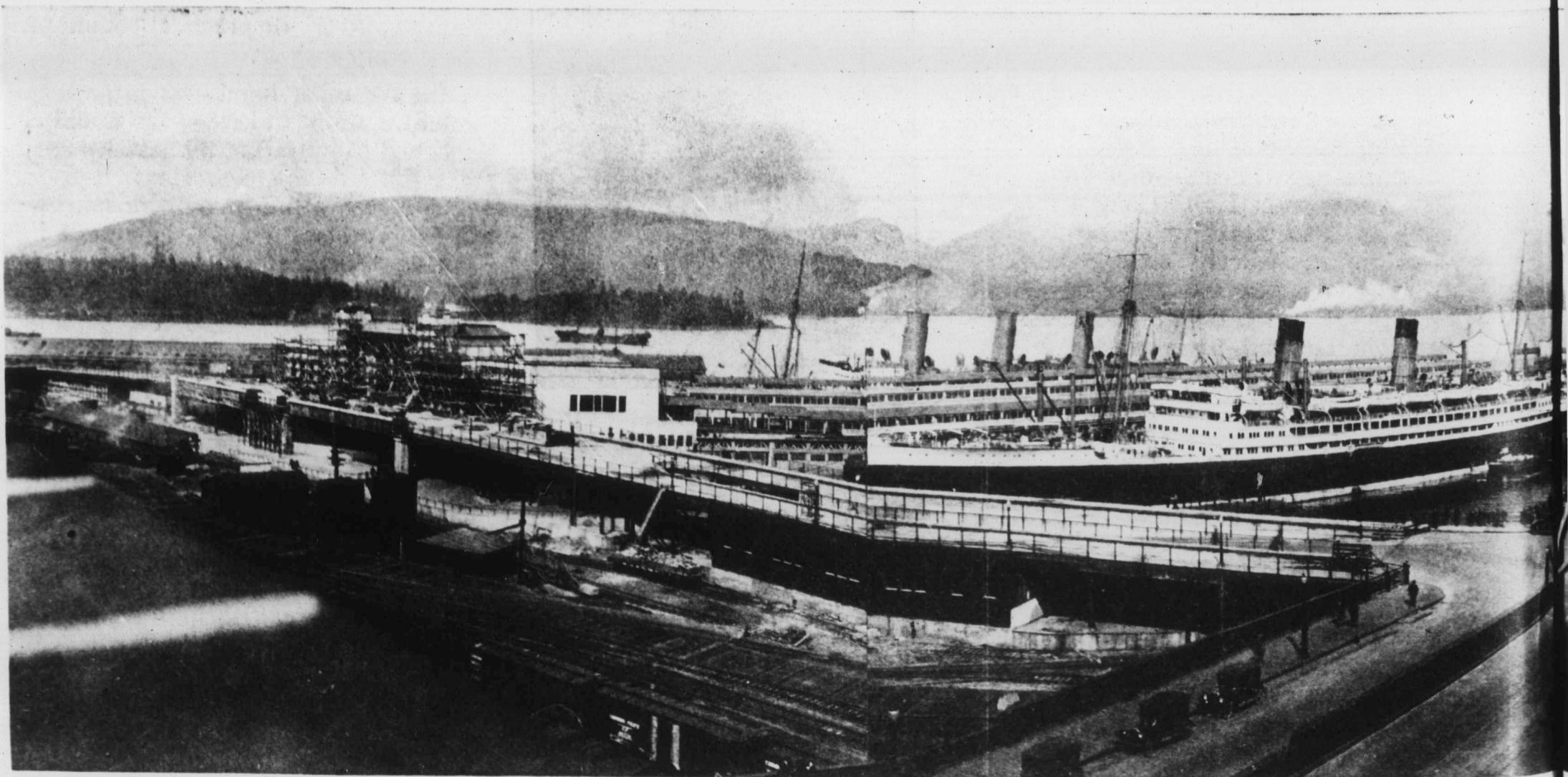
fire of 1886, was a city of a few thousands, having been incorporated as a city the year before. Today Greater Vancouver has a population approximating 280,000 and as the Empire's port on the Pacific is destined without a doubt to play an outstanding part in the future history of the world. During the past few years many prominent world figures have foretold that the population of Vancouver will reach the half million mark by 1935. Whether that prophecy comes true or not there



Lord Mount Stephen
First President



Donald A. Smith, later Lord
Craigellachie, B. C., November
Second President



The Vancouver Waterfront of Today. At the left centre is seen Pier B.C., a five-million-dollar structure recently completed by the C.P.S.S. "Empress of Canada," port flagship, and at berth C, is R.M.S. "Aorangi," one of the world's fastest motorships. At the eastern end are numerous C.P.R. coastwise passenger

Many Shows Faith in Vancouver

(E. Banks)

is no doubt but that her future is assured as one of the two great ports on the Pacific.

Name Bestowed Upon Vancouver

It is interesting at this stage to recall that it was W. C. Van Horne, then General Manager and Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, who gave Vancouver its name in 1885 and it was at his initiative that the work of clearing the townsite was begun by the railway company in 1885, and in the winter of 1886-87

the first railway station was constructed, while during the same period ocean docks, aggregating 1,000 feet in length, were built. It is certainly the truth to say that Van Horne and the railway company did not allow the grass to grow under their feet for in less than two years from the felling of the first tree a fair-sized city was an accomplished fact.

The first railway station in Vancouver was a covered wooden platform, some 300 feet in length, with a ticket

office and waiting room at one end and an express and baggage room at the other. It was built, as stated, in the winter of 1886-87. It was in this ticket office that the present European General Manager, Sir George McLaren Brown, took his first step on the company's ladder. Here also General Superintendent Ford started his career in the Dominion Express Company's service as its first agent. This company in 1896 was renamed the Canadian Pacific Express Company, and Mr. Ford is General Superintendent of the company for western lines. The second railway station for the company here was completed in 1899. It was a red brick building which contained as well the general offices. In 1914 the present fine structure was finished.

City Welcomes First Steamer

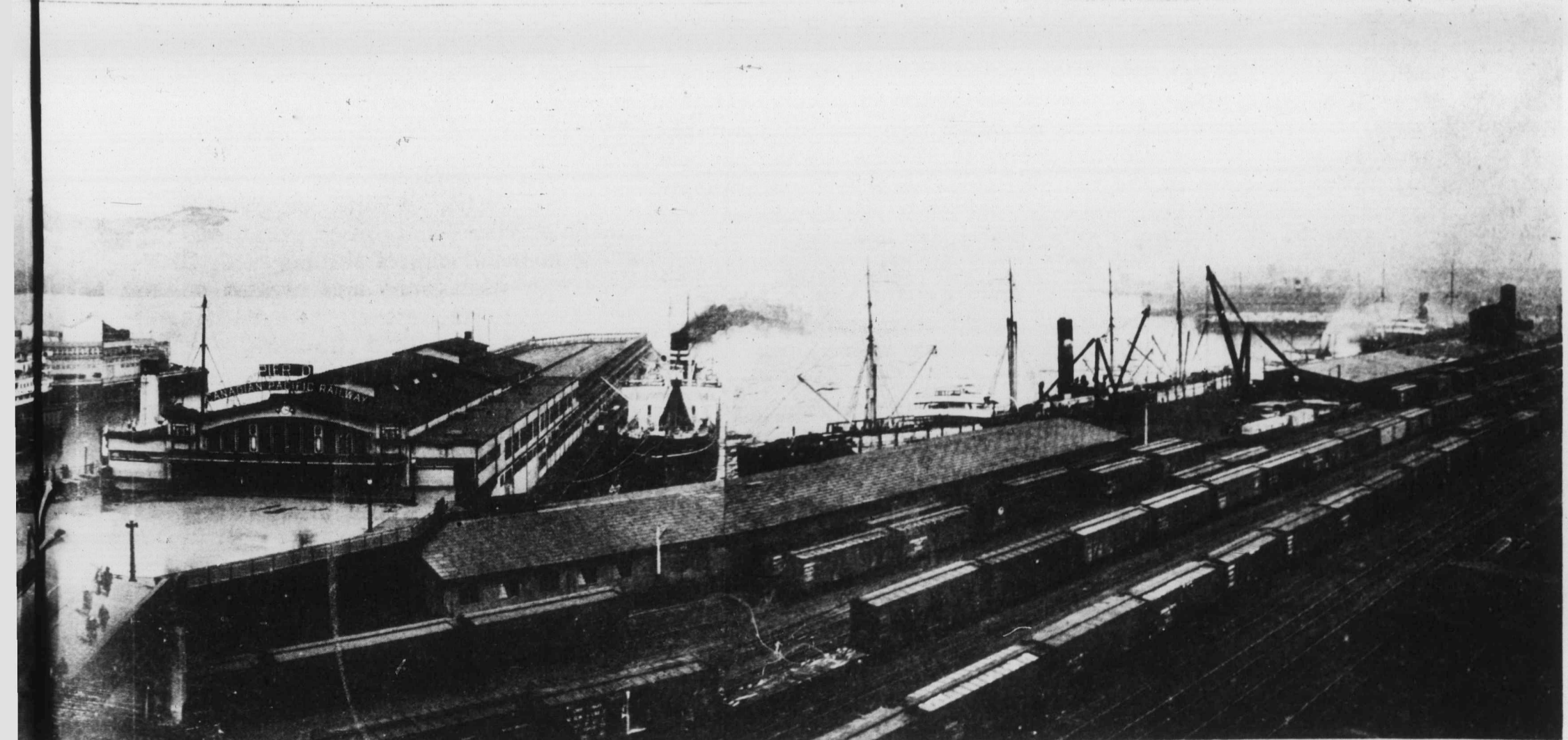
The Abyssinia, the first ship chartered for the trans-Pacific service by the company, arrived at the new C. P. R. wharf from China at midnight, June 13th, 1887. Great preparations were made by the city to give her a royal welcome, the Mayor and Aldermen attending, while a brass band had been engaged. The Parthia arrived July 5th of the same year. A few trips were also made by the Batavia. These ships were all chartered vessels, the charter running out on the arrival of the first Empresses, the India, China, and Japan, in 1891. The original three Empresses were all built on the same lines, with fiddle bows and a yacht like appearance. These were



...theona, driving the last spike at 1885. Sir William Van Horne, stands at left.



E. W. Beatty
Present President



Canadian Pacific Railway, and which will be formally opened by Mayor L. D. Taylor, on July 4th. At berth B of the new pier is seen the S.S. "Arabia Maru," one of the fast freighters of the Japanese N.Y.K. line, and at the western berth, one of the boats is engaged in loading passengers.

succeeded in time by larger ships, first the Empress of Asia and the Empress of Russia, and later by the Empress of Canada and the Empress of Australia.

The first Hotel Vancouver was built on the present hotel site in 1887-1888 and opened to the public May 16th, 1888. The hotel was remodelled and reopened in 1914. Another Canadian Pacific building in the old days—the Vancouver Opera House, was built by the company and opened to the lessee February 10th, 1891. It has been remodelled twice since, and was finally sold by the company. The building is now occupied by the Orpheum Theatre Company.

Company Backs City of Choice

From the year 1885, when Van Horne chose the site of the city, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has done everything in its power to develop the infant of its choice and no expense has ever been spared by the company in making its services and those of the city up to date in every respect.

Many millions of money have been spent by the company in developing its docking and terminal railway facilities at Vancouver and the many silk handling records, which have gone by the board in recent years, bear ample proof to the success of the undertakings.

In its new pier B-C, which will be formally opened July 4th by Mayor Louis D. Taylor, the Canadian Pacific Railway has constructed a pier which is equal to any in the world for its up-to-dateness along every line, while the various viaduct approaches to the string of piers built by the company compare, as regards quick handling, with anything on this continent. As a matter of fact, the new pier is the second longest pier of its kind in the world.

Other local activities of the company consist of the selling of sites and residences at reasonable terms, thus attracting a most desirable class of citizen. The company started its land operations in 1886 and many a successful business man of today is thankful for the assistance given him by the company in the purchase of his site and house. The company has always been a strong supporter of healthy recreations, and in three instances has aided in the formation of golf courses in the Vancouver district.

Golfers Favor Langara Course

Last year the company constructed a public golf course at South Vancouver at a cost of \$160,000, and the success of the venture has been one of the chief topics of conversation in local golf circles during the last few months.



Lord Shaughnessy
Third President

The course, which is called "Langara," after the early Spanish settlers, is 3400 yards in length and is operated by the company itself as a public course. Since the opening less than a year ago, no less than 40,000 golfers have played over the links, including Walter Hagen, champion golfer of the world, who has expressed the opinion that Langara will become one of the finest courses on the Pacific Coast.

No one should ever forget or over-

look the faith that the Canadian Pacific Railway has always reposed in the future of Vancouver and British Columbia. It has expended in the Province and Greater Vancouver vast sums of money, while it has built up the British Columbia Coast steamship service, a service second to none in the world for efficiency and comfort in short distance travel. Since the company purchased the steamers of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company in 1900, Capt. J. W. Troup has been manager of the service and through his grit and perseverance and the far-reaching forethought of the directors, has, in combination with an absolute faith in the future, raised the service to its present very high level of excellence.

In building up the service, Capt. Troup did not rely on any special model of boat but the construction of the Princess Victoria in 1903 marked a great step forward and to a great extent heralded the success of the future. The hall mark was set on the service when those magnificent floating palaces, the Princess Kathleen and the Princess Marguerite, which had been built by the company at John Brown & Company's yards at Clydebank, Scotland, were placed on the triangular run between Vancouver, Victoria, and Seattle in the spring of 1925.

"Through to Vancouver"

By R. G. MacBeth, author of "The Romance of Western Canada,"
"The Romance of the Canadian Pacific Railway," etc.

When the Jubilee of Confederation occurred ten years ago, Canada, like other parts of the British Empire, was still under the shadow of the Great War. Sir Douglas Haig and his men were fighting "with their backs to the wall," thousands of Canadians had fallen and many thousands more were facing fearful odds. It was no season for rejoicing at home. It was a time of anxiety; and celebrations would have seemed out of place. But the clouds have passed and the sun of prosperity and peace once more shines steadily all the way across our fair Dominion.

And now, when the Diamond Jubilee of Canada is with us, it is eminently fitting that we should rediscover the great headlands of our history, which for a time were submerged in the sea of world unrest. Hence we in the City of Vancouver and vicinity are just now celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the day, May 23rd, 1887, when the first through passenger train of the Canadian Pacific Railway arrived here and made the Confederation of the scattered provinces of Canada a

reality from sea to sea. But back of that event, there is the tale of the struggle to build the road—a tale as heroic as any story in our long history.

It is the story of a group of indomitable men, who, despite discouragements at home and bitter opposition in the financial centres abroad, pledged their own possessions and pressed on till their efforts were crowned with a success that astonished the world.

Whenever we pass the little station of Craigellachie, where the last spike in this great Transcontinental was driven, let us learn the history of the name. And then let us come to the salute in memory of men whose steadfastness was like unto that of the grey rock in the old glen of Strathspey, after which the station is called.

The last spike was driven at Craigellachie on November 7th, 1885, by Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona), and the official train came on through to tide-water at Port Moody, the statutory terminus of the road. The first regular passenger train to that point came on July 4th, 1886.

with William H. Evans as engineer, and P. A. Barnhart as conductor.

But the advantages of the present site of Vancouver were so obvious that, after necessary negotiations, the railway continued to this city. And the first through passenger train, as above noted, reached here on May 23rd, 1887.

There was not much of Vancouver then. The Hastings Saw Mill had been in operation on Burrard Inlet since 1865, with a sea-going trade, and a little village had grown up around it. A few hundred people with an eye to the future had later rushed in and built primitive wooden houses amid the rocks and stumps of the location. But on the 13th of June, 1886, the whole vilage was practically wiped out by a terirfic conflagration.

And anyone who has imagination can understand how the people went wild with joy and enthusiasm when the first through passenger engine came in over a track, laid on piles on the water's edge, to link up the ashes and rocks and stumps of the new townsite with the great throbbing centres of the East.

On the engine of that first train was the popular and skilful engineer, Peter Righter, with his fireman, George Taylor, who was kept busy thrusting wood through the flaming door. The conductor was the tall and courteous P. A. Barnhart. The engine had been finely decorated at Kamloops by the Master-Mechanic, Mr. Lacy R. Johnson. Flags and pennants and shields, foliage, flowers and mottoes, indicating the completion of Confederation, were hung on the engine, while a picture of good Queen Victoria, whose jubilee was that year, ornamented the headlight.

On the other hand, Vancouver was doing her share. Ships and boats in the harbor were dressed in many colors, under a glorious sky, and a handsome arch of Douglas fir was a fitting terminus for the incoming train. Across the Inlet, the snow-clad Lions of the Coast Range, looked on the scene with the calm vision of centuries.

The Canadian Pacific officials present in Vancouver that day were much in public notice. We recall the General Superintendent, Mr. Harry Abbott, (inset on front cover picture) Mr. William Downie, the Assistant Superintendent, Richard Marpole; W. F. Salisbury, Henry J. Cambie, D. E. Brown, George McL. Brown, H. E. Connon, Lacy R. Johnson, A. J. Dana and others—all strong, reliable men.

The Mayor of Vancouver—first to occupy the position—was that sturdy Highlander, M. A. MacLean, whose



Locomotive of first C.P.R. train to reach Vancouver. Decorated also in honor of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Inset: (At left) Peter Righter, engineer, and (at right) P. A. Barnhart, conductor.

ability and big-hearted, generous disposition, made him greatly beloved. After a few words of personal greeting, Mayor MacLean presented to Mr. Abbott, the Official Civic Address, which read in part as follows:

"Sir, less than one year ago, the City of Vancouver presented, through me, its congratulations to the company you represent, on the auspicious occasion of the arrival of the first passenger train from the Atlantic to tidal waters on the Pacific, at Port Moody. Today, upon the completion of the line to this, its western terminus, the City of Vancouver again tenders a hearty greeting to the company which you represent, and trusts that the great undertaking you have so happily concluded will realize all the expectations of its energetic manager, of the young Dominion which projected it, of the great Empire of which we happily form a part, and of the commercial world at large. We have assembled here today to welcome the arrival of the first through train, which is the greatest event in the history of our city, and which is of the utmost importance to the province at large."

A prophetic remark made by Mr. Abbott in his reply indicates that he had a vision of the future. He said, "The Canadian Pacific Railway Company believes in Vancouver and looks forward to helping in every way the great developments which will surely come to pass."

Only forty years have passed since the stately and honored official made that pronouncement. But its fulfilment is everywhere manifest around us in Vancouver. The company has poured millions into the development of the city, steadily improving everything as

the years have passed. A splendid station and a palatial hotel have risen to replace those of humbler days. An ornate residential district, cleared at great cost and named after Shaughnessy, the president when the work was undertaken, has become one of the great attractions for tourists and for sight-seers.

Just now the gigantic new pier, constructed at immense expenditure and known to be the finest and most modern in any harbor, attracts new attention from the great trading centres on all the seas that fringe the globe. These, with the elaborate train and ocean services, making connections all over the world, bear out the forecast made by Mr. Abbott on the day when the first through train entered the vilage which has now become a great city.

But all these and similar developments here and elsewhere involved constant and absorbing devotion to work, a determination to extend facilities and to increase the usefulness and adaptability of the organization. The Canadian Pacific Railway is now recognized as a financial barometer in marts of trade and a source of tremendous strength to Canada, as her largest taxpayer and most generous contributor in peace and war.

RE POETRY CONTEST DECISIONS

Owing to difficulty in selecting the order of merit, and the need for consulting other judges—the decisions in the Poetry Contest have had to be held over till next issue.

"The Turning Stone"—A Play in One Act

(By Mabel Rose Stevenson)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Queen Maeve, a fairy.
Findaragh, a fairy.
Sarah Ann Kelly, a gossiping woman.
Mary Jane Brady, a gossiping woman.
Unity Lynch, a beautiful peasant girl.
Kate Donnelly, her aunt.
Micky Murphy, her erstwhile lover.

SCENE: A remote district of Inishowen, in Northern Ireland.

TIME: New Year's Eve.

It is suggested that the fairies speak in a somewhat formal chanting intonation, to distinguish their speech from that of the mortals, who talk simply, without a forced assumption of Irish "brogue."

THE TURNING STONE

SCENE: A rough field in the wilds of Inishowen. At the back a rude fence of stones and bushes. In the foreground a path—a "short-cut" through the field—passing close by a large boulder near the centre of the stage. Behind the boulder a gnarled old thorn tree, and near-by a clump of bushes. The boulder is big enough for two people to sit or stand on.

TIME: Dusk on New Year's Eve.

The curtain rises on Findaragh. He is dressed in green with a red pointed cap and a long dark cloak of thin stuff that he can throw over his head with a movement of his arm. He is seated on the stone in a crouching attitude with a sad expression. He looks all round and sighs heavily.

FINDARAGH: To think that I, Findaragh, once loved and feared by all Ulster, with an unnumbered host of followers, am now alone, unknown, my very existence hanging on a slender thread. (He throws his cloak over him, huddles on the stone, and sighs again.)

(Maeve comes along the path. She has a bright fairy dress, with a little gold crown on her head, but a cloak similar to Findaragh's hangs from her shoulder. He looks up and sees her, and flinging back his cloak drops on one knee on the path before her.)

FINDARAGH: Maeve! Fair queen, whence comest thou?

MAEVE (taking his hand and raising him, a sudden glad smile lighting her sad face): I come from the wilds of Connaught to seek thee, Findaragh. I am alone, forgotten almost. But your

welcome has restored hope to me—a little. How fares it with you?

FINDARAGH: I am in the same case. My followers have all gone, for no one believes in them at all. I am alive and no more than that, held by the sometimes wandering faith of one old woman.

MAEVE (trembles): My last believer died today. If some miracle is not wrought, in twenty-four hours Queen Maeve will be . . . no longer.

FINDARAGH (flings himself at her feet and catches her hands in his): Maeve, beautiful queen! Once when the world was young and we floated happy and arrogant on the high tide of the faith of the multitude, I journeyed into Connaught. I journeyed in splendour with ten thousand of the Shee. I begged you to come to Ulster, but you scorned me, because I was not a king—though I am of royal blood.

MAEVE (laughs and raises him to his feet): Blood! What mean you? We are of the wind and water, of moon beams and the scent of flowers, of laughter, love and dreams.

FINDARAGH (also smiles): Then, Maeve, I can at least give myself royal airs! You have now come to Ulster, and if you will be my own queen, together, I swear, we will manifest our power and win back our kingdom.

MAEVE (looks at him wistfully): Findaragh, your love and loyalty overcome me. Whether for the hour or forever, I am your queen.

FINDARAGH (kneels again and kisses her hands): Now to plot and plan to conquer man. (They sit on the stone.)

MAEVE: Tell me your hope.

FINDARAGH: Kate Donnelly, an old woman here, saw me when she was a little girl, and she still half-believes it. No one sees me now.

MAEVE: How can they? You throw that ugly cloak over yourself.

FINDARAGH (startled): What ugly cloak? . . . Maeve, you have an ugly cloak, too.

MAEVE (starts also): I never knew.

FINDARAGH (with sudden illumination): It is woven of their unbelief. We have to wear it.

MAEVE: Never mind. Go on about Kate.

FINDARAGH: She is my hope. If I can through her make anyone else believe, it would spread, and we are saved.

MAEVE: Have you a plan?

FINDARAGH: Yes and no. I feel that this is the day and the place, but I don't know how.

MAEVE: What is this place?

FINDARAGH: This is a fairy thorn (points at tree). And this is the once famous turning stone. The Folk used to turn it around every New Year's Eve exactly at midnight, and whosoever dared to come alone at that hour and see it turn could ask any one question and have it truly answered. If their courage failed, they never returned.

MAEVE (looking round with interest): I remember, we knew of it in Connaught. Does it still turn?

FINDARAGH: How can it? It took at least a hundred of the aerial people to budge it.

MAEVE: Of course, so it did. These restrictions are maddening.

FINDARAGH: Have courage, Maeve.

MAEVE: Is the story of the stone still known?

FINDARAGH: Known but not believed. But I have another hope, though a very faint one.

MAEVE: What is that?

FINDARAGH: There is a Micky Murphy near this spot, whose great-grandmother spent some years with the Shee. The tale has been handed down. Micky is the only one who has a sneaking hankering after believing it.

MAEVE: There is somebody coming. (Both throw their cloaks over their heads and step back on each side of the thorn.)

FINDARAGH: Alas, you have hidden yourself.

MAEVE: So have you.

(Two elderly country women come slowly along, hesitate, and sit down on the stone. They are coming from market and have baskets.)

SARAH ANN: I said to Micky Murphy, "You are the great big omadhaun, to waste a thought on Unity Lynch, for all her pretty face and her money," and he up and says, "Sarah Ann, it would be more becoming in you to be making your soul than to be meddling in decent people's business." And says I, "decent you may be, Micky Murphy—you are too big a fool to be anything else—but Unity . . ." Dad, and at that he walks off without a word.

MARY JANE: I don't blame him. But it's a funny business. They kep company for a long while, and now they're not speaking. My son Joe thinks a lot of Unity, and he told her Micky was fly and no good and courtin' Eliza Bradley for her money till

Unity's ould Uncle died and left her the bit place and the twenty pound.

SARAH ANN: And what did Unity say to that?

MARY JANE: Joe says she was fair leppin. She said Eliza Bradley was kindly welcome to him for her. She had no fancy for money grubbers. She allowed she'd sell the farm and go to Americky.

SARAH ANN: I misdoubt me she's fond of Micky.

MARY JANE: She's an imperant cutty. The Lynches were aye stuck up; but the Bradys are their match any time.

SARAH ANN: My Kitty told Micky that Unity said he was a fortune hunter. Kitty's got a great notion of Micky—especially now that he's got the farm for his own, and it the very next one to ours. She told him too that she'd seen Unity out two or three times with a "Peace man."

MARY JANE: Did she?

SARAH ANN: I dunno.

(Findaragh and Maeve lean out at each side of the thorn tree and make faces and shake their fists impotently.)

MARY JANE: I told Kate Donnelly that Micky was guy fond of his drop.

SARAH ANN: What did she say?

MARY JANE (very indignant): She tee-hee'd and laughed and said, "Sure, Mary Jane, you couldn't fault him for that." That Unity is her Aunt Kate on the sod.

SARAH ANN (laughing heartily): Good for ould Kate!

MARY JANE (standing up wrathfully): The Lord knows you needn't talk, Sarah Ann Kelly. But anyway, it would be a sinful waste to let two good-looking ones with money go together.

SARAH ANN (as they move off): Troth aye, with two like your Joe and my Kitty wanting downsittings.

(Exeunt.)

MAEVE (emerging and dropping her cloak): Is that your Micky Murphy they were talking about?

FINDARAGH: Yes. The malicious old schemers. But hush, someone comes.

(Maeve slips back. A handsome young country man comes swinging down the path, bumming to himself.)

FINDARAGH: It's Micky.

MAEVE: Show yourself.

FINDARAGH (struggling with his cloak): I can't.

MICKY (stopping abreast of the stone, looks at it, and murmurs): They used to say. . . . (Findaragh darts forward and whispers in his ear.) I wish I knew. (Sits down on the stone. Findaragh continues to whisper frantically. After a minute Micky suddenly scratches his ear. Findaragh

redoubles his efforts. Micky suddenly speaks aloud.) My Grandmother believed it. (Maeve bends at his other ear and whispers.) My Mother pretty nearly believed it. (Maeve and Findaragh whisper frantically.) Be Japers, I almost believe it myself. (He gets up, the fairies drawing back as he does so. He looks at the stone and the thorn, muttering): I wish I knew, I wish I knew.

(Exit.)

FINDARAGH: What did you tell him?

MAEVE: I did not know quite what you wanted. I just kept saying "It's all true, it's all true." What did you say?

FINDARAGH: I kept saying, "Ask the stone at midnight. Ask the stone."

MAEVE: We tickled his ears.

FINDARAGH: My hope rises. Hark, someone else comes. (Again they fade beside the thorn. An elderly woman and a pretty girl come along the path. Findaragh bends out excitedly.) It is Kate Donnelly, who once saw me, and Unity Lynch, her niece.

MAEVE (half sings): My heart is light; I feel that night is fading to a morning bright.

FINDARAGH (ecstatically): Youchant, as of old. But hush.

KATE: My old legs are tired. Let's rest a wee while, alanna.

UNITY: Surely. Here's a dry stone, for newins. We'll sit a bit. My own two feet are sore with wearing shoes all day. (They sit.) I hate Carndonagh market anyway.

KATE: It didn't look that way when you were in Sweeny's with Joe Brady and Kitty Kelly and that lot.

UNITY: It was warm in there; and they always have the great failte for you. But I wasn't caring. I left as soon as you called me.

KATE: But after that, why did you keep me back at the shop when I wanted to start for home?

UNITY (tossing her head): I saw that impudent Micky Murphy on the road, and didn't want to overtake him.

KATE (looking keenly at her): What's come over you, Unity?

UNITY: I'm older and wiser.

KATE: I'm not so sure.

UNITY: Kitty Kelly told me he kissed her at Wilie John Lafferty's convoy.

KATE (sententiously): They're worse than hell who kiss and tell.

UNITY: Joe Brady told me . . .

KATE: My cutty, if you go for to believe what the likes of Joe Brady and Kitty Kelly tells you, you are not going to have your sorrows to seek.

UNITY (flushing): Oh, they're well enough. But let's talk sense. What did you get for your eggs?

(Maeve bends to her ear and Findaragh to Kate's, whispering earnestly, Kate seems to listen, and looks at Unity, who restlessly rubs her ear. Maeve and Findaragh redouble their efforts—until they actually speak out loud.)

FINDARAGH: Ask her if she loves him.

MAEVE: Tell the truth.

FINDARAGH: Ask her if she loves him.

MAEVE: Tell the truth.

KATE (suddenly): Unity, Unity, beloved babe of my dead sister, tell your old aunt: do you love Micky Murphy?

MAEVE: Tell the truth, tell the truth.

UNITY (putting her hands before her face): Aunty, don't ask me! Don't ask me!

MAEVE: Tell the truth.

KATE (removing Unity's hands): Tell me the truth.

UNITY (in great distress): I want to lie, but something tells me I musn't. I do love Micky Murphy, but he doesn't love me.

KATE (taking her in her arms and patting her, the fairies continuing to whisper): Why do you say he doesn't love you?

UNITY: I heard things, and we had words, and now he gives me the go-by.

KATE: He's proud, but it may be he loves you none the less.

UNITY (weeping): I'm proud, too, so I can't find out.

FINDARAGH (jumping up and down): Tell her to ask the stone.

MAEVE (in Unity's ear): He loves you, he loves you.

UNITY: Aunty, you look funny; what are you thinking about?

KATE: Something I never told you, darlin', lest you'd say "Old wives' havers."

UNITY: Ah, tell me! I'd never say the like.

KATE: I once saw a fairy. . . .

UNITY: Where? When? What was it like?

KATE: It was here. Long, long ago. And it was just like a man, only he had green clothes and a red cap. It was Findaragh.

UNITY: How did you know?

KATE: I just knew.

FINDARAGH (in Kate's ear): Tell her to ask the stone.

KATE: This stone where we are sitting is the Turning Stone. (Touches it.) And that is a Fairy Thorn. (Points at it.)

UNITY: I think I mind an old story about this stone.

KATE: Sure you do. Every New Year's Eve at the stroke of midnight the stone turns round, and whoever

dares to come alone to the stone and sees it turn can ask any question, and get a true answer.

UNITY: A true answer?

KATE: So they say. But if your heart fails you never come back.

UNITY (*springing up*): Oh, what nonsense! Let us go on. I'm cold and it's late.

MAEVE (*to Unity*): It's not nonsense.

FINDARAGH (*to Kate*): Don't let her say it.

KATE (*very gravely*): Don't say it, agra. My old heart misgives me. You believe too much from the likes of Joe and Kitty, and too little from me. The old folks believed all I tell you, and a whole lot more.

UNITY: Well, anyway, what would I be doing with questions that wanted answering as bad as all that?

KATE: There's one question that every girl wants answered.

UNITY (*looks uneasily about her*): Och, it'll be dark before we're home. Come on.

(*Kate shakes her head as they get up to depart. The fairies retire behind the tree and then emerge to sit on the stone.*)

MAEVE: What do you think?

FINDARAGH: We'll know tomorrow. (*The curtain is lowered to indicate the passing of some hours. It rises to show the scene illuminated by moonlight, with Findaragh and Maeve asleep on the stone, leaning against each other. There is a rustle in the grass and leaves. Maeve awakes and touches Findaragh, who opens his eyes.*)

FINDARAGH: My Queen?

MAEVE: It is almost midnight, if I can trust my old confidante, the moon. And someone is coming.

(*Involuntarily they throw their cloaks around them, as Unity comes slowly along, a shawl over her head. Her manner is nervous and hesitating. She comes near but does not touch the stone. She looks all around, turns as if to retrace her steps, then turns again.*)

UNITY: I'm a fool, but I'll see it out. Oh, Micky, Micky, I'd die for you. (*She drops on her knees and covers her face. There is a sound of approaching footsteps and she starts up and looks around. Maeve and Findaragh both advance and whisper in her ears.*)

MAEVE and FINDARAGH: Hide! Hide! Hide!

(*She seems to listen, wavers, then darts and crouches behind the clump of bushes. Micky Murphy comes down the path.*)

FINDARAGH (*in an agonised voice*):

It is almost midnight, and we cannot move the stone. We cannot.

MAEVE: I had forgotten that. In a moment the chimes will ring. We are undone. (*Micky walks resolutely up and looks straight at the stone. Findaragh and Maeve agonize behind their cloaks.*) We are lost. When it does not turn, our last hope will be gone.

FINDARAGH: Maeve, Oh, Maeve! I have a hope, a faint hope.

MAEVE: Quick! What is it?

FINDARAGH: We will together draw our cloaks of doubt across the stone. To those dim mortal eyes, unaccustomed to moonlight and predisposed to believing, it may appear to turn.

(*They pull off their cloaks and hold them up in front of them. A distant church bell begins to ring out the year. Together they fling their dark cloaks over the stone and draw them slowly off again.*)

MICKY: Good God, the stone has turned! (*The fairies throw their cloaks over their shoulders. Micky spreads out his arms and cries in ringing tones.*) Folk of the hills and the streams, the stone and the thorn, tell me true. Does Unity Lynch love me?

UNITY (*steps from behind the bushes and speaks in chorus with the fairies*): She truly loves you. (*Micky stands for an instant awe-stricken. Unity, smiling, holds out her hands and Micky clasps them. Findaragh and Maeve throw off their cloaks and stand revealed.*)

MICKY: The Wee Folk have come back.

UNITY: To our hills and hearts for ever.

FINDARAGH (*standing hand-in-hand with Maeve on the stone*): They believe! Huroosh! We are saved.

MAEVE (*positively capering, though daintily*): We ride and glide on the rising tide of human faith restored. (*Fairies enter at rear and sides, and chant:*)

We come, we come, Queen Maeve, we come

From the hill, the river, the flower, the glen;

We seemed to sleep, for our lips were dumb,

We seemed to die, for our limbs were numb;

Findaragh called, and we live again—
We come, Queen Maeve, we come.

(*Micky clasps Unity in his arms as the curtain falls.*)

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Can Democratic Presbyterianism Function or Survive In the New Canadian "United" Church?

An Open Letter to an Old-Country Minister: By the Editor

Congratulations on the progress reported in the Re-Union of the Scottish Churches! Of course we all know that little more than a technicality has latterly kept these two Bodies apart,—the inheritance that one of them had in a measure of "State" connection. But such real union is none the less a pleasant contemplation, and all the more so to those of us with happy memories associated with the Old Land and some questioning experiences regarding the union now being tried out in Canada.

Personalities—Not Church Names—Attract

You remember the difficulty some of us had when, as young men, we went to Edinburgh. Dr. MacGregor of the Established Church appealed to us, Dr. Walter Smith the Poet, of "the High," and still more Dr. Whyte of St. George's,—that strong and attractive personality, evangelical yet broad-minded, literature-loving and scholarly, and withal a big-hearted, tolerant, manly saint! Yes, indeed, he is one of the first to whom some of us will be ready, if conditions permit, to "take off our hats" (metaphorically speaking!) after we cross the boundary line, without international barriers, that awaits all men.

Dr. ("Father") O'Boyle, of the Roman Catholic Church here, probably thought I was jesting when I told him, some years ago, that "We were big enough to take them all in"—if they would come in without wanting too much authority! But there was a sense in which I meant it. How could it be otherwise with any man who had frequently heard that Imperial litterateur, Lord Rosebery on Empire-building, and, for years, that other Imperialist of the Soul, Principal Whyte, on "Father John" of the Greek Church; "Santa Teresa," and "Brother Lawrence" of the Roman Catholic Church; Cardinal Newman, Anglican, and afterwards Roman Catholic;—not to mention Bunyan, Law, Sir Thomas Browne (*Religio Medici*), and numerous other big men and master-builders of our Protestant Communion, and the more outstanding "Men of Letters" in the ancient and modern world?

You remember how, under Whyte's direction, we read Milton! . . . But enough of the past. . . . Of course I am pleased and proud that my name is in Whyte's "Life," and that Vancouver is thereby connected with Edinburgh. That was one of the most pleasant surprises I have had throughout the years, and I would not exchange the honour of being mentioned casually, not to say quoted, in such a classic for all the "D.D.'s" or "LL.D.'s" that might be "bought, sold, or exchanged" or otherwise reasonably conferred by any institution on this continent. "Whyte of Edinburgh" will be known to all churchmen worthy of the name as long as—this dispensation!

Is It to be Union or Submergence?

You ask me if the union of the Canadian Presbyterians with the Methodists is to prove satisfactory and workable in Western Canada? Frankly, even after two years' experience, I do not know. One looks around a Presbytery meeting—"Presbytery" is one of the names retained)—and reckons that there may be approximately two Methodists to one Presbyterian, and he finds himself asking—Where are the stalwarts of yesteryear? And when serious discussion arises in that reverend "Court" on such a topic as "To smoke or not to smoke?" he says, Could any sane man but a Methodist introduce such a question? and, Is such a spirit to dominate the Church of our Fathers? Or,—Is the non-Union minority to carry

on and develop and prove the true-blue Presbyterian Body after all?

Dr. D. G. M. (Edmonton) and Dr. R. G. M. (Vancouver), we know, have always been "Die-hards"—the dour, yet devoted spirit of their (and our) Scots ancestors manifesting itself, I suppose! But, when it came to the pinch, such men as Dr. C. (Victoria), and the even more outstanding Dr. E. D. M., remained outside the Union; and, as some of us have said in jest of certain other "places," there are those who may rather choose good company "outside" than wish to be among the selectest of the (s)elect—who speak or act as if they alone had "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." From such a type in any Church or Denomination, you will join in the prayer, "Good Lord, deliver us."

The other day I discovered a young D.D., a former Methodist, who gave evidence of not having learned that first lesson most of us need—and learn—in our twenties,—to know that we don't know, and at best can never know it all. But, before I tell you that story, I had better give you some details of what happened at St. John's.

A Vancouver Church Division

The situation at St. John's was peculiar in that that congregation had on two previous occasions given majorities against union. The minister in charge at the time of union found a divided Church and Session, and he himself seemed to have much difficulty in making up his mind. Not so a former pastor of the church, who, wisely or otherwise, happened to be still a member of that session. The latter worked hard for Union, as he, no doubt, had a perfect right to do, if his convictions so directed him; but whether being a former pastor, he should have remained connected with that church and session at that time, may be open to debate and difference of opinion.

At any rate, when the vote was counted, there was a majority in that big congregation of only 89 in favour of union. Dr. S. got a large share of the credit—or blame—according to the viewpoint of the individual.

To those of us who believed in union on general principles,—recognizing that practical Christianity is a much bigger thing than any church denomination,—but whose sense of equity and fairplay and friendly associations, prevented them getting enthusiastic about a division, the result of the vote was disappointing. Personally, I thought the majority for union would have been much larger, else. . . . Well, you remember how I wrote towards the end of 1924. I then ventured to suggest that if the question to Presbyterians,—Are you for Union, Yes or No, had been followed by another,—Are you in favour of Union, if, say, 25 per cent. of the Presbyterian vote is against it? many of those who voted for union would have answered decidedly, No.

At the risk of being misunderstood by enthusiasts on both sides, others and I made no secret of our attitude. Provided there was a man of any power in the pulpit, we said, we would continue to attend St. John's, no matter by what name they called the church, United or Presbyterian. Nevertheless, it was a trying time for many, and not least perhaps for those who had personal friends on both sides. Congenial associations on Sessions and Boards were interrupted, and some of us had even to face divisions in our homes. No wonder if some questioned if the human agency was not a little too dominant in this union.

Oligarchy and Autocracy within Democracy

You know there was a suggestion or allegation that this was a clerically-arranged union. Some of us were inclined to hold that that was probably an exaggerated interpretation of certain happenings. But whether or not Union conditions have had anything to do with it, I regret to say that there have been various evidences of an oligarchal, if not indeed an autocratic, form of government becoming apparent, and that too in a church originally presbyterian. First, we found a minister acting—to his own detriment, as it proved—as if three or four members of Session could speak for the whole body. Next, some of us found two or three members of Session acting as if they were the whole Session—and that, too, in a matter vitally affecting the personnel of that Court. And then—but one need not mention a committee convenor acting as if he were the whole committee, as that may happen at any time, and sometimes with advantage.

All of these experiences anyone who prefers a peaceful life, and is not "looking for trouble" or personal authority, may well overlook. But—on the top of all that—an incident that occurred at a recent Presbytery, the first, as it happened, at which your correspondent attended not merely from personal or community interest but as a representative officially—emphasizes a questioning as to whether satisfactory and complete fusion of Presbyterians with Methodists is to be possible.

A Question of Interpretation

The question of where and when and how another member of the Court was to be allowed to give a particular message—a message relating to interpretation of prophetic passages in the Bible indeed—was under review. It was soon obvious that however fine the fellow—and no matter how opinions may differ about his expositions, he is a good man in more ways than one, of whom more anon—his message and his convictions about it were decidedly unpopular with the majority of that ecclesiastical court.

Now, it happened that yours truly had been attracted to hear this Messenger by certain addresses concerning the situation in "China," in which country you know my sister has spent many years, and has been latterly in the war zone. . . . Of course there is room for argument of all kinds about Scriptural interpretation, but the minister in question, (a former Methodist or Congregationalist, I understand), in the course of several expositions, so impressed me with his earnestness and his fine Christian spirit, that I felt strongly that the least he should be given was a fair field—in other words, British fairplay, even in a Church court.

The matter came up unexpectedly, so far as I was concerned, and though, as you will understand, I do not wish to be in the limelight orally nowadays, I was constrained to speak a word, counselling caution and consideration in the treatment of the man with the message. The situation was complicated for me, too, in that I found that there was a question involved about alleged encroachment on the "territory" of a close personal friend of mine of other years, (J.R.C.); and naturally I did not wish to stand for anything unfair towards him. Between ourselves, however, I inferred that the other man and his message—re prophetic interpretation—were the real objects of attack, or exception, and the location of his lectures, secondary. But technically, First Church was quite within its rights in raising the question of "territorial invasion!"

Asks Court to Exercise "the Judgment of Gamaliel"

So it happened that your compatriot had scarcely spoken ere he realized that he was something of a daring Daniel in a den of ecclesiastical lions,—more or less, though, as it proved, not all full grown. But, as you

know well, it is not the custom of our race—or of Presbyterians—to be silenced or cowed merely by a majority, or the show of a crowd on the other side. Rather the reverse, sometimes; for "a man's a man for a' that," and we are each entitled to do our own thinking, and take the stand that seems right to us on any question, civil or religious. Yet even in a church "Court" the "big battalions" and the (supposedly) "big guns" may carry weight, *pro tem.* at least.

Speaking, remember, absolutely extemporaneously, I was led to suggest, among other things, that I would like to hear *them*—whether "higher," "lower," or "superior" critics time will tell—expound Ezekiel and other prophetic passages. And why should they not? If they are confident the other man is altogether wrong in his interpretations, why should not some of these Worthies give us reasons for the (other) faith or belief, or manner of interpretation that is in them?

Of the final treatment of that "case," I may have occasion to write to you again. But that first day—at the evening sederunt—when a Committee reported on the matter in "a thinner House," all I asked for—following an interruption of which more anon—was that the Court exercise "the judgment of Gamaliel."

"The New Revelation"

Meantime, let me report to you the new or fuller revelation about church union that came to me as the result of that venturesome experience. Dr. H., at the morning sederunt, referred me to "some literature on the subject," and I went forward to ask him to what he in particular referred. Whereupon, instead of mentioning any authorities, he said: "See that man," who happened to be beside him. At the same moment I turned, and "that man" gave me a look which was peculiarly expressive and revealing. Thus it happened that, as we separated for lunch, there occurred this exchange:

From a Drama of Life:

THE FAIR-FIELD ADVOCATE: . . . But what do you think of the question,—that point about Ezekiel?

THE WOULD-BE THEOLOGICAL AUTHORITY: There is no point about it. (*Disdainfully and patronizingly.*) What you need is a good rest, a good long sleep.

THE FAIR-FIELD ADVOCATE (*surprised, and curiously enlightened*): Is that so? Well, . . . (mentioning surname), it is just possible that you are too well satisfied with yourself! (*Exeunt.*)

You will ask,—Who was the would-be theological authority? Well, I have no wish to be even remotely personal, but I am giving you a verbatim report. Perhaps this was an exceptional case,—a kind of "horrible example,"—but who can be sure that it is not to be typical?

Having, as you know, happened to have one's initial training at an Anglican Cathedral Sunday-school, and then been brought up in the Church of Scotland, your correspondent has been accustomed to take for granted that all men in the ministry were gentlemen before they were clergymen.

"But who was the fellow?" Well, I had known him casually for years as a Methodist in some suburban charge—I knew not exactly where—and had rather respected him as one who had the sense to come at times to hear the wise men from the East of Canada and the not less wise ones from Scotland and England whom Westminster Hall drew to Vancouver during its summer Sessions. I had indeed sometimes wondered why he seemed to hold his head so high; but that I learned that day from one look and two sentences!

An Entity Unborn—Yet Not Nameless

Though latterly his name has been *somehow* associated with an institution which, so far as can be gathered, has hitherto had neither body nor soul, but which is that peculiar kind of an entity, existing only in name, I have never once heard of any exposition of his, or indeed that he personally had to offer anything particularly worth hearing. But of course that may be my misfortune, and he may be one of the big-men contributions of the Methodist church! To demonstrate that there would be little danger of his being recognized were this record published, I need only tell you that I tried out his name and the "institution" in question on two Presbyterian (now Union) "elders" of a fairly representative type,—one being a man of some local prominence, with literary interests, and the other a fine, saintly soul of ripened years, (whom, I have reason to know, Union had also tried sorely), and,—let the sad truth be writ!—the first "simply knew there was a preacher of that name," and the second—though a business man in public office—had an idea the institutional name mentioned was "connected with the Anglican Church!"

Alas for earthly ecclesiastical prominence, or authority! So much, also, for the superior airs of young D.D.'s. Perhaps, if, like some of us, they had learned to like Tennyson sufficiently, in their teens, so that they unwittingly memorized such poems as "In Memoriam," they'd maybe walk a little less loftily, remembering:

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

It might not seem kind now to raise questions about that certainly not-nameless institution, else a mere Presbyterian might ask: Was it named before it was born, so that, with "Union" in sight, the Body Dominant (in numbers) might be said to have something which they did not and do not possess? . . . I know that sounds worse than an Irish paradox, but no doubt you'll get the point,—whether or not the young D.D. ever does!

Gratuitous Impertinence and Colossal Conceit

Apart from the gratuitous impertinence of the remark by the would-be theological authority, quoted, it was obvious that that cleric had a superabundance of one thing—which, unfortunately, he cannot give away. Assurance is a mild name for it; colossal conceit would be more accurate.

But if he, and such as he, think they can treat Presbyterians, whether elders or ministerial members, in any such way, one may, without claiming to be a prophet, or interpreter of prophecy, predict that the Methodist Lion may find that it has lain down with the Presbyterian Lamb—inside—but that, as a result, it is likely to suffer severely from ecclesiastical indigestion. In that connection, (to change the body, but not the *figure*), we may find some comfort in the thought that Jonah learned his lesson and survived, even if the "whale" or "big fish," had a bad time, and was ultimately left "high and dry."

A Regret in Retrospect

It is not too much to say that had some of us known that, in voting for union, we were committing ourselves to association with clerics of such a type, our vote and our influence would have been very decidedly on the other side. Had your correspondent, for example, had this enlightenment two years before, instead of about two years after the date of union, he would certainly have been among those using voice and pen and all publicity possible to prevent any such experiment at what may yet prove to be an ill-assorted union.

In the case of St. John's church—formerly looked upon

as the leading church in Western Canada—it is not unreasonable to believe that with two or three more working on the non-union side half as keenly and eagerly as a former minister of it did for union, the majority would probably have been *on the other side*,—a turn over of less than four dozen would have been enough; and the biggest Presbyterian church building in Vancouver would still have been true to its corner-stone, and remained "Presbyterian."

Even now, however, those of us who, while exercised about the difficulties of the situation, acted according to the light we had at the time, and who yet had some sense of equity and fairness as between fellow-workers; and who also, at the time of voting, held that instead of a bare majority, something like a 60-40 one should have been required to settle the ownership of such properties, etc., are pleased to find that something like reasonable treatment has been obtained by our "separated brethren,"—to quote the phrase the Fathers and Brethren of the Roman Church apply to all outside their Communion.

But what would you do were you in the place of your friends? . . .

Will the "Settlement Committee" Satisfy Presbyterians?

The question, Will the Settlement Committee system satisfy? could not but impress one, when Dr. S. (formerly Methodist) gave the preliminary review of the work before the "settlements" were announced at the Conference here. To those of us who are more concerned with fellowship of spirit, and "growing a soul" than with a man's church name or "orthodoxy," Dr. S. must at different times have appealed as one of the most likable of men,—and I believe he is easily the biggest man the Methodists have in the West, whether or not they recognise it.

Well, his preliminary remarks suggested that there might be need for explanations, if not apologies, in this direction or that, and he also in common with the Presbyterian recorder, seemed to associate something of a feeling of relief with the fact that his connection with the task—of "settlements"—was likely to end with that occasion.

This question of "To change or not to change?" was, of course, one of those features that were not attractive to many Presbyterians, laymen and ministers. No doubt there are advantages and disadvantages in the method, just as there are arguments pro and con., but everything considered, I believe they would have done well to have adhered to the former Presbyterian system—of direct congregational call. Surely in such cases above all it should be true, *Vox populi, vox Dei*,—"The voice of the people is the voice of God."

In this connection you may be interested to know that since the union, one ardent advocate for union, with whose views your correspondent has good occasion to be acquainted, has volunteered the opinion: "I don't like that system of calling a man without hearing him." . . .

—Even before the union "that system" had in some cases crept into the Canadian Presbyterian Church—excused partly because of the big distances between Eastern and Western Canada. To use a homely simile, however—about as good as some to be heard from some pulpits nowadays—to call a man, or even to have one "settled," without either seeing or hearing him, is rather like "buying a pig in a poke";—to afterwards discover, perhaps, that it is largely "squeal"! At any rate, the new basis of settlement—of ministers—is one which will require a few years' time to really test it out so far as our originally-Presbyterian brethren are concerned; and, obviously, it will have its drawbacks for the ministers themselves, no less than for the people.

Canadian Authors' Association

Report of Local Secretary Mrs. Alice M. Winlow

To the President and Members of the Vancouver Branch, Canadian Authors' Association:

I beg to submit the report of this branch for the year 1926-1927. Eight executive meetings were held, which were well attended, four of them to arrange Convention activities. While these activities will be dealt with by the National Secretary, in this connection the Secretary of the Vancouver Branch wishes to record the hospitality of Mrs. Lefevre, and Mr. and Mrs. Dalton in entertaining delegates to the convention and our own members.

A general meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Reid, Pacific Street, to form study groups and to arrange for Book Week celebration.

The meetings held during the year of a general and social nature are as follows:

A meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Banfield, at which the members were guests and Mrs. George Black was guest of honor. Mrs. Black gave a delightful talk on the wild flowers of the Yukon, and many specimens attractively mounted were on view.

A dinner followed by a dance was given in honor of Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts, Mr. Lloyd Roberts, and Mrs. Goodrich Macdonald, in the Stanley Park Pavilion. Memorable speeches were given by Dr. Roberts, Mr. Lloyd Roberts, Mr. Gomery, Mrs. Geo. Black and Dr. McRae. The tables were so arranged that every person present faced the huge log fire burning in the fireplace of rough-hewn stone.

During the year, our President, Mr. Gomery, at the request of various organizations gave several addresses on the aims and ideals of the Authors' Association; namely: St. Stephens' Young People's Society; Women's Canadian Club; Lions Club; University of B. C. (Students Council); Vancouver Institute; B. C. Institute of Journalists (Dinner to Hugh M. Dent); B. C. Institute of Journalists (Evening to Mr. McEvoy).

Meetings of the Short Story Group were held at the homes of Miss A. E. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. L. Wharton, Mrs. Garland Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gomery. Of this group several have been winning laurels in writing. Mr. Stephen Golder won a \$250.00 prize for a short story in an English magazine, Miss Shannon won the coveted star in the O'Brien collection of short stories for the year, Mr. Luce

won a \$75.00 prize for a humorous story, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay won the One-Act Play contest held by the I. O. D. E. at Toronto, for her play "Treasure," and Mr. Francie Dickie won a \$200.00 prize in a short story contest.

During Book Week Mrs. Mackay addressed pupils in High Schools and Mrs. Winlow addressed public school pupils. The Secretary wrote letters to the editors of leading Vancouver papers asking for support for Book Week publicity, which was generously given. The Secretary also wrote to the Principals of High Schools asking for their co-operation.

Library displays were well taken care of by Mr. R. A. Hood and Mr. Robinson, and Book-Store displays by Mr. Pound. Radio talks were given by Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. Winlow.

During the year the following new members were elected: Mr. Hubert Evans, Regular; Mrs. F. T. Schooley, Associate; Mrs. Bertha Lewis, Associate; Mrs. Metford, Associate; Mr. Bruce McKelvie, Regular.

I beg to express my thanks to our President, Mr. Gomery, who has lightened the task of Secretary in no small way by running off notices on a multiplying machine.

Thanks are due in brimming measure to Mrs. MacKay, Mr. Hood and Mr. A. M. Stephen for their work for the success of the Convention on the Program Committee, to Mr. Pound and Mr. Dalton on the Reception. To Mr. McGregor, Publicity; to Mr. Reid, Miss Shannon, Dean Brock entertainment; to Mr. Golder, transportation, to Mr. Gomery, Mr. Dalton, Mr. Reid, ways and means; to Mr. Chalmers, Hotel.

Thanks are also due to Mr. D. A. Chalmers, Editor of the *British Columbia Monthly*, for bringing out Convention and Supplementary Convention numbers containing reports of the President and Secretary, and activities of the organization.

The year's work for the Secretary had been most pleasurable through the help and consideration of the officers and executive.

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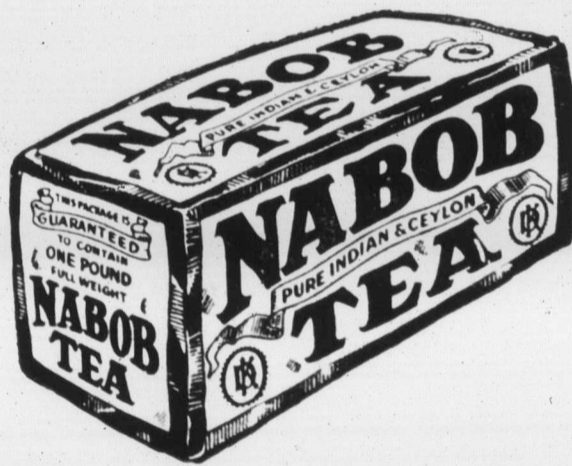
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