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ESTABLISHED 1911

British Columbia

Monthly

The Magazine of the Canadian West

DEVOTED TO COMMUNITY SERVICE — FEARLESS, FAIR AND FREE

Volume 26

CANADIAN AUTHORS' CONVENTION NUMBER



CHARLES MAIR,

Pioneer Canadian Author:

Author of: Through the McKenzie Basin; Tecumseh, a Drama and other Poems; Etc.

(See pages 6 and 12 in this Issue)

This Number Contains Contributions from Writers
Throughout Canada

(Re Contents See Back Cover)

Poetry Contest: \$25 Cash and Book Prizes

(See Page 13)

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"World Wide" [Montreal] Commends B.C.M. Editorial Suggestion re an "All British Organization"

"WORLD WIDE," published in Montreal, is well-known throughout the Dominion as a periodical claiming to contain "A Selection of the Ablest Articles from Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres."

In a recent issue "World Wide" not only did us the honour of using some of our personally selected literary quotations appearing under "Book Guests and Quests," but under the caption "AN INGENIOUS IDEA" published the following—which it may not be out of place to repeat verbatim:

In this enterprising and well-edited little monthly, devoted to community

service as well as the promotion of knowledge regarding Western Canada, an ingenious idea is promulgated in a leading editorial dealing with the matter of U. S. periodicals in the Dominion, a part of which we quote:-

"If they will, our Canadian newspapers can help Canadian Magazines in more ways than one. After all, all we want is a fair field in our own country... We question whether the time is not ripe for the Canadian Clubs of Canada, and other organizations with aims in sympathy with CANADIAN NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT, to organize, advertise and extend AN ALL-BRITISH ORGANIZATION, or community of organizations, provincially and otherwise, which shall in no way interfere with the good will and good feeling engendered through the numerous United States affiliations with Canada, but none the less put our own

country and Empire first, and foster inter-Empire interests and affiliations.

"Otherwise, if nothing is done, it may not be amiss to raise the question—if a loyal Britisher may raise it academically—Does Canada face annexation by the United States? If, as a Canadian correspondent whose communication we published some time ago, alleged, the result would at once be a largely increased prosperity to Canada, with immense development of Canadian resources by larger influx of capital and population from the United States, then this may become a pertinent reflection: If British Imperial ties are not maintained and strengthened by inter-Empire development, economically and otherwise, who shall say what may happen in the not distant days? Throughout the Empire let Britons awake, think and act Imperially!

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Established 1911

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

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

D. A. CHALMERS
Managing Editor and Publisher
With an Advisory Editorial
Committee of Literary
Men and Women

The Twentieth Century Spectator of Britain's Farthest West
For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction
"BE BRITISH" COLUMBIANS!

VOL. 26

Canadian Authors, Convention Number

1

Welcome to the West, Canadian Writers

In connection with the Annual Convention of the Canadian Authors' Association, which convenes in Vancouver city this year, it has been suggested that the editor of this "Magazine of the Canadian West"—linked to literary interests no less than to social service—might himself, for once in fifteen years, "step to the front" typographically—and photographically—and express a word of welcome.

Knowing that the gathering will include not only kindred writers in the craft, but men and women of notable achievement in prose and verse alike,—outstanding members indeed of that regal aristocracy of the World of Letters and Inspiring Thought,—we may be excused for hesitation in the form of our address. Yet in different ways men and women may earn the right to ally themselves with those personalities illumined by the Ideal, and haunted evermore by the vision splendid.

In a former generation Dr. Johnson counselled the aspirant to English style to give his days and nights to the study of Addison. But what will be thought of one who in the twentieth century is foolish—or daring—enough to cherish, and to try to carry out in practice, the idea that a monthly journal, in social, literary, educational and community service aims akin to Addison's in the "Spectator," "Guardian," etc., might be established, and prove of progressive worth?

The fact that for fifteen years such a task has been maintained in this Farthest West Mainland city of Vancouver may itself justify the recording of it at this time of Convention here of Canadian Authors from all over the Dominion: and that, together with the editor's determination to extend the work, may warrant him in claiming kinship with the many larger Lights in literature who have followed the gleam.

Like most literary workers, we have of course recognized that if the amassing of money should be a first aim in this mundane life, it were better to give time, thought and energy to some other form of activity, or to merchandising, rather than trouble about the upbuilding of a Magazine medium devoted to literature and social progress.

Yet even in these days we believe the time is opportune—for expansion in service, so far as the two Western Provinces at least are concerned. For while we dared, years ago, to speak of Vancouver becoming "Canada's Front Door," and of Montreal itself as being in "Our Hinterland," there is at this date no doubt that Vancouver shall be the Port, not only of the Mainland of British Columbia, but also for Alberta, and probably for a good part of Saskatchewan; and, as we for years have stated on our letterheads "Our base in Vancouver, Our Province British Columbia, and our field of service the Canadian West."



Wadds Photo

D. A. CHALMERS.

Such a statement affecting this periodical is made necessary by the fact that, owing to the Authors' Convention drawing writers from all parts of the Dominion, we naturally infer that some of them will now make the acquaintance of this Magazine for the first time. Be that as it may, the editor of the **British Columbia Monthly**, as a member of the Executive of the B.C. Branch of the C.A.A., respectfully joins in extending goodwill greetings to all visitors,—poets of prominence, writers, and literary workers seeking to serve their own and other generations.

That all may find Vancouver and vicinity pleasing and inspiring is our earnest wish; and if conditions are normal, and the atmosphere remains free from the smoke of forest fires, it is practically certain that the city will prove both; for Vancouver, like Edinburgh, is set near the sea, and has at its doors such majestic mountain grandeur as no parts of the British Homelands, or the whole of Europe itself, can surpass.

It should be added that our sister city of Victoria is equally worthy to be visited. Both cities—as our own citizens themselves may sometimes need reminding, are as far south as the "Channel Islands" between Britain and France, and, thanks to that location and to mountains and sea, enjoy the climate of a sunny summer land for not less than six months in the year. Accordingly, it is not uncommon for visitors to British Columbia to come again, and then to come to stay; and we venture to hope that some members of the Authors' Convention will be in that class. But whether their stay be for a longer or a shorter period, we bid them all a warm western Welcome.

A Dominion Government Policy

(1) Clean Government; (2) Development of Canada's Natural Resources in **Canada**; (3) Inter-Empire Development; and (4) Tariff Protection.

Hitherto this Magazine has taken no side in Party politics. But it believes that Canadians should seek and work for clean government at all costs; that citizens should put into power men who will work for inter-Empire development, and also make it imperative that the development of Canada's natural resources shall take place **within Canada itself**.

Above all, without wishing to be anti-U.S., we think it is more than time that a Canadian Dominion government should see to it that some reasonably arresting tariff is imposed upon goods coming across the international boundary line. Take publications for example: Both the weight of paper and the value of advertising carried by these United States Journals ought to be taxed. We are referring to leading and reputable publications. (The shoals of other printed matter that abuse printers' ink raise another question, and should be legislated out of the country).

As we have said before, we believe that Canadians in the publication business, east and west alike, have a right to ask for a fair field in their own country. Apart from that it is highly desirable and practically imperative that something should be done without delay affecting printed matter if **Canadian periodicals and Canadian writers are to have a reasonable opportunity to develop and extend a Canadian National spirit**, and influence their own countrymen as Canadians, or as some prefer to phrase it, British Canadians,—citizens of a Nation within the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Re "Contents" See Back Cover

Poetry Contest:

\$25 Cash and Other Prizes

Books by Canadian Authors

See Page 13

The Greater Gift

LAURA GOODMAN SLAVERSON, Calgary, Author of "The Viking Heart," Etc.

Little Magnus considered the weather gravely. It looked as though it were going to snow. Above the shacks opposite, the sky seemed singularly low. He had an idea that if he could ascend a housetop he might run his finger along the wooly clouds.

Out in the street he saw where a small, hungry-looking dog sniffed at the hard earth as he loped along disconsolately. It reminded Magnus that he was not so very full himself.

Slowly he turned round to watch his mother busy with her ironing. She was a small, vigorous woman, and the perspiration of her face curled the fine hair about her temples instead of dampening it — perhaps this was nature's way of flying undaunted colors. Now she was flushed and hot and very tired. Beside her on a chair was a large basket of clothes. They were all to be ironed so she might deliver them that afternoon to the grocer's wife.

"Mama, I think I'm just a little, little hungry."

She set the iron down sharply, wiped her forehead, and smiled.

"It is good that, isn't it, my lamb? Then it will be such fun to have your porridge. If you will just wait till I finish this blouse, then we shall waken Maria and have our dinner."

"Mama, is it true that God loves children?"

"What else could He do, beloved?"

"And, Mama, isn't this Christmas?"

"In the old land we would say that Christmas begins this midnight . . . you shall see . . . the stars will shine with a twinkle, for the angels shine them anew in their joy."

"Mama, Samuel told me there will be a tree at the church. Couldn't I go? A tree with lights on it! He said so. Oh, Mama, I never saw one . . . it isn't so cold . . . please, couldn't I go?"

His mother had finished the blouse. She hung it carefully over the back of a chair, set aside her ironing board, and went to the small stove. Perhaps it was to hide her emotions that she peered so carefully and so low over the porridge pot.

From the next and only other room came a weak voice asking the time of day.

"It is half past twelve, Peter," said his wife.

"Mama, couldn't I go?"

"Will you not be frightened going alone, dear? And with papa so ill I couldn't take you."

Little Magnus' face lit up with joy. "No, no. Oh, Mama, it will be Christmas! And I shall hear the singing and see the stars, too . . . Papa, Papa! I'm going to see the tree at the church," he called shrilly, running to the door of the bedroom.

White and very worn from his long illness, the poor father regarded the child, saw his big shining eyes so full of expectation, and he groaned.

"You will freeze, Magnus, and become sick like Papa."

"But no! I shall run . . . and see, I shall stick my hands into my coat-sleeves . . . and Mama puts paper in my shoes . . . it isn't so cold then if you run fast."

Over the meagre dinner his mother tried to make plain many things without revealing too much.

"There will perhaps be gifts, Magnus, for the little children whose fathers are well. You must not let it grieve you if there are no presents for you."

But little Magnus had another belief. Had not his friend told him of a mysterious person who brought gifts to good little boys, and had he not been a good little boy? Carrying wood and water and helping his mother with the heavy baskets of clothes? And did he not mind Maria while their mother was away? And had not his mother said God loved little children? So, of course, there would be something wonderful for him on that tree!—the tree in God's house—he was sure of it. He had even hinted a little to God in his prayers.

Shortly after seven he began to wash himself. He was very careful about his ears, even asking his mother to look into them; and he brushed his stiff, close-cropped hair long and painstakingly. Then his mother helped him into a clean shirt, brushed his old coat, lined his worn boots

with paper, and watched him with a heavy heart.

But little Magnus sang with delight. It made his father clench his hands in the darkness to listen to the shrill sweet voice. How the child sang! like a bird in the morning. "Oh, Lord," he prayed, "fill with compassion some heart . . . poor little child, poor little child."

When Magnus was ready he flung himself upon his father and kissed him. He squeezed his little sister till she cried out in pain, then flew into his mother's arms. She smiled into his eyes, kissing them one after the other.

"Be a good child, and remember if it were not for Papa's illness you would have a gift, too. Be a little man and be brave."

He turned back to wave at her, hunched in the shoulders through habit in fighting the wind, and called gaily, "You shall see, Mama, something will happen . . . just you wait."

When he was gone she sat down heavily; Maria picked at her sleeve, but she did not heed her. The child sighed and then slipped off into a corner, where she sat down and talked to the people behind the wall.

"My dear, wasn't it unwise to let him go?" Peter called tonelessly.

"No doubt, but he would not have understood or forgotten that we denied him so little a thing. Oh, Peter, but that it should be Christmas Eve!"

Then they said no more. After a time Maria fell asleep, weary with her make-believe, and her mother put her to bed. From time to time she glanced at the clock. She tried to knit, but the stitch was irritating. She wiped off the stove, swept the floor again, putting away the papers Maria had scattered about.

But Magnus ran on gaily. He gritted his teeth and refused to believe that he was cold. The long streets were white and the dim light of the street lamps cast a ghostly glimmer over them. Now and again someone passed him, or rather he fled by them unseeingly.

When at last he saw the big grey church, tremendously big to him, all a-light with its Christmas candles, his little heart swelled to bursting. He thought how beautiful the yellow patches of light were that flung themselves from the church windows out upon the snow. And up aloft over the church steeple gleamed the white cross, silvered in the moon-

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light. He was so happy to see all this that he wanted to cry. And when, shivering with cold and nervous excitement, he slipped into a far back pew, he was even more delighted.

At first he was just a little confused. It was so warm and there was such a wonderful odor of spruce in the air, and such a buzz of voices. With stiffened fingers he tugged at his comforter and at last unwound it. He hung it carefully behind him so as not to get it in anyone's way. Then he sank back against the seat and just looked and looked.

The arches of the church were garlanded in green and everywhere were candles twinkling down at one like tiny golden spirits. But wonder of wonders—beside the altar was a tree! Great and tall and all glitter! It was like a wonderful dream. It was unbelievable, and yet it was true. High above the altar a flaming message done in golden tinsel: "Glory to God in the Highest." He could read it quite well, he had read it so often for his mother. But now it dazzled him. He felt its glory enveloping him in a hot flame.

He did not hear so much of the sermon, but he wished he dared sing. The singing was so lovely. And when, after a bit, a band of little children, dressed in white, marched around the aisles singing, "Oh, Little Babe of Bethlehem," he had to blink hard and fast for somehow his eyes would not behave.

But all the while he was so still and so quiet that no one observed him. A gaunt woman had settled down on one side of him and a fussy

red-faced man on the other. They looked at him with some annoyance and surprise at first—and then forgot him.

When the programme ended, a big man with a smiling face began calling out names. And every time he called, some child hurried up the aisle and came back from that wonder tree with something hugged close. Little Magnus sat up, very stiff and very patient. When a child passed him he longed so to say how glad he was and perhaps to see the present. And the man called on and on. It was very peculiar, Magnus thought, how long the man was calling the children. And now the tree seemed to be stripped of so many, many bundles that had swung there so gaily before.

Then suddenly he came to himself with a shock. The man had stopped calling. There were no more children passing up the aisle. Then in one movement the congregation rose. It seemed to him the people all became one huge moving mass. And it rose, this mass of living people, and sang very loudly and discordantly, and then began pushing past him.

The thin woman wrapped her fur around her, picked up her purse and left the seat beside him. The fussy little man found his overshoes, grunted in putting them on, sighed, and went also. But little Magnus sat on like stone . . . this was God's house and he had been good . . . but God had forgotten him. He bit his lips hard, fumbled for his muffler, and stumbled out.

* * *

With the passing of each slow hour his mother had become increasingly disturbed. Something urged her to action. She darted to the cupboard. There was little enough there, but she decided to make a few pancakes. She had grown very clever at making pancakes without eggs, and they were not bad at all. When they were made she rolled them carefully, cut them in two and piled them in curious formations round the big plate. From an old trunk she drew an old tablecloth and spread it on the pine table. Then she removed the lamp chimney, shined it anew, and set the lamp in the centre of the table. Not knowing why, she hunted feverishly again in that old trunk, and miracle of miracles, found a little white candle and a bit of ribbon. She fastened a smart bow around the candle and then put it under the plate, waiting Magnus. This done, she sat down again, listening nervously for every sound.

A little past 10 she caught at her breast as if to silence the beating of her heart. She flew to the door and flung it wide.

It had begun to snow. Heavy gusts of wind carried the flakes in sweeping eddies. She was almost blinded as she ran out into the path. And there, like a stray, black flake, he came—the little disillusioned one—sobbing aloud and fighting the wind.

He almost fell at her feet. "Oh, Mama; oh, Mama . . . ! And I was so good!"

She lifted him up high in her arms and carried him in. She hurried to the chair by the stove, and there

God Save Thee, Canada!

ANNIE CHARLOTTE DALTON, Vancouver, B.C.

God save thee, Canada!

God bless thee, Canada.

Long may we sing,

"We, with our brothers stand,

Free men in freedom's land,

Loyal in heart and hand,

God save the King!"

Queen of the Northern Star!

Great, as thy mountains are,

Who may subdue?

Love shall thy master be,

Discord, thine enemy,

All things we will for thee,

Joyful and true.



What shall disquiet thee,

Splendid in unity,

Fearless in soul?

Oh! may our hearts grow great,

And we, reconsecrate,

March on with faith elate,

Godward and whole!

God save our gracious King!

Long live our noble King,

God save the King!

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

—God save the King!

with him on her lap, drew off his shoes and his wet clothes; saying nothing, letting him cry his pitiful little cry; saying nothing, but thinking fast.

When he was wrapped warmly in a shawl, she took his face in her hands, smiling at him brightly, and said:

"So, my precious, you did get the best gift of all!"

His eyes widened and he fought his tears. He was an imaginative child. Perhaps it had come to the house. How silly he had been!

"What, Mama?"

She cuddled him close again and swung him around so that his feet might get the warmth of the fire.

"You remember the little Christ-child. You remember that when He came to earth there was no room for Him. Only a little stall near the sheep."

"Yes, Mama."

"And think—perhaps his mother, the blessed Mary, wept a little for sadness . . . it was not much for her baby—this stall. And then you remember how the king would have killed Him—the Most Blessed One. And they had to flee, those good parents. This, too, was sad, little Magnus, don't you think?"

"Yes, Mama."

"And perhaps there were few joys for the little Jesus in the days to come in Galilee . . . and you remember all the sadness that followed this again. You remember the lonely Jesus in that garden one dark night . . . and the day before Pilate . . . and you remember the cross."

"Yes, Mama."

Little Magnus was ready to weep for the abused Jesus.

"And this Christmas—it is first a time of remembrance and then a time of joy, you know that, little one? And every year at Christmas time, the Most Blessed Lord comes down to earth again in the likeness of the child He once was . . . and He comes and stands behind the child He has found most worthy that year. And while He stands so, the shadow of His cross falls upon Him again as it did in the manger, and falls, too, upon His little chosen one. This is the real Christmas gift—this is God's favor."

"Oh, Mama!" Magnus' eyes were bright with amazement. His mother swallowed painfully, smoothed the shawl about him, then holding him close, smiled her beautiful smile.

"And this is the gift you received, little Magnus."

"But, Mama . . ."

"Think—were you not unobserved? Did any one see you? Did any

one speak to you? Or seek to detain you?"

"No, Mama, but . . ."

"There then! Can you not see? It was not possible! It was not possible—they did not see you, these people. You were over-shadowed. And it is ever so. Those that are favored by the cross, they go alone walking with their Lord. Little joys are not for them—they have the stars for company, and the friendship of angels. Come, my sweet, smile again. Are you not proud to be so loved of God?"

"Oh, Mama!" Suddenly little Magnus flung his arms around her neck, kissing her passionately. "Oh, it is so beautiful, so beautiful! But how did you know it?"

She laughed happily, now much relieved, got up and carried him to the table.

"Oh, perhaps it was whispered to me, who knows? And look! Here we have a party—is it not gay?"

She stepped about briskly pouring him out a little coffee and milk, then sat down beside him.

When Magnus lifted his plate and found the candle, tied so smartly

with its red ribbon, he clapped his hands.

"Oh, let's light it, Mama, and watch it burn while we eat."

"No, my precious, we will light it when you are in bed and it shall burn beside you till you are asleep. It is the Christmas candle, such as the children burned for the Christ child in my dear country. And as you sleep, I have no doubt that you will dream . . . you, the little chosen one."

After he was in bed, watching the tiny flickering candle drowsily, he called his mother. She came toward him, tired-looking, but satisfied, and bent above him. He wound his arms around her neck.

"Mama," he whispered, "do you think He was sorry I should have cried—that I don't understand?"

She smiled down at him mistily. "No, my beloved. I think, above all else, He would understand."

Just a little while the child gazed up at her earnestly, then he smiled contentedly.

"I guess the shadow fell on you, too, Mama, when you were little. That is why you always understand."

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Poetry and Science*

By LILY E. F. BARRY, Montreal.

"What is more large than knowledge, or more sweet?"
Deep from a poet's heart the cry was wrung
In sheer delight, the while he dreamed among
The visioned wonders of a world complete.
Yea, sweeter than song by any minstrel sung,
Greater than art, than love, than wine, than meat,
Knowledge, mysterious fruit of soul and tongue,
Let me, too, come and worship at thy feet!

For though in eager Youth I loved thee best,
Sweet Poesy, and scorned the sober page
(Of law and fact, axiom and average),
Now Time has set me a sublimer test,
Crowning due Service with a higher wage
Of Joy and Peace, outrunning all the rest.
While yet, as once, soft measures charm my ear,
Soothing old pain, dispelling grief and fear,
A new enchantress holds my soul in thrall,
Most beautiful and wonderful of all!
Truth, Science, Knowledge, with thee let me dare
To climb the heights and see things as they are.
Now from my eyes blinded and bound too fast
By willing faith in idle fantasies,
Remove these veils, gentle iconoclast,
That I may follow thee with greater ease;
Nor fear to vex or grieve me, though we tread
Remorseless 'mongst old gods and loves lying dead
Never to rise, never again to rule
With speech illusive, this too trusting fool!

"Times change, and we with Time"—the fateful hour
Is here, when the old order paseth on,
The strong, new Age hath unconceived power
To bend or break us till her will be done.
No more shall the soft singer's note avail,
Nor lofty theme, nor fancy delicate,
Save where interpreting a truer tale
Than ever poet dreamed, in earlier state,
The grandest human flights it may transcend,
Singing some Master Song before the End.

See, in the high white Light of Truth, revealed
All shapeless forms and fears that erst concealed
In vague and cloudy vastness, the great Real
We missed, in groping for the faint Ideal.
Why falter now, or fail in this clear day?
Giants have rolled the stones of doubt away.
Smiling at spells once wove by Puck or Pan,
Elf, goblin, mermaid, faun, or brownie-man,
Abashed we stand before a lordlier train,
Kings, prophets, conquerors of Truth's domain.
Glorious they move, passing all power to tell,
Bacon, Pasteur, Marconi, Kelvin, Bell,
And wizard Edison, the wide world led
By his white magic on a fiery thread!
Curie and Roentgen, Einstein, Rayleigh, Stokes—
(Genii and fairies of the story-books
To thrill and move, in vain with you compete);
Still we love best to gather round your feet,
Amazed, enchanted, comforted and awed,
By your weird science leading us to God!

*This poem won the first prize of fifty dollars offered by Mr. Henry Woodhouse, Editor of "The Scientific Age," New York, in a poetry contest.

George Ham

(1847-1926)

St. Francis of the happy heart,
Who served his Lord with wondrous cheer,
Showed scantest shrift to gloomy souls,
And bade the prayerful disappear
Into the stillness of each cell
'Till they had learned to smile, as well.

Now Day has dawned for one beloved,
Of all the joyous souls on earth,
Whose golden deeds scarce glittered through
His ample cloak of kindly mirth;
While others leave their legacies
Of hoarded wealth through meagre years,
George Ham bequeathes unto his friends
The joy that lies akin to tears.

FRANCES EBBS-CANAVAN
(Of Victoria, B. C.)

An August Mood

Where the pines have fallen on the hillside
The green needles burning in the sun
Make sweet incense in the vacant spaces
All along the run
Of the rill; and by the rillside
Rushes waver and shine;
In remote and shady places
Wintergreen abounds and interlaces
With the twinflower vine.

The young earth appears aloof and lonely
Swinging in the ether, only
Nature left, with all her golden foison;
No ambitions here to wound or poison
With their fears and wishes,
The pure life of birds and beasts and fishes
All our human passion and endeavor
Idle as a thistle down
Lightly wheeling, blown about forever;
All our vain renown
Slighter is than flicker of the rushes;
All our strife of evil and of good,
Lesser than the comment of two thrushes
Talking in the wood.

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"I saw your advertisement in the B.C. Monthly."

The Pines

By CHARLES MAIR, Victoria, B.C.

O heard ye the pines in their solitude sigh,
When the winds were awakened and night was nigh?
When the elms breathed out a sorrowful tale,
Which was wafted away on the wings of the gale;

When the aspen leaf whispered a legend dread,
And the willows waved darkly over the dead;
And the poplar shone with a silvery gleam,
And trembled like one in a troublesome dream;

And the cypresses murmured of grief and woe,
And the linden waved solemnly to and fro,
And the sumach seemed wrapt in a golden mist,
And the soft maple blushed where the frost had kissed;

And the spectral birch stood alone in the gloom,
Like an unquiet spirit uprist from the tomb;
And the cedar outstretched its lone arms to the earth,
To feed with sweet moisture the place of its birth;

And the hemlock, uplifted above the crowd,
Drunk deeply of mist at the brink of a cloud;
And the balsams, with curtains of shaggy green,
Like tents in the distance were dimly seen.

I heard the pines in their solitude crying,
When the winds were awakened, and day was dying;
And fiercer the storm grew, and darker its pall,
But the voice of the pines was louder than all.

The Voice of the Pines

We fear not the thunder, we fear not the rain,
For our stems are stout and long;
Nor the growling winds, though they blow amain,
For our roots are great and strong.
Our voice is eternal, our song sublime,
Its theme is the days of yore—
Back thousands of years of misty time,
When we first grew old and hoar!

Deep down in the crevice our roots were hid,
And our limbs were thick and green
Ere Cheops had built his pyramid,
Or the Sphinx's form was seen.
Whole forests have flourished within our ken,
Which withered upon the plain;
And cities and race after race of men
Have risen and sunk again.

We stand all aloof, for the giant's strength
Craveth naught from lesser powers;
'Tis the shrub that loveth the fertile ground,
But the sturdy rock is ours!
We tower aloft where the hunters lag
By the weary mountain side,
By the jaggy cliff, by the grimy crag,
And the chasms yawning wide.

We commune with the stars through the paly night,
For we love to talk with them;
The wind is our harp and the marvellous light
Of the moon our diadem.
And when lovers are breathing a thousand vows,
With their hearts and cheeks aglow,
We chant a love strain, 'mid our breezy boughs,
Of a thousand years ago!

Cold Winter, who flinches the flying leaf,
And steals the floweret's sheen,
Can injure us not, nor work us grief,
Nor make our tops less green.
And Spring, who awakens his sleeping train
By meadow and hill and lea,
Brings no new life to our old domain,
Unfading, stern and free.

The pasage of years doth not move us much,
And Time himself grows old
Ere we bow to his flight, or feel his touch
In our "limbs of giant mold".
The leafed woods fall, by decay opprest;
The loftiest feel his stroke!
But the burden of age doth lightly rest
On the ancient forest folk!

Sublime in our solitude, changeless, vast,
While men build, work and save,
We mock—for their years glide away to the past,
And we grimly look on their grave.
Our voice is eternal, our song sublime,
For its theme is the days of yore—
Back thousands of years of misty time,
When we first grew old and hoar.

A Tribute to the Hospitality of Vancouver

The spirits of the Past, some say,
Still guide our thoughts, unknowing,
As constant winds direct the way
In which young trees are growing.

We doubt not that the primal urge
Upheld the great sea-rover,
Who searched the Western Sea's wide surge
Its secrets to discover.

Yet had he felt the spirit strong
Of those in future ages,
Whose home his name should pass along
Enhanced in History's pages;
And had he known the welcome free
Now given to the stranger,
The bounteous hospitality,
Outspread before each ranger,

How could he then have said farewell,
And sailed away so blindly,
And never left a tongue to tell
Of gracious acts and kindly?

JENNIE STORK HILL, *Edmonton, Alberta.*

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The Canadian Authors' Association

Annual Report of Chairman of the Vancouver Branch, Isabel Ecclestone MacKay

I am not very sure just what a President should incorporate in an annual report. With such a competent Secretary beside me, I feel that I shall not need to incorporate much. But in looking back upon our year's endeavours I am moved to say that I, at least, have had a very pleasant time. The Executive Committee with whom I have had the pleasure of serving has been most congenial; the general membership has been at all times kindly and helpful. We have never asked for any help from anyone which has not been promptly and cheerfully given. Our guests of honour during the year have been delightful people whom it has been a pleasure and honour to present to our Association and our hosts and hostesses have been the last word in the most cordial hospitality.

Whatever failing there may have been I feel has been upon my side but, even here, I have nothing to regret, for whenever I failed to do anything, there was always our ready and capable Vice-Chairman on hand to do it better.

I think this report is going to consist largely of votes of thanks—thanks to Mr. Golder, a secretary without peer, upon whom a large proportion of the work has fallen; to Mr. Gomery who has given me every support which a Vice-Chairman could; to Mr. Hood who, as past-Chairman, has been a tower of strength; to Mr. Beeman who has paid our bills with a smiling countenance, and to an executive which has not quarrelled once.

Our combined thanks, too, are due to our hosts and hostesses, Mrs. C. G. Henshaw, Mrs. Murison, Mrs. Day, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Forsyth, and to Mr. and Mrs. Robie L. Reid, whose homes have welcomed us so warmly. To Dr. Lorne Pierce, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Mr. Bernard McEvoy, Baroness Oracy, Mr. J. Vernon McKenzie, Mr. Tom McInnes, Prof. F. G. C. Wood, and to all those singers, musicians and readers who have entertained us upon these pleasant occasions. Last, and certainly not least, our thanks are tendered to Mrs. S. D. Scott for her willing and wonderfully efficient work as convener of the Refreshment Committee—as you have all eaten these refreshments and know

how good they were, I need say no more except to register a heartfelt personal gratitude for a responsibility so ably lifted. And also to Mr. R. L. Reid, as Chairman of our standing committee on Copyright who has never failed to answer our various S. O. S's on this important matter.

We are glad, during the term now finished to have welcomed several new members and to announce that in the new year we will welcome several more. One or two members have left us through removal, or for other reasons, and one member, much valued, we have lost through death. I refer to Mr. J. B. Fitzmaurice whom we shall so greatly miss.

I have asked that our members should let me know of their activities during the year but have had some difficulty in overcoming their modesty, with the result that my report of work done is anything but complete. I have the following on record however:

The Radisson Society announces the publication of a fine selection of the prose and poetry of Charles Mair, our grand old man. It will be ready this month. Mr. Bertrand Sinclair's new book, "Wild West," is on the market and we hear, selling well. Mrs. Annie Margaret Pyke has had a new book of verse, "Silver Bells and Cockle-Shells" published by the Merton Press, London, England; Mrs. Annie C. Dalton has added to her steadily increasing list a Christmas Chap Book, "Christmas Songs and Carols"; Mr. Tom McInnes' new book of verse, "Roundabout Rhymes" has been issued by the Ryerson Press. Mr. A. M. Stephen has just finished an anthology of Canadian verse for Dent & Company which will be used as a text book in the schools. Mrs. Alice M. Winlow has had five stories in the "Girl's Weekly," "The Christian Science Monitor," and the "Quiver," besides poems in the "Christian Science Monitor," the "British Columbia Monthly," and "Vancouver Province," Miss Mary Shannon has published several stor-



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ies in the Popular Magazine, Munsey's Magazine and the People's Home Journal. Lewis Wharton has published another legal book, "Principles of Canadian Criminal Law." Mr. P. W. Luce, besides his usual work as Columnist, several short stories in MacLeans, articles in the Toronto Star and various other weeklies, has won the \$75 prize for the "Musquash" competition, which was announced through this Society some months ago. We congratulate Mr. Luce. Mr. Francis Dickie we have not heard from personally but we have seen several short stories of his during the year and the last MacLeans contains a novelette "Mystery of the Straits." Mr. Beeman has had his "VIA VANCOUVER" set to music and published by Whaley, Royce, Toronto. Mr. R. L. Reid's articles in the Province have been read by all of us. He has also published several articles in the "Tranquillian," and his new book is now in proof. It is pleasant to know that Dr. R. G. McBeth's "Romance of the C.P.R." is now in its third edition. He has also lately published a new book "The Burning Bush in Canada" and still another "Western Memories and Pen Portraits" is now ready. I am delighted to record also that Mr. A. M. Pound's book "British Columbia in Books" is in the publishers' hands and will probably be out this autumn. "Boileau and the French Classical Critics in England" Dr. A. F. B. Clarke's very fine book on neo-classicism was published this spring and has met with a very flattering reception.

Our outside activities this year have not been many but they have possessed quality if not quantity. Mr. R. A. Hood represented us upon the programme of the Vancouver Institute when his excellent lecture "Puck on Pegasus" was greatly appreciated. During Book Week Mr. Percy Gomery lectured for us at several schools and Parent Teachers' meetings, as did also Mrs. Alice Winlow and Miss Coleman. Mr. R. L. Reid gave a most enjoyable talk on current Canadian Books to the Women's Canadian Club, Mr. Hood gave readings upon the same afternoon. Your Chairman has also addressed the Women's Canadian Club upon the subject, "Poetry and Children."

Our executive early in the year received the communication that the National Association of which we form a part had decided to hold its convention of 1926 in Vancouver in acceptance of an invitation tendered

by our delegates at Winnipeg—Mrs. C. G. Henshaw, Miss Annie C. Dalton and Mr. Stephen Golder. We have been in communication with the National Executive about the matter and will be able to pass on to our next Executive various suggestions gleaned as to this important event. The dates are set for

August 6, 7 and 8 and we hope that all members of this branch will hold themselves ready for any service in this regard which it may be in their power to render. Various committees will doubtless be formed under the guidance of the new executive and Vancouver expects every author to do his duty.

Report by Honorary Secretary

(Stephen Golder)

In submitting my third annual report I beg to state that during the past season the Association has held eight receptions or entertainments, and held seven executive or business meetings.

We entertained Mr. J. Vernon Mackenzie, the then editor of MacLean's Magazine, at a dinner at the Ambassador Cafe.

Major Roberts was also an honored dinner guest at the Vancouver Hotel.

A luncheon was tendered Mr. Bernard MacEvoy at Glencoe Lodge, and the Baroness Orezy and Mr. Montagu Barstow were also guests of the Association at Glencoe Lodge. There was a large attendance on each occasion.

We were entertained by Mrs. Julia Henshaw at her residence at Caulfeild, when the delegates to the Winnipeg Convention gave an account of their stewardship. Mrs. Henshaw announced that the Vancouver representatives had been successful in securing the 1926 Convention for Vancouver.

Mr. Tom McInnes was entertained at a social gathering at the residence of Mrs. Blanche Holt Muriison.

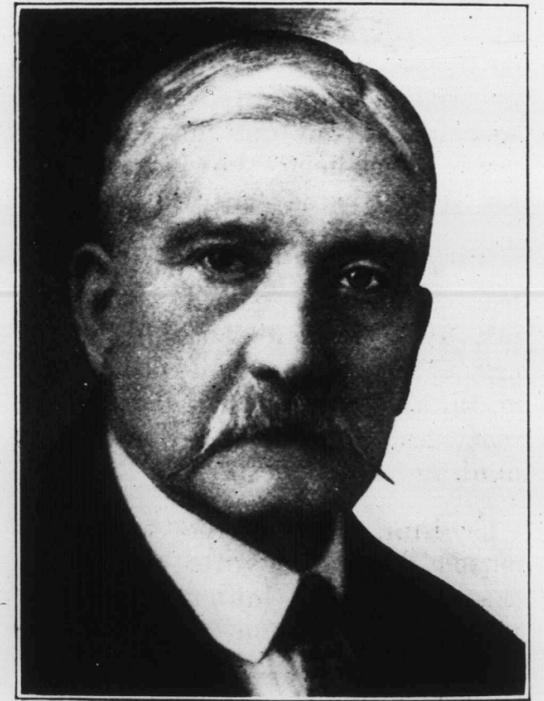
A social gathering was also held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Forsyth.

Professor Frederick G. C. Wood gave a lecture on Sir James Barrie at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Reid.

The reception arranged in honor of Bliss Carmen had to be cancelled owing to the illness of Bliss Carmen.

Mr. Robert Allison Hood lectured for the Association at the Vancouver Institute, and again at the Carnegie Library during Book Week. Mr. R. L. Reid and Mr. Hood gave a Book Week talk before the Women's Canadian Club, and our President, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay also addressed the Women's Canadian Club at their Annual General Meeting recently.

Letters of congratulation were sent to Miss Marjorie Reynolds, winner of the competition arranged by the Little Theatre Association, to Francis Dickie on winning a



Steffens-Colmer Photo
MR. STEPHEN GOLDER,

who, as honorary Secretary for three years of the B.C. Branch C.A.A., did notable work for the organization, prize in the Dominion Essay Competition, and also the other British Columbia winners.

During the season the following new members have been elected: Mrs. Virginia MacDonald Cummings of Fernie, Mrs. M. P. Chalmers, Mr. C. R. Dowman and Mr. R. L. Roys, whilst a big list of applications are on hand for the start of the new term.

We have lost one member in the death of Mr. Fitzmaurice.

In retiring from office I beg to express my thanks to our retiring president, who at all times has been ready to give much of her time in assisting me to make the necessary arrangements for receptions, etc.; and to Mr. D. A. Chalmers for fully reporting our doings in **The British Columbia Monthly**.

I shall be only too willing to assist my successor in any way possible.

When the Broom Bush Fires the Hill with Blazing Gold

Donald A. Fraser, Victoria, B.C.

When the broom bush fires the hill with blazing gold,
With the magic touch of Midas famed of old,
All the wonder of the glory enters me,
And I wander in a golden ecstasy.
Where I once beheld a thicket, sombre, sad,
Now I see a burst of radiance, gay and glad.
Oh! a thousand Sinai-bushes I behold,
When the broom bush fires the hill with blazing gold.

Such, my Darling, was the wonder when you came,
Touching all my dreary life with living flame.
When it seemed that Joy had hid herself away,
Sudden, all my wide horizon glowed with May;
Birds were liting to the music of the hours;
Chiming, chiming rang the bells of fairy flowers;
All the world was set a-thrilling with your name!
Such, my Darling was the wonder when you came!

Vancouver

By KATHRYN POCKLINGTON, Edmonton, Alberta

Vancouver cradles her charming head
'Midst rock and ocean and wood,
It is there that the sun sets ruddy-red
On the mountains' snowy hood.
And 'twere worth a journeying from the moon
To watch dusk fall on the Lost Lagoon.

Into her ports from the storied East
Draws many a wonder ship,
And ere the call of the gulls has ceased
The cranes are set a-dip
For brazen dragons and chests of tea,
For broidered satins and pottery.

The wave that washes the city's rim
Is warm from Pacific's breast,
The breeze that brushes the fir-tree limb
Moves soft as a bird on her nest.
O I'd travel from far, over ocean and land,
To dock for a day by that magic strand.

Sunset o'er Shawnigan Isles

Not all thine ancient glories, Greece—
Whence fame immortal flows,
Thy colonnades, thine arts, thine ease,
Thine archipelagos—
Can homage claim as these blest isles
Beneath a western sky,
Where wandering eye o'er smiling miles
Doth this fair scene descry!

See yon far blue-tipped mountain crest
Veiled with soft silvery sheen:
As slowly sinks the sun to rest
And slips from out the scene!
Nearer, behold those deepening hues,
Tier upon tier unfold—
The purpling depths, those darkling blues—
Rose-wrought the heavens, and gold!

E'en closer rears the crinkled rim
Of regal Shawnigan:
A verdured vision—who could limn,
Or this vast silence span?
Comes twilight! and Night softly folds
Her sheltering arms around

These dimpling isles, whose magic holds
A listening soul spell-bound.
The long, long long shadows gently steal
Athwart an opal lake—
Fair imprint of the Master's seal,
Unwavering they make.
See! trailing o'er th' azured North,
That fleecy wisp afar:
While from an orient vault wings forth
Th' ethereal Evening Star!

Not all thine ancient glories, Greece—
Whence fame immortal flows,
Thy colonnades, thine arts, thine ease,
Thine archipelagos—
Can homage claim as these blest isles
Beneath a western sky:
Where wandering eye o'er smiling miles
Doth this fair scene descry!

MARY H. RATHOM.

Victoria, B. C.

At Eventide

JEAN KILBY RORISON, Vancouver, B.C.

The afterglow is fading in the West,
The mountains lose their rosy-purple light,
With healing hands now comes the quiet night
Folding the earth close to her ample breast,
Lord of all loveliness! grant this request—
When I am old and grey, that my delight
In beauty fail not, nor my joy take flight
Until I lay me down for my last rest.

Sunset and dawn, blue skies and a foam flecked sea,
The orient clouds and verdant Spring's wild flowers,
The shadows glinting through a leafy tree,
The scent of clover after summer showers:
Through these have I come very near to Thee,
My help and comfort in my darkest hours.

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Some Ado About Beauty—A Fantasy

By GEORGE ALFRED PALMER, Regina, Saskatchewan

"Thank you, dear, I'd much prefer to ride in the rear seat."

"Ump!" from the man at the wheel of the car.

As she enters, the hem of the lady's dress is caught on the car-door hinge.

A subdued petulant exclamation, but the attentive hotel-door attendant has adroitly freed the fragile fabric.

Through the night-mirk of the great city the car speeds rapidly. A drifting snowy-rain flecks the windows. The lady is plunged in silence and nestling deeply in the warmth of her luxurious wraps. A persistent train of pleasurable thoughts reveals itself in the slight recurring movement of the delicate skin around her sensitive lips.

"Beg pardon, Jim, I—I didn't catch what you just said?"

"Just said! Great Scot! I have been saying for the last fifteen minutes, in fact, ever since I picked you up from the Royal. It is evident you have been all this time charmingly oblivious.

"I'm sorry."

"O' thanks."

A silence.

The car swerves sharply; it has turned westward.

"Gracious! We are in Lakewood already."

A growl from the wheel:

"Might be in Hades with a full cargo of oblivious souls."

A silence.

The slushy-snow drive flecks the opposite windows. The car turns sharply south. It stops under an ample weather-porch of a commodious house bearing all the appearances of a well-appointed home. The lady passes into the house.

The man quickly follows.

A short period (in minutes) elapses.

The couple meet in the sitting room of their home.

The lady is already seated in a sumptuous chair, beside a glowing coal-fire, endeavouring to bring her voyaging thoughts under control in order to read an ivory-covered volume she has taken up. On the small table, rich in its gold and lacquer work, standing at her elbow, is a shaded ornate amber light.

The man enters, strides over the yielding Oriental floor-rugs and takes his position on the opposite side of the fireplace. His lips are a trifle compressed.

He selects a cork-tipped cigarette from a richly-chased silver case, and as he lights it, he furtively scrutinizes the partly averted face of the woman, on which the fire glow has imparted a colour reminiscent of early summer roses.

"Your watch losing, dear? Much slow, eh?"

"Eh? Slow, no, why?"

"Must be: an hour slow."

"An hour?"

"Yes, the hour you promised to be ready—and wasn't."

"Oh, Jim."

"All right, but an hour is a heavy exercise for—(you gave it the name yourself) for my natural impatience, or was it, my impatient nature?"

"Sorry, Jim, the time flew—"

"So didn't the ticker of my speedometer."

"So sorry, dear."

"I daresay—I'm sure you are, sweetheart."

"Ah, Jim, there is an hour in one's life when one lives an age, a whole existence."

"I understand that; the hour I waited for you."

"Jim, they—*we* were talking of life, the real life, the something that is a part of the mundane, yet, quite above it all. And of Nature and Art and Truth."

"Ump, some small subject, very! Yes?"

"Nature, Art, Truth, that wondrous trinity, integral parts of true Existence."

The man moves and stands up with his back to the fireplace. He assumes an air of attentive resignation.

"They—*we* were in agreement—"

"No, really! It's incredible! Positively all in agreement?"

"Oh, Jim, listen, please!"

He sighs:

"All right."

"They—*we* were in agreement that the mystery of life—the clayey birth-marriage-death life—has been thoroughly explored and all that it has to offer to mankind is now fully comprehended."

"A very sanguine philosophy of finality, I must say. I wish I was—"

"Listen, please."

"I again swear—promise. As patient as I waited."

"Jim, the best lived life, measuring it by its pleasures, results, experiences, or by whatever you will, is but a mere promise, a suggestion of some other state where all these things will be so much better acted and done with a clear understanding. Present human Joy is a mere smack of the lips, a mild fore-taste of what Joy really is."

"Hopeful!"

"They—*we* agreed that Art is the esoteric symbol, everywhere and in all times, of that promise; therefore Art is a kind of phylactery, you understand; that real Life should—No, *must*, always display on its daily garb. Art, in the dawn that came and awakened the slum-

bering brute into a manhood, was the silver fire-star that also then arose and he'd its high place in the heavens."

"Oh!"

"But when they—*we* came to speak of Truth; ah, Truth, Truth, Truth. Truth that defies all definitions, baffles all visualization; like an ignis fatuus, formless in its radiance and elusive to the understanding of the highest human intelligence: then, leaning back in his chair, HE, with closed eyes, and in a low impassionate voice, its tones falling like a gently swaying sweet-toned silver bell in some leaf-still Buddhist temple; with that soulful abstraction that is so his own; in a tremulous ecstasy that exhorts him above us all—"

"A sort of poetic Einstein?"

"He spoke, yes, he spoke as one might murmur during the passage of a beautiful dream, or as one wrapt and gazing at the splendours of a gold-and-scarlet sun vision in the western summer-sky or one lost among the glories of the white and pink-toned cloud castles flushed by the riot of a gorgeous sunset. We were hushed under his magic spell and floated with him along on the irresistible current of his prophetic fancy."

"Floaters, ump!"

"The spell was the unmeasured—the unmeasurable passage of charming moments, sweet as when one loses consciousness in a perfect blissful moment when the scent of a rare perfume greets our senses for the first time."

"A moment, a blissful hour."

"Oh, listen. He told us how beauty, that wondrous child of the mysteries, was born; Beauty, the offspring of the marriage of the golden sunbeam with the silver-crystal waters that flow through fields of asphodels, from the fountain of Truth; and how this Beauty was Truth's own grandchild and that Truth, the hoar old grandam, hoar with her myriad ages, sits within her azure-purple grotto and smiles with satisfied love and complacency upon this her radiant little one."

"Sounds like a blaa-blaa, blaa-blaa, blaa from Wagner."

"Hush, Jim, He told how Truth, her power and serenity garbed in the modest colours of a plain life, had lived for aeons and aeons on familiar terms with unsophisticated man and openly walked with him in his poetics and philosophies, wooing him ever upward and forward; inciting him to see, with his own sight, the world, which is but a part of himself; to harken to the music of its moods; to delight in the perfumes that tell of the loves of its flowers and to rightly relish the sweetness that comes

with the ripeness of fruits. Then came the time when men became as knowing children, and as wilful, in their tiny understandings, so that Truth perforce must move among them under many guises and her voice came to be regarded as lightly as the wantoning wind. It was in this age this bud-fresh Beauty was born, she with milk-soft cheeks as lovely as the high spring dawn, her nature pure as the font from which she had sprung, her smile alluring as the velvet purpled peaks that throw the warm kisses of the genial sun back into the dazzling azure above them. Her delectable presence reminds us of the low twittering songs of wooing birds and of that gay scented time when the leaf unfolds and the early modest flowers take courage from the sun and display their glories. To this wonderful child born of the mysteries, Truth has entrusted her power and deputised her mission to man. To this guileless babe she has transmitted her strength, her power and her arts and has willed that this Beauty shall henceforth carry her torch and with her might shall make entry through the senses into the citadel—the heart of this newer higher most-rebellious man. Ah, she wins not through the intellect but through the understanding, which some call wisdom, and by that means the still unsullied primitive instinct, that universal birth-right, that children, alas so very soon lose and with it that priceless heritage—

imagination, when they become aware of their contact with their parents. This saving instinct, now sadly shackled to extinction, when given its fullest liberty, will produce your superman."

"Phew! And who is this cheerful dreamer? Butler?"

"Oh, no."

"That soft-boiled prof. Tom Wilton?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

"Harold Bretano."

"O! Ha, you—You damned cat!"

The cigarette falls from his agitated fingers. A swift movement of his arm. Some object flies across the table. A slight crash of glass; the table light is extinguished; the lamp globe has fallen.

Darkness.

A slipping, sliding sound of crumpling silk.

A slight gasp.

A repressed sigh.

A deep breathing.

A tiny tinkling sound, as if a remaining pendulous fragment of the amber lamp-globe has fallen on the polished table.

Silence.

The soft orange glow from the fireplace falls on an indistinct mass of disordered silk heaped on the hearth-rug.

All else is darkness.

A muttered exclamation.

Hurried footsteps cross the room. The door is plucked open. A narrow oblong

ochre plane of light from the hall filters in past the door-frame.

"Get out, get out!"

A dark form separates itself swiftly from the shadows of the room, it hurls itself into the tawny slit of light at the doorway and is as suddenly gone from sight.

The door is closed vigorously.

Darkness.

Footsteps return across the soft-yielding rugs to the fireplace.

A light is switched on overhead.

"Jessie, my dear, why do you allow that infernal cat in this room?"

A mumbling from the crumpled mass of blue silk on the hearth-rug:

"Oh, Jim, he—Tiddles scared me out of my wits and—I fell off the chair; I thought for a moment we had quarrelled."

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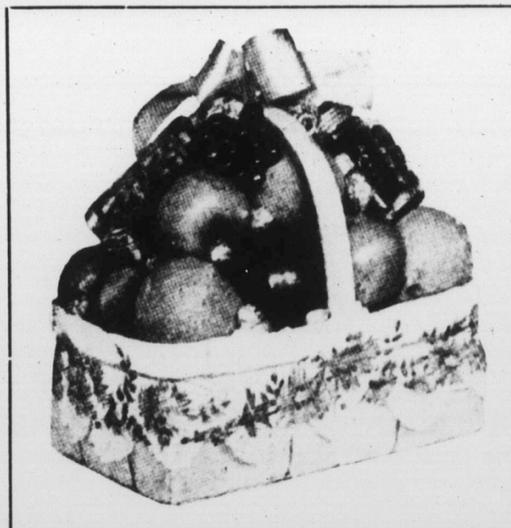
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Charles Mair

(By Kate Eastman.)

Charles Mair! The name had held magic for me since I received on my twelfth birthday a little book of Canadian poems containing a selection from "Tecumseh." Some of the lines had particularly fascinated me:

*"The hoary pines—those ancients of the earth—
Brimful of legends of the early world,
Stood thick on their own mountains unsubdued.*

*"The passionate or calm pageants of the skies
No artist drew; but in the auburn west
Innumerable faces of fair cloud
Vanished in silent darkness with the day."*

At last I was to meet Charles Mair. It was at a home in Victoria, and he made a special effort to see me having been told that I had a message for him from Bliss Carman.

As he came into the room I was struck by the beautiful untarnished quality of his personality—eighty-seven, and with all the fresh vigor of a boy. His ideas came like arrows shot from a bow, so strong they were and delivered with such ease. It was of his muscular strength, however, that he was proud. "Charles G. D. Roberts was comparing muscles with me," he remarked. "He is ahead in the arm—that is canoeing—but I am

ahead in the leg—that is thousands of miles of snowshoeing."

Recalling men, he said, "Colonel Denison was my great friend. You knew him? No? O he was great, and true, and brave." The profound emphasis here I shall never forget, and who could say, remembering, that friendship is no longer a vital thing.

A word he spoke about art—"Bliss Carman! Ah he is our great lyricist. No one else can touch him."

As I asked Charles Mair if he would read just a few lines from my book of childhood and then write his name on the page, I noticed that half an hour had slipped by and I had intended to stay only five minutes. In reply to my apology, the poet remarked with characteristic grace, "But we are old friends now, for where there is understanding, new friends became transmuted into old friends."

As I walked away I understood how a child's spontaneous imagination could have been fired by "Tecumseh." It needed so great a man as Charles Mair to convey the spirit of so great a country as Canada.

Wild Animals

By R. D. Cumming
(*Skookum Chuck.*)

(Suggested on seeing B.C. Big Game Pictures at the movies.)

They are the children of the earth,
The naked earth and snow;
The pathless forest gives them birth,
Out of the rocks they grow.

They know no past to blight their day,
Inspect no future view;
They rise spontaneous from the clay,
And fall spontaneous too.

For land or lease they battle not,
No claims are filed or kept;
Their fortune is the food unbought
They gather step by step.

The flower, the fruit, the cliff, the crec
They know by sight or smell;
They have no words to think or speak,
By which to know or tell.

Themselves unnamed, unruled, unclassed
No purpose of their own;
Unrescued from their dismal past,
They live like tree or stone.

Hard-bosomed on the rock and clay,
Cold-bedded on the snow,
They live the hour, the night, the day,
And that is all they know.

Stanley Park Vancouver, B.C.

By Robert Watson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Grant me this that when I die
In the forest I may lie,
Canopied by trees and sky,
Near the ceaseless sea,
Where the ships go sailing by:
Souls of men set free;

Where the sunshine filters down
Through the lanes of green and brown;
Wind-swept rain, when heavens frown,
Bathe the thirsting mold:
Artist's dream and poet's crown,
Grey, and green, and gold;

Where the weaver-elves at night
Softly flit through filmy light,
Spinning cob-webs, silver-white,
O'er the drowsing pines,
And the full-orbed moon, in flight,
Trails her spectral lines.

All I ask is when I die
In the forest glade to lie,
Canopied by trees and sky,
Near the ceaseless sea,
Where the ships go sailing by
Rest the dust of me.

Alice M. Winlow

Hon. Secretary B. C. Branch, Canadian Authors' Association

By Bertha Lewis

Alice M. Winlow, L.A.B., author and musician, is known for her impressionistic sketches and lyrical poems. "Silver Dust" and "The Lady of the White Silence" appeared in *The Canadian Magazine*. The latter sketch was inspired by

Beethoven's "Appassionata." In this story the author has created an atmosphere of color by a deliberate choice of words. Several short-stories also have come from the pen of this facile artist, one of the strongest being "Jewels," published in that old-established English magazine "*The Quiver*."



Wadds Photo

ALICE M. WINLOW.

The poem in this issue of the *British Columbia Monthly* is an example of Mrs. Winlow's word-painting and feeling for the poetry of nature.

Citizens of Vancouver know Mrs. Winlow as a pianist of ability and one possessing an exquisite interpretative temperament.

Fun and humor are also characteristics of this writer, as those are aware who have laughed heartily over the sayings and doings of the quaint characters in "The Mornin' Glory Girl." Mrs. Pocklington and Mrs. Winlow were co-authors of this delightful story.

Those acquainted with Mrs. Winlow's literary work hope that a collection of her stories and poems will soon be available in book form.



LAKE LOUISE

By Alice M. Winlow.

A silver rose sleeps in the jewelled lake
 Where shines as in a glass Victoria's peak
 Crested with snow, that falling flake by flake
 Fashions a hoary crown. The mountains bleak
 Are glacier-gored, and crystalline, green aisles
 Break through turquoise, ice-hewn galleries ;
 While at the base, mid snow eternal, smiles
 The heaven-reflecting water, Lake Louise.

At dawn the lake dreams, shimmering in the light,
 An opal fallen where the shadows lie,
 The fragrant breath of morn is all too slight
 To mar the image of the green-gold sky.
 Moons of ice, encrusting gems of snow,
 And frozen frondage by a glacier stayed
 Are brightly mirrored in the lake below
 Like silver apples in a bowl of jade.

The first star finds the shadowy lake at rest,
 The heaven glows, a sapphire at that hour,
 With winnowed blue ; and still the mountain crest
 Shines in the water like a burnished flower.
 Night—and cooling winds trace quivering bars
 Athwart heaven's imaged glory, where the trees
 Fall like cypress shades among the stars
 And the silver rose in the waters of Lake Louise.

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Poetry Contest

\$25.00 Cash and Book Prizes

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

The books will be those of Canadian Authors.

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

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

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The Open Air

To Sir Andrew MacPhail

By MARION OSBORNE, Ottawa.

God of the Open Air, I cry to thee,
Let me no longer walk in alien ways,
Give me great sanctuary for thy praise
Let me be free.
Unfold thy spaces broad, thy wind-swept sky,
Fain would I smell the starry scented rain,
Join hands with thee and earth in thy domain
And once more lie
Beneath the naked moon, the joy-strewn stars,
To dream alone my dreams where none may follow,
Apart from tawdry shams, tinsel and hollow,
From prison bars.
There through the balsams magic sunsets wane
And nature throbs with all life's ecstasy
The birds in choir thrill forth love's symphony:
Ah, once again.

God of the Open Air, I hear thy call,
Here are dull copper moons and close-shut days.
Here mammon's temples rise from out the haze
Of mists that pall
Here lesser loves bind fast with chains of fear
The ever clanking feet that walk to death,
Here is no room for life, no time for breath,
Men are too near.
Still dost thou call, thy gifts are for the taking
The ether of the wild is potent wine
Brewed by Great Mother Earth, fair love of thine,
All sadness slaking
Brewed from the sunkissed rocks of elder time,
Straight health-primed pines and lakes of midnight blue
From amber sunshine and from tender dew,
Nectar sublime.

God of the Open Air, the untrammelled sky,
Bring back to me the silence of the soul
That dwells in lonely places and cajole
Me ere I die.
To cheat fate for a space however brief;
Let me to thy Lethan waters creep
Cleansing world weariness, and so, to sleep
Away with grief
And that great shaggy monster, boredom dread,
That ever haunts the background of our bliss,
Let thy glad waves, take in one royal kiss,
All tears we shed
And toss them to the darkest edge of night,
Till new thoughts flood the brain in sparkling springs,
Divinely restless, like young quivering things
That seek the light.

God of the Open Air, the sinewed North
Thy followers have dwellers been in dreams
And where the blood-shot eye of danger gleams
Stride boldly forth
To brave the ice-tipped winds, the uncharted snow,
The crash of thundrous storms, the forest fire,
Where man's hot blood keeps pace with man's desire.
Onward they go.
The strong give battle and the weak must fall
When men would match their cunning 'gainst the wild,
The eternal fight of the unreconciled.
Hark to the call
From white metallic stars, o'er snow-clad heights;
And instinct answers madly with the cry
"God let me live, so that I glad may die
'Neath northern lights."

The Broom

(Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B.C.)

I saw God in a golden cloud
Of broom upon the green
Of hills whereon His breath awoke
Music of choirs unseen.
Our dull, insensate ears are closed
To loveliness divine
Until the heart of Being thrills
And, clothed, the voices shine.
Then, robed in green and gold, the earth's
Clear symphonies outswell
From every wayside hedge. The rocks
Intone a canticle.
"Awake!" the voice of Beauty cries
In words of rippling fire.
A million fragrant blossoms bend
In answer to her lyre.
And we, who see the writing traced,
Know that a hand is there
Which, clasping, we may be akin
To earth and fire and air.

A. M. STEPHEN.

From "The Rosary of Pan," by permission of McClelland & Stewart Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

The Apostate

Love is a blatant heresy
When all the hazel buds are new;
The meadow-larks exult aloud
And butterflies are fondly proud
Because the sky is blue;
I want to share their liberty
Instead of only loving you.
Yet if my heart were disenslaved
Perhaps their happiness would pall;
My love sustains them every one,
My love irradiates the sun,
And prompts the lark to call.
I scorn the liberty I craved—
In loving you, I love them all.

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Canadian Writers

(By Tom MacInnes in "The Star.")

William Arthur Deacon, the well-known literary critic, had a lengthy article in a recent issue of the New York Times in which he refuted the assertion of those who deny that there is any authentic Canadian literature. This statement is sometimes made by certain teachers who have not seriously studied the work of Canadian writers. These persons seldom acquire a taste for that which makes intimate appeal to the Canadian native-born. They are not qualified. Mr. Deacon pointed out to his American readers that much of the best work of Canadian writers could have originated only in Canada; that it is colored and shaped and made alive by what is characteristic, in all its diversity, of the long stretch from Nova Scotia to the Klondike. It is in certain features more truly Canadian than a maple leaf. Mr. Deacon goes so far as to say: "No country, still in its pioneering stage, having so small a population made up of such different types, and embracing so vast a territory of the most diversified topography, has ever produced so large and significant a body of authentic literature."

If that be true then why should any special encouragement be given to Canadian writers? Let them sink or swim as best they can in competition with others. And if they go down like Villon and Chatterton and Francis Thompson and Ernest Dowson and Edgar Allan Poe, and such like of the impecunious immortals; well, serve them right for having had some rich thing out of life that money cannot buy. After they are dead then people may have editions de luxe on the parlor table of what they starved to produce. That has been the general attitude; whether in the cultured capitals of Europe, or the Main streets of America. Nevertheless, there may be another side of the question so far as Canada is concerned, because of the peculiar position in which she finds herself, and the influences to which she is subject from her giant neighbor to the south. It may be admitted that the strictly national feature is never the best feature of any literature. The greatest writers make equal appeal to all countries and races and times in their common humanity; the greatest literature evades the sectional clutch of any special patriotism or class-feeling. But if Canadians intend to remain Canadians it may be highly advisable to have a body of trained writers, who are Canadian in spirit, encouraged to live and write in Canada; writers who may win to a wide reach in the world of letters beyond Canada. This, if only on the very lowest patriotic grounds. Because in these days it is found

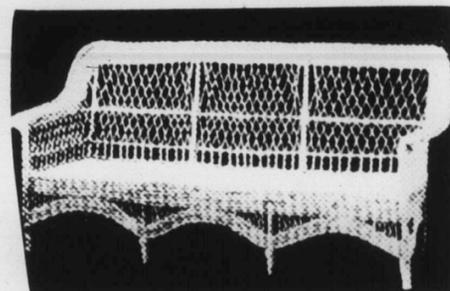
that both in war and peace, in political and national and commercial strivings, propaganda pays. Canadian railways, ships, hotels, farms and trading companies want Canada to be favorably known abroad. It will bring them dollars; and that is the one great concern.

Believing, apart from any problematical benefit to be gained from encouraging art for art's sake in Canada, that there may yet be some sound financial use in keeping our writers in Canada, The Morning Star suggests that the Canadian Authors' Association, which is to hold its annual convention this summer in Vancouver, should give serious consideration to practical ways and means of helping Canadian writers who have proven their merit; helping them to position or opportunity for making at least a living in Canada. Once they give up and go to the United States they usually become a total loss to Canada, however they may gain personally in a wider field.

One way might be to establish a Canadian University Union Press, which would serve somewhat as the Oxford University Press in England. The output of this institution is assured of a sale to all libraries in Great Britain; quite independent of the risky chances of the booksellers' shelves. Now then, if Canadian college professors, headed say by some such man as Dr. Pelham Edgar of Toronto University, were to join hands with the Authors' Association they might induce every library in Canada in the national interests to agree to buy two copies of any book passed for publication by the Committee of such Canadian University Union. This would more than cover cost of publication; and it very likely would result in some works of great merit, including historical and scientific treatises of special interest to Canada, being given to the world which must otherwise be lost. Many such works might be held in high esteem by future Canadians; although at present there may appear to be no circle of readers wide enough to assure an ordinary publisher in venturing the cost of publication. The literature which becomes the glory of a nation is seldom the literature which pays. Walt Mason with his continual flow of rhymed banalities and Stephen Leacock with his weekly dose of forced humor are two Canadians who take fat cheques from the Americans for feeding them on pen products. The fatter the cheques the better. No right Canadian will object to the signal success of his countrymen. But pen products just the same—never literature?

Prior to the American Civil War the United States government recognized

their literary men handsomely. Posts were provided for them at home and abroad. Tom Paine, Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne were among the first. As to Poe and Whitman it could hardly be expected that men so unconforming and so high above the mass in vision and literary expression would be encouraged by their contemporaries. But, as a rule, the Americans before the Civil War substantially assisted their literary men. After the Civil War it was no longer necessary. The United States then offered the greatest literary market ever known. But Canada is still in the position of the United States a hundred years ago from the standpoint of population. So if Canada wants Canadian writers, it might well follow the early example set by the United States; and encourage those who yet remain in the land.



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"I saw your advertisement in the B.C. Monthly."

Vestigia*

(By Bliss Carman.)

I took a day to search for God
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge through woods untamed,
Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw His footprint in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware,
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary hermit thrush
Sang through the holy twilight hush—
I heard His voice upon the air,

And even as I marvelled how
God gives us Heaven here and now,
In a stir of wind that hardly shook
The popular leaves beside the brook—
His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned
Homeward and thought what I had learned
And all that there was still to probe—
I caught the glory of His robe
Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
I looked and longed for any part
In making saving beauty be
And from that kindling ecstasy
I knew God dwelt within my heart.

*The above poem by Bliss Carman was read for the first time in the University at Winnipeg, to a very large and enthusiastic audience.

A Photograph in a Shop Window

By BERNARD McEVOY, Vancouver, B.C.

Through a Gethsemane of city streets,
Whose ministering angels seemed from hell,
And ever stabbed me with their venom darts,
Till soul and body writhed in misery,
I strayed—a hunted mortal—sport of Fate.
Then, when 'twas worst, behold thy pictured face,
Calm, peaceful, resolute; thy comrades true
Around thee, "helmed and tall;" ah! then I knew
How angels strengthen us in time of need;
And from thy face drew solace for my smart.

The Pilgrims' Way

In crossing Ranmore Common* east or west,
A double row of yew trees meets the eye,
Age-old and gnarled, they seem too old to die.
Their shadow tempts the passer-by to rest,
And watch the skylark leave his grassy nest
And mount in vocal rapture to the sky.
Can he from heaven's height the past espy,
When pilgrims came this way upon their quest?

Old trees, once young! Waymarks of those gray bands,
Guiding their footsteps to the Kentish shrine;†
Lusty old trees, rooted in common lands,
I'd pluck a branch of yours, but I'd entwine
Its rigid sombreness with trailing strands
Of the blind poet's 'twisted eglantine.‡

—ANNIE MARGARET PIKE.

Surrey, England

Vancouver, B.C.

* Canterbury.

‡ L'Allegro, line 48.

The following sonnet by Chas. G. D. Roberts proved to be one of the favorite poems read by the Poet during his recent visit in Vancouver:

In the wide awe and wisdom of the night
I saw the round world rolling on its way,
Beyond significance of depth or height,
Beyond the interchange of dark and day.
I marked the march to which is set no pause,
And that stupendous orbit round whose rim
The great sphere sweeps, obedient unto laws
That utter the eternal thought of Him.
I compassed time, outstripped the starry speed,
And in my still soul apprehended space,
Till, weighing laws which these but blindly heed,
At last I came before Him face to face,
And knew the universe of no such span
As the august infinitude of man.

The Muir Glacier, Alaska

(By L. A. Lefevre, Vancouver, B.C.)

I sailed into the North for many days
Through magic isles, by stern grey heights that stand
To guard the secrets of that lonely land,
When sudden down the dim, enchanted ways
Broke fiery shafts of sunset—through the blaze
Translucent arches rising on each hand
The azure depths with rainbow radiance spanned—
Celestial gates thrown wide to mortal gaze!
Beyond, a flood of frozen light that hung
Half veiled in mist across the snow-crowned steep
Its waves of bright, tumultuous splendor flung
Deep in the trembling sea! Oh, Memory, keep
That glorious vision mine until I die—
A dream divine of worlds beyond the sky!

Ballade of the Renegade Fisherman

(At Alta Lake, B.C.)

Far from the 'phone bell's raucous call,
I lie and court the wind's caress;
And watch some fleecy cloudlet fall
On steep Mount Whistler's side; or press
Soft on his crown like hoary tress,
Here by the brink of Alta Lake—
Care-free? ah no, I must confess—
'What of the fish I meant to take?

I should not think of fish at all
Amid such lure of loveliness:
Its charm might well my heart enthrall—
The trees in all their summer dress,
The limpid loch, nigh motionless
Mirrors the pines, dark-green, opaque—
Yet doth the gadfly thought obsess:
'What of the fish I meant to take?'

Why should the jeers of friends appall,
Who hoped, perchance, enjoy a mess
Of trout, my catching? They may bawl
Their silly jibes: Shall I transgress
Against my soul? How can they guess
A poet's joys? Yet comes the ache—
My bosom's mild Eumenides—
'What of the fish I meant to take?'

Envoy

Old Isaac, whom I used to bless,
Tho' I your gentle craft forsake,
The thought will haunt me aye—ah yes,
'What of the fish I meant to take?'

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