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# BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Devoted to COMMUNITY SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

Volume XVIII.

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No. 4



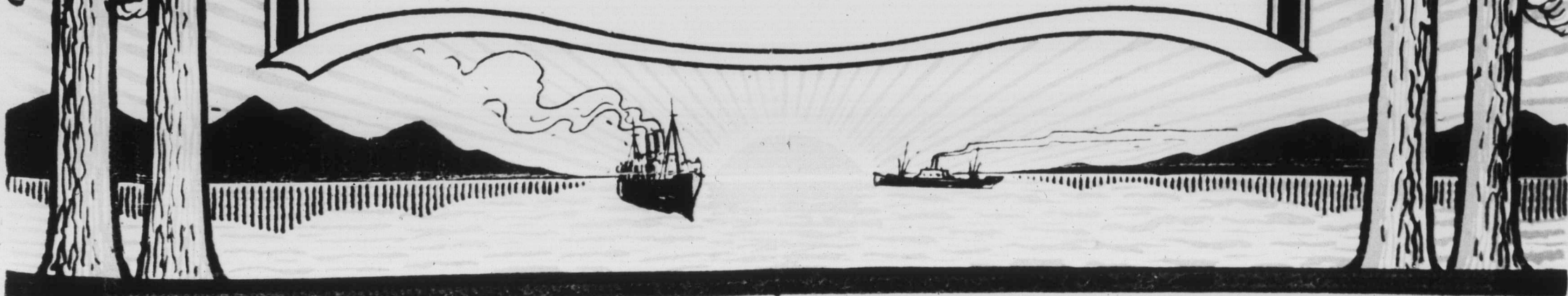
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MOUNT GARIBALDI THROUGH THE MISTS

THE NEW CANADIAN PLAYGROUND IN  
BRITISH COLUMBIA

A PIONEER'S ADVENTURE ON THE SKEENA  
RIVER, B.C., IN 1894.



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**PUBLISHING OFFICE, 1100 BUTE STREET,  
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## Articles by Western Canadian Pioneers

Through the Boiling Waters of the "Little Canyon" on the Skeena River, B. C.,  
in 1894 in a Paddle-Wheel Steamer.

(By C. H. French, District Manager for British Columbia of the Hudson's Bay Company.)

Many years before the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway through British Columbia, I was engaged on transportation work for H. B. C. on the upper reaches of Skeena River, which sweeps down through the Atna Mountains to the northeast of Hazelton and debouches into the Pacific at Prince Rupert.

We had puffed laboriously upstream in our tubby little paddle-wheel steamboat until the Little Canyon came in sight. Here we found the water hurling through narrow and precipitous walls—too high and too powerful a current for our engines to master. We lay by for a few days until the waters of the summer freshet had subsided to some extent.

The excitement—the thrill—that one gets when passing through the canyons of the Skeena is beyond word-picturing. It must be experienced to be fully realized. The Little Canyon is roughly a mile and a half in length. During high water it has three channels. The steamer "Mount Royal" was turned over and wrecked in the middle channel during high water, 1907. Six men were drowned, despite the fact that the channel is but eighty feet wide.

Entering the Little Canyon from the lower end, one gets the impression that he is starting through a subterranean passage, because of the towering, straight walls—so high that darkness appears to be gathering.

After proceeding a little further one notes that the "boils" (whirlpools) are getting larger and if you look over the side of the ship you will note that an extra large "boil" has struck the steamer right on the stem, and has caused her to settle until the water is rushing in over the bow. Suddenly the "boil" has careered the boat to one side and has shifted to her quarter. The crew, with large rope bumpers, rush to the side opposite the boil so that in case the captain is not able to straighten the boat up they will be able to swing the bumpers between the guard of the steamer and the rough, jagged walls of the canyon.

Now the "boil" has reached amidships just under where you are standing, and when you look down into it and feel the boat settling under you, you wonder if there is really any bottom to it and whether the boat will be sucked under or whether she will eventually rise.

Probably when the guard of the boat is under water and the decks are actually flooded, the boil will shift a trifle to one side. Then the boat will immediately float up and go along.

Two-thirds of the way through, the channel forks and you come to an island which has a navigable channel on each side.

If you take the north channel it is necessary to put the boat's nose close up under the island so that one of the crew can jump ashore and carry a cable up to a ringbolt, in order to hold the steamer's bow in the channel while the stern is being swung out into the current. With the aid of the capstan the boat is hauled up.

After ascending a little farther, the north side shore becomes sloped at the water edge to about 45 degrees and the boat is dropped over on it where the force of the water is strong enough to force her up at least three feet on to this sloping shore. After cables are arranged it is necessary to put heavy timbers against the shore on which heavy blocks and tackle are arranged, the fall of which is taken

to the capstan and only after great power is used is the vessel shoved clear of the rocks, so that she can be hauled up further.

The boat emerges from the canyon over a large gravel bar and in order to pass here an extra heavy cable must be used to hold the steamer's prow until the stern is sufficiently far out in the current to get steering power; otherwise the boat would shoot down and go head first down through the canyon.

On the particular trip that I write about, we had swung out into the river and the signal had been given and the cable cast off. The engines were "wide open" but were not powerful enough to drive us ahead. If we went back, destruction to the boat and death to all on board was certain. The channels were not wide enough for the boat to turn, and bridging the channel meant that she would turn over and tear herself to pieces in less than five minutes.



Should we not strike a channel but go on the point of the island, the first shock would be so heavy that the boat would crumple up like a cracker box.

Imagine the dismay and terror that came over everyone when, in this dangerous position, with every pound of power being exerted to keep the boat from going back, the boilers suddenly foamed and the engineer was forced to shut off the engines.

Hair stood on end, sunburned countenances paled. The deluge of boiling water that was forced through the engines and out the smokestacks was scarcely heeded because the greater danger of being smashed to pieces in the canyon so much overshadowed it.

The steamer plunged backwards. Panic was gripping us all when the engines began slowly to turn again, gradually increasing until the down river course towards destruction was arrested and we stood still.

On the opposite side of the river was a large eddy and the slight angle at which the captain held the steamer caused the swift water to set her over gradually toward this eddy and safety.

Closer and closer she worked to the haven while the engines pounded and churned, straining every atom of power they had, in order to save us and herself from destruction.

As we neared the shore the force of the water was lessened and the boat gradually commenced to gain, increasing the rate of gain with every second, until it became evident that we were safe and bound to win out.

While all this perhaps did not take over ten minutes, the relaxation after the strain was so great that complete exhaustion overcame some of us.

Going a little farther up the river, the driftwood was found to be running so thick that it was impossible to dodge it and we were compelled to tie up in a slough, as we had already seriously damaged our wheel.

Next day an Indian canoe came down the river, going at a terrific rate of speed. We endeavoured both by signs and shouting to warn the crew that they should not enter the canyon, but the only reply they gave us was to paddle harder and in a flash this large war canoe with a crew of sixteen Indians shot into the canyon out of our sight.

Neither the canoe nor any of its crew were ever found, and it can only be surmised that one of those large "boils" took the craft and held it, gradually sucking it lower until at a certain point the canoe would stand straight on end and disappear, the crew either being held in the eddy or carried down and deposited underneath the large drift piles.

To complete the story of this trip might be tedious. It was started from Port Simpson, April 28th, 1894, and ended, after going up at Port Essington on July 25th, 1894. We

took practically three months to travel the same distance that the Grand Trunk railway can travel today in fourteen hours.

I wonder if it is possible for a passenger going down the Skeena River, resting comfortably, looking from the window of an observation car, to picture in his mind the hardships that were the lot of the H.B.C. pathfinders who went before. Every point, every crook and turn, rock and Indian village, has treasures of adventure stored up. If they could only talk!

I would rather own a newspaper in any live town or city than own the bank in that same town.

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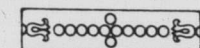
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# THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER

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## OUR FEDERAL ELECTIONS—A FORECAST

It is much too early to attempt anything like an exact forecast of the promised results in the present Federal contest. It is not, however, unimportant in its reference to the question of Group Government to ask ourselves "What is the Prospect?"

The situation is interesting in the matters of issues, men and party alignments.

The issues are not new. Evidently matters of Tariff are to play an important part. The principal Tariff Issue having been a bone of contention in previous elections, it requires no present comment. Those whose opinions are unformed on this issue are comparatively few. Conscription and Government Failures will presumably compass the other issues.

The outstanding men are, of course, the leaders of the respective parties, viz: Meighen, King, and Crerar.

So far Meighen has made himself known, mostly, as an able debater and fearless fighter. His Tariff convictions are Protectionist.

King does not stand so well. A good speaker, his convictions are uncertain. With the full weight of Laurier's still great influence behind him it may be questioned if his leadership is not a great mistake. Unquestionably, Fielding would prove much more dangerous to Government success than King.

Crerar, the Third-Party Leader, is a Free Trader. No one doubts the sincerity of his convictions. Neither can his stand on War Issues be questioned. As a speaker he may not, on any given occasion, equal either Meighen or King, but he is not to be disregarded as an effective platform orator.

Party alignments present some very interesting features. Some may not have decided, as yet, whether Meighen means a stabilized tariff or an increased protection. Such a decision will affect the allegiance of no small number.

Apart from that, we have a Government Party advocating Protection, a Liberal Opposition advocating with varying consistency Freer Trade Policy and a Farmers' Party who are Free Traders of the Mackenzie type.

The result is confusing. Quebec finds itself largely outside all three parties. Traditionally Laurier Liberal, it yet has strong moderate tariff convictions. It has no regard for the Farmer party. In tariff it favors Meighen; in all other matters King. Beyond a divided Quebec, largely Independent, no present prediction seems possible.

In the Maritime Provinces there is a different situation. Protection there has its friends. Crerar will, thus, injure King rather than Meighen.

Ontario largely suggests the question of whether the Farmers' Party can hold the place Provincial results would indicate. King has ceased to be a factor there and shows no signs of re-juvenation. A largely diminished Quebec contingent will be his main support in the next House.

On the prairies Mr. Crerar will come into his own. Here his main victories will be won. At best Meighen and King combined can hope to tie his forces here.

British Columbia will give small support to King and less to Crerar.

What then will happen? Ontario and Quebec will decide. King with an outside following of 60—and, probably, far less—will be Third Party Leader. Will the Farmer Party in

Ontario crumble, giving Meighen his present following there or a slightly increased one? If so, Meighen will be assured of sufficient support to carry on alone. If not, Crerar will come within striking distance of parity of following.

This, in turn, will make the attitude of the Quebec Independents a matter of much moment to Meighen and Canada.

Certain changes will occur with further nominations. Still others with the progress of the contest. Apart from the elimination of King as a serious contender for control much is quite uncertain. We await further developments with interest.

## SANFORD J. CROWE

Apropos of elections we have the retirement from the Federal House of Burrard's genial member, Mr. S. J. Crowe. To the country this is a decided loss. Mr. Crowe is not a speaker, but possesses sound business ability of a high executive order.

In political circles his outstanding value, however, was in his candour, integrity and broad sympathy. These qualities enabled him to inspire confidence and trust in himself on the part of political opponents as well as political friends. Often these factors procured him favours from opponents seldom, if ever, accorded his party confreres.

These characteristics are, generally speaking, lacking in the Federal House. Here few seem to have effectively crossed the lines of party antagonism and distrust. Much better would it be if, even, the debating talent in the House were sacrificed to provide room for a better understanding. At present it is largely a position of two or three armed camps skirmishing for advantage. Such a position is always bad in its effect on Legislation and National Character. It emphasizes politics—it limits patriotism.

Whatever Mr. Crowe's reasons for retirement were, let us hope they were such as would, in all good conscience, absolve him from an otherwise plain duty, viz:—to give to his country services such as few could, in the nature of things, have rendered.

## VERSE BY B.C. AUTHORS

Is it out of place for a mere prose writer to congratulate the B.C.M. on its Department of "Verse by B.C. Authors?" May those congratulations be extended to those contributing to the department in the last issue?

## WHAT'S WRONG ANYHOW?

Now that the hysteria of the war period is disappearing, and ravings over "NEW ERAS," "Unprecedented Situations," etc., are assuming their true position in the general situation of affairs, is it not somewhat apparent that most of us, unduly excited, have been looking for things in the wrong quarters? We are, perhaps, just now commencing to realize that God was not in the thunder or the whirlwind, but in the still small voice we were not listening for. Suppose we accept, for a while, Browning's theory, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world," and let this thundering and thunderous procession of alarmist writers, speakers, preachers and teachers rave in their delirium till sobriety of thought comes again. No doubt the B.C.M. readers can find numerous examples of these "birds of evil" without any being here mentioned. Local Literary, Debating and Educational Societies please take note.

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# FUTURE CANADA---WHAT?

(By Herbert Fiddes, Kamloops, B. C.)

It does not require a long memory to realize that the world has been passing through a series of stages, each with its own individual characteristics. Just prior to the war, from every pulpit and at every street corner were heard denunciations against the Selfishness and Greed of men. It was the age of the "Get-Rich-Quicks." It was an age when Self predominated. People were absorbed in their own interests, and in grabbing the riches of the world, and worried not about their brothers' weal. Suddenly the world was ablaze. "War! War!" was the cry. Young men stirred by adventure and patriotism, jumped to arms in defence of their country. Months of bloody warfare passed into years, and the strain upon the country began to enter every home. The deeds of heroism stirred men to their soul's depths. The cry on every side was "Sacrifice." Women's fingers grew swollen and weary knitting socks, and men were urged to give! give!! give!!!—"Give until it hurts." There were still those in the great upheaval that clung to the old cry of "Self," and tried to close their ears to the shouts for "Sacrifice." Pressure was brought to bear, and many a "tight-wad" was forced to sacrifice by the power of public opinion. In many cases the new sensation of giving and its resultant pleasures, grew upon them and they entered wholeheartedly with the crowd who shouted "Sacrifice." Then on that glorious day when victory smiled, and the enemy cowered, and the "cease fire" notes were sounded, the world lay back—lost in the re-action. The need for working at high pressure was no more. Men and women were at sea, unable to find their bearings. Now hours hung idly on their hands, and the joys of loved ones returned, tested their over wrought nerves, and they simply had to find an outlet. It was found in pleasure. This we might term the age of "Sensation." It was then that dancing and other means of amusement reached their height. People craved for sensation! sensation!! Just as a boy must find an outlet for his surplus energy, so must the people find an outlet to their over-wrought emotions. These took various forms, so that the world seemed to have gone pleasure-mad.

But gradually the world adjusted itself to the new conditions and it appears to the writer that the craving for sensation is passing. No longer do the wild "jazz" and "bunny-hug" hold sway. Dances are more normal—more sedate. Men are turning their attention to other things. The lessons of the war are not altogether lost. Men are realizing that they are their brother's keepers, and that no man can live unto himself. All around us are springing up clubs with "Community Service" as their aims. We have Rotary, Kiwanis and Gyro Clubs. These are composed of men who realize that man is not a selfish individual, but must take his part in helping and remodeling the conditions of the world. We are coming into the age of "Service."

It will be a long and often disheartening task to educate many of our men to the realization that they owe a debt to the world. Too often do we hear that the world owes men a living. We owe the world our best.

In the great task of readjustment there are those who will talk, and few who will act. When there is a piano to be moved there is always someone who will grab the piano stool. The world is still full of piano stool grabbers. The world needs big men who will undertake a man's job.

The character of a nation is the character of its individuals. We can make Canada what we will. Environment is subject to man's will. We create our environment. Too often do we allow our environment to create us.

Ancient Greece craved for countrymen who would excel in philosophy, and athletes who would win the great races. To this end she trained her youth. The result was her men were fleet of foot, and she has left a legacy to the world in the names of Socrates, Aristotle Plato and others. Rome wished a nation of stern soldiers, and she was rewarded. In after years Germany wanted a nation of soldiers. She trained her youth, and grew to be the most formidable nation in the world.

The trend of times is upward. First we had Self, followed by Sacrifice, Sensation and now Service. But as stated above the nation will be just what we make it. It will be great as we are great, religious as we are religious, strong as we are strong, commercially inclined as we are so inclined, educated as we view educational standards.

The secret of a nation's power lies with her young people. As we mould the minds of our boys and girls so we will mould the minds of our future Canada. How careful should be parents, teachers and others who have to deal with the young as they view the great influences and mighty responsibility that are theirs. We—each one of us—are nation builders.

Therefore—"Fix the goal you wish to gain,  
Then go at it heart and brain,  
And, though clouds shut out the blue,  
Do not dim your purpose true  
With your sighing.  
Stand erect, and, like a man,  
Know 'They can who think they can'—  
Keep a-trying.

Had Columbus half-seas o'er  
Turned back to his native shore,  
Men would not today proclaim  
Round the world his deathless name,  
So must we sail on with him  
Past horizons far and dim,  
Till at last we own the prize  
That belongs to him who tries  
With faith undying;  
Own the prize that all may win  
Who, with hope, through thick and thin  
Keep a-trying."

## Meeting Provincial Needs

The great increase in the number of telephone stations in this province means that the telephone subscriber is able to reach many more people by wire, and consequently his service is of greater value. During the past year or two, expansion has been marked in all parts of Vancouver Island and the Lower Mainland, but adequate facilities have been installed, both in regard to outside plant and inside equipment, to meet the needs of the various communities. The object of the company is to give a telephone service second to none. The B. C. Telephone Company, being a British Columbian concern all through, has a real interest in provincial progress, and every effort is made not only to meet the needs of development, but to anticipate them.

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"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

Vol. XVIII.

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 4

## A Common-sense Sunday: Conserving Our British Heritage

During the height of summer heat in Eastern Canada it was reported that the mayor of a large city had been requested to prohibit bathing on Sunday. If the press report was accurate, the incident suggests the need for protecting a good cause from its over-zealous friends.

What form of exercise adults take on Sunday (not employing others) should be left entirely to individual choice, and no just criticism of such actions can be made by others without knowledge of the time that toil or harassing duties leave participants for such recreations during the other six days of the week.

With social progress, improved machinery, etc.—to say nothing of the influence of the rush conditions of modern life—we believe the time is coming when the sixth day of the week will be set aside by the majority of civilized peoples as a day for rest and recreation of body and mind; and then, perhaps the seventh will be even more generally associated with what concerns the soul.

It is quite consistent with belief in such freedom in individual choice, however, for a writer or publication to emphasize that Canadians in some western cities such as Vancouver, have need to be alert if they are not to be deprived of that restfulness associated with the British rather than the Continental Sunday.

This is not a matter concerning personalities but affecting the health of the community. There is therefore a great deal more involved than the good-natured, indifferent or sympathetic tolerance of any mayor or attorney-general, or the questionable practice of any newspaper publisher.

To take newspaper hawking and fruit selling as samples. In former years the Vancouver News-Advertiser was published and delivered on Sunday morning, but (as we happen to know from experience) there was little Sunday work involved. That paper did not publish on Monday, and it was maintained with reason that the arrangement of publishing on Sunday morning meant less Sunday work than many Monday papers necessitated.

Now Vancouver's morning daily—we are not concerned with its personalities or politics—(with which is incorporated the News-Advertiser), publishes seven

days a week, and its week-end or Sunday edition has been hawked in the city and residential districts later than eleven o'clock on a Saturday and as early as eight o'clock on a Sunday. If noisy vending on the street on Sunday is tolerated by law at such hours, then the sooner the law is amended the better, or if such action, being against the law, is permitted by an attorney-general or mayor, then the sooner such functionary is superseded the better.

If as a nation we are to keep fit there is need, mid the rush of modern life, to work for the sixth day being given to toilers for what makes for real relaxation and recreation, and still greater need to prevent rest-disturbing and nerve-wracking noise on the seventh day—apart from religious considerations.

If it is against the law of the land that fruit and candy and other stores are allowed to be open in Vancouver on Sundays, the toleration of such law-breaking is all the more surprising in view of the fact that the vendors in many of these places seem to be foreigners.

It seems curious to speak or write of "drum-tight" regulations with regard to the prevention of such traffic, and somewhat ridiculous to suggest that the distribution of milk should be put in the same category. By such methods some people seek to make advocates of a restful, healthful Sunday appear puritanically intolerant.

There are not a few things more common to the British Commonwealth than to Continental peoples which Canada as well as the rest of the Empire would do well to hold fast, and one of these is a common-sense Sunday. Even if religion be left out of the question, physically and mentally it can be demonstrated that—

"A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content  
And strength for the cares of the morrow;  
But a Sabbath profaned, whate'er may be gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

From the lower levels of bodily and intellectual fitness the quiet Sunday is a priceless heritage to pass on; and if we believe in any form of "higher life" being open to mortals in this world or Beyond, we will not be content to let the day originally set aside as an inspiring holy-day become a mere tiring "holiday."

## GARIBALDI PARK :

The New Canadian Playground in British Columbia

By Rev. A. H. Sovereign, M.A., B.D., Member of Alpine Club of Canada.

“By the breadth of the blue that shines in silence o’er  
me,  
By the length of the mountain-lines that stretch before  
me,  
By the height of the cloud that sails, with rest in  
motion,  
Over the plains and the vales to the measureless ocean.  
(Oh, how the sight of the things that are great enlarges  
the eyes!)  
Lead me out of the narrow life, to the peace of the hills  
and the skies.”

—Henry Van Dyke.

It is usually considered “good form” in democratic countries to malign the Government in power. May I, on this occasion, be permitted to break this rule and praise the Government in power. In the October number of the B.C. Monthly (1919) there was published an article on “Glorious Garibaldi,” containing a plea that the legislative authorities set aside the three hundred square miles at the head of Howe Sound as a Provincial Mountain Park. The early months of 1921 have seen the realization of this dream of many years, and now Garibaldi Park stands as the new Provincial Playground for B.C., for Canada, and the world. By an Order-in-Council, authoritatively approved and gazetted, all of the land having a greater elevation than 3,000 feet above sea-level, bounded by the Mamquam and Pitt rivers, and by the main stream and east branch of the Cheakemous has been set aside as a Provincial Park.

As many nature-lovers in Western Canada and Washington are planning to visit the Park during the summer of 1922, a few directions and suggestions may be of assistance. Perhaps also, others may be led to spend a week or two in these ideal surroundings and know and love “the peace of the hills and the skies.” Let us then follow an outing party as they journey.

In the first week in August, a party of ten, including the writer, Messrs. I. Miller, Don McKay, Stanley Wright, C. Hodgkiss, H. O. Frind, Orchard Bayliss, G. Bullen and Miss R. Parker and Miss P. Van Horne, prepared to spend a week or ten days in the new Park coveting the honor of being the first large party to enter the Park after its designation. Much care and time were given to the preparations, especially when it was found that no pack horses would be available. When the “packs” were made up, it was found that each man would have to carry from sixty to seventy pounds each and the ladies thirty pounds each. The outfit included four tents, provisions for ten persons for ten days, cooking utensils, two climbing ropes, ice axes, medical kit, extra clothing, blankets and sleeping bags, cameras and photographic supplies and all of the many extras so necessary for such a journey. The climbing boots, properly fitted with Swiss edge-nails weighed over six pounds per pair. On a bright morning in August, the members of the party gathered at the Union S.S. Co. wharf, ready for the journey, and soon the good steamer was on its way—out of the Harbor, through the Narrows, and along the rocky shore leading to Point Atkinson, entering Howe Sound. The morning mists were slowly lifting from the Britannia Range and soon the stately peaks of Hanover, Brunswick and the Lions stood out clearly against the cloudy skies. Four hours brought us to the head of the Sound

at Squamish, a delightful journey in itself, not suffering in comparison with the fiords of Norway. In the distance could be seen the majestic dome of Garibaldi, wreathed in fleecy clouds, and we naturally felt that we were quite near the object of our journey. The transfer from boat to train was made without undue haste and soon the mountaineers were piled with their cumbersome packs in the aisles of two coaches already filled to overflowing. But everyone was happy, and even the other passengers were not too critical, especially when they learned that we were only going a short distance by rail. The train had not proceeded very far before we came to an abrupt stop and the conductor and brakeman suddenly disappeared from the coaches, but we soon discovered that they were only trying to persuade some cows that the locomotive had the right of way. However, we were quickly under way, hoping that no cattle would again cause a halt, at least not the same ones. A Provincial fire warden made his way through the baggage and very courteously warned us concerning the danger from our camp fires. The Cheakemous Canyon was soon reached and the passengers were all greatly interested in watching the wild stream with its green waters leaping from cliffs to boiling basins on its way to the sea. To the west, the snow-clad peaks of the Tantalus Range gave the traveler his first impression of the grandeur of the region he was entering, while to the east, the brown and yellow strata of the Barrier told us we were nearing Daisy Lake station, the end of our train journey. The passengers did not show any signs of grief at our departure, but watched us with inquisitive wonder as we made our way over the swaying foot-bridge, inwardly asking themselves why any civilized human beings could be so foolish as to hope to gain pleasure by climbing mountains with such packs on their backs. At Garibaldi Lodge, we were royally welcomed by its genial host, Mr. T. Nye, who kindly told us of the condition of the trail. Here our pack straps were carefully adjusted and we made ready for the trail.

A trail has a strange fascination for a lover of hills. It speaks with a language all its own, and calls with a voice which only a few can hear. Away from the paved and noisy streets, away from the envy and greed and pride of the crowded ways, the climber finds rest in the lure of the winding trail. The birds sing by his pathway; the little squirrel greets him and welcomes him to its home. Each turn unfolds a new vista and each plateau a new scene.

But soon this trail brings us to a vast amphitheatre among the hills, with the wide channel of Stoney Creek lying before us. No one doubts the fitting character of the name. Almost as far as the climber can see, there is nothing but round boulders and we slowly and laboriously journey over them. But our watches and “inside information” tell us it is six o’clock, and “the chief” tells us we will camp here for the night. Quickly, the heavy packs are thrown down and the climber feels as if he were walking in mid-air. The big two-gallon “Billy-can” is filled with water from the stream, a fire is kindled, and the evening meal is speedily prepared. And now we have more time to look around us. At the head of Stoney Creek Valley we quickly single out the Barrier as the most interesting feature of our surroundings. As the search-light

rays of the sinking sun play upon it, we clearly see the different strata in undulating layers, each with its own coloring—yellow, brown and red. Many thousands of years ago, this valley was continuous, but suddenly the craters of Red Mountain just above us belched forth with flames and smoke and down its sides flowed stream upon stream of molten rock, sealing up the mountain waters above with a dam built by nature of more solid and lasting construction than any dam built by man's engineering skill. But night is falling, and choosing sandy hollows for beds, we crawl into our sleeping-bags and plan to go to sleep. However, our Professor proceeds to give a lecture on Astronomy and as we look up into the clear sky, he tells us why the Milky Way is milky, why the Pole Star is in the North, and why Saturn has rings, until at last his pupils fall asleep and he alone continues the discourse.

(To Be Continued)

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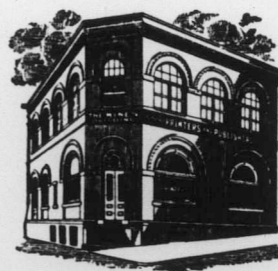
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## A SCOTTISH CENTRE

(By G. Duncan).

The Editor has asked me to say a few words—no writer ever says more—on societies in general, Scottish Societies in particular, and the "Scottish Society of Vancouver" in chief particular. Societies are like classes; they imply something like a common level—in the one case, of bank accounts in the other, of ideas. Both in bank accounts and in ideas there may be a wide range of variation. That is what adds zest to the game, but in class or society there is one condition indispensable. The highest must be within reach of the lowest; my pocket must stretch at a pull—if only for a moment—to meet my neighbour's. I must be able to understand and take interest in my comrade's ideas. If I do not feel pleasure in the reciprocation of minds, I may be in the society, but not of it.

In these days when the commonest weapon of the seeker of notoriety is to question accepted ideas, no one, I think, has ever doubted man's instinct for society. The hermit or the fakir is a pervert of humanity, whom fear or self-distrust has separated from his kind. We will no doubt be enjoined by some enthusiasts to love mankind as a whole and not to spend our affections on the fetish of nationality. Those broad-minded philosophers tell us that the principle of nationality is wrong and ought to be obliterated as quickly as possible. But whatever may be the warmth with which these citizens of the world advance their attacks upon the nationalists, the affection which they shower upon the world at large has always seemed to me a very thin and washy fluid. It is, at all events, nothing that a man would die for, and that is the ultimate test of our value of ideas. The world is too large for us to feel at home in unless we have made a part of it in a measure our own. The natural order of life settles that for the most of us beyond thought of dispute. The village or the town where we were born, the seas, the rivers, the mountains, which our childish eyes have gazed on, the language which first sounded in our ears, the faces which lighted those dimly remembered days were all the round earth to us once, and we see or hear them still, not in the clear light or unromantic accents of today, but through a transfiguring glamour which holds the magic of nationality. Nor is it, I think, when truly considered, a dwarfing sentiment. The man who feels a passionate devotion to his country is likely to have as much affection left over for the outside world as has the loudest tongued cosmopolitan of them all.

Scotsmen, they say, have always formed themselves into societies. In some parts of the country they called them clans, and at times I have heard it urged against them as a charge that they are "clannish." The statement is quite true. The same charge was made against the early Christians—"Behold how these Christians love one another." The Roman pro-consuls, too, did not regard this feeling of brotherhood as a virtue but as evidence of a combination which might have serious political dangers. And the Scotsman, far from his own country, will often feel his heart warm only to hear the accents of his native land once more and instinctively he will know that between him and this nameless stranger there is a bond of union which was forged before either of them was born. It is not, as I have said, a bond which severs him from unrelated peoples and the Scotsman, never forgetting or losing his sense of origin, readily adds another nationality to his possessions. Thus it comes that when a Scottish society is proposed in Canada there

can be no limit to the membership for almost every Canadian one meets will tell you of at least one Scottish ancestor.

But there, as everywhere, it is true that a wide interest is apt to be a weak interest. We must concentrate in order to be strong. Friendship is the most lasting bond that unites human beings. On what qualities it is founded may be disputed but we know at least under what conditions it is likely to be born. The deepest and most lasting friendships have their origin in boyhood or early youth, and always arise from a forced or voluntary combination, so that to ensure the best results some opposition is probably necessary. In later life we can seldom reproduce the conditions, but in a society or club where there is a common interest and a limited combination, there is offered to us at least the outskirts of friendship, a favoured position from which an advance into the land of friendship is, if not likely, certainly least improbable. A Scottish society starts with the strong tie of blood, and let us hope at least some recognizable accent carried over the high seas and saved up for common comfort when the winter days are dull and the rest of the company alien.

As for the Scottish Society of Vancouver, that is a child not yet born, but we hope to see it come to life strong and healthy next Friday night, a wise child with a mind to compare with its physical frame, and likely to grow quickly with an equal balance of brain and body. We hope it will interest not only Scotsmen who are Canadians and Canadians who are Scotsmen, but all who feel the attraction of a small but virile race, all who have buffeted a north-easter on the streets of Edinburgh, or smelt the sweet blooms of the heather on the highland hills. We wish to give all who are interested in Scottish literature, history, and social questions a forum where they may explain their views and clarify them by comparison with the opinions of others. We trust that every member who has a special interest in by-paths of Scottish literature will find an outlet for its expression as well as those who have more Catholic tastes. We believe we will have cranks and faddists in the society and we will welcome them too. If they do not awake our affections they will at least save us from dullness, the worst fault of too much peace and harmony.

We expect that every evening's meeting will have its peck of soberness and seriousness to witness the solidity of the Scottish character, and its lippie of laughter to tell that humour is always waiting at the corner of Scotland's puritan

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mouth. We expect that the discussions will not always please us, that the decision of the wise philosophers of the Society will sometimes give us defeat and not victory, and that will be a most pleasant bitterness in the mouth; for if we could always win, victory would soon make us rebels to ourselves. We expect that the Society will arrange this year in a somewhat makeshift fashion, next year in a more regular way, a series of lectures on questions of Scottish interest, and it ought to endeavour to obtain addresses from any literary visitors from Scotland on the special subjects of their work. If the Society should grow large and influential, it may do much to centralize Scottish thought and work in Vancouver, and the County Societies might easily become associated with it, to the advantage of themselves and the central Society alike. We hope that the Society will keep alive the memory of the great Scottish festivals, Beltane and Yule, and that Hallowe'en with its mystic associations and its merrymaking, may wake psychic echoes in the minds of men who, perhaps in their own boyhood, have gone a-masking with the old traditional guisers' songs, or have heard from the lips of their fathers stories of these picturesque customs now fallen almost into oblivion.

Always, in every town, there is a meeting on the 25th of January to celebrate the birth of the reviver of Scottish song. Everyone knows that enthusiasm without eating and drinking is like pictured fruit, and a Burns night without a dinner is only a Barmecide's feast. There have been many great men in Scottish literature, but only three have been taken to its heart by the Scottish nation, Robert Burns, Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson. The Society could not better show its appreciation of the social side of Scottish life and its love for great men than by setting apart

one night every year for the commemoration of each of those names and giving enthusiasm the solid basis of a dinner.

Now I wish to clear away a misunderstanding which has arisen about our promising child even before it has seen the light. A friend has written to me, not in any spirit of disapproval, but rather of praise, and it seems that he regards the Society as educational. I wish to scotch at once the idea that our purpose at any rate is educational. All that we wish to do is to give some opportunities for innocent pleasure and amusement. We are sure that no one need shun our meetings from any fear that we are teachers. Education has too formal a countenance to bring pupils flocking into the school room, and half of us suspect that he has a rod behind his back. I, for one, would not let Education show his face, but if he likes to lie hidden at the back of the hall, where we shall hold our meetings, I do not see why we should rudely drive him out. And perhaps if we ever are persuaded that his face is growing less sour we may allow him, in the end, to come and sit in our company on condition that he says nothing. Seriously, however, I think that the world at present has far more need of being interested and amused than of being educated. Life is a serious and a growing burden. To many it seems less desirable than it did to their fathers, for they demand far more from it. The over-serious mind tends to create its own sorrows, and the most pressing need of education is the cultivation of happiness. If our Society in its small way gives even a few thinkers an added interest in life and a few evenings of pleasant mental occupation, it will have deserved well of its city, for it will have helped to make happier and therefore better citizens.

Since this article was written a preliminary meeting for organization of the proposed society has been held, and as a result another meeting will take place at an early date to settle the Constitution, appoint an Executive, etc. Information as to the Society may be obtained by reference to Mr. George Duncan at 615 Pender St. West, Vancouver.—  
Editor, B.C.M.

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**BRITISH COLUMBIA POETS**


(By Lionel Stevenson)

The third week in November is to be "Canadian Literature Week" all the way across the country; and according to present arrangements, this period will coincide with a visit to the coast from Bliss Carman, the greatest Canadian poet. There could be no better opportunity for the reading public of this province to take stock of our literary assets, which are very much finer than most of us realize.

The form of literature in which British Columbians express themselves with incomparably the greatest perfection is the lyric poem; and this is the more noteworthy because the lyric is the supreme expression of the poetic muse. It is the lyric that really reaches to the great heart of humanity and becomes an element in the spiritual heritage of the race, fulfilling the highest function of poetry by bringing the pure thrill of a fresh conception of beauty. The average man speaks reverently of the "Divina Commedia" and "Paradise Lost," but he does not read them. He gets in touch with Dante's tender love story through the lyrics of the "Vita Nuova" and with Milton's sublime patience through the sonnets, and these things really influence the development of his inner life.

During the past four or five years British Columbia has bulked largely in the annual production of Canadian novels, and is for that reason gaining a reputation as a literary centre. But it seems to me that the poetry of these same writers is definitely superior to their achievements in the field of fiction. While enjoying the novels, I find lots of points to criticize, but some of the lyrics reach that level of perfection where a single change would destroy the whole work of art. These poems are characterized by a mastery of musical cadence, and unfailing choice of appropriate words, and a genuine emotional quality which are the essentials of the true lyric.

I shall select for special consideration a dozen verse writers of British Columbia, and by brief quotations shall seek to prove the high standard of their productions.

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay is a past mistress of lyric expression, most of her best work having appeared in the "Canadian Magazine," and it is welcome news that it will soon be available in volume form. Of those which I have read, I choose two which are absolutely perfect, possessing that additional and intangible effect of utter fitness, which is the result of entire accord between idea and expression, mood and form, which no technique can teach. These are "In an Autumn Garden" and "Always."

"Love is never an alien thing;  
Love set the gay world spinning;  
Love sat light on the first bird's wing,  
Sang in the chorus of earth's first spring,  
Danced in the first green fairy ring—  
For love has no beginning.

Love is never an alien thing—  
When the last stars are sending  
Their paling beams through an empty sky  
And the mad earth reels and the sweet winds  
die—  
Chaos and darkness! But you and I  
And love that has no ending!"

A thorough poet in temperament is Tom MacInnes, and a thorough British Columbian too, in career, being the son of a former Lieutenant-governor, though the tone of his poetry is cosmopolitan. I should need too much space if I tried to analyse his fascinating philosophy of mystical

hedonism, and even to choose a passage for quotation is difficult enough. His work abounds in original conceptions and felicitous expressions. "Lonesome Bar" is a vivid picture of life in the Klondyke; "In Amber Lands" is a good example of his bizarre Oriental themes; "The Fool of Joy" is a collection of the difficult old French forms, which in his hands are not artificial exercises, but have all the gay abandon of Villon himself.

"Pardon if I ravel rhyme  
Out of my head disorderly!  
Forgetting how the rats of time  
Are nibbling at the bones of me!  
But while upon my legs I'm free  
Out in the sunlight I intend  
To dine with God prodigiously:  
Youth is a splendid thing to spend!

Here's to the man who travels still  
In the light of young discoveries!  
Here's to the fellow of lusty will,  
Who drives along and hardly sees  
For glamour of great realities  
The doom of age! This line I send  
To all who sing hot litanies:  
Youth is a splendid thing to spend!

Fellows, come and ride with me  
Swiftly now to the edge of the end!  
Holding the Stars of Joy in fee!—  
Youth is a splendid thing to spend!"

He is the only troubadour who has survived merrily in this cold-blooded twentieth century.

Something of the same fantastic and Oriental flavor distinguishes the work of Lionel Haweis. His published works include weird ballads on myths of the B. C. Indians and Esquimaux, and a colourful Persian drama. He is a specialist on Hindu literature and religion, and has written dramas on that theme; but he is equally expert in delicate lyrical passages, exquisitely polished:

"And now the Fisher of the Night  
Was trolling in the Sky;  
His cloudy Craft was lapped in Light  
Who sailed and fished on high.

There where no earthly Aspect mars  
The heavenly Seas, whose Tides  
Are flecked and decked with cresting Stars,  
The crafty Fisher rides.

And as he rides he softly sings  
The magic Song of Sleep,  
The while he deftly baits and flings  
His Tackle in the Deep.

Not every Bait the same to him,  
Nor every Line as thin—  
Oh! he had Baits for every Whim  
And Lines for every Sin;  
For many are the Fish that swim  
The Seas he fishes in!"

(From "Tsoqalem")

In these lines we see what a poet can make out of the picturesque legends of the aborigines of this coast.

Another dramatist is Carroll Aikins, who produces his own plays in his famous Little Theatre at Naramata. His lyrics are those of a widely-cultured man with an artist's delight in shaping his fancies into delicate cameos. His eclectic faith renders him akin to the two poets previously discussed, and is expressed in the "Credo" which introduces his volume of lyrics:

I believe in God and Fairies,  
Hell and Heaven, hearts' desire.  
I believe in lovers' fancies,  
Morning star and sunset fire.

I believe in work and leisure,  
Idle wine and bleeding hands,  
I believe in pain and pleasure,  
Mountains of the shifting sands.

I believe in good and evil,  
Secret gift and open ill.  
I believe in truth and cavil.  
Aconite and daffodil.

I believe in woman's honor,  
Be it chaste or otherwise,  
I believe in man's endeavor,  
Though it wing in barren skies.

I believe in soul and spirit,  
Sensitive and gossamer,  
I believe in luck and merit,  
Wage-slave and adventurer.

I believe in peace and conquest,  
Orchard-close and field of strife;  
For, in mocking mood or earnest,  
I have great belief in life.

Miss Elspeth Honeyman, now Mrs. Clark, first won the public ear with her stirring war poems, which appeared in leading English and American periodicals. But war poems have little appeal for us at the moment, and besides, the writer's individual genius is better revealed in her tender little lyrics. Utter simplicity is combined with a command of musical effects as in the following very feminine piece of work.

"A little gate, a narrow path—  
Ah, how was I to guess  
Would some day glimmer thro' the years,  
The Road to Happiness?

A little house, with little rooms—  
So small it seemed to me!  
Ah, how was I to know how small  
Paradise could be!"

And here is a most delicate landscape piece, "Sea Moods:"

"Dawn, and the white mist breaking,  
Light on the sparkling sea;  
Day, and the white caps racing,  
Joyous and strong and free.

Eve, and the red sun sinking  
Into a sea of dream;  
Dying in crimson splendor,  
The ghost of a vanished gleam.

Night, and the white mist shrouding  
The shadowy edge of the deep;  
Night, and a pale moon shining,  
Night, and the world asleep."

Mrs. Clark is the only one of the poets mentioned in this article who was born and educated in British Columbia, as well as making it her home; but a pioneer of many years standing is Mrs. Lily Alice Lefevre. It is a quarter of a century since Mrs. Lefevre published "The Lion's Gate," a graceful poem on a Vancouver subject, and this season she is bringing out a collection entitled "A Garden by the Sea." She has contributed many of these poems to periodicals, under the pseudonym "Fleurange." Typical of her metrical skill and lyric charm is "Inheritance":

Child of the mountain snows  
New-fallen from heaven to earth,  
The raindrop whispers to the rose  
The secret of its birth.

Borne by the wind and tide  
From its ancestral place.  
The forest seed uplifts in pride  
The stature of its race.

Far from the sun, its sire,  
By primal forces hurled,  
Each planet guards the mirrored fire  
Whose glory lights the world.

Born of the Breath Divine.  
And Love's immortal flame,  
Why doubt and fear, oh, Soul of mine,  
Forgetful whence you came!

Returning to my contention that our novelists are minstrels in disguise, I adduce as examples, Robert Watson and R. Allison Hood. Different opinions may be held concerning Mr. Hood's "Chivalry of Keith Leicester."\* But the same cannot be said about the admirable ballade which introduces it. There is no awkwardness here, but that entirely delightful mingling of classic and English legend which is the heritage of our "pastoral" poetry:

"Fair Tempe's groves 'neath Grecian skies  
With shout and song re-echo still;  
And dancing nymphs and fauns surprise  
By rocky grot and foaming rill;  
While Pan's illusive pipings fill  
The leafy lanes—jocund appear  
His whole bright frolic crew at will—  
To such as have the vision clear.

To mortals blest with seeing eyes,  
The fairies walk in Arden still;  
The magic light of Elfland lies  
On grassy glades, on dale and hill;  
While Philomel's sweet love-notes fill  
The leafy bowers where gay appear  
Titania's court in costume chill—  
To such as have the vision clear.

Far out beneath these Western skies,  
We too may conjure up at will  
These sylph-like forms, perchance surprise.  
Some naiad mirrored in the rill;  
Or through the pine-trees, sweet but shrill  
Pan's plaintive pipes enchanted hear—  
E'en fairies dance and roundels trill—  
For such as have the vision clear."

Mr. Hood's verse has the recherche charm of the savant, whereas that of Mr. Robert Watson is robust and ebullient. His measures have an irresistible swing that sets them to natural music; but the writer does not seek to conceal

\*It is worth while noting that as we go to press it is reported that "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester" may be filmed.—Ed., B.C.M.



careless workmanship by his metrical fluency. Good examples of his work are Rosemary's song in his first novel and this attractive verse:

"Come, dearie! come to the West with me,  
—Beauty pines in the shadow—  
Weep no more for the things that be;  
Come to the El Dorado!  
Over the waves where the wild birds shriek;  
Over the prairie, vast and bleak;  
Up and over the mountain peak  
Till again we scent the sea;  
There, dear heart, is the land we seek,  
Come, oh, come with me!

Come, dearie! come to the West with me,  
—Voices afar are calling—  
Thistledown on the breeze floats free,  
And perfumed cones are falling.  
Bees are droning in homeward flight;  
The sun caresses the hills, good-night;  
The wild-cat purrs to her forest wight,  
And the stream croons on to the sea.  
Our cabin glows with a rosy light,  
Come, dearie! come with me!"

Wilson MacDonald has not lived in this province for several years, and his poems are dated from every corner of Canada, but several of the best of them were composed here. Like Tom MacInnes, he is an impractical vagabond from some more romantic age, and the quest for beauty colours all his work, though some of it is in the most modern forms and some in the rich classic tone of Keats. It is hard to do him justice in a brief quotation, but this, from "A Song to the Singers," illustrates one aspect of his work:

"Should you descend the stairway of old Time,  
And search the webbed wine-cellar of the years,  
The breaking of each vessel of sweet rhyme  
Will make most merry music for thine ears.  
No time is dead that gave the world a song:  
The larger hours were wet with music's flagon;  
And half the garlands of the brave belong  
To runes that calmed the courage of the dragon."  
Another poet who has left British Columbia for larger fields is Miss Cicely Fox-Smith, whose spirited ballads of the sea are familiar to all readers of "Punch." Miss Fox-Smith lived for some time in Victoria, and the ports of the Pacific coast are the scene of a number of her poems, this one being called "Hastings Mill:"

"As I went down by Hastings Mill I lingered in my going  
To smell the smell of piled-up deals and feel the salt-wind  
blowing,  
To hear the cables fret and creak and the ropes stir and  
sigh  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) as in days gone by.  
As I went down by Hastings Mill I heard a fellow singing,  
Chipping off the deep-sea rust above the tide a-swinging,  
And well I knew the queer old tune and well the song he  
sung,  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) when the world was young.  
And past the rowdy Union Wharf, and by the still tide  
sleeping,  
To a randy-dandy deep-sea tune my heart in time was  
keeping,  
To the thin, far sound of a shadowy watch a-hauling,  
And the voice of one I knew across the high tide calling,  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) and the late dusk falling!"

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Loyalty to the British crown is a conspicuous trait of this westernmost outpost of the Empire, and many of the bards I have mentioned have tuned their lyres to the patriotic theme. But the special laureate of British Columbia was the late Sir Clive Phillips-Wolley, who lived in the province for many years. His verse combines dignity with an agreeable swing, and he is particularly successful in depicting the scenery of the coast as in his "Spring" poem and in this virile "Gulf o' Georgia Boatman's Song":

"It is sun-soaked peace that the land folk crave,  
And the drowsy voice of their sheep;  
Give me the roar of the rousing wave  
When the Sou' West harries the Deep.

When the salt o' the sea gets into your blood,  
And the throb of its heart to your brain;  
When the live boat lifts to the living flood,  
And you flush to the kiss of the rain;

When down the valleys of gloomy grey  
And over the slant sea walls  
The black squalls race, the white-caps play  
And the shrieking sea-bird calls—

Then my spirit stirs, and my pulses beat,  
And the long-gone years come back;  
Thank God to be free from the man-filled street,  
And out on the Viking's track."

I have purposely retained the last place for that writer about British Columbia who is probably the most widely known and loved, E. Pauline Johnson. Coming to the coast with her literary powers fully developed, and her literary reputation established, she devoted herself to perpetuating the legends and the beauties of her new home. Such lyrics as "The Lost Lagoon" and "The Trail to Lillooet," are too familiar to need reproduction, but I shall quote her magnificent and moving last poem, "And He Said, Fight On!":

"Time and its ally, Dark Disarmament,  
Have compassed me about,  
Have massed their armies, and on battle bent  
My forces put to rout;  
But though I fight alone, and fall, and die,  
Talk terms of Peace? Not I.

They war upon my fortress, and their guns  
Are shattering its walls;  
My army plays the cowards' part, and runs,  
Pierced by a thousand balls;  
They call for my surrender. I reply  
'Give quarter now? Not I.'

They've shot my flag to ribbons, but in rents  
It floats above the height;  
Their ensign shall not crown my battlements  
While I can stand and fight.  
I fling defiance at them as I cry,  
'Capitulate? Not I.'

Some of the more important omissions from this fragmentary sketch require a word of explanation. The dean of Canadian poets, Mr. Charles Mair, has lived at Fort Steele, B.C., for some years, but the bulk of his poetical achievements was completed before he came here, so there is nothing distinctively British Columbian in his work. The same applies to Mr. Bernard McEvoy, who published his volume of verses some twenty-five years ago in Toronto, and has since become familiar to newspaper readers in Vancouver as "Diogenes." Mr. A. N. St. J. Mildmay is in the same category

Only the inadequacies of space have prevented more extended reference to Mr. R. M. Eassie, a clever writer of

the W. S. Gilbert School, who is publishing his verses on the lumber-camp life of the coast; to Mr. Ronald Kenvyn, author of jolly longshore chanties; and to some half-dozen others. Their work can be confidently recommended as readable and artistic, and it will certainly have a place in that B. C. Anthology which will sometime appear, and toward which this slight survey may stand as a first tentative effort.

## VERSE BY B. C. WRITERS

### FLATTERY

Such flattery! That you should care for me  
Beyond the others who adore, beyond the rest  
Who equally admire, you should choose me best:  
Dearest, it surely seems it cannot be  
Such perfect tribute to man's vanity  
That your pink blushes, dear, should be distressed  
At my approach, your gayety depressed  
At my departure—wondrous flattery!

Dear, let me worship, always, let me see  
Your glorious hair by fond sunbeams caressed,  
My inspiration be a smile from thee;  
Why then, indeed, my darling, I am blessed—  
My hope our perfect love eternally,  
Your love possessing and by you possessed.

W. H. P.

### MOTHER NATURE'S LULLABY

Rest, rest, weary ones, rest,  
Rung is the evening bell,  
Though light is fading from the west,  
My children, all is well,  
My children, all is well.

Sleep, sleep, weary ones, sleep,  
Though dark the night and drear,  
Thy mother will her vigil keep;  
My children, do not fear,  
My children, do not fear.

Rest, rest, weary ones, rest;  
Thy father will come apace  
Over the morning's golden crest,  
And you will see his face,  
And you will see his face.

Edwin E. Kinney.

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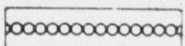
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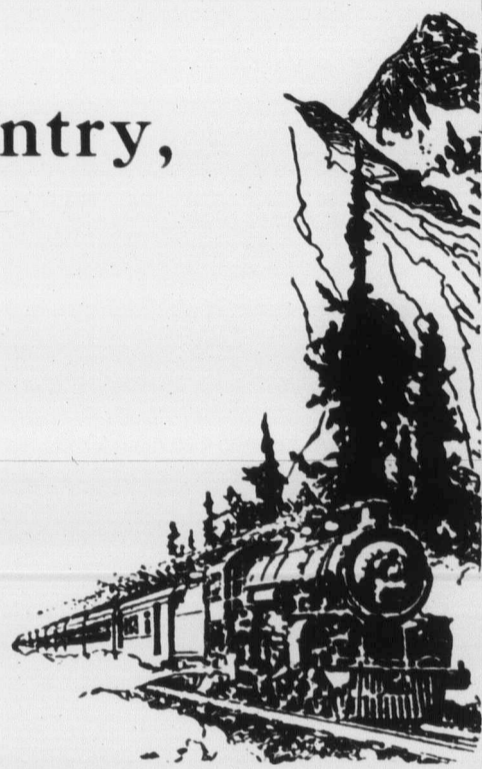
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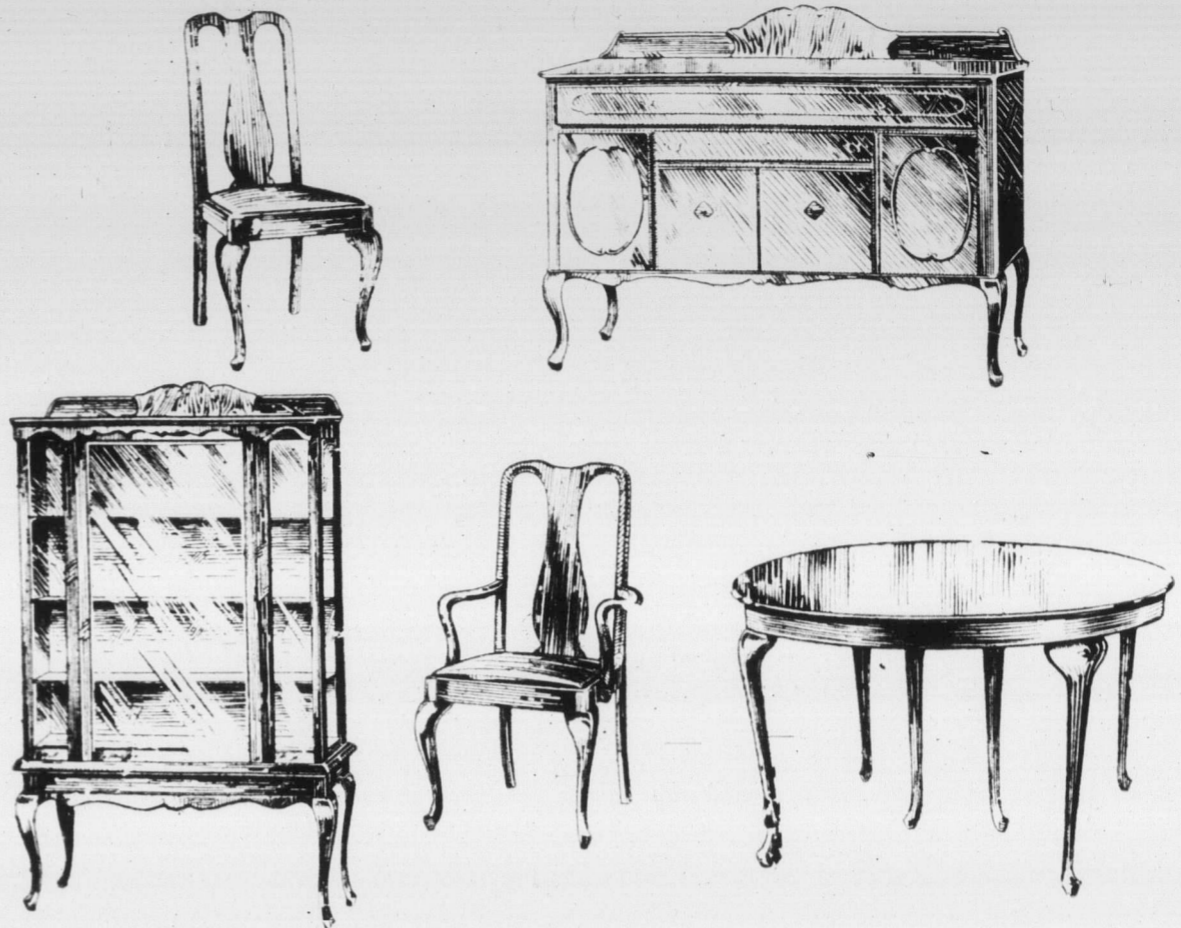
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ACQUAINT YOUR FRIENDS WITH THE B.C.M.—SEE PAGE ONE.