

Established 1911

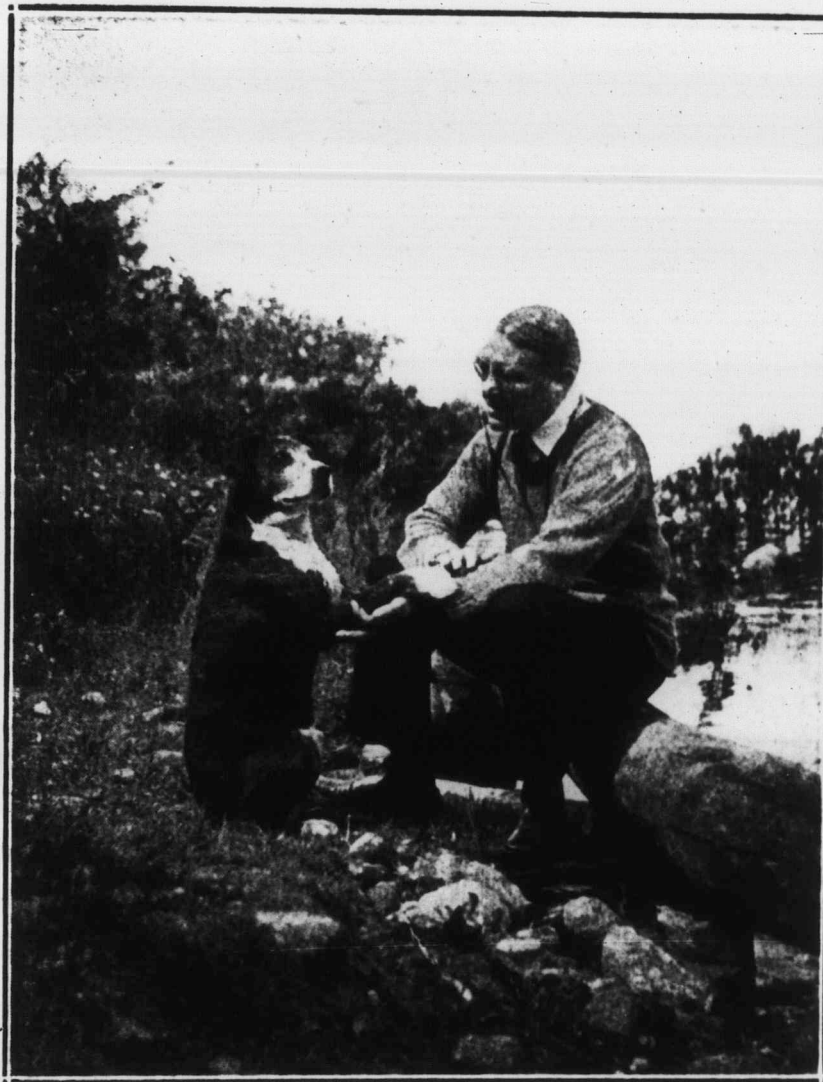
BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Volume 26

Vancouver, B. C., February, 1925

No. 5



DR. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Pre-eminent Canadian Poet and Story Writer, who (with his son Lloyd) was recently entertained at Stanley Park Pavilion by the B. C. Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association. (See Page 16.)

Do Canadians Care for Canadian Literature in Any Form ?

The Conquest of Canada (See Page 16)

Other Contents include: Stories: Verse: Book Reviews. "Impressions of the Homeland." The Wayside Philosopher on the recent "Imperial Conference and Canada's National Status."

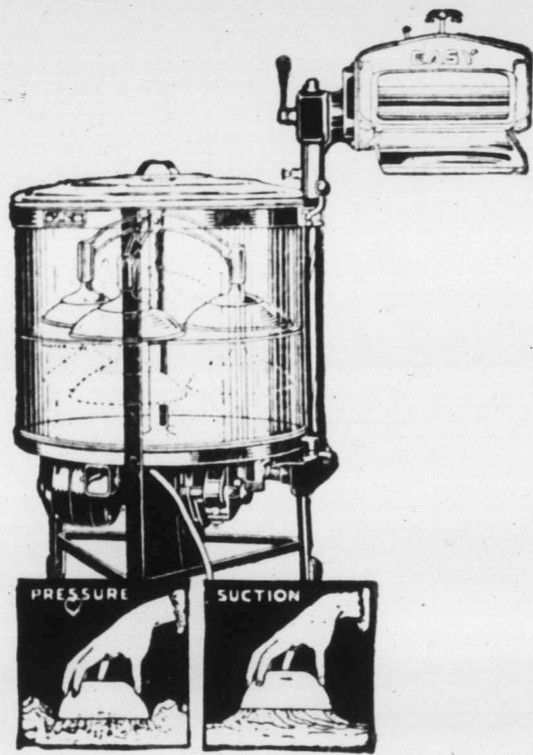
One Dollar a Year

Publishing Office:
1100 BUTE ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

Single Copies, 15c.

Acknowledged Leadership

For years the manufacturers of the EASY Vacuum Electric Washer have almost universally been acknowledged as the leading makers of a high-grade Canadian washer. For years hand-power machines were made, which were pronounced a boon by many of the hard-working housewives of the 90s. The first electric power washer was produced in 1910, and while crude compared with the EASY of to-day, many are still in operation and have saved their users countless hours of back-breaking toil. Improvements and evolution and a sound policy have resulted in the finished product of today. The EASY—Canada's best—is unequalled even by foreign competitors. Throughout the years of expansion and development, the principle has remained unchanged. The vacuum principle of gently flushing the water through the clothes rather than forcing clothes through the water—best in 1890—is still the best today. The EASY is simpler in operation, easier on the clothes, will save more hours of work and last longer than any other. That is the recommendation hundreds of thousands of users across the wide expanse of Canada give to you. See for yourself the EASY at our expense and your convenience. Set a day and hour, and the EASY will prove itself to you. Phone now, the spring rush will soon be here. Easy terms.



ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

DAVID SPENCER, LIMITED

Say It With Flowers

Cut Flowers, Funeral Designs, Wedding Bouquets, Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Bulbs, Seeds and Fertilizers



Brown Bros. & Co., Ltd.

Florists, Nurserymen and Seedsmen

THREE STORES

48 HASTINGS STREET EAST
189 HASTINGS STREET WEST
665 GRANVILLE STREET
Vancouver, B. C.

The Association of Ideas

Is an interesting study. Some names at once suggest certain qualities or service. Just as a man in earlier times often got his name from his work, or from some outstanding personal characteristic, so in these later days the name of a man or a firm sometimes suggests special service. In that way many people when they think of

FOOT COMFORT

think of business premises at

54 Hastings Street West, Vancouver.

and of the name of the proprietor.—

PIERRE PARIS

Publishing Office
1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Telephone:
Seymour 6048

D. A. CHALMERS
Managing Editor

Established 1911

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA

MONTHLY

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

The
Twentieth Century Spectator
of
Britain's Farthest West

Volume 26

Vancouver, B. C., February, 1927

No. 5

Do Canadians Care for Canadian Literature in Any Form?

I. *Some Plain Words* by Mr. Percy Gomery, Chairman of B. C. Branch,
Canadian Authors' Association.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The Editor of the "British Columbia Monthly" is alone responsible for the title and sub-titles given to Mr. Gomery's article. The Editor not only thinks the question in the main title is well-warranted by comparison, but, influenced by experiences in connection with magazine literature and its Community Service, extending over fifteen years, he believes that it is more than time that all Canadians—whether "Native Sons" or the surely not less serviceable Sons of other parts of the British Empire, who

are Canadians by choice—were thoroughly awakened to the fact that if Canada is to have "National Consciousness" or "National Spirit," and to take the place of a "Nation" in the World, its people will have to do more than speak about their country, and cease to let their reading, and much else, be regulated from outside Canada and outside the British Empire. In reading, as in other things, we must learn to be Canadians first!]

I hope that nobody will be disappointed in that I do not propose to discuss any current Canadian books. Rather I shall present to you a business argument to influence you from the fulness of my own conviction that—for some reason nobody has tried to explain,—Canadians are not giving a fair opportunity to Canadian books.

I became aware of this only a few years ago when I read a letter from Robert Barr, the world-famous novelist, in answer to one addressed to him asking whether he was or was not a Canadian. Mr. Barr said that he and his brother James (also a well known writer and sculptor) had been born, or at least had spent their youth in Wallaceburg, Ontario, but that, on achieving manhood the reception of Canadian editors and publishers had been so cold and disinterested that they had removed across the line, where their success was completed. Mr. Barr, I remember, was quite bitter in his letter, saying that not only did he feel that he owed nothing to Canada, but that he would bear a feeling of resentment for this country as long as he lived.

A Canadian's Experience Abroad

Things are not as bad as that today. Nevertheless, last year, in the city of Christiania, Norway, was held a convention of Women's University Clubs of the world. Canada was represented by a prominent woman from an eastern city, the president of the combined Women's University Clubs of Canada. On her return she told a friend of mine that she had never been so humiliated in her life as when, not once, but more than once, Norwegian ladies had approached her with words of congratulation and approval on certain Canadian works of literature which—on world standards—had been

translated and published in the Scandinavian language. The representative of Canada had never heard of the books. As she herself remarked, she had apparently been so busy reading English essays and American novels that it had not occurred to her that there was a Canadian literature.

A Revelation at Home

Some time ago I attended an evening party. Each guest was given a type-written sheet with the names of fifty Canadian books of the day—naturally the better known ones. The winner was able to write the author's name opposite forty-four of the fifty, and the scores ranged from that downwards. We had with us a B. C. school-teacher. Not only that but a woman of a cultured and traveled past, a member of a family well known in artistic endeavor and foremost in matters Imperial. I had the curiosity to look up the score of this young woman and found that she had been able to identify one of the books. . . . Think of that! This cultured Canadian educator, in whose hands is the education of our Canadian children, was familiar at least with the title of one of the fifty Canadian books of the day! She told me that evening that she had just finished reading Kipling for the third time.

Reminds of the Old Story About "A Prophet"

After that I was not so surprised as I might have been when visiting one of Vancouver's great stores, in connection with my Book Week duties as an officer of the C. A. A. "Don't you find," I asked the manager of the book department, "that when you set aside a table for books by Canadian writers, this collection is popular?" What he answered was, "About as popular as if each volume was labelled 'Smallpox'."

Then he called his assistant and said, "I want you to say whether this is an experience we have every day. Persons come in, looking for a book, for a gift or otherwise. They look for an attractive title, then skim through a chapter or two, evidently like it. Finally they turn back to the title page, see the imprint of a Canadian publishing house and then—lay the book down and turn to another."

Remarkable Record from Dr. Roberts' London Publishers

Some time ago I spoke to the Women's Canadian Club and used some of the incidents I am now using. Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts was on the platform with me, and, although he was not slated for a speech, he said that he was inspired to make one, and went on to say that, year ago, he had given up even thinking that his fellow-Canadians would read his books. He got friendship and appreciation in

CONTENTS

	Page
Do Canadians Care for Canadian Literature in Any Form? By Percy Gomery	1
"Blencarrow": Reviewed by Roderick Random	3
A Question by the Editor	4
Premier Bruce in Vancouver: By Dr. A. O. MacRae	4
Impressions of the Homeland: By W. R. Dunlop	5
"The Miracle of Roses": Reviewed by G. A. Palmer, Regina	6
The Wayside Philosopher: The Imperial Conference and Canada's National Status: China: N. W. Birkenshaw	7
Verse by Canadian Writers	9
A Little Devotee to Magic: By Bertha Lewis	12
Marigold: A Story for Young Folks. By Claire Picard	13
The Conquest of Canada. By Lewis Wharton	15
Give the Canadian Author a Chance. By M. Eugenie Perry, Victoria, B.C.	15
"My Garden Dreams." (Book Review)	16

Canada, but not reading of his works. He has lately visited his chief publisher in London and looked at the books of account. Australia, he had found, had always bought twice as many of his books as Canada. Sweden, France, Poland, had always bought more copies; little Denmark, with a population of three million, bought more than his native country, and, he had been interested to note, that, during the past year, the country of Czeko-Slavia had passed into the list which bought more of his books than did Canada.

Canadian Indifference—U. S. Alertness

It is difficult to discuss this subject without touching on one's own career as a presumable writer. Some six years ago I prepared a series of so-called inspirational letters, addressed to Canadian bank clerks. They were sent to the three Canadian editors who should have been interested. The first never answered the letter, the other two expressed a wish to buy the material, but after consulting with others they said that they were afraid that, after all, their readers would not read the articles. While this discussion was still going on I sent the stories to a much larger and more pretentious U. S. magazine and received a telegraphic acceptance at a price just two and a half times the figure for which the material was being offered in Canada. The nett result of this was that five thousand copies of that magazine came into Canada every month, for twelve months, containing my writings, and they were read by Canadian financial men. In other words, Canadians were willing to read what a Canadian had to say to them about Canada—so long as it came under an American cover.

Difficulty of Finding Publishers

A short time ago I attended a dinner in honor of a famous London publisher. The talk naturally centred on what MSS. were accepted and which were not. A Vancouver literary man—who should certainly have known better—made a speech and said that the discussion was all nonsense; that there never was a good MS. but which found a publisher. I cannot conceive of a statement more ill-considered and more unkind than that. Why, any list of successful books reveals the names of numerous authors who confess that success in finding a publisher came as a pure accident, after untold humiliation. An American novelist now famous at one time sent a story to an editor, and never heard from him. Thinking that this was the way of editors she bowed her head and gave up. Twenty years later, when that magazine was changing its offices, that MS.

fell out from behind a desk, was pronounced a masterpiece and success followed. Surely it is not difficult to let imagination go a step further and to think of the scores of writers who, after pouring out their souls on a story, receive cold and unsympathetic treatment, and meekly hide away their MS. and their secret. For my part, I venture to say that there are to-day more good stories committed to the flames or to garrets than there are in print.

First Experiences of Connor, Service, and Drummond

Of our own writers in this respect: when Ralph Connor wrote *Black Rock* he tried all the Canadian publishing houses, and it was only printed finally by some Presbyterian friends, who, regarding it as a semi-religious work, paid the printer. Within twelve months of its appearance twenty pirated editions appeared in the U. S. Robert W. Service tried "*Songs of a Sourdough*" on all the publishers in Canada (and in justice it must be said on various publishers in the U. S.) and finally sent the MS. to a Toronto house with his own cheque for \$500 to pay the cost of printing. When Dr. Henry Drummond wrote the collection of poems, afterwards published as "*The Habitant*," he failed to interest a Canadian publisher, and the first glimmer of interest he aroused was when Putnam's of New York wrote him asking if he seriously thought that five hundred copies of such a book would sell in Canada? Dr. Drummond showed the letter to my father.

"Stands Toronto Where It Did?"

One author I know of wrote a story of Canadian flavor and placed largely in Canada, and sent it to two so-called publishing firms in Toronto, and was frankly told that they did not undertake to publish any books, even Canadian books, on their own account, but merely bound up sheets furnished by U. S. and English publishers. This particular work did find a home with another eastern Canadian publisher, a new house devoted to Canadian books and exclusively Canadian books, the first of its kind I think and therefore deserving of mention, the Graphic Publishers, Ottawa.

"The Enemy Within"

Each autumn during Canadian Book Week our Organization in the East endeavors to create interest by bringing to Montreal or Toronto some of the distinguished Canadian writers now living abroad, Arthur Stringer, Basil King, Frank Packard, Harvey O'Higgins, and many others, so that they may stimulate Canadian authorship by declaring themselves Canadians. Now, no worthwhile national reform seems possible without bringing into promi-

nence the enemy within. Here he is, the writer of a letter to the editor of the *Montreal Gazette*, October 27, 1926:

"Sir, Canadian Book Week is here again. I suppose we shall be bombarded through the press and by air and harangued to buy books by Canadian authors. All the expatriates will foregather in their native land for this glorious week of exploiting, and then return to the land of their publishers.

"The ice, snow, dog teams, French-Canadians and Mounted Policemen have been great money makers for them. Every day we hear of the want of immigration and yet we allow the Martha Ostensos with their Wild Geese to nullify it all. Canada's greatest curse, so far as immigration is concerned, is her novelists. Either censor Canadian novels or suppress them for the country's good. . . ."—and much more.

What a Novel Is—and Isn't

Rudyard Kipling was said to have given Canada a bad advertisement in his poem, "*Our Lady of the Snows*." Oliver Curwood is said to misrepresent Canada in his novels. But these people are not Canadians. Would anybody advocate suppressing their works in London and New York? A novel is not necessarily a publicity essay, an advertisement of the country where it is placed, it is not even a history of that country. It is merely a cross-section of some small phase of the country's life, picturesque, social, romantic, or even sordid. Canadian novelists' stories are no more a libel on Canada than Dickens' story of *Oliver Twist* was a libel on England.

"From the Mass the Masterpiece"

We all hope to see this country emerge into nationhood and survive as such. If literature is an integral part of a country's rise what is the best way of developing it? Surely not this doctrine of breeding an inferiority complex. Must we not rather cultivate a body of literature, from which the great will naturally emerge. Great books, like great trees, do not grow

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

Barr & Anderson

Limited

PLUMBING

and

HEATING

*OIL-O-MATIC and Simplex Fuel
Oil Burning Equipment*

1060 Homer Street
Vancouver, B. C.

"Blencarrow"-Mrs. Isabel Mackay's Latest Canadian Story

(Reviewed by Roderick Random)

In considering any special period of the past in any country or district and the manners and customs that distinguish it, it is often the novelists to whom we turn when we wish mentally to reconstruct it. The people of their imagination that they made to live and love and hate are vivid and real to our

(Continued from Page 2)

alone, but surrounded by other, if lesser books. From the mass will rise the masterpiece! Our literary critics who would destroy what we produce because it is not of the highest literary excellence, merely blight the forest from which the excellent will come. Great Britain is usually regarded as our literary desideratum, and our people speak of "English books" as though they were all great, always had been great. The *London Bookman* for December says that 9,800 new books were to be produced in England in 1926, 2,000 of which were novels, 80 per cent. of which would fall still-born from the presses."

One of our leading critics told us in August that Canada was producing 37 new novels, and he wished the number had been seven.

*Value of a National Literature:
Consider the Hebrews*

How many people have spent half an hour considering what a national literature means to a nation. Is it because it is a hobby of mine that I submit that a nation's literature is the largest single influence in building up the civilization, the commercial supremacy and the esteem in which that country is held by the rest of the world? Of the literature, the commercial and racial supremacy of England I need not speak. Consider then another country about the same size and about 25 per cent. greater population. Who knows anything about Java? Wishes to go there? Java has a lamentable literary tradition and production. Consider the Hebrews, whom H. G. Wells in his *Outline of History* tells us were never a third-rate power, who had no artists, no explorers, no military conquerors, not even architects or builders, but who had writers: Writers who were so encouraged and fostered by the people that they declared, "Have I not written unto thee excellent things? This shall be written for the generations to come; that the peoples which will be created shall praise the Lord." And the answer of their people was: "Yea, it was written by the finger of God."

inner vision almost as if we had known them. Mr. Micawber, Becky Sharp, and Tom and Maggie Tulliver, and the people with whom their stories are intertwined in all their joys and tribulations, show us the England of their times with a considerable clearness and intimacy. In the United States, such writers as Mark Twain and Bret Harte, Mrs. Wharton and Booth Tarkington have given us the life of parts of that country in certain of their phases and periods and crystallized them with brilliancy and power for later generations.

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's recently published novel, "Blencar-



ISABEL E. MACKAY

row," makes the completion of a trilogy of novels from her pen which have made fresh for us our own Canadian Province of Ontario, as it was a generation ago, and which will live in our literature, by reason of their faithful and like-like characterization as well as by their narrative power.

"Blencarrow" depicts in a masterly way the life of a small Ontario town of a score of years ago. Its characters are individuals that are also true to their type. On the whole they are a lovable lot and their idiosyncrasies, when they have them, endear them to us. Elder Andrew Cameron, somewhat of a mystic, an inventor, absentminded at times but wise and dependable in the main, is conscience-stricken because his mind has strayed to worldly matters on the sacred day. He says to his wife in a voice tense with contriteness mingled with elation: "Janet! . . . mind you, I'm no sure . . . I'm no just certain . . . but my mind mis-doubts me . . . woman, I'm terrible feart I've invented a plough upon the Sabbath!" Janet, his wife, is his true helpmate, equally lovable but as femi-

nine in her inconsistencies as he is the opposite in his steadfastness and uncompromising sense of justice and fair-play. As Euan, their boy, senses it, "his mother, with her quick eyes and fertile brain, was 'knowing,' but his father knew."

The Fenwell family with the ne'er-do-weel father, the patient, long-suffering mother, and the two daughters, so unlike each other and each so striking in her way, are splendidly portrayed. Kathryn is a heroine who wins our interest and sympathies. Her sister, beautiful but selfish and shallow, makes a good contrast and, even in her, there is the chance of rising to better things by the union of her weakness with the strength of her lover, Con, and the purifying power of a true passion.

Garry, who is coming out for the Anglican priesthood, and his uncle, the Rector, are both fine studies, and react upon one another in a way which the author has brought out most convincingly. There is a sureness in Mrs. Mackay's grasp of mental processes which secures the reader's confidence. One does not often question her conclusions. And her dialogue has the same quality of rightness so that every speech falls from the lips of the speaker naturally and inevitably. Often sparkling with wit and fancy, it never seems forced or far-fetched. Pointed with shrewd comment and pregnant phrase and at times dipping into the deep things of life, it reflects the more sterling qualities of a folk who, on the whole, looked upon life seriously and tried to live up to its responsibilities. Always, however, its seriousness is illumined and relieved by gleams of that humour that scintillates here and there throughout the book.

As to the story itself, the plot is simple and centres about the half-finished dwelling of the Fenwells with its outside door on the second story, which was opened on to nothingness and was always kept locked for fear the master of the house in one of his dreams of grandeur, might step through it and break his neck. In this very simplicity, Mrs. Mackay has shown her skill, for she carries the reader with her from the first chapter and maintains the interest to the end. Through tragedy, the happy outcome is attained.

Here is a book within which the picture drawn is stereoscopic, not photographic merely. It has depth and atmosphere and is drawn without exaggeration, blending finely the two qualities, sincerity and charm, which make for real and lasting literature.

A Question by the Editor

Should a Literary and Home Circle Magazine Exclude "Religious" Articles?

An article could be written on this question. But we introduce this note now because the season makes it timely, and because throughout these fifteen years, we have, on different occasions and in different ways, had various suggestions put to us in that connection. The opinion of the editor of this Magazine is that, given congenial opportunity, it should be as natural and easy for men at all kinds of work to discuss certain aspects of "Religion," as to discuss business, politics or social questions.

There is reason to believe that some journalists and literary workers are apt to speak and write as if everything religious should be avoided in a periodical covering the social and literary field. But some measure of impatience with that attitude is justified when we ponder the elementary fact that genuine religion concerns not only the life that now is, but particularly the question of life's continuity. That being so, we cannot understand why any human being engaged in "growing a soul" should think there is any need for explanation or apology if a Magazine exercising practical interest in the life of a community, should

from time to time give place to expositions bearing on any phase of religion as it affects life. But in this connection, as in others, we shall welcome expressions of opinion from our readers.

Premier Bruce in Vancouver

An Impression: By Dr. A. O. MacRae.

Many moons will wax and wane ere Vancouver forgets the advent of that man of marked individuality, the Hon. Stanley Bruce, First Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia.

The splendid spacious dining room in the new Hudson's Bay Company's Building accommodated upwards of a thousand guests. When the distinguished visitor entered with President Ditmars and several others, not a chair was unoccupied.

The effect of the entrance of the impressive figure, tall, striking, athletic, was instantaneous. Not only did the crowd rise as one man, but they cheered loudly and spontaneously. Then followed the time of eating and conversing.

After due satisfaction of the hunger instinct, the noted guest of the evening was pleasingly presented to the great audience by the President of the Club.

As the visiting Premier rose to his full height, the audience remarked the well defined features and the deep, clear voice. They expected to hear emphatic utterances. They were not disappointed. From the first word it was manifest his hearers had to do with a worthy descendant of a virile race.

There was no doubt about the position of this man: there was nothing of the platitudinous politician or the everything by turns and nothing long of the power seeker. A listener put it pointedly: "Here is a man who says what he means and means what he says." "We could do with a shipload of such men in the public life of this country." "He is such a contrast to the average politician in Canada." These and similar remarks give some idea of the impression made by this statesman from the Southern Seas.

There is no more intense Imperialist in the Empire than this Honorable

gentleman. While he loves his motherland, Australia, he keeps always before him the vision of a united people of British stock. He is so sure of the destiny of this people, that there is no hesitation as to his policy. He would weld the bonds of Empire by every means—social, sentimental, economic, educational. He would preach and teach Imperialism to old and young: he would have treaties between each and every portion of the Empire. He would above all arrange for a common basis of defence. Preparedness on every side and in every concern of the inhabitants of the far-flung Empire is his constant watchword.

He was tremendously aware of the competition of other countries. He would meet it by intensive education, the application of the latest results of science in business and industry. The establishment and maintenance of a board of Scientists to study trade and commerce from an Imperial standpoint is of prime importance in his estimation.

Imperial conferences to periodically review all movements already operating and to initiate new ones as occasions demand constitute an important part of this statesman's vision.

It makes no difference to this ardent Australian where it comes from or how it started, he is for it, if it means a bigger and much better British Empire. He would hold up both hands and give all encouragement for any advance in any legitimate or beneficial direction, but he is like the man from Missouri, he must be shown.

He received a hearty welcome, a hearty endorsement, and he richly deserved it. Such was the opinion of the representative audience, and especially, even emphatically, of those who think imperially.

To ensure
QUALITY and SATISFACTION
Look for the Label—

EMPRESS

JAMS AND JELLIES
TEAS AND COFFEES
SPICES

Empress Manufacturing Co.
Vancouver, B. C.

NOW READY

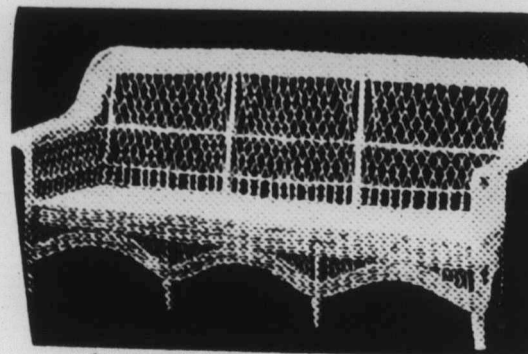
The Silent Zone

by Annie Charlotte Dalton
in which is incorporated
The Ear Trumpet, a Ryerson Chap-
Book

(now out of print)
This edition is limited to 250 copies
numbered and autographed
of which only 200 are for sale

Get your copy NOW from the author
Mrs. Annie Charlotte Dalton
5012 Granville Street South,
Vancouver, B. C.
Price \$1.75

To be obtained from the author only



E. J. Wakefield

REED AND WILLOW
FURNITURE

*Special Designs Made
to Order*

Phone Fairmont 4959 Vancouver, B. C. 561 BROADWAY WEST

Impressions of the Homeland

(By W. R. Dunlop)

We were anchored in Plymouth Bay close up to the historic old town on a glorious June day. The inevitable Scotch engineer from the tender came aboard the liner and, in friendly communicative mood, shewed me where Drake played his game of bowls and the spot whence the "Mayflower" sailed away to make American history. In such a setting, on such a day, Mac's homely burr seemed like the welcoming voice of Mother England.

Arrival in the old land after many years is more than a date and event. Perhaps with that thought, and as one who has lived long in two Dominions, I entered my name in Canada House and South Africa House, each within ear-shot of the other in the centre of the Metropolis—a symbol of the community which should subsist between members of the family.

I was curious to compare things new and old. Eight years had passed since the tense experience of war; and the interval was long enough to test the quality of reaction. As a casual observer I found nothing to indicate a recent cataclysm and little to distinguish social life from that which I knew thirteen years before, unless in point of excessive rates of railway travel and the amazing spread of the motor charabanc. There was perhaps less dignity in the pabulum of the London theatres; on the other hand less apparent drunkenness in familiar haunts, whether from a chastened spirit or economic pressure. The terrible coal strike had made its mark deep, how deep I did not care to gauge; and in mining districts it was pitiful, tragic, to see groups of husky men sitting on their haunches at street corners or by the roadside or idly playing cards on the grass while great industrial plants looked gaunt and lifeless from want of fuel. Yet it seemed a thing apart and, in London at least, did not disturb the surface of the stream to any outward appearance. There the main topic of the hour seemed to be the great Cricket tests, then in full course; and as I thought of that myriad sea of faces at Lord's, the tense restrained interest, the presence of the King, the extraordinary prominence given by the big London dailies in head lines and street boards, and the scraps of comment everywhere among passers by, I felt that Cricket at its best in England is more than a game—it is an expression of a National ideal, recalling to me Newbold's pen pictures and the proverbial word "It's Cricket." You cannot say a finer thing of public or private life—as an ideal.

I visited the House of Commons in some fear; for I had heard, with becoming sorrow, of the doings of some Scottish members in recent years. When I went it was a thin house and the big guns were not firing; but by coincidence it was a Scottish night—when the Secretary for Scotland was warding off a fusillade. Accent and idiom shewed here and there a lack in the niceties of classic speech; but neither word nor gesture lessened the traditions of dignity and authority we like to associate with the Mother of Parliaments, and I made a notch in my stick of remembrance.

The menace to St. Paul's Cathedral was grimly evidenced by the mighty scaffoldings rising away up into the great dome; and only about a third of the vast interior of the edifice was then open to view. I was told—I hope with reliance—that the menace seemed in control, with a few years of oversight yet ahead; and I breathed a sigh of relief, for the contingent thought was oppressive.

In the other national Valhalla—the venerable Abbey—I had a pleasant Canadian touch; for on the grave of Charles Dickens I noticed a beautiful memorial circlet of

flowers from the Toronto Dickens Fellowship, in silent homage. These two great temples seemed to represent different temperamental types of religious life: the Abbey in the thoughtful quietude of Westminster, and St. Paul's in the throbbing busy life of mixed humanity. A similar thought came to me as I stood in the heart of financial London: on one side the mighty Bank of England (now being altered); on the other the Mansion House with centuries of civic history behind it; converging streets and lanes representing untold financial power; and in the centre the dominating Royal Exchange with this arresting text on its noble facade, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," like a prophet calling to the moving crowds below.

I cannot forget that memorable first visit to Abbotsford House with its stately front and feudal towers, its beautiful gardens, its velvet lawns sloping down to the gentle Tweed. As I looked, two mental pictures stood out before me: the one, that of a jovial host, a little lame, mingling with easy grace and courtesy among the distinguished visitors who had come from far and wide to do him homage: the other—in the writing room (kept just as he left it)—the picture of a man prematurely old, worn down but of heroic front, writing, writing himself to death in a noble effort to protect his name from even the shadow of dishonour. No one can visit that room and remain untouched. In fancy the spirit of the great Romancist seemed to follow me to the "ruined pride" of Melrose Abbey and its wondrous East window, to Edinburgh and Glasgow and the romantic shore of Loch Lomond, each of which has felt the virtue of his magic pen.

When in Scotland I was chiefly in Ayrshire and of course much among the bardic memorials, incidentally gaining new lore in Burnsiana by the Greek method of asking questions. Perhaps the most impressive of these visits was on that summer day when I stood on the top of the national memorial in Mauchline; below me the little village shewing Poosie Nancy's Inn in lettered prominence, calling up tumultuous thoughts of the Jolly Beggars, Auld Licht Armour, Jean, and Gavin Hamilton, the faithful friend; out in front the pastoral country and the hay fields in gay dress while, little more than a field away, lay Mossgiel—the real birthplace of the poet's genius—nestling among the trees. Irvine, where I pitched my moving tent, has many points of literary interest. It has a Burns Club, which has just passed its hundredth consecutive year. The Club treasures the original MSS. of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Holy Fair," and other poems kept in a strong room of one of the banks with a jealous care like the guarding of the Scottish Regalia. By virtue of friendly passwords I was admitted to see the precious Manuscripts and was able to resolve the doubt on a controversial line. Burns was resident in Irvine about nine months, and for special reasons I was deeply interested in the little causewayed Vennel where he lodged and in the shop or shed behind, where with his partner Peacock he heckled the flax. James Montgomery, "the Christian poet," was born in Irvine in 1771 in the street which now bears his name, and he was therefore within the period of Scottish Renaissance which bloomed so brilliantly a few years later in Edinburgh. Irvine claims also John Galt, born there in 1779, author of "Annals of the Parish" and incidentally the founder of Guelph in Canada. In more modern days Robert Mantell, the distinguished American actor, was born in

Irvine, which likewise is proud to claim some association with Edgar Allan Poe during part of his varied life.

The town—a Royal Burgh—dates back to the time of Wallace; and its Seagate Castle, (now sloughed in speech as "Siggitt"), looking like a skeleton in the busy town, has strange tales of a receded sea and a strategic underground passage in olden time. But that is another story. . . . "Nae man can tether time or tide;" and the day of my sailing drew near.

Just ere I left Scotland I took a renewed look at the stately Glasgow University, which like Zion or Bliss Carman's Scarlet Maple, is set on a hill—perhaps that men may see it, for it has much to tell of achievement and idealism of youth. It reminds me here of two flashes of wit which I will tell for the reason that one is a fine

type of quiet Scottish humour and the other gives me a peg on which to hang "Finis." Many years ago an amiable old professor was teaching, when a student, with the aid of a piece of glass, shot a strong sun-ray on to the old man's face. He said nothing but, presently lifting his eyes and catching the culprit again in the act, he simply observed to him with cutting urbanity, "Young man, the reflection is on *you*." In later years Professor Jebb (Greek) was conducting his class while Professor Veitch taught Logic in the room above. Presently great applause and stamping of feet in the latter caused some plaster to fall on Jebb's desk. With a momentary look to the ceiling he said: "It appears Professor Veitch's conclusions do not agree with my premises!" The word "Conclusions" is a good name for the bell-boy. Ring down the curtain! The tale is told.

"The Miracle of Roses"

(A Review by George Alfred Palmer, Regina, Saskatchewan)

The *Miracle of Roses*, by Alice M. Winlow, is a neat and attractive volume of 94 pages. It consists of a one-act play, together with a number of characteristic poems by this gifted author. The general appearance and make-up of the book is very creditable to the publishing house of Chalmers of Vancouver.

The play, from which the book takes its name, is an artistic and clever piece of dramatic composition, wherein the practical things of life are skilfully blended with the alluring fancies of idealism, leaving impressions on the reader's mind at once pleasing and elevating. Not the least of its merits lie in the skilful compression of the theme; an adroit word or phrase arousing instantaneous pictures in the mind as we are carried swiftly along with the action of the play. The author has succeeded in getting across to us the central motif, clearly and distinctly in terse dialogue, and has avoided the common sin of hanging up the action on a peg to impress us with long-winded sermonising speeches.

The central character of Jean, the gardener, is that of a man absorbed in the culture and in the *lives* of his roses and he is quite consistent with all true artists seeking beauty and truth, satisfied with the joy and thrills the search brings to him. His ideal must be a perfect red rose. His widowed sister, who is his greenhouse assistant, is a woman whose maternal instincts absorb her life, her interests lie in the rearing and care of her children. Nature has made her blind to most other matters in life. She is in sharp contrast with her brother but this is not too obtrusively apparent. The old Scotch Sara and the Blind Man, although they have slight parts, stand out clearly from their places in the theme. We gather from the few lines given to Kathleen, to whom Jean would declare his love, that she is giving her heart to a man who may please her, but she feels he may never satisfy her as Jean might do. Then there is Adele, who has betrayed her soul for a price; the sight of Jean's roses reveal her woman's heart and the Carpenter by a suggestive thought, reveals to Jean, the seeker for the beautiful and the true, that this woman, who hungers for his lovely flowers,—is his sister. It is a beautiful piece and will stand many re-readings.

Mrs. Winlow has succeeded in getting her little idyll across mainly by a carefully measured amount of realism which enables us to keep our feet solidly on terra firma. We would encourage her to persist in this form of her art.

The rest of the volume contains poems in her several fields; poems on Flowers, Music, Natural Scenery, Children and Moods. High flaming imagination characterizes

many of these and we are caught up and carried along by the force of their very expansiveness.

When Mrs. Winlow takes sure hold of the reins of her genius she gives us very permanent mental and spiritual pictures indeed. Her APASSIONATA SONATA:

"Have you plumbed the depths of Human Love
And from that bitter gulf of Passion risen
Bearing a flower of light . . ."

—(I have just read this through three times and each time with greater zest)—is so provokingly beautiful that one is tempted to write her a reply from one's own experiences. The lovely morsels TO A WHITE ROSE and WHITE HYACINTHS are redolent with the fragrance drawn directly from Nature, while the dew is still sparkling. And her music poems link her beloved flowers, queens of colour, with the majesty of spiritual sounds. Possibly the finest lines among the poems will be found in MORNING ON BUTE INLET:

"Up Bute Inlet flow wreathing masses,
Wool-white, fleecy, pile on glittering pile,
Some sink to fill the hungry gray crevasses,
Some flow on, lying low, a mazy mile
At Orford Bay they poise with bird-like motion,
And veil the mountain sides with drifts of white.
These lost mist-children of the singing ocean,
Wandering inland through the murky night."

A landscape and skyscape full of motion and subdued colour with her serene ending, fitting epilogue:

"Something there in all that rainbow splendour
Clears the vision that the years have flawed,
And you ask: 'Who is this glory-sender?'
And your heart makes answer: 'It is God.'"

This Regina reviewer closes by counselling readers to "buy this charming little book and keep it on the most accessible shelf of your libraries."

"HAPPY THOUGHT!"

"Why should I not let"—(that relative or friend)
—"have a monthly reminder of British Columbia
and the Canadian West? IT CAN BE DONE by
entering their names on the B. C. M. subscription
list at \$1 per name."

DON'T "DIARY" IT: DO IT TO-DAY!

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

THE RECENT IMPERIAL CONFERENCE AND CANADA'S NATIONAL STATUS

It had been our purpose to write at length on the status of Canada as a Nation, reviewing those steps and circumstances that, by means of our War and Post-War experiences, led us forward until we stood a Nation among Nations, yet, withal, an integral part of the most glorious Empire Earth has thus far seen.

Further, it would have been necessary to have quoted or referred to that long list of authorities, British and Foreign, that evidenced our occupation of the proud status of Nationhood.

Worthier and abler hands have taken the task in hand. The recent Imperial Conference set at rest the lingering doubts of some fearful ones in Canada, and elsewhere, and supplied for those who can read, only in the printed page of text-book, or textual document, the meaning and progress of events, as they affect the Constitutional History of a country, their needed proof.

The average reader, or thinker, was not alone to blame in this. Men, lawyers among them, with more or less pretense to knowledge of Constitutional Law, shut their eyes to the passing events of our history, pronunciamiento after pronunciamiento, State-paper after State-paper, Treaty here and Declaration of Foreign Government there, and clung, obstinately and persistently, to the position that Canada had remained, through all the changing scenes since 1914, a Colonial adjunct and appendage of Great Britain. Balfour, Baldwin, Bonar Law, Lord Shaw, the Irish Free State Leaders, the Government of France, the United States, Belgium, Italy and other Countries, were all mistaken. They, and they only, were right.

When an eminent Professor of International Law, unable to distinguish between opposite and contrary truths, declared our Nationhood to be an impossible position, they, unmindful of the fact that theories have been overborne by circumstances continually in all lines of human experience, cried out "Behold! a Solomon!"

Then came the Conference and from its Council Chambers went forth the clear and incontrovertible statement that the self-governing units of our Empire were Nations beyond challenge of doubt.

Here was something they could grasp. It was printed. It was authorized by an Assembly or Conference. It must be true!

So to their disbelief succeeded belief. Their acclaim of the Conference statement was most joyous. A second Magna Charta had been given and, like children, they accepted, unquestioningly, a document which only told them what world events had been telling them for some years. But there it was in print. It must be so. The simplicity even of the supposedly deeper thinkers is not yet a lost thing.

What did the Imperial Conference, which has been hailed by some as "The most important Conference ever held," do towards establishing Canadian National Status? Nothing but record the statement that it found the fact to be that Canada was a Nation. Not a Colonial restriction was lifted; not a step forward taken. To the satisfaction of all but the slaves of the printed page, the Conference recorded a fact established for some time.

Search the records of the Conference most carefully. There was, there could be, no attempt to raise the status of any self-governing Empire possession, but, giving thought to the cry in certain quarters for authority, duly written and issued, by someone, somewhere, to which the

utterers might cling and cry "Blessed assurance," it penned a statement of the fact as it found it to be.

For the document we are thankful. That document does not, however, make the last Conference the most important ever held. To warrant acceptance of that title we must know something of its programme beyond its mere statement of a widely known and, almost, universally recognized fact.

Scarcely has the jubilant acclaim of the above mentioned statement died down, than we hear discussions of the impossibility of our present status as at once a Nation and a member of a league of British Nations in the world's greatest Empire.

For those whose logic cannot solve the apparent contradictions of our National relationships within and without the Empire, let us leave for consideration the fact that the British Constitution, whose existence they will probably accept,—seeing there is so much printed authority for its existence,—is based, if Constitutional authorities are to be believed, on these principles, viz.:—The will of the King is the will of the people; The will of the people is the will of the King; When they have reconciled these principles they will, perhaps, be able to admit that the apparent logical difficulties in our position are as trivial as would be the cry that the British Constitution has no existence.

Canadians have an interest in our National Status. Not the sham interest of proving its existence, but the real and vital one of determining what that Nationality shall represent in the world's affairs.

Nations, like individuals, have their own peculiar characteristics, teach their own truths. Not "Are we a



How better can you
end the day than
by holding a long-
distance telephone
conversation with
a friend?

B. C. Telephone Co.

Nation?" but "What kind of a Nation are we?" is the important question. What lessons did God mean Earth to be taught by this young Nation of the West? What blessings can she bring to a weary, strife-racked world? Is her new expression of an old life to be found in narrow outlook, self-seeking conduct, indifference to humanity and God, or, with the dictates of Duty, Faith, and Love, grown greater because of her wide expanses, the silent, but impressive, grandeur of her mountains, the mighty sweep of her magnificent rivers, will she breathe a better message, a deeper affection, a truer Brotherhood in all she does and says?

When Canada passes, as all Nations must pass, and the British Empire become History, as it must,—and will, will they go out in a selfish struggle for riches, place, position, power, or will they pass in self-sacrifice and service to leave behind, for the world's consideration and upbuilding, a story of

"Plain truth to Manhood and to God's supreme design"?

Nation we are! Rich are we in the resources, the beauties, of Nature. Humbly let us seek to show that our natures are not unresponsive to our surroundings, dead to their noble suggestions and inspirations, but those of real seekers for a right interpretation of God's message to us in our wonderful heritage for all mankind.

CHINA

Once, again, attention is called to a disturbance of conditions as they are and, this time, it is China that claims our interest.

No doubt we shall hear regrets for the "alarming conditions in China," will be told again that "Civilization is in danger of collapse," that "Christianity has failed," that "the old World is in bad shape." Is it true?

What lies at the bottom of China's trouble? Nothing more, or less, than the natural impulses of a National desire for self-direction, self-expression, self-control.

Let us, frankly, admit that the union of Bolsheviki idealism with this struggling gleam of light is a grave menace to present peace; but God made man, Chinaman as well as Westerner, fundamentally sound "in his own image and likeness" and though, in ignorance and finiteness of conception, he blunders, and grave errors are made, the progress is ever upwards and onwards into light. So we need not worry about civilization.

All that is good, all that is Christian, all that is true, in our civilization will last throughout the eternity of God. The sham, the untrue, the false will fail, be plucked out and burned in the great fire of human life and action.

Christianity failed? No! Christian doctrine, Christian emphasis on the divinity of man and Nation, is the light by which the present changes are coming to pass. We see some, and only very few, of the birth pangs of a newer and greater Chinese Nation. Be the loss never so great, the cost never so much, the results will be worth while. A candle is being lighted, nay has been lighted, by Christian teachings in China that will never be put out but will be lost in the blaze of a greater light in the years to come when China shall have found her soul.

"The old World in bad shape?" Yes! It has been worse, much worse. Thanks to Christian teaching we recognize its defects and our own. That very recognition shows that the good work of betterment has begun and is going on. When we see our shortcomings, realize our sins, find ourselves, shorn of contentment with ourselves, forced back to an acknowledgment of God's supremacy and our dependence on Him, the old World is not in bad shape. It is finding itself and fitting itself for God's footstool, a place where Heaven shall begin for all its creatures.

N. W. BIRKENSHAW

Time changes all things. People come and go in the building of a City or a Province. Some merely flit across the threshold and are gone like shadows. Others remain for greater or less time and do more or less to help carry on.

Among those whom fate brought to Vancouver some nine years ago was a Banker who had already attracted attention in the business world, Mr. N. W. Birkenshaw of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

After nine years of life in our midst, he has gone and, going, left the community life the poorer thereby. To him the change has meant promotion. To Vancouver it means the supplying of the place of a man who had done much for the City in business and other lines.

Banking is a business that is constantly drawing the attention of the public to itself. Now by being the spotlight of Legislation. Now by some Bank failure or other incident. Now by the chariness with which it lends its aid to business. Now by the eagerness with which it thrusts its wares upon a business public it has been denying strenuously for some months.

Bank Managers have a large place to fill if they are competent. The sad fact is that in most cases they are, in these days, mostly administrators, not business men. They are carefully taught what to do from the standpoint of protecting, or increasing, the dividends of the Bank shareholders. This is perfectly correct—to a certain point. What they are not taught, however, is business. It may not be their fault. It may be the fault of the system. It is none the less true. Their judgment on a business venture, its merits, its possibilities, is quite valueless.

When, therefore, a City is served by a man of Birkenshaw's capacity, who was a business man as well as a Banker, it is thrice happy. In his case, capacity as a Banker and as a business man was reinforced by interests in other circles. Men who were not in business circles met him here and learned of his ability and worth. In more than one circle he leaves a blank.

When can we hope to find a successor for him in Banking circles other than in name? If his successor in office can equal his gifts Vancouver can well rejoice. Sweeneys, Godfreys and Birkenshaws are not to be found in profusion. Once found they are to be loved, honoured and respected. To those who knew Birkenshaw it will be a pleasure to wish him all success and a speedy return to reside here. We need every good man we can get in Vancouver.

Insure--

Your House

Your Furniture and

Your Automobile with

HOOD BROS.

408-9 London Building, Vancouver, B. C.

Verse by Canadian Writers

"THE MENDER OF NETS"

By Bunny Pound (aged 13)

It was only a little grey cottage,
With its thatched roof brown no more,
But flowers bloomed in the garden
And honeysuckle over the door.

It snuggled under the cliffs,
And a path led down to the sea,
Where a fishing-boat lay on the golden sand,
With its name painted "You and Me."

An old sailor man with a kindly face,
Sat under a hickory tree,
And a dear little pup, with brown eyes true,
Lay down at his matser's knee.

Fishing nets many, torn by the sea,
Lay at the old man's feet,
And he worked away with a busy hand,
Making them fresh and neat.

The pup jumped up and over the rocks,
Went at a pace so fast,
And the old man's eyes grew dreamy again
As his thoughts turned back to the past.

The cottage was filled with laughter,
And children's voices gay,
Rang over the cliffs and the valleys,
While a sweet voice seemed to say:

"Jack, how happy the children are,
And I love it here with you."
All that had happened years ago,
Yet his eyes grew moist with dew.

The old man gathered up the nets,
And whistling to his dog,
He trudged up the path to his little home
In the midst of a deep-sea fog.

PIRATES, BRIGS AND THINGS

(By George A. Palmer, Regina, Saskatchewan)

Aye, lad! In boyhood's radiant day,
In thoughts—in dreams—in books—in play,
I, too, set sail for Treasure-Land,
To Pirate-Land, to Dark-Deed-Land,
Through dead sea-calms and tossing gales,
In brigs and sloops with gull-winged sails.

Past lumb'ring trader built Dutch-way
And high-pooed Spaniard, gilt and gay;
With straining tops, loud groaning yards,
Sharp prow that cut the waves to shards,
And decks aslant with spray o'er run,
We steered into the western sun.

Dropped anchor in the dark lagoon
To rescue there that gaunt maroon:
To tread the depths of gloomy caves,
Littered with bones of galley-slaves,
Who scuttled ship in Scorpion Cove,
And hid the gold within this grove.

Here fiery pirates lurked in wait
For Indie-man just one tide late;
Men from the Gulf, from th' Inland Sea
And murd'rous coast of Barbary;
A cut-throat crew of every race,
Evil of eye—swarthy in face.

Men with gold-earrings in their ears,
Breasts pictured o'er with tattoo-sears
And arms masked by this savage art,
Recording oft a villain's part:
All Buccaneers from Bleached-Bones Cove,
'Twas there they hid their plunder-trove.

They watch her tack 'round Dead Man's Rock;
Their boasts are high, they curse, they mock:
She's in the weed-infested sea,
Her canvas droops, her ropes slack—free,
And as she rowing-distance nears
The Jolly Roger grim appears.

With boarding pike and keener knife,
The yelling rogues dash to the strife;
Her cannon boom . . . swords slash . . . guns smoke . . .
In vain against the pirates' stroke;
And end sees men of birth and rank
Compelled to walk the outflung plank.

In righteous rage, I mind it well,
We fell upon the rogues pell-mell,
With trusty cutlass, broad and flat,
Of wood, and silver-papered pat,
We drove them to their boats in flight,
Back to their haunts and—into Night.

Ah! Had we *really* lived those days,
With Privateers with Pirate Frays,
We'd heaps and heaps and heaps of schemes,
All thought out in day-long dreams,
And shoals of ruses 'neath our hat,
Aye, lad Jim, you can "lay to that!"

A SONG OF TO-MORROW

(Donald A. Frsaer, Victoria, B. C.)

I sing a song of To-morrow,
For To-night the gloom-clouds lie,
And the World is sighing, sobbing,
For the Daylight joys gone by;
It mourns as though this blackness
Would never pass away,
And down in the Midnight Valley
It sees not the Hilltop Day.

Yea, through the dismal shadows
Come sounds of ceaseless strife;
Great groans of human anguish,
And cries of bitter life;
And Hope dies in the darkness,
And Passion holds her sway;
For self and sense love nightmurk,
And hate the Dawn of Day.

Cease, cease, Old World, your clamor!
 Be still, and upward gaze!
 On your encircling hillcrests
 Descry the first faint rays!
 Be calm, and think, and ponder;
 Scan back the ways you've gone;
 Remember the deepest Night-cloud
 Preludes the brightest Dawn.

But the golden Dawn of Morning
 Comes soonest to those who wait
 In silent and patient longing
 At their hearts' wide-open gate;
 And if all hearts be open,
 Where then can Darkness hide?
 So, loosen the latches, Brothers,
 And let in the glowing tide.

And Oh, what a glad To-morrow
 That blessed Dawn will bring!
 More Health, more Joy, more Loving;
 More Hearts and Tongues that sing;
 For Earth, all torn with striving;
 With blood and tears oppressed,
 Will turn from her Midnight madness
 And welcome her Morn of Rest.

Oh, come then, sweet To-morrow!
 Send soon thy sunny ray,
 And banish Earth's dark sadness,
 And bring in God's own Day!
 I see Light's fairy fingers
 Touch the hills with living gold;
 Brothers, take heart! Look upward!
 The Dawn is here, Behold!

RECOMPENSE

(By Yvonne Firkins)

I saw a tree
 With cramped and crooked branches
 Between two houses
 In a city slum,
 Wake,
 At the call of Spring.

I saw a child
 With mute and silent gestures,
 The pitiful expressions
 Of the dumb,
 Smile,
 At the wakening.

THE DERELICT

(By Isabel E. Eberts)

Mastless, without helm, I ride,
 Far o'er the ocean waves?—
 Past moonlit strands
 Where the wild wind raves;
 And the loud surges roar
 Forevermore—forevermore.

Flying my pirate flag of Sorrow and Despair
 I pass by barques and ships,
 No friendly hail salutes the air;
 Only the solemn dirges sound
 Forevermore—forevermore.

Past lands of palm and pine, I fly—
 But still, alas! 'tis not to die!
 The slim deer lifts his head,
 Bounds to his distant home;
 The wild white horses of the foam
 Ride forevermore—forevermore.

Mayhap the god of waters—
 Soon may lead—
 Into some quiet haven's ken
 Where sounds of winds and waves may cease,
 And I shall be at rest;
 Far from the lonely billows' crest
 Where still the surges crash
 Forevermore—forevermore.

There on some distant strand
 My keel I'll press,
 Birds sing, the flowers wave
 In the bright air's loveliness;
 Outside the coral reefs,
 The waters sound,
 Forevermore—forevermore.

SERVICE

(By Maud Baxter)

Silk of amber, fold on fold,
 The lady bought, her beauty to grace,
 She viewed in the mirror her lovely face,
 And smiled at the light in her hair of gold.
 Ah! At life's feast I shall reign a queen,
 They will crown me conqueror, I ween."

Silk of amber, fold on fold,
 Her sister bought, and on weary feet
 Stood fashioning garments for children sweet,
 And she smiled at the light in their hair of gold.
 Ah me! At life's feast I shall reign no queen,
 But the children will laugh and be happy I ween."

Silk of amber, patch on patch,
 Embroidered and caught with strands of silk,
 No pools of shadow like beaded milk,
 There were no folds the light to catch;
 Only patches to make a gown
 To wear at the feast in the thronging town.

She wore the robe. . . . 'Twas like marigolds looped
 And twined with cobwebs silken and fine,
 Like jewelled bubbles of nectar-wine
 The threads shone, silver and rose, when she stooped.
 "The crown!" The throng cried in amaze,
 "Make her queen of life for all her days."

SEA-RAPT

(By Kathryn Pocklington)

My little gray house like an eyry clings
 High on the side of a craggy hill,
 And my lattice looks on the restless sea,
 The sea that is sombre or glad, at will.

At foot of the rock is a curving road,
 But I never look down, for upon the sea
 Are wandering gulls that dart and call,
 And shivering sails, and mystery.

There are hours when the sun is of gold a-glow,
And it warms the waves into sparkling glee,
Then up to my window comes their song—
Of the joy that is and the joy to be.

But when in the circled church of the night
The moon-lamp hangs from the painted roof,
And silvers a pathway along the nave—
The aisles all shadowy and aloof—

While I listen to low-pitched organ tones,
They come, the ghosts of the long-lost years,
Drifting within that silver way,
Bringing me back dim smiles and tears.

* * * * *

I hope that at last, on a foggy dawn,
When I grope my way to the shrouded shore,
A barque will be waiting to carry me
To the mystic coasts of forevermore.

THE FAIRIES' SECRET

Light of evening slowly fading, see the sun a sombre red,
Tucked in quaintly, quilted cloudlets, fleecy as an angel's
bed,

Dying day with folded fingers softly sleeps as night—is
born:

Lo! a fairy casement opens; list—a haunting elfin horn,
Childhood's magic memories flood us, haloed with their
treasured past,

Storied wealth of golden glamour, grip and hold us firm
and fast,

Past and present mix and mingle, freighted with fantastic
power,

Like old Alpine echoes yodeling, soul hails soul from peak
and tower;

While life lasts 'tis ever with us, fairy-fingered hours of
bliss,

Greatest gems of memory's mintage, hallowed as a tryst-
ing kiss,

Like the softest ray of moonlight, or the mantle of a
dream,

These are beacon lights immortal in the channel of life's
stream.

Sweet the secret of the fairies; trackless as the ocean's
wave,

Romp these vista'd vales of memory as they circle and
enslave;

Swinging, clinging, here and ever, long we cherish the
surprise

That was wafted through our beings while we lived 'neath
fairy skies,

And we trust when life's last shadow gently blurs our
failing sight,

Some kind fairy friend shall lead us to the realm of love
and light;

Past the pillowed-plush of cloud land, fringing full the
goal of grace

Through uncharted mystic channels on the shoreless sea
of space:

See the fogs of doubt and darkness turn to sparkling rays
of light;

Glimpse the lamp of Life Immortal banish everlasting
night;

Taste the fruits of faith triumphant planted by the Mas-
ter's hand,

And at last cast anchor firmly in that priceless "Promised
Land."

M. D. GEDDES.

Calgary, Alberta.

TO A CHICKADEE

Kind chickadee, you stay with me
When all around is dreary;
No other bird has stayed with word
To make the winter cheery.

No words can tell my thanks so well
As this big bone for dinner,
That hangs before my cabin door,
Lest hunger make you thinner.

And may it bring on joyous wing,
Around my forest shanty,
More velvet caps that search for scraps
When frost-proof meals are scanty!

Erlein Foerster, Calgary.

MOON-FLOWER

(By *Bertha Lewis*)

Twirling, unfurling spirals tight,
Moon-flower's jewel, a dew drop bright
Falls in the palm of my patient hand—
I found its treasure, for I understand.

Blooming by starlight, Moon-flower white,
Hold up your cup for pearls of the night;
Blue is the welkin, blue are the moon-lips
Touching your curving, delicate, cool tips.
When bees of the dawn come wandering, winging,
Seeking the nectar close to your heart,
Your petals all spiralled, and tightly clinging,
Shall hold your gem from the common mart.

Blue is the silence of spaces above,
I through the starlight seek Infinite Love.
Silver-winged Mercury, silver the phantasies
Brings he to lovers of Truth's high romances;
Vibrant and living, like moon-beams winging,
They are precious as shimmering flowers impearled;
My heart tendrils spiral, and tightly clinging
Hold these gems from a curious world.

TO A POET: A. C. D.

By J. Kilby Rorison

I think the Lord, perceiving all the riot
Of our harsh noondays, made your pathway quiet,
That you might hear the music of the spheres,
Strains too elusive for our duller ears.
He made you pluck a plume from Fancy's Wing,
Breathed in your ear, a precious, sacred thing,
Murmured a secret the first poet heard,
The power, the might, the magic of the Word!

Oh! brave, bright smile, on laughter-loving lips,
Lips that were made for merry jests and quips!
The wistful look in your sweet eyes doth bring
A mist of tears—for you, no wild birds sing!
Yet you are blessed, not for you the fret
Of futile things, that oft our minds beset.
God's own Beloved! When He set you apart
He left a bird a-singing in your heart.

A Little Devotee to Magic

(By Bertha Lewis)

Evening was falling damply over the Indian settlement at Nameless Bay. The cannery by the water's edge was shadowy in the early spring mist just turning to a drizzle; the squeal of a belated sea-gull and the soft lap, lap of the incoming tide, the only sounds to break the stillness; the only sign of life, a dim glimmer of light from a cottage window.

Busily sorting out materials for new baskets, sat Oyapella, little Singing Water, the handsome sixteen-year-old half-breed Indian girl affectionately known in the settlement at Pella. The general room of the little log house was scantily furnished but very clean. A few Indian baskets hung upon the walls, a few bright faces from magazine covers added life and color, a bright red tam and scarf hung upon a peg behind the door, a sulky wood fire smouldered on stones beneath the wide chimney, and one corner was curtained off with bright chintz, evidently the sleeping quarters judging by the sound of heavy breathing which proclaimed Pella's mother to be very fast asleep.

Three little taps on the door and a cautious rattling of the latch, brought Pella bounding from her stool. Opening the door a very little way, she whispered anxiously, "Whatever are you doing, Joey? Why are you out on such a night as this?"

Ten-year-old Joey was quite excited. "Put on yer things, Pella, and come on quick. Mrs. Wilson's gone down the path to Kloochie's. Come on; it's all right, I got the charm yer gave me on my birthday."

Pella had little liking for a scouting expedition, but her curiosity was aroused to find anyone abroad on a night when most people preferred to be within doors, and even the dogs huddled in sheltered corners for protection against the penetrating drizzle.

"There she is," excitedly exclaimed Joey, as they started off in pursuit, the wet wind whipping their faces.

Turning off along a path that led directly away from the larger group of dwellings and towards a hut seemingly an outcast,—it was so lonely, tumble-down and bare of any human touch,—they spied Lotta Wilson, the much disliked and distrusted wife of their adored school-teacher. She pushed through the fringe of bushes about this hut which was occupied by an old kloochman of incredible antiquity and dirt. After repeatedly knocking and calling her by name, Lotta persuaded the old woman to open

the door. Grudgingly she did so just enough to let Lotta squeeze through. She found herself to be in a room lighted weirdly only by the logs that sputtered and flared on a rubble hearth. As she seated herself opposite the old Indian, at a rude table, she began to wish she had not come.

"You make bad medicine, Kloochman?"

"Maybe—maybe no."

"You make very bad medicine," said Lotta, eagerly, placing a silver dollar on the table.

"Maybe—maybe no—who want?"

Lotta leaned forward, her lips trembling as she tensely whispered, "Pella."

"Pella no good Indian; wear 'um cross," and the old klooch huddling in her chair looked more repulsive than ever.

Lotta waited a moment as if to gather up the shreds of ebbing courage, then as the old Indian made no move to comply with her request, she placed another dollar on the table. Jingling against its companion, it sounded like the knell of doom in Lotta's guilty ears.

A swift gleam like the light of a glow worm came and went in the eyes of the witch; but still she remained motionless. In desperation Lotta emptied her purse of the remaining dollar and a few small coins, and said emphatically, "Make very bad medicine, Klooch."

"Ugh, ugh," and the old crone hobbled to a cupboard, took out a piece of wax candle and a bit of string, sat down on the squalid hearth to warm the wax and mould it into the crude image of a woman. Then she tied the string about the middle of the image and hung it in a recess at the side of the chimney, where it would gradually melt away.

"Very bad medicine," she grunted, scattering some herbs about the hearth and muttering in her native tongue. "Oyapella go away all same image—By-um-by no Oyapella," solemnly declared she, shaking her head at Lotta, who had looked on in awed silence.

Through a small window Joey and Pella had seen the mystic rites performed. With difficulty Joey suppressed his frightened sobs, and would have fled but for his loyalty to his chum. He took what comfort he could by clutching his birthday charm. Poor Pella could scarcely keep her place at the window for the shaking of her knees. The dim interior, the flickering light, the hobbling old witch, the

strained credulous white woman, and the suspended image, connected as they were with the superstitions of her tribe, combined to make a picture terrible indeed to her youthful imagination. Le Pere had time and again warned her that it was a sin to believe in magic—but how could she help it?

"Oh! Joey, I knew she hated me; she never speaks—only—when—teacher's—there. Oh! Joey, I'm afraid—and I wanted to go—outside—to live—like white—folks," sobbed the unhappy girl.

Pella fretted and worried about the bad magic until she lost her rosy cheeks and happy spirits—she felt her doom. The whole settlement knew about the magic. One day Pella was on her way to the store for supplies, a visitor and the kindly priest, Le Pere, were a short distance behind her.

"Why do the women draw to one side to let her pass?" questioned the visitor.

"It is their belief in the efficacy of magic; they look upon her as already dead. You see Pella's mother is a full-blood Indian and inherits the superstitions of her tribe, and although her father was a French-Canadian woodsman and of our faith, his civilization is overborn. Pella is at heart a little heathen, a little devotee to magic. She longs for the wider life out beyond, but that might be dangerous for her just at this time. Faith must prevail over superstition. God's will be done," and he held the crucifix to his breast.

At the store door appeared Joey. "O Pella, good news! The old Indian who comes to gather herbs sometimes is here. He can make good medicine fer yer."

A momentary gleam of hope lit Pella's sombre eyes; she felt an easy of the heaviness upon her heart. Presently the chums set off to visit the temporary tepee near the woods, Jip yipping at their heels. Here they found a brown and gnarled old man, squatting in the doorway serenely smoking. He listened in silence to their story, then said in the native tongue, "Dance at night-time in the burial ground. If your fathers, many times removed, come out to dance with you, it is very good medicine." He resumed his pipe and continued his inscrutable gaze into the distance.

Pella and Joey crept away, Jip with drooped tail ambling after them.

Pella struggled many days between her fear of bad magic and death, and

the undesirable good magic but life. Coming from a people who had suffered at the stake, she determined to follow the medicine man's advice.

One evening she put on her buckskin dress with all the ornaments worn on gala occasions and crept from her home. The moon was rising slowly over the hills, lighting with a mysterious glamour the narrow upward path, silvering the leaves and filling the wooded spaces with deep shadow. In the crystal silence she heard the splash and swirl of a turbulent little stream on its last lap to the nearby ocean. A light breeze made whisperings that caused her to pause from time to time with bated breath. But the urge was great. At last a sort of terror possessed her; she no longer had power to turn back but was impelled towards the open space of the old Indian burial ground. Here the moonlight threw strange fantastic shadows about the

little clumps of bushes and the few weather-beaten old headstones strewn about. In the woods bordering one side of the cemetery, she thought she saw the swinging bark graves of those who had been placed there ages ago, by her redskin fathers—placed there for their last long sleep.

Pella began to dance in weird Indian fashion, at first timidly, and then, a stranger to herself and oblivious to everything but that power which urged her on to wage war against bad magic, she whirled madly in and out about the hummocks until she fell exhausted and unconscious.

Her friends found her in the morning, a little huddled heap, clothes torn by the brambles and feet bruised and bleeding from contact with the sharp stones. They put her to bed, where she lay so very sick for days that it seemed more than likely she would give up the struggle along with the

slowly melting wax image in the kloochman's hut.

Great was the relief when Le Pere came in on the weekly boat. The unfortunate state of affairs was quickly made known to him. Greatly worried on Pella's account, he hurried at once to her bedside.

Patting her hand, he said, "Little Pella, you have sinned in believing in this bad medicine," and holding up the cross, "Here is the only cure, the only good medicine."

As Pella's weary eyes rested upon the crucifix she whispered, "Father, I have sinned. Bless me."

Le Pere made the sign of the cross on her breast and pronounced the blessing. Then she fell asleep.

Le Pere turned to Joey and the mother and said, "I have arranged for Little Singing Water to enter the convent school. She shall have her chance."

Marigold

(By Claire Picard)

A Story for Young Folks

Aunt Amelia was round and bouncy. Her black eyes made me think of two pieces of coal jetting out fire. She had hands that were always busy and never seemed to rest. She often told me I was too fond of idling and dreaming my time away and that she would soon teach me to do something useful.

One day, after she had been finding fault with me I went out into the garden. I came back with a bunch of marigolds. They were red-gold, just the color of my hair. I stroked her hands with the flowers and said, "Aunt Amelia, you have kind busy hands and I want to fill them with sunshine." Then I put the flowers into her hands. Her eyes were not like pieces of coal then, but like pansies, purple and misted over. She said, "My little Marigold! I will call you that now."

After that no one called me by my real name. I was called "Marigold," or more often just "Goldie."

A year before this, when I was seven years old, my parents died, and Aunt Amelia took me to live with her at "Willow Grove" farm. I had lived in a big city and everything on the farm seemed wonderful to me.

I found the hens very sociable and soon had them so petted that they sat on my shoulders as I went around the farm-yard. I called my favorite hen "Betty." She was a very pretty hen with pheasant plumage, but was really just a barn-yard bird. She was quite chatty and talked into my ear, perched on my shoulder, as I went about doing

my little chores among the poultry.

I wanted to make friends with Pete, the turkey-gobbler. But his idea of friendship was strange. He flew at me and flapped so hard with his great wings that he almost stunned me. Watch, the large yellow sheep collie, rushed to my rescue. He attacked the gobbler and made the wicked bird run for his life.

Aunt Amelia warned me then to have nothing more to do with the gobbler as he was a very cross bird. So I decided I had better not try to make a friend of him. However, one day Pete was missing and I went to look for him. I found the clumsy fellow sitting on a nest of turkey eggs and keeping the mother bird away. She looked very doleful and I thought I'd make her happy again by putting her back on the eggs. I lifted the gobbler in my arms and put him on the ground some distance from the nest. He looked very sheepish when he saw the mother bird stepping back into the nest very gently. He was so humiliated that he sneaked away and forgot to attack me.

Then I had an interview with the geese. It was a delightful sight to me to see their beautiful downy nests, white as snow. I put my hand in to pet the mother goose on the nearest nest. All this time the father goose was keeping guard near-by. I was petting the goose and thinking how lovely her soft white bed was when I received a rude shock. The gander seized the back of my leg with his

beak and I felt as though powerful pincers were tearing a piece of my flesh away. I screamed and started to run. He ran after me, hissing hideously, and chased me from the yard.

The gander seemed pleased to find that I was scared of him and began to wait for me around the corner of the verandah. He somehow knew when I was coming out of the door to go for water and waited there to frighten me. But one day I got as smart as Mr. Gander. I came on him suddenly, just as his hiss became fiercest, seized him by the neck and forced him to escort me to the pump. Then I held him tight with one hand while I pumped a pail of water with the other. By this time he was so short-winded he was glad to run off and leave me alone.

We had a book of hymns which bore the legend on the front cover "Sacred Songs." I could not read very well and I thought this was "Scared Songs." By this time I had had so many scares that I thought I had better not open a book full of scared songs, thereby perhaps depriving myself of a great treasure.

I had no trouble making friends with the ducks as they were very gentle. My greatest pleasure was to go out in the afternoon to catch minnows for the ducks. I put the minnows in a tub of water and it was great fun to watch the ducks jump into the tub and dive for the tiny fish.

I had another way of getting fish for my ducks. Always after a baking of bread Auntie let me have the large bread tin with its scrapings of dough.

I took this to the river and set it in a shallow pond. In a very short time many fish were in the tin, attracted there by the dough. This meant another game at diving and feasting for my ducks. The wily birds knew when they saw me going to the river with the bread tin that a treat was in store for them, and lost no time in reaching me, tumbling down the hill pell-mell, and tripping one another up in their clumsy speed.

While feeding the ducks one day down by the river, I saw a flock of lambs in the next field. I had always read of lambs being such gentle creatures that I at once thought here were new friends for me. My ideas of lambs had all been gained from picture-book stories, especially the story of Mary's little lamb that waited so patiently and lovingly outside the school for her. I was indeed delighted to see real lambs.

I lost not a moment in climbing the fence to pet the lambs. As I was getting over the fence I saw one very friendly lamb coming to meet me. It was larger than the others. I was thrilled. It was really coming to meet me.

My first impulse was to throw my arms around the lamb's neck. It came towards me slowly and enquiringly as though to say, "Would you like to pet me, little girl?" In a flash I found myself on the ground. I could not imagine what had happened. I looked up and saw the lamb looking over me. His eyes seemed to dare me to move.

But I refused to think ill of a lamb. I ventured to move but was promptly flattened out again. By this time Watch saw my plight. He bounded over the fence and gave battle to my assailant.

I picked myself up, climbed back over the fence and thought the matter out deeply. I decided that there was some mistake, it could not possibly be true that a lamb would hurt me. I determined to try it all over again. I would try another lamb this time. But no sooner had I clambered over the fence than the same lamb attacked me again. Watch was quickly on the scene and saved me from the ram once more. I came to the conclusion that real lambs were not as gentle as picture-book lambs. This made me feel very sad.

Watch and I often took walks out together to the bush and to the vegetable garden near it. I made a waggon out of a box with round pieces of wood for wheels, with broom handles through them. Then I harnessed Watch to my rickety vehicle which to my imagination was a golden chariot. I filled the waggon with turnips, potatoes, beets, and beans. Then I ran beside my steed with great pride as he hauled the rich freight to the door.

The only time that Watch and I disagreed was when churning was to be done. It was a great novelty to me to see a dog-churn. It fell to my lot to persuade Watch to do the churning as he was fondest of me. He was not

fond of churning, though, and I had many difficulties in persuading him to do his work. When Watch saw the churn being brought from the milk-house he skulked away to the barn and hid. It was my duty to find him.

"Come along now, Watch, good doggie, come along old boy. You'll have a nice bowl of bread and milk when it's all over."

"Gr-r-r-r!"

"O Watch! You wouldn't swear at me would you?"

"Gr-r-r-r!" But he licked my face and drooped his head dejectedly. His tail thumped pleadingly against the wall.

At last Watch came with me and I persuaded him to jump on the tread-wheel. Then I fastened his leather collar to an attachment at the edge of the wheel. I gave the disk a gentle send-off and Watch had to keep on the move till the butter was churned. Then I stopped the wheel.

When the ordeal was over Watch was very pleased with himself. As I stooped over him, stroking him while he ate his well-earned supper, I said, "Dear old Watch, you snarled at me but I know you didn't mean it. You know I love you and Auntie best of all."

"Hard work often makes both dogs and people cross," said Aunt Amelia, who just came into the kitchen. Her eyes were not jetting out fire any more but were filled with a soft, beautiful light.

"Lyle for Style"

JAMES LYLE & SONS TAILORS

Suits made to measure from Imported Scotch Tweeds, Indigo Blue Serges, and Grey Worsteds.

All Our Work Guaranteed

Prices as moderate as genuine quality and satisfying workmanship will allow.

Before selecting your Season's Outfit, call and examine our goods.

579 Dunsmuir St.

Vancouver, B. C.

Established 1893

CENTER & HANNA LTD.

Perfect Funeral Service

Seymour 2425

1049 Georgia Street West

Vancouver, B. C.

Lamatco

3 PLY COTTONWOOD VENEER PANELS

LAMINATED MATERIALS CO., LTD.

New Westminster, B. C.

Art Emporium

Pictures and Picture Framing

Etchings, Paintings in Oil

Water Colours

H. Hood, Prop.

901 Georgia St. West

Phone Seymour 832

The Conquest of Canada

(By Lewis Wharton)

"So were we overcome by guile whom neither ten years of war nor a thousand ships could conquer."—Virgil's "Aeneid."

It is well known how the Greeks, after ten years of siege and failure to take Troy by direct attack, succeeded in inducing the Trojans to allow a huge wooden horse to enter their city, this horse being, in fact, filled with Greek soldiery. Later, when night had fallen, these soldiers came from their hiding places into a city "buried in sleep and wine." Then, having surprised and cut down the sentries, they opened the gates of the city to their comrades—and the rest was easy.

Surely something very similar is happening to Canada at the present time? And the conquest threatened is that of the mind—a far more serious thing than a victory over the body. Wherever we look, our visions are perpetually assailed by the thoughts and hysterical extravagances of our neighbors to the south. Their books fill our bookstores; their magazines (many violently anti-British) snigger, bellow or bleat at us from our news stands almost to the exclusion of our own and British periodicals, and many of them are so studiously pornographic as to constitute a standing source of corruption.

The "American" (apparently Canada does not count as part of America) viewpoint is everywhere forced upon us and a perpetual paean in praise of things "American" assails our eyes and ears, however unwilling those organs may be. An orgy of sex problems and countless pictures of foolish, unbridled youth scream at us from their advertisements and bill-boards and cannot fail to stimulate in many highly undesirable ideas and aspirations. Less dangerous is the extensive use of their text-books in our schools, colleges and universities.

Their flags wave at us from our moving-picture screens; their cartoons meet us everywhere, the careers of our own artists being thereby hindered or ruined. The intellectual standard of these cartoons is at once an appalling commentary on the average standard of intelligence in the United States, and a bitter reproach to our own. The vulgarity, poverty of invention and the lack of anything remotely resembling humour in most of them is fearful and wonderful and many would seem to be part of definite propaganda against the English. The only Englishman who ever appears in them (presumably the typical "Englishman" to "American"

eyes) is the semi-imbecile gentleman with virulent check pants and Dundreary whiskers. It is interesting but painful to speculate on what would happen if a British or Canadian flag was shown in a moving picture in the United States, or a cartoon, studiously offensive to that country, was displayed in one of their cities.

In fact, Canada seems to be fast selling its most precious birthright, its nationality, for a mess of pottage. A birthright which has not been sanctified at the international bargain coun-

ter nor by the legalized swindling of the market place—but in the only way that such a birthright can be sanctified, by years of grief and agony and by the shedding of much precious blood.

All this, apparently, is to count for nothing. Let Canada take heed in time, for the Trojan horse is even now within our gates. Those hidden within it are warriors of the tongue and cheque book, who come out singly and quietly mingle with the throng, obtaining their desires by subterfuge and by waving dollars before greedy eyes. Yet the greatest authority on ethics has said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And the same is true of nations.

Give The Canadian Author a Chance

(By M. Eugenie Perry, Victoria, B.C.)

The well-known fact that Canada has a larger trade, per capita, than any country in the world, should surely cause the heart of every loyal Canadian to glow with pride. But having reached this enviable position in regard to matters commercial, might Canada not, now, rest on her hard-won financial laurels, and turn her attention to making herself equally successful in the world of art? To achieve that, more encouragement must certainly be given to her artists—painters, musicians, writers—than has hitherto been accorded.

If not only the Canadian Government, but the Canadian people as a whole, were to set their minds to this problem, it is quite probable that within a few years a writer might be able to remain in Canada and make a living by his pen.

Among the people who might help very materially in bringing about this happy state of affairs, are the owners and editors of the big daily newspapers which, on account of their immense circulation admittedly form an important medium for the education of the populace, and therefore might easily help to cultivate a taste for Canadian literature.

But there is a more immediate and substantial way in which the Canadian newspapers might help the Canadian author. One wonders how many Canadian newspaper readers realize how many millions of dollars annually go out of Canada in payment for material which might easily be duplicated, or exceeded in excellence, at home. The comic or colored strips alone run into unbelievable sums.

There is one line in which the Canadian newspaper editor has really be-

gun to open his heart to Canadian material, and that is the article—personal, topical, or geographical—now appearing in increasing numbers in the big week-end editions.

The manager of a syndicate which last year made a real effort to sell a number of Canadian short stories, reported that on a trip right across Canada he had placed not one short story. He had sold thousands of dollars worth of other material, but not one short story. Doesn't that seem appalling when one considers the amount of short fiction appearing continually in our newspapers? This syndicate did, later on, place a few Christmas stories, but so few that it is doubtful if it will again handle this type of matter.

The market, it seems, is equally inhospitable in the case of Canadian serials. The editors claim that they can get profusely illustrated serials from across the line at a lower rate than from Canada, and also more suitable material.

Now, no one of average intelligence, who has read through an average specimen of serial in an average daily newspaper, will seriously contend that the average Canadian writer could not produce something quite as good. It may be that a particular technique is required for the production of this type of work; but must the serials be of this particular type? And even if so, isn't a Canadian as clever and adaptable as a man of any other race? Demand of him an article of a certain kind, and he'll probably say that if other people can make it, he can—and prove it.

Of course the editors are not entirely to blame. An editor has to make good if he is to continue to receive his salary from the man higher up—the owner. Consequently an editor's first consid-

eration must be to make his paper interesting to the people among whom it is to circulate. Therefore, if even five people during any year were to write a given editor suggesting that a certain type of material might well appear more frequently, is it not likely that the editor would give heed? So after all, it comes back to just this—that it is up to the Canadian people to help give the Canadian author a chance.

“My Garden Dreams”

Ernest P. Fewster: The Graphic Publishers, Ltd., Ottawa. \$2.

Flower lovers will be arrested by the title Dr. Fewster has chosen, and the outside cover of the book with its picture of a winding path, bordered on either side with Spring flowers, leading up to a high-gabled old house, embowered in trees, suggests the charm of the contents.

There are twelve “Dreams” associated with twelve well known flowers, beginning with “My Lilacs,” and end-

ing with “My Dahlias.” No two dreams are alike, yet each grips the imagination because of the unusual and pleasing impression left on the mind. At the same time the author gives, in a casual sort of way, lessons in horticulture.

To those who possess a garden and have failed to discover its enchantment “My Garden Dreams” may become a kind of fairy wand: To others to whom gardens of other years are a precious memory, perusal of its pages will suggest the fragrance of roses and mignonette. And to people who may long to own a garden and hope to have one some day, this dainty, artistic book will serve to deepen desire, and help to create the atmosphere for its realization.

The verse introductions to each chapter or “Dream” reminds us that Dr. Fewster is not only the friend of writers and especially poets, national as well as minor, but is himself no insignificant poet:

Sacred to sun and wind and rain,
I keep my garden rare,
I like to feel its touch of grace
Within the City's glare.

I like to think perchance when falls
The hush of evening hours,
Some spirit tired of men awhile
Comes here to love my flowers.

The Graphic Publishers, Limited, Ottawa, who produced this book, is an all-Canadian organization, and the work reflects much credit upon them. As western Canadian workers with some experience of the difficulties of “publishing” in Canada, we take this opportunity of extending welcome and greeting to them, and to express the hope that their worthy ambition to market books by Canadian writers will meet with an abounding success.

It should be noted that the marginal illustrations—a unique feature of this attractive volume of Dr. Fewster's—are the work of Ernest W. Harrold, and the “Cover and Jacket,” in tasteful keeping with the other features, are by Alan B. Beddoe.

ABOUT THE COVER PICTURE OF DR. ROBERTS AND “LADDIE”

The engraving was made from a snap-shot of Dr. Roberts. While in the East last summer Dr. Roberts visited “Low Eves,” the summer home on the Ottawa River of Lloyd Roberts, his son. As may be inferred, (notes an interested contributor) “Laddie” is a very intelligent dog. He is the friend of songbirds and keeps guard over Lloyd Roberts' garden, which is a bird sanctuary, chasing away any intruding crows that may come along.

For some time past “Laddie” has had a playmate whose name is Solomon. Not always has this been so. “Laddie” found one day a dirty, half-starved pup and, taking him home, went to his mistress and solemnly introduced the pup. However, it was not welcomed at first, but as “Laddie” brought it back three times in three days it was eventually made clean and adopted, much to the delight of “Laddie.”

Terms of Subscription

To The
BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY
(Established 1911)

The Community Service Magazine of
the Canadian West

\$1 a year; \$2 for three years

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should be notified by postcard—both the old and the new addresses being recorded.

RENEWALS: The month up to which the subscription is paid is noted beside the name of the subscriber. Direct payments shall be welcomed at the Publishing Office, 1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

REMITTANCES should be sent by cheque or Money Order, payable to *The British Columbia Monthly*. Please add bank commission to cheques payable outside Vancouver City.

DISCONTINUANCE: Subscribers are hereby notified that no discontinuance messages can be taken by telephone. Until or unless the subscriber notifies the B. C. M. Office *in writing* that he or she wishes the name deleted, it is assumed that continuance is desired. *This is Canada*, and we are working under Canadian conditions.

ARREARS: Payment of arrears to date of notification of discontinuance is necessary in every case. Following rendering of accounts, the B. C. M. Office may delete the name of any overdue subscriber, and collect arrears in ordinary course.

A SCHOOL CLASS CONCERT —WORTHY OF SUPPORT

The editor of the *British Columbia Monthly* commends the following announcement to the attention of readers—especially those resident in the West End of Vancouver city.

“A concert will be given by Division IV of the Aberdeen School, Burrard Street, late in March. The date has not been fixed, but will probably be March 25th.

The class members are giving the concert in order to raise funds for their Canadian Library. A few items on the program will be by older friends who are kindly assisting, but almost the whole evening's entertainment will be the work of the pupils themselves. There are various class choruses, rounds, and duets; there are violin and piano solos; recitations; and a playlet by Norah Holland, in which goblins and fairies, a witch, Prince Charming, and the very necessary princess, disport themselves merrily in folk-dances and songs,—not to mention foiling the wicked witch and arranging a suitable future for the little princess, who is rescued from the witch's son just in the nick of time. Effective costumes have been planned for the children taking part, and they are working hard at Miss Holland's beautiful lines.

“Posters announcing the date will be shown in some of the stores before the concert. The admission is twenty-five cents.”

When Buying

BUTTER

Do not accept substitutes
insist on

THE BRAND



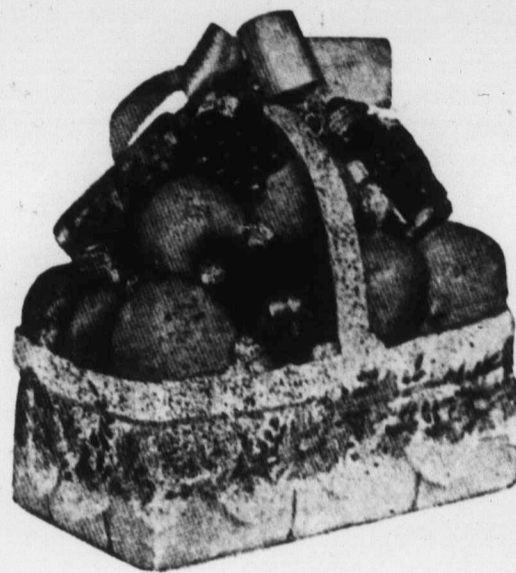
Vancouver Creamery

—
FINEST QUALITY
—

VANCOUVER, B. C.

FOR A

"Bon Voyage" Basket



SEE

J. McTaggart & Son

767 Robson Street

Eyestrain Relieved
AND DEFECTIVE VISION CORRECTED
BY MUSCULAR EXERCISE

and

Properly Fitted Glasses

Consult:

J. H. HEALEY

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

For appointments phone Seymour 7075.

824 Birks Bldg.

For Useful, Durable, Attractive Gifts
visit

The Leather Goods Store
of

JOHN F. BURNS

Ladies' Hand Bags a Specialty

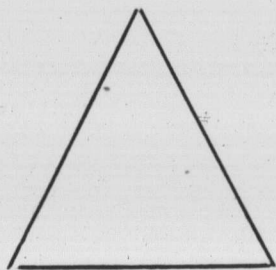
Large selection of all kinds of goods for travel.

Phone Seymour 1582.

557 Granville Street,

Vancouver, B. C.

SPHINX



ENDURANCE

SABA BROS.
LIMITED

SILK SPECIALISTS

622 Granville St.

Sphinx Full Fashioned Chiffon Stockings ... \$1.95

Sphinx Full Fashioned Silk to the top Stockings..... \$2.25

Sphinx Service Weight Silk Hose \$1.95

Sphinx Service Weight, Silk Throughout \$2.50

Sold Exclusively by

C. I. Huestis

Frank Jones

Painting and Decorating

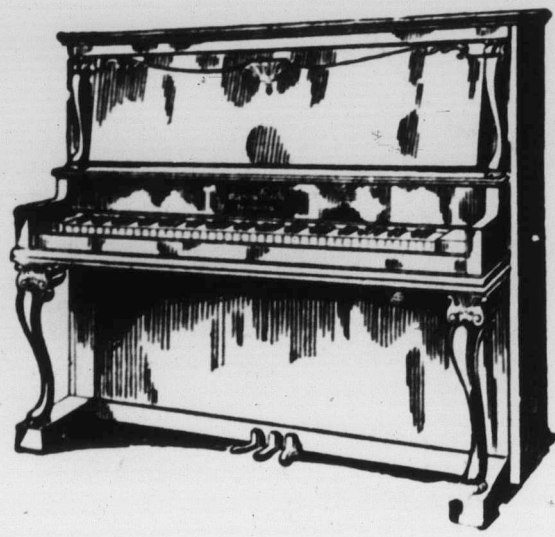
Contractors

Huestis & Jones Wallpaper Co.

Phone Seymour 5884

905 Granville Street, Vancouver, B. C.

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



A Generation of Musical Happiness

That's what you buy in a MASON & RISCH PIANO . . . for these world famous instruments are built with the idea of permanency and are noted for their durability quite as much as for their rare, rich, full tone, perfect action and beauty of design. "Sold Direct from Our Factory to Your Home at a Saving in Price to You!"

Mason & Risch

Limited

738 GRANVILLE STREET
VANCOUVER

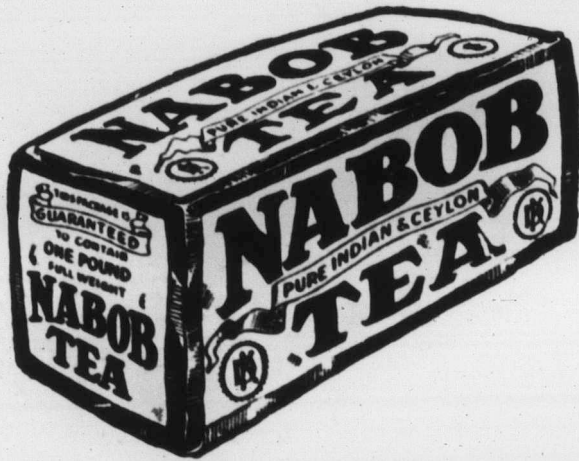
Did You Reply Yet?

Here's one reply, sent with remittance, and selected from a number received from courteous and considerate Canadians who, in paying subscriptions, remember that THIS IS CANADA, (not the U. S. or other country) and that this Magazine is published under Canadian conditions:—

"Sorry for the delay: Wishing you success in the coming season."

On how many occasions WOULD YOU LIKE to have to render a dollar a year account—(Magazine postage paid by publishers)—or even to give time to marking arrows at overdue renewal dates? . . . Printers and postage must be paid, whether or not there is any balance for the publishers: and if Magazine publishers are to continue to carry on—in giving "Community Service" towards the upbuilding of the Provinces or Dominion—they must get more co-operation from Canadians who, whatever version of "O CANADA" they favour, believe in PRACTICAL LOYALTY to their own Homeland.

PLEASE REMIT RENEWAL TODAY!



There is a reason why every grower in Western Canada sells and recommends Nabob Tea.

Nabob is the choicest Tea obtainable and comes direct from the world's finest plantations to your table.

For superior quality and distinctive flavour always insist on Nabob.

Kelly, Douglas & Co. Ltd.

Vancouver, B. C.

You Can't Buy Better.

ALBERTA COAL

1—VICTORY SOOTLESS

CLEAN & LONG LASTING

Lump or Egg - - - \$10.00
Nut - - - - - 9.50

2—COALSPUR

A NEW HARD, HOT, SOOT-
LESS COAL.

Lump or Egg - - - \$11.50
Nut - - - - - 10.50

Also

SELECTED WELLINGTON

We guarantee our coals

Corry Coal Co. Ltd.

Sey. 9509

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