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BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Volume 27

Vancouver, B. C., December, 1927

No. 2

The Season's Greetings to all our Readers

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By Recording

BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORY

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

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The
Twentieth Century Spectator
of
Britain's Farthest West

Volume 27

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Making British Columbia History By Recording British Columbia History

With all the unstinted publicity which is common to the age in which we live, it may sometimes happen that events in themselves outstanding in historic interest take place quietly, and with little ceremonial, or in conditions unattended by crowds. Such an event occurred at the University of British Columbia towards the end of September, 1927, when eight historical paintings lastingly portraying some of the most memorable incidents in the history of British Columbia, were presented by Hudson's Bay Company and the Native Sons of British Columbia to the University as a "Permanent Loan Collection," to be hung in the spacious new University Library.

With happy forethought, the University Authorities, under Chancellor R. E. McKechnie and President L. S. Klinck, arranged that the function at the University should be preceded by a Luncheon in Hudson's Bay Company's dining room, whereto they invited citizens representative of the various business and professional interests in the community. Because of the historic importance of the occasion, we asked for the list of guests, and it was given as follows:

Dudley Durrant, Fred Aubrey, Van T. Shindler, Angus Grant, John Kirkwood, John Babcock, William Stoess, Bruce McKelvie, Dr. K. B. Casselmann, A. L. McLennan, Mr. and Mrs. John Innes, Mr. A. G. Shaw, The Hon. J. D. MacLean, Premier, Dr. S. J. Willis, Superintendent of Education, Mr. J. N. Ellis, K.C., Dr. Evelyn F. Farris, Mr. W. H. Malkin, Hon. Mr. Justice Murphy, Mr. B. C. Nicholas, Mr. R. L. Reid, K.C., Magistrate H. C. Shaw, Mr. Chris. Spencer, Mr. Campbell Sweeny, Dr. R. E. McKechnie, Mr. L. F. Robertson, Dr. D. Buchanan, Mr. F. Dallas, Mr. J. Ridington, Dr. W. N. Sage, Mr. Francis M. Painter, Mr. F. H. Soward, Dr. H. T. J. Coleman, Dean F. M. Clement, Dr. R. W. Brock, Dean Mary L. Bollert, Mr. H. F. Angus, Dr. G. G. Sedgewick, Mr. S. W. Mathews, Mr. Roy Brown, Mr. V. W. Odlum, Mr. R. J. Cromie, Mr. D. A. Chalmers, Mr. J. F. Gibson,

Judge F. W. Howay, Charles V. Sale, G. W. Allan, K.C., Hon. A. J. Howard, P. J. Parker, C. H. French, G. A. H. Porte, J. J. Reilly, A. H. Doe, P. A. Chester, Wm. Ware, R. G. Leveson-Gower, Mr. H. T. Lockyer, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, Mr. Cameron, Dr. L. S. Klinck.

After the luncheon the company were driven in private cars to the University Library at Point Grey, for the Presentation. Present with Governor Charles V. Sale of the Hudson's Bay Company was Hon. A. J. P. Howard, member of the Company's Directorate. The University was represented by the Chancellor, Dr. R. E. McKechnie (Chairman). The presentation address on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Native Sons of British Columbia, was delivered by Governor Sale, and the address of acceptance, on behalf of the University, was made by Magistrate H. C. Shaw. Mr. Bruce A. McKelvie, journalist, who is now becoming widely known as a writer of stories with B. C. settings, no less than for his literary historic work, represented the Native Sons of British Columbia, as "Past Grand Factor," and related "the story of the pictures" in an address, arresting, fluent and well-delivered.

The pictures themselves will provide excellent reason for visitors to this Province, and British Columbia residents in particular, making a point of getting more fully acquainted with the University buildings at Point Grey, for they are well calculated to stir the imagination, touch the heart, and deeply impress "those coming after" with the difficulties, dangers, and threatening disasters, faced by the sturdy pioneers of our race, the benefits and blessings of whose heroism we inherit.

The titles to the pictures are as follows:

1. Commander Vancouver's meeting with Spaniards off Point Grey, A.D. 1792.
2. Alexander Mackenzie recording his arrival at the Pacific, A.D. 1793.
3. Simon Fraser in the Fraser Can-

yon on his journey to the sea, A.D. 1808.

4. The Hudson's Bay Company's fur brigade passing down the Okanagan, A.D. 1825-35.

5. James Douglas building the Hudson's Bay Post at Victoria, A.D. 1843.

6. James Douglas taking the oath as first Governor of British Columbia, A.D. 1858.

7. Finding of placer gold by pioneer miners in the Cariboo, about A.D. 1858.

8. The overland pioneers journeying through the Rockies, A.D. 1862.

Address by Governor Charles V. Sale
Mr. Chancellor, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am very grateful for your kind and hearty welcome, and for the privilege of joining with you in commemorating the deeds of great men—pioneers in the discovery and early development of this fair and favoured Province.

Five years have passed since the Native Sons of British Columbia conceived the idea of committing to canvas scenes of historic interest, ere the facts and the details became lost in the mists of time, and I well remember the enthusiasm with which the plans and ambitions of the Native Sons were unfolded by Mr. McLennan, when seeking the co-operation of the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, during his visit to London in 1923.

The close connection of the Company with the early history of Canada enabled us to appreciate the imagination and vision which sought to inspire future generations with a due sense of the courage and daring of their forefathers, and so to welcome an association with the Native Sons of British Columbia in the preparation of the paintings now before you.

If I may venture the statement, this association gives an additional interest to these paintings, because it places the incidents which they portray in perspective with the course of events down the ages, from the time of Henry the Seventh to the living present—events

which mark the origin and growth of the Great Empire to which we are proud to belong, even as we are each proud of the land in which we live.

Carry your thoughts back for a moment, if you will, to those early days some four centuries ago, when England, with a population of less than 5,000,000, was little more than a sheep farm, growing wool for the German merchants who then dominated her trade with Europe; when English ships were shut out from access to the South Sea and to the Indies by Spain and Portugal, and later by the rising sea power of Holland. It was an attempt to pass these barriers, to find a new way to the East and to the South, which led to the discovery of Newfoundland in the year 1497. Following other efforts, a further step was taken by the formation in 1553 of the first great joint-stock Company, called the Mystery and Company of the Merchant Adventurers for the Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands and Places Unknown, which set out to discover a route by the North East, but failed to do more than open up a trade with Russia through the Port of Archangel.

It was in pursuit of a similar attempt that Henry Hudson discovered the great inlet of the Hudson's Bay in 1610, and it is a wonderful tribute to the pertinacity of the English race that, when the Charter was granted to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670, they were still pursuing the same idea, as we see clearly in the words of the Charter itself:—

"For the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea by means whereof there may probably arise very great advantage to us and to our kingdom."

Think then of the little vessels of 40 and 50 tons, which set sail for the great mysterious and unimaginable North, with this as one of the principal objects in view. Think, also, of the continuity of effort and purpose, maintained year in and year out, in the face of difficulties and discouragements, and despite the absence of any dividend for the Adventurers in 44 out of the first 50 years of the Company's existence. Fighting with the French was almost continuous, until the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, when France formally ceded Hudson's Bay to Great Britain. But still the original object of discovery had not been forgotten, for in 1719 the Company commissioned the "Albany" and "Discovery" for this purpose. These vessels never returned, and though many attempts were made in studied pursuit

of the North West Passage, they led to nothing more than the apparently negative result, expressed at a later period by John Barrow:—

"It would not be unreasonable to infer that no such passage exists."

The Treaty of Utrecht was followed 50 years later by the Treaty of Paris, when, in 1763, after the seven years war, the whole of Canada was ceded to Great Britain, and the Hudson's Bay Company were free to pursue their discoveries within the limits of Rupert's Land, as described in the Charter.

Then followed the period in which the merchants of Montreal challenged the Hudson's Bay Company with a competition which increased in intensity, until it became a race for the Fur Trade of the still unknown West. It was in pursuance of this race that Alexander Mackenzie, Simon Fraser and David Thompson accomplished their wonderful explorations under the auspices and instructions of the North West Company, bringing them eventually to the Coast, which the great Vancouver had a few years earlier approached by sea.

With no other worlds in sight to conquer, competition between the two Companies was accentuated to a disastrous degree, and continued until 1821, when they were amalgamated upon mutually satisfactory conditions.

Under the administration of Sir George Simpson, the great qualities of the Scotch and French elements of the North West Company were successfully merged with those of the Hudson's Bay Company, and were of material assistance in the government of the vast territories which remained under the Company's rule until the Deed of Surrender in 1870.

The influence of this amalgamation on the course of Empire cannot be over-estimated. It enabled the Hudson's Bay Company to oppose the Claims of both Russia and the United States to the territories of the Pacific Coast. This opposition, directed by Sir George Simpson, with the assistance of men such as Chief Factor James Douglas, took the practical form of trade, occupation and settlement, and undoubtedly led to that crowning achievement—the saving of British Columbia for the Empire, an achievement which, as I have indicated, must be shared between the men of the North West Company and of the Hudson's Bay Company. And so, after many disappointments and failures, a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the dream of centuries—was attained, if not by sea, then by land.

But, you will say, this—all this—

was in the olden time long ago. What does it hold for inspiration? I think that question is one which each individual may answer for himself. Reflect, if you will, on the conditions in which you are called upon to promote what was defined by King Charles the Second as

"All endeavours tending to the publick good of our people."

There is the Empire on which the sun never sets, the great Dominion, this wonderful Province of British Columbia, the great City of Vancouver, and this University, with the opportunities which it offers to all alike.

Then remember the little England of four centuries ago—poor, weak, insignificant and dependent. Reflect upon the purpose which animated both her rulers and her merchants. That purpose was nigh 200 years old when the Charter was given to the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, for yet a further attempt to discover a new passage into the South Sea.

Remember, also, the poor equipment with which this purpose was pursued, and finally consider that, if under such conditions so much was accomplished, how much more is due from us for the sake of posterity.

I have given you nothing but the barest outline of a subject which to me is full of inspiration. The pictures which the Native Sons of British Columbia have prepared show something of the lives of the people who have played their part in the long story, and tell their own tale.

In conclusion let me quote the words attributed by the poet Van Dyke to Henry Hudson:—

"For, mark me well, the honour of our life
Derives from this; to have a certain aim
Before us always, which our will must seek,
Amid the peril of uncertain ways.
Then, though we miss the goal, our search is crowned
With courage, and we find along our path
A rich reward of unexpected things.
Press towards the aim; take fortune as it fares!"

Mr. Chancellor, the Native Sons of British Columbia have conferred upon me the privilege of tendering, on their behalf, to the University of British Columbia, the paintings prepared, under their commission by Mr. John Innes, and I have much pleasure in asking you to accept them.

ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE

For the address of acceptance, the Chancellor called upon Magistrate H. C. Shaw, who said:

Mr. Chancellor, Mr. Sale, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am here before you this afternoon very regretfully because Mr. R. L. Reid, another member of the Board of Governors, was to have addressed you, but unfortunately could not be present. Now, Mr. Reid is well known to all of you as one who takes a very great interest in the early history, as well as the later history, of British Columbia, and knows probably as much about it as anyone in the Province and I regret that he is not here.

At the same time I am rather glad to have an opportunity of appearing before you this afternoon because there are one or two points that I would like to emphasize touched upon by the Chancellor. It was said by one long ago that "Where there is no vision the people perish." Now, that I think is perhaps specially true at the present time when we are so very much impressed by the commercial privileges that are now happily enjoyed that we are apt to look upon commercial prosperity—financial prosperity—as the be-all and end-all of human existence. It is a good thing, and remember I am not at all finding any fault with it. But I would like, if you will bear with me for a moment, to point out to you that if you go over to the old cities, such as Rome, Athens, and others, and ask what has survived there, you will find that no great fortunes have survived. Those things have all passed away, and you go to Rome to-day and what you find is some broken statues—largely broken, many of them, probably—executed by almost unknown men. Even the names of the great merchant princes have been lost. But these old statues, these old pictures are still art—something that goes a little deeper into human life than the mere evidence of material power.

Come down to the Middle Ages, the Dark Ages, as we say: there again you find what has survived is what we to-day go to view with marvellous pleasure,—great pictures by men like Michael Angelo, Raphael, and many others. They are there to give us often that which otherwise we would lack.

Now, with all the material prosperity that is about to settle down on British Columbia, it is a pleasant thought that amidst it all we have a number of young men, native sons of British Columbia, who, in the language of the old prophet, have vision. And they have presented to you, through the kindness of the Governor and Com-

pany, "the gentlemen adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay," represented here by Mr. Sale—they are giving you something that will last until Ma-caulay's New Zealander stands on London bridge! And I think they are to be praised for their happy thought in this gift to the University of British Columbia.

We hope that this gift is the nucleus of a great Art Gallery to-be of these things, of what I might almost call the spiritual life of the city that is going to put us possibly in the foremost place.

Our University is very young, but those of you who know what it has done in the last few years—what its students who have gone out and taken post graduate courses have done—will feel that this University of British Columbia is destined to take a very great place. But, in order to attain that, it will require the co-operation of all those ladies and gentlemen who have even "widow's mites" to hand over. In that connection I believe there are many men and women who only require to have pointed out to them the tremendous need there is—to have established a great University that is going to appeal to the spiritual nature of the people, and that then, to use a common phrase, they will not be backward in coming forward to do their part.

On behalf of the University of British Columbia I accept this permanent loan collection of pictures, and trust that they may remain for many, many years an inspiration to the young men and women who pass through these Halls—most of whom are likely to be native sons and daughters. On behalf of the Chancellor and the Governors of the University I accept them very gratefully as a sacred trust for the University as a whole. We thank you, sir, and your Company, as well as the Native Sons, for this beautiful gift. (Applause.)

"The Story of the Pictures"

The task of outlining "the story of the pictures" was given to Mr. B. A. McKelvie, Past Grand Factor, the Native Sons of British Columbia, and he excelled himself by an address which was altogether in keeping with the occasion. The following is a short summary of that address:

Just one hundred years ago today, the officer in charge at Fort Langley recorded in his journal:

"The Tlalams went away after having traded upwards of sixty beaver skins which were paid for wholly with blankets. These Indians make a great difficulty in bartering with us at our prices, on account of having been visited by the Americans last Spring, who

supplied them with goods more cheaply than we do."

I quote you that entry, because it has a bearing upon our meeting here to-day. It has a very significant meaning for every British Columbian and Canadian.

It shows the activity of the American rivals in the fur trade, and it tells how, by the establishment of Fort Langley British dominion was established on this Coast.

After the Spanish flag had been lowered at Nootka and Lieutenant Pierce of the Royal Marines had replaced it with the flag of Great Britain, the country was abandoned. The Spanish convention did not settle the sovereignty of this country, and indeed the United States and Great Britain, following the war of 1812-14, recognized, by their joint occupancy agreement, that it was a domain open for trade.

It remained, therefore, for the future political character of the land West of the Rockies to be determined through settlement and trade.

Under the old Northwest Company, the Americans—known as Boston Traders—practically captured the trade of the Coast, and if they had been permitted to continue to enjoy this commerce, there is no doubt that the Stars and Stripes would have been firmly planted along the whole coast line. But with the merger of 1821 it was determined by the Hudson's Bay Company to drive the Boston Traders from the Coast, and establish the trade under the British flag.

The first action in such a campaign was to establish Fort Langley on the Fraser River—and, as you will note, despite the efforts of the Americans to keep the trade, the Hudson's Bay Company, by occupying the territory was able to get the furs.

Just one hundred years ago that post at Langley was constructed. It is not my purpose to detail to you the marvellous history of that old depot. I want to show to you, however, that, realizing the part that the Hudson's Bay Company had played in keeping this country under the Union Jack, the Native Sons of British Columbia turned as does a child to its parents when it was desired to undertake a work that would be for the benefit of future generations as well as the enlightenment of the citizens of to-day.

The idea of having the story of British Columbia's past pictured in this way originated with the Historian of the Native Sons of British Columbia. He mentioned it to Dr. K. B. Casselman, then Chief Factor, and the idea was accepted and proceeded with at once. Mr. A. L. McLennan went to England and there he interviewed Sir

Robert Kindersley and Mr. Sale, and the result was that the Hudson's Bay Company gave a generous grant to assist in the production of these canvases.

The proposal was advanced as one that was for the improvement of the ideals of citizenship, and as such it was accepted.

Native Sons of British Columbia believe that public spirit and community pride can only be firmly established upon a foundation of traditions. The inspirational stories of the past must contribute to the development of the future. The British Empire has been reared upon traditions, and it is the glorious and inspirational stories of the past that have knit it together.

May I here remark that this organization is in existence only because we believe that those born here have a sacred duty and responsibility—that of maintaining the ideals of the early pioneers. We do not claim any special privileges by reason of our birth, and hold that every citizen, from no matter what country he may come, provided he will assimilate with us and work for the betterment of British Columbia, Canada, and the Empire, has equal place with us in this country.

It was in keeping with these ideals that we planned the painting of these pictures, and through the generosity of the Hudson's Bay Company it was made possible.

And in British Columbia we were happy in finding an artist, above all others, qualified to undertake the stupendous task of painting history—a most difficult feat.

Mr. John Innes is a Canadian by birth; son of Dean Innes, a noted cleric of London, Ontario. Educated in the Old Land, where he studied art, he returned to Canada and came West before the building of the C. P. R. Later he moved to British Columbia—in the days when the country was still in the raw and the rough.

He returned to the East to accept a position with the *Mail and Empire*, of Toronto, and then enlisted with the Canadian forces and served through the South African War. After his return to Toronto he was offered and accepted an important position in the artistic world in New York, where he continued to reside until 1913, when he again came to the Coast.

His paintings of the Canadian West have an international reputation, and his canvases may be found adorning the walls of many stately manors in England, India, United States and Canada.

Canada has many artists who can paint pleasing scenes, but few who can

paint history—and Mr. Innes has a key picture upon which another series could be painted.

Mr. McKelvie then went on to explain the incidents which had been pictured by the artist. He said that the Native Sons of B. C. hoped to be able at some future time to complete this series. Each of the pictures shown was

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

"The Land of Singing Waters"

By A. M. Stephen.

(A review by Lionel Stevenson.)

In a recent effort to define the word "modern" as a term of critical approbation, I suggested that one of the qualities distinguishing authors of genuine importance from those of merely ephemeral success is their constant experimentation and development, obvious when their works are read in chronological order. This particular test can be very strikingly applied to Mr. A. M. Stephen, whose second book of poems, "The Land of Singing Waters," is artistically published by J. M. Dent & Sons. As compared with his previous volume, "The Rosary of Pan," these poems show an advance in technique and effectiveness which is almost incredible in four years, and which is extremely interesting to any student of the poetic craft.

The defects of the former book were irregularities of metre, marring the music of the lines, and a somewhat chaotic vagueness of phrasing, rendering ineffectual the spacious imagination and exalted emotion of the writer. Both of these shortcomings have been triumphantly overcome in "The Land of Singing Waters." The mastery of a wide variety of metrical effects is thorough and unflinching; and the cosmic flights of imagination have been captured and crystallized in specific and concise imagery. Some of the methods of self-discipline which the poet underwent can be recognized by the evidence of the poems in this book, and they are laudable methods, sanctioned by many notable antecedents. One is the practise of severely restricted forms, such as the sonnet, ballade, and rondel; and Mr. Stephen's specimens combine accuracy with an ease and grace which is rare under such limitations; his ballades and rondeaus compare favorably with those of the English and American poets of the nineties who made such delicacies their chief product. The group of rondels on Persian topics are lovely little poems, quite apart from technicalities, and the ballades obtain all the effects of emphasis and harmony which are the virtues of the form. Another of Mr. Stephen's undertakings has been the testing of stanzaic forms not hitherto employed in English poetry; the possibilities of variation in line-length and rhyme-arrangement are practically limitless, as compared to the few simple types that poets revert to again and again, and some of Mr. Stephen's experiments result in new and pleasing harmonies, although a few prove too complicated, losing the rhythm in jerky involutions.

But it is a proof of the poet's genuine inspiration that he does not need the assistance of restricted or unusual forms to make his poems interesting; his very finest are written in the simple and familiar metres in which he has to challenge the achievements of his famous predecessors, and he splendidly survives that rigorous ordeal.

More fundamental, however, than these studies in technique has been his devotion to the great English poets, by which he has gained the authentic voice



A. M. Stephen

and manner of the high tradition. His thoughts shape themselves naturally in lines that are essentially poetic in music and vocabulary. Only a thorough saturation in poetry can implant this quality in the subconsciousness, endowing every phrase with a richness of connotation far beyond the mere literal content. It includes cultivation of an ear for verbal music, and Mr. Stephen's use of orotund vowels and alliterative phrases merits high praise. It includes also a special assortment of words not used in every-day prose, and in this respect Mr. Stephen is inclined to riot a little too prodigally in the treasures that he has gained: when one finds "incarnadined" and "plenilune" on a single page one feels that a virtue is in danger of thriving into an excess. Like most poets, Mr. Stephen has a little hoard of especially cherished words, which begin to obtrude themselves when a large number of the poems are read at a sitting; these in-

clude "dream," "white," "rune" (also a favorite of Wilson MacDonald's), and the suspiciously padded "adown." Finally, twice or thrice he reveals his saturation in English poetry by a line which echoes too exactly the phrasing of previous poets, particularly Tennyson, as in "He comes, my love, my king," "Horse and rider reel," "In stoles of white."

But these are very trivial and infrequent blemishes, and captious criticism has no further voice. To offset them, one is almost baffled in attempting to select examples from the wealth of notable merits. In the group of narrative poems on British Columbia themes, which gives the book its felicitous title, Mr. Stephen fulfills another of my conditions of "modernity" by realizing the value of the untouched material close to his hand; and he avoids monotony in these longer poems by symphonic changes in metrical form in accord with mood and theme, after the manner initiated by Alfred Noyes. These are not mere ballads or versified tales, they are epic fragments, of a dignity appropriate to the setting they depict.

The other poems in the collection, however, which have no novelty of topic to distinguish them, must be the final criterion of their author's achievement, for here he handles the universal poetic themes, which are only justified when something fresh and unprecedented in vision or imagery is contributed to them, when the poet's individuality of emotion and experience is strong enough to impress itself in competition with all predecessors. And there is no question of Mr. Stephen's success in giving this touch of personality to what he writes. Like all true poets, he has a central core of definite and consistent philosophy, and inevitably his is akin to many other contemporary discussions. In concentrating his attention upon the quest for ideal beauty, he is allied with Masfield, Brooke, Yeats, Noyes, all the poets who are attempting a mystical interpretation of our new universe; but his own theory of sublimated physical love as the key to the mystery is distinctive and well-presented. Furthermore, his wide range of allusions, his use of the whole cultural heritage of the race as a source of imagery and symbolism, unites him with the best poets of our time.

Beyond a doubt, Mr. Stephen is endowed with the singing sense. The lyric quality can be felt throughout his

work, and the two crucial parts of a poem—the first line and the last—are always satisfactory, the first establishing the music of the poem with certainty and the last giving a cadenced climax to thought and melody alike. Sometimes the metre is difficult to master, as in "Song of the Earthborn," which may require several readings before the rhythm is caught; but once mastered, it is lovely and haunting. On the other hand, his poems in the simplest of all English metres,—the quatrain known in the Hymnals as C.M.—are equally musical:

"A faery gleam will haunt the rose;
The lily's heart will hold,
In fluted crypt and velvet vault,
Aladdin's treasured gold."

Perhaps the most outstanding of all Mr. Stephen's gifts is that of phrase making. Every page can provide an example of that wholly satisfying union of vivid imagery with concise and melodious utterance, the use of the "inevitable word." Here are a few taken almost at random, lovely enough to stand alone, miniature poems in themselves (the first applies to Helen of Troy):

"A cresset glowing on the walls of
Time
Makes red our nights with dreams
of her."

"Charred ruins of the towers of day
Lie prone along the sky."

"Pale glides the timorous moon, a
ghostly bride,
To where her aged consort of the sea
Awaits her coming."

"Windows flamed,
Red roses in a tapestry of stone."
"Time as a garment cast aside,
Lay on the threshold there."

"The tropic madness of her dusky
hair."

"Speech holds not any lamp at all for
simple souls."

"Over the dun sea's rim, a cloud
Reached like a gaunt brown hand
Driving the hungry waves to feed
On the lean edge of the land."

These and many others attest the poet's genius for succinct yet musical imagery.

Finally, what are the outstanding poems of the collection? This is a question that every reader must answer for himself, since tastes differ and there is enough variety in this volume to appeal to many. My own preference, however, goes to some half-dozen for widely varying reasons. Of the mystical poems, my prime favorite is "Life," for its clear and vigorous statement of a noble philosophy and for the skilful contrast achieved by drab imagery and melancholy sound in the first half, suddenly changing to ringing,

vigorous defiance. In the same category I want to mention "Retrospect," "Resurgam," and "Dreams' End." Perhaps the greatest poem in the book is "Mary," with its tender simplicity and splendid thought; it has the beauty of "The Blessed Damozel" with a glowing humanity replacing Rossetti's chilly artificiality. A powerful and original presentation of heredity is "The Blossom and the Fruit," in which the difficulty of transferring a theme from modern psycho-pathology into vivid dramatic poetry is achieved with honesty and restraint. Another most impressive poem is "Gold," which should rank high in the anthology of social protest. The poems of Canadian nationalism are admirable, and that on Vancouver the best I have encountered on the subject. "The Golden Helen," which is Mr. Stephen's version of the pageant of fair women already written by Villon, Chaucer, Tennyson, Browning, and other poets, is unequal, but in its best passages gorgeous.

Rarely indeed does a single volume so notably exemplify the two aspects of Canadian poetry; on the one hand displaying the beauty and romance of the distinctively Canadian material, on the other hand approaching the universal themes of poetry and the whole accumulation of human culture with an outlook illuminated and clarified by the vigorous mysticism of the new land.

PRESENCE

(By L. B. Whitney)

We are told that "In Thy presence is fulness of joy" and David knew whereof he sang.

Do we grasp the great significance, the full meaning of this Presence? Bodily presence is easily understood, a person or thing is here or it is there. Spiritual presence is felt and understood by a consciousness of oneness. Atmospheric or etheric conditions have nothing to do with it. *It is*. The only condition necessary for its manifestation is the conscious co-operation of the individual. Do we escape some catastrophe? We may say, "I thank Thee, Father." Does some great blessing come to us? We may say the same thing. This is acknowledging the Father's presence *with* us, His watchful care *over* us. But what do we mean when we say the Father within us? This is clearly referring to the Fatherhood of God, a living principle in God, just as sonship is. Jesus said, "The Father that dwelleth within me, doeth the works."

The human being understands something of what Fatherhood means; wherever he may be in the world he carries with him physical and mental characteristics or qualities which he has inherited from his earthly Father and his body is made up of physical atoms. The life and the will power, however, are not received from an earthly parent, and yet they are the man himself, the natural man, though, as distinguished from the spiritual man.

The only way the natural man can become the spirit-

ual man is by being born again—and that that is a distinct experience here and now there are very many in the world today who can bear witness. Dr. Bucke in his book, "Cosmic Consciousness," says that "Only a personal experience of it, or a prolonged study of men who have passed into the new life, will enable us to realize what this actually is." He has given some forty-five cases where the new faculty—as he calls it—has appeared; always accompanied by subjective light and great joy.

I would like to quote here a few words from "The Spiritual Pilgrimage of Jesus," by James Alex. Robertson, D.D.: "The greatest spiritual fact that has ever emerged in the long story of the human race is Jesus of Nazareth's consciousness of God. . . . The God consciousness of Jesus was a sense of the Presence of God. . . . It was the seal of a divine Spirit witnessing with his spirit that he was God possessed. Indian and Semitic faiths alike bear witness to the inner strain and struggle of the One Immanent Spirit of God in its age long yearning to find the perfect embodiment of the Divine Consciousness in the limits of finitude in the human heart. . . . Theology has long been accustomed to build a case for identity of substance or nature in the Father and the Son."

We must remind ourselves that in this spiritual region the only identification which is real is an identification in and by Consciousness.

The Poetry Contest--Prize Award

We regret that the decision in this contest has been so long delayed, but, apart from other considerations affecting the time of this announcement, the judges had real difficulty in selecting the prize poem, and an order of merit. The number of original poems entered in the competition was well into double figures, and while most were sent in from British Columbia, the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were also represented. Many of the poems were of a high standard.

For the information of competitors we may note that the entries were sub-

mitted (marked by number, without names) to outstanding literary men—well known for their active interest in all that affects the welfare of this community—intellectually and otherwise. In our next issue we hope to find space for a few of the "highly commended" poems (to whose writers book prizes shall be sent); but meantime we reprint the poem to the writer of which the money prize of \$25 is being awarded. As one judge wrote: "The best is, I think, "To a Poet: A.C.D." "The note of love and sympathy raises is above the ordinary level." . . .

Through suggestion in the initials used, many of our readers will hardly need to be told that the poet referred to is Annie Charlotte Dalton, knowledge of whose prolonged illness has exercised the sympathetic concern of her many friends in Western Canadian literary circles. These friends, and others acquainted with Mrs. Dalton through her writings, will be pleased to know that—from inquiry made before putting this Magazine to press—we are assured that the poet is now steadily convalescing.



Annie Charlotte Dalton

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.

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(Established 1911)

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Canadian West

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A Year-End Message to our Readers

As time and space are limited, please accept outline statements:

(1) Thanks to all subscribers who—in various ways—have shown living interest in this Magazine: that is far better than sending bouquets—afterwards.

(2) Because of delay, all renewal dates are being changed, and credit given.

(3) Please observe B.C.M. advertisers, and buy their goods, or do business with them: they are the practical "community servants" whose co-operation ensures this Magazine's continuance in service.

Inspired by Addison's service through the "Spectator" in a former generation, the editor and publisher of the B. C. M. dared to believe that, (notwithstanding changed conditions, and the tons of printers' ink shed on this continent), there is still opportunity for stimulating and influential social and literary work through a Magazine service for the homes and community in this part of the British Empire.

To let Citizens know of such work, costs money—even if they subscribe for one or two years. So that it is surely not unreasonable to ask any loyal Canadian joining our list to send us a single postcard intimation—if his or her interest in

such work falls below the continued investment of one dollar a year or two dollars for three years—when paid in advance.

Printers and postage must be paid—whether or not publishers are. Notwithstanding the selfishness of human nature, we are optimistic enough to believe that when honest folk know the facts, they will be fair.

We have no wish to give offence; but that the obligations of this Magazine may be met, necessitates our receiving payment without delay of moneys overdue to us.

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Canadian Authors' Association--Report of Seventh Annual Convention

(Submitted by Dr. Lionel Stevenson at a meeting of the Vancouver branch.)

The seventh annual convention of the Canadian Authors' Association took place in Ottawa on June 28th, 29th, and 30th, 1927, the British Columbia delegates being Mrs. Virginia M. Cummings of Fernie and Mrs. A. M. Winlow and Dr. Lionel Stevenson of Vancouver. Although equally interesting and delightful, the convention was a complete contrast with that held in Vancouver last year, the formality and ceremonial of the Capital being the antithesis of the West's adventurous, unconventional atmosphere.

In addition to the permanent historical and administrative features of interest in Ottawa, there were the decorations preparatory for the Dominion Day Celebration to enhance our sense of festivity and importance. The assemblage of writers, which was particularly inclusive, as the Maritime Provinces were represented by a Halifax group, and Quebec by several members of the French section, provided a vivid revelation of Canada's vastness and diversity, and symbolized also the imaginative and spiritual element which must play so essential a part in unifying the immense territory into a genuine nation. There was an impressive significance in such a meeting being held in the Dominion's capital during the observance of the Dominion's anniversary.

The convention opened with a luncheon at the Chateau Laurier, preceded by the registration of the delegates, who received identification ribbons bearing the thunder-bird insignia of the Graphic publishers. (All the programmes and other printed material, it may be remarked, were donated by this enterprising firm and showed a high level of craftsmanship.) The luncheon was given by the Ottawa branch in honor of the visiting delegates, and the Chairman, Mr. Lloyd Roberts, President of the branch, pointed out in his opening speech how few Canadian authors are able to devote their full time to that calling, the majority being primarily engaged in some profession remote from literature.

Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, was introduced as one of these disguised authors, and the applause, which greeted the announcement that he was a member of the C. A. A. was intensified as Mr. Roberts invested him with the red

ribbon of the convention. Premier King expressed high praise for the achievements of Canadian literature and declared that it had contributed a valuable service to the upbuilding of Canada toward nationhood.

The welcome of the City of Ottawa was extended by the acting Mayor, M. Fortier, with wit and grace. Dr. W. T. Allison responded on behalf of the association and Judge Surveyer spoke briefly in French.

The delegates then adjourned to the theatre of the National Museum, where the business sessions were held. This auditorium was rather bleak and full of echoes, and construction work was in progress in the galleries, so there was a considerable strain on speakers and listeners alike. Professor Allison, in his presidential address, reviewed the leading events in Canadian literature during the year, paying special attention to the volume of Charles Mair's collected writings, and acclaiming Mair as the poet of Confederation.

In the report of the National Secretary the significant fact was the large number of unpaid dues, not merely for the current year but for the two preceding years also. In this respect Vancouver proved to be by no means the worst offender, but not above reproach, with four delinquents of 1925, ten of 1926, and thirty-two of the current year.

The National Treasurer reported a credit balance of over \$1400, which is about \$200 less than his total of last year, but slightly in excess of what he received on taking over the office two years ago.

In the evening we assembled in the National Art Gallery to enjoy a literary and musical programme arranged by Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott and M. Jules Tremblay, which was typical of much of the convention in its judicious blending of English and French elements. The first half consisted of French-Canadian songs, and a group of lyrics by modern French-Canadian poets; the second part began with a group of lyrics by W. W. Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, Lloyd Roberts and Katherine Hale, the musical accompaniments being by Canadian composers; and the concluding item was Miss Mazo de la Roche's extremely clever one-act play, "Low Life," admirably acted. Mr

Eric Browne, director of the gallery, spoke briefly on the recent successful Canadian exhibits in England and France, and invited the delegates to inspect the galleries while refreshments were served.

The Wednesday session began with a symposium on "My Methods of Work," several successful writers submitting themselves to the confessional. Mrs. Madge Macbeth, in a witty and dramatically vivid disquisition, implied that her methods transcended analysis, but admitted that she dictates to an admiring secretary and frequently pauses to revise and recast, never advancing beyond any point where a word baffles her until it is satisfactorily located. Mrs. Macbeth also gave a few glimpses of her earliest literary experiments.

Mr. Robert Watson described, with specific illustrations, his habit of getting a wide range of productions, descriptive, fictional, and poetic, from a single source, and showed how far the eventual piece of writing often departed from his original intention.

Mr. Robert J. C. Stead, after making a strong plea for the Canadian author to respect the financial standards of his calling by insisting on payment for all material published—even poems in school text-books—stated that he gives only one evening a week to the writing of his novels; and concluded by asserting that his greatest mistake has been his confining himself to the topics most familiar to him, and that his forthcoming book is bound to be more successful, being on a subject that he knows nothing about.

Mrs. Lilian Benyon Thomas of Winnipeg, prize-winner in the recent contest in *Maclean's Magazine*, gave a more technical address on the short story.

Mr. J. Murray Gibbon devoted his talk to the translating of French chansons, which has recently monopolized his interest, and he illustrated his method of singing the French words over to himself until the equivalent English words gradually formed themselves.

The afternoon session was given over to the perennial problem of copyright. The committee on musical compositions submitted a very thorough report in printed form, and announced

that they had already collected over 1500 items toward a bibliography of Canadian musical compositions.

The main difficulty over the copyright act remains unchanged so far as legislative action is concerned. However, representatives of the disputing parties have eventually come to a compromise on practically all the points at issue, and it was only the interruption occasioned by a long adjournment which prevented the act as thus revised from being submitted at the last session of parliament. Tribute was again paid to the tact and helpfulness of Mr. Leon J. Ladner, M.P.

Later in the afternoon the delegates were driven up the Gatineau Valley to the new power plant of the pulp company at Chelsea. After leaving the automobiles, we perched ourselves upon a couple of flat-cars and were drawn by a soot-shedding work-locomotive to the site of the plant. Those who braved the heat and the climbing of many stairs were rewarded by the thrill of walking along the summit of the dam, with the sheet of placid water a few feet away on one side, and the foaming falls dashing sheer down on the other, to where the river resumed its course far below and wound onward toward the spires of Ottawa fairy-like in the distance.

Returning to the city, we performed miracles of haste in removing the stains of exploration and getting to the Chateau Laurier with the punctuality required for an affair which is honored by the presence of the Governor-General. The recital was given by Mlle. Juliette Gautier de la Verendrye, who has made a special study of the folk songs of Canada, and who presented those of three races, the Eskimo, the Indian, and the habitant. She wore the appropriate costumes of the three peoples, and in the first two groups accompanied herself with rattle and drum. In the intervals, appropriate moving pictures were displayed. Premier Mackenzie King acted as Chairman, and in introducing Mlle. Gautier stressed her family's connection with Canadian history, extending from the discoverer of the Rocky Mountains to the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

On Thursday morning the delegates were graciously received by Lord and Lady Willingdon at Rideau Hall, and were shown the reception rooms of the house with their many treasures.

The afternoon began with another symposium, this time the critics being heard, on the question of "Conscious Canadianism in Literature." Professor Watson Kirkconnell decried the applying of national standards in literary judgments, declaring that art is uni-

versal. Mr. B. K. Sandwell quoted from recent books on the theory of mental processes to prove that the literary heritage of a country is one of the essential factors determining national identity. Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy stressed the necessity of Canada's retaining her imperial affiliations, and held that distinctive Canadian literature was compatible with their continuance. Mr. Austin Bothwell forcibly brought out some characteristics of Canadian literature by comparing Canadian books with some recent successes in England and the United States. In closing the discussion, Mr. W. A. Deacon began by strongly condemning the topic of debate as implying that coercion might be brought to bear on Canadians to restrict their choice of topics to their own country; but he proceeded to formulate a high ideal to which he hoped that Canadian literature might attain.

The concluding business of the session was rather rushed owing to lack of time. The chief resolutions were an expression of approval for those provinces which have begun to include Canadian literature in school and university courses, coupled with the recommendation that the other provinces do likewise; and an exposition of certain injustices in the clause of the copyright act which requires foreign authors to be present in person or by proxy when their books are licenced. A resolution favored by the Toronto and Calgary branches, that each branch collect its own dues, was defeated after the National Secretary described the chaos which existed when such a system was formerly in force. The request of the Toronto branch for a larger percentage of the dues was also voted down.

An invitation from Calgary for the next convention was referred to the executive.

The nominating committee named Dr. C. G. D. Roberts, President; Judge Surveyer, Vice-President (a new office, giving representation to the French Section; Mr. M. O. Hammond, Secretary, and Dr. E. J. Hardy, Treasurer. Headquarters will accordingly be in Toronto. Mr. Hammond's acceptance of office could not be obtained; but it was decided that further efforts should be made to persuade him to change his mind. The national committee of twenty-one was nominated from the floor, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay being among those elected.

The usual dinner was the concluding event. The chief speaker was Hon. Fernand Rinfret, Secretary of State, whose eloquent address included expressions of sympathetic interest in the copyright affair. A brilliantly witty

speech was delivered by Mr. B. K. Sandwell, and the French section had its speaker in M. Aime Plamondon, who mentioned the work that is being done in translating French-Canadian books into English, and vice-versa.

The foregoing report of the formal programme, crowded and interesting though it was, does not begin to convey the full value of the convention, since the contact with other writers, the chance to become personally acquainted with those whose work is already familiar, is extremely stimulating.

The Ottawa members deserve the heartiest gratitude of all the visitors for their kind friendship and helpfulness, and there is no rashness in asserting that everyone who attended the convention carried away intensely valuable impressions and the most cordial feelings of mutual regard.

The majority of the delegates remained in Ottawa for two or three subsequent days to attend the jubilee celebrations, but that, in the favorite phrase of our great contemporary, "is another story."

LITTLE LASS COME TELL ME

(By Robert Watson)

Tell me, tell me, little lass,
Ere the fleeting moments pass;
Tell me, tell me, is it true,
Have the fairies in the blue
Wide and sparkling eyes like you?
Little lass, come tell me.

Tell me, tell me, little sweet,
As you go on patt'ring feet;
Tell me, tell me, is it true,
Sunbeam cirlets fell and grew
On the golden head of you?
Little sweet, come tell me.

Tell me, tell me, little maid,
Looking upward, unafraid;
Tell me, tell me, is it true,
Heaven's love and morning's dew
Blend to make the smile of you?
Little maid, come tell me.

Tell me, tell me, little miss,
As you waft your good-night kiss;
Tell me, tell me, is it true,
Sprites, and elves, and fairies, too,
Dance around the cot of you?
Little miss, come tell me.

Tell me, tell me, little pet,
—See, my eyes with tears are wet—
Tell me, tell me, is it true,
When we yearn for light anew
God sends little girls like you?
Little pet, come tell me.

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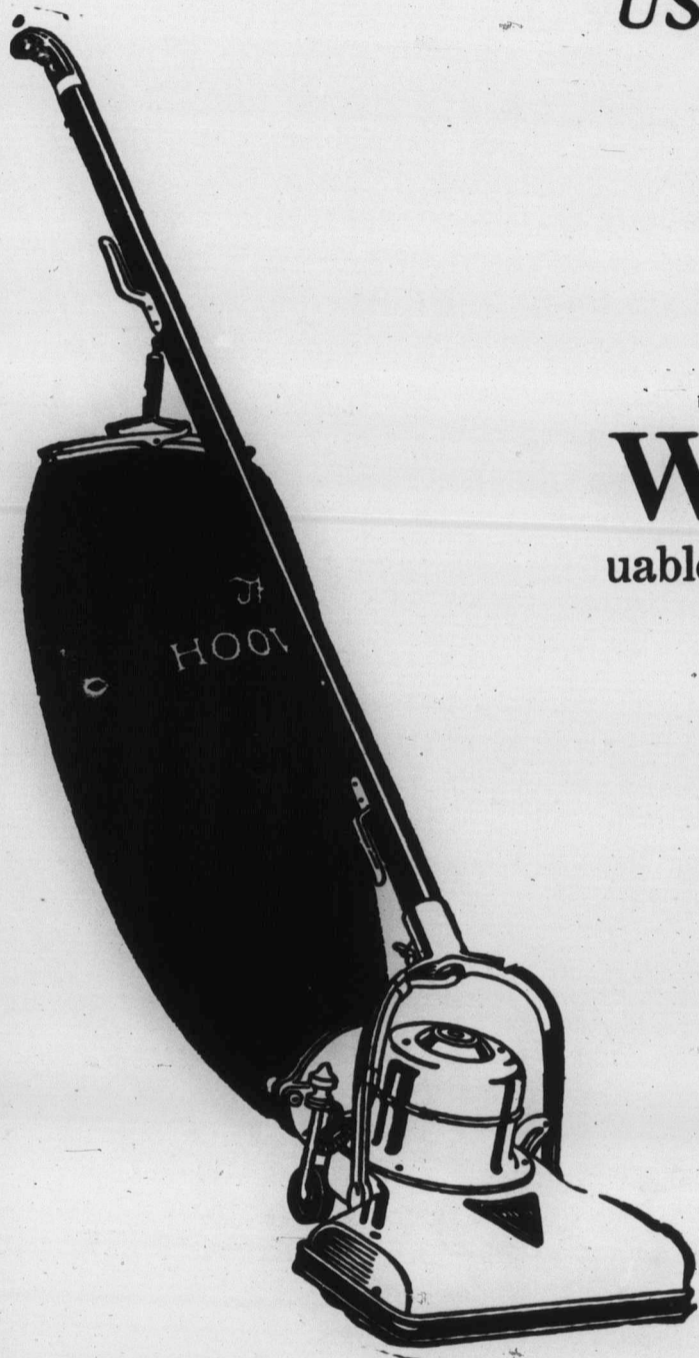
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Stories in Travelling--By Alice M. Winlow

AMONG THE ICEBERGS ON THE "MONTCALM"

The iceberg looms out of the fog like a sinister ghost. It comes so close that we can almost touch it with our hands. It towers high above the ship, gray and white with streaks of icy-green and hollows of frozen blue.

Then the crash the shudder the terrible silence of suspense the lowering of life-boats the whispered questioning. At last a sense of security is restored.

Now come long hours of waiting till the fog finally clears about our ship. But there is a bank of fog to the East, and a ghostly iceberg glides out of it and melts into it again, intangible, incorporeal, dream-like. An ocean-liner passes. It, too, is buried in the fog, invisible to us except for the funnel and masts.

A scythe of wind cuts away the last of the fog. The clear blue of the ocean is seen to be jewelled with icebergs. The growlers, small pieces of ice and snow, although full of menace, are too insignificant to receive our admiration.

But the icebergs! There are almost a score of them and all who have field-glasses hurry away to get them to bring the vision closer.

One has crescents of ice that reflect the sun till the berg seems strung with new moons. Another has the ap-

pearance of a castle, the sunlight transmuting its irregular pinnacles of ice into turrets of glistening marble. To the West is a berg with the contour of a lily. It is deep blue at the base, green where the calyx should spring, and the petals rise white as chalcedony.

But now we are leaving the Strait of Belle Isle. Labrador is indigo blue, its bleak rocky hills softened by distance.

BY THE STREAM IN CRYSTAL PALACE GARDENS

Such a limpid, cool, singing, delicious wind! Sitting on the bank of the Stream in Crystal Palace Gardens we watch it ripple the water. The sky above is hyacinth blue, patterned by clouds of ineffable silver.

Across the stream there are three men fishing. Not a sound is to be heard. The very stillness weaves a fantasy of the sound and the life of a newer world. On the bank of the Capilano River, near Vancouver, British Columbia, we are idly sitting, while one of our party stands by the river and casts a fly to the farther shore. To the North are mountains green with fir and spruce nearly to the top, and crested with snow. The air is green and amber. A Kingfisher darts down the stream, a flash of azure. We watch lazily the fisherman casting his fly.

There are hours of this felicity. Hours of amber and green light, of catching the diamond-sparkles from the river, of looking at the new leaves of spruce-trees, like dust of emeralds, of smelling the sweetness of burning cedar and of inhaling the pungent smoke of the camp-fires.

Suddenly there is a great splash in the water, and a long shape of silver is seen for an instant on the surface. We jump up excitedly to watch the angler play his fish. He is in the water now, and a good thing it is he has his rubber waders on. He follows the fish, leading it from the treacherous rock where it could work itself free. On down the river he goes, playing his fish adroitly. He has passed the turn of the river now and we cannot follow.

Presently the fisherman returns bearing the silver beauty, nearly three feet long, in his hands. It is a Steelhead Trout.

"There it is," he says, with a note of quiet triumph in his voice. "Caught with a 'Silver Doctor'". . . .

An oak-tree drenched with sunlight, and around the corner an horrific monster, yclept Ichthyosaurus, glaring at us, while three discouraged fishermen leave for some. We have not the heart to tell them of a day's fishing in British Columbia.

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The B. C. Art League

President W. G. Murrin Outlines Its Position

Literature and Art, and all cultural interests indeed, have a common basis of appeal affecting the growth of healthful community life, as well as that of individual personalities.

In a communication calculated to quicken the interest of all Western Canadians with vision, Mr. W. G. Murrin, President of the B. C. Art League, has outlined the position of the League at this time. In the circumstances "the new Secretary of the Art League" has invited "the Editor of this Magazine" to find space for that statement—in the hope that it may come under the eyes of some readers not yet listed as Active, Associate, or Life members, and who only need to know the facts to ensure their identifying themselves with this altogether commendable Society. Cheques payable to the B. C. Art League may be addressed to "The Secretary," at 939 Granville Street, Vancouver, B. C.

A Community Institution—Providing Opportunity for Civic and Provincial Service

With slight changes, the following is quoted from Mr. Murrin's statement:

"There is no city of importance in Canada where the public have poorer facilities for coming in contact with good pictures than Vancouver. The only facilities at present supplied are under the auspices of the B. C. Art League at its Gallery, 939 Granville Street, and these, through lack of funds, are by no means up to a standard reflecting credit on this City.

"Largely through the work of this League, an Art School was established some two years ago, and since then it has been making good progress, but inspiration to the students in the way of available exhibitions of painting is lacking. A large sum of money for the purchase of works of Art has been donated conditionally upon a suitable Gallery being built, and it is one of the main objects of the B. C. Art League to work for the erection of such a Gallery.

"Funds at the disposal of the Art League are derived from two sources only: (1) Annual or Life subscriptions from members, and (2) a Grant from the City of Vancouver. The membership is of three classes—Active, Associate, and Life. At present the annual fee for each Active member is \$3., for each Associate \$5., and Life membership is \$100.

"Meantime, the funds available from these sources are quite insufficient to enable the Art League to carry out its work in a proper manner with credit to the City of Vancouver, and I am asking citizens of Vancouver and other residents of B. C.—not already members—to consider seriously becoming members under one or other of the classes named.

"Never at any time was the work of the B. C. Art League more important than it is today, and the League, in addition to its other service, is doing its part through public lectures to encourage artistic development in Vancouver."

Art Lectures Well Attended

The first lecture, by Mr. James Leyland, on "Prints and How to Know Them," was reported in Vancouver's three daily newspapers—the directing and editorial departments of which seem to vie with each other in being ready to give publicity to the work and aims of the League.

Mr. Leyland certainly demonstrated to his audience that there was much to know about prints, and in a

racily expressed lecture expounded not a little that even novices in art could carry away.

Lettering and Illuminating

Another evening (Wednesday, 7th December), notwithstanding a heavy snowfall in Vancouver, the lecture room at the Vanderpant Galleries was filled when Miss Grace W. Melvin, D.A. (Glas.), Instructress in Lettering and Illumination at the Glasgow School of Art, delivered an illustrated lecture on "Lettering and Illumination."

Miss Melvin, who is a clear and effective speaker, first of all gave an informative and arresting synopsis of the history of the art of modern writing and printing, outlining the origin of the alphabet and its development from Egyptian, Phoenician, Greek and Roman sources. She followed that by a brief study of the sister art of Illumination. The lecturer mentioned numerous interesting details connected with the subject, and held the attention of the audience throughout. Many fine examples of Lettering and Illumination were shown, and these were supplemented by the exhibition of a number of lantern slides, with the subjects of which Miss Melvin showed an intimate and well expressed knowledge.

Members and executive of the B. C. Art League were well represented in the audience, including the President and Vice-President (Mr. T. W. B. London). In introducing the lecturer, Mr. London spoke with appreciation of the fact that Miss Melvin had been given a year's leave of absence from the Glasgow School of Art, so that she could teach during that period at Vancouver School of Applied Art—which was one of the practical products of the B. C. Art League.

In expressing the thanks of the meeting to the lecturer for her very illuminating address, Mr. Fyfe-Smith also referred to the fact that Vancouver was indebted to the Glasgow School of Art, not only for such an educative evening, but for their having given Miss Melvin's services to the local School of Art for twelve months without any exchange arrangement.

The lecturer, in closing, said that though she had not been able to find any traditional work at present in Vancouver, she hoped that in the future, when Vancouver possessed an Art Gallery worthy of its position as an Empire City, there would be found a collection of good traditional work, calculated to inspire its students in the study of that art. She also expressed the hope that such students would then be housed in a School of their own, and that that would lead to the growth of a band of healthy Western Canadian illuminators, creating their own tradition.

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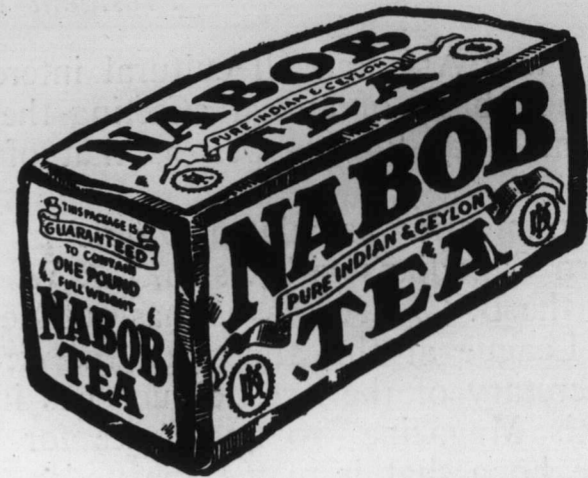
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