

Established 1911

BRITISH COLUMBIA

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The Magazine of The Canadian West

Volume 26

Vancouver, B. C., November, 1926

No. 3



THE NEW NORTHERN TERMINAL OF THE PACIFIC HIGHWAY

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The members of the Canadian Authors' Association who were fortunate in getting to the top of Grouse Mountain in August last, were not only royally entertained there, but got some idea of the view to be had from Grouse Mountain, and gathered not a little of the man (Mr. A. S. Williamson) whose vision of other days was then in process of realization.

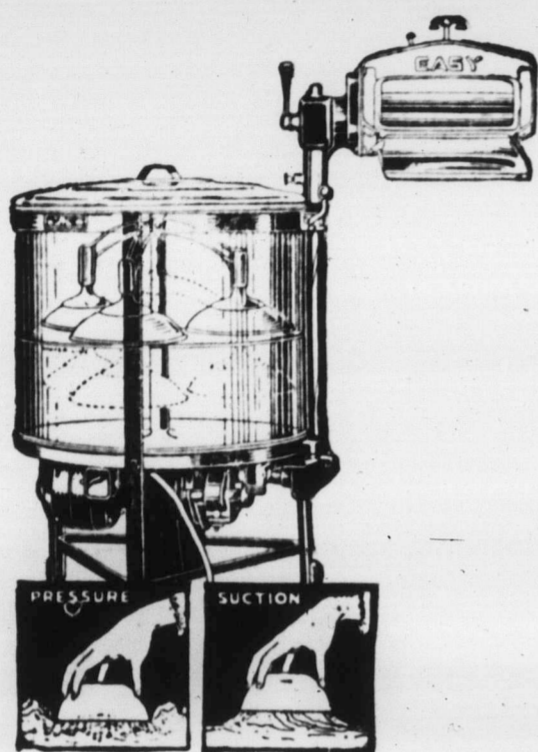
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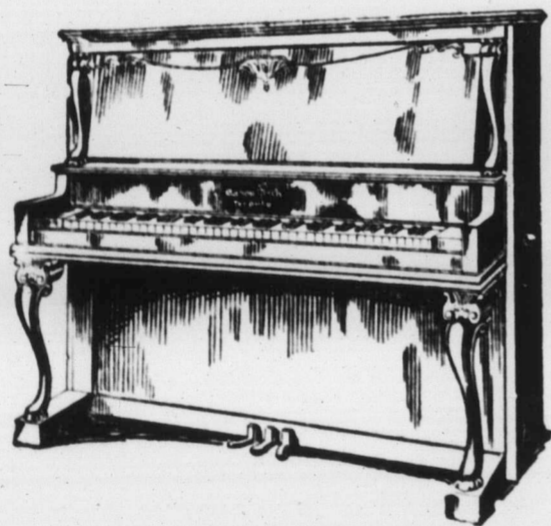
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The Magazine of The Canadian West
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The
Twentieth Century Spectator
of
Britain's Farthest West

VOL. 26

NOVEMBER, 1926

No. 3

Canadians and the Empire

Again and again in other months and years the notes that have appeared in this editorial page have emphasised our belief that the development of a national spirit in Canada should concurrently involve the strengthening of our imperial kinship in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

* * *

To the observer it is remarkable how many events and incidents come to have a bearing on this subject. First and foremost, the Canadian Club of Vancouver, at its annual meeting, had as speaker General Victor Odlum, who, in a well-thought-out and clearly delivered address on "Patriotism," expressed sentiments and convictions that it would be well for every Canadian—by birth or choice—to ponder. Though his family is in the fourth generation of native-born now, General Odlum, by inheritance, claimed kinship with the different races of the Homelands, and in stirring words maintained that Westminster Abbey, with all its history and associations, and Shakespeare and the wealth of literature handed down in the English language, were as much HIS as that of any other man born of British stock.

General Odlum's expression in that connection suggests and sums up one idea that ought to dominate the na-

tive-born of any Province or Dominion of the Empire, no less than those who, happening to be born in one country under the flag, find their work and homes in another. A true "family feeling," like a "fellow-feeling," should not only make us wondrous kind, but should make us realise that in these days there is not only enough land and opportunity in the Empire to go round, but that to ensure healthful natural development of some portions of that cosmopolitan British commonwealth—including much of Canada—a thorough awakening of many other members of that "family" in the Central Homelands is necessary.

* * *

What was true a generation ago in the Old Lands is no doubt still true under different conditions to-day: Thousands of men find themselves in a rut in the business or workaday world, and yet hesitate to cut adrift and face the initial hardships and uncertainties of a venture into a new life. And all the while there are countries under the British flag in which the development of natural resources is little more than begun, and possibilities of progress undreamed of "at home" await the workers who, with faith in

God and man, fare forth to these farther lands.

We are not advocating indiscriminate desertion of positions in England and Scotland; nor are we suggesting that men and families should emigrate without careful consideration and inquiry. But—

* * *

Because of its bearing on the subject, we think it pertinent to mention here Mr. Robert Watson's latest book, "Me—and Peter," just published by Thomas Allen, Toronto. Unlike former stories by Mr. Watson, this book is not a novel. It is obviously largely autobiographical, and we surmise it may have a larger sale overseas than in Canada. This is not the place to review the book, but we venture to suggest that if the story—supplemented by a note of its author's life and progress in Canada—should be circulated in the country of his origin, it might be of real service in helping to inspire many young men to decide for home- and Empire-building in one or other of the Dominions beyond the seas.

* * *

Still akin to this subject—if only because of the speaker's own related per-

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Owing to changes in printing service, this issue is dated November, 1926.

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sonal experience—was the recent address in Vancouver of Dr. Endicott, Moderator of the United Church of Canada. Among other arresting details given by him in an address which was in many ways fascinating, Dr. Endicott mentioned how he, on first coming, as a lad of sixteen, from the Old Land to Halifax, was told by an old woman that "this was a God-forsaken place" . . . But like most Britons who venture abroad, he did not turn back, and already—though yet in the "fifties"—he has behind him a long and notable record of outstanding service, at home and abroad. While the address by Dr. Endicott outstanding-

ly revealed the truly christian spirit and outlook, there is a sense in which he is an ambassador of the British Empire as well as of the Christ.

* * *

Next, among many incidents of interest in the life of Vancouver city, came an eloquent address from Dr. Harvey, Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland, who, in the course of it, remarked that "they had hundreds of ministers over there who might be spared for Canada." With due respect, we venture to suggest to the worthy doctor and his Church—and all the Churches of the Old Lands—that *if these are the conditions*, the

sooner our kindred, individually and in organizations, see about sharing more of their ministers—as well as their men and families—with the other Dominions of the Empire, the better it will be *both for the Empire and all concerned*.

* * *

Let Britons, wherever born, cultivate and encourage inter-Empire interchange and development in all conditions of life—social, economic, educational, literary and religious, and a worthy "world dominion" may follow that will bring only blessing in its train.

"The Voice of Canada"

*A Selection of Prose and Verse Made
by A. M. Stephen*

In being entrusted with the compilation of what we may assume is meant to be a first volume of "Canadian Prose and Poetry for Schools," Mr. A. M. Stephen, of Vancouver (author of "The Rosary of Pan," etc.), has been given a task which any lover of literature would enjoy, and yet likely find difficult and somewhat perplexing. For, no matter how carefully or painstakingly such a work is done, it will always be open to criticism because of the personal preferences of readers and reviewers and the limitations of any ordinary book. When it is noted that this volume is less than 150 pages in all, it will be understood, even by those with limited acquaintance with Canadian writers, that the selection and compression of representative prose and poetry was not an easy matter.

Probably many Canadians, like the writer of these notes, will be so pleased to welcome this book as the first of its kind, that they will not care to magnify any slips that may have been passed in this first edition, such as "the obvious errors in one illustration"—to which our attention was frankly called when the book was sent to us.

That this first brief "expression" of "The Voice of Canada" is on sale for forty cents, leaves no home an excuse for being without a copy—whether or not there are young folks in the family. No doubt the number of copies published, as well as the fact that the London publishing house of "Everyman" fame (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.), published the work, explains it being put on the market at a price, the larger part of which some continental workmen would ask for the binding alone.

Whatever native sons, East or West, may think of the compilation, that numerous company of readers who are Canadian by choice, will find much in

this book to attract and commend. We are reminded of the comparative youthfulness of the Dominion in that a large percentage of the contributions is made up of selections from the work of writers still with us in this life.

The biographical and other supplementary notes which Mr. Stephen has thoughtfully incorporated in the book considerably enhance its value. The verse selections are arranged under: Love of Country; Canadian History; Places; Canadian Life; Seasons; Nature; Truth and Beauty; while the prose section contains notable pieces from prose writers, and also from the addresses of Canadian Statesmen and orators.

The opening words of the "Preface" say truly: "The real builders of our Canadian Commonwealth are its writers and artists. Canadians, hitherto, have been so slightly acquainted with the achievements of those who have given them a national literature that native-born writers have been forced to find a market and a public abroad. This has been a serious loss to our spiritual life."

Equally worthy of quotation are the closing lines of a foreword on "Literature in the Classroom": "Gems of literature may be easily stored away while memory is keen and retentive. In the years to come, these will afford hope, courage and abiding strength to men and women facing difficulties in the larger school of life."

Though we learn from the biographical notes that Mr. A. M. Stephen was born in Ontario, we are naturally pleased that a Canadian writer and poet, now resident in Vancouver in the West, should have been selected for this onerous and honourable literary work for the Dominion. D. A. C.

READERS:

As you value the work of this Magazine, please (1) check your renewal date; and (2) when remitting, consider listing a friend.

DO IT TO-DAY!

"Chinook Days"

(An impression, by Bertha Lewis)

The author of "Chinook Days" says, "Not having it in me to write a novel I will be content if I recall a little out of the past in such a way as to please a few of the old-timers remaining." And he proceeds to give us the kernels of many novels.

"Chinook Days" is an interesting account of things historical and things mystical, pregnant with the spirit of poetry and romance of this our own British Columbia. And it seems that with Mr. McInnes's gift for poetry has come that magic key, which enables its possessor to "open through to the other side of things," as did the "Fair Swift People."

The chronicling of legendary lore may be successfully achieved only by those possessing this magic key. Such an one must have feeling, insight, imagination; and, above all, faith in the verity of that "other side."

Mr. McInnes does not go in for uplift (we have his word for it) but, after reading these legends and reminiscences, one certainly feels that one has been in high and pleasant places.

The Day of "The Blue Grouse Totem" is intriguing, and one wonders if that spiritual blue day is very far away.

Blue and rose are Vancouver's colors, the ensign of her soul. Blue, ultramarine of sky and mountain; cerulian the mists that twine along her waterways. Rose of her sunset mists!

With all this on the outside, how desperately one longs for a key to "open through to the other side."

Assimilability of Orientals in Canada

(By F. W. Cassillis-Kennedy)

Is such a thing possible? In attempting to answer this question it is advisable to point out that the Immigration laws prohibit the coming to Canada of any more Chinese immigrants, and that immigrants from Japan come in at the rate of only 150 annually. Should it be thought wise to ask Japan to close her doors more closely, for a time, a request along the lines of a "Gentleman's Agreement" would satisfactorily settle the matter.

The word "Exclusion" is frequently used by the man in the street, and its meaning is not generally understood. It does not mean "Expulsion." Orientals are entirely in agreement with us when we declare that, as Canadians, we deem it inadvisable to receive into Canada more people of any other nationality than we can properly assimilate. So when we close our doors to Orientals of the labour-type we are living up to the meaning of the word "Exclusion."

"Expulsion" of those Orientals legally domiciled in this country is something no right-minded Britisher will agree to have carried out, for it is against all traditions of British fair play and British justice.

Obligations to Resident Orientals

The question to be decided, then, is what should be our attitude towards a people who have fulfilled the requirements demanded of them during the period our laws allowed them to enter and make homes in Canada.

The Oriental population within our borders is a large and growing one. The legal status of the children is that of Canadian citizens; hundreds of them are passing through our Public Schools and are imbued with Canadian ideals; they, therefore, have no keen desire to go to China or Japan, which to them are foreign countries; their hopes and desires are centred in the country of their birth; their future lies with us, but that future brings them little hope of the franchise.

Are we Canadians looking sufficiently far into the future to see what time will bring about in this highly important matter? Are these children to be allowed to grow up as citizens of no country? If so, we are laying ourselves open to be severely censured by our progeny, perhaps more than that, to be cursed by them for foolishly allowing, on account of race prejudice, no opportunity for the Orientals born here to fully participate in the national life of our country.

Not only are we withholding the full privileges of citizenship, but by placing

obstacles in their way, that are within the border of persecution, forcing them to segregate themselves in little Chinas and Japans within our borders.

Ostracism of these peoples is neither good for them nor for us. Living in Canada removes them from the uplifting influence of their own religions, and our treatment of them militates against their embracing ours. They are, also, to a great extent, cut off from the help of their own national habits and customs, many of which are excellent, and the freedom they have here, under existing circumstances, tends to injure instead of benefitting them.

Educational Laws

We insist upon the children being educated in our Public Schools, and when they have passed through our High School and completed the University course, are any of the professions open to them? According to the British Columbia Elections Act, on reaching the age of twenty-one, both Chinese and Japanese are not entitled to have their names inserted in any list of voters. And the by-laws of the Law Society and the Pharmaceutical Association of British Columbia, if they have no right to vote, barr them from becoming members in these Societies, and they are neither able to practice as lawyers, nor become pharmacists. Is it right to deprive people, who are citizens by birth, and British subjects, of a respectable future in the land in which they are legally domiciled?

Because of this Occidental attitude toward them the parents, naturally anxious about their children's future, are trying to remedy matters by adding a couple of hours a day, to those already spent in the Public Schools, in Chinese and Japanese language schools, which to the thinking mind is detri-

mental to the health of the children.

If the knowledge of their parents' language gained in this way would fit them to fill some place of average importance in China or Japan, there might be some sense in it, but it does not, it only adds to the burden of the child and nothing of real value is gained.

A visit to a Japanese community, close to Vancouver, provided me with the following information:— There were ten families; the parents were all naturalized Canadians, and there were twenty-six children, all born in British Columbia. The children of school age attend the local Public School, but none of them can read Japanese. The oldest child has been recommended for entry to the High School, and the questions put to me were, "What are we parents to do? Our children will all remain in Canada, if they are not properly educated the labour market will be closed against them; if we put them through the High School and University what positions are open to them?" This is not an isolated case, there are many such communities in the Province.

No Permanent Chinese Pastor

Some of us say the Oriental is unassimilable, but is it his fault? Let us glance at the amended Chinese Immigration Act of 1923. This provides for the admission to Canada of persons of Chinese origin such as members of the Diplomatic Corps and other Government representatives, also *bona fide* merchants and students. Seeing that we have a large Chinese population already in this country of a permanent nature, one would have thought that provision would have been made in the Act, as formerly allowed, for the entry of ministers of the Christian religion to help teach Christianity to

POETRY CONTEST: \$25.00 CASH And Book Prizes

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Poems may be from sonnet length to seventy-two lines. Only one poem may be sent in by each contestant, and it must not have been previously published.

Only subscribers (or those sending in new subscriptions) to the British Columbia Monthly may enter. The editor cannot undertake to return poems.

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Write name and address at the upper left-hand corner of MSS.

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these people. Such men may be admitted under special permit for a specified time at the discretion of the Minister of Immigration, but their wives and children are barred. As a Chinese missionary is thus forced to live here without his family, he will quite naturally wish to return to China. This would be one less Chinese in Canada, but what about the thousands left behind without a Christian leader! And would not a Christian home of a Christian pastor with wife and children be a good object lesson for those dwelling in Chinese communities in Canada?

Am I too severe, if I say such treatment of the Orientals is liable to condemn them to spiritual, moral intellectual and material stagnation.

Biological Assimilation

When we talk of assimilation we deal with it under three headings, Economical, Cultural, and Biological. Let us treat of them in the reverse order. The last mentioned means racial assimilation and is at the present moment not in favour with either Orientals or Occidentals.

So far there has been very little race intermixture and the Orientals have been in British Columbia since about 1849. Sufficient data to prove that assimilation along biological lines is good or bad are not yet obtainable, for these races have not lived long enough side by side for such evidence to be procured.

Heredity and environment will both count in the process. The former is of great weight and the latter of equal account if not weightier. Professor Conklin says, "So great is the power of environment on the development of personality that it may outweigh inheritance;" and Mr. J. H. Oldham, after thoroughly discussing this subject, sums up with the words, "It would seem that the view which would attribute everything to heredity is becoming a little old-fashioned and out of date."

The same writer, when referring to Japan's remarkable feat in appropriating Western knowledge and turning it to such remarkable account, adds: "Experience alone can show of what an individual or a people is capable. What Japan's achievement, which is as real and significant a fact as any of the biological facts that we have been considering, does establish is that in the natural endowment of a people there are many latent and unsuspected qualities which may be stimulated into activity by the appropriate environment."

Mr. Robert E. Park, professor of sociology in the University of Chicago, and research director of the Survey of Race Relations on the Pacific Coast,

says: "The barriers to communication between races are not differences of language and of culture merely, but more particularly of self-consciousness, race consciousness, and consciousness of kind; not physical distances merely, but social distances. Whenever representatives of different races meet and discover in one another—beneath the differences of race—sentiments, tastes, interests, and human qualities generally that they can understand and respect, racial barriers are undermined and eventually broken down. Personal relations and personal friendships are the great moral solvents. Under their influence all distinctions of class, of caste, and even of race, are dissolved into the general flux which we sometimes call democracy."

So assimilation along biological lines, if it takes place at all will be a question which our great-grandchildren will be called upon to solve and we should prepare for it by giving the young Canadian-born Oriental every chance to make good as a citizen of Canada. But unfortunate in the highest degree would be such alliances if religious, social and educational standards were not the same.

Cultural Assimilation

All who have made a study of the so-called Oriental Problem know that intellectually the Orientals are not an inferior race and that culturally they are capable of being assimilated. A visit to the schools and colleges in Canada and America will prove this. Teachers and professors speak in the highest terms of Oriental students with whom they come in contact. It is a well known fact that a Japanese youth distinguished himself by taking the highest marks in the British Columbia High School entrance examinations last year. In a recent letter received from the Dean of the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School in Philadelphia there is the following testimony to the worth and ability of Chinese students:—"We have had a succession of very rare men; men for the most part, of the highest mental calibre, extraordinary charm, and profound Christian character."

Economic Assimilation

Economic assimilation depends entirely upon the kind of legislation our government leaders bring into force. Legislation of an unjust nature will only aggravate conditions and widen the distance between ourselves and the Orientals within our gates.

Dr. Boggs, professor of economics in the British Columbia University, both in speeches and written articles, has stated that economic assimilation is not impossible.

Touching the question of the Japanese in America, where the same problem exists, Baron Shidehara, at that time Japan's Foreign Minister, said that a reliable test could be made by stopping all immigration of Japanese in America until those already there could be given a chance to demonstrate their quality in respect of assimilation into the general American social body. But that while the test was proceeding every encouragement be given the Japanese in America to adopt the American standpoint and way of life.

Sympathetic Christian Attitude

This surely is the logical way of solving our difficulties in connection with this problem. Let our attitude be one of sympathy, of welcome, of invitation to assimilation and it will yield a result diametrically different from that of coldness or persecution or ostracism.

Professor Boggs, writing in the "International Forum Review," in speaking of the Oriental peoples in Canada, says: "Will these fellow-citizens of ours fit into our scheme of life and cooperate as we would wish them to do if we continue to give them cause to nurse a rankling sense of injustice? If the presence in our midst of several thousand Canadian citizens of Oriental origin be deemed a grave mistake, can we hope to undo that mistake by continuing to deny them full citizenship privileges? On the contrary, is this action not likely to make the mistake more grave?"

Now that our gates are to a very great extent closed against immigration from the Orient, the rights of those already admitted and legally resident here ought to be recognized. Let us not forget that the responsibility for their presence with us rests upon our own shoulders and we have, therefore, obligations towards them we cannot honourably repudiate.

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Creating a Canadian National Consciousness

BY H. D. RANNS

Vice-President for Saskatchewan of the Canadian Authors' Association

One of the crying needs of today in our Canadian Life is the creation of a national consciousness. Situated as we are geographically in such close proximity to our great neighbor the United States, and related politically to the Old Land, it is difficult for us to avoid either being submerged by the greatness of our neighbor state or being slavishly subservient to Great Britain. Those of us who believe with all our hearts that Canada has its own part to play in the life of the nations do not desire to see either fear realized but rather to build up a virile young nation, looking the whole world in the face and being thrall to none.

Anything in our life that tends to emphasise our Canadian heritage, to make us proud of it and to cherish it, seems to the writer of this article to be worthy of encouragement. To him at least one of the points of attraction, among many, in the creation of the United Church of Canada, is that we have in it a home grown church. The writer believes it is the hope of its human founders that, as time goes on, that great church may increasingly become in truth a *Canadian* church.

But it is not my purpose to write of a church but of another organization that is helping to stimulate the Canadian spirit and is doing a worthy work. The last week of October is Canadian Book Week and the remembrance of the fact has led me to wish to write something about the work of the Canadian Authors' Association. This association is a comparatively youthful body. It was formed in March 1921, in Montreal by a small group of Canadian authors and writers, among them J. Murray Gibbon, R. J. C. Stead, Ralph Connor, Mrs. Nellie MacClung, Stephen Leacock, and some others whose names are not so well known. Since that time it has held conventions in Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec, Winnipeg, and, last but not least, in Vancouver. Its membership has grown greatly during the years of its existence and its influence has deepened and widened. Its president in 1925-26 was Professor W. T. Allison of the University of Manitoba, a journalist of real distinction, who knows how to get the heart out of a book better perhaps than any man in the Dominion.

The Canadian Authors' Association, in its work of stimulating the national consciousness, has had much misunderstanding to combat. There have been those who somehow managed to get the idea that it was an association of men

and women out to boost the sales of their own books, in case they wrote books, as many members do and also many do not. Also, that the Association was not very particular as to whether the books they boosted were good books or bad or indifferent, so long as they were Canadian books. Some countenance was lent to such ideas in the earlier days of the association by the attempt made by some mediocre writers to exploit the Association in the interests of the books they wrote. But any such idea is utterly wrong. The Canadian Authors' Association quite naturally desires to stimulate the sale of Canadian books but it is far from any design of endeavoring to foist on the unsuspecting public books that are inferior. All that it asks is that Canadian books be given a fair field and no favor—also no prejudice because they are Canadian. It is not so many years ago that the idea prevailed that it was impossible for a good book to come out of Canada. If that idea has been virtually squelched—it is present in places yet—much of the credit must be

accorded to the Association.

The Canadian Authors' Association stands for much more than the endeavor to secure a fair field for Canadian books. It is there to lay emphasis in the midst of the chase for material advantages on the cultural values of life, to stimulate everything that makes for good reading and high thinking. In a young country such as ours, there is need of such emphasis. Wealth is reckoned in terms of dollars among us, and we are apt to cry out that the wealthiest man among us is the best. That is false and this Association partly exists to proclaim a better gospel of life, the gospel that cultural good matters much, that the reading of good books, the possession of good art or the power to appreciate it without possessing it,—that these things are worth while. In short, the Society, without being, we trust, offensively "highbrow," does want to foster in the Dominion a love for true culture of mind and soul.

In doing this, it is bound to encourage the home product in writing and authorship. The Society has no insular

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prejudices, but it does believe that, wherever possible, it is just as well for a Canadian writer to write for Canadian people as it is to have American or English authors monopolize the field. It has no place, I believe I am right in declaring, for the idea that Canadians must be bludgeoned into buying Canadian magazines and journals that are inferior to American and English ones. It knows the value of a good thing wherever it is produced, but at the same time that is no reason for our market being so flooded with poor stuff from other countries as it is. Examine our magazine stands carefully and see what is selling to our people and to our youth! Much of it is trash and some of it of the vilest kind. Any person or society that can do anything to help to supplant this stuff by a better home product is doing good work. The Dominion has a long way to go but it is on the way toward better things in the journal and magazine realm. With due regard to quality, the public will gradually see the virtue of buying the magazine and journal made at home. Which is, by the way, a hint to our church and Sunday school managers to patronize their own denominational papers, even if they cost a little more money than some others.

I revert to the thought with which I began. It is necessary to create a national spirit. Nothing can do that better than the stimulation of our own literature. The national spirit is embodied in a literature. The people without a literature are a people without a soul. We do not desire that Canada should be in that class. Then let us buy and read Canadian books and papers and magazines with discrimination. In that regard, may I, in closing, recommend two or three Canadian books for winter reading or for Christmas presents. There are many others worth reading, but three books by Western writers that deserve patronage, are: "Settlers of the Marsh," by F. P. Grove, one of the most virile of Canadian writers; "Wild Geese," by Martha Ostenso, formerly of Winnipeg, a book that won a prize of \$13,350, and for once was worth the prize it gained; and "When Sparrows Fall," by Mrs. Salverson. Tastes differ, but if you don't read these with interest I shall be surprised.

EDITOR'S SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE:

It should be added that, as the recent Authors' Convention in Vancouver must have reminded writers from the Middle West and Farther East of Canada, the Pacific Province of British Columbia has also a group of authors whose works, in prose and verse, are well worthy to be recom-

mended to readers wishing to enrich their own and other libraries, and also to gift-choosers throughout the Dominion.

Without attempting anything like a complete list, we can mention off-hand: *Verse*: Pauline Johnson, Marjorie Pickthall, Tom MacInnes, Annie Charlotte Dalton, Isabell Eccleston Mackay, Bernard McEvoy, L. A. LeFevre, A. M. Stephen, Dr. Fewster, Donald A. Fraser, and as we go to press we

learn that a new work, "The Miracle of Roses" and Poems, by Alice M. Winlow,, Secretary B. C. Branch C.

A. A., will be published in time for the Christmas trade: *Novels*: Mrs. Mackay, L. Adams Beck, Evah McKowan Frederick Niven, Robert Allison Hood, Bertrand Sinclair, Francis Dickie: *Historical Works*: Dr. R. G. McBeth, Judge Howay, R. L. Reid, K.C.

A Notable Lecture On Kew Gardens

(Review by Gilbert J. Spears)

Those who were fortunate enough to hear Dr. A. W. Hill, Director of Kew Gardens, in the large lecture room of the Applied Science Building at Point Grey, will not soon forget an extremely informing and delightful discourse nor the genial personality of the lecturer.

Dr. Hill's obvious pleasure in being once more on British soil, and his expressed appreciation of our scenery and climate, as well as the good taste which he had seen displayed in the gardens here; served to establish a good feeling between speaker and audience, which was in no wise diminished when, in closing, he showed us the erection of our British Columbia "tooth-pick," 200 feet high, at its present site in Kew.

After a brief introduction in which botanic gardens were shown to have had their origin, in ancient times, in the systematic cultivation of medicinal herbs, principally by monks and religious orders, the lecturer went on to give the history and description of the great institution of which he has charge. A passing reference was made to the work of the monk, Mendel, in modern times, whose studies of the laws of heredity as exemplified in the Sweet Pea, have given rise to such remarkable developments in recent years, notably in the improvement of wheat.

King George the Third was shown in a new light to many of the audience, as it was through his patronage and support that the Royal Gardens at Kew commenced to be the economic and educational factor which they now represent in the Empire. Through the removal of Sir Joseph Banks and his patron by death in the same year of 1820, the Gardens fell into a state of neglect, until on the accession of Queen Victoria, Professor Hooker was called from his post in Glasgow University to re-establish the work. It was very largely to his genius and foresight that the Gardens and their associated collections have attained the pre-eminence which they now enjoy.

Passing from the historical to the descriptive side of the address, one

should record that some wonderfully beautiful pictures were thrown on the screen (those in colour, unfortunately, somewhat marred by lack of a sufficiently powerful lamp), showing the gardens and their surroundings. One particularly striking picture showed a grove of trees, the ground beneath carpeted with blue-bells. Such effects could be much more easily obtained in Western Canada, where, as we were told, we have so many natural advantages, instead of having every natural disadvantage as at Kew, with the London smoke in addition to contend with. Irises and orchids were shown in profusion, as well as some of the 700 species of rhododendrons, and other plants, too numerous to mention.

The most artificial-looking feature in the whole Gardens is the natural lake, outside of the great glass-covered building designed by the architect of the Crystal Palace.

After showing a giant cactus, like a tree in circumference, the lecturer drew attention to the curious biological fact, that, with one insignificant exception, there are no African cacti. The wide range of succulent plants, which grow in the desert parts of Africa, and which it would require an expert to distinguish from cacti, belong to an entirely different order of plants, the Euphorbias.

Great interest was shown in a giant Arum, which had bloomed, after thirty

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years of waiting, just before the Doctor left on his present tour. This plant grows from a bulb, and the flower consists of a spathe and spadix, the latter being six feet in height. The spathe, which is the showy part, is bright red and pleated. The odour is in proportion to the size, but, unfortunately, from the description seems more closely related to the skunk-cabbage, than that of its other cousin, the Nile Lily.

The development of specialized forms was shown in three different ferns which grow on trees, and derive their mineral sustenance from humus collected from the air as dust. In the first, the lower chlorophyll bearing leaves were joined together, forming a

broad rhubarb-like leaf on which the dust collects and is washed down the mid-rib towards the petiole. In the second, small lower leaves were formed into tubes, with this function, the upper leaves bearing the spores and fulfilling the usual functions of a frond. In the third a large funnel-like structure had been developed from the upper leaves, for the purpose already described. In a Botanic Garden many such illustrative groupings can be arranged.

The lecture was brought to a fitting close with a picture of the Douglas fir flagpole in situ and flying its 36-foot Union Jack, a symbol of the great Commonwealth which Kew Gardens and their Director serve so well.

Two things remain for us to do. First, to continue the good work commenced by our own Professor Davidson and his assistants, and so highly commended by Dr. Hill along the lines suggested; and, second, to avail ourselves of the assistance so freely offered in producing an adequate *Flora* of British North America in two parts to cover the Eastern and Western sections of the continent. This is lacking still, though necessary to complete the plan drawn up by the late Professor Hooker.

Perhaps some young man has already seen the vision, and resolved to devote a lifetime to this great task.

Verse By Canadian Writers

The Outsider

A far-off land I sometimes view
In lovely dim outline;
Its mysteries lure and beckon me,
Around my heart they twine.

But I can never reach that land,
For those who enter in,
Must fare across a dreadful gulf,
An entrance sure to win.

Thro' that dread gorge each one must strive
In agony of soul;
No path of easy well-worn steps
Conducts him to his goal.

Nor do I own a magic key
That comes with gift of life,
To ope the gate thro' which to pass
Victorious over strife.

I gaze athwart that chasm wide—
If I but had a key,
Nor strife nor fear should me restrain,
Nor thought of agony.

Into the broad abyss I'd take
The dangerous path that leads
Downward to treacherous jungle risk,
Then up to rapturous meads.

* * * * *

Hark! From that land, melodious airs
Bring depths of joy sincere—
O Heart of mine, I cannot sing,
But God still lets me hear!

JENNIE STORK HILL.

Edmonton, Alberta.

To the Memory of Pauline Johnson

Dear poetess, must thy song also yield
And pass, as must this fated crag,
Under the trenchant touch of coming Time?
Ah, sweet singer of sweet-visions verse!
Dark of skin, but in spirit, white and clear
As those eager sparkling rills which leap
Down Rocky's lofty virgin ice-crown crags,
Shall thy soul-numbers and their message fade
Into the common lot of things mundane,
Particle by particle, and fall
Like flotsam 'mid the saddening shore-drift
Of a senseless sea? Or may we trust
Thy dove-winged spirit may within us enter
As this cool draught from the rill outbursting
From the bosom of thy upland monument;
And with this draught thy gentle spirit-self
Will come and lodge within our hearts of hearts,
That we, in turn, may blend our numbers
With thy message, noble, universal,
And sustain thy universal love
For all things that live and love and trust.

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A Nocturne

Toll! the bells of midnight toll,
Waking me from reverie,
Bringing back my wandering soul
From the home where it would be.

Yes, I tip-toed (if a ghost
May so tip-toe) to the door,
Slipped inside and left it closed;
Noiselessly I crossed the floor—

A white sheet of moonlight streaming
Through the window on the bed
Where my little girls lay dreaming:
"God be good to them!" I said.

On the dresser, in strange freaks,
All their little clothes were piled.
And I kissed their moonlit cheeks,
And I fancied that they smiled.

Ask them, Mother, when they waken,
If they saw me in their sleep?
Say that fairies must have taken
What I meant themselves to keep—

Baskets of delicious fruits,
Boxes full of sweetmeat rare,
Golden toys and silver flutes,
Talking dolls with curly hair—

Naughty fairies! but they often
Do the same to you and me.
From the cradle to the coffin
Fairies steal our cake and tea.

GORDON STACE SMITH, Creston, B. C.

Vancouver

God clothed this city with a robe of light,
And gave it shining portals to the sea,
With bounds secure, where tempests cannot be.
Northward He lifted to majestic height
The sovran hills, that weary thoughts may flee
Thither for comfort, and, there poised in flight,
Look back to love and hearth-fires warm and bright,
Then with new hope return to you and me.
Westwards He spreads the silver of the bay,
That, unforbid, the poor may there have wealth;
When the faint eve would part with modest stealth,
He flings his banners blazing to the west,
That all may share the triumph of his Day,
And through the gates of glory, enter rest.

DONALD GRAHAM.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT

re

POETRY CONTEST

On Page Three of This Issue

So Would My Love

Over the wall of your sheltered garden,
Sunlight is painting a rainbow of dew,
So would my love, of its warmth and its glory
Fashion a pathway resplendent for you.

Over the wall of your sheltered garden,
Cometh a wind and the flowers bend low,
So would my love, going eager before you,
Clear all the ways that your footsteps shall know.

Over the wall of your sheltered garden,
Storm clouds are gathered to herald the rain,
So would my love from the chill and the shadows,
Bring but new freshness and blooming again.

Over the wall of your sheltered garden,
Softly the moonlight descends like a charm,
So would my love all your bright life enclosing,
Hold you, enfold you, and shield you from harm.

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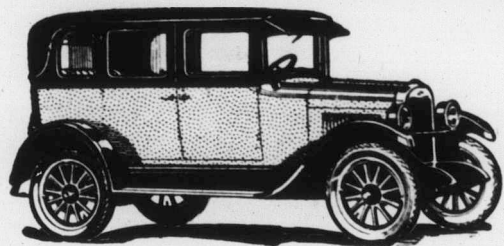
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Welcome and Greeting

By the Editor

To the members of the British Columbia Branch
CANADIAN AUTHORS' ASSOCIATION

Because of the complete record of membership now entered on our mailing list with this issue, many of you may be making the acquaintance of this fifteen-years-old Magazine for the first time. That is partly due to the fact that the Magazine has been established, and is being expanded, not on a dunning basis, but upon practical service on the one hand and *living interest in itself and its work* on the other. Such a social and literary process, and the method of direct appeal—on the Magazine's own merits and aims, without premiums—are slower than certain catch-dollar methods, including "orphan" and so-called "scholarship" appeals—common in the Southern portion of this continent, and practised in Vancouver recently by a United States periodical—but they are ultimately more satisfactory to subscribers and publishers alike.

The *British Columbia Monthly* hopes to be increasingly of service

along social, educational and literary lines: along all lines indeed that healthfully affect the development of the community life of Western Canada.

Progressive success in each department is interlinked: Increased subscriptions affect the advertising or business department, and that, in turn, inevitably influences the number of "Features" the Magazine can carry at one time, and also the matter of cheque acknowledgment. Though hitherto our capacity in the latter connection has been limited—printing work in Canada being even now based on a continental or U. S. standard—we have had the genuine satisfaction of having provided the first literary medium for not a few writers of promise, some of whom have now "arrived."

Now we wish to assure all active members of the C. A. A. at our B. C. base, and others whom it may concern in our literary "Hinterland"—which

we dare reckon extends at least as far as Saskatchewan, and may ultimately include Toronto and the Awakening Canadian East—that this Monthly aspires to be increasingly the representative "Magazine of the Canadian West."

Because of the literary and kindred interests of C. A. A. members, we the more readily assure you that your co-operation in making the *British Columbia Monthly* more widely known will not only be welcomed, but that it will make you in some measure practical partners with the editor and his valued group of associate workers. Thereby you may well so affect the Magazine's development that, as a consequence, we may be the better able to publish more work by Western Canadian writers and that marketably as well as otherwise.

Meantime, notes and news affecting Western writers and their work shall be welcomed. For, just as we value the form of voluntary acknowledgment by the Association of the bit of service we sought to do through the "Convention numbers" of this Magazine, we shall, in like spirit, have pleasure in assigning space to items of interest to the membership.

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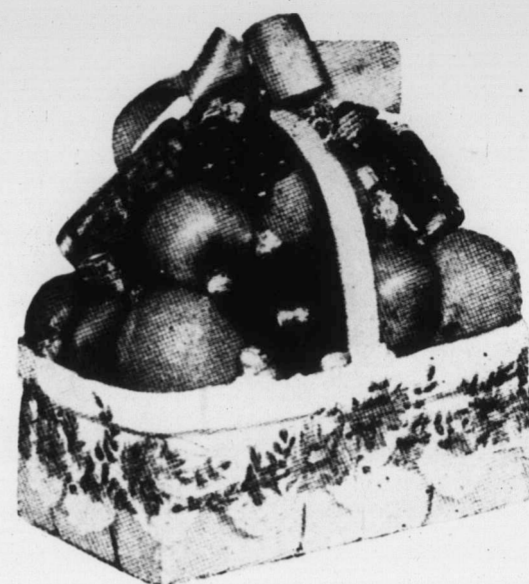
A PERSONAL WORD

to our readers

ABOUT our ADVERTISERS:

As you value the purpose and service of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, please note and patronize our advertisers—whose practical interest in this representative Western Canadian Magazine for every family circle makes its life and progress possible.

FOR A
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A BOOK GIFT IN KEEPING WITH THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT:

After proof-checking, "the Editor" feels justified in forestalling the announcement of "the publisher" (on page nine) by noting his belief that "The Miracle of Roses and Poems" by Alice M. Winlow will commend itself specially as a book-gift peculiarly in keeping with the Christmas spirit.

Were it only for the story in the one-act play, "The Miracle of Roses," Mrs. Winlow's new book can be unhesitatingly recommended as a gift suitable for old and young alike.

It is wholly a "B. C. Product"—written, edited, printed and bound in Vancouver.

At the time of going to press with this insert the number of orders booked is already such that we have reason to believe that the demand will exceed the supply.

The price is as low as any well-printed "B. C. Product" of the kind can be put on the market for—meantime.

To avoid disappointment, we advise all interested B. C. M. readers to order their copies early.

THE INSERT IS AN EXTRA

Thanks to increased interest on the part of the few Business Leaders time permitted our seeing before closing this issue, we were able to add this insert.

With such practical interest maintained and extended, we hope not only to continue the insert, but to be able to carry other attractive "Features" regularly.

WITH GOOD REASON therefore we can say to Business Builders—including all "Buy B. C. Products" campaigners—

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Buy Canadian Goods and Begin at Home

What do *British Columbia Monthly* readers know nowadays about a "Buy B. C. Products" campaign? We have good reasons for asking that question, and may refer to it and them later.

About three years ago we published a series of articles by the then manager of the campaign, Mr. Forster, and the editor of this Magazine contributed a half-page display advertisement to that Cause, reading:—

"Unsurpassed in world influence through world service. That shall be the destiny of British Columbia and Western Canada if only we, the Present Pioneers, lay the foundations well and truly now:

"Buy British Columbia products first: Next, those of the other Provinces of Canada, then those of the Empire, and so help to build our Homeland,—the location, beauty, and natural wealth of which need no 'boosting' in the objectionable sense. For these, known and developed, practically ensure our country of Canada a leading place among the nations. Let

us therefore 'Be British' Columbians!

"Let our practical interests BEGIN AT HOME, but not stop there. Thus shall we also be true cosmopolitans—citizens with wide vision and world sympathies—who, by practise of loyal citizenship in our own homeland, help to foster the Federation of the World."

An Invitation

After fifteen years' service, the publishers of the *British Columbia Monthly* believe that their representatives have only to let Vancouver citizens, and the people of the Canadian West generally, *know the facts*, to ensure their jointing our subscription list.

Our aim is to have this Magazine in every home whose members, young or old, have a living interest in the up-building and development of this vast Westland in all that makes for durable Nationhood.

While holding strongly to our Impe-

rial ties, we believe that of Canada and other British Dominions it goes without saying "Daughter am I in my Mother's house, but mistress in my own."

Without dealing further, meantime, with U. S. periodicals and the question of their taxation, we believe that in not a few ways what may be called *the British method* is to be preferred by us as Canadians.

To ensure that the younger generation of Canadians shall have even an opportunity of *knowing*—to say nothing of *choosing*—the British race way, it is not only desirable but imperative that Canadians see to it NOW that our own CANADIAN MAGAZINES and CANADIAN LITERATURE be kept to the forefront.

The rate of the B. C. M. has been reduced to the minimum of One Dollar a year—post free. Almost every home worthy of the name can surely be with us to that extent.

GIVE US YOUR PRACTICAL CO-OPERATION even in that small measure, or by listing a friend or two, and, with a little time, we shall give more in quantity without lowering the quality or home-service of this "Magazine of the Canadian West."

"R. S. V. P."

The New Civilization

Below we reproduce a *Vancouver Sun* editorial:

The "National Geographic Magazine" is the hallmark of intellect on this continent. Its appeal is solely to people hungry for cultural and scientific information. It has no interest for non-progressive men and women.

Significant of the cultural standing of British Columbia is the newly-announced circulation figure of "National Geographic" in this province.

More than 5700 "Geographics" come to British Columbia every month. One out of every 99 people in British Columbia is a subscriber to this magazine. "National Geographic" is published in Washington. This province is the farthest point on the Pacific Coast from Washington. Yet British Columbia, in point of "Geographic" subscriptions, is second, in Canada, only to highly-populated Ontario.

The popularity of "Geographic" extends down the whole Coast. In California, one in every 45 people read it; in Oregon, one in every 56; in Washington one in every 58.

The percentage of people who read this highly intellectual magazine is higher on the Pacific Coast than in any other spot in North America.

The point is that out here on the shores of the Pacific

we are laying the foundation for the finest civilization the world has ever known.

In ethical, cultural, material and spiritual endeavor, we are as far ahead of the East as the East is ahead of Europe.

The chief factor in civilization is growth and progression. No race, no continent, no nation can acquire a civilization and then go to sleep on it. No matter what cultural achievements Europe has made in the past, her cultural status is measured not by what she accomplished yesterday, but by what she is accomplishing or trying to accomplish today.

The hunger of the Pacific Coast for intellectual food has an infinitely greater cultural significance than the whole history of Europe.

[If a United States periodical—and one all the way from Washington, D. C., at that—has such a list of subscribers and readers in this farthest west Province of Canada, what number should the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY, as "the Magazine of the Canadian West," aim to attain?]

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A Short Story in Verse for Mothers and Daughters

Mary's Holiday

By R. D. CUMMING

The other morning mamma said:
"I'm feeling slightly ill,
So you can stay at home today
And help me if you will."

I said: "I will be very glad
To help you all I can,"
And down the street with all my might
To tell the girls I ran.

And then I skipped around about
As proud as I could be;
To stay at home the live-long day
Was just the thing for me.

I washed the breakfast dishes up
And wiped them clean and dry,
And baked a cake, and mixed the bread,
And made an apple pie.

I found it was no holiday
To stay away from school,
Because you have to work and work,
And get no time to fool.

Because you have to make the beds
And sweep the hall and floor,

And brush the mats and shake the rugs,
And dust from door to door.

To clean and shine the kitchen range
More than an hour employs,
Before you put the dinner on
For father and the boys.

At noon the girls came running by,
They played at tag and ball;
I had to wash the dishes up
And could not play at all.

Oh, yes, I'd rather go to school
The greatest big amount,
To speak large dislocated words
And learn to spell and count.

I often wonder how mamma
Has cooked and scrubbed and sewn;
How she can do what she has done,
And do it all alone.

Today, tomorrow, every day
I have a lovely plan;
I'll hurry home from school and help
My mamma all I can.

TELEPHONE SEY. 6048

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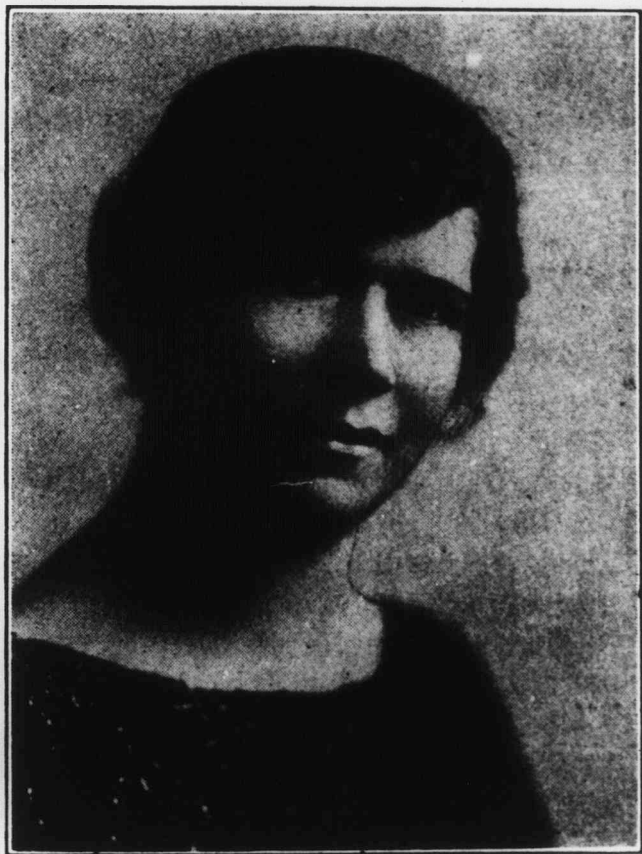
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THE MIRACLE OF ROSES

A new book by Alice M. Winlow

The title of a one-act play, "The Miracle of Roses," which was published in the "Canadian Magazine" as a short story, is used as the title of the book. Mrs. Winlow has contributed to The Canadian Magazine, Christian Science Monitor, Canadian Bookman, British Columbia Monthly, The Quiver, London, Eng., and other magazines, and a number of her poems thus published appear again in this volume.



Alice M. Winlow

Mrs. Winlow's prose and poems are distinctive in that they possess atmosphere, color, music. Her short story, "Claire de Lune," which appeared in The Canadian Magazine, was written under the inspiration of Debussy's "Claire de Lune" and is as close to music as language can well be. Several of her poems, written to MacDowell's music, may be used in the playing of these pieces to heighten the effect of MacDowell's exquisite tone pictures.

Mrs. Winlow believes that voices have color. In her poem, "Voices," if you look, you may find the color of your own voice.

"The Miracle of Roses" is artistically designed and will make a colorful, delightful gift for Christmas.

Let this be a real Canadian Christmas among book-lovers from East to West of Canada.

Please fill in the attached form, and mail at your earliest convenience, as the edition is limited. Make money order, postal note, or cheque (allowing bank exchange if outside Vancouver) payable to THE CHALMERS PUBLISHING HOUSE, VANCOUVER, B. C.

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Enclosed please find \$..... for.....copies "The Miracle of Roses"
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The Magnet

Written by DAVID McLEAN: Published by Geoffrey Bles, Pall Mall, London.
(Reviewed by A. Ermatinger Fraser, Vancouver, B. C.)

This first novel by a writer who has contributed several short stories to English periodicals will appeal strongly to those who remember being thrilled by Poe's "Tales of Mystery and Imagination"; or who have shivered delightfully with Rider Haggard over "Montezuma's Daughter" and "She-Who-Must-Be-Obedied"; or followed terror-stricken at the bidding of Eugene Sue through "The Mysteries of Paris," and after the footsteps of the haunted "Wandering Jew."

There are the same wildly-bizarre scenes presented in vivid flashes of imagination; there is the same background of human weakness in the clutches of dark powers of Evil; there are, too, contained in this book the same efforts to use for dramatic material the power of hypnotism and the belief in transmigration of spiritual control, as we see illustrated in the works cited above.

The paper jacket of this book depicts a man fleeing helplessly from the compelling glance of two steel gray Eyes; a scene which at once gives in brief the entire theme of the novel, and fascinates those who enjoy horrors, kept safe within the printed page. Billy Rymer, a twenty-two-year-old Englishman of the "ne'er-do-well" type, catches a sinister look from one, Bethune, and, for a score of years, remains, with many futile struggles, the helpless slave of these malignant eyes.

With brilliant kaleidoscopic effect, the scene shifts from Hawaii to India. The color, movement, and odor of Burmah, Benares Calcutta,—the glorious art and the foul degradation of ancient Temples of India are brought vividly before us. The events of the tale change rapidly from the grove of the Hindoo devotee to the palace of the Rajpoot Maharajah. Then we are transported from the secluded mountains of Tibet to the busy towns of Valetta and Malta, to Syracuse, and last, to old London, and Rottingdean in quiet Sussex. All these, and many other scenes from the Southern hemisphere, are sketched in glowing colors, and in a style rapid, familiar, conversational, and yet possessing considerable pictorial power without using any lengthy description. The passing throng of people in these lands is rendered with sharply-defined characterization,—so much so as to lead one to infer that the author must write from personal knowledge gained by residence in India and in the Southern Pacific

Islands.

The book is less of a novel in structure, than a series of agonizing incidents throughout which the victim-hero is tortured by the diabolical human Magnet. Each of these presents the material for a thrilling short story of phantasy and weird horror. But one does not discover the close interlinking, nor the building up of a climax step by step that is expected in the complete novel. It may be unreasonable to demand a lucid motive in a mystery romance, but the reader feels annoyed and baffled to find that it is never in the least clear *why* Bethune was able to establish this fiendish power over his victim, nor in most cases what aims of his were served by so doing.

The constant shifting of the heroine interest also tantalizes the reader's concentration. The lovely Kanaka maid dies mysteriously just as we are introduced to her; the Burmah girl appears and vanishes; the Maharajah's daughter arouses our interest,—then we hear no more of her. Sirmione, the wonder-violinist, and Lucretia, into whose girl-soul Bethune magically pours the throbbing passion of long-dead Sappho, enter more fully into their portions of the story, but ere long they too drop into the tragic abyss which engulfs all upon whom Bethune casts his baleful eyes.

This demon personality shifts from the outward appearance of a polished Oxford gentleman to that of an antique Hawaiian God; he is then in rapid succession a Burmese priest, a Rajpoot prince, and a Tibetan deity. In each form, whether by means of cocaine, or by hypnotism, he succeeds in carrying out his wicked will. There may exist creatures who dare to say, "Evil, be thou my good!" but it requires the skill of great genius to treat abnormal personalities, such as Iago, so as to bring them within the range of human interest. In this instance, although many of the people in the background are well sketched, neither the villain nor his victim impress themselves on us as distinctly characterized personalities after the manner, to take a cognate example, of Mephistopheles and Faust.

Weirdly fantastic as the book is, the author has pondered on its underlying ethical significance. He says, "Bethune represents strong and directed evil . . . (Rymer) merely represented weakness, a drifting into sin, not through particular desire of harm, but because the ways of sin are some-

times very pleasant." Twice, a way of escape is shown to the wretched victim. Old Macpherson, the Scottish sea-captain, says to him, "Put your hand in the Almighty's, and He'll steer you straight." Sri Rama, the Hindoo hermit-sage, tells him that by putting thoughts of revenge out of his soul, he would gain a self-controlled peace against which evil would be powerless.

"I saw the path," says the miserable defeated man. "I feel, deep down in my soul, even now not quite dead, that it was not only Bethune. *I might have won.* Bethune was powerless against . . ."

Thus, under the somewhat lurid incidents of the story runs the thought so often stressed by Browning,—that the idle, weak, irresolute soul becomes the natural victim of the powers of Evil,—
*And the sin I impute to the frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the unglint loin. . . .
You of the virtue (we issue join)
How strive you?"*

MANUSCRIPT MARKET

The Atlantic Monthly—Boston, will award \$10,000 for the most interesting novel of any kind. All manuscript must be unpublished work, typed, and submitted before Feb. 15th, 1927, to The Atlantic Monthly Co., 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

The Dial—512 West 13th St., New York, makes an annual award of \$1,000 for the most meritorious contribution during the year.

Asia—461 Eighth Ave., New York, uses material on religion, cultural subjects, economics. Photographs with articles are purchased.

Forbes Magazine—120 Fifth Ave., New York, is in the market for articles on business, finance, and success stories.

Southern Power Journal—1020 Grant Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., will buy articles dealing with power production and its transmission. Illustrations are freely used.

Weird Tales—408 Holliday Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana, want stories of invention, science, other planets, etc. Use no sex or detective stories.

The Torchbearer—810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn., wants short stories for girls.

Field and Stream—25 West 45th St., New York, will buy stories of shooting, fishing and camping,—about 3500 words in length.

Educational Notes

(By Spectator.)

"Civilization depends not only upon the knowledge of the people, but upon the use they make of it. If knowledge be wrongfully used, civilization commits suicide."—*Calvin Coolidge.*

* * *

Those of us who heard Dr. Mansbridge, a few months ago, speak to a Vancouver audience on "Adult Education," were privileged to a degree seldom equalled even in a city of fine addresses. The humblest man or woman in the grand, old Motherland, now has the university class and the university teacher brought to his very door. The sympathetic listener was constrained to say, "Britain's best days have not been those of the Elizabethan or those of the Victorian Age: by no means; 'The best are yet to be.'"

Dr. Mansbridge gave his definition of the aim of education, a definition he confessed he had arrived at after much brooding: "In the power of the spirit, through knowledge and training, to order the material of the world for the welfare of man, and for the glory of God."

Did Dr. Mansbridge take as the basis of his brooding the immortal sentiment of the Westminster divines?—"Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever."

Another definition of education, which has appeared once or twice already in these Notes, and which will still stand repeating, is as follows:—"Education is the development of personality." This definition is simple and comprehensive, and quite in harmony with the dictum of the National Council of Education: "Education is a spiritual process: education is imparted by personality."

* * *

It might be worth while to our educational surveyors to read again their own words in the introduction to their Report. One of the surveyors is quoted in a press statement as saying that if their recommendations are carried out in relation to the intermediate school, vocational guidance and the bureau of measurements, a big saving would be effected, as compared with costs under the present system. The annual financial saving to the Vancouver School Board would approach a hundred thousand dollars.

It is difficult to see how either commissioner can cherish any such expectation. Possible improvements in harmony with the recommendations would be worth much more than a hundred thousand dollars annually to the rising generation in Vancouver. But if by carrying out the recommendations set forth the man in the street really believes that the mill rate for educational purposes will move downward on an inclined plane, he is moving towards an interesting disillusionment. Better housing for the average man is likely to cost more money; better education for boys and girls is likely to move to its attainment according to the same principle.

* * *

Much has been heard of late concerning "retardation" in our schools, and of the amount of money that might be saved by its avoidance.

In considering the question, the practical educationist finds himself to a great extent wandering in a maze. Some pupils are apparently but not really, retarded, because they have entered school later than the usual age of admission; or they have missed much time through illness, or through frequent changes of residence; or Nature has been niggardly in measuring out the gray matter of the brain, when starting them out on the great journey of life. Others

are apparently retarded because the standard of their school is a high one, whereas in some other schools the classes are kept moving upward in the grades by an easy-going process not very exacting in its requirements.

To estimate the amount of money that might be saved by the avoidance of retardation is also a difficult matter. A pupil is in a low grade, and is retarded. Move him up to the grade where he should be according to his years, and quite likely he is in charge of a more highly paid teacher, and so the cost of his education is increased, not lessened.

Apart from the cost but for the sake of the pupil, every faithful teacher is anxious to do what he can to avoid retardation of the boy and girl. The faster these can cover the work of the grades with pleasure, and without undue forcing, the greater time is left for the higher studies before the completion of the period of compulsory attendance.

Educational measurements and the work of the vocational guidance officer may be of some help in reducing the average retardation in our schools; but the employment of outstanding teachers, wherever these are to be obtained, will always prove the means most effective and most desirable, in spite of the fact that such teachers may command higher salaries than the rank and file.

* * *

The following is quoted from an Ottawa dispatch:—"Medical inspection of emigrants before they leave England for Canada, is the ideal method," Dr. D. A. Clark, assistant deputy minister of health, Ottawa, declared in an address to a recent general health congress. "This method would cause the least amount of hardship and discomfort to the emigrating people," he believed.

Dr. Clarke's wise words should be followed up by definite action. Canada welcomes British immigration with open arms; but she has no right to admit misfits or unfits. The proportion of subnormal pupils in the schools of Vancouver is much greater among the children of immigrants than among the children of the old Canadian stock. The old Canadian stock is not easily matched in any part of the world, and every effort should be made to maintain the high level of the past, and transmit to future ages the physical and mental vitality which has been so great a factor in making Canada what she is today.

* * *

Some time ago a gentleman, becoming interested in Charles G. D. Roberts, visited one of Vancouver's large stores carrying a great stock of books. Not a single volume by Roberts, in prose or verse, could he obtain. This was not creditable to the shop, nor to Vancouver. We certainly ought to guard against literary provincialism; but we should no less guard against the notion that no book "Made in Canada" is worth reading. Every shop in the city where books are sold might well consider it a patriotic duty to have a department purely Canadian, prominently labelled. To do so would be truly patriotic: it would soon doubtless prove to be good business as well.

"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."

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The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

CLARIFICATION NEEDED

For some reason, certainly not for lack of discussion of the subject, many people seem gloriously befuddled as to "WHAT is Religion?" Whether they consider the Master's definition an outworn relic of antiquity, or have decided He did not mean what He said, one scarcely dares say. That they disregard His definition is everywhere abundantly evident.

First: In every day discussion one hears of a "Catholic Religion, a "Protestant" Religion, and so on *ad nauseam*. Yet it can't be plain from His definition that there can be no such thing as either a Catholic or a Protestant Religion.

Next: We have had a series of articles by noted writers of the day, mostly novelists, on "What is my Religion?", in which we have had Theism, Theology, Religious Philosophy, (if any Philosophy can be rightly so named), Creeds, Beliefs, Fancies, Theories, (Scientific and otherwise) but only an occasional glimpse, often most obscure, at the real subject of the article.

And now we have the "Questionnaire" prepared and sent out by several leading lights in the Literary and Political worlds, of this or recent years, containing such questions as "What is your idea of God?" and an inquiry as to whether one believes in the Divinity of Christ as distinguished from the common Divinity, if we may so express it, of man.

Fortunately, we do not have to depend on any "Intellectual" or any group of scholars or thinkers for guidance as to what Religion is. He who runs may read. One will not insult the intelligence of one's readers by suggesting they do not know or consider final and binding the Master's words.

Appropos of this theme, we now have an appeal to the Church by leading Clerics to "Abolish Hell." Suppose they try the reforming, and in some places the abolition of certain Church teaching concerning Hell. We are afraid the abolition of Hell is a task beyond human endeavour. Leastwise, we do not intend to depend for our personal salvation on the results of any such well-intentioned but perfectly absurd undertaking.

THE RECENT DOMINION ELECTION

A final analysis of the standing of the Parties in the recent Federal contest shows the figures to be: Liberal 118, Conservatives 81, Progressives 9, Liberal-Progressives 11, U. F. A. 11, Labour 3, Independents 2.

A single glance reveals the fact that no one party dominates the House, a most regrettable thing. It argues the lack of a strong and capable government under any policy whatever.

Optimists will say that, with the 11 Liberal-Progressives the Government will have a working majority without the support which Independents, as Government annexes, always give the "Powers that be."

In secondary matters there may be a measure of truth in this submission. Take, however, the primary question of our political life, the Tariff, or fiscal policy, and what do we find? From Quebec we have 60 Laurier Protectionists and one of an even more pronounced type. From the Prairies we have a decidedly Free Trade type of Liberal and Progressives numbering some 40 odd. As Leader we have the only "Great Compromise" that Cana-

dian politics has ever developed, whose ability and integrity are unaccompanied by what is colloquially termed "backbone." Not a happy position if one wishes strong, decisive action or stability of policy due to other factors than mere inability to move.

The Leader may, at no very distant date, have to give place to La Pointe or some other Liberal with sufficient force and determination to decide upon a policy and stand by it at all costs. Temporary difficulties will be thus caused but the permanent gain will be undoubted.

Even under such a leader the situation will be difficult, dangerous to his authority, and detrimental to our National interests.

Circumstanced as we are, we can only wait, hoping that the price of our failure to decide what we thought we wanted will not be too great.

MEIGHEN RETIRES

Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen announces his retirement. With all our admiration for his intellectual ability, fearlessness in fight and splendid grasp of our political issues, we accept his decision as wise.

We cannot think that his retirement means his final disappearance from Canadian Political Life: It would then be a serious National catastrophe.

Apparently, both within and without the Conservative Party, there are conditions existing, not chargeable to him, which render his temporary absence desirable in his own future interest. Whether they finally disappear or not, a few years will have corrected most of them, and Mr. Meighen can return to a leading position, and, barring the unexpected development of a greater Leader meanwhile, to the Leadership of his Party and the Premiership.

For the present, without endorsing any of his political views, let us regret the retirement of one, who refused to bow to practical politicians of the "Rogers" type; refused to interfere with the Customs Inquiry by shielding any Conservative whose activities might bring him within its purview; and who never hesitated to advocate Protection to Free Trade Farmer or to City Voter not interested in Industry.

Whatever their political views, send us more men of the ability, integrity and fearlessness of Meighen. Good fortune follow him!



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CONGRATULATIONS TO KING

It is only due that Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King should receive heartiest congratulations on the victory his Party has won. That he did not get a majority over all, can be charged to other factors than himself.

He is further to be congratulated on the inclusion in his Cabinet of Veniot and Euler. Veniot is a mature politician who will bring to his task considerable ability as a speaker and thinker. Euler's record bespeaks for him ability, energy and determination. He should be a hard and useful worker.

Of the older members little need be said. Of the younger among them, Dunning shows most promise. If he keeps "his head" or "his feet," as street parlance has it, a useful and distinguished career lies before him.

THE UNION COLLEGE

Whether within the bounds of the United Church or not, Christians will welcome the building of Union College, at once a monument of the Union movement and the Herald of a greater Church Union yet to be.

No greater event has happened in all our history. The founding of any college is an outstanding event. It means a richer life to the community and the opening to its students of a wealth of learning beyond all commercial standards of calculation. It is the opening of Heaven's gate a little wider that more may see of the glories of the life and light invisible. When such an institution is admittedly devoted to the study of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man and to solving the task of how best to teach GOD'S love to men its importance is final.

While congratulating its founders on the splendour of their work may we ask them to respect the sacredness of the undertaking by consigning to other realms the Honour Book idea. There can be no worthier monument to any donors than a Union College. Why cheapen its value and their characters by a record of "We did it." Let the college stand the outcome of personal devotion to an ideal unmixed and undegraded by any suggestion of self-advertisement by its builders. Let Virtue be its own reward, Duty done the individual's only recompense.

Silver Trail and Blue Fawn

Tragedy of a Red Chief's Daughter

By E. C. STEWART, Regina

Our story opens with the spring of 1888.

Silver Trail was the son of Big Sky, headman of Little Black Bear's Band. Blue Fawn was a daughter of Stem Child, headman of Star Blanket's Band. Silver Trail, a young man of nineteen years, tall, straight, well knit and handsome, was an expert with axe, trap and gun.

Successful in the winter hunt for game and fur, he had also acquired a liking for summer farming activities. His crop of spring wheat was now several inches above ground, and, as an evidence of this thrift, his little field was enclosed by a strongly built fence, to ensure the safety of his crop from the depredations of herds of cattle and horses roving the prairies.

In the middle of this field stood a log cabin, newly erected and well furnished, awaiting occupancy. Silver Trail, unmarried, still lived under the paternal roof. As a result of his energetic activities he had grown in favour with the government officials at the agency.

Blue Fawn's mother was a sister of Chief Star Blanket, and widow of the renowned Cree Chief, Ready Bow.

A girl of sixteen summers, happy, healthy, plump and pretty, with tawny complexion, oval face, teeth even and white as pearls, eyes that sparkled like miniature dark lakes of fathomless depths, hair long and black as the raven's wing, and a countenance that radiated smiles and gladness, Blue Fawn—a leader among her girl companions—was the pride of her grand-

mother's heart and a general favorite among all the reserve residents, whether white or red.

She was skilled in all the arts of needle craft so dear to the heart of every Indian girl, and was an adept in the cooking and preparation of the simple diet common among her people.

A flaw, which at times revealed itself, in an otherwise pleasing personality, was Blue Fawn's inordinate pride in the traditions of her ancestors and in her descent from a long line of famous chiefs. This had perhaps given her an undue estimate of her place in the community and among her intimate associates.

Silver Trail loved Blue Fawn.

He had watched her grow from early girlhood until now, at sixteen, she stood an attractive, fully developed Indian woman. In accordance with the custom of his nation, Silver Trail now approached his father with a request that negotiations might be opened up with Blue Fawn's father for his marriage with the dusky maiden.

Big Sky stoically suppressed the smile which, for a moment, glimmered on his face as he contemplated with pleasure the prospect of an alliance with the family of the renowned Ready Bow, through his son's marriage with the great Cree chief's grand-daughter.

Big Sky lost no time in taking action. At early dawn a handsome steed from his well selected band of horses might have been seen tethered and grazing a few rods from the door of Stem Child's tent.

The significance of this movement

on Big Sky's part needed no explanation to those acquainted with the customs prevalent among our Indian people. Removal of the animal by the maiden's father, before he had consumed all the grass within the radius of his tether, signified on his part a willingness to negotiate. Otherwise the owner must understand that his proposal on behalf of his son was not regarded favorably. The horse would be reclaimed and all concerned would still be friends.

It may be safely assumed that, from some secluded spot, Silver Trail watched developments with an eagle eye. Next morning Big Sky's horse was in Stem Child's herd, and shortly after Blue Fawn became Silver Trail's bride.

In July came the day for the annual treaty payments—an occasion of great importance to every Indian. It is on this day, that there is to be paid each year, "while the sun shines and the waters flow in the ocean," the sum of five dollars to each man, woman and child, fifteen dollars to each headman, and twenty-five dollars to every chief.

In due course Big Sky presented his annuity ticket, or token, and was told by the Agent, "You will receive payment for one person less this year. Your son will be given a new ticket and will draw his own annuity, together with that of his wife." To Stem Child he observed, "Your daughter will take her annuity this year with her husband."

To Silver Trail the agent spoke at length. "I am giving you a new ticket.

You will in future be paid your annuity apart from your father. You will also draw your wife's money." Then taking the young Indian's hand, the agent continued, "I am greatly pleased with the work on your farm, and with your general conduct. You are an example which I hope other young Indians will follow. It has given me great pleasure to report to the Commissioner on the advancement you are making." To be thus singled out for distinction, was a source of gratification to Silver Trail.

And so summer passed, autumn went and winter came. In the early fall Blue Fawn and her husband abandoned their summer tent and took up their abode in their new house. Here they lived and loved and talked and planned. Their winter home was the centre of the community for social gatherings, with feasts and dancing throughout the long cold months.

Spring was approaching. And then a cloud of sorrow came. Satan entered this happy Eden in the person of an attractive young widow named Red Weasel. In the blindness of her love Blue Fawn saw nothing amiss. Like Mrs. Bardell, "she had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion." Nor perhaps did Silver Trail esteem less highly the good qualities of his young, confiding wife. But the polygamous strain of generations surged in his veins and he fell—fell to the wiles of the Weasel.

The sun of the vanishing winter days had begun to melt the snow on the hilltops, when one early moonlight night, sleigh bells were heard and a well loaded "jumper" was seen flying southward.

Red Weasel and Silver Trail had decamped.

Crushed, humiliated, broken hearted, Blue Fawn sought the shelter of her mother's home, where she was tenderly cared for. Long weeks she suffered, more in mind than body. To all her mother's efforts to comfort her there was but one response. "Mother, Mother, I am a castaway, a discarded one."

Meanwhile, the runaways, who had been traced to Qu'Appelle, had found disfavour in the eyes of the police authorities, with the result that they were sent back to their reserve. On his arrival there in early June, Silver Trail found his home deserted. If he had any expectation that Blue Fawn would welcome his return he was doomed to disappointment. To his father-in-law he confessed his error and sought the old man's influence to secure his wife's forgiveness.

Blue Fawn's proud heart had turned to flint. She was obdurate. Her father

urged in vain. "My daughter," he pleaded, "it would comfort my failing years if all this unhappiness could be ended. The one wish of my heart is that I may spend my few remaining days with no cloud between our families."

"My Father, O my Father, there is nothing I would deny you except this. Do not press me. I will not, I cannot yield. He threw me over. I will never forgive. I can never forget. My love for him is dead."

Her grandmother sought to effect a reconciliation. "Grandmother," she exclaimed impatiently, "you have never ceased to remind me that in my veins runs the blood of a long line of Chiefs who ruled our tribes before my good grandfather, Ready Bow. My ancestral pride has been too sorely wounded. My heart has been crushed, I have been humiliated in the sight of our people. I will never again enter his wigwam."

Could the young wife's strong determination be overcome by the persistent efforts of her husband?

Silver Trail had still another card to play. Following a tribal custom he called a council of twenty men, comprising all the chiefs and headmen. These met in solemn assembly. The talk was a prolonged one. The general desire was for peace and reunion. The last speaker was Little Sparrow Hawk, a chief of great influence. "We all desire peace," he told them, "but under the laws of our people we cannot compel. We can only advise. Our niece must not be coerced. Her word must be the last word."

Blue Fawn would not yield.

Silver Trail had still another card to play. He would appeal to officialdom. In a few days the annuities would again be paid. He would draw Blue Fawn's annuity. With this semblance of official recognition as her husband he would present his case to the agent and bring the pressure and influence of the Government to bear in his favour.

The great day came. In his turn Silver Trail presented his ticket, given him the previous year, reading "one man, one woman." Then the blow fell. The agent spoke quietly.

"Silver Trail, your conduct during the past few months has been a disappointment to me. I can scarcely recognize in you the young man who stood before me a year ago. You have treated your young wife shamefully. You have neglected your farm, and in a few short months from being industrious and seemingly honest, you have become a gambler and a nuisance. You will be paid five dollars for yourself only. Your wife, Blue Fawn, will be paid separately."

Fateful decision.

The Indian spoke not, but his eyes flashed anger, and his scowl boded ill. "For his heart was hot within him, Like a living coal his heart was."

Then he disappeared and was seen no more that day. Was he seeking—and would he find a solution of the problem?

And what of Blue Fawn? When taking from the agent's hand the annuity of five dollars for herself alone, what feelings may have filled her heart? Joy or sorrow? Had she now a sense of final separation from her husband? Did she relent? Did she relent? Did she waver in her resolve never to forgive or forget? Did better thoughts prevail? Did her deeply sensitive and susceptible nature undergo some great change?

Let us not forget that in moments of meditation the Indian has a profound sense of the presence of Gitche Manitou, the Great Spirit. The Author of his being is not merely in the remote spaces beyond the clouds, or in some far off recess of the universe. In the wild flowers of the prairies, in the rustling foliage and in the swaying branches of the trees, in the running waters, beside the still pool, in the sighing murmurs of the summer breeze, or in the North Wind's threatening blizzard—everywhere he recognizes the nearness of the Great Spirit and listens to His voice. Did meditation and a consciousness of this presence quell the surgency in Blue Fawn's heart, bringing tranquility with rekindled love and forgiveness for her husband? Who can fathom the depths of a woman's soul?

This only is known. At an official enquiry, held later, it was learned that at the close of the treaty payments, when the shades of night were falling, Blue Fawn sent for her father-in-law, Big Sky, to come to her wigwam. He came. "Find my husband and when tomorrow's sun is highest in the sky bring him to me that we may speak together; nothing more," she said, with an air of dismissal. "It is well," answered Big Sky and departed.

Going straight to Stem Child's tent he related his strange interview with his daughter-in-law, exclaiming, "Our children will now be at peace. Tomorrow's mid-day sun will see them united again. It is well. Let us be glad tomorrow."

Stem Child's only response was, "Yes, brother, it is well, let us be glad tomorrow."

Tomorrow! Tomorrow! What of tomorrow?

Morning was breaking in the east. The purple clouds were putting on their gold and violet to look the fitter for

the sun's bright coming. On the south shore of a circular lake, scarcely half a mile in diameter, through whose pellucid waters the shining sand could be seen twenty feet below the surface, an Indian encampment was pitched. Wearing with late hour feasting and dancing of the night before, following the annuity payments of the previous day, all slept heavily.

And while the Supreme Controller of our destinies was busy that morning slowly rolling back the last folds of the curtain of night so that His world might be filled with light and beauty and gladness, the people slumbered still. And as they slept on under the spell of these gracious manifestations

of a Father's beneficence did any thought of sudden grief or sorrow or gloom or disaster mingle with their dreams? "The life that now is and that which is to come together hang in such nice equipoise that a breath disturbs the balance."

In a new white tent, pitched in close proximity to that of her parents, Blue Fawn slept, while her little six-years-old sister, White Swan, nestled at her side. Just as the rim of the sun peeped over the horizon, bringing in a new glad day, Silver Trail stealthily approached the tent. Laying the flap softly back, he entered. Throwing back the blanket which lightly covered Blue Fawn's breast, he aimed a revolver

at her heart and fired. As the crimson life stream gushed from her lacerated bosom and stained the green prairie grass beneath her, she shuddered once, twice—then all was still. Blue Fawn slept her last long sleep.

The gun's discharge broke the stillness of the early morning, and awakened a hundred Indian curs whose yelpings filled the air. Through scores of tent flaps frightened faces peered. At this moment Silver Trail emerged, and ran a few rods away. Then turning his face toward the encampment he pointed the revolver at his own heart, pulled the trigger, threw up his hands and fell a corpse. He was with Blue Fawn now. "In death they were not divided."

A Crofter Schoolmaster

A Contrast With Educational Conditions of Today

(By ERIC DUNCAN)

Part II

[Note: The first part of this interesting record appeared some months ago in the University featuring issue. This second part was held over because of precedence given to other contributions in the Authors' Convention numbers.]

Every foot of the 20 x 40 school-room was utilized. At the upper end, on one side of the fireplace, was a small square platform for the master's big desk and chair. That desk held all sorts of school supplies and stationery, from quart bottles of ink (from which the scholars' holders were filled at a half-penny each) to pens and pencils and rattan canes. A four-foot passage extended from the fireplace down the whole length of the building on one side. This was for the classes. The rest of the room was filled with long cross desks and forms (individual desks were undreamed of) and even the passage had forms lengthwise along the wall, where the little ones, too small for writing, sat behind the backs of the classes, and rubbed the rollers from the bottoms of the wall-maps with their heads, to the master's disgust, for all the roller-mounted letter sheets and maps were his own property. One huge uncoloured map of Africa showed most of the continent "unexplored," and the Mountains of the Moon as a dark continuous range from the Gulf of Guinea to Cape Guardafui. About two years before he went away, the parish furnished a blackboard and a new set of maps.

The three foremost desks were occupied by the girls, and the boys filled the rest, which, in spite of the master's

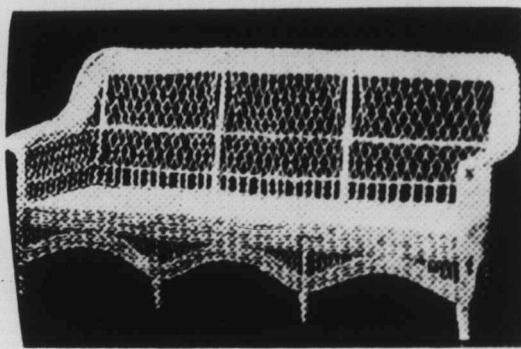
threatenings, were soon initialled, notched, blotched with ink, and wrenched loose from their fastenings. The old carpenter who made and clamped them to the floor, was one day a most resentful visitor to the school. "Only the three front desks show my handiwork," he said.

It can be imagined that with an average attendance of seventy, there was not much spare room and I remember writing with my copy book spread out on another boy's back as he stooped over the desk writing his own. The master used to say that parents at home should be responsible for teaching as far as words of one syllable, and children should not be allowed to learn the alphabet at school. As it was, older scholars were often called on to teach these, and it will be readily understood that with such a crowd only those who were anxious to get on did so. At that time, too, school-years were limited by the ability of the child for manual labour. My own stopped at thirteen.

The master discarded the time-honoured tawse, but he kept a stock

of rattan canes, which, when the ends split, as they soon did, smarted on the culprit's hands just as badly as the old corrector. He was not above a little fun in this line. One soft-headed boy had a habit of snatching back his hand as the cane came down, so the master would feint several times, and then say, "Go back to your seat and try to behave yourself." Sometimes he would cane a whole class if all failed in some exercise, usually spelling. Learning whole columns of spelling was our only home-work, and a much-coveted prize for this was a picture card on Saturdays, such as children nowadays get by the dozen at Sunday schools.

There were no school boards in those days, and the master had a ceaseless fight with the heritors to get necessary repairs for the school. I remember a small proprietor coming in one day when school was in session, to remonstrate with him on his unreasonable demands. "You," said he, "have a far better house than I have. Look at your slates, while I have only thatch." He



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was told that the slates were letting in water in several places, also that he was disturbing the school, and had better go, but he kept on—till, suddenly flinging down his class-book, the master seized him by the shoulders and backed him down through the passage and out through the door, which he shut and turned the key. The old man shouted outside for a while, but finally took himself off. He was avenged, though, a few days later, when a sheet of plaster, some five feet square crashed from the lofty ceiling on the master's head as he stood before the fireplace.

The master had two heavy handicaps in life. The first was weak eyes, necessitating the constant wearing of glasses, a very unusual thing in that country at that date. While he kept them on, his countenance was prepossessing, but whenever he took them off to wipe them, as he often did, his facial contortions frightened the girls and convulsed the boys. His other trouble was far worse: his wife, a very handsome woman, was a most fearful shrew, and, unlike Shakespeare's specimen, was never tamed. She would burst into the schoolroom at uncertain intervals with the most opprobrious language, and then he would make a rush for her and she would retreat, he slamming and locking the door and returning to his desk with a very red face, while she carried on outside. One

summer evening she ran to a neighbour's house screaming that he had thrashed the mother of her ninth child, and truly if ever woman deserved it, she did. The scriptural accounts of demoniac possession remind me of her, for had she been insane, some of the children would have been weak-minded, but none of them were, and all but two came to maturity. Luckily they were nearly all boys, for she was no housekeeper, and he had to do all the mending himself. They grew up thin and wiry like their father, running barefoot like the rest of us in summer, but while we had comfortable wooden-soled clogs in winter, they had only leaky shoes. There was not much frost or snow in the Isles, but they enjoyed what little there was as much as we did, and one of them skated barefoot on the ice.

With his own hands the master built himself a stone habitation of one room, with window and fireplace, in a corner of his garden, and latterly he went there regularly and locked himself in. The winter before he left he was teaching his oldest boy Latin grammar at night, and he asked me to come, because his boy learned better in company. He sat there hearing our lessons, and working at his pile of mending for the boys and himself. In school he always wore a tweed tail coat, but his last garment outlasted its looks, for

he had neatly patched the sleeves with cloth of a different pattern from the body.

Rendered desperate by a growing family and a stationary salary, he remarked one day to my father, "Robert, I see I must make a break somewhere for the sake of my boys." So in the autumn of 1875 he took an assisted passage for the whole family to New Zealand, where he became teacher of a Scandinavian settlement in the North Island. There he got hold of a good-sized piece of land, and as it was in the vicinity of the City of Wellington, he was able later to sell it to advantage in small sections. His family all located near him, and seemed to do well, except the barefoot skater. This one wrote me some years ago from an Australian sheep range, saying he was the rolling stone and black sheep, though he had qualified as a steam-boat engineer.

The termagant wore herself out in 1900, and the rest of the master's life was spent in peace at the home of his married daughter in Wellington. All through his life in the south he wrote me occasionally, and in his last letter, written in 1910, he said he was obliged to give up both writing and reading on account of his eyes, but he still slept like a boy. His daughter notified me of his death in August, 1912.

The Ear Trumpet: by Annie C. Dalton

(An Appreciation by Alice M. Winlow)

The poems in Mrs. A. C. Dalton's Chapbook, "The Ear-Trumpet," are written in the tempo and mood of protest. One must not expect then to find in them "mere spinning of gold from the poet's inner consciousness."

To write of the tragedy of deafness, as the poet has written in this little book, one must have the light of understanding, the fire that searches, the scorn that withers; and one must have suffered until the heart has stored the purple word, the keen-edged word, the word of flame.

The first selection in the book is an answer to stanzas written by Edith Sitwell on her Aunt's ear-trumpet. It is a moving indictment of that poet's flippant verses. One is reminded in reading it of Oscar Wilde's searing words, "The laughter, the horrible laughter of the world, a thing more tragic than all the tears the world has ever shed!"

The poem "To Viola Meynell" is a crescendo of emotion that surely will pierce to the core of the callous heart. In the second part of the poem an ecstasy of suffering is pinioned in a few verses.

The second poem in the chapbook

opens in a silver key and passes without modulation into a sombre key. The effect is startling. The fourth stanza is:

"Seal not thy nostrils to each scented thought
That hides in flowered shade or sunlit prison,
Oh lovely things by senses can be bought,
On perfume souls to Eden have arisen."

It reads like music in the fragrant key of A major. The last stanza of this arresting poem is austere beautiful.

Of the poem "Marie Bashkistseff said" it is difficult to write, so poignant it is. To one who loves sound, the music of nature, certain verses are filled with anguish:

"Of the soundless wind and rain
Beating on the window-pane;
Of the voiceless bird and beast,
Of the songless, laughless feast,
Of the mind to madness spurred,
Never a word."

Surely those who are too ready to condemn their fellows will be moved to compassion by the last stanza; and if the chapbook do no more than waken

dull hearts to sympathy and understanding, it will have accomplished a great thing.

"Of life's last keen extremity,
Fear of laughter, fear of pity,
Of the death that would not smite,
Of my heart pierced uncontrite,
Living, thrilling, mad-to-live,
Quick, ceremented, splenitive,
Broken heart!
Of my youth so over-yeared,
Of all this,
Too well, I wis,
Not a word
Ah! Never a word."

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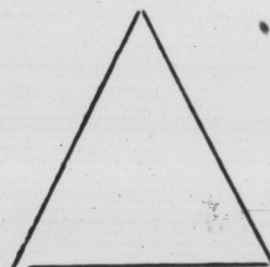
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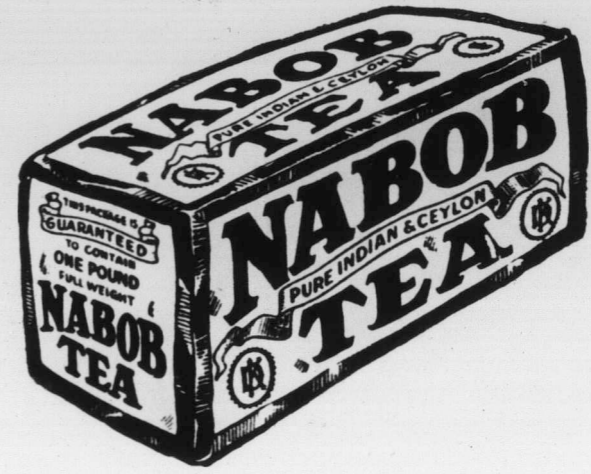
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