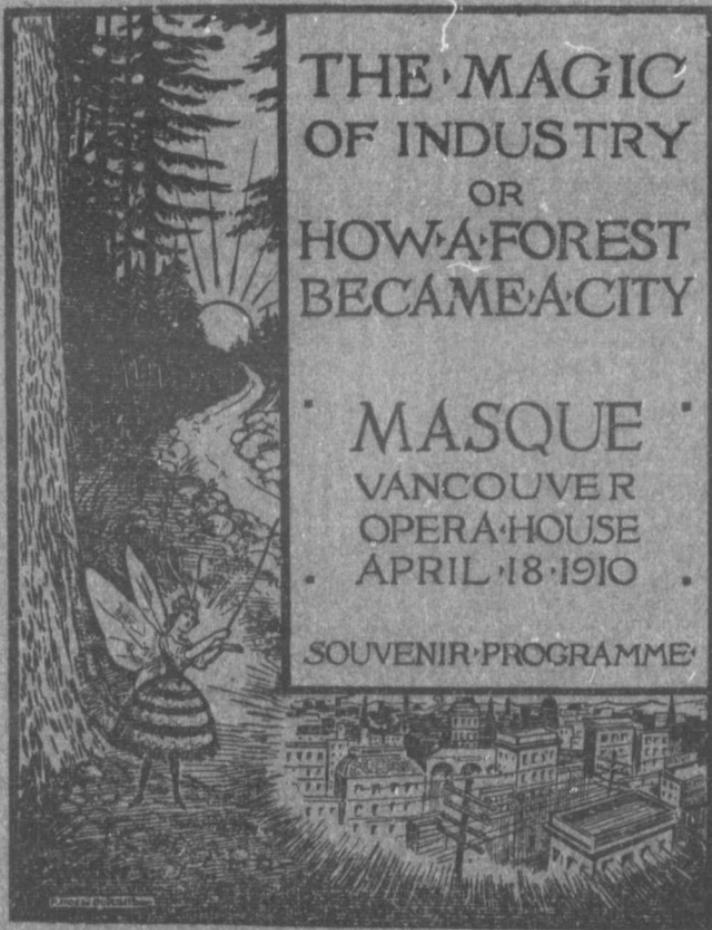


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2055



THE · MAGIC
OF INDUSTRY
OR
HOW · A · FOREST
BECAME · A · CITY

· MASQUE ·
VANCOUVER
OPERA · HOUSE
· APRIL · 18 · 1910 ·

SOUVENIR · PROGRAMME ·

Owing to accidental circumstances this book is much smaller than was contemplated.

A second edition will be published.

Full illustrated account of "Masque" in next week's Sunday Mail and South Vancouver Star.

SPAM 20055

“HOW A FOREST BECAME A CITY.”

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“THE MAGIC OF INDUSTRY.”



**The Magic of Industry,
or How a Forest Became a City,
A Masque of Labour
and of Progress**

**Produced at the Opera House, Vancouver,
April Eighteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Ten,
For the Strathcona Institute, Under the
Auspices of the Ladies' Guild**

Chief Contriver and Presenter, "Felix Penne" (J. Francis Bursill)

The Illustrations By F. Noel Bursill

This book was hastily produced. There will be a second edition.

“HOW A FOREST BECAME A CITY.”

Do not, we beg you, judge this, Our Masque, by too high a standard. Remember, we beseech you, that it hath been hastily contrived and under difficulties, and that we are but amateurs in such things.

We do not want you to visit upon us the displeasure which follows disappointment, SO DO NOT EXPECT TOO MUCH.

We do not present a play, but a MASQUE—in this case, we fear, a thing of shreds and patches.

And yet we hope OUR MASQUE will please.

We have endeavored to so contrive it that it may include stray and latent talent, also known and recognized talent. This talent, all so generously given, has been blended with what harmony ingenuity could devise. Something of Art and Allegory, all designed to “give delight and hurt not”—nay, rather to help love of this fair city and to help those who “go down to the sea in ships.” Ye, who enjoy the fruit of their labor, think kindly of them and smile on our poor efforts for “a good cause.” And so we crave your mercy.

THE AUTHORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

SOME FORE-WORDS IN THE NATURE OF AN EPISTLE DEDICATORY TO HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR OF VANCOUVER, MR. L. D. TAYLOR.

We who here address you, having devised, contrived, invented and arranged this Masque, desire to thank you for having given it the favor of your countenance. We are glad that you give our Masque your patronage and attend the performance, thereby setting an example to the citizens of this favored City of Vancouver. We thank all patrons for the support given to a Good Cause. Your presence cheers us, your applause will encourage and reward the players.

In other days and in other cities, Masques have been presented. We cannot pretend that this Our Masque will compare with these—nor such comparison be made. This, Our Masque, tho it fail to reach a high standard of Art, yet hath reasons for indulgent criticism. Underlying its production is the desire to stimulate and help the progress of this fair city. Another motive is to aid a Deserving Institution, which bears the honoured name Strathcona. The merit of this Institution is proved by the fact that you and other leading citizens commend it.

So, in all humility, and with abundant hope, we place Our Masque before you.

“FELIX PENNE,”

For Himself and Faithful Fellow-Workers.

“HOW A FOREST BECAME A CITY.”



The Interpreter.

Fair ladies and brave sirs,
In days past, as you know,
The Guilds of Workers
Gave fine Masque and Show.
We have no City Hall,
So meet you here—
Where your sweet presence
All other hearts doth cheer.
Our Masque we timidly put forth to-night,
“Our best intents are all for your delight.”
Vancouver’s story we present to you,
What hath been done—
What Yet Remains To Do.
Your kindly smiles now banish all our fears.
Lend us your patience sweet,
Your Eyes, and Ears.

“THE MAGIC OF INDUSTRY.”

Curtains are in front of the stage,
Beyond an inner scene.
Beyond that again—

A scene which shall be set
as Forest—Chamber—Street—or as such
Environment as shall befit the Action and
the Disposition of the Characters.

The stage is in darkness.
Musical Instruments play softly
an introduction and then

A Chorus.

Behind the curtain sings.

Joined hand to hand, and heart to heart,
United all together stand,
Each one prepared to do his part
To bless the corner of our land.

Love shall assert the gentle sway,
Sweet Charity our hearts inspire,
Our word shall cheer us day by day,
The common weal our one desire.
Vancouver shall a Temple be
Where word is worship
 Blessed by Thee.
Where work is worship
 Blessed by Thee.

—F. P.

“HOW A FOREST BECAME A CITY.”



Clio, Muse of History.

As Muse of History, I turn a page
To write the story of this wondrous age.
Edward the Seventh sits on Britain's throne,
Canada claims this country as Her Own.
Thousands, forsaking land that gave them birth,
Come here from every distant clime on earth.
Countless as sands, that through an hour-glass run,
They seek this Western Land of Setting Sun.
In the dim past this land in shadows lay;
Soon shall it bask in sunshine's ray.
Once those twin monsters, Ignorance and Hate,
Held fast this forest land as grim as Fate;
But Faith and Fortitude fought forest foes
And made a desert bloom like a rose.
From forest fire fair Vancouver arose,
Proud as her mountains with eternal snows.
With some the past is dark as is the night.
Oh! let the future be both free and bright.
Some pages of the past are blurred with tears;
Fair is the promise of the coming years.
On this white page, what shall the future spell?
What history will ye make? Ah! Time Will Tell!

“THE MAGIC OF INDUSTRY.”



“HOW A FOREST BECAME A CITY.”



The Argument.

Martin, a woodman, tired and despondent, is almost in despair. “*Industria*,” Queen of the Bees, appears and shows him that by Industry and with the help of Art, Science and literature, the Forest shall become a City. The following scenes and tableaux carry out this idea. The past—the present—the future.

“HOW A FOREST BECAME A CITY.”



Awake, My Own.

Sung by Industria.

(Words adapted from Dick Ormonde.)

In slumber deep, in slumber deep,
Close hidden mid the forest trees,
You soundly sleep, you soundly sleep,
Close shelter'd from the mountain breeze.
Awake! With song the hours beguile.
Why slumber here—and all alone
See all the world will with you smile?
So wake, my own, awake, my own.

How can you sleep? when far away
Pacific waves roll swiftly to the land?
The gentle breeze will whisper to you.
Come wander on the golden strand.
The sunbeams fair shine from the skies,
The earth is fair and waits for you,
Though clouds look dark, uplift your eyes,
Beyond the clouds is silver blue.

“THE MAGIC OF INDUSTRY.”

In slumber deep, in slumber deep,
You sleep amid the forest trees.
You soundly sleep, you soundly sleep.
Awake and greet the gentle breeze.
Awake! Wit hsong the hours beguile.
Come wander! Do not stay alone.
For all the world will with you smile.
Awake, my own, awake, my own!

Let voice of wave and sunbeams gold
Awake you from your deep repose.
Why shut your ears to song of birds?
Why are you blind to bloom of rose?
Let not the Summer come in vain.
The sunshine hours you must not miss.
Awake! awake! and werk again,
And your reward shall be—a kiss.

In slumber deep, in slumber deep,
Close hidden mid the forest trees,
You soundly sleep! you soundly sleep!
Yet roses bloom but you to please.
Awake, with song the hours beguile.
You shall not long stay here alone.
Your love shall greet you with a smile.
So wake, my own, awake my own.

[The song, “When Sweet Birds Sing,” by Tagliafico, suggested this. Get this charming song.—F. P.]

HELP THE STRATHCONA INSTITUTE, 117 WESTMINSTER AVENUE.

“HOW A FOREST BECAME A CITY.”

A Song of Opportunity.

We sing a golden land where the rose's laden bough
Tosses crimson petals by a silver sea,
But there grows a grander flower in this sunny land of Now—
'Tis the glorious flower of Opportunity!

CHORUS.

How it grows, how it grows, how it blows
Never grew a flower so fresh, so free.
Time may bring his plough, . . .
In this happy land of Now
We grasp the golden flower of liberty.

'Tis the very flower of freedom for it blossoms free for all,
On the lonely mountains, round the loggers' camp,
On the barren, stony reaches where the glittering minerals fall
To the clamour of the miners' crushing stamps.

Where the hidden coalfields lurk, where the giant timber towers,
Where the torrent through the mighty canyon leaps;
Where the jewelled humming bird flits through green Arcadian bowers,
And the quarry of the crafty hunter sleeps.

Floating on the shimmering waters of the blue Pacific seas,
Where the mountain and the ocean surges meet;
Where the sun-enamelled produce bows the groaning orchard trees,
In the busy work-shop, store and crowded street.

In the settler's thriving patch, in the teeming fields of grain
'Midst the harbour's dusty din and busy swing,
Opportunity still blossoms—to its glory once again,
To its everlasting glory let us sing.

But a moment let us pause, let us pray that all the fruit
May be worthy of our country and our men,
That the harvest may be honour, pure and bright beyond dispute,
So the flower may not have blossomed once in vain.

Be it so! may we grow, be it so!
Fruits of honor, truth, integrity,
Let us make a solemn vow
In this happy, happy Now,
We will win a happier future for the free.

A. C. DALTON.

‘‘THE MAGIC OF INDUSTRY.’’

Procession of Faith.

ROME—

I was the mistress of the world.
 my power.
Seized thrones and kingdoms.
The known earth was my dower.
Where'er I went I conquered—
 Land and Sea
North, South, East, West
Was tribute unto ME.
With arms I made the wide, wide world Mine Own,
And put fair Justice firm upon her throne.

VENICE—

I am the daughter of the Radiant Sea;
Both Art and Beauty find a home with me.
For Arms, for Art, for Song
 My Flags unfurled.
I stood for Progress, mid a vandal world.

NUREMBURG—

Aye strong was I—Strong and Free.
I gave the world The Press and Liberty;
For tyrants trembled, yes! in every land
When the First Printer first took type in hand.
In hearts aye stout, with craftsman's eye and hand,
I spread the light of learning thro' the land.

PARIS—

Music and song are mine.
I charm each heart
With dress and jewels, with coquetry and art.
Baptized by fire and flood
My spirits rise—
E'en from the toils of Blood
I mount the skies.
Paris the ever buoyant, ever gay,
Paris that turns black night to jocund day.

Other Cities Follow.

“THE MAGIC OF INDUSTRY.”



A True Cavalier.

Music by Harry Hood. Words by Captain Charles Eddie.

When troubles arise
Empty scabbards shall ring
For the love of bright eyes
Or the cause of the King.
Our silken purse strings
In the winds may blow free,
Gad! our “Angels” take wings,
For no niggards are we!
From the tip of my plume
To the spur on my heel
My honor I pledge
By this gauntlet of steel.
My blade, for the King,
I will draw with a cheer,
Then follow the lead
Of a true Cavalier.
And rumple the kerchiefs
Of Nellie and Sue.
Far beyond the blue main
Where the sun goes to rest
Theer are homes for the brave
In the new Golden West.
We’ll wreath with the Maple,
Our fair emblem’s tree,
And weave a fair chaplet
To sweet Liberty!

“THE MAGIC OF INDUSTRY.”

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A full Illustrated Account of the
Masque with Portraits of Principals
in next week's Sunday Mail; also
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