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BRITISH COLUMBIA

MONTHLY

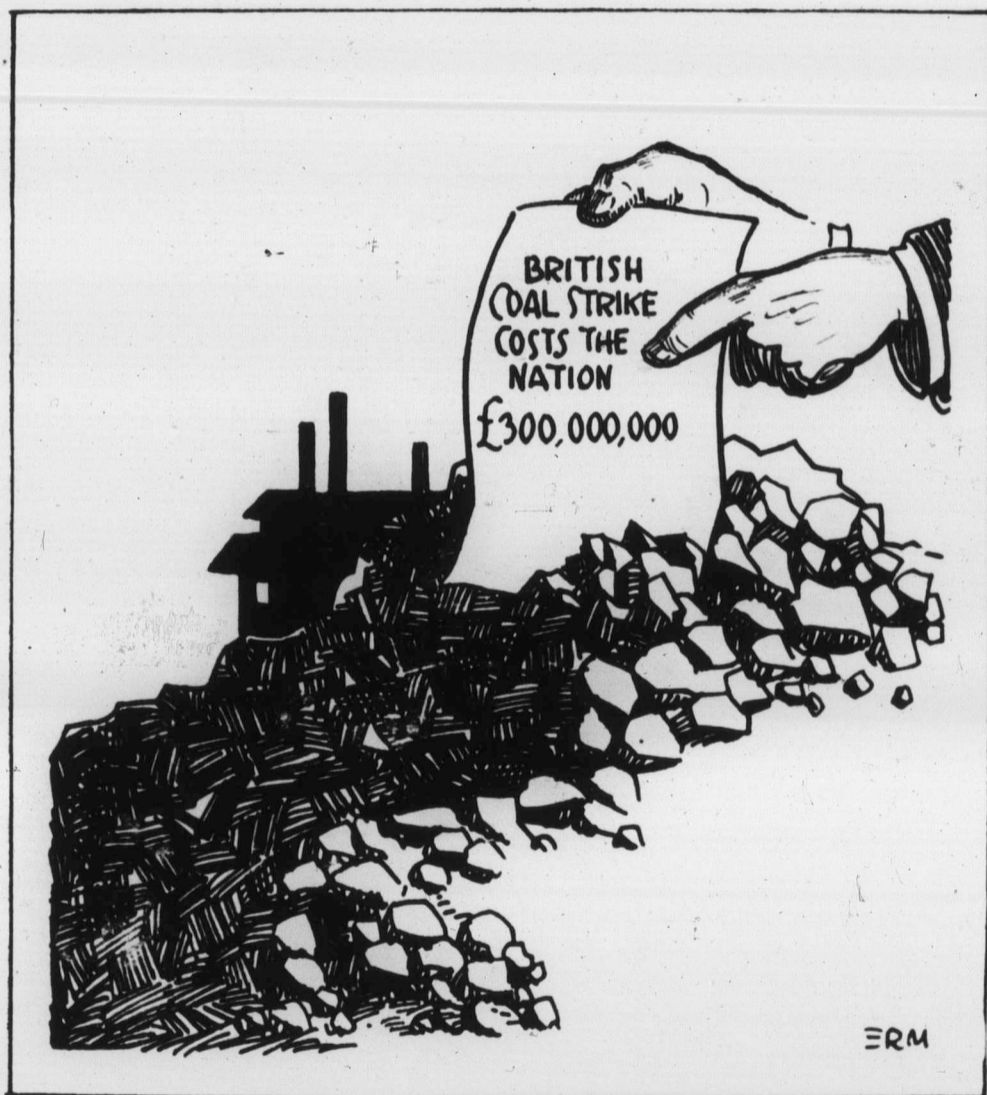
The Magazine of The Canadian West

Volume 26

Vancouver, B. C., December, 1926

No. 4

The British Columbia Cartoonist Looks Abroad



"The Nigger in the Coal Pile"



"Hit and Run" Might be Legalized in This Case

The Cartoonist notes: If his friends do not "Muzzle-ini" his enemies are likely to make a "Muss-o-lini"

"The Hour Has Struck"

"Our Generation must find the soul of Canada and be its mouthpiece, and set the tradition fairly, for whether we set it well or ill, our influence will be lasting and determining. The hour has struck. Canada will have greater writers than we, but never again for centuries will it be given to any, as it is given to us, to mould a people, a great nation, that will surely lead the world some day in thought and spiritual aspiration."—William Arthur Deacon. (See Mrs. Dalton's article, page 13.)

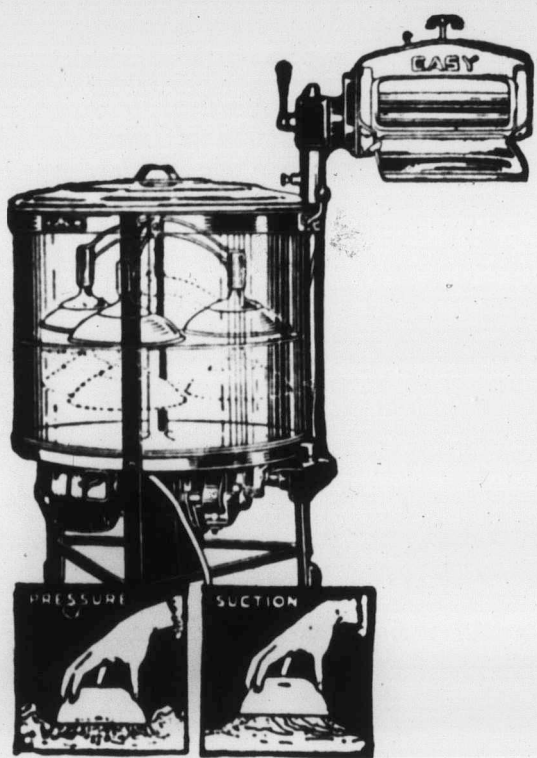
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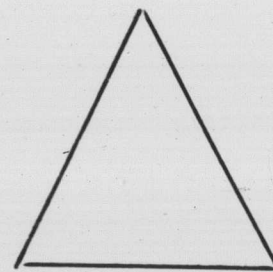
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Managing Editor

Established 1911

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

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

The
Twentieth Century Spectator
of
Britain's Farthest West

Volume 26

Vancouver, B. C., December, 1926

No. 4

Christmas and After

Writing with Christmas and the New Year not far off, human beings are naturally disposed to reflect on the past and to anticipate the future.

While joining in the joyous goodwill with which Christmas is greeted, thoughtful folk find themselves asking how far they and their fellows really believe in the miracle of the Divine-human associated with that day. If even a fair proportion of the members and adherents of all the "Churches" of Christendom heart-wholly accepted the Incarnation as a fact, or in other words faced this life on earth with the conviction dominating them that the Eternal Creator of the Universe was peculiarly, and once and for all manifested in the God-man Christ-Jesus, how very different would human life be and become! . . . But light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles *per second*, and the nearest "fixed star" is "light years" distant from our Solar system; and, by the latest computation of human scientists, the starry universe is believed to extend, not only three thousand or thirty thousand, but *three hundred thousand light years!* . . . And men continue to ask or exclaim: "Who can by searching find out God?" . . . "O that I knew where I might find Him!" . . . And it is written: "No man hath seen God at any time: the only begotten Son . . . hath declared Him."

Readers, what think you?

* * *

NEW DAYS AND NEW YEARS

Reciprocity in well-wishing between human beings at Christmas and New Year time, as practised by written and spoken words and mementoes, fosters goodwill and strengthens friendly ties. In earlier periods we have used alliterative English in wishing friends "peace, progress and prosperity," and we do not know that we can improve on that phrase now—as we extend the Season's greetings to readers and friends of this Magazine in Vancouver, elsewhere in Canada, and also in other parts, including (1) the Central Homelands; (2) the United States; (3) New Zealand; (4) South Africa; and (5) Australia.

Increasing experience of life qualifies our ways of looking upon recurring seasons, and suggests to us that

as we live but a day at a time, we should let our resolutions and ambitions be influenced accordingly. "Man never is but always to be blest," and "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." It is well that it is so, for we have only to consider the world as we learn of it at the end of this year of grace 1926 to recognize that amid all the wonderful inventions and improvements of the age, there remains abundant room for improvement in the conditions of nations nominally Christian, in international relationships, in continents still "dark" and unsettled so far as the current standard of civilization is concerned, and in human society generally.

Optimism is the duty of every sane soul who believes that the Universe is governed by "a Power that makes for righteousness." But to be optimistic does not mean that men should wilfully ignore the facts of life and experience. With eight years passed since the Armistice of the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918, Europe is still far from settled, and conditions in these days give no guarantee that peace will long prevail. Of the making of more instruments for war by land and sea and air there seems to be no end. What wonder that others besides the interpreters of Prophecy question if an even greater war than the last may not be well nigh upon us?: that some men maintain that "the end of the Age" is

at hand; and that only the personal return of the Christ will bring in the long-looked-for era of lasting peace and goodwill on earth?

Whatever we say or do, let us not be among those who laugh at and pooh pooh the beliefs or convictions of others affecting subjects or events to the study of which we have given little time. Besides, is it not somewhere written: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be". . .

* * *

"SO LITTLE DONE, SO MUCH TO DO"

That line from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which some folk associate solely with the Imperialist Cecil Rhodes, (who quoted them shortly before he passed on to the larger life) sums up a feeling common to many as they near another year-end. Perhaps indeed that is a state of mind inseparable from all human aspirations after mind- and heart- and soul-satisfying achievements. And if it inevitably suggests a measure of disappointment, it may no less have a hopeful and encouraging side. We should be glad that there is still "much to do," especially if we have health and strength and will to do it.

Let us therefore, while grateful for the opportunities of service given us in the past year, go forward with confidence, ready for more work and alert to learn this life's lessons. With all

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial Notes	1
Book Reviews and the MSS. Market	2
A Collection of Canadiana: By Margaret C. Cowie	3
Slogans: By Anne Franklin	4
The Christmas Tree That Sang: By Alice M. Winlow	5
A Montreal Judge on the C. A. A. Convention at Vancouver	7
The Wayside Philosopher: Abracadabra	8
Verse by Canadian Writers	10
Facts Worth Reprinting for Homes Where More Than Newspapers Are Read	11
"The Miracle of Roses": An Impression: By Bertha Lewis	12
A Plea for More Joy in Poetry: By Annie Charlotte Dalton	13
The Day We Missed Grouse Mountain: By M. Eugene Perry	16

"FIRST THINGS FIRST"

Sometimes lesser things become first things. To no reader of this Magazine would we wish *one dollar a year* to be of much moment, but collectively the single dollars of subscribers are of considerable importance from the publishers' point of view.

THIS IS CANADA, and we are confident no fair-minded Canadian will take offence if we state plainly that the dollar a year subscription cannot cover additional notices by mail.

Kindly therefore comply with this request to check your renewal date and remit NOW (\$).

Won't you list a friend?

THE
BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY
"The Magazine of the Canadian West"
1100 Bute St., Vancouver, B. C.

our anxiety about progress in this direction or that, some of us may need reminding—in relation to the Great Taskmaster—not only that “Thousands at His bidding speed,” but that “They also serve who only stand and wait.”

* * *

A PLAIN QUESTION:
WHAT IS YOUR PRACTICAL
INTEREST WORTH?

No one,—and least of all a Magazine editor or publisher,—in setting forth the claims of a periodical, would wish to write one word to which exception might fairly be taken. Yet there are times when it is difficult to be earnest about certain service without saying things plainly. Not because he is editor of the *British Columbia Monthly*, but because of the nature of the community work this Magazine and those associated in its service, seek to do in this Canadian portion of the Empire, we believe that—when all allowance is made for such answers as “We have

so much to read” and “We have so little time for reading,” etc.,—*this Magazine has an undeniable claim* to have on its subscription list every home and citizen worthy of the name in the Canadian West, beginning with Vancouver. Homes and men connected with all the “Service Clubs” and all the Churches—if the practice of their creeds “begins at HOME,”—ought to be subscribers as a matter of course.

After fighting for fifteen years to maintain, build up and extend such an independent Magazine devoted to literary and social questions in this community of British Empire stock (British Empire includes Canadian), we believe that the Heads of every such Home, ought to be with us to the extent of at least one dollar a year subscription.

When this is brought to your attention one way or another—by marked Magazine or through a representative’s call—we invite you personally to let *your Magazine interest begin at home!*

HULDOWGET

A STORY OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

(By B. A. McKelvie: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.)

When some people wish to be friendly or encouraging, not to say flattering, they are apt to use superlatives. As he who would be a craftsman in words is early taught, however, such “third degree” remarks or criticisms may often be a cover for a writer’s poverty in language or laziness in analysis. But with a fair sense of word values, we have genuine pleasure in being able to use not merely complimentary, but strongly commending language about the first story of one of the younger—if not indeed the youngest—of western Canadian novelists, Mr. Bruce McKelvie.

In these jostling days of crowded life we all get impressions of each other—no doubt more or less correct and incorrect. At meetings associated with journalistic and other functions the robust and stalwart form of Bruce McKelvie has for years been in evidence in Vancouver city; and in coming into touch with his hearty and wholesome personality, others, like this note-maker, may have reflected that the author of this new venture in Noveldom gave promise of becoming in one way a Western Canadian G. K. Chesterton.

Those who have known Mr. McKelvie through his work on *Vancouver Daily Province*, for a period as the first manager of the “Buy B. C. Products” campaign, or as a fellow-journalist, must join in the honest satisfaction expressed that he as a Western Canadian has now written a

story which, while having many noteworthy characteristics, can be recommended as a gift book for young and old alike. For while the book is full of healthy “human interest,” there is not one objectionable feature about it and the attractive ones are numerous. Without attempting to tabulate them, we may note from memory:

1. The historic interest in relation to the native Indians of the Pacific Coast—in which subject Mr. McKelvie is likely to become an authority.
2. The sympathetic record of the life among the Indians of a practical doctor missionary and his wife. (If there is some “muscular christianity” in the story, the reader may hold that the circumstances warranted it).
3. A love interest centring in a winsome nurse and a member of the Coast “Police” force.
4. A revelation of how native rites and customs die hard among a primitive people.

There are several incidents in the book which may be described as thrilling, but in addition the narrative as a whole has an arresting power and a sustained interest which, together with its entirely wholesome and healthy *spirit*, make this first novel of Bruce McKelvie’s one that can be passed on at all seasons to friends of all ages and in any part of the British Empire or English-speaking world.

“Huldowget” will be a welcome gift at any time. We congratulate Mr. McKelvie on his work. (D.A.C.)

MANUSCRIPT MARKET

Action Stories: Editor, Mr. J. Kelly. 461 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y. Stories must be mystery, adventure, dramatic or detective. Setting out of doors, virile, wholesome. 3500 to 5000 words.

Ainslie’s: Street and Smith, 79 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. Love, adventure and mystery. Stories up to 10,000 words. Light verse, nothing over 30 lines.

Bankers Monthly: Editor, Joseph M. Regan. 538 South Clark St., Chicago, Illinois. Most of the articles mention specific bankers and places. Short stories with banking interests. Illustration and photographs are welcomed.

Baptist Standard: Mr. E. C. Routh, Editor, 711 Slaughter Bldg., Dallas, Texas. Articles of a religious nature. Stories with a religious appeal.

The Beacon: Miss Florence Buck, Editor. 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Stories of 1800 to 2000 words with high ideals for boys and girls. Children’s verse is used.

Travel: Mr. Raymond Holden, Editor. 7 West 16th St., New York, N. Y. Articles full of color and life not more than 4000 words. Should stress native life and characteristics and should be illustrated and photographs are welcomed. Photographs with plenty of local color are used.

The Red Book Magazine: Mr. Karl E. Harriman, Editor. 36 South State St., Chicago, Ill. Short stories from 3000 to 7000 words. Convincing character work essential. Stories should have a broad appeal. Short verse is used. Most frequent need, humor.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

HULDOWGET: by B. A. McKelvie. A story of the North Pacific Coast. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Toronto. \$2 net.

DREAMS AND DELIGHTS: by L. Adams Beck. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. \$2.50.

STAR DUST AND OTHER POEMS: by Elaine M. Catley, Calgary. Central Press, Ltd., Calgary. 50 cents.

ME—AND PETER: by Robert Watson, (formerly of Vancouver, now of Winnipeg). Thomas Allen, Publisher, Toronto. \$2.

GRAIN (A Romance of the Wheat Country): by Robert Stead. Published by McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. \$2.

THE MIRACLE OF ROSES AND POEMS: by Alice M. Winlow. Published by the Chalmers Publishing House, Vancouver, B. C. \$1.75.

(A review of “ME—AND PETER” will be found on page four, and an impression of “The Miracle of Roses” on page 12.)

A Collection of Canadiana

(By Margaret C. Cowie)

Here in the West we are at times slightly irritated by the Easterner's attitude when we draw his attention to something in which we take pride. "Oh, we had that in the East long ago," he says, and we feel an unholy desire to slap him!

Nevertheless, one of the smaller Vancouver schools possesses something which more than one Easterner has admitted he has not seen in Eastern schools. This is the Canadian Library possessed, and much loved, by Division 4, of the Aberdeen School on Burrard Street. Some years ago one of the staff realized that her pupils were leaving her class with some knowledge of authors of other nations, but absolutely ignorant that their own country had any writers of note. This condition of affairs seemed to require correction. So one day the children were told something of the life of that fascinating personage, Pauline Johnson, and one of the "Legends of Vancouver" was briefly sketched for them. The class listened enthralled, and at the end a little girl arose and offered the teacher five cents, saying "Couldn't we save up and buy the book?" On being told that they might, they hastily produced various coins, and in a few days possessed the desired volume and had a few cents left. "Let's get another book by a Canadian author; let's have a Canadian Library! Oh, please!" they begged, and thus the now well-known library was begun. Three small book-cases were presented, and later one was purchased. (Another is now needed.) The shelves contain over two hundred and fifty books, some of which were gifts; but the greater number were the purchases of the pupils. Nearly thirty volumes of poetry, including Bliss Carman's "Ballads and Lyrics" and "Later Poems," A. M. Stephen's "Rosary of Pan" (a gift from the author), Mrs. Mackay's "Shining Ship," Garvin's anthology "Canadian Poets," Charles Mair's "Tecumseh," and Arthur S. Bourinot's "Pattering Feet" are there; travel is represented by Agnes Deans Cameron's "The New North," Wilfred Campbell's "Canadian Lake Region," Burpee's "Among the Canadian Alps," and half a dozen others; twenty odd volumes of history, such as Canon Scott's "The Great War as I Saw It," Beckles Willson's "Canada" and Machar's "Stories of the British Empire," find a place; Peter McArthur's "Red Cow" and "In Pastures Green" are cheek by jowl with Mrs. Murphy's "Janey Canuck in the West;" there are a few volumes of biography; and a few bound copies of "The Canadian Magazine." By far the most numerous, of course, are

works of fiction, under which heading legends and folk-lore have also been classified. Here are Macmillan's beautiful "Canadian Fairy Tales" and "Canadian Wonder Tales;" Virna Sheard's "Golden Apple Tree," not easily obtainable on the Coast; volume after volume of animal stories by Roberts and Fraser; Mazo de la Roche's delightful "Explorers of the Dawn," the "Anne" books; rather unexpectedly perhaps, Hopkins Moorhouse's "Every Man for Himself;" Douglas Durkin's "The Lobstick Trail;" Stead's "Neighbors"—but why name more? Do you think that some of these could not possibly appeal to children? Ask their teacher what her experience has been, and hear her tell how she has watched her pupils turn from cheaply-written "boys and girls' series" to these books. There is no compulsion; no child ever takes a book unless he wants it, but many prefer stories written primarily for adults. There is not a volume in the Canadian Library that could bring harm to any child. Merely, all tastes are regarded when purchases are being made, and the pupils are left free to select what they wish from the shelves.

The class raises money by various means. For five years an annual concert was held; magazines are sold to second-hand bookstores and it is to be feared that illness in the home sometimes produces, instead of sympathy, the eager query, "Mayn't I have the medicine bottles to sell for the Canadian Library?" When a book has been bought, the class discuss what the next shall be. They watch the bookshops, and bring their suggestions to the teacher, who adds any she may have, and tells the class what the books deal with, and at what price they are obtainable. Then the list is voted on, and "saving up" for the chosen one begins.

Several authors have been good enough to address the children. Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Mrs. Winlow, Miss Colman, Dr. Fewster, Wilson Macdonald, A. M. Stephen, Evah MacKowan, Douglas Durkin, and Bliss Carman have been among these kind-hearted ones. No one who saw the shining young faces turned to such guests can doubt that the children appreciated the honor done them. In particular, Bliss Carman won all hearts. He may have audiences who understand his perfect art more completely, but he will never have a more loving or more appreciative one. Whatever the politicians may think, these children know who is the greatest man in Canada; it is Bliss Carman, and they don't want any argument about

it. Didn't he come and talk to them? Didn't they see for themselves?

A feature of this Canadian Library is the "picture-gallery" connected with it. An unusual thing for a library, you may say. Ah, but you should hear the proud owners talk about it! They love it almost as much as they do the Library itself. About thirty Canadian writers have presented their photographs; the teacher has had these framed, and they hang in a long row, low enough to be seen plainly even if one isn't very tall yet. Charles Mair's kindly face is there; Peter McArthur's; Mrs. Mackay's; Mrs. Winlow's; L. M. Montgomery's; Alan Sullivan's; Arthur Stringer's; Frank Packard's; Mrs. McClung's; Bliss Carman's; and there is a most fascinating portrait of Mazo de la Roche and "Bunty."

This Library is not a waste of school energy. Its effect on the English of the children is noticeable, and it is equally effective in forming literary taste. As a Canadianizing class-project, I doubt if it can be equalled; I am sure it cannot be surpassed.

Visitors who wish to view this collection of Canadiana are welcome after school hours, if they will notify the teacher of the date. She will also supply a copy of the library catalogue to those wishing one for reference purposes.

POETRY CONTEST \$25.00 CASH AND BOOK PRIZES

Owing to change in printing service the *British Columbia Monthly* has extended the time for closing the Poetry Contest to March 1st, 1927. To accede to requests sent in each contestant may send in two poems. Those who have sent in poems are entitled therefore to send a second poem to the contest. Nothing received after March 1st shall be considered. Results will be announced in the April issue of the magazine.

Poems may be from sonnet length to 72 lines, and 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 or give criticisms.

Address poems to: Editor, Poetry Page, *B. C. Monthly*, 1100 Bute St., Vancouver, B. C., and mark envelope "Poetry Contest."

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

(The magazine subscription is ONE DOLLAR A YEAR throughout Canada, and to any address in the United States or British Empire.)

Slogans

(By Anne Franklin)

"A Slogan Wanted! \$3000 in prizes!" Thus runs an advertisement which attracts my eye as I remain, solitary, with the breakfast dishes.

As I begin clearing up, I muse over the prevalence of slogans. The air is as full of them as of radio messages. Each Apple Week, Fish Week, Book Week, and every Week, has its particular slogan, just as every dog has his day. The newest automobile, the latest style of gramophone, call for slogans to herald their debut; an old-established medicine seeks thereby to promote its sale. And to produce worthy slogans, enlisting the people's best brain power, prizes of fabulous value are offered.

"First prize \$1500—second price \$850," and so on.

"Some One Must Win. Why not you?"

The caption is incontrovertible, and a pleasant reflection withal. As I proceed, laden with dishes, kitchenwards, I reflect how little there is between me and a marvellous change of fortune. Less than a dozen magic words,—if only I could come by them—would transport me from these mundane affairs to "enterprises of great pith and moment." Money for Christmas presents, new clothes of course, a new piano, a pleasant trip—all possible by the slogan of a fertile brain. If there is a Muse who confers slogan-making power, I do fervently invoke her aid now.

I reflect that it is now some weeks since I sent in two prize slogans. Any morning may bring me a cheque. Of course, there are thousands of competitors; it is their brain power against mine. I visualize the adjudication committee at work—"Slogans to right of them, slogans to left of them, volleyed and thundered."

I note the postman, several blocks away. Will he bring me again just a glassine-fronted envelope, or an unwanted circular?

In the meantime, I will return to my prize slogan. Let me think of existing models: "It's the climate." "Follow the birds to Victoria." "We must make B. C. dry." "An egg a day for each hen." Mussolini's slogan: "Live in danger." Slogans must be pithy and peppy, or they are not slogans. The word is of warlike memory. What, by the way, is the derivation? I refer to my etymological dictionary, which gives: Gaelic *sluagh-ghairm*, a war cry. Visions of shaggy, indomitable Gaels, on mountain ponies, with bags of oatmeal on their saddles, and vociferous

erous battle cries, fill my mental picture for the moment.

I fall to wondering whether Shakespeare, as an impecunious genius of today, would have trained his giant intellect on a prize slogan, and whether he would have won. Many potential slogans are his, not directed to the profitable prizes of commerce. Then there are slogans of history. For example: "Give us back our eleven days." Eleven perfectly good days (between September 3rd and 14th) done away with by an autocratic new-fangled ordinance. Surely a conspicuous occasion for a slogan!

So I reflect on slogans present, past and future. Here comes the postman. A prize award? There is the familiar glassine-fronted envelope, a coal-advertising postcard, a circular whereon is written large a slogan, which, though worthy, I have not, alas! sufficiently observed: "Keep that schoolgirl complexion!"

"Me---and Peter"

An Appreciation by

REV. JOHN MACLEAN

M.A., LL.B., Ph.D., DD.

As I read this latest production from Robert Watson's brain, I became so fascinated that the hours sped on under the spell of a delightful book, charming in its episodes, rich in pawky humour; and I was a ragged urchin again, rambling through the streets of Glasgow, so poverty stricken that I had not a farthing to my name, still happy in my freedom and whistling because I could not help it.

Although it is a story of two Scottish laddies, there runs through its pages so faithful a delineation of boy character, so human and universal in its appeal, that the scenes could be changed and placed in almost any city in the world.

The picture of "Me's" mother is full of tender pathos, worthy to stand by Whistler's great painting of his mother. There is a revelation of comradeship, of the joys and sorrows of childhood.

It is reminiscent of J. J. Bell's "Wee Macgregor," Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," and Crockett's "Stickit Minister," and those who find pleasure in Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" will enjoy this delightful book.

"Me—and Peter" is a jolly book, clean and wholesome, and every reader will be the better for perusing it.

It is a great book for boys, and a good one for old men.

The Origin of Limoges China

The Romantic Story of Theodore Haviland

It was David Haviland, an American importer, who founded the House of Haviland, in Limoges, now operated so successfully by his grandsons.

In 1839 David came across a tea service of French make, which was located as coming from Limoges, although it bore no identifying marks. The fineness of the ware interested him, and after an investigation, he began its importation.

Unable at that time to get the French factories to make the shapes and decorations suitable for the American market, David Haviland moved his family to Limoges, by means of sailing ships to Havre, and by boat and diligence to Limoges, which is about 240 miles Southeast of Paris, built a factory and began the manufacture of china on a larger scale than had been attempted heretofore.

About 1890, Theodore Haviland, a son of David Haviland, built the large and well-equipped factory in Limoges, which now makes the china. The most skillful china makers in France directed the manufacture, and the great ceramic artists were at the heads of the decorating departments.

From this time on a new impetus was given to the Limoges industry. What was made in Limoges established the type to be followed by the manufacturers of all other countries.

The genius, brains and enterprise of the American David Haviland have descended through his son, Theodore, and through him to his sons now in charge of this great factory, which today, more than ever before, by the quality and beauty of its products, places its influence in the china world.

F. S. GARNER.

NOW READY

The Silent Zone

by Annie Charlotte Dalton
in which is incorporated
The Ear Trumpet, a Ryerson Chap-Book
(now out of print)

This edition is limited to 250 copies numbered and autographed of which only 200 are for sale

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

To be obtained from the author only

The Christmas Tree That Sang

(By Alice M. Winlow; written for the B. C. Monthly)

Perhaps it was going to be a very lonely day for little Peter. The rough wooden house he lived in had no Christmas decorations, no festoons of sparkling silver, no red tissue-paper bells, no floating ribbons of gay colors, and alas! no Christmas tree. Aunt Elizabeth, who had lived in the city last year, had surrounded the boy with all these things, being mindful of the little uncared-for waif who was a small shepherd at the Cedar-Creek Sheep Ranch.

But Aunt Elizabeth, who was a singer, had gone on a concert tour, and the smart had not left Peter's heart yet at the memory of the parting.

It was Christmas Eve and no outward manifestation of the season at the bleak farm house! Less than half a mile away were Christmas trees in plenty, small cedar trees, just big enough, some of them, to glorify with gilt stockings, pink sugar canes, golden bells, red candles, and one big silver star. Peter could almost see the decorations. It would be such an easy task to bring the tree in from the forest if he only had the sparkling things to put on it.

As Peter stood in the yard looking toward the forest, the farmer came out of the house carrying a lantern, for it was dusk. He went over to the boy. "What a little dreamer you are," he said. He was not an unkind man, he just lacked imagination. He called the boy to follow him to the sheep pens and told him he was to take full charge of the sheep next day, as old Felix the shepherd was going to the city.

When they had tended the animals the farmer told the boy to go back to the house for supper. As he walked he could hardly keep his eyes from the forest. The farm buildings enclosed the yard, and there was a warm, reeking smell of dung from the hill in the corner, although it was under a light blanket of snow. The whole farm seemed wrapped in silence. Peter could think of nothing but the forest, one tree in that forest. He felt as though he could not endure another day with the farmer, the overpowering smell of dung, and the loneliness. When he reached the house he had a supper of plain bread and a bowl of milk, which he ate in the kitchen alone. Then he went to the attic, mumbled his prayers and got into bed. He was so cold that he did not undress.

He could not sleep. He thought of the forest and then of his lambs. He remembered the time that two were missing. He had found it very diffi-

cult to count them in the pen, each time he counted he made their number different from the counting before. He counted them again in the morning and found that there were really two missing. He told the farmer, who was not angry, only told him he must be more careful in future. He soon learned to count the lambs quickly, and even if they were scattered about, his eyes did not deceive him as to their number. Then his thoughts turned again to the forest.

Finally Peter sat up in bed. A sudden resolution came to him. He would go to the forest and cut down a tree. He would drag it to the farm house and perhaps the farmer's wife would let him have some candles to put on it.

He slipped downstairs on tip-toe, carrying his boots in his hand. He sat on a bench outside to lace them up. Then he went to the shed for a hatchet. It was still early, but all the weary household were asleep. The night was very clear and white, with moonlight on the snow. Everything was still. Great silver clouds trailed across the moon till it looked like an opal, shimmering green and amber. He wanted to sing, but he must not, lest his voice carry to the house in the still air. But a lovely melody crept into his heart and sang and sang, as though a bird were there. "Holy night! Peaceful night!" This was the song singing in his heart.

Peter was surprised to reach the forest so soon. How beautiful the trees looked, their branches weighed down with snow. He found a small tree. The snow on it glistened in the moonlight. How lovely it would look with a silver star on the top. Its branches were sturdy, strong enough to hold many gifts and candles. The boy began chopping the tree near the base. He worked hard, but not hard enough to keep the cold from penetrating through his clothes into his body. Suddenly he saw a church in front of him. There were great dark pillars, and a carpet of gold cloth was spread along the aisles. His tree, still upright, was covered with jewels, gold and crystal balls, and countless stars.

"Holy night! Peaceful night!
Only for shepherds' sight
Came blest visions of angel throngs,
With their loud alleluia songs."

The music came swelling to little Peter's ears like the song of angels. But of course, it was not angels. He looked closely at the tree. Yes, it was the tree that was singing. The song in

his heart had passed into the heart of the tree.

The music ceased and the boy was sure that trees were crashing down around him, but he seemed unable to move away. He wanted to hurry home with his wonderful singing tree, but when he reached out for the hatchet to finish cutting it down, the hatchet vanished.

The tree began to sing again. It was a song that Peter had often sung with Aunt Elizabeth, in his clear soprano voice.

"The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest,
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest."

Then the whole forest broke into song. Peter was sure that one tree could not make such exultant music.

"O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him born the King
of angels;
O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord."

Then all the birds in the forest must have awakened, Peter thought. Such bird-song he had never before heard. Crystal-clear notes, piercing through the cold frosty night right into his ravished hearing. No. It was not bird-notes. It was his tree singing, "Hark the herald-angels sing, Glory to the new-born King."

Oh! If he could only finish cutting down the tree and take it home. He had often wanted to sing the praises that sometimes filled his heart, but no-one at the farm cared to hear him sing and he had learned to keep silent. But the tree, the tree would sing for him. Almost a prayer formed on his lips that he might possess this singing tree. But still he could not finish the work of cutting down. Then a prayer filled his being, without his exactly knowing it, that song might come into his life again.

Colder and colder the little boy grew in the frozen forest. But music could yet reach him. He was glad that the tree was going to sing his favorite song. He felt that perhaps he would not be able to listen much longer. But Oh! how radiantly happy he was. It seemed as though Love had come to earth and her wings were lifting him above loneliness and songlessness. The

music sank deep, deep, into his heart, and then seemed to pass into his soul. It was Mozart's heavenly music:

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

"Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

* * * * *

Peter rested easily in the great coat, clasped close to Big Tom Brown's breast. He felt the gliding motion of the sleigh as it sped to town, but he could not gather enough strength to tell the man that he must hurry home with his tree. It somehow seemed that trees did not matter any more, that something very wonderful was coming into his life.

Men's voices came to him. One voice said, "Lucky we came this way for Christmas trees to-night. Poor little fellow would have been too sound asleep by morning ever to waken."

Another voice said, "It's a wonder our singing did not wake him up." Still another voice said, "We'll drop in at the concert hall and hear the famous singer that came to town to-day."

Peter was not at all surprised at seeing Aunt Elizabeth on the platform. She was the only famous singer in the world as far as he knew. As the opening piano music fell softly on the little listener's ears, he realized that the pillars in the church he had seen were simply the trunks of cedars and fir-trees, the carpet of gold cloth was the snow lighted up by the lanterns of the men who had found him; but he could not bear to part with the thought of his singing tree.

Then Aunt Elizabeth began to sing! Oh! how lovely the song seemed. Yes. Even lovelier than when the tree sang it. He could part with his tree now. Only Aunt Elizabeth could sing Mozart's music till it seemed that heaven came down to earth. The last verses came rose-red and throbbingly to Peter's ears.

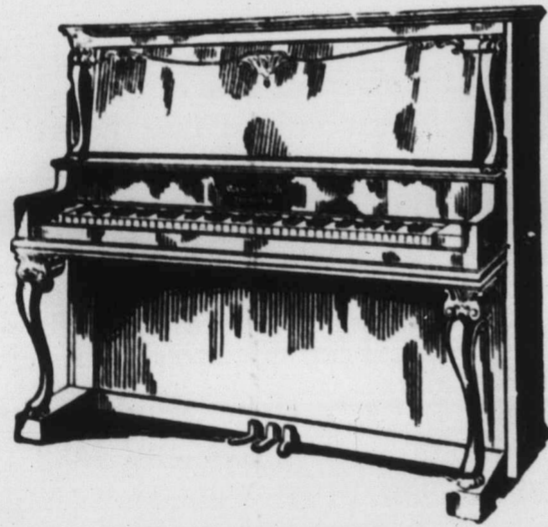
"Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

The music dazzled Peter. The glittering bells and stars and streamers

and candles dazzled him, too. But when Aunt Elizabeth came to him after the concert, and putting her arms about him said, "Come with me, O Peter! I want you," he could scarcely see for the happiness that dazzled his eyes.

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

A Montreal Judge on the C. A. A. Convention

(Selections from report to Montreal C. A. A. by Judge Surveyer)

Vancouver prides itself on being a convention city, and it certainly neglects nothing to live up to its reputation. Its natural beauties are only rivalled by the hospitality of its citizens. Dr. Allison, our national president, in response to the welcomes of the Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia and the Mayor of Vancouver, described it as "a city of roses, raptures and rain." Fortunately, we did not see it under the latter aspect.

After the address of welcome, Dr. Allison delivered his presidential address, in which he dwelt lengthily upon Book week. (Dr. Allison's address was published in full in *The British Columbia Monthly*.)

* * * * *

I have spoken at length of the President's address because of its comparative importance. Much to my regret, I must dwell more briefly upon Dr. George H. Locke's address on the Influence of Canadian Literature on United States Literature, delivered the same day at the Canadian Club luncheon. He dealt mainly with Haliburton's "Sam Slick," which paved the way for later humorists, from Mark Twain to Leacock, with Roberts's animal stories, which antedate those of Kipling and Seton Thompson, and with Ralph Connor's type of fiction.

Arthur Heming, of Toronto, discussing the question: "Can Canada support the Canadian Author?" answered it by a distinction: "The Canadian author may keep on living and working in Canada, but he has to sell also to the New York and London markets." Our Mr. Leslie Barnard, although he is not like Mr. Heming, an illustrator as well as a writer, can give the same answer, while our national treasurer, Robert Watson, feels that he cannot yet give up his regular work and trust exclusively to literature to procure him his daily bread.

A two-hour boat ride to the Wigwam Inn, on the north arm of Burrard Inlet, closed the day's proceedings. There, after dinner, we had, in addition to a musical programme, a paper by D. A. McGregor: "The Author and the Editor," and another from Vancouver's humorist, P. W. Luce, explaining why the dandelion should be Vancouver's favorite flower.

On the second day, the shelving of the amendments to the Copyright Act was explained, in the absence of Mr. Burpee, by Mr. Leon J. Ladner, M.P., the sponsor of the bill, who also held out hopes for the future. The nature of the amendments sought has already been explained here.

At the Women's Canadian Club luncheon, Mrs. John W. Garvin (Katherine Hale), spoke of "Colour Contrasts in Canadian Poetry." "In Canada," the speaker said, "we are just at the beginning, but later poetry is going to touch Canada more than it has ever done in the past; and we should all be proud and grateful to those few poets who touched the soul of the nation with poetry."

Dr. McLean, of Winnipeg, spoke on "Environment and authorship," and said, among other things: "A flat country cannot produce poets, painters, or novelists, and when scenery is lacking the only resource is to fall back on human nature," which is hard on Winnipeg and Toronto, and also on the Dutch painters.

The most interesting part of the afternoon session was certainly the reception given by Mrs. L. A. Lefevre at "Langravine," the beautiful home which inspired her: "A Garden by the Sea." If Dr. McLean is right, Mrs. Lefevre, who found poetry in the ice palace of Montreal in 1887 (when her poem won the first prize), will find in her wonderful surroundings a constant source of poetical inspiration. Mrs. Lefevre is now in Europe, but it is the hope of all of us who were her guests at Vancouver, that it may be our Branch's privilege to entertain her on her return, and show some of the gratitude which she has earned.

In the evening, the dinner took place. The list of toasts was unusual. After Charles Mair, that veteran of Canadian literature, now a resident of Victoria, the readers and writers of all the provinces were toasted in succession; then "relatives and neighbours," namely, "the old land" (which the proposer, Dr. A. F. B. Clark, said should have been "the old lands," so as to include France"), and "The United States."

* * * * *

The Saturday afternoon was taken up by an automobile drive up the Grouse Mountain Scenic highway; but in the evening a reception was given the visiting authors by the Vancouver Poetry Society at the home of Mrs. Annie Charlotte Dalton (she has just published "The Ear-Trumpet"), who read a paper, "Troubadours and Bards," where she expresses the following thought: "If the sole purpose of the Authors' Association were to bridge the gulf between Eastern and Western Canada, its value would still be incalculable."

A supplementary Convention number of the *British Columbia Monthly* contains Mrs. Dalton's address, as well as those of President Allison and Doctor Locke and a brief report of the proceedings entitled: "Literary Notes," by Roderick Random. These, and the notes and reports in the "Bookman," constitute a fairly complete memento of the doings of the Canadian Authors in Vancouver and Victoria.

I feel it my duty to add that although I was the only French-Canadian there present, French Canada and its literature were not forgotten, and, to quote Mrs. Davies-Woodrow, "throughout the Convention, tribute was paid to the French section and attention directed to the very real body of literature that is being produced in French Canada." The applause which greeted me on my rising to speak at the banquet, was not meant for me, I know, but was intended for Montreal and particularly for French Canada. That which approved of Dr. Clark's correction "To the Old Lands" was unmistakable.

On the whole, those who were privileged to take the journey to Vancouver—it was a matter of great regret that Mr. Murray Gibbon and Mr. Chicanot were, for different reasons, prevented from proceeding farther West than Lake Louise—have kept a very pleasant recollection of what they saw and heard, and of the hospitality of the Vancouverites, and again I may be forgiven if I quote once more Mrs. Davies-Woodrow, who expressed her feelings towards Vancouver in the following words:—

"So loth am I to leave your loveliness,
That this last hour has torn my heart
in twain:

One half returns to its accustomed
haunts;

The other half forever must remain.

"My spirit-self will haunt your forest
ways;

The birds will sense my presence
'neath your trees;

The wind will find faint footprints on
your sands

Where I have dreamed beside your
murmuring seas.

"Chill-fingered clouds wil touch me as
they pass

Like ghosts across your highest moun-
tain-crest;

And God will find me, at the end of
time,

Upcurled in sleep upon your sun-
warmed breast."

Having quoted poetry, I have reached a climax, and I should stop. However, I cannot forget that the morning after the closing of the Convention we took the boat for Victoria, where we were motored "through the pleasant streets of that dear old town" to the famous Butchart Gardens, where we were invited to tea; that the following morning we were invited to inspect the Archives of British Columbia and in the afternoon met in the gardens of the Lieutenant Governor's residence, where we were received by His Honour Mr. Randolph Bruce and his charming niece, Miss Helen Mackenzie. Mrs. Adams Beck, the authoress of "The Exquisite Perdita," just published, and of "The Laughing Queen" in the printer's hands, was one of the guests. There we had an unusual treat: recitations of "The Song My Paddle Sings," of Pauline Johnson, and of "Hiawatha's Childhood" by a full-blooded Cree, Miss Frances Nickawa. Her beauty, the quaintness of her elocution, the setting in which she appeared, were a delight to all, and we can well understand Mrs. Davies-Woodrow, when she says:

"I wish all the other members of the Association could have shared the delights of my last night in Vancouver! Mr. G. A. Palmer, Secretary of the Regina Branch, and myself, had the unique pleasure of visiting Stanley

Park with this fascinating Indian girl. We sat near Siwash Rock, and there, under the faint stars, Nickawa recited for us the Indian legends she had heard as a child."

VANCOUVER POETRY SOCIETY

The Vancouver Poetry Society met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Winlow, Haro Street, on the evening of Dec. 11th. Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts was present as guest of the club, also his nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich MacDonald, who have come to Vancouver to make their home. By special request Dr. Roberts read one of his most beautiful poems, "The Unknown City," also a stirring poem by Goodrich Macdonald, "The Sailor."

An inspiring essay by Mrs. Dalton was read by Mr. Dalton, the subject being, "A Plea for More Joy in Poetry."

An artistic musical program was provided by Miss Gweneth Humphreys, a pupil of Mrs. Winlow, her selections being "The Witch's Dance," by MacDowell, Prelude in C Sharp Minor, by Rachmaninoff, "The Eagle" and "Winter," by MacDowell, with illustrative readings by Mrs. Winlow from Tennyson and Shelley, and "Consolation," by Liszt.

Two announcements of interest to the club were made. Mrs. Dalton's new book, "The Silent Zone," and Dr.

Fewster's book, "My Garden of Dreams," will be in Vancouver by the middle of December. Mrs. Winlow's new book, "The Miracle of Roses," is already off the press, and to greet its appearance a beautifully woven basket, filled with ferns and red roses, was made and brought by Mrs. Maud Edgar, with a poem of her own delightfully arranged in a birch-bark scroll.

Two chapbooks, the handicraft of the club, were on display containing poems by members. A water-color of "The Lions" by Mrs. Bertha Lewis forms the cover of one, and a study of Pink Roses in water-colors forms the cover of the other, painted by Mrs. Winlow.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Dalton, Dr. E. P. Fewster, Mrs. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin, Mrs. R. Edgar, Mr. F. Wright, Miss M. Fewster, Miss H. Hesson, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, Mr. S. Golder, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stephen, Miss Horton, Mrs. D. J. Taylor, Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Colquhoun, Mrs. Wilkes, Miss May Judge, Miss Claire Pennington, Miss R. Smith, Miss A. E. Fraser, Mr. Teeple, Miss Cartwright, Miss Hilda Wheeler, Mrs. Redman, Miss M. Robertson, Mr. S. Smith, Miss Dorothy Halliwell, Mrs. Humphreys, Mrs. E. Fielding, Miss F. Camp, Mrs. Doberer, Miss Ellis, Mr. J. Brunn.

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

W. J. BOWSER RETIRES

Political History was made quickly when at the recent Conservative Convention at Kamloops the question of the Provincial Leadership was, for the time being, settled.

Among the almost kaleidoscopic changes of that Convention, the outstanding event was the retirement from the contest for the Leadership and from active political life of W. J. Bowser, K.C., a striking figure in British Columbia politics for over 30 years. The selection of the new leader, important as it may have been, was relatively unimportant to this event.

To few men is it given to play the outstanding part that Mr. Bowser has done in British Columbia life. As a Lawyer he achieved a distinguished and outstanding position, succeeding in both civil and criminal matters—an achievement possible only to the few. In Fraternal circles he won his way to the front, becoming Grand Master of the Freemasons of British Columbia.

Always deeply interested in politics, Mr. Bowser, by great ability, splendid fighting capabilities, and wonderful executive and administrative genius became a dominant and dominating figure. Keen and fearless in debate, a hard and efficient student, he was as successful on the floor of the House as he was in the administrative side of his work.

As Attorney-General of British Columbia his grasp and vision of what an Attorney-General and his Department should be, enabled him to give this Province an effectual law-enforcement and fair and fearless carrying

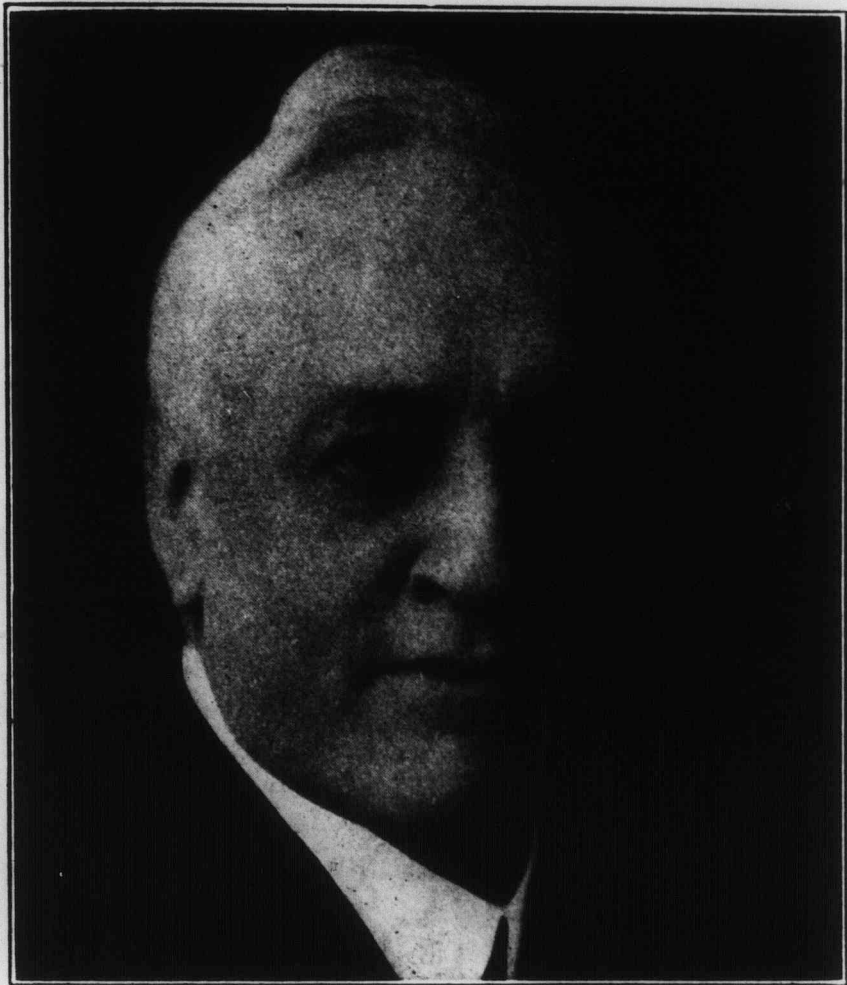
out of legislation that have never been at all equalled since, while his sane guidance showed in the nature and quality of the legislation superintended by him in that capacity. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that as Attorney-General he had not wider powers over legislation, but what would have been gain under him would, undoubtedly, have meant loss under others.

Clean, able, fearless, Mr. Bowser has made a wonderful contribution to our politics. He had his faults, as other men, made his mistakes, as others do, but, withal, he has placed himself on a pedestal that few will ever gain.

The closing scene of his political career was greatest of all. Despite the great, and mostly causeless, antagonism to his Leadership, he had the warm love and esteem of the majority of the Liberal-Conservative Party. The Leadership could have been his. It was no more than his just due and the Party could not have honoured itself more than in welcoming him back to the Leadership when victory was assured and a term in the sunshine of Premiership should atone for the hours of stress and strain since 1916.

Dear as his political dreams must have been to him, great as must have been the sacrifice, he refused to accept a victory that would entail division in the Party. True to the ideals he always followed, he justified the confidence of his friends and supporters in his true greatness by withdrawing from the contest for the Leadership and from active politics. The last step was an unfortunate, but necessary, consequence of the former.

Thus he has gone! A great career, capped by an act of pre-eminent patriotism to his Party and his Province, is ended. Great in his political life, still greater in his political death, he stands in the vanguard of our real statesmen, past and present. May he find his virtues better appreciated now by all, and learn that beneath the prejudices and passions of political life there exists a real admiration for those who have real greatness of soul, and that, as such, he is known and esteemed by all, irrespective of party affiliation.



HON. W. J. BOWSER

THE ONTARIO CONTEST

Yielding to the seductive allurements of the term "Government Control," seeking better conditions by invoking its undefined and indefinable powers, Ontario has endorsed Ferguson and his scheme of Government Control.

According to Ferguson, the curse of the Ontario situation was "bootlegging." His remedy was Government Control. British Columbians will chuckle at the thought of such a remedy.

It would, perhaps, be unfair to question Ferguson's sincerity in advancing his particular remedy. One wonders greatly at how he hoped by his particular plan to cure what, he seemed to accept as a fact, was not cured, or even bettered, by any other form of Government Control in force in Canada or elsewhere. The fundamental evil of the Liquor Traffic—the profit in its existence and continuance—he has in no wise attempted to touch. "You have failed, I shall succeed" is his message to all other forms of Government Control operating in Canada.

But, "How will you succeed?" is our natural query. Ferguson will find and Ontario will find as B. C. has found, that Government Control as a temperance measure is a profound failure. Bought by the immediate application, in reduction of their taxes, of Liquor profits, blinded to the evils of Government Control by self-interest, unable to organize against it by reason of political conditions, people accept what they cannot approve and the slow, but increasingly faster, decay in law enforcement, public morale, and public ideals goes on largely unchecked.

Could the Ontario people have known clearly for themselves what Government Control means today in British Columbia, they would have shunned it. As it is, they have loaded upon themselves an "Old Man of the Sea" who, indifferent to Liberalism, Liberal-Conservatism or Progressivism, will vitiate all party and public life unless expelled therefrom.

An older and more settled Province, and, therefore, with a necessarily deeper life, Ontario may prove strong enough to test Government Control without becoming its yoked bondsman. There need, however, be careful diligence on behalf of those who can place Country before Party, and right-living before easy circumstances, to whom a human soul has real value, and a bribe of decreased taxation will not be a blind to any dangerous tendencies in the system producing the so-called tax-reducing profit.

If any form of Government Control could be effective as a temperance Measure, it would be one that would sell liquor, guaranteed pure and of first quality, at its cost price (or purchase price) paying the costs of handling and delivering out of General Revenue. "Bootlegging" could not face this test and no Government would advertise its goods to increase sales which could only be carried on at a loss in themselves. The strongest opponents of such a scheme would be the Liquor interests supporting our present system of Government control. Is such a fact not significant? Does it indicate that Government Control is an honest attempt at temperance?

THE CUSTOMS INQUIRY

The Customs Commission has arrived in British Columbia and is inquiring somewhat into the Liquor and Narcotic situations. So far it seems to have been what one would expect of a Commission of Judges—alive to its duty. If it receives the co-operation it deserves from our Provincial authorities, it should be the means of ending the disgraceful use of B. C. as an aid to violation of the Volstead Act.

That it will receive such co-operation is open to grave doubt. There will be a certain co-ordination to show that co-operation exists. That it will be real, genuine, whole-hearted, will not be so readily granted.

In so far as it will be possible to get help in certain phases all that can be done will be done. When it comes to laying bare matters that will reflect on the integrity of Liquor administration within B. C. the acid test will come and we doubt the genuineness of the response.

Whatever the official attitude may be, let us hope that every decent citizen will do his or her utmost to aid the Commission in uncovering all the facts of our position. We may not be proud of the result, but we will have to recognize the facts.

Meanwhile, whatever the result, success to the Commission in its inquiry. Let us know the truth, whatever it be, and whoever suffers in the telling. If we misjudge, we will be glad to know it and to acknowledge the error. Whether this or that one is wrong in opinion, is of little or no consequence. The facts are all-important.

"HAPPY THOUGHT!"

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

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

Verse by Canadian Writers

Canada

(*Amor patriae.*)

Land of my birth, O Canada beloved,
T'ward whom the heavens their radiant orbs incline,
Let me with racial pride thy praises sing,
Thy valorous deeds, and manifold, enshrine.
O, may my lute in mellow tones impart
Such minstrelsy as doth extol thy worth;
And on thy new-found Nationhood bestow
Its guerdon wrought with treasure beyond earth.

In worthy strains and loyal, let me sing
Of thy vast spaces, vision, and invoke
Withal renown upon thine opulence,
And peal aesthetic paean, stroke on stroke!
Dominion-wide, from sea to sea behold
A Nation—lo, how like a giant thou!
Through fertile valleys lordly rivers roll,
And thunderous leap from many a mountain brow.

Like inland seas, colossal these, thy lakes:
Thither, the commerce of the world doth ply;
And o'er a mighty continent, unbound
The wings that challenge Aeolus on high.
Through rock defile and boundless prairie, linked
The golden spikes that fellowship doth forge:
And highways, who but Titans could unwind,
Or stem withal the deep abyssmal gorge!

Where once the towering conifers held court,
And nomads roamed the wilds with stealthy tread,
Now in their tens of thousands acres bloom,
With honey laden limbs arched high o'erhead.
The mill, the mart, the busy thoroughfare,
Re-echo to the tread of hurrying feet—
An empire in the making where behold,
Th' industrious beaver beats his vain retreat.

Thy foothills, font and fold alike are these,
Where Mother Earth doth riches store in kind—
Gold in due measure and the pastured herd,
And bounteous health upon the balmy wind.
Fled thine illimitable solitudes,
The fast receding forest—once the pride
Of pioneer and patriot hearts who shared
Privations where now pleasure doth preside.

How like dream castles on historic heights,
Thy structures mirrored crystal-clear below!
Thy sacred fanes to life's Great Author reared,
Loom peaceful in the waning afterglow.
Nor moot, congratulations when with cause,
And Learning sits enthroned within thy walls:
Fain grateful for such blessings must be he
Who sagely his own Motherland recalls.

Nor are thy darling visions doomed to die
When Faith, and Hope, and Charity afar
United in one great ennobling cause
From thy north temperate shores, to Malabar.
Thy frontiers fringed, doth border all the world,
Where East meets West, and West meets East again:
Commingled these, in self-appraisal how
Dare we assert, ever the two are twain?

Thy destiny, who could in sooth foretell?
Who, compass all thy riches yet in store
Whose peaceful portals need no martinet
Athwart a rim three thousand miles or more?

Heir to the ages, Wisdom, wealth doth hold:
So may no drab disaster dim thy page—
Peace be thy portion, plenteousness withal:
And worthy we, to share such heritage!

L'ENVOI.

O Lord, let Truth and Righteousness prevail,
And Justice crown our legislative towers:
Omnipotent Interpreter, do Thou
Guide, guard and bless this Canada of ours!

MARY H. RATHOM.

Victoria, B. C.

Solitude

Have you breathed the faith of fir trees by the lure of
camp-fire light?
Watched the wistful shadows creeping towards the rest-
ful lap of night?
Have you sent your thoughts a-homing to the source of
space and time?
Felt the pulse of soul communion full and firm with the
divine?
Sensed the wonders of creation? Gripp'd the purpose of
the whole?
Then you know the mystic sweetness that comes stealing
o'er the soul,
As on balsam boughs spread thickly on the mossy moun-
tain sod,
One with questioning eyes looks upward to the very heart
of God.

M. D. GEDDES.

Calgary, Alberta.



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Kiss me, Beloved—kiss my lips and breast.
Lay down thy head upon my heart to rest,
And drink of love, while sweet the light and clear,
While in the East the darkling night draws near,
And softly fall the shades which bring repose.
How sweet to know—still resting heart to heart—
That though the hour will come when we two part,
Our earthly journey reaching to its close,
When fall the petals of the paling rose,
We look beyond—to endless years begun,
To Life and Love, whose fullness is that Sun
In which all joys shall live, all sorrows close,
Which hath no yesterday, nor morrow knows.
Kiss me, Beloved, kiss my lips—and rest.

ETHEL SEYMOUR, Victoria, B. C.

The Sea of Dreams

Deep in the mountains of the Moon
There is a sea, the Sea of Dreams,
And once when in a midnight swoon
I passed from Earth to the lonely Moon
I walked beside the icy streams
That glide into the Sea of Dreams.

It lies within a hollow bowl,
Shadowy, desolate and vast,
And frightful cliffs around control
The grey-green waves that roll and roll
When the black storms that search the soul

Sweep down upon the Sea of Dreams;
The soul with sorrow overcast,
That walks beside the Sea of Dreams.

Then through the waves the nightmares leap
And toss their foamy manes on high,
And grisly dreams like white snakes creep
Across the waters of the deep
And dash against the cliffs and die—
Ah, ghastly are the moans, the screams
That echo from the Sea of Dreams.

But there are hours when all is still
And buried in a pearly cloud,
Then through the mist strange voices trill,
Like cries of sea-birds, plaintive, shrill,
Or dead men laughing through a shroud—
Ah, sadder even than the screams
Is laughter from the Sea of Dreams.

Sometimes I think that when we die
Our souls will sink into that sea,
And then each joy we felt, each sigh
Will change into a dream and fly,
Like spindrift blown before the wind,
Into some sleeper's tortured mind,
And set his hopes and yearnings free,
Yearnings for what can never be.
Then he will walk beside the sea
Where nothing is, but only seems,
And feel in searing agony
The mystery of the Sea of Dreams.

Victoria, B. C.

W. H. STOKES.

Facts Worth Reprinting for Canadian Homes Where More Than Newspapers Are Read

Under the caption "Ask Only for Justice," the following communication from The Magazine Publishers' Association (Toronto) appeared in a recent issue of *Vancouver Daily Province*. The sub-titles have been inserted by the editor of the *British Columbia Monthly*, who, in his own way, has at different times in recent years emphasized several of the points ably outlined and justifiably stressed by this Toronto writer. Who, for instance, has not reflected or commented upon the big difference it would have made to Canada had it had a water boundary *all the way* on the South? Surely it is more than time for us as Canadians to see that our inherited "British Fair Play" spirit is exercised and "begun at Home" in the important department of life and literature covered by the magazine publishers! LET OTTAWA ACT!

Compliments Province Newspaper

May we express appreciation to *The Province* for the thoughtful editorials in your columns on November 1 and October 27, under the caption "Duty on Magazines"? It is encouraging to see your paper recognizing in this way the unfairness and injustice of the

present conditions, which impose intolerable handicaps upon Canadian zeal and enterprise. May we offer facts and figures which supplement and fortify the reasoning you employ?

U. S. and Canadian Populations

In the first place, the disparity in population as between Canada and the United States, constitutes a tremendous difficulty in itself. Canadian publishers have less than 7,000,000 English-speaking people to cater to, as compared with over 110,000,000 in his home market for the United States publisher. Anyone in the publishing field knows what this means in possibilities. Even with this small population, however, the Canadian publisher might fare better if our country was more or less isolated as is Australia, for instance, or if differences of languages constituted barriers, as among the countries of Europe; but instead of either of these factors, we stretch along a frontier of 4000 miles, across which pours, every week and month, a veritable deluge of magazines and newspapers from the large publishing houses of the public.

Startling Statistics

According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the value of foreign magazines, newspapers and periodicals imported into Canada jumped from \$960,734 in 1912 to no less than \$2,991,993 in 1925-26. Twenty-five of these publications alone, out of a total of over 300, have a circulation in Canada of nearly 25,000,000 copies a year. The total circulation of United States Magazines in Canada is over 50,000,000 copies annually.

Life-Crushing Conditions Tolerated in Canada

These figures are staggering in themselves, and help to explain why so many Canadian publications, into which a lot of money, earnestness and hard work have been put, have finally had to give up. Every editor knows of some of them — such as *Canada Weekly*, *Canadian Courier*, *Woman's Century*, *Canadian Pictorial*, *Everywoman's World* and a dozen others. But this flood against our feeble position is not all, by any means. The more serious injustice appears when it is remembered that, while Canadian

publishers contribute all the year round to the Canadian exchequer in taxes, sales taxes, etc., these foreign publications come in free. They pay nothing to carry on the Government of the Dominion. They bear no part of our tax burdens. They take hundreds of thousands of dollars annually out of Canadian pockets and spend the money building up their own plants and country.

Doubly Disadvantageous to the Dominion

It is estimated that not less than \$500,000 is paid out by Canadian branch houses of United States concerns for advertising appropriations of these Canadian branches, and, as the United States advertisers reach the Canadian market through these channels, struggling Canadian publications are denied the business they might otherwise get, and which, hard experience has shown, they need to exist at all, and thus money goes out of our country to swell the businesses of a foreign nation.

Canada Loses Every Way and Also Pays!

Then, again, consider this amazing fact: These United States publications are in many cases heavily loaded with advertising of United States goods of their commodities in the Dominion and products, creating enormous sales instead of those manufactured or raised by Canadians. Were this advertising to come in here in the form of circulars, catalogues, etc., it would have to pay a duty to our Canadian Government of fifteen cents a pound plus a 5 per cent. import tax, but because it is advertising, bound up in the magazine, newspaper or periodical, it pays nothing. The postal department of Canada handles millions of copies of United States publications without any remuneration. This can be charged up in but one way, namely, as a tax on Canadians, for somebody has to pay.

More Reasons for Taxation of U. S. Publications

One more point out of many that could be given. It is this, that while United States magazines and the advertising matter in them are allowed to come into Canada free of duty, the materials which enter into their production, if imported in any other but magazine, newspaper or periodical form, would be subject to duty as follows:

Paper, 25 per cent., plus sales tax of 2½ per cent.; ink, 20 per cent. plus sales tax of 5 per cent.; engravings, 20

per cent., plus sales tax of 5 per cent.; drawings and art work, 22½ per cent. plus sales tax of 5 per cent.; machinery, 10 per cent. plus sales tax of 5 per cent.

"Why Permitted?"—Why Indeed?

Why should this difference, constituting a damaging competition to Canadian publishers, be permitted to go on? All that the magazine publishers in their appearance before the tariff advisory board at Ottawa have asked is that a duty be placed on the advertising in these imported magazines, for advertising, running into millions of pages, costing firms millions of dollars, and selling in Canada millions of dollars' worth of United States products and manufactured goods, is surely as much entitled to pay its way as are paper, ink, engravings, drawings and machinery.

"Asking Nothing But What Is Fair"

We are asking nothing but what is fair. Resolutions passed by public bodies, trades unions, women's organizations, Canadian Clubs, and others, support our claims. We seek no favored advantage. As Canadians we only want to do business on a sound and legitimate basis, so that development will be possible, a better market be created for Canadian writers and artists, more men be employed, and larger sums be paid out in wages, and Canadian and British ideals and view points be presented to our young people on something like an equal basis with foreign imports. If this is more than any man would ask, then what rights may Canadian citizens expect?

A SUPPLEMENT FROM THE NOVEMBER B. C. M.

It seems in place to note that under "An Invitation" published in the last issue of the *British Columbia Monthly* we said:

"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 Miracle of Roses"

(An impression by Bertha Lewis)

"The Miracle of Roses" is a new book of poems by Mrs. Alice M. Winlow. This attractive volume is bound in gray and crimson, and lettered in gold. The printing is on fine quality deckle-edged paper. The exterior of the book invites one to read, and the contents are found satisfying.

The book opens with a prose play, "The Miracle of Roses." The poems are arranged in groups, and each group is prefaced by a distinctive quotation from a Canadian poet.

"The Flautist" and "Golden Chrysanthemums," in the flower group, are colorful and energetic with the life force in nature. The poems on music are most original and interpretative; the author-musician is at her best in these tonal poems which catch the very spirit of the compositions named in them, and translate into words the high vibrations of exquisite harmonies. Of De Pachmann the poet writes

"... On his stool he whirls,
Plays a cadenza sparkling like clear wine,
Then lassoes Sirius with a noose of pearls."

"A Lyrical Lunch" includes pomegranate, "rubies crushed in the juice of a bitter flower," salad "with walnuts, oily, sweet, like cello tones" and other good things, musically expressed.

Among the nature poems are two that are notably beautiful, "Rose of the World" and "A Galena Goblet."

For children are two gems that will make an especial appeal, "The Impressionist," which every housewife should hang in her kitchen, it will make the pots and pans so bewitching, and "Who Likes Raisins?" All children will love these verses about the cake with the winking raisins. (These verses were inserted at the request of school children.)

And so one might go on enumerating the good things in store for the possessor of this newest expression of beauty from the pen of this well-known writer of lyrics and short stories.

The workmanship in printing and binding will give the publishers, The Chalmers Publishing House, 1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C., a high place among publishers of artistic books.

A Plea For More Joy In Poetry

(By Annie Charlotte Dalton)

I.

Joy is the sweetest lyric of the world, and yet how very few are her songs which we can sing with all our hearts, for love and religion were once almost the exclusive subjects of Anglo-Saxon poetry; today the love-lyric is comparatively rare, and religion has largely given place to philosophy.

Professor Edward Dowden thinks that we shall now have a new psychological poetry—that the higher emotional life will almost certainly take precedence of the passional life.

Joy is supposed to be the natural concomitant of youth, and as we are one of the youthful nations, which are hampered by few regrets cropping up out of the past, our land is surely the supreme environment for the joyous life.

Having just finished a book containing some of the saddest poetry ever written by myself, I am now, inevitably, inclined to contend that joy should be, above everything, the crown of the poet's work; and that nothing but love and service for others, should induce one to give poetic utterance to melancholy and despair.

One of the oldest rules written for the instruction of poets is a quaint exhortation to cultivate "happiness of mind"—a good rule and very often broken—for there is a striking predisposition to sorrowful themes in the creative imagination, which is a pity, even if we consider only the economy of words.

Joy's utterances are brief. Sorrow revels in many words and in painful repetitions. She is never sated with her own exuberance, but loves and thrives upon the recital of her woes. There is indeed a sublime sorrow, which rises to such tragic heights of agony as to be far beyond ordinary expression. For this, poetry is the only utterance and relief.

Unsatisfied longing is said to lie at the core of all pure imagination. This idea meets with general acceptance, because so few of us recognize the potential powers of joy in creative work, and joy is such an elusive and delicate thing, that even Dante's pictures of the delights of Paradise are not nearly so convincing as his descriptions of Hell.

It is true that the simple act of spiritual creation is an act of joy in itself, but, poetry being, above all things, a communion of souls, the poet should have, at least in the processes of fundamental work, some regard for the needs and enjoyment of others.

Some poets are obsessed with sorrow; others, going to the opposite

extreme, imitate Theognis, who made the Muses and the Graces chant as the burden of their songs:—

"That shall never be our care
Which is neither good nor fair."

Socrates said, "Not by art does the poet sing, but by power divine," and the Stoics held with equal truth, that "Though the impressions of the senses are beyond our control, the uses we make of these impressions, our thoughts about them, our estimate of them and their consequences, all these are within our power."

Locke contends that when we think of a colour or a figure which we have never before thought about, then there ensues some real alteration in the mind. It is this change of mind, this new idea of the relativity of joy and grief, which has become so desirable in modern days. Why should we not be moved as profoundly by joy, as we are by pity and terror?

It is an exhilarating thought that if we set about seeking joyous things in the days when inspiration seems far from us, we shall, indubitably, reap our reward in the increased joyousness of our subsequent work; and as naturally, if, either by choice or necessity, we dwell habitually upon sorrowful themes, great sadness and perhaps bitterness, will be all-pervasive in our poetry, and by so much will it fall from its true greatness.

The triumphs of life are built upon its defeats, but in poetry, as in everything else, there is a time to rejoice as well as to mourn, a statement which seems to be refuted, when we consider the too frequent assumption that great songs must be born of deep suffering. This apotheosis of suffering is usually justified by ample quotations from the poets, and from the Bible—few people observing how often joy is commended and even commanded in the sacred Book; and in what other book shall we find such exultation, such rapture, such pure joy of the heart? Certainly not in any of the poets, not even in Shakespeare. It is some years since I wrote:—

One said to me, "The poets dwell
For aye in heavens blue"—
I answered "Tongue can never tell
The storms they struggle through;
They sing of grief they know too well,
Of joy they never knew."

Low as the phosphorescent glow
Down in the sunless deeps,
High as the mountain's virgin snow,
The poets' pleasure sleeps;
Close as a serpent's sinuous flow
The poets' sorrow creeps.

The sign of suffering's baleful star
To them is surely given,
The veil that shrouds Shekinah's awe,
For them is truly riven;
And welcome is the suffering for
The fleeting glimpse of heaven.

Every word of the poem is still true, but the question I ask myself now, is, do we share with others our "glimpses of heaven" as often as we do our griefs and disappointments? It has been very wisely said that "technique will profit nothing, even passion will profit nothing—unless a poet can give us of his joy—that elemental joy which is his deepest attribute."

Far too much stress is placed on suffering as being the strongest bond which holds us to each other. Why not substitute laughter? Even enmity would have small chance of survival in a crowd given over to laughter. It is vain to flatter ourselves that only the most commonplace minds can be happy in this so-called vale of tears. It is not true. It is dragging down happiness, a divine thing, to the level of the unconsciousness of Pyrrho's pig, which, unconcerned, went on eating heartily whilst the ship was in imminent danger of foundering.

This is not the tranquillity a poet could wish for. There is no comparison between this simple animalism and Wordsworth's "wise passiveness," or the supreme transfiguration which transcends all life for the poet in his highest moments, and fills his heart with pure, profound, and unworldly joys.

To prepare ourselves for this ineffable glory of inspiration, we may go forward, willingly, drawn by sublime visions of the future, or we may be driven, unwillingly, by the pressure of the hard and repulsive facts behind us—we cannot stand still if we are true to our calling—and the greatest one amongst us, will be the one who is neither coaxed nor kicked up the steep road of life, but who, by the "power of his own deep joy" goes triumphantly before his fellows.

It is encouraging to find so few of our own poets given over to neurotic musings. Their joy in Nature is remarkable, so remarkable, indeed, that one feels as if, in the regard of all but our major poets, man is secondary to Nature. This is said tentatively, for I speak more from a general impression, than from carefully gathered facts.

A cursory glance through Palgrave's Golden Treasury, beginning with the joyous lyrics and precious sonnets of Shakespeare and the unrivalled group of his contemporaries, is a revelation of the transition of poetry from simple gaiety, tenderness and devotion, to an increasing preoccupation with religion, music, politics, Jacobean wit, death, philosophy, and invocation to god and goddess;—personification and gloomy reflection bearing most heavily of all upon the unfortunate muse.

It seems as if the chastened beauty, sober joy, and determined optimism—the most salient virtues of modern poetry—are but dry and tasteless fruits, when one remembers the promise of those flowering orchards of Elizabethan days. Even the perfection of virtuosity leaves one longing for that lost art of abandon and gay insouciance, with which the minstrel sang as a bird sings, without premeditation or regret. And this abandon is quite a different thing, in kind and degree, to the fatal fluency of much modern verse that leaves one almost paralyzed with its redundancy, and creates a wistful longing for the compression and vividness of the classics.

Dryden, that great and powerful poet, who is now either considered old-fashioned, or is not considered at all, turned lovingly in his old age to his beloved Chaucer, saying with a sigh of relief as he opened the precious volume, "Here is God's plenty."

Our Canadian "Canterbury Tales" have yet to be written, but that they will eventually be so written, is as certain as that the sun will rise again to-morrow morning, for are we not surrounded by God's riches in every conceivable spirit and form?

II.

There are two little verses by John Donne, of which I am very fond. They are taken from his "Verse-Letters," and the first one is addressed to Sir Henry Wotton:—

"Be thou thy own home and in thyself dwell,
Inn anywhere, continuance maketh hell,
And seeing the snail which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, is still at home,
Follow (for he is easy-paced) this snail,
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail."

"Be thine own palace"—that is, full of personal splendour and joy—"or the world's thy jail." What finer philosophy could a poet wish for? The next verse is to Sir Henry Goodyere:

"Who makes the last a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf but still the same things reads,
Seen things he sees, heard things again doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads."

A poet's philosophy is seldom so logical as this—there is in it too much that partakes of the transient—"Inn anywhere, continuance maketh hell"—his reasoning is often superficially unsound, yet emotionally right. There is also the constant "alteration of mind" which Locke describes, and which cannot be identified with fickleness; for, his mind and spirit eased by expression, the poet loses his interest in the argument, and, even at the risk of contradicting himself, seizes on a fresh point of view with an equal alacrity.

He cannot long be dogmatic, because his life is an eternal flux of change; but, if we remember that a French critic whose name I do not know, said happily, that a poet needed feet as well as wings, and that Longinus believed that the art of literature was not persuasion but rapture, we cannot get very far wrong.

Nothing is so spontaneous as joy, and it is the spontaneity, real or apparent, which makes poetry so irresistible. Keats, with all his rare genius, disciplined himself so far as to say, "I am resolved never to write for the sake of writing or making a poem, but from running over with any little knowledge or experience which many years of reflection may perhaps give me; otherwise I will be dumb."

Perhaps this is as near as we shall ever get to one of the secrets of his greatness. In a bright moment he said, joyously, speaking of the future, "So on our heels a fresh perfection treads," but, in a darker hour, he also affirms that suffering is indispensable for the poet who would be great—

"None can usurp this height.
But those to whom the miseries of the world
Are misery, and will not let them rest."

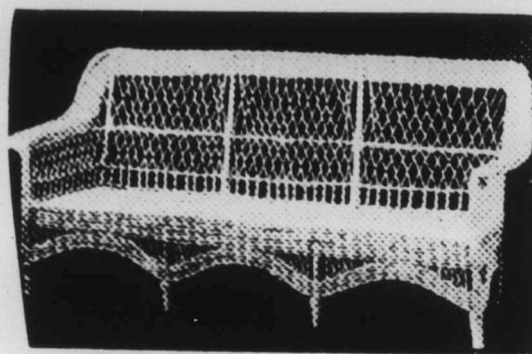
But he makes his meaning clear and distinctive—it is a vicarious suffering, "The miseries of the world."

Keats made beauty in spite of his illness, and not because of it. Had he surmounted his weakness and disappointment, and lived as long as Shakespeare, he might have become his equal. Middleton Murry claims that he was much more remarkable in the last few years of his shortened life, than was Shakespeare at a riper age. It may be so; we know too little of Shakespeare's youth to be certain of it.

By the power of suggestion, we are so much at the mercy of each other, that it should be considered a literary crime to perpetuate our darkest moods by putting them into poetical form. A reckless indulgence in personal emotion has been the bane of romantic poetry. To quote Murry again, "Real impersonality is only achieved by the writers of diplomatic despatches and leading articles in newspapers. But the effort to keep one's personality in the background is for the writer of talent, the writer of genius even, a splendid discipline. It not only saves him from some of the dangers of sentimentality, it enables him to express himself more wholly; it steadies and it frees him; it helps him to explore his own resources and powers."

Modern poetry is too subjective—the personal must always be combined with the universal, for therein lies the most precious secret of all the great masters; the impersonality of Shakespeare can be compared only with the unbiased freedom of a god.

If it has often been said of a poet, that out of his misery he made his exquisite songs, I have never yet known anyone to say of any ultra-modern poet, that out of his joy came his noblest and sweetest creations—that is, apart from religious ecstasy. And this, when one thinks it over, is a remarkable thing. Are our future joys then the only ones that can lift us to this ecstasy, or is it still the old, old story, "Man never is, but always to be blest"?



E. J. Wakefield

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Pessimistic poetry cannot but be harmful; and yet how constant is the popularity of poets whose preoccupation with death and misery seems abnormal to a healthy mind. A. E. Housman is an exemplar of this. His attitude towards life cannot be ascribed to the effects of the war. Knowing this, anyone who has the least glimmerings in his mind, of the daily hazards taken by the youth of today, in the new callings created by science, cannot but lament that he centred his dramatic genius on such things as the gallows and the hangman's noose—things which are neither lovely nor desirable, nor even necessary, and which in the new world we are hoping to build, will be unknown, or remembered only as things of execrable taste. And yet his art is so cunning, his magic so irresistible, that one forgets in the sheer beauty and strangeness of his verses, the agnosticism as well as the unpleasantness of his subjects.

Perhaps some of you will smile when I say that Wilhelmina Stitch is the only living poet that I can call to mind, who is equally obsessed with the joy and beauty of common lives, and who is at the same time, attracting an even greater popularity; but her matchless poems in miniature, her lovely "Fragrant Minutes," are real poetry, and not to be classed for a moment with the genial effusions of Edgar Guest. I have no prejudice against Mr. Guest or his verses—quite the contrary. Whatever we may think of the quality of his greatness, his best poems are the real reflections of a brave and inspiring life.

The old Puritan tendency to brood over the sad and diseased conditions of life is passing away. In spite of our lapses into morbidness, there could be little demand for such a gloomy and monotonous poem as Blair's "Grave," and yet, in its time it was read and re-read with such intellectual pleasure and sentimental joy, as no modern poem is expected to evoke.

Now there is a healthier spirit abroad, the ancient spirit of joy tempered by the sobriety of modern experience. There will always be a touch of sadness in the highest poetry—it is inseparable from beauty—but we are realizing that to think healthily, is to be healthy, and this new and brighter feeling is, in part, reflected in our poetry.

Tragedy we must have—it is omnipresent in life—but an obsession with joy, while strengthening immeasurably the imagination, is not incompatible with a rare sensitiveness to the sorrows of others; with these we may have a passionate sympathy.

The elemental joy in Walt Whitman's poetry is marvellous, and not even his profound knowledge of the sadness and horror of the world could dim that joy for more than a moment. No one expresses more sympathy with the poor and down-trodden, but joy alone became, and remained, his master. Perhaps that is the reason why his admirers are so certain that his "barbaric yawp" will resound over the "roofs of the world" when men shall have become deaf to the "tinkling of the classic harp."

III.

The responsibilities of a poet are many and various. In this connection, William Arthur Deacon says, "Put all your heart into your poems, and they will be great. Our generation must find the soul of Canada and be its mouthpiece, and set the tradition fairly, for whether we set it well or ill, our influence will be lasting and determining. The hour has struck. Canada will have greater writers than we, but never again for centuries, will it be given to any, as it is given to us, to mould a people, a great nation, that will surely lead the world some day in thought and spiritual aspiration. "All that you have for Love's sake spend." as my great master, Edward Carpenter, has written. This is the time to give and give and give without thought of reward, or even of results. It is one of the great, heroic tasks of this world, and we have little time for literary embroidery. . . . We are all drawing closer and closer very rapidly, and the difference between those with the vision, who are laboring like navvies, and those who are playing aimlessly with literature, is as marked as that between white men and black."

Mr. Deacon preaches only as he practises. Labouring himself like a navvy, no one has done more, nor dreamed greater dreams for Canada. He has "that freedom of the soul" of which Fenelon speaks, "which looks straight on in its path, losing no time to reason upon its steps, to study them, or to contemplate those already taken, and which is true simplicity."

Many changes are imminent in our national life, and once begun, how far-reaching those changes may be, is beyond the power of any of us to foretell. Some nonsense verses of Edward Lear's come into mind—

"There was an old man who said
"Hush,

I perceive a young bird in that bush,
When they said "Is it small?"

He replied "Not at all,

It is four times as large as the bush."

Whatever changes lie before us, no one will be more affected by them than

our poets. It is to them that we look for that breadth and nobility of vision, which is so essential for an increase of national consciousness, and for the great outpouring of emotion which may so easily become destructive.

I like to think that Canada's supreme mission in the world is to add to its joy, and not to add to its pain and confusion. No other land has so many blessings in excess of its responsibilities, and that fact alone puts upon us a serious obligation.

It is the fashion to say that the "man in the street" cares nothing for poetry, but out of the thousands of books which are so laboriously written for him, and so carelessly read by him, there are, perhaps, a few lines of poetry which will stay with him as long as he lives, when all the rest is forgotten, to be the unknown factor in forming his character and career, and that is why our work is so important. With all its pains and penalties, it is its own exceeding great reward—there are more "Rewards and Fairies" for the poet, than for anyone else in the world.

There is a Russian legend that when Christ, the Guardian of Beauty, was about to ascend to Heaven, some troubador approached Him, and said to Him, "Our Lord Christ, to whom art Thou leaving us? How can we exist without Thee?"

Christ turned and answered, "My children, I will give you golden mountains and silver rivers and precious gardens, and you shall be nourished and happy." But then St. John approached and said, "Lord, give them not mountains of gold and rivers of silver. They know not how to watch over these treasures, and someone rich and powerful will steal them away. Rather leave Thy children but Thy name, and Thy beautiful songs, and command that all who value Thy songs, and love Thy singers, shall find the open gates to Paradise."

And Christ agreed, and said, "I will give them not golden mountains nor silver rivers, but My songs, and whoever appreciates them shall find the open gates to Paradise."

We, in Canada, have the mountains of gold, the rivers of silver, and the precious gardens in abundance, but, it is the rarer treasure, the simplicity, joy and fragrance of song, which will eventually open the gates of Paradise for us all.

Please God, we shall never again hear in our country the fierce "Song of the Sword," but we may have all the rhythmic songs of the world, the labour-songs of the earth, twined into one great national song; the song of the fishing-boat, and the song of the plough; of the coopers, the longshore-

men, sailmakers, knitters and spinners; of the rug-makers, the fish-curiers, the wool-shearers and dyers; of lighthouse-keepers and mail-drivers.

There is the song of the kelp-gatherers, the boat-caulkers, and of the reapers and gleaners of oats and barley, and of the men who take lobsters; women water-carriers on the land, and on the sea, the sealers; dancing Eskimo in Labrador; hunters, trappers and fur-merchants, and of the carvers of wood and ivory.

There is no end to this noble song of artistry and toil; of the drivers of ox and dog-carts, of clam-diggers, gardeners and field-workers, and of basket-makers; the song of the prairie-farmer and of the cattle-man blowing his bugle at the dawn; of the trader, and the mountaineer and the miner; of the airship, steamboat, train, motor and barge men; of the whalers and the halibut-fishers who go down to the deep sea; of salmon and herring fishers, farmers and ranchers, and the growers of flax and hemp; for, of all the many treasures of the earth, there is none that we have not.

And there is the song of the teachers and guides of youth, of those who care for the sick in soul and body, and of

the crippled soldier in his workshop; the song of the office, store, and the mill, of all who labour in town or city; and there is the wistful song of the strangers in our streets, the lonely ones who have no friends, and who come and go like shadows; the song of the home, the church, the theatre, and of all great games; of the men of science who work alone and unrewarded; and there is the song of the literary slave, whose works are read and forgotten; yet, who amongst all the toilers of the land, is building so steadily as he for the future that he may never know?

I say again, I like to think that Canada's divinely appointed task is to give joy to the world, and what greater destiny can any country desire? If there is, possibly, no other departure from tradition in our poetry than this, its dedication to the giving of joy, is it not enough? Let us sing with all our hearts this apotheosis of joy, which is the very antithesis of the tragical faith in the beauty and efficacy of pain—that pathetic fallacy which has retarded the progress of the world so long.

This joy we would have, should be no unreasoning and physical joy, but the old Greek joy in beauty, married

to the new cosmic responsibilities which are the peculiar heritage of our time, and of which the ancient Greek showed a profound distrust. Let us begin to lay the foundation of our future work upon a rock, upon a resolute belief in the supreme power of joy, to be the world's controlling factor for good. Let our country be the first to give the new message in lovely words; in witchery of words, strange and beautiful; in burning and wonderful poems, to energize all hearts with the struggle, the ascent, the ineffableness of joy.

Joy, whose name is a higher and holier name for love, is the uncrowned king of the universe, and the time has come for us to repudiate "the eternal reciprocity of tears," and to found a Guild of Song for "the eternal reciprocity of joy and laughter."

And now, in conclusion, I will quote a few words which I love, and which are most opportune at this juncture. Nothing finer has ever been written by any Canadian poet, than these lines by Chas. G. D. Roberts:

"And thou, my country, dream not thou;
Wake, and behold how night is done,
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun."

The Day We Missed Grouse Mountain

(Concerning an incident which occurred during the week of the Canadian Authors' Association convention, Vancouver, August, 1926.)

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

The weather was propitious,
Who cared though we detoured?
With Percy Gomery at the wheel
Much pleasure was assured.
A day to long remember, that
Which closed convention week.
We failed to scale Grouse Mountain,
But picnicked at Lynn Creek.

Soon cheese and chocolate biscuits,
With ice cream bricks galore,
Cheered even Hopkins Moorhouse,
Whom picnics seem to bore.
John Garvin, who two helpings
Of ice cream did bespeak,
Was glad we missed Grouse Mountain,
And picnicked at Lynn Creek.

And oh! the chicken sandwiches
I. Ecclestone Mackay
Had cannily provided, just
In case plans went awry.
R. Allison Hood, as always,
To please all seemed to seek,
The day we missed Grouse Mountain
And picnicked at Lynn Creek.

John Elson sought material
For another "Scarlet Sash;"
Nor grieved that plans for dining
On top of Grouse went crash.
The girl from Hamilton strolled round,
Nor lacked attendant sheik;
The day we missed Grouse Mountain,
And picnicked at Lynn Creek.

And Philip Frederick Grove supplied
Quite in his usual form,
The literary atmosphere,
And filled the air with storm.
While A. A. P. as always,
For copy seemed to seek;
And though she missed Grouse Mountain,
She found it at Lynn Creek.

Then what, pray, more romantic
Than scribblers' tales to swap,
As with Archie P. McKishnie
You share a ginger pop?
Ah! many years must surely pass
Ere memories grow weak
Of the day we missed Grouse Mountain,
But picnicked at Lynn Creek.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

By Alice M. Winlow.

The Problem of Happiness seems to have been solved by the Queen of Roumania. "To be happy," she says, "one must have strength of will," and again, "The strong alone grip hold of to-day and love it."

Maeterlinck, writing of the attainment of happiness, says, "Above all let us never forget that an act of goodness is in itself an act of happiness. It is the flower of a long inner life of joy and contentment; it tells of peaceful hours and days on the sunniest heights of our soul."

This thought seems to lie at the root of Queen Marie's philosophy. She has written, "Happiness should mount like a song of love from the soul." No wonder she has achieved this state of happiness when she believes that her day is wasted unless she has made someone happy, helped someone, given someone pleasure, be it man, child, or animal. She has learned to detect the "hidden smile and mysterious jewels of the myriad, nameless hours," and has found these jewels in her own soul.

It is the Queen's destiny to bring prosperity and joy to Roumania, it is her strong desire, and "What destiny has ever withstood thoughts that are simple and good, thoughts that are tender and loyal?"

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