

Vancouver's
Tribute
To
Burns

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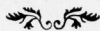


*Published to commemorate the Unveiling of a Statue
to Scotland's Immortal Bard in Stanley Park*

Vancouver, Canada

1928

Vancouver



*"Here yesterday the grizzly prowled;
Red-fanged and fierce, he moved along
Where never heard was woodman's song.
To-day a stately city stands
Where once among the forest bands
Was deadly strife and tragedy.
The forest air still softly blows
Along each peopled thoroughfare;
And now, as then, the breezes bear
The breath of pines and mountain snows."*

Foreword



WITH the unveiling in far-famed Stanley Park of a fitting memorial to our beloved bard, it is felt the occasion is one which should not be allowed to pass without a record in some permanent form. It is with this idea in mind, therefore, that "Vancouver's Tribute to Burns" has been compiled. This little volume will, it is hoped, preserve as a fragrant memory the fervid, love-inspired atmosphere which clothed the ceremonies accompanying both the unveiling of the monument and the memorable dinner which followed. It was, undoubtedly, the greatest day in local history as far as the Scottish people in British Columbia are concerned. The fact that such an ambitious aim should have reached fruition in the brief space of three years is, in itself, eloquent tribute to the marvellous growth of the Burns cult in this far western corner of the Empire. Dedicated to Burnsians the world o'er, this little volume has been prepared in a spirit of love and admiration.

A. FRASER REID

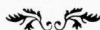
JAMES TAYLOR

Editorial Board.

Vancouver, Canada.



“There Was A Lad”



There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o’ whatna style,
I doubt it’s hardly worth the while,
To be sae nice wi’ Robin.

*Robin was a rovin’ boy—
Rantin’ rovin’, rantin’ rovin’—
Robin was a rovin’ boy—
Rantin’ rovin’ Robin!*

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo’ she, “Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we’ll ca’ him Robin.

“He’ll ha’e misfortunes great and sma’,
But aye a heart aboon them a’;
He’ll be a credit ’til us a’,
We’ll a’ be proud o’ Robin.”

Vancouver Burns Fellowship

(No. 325 on Roll of Federated Clubs)



Proceedings at the Unveiling of a Statue to Robert Burns

in

STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B. C.

on

Saturday, August 25th, 1928

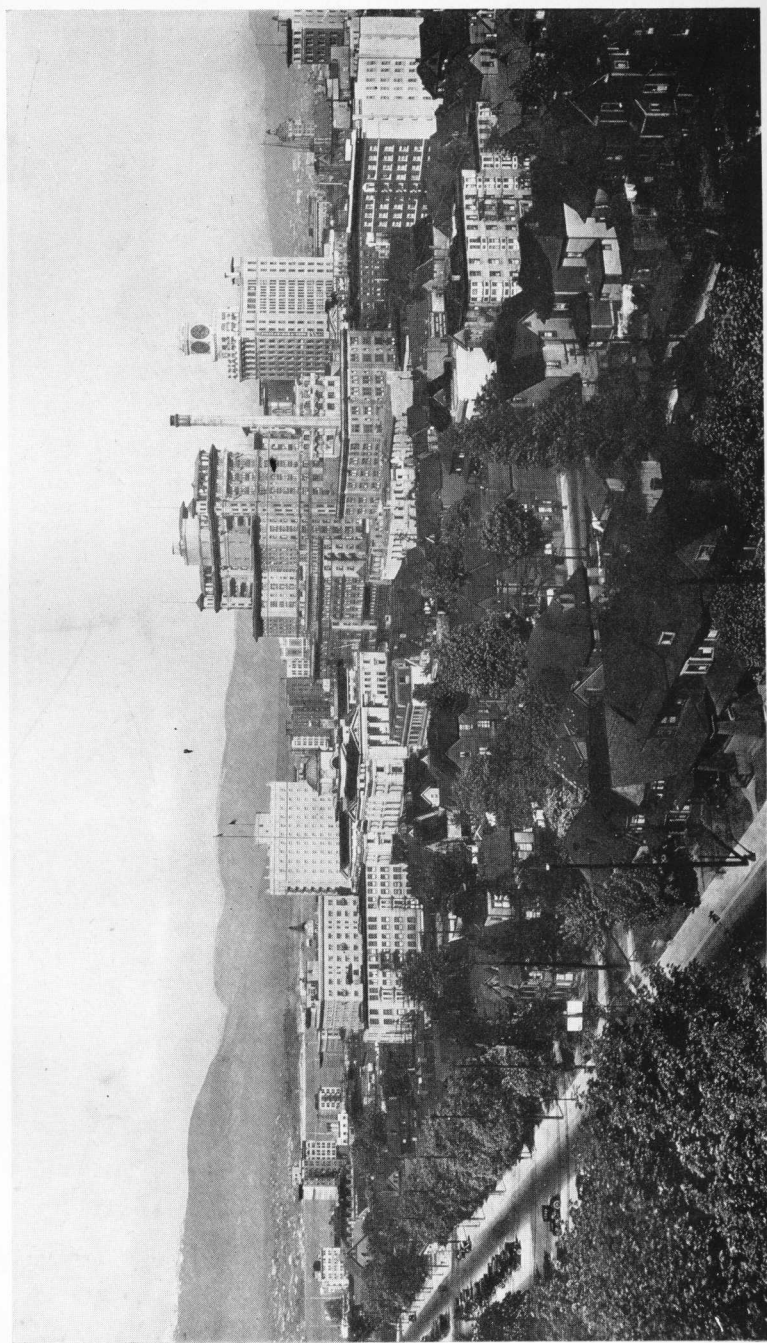
at 2 o'clock p.m.



P. McA. CARRICK,
President.

JAMES TAYLOR,
Hon. Secretary,
Statue Fund.

A. FRASER REID,
Hon. Secretary.



Vancouver, third largest city in Canada—a Modern Metropolis on the Shores of the Pacific.

Vancouver's Tribute to Burns



SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1928, will go down in history as a red letter day in the annals of all loyal Scots throughout British Columbia. On that day there was unveiled, upon a commanding eminence in the evergreen shade of Stanley Park, Vancouver's first statue—a tribute to the memory of Robert Burns. The site is a magnificent one, and the memorial in every way worthy of the illustrious, immortal bard of Caledonia. Thus was realized the long-cherished desires of a coterie of Burns' admirers, and Vancouver City takes its place among an assemblage of some 65 cities, representative of every quarter of the globe, who have seen fit to honor Burns by the erection of memorials, either in marble or with the more lasting bronze as a medium of expression.

History of the Movement

It was early in February, 1924, that seventeen fervent admirers of the bard met in the rooms of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society at 634 Dunsmuir Street. Inspired by a critical analysis of Burns' work and character published on the anniversary of his birth, the desire was expressed that an organization might be formed whereby Burnsians might foregather for study and discussion. Mr. James Taylor was selected as chairman, with Mr. A. Fraser Reid as secretary *pro tem*. What the meeting lacked in numerical strength was more than offset by the enthusiasm manifested, and it was unanimously decided to form an organization under the name of Vancouver Burns Fellowship. All present signified their intention of becoming members.

The name Fellowship was chosen by design, after considerable thought, as tending to knit the members closely

together in the study of the Burns cult. Mr. P. McAuslin Carrick was unanimous choice for the presidency, his experience gained as a member of the famed Clarinda Burns Club of Glasgow for many years, coupled with his ability as an entertainer, proving a factor in the choice—a choice which has since been fully vindicated. Mr. A. Fraser Reid was chosen as secretary-treasurer, other office-bearers elected being: Vice-presidents, Messrs. Alex. McRae and W. R. Dunlop, F.R.G.S.; executive—Rev. Alexander Thomson, and Messrs. James Taylor, John MacInnes, John Macdonald and David Murray.

Little time was lost, and a tentative set of by-laws were drawn up for approval by the newly-organized Fellowship. The principal objects, as thus outlined, were:

To encourage, amongst members of the Fellowship, the study of the life and works of Robert Burns.

To encourage the study of the poems of Burns in the public schools, by offering annual prizes for essays on this subject.

To encourage the singing of Burns' songs and Scottish folk-songs generally.

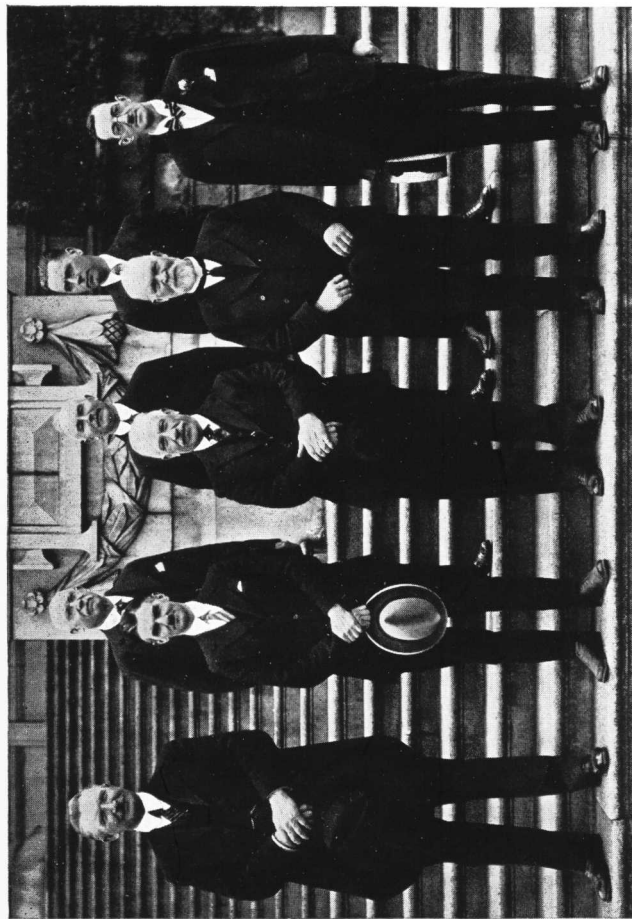
To inaugurate a movement amongst the Scottish Societies and the general public of Greater Vancouver, with a view to erecting a statue of Burns in Stanley Park.

Any other object that may be deemed desirable.

Speedy Organization

The first meeting of the Fellowship was held at 634 Dunsmuir Street on Wednesday, February 20. It opened with the singing of "There Was a Lad Was Born in Kyle." The attendance was more than gratifying, and the reasons for the formation of the Fellowship were briefly outlined. The poem chosen for study was "The Twa Dogs," the poem given the place of honor in the famous Kilmarnock edition, copies of which are now almost priceless.

Seated at either end of a large table, Messrs. Alex. Bates and W. R. Dunlop took the parts of Caesar and Luath (the twa dogs) respectively. The dialogue, rich in caustic humor, and magnificently delivered, was listened to with rapt attention by an audience of sixty. Twenty-two were admitted



Above are the enthusiastic Burnians selected as original executive of Burns Fellowship. In the minds of these men the thought of a worthy memorial assumed practical shape, and it is largely as a result of their whole-hearted endeavors that such a magnificent memorial has been erected. Several of the original members are still on the executive, including the President, the Hon. Secretary, and the Hon. Secretary of the Statue Fund.

Reading from left (Front row) Rev. Alex. Thomson, James Taylor (Hon. Secretary of Statue Fund), P. McA. Carrick (President), Alex. McRae (Vice-President), and A. Fraser Reid (Hon. Secretary of Fellowship). (Back row) David Murray, John Macdonald and John MacInnes.

to membership, making a total membership at the initial meeting of forty.

The small room proving inadequate, the Fellowship moved to Glencoe Lodge for future meetings. At the following meeting "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was the subject of discussion. From that date henceforth the membership consistently increased, until now the roster contains the names of 175 members.

Confidence in the original executive has remained constant, few changes having taken place during the four years of the Fellowship's existence. Both president and secretary, elected at organization meeting, still hold office, as also do other four members of the original executive.

Erection of Statue Always in Mind

Never did the members lose sight of their great ambition—the privilege of honoring Burns' memory by the erection of a suitable memorial. The first step was taken in October of that year, when it was decided to ask the co-operation of the Vancouver Scottish Choir and the Scottish Orchestra in forming the nucleus of a statue fund. At the October meeting, it was decided to offer two medals for a special class in Scottish folk-song at the annual British Columbia Musical Festival, thus further carrying out the objects of the Fellowship by stimulating interest in Scottish song.

On Saturday, August 22, 1925, the foundation was laid for the proposed fund by an outdoor music festival, held on the Brockton Point oval in Stanley Park. This initial step in the campaign, quite an innovation in music as far as Vancouver was concerned, resulted in a surplus of something over \$100.00 despite adverse weather conditions. On August 25, just exactly three years previous to the date on which the memorial was unveiled, Messrs. Carrick, McRae and Donald McLeod were appointed trustees to take charge of the fund. Mr. James Taylor was prevailed upon to shoulder the onerous task of secretary to the Burns Statue Fund, as it was officially named, with Mr. W. L. Mitchell, manager, Royal Bank of Canada, as hon. treasurer.

This was the first step in a campaign which proceeded with remarkable perseverance. Many and divers have been

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the methods used to raise funds; they covered a wide range from enthusiastic appeals and subscription sheets in banks to teas, whist drives, dramatic performances, music festivals, dances, a prize drawing, and personal solicitation. Sale of a pamphlet entitled "Robert Burns, Patriot and Internationalist," by Mr. James Taylor, realized \$50.00, while sales of souvenir buttons at various Burns functions prior to unveiling brought in \$86.00. Personal solicitation, undertaken by various members of the executive, proved by far the most effective, the printed appeals barely producing enough to cover postages on the huge amount of out-going mail. In all, 2,200 communications (letters, cablegrams, appeals, etc.) have been sent out by the secretary, necessitating a huge amount of detail work. The response to the solicitation was highly gratifying, proving that there was a genuine sympathy with the idea. The executive of the Burns Fellowship formed themselves into small committees, supported by the members in general. While the Fellowship sponsored the gigantic task, they were supported in some measure by other Scottish organizations—not only in Greater Vancouver, but in other parts of British Columbia as well.

Subscriptions came from widely separated portions of the Dominion; many came from the United States; some crossed the Atlantic in their journey from the Motherland.

The first subscription was one of \$500.00 from Hon. Walter C. Nichol, then lieutenant-governor of the Province. This was a tribute of a distinctly encouraging nature, and put heart into those conducting the campaign.

It was felt that, if every Scotsman in British Columbia would only contribute a single dollar, the ideals of the Fellowship would meet speedy realization. While that Utopian dream has not been realized, the fact remains that to-day, in the short space of three years, the desired memorial dominates the entrance to Vancouver's beautiful forest playground. Not only is this the case, but every dollar of the cost has been met, subscriptions averaging up from sums as low as fifty cents to the peak donation of \$550.00 given by Mr. Wm. Dick, M.L.A. Thus, when the cross of St. Andrew was drawn aside to reveal the memorial, there was not a single penny of debt standing against it.



P. McAuslin Carrick
President

Who, for the period of four and a half years, has ably guided the destinies of the Fellowship.

Statue Acknowledged Finest of the Poet

First of all, selection had to be made of a statue. It was hoped that this might be of an original nature. Designs were submitted by half-a-dozen well-known artists, both Canadian and British. While two or three were very fine in character, none seemed to portray the features of the bard according to authentic portraits in existence. Reluctantly, thoughts of an original statue were abandoned, and it was decided to erect a replica of the famous Ayr statue, by Mr. George Lawson, F.R.S.A., considered to be one of the finest figures of the poet in existence. The order was at once placed, on the assurance of Messrs. Wm. Doig & Co., of 174 New Bond Street, London, that the original cast was still available. A committee, headed by such renowned men as Dr. Malcolm Bullock and Mr. William Will, editor of the *Daily Graphic*, was appointed to guard the Fellowship's interests in the casting of the mammoth figure. By the time the work was completed, a sum sufficient to cover its cost (\$5,000.00) had been collected. On approval of the commit-



Bronze Illustrating Burns at the Plough.

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tee mentioned, this sum was at once cabled to the founder, Mr. A. B. Burton, of Thames Ditton, Surrey, and the statue shipped to Vancouver *via* the Panama Canal. Here, with the accompanying bronze panels, it was placed in storage, awaiting completion of the project.

Still the campaign went on, fully \$2,000.00 being required for the erection of a suitable pedestal. To support a 9-foot figure, in imperishable bronze, no mean pedestal could be chosen. Considerable thought was given both to the design and selection of stone for the pedestal. Whereas many statues stand upon pedestals bearing marked resemblance to a tombstone, there was a decided objection to this—for the reason that Robbie Burns, although he has passed to his reward, is still a living, vital, pulsating force. That this is so is attested by the fact that every twenty-fifth of January, the anniversary of his birth is celebrated with appropriate ritual in every quarter of the civilized globe.

The memorial is, therefore, in the fullest sense, worthy of the genius whose memory it seeks to perpetuate. There is nothing mean about it. The pedestal is of native granite, "Columbia grey," in fine hammered finish, in a classical design. Underlying the choice of design was the thought expressed above. It is of interest to note that the pedestal somewhat follows in design that of the famous statue of Dante in New York City, a graceful column designed by Whitney Warren, who has recently gained international renown as the architect-artist of the magnificent Louvain University Library, reconstructed over a period of three years and dedicated on July 4 last. The pedestal, therefore, is a radical departure from the conventional design, and will be conceded more graceful and in keeping with the trend of modern thought. It is the work of Patterson & Chandler, Vancouver.

The statue itself, beautifully proportioned, shows the poet in an attitude of deep thought; standing erect, the arms folded while the eyes gaze in prospect on his beloved Scotland. The pose is magnificent, the expression a work of genius. Every line is true to nature; Lawson, the sculptor, is marvelous when it comes to minute detail. It is a manly figure!

Wonderful Bronze Plaques

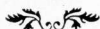
Accompanying the statue are bronze panels descriptive of the works of the poet. Three in number, these are mounted—or, rather set into the face of the granite so that the effects of winter weather will be minimized. On the fourth side, the face of the pedestal, there is a simple bronze plaque bearing the name Robert Burns, with the years of the birth and of the death of the immortal genius.

The work on the three panels is beautiful indeed. In bas relief, the detail is very fine. That depicting the poet at the plough is bold in execution; every line of the figure, the plough, the field daisy which he has unwittingly uprooted, stand out with graphic clarity and appeal. Another illustrates "Tam O'Shanter" on that awful night when he witnessed the revelries of the underworld demons in the haunted kirk o' Alloway; Meg is doing her "speedy utmost" to cross the brig when the pursuing witch clutches at the sparse tail of the auld grey mare—and leaves poor Maggie "scarce a stump."

The third panel differs materially in treatment. Representative of one of the finest epic poems, in any language, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," the scene reflected is that where the father reaches reverently for the old Family Bible, "aince his father's pride." The children, young and old, are gathered around the ingle neuk; the scene is one of wondrous content. The features of the group are seen in the faint glow of the peat fire; there is a kindly haze, a charming hint of privacy in the midst of the home. The more one studies this bronze, deeper into the heart penetrates the reverent, mystic beauty of the picture revealed. It is sublime! Undoubtedly the subject of the poem has received thoughtful, sympathetic treatment on the part of the celebrated artist.



A Memorable Day



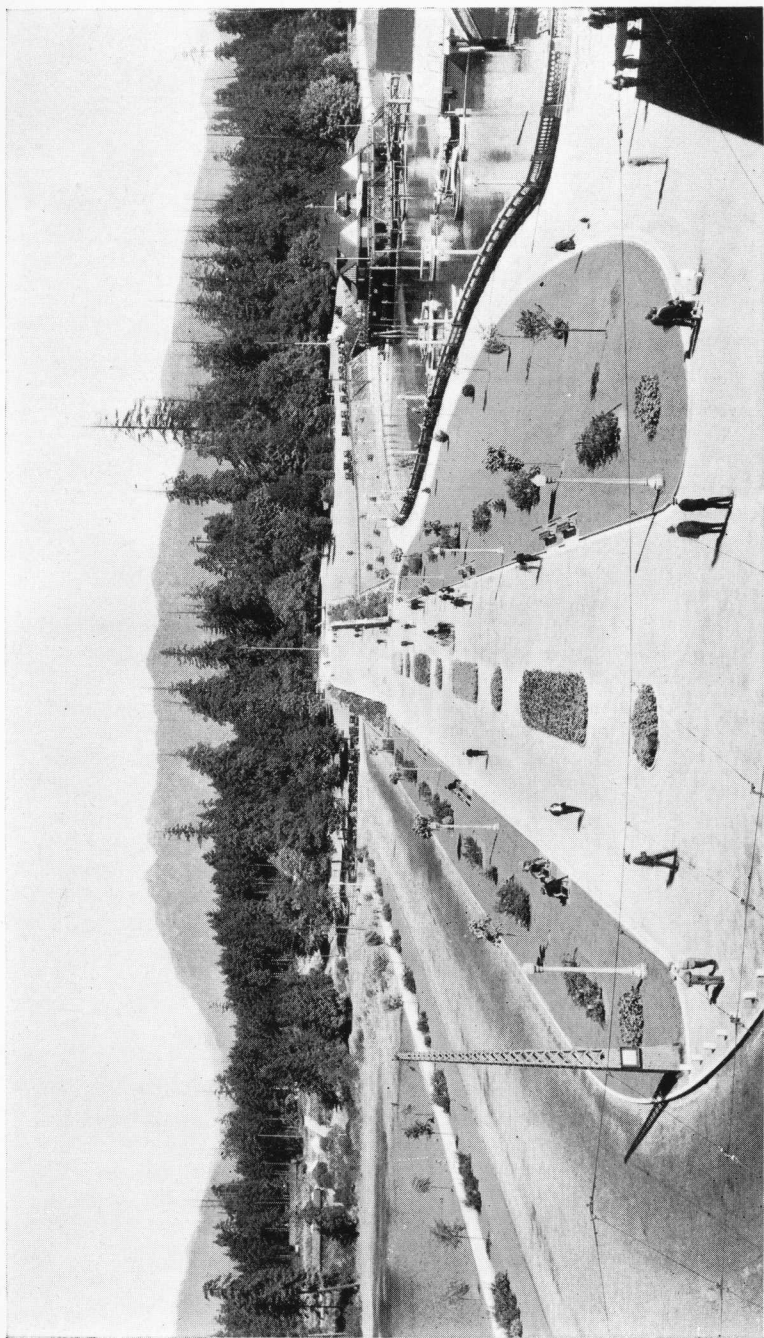
AS already stated, Saturday, August 25th, 1928, was a memorable day for all people of Scottish descent in Vancouver and British Columbia. The weather conditions were admirable, bright in the early morning with a hint of autumn crispness in the air, later softening to a genial warmth.

The City looked its brightest when the executive officers of the Burns Fellowship, civic officials and representatives of various city organizations met at the Canadian Pacific depot to welcome the Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay Macdonald and his three daughters on their arrival by the 7:45 a.m. train from the East.

From the warmth of the reception accorded to him, Mr. Macdonald at once felt that he had come amongst friends, but he also speedily realized that this friendship was to make very heavy demands upon him, for the programme outlined to him comprised a round of duties greater and more strenuous in their nature than any he had had to face since coming to Canada.

The programme (given below) that had been mapped out for him was enough to daunt the bravest, but he accepted the burden with good-humored resignation. Among his tasks were: An address to the Canadian Club at luncheon, 12:15 to 1:45; Unveiling of Burns Statue in Stanley Park, 2:00 to 4:00 o'clock; attendance at Garden Party given in his honor, 4:15 to 6:00 o'clock; Commemorative Dinner in the Hotel Georgia given by the Burns Fellowship, commencing at 7:30, Mr. Macdonald to propose the toast of the evening "The Immortal Memory."

This heavy programme was further augmented late in the evening by a request from the "Old Contemptibles," who were holding their annual banquet, that Mr. Macdonald visit them. Tired as he was, he immediately acceded to the request, leaving the Fellowship Banquet about 10:00 o'clock,



Ornamental Entrance to Stanley Park, Vancouver's forest playground. This is the main entrance for both automobiles and pedestrians. The Burns Statue occupies a commanding position on a gently sloping eminence, directly to the right of the causeway shown. Every man, woman and child entering Stanley Park will find their attention focused on the magnificent memorial.

returning after he had addressed these veterans of the Great War.

A truly strenuous day for a statesman on a tour in search of health and seeking, if possible, to avoid public activities!

It was, indeed, a singularly happy coincidence that Mr. Macdonald's visit to Canada should have occurred at the time when the Burns Statue was about to be erected.

Rightly recognized as one of the greatest, if not the greatest of living Scotsmen, the leader of one of the great political parties in Great Britain, an ex-Prime Minister, the present Leader of the Opposition, a Statesman, a Man of Letters, a Humanitarian and an Idealist, a devoted student of Scottish literature and an ardent lover of Burns, he was the one man that the Fellowship would have chosen to be present on that important occasion. His presence there added significance to the event and undoubtedly was an important factor in drawing out the immense crowds that came to view the ceremony.

The man and the occasion admirably synchronized: Each was worthy of the other, and in the memories of all who were present at Stanley Park when the Statue was unveiled, the Poet and the Statesman have become indissolubly linked. Though working in different fields, each had much in common with the other. A heroic struggle in the face of adverse circumstances, an intense love of beauty and of nature, noble aspirations towards high ideals and a fervent love of humanity—those characteristics, shared by each, show them as embodiments of all that is finest and noblest in the Scottish character.

A great occasion was made still more memorable when the figure of the greatest Scotsman of all time was unveiled by one of the greatest Scotsmen of our own time.

The Unveiling Ceremony

Stanley Park, Vancouver's beautiful playground and natural forest reserve, has seen many memorable events, but few can compare in interest and importance with the Unveiling of the Burns Statue by the Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay Macdonald.

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The position granted for the Statue by the Parks Board is one that would have delighted the heart of Burns. Situated just at the main entrance to the park, amidst beautiful trees, flowers and foliage, the poet looks out on the City with its many human interests; his serene figure stands there welcoming all who enter the park seeking the peace and the health of mind and body which nature alone can give.

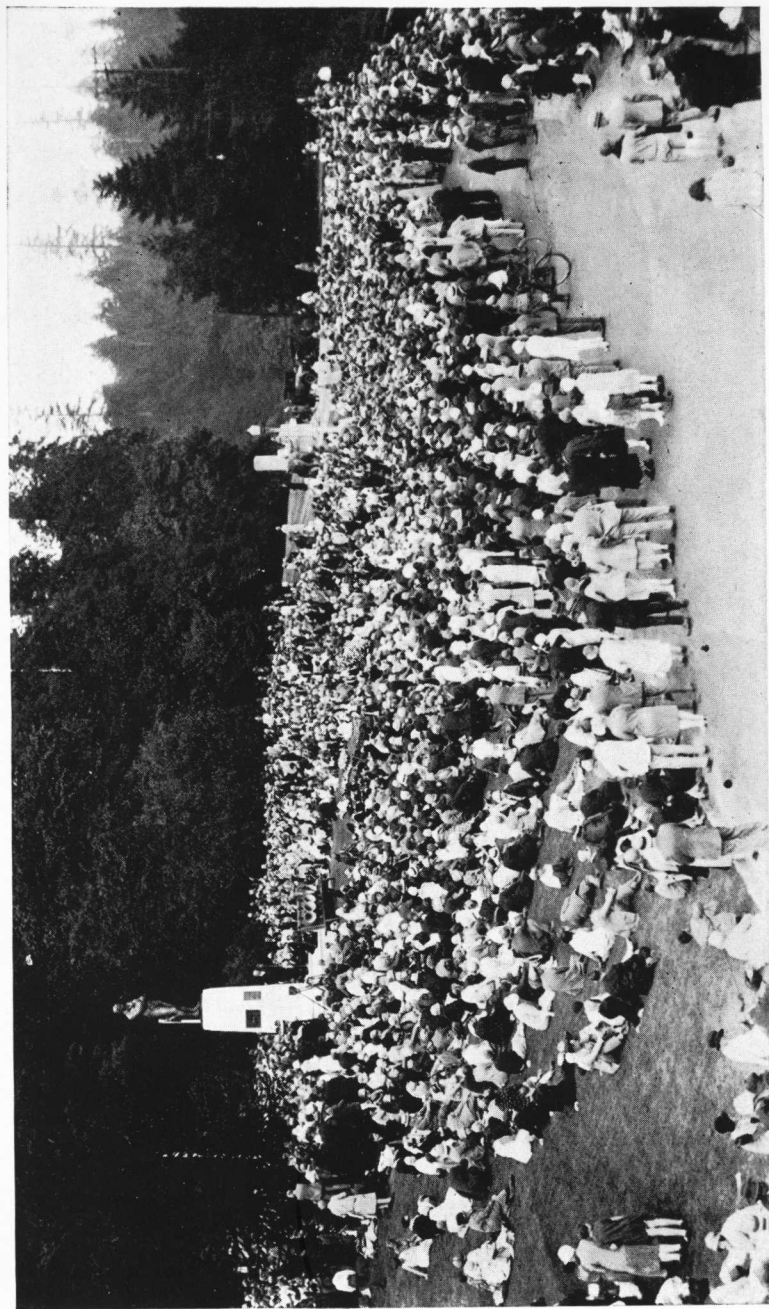
Early in the forenoon, crowds began to collect, and the police and commissionaires on duty were kept fully occupied handling both crowds and vehicular traffic, and keeping clear the enclosure reserved for members of the Burns Fellowship and invited guests.

To the spectators, as they assembled, the figure, draped with the St. Andrew's Cross, was the object of much curious speculation for great care had been taken by the contractors to keep their work hidden during building operations. Flag-staffs flying the Union Jack and the Canadian Ensign flanked the rear of the Statue.

Programmes of the proceedings and button badges, with a portrait of the poet, were distributed amongst the assembled crowd as souvenirs of a great occasion. All arrangements had been planned with care, and the whole proceedings were carried through without a single hitch.

The unveiling ceremony was scheduled to commence at 2:15 o'clock, and long before that time all taking part were already in their places. In the reserved area were the Pipe Band of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, under the direction of Pipe-Major John Gillies; the Vancouver Scottish Choir, under Mr. James Newton; a number of Miss Mary Isdale's pupils in Highland costume; Vice-Admiral Sir Cyril T. M. Fuller, D.S.O., Commander-in-Chief of H. M. British North American and West Indies Squadron, and staff; provincial representatives in the persons of the Premier and ex-Premier of British Columbia, Hon. Dr. S. F. Tolmie and the Hon. Dr. J. D. MacLean. The City was represented by the Acting-Mayor, Alderman Almond; Mr. E. G. Baynes, chairman, and other members of the Parks Board, and many other notable people of the city and province.

Within the enclosure also were the members of the Burns Fellowship, the presidents of other Scottish and kindred



A section of the crowd gathered in Stanley Park on the afternoon of the Unveiling.

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societies, who had brought wreaths to lay at the base of the memorial, a number of invited guests, members of the press and a host of camera and movie men, whose instruments clicked incessantly throughout the proceedings.

A stand of loud speakers, artistically draped with the Royal Scottish Standard, had been installed in front of the Statue, enabling the vast crowds to hear every word of the speeches with clearness and ease.



The Official Badge

Motion pictures of the event were afterwards shown by the Capitol theatre, the Pantages, the New Orpheum, Dominion and other local theatres, as well as throughout the province and Dominion. A court stenographer took a verbatim report of the proceedings.

When the hour for unveiling arrived an assemblage of spectators, variously estimated at from ten to twelve thousand, were present. All points of vantage were occupied. People were swarming over the Viaduct entrance to the park, the main driveway on which automobile traffic had been

suspended, the green swards to the rear of the Statue and towards the Queen Victoria Memorial Fountain. The Rowing Club-house opposite presented a sea of faces, as did all other points of vantage in the neighborhood.

The arrival of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and his daughters was the signal for an enthusiastic ovation, and, after they were received by President Carrick, an interesting little ceremony took place. The three young ladies—Miss Ishbel Macdonald, Miss Joan Macdonald and Miss Sheila Macdonald—were presented with beautiful floral bouquets by Miss Mary de Pencier, Master Alastair Macdonald Taylor and Miss Margaret MacInnes.

The following verbatim report of the proceedings is lacking in one or two particulars. It fails to convey the remarkable enthusiasm that permeated the whole assembly, the fervour that characterized the singing of "Old Hundred" and "O Canada," and the tense emotional thrill that passed through the assemblage when the cord was pulled and the figure of the Poet stood revealed in all its sublime dignity and simplicity—the culminating moment at the end of three years of hard work, of many hopes and fears, of some difficulties and disappointments, but never lack of enthusiasm for the cause or doubt that the end would be accomplished.

President Carrick was in his happiest mood, and performed his heavy duties with honor to himself and to the Fellowship. The speeches were worthy of the occasion and, as a climax, the fervent sincerity that marked the unveiling speech by our distinguished guest made a profound impression on all who were present.

These things have to be imagined, they cannot be adequately described, but to those who were present the event in all its aspects will ever remain in their memories as one of the greatest and most notable experiences in their lives.

Unveiling of the Monument

Promptly at 2.15 the ceremonies opened with the singing of "O Canada," led by the Vancouver Scottish Choir. This was followed by the "Old Hundred," the singing of the assembled multitude, as the wonderful old anthem went ringing through the forest aisles, being deeply impressive.

REV. J. RICHMOND CRAIG: Almighty God, in whom our Fathers trusted, we bow before Thee in prayer. We acknowledge Thee as Lord and King, and humbly ask Thy blessing upon the works of our hands, and here, in the presence of the Everlasting Hills which surround us, we acknowledge our indebtedness to Thee, the Father of all mankind, for all Thy bountiful gifts unto us.

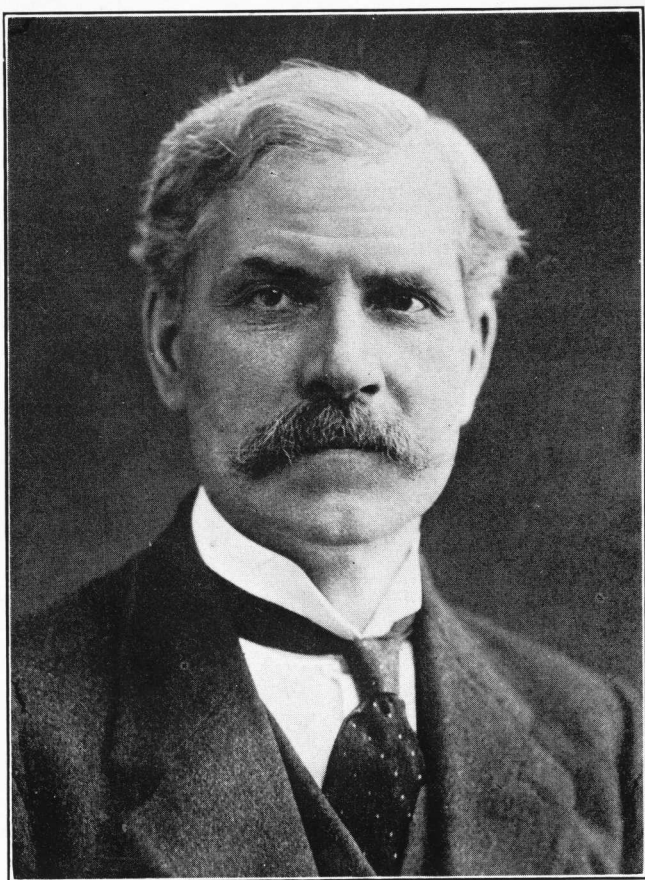
We remember in love those great souls who in days gone past made worthy contributions to our beloved heritage. Their memory inspires us to-day as we recall their noble deeds and wise words. Some of them sang for us the Songs of Freedom and Brotherhood and Love. Humanity was their sole patrimony; Liberty was their eternal birthright, and honest labor their highest dignity and noblest contribution.

To-day in this place, as we seek to dedicate this monument to Thy Glory, and to the memory of our greatest countryman, our humble prayer to Thee is that we may be enabled in our day and generation, by Thy Grace, to make our contribution to the common good. Surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, may we be worthy of their memory, and may succeeding generations have cause to praise Thee for the faith and perseverance of their Fathers. These our prayers hear, O Gracious God, in Jesus' Name. AMEN.

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—The Vancouver Burns Fellowship have many causes for great gratitude to Providence, and of many different happenings, perhaps the most fortunate thing that has ever happened to us was the chance that brought to Vancouver to-day our distinguished and honored visitor. About two months ago, when we saw the final consummation of our hopes and our efforts, we provisionally fixed upon this date as the day upon which this ceremony would take place. We had no knowledge then that the Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay Mac-

donald would be in Canada at all. We applied to a very old and worthy friend, the late representative of His Majesty in the Province, Walter Cameron Nichol. We were all very much depressed to learn from Mr. Nichol that his health had completely broken down and it would be necessary for him to take a long sea voyage. I say we were all very much depressed and, indeed, when we met together to consider whom we should ask to supply Mr. Nichol's place, a kind of electrical feeling was immediately generated when our secretary read to us a notice that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was likely to be in Canada at this time of the year. Needless to say, it was the unanimous desire of our executive that Mr. Macdonald should assume the duty that he is so willing to perform to-day. I do not think, if we searched our great Empire, we could find another man better qualified or better suited for that duty. Like the man whose memory we are striving to honour to-day, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is of the people. Also, like that man, he has been all his life for the people. The great inspiration of the work of Robert Burns was his love for humanity, and the whole object of his efforts was to encourage those great principles of manhood, freedom and brotherhood which he so magnificently sang. Our honored guest to-day is a man, no one can deny, of exactly that same calibre and character. He has all his life devoted his magnificent talents, his wonderful intellect, and his marvelous energy to one object—that of bringing always nearer that time when man to man the world o'er shall brithers be for a' that. Ladies and gentlemen, I call upon the Rt. Hon. James Ramsay Macdonald to unveil this statue, and I trust that there will be no mistake about the hearty Vancouver welcome that you will give him now.

THE RT. HON. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD: Mr. Carrick, Ladies and Gentlemen—When I received an invitation just before I left home to come and perform this ceremony, well, my friends, it was nothing but human nature to embrace an opportunity of having such an honor done to me. I know something about Western Canada; I know something about Vancouver, and I know in consequence what a large number of those who have pioneered in Western Canada, came from our auld Mither Scotland. I know how those



Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay Macdonald

Ex-Prime Minister of Great Britain

Leader of the Labor Party in the British House of Commons, 1911-1914

men used to thumb their Burns, long after they had committed it almost completely to memory, because, somehow or other, explain it as we may, in Burns there was that magic that made every Scotsman alive; that made him thrill with the consciousness of his nationality, and made him strong and powerful to do his duty in the world.

Ah, my friends, in unveiling this statue we perform a proper act of worship; we fulfil an obligation which we owe to our Scottish birth. There was a lad was born in Kyle and the hansom that he got was a blast of Januar' wind. Through his life that wind blew, that wind cut him, that wind chilled him, and at last that life ended in that obscure house, in that obscure town of Dumfries. But, my friends, whilst the wind of adversity blew, and whilst experience after experience tended to crush the heart out of the man, somehow or other—who can tell how?—somehow or other he heard the music that has been humming for ages in the heart of our people; he caught up the folk-song, the folk-story, and he embodied Scotland as though it were a being to worship and to love, and he hummed that music and he gave out that music. He was like a harp that responded to the winds. The winds that played upon Burns' soul were the emotions and experiences of the lives of the common people of Scotland. He was never stilted. He never went outside our range and our ken and our vision and our personality. But what was common to our clay he glorified, he transfigured into song, into glorious thought, into inspiring emotions, and Burns, when he passed into the new life, from that mean and common street in Dumfries, passed also through the gateway where mortals go to be turned immortal, and at the moment of his death he experienced a new and immortal resurrection.

This is not the time, and this is not the place, in a large open-air meeting, to appreciate Burns and to explain his mysteries, but what we have got to remember is this: That the music of his song lasted, that it spread, that the world heard it, and it was not only Burns, the man, who attained—it was Scotland, his mither, Scotland, our nation, you and I, who attained with him. Every Scotsman shares in the honor of Burns. Burns cast a glamour and an interest round us all. He gave Scotland a lyrical muse to attend upon her and to



The Vancouver Burns Fellowship

*request the honor of your presence at the
Unveiling of a Monument to Robert Burns
in Stanley Park, Vancouver, on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of August,
nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, at two o'clock.*

*Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay Macdonald, ex-Prime Minister of Great Britain,
will perform the unveiling ceremony.*

This card will admit you to reserved section.

A Dinner

*in commemoration of the event will be given in the Aztec Room,
Hotel Georgia, at 7.30 o'clock.*

be in waiting with her. You and I are sometimes reticent, my fellow Scotsmen and Scotswomen; we do not wear our hearts upon our sleeves, and we do not always help others to understand us.

But Burns has made it clear to the whole world that Scotland's heart is the heart of the seer; that Scotland's romance is the romance of the lover; that Scotland's tenderness is the tenderness of him and of her who shares all life in common, life with the humblest creature with four legs on the face of the earth, life that belongs to the simplest and commonest flower; somehow, by the mystery of God, the essence of life shared in by them and by ourselves, a discovery made by Burns in a supreme discovery of knowledge.

Burns also told the world that in Scotland there is a sturdiness of heart that belongs to the man of independent mind, the man who can lift up his head in the eyes of the world, poor and down-trodden, but still remaining, "A man for a' that." In a peculiar way, Burns has become his own memorial. You and I, my friends, when we go, will be enshrouded in the mists of oblivion. When we leave, the mosses will grow and the name will be obliterated, but Burns, Burns the man, Burns, the magic name, will live and grow in his glory more and more unto the perfect day. He stands with the immortals and wears the crown and the wreath of the immortals. You to-day, in this far-away land, still seeing in your dreams the Hebrides; you of whom it can be said, when the flower is in the bud and the life is in the tree, the lark will sing me hame to my ain countrie; you, out of the offerings of your heart, and out of the appropriateness of things have erected in this public park of Vancouver this statue that you have done me the great honor of asking me to unveil. Every time you see it, every time you pass it, your heads will be lifted up; every time you behold it, that bond which unites us all together wherever we may be—that bond which makes us Scotsmen and Scotswomen possessors of a great inheritance, not of wealth, but of pride; possessors of a great inheritance, not of material things, but of qualities, an inheritance which we have to guard because we cannot allow it to deteriorate, an inheritance which will last only insofar as we follow the great examples, the demo-

VANCOUVER'S TRIBUTE TO BURNS

cratic thinkers, the beautiful singers, the men and women who have kept fresh and green and alive the lyrical nature of our being, at the head of whom, the king of whom, the first of them all, is Robert Burns; only insofar as you honor them and keep their memories green will you be worthy children and safe guardians of the inheritance that they have handed over to your keeping.

So, my friends, I have the greatest pleasure and the greatest honor in unveiling this statue, so that it may become the public possession of the citizens of Vancouver.

"A Man's a Man" was rendered in spirited fashion by the Pipe Band of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, under Pipe-Major John Gillies, immediately following the unveiling.

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—I think, after listening to that beautiful and inspiring address, you will all congratulate yourselves as we have been congratulating ourselves for the last two months. It seems that good fortune has conspired to fill our cup running over. I am going to make here a slight change in the programme. Not content with bestowing upon us the magnificent services of Mr. Macdonald, fortune brought to our city, to our harbour, a detachment of the British Navy of which our great Empire is so proud. We at once sent an invitation to Vice-Admiral Sir Cyril Fuller, and you all know that the Navy never has failed and we feel sure it never will fail. We are honored with the presence of Admiral Fuller and his officers, and I am going to transgress more on the Admiral's good nature and ask him to give just a few words of message and greeting.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR CYRIL FULLER: Mr. Carrick, Ladies and Gentlemen—When I arrived here the other afternoon and saw the great gathering that received us, I became, as I already said, quite overwhelmed. Unfortunately I had to keep my eyes to the front and I could not put up my telescope to view all that large audience. To-day I am gratified in meeting you all. I feel extremely fortunate in having the opportunity of attending this ceremony, as I have a bit of heather in my own blood. If a man's fame can be judged by the manner of the world-wide nature of his memorials, there can be few greater men than Robert Burns.



*The Burns Statue, Stanley Park
Unveiled August 25, 1928*

THE CHAIRMAN: If any of you going around the grounds to-day are struck by an extraordinary expression upon the faces of some of the members of our Vancouver Burns Fellowship; that is, if you notice an expression of extreme satisfaction and delight, I would just like to explain that phenomenon to you. Those individuals, ladies and gentlemen, are the Gaelic-speaking members of the Fellowship. It is entirely natural that this expression should be on their faces to-day, because if you read down our programme you would almost come to the conclusion that it was a programme of the Royal Highland gathering at Inverness. To begin with, we have a Macdonald. If he is not *the* Macdonald, then the sooner the Highlands become a little more democratic the better for them. Then we have as the next name upon our programme the Honorable Simon Fraser Tolmie, Premier of British Columbia. Now, I certainly think that we are quite entitled to address the Honorable Dr. Tolmie as Lovat. I think a man with such a name as that is entitled to that territorial designation. I now call upon the Hon. S. F. Tolmie, Premier of British Columbia, to speak to us.

HON. DR. S. F. TOLMIE: Mr. Carrick, Ladies and Gentlemen—I would like to have the privilege of explaining at the very inception that I am not Lord Lovat or any part of him, but I am just Simon Fraser Tolmie of British Columbia, whose father, William Fraser Tolmie, came from Inverness, and I am proud of it.

I think the Scots people are to be congratulated on this magnificent monument erected in memory of our great poet, Robert Burns, a man who perhaps has brought as great fame to Scotland's name as any man. Scotland has played a most important part in the development of this great country of ours. We have here rivers, lakes and mountains named after Scottish explorers who came to this country in the early days—days when roughing it was really what the word means. Those of us who travel around the country to-day have very little realization of what those courageous men had to face in the days gone by. I am only a young Canadian comparatively, although I may look old to some of you. I want

VANCOUVER'S TRIBUTE TO BURNS

to say I was 17 years old in British Columbia before I ever saw a street car or a railway—and then had to go to the United States to see them! So that the building up of our civilization in Canada by a very strong infusion of British blood—and it will be slightly improved by saying Scottish blood—will certainly be laying the foundations of this country on a good sound basis.



Bronze Panel illustrating Tam O' Shanter

I am sure that it would ill become me to attempt to give you any oration about the great Robert Burns after listening to the splendid oration of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. We were particularly fortunate in having him here on this occasion, to take a leading part in this ceremony. I welcome him, together with his three charming daughters, to the Province of British Columbia, and trust that their visit will be an enjoyable one in every way.

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—We are still staying in the true and tender north; our next speaker is the Hon. J. D. MacLean, whom we should feel perfectly justified in addressing as "Lochbuie." Dr. MacLean requires no introduction to a British Columbia audience.

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THE HON. DR. MACLEAN: Mr. Carrick, Ladies and Gentlemen—From time immemorial, it has been the custom of various peoples to erect monuments of stone or of brass to commemorate the deeds and achievements of leading citizens of their own land. In the very old days, the military leaders erected those monuments to their own glorification. At a later date, the government of the various countries took a hand in the erection of this material evidence of greatness on the part of some of their sons. At a still later date, and probably that shows the development of the race, the development of our people, the great masses of the common people themselves banded together and erected monuments to those whose genius appealed to them. That has been the situation insofar as the erection of statues to the memory of Robert Burns is concerned. In every part of the world, and particularly where Scottish people are to be found to any extent, you will find there statues, memorials of one kind or another, erected to the memory of the great poet of the Scottish people. In British Columbia, in the Capital, there is one at Beaconhill Park—and now in the City of Vancouver, in the commercial centre of the Province of British Columbia, we have to-day this magnificent statue erected by the citizens of Vancouver generally and by the Scottish people of this city in particular. I think they are to be congratulated. They are to be congratulated—first, on the motive which has inspired the erection of this monument; secondly, on the selection of this magnificent site; and, thirdly, on the monument itself.

Then I think it was, as you said, Mr. Carrick, extremely fitting that probably the most outstanding Scotsman to-day, at least in the public life of the Empire, was here to perform the unveiling ceremony. That, to me, was very fitting, and it was with the greatest of pleasure that I accepted your invitation to be here to-day in order that I might not only share with you the pleasure of seeing the consummation of your wishes in the erection of this monument, but in order that I might have the opportunity of meeting the Rt. Hon. Ramsay Macdonald and the charming members of his family.

This is not the occasion on which to make any extended remarks, but I think probably it will not be out of place for

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me to make a few observations on the circumstances surrounding the earlier days and the forbears of the man, who, for a period of nearly 200 years, has had his works loved, and whose works to-day are worshipped to a greater extent than at any time during that period.

Let us just very briefly recall to your minds the setting of the early days of Robert Burns. Born in 1759 of Scottish parentage, the parents were poor. His father was a son of the soil, and his mother belonged to the same social status. He lived in a home that was noted for the maintenance of the traditions of the Scottish people, namely, a home where family worship was observed both morning and evening. His early education was limited as we now recognize it, but humanity owes a great debt of gratitude to the older Burns, the father of Robert, who supervised the education of the boy whom he (the father) saw was more than an ordinary lad. He had a smattering of the classics and of the moderns.

Now, Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentlemen, permit me to thank you for this opportunity of saying a few words, and let me express the hope that the Scottish people of Vancouver on a future occasion will be favored with more extended remarks from that outstanding Scotsman, the Rt. Hon. Ramsay Macdonald. Now let me say this to him, Mr. Chairman, that in the years to come, after he has again occupied the highest position that he can occupy in the British Empire, that we will, in the Province of British Columbia, give him a warm welcome to spend his declining years with us.

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—we will now get back to the common Sassenachs again. I am going to call upon Acting-Mayor Almond to speak to you.

ACTING-MAYOR ALMOND: Before I start, I wish to make an apology; that is, I am not Scotch, but that is no fault of mine. Mr. President, Rt. Hon. Ramsay Macdonald, the Premier of British Columbia, the Hon. Dr. MacLean and Fellow Citizens—On behalf of His Worship the Mayor and the citizens of Vancouver, I wish to thank those people who are responsible for this splendid monument in nature's park in memory of Robert Burns, whose name is immortal. Although he was born and died in the latter part of the 18th

century, his name has come down through the years like that of no other man in history. The amazing part of it is he was born of humble parents who were not able to give him a grand education, and he died at the early age of 37. I again wish to thank the Scottish citizens for unveiling this monument free of debt, but if you want a thing done right you have to get a Scotsman to do it. You know, when we were somewhat mixed up sixty years ago, and wished to bring the provinces together into this vast Dominion, we had to get a Scotsman to do it—and a Macdonald at that. And furthermore, when the Hudson's Bay did their early pioneer work on these Pacific shores, and in Ontario, they had to get men they could depend upon—men of character, men of strength, and whom did they look for but a bunch of Scotsmen!

Long ago in England I learned one lesson which I have never forgotten, and it has been a great help to me through life. It was this. King Bruce threw himself down in a lonely mood to think; it is true he was a monarch and wore a crown, but his heart was beginning to sink. Then you know the story of the spider. As he lay there and watched it, the spider made several efforts and at last he got to where he wanted to get, and King Bruce said "Bravo!" Now, if it had not been for that spider, there is a possibility there may not have been a battle of Bannockburn—and then history would have been different; and, with all due respect to the Vice-Admiral of the Navy, that is why the Englishmen do not like spiders. I believe a man can get anything in this life if he desires it.

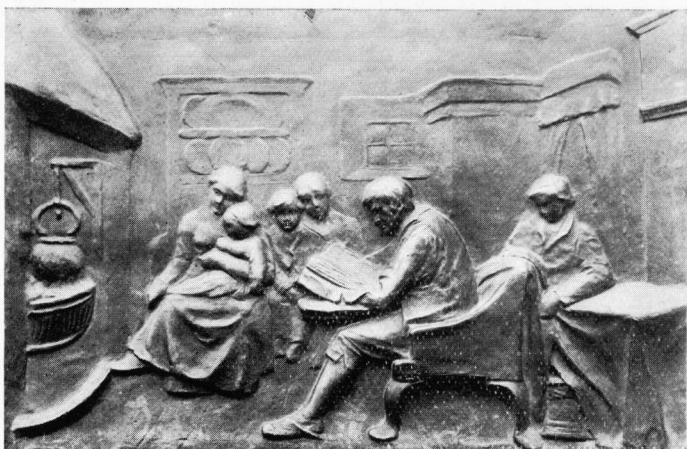
Sometimes he may get defeated in an election, but at the same time, if he lives long enough, he will get there. We are fortunate as citizens of Vancouver—and you as Scots people—in having with us the Rt. Hon. Ramsay Macdonald, ex-Premier of England—excuse me, ex-Premier of Britain, and we believe he will yet live to succeed himself. I am satisfied this day will go down in Canadian history. I happened to remark to Rt. Hon. Ramsay Macdonald, there is no fear for the British Empire when there is such stock as this scattered around our great Empire; and I am satisfied, whatever the troubles of the Old Country may be, that her child-

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ren and their children will always be at her side. I thank you again, and I also thank the Scottish people, and when I pass this monument I, as an Englishman, will raise my hat.

The Vancouver Scottish Choir now sang the greatest war song of all times, "Scots Wha Ha'e."

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—There is one public body in our great city that I think we, as an organization, and I think all the citizens of the city of Vancouver should be very proud of and very grateful to. The Parks



The Cotter's Saturday Night

Board of the City of Vancouver have treated us in the most generous and considerate fashion possible. I think they have granted us one of the most beautiful situations in Stanley Park, which is itself perhaps the most beautiful in the world. It has been suggested that, at this point, I might in a word explain the origin of this statue. The statue and the panels which accompany it, the bronzes, are the design of George Lawson, a famous British artist. He was the sculptor who designed the original statue which is in Burns' native town of Ayr. The pedestal of that statue is also Mr. Lawson's design; but this pedestal here is not. Now, we thought that some-

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thing on more modern and graceful lines would be an improvement. We could not improve the statue itself, because that is acknowledged to be the finest representation of the poet in sculpture which exists in the world. Regarding the pedestal, I wish to tell you it is purely the work of citizens of Vancouver. It is built of British Columbia gray granite. The designer was Mr. Chandler, who is here to-day, and the work has been executed entirely by a Vancouver firm, Messrs. Patterson & Chandler.

Regarding the Parks Board, those gentlemen now have the statue in their possession. It is a very pleasant duty for me, Mr. Baynes, to ask you and your Board to take possession of this and keep it for all time as a trust for the citizens of Vancouver, and it is the hope of the Fellowship that it will remain in some small degree for all time to raise the minds and hearts of our citizens to higher things. Mr. Baynes, to you and to your Board, we with great pleasure entrust the custody of this statue, knowing that in your hands and those of your successors it will always be well vested.

MR. E. G. BAYNES: Rt. Hon. James Ramsay MacDonald, Officers of His Majesty's Navy, Members of the Burns Fellowship, and citizens of Vancouver. I am honored to-day to represent the Board of Park Commissioners and the citizens of Vancouver in taking over this splendid statue—given to the citizens in Stanley Park on one of Vancouver's finest days and before one of Vancouver's finest crowds. I am sure the Park Commissioners of to-day, and those in the future, will have much pride and pleasure in taking care of this splendid monument on a site we were glad to be able to help in choosing and giving—on a site where those who pass by, looking for the beauties of nature, may cast their eyes to one side and remember the genius of Robert Burns. This statue, that looks on and over Vancouver, will be here for a long time and I hope the citizens present to-day will do what they can with the town planning movement, so that we may be able to remove the smear we see in the foreground on the further shore. We would like to make this portion of the scene equal to that of the balance. I hope everyone will do their best to influence that result. I want to assure you, again, we will do our very best to care for the monument entrusted

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to us to-day, and we thank the Scottish organizations for the wonderful work they have done for the citizens of Vancouver.

THE CHAIRMAN read the following letter from Col. Walter Scott, New York City:

New York, N.Y.,
August 16, 1928.

To the Trustees of
The Vancouver Burns Statue Fund,
Vancouver, B. C.

My Dear Friends:

This day (August 25) Vancouver Scots honor themselves at the birth of a new member of granite or bronze to the family of Burns Monuments. You are commemorating a proud year for Scotland—1759—for into the home of a very modest Scottish family a son was born who has been acclaimed by the world; and Robert Burns is a household name to-day.

It is just and fitting that we pause to pay a deserved tribute to that beloved and illustrious son, but no finer one can be offered than that which President Coolidge wrote for the unveiling of the Detroit Statue:

"It would be a great pleasure to attend the unveiling of another statue of Robert Burns. There is no other poet who so has the power to hold the imagination of the people. He was born one of them, spoke their language and thought their thoughts. There is something deep and good in everything he describes. His writings lay before us the image of the great strength of character of the Scottish people. He loved her soil, broken with streams and made beautiful with flowers. He loved her homes which were the abode of every honest purpose. All of these sentiments he has woven into poetry which touches the soul of every reader. There is no more powerful argument showing that the heart of the people is sound than the frequent demonstration of that sentiment which raises a monument to Robert Burns, and withholds the hand from the multitudinous activities of life long enough to spend a few hours in the contemplation of his greatness, in the wonderful music of his songs and of his powerful representation of the fundamental marks of true character."

VANCOUVER'S TRIBUTE TO BURNS

Again permit me to quote Campbell:

"To live in the hearts of those we leave behind is not to die."

Truly Burns has lived with all people from the time he became a star in the heavens, illuminating the earth, and elevating the dignity of daily labour.

Hearty congratulations to your city and committee, and all who are fortunate enough to be with you at the unveiling of one more statue in honor of this son of Scotland and mankind, whose patriotism and deep affection for his native land inspired the poems which have immortalized Robert Burns as the World's Poet.

Yours truly,
WALTER SCOTT.

(Selection by Pipe Band of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada).

Presentation of Wreaths

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—When we requested the various Scottish Societies in Vancouver and the neighbourhood, and also kindred societies, to place tributes upon the monument to-day, we never dreamt we would have such beautiful and generous responses. We will now proceed with the presentation of the wreaths; the first one will be that of the Vancouver Burns Fellowship.

The following wreaths were reverently laid upon the Burns Memorial, the President of each organization (where possible) being chosen to pay this tribute:

<i>Wreaths from</i>	<i>Placed by</i>
Vancouver Burns Fellowship.....	Mrs. P. McA. Carrick
St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society.....	Alex. E. Davidson
B. C. Sutherlandshire Association.....	R. Munro
Clan MacLean, C.O.S.C.....	John McNee
Cumberland Burns Club.....	Robert Strachan
Dickens Fellowship.....	Ald. E. W. Dean

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<i>Wreaths from</i>	<i>Placed by</i>
Edinburgh and Lothians Association	George Goldie
Gaelic Society of Vancouver	Mrs. Robert Fiddes
Heather Lodge, Daughters of Scotia	Mrs. Elizabeth Watt
Ladysmith Burns Club	Mrs. Fleming
Lochnagar Camp, Sons of Scotland	James Fraser
Orkney and Shetland Society	T. Logie
Patterson, Dr. James, Scarsdale, N. Y.	Miss Carrick
Royal Scot Camp, Sons of Scotland	Mrs. J. G. Robertson
Scottish Ladies' Society	Mrs. G. Williamson
Scottish Ladies' Society of North Vancouver	Mrs. G. Malloch
Scottish Society of Vancouver	George Duncan
St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society, North Vancouver	Alex. Sutherland
Shakespeare Society	George Duncan
Vancouver Caithness Association	A. M. Innes
Vancouver Scottish Choir	P. Duncanson
West Vancouver Scottish Society	John McGowan

Following the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by Vancouver Scottish Choir and company, the proceedings terminated with the National Anthem.

The Dinner in the Evening

The Aztec Ballroom in the Hotel Georgia was filled to capacity when over 300 guests sat down to the commemorative dinner on the evening of the memorable 25th. It was a most impressive gathering.

At the head table were Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay Macdonald, his three daughters, Premier Tolmie, ex-Premier MacLean, Hon. H. H. Stevens, M.P.; Col. Nelson Spencer, M.L.A.; Mr. William Dick, M.L.A.; Rev. J. Richmond Craig; Rev. Father Macdonald; His Honor Judge J. A. Forin; Acting Mayor Almond; and the Executive of the Burns Fellowship and their wives. These were escorted to their places with musical honors, the skirl of the bagpipes making all hearts thrill.



John Macdonald



J. Theo de Fencier



Donald McLeod

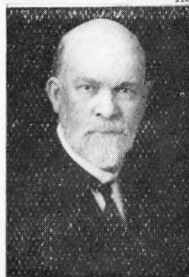


Wm. M. Bruce
Hon. Treasurer



A. Fraser Reid
Hon. Secretary

Photos by
Ridgway
and
Steffens
-Lester



Alex. McRae
1st Vice-Pres.



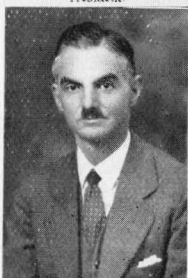
F. McIl Carrick
President



Kate Morrison
2nd Vice-Pres.



W. C. Waldie



James Taylor



John MacInnes

Vancouver Burns Fellowship

(No. 325 on the Roll of Federated Clubs.)

1759



1796

"Then let us pray that come it may
As come it will for a' that,
That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brethren be for a' that."

Dinner

Commemorating Unveiling of a Statue to
Robert Burns

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25TH, 1928

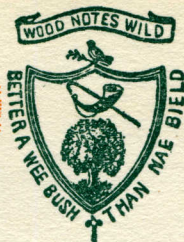
at 7.30 o'clock p. m.

AZTEC ROOM, HOTEL GEORGIA,
Vancouver, British Columbia

P. McA. CARRICK
President

JAMES TAYLOR
Hon. Secretary
Statue Fund

A. FRASER REID
Hon. Secretary



Toast List and Musical Programme



"There was a Lad"

SELKIRK GRACE.....Mr. Alexander McRae

"ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS".....The Chairman

"THE KING".....The Chairman

"GOD SAVE THE KING"

The Immortal Memory

RT. HON. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

VIOLIN SOLO—Burns Melodies.....Mr. J. Stuart Tait

SONG—"My Heart's in the Highlands".....Mr. E. J. Colton

"CANADA".....The Chairman

RESPONSE.....Hon. J. D. MacLean

"O CANADA".....The Company

O Canada! Our heritage, our love,
Thy worth we praise all other lands above,
From sea to sea, throughout thy length,
From pole to border land,
At Britain's side, whate'er betide,
Unflinchingly we'll stand.
With heart we sing,
"God Save the King,"
Guide thou the Empire wide, do we implore,
And prosper Canada from shore to shore.

SONG—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes"	Miss Imrie
"BRITISH COLUMBIA"	The Chairman
RESPONSE	Hon. S. F. Tolmie
SONG—"O' a' the Airts"	Mr. George McInnes
"THE MOTHER LAND"	Mr. James Taylor
RESPONSE	Miss Ishbel MacDonald
SONG—"Comin' thro' the Rye"	Mrs. Fraser
SONG—"O Lay Thy Loof in Mine, Lass"	Mr. E. J. Colton
"VANCOUVER BURNS FELLOWSHIP"	Mr. A. E. Davidson
RESPONSE	Mr. Alexander McRae
SONG—"John Anderson My Jo"	Mrs. Fraser
"KINDRED SOCIETIES"	Mr. W. L. Waldie
RESPONSE	Mr. James I. Reid
VIOLIN SOLO—"Scottish Fantasia"	Mr. J. Stuart Tait
"OUR GUESTS"	Mr. A. Fraser Reid
RESPONSE	Mr. Wm. Dick, M. L. A.
SONG—"Ye Banks and Braes"	Miss Imrie
"THE LASSIES"	Mr. John McInnes
RESPONSE	Miss Joan MacDonald
"Auld Lang Syne"	



Chairman	•	PRESIDENT P. MCA. CARRICK
Piper	•	MR. JAMES ALEXANDER
Accompanist	•	MR. ANDREW MILNE, A.R.C.M.

Menu

*"Some ha'e meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we ha'e meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit."*

—SELKIRK GRACE.



Celery

Olives

Potage "Lord o' the Isles."

Fillet Sole "Glencoe"

Haggis wi' a' the Honours

Roast Leg Lamb

Mint Sauce

Garden Peas

Mashed Potatoes

Strawberry Melba

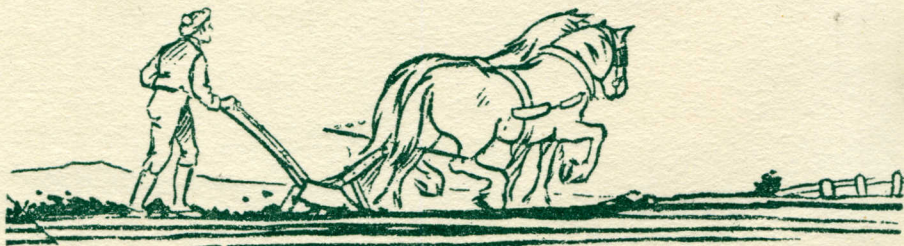
Oat Cakes

Scones

Rolls

Pudding

Demi Tasse



VANCOUVER'S TRIBUTE TO BURNS

Great goodwill and cordiality characterized the occasion, and everyone was in the happiest of moods.

The hotel service was admirable, and the broadcasting of the speeches by Radio CKWX enabled hundreds of thousands in British Columbia and the neighbouring Provinces and States to share in the intellectual treat that the occasion provided.

The arrival of the haggis, preceded by the bagpipes, was the signal for great enthusiasm, and was one of the colorful events of the evening. The President gave the "Address to a Haggis" in his own inimitable style, to the great delight of all present.

The outstanding event of the evening was, of course, the inspiring address on "The Immortal Memory" by Mr. Macdonald. It created a profound impression on all who heard it, even on those who, listening over the radio, lacked that touch with the magnetic personality of the speaker which those who were present experienced.

The verbatim report that follows preserves for future Burnsians an address that will always rank as one of the classic utterances on the Immortal Bard.

THE CHAIRMAN: Our first duty this evening, as citizens of the Empire, is to honor the head of that great Empire, our King.

(Toast of "The King" honored).

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—It is not often that such an honor falls to me as to introduce twice in one day such a distinguished personage as our guest of honor to-night. We have just toasted the head of our Empire, "The King," and now we are going to listen with great pleasure and interest to one, possibly, of the greatest servants our king has ever had. I do not wish to waste the time of the gathering any further, but just to call upon our honored guest to-night, the Rt. Hon. James Ramsay Macdonald, to propose the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

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RT. HON. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD: Mr. Chairman—This dinner is held as a sequel to the very interesting ceremony of the unveiling of the statue in your public park this afternoon. I said there that Scotsmen, in erecting statues to Burns, were performing something akin to an act of worship. We have Burns in our hearts. Burns' songs, the subjects of Burns' songs, Burns' demeanour, somehow or other appeal to us as expressions of that which is finest and most permanent in the Scottish character.

None of us to-night, and this is not the occasion even if we tried it, none of us to-night are going to attempt to appraise Burns' character. Burns was not an example. Burns was not a sermon. Burns was not a morality. Burns was a person. Burns was one of those instruments created by God to catch up in his sensitiveness, in his tenderness, in his contact with all life, that strange harmony, that strange beauty that most men and women have but a haunting remoteness of. We take Burns for what he has done. His very weakness is an indication of the divinity that was in him, enshrined in a thrilling beauty. It is this extraordinary custodianship in the frail human body, of that which is permanent, eternal, and characteristically divine; that is the purpose, the embodiment, and the mystery of Burns' life.

To-day there is not a dead man who lives with more vitality than Robert Burns. Robert Burns presents to us this very interesting problem of why and wherefore. We have had other Scotsmen who have lived. We have Scotsmen whose memories we honor. We have had other Scotsmen to whose graves we go with reverent feet and with grateful hearts, but yet none of them all thrill so much in our hearts, none of them enter into that living relationship with ours that Burns has done, and the question is, why? They lie in repose in their marble and their alabaster. Burns lives, and the very statues that we put up to him are perhaps dead embodiments of an image in bronze, but there is something in them that makes Burns live in our hearts. As I said, he is the dead man who is most alive in the hearts of the people.

Now, the question is, why is this so? I think the answer is a very simple one. Burns lives on account of his simplicity. Burns lives because it was common clay that he transmuted

and transfigured into something that was far above and far more precious than any clay. Burns lives because, through him, and in him, the common man with the ordinary virtues has found a permanent expression and a beautiful expression. Burns never exalted himself; Burns never put on fine robes, never chose fine language to sing; the Burns who sang was a ploughman. The language in which he sang was the language of the ploughman. The sentiments that stirred him to music and to song and to beauty were precisely the things that stir in the common man, but the common man has not the faculty, the common man has not been endowed with power to bring that music, latent in his soul, into harmony, to enshrine it in words, and to enable it to warble itself so that he and other people might hear it.

The secret of Burns is that he has taught us to express ourselves through him, and when he did it he did it in certain forms of our own. There is nothing strange and nothing foreign in him. He took no classical subject, no remote people. The subjects that he dealt with, the subjects that he enshrined and enrobed, whichever word you choose to select, the subject which he enshrined and enrobed in music was nature, such as you and I see it; life, such as you and I have lived it; the emotions, such as you and I have felt them.

He did not only return to nature, but he returned to human nature at the same time. Now, Burns' treatment of nature has got no great, resounding measures that echo and re-echo. He chose the calm, happy, counthy sharing of moods. We just cuddle to them, and in the cuddling we feel the heart of nature beating in our own, amplifying the beating of our own hearts, and making us feel at one with all the great pulsing creation that expresses the emotion of the Creator Himself. His method of unfolding nature was not grand description, but you and I, my friends, when our minds go back upon our experiences in our lives, find that if somebody just suggests to us a bush or a corner of a burn, or a nook in the wood—that one thing seems to touch us as by magic, and the whole of our youth, the whole of our past happiness, the whole of our joy and our romance at once comes into life. It is the magic, the genius of insight that has been at work, and that is precisely Burns' method of

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describing nature to us. The magic was the selection of things that the great majority of people have already selected as those things that recall past experience to them. Look at this verse:

"Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose doon the brae,
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk white is the slae."

My friends, I ask you in your leisure to examine that verse and to find how many of the things mentioned in that verse are already enshrined in your hearts as something—the very thought of something recalling precious years and dead memories to your recollections. And when he touches the deeps in the most haunting of notes, he always brings nature into touch with our own moods, just as we ourselves do:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair—
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care."

The artlessness of that; artlessness, if you ever had it, but art, pure and undiluted, eternal; art when it is the instantaneous emotion of a man like Burns, who did it without thinking about it, or designing or planning it at all.

Or take another verse from the poem which I have already quoted, showing the relationship between human emotion and nature's mood.

"O, soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave."

True genius, consisting not in art, not in studied art, not in a pose, but in a way specially characteristic of Burns, in a way that no other poet has used with greater freedom and greater naturalness, consisting in selecting the most natural thoughts that come into a simple man's mind and adorn him, elevate him to the highest expression of art,



A. Fraser Reid
Hon. Secretary

Whose personality, genius for organization, and thoroughness has helped materially in upbuilding the Fellowship.

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beauty, music, reminiscence and aspiration. That is the genius of Burns, in the treatment of nature and of human nature.

Then love. Who has sung of it with the lyrical purity that Burns has, and what again is his genius there? Precisely the same:

"O gin my love were yon red rose—"

The other verse I was about to quote is not completely Burns, but this is:

"O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing!
How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthful May its bloom renew'd."

Who can transcend that? That never can be transcended. That is the last bar of music that can be sung upon that note. Every time that love lifts up the heart of the young man and woman, if they stumble across this verse they will say, "That satisfies us; that is how we feel; that is exactly it!" And Burns lives in consequence.

Or if you take his deeper solemnities of life, because Burns, being a south-west Scotsman, never moved away from the shadows that overhang all existence. Again, what did he use? What was his technique? Simple measures, the bowed heart. He again made no great swelling organ music of grief, no ritual, no pageantry. You remember those gorgeous lines of Milton:

"Where the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow
And the cherubic host in thousand choirs
Touch their immortal harps on golden wires."

That was Milton, magnificent of its kind; but Burns had a totally different method, a description of a humble supper table, a fireside, such as the firesides where you and I were brought up, our own firesides, the cotter and his family, the two sweethearts, and when he blows his pipes it is exactly the same sob as your sob, not the broader sweep of sorrow;

the tear, the regret, the way in which you turn for consolation; that is the Burns' material, and he has handled it almost as the Creator Himself would have handled it. Take the "Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson." There you find it. What does he appeal to? Flowers. He turns to the birds, he turns to the creatures in the fields and the woods, he turns to the seasons themselves, and he asks them all, "Mourn with me." That is exactly what the ploughman does, what the peasant does.

"Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear;
Thou, winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!"

Your life, my life, the peasant's life, his friends, his elements, the blasts, flowers, the running stream, the coming and going of the seasons, what we think of in our grief; that is what Burns has woven into the wreath that he lays on Captain Matthew Henderson's tomb.

And now, my friends, as I said, this is not the time to appreciate Burns, nor is it the time to give any lengthy study or analysis of his method. I have only ventured to give you just two or three points, because I think they explain the reason why Burns lives with a greater vitality than any man who is dead, but whose statues and whose memories are revered by the living.

It is only when the dead can come and sit with us at our firesides, and speak to us in our own language, share with us our own thoughts, to be with us in our own image, that as the generations pass those dead will not pass. There are but few of them. Some of them have attained it by great studied art—Shakespeare, Milton. Burns has done it by making permanent and eternal in his work a spirit that will always characterize, that must always characterize the simple-minded, honest, God-fearing, upright-living, striving, buffeted yet faithful and singing man, such as he was himself. For this reason, as I say, his failings draw us closer to him. He who was so sensitive that the gentlest, the most imperceptible sighs—almost imperceptible sighs, were heard by him and

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made in his nature; ah, my friends, that constitution is sensitive not only to the glories and to the beauties and to the attainments of humanity, it is also sensitive to its temptations, to its pitfalls, to its griefs.

And so, my friends, we, not being the Creator, can just take Burns as we find him, and bless the Creator that the Scottish nature, the Scottish mind and the Scottish character find in this ploughman, find in this common man, somebody whose mind was so attuned to the beauty, to the music that is in us, that he has put them in permanent record and allowed us to share with him his honor, his glory and his attainments. Burns' memory will always be immortal, not only so long as there are Scotsmen living, but so long as there are men and women of that simple, genuine human nature that sees visions, that dreams dreams, that enters into harmonious relations with God and with Nature, and that is striving, striving, striving to realize the beautiful and to bring about the perfect.

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—We are indebted indeed to Mr. Macdonald, not only for his goodness in being with us here, but for the beautiful address he gave us this afternoon and the, if possible, still more beautiful address we have just listened to. Mr. Macdonald, I wish to express to you, sir, on behalf of the Vancouver Burns Fellowship, our warmest thanks for your kindness, and ask you to accept from us a small token of our thanks. We trust, sir, that in those strenuous times that we know you have ahead of you when again you are in Downing Street, that you will find a quiet moment now and again just to glance over the words of one of our best-loved inhabitants of Vancouver, and that this will recall to you the kindly hearts that are still thinking of you, and honor you here, sir.

The two volumes, "Flint and Feather" and "Legends of Vancouver," by Pauline Johnson, native poetess, were then presented to Rt. Hon. Ramsay Macdonald by Mrs. Carrick.

RT. HON. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD: I am not, my friends, going to make another speech, even by way of thanking you for your great kindness, but you will allow me, I hope, to say in a sentence how rich I feel myself now that

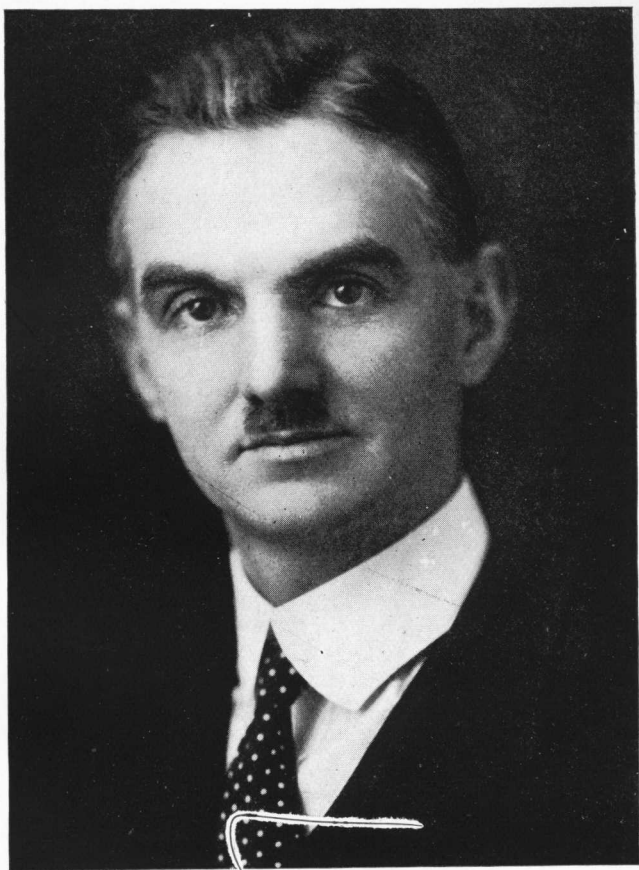
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I have these two books by Pauline Johnson. If I might let a secret out, I meant to get them, and within the next three or four days, and if you had not filled up my programme so much to-day you really would have been too late. Wherever I—whatever happens, I hope, my friends, that burdens heavy or burdens light, or day's labour long or day's labour short, I shall never get out of the habit that I am in of devoting at least an hour's reading every day or every night—that takes me away from the bothersome cares, and often the useless worries of politics. I should advise all you young folks who have got any idea of going into public life to never give up yourself wholly to public life, but always retain from the voracious appetite of public life enough of yourself to take to your fireside, to take to your own bed, and in books like these, dip into Burns, into Carlyle, into Walter Scott, into John Galt, into Drummond or Hawthornden, into any of the masters, both of verse and of fine prose. Do, my friends, when public life is most strenuous about you, keep enough of yourself secret to enable you to keep in contact with those things, because those are the things that are the inspiration of good public living.

Thank you very much indeed for your kindness, both of you. Thank you very much for this presentation, and I will carry it away with the very greatest pleasure, and I can assure you that the pleasure of carrying it away will be increased when I come to read them and study them and live them, which is better than all.

"Burns' Melodies" were effectively rendered on the violin by Mr. J. Stuart Tait.

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—There is a slight change in our programme. Just after we had this programme made up and in print, we forgot what is to us practically a solemn duty. On the occasion of the first event we had in connection with the erection of the statue—that is, the music festival at Brockton Point, our good friend, Dr. James Patterson, sang a song, accompanied by some of his friends of the Seaforths and the Scottish Choir, and on the Monday following our ever-worthy old friend who has passed from us, Francis Bursill—"Felix Penne"—who had a



James Taylor
Hon. Secretary Statue Fund

*As Hon. Secretary of the Statue Fund, Mr. Taylor admirably filled
a position of great responsibility.*

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special article in his paper regarding that entertainment, put forward to us then a special request that, when that statue was unveiled, we would not pass over the singing of that particular song. Now, you cannot think of everything, and it was suddenly recalled to us after this programme was in print, so we have asked Mr. Colton to substitute for "My Heart's in the Highlands," the marching song of His Majesty's 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, Marjorie Kennedy Fraser's "Road to the Isles."

"The Road to the Isles," by Mr. Colton, enthusiastically received.

THE CHAIRMAN: Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, comes the toast we are at all times delighted to honor. I feel sure that no more loyal citizens of Canada exist than those who love their own country of origin, and I think that amongst those we may safely class our own people. Ladies and Gentlemen, I want you to be upstanding and drink to "Canada," the land we love. We couple with this toast the name of one of the most honored citizens of this province, the Hon. Dr. J. D. McLean.

"Canada," toasted with musical honors.

HON. J. D. McLEAN: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—There are occasions when one does not mind being called upon to deliver a public address. Then there are other occasions upon which one does so with a good deal of diffidence, and it needs no words of mine to convince you that on this occasion I appear before you with diffidence, after listening to the magnificent address by the Rt. Hon. Mr. Macdonald, our guest of the evening. Mr. Macdonald has been known to us in Canada as a public man and as a statesman, but up until the present, and I am speaking for myself, and I think for a good many others in this audience, we had not any conception that he combined the qualities of statesmanship with those of the orator to a very high degree.

It has been my good fortune on many occasions to have heard the toast to the "Immortal Memory," but I venture to say that on all the occasions on which I have heard that toast spoken to, there was no one who, to my mind, interpreted the mind and character and the outlook and life of Robert

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Burns equal to what we have heard at the hands of the principal speaker of this evening.

Notwithstanding that I appear before you, then, with a good deal of diffidence after listening to that address, my only excuse for making a few remarks is that I am down on the programme to speak and to respond to the toast of "Canada," our country. Surely no greater subject, or no subject, can appeal more particularly to the natives of Canada than does the toast of "Canada." We have all heard the words of another great Scotsman, speaking of his country, when he said:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

That, Mr. President, is the feeling that every native-born Canadian has with reference to our own country, but while I am making use of those words with reference to native-born Canadians, let me say, Mr. Chairman, that there are very many people in this audience to-night—and throughout the length and breadth of Canada—who first saw the light of day not only in British countries, but in other countries, who can say with equal fervency, "This is my own land."

On this occasion, one would be tempted to make rather a lengthy address, because the subject surely is sufficiently broad. One could deal with the early history of Canada, and in large detail, but on this occasion I am just going to deal very briefly with it in order to lay the foundation for some remarks I wish to make towards the end of my address. You will recall that insofar as our country is concerned it has been settled a bare 300 years. You will remember that the early settlers were of French origin, and, in fact, nearly all the whites in Canada up until the year 1759 were men and women of the French race. In 1759 there was a change of ownership in this great Dominion, and with that change of ownership there came a remarkable change in the history and in the outlook of Canada, and it is rather a remarkable coincidence, Mr. Chairman, that the year 1759 is an important date for another reason, and for the reason that that was the date or the year in which the great poet of the

Scottish people first saw the light of day in far distant Ayrshire.

For a few years after the conquest of Canada by the British, Canada was under military rule; after that, gradually we began to get some semblance of self-government. There was a reason for the development of responsibility in Canada succeeding the year 1759, and that reason was that we began then to get accessions to our population from other lands. Some of the soldiers of Wolfe's army settled in and about Quebec. Forty or fifty years later we had immigration from the north of Scotland into what is now Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, into eastern Ontario, and, at a later date, into the Province of Manitoba. We had those accessions of population. They came largely from our homeland, Scotland, and they brought with them that breadth of view, that independence, that desire for fine institutions which is a characteristic of the Scottish race in whatever part of the world they cast their lot. And if you continue then, and it is that to which I want particularly to devote some attention to-night, namely, the part that Scotsmen have played in the larger events that have taken place in Canada during the last 150 years; let us probably shorten the time and say within the last 60 or 70 years.

Confederation was a great event in Canada. In fact, it was an event which made Canada the country such as we know it to-day, and, if you read over the pages of history, there you will find that the outstanding names amongst those who secured for us the boon of responsible and representative government were the names of men from the Highlands of Scotland. Coming, then, to Confederation we have the great names of George Brock, of Sir John A. Macdonald, two men who took opposite sides in Parliament, but each patriotic enough to sink what personal differences they had in order that Canada might be created as a political entity, because that union of the provinces was essential if Canada was to remain a part of the British Empire.

Then, coming down to another phase of our development in Canada, one which was the forerunner of the development and the colonization of Western Canada, namely, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There again,

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Mr. Chairman, you will find the names of Sir Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, and of George Stephen, afterwards Lord Mountstephen, and I think I am correct when I say that a trans-continental railway at that time was not possible without the genius and the persistency of those two great Scotsmen, Strathcona and Mountstephen.

Come down, Mr. Chairman, to a little later date, and, again dealing with transportation systems, with the building of our Canadian Northern Railway, since merged into the Canadian National, and there we find the names of two other great Scotsmen, Sir Donald Mann and Sir William Mackenzie. I am using those names to illustrate to you the great place that our race has taken in the development and in the great undertakings of this great Canada of ours.

Mr. President, I wish to thank you in conclusion for this opportunity of saying a few words, and again to express my own appreciation of the very great pleasure which I have experienced in meeting and in hearing the distinguished guest who has favored us both this afternoon and this evening.

"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes" was sung by Miss Imrie.

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—I would wish that I had a few minutes' time at my disposal to elaborate upon the toast I have now to propose, but time will not permit me, and time and tide wait for no man. I can only ask you to be upstanding and to drink to our own beautiful province, British Columbia. I couple with this toast the name of our new Premier, Dr. Simon Fraser Tolmie.

Toast to "British Columbia" honored.

PREMIER S. F. TOLMIE: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—I most deeply appreciate the honor you have conferred upon me by including me among your guests and by requesting me to respond to this very important toast: "British Columbia." I do not propose, however, to make any extended remarks, particularly when you have a long toast list yet to cover and this being Saturday night, and knowing that most of you are Presbyterians, you won't want to go on after midnight. I know that we have had the opportunity to-day of receiving a Scottish treat at the hands of our distinguished guest of the evening, the Rt. Hon.



English Bay, Vancouver's Favorite Bathing Beach; Stanley Park in the background.

Ramsay Macdonald, one of the British Empire's most distinguished men, at one time leader of the government over there; I am sure it has been a treat in every respect, not only to meet him and to meet the charming members of his family, but to listen to what he had to say to us.

I take a particular interest in every celebration for the Scottish bard, but I have a closer connection than that, having arrived in British Columbia on the 25th of January, 1867, and I never paid any fare! To attempt to tell you anything very much about British Columbia in the limited time at my disposal would be impossible, but having been busy just along those lines for the last six weeks perhaps you won't listen.

Now, then, I would just refer to a few remarks made by the Hon. Dr. MacLean and other speakers this afternoon with regard to the foundation of Canada's prosperity being laid by the Scotsmen who came here in early days. I feel that the Scotsman, and the Britisher generally, has been a great success in the building up, not only of British Columbia, but of the whole of Canada. It is a well-known fact that, of all those placed on the land under pioneer conditions (by actual figures in existence in the Department of Immigration at Ottawa), the Britisher has proven to be about the best sticker of all. About 67 per cent. of those men have remained on the land where they were put, not because they could not get off, but because they were making a living there and adding to the prosperity of this country.

Now, then, colonization is one of the most important things. In British Columbia we have a country larger than France, Italy and Switzerland combined, and, when we hear of Switzerland's mountain scenery, we should realize this fact—that we could bury 25 Switzerlands in the mountains of British Columbia! Our lands here are particularly rich. We have excellent opportunity for development. We have more than half of the commercial timber of the whole of the Dominion of Canada lying to the west of the Rocky Mountains. Our mines have produced nearly 900 million dollars in wealth since the first mine was opened up, 82 million in placer gold, 262 million in coal since the first mine was opened in 1854 on Vancouver Island; the rest is made up

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of lode mining, and our country has been barely scratched, producing this last year 72 million dollars in mineral wealth. We have produced 46 per cent. of all the fish in Canada this last year, and this great sea of mountains, as British Columbia was described by our Eastern friends in 1871, produced in agriculture 77 million dollars last year.

I heard our good friend the speaker to-day talk about dust and ashes at the Canadian Club luncheon. I want to say that much of our soil is of volcanic origin. It has been eroded from those mountain sides and driven down to the river deltas, and in that soil we have some of the richest soil in the world; simply dust and ashes—and some water mixed with it.

We can accommodate many people on the lands of this Province. We have about 22 million acres of what is called arable land, but we have only 470,000 acres under cultivation at the present time.

I think in British Columbia we have the greatest potential sheep country on the continent of North America. I can tell Mr. Macdonald—so that he can tell it when he goes home—I can tell him in absolute truth we have ewes on one particular ranch weighing 82 pounds at the end of September of last year; in addition to that, those ewes have clipped about 10 pounds per head.

I heard our right hon. friend to-day refer to the remittance men. I know them well. Some of them were a great success. Some experienced difficulties through not getting accustomed to western conditions. I remember one case of an Englishman who settled on a farm. He was a "rawncher." I might explain there is a difference between a rancher and a rawncher. A rancher is a man who is able to make his living off the land. The rawncher gets money from home! In this particular case the rawncher had need of a horse, and he bought a tired horse from a cow puncher who was passing one day—saddle, bridle and lariat—and the horse, being rather tired, was very well behaved. He tried him out three or four times and got on first rate. He did not need to use him for three or four days, and put him back in the corral. After he left him there that time—well, those bronchos are a good deal like some people; when they are hungry and hard

up they are very decent. Throw a few feeds of oats into them, and they are quite different altogether.

In this particular case, this man had need to use his horse later and he went out and saddled him, and was promptly bucked off; he tried him again, and was bucked off a second time. Thinking that the horse had not got acquainted with conditions very well and was perhaps a little peeved that day, he turned him out in the corral and tried him the following day; the third time he got bucked off in a really rough fashion, so that he was jarred. Needing some more grub, he was under the necessity of going down to the store for beans and bread. He did not take the horse down with him; he did not need a chaperone and he could not ride him, so he started down the trail. He got down the trail about half-a-mile and met a cowboy. The cowboy said, "Good morning!" The rawncher said, "Good morning!" "Where are you going?" asked the cowboy. "Going down to the store to get some provisions." "What are you doing on foot? Nobody walks in this country. Have you not got a horse?" "Why, yes!" "Why don't you ride him?" "How can I? When I mounts him, he hides his head between his legs and humps his back—and I cawn't remain!"

There is just as good a chance for a man to make a living in British Columbia these days on the land as there was years ago. A great deal depends on the individual. The fellow who is willing to try, and willing persistently to try, like any strong-backed Scotsman or Englishman, will succeed. I do not know any prescription which will bring success to the lazy loafer who won't try.

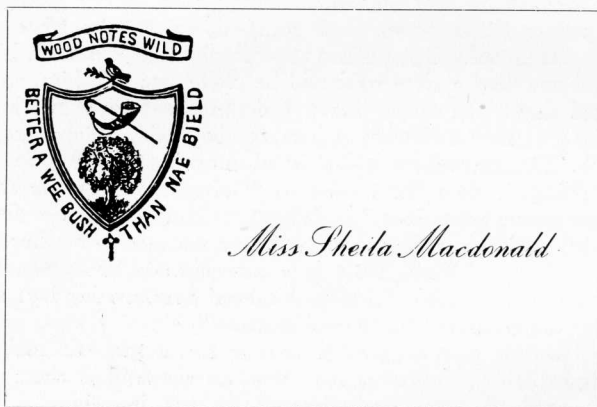
"O' a' the Airts" was effectively sung by Mr. Geo. McInnes.

THE CHAIRMAN: Mr. James Taylor will now propose "The Motherland."

MR. JAMES TAYLOR: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—The toast to "The Motherland," which I have the honor of proposing, is one which I am sure will meet with a very hearty response from everyone, for I take it that all who are here, either by birth or descent, or by cultural associations, feel closely knit with the old land on the other side

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of the Atlantic. Love of country has always been one of the dominating factors in the life of nations and individuals, and this characteristic is especially true of Scotland and of Scotsmen. Love of country, or patriotism in its narrower aspect, has sometimes been the cause of much woe and suffering in the world, but in its higher and nobler aspect it has been one of the great factors in the evolution of the race. It has knit together small scattered groups into larger units and given them a common consciousness and unification in



The Place Card

striving towards higher ideals. It is also a stepping stone in the progress of the race between the primitive affection of the domestic heart and the brotherhood of humanity—a goal which the race will some day attain, and of which Burns spoke with prophetic insight. We who were born in Scotland and have come to Canada find that our love of country need not be an exclusive or narrow thing, for patriotism in its nobler aspects is but another form of love, and is therefore one of those spiritual qualities which the more we express the more we are capable of expressing.

And so, coming as we do to Canada, we touch a new note in the world's harmony which broadens our outlook and which, I think, enables us to love Scotland even better than those who remain at home—for the simple reason that here

in Canada we can view Scotland in a truer perspective than we could when we were in the midst of the strife and turmoil of differing ideals and the dust of party conflict. I think that here we can see more clearly the Scottish national ideal which is gradually rising and expressing itself in the world. So I say that here our patriotism, our love of Scotland, has in no way deteriorated, nor does it detract from our love of Canada, which we love also with a deep and abiding affection.

I might illustrate that broader patriotism which I think we Scotsmen in Canada feel, by illustrations from the history of Scotland, and by the difference between the viewpoint of the modern Scotsman and the Scotsman of some centuries ago. We look back with intense interest over the very wonderful and romantic history of our country and we see in the early days the clash of conflicting interests and groups, the clash of Scots and Picts, of Britons and Angles, and out of it all emerged a united nation with a unified consciousness and possessing qualities transcending those of any one of the groups which were included in that union. We also see down the centuries the heroic struggles for freedom that Scotsmen have made. First of all, the war of independence, the struggle for national freedom under Bruce and Wallace, then the later struggle for religious freedom under Knox and Melville, and finally the struggle for political freedom which has practically continued down to the present time. The modern Scotsman looks back and he feels a kinship with the viewpoint of all, with Celt and Saxon, with Scot and Pict, with Roman Catholic and Presbyterian, with Cavalier and Covenanter, with Stuart and Hanoverian; something of the essence of each somehow or other has passed into the national character, and he is the richer because every one of them struggled for an ideal which they held to be good. Not merely through this clash of ideals are we enriched, but also Scotland was peculiarly fortunate in having two distinct and different races in its own land. We all share now in some measure the mysticism and spiritual outlook of the Celt and the practical, sterling qualities of the Lowlander. We have all a part in the marvellous romance of Scott and the Cavaliers, in the religious fervor that characterize Scotsmen of all shades of opinion and, above all, in the wonderful humanitarianism and

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idealism of Burns—and out of all these diverging streams there has arisen a national consciousness which is the heritage of all the children of Scotland and the gift which she has made to the world.

So, Ladies and Gentlemen, there is very little fear, with this heritage and those memories of the past which uplift us and give us inspiration, that we will forget our kinsmen across the sea or the country which gave us birth. We love that country intensely. We realize the wonderful things it has done in the past, striving ever towards greater and nobler ideals, and we believe that in the future a still more splendid contribution will be made by Scotland to the progress of the race, to its upliftment and advancement. I ask you to rise to your feet and drink with the deepest love and veneration the toast to "Scotland—Our Motherland."

Toast of "The Motherland" honored.

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—In introducing our next speaker to you, there are a thousand beautiful things I would like to say, but I will have to ask Miss Macdonald and you also, ladies and gentlemen, to excuse me because I am in a very dangerous position and I dare not say them. I am just going to call on Miss Macdonald to reply to this toast of the Mother Country and ask her to take all those beautiful things as being said.

MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD: Mr. President and Friends—It seems strange that I should have to reply to this toast, because I myself am an exile from Scotland. This gathering reminds me very much of gatherings that I attend four or five times annually in London, when the London Labor Scots gather together to sing songs—the same songs to which we have listened this evening—and to have a jolly Scottish evening together, because we in London are exiles though nearer home than you in Canada. But though you are so far away there is this great resemblance in the gathering here to-night and the Scots gatherings which I attend in London. Though I may not have a Scottish accent, though I may have been born in London, within the sound of Bow Bells, people have never taken me for an Englishwoman. There was a Dane down at College, and she said to me in very broken English, "You are not English, are you? You

are from Scotland;" I was very proud to be able to tell her I was from Scotland, and she even said that I did speak differently from the other girls who were at college with her.

Now, this toast to which I am responding is the toast to the Mother Country and it reminds me of something which perhaps I should not include in my response, but which has been left out in the speeches this evening and which I am sure is in danger of being left out in the speeches that we are to have, and that is that, however broad are the backs of the men, the Scotsmen or the Englishmen or other men who come out to settle in Canada, they will get a very little way if they do not bring the right kind of womenfolk over as well. I cannot imagine the breadth of back that a man would require to fight against the problems which face him here as well as to bear the burden of a whining wife.

Now, the mother country, like all mothers, has one great sadness to face. Mothers bring up their children; they sow the seeds in the children and then, just as the fruits are showing in those children, a great many of those children leave their mothers, leave their homes and go out to make their way in the world; the mother country every day is bearing the sorrow of parting with its sons and daughters, but it does not really part with them altogether, as you are proving to-night. You are showing to-night your loyalty to your new home and your loyalty to your mother country, and the mother country never loses touch, never loses interest in the sons and daughters whom it has brought up and who come out to make their home far from the motherland.

Travelling through Canada, I can quite realize how you can combine loyalty to Canada and your loyalty to Scotland, because at times, as I have passed through the Canadian scenery, and when I have met Canadians, I have almost felt disloyal to Scotland in the joy that I have found in Canada; so I can realize how you can combine those two loyalties, and it will be with sorrow as well as with joy that I return to the mother country. But I just want again to emphasize the fact that you must not talk only of the men that are coming out here, but it is equally important the kind of women that come out to settle in this country. I want to thank you very much for this pleasant time that we have been having to-

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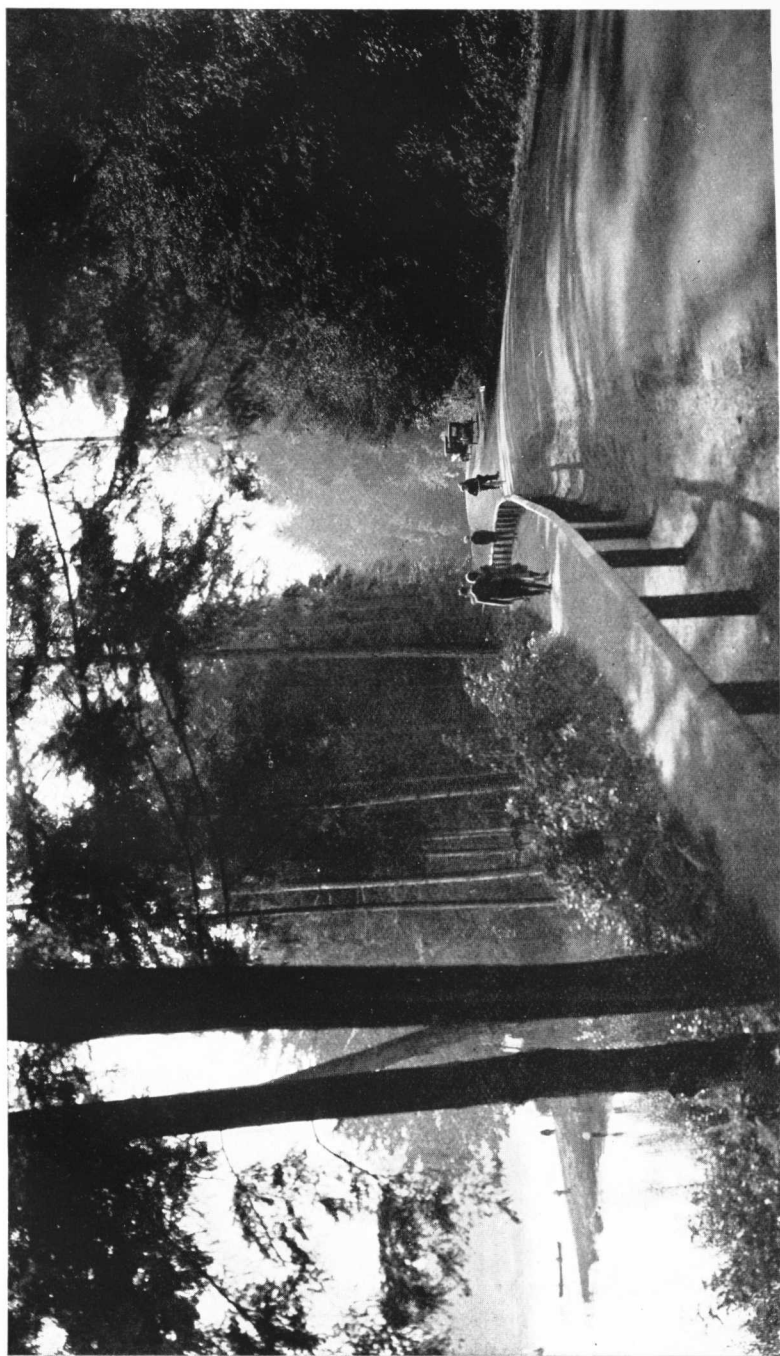
gether and for the pleasant memories you have brought back to me of the mother country, and to assure you that we do still keep up our interests in you as you keep up your interest in the mother country.

"Comin' thro' the Rye" was sung by Mrs. Fraser, followed by "O Lay thy Loof in Mine, Lass," sung by Mr. Colton.

THE CHAIRMAN: Our honored guest is leaving us for a few minutes, but will return. The Old Contemptibles Association are having a dinner to-night and they have asked that he visit them for a few minutes. We cannot grudge him to those men, the men of the old regular army of 1914. Mr. Macdonald will return very shortly.

THE CHAIRMAN: Mr. Alex. Davidson, President of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society, will propose the toast to "The Vancouver Burns Fellowship."

MR. ALEX. E. DAVIDSON: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—In rising to propose this toast to "The Vancouver Burns Fellowship," I do so with a great deal of pleasure, but also with a certain amount of fear; that is, because I do not think I am at all capable of expressing just what should be expressed regarding the Burns Fellowship. In all English-speaking countries where Scotsmen reside, in probably all of the larger cities, you will find a statue erected to Robert Burns. Vancouver has joined the throng as a result of the activities of the Burns Fellowship. You will no doubt realize that the erection of this memorial entailed a whole lot of hard work, sacrifice and time; they met with various difficulties, one way and another, but I am glad to say the evidence to-day shows you that they accomplished the whole thing and have achieved their object. Now, time is getting rather short; I do not wish to speak at any length, but the Burns Fellowship have been very active in promoting amongst the Sassenachs, etc., love of the works of Robert Burns, and spreading the gospel far and wide, and I think that a great deal of credit is coming to them. I am sure it is, and I would just ask you ladies and gentlemen to be upstanding and charge your glasses and drink to the continued prosperity



View in Stanley Park

and success of the Vancouver Burns Fellowship. I couple with the toast the name of Mr. Alexander McRae.

Toast to "The Vancouver Burns Fellowship" honored.

MR. ALEXANDER McRAE: Mr. President and Fellow Burnsians—It seems to me a great imposition at this hour of the night, after we have listened to the magnificent prose-poem which fell from the lips of the right hon. gentleman who is our honored guest to-night, to call upon a youngster like me to inflict a speech upon you. If you, like myself, ever are looked upon with a sort of pity for having been patted upon the head so much for being a good little boy that you are going bare-haired upon the top of your head, you will have sympathy for a youngster like myself when called upon at such a late hour as this to speak concerning the Burns Fellowship. You have had evidence of what the Burns Fellowship has been doing to-day. We invite you one and all to come and share with the Burns Fellowship the good things which are spread before us at all the meetings which we hold during the year—and we would like you all to study the works of the beloved bard and the great poet of humanity, to your own lasting good and your great satisfaction. I would just like to say that it is most unusual for the Burns Fellowship, amongst all the good things which its members have shared, to be privileged to have upon the 25th day of August such a Burns gala day, to dedicate to our poet a well-nigh imperishable memorial in such a place as Stanley Park, to have the occasion graced by one of the most eminent and one of the most eloquent Burnsians, a former premier of Great Britain, and also by the presence of those bonny, sonsy lassies, his charming daughters, to have Canadian statesmen with us rejoicing in such honored Scottish names as Simon Fraser Tolmie and John Duncan MacLean, and to have relatives of the poet himself with us in the esteemed presence of the wife and son of Robert Burns Hutchinson, a great grandson of the poet and the oldest surviving male representative of his line. That is an experience which, with us, is as unique as it shall be memorable, and I would like to say now, not to take your time, that perhaps this toast may be fittingly honored by the modest Scottish sentiment: "Here's tae us, wha's like us!"

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Mrs. Fraser then sang "John Anderson, My Jo."

THE CHAIRMAN: Mr. William Waldie will propose the toast to "Kindred Societies."

MR. WALDIE: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—In proposing this toast to "Kindred Societies," I do so in a dual capacity, first as a member of the executive of the Vancouver Burns Fellowship and second as president of the Council of Scottish Societies. I do not want to speak at any length; not being a public speaker, my remarks will be very brief, but at the outset I would like to extend the sincere thanks of the Vancouver Burns Fellowship to all the Scottish societies of Vancouver for their excellent support, both material and moral, which has enabled the Fellowship to attain its object which has so successfully culminated in Stanley Park this afternoon. I should also like to refer to the wonderful spirit of co-operation and *esprit de corps* which exists amongst the Scottish societies of Vancouver. Scottish people comprise a large proportion of the population of Greater Vancouver, and there is no doubt that Scottish people, provided their activities are properly directed, can be a power for good in the City of Vancouver and the province of British Columbia. I should also like to couple with this toast the names of the Shakespeare Society and the Dickens Fellowship. Those two Fellowships have co-operated with the Burns Fellowship very heartily. We have spent enjoyable and profitable evenings together, and I hope that, now the Burns Fellowship have attained their object, probably the Shakespeare Society and the Dickens Fellowship will go ahead on like lines. I assure them, if they do, the Burns Fellowship and Scottish people generally will be the first people to assist them in that line of endeavour. Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to rise with me and drink this toast to "Kindred Societies."

Toast to "Kindred Societies" honored.

MR. JAMES INGLIS REID: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—As a member of the kindred societies, I have great pleasure in supporting Mr. Waldie in his toast.

As members of kindred societies, we rejoice in the joy of the Burns Fellowship on attaining the grand finale that they set out to attain. We are very pleased they have put up this magnificent statue in Stanley Park; we like the statue

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because it is so complete and it is so impressive, and it is really Scottish and is not cheap or shabby-looking, although some people suggest that Scottish people are a little stingy when giving to anything in the nature of a fund. We all know Scottish societies encourage Scottish sentiment; that is what they are here for, not to let the heritage of the Scotsmen die out, to keep it alive.

Some time ago I read a story of James Montgomery. He was born in the county of Ayr. He moved early in life to the Midlands of England, and he was educated there; one time during his schooldays a Scotsman came in, a Scottish judge who wanted to see how the school was run. The professor took him around and showed him different pupils; finally he came to James Montgomery, who was the author of quite a number of poems and also a number of hymns. You will know him as a hymn writer if you are a Presbyterian. The professor pointed to Montgomery and said: "This one here is your own countryman." This Scottish judge, who came in with riding whip in his hand and dressed in breeches, just off his horse—that was the only means of transportation at that time, which was the end of the 18th century—he looked at James Montgomery and said: "I hope he will do nothing that his country will have any reason to be ashamed of." Now Montgomery said that man's statement, so short and so brief, made a great impression upon him and he determined at that time that his country would have nothing to be ashamed of in anything he did. That was a factor which was the making of his life.

Might I suggest, if you are not a member of a kindred society, that you join one and maintain this sentiment which keeps a man's heart pure and clean even when far from home. If you join a society, enter it with the one motive—what you can put into the society, not what you can get out of it.

THE CHAIRMAN: Mr. A. Fraser Reid, the honorary secretary of the Vancouver Burns Fellowship, will now propose the toast to "Our Guests."

MR. A. FRASER REID: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—We have so many distinguished guests with us this evening that the toast which has fallen to my lot assumes

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undue importance; it is, in fact, one of the most important of the whole evening. Important though the toast may be, the task to me is a congenial one, for the reason that it is a pleasure and a distinct privilege to propose the health of so many honored guests. I am only sorry it should have fallen to such poor hands to care for this toast.

The Burns Fellowship has always been very fortunate in its guests. We have had them with us at our meetings, at our annual dinners, and at various other functions throughout the year; to-night, however, we are signally honored in the presence of so many distinguished guests at our dinner table. They have—the majority of them at least—been introduced, so it will be unnecessary for me to take up time by enumerating them again.

Not only is this occasion memorable by reason of the fact that we have unveiled in all its radiant beauty a tribute to our immortal Robin; it is memorable also because we have as our honored guest the Rt. Hon. James Ramsay Macdonald, who has rendered us a service to-day for which we are most deeply grateful. Then we have, seated at our dinner table, our right hon. friend's three charming daughters, who, by their affable presence and unassuming personality, to-day have graced our various ceremonies. Those guests, on their first visit to our city, have brought us once more closely into touch with that motherhood which we still love so keenly although we have adopted another land as our home.

This day will go down in history as a red-letter day in the calendar of the Burns Fellowship.

We have with us Hon. Dr. Tolmie, Hon. Dr. MacLean, and we welcome also the Hon. H. H. Stevens; to the latter we owe a great debt of gratitude, because it was through his efforts on our behalf we were able to bring that fine bronze monument into this country free of customs duty. This service in itself practically meant we were getting a donation from the government of something like a thousand dollars, and it helped us very materially to attain the object of which you have seen the culmination to-day. We have also with us Acting-Mayor Almond and Mrs. Almond; Mr. William Dick, M.L.A., who has been generous to us on many occasions; Mr. Baynes and other members of the Parks Com-

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missioners, who have expressed their pleasure to-day at receiving the custody of such a magnificent statue. These and many other guests are very welcome here to-night. We are delighted to have them with us, and we appreciate their presence on this occasion. The hour is getting very late. It is getting near the witching hour of twelve; without more ado, therefore, I will ask you to rise and drink the health of "Our Guests." With this I will couple the name of Mr. William Dick.

Toast of "Our Guests" honored.

MR. WILLIAM DICK: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—It is indeed a great pleasure to be here to-night amongst so many of my own countrymen. After listening to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's splendid speech to-day at the Canadian Club luncheon, and again at the unveiling of the monument to that great Scotsman, Robbie Burns, I can easily understand why the name and fame of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is world-wide. I here express the thanks of the Fellowship and all our Scottish societies in British Columbia to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. We are delighted to have with us this evening the Misses Macdonald and hope they will have a pleasant journey, so that when they return to the Homeland they will have nothing but pleasant memories of Canada and Vancouver in particular. We have also with us to-night the Hon. Dr. MacLean and the Hon. Dr. Tolmie, Premier of the Province of British Columbia and leader of the greatest government that British Columbia ever had; also some members of the cabinet and some who would like to have been members of the cabinet.

I would ask your indulgence if I digress for a moment and ask why it is in this small country—in this large country with a small population—we can step out and spend \$8,000.00 on a Burns monument and unveil it to-day without one dollar of debt against it when no other nationality, race or creed has been able to put up a monument in British Columbia to any of their great men? Not only in the City of Vancouver, and in the province of British Columbia, have we been able to put up a monument to Robbie Burns, our national poet, but if you visit any of the large cities of the United States you will find that the Scotsmen are not

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found wanting. Harry Lauder said Scotsmen are not mean and stingy when it comes to national dignity and national honor. Scotsmen put their hands in their pockets and pay the bill and ask nobody else to do it.

My earliest memories of Robbie Burns were gained in the village where I was born. I was born a few miles from Ayr—when my father used to sit by the fireside and sing "Bonnie Doon." On every special Scottish day since, those memories come back to me, back in Nanaimo where I was raised, where the two great holidays and gala days were Burns' Day and Hogmanay Day. Possibly you don't understand what Hogmanay Day means. I will explain. Hogmanay Day is the day before New Year's, when the Scotsmen are getting ready to celebrate, and the next big day was the day the lad was born in Kyle. Very often the celebration would last so long and they would have a "deoch an' doris"—well, there would be no work the next day!

I ask you to think about the Scotsmen who have built up this country. You have names such as Strathcona, Angus, Hill, Stuart and Fraser and other men who have pioneered the country. The men who built the C. P. R., who opened up this country were Scotsmen. Roosevelt, in one of his addresses, said that Scotsmen made great citizens. There is one place I have heard of, where a Scotsman is not very welcome. A Scotsman by the name of Sandy McPherson died; he was from Aberdeen, in the north of Scotland. I am from the south of Scotland, on the west coast, and I want you to understand from the place where I come from they don't go where this man went. Sandy McPherson died and he went down below, and Satan looked him over and he said: "This is funny; we do not have anybody like you here." He said "What is your name, where do you come from?" Sandy said "I am from Aberdeen, my name is Sandy McPherson." "Well," Satan said, "You had better go back and see St. Peter, because it is too much trouble making mush for one man here!"

I want to thank the people of this great city for the hearty response and for the generous way they came through in connection with the monument. As I said before, no

other organization, race or creed has been able to do what the Burns Fellowship did in the City of Vancouver—that is, unveil a monument without one cent against it.

“Ye Banks and Braes” was sung by Miss Imrie.

THE CHAIRMAN: Now we come to the most important toast of the evening. In this Burns Fellowship it has fallen to my lot to propose a tremendous number of toasts in the last few years, but there is one thing the Executive absolutely refuse to do and that is to allow me to propose this toast. It has been my ambition all my life to do so, but they say I am not good enough and I am too old. I am going to call upon Mr. John MacInnes, and how John qualifies for this I do not understand. I want to apologise to the ladies because I am sure John will not do the toast in proper fashion to-night; that is, he will not do it justice.

MR. JOHN MACINNES: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I am perfectly sure that if Mr. Carrick had suggested himself just a day or so earlier, he would have had the privilege because I hardly realize why I was selected to make a speech of this kind. I noticed, on the evening when it was decided who was to take these toasts, a slight grin go around the executive when my name was mentioned for this particular toast. I feel to-night as if I were walking in the rear of a very gorgeous procession and I am completely overwhelmed in consequence. I just want to say I would feel completely overwhelmed in my position here if it were not for the fact that I am supported by such a charming young lady as Miss Joan Macdonald in the rear of the procession.

It would be very interesting to trace, if we had time to-night, the progress of our womenfolk from the early days when she used to follow her lord and master from the hunt (and probably carry home the results of the hunt on her back), right down through the ages when they set her up on a pedestal and kept her there, and tried to carve pieces out of one another through their boiler-plate suits in order to show how much they loved the lassie, right down to the time when there was such an outbreak of desire for emancipation that the lassies used to break windows and knock policemen's helmets off, right down to the present day, when

they are competing with us in the marts of commerce and, I think, sometimes beating us at our own game. I think to-night we might feel kind of nervous regarding the future, and I can foresee the possibility that within a few years we may be brought by our wives to an institution of this kind and sit in a state of nervous excitement while some buxom and aggressive member of the fair sex pokes fun at us in a toast to "The Laddies."

However, seriously, this is a great day for the Burns Fellowship and a great day for Vancouver, and in recognizing the fact that this is a great day for us as a Burns Fellowship, we want to pay a special tribute to our womenfolk in the Burns Fellowship. The success of our function to-day would never have been achieved if it had not been for hard and strenuous work on the part of the women folk of the Burns Fellowship.

Now, I do not know how you all feel to-day. Down on the mound there, beside that pedestal, I was conscious several times of a tightening in my throat, and I felt rather undignified. There was that something which stirred us to-day—I don't know whether it was because we had just achieved such a great end as putting up that monument there, or whether it was because we were inspired by the presence of Mr. Macdonald, but I know that we all had a feeling of real true patriotism, not the spurious patriotism often heard of in talking of the homeland, but the real patriotism that turned us back to the motherland, our old and respected mother, to those family altars of ours, fragrant with the memory of a thousand noble deeds done for freedom, for truth and liberty. And we have been inclined to-day, several times, I think, in the course of our proceedings, to thank God for the womenfolk, those mothers and wives who, by their training and example, produced to us men in their day and generation like Robert Burns and James Ramsay Macdonald; who, by their inspiration, have produced those men, men who have given all for humanity and brotherhood and have forgotten about personal gain in their desire to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow men. We gentlemen need have no fear if our wives and mothers of to-day keep before them the ideals of those women of the past in Scotland, and

we need have no fear but that they will produce men in the future who will carry on the work so nobly begun. I do not want to delay any longer, but only ask the men here to be upstanding and drink to the health of "The Lasses."

Toast to "The Lasses" honored.

MISS JOAN MACDONALD: Mr. Chairman and Friends—I must say I am very proud to be standing here and responding for the lasses. If Mr. MacInnes' prophesies come true, perhaps next year I will be proposing a toast to the laddies. I think we have all had a very happy evening here, and I think the Burns Fellowship is to be congratulated on the very successful day which they have arranged. It is now just on twelve o'clock, and we have satisfied our bodies and our minds and our artistic tastes by feasting and singing and music. There is a time for this sort of thing, and there is a time for sleep, and I think it is time now to say good-night.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a highly successful dinner to a close as the midnight hour struck.

"AULD LANG SYNE"

Should auld acquaintance be forgot

And never brought to min'?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot

And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne,

We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,

Frae morning sun till dine;

But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,

Sin' auld lang syne.

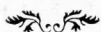
And here's a hand, my trusty frien'.

And gi'es a hand o' thine;

And we'll tak' a right guid-willie wacht

For auld lang syne.

Editorial and Poetic Tributes



The following editorial, written by Mr. Noel Robinson, welcoming Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay Macdonald appeared in "The Morning Star:"

Burns and Macdonald

"To-day the citizens of Vancouver will take part in a double event of unusual public interest. They will extend a welcome to the Rt. Hon. Ramsay Macdonald, the leading Scottish statesman of his time, and he will unveil in Stanley Park a statue in memory of Robert Burns, pre-eminent as the greatest poet which his country has produced and one of the world's supreme lyrists. The visit of the ex-premier of Great Britain will become a notable memory which will pass with the passing of those who will be present at the different ceremonies. The beautiful bronze statue—replica of that most famous of all images of the Scottish bard, which stands at his birthplace, Ayr—will remain in its sylvan setting, a constant reminder of one who, in the course of a too brief and chequered lifetime, contributed to his country's literature songs that are imperishable. His poems breathe the spirit of man's independence in a degree which has never been surpassed and seldom equalled.

"Burns was a creative genius. Macdonald, his distinguished fellow-countryman, is a practical statesman—his brief career in office was sufficient to indicate this—as well as a dreamer. Nor does Macdonald lack the lyric strain which animated so much that Burns wrote. Some of the prose of his speeches and writings eloquently testify to this. Had he devoted himself to authorship instead of politics, he might, very probably, have secured for himself a niche in literature which would be more lasting than any achievement in politics can ever be. It has been given to very few men to achieve human immortality in both.



View of Vancouver Harbor.

"Of each of these eminent sons of Scotland, both of whom have suffered their share of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, it may be truly recorded that their heads were bloody but unbowed. The twilight and close of Burns' life was marked by circumstances which render that period pathetic in the extreme, but the poet's courage never wavered. The life of Macdonald is still, it may be hoped, far removed from its twilight, and the ex-Labor premier, more fortunate than the poet, may spend the evening of his life, when the stress of fighting is passed, in the happy atmosphere of family and friends and amid those familiar and prized books which have meant so much to him throughout his strenuous career.

"As Vancouver welcomes Ramsay Macdonald to-day it is inevitable that memory will recall that Great War period when his name was anathema, not only to his fellow-countrymen, but to all who felt that there was only one course to pursue in the face of the common danger which threatened humanity. That circumstance is not recalled at this moment, when it is right to bestow honor upon the city's welcome visitor, in order to belittle his achievements, but rather that tribute may be paid to the essential integrity of this man who, it is now realized, incurred an unpopularity which must have been harder to bear than any sufferings which he might have incurred by taking what—to him—would have been the line of least resistance. No one has ever suggested that Ramsay Macdonald lacked courage. It was a case of a man being true to himself.

"And so, to-day, Vancouver can honor itself by honoring the poet and the ex-premier who will himself pay eloquent tribute to the poet amid the splendors of Stanley Park. The ceremony will take place in a setting of mountain scenery, undiscovered by white man at the time that the great lyricist wrote, but which, had fate determined that he should sojourn here, he would have immortalized in glorious verse similar to that which Bonnie Doon inspired him to write.

"Ramsay Macdonald's day is not yet ended. Across the water come messages from men in the highest quarters, and of all shades of politics, saying that Macdonald will again be premier of Great Britain, and that very soon."

A Poetic Tribute

On the wreath presented by the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society of North Vancouver was the following poem from the pen of Mr. W. S. Mitchell, bard of the Society:

O Robin, could ye see the day
When buirdly Scots in great array,
On Britain's shores that face Cathay
Your memory mark
Wi' nine fit bronze, on granite base,
Such as the toon o' Ayr doth grace;
Wi' Presidents you've got your place
In Stanley Park.

And there, where wanton breezes stir
The stately taps o' Douglas fir,
Midst scent o' roses and o' myrrh
You stand on guard—
A monument, a mark, a guide
To those wha walk and those wha ride,
That Scotsmen tak' an unco pride
In Coila's bard.

Born in a humble theekit cot,
With hardship for thy earthly lot,
Perchance thy Muse had little thought
To live aince mair
In hearts o' men the warld ower;
Sweet singer o' the humble flower
And Patriot Bard, whose rhyme has power
To banish care.



Burns in Stanley Park

I see some nameless, spineless cratur
Has sent a letter to your paper,
Trying to rouse wi' noise and clatter
His puppy bark
Against a most ennobling matter
For Stanley Park.

VANCOUVER'S TRIBUTE TO BURNS

Hail to the morn when Scotland's bard
In bronze shall here arise,
And 'midst Vancouver's lovely park
Shall gladden Scottish eyes.
As standing on the steps of Fame
His heaven created form
Shall honour bring Vancouver's name
And still more joy and charm.

'Tis well beside this Western sea,
Where Freedom loves to roam,
The Poet of Democracy
Shall come among his own.
For truth and right Burns boldly stood
And gave his noble mind;
He called for world-wide Brotherhood
And peace for all mankind.

Though some by servile minds possessed
Indulge a low-browed sneer,
The freeborn spirit of the West
Welcomes the statue here;
And 'midst Vancouver's bowers and glades,
By western zephyrs fanned,
His glorious laurels ne'er shall fade
But flourish and expand.

That morn has dawned, to memory fond,
Oh! such a glorious day!
Each peak and slope, Cheam and Hope,
Blazed as with fiery ray,
And on the Fraser danced the gleam
Its winding course and wide;
As glistening down, the mighty stream
Rolled onward to the tide.

I woke upon Mount Hatzic's side,
Just as the light began;
The massive hill in lofty pride
Rose like a mosque of Pan.

VANCOUVER'S TRIBUTE TO BURNS

And soon my curl of smoke went up,
Among the dewy ferns;
With blended best, my wassail cup
Brimmed with a toast to Burns.

Be this fair morn by memory hailed,
For Scotland's sweetest Bard;
This day his statue be unveiled
On sweet Vancouver's sward.
And as we look upon his form
We'll think upon his song,
"The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon,"
The woods and wilds among;

His songs of Love by cot and cairn,
Of lassies sweet and clean,
Again of winsome wife and bairn
And his own bonnie Jean.
But let his "Bruce and Bannockburn"
E'er with his laurels twine,
And never let our hearts forget
"The Days of Auld Lang Syne."

To Mission then I started light and gay,
The flocks of linties twittering o'er the way,
The Hatzic lake as 'twere Killarney's scene,
Lay placid, sleeping in her garb of green.
Met friend John Bowie, in his car we sped
Along the road through Silverdale that led,
And o'er the new-made road that joins her now,
Across the marsh to Ruskin's rugged brow,
Where Whonnock's hills lift high in sylvan pride
Above the vale where rolls the Fraser's tide,
Where Haney's homesteads wealth of beauty lend,
And far and fair Pitt Meadow's fields extend.

—JOHN A. LAMPARD.

Dewdney, B. C.

*List of Members in Good Standing**October, 1928*

Allan, George W.	3814 Fourteenth Avenue West
Anderson, W. A.	5191 Robinson Street, South Vancouver
Bain, Roy R.	908 Granville Street
Brown, Capt. and Mrs. James	3076 Second Avenue West
Bruce, William M.	1890 Grant Street
Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Robert D.	1890 Grant Street
Bunch, Mrs. A.	51 Twenty-sixth Avenue East
Byers, Mr. and Mrs. James	1325 Seventeenth Avenue East
Carrick, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McA.	497 Tenth Avenue East
Carrick, Miss Jean	497 Tenth Avenue East
Carrick, Mr. and Mrs. John	Nelson, B. C.
Campbell, John A.	3514 Fortieth Avenue West
Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry	1170 Comox Street
Cran, Miss H. C.	2913 Woodland Drive
Cran, Miss M. S.	2913 Woodland Drive
Crawford, John	1595 Fifteenth Avenue West
Craig, Rev. J. Richmond	825 Seventh Avenue East
Cruikshank, Miss Janet M., "R.N."	1836 Georgia Street East
Cruikshank, Ralph Forbes	1836 Georgia Street East
Cruikshank, Richard A.	1836 Georgia Street East
Cook, Edward	1507 Twelfth Avenue West
Coutts, Mr. and Mrs. James B.	2517 Twenty-ninth Avenue East
Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B.	1529 Sixty-sixth Avenue West
De Pencier, J. Theodore	106 Seventh Avenue East
De Pencier, Mrs. Annie G.	106 Seventh Avenue East
De Pencier, Miss Florence W.	106 Seventh Avenue East
Diamond, Mr. and Mrs. James	6332 Laburnum
Doran, Mrs.	925 Granville
Docherty, Mrs. Hugh	6405 Prince Edward Street
Duncan, Harry S.	151 Thirteenth Avenue West
Dunlop, W. R.	325 Howe Street
Downie, Miss	1061 Granville Street
Ferrier, H.	1648 Davie Street
Finlayson, Mrs. J.	3825 Twenty-first Avenue West
Fiddes, Mrs. Robert	1989 Hosmer Avenue
Forin, Judge and Mrs. J. A.	3651 Granville Street
Forrest, James S.	655 Twelfth Avenue West
Frame, William	1999 Beach Avenue
Frame, Miss	1999 Beach Avenue
Fraser, Miss E.	1917 Pendrell Street
Ford, Mr. and Mrs. John	1859 Thirty-third Avenue East
Geekie, Miss Florence	General Delivery, P.O.

VANCOUVER'S TRIBUTE TO BURNS

LIST OF MEMBERS—Continued.

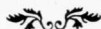
Giffen, Mrs. R. Craig	1648 Graveley Street
Grant, Mrs. Margaret	1033 Commercial Street
Greenlees, Mr. and Mrs. Peter	1642 Davie Street
Grierson, Mrs.	1061 Granville Street
Guthrie, David	2810 Sixth Avenue East
Hamilton, Miss Margaret	1261 Granville Street
Hamilton, Miss Catherine	1261 Granville Street
Herbert, R. J.	2926 Third Avenue West
Howat, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McN.	5690 Kerr Road, Collingwood
Horribin, Mrs. M. Primrose	1776 Twelfth Avenue West
Hyslop, Mr. and Mrs. James	1517 Nanaimo Street, New Westminster
Johnstone, Mrs. J. Gavin	1218 Maple Street
Johnston, Miss Mina J.	1148 Pacific Street
Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. James	6175 Commercial Drive
Johnstone, Miss Ella	6175 Commercial Drive
Kay, James	Allco Post Office
Kelman, Mrs. Helen	915 Granville Street
Lamb, Alexander	3579 Trinity Street
Lindsay, Mrs. William	7105 Berkley Street
Learmouth, R.	1149 Haro Street
Lister, Mrs. J. G.	4407 Smith Avenue, Central Park
McNeil, Adam L.	1233 Victoria Drive
McNeil, Mrs. Margaret	334 Twenty-seventh Avenue East
McNichol, Mrs.	884 Bute Street
McDonald, Mrs. A.	923 Eleventh Avenue East
Macdonald, John	1623 Parker Street
Macdonald, Mrs. Norman	1030 Robson Street
MacGregor, Miss Kate	1261 Granville Street
MacGregor, Miss Jane	1261 Granville Street
MacInnes, Mr. and Mrs. John	3462 Victoria Drive
McInnes, George	3708 Lanark Street
McLean, Donald	1135 Fourteenth Avenue East
McLeod, Donald	Devonshire Apartments
MacMillan, Mrs. Charles	1020 Hornby Street
McMillan, Mrs. J.	2035 First Avenue West
McRae, Alexander	28 Sixth Avenue West
McVicar, Mr. and Mrs. J.	1209 Thurlow Street
McWares, Miss A.	Y.W.C.A., 997 Dunsmuir Street
MacKay, Mrs. John	4531 James Street
Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. John	Ardley Post Office
Marris, Mrs. Norman	1636 Davie Street
Marr, Mrs. Thomas	1154 Comox Street
Marr, Baden	1154 Comox Street
Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander	655 Hornby Street
Melville, Mr. and Mrs. John	729 Seventh Avenue East
Melville, Miss Jenny	729 Seventh Avenue East
Mitten, Mrs. E. A.	1430 Eighth Avenue West
Moir, Mr. and Mrs. George	3825 Twenty-first Avenue West
Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm	111 Kootenay Street North

VANCOUVER'S TRIBUTE TO BURNS

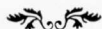
LIST OF MEMBERS—Continued.

Morrison, Miss Kate	1461 Marine Drive
Malcolm, Mr. and Mrs. J. H.	610 Jervis Street
Mowat, Mrs. Charles	224 Twelfth Avenue West
Mundie, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander	2070 Grant Street
Montgomery, Mrs. Capt. R.	2515 Sixth Avenue West
Murray, Mr. and Mrs. David	1148 Robson Street
Meston, Mr. and Mrs. A.	1706 Fourteenth Avenue West
Neil, Mrs. J. A.	729 Seventh Avenue West
Patterson, Dr. James	Scarsdale, New York, U. S. A.
Paterson, Mrs.	Shaughnessy Lodge, 1298 Tenth Avenue West
Paterson, Angus	372 Nineteenth Avenue East
Paterson, Miss Rachel	2730 Main Street
Pollock, Miss Agnes	2810 Sixth Avenue East
Reid, Mr. and Mrs. A. Fraser	1635 Napier Street
Reid, C. G. L.	4675 Kingsway
Riddock, Mrs. Frank	43 Fifteenth Avenue East
Robson, Mrs. H. M.	1705 Fourteenth Avenue West
Ross, Miss J. C.	43 Eleventh Avenue East
Robertson, Mrs. C. M.	2631 Wellington Avenue
Robb, Mrs. Alexander	3341 Dumfries Street
Ross, Miss J.	2173 Third Avenue West
Seggie, Mrs. James	Suite 7, 979 Tenth Avenue West
Sinclair, W.	1556 Napier Street
Slight, Mrs. P.	No. 30, Elcho Apartments, Davie Street
Stalker, Donald	Port Hammond
Stephen, Mrs. J. G.	5311 Prince Albert Street
Stewart, Mrs. A. L.	2173 Third Avenue West
Stewart, Mrs. C.	884 Bute Street
Tait, Mrs. J. Stuart	1468 Seventy-first Avenue West
Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. James	789 Eighteenth Avenue West
Taylor, Alastair Macdonald	789 Eighteenth Avenue West
Thornton, Reginald Fielder	2150 Charles Street
Taylor, Mrs. James	1375 Fifteenth Avenue West
Telfer, Mrs. Margaret	850 Bidwell Street
Usher, Mrs. Margaret	1591 Marine Drive, Marpole
Waldie, William L.	3391 Twenty-second Avenue West
Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. William	1612 Fourth Avenue East
Wallace, Miss Lena	1612 Fourth Avenue East
Wardrop, R.	1643 Fulton Avenue, Hollyburn
Walker, Mrs. Capt. A.	4507 Smith Avenue, Central Park
Watkins, Harley S.	936 Twelfth Avenue West
Watret, Robert	986 Twentieth Avenue East
Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard	2465 Wellington Avenue
Wilson, Miss Janet I.	1148 Pacific Street
Wilson, Mrs. M.	1060 Eighth Avenue West
Wright, Mrs. Eva Grant	3247 Broadway West

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Photos of the Burns Statue, of the Bronze Plaques and of Official Badge, by A. Fraser Reid.

Photos of President, Secretary and Secretary of Statue Fund by Steffens-Colmer.

Book designed, arranged and "laid out" by A. Fraser Reid.