The Express

NORTH VANCOUVER, B.C., CHRISTMAS NUMBER, DECEMBER, 1905

Library, Legislative Assembly
DEC 6 - 1905
VICTORIA B.C.

30

NO: 14

DECEMBER

JOYS OF THE YULETIDE

Faith, Hope, Love, these three; and the greatest of these is Love

TO ALL CANADIANS

1905

CHRISTMAS EVE EXPECTANCY.

Mary Jane

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THIS CHRISTMAS NUMBER BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

Author of "Heming, the Adventurer," and Other Stories.

I.

THE October rain, bitter cold, had already soaked through to my skin. The saddle was wet under me. Simon Rand, braced in the doorway as if to repel an attack, contemplated my plight without so much as the softening of a feature.

"Then good evening to you, Mr. Rand," said I. As I urged my wet and weary horse out of the yard, Simon spoke: "I hope ye'll not make the mistake again," he said. "This house gives no shelter to gamblers and brawlers."

The distance between the Rand place and Fox Hill was only four miles; but both Dandy and I were in a bad way by the time we reached home. We had been three hours on the road. During the traveling of the last eight miles of our journey we had been at the mercy of a pelting storm of rain. Kelly ran from the woodshed and met me at the turn of the drive.

"Rub him dry, if it works your arms off," I ordered.

"And a hot mash?" enquired the man.

"Verily," I replied, and trudged heavily to the house.

A tub, a change of clothing, and a good supper failed to lighten my mood. My heart was bitter against Simon Rand. I knew little of the man save that he was a farmer on a large scale, for that country, and a reviler of myself and my ways. He was also a deacon, and other things of the kind. I was nothing of the kind—and that, I believe, was at the root of his objection to me. I was but newly possessed of Fox Hill. I enjoyed an income that was not entirely dependent on the state of the crops. Merry blood was in my arteries; and I had been a dweller in the cities of the world. In fact, I was nothing, and had done nothing to recommend myself to such as Simon Rand.

My friends had all gone back to town. The house seemed several sizes too large for me. I sat in the tiny room in which I kept my guns, my account books, and my pipes; for there, by way of a vacant stove-pipe hole opening off the kitchen, I could hear the comfortable conversation of Kelly and Mrs. Kelly. Sometimes their voices were no more than a murmuring in my ears. At other times, for a round or two, I caught the words of their homely talk.

"Dandy was soakin' an' th' boss was a sight, I kin tell ye. . . . *Twenty-two mile, every inch of it.* . . . Well, I guess there's no harm in his doings. Mighty friendly fellers his friends was, too."

"Don't you be holdin' out that card-playin' is right, Pat. Deacon Rand might hear you, an' I guess he'd comb yer hide."

Kelly's voice growled indignation. The blood of his Irish ancestors still danced in his veins.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, I walked back to where the fall plowing was going on. Six horses and three plows were in operation. The land was *ancient and impoverished meadow. The frost* had not struck in but the gray fence rails shone like silver. The glory of the Indian Summer morning was over all.

"Who did you get to take Jim Kirk's place?" I asked.

Kelly halted the blacks and pointed across the field to the farthest team. I noticed that the plowman whistled as he plodded along the furrow. "That's Bill Smith," said Kelly. "He's a good worker, an' no mistake. He was mighty glad to git the job, too, fer old Deacon Rand give him th' sack last week, fer playin' a hand at Nations over to Sander's frolic. Purty tough, that, fer Nations ain't no Devil's picter book game at all. It's a bum game."

"The game of Nations is simply the game of whist," I replied, "with pictures and maps on the cards instead of spots. One could play bridge with those Nation cards. I am glad to hear that Mr. Rand is sincere in his objections to cards, anyway."

Kelly looked at me with a twinkle in his small eyes. "Bill tells me, sir," said he, "that Rand's niece come home from T'ronto last Saturday. She's bin schoolin' there."

Evidently he expected me to be interested.

"What's her name?" I asked.

"Just ordinary Mary Jane," replied Kelly, with relish. "I guess her parents wanted her christened Gwandoline, or somethin' fancy-like, but th' deacon bossed 'em into havin' her Mary Jane! Her father was th' deacon's brother—an' he married a city girl. He owed th' deacon a bit o' money, I guess."

I returned to the farm-yard and attacked a pile of wood with a very dull axe. The doctor had impressed the fact upon my attention that hard work, of the hewer-of-wood and drawer-of-water kind, was to be part of my medicine; that I was not only to rest my brain but I was to tire my arms and back as well. So I split wood with whole-souled vigor and began to fancy myself as an axeman.

After my mid-day dinner I saddled Dandy and started away for a ride. Trotting and cantering soon brought me to the gate of the gray house of Simon Rand. I drew Dandy to a walk, and glanced up the track across the stubble to the unshaded house. I was somewhat startled to see the front door swing open. Was the godly Simon going to shoot me at long range, to save the morals of the country? But no; a gray-haired woman waved a feather duster at me, and cried shrilly, "Help, help!"

I wheeled Dandy and sent him through the gateway and up the drive like a racer.

"My brother—Deacon Rand—oh, his heart, his heart!" she cried.

"Stand there, boy," I cried, and bolted after the dame into the dark hall. I found Rand on the sitting room floor. A girl in a blue skirt and artful shirt waist, knelt beside him.

"Make some strong coffee," I ordered. "Bring hot water and a mustard plaster. Have you any brandy in the house?"

There was no brandy. But we poured coffee into him, and slapped a plaster over his heart, and fairly boiled his feet. He began to pull 'round.

"Keep the treatment up," I said, "and I'll ride for the doctor."

II.

I did not go back to the Rand place with the doctor. But, bright and early next morning, Dandy and I took a turn in that direction.

"I'd like to know how the old chap is feeling. Come, we'll trot up and enquire," I informed Dandy.

I shaped our course 'round to the kitchen, by way of an old orchard and a wood-yard, for I considered it wise to avoid disturbing the deacon by any demonstrations of anxiety at the front door. A woman of all work was dumping a pan of scraps into a swill barrel.

"How is the deacon, this morning?" I asked.

"Some better," said she.

"I hope he is entirely out of danger."

"Guess he is, mister."

"Will you be so kind as to ask the ladies if there is anything I can do for them."

"Well, I don't mind axin'."

She slumped heavily into the kitchen, and I heard her voice raised in high inquiry. Then a *question, which I did not hear, was put to her.* I edged Dandy nearer the door.

"It's that Beverley who lives up to Fox Hill," came the woman's answer. "He's a dude, he is. Ye should see the things he wears, instead o' pants, when he goes horseback ridin'."

I heard something of a quick reply in which only the word "insolent" was distinguishable. Then followed an indescribable sound of swift and light-footed approach—and the young woman whom I had scarcely noticed the day before, appeared in the narrow doorway. Her bright, unexpected beauty, fairly disconcerted me. But I managed to snatch off my cap and get out of the saddle. At the same moment she stepped down to the flat stone before the threshold and extended her hand. It was a fine hand, shapely, delicate in texture, and strong. "Aunty and I thank you, very, very sincerely," she said; and her voice was as excellent and as remarkable a thing for that countryside as was her hand.

"It was a pleasure—ah, that is, I mean it was nothing, Miss Rand," I replied, wildly. To cap the exhibition I was making of myself I blushed desperately. My boasted sophistication—the hall-mark of my cultured worldiness—was gone, like snow in April, before the bright and gentle regard of this daughter of a gray house and a narrow-minded people.

"And Uncle Simon has been unpardonably rude *to you," she said.*

"Oh, we don't often meet," I replied, lamely. "Mr. Rand takes a rather severe view of my ways."

"He says very terrible things of you, Mr. Beverly," she murmured.

"I give you my word," I replied, with more earnestness than the occasion called for, perhaps, "that bridge, at modest points, is the extent of my sinning at Fox Hill. Both in London and New York I was considered a very quiet fellow." She blushed quickly, and patted Dandy's shoulder.

"Uncle is so bitter—so bitter and uncharitable that we do not dare to tell him who saved his life," she said, smiling pensively.

For a few days Deacon Rand kept to his bed. Reports of his improving condition reached me daily, in one way or another. In consideration for the peace of the family I did not visit the house again; but, in the saddle and afoot, I haunted the locality—and it was four long miles from Fox Hill. The weather was frosty, too, and the road was frozen in great ruts. I sometimes questioned myself, furtively, as to my anxiety over the deacon's illness.

I managed to see something of Mary Jane. Our first conversation had taken place on a Friday. On Sunday next I sighted her at long range and she waved a hand to me from a window of that gray house. *On Tuesday I overtook her while on her way* home from the postoffice at Widow Neilson's. She and Dandy and I walked a splendid half-mile together. She told me a little of her schooldays and later merry-makings in Toronto, where she had lived ever since her fourteenth birthday, with a well-to-do sister of her mother's. She had been left an orphan when scarcely more than a baby.

"This must be lonely for you," I said.

For a moment she wrinkled her brows, ever so slightly, and glanced from the gray pastures on either *side of the road to the gray sky.* Then she looked at me.

"And for you?" she queried, as if her eyes had given me an answer.

"Oh, I like it," I replied. "I like to hear Kelly and the other men slamming the stable doors before dawn. I like to walk around and contemplate the cattle, and prod the pigs with the paddle with which Amanda Kelly stirs their swill. I like the sort of carraway-seed, ginger-cooky smell of the old house, and the rag carpets in the bedrooms. No, I am not lonely—not when my chums have all gone back to town, even."

"I can understand that. It is like playing at housekeeping," she said. "But I—I have even read all my books."

"Then please read some of mine," I begged. "I have a tremendous lot of them."

After I had laboriously named over about fifty of my books, she mentioned four of them which she had not read.

"May I bring them to you?" I asked.

"*Not to the house, please,*" she replied. She laughed, a little guiltily. "I'll be walking along here, between three and four to-morrow afternoon," she added.

"Then I'll be walking along here by about a quarter to three," I replied.

III.

I set out early, afoot, with the volumes for Mary Jane in the wide pockets of my shooting coat. But snow was falling and my heart began *to doubt that she would keep the tryst.* The road-bed rang like iron under my boots. The gray world blinked at me through the twinkling, gray curtain of the storm.

My watch marked half-past two when I reached our trysting place. Already the heavy sky had spun a white quilt for the aching fields. I paced up and down, cold, and too preoccupied with the new aspect of life in general to think of lighting my pipe. I did not wonder what strange thing had come over me. I neither smiled cynically nor called myself a fool. I who had played at love in the big world, with an eye to the style of it as if it had been a game, or an essay to write, now knew that the true romance had turned his face to me and blessed me beyond my deserts or my dreams. But a fear caught me and shook me. What if her heart should feel no answering conviction of love?

At last she came to me, stepping silently over the deepening snow. The white flakes spotted her clothing of dark blue serge. Her eyes were bright, but her dear face, agleam under the wide hat, was pale and anxious. I strode forward and took her gloved hand in my bare one.

"Uncle Simon has driven over to Fox Hill," she whispered, breathlessly.

I stared. "I thought he was in bed. Why should he go to Fox Hill?" I asked, puzzled but suspicious.

"*He knows that we—that we have met,*" she replied, in so low and quickened a voice that I had difficulty in catching the words. "He said cruel things—of both of us. He has taken his shot-gun with him—and he left me locked into my room. He told me never again to—to mention your name. Aunt Becky heard me break the lock of the door. She screamed after me. I'll never enter that house again!"

"The Bounders!" I cried. Then a fearful thing happened. The girl turned her face away from me—her shoulders shook and trembled, and I heard her sob. I forgot how short had been our acquaintance. I forgot all the little, cautious, ordinary things which wise young men are supposed to remember to the lengthening of their days in the land and their freedom from care. I told Mary Jane that I loved her; *that the world held nothing for me,* of peace or of glory, without her; that her grief tore my heart; that I, her lover, was her rightful protector.

Suddenly she lifted her face to mine. It was flushed and wet. Her eyes, bright behind the gleaming tears, sought mine. I took both her hands and repeated all my declarations of love and devotion. "Hark!" she exclaimed, withdrawing her hands.

I heard the dull thudding of a horse's hoofs in the new fallen snow, and the jolt of a wagon-body on its springs. Instantly, out of the curtain of weaving *flakes, loomed a gray mare, with Deacon Rand* behind her on the high seat of the concord. At the same moment the old man caught sight of us. He dragged the mare to a standstill. His eyes were insane. His features worked with fury. With a low, horrible cry he stooped forward and snatched a gun from beneath the laprobe. But I was too quick for him. One jump landed me on the hub of the wheel. I caught the barrel of the old fowling-piece and wrenched it up and away; and just then he pulled the trigger. The charge went harmlessly into the white storm overhead; but the roar and clap of it started the mare away like a steeplechaser. I was hurled to the ground, with the gun in my hand.

The thump of the fall knocked me unconscious for a minute or two. When I recovered my wits Mary Jane was kneeling in the snow at my side. I *caught the wonderful look in her eyes.*

"I think I am all right," I said, somewhat vague.

"Polly runaway," she whispered. "But he will stop her, and come back. We must get away from here!"

"Yes," I said, "we must get away."

My brain was hard at work—harder than it had ever been. I got to my feet—or, I should say, to one foot. The other ankle was ringed with a band of stabbing fire. I groaned, and caught Mary Jane by the shoulders.

"Sprained," I muttered. "My ankle's done for."

"Lean on me," she said. "Dent's shack is not more than fifty yards from here."

I hobbled along through the soft snow with one hand on her firm shoulder.

"Suppose he finds us—will you go back with him?" I asked. "Never," she said.

"I'll send Dent to Fox Hill for Dandy and the pung," I continued. "And then—and then—Lord, if I could only read your thoughts I could plan something!"

"Don't be afraid to lean on me," she said.

"Mary Jane." "Yes. What?"

"You know how I—you remember what I told you?" "Yes."

"Do you care at all?"

She looked at me. "Can't you read?" she asked, gently.

"Am I reading true, dearest?"

"Every word of it is true, Jack."

"Let's rest a minute," I whispered. "Oh—hang it! Here comes Joe Dent."

Joe made short work of getting me into his shack. Then I sent him off, with a note to Kelly. Mrs. Dent persisted in chaperoning us; but perhaps that was natural, as the cabin contained only one room and it was still snowing outside. However, Mary Jane let me hold her hand.

"I believe in short engagements," I said.

"Yes, dear," she whispered.

"Three hours," I said. "It will take us that long to get to town, you know."

Then Mary Jane kissed me, without a thought or a look for Mrs. Dent.

"Can your poor ankle wait—till after—till afterwards?" she sighed.

I told her, truthfully enough, that when a man's heart and head are both singing and twirling in a heavenly delirium, an ankle is a matter of no consideration whatever.

This is the story of how a weakness for bridge-whist won me Mary Jane, the sweetest, the cleverest and the bravest of women. If you don't quite believe me read my collected poems (Lark, Blake & Co., $1.50 net) to Ladage, to Doreen, to Phillis, to Marjorie, and to The Heart of Daphne—for those are just poetry names for Mary Jane.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

R. N. Johnston

325 CAMBIE STREET.

Has a large assortment to select from in the smokers' line for the Xmas trade, such as Cigar and Cigarette Holders, Cigar Cases and Pipes of all kinds, including the celebrated Peterson and Meerchaum.

A very handsome Xmas Present for your friend. Also the famous ARABELA and PHARAOH CIGARS in boxes of 10's, ranging from $1.00 per box up.

ROBERT CLARK

DEALER IN HATS AND CAPS

GENT'S CLOTHING & FURNISHING GOODS

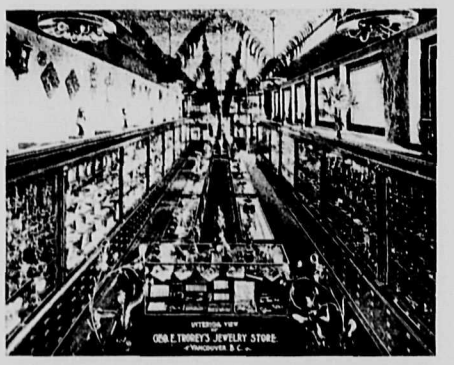
CAPE ANN OILSKINS, RUBBER GOODS

WATERPROOF CLOTHING AND UMBRELLAS

Cor. Carrall and Cordova Sts., Vancouver, B. C.

DIAMONDS WATCHES

CHRISTMAS GOODS



Call on

TROREY,

THE JEWELER.

Reliable Goods, Reasonable Prices and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

MESSRS. PIPER & CO.

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE, TIMBER LIMITS AND MINING.

510 GRANVILLE ST. VANCOUVER, B.C.

Charlie Quong

High-Class Tailoring

21 HASTINGS STREET WEST, VANCOUVER, B. C.

LET ME MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS SUIT OR OVERCOAT

FIT GUARANTEED.

DOCTOR'S SPECIAL

WATERPROOF BOOTS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

DR. REED'S

CUSHION SOLE BOOTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THE "ACME" CUSHION SOLE BOOT FOR WOMEN

PYKE'S SHOE STORE

516 HASTINGS STREET WEST, VANCOUVER, B. C.

D. H. ELLIOTT, President — TELEPHONE 1364 — J. R. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary

Business College

OPPOSITE "THE PROVINCE" VANCOUVER, B. C.

JOSEPH MATHERS

LONSDALE AVENUE

Next Butcher Shop, North Vancouver, B.C

LADIES' AND GENT'S

SHOES REPAIRED

First-Class Work Guaranteed. Reasonable Prices. Give us a Call and help the town grow.

The Rule of Three

BY MONTAGUE GLASS.

Author of "The Other Half" and Other Stories.

MARY MARCHBANKS, Tiny and I were taking our afternoon constitutional between the Cathedral and the Plaza.

"Isn't it perfectly absurd how that Challoner girl runs after Willy Hadley," said Mary, apropos of nothing of all.

"Lucky Willy," I sighed.

She turned abruptly.

"Why lucky?——Oh, Mr. Brown," her eyes shone with the light of a new discovery, "you're letting your moustache grow again."

"Letting," I said, "is not the exact term. I'm coaxing it."

"Why are you so anxious to wear a moustache? You look so much better without one." She allowed a protesting hand to fall ever so gently on my sleeve.

"She doesn't think so," I replied.

"She," said Mary. "Who is she? Do I know her?"

"Not that I've heard," I answered.

"I know," she cried, exultingly. "It's that horrid Marster's girl."

"I have the utmost respect for Miss Marsters, but——" I paused and whistled to Tiny, who was making overtures to a bull dog about three sizes too large for him.

"You're perfectly exasperating," she pouted. "I think you're horrid, and whoever she is, you don't deserve her."

"Ah, if we all got what we deserve," I said, waggling my head sagely.

"The jail yawns for some of us." Her face was just the least bit flushed.

I snapped the chain on Tiny's collar and he trotted in front, his tail triumphantly erect, like an aigrette on the coiffure of a dowager.

"Isn't he a dear," she cried, impulsively.

"Who?" I said.

"Tiny, of course."

"Oh! I thought you meant Willie Hadley," I replied, in what I would call a nonchalant manner.

Mary grew a shade pinker and entirely failed to recognize old Mrs. Pendleton's nod.

"I see the Pendleton's have a new coachman," I said, by way of relieving the awkward pause.

"Are you going to their party on Thursday?" she asked, innocently.

"No, I'm not, but Willy Hadley is," I answered.

"Willy does dance beautifully," she cried defiantly.

"Who said he didn't?"

"And he doesn't say disagreeable things."

"Who does say them?" I asked, and drew Tiny gently but firmly from the vicinity of the florist's cat.

"You do," cried Mary.

HAYMAKER'S REST ("Dupre")

ABSORBED IN ROBINSON CRUSOE.

END OF DAY ("Langer")

I stroked my budding upper lip.

"You said she liked your moustache," she went on.

"And if I did?"

"Well, I don't like it."

"You're not supposed to," I rejoined. "It's Willy Hadley's moustache you ought to like, and that little German cornet player's tuft under his lower lip, too."

"Now, Willy Hadley has the face for a moustache," she said, as though in reminiscence.

"The inference being that I haven't."

I must confess that I yanked poor Tiny rather harshly from a friendly dachshund.

"Well, you have a very likeable face at any rate," she said, conciliatingly.

"In fact, I think you're very likeable altogether," she continued.

"But Willy Hadley," I insisted, "is he likeable too, or is he more?"

"Please be nice," she protested.

"Well, put it this way," I said. "If utter Indifference be zero, and Love be forty, what is Willy?"

Mary laughed.

"If you must know, Willy is just about twenty."

"And what am I?"

By this time we had picked our way through the traffic to the park entrance.

"Don't you think the winter is the best season of the year?" said Mary.

"Now you're evading the question, I went on. "What am I, or rather what is Willy measured in units of me?"

She blushed again.

"I can't express Willy in units of you," she almost whispered.

I seized her hand.

"What do you mean?" I said, breathlessly.

"You won't 'go' into Willy," she murmured.

"I don't understand," I said.

We sat down on a bench facing the lake.

"What was your proposition in the first instance?" she asked.

"Now listen carefully," I said. "If Utter Indifference be zero and Love be forty, what am I?"

She made no sign.

"Did you hear it?" I said.

She nodded.

"Quick," I urged. "What am I?"

"One million," she commenced, slowly, "two hundred and twenty thousand six hundred and—— Oh, don't, you're bending my hat all out of shape."

Tiny was dancing circles on the gravel and barking jubilantly.

"That moustache comes off to-night," I cried.

She smiled archly.

"I believe I like it now," said Mary. "It feels ever so much better than it looks."

Montague Glass

A Quaint Christmas Custom

The burning of the ashen fagot is a curious custom observed in Devon and Somerset on Christmas eve. The fagot consists of green ash sticks cut lengthways and neatly fastened into a bundle with withy bands. At 8 o'clock in the evening this is placed on the fire with much ceremony, when the family and invited guests are gathered round the hearth. The flames lick round the bundle, and when the first green withy holding the fagots bursts, glasses are raised and emptied to "A Merry Christmas!" The breaking of each bond is the signal for a fresh toast. Legend accounts for this custom by the story that a fire of ash wood warmed the stable at Bethlehem, while local tradition tells of a greenwood fire kindled by Alfred the Great during his lonely wanderings in Somerset.

Sweet choir of God, this Christmastide
Sing out your song again:
Is the Christ-child born? Has he come to abide?
Does it mean "good-will to men?"

Christmas Cards

The first Christmas card ever published was issued in 1846 by a Londoner named Joseph Crandall. Crandall was indebted for his idea to Sir Henry Cole, and employed the famous artist J. C. Horsley to make the design. It was lithographed by Jobbins, of Warwick Court, and colored by hand. About a thousand cards were sold. Such was the small beginning of what has grown to be a gigantic industry. Every Christmas after 1846 cards of some sort were put upon the market, but it was not until 1862 that they came into general favor. Then Goodhall & Son, of London, began to publish cards inscribed simply with the words, "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year" and in illuminated form, and the following year robins, holly branches, embossed figures and landscapes were added. With the succeeding years the popularity of the holiday cards increased, and the cards grew more elaborate until they have attained their present gorgeousness.

'Xmas Gifts
Suitable for All
Ladies' Gold Watches, Plain and Diamond Set, from $12
Gentlemen's Gold Watches, Gold Filled, from $12
Silver Watches for the boys, from $7 50
Diamond Rings and others, with pearls, rubies, opals
A large assortment to select from. We have a large stock of Clocks, Sterling Silver Novelties. Silver Plates, Cut glass. Here you will find gifts suitable for the season.
SPROTT & CO.
74 Cordova St. W.
JEWELLERS WATCHMAKERS

RUBINOWITZ DEPARTMENTAL STORES CO. OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
OUR GROWTH IS CONCURRENT WITH THAT OF THE PROVINCE.
VANCOUVER—STEVESTON

Walden Bros.
NORTH VANCOUVER.
General Hardware, Paints, Oils, Etc.
Tinners and Plumbers
Guerney's Stoves and Ranges
All goods delivered. Express wagon meets ferry boats.
A special line of
Airtight Heaters
Call and inspect.

John J. Banfield
REAL ESTATE and General INSURANCE AGENT.
MONEY TO LOAN.
CALL OR PHONE 153.
607 Hastings Street W
VANCOUVER.

FORBES & HARRIES
Real Estate,
40 Hastings Street West,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

North Vancouver
is all right, but so are those fine lots near Vancouver's $100,000 high school which
C. S. Douglas & Co.,
612 Hastings Street W.
are offering at $200 each, all cleared and in thorough cultivation. They are beautifully situated and only a few minutes' walk from 9th Ave. car line. Easy-term payment.

The Rising of Star of the Dawn

BY M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL.

THUNDERING TEMPEST sat at the door of his tepee, putting finishing touches to the handle of the whip with which he was wont to playfully encourage his patient spouses to increased activity.

For many moons all his leisure moments—which, being interpreted, signifies his infrequent periods of comparative sobriety—had been occupied in touching up either the whip itself or any unwary brown ankles that ventured within its range. The big chief's plaything was beginning to look quite ornamental. The slender handle of red cedar, from which were suspended half a dozen long leathern thongs, fine and stinging, was carved and recarved in many curious if not entirely artistic designs, and was further gaily decorated by jaunty little knots of red flannel, tied at intervals of two or three inches all the way up the stock.

Thundering Tempest was now engaged in fastening on a seventh lash, thinner and longer than all the others, and this he intended solely and exclusively for the slim chocolate-colored ankles of his latest matrimonial experiment—the agile young Star of the Dawn, whose scampering brown legs, slash he ever so warily and unexpectedly, he had never yet succeeded in overtaking.

Most nimble of foot was Star of the Dawn, and to this injury to her lord she added deepest insult by laughing to his face at each of his unsuccessful ventures. She worried him, worried him excessively, and as the old, old fingers trembling but with great care made fast the insinuating little leather snake whose nips were to teach the wilful young squaw her duty, into the mind of the venerable chief came the beautiful thought that if the brown ankles still proved elusive he would get his son, the burly Big Wind, to come and set his father's house in order.

Once, many, many moons before, Thundering Tempest had been the handsomest young buck in all the Cree country, and a warrior so terrible that even yet the braves trembled before his frown, not understanding that now the sudden tightening of the millions of wrinkles that criss-crossed the mahogany visage of the old, old, old man was only the outward visible sign of a decrepid, senile weakness which had long since supplanted the swift lightning of scorching wrath that had once blazed from the brow of conscious strength. Now, full of years and rheumatism, he sat all day long in the door of his tepee playing with his little whip and smoking, except, when overcome by influences too potent for resistance, he rolled over inertly on his blanket and snored happily and grunted thickly while the sun beat fiercely upon him and the busy ants crawled over him.

Occasionally he tried to think, and had his vague, wandering ideas been brought together they could doubtless have been summed up thus: "The present times are out of joint, and the higher education of women is at the root of the whole trouble."

Those of the faithful wives of Thundering Tempest who had not yet fallen by the wayside were long past their first youth. There were only three who still trod life's pathway with him, Little Moon, who had waxed exceeding fat despite the hardships and toil of her pilgrimage, and waddled with great difficulty—alas for her shapeless ankles around which the long lashes hissed untiringly; Wandering Light, who was thin and bent and feeble, and spent most of her time crouched out of sight behind the tepee, making elaborately embroidered moccasins, with her scrawny little shins tucked safely under her; and Yellow Grass, who was comparatively young, being little more than sixty, and upon whom it generally devolved to carry the baskets and moccasins to the Fort twenty miles distant, where she exchanged them for the necessities of life, which are principally tobacco and firewater, red flannel and colored beads.

Now it befell that in an evil moment the ancient chief, Big Cloud, between whom and Thundering Tempest a rancorous enmity had long slumbered, experiencing a sudden desire to live at peace with all men, decided to bury the hatchet and in substantial token of his friendliest feeling gave to Thundering Tempest to wife the daughter of his old age, the beautiful Star of the Dawn.

Now, unfortunately, Star of the Dawn was constructed somewhat on the new woman plan with greatly perverted ideas of the duty of wives and the general subjection becoming to her sex, this lamentable state of mind being due partly to nature and partly to her having spent several years at a very, very superior Indian mission school, where she learnt many things—not all of them on the curriculum drawn up by its pious founders. She was very, very beautiful, round and plump and graceful as a fawn, with great dreamy eyes and an occasional sparkle of very vivacity, doubly charming since utterly unexpected. Moreover, she was very, very young and had been inordinately petted at school, as she had been the show pupil on all occasions.

Therefore, when her father suddenly unloosed her home and packed her off to lighten the declining days of Thundering Tempest's life, the poor little Star felt very lonely and sorely put upon, and steadily refused to [illegible] on occasion and frankly, when [illegible] nature [illegible] roundings.

Her education at the mission school unfitted her little now. She could make a bed so neatly as to charm the heart of some Arcadian lady, there were here no beds to make; she could prepare a Sunday dinner to call in the county of Father John, but here were no Sundays, no dinners—to speak of, no Father John, and alas, no nephew of Father John who curiously enough had always exerted a strange influence upon Star of the Dawn's culinary achievements; and here no one was the least interested in any of the events either prior, incidental, or subsequent to the Norman Conquest—or any other conquest, for that matter—nor was the least concerned as to the time it would take fifteen men working ten hours a day to do a piece of work completed in twenty days by thirty men working six hours a day. Therefore, Star of the Dawn's *accomplishments* were quite unappreciated, and as they did not include a knowledge of basket-weaving or working in chamois skin and porcupine quills, the poor little bride's time hung very heavily upon her hands, and she found her only excitement in teasing her co-wives and dodging her husband's caresses.

As Thundering Tempest sat in the door of his tepee fastening on that seventh long, lithe lash, Star of the Dawn, lying on the evil-smelling skin within, watched him lazily with wholly comprehending eyes.

Star of the Dawn had been married two months—eight, long, lonely, dreary weeks, and she was tired of it. Her husband was also tired of it, and had they been enlightened American citizens, they would probably have held a well-bred conference, and having decided to dissolve the tie which bound them, would have proceeded immediately to do so, each thereafter going his and her separate way untrammelled. But they were only pagan Indians, possessing no knowledge of the convenient methods of modern civilization, and therefore, bathed in the radiant glow of the setting sun, Thundering Tempest grunted morosely as he made secure the long-tailed lash, and Star of the Dawn tossed uneasily on the rough skin, thinking longingly of the dear little mission school, of Father John, and of Father John's nephew, the rollicking youth in the employ of the mighty H. B. C. He had flirted outrageously with the pretty little squaw, who had proved herself a most apt pupil in the gentle art—which was one of those omitted in the mission school's curriculum—and the girl's eyes were luminous now with certain recollections.

Suddenly, down the long prairie road Star of the Dawn caught sight of Something—Something moving nearer and nearer. She jumped up and ran out into the open air. Thundering Tempest had just tied his last knot. He made a savage slash at her as she sped past, but the hissing little snake bit the dust a foot behind the shapely ankles, and Star of the Dawn laughed silently as she took the long trail through the prairie towards that Something which came ever nearer and nearer.

Now Wandering Light, perhaps because she was old and bent and shrivelled, thus giving outward evidence of how mind masters matter, represented the mental part of Thundering Tempest's establishment. Therefore, when twice a week with unfailing regularity Star of the Dawn slipped out in the last gleams of the setting sun to meet a Something which moved towards her down the lonely prairie trail, and did not return to the protection of her husband's dwelling until darkness lay upon the land, the rarely used intellect of Wandering Light roused itself slowly, and having pondered much in her good little heart, the old Squaw one day spoke briefly to Star of the Dawn. The girl was curled up beside her behind the tepee learning how to make moccasins, for Thundering Tempest had been holding guttural converse with his muscular son and Star of the Dawn's intuition was whispering to her.

The old squaw so rarely spoke that the girl was almost startled when the withered lips opened suddenly and the music of the Cree fell falteringly from them. Wandering Light made a few prefatory remarks in which she established two propositions: first, that the lot of the Indian woman—slaughter, wife, or mother—is to toil, to suffer, and be still—these three ceaselessly lest a worse fate befall; second, that though the red man might beat, and even, under the influence of the white man's fire water, maim and kill, yet he was as an angel of mercy and light (the similes are not Wandering Light's, but the meaning is compared with the soft-spoken white devil who promised ease, exemption from toil, many beads and much joy to the Indian girl who would follow him, and for his promises gave—then Wandering Light was silent a moment while she drew in the heel of the moccasin she was shaping. When she spoke again, her voice was lower, more faltering, and she kept her rheumatic old eyes fixed steadfastly on the work before her. She told Star of the Dawn a story. The dramatis personæ were an Indian brave, a white man, and two little squaws not out of their teens. It began cheerfully, bathed in the rosy light of love and luminous sunsets, and it told of two little squaws, their hearts on fire with a flame kindled by the hand of careless white man, who kept trust with both and plighted troth with each. But since he went as white men always go—coldly and maiden followed him. He had [illegible] the other. Then [illegible] the pearly [illegible] faded from her face and it became clothed in the scarlet and black of crime, of vengeance and of death. And as she listened Star of the Dawn shivered, and drew nearer the shrivelled knees. "How do you know it, Wandering Light? Were you there to see?" Then Wandering Light with bent head made answer that she was the left-behind squaw who did not follow because she was not asked, but was sister to her who did.

"Is it always so?"

"Always," crooned the withered Cree, "always, for the Great Spirit who made red man and white man made for each his squaw, and when the red squaw would follow a white chief always His curse is upon her."

That night Something came moving across the wide prairie nearer and nearer the little Cree settlement. At last it halted, waiting patiently while the sun went down and the stars came out, but it waited in vain, for Star of the Dawn lay on the evil-smelling skins in her husband's tent, her eyes tight shut, her hands clinched, trying to stifle, to smother something which was tearing cruelly at the little untamed heart. And when Thundering Tempest seeing her there grinned fatuously, and swung the stinging thongs around her bare, brown legs, she was not even conscious of his portly presence.

A week dragged itself slowly through the heavy present into the unforgettable past. Twice had Something come down the long, lone prairie trail to watch for a certain Star that was wont to rise in the west, and twice as the chill dawn shivered through the prairie grasses had Something ridden—first angrily, then anxiously—away, coming and waiting having been in vain.

And Star of the Dawn, her heavy-lidded eyes looking always eastward, moved about so wearily, so listlessly, that Thundering Tempest began to really enjoy life once more, and the pretty brown ankles of the little squaw were criss-crossed with great purple welts where the hissing leathern snakes had curled.

One long week of this. Then one day as Star of the Dawn lay half-hidden in the grass by the side of the prairie trail, Something came gaily out of the east, fearlessly, openly, in the full light of the midday sun, and all the horrible blackness of those seven days dissolved into sudden light as Star of the Dawn was lifted up into the strong embrace of Father John's nephew—that rollicking youth in the employ of the H. B. C.

But while he gently upbraided her for her cruelty and her fickleness, and while he told her again and again how true and faithful and undying was his love for her, yea, even while she suffered his hot kisses to fall upon her eyes, her throat, her brow, her warm red lips, through her heart rang ceaselessly the warning words of the old, old Cree who knew: "Thus spoke that other; thus speak they all, and when red squaw would follow white chief, always the curse of the Great Spirit is upon her."

Nevertheless she smiled back at him bravely, and tucking her ankles under her with a sudden shame lest he should see the purple marks—her slavery's shackles—she told him how sad and unhappy and lonely she was, and asked him, since he loved her so truly, if he would take her back to Father John who would marry them in the white way approved by the Powers at the mission.

At this an unpleasant expression flashed for a moment across the handsome white face, then the man kissed her again, and holding her tight in his strong arms he explained to her how, although to do this very thing was the one wish of his heart, there was much that must be settled first. She was already a wife; her present marriage must be annulled ere another could be contracted; there would be great difficulties to overcome; objections both of church and state to over-rule. However, great love such as his can always find a way, and if she would be patient he would soon have everything arranged.

Then Star of the Dawn nestling closer, made answer according to that which she had learned at the mission—to each man but one wife by the law of God, pronounced his until death part them, by the authority of church and state; she was Thundering Tempest's fourth squaw; neither the strong voice of the Law nor the gentle benediction of Holy Church had been heard at their union; therefore, theirs was no true marriage and she was free to wed with whom she would.

And the white man having no answer to make to this, and being suddenly overcome by a great surge of feeling, because on the instant forgetful of the peremptory orders which his father, knowing the ways of men, had issued to him, unmindful of the warnings and veiled threats of the astute and omniscient Father John, and drawing the little brown maid yet closer to him, he vowed by all that he held sacred that she was his one true love, that her alone would he wed and that right soon.

Now, Star of the Dawn was very young and very deeply in love, and the white man looked her straight in the eyes and his words had the ring of truth. Slowly the dismal knell of the old Cree's prophecy faded from her heart.

The next morning Star of the Dawn was up at daybreak. In and out of her long black braids she wove the scarlet flowers for which she had roved the prairie over. She rifled Wandering Light's store of colored beads, and hung them in long, glittering, clinking chains around her plump throat and twisted them round and round her dimpled arms; and she showed her little white teeth in a silent laugh as Thundering Tempest, whip in hand, rolled himself out into the sunshine.

All day long she sat stitching moccasins beside Wandering Light, who spoke no word and made no sign, only pressed her wrinkled lips still more tightly together, drew her feeble breath more painfully when the swaying strings of beads brushed against her.

She had made her one supreme effort. She knew, for she was a woman and her dim eyes could yet see, that she had failed. Yet she was silent now. She had spoken.

(Continued on page 8.)

"THE SPORTSMAN'S DELIGHT."

Complete Hotel Furnishings Complete Club Furnishings

Don't Worry

Watch Us Grow

THE NEW STORE

COME IN AND GET ACQUAINTED.

OUR GREATEST PLEASURE IS TO SHOW GOODS.

TEL. A 1404

WIDE AWAKE FURNITURE CO.

41 Hastings W

KWALITY KOUNTS KWALITY KOUNTS

We have just received three carloads of Xmas Novelties from the East, which we will place on sale during the holidays at greatly reduced prices. You will find here the largest assortment of Furniture, Rugs, etc., in Vancouver to select from. The house that saves you money.

The Wide-Awake Furniture Co.

MESSRS. PIPER & CO.
REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE, TIMBER LIMITS AND MINING.
510 GRANVILLE ST. VANCOUVER, B.C.

COAL

McDONALD, MARPOLE & CO.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
WELLINGTON COAL
COMOX STEAM AND BLACKSMITH'S COAL AND COKE.

OFFICE: 550 HASTINGS STREET WEST
BUNKERS: SOUTH END ABBOTT STREET
PHONES 200, 210 AND 900

Bank of British North America.

CAPITAL—$4,866,666. RESERVE—$2,043,997.
Head Office in Canada, Montreal.
H. STIKEMAN, General Manager. J. HIMSLY, Supt. of Branches.

BRANCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA:
Ashcroft, Greenwood, Hedley, Kaslo, Rossland, Trail, (Sub Branch) Vancouver, Victoria, Dawson, Y.T.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Deposits received from $1 upwards

Office: Cor. Lonsdale Ave. and Esplanade, North Vancouver, B.C.

BUY YOUR FRIEND A BOX OF
TERMINUS CIGARS
FOR CHRISTMAS.
Box of 25 Cigars, $2.00

A. SCHNOTER & SONS, 314 HOMER STREET.
THEY ARE UNION MADE. THEY WILL PLEASE HIM

Happy Hours of Childhood

Children

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more!
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and summer climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—*Longfellow*

Khaki Pure Indian Tea

Blended by one of the leading tea experts of the world in the gardens of India. Coming direct and sold by us at the astonishingly low

PRICE OF 30 CENTS PER POUND

THE CITY GROCERY CO., LTD.
Wholesale and Retail
WESTMINSTER AVE. AND PRINCESS

Get your Christmas Pastry off
R. H. EVANS
The Pioneer Baker and Up-to-Date Confectioner.
Lonsdale Avenue, North Vancouver

Groceries and Provisions

A complete line of up-to-date Groceries Fruits, Vegetables, Tobacco, Cigars, Etc. A New Stock of Canned Goods.

H. DUFF, 910 Westminster Ave Vancouver, B. C.

WHAT'S THE USE?

Buying new HATS for Christmas? You can get your old ones fixed over as good as new at a very low figure and they answer the purpose just as well. Give us a trial.

VANCOUVER HAT FACTORY
323 CAMBIE. DOWN STAIRS.

..CHINESE RESTAURANT..

NOODLES AND CHOP SUEY,

Lee Hong Chong Chop Suey Best in The City. Private Rooms For Ladies

JAY HING LOW, Proprietor.

7½ Canton Street (Upstairs), VANCOUVER, B. C.

R. MILLS.
THE LEADING SHOE MAN OF VANCOUVER.

NINTEEN YEARS of upright and honorable merchandising has gained for this store an invaluable reputation, and it shall invariably be protected. Our painstaking efforts and experience of the past has made it possible to show to you in our new store Shoes that combine style, fit, finish, wear and appearance that stamps them the highest grade of Canadian and American production, which we are determined to sell at the least possible price consistent with honest methods of merchandising, we stand behind every shoe we sell, which means your money back for the asking if you are not satisfied.

Christmas Slippers

We have not forgotten to select a very large range of fancy and comfortable Slippers for Christmas, and you well know that every essential idea in the Christmas gift of friendly thought is forcibly conveyed in a pair of warm, easy Slippers which you can choose from in a very wide and varied assortment, such as we are prepared to show you. We have them here to please the little tot down to grandma, and when you are walking along Hastings street west drop in at No. 119 and see our new store, and we will be delighted to show you the leading styles in footwear.

N. B.—Mail orders receive attention the same day as received.

R. MILLS
THE LEADING SHOE MAN
119 Hastings St. W., Vancouver

The Angel and the Noah's Ark

BY HELEN MAY WILLOUGHBY.

IT WAS the unkindest cut of an unkind world. With the toe of the Christmas stocking reached, the last hope had fled, and The Angel, in stunned silence, sat down upon the floor.

Above all the treasures of all the world, she had wanted a thing they called "Nozeark"—the little painted house with its movable roof, and a whole lifetime of happiness in the rattle of the wooden animals upon the floor. And it was denied her.

Slowly a mad resentment stole into her heart. She reached out one small fist, and it struck against a gay little

Chinese doll. The Angel clutched it. Then, quick as a flash, the little gesticulating Oriental whirled across the room and hit the opposite wall, and with a great gash in his waxen head he fell—still smiling.

A big grey elephant flew singles, and with a soft thud bounced upon a picture and down again to the floor. Then came the crash of a blue tea-set, a surprised Jack-in-the-box, and a tiny dove-colored mouse, who squeaked plaintively as he came in contact with the sharp corner of a table. With both hands on a small red wagon, The Angel paused.

Then she looked up, and drew a quick little sobbing breath—for someone stood in the doorway of the room watching her.

"Why, Rosamund, is this your idea of a merry Christmas?" asked a voice that made her tremble with its gravity.

Crushed with the sudden weight of a newly-discovered conscience, The Angel laid a curly head down on a red wagon and sobbed helplessly.

"Dearest," begged the man earnestly, as he came across the room and knelt down by her side, "have you lost the Road to Happiness, too?"

The Angel didn't understand his words—she very seldom did. But the tenderness of his voice crept into her grieved little heart and comforted her. She lifted wet blue eyes to meet his dark ones.

"Wobert," murmured The Angel, reproachfully, "where is my Nozeark?"

And because he was a wise man, "Wobert" grasped the situation quickly.

"Do you know, Angel," he said, as he drew his small niece up against his knee, "that I've been thinking and thinking that there is something I want—something I cared about more than anything else in all the world—and now I wonder if it isn't a Noah's Ark?"

The Angel nodded gravely. Something in the dark eyes that looked down at her made the baby heart full of a sudden pity for him. She put up her hand to smooth the frown from his forehead.

"Wobert," she asked, in her little, slow way, "are you quite, quite sure you want a Nozeark?"

"Quite sure, Angel," he answered decidedly. "A beautiful Noah's Ark, with up-to-date glass windows, and two porches all the way round it. And shall the animals come out of the roof, or shall we have double doors?"

"Out of the woof," said the Angel thoughtfully. Then, because his eyes wandered away from her, and he frowned again, she added

anxiously: "Don't you weally think so, Wobert? I like doors, too, only the animals come quicker out of a woof!"

"Yes," said the man; "lots quicker! So we'll have a roof that opens. And now are we happy again, Angel?"

The Angel looked at him, and smiled boldly into his eyes, and worshipped him.

"Wobert," she said sweetly, "you look as if you maybe haven't anyone to play wit any more! Haven't you, Wobert?"

"Do you know, Rosamund, that I believe I haven't," answered the man gravely. "What would you do, Angel, if someone you had played with all your life wouldn't play with you any more?"

"I fink," said The Angel—"I fink that I'd get somebody else!"

"But suppose there was only one person in all this world that you wanted to play with, Rosamund, what would you do then?" he persisted soberly.

The Angel met the question fairly. "I fink I'd tell 'em so. Only, maybe, you was naughty; and if you was, then no one can play wit you—ever! Were you naughty, Wobert?"

With the fear of an idol's fall, her blue eyes confronted him. The man got up suddenly, and put her away from him.

"Perhaps I was, Rosamund. So no one will play with me—ever! And now what do you think of all that broken tea-set? What will that mother of yours say, little girl?"

The Angel looked across the room. She had forgotten the demon of destruction until now. The dove-colored mouse sat boldly on a broken blue pitcher, and stared at her with rebuke in his black bead eyes, but the little Chinese doll tried to smile bravely as his head lay against the elephant's trunk.

"I fink," said The Angel contritely—"I fink that I hadn't ought to did it!"

The man sat on the arm of a little low chair, and laughed at her.

"Shall we both go after that Noah's Ark, or do you think I can get one all alone by myself?" he asked.

The Angel started to go to him. Then suddenly looking over his shoulder, she gave a little gleeful shout, and ran across the room.

"Why, here's my Miss Lee!" she cried triumphantly. "Wobert, here's my Miss Lee! You know Miss Lee, don't you?"

The girl still held the baby's hot little hand as she went over to him. With the frankness that was characteristic of her, she met his eyes, and answered their question.

"Bobby," she said, "I have been upstairs with your sister, and came down to send Rosamund up to her. I didn't know you were here until I heard your voice. I started to go on home, and then I listened—I couldn't help it. And now, before Ethel comes after The Angel herself, I want to tell you this——"

"But——" He started to interrupt her.

"No; don't speak!" she continued, "for I want to humble myself to you! I was angry and jealous last night. I did not believe you were sincere, and, rather

than let you see how much I cared, I overdid my acting. That was all; and, like The Angel, 'I fink I hadn't ought to did it!' There is no one else in all the world that I want to play with all my life but you—no one, Bobby!"

Her voice broke, and for the first time she looked away from his eyes. Then suddenly, with her arms around his neck, she laid her cheek against his.

The Angel walked across to the grey elephant, and picked it up tenderly.

"Oh, poor 'tty sing!" she murmured softly.

NORTH VANCOUVER

THE IDEAL PACIFIC TOWN.

now shaping and settling into consistence with the speed of the Great West.

Its buildings crystallizing daily, its energy refracted through council in public enterprise, show the aggressive progress—the spirit of the West.

CANADIAN STRENGTH IS HERE MAKING A CITY

To see—to know it—is to desire to share its fortunes.

The official Agents for the original townsite lands, etc., are

MAHON, MCFARLAND & MAHON
541 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

D. W. ELDER REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
BANK BLOCK, LONSDALE AVE. NORTH VANCOUVER

THE JAMAICA
Osteopathey and Chiropody
CORNS, BUNIONS, CALLOUSES, INGROWN NAILS, WARTS AND BLACKHEADS.
ELECTRO TREATMEMT
Opposite Post Office
Dr. McGOWAN.
Hours 9:30 a.m. to 7:30 p. m.
Room 30, Pender Block, over Drug Store.

BIRT CAMPBELL'S BARBER SHOP
ON THE ESPLANADE, OPPOSITE HOTEL NORTH VANCOUVER
Is the place for to get an up-to-date haircut and shave.

ASK YOUR LIQUOR DEALER TO SEND UP A SUPPLY OF
Cascade Beer
$2.00 PER DOZEN QUARTS. $1.00 PER DOZEN PINTS
OR RING UP 429.

Our Headache-Curing .. Record ..
Hundreds have been freed from persistent headaches by our scientifically fitted glasses.
When we undertake to cure headache we do it or refund the money
DR. J. G. URE, OPTICAL SPECIALIST
444 Granville Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Richard Dobbyne, Emigrant

BY HOPKINS J. MOORHOUSE.

THIS is the remarkable story of what truly befell one Richard Dobbyne in the year 1811. It tells the manner of his impressment aboard a privateer and his subsequent escape. He settled in Western Ontario, not far from Newbury and Bothwell, and became one of the worthy pioneer settlers of Upper Canada. Three of his sons, old men now, but hale and hearty withal, are still living—one at Shetland, Ont., one at Florence, Ont., and one in Manitoba.

Richard Dobbyne, a young man at the time, had given up school teaching in Ireland, and gone to Bristol, intent on leaving for Canada at the earliest opportunity. His young wife was to join him a few months later, by which time he hoped to have a home prepared for her. It so chanced that a merchant vessel bound for Canada was swinging in the anchorage, and the town crier was announcing in the streets the exceedingly cheap berths she was offering for a number of young men who were not afraid of roughing their way across the ocean. That night the vessel dropped down the tide with Dobbyne aboard.

Among those who had taken passage was a young fellow, Lloyd by name, and of honest appearance; he and Dobbyne were to share the same berth. The place was a mere hole, and a small cobwebbed lamp, attached to a stanchion in the centre, cast a sickly twilight round about, while the atmosphere reeked with ill-smelling brine, tar and rotten hemp. Everything was rude, and Dobbyne marvelled at the unusual thickness of the bulkheads and the strength of the beams.

It might have been four of the clock when he was awakened by a strange noise overhead. It was pitch black all around, but he felt that dawn must be very near. He could hear the water lapping the wooden sides of the vessel, and knew by her motions and the sharp jarring of the rudder on its pintles that they were well out in the heavy swell of the Channel. Puzzled to guess the meaning of the bustling overhead, he aroused Lloyd, whose face took on a startled look in the yellow blur of the stanchion lamp.

It was with a vague presentiment that Dobbyne went to the door and found it locked on the outside. He shook it vigorously, and instantly the bolts were shot back. The entrance way was blocked by a big seaman with a naked cutlass in his hand, and on his face a grin that widened full into his whiskers. The young men realized the situation—they were trapped, and all this offer of a cheap passage to Canada was but a press-gang strategy. With a cry of despair Dobbyne sprang forward, and would have had the seaman by the throat had not the door been slammed in his face. Richard threw himself on the little box that contained all his earthly possessions, remaining for a long time with his head buried in his arm.

When the sun arose the merchantman had vanished, but in her stead a British privateer was standing away to the south under a full head of canvas. Where the brass signal carronade had stood on the afterdeck the night before was now a long swivel ten-pounder. Fourteen guns ranged fore and aft and a number of smallarms racks stood just abaft the masts.

It seemed to Dobbyne that but for Lloyd's friendly presence he must have lost his reason during the weeks that followed. His wife would be in Canada within a month or two, and he would not be there to meet her. Imagination was vivid, and his helplessness maddened him. All sorts of desperate schemes were discussed to no purpose; then quite unexpectedly a way of escape opened. More than two months had elapsed since the Wasp left British waters, but she had fallen in with scarcely a single prize that was worth the chase. Even after reaching southern seas on the lookout for West Indiamen, she cruised about in vain, and one day found her making what little headway she could, west by north, in a light wind, with discontent aboard from the captain down. The wind finally dropped out altogether, and when morning broke the sails were idly slapping the masts as the vessel rode the swell in long-drawn rolls.

Dobbyne and Lloyd were both on deck in the morning watch when a sail was reported off the starboard bow, and as the daylight rapidly increased they were able to make out the stranger about three miles distant. She was a brig with top-gallants and royals set to catch every breath.

On the quarterdeck the captain and the first lieutenant carefully inspected her through their glasses.

"Yankee, think you?" queried the former.

"I th—ink so."

That was all Dobbyne overheard, but when he went below his jaw was set and a strange light was shining in his eyes.

The next night closed in, dark and still. Some stars were out, and a bit of moon hung low down near the western horizon, smearing the restless waters with silver. It sank, and went out, leaving the ocean swell running beneath the star-gloaming into black ridges aglint with the fitful glows of the cold seafires.

The watch were mostly grouped about the forward guns, and the measured tread of the men on lookout pacing the fo'castle deck, sounded loud in the weird stillness of the calm. Now and then the water lapped faintly against the counter as it met the swell, and a block creaked aloft. Away off to the north, a point of light revealed the position of the stranger.

Night deepened. One of the watch stood near a hatchway, and, glancing about to satisfy himself that he was free from observation, was suddenly swallowed up in the yawning blackness below.

Dobbyne was crouching silently near an open gun port in the waist. He was clad only in a pair of light canvas trousers, but the perspiration stood out in great drops upon his brow and chest. His straining ear presently caught sound of a soft, cat-like movement, and, peering through the gloom of the 'tween decks, he discerned a dark form close beside a bulkhead. His heart gave a sudden leap, but it was Lloyd.

"Th- line is out?"

"Yes."

"You are ready none too soon," he whispered.

Eight bells struck. At once the boatswain's whistle piped shrill and clear throughout the ship, and a scurrying of feet sounded overhead as the fresh watch tumbled up on deck.

"Heaven grant you courage and strength," whispered Lloyd.

A parting grasp of the hand, and Dobbyne crept through the porthole to where the hempen line dangled to the black brine below. Noiselessly the water closed over him, the line relaxed and he was gone.

"What think you is that yonder?"

The second lieutenant paused with his hand on the poop railing and pointed to a phosphorescent gleam that for an instant broke from the water a short distance off. "See! there it is again."

The third lieutenant, who had just come up from below, glanced carelessly at the streak of light, now half a cable's length further away. It came, went, and, some distance beyond, reappeared and again went.

"Something is swimming out there, Pearson."

"Pest! Shark!" The officer of the watch laughed vaguely to himself as he said it, and lighted a cheroot.

Rolling over on his back, Dobbyne slowly swam away. He was now at a safe distance from the vessel, a huge pile of shadow that reared up from the heaving blackness of the deep. Suddenly the silence was startled by a singsong drawl from the deck, "Twel—ve of the clock, and all—'s wel—l." Then he knew that he would not be missed until morning.

That swim Richard Dobbyne remembered to the end of his life. It was only hours that he was in the water, but it seemed days and weeks. Ever since he had been old enough to paddle in rain puddles he had been at home in the water and this was a swim for life, but after a time his eyes grew dizzy with watching the rounded backs of the swell welling out of the gloom and bearing down upon him without end. The air became full of strange washings, and through it all he was conscious of but one thing—that he must swim on and on towards the light that sat low on the water.

He scarcely knew how, but at last he reached the brig. A lethargy was stealing over him, his limbs were numb, and he had barely strength to crawl into the chain-wales by means of a loose rigging-rope before he swooned completely away. When he came to his senses he could hear voices conversing in low tones, and somebody was pacing backward and forward with tiresome regularity. Occasionally the water gurgled, and somewhere a plank was creaking in unison to the tack-lea loft, as the swell rolled up out of the darkness and vanished to leeward.

After a time he noiselessly made his way up the side and climbed inboard, standing near the quarterboat. Light was coming from the galley and the cabin skylight, while footfalls on the deck were plainly to be heard, though the individual himself was invisible.

Dobbyne was standing, irresolute, when a figure came suddenly within the radiance of the skylight. He was very tall and his face was long, thin and sharp featured. A small, scraggy goatee clung to his pointed chin, and, as he peered over into the cabin below, it was noticeable that he had a black eye in the green and yellow stage of convalescence.

Having satisfied himself as to the condition of affairs below, this person, who might be the captain, but was probably one of the mates, resumed his walk, and Dobbyne lost sight of him. The watch were also invisible, but the long-legged individual in charge of the deck was plainly the one to be dealt with. Accordingly, Dobbyne stepped boldly forth, his bare feet spagging audibly across the planks.

"That you, Hytes?" came shortly out of the gloom.

"No, it's me," said Dobbyne, stepping alongside the skylight.

"You!" The man swore a full, round oath which startled the negligent watch in the bows, and brought some of them hurrying aft.

"Who'n blazes-re you?" he snapped out.

Dobbyne told him, and asked for an interview with the captain. The lanky individual finally opened the skylight and called down to the captain.

"Eh? Oh, yes! Alright, Rawlins—coming," cried a brisk voice below. "Thank heaven! the wind at last. What quarter, Rawlins?"

"It's not the wind, but a Britisher as swum aboard us, an' would speak with you. Send'm down, Cap?"

This speech was productive of many mumbled ejaculations, which came up through the skylight, followed by a quick "Yes, yes, Rawlins; at once."

A moment later Dobbyne was standing before a lively little red-faced man with a bald head, a very round middle, and a turned-up nose. For the space of a full minute, this much astonished, greatly bewildered and intently-staring person could do nothing but click his tongue against the roof of his mouth and say: "Well, well, well!" Not until Dobbyne was in dry clothes and sipping a stiff bumper of grog would he listen to the story.

"And were you not feartul of Lawyer Shark?" asked Captain Braceby (for that was his name).

"Sharks!" cried Dobbyne, in dismay. "Not once did I think of them."

"You may thank your lucky godmother for that, my young friend, or 'twould be a monkey's fist to me were you not now cruising under water rather than being aboard the brig Madison, of New York."

The whole-souled American skipper grasped him by the hand as he spoke, and Dobbyne, feeling that he would not lack for friends aboard the brig, turned in with a thankful heart for a much-needed rest.

Shortly after daybreak a wind sprang up, and no sooner did the breeze reach the privateer than her courses filled on a northerly tack and she came bowling along, heading straight for the brig. A puff of smoke broke from her bow and the shot skipped athwart the American's bows.

Captain Braceby frowned, but he had anticipated something of the kind, and made haste to arouse Dobbyne.

"Let'm come," he chuckled, "let'm come, but if they get you then I am a salamander."

He quickly made his way to a small hatchway that led down into the run, and, after lighting a lanthorn, descended and called up for Dobbyne to follow.

The place was a section of the hold, styled the "lazarette." The light revealed a few barrels of pork standing about, together with rum casks, jars of lime juice, casks of flour and biscuit, and several cases of tinned meats.

The captain presently returned to the deck, leaving Dobbyne securely boxed in an empty case. It was a desperate scheme, but the American skipper was confident of its success and Dobbyne was ready for anything. He had reason afterwards to be thankful, as a search-party boarded the brig amid the scowls and muttered threats of her crew, and after examining her papers, ransacked the vessel in the hope of finding him. The lazarette was the last place searched, and by that time Dobbyne was suffering much bodily discomfort. By that time also the British officer in charge was thoroughly disgusted with the fruitlessness of his efforts and was partly of a mind to leave the brig without more ado. Nevertheless, he ordered his seamen about and they made a hasty investigation.

Dobbyne scarcely dared to breathe, and the chills of suspense ran back and forth in his spine as he firmly braced himself and waited. No less than three times was the box shifted, and once it was turned over on its side, but its secret remained unknown. At length the privateersman turned on his heel and strode toward the hatch ladder.

"If there is aught else in which we can oblige you," began the affable Braceby, bowing low, "believe me——"

"Curse him!" cried the officer. "The sharks have got him and welcome they are."

A month later Richard Dobbyne was in Montreal. An emigrant ship had sailed up the St. Lawrence not three days before his arrival, and after some inquiry he discovered that his wife's name was on the ship's list. From a man who had come over in the vessel he learned that the party she had been with had left only the day previous for the Upper Province, but whether she had gone with them or not the man was unable to say. Then he went to the Government office and on the very threshold espied a familiar figure. Stumbling forward in his haste, he shouted aloud:

"Maria! Maria!"

Turning quickly, she saw him and with a gasp of joy and a swift little run was in his arms.

"Oh, Richard!"

Hopkins J. Moorhouse.

NORTH VANCOUVER

I Live There

A COMING CITY

I Live There

I give you fair warning to buy property there now. You will hear so many people say had I only known. We have a lovely situation. We have comparatively little fog. We have splendid water and water system. We have good comfortable ferry connecting center of both cities. We have good water front. We own our own street ends. We have good

BUILDING LOTS

FROM

$300 to $500

50 FEET FRONTAGE EACH

We will have in 1906—electric lights, electric tram cars, telephone, improved parks, etc., also splendid terminus for one or more railroads. Now, then, use a little judgment. Get in and buy. Write me or call at my office.

MOLSONS BANK BUILDING
Vancouver, B. C.

G. F. McBAIN

Broker. 'Phone 1674

BEFORE
Furnishing Your House
CALL AND
Get Our Prices.
C. TOBSON
SUCCESSOR TO McARTHUR, LIMITED
127 Hastings Street East
Tel. 1326

Telephone 516
Johnston, Kerfoot & Co.
CLOTHING, HATS & MEN'S FURNISHINGS
TRUNKS & VALISES
104 & 106 Cordova St. W.
and 127 Hastings St. W.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

H. J. ANSTIE

MANUFACTURING JEWELER, DIAMOND SETTER AND ENGRAVER.

MEDALS, LODGE JEWELS and EMBLEMS,

and all styles of Jewelery made to order.

Old Jewelery Remodeled

REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES DONE WITH ACCURACY AND DESPATCH.
HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR OLD GOLD AND SILVER

112 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C.

P. O. BOX 328

Mail orders solicited and promptly attended to

Teas and Coffees

ARE OUR SPECIALTIES

Fifteen years practical experience in the buying and blending of TEAS and COFFEES enables us to give you full value for your money at whatever price you wish to pay

TEAS.

OUR PEOPLE'S BLEND	25c
OUR POPULAR BLEND	30
OUR FAMOUS BLEND	35
OUR ASSAM-CEYLON BLEND	40
OUR PRIDE OF CEYLON FINEST	50

We also carry Green Japan, Spider Leg Japan, Young Hyson and Gunpowder.

COFFEES

Fresh roasted and ground while you wait.

Blend of three varieties of good coffee [The best in the city at the price]	25c
Choice Blend coffee	30c
Good Blend Mocha and Java	35
Finest Blend Mocha and Java	40

We carry a full line of Chinaware, Crockery and Glassware at reasonable prices.

Cumming Tea Co.

518 Westminster Ave.

T. F. McGUIGAN & CO.

TELEPHONE 979

Real Estate, Insurance, General Commission Business

Room 18, Old Safe Block, Corner Hastings and Seymour Streets,

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Merry Little Christmas Things at LEES'.

NEW TIES
25c, 35c, 50c, 65c, 75c, $1.00

NEW SUSPENDERS
25c, 50c, 65c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, 1.50

NEW GLOVES
$1.00, $1.25, $1.50

NEW UMBRELLAS
$1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50 up

A. E. LEES & CO.

THE CASH CLOTHIER,

Flack Block, Vancouver, B. C.

Happenings at Christmas

SOME OF THE OCCURRENCES TRAGIC AND EVENTFUL, THAT HAVE HAPPENED AT THE GLAD SEASON.

CHRISTMAS has a place in history as a day of memorable events, events which have left to this day their trace in the story of the human race.

Two mighty figures, Charlemagne and William the Conqueror, loom large among the ghosts of the great departed who chose for the culminating glories of their lives the greatest festival of the Christian Church. Both were crowned on Christmas Day.

The man who brought Norman culture to blend with Saxon vigor chose for his crowning the day when the Prince of Peace was born. Cruel irony! the Abbey ran red with Saxon blood and Norman, even while they set the crown upon his head.

Notable Christmas Birthdays.

Charles XI. of Sweden, Sir Isaac Newton, and Richard Porson are among the notable men born on Christmas Day.

Charlemagne inaugurated the Holy Roman Empire. That Empire had recorded its millennium before Napoleon dissolved it. Curiously, it was on the eve of Christmas that the great Corsican himself nearly suffered dissolution, an infernal machine exploding in the Rue Saint-Nicaise, just as he was proceeding to a performance of Haydn's "Creation."

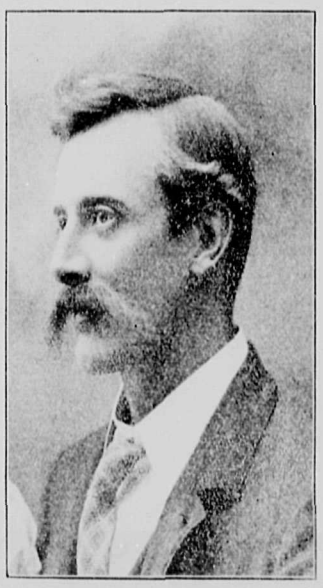
The longing to give effect afresh to the message of "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men," may have been operative in bringing to a close at this season of the year one or two bloody wars. No peace was ever more welcomed than that whose preliminaries were subscribed in 1814, ending the hideous strife between England and America.

The cession of Venice to Napoleon cost Austria two and three-quarter million subjects, and a revenue of two millions sterling; but that country was glad to make peace on those terms at Christmas, ninety-nine years ago. The same season had been chosen, sixty years earlier, by Prussia, Austria and Poland for the signature of the peace at Dresden.

More important, as it has since proved, Vasco da Gama discovered on Christmas Day a land rising out of the sea, which now flourishes under the British flag as Natal. On the same day the Pilgrim Fathers ate the Christmas puddings which they had taken with them from England, on Plymouth Rock, which point they reached on Christmas Day, two hundred and eighty-four years ago.

A Rich Christmas Box.

For two centuries those who followed after them could make the journey only by the same means employed by the pilgrims. Then came steam, and communication was shortened; then the electric cable, and, after two hundred and eighty-two years, there went a message in the wake of



REEVE A. E. KEALY, NORTH VANCOUVER, B. C.

the "Mayflower," carried swift as thought across the waste of waters, without the aid of cable.

Wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic was an established fact in Christmas week of 1902. That, so far, marks the outpost of scientific advance, and we all deemed it a rich Christmas-box.

But that will soon be left behind. The engineering world thought the height of possibility attained when the Mont Cenis tunnel, the work of thirteen years, in the course of whose making the science of tunneling underwent a revolution, was thrown open on Christmas Day of 1870.

They thought the same of the Tay Bridge, but there came a terrible Christmas week in 1879, when the bridge and the train it carried were swept into the storm-lashed firth, when not one of the seventy passengers escaped, and when the Board of Trade had to declare that the bridge had been badly designed, badly constructed, and badly maintained, and, in a sentence, blasted for ever the fame of its engineer.

The Last Moments of Prince Albert.

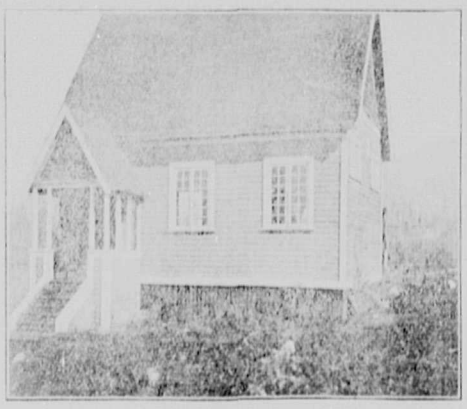
Those were sad Christmases for the Queen. Her great sorrow had descended upon her. The Christmas season of 1861 was just dawning when the light went out of her life. Her beloved Prince was taken from her. Sir Theodore Martin has described with infinite tenderness that mournful scene at the bedside.

The Queen, hearing the laboured breathing of the Prince Consort, returned from the little dressing-room to which she had retired for a few moments repose. Bending over him she whispered "Es ist kleines Frauchen! (" 'Tis your own little wife!") and he lowed his head and kissed her. The hand that the Queen held to clasp was already cold. The Princess Alice knelt at the opposite side of the bed; at its foot, reverently knelt King Edward and Princess Christian.

"The Castle clock chimed the third quarter after ten. Calm and peaceful grew the beloved form; the features settled into the beauty of a perfectly serene repose; two or three long, but gentle, breaths were drawn; and that great soul had fled.

Windsor Castle for long afterwards was a place of mourning. Not for the next fourteen years were Christmas festivities tolerated there. The old Castle was as sad and silent an abode as in those dreary days when Charles I., a prisoner, spent there his last Christmas on earth.

Three years after Windsor had thrown aside its mourning mantle, it was again plunged into sorrow. The Princess Alice, who had been so devoted a nurse to her father, and to her brother, now King Edward, died, a martyr to her loving solicitude for her own children, and when Christmas of 1878 came round, she lay dead in her far



ST. JOHN'S ENGLISH CHURCH, NORTH VANCOUVER, B. C.

away home at Darmstadt, where she died on the anniversary of her father's death.

There was another Christmas tide which is not forgotten, that which marked the receipt by the nation of the Queen's letter of joy and thankfulness over the recovery of the King, then Prince of Wales, from his dangerous illness, the illness of 1871.

The Rising of Star of the Dawn

(Continued from Page 4.)

When the sun prepared to dip his burning head into the cool, purple depths of the distant horizon, Star of the Dawn rose to her knees. She looked down upon the old bent form beside her with a sudden great pity. What a life! What an agonized past; what an unbearable present; what a terrible, maddening, monotonous future! Obeying a quick, uncontrollable impulse, she stooped and lightly kissed the withered cheek of the faithful Cree, as Sister Angela used to kiss her when she had been particularly apt or docile. Then with a sudden flash of Indian shame, she sprang away, down towards the eastward trail.

As she passed Thundering Tempest he made a savage cut at her with his many-thonged whip. All at once in the heart of the little squaw flamed a sudden fire. What right had this great creature to strike at her, her, the

A. B. DIPLOCK'S RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS, NORTH VANCOUVER, B.C

promised wife of a young white god? She thought of Little Moon dragging her rheumatic feet hither and thither, gathering grasses to procure comforts for this cruel, inert mass of shapeless flesh; she saw Yellow Grass trudging wearily backward and forward between Fort and tepee—for him, year after year, a patient, uncomplaining beast of burden; she remembered Wandering Light crouched ever behind the tepee, fashioning an endless series of moccasins—for him!—and wrath was mingled with a wild thirst for revenge—nay, for just retribution!

In an instant she had darted at the ponderous chief and had snatched the whip from his heavy hand.

The long lashes whistled through the still air once, twice, then with a great hissing and stinging they fell upon the fat face, the bull-like throat, the bare arms, the unprotected hands of the astonished and agonized Thundering Tempest. "This for Yellow Grass," fell in gentle Cree from the soft red lips, "this for Wandering Light, this for little Moon, and this," how that long, thin, seventh lash curled and scorched across the old brown face, "this for Star of the Dawn who will rise in your camp no more!"

Then putting forth all her untamed strength, she snapped the beautiful cedar stock across her strong young knee, and casting it from her was off like a fawn.

The radiance of the setting sun melted slowly into a misty purple, then faded to a cold dull grey as a light wind sprang up and rustled the long prairie grasses.

The stars straggled out fearfully, tremblingly, one by one, but the wide, lonely prairie awed them, or perhaps it was the little prostrate figure lying face downward by the eastern trail that they could not bear to look upon, for one by one they crept away, out of sight behind a friendly cloud. Slowly the long night hours dragged out their weary round.

The eastern sky grew pink, then golden. By and by the sun began his solemn march across the tranquil sky. And Star of the Dawn still lay in the whispering prairie grass—waiting.

When twilight's purple shadows once more fell upon the earth she rose wearily to her feet. The flowers in her long, soft braids hung withered and limp; most of the strings around her throat and arms dangled broken and beadless; the rosy flush had faded from her cheeks which seemed to have become suddenly hollow and thin. She looked with dull eyes toward the unresponsive east. She had a vague feeling that Something should be coming

STEAMER ST. GEORGE,
Ferry between Vancouver and North Vancouver.

towards her down the long, straight trail, but the great prairie stretched on miles and miles before her, its line unbroken, and she had forgotten just what it was that she half expected to see.

She felt a strange gnawing within her, and mechanically her feet took her staggeringly, painfully, to the back of her husband's tepee. Wandering Light was crouched in its shadow as she always crouched, day after day. A strange expression burned in her misty eyes as the small figure swayed towards her. She looked around her hastily, furtively, then she made a little opening in the tepee, and guiding the unresisting girl through, she covered her hurriedly with a ragged moose skin, and sped back to her moccasin making.

Star of the Dawn pushed the noisome skin from her face. Through the door of the tepee she could see two men. They were holding converse together—Thundering Tempest and his great Son, Big Wind. Now and then a soft Cree guttural fell upon her ear. At length Big Wind turned his face toward her. He showed no surprise as his small, keen eyes met hers, but he rose and came towards her. At the threshold of the tepee his foot struck something. It was a seven-thonged whip with a broken stock—broken at the middle so that the end left would yet fit a man's grasp. He picked it up, and as he approached her, holding it firmly in his strong, relentless right hand, Star of the Dawn's dark eyes met his fearlessly—yet with perfect comprehension of his purpose.

Outside in the bright sunlight, Thundering Tempest, gilding his welted cheeks, sat and chuckled as certain sounds smote upon his listening ears, but Wandering Light, huddled shrinkingly in the shadow of the grimy tepee, trembled and quivered in impotent, agonized sympathy for the little Star whose brief and futile rising had been bought with such a price.

M. MacDean Helliwell.

WOODWARD

DEPARTMENT STORES, LD.

THE BIG CHRISTMAS STORE

THE BIG TOY STORE.
THE BIG CHINA STORE.
THE BIG BOOK STORE.
THE BIG JEWELERY STORE.
THE BIG BOOT STORE.
THE BIG GROCERY STORE.
THE BIG DRY GOODS STORE.
THE BIG DRUG STORE.
THE BIG CLOTHING STORE
THE BIG FURNITURE STORE.
THE BIG CARPET STORE.
THE BIG "READY TO WEAR" STORE.

DO YOUR XMAS BUYING AT THIS STORE AND SAVE MONEY

MESSRS. PIPER & CO.

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE, TIMBER LIMITS AND MINING

310 GRANVILLE ST. VANCOUVER, B.C.

OUR STOCK IS THE LATEST STYLES AND BEST QUALITY

WO SANG

MERCHANT TAILOR LADIES' & GENT'S FINE TAILORING

ALL KINDS OF SUITS MADE TO ORDER
Satisfaction Guaranteed

35 Store St., Victoria 50 Hastings St. E., Vancouver

LIGHT AND POWER

FOR NORTH VANCOUVER

We are now extending our system to North Vancouver and will shortly be in a position to furnish Electric Current for Light and Power purposes, in large or small quantities, as desired.

Another unit of 3000 H.P. is now being installed at Lake Buntzen Water Power Station.

North Vancouver will certainly be an attractive point for manufacturing enterprises, as soon as our cheap Electric Power is available.

All houses, new and old, should be wired for Electric Light. By giving wiring contractors plenty of time, a more favorable price may be expected for doing the work.

All enquiries cheerfully answered.

LIGHT AND POWER DEPT.

B. C. ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED